

TWO NAPOLEON BOOKS.

The Exile of St. Helena: The Last Phase in Fact and Fiction. From the French of Philippe Gonnard. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.

Napoleon's Marshals. By R. P. Dunn-Pattison, M.A. With twenty illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

Napoleon showed his usual insight when he remarked to O'Meara: "People are curious to know the most trifling circumstances in the life of a man who has played a great part." The details of his life at St. Helena, his conversations, and supreme regrets, his *Passion* (as Heine would have said) under Sir Hudson Lowe, have all been set forth for eager readers in Napoleon's own memoirs and in the memorials of his fellow-exiles. They have also been told ponderously by Forsyth and charmingly by Lord Rosebery. M. Gonnard has been wise in refraining from trying to give another general picture of Napoleon as he was at St. Helena. Instead, he studies what Napoleon desired France to think he had been—in other words, the Napoleonic Legend. By legend we do not mean merely the popular exaggeration of his military glory, of his love for his soldiers, or of his part in the Civil Code. This exaggeration was inevitable, but, unless reinforced, would never have deeply influenced French politics.

The real Napoleonic Legend, so M. Gonnard thinks, was manufactured at St. Helena. By his very martyrdom on the lonely rock, Napoleon knew that he would arouse sympathy for himself and for the cause of his son. But by his writings he saw that he could do much more. So he began his memoirs. His method of work was to have one of his companions collect the facts, figures, dates, etc., for a certain period, and arrange them. Then Napoleon looked over these notes, saturated himself with his subject, and dictated very rapidly a chapter or the fragment of a chapter. This was only the first rough draft. From it there was made the next day a second version: fuller, riper, better arranged. This in turn was often many times corrected and altered by pencilings in Napoleon's own hand before it was given to Europe. With great industry and ingenuity, M. Gonnard has analyzed all these writings, as well as the memorials of Las Cases, Montholon, O'Meara, and the others, and finds a calculated purpose to establish in men's minds the following ideas in regard to Napoleon: that he was the convinced and disinterested representative of the ideas of 1789, but was forced by sheer necessity to assume dictatorial power; that he favored the idea of nationality; that he believed in God; that he wished for peace, but was constantly forced into war by the European coalitions;

that all the members of his family were unusually talented and fond of him, but did him much harm through well-meaning errors. Such are some of the elements of the Legend. To each the author devotes a chapter, fortifying his opinion with countless quotations, and explaining away St. Helena utterances which seem in contradiction to the Legend. His conclusion is that the man of St. Helena equalled the man of Austerlitz. The Legend then passed to Europe, where it was powerfully swelled by Thiers and Norvins, by Béranger and Victor Hugo, and helped to seat a second Cæsar in the saddle. Yet it was one of the strange ironies of history that the crown which had been so patiently prepared by the captive of St. Helena for his own son was actually worn by the son of his hostile brother Louis. The great value of M. Gonnard's interesting study lies in the thoroughness with which he has analyzed the St. Helena literature and shown its relation to the later history of the Bonapartist party. One understands better how such a Roman Catholic as Montalembert could join hands with the Bonapartists in 1848, and how Napoleon III could say at Bordeaux: "The Empire means peace." The author's estimates of Gourgand and Las Cases are much truer than Lord Rosebery's, and his bibliography much better than that in the Cambridge Modern History or that in the pretentious compilation of Kircheisen.

When Napoleon assumed the crown he revived the old title of Marshal of France as a means of binding more permanently to his cause the men whose swords had helped to establish his power. In the first batch of appointments he gave the baton to fourteen men, some of whom seemed scarcely to deserve it, and some of whom, on the other hand, like Masséna, felt it small honor to be "only one of fourteen." Later on, a dozen other marshals were created. Napoleon made them all feel plainly that they were his servants, created by him, and dependent on him. The title of marshal was merely a civil distinction "which gives you the honorable rank at my court which is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battlefield you are generals; at court you are nobles." Of each of these marshals Mr. Dunn-Pattison, late lieutenant of a Highland regiment and sometime lecturer at Magdalen College, has given brief, sharply-lined pen portraits, with many judicious military observations, showing independence of thought and no more than normal British prejudice. But it is a bit tiresome to march through all the Napoleonic wars twenty-six times in succession. To those readers who have small knowledge of Napoleonic military history many of the allusions and comparisons will lose their point; and those who know this period well will find here little that is really new.

Kashmir. Described by Francis E. Younghusband and Painted by Edward Molyneux. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. \$6 net.

In this book the series of geographical volumes aptly described by the publishers as "Black's Beautiful Books," reaches what may be described as Himalayan heights of excellence. Here are exquisite colored pictures of the most beautiful country in the world, supplemented by a verbal description of Kashmir which includes the latest geological and historical data. The specialist will find here the gist of Stein's work and of the still more recent geological treatises of Burrard and Hayden, not mentioned only but discussed. Sir Francis Younghusband is himself no mean authority on the subjects he treats, though, curiously enough, for any save the most superficial reader the volume is logically to be read backwards. It ends with the beginning of things, some millions of years ago; then, retrograding through the pages, one comes to human history; until, finally, at the beginning, the author himself appears, and wanders through the "paradise of the gods."

The author is least at home in the historical background of his subject. Here one misses the little touches that show special knowledge. Thus it would not have been amiss, apropos of the bare allusion to saffron, to mention that in ancient days the saffron of Kashmir surpassed that of Balkh as much as the latter surpassed that of Persia. Again, in the author's justified sneer at a people capable of making a reputation only by making shawls, it might have been noticed that it was not shawls, but race-horses and literature, which made Kashmir famous two thousand years ago. To digress only for a moment—since these fourteen chapters have not been made a mere excuse for paint, but offer, to say the least, a useful condensation of data not easily to be obtained elsewhere—it is to be noted that Major Molyneux's pictures, seventy in number, are on a par with those of precedent works in this series. This is, indeed, saying too little. The scenery of Kashmir is unsurpassed, and the present artist has been equal to his opportunities. But, because of the obvious attractiveness of the illustrations, the text should receive no whit the less encomium. And a curious fact, often noticed before and corroborated by Sir Francis in this book, may be mentioned as a possible subject for examination at the hands of competent observers. Living as he does amid scenery sublime as well as beautiful, man in this "Land of the Sun" is the greatest coward on earth. Nothing is too ignominious for him; even in the presence of his wife or sweetheart the Kashmiran will burst out crying at the mere bark of a puppy. To make a sol-

dier of him is impossible. Though often a fine figure personally, he is unexcelled in shameless pusillanimity. This cannot be attributed to the effects of the religion of Buddha, since the Kashmiran has been free of that for a thousand years; nor to cruel treatment, for the Hindu of the Plains has suffered as much; nor to the climate, which is not very bad. Why is it (Sir Francis offers no explanation) that where every prospect pleases most, man is most vile? As for the Kashmiran's ethics, he is humane and kindly; but where morality demands courage, he is as he is, "having so great a respect for truth that he is unwilling to make common use of it."

Relics and Memorials of London City.

By James S. Ogilvy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7 net.

The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5 net.

Mr. Ogilvy's work has one advantage over most ornamental books, in that text and pictures, being from one hand, have a real relation to each other. All the buildings of the City chosen by him for illustration and comment were standing when the present century began, yet, as he remarks, a considerable number of them have already been pulled down or altered, so that in a few years his book will not be so much a present record of the past as a past record of a greater past. In general, the anecdotes or fragments of history given by the author to vivify his memorial buildings are pretty obvious, but that, for his purpose, is scarcely to their disadvantage. The pictures, sixty-four in number, are full-page (quarto) color plates, and are sufficiently realistic to recall the actual scenes to any one familiar with the City streets and lanes. They are artistic, too, save that they suffer, as do almost all color prints, from too elaborate shading and blending. As the process of printing now stands, the attempt to reproduce complicated shades and blends generally results in muddiness. This criticism, however, is directed more to a whole class of books than to the particular volume under review. Mr. Ogilvy has succeeded in making an attractive combination of description and illustration.

Mr. Chancellor writes not as a diletante of the picturesque, but as a veritable antiquary, and his latest book on "The Private Palaces of London" is a work substantial both in form and matter. His accounts of the various houses are orderly bits of historical writing, although the lighter entertainment of anecdote is by no means neglected. Between the lines one can read of the great pageantry and the great ambitions of life for more than two centur-

ies. The old Duchess, lying in Marlborough House and exclaiming, when told that she must be blistered or die, "I won't be blistered and I won't die," seems but a tragic and articulate symbol of that greatness. In one point of taste we take leave to differ from Mr. Chancellor. Speaking of the changes that have been made in the drawing room of Chesterfield House since its stately decorum under the great Lord Chesterfield, he remarks:

What has since been added by the care and discrimination of the present owner gives just that touch of comfort and homeliness which is more characteristic of our day than it was of those of the earlier Georges, when the great ones of the earth seem always to have existed *en grande tenue*. . . . Now the magnificently decorated walls and ceiling look not down on an almost empty room, with chairs and settees set formally against the walls, and perhaps a solitary escritoire or commode standing isolated in its vast expanse, but on a room filled with rare French furniture; tables loaded with costly bric-à-brac; chairs covered in valuable tapestries, which seem to invite familiar intercourse; cabinets filled, etc., etc.

With due respect we submit that a glance at the picture of this overloaded drawing room makes one sigh for a simplicity that inclined even to rigidity; not in this china-shop can the true graces of conversation ever flourish. As for mere comfort, the great Chesterfield sought that and but for failing health found it in the library with its famous motto and pictures.

The forty-four photographic illustrations of Mr. Chancellor's volume are, for the still existing houses, chiefly of interiors. That is no doubt right, as the interiors are hidden from the common sight-seer; yet he would have added to the interest of his work if he had given more views of exteriors also.

Drei Jahrhunderte deutschen Lebens in Amerika. Von Rudolf Cronau. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen).

Undeterred by the recent publication of Georg von Bosse's "Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," and inspired, very likely, by his own "Amerika: die Geschichte seiner Entdeckung," Rudolf Cronau has undertaken, in a large octavo of 640 pages, to sketch the fortunes and misfortunes, the endeavors and accomplishments, of Germans in the United States during the past three hundred years. With more system and with far more thoroughness than Von Bosse, he divides his work into two main parts, the first tracing "the Germans" in America during the Colonial period, the second following "the German-Americans" in their participation in the development of the Union. Since 1885, a resident in and traveller through the United States, and the author of several works in German

and English on America, even including a severe criticism of forest mismanagement ("Our Wasteful Nation," 1908), Cronau comes to his work fairly equipped and evidences an intelligent understanding of most of the problems before him. There are interesting notes on the first *Flugblätter* regarding America which drew the earliest Germans to us, and equally interesting information, not so commonly possessed, about Hermann of Virginia and New Amsterdam, "the first German to make American maps," and about Lederer, the first German explorer of America. There are also chapters on the various communal sects, such as the Mennonites, Tunkers, and Herrnhuters, and on the exodus to Pennsylvania and elsewhere of the natives of the Pfalz. In rather strong colors, perhaps, he portrays the Germans who fought in the Revolution and whose bravery and intelligence have long been recognized by American historians. The political exiles of '48, and the good they brought to our country are recognized, Carl Schurz standing conspicuously, almost alone, in the chapter on the German in American political life. Two hundred and twenty-nine pages are devoted to the part taken by Germans in American culture—to their influence on schools, agriculture and forestry, industry, commerce, engineering, journalism and authorship, medicine, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the theatre. In the discussion of the *Turnverein* much is claimed that should not be forgotten by Americans, but too little is allowed by the author to the overpowering influence of English sport on physical culture in America. The Sources for a History of the German Elements in the United States should prove to be a chapter of particular value—timely, too, now that Professor Learned is at work for the Carnegie Foundation on an exhaustive research along the same lines. Two hundred and ten exceptionally good illustrations, from photographs and drawings, make the work the best of its kind yet produced.

The shortcomings of the book are emphasized by its general excellence. There is, we think, a little too much attention in text and illustration on the commercial aspect of German successes, and for a true history of the German in the New World, there should be a boid statement, here and there, of *misdoing* on the part of an occasional Altgeld, Schmidt, and Hummel, if for no other reason than as a salutary correction of the idea all too prevalent in Germany that the German element has always been the best in America. The most serious defect in the volume, however, is the omission of notable names. Among those conspicuous by their absence, are Dr. Frederick W. Holls; Isaac Thomas Hecker, the Paulist Father of Brook Farm celebrity; Lenau, the poet, who roved the Western plains; the Tafeis,