

Poems," "In War Times at La Rose Blanche," "Under the Man-Fig," "An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories," "Under Six Flags," "Wire Cutters," "The Queen's Garden," and "Jaconetta."

Émile Honoré Cazelles has died at Paris at the age of seventy-seven. He was best known for his spreading the knowledge of English philosophy in France, and his published works include translations of many volumes of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Bentham, and Grote.

THREE AMERICAN LEADERS.

John C. Calhoun. By Gaillard Hunt. Pp. 335. [The American Crisis Biographies.] Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.25 net.

Life of Stephen A. Douglas. By William Gardner. Pp. 239. Boston: Roxburgh Press. \$1.50.

Robert E. Lee, the Southerner. By Thomas Nelson Page. Pp. 312. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Persons who a generation ago read Von Holst's highly metaphysical "Calhoun" will naturally wonder how Mr. Hunt's biography of the great South Carolinian differs from it. Von Holst knew so few personal details of Calhoun's life that, with all his imagination, he could not, he said, fancy himself walking or chatting familiarly with the nullifier, as he might with Webster or Clay. He dealt with his hero under broad, impersonal chapter-heads, which made Calhoun seem like an extraction from history. The Calhoun of Hunt's narrative, on the other hand, is a product of personal, local, sectional, and national details. As we are early made familiar with Calhoun's antecedents and traits and the shifting political influences to which he was exposed, we see no mystery in his change from nationalist to sectionalist. During the nullification movement, when personal minutiae, social conditions, and local colors are important, Hunt is ample, vivid, and instructive. During the later period—when Calhoun attacks this, defends that, and demands something else, all in support of his theories of State rights, which were designed to shield, then strengthen, and then expand the interests on which Southern society rested—Von Holst became more and more psychological, yet as irresistible as a geometric demonstration. Mr. Hunt, however, having already shown us Calhoun and the forces that affected him, does not always point out the significance of new factors during the last two decades of Calhoun's life, when he was a national leader. Von Holst is vastly superior in his philosophical grasp, but Hunt is unrivalled in description and literary flavor. It is no slight mutual compliment that two biographers, with altogether different antecedents and tastes, writing a quarter of a cen-

tury apart, and working in historical materials that were only partly the same, should reach similar conclusions. This general agreement is not much disturbed by the fact that Hunt looking up to Calhoun from a commonwealth calls him a statesman, while Von Holst looking down to Calhoun from the nation is unwilling to grant quite so much.

David Franklin Houston, in his scholarly and independent "Study of Nullification in South Carolina," says (p. 72) that not Calhoun, but Robert J. Turnbull was the father of nullification: "Only the name is wanting." Mr. Hunt, however, bluntly asserts (p. 78) that Turnbull "never presented his readers with a sight of the theory of the right of nullification. Apparently he knew nothing of it or thought nothing of it." But let us give Turnbull and Calhoun each his due. Turnbull, prior to 1828, was an agitator, a political recruiting officer, but he went far enough to describe the general plan ("Crisis," pp. 152, 163): "Resistance, and *firm resistance*, is the only course to preserve the Federal Constitution in its pristine purity, and with it, the hopes of freedom." Again, "Let South Carolina act for herself, and the other States for themselves." He thought that the Legislature could express the sovereignty of the State. His expectation was that such resistance would suffice to annul the objectionable features of the tariff, "perhaps" without even "calling out the militia." Then how did Calhoun, who, until the eleventh hour was a nationalist, become leader of the sectionalists? The "tariff of abominations" (1828) made it certain that South Carolina would resist. This certainty called for a leader who understood the requirements of a campaign against the Federal government, which Turnbull did not. Calhoun, the Vice-President and new convert, was consulted and promptly wrote the "Exposition of 1828," which was a protest, a pronouncement, and a programme, all in one. The general aim of single-State resistance within the Union, on the basis of State sovereignty, was still unchanged. Hence it is equally evident that Turnbull antedated Calhoun in demanding the substance of what was now called nullification, and that Calhoun preceded Turnbull in elaborating the details for argument and action.

Politicians, when viewed historically, are, like fordable streams, unimpressive, whereas statesmen, like navigable rivers, have a certain dignity and command respect. It is not the least of the virtues of Mr. Gardner's biographical sketch—for such it is rather than a "life"—that he treats Douglas as a politician. Any one who has closely studied Douglas's career will find hardly a new fact or thought or phrase, and at first he will wonder why the book was

written. But the reader will soon discover that he is following a political sketch that is a model for clear, concise, frank expression, and is a remarkable example of a successful combination of the usually incompatible qualities of sympathy and criticism. Here are a few sentences from a characterization of Douglas that show the distinctness of the lines in this excellent biographical etching:

He was a practical man of action, whose course was generally guided by the accidental circumstances of the hour, rather than by fixed principles. . . . He entered the great political arena with little of either mental or moral culture. . . . His real sin was that he did not rise above the ethics of the times; that he remained deaf as an adder to the voices of the great reformers who sought to regenerate the age, and who were compelled to grapple with him in deadly struggle before they could gain footing on the stage. . . . While his ethics has fared hard, his mental gifts have been over-estimated. The availability of all his resources, his overwhelming energy and marvellous efficiency among men of intellect, gave rise to the impression that still survives that he was a man of original genius. But of all his numerous speeches, heard or read by millions, not a sentence had enough vitality to survive even one generation.

The ideals, methods, and temperament of the genuine historian or biographer are very different from those of the story-teller, who deals in colors, sentiments, impulses, contrasts, exaggerations, and almost anything that will help him to his desired climax. In fiction, it usually suffices if there is verisimilitude or plausibility. Every tradition, every common belief, every positive statement may be taken as good material to be wrought with, if it harmonize with the general setting. As a story-teller, Thomas Nelson Page compels our admiration. With the best of intentions he has written a biography of General Lee that would be admirable if it might be judged by the canons of fiction. Being convinced of the accuracy of traditions and reports, he accepts them without a thought of careful investigation. Accordingly he believes that secession was a Constitutional right; that Virginia was a thoroughly loyal and Union-loving State, and her convention of 1861 was almost unanimously Unionist, until the National Government by usurpations and aggressions drove the convention into secession. Lee's well-known declaration that secession would be revolution, is quoted incidentally, but not his opinion, written three days after Virginia had passed her ordinance: "The whole South is in a state of revolution, to which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn." It is nothing that those opinions represent the historical fact, for tradition tells a different story.

We recall no influential military critic who, within a decade or two, has ques-

tioned that Lee was great in attack, all but invincible in defence, and about equally audacious and successful in both strategy and tactics. Then, too, Lee's moral, like his military, qualities are now, thanks to Charles Francis Adams's fascinating and philosophical address, quite generally admired. But Mr. Page imagines Lee assailed, depreciated, sinned against, and heroically rushes to a defence that is carrying coals to Newcastle. Find a first-class villain, a traitor, even, and your hero becomes almost superhuman. It will be remembered that after Lee's death, when Longstreet had affiliated with the Republican party, the Rev. Dr. William Nelson Pendleton, a West Pointer and a clergyman, who had been Lee's chief of artillery, made a very sensational public accusation, that on the evening of the first day's fight at Gettysburg, Lee ordered Longstreet to make a flank attack on the Federal left wing early the next morning; that Longstreet inexcusably delayed and disobeyed Lee's order, and by various acts, delays, or failures to act then and later wilfully caused the battle of Gettysburg, and consequently the whole struggle, to be lost by the Confederates. Both Lee's and Pendleton's official reports on Gettysburg belie the gravamen of the charge, and Longstreet continued to be Lee's favorite. Yet to thousands, this story was balm for old but lasting disappointments. Any one could easily gain much popularity in the South by attacking Longstreet, whom no one cared to defend. Longstreet's final and thorough answer, "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide" (see the *Nation*, January 19, 1905, pp. 53-55), was published soon after his death, and more recently General Alexander's "Military Memoirs of a Confederate" (see the *Nation* of June 13, 1907, p. 542), refuted all the charges that were grave. Rank, fierce, and unchristian injustice to a gallant brother officer, who was not, indeed, without his faults, was supposed to have received its quietus. Nevertheless, Mr. Page acts as if the accusations against Longstreet had never been questioned, although on other subjects he refers to Alexander's "Memoirs." Beginning back in the campaign of 1862, Mr. Page gradually and skillfully inspires a prejudice against Longstreet until the reader is prepared for this sentence (p. 187):

It used to be common soon after the war for old Confederate officers to declare that he [Longstreet] should have been shot immediately after the battle [Gettysburg], and that Napoleon would certainly have done so. But Lee was cast in a different mould.

There's a fine climax, indeed!

To make the villain all the blacker, the fleet and ready Jackson is put in contrast. But even "Stonewall" was slow and fatally disappointed expectations in the peninsular campaign. Next to climaxes and contrasts, fiction-writers

have a genius for rescues. Mr. Page recently received a letter whose writer says (pp. 106, 107) that at the time of the battle of the first Cold Harbor, Jackson's guide told him that Jackson arrived late because the road had been lost as a result of changes wrought by the armies. This hearsay evidence—only forty-six years old—is conclusive, and the letter is printed as an appendix. But, alas, the serious blot on "Stonewall's" record is that, a few days later, he lost a whole day at White Oak Swamp, when he heard the guns near Glendale (Frazier's Farm) and knew that he was expected and needed. With a light touch, Mr. Page says (p. 103) that "the failure of some of his [Lee's] lieutenants to grasp the situation prevented the complete success of his plans." To have named Jackson would have shown that he was twice delinquent in a few days, and would have made a parallel instead of a contrast with Longstreet.

Among many other choice historical novelties, Mr. Page furnishes touching and conclusive evidence that Gen. Sherman made war on women and children by saying (p. 168) that when Howell Cobb's plantation was devastated by Sherman in 1864, Cobb "was in his honored grave two years ere this, having fallen at the foot of Marye's Heights, as a brave man falls, holding back brave men." Who knows but that if a kind Providence had not decided that Howell Cobb was to survive the war several years and die in the peaceful old Fifth Avenue Hotel, he might have fought in Virginia, and even have been among the honored dead at Fredericksburg?

The perfect biography of Lee will be the one that gives the facts in a plain and limpid narrative, for Lee's irresistibly noble character needs none of the arts of fiction nor the errors of tradition. And his greatest virtues and talents were so superior and rare that it would be vanity to claim that they were typical of any State or section or nation or race.

CURRENT FICTION.

Kincaid's Battery. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "The Cavalier" Mr. Cable startled some of his old admirers and made many new ones by producing a story of adventurous and even sensational cast, wherein were many more heroic feats and hairbreadth 'scapes than seemed to the point—for Mr. Cable. The charm of the early tales was independent of mere happenings: it lay partly in the quaint indigeneness of his material, partly in the playful deliberation of his style, the affectionate railery with which he pictured the life of old New Orleans. There was always the sense of historic reality in his human types and their settings; but they

seemed as far as possible from the stage puppet and back-scene of the ordinary historical novel. "The Grandis-simes" belongs to that vivid moment in the life of New Orleans which followed the cession of Louisiana. Who can forget the great Numa, the patriot and artist Raoul Innerarity, poor Palmyre—above all, the ladies Nancanou? The very perfume of that romantic hour is treasured up for us in this essential book. "The Cavalier" seemed neither better nor worse than other war-time romances, unless—as was not impossible—one were to consider its style by itself—its style rather in the smaller sense.

"Kincaid's Battery" stands upon distinctly firmer ground. There are, to be sure, incidents in it of a superfluously exciting or confounding nature, and a person or two in whom it is impossible to believe. The beautiful and villainous Flora Valcour and her equally wicked and charming grandmother-accomplice are too bad to be true. And the machinery provided for our adventures—the hidden sliding panel, the stolen treasure, and that mysteriously prolonged immunity from the ordinary rewards of theft, slander, malice, and all uncharitableness—are ancient devices indeed. Anna Callender marks a return to Mr. Cable's earlier type of heroine from the stalwart she of "The Cavalier." She loves with a soft ferocity, and with a soft ferocity denies her love and beats back the object of it—till the moment of absolute surrender comes. It is she rather than the creole Flora who reminds us enchantingly of Aurore and Clotilde Nancanou. Perhaps the tale pleases us chiefly because it takes us back to the old scene and the old figures. The place is New Orleans and the time the outbreak of the civil war. In *Kincaid's Battery*, equipped and blessed by the ladies of New Orleans, are enrolled a Fusilier, an Innerarity, divers Grandis-simes, and (Ah, lovely Clotilde!) two Frowenfelds. The pale features of Doctor Sevier and the cheerful or anxious faces of other old acquaintances hover in the background. We could well forego the story for the sake of drawing somewhat closer to these ancient intimates.

From the point of view of the romance-reader that is no doubt a delightful incident which brings together between two opposing battle-lines the hero (who ought to be commanding his battery), the heroine, who, without knowing that he is anywhere near, has called to him audibly on general principles, and the adventuress, who has followed him and takes the opportunity to cling about his neck in full view of and to the utter confusion of the heroine. It will be rather deplored by Mr. Cable's older readers, who yet may, by way of recompense, find so much elsewhere in the book to reassure them of his con-