

Buckingham dispose of them without Richard's knowledge and Richard condoned the *fait accompli*? Plausible, but it cannot be proved. Did Henry Tudor have them put away after he won the crown? Less probable, but not to be ruled out with certitude.

**F**OR those who relish a rich-textured biography with literary overtones, a biography that recaptures an age by re-creating its leading scenes and characters in picturesque detail, Mr. Kendall (who is an American professor of English literature) has assured hours of enchantment. For those who like historical whodunits that marshal all available evidence objectively, offer perspicacious interpretations, but leave the reader to do some sleuthing and conjecturing on his own, this is a prize item.

Students of fifteenth-century England will profit by it too, however erudite their own researches. For although the scholarly apparatus never gets in the way of the enjoyment this is a work of care and acumen. It is equipped with maps, reference notes, a genealogical table, bibliography, appendices, and a compendious index. First published in Great Britain in 1955, it was well received there, and has already run to two impressions.

**ITALIAN NATIONALIST:** Garibaldi was at one and the same time a "real" man and a myth. He was "real," with many human virtues and more than his share of all-too-human frailties, one of the most exceptional and truly heroic personalities of the nineteenth century, a "Hero of Two Worlds." He was also a myth, the liberator of the oppressed, the shield of the disinherited, the baptizer of men into a mystic faith without dogma or priests, a "messiah" with "divine" and thaumaturgic powers. To rescue such a figure as this, to separate the man from the hero, the reality from the myth, is a delicate job indeed. Mack Smith has done it incisively, with admirable skill and unmistakable clarity, in "*Garibaldi*," an eminently readable addition to Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series (\$2.50). In some parts fascinating, in others iconoclastic, this little book is divided into eighteen relatively short chapters spanning the three-quarters century of Garibaldi's life.

Perhaps unavoidably, the hero is somewhat shadowy in the earlier and later chapters. He comes full-bloodedly alive once Mack Smith finds him in action for the defense of the short-lived Mazzinian Roman Republic of 1849 and particularly in the intense years which went from the expectant sailing from Quarto, in May 1860, towards the "liberation" of the

South to the terrible moment at Aspromonte, in August 1862, when Garibaldi lay badly wounded by the fire aimed against his "rebel" band in the name of the king to whom he had handed half a nation two years before. It is, however, when Mack Smith discusses Garibaldi's actions during the *annus mirabilis*, 1860, that he attains a truly masterly synthesis, for here he is on an historical ground he knows intimately, having recently explored and expertly analyzed it in his excellent monograph on "Cavour and Garibaldi, 1860: A Study in Political Conflict."

Mr. Smith's toned-down approach, his unemphatic style, his understatements should prove a sound antidote to the fanfare and noise which usually surround the false demiurges.

—A. WILLIAM SALOMONE.

**THE FIRST NAPOLEON:** Albert Guérard, who a year ago published a tolerant and wonderfully detailed little biography of Napoleon III in Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series is less successful with his "*Napoleon I*" (\$2.50) in the same series. His effort to see the first Napoleon as "all too human: our brother . . ." merits applause; it is Napoleon who is to blame. He does not lend himself to the "all too human" treatment as readily as his nephew Louis Napoleon and the cronies of the Second Empire. Not that he lacked defects, for as Mr. Guérard determinedly says, he "lost six campaigns out of twelve . . . botched the Concordat and allowed himself to be hoodwinked by Talleyrand and Fouché." But Napoleon, in spite of the streak of naïveté that goes with greatness, committed himself to little except his own ambition. He could go all out, and blunder on an epic scale, but as Mr. Guérard says in a fine peroration, he attached his ambition to no cause, to no nation, no class, no philosophy, not even to the army which was his instrument, or to Europe, from which he would have conquered the world. He was, as Talleyrand discovered, not civilized, "not ruled by common sense and a realistic view of the possible," and that is why, in spite of his wonderful technical proficiency, he could never rest, and had to be beaten. That is why Mr. Guérard finds himself describing a "formidable hypertrophy of the ego."

Mr. Guérard looks at his subject without adoration and refuses to be a "Napoleonist." This is well enough, but he places perhaps too much emphasis on Napoleon's will and not enough on his problems. As a result the Emperor seems less human than the author intended, more of an enigma.

—PAUL H. BEIK.

## USA

### Into the Presidency

**"Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph,"** by Frank Freidel (*Little, Brown*. 433 pp. \$6), the third volume of an extensive biography, carries the story through the gubernatorial years to the 1932 election. Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University is our reviewer.

By Lindsay Rogers

**L**ONG, hard, and mayhap frustrating is the way of a biographer who plans to take his subject from the cradle to the grave. Ray Stannard Baker spent twelve years on his life of Woodrow Wilson and then threw in the sponge on Wilson's last years: he did not want to deal with the delicate question of "Presidential inability." Frank Freidel's first volume appeared four years ago and ended with Franklin Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the second volume dealt with "The Ordeal" of infantile paralysis, and now the third instalment, subtitled "The Triumph," chronicles the two terms as Governor of New York and the Presidential campaign of 1932. Can this biennial schedule be maintained?

From now on the way will be rockier. The heaps of papers that will have to be examined are much vaster and the major members of the cast become more numerous. If still living they will have to be interviewed; if they have departed this life the Columbia University "oral history project" may have persuaded them to put their recollections in tape recordings. By the time the fourth volume appears (on "The Hundred Days" alone?), the "secondary sources" will have increased mightily. Thus, as Mr. Freidel notes, last year saw the publication of Bernard Bellush's "Franklin D. Roosevelt As Governor New York"—"an admirable analysis." I wouldn't know. But during the last month Mr. Freidel has been scooped on the subject matter of his next two or maybe three volumes: James MacGregor Burns in "The Lion and the Fox" devoted most of his space to the first two Presidential terms, and did a brilliant job. Meanwhile, in part, I take it, because of the excellence of his first two volumes, Mr. Freidel has been translated from a professorship at the University of Illinois to a professorship at Harvard. So the long, hard way of a full-length biographer can have a pleasant turning.

Ploughmen have labored on the

1928-1932 political field, and it is good to have Mr. Freidel's harrowing of the ground, although he has to work hard to make the two gubernatorial terms interesting. Public power as of a quarter of a century ago; appropriations for hospitals; state aid for local schools and so on? Even magnificent campaigning for a second term in Albany and the duel with "Jimmy" Walker, the debonair but far from devoted mayor of New York City, do not now seem of much importance. To one battle that Roosevelt had with the legislature Mr. Freidel might have devoted more space—not in recounting the maneuvers but in analyzing the issues: the Governor's refusal to share with the chairmen of the legislative appropriations committees the parceling out of lump sum appropriations. That kind of clash is still with us and only a few weeks ago Mr. Eisenhower vetoed a military construction bill because it would have required the consent of congressional committees for Defense Department action on military housing and guided missiles. Congress and state legislatures are going to renew this battle and it would have been worth while to deal with the pros and cons.

**B**IOGRAPHERS of Franklin Roosevelt get great help from their subject. This is not because he bothered to record a decision or to write memoranda or appreciations of situations. In this respect he was extraordinarily negligent even when compared with men who fell well below the standard set by that stellar minute writer Sir Winston Churchill. Almost the only instance that Mr. Freidel gives of Roosevelt ever writing anything "for the record" showed "long-smouldering resentment". The subject was the rift with "Al" Smith; the account was "less than fair to Smith", and the "facts" as Roosevelt put them in the "record" are contradicted by Mr. Freidel's story. But why should a President in his second term bother about a minor matter of a decade before? Did his conscience bother him?

The help to biographers comes from Roosevelt's correspondence. Even the formal letters often lapsed into informality, and in writing to friends he apparently got the relaxation that other statesmen have sought by reading Westerns and playing bridge. So until the politicking that preceded the National Convention of 1932 increased the pace, Mr. Freidel, by judicious quotations from letters, keeps the recounting of pedestrian matters from seeming itself to be pedestrian. As for the pre-convention strategical moves directed from Albany, one wonders whether they were more decisive than the confusion of the anti-Roosevelt



—From "Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph."

Mrs. Sara Roosevelt and son at Hyde Park in 1932—"his speeches off an assembly line."

forces, and one wonders also whether the result in Chicago proved much more than the truth of the old adage: "You can't beat somebody with nobody." Surely this accounts for the fact that Roosevelt did not suffer more from his unsportsmanlike endeavor in 1932 to change the rules of the game after he was in the Presidential race: to abolish the two-thirds rule for the nomination. The volume ends with a vivid account of the 1932 campaign—the first in which a candidate used the radio to advantage and in which his speeches came off an assembly line.

Mr. Freidel does not agree with Carlyle that the biographer should possess "the open, loving heart," and

that he should "clean the dirt" from the great man and put him on his "proper pedestal." Although Mr. Freidel is not a reverent biographer, he almost never borrows Lytton Strachey's method of irony, which was delightful and proper until he sacrificed precision in order to be sardonic; and he never imitates Philip Guedella, who tampered with the truth in order to make a well-turned phrase. Hence "objective" is the adjective that often has been, and will continue to be, used to describe Mr. Freidel's volumes, unless their manner changes before the end of the long road is reached. In many ways the adjective is "encomiastic."