

quiet and feel uncomfortable. He might like to say, though, that however much he may sympathize with Dutourd's feelings of grief and frustration, they have completely run away with him. He is unjust, unreasonable, and quite unsound. One has only to think of the recent attack on Egypt to realize what humiliating fiascos such exhortations could lead to.

Perhaps the best of his book is Dutourd's personal recollections of the war, spun out in brief chapters that alternate with fits of vituperation. In 1940 he was twenty and a recruit of fifteen days. In fifteen more days he was a prisoner-of-war. His adventure was the same as that of countless other lads, caught up that tragic month of May in an event of destiny too great for their powers of comprehension. Since Stendhal pictured the Battle of Waterloo through the eyes

of Fabrice del Dongo, many writers have tried to capture the reality of great historical moments through humble eyewitness accounts. It is good that someone of Dutourd's talent has done it for the collapse of France. Here we have an authentic account of those young soldiers whose wings were clipped before they had learned to fly.

But need Dutourd marvel that such callow warriors were not more heroically motivated, that their preoccupations at such a time were often trivial or basically selfish? The mentality that Dutourd ascribes with shame to himself and his comrades-in-arms seems pretty common among soldiers in any army, victorious or defeated. Only, nobody but the defeated ever thinks of it. It is no proof of the incapacity of the high command or of general decadence that

men in uniforms might rather be live dogs than dead lions.

Since the war French writers have never stopped pouring abuse on their own heads and on each other's. Unmindful of the Latin penchant for histrionics and oratory, we are apt to take them too much at their word. Let us take Dutourd's impassioned accusations with more than a grain of salt. And someone should remind him that the state he seems to be hankering after would never tolerate the ranting and raving that fill this book. He would not have to wait to end his days, as he balefully prophesies, "in the prisons of the puritans of America or the atheists of Russia."

THE SECOND EMPIRE: In "Gaslight and Shadow" (Macmillan, \$5.50), Roger L. Williams, a young historian teaching at Antioch College, presents a series of ten vignettes portraying the different facets of the Second Empire of Napoleon III. His prose is graceful, his rhythms controlled, his portraits, always interesting, are generously spiced with wit and humor; he shows a discriminating knowledge of the literature of the period. For the general reader it is history without tears; the specialist has the assurance that he is being gently guided by a competent professional.

Each of the men who make up Mr. Williams's gallery illustrates a different but related aspect of the period. The Duc de Persigny, the most devoted follower of the Emperor, serves to trace the renascence of Bonapartism. The Duc de Morny, Napoleon's dashing half-brother, illustrates the beginnings of parliamentarianism; Emile Ollivier, the genesis of the Liberal Empire. Sainte-Beuve is in the cast, also Courbet, Pasteur, and of course Offenbach. Montalembert gives the author the opportunity to discuss religious trends and Duruy educational achievements. Cavour's secret diplomatic weapon, the beautiful but not dumb Countess of Castiglione is here too; the material of her vignette is largely trivia, and she does not seem to belong to the gallery.

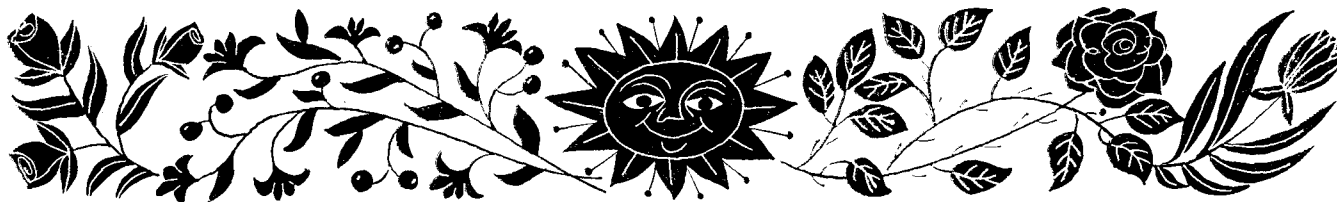
There is no separate study of Napoleon III, yet he holds the center of the stage. Mr. Williams's Napoleon is quite different from the stuffed shirt, the mountebank, the pinchbeck Caesar of the early biographers; here he is a kindly, humorous, well-intentioned man, liberal and modern in his outlook and sympathies. To a country smarting under the wounds caused by the political revolution of the preceding century and the economic-social dislocations of his own day he offered himself as a leader above fac-

(Continued on page 40)



THE WORKADAY CARRIAGE HORSE taking his ease at the base of one of the four prancing stone steeds by Marly that decorate the Place de la Concorde will stir nostalgic memories for every American who has been to Paris. So will the 201 other illustrations, handsomely reproduced in gravure, that are the chief *raison d'être* for "Paris" (Essential Books, \$7), a new travel book prepared by André George and translated by J. H. and J. M. Denis. For those lucky enough to be pedestrians (or motorists) in Paris, the pedestrian (but highly informative) prose that accompanies the pictures will make the volume worth the price and the trouble of carrying about.

—ARCHIBALD VAN VORHEES.



How Does Your Garden Bookshelf Grow?

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS, whose *"First Book of Gardening,"* designed for children, has found many fans among first gardeners of riper years.

MID-JULY finds most gardeners desperately trying to keep one furrow ahead of the multitude of details demanding attention in the garden—far too busy to stop to read about gardening. And yet a half dozen times this weekend I've dashed indoors to check something or other in a garden book on my shelves. Perhaps an unfamiliar piece of evidence of something attacking a climbing rose—and Helen Van Pelt Wilson's useful *"Climbing Roses"* (Barrows, \$3.95) supplied the answer, with an additional check in Cynthia Westcott's *"Anyone Can Grow Roses"* (Van Nostrand, \$2.75). (I suppose Cynthia Westcott—in one book or another—is consulted more than any other one author in my garden library; she may not know it but she is my "plant doctor.") Van Nostrand has a new rose book this year—*"Roses for Pleasure,"* by the same Helen Van Pelt Wilson mentioned above and Richard Thomson (\$5.95). Here's a good general guide, with step-by-step directions for the neophyte and advanced information on propagation for the experienced rose grower.

Another crying need took me to the garden bookshelf. I found the answer in Samuel Ogden's *"The New England Vegetable Garden"* (Countryman Press, \$4.95), where some excellent diagrams of layout solved the question of grouping types of vegetables in a shiftover I was planning, with a newly fenced area available. There's lots of excellent information here for the earnest gardener confronted with basic problems of soil conditioning and techniques of drainage—particularly for that uphill and downdale type of location which Mr.

Ogden and his fellow Vermonters must find a major factor. This is not a book for beginners—a few years ago I should have found it 'way beyond me. Today it checks me, challenges me, and comforts me in my gradual shift away from naive acceptance of the barrage of advertising pressure for chemical gardening. For Mr. Ogden is a sound middle-of-the-roader in this matter, putting his faith in compost and organic gardening; a healthy garden will resist disease.

This seems to be a banner year for specialists in the area of garden books. There's a new book for the almost-professional gardener, *"The Little Bulbs,"* by Elizabeth Lawrence (Criterion, \$4). The term isn't quite as limited as it sounds, for it embraces a wide range for all seasons, from the earliest snowdrops and daffodils to hardy cyclamens, little iris, freesias, chionodoxia, mariposa tulips, fritellaria, on to trillium, clusiana, and amaryllis—and many others less familiar. It isn't its inclusiveness that makes this a specialist's book; it is the technical nature of the text. But the telling is lightened by personal experience, that of the author and of other gardeners from Texas to New England. The section on sources of choice material will be of immense help to fellow enthusiasts.

Perhaps some wishful thinking on my part has made me particularly aware of the new books on greenhouse gardening. The Northens (whose "Secret of the Green Thumb" brought botany within the layman's reach several years ago) have done *"The Complete Book of Greenhouse Gardening"* (Ronald Press, \$6.50). Frankly, I find it beyond my depth. But for the serious professional, here is an exhaustive treatment of the selection and construction of a greenhouse; here are details about competent management, the scientific approach to soils and nutrition, types of procedure, and then (in alphabetical

order) common and unusual cut flowers, pot plants, and specific greenhouse items from Amaryllis to flowering and foliage plants, cacti, and succulents. The final section is the only part the beginner will find useful—the use of a greenhouse as an adjunct to outdoor gardening.

Much more attuned to my amateur standing is Marion Dulles's *"Greenhouse Gardening Around the Year"* (Macmillan, \$3.75). This is a practical, down-to-the-growing-benches type of how-to book, based on the Dulles' experience with their own small lean-to greenhouse, which is designed to serve as a source of supply of cut flowers for the house, a reserve for transfer to the outdoors, and (sheer delight, plus its mead of work!) a place for round-the-year gardening. Such basic matters as types of greenhouse are perhaps too cursorily handled; but for the how-to end of soil and its management, temperature factors and control, equipment, selection of material, and round-the-year procedures this is an excellent first book for the beginning greenhouse gardener.

ANOTHER book I found intriguing was *"Gardening Indoors Under Lights,"* by F. H. and J. L. Kranz (Viking, \$4.95). I don't know when I shall find time or space to try this, but sometime I must. The Kranzes have a problem: winter is their only chance for gardening. Through gardening under lights they have applied large-scale scientific principles to small-scale application in their home, thereby producing a growing hobby suited to a limited budget. Their basement, their living room, their window sills—they have experimented with them all and recorded, classified, and presented the results for you and me. The indoor greenhouse can be as small as 2½ feet by 18 inches and 24 inches in height; it can be lighted by a fairly simple setup combining fluorescent and incandescent lights; it can be watered by old-style top watering—or a feasible automatic system. The Kranzes analyze in technical terms the whys and whats and hows; but they make it all seem possible with a little close application. There are photographs and diagrams and line drawings, lists of supplies, and all sorts of useful supplementary

(Continued on page 27)