

THE LESSON.

He should be strong,
His conscience be tender,
Who charms women long.
To guide, sway, and bend her,
If need be amend her,
His will should be strong.
His conscience be tender,
His love dues to render
To her that belong.
His will should be strong
To shield her from wrong,
His conscience be tender
From tears to defend her.

The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1910.

The death of Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia has recalled attention to her long friendship with Tourgenieff. One contributor to the subject is Mr. Francis Gribble, who has been searching it out in the fairly exhaustive study of the Russian writer's life recently made by M. Haumont, and reports on his inquest in "The Fortnightly." Mr. Gribble, as we have not infrequently had occasion to note, has a flair for the sentimental episode in literary biography and he duly exposes the fact that Tourgenieff had his adventures of the heart. It is pleasant to observe, however, that with all his instinct of the literary detective, and all his industry, he has not been able to detract very much from the dignity of the affection which united the novelist and the singer. "It is not," he says, "even known for certain—much of the correspondence having been suppressed—whether he was ever, in the full sense of the word, her lover." This is too bad—for Mr. Gribble. Perhaps, though, there are a few other persons, keenly interested in Tourgenieff and Mme. Viardot-Garcia, who will remain content to think of them as two loyal friends, delighting in art and the things of the mind, who enjoyed together a little lifetime of the most sympathetic understanding and did not stop to think that their real business was to provide material for the scandalmonger.

Mr. H. G. Wells's latest novel, "The New Machiavelli," is running serially through "The Forum." It opens auspiciously, the supposititious narrator putting himself before us as a statesman sent into exile by some transaction in which love for a woman would appear to have exerted a heavy influence. The first few pages, in which a parallel is drawn between this outcast and the famous Italian, are charming. In those that follow, traversing the narrator's boyhood, it is made plain that Mr. Wells is once more to pay his compliments to the educational, economic, and other social developments in modern England. These have become a positive obsession with him, if one may judge from the frequency with which they crop out in his writings and from his general tone in the discussion of them. Here is a fragment from a recent article of his:

The other day I discovered my little boy doing a subtraction sum, and I found he was doing it in a slower, clumsier, less businesslike way than the one I was taught in an old-fashioned "commercial academy" thirty-odd years ago. The educational "expert," I discover, has been at work substituting a bad method for a good one in our schools because it is easier of exposition. The educational "expert," in the lack of a lively public intelligence, develops all the vices of the second-rate energetic, and he is, I am only too disposed to believe, making a terrible mess of a great deal of our science teaching and of the teaching of mathematics and English.

Another English writer complains of the present insistence on accuracy of detail in boys' books, and adds that "fancy and imagination are already at a discount and our young Gradgrinds want strict facts." These are grievous tidings and we suppose that both the writers we have quoted know what they are talking about. Still, it is not improbable that another and more cheerful story might be told of English education at the present time. Certainly, we are not by any means prepared to swallow whole the observations of Mr. Wells.

The General Assembly of the International Association of Academies, which was organized in 1901, has just held a meeting in Rome, and satisfactory progress was reported in its various projects. These include the preparation of an edition of the Mahabharata, of an encyclopedia of the literature of Islam, of a Corpus of Greek literature, a Corpus Medicorum Antiquorum, and an edition of the works of Leibnitz and of those of Euler. Committees also reported progress in the general investigation of the anatomy of the brain and in the collation and revision of the nomenclature of objects on the moon's surface—work undertaken some time ago at the behest of the association. A project for tabulating measures of lines in the spectrum was approved, and international action in regard to the diseases of cultivated plants was proposed. The association has no funds for its work, having been constituted on lines independent of finance and as a purely moral force supporting international undertakings by its approval. It is now said that experience suggests that funds—which private benefactors are disposed to offer—and a central office would be extremely useful and even necessary. The question will probably be decided at the next meeting of the association, three years hence, at St. Petersburg.

THE SECOND EMPIRE

Chapters in the History of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie.

THE RISE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON. By F. A. Simpson. With unpublished documents and illustrations. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 334. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE: 1870-1910: HER MAJESTY'S LIFE SINCE THE TERRIBLE YEAR, TOGETHER WITH THE STATEMENT OF HER CASE, THE EMPEROR'S OWN STORY OF SEDAN, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXILE AND LAST DAYS, AND REMINISCENCES OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL. From Authentic Sources. By Edward Legge. With illustrations and facsimile letters. 8vo, pp. xiii, 409. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Napoleonic legend was revived some years ago by the publication of a flood of memoirs, which led to much renewed historical study and to the revision of some judgments. M. Frédéric Masson found his vocation. Now the turn of the great Emperor's nephew seems to have come. The House of Bonaparte still flourishes; a pretender to the imperial throne of France resides in Brussels, the successor to the rights, or, at least, the claims, of the Prince Imperial, designated in his will. In May, 1909,

obsure period of the history of the third Napoleon.

It must be said of Mr. Legge's book that it is interesting rather than convincing. His thoroughgoing partisanship causes one to take many of his statements with considerable reservation. Compiled from various sources, the reminiscences and affirmations of many men, and from French and Italian newspaper articles, his book adds to rather than detracts from the confusion of opinions and reports in which the closing years of the reign of Napoleon III are still clouded. The material awaiting the sifting and weighing of the historian is of enormous proportions; much of what Mr. Legge has to tell must now be added to the mass. He is markedly friendly throughout toward the exiled Bonapartes; his attitude of veneration toward the aged ex-Empress is another matter, on which all the world is for the moment in agreement. Still, the bare assertion of a Paris writer that she did not favor the conflict of 1870 settles nothing; neither does his assurance that she did not say, "This is my war." Mr. Legge reprints Napoleon's eulogy of Eugenie, published anonymously shortly after their marriage in "Le Dix-December." He gives the document a far different meaning and purpose

of her simple daily life, of the memorial church where both her dead are buried, of her pilgrimage to the spot in South Africa where her son fell, of her winter sojourns at Cap Martin, of her restless wanderings over the face of the earth in her old age. Her long lawsuit against the republic over Napoleon's personal property is reviewed at length, and there is a chapter on her wealth, about which many exaggerated stories have been told.

In an appendix Mr. Legge gives a brief history of the House of Bonaparte down to the present year. His illustrations are interesting. In conclusion we may quote, on his authority, a remark said to have been made by Thiers to a Bonapartist agent:

I tell you that the Republic will long survive France. The Bonapartes are finished—absolutely finished. But should the French people ever reconstitute a dynasty, it will be theirs. We shall not see but perhaps our grandchildren may.

An interesting book, to be read with a great deal of caution.

JOHN CHINAMAN

A Review of His Experiences on American Soil.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION. By Mary Roberts Child. Edgemoor, Ph. D. 12mo, pp. x, 531. Henry Holt & Co.

This volume makes a notable addition to the "American Public Problems" series. The work embraces a course given by the associate professor of sociology at Stanford University, and later expanded and amplified for presentation in book form. The writer's tone is academic, the purpose is serious and the spirit scientific. Chapter and verse are given for every important statement, and a world of reference affords the largest opportunity for further study of the question. A controversial subject which has divided political parties and has usually been discussed with heat and bitterness is dissected with deliberation and logic. No glow of color, no throb of emotion disturbs the course of this appeal to reason. Argument is piled on argument, buttressed by statistics and fortified by the decisions of competent authority, until the vexed Chinese problem seems almost to be solved at all—only a situation amenable to the exercise of common sense and the operation of general laws.

The generation that lay between the discovery of gold and the passage of the exclusion laws of 1882 is the subject of the first part of the volume. During this period the Chinese, despite their racial peculiarities, were of the same age and class as the German and Irish agricultural immigrants at the Port of New York. Like them, they often borrowed their passage money, but they differed from the European peasantry in that a large proportion were married men, though unaccompanied by their families, in having smaller financial resources on arrival, but a greater solidarity and protective organization among their own race, and in a universal capacity for self-support. In those years the Chinaman was welcomed, praised and looked upon as indispensable. Racial antipathy was subordinated to industrial necessity, and as every Caucasian expected to be a miner or speculator, the reticent, industrious, adaptable Chinese were more than welcome. They were valued as general laborers, and capenters, cooks and laundrymen. Their cleanliness, unobtrusiveness and industry were a matter of everyday comment. Even in the mining districts their unaggressive character gave them a foothold, and they were esteemed for mis-



LOUIS NAPOLEON.
(From the drawing by Stewart.)

he issued a manifesto which gave notice that Bonapartism is still very much alive.

Both books before us are of English origin; each deals with a different phase of the life of Napoleon III, Mr. Simpson's with his career as a pretender—the first phase—Mr. Legge's with the last, his brief remaining years as an exile in England; for, notwithstanding the order of its title and sub-titles, "The Empress Eugenie" is in more than half of its contents devoted to Napoleon and his son.

Mr. Simpson is a well balanced and impartial historian. He endeavors to make us see Napoleon III as he was before he reached the throne. He does not readjust lights and shadows and proportions in the retrospect from his reign. Reversing the process, he succeeds in making us see why "the very qualities that made Louis Napoleon seem a prince among pretenders stamped him as a pretender among princes." He says:

Louis Napoleon was almost the ideal pretender. Other exiled princes have been restored; foreign pressure, native enthusiasm, or the intervention of some king-maker has replaced or recalled the descendants of other fallen dynasties. On occasion, brute force has won back for the son what brute force had taken away from the father. But of hardly any other pretender in history can it be maintained that by the persistent parade of his claims, by the incessant exploitation of his name, by the sheer impotency of his suit, he himself succeeded in inducing his countrymen to confide to his hands the dominion of which his dynasty had been deprived. . . . The methods of his earlier years had served him so long and so well that he could not bring himself to cast them aside when they had achieved their purpose. . . . He could not understand that a successful conspirator has no further need to conspire.

It is an amazing page of history that Mr. Simpson lays before us, a convincing record of far-seeing plotting, adroit employment of opportunity, persistence in the face of obstacles and failure, and of patience and courage and self-reliance. The ridicule of Strassburg and Boulogne is dissipated, and yet we are left face to face with the puzzle of the man in whom none who knew him personally placed their faith, who always seemed to be a dreamer rather than a man of action. Was it a pose, part of his policy? One doubts it, for without Morny and St. Arnaud the coup d'état would probably never have taken place. Mr. Simpson has given us an excellent study of the most

than it had at the time, and makes some interesting revelations concerning the real cause of the Emperor's death. He also gives us some information regarding Bonapartist plottings in Brussels, Paris and Chiselhurst, to which the death of the Prince Imperial put an end; tells a curious tale of the part played by a certain M. Regnier in the capitulation of Metz, and prints Napoleon's own story of Sedan. He follows the deposed Emperor to Wilhelmshöhe and Chiselhurst, and his son thence to Zululana.

Throughout he is consistent in his attitude; whence his silence about many awkward happenings—the puzzle, for instance, of Napoleon's missing second will. From the first interview which Monsignor Godard had with the ex-Empress in 1871, and which is given here, may be quoted her significant admission of her ascendancy in the shaping of the Emperor's Italian policy: "So long as I was in Paris, the Pope was safe." This churchman, who became the religious instructor of the Prince Imperial, also reports her as saying: "These Prussians will now never be content with what they would have been. . . . England's turn will come."

The account of the ex-Empress's life since the death of her son forms the connecting thread of the volume. She herself pronounced the epilogue of the tragedy, whose only survivor she is:

When asked, at the Hotel Continental, if she would receive some comparative strangers, the Empress Eugenie is credited with saying, "They only come from curiosity; they want to see the fifth act."

On another occasion she said to an Italian journalist, in the course of the only interview she is known to have granted:

I have lived—I have been. I do not want to be anything more, not even a memory. I am the past. . . . I live, but I am no more: a shadow, a phantom, a grief which walks. Between my past and my present, not only fifty years intervene, but ten centuries. . . . I had a dream. The dream is dead, killed by destiny. And I wanted, and still want, to disappear with it. I am a poor woman, who has lived long and suffered much. Now I seek peace, tranquillity, and forgetfulness—a serene corner of the world where the flowers are beautiful and the dawns brilliant; a spot where my soul can dissolve itself little by little, where it can mingle with the sky and the sea, and so die before my weary body.

From Camden Place to Farnborough Hill the author follows her tragic figure. He tells



MORNY.
(From a photograph.)