admission of infidels, if that be true, but such explanations also put Mr. Duss in a very vulnerable position.

It is not possible within the scope of this review to correct all the errors that are found in this book which is heralded as an authentic account of the Harmony Society. It is Mr. Duss's story written to glorify himself, to support his claim to the Economy inheritance, and to justify his right to have the Harmony Society museum exhibit, in which he was not interested until recently, called the "Duss Memorial Exhibit." Legally that claim now has basis but its proof rests on a foundation of quicksand.

Unfortunately, therefore, this reviewer must conclude with a warning: As a history of the Harmony Society this volume is absolutely unreliable. This statement is made after the work has been given the most careful reading it has received or will probably ever receive. This reviewer is very familiar with the records of the Society and is ready to give additional documentary evidence for his opinion.

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Karl J. R. Arndt


This is the first of a projected series of six or eight related books of a North American romance. As a prelude to such a tremendous saga, it can hardly be reviewed adequately.

It is the story of Salathiel Albine. His grandfather was a Puritan minister and his father was a blacksmith who with his wife came as a pioneer into Western Pennsylvania around the year 1740. There the child's father was murdered by the Indians who were already aligning themselves with the French in the gigantic struggle for a continent. A little later Salathiel, now about five years old, was stolen from his mother by an Indian. His captor, a childless Shawnee chief, adopted him, and as "Little Turtle" he rapidly learned the ways of Indian life. Except for the memory of his mother's voice at prayer or in calling him out of the forest, and her last piercing scream as his captor rode off with him, Albine's childhood with the white race seemed completely erased from his memory. The author's description of his later life with his Indian "relatives" is extremely vivid. The prayer of a captured itinerant minister and the tick of a watch first stirred Salathiel's memory and made him curious about his former life. This minister had acquired an amazing student who quickly absorbed all that was imparted to him.
Meantime Braddock’s defeat had extended the ravages of the Indians, and in another three years’ time Forbes’s victory had changed conditions at the forks of the Ohio. By the time Salathiel became a full-fledged brave, the patient teaching of the captured minister, the Reverend Mr. James McArdle, had its reward. Young Albine, now six feet four and with the strength of a giant, returned to the white people at Fort Pitt. The metamorphosis of the young “savage” took place in the stirring days of Pontiac’s Rebellion. During the siege of Fort Pitt in 1763 the Little Turtle became, of all things, a combination orderly, valet, and cook to the verbena-scented commandant, Captain Simeon Ecuyer and later followed him East on his inspection tour of other forts. By this time, Albine had also acquired the responsibilities of aid-de-camp to Ecuyer.

Although this grandson of a Puritan minister now corrected a Quaker acquaintance on a biblical quotation and gave the book and chapter in which it was found, he had not completely cast off his grub stage of development. He relapsed, scalped Indians, and emitted the blood-curdling death halloo in the hearing of the startled garrison at Ligonier. The story closes with Albine headed for the East and eagerly anticipating the next phase of his life.

The thesis of this almost bizarre tale is the love of land: the attempt to hold it by the Indian, the determination to acquire it by the white man. And over all falls the blighting declaration of George III—the Proclamation Line of 1763. That order, rightly understood, would hardly give the Indians a sense of permanent security; to the colonists it was an order to curse and ignore. Urged on by the crafty land speculators few settlers could be deterred by a man in St. James Palace from crossing over the Appalachian Mountains and picking out choice sites for their homesteads.

Mr. Allen has woven an extremely exciting story around a complicated historical situation. The fact that poetry is a natural mode of expression to him must be taken into account when appraising the author’s style. For him, the short staccato sentence and the one-sentence descriptive paragraph probably denote urgency or danger. And surely only a poet could find any noise to be “succulent.”

Actually, Mr. Allen has not written an “historical romance” but a splendid historical novel. He must have done a great amount of careful research in our colonial history. But even fine historical novels are supposed to detour from the truth. Add to this accepted fact the knowledge that Mr. Allen is a poet who candidly makes the caption of one chapter to be, “In Which Poetical License is Taken,” one wonders how much is intended to be authentic. Indeed, the
reviewer who challenges Mr. Allen's historical data fears he is a modern Don Quixote tilting at windmills.

In trepidation, therefore, we point out that the famous Moravian missionary was not Charles but Christian Frederick Post (p. 103); that no true hunter, much less one Indian trained, would hunt for pelts in summer (pp. 46, 176); and that by the fall of 1763 the Forbes Road was not the only road by which people could get to Pittsburgh (p. 196). In 1759, Colonel James Burd had opened from Cumberland a land-water route over which by 1763 "droves" of people were traveling via the reopened Braddock Road, the new Burd Road, and the Monongahela River. We deplore, too, the dishonorable action of Arthur St. Clair; an actual historical character should not be portrayed in fiction worse than he was in life.

Another objection has nothing to do with historical background. Though the author proves himself in this story to be a master of picaresque portrayal of female rogue as well as male, he also has a fairly good hero, in the accepted use of that term, in that brave gentleman, Captain Ecuyer. But the author has most certainly not produced a fairly good heroine. There is no characterization of a woman to whom one could give one's love or respect. The mother of Salathiel Albine, seen only in shadow, might have been such an one. We miss such a splendid pioneer wife and mother as in Agnes Sligh Turnbull's last book. Mr. Allen took pains to depict the other type of woman, reaching his nadir (or zenith?) in Bustle McQuiston. In 1760 there were twenty-nine women and thirty-two children living around Fort Pitt. Three years later there were many more. Surely one of these women would be a complete contrast to "Bustle." We can only hope the author corrects this slight to frontier women in the next volume of his saga.

On the whole, however, we are very proud to claim Hervey Allen as a native of Pittsburgh and as one educated in her university. We are also highly complimented that he has chosen his native habitat of Western Pennsylvania for the birthplace of his story of America. His grandfather, Colonel E. J. Allen, left Pittsburgh to fight in the Civil War and the author left Pittsburgh to serve in World War I. It is quite appropriate that he write an historical novel about his ancestral homeland.

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