These are but the highlights of the book. Read the book for its personalities, glimpses of Indians, attacks, counterattacks, secret plans, spies, changing allegiances, Stuart duplicity, Dutch counter-duplicity, Plowden's misadventures, the Baltimores, the beaver trade, the Northwest passage, and Penn's skillful acquiring of the territory. The most unfortunate pawns in the whole affair were the settlers and the Indians. Read the book; it's a good one.

Pittsburgh

FLORENCE C. McLAUGHLIN


The modern literary public has become accustomed to expect a biography to present a portrait of the subject that at once makes his personality stand out against a background of his time and place. The biographer seeks to find the vital spark that motivates the subject's springs of action. New material, or at least new light upon known evidence, can alone justify the printing of a new book upon an old subject. Written by a former newspaper man, this work is written in matter-of-fact narrative style, almost devoid of figures of speech or other rhetorical devices that can render the account more readable.

There is evidence of rather careless editing, which the publishers should have given attention, as for example: (p. 35) "The corps had not yet been reinforced, and neither munitions were being provided by a harried Continental Congress, that lacking authority over the states, could not fulfill its promises or meet its financial obligations."

Above all, good biography must be founded upon true and authentic history to aspire to accredited standing. We are constrained, in the interest of true history, to call attention to a few of the many factual discrepancies interspersed through the book. (p. 17) Daniel Morgan was yet a captain and prisoner of war in July 1776, and was not commissioned colonel of the 11th Virginia Regiment until November 12, 1776. Also (p. 86), he was not a native of Virginia but of New Jersey; and, if the author refers to General Muhlenberg as one of the "major participants in the quarrel [over Lee's right to command]," he was a native of Pennsylvania, not of Virginia. (p. 34) It was not a sudden thaw, but rather a sudden freeze that providentially enabled Washington, and consequently Lee's cavalry to advance to Princeton.
over previously impassable mud roads on the night following the second battle at Trenton. (p. 61) Lee's small forays could have had nothing whatever to do with Clinton's withdrawal from Philadelphia in the spring of 1778. It is absurd to claim that Lee entered into British plans, when it is well established that instructions for the evacuation were sent from the king and cabinet. (p. 78) Lee did not capture four hundred prisoners at Paulus Hook. According to Washington's own positive statement (Fitzpatrick, *The Writings of George Washington*, XVI, 159), there were one hundred fifty-one private soldiers and seven officers taken. The author should have been truthful about Major Jonathan Clarke's role at Lee's court-martial, where he heaped praise, even "an emcomium," upon Lee for his conduct of the attack upon the British fort. (Refer to the *Journal of Major Samuel Shaw*, p. 68.)

Most unexplainable is the failure to include in this book the most dramatic episode of Lee's military career, probably the most exciting in the annals of the Revolution, possessed of all the elements of a modern movie thriller. It encompassed the avowal of Washington's great confidence in Lee over all others, the most substantial example of Washington's spy system within the British lines, the spectacular "desertion" by Lee's most trusted and valued non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Major John Champ, a thrilling, breakneck, life-and-death horseback chase in the best Western movie tradition ending in Champ's hairbreadth "escape" to the British boats, glimpses of dark intrigue of secret agents within an enemy city, New York, the near accomplishment of the plot to carry off arch-traitor Benedict Arnold, and finally Champ's escape from the British raiding command in Virginia. Lee was the director and producer of this great melodrama. Incredible as it seems, these stirring events were bypassed in the present biography.

The prosaic recital of military actions might have been relieved by mention of Major André's epic poem, "The Cow Chase" at Bull's Ferry, which humorously lampooned Harry Lee. Why this bit of human interest was ignored is not easily understood.

Concerning the skirmish with Tarleton's dragoons preceding the battle of Guilford Courthouse, the author again resorted to fiction in relating to Lee's movements. Instead of the grand tactics of "wheeling" and of executing "sweeps toward the other flank," Lee's own statement relates how he caught Tarleton's corps in a long, narrow lane between very high fences, and, without even room to wield the sabre, charged in close column to ride down and over the front section of the British
horsemen by sheer weight and momentum of superior horses. Lee himself wrote that "only the front section of each corps closed." (A section of cavalry was a subdivision of a platoon corresponding to a squad of infantry and led by a sergeant or corporal.) "There was very little credit, with such superior means, due to the Americans upon victory," said Lee. (Memoirs, p. 274 n.) Tarleton lost about forty in the engagement but from the fire of the riflemen. There was fame enough to accord to this young Virginia Lochinvar for his heroism and bold exploits without exaggeration becoming necessary.

The treatment accorded the highly inflammatory events of the Whisky Rebellion is so absolutely colorless, so devoid of specifics, as to be inaccurate. Hugh Brackenridge is portrayed as the prime leader of the movement, while Bradford is mentioned only once, as one of the insurrectionists, not as the militant leader. No mention is made of John Neville's position relative to the affair or of the attack upon and burning of his house, no mention of Bradford's escape down the Ohio to the Mississippi River, nothing of the march of the condemned prisoners over the mountains in winter and imprisonment in Philadelphia. The whole presentation fails completely to give significance to these events, in spite of the fact that utilization of them would have contributed to a better story.

To the very last page the erroneous reporting and inaccuracies persist. General Lee's body was not "lowered into a grave beside that of Nathanael Greene," for the very reason that Greene never was buried at Dungeness on Cumberland Island but in the city of Savannah, whither his remains had been taken for the funeral and interment in a vault. Many years later Greene's ashes were placed beneath the monument raised to his memory in the center of Savannah. In 1913 Harry Lee's remains were brought to the Lee Chapel at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, to repose with those of his son, General Robert E. Lee.

A final misstatement occurs in the line: "The Marines fired thirteen salvos, the correct salute for a major general." In the first place, a salvo can only be fired by several pieces of artillery. Three volleys of rifle (or musket) fire constitute the regulation honor paid to all military dead, regardless of rank. The thirteen rounds rated by a major general were fired at intervals by guns aboard the warship reported to have been at anchor near the landing to the island. This was according to military usage then as now. (See U.S. Navy Regulations, p. 284.)
Following such works as the *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States* by General Henry Lee himself, so ably furnished with biographical introduction, maps and notes by his illustrious son, General Robert E. Lee, both of whom were gifted with brilliantly eloquent expression and literary style, any writer on the same subject finds himself hard-pressed to match his predecessors. A good bibliography has been listed; and, if the author had used it even superficially, he would have avoided most of the pitfalls of historical inaccuracies that beset the road of the biographer. A good, interesting, accurate biography of this great patriot may yet be written, and enough unused manuscript material exists to bring a new understanding of the deep well of warm emotions that motivated one of Washington's favorite young officers.

*Pittsburgh*  

**Edward G. Williams**


These two little paperback books of the Great American Thinkers Series prove that American idealism in the era of the Revolution really was a creative manifestation of the powers of human personality. Both John Woolman (1720-1772) and Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) were apostles of brotherhood, persuasive and pervasive. They themselves were special, not ordinary men. Active and effective faith motivated their labors. They differed, yet they were of a similar constructive pattern of service to the principle of universal fellowship. Each had his "singularities," but their purposes were identically humane in effect.

A like observation may be made concerning both authors. Dr. Edwin H. Cady of the University of Indiana, in his study of "the Quaker Saint," accepts the subject as his model of literary art, while Dr. Ralph L. Ketcham of Syracuse University, discussing "Poor Richard," deliberately chooses the unpretending simplicity of his *Almanac* and *Autobiography* as a suitable style of composition.

That is part of the genius of both men. They possessed skill in communication, possibly because of their innate earnestness. Woolman, doubtless, is the more difficult for modern readers to com-