the spoils of victory rather than offering enlightened leadership. Being practical men, they avoided questions that could not be compromised, flattered the voters with platitudes and hard cider, and gave long-winded speeches that contained little substance. Many historians will disagree with Pessen’s analysis of Jacksonian politics and already a reaction against the “consensus” view has appeared. But a frontal assault of Pessen’s view will be hard to mount.

Pessen’s most blasphemous statement is that this era “was not really the age of Jackson.” Old Hickory had very little to do with the shaping of this period. Except for the momentous battle with the Bank of the United States this reviewer agrees with Pessen. Yet, it should be noted that Pessen has offered no new label but sticks to convention by entitling his book *Jacksonian America*.

One might quibble too with the author for ignoring significant features of the period such as the growing interest in the West, the enthusiasm for reforms, and the emerging sectional issues. Still, the author has artfully pieced together a rich mosaic of a period historians once called the Age of Jackson.

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W. WAYNE SMITH


Isabel Gardner Malone’s story of her childhood covers an era from the early 1900’s into the 1920’s. She has given a clear picture of three sides of life in Pittsburgh at that time: that of the educated wealthy class (of which she was a part), that of the poor immigrant class, and that of the thoughts and wonders and misgivings of a child and growing girl.

In a lively, rapidly moving, flowing style (which continues throughout), she begins the account of her recollections with the curiosity and questions and hurt feelings connected with the discovery of a new baby in the house and the change of her position in the household. One is immediately drawn back sympathetically to his own thoughts and feelings at that time and stays there to the story’s end. She also reflects immediately her own personality: that of a warm, sensitive, observant person with a deep feeling toward others. This she portrays in her protection of a younger brother who does not
always appreciate it; the love for a Negro cook; the shame for having played a trick on their farmer — "I wish we could reach those who have died and been good to us, and let them know that we care"; — and the wondering about her own station in life — "Was I better than the foreigners, a better person?"

Her life begins on Thomas Boulevard, in a large green frame house staffed by a nursemaid, a cook, an upstairs maid and a yard boy, near the Presbyterian church where she attended Sunday School and learned with mixed feelings about "Moses and the bulrushes" — "the Lord Jesus, a kind miracle worker" — and — "a place called Hell where people suffered eternally . . . . , and a place called Heaven where a few, a very few went." Here she narrates of things that appeal to a child and which we had almost forgotten: Words held precious because they were forbidden, a lonely train whistle, the ice-man, the huckster, the Irish policeman on the beat who chatted (or more) with the Irish upstairs maid, the organ-grinder and his monkey, the little German Band that played on street corners, and others. She tells always of familiar sights and smells, especially a trip to East Liberty, the circus in a tent at Fifth and Penn Avenues, the new beautiful Cadillac with "red leather and gleaming with brass," able to go thirty-five miles an hour and "all paid for" (almost unheard of in the family budgeting of today), the "Expo" located between Duquesne Way and the Allegheny River, and occasional Sunday dinners at the German Club on Craft Avenue, in Oakland.

By taking the reader on a trip to each of her grandparents, the author discloses her background. Her Grandfather Neubauer, her mother's father, lived in a town of four or five houses, a general store and a Congregational church. Grandfather Neubauer was a kindly man, who had once had a big farm and believed in education, his wife and daughter, the author's mother, both having been college graduates. His kindness showed especially in the making of a pony cart for his grandchildren. The description of this trip, showing one side of this little girl's heritage and the simple life, is quite delightful. Equally delightful, but quite different, is a visit with Grandfather Gardner who was more eminent and worldly, having been John D. Rockefeller's partner at one time and having hunted for the North Pole with Dr. Cook; and here one dressed for dinner. However, a close bond grew up between the grandfather and this little girl as shown in the statement "Grandfather Gardner had died; our lives would never be the same."
The author has shown how lives are molded and changed to meet the needs of the station in life and oftentimes miss the goal of the heart. Her mother rose to meet the demands of the rapidly growing wealthy position of her husband, in her household, in the community and in the social world. Her father, who jokingly told her, "Oh, I'm sort of draftsman . . . .," was actually a "fine engineer" who eventually became president and later Chairman of the Board of the United Engineering & Foundry Company. He was a man who she felt loved and sought the simple life but "His continuing success in business simply made the gulf wider." Both parents had a deep love for and desire to meet the needs of their children, but in this era " . . . ; children were seldom encouraged; they were usually belittled, run down, sharply criticized."

A move from Thomas Boulevard to Coraopolis Heights, then open country, forests, "tortuous roads" and a few farms, was not a move to the simple life but to that of the gentleman farmer — her father being busier than ever commuting to town, traveling all over the world and overseeing the farm. Here the household and farm retinue grew to include Austrians, Slovaks, Italians and French, giving a clearer picture of the immigrant with his broken, sometimes almost unintelligible English . . . "living so near and yet such separate and different lives." Here the education of the children and the social activities and community demands of a wealthy family are more vividly pictured. With a trip to town, the growing, industrial city of Pittsburgh in the early 1900's is brought into focus, the operation of a steel rolling mill, which was actually driven through to get into town, the street lights turned on during the day because of heavy fog all being part of its development. Finally, in this atmosphere of wealth and country becoming citified, a young teenage girl begins to emerge, with the trials and tribulations of that period in life — "If this is growing up, . . . . I don't even want to grow up," a phrase echoed down through the ages by youth.

Though this is a personal story, it is of an era of basically optimistic and confident people with the deeper underlying truth of an ever-changing world, both for the individual and the community — in the author's words a "shifting pattern, the upheaval and change." To write a review of this vivid personal reminiscing of the past, not far removed from any of us (whether we be from the materially blessed side of life or the almost Americanized poorer side), is an injustice to the author. The only way to enjoy again the sights and
sounds and smells of this early 1900 period is to read for oneself Isabel Gardner Malone’s charming little book of her childhood.

*Pittsburgh*  
MARGARET D. JACKSON


Da Capo Press should be applauded for this timely reprint of the proceedings in the treason trial of Aaron Burr in the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, Virginia, in 1807. This two-volume document covers the proceedings in the commitment, grand jury indictments, jury trial and acquittal of Burr on the twin charges of treason against the United States and misdemeanor in preparing a hostile expedition against Mexico, the territory of a sovereign state (Spain) with which the United States was at peace. We are indebted to David Robertson, a contemporary counselor-at-law, for this verbatim report of major motions, arguments by counsel, rulings of the presiding judge and trial testimony, all of which he took down in shorthand.

This two-volume document is of interest not only to scholars specializing in this era of American history, or probing the life and motivations of Aaron Burr, or perhaps seeking to place in their true light Burr’s mysterious exploits which served as the basis for the legal charges. It is of vital interest, also, to all those concerned with the administration of justice, with the role of the judge and indeed of the judicial process itself in protecting the rights of the accused to a fair trial. Here was a trial involving the former Vice-President accused of treason, who had been publicly denounced as a traitor by President Jefferson and had been “tried” and condemned already by a hostile press. Defense attorneys expressed fear that popular clamor would prejudice proceedings in this “political trial.” But the reader of the proceedings painstakingly preserved for us by Mr. Robertson cannot come away from the pages of these volumes without a renewed respect for our judicial processes. Significantly, the presiding judge at the examination of Burr for the purpose of commitment was none other than Chief Justice John Marshall, and it was he sitting as judge in the Circuit Court who presided jointly with circuit judge Cyrus Griffin