

"real" events rather than artifacts prompted by the presence of the camera. The aroma of the buffalo was not transmitted over the satellites, but the scent of shoddy thinking pervades the book. One wishes that such segmented thinking were only the accident of one producer's memoirs. Westin, however, is rated as one of the best in the business by his peers, and I have yet to encounter a serious rebuttal to assertions that this type of thought process, ignorant of its own intellectual ancestry, is endemic to modern broadcast journalism.

If these were the only defects of modern journalism, one might be tempted to believe that they can be surmounted, that journalism could develop a capacity to clarify the complexities of modern life. One cannot be sanguine, however, when the thinking reflected in these books rests its hopes for the journalism of the future on an intensified technology that will enable swifter circulation of greater amounts of information.

The founders of the American republic considered it more important that their citizens reach sound judgments than that they receive instant information. The purpose of representative and Federal institutions in a large republic is to guard *against* the swift kindling of public passions. The Federal dimension of American politics encourages people to assess the local and particular dimensions of these popular passions. Representative institutions should refine and enlarge these sentiments, so that the populace will be governed by the cool and deliberate sense of the community rather than the fleeting flame of public passion. Print journalism provides ample opportunity for the cultivation of identifiably separate local, regional, and national perspectives. It facilitates the extended public discussion that our representative institutions assume. Whatever the deficiencies of individual publications, it is still evident that written communication demands more discipline than televised ephemera. Television, in sharp distinction, operates most conveniently

over monolithic national networks that seek to cultivate national passions. Its fleeting images discourage systematic thought. What was on the screen when the dishes clattered is no longer available for discussion after the dishes have been put away.

In his praise of the *Wall Street Journal*, Jerry Rosenberg indicates that Dow-Jones, too, is captivated by the lure of the "opportunities" afforded by modern communications technology. High-speed communications, satellite transmission, and international publications networks



are possibilities for contemporary print media as well as broadcast journalism. Such acceleration notwithstanding, the fact that Dow-Jones produces a product in print means that its messages aren't as ephemeral as those provided on television. In addition, the fact that it, unlike television, addresses a specific audience means that that audience can be aware of the limited range of subjects addressed by the *Wall Street Journal*. Av Westin is ignorant of his debt to Thomas Hobbes; Dow-Jones pays frequent homage to the economic legacy of Adam Smith, even as it divorces itself from the moral framework that enabled Smith to see the potential for people to live good lives through his system of natural liberty.

These books, then, reflect the alternatives facing Americans as we seek to secure our natural rights in a representative republic into the next century. To the extent that the mores of print journalism govern our public discussion, we may have reason to hope. To the extent that television intrudes further into the intellectual and public discussion, our hopes can only be as firm as the flickering images that pass over the evening news. □

The Use of American Whipping Boys

Milton Lomask: *Aaron Burr: The Conspiracy and Years of Exile 1805-1836*; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; New York.

***Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*; Edited by E. B. Long; Da Capo Press; New York.**

by Otto J. Scott

Milton Lomask's second, concluding volume of his biography of Aaron Burr fulfills the promise of his first. It is

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lucid, calm, penetrating, and succinct. The figure of Burr, long ago placed in the niche of all-American villains, emerges as a far more sympathetic personage than many of his enemies and critics. Burr was a Founding Father. Although not a delegate to the Founding Convention in Philadelphia, he was a colonel at the conclusion of the War of Independence from Britain (Burr served both Washington and Gates during the war), and therefore a Founding Father in the sense of being a parent at the birth of this Republic.

In the first volume of his biography (*Aaron Burr: The Years from Princeton to Vice President 1756-1805*), Lomask

brilliantly traced how the grandson of famed preacher Jonathan Edwards and the son of the second president of the College of New Jersey (later Princeton) was orphaned early, excelled in his studies, became a precocious officer in the War of Independence, made a successful marriage, became a successful lawyer, successfully competed against Alexander Hamilton, and soared politically to become Vice President of the United States. In attaining this high post within a decade after his initial entry

they met, both men drew up their wills. Hamilton and Burr fired nearly simultaneously: Hamilton's shot went wild; Burr's went home. Hamilton was mortally wounded. Later it was discovered that Hamilton had written, in his papers, that he would withhold his fire. Told about this, Burr shrugged. "Contemptible disclosure, if true," he said. He regarded it, in other words, as an insurance-policy insult, designed to wound retroactively, if Hamilton lost the decision. If so, it brilliantly succeeded. His death elevated

less tolerant. His "conspiracy," according to Lomask, was aimed largely at Spanish possessions. These had also attracted Andrew Jackson and others, who sided with Burr. Even Jefferson was temporarily sympathetic. But when General Wilkinson, an agent of Imperial Spain, succeeded in drawing Burr into this venture for the purpose of betraying him, it was Jefferson who sought to have Burr hanged for treason.

Burr was not convicted in the court because there was no suitable evidence. But the trial was a difficult one. Chief Justice John Marshall (whom Jefferson also hated) effectively prevented Burr from being railroaded, and in the process narrowed the American definition of treason to specific acts.

Lomask makes it clear that Burr's trial effectively ruined Burr's attempts to recover from the duel with Hamilton and his defeat in politics. Mobs rose against him; he became a target of the press, much as Nixon was later. Burr had to flee the country. (If Nixon was not an ex-President, there seems little doubt he would have had to do the same.) In England, Sweden, Germany, and France Burr was received in top circles, but his circumstances were penurious and all the governments gave him a great deal of trouble. In Europe for four years he was persistently hounded by the Spanish foreign ministry and the American State Department. After these difficulties, he returned to New York to resume the practice of law. He was getting on his feet when his grandson died and his daughter Theodosia was lost at sea. They had been the center of the widowed Burr's emotional life; he spent the rest of his years still dapper, still cheerful, still surrounded by women and even natural children, but in a state of emotional detachment.

Through all these long years Burr was hounded by creditors but somehow managed to escape imprisonment. At 77 he married a woman 58 years old named Eliza Bowen Jumel, a widow and the richest woman in the United States. She divorced him a year later for squander-

"The fact remains that, of 'virtue' . . . Burr possessed scarcely an ounce."

—*New York Times Book Review*

into electoral politics, Burr frightened Thomas Jefferson probably more seriously than any other individual in the land, by attaining as many initial votes in the balloting for President as did the red-haired Virginian. Jefferson was certain that Burr planned this struggle and never forgave the short (5'6") Northerner for coming so close to destroying all of his plans.

Alexander Hamilton, who, typically, worked with and against Burr, reached similar conclusions from a different perspective. It was Hamilton's machinations against President John Adams that, according to Lomask, effectively tore apart the Federalist Party. But Hamilton felt that it was Burr who was the marplot. After Adams was defeated for a second term, Burr became the object of Hamilton's vicious slanders. Hamilton's temper was nearly ungovernable. Burr, by contrast, was an easygoing man, not a grudge-bearer, usually calm under criticism. When Hamilton went too far, and when his description of Burr as "contemptible" reached the press, Burr issued his challenge—after several requests for a retraction were turned aside.

Both men, like many of that day, were experienced in duels. Legally forbidden, duels were socially sanctioned. Burr had fought a previous duel and emerged unscathed. Hamilton had served as a second and had lost a son in a duel. Before

Hamilton to the ranks of martyrs—and ruined Burr as thoroughly as if he had committed a sacrilege against a demigod.

Lomask's first volume ended not long after that tremendous climax. The second volume is mostly devoted to the details of the notorious Burr "conspiracy," his trial for treason, and his long decline from the top levels of American society. As such, it is a tremendous human document very coolly—and therefore effectively—told. Lomask's task is a difficult one; he is to be congratulated for his restraint and taste. The facts of Burr's life are, of course, inextricably entwined with those of Hamilton's and Jefferson's. There was something about Burr that brought out the worst in both of these eminent contemporaries—and in many others.

Burr himself could never quite explain this. At least on the surface he was a man of great social gifts, pleasant in conversation, witty, well-dressed, and good-natured. He was not profound, according to Lomask; he was not a man prone to turn his ideas into abstract principles. Above all, he never preached. It was Burr's misfortune to live past the period when his aristocratic attitudes were the reigning fashion and into the turbulent democracy of an America growing steadily more plebeian, more money-conscious, less educated, and infinitely

ing some of her money (Burr was never able to handle money), and the final decree of that divorce—on grounds of adultery—arrived on September 14th, 1836, the day of Burr's death.

That Burr's real life was never put on the stage or written in a proper novel remains one of the many disappointments of American theater and letters. The stereotypes that continue to befuddle our history have long projected Burr as a super-Machiavellian demon, while the truth—far more interesting, poignant, and revealing—has almost entirely waited for Milton Lomask to tell. His triumph is that he has told it without the usual exasperating academic "perhapses" and "as ifs," but with convincing detail.

Ulysses S. Grant was born in Ohio in 1822 when Aaron Burr was 66 years old. Grant's family was relatively old, having landed in New England in 1630. But misfortune had reduced the circumstances of Grant's grandfather, and his father had to struggle to become a fairly successful merchant. The boy was raised in Ohio in a semirural environment. His father didn't consider him intelligent, for the young Grant had a weak sense of money—and no failing is regarded with more contempt by a merchant. He was sent to West Point because there was an opening, because his father had connections—and because there seemed no other course. To his own surprise Grant easily passed the entrance examinations and managed his four years respectably, thanks primarily to a natural aptitude for

mathematics.

In his autobiography, which was written in 1885 and finished when he knew he was dying, Grant is direct, clear, and candid. He didn't like the army or military life. He spent 15 years as an officer at a time when promotion was slow, and finally left when he could still do so honorably, because of a drinking problem. His autobiography does not mention this. However, Grant is also modest about his accomplishments, so that lapse can be forgiven. In any event, his drinking did not become disruptive until Grant was stationed in San Francisco in the Gold Rush days. In other words, in peacetime, on modest pay, separated from his wife and children, surrounded by vice and scramblers for money at a time when California was overburdened with men and short of women.

Before then, Grant had, as a young officer, gone through the entire sweep of the Mexican War. "I had gone into battle of Palo Alto in May, 1846, a second lieutenant and entered the city of Mexico sixteen months later with the same rank My regiment lost four commissioned officers, all senior to me, by steamboat explosions during the Mexican War. The Mexicans were not so discriminating. They sometimes picked off my juniors." Grim humor appears frequently in Grant's memoirs, and is all the more remarkable because it is so seldom that humor is associated with Grant. Yet he had humor.

Only those who have experienced a

war can appreciate how rare it is that a participant is able to describe what happened beyond his own experience. The instinct of self-survival rises high in times of peril and is apt to diminish one's powers of observation regarding others. That was not so with Grant. He did not say that he enjoyed the war in Mexico; in fact he railed against it, and called it "unjust." He believed the United States played the role of bully, and he blamed Southern slave-owners for scheming to enlarge slavery's territories. That was a charge made by the New England radicals in 1846, and Grant believed it. But unlike the radicals of the 1960's, Grant's objections to the Mexican War did not lead him to desert his duty: he fought, though he did not agree. His descriptions of the actions he saw are classic. His admiration for Winfield Scott is evident. He reminds us that Scott's name has been somewhat unjustly dimmed by later and larger conflicts—though in none of these did the United States gain as much as it gained in the 1840's.

By the time the War Between the States drew near, Grant was working for his father as a clerk in the family store in Galena, Illinois. He had resigned from the Army and failed at both farming and the real-estate business. His steps downward were difficult; he describes them bluntly. Mobilization enabled him to work briefly in the office of the Governor of Illinois. Then he entered the war as a Colonel of Volunteers at the head of an Illinois regiment. From that point onward the figure of a military leader of remarkable ability emerges.

At his first confrontation, Grant says, "my heart was in my mouth." But when he reached the battleground, he discovered that the enemy had fled. That made Grant realize that the opposing colonel had also been frightened. After that realization, he was never again afraid during his struggles. In the end, wearing the shirt of a private soldier with the straps of a lieutenant general (a rank previously held only by George Washington), the short Grant met the tall, imposing Gen-

In the Mail-

Generations of the Faithful Heart: On the Literature of the South by M. E. Bradford; Sherwood Sugden; LaSalle, IL. The "Southern Renaissance" is lovingly examined. If not quite fugitives, Northern readers may feel like outsiders.

Christianity and the Intellectuals by Arthur Trace; Sherwood Sugden; LaSalle, IL. We are not as convinced as Dr. Trace is that "Most major intellectuals are still hostile toward revealed religion where they are not indifferent to it." *Most* is a big word.

Reflections on a Century of United States-Korean Relations from the Academy of Korean Studies and The Wilson Center; University Press of America; Washington, DC. Korean-American relations are not—Nielsen ratings notwithstanding—activities defined by Alan Alda.

eral Robert E. Lee, who wore a spotless, gray, gold-braided Confederate uniform. Grant did not look like a victor, but life is seldom as appropriate as the theater in its figures of destiny.

The man who emerges from the words of Grant's memoirs is far more impressive than his later reputation. The world in which he lived is far removed from ours. His was a world where farm boys were more numerous than others, where both he and Lincoln used the frontier saying, "If you can't skin you have to hold a leg while others who can, do the skinning." Lincoln and Grant understood one another; they both knew the grim reality of a fight and they were both often surrounded by men who considered them socially inferior.

When the intellectually arrogant Henry Adams met Grant in the White House, he said that of the dozen Presidents he met, "Grant was the most curious object of study among them all." He compared Grant only to Garibaldi: "in both, the intellect counted for nothing, only the energy counted. The type was pre-industrial, archaic, and would have seemed so even to a cave-man. Adam, according to legend, was such a man." Adams felt that Grant "should have been extinct," and he waxed sarcastic about Grant's existence, saying that it "upset evolution." What Adams resented was the sense of inferiority he felt when confronted by Grant, whom he regarded as a specimen of "men whose energies were the greater, the less they wasted on thought; men who sprang from the soil to power; apt to be distrustful of themselves and of others; shy; jealous; sometimes vindictive; more or less dull in outward appearance; always needing stimulants, but for whom action was the highest stimulant—the instinct of fight. Such men were forces of nature, energies of the prime, like the *Pteraspis*, but they made short work of scholars. They had commanded thousands of these and saw no more in them than in others. The fact was certain; it crushed argument and intellect at once."

This resentment, expressed in our

own time by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. about the military leaders he heard discussing the invasion of Castro's Cuba, is a commonplace among those who pride themselves on their "intellect" and deny that other men think. Grant was able—in the midst of battle—to issue orders that were masterpieces of clarity and logic, spirit, and creativity. Compared to the complex forces with which Grant had to deal, which involved weather, terrain, the reactions of thousands, and the opposition of more thousands, conducting a symphony orchestra or writing a book is simplicity itself. Adams could not appreciate that, but neither could many other spectators of life.

General Grant suffered from disgraces inflicted by false friends and rela-

tives during his two administrations as President of the United States. Since Grant's time, this country has discovered that we can have even worse administrators, ranging from the corrupt Lyndon Johnson to the weirdly unworldly Woodrow Wilson and the inept Jimmy Carter. The Presidency, to each of these men, was the apex of their careers; for Grant it was an honorarium for services rendered. The figures of both Burr and Grant have been restored to a more proper placement by two eminent biographers: Lomask for Burr and William S. McFeely for Grant. (McFeely's book is responsible for this reissuance of Grant's *Memoirs*.) It would be ungracious to say that the wait has been too long; it is fitting to say that one can be grateful that it is now rewarded. □

The Grin Beneath the Skin

William Golding: *A Moving Target*; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; New York.

Alan Sillitoe: *Her Victory*; Franklin Watts; New York.

by E. Christian Kopff

The argument could be made that Alfred Hitchcock's greatest movie is *Shadow of a Doubt*. In it he shows a bright small-town American girl growing up bored and frustrated with the

Charlie, however, turns out to be a psychopathic murderer, and the young lady sees how easy is the descent into an Avernus of horror and crime, how dearly purchased and hardly preserved our conventions and routines are. The father and the next-door neighbor represent a tradition in our culture that goes back to Sophocles, a tradition of living normally while imagining the ultimate horrors. Sophocles' greatest plays, *Oedipus* and *Antigone*, portray a world turned upside down, gods remorseless and fate inevitable even for the good, especially for the

"I feel no rush of grace or vision as Mr. Golding passes by."

—*New York Times Book Review*

cheerful routines of daily life, patterns broken only by her father's playful competition with the next-door neighbor in planning the perfect murder. Then Uncle Charlie comes to visit, full of charm and the aroma of distant places. Uncle

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good. His own life was quite the reverse. He was elected to a number of high offices and on one occasion helped to overthrow the democracy—not an unusual act in his time. After death, the playwright himself was worshiped as a hero. "He was a cheerful soul in this life and cheerful in the other world," thought Aristophanes.

One thinks of the father in *Shadow of*