

Points of View

Mrs. Morrow's Lincoln

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I say a few words about a fairly recent book, Honoré Willse Morrow's "Forever Free"?

It is most entertaining and especially interesting to one who was familiar with those scenes and persons so brilliantly delineated. But when it is put forth by the publisher, if not by the author, as "an authentic work with the historical figures true to fact and the pictures of the times faithfully drawn," I am impelled, indeed I may say compelled, to utter a protest.

Why, all through the book, does Mrs. Morrow have the characters addressing Mrs. Lincoln call her, "Madam President"? Surely no one of intelligence in the period of the story would so address her. I think Senator Charles Sumner, elegant gentleman,—would "turn in his grave" at such a *faux pas* attributed to him. The President's wife has no official standing or title.

Willie Lincoln once said to my brother, "Bud Taft, why do you call Pa, Mr. President, but you don't call Ma, Mrs. President?" "Oh," said Bud, "it is not proper to call presidents by their names. Your mother is just Mrs. Lincoln, though the servants call her 'The Madam'." Willie and Tad Lincoln never, to my knowledge, called their parents by any name but Pa, pronounced "Paw," and "Maw" and I have heard them say it hundreds of times.

The boys never had any dogs of their own till 1862 and I never knew any dog to sleep in the house. They were at the stables. The Lincoln boys wore woollen suits like my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, only rather loose and ill-fitting. Our neighbors used to laugh at them. My youngest brother, Willie Taft, wore a blue velvet suit with brass buttons which Tad greatly admired. The last time I saw Tad was at a Saturday reception of Mrs. Lincoln's in 1865. Mrs. Lincoln greeted me affectionately, but when Tad saw me he flung himself to the floor in a group of ladies and screamed and kicked till he had to be taken out by the servants. Mrs. Lincoln said, "You must excuse him, Julia, you know what he remembers." I think at this time he was wearing a dark velvet suit.

It hurts me to read of Willie Lincoln dying in the arms of Mrs. Ford, "the divorced little rebel from Fairfax Court House," as I heard her called. My mother was at the White House the morning of February 20th. Willie was better, they thought. He knew Bud and held his hand. Willie died at five o'clock that afternoon. Would I not know if "Miss Ford," Confederate Spy, was in the Lincoln family? My mother knew Mrs. Rose Greenhow; I knew her little girl and wept when I heard Col. Baker had finally "got" Mrs. Greenhow. She was a dangerous spy. I think she is described in "Miss Ford."

Among minor inaccuracies might be mentioned that the leader of the Marine Band in 1861-2 was Sousa (father of the present Sousa), not "Seala." Mrs. Lincoln gave me Col. Ellsworth's Funeral March, and the dedication to her was signed "Sousa." Pink Phloe is not fragrant (P. 255). I cannot remember snow making "drifts" about Washington from 1860-61-62. There was very little snow.

From a few days after the inauguration to the death of Willie, my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, eleven and eight years old, were the constant playmates of the Lincoln boys. When Willie died, Mrs. Lincoln wrote to my mother asking her to "Keep Bud and Hally away from the White House, it makes me feel worse to see them." The President sent for Bud to see Willie before he was put in the casket. Bud had to be carried from the room and was ill for several days.

I read with tears Mrs. Morrow's understanding article in the *American Magazine* on "Lincoln, the most lied about man in the world." Evidently from patient study, she uprooted one after another the lies. Surely she would not wish to tack a few more on to the memory of Lincoln.

In writing this, what I have said I can stand by under oath. Things I am not absolutely sure about I do not mention.

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

(Mrs. Bayne, then a girl of sixteen, spent much time in the White House during Lincoln's incumbency. Her brothers were constant companions of the Lincoln boys.)

An Inquiry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Is it important that the chronological structure of a story should hang together? Does it matter that the Bridge of San Luis Rey collapsed only once—at intervals of at least six years?

In my reading of this charming narrative, the stories of Doña María, Pepito, Esteban, Uncle Pio, and Don Jaime, the five who perished with the collapse of the Bridge, move forward in parallel grooves until page 186 is reached. On this page I read:

"Camila was about thirty when she left the stage and it required five years for her to achieve her place in society."

The pages between this and 194 state emphatically that the mother of Don Jaime, the protégée of Uncle Pio, refused even to visit the theatre as a patron, after she achieved social distinction. Then, on page 194, I read:

"Suddenly the news was all over Lima. Doña Micaela Villegas, the lady who used to be Camila the Perichole, had the small-pox."

Turning back to page 126, a few months—the statement is not clear—after the death of Manuel, when Esteban was distraught with grief, I read:

"One day he appeared at the door of the Perichole's dressing-room; he made as though to speak, gazed earnestly at her, and vanished."

Later, when Captain Alvarado engaged Esteban for the next voyage in foreign waters, this dialogue was recorded:

"When did Manuel die?"

"Oh, just a . . . just a few weeks. He hit his knee against something and . . . just a few weeks ago."

They both kept their eyes on the floor.

"How old are you, Esteban?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, that's settled then, you're coming with me?"

Two days later, as recorded on page 139, "Esteban crossed by the bridge and fell with it."

This discrepancy has nothing to do with the "Bridge of Love," and it may be characteristic of eighteenth century Spanish fiction, which Thornton Wilder has imitated with compelling skill; but it did trouble me just a little. I wonder if the author can illuminate the seeming anachronism.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

Brief Mention

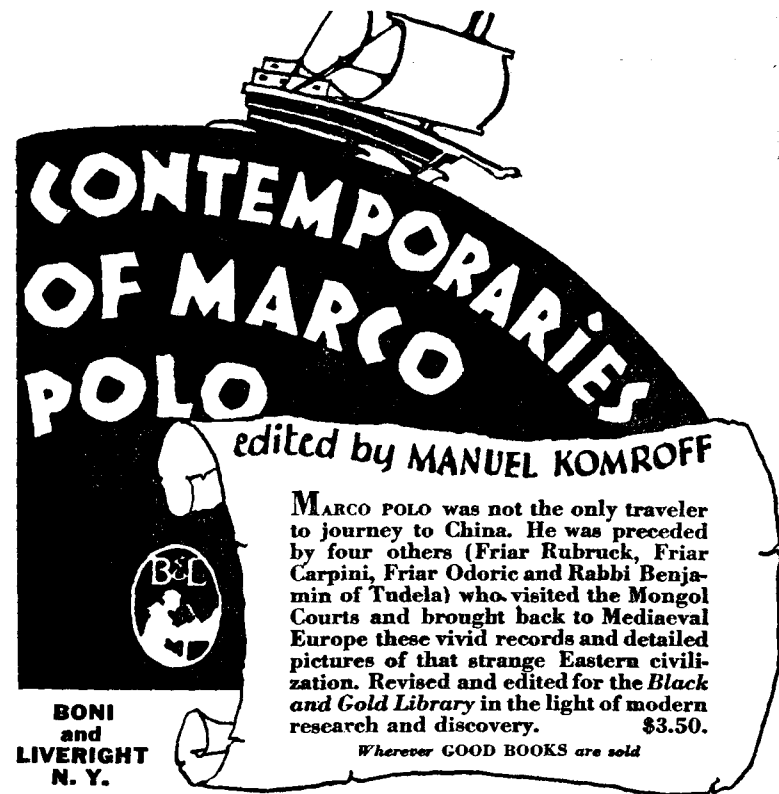
(Continued from page 956)

made. Admiral Barker's experiences begin with Farragut at New Orleans and extend through the Spanish War to 1905. His autobiography is pleasantly written and good reading. It should have a place in our not too extensive naval literature. Experience of another kind is recorded in A. M. Jacobs's "Knights of the Wing" (Century: \$2), a descriptive account of the airplane in use, with anecdotes of many famous flights and fliers.

War, but this time war as fiction sees it, is the theme of "Sergeant Eadie" (Doubleday, Doran: \$2) by Leonard Nason, the author of "Chevrons." It is not so well aimed as the latter book, but it is extremely good reading. Less good because a dangerous mixture of fact and seeming fiction is Theodore Roosevelt's "Rank and File" (Scribner's: \$2.50), a series of narrative tributes to war heroes known to the author.

Finally to demolish the pile of books before us—a heterogeneous lot as we look over them heaped together—here for the reader who desires some first-hand acquaintance with philosophy are "The Works of Plato" (Simon & Schuster: \$2.50), abridged and edited by Irwin Edman, and "The Works of Schopenhauer" (Simon & Schuster), edited by Will Durant. For the student of economics is Sir William Ashley's "The Bread of Our Forefathers" (Oxford University Press: \$4.25), a scholarly study of the conflict between wheat and rye as the standard food of England, with interesting sidelights on history. The book begins with pre-Roman times. For the lover of the chase is Alfred Stoddart's "Dame Perkins and the Old Gray Mare" (Rudge), a good fox-chase ballad in the "John Gilpin" tradition, charmingly printed and still more charmingly illustrated by "Phiz."

And, to conclude, here is a volume by Ernest Greenwood, entitled "Aladdin, U. S. A." (Harpers: \$2.50), which is a popular account of the extension of electric power throughout the country with chapters on regulation and politics. Not unsympathetic to private ownership!



The Next Issue of
The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
will be largely devoted to the
work of the various
**UNIVERSITY
PRESSES**

As the first literary magazine to concern itself in this branch of publishing to the extent of a special number, THE SATURDAY REVIEW does so because of the growing interest in books published by University Presses.

University Presses are losing their academic mantle and are casting off all traces of pedagogy. The books they are bringing out are of timely and keen interest as well as of great importance to the general reader.

*You will find that the next issue
will merit your closest attention*

**THE
SPECIAL UNIVERSITY
PRESS NUMBER**

JUNE 16th

**Meyer Carl**

Who paid the way of the Austrian troops into Naples and then reimbursed himself from the Naples treasury.

**James**

Who transported funds for Wellington, through Paris, right under Napoleon's nose.

**Nathan**

His father sent him to London to seek his fortune. Before long he nearly had a first mortgage on the Thames.

**Solomon**

A word dropped in his ear by Emperor Francis was better than a diplomatic note and it was often used instead of one.

**Amschel**

Amschel let his brighter brothers do the gadding about and stayed home at Frankfort, the center of the international clearing house.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

by Count Egon Caesar Corti

THIS book breaks the mystery of the most powerful financial institution in history.

For nearly four years Count Corti worked over the almost inexhaustible Rothschild correspondence and documents in government archives and mercantile records, separating truth from legend. Now he tells their story brilliantly in 400 pages, in a book that has already caused a stir in every capital of Europe.

"They held the strings on which Kings and Emperors danced."

Count Corti tells how the founder of the dynasty labored in the Frankfort Ghetto, just how he got his start, just how he undertook to finance princes; how his family pitched in, how the sons established an international clearing house; how they outwitted Napoleon, dominated the stock exchanges and the money markets—all the time multiplying their enormous fortune at an amazing rate, with the result that they became the main reliance of kings and emperors in matters of money, communication and diplomacy, till in peace and war, the Rothschilds were the uncrowned kings of Europe.

Emil Ludwig's Opinion

In a review of Count Corti's "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" in the New York Herald Tribune, Emil Ludwig says:

"This history of the House of Rothschild constitutes a magnificent expression of the basic foundation, the factors of power and the mistakes of construction of the Old Europe. The reader will find in this book a condensed history of Europe, chockful of instructive and amusing details, hidden away in the story of a banking house."

Says J. L. Garvin,

Editor of Encyclopedia Britannica:

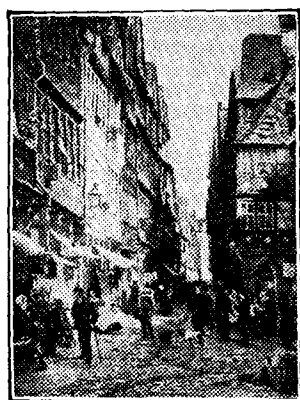
"Here is one new book that everyone ought to read. Full of light upon the financial side of international politics and the eternal drama of money in private affairs, it is a serious contribution to history, yet crowded with pictures of character. Sometimes it is as tortuously amusing as detective fiction. Almost incredible that no thorough account of the rise of the House of Rothschild has been written until now." (From a review which occupies most of the editorial page of The London Observer.)

Your copy of "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" is waiting for you at the nearest bookstore.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

by Count Egon Caesar Corti

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation . . . \$5.00

**Ghetto**

The Frankfort Ghetto, where the Jewish Rothschilds lived even when they were telling kings and prime ministers where to get off.

**William**

The Elector of Hesse's 41 illegitimate sons were reported involved in a conspiracy with the Rothschilds to overthrow Napoleon.

**Pedler**

Because they dealt in all types of merchandise the Rothschilds were lampooned as pedlers as shown in this cartoon.

**Driving Europa**

A cartoon of Meyer Amschel at a time when news of Rothschild participation in any enterprise made the public eager to invest.

**Von Gentz**

Frederick von Gentz, advisor to Prince Metternich, whom the Rothschilds casually hired as their press agent.

**Louis Philippe**

When this King and Emperor Francis were not on speaking terms, they kept up relations by gossiping to the Rothschilds.