

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT. By Sidney Hyman. Harper & Bros. \$4. A scholarly study of the job of President of the United States, as it was, and is.

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, AND MINERAL. By Babette Deutsch. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.75. A new collection of verse, built along slimmer and sleeker lines than she has used before, by a competent, and deservedly well-established American poet.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,000 PICTURES. Edited by A. Milton Runyon and Vilma F. Bergane. Doubleday & Co. \$7.50. A collection of a thousand photographs of the world, for the traveler and daydreamer, with work by Robert Capa, Cartier-Bresson, Herbert List, Kostich, and Charles Perry Weimer. There are also ten full-page maps by Rafael Palacios.

AUTUMN OF LIBERTY. By Paul Harvey. Hanover House. \$2. A tract, by a Chicago newscaster, about the ever-encroaching spread of Communism on the remaining free world.

THE BOOK OF FAMOUS ESCAPES. Edited by Eric Williams. W. W. Norton & Co. \$4.95. A generous winnowing of escape stories taken from some 200 books, reaching as far back as a seventeenth-century escape from the Tower of London, moving up through every war you can think of, and ending with World War II, where escape had become a highly distilled business.

BORN A YANKEE. By Grace Carstens. The Macmillan Co. \$3. A novel, cut from the same darkwood that structured Eugene O'Neill's New England plays, about the last member of a Yankee family—a girl, who should have been a boy—who spends most of her life in bondage to a Murdstone of a father, while possible escape, in the form of various supplants, floats forever past her window on bitter-cold east winds.

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS. By Elmore Leonard. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. A Western bouquet about an Apache chief who flees his reservation, a young West Point-fresh cavalry lieutenant who is assigned to track him down, a cowardly cavalry colonel, and an Indian scout.

BREAKTHROUGH ON THE COLOR FRONT. By Lee Nichols. Random House. \$3.50. A detailed *cahier* on the Army's recent reversal of policy on the question of segregation of white and colored troops.

THE CASE OF MRS. SURRATT. By Guy W. Moore. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3. A review of the controversial case of Mary E. Surritt, the Washington, D.C., boardinghouse landlady who was convicted of conspiracy in the assassination of Lincoln, and hanged in July 1865.

CHINA TRADER. By A. H. Rasmussen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.95. The memoirs of a man who has seen plenty. The jack handle for Mr. Rasmussen's adventures was a job, taken in 1903, in Shanghai, with the British Customs Service.

CROCODILE FEVER. By Lawrence Earl. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4. The story of Bryan Herbert Dempster, who sounds like a schoolteacher, but is, instead, a crocodile hunter—at night, with head lamp and rifle—who plied his trade in South Africa, before he got in trouble with the authorities and sailed for England, where he told his tale to Mr. Earl.

THE CROWN AND THE PEOPLE: 1902-1953. By the Duke of Windsor. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50. Some random thoughts on monarchy and what sustains it in England by the Duke of Windsor, interspersed with his memories of crowned heads he has known in the past fifty years.

LOVE BADE ME WELCOME. By John Lodwick. Roy Publishers. \$3. A rapsalicious tale about the investigator Cassell, who this time seeks out, and finds out, the murderer of a mistress of a wealthy English shipowner.

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. By John La Farge. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$4.75.

An autobiography by the brother of Oliver and Christopher, and a son of the painter John. This LaFarge, Newport-born and Harvard-bred, is one of the leading figures in the American Catholic hierarchy, has been editor of the *Catholic Review*, a great traveler, and the friend of such as Henry James, Henry Adams, Santayana, and Jan Masaryk.

THE MIND ALIVE. By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.75. The first collaboration, in writing anyway, by the author of "The Mature Mind" (Harry) and the author of "Understanding Fear" (Bonaro), who are, of course, man and wife, and who have here put together a testament about the healthy mind in a cracked world.

MORE WATER FOR TEXAS. By Walter Prescott Webb. University of Texas Press. \$2.75. An outline of a plan to reclaim for agricultural purposes the near-dry southwestern portion of Texas, by the famous historian of the American West.

MR. TWINING. By Timothy Angus Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50. A light-winded English novel about a forty-five-year-old English schoolmaster who goes vacationing in the south of France, runs out of money, works as a tutor for a rich man, falls incredibly into bed with his (the rich man's) sixteen-year-old daughter, and finally is brought to his usually serene senses by his headmaster and patron.

NEW SHORT NOVELS. Edited by Mary Louise Aswell. Ballantine Books. Cloth-bound, \$2.75. Paperbound, 35¢. A collection of four previously unpublished short novels by Shelby Foote, Elizabeth Etner, Clyde Miller, and Jean Stafford, which deal, respectively, with a jazzman, a young urban couple, a youngster mixed up with adults, and an embittered lady reviewing a lost love of her youth.

PERSONAL COLUMN. By Anonymous. Roy Publishers. \$3. A collection of seven stories told in the first person by seven different ex-criminals about their various pasts. The experiences were elicited by an ad run in the *London Times* that read: "Publisher seeks gentleman who no longer pursues criminal activities, anonymity guaranteed."

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US. By Herbert Gold. World Publishing Co. \$3.50. A first novel, part of which ran in a number of *New World Writing*, dealing with the rise and fall of a small man, who, in this case, happens to be the owner and operator of a rather shabby hotel in Cleveland.

RINEHART'S GARDEN LIBRARY. Edited by W. W. Goodpasture. Rinehart & Co. \$1.50 each. Small Fruits, by Ralph E. Barker; Lawns, by John D. Bernard; Evergreens, by L. L. Kumble; Annuals, by Ann Roe Robbins; Roses, by Roy E. Shepherd; and Vegetables, by Jack M. Swartout. All of these form a new series of practical green-thumb books for the amateur.

SHARK! By P. FitzGerald O'Connor. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.50. The adventures of a Scotch shark fisherman who hunts not with a knife, but a harpoon.

SUPREME COURT AND SUPREME LAW. Edited by Edmond Cahn. Indiana University Press. \$4. Six essays, by four professors of law, an assistant dean of the N. Y. U. Law School, and a lay lawyer, on the history and theory of the U. S. Supreme Court.

THE TIRPITZ. By David Woodward. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.50. The *Tirpitz*, you will recall, was the monstrous German battleship that played disastrous jacks, at her own convenience, with Allied shipping in the last war for too long. This is a history of the ship, and of the great German ships like her.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. By Will R. Bird. Bouregy & Curl. \$3. A novel about a loyalist and his family and loves during the American Revolution.

UNITED STATES DESTROYER OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II. By Theodore Roscoe. United States Naval Institute. \$10. A history of the U. S. Navy's destroyers and their part in World War II, told in text and over 400 photographs, drawings, diagrams, and battle charts. A companion volume to "U. S. Submarine Operations in World War II."

—W. B.

PERSPECTIVES USA

Edited by

R. P. BLACKMUR

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ALLEN TATE

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FRANCIS FERGUSON

HYMAN BLOOM

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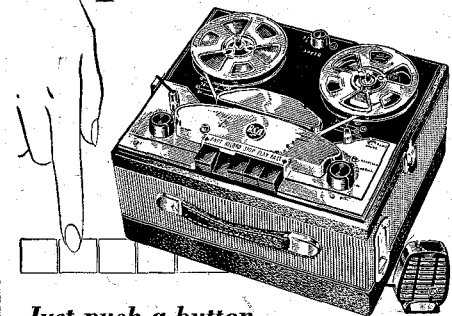
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(... Except Lincoln's Wife)

Continued from page 12

Herndon] and I was the little one." As to the "confidential capacity," the junior partner repeatedly said that Lincoln did not confide in him, that he was the "most reticent & mostly secretive man that ever existed," and that he (Herndon) had to read Lincoln's "secrets" in his face and actions and in what he did not do or say. So far Mrs. Lincoln's statements are borne out.

WHAT did Mrs. Lincoln think of Herndon's Ann Rutledge story? This letter to Judge Davis gives full answer: "As you justly remark, each & every one has had a little romance in their early days—but as my husband was *truth itself*, and as he always assured me, he had cared for no one but myself, . . . I shall assuredly remain firm in my conviction that *Ann Rutledge* is a myth—for in all his confidential communications such a romantic name was never breathed. . . ."

Lincoln had known Ann and her family well, having boarded for a time at the Rutledge Tavern. Ann was engaged to a good friend of his, John McNamar, whom Lincoln called "Mack." When Ann died Lincoln showed deep depression, and some conjectured that since he grieved he might have been in love with her. There is no contemporary evidence that there was any romance between Lincoln and Ann. But what Mrs. Lincoln objected to was not the suggestion that Lincoln, before he knew her, had been in love with Ann (doubtful as that is to those who have examined the "evidence"); but Herndon's psychoanalytic inference that this conjectured love had profoundly affected Lincoln's whole life and that he had not known happiness with the woman he married.

Mrs. Lincoln had the memory of all their intimate and devoted years together as she continued: "Nor did his life or his joyous laugh lead one to suppose his heart was in any unfortunate woman's grave—but in the proper place with his loved wife & children." She thought the Lincoln-Rutledge romance a "myth," and myth or legend is exactly what scholars call it today. It is not authentic history.

The newspaper printing of this letter had several misreadings. Mrs. Lincoln was made to refer to Herndon's "maundering mind" when, as a photograph of the original letter shows, she plainly wrote "*wandering* mind." Some articles in presenting the letter contained this accompanying comment: "Mrs. Lincoln, when she

visited her husband's office, gathered her skirts tightly around her and passed Herndon without speaking. She made the mistake of her life. If she had only spoken to him, she would probably never have heard of Ann Rutledge."

This is another example of making an unsubstantiated assertion and then treating it as an established fact. One finds no contemporary evidence that Mrs. Lincoln ever refused to speak to Herndon while he and her husband practised law together. All the indications are that their relations, though distant, were civil. Furthermore, Herndon's papers contain a most gracious and friendly letter which Mrs. Lincoln wrote him several months before he exploded the bomb of his Ann Rutledge lecture. In this letter she cordially agreed to help him with his biography of Lincoln by meeting him and answering questions about her husband, a very painful thing for her to do.

That graphic picture of Mrs. Lincoln gathering her long full skirts tightly around her can be plausibly imagined. The office floor was notoriously dirty and the fact that Herndon's teeth were stained with tobacco suggests certain unsanitary possibilities. As to the last sentence in the quoted passage, there is excellent justification for believing that Herndon's hatred of Mrs. Lincoln influenced his promotion of the Ann Rutledge legend.

In this letter to Judge Davis, Mrs. Lincoln made some mistakes in her digits as to ages and dates. But if posterity had sized up the untrustworthiness of Herndon's effusions on the alleged Lincoln-Rutledge romance as well as she did it would have a much truer picture of Lincoln's personal life.

The same tendency to hostile interpretation was shown in March 1951, when six or eight new letters of Mrs. Lincoln were uncovered. They were addressed to Abram Wakeman, a New York politician whom Lincoln first appointed postmaster and later surveyor of the port of New York. Wakeman was a genial and winning man who worked earnestly for Lincoln's re-election in 1864; he and the Presi-

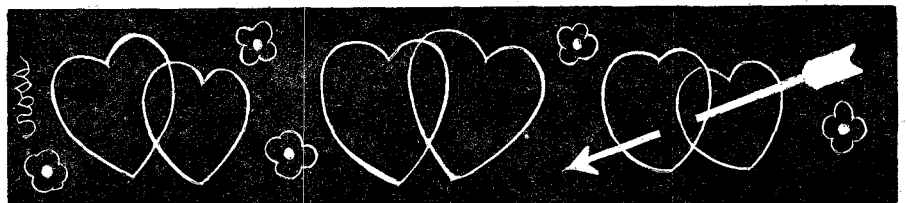
dent exchanged a number of letters.

Any politician who supported her husband was regarded with favor by Mrs. Lincoln. She also had a personality that responded to and valued pleasant friendships. It was her habit to write chatty letters to a number of politicians giving them the news of what was going on in Washington and discussing with them the maneuvers of politics. She took a dramatic delight in treating small details of political intrigue as important secrets, using mysterious initials instead of full names, and throwing in a confidential "entre nous" or "just between us."

It was a dangerous game for a woman who was impulsive, outspoken, and lacking in balanced consideration. The time came in her life when she realized her folly in dabbling in what she call "*that sea of trouble* (politics)" and she said with simple truth that she had meant only to help her husband.

The full contents of the six or eight letters of Mrs. Lincoln to Wakeman were not made public. What was given out were curiosity-arousing quotations containing mysterious bits such as "Mr. and Mrs. B.," "Mr. W.," and "all this is between ourselves." To understand these quotations fully might require a detailed knowledge of the small intricacies of New York politics at the time. An obvious guess is that "Mr. B." was James Gordon Bennett (to whom Mrs. Lincoln also wrote letters) and "Mr. W." Thurlow Weed.

The news of these letters being found was followed by various articles which bristled with dark insinuations as to the "secret" of Abraham Lincoln's wife and "the secret worry that led to confinement of Mrs. Lincoln to an insane asylum." There were references to the "intriguing tale" and "the mystery man," and these budding suggestions flowered into a hint that Mrs. Lincoln had had a romance with Wakeman. A lady was quoted as saying that her mother once saw a letter which Mrs. Lincoln wrote Wakeman which said: "I have taken your excellent advice and decided not to leave my husband while he is in the White House." This is a secondhand account of a memory of something once read, shaky evidence indeed, yet even if the words are correctly quoted there is nothing sinister about them. Those who know how Mary Lincoln



worried over her husband's health, especially late in the Presidency, and how she lived in deadly fear of his assassination find these words understandable—she was to stay close by him to watch over him. But that "leave my husband" received the worst interpretation.

The letters to Abram Wakeman have not at this writing been made public. But, apparently unknown to the writers of the insinuating articles, two letters of Mrs. Lincoln are available which bring her friendship with Wakeman into sharp focus. We have in full a letter which she wrote him in March 1865. She used the form of address that a proper Victorian lady would: "Hon. Mr. Wakeman. My Dear Sir." She was sending him, she said, "a rather pleasant photograph of my little Taddie"; she thought his children would be interested in it. She continued: "I am most happy to say, that my blessed Husband's health has much improved." Her anxiety about Lincoln's physical condition permeates most of her letters at this time. She told Mr. Wakeman that the President and herself were going down to the military front ("entre nous") adding "I gladly seize on any change that will benefit him." She referred to "Mr. B." and to "W." and mentioned going to the opera with her husband and Senator Sumner where they "had a very gay little time." Senator Sumner was another man in public life to whom Mrs. Lincoln wrote many friendly, pleasant, and confidential letters similar to this one.

ANOTHER letter, written by Mary Lincoln when she was a widow, tells about Wakeman and something she expected from him. To understand it one must know the nature of her so-called "insanity." Though normal and very intelligent in most respects Mrs. Lincoln was irrational on one subject: she could not think straight in matters that pertained to money. This abnormality manifested itself in a fixed conviction that she was in dire poverty while at the same time she had a psychopathic urge to extravagant buying. Psychiatrists today understand that a person can be "off" on one topic and fully normal in others.

A sad result of her buying mania was a woeful burden of debts that plagued her after her husband's death. In this situation her distorted reasoning grasped at the idea that politicians who had received good appointments from Lincoln should assist her financially. This explains why we find her writing to W. H. Brady, a New York broker, in the fall of 1867 that Wakeman had received a "lucrative office" from Lincoln "from which he has amassed a

very large fortune," and, therefore, "he will assist me in my painful and humiliating situation, scarcely removed from want." She was convinced it was his duty to help her in return for "the many favors my husband and myself always showered upon him." Some friends did extend relief, and it is possible Wakeman was among them. Exploring her relation to this man we have uncovered a proper friendship and the pitiful story of Mrs. Lincoln's breakdown. To suggest that she was faithless to the husband around whom her life revolved and that she had a guilty "secret" is a cruel and baseless fabrication.

Abraham Lincoln loved his wife devotedly. His love was written into his affectionate letters to her, letters in which he tells her how he misses her, expresses his worry over her headaches and his anxiety that she should not overdo, and speaks of the small details of what he was doing, the little things a husband relates to his wife at the end of a day. His devotion was apparent in his seeking of her company in those all too few moments of relaxation during the Presidency. It was revealed in his pathetic pleas to her sisters to stay with her in the White House when she was breaking under grief and strain. It was shown by the light in his eyes as they followed her in the great East Room during Presidential receptions, that telltale shining which a man turns only upon the woman who fills his life. A friend devoted to them both described this expression: "The pleasing look of Abraham Lincoln—for her whom he so loved."

Afflicted Mary Lincoln gave her husband her last full measure of devotion. Lincoln stands for us today as a symbol of fairmindedness, of justice, of truth, of humanitarianism, of consideration for the rights and dignity of the individual. "With malice toward none," were his words. When will the public show toward the wife he loved an attitude free from borrowed malice?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS


1. "Sawdust Caesar," by George Selles.
2. "Study in Power," by Allan Nevins.
3. "Disturber of the Peace," by William Manchester.
4. "The Builder," by Philip Dorf.
5. "The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.
6. "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Bowen.
7. "The Great Man," by Howard Swiggett.
8. "Good Night, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler.
9. "Man of Fire," by MacKinley Helm.
10. "Prince of Players," by Eleanor Ruggles.

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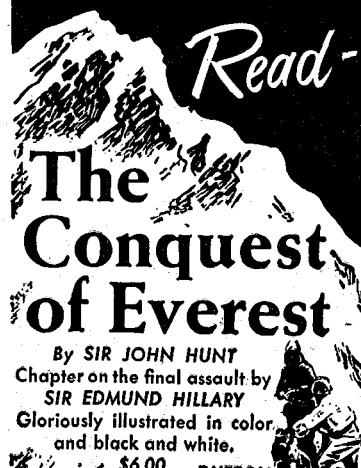
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A SAINT AND A PATRIOT

IT IS great fun to have a distinguished new picture book to send to the lady of your choice on St. Valentine's Day. Katherine Milhous has used the old Pennsylvania Dutch designs for the valentine that Appolonia painted in water color, taking her pattern from her mother's Rising Sun quilt. It forms the jacket cover of this book, and in color and design it is original and beautiful. For adults who have a grain of sentiment left in them it is fun to celebrate St. Valentine's Day by rereading parts of Gwen Raverat's delightful "Period Piece," especially the first part, in which Miss Maud DuPuy comes from America to make her debut in English society and has her first encounter with the amazing Darwin brothers.

In preparing to celebrate George Washington's birthday this reviewer turned proudly to her copy of the limited edition, signed by the author-artist, of Robert Lawson's "Mr. Revere and I." Scheherazade, Mr. Revere's horse, in spite of her Royalist tendencies, was tremendously impressed by General Washington: "A splendid tall man, beautifully uniformed, he looked every inch a great

soldier and leader," she tells us. "Even spoke admiringly of me, looking me over with much interest, for he was a great lover of horses." Sherry, as she was affectionately called by the Revere family, was of course a snob. But she was an intelligent snob. She profited by observation and experience. When the time came for that famous ride she was as good a patriot as Mr. Hitchcock and Samuel Adams. As we observe the Boston Tea Party and the "embattled farmers" through Sherry's eyes we see them in a new light. Boys and girls who love horses will be thrilled when they come to her conversion:

In a great blinding flash I knew that I would die rather than exchange my new-found liberty for that old prisonlike existence I had once thought so glorious. I was a free horse! I was a Colonial! I was a Patriot, my life dedicated to the ideals of liberty and freedom!

What Sherry would have made of Abraham Lincoln we hesitate to think. It was probably wise of Time not to make them contemporaries.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.



—Illustrations by Robert Lawson, for "Mr. Revere and I."



APPOLONIA'S VALENTINE. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. \$2.

The lovely designs on the jacket cover of this book introduce us to the traditional valentines of the Pennsylvania Dutch. There are sturdiness and strength in the drawings of Appolonia and Dan and their little red school-house. But Appolonia's mouth turned down when Miss Landis, the teacher, suggested making cut-paper valentines. It was a tradition, and some of the cut-paper designs were very beautiful, but Appolonia had clumsy fingers, which refused to make these delicate valentines. Appolonia longed to paint. She knew that if she had a paint-box she could make a beautiful and original valentine of her own. So she took all the eggs laid by her pullets, week after week, and sold them in the market, until she had enough money to buy the paint-box and the set of brushes and a bag of candy for Dan beside. Even then it was hard for her to decide what design to use in her painted valentine until one day the sun shone through the window full on Mum's Rising Sun quilt. Here was a beautiful design for a valentine. So when the day came to exhibit all the cut-out valentines Apple's valentine held the place of honor in the very center of the blackboard. Apple sent it to the little French boy. In the very center she wrote, "To Jean-Jacques. From my house to your house." Like "The Egg Tree," this is a distinguished picture-book.

THE HIGHLY TRAINED DOGS OF PROFESSOR PETIT. By Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger. New York: The Macmillan Company. 139 pp. \$2.50.

The author of "Caddie Woodlawn" tells here a lively, amusing story of the rivalry between Professor Petit's