

if he had been elected Vice President and Andrew Jackson had died in the White House?)

Following Jackson's election Gallatin, with slender financial resources of his own after a long public service, hankered after another diplomatic appointment but got none. He rounded out a long life as a New York bank president, elder statesman, and patron of letters. Not exactly a man of letters, his numerous pamphlets on financial and foreign problems always commanded wide public attention, and ethnologists today will give credit to his distinguished study of the American Indians as the pioneer work in that field.

It is difficult to state that any biography is definitive: later treatment of Gallatin may vary in structure, interpretation, texture, tone, or narrative, but I doubt if any will give better insight into the personality of this illustrious American. Dr. Walters brings Gallatin to life and puts him where he belongs: in the galaxy of patriotic public servants who laid the foundations of American nationality in an era of natural-born statesmen.

A WORD might be added to this review, about an important contribution which Dr. Walters makes, in the current number of the *American Historical Review*, showing up the spurious composition of a work edited and published by Count Gallatin (a European descendant) in London and New York in 1914: "A Great Peace Maker: The Diary of James Gallatin." Lord Bryce, then British ambassador to the United States, a historian and student of government venerated on both sides of the Atlantic, presented this book to the English-reading public with a most eulogistic introduction. It purported to be a diary of the boy, James Gallatin, who accompanied his father to the negotiation of peace at Ghent in 1814, closing the War of 1812. Count Gallatin spiced up the alleged diary for the readers of that day with piquant playboy passages and pictures, interlarding it with some authentic documents long since printed. I suspected the reliability of this diary when it mentioned a secret meeting between Gallatin and Lord Castlereagh, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, behind the back of Gallatin's colleagues at Ghent, at a time when Castlereagh, as proven by his own letters and papers, could not possibly have been at Ghent or anywhere near that place. Dr. Walters's fine job of demolition on this dummy diary is likely to remain a showpiece of historical criticism, but he only refers to it in an overly modest footnote and has not drawn on it in writing the present book.



—Karsh.

Bernard Baruch—"I am not overly modest."

Young Midas

"Baruch: My Own Story," by Bernard Baruch (Holt. 337 pp. \$5), is the memoir of the man often described as "the adviser to presidents," most of it concerned with the days in which he concentrated on piling up great wealth. C. Vann Woodward, author of *"The Origins of the New South,"* reviews it.

By C. Vann Woodward

IN THE HEROIC age of American finance, when the elder Morgans, Rockefellers, and Harrimans were in their prime, a group of Southerners began to make their presence felt on Wall Street. Deservedly or not, they were sometimes called "carpetbaggers in reverse." Among them were Thomas Fortune Ryan of Virginia and James Buchanan Duke of North Carolina. Bernard Mannes Baruch of South Carolina, born in 1870, was a late arrival. He was fourteen years younger than Duke, nineteen younger than Ryan, and more than thirty the junior of Morgan and Rockefeller, but he came to know and have dealings with them all. "Watching them and hearing of their exploits," he writes, "I thought to myself, 'If they can do it, why can't I?' I tried my best to emulate them . . ."

Young Baruch responded in a powerfully compensatory way to two handicaps: being a Southerner and being a Jew. His father came to South Carolina from Germany in 1855, received some training in medicine, and served as a surgeon in the Con-

federate Army. He married into a good family of the Carolina Jewish community, but he suffered the disasters common to the defeated South. Bernard's first experience with anti-Semitic prejudices came after his family moved to New York in 1881. He later instructed his children to regard such prejudices as he had, "as spurs to more strenuous achievement."

Beginning as an office boy at nineteen, he became a Wall Street partner at twenty-five, and had put away a fortune of \$3,200,000 "in cash" by the time he was thirty-two. The great bulk of "Baruch: My Own Story," a volume of memoirs just published, is devoted to his financial exploits and speculations down to the First World War. "I felt the surge of empire welling within me," he wrote of a killing he made in 1898 after Admiral Schley defeated the Spanish fleet. "I was repeating on a small scale the financial feat which legend ascribed to Nathan Rothschild at the Battle of Waterloo." History was something written on ticker tape. "A chance to become something of a Cecil Rhodes" was opened up by King Leopold of Belgium, who interested Ryan and Baruch in Congo rubber. The hospitable dictator Diaz of Mexico opened the way to mineral empire below the Rio Grande. The young titan speculated in Alaska gold mining, in Texas sulphur, and Colorado copper. He operated in a large way with "Buck" Duke in tobacco-trust building and with the Guggenheims in Western mines.

Baruch collected celebrities with the same acquisitiveness that he collected fortunes. He loved to cut a dashing figure in New York of the 1900s. Bob Fitzsimmons congratulated him for knocking out an opponent in the ring. Lillie Langtry admired him for his physique. "Diamond Jim" Brady gave him a dinner and displayed all thirty sets of his costume jewelry. At the old Waldorf-Astoria, where the Empire State Building now stands, Baruch hobnobbed with Mark Twain, Lillian Russell, Jim Corbett, Admiral Dewey, Mark Hanna, "and countless presidents of banks and railroads." It was there that he sat in on a game of baccarat in which "Bet-a-Million" Gates bet one million dollars on the turn of a card.

"I AM not overly modest," writes Mr. Baruch in one of his rare understatements. The truth is that he had little to be modest about, at least in a material way, and in the display of his acquisitions he was a true child of his times. He took delight in the sensation he created by presenting a check for a million dollars. His second auto-

mobile was a forty-horsepower Mercedes painted yellow. "It cost \$22,000. W. K. Vanderbilt had one like it." He delighted especially in Hobcaw Barony, his 17,000-acre plantation in South Carolina with its four-and-a-half-mile driveway, "all of it over plantation grounds" and its numerous bedrooms, "each with its own bath and fireplace although there is also a central heating system." The guest books of Hobcaw have been lost, but from the owner's account they seem to have read like C. Wright Mills's roster of the Power Elite over the last four decades.

In spite of all this Baruch was often restless, "dissatisfied with merely making money." One day he found himself looking out over Wall Street and Trinity churchyard from his office window and "thinking of Gray's

'Elegy.'" The experience seems to date the origin of a decision to turn away from business to public service, though the real turning point, he tells us, came with the First World War. His account of experiences in the government is apparently reserved for a future volume.

ECCENTRICS AND VILLAINS: It is a pleasure to find so able a historian as Russel B. Nye sketching the lives of some relatively obscure individuals in "*A Baker's Dozen: Thirteen Unusual Americans*" (Michigan State University Press, \$5). Mr. Nye's minor mavericks, eccentrics, villains, and heroes are truly the stuff that footnotes are made of, but all have one thing in common: they are interesting. They include Harman Blennerhassett, the naive Irish gentleman who fi-

nanced Aaron Burr's strange dreams of empire; John Humphrey Noyes, who conducted a "holy experiment" in communal living at Oneida, N. Y.; Nat Turner, crazed leader of a bloody slave rebellion in Virginia in 1831; and Phineas Quimby, the mental healer who influenced Mary Baker Eddy. On all his unusual Americans the author bestows incisive narrative and thoughtful judgment. His facts of course are familiar to professional historians, but few readers will lay down this stimulating book without having learned much about the American past that they did not know before.

—HAL BRIDGES.

BOUNDERS AND RASCALS: There are certain periods in history, quite apt to be called "Romantic Ages," when erratic and irresponsible behavior seems to be most likely to occur. The most romantic period in United States history occurred during the era in which were fought the war with Mexico and that between the Union and the Confederacy. Edgar Wallace's "*Destiny and Glory*" (Coward-McCann, \$5) brings together these bizarre decades in all their crazy grandiloquence.

During the Mexican War men saw new places and had strange experiences which jangled their nerves and rasped their imaginations. Then too, the war was followed by the Gold Rush to California which further conditioned men to highly exciting ways of existence. In Mr. Wallace's pages we read of shouting, brawling fighters who would rush against the foe, however numerous, shouting and shooting. There are stories of vague impractical dreamers like Narcisco Lopez, who would free Cuba without the aid of any practical plan. We read also about rascals and double-crossing bounders and gasconading four-flushers, and about calculating adventurers with nerves of steel.

The author has caught the spirit of this lunacy in a fashion that will give readers as much fun as an adventure story.

—ROY F. NICHOLS.

DULY NOTED: "*Frederick Bancroft: Historian*," by Jacob E. Cooke (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4), a biography of a historian of the antebellum Southern slave trade who (thanks to a wealthy brother) was able to devote his full time to writing, pays special attention to his books, his historical principles, and the famous men he knew—Henry and Charles Francis Adams, James Ford Rhodes, Carl Schurz, and others. Three hitherto unpublished essays by Bancroft on efforts to colonize American Negroes before the Civil War round out this useful short monograph.

—H. B.



Pick of the Paperbacks



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THE MOTH AND THE STAR. By Aileen Pippett. Compass. \$1.45. A portrait, rather than a biography, of Virginia Woolf that captures the many facets of a complex personality.

THE ORGANIZATION MAN. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Anchor. \$1.45. A study of the little man in the big corporation by a *Fortune* editor that turns up startling information about the modern social scene.

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY. By Irwin Shaw. Signet. 35¢. The American in Europe is the theme of most of these short stories by the author of "The Young Lions."

GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORIANS. Edited by C. A. Robinson, Jr. Rinehart. \$1.25. The history of the ancient world recorded through selections from its most eloquent historians.

EVOLUTION IN ACTION. By Julian Huxley. Mentor. 50¢. An analysis and interpretation, by an eminent biologist, of the process of evolution and its relation to man's future.

DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Compass. \$1.45. Written by the poet's friend and business manager, this uncompromising

journal reveals the torment of Dylan Thomas's last frenzied years.

THE MUSIC MASTERS. Volumes 1 & 4. Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Pelican. 95¢ each. The full set of these biographies of composers by noted writers on music will be completed next year. Volume One, just published, includes essays on composers from the sixteenth century to Beethoven. The history of music is continued in Volume Four with biographical essays on composers of our own century.

ADDISON AND STEELE. Edited by Robert J. Allen. Rinehart. 75¢. Journalistic essays selected from the pages of "The Tatler" and "The Spectator" provide a lively record of life in eighteenth-century London.

THE REVERBERATOR. By Henry James. Evergreen. \$1.45. James called his short novel dealing with American journalism in Paris of the 1880s a *jeu d'esprit*.

THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By Percy Lubbock. Compass. \$1.25. The techniques as well as the art of writing are discussed in this lucid book of criticism originally published in 1926.

EXISTENCE AND THE EXISTENT. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Lewis Galanter and G. Phelan. Image. 75¢. A leading Catholic philosopher holds that Sartrean existentialism is atheistic and so opposed to Thomistic (and Christian) existentialism.