

Letters comprise only a small portion of the text. The editors have only 29 Wilson letters (there are 30 diary entries) for the years before 1880, but they have 166 letters received by him. The bulk (111) of the incoming letters were from his parents. The papers are arranged chronologically with helpful cross references. There is an excellent index and an analytical table of contents.

Wilson's papers show him, among other things, to have been pious (he concluded nearly every diary entry with "Thank God for health and strength to live and learn"); rather human under his cold exterior ("A good many pretty girls at church tonight . . . This very warm weather makes it difficult for me to keep awake during service" p. 138; "I've had no chance of attaching myself to any fair maid this Summer. At the Cove, alas! although there was every advantage of *situation* that a lover might desire, there was no one to love!—except one young damsel who was as harmless as she was unattractive" p. 541); ambitious (" . . . we should, I think," he wrote a classmate following graduation from Princeton, "lose no opportunity offered us by leisure moments to improve ourselves in *style* and *knowledge* . . . in order that when the time comes for us to write and work for a cause we may be able to command a hearing . . ." p. 488).

He also favored the British form of government over the American. "One hundred years ago America conquered England in an unequal struggle and this year she glories over it," Wilson wrote in his diary July 4, 1876. "How much happier [?] she would be now if she had England's form of government instead of the miserable delusion of a republic. . . . I venture to say that the country will never celebrate another centennial as a republic. The English form of government is the only true one" (pp. 148-49). And he was critical of universal suffrage. "Universal suffrage is at the foundation of every evil in this country," Wilson stated in his diary on June 19, 1876 (p. 143), and he refused to defend universal suffrage in a debate at Princeton. His father thought he was "perfectly right" not to enter the debate, and his mother was sorry they had chosen a question "that made it impossible" for him to do so (pp. 479-80).

The editors have set very high standards for the remaining volumes, and they are to be praised for the great contribution they are making.

University of Notre Dame

Vincent P. De Santis

Yankee Rebel: The Civil War Journal of Edmund DeWitt Patterson.

Edited with an introduction by John G. Barrett. Biographical essay by Edmund Brooks Patterson. (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1966. Pp. xix, 207. End Papers, frontispiece, notes. \$6.00.)

In the spring of 1861, Edmund DeWitt Patterson, a handsome and well-educated young man of nineteen from Ohio, was working as a clerk at Waterloo in northern Alabama, where he had lived for two

years. Behind him were solid New England classical learning and short terms of indifferent success in book selling and school teaching. Ahead were four years of war, followed by a successful career as lawyer and judge in Savannah, Tennessee. As the testament of a youth well-endowed, somewhat lucky, and entirely devoted to his southern friends and his adopted southern home, Patterson's war journal is an arresting personal document.

As source material for the history of the war, the journal has limited but definite value. Patterson was at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg where he was captured. Beginning as fourth corporal in the Ninth Alabama Infantry, he was elected lieutenant. He was severely wounded in a suicidal charge at Frayser's Farm (June, 1862); recovered from ghastly, primitive surgery; enjoyed the nursing of an heroic Richmond woman; and returned to experience the "terrible beauty" of the bombardment of Fredericksburg. He suffered the boredom of a winter's picket duty relieved by such unmilitary activities as snowball fights, fraternization with Union pickets, and homesickness. At the Federal prison for Confederate officers on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, he spent more than a year trying to follow the war through rumor and contradictory dispatches, and waiting to get back to his men.

In the story of the war, however, Patterson illuminates no dark spots, draws no curtains aside. A clue to the most impressive aspect of the journal is the fact that after the war and for as long as he lived, Patterson never thought of publishing it and never took any interest in veterans' affairs. On Johnson's Island he seems to have learned that the most important thing about the journal was the feeling of personal awareness and growth that came with its composition. Not that any great original genius is in evidence, although the rhetoric is strikingly "literary," complete with quotations from Homer and Shakespeare and even a burst of original poetry to celebrate leaving the Federal prison. The descriptions of battle and bloody death have a high-pitched, romantic excitement that is most disturbing taken out of context, but is balanced by a similar intensity in descriptions of bitter sorrow and disillusionment over the horror of war. Wit, contemplation, and frustrated puzzlement are also here. Some scenes have a poignancy that seems artificial, like that of a cheap novel—Patterson's head held in the lap of a very young Union boy-soldier through a night of fear and pain, for example; or Patterson in prison, lonely and hungry, only a few miles from where his Union family lived in safety and comfort. But in spite of the schoolboy rhetoric and the atmosphere of fact sliding into fiction, the journal rings true and Patterson gains the reader's respect, not only for being true to a very worthwhile self, but for apparently recognizing that this self was outgrown in the heat of war and in the process of writing the journal. As an adult Patterson seems to have been largely silent on the war and the "Lost Cause." One can only hope that one hundred years has been long enough to wait, for such silence deserves respect.

Unless breaking the silence is deemed in itself disrespectful, this edition is reliable and in good taste. Barrett's notes are all the help needed by anyone with the sketchiest knowledge of the Civil War, and the essay by Patterson's grandson, Edmund Brooks Patterson, is very helpful in putting the journal in focus.

Wabash College

Walter L. Fertig

A Room for the Night: Hotels of the Old West. By Richard A. Van Orman. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1966. Pp. xiii, 162. Illustrations, notes, index. \$4.95.)

Van Orman's book is one of a growing company that sees the history of the West as something other than saddle leather and war paint. After all, most of everyone's time in the Old West, as elsewhere, was concerned with the ordinary business of living, and a large part of this was aimed at putting food on the table and a roof over one's head. For the part of western life that involved people on the move—and it was a goodly part—inns and hotels were of considerable importance in the matter of locating the night's bed and board. *A Room for the Night* tells the story of how this need was satisfied.

The book is based mainly upon printed sources, mostly books of traveler's recollections. The notes contain only four citations from manuscript collections, six from contemporary newspapers, and two from actual hotel registers. Of the numerous traveler's accounts used, a large proportion are those of foreigners, chiefly British. Since tourists, whether foreigners or easterners, would tend to remember and write about the most vivid episodes in their journeys, the use of many such sources probably explains the emphasis in the book on the bizarre and the extreme.

Most of the book is organized around the device of recapitulating topics region by region. This might have made for repetitiousness were it not for a stream of sprightly anecdotes which lend variety to the narrative. The style is clear and readable; and the last chapters, on hotel men and employees, hotel meals, and hotel life contain some delightful vignettes.

While providing an entertaining survey of an interesting aspect of western social history, there are one or two caveats about the book as history that should be mentioned. Much of what it implies to be western could as easily be identified with other sections of America in similar stages of development. The generalizations on western hospitality, for example, could as well hold for the Old South, the Middle West, and elsewhere, and appear to reflect more a part of general rural American values than something uniquely western. Moreover, the generalizations on the place of the hotel in western history are rather sweeping. While these hotels undoubtedly had unique features, the author seems to overstate the case when he says, "The history of the West would be incomplete without the dimension given to it by the Western hotel" (p. 139). Dimension implies something