

a "plot" to remove him from command. In his simple psychology, the opposition in Congress was swayed by petty personal ambitions. Chief among the congressional "cabal" were Samuel Adams, "than whom a more unscrupulous demagogue never existed," and Richard Henry Lee, whose denial that there was a clique and a plot against Washington in Congress Dr. Fitzpatrick brands as patently false. Lee was swayed by a desire to keep his preposterous brother, Arthur, in a diplomatic post abroad! But the chief offenders were the Massachusetts delegation, headed by the Adamses and James Lovell. The Revolution and its army had originally been theirs, and they could not bear to see them pass permanently under control of a Virginia general and a Congress in which Massachusetts was so often outvoted. There was besides an ancient sectarian element in the controversy, the New England "Roundheads" opposed to the "Cavaliers" of the South.

In all this there is an element of truth, a truth that cannot be too clearly established. But it has long been known to historians through, among other printed sources, the Works of John Adams, the Warren-Adams-Lovell Letters, and Burnett's Letters of Members of the Continental Congress. John Adams, by far the greatest of the Congressional "cabal," escaped its direst madness by being sent abroad on a diplomatic mission; but, in spite of later denials, he is on record as favoring not only an election of generals but an annual election—including the Commander-in-Chief. Such follies are, indeed, both petty and rank; but they are very far from being the whole truth. Before Sam Adams made a fool of himself, he earned the title of Father of the Revolution. In the first great Congresses he and John Adams had the statesmanship to see that a declaration of independence could be most speedily achieved by a combination of Virginia aristocrats and New England republicans. In order to sink local jealousies in a truly national feeling, they strove for the appointment of a Southerner to the chief command, John Adams himself nominating Washington. Their subsequent defection is a sad reminder of human frailty; but it may be noted that it roils Washington's latest biographer much more deeply than it ever roiled Washington.

There remains Dr. Fitzpatrick's disposal of "the Sally Fairfax nonsense." Evidence has long been at hand, which recent biographers generally accept as conclusive, that from a very early age Washington was in love with the wife of his best friend and good neighbor, George William Fairfax, and that the feeling persisted throughout his life, the marriage with Martha Custis being *de convenance*. Not even the debunkers can imagine that the love was ever adulterous. There is no reason to believe that Washington acted with less than his customary probity and self-restraint, and there is every reason to believe that Sally kept him gaily and mockingly at bay, refusing even to exchange letters with him when he was fighting on the Indian frontier. All the evidence indicates that the affair was widely known to the Washington-Fairfax connection, and it is certain that, first and last, Martha treated Sally as good neighbor and good friend. To most modern minds the story is one of great dignity, charm, and pathos. Yet Dr. Fitzpatrick will have none of it. To suffer even the most distant love for another man's wife is to be "completely lacking in gentlemanly instincts," to be "a worthless scoundrel." To read the evidence as other biographers have done is to have "an imagination unresponsive to the niceties of honor and good breeding."

Stoutly as Dr. Fitzpatrick champions Washington, and in the main convincingly, it must be said that he has a plentiful lack of biographical tact and technique of modesty. If he had claimed an achievement less stupendous his very real service would stand out in clearer light. In matters of major import he has raised several very interesting questions, and everywhere his vast researches have shed new light upon matters already known. His book must and will be read by all true Washingtonians.

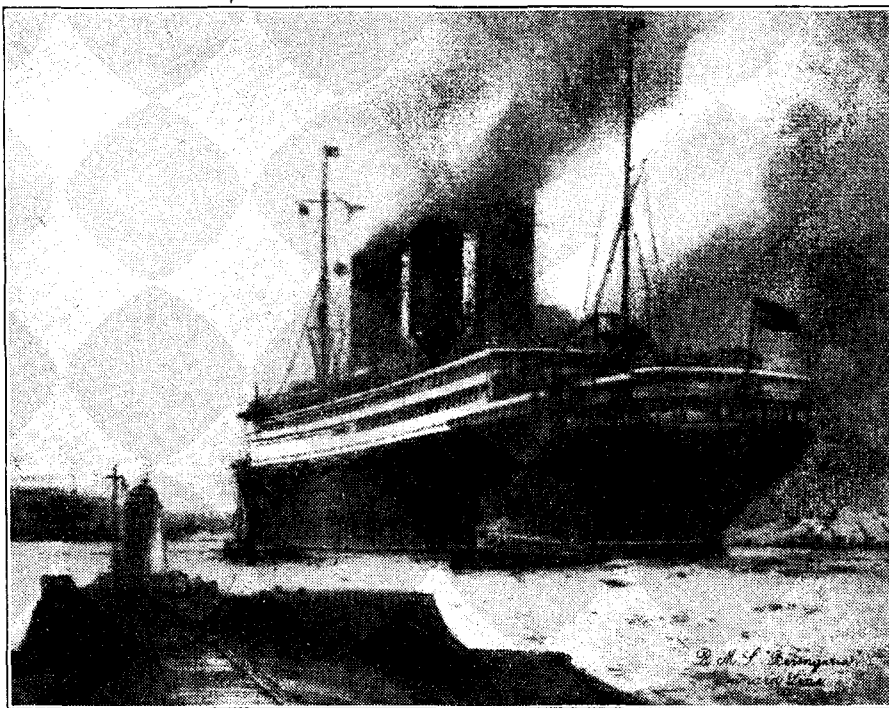
The BOWLING GREEN

Below Zero

IT always abashes me to think how many experts one would have to call on in order to tell anything in full. I would need Sir Josiah Stamp to explain why 25 million dollars' worth of English gold was hustled into the strongroom of the *Berengaria* and why every hour's delay would cost someone money. (You and me, probably, eventually.) I would need the Weather Man to explain why 14° below zero that morning, though crystalline clear on Manhattan, caused a fog in the Ambrose Channel. It was February 9, the coldest day New York City has ever recorded, and the vapor steaming up from the much warmer sea-water wrapped *Berengaria* in fog up to B deck. So there she lay waiting; and the *Mauretania* and the *Rotterdam* too, and stubby little *Pan-America*.

The Federal Reserve and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street may have been

us huge mugs of the best and hottest coffee. It was good to hug the stove, looking over the open half-door at the ice-choked slip. But when we got under way we went outdoors. The harbor was clotted with floating cakes. Shaped in jigsaw patterns (mostly great trapezoids) they outlined the mechanics of surface tension more clearly than I had ever seen before. When a tug went creaming through the broken floe inshore you could see the wave building up ahead of her, and the hollow sucking behind her stern. Except a couple of news-reel men, always the hardest, we had the deck mostly to ourselves, and kept to leeward. It was cold; it really was. Felix, a veteran of the Arctic (he once spent a winter in Spitzbergen), said this seemed more bitter than that. We grinned to recall that the last time we had been on shipboard together was in the *Malolo*, a balmy day at San Pedro in Southern California, nearly a year ago; and that we were both wearing the same clothes as then;



R. M. S. BERENGARIA

tapping their toes impatiently but all this was fine for F. R. and me. We had planned to go to the Cunard pier to meet a kinsman known irreverently as the Loch Ness Monster. When we learned that the ship was going to be hours late we had a great idea. Perhaps we could go down to Quarantine in the customs cutter. We asked permission in the proper quarters, and they said yes—if we could get there in time. We hastened to the subway. When we reached the office of the Collector, that magnificent room in the Custom House which has so often been for us a prelude to adventure, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Lessing had a pass ready for us but feared the cutter might have left. There was a moment of acute anxiety while waiting for a telephone connection. Accustomed these several years to successions of bad luck, Felix and I almost assumed ourselves frustrated. But no: we got to the Barge Office just on the tick. Commander Dempwolf saw us safely aboard the cutter *Raritan*. We looked at each other. From now on, we said to ourselves, things are really going to be better. So nice a conjunction of times and chances puts one in a better vibration. Every living creature, I read in the newspaper, has its own special wavelength; which, if tuned in upon, may produce extraordinary results. Perhaps 1934 was going to be somewhere closer to our own frequency.

It was 12:30; the cabin was packed tight with ship-news men and customs officers who had been waiting patiently for several hours. We slipped into the galley where a good-natured mess boy allowed

for good and sufficient reason. "How would you like to be abandoning ship in weather like this?" asked Felix, who has made a professional study of the details of sea courage. For the first time in a long while I thought affectionately of some long woollen underwear I bought in Halifax.

Berengaria lay massive at Quarantine. We came alongside the *Rotterdam* first, to put her inspectors aboard. As we did so a tall well-known figure came riding up the Narrows. At first we thought she was plated in ice, she shone so white; then realized she was painted so for tropical cruising. It was *Mauretania*, in from the West Indies. Famous old lady of the seas, she went smoothly by, lowering her blue ensign in courtesy. The particular pleasure of her four high funnels, closely set and with a sort of onward suggestion, is too subtle ever to have been justly described. She seems delightfully old-fashioned already, so much tall hamper to catch resistance; but what a history she has. Much of those upper works is streamlined away in the new ships. Later in the afternoon we saw the *Bremen* at her berth uptown; it was odd to note how much smaller she looks than older ships of considerably less burthen. On *Mauretania*'s white hull we first observed something we saw closer when we came alongside the other ships. Paint was flaking off in great strips. On *Berengaria*'s deckhouses the thick ivory coating was cracked in loose slabs. The steel underneath, contracting with cold, had buckled it loose by the yard. The next day I saw the same thing on many big motor trucks round the

city. That must have been a profitable weather for the paint makers. Ourselves, hard-working proletarians, could not resist a small grin at the feelings of the West Indies trippers, coming back from the dulcet Caribbean in their lightest gear. Some of the loveliest knees in New York may well have been chapped that afternoon on the pier at 14th Street.

I did not like the look of the ladder they put down from *Berengaria*'s side. Just a skinny wooden trellis, freshly varnished, and there was a drip from somewhere above that froze shinily on the rungs. I think it was then that Felix made his remark about abandoning ship. There was a gap of unpleasantly cold-looking water between the hulls. A ruddy and competent mariner was on the lookout at the top of the climb—but I noticed that the prudent customs men mostly wore rubbers for better footing. Anyhow, up we went without a miss. I saw no more of the news men, who hastened to the First Class. It is an old newspaper tradition, and a wrong one I think, that the First Class always has the important tidings. It has at any rate the more luxurious grub, which is reasonably in the mind of a reporter who has hung about the harbor for six hours. Felix and I, knowing the ways of members of the Club, made for the more congenial Tourist. Numb as we were, the big idea was something hot and Scotch. We found our quarry finishing his lunch and took him cleanly by surprise. But it was an ironic moment, though. He was digging into a plate of strawberry ice cream.

As a matter of statistics, let one more detail be recorded. Even hot double Scotch in the smokeroom didn't seem as calorific as we had expected. After sitting a while we noticed a thermometer. This was indoors, mind you, and full steam circulating. The mercury said 48.

But the coldest-looking thing along the water-front that afternoon was the poor old *Leviathan*, rusting away in Hoboken. Keep a great ship's nose turned inland too long, how ashamed of herself she looks. What a scene for a story, those cold abandoned corridors.

TOM AND JERRY

SIR:—Found in ROBERT E. LEE by Robert W. Winston to be published by William Morrow & Co.:—

During the Christmas holidays of 1826 Lee and his friend Joe Johnston, were invited by their fellows to a grand egg-nog—a drinking frolic forbidden by the rules. Now a foaming egg-nog, with nutmeg temptingly decorating the top, was not unwelcome to young Lee. This appetizing drink suggested, no doubt, his favorite beverage, the well-known Tom and Jerry, for which he shortly named a span of saddle nags. [Lee as Cadet at West Point.]

These two horses, Tom and Jerry, were undoubtedly named for a popular drink, a hot whiskey punch served so hot that a mug was a necessary receptacle. And, in this connection it would seem that Lee, though pulsing with life, was not dependent upon a temperance society or a statute to keep sober! We find him, indeed, writing his brother, "Can you, my dear Smith, through any of your comrades get me a box or two of claret, one of brandy, and four colored shirts?"

R. R.

New York City

326—DOYLE (A. CONAN). THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. 1894. £10.

The Earl of Rosebery's copy bought by him on publication when he was Prime Minister of England and with his 10 Downing Street bookplate. At the end of the book he has written "again March, 1895 again Feb. 18, 1901."

This item, which Stephen Benét found in Elkin Matthews' latest catalogue, should really be entered in the records of the Baker Street Irregulars.

Bookmen throughout the country have lost a valiant friend in the death (February 12) of A. M. Robertson—universally loved as "Alec"—the dean of San Francisco booksellers. His shop on Union Square was known to every literary visitor. Mr. Robertson was the son of a Scottish '49er, had been himself an adventurer in the gold and silver mines, and a personal friend of all the great California writers. He was in his 79th year. The business is continued by his son Harry.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Queen Elizabeth

by J. E. NEALE
of the University of London

The great woman ruler fully interpreted at last in a great biography

THE CRITICS SPEAK—AND AGREE

WALLACE NOTESTEIN, YALE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH HISTORY, IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW writes: "It is probable that a better book will not be written (on Elizabeth) till the muni-ment rooms of English country houses have been ransacked and the results published. Even then," he adds, "we may have to wait for a scholar who can write as well as Neale."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN IN THE N. Y. TIMES speaks of the movies and plays about Tudor England getting people all tangled up with a romantic legend that is "not one-tenth as absorbing as the actual historic story. J. E. Neale comes along with a first-rate biography which sets things to rights."

REBECCA WEST IN THE LONDON TELEGRAPH calls it "the most admirably readable work, the most pleasing amalgam of scholarship and literary brilliance."

PROFESSOR G. M. TREVELYAN IN THE LONDON TIMES hails it as "an important event in historical literature" and Professor Neale for telling "the difficult and complicated truth more carefully and with more knowledge than it has been told before."

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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue New York

The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THIS week I wish first briefly to comment upon a few books devoted to the analysis of poetry. A book that has come to me from G. Bell & Sons in London is by that Professor Oliver Elton who has made many surveys of English literature. I have no way of knowing whether it is as yet published in this country or not. It is subtitled "A Sketch," but is, in reality, a full volume. Its proper title is "The English Muse," and it is a thoroughgoing outline of English poetry from the beginning down to the present day. Professor Elton writes quite well, and this is a worthy work, though I perceive no new enlightenment in it that would set it above other histories of English poetry. Those who are now making a cult of Gerard Manley Hopkins will welcome E. E. Phare's "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a Survey and Commentary," London: Cambridge University Press. Miss Phare considers Hopkins a major poet. I do not. He was a fine eccentric poet for the few, but there is certainly a lack of proportion in canonizing him. However, his name is at present the Open Sesame to poetic converse with the intelligentia, if you wish to meet the "right people." To me Hopkins's style almost constantly offends against every principle I have painfully learned of a sound English style. His occasional felicities and gorgeous sparklings do not recompense for his churning method and his squirming mannerisms. It is all very quaint and delightful that a Roman Catholic priest should have written so; and those who join the church for artistic and esthetic reasons may bask in the cult; but I cannot help thinking that Hopkins's mind was one of the most confused that ever persuaded men to call it great. However, here is an intelligent book about him. You can procure it in New York from the Macmillan Company for \$2.75. But do not forget the Jesuit, G. F. Lahey's book upon him, published by the Oxford University Press in 1930.

T. D'URFEY

"The Songs of Thomas D'Urfe" is one of the Harvard Studies in English and proceeds from the Harvard University Press. It is selected and edited by Cyrus Lawrence Day, and it is amusing to see so wild a blade, so hot a gamester, so great a lover of wine, woman, and song, taken chastely under the wing of a university press and treated with such pedagogical gravity. The apparatus of notes upon him may well make any full-blooded poet of our time shudder. This is worse than Egyptian mummification! One of D'Urfe's best songs is an entirely mad one. In it he is believed to have worked over in part an earlier song not his.

*I'll sail upon the Dog-Star,
and then pursue the Morning;
I'll chase the Moon 'til it be Noon,
but I'll make her leave her Horning.*

*I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
and there I'll coyn the Weather;
I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky,
and tye both ends together.*

*The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
and crowd them in my Budget;
and whether I'm a roaring Boy,
let all the Nation judge it.*

A roaring boy he was indeed! You perceive the likeness to the famous anonymous "Tom O' Bedlam's Song," incomparably the best of all mad songs—but not D'Urfe's.

BOOKS FROM OXFORD

From Oxford come to me a number of small books of poetry, most of them attractive in makeup. Here's Irene Haugh, an Irish girl, introduced by "A. E." and published by Basil Blackwell at 2s 6d. "The Valley of the Bells" is her book. She is inspired by Ravel, César Franck, Debussy, and various aspects of the Catholic Church. In the nineties, it seems to me, she would have been of considerably more importance. Religion broods also over "The Midnight Mass, Poems and Translations" by Winfred Douglas, a Canon known for his work among the Indians. (Oxford Press, \$2.) Taking such poets as Francis Thompson, George Herbert, etc. to establish a standard, Canon Douglas's verse is far below it as religious poetry. "A Song of David and Other Poems," by

Alfred John Hobson, has as frontispiece an incredible snapshot of the author with the caption below:

"All my woes took wing."—page 83.
ALF. J. HOBSON.

and, upon examination, I found that all too accurately did that give me the keynote to the volume. "West by East and Other Poems," by J. E. H. MacDonald, with drawings by Thoreau MacDonald, comes—just for variety—from The Ryerson Press of Toronto—a pleasing example of book-making. The poet has rather a mortuary turn, however, and the verse is not up to its presentation. "The Nettle and The Flower," by Kenneth Muir (Oxford Press) is an even more charming looking book. The opening poem drips along as a lugubrious monody until one comes to the delightful lines:

*Unconscious of compulsion, he
steps onward to futurity
and, orgulous, he hurries down
the road that emperor and clown,
like patient sheep to slaughter driven,
etc. etc.*

Oh, to be orgulous, life being what it is! It is borne in upon me that this poet is very young. He is genuinely delightful in II. of "Letters and Poems." Later he comes alive and begins to talk of his age around him. XVII is a poem about death as modern as yesterday, and all the more striking for that. He tries to cast off his influences and succeeds in convincing me that he is a young man to watch. His verse is as yet a strange mixture of the outworn and the brashly but refreshingly new. An era of great economic depression, and of a system that seems to be wearing out everywhere, can rouse him to exclaim with a vividness I distinctly like:

*And perhaps even now,
in an obscure slum, beside the grimy pub
kept by the prize-fighter who took to drink,
in the broken-down stable which houses
the bar-tender's motor-bike,
even now, amidst the straw, which reeks
of petrol,
there is a cry, and our salvation is nigh,
and we know it not,
and here, on their knees, spoiling the
crease in their trousers,
are the modern substitutes for the three
wise men.*

His best poem is probably "Broadcast to the Laodiceans" and in its honesty and fervor is promise. Also, he seems to be working through rhythmic experiments toward something new in form.

COLUMBUS AND A BALLET

J. Willis Price's "The Tomb of Columbus And Other Verses," (Oxford: The Shakespeare Head Press and Basil Blackwell) is a curious offering in that it seems to belong to the Victorian era. Here and there the execution of the verses is quite pleasing, but the book has little vitality of its own. W. Bernard's "Ballet Suite" (Oxford: Humphrey Milford) is a mixture of semi-precious modernism and undistinguished lyrical impulses. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the exclamation (quoted) "O God! O Montreal!" and that is, of course, Samuel Butler's. This poet is too-too-wonderful at this stage in his development, and there is therefore very little one can say in his favor.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BRIGHT EXCALIBUR. A collection of Poems selected from Kaleidograph. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1933. \$2.
DEMON GREED. By Richard Carlyle. Los Angeles, Cal.: Phoenix Press. 1934. \$2.
THE BOOK OF LONDON VERSE. Volume II. The University of London Union, 68 Torrington Square, London W. C. 1, England. 1933. 1s 2d.
JESUS: An Ode. And Other Poems. By Herman Malan. Johannesburg, South Africa: The Central News Agency, 15 Carnarvon Road. 1933. 1s.
LEGENDRA. By Mary I. McMurray. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1934. 50c.
RIG VEDA. By H. Nelson Hooven. Athens, Ohio: The Lawhead Press. 1933.
FOUNTAIN OF DARK WATERS. By Wilbur Underwood. Elkin Mathews & Marrot, Ltd., London, W. C. 2, England: 44 Essex Street.