

rowed by Major Trent during Howe's occupation of the city, which the Major had forgotten to return before he went away."

The Library Company does not ask for charity but needs more subscribing members. The cost of a share is \$20, and full information can be had by addressing The Library Company, Philadelphia.

In answer to my question, what do collectors do with their "small wares," Rollo G. Silver (Brockton, Mass.) reports:—

"In almost every library there is a closet and in that closet there is a metal filing case (brought home while instituting A System). The closet is used for catalogues and the filing case used for everything else. When the door of the closet is open, this section is part of the room. When it is closed—all is safe.

"Thus in my file, there are such souvenirs as a page of the Gutenberg Bible, a towel from the Walt Whitman Hotel (Camden, N. J.), an advertisement for Socony gasoline which shows you on the air, a book dealer's boast of a 'beautiful Trollope in parts,' and a few spare tins of tobacco."

Buckingham Palace

(After You, Mr. Milne)

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
"The Bachelor King was off his guard
And Cupid hit him terrible hard,"

Says Alice.

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
We looked for Edward, but George Sixth came.

"Oh, well, whatever is in a name?"

Says Alice.

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
"A Coronation is grand, but zounds!
I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,"

Says Alice.

ALICE GOULD.

Intellectual Slavery

The Caliph A. Edward Newton, founder of the Trollope Society, has quoted almost everything available apropos in praise of old Anthony. But I have not noticed whether he has used the closing words of the late Professor Saintsbury's *Trollope Revisited*—

"Commending Trollope, as a first step backwards, to any one who has the praiseworthy desire to free himself from the most degrading of intellectual slaveries—that of the exclusive Present."

This is to be found in Volume 2 of the 3-volume set of Saintsbury's *Collected Essays* (Dutton, 1923), which we have so often mentioned as (next after a subscription to the *S.R.L.*) the ideal graduation handseil for a student of literature.

Uncrowned King

EDWARD VIII. By Hector Bolitho. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. \$3.

CORONATION COMMENTARY. By Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. \$2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

WHEN Edward VIII abdicated, Messrs. Bolitho and Dennis—each of whom had written a book for his coronation—were, one imagines, faced with an extremely nice question. Should they destroy what they had written, and thus lose all? Or should they, by revision or addition, invest the friendly pages intended for their former sovereign with an opposite but more up-to-date significance?

Mr. Bolitho's book, we are told, was all but completed "before the Simpson affair had become public knowledge. After the abdication he was forced to rewrite, revise, and add a great deal of new material to his manuscript." What the biography must have been like before Mr. Bolitho was forced into this revision, it should not be difficult to guess. Biographies of kings, published at the time of their coronation or accession, necessarily have one thing in common. They present their subject as an idol which, being discreetly deprived of feet, seems to float a little insubstantially above the common earth. Mr. Bolitho's revision was a simple matter of putting in the feet: and these, of course, he speedily discovered to have been composed almost exclusively of clay.

Had circumstances been different, his enthusiastic and easy pen would undoubtedly have traced as conventional a portrait of Edward VIII as ever was imprinted on a coronation jug; but now this figure has to share his pages with a less prepossessing personage—"a man of promise who came to disaster through the slow disintegration of his character." There was a Hyde, it seems, as well as a Jekyll in Mr. Bolitho's former sovereign. Jekyll is generous, gentlemanly, energetic: Hyde is an irresolute, parsimonious, frustrated creature with a propensity for sacking old servants. Each character seems to have canceled the other out.

Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, not pretending to that intimacy with royal affairs which a sojourn in the Deanery at Windsor had bestowed upon Mr. Bolitho, found himself with quite a different sort of book on his hands. "Coronation Commentary" is a history of one hundred years of British royalty, tracing those steps by which the Crown lost power and gained prestige; and to this there was appended some very adequate theorizing on what the King Is and what he Does. Unhappily, however, there were two further chapters called "All The Other Edwards" and "Edward VIII." What was Mr. Dennis to



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EDWARD VIII (Portrait by Lander)

do? He steered a bold course and, without changing a word of what he had already written, tacked on another chapter called "Abdication."

Of the King's private life he had remarked in a previous chapter, "little remains of it. Leave it to him." But this thoughtful advice did not, of course, apply to an ex-king; and in "Abdication" Mr. Dennis rather let himself go, with the result that his victim instituted a libel suit. Here are a few examples of what Mr. Dennis can do. "His lover's prodigality; his shrill King's rage." "Hours of erratic, or erotic, obstinacy." "He left his land with kingly dignity; he repaired to the welcomer company of rich American Jewesses." "For Queen of England an itinerant shop-soiled twice-divorcee with two ex-husbands living was not good enough." One does not have to be a supporter of monarchy to find this inexperienced invective a little difficult to swallow. It is easy to see that Mr. Dennis has assumed, for his last pages, the mantle of Carlyle, a garment more calculated to envelop than to invigorate its wearer. It is more difficult to see why he bothered to write them at all, since the most careful investigation reveals nothing more than facts which we already knew and fancies in which we had already indulged.

What the two books have in common is a certain agility in the transferring of allegiance from Edward to George. Where they differ is upon the one point of interest which the abdication ever raised. Was the King forced off the throne, or was he not? Mr. Bolitho, all discretion, assures us he was not; Mr. Dennis is convinced that he was. Which leaves us just where we started.

The Detective Spirit in Criticism

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

IT is not much of a cause, this of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, against William Shakespeare, Gent., or as Mr. Barrell would have it, against Shakespeare as Oxford; and it could not be much of a case. All that in his article "Elizabethan Mystery Man" Mr. Barrell has shown is that the Earl enjoyed some reputation as poet and comic dramatist. He gives no reason for Oxford's robbing himself, in his own time or afterwards, of the credit of writing the immortal plays; and the passages cited as proof that he did so have little significance. The rhetorical device in Oxford's poem—

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?

The grief of mind that eats in every vein—

and in "The Comedy of Errors"—

She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home—

that device, "tracer" by name, was well known among Elizabethan rhetoricians and widespread in early Elizabethan poetry and drama. Spenser has it in the "Faerie Queene," Kyd in "The Spanish Tragedy." As for the alliterative phrases "firm not fickle," "fawn and flatter," and the words "marvel," "purchase," and "disport," they belong to the ordinary Elizabethan vocabulary or parlance. "Haggard," likewise, a wild or imperfectly trained hawk, as a figure for a wilful person or woman, is not exceptional, and counts for nothing without further verbal similarity. And as for "I am that I am," in the Earl's letter, and also in Sonnet 121, whereby the words of the Lord to Moses are anticipated, Mr. Barrell forgets that there were Bibles in England before King James's in 1611. The words are in the so-called Geneva version, read by Shakespeare. Moreover, even if the above expressions or rhetorical devices were peculiar to Oxford and Shakespeare, that would not prove them as writers one and the same. In face of this impossibility, apparent if from nothing else from the style of the poems which Oxford acknowledged, it would indicate only imitation or coincidence.

A little more of a case for Oxford was made out by Mr. Percy Allen, who has been laboring "almost without respite, day and night, for not less than ten years." The late Mr. Drinkwater, in his admirable little book on "Shakespeare," answered him so happily that I need not add anything of my own; but thereupon the indefatigable Allen penned a "Reply."

Convinced like the other detectives, Oxonian or Baconian, that a man cannot write of matters beyond the range of "his

basic experiences," Mr. Allen holds that the plays in question, which deal with high life, foreign life, and (as he thinks) the contemporary affairs of state, must have been written by one directly familiar with these. That must be Oxford, who was. It was a secret, for Edward de Vere was also lord great Chamberlain, the proudest earl in England, and it was a "well-known point of rigid etiquette among Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, that they should not, in general, acknowledge the authorship of literary work." (Much virtue in that "in general," for Oxford, we have noticed, like Buckhurst and Raleigh, acknowledged the poems he really wrote). Throughout the late seventies and eighties, Mr. Allen declares, in defiance of the facts of dramatic and theatrical evolution, the Earl had been drafting plays which under Shakespeare's name began to appear in the nineties. "Impossible," Mr. Drinkwater, referring merely to the hoax, replies, "without the whole of London society knowing all about it." Just so, Mr. Allen rejoins, unperturbed. "The indisputable fact is, that the courtiers and principal writers of Queen Elizabeth's day did know the truth of the whole matter and refer to it many times, though, of course, guardedly, and under disguises not always easy to penetrate." ("Guardedly," much virtue in that word too, a favorite with those who penetrate disguises.) "For the sufficient reasons that some of the persons principally concerned, including Lord Oxford himself, seem to have been under oath of secrecy; and that the whole mysterious business—by far the strangest and most enthralling in the wide range of the world's literary problems—was mortally dangerous, because of its intimate connection with great persons, and great affairs of state, and also with certain sexual intimacies, that seem to have taken place—with a child born, in consequence—about the year 1574, between Elizabeth and Lord

Oxford." No wonder the "business" was referred to guardedly, if at all; but it is a wonder that the Earl was paid £1000 a year, out of the secret service fund, for writing the matter up in plays which the rigid rule of etiquette forbade him to acknowledge.

Who were the great persons, what the great affairs? For the Earl the most "mortally dangerous business," one would think, would have been "Venus and Adonis," in which Elizabeth woos "a boyish and reluctant Oxford." From her he would have got something else than money for that. In much the same fashion he would have been rewarded for the "Two Gentlemen," in which he, as Valentine, making love to her as Silvia, hands her over to his friend Proteus, as Alençon. And for her the most mortally dangerous would have been "The Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she and he, as Titania and Oberon, "wrangle for the possession of their son, the little changeling boy, born, probably, about 1574." After that it would not, I fancy, have mattered to her much if in other plays the Earl revealed or exposed himself in the persons of Bertram, Troilus, Leontes, and Hamlet; or his wedded wife in the persons of Helena, Cressida, Hermione, and Ophelia; or his father-in-law Burleigh, in the person of Polonius. It would scarcely have been worth £1000 a year to her, so little inclined to throw money away.

This fiction is (and could be) erected only on the most capricious and irresponsible interpretation of the text, though one not out of keeping with the finding of a cipher there. Context means little or nothing to Mr. Allen, as to most mystery-mongers. The oath of secrecy is referred to by Antigonus, who also is Oxford, when ("Winter's Tale," III. 3) he cries, "Accursed am I to be by oath enjoined to this," which is the exposure of the babe Perdita; and by Mopsa when she

(Continued on page 14)

Tell Him

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IF you see Arthur Dannuck before his sun is set,
Tell him the crooked apple-tree is white with blossoms yet,
Tell him his ancient setter lies, dreaming, upon the lawn,
And that the rabbits still come out by Falby's in the dawn.

Tell him the tide comes in at Barck, for he will want to know;
Across the sand the curlews cry, and night falls low;
And like a yellow star at dusk the light on Garrod's Hill
Is lovely in the twilight, and alone at midnight still.

If you see Arthur Dannuck, explain we could not know,
For we are weak and stubborn men, that we should hurt him so,
And tell him we are sorry, and our eyes still try
To see the boy at Falby's Mill who went away to die.