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William Munford Baker: Forgotten Princetonian

BY THOMAS MARC PARROTT '88
AND MILTON HALSEY THOMAS

"As an author he was more widely known than as a preacher, and his productions have gained a permanent place in the literature of our country." So concludes the necrologist of the Princeton Theological Seminary in recording the death of the Reverend William M. Baker at Boston on the twentieth of August, 1883. Obituaries are not always to be trusted, especially when they take the form of predictions. So far from Baker's works taking a permanent place in the literature of our country, not one of them is mentioned in any history of American literature, not even in the recent The Times of Melville and Whitman, where Van Wyck Brooks has thrown out a wide net to drag in many little fishes.1 Yet Baker, a good Princetonian, whose heart often turned back to happy days at Nassau Hall, or, as he loved to call it, "Old Orange," deserves a better fate.

Readers interested in Princeton's contribution to American letters should at least be reminded that Baker was the author of various articles and serials in Harper's Magazine and in The Atlantic Monthly, and of a group of novels, one of which had in its time a rather marked success. Possibly his descent into oblivion can be explained by the fact that Baker was first and last a preacher rather than a writer. "My decided preference was for the ministry," he once said, "but providence has constrained me to be in addition

1 The writers take pleasure in adding that this statement is now untrue. On November 25, 1948, while this article was in the hands of the editors, the Literary History of the United States appeared with brief mention of Baker's Inside (A, 1711 Bibl., 540).
an author." Authorship seems somehow forced on him, not freely embraced, yet with him preaching and writing went always hand in hand. He began to write, indeed, before he climbed into a pulpit, for he was an editor of his college magazine, The Nassau Lit, then called The Nassau Monthly, and a few contributions in the early numbers have been identified as his.  

William Munford Baker was born in the city of Washington, June 5, 1825, the son of Rev. Daniel Baker (College of New Jersey 1819) and his wife Elizabeth McRoberts. After preparation at various schools in the South, he entered the College of New Jersey as a freshman January 3, 1843. During his first two years he lived in 47 North College (i.e., Nassau Hall). In his junior and senior years he roomed with his brother, Daniel Sumner Baker, in 29 West College; the two Bakers were graduated A.B. in 1846 and received the A.M. in course in 1849. William Baker spent a year studying under his father's instruction and the following year at Princeton Seminary; he was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick April 16, 1849, and was for a time stated supply of the church at Batesville, Arkansas, and subsequently of the church at Galveston.

Texas, receiving ordination as an evangelist by the Presbytery of Little Rock in 1850. In that year he was made pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Austin, Texas, where he remained until 1865. Baker's next pastorate was at the Second Presbyterian Church of Zanesville, Ohio, from 1866 to 1872; from there he was called to a church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, which he served for two years. From 1874 to 1881 Baker was engaged in literary work in Boston, but in the latter year went back into the ministry as pastor of the South Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. His health gave way shortly after and finally compelled him to resign early in 1883; he returned to Boston, where he died in August of that year at the age of fifty-eight.

Baker's first published work (1858) was a biography of his father. His work on this book was mainly editorial; it consists almost entirely of selections from his father's diary and correspondence and it reveals little of the author except his somewhat effusive piety and his filial devotion.

He began original composition with a couple of stories in Harper's Magazine. Neither of them deserves special notice, but they both deal with the life and experience, serious or comic, of a young Northern-trained minister in the Southwest, a theme constantly recurring in Baker's later work. The Civil War, of course, severed his connection with Harper's; but one year after Appomattox he again contributed two stories to that magazine.

"Our Minister to Mexico" may be disregarded, but "Mr. Dod's Six Shots" deserves attention. The "six shots," fired at, by Mr. Dod, a small shopkeeper, are sketches of life in a Southwest town, written, as the editor of Harper's notes, during the time of Secession. They reveal the writer's abhorrence of a supposed civilization in which an unpunished murder a month is an average occurrence. The last two stories, however, have been highly praised by professional critics and are among the best developments of Baker's talent. A sermon preached at the Second Presbyterian Church, Zanesville, Ohio, by the pastor Rev. W.H. Baker, 1872, is the only known complete work by him.

4 Dr. Daniel Baker was born August 19, 1825 at Midway, Libery Co., Georgia, and was transferred to Princeton in 1831; here he found undergraduate religion at a low level, so that by the time of his graduation there was an extensive revival regular pastors in Harrisonburg, Va., Washington, Maryland, West Virginia, and the South and engaged in missionary work in and around religious revivals in the 1840's. He was present at the founding of the University of Texas and engaged in religious activities in the state. He was a member of the Texas Presbyterian Church and was a successful and efficient preacher. He was a member of the Texas Presbyterian Church and was a successful and efficient preacher. He was a member of the Texas Presbyterian Church and was a successful and efficient preacher.
shots are preliminary studies for his later novel, Inside: A Chronicle of Secession. Like all contributions to Harper’s at that time, the story was unsigned, but the author’s name is given in the table of contents to the completed volume as “George F. Harrington.” It is hardly surprising that Baker availed himself of the disguise of a pseudonym; it would otherwise scarcely have been safe for him in Texas after the reversion of the six shots.

The Virginians in Texas, Baker’s first full-length novel, was accepted for publication as a serial in Harper’s before the outbreak of the Civil War. The manuscript, however, remained unprinted in the editor’s hands until December, 1866, when the first chapter appeared. It ran till May, 1867., when it came to a natural and proper end, but the editor added a note to say that Baker had recently sent on another installment, “by way of Envoi,” which appeared in the next number. This installment carries on the fortunes of the Virginians, loyal Union men, through the war to the final triumph of the North. The Virginians was published in 1873 in book form with considerable revision. The serial is a vigorous tale of life on the Texas frontier and of the training of the young immigrants by the hardy frontiersmen, Uncle Frank. It includes such thrilling incidents as a Texas “norther,” a prairie fire, a boy’s capture by the Indians, and the lynching of a ruffian who had shot a preacher. One incident, indeed, verges on the sensational: Uncle Frank’s Mexican servant intercepts an Indian arrow aimed at him, dies in his arms, and quite unexpectedly turns out to be a girl. In Byron’s poem, which this episode recalls, the page is Lara’s mistress: here the girl is Frank’s unacknowledged wife. A “mistress” was, of course, taboo in a tale by a minister; perhaps that was one reason why the serial was signed George F. Harrington.

Inside: A Chronicle of Secession (1866), with rather crude wood engravings after drawings by the famous caricaturist Thomas Nast,

was written, we are told, in profound secrecy during the Civil War. The manuscript was at one time buried in the garden, at another carried to church in the dress of the author’s wife to escape a house search during his absence; it was both secret and “slowly matured.” It is cast in the form of fiction, but the preface assures us that it is “essentially true history,” and it is from these two points of view that it demands consideration.

Considered purely as a novel, Inside is almost below criticism. In form it is episodic and incoherent; the action begins with the news of the fall of Fort Donelson, the first serious reverse of the Confederacy, switches back to dwell on the political machinations that brought about Secession, and rambles on with interludes until after the murder of Lincoln. It revolves about a young minister, Southern-born but Northern-trained, in whom we may readily recognize Baker himself, torn between his love of his native South and his hatred of Secession and slavery. His refusal to offer public prayer for the success of the South ends in his becoming a social outcast. In this unhappy state he is comforted by his love for Alice, a somewhat colorless character, but an interesting contrast to the passionately patriotic Southern belle of fiction, for she comes at last to recognize the guilt of Secession based on the sin of slavery. The leading figures are, to be sure, typical and somewhat idealized, but there is some typically realistic character-drawing in a group of minor personages in whom it is impossible not to recognize the influence of Dickens, then at the height of his fame. To Dickens, too, we may attribute the complicated, sensational, and quite unnecessary intrigue which winds up the tale, concluding with the exposure of a Northern spy who has posed as an ardent rebel and won the heart of a Southern girl, but proves to be a Negro in disguise. For a didactic novelist, Baker, like his Victorian master, is somewhat addicted to sudden outbreaks of sensationalism. Victorian, too, if not directly attributable to Dickens, is the author’s trick of repeated moralizing comment. Few Victorian novelists were content to let events speak for themselves.

If, on the other hand, we consider Inside not as a novel, but as what it claims to be, “essentially true history,” it at once appears as a social document of some importance. The value of any document depends, of course, on the character of the author and on the circumstances under which it was produced. The character of the author of Inside is above reproach. He came of an old Southern family, and, except for a few years in the warmly Southern atmos-
phere of Princeton, had spent all his life up to this time in the South. Baker’s later works all reveal his love of his native Southland. The circumstances of the composition of *Inside* show that it is not a piece of political propaganda, but a contemporary report by an eye-witness of social conditions in a Southern state.

What, then, are the conditions which *Inside* reveals? Special stress is laid on the breakdown of true religion in the South. The church rapidly became one of the branches of the government, the pulpit an organ of propaganda in which preachers interpreted obscure sayings of Old Testament prophets as inspired predictions of Southern success. And the propaganda of the pulpit was rivaled, if not exceeded, by the press. Defeats were turned into victories; minor successes appeared as complete triumphs; the hoped-for intervention of foreign powers was represented as a definite certainty. Naturally such excess defeated its own ends. An inevitable consequence was the almost complete collapse of social morale. It took the varied forms of deliberate avoidance of conscience, of a steady stream of desertion by the conscript soldiers, and of shameless private profiteering at the public expense. Over all hung the constant fear of a slave revolt, and, since such a revolt might find leaders in the Union men, the bitterest persecution was directed against them.

It is a black picture that Baker paints; there is little relief of color. No Uncle Robert, Stonewall Jackson, or Jeb Stuart appears in his story. Yet we may remember that the picture painted is of the inside, always the shady side, of war. On one side as Baker’s report is, there can be little doubt that this almost forgotten book is a document of real value for an understanding of conditions in at least one part of the South during the Civil War.

Shortly after his removal from Texas to Zanesville, Ohio, Baker turned an honest penny by rewriting *The Virginians* in the form of a Sunday school library book, *Oak-Mot* (1868). This dainty little volume, neatly bound, and illustrated with full-page engravings, must have served its purpose well, for it is a blend of frontier life and adventure from which all the sensational elements of *The Virginians* have been carefully removed, with an insistent note of personal piety. The story is dominated by the figure of Brown Bob Long, the Uncle Frank of *The Virginians*, a rough rider and a dead

shot, who not only trains the young in frontier life, but leads them out of their conventional religious belief into a direct dependence upon God.

Like *The Virginians*, *The New Timothy* first appeared as a serial in *Harper’s Magazine*, in 1868; later (1870) it was published as a book, on the title-page of which Baker for the first time claimed the authorship of *Inside* and *The Virginians*. It is probable that the serial form of *The New Timothy* was largely responsible for its lack of coherent and sustained narrative. It is essentially a succession of scenes of frontier life in town and country. But these scenes are vigorous and realistically drawn; in fact, Baker asserts that, apart from a supposed identification of the author with the young preacher around whom the action circles, "everything else is almost literal fact." Certainly *The New Timothy* represents an advance in Baker’s mastery of the art of fiction. The action is laid in Texas before the Civil War, so that the bitterness of Baker’s reaction to Secession is altogether absent. In fact, the most idealized character in the book is General Lukens, a patriarchal slave-owner who holds religious services with his black domestics and on whose grave his old body-servant dies of a broken heart. Many figures, on the other hand, are satiric sketches, pushed at times into Dickensian caricature. A strong light is thrown on the author’s personal feelings by his resentment of the poverty-stricken status of the preacher in the Southwest. The inability of the preacher to hold up his head in this world may be traced back. Baker thinks, to the inadequate training of candidates for the ministry in a seminary—could it be that of Princeton?—where "theology, systematic, exegetic, polemic, patriotic, didactic, homiletic, hermeneutic, and the rest," is crammed down the student’s throat in an academic discipline quite divorced from the facts of life.

*The New Timothy* was Baker’s one novel during his four-year stay in Zanesville. Before he left Ohio for a church at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1873, he had thrown out a feeler toward

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New England and contributed an article, “The Red Hand,” to The Atlantic Monthly for February, 1871. This study of unprovoked and unpunished murder in the Southwest may have attracted the attention of the young Westerner, William Dean Howells, who in 1872 became the editor of what had so long been the organ almost exclusively of New England thought and feeling. Howells himself has expressed the new policy of the Atlantic: “We were growing,” he said, “... more and more American. Without ceasing to be New England... we had become southern, mid-western, and far-western in our sympathies. It seemed to me that the new good things were coming from those regions rather than from our own coasts and hills...” Possibly Howells asked Baker for a full-length story of Southern life; certainly Baker’s next novel, Mose Evans, appeared as a serial in the Atlantic in 1874, and in the preface to its appearance later that year in book form Baker dedicated it to Howells with sincere thanks for the editorial supervision he had exercised over a work “written in moments snatched from that profession which is the chief business of my life.”

Mose Evans is anything but a masterpiece of fiction, yet it is interesting to see Baker stretching his wings and writing of something else than the experiences of a young pastor. The story is told in the first person. The narrator is a New Englander working in the South as an employee of the Great West Land Company. In this capacity he induces General Thrup, a South Carolinian, and an “unreconstructed rebel,” to emigrate to Texas, and here these two come in contact with the hero, Mose Evans, a representative of the complete collapse of civilization on the frontier. Mose is unkempt, uncouth, and so uneducated that he cannot even read. Yet he is wise enough to recognize the highest when he sees it and he promptly falls in love with the General’s beautiful daughter. The rest of the book tells of his long struggle to make himself worthy of his lady. He learns to read for her sake, becomes the successful overseer of her father’s ruined farm, gets religion, and so far discards the mores of Texas as to refuse to kill an enemy who is at his mercy. Later he goes East, enters a college, apparently Princeton—Baker’s first allusion, by the way, to his alma mater—where, like a good Southerner, he becomes a member of the American Whig Society. After college he travels in Europe and returns a highly polished gentleman. He wins his lady and becomes, to judge from the effusive letters of the bride with which the story ends, an ideal husband. The theme is an old one, but Baker exploits it in such a way as to portray contemporary American types: the shrewd Yankee trader, the decadent Southern aristocrat, and a representative of the so-called “poor white trash,” the unhappy by-product of slavery. It must be confessed, however, that Baker’s conception surpassed his execution; much of the book is rather dull reading and it is perhaps worth noting that Howells never asked him for another novel. Baker’s connection with the Atlantic ceased after one more contribution, “Merely a Mirror,” May, 1875, a throwback to the theme of Inside.

In 1874 Baker moved from Newburyport to Boston. The seven years that he spent there were the busiest of his life as a writer. He resumed his connections with the Harpers, who accepted three contributions for the magazine and published his next novel, Carter Quarterman, in 1876. A comparison of this book with Baker’s biography of his father shows that the former is to a large extent autobiographical. Indeed, he dedicates it to his daughter with the remark that if any harm comes to her “it will not be from indulging in fiction while reading it.” The central figure, Oglethorpe Quarterman, once pastor of a church in Washington attended by John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, is easily identified with the author’s father. The story, such as it is, deals with the experiences...

38 Baker Evans in The Atlantic Monthly as follows: XXXIII, (Jan., 1873), 44-57 (Feb., 1873), 509-514; (Mar., 1873), 894-941; (Apr., 1873), 984-996; (May, 1873), 1277-1281; (June, 1873), 714-726.
40 Baker took the name of his novel from a contemporary Texas frontier character who died in 1873. The historic Mose Evans, “the Wild Man of the Woods,” was a hunter, land agent and friend of Sam Houston.
ences of Oglethorpe's family after their removal from Washington to a Southwestern town. Oglethorpe takes his son, Carter, the narrator of the tale, on preaching tours, as we know Daniel took William Baker. The time is well before the Civil War, for the oldest of the Quaker brothers fought at San Jacinto, and there is less of the vigorous realism of Baker's earlier work in this slow-moving tale of family life. To us the most interesting incident is, perhaps, the fact that another brother, the dwarfish but gifted Habersham, goes to Princeton where he attains grades unparalleled since the time of Aaron Burr, and returns to become, like his father, an eloquent evangelistic preacher.

Carter Quarterman was followed two years later (1899) by A Year Worth Living. In some ways this book is a throwback to The New Timothy. Like that volume, it deals with the experience of a young preacher, Southern-born but trained in the North, in St. Jerome, an island off the coast of Texas easily identifiable with Galveston. The change of scene is responsible for some of the striking difference between the books. Here there are no realistic descriptions of frontier life: the environment is that of a young semi-tropical city already corrupted by drink, sex—there is a scarcely-veiled allusion to Colonel Buttolph's mulatto mistress—and the degrading influence of slavery upon Southern youth. Against these powers of evil the church struggles in vain, although it retains, indeed, an outward hold upon the community, since it is "disreputable here in the South not to go to some church." The story advances in a series of episodics scenes, marked by a rather patent striving toward sensational effects: a Gulf hurricane, a devastating attack of yellow fever, and a lynching party in which the victim escapes. Characterization tends to run into caricature, and the love story which is supposed to constitute the central theme is thin and bloodless. All in all, a rather disappointing book at this stage of the author's career.

An intimate glimpse of Baker at this time is found in The Critic, August 13, 1881. If you had gone with me last October to 803 Broadway, South Boston, and up the several flights of stairs to the very highest story of the house (one of a large block of the swell-front houses so common in Boston), you would have found the front room to be the study of the Rev. W. M. Baker, author of "His Majesty Myself," etc. Here, in the silence and absolute seclusion he must have in order to write, you would have found him hard at work upon the closing chapters of his last book, "Blessed Saint Cerainty." If we could have entered unseen and watched him unperceived, we would have seen that his pen seemed almost to fly over the foolscap tablet upon the round table before him, with occasionally a pause and a glance, for a few seconds, out of the deep bay window near which he sits, upon the magnificent view before him—Boston harbor, and the broad ocean beyond. . . . You will notice, also, that the pages of ms. scattered upon the table dry, that his heavy backhand movement of the pen renders necessary, are all duly numbered and singularly free from interlineation or blot, it being one of Mr. Baker's peculiarities that he cannot continue to write upon a page thus marred. If such defects are not easily remedied, a quick nervous movement of both hands compresses the condemned page into a compact ball and throws it into the waste basket within easy reach. On this special morning it is almost full of these paper-balls, for he has written an average of ten pages a day for ninety consecutive days, and is evidently over-worked. Indeed, so steadily has he held the pen for the past three months, that the forefinger will no longer do its duty, and so the middle finger takes its place and seems to answer quite as well. "Why does he not dictate to an amanuensis?" He cannot; he has tried it, but his brain doesn't seem to work at all until the pen is in his hand. Then the pen and hand seem a mere machine, for scenes, characters, incidents long forgotten, or not consciously known at all before, come crowding up, demanding to be written, so that his trouble seems to be not what to write, but what to leave unwritten. . . .

Mr. Baker's working hours are from 8 A.M. until 1 P.M. The afternoon is spent, free possible, out of doors, and the evening is devoted to his family, . . .

If A Year Worth Living is disappointing, Colonel Dunwoodie, Millionaire (1898) is the most surprising of Baker's books, sur-

15 The article, entitled "A Popular Preacher and Novelist" (L 318), is signed J.P.S. Our illustration, drawn by Frank Fowler after a photograph by Guerin of Phila-
delphia, is taken from this issue of The Critic. Each number of the magazine in-
cluded a frontispiece portrait, and Baker appeared along with such celebrities as T. B. Aldrich, William Blake, Mrs. Burnett, George W. Cable, Dunsford, Emerson, Froide, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, Madame Modjeska, Dean Stanley, Theareo, Albinon W. Tourgee and Anthony Trollope.

prising in the fact that it could have been written by such an author at such a time. New masters of fiction had already entered the field, but this book is a return in structure to the complicated intrigue of Wilkie Collins and the later Dickens. It revolves about a Western silver mine, supposedly bequeathed to the impoverished Southern gentleman, Colonel Dunwaddle. The will is brought to the Colonel's attention by one of the most incredible villains in fiction, who naturally tries to steal it and to thwart the deviser's purpose, but who fails in his aim. Yet contrary to the conventions of this type of tale, he not only escapes punishment, but is allowed to marry the heroine's understudy. The hero is the Colonel's oldest son, a Horatio Alger type, who succeeds in spite of obstacles, inherits the fortune, and departs with his family for a sight-seeing tour of Europe. The scene is laid in the South in the period of Reconstruction and the earlier chapters contain some vivid glimpses of social and political life there, the decline of the old aristocracy and the emergence of the scalawag and the carpetbagger. Had Baker continued as he began here, he might have written a companion piece to *Inside*, but he is no longer at home in the South, and social history gives place to elaborate intrigue. It is worth noting that, for the first time since the publication of *Inside*, the writer does not claim authorship. From this time on his novels, two of them by far his most important works, appeared anonymously.

The first of these, *His Majesty, Myself* (1880), shows an immense advance over anything that Baker had so far accomplished. It seems at least probable that this may be due to his prolonged residence near and in Boston and to the ripening of his talent in that genial climate. Certain it is that here for the first time Baker escapes the provincialism of his earlier books, discards the sketches of frontier life, and concentrates on the study of character in action. The story traces the development of two cousins: Thirlmore, the Northern egotist, a worshiper of self, hence the title of the book, and Trent, the gentle altruistic Southerner. Paired with these are the twin sisters, Peace and Revel, in whom the hereditary strains of their grandparents, an infidel German professor and an old-fashioned clergyman, develop along the line of head and heart. A fifth character, Guernsey, the college genius, fits back and forth between these pairs, playing the part of observer and commentator on the action which in earlier books had been taken by the author himself. After their graduation from the college of Old Orange, the cousins pursue their careers in a Northern city—Boston apparently—where Thirlmore becomes the pastor of a fashionable church, Trent a struggling doctor and the mainstay of a mission in a city slum. The church, an iridescent bubble floating on the breath of popular applause, soon collapses and Thirlmore retires, a baffled man, to his Vermont farm. Trent, on the other hand, is rescued from the slough of debt into which he had sunk by an unexpected legacy from the Scotch uncle whose grim character and great wealth form a background to the action. The sisters, now the wives of the cousins, play out their respective roles: the loving Revel comforts and sustains Trent; the ironically mis-named Peace hardens Thirlmore in his contempt for everything but self. An unexpected strain enters into the web of the tale with Peace's sudden passion for the brilliant Guernsey. This motif, which would have become a dominant theme in fiction today, is dropped almost as soon as it is struck; Guernsey escapes by flight, and Peace is saved by a vision in which the face of Guernsey blends with that of Christ.

The final fate of Thirlmore is left in abeyance. On the one hand, there is a frank expression of admiration for his strength and self-confidence along with the hope that a change of heart may lead him to play a nobler role in life; on the other, the last lines of the book show him reclining under the limb of an old pine so rotten that “the least gust might detach it to crush him,” and through the pines “arose a murmuring sound, as the sunset-breeze began to blow.” The way is left open in a possible sequel for either Thirlmore’s conversion or his sudden death which would clear the way for the marriage of Peace and Guernsey. We shall see later which way the author chose.

The special appeal of *His Majesty, Myself*, however, lies not in its study of character, but in the picture it gives of Princeton a century and more ago. For “Old Orange” is easily identifiable with Princeton. It is situated on an old highway between two great cities; below the ridge on which the college stands lie the modern transportation arteries of canal and railroad. North of the village is a barren stretch of country, Scrubatones (i.e., Rocky Hill), below which flows a deep stream, the Millstone. There is a detailed and realistic account of student life in what Charles Godfrey Land, a contemporary of Baker, called “closely cramped, orthodox,
hide-bound, mathematical Princeton." One sees the little college dominated by the neighboring Theological Seminary. A key, identifying the characters, by an old Princetonian, the late General Woodhull, reveals how many of the faculty were Presbyterian ministers. Almost the only exception was Joseph Henry, the Professor Joseph of the book, who, it may be noted, plays a very minor role in the action. Between the faculty and the students stood a body of tutors who enforced a rigid discipline of manners and morals. There was a notable absence of sports, games, and the many extracurricular activities which diversify student life today. Special stress was laid upon mathematics; Leland states that grades in that subject out-weighed those in all other branches put together, and Baker gives a picture of Rodney (Professor Dod) conducting a class in integral calculus, and of Trent tolling over a final examination in which Rodney had "exhausted his malignant energy in devising the most difficult questions."

A happier aspect of life in Old Orange appears in scenes scattered through the chapters. There is the formation of a literary club whose members discuss the contents of a journal—perhaps a reflection of the first years of The Nassau Lit. Its members go on a sleigh ride to a dinner in a country tavern which ends in a drunken orgy due to the brandy introduced into the pudding sauce and the lemonade by the college joker. There is a vivid picture of the reception of President Tyler at Princeton with the cheers and countercheers for him and for his great rival, Henry Clay. Southern sentiment then, as until the outbreak of the Civil War, was strong at Princeton. Something of this sentiment breathes from Baker's pages, particularly in the episode of the capture and the ransom of a runaway slave. Caesar Courteous, purveyor of cakes and pies to the undergraduates, a forerunner, perhaps, of Jimmy of the Bulletin Elm, familiar to students in the last decades of the nineteenth century. Caesar had been arrested by a United States marshal and is being taken back to the South when Trent, from whose father's plantation he had fled, recognizes him and calls on his fellows from the South to buy him free. This is not because Trent is an abolitionist. On the contrary, "from his birth the name had stood for him as Yankee swindler, free-lover, infidel, half madman, half monster, and wholly dedicated to the devil." And the feeling of the undergraduates is shared by members of the faculty; Dr. McMasters repels with indignation the suspicion that he might be an abolitionist. Slavery is sanctioned by the Scriptures: did not St. Paul send Onesimus back to Philemon?

Like its predecessor Inside, His Majesty, Myself has a documentary as well as a fictional value. The accuracy of its descriptions of life at Princeton under Dr. Carnahan's administration can be checked by a comparison with the memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland, himself a student in the class ahead of Baker. On the whole, in spite of some flashes of light, it is not a brilliant picture of Old Orange that Baker paints. Yet a perusal of this forgotten book may help the Princetonian of today to realize how small, how narrow, and yet how instinct with life, was the College of New Jersey in the 1840's.

His Majesty, Myself must have been a success in its day, for a year later Roberts Brothers announced a forthcoming book as one of three new novels "by three of the most popular 'No Name' authors." This was Blessed Saint Certainty;7 by the Author of "His Majesty, Myself;" and Colonel Dunwoddie. "This novel is not exactly a sequel to His Majesty, Myself, but it is, in fact, based upon that book. Guernsey, the erratic genius of the earlier story, reappears here, but no longer as the commentator; he is the narrator of the action. More than this, however, he is also one of the two main characters of the action; for the action, like that in the earlier book, is based upon character contrast. Here, however, it is not the simple contrast of egoism and altruism; it is a contrast between two opposing views of life, one of the believer in two certainties, the certainty of an over-ruling God, and the certainty of the immortal soul, the other of the "natural man," who accepts only the evidence of his senses, the modern Positivist. Guernsey, of course, stands for the first; for the second, Ross Urwoldt, the son of a frontier adventurier, headman of an Indian tribe, and a half-breed Indian woman. Baker brings these two together as classmates at Old Orange and so accounts for their friendship, the correspondence, and the continued clash of beliefs between them which runs through the whole book.

It might be noted in passing that in an early chapter Baker describes a phase of student life at Princeton that he had before passed over in silence, a student revolt and the barring-out of tutors in Nassau Hall. Ross, the most popular man in college, is induced

to become commander of the revolt; he guides and directs the students' resistance and hurls ashes, coals, and burning brands upon the heads of the tutors battering with axes on the barred doors. When the revolt collapses, Ross is pounced on by the faculty as the ring-leader and expelled. It is this disgrace, along with the failure of his fellows to stand by him, that deepens his contempt for human nature, and contributes to his later profound cynicism.

_Blessed Saint Certainty_ falls sharply into two parts. For about the first third of the book the scene is laid on the border of the old Indian Territory. Here Baker reverts to his earlier practice of describing nature, wild life, and the manners and morals of man on the frontier of civilization. By far the most interesting feature of this part is the full-length portrait of the famous Sam Houston under the name of Governor Beauchamp. Baker must have known Houston as Governor of Texas, but the picture that he draws is of Houston at his nadir before the war with Mexico, when he was living among the Indians and was familiarly known as "Big Drunk." The Beauchamp episode allows Baker to introduce into the story a pair of girls, corresponding to the sisters in _His Majesty, Myself_; Rachel, Beauchamp's daughter, and Persis, the grandchild of a missionary to the Indians. Rachel devotes herself to the redemption of her father; Persis has but one object in life, to emerge from a state of poverty and ignorance to a plane on which she will be a fit match for Ross, whom she has loved from her childhood.

With the outbreak of the Civil War the scene shifts to Boston. The girls go there to complete their education, Rachel of the heart, Persis of the head. There they meet Trent, now a successful physician, and Guernsey, who has left his Southern plantation to become a writer, lecturer and worker in the sanitary service of the North. After the close of the war Ross also comes to Boston in pursuit of two things, the love of Persis and such a certainty as inspires the life of Guernsey. He fails in both. Persis has given herself to study with such enthusiasm that it has become almost a mania, and Ross's undisguised contempt for her effort seems to her merely the demand of the dominant frontiersman for a squaw woman. The result is a bitter quarrel and a separation. Instead of the firm faith which Ross had hoped to find in this center of light and learning, he sees only a "talk mill" where beliefs are tossed lightly back and forth, and where a tepid tolerance has supplanted the Puritan fear of God. He returns to the South and, after a failure in business and politics, creoeps back a broken man to the scene of his childhood.

Here he is found, apparently dying of a gun-shot wound, by Guernsey and the girls who have come in search of him. Whether the wound was the result of an accident or self-inflicted in an attempt at suicide is left uncertain. So, too, is the question of his recovery. The surgeon pronounces it impossible; Rachel and Guernsey, now suddenly presented as married lovers, look down on Ross bathed in the tears and kisses of the despairing Persis, and affirm that he will recover. The contrast worked out through the earlier chapters is here complete: the believer in a blessed certainty has attained; the unbeliever is left in a state of doubt.

_Blessed Saint Certainty_ is a longer, more ambitious work than its predecessor; it is questionable, however, whether it is a better novel. The action, particularly in the latter part, drags heavily; it is constantly interrupted by discussion and argument. Fewer characters are introduced to enliven the picture and there are no such striking situations as appear from time to time in Baker's earlier books. Perhaps its peculiar value consists in its revelation of the author's reaction to his new environment, the liberal Boston of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This reaction is by no means a simple one. "I like this city," Guernsey remarks; "it is a very definite and distinct person." It was only natural that the pursuit of knowledge, the freedom of thought and speech, the honor paid to literature, and the polished culture of the Athens of America should appeal to one who had lived so long in the semi-barbarous Southwest. On the other hand, there was much in Boston that Baker could not accept. The pursuit of knowledge tended to become an intellectual fanaticism which destroyed the necessary balance between heart and head. This, it seemed to him, was especially apparent in the higher education of women; it is exemplified in the case of Persis, who had tried to fit herself for Ross by the study of mathematics and metaphysics . . . languages, music, and the Aryan religions." Freedom of thought and speech culminated in a convocation where Satan, "if there were a Satan, should be as welcome to say his say as God, if there be a God," and where Ross's bitter denunciation of such futility is received with laughter and applause. Nor is it surprising that the devoted son of a zealous evangelist was repelled by the chill which emanated from the Boston churches. An intellectual presentation of ethical truth seems to have been the gospel of that day and place; attack was directed against traditional dogmas rather than against present unbelief. It is, perhaps, significant that in the year of the publication of _Blessed_
Saint Certainty Baker turned his back on Boston to take over a church in the presumably warmer climate of Philadelphia.

Before he left Boston he seems to have established some connection with Philadelphia, for in 1881 there appeared a novel, The New Nobility, by John W. Forney, a well-known journalist and politician of that city who died in that year. Forney’s name alone appears on the title-page, but he states frankly in a preface note that “the body of the book... is the work of my gifted personal friend, Rev. William M. Baker, of Boston, Massachusetts, who kindly responded to my invitation to edit and finish the New Nobility.” It would not be difficult, if it were worth while, to determine with some precision Baker’s contribution to this book. The “idea” to which Forney lays claim is an exhibition of the superiority of the self-made American to the “effete” aristocracy of England; he was perhaps trying to rival such recent works as Daisy Miller and A Tramp Abroad. Baker’s hand is visible in the exquisitely religious passages, in the strange characters of the Christian Hindoo and the Afghan, and in the somewhat sensational close.

With the shift of scene from Boston to Philadelphia Baker’s career as a writer of fiction virtually came to an end. One more novel, indeed, must be added to his list, if not exactly to his credit. This is The Making of a Man, published in 1883. The preface contains reviews of His Majesty, Myself, described as “one of the strongest novels of the present year.” This suggests, at least, that the publisher who had scored a success with that work urged Baker to write a sequel in which the conversion of Thirlmore—already hinted at as a possibility—should be told in full. The ill luck of sequels to a successful work is a commonplace of literary history and this book is no exception to the rule. There is reason, also, to believe that it was written during a period of failing health, for Baker’s pastorate in Philadelphia lasted little more than a year before a long illness forced him to resign his charge. The book has all the marks of a job done to order under unfavorable conditions. It relates the redemption of Thirlmore from the state of lethargic dissatisfaction with life in which the earlier book had left him. His

recovery is due to two quite distinct causes: his career in the Civil War as a soldier in the Northern army and the redeeming influence of his wife, Peace. She has not only forgotten Guernsey, who does not appear in this book, but has now set herself one single goal, the regaining of her husband’s love. While he wins battles at the front, she achieves success at home as an authoress; she rescues him from a Southern prison, and on the last page presents him with a baby boy. This child comes to the reader quite as surprisingly as it seems to have come to its father. The resumption of marital relations between the long-separated husband and wife, which would have marked Peace’s attainment of her goal, is passed over in complete silence. It would, no doubt, have been dwelt on at some length in a novel of today; but Baker was inclined to shy away from sex. The Making of a Man is an unfortunate close to Baker’s career as a novelist. It employs all the clichés of a Civil War story, including the fair Southern spy who tried her arts in vain on Thirlmore. It is episodic, sentimental, and altogether unreal.

For the sake of completeness, one more work needs to be noted, The Ten Theophanies, published in 1889. We learn from the introduction by Baker’s friend, the Rev. Francis Nicolii Zabriskie, that it was written during the author’s last illness and that he did not live even to revise the proofs. It is a gallant attempt by an old-fashioned scholar to demonstrate ten appearances of Christ on earth before his birth at Bethlehem. Comment or criticism may be left to the theologian.

It is not easy to pronounce a final judgment upon Baker’s work. Certainly it is impossible to claim with the writer of his obituary that it occupies a “permanent position” in American literature; yet there seem to be reasons why it should not be altogether forgotten. It is well to remember that the bulk of his work falls into the rather dreary period immediately after the Civil War when the older masters had fallen silent and the new voices, of Howells, James, and Mark Twain, had not yet made themselves clearly heard. Until he came to Boston, Baker must have lacked the stimulus of competition with his contemporaries; certainly while he re-

81 Dr. Francis Nicolii Zabriskie (New York University 1880), Dutch Reformed clergyman and editor of the Christian Intelligencer, spent his later years in Princeton, where he died May 13, 1891.
mained in the South he was a voice crying in a wilderness. For a brief period he rose to the height of his creative power and then suddenly stopped short. There were, perhaps, two reasons for this cessation of literary activity, ill health on the one hand, on the other a desire to identify himself with his chosen profession of the ministry. His Ten Theophanies was to strike out on a new line; it was, he said, “the one book on which I rest my whole heart.” He seems from the beginning to have disclaimed the title of a writer of fiction; he assents more than once that his novels are “essentially true history,” and in the end it is upon this essential truth that Baker’s claim to recognition depends.

It is not the ill-told and rambling story of Inside which makes that early work a memorable book, but the vivid pictures, drawn with repeated realistic strokes, of life in Texas during the Civil War. So too in The New Timothy it is the “photographs,” as Baker called them, of frontier life at an earlier period—the rural church, the “basket-meeting,” the squallid homes of “poor whites”—that stand out in a rather pallid love story. Yet Baker is, after all, something more and better than a mere recorder of social life. He has a real gift of characterization which runs the gamut from caricature, as in much of his earlier work, to such a firm portrait as that of the egoist in His Majesty, Myself. The clash of character between Trent and Thrillmore in this book and the contrast between Ross and Guernsey in Blessed Saint Certainty show Baker at his best.

On Princetonians, in particular, Baker has a very special claim. All his life he was a lover of his alma mater; his thoughts constantly revert to her. Nowhere does he mention her rivals, Yale, Harvard, or Columbia. Whenever he thinks of an Eastern college, it is of Princeton, and it is to Princeton that he sends Mose Evans and young Quartermen and Ross. The detailed and convincing realism which is Baker’s peculiar gift finds full expression in his picture of life at Old Orange in His Majesty, Myself, and more briefly, but quite as vividly, in the incident of the student rebellion in Blessed Saint Certainty. A devoted alumnus, a writer of some distinction in a rather barren period of American fiction, and a recorder of Princeton life a century or more ago, Baker deserves to be lifted from the oblivion into which he has sunk.

Aubrey Beardsley

BY A. E. GALLATIN

During his life, which his contemporary and friend Max Beerbohm described as being brief, tragic, and brilliant, Beardsley attained world-wide renown. His designs, such as those made for The Yellow Book and Wilde’s Salome, as well as his posters, made him, at the age of twenty-two, famous throughout Europe and the United States. His influence on artists working in black and white was enormous. Designers of posters, which at that time were in great vogue, and designers of programs and scenery for the ballet and the theater were among those who also came under the influence of his strange genius. Beardsley left his impress on his age. The dozens of illustrated monographs on his work, published in England, the United States, Germany, Russia, and France, attest to the wide interest in his drawings. Today, with the perspective of half-a-century, which is an advantage, it is interesting to re-examine the art of this supreme master of black and white.

Responsible art critics, for the most part, I should think, agree with Meier-Graefe, the great German critic, that Beardsley was an indispensable artist, because he affected his age and gave us knowledge, and that “not until we have learnt to understand Beardsley . . . shall we reach the stage of culture.” The Dutch critic Cornelis Veth also stated the case for Beardsley very succinctly when he wrote: “Though part of Aubrey Beardsley’s designs are simply the most accomplished and beautiful compositions in line and toneless black-and-white ever invented, yet it is not in these calligraphic qualities (which have been not unsuccessfully imitated since) that his personality shows itself most. With him, it is the form that matters, and form, with him, is always factitious.”

Beardsley’s drawings, or pictures, as he himself termed them, in my opinion possess plastic qualities, or what Clive Bell calls significant form, not to be found in the work of any other English artist. Beardsley possessed a remarkable feeling for pattern and composition. No artist has excelled him in the decorative use of blacks. His feeling for line, also, is unsurpassed, as are his rendering of texture and suggestion of color. These accomplishments, coupled with his powers of invention and his imagination, enabled him to produce drawings of the highest rank. In recent years, although he has always had ardent admirers, his fame has been a little in eclipse.
This no doubt is partly explained by the fact that his drawings have seldom been publicly exhibited and that most of the monographs on his art have long been out of print. Recently, however, there has been a decided revival of interest. The exhibition of his drawings, together with books which he adorned, held at the Grolier Club in 1943, and afterwards at the New York Public Library, as well as the catalogue of his drawings and bibliography published by the Club that year, probably contributed to this renewed interest. It is interesting to note that in 1943 two illustrated monographs on Beardsley were published in England, and also that some of his writings were included in two anthologies of the prose and poetry of the nineties.1

With the publication in 1893 and 1894 of the Bon-Mots series and Le Moribond, both containing a wealth of drawings by Beardsley, the artist gave indications of his great gifts. Until then, that is, until he was about nineteen or twenty years of age, he had produced only a few drawings of any particular merit. The Bon-Mots grotesques are singular and surprising inventions in which the artist's imagination has been fully indulged. Certain of them, such as the "Grand Canal," "Woman at Café," and the caricature of Whistler, are excellent. Many of the borders and chapter headings which the artist designed for Dent's edition of Le Mont D'Arius are highly decorative and glow with life, unlike the imitative and lifeless designs in the Kelmscott Press books. Not a great deal can be said for the full-page drawings which Beardsley made for this book, the unfortunate Burne-Jones influence being too apparent. Closely following these two series of drawings came the decorative illustrations for Wilde's Salome and many drawings for the famous Yellow Book. His genius had now matured, and many of his important achievements are to be found in these volumes. A new and original note had been struck. The cover designs, reproduced also on the title-pages, which Beardsley made during 1895-1896 for the novels and short stories forming "The Keynotes Series" possess

great merit and are very ornamental. The most resplendent period in the artist's life, however, was the two years which preceded his death from consumption in 1898, for it saw the creation of the Savoy drawings, and those for The Lysistrata, The Rape of the Lock, The Pierrot of the Minute, Mademoiselle de Maupin, and Volpone.

Many of Beardsley's finest drawings are to be found in The Savoy, at first a quarterly and then a monthly, published by Leonard Smithers and edited by Arthur Symons, of which Beardsley was art editor. Its standards were higher than those of The Yellow Book, and its much larger format and the wove paper upon which it was printed show his work to much greater advantage. The cover artist made the first number; the two drawings for his poem "The Three Musicians"; "The Ascension of Saint Rose of Lima," drawn for the fourth chapter of his romantic novel Under the Hill; "For the Third Tableau of Das Rheingold"; the title-page design for the third number, which shows Pierrot on Pegasus; "The Coiffing"; "Ave atque Vale"; and "Et in Arcadia Ego" rank with his masterpieces. The eight illustrations for The Lysistrata of Aristophanes possess great grandeur. Queen Victoria would not have found them amusing, although Pompeians would not have been at all disturbed with the subject matter of these drawings. The "embroiderings," as Beardsley termed them, made for The Rape of the Lock are quite in the spirit of Pope's highly polished cantos. The artist's task was entirely congenial, for at this period he revelled in the conventions set by eighteenth-century France. The drawings he made for Ernest Dowson's The Pierrot of the Minute, the scene of which is Versailles, executed in somewhat the same spirit as the designs which embellish The Rape of the Lock, are also worthy of admiration. In this spirit too are the admirable title-page, front and back cover, and front and back end-paper designs for "Pierrot's Library," a series of stories. Beardsley did not always work in pen-and-ink, nor in black and white. A number of his excellent posters are in color, and he worked a little in oil, pastel, and water color, although these latter departures from his favorite medium are not of much consequence. On the other hand, drawings published the year of his death, some executed in wash, and others in pencil, are unexcelled. The wash drawings made for Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin and the initial letters in pencil for Jonson's Volpone show his genius at a very high level. The frontispiece for Volpone, in pen-and-ink, is one of his greatest drawings. It was so considered
by the artist, who wrote, in an unpublished letter, that he thought it 'one of the strongest things I have done."

Beardsley was a musical prodigy, appearing on the concert platform as a child. He had a passion for music, especially for the operas of Wagner. Of him Max Beerbohm wrote, "Certainly, he seemed to have read, and to have made his reading into culture, more than any man I have ever met..." Most of his literary work was collected by John Lane and published in the volume entitled Under the Hill and Other Essays in Prose and Verse (London, 1904). The complete manuscript of Under the Hill was published in London in 1907 under the title The Story of Venus and Tannhäuser. His wittily expressed views on posters, written for The New Review in 1894, were exhume and printed in the volume concerning Beardsley which the Grolier Club published in 1945.

The Pleasures and Treasures of Amassment

BY EDWARD STEESE '24

A great library, by plan and by need, must seek to be all things to all serious men. But a small library, made up of books that have made an "impact" upon their owner and are valued and valuable for that reason alone, is as personal as an old jacket which empirically knows the shape of its owner. It may not fit one's neighbor, but that is hardly its function. What matters is the comfortable way it hangs, in moments of leisure, upon one's own shoulders. Mr. Steese here dons his jacket and explains its wrinkles.

During the preparation of an article involving considerable scrutiny of my overcrowded bookshelves, it occurred to me that not much has ever been said or written about that kind of collector who amasses a so-called library, not for its market value nor for the purposes of the scholar or the curioso, but merely for the sake of its intrinsic worth to him alone, the purely personal pleasure (if not necessity) of keeping his best friends around him. These usually prove to be a motley throng of varying age and background, dressed sometimes in paper instead of proper cloth, seldom in leather, placed in no particular kind of order, and never catalogued. In some cases their affinity with each other is no more than that of some guests at a party to which one has invited all his human friends: the tenuous bond of their host's affection bestowed on some when he was young, on others in his later years. Let us presume him loyal in his affections.

Of such collectors there are inevitably almost as many subcategories as there are individuals, not one of which would receive more than a condescending smile from any proper librarian or Collector spelt with a large C; but while some day their collections may have to be disposed of at an estate-sale for ten or even five cents a volume, in the meantime they will have been to each owner a constant and intimate delight, a mirror of his life and likings so pleasingly expressive as to be almost in the nature of an alter ego.

Now, while for a professed Collector in any given field there appears to be always a certain number of "musts," in the case of... let us call him the Amasser—his "musts" cannot be confined to lists of ten or even fifty books which he may or may not have read, but are governed only by his choice of those he has read and feels must
be kept beside him through the years. Unfortunately, year after year, the list expands and it would indeed be much more practical in these days of necessary space-saving to be limited by some spoil-sport government edict to an official ten or fifty like Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf. As such an Amasser, however, it is my purpose now to report only on the joys of amassing a few of my own particular "musts" (which certainly in toto would not be those of anybody else) and on my own methods of amassment.

The last are simple enough, but for lack of shelf-space can no longer be haphazard, being based on the now carefully culled yet still formidable agglomerations of a similar nature perpetrated by my parents or my grandparents. These consisted chiefly of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century authors with whom I had become thoroughly acquainted during my boyhood, and thence were added when the present century and I were in our early twenties (and I an undergraduate at Princeton) all the poetical works that the Brick Row or the University Store had to offer. In the latter part of that decade, I also acquired a proper basic architectural library—to which I still add, from time to time, even though it resides in my attic and is under present circumstances quite useless. The material result is that today, and for some years past, the acquisition of one new book has meant almost inevitably the displacement of another, and I must restrict, therefore, my purchases to such items as I think I cannot possibly do without. This involves careful perusal of the literary supplements, and if some review (not necessarily favorable and almost never on the front page) induces this belief, I order the book at once (of course from the University Store), though I am always faintly glad when I find nothing of interest. Should I only incline to the belief, I may borrow the book from the circulating library (which, unfortunately, does not usually carry the books I really want), perhaps read it through and, if my belief is justified, then place my order. There is, however, small pleasure in reading a book not owned and subject to annotation.

I should mention too that while I am not a secondhand-store-browsing, except for obscure Victorian items, I have found some of my chief treasures on the bargain counters of a well-known drugstore when I have had a few minutes to spare before the departure of the 5:15. Excellent books, obscure books, by obscure modern authors. It is obvious that my "library" is worthless except to me. Unfortunately (for I would like to have all of it with me always),

I spend my winters in town and my summers in the country, so my library too must be divided, with undoubted effect upon the wholeness of my intellectual life. This circumstance will, however, simplify my present project for the reason that I am something of a pyromaniac and prefer to keep my "best"—as distinguished from my "summer"—friends safely in a presumably fireproof apartment rather than in an ancient country dwelling; and their unhappy division was effected fifteen years ago.

Many of these "bests" are then my "musts," and it is now only a problem of listing the latter, all assembled in the city, but subject even so to a sort of screening, which may prove tiresome and difficult, so that to make my list too long. First, I think I shall exclude such reference books as are very necessary to my happiness: Brewer's various handbooks, an old encyclopedia, anthologies of verse (particularly Coates's encyclopedia of poetry, Ward, and Stedman) and the bulky sort of dictionary that is full of derivations and obsolete words belonging to the pretechnocratic era. Then it would seem a good idea to exclude most of the "standard authors," except Thackeray, the first dozen volumes of the St. Nicholas, the "major" poets and Lewis Carroll—in fact, all such obvious items as are the foundation of every library. I shall exclude too all classical or foreign authors, which I have had to read, except for the French, chiefly in translation, and I think, for the purpose of this article, all but a few of those books which now come readily to hand (or view) and happened to "hit" me on first reading with the impact of love at first sight. I must too, for the sake of brevity, omit many others that I treasure for the sake of perhaps only one perfect poem, one short prose passage, or even a few words which have evoked a fellow-feeling in me: in a book of Somerset Maugham's, brief reference to the arroz valenciano at a certain hotel in Tarragona years ago; a paragraph by Niven Busch where he slips back into his youthful poetic idiom. As to poetry, however, it seems desirable to omit all reference except perhaps in one or two cases, for it is a special subject and would involve something like the index to an anthology.

With these exclusions, my list boils down considerably, but though it be confined to books which at one time or another had the described "impact," there are even here clear degrees and intensities, depending much on the size of the volume. I have not yet had the experience of being hit by a motorcycle, Rolls Royce, or steamroller, but there would no doubt be a difference; and where Vanity
Fair might be the Rolls, War and Peace the roller, the cycle’s impact, if in the right place, might be equally acute and compared to that of some short novel or novelette. If my list is over-weighted with the latter, that is a reflection of (but I hope not on) my own character.

Consequently, I would put first some of the very few books that proved to me so emotionally or intellectually exciting that it was impossible to read them at one sitting (just as it was almost impossible for me to sit through Barrymore’s Hamlet), and next those whose impact coming at the end (but foreseen from the beginning), it was impossible to put down until finished. There is another group of books belonging to one class or the other, so bulky that slumber or meals have had in any case to intervene; these may be easily recognized. I shall include also a few, not identified since I shall group all of the categories together, that I have never for emotional reasons been able to finish; but this emotion has always been allied to their perfection of execution. There are also those that I have read and shall be able to read time and again, always with new pleasure and surprise—chiefly the works of Thackeray—and the very few whose mere titles will either recall the entire book or suffice to arouse some past intense emotion, some once insufferable hope or excitement best, in these times, left alone.

My list, whatever it may turn out to be, may therefore seem capricious, perhaps to the extent that it will surprise even me on looking it over, and there will, of course, be many omissions. I regret particularly the exclusion of certain books by Toitstol, Zweig, Mann, France, Gide, and Saint Exupéry which, even in translation, should be included.

I am not giving the names of the authors, except where identification might be difficult, and make but few explanatory comments.

Last Poems, Housman
Paradise Lost
A Song to David, Smart
My Country, Davenport (the most sustained piece of ecstatic poetry since Smart)
Hard Lines, Nash (of my own generation and for its technical proficiency)
The Garden Party, Mansfield (chiefly on account of “Miss Brill”)
Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, Sassoon
The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair
Coriolanus

The Good Soldier, Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford)
The Real Thing, James
Vanity Fair; The Newcomers; The Virginians; Pendennis; The Adventures of Philip (these sum up to Thackeray himself)
David Copperfield
Goodbye, Mr. Chips
Where Angels Fear to Tread; A Room with a View; Howards End; The Longest Journey, Forster
Cruel Fellowship, Cyril Hume
AgeCheek
Joseph Vance
The Pie and the Patty-Pan, Beatrix Potter (the best tale about excruciating social embarrassment that I know)
Death of a Hero, Aldington
Up and Down, E. F. Benson
Dreams and Memories, G. M. Harper
“Flies,” Baroness von Hutten
They Winter Abroad, James Aston
Delay in the Sun, Thorne
Farewell to Youth; No Time Like the Present, Storm Jameson
The Happy Tree, Rosalind Murray
Piano Quintet, E. Sackville-West
Blue Voyage, Aiken
South Wind
The Sun also Rises
Point Counter Point;* Crome Yellow; Antic Hay, Huxley
* (here but for the grace of God go we all)
Vile Bodies, Waugh
The Landslide, Stephen Gilbert (perfect from start to finish and word by word; and almost too good to be true)
Cold Harbour, Young
The Snow Goose, Gallico
Barometer Rising, Hugh MacLennan
The Pulse of Darkness, Edward Noble
Four Frightened People; Three Came Unarmed; Ordinary Familites, E. Arnot Robertson
The Story of Ferdinand, Leaf and Lawson
The Good Companions, Priestley
The Lull, Max Miller
The Last Puritan, Santayana

So it goes, and I might continue for a long time if I put my mind to it: Prescott, Ann Bridge, “Miss Tiverton,” Frank Baker, and particularly that remarkable assemblage of German writers who flourished in the pre-Hitler era. Indeed, why not my entire collection? And I seem to have forgotten Willa Cather’s A Lost Lady and
Death Comes for the Archbishop as well as the more humorous books of Linklater, Michael Innes, Benson, and a few others. Of critical works (for beauty and "impact") I would include only Charles C. Osgood's The Voice of England and Van Wyck Brooks's The Flowering of New England with its Indian Summer—and what fine flowering and Indian summer it was, by the way. But I forget that these do not fall within my restricted category.

Thus, however, grows, or overgrows, a personal library, and once acquired it is not only agreeable but something from which it is as hard to be parted as—I do not speak from experience—a beloved wife who will always supply, when the mind wanders, the proper mot, the right quotation . . . except that the wife today might not be found upon the expected shelf.

Library Notes & Queries
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO PRINCETON

TWO POE LETTERS AT PRINCETON

In the course of writing a review of the recently published Ostrom edition of The Letters of Edgar Allan Poe (Harvard University Press, 1948), I found that the Princeton University Library possesses two Poe letters which Professor Ostrom has not seen. For the sake of the record I should like to present them here. The holograph of the earlier of these letters (addressed to the firm of Carey & Hart of Philadelphia in 1856) is owned by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology, Emeritus, but he has given the Library a photostat of it. I print it here with his permission. Professor Ostrom was able to note this letter in his check list of Poe letters since he had a record of its appearance in the Bangs sale of February 16, 1898 (item 690). The second letter is in the McCormick collection and was deeded to the Princeton Library on January 14, 1948. Professor Ostrom's version of this letter was obtained from a transcript in the Boston Public Library. It is not, as he believed, "a very careful reproduction, line for line, of the holograph." I find about thirty errors in the transcript.

—WILLARD THORP

Richmond
Jan. 21 1885 [1856]

Messrs. Carey & Hart,
Gentlemen,

Could you oblige the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger by sending him on a copy of Rienzi (Bulwer's novel) by mail. We wish to review in the next number of the Magazine, and otherwise will not obtain it in time. If you can oblige us so far as to send
the volume, please envelop it carefully, and mark on it the number of printed sheets it contains.

Very resp'g.
Yr. Ob. St.
Edgar A. Poe


My Dear Friend,

Your letter of the 14th gave me new hope—only to be dashed to the ground. On the day of its receipt, some of the papers announced four removals and appointments. Among the latter I observed the name—Pogue. Upon inquiry among those behind the curtain, I soon found that no such person as—Pogue had any expectation of an app't and that the name was a misprint or rather a mis-

understanding of the reporters, who had heard my own name spoken of at the Custom-House. I waited 8 days without calling upon Mr Smith, as he had twice told me that he would send for me when he wished to swear me in. To-day, however, hearing nothing from him, I called. I asked him if he had any good news for me yet. He replied—"No, I am instructed to make no more removals." At this, being much astonished, I mentioned that I had heard, through a friend, from Mr Rob. Tyler, that he was requested to appoint me. At these words he said, roughly—"From whom did you say?" I replied from Mr Robert Tyler. I wish you could have seen the scoundrel—for scoundrel, my Dear Thomas in your private ear, he is—a "From Robert Tyler!" says he—"hem! I have received orders from President Tyler to make no more app't and shall make none." Immediately afterwards he acknowledged that he had made one app't since these instructions.

Mr Smith has excited the thorough disgust of every Tyler man here. He is a Whig of the worst stamp and will appoint none but Whigs if he can possibly avoid it. People here laugh at the idea of his being a Tyler man. He is notoriously not such.

As for me, he has treated me most shamefully. In my case, there was no need of any political shuffling or lying. I professed my willingness to postpone my claims to those of political claimants; but he told me, upon my first inter-

view after the election, that if I would call on the fourth day he would swear me in. I called & he was not at home. On the next day I called again & saw him, when he told me that he would send a Messenger for me when ready:

—this without even inquiring my place of residence—

showing that he had, from the first, no design of appoint-

ing me. Well, I waited nearly a month, when, finding nearly all the app'ts made, I again called. He did not even ask me to be seated—scarcely spoke—muttered the words "I will send for you Mr Poe"—and that was all.

My next [page 2] and last interview was to-day—as I have just described.

The whole manner of the man, from the first, convinced me that he would not appoint me if he could help it. Hence the uneasiness I expressed to you when here.

Now, my dear Thomas, this insult is not to me, so much as to your friend Mr Robert Tyler, who was so kind as to promise, and who requested, my appointment.

It seems to me that the only way to serve me now, is to lay the matter once again before Mr T. and, if possible, through him, to procure a few lines from the President directing Mr Smith to give me the place. With these cre-

dentials he would scarcely again refuse. But I leave all to your better judgment.

You can have no idea of the low ruffians and boobies—men, too, without a shadow of political influence or caste—who have received office over my head. If Smith had the feelings of a gentleman, he would have perceived that from the very character of my claim—by which I mean my want of claim—he should have made my app't an early one. It was a gratuitous favor intended me by Mr (Smith)

Rob. Tyler—and he has done his best to deprive this favor of all its grace by delay. I could have forgiven all but the innumerable and altogether unnecessary false-
hoods with which he insulted my common-sense day after day.
I would write more, my dear Thomas,—but my heart is too heavy. You have felt the misery of hope deferred & will feel for me.
Believe me ever your true friend.
Edgar A Poe.

Write soon & if possible relieve my suspense. You cannot imagine the trouble I am in, & have been in for the last 2 months—unable to enter into any literary arrangements—or in fact to do anything—being in hourly expectation of getting the place.

Received. Nov. 21.
E A P

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS

The second annual meeting of the National Society of Autograph Collectors will take place at the Firestone Library April 11-12, 1949.

Following the precedent established at the first annual meeting of the Society, held in 1948 at the William L. Clements Library, two exhibitions will be held in connection with the meeting: an exhibition of manuscript material from the Library’s collections and a loan exhibition of manuscripts belonging to members of the Society.

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The fall program continued as in years past with the seminars, conducted by Mr. Adler, on the development of the graphic arts, and the lending, to undergraduates, of over four hundred prints from the Print Club’s loan collection. An exhibition of contemporary printing, work done by the Pynson Printers under the direction of Elmer Adler, served as the illustrative basis for an address, given on October the fourteenth, by P. J. Conkright of the University Press. The Pynson Printers, begun in New York in 1922, ceased operations in 1949 when Mr. Adler came to Princeton as Curator of the Graphic Arts Division of the Library.

An exhibition of photographs by contemporary photographers, obtained from the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, together with an exhibition of undergraduate photographic work, was held in conjunction with an undergraduate photographic contest. On November the seventeenth Eliot Porter, well-known professional photographer, gave a talk illustrated by examples of his own work. The popularity of this program gives encouraging evidence of the growing interest in photography at Princeton. On December the tenth Peter Bellenson, Director of the Peter Pauper Press, gave a talk on his work at the Press and on his association with W. A. Dwiggins. During the month of December original sketches, page layouts, color schemes, and the correspondence of Mr. Dwiggins in connection with Gulliver’s Travels, which was illustrated and designed by him for the Peter Pauper Press, were exhibited. During the same period the second floor was turned over to an exhibition of recent work in serigraphy.

ARTHUR S. BRINKLEY ’47

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

THOMAS MARC PARROTT ’88, Professor of English, Emeritus, served as a member of the English Department of Princeton University from 1896 to 1935 and is responsible for an extensive list of publications, including a number of editions of plays by Shakespeare and the complete dramatic works of Chapman.

MILTON HALSEY THOMAS, Columbia ’30, has been a resident of Princeton for several years; he is Curator of the Columbia Collection at Columbia University and last month was re-elected President of the Historical Society of Princeton.

A. E. GALLATIN, artist, art critic, and collector of paintings and books, long an admirer of Aubrey Beardsley, has been instrumental in fostering the revival of interest in this country in the work of that artist. His Aubrey Beardsley: Catalogue of Drawings and Bibliography was published by the Grolier Club in 1945. Mr. Gallatin’s brief survey of Beardsley’s art serves as an introduction to the current exhibition in the Firestone Library of the Beardsley collection presented by him to the Library in 1948.
New & Notable

For years the Library has sought a copy of the 1696 Amsterdam edition of Mercator’s famous Atlas with the English text by Hexham, and during the early autumn the long desired volumes were finally placed on the shelves, the gift of Stanley Bright ’82, whose interest in Princeton and cartography has brought to the Library many early maps and atlases. Curiously, the edition was brought out with the engraved title-pages of the sixth French edition (1653), the English title and imprint having been pasted over the French. The maps were done by various cartographers, including Hondius, Henneberg, Hardy, Laurenberg, and many others, with Hexham’s English text on the reverse. There are 196 maps colored by hand, including twenty-two which deal with America.

Scholars now know that the Atlas was the main source of geographical knowledge for seventeenth-century English writers, Milton, for example, having used it extensively. This fact accentuates the value of Mr. Bright’s gift, both to authorities in the field of English literature and to cartographers.

The copy, bound in vellum, is a very fine one. Both volumes bear the bookplate of William Charles De Meerun, Earl Fitzwilliam, and the title-page of Volume I carries the inscription: “H W Strafforde, given by my Lord No: 4d 1669.” At the bottom of the same page is the autograph signature “W: Raby” in what appears to be a seventeenth-century hand.

A marked contrast to the Mercator Atlas is a seldom-found little book of great interest purchased on the Gullick Memorial Fund—The Farmer of New-Jersey; or, A Picture of Domestic Life . . . By the Translator of Buonaparte’s Campaign . . ., New York, 1806. The author, writing his own “Advertisement” in the front of the book, and, by signing it, giving away his somewhat transparent title-page anonymity, informs his reader: “In this little tale the reader must not look for haunted forests, or enchanted castles, but the exhibition of such scenes as bring before the heart the images of its own feelings. Its sentiments have been enforced by nature,
and not supplied by meditation." The explanation is signed "John Davis. New-York, Dec. 7, 1800."

In addition to his translation of "Buonaparte's Campaign," Davis wrote several other works with such titles as The First Settlers of Virginia (a novel), The Post-Captain; or, The Wooden Walls Well Manned, Walter Kennedy (an American tale), and The Life of Thomas Chatterton. At the end of The First Settlers of Virginia is "A Memoir of the Author," written by himself, in which he narrates in not too modest fashion his numerous and varied experiences, beginning with his initiation as a "sea-boy upon the high and giddy mast, being little more than eleven years old." Some few years later he caught his first "ray of intellectual light" from one of the ship's recruits picked up at Bombay, "a German (Oberstein) of dissipated fortune, but elegant education." Henceforth, John Davis carried a book with him when he "walked up the main rigging into the top."

Although he would undoubtedly have liked to have been known as a scholar, or at least as a littérateur, Davis never attained the desired reputation, for reasons which are fairly obvious to one who peruses his efforts. The Farmer of New Jersey, in spite of its shortcomings from a literary point of view, is typical of much writing of the period.

It is rare indeed to come upon so interesting an eighteenth-century periodical as The Examiner, the Tory weekly edited for some time by Jonathan Swift. In November the Library secured Numbers 1-46 (August 3, 1710 through June 14, 1714), which includes all the numbers edited by Swift. Editorship in the case of The Examiner meant, as with so many papers of that time, the writing of the entire issue. Swift took the helm with Number 14 and continued through Number 46 when "My style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands."

The broadsheet, of the same size as the famous Tatler, had been launched by Henry St. John (later Viscount Bolingbroke), that staunch Tory supporter of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. Throughout the period of Swift's editorship, The Examiner (i.e., Swift) conducted a veritable duel, in forthright and simple, but pungent, style, with its violent opponent, the Whig Medley, edited by Oldmixon. After the publication of Number 46, the paper continued until October, 1712 under the management of one Mrs. Manley, wife of the Dublin postmaster. Princeton's copy ends with Swift's last number. Its original owner was apparently Ambrose Pinloew whose name appears in a contemporary hand on the first number. There are copious marginal notes, in what appears to be the same hand, scattered through the first half of the series. The Examiner was bought on the English Seminary Fund.

In the early autumn the Library received from A. E. Gallatin his impressive Aubrey Beardsley collection, consisting of sixty-one original drawings by Beardsley; sixty-four autograph letters written by Beardsley, as well as seven manuscripts in his hand; the manuscript of a sketch of the artist's life written by his sister, Mabel; ninety-six volumes with illustrations or cover designs by Beardsley, together with ten volumes written by him; a considerable number of posters and proofs of reproductions of drawings; and a large group of books, letters, clippings, and other miscellaneous material relating to the artist and his work. The collection is on exhibition in the Library, but for those who will not have the opportunity of seeing it, a few of the outstanding items may be mentioned here.

Among the most interesting drawings are seven in pen-and-ink and wash done when Beardsley was seventeen years old for a series of programs for private theatricals; eight pen-and-ink drawings for the lovely edition of Le Morty Darthur, published by Dent in 1893-1894; three of the Bon-Mots grotesques; nine cover designs for volumes of the Keynotes Series; the famous "Black Cape," reproduced in Salome; the cover designs for the second and third volumes of The Yellow Book; and the exquisite "Volpone Adoring His Treasure," one of Beardsley's finest drawings, which was reproduced as the frontispiece for the edition of Volpone published by Leonard Smithers in 1898.

The letters include many to Leonard Smithers, Beardsley's publisher, dated 1896-1898, and several to the artist's sister written from Paris and Menton, 1897-1898, but perhaps the most appealing are those written by Beardsley as a little boy to his mother and sister from his boarding school near Brighton, 1878-1879.

Among the books illustrated by Beardsley the most notable undoubtedly is a vellum-bound copy of The Rape of the Lock, London, 1896, with a letter from Beardsley to Edmund Gosse, to whom the book is dedicated, presenting this copy to him, as well as Gosse's letter of thanks.

This brief sampling of the Gallatin collection gives but a slight
idea of its value and charm. The collection must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The 1926 edition of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is described by Herbert Faulkner West as being "the despair of impecunious collectors." The first issue (Oxford, 1922), consisting of a few copies—literally few, for there were only five bound and perhaps as many unbound—may be considered as actually unobtainable. The 1926 edition, about one hundred copies, each in a special levant binding, comes up at auction once in the proverbial blue moon. Through the great kindness of the Honorable G. Howland Shaw, the Library now has a copy of this elusive edition. The spirit of romance and adventure which will always accompany the name of T. E. Lawrence imbues Mr. Shaw's gift with a certain magnetism which will attract as much interest, perhaps, as a Shakespeare folio, or a Kelmscott Chaucer.

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**Biblia**

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*Volume XX, Number 2  
February 1949*

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Since it has been agreed that the Graphic Arts Program is to remain at 56 University Place until 1956, the Program will continue under the sponsorship of the Committee on Graphic Arts, Alfred C. Howell, Chairman. In addition to the house expenses (rent and maid service), annually $2,500.00, the balance of the debt, $2,166.66, is to be paid off in three years; this means that it will be necessary to raise an annual total of $3,022.22.

The current year started with a balance from last year of $4,728, and contributions so far received total $1,610.00.

**CONTRIBUTIONS**

Friends have contributed $599.27 for various purposes. Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '90 helped the Library secure a copy of Raymond R. Camp's *The Hunter's Encyclopedia*, Harrisburg [1948], and an autograph letter from S. Siggeaves to President Ashbel Green, dated February 3, 1816. Willard Thorp added to the Rensselaer Fund. Louis C. West contributed to the West Fund for purchase of books on numismatics. An anonymous contribution went toward increasing the capital of the Rushton Fund.
GIFTS

Many fine and varied gifts have been received from Friends since the report made in the November issue of the Chronicle. Laurence R. Carton '07 presented a group of volumes, mainly in the field of English literature, and mostly of the eighteenth century. A collection of lithographs of the first sixteen presidents of the United States, as well as one of Henry Clay, by Currier and Ives, Baillie, Kellogg, and others, was received from F. Moran McConihe '26. The library received from John Van Antwerp MacMurray '02 a collection of approximately one thousand volumes, comprising books on the Arthurian legend, to serve as a memorial to the late Professor George M. Harper; books on China, together with official correspondence, memoranda and pamphlets published by the Chinese government; books on Turkey; miscellaneous volumes of literature, history and international affairs; four Chinese document boxes containing pamphlets, reprints, and typewritten and processed material relating to the China-Paris Conference, the Sino-Japanese question, Japanese immigration, and data on the Far East, China, and Japan; two notebooks containing correspondence relating to Chinese treaties, and printed and typed information on China. Frederick J. H. Sutton '08 presented A Noble Fragment, Being a Leaf of the Gutenberg Bible, 1450-1455; With a Bibliographical Essay by A. Edward Newton, New York, Gabriel Wells, 1921, together with a copy on Japanese vellum of Edwin Davis French; A Memorial, edited by Ira H. Brainerd, New York, 1908.

The library received from Willard Thorp a group of editions of writings by Erasmus, most of which were printed in the seventeenth century, together with two early American editions of Byron, and a copy of Sarah Scott's The Man of Real Sensibility, Edinburgh, 1797.

Gifts were received also from the following Friends: Elmer Adler, Alexander W. Armour, John Taylor Arms '09, John C. Cooper '09, Wheaton J. Lane '25, the late John A. Larkin '18, Richard W. Lloyd '28, Kenneth McKenzie, Robert C. McNamara '03, Sterling Morton '06, Kenneth H. Rockey '16, Milton Halsey Thomas, William K. Prentice '18, and Alexander D. Wainwright '29.
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Founded in 1930, the Friends of the Princeton Library is an association of bibliophiles and scholars interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has secured gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts and other materials which could not otherwise be acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to anyone subscribing annually five dollars or more. Checks payable to Princeton University should be mailed to the Secretary.

Members receive The Princeton University Library Chronicle and publications issued by the Friends, have access to the facilities of the Friends' Room in the Plains Library, and are invited to participate in meetings and special events and lectures and exhibitions.

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