THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
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The Dedication of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library

The dedication exercises of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library took place in the University Chapel and at the main entrance of the Library on the afternoon of Saturday, April 30, 1949.

In the Chapel, before an assembly of twenty-two hundred people, addresses were delivered by President Dodds, Luther H. Evans, the Librarian of Congress, Charles Grosvenor Osgood, Holmes Professor of Belles-Lettres, Emeritus, and Sir Oliver Franks, the Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States.

Following the ceremony in the Chapel, a symbolic key was delivered at the main entrance of the Library to Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., the representative of the donors, by Robert B. O'Connor, the architect. Mr. Firestone presented the key to the President of the University, who in turn gave it to Julian P. Boyd, the University Librarian. Mr. Boyd thereupon threw open the doors of the new building.

On the evening preceding the dedication the annual meeting of the Friends of the Princeton Library was held in the Reference Reading Room. The speakers, introduced by Laurence G. Payson, Vice-Chairman of the Friends, were Errett Weir McDiarmid, President of the American Library Association, LeRoy E. Kimball, President of the Bibliographical Society of America, and Willard Thorp, Vice-Chairman of the Friends.

The Editors wish to express appreciation for permission to publish here the addresses delivered at the dedication exercises and at the annual meeting of the Friends.
The New Princeton Library

BY HAROLD W. DODDS

My first word is one of warm welcome and gratitude to you all for your presence here today. That many have desired to help us celebrate a significant milestone in the life of the University brings pleasure to us all. Your interest stimulates and inspires us.

In the preface to the first catalogue of the Princeton Library, issued in 1766, President Davies declared, "A large and well-sorted Collection of Books on the various Branches of Literature, is the most ornamental and useful Furniture of a College, and the most proper and valuable Fund with which it can be endowed."

Inasmuch as this catalogue listed but twelve hundred volumes, President Davies' belief in the importance of books related to future hopes rather than to actual achievement. Indeed, like all good college presidents, he took advantage of the opportunity to make an eloquent plea for donations to increase our embryonic collection.

So slow was the growth of our Library and its place in the curriculum that as late as 1839 the laws of the College required the Librarian to attend the Library but one day a week, at noon, to give books to all who had the right to apply. The laws further prescribed that "no books shall be permitted to be carried more than a mile from the College," the purpose being evidently to protect the Librarian from foot sores and chillblains while engaged in his duty of keeping the collection intact. No such solicitude for the comfort of the Librarian and his staff entered into the planning of our new Firestone Library. Nor, may I add, were the planners influenced by a criticism which was leveled against the Pyne Library, when it was built more than fifty years ago, to the effect that it would be so attractive as a place for reading that it would take the boys away from their studies.

To those who for twenty years have been looking forward to this day, it has seemed a long wait, and you will forgive us if we reminisce and gloat a bit. May I first say, however, that the intervening time was not wasted. The building we are to dedicate this afternoon is a vastly different structure from its predecessors on the drafting boards. It is more adequate and more functional as a workshop-library (or, as Rufus Morey termed it, a laboratory-library) than had we built it from earlier designs.

Since I had no part in the inception of the idea of a laboratory-library, I can say with propriety that the original concept was a daring and courageous assertion of faith in the values of a liberal education. It further implied that our teaching methods and plan of study merited physical facilities which, measured by prevailing standards, seemed to some, at first, as lavish and extravagant. For although universities had come to accept the necessity of investing millions of dollars in scientific laboratories, so many millions for a library seemed excessive when Mark Hopkins had done so well on a log.

The campaign for a new building began in the Faculty. Professor Morey is rightfully regarded as the father of an idea which rendered all our earlier plans obsolete. In a document which he entitled A Laboratory-Library, issued early in 1932, he painted the picture of a campus workshop in which the student, the teacher, and the books would be brought together in one commodious place and thus be thrown into natural daily contact with each other in a common pursuit of knowledge.

The new idea was presented to the outside world in 1934 at a large dinner, arranged by Whitney Darrow, for the Friends of the Princeton Library, that faithful and loyal organization to which we owe so much. Philip Rollins, always an ardent supporter of the Library, who has given us his magnificent collection of Western Americana, was Chairman of the Friends; and he and they received the new plan with hearty approval. The Trustees promptly appointed a special committee to secure funds. Walter E. Hope was unanimously elected Chairman and began operations at once. The nation was still in the throes of economic depression and the financial goal was substantially larger than any previously undertaken for a single project. It seemed a poor time to start, but Mr. Hope refused to be dismayed. High on the list of his many good deeds for the place he loved so well were his untiring efforts for the Library cause, from the first moment of its launching to the day of his death. Our desire for a new building accorded with his firm belief that our first responsibility was to the things of the mind.

In 1939 the outbreak of war in Europe interrupted our momentum; for every thoughtful person knew in his bones that America would become involved in it. Fortunately, we were able by 1943 to resume an active campaign and to begin a thorough restudy of architectural plans. In that year Mrs. Firestone and her five Princeton sons came forward with their great gift which, by reason of its magnitude and timeliness, brought us new vigor which carried us
through to success. In grateful acknowledgment of it, the Trustees named the building the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library. Shortly afterward the Institute for Advanced Study presented us with a check for five hundred thousand dollars, which they generously asked be considered not as a gift, but as a payment for the use of a building in which their faculty and members shared full privileges. By the end of 1944 we were off to the races.

Construction began within a few weeks after the end of hostilities with Japan. Although costs had risen radically above all earlier estimates, the prospects were all in favor of still further rises. As it turned out, the decision to build at once was wise from every standpoint. Had we delayed, the cost would have been even greater. But the controlling factor in the decision was that our grievous need could no longer be denied.

When Mr. Hope was elected Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, Paul Bedford, who had long been actively promoting the cause, succeeded him as Chairman of the Library Committee. He virtually abandoned his law practice in favor of the leadership of a most devoted committee of trustees, faculty, alumni, and friends which covered all parts of the United States. To him also fell the unimpeachable task of securing new funds, over and above publicly announced estimates, to meet rising costs. I am thankful for this opportunity to pay Mr. Bedford well-deserved praise for his indefatigable energy, great diplomacy in harmonizing conflicting views, and uncompromising determination to succeed.

When Mr. Bedford was raised to Trustee Emeritus in June, 1946, David McAlpin became Chairman of the Library Committee of the Trustees. By that time the structure was about half finished and troublesome problems regarding the operation of the new building were beginning to appear on the horizon. His sympathetic interest in scholarship and his zeal for improving our library resources make him indeed a friend in need. He continues as Chairman of the Friends of the Library.

To the regional chairmen and members of our nation-wide organization, who did so much in the early days to get us started and who stood by so faithfully to the end, go the true thanks of the University and of students and faculty yet unborn. The 1940 individuals and classes who supplied the funds will always be held in grateful memory. Each gift represented sacrifice; but each gift also represented moral support of the long-established aims of the University. For this reason, I say it in all sincerity, each gift carried, in addition to financial aid, inspiring spiritual stimulation. I refrain from mentioning names, realizing that the roll of donors is too long to be called today, and knowing full well that no one on that roll would want me to single him out and name him from this lectern. However, I can with propriety refer to the generosity of those classes whose donations from class funds totaled a million and a half dollars. Eight classes, from 1922 to 1929 inclusive, turned over the whole of their memorial insurance funds which they had worked so long to accumulate. The Classes of 1909 and 1910 contributed $201,000 and $168,000 respectively. Other classes assembled substantial amounts and gave them to us. One of the most gratifying aspects of our campaign was the large number of gifts from individuals who had never been students of the University but who were our friends and who believed, and I hope still believe, in us. I cannot refrain from mentioning certain of our colleagues in Faculty and Administration to whom we owe so much. First, we extend thanks to James Gerould, who served as University Librarian from 1920 to 1938, for his professional expertise as a library administrator which brought the college library to university standards and set the stage for greater things. To Professor Morey we shall always be indebted for the sweep of his original concept of a laboratory-library and the effectiveness with which he developed and presented it. With him we link the name of Professor Baldwin Smith. His understanding of our plan of study and the larger service that the Library might render, his scholarly knowledge of architecture, and his energy and enthusiasm combined to make him a natural leader in the long process of translating a general and imaginative conception into a concrete and functional instrument.

We record also our warm appreciation, official and personal, to Dr. Boyd and the devoted staff associated under his leadership. In the midst of numerous administrative and scholarly responsibilities, sufficient to exhaust the full energies of any man in the easy days of peace, not to mention the disturbances of war, our tireless Librarian was able to find time to direct the pioneering march toward an adequate and truly functional building. With him must be mentioned his associates, Mr. Heyl and Mr. Duffield, who likewise spent themselves without stint in those years in which war and postwar difficulties of daily administration constituted a full day's work in themselves. We are happy that the officers and staff of the
Library have survived and are alive today to reap the harvest of their labors.

We extend to the architects, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Kilham, and their staff, sincere acknowledgment of services above and beyond the line of duty. All who took part in the planning are fully aware of their kindly patience, their diligence and perseverance in searching out the right answers to puzzles which at times seemed insoluble. There is another architect to whom the University's debt will never be paid and to whom I extend special personal thanks for wise counsel at critical moments; I refer to our Supervising Architect and Charter Trustee, Mr. Voorhees. He doesn't know himself how many hours he contributed to the solution of our difficulties over a period of twenty years, but there is a lot of him in our new building. Heaven will reward him. I know he expects no other compensation. Finally, we have heartily to thank Mr. Schroedel and the Turner Construction Company, which dug the hole and built the building, for their loyalty and efficiency in the face of adverse building conditions.

It is the ability to attract willing services such as these, for motives exceeding material compensation, that has been the strength of universities throughout the ages. Without it they would not have survived the ravages of time. Princeton is fortunate that for more than two hundred years, a long period in the history of American education, it has enjoyed such unselfish aid.

As you inspect the Firestone Library this afternoon, I hope you will stand in the splendid entrance hall and reflect for a moment upon a few facts. You will be in the center of the building. You will perceive that all is open before you—the reading rooms, the bibliographical tools, the library machinery whose nerve center is the circulation desk. All are close at hand, ready to use. But mere openness is not and never was an end in itself. The distinctive feature of our "open stack" Library is that its five hundred carrels, its thirty or more seminars and graduate study rooms, its lounges and conference rooms, and its reading rooms represent perhaps the highest proportion of space for use of students and scholars ever provided in a library. We have not minimized the importance of space for books, but mere book storage does not constitute a library; it constitutes a warehouse. On the basis of most gratifying results to date, we think that our plan achieves its aim.

Its distinctive emphasis is apparent not only in the unusual proportion of space for teachers and students, but also in its distribution. This is the first library, we believe, to scatter so many reading areas through large and regimented stacks. We have abandoned the traditional reading room of monumental proportions and have dispersed it, in small units as it were, throughout the whole stack area, thus gaining not only color and light to relieve the otherwise unrelieved gloom, but also affording areas for quiet study in intimate association with the resources of the Library. We are discovering that this feature is particularly welcomed by our students.

In conclusion, may I speak a word about our Library as a symbol of our philosophy and our faith. Americans have been lavish in their willingness to set up colleges and universities in numbers unequaled in any other country. But, as a people, we are in sad confusion as to the purposes these institutions should serve. While trusting so in education, we remain skeptical about scholarship. We are too ready to view education as a figure of one dimension, namely, length in years, forgetting that if it is to be worth the time and money of young people it must have breadth and depth as well. Years in college or university do not automatically produce an educated person. They may produce only an accomplished idler, or, what is probably worse, an uneducated specialist, whose limitations beyond his specialty contribute to the disintegration, rather than the integration, of the social order.

One pressure group of educators, in honorable social zeal to bring the good things of life to the millions, tells us that we must devise new techniques of mass education, since the cost of traditional methods is prohibitive and unadapted to any but the bookish mind. In an age so worshipful of mechanics and technology, it is not surprising that some should assume that the methods of mass production of automobiles and refrigerators can be extended, at cheap rates too, to mass education in things of the mind and the spirit. Just three days ago I read an article by a dean of education which declared that we must expand higher education, particularly the junior college, to train for "followerhip," to balance our efforts, which he considered pretty futile, to train for leadership. This training for "followerhip" he referred to as an important application of "human engineering" to education. Now, stripped of pedagogical double talk, just what do these words mean; just what would be taught; who of any sense would want to study it? What is education for "followerhip"? Has the author not confused training, as we would train an intelligent domestic animal, with educa-
tion? Efforts to develop an enlightened citizenry by such methods come dangerously near to black magic. May we awake to their dangers before it is too late.

It is not too surprising that those who put their trust in techniques tend to disparage the importance of cultivating intellectual proficiency and stress the molding of "attitudes." It is undoubtedly cheaper and easier for uninspired teachers to try to indoctrinate and inculcate attitudes than to lead a young person through the tough and fatiguing business of thinking. But this will not develop the competent self-directed individual, the enlightened citizen, whom Jefferson considered as the indispensable instrument of democracy, and whom it is the true function of higher education to supply.

The founders of this University, as we often recall, declared that it was their intention to raise up "ornaments of Church and State." Today in some quarters this is represented to be an undemocratic ideal, appropriate to the stratified society of Colonial times but now outworn. But is it really outworn and undemocratic? Does any theory of democracy correspond to the facts of life which negates the need for division of labor and function among the citizens and refuses to accept realistically the presence of diversity of talent and capacity in young people? Is there not another and better democratic philosophy which escapes the evils of Andrew Jackson's spoils system by providing for the best access and opportunity to an education which benefits the best from whatever economic circumstances they may come?

A recent writer in the London Times Literary Supplement states the issue with much force. Unless the universities are recognized as the places where the best complete their formal education, he says, the way is opened to two other conceptions of what universities are for, either of which will ruin them. The first is that the universities will become merely democracy's "finishing schools" to which all might go who possess a taste for such an experience. The second possibility for the universities (and colleges, we should add here in the United States), equally dangerous, is that they will be reduced to technical training institutes to supply the large number of technicians needed for routine jobs in industry.

The time has come in the United States to distinguish between colleges as superficial finishing schools, pleasant custodial institutions for keeping young people off the streets and occupied in innocent activities until they go to work, and institutions whose curriculum toughens, sharpens, and matures the mind, that frankly aim to seek out and raise up future "ornaments of Church and State."

In building the new Library Princeton sought to express her firm intention to continue to solicit the best students available while striving to assure, by means of scholarships and other forms of financial aid, that qualified young men shall not be barred by reason of economic circumstance. The Firestone Memorial Library stands for the very antithesis of assembly-line education. It reflects the purpose of the Faculty to make our education a matter of individuals. It declares that there is no easy short cut to a genuine liberal education. It recognizes that the unit costs of such an education will always be high in terms of both time and money, but that work and devoted ability invested in it pay the highest possible dividends.

At the dinner of the Friends of the Library fifteen years ago, to which I referred earlier, I had this to say about the handicap under which we were then laboring in the old Library, and what might be expected from a new one: "In common with other people, educators are apt to place undue emphasis upon elaborate equipment, and in mentioning our physical handicaps, I am not expressing a faith in miracles through sticks and stones: a new library will not transform healthy young animals into erudite scholars. But when the physical handicaps to companionship with books are great, we cannot be surprised if young men in their formative years prefer the movies where the seats are more comfortable and the air no more vitiated."

We have to confess that our students still frequent the movies; but they also frequent the new Library in numbers beyond our expectations. It is working, we believe, a minor miracle in furthering the major miracle of education which was sketched at the laying of the cornerstone; the miracle that we take for granted, because the process is quiet and continuous rather than abrupt and instantaneous; the miracle of imagination kindled, prejudice abandoned, dogma re-examined, conviction strengthened, perspective lengthened and clarified. We said then that the new building could present only an opportunity; what students and faculty would do with that opportunity would rest in their hands. That is true today; it will be true tomorrow. But we face tomorrow with a more serene confidence because of our new workshop facilities.
The Goodly Prospect

BY LUTHER H. EVANS

Across the threshold of the new Library there is, for the downcast and the contemplative, an inscription on the floor. "This hall," it reads, "leading to the endless opportunities and challenges residing in books, is the joint gift of seven classes." Both as dedication and as promise these are stirring words and evocative, for they evoke a host of images.

Diego Hernandez, a carpenter with Cortes' company, who, it is said, built the first doors and windows in the New World.

Yesterday's successful experiment of a Virginia scientist in transferring ancient print to strong, new paper.

The startling utterance of Peter Canisius: "Better a college without a church of its own than a college without a library of its own"—yet just as startlingly this Peter became a saint.

The truly learned men who, a present poet insists, "waste by wanting still."

Solomon's exclamation: "It is the glory of God to conceal... but the honour of kings is to search out."

Dr. Conant's "free society in which the hopes and aspirations of a large fraction of the members find enduring satisfaction through outlets once reserved for only a small minority of mankind."

The Egyptian priest's dismissal of the Greeks: "They would for ever remain children, without any antiquity of knowledge, or knowledge of antiquity." And the concurrence of Bacon: "They are prone to talking and incapable of generation."

Pope writing of the point "where only Merit constant pay receives, is bliss'd in what it takes, and what it gives."

The uncovered case which, not quite two centuries ago, could hold all the books that then were Princeton's.

Stuart Chase's comforting belief that "knowledge is available or can be made available on a scale most of us are totally unaware of, to help solve many of the baffling problems of human relations."

Milton writing to Samuel Hartlib: "I shall... strait conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of Orpheus was not more charming. ... First... find out a spatusious house and ground about it fit for an Academy... ."

Joseph Story addressing the Phi Beta Kappa Society in the summer of 1846: "With such a demand for books, with such facilities of intercourse, it is no wonder, that reading should cease to be a mere luxury, and should be classed among the necessaries of life. Authors may now, with a steady confidence, boast, that they possess a hold on the human mind, which grapples closer and mightier than all others... . The universities of Cambridge and Oxford count more than eight thousand students trimming their classical lams, while we have not a single university, whose studies profess to be extensive enough to educate a Heyne, a Bentley, a Porson, or a Parr. There is not, perhaps, a single library in America sufficiently copious to have enabled Gibbon to verify the authorities for his immortal History... ."

The union of the scanner, the teletype, and the camera in an amazing instrument called Ultarfax, capable of bringing to this place from across the earth and its most remote depository the materials of scholarship within a fissile instant.

Yes, there are in books opportunity and challenge. Your seekers will exploit the one and accept the other. Their feet will beat endless meaning into that wavy laid tablet. But it may be well to remind ourselves that what we dedicate is not a new library (for by definition libraries must be forever old and honored and therefore useless) but rather a new and "spacious house fit for an Academy"; with doors and windows admitting to, or looking out upon, a new world; where ancient texts are transposed to a present purpose; where members of a free society fill kingly office; where are stored the quiddities of experience and the essences of knowledge; where there is fusion only for diffusion; where there is struggle and striving and fresh strength; where there is, in other words, a new facility, a new workshop, a new compulsion for the learned and the learning.

Similarly, it would be an egregious error to think of this imposing Gothic pile as solely Princeton's. If that were so, it had been raised merely as a monument to proprietary vanity. Actually, of course, it is a part—a voluntary, affirmative, national part—of the enlightening commonwealth. No single library, however large its building and arrogant its treasury and acquisitive its officers, can ever hereafter perform its duties entirely by itself. The destructive-ness of creative man, the incontinence of the presses, and the heed-
less urgencies of time have shattered self-containment's possibility. Whether they like them or not, these considerations have obliged librarians to work together, and although, it must be confessed, some have submitted with distrustful reluctance or wistful grace, they have somehow managed to compromise their instincts for isolation. The overwhelming majority, however, being creatures of sensibility and earnestness, have displayed the same energies and enthusiasms in joint effort that once characterized their romantic, freebooting adventures. As a consequence, there has been a transition from hoards to dispensaries.

Much has been accomplished, more remains. Wanton duplication has, to some degree been checked, and the national coverage of current foreign literature immeasurably extended, through partnership in a broad acquisitions program, a division of fields, the assumption of specialized responsibility, and a common distribution center. Exchanges with foreign and domestic institutions have been simplified, regularized, and furthered by the establishment of a recognized general agency for that purpose. Standards of practice, providing interchangeability, have been adopted for the great directories which, professionally, are called catalogues. Entries for these catalogues, printed on cards of uniform size, are produced by the Government and sold for a few cents apiece. These represent to the subscribers, annual savings of several millions of dollars. Increasingly research materials are being registered in the great repository at Washington, where information concerning their location is derivable upon inquiry and without charge. The number of differing and obsolete systems of classification is steadily diminished. Barriers to loans have been either removed altogether or lowered to a point where the agile may step over them with only an occasional stumble. Modern laboratories make possible the ready reproduction of documents which, otherwise, would be unique or irreplaceable. Deteriorating files of newspapers and extensive collections of manuscripts are being microfilmed under the auspices of several institutions, thus providing not rescue or security only but, at the same time, the greater accessibility of primary materials basic to sound research. Abroad, jointly sponsored enterprises procure by photography the records of other peoples, their civilizations, and their cultures. At home, warehouses go up across the land, where books not constantly in circulation which yet must be preserved for scholarly requirement are brought from the libraries in the region and stored until a need for them arises.

Together libraries engage (sometimes with financial support from the foundations, more often sustained only by their own investment) in compiling bibliographies, indexes, abstracts, and other apertures to usefulness. By such examples are our libraries overcoming the parochialism which once enthralled them. But it would be both foolish and reckless to claim co-operation comfortable. Assuredly it is not; on the contrary, it imposes on its henchmen burdens always ponderous and not infrequently intolerable. Equally, it would be outrageous to deny that its exactions can be excessive to every immediate responsibility. Indeed, its compensations are often so dispersed as to escape perception and its unthinking beneficiaries are likely to discern it only by its failures.

Moreover, co-operation is, for the co-operator, an expensive business. It is expensive to catalogue a book in accordance with standards more elaborate, more painstaking, more refined than local usage and institutional patronage demand. It is expensive to prepare entries for the National Union Catalog as a convenience to an unseen, non-contributing scholar in a shabby study on some untidy campus. It is expensive forever to search long lists, to correct the errors of incompetent colleagues, to house books which ought never to have been written for the gratification of those who ought never to read them. It is expensive to procure, process, and preserve vast materials which only a handful of pretentious pedants can interpret, and then only in terms of dimly intelligible purpose.

Co-operation is, again, a dangerous undertaking. There are risks in committing precious volumes to the mails; there are hazards in encouraging the handling of books; there is always the chance that an alert contender will outwit or thwart or disadvantage; to the technician departure from perfection invites professional disgrace tantamount to disbarment; there is the destruction of the original which usually accompanies the microfilming of a newspaper; there is the forfeiture of independence.

Yes, there can be no mistake about it, co-operation among our libraries is, for some, surrender, and, for all, a sacrifice. It impels abstinence in favor of another. It is submission to an unchosen, unwanted, unalluring mission. It is implicitly onerous and discouraging and intangible. Because there is no warrant of wisdom in majorities, it can have only the virtues, as it will certainly have the faults and whims and accidents, of the democracy which governs it.
These are objections and they are real. Candor can condemn it as quixotic, forlorn, and futile. But opposing its detractors is the impulse of the chastened. Without co-operation we are exposed, degraded, impotent. Without it, in the past, we have disappointed, dismayed, and dishonored the community of scholarship to which we might belong. Yet frightening as its hindrances may be and difficult its progress and costly its procedures and ruthless their effects, co-operation holds, it seems to me, the only valid answer to our need. Accommodation can be made to discipline, economies can be contrived, adequacy can replace impairment. We must afford it if only because we cannot afford the price of its foregoing. We can make our vast collections a national resource, identify them with our generation, maintain them as the source of our security, “This hall, leading to the endless opportunities and challenges residing in books ....” and, beyond it, the mighty coalition. It will move with Princeton.

The House of Sapience
BY CHARLES Grosvenor OSGOOD

Today is another high day in Princeton’s calendar. From its height we may look back, look about us, and look forward to far horizons, to correct and justify our bearings for the journey ahead.

I beg you, therefore, to indulge me for a moment in the privilege of reminiscence proper to an emeritus. It is now forty-four years since we fifty preceptors arrived, from many various academic quarters, on this classic hilltop. Whatever our provenience, we all fell under the charm and spell of the place. Many of us took special satisfaction in the new Pyne Library—now, in less than half a century, old, dark, and deserted. It was then only a little more than half filled with books. The South Stack was quite empty, and we were told that the building would meet Princeton’s bibliothecal needs for the next hundred years. Alas, “the prophet hath spoken presumptuously.” For in twenty-five years or less those needs again were pressing; so now for at least two decades Princeton has been busy, studying her own requirements, and the mistakes and successes of great libraries elsewhere, considering site after site, designing and redesigning, searching for the means, contending with the discouragements of war, wages, and scarcity, patiently elaborating infinite details, with the glorious result at last in which we this day rejoice.

I for one take a happy satisfaction ranging among the new stacks and coming upon the old familiar volumes, friends and helpers for so many years. Now, properly and comfortably housed in safer, more convenient and cheerful surroundings, they have lost their dingy old melancholy, and seem almost to smile down in a mutual gratulation.

For books are human, even the dullest of them. Long ago they came alive. “As good almost kill a man as kill a good book,” said Milton. That prince of collectors, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, broadcast the outcry of books against abuses; and Boccaccio heard them plead with him to release them from neglect and oblivion in the dusty loft at Monte Cassino. And there is Swift’s perennial drollery in his Battle of the Books.

Indeed, a book may have a personality of its own as distinct from that of its author as a child’s from that of his father. It may be an
old book, or a book of association, a book over which generations of devoted readers have bent, a book of beautiful design, a Bruce Rogers or a Conkright, a book which withal "locks in the golden story"; a book, in short, which rouses in the heart of the collector or possessor or his envious friend a kind of romantic adoration, such as a man spends upon the adorable mistress of his heart. Is there not, in fact, something of feminine allurement about an engaging book? Or else how comes it that most book collectors are men? Moreover, ancient writers report that women have on occasion been so jealous of their husband's books as to commit mayhem on both books and husband.

But few women are bibliophiles or biblioclasts. And few books are for collectors. There are, besides, the countless volumes that compose a great university library, most of them useful books, informative, not unprepossessing, entertaining, even inspiring and worshipful. And there is also that numerous staff of indispensable drudges, maids of all work—books of reference, indexes, dictionaries and encyclopedias, bibliographies, concordances. These are books bred of books, and in turn breeders of other books. For no species is more prolific than the species Liber. "Of making many books there is no end." It was a tired old man, long ago, who said that. Perhaps he had had his difficulties "keeping up" with his subject. And what scholar or librarian nowadays can fail to understand his case?

It is related that, some years ago, before we had outgrown the old Library, a worthy citizen of Princeton was conducted through the stacks. He came out a little bewildered, and could only murmur: "Well, you'd think they would have had all the books they could read a good while ago." Let us be as honest as he, and confess our sympathy with this fair and forthright man.

So many books! And more books, and more, and more. And what will be the end of what Dr. Johnson called "this superfection, this teeming of the press?" Of course books, like the rest of us, die off, but the birth rate exceeds the death rate so far that with overpopulation books are being squeezed into such straitened and undignified quarters as the microfilm. How near is the point of saturation? And how can the poor student or scholar, let alone the free and happy reader—if such still survives—how will anyone keep his bearings amid this overwhelming multiplicity?

The best teacher I ever had used to say: "If we weren't so stupid, we should not need books." A most ingenious paradox. Somehow it never quite convinced me.

And yet, what books had Homer? How fared Socrates or Isaiah without the Firestone Library or its like? Pretty well, it must be said. No doubt these great ancients read what they could find—or listened, which is even better, for all books are in fine descendants of the human voice. So too Vergil, and Dante, and Shakespeare. Their bibliographical range by modern standards was narrow indeed. Would their spiritual power and value to us have been greater, or as great, if they had had at hand anything approaching the enormous scope of our libraries? A question to be asked. Not a mere academic question either. A question which cries out for answer. Essentially perhaps the most insistent and critical question of this present moment in the history of the world.

Chaucer thought his Oxford student was well provided bibliographically with his Twenty books, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie.

What would he say if he were to view the vast reaches, the labyrinthine stacks, the ramified classifications—not to say the cheerful comfort and convenience—of the Firestone Library? Something pungent no doubt. Something to which all the achievement of the last five centuries culminating in such a library could not easily find adequate retort.

Yet we are better informed than Chaucer, or any other of the old worthies. But are we wiser? Are we really more learned? Do we command that proportion of knowledge to the art of living which maintained for them an equilibrium of mind and performance not ours? We know more, yes. That is, the sum of knowledge stored in this big library far exceeds theirs, though the single mind can hold no more than ever it did. And for all our vast accumulation of knowledge, the mystery of life grows ever deeper and more baffling. Opinion is more wavering and diverse, the chaos of our education more hopeless and unmanageable.

In his day Lord Bacon took all knowledge for his province. To us this sounds arrogant. Not so then, for it measured the natural ambition of any learned man. Less than three hundred years ago men still conceived of learning as one and comprehensible by the single mind, not an infinite and multifarious universe of specialties. Even John Milton still clung to this encyclopedic conception...
of learning, while the weltering tide of books rose higher and higher around him, stretching away to a horizon beyond even his capacious ken. In his despair he framed of it the paramount temptation in the wilderness, wherein Christ finally triumphs over Satan, saying:  

... many books  
Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)  
Uncertain and unsetled still remains,  
Deep verset in books and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge;  
As children gathering pibbles on the shore.

About one hundred years later Samuel Johnson observed: "The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present." Something, however, of the old encyclopedic conception of learning still seems to linger about the mighty intellect of Johnson when he talks of "community of mind," and "the general diffusion of knowledge."

Thus, almost inside of a century, the great wheel of human knowledge, ever widening and widening by the expansive and explosive power of scientific inquiry, broke up into fragments of special knowledge of special subjects, and these fragments have disintegrated into ever more and more minute specialties. Meanwhile man's brain has grown no larger, no more prehensile. Its capacity is equal only to a fragment of the universal knowledge, and the more minutely we specialize, by the fate that compels us all, the more minute the fragment we severally comprehend.

Thus the mind of man has gone off balance with the total sum of human knowledge. The living brain, overburdened with the mounting increase of that precious sum, has shifted the burden to books, and the great library is the huge mansion of these deputies. Its ordered classification is but the faint, vast shadow of the living order and incarnate synthesis that entered into the greatness of Aristotle or St. Paul; but which we have outlived.

It is a rare day when someone does not rise up to defend academic freedom. We scholars bravely proclaim that nothing shall deter us from our search for the Truth. But specialists as we all need must be today, it is not the Truth we shall find, but only a small bit of it; and even that fragment may on the morrow dissolve in a larger discovery. How then, and when, can these infinite fragments be fitted into a whole? How can these myriad bits of fact resolve themselves into the total design, translucent with the white radiance of eternity?

So, by the huge excess of total human knowledge over the single brain's capacity, by the proliferation of the press, by more and more minute specialization, we find ourselves in a New Age, an age of libraries greater than the world has yet seen. I know—there are tall tales of the Alexandrian Library, of brickly heaps in old Babylon. But what could they have been without our press, our specialization, our scientific inquiry?

Unequal to the comprehension of all knowledge, of discerning the whole Truth, we have imputed that knowledge to millions of icons which we call books and have enshrined them in the niches of a vast and beautiful temple, and set over it a hierarchy and a high priest. And to this high priest, in this happy hour of dedication, to Dr. Boyd, the leader and ruling spirit of this noble achievement, we of Princeton, together with all who will ever worship in this Temple of Books, offer our grateful and appreciative homage.

We have seen that man is sometimes capable of a romantic, nay, amorous, regard for books, arousing even the violent jealousy of women. He is also capable of a book-religion, of bibliolatry, and to a bibilolater careless neglect of a book is mortal sin, and violence thereupon plain sacrilege and murder. John Milton, no less, found himself in danger of such idolatry; every scholar, every collector is prone to the worship of a book above all treasure. Well, there are lower, grosser paganisms, with millions of devotees. After all, the book is the image, the icon, of the spirit of man at its highest reach and attainment. At least, then, let us revere not the icon, but that which has given it life and beauty and voice, the total human soul which animates it.

This is plain "humanism." And such humanism is characteristic of a late age, a ripe, perhaps overripe age, an age of huge libraries, an age which in its embarrassed sophistication, its accumulated knowledge, knows not what to worship, yet worship it must, like every other age.

Lord Bacon and his great predecessors ruled their little province by an inherited synthesis; a "community of mind." With the expance of knowledge out of proportion to man's little brain, the formulas of their synthesis have been warped and broken beyond much use to us, and we grope our uncertain way in the multitude
of books, or settle down in some safe little specialized carrel, and
try to forget the rest.

All this has done grave damage to our education. A recent re-
view of Sir Walter Moberly's book, *The Crisis in the University*,
asserts that the universities "do not encourage students to face the
spiritual breakdown, or dons to find ways out of it. They teach
subjects with an air of careful neutrality; they produce scientists
ignorant of the arts, and humanists ignorant of the sciences; they
introduce students to the various isolated sections of knowledge,
but not to the world as it is ... If western civilization is ... to de-
fine clearly a faith by which it can live, 'a heavy responsibility rests
on the universities as the chief organs of the community for siting
and transmitting ideas.' " Which, we must all admit, describes our
American education as faithfully as it does the British.

Is there no hope, then, of recapturing that security of mind, that
self-possession of spirit, which rose above the multiplicity of know-
ledge and life, wrought it into a design, and imparted a radiance to
the art of our fathers, an authority to their learning no longer at
our command?

But we have what they had not. We have this beautiful new in-
strument, this consummation of long and manifold effort, of gen-
erosity and devoted sacrifice by a host of Princeton's sons and
friends. Let us luxuriate in its size, its beauty, its convenience, its
cheerfulness, its comfort. We can afford to do that—for this day at
least. But we cannot content ourselves with mere sterile complai-
sance. We shall deserve this great benefaction only by the use to
which we put it.

What, then, is that proper use? More research? More "scholar-
ship"? More specialization? More reading and writing? More un-
earthing of tiny bright bits of truth? Yes. But something more—
something which will validate our reading, our thinking, our writ-
ing, and our teaching.

Every collector of books will sooner or later tell you his story of
a rare find. I have mine too, but I will not afflict you with it now,
for I know a better one—the best, in fact, I ever heard. You will
find it in the Second Book of Kings, where we read that good King
Josiah, after the shameful defilement and desecration of the Tem-
ple by his father and grandfather, set about repairing the great
sanctuary. One of the priests, perhaps with a collector's instinct,
rummaging in some out-of-the-way corner, turned up a dusty copy
of a strange old book.

And Hilkiah the high priest said unto Shaphan the scribe, I have
found the book in the house in the Lord. And Hilkiah gave
the book to Shaphan, and he read it ... And Shaphan the scribe shewed the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath delivered me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king.

And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the book of
the law, that he rent his clothes ... And the king went up into the house of the Lord, and all the men of
Judah and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem with him, and the priests,
and the prophets, and all the people, both small and great: and he read
in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant which was found
in the house of the Lord.

And the king stood by a pillar, and made a covenant before the Lord,
to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments and his testi-
monies and his statutes with all their heart and all their soul, to per-
form the words of this covenant that were written in this book. And all
the people stood to the covenant. ... And the king commanded all the people, saying, Keep the passover
unto the Lord your God, as it is written in the book of this covenant.

Surely there was not holden such a passover from the days of the
judges that judged Israel, nor in all the days of the kings of Israel, nor
of the kings of Judah. ... Moreover the workers with familiar spirits, and the wizards, and the
images, and the idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the
land of Judah and in Jerusalem, did Josiah put away, that he might per-
form the words of the law which were written in the book that
Hilkiah the priest found in the house of the Lord.

And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the
Loro with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might,
according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any
like him.

It is the story of an old book new-found, of a man, and a nation—
a book which, by incarnation in an intelligent man, restored sanity
and "community of mind" to a whole people.

We have our own confusion of wizards and workers with familiar
spirits, of images and idols, of abominations, fashions in philoso-
phy, or "attitudes" as quite accurately we love to call them, and
specialties and theories of society and education.

There stands our great Library with everything classified and in
order. Have we the corresponding order of mind which can rightly
appraise the little bit of truth we severally discover as a fragment
of the whole Truth—the Truth that alone can make us free? Our
scholarship—erudite, sophisticated, Alexandrian, ripe and over-

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ripe—how is it to escape the fate of overripeness in other times? How, unless it lay hold upon a new ordering of the human spirit, a new community of mind, a new community of heart, a new community of faith, perhaps a new discovery of a forgotten Old Book.

I recall that over the years at least three different sites for the Library were weighed and rejected. By the accident, if accident it were, of the burning of that architectural delirium, the old School of Science, the present site became inevitable. I say, if accident it were, because accidents sometimes have an uncanny way of seeming in the end mysteriously preordained, of taking on a strange, uncannily symbolism.

Is it an accident that in this holy place of all places we have gathered to perform this rite of dedication of a new library? The heartbeat of a university, its systole and diastole, is the two-fold function of study and teaching. Is it an accident that as matters have come about, this House of God, dedicated to the Truth that shall make us free indeed, rises between the House of Teaching on the one hand, and this glorious House of Study on the other? However it happened, we may read in it an omen that even now, after long confusion and bewilderment and aberration, we may again get our bearings, and, however far off, turn our steps in the direction of a new common faith, a new discovery and reading of the Old, the Eternal Truth, which will resolve the multitudinous anarchy of our learning, animate our study and teaching with a new power, and restore an ordered and stable equilibrium of spirit for our people.

A Great Act of Faith

BY SIR OLIVER FRANKS

I feel it a privilege to participate today in these exercises on the occasion of the dedication of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library. It is inspiring to know that this great university, famous for its strong tradition of education in the liberal arts, has a treasury of books fully adequate to its present and prospective needs, and so conceived that students and faculty alike, as they use this library, will feel that they have come to a welcoming home, a home where they are invited to make themselves at home, to find companions and make friends with the great minds of the past, to converse with them and learn to think their thoughts, so that their minds are opened to all this wisdom this home contains. It is inspiring, too, to reflect on the health and balance of a people who see in a great library the fitting memorial of a great pioneer in industry. I have had the pleasure of visiting Akron and meeting Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. and other leaders of the rubber manufacturing industry there. I have gone through their vast industrial plants and their laboratories. I have seen enough to know that Harvey S. Firestone was a far-seeing experimentalist, a pioneer in industrial development, a most talented and successful executive, and one of the makers of modern America. That the name and memory of such a man should be perpetuated in this library is in keeping with our Western traditions which combine the restless and enterprising conquest of man over nature with the belief that the fruits of that conquest and the power that they yield should be used to the advancement of human society and the enrichment of human relations in their spiritual and material aspects alike.

There are those who see in education a process of adjustment to the environment. They look at the rough world with all its difficulties, tensions, misunderstandings, and disputes. They look within at the human mind with all its doubts and fears and uncertainties. They feel that the aim of education must be to adjust the minds of men so that in their relations, industrial, professional, social and moral, national and international, the causes of these failings may be removed. Books are written and courses are given to further this aim. They are described in metaphors from the realm of science. Education becomes an experiment in social engineering, a university a sociological plant, and a library a laboratory.
for the acquisition of skills and techniques helpful in the cause of adjustment. History, political science, sociology, psychology are called on for help. I do not wish to decry these endeavors but only to deny their right to claim that in them the high purpose of education can be effected. Their aim is adjustment. Adjustment to what? The answer must be, I suppose, to the going concern of human society. If the individual fits smoothly in, if in his dealings with his fellow men he is not conscious of doubt or fear or uncertainty, if he creates easy relationships devoid of difficulties and disputes, then he is adjusted to his environment. The inference is that he will be happy. The secret of happiness, it is contended, must lie in this adjustment and it must be the business of education to secure it.

The pursuit of happiness is something to which every man is entitled. But how do we conceive of happiness? Surely not just in negative terms: the absence of difficulties and disputes, the evacuation of doubts and fears. Adjustment to the environment expressed in these negations could have as its ideal only a state of mind, a state in which these troubles were absent, in which no frictions arose. The ideal of happiness would be a state of frictionless ease. There have been civilizations which sought happiness and salvation in a state of mind, a state characterized by absence of any disturbance, a state of mind so still that being and life became almost indistinguishable from inaction and death. But this is not the Western tradition. It is not what we have inherited from Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome. It is not the faith in which the nations of the Western tradition have lived and acted and through which, in the last three or four centuries, they have so profoundly altered the whole history of the world. No notions of frictionless ease inspired Columbus. This was not what Descartes saw in his vision that winter night in Germany which set him for the rest of his life to work out the first great philosophical statement of the modern world. This is not what has inspired our science, our literature, our life, or our religion. Our tradition and our accomplishment do not rest on negations; they are not inspired by a vision of an existent and colorless neutrality in which the activities of thought, feeling, and will are all numbered.

In my university we were brought up on Aristotle. I have never forgotten some reflections of his in the course of his ethical writings. He was discussing happiness. He asked whether we should think of it as a state of mind or as an activity; and he gives his
cise of the faculties which he has learnt he will have found
enduring companions in life and some assurance of happiness in it.
He will be a full man, an adult member of his society.

If something of this kind is the main, though not the sole, pur-
pose of a university education, how priceless is the possession of
a great library. In it generation by generation is imprinted as
each year students recapture the past to prepare presently for
the future. It opens the gates of knowledge and the stores of wisdom.
And if, as here, the student may roam, following his taste and ex-
ploring as he goes, what kingdoms of the mind will he not enter,
what great men will he not meet, what new visions of the powers
of the human spirit will he not discover. In the library he is the
inheritor of all the ages; their treasure is poured out before him.
Above all, he will make friends, whether with men of science, his-
torians, poets, or philosophers, friends who will go through life
with him, at each rereading revealing yet further the infinite in-
sight of genius.

The building whose dedication we celebrate today is not just a
great workshop or essential tool of education. It is a perpetual
fountain ever running fresh for all. All can partake of it according
to their thirst. If they drink deep, they will be better men and
better citizens. They will go out into a world where material pos-
sessions, wealth, and power play a great part. They will not despise
or underestimate these things. They will value them and estimate
them rightly, and see in them not the ultimate ends of life nor the
final guarantees of happiness, but the inestimable means of the good
life which progressively and increasingly make it more open for
all to have an opportunity to share. The endowment and building
of this library constitute a great act of faith in the enduring value
of a liberal education. It will surely not be frustrated. In it “vital
lampada tradunt”: the lamps of life are passed on to each gen-
eration as it makes ready to run its course. May they burn brightly
to the illumination of many men, members of this great university.

Friends and Libraries

BY ERRETT WEIR MCDIARMID

I t is a very great pleasure to represent the American Library
Association at the ceremonies dedicating the Harvey S. Fire-
stone Memorial Library at Princeton University. It is a special
pleasure also to meet with the Friends of the Princeton University
Library and to bring you the official greetings of the officers and
staff of the American Library Association. One of the long-time
interests of the A.L.A. has been the development of groups of
Friends of libraries, such as this one, and it is a rare privilege to
meet with a group as distinguished as this Princeton group, to
commend you for your interest in and support of libraries, and to
wish you for you the greatest possible success in your further activi-
ties.

The partnership of Friends and libraries is a most significant
one. There are some differences, but there are more similarities,
and in many respects librarians and Friends complement each
other. I should like to speak very briefly of a few of the points of
difference, as well as points of similarity. First, a few of the simi-
larities.

One of the greatest contributions that Friends of libraries have
made has been in the collection and preservation of literature
which might otherwise have been lost. Not all Friends are col-
lectors, devoting a large portion of their time and wealth to acquir-
ing significant collections of books, but most Friends of libraries
are book lovers and, in addition to acquiring and preserving im-
portant works of scholarship, they encourage and support others
who engage in collecting activities.

It would be very easy to make for you long lists of types of ma-
terial which might have been lost or destroyed had it not been for
the devoted and enthusiastic collector; and the collection of today
which we may regard as queer or curious or insignificant becomes
in the next century, or even in the next generation, an outstanding
contribution to the preservation of scholarship.

Libraries too have played an important part in preserving the
literature of scholarship in order that it may be available to people
for generations to come. And great libraries, such as the Princeton
University Library, have, in the care with which they have pre-
served society's records, made a contribution to society which so-
ciety will find difficult to repay.
The collector and Friend has made a distinguished contribution to scholarship by the discrimination he employs in collecting books and by the criteria he has used in making his selections. Only the wealthiest collectors have been able to acquire books because of real rarity or value. Most collectors pick some particular interest and build their collections around that interest or subject. I think we often fail to realize that simply by bringing together the books on a given subject or topic or region or country the collector has performed an important function for society. His discriminating choice, his selection of material, all contribute to the preservation and advancement of knowledge.

Libraries too, of course, perform this function, but perhaps in a more general and a more all-inclusive sense. For a great library, such as Princeton's, has value not just because of sheer numbers, or because of the rarity of some of the things that it has, but because it has brought together under one roof, or on one campus, important materials on various subjects which will be of significance and value to the scholar. Where, except in a great library, could a scholar find material on Oriental history and philosophy, archaeology of the Far East, language and literature, and religion, just to name a few examples? The mere assembling of materials from widely different fields and making those materials available to an individual scholar are in themselves significant contributions to society.

Let me say parenthetically that I think libraries have often not paid adequate attention to the selection which a devoted collector has exercised in building up his collection. It is true that the bibliophile's collection will not always fit as it exists into library classification and organization, but frequently something valuable is lost when collections are scattered to the four corners of the library building. I think more and more librarians are coming to think of bibliographical intangibility of a collection as opposed to physical intangibility, and if a collection can be maintained as a bibliographical unit, even if some of its items are housed separately, the great value of the selection exercised by the devoted amateur will have been preserved.

If Friends and libraries are to constitute a true partnership, Friends have a real obligation to understand and appreciate the library's problems. Libraries cannot go on forever duplicating again and again materials already in their collections. Libraries must sometimes reduce to microfilm materials which otherwise would occupy excessive amounts of space. And no library today can hope to acquire everything on every subject. It must, therefore, exercise careful selection in its acquisitions policies. So it is inevitable that some library decisions and solutions will run counter to a generous offer or proposal from a Friend. These can be reconciled with good faith and understanding on the part of all concerned, but they require sympathetic appreciation by both parties. Friends can contribute most by understanding fully the library's fundamental objectives and the problems it faces in carrying out those objectives. And the true Friend of libraries is one who identifies himself with the library's purposes and lends his wholehearted support to the statesmanly solution of the library's problems in terms of the library's responsibility to community, state, and nation.

The partnership of Friends and librarians has resulted in another service fundamental to our democratic society. Librarians are, of course, devoted to the organization and use of materials, for no library, however complete and exhaustive, is of any value unless it is utilized by students, scholars, faculty. Where Friends and librarians have teamed up to best advantage has been in making important collections accessible, for, while the bibliophile's library can be consulted, the great research library brings the material together, organizes it so that it may be used, and gives to students and faculty and scholars instruction in the proper use of the material. This is one of the most important functions a library can provide. It is no longer possible to transmit all knowledge verbally from generation to the next. The human mind simply is not capable of absorbing all of the recorded scholarship of even the most limited field. The great research library can, however, bring together all that is significant and important in any given field. It can preserve in "cold storage," so to speak, the great ideas—the great discoveries—all, indeed, that is significant and important for the human race. There is no other way for us to preserve and transmit human scholarship. Our knowledge is too extensive and too varied to be preserved solely in the minds of men.

But the only way in which we can transmit and utilize knowledge is through the minds of men, and the ultimate end of library service is what occurs in the minds of those who use its materials. Important as preservation may be, libraries become mausoleums unless, through their services, capable, alert, and educated persons are brought in touch with library resources.

This idea is so important that I should like to elaborate upon it.
briefly. We live in a democratic society today where two conditions are essential for the preservation of our American democracy. First, we must have capable, intelligent, and superior leaders who make use of the best knowledge and information at all times in proposing solutions to the very serious current problems that confront us. But the second and equally important condition is an informed and intelligent citizenry able to evaluate the proposals of leaders in all fields of endeavor; for our society is based on the freedom of the people to make wise and intelligent decisions.

As emphasized in the writings of Thomas Jefferson, the definitive edition of whose papers is being prepared here at Princeton University under Dr. Boyd, Americans live in a country "wherein the will of everyone has a just influence." If our decisions are to be based upon judgment, intelligence, and facts, rather than upon emotions and emotional appeal, our people must have information from which to arrive at their decisions and exercise their rights as citizens responsibly. I think we overlook this important function of the library, sometimes emphasizing the circulation of various types of more or less popular books. Actually, the library, public, college, or school, is the only institution in our society today specifically designed to give people the access to information, to give them varying and different viewpoints, to give them the basic knowledge and facts from which they can turn and must make intelligent decisions. So I think libraries must devote wholehearted and sincere efforts to teaching people how to find information; how to inform themselves on questions that puzzle them; how in the maze of print available today to locate materials that will be of specific help and assistance to them.

That Friends of libraries have recognized this objective, have given their collections to libraries, have stood behind libraries in their requests for funds, and even contributed actual gifts of cash to the development of library service, is, I think, a tribute to all discrimination and judgment of true Friends of libraries, for they, perhaps more than any other group in our society today, recognize the obligations of leadership and being well informed and have taken their stand to see that American society has the materials from which it can reach wise decisions.

Friends and libraries are united in support of one of America's most precious heritages—intellectual freedom; and libraries themselves are a tribute to the belief in intellectual freedom for all Americans. No one, of course, can control the inner recesses of a man's mind and what goes on there, but many media of communication are subject to various influences of one sort or another which limit their complete freedom in presenting full, factual, and unbiased information. But on the shelves of any good library one may find completely free and uncensored material available on all aspects of almost all questions, and librarians, I believe, have stood steadfast for this noble ideal of American society. I personally think they tend to be a little conservative in some of the materials they acquire; not because they do not believe in intellectual freedom, but because it is easier to avoid instances that might be criticized by some pressure group than to lay themselves open to such criticism. I think this is a dangerous state of mind, however, and Friends of libraries can be a vast bulwark in supporting our conception of intellectual freedom and in encouraging librarians to exercise that conception, for certainly there was never a time in the history of the world when the flag of freedom should be flown higher.

But is this not a logical outcome of the partnership between Friends and libraries? The Friend of libraries, either by virtue of having become a collector of books, or having become an observer of the educational process in America as it goes on in libraries, has come to know the true value and need of books, and by the very act of becoming a Friend has testified to his or her belief in the ideal that the best America is the freest America. I believe that this friendship needs to be commended, preserved, and strengthened, for in it lies one of our best assurances for the future of America.

There are two points of difference between Friends and libraries that I want to mention briefly. First, organizations of Friends not only are not highly institutionalized, and hence are relatively free from the heavy hand of tradition, but they are composed in the main of persons whose major occupation or business is different from that of librarians. Herein, I think, lies one of the great potentialities for real service on the part of Friends.

Friends, as "amateurs" in library service, can encourage libraries to strike out in new paths to make themselves more significant and more useful to society today. One of the best illustrations to my mind of the sort of thing that Friends can do is the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library. Libraries ordinarily are formidable and hard to use. Books, by virtue of inadequate housing, are inaccessible, or perhaps, to put it mildly, are not really easy to consult or use. But here, in this magnificent new building, books are so
organized and arranged that the student or scholar may easily use them — indeed, the Library can truly become the heart of the University.

The Friends of the Princeton University Library are to be congratulated for the share which they have had in this daring and significant educational enterprise. But isn't this just the type of contribution which Friends can and should make? Convinced of the importance of library material and uninhibited by allegiance to any set pattern, Friends, such as Princeton's, can and will stimulate libraries to new methods, new types of housing, and new efforts to make the library a place where our future leaders and citizens will become acquainted with the mass of information available in library material and where, with the help of librarians, they will learn how to make wise use of that material.

By virtue of not — in the main — being librarians themselves, Friends can make a further contribution to the goals of librarianship. They can be library boosters and supporters without any implication of special pleading for their own profession. I believe it is true of the Princeton Friends, as it is true of many other Friends groups I have known, that they represent a pretty good cross section of the leaders of the community or region. When they speak for libraries and librarianship, they are speaking not for their own selfish welfare but for the welfare of society.

Because of this characteristic of Friends of libraries, they have a peculiar opportunity to aid librarians in supplementing meager library resources. Friends not only have resources of their own which they may devote in part to these common objectives, but, in addition, as community leaders, as prominent businessmen, or outstanding professional persons, they have access to persons of wealth who can and should aid libraries in enriching their resources and in extending their services.

I am told that, although this new Princeton Library bears the name of one man, it is in the finest sense of the term a co-operative effort on the part of many devoted and interested people. No words of praise can be too fulsome for these sincere persons, who, by their gifts, have made such an important contribution to society.

But isn't this after all the ultimate fulfillment of the partnership between Friends and libraries? Librarians contribute their time, energy, and enthusiasm, often at meager rates of compensation compared to what they might earn in other walks of life. Friends contribute their support for the library's goals and ideals, both in intangible backing and in books and dollars. But together they are working for the same objectives — freedom of access to all available material on all subjects and freedom to preserve and use this material for the eventual improvement of society.

Libraries need Friends, more now perhaps than at any other stage of history. For the forces antagonistic to all that libraries stand for are ever present and ever active. Not the least among these are apathy and neglect, and all people of good will must see that our libraries grow and improve and reach more and more into the minds of men. For what happens there may well determine the success, perhaps even the survival, of our way of life. I believe that the partnership of Friends and libraries can and will have a significant role in the creation of a better America and a world at peace.
A Word of Greeting

BY LEROY E. KIMBALL.

It is a pleasure to bring the greetings and congratulations of the Bibliographical Society of America on this significant occasion. The dedication of a great new university library may be said to be almost the highest point of interest in the history of an institution. In America it happens once in a lifetime—if then; in England, in the two old universities, such an event has come to each but once in several centuries.

New American libraries might possibly appear more often in the future—though not of this size and magnificence—if there could be some assurance from the Federal authorities, and our planning economists, that income will be allowed to carry a bit longer in personal bank accounts. Which statement affords the opportunity of repeating Wall Street's latest definition of an economist: "One who thinks he knows more about money than those who have it."

The educational world is, of course, library-minded, realizing as it does that the entire program revolves around the library. In the field of higher education, there are over six hundred four-year liberal arts colleges on the lists of the regional accrediting agencies, and a large percentage of these are planning library arrangement, if not construction. This majestic Princeton Library will set the pattern for libraries to come.

We stand in awe of great libraries—their size, their atmosphere, their contents, quite overwhelm us. We enter great libraries in a spirit akin to reverence, with quickened hearts, as we do great cathedrals. We are attracted to them when we visit universities.

Last July at the Congress of British Universities at Oxford, for the representatives from the Commonwealth and other guests, the new Bodley building was the magnet which drew their interest. They enthused also over the rearranged old Bodley which is used for reading, and can now be seen to advantage with so many things removed. A former librarian of the Bodleian, Sir Herbert Craster, has remarked: "One does not have to be particularly old to remember a great librarian administering Bodley from his high-backed chair in the center of the Arts End, while readers ducked and dived around him for volumes of the catalogue." There is, of course, nothing of this sort in the "Annexe," as some familiarly call the new building.

Oxford's new structure is their first building in three hundred years exclusively for University library purposes. As many of you know, it is located on the opposite side of Broad Street from the Sheldonian Theatre and the old Clarendon Building, with a long subway under Broad Street to the old Bodley building, which is behind the old Clarendon Building. This subway arrangement is, of course, quite necessary and most useful.

The new Bodley building is finished outside in light brick with stone trim; it is plain, low, streamlined, rather expansive, admirably utilitarian, and entirely different in architecture from its ancient surroundings. It houses the books, the manuscripts, and the offices of the staff, and has one reading room. The architect, Sir Giles Scott, says book accommodation is "adequate for two hundred years unless book production greatly increases." He ventures: "Perhaps librarians as we know them will by then have ceased to exist, and there will be a central television station with wireless visions of books to readers' homes and they will turn the pages by pressing a button." He terms these "nightmare speculations."

In visiting another large library of great book and manuscript collections, Cambridge, your host will explain, if pressed on the subject of capacity, that there are forty-three miles of bookshelves. Portions of the playing fields of King's and Clare Colleges were purchased by the University—some seven acres in all—as the site for the new library, which was built before the war. Architect Scott designed the exterior in two-inch, handmade, light-colored Indian red brick, with stone trim. Here again one is impressed with the general utility of the interior arrangement; there is a dignity and sweep to the long reading room, pleasing to the eye.

In these two great new university libraries there are few relics of the past as far as management and operation are concerned. But the British Museum has not had a new building for its books and staff, as have Oxford and Cambridge, and so continues much as before. An English friend, who has always been critical of the formalities necessary for getting what he wants in the Museum library, delights in his discovery of the tale that the Museum used sand for drying the ink until 1888, when they decided the sand was hurting the bindings of the books.

Washington Irving's humorous tale of "The Art of Book-Mak-
These beginnings of the Society's meetings and publications coincided with historic bibliographical undertakings, some of which have claimed much of the lifetimes of our scholars.

At one of the earliest meetings young Clarence Saunders Brigham, the youthful Librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society—he was in his twenties—gave a paper on "The Need of a Bibliography of American Colonial Newspapers." He was at once appointed chairman of a committee to carry out the suggestion, and doubtless felt then that a couple of years would finish the work. Committee members came and went through the years, until "Brig" found himself glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity."

Irving was being funny—but it sounds like real service just the same!

G. F. Barwick, former Superintendent of the Reading Room of the Museum, tells the story of a man who "came in one evening with a temporary admission and asked if he might see some books containing formulas or incantations for raising the devil. The acting-superintendent brought him an old Latin work on necromancy containing incantations, but the words were such gibberish that the applicant could make nothing of them. So presently he brought the book, saying confidentially that he could not understand it, but that doubtless the Superintendent could read it easily, and would he be so kind as to repeat the formula and raise the devil then and there! As soon as the Superintendent had recovered from the shock, he answered with consummate tact that the Archbishop of Canterbury was one of the Principal Trustees and would not approve of such a thing."

The subject of raising the devil in or with a library is a tempting one, with possibilities of elaboration, but we had better pass it.

But back to America and our Bibliographical Society whose beginnings are closely tied with the commencement of this project, forty-four years ago, William Warner Bishop, distinguished Librarian Emeritus of the University of Michigan, and former President of our Society, had just been advanced on the Princeton Library staff from Head Cataloguer to Reference Librarian. A few years later your Librarian, Ernest Cushing Richardson, an officer of the Society, read a paper titled "Manuscript Hunting." Judging by Princeton's collections, you have been especially skillful in this sport.
The Confraternity of Books

BY WILLARD THORP

When Dean Root asked me if I would be one of the speakers at our session this evening, I had to enter a modest demurrer. Surely, I told him, there are men better qualified to represent the Princeton Faculty and its Committee on the Library. To bring me round, he reminded me of an ironic fact of which I had once told him: that I am, in point of service, the oldest living member of the Faculty Committee on the Library. I had to agree with Dean Root that my having sat through meetings of that committee for twenty years or more probably did entitle me to something—a ribbon or a medal perhaps, or an honorable discharge. He persuaded me to accept instead the honor of addressing this congregation of Friends of the Library and friends of the Friends.

In a way I feel a little like an Horatio Alger hero who has made good, for when I began attending meetings of the Library Committee we were in the dismal slum days of overcrowding and under-sanitation in the Pyne Library. We were still timidly debating whether it might conceivably be possible to hitch an addition onto the building which only thirty years earlier had been the latest word in library construction, and so stanch for a while the fortunate flood of books which was overwhelming us. We scarcely dreamed then of a new building. But worse than the fact that we were powerless to dream dreams was the startling discovery that, by law, the Library Committee had no duties to perform. The Faculty was at that time revising its Rules and Procedures and each committee had been instructed to examine the statutes under which it operated. To our dismay, we learned from Mr. James Gerould, one dark evening, that we had actually only one legal function and that was not, strangely enough, the privilege of advising the Librarian. All we were empowered to do was to direct the spending of the income from the Elizabeth Fund. And in that particular year there was no income from the Elizabeth Fund. The Committee must act or die; find a function for itself or go out of existence.

I am not going so far as to assert that we entered into a conspiracy that evening and agreed that we would plot and plan for a new library in order to warrant our existence, but I do ask you if it is not true that we are the Cinderella among university com-
mittees. We have come an incredible distance, from the ashes of a non-existent income to the splendor of this building and the wit and learning of the company gathered here to view it privately before the doors are officially opened tomorrow. Cinderella suffered—as we know—from a serious nervous disorder, mesopycophobia, or fear of midnight. We have no such neurosis. If our revels are not ended by twelve o'clock, this great glass coach we now inhabit will not turn into the pumpkin of Chancellor Green. It has been built to last forever.

But in my selfish pleasure in remembering those long and absorbing meetings called for scrutinizing plans, for allocating space, to help the architects with a thousand details of library housekeeping, I do not forget why we are here tonight. We have come to rejoice in the completion of a great building, one perfectly designed for its purpose, as we have discovered during the first seven months of its use. But we have gathered also to rejoice in the fact that now, at last, after many years of waiting, the Library of Princeton University—the books, that is to say, and especially the collections of rare books—are on the shelves and accessible to all who have reason to use them. A simple enumeration of the rooms where our treasures may be found will tell you the story of our great good fortune. In the Pyne Library we had only a minuscule Treasure Room and above it a mysterious attic space called “Room B” in which, if you rambled around, you could find all kinds of things, from the ghastly Hutton death masks to the less exhibitible drawings in the Dickson Q. Brown Rowlandson Collection. In the Firestone Library you will see tonight: the little Eighteenth-Century Room which reminds us that Princeton’s first books were shelved in a bookcase purchased in 1750 and installed in the house of President Burr in Newark; the Princetoniana Room; the Parish Library; the Rollins Collection in the Jim Bridger Room; the two rare book rooms given by Miss Jessie Munger and housing some of our most valuable books from the Kane and McCormick Collections; the Manuscript Room given in memory of James Boyd, of the Class of 1910; the Exhibition Gallery; the Poetry Room; the Philately Room; the Woodrow Wilson Room; the New Jersey Room; the William Seymour Theatre Collection; the Graphic Arts Room; the Friends of the Library Room; the Gatt Oriental Library; the Naval History Room; the Map Room; the Numismatics Collection. The floor space contained in all these rooms adds up to 23,458 square feet. When we left the Pyne Library, the space available for rare books was 1,680 square feet. The comparative figures are eloquent.

At last, then, Princeton has been able to keep faith with the benefactors whose gifts have transformed a large library into a great library where creative scholarship in many fields can be carried on. We have kept faith at last with Governor Belcher whose gift of 474 volumes was the first substantial increment of books the infant College received. Here before me are the six books from that collection which survived the two burnings of Nassau Hall and the book-collecting instincts of the British and Hessian soldiers quartered there during the Revolution. Aside from the second Charter of 1748, these venerable relics are, so far as I know, the earliest objects acquired by Princeton which are still in the possession of the University. We have kept faith, too, with President James Madison, of the Class of 1771, who left the College its first fund for the purchase of books, and with that inspired collector John Shaw Pierson, of the Class of 1850, who, after the Civil War, began to gather, as the books and pamphlets came out, all that was published about the irrepressible conflict.

Among the dead who have dowered us so richly, none, I think, would rejoice more in this occasion than Morris Parish, of the Class of 1888. In his last years his mind dwelt much on the hope that he might see his magnificent library at Dormy House installed in the new Princeton Library. Though his wish was not granted, he knew before he died that this building was on the way and that future scholars would read and work in the translated room which was the center of his life. He is with us tonight and so are two classmates of his who were also great collectors, Richard W. Meirs and Junius Morgan, whose Vergil books and manuscripts constitute one of the three or four most valuable collections in the Library. (What a class that was which could produce three such lovers of rare books!) In their company, too, is Robert Patterson, of the Class of 1876, whose Horace collection contains some of the finest association copies we possess. This “bidding prayer” of mine could be as long as an extemporary prayer by one of our Presbyterian presidents, but before I end it I must surely say the names and invoke the presence here of such benefactors as Eugene Cook and Edward Sheldon, Pliny Fisk and David Paton, Pierre Le Brun, George Simpson Eddy, and Henry Montagnier. By the books these men loved, we know them; when we turn the cover of one of the
treasures, once theirs, now ours, and look at the bookplate, we reach back to them and they come down the stream of time to us.

Most fortunately for us, this list of lovers of the word and of Princeton has increased and multiplied as the years have gone by. In this room tonight, with us in the flesh or in wish certainly, if duty has kept them away, are many of the latest generation of the tribe. At the risk of embarrassing them—for I know them all to be self-effacing men and women—I must say to them how deeply grateful not only Princeton is for their benefactions but also the hundreds of scholars who come here to consult the treasures whose perpetual care they have asked Princeton to assume. There is no first or last among them, but I mention first Philip Ashton Rollins, of the Class of 1889, not only because of the great collection of Western Americans he and Mrs. Rollins have given Princeton which makes this university one of the few centers for advanced study in this province, but also because Mr. Rollins was the first chairman of the Friends of the Princeton Library and gave it the tone and quality which have characterized the organization since its beginnings in 1930. Nearly every day we see in the Library students of Near Eastern culture who have journeyed here, sometimes from Iran or Saudi Arabia, to work in the Robert Garrett Collection of Persian and Arabic manuscripts. They know that his given Petion has made Princeton pre-eminent in this field of investigation. It is not so generally known that the Western European manuscripts in the Garrett Collection have brought Princeton into the first rank of American libraries where medieval studies may be pursued. In the company of Mr. and Mrs. Rollins and Mr. Garrett is Andre deCoppet, of the Class of 1915, whose thirty-odd thousand Napoleonic manuscripts have only begun to be explored. Mrs. Marshall Ludington Brown’s gift of the Cyrus McCormick collection, which is particularly rich in items of Virginia history, has rejoiced students of early American history. Mr. Charles Scribner, a member of the Class of 1913, has memorialized another great benefactor of Princeton, his father, Charles Scribner ’75, by giving to their university remarkable collections of the work of Cervantes and of Charles Lamb. In making this library the depository of the William Seymour Theatre Collection, members of his family provided not only a splendid memorial to one of the most illustrious figures in the history of the American stage, but also a strong magnet which draws other riches to it month by month. Whenever we catch glimpses here of Daniel Maggin or Otto v. Kienbusch ’06, we are pretty certain that a book or manuscript is about to be placed in, or has just been placed in, the ever-normally-open hands of Mr. Boyd. In recent years those open hands have received the Berthier manuscripts from Harry C. Black ’09, the collection of fable literature from Professor Kenneth McKenzie, holograph manuscripts from Eugene O’Neill, Archibald MacLeish, and Allen Tate, the Adler collection, brought to Princeton by the good offices of the Friends, the Shakespeare collection of H. N. Paul ’84, Professor McIlwain’s five thousand volumes in the field of medieval law, Sinclair Hamilton’s collection of books illustrated by American wood engravers, and, in this most immemorial year, the Beardsley Collection from Albert E. Gallatin.

It would give me the keenest pleasure to continue telling this list of the benefactors of the Princeton Library, but there is an idea I should like to dwell upon for a few minutes before I sit down. I wonder if it has occurred to you that there is a special significance in the fact that one of the two ceremonies devised for the dedication of the Firestone Library is in the care of the Friends of the Library. When William Cullen Bryant pronounced his discourse at the dedication of the Chancellor Green Library in 1873 there was no such organization as the Friends in existence. It had not been born twenty-four years later when the Pyne Library was dedicated. Why is it that from the beginning it was assumed that the Friends of the Library would have a large responsibility in this two-day festival which marks the opening of Princeton’s sixth library? (And let me remind you in passing that all these libraries are still standing, whereas two of our chapels have vanished. Some special providence seems to watch over the Princeton Library wherever its home may be.)

Then there were the Friends of the Library were asked to assume so important a role is, I think, because a remarkable change has taken place in the book world in the past thirty years. If we dip at random into the membership of the Friends what names do we come upon? Lessing J. Rosenwald and Carl Pforzheimer, collectors; Gilbert Chinard, Thomas English, and Peters Rushton, scholars; Frederic G. Melcher, Thomas W. Streeter, and Mrs. Roswell Skeel, bibliographers; John D. Gordan and Howard Rice, curators of rare books; Paul Bedford, a Trustee of the University and one of the begetters of this building; E. Byrne Hackett and Philip and Lionel Robinson, dealers in manuscripts and books of the greatest rarity; F. B. Adams, Jr. and Franklin F. Hopper, librarians. This organiz-
zation of ours and others like it signalize the fact that in our time collectors, scholars, bibliographers, curators, university trustees, bookdealers, and librarians have come to feel that they all belong to a kind of Confraternity of the Book. We need one another and we are aware of that need.

There was a time when most collectors wished to hide what they possessed from prying scholars and showed their books only to other connoisseurs who fondled them like jewels and put them down after admiring them for a moment. There was a time when the scholar looked on the collector as his natural prey, to be stalked with the weapons of flattery and subservience. The dealer in rare books in those forgotten days looked on the scholar, in turn, as a dangerous man who could devaluate a manuscript overnight by editing and publishing it. In those bad days it was not uncommon, too, for university trustees to build a library without consulting the scholars and librarians who were to use it. (Let me say, incidentally, that the members of the Princeton Faculty have got the library they wanted. They will never be able to blame an architect or trustee for a misplaced bay or an irrational staircase.)

One can imagine, though scarcely count, the number of friendships first formed over books which there are in this room, the courtesies shared which are represented here, the hours of bibliographical assistance given and exchanged. When we adjourn this meeting, the anecdotes so dearly loved by us all will begin to flow; the stories of the only known copy discovered in an attic, of the corrected galleys rescued from a junkman, of the manuscript found in a bottle. We shall hear, on the stairs and in the lounges, the exotic words and phrases of our craft: pagination, foliation, affiliation; text, cropped, foxed; mint copies, printer’s copy, copyright before 1710.

We have much in common and shall have still more as we work and relax together in this building. We all respect the modern collector because we know that nothing serves so well in building a great collection of books around an idea or an author as the zeal and devotion of the collector who will not be satisfied until the final binding variant is in the place which has so long been waiting for it. We respect the dealer because he may speak those blessed words, “Why, I have it right here—it came into my hands just last week.” or, because failing this, he can tell us, in our desperate need to collate or possess the elusive item, where we should search next. We make friends with the bibliographer because he saves us time and keeps us from falling into those humiliating errors which our learned colleagues seem always to spot with ease and delight. We know, besides, that bibliography has become a science in this century and we listen to the marvelous, unsuspected things the bibliographer can tell us about our books.

But in addition to the pleasure we have in this new Confraternity of Books, finer even than the respect we now have for one another, is a different tie which binds us together. Each of us, I believe, subscribes to the theory of books which Emerson put forth in his famous Phi Beta Kappa address of 1837, “The American Scholar.” It is, in truth, a kind of credo for such a confraternity as this.

“The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him, life . . . it went out from him, immortal thoughts. It came to him, business; it went from him, poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.”

But Emerson demanded more of his modern scholar than that he should love books and feel how in them dead life has become quick thought. The scholar was to him the man who knows how to use books and who wants them used in the creation of new books. “Each age,” he said, “must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding.” To this dictum, we, as true Emersonian “scholars,” will, I believe, likewise assent. And this assent, it seems to me, is the strongest tie that binds us. We know that a book which is merely possessed or possessed merely to be exhibited as a beautiful object is a dead book. We know, as Emerson said, that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon, when they wrote their books, were young men in libraries.

As you wander through this building later this evening you will come on many sights to please your eye, wonders of planning and efficiency, treasures safely locked away but visible to all and accessible when needed. I confess that what I find most enheartening about our new home is the way the students have moved in and taken over. Now and then when I have an errand in the Rare Book Room, I see among the elder scholars working there an undergraduate friend of mine, in the bizarre costume of this college generation, sun-tans, dirty white shoes, black sweater with orange letter or numerals turned outside in, hunched over some rare edition and
absorbed in creating a thesis or report. I am sure that he has been instructed in the care and handling of a valuable book by Mr. Rice or some member of his staff and can be trusted with what has been put into his hands. I am glad to see him as much at home there in the penetrains as in his carrel on Level B because I entertain the hope that possibly we have caught in our net the Cicero, or the Locke, or the Bacon of this century.

The Library's Goethe Exhibition

Princeton University celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the greatest German poet by a series of events during the week of the eighteenth of April. Chief of these was a sequence of three addresses by visiting Goethe scholars which was given in the dignified and handsome setting of the Faculty Lounge of the new Library. As a "bibliographical background" for these lectures, there was assembled in several exhibition cases on Floor B, just outside the Scribner Lounge, a notable collection of books bearing on Goethe and his times. It is such occasions that often make us aware of the riches we possess. The Library is indeed fortunate in owning sets of all the authentic editions of Goethe's collected works issued during his lifetime, and one or two pirated editions as well.

Our oldest set, in fact, is one of the latter, the earliest collection of Goethe's works, issued by one Himburg, a Berlin bookseller, in four volumes in 1775-79, without Goethe's consent. Himburg tried to placate Goethe with the offer of a set of china, but he got no reply, hence no marketable autograph! This edition, through its typographical "descendants," was the source of troublesome errors in the texts of Goethe's early works for years thereafter.

The first authorized edition, of which we showed the entire set, is the eight-volume Sämtliche Schriften of 1787-90, with the first printing of Iphigenie auf Tauris, Torquato Tasso, Egmont, and the revised Gedichte. Next in order are seven volumes of Neue Schriften, 1792-1800, in which Reineke Fuchs and Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre first appeared; one of the volumes was opened to display the music of Reichardt, a contemporary composer, for one of Mignon's songs (copies with these musical supplements are rare). There follow the Werke of 1806-10, in thirteen volumes, containing Faust I; the Werke of 1815-19, in twenty volumes; and the fifty-five volumes
of the August Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand, 1828-33, the last collected edition that Goethe himself supervised. Besides the collected works, we were able to produce, of individual works, the revised (1787) edition of Werther, with interesting deviations from the first version; the first edition of Tagebuch, 1790; the first separate edition of the first part of Faust, 1808; the first edition of Die Wahlverwandtschaften, 1809; and Des Ephémides Erwachen, 1815, the allegorical "Festspiel" which Goethe wrote rather reluctantly for the Berlin celebration of the final victory over Napoleon. Through the courtesy of Professor Hewitt-Thayer, we were also able to add the first printing of Hermann und Dorothea in an "Almanach" for 1798, and its earliest English and French translations. A rare facsimile of the manuscript of Iphigenie which Goethe took with him to Italy in 1786 presented an interesting passage in which, after many attempts, one of Goethe's most majestic lines is seen emerging.

Goethe's many-sided scientific labors were represented in our exhibition by one treatise only, the Farbenlehre of 1810, with the supplementary atlas of plates, opened to a colorful diagram illustrating the theory of colors in which Goethe differed so brilliantly, if mistakenly, from Newton.

Another of our cases was devoted to Goethe's intellectual world, which was indeed a rich field to choose from, for Goethe's long lifetime, 1749-1832, spanned a momentous epoch in European culture, from the era of stagecoaches and powdered wigs to that of steam, railroads, and modern commerce. It is amazing to think that Goethe, who outlived Byron, was born into an age still dominated by the pedantic formalism of Goethe's, the literary dictator of the early eighteenth century, whose Versuch einer Kritischen Dichtkunst, or Poetics, we showed in the second edition of 1735. The level of German literary taste before Goethe's advent was indicated by the first edition of the Geistliche Oden und Lieder of Gellert (1737), an uninspired writer who enjoyed a prodigious popularity in his time. He was one of Goethe's professors at Leipzig, but he frowned on the writing of verse by his students and instead insisted on the improvement of their handwriting!

Goethe's illustrious contemporary, Frederick the Great, was represented by the first edition of his Poétries Diverses, 1760. Frederick, whose culture was almost exclusively French, knew little of German literature and had no conception of Goethe's nascent greatness. He dismissed Götze von Berlichingen as a "mauvaise imitation de ces détestables pièces anglaises"—meaning Shakespeare's! Yet the great King's deeds, as Goethe pointed out, inspired the German writers of his time, malgré lui, as he himself would have said.

Wieland's novel Agathon, the great predecessor of Wilhelm Meister in the German tradition of "novels of education," was shown in the edition of 1773. Winckelmann, the aesthetician and historian of Greek art, who founded the cult of Hellenism that colors the entire Age of Goethe, was represented by his Briefe an seine Freunde, 1777-80. For Lessing, who supplanted Gottsched and laid the critical foundations of German Classicism, we showed the diminutive Schriften of 1753-55, the extremely rare first collection of Lessing's early works.

The impact of English literature on Goethe's youthful mind was suggested by a German translation (1781) of Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield and by Macpherson's Ossian, 1762. Both works had an enormous vogue in Germany, and the mood of Ossian, as well as extensive parts of it in Goethe's own rendering, went into Werther. That novel and much of the thinking of Goethe's generation were deeply tinged by Rousseau, of whose La Nouvelle Héloïse our exhibition contained a counterfeit first edition dated Amsterdam, 1761.

Herder's monumental treatise on the history of mankind, Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit, 1785-92, served to suggest the inestimable stimulus exercised on Goethe by one of the profoundest of German minds. Goethe's younger contemporary and brother-in-arms, Schiller, contributed to our selection his stage revision (1788) of Die Räuber; his history of the Dutch revolt, Geschichte des Abfalls der Vereinigten Niederlande, 1788, which led to his appointment, with Goethe's mediation, as professor at Jena and the beginning of the association of these two greatest German poets; and his important though short-lived periodical Die Horen, 1793-97, in which several of Goethe's works first appeared.

The older Goethe's world-wide interest in every phase of human life was symbolized by one "token" exhibit: the famous conversation with his secretary Eckermann, February 21, 1827, in which Goethe turns his Illuminating and prophetic mind to the project of a Panama Canal and the future development of the United States.

Another case was devoted to Goethe's influence in other lands,
which could not, of course, be exhausted but merely hinted at by a random selection from the Library’s holdings. We showed Sir Walter Scott’s translation (1799) of Götz von Berlichingen, which is said to have furnished much of the inspiration for Scott’s own romantic revivals of native history in the Waverley Novels; Byron’s Sardanapalus, 1821, dedicated in such superlative terms to Scott’s own romantic revival of native history in the Waverley Novels; Byron’s Sardanapalus, 1821, dedicated in such superlative terms to Scott’s own romantic revival of native history in the Waverley Novels; Byron’s Sardanapalus, 1821, dedicated in such superlative terms to Scott’s own romantic revival of native history in the Waverley Novels; and the English translation (1798) of Werther; a Turkish study of Faust, Istanbul, 1946. As a loan from Professor Chinnard, our case contained one of the Wertheriad’s (1786) that appeared in the wake of the original; this one, in French, being itself a translation from an English original by William James which was published in London in the same year. For lack of the excellent Chinese translation of Werther, we could only quote recent readers’ polls to the effect that it is still one of the most-read books in China today.

One unique possession, for which we are much envied, formed the center of our display: the fine portrait of Goethe by Ludwig Sebbers, described by the late Professor Priest in the Chronicle. It is the only portrait from life in this hemisphere, and one of the few likenesses of the aged Goethe, who rarely sat for artists. In this Goethe-year the delicate crayon work that records so well the visionary pensiveness of the Sage of Weimar is leading a restless life, for it is being borrowed by various universities to grace their Goethe exhibitions.—WALTER SILZ

36 UNIVERSITY PLACE

The activities of the Graphic Arts Division during the second term were varied. An exhibition of work by Princeton artists, sponsored by the Princeton Group Arts, opened with a tea on the sixth of February, and on the twenty-second a tea was held to welcome Alumni Day visitors. On the twenty-fifth of the month Hans Alexander Mueller, the artist responsible for the 1949 membership print of the Print Club, gave, in connection with a showing of his woodcuts and wood engravings, a demonstration in woodcut technique.

Edward Steichen, Director of the Department of Photography of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, drew a large attend-

ance to 36 University Place on the evening of March the twenty-third with his lecture “The Exact Instant.” A group of naval photographs taken in the South Pacific during World War II under Mr. Steichen’s direction was on exhibition during the rest of the month.

On the eleventh of April “Papermaking by Hand,” an exhibition of published work by Dard Hunter, was opened. Lithographs by Francis A. Comstock ’19 and a selection of photographs by Carl Van Vechten from “Personalities of Our Times,” the collection of photographs recently presented to the Library by Mr. Van Vechten, were shown during April. Members of the National Society of Autograph Collectors were entertained at a tea on the twelfth of April, and on the eleventh of May a tea was held in connection with the annual meeting of the Association of American University Presses.

The annual election of the Print Club was held on the fifth of February. Worth Rock ’51, Reilly Nair ’49, and Hugh Glorvemey ’51 were elected respectively to the offices of president, vice-president, and secretary.—REILLY NAIL ’49

UNDERGRADUATE BOOK COLLECTING CONTEST

The twenty-fourth annual undergraduate book collecting contest was held at 36 University Place on May 12, 1949, with Professors Lawrence Thompson and James Thorpe serving as judges. Through the fund made available by the Princeton University Store, a first prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Malcolm P. Hunt ’46 for his collection of books on witchcraft; a second prize of ten dollars went to Lloyd H. Siegel ’49 for his Frank Lloyd Wright collection; and a third prize of five dollars was presented to Michael C. Gill ’49 for his collection of books on ceramics.

EXHIBITIONS

Original drawings, manuscripts, and books from the Aubrey Beardsley Collection recently presented to the Library by A. E. Gallatin were displayed from February the fifteenth to March the fifteenth in the Exhibition Gallery of the Library. On March the twenty-first, following a talk in the Gallery by Carl Purington Rollins, Printer Emeritus to Yale University, in which Mr. Rollins paid tribute to F. J. Conkright, who has completed ten years of service as Typographer of the Princeton University Press, an exhibition of printed material designed by Mr. Conkright was
placed on view. This exhibition, assembled by Harriet Anderson and Helen Van Zandt of the Princeton University Press, included books, pamphlets, book jackets, broadsides, bookplates, and various ephemera.

The second annual meeting of the National Society of Autograph Collectors, held at the Princeton University Library on the eleventh and twelfth of April, was the occasion for a loan exhibition of items from the collections of members of the Society. A selection of manuscripts from the Library's collections was shown from April the eleventh through April the twenty-third.

"Panorama of America," books, maps, and manuscripts illustrating the development of America from 1492 to 1800, an exhibition arranged for the dedication of the Firestone Library on April the thirtieth, remained on display until after Commencement.

New & Notable

The Princeton University Library received in connection with the dedication of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library a number of noteworthy gifts, only a few of which—because of the limitations of space—can be recorded here.

Andre deCoppet '15 presented to the Library the large body of materials known as "The Beauharnais Archives," which has hitherto been on deposit in the Library. These papers comprise some thirty thousand documents which were once in the possession of Eugène de Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson and his Viceroy of Italy. The collection has been briefly described and its interest for historians summarized in an article by Professor R. R. Palmer published in the Chronicle.1

From Oscar F. Soule and his son-in-law, Benjamin C. Milner, III '96, came a group of sixty-four books by and relating to Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, James Boswell, and several other English writers of the eighteenth century. This splendid gift is of particular importance to the Library not only because it includes many titles, variants, and issues which the Library lacked, but also because it enables the Library to replace a number of inferior copies of books in the general rare-books collection with copies in uniformly excellent condition. Even a casual examination of these books from Mr. Soule's collection reveals that they were brought together with discrimination and a keen attention to condition.

Although it would be gratifying to describe all the titles in this group, it is possible to mention briefly only a few. Especially notable among the sixteen books by Samuel Johnson are the first edition of A Dictionary of the English Language, London, 1755, in a contemporary calf binding; the quarto edition of The Plan of a Dictionary, London, 1747, the variant without the name of the Earl of Chesterfield on page 1; The Rambler, London, 1750-52, in the original numbers and with the title-page dated 1751; The Adven-

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1 III, No. 2 (Feb., 1940), 45-51.
tures, London, 1753-54, which contains many contributions by Johnson; and A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, London, 1775, the first issue of the first edition with the twelve lines of Errata. An interesting Johnson-Americana item is Noah Webster’s scarce pamphlet entitled A Letter to Dr. David Ramsay . . . Respecting the Errors in Johnson’s Dictionary, and Other Lexicons, New Haven, 1807.

Oliver Goldsmith is represented by twenty-two titles, including The Memoirs of a Protestant, London, 1758, “Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague,” by Goldsmith, his first published work; the second edition of The Vicar of Wakefield, London, 1766, which was issued the same year as the first edition; an excellent copy of the so-called “first published edition” of The Deserted Village, London, 1770; and The Life of Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, London, 1770.

Among the eleven Boswell items are the first edition of The Life of Samuel Johnson, London, 1791, a fine copy in contemporary calf, with the misprint “gve” on page 135 of Volume I; the first American edition of the Life, published in Boston in 1807; and Boswell’s rather tastelessly ribald Ode by Dr. Samuel Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, upon Their Supposed Approaching Nuptials, London, 1788 (but falsely dated 1784), in sheets as it came from the printer.

Two books by Mrs. Piozzi should be mentioned: Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, London, 1786, with the rare Errata slip; and Retrospection, London, 1801. Both are in the original boards.

Included also in the gift of Mr. Soule and Mr. Milner are an exceptionally fine copy of the first edition of Edward Gibbon’s The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, London, 1776-88, and the handsome Syston Park copy of the first edition of Adam Smith’s An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, London, 1776. The Gibbon is a work of especial interest to the Library since it is on the Princeton list of the Hundred Great English Books.

The first edition of Laurence Sterne’s A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy was published in two volumes in London on February 24 or 25, 1768, less than a month before Sterne’s death, March 18, 1768. Sterne had originally intended that the book should be published in four volumes, two for France and two for Italy, but bad health prevented him from writing the final two volumes on the Italian portion of the journey. In order to inform the 281 subscribers (who subscribed for a total of 834 sets) that they were to expect two additional volumes, a single-page Advertisement was printed and placed in their copies. The Advertisement reads as follows: “The Author begs leave to acknowledge to his Subscribers, that they have a further claim upon him for Two Volumes more than those delivered to them now, and which nothing but ill health could have prevented him, from having ready along with these. The Work will be completed and delivered to the Subscribers early the next Winter.”

Since the Advertisement was originally simply a loose sheet to be inserted in the book, it was infrequently preserved, and as a consequence copies of A Sentimental Journey containing it are seldom found. As a dedication gift from Chauncey B. Tinker, a copy of the book with the scarce Advertisement leaf is now in the Princeton University Library.

From Herman W. Liebert the Library received a copy of the first edition of Samuel Johnson’s posthumously published Prayers and Meditations, London, 1785, in the original boards. “During many years of his life,” declares in the preface the editor, George Strahan, “he [Johnson] statedly observed certain days with a religious solemnity; on which, and other occasions, it was his custom to compose suitable Prayers and Meditations; committing them to writing for his own use, and, as he assured me, without any view to their publication. But being last summer on a visit at Oxford to the Reverend Dr. Adams, and that Gentleman urging him repeatedly to engage in some work of this kind, he then first conceived a design to revise these pious effusions, and bequeath them, with enlargements, to the use and benefit of others.”

Willard Thorp made a notable contribution to Princeton’s resources in the field of late eighteenth-century English literature by presenting to the Library his collection of books by John Davidson, the Scottish dramatist, poet and novelist who was one of the “little giants” of the 1890’s. “The Eighteen Nineties, in the words of Holbrook Jackson, “had no more remarkable mind and no more distinctive poet than John Davidson. From the beginning he was both an expression of and a protest against the decadent movement, and in his personality as well as in his tragic end [death by suicide] he represented the struggle and defeat of his day in the cause of a
bigger sense of life and a greater power over personality and destiny.

Included among the sixty-five volumes in the collection are first editions of all but a few of Davidson's books; and a number of the first editions are represented by both the first and later issues as well as by variants. Among the scarcer books are Bruce, Glasgow, 1886, Smith, Glasgow, 1888, and Plays, Greenock, 1889 (a presentation copy). Included also in the collection are sixteen letters written by Davidson, the majority of which are addressed to John Lane, his publisher, and the manuscript of Davidson's report on a novel ("Midsummer Visions") which was apparently submitted to him for his opinion.

One of the few books lacking from Professor Thorp's collection is The North Wall, Glasgow, 1885, a novel which is the first title in the Davidson bibliography. The Thomas B. Mosher copy of this elusive little volume was given to the Library by E. Byrne Hackett.

Daniel Maggin presented Byron's Don Juan, Cantos I-XIV, London, 1819-23, the first edition, in the original boards. Don Juan has been described by Professor Osgood as "the most dazzling" of Byron's works. "It embodies the full compass of his genius. Its swift and inexhaustible play of many effects—its shrewd wagacity, its pathos, cynicism, tenderness, humor, horrors, lovely idylls, songs, fertility of rhyme, devastating satire, moods and egotism, all deployed with easiest IMPRIMES—antrum the reader with this man's overwhelming poetic power."

Mrs. Roswell Skel, Jr. enabled the Library to purchase the rough draft of the resolutions of "the freeholders & inhabitants of the County of Essex in the Province of New Jersey" condemning the Boston Port Bill and supporting the Non-Importation Agreement which were passed at a meeting held in Newark on June 11, 1774.

Having stated that "the late extraordinary & unprecedented acts of Parliament for blocking up the port of Boston & regulating the government of the Massachusetts Bay, not only engage our most affectionate sympathy for the cruel treatment of our Brethren in that Town & Province but must alarm every thinking Englishman," the meeting declared that "it would conduce to the restoration of the liberties of America & prevent any future unconstitutional attempts against them, for the Colonies to enter into a joint agreement not to purchase or use any British Manufactures." The meeting further declared that "this Board will readily & cheerfully join their Brethren of the other Counties in this Province in promoting an immediate general Congress of Deputies to be sent from each of the Colonies, in order to form a general plan of union. . . . And for this purpose are ready to send a Committee (to meet those from the other Counties) at such time & place as may be agreed upon, in order to choose proper persons to represent this Province at the general Congress." Elias Boudinot was a member of the committee and the draft of the resolutions acquired by the Library is in his hand.

Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '06 presented to the Library a printed invitation, dated October 24, 1781, to a dinner and ball to be held at Beekman's tavern in Princeton on October 30, 1781, to celebrate Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. The invitation, which is addressed to Dr. and Mrs. Beatty, is printed on the back of a playing card, the ten of spades.

Mr. Kienbusch presented also the manuscript of a petition of the inhabitants of Princeton "and of the parts nearby adjacent" to the House of Representatives of New Jersey, dated July 22, 1778, protesting against the quartering of troops and requesting the erection of barracks in the town. The forty-one petitioners whose signatures are appended to the document state that "altho many of your Petitioners are poor, have small houses & numerous families, with not more than one Room, they have yet been obliged to entertain sometimes Ten, twelve or fifteen soldiers for a night, to their great Inconvenience & Distress: and what greatly increases your Petitioners Unhappiness is, that during the two Winters last past, they have been obliged to quarter their Houses, some two, some three, others four of his Majesty's Troops, find them fire, bedding &c. which, it is easy to determine must be vastly inconvenient & distressing, where so many of the Inhabitants are in low Circumstances."

Stuart W. Jackson gave a one-page autograph manuscript by Camille Desmoulins, pamphleteer and orator of the French Revolution. The document is a portion of an article or speech relating to the incidents on the Champ de Mars in July, 1791.

The need of a bibliographical browsing collection for undergraduates, a collection which might open to prospective collectors
interesting and constructive fields of collecting, has long been felt. The nucleus of such a collection has been formed by David H. McAlpin '20, who has made it possible for the Library to purchase eighty-nine bibliographies, catalogues of collections, and books about book collecting.

ANNUAL MEETING

On the twenty-ninth of April, the evening preceding the dedication of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library, the annual meeting of the Friends was held in the Reference Reading Room of the Library. Some three hundred persons—Friends, librarians, book collectors, booksellers, and other guests—were in attendance. Vice-Chairman Laurence G. Payson presided. The speakers were Errett W. McDermid, President of the American Library Association; Leland E. Kimball, President of the Bibliographical Society of America; and Professor William Thorp, of the Princeton University Faculty. After the meeting a collation was served in the Faculty Lounge.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

The Council held its spring meeting in the Friends' Room on the eighteenth of May. A brief report concerning the printing of new forms was made by Datus C. Smith, Jr., who was present at the request of the Chairman. Messrs. Smith, Heyl, and Savage were asked to report on the cost of printing such forms.

Mr. Naumburg recommended to the Council that the Friends assist in the formation of a collectors' club for undergraduates. After discussion, the Chairman asked Messrs. Adler, Naumburg, and Rice to consider this matter, and asked Mr. Naumburg to report to the Council on suggested procedures to be followed.
The Council approved unanimously an amendment of Article V of the Constitution of the Friends, which amendment will be submitted to the members.

There was a brief discussion on the raising of necessary funds for the Graphic Arts Program for the coming year.

The results of the drive for new members will be announced in the November issue of the Chronicle.

CONTRIBUTIONS

A total of $1,740.00 was received from the Friends since the last report in the Chronicle. The contribution from Carl Otto v. Kienbusch ‘06 enabled the Library to secure an autograph letter of Woodrow Wilson, dated May 12, 1909, as well as a printed invitation to the celebration of the victory of the Yoke of Christ at Princeton on October 30, 1781. David H. McAlpin ‘20 made it possible for the Library to obtain eighty-nine books of bibliographical and book collecting interest for the use of the members of the proposed collectors’ club; Mr. McAlpin also undertook the expenses of printing and mailing to all Princeton alumni an invitation to join the Friends. Mrs. Roswell Skeel, Jr., sent a contribution in honor of the dedication; this enabled the Library to acquire an important document in the hand of Elias Boudinot (Newark, June 11, 1774).

GIFTS

Three gifts in commemoration of the dedication of the Library were received from Friends. Daniel Maggin gave a copy of the first edition of Lord Byron’s Don Juan, Cantos I-XIV, London, 1819-23, in the original boards. Willard Thorp presented his John Davidson collection, consisting of sixty-five volumes, sixteen autograph letters, and one manuscript. After E. Byrne Hackett had heard the announcement of Professor Thorp’s handsome gift, he sent to the Library a copy of Davidson’s The North Wall, Glasgow, 1885, a book not present in Professor Thorp’s collection.

The following Friends also presented gifts to the Library: Elmer Adler, Edward Duff Balken ’97, L. H. Butterfield, Thomas H. English ’85, Andrew C. Imbrie ’95, John C. Kerr ’06, Wheaton J. Lane ’25, Gilbert S. McClimoock ’08, John Van Antwerp MacMurray ’02, and Alexander D. Wainwright ’39.

FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON LIBRARY

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 better knowing 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 material 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 Library should be mailed to the Secretary.

The Friends receive The Princeton University Library Catalogue and publications issued by the Friends, have access to the facilities of the Friends’ Room in the Firestone Library, and are invited to participate in meetings and to attend special lectures and exhibitions.

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