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New & Notable


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Introduction to Reading: Recollections of Princeton

BY THEODORE BOLTON

I remember distinctly the first long story I ever read from beginning to end, and where I started to read it and when. It was a thrilling story of adventure running as a serial in a magazine for boys that I found at the lending library on Witherspoon Street in Princeton, and I began reading the first installment some time during November, 1897. I was almost nine years old at the time.

We, that is my father, step-mother, brother Meade and I, had but lately settled in Princeton. We lived in a small frame house at that end of town where Nassau Street dwindled into a country road and wandered across open fields in the direction of Kingston. There it went over a bridge spanning the Delaware & Raritan Canal.

In the opposite direction was Princeton which I remember as a pretty little village with wine-glass elm trees shading the houses and lawns, and arching over the streets. Walking toward on our side of the street there were, in about this order, a private school, a saloon, a barber-shop, a dentist’s office, and a grocery store with a procession of hitching posts out front, for this was during the age of equipages.

On the other side of the street was a row of two-story brick houses. Then came the public school I went to. Contiguous to the school-yard was the tree-grown campus with Nassau Hall in the background. Adjacent to the campus stood the First Church, a small, carpenter-classic structure with columns, where I pumped the bellows for the organ when my step-mother played the hymn tunes on Sundays.
The hour before my labors at the pump, I attended the First Church Sunday school. The teacher told off to guide the class I was in was a pretty, plump young woman of about twenty-one years whom I liked except for the fact that she pressed on me, for my reading, some of the dreadful books for juveniles highly popular in those days.

In the last chapters of the three specimens I glanced at, the hero rescued a banker's daughter from a flood, a fire, and a runaway horse. In each story the hero then married the banker's daughter, and the banker gave the hero a good position in the bank. This idea of having a rescue as a climax for a story was used even by some writers of fiction for adults. The first example that comes to mind is one mentioned by William Dean Howells in his lecture on novels. In one of his own early novels, Howells gives a scene in which the hero rescues the heroine from a bull-dog which, the reader learns, is "a very dangerous animal" when agitated.

I found the tales of remunerated rescues painfully dull and I placed the matter of my distaste for them before my brother Meade who was two years older than I. He had read extensively and I considered him a great scholar, a savant in fact. There was no literary question I put to him that he could not immediately resolve.

"The trouble with those books," he explained to me, "is that they have absolutely no zip. Go to the lending library and select an adventure story to read."

So I went to the lending library, on Witherspoon Street, where the two lady librarians made me a card-carrying member, and invited me to look around, which I did. I saw on one of the tables, the latest issue of Harper's Round Table, a handsomely printed and well-illustrated magazine for boys; and I found in it the first installment of the serial I have mentioned.

I was attracted by both the title and the illustrations. The title was "The Adventurers," and the illustrations were by A. I. Keller. The author, H. B. Marriot-Watson, an English novelist, had a great vogue in his day, which is understandable because he always told a good story and wrote in a clear straight-forward style. Furthermore, in "The Adventurers," he addressed his young readers in an adult, sensible manner which was another strong argument in his favor because there is nothing a small boy dislikes in a book so much as being talked down to. His characters were two young men from London spending their vacation on the Welsh coast, and their antagonist was a sinister Captain Sercombe who attempted to circumvent them in a hunt for treasure. The author presented his characters in an exciting situation, and set up great expectations of excitements to come.

I plowed through the first installment at a sitting and made the astounding discovery that I could read a long work continuously and liked it. That Christmas my brother Meade and I were presented with a subscription to the magazine, and by October of the following year I had downed my first book.

I was as uplifted by this achievement as I was on the day I found that I could swim in the Stony Brook mill-pond without the aid of corks. I had developed a skill for sustained reading and had thus acquired a new form of entertainment.

Eager to practice my skill between installments, I continued my unrequired reading at home where I found the complete works of Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, and other English authors, as well as books in French and German; but I got little further than reading the captions under the illustrations.

Then one memorable rainy day, I found a copy of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer at the library and began to read it. I was enthralled by the life-like dialogue of the opening pages. My feeling on first reading Tom Sawyer was like that of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer. I felt as if I had discovered the universe spread out before me. The Sunday school episode entitled "Showing Off" I liked especially because it threw a new light on similar proceedings at the Sunday school I went to. So having started the story I had the book charged to me and took it home to finish it.

I remember sitting out on the front porch during the ensuing afternoons reading the book until the lamp lighter came along the side-walk igniting the gas-jets in the street lamps, and it was too dark to read. Once while I was thus engrossed a squad of my contemporaries carrying air-rifles at right shoulder arms and following their leader, pranced down the street and came to a halt in front of the porch. The leader ordered me to fall in line. I stood at attention, saluted, and asked to be excused. Then I sat down and went on reading.

For I was under the powerful spell of the new form of entertainment I had acquired. I experienced all the enjoyment one gets from the free exercise of a skill, so I easily resisted the allurements
of drill exercises which were certainly not free. Perhaps my bold yet polite refusal to drill broke up the morale of the squad, for the next day two more soldiers dropped from the ranks. At any rate the brigade disbanded soon after when one of the ten-year-old warriors was blinded in an eye by a stray BB shot.

In the meanwhile I went on reading diligently until I came to the end of the adventures of Tom Sawyer. I recall but two bothersome words, "prodigious" and "attrition," which I looked up in a dictionary. Except for these two rocks in the road my journey through the text was uninterrupted. I remember how sorry I was when I had finished the book and Tom's adventures were over.

Later I read about his other adventures in Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer Abroad, and Tom Sawyer, Detective. What I read next was Innocents Abroad, and then A Tramp Abroad. In the appendix to the latter work my brother Meade and I found the hilarious and instructive essay on "The Awful German Language," which pleased us to pieces because on several afternoons a week my father would have us read German to him and he would explain the difficulties of the language to us which Mark Twain also explained but in a more entertaining manner.

One afternoon I strayed into the university library, a handsome building with an inner court which afforded good daylight to read by and a patch of outdoors to look at. A friendly librarian asked me to make myself at home and examine the shelves. I spent many happy hours there. I remember some of the articles and illustrations in the bound magazines. I remember especially some large drawings by Remington of scenes in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, and the serialization of "Tom Sawyer, Detective," with illustrations by A. B. Frost.

When spring came I led an out-doors life. I umpired a baseball game taking place every Saturday. Week-day afternoons, after school, I went swimming. That summer the family spent by the seashore at Bay Head. After summer faded into autumn, school opened and my reading was confined to a routine study of required texts.

The routine was broken by the kind of unique and enjoyable incident which one experiences in childhood, and understands and enjoys more fully after one has grown up. Then it becomes eventful. What I have written so far serves as a prelude to give the event a setting, and to introduce myself as an actor in it.

The event was announced as impending by my father early in September 1899, one afternoon when he got back home from his bacteriological laboratory. He came into the sitting-room where I was and said to me:

"Mark Twain is going to speak at Alexander Hall tonight. If you finish your lessons in time, we'll go to hear him."

At this announcement I sped up the staircase two steps at a time to my room and learned my lessons by rote, a method disapproved of by some educators but one I have always used and highly recommend especially for learning French and German. By the time that the dinner bell rang, I had finished my studies.

There was a discussion of the coming event at the dinner table. I recall that my step-mother did not wish to go. She liked informational and inspirational lectures. She did not care to listen to a humorist who had written with levity about the Holy Land. On the contrary my brother Meade was eager to go, but could not because he had his lessons to study.

That left my father and me to hear Mark Twain give his talk at Alexander Hall. When the time came, we left, walked up Nassau Street, and crossed over to the campus. It was already dark, but we could see the entrance of Alexander Hall brightly lighted, and we followed groups of people going to it. We made our way through

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1 A search of The Princeton Press for 1899 has not uncovered an account of the occasion Mr. Bolton remembers. However, the following two items from that paper on September 9, 1899 are of interest in connection with it: "Mark Twain, the well known author, has engaged rooms at the Inn and(110,864),(610,995)
the crowd to the front row. By the time we reached our seats the hall was filled to the doors.

I remember only vaguely that there was a reception committee seated upstage, and a reading-desk placed down-stage, center. But I can vividly recall the stupendous applause that broke out when Mark Twain, wearing a white suit and carrying a small leather-bound book, walked on the stage slowly from the right taking no notice of the audience.

He placed his book on the reading-desk, and opened it. The applause continued. He looked up and stared inquiringly at the audience as if aghast at the uproar. There was instant silence. He stepped to one side of the reading-desk and continued to stare at the audience. At last he spoke:

"It was my understanding that when I came to Princeton—I was to address twelve students in an English class.—They were sworn to secrecy not to tell anyone that I would be in town tonight.—Now one of those students has broken his solemn oath because I can see that there are more than twelve of you here.—Which makes me despair of the truthfulness of the human race!—"

Again there was tremendous applause. Again Mark Twain looked as if surprised at the tumult. And again there was perfect silence. Many years later I found out his methods of giving his so-called readings. I can see now that part of his performance and indeed the success of it depended on his acting. He writes in his memoirs that: "written things are not for speech" and that when he heard Charles Dickens give a reading at Steinway Hall in 1867, "Dickens did not merely read but acted." So that Mark Twain, on the evening I heard him give his so-called readings, was actually improvising, reciting, and acting. He was not reading. He would, at intervals, turn over a page of his book.

The first page he turned to on the night I went to hear him was his essay on "The Awful German Language," which both of us having read, we enjoyed all the more on hearing the author's reading of it. One sentence I remembered because it struck me as irresistibly humorous; and I remember it now because my father spoke of it later, and that impressed it on my mind. It is a variation of the original, showing that Mark Twain did not pretend to follow his text exactly. What he said, in substance, was that until he studied the German language he had always mispronounced the word "damit."

Another of his readings was the account of an incident happen-

ing to him during his boyhood in Hannibal, Missouri. He placed the account, for some unknown reason, in his *Innocents Abroad*. It is a simple story of a small boy's terror one night when, it being too late to go home, he slept in an empty room above the office where his father held court as a justice of the peace. The moon was up, and, as the moonlight came further and further into the room, it disclosed a human figure stretched out on the floor. The story ends in a startling climax.

After he finished there was a terrific tumult that kept up as Mark Twain, seemingly unconcerned, went off the stage, passing through a door to the right. Now I had brought with me a well-sharpened pencil and a small pad intending to ask him to write his autograph for my brother.

I hurried to a small room to the back-stage left, and found Mark Twain seated before a table, and leaning back in a chair. He leaned forward when he saw me enter and looked straight at me with a kindly expression as if I were just the person he wished to see, at just that time. Standing before him with my pencil and pad in hand, I asked him:

"Please Mr. Clemens, my brother couldn't come to hear you because he had to study; would you write your autograph for him?"

I had rehearsed that speech, and I delivered it without mishap. He kept looking straight at me as he leaned over and relieved me of my pencil and pad. Then he looked down and rapidly wrote his signature. After that he looked up, but he kept the pencil and pad. He now spoke for the first time. He asked me in the friendliest manner:

"Don't you want a signature for yourself?"

"Oh! Mr. Clemens!" I exclaimed. "I never thought of that! Yes, I would like one for myself."

He smiled, wrote another autograph, and handed me the autographs with my pencil and pad. He remarked:

"So you hadn't thought of that."

He seemed amused. I said:

"No, I hadn't, Mr. Clemens. And thank you very much."

I made my way to the door. Not wishing to be abrupt, I turned to give him a final word. I was surprised to find that he was still looking at me.

"Thank you again, Mr. Clemens," I said.

He leaned back in his chair, smiled, and raised his right hand by way of a parting salute. I left. And that was the first, and last,
time I ever asked anyone for an autograph. My brother Meade, of course, was pleased to get his autograph, but as for me, I began to have misgivings as to the propriety of my encounter. So I argued the question with myself, for and against, and at the end of the argument, the verdict was in my favor. While I had, indeed, taken the chance of being refused, the outcome had justified the risk I took. And that outcome, that friendly reception, meant a lot to me as an eleven year old boy, for the three and a half years I lived in the enclosed world that was Princeton, fell within the Gilded Age, an era when small boys might be seen by their elders, but they were certainly not to be heard.

(Signed) F. S. F.

BY DALE WARREN

UNDER several layers of not so fresh paint on the second-floor walls of the third entry of Princeton's Little Hall, the literary sleuth might still be able to come upon some rather interesting hieroglyphics, dating back to the autumn of 1915. They were addressed to the Freshman occupant of Number 34 and their author was the Junior occupant of Number 32. The rooms faced each other across a dead-end hall. Number 32 looked out on the imposing neo-Gothic campus, spreading easterly below Blair Arch down towards the gym and flaunting its "romantic battlements, with their spires and gargoyles." From Number 34 there was a rather uninspiring view of the spur railroad and toy station which, in spite of the intermittent chug-chug, kept Princeton a quiet back-water, very definitely off the beaten tracks of what we called the "Pennsy," and without the cacophonies of New Haven and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Freshman (Class of 1919) who tried to decipher these scrawls was myself. The upperclassman (Class of 1917) who defaced the murky walls night after night was a kinetic, wavy-haired young man whose full name was Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald. The messages usually read: "Dale Warren wake me up at 7 sharp" or "D.W. don't forget to wake me" or "Don't let me miss my 8 o'clock." At first they concluded with a "(Signed) F. S. F.," then with a mere "S." Then there was no signature at all. The scribbles were anywhere from two to six inches high with total disregard for alignment, and were often superimposed on one another. It may have been because fluorescent lighting was still a post-war dream, but I doubt it.

When one wall got used up he began on the other, but by that time I had taken my assignment as routine. My procedure was to shake and yank the prostrate figure on the bed, sometimes applying a wet towel, and after that to begin a search for socks, shoes and other articles that were scattered all over. He would pull on something while I would help him pull on something else. A razor was an unnecessary hurdle. Then we would somehow get downstairs, out into the fresh air, hopefully to go our separate ways.

Gradually I learned that my charge had come to Princeton by
way of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Newman School, that his athletic ambitions had soon been squelched—the cult of the campus athlete was still in its heyday—but that he was now a "Big Man" in more refined circles; he was a leading light in the Triangle Club, and had been elected to the editorial board of the Tiger. He was a member of Cottage Club. I also learned that he had missed class so often that he was close to the maximum number of cuts allowed, that his academic standing was precarious, that he had forfeited his chance to participate in the extracurricular activities by which he set such store. He was definitely a "status seeker"—but he worked for it.

It was for me to discover for myself that Mr. Fitzgerald "slept heavy." Occasionally I was conscious of his stumbling down the corridor when he came in, or dropping his pencil. His few hours' sleep seldom refreshed him, and I began to suspect that the morning haze might well be due to a beery night before at the "Nass," Princeton's nearest equivalent to a den of iniquity. Once or twice I found him lying fully or partly clothed on top of the rumpled bedspread. One morning when he was not there at all I assumed that he was out-of-town, but later learned through the grapevine that he had spent the small hours of the night on the dewy grass somewhere out behind the Peacock Inn.

Number 32, Scott's room for a brief tenure, was the usual conglomeration of miscellaneous and probably second-hand furniture, such a boon to undergraduates in an era when taste and any pretense to elegance was considered somewhat effete. A Morris chair and undoubtedly a few "mission" pieces. For all I remember there may have been a Maxfield Parrish on the walls and a banner or two, but certainly not the array of pin-up girls of today. The only recollection I have of the decor of Number 34, my own room for two years, is of a strong Elbert Hubbard note, highlighted by a grotesquely embellished reproduction of Kipling's "If" which I had had framed and hung over my desk. I doubt very much if there was a companion piece across the hall.

For all its convention and casual disarray, Number 32 differed in certain respects from the typical student's room. There were very adult books that I had never heard of, and that were certainly not curricular reading. There were papers of various sorts and shapes and sizes with writing on them, piled on the desks and chairs, even mixed up with the socks and shoes and crumpled pajamas on the floor. The wastebasket overflowed. Obviously when other students were reading their history assignments or plugging away at calculus, he was experimenting with Triangle lyrics, working over a skit for the Tiger or a piece for the more highbrow Lit. There was no sign of the battered typewriter, now a must for the would-be writer. Otherwise I might have been more aware of what was going on. That these nocturnal literary binges were not all confined to collegiate concerns the future was clearly to show. The playboy and the serious artist were pulling in different directions in an attempt at some sort of embryonic fusion. The word now would probably be schizophrenia.

I remember a day in the ramshackle offices of the Daily Princetonian, for which I was a candidate, or heel as we said, when one of the editors, Alec McKaig, blew in flourishing a sheaf of gossips of a breath-taking siren, and asked us to name her. One said Marilyn Miller, another Justine Johnstone, a third Ann Pennington. We were all wrong. It was F. Scott Fitzgerald photographed as a chorus girl to publicize the upcoming Triangle Show. Ironically, although he had written most of it, he had been declared ineligible to take part or to go on the coveted Christmas trip.

Disappointment, discouragement, overindulgence, late hours with pencil and paper, and increased worry over his academic standing all ganged up and in November landed him in the infirmary, knowing that he would have to repeat his Junior year. To save face, always important to him, he voluntarily "withdrew" until the following fall, and went home to St. Paul to recuperate and lick far too many wounds. Of the months which followed, actually his first "crack-up," his biographers, Mizener and Turnbull, have written with understanding and sympathy. Suddenly the occupant of Number 32 was no more. The sincere if effusive thanks I received always seemed to be far out of proportion to the mundane services rendered. I had seen Shelley plain—very plain indeed.

I was never a close friend of Scott's either during that term or later. We seldom, either here or in Europe, seemed to be in the same place at the same time. We did, however, have many mutual friends—my own classmates, Henry Strater, Robert Cresswell, David Bruce, Herbert Agar, Cecil Read, Francis Comstock, and Lansing Holden, and upperclassmen Charlie Arrott, Henry Chapin, Alec McKaig, Paul Dickey, Sap Donahoe, and principally the urbanite and exuberant West Virginian, John Peale Bishop. Of
the sagacious Edmund Wilson I was scared to death—and still am—although I somehow brought myself to call him Bunny. With Scott I shared great respect and affection for the wise and perceptive Christian Gauss, then Professor, later Dean, who stood almost alone among faculty members in sensing something rather special in this unruly but gifted student. We were also mutual friends of Struthers Burt, a real live author who was then making his home in the Town.

Scott's return the next fall was to a Princeton that had vaguely grown more sober, more adult. Undergraduates thought increasingly about the War, though they may not have discussed it apprehensively during the midnight bicker sessions. Even if its age-of-innocence was drawing to a close, Princeton was still a rather happy combination of ivory tower and homogeneous small-town, with Revolutionary history behind it and almost a Southern tradition. Leafy McCosh Walk, the cheery, muddy spring on Bayard Lane, informal Sunday night suppers at some professorial fireside. Automobiles appeared principally on the days of the big football games. There were a handful of retired residents with sylvan estates, but few regular commuters who ate leisurely breakfasts in comfortable dining-cars. The Town had as distinct an appeal as the Gown. To many the idea of a good time was a stroll with a congenial companion along the banks of the old canal. "Joe's" held its own with the "Nass," and did a big business in milk and bacon buns as curfew nightcaps. Rumor to the contrary, an occasional tea-dance at the Plaza or the sedate Club de Vingt, fox-trotting with a flapper from Dobbs, Westover or Farmington, collected from "under the clock at the Biltmore," generally held more allure than a raucous evening at Bustanoby's or Reisenweber's. Trenton seemed very far away and not very interesting. Students went around the campus humming "Poor Butterfly" or whistling the livelier "Très Moutarde." "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" was guaranteed to raise the temperature, whereas our idea of a daring couplet was:

The things that Olga Petrova knows
Won't pass the censored shows.

It was the era of "One lump Percy, Percy the Parlor-Snake," as one of the Triangle lyrics had it. Soon it was all to change, but to live on in memory. "To this day whenever I pass the Plaza," notes Morley Callaghan, "Scott comes into my head." And he is not alone.

Our friends kept dropping out one by one to join some branch of the Armed Services. Many were never to come back "to the best old place of all"—or anywhere. Campus drilling began to take the place of sports, even of classes. Most of us found our four years beneath the elms split down the middle. Accepted values were being questioned and one aspect of this wakening idealism showed itself in the anti-club rebellion. Scott was sympathetic with the motives of several of the leaders, although he was firmly entrenched in Cottage, where the flash and dash and dashel had quite logically drawn him. If some of the members were guilty of "running it out," they were pretty "good eggs" just the same. He sometimes said he might have been more at home in "literary Quadrangle," as he characterized it, to which John Bishop, Alec McKaig, Townsend Martin and others of his writing friends belonged, and which rather boasted of its non-conformity, the only club with a "distinctively intellectual flavor." A popular Quad member, Ludlow Fowler, was to be best man at his wedding. When I later joined Quadrangle, the clubhouse was close during the duration and the members were enjoying the hospitality of Cottage, which was considerable. They even went so far as to set before us fresh breakfast scramble which miraculously appeared from Philadelphia every Tuesday. Likewise, the New York Princeton Club had moved in with the Yale Club, and Scott took advantage of the opportunity to observe Yale men at close quarters.

But by this time Scott was in the service, for which he had conscientiously prepared, and only came down to Princeton when he had a brief leave. In his uniform he looked every inch an officer, a contrast indeed to the "chorus girl" pictures of two years before. Much has been made of his effeminate appearance, but feminine would be closer to the mark, as it was with John Barrymore of the striking and quite similar profile. He was blond, pale, sallow, and often looked "washed-out," but with it all went a buoyancy and tense strength. An agile and adroit parlor-snake if there ever was one, but yet something more.

If Scott's amorous interests were centered on the fabulous Ginevra King while he was an undergraduate, it was Zelda Sayre, the Alabama belle, who became Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in April 1920. The week-end houseparties held each spring by the various Princeton Clu
inadvisedly, asked to “chaperon” the affair at Cottage. Although I had graduated and Quadrangle, soon to be graced by the genial presence of Adlai Stevenson, was again functioning, the doors of Cottage were still open to us, and it was a night to remember. The Jazz Age had arrived and so had Prohibition, complete with flasks. This was the only time I ever saw Zelda, and I would have eagerly urged her to “save me the waltz,” if I had thought I had any chance.

The story—although I cannot vouch for it—soon circulated to the effect that the bride and groom allowed each other a certain leeway in the matter of necking, an expression which alternated rather casually with petting. The deal was that each “chaperon” was allowed freedom to neck, but that the scores had to be kept even. There were antics and escapades and more of the same, which were subsequently responsible for Scott’s suspension from the Club. For the Fitzgeralds it added up to a sad occasion, presaging even sadder things to come.

Those little scraps of paper I had encountered floating around ’32 Little Hall had paid off, but only after blood, sweat, many tears, and rejection slips. Zelda had made a point of not marrying him until they had, as she also wanted to go places—eventually to her regret. This Side of Paradise had not only been finished but actually published a month before, and the University Store could not keep it in stock. “Amory Blaine” was on everyone’s lips. We had also tracked down John Bishop and Hank Strater, Bunny Wilson and Ginevra. Who was this Professor? Who was that vamp (read glamor girl)? We found out that party. Is he really being fair about So-and-So? It was all great fun and all very exciting, to be reading history when you had seen it in the making and were, or thought you were, a part of it. The legend had begun, and the man was one with it.

Was this a true picture of Princeton and our times, or wasn’t it? The debate went on and on. I tried my hand at an appraisal, or rebuttal, sometime later, and wrote a piece in answer to an article of Scott’s which appeared in College Humor. All I remember is the opening: “Scott Fitzgerald calls Princeton the pleasantest Country Club in America. Of course it is.” I then went on to try to explain, in a heavy-footed manner, that it was many more things besides.

Time passed. One morning, sometime in the middle Twenties, I was starting to cross Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, and there was Scott.

He said: “Let’s go into Huyler’s and have an ice-cream soda.” I followed him and in we went. The last thing in the world I wanted at eleven o’clock in the morning was a chocolate ice-cream soda but, any port in a storm, and I followed along. We sat together up on two stools, and he gave the order. He wanted a cigarette and I gave him one. Refusing a light, he laid it on the counter. He asked me what I was doing and I told him looking for a job. He said he had just come out of Scribner’s and suggested that I go and see the editor, Max Perkins. I answered that I knew Max Perkins as he had lived in Plainfield where I grew up, that I had been in to see him (as well as Whitney Darrow) and had been very politely turned down.

At this point he slid off the stool and made for the door: “Well, it’s been nice seeing you. If you would like a letter to Max Perkins just let me know.” Later, I learned that he had extended the same helping hand, with memorable results, to four literary friends—Thomas Boyd, Ring Lardner, Morley Callaghan, and Ernest Hemingway. When I started to follow him, the soda-jerk called: “Who pays for the sodas?” Returning, I said: “I guess I do, and I hope you enjoy both of them.” I gave him the change, retrieved the unlighted cigarette, and departed, wondering just where do we go from here.

It was the last time I ever saw Scott, although reports reached me from time to time from John Bishop who often deserted his home on Cape Cod and his neighbor, Bunny Wilson, for a day or two in Boston. I had a rather intimate glimpse of his earlier Hollywood period through Dorothy Speare who was out there working on “One Night of Love” for Grace Moore, and seeing a good deal of her old “rival.” About her undergraduate days at Smith she had written the revealing and slightly shocking Dancers in the Dark which had stamped her as the “female Fitzgerald.”

Sometime after our Huyler’s reunion, I found myself in Boston working for Houghton Mifflin—where I have greatly enjoyed my association with Bunny Wilson’s daughter Rosalind, who scares me not at all. In 1934 we published Phyllis Bottome’s Private Worlds which topped the best-seller list, a record soon equaled by her Mortal Storm. It dealt with psychiatry, a subject quite new to fiction (and was considered extremely “daring” when produced on the screen by Walter Wanger), as did Scott Fitzgerald’s Tender Is the Night which appeared the same season. In our weekly news-
sheet I sent out a release stressing the coincidence and adding: 
"Whereas Mr. Fitzgerald leaves this subject until the concluding 
chapters of his novel, Miss Bottome introduces it on the very first 
page."

Thereupon a telegram was dropped on my desk. It read:

HATE QUIBBLING IN NARROW TIMES BUT YOUR NEWS CARRIES IM-
PLICATION THAT BOTTOME GIVES FULL LOAF TO MY HALF LOAF
ABOUT PSYCHIATRY STOP ITS FAIR TO CAPITALIZE RESEMBLANCE
BUT SINCE YOU MADE MISSTATEMENT IN USING WORDS QUOTE
CONCLUDING CHAPTERS UNQUOTE FEEL YOU SHOULD AMEND IN
NEXT ISSUE

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

I answered it as tactfully as possible and had an immediate reply:

Dear Dale;

My God! My God! I didn't think when I made all that fuss
about nothing that I was digging at an old Princetonian. Forget
it and forgive me . . .

With best wishes and hoping to see you soon.

Yours,
Scott Fitzgerald

It was not until some days afterwards that I reread the telegram,
and happened to note that it was filed at AM 5:02.

"In a really dark night of the soul," Scott wrote at one time, "it
is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day." Apparently
it was not much lighter two hours later. The telegram had come
from Baltimore at a time when he and Zelda were both under
gruelling strain and stress. This was my last direct connection with
F. S. F. It underscored my earlier impressions of his sense of loyalty,
likewise observed and recorded by others, somewhat collegiate if
you wish, but wholly in character.

One of the most recent footnotes, a revealing and lengthy one,
to the Fitzgerald saga is That Summer in Paris by Morley Cal-
laghan, and I got my copy the day it was published. Opening it at
random, I came abruptly upon these words of Scott's: "Dear Mor-
ley, I apologize immeasurably for having sent you that stupid and
hasty telegram." They gave much the same feeling that I have
whenever I happen to pass the Plaza.

Horace Binney Wallace:
A Study in Self-Destruction

BY GEORGE EGON HATVARY

Readers of Poe's "Mystery of Marie Rogêt" have innumerable
times paused at a certain quotation half way through the
story and gone on without realizing that the name "Landor" at-
tached to it is other than Walter Savage Landor. Actually, the
author of the passage is "William Landor," about whom Poe in his
"Chapter on Autography" has this to say:

Mr. Landor acquired much reputation as the author of
"Stanley," a work which was warmly commended by the press
through the country. He has also written many excellent pa-
pers for the magazines. His chirography is usually petite,
without hair-lines, close, and somewhat stiff. Many words are
carefully erased. His epistles have always a rigorous formal-
ity about them. The whole is strongly indicative of his literary
qualities. He is an elaborately careful, stiff, and pedantic
writer, with much affectation and great talent. Should he de-
vote himself ultimately to letters, he can not fail of high suc-
cess. 1

Poe's interest in the young writer, whom he appears to have
known only by this pseudonym and not by his real name, Horace
Binney Wallace, was deeper than would appear. Not only did Poe,
as the editor first of Gentleman's Magazine and then of Graham's
Magazine, use a number of pieces from Wallace; but such works as
of the House of Usher," "The Raven," and "Marginalia" con-
tain numerous passages traceable, sometimes with strikingly little
alteration, to Wallace's novel, Stanley, or the Recollections of a
Man of the World. 2 Poe's master-detective Dupin, for example,

1. Graham's Magazine, XIX, No. 5 (November, 1841), 231; also, Complete Works,
2. Published in two volumes, Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1843; London, Wiley
& Putnam, 1849. In discussing Poe's borrowings from Wallace I am indebted to Pro-
fessor T. O. Mabbott and Mr. J. J. Cohane. A copy of Stanley, now at the University
of Illinois, contains references, mainly in Professor Mabbott's hand, to corresponding
passages in Poe's "Marginalia"; Mr. Cohane's discoveries of Poe borrowings are
summed up in an unpublished article, which he has kindly permitted me to use.
false in morals. It is not true in chymical combinations. . . .
I might name to you many other principles of mathematical science which are not true beyond the boundaries of that science. . . . The custom of being conversant with forms and quantities gives to the mind a formal way of regarding and combining principles—a habit of rigid juxtaposition which the vacillating and unsubstantial elements of moral and mental science will not admit of. 

The striking similarity between these two passages, which are so reminiscent of modern preoccupation with the irrational, suggests more than simple borrowing. It speaks of an affinity between the two men, which Poe recognized—something that becomes all the more fascinating when we consider that Wallace's life within the confines of a distinguished Philadelphia family and a legal career was to all appearances ordered and conventional. The records are scarce, partly because the turmoil was all underneath—because, to go no further, Wallace took such pains throughout his brief life to conceal the authorship of all but his law books under anonymous and pseudonymous disguises. But it is safe to say that if Poe was aware of the origin in Wallace of many of his own utterances, Wallace, a reader of Poe and thereby of his own words and ideas in Poe, was equally aware of the phenomenon of his great psychological double, Poe's pitiful end in 1849 foreshadowing and perhaps even affecting his own suicide three years later.

Horace Binney Wallace was born on February 26, 1817, in Philadelphia. Difficulties with his father's large land investments in the western part of Pennsylvania necessitated the removal of the family in 1839, and Wallace was obliged to spend his boyhood in the frontier town of Meadville. We see him here as a solitary, withdrawn child, a certain hidden resentment against his father and his elder brother coming obliquely through the records. Indications

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8 See the "Memoir" and "Obituary" in Wallace's posthumous Art, Science and Philosophy in Europe, Philadelphia, 1855, pp. vii-xxxvi. They are anonymous, but were the work of Horace Binney (Library of Congress catalogue and Robert E. Spiller in Dictionary of American Biography, XIX, 371). Most of the available manuscript material on Wallace is at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Wallace's father, John Bradford Wallace (1778-1857), Princeton 1794, was an eminent member of the Philadelphia bar and a legal writer and editor. His brother, James William Wallace (1815-1884), University of Pennsylvania 1839, became reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States and published twenty-three volumes on the cases arguendo before that body.
ative, however, is his unusual closeness to his maternal uncle, the noted jurist Horace Binney, whose name he bore and who after the bleak Meadville years helped him enroll in the University of Pennsylvania. Here, from 1830 to 1832, as subsequently at Princeton, from 1835 to 1835, Wallace did brilliantly, if erratically. The main charge against him was that he attended classes irregularly, preferring his solitude; there are indications that he was already in his teens subject to those emotional disturbances which were later to devastate him.

Begun at Princeton, the novel Stanley won Wallace his first anonymous success. When it appeared in 1838, the New Yorker hailed it as “in many respects the most remarkable novel which has appeared in this century”; the New York Review called it “a work of genius”; the Gentleman’s Magazine judged it as “the best written and most valuable book of the present age.”

Stanley, which exhibits the Gothic, the domestic, and even the satiric strains common to the early American novel, is perhaps most immediately a novel of education, or initiation. It is autobiographical—not in its elaborate plot structure, but certainly in the hero’s conflict between life and the intellect. Life, as symbolized by marriage, triumphs at the end; but more interesting is the emerging relationship between intellect, which in the hero’s extreme youth almost costs him his beloved Emily, and the criminal gang which harasses him all through the book. The vehicle for this relationship is the Byronic villain, Tyler, who on his deathbed summons Stanley in order to restore to him the family fortune. Once again, as we embark on these last fifty pages of the novel, we are strongly reminded of Poe. The letter from the dying man, the journey through “extremely wild and uncultivated” country, the host’s “thin, pale, and unhappy” appearance, with “an air of anxiety and distress . . . stamped upon his features,” evoke a mood almost identical to that of “The Fall of the House of Usher.” We recall that Poe published this story of two people sharing a common soul just one year after the appearance of Stanley.

Tyler with his criminal career is of course unlike Roderick Usher, in whom critics have recognized Poe’s own symptoms of neurasthenia. Tyler’s similarity to his creator, too, is only internal—in a sense, potential. In recounting the story of his life, Tyler attributes its direction to an early love affair thwarted by his father. The solitary, melancholy youth of morbid sensibilities can cope with the shattering experience only by a total rejection of feeling. “To be thoroughly beyond the reach of disturbance and weakness,” he says, “we must forget our moral being; we must lose our personality in the madness of a mind goaded by ambition, and the eagerness of an unresting intellect must drink up all the softness of sensibility.”

A remarkable statement in which Wallace both recognizes the diabolic aspect of the intellectual and rationalizes his own inhibitions. In his fantasy world, to overcome these inhibitions amounts to nothing less than a renunciation of human feeling; to carry out his creative ambitions amounts to nothing less than a career of crime. To conceive of a Tyler is the perfect defense mechanism for the repressed man, for crime of course does not pay.

But what violence such a conflict generates. This violence runs through all of Wallace’s fiction—Stanley, as well as his second novel, Henry Pulteney, and even his other stilted, conventional stories in Graham’s Magazine and Godey’s Lady’s Book. For fifteen more years, though, this violence would be contained.

Meanwhile he grasped at every means to thwart himself. To publish Stanley anonymously did not suffice; he had to weight the work down with over a hundred pages of intellectual discourse on the part of characters who do not even take a part in the story. These dialogues were written about a year before the rest of Stanley, and one visualizes Wallace skipping his classes at Princeton in order to stay shut up in his room working on them. They represent a brilliant young man’s attempt to put into order a mass of ideas ranging from poetry to mathematics, from culinary art to the American experiment; and they are indeed remarkable, and one might even say that they, preoccupied in another context with feeling and reason, are to some extent pertinent to the struggle between Stanley and Tyler. Still, they have an obviously retarding effect on the movement of the story, and the modern reader will do well to read them apart from the novel as a body of essays.

10 New Yorker, VI (Dec. 22, 1838), 291.
13 Stanley, II, 204.
14 Gentleman’s Magazine, V (Sept., 1839).
ART,

SCENERY AND PHILOSOPHY

IN EUROPE.

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO

OF THE LATE

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, ESQUIRE,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA;
PUBLISHED BY HERMAN HOOKER,
S. W. COR. CHESTNUT AND NINTH STS.
1855.

Importance in American letters as one of our earliest anthologists, too—one who, through his books not only contributed to the reputation of such now little-remembered writers as Nathaniel Parker Willis and George P. Morris and a host of lady poets, but also helped build the fame of our Irvings and Coopers and Hawthornes.

In 1845, with the success of his first important anthology, *The Poets and Poetry of America*, behind him, Griswold was gathering material for an anthology of American prose writers. Impressed by the work of "William Landor," he traced the authorship to Wallace, but Wallace refused to contribute. Griswold then proposed the following dedication: "To Horace Binney Wallace / of Philadelphia / Whose Abilities, Learning and Honorable Character / Give Assurance That / The New Generation / Will Prove Itself not Inferior to the Old / This Volume / Since his Modesty in Publishing his Writings Anonymously has / Prevented me from Testifying in Another Part of it / My Estimation of his Merits, / Is Very Respectfully Inscribed." But what curiosity and comment on the life standing boldly on the first page would elicit. Fame would come even more certainly, irrevocably, than if a few pages of his writings were simply to appear "in another part" of the anthology. Wallace, of course, refused. When *The Prose Writers of America* appeared in the spring of 1847, containing selections by such writers as Cooper, Irving, Brown, Bancroft, Webster, and Poe, the title page bore the simple dedication, "To Horace Binney Wallace."

For fame so avidly desired by all creative spirits imposes its burden too: the loss not only of privacy but also of control over one's life, the public being a passionate creator and destroyer, too, of lives within its possession. Wallace, wanting fame yet uncertain of his own identity, dreaded to lose this control. Only under a mask could he function as a writer, even though he was no longer as "stiff" and "pedantic" as Poe had claimed, or as his earlier works testify. In this middle period his interests broaden to include the ephemeral: he is busy, beside his law books, not only placing reviews everywhere but also writing dozens of articles for Morris's *National Press* (later called *The Home Journal*). These, ranging

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21 Philadelphia, 1842.
23 Mainly from 1846 to 1851. Many of these are reprinted in *Art and Scenery in Europe* (second edition of the posthumous *Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe*), Philadelphia, 1857, pp. 208-151.
To make such self-abusive use of the intellect was Wallace's choice, as it was his choice, as a young lawyer, to refuse to practice law. What an opportunity this profession affords one to present himself in the forum of the courts and impress himself openly, forcefully upon the shaping of justice. How moth-eatenly satisfying is therefore the renunciation of the forum—the withdrawal into the study and the confining of legal knowledge and imagination to the painstaking work of legal editing. In collaboration with Judge John Innes Clark Hare, Wallace edited for American use several volumes of English and American decisions and Exchequer Reports. To this work alone was he willing to attach his name.

One imagines some profound, unhealthy concern behind the pleasant mask that Wallace presented to the world. In society he behaved not only impeccably and charmingly but with genuine good will—a little self-consciously perhaps because of his short stature and shockingly red hair. "He is a man of talent, a scholar, and a perfect gentleman," wrote a friend, Emily Chubbuck Judson, "refined, high-bred, delicate, and manly. He is not handsome; that is, there is nothing striking in his appearance; but he has a very intellectual look, and a peculiarly sweet expression. He has an easy, gentlemanly carriage, and never does anything awkward." Another source describes him as "slim, but not tall; his face was sharp and of a saturnine expression; and his manners were cold, until intimacy had broken through the outer walls of his reserve, when he became frank, cordial, and communicative."

Here we must dig into a tempting interpretation, that Wallace was ashamed of being known as a writer. Reticent, fearful of success, yes; but shame implies contempt, and Wallace had too much respect for literature to be socially snobbish about authors. Some of the leading writers of the day, such as George W. Morris, Emily Chubbuck Judson, Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Julia Ward Howe, were close friends of his; and his correspondence and his anonymous reviews give ample proof of his unceasing attempts to help talented young writers.

Undoubtedly his most interesting literary relationship was that with Rufus W. Griswold, best remembered today as Poe's dishonest and possibly malicious literary executor. But Griswold had im-

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STANLEY;

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD

Judas. Allow me to salute you.

Jerome. Who are you?

Judas. I am a friend of your noble friend.

Jerome. "Friend"—you are not exactly my word.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

PHILADELPHIA

LEA & BLANCHARD,

PUBLISHERS TO CARATY & CO.

1838.

Title-page of the first edition of Stanley
Princeton University Library
portance in American letters as one of our earliest anthologists, too—one who, through his books not only contributed to the reputation of such now little-remembered writers as Nathaniel Parker Willis and George P. Morris and a host of lady poets, but also helped build the fame of our Irwins and Cooper's and Hawthornes.

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¹⁹ Philadelphia, 1845.
²¹ Mainly from 1842 to 1851. Many of these are republished in Art and Scenery in Europe (second edition of the posthumous Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe, Philadelphia, 1857, pp. 117–151.)
SCENERY AND PHILOSOPHY

IN EUROPE.

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from the serious through the frankly journalistic to even the trivial, show a relationship to the world which is a hopeful sign of Wallace's coming out of himself. One of his persistent pleas is that the urban population learn to enjoy nature. Another is that Americans cultivate art. In other articles he calls for public parks, statues of great Americans, an international copyright law, greater comfort on the railroads, more dignified presidential campaigning, a permanent theater. He is delighted with American appearances of the English Shakespearean actors, William Macready and Charles and Ellen Tree Kean; on the other hand, in the great mid-century rivalry between America and England he is fervently patriotic. He defends American speech; he bewails our poor showing at the Great Exhibition at London; he exults over the victory of the yacht America at Cowes. Now and then he enjoys a good journalistic fight, and his private correspondence reveals even something of the publicity agent about him. 34

In the light of the repressed violence I have spoken of, it is not surprising to learn that Wallace should be interested in military science. The fruits of this interest were two works under Griswold's editorship, a sixty-page essay on Washington 26 and the two-volume study, Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire. 28 Washington was one of Wallace's lifelong heroes; Napoleon, like another inevitable romantic figure, Byron, was subject of years of his scorn: one of his early fictional characters goes so far as to compare the Emperor to a monkey on a circus horse. 27 Underneath, of course, the fascination, the secret admiration, is gathering force until in this two-volume study it becomes at last expressed. Is Wallace's identification with his subject strong enough, compelling enough, for this uninhibited genius of conquest to sweep him along into full self-realization?

For a partial answer we must return to Poe, whose death in 1849 elicited Griswold's famous "Ludwig" article. Among the various factual misrepresentations which recent scholarship has been mainly concerned with, Griswold had this to say of Poe:

34 For an article, "The Wallace-Griswold Correspondence," The Boston Public Library Quarterly, VIII (Jan., 1856), 5-23.
28 Philadelphia, 1849, and editions up to 1885.


His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood and drew it back frozen to his heart. . . .

He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in distinct curses . . . or, with glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aitenn . . . which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death. 28

The question for us is why Wallace, who in a number of critical works had attested to Poe's greatness, 28 nevertheless publicly defended Griswold's estimate of the dead poet, saying of the above passage, "What a profound, complete, and exquisite estimate of the character of Poe." 10

I think the answer goes beyond Wallace's friendship for Griswold. The passage above is strongly reminiscent of Tyler's characterization; perhaps Griswold even wrote it with Wallace's Gothic villain lingering in his memory. Certainly Wallace, on reading it, must have thought of Tyler, his own alter-ego, the demon of his soul who had taken the living shape of Poe.

Four years previously, upon one of Poe's hysterical accusations that Longfellow had plagiarized his work, Wallace had written, "This tendency to plagiarize is a certain and almost inseparable characteristic of the poetic faculty," concluding with the reminder that Shakespeare stole all his plots. 21 The irony of answering Poe's charges by defending Poe the plagiarist could not have escaped Wallace as he was writing these words, and now upon Poe's death he undoubtedly experienced similar feelings of ambivalence. His
secret, hated rival who had soared in his stead now lay pitifully at his feet. But what doubtless gave Wallace supreme satisfaction was the feeling that the being who had died in circumstances most abject and miserable and who stood before him condemned by his friend’s pen was in a sense himself.

Wallace’s subsequent trip to Europe was only partly adventure. Partly it was retreat—from America, from himself. His lifelong anxiety was beginning to manifest itself in more and more severe depressions climaxed by a preoccupation with the possibility of going insane. Europe meant a return to his ultimate origins; it is not immaterial that on this trip he visited the English genealogist Sir Bernard Burke in the eventually successful attempt of establishing his descent from Scottish royalty. He threw himself into the European experience with a passion, wandering about half a dozen countries—often, like some of his fictional characters, on horseback. He made painstaking studies of cathedrals and great paintings and Alpine scenery, expressing them in informal essays which both contemporary critics and such modern ones as Van Wyck Brooks and Willard Thorp consider his best.

But in Wallace’s deepest concern with beauty there is a preoccupation with death. Of the remains of the thirteenth-century abbey at Netley, he writes, “Ruin seemed to have invested itself in its most enchanting traits, and I knew not whether most to mourn the structure which once was so peerless, or to love the destruction which had made it yet more captivating in overthrow.” Looking down into Vesuvius, he says “the sulphurous flowers of hell, and the snowy silence of the Simplon Road moves him to write, “Even the last social, guarding, redeeming influence seemed extinct in the glittering beauty of death.”

Catholicism attracted him, but not enough to save him; nor was art—which he defined as “earnest religious feeling acting imaginatively” and speculated on in the strikingly modern perspectives of its functionalism and expressionism—an answer. The doctrine of positivism emerging just then from France interested him, and Van Wyck Brooks presents a picture of “the Philadelphia prodigy,” as he likes to call Wallace, sitting “at the feet of Auguste Comte,” but Wallace was no positivist. In his most important essay on the subject, he is entirely critical. Comparing Comte’s failure to Bacon’s, he goes on to say, “When he [Comte] generalizes, philosophizes, and systematizes... we are astonished by his piercing analysis, his all-comprehending wisdom. When he attempts to apply his own method to the exploration and establishment of truth in a new department, he exposes himself.”

Yet Wallace did visit Comte in Paris, and a friendship sprang up between the two men with the result that Wallace bestowed an annuity of 500 francs on the philosopher, the latter in turn paying an elaborate tribute to Wallace in the preface to one of his books. For the emotionally disturbed Wallace to be listening to this man—with his history of temporary insanity and attempted suicide—expound with masterful logic the philosophy of the bleakest materialism must have been like listening to another Tyler, like taking a second glimpse down Vesuvius.

Love was the last possibility. Of Wallace’s relationship to women little emerges through the records. A few years back he had carried on what appears to be a brief chivalrous flirtation with the poet Emily Chubbuck, who then became the third wife of the Baptist minister, Adoniram Judson. Now in Europe a more ardent friendship was forming between Wallace and Julia Ward Howe. In her Reminiscences, Mrs. Howe writes, fifty years later,

We visited together many points of historic interest [in Rome].

... He had some fanciful theories about the traits of character usually found in conjunction with red hair. As he and I were both distinguished by this feature, I was much pleased to learn from him that “the highest effort of nature is to produce a rosso.”... Horace Wallace was an exhilarating companion. I

34 The Times of Melville and Whitman, New York, 1947, p. 97-98.
36 Art and Scenery in Europe, p. 132.
37 Art and Scenery in Europe, p. 198.
38 Art and Scenery in Europe, p. 172.
have never forgotten the silvery timbre of his rather high voice, nor the glee with which he would occasionally inform me that he had discovered a new and most remarkable rosso.\(^4\)

For Mrs. Howe's deeper feelings toward her friend, we must go to an unpublished, in fact, unsent, letter. The date is January 7, 1853; she is answering Wallace's letter from Paris, where, after a brief visit to America, he had gone again:

My dear Horace,

I have been made happy by hearing that you are miserable in Paris. I could almost say that you cannot be more miserable there than I wish you, so anxious am I to have my best friend on the same side of the water with me again. The time draws near, yea, is already come, when we were to have met in New York, for endless talks, and happy communion—feebly gravitates the heart of Glankô towards New York, now—there are perturbations in her orbit. It was so unkind of you to go, and I miss you so much, and life is so short, and friendship so precious—ah me! I sigh to think that friendship is not less uncertain than life—especially a Rosso's friendship, ardent, but short-lived. . . . I have been laborious ever since we last exchanged letters, have nearly finished the second volume of Comte, read much of Dante, and have completed two long, headache-compelling poems. One of them was suggested by a little incident in Rome, and has grown, in my hands, to an unreasonable length. Horace, these poems lose half their worth to me, for want of your criticism. I depend much upon it—Your severity of taste has already helped me to write far better than I could have written without it. You are, on this point, an irreparable loss to me—how shall I remedy it? I have felt often tempted to publish my poems, separately, this winter. Putnam's New Monthly would do very well to bring them out in, but I still keep them all to myself, waiting for your advice.

Enough of this, which is purely selfish and egotistical. Far greater is my need of you as a friend. I have been leading a very lonely and unsympathetic life ever since I came from New Port. I need to be practically reminded that Love is the Religion of Life, and who can bring us back to its' standard, if it be not one who is dear to us?

You promised to write me from England—it is needless to remind you, false Rosso, that you did not. That requires no excuse—your poor eyes were too bad, or your spirits too low, or sea-sickness too recent. You shall or shall not write me from Paris, just as shall please you best, but you must not forget me. I am too lonely, too helpless, too orphaned to be deserted by you, my brother. . . .

I plead guilty to great fatigue in the spinal and cerebral region, and to cramp in the forefinger of the right hand—were it not for this, I could not tire of writing to you, Horace. I am very thin and ugly this winter—this alone consoles me for being unseen of you. Farewell, my dear, dear friend—God bless you. Let me know, if you can, when I may hope to see you again.

GLANKÔ\(^5\)

Before mailing this letter, Mrs. Howe received news of Wallace's suicide, on the 16th of December 1852, at the age of thirty-five. Horace Binney later wrote in his Autobiography,\(^4\) "On this day I received information of the death of my nephew Horace Binney Wallace in Paris, and much more to my grief & horror than to my surprise, that he fell by his own hand." The exact means are not known, but one has a terrible vision of the pair of pistols with which some of Wallace's fictional characters have sometimes gone out to face their enemies. Publicly, Binney ascribed his nephew's death to "some lesion of the blood-vessels in the brain,"\(^4\) but private correspondence shows that the doctors could find no physical causes for Wallace's nervous complaints. A few days before his death he had written to his brother, "My exhaustion has been greater since I have been in Paris than at any previous time. . . . I hope and fight on still. . . ."\(^4\) In a second letter he wrote, "I believe the chief matter is that I am exceedingly nervous. . . . I have sometimes been in the deepest depression and alarm, and at other times am a little better. Travelling agitates and fatigues me, and repose alone brings depression. . . . Come if conveniently you can."\(^4\)

In his posthumous publications, Wallace was at last associated with his writings. He remained known to the generation that out-lived him, then he was largely forgotten.

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\(^{4}\) Howe Papers, Houghton Library, Harvard University.  
\(^{6}\) "Obituary," Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe, pp. xxiii-xxiv.  
\(^{8}\) Dec. 13, 1852. Ibid., p. xx.
Library Notes

AN UNIDENTIFIED AUTOGRAPHED MANUSCRIPT
ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF BAGHDAD

BY

IBN-AL-DUBAYYIH

IN THE

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Summary and adaptation of a paper read by Professor Philip K. Hitti at the celebration of the millenary of Baghdad and of the first Arab philosopher al-Kindi. Dr. Hitti attended the ceremony, in December, 1952, at the invitation of the Iraq government.

Among the treasures of the Garrett collection of Arabic manuscripts in Princeton University Library is one acquired among others from Ahram S. Yahuda, the British orientalist, in 1932, and labeled by him Mi-Dhayl Risal Ta'rîkh Bagdad il-Dubayyih - Sur-Hawan Dhayl 'ala Ta'rîkh al-Sam'â'î (a supplement by al-Dubayyih to the supplement by al-Sam'â'i on the history of Baghdad).

The manuscript itself bears no title but the third line of the incipit, which has been tampered with (see Plate I), describes the work to al-Bukhari, the renowned author of Al-Ta'rikh al-Kabir (the great history of Baghdad). This is clearly a forgery, for al-Bukhari died A.D. 870, centuries before the time treated in our manuscript. Dr. Yahuda's label is inaccurate. Our author was the son of al-Dubayyih, and we shall show later, and should therefore be called Ibn-al-Dubayyih. Ibn-al-Dubayyih was born July 1, 1165, flourished in Baghdad as a theologian and teacher and died there November 8, 1239, happily for him nineteen years before his beloved Baghdad, glorious capital of Hârûn al-Rashid, was destroyed by the Mongols.

A study of the text leaves no doubt that our manuscript is part

I am indebted to my colleague Roshdi Muth, who called my attention to this manuscript and contributed in the solution of problems referred to him, and to Professor Ali-al-Ma'lli, visiting professor from the American University at Cairo, whose assistance in research was invaluable.

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First page of Ibn-al-Dubayyi's unique Arabic manuscript (A.D. 1227) on the history of Baghdad
(Note change of hand in the third line, where forgery was committed, involving the author's name.)
Garrett Collection, Princeton University Library (Yahuda 99)
of a larger work which continues al-Sam'āni's history of Baghdad, itself a continuation of one of the earliest and most celebrated histories of the city by al-Khalibi, who died in 1097. The city was then 900 years old.

The colophon is especially interesting. After identifying the manuscript as the end part of sixteen of ibn-al-Dubaythi's four-volume history, it goes on to say that it was studied by six (cited by name) under the author in person, who gave them copies and licensed five of them to teach it, the sixth having dropped out before the completion of the course. The colophon then designates Jumada I, 649 A.H. (April 25, 1251) as the date on which the last session was held, and the place as a building on the eastern bank of the Tigris 'in the City of Peace (Baghdad), the building where missions to the court of al-Asr (Caliph al-Zahir, A.D. 1229-33) were entertained.' Thus the colophon illustrates the three stages through which a Moslem student had to pass: obtaining the instruction by hearing (Ar. samā') from a shaykh-teacher, receiving a copy of the text (mandudilah) and also a licence (iqlad) to teach the course. Below the colophon and in a different hand: 'Correct, signed by Mūhammad ibn-Sa'īd ibn-'Ali ibn-al-Dubaythi' (see Plate 11, last line). This leaves no doubt that the Princeton copy was the text used by the author himself as he taught his pupils, and was autographed by him. It makes it over 755 years old. The manuscript is 18½ folio, 20½ x 17 centimeters; written surface 11 x 18½; 25 lines to a page; in nashī, entries in red; embossed Oriental leather binding with a flap.

The question then arises as to whether other copies of this volume are extant. The catalog of the University of Cambridge Library (1900) by E. J. Browne lists (No. 169) a two-volume history wrongly ascribed to ibn-al-Najjār. In a publication of the Arab Academy of Iraq (Baghdad, 1950) it was shown that the author is ibn-al-Dubaythi, but the contents do not duplicate any material in our manuscript. Another copy of ibn-al-Dubaythi's history is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Paris), but not adequately described in its catalog. This necessitated correspondence with the custodian which revealed that it was a seventeenth century copy of the same work but differs in incipit and colophon and therefore is not a descendant of ours. The National Library, Cairo, possesses a copy of two volumes of ibn-al-Dubaythi's work edited and abridged by al-Dihāshī (d. 1358), of which one was edited and published by Muṣṭafā Jawād (Baghdad, 1951). A comparison with
our manuscript shows that the material is cut to about half its size. This leaves the Princeton manuscript unique.

The last question relates to the contents of the work. It may surprise the reader, after having learned that this is a supplement to one of the earliest and most important histories of Baghdad, that ibn-al-Dubaythi's history is a collection, following the pattern established by his two predecessors (al-Sam'ani and al-Khayfb), of biographies of learned men who flourished in Baghdad. Those men were mostly theologians, jurists, teachers and authors. Our manuscript, which is the first volume of four, lists 788 of them, arranged alphabetically except for "Muhammad" and "Ali" which are given priority because they are the two koranic names of the Prophet. To the Arabs of those days Islamic history was the history of the community as represented by its scholars, particularly those specializing in koranic science and tradition (hadith). Political history as such was of minor relevance. Even the history of the capital of the 'Abbāsid caliphate, the longest-lived and most celebrated of Arab empires, lacked the biography of a single caliph.

—PHILIP K. Hitti

BAROQUE ART

From October 5, 1963, through January 15, 1964, illustrated books of the seventeenth century were on display in the main exhibition gallery of the Library. A leaflet containing a discussion of these books as examples of Baroque art, by John Rupert Martin, Professor of Art and Archaeology, was distributed to subscribers with the last issue of the Chronicle. Further copies of the leaflet are available from the Library upon request.

The engraved title-pages and plates, reflecting developments in the "major" arts of painting, sculpture and architecture, were roughly grouped by countries of publication—Italy, France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, England and Spain—although the artists and engravers were themselves a migratory lot. Among those represented were Bernini, Annibale Carracci, Rubens, Poussin and Charles Lebrun. Famous books which took their place in the display included: the first edition of Leonardo da Vinci's Trattato della Pittura with illustrations designed by Poussin (Paris, 1651); the Imprimerie Royale editions of the works of Virgil (1641) and of Horace (1642), with frontispieces engraved by Claude Mellan after Poussin's designs; Blaeu's Atlas (Amsterdam, 1643-46); Galileo's Dialogo (1632); and Kepler's Rudolphine Tables (1627); the King James Bible of 1611; Ben Jonson's Works (1616); John Smith's Generall Historie of Virginia (1624); Milton's Paradise Lost illustrated by John Baptist Medina (1688); and Andrea Pozzo, Perspectiva Pictorum et Architectorum (Rome, 1692).

Concurrently with the exhibition in the main gallery the Graphic Arts Division showed seventeenth-century engraved portraits by Robert Nanteuil and his contemporaries, lent for the most part from the collection of John D. Gordon '05; while a display in the Maps Division of seventeenth-century maps, selected for the artistic quality of their cartouches and other ornaments, further emphasized the theme of Baroque art.

PRINCETON'S MASON AND DIXON MAP

November 1963 marked the two hundredth anniversary of the arrival in America of Charles Mason (1728-1786) and Jeremiah Dixon (1735-1779), two young but experienced English astronomers who were employed to survey the boundary between Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. The fixing of the line, completed in 1768, terminated the eighty years' feud, rich in litigation (and therefore also, in now rare publications) between the Penns and Calverts, proprietors respectively of the colonies of Pennsylvania and of Maryland. The line has subsequently attained such figurative importance in the American imagination that its original significance as a practical and scientific accomplishment has been rather generally forgotten. In connection with the anniversary, the Department of Internal Affairs, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, has issued a book entitled The Mason and Dixon Line, Story for a Bicentenary, 1763-1963, by the late Hubertis M. Cummings, Princeton Class of 1907, and long time Friend of the Princeton University Library. The appearance of this book provides an opportunity to call attention to a rare document in the Princeton collections and to add further details concerning it.

Mr. Cummings' narrative includes (pp. 98-104) a discussion of the famous map, or "Plan," recording the results of the Mason and Dixon survey. The engraving of this map was begun by Henry Dawkins (known to Princetonians for his 1764 engraving of Nassau Hall) and then completed by James Smibert in Philadelphia in 1768. It was issued in two sheets, designed to be cut in strips and mounted. Only a few copies have survived, including the one in the Princeton Library, presented in 1958 by Mr. and Mrs. John H.
Doran, of Kingston, Pennsylvania, in memory of their son, Joseph H. Doran, II, '35. The two sheets of the Princeton copy of the map are reproduced in the Chronicle, XVI, No. 2 (Winter, 1955), 97-99, with a descriptive note by Thomas W. Streeter, entitled "Princeton's Mason and Dixon Map." As pointed out in this article, the Princeton copy of particular interest inasmuch as the eastern sheet is not an engraving at all, but a manuscript bearing the autograph signatures of "Cha: Mason" and "Jere: Dixon"—presumably, therefore, the original drawing that was engraved by Smithers. "As far as I know," Mr. Streeter wrote, "none of these manuscript copies of the Mason and Dixon map has survived, except possibly in part in this eastern sheet now at Princeton. How a copy of the map in part engraved and in part manuscript happened to be assembled presents a problem which none of us interested in the Mason and Dixon map has been able to solve."

The problem has now been solved (too late, unfortunately, to be known to Mr. Cummings and included in his book), thanks to the researches of Nicholas B. Wainwright (Princeton Class of 1936), of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In his article, "Tale of a Runaway Cape, The Penn-Baltimore Agreement of 1732," in The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, LXXXVII, No. 3 (July, 1963), 251-293, Mr. Wainwright points out (pp. 287-8) "that both Mason and Dixon's signed drawings of the map have recently come to light. The drawing for the eastern sheet was given to Princeton University in 1963... In January, 1963, the western section was identified among the Chew papers at Cliveden. Miraculously, the entire manuscript map prepared by Mason and Dixon has survived." The circumstances of the identification are further described by Mr. Wainwright (p. 288, n. 95) as follows:

On Jan. 8, 1963, while Benjamin Chew [Princeton, Class of 1937] and the author were comparing a copy of the map with a long strip map of the western line only, a strip signed under its cartouche by Mason and Dixon, Mr. Chew noticed that the cartouche on the strip map differed from that on the other copy. It was soon realized that the strip map, despite its superficial appearance of being an engraving, was actually a manuscript. On Jan. 15, this map was compared at Princeton with the other manuscript part signed by the surveyors. There was no doubt in any of the viewers' minds that both were drawn by the same hand, presumably that of Charles Dixon. The Princeton part of the manuscript was acquired by the family of its donor in 1864. No doubt, Benjamin Chew, 3rd, who is known to have given away a set of the map to John McAllister in 1863 (T. W. Streeter, Americana-Beginnings, Morristown, N.J., 1952, p. 32), gave a set to another friend, not realizing that the eastern sheet he selected for it was part of the original manuscript.

—H.C.R., JR.

THE PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON

Princeton has long possessed a collection of the papers of its thirteenth president, Woodrow Wilson, second in importance only to the official collection in the Library of Congress. Since 1958 a Princeton professor, Arthur S. Link, has headed a research project entitled The Papers of Woodrow Wilson. A staff of four editors—research historians supported by major grants from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, and by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation itself—has been at work in Washington, D.C., assembling or photocopying and organizing the Wilson papers found there and in collections elsewhere. "Wilson's papers were originally scattered over the face of the earth; and the most important policy decisions were often made without systematic record kept at the White House. We believe we have gathered almost everything of substance he ever wrote, even to scraps of paper, as well as many collateral documents which illuminate Wilson texts."

This fall Firestone Library has once again shifted a few of its modular walls to receive the project's results to date, eighteen five-drawer filing cabinets and hundreds of drawers of catalogue and inventory cards. At the same time Professor Link's two principal colleagues, John Wells Davidson, Associate Editor, and David W. Hirst, Assistant Editor, have moved from Washington to the newly expanded Woodrow Wilson rooms on Firestone's second floor. One editor, John Little, remains in Washington to clear up final details there, and will rejoin the main body in Princeton in June. This move was foreseen when the project began.

Simultaneously, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, long located at 45 East 65th Street in New York, has reorganized and moved its headquarters to Princeton University. The Foundation's Secretary is now Alexander Leitch, Secretary of the University, and virtually all Foundation funds are being devoted to the work on The Papers.
Preparation of the first volume of *The Papers* for publication has now begun, and Professor Link estimates that the series, to be published by the Princeton University Press, will run to forty-odd volumes.

It is fitting that this project should come permanently to Princeton to join with a rapidly-growing number of collections of the papers of major twentieth-century statesmen. The concentration of these source documents in the Library will guarantee their active exploitation for and by future generations.—DONALD WATT

**CHASTELLUX'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA**

Howard C. Rice, Jr.'s new edition of the Marquis de Chastellux's *Travels in North America in the Years 1780, 1781, and 1782* was published recently by the University of North Carolina Press for the Institute of Early American History and Culture, which had previously honored the manuscript with its bi-annual manuscript award.

Drawing on such rich sources for the study of the French in the American Revolution as the Berthier Papers in the Princeton University Library, Mr. Rice has greatly enhanced this 18th century journal by placing it in editorial trappings that are as felicitous, as wise and as fascinating as the Marquis' own account. The careful annotation is the result not only of exhaustive library research but also of painstaking field work. The 18th century text is most helpfully introduced by a biography of the author, a bibliography of the book itself and an unscrambling of the puzzle concerning George Grieve, the book's first English translator.

Among the features of the book that will be of particular interest to librarians and collectors of Americana are Mr. Rice's "Note on Bibliographic and Cartographic Sources," and his "Check-List of the Different Editions of Chastellux's Travels." The check-list locates copies in representative American libraries and shows that the John Carter Brown Library has the most nearly complete collection, with Princeton the next strongest. No. 1 on the check-list is an especially rare item: the edition of Part I only of Chastellux's *Travels*—his *Voyage de Newport à Philadelphie* [sic], *Albany, &c.*—printed for the author for private distribution by the French Fleet printing press at Newport in 1781 in an edition of twenty-four copies. Of the eight surviving copies that Mr. Rice has been able to locate, five are in American collections, including the Hal-sey-Grenville Kane copy now in the Princeton Library and others in the Harvard, John Carter Brown, New York Public and Huntington Libraries. Another bibliographic refinement that will be of use to collectors and librarians is the inclusion of Evans and Sabin numbers in the footnote references to 18th century works. Over two dozen illustrations, all splendidly annotated (including a portrait of the Marquis which Mr. Rice has identified as the work of Mme Vigée-Lebrun) enrich this journey still further.

In the course of his travels, which extended north as far as Glens Falls, New York, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and south to Virginia, General Chastellux visited Princeton upon several occasions, two of which are described in the *Travels*. Upon his first visit, November 29, 1780 he noted:

This town is situated on a sort of plateau, not very high, but which dominates the country on all sides. It has only one street formed by the high road; there are about sixty or eighty houses, all rather well built, but you scarcely notice them, for your attention is immediately attracted by an immense building which is visible from a considerable distance. This is a college built by the state of New Jersey some years before the war. As this building is remarkable only for its size, it is unnecessary to describe it; the reader will need only to recall, when I come to speak of the battle, that it is on the left of the road when going towards Philadelphia, that it is situated towards the middle of the town, on an isolated spot of ground, and that the entrance to it is through a large square yard surrounded by high fences.

The object of my curiosity [the Princeton battlefield], though far removed from letters, having brought me to the very gate of the college, I disembowed to visit for a moment this vast edifice. I was almost immediately joined by Mr. Witherspoon, president of the university. He is a man of at least sixty, is a member of Congress, and much respected in this country. In accosting me he spoke French, but I easily perceived that he had acquired his knowledge of the language from reading rather than conversation; which did not prevent me, however, from answering him and continuing to converse with him in French, for I saw that he was well pleased to display what he knew of it. This is a courtesy which costs
little, and is too frequently neglected by travelers in a foreign country. To reply in English to a person who speaks French to you, is to tell him 'you do not know my language so well as I do yours': in which, however, you can often be mistaken. As for myself, I always prefer to have the advantage on my side, and to fight on my own ground. I conversed in French, therefore, with the president, and from him I learned that this college is a complete university; that it can contain two hundred students, and more, if the outboarders are included; that the distribution of studies is made in such a way that there is only one class for the 'humanities,' which corresponds to our first four classes; that two others are devoted to perfecting the young men in the study of Latin and Greek; a fourth to natural philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, etc.; and a fifth to moral philosophy. Parents may support their children at this college at the annual expense of forty guineas. Half of this sum is appropriated to lodgings and masters; the rest is sufficient for meals, either in the college itself, or at board in private houses in the town. This useful establishment has fallen into decline since the war; there were only forty students when I saw it. A fairly extensive collection of books had been gathered; most of these have been scattered. The English even carried off from the chapel the portrait of the King of England, a loss for which the Americans easily consoled themselves, declaring they would have no King among them, not even a painted one. There still remains a very beautiful astronomical machine; but as it was then out of order, and differs in no respect from the one I saw afterwards in Philadelphia, I shall dispense with describing it here.

I confess also that I was rather impatient to seek out the traces of General Washington, in a country where every object recalled his successes. I passed rapidly therefore from Parnassus to the field of Mars, and from the hands of President Witherspoon into those of Colonel Moylan. They were both upon their own ground; so that while one was pulling me by the right arm, telling me, 'Here is the philosophy classroom,' the other was plucking me by the left, telling me, 'This is where one hundred and eighty English laid down their arms.'
RECENT ACQUISITIONS . BOOKS

The following represent significant additions to the Library's Rare Book Section and related special collections during the past year.

ABANO, PIETRO D'. Conciliator controversiarum, quae inter philosophos et medicos versantur. Venice, 1548. Purchase.

Aiken, Conrad Potter. Thirty-three of his books and several related items. Gift of Willard Thorp.

AMERICAN FICTION, 1774-1875. Twenty-one titles including William Adams' Hatchie, the guardian slave; or, the heiress of Bellevue, Boston, 1853, presented by the author to J. T. Trowbridge. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, Sinclair Hamilton Collection. Fifty-eight volumes including an album of drawings by F. O. C. Darley; Louisa May Alcott's On picket duty and other tales, Boston and New York [1864]; Hutchings' illustrated California magazine, San Francisco, 1856-61; and a broadside printed at Dunbarton, N.H. containing A true and particular narrative of the late tremendous Tornado or hurricane, at Philadelphia and New York, on Sabbath day, July 3, 1792. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.

ANGLING. One hundred and two books added to the collection presented in memory of Isabelle A. Rockey by Kenneth H. Rockey '16.


[BECKFORD, WILLIAM]. Vathek, conte arabe. Paris, 1787. Parreux's first issue, without the Approbation and Privilege. From the library of the late Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., presented by Mrs. Margaret Mather Turner.


BELLON, PETER. The mock-duellist, or, the French valet. A comedy. London, 1675. Purchase.


BERNARD DE CLAIRVAUX, SAINT. A hymn of St. Bernard's to the Holy Jesus. Boston, 1744. Gift of Mrs. L. Wardlaw Miles, from the library of the Stockton family.

BIBLIA GERMANICA. Nuremberg, 1483. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.


BOUSSUET, FRANÇOIS. De natura aquaticium carmen, in alteram partem universae Gulieli Rondeletii. Lyon, 1558. Gift of Kenneth H. Rockey '16.


Brevarium iuxta viuā predicatorium lectiōibus p ferias & oct'. refertum. Venice, 1514. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.
BUCHANAN, GEORGE. De jure regni apud Scotos. Or, a dialogue, concerning the due privilege of government, in the kingdom of Scotland, betwixt George Buchanan and Thomas Maitland, by the said George Buchanan. And translated out of the original Latin into English, by Philelethes. Philadelphia, 1766. Gift of Mrs. L. Wardlaw Miles, from the library of the Stockton family.

BUONAMICI, FRANCESCO. De motu libri X. Florence, 1591. Purchase.

CAVALLO, TIBERIUS. Elements of natural or experimental Philosophy. Philadelphia, 1819. The fly leaf has twenty-three signatures including those of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams; a textbook used at Princeton. Gift of Mrs. L. Wardlaw Miles, from the library of the Stockton family.

CHAMPFIER, SYMPHORIEN. Mirabilium divinorum humanorumque volumina quattuor. [Lyon, 1517]. Purchase.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE. The tragedy of Alphonsus emperour of Germany. London [1654]. Purchase.

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANCOIS AUGUSTE RENE. Nearly three hundred volumes of his works and books about him, with numerous editions of his most popular writings. From the collection of Gilbert Chinard.


A companion to the altar shewing the nature & necessity of a sacramental preparation in order to our worthy receiving the Holy Communion to which are added prayers and meditations. London [ca. 1790]. Fly leaf inscribed: "Jane Austen, April 24th 1794." Gift of Mrs. Barton W. Currie.


DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE. Twenty-five books by or relating to Lewis Carroll, including: Rhymes and reason!, London, 1888, with a presentation inscription from the author to his sister Henrietta H. Dodgson; Sylvie and Bruno, London, 1889, and Sylvie and Bruno concluded, London, 1893, both with presentation inscriptions from the author to his sister Mary C. Collingwood; Lewis Carroll's copy of Mingaud's The noble game of billiards, London, 1890; and Lyra innocentiun, Oxford, 1854, inscribed "Mary Charlotte Dodgson, a Birthday gift from her affectionate brother Charles, 1856." From the library of the late James Brownlee Rankin '23, presented by Mrs. Rankin.

DRAYTON, MICHAEL. Poems . . . newly corrected by the authour. London [ca. 1616]. The title page in the second state. From the library of the late Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., presented by Mrs. Margaret Mather Turner.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Fourteen titles by and relating to Emerson including the four volumes of The Dial presented by Mrs. George L. Stearns to Thomas Whittemore; Nature, Boston and Cambridge, 1849, presented by the author to Dr. Charles T. Jack-
son; Society and solitude. Boston, 1870, inscribed to J. Haven Emerson; and Letters and social aims. Boston, 1876, inscribed to Miss Mary Queen. Also Emerson's copy of George Sand's Le meunier d'Angibault, Brussels, 1845. Gift of William Elfers '41.


FRANCO-AMERICAN RELATIONS IN THE FAR WEST. About one hundred volumes by and concerning Frenchmen who travelled and settled in the western United States. Of particular interest are the four volumes and atlas of plates making up the Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde, Paris, 1797. From the collection of Gilbert Chinard.

FRENCH REVOLUTION. Approximately six hundred pamphlets and leaflets collected by the late Professor Cornwell Burnham Rogers. Gift of Mrs. Cornwell Burnham Rogers.


GRASSI, ORAZIO. Libra astronomica ac philosophica qua Galilaei Galilaei opiniones de comitis a Mario Guiducio in Florentina Academia expositae. Perugia, 1619. Purchase.

GREENAWAY, KATE. A collection of twenty-seven items. Includes a large paper copy of Dame Wiggins of Lee, Orpington, 1885; Rhymes for the young folk, London [1887] with Helen Allingham's illustrations signed by her; The quiver of love, London, 1876, with only four plates; and Infant amusements, London, 1867. Also the copy of Language of flowers, London [1884] presented by Miss Greenaway to Frederick Locker-Lampson with a letter to him dated 4 April 1879 about the cost of illustrations; the Almanack for 1892 presented to Mrs. Locker-Lampson with a water-color drawing on the half title; and twelve Almanacks presented to Austin Dobson, the one for 1897 containing a note and a pen-and-ink sketch on the half title. From the library of the late James Brownlee Rankin '23, presented by Mrs. Rankin.


HIGDEN, RANULF. Polychronicon. Southwarke, 1527. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.


MATHER, COTTON. *Magnalia Christi Americana: or, the ecclesiastical history of New-England*. London, 1702. Has the map and the errata printed on the recto and verso of one leaf. One volume in a collection of books, many of them by and relating to the Mather family, formerly the property of the late Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., presented by Mrs. Margaret Mather Turner.


MOODY, JOSHUA. *A practical discourse concerning the choice benefit of communion with God in His house*. Boston, 1685. Gift of Edgar J. Sherman '25 and Mrs. Sherman.


NAYLER, SIR GEORGE. *The coronation of his most sacred majesty King George the Fourth*. London, 1827. Gift of Middleton Train '84.


The Philadelphia medical museum. Volume II, 1806. With a communication from Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of the College of New Jersey, to Dr. Benjamin Rush, Class of 1760, on bloodletting. Gift of Dr. Fred B. Rodgers ‘47.

Presbyterian church in the U.S.A. The constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America containing the confession of faith, the catechisms, the government and discipline. Philadelphia, 1789. Half title signed by John Witherspoon. Gift of Mrs. Frederic James Dennis.

RACKHAM, ARTHUR. The Peter Pan portfolio. London [1912]. One of about twenty sets issued with each plate signed by the artist. Gift of Middleton Train ‘34 and Mrs. Train for the Parrish Collection.


REYNOLDS, JOHN. The triumphs of God’s revenge against the crying and execrable sin of murther. London, 1679. Purchase.


ROWSON, SUSANNA HASWELL. Slaves in Algiers; or, a struggle for freedom. Philadelphia, 1794. Listed in “Needs” and given by Sinclair Hamilton ‘06.


SAXTON. Map of Cornwall, 1576. Gift of Dr. J. Monroe Thorton ‘15.


SWAN, JOHN. Speculum mundi. Or a glasse representing the face of the world. Cambridge, 1643. Listed in “Needs” and given by William D. Wright ‘34.


TARKINGTON, NEWTON BOOTH. The plutocrat, Garden City, N.Y., 1927; Growth, London, 1927, both presented by Tarkington to Barton W. Currie; and The collector’s whatnot, Boston, 1923, presented to Barton W. Currie by the three authors, Tarkington, Kenneth Roberts and Hugh M. Kahler. Gift of Mrs. Barton W. Currie.


TILLOTSON, JOHN. The works of the most reverend Dr. John Tillotson, late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. London, 1704. Gift of Dr. Edward H. McLean ‘08.
TITSINGH, ISAAC. Illustrations of Japan; consisting of private memoirs and anecdotes of the reigning dynasty of the Dajounis, or sovereigns of Japan. London, 1822. Purchase.


UTAH TERRITORIAL IMPRINTS. Eight items issued during the first decade of the press in the intermountain West, including the 1852 and 1857 messages of Governor Brigham Young to the Legislative Assembly; the Acts, resolutions and memorials of the Territorial Legislature for 1852 and 1857 and the Deseret News—Extra for September 14, 1852 which contains the first printed announcement of the doctrine of polygamy. Purchases for the Rollins Collection of Western Americana.


VORAGINE, JACOBUS DE. Legenda aurea. Augsburg [ca. 1474]. Gift of Sinclair Hamilton '06.


WASHINGTON, GEORGE. Thirty-one funeral orations and eulogies of the first President. Gift of Bernhard K. Schaefer '20.


WESTON, JOHN. The Amazon queen; or, the amours of Thalestris to Alexander the Great. A tragi-comedy. London, 1667. Purchase.


WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS. Kora in hell, Boston, 1920; and The tempers, London, 1913, the latter inscribed by the author to the donor, Mrs. Frederic James Dennis.


WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. A collection of twenty-one volumes of which the following are particularly noteworthy: Concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal. London, 1809. Emended text page 97—Ecclesiastical sketches. London, 1822. Drab wrapper; without advertisements. A.I.S. of Wordsworth laid in.—Grace Darling. [Carlisle, 1843].—Lyrical ballads. London, 1798.—Lyrical ballads. Second edition. London, 1800. Like other copies described by Healey, Volume 1 having cancelled a3 and on page 5 'The first Volume.' Rebound but 13 and 14 are apparently the cancellers fold with misspellings on page 137 and 'agency' page 196, line 14. Volume 2 is in the state described by Healey as the one "usually found."—Memorials of a tour on the continent, 1820. London, 1822. As collated by Healey but with different advertisements bound at the front.—Poems. London, 1807. Like all the copies known to Healey, Volume 2, page 98 having the corrected spelling.—Poems. London, 1815. A large copy measuring 8\(\frac{3}{4}\) x 5\(\frac{3}{4}\) inches. The engraving for "Lucy Gray" is inserted in Volume 1 at page 14; the frontispiece in Volume 1 is an engraved portrait of Wordsworth dated 1835[1]. With the usual cancels; in blue boards without backstrip.—The River Duddon. London,
1820. Has the cancellans; lacks the collective title-page; in blue boards with tan backstrip, the label having been used on the spine. —The waggoner. London, 1819. Has a leaf of advertisements at the end. Gift of John S. Williams '24.

—E.E.C.

THEATRE COLLECTION

An outstanding gift to the Theatre Collection was made on May 27, 1968: fifty-one scrapbooks, covering seventy years (from 1893 to 1963) of attendance at musical and dramatic performances by their donor, Mr. Arthur L. Friedman. The names in the programs of the 1890s—Emma Eames, Lillian Russell, Nellie Melba, Sir Henry Irving, Jean de Reszke, Joseph Jefferson, Ignace Paderewski—and those of the 1960s—Eileen Farrell, Jack Benny, Joan Sutherland, Henry Fonda, Van Cliburn, John Gielgud, Marcel Marceau—indicate the span which is covered by Mr. Friedman's generous gift. —MARGUERITE MCANENY

ENDOWED LIBRARY FUNDS AND SPECIAL GIFTS

The Librarian's annual report for the year 1962-1963 announced the establishment of the following ten library funds having a total capital of $76,187.86.

New endowed library funds:

Elmer Adler Memorial
Established by the executors of the estate of Elmer Adler and by friends
For additions to the Graphic Arts Collection

Elmer Adler Undergraduate Book Collecting Prize
Established by the executors of the estate of Elmer Adler
Income to be awarded annually to the winner or winners of the undergraduate book collecting contest

Emily H. Cowperthwaite Fund
Established by Mrs. Emily H. Cowperthwaite
For philosophy

William A. Dusenbury, Class of 1902, and Edgar T. Dusenbury, Class of 1907, Memorial
Established by the Duncan C. Dusenbury Foundation
For geology

International Relations Fund
Established by an anonymous donor

For library materials which will best meet the needs of the students and scholars of the University in increasing their understanding of the political, economic, and cultural life of the various areas of the world

David McDougal LeBreton, Jr., Class of 1934, Memorial
Established by William G. Foulke '34
For books for the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs

Baldwin Maull, Class of 1922, Classics Library Fund
Established by Baldwin Maull '22
For books and other research materials pertaining to ancient Greek and Roman civilizations, including such fields as numismatics, epigraphy, lexicography, paleography, and papyrology

Frank H. Payne, Class of 1891, and F. Dana Payne, Class of 1916, Memorial
Established by Mrs. F. Dana Payne and F. Dana Payne, Jr. '46
Unrestricted

Jonathan Sturges, III, Class of 1885, Memorial
Established by bequest of his sister, Mrs. Andrew Chalmers Wilson
For American, English, and Continental literature

Richard Peyton Woodson, Jr. Memorial
Established by Mrs. Richard Peyton Woodson, Jr.
For political science and jurisprudence

The report announced also that the additions during the year to the principals of established endowed book funds amounted to $82,427.46, distributed as follows:

Additions to the principals of established endowed book funds:

George Raines Beach, Jr., Class of 1926, and Jane Schuttler Beach Fund
From Mr. and Mrs. George R. Beach, Jr. '26

John Peale Bishop, Class of 1917, Memorial
From William H. Bovey '17

Charles M. Cartwright, Class of 1894, and Levering Cartwright, Class of 1926, Fund
From Levering Cartwright '26

Alice Coes Coyle Memorial
From one donor
Frances Jennings Elmer Memorial
From one donor

Warren P. Elmer Memorial
Bequest of Frances Jennings Elmer

Jeremiah Thomas Finch Memorial
From three donors

Annie Rhodes and Alexander Reading Gulick, Class of 1889, Memorial
From one donor

Clifton R. Hall Memorial
From Ernest J. Brown '27

Robert Alan Hamilton, Class of 1958, Memorial
From Frank Hamilton

Sinclair Hamilton, Class of 1906, Fund
From sales of catalogue of Hamilton Collection

Rose K. and Walter G. Hildebrant, Class of 1909, Fund
From Walter G. Hildebrant '09

Alden P. Johnson, Class of 1937, Fund
From Alden P. Johnson '37

Allan C. Johnson Memorial
From one donor

Philo Rockwell King, Jr., Class of 1945, Fund
From Philo R. King, Jr. '45

Jacob Lindley, Class of 1800, Fund
From three donors

James H. McEwen, Jr., Class of 1944, Fund
From James H. McEwen, Jr. '44

Oscar Harmon McPherson, Class of 1906, Memorial
From Paul C. McPherson '14

Marquand Library Fund
From four donors

Morey, Smith, and Friend Memorial
From one donor

Charles Grosvenor Osgood Fund
From estate of Isabella O. Osgood

Henry N. Paul, Class of 1884, Memorial
From one donor

Isabelle A. Rockey Memorial
From income

Robert K. Root Fund
From estate of Robert K. Root

Rudolph N. Schullinger, Class of 1917, Fund
From five donors

Edward W. Sheldon, Class of 1879, Memorial
From estate of Isabella O. Osgood

Sinclair Library Fund
From an anonymous donor

George Black Stewart, Class of 1876, Memorial
From six donors

Willard and Margaret Thorp Fund
From Mr. and Mrs. Willard Thorp

Clark Marcus Varnum Memorial
From a number of donors

Gifts for current acquisitions and special projects:

In addition to the above, the Library received during the year 1962-1963, for current acquisitions and special projects, donations totaling $77,025.33. The following donors contributed $1,000.00 or more: C. Waller Barrett, Canadian Princeton Alumni, Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Ford, Henry H. Hoyt '17, Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Hyde, Graham D. Mattison '26, Kenneth H. Rockey '16, Robert H. Taylor '30, Christian A. Zabriskie, Friends of the Princeton University Library, Rockefeller Foundation, and Foundation for Public Relations Research. Gifts amounting to $5,367.14 were received from forty-three other donors.

Books, manuscripts, and other library materials:

The appraised value of books, manuscripts, and other library materials received as gifts during the year was $271,167.02.
FINANCIAL REPORT

The summary of financial transactions on the Operating Account for the year 1962-63:

RECEIPTS

Cash balance July 1, 1962 $ 8,013.66
Dues for 1962-63 11,505.50
Chronicle subscriptions and sales 957.26
Friends dinner, May 17, 1963 879.00
Contributions 155.00

$21,490.42

EXPENDITURES

Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XXIII, Nos. 3 and 4 $3,025.35
Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XXIV, Nos. 1 and 2 4,201.32
Postage and printing 3,799.72
Needs Committee 140.85
Clerical help 124.25
Membership drive expenses 528.94
Undergraduate book collecting contest prizes 50.00
Friends dinner, May 17, 1963 1,148.15
Editor's salary 800.00
Transfers to Acquisitions Committee Fund 4,000.00

$15,858.58

Balance June 30, 1963 $ 5,631.84

Contributions received from Friends during the year 1962-63 for current acquisitions totaled $46,643.89 and to "Needs" $1,393.50.
FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The Friends of the Princeton University Library, founded in 1950, is an association of bibliophiles and scholars interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has secured gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise have been acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to anyone subscribing annually seven dollars and fifty cents or more. Checks payable to Princeton University should be addressed to the Treasurer.

Members receive The Princeton University Library Chronicle and publications issued by the Friends, and are invited to participate in meetings and to attend special lectures and exhibitions.

The Council

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Chairmen will welcome inquiries and suggestions.