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F. Scott Fitzgerald, Princeton ’17

BY SCOTT DONALDSON

“My father belonged all his life to Princeton”

—Scottie Fitzgerald Smith

No major American writer is so closely associated with his university as F. Scott Fitzgerald, partly because Fitzgerald sticks in the public consciousness as a sort of perpetual undergraduate: charming, talented, and rather irresponsible. But the association is of Fitzgerald’s making as well. In his fiction, Princeton looms large in his first and immensely popular novel, This Side of Paradise, and serves as setting for several stories. In his life, Fitzgerald stepped up his references to Old Nassau as he grew older; in his last years he went out of his way to let even strangers know of his connection with the university. Towards the end, in fact, he fit rather neatly into the stereotype of the Old Grad.

The foundations for that feeling were laid early on. He decided on Princeton, the nine-year-old Scott told his playmates in Buffalo, after attending a Princeton Glee Club concert in 1905. Or he made the choice, according to a note in his scrapbook, after watching Sam White race ninety-five yards with a blocked field goal to score the winning touchdown at the 1911 Princeton-Harvard game. Or he opted for Old Nassau, he told Saturday Evening Post readers, when he came across the Triangle Club score for “His Honor the Sultan” in the spring of 1913. Or—and this is

Unless otherwise indicated, letters and notes cited below are among the Fitzgerald Papers at the Firestone Library, Princeton University.

most likely—there was no one determining occasion but instead an accumulating impression that Princeton would suit him better than either Yale or Harvard, the only alternatives he seems to have considered.

Of the two, Yale was the more formidable rival—too formidable, for young Fitzgerald’s taste. He conceived of Yale men as “brawny and brutal and powerful” (like Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*) and of Princeton men as “slender and keen and romantic” (like Allenby in *This Side of Paradise* and the Hobey Baker he was modeled upon). In a letter to a college girl friend Fitzgerald made pen and ink sketches of the typical graduate of Princeton (well turned out, Roman in profile), of Yale (an unshaven thug), and of Harvard (an aesthete in monocle and flowing tie). Yet “in preparatory school and up to the middle of sophomore year in college,” Fitzgerald wrote in 1927, “it worried me that I wasn’t going and hadn’t gone to Yale.” He regarded Yale, clearly, as the breeding ground for success. But he wanted something quieter, mellower and less exigent… a moment to breathe deep and ruminate” before plunging “into the clamorous struggle of American life.”

So young Fitzgerald entered the college of his choice on his seventeenth birthday, determined to make his mark. He was too small for football, he soon found out, and turned instead to his literary talent as a pathway to success. In November of his freshman year he was out for the *Tiger*, the campus humor magazine, and was writing lyrics for the Triangle Club. Most of his freshman spring was devoted to composing book and lyrics for the 1914-1915 Triangle show “Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi!”. Edmund Wilson, Jr. ’16 wrote the next year’s show, called “The Evil Eye,” but sent the manuscript to Fitzgerald in the summer of 1915 in hopes that he could “infuse it some of the fresh effervescence of youth for which [Scott was] so justly celebrated.” Come fall, Fitzgerald did the lyrics for the show and took up his duties as Triangle secretary. A picture of him, dressed as a girl for the club’s famous chorus line, ran in the New York *Times* and provoked a number of responses. One chap—“Ralph Hale, general delivery, Milford, Connecticut”—

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proposed a rendezvous. "Look him up and kindly poison him for me," Fitzgerald suggested to a girl friend.\(^3\)

In May of his sophomore year, Fitzgerald was elected to the *Tiger*, a humor magazine he later characterized as not up to the standard of the (Harvard) *Lampoon*, (Yale) *Record*, and (Cornell) *Widow* "because most of the local wit was concentrated on producing the hullabaloo of the Triangle show."\(^4\) His most notable contribution to the *Tiger*, he reflected in 1935, was starting a series called "International Petting Cues"—short takes acknowledging in print "that girls would be girls." When the *Tiger* was late to press, he and John Biggs, Jr. '18 sometimes slapped together an issue overnight.\(^4\)

In Fitzgerald's ledger for February 1916 appears the notation, "Began Spires and Gargoyles, the beginning of mature writing."\(^5\) His hopes for a leadership role at Princeton were crumbling by that time and he increasingly turned his attention to serious fiction and poetry. This work appeared mostly in the pages of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, the particular domain first of Wilson and then of John Peale Bishop '17. Each of these men had read far more widely than Fitzgerald, and tended to regard him with a mixture of admiration (for his talent) and amused tolerance (for his ignorance). Each also became his lifelong friend.

In "The Spire and the Gargoyle"—the correct title of the story that eventually appeared in the February 1917 *Nassau Lit*—Fitzgerald attempted to come to grips with the academic troubles that effectively prevented him from taking his place among the leaders of his class. The spire stood for aspiration and high hopes, dashed by the preceptor-gargoyle. Matters came to a head in the fall of 1915, his junior year, when he made up geometry with the aid of tutoring but failed make-up examinations in Latin and chemistry. That rendered him ineligible for actual participation in the Triangle show, and after a bout of malaria in November he went back to St. Paul and watched when "The Evil Eye" played there over the Christmas holidays.\(^6\) Early in January 1916, his friend Bishop, who had been on that trip, exhorted him: "For God's sake and

\(^3\) Turnbull, pp. 50-51, 61; Edmund Wilson to FSF, 28 August 1915; FSF to Ruth Sturtevant, n.d., Alderman Library, University of Virginia.


\(^6\) Ibid.
your own get your conditions off and keep them off. I shall welcome you as next year’s Managing Editor [of the Nassau Lit]. . . . You will also probably get a certain minor office in the P △ Club. Guess what? Oh, yes!” But Fitzgerald did nothing about his courses. On a February trip to Princeton he was formally flunked into the class of 1918. Back in St. Paul, he wrote a play for Triangle, but in May it was rejected, and though he once more wrote lyrics for the 1916-17 show and was again pictured as a showgirl, Fitzgerald was no longer a serious candidate for Triangle presidency.8

Considering his intelligence, Fitzgerald made a remarkably bad academic record at Princeton. Even before being admitted, he had to pass special entrance examinations. He failed three subjects his first semester, took fifth groups (passing, but barely) in three others, and managed but one fourth group—a solid D. In the spring he earned his first 3, or C, and passed everything else except mathematics. For the year he finished in general group 5, on the very brink of failure. As a consequence, he was declared ineligible to participate in extracurricular affairs in the fall of his sophomore year too. Despite that warning, he finished in the fifth general group once again, failing three subjects and taking so many cuts that an extra course was added to his schedule as a penalty.9 Then came the disastrous fall of 1915, when the roof fell in despite his success at coordinate geometry:

I’m off to the Math. School
To pass it or bust,
If Conics don’t get me
Then Politics must.10

Fitzgerald, who had gotten “tight in Trenton” his second month on campus, did a good deal of drinking during that unhappy autumn of 1915. He was then living in 32 Little, and would scrawl wake-up messages on the wall for Dale Warren, the freshman living in 34 Little: “Dale Warren wake me up at 7 sharp” or “Don’t let me miss my 8 o’clock.” The upperclassman “slept heavy,” Warren recalls. Warren’s routine was to “shake and yank the prostrate figure on the bed . . . search for socks, shoes and other

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7 John Peale Bishop to FSF, 2 January 1916.
8 FSF, Ledger, p. 170.
9 Mizener, pp. 44-45, 55; FSF grade records in scrapbook; Turnbull, p. 65.
articles... [and] somehow get [it] downstairs, out into the fresh
air." Once or twice Warren found Fitzgerald lying atop his rum-
pled bedspread, fully or partly dressed. One morning he was not
there at all. The grapevine had it that "he had spent the small
hours of the night on the dewy grass somewhere out behind
the Peacock Inn." Then, in November, Fitzgerald came down with
malaria, thereby providing himself with an excuse for his aca-
demic shortcomings. "You can't flunk out in November," he is
said to have told Ernest Hemingway many years later.

John Biggs, who roomed with Fitzgerald upon his return in the
fall of 1916, has written that so long as Scott "could devote
himself to the English courses, he, of course, did brilliantly." But
even there his performance hardly deserves to be called brilli-
ant. Fitzgerald never flunked an English course, but he never made
a first group either. Here's the record by years: 1913-14: English
101, 4; English 102, 3; 1914-15: English 201, 3; English 202, 3;
1915-16: Dropped out. 1916-17, first term: English 301, 2; English
302, 3. During that fall 1916 semester, Fitzgerald also worked his
way to a second group in Dean Christian Gauss's course in French
literature. But he failed Chemistry 201 and History 301. Still, his
lackluster performance in English courses—a third group average
—may have bothered him more than actually failing subjects for
which he had little affinity, like chemistry.

In his December 1927 sketch of Princeton for College Humor
he praised the college administration, and then singled out for
mention "a fine philosophy department, an excellent department
of classics, . . . and a surprisingly pallid English department, top-
heavy, undistinguished and with an uncanny knack for making
literature distasteful to young men." John Duncan Spaeth, who
lectured on romantic poets and coached the crew, was an excep-
tion, but the interest Spaeth generated was "later killed in the
preceptorial rooms where mildly poetic gentlemen resented any
warmth of discussion and called the prominent men of the class
by their first names." To Fitzgerald's way of thinking, his in-
structors were hopelessly behind the times. "No one of my English
professors in college ever suggested to his class that books were
being written in America."14

(Winter 1964), 129-30.
14 John Biggs, Jr., "A Few Early Years," Princeton Tiger, 68 (January 1957), 21;
F.S.F. grade records in scrapbook.
He had learned more about poetry from John Bishop, he wrote
his daughter in 1940, than from any of his professors. Some of
them "really hated [poetry] and didn’t know what it was about." 15
The lecturers were bad enough, according to the following bit of
doggerel from This Side of Paradise:

Good morning, Fool . . .
Three times a week
You hold us helpless while you speak
Teasing our thirsty souls with the
Sleek "yeas" of your philosophy . . .
Well, here we are, your hundred sheep
Tune up, play on, pour forth . . . we sleep . . . 16

But the preceptors were worse, and particularly his preceptor for
English 301, "The Renaissance," in the fall term of 1916-17. In
the back of his copy of Sidney's Defence of Poesie, Fitzgerald
lashed out with this judgment:

Gee but this man Griffin is terrible. I sit here bored to death
and hear him pick English poetry to pieces. Small man, small
mind. Snotty, disagreeable. Damn him. "Neat" is his favorite
word. Imagine Shakespeare being neat. Yesterday I counted
and found that he used the expression "Isn't that so" fifty
time four times. Oh what a disagreeable silly ass he is. He's going
to get married. God help his wife. Poor girl. She's in for a
bad time. They say Griffin has made more men leave the
English department than any other preceptor in College.
The slovenly old fool! I have the most terrible preceptors. 17

In a letter postmarked January 10, 1917, Fitzgerald again alluded
to Griffin. "Just had a scrap with my English preceptor—he's a
simple bone-head and I'm not learning a thing from him. I told
him so!" Undoubtedly young Fitzgerald was here showing off for
the benefit of the girl to whom he sent the letter. 18 But his impa-
tience with his preceptor may have been partly justified as well.

Nathaniel Edward Griffin (1873-1940) came to Princeton as
one of 47 new men added to the faculty in 1905 when President
Woodrow Wilson instituted the preceptorial system. He had taken
his doctorate in 1899 at Johns Hopkins (where his father was a
dean) with a dissertation on Dares and Dictys: An Introduction
to the Study of Medieval Versions of the Story of Troy. According
to Professor Louis A. Landau of the Princeton English department,
Griffin's methods of instruction were somewhat eccentric. "In
English 301 two weeks were allotted to the study of Hamlet.
Griffin gave all of his time in the 'precept' to a line and a half
describing the effect of the ghost on the watch: ' . . . whilst they,
distill'd / Almost to jelly with the act of fear . . . ' He spent the
first meeting on 'distill'd' and the second on 'fear.' 19

Griffin’s technique sounds very much like “pick[ing] English
poetry to pieces.” Yet it might be argued in his defense that Fitz-
gerald’s own taste in poetry had hardly matured. He liked the
romantic poets, especially Keats, he liked Shakespeare, and he
liked Rupert Brooke. But he was totally unaware that Alfred
Noyes—a member of the Princeton English department to whom
he had been taking his own writing for criticism—was a poet at
all. Furthermore, he produced a derogatory double limerick for
the Tiger after hearing Robert Frost read his poems on campus:

A rugged young rhymer named Frost
Once tried to be strong at all cost
The mote in his eye
May be barley or rye
But his right in that beauty is lost.
Though the meek shall inherit the land,
He prefers a tough bird in the hand,
He puts him in inns,
And feeds him on gins,
And the high brows say, "Isn't he grand?" 20

In an article on "Princeton and Fitzgerald," H. Dan Piper has
quoted with approval Glenway Wescott's judgment that "aside
from his literary talent, I think Fitzgerald must have been the
worst educated man in the world," and observed that "Princeton

15 FSF to Frances Scott Fitzgerald, 3 August 1940, The Letters of F. Scott Fitz-
16 FSF, This Side of Paradise (New York: Scribner's, 1920), p. 106.
17 For the details of this account I am indebted to Wilson M. Hudson's thorough
"F. Scott Fitzgerald and a Princeton Preceptor." The article, among the Fitzgerald
papers at Princeton, bears a memorandum from Hudson: "This is the final form
of my article (unpublished because of personalities involved)."
18 FSF to Alida Bigelow, 10 January 1917, Letters, p. 450.
19 This anecdote is recorded by Hudson, pp. 8-4, with the conclusion that "per-
haps Fitzgerald had some justification for his complaint of being 'bored to death.'"
was probably as much to blame" for this state of affairs as Fitzgerald himself.21 If so, he was quite forgiving toward the college. Only in letters to his daughter did he succumb to what sounded like bitterness: "I went back to junior year with Princeton in my pocket and it took them four months to take it all away from me—stripped of every office and on probation—the phrase was 'ineligible for extra-curricular activities.'" But Fitzgerald was here exaggerating the malignancy of the powers-that-be for daughter Scottie's benefit.22 If nothing else, his academic record at Princeton provided him with plenty of material for repeated caveats to Scottie. Even before she matriculated at Vassar, Fitzgerald was warning her by way of his own sorry example: "What an idiot I was to be disqualified for play by poor work while men of infinitely inferior capacity got high marks without any great effort." When Scottie went off probation in the spring of her freshman year, Fitzgerald once more resorted to argument by analogy: "I was incredibly happy when I heard the cloud had lifted. Don't let it come down again! I was so happy when it lifted for me at Princeton and let me in for everything I'd wanted that I forgot. And the second time I never did manage to get out of a scholastic mess all the time I was in college. If you don't get too happy this spring, don't lose the ground you've gained—it's going to be all right." A year later, Scottie was busy writing book and lyrics for a Vassar musical modeled along Triangle Club lines, and Fitzgerald could not resist the role of Jeremiah. "You are doing exactly what I did at Princeton. I wore myself out on a musical comedy. . . . Result: I slipped way back in my work, got T.B., lost a year in college—and, irony of ironies, because of scholastic slip I wasn't allowed to take the presidency of Triangle."23

Bad luck with preceptors aside, Fitzgerald was not so much blaming Princeton as himself in these letters. As he wrote atop his ledger for 1915-16: "A year of terrible disappointments & the end of all college dreams. Everything bad in it was my own fault."

22 This passage (Letters, p. 94) seems to have been widely misinterpreted. Mizener writes of Fitzgerald's "still hating vigorously the malign and impersonal 'them'" 25 years later (Mizener, pp. 57-58). Pursuing a similar line of thought, Charles Shain in his Minneapolis pamphlet on Fitzgerald (Minneapolis, 1961, p. 14) concludes that "The narrowness of his educated mind, in one sense the failure of his Princeton education, can be fairly deduced from letters he wrote to his daughter studying at Vassar during the last year of his life."

When Scottie considered leaving Vassar at the beginning and again during December of her junior year, her father reacted with his warmest testimony to the value of his college education. "What on earth is the use," he wrote to Zelda, "of having gone to so much time and trouble about a thing and then giving it up two years short of fulfillment. It is the last two years in college that count." In his own case he had got nothing out of his first two years, while "in the last I got my passionate love for poetry and historical perspective and ideas in general (however superficially); it carried me full swing into my career." Actually, Fitzgerald spent most of the 1915-16 year in St. Paul, but that hardly mattered, in retrospect. "The thing for which I am most grateful to my mother and father," he wrote Zelda two days before his death, "are my four years at Princeton, and I would be ashamed not to hand it on to another generation so there is no question of Scottie quitting. Do tell her this."24

Meanwhile, he had been conducting his own "College of One" for Sheilah Graham. Her book on the subject makes it clear that Fitzgerald was largely self-educated, and that he "needed to play teacher as much as the pupil needed teaching."25 Fitzgerald, who had studied so little at college, had learned, somewhere along the line, to respect the process of learning. That may have been bequeathed to him by Princeton, but it was not the only item in the legacy.

Princeton was responsible for sharpening that acute social sensitivity which Fitzgerald had demonstrated even as a boy. His own family—Catholic, with a father who was ineffectual in a business way—hovered on the fringes of the social elite in St. Paul. Several of Fitzgerald's stories, the Basil stories particularly, document young Scott's awareness of his precarious status in this midwestern pond. Back east, first at Newman School and then at Princeton, he was thrown into much larger lakes, but learn to swim he did. Much of This Side of Paradise, in fact, reads like a manual on how to succeed, socially, at the college above Lake Carnegie.

Education in the classroom takes on importance to Amory Blaine, the novel's protagonist, and to most of his friends only as
grades have a bearing on social position. Fitzgerald's favorite scene in the book, according to Arnold Gingrich, occurs in the fall of Amory's junior year when he gets the results of a make-up examination. He knows that if he has failed the exam, he will be ineligible for the editorial board of the Princetonian and that his "stock will go down like an elevator at the club and on campus."

The fateful envelope arrives and Amory stages a little drama for his friends. A blue slip, he tells them, will mean his name must be withdrawn from the Princetonian candidates; a pink one that he has passed and is eligible. He tears open the envelope; holds the slip to the light; then, after an extended pause, announces the results: "Blue as the sky, gentlemen." 26 For Fitzgerald, as for Amory, it was the devil-may-care gesture that counted. This makes highly suspect his protagonist's declaration, near the end of This Side of Paradise, that he "was probably one of the two dozen men in my class at college who got a decent education." 27

Though he knew that This Side of Paradise "rather damn's much of Princeton," Fitzgerald was not prepared for the reaction against it. Years later he looked back on his novel's reception: "These weeks in the clouds ended abruptly . . . when Princeton turned on This Side of Paradise—not undergraduate Princeton but the black mass of faculty and alumni. There was a kind but reproachful letter from President Hibben, and a room full of classmates who suddenly turned on me with condemnation." Hibben objected to the impression the book gave "that our young men are merely living for four years in a country club and spending their lives wholly in a spirit of calculation and snobbery." Surely there was more to undergraduate life than mere social striving. As an admissions officer remarked long afterwards, "No one will ever know the damage Scott Fitzgerald did when he called this place a country club." (Amory is attracted to Princeton, the novel reveals, because of its alluring reputation as the "pleasanter country club in America"). 28

Fitzgerald's reply to John Grier Hibben alternated wildly in

tone. First the 23-year-old groveled at the feet of the great man ("I . . . confess that the honor of a letter from you outweighed my real regret that my book gave you concern"). Then he arrogantly attacked the lockstep curriculum, designed "for the average student," as responsible for his academic troubles. But he loved Princeton now and meant to capture its beauty in his book. Fitzgerald went on. If the picture was cynical, so was the author, having adopted from Theodore Dreiser and Joseph Conrad (writers not then taught in the Princeton English department, being unrespectably modern) the view "that life is too strong and remorseless for the sons of men." Still, Fitzgerald admitted to President Hibben that his novel "overaccentuate[d]" the gayety and country club atmosphere. . . . It is the Princeton of Saturday night in May. Too many intelligent classmates of mine have failed to agree with it for me to consider it really photographic any more, as of course I did when I wrote it." 29 Which is to say, really, that most of his classmates were less wholly caught up in the struggle for social dominance than he was. As a reproduction of the Princeton inside Scott Fitzgerald's head, the photograph was accurate enough.

Fitzgerald's college career, like Amory Blaine's, lasted its peak during the spring of his sophomore year. He was elected secretary of Triangle, made the Tiger board, and on the strength of those credentials was able to choose the eating club of his choice. These clubs marked the pinnacle of social success at Princeton, then and, to a lesser degree, now. Many sophomores spent months in nervous agitation before the annual spring bicker. But few underclassmen understood as thoroughly as Fitzgerald the character of the various clubs and their relative rank on campus.

In his essay on Princeton for College Humor (December 1927), he elaborated on the "big four"—Ivy, Cottage, Tiger Inn, Cap and Gown. Four years out of five, he wrote, Ivy was "the most coveted club in Princeton," but occasionally one of the other three mounted a challenge to its supremacy. Cottage was architecturally the most sumptuous, "with a large Southern following particularly in St. Louis and Baltimore." Unlike Ivy and Cottage, Tiger Inn cultivated "a bluff simplicity," placing its emphasis on athletics while maintaining "a sharp exclusiveness of its own." Cap and Gown had begun as an organization of "earnest and somewhat religious young men," but during the last decade "social and political successes have overshadowed its original purpose."

27 FSF, Paradise, pp. 277-278.
Clearly, Fitzgerald qualified as an apt and observant student of the club system. As he explained it, primer-fashion, to the readers of *College Humor*:

There are no fraternities at Princeton; toward the end of each year the eighteen clubs take in an average of about twenty-five sophomores each, seventy-five per cent of the class. The remaining twenty-five per cent come to eat in the university dining halls and this situation has been the cause of revolutions, protests, petitions, and innumerable editorials. ... But the clubs represent an alumni investment of two million dollars—the clubs remain.

In yet another part of the article, he discussed the social credentials of the college's undergraduates. "A large proportion of such gilded youth as will absorb an education drifts to Princeton. Goulds, Rockefellers, Harrimans, Morgans, Fricks, Firestones, Perrins, Pynes, McCormicks, Wanamakers, Cudahys and duPots light there for a season. ... The names of Pell, Biddle, Van Rensselaer, Stillman, Schuyler and Cooke titillate second generation mammas and papas with a social row to hoe in Philadelphia or New York."20 The tone of such passages reflects that "double vision" so characteristic of Fitzgerald. On the one hand he stands back, the amused observer commenting on the barely competent "gilded youth" who like butterflies alight at Princeton "for a season." On the other hand, the very recitation of prominent names suggests that like the mammas in Philadelphia he was subject to titillation through contact with the scions of famous families.21

A similar doubleness pervaded his attitude toward the clubs themselves. Though a snowstorm raged outside, it was a glorious March day for Fitzgerald when he turned down bids from Cap and Gown, Quadrangle, and Cannon in order to join Cottage with his old friend from Newman, C. W. (Sap) Donahoe. The following year, he made sure that the results of club elections were wired to him in his St. Paul exile. Arch rival Ivy, he learned, had "signed all they bid except Wilson," who happily went Cottage instead. Yet by the spring of 1917 Fitzgerald was making sport of the whole bicker procedure in a satirical piece for the

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21 Malcolm Cowley was the first to perceive this double vision as characteristic of Fitzgerald's writing in "Third Act and Epilogue," *New Yorker*, 21 (30 June 1945), 54.
Tiger. This approach may have been encouraged by the anticlub movement of that year, led by Henry Strater among others (in This Side of Paradise, Strater appears as "Burne Holiday"). His idealism had "flickered out," he wrote President Hibben in 1920, with the failure of the anticlub movement.\textsuperscript{32} But Fitzgerald never lost interest in his own club and its fortunes. Recognizing the superficialities and cruelties of the system, he nonetheless paid a full measure of loyalty to Cottage Club.

He maintained this loyalty through times when his relations with Cottage were far from auspicious. In 1920, newly married and newly famous as an author, Fitzgerald managed to get himself suspended from the club. He and Zelda came down from New York to chaperone house parties the last weekend in April. As chaperones they were far from exemplary: "We were there three days, Zelda and five men in Harvey Firestone's car, and not one of us drew a sober breath." Zelda brought applejack to breakfast in order to convert the eggs into omelettes flambées. She wore strong perfume. Scott introduced her as his mistress and was widely believed. He got into brawls and acquired a very black eye. It was, he wrote a friend, "the damnedest party ever held in Princeton." But he did not anticipate the humiliation that awaited him the following week, when he drove down with Stanley Dell, John Peale Bishop, and Edmund Wilson on May 1 for a banquet of former Nassau Lit editors. The men had costumed themselves for the occasion and when Fitzgerald presented himself at Cottage wearing a halo and wings and carrying a lyre, he was ejected from a rear window as a token of his suspension from the club. Drunk or sober, he was deeply hurt.\textsuperscript{33}

Fitzgerald next visited Cottage in an official capacity on January 19, 1928, when he returned as one of a series of distinguished alumni speakers. His fondness for Princeton had been stimulated the previous fall when he made several trips to the campus to watch football practice and to do research for the College Humor piece. But the speech itself was a disaster, for Fitzgerald—overcome with nervousness—could only mumble a few sentences before admitting, "God, I'm a lousy speaker!" and sitting down.


\textsuperscript{33} FSF to Marie Hersey, [May 1928], Letters, p. 460; Mizener, pp. 120-121; Turnbull, pp. 107-108.
Once more he had disappointed others and embarrassed himself at his old club. "It was my first and last public appearance," he wrote Dean Gauss, who had been in the audience, "and the awful part of it was that I really did have something to say." Whether or not liquor affected his performance is in doubt, but after the debacle he did get properly drunk and insulted Edgar Palmer '03, a Princeton trustee. He didn’t like Palmer’s looks, Fitzgerald told him; probably it was because Palmer had so much money.34

Such behavior later cost him considerable pain. Just how much can perhaps be suggested by Fitzgerald’s account of a nightmare that plagued him in the spring of 1931. "Earlier in this night I’d woken in a dream where there was a Princeton banquet. They all yelled for me to come in, but I was very drunk, so didn’t want to. To my intense embarrassment they turned a great spotlight on me which I tried to wobble out of."

Fitzgerald’s attempts to sponsor candidates for Cottage were twice unsuccessful. On both occasions he wrote letters of support for potential club members. The first of these, dated February 12, 1929, is now on display in the club library. "I know this is a terribly busy time for you," Fitzgerald began, "but I want to give in the name of a sophomore and ask that he be called on or in some way looked over. His name is Whitney Darrow, Jr., his father is president of the University Press and very prominent in Princeton affairs, and the son was one of the first men on the Prince."35 Fitzgerald had known the elder Darrow when he served as a sales manager at Scribner’s. The younger Darrow was to become one of the nation’s best cartoonists. He did not join Cottage.

The second, more elaborate, letter was on behalf of Andrew Turnbull, later Fitzgerald’s biographer. It is reprinted below: November 14, 1939

Chairman of the Club Elections Committee University Cottage Club Princeton, New Jersey Dear Sir:—

To many Cottage men of my generation it has been a source of regret that Baltimore (once almost as much a Cottage Town as St. Louis) now contributes so many of their boys to Ivy and Cap and Gown. This was frankly for several reasons—in the post war years a few prominent Baltimorians, who were graduates of Princeton and of Cottage, succeeded in drinking themselves out of life and sight and Cottage was quite unjustly blamed for the business. The truth of the matter was that in those days the Baltimore boys were pretty sturdy drinkers before they headed northward. I’m told this has changed—but anyhow the origins of the charge are forgotten in Baltimore—but the prejudice remains.

Maryland will always be a great feeder for Princeton so I think such a prejudice is to be deplored. I lived in Maryland many years and made somewhat of a protegee of young Andrew Turnbull—used to take him and my daughter as moppets to the games from 1932 to 1935. I always took the children to the Cottage for lunch. Now, of course, if young Turnbull, a sophomore, is already tied up with some other group (I’ve never been really posted on the new system) then this letter is futile. But if he isn’t, he might be an opening wedge to the Baltimore trade worthy of consideration. He was a brilliant kid and fearless, despite his small stature. He had strong convictions, not always popular ones, which kept him from being a leader at Gilman, but I believe he was very well liked at St. Andrews. He will make his mark somewhere, sometime, I believe, and carry on the tradition of a prominent Baltimore family. His father graduated from Johns Hopkins; his grandfather graduated from Princeton in the early seventies.

This kid should be a good organizer and a credit to any club. Will you kindly call on him? If he’s sewed up for Cap,

34 Invitation announcing Fitzgerald as Cottage Club speaker, Scrapbook III: Mienzer, p. 226, writes that Fitzgerald took “a fair number of relaxing drinks”; Turnbull, p. 174, that he “made a point of having nothing to drink”; FSF to Christian Gauss, 1 February 1929, Letters, p. 584; interview with Gregg Dougherty, 1988; advises Fitzgerald not to “brood about your speech in the evening; your speech in the afternoon was a roaring wow and the audience wants more.” This suggests that Fitzgerald may have spoken to some of Wilder’s Lawrenceville students on the afternoon of January 19, 1928. Robert Buechner ‘22, on the 1955 NBC Radio News “Biography in Sound” devoted to Fitzgerald, recalled an occasion back of a chair and talked “brilliantly and perhaps sentimentally about Princeton and what he owed it and what he had gotten out of it.” Buechner did not specify when this happened.

35 FSF, "Mr. Consumer! Do You Ever Figure Cost Plus?"
36 FSF to "Dear _____ —ney," 12 February 1929.
as might be the case, it's no use, because Pepper Constable was long his hero. Otherwise, I think it might turn out as valuable an interview for the club as for him.

Humbly—and with Softly-Falling Grey Hairs,

F. Scott Fitzgerald

1917

5521 Amestoy Avenue
Encino, California

Fitzgerald sent a copy of this letter to Andrew's mother, Mrs. Bayard Turnbull. (The Fitzgeralds had agreed with "La Paix," a house on the Turnbull family grounds outside Baltimore, during 1932 and 1933.) It would probably be "a little better for Andrew's future," he told Mrs. Turnbull, if Andrew joined "one of the so-called 'big clubs' at Princeton. . . . Only a few months ago Jimmy Stewart was telling me how it wrinkled [sic] throughout his whole Princeton career that he had joined Charter instead of Cottage, which had been his father's club." And he relied on daughter Scottie to let him know "the fate of Turnbull and other Baltimorians" the following spring. In the end, Andrew went Colonial. Colonial was a good enough club, Fitzgerald wrote Scottie, "older than Cap and Gown, in fact." Still, it might be best not to talk to Andrew about the subject at all.37

Though Turnbull's candidacy stimulated his special interest, Fitzgerald regularly kept himself informed about the admissions competition between the big clubs. Among the many lists in his papers in Firestone Library are detailed comparisons of the leading clubs' results for 1937 and 1938, with the prep school background of each admitted member duly noted. The list for 1937 confines its attention to Ivy and Cottage; the one for 1938 includes Tiger Inn and Cap and Gown as well. "I see, by the way," he wrote Scottie on March 11, 1938, "that a boy named James W. Huntley has been admitted to the Cottage Club at Princeton. Did you know him in Baltimore?"38

Later, when Scottie herself went down from Vassar to Princeton

weekends, she could see a memento of her father's work on display. During 1933 and 1934, Fitzgerald was briefly caught up in the activities of the Memorial Committee of the University Cottage Club, whose prime mover was W. F. Clarkson '17. Clarkson thought it would be a fine idea if the club's walls were decorated with reminders of the glorious achievements of former members. At his request Fitzgerald sent a sample of his work—the "Good morning, Fool" poem, manuscript page 289 from This Side of Paradise. "A piece of writing done in the club, which had subsequently attained national attention, should be an interesting exhibit," he wrote Clarkson on September 19, 1933, but don't mount it, he added, before you have "at least a dozen photographs of the boys making touchdowns and other successes, which in the republic are considered really worthy of mention." In due time Fitzgerald's contribution (he had supplied the frame himself) was hung in the club library. Today it is proudly pointed out by members conducting informal tours of the premises at 51 Prospect Avenue. Fitzgerald could hardly have anticipated his posthumous fame, but in his last years it gave him pleasure to know that his old club, where he so often failed, had recognized his importance in this modest way. "It seems like the fulfillment of something," he wrote Scottie, "that you should go up to the library of Cottage and see that old poem hanging there."39

Fitzgerald was proud of his club, yet he often deplored the system as cruel and arbitrary and unfair. His comments on the subject reflect a tension between emotional commitment and intellectual disapproval. "I'm just as glad Cottage lost out," he wrote his daughter about the March 1939 elections. "The only healthy thing about the God-awful system is that no one of the four is triumphant for long." In his November 13, 1939 letter to Mrs. Turnbull, he found yet another justification for the clubs. "Nothing would please me better than that the whole snobbish system be abolished. But it is thoroughly entrenched there, as Woodrow Wilson saw." And since it was so strongly entrenched, the only thing to do was to aim for one of the leading clubs. He himself might have felt "more comfortable in Quadrangle" with the literary crowd, but he "was never sorry" about choosing Cottage. As in the larger arena of life, one should try for the best: "College
like the home should be an approximation of what we are likely to expect in the world.”

In the last analysis, however, Fitzgerald was in favor of that de-emphasis of the club system which has eventually come to pass. “I hope,” he wrote Ralph Church on December 17, 1940, three days before his death, “that the pictures and membership lists [of the clubs] will be eliminated from *The Bric-a-Brac* proper.” Alternatively, the yearbook might “print in addition pictures of all the clubs who eat at tables in Commons.” Princeton was slipping behind Harvard and Yale in its attitude “toward this monkey business.” What must the nonclub men feel when they bring the *Bric-a-Brac* “home with all that emphasis on Prospect Avenue”? The Fitzgerald who wrote this letter would have agreed with Edmund Wilson’s observation, in 1944, that the Princeton of the teens “gave us too much respect for money and country house social prestige.” He might even have seen the wisdom in Wilson’s further remark that “Both Scott and John [Bishop], in their respective ways, fell victims to this.”

* 

As with many another alumnus, a combination of appeals lured Fitzgerald’s thoughts back to his alma mater. The Tiger football team provided a convenient symbolic way of identifying with the university, and Fitzgerald was no casual fan. His interest in Princeton football went so far beyond ordinary bounds, in fact, as to demand separate treatment entirely. Suffice it to say that he was reading the alumni magazine and making notes on next year’s football prospects when he suffered his fatal heart attack in Hollywood on December 21, 1940. But the music, the setting, and the traditions he associated with the university also triggered his nostalgia.

Andrew Turnbull recalled watching the tears well up in Fitzgerald’s eyes as he waved his hat and sang “Old Nassau” one football Saturday in the early 1920s. He even sought to make his own contribution to the roster of Princeton songs. Back in 1915 he had written the lyrics to “A Cheer for Princeton,” the prize-win-

42 Turnbull, p. 541.

ning entry in a contest for a new football song. That effort, with music by Paul B. Dickey ’17, never caught on, but Fitzgerald was still thinking along similar lines twenty years later. On January 16, 1935, he wrote a letter to Brooks Bowman, who had composed the most famous Triangle song of all, “East of the Sun,” for *Stags at Bay*, the 1934-35 show. He complimented Bowman on the show, which he’d just seen, and then came to the point.

My suggestion is this; that your song “East of the Sun” with a few changes could be made into a fine piece for senior singing. The general line would be:

“East of the sun, west of the moon
* Lies Princeton,*

South of the south, north of the north
* Lies Princeton,*

Here in my heart etc. etc.
* Lies Princeton.*

The idea being, of course, that Princeton to Princeton men lies outside of time and space. It’s an over-sentimental conception but perhaps might mean something to the older alumni. If practical, you might try it out with the Glee Club quarter.

Bowman may have realized that his melody was ill-adapted to such purposes. In any case, there is no record of his response. Among the Fitzgerald papers in Firestone Library, however, is the fragment of a lyric apparently intended as yet another Princeton song:

Keep the watch!

When-the-tread-of the many feet is still
Hold our place on the heights until
We-come-back-many thousand strong
Keep the watch

—At Princeton

Fitzgerald saw not only *Stags at Bay* but the next two Triangle shows as well when they came through Baltimore over the Christ-

44 FSF, typed song, “Literary Notes.”
mas holidays. He went to a Triangle dance in December 1927.\textsuperscript{45} He attended Princeton dinners in London and Hollywood. He arranged for Maxwell Perkins to send him a copy of Edgar Day's book of stories, In Princeton Town (Scribner's, 1929), which he liked. But he was unimpressed by David Burnham's This Is Our Exile (Scribner's, 1931), another book with a Princeton background.\textsuperscript{46} He had Don Swann's Princeton etchings framed to decorate his daughter's room at Vassar in 1940.\textsuperscript{47} The physical beauty of the place, evoked by Swann's etchings, helped to arouse the lyrical strain in Fitzgerald. Especially the spring: he wrote longingly of April “and the first real Princeton weather, the lazy green-and-gold afternoons and the bright thrilling nights.” Might they take it all together in New York, Bishop asked Fitzgerald in a letter written on Armistice Day? “Shall we go wandering down to Princeton on fragrant nights in May?”\textsuperscript{48} Bishop had gone off to the Army in 1917 “fighting simply to keep the old way of things . . . fighting for Princeton, I suppose, for in spite of all its faults it somehow represents all that I want to hold on to.” But he understood that the old order must inevitably give way to the new. The same understanding pervades Fitzgerald's valedictory “Princeton—The Last Day,” a 1917 poem of such “depth and dignity” that it persuaded Edmund Wilson to think of him “by way of becoming a genuine poet”:

The last light wanes and drifts across the land,
The long, low land, the sunny land of spires.
The ghosts of evening tune again their lyres
And wander singing, in a plaintive band
Down the long corridor of trees. Pale fires
Echo the night from tower top to tower.
Oh sleep that dreams and dream that never tires,
Press from the petals of the lotus-flower
Something of this to keep, the essence of an hour!

No more to wait the twilight of the moon
In this sequestered vale of star and spire;

For one, eternal morning of desire
Passes to time and earthy afternoon.
Here, Heraclitus, did you build of fire
And changing stuffs your prophecy far hurled
Down the dead years; this midnight I aspire
To see, mirrored among the embers, curled
In flame, the splendor and the sadness of the world.\textsuperscript{49}

Heraclitus was right. All things expire, nothing endures—least of all the essence of youthful hours.

Nor would the setting itself retain its physical appeal. In 1927 Fitzgerald had described Princeton as “a green Phoenix” rising “out of the ugliest country in the world.” The town was shielded from its sordid surroundings by “a ring of silence—certified milk dairies, great estate[s] with peacocks and deer parks, pleasant farms and woodlands . . . The busy East has already dropped away when the branch train rattles” up from the junction to “the loveliest riot of Gothic architecture in America.”\textsuperscript{50} With the depression came the breaking-up of the old estates and the departure of the old families who lent dignity to the place. “Nowadays,” he observed in an undated note, Princeton has become “an ‘advantageous residential vicinity’” inhabited by “many frivolous people.”

Fitzgerald could accept the residential transformation of Princeton only with a satirical curl of the lip. But he was unable to contemplate with equanimity any change in Princeton's honor system. He had proclaimed the virtues of this “sacred tradition” in the 1927 College Humor article: “Personally I have never seen or heard of a Princeton man cheating in an examination, though I am told a few such cases have been mercilessly and summarily dealt with. I can think of a dozen times when a page of notes glanced at in a wash room would have made the difference between failure and success for me, but I can't recall any moral struggles in the matter. It simply doesn't occur to you, any more than it would occur to you to rifle your roommate's pocketbook.”\textsuperscript{51} Having committed himself so unequivocally, Fitzgerald was shocked several months later to hear two undergraduates confess that they knew of instances of cheating that had gone unreported. He im-

\textsuperscript{45} FSF, Ledger, pp. 180-182, December 1935 and December 1936 (unpaginated).
\textsuperscript{46} FSF to Maxwell Perkins, Letters; [c. 15 November 1929], pp. 216-217; [before May 1931], p. 285.
\textsuperscript{47} FSF to Frances Scott Fitzgerald, 5 September 1940, Letters, p. 94.
\textsuperscript{48} FSF, "The Bowl," Saturday Evening Post, 200 (21 January 1928), 94; John Peale Bishop to FSF, 11 November 1918.
\textsuperscript{50} FSF, “Princeton,” p. 28.
\textsuperscript{51} FSF, “Princeton,” p. 130.
mediatedly wrote Dean Gauss wondering what could be done to restore the system's integrity. Otherwise, "something has gone out of the life and pride of every Princeton man." The real problem, Fitzgerald proposed, lay in the extension of the system to cover themes as well as examinations. This was going too far, he thought. In the case of exams, students traded their promise of honesty in return for freedom from supervision. But since themes "were never written under supervision," the undergraduate received no benefit. In replying Gauss chose to ignore this point, perhaps to avoid alarming Fitzgerald with tales of plagiarism. Instead he pointed out that the question was a simple one: "Do the undergraduates wish to maintain the Honor System and maintain the prestige which has come to the University through its thirty-five years of successful history, or not?" There was little that Gauss could do. The system was an undergraduate affair, entirely. Fitzgerald took issue. Gauss was, "probably, the greatest educator in the country today," he commented in the margin, but he was stalling and temporizing here. The administration, Gauss had written, has nothing whatever to do with the honor system. "But what," Fitzgerald objected, "of the administration encouragement of the senseless extensions that have hurt the honor system?"

Despite this temporary disillusionment, Fitzgerald maintained his adherence to the honor system. In "No Flowers," a Saturday Evening Post story, he provided a dramatic reenactment of an early honor system offense. The young man in question has just been promised his girl's hand, but when he tells her that he has cheated on an examination and must leave the university, she withdraws her acceptance.

"You had to know," said Phil. "Sooner or later you'd have found out why I couldn't come here any more—to this place I've loved so much."

"Yes—I suppose I had to know," she agreed; after a pause, she added: "You didn't do it for me, Phil."

"In a way, I did."

"No, Phil. You did it for some part of you I'm not even acquainted with."

Failure or drunkenness she would have forgiven, but they could hardly begin to build anything "on a foundation—of dishonor." To the end Fitzgerald believed in the system. "Don't be too hard on Princeton," he wrote Scottie on July 18, 1940. "Harvard produced John Reed but they also produced Richard Whitney who I like to believe would have been spotted as a punk at Princeton. The Honor System sometimes has a salutary effect on light-fingered gentry."

Like many another Old Grad, Fitzgerald cherished Princeton's place in history. In one of those articles written almost entirely by his wife Zelda but edited by Scott and signed by both Fitzgeralds, "Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number ______", she referred to a 1927 trip up to Princeton where there was a new inn, but otherwise the campus "offered the same worn grassy parade ground for the romantic spectres of Light-Horse Harry Lee and Benedict Arnold." Scott judiciously lined out Arnold and replaced him with Aaron Burr. Then he altered the end of the paragraph as well. His wife had written of the old brick of Nassau Hall and the elm walks of the campus and the meadows and the college windows open to the spring "which has inspired so much poetry." Fitzgerald kept the descriptive material but omitted those six quoted words in favor of some real poetry of his own. Brick and elm, meadow and window lay "open to the spring—open, open to everything in life—for a minute."

Many alumni have felt similar sentiments about the evanescence of college days, but few could have communicated it with such a burst of eloquence. And only a dedicated history buff would have been inspired to prepare the following quiz, found in Fitzgerald's hand among his papers in the Firestone Library:

1. What Princeton man plotted to break up the Union?  
2. What son of a Princeton man tried to do it by force of arms?

54 Christian Gauss to FSF, 2 February 1928. Gauss may have failed to discuss Fitzgerald's point about extension of the honor system because he was replying to a telegram Fitzgerald sent and not to the February 1 letter which elaborated on the telegram.  
55 FSF, "No Flowers," Saturday Evening Post, 207 (21 July 1934), 11.  
56 Letters, p. 86. Richard Whitney was involved in stock market fraud.  
57 F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, "Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number ______," Esquire, 2 (June 1934), 25. The quotation about Princeton appears on pages 15-16 of the manuscript in the Zelda Fitzgerald papers.
3. What grandson of a Princeton man nearly conquered Turkey in 1915?
4. What Princeton man invaded Russia?
5. What Princeton man had a war called after him?
6. Next year's Army and Navy captains come from the same small town. Can you tie that?
7. What Princeton man fought for the "Blue Laws"?
8. What Princeton man was a major scamp in Grant's cabinet?

Readers are challenged to answer any or all of Fitzgerald's questions.

Fitzgerald's attitude toward his university resembled that of the ardent suitor toward an uncatchable prize. As a young man he had failed at Princeton: failed to graduate, failed to make the presidency of Triangle, and, above all, failed to impress his friends as a man of promise. Consider the votes he received in the "class elections" column of the 1917 Nassau Herald.

- Most Brilliant: 2 votes
- Handsomest: 2 votes
- Prettiest: 5 votes
- Wittiest: 7 votes
- Thinks he is (Wittiest): 15 votes
- Thinks he is (Biggest Politician): 8 votes
- Thinks he is (Best Dressed): 2 votes
- Favorite Dramatist: 6 votes

Tied with George M. Cohan and 54 votes behind Shakespeare.

The image is that of a young man of some wit and attractiveness who unfortunately thinks he is rather more clever than is actually the case.

Even in a literary way, Fitzgerald at Princeton was regarded with some amusement. Edmund Wilson recalled Scott's saying to him, not long after they got out of college, "I want to be one of the greatest writers who has ever lived, don't you?" But Wilson had not set his sights so high, for he "had been reading Plato and

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57 FSF. Note.
58 Nassau Herald results are printed in the Fitzgerald Newsletter, No. 2 (Summer 1958), p. 6.
Dante. Scott had been reading Booth Tarkington, Compton Mackenzie, H. G. Wells and Swinburne.” In 1919, when putting together an anthology of pieces about the effects of the war on young Americans, Wilson asked Fitzgerald for a contribution in a mock jocular tone which betrayed a certain lack of respect:

No Saturday Evening Post stuff, understand! Let us have the Army as it is.—Come now! Clear your mind of cant! Brace up your artistic conscience, which was always the weakest part of your talent! Forget for a moment the phosphorescences of the decaying Church of Rome! Banish whatever sentimentalities may cling about you from college! Concentrate into one short story a world of tragedy, comedy, irony and beauty!!!—I await your manuscript with impatience. 60

In A Princeton Book of Verse II, published in 1919, there are three contributions from T. Scott Fitzgerald. 61 Almost no one who knew him in those days thought he would become a famous writer, much less a great one. As Gregg Dougherty remarked, “We never thought he was a great literary figure around here. . . . We just didn’t have the sense to spot him.” 61a

Such an image may have amused Fitzgerald at 20, but it would hardly do at 35, when he had come to regard himself—and wanted others to regard him—as a serious man and a writer of consequence. But during his lifetime, and for some years afterward, Princeton refused to accept Fitzgerald on these terms and remained solidly indifferent to his advances on several fronts. In September 1934, for example, he proposed to Gauss that he come to campus to deliver a series of lectures “on the actual business of creating fiction.” He sought to forestall possible objections by pledging “to do no drinking in Princeton save what might be served at your table.” He also knew “there might be a barrier to crash in regard to the English Department” and asked Gauss to sound out the powers-that-be. He had a hunch, Fitzgerald added, that Gerould rather liked him. The hunch was off target, for it was Prof. Gordon Gerould who used to argue that anyone whose English grades were as bad as Fitzgerald’s couldn’t possibly be the author of The Great Gatsby. Gauss tried to smooth things over. Why didn’t Scott talk to The Club, a group of undergraduates who met at the Nassau Tavern. But Fitzgerald already knew about The Club, and had turned down an invitation from them. 62 He wanted to come back under the university’s umbrella. It was not opened for him.

Another overture took the form of a suggested underground library system. Fitzgerald sent his subterranean library proposal to Asa Bushnell on April 27, 1936, in response to a Princeton Alumni Weekly request for ideas, and even included an illustrative diagram. But as with the lecture series and the songs and the football schemes he used to send coach Fritz Crisler, his architectural suggestion was not adopted. 63

Despite such setbacks, Fitzgerald continued to seek his university’s recognition. At least he could be heard through the humble medium of the class notes. Thus in 1938 he wrote to the class secretary commiserating about how hard it was to get into Princeton these days, even for the children of loyal alumni. “I understand,” he remarked, “because my offspring couldn’t get into Princeton either—so this fall she went to Vassar instead.” Two years later, on Nov. 28, 1940, he once more responded to the 1917 class secretary’s appeal for news, beginning with a lie about the status of The Last Tycoon and continuing with celebration of Scottie: “Just finished a novel. My daughter is a junior at Vassar and for two years has written the ‘omgim’ show there which is trying to be the equivalent of the ‘Triangle’ at Princeton.” 64

Fitzgerald repeatedly told his Ashevillean secretary in the summer of 1935 about his loyalty to Old Nassau. Later he astonished a newspaper reporter in Hendersonville, N.C., with his minutely detailed knowledge about the Tiger football team. In Hollywood, during his last autumns, he set aside Saturday mornings and early afternoons to listen to Princeton games whenever they could be

60 Edmund Wilson, “Thoughts on Being Bibliographed,” Princeton University Library Chronicle, 5 (February 1944), 54; Edmund Wilson to FSF, 9 August 1919.
62 Letters, pp. 386-387; Turnbull, pp. 259-251; [John D. Davies], “Scott Fitzgerald & Princeton,” p. 84. The original of this letter has recently been purchased by the Princeton University Library.
63 FSF to Harvey H. Smith, Fall 1938 and 28 November 1940; Stanley Olmsted, “Fitzgerald Sets Things Right About His College: Princeton a Hard Place to Get Into, F. Scott Insists,” newspaper article in Scrapbook III. “omgim” stands for “Oh, my God, it’s Monday.”
picked up on the radio. Clearly, he wanted to be regarded as a Princeton man. Undoubtedly that status gained him some measure of social esteem in the eyes of the unsophisticated. But it was no easier to impress his fellow members of Cottage Club than it was the academic authorities.

The official Cottage Club letter of condolence, following Fitzgerald's death, aptly demonstrates the point. Duly signed by the chairman, treasurer, and secretary of the University Cottage Club of Princeton, New Jersey, and dated February 14, 1941, the letter hardly qualifies as a Valentine:

While an undergraduate, Scott was an outstanding member of the Cottage Club, being interested in every phase of the University's social life, and his eagerness to dissect it on every occasion made him a rare companion—interesting, amusing, provocative, sometimes annoying, but never dull.

Perhaps unconsciously, he was laying the ground work for the very stories which afterwards brought him fame. In the years immediately following the World War, his brilliant novels and short stories made Scott one of America's best known writers.

This is a classic of faint praise, with each complimentary passage leavened by a dash of overt or implied disapproval. Fitzgerald had been an "outstanding" member of Cottage, a "rare" companion, but rather too outstanding and too rare. Obviously his annoying habit of dissecting the university's social mores stamped him as an outsider, a parvenu. It was precisely this viewpoint—at once within and without the social world—which made Fitzgerald so valuable and perceptive as an author. But Cottage, while conceding his brilliance, concentrates on his celebrity (he was, one suspects, entirely too visible for the club's taste). The unkindest touch of all comes in the last sentence, with its talk of his work in the years immediately after the war. The assumption is that Fitzgerald had written nothing worth mentioning since the early 1920s. Probably the authors of the letter had read nothing of his since those days. In fact, they were almost certainly thinking back to This Side of Paradise, with its emphasis on the social struggle at Princeton.

What is more, to some members of Cottage he would always be remembered as the drunken Fitzgerald of the immediate postwar years. Even during the early and middle 1930s, when he came up to the campus from Wilmington or Baltimore, Princeton sometimes served Fitzgerald as a place to drink. Early in 1933, for example, he visited the college during the period of physical and financial troubles. His notebooks record the result: "Finally trip to Princeton in February, unfortunate because I ran into old friends & feeling like a celebration I celebrated for the first time in over a year." On yet another occasion, a taxicab driver rang the bell of Gregg Dougherty's home in the small hours of the morning. "I got something for you," he announced. It was Fitzgerald, who had come out from New York inebriated. He "was crying," distressed about Zelda's condition, and in bad shape himself. But he wouldn't let Dougherty put him to bed in the house, so eventually his old classmate drove him down to the Princeton Inn and went off to his classes and labs. When he returned at mid-afternoon, Fitzgerald had gotten up and left. Dougherty never saw him again.

Like an over-eager swain, Fitzgerald repeatedly made a hash of his courtship of his alma mater. Had she succumbed to his blandishments, he might have modified the idealized picture of Princeton he carried in his heart. But the university kept its distance and so remained, for him, a hallowed place. "I believe," his daughter Scottie wrote in 1942, "that Princeton played a bigger part in his life as an author and as a man than any other single factor." Then she added, "I hope that Princeton is as proud of him as he was of Princeton." Only in recent years has that hope begun to be realized.

His own class has taken some steps to indicate its approval of his accomplishment. A class Christmas card in the 1950s, for instance, reprinted the Ed Fisher cartoon from the Saturday Review, which pictures a small boy at bedtime, his room decorated with Princeton banner, loving cup, polo mallet, and so forth, asking his father to "Tell me about the old F. Scott Fitzgerald days again, Dad." At the time of the class's 50th reunion in 1967, a facsimile of Fitzgerald's letter to Maxwell Perkins asking that This Side of

65 "I Knew Scott Fitzgerald," four-page reminiscence of FSF visit to Hendersonville; FSF to Frances Scott Fitzgerald, 2 November 1940, Letters, p. 97.
66 Letter addressed to Mrs. Scott Fitzgerald on letterhead of Harold H. Short, secretary of Cottage Club.
67 FSF, Note, "Sequence of Events"; Interview with Gregg Dougherty, New York Times. This visit may have occurred in March 1935. See FSF Ledger for that month.
69 Class of '17 Christmas card, n.d.
Paradise be advertised in the Daily Princetonian was issued as a keepsake. The reunion book contained a photograph of the author, a brief biographical sketch, and an excerpt from his 1927 article on Princeton. Most significant of all was a faculty-alumni forum that year on “F. Scott Fitzgerald ‘17—The Man, the Myth, the Artist,” chaired by Professor Willard Thorp with Alexander Clark, Landon Raymond, Andrew Turnbull, and James M. Kempf as speakers. The forum went off with dignity, save for “a rude and stupid comment from the audience by some dope in a ‘42 blazer.’”

Such stupidity has become rarer since that reunion. Fitzgerald’s reputation as a writer has risen steadily, and it continues to rise. Someday it may even obscure the glow of celebrity that still surrounds him. Meanwhile, the university he loved has made some small gestures to reciprocate his devotion. Articles about him have appeared on several occasions both in the Princeton University Library Chronicle and in the Princeton Alumni Weekly. An award in his name to recognize “student creative writing achievement” was established in 1955. But Fitzgerald’s ghost might best be pleased to know that his papers, originally donated to the university by his daughter in 1950 and considerably supplemented by additions over the years, are examined more frequently by scholars than those of any other author in Princeton’s vast manuscript collection. He built his own monument with words.


George Baxter and His Oil Color Prints
Painting by Printing
By Morris Martin

Baxter prints are a collector's item in the British Isles. Books illustrated by George Baxter and individual prints appear frequently at specialized auctions of reputable firms. At times in this century, Baxterania has affected the market and prices have soared and sunk. Today his prints are benefiting from the interest in Victoriana, and are increasingly hard to find. But in the United States they are still largely unknown.

Coming across a fine copy of a Baxter-illustrated book in the Robert F. Metzdorf Collection of Victorian Bindings, I was intrigued to look further in other areas of the Princeton University Library and, between the card catalog and serendipity, discovered a dozen or so volumes in varying states of preservation. After extending my search a little further afield, material for the recent exhibit in the Graphic Arts Collection was put together to introduce Baxter and his prints to an American audience.

George Baxter, born in Lewes, Sussex in 1804, came to London in 1827, already a skilled engraver. The great engravers were dying off—William Blake in 1827, Thomas Bewick in 1828—but London had become the center for the production of the handcolored print struck from an engraved copperplate and colored by an assembly line of colorists. When John James Audubon could find no one in Philadelphia or New York to engrave and color his double-elephant folio of The Birds of America, it was to London.

1 The exhibit “George Baxter: Painting by Printing” was mounted by the Graphic Arts Collection in March-April 1978. It included a number of books illustrated by Baxter: five splendid prints on loan from the extensive collection in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, by courtesy of the Curator of Prints, Kneeland McNulty; and a number of books and prints from different periods of Baxter’s life in my own collection. In addition, the Prints and Engravings Department of the Smithsonian Museum generously lent an engraved steel plate of Baxter’s print after Watteau of The Reconciliation, and eight of the (probably) twelve woodblocks which completed that print. Mrs. William Weldon, of Avon, Connecticut, lent a fine copy of Baxter’s First Impressions from her collection. An original painting by Valentine Bartholomew, R. A., The Gardener’s Shed, from which Baxter made his print, was lent by Mrs. Alan Rowe of Ixworth Abbey, England.

To these collections and collectors, my sincere thanks, while I reserve my superlatives for the assistance in mounting, lighting, and publicizing the exhibit, given by the Acting Curator of Graphic Arts, Sally Santostocco.
he finally came in 1826. Here he was magnificently served by Robert Havell, Jr., but the cost of the expertly handcolored print was the major limiting factor on the size of the edition. Audubon's 435 originals were reproduced in an edition that ultimately reached 1000 copies, an enormous enterprise. A less ambitious venture, Rudolph Ackerman's *Microcosm of London* required 104,000 handcolored plates for its edition of 1000 and this was considered about the largest commercially practical edition for such books.

The first third of the century in Britain, however, saw the growth of larger, if not yet mass, markets. Napoleon had been defeated in 1815 and the external threat to Britain removed. The steam engine was as novel and as stimulating to the imagination as the space-shuttle today; distances began to shrink, the countryside to open up. Political and cultural causes came to the fore. Agitation for the abolition of slavery reached its goal in Parliament; arguments for the Reform Bill filled the air. Charles Dickens was beginning to draw attention to the conditions under which powerless sections of society were housed, taught, imprisoned, and abused. It was the era of the Ragged School, prison reform, child and women's labor bills. Causes encourage literacy. Charles Knight's *Penny Newspaper*, and the *Penny Cyclopaedia* and *Penny Magazine* published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in the 1830s and 1840s, were designed to reach the hundreds of thousands who were eager to learn more about the world around them.

In those periodicals the emphasis was on the printed word, crammed, grey columns of it, interspersed at rare intervals with inferior woodcut illustrations. Henry Vizetelly, one of the founders of the *Illustrated London News*, wrote in his memoirs:

Engravings of a common class were comparatively rare until these illustrated periodicals made their appearance. Yet they were but sorry affairs on the whole, for good draughtsmen and wood engravers were few in those days, and good woodcut printers rarer still. Now and then the *Penny Magazine* came out with a poor but pretentious copy of some priceless work of art, and of this a good deal was thought at the time, for no attempt had then been made to educate the popular taste in matters artistic.¹

A characteristic of this growing mass market was the desire for colored illustrations, and this went beyond the limited capacity of the handcolored print. Sir George Trevelyan, the Cambridge historian, describes how these early years of the century "saw the culmination of a delightful art, the 'coloured print.' It ruled the mind and imagination of the age, as photography and the film rule ours. The shopwindows were filled with 'coloured cartoons,' fiercely political and libellously personal."² Vizetelly adds that these same shopwindows "were the people's real picture galleries at this period, and always had their gaping crowds before them. . . . Most of the book-illustrations were copperplate and odd collections of these used to be hawked in the principal thoroughfares, arranged in umbrellas spread open on the ground, and were the only cheap prints people then had an opportunity of purchasing."³

A further demand for colored illustrations came from the naturalists—birdlovers such as Audubon, botanists, medical scientists interested in illustrating their pharmacopoeias, anatomists wishing to make study of the human body easier to grasp. The spread of knowledge was made easier by the use of color, and to meet this rapidly growing demand something less cumbersome than handcoloring had to be found.

Three methods of printing were available—from metal, wood, or stone. Wood was the workhorse of European illustration for 500 years. Copper, the king of artistic metal, while rewarding to work and warm in its effects, was too soft to stand up to the longer runs and larger editions now contemplated. Steel, which came into use in the early 1820s, was hard both in substance and artistic effect. It later became the most widely used metal, after overcoming tough initial opposition. Lithography (printing from stone) arrived in London, after Waterloo, from Germany via Paris. Charles Hullmandel introduced it into England with enough modifications in the process for him to be given a patent, much to the chagrin of the Paris firm of Engleman, Graf from whom he had learned his skill. Color lithography, which he and his French mentors had named "chromolithography," was capable of splendid color reproduction and large editions. It had two drawbacks. One is seen in the production problems of a famous Victorian book. The other is implied in Baxter's rejection of the process.

³ Vizetelly, *Glances Back through Seventy Years*, p. 88.
Among the many objects specially produced for the Great Exhibition of 1851 was a formidable volume by Matthew Digby Wyatt entitled *The Industrial Arts of the 19th Century*. This was published in an edition of 1500 copies with 160 colored plates printed by lithography. This entailed, for an average of seven color impressions per plate, a total of 1,950,000 pulls from 1069 stones weighing 25 tons, each stone being positioned manually and then carefully cleaned and the paper readjusted after each impression. The greatest number of impressions was, for any one plate, 14. The print shop was said to have looked like a dismantled cemetery. But the book was ready on time. Naturally, any way in which this vast physical labor could be reduced was welcome. The easiest way was to reduce the number of color impressions and stick to the three primary colors plus black. Thus began a descent in quality which led to "chromo" becoming a term of opprobrium.

Baxter resisted this trend, opting all his life for the best quality of print. But he also had his own reason for not using lithography. His first published prints are in the two-volume *History of Lewes* published by his father John Baxter, owner of the *Sussex Press* in Lewes. In the first volume, published in 1824, are his lithographs. In volume two, published in 1827, his illustrations are woodcuts. An author's note to volume two praises the high quality of wood and metal engraving as compared with the lithography of volume one. This seems equally to have been George Baxter's opinion, since from this time he almost totally discarded lithography. As he said in an interview in 1851, "Chromolithography is quite unequal to 'fine productions' owing to the utter impossibility of it to enter into the minutiae of any subject." For Baxter the minutiae were very important, and his alternative was a simple one. He combined the two hardest media—steel and wood—both capable of being finely engraved and of sustaining long print runs. He engraved a basic steel plate, printed it in black or a neutral tone that would harmonize with the major coloring of the finished print, and then imposed his colors, woodblock by woodblock, until the print was identical, to his eye, to the original he was copying. This combination in itself was not unknown. Two centuries earlier, in Holland, Hendrik Goltzius had used both copper and wood in the same print, but it is highly unlikely that Baxter’s inspiration came from that quarter.

Another component of Baxter’s process was the use of oil-based colors, something most of his contemporaries shunned. Baxter mixed his own colors, selected his own oils, and was outstandingly successful in producing a clean, clear color which fades only if badly exposed to direct sun. Most of his prints are as bright today as when they were first printed. Here again, Baxter was no innovator. In the late 17th century J. Christopher Le Blon had used a three-color process, based on Newton’s theories of light, to print in oil colors in London and Paris. In the mid-18th century, John Baptist Jackson, an English woodblock printer, had used a three-color process to print large pictures for wall-hangings, and even decorated one of Louis XV’s palaces with them. In England, finding little interest in oil color reproductions, he developed a wallpaper printing business, and in 1754 wrote a treatise on the subject. Like Baxter, he used oil colors for his woodblock wallpaper printing, because, “being done in oil, the colours will never fly off.”

When in 1834 Baxter had to prove the originality of his process in order to obtain his patent, he pointed to the combination of metal, wood, and oil. He had to defend himself from the indignant daughter of William Savage, a London printer of the twenties, who claimed, correctly, that her father was printing in color before Baxter’s arrival in London. However, Savage printed without metal, only using woodblocks; and though a fine printer, Savage was no artist and his results were muddy where Baxter’s shone.

By 1830 Baxter had mastered his process. His first print, *Butterflies*, dates from that year. For more than 30 years, with enormous industry, he poured out his prints, becoming only more expert with time in doing what he already did well in 1830. His

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8 Ruari McLean in *Victorian Book Design and Colour Printing* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968) comments, "If artists and designers were fumbling with their new tools, at least the pressmen had mastered theirs, and could print blocks and type on paper with a skill never before, and now rarely, seen. Working without photography, preparing all blocks and plates with their own heads and eyes, the Victorian colour printer produced some fantastic results. These slowly acquired skills no longer exist" (p. 3).


5 *The Morning Advertiser* (London, 1851).
total output was about 370 subjects, in runs of less than 100 per print to runs of over 700,000. His career ended with the forced sale of his assets in 1860 and his bankruptcy in 1865. Two years later he died.

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The sources for Baxter’s life are limited. His only biographer, C. T. Courtney Lewis, who lovingly collected what facts he could, along with the prints, wrote a magisterial volume in 1910. He left much untold, because, as he says in his preface, using the gentle tact of the Edwardian biographer, “It has been my most earnest wish to say nothing to cause the slightest regret to the most sensitive relative of the interesting artist of whom they should all be proud; but knowing now facts unknown to me before, and feeling the delicacy of the situation, I have been greatly limited as to the details I sought from those members of the family.”

So there were skeletons in the Baxter cupboard. Courtney Lewis hints they were financial in nature. His description of Baxter, much of which was drawn from conversations with family members, and therefore represents their view of a man who must have been a very annoying relative, is vivid.

He was devoted to his art, contemplating, even at meal times, his prints, in search of opportunities for those minor emendations which different states of his plates reveal. He always believed his process would produce him wealth, and in his expenditure acted as if it had done so. . . . He made money at times, yet never had any, and disgusted those who would be his friends by his eternal desire to borrow. . . . When at last he had exhausted their patience, he seemed to lose all command of his temper, and would heap obloquy upon them. As a consequence he died estranged from everyone. . . . He was impatient of contradiction, hot and hasty, and strong in his belief that no rivals could equal him. . . . So long as he could pursue his art, he would not care or take trouble to see whether any of his employees were helping themselves out of his till.16


10 C. T. Courtney Lewis, George Baxter, p. 39. Lewis’s biography-cum-catalog is valuable because it is the only book that goes into detail about Baxter’s method and output. It is unfortunate that he felt himself restrained on the subject of Baxter the man, but he did have firsthand contact with his descendants, admired some of his paint-

Baxter did not, however, die penniless. His wife was the daughter of Robert Harrild, who was associated as a printing engineer with John Baxter. John Baxter has the credit for inventing the first ink-roller for printing machines, made to his instructions from leather by a saddler living in Lewes. Harrild improved on this by inventing and patenting the composition roller which brought him a considerable fortune. Wisely he settled enough money on his daughter for her to be financially independent of her husband, and it was her money that kept him in comfort after his bankruptcy. She must have loved him in spite of everything, for she saw to it that his title to originality was even recorded on his tombstone. It reads, “George Baxter was gifted as an artist with the highest qualities of artistic taste and was the sole inventor of Oil Colour Printing.”11

The reference to his behavior at meal times, “searching for those minor emendations” in his plates, points up another of Baxter’s weaknesses. His early book illustrations were so far ahead of the normal color-printed product that in 1836 he received a commission from the London publishers, Chapman & Hall, who were engaged at the time in publishing Pickwick Papers, for 11 illustrations to a Christmas Annual for 1837 which was intended to be a showcase for his art. The Annual even had a lengthy preface which described the prints and their place in the history of color printing, and was strong in their praise.

This book, A Cabinet of Paintings, which was intended to make Baxter’s name, was a disaster. Baxter made so many emendations in his prints that they were not ready until Christmas 1837 had passed, by which time King William IV, who had graciously permitted the Annual to be dedicated to him, had inconsiderately died. As a result of this double misfortune, Baxter received no more commissions from Chapman & Hall. The book with its 11 beautifully printed plates won favorable press comment, but it was a commercial failure.12

ings, and relayed all the news that he considered fit to print. An up-to-date Price Guide to Baxter Prints by A. Ball and M. Martin (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Antique Collector’s Club, 1974) with yearly supplements is invaluable to the collector. Since this article was written, a new study George Baxter and the Baxter Prints, by Max E. Mitzman, has been published by David and Charles Inc., North Pomfret, Vt.

Baxter, however, received encouragement from another source. He was invited in 1837 to be an official artist at the Coronation of Queen Victoria and at the opening of her first Parliament, and was commissioned to produce a colored print of these occasions. Hidden discreetly behind a pillar in Westminster Abbey and in a corridor of Parliament, the young man was allowed to sketch, note colors, tones, shades, before retiring to his studio to complete 200 recognizable portraits of eminent Victorians attending the ceremonies. Baxter was again at a floodtide of opportunity and patronage, but he missed the tide. His print of the 1837 Coronation was not completed until 1841; by then even the top 200 participants had lost most of their interest. Not many prints were made; fewer were sold; and, as a result, this is one of his rarer prints today.

During these years from 1834-1842, the author Robert Mudie was a formative influence on Baxter, and a source of steady employment. Mudie poured out a stream of more than 50 books in his lifetime with the determination of a Scottish educator to bring knowledge, particularly of geography and the natural sciences, to a wider public. Mudie was quick to see the significance of a process that could produce both quality and quantity. In his preface to The Feathered Tribes of the British he wrote, "[Baxter] showed the way whereby 50,000 facsimiles of a painting may be produced with perfect uniformity and at a moderate expense. The advantage to books, of which a large number is to be sold, will be very great, not only as removing the cost of tinting by hand, which is the same for the last thousand as the first, but by making the copies more alike and more durable, and rising above the reach of the 'ignoble pecus' of imitators."12

In 1842 Robert Mudie died, and Baxter was engaged by John Snow, printer and publisher for the London Missionary Society, to illustrate books on missions in the South Seas and elsewhere. This association was ended by a decision taken by Snow that marked Baxter's future career. Baxter had engraved a fine portrait of the Reverend John Williams, who attained notoriety when he was massacred on Erromanga. Snow, realizing the popular interest in its subject, had the idea of marketing a lithographic version of the Williams portrait. Baxter, to whom the thought of a lithographic version of his print was distasteful, broke with Snow. From this time on, he designed part of his product for book illustration, and the additional copies, mounted on embossed or printed mounts, went for direct sale as prints to the public. Finally, in the last decade of his life, his prints were all designed for direct sale, to be hung on the walls of private homes.

This last phase of Baxter's activity reveals a long cherished purpose, which would have appealed to the man who more than any other restored dignity and art to English wood engraving, Thomas Bewick. In 1828, in the last year of his life, a year after Baxter came to London, this hardy old gentleman of 75 years, wrote his friend John Dovaston:

I have now struck out a new subject of employment that will keep me closely engaged, as long as I am able to pursue it. . . . When I was a boy, or a youth, I saw in every farm house, cottage and hovel, the walls hung around with large woodcut prints—some of them well done and some very poorly executed—but all of them meant well inasmuch as they had a powerful tendency to stimulate the brave and hardy people to acts of virtue and patriotism. But such pleasing stimulents are now utterly done away, and it is my anxious wish that such like, but better done prints, may be renewed or revived again—and I am now busy (as far as I can) to set the example.13

The project was woodblock printing in color, but Bewick died before he could complete his first print. His plan was known among his friends, one of whom may well have been Robert Mudie. Certainly Mudie in his comment already quoted on Baxter's printing, in the preface to The Feathered Tribes of the British, continued with these words: "In carrying this very beautiful branch of the typographical art successfully into effect, Baxter has, I believe, completed what was the last project of the great Bewick, but which that truly original and admirable genius did not live to accomplish." Bewick's purpose in bringing good color prints to the homes of the people was one that Baxter shared.


According to John Buckland-Wright, Baxter's stated purpose was "to increase, not merely the happiness, but the morals and good conduct in society of the working people." The note of artistic snobbery is painful to us today. Yet it was a mark of the times, and the attitude did result in a spread of culture of a sort. But adequate distribution of his prints was clearly the problem for Baxter. Listed in his bankruptcy sale were several hundreds of thousands of unsold prints. The book trade was able to handle only a limited number, likewise the print shops; so we find Baxter prints used on packets of notepaper, on sheet music, packs of playing cards, and for decorating needleboxes—all objects in common use that could be means of bringing the prints to the attention of the Victorian public.

But best of all for bringing the public to the prints were the Exhibitions. In 1851, when the crowds flocked into the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, Baxter had an exhibit ready, and a Pictorial Key to the Great Exhibition and Visitor's Guide to London, illustrated with two of his prints. By closing day, he had others depicting the arrival of the Royal Party for the opening and the reception of distinguished visitors by the Queen and the Prince Consort. All these prints became sought-after mementoes of a visit to London. So, when New York followed London's example with its own Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1853, Baxter was represented there. His agent, David Davidson, a New York printer and engraver, was responsible for the exhibit, which must have been a success, since in 1855 we find Davidson advertising that he would "soon be ready to exhibit an extraordinary specimen of [Baxter's] art."

This period was Baxter's second chance for recognition and success. He received medals and awards from these exhibitions and from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sweden, but nothing could reverse the pattern of artistic success and financial fail-

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19 The architects knew enough about Baxter to ask him to favor them with a print depicting the future Exhibition Building, drawn from the architectural specifications. It was published as the frontispiece to the architects' report to the public, "New York Crystal Palace: Illustrated Description of the Building" by Geo. Carstensen and Chs. Gildemeister, Architects of the Building, with an oil-color exterior view (New York: Riker, Thorne and Co., Publishers, 1854).
10 D. Davidson, 109 Nassau Street, New York. This turned out to be a poor imitation of Baxter's process, with which, as the patent expired in 1854, Davidson was free to experiment.
The Duke of Wellington (1853)
Printed the year after Wellington's death

The Great Exhibition (1851), above
River Scene, Holland (c. 1847), below
ure. In 1849 his original patent expired, and he was lucky to win a five-year renewal. The licenses which he sold at the patent court's urging, for other firms to use, and possibly improve, his process, temporarily brought in some money, but not enough. Apart from his distaste for the business side of production, it seems that he lacked not only an adequate means of distribution, but over-estimated his market and charged too little for his prints. When the goodwill and resources of his relatives dried up, there was no way of saving the business. Bankruptcy, though delayed by the renewal of the patent, and by the unwillingness of his creditors to push him to the wall too fast, was inevitable. In 1860 he was forced to give up his business and in 1865 was adjudged bankrupt, like J. C. Le Blon, John Baptist Jackson, W. W. Ryland, and Francesco Bartolozzi before him.

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The influence of Baxter's meticulous standards of coloring and printing was felt throughout British color printing and kept alive a tradition of woodblock color illustration that lasted until the 20th century. Until the middle of the 19th century, Americans followed artistic developments in England with a cultural lag of about 20 years, but they did not follow the Baxter route for long. He was known in the 1840s in the limited circles of book and magazine publishers, and to the producers of missionary books. In 1846 The Missionary Memorial, a book published in New York, carried a Baxter frontispiece which had been printed in England and imported in bulk for binding into the completed book. John Sartain had words of praise for the process. His best engraver, George T. Devereux, had used the woodblock and oil color method for Baxter-like prints in the August 1849 number, and Sartain encouraged him to continue and improve his products. Printed only with woodblocks and with no key steel plate, they were markedly inferior to Baxter's work. In August 1854, Devereux applied to Baxter, not for a license—the patent finally expired.

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18 The embossed seal on a number of his prints reads, "G. Baxter, Patentee, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, etc." The "etc." suggests that this may be merely an exercise in public relations. We know nothing of these licensees.

19 The Missionary Memorial: A Literary and Religious Souvenir (New York: E. Walker, 1846). The preface, dated October 1845, states: "The illuminated frontispiece, presenting a beautiful specimen of Baxter's new process of printing in oil-colors—a feature of novelty and consummate skill in art—now for the first time introduced to the notice of the American public, is derived, with permission of the author, from Mr. Hoole's admired work, Missions in Madras."
pired that year—but for “full instructions in your art” for which he was willing to pay $500. However, we know of no post-1854 Devereux prints using Baxter’s process, so possibly the cost in time and money to reach his standards of production made it uncommercial for the young American color printing industry.

One final point on the American development: American printers reaped the benefit of European technology just about this time. Refugees from the abortive 1848 revolutions in Germany, Austria, and Poland reached this country in the early 1850s, bringing with them the know-how of European printing, particularly of lithography. When they became established, their production represented a great leap forward in skill and technical excellence. Julius Bien, Carl Schurz, L. N. Rosenthal, Louis Prang touched the high and low points of chromolithography in America, and drove the handcolored and the woodblock color print out of competition.20

In England, the woodblock continued to compete successfully with chromolithography for color illustrations of mass circulation monthly magazines well into the seventies. The quality of printing declined under pressure for quantity, but for children’s books in smaller editions, finely produced illustrations by Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, and Kate Greenway kept the tradition alive even longer. But slowly in England, more quickly in America, stone and steel displaced wood until the use of the light-sensitive, half-tone plate on both sides of the Atlantic overwhelmed all other methods of reproduction.21

Baxter was, for the most part, a copier, a reproducer of other people’s paintings. This is a skill that traditionally ranks low in the aesthetic scale. Was Baxter a good copyist? Did he copy, and therefore spread the knowledge of, worthwhile pictures?

The answer to the first question is, to my mind, a very strong affirmative. His engraving was excellent; a black and white impression of his basic steel plate can stand alone as a fine engraving. His colors were excellent—bright, lasting, and, because of his accurate eye and his readiness to use as many woodblocks as he judged necessary to reproduce the artist’s colors, true. The register of his colors is almost superhumanly accurate, because he refused to allow inferior work to leave his print shop. Where chromolithography aimed to reproduce the feel of the watercolor painting, particularly in its early days in the hands of Charles Hullmandel, Baxter was seeking to reproduce oil paintings. In this he was the complete master.

As to the quality of the pictures he copied, here we are on shakier ground. Arthur Hind dismisses both Baxter and his era—and therefore his originals—in summary fashion: “Baxter’s work which ranges from 1834 to 1860, covers one of the dullest epochs in English painting, and the artistic value of the majority of his reproductions is correspondingly small.”22 Certainly some of the plump children and modest maidens are hard to take, but the majority of Baxter’s originals were landscapes, and he lived in a good period of English landscape painting. For the most part he followed what he saw as the best taste of the time, since his aim was to put good pictures on the walls of the average home. Today we view this taste with a more understanding eye than Professor Hind’s generation, realizing how profoundly the aesthetic judgment of the era was influenced by the imminence of the invention of the camera. So critical opinion now finds more in Baxter to praise than to condemn. Estelle Jussim speaks of the “genius of George Baxter”23; R. M. Burch calls him “an artist to his fingertips”;24 Gordon Ray speaks of his “vogue” being established today;25 and Ruari McLean of “the richness [of color] that none of his rivals ever attained and which still amazes us today.”26

Apart from the well-known painters whose works Baxter copied—Gainsborough, Lawrence, Reynolds, Rubens, Murillo, Raphael, Van Dyck, Winterhalter, Watteau, and Turner—there are a number of mostly forgotten artists who nevertheless find a place in the Dictionary of National Biography, a distinction never accorded

20 See Peter C. Martino, Mr. Audubon and Mr. Bien, An Early Phase in the History of American Chromolithography (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1975). This brief essay, produced as a catalog of the exhibition of Bien’s chromolithographic edition of Audubon’s Birds of America in the National Museum of Science and Technology (Smithsonian Institution), is an excellent summary of the early history of color printing in America and has provided a number of valuable insights.

George Baxter. There are John Varley, the landscape painter who drew “spirit heads” with his friend William Blake; George Morland, painter, engraver, and amateur jockey; William Westall, the landscape draughtsman recommended by Benjamin West for the voyage under Matthew Flinders in the Investigator to Australasia, who brought back an exotic collection of pictures after being twice shipwrecked; Lemuel Abbott, who is credited with the best head and shoulders portrait of Nelson, but who could never paint a full-length figure; Valentine Bartholomew who was Flower Painter-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria and exhibited hundreds of times during his long life; and a number of others who make up an interestingly varied, if not brilliant, group.

A study of a finished Baxter print alongside an original painting shows that Baxter exercised a creative role in his reproduction. Obviously, complete photographic accuracy was not possible until the invention of the camera. What he achieves is a great closeness to the spirit, the totality of the original. Baxter’s version of the Rubens Descent from the Cross is remarkable for its true color and balance, though details—expressions, shadows, folds of drapery—differ slightly. A Rubens expert, to whom I showed the print, was happily surprised and felt that justice had been done to the masterwork. The print of The Gardener’s Shed was adjudged by many who saw it to be perhaps preferable to the original (which we were fortunate to be able to hang in the Baxter exhibit alongside his print) because of the tighter design, the excellent color reproduction, and the touch of originality in Baxter’s addition of a second resting insect to join Bartholomew’s original bug sitting on a peony. Baxter copied, but originality, even humor, seems to have broken through on this and other occasions.

Baxter himself had an obvious predilection for the photographic reproduction of the world around him. He exhibited in the Miniatures’ Room of the Royal Academy, and Courtney Lewis, who saw some of his paintings, calls them exquisite. Regarding the

27 His father, John Baxter, is included in the Dictionary of National Biography on the strength of his having invented the printing roller; and also for printing and publishing the Baxter Bible, illustrated with woodcuts.

28 Baxter’s humor was on the obvious side. Prints called Me Warm Now, So Nice, and So Nasty, apparently gave him pleasure. What he really enjoyed was making minute details in his engravings visible to the careful observer: the newspaper headline in News from Home; the £100 note in News from Australia; the shopping list in Short Change; the letter in the portrait of John Williams; and many others.

camera itself, he was no Luddite. He experimented with photography and sought to approximate its effect by engraving and printing a dozen woodblock prints in a single color—sepia, brown, or grey relief—naming them “Baxterotypes.” He even initiated a patent on a method of coloring photographs by woodblock printing. But he never followed through these experiments, knowing that he could do best with his own well-tried process.

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Today, if I may be permitted a speculative digression, we are surrounded to such a degree by images of reality that we have little conception of a world without cameras, radios, television, illustrated newspapers, and magazines, a world in which the eye was the sole source of information, without the help or distortion of mechanically created images. In the late 18th and 19th centuries, this eye was turned outwards to the quiet beauties of the natural world. What it saw was the “real,” and its best expression was in the accurate reproduction of a pleasing landscape. Some artists, like Turner, who went far beyond the landscapes with which he began, or Blake, who fits no categories, stand out from this generalization. But in the main, artists reproduced the world of nature, as if they themselves were cameras, and this mode of perception made the invention of the camera in this era as inevitable as was the invention of the telescope in the Copernican era. The camera and the photographer confirmed the culture’s unquestioning view of reality, for the early photographers were at first artists experimenting in the reproduction of this reality by a new technique. But once the camera began to be developed as a tool, the task of reproduction escaped from the hands of the artist, until in our day it is in the hands of everyman.

Baxter’s emotional range as an artist was, admittedly, small. He did not conjure up the horrors of Victorian poverty, the exploitation of the weak and the neglect of the defenseless, nor its slums and prisons. His was a quieter aim, to edify and improve a growing taste for better things. Others—Shaftesbury, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, even Dickens himself—took the activist role. Baxter’s chimneysweeps and ragged urchins have this in common with Kingsley’s and Dickens’; they are seen with a kindly eye. If we find in him no great passion for social change, we do note the deepest kind of dedication to his art. It was a passion that kept him at his hand-operated presses 15 hours a day,
as he testified to his creditors on his first brush with bankruptcy in 1844; it was a demand for accuracy in color, impression, register, that, while it exasperated some of his apprentices and licensees, raised the standards of English color printing until the end of the century. His 20 or more separate impositions of color were not a technical tour-de-force, as were Knight's and Savage's, but an insistence on the delicate accuracy that one last touch could give.

Thomas Bewick's prophetic word in the last years of his life was amply fulfilled by Baxter. Of color printing by woodblock he wrote: "Though I felt much difficulty in my attempts at producing it, yet the principle is there, and will shine out under the skill and management of any eminent engraver on wood who is gifted with a painter's eye; and his work will be complete if seconded by a pressman of ability, who may happen to have a talent and fellowfeeling for the art." Bewick did not expect to find all these qualities in one man. But in Baxter they were all present—an engraver and printer who was not merely a superb technician, but also a considerable artist, moved by a desire to meet a need for color and beauty in his society. That, in the final analysis, is the reason why his prints continue to be sought after and cherished.


Samuel L. Southard and the Origins of Gibbons v. Ogden

By Michael Birkner

On January 12, 1815, the former Federalist governor of New Jersey, Aaron Ogden, wrote a brief letter to a young political antagonist, Samuel L. Southard, requesting Southard's "professional aid in a hearing before the Legislature, which I expect will take place on Tuesday next." Observing that he had the relevant documents organized so that Southard could get quickly acquainted with the facts of the matter at issue, Ogden added that "the cause will be entertaining and interesting, and as to compensation, you will please to name your own sum."

A good deal of history lay behind these remarks, and the "entertaining and interesting case" that Ogden had requested Southard to argue ultimately would create a good deal of history itself. Involved was a matter of monopoly rights and steamboats, an embroglio more than a decade in the making, and nearly a decade short of resolution. The hearing before the New Jersey legislature to which Ogden referred was one of a series of legal contests that culminated in the famous case of Gibbons v. Ogden, decided by the Marshall Court in 1824. At all stages of the case, the basic issue was the validity of legislative sanctioned transportation monopoly—a matter of increasing importance to a nation whose economic maturation depended on free and cheap modes of travel, communication, and trade.

The origins of the Gibbons v. Ogden case and, less portentously, the legislative hearing in New Jersey in January 1815, lay in the 1780s, with the invention of a workable steam engine and a steamboat that could carry both passengers and freight.1 The original

1 Aaron Ogden to Samuel L. Southard, Jan. 12, 1815, Samuel L. Southard Papers, Princeton University Library (hereafter PUL).

2 The standard work on the invention of the steamboat and its early history is James Thomas Flexner, Steamboats Come True: American Inventors in Action (New York: The Viking Press, 1944). Flexner's subtle and engagingly written book emphasizes the contributions of John Fitch, while concluding that Robert Fulton's technical expertise and skills as a promoter, combined with public readiness to accept steamboat travel by 1800, entitle Fulton to credit as the steamboat's inventor. In a purely technical context, however, the bulk of Flexner's evidence supports Fitch's claim. See also Frank D. Prager, ed., The Autobiography of John Fitch (Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, 1976).
inventor of the steamboat, John Fitch, succeeded in winning the rights from the New York legislature in 1787 to traverse New York waters. But Fitch did not carry through on this privilege, and in 1798, Robert R. Livingston, a figure of great weight in New York society and politics, won such rights for himself. In partnership with the inventor Robert Fulton, Chancellor Livingston pioneered in steamboat transport as a commercial venture. After having overcome initial technical difficulties, the two men profited handsomely from their vessels' operations—profited, that is, so long as they had unchallenged rein over steamboat traffic on the Hudson River.²

Believing that their initiatives in a risky enterprise entitled them to such exclusive rights, Fulton and Livingston had opposed the competition that inevitably arose as the steamboat became popular. On several occasions they litigated successfully to thwart competitors, and their sailing seemed clear until Aaron Ogden entered the picture in 1812.³ Ogden, an enterprising politician and lawyer, who in late 1812 was elected governor of New Jersey after a hotly contested legislative election returned the Federalist party to power for the first time since 1801, sensed that there was considerable money to be made in transporting people between New Jersey and New York. Entering a partnership with an Elizabethtown inventor, Daniel Dod, Ogden acquired a boat named “Sea Horse,” and began to carry passengers from New York City to Elizabethtown Point and back. He was soon blockaded as Livingston and Fulton demanded enforcement of their exclusive privilege on the Hudson. Undaunted, Ogden in 1813 used his influence in New Jersey to obtain a countervailing monopoly for steam navigation in his home state. Henceforth the Livingston-Fulton vessel, the “Raritan,” would not be permitted to dock on the New Jersey side of the Hudson.⁴ For the Livingston-Fulton interest, this was an unacceptable situation.


⁵ At first Livingston and Fulton confined their protests to plaintive correspondence with New Jersey Republican leader and Supreme Court Justice Mahlon Dickerson. Livingston reminded Dickerson that he had invested considerable capital on the steamboat venture when no one else could or would do so. If the New Jersey law of November 1813 stood, he said, he would be out a good deal of money. Given his initial risk and his conviction that Ogden’s partner, Daniel Dod, had made no material improvement on Fulton’s steamboat design, Livingston considered the situation to be patently unfair.

Implored by Livingston to explain New Jersey’s position to Fulton, Dickerson responded that the New Jersey law was aimed less at Fulton than at New York state, which, he noted, was claiming jurisdiction over all waters between the two states and, moreover, granting an unwarranted monopoly to Livingston and Fulton. Both acts denied New Jersey’s fair rights. “What they [the New Jersey legislators] have done,” Dickerson observed, “is to counteract a law of your state, which they deem illiberal & unjust as it respects the citizens of this state.” Should New York re lief on its claims, Dickerson suggested, so would New Jersey.⁶ Dickerson’s temperate analysis did not much soothe the New York partners. Frustrated at losing the income from the Raritan’s operation, Livingston and Fulton awaited the results of the 1814 legislative elections in New Jersey and, once that campaign concluded with a Republican triumph, decided to take their case before a legislature dominated by Aaron Ogden’s political foes. A hearing scheduled for late January 1815 permitted each side to assign advocates to argue its case. At this point Aaron Ogden wrote to Samuel Southard, 27 years old and largely untested at the bar.

On first appearance, Ogden’s invitation to Southard made little sense. A graduate in 1804 of the College of New Jersey (as Princeton was called), Southard, after receiving his legal training and carrying on a desultory initial practice in Fredericksburg, Virginia, had only in 1811 entered into law practice in New Jersey. Prac-

ticing primarily in Hunterdon, Sussex, and Morris Counties, Southard had made a modest reputation for himself, but his youth and his meager experience in major cases militated against his selection in a hearing of this magnitude.7

On the other hand, Southard had an important asset that Ogden no doubt recognized. Southard was a staunch Republican, the son of one of the founders of the Jeffersonian-Republican party in New Jersey, Henry Southard, and a rising man in the ranks of New Jersey Jeffersonians as well. In 1814 he had worked intensively and quite successfully to keep Ogden and the Federalists from regaining power in New Jersey. Given Ogden’s awareness that Jeffersonian legislators might make an unsympathetic audience for his case, Southard might have been a ploy for a fairer hearing. Of course, if Southard could not meet the challenge of arguing against the well-known New York attorney Thomas Addis Emmet, this calculation would be worthless, even harmful, to Ogden’s cause.

On Friday afternoon, January 26, 1815, before a “vast assembly of people, which continually increased until it very much exceeded any thing which you ever witnessed in Trenton,” as one contemporary put it, Southard was put to the test.8 The third speaker, he followed Thomas Emmet, who put the case for Livingston and Fulton, and Aaron Ogden himself, who introduced evidence and argued that Robert Fulton was not the original inventor of the steamboat. In his remarks, Emmet emphasized the importance of protecting those who risked capital on behalf of the public interest. Unless the New Jersey legislature agreed to repeal the Ogden monopoly, Emmet said, “you will become infamous for the invasion of the rights of private property, of genius and invention. Repeal this law, or you will become infamous as the abettors of villainy—you will make your state an asylum of thieves and robbers.”9 In the course of his well-crafted performance, Emmet went on to attack the New Jersey law because it granted a monopoly.

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9 Ibid., pp. 5-4.
As one witness, Lucius H. Stockton, reported, "he said that monopolies had ever been considered odious in law and justice, and that they ought to be particularly dis sanctioned in free countries." This on behalf of two men who had repeatedly employed injunctions to undermine challengers to their own monopoly in New York.10

Following Emmet's discourse and a break for lunch, Southard rose to reply. Two major sources reconstruct this speech which would win Southard considerable acclaim as an advocate, and, within ten months, propel him to the state supreme court. The first is Lucius H. Stockton's pamphlet, A History of the Steam Boat Case, Lately Discussed by Counsel Before the Legislature of New Jersey, Comprised in a Letter to a Gentleman at Washington. Historians studying Gibbons v. Ogden have rarely used this fifty-page document written by a legal and political ally of Ogden.11

Yet, the Stockton pamphlet, for its account of the arguments made in Trenton from January 26-29, particularly those presented by Southard and his coadjutor in the case, Joseph Hopkinson—biased as it is in favor of Aaron Ogden—vividly presents an important juncture in American legal history. Fortunately, the Samuel Southard papers at Princeton contain Southard's notes on his speech. They corroborate the Stockton account at virtually every point, leaving in doubt less what Southard said than the force and effect with which he said it.12

Reporting Southard's argument, Stockton indicated his concern that the young lawyer might be overmatched in this situation. His youth, inexperience, and "delicate" health all seemed to militate against his success. Fortunately, Southard "had not spoken five minutes, before [Stockton] was relieved from all anxiety on his account, and was satisfied that he would equal the warmest wishes of his friends."13

Southard's argument before the legislature took up nearly a full

day (Friday afternoon and Saturday morning), and he delivered it in the manner of the time, full of flourishes and asides. Yet its kernal, as reproduced in Stockton's reportage and Southard's extant notes, reduced to several central points.

First, Southard argued, one cannot understand the law being defended—Ogden's monopoly grant—without understanding "each and every step which preceded it both in our own state and the state of N[ew] Y[ork]." He pointed to the 1808 New York law granting Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton "exclusive right" (i.e., monopoly privilege) to the waters of New York. This grant Southard called, with some exaggeration, the most extensive monopoly ever given two individuals by a government, a monopoly "destructive to the interests of her citizens and dangerous even to the regular movements of the Governmen[t] itself."

New Jersey had no complaint with this grant, Southard observed, except in the context of New York's concurrent claim to all waters between the two states, to the "high water mark on the Jersey shore." Under New York law, Robert Fulton and Robert R. Livingston (and later John R. Livingston) had the right to seize any New Jersey vessels coming into New York—an act which prevented Aaron Ogden from conducting a business between Elizabeth town and New York City.

What happened next, Southard explained, was perfectly understandable. "When the Legislature perceived that N[ew] Y[ork] had granted the use of her waters for certain purposes to two of her citizens and that under it the citizens of New Jersey were injured, she naturally inquired[,] is this right—shall I suffer my citizens to be injured—and offer no redress?" Quoting the legal authority Vattel, Southard argued that citizens of one jurisdiction have a right not merely to the middle of waters but "over the whole River." Without this right "the purposes of navigation and mutual intercourse would be destroyed." Given New York's violation of Vattel's precept and her injury to New Jersey commerce the question became, how could New Jersey best protect its own rights? The answer lay in the passage of a law "counteraving" the New York monopoly.

On behalf of his clients Thomas Emmet charged that the New Jersey law was mere "retaliating" and hence odious. But, Southard insisted, "retaliating" could operate only on an innocent person. What New Jersey had passed was a "counteravailing or retorting system," not a retaliatory one. Aware that his audience...
might perceive this as a distinction without a difference. Southard quickly moved on, reminding it that no New Jersey citizen had complained about the grant to Aaron Ogden. Rather, it was the “great monopolists of N[ew] Y[ork],” who, “placing the interests of their own f[ellow] c[itizens] under their feet prepared to trample without remorse on the right of yours.” Hence the attack on Ogden and Dod and the effort to induce New Jersey to repudiate its grant to them. Ogden, Southard said, was not a monopolist. He merely sought an exclusive grant as a tool “to induce N[ew] Y[ork] to retract, or to place our citizens on an equality” with New York. At bottom, Southard said, Ogden wanted merely “to be permitted to approach New York unmolested”—that is, to be part of a free and open steamboat traffic between the two states. Southard, in brief, was defending New Jersey’s monopoly grant to Aaron Ogden as a measure intended to open commerce and encourage steamboat travel. Because of his position as an advocate for the New Jersey monopoly, Southard could not employ the legal arguments which Daniel Webster would advance before the Marshall Court in 1824.

Having made his main points, Southard, in the charged atmosphere of the legislative hall, ended his argument with an appeal to New Jersey pride and an insistence on the smaller state’s dignity and equality in dealings with its sister. “Does she [New York] permit your citizens to approach but not to touch her shores,” Southard asked. “[Now] mete out to her the very same measure—yield not to her one single inch of your unquestionable jurisdiction.” New Jersey, he concluded, was willing to be reasonable and flexible if New York would treat her as she deserved to be treated—as an equal, sovereign state. “But if she tenders benefits as to an inferior reject them with disdain—if she grants your rights under the threat of power, retort them with the indignation which becomes Jerseymen.” This peroration, and the argument as a whole, had great impact. “At the conclusion of his [Southard’s] speech, Lucius Stockton reported, “a universal testimony of applause issued from a crowded auditory, manifested by the clapping of hands, which was with great difficulty suppressed by the presiding officer, and exceeded any thing of the kind which I ever witnessed in New Jersey.”

Southard’s speech, Stockton observed in a burst of enthusiasm,

would be remembered, “while the love of brilliant genius, real eloquence, profound erudition, and manly patriotism remain in the minds of Jerseymen.” The hearing, however, had not ended. Both Joseph Hopkinson, for the Ogden-Dod interest, and Thomas Emmet, in rebuttal, spoke at length, arguing many of the issues Southard had dealt with. Hopkinson focused in particular on the matter of Robert Fulton’s patent rights as “inventor” of the steamboat, forcefully arguing that “the merits of Mr. F[u]lton were those of a successful and enterprising capitalist, practically bringing into public operation the labours of others,” not those of an “original inventor” of the steamboat.

Following the lawyers’ presentations, the legislature, in committee of the whole, debated the proposed repeal of the 1813 law favoring Ogden and Dod. That the peripatetic and often learned oratory the legislators had heard influenced their ultimate judgments in the case is doubtful; their votes ran almost exclusively along party lines. In fact, every Federalist voted to sustain Ogden and the 1813 law. Every Republican but two, David Thompson and Nicholas Mandeville of Morris County, voted for repeal. Hence by a margin of 21-18 in the Assembly, and 7-6 in Council, the Legislature voted for repeal. Politics, not law, had influenced the decision. Ogden’s tactical gamble on Samuel Southard as his chance to win Republican votes was, in this context, shrewd but not quite enough for a victory.

The ramifications of the legislative decision were considerable. Aside from its consequential legal implications (for this hearing was but one step along the road to the Gibbons v. Ogden verdict and its dramatic effect), the hearing in Trenton greatly influenced the lives of Aaron Ogden and Samuel Southard. Unwilling to take his defeat passively, Ogden journeyed to Albany to lobby the New York legislature to change its own monopoly policy and, after barely failing in this effort, reached an agreement with the Livingston interest that gave him a license to run the Sea Horse from Elizabethtown to New York City. By 1815, Ogden had entered into a partnership with a wealthy planter and lawyer, Thomas Gibbons, who had moved to Elizabeth from Savannah, Georgia some years earlier. Gibbons soon broke with Ogden over a personal matter, established a rival steamboat line and, finally,  

15 Ibid., passim.  
challenged the concept of monopoly grants over interstate commerce.\textsuperscript{17}

In the case of \textit{Gibbons v. Ogden}, heard before the Marshall Court in 1824, William Wirt and Daniel Webster argued for Gibbons against the monopoly. Thomas Emmet and Thomas Oakley argued for Ogden (and the Livingston interest) on behalf of the monopoly. Webster's central theme, that the federal Coasting Act of 1793 mandated congressional, not state, regulation of interstate commerce, was adopted by Chief Justice John Marshall, who struck down the New York monopoly on this ground. Politically cautious, Marshall did not flatly rule that interstate monopolies were unconstitutional. But under the terms of the decision, Gibbons and free commerce had won, and the prevailing antimonopoly sentiment in America at a time of vigorous commercial growth reinforced Marshall's somewhat ambiguous opinion. \textit{Gibbons v. Ogden} was a landmark case in American law, not merely because it was the first commerce case brought before the Supreme Court, or the first challenge to a state monopoly which had reached the Court, but because it had such wide-reaching implications for American economic development.\textsuperscript{18}

For Aaron Ogden, who had initiated the proceedings that ultimately led to the Court's decision, \textit{Gibbons v. Ogden} was a severe personal setback. The prolonged legal struggle bankrupted him and led him briefly to debtor's prison—an inglorious reward for a man whose initial aim was the widening of steamboat enterprise.

For Samuel L. Southard, the denouement of the steamboat hearing was much less protracted and much more gratifying. Although the press reported his argument rather less effusively than Lucius Stockton, the Stockton pamphlet circulated widely and benefited Southard's reputation.\textsuperscript{19} Capitalizing on this recognition, as well

\textsuperscript{17} This story is recounted in Thayer, \textit{As We Were}, chap. 12, and Wheaton J. Lane, \textit{From Indian Trail to Iron Horse: Travel and Transportation in New Jersey, 1660-1860} (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1939), pp. 185-190.

\textsuperscript{18} Baxter, \textit{The Steamboat Case}, offers the fullest explication of arguments before the Supreme Court and the court's decision. Also helpful in setting the case in a legal context is Morton Horwitz, \textit{The Transformation of American Law, 1780-1860} (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1977), chaps. 3 and 4.

\textsuperscript{19} Because of the wide interest in the case, a noted legal reporter, William Sampson, contracted with a New York publisher to reproduce the arguments offered in Trenton in January 1815. Southard, however, seems to have helped undermine this venture, since he neglected to furnish Sampson with his brief despite repeated requests. See William Sampson to Southard, Feb. 9, March 23, April 5, Oct. 21,
as his father's name and his own efforts on behalf of the Republican cause in several previous elections, Southard was elected to the state legislature in the autumn of 1815. Less than a month later, when Mahlon Dickerson resigned from the state supreme court to take a seat in the United States Senate, Southard, then 28, was named to replace him. It is difficult to believe he could have gained such preferment without having first demonstrated his legal skills in Trenton the previous January.

1815, and Southard to Sampson (drafts), Feb. 17, March 27, 29, May 29, Nov. 18, 1815, Southard Papers, PUL. Two years later Jared Ingersoll of Philadelphia, an attorney for Robert Fulton's heirs, requested Southard's notes on the steamboat hearing. Southard declined to produce them, pleading that he had lost or misplaced his notes. At all events, he said, "if I had them I fear they would furnish no intelligible information. My habit, while at the Bar, was to rely much on my memory, and to take very loose and very short notes, sufficient to remind me of the evidence but useless to anybody else. And altho' I attempted to argue this case at some length, I relied on a brief not much longer than this letter. The trial also was very irregular, and the evidence was not, nor could not be, subjected to the usual rigid rules." Jared Ingersoll to Southard, Dec. 29, 1817; Southard to Jared Ingersoll (draft, Jan. 6, 1818), Samuel L. Southard Papers, PUL. The papers preserved in the Southard collection at Princeton University suggest that Southard, for whatever motives, was not entirely candid with his correspondent. Though unpolished, his notes indicate clearly the lines of Southard's argument, as the above reconstruction suggests. In addition to several versions of his brief, the notes include Southard's notes on Thomas A. Emmet's argument before the legislature, anticipated and actual arguments against Ogden's monopoly grant, and replies to these arguments.

Library Notes

SINCLAIR HAMILTON
1884-1978

On August 28, 1978, Sinclair Hamilton died at his summer home in Edgartown, Massachusetts. A longtime resident of New York City, he was a member of the Class of 1906, an avid book collector, and a benefactor to the University, especially the Library. We are pleased to print here a talk he had prepared for a gathering of bibliophiles in 1972 but was unable to deliver. It is followed by two tributes from close friends which were made at a memorial service held in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, on October 19, 1978.

Some 50 or 60 years ago, someone rashly presented me with a copy of W. J. Linton's book The Master of Woodengraving. It is an enormous tome, and I opened it at an almost lifesized reproduction of Dürrer's "Flight into Egypt" from his "Life of the Virgin" series. At that point I didn't really know what a woodcut or wood engraving was and Dürrer's print fascinated me. I looked with awe at all the trees bowing humbly before the Holy Family—all, of course, save the aspen which still trembles and quakes to this very day. I promptly sought for and secured an impression of the print. It was not too good a one for it had a crease right down the middle but that didn't bother me much at that point. In fact it doesn't bother me very much today, for, shocking as the confession is, I fear that I am one of those despicable beings who think that we lay too much emphasis in this country on condition, and find that I can enjoy a print even when it has practically no margin whatever. Well, shortly after securing my Dürrer, I saw listed in a London print dealer's catalogue a copy of a woodcut by Lucas Cranach—"The Rest on the Flight into Egypt"—at what seemed an extraordinarily reasonable price and promptly wrote for it. When it came, I was so elated at getting a print by such a famous artist at such a price that I proudly carried it down to the Metropolitan Museum where Bill Ivins was then the Curator of Prints. He had the reputation for a caustic wit which
could be devastating, but, as a matter of fact, he was at heart a very kindly person. He never said one word of criticism about my print. He merely asked if I would like to see the Museum’s copy. When, of course, I said I would, he produced an extraordinarily brilliant impression and laid it beside mine. Even my untaught eye could see how inferior mine was and I began to realize what had led the dealer to put what seemed such a bargain price on it. I have never forgotten the lesson which Bill Ivins taught me so tactfully that day.

For a time I flirted with the woodcut books of the 15th and 16th centuries until, with rising prices, they began to soar beyond my reach. And then one day I attended an exhibition of wood engraving after Winslow Homer which seemed to me extremely fine and I began to collect Homer illustrations. And then I got the notion that a collection of early American illustration in the woodcut and wood engraving might be an interesting collection to form. I knew, of course, of David McNeely Stauffer’s book on American copper and steel engravings, and it occurred to me that a collection such as I had in mind might form a good foundation for a book on the American woodcut and wood engraving, for, humble though they be, many of our early woodcuts are delightful and have a fascination that the more grandiose intaglio prints lack. I did not work forward in time from Winslow Homer, but rather backward in time. I picked up illustrations by such men as Augustus Hoppin, the portrayer of polite society who created graphically Miss Flora McFlinsey of Madison Square who found herself in utter despair because she had nothing whatever to wear, and Miss McBride who minced along in fashion’s tide adown Broadway on the proper side. And then there was John McLenan, totally forgotten today, but who at his best was really a great illustrator, and Hammatt Billings, of Boston, a most prolific illustrator, especially in children’s books, but who did some very effective drawings for the first edition of Uncle Tom’s Cabin. And there was Sol Eytinge, so thoroughly Victorian, who illustrated Dickens and whom Dickens praised for his “most agreeable absence of exaggeration.” One wonders what Dickens really thought of Phiz.

In the beginning I did not go further back than the 1790s when Alexander Anderson, known as the father of American wood engraving, began working, for most books and articles which touched on American illustration treated him as the fountainhead of American illustration. Later I found hundreds of American woodcuts or type metal cuts in books well back into the 18th century, some of them delightfully naive and chiefly, I suppose, copied from English originals. I found an excellent source in the local broadsides, which, like Life magazine and the late lamented Look, kept the populace informed of current events. The discovery in 1785 of a hermit over 200 years old living in a cave somewhere in the wilds of America led to so many broadsides with cuts showing the hermit and his cave that the story has been called one of the best-sellers of 1786. However, a broadside showing the hermit’s tragic death appeals to me even more. The cut shows the hermit taking his first drink of rum as a result of which he shortly afterward died, a deplorable end for a man who had lived 200 years without liquor and, to quote from the broadside, “might have lived some 200 years more had he not drunk that horrid draught.”

Others must evaluate the worth of the collection but for me the pleasure and excitement of the chase, the amusement I got out of the books I found (and am still finding) for the collection has meant a great deal. It has been fun and has kept me feeling younger than I probably have any right to feel. At any rate I hope it will prove of some real use to those who are interested in the graphic arts of this country during the period which it covers.

—SINCLAIR HAMILTON

We are gathered here to honor the memory of Sinclair Hamilton, a man of engaging personality and the highest standards. I shall not speak of his professional career or private life, but only of his avocation, which was book-collecting.

Exactly when the interest began I do not know; but Mr. Hamilton started his collecting with early illustrated books—chiefly works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Gradually he abandoned this field for one almost completely untouched: the illustrated book of America. This new and uncharted area gave full scope for his taste and scholarship; and the collection, unique of its kind, was presented to the Princeton University Library in 1945. It remains a splendid and fitting memorial to him. The catalogue of it, which he prepared, became on publication a standard reference work, and secured him immediate recognition as the foremost authority on early American book illustration.

It is noteworthy that his collecting did not stop at that point; he went on to make other discoveries, adding them to his gift, until it became necessary to issue a supplement to the catalogue.
His interest and generosity extended beyond this, however. At intervals he gave incunabula and other items from his earlier collection; and he was always glad to know about other acquisitions which had enriched the Library. He served for a number of years on the Library's Advisory Council. From 1945 to 1976 he was a member of the Council of the Friends of the Library, and he was chairman of that body from 1951 to 1954.

Indeed, his association with Princeton lasted seventy-six years, during which time he maintained interest in his classmates, his younger friends, and the University itself. He contributed at various times to the Chronicle some half-dozen articles on different aspects of his collection; and other people have written a dozen more about it for the same publication.

In 1960 the University awarded him a well-deserved honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters; and I cannot do better than conclude with a few of the words that accompanied the presentation: “the historian's curiosity, the art historian's taste, the collector's zeal, and the scholar's persistence meet happily in this modest man for whom the recollection of things past is not a nostalgic dream but rather a perpetual challenge.”

—ROBERT H. TAYLOR

Sinclair Hamilton had the dignity of reticence that distinguishes the best in the old America. He enjoyed making his way without splash—not because he wished to be secret, for no one could have been more generous with his great knowledge and experience—but because he liked to create a smiling calm that brought out the best in everyone around him. And so without clamor he set about composing his pioneer history of American book illustration. Nothing that we can do here today can add to the measure of this monument that he patiently made for himself. His work will be read as long as there is any interest in American art. But the future scholars who will cite Hamilton numbers will not find that the name expands their hearts the way it does ours when our memory confronts us with the tall, sandy-haired man who had the elegance of a total unaffectedness, and who inspired instant confidence and a profound affection in all of us.

—A. HYATT MAYOR

THE BEHRMAN COLLECTION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

On October 27, a major loan exhibition opened in the Exhibition Gallery of Firestone Library and continued through January 21, 1979. Entitled “The Behrman Collection of American Literature,” it was a showing for the first time of a private collection owned by Dr. Howard T. Behrman, a resident of New York and Princeton. He is a dermatologist by training, a book collector by avocation, and a generous benefactor to Princeton University.

What we chose to exhibit from this collection of over 500 volumes were 141 titles by 55 authors. The oldest book was Increase Mather's Mystery of Israel's Salvation (1669). The most recent was a memorial edition of John Kennedy's Profiles in Courage (1964). But neither is typical of what forms the core of the Behrman collection: fiction, poetry, essays, and juveniles from the year 1700 to 1940. Several authors appear in some depth: Henry David Thoreau, Herman Melville, Mark Twain, and T. S. Eliot. The rest are represented not only by bibliographic rarities but also by familiar classics (The Scarlet Letter, Leaves of Grass, Snowbound, Uncle Tom's Cabin), pristine copies (Sister Carrie, The Black Riders), scarce juveniles (Father Goose, The Birds' Christmas Carol, Tarzan of the Apes in wrappers), pseudonymous novels by major authors (Hike and the Aeroplane, Maggie: A Girl of the Streets), and numerous inscribed and presentation copies.

Dr. Behrman did not begin buying books until the early 1950s, and he is the first to admit that he came late to the addictive habit of haunting antiquarian bookshops. "Knowing that I couldn't get all of every writer," he says, "I tried instead for three things: the first book of an American author, always rather hard to find because they were printed in small editions; the best-known book; and the scarcest. Sometimes all three are in one book, more often just two. George Washington Cable's Old Creole Days is his first and best book. Stephen Crane's Maggie and Robert Frost's A Boy's Will are both the first and the scarcest. I am still looking for two other firsts, Pound's A Lume Spento and Poe's Tamerlane, but they continue to elude me, though I came close to owning the Poe on a recent occasion." With or without the Tamerlane, this exhibition delighted students, faculty, and the daily visitors to the Rare Book Division.

—R.M.L.

AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS

The Exhibition Gallery was filled in September and October of 1978 with Mr. Hans P. Kraus's collection of American Constitutions, a gift to the Library noted in the Spring Chronicle. This
rich collection of early printings of constitutions not only of the American states, but also of various Latin American nations, was embellished by the addition of the Scheide copy of the first printing of *The Constitution of the United States of America*, lent by the Scheide Library to honor Mr. Kraus's gift. The exhibition—opened by the impressively substantial constitutions of Indian nations within the United States boundaries—reached back in time to a 1667 Mexican imprint and as near to the present as the printings, in both English and Spanish, of the 1910 Constitution of New Mexico.

—A.L.B.

THE PRINCETON EMBLEM BIBLIOGRAPHY
A PROGRESS REPORT

Since the announcement of the Princeton Emblem Bibliography project in the Autumn 1977 issue of the *Chronicle*, much work has been completed on the census of emblem books at Princeton and elsewhere as well as the analytical indexing of them which will make up the bibliography in its final form.

Our census began, almost two years ago, by examining about 150 Princeton-owned emblem books conveniently catalogued under the appropriate Library of Congress classification for such books. Afterwards, our searchers went into the specialized collections of the Library—Hamilton, Kane, Goertz-Wrisberg, Graphic Arts, Marquand, as well as the Speer Library of the Princeton Theological Seminary and the library of the Institute for Advanced Study. We finally came up with a total of 560 emblem books, a count which includes a modicum of microfilms, facsimile editions, and modern reprints. A positive result of this time-consuming work of detection was that we are now able to pinpoint emblem books in the Princeton collections which hitherto had not been recognized as such.

While preparing the census, every Princeton University Library shelf number has been entered under the author's name into two spare copies of the standard bibliography of emblems, compiled by Mario Praz in his *Studies in Seventeenth Century Imagery* (second edition, Rome, 1964). The complete Praz information is, at the same time, entered on several thousand 3 x 5 cards with author's name (augmented by concise bio-bibliographical data) and full title, and interleaved with information culled from modern emblem literature, in particular from exhibition and dealers' catalogues, together with dates, price, and materials from the ap-

*paratus criticus*, thus furnishing a handy reference when the time comes to decide on a purchase, to check on a new acquisition, or to answer queries. In regard to the latter, we are endeavoring to record as far as possible every single edition or variant along with information concerning localities outside Princeton where a given item can be consulted.

Besides the main census, we have built up a system which aims at an exhaustive listing of authors' names who have contributed to secondary source material. This system of modern books, articles, critical reviews, and scattered footnotes referring to all aspects of the emblem is carefully indexed and cross-referenced under the names of authors' original emblem books. There is also a list of reference works used and an alphabetically arranged list of technical terms (mostly in Latin). As part of our *index rerum ac nominum*, we are also compiling an ever-expanding list of mottoes which are being translated into English and cross-referenced to their original sources. Finally, we are preparing a bibliography of emblematic works which deal with the various aspects of theory of emblem, impresa, epigram, hieroglyph *et tanta multa alia*. All of these ancillary listings should prove helpful in preparing the final bibliography.

Work is continuing on the 49 Alciati editions now owned by Princeton (not 18, as originally assumed). In this special case, separate folders have been prepared for each edition of Alciati; and xeroxes of title page, frontispiece, dedicatory verse, colophon, and other characteristic material have been made (we have doubled this number by adding xeroxes taken from the Glasgow Alciatis) and two particular emblems—*Pauvertas* and *Adversus naturam peccantem*—have in addition been filed. For this and for the main bulk of the Princeton emblem collection we have prepared sets of a forty-page data sheet, subdivided into 45 alphabetically arranged main categories and carefully indexed; these data sheets were drawn up to help in preparing a consistent bibliographical and iconographical analysis of each individual emblem book in the Princeton ambient.

Last spring we visited, with much profit, the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum in Delaware where we studied Frank H. Sommers's splendid collection stressing Roman Catholic emblem books, and were royally received by Dr. Sommers and Mrs. Neville Thompson, Librarian. Some vital aspects of our system were put to the test this summer on an extensive visit to the Glas-
gow University Library which houses the 19th-century emblem collection of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the largest and most eminent collection of its kind. Mr. J. Baldwin (Keeper of Special Collections) and Miss Hester Black (emblem specialist extraordinaire), generously allowed us to examine not only their vast holdings of emblem books but in particular their unpublished emblem manuscripts. No limit was set on orders of xerox reproductions and color prints. Princeton is now in possession of Miss Black’s splendid short-title catalogue listing all Glasgow owned emblem books. We were enabled to compare our own Alciati holdings with the eighty-odd editions at Glasgow and to enter extensive corrections and additions into our annotated copy of Henry Green’s standard bibliography of Alciati’s total of 175 editions.

We see it as our most important task for the near future to complete our Princeton Alciati bibliography, to build up our emblematical index rerum ac nominum, and to work our analyses of individual emblem books into our sets of data sheets. We are anxious to record, with the aid of the National Union Catalogue of Pre-56 Imprints, the listing of the whereabouts of emblem books, including those in Princeton. We will continue to collect bibliographies of emblem books in other university libraries and to bring those we have (Duke, Glasgow, Pennsylvania) up to date. We consider it our raison d’être to be increasingly able to be of service to emblem-conscious scholars in Princeton and beyond with a reasonably solid offering of emblem information.

—WILLIAM S. HECKSCHER

LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS AT PRINCETON

Princeton has many thousands of letters and works of well-known literary authors. Some of these authors have given or sold their own papers to the Library, some of them have correspondence or other papers among publishers’ records given to Princeton (such as the large Scribner archive), some of them have been actively collected, as in the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelists. It is not always easy for the scholar to find his way about all these riches, and Princeton is now preparing a Guide to Literary Manuscripts in Princeton University Library, under a Title II-C grant from the Federal government. This grant has enabled us to hire Mrs. Katharine Lockwood-Vogel, as Literary Manuscript Cataloguer for two years, to create the new Guide with a staff of two assistants. By the end of this time we hope to be able to locate easily the works of any one author in all the separate manuscript collections where his works may appear. At present one has to know, for example, that John Dos Passos corresponded with F. Scott Fitzgerald, with John Peale Bishop, with Whit Burnett of Story magazine to locate letters not filed directly under his name.

Meantime the literary collections are growing. We have a large number of Allen Tate papers in the Library, thanks to his friends and to an arrangement of long standing whereby he sends us correspondence and papers he no longer needs. This fall Tate’s friend, Charles H. Foster of Luray, Virginia, has generously given us over 200 letters and related items received from the Tate family over the years, together with the carbon copies he kept of 37 letters he wrote to the Tates between 1914 and 1974. All these letters make a splendid addition to our overall view of Tate, and of different facets revealed to different friends. Although the Foster gift is not yet generally accessible, Mr. Robert Buffington, Tate’s official biographer, has been able to use it during his stay in Princeton. It is this biography which has also occasioned the opening of Professor Samuel Holt Monk’s smaller group of Tate items: three letters dated 1948-43 and three poems written by Tate, which Professor Monk deposited here some years ago and has now given to the Library, lifting the former restrictions so that Mr. Buffington and others can use them in their Tate studies.

In similar vein, Jonathan and Robert Bishop have changed into a gift the deposit made by their mother of the letters and papers of their father, John Peale Bishop ’17. This is an important archive, particularly for Bishop’s correspondence with various contemporaries and for his literary criticism contained there. Bishop’s correspondence with poet Archibald MacLeish is still restricted, at the latter’s request, but all the other papers are now available.

One of Bishop’s better known classmates was F. Scott Fitzgerald ’17, and we have recently acquired Fitzgerald’s rough drawing for a new library at Princeton together with his letter about it. The library plan was made in response to an article about the library in the Princeton Alumni Weekly written by Fitzgerald’s classmate Asa Bushnell in April 1936. Fitzgerald explains his fantastic plan, incorporated mostly below ground under a prison-like structure, in his accompanying letter to Asa Bushnell ’21 of April 26, 1936. Both items are currently on exhibit in the reception room of the Rare Book Division along with the manuscript of Fitzgerald’s best-known novel, The Great Gatsby.

—JEAN F. PRESTON, Curator of Manuscripts
THE COUNCIL

The Winter meeting of the Council was held in the Friends' Room in Firestone Library on December 1, 1972.

The Council approved the transfer of $10,000 from the free balance of the Operating Account to the Acquisitions Committee Fund and $1,000 to the Sinclair Hamilton Book Fund. This fund, established in 1959 from the royalties accruing from the sale of Mr. Hamilton's catalogue of his collection of American book illustration, will be renamed the Sinclair Hamilton Memorial Book Fund and contributions can be sent to Mr. Alexander D. Wainwright, Princeton University Library. By 1 December we had received $825.00 from 18 donors. The William S. Dix Memorial Book Fund, established in February 1978, has now reached the sum of $18,465 from 135 donors.

Mr. Huber, Chairman of the Membership Committee, reported a slight rise in the number of members, the active membership as of 1 December standing at 1,183.

Mr. Bentley, Chairman of the Publications Committee, announced the delivery from the press of the long-awaited edition of F. Scott Fitzgerald's St. Paul Plays, 1911-1914, edited by Professor Alan Margolies with a critical introduction. It was published on 18 October and can be ordered ($12.00, including postage) from the Department of Publications, Princeton University Library.

Mr. Ludwig commented on the successful opening on 27 October of the current exhibition in the Gould Gallery: "The Behrman Collection of American Literature." It will be followed on 2 February by "The Gentleman's Recreation: Sporting Books in Princeton University Library."

Mr. Taylor announced the appointment of a new member of the Council, Mrs. John McCarthy, an authority on the life of Lord Nelson.

The meeting concluded with a brief talk by the newly appointed University Librarian, Mr. Donald W. Koepp.
ESSAYS ON THE ROSSETTIS
ed. Robert S. Fraser
117 pp. 11 illus. 1972. $10.00

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A CATALOGUE OF
COLLECTIONS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF
RARE BOOKS
Alexander D. Wainwright
142 pp. 8 plates. 1971. $12.50

AN OTOMI CATECHISM AT PRINCETON
intro. Gillett G. Griffin
76 pp. 1968. $3.00

SELECTED MANUSCRIPTS
FROM THE CHESTER BEATTY LIBRARY
62 pp. 8 illus. 1967. $1.25

WILDE AND THE NINETIES
ed. Charles Ryskamp
75 pp. 12 illus. 1966. $3.50

THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON AT PRINCETON
John R. Martin
42 pp. 24 illus. 1961. $7.50

ON PLAYS, PLAYWRIGHTS, AND PLAYGOERS:
SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF
BOOTH TARKINGTON
ed. Alan S. Downer
110 pp. 12 plates. 1959. $9.00

JOHN WITHERSPOON COMES TO AMERICA
L. H. Butterfield
114 pp. 4 plates. 1953. $4.00

Address:
Princeton University Library, Department of Publications,
Princeton, New Jersey, 08540. Checks payable to Princeton
University Library.
FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The Friends of the Princeton University Library, founded in 1930, is an association of individuals 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 those subscribing annually twenty-five dollars or more. Students may join for five dollars. Checks payable to Princeton University Library should be addressed to the Treasurer.

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

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