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Portrait of a Puritan
John Foster's Woodcut of Richard Mather

By Sinclair Hamilton '06

An impression of the well-known woodcut of Richard Mather supposed to have been made about 1670 has recently been presented to the Princeton University Library, in memory of Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., by his wife, son, Frank Jewett Mather, III, and daughter, Mrs. Louis A. Turner. This cut is not only the first woodcut portrait produced in what is now the United States, it is also our first portrait print. Indeed, it is the first print of any significance to be made in this country, in any medium or of any kind, and may be said to mark the beginning of engraving, using that word broadly to embrace all types of cuts, in North America.

Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. (1868-1955), who during his lifetime did so much for Princeton's Library and for Princeton's Museum, was a direct descendant of Richard and for a long time had cherished this cut in his collection. It had come down to him from his aunt, Sarah Catherine Mather, at the bottom of whose workbasket it is said to have lain for many years. It is further reported by a good friend of his that, when the cut finally came into his possession, he hung it near the front door so that, in case of fire, it would be the first object to be rescued, even before his Giorgione painting, which, a gift from him shortly before his death, now hangs in Princeton's Art Museum.

The cut (see illustration) shows us the half-length figure of an elderly man. He is dressed in the costume of a Puritan divine and holds a book in his left hand. In his right hand is an absurdly diminutive pair of eye glasses. Richard Mather had
trouble with his eyes and, seven years before his death, lost the sight of one of them. In the portrait he is not reading from the book but is looking straight in front of him. Perhaps it is intended to represent him in the pulpit. Under the portrait is printed the legend "Mr. Richard Mather."

Apparently the portrait was cut on the flat side of a board. Two blocks were used and in the so-called first state of the cut these blocks were imperfectly fitted so that the left shoulder failed to meet the left arm. This was corrected in the next state. The impression given to Princeton is that of the first state.

While in all known impressions of the cut the use of two blocks is evident, it is hardly probable that the cutter deliberately chose to cut so small a portrait on two blocks, which obviously would have added to his difficulties. It seems likely that at some time the block broke in two and, after the rough edges of the break had been smoothed, the two parts failed to fit. It is, of course, impossible to say when the break occurred. Perhaps it happened in the process of cutting, so that no perfect impression from a whole block was ever taken.

The cut is excessively scarce. Samuel Abbott Green in his John Foster, the Earliest American Engraver and the First Boston Printer (Boston, 1909, p. 11) says that six impressions are known but it has proved impossible to locate more than five. Of the first state, in addition to the one at Princeton, impressions will be found at the Massachusetts Historical Society and at the University of Virginia. Of the second state, where the two parts have been made to fit, impressions will be found at the American Antiquarian Society and at Harvard. Where then is the sixth?

It is generally conceded that the cut is the work of John Foster,

1 Perhaps the impression at Harvard should be described as a third state since the legend "Mr. Richard Mather" is not printed beneath the cut as it is in all known impressions of the first state and in the impression of the second state at the American Antiquarian Society.

The impression at Princeton measures 7 13/16 by 6 inches and has a portion of a "Pro Patria" watermark; that at the Massachusetts Historical Society measures 8 1/4 by 6 1/8 inches and has a portion of the same watermark; that at the University of Virginia measures 7 1/2 by 6 9/16 inches and also has a portion of the same watermark. The impression at the American Antiquarian Society measures 7 1/6 by 5 1/6 inches and is pasted solidly to a board so that it is not possible to determine whether or not it has a watermark; that at Harvard measures 7 1/6 by 5 5/8 inches and neither the print itself nor its conjugate blank leaf (see footnote 3) has a watermark.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to Stephen T. Riley, John Cook Wyllie, Clarence S. Brigham, and William A. Jackson for information concerning these various impressions of the Mather woodcut.

our first engraver and the first Boston printer. Foster, the son of a prominent citizen of Dorchester, Massachusetts, where for thirty-three years Richard Mather had his church, was born in that town in 1668. He was sent to Harvard and was graduated in the Class of 1692. It is not known when he took up the craft of the woodcutter but, no doubt, he was self-taught. In 1699-1700, when the cut of Richard Mather was probably made, Foster was teaching school in Dorchester at the princely salary of twenty-five pounds a year. He had been baptized by Mather and was no doubt a member of his church. It was fitting, therefore, when Mather, in the words of the Dorchester Church records, "rested from his labors" in 1699 that Foster should make this woodcut portrait of him. There is a half-ruined portrait in oils of Richard Mather at the American Antiquarian Society which has been attributed to Foster (see Virgil Barker, American Painting, New York, 1936, pp. 30-31) and some think that Foster, in making his woodcut, copied this portrait. If the oil painting is the work of Foster, it was done at a very early age, for at the time of Mather's death Foster was but twenty-one years old.

The attribution of the woodcut to Foster is strengthened by the fact that on the impression at Harvard the words have been written "Johannes Foster sculptor." Samuel A. Green in his book on Foster says (p. 10) that these words are in the handwriting of the Reverend William Adams of Dedham, who was graduated from Harvard four years after Foster and must have known him.

According to Green, this Harvard impression was found prefixed to a copy of Increase Mather's The Life and Death of That Right Reverend Man of God, Mr. Richard Mather, Cambridge, 1704, which in turn was bound up with a number of other pamphlets. Except for this one instance, nothing has been recorded which would indicate that the cut was originally intended for use as a frontispiece. It would, therefore, be rash to claim that the cut marks the beginning of book illustration in this country.

2 For an account of the "White Hills" Map engraved by Foster, the first map made in what is now the United States, see Sinclair Hamilton '36, "John Foster and the White Hills' Map," The Princeton University Library Chronicle, XIV, No. 4 (Summer, 1935), 177-182, illus.—Ed.

3 Since this was written, it has been discovered that the impression at Harvard has attached to it a conjugate blank leaf. This may mean that the cut, at least in its later state, was intended for use in the book with which it was found, and hence it may actually be the first American book illustration. It may also be noted that the Princeton impression may at one time have been bound in a book, as the reverse of the right-hand margin shows evidences of having been tipped in on a guard and the upper left-hand corner of the print is slightly dog-eared. Perhaps it is also
Richard Mather, progenitor of the illustrious American Mathers, father of Increase, and grandfather of Cotton, came to this country in 1635 after somewhat stormy career in England. Born in 1568 at Lowton in Lancashire, he attended Winwick school, where, owing to the severity of the schoolmaster, he was very miserable but where nevertheless he evinced a strong desire to acquire learning. His son Increase tells us that at Winwick he was regarded as a “pregnant youth.” At the age of fifteen he began to teach school at Toxteth Park near Liverpool and at about the same time was converted to the Congregational point of view. After a few months at Brasenose College, Oxford, Mather returned, in 1618, to Toxteth Park to preach at the chapel there and was later ordained. He continued preaching for a number of years until his nonconformity got him into serious trouble. In 1634 he was suspended from preaching after a trial before certain “visitors” appointed to hear cases such as his. One of the visitors was profoundly shocked to discover that Mather had been preaching some fifteen years without wearing a surplice. “It had been better for him,” said he, “that he had gotten seven bastards.”

Owing to his suspension, Mather decided to emigrate to New England and in May, 1635 he sailed with his family from Bristol. His journal, which was published in Boston in 1639, is confined to an account of this ocean trip. After living through a fearful but unnamed hurricane off the New England coast, he finally arrived in Boston. There several churches sought to secure his services but he decided to go to Dorchester, not far from Boston, and there, as minister or teacher of its newly formed church, he spent the rest of his life, never missing his two sermons of a Sunday until his fatal illness in 1669.

From the very start of his New England ministry Mather was a leader of Massachusetts Congregationalism. As Williston Walker says of him, “His wisdom, his skill, and his native leadership give him rank, if not as the first, yet among the first four or five in eminence of the ministerial founders of New England.”

To Mather and to two other divines, John Eliot and Thomas Weld, was assigned the task of translating the Psalms into English, a task which resulted in the famous “Bay Psalm Book” of 1640, the first book printed in the colonies. Just how much of this translation was due to Mather is uncertain. George Parker Winship in his *A Platform of Church Discipline*, published in 1649, which for a long time was the basic document of New England Congregationalism.

Increase Mather has described his father’s way of preaching as plain and zealous, substantial, and very judicious. Indeed a visiting clergyman, who had heard him preach and had asked his name, said, when told it was Mather, “Nay, call him Mister, for believe it this man hath substance in him.” Cotton Mather said of him: “His Voice was loud and big, and uttered with a deliberate Vehemency, it procured unto his Ministry an awful and very taking Majesty; nevertheless, the substantial and rational Matter delivered by him, caused his Ministry to take yet more, wherever he came.”

An earnest man, Mather urged his congregation to “be not fleighty but serious in the great work of Sorrow for your Sins,” and he yearned almost passionately to save the youth of his church from the horrors of eternal damnation. “Will it not move you,” he cried, addressing the mothers of his flock, “to think that the children of your bowels should everlastingly perish and be in inconceivable misery world without end? I beseech you have pity upon them, and do your best to teach them, and pray for them, weep for them and wrestle with God for them. . . .” Indeed on his deathbed his last thought was for the young, whose care he commended to his son. All his energies were devoted to his charge and it was but fitting that the last text from which he taught should have been the words of St. Paul to Timothy: “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

A man of “gravity, grace, and wisdom”—a solid man. And as

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1. Increase Mather, *op. cit.*, p. 51.
2. Ibid., p. 31.
5. Ibid., p. 13.
6. Increase Mather, *op. cit.*, p. 27.
7. Ibid., p. 28.
such Foster has portrayed him for us. In that grave, bearded face one can see a man who was severe but just, unforgiving of heresy but tolerant of human weakness, a lover of learning and a hater of falsehood, a man who walked humbly with his God. It is perhaps not without significance that the subject of the first American portrait engraving should have been such a man.

Mark Twain’s 1601

By John S. Van E. Kohn

In 1906 Mark Twain wrote to a correspondent concerning the most robust of all his humorous sketches, “I hasten to assure you that it is not printed in my published writings.” The assurance is still valid. Entitled (Date, 1601.) Conversation, as it was by the Social Fireside, in the Time of the Tudors, the sketch has for eighty years been deemed too pungent for publication. However, a bibliography compiled in 1939 lists forty-four privately printed editions, and there had undoubtedly been many more. They continue to appear.

The conversation, as heard by Queen Elizabeth’s cupbearer and recorded in his diary, involves besides Her Majesty “certain that doe write playes, bokes, and such like, these being my lord Bacon, his worship Sir Walter Ralegh, Mr. Ben Jonson, and ye child Francis Beaumont... being but sixteen”; also various ladies of the court, ranging from Ye Duchess of Bilgewater, twenty-two, to Lady Alice Dilberry, turned seventy. The first and chief matter of discussion is the occurrence amid this company of a phenomenon to which we may refer by the medical term “crepitus” in lieu of the four-letter word beloved of Chaucer and Clemens which the dictionaries say is “not now in decent use.”

The disturbance, though of undetermined authorship, is of prodigious violence. Under interrogation by the Queen all present have opportunity to vie with each other in describing its auditory and olfactory characteristics. This gives Twain an opportunity for the kind of adjectival orgy in which he had been wont to revel ever since Mississippi River pilot days. As the entire conversation is conducted in Elizabethan English and the speakers enjoy the freedom of Elizabethan mores, no verbal holds are barred. In the latter part of the conversation, topics even more offensive to Mrs. Grundy are discussed without benefit of euphemism.

1601 was written at “Quarry Farm,” Elmira, New York, during the summer of 1876—the summer Twain devoted chiefly to producing the first several hundred pages of the manuscript of Huckleberry Finn. We have his own word that the Conversation was written for the dedication of his intimate friend and Hartford neighbor the Reverend Joseph Hopkins Twichell, to whom the
manuscript was sent. Twichell had "an exuberant sense of humor, and a profound understanding of the frailties of mankind." Here is the author's account of his friend's reaction: "He [Twichell] came within an ace of killing himself with laughter (for between you and me the thing was dreadfully funny. I don't often write anything that I laugh at myself, but I can hardly think of that thing without laughing). That old Divine said it was a piece of the finest kind of literary art. . . ."

("Old" in the preceding sentence denotes affection rather than seniority: Twichell at thirty-eight was Mark Twain's junior by three years.)

Not all critics have agreed with the author's estimate of his neolithic comic drama. Van Wyck Brooks, in connection with his thesis that Clemens as a literary artist was frustrated by having editors and publishers hold down the lid on his vocabulary, says of 1605 and its author, "Is there any obsolete verbal indecency in the English language that Mark Twain has not painstakingly resurrected and assembled there? He, whose blood was in constant ferment and who could not contain within the narrow bonds that had been set for him the riotous exuberance of his nature, had to have an escape-valve, and he poured through it a fetid stream of meaningless obscenity—the waste of a priceless psychic material!"

Ectoplasmic forsooth? To the present writer, the foregoing sounds like a fetid stream of sententious punditry. He fails to recognize the need to impute to a major professional humorist an ulterior motive, conscious or subconscious, for the composition of a sketch that has appealed to four generations of readers as a masterpiece of humor. It was so characterized by John Hay, who launched it upon its long, surreptitious career in print. The introduction by Franklin J. Meine to the scholarly edition privately printed for the Mark Twain Society of Chicago in 1959 affords the best and most complete study. To it and to Mr. Meine we are much in debt.

Four years after Twichell's near demise from over-stimulation of his visibilities, Mark Twain sent his manuscript or another manuscript to John Hay, then Assistant Secretary of State in Washington. Hay promptly wrote three letters about it to his friend Alexander Gunn (1837-1901) of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been described as a "prince of connoisseurs of literature and art." The holograph originals of these three letters form a portion of a collection of letters and documents pertaining to Mark Twain's 1605 assembled by the late Frank H. Ginn of Cleveland that has recently been presented to the Princeton University Library by
Mr. Ginn’s children, Marian G. Jones, Barbara G. Griesinger, Francis Ginn, and Alexander Ginn ’94. This group of items, of which we shall presently take note of further components, will be referred to hereafter as “the collection.”

In the first letter, scrawled in pencil on June 21, 1886, Hay proposes to submit to Gunn “a masterpiece . . . which is only in my hands for a few days.” In the second, written three days later, he encloses the manuscript, reveals that Mark Twain is the author, and enjoins the recipient to “read it with reverence and gratitude and send it back to me.” The last letter we print in its entirety.

Washington, D.C.
July 7, 1886.

My dear Gunn:

I have your letter, and the proposition which you make to pull a few proofs of the masterpiece is highly attractive, and of course highly immoral. I cannot properly consent to it, and I am afraid the great man would think I was taking an unfair advantage of his confidence. Please send back the document as soon as you can, and if, in spite of my prohibition, you take those proofs, save me one.

Alexr. Gunn, Esq.

Very truly yours,
John Hay

This last letter was printed in The Saturday Evening Post for October 10, 1905, p. 7, in a short article entitled “A Negative Assent,” where it is billed as “an early instance of that fine diplomacy which has made the name of John Hay known throughout the world.”

All three letters were owned by Frank H. Ginn at least as early as October, 1905, as is attested by a document in the collection, and all three were lent to Arthur H. Clark on August 27, 1908, for the purpose of inclusion in a projected edition of 250; but there is no evidence that the project was carried out. The first and second Hay letters seem to have been printed for the first time in an article by Charles Orr entitled “An Unpublished Masterpiece,” in Putnam’s Monthly and The Critic for November, 1906, pp. [250]-251 (which includes also the third Hay letter).

Did Alexander Gunn act upon Hay’s famous “negative assent”? An early affirmation is to be found in Orr’s article. Orr, who was at this time Director of Schools in Cleveland, answers the question thus: “. . . the ‘proofs’ were taken in the form of a little brochure
of some eight pages, with the title ‘An Evening at the Social Fire-
side of the Tudors.’ Gunn’s copy is in Cleveland, the property of a
member of the Rowfant Club.” Twain’s bibliographers all accept
Cleveland as the place, Gunn as the producer, and 1880 as the
date of the *editio princeps* of 1607. They describe it as a pamphlet
of eight pages, 7 x 81⁄2 inches, without covers. The number of
copies printed is generally stated as four (Meine, 1939) or less
(Merle Johnson thought two or three in 1920). Unfortunately
neither the present writer nor Jacob Blanck nor any other
Twainiacs consulted has found the means of establishing a canon
which will serve to identify the Cleveland printing of 1880.

The collection includes a printed copy that meets the specifi-
cations stated as to page size and number of pages—it also has printed
grey wrappers, which however may well date from a later period
—and in 1922 Frank H. Ginn believed it to be the only known
copy of the mysterious Gunn printing. On the other hand, Wil-
lard S. Morse, whose incomparable collection of editions of 1607
is now in the Yale University Library, also had a copy which meets
the meager specifications, and which he believed in 1920 to be an
example of the Gunn printing. The rub is that the Gunn-Princeton
and Morse-Yale copies, while similar, are different printings.
Neither is even a line-for-line copy of the other.

Mr. Ginn acquired his copy before November 1, 1905, while
Mr. Morse acquired his between 1915 and 1920 from Albert Bigelow
Paine. (During the former year Paine wrote to Morse that he
had the original manuscript, which he valued at five thousand
dollars but its present whereabouts is not known.) The Paine-
Morse [later Yale] copy served as the model for a facsimile edition
printed by Merle Johnson in 1920. The two printings resemble
each other enough to admit of the possibility that one was set
up from the other; or the printers of either or both could have
followed another model still undiscovered. The appearance of
neither squares with Gunn’s proposal “to pull a few proofs.” The
text of the Gunn-Princeton copy is on its face the more corrupt
of the two. Indeed it is difficult to reconcile the glaring misprint
“strange mixing” (for “strange mixing”) which occurs on page
[1] with the orthographic standards of even a hurried “prince of
connoisseurs of literature and art.”

The first and undoubtedly the only edition of 1607 authorized
by S. L. C. was printed in 1882 on a small hand press at the United
States Military Academy, West Point. The type was set by Sergeant

John Tucker, foreman of the printing shop, from a manuscript
sent by Mark Twain to Lieutenant Charles Enskine Scott Wood,
then an adjutant at the Academy. Fifty copies were printed for
the author to meet a demand that was becoming burdensome.
The colophon reads: “Done att [Ye Academie Presse.] M DCCC
LXXX II.” Mark Twain authorized Wood “to make any and all
corrections that suggest themselves to you”; but Wood, who soon
abandoned Mars in favor of Erato, recalled forty-three years later
in his preface to the beautiful Grabhorn Press edition of 1925
that “the only editing I did was to the spelling and a few old
English words introduced.”

An outstanding item in the collection is a two-page autograph
letter written by Clemens on May 24, 1884, to his publisher
James O. Ogden. One paragraph reads, “I have mailed you a
1607; but mind, if it is for a lady you are to assume the authorship
of it yourself.” It will be seen that trustworthy members of the
inner circle were in no doubt as to the paternity of the work. As
early as the ’80s, however, printer’s devils had begun to run off
anonymous galley, and the public that read them displayed much
curiosity concerning the author. One popular guess that gained
wide though groundless currency was Eugene Field. On May 29,
1904, the New York Sun printed a letter setting forth a claim by
William T. Ball, who had been a leading theatrical critic in the
’90s, on behalf of an English actor not further identified.

In the autumn of 1905 Frank Gunn lent to Charles Orr, the
Cleveland Director of Schools, all three of the Hay-to-Gunn letters.
Orr’s reply tells that he made copies for a purpose which he does
not name, but which obviously involves publication. Orr sent copies
of the letters to Mark Twain himself. The latter replies in a letter
written in Dublin, New Hampshire, on July 30, 1906, the last
item in the collection of which we shall take note. This letter,
which seems to have first become a part of the critical apparatus
of 1607 when included in an edition of forty copies privately
printed in San Francisco in 1929, probably comprises the fullest
statement on the windy masterpiece that he ever made.

He speaks of the Hay letters to Gunn as if he had never seen
them before, and they prompt him to exclaim, “In the matter of
humor, what an unsurpassable touch John Hay had!” However,
he takes Hay to task for describing the work as “a serious effort
to bring back our literature and philosophy to the sober and chaste
Elizabethan standard”—or rather he pretends to take him to task
the better to introduce his own version of motive: "... the object was only a serious attempt to reveal to Rev. Joe Twichell the picturesqueness of parlor conversation in Elizabeth's time; therefore if there is a decent word findable in it, it is because I overlooked it." There follows a bibliographically accurate but otherwise dubious account of the West Point edition, which is alleged to have been "distributed among popes & kings & such people."

It will be observed that the collection raises at least one essential question which this writer is not able to answer. There are however several areas of investigation which, so far as he is aware, have not been canvassed. These include the John Hay Papers, the Albert Bigelow Paine Papers, and the records of the Rowfant Club. Altogether the collection constitutes a valuable and significant contribution to the story of an amazingly vital, perennially controversial and bibliographically tantalizing opuscle by the greatest humorist in American literature.

Forty Years of Pulitzer Prizes*

BY CARLOS BAKER

"The object in view was a renaissance."—Marianne Moore

I

Those of us who write sometimes for the journals of information know the importance editors attach to the idea of the news-peg. Now a news-peg may be a chance occurrence, like the tragic sinking of an Italian liner just when one has contracted to do a piece on the place of the sea in poetry. Perhaps one is working on an article about our projected man-made satellite, sprayed with gilt enamel and circling the earth at an altitude of three hundred miles, just when another man-made satellite, sprayed with machine-gun bullets, erupts in the midst of the European continent. Or a news-peg may be something as relatively inconsequential as a man biting a dog, or a visit to the Waldorf-Astoria by the Duke and the Duchess, who are usually accompanied by two small canine companions. I know a reporter who always hovers round the Waldorf in the as yet unfilled expectation that the Duke will one day bite one of his dogs, thereby producing the news story of the decade. This reporter wonders, indeed, why they did not persuade the Duke to bite one of his dogs, ever so gently, in order to help the sales of the Duchess's autobiography. "Dook," this reporter could then have said, "Dook, why did you bite that dog?" Then the Duke could have replied with that quotation from Pascal's Pensées which the Duchess used for her title: "The heart has its reasons that the reason does not know."

The allusion to the Duchess's autobiography gets us over into literature, where we probably ought to remain. In literature, as everyone knows, one favored news-peg is the anniversary. It is always an excellent excuse to write something about an author or a book when he (or his brain-child) attains the age of a century or two or three. The year 1957, for example, will produce a rash of articles on William Blake's bicentennial birthday, and on the

* An address delivered at the Grolier Club, December 18, 1966, at the opening of an exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other material representing the Pulitzer Prizes for fiction, drama, and poetry.

† The reference to Hungary is chosen advisedly. Joseph Pulitzer the elder (1847-1911), who donated the prizes, was born in Mako, Hungary, and lived for a time in Budapest.
hundredth anniversary of the birth of Joseph Conrad. Centennial news-pogging is not only a literary editor's delight, it is also a rewarding literary game, a suitable avocation for the book collector, and a form, let us say, of high-level professional Scrabble. A few minutes spent with a good reference volume can produce the most remarkable parallelisms, to say nothing of the strangest bedfellows.

As we move gradually toward the business of the day, we might pause to play the game for a minute or two, just to see how it goes. Take, for example, the years of the eighties-eights. Nothing happened in 1588 except a battle, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which is not to our present purpose. But in 1988, when the historians are celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of that great naval victory, literary people will be taking due notice of a sort of triple birthday. For Alexander Pope was born in 1688, Lord Byron in 1788, and T. S. Eliot in 1888. What is the triple-link besides their birthdays? Well, all three happen to have been very able satirical poets who not only led the pack, but also paused to lampoon it, in their respective ages. If we have ever wondered at Eliot's early success with satirical verse, it is clear that the year of his birth exercised some kind of influence, perhaps through the spiritual essences of Pope and Byron. The anniversaries of deaths work just as well as those of births. One is sure that the shade of Henry James, who tried so hard in life to be a dramatist, must be taking satisfaction in the fact that he departed this stage in 1916, which was the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of William Wycherley, and the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Robert Frost's famous Witch of Coös has the summarizing question for this particular point. "Don't that make you suspicious that there's something the dead are keeping back?"

A clever and resourceful mind can, however, find other ways to play this game in which, to its originator's immense disappointment, the Parker Brothers have not yet manifested the slightest interest. The forty-eighties might be called the year of the Brother-hoods on the grounds that George Fox started the Society of Friends in 1648 while Dante Gabriel Rossetti formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848. The only thing I could find on this for 1948 was a convention of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, but this at any rate carries out the idea. If we Americans tend to associate the forty-nines with gold rushes in the Klondike or potato famines in Ireland, the really inveterate news-pegger will reply that he thinks of the forty-nines as the years of execution. Charles First was executed in 1649; in 1749, Henry Fielding executed Tom Jones; and in 1849, Edgar Allan Poe inadvertently executed himself, poor man. In this pleasant pastime, every man can become his own numerologist. Surely, he may say, it was something more than a coincidence that Melville chose to publish Moby-Dick in the bicentennial year of Thomas Hobbes's Leviathan.

When we come down to current history, the game of centenary news-pogging is shortened to ten-year spans. The tenth birthday of a book or a prize except the defeat of the Spanish Armada becomes a cause of celebration. We have not yet got round to celebrating the tenth birthday of an author, though the Republic of France almost did it with the youthful poetess who was creating such a stir a year or two ago. Perhaps the American delight in birthdays is a testimony to the fact that it is very hard to find much that is really old in our republic. We tend to declare obsolete anything that has acquired the slightest patina of time. We rapidly dis-erect New York City skyscrapers, and consign fighter-planes to the junk pile. It is only the genuinely heroic among us who lovingly collect the old—antique cars, antique furniture, or (most wonderful of all) antique books. It is a form of quiet protest against the forward march of a technological civilization.

It is therefore a cause for congratulation, both to ourselves and to the nation, that the institution of Pulitzer Prizes in literature will be four decades old in 1957. That is, the awards in fiction and drama will by then have attained the age of forty. The prize in poetry will be only thirty-five. Perhaps we did not begin to take poetry seriously enough until after the "Lost Generation." Perhaps all the poets who were lost in the war, or deflected by it from careers in higher verisfication, suggested the advisability of establishing poetry prizes before it was too late. At all events, something over a hundred awards have now been made in all three areas since the Pulitzer Prizes were first established.

We can congratulate ourselves on the further fact that works of the imagination can still be thus honored in an age when, even more than in the Age of Wordsworth, we often lay waste our powers in the business of getting and spending. Books have their reasons that the reason does not know. Books, as I need not emphasize in the present company, are by all odds our most useful artifacts. Down in northern Florida, they tell a good story about the uses of books. The central figure is the late Marjorie Kinnan
Rawlings, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1939 with her novel *The Yearling*. It must have been about that time when Mrs. Rawlings and her maid returned to her house in Florida after a shopping expedition. They slowed the groceries in the kitchen and entered the study. Smack dab in the middle of the study carpet was coiled, ready to strike, an enormous cottonmouth moccasin. Both women were frightened, but Mrs. Rawlings had the presence of mind to reach back into the bookcase, find a weighty volume, aim well, and stun the viper before it could strike. The volume, we are told, was a leather-bound copy of her own prize-winning novel. But the maid’s comment on the whole affair is the best. “Law, Miz Rawlings,” she said, “it sho do pay to write books.”

Having mentioned Mrs. Rawlings, we might pause here to observe that women have done quite well in the Pulitzer Prize awards. In fiction, for example, twelve of the thirty-five awards have gone to women; in poetry, eight women have won out of a total of thirty-four awards made. In the drama, only four and a half awards were made to women out of a total of thirty-five. The one-half award went to Frances Goodrich for her collaboration with her husband, Albert Hackett, on *The Diary of Anne Frank*, this past year’s very moving winner. If Mr. Hackett would defer to his wife, out of simple chivalry, we could call it five women out of thirty-five awards, or exactly one seventh. In summary, a third of the fiction awards, a quarter of the poetry awards, and a seventh of the drama awards have gone to women. This proves, what we knew already, that the distaff side, as it is still rather anachronistically called, can spin something other than flax and wool. Their male competitors, on twenty-five occasions, were busy wool-gathering while the ladies made off with the honors.

But wool-gathering is not the greatest enemy of the literary arts. If you look over the roster of Pulitzer Prizes, you will discover a kind of social commentary on the artist’s relation to society. It is perhaps best summed up in Philip Freneau’s address “To an Author,” which has a very modern ring in spite of the fact that it was first published in 1788. Freneau writes:

An age employed in edging steel
Can no poetic raptures feel;
No solitude’s attracting power,
No leisure of the noon day hour,
No shaded stream, no quiet grove
Can this fantastic century move....
Not woolgathering, but war, was the greatest enemy of the man
of letters in this fantastic century, and the gaps in the Pulitzer
awards offer their silent commentary. In fiction and drama, for
example, there were no awards in 1917, the year we entered
World War I. For 1919, one of the reconstruction years, there
was no drama award, and for 1920 no award in fiction. Then one
observes that fiction prizes go steadily on until the hiatus of 1941,
another year of Armageddon, and 1946, another period of read-
justment.

Of the three genres we are considering, it would however seem
that the drama, being the most public of the arts, is most accurately
responsive to the pressures of our fantastic epoch. It was for
example a fine stroke of historic irony that the drama award for
1941 went to Sherwood’s There Shall Be No Night. By 1942 night
had descended on the drama, as well as many other civilized activi-
ties, and there was no Pulitzer Prize that year. But in 1945,
Thornton Wilder’s The Skin of Our Teeth, both in title and in
substance, showed precisely how the arts were surviving in the
midst of the holocaust. As if to second Wilder’s reluctant motion,
there was again no drama award in 1944, though the musical
Oklahoma! won a special prize.

In the eleven years since the war ended, with all their sound
and fury, all their sturm und drang, the drama has continued to
reflect the artist’s relation to American society. The year the war
ended, 1945, was the year in which the award winner was Mary
Chase’s Harvey. The inference to be drawn here is that, to return
to civilization, it was necessary to pull a perfectly enormous rabbit
out of the American hat. State of the Union, by Lindsay and
Crouse, won the 1946 award. But it was a significant commentary
on the state of the union, dramatically speaking, that no prize was
given in 1947 or 1951. The heroine of A Streetcar Named Desire
and the hero of Death of a Salesman were tragic figures who lost
themselves in the contemplation of the good old days when ladies
were ladies and salesmen were successful. The Shrike, with its
concentration on psychological breakdown, and Picnic, which
played upon the strings of frustration and freedom, might also
be seen as accurate reflections of the prevailing moods of the time.
The great success of two other prize winners, South Pacific and
The Teahouse of the August Moon, which dealt with the impact
of the American armed forces on other cultures and vice versa,
suggests that audiences were quite ready to be gay and nostalgic
about our prosecution of the war in the Pacific, now that the passage of years had cast a golden glow over the rough, dirty, and blood-drenched conflict. If we come finally to the latest awards in drama, what better description of the American international situation both then and today, what better image for brittleness, can we locate than Mr. Williams’ title, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof? Or what more timely reminder of the forces of evil that are still at work among the totalitarian states than the award winner for 1956, The Diary of Anne Frank? The Pulitzer prize winners in drama reflect American taste, and American distaste, with fair accuracy over the past forty years.

II

One does not know, of course, precisely what was in the mind of Joseph Pulitzer the elder when he realized a long dream and set up his literary prizes. Encouragement to writers, certainly. He was a very vigorous writer himself. Perhaps an American equivalent to the British Order of Merit. Perhaps an annual laureateship in three areas rather than a lifetime laureateship in poetry. But Mr. Pulitzer, like his son Joseph (1889-1955), was first of all a newspaperman of very high standards. And a newspaperman has been defined as one who feels impelled, if he can find no excitement, to stir some up. The establishment of the prizes may be seen as a noble device for stirring up interest in American letters.

Although neither Joseph père nor Joseph fils made any pretense of being a critic, except to examine with critical eye the qualities of the journalism which their papers printed, and although the elder Pulitzer died before his prizes began to be awarded, we are told that the younger Joseph took a special interest in the books that were recommended for award, reading them as often as time allowed. And when, like his father, his eyesight failed, it is said that his aides were frequently asked to read them aloud for his benefit and information. In the desire to serve as catalyst of American letters, both father and son performed services worthy of the true critic. Indeed, Matthew Arnold long ago de-

* According to his biographer Don C. Seitz, Pulitzer had contemplated the idea for years. Of the two million dollars allocated to the establishment of the Columbia School of Journalism, one half of the income of the second million was to be applied to “prizes or scholarships for the encouragement of public service, public morals, American Literature, and the advancement of education,” under a formal agreement drawn up and ratified in 1903-1904. See Don C. Seitz, Joseph Pulitzer, His Life & Letters, New York, 1944, p. 46.

fined it as one major task of the critic to encourage renaissances in literature.

We have seen that some of the Pulitzer Prize books are reasonably accurate mirrors of our native taste in literature. But if we try to measure the Pulitzer books on an absolute scale of value rather than on the relativistic scale of historical worth, how well has the system worked? Has it helped to produce the renaissance in letters that ought probably to be its aim?

Before we can answer these questions, there is a prior one: What is the system? The rules that govern the Pulitzer Prizes in Letters are simple in the extreme. The final judgment rests with an Advisory Board of distinguished newspapermen under the chairmanship of the President of Columbia University. To this Board on the first of February come the recommendations of anonymous juries who have screened the previous year’s productions in fiction, poetry, and drama. The authors should be American. These books should deal preferably with some phase of American life. Jurors are asked to submit from two to five recommendations, “without necessarily indicating their order of preference.” The Advisory Board meets annually in April, and the awards are announced each May.

The idea of keeping secret the names of the jurors is probably a good one. For the task of selecting two or three novels from an annual production of a thousand or more is bound to be difficult, and there are sure to be disagreements. One thinks of the story of the Englishman who was approached for a statement about his religion. He said that that was easy: his religion was the religion of all sensible men. Then his questioner wanted to know what would be the religion of all sensible men. “No sensible man,” said the Englishman, “would tell.” If there is a parable here, it is a parable whose implications are very clear to those who set up the Pulitzer Prize system.

The best praise of any system is that it works and works for good. The Pulitzer awards, as we employ the power of hindsight, seem to rise to, if not always to maintain, the highest standards. In fiction one finds such classics as Edith Wharton’s Age of Innocence, Willa Cather’s One of Ours, Lewis’ Arrowsmith, Harold Davis’ Honey in the Horn, Marquand’s George Apley, Steinbeck’s Grapes of Wrath, Warren’s All the King’s Men, Cozens’ Guard of Honor, Richter’s The Town, Hemingway’s Old Man and the Sea, Faulkner’s A Fable, and Kantor’s Andersonville—a round dozen
of novels that are certain to survive the weathering of time. Another half dozen are of continuing interest, though not of the same caliber: Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, T. S. Stribling's *The Store*, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *The Yearling*, and Guthrie's *The Way West*.

The record in drama is less distinguished, at least in the number of first-rate works. Yet any list of the great plays of our time would certainly include O'Neill's *Anna Christie* and *Strange Interlude*, Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures*, Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire*, and *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Only just behind these eight in quality would come Sammee's *The Time of Your Life*, Mary Chase's *Harvey*, Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, and Kramm's *The Shrike*. This isn't the Age of Elizabeth, and if you get in forty years a dozen good plays like these, not to mention those that didn't win the Pulitzer Prizes but deserved them, you can firmly and even aggressively assert that American playwrights are doing their part.

One can praise the poetry prizes, also. Names like Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Conrad Aiken, Archibald MacLeish, Mark Van Doren, Karl Shapiro, Robert Lowell, W. H. Auden, Carl Sandburg, Marianne Moore, Theodore Roethke, Wallace Stevens, and Elizabeth Bishop are among the winners of the past thirty-five years. Any list of our best modern poets would certainly include all these names, as well as those of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, Robert Hillyer, and John Gould Fletcher. It is sound that, in the Pulitzer Poetry sweepstakes, Frost should lead with four prizes, over three for Robinson and two each for MacLeish and Stephen Benét. Our best poets, you would be inclined to say, have all been rewarded by Pulitzer recognition.

One says so, only to pause in dismay. The Pulitzer medal has two sides, and we haven't looked at the other side. Is it really true that all our best poets have received the acclaim of Pulitzer Prizes? Certainly not. Hart Crane was available for a prize in 1926 and 1930. T. S. Eliot took himself out of competition in 1927 when he became a British subject, but *The Waste Land* and the first collected poems took no Pulitzers. Ezra Pound removed himself from consideration somewhat later than Eliot, and for different reasons; still, there were five "decads" of *Cantos* which went unPulitzered.

William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, Robinson Jeffers, Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, and Muriel Rukeyser have taken dozens of other prizes, but no Pulitzers. And if we turn to the drama, we miss Clifford Odets, the *Golden Boy* of the 1930's, and above all Lillian Hellman, who has certainly written three or four of the best plays of our time.

Our dismay may increase when we look into the fiction record. Neither Hemingway nor Faulkner had ever won a Pulitzer until 1953 and 1955 respectively. Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson were eligible but ignored. Dos Passos is not here. Neither is Thomas Wolfe. Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, Gertrude Stein, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Jean Stafford, and a half dozen other very able and distinguished writers of fiction have never won the prize. How many of them were runners-up in any given year we cannot know. Nor can we say with assurance that each of their works genuinely deserved the distinction of a Pulitzer award. Yet in one way or another, the ironies of circumstance have conspired to exclude them, and the question arises: Where so many are excluded from access to our most distinguished literary decorations, what is wrong?

There are some—perhaps of the republican persuasion—who warn us not to meddle with a going concern. The realist points out what is plain as a pikestaff, that after all everyone can't win, and you have to take the bitter with the sweet, while one man's Mede is another man's Persian. The foreign correspondent observes that they have the same trouble with the Nobel Prize in Literature: too many candidates and not enough candy. The moralist warns us not to impugn the integrity of the jurors. Like one's family dentist, they are doing the best they can with the tools they've got. Your maiden auntie, who can usually be counted on to be literally correct, says she is invariably satisfied with the Pulitzer selections, always buys them, always reads them, always finds them good, though sometimes these days a trifle outspoken.

Yet I suspect that the present rules governing the Pulitzer Prizes in literature do not sufficiently recognize the fact that there are lean years and fat years in American literature, just as there are lean and fat years in other aspects of the national economy. In Joseph's dream in Genesis, the lean kine gobbled up the fat ones. When Joseph Pulitzer had the dream which led to the genesis of the prizes bearing his name, I don't think he fully faced
the fact that there are years in which the competing kinase are very lean indeed. It stands to reason that arbitrary calendrical divisions will occasionally lead the Pulitzer Prize jurors into difficulties as they make their selections.

Their predicament may take one of two forms. The year may have been too lean, or it may have been too fat. To find examples of what may happen without treading on anyone's taste, let us suppose that an English Joseph Pulitzer has established literary prizes in the mid-Victorian period, and that the year is 1884. In English poetry that year, there were Robert Browning's *Ferrishah's Fancies* and Swinburne's *Midsummer Holiday*—nothing else to detain anyone. In fiction one finds minor novels by George Moore, George Gissing, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The drama could offer nothing more exciting than some closet plays by Tennyson and two works, now almost forgotten, of which Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley fiercely collaborated. The temptation in such a lean year is to make the award to a mediocre book either because it is a valuable honor or because it might help a young author on his way up. Still, it is clear that a Pulitzer award in England in 1884, in poetry, fiction, or drama would have been an insult to the caliber of the prize. That year offered no more, in the phrase of Emerson, than a few herbs, a few apples. No golden apples of the Hesperides, no herbarious fecundity to make us want to linger and gaze.

In a lean year, of course, the award can always be skipped. What really distresses is the year when the jurors are confronted by an embarrassment of riches. I recently heard an eminent book collector discoursing on that Victorian *annus mirabilis*, 1859. What a problem 1859 would have presented to our supposititious Pulitzer judges in England. In fiction you would have been compelled to choose among George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. If you gave the poetry award to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, you would have been obliged to reject Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyam* on the rather infirm grounds that it was a translation. The drama presented no problem that year: there was, literally, nothing. But in biography you would have been compelled to choose between Mason's massive biography of a great man, John Milton, and Darwin's massive biography of mankind, *The Origin of Species*. And finally, in 1859, you would have been obliged to ignore John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty*, for there was no category to cover a work that was not fiction, not drama, not poetry, not biography, but stood in a class by itself. The irony is that all the literature published in that year, Mill's essay would have come closest to the ideals which governed Joseph Pulitzer's career as a publisher of newspapers.

What does all this mean in terms of the present problem? What principles ought to govern the judgments of present and future jurors, whoever they are, in poetry, fiction, and drama? How can it be so arranged that, as we look back from 1957 after another forty years of Pulitzer Prizes, we can point proudly to a consistently high level of quality in all the awards?

A lean year in any one of the separate classifications presents no real problem. The jurors can simply continue their present practice of recommending no award. They can also insist on holding up the highest standards of quality, asking themselves whether a work which is good, forget it in terms of this year only; or whether it is a significant representative of this age in American literature. Does this novel, or this play, or this volume of poems truly and powerfully embody the best that we can do, or is it just a fairly good book which happened to stand out from a pack of mediocre offerings in one particular year? To put the matter another way, they can measure each of the items in terms of its probable staying-power rather than in terms of its current fashion-power. They can measure it on a more nearly absolute scale instead of following the present, and presumptively relativistic, mode of evaluation. It was such an almost absolute standard, I take it, that Dr. Samuel Johnson had in mind when they asked him how he liked the dinner he had just eaten at someone's house. The old man grumbled that it was good enough as ordinary fare, but it was nothing, he said, "to ask a man to." Pulitzer Prize books should be of that quality which we could ask future generations to, as to a banquet. The ordinary, perhaps, will do for our time. Only the extraordinary will do for the ages.

The other side of the problem comes in a year when there are several books, any one of which we would be glad to avow as our best. In such a year, what ought to be the guiding principle for Pulitzer judges? Two answers can be proposed. The first is the careful use of honorable mentions. So far as I know, the Pulitzer committee has never named the runners-up. We know who wins the prize, but who the leading contenders were remains incalculable. The device of honorable mentions would help, as the preface said, to unscrew the incalculable, and with very beneficial results. Nothing could offer sounder encouragement to a young
author than this public recognition of his private achievement. For any healthy literary society is bound to contain a group of young writers who look as if they might last. Their work may not fully measure up to an absolute standard. They have not yet amassed a sufficient body of writing so that their line of development has become clear. We would like to know whether a poet is a one-shot sonneteer or a continuing lyrical barrage. He has to stay around awhile and prove himself in the field officer ranks before we can tell if he's qualified to be what Shelley called "a general of the armies of the mind." Or again, the dramatist. Will the young dramatist who has had a single hit go on to play a number of brilliant seasons in the Broadway big leagues? We have to see him in action through a succession of plays to judge whether his name belongs in the Hall of Fame or whether he is only a brightly burning bush in the dramatic bush leagues. There is always the danger that a Pulitzer Prize will so puff up a young novelist with dreams of grandeur that he will explode into small fragments. A category of honorable mention would help. We could then Pulitizerize our young writers without running the risk of pulverizing them.

The second answer, which will be my final point, is that Pulitzer Prizes should be awarded, where possible, to those who have proved their staying-powers at a high level of excellence over a respectable span of years. Mere staying-power is not enough. Any of us can name writers who have been around for a long time in the subterranean cells of Mount Parnassus. We can also name, indeed have already named here, men and women who have written not just one good book but a whole series of them. Their integrities have survived the onslaughts, the temptations, and the lion-traps which our society prepares for their reception once they have achieved a degree of fame. If the object in Mr. Pulitzer's view was indeed a renaissance, then the object can be best attained by rewarding genuine excellence. And nothing proves excellence like its continuance through the years.

In some recent Pulitzer awards, there are signs that such a policy is being hatched. The anonymous jurors for poetry seem to have been following the year that a well-proved poet issues a collection of his work is a good year to recognize his total contribution. Sandburg in 1951, Marianne Moore in 1952, Archibald MacLeish in 1959, and Wallace Stevens in 1955 are conspicuous examples. The relatively recent awards to Hemingway and Faulkner would seem to have been made on the same principle. Which most deserves our accolade, the perennial glow at the zenith or the flash in the pan? The flash may blind us temporarily; the glow warms and sustains us as we go about our yearly affairs.

The best writer does not, of course, set his cap to win a Pulitzer. He writes as he must. The jury he seeks most to please is the harshest of all, a jury of one—himself. Like Pulitzer Prizewoman Marianne Moore in her poem "Melancthon," any very able writer could truthfully say:

Openly, yes, with the naturalness of the hippopotamus or the alligator when it climbs out on the bank to experience the sun, I do these things which I do, which please no one but myself. Now I breathe and now I am submerged. . . .

And we, as her admiring readers, can only hope that Miss Moore never chooses to remain submerged too long.

Her next lines are those from which our text was taken. "The blemishes," says Miss Moore, "stand up and shout when the object in view was a renaissance." The blemishes in the Pulitzer Prize system, the blots upon its proud escutcheon, are not quite so vociferous. But if they are there, and if Mr. Pulitzer's object was in fact a renaissance in American letters, we can look for the blemishes to go and the renaissance to come as these great prizes begin their second forty years.
Pultizer Prizes in Letters*

NOVEL

1917 No award
1918 His Family. By Ernest Poole
1919 The Magnificent Ambersons. By Booth Tarkington
1920 No award
1921 The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton
1922 Alice Adams. By Booth Tarkington
1924 The Able McLaughlin. By Margaret Wilson
1925 Su Big. By Edna Ferber. Rice
1926 Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis
1927 Early Autumn. By Louis Bromfield
1928 The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder
1929 Sanitized Sister Mary. By Julia Peterkin
1930 Laughing Boy. By Oliver La Farge
1931 Years of Grace. By Margaret Ayer Barnes
1932 The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck
1933 The Store. By T. S. Stribling
1934 Lamb in His Bosom. By Caroline Miller
1935 Now in November. By Josephine W. Johnson
1936 Honey in the Horn. By Harold L. Davis
1937 Gone with the Wind. By Margaret Mitchell
1938 The Late George Apley. By John P. Marquand
1939 The Yearling. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
1940 The Grapes of Wrath. By John Steinbeck
1941 No award
1942 In This Our Life. By Ellen Glasgow
1943 Dragon's Teeth. By Upton Sinclair
1944 Journey in the Dark. By Martin Flavin
1945 A Bell for Adano. By John Hersey
1946 No award
1947 All the King's Men. By Robert Penn Warren

FICTION

1948 Tales of the South Pacific. By James A. Michener
1949 Guard of Honor. By James Gould Cozens
1951 The Town. By Conrad Richter
1952 The Caine Mutiny. By Herman Wouk
1953 The Old Man and the Sea. By Ernest Hemingway
1954 No award
1955 A Farewell. By William Faulkner
1956 Andersonville. By MacKinlay Kantor

*For a listing of all the Pulitzer Prizes, see The Pulitzer Prizes: Plan of Award, 1917-1937, New York, Columbia University [1956].

DRAMA

1917 No award
1918 Why Marry? By Jesse Lynch Williams
1919 No award
1920 Beyond the Horizon. By Eugene O'Neill
1921 Miss Lulu Bett. By Zona Gale
1922 Anna Christie. By Eugene O'Neill
1923 In Good Heats. By Owen Davis
1924 Heli-Bent for Heaven. By Hatcher Hughes
1925 They Knew What They Wanted. By Sidney Howard
1926 Craig's Wife. By George Kelly
1927 In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green
1928 Strange Interlude. By Eugene O'Neill
1929 Street Scene. By Elmer Rice
1930 The Green Pastures. By Marc Connelly
1931 All God's Chillun Got Wings. By Susan Glaspell
1932 Of That I Sing. By George S. Kaufman. Morrie Ryskind, and Iris Gershwin
1933 Both Your Houses. By Maxwell Anderson
1934 Men in White. By Sidney Kingsley
1935 The Old Maid. By Zol Akins
1936 Androcles' Delight. By Robert E. Sherwood
1937 You Can't Take It with You. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman
1938 Our Town. By Thornton Wilder
1939 Abe Lincoln in Illinois. By Robert E. Sherwood
1940 The Time of Your Life. By William Saroyan
1941 There Shall Be No Night. By Robert E. Sherwood
1942 No award
1943 The Skin of Our Teeth. By Thornton Wilder
1944 No award
1945 Harvey. By Mary Chase
1946 State of the Union. By Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
1947 No award
1948 A Streetcar Named Desire. By Tennessee Williams
1949 Death of a Salesman. By Arthur Miller
1950 South Pacific. By Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Joshua Logan
1951 No award
1952 The Shrike. By Joseph Kramm
1953 Picnic. By William Inge
1954 The Teahouse of the August Moon. By John Patrick
1955 Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. By Tennessee Williams
1956 The Diary of Anne Frank. By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

SPECIAL AWARD

1944 Oklahoma! By Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd
POETRY

1924 Collected Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson
1924 The Ballad of the Harp-Winner; A Few Figgs from Thistles; “Eight Sonnets” in American Poetry, 1923, A Miscellany, By Edna St. Vincent Millay
1924 New Hampshire. By Robert Frost
1925 The Man Who Died Twice. By Edwin Arlington Robinson
1926 What’s O’Clock. By Amy Lowell
1927 Fiddler’s Farewell. By Leonora Speyer
1928 Tisvadred, By Edwin Arlington Robinson
1929 John Brown’s Body. By Stephen Vincent Benét
1930 Selected Poems. By Conrad Aiken
1931 Collected Poems. By Robert Frost
1931 The Flowering Stone. By George Dillon
1932 Conquistador. By Archibald MacLeish
1932 Collected Verse. By Robert Hillyer
1934 Bright Ambush. By Audrey Wurltizerman
1936 Strange Holiness. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin
1937 A Further Range. By Robert Frost
1938 Cold Morning Sky. By Marya Zaturenska
1939 Selected Poems. By John Gould Fletcher
1940 Collected Poems. By Mark Van Doren
1941 Sunderland Capture. By Leonard Baca
1942 The Dust Which Is God. By William Rose Benét
1943 A Witness Tree. By Robert Frost
1944 Western Star. By Stephen Vincent Benét
1946 F-Letters and Other Poems. By Karl Shapiro
1946 No award
1947 Lord Weary’s Castle. By Robert Lowell
1948 The Age of Anxiety. By W. H. Auden
1949 Terror and Doscoron. By Peter Viereck
1950 Annie Allen. By Gwendolyn Brooks
1951 Complete Poems. By Carl Sandburg
1952 Collected Poems. By Marianne Moore
1953 Collected Poems. By Archibald MacLeish
1954 The Waiting. By Theodore Roethke
1955 Collected Poems. By Wallace Stevens
1956 Poems. By Elizabeth Bishop

Library Notes & Queries

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE
TO PRINCETON

EAST AND WEST

The exhibition currently on display in the main gallery, from February 15 through April 30, tells the story, as reflected both in Chinese and in European works, of Europe’s discovery of China and of China’s response to Europe, from the time of the Portuguese voyages in the early 1500’s down to the outbreak of the First Opium War in 1839. The Princeton University Library is exceptionally well equipped to illustrate this particular phase of the absorbing story of East and West. The Great Oriental Library alone contains hundreds of Chinese works anadating the year 1800, portraying the life of China at the time of the European “discoveries,” and an even greater number of rare books and manuscripts carrying the story down through the succeeding centuries.1 At the same time, a wide range of important European works dealing with China and the Far East is to be found in other parts of the University Library—in the Grenville Kane collection of early travel literature,2 for example, in the Goertz collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century erudition,3 and in the Marquand Library of Art.4 Complementing these printed materials is the Art Museum’s collection of Chinese painting, sculpture, and objets d’art. Complete balance and symmetry between the Chinese and European works shown was not possible throughout the exhibition, for the simple reason that, during the period covered, Europeans produced an extensive literature of description and

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Sino-European block book, the *Brevis Relatio*, printed at Peking in 1701 in the manner of a Chinese book. The narrative, published by a group of Jesuit missionaries, whose signatures appear in facsimile on the final page, relates their presence at the Imperial Court on November 30, 1700, when they received, through the intermediary of high Manchu officials, the K’ang-hsi Emperor’s reply to a memorial submitted to him requesting his interpretation of the Confucian rites. The work, with texts in Latin, Chinese, and Manchu, is not only a bibliographic curiosity but also a key document in the famous controversy over the compatibility of Christianity with the Confucian rites, which rocked the Catholic Church in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Numerous rare European works on China from the collection of George R. Loehr, of Dover, New Jersey, have enabled the Library to fill in the lacunae in its own collections; notable, also, among the materials lent by Mr. Loehr are the series of engravings representing the life of Confucius executed from Chinese drawings by the French artist Helman in 1788, and a portfolio of engravings (ca. 1783) of the European-style buildings at the Summer Palace near Peking, the first copper engravings executed after the European manner by Chinese artists.

From the Library of the Princeton Theological Seminary have come books relating to the activities of early nineteenth-century Protestant missionaries in China; from Harvard-Yenching Institute, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, an eighteenth-century Chinese history of Macao by Yin Kuang-jen and others illustrated with woodcuts showing Europeans in the streets of the Portuguese trading base at the mouth of the Canton estuary; from the Princeton University Art Museum, examples of “export porcelain” made in China for the European market and of European-made porcelains imitating Chinese patterns; and from the collection of printed textiles assembled by Mrs. Agnes J. Holden, of New York City, an eighteenth-century French cotton print with a “chinoiserie” motif representing scenes from Gretry’s operetta *Panurge dans l’île des Lanternes*.

The exhibition will remain on view for the annual meeting of the American Oriental Society, which will be held this year in Princeton on April 24, 25, and 26. A leaflet describing the exhibition has been sent to all subscribers to the *Chronicle*; a summary check list of the books and other materials exhibited will be avail-
able after the close of the exhibition. Requests may be addressed to the Editor of the Chronicle.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MARC PARROTT '88

In celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Thomas Marc Parrott '88, a member of the Department of English at Princeton University from 1896 until his retirement in 1935, an exhibition presenting a "bird's-eye view" of his career as a teacher and scholar was held in the Princetoniana Room from the fifteenth of December to the thirty-first of January. Many of Professor Parrott's publications were included in the exhibition, ranging from a contribution to The Nauasad Literary Magazine in 1886 and his doctoral dissertation published in Leipzig in 1893 (An Examination of the Non-Dramatic Poems in Robert Browning's First and Second Periods), through his editions of Shakespeare, Chapman, Pope, and other works, to his Shakespearean Comedy of 1949 and Companion to Victorian Literature (written with Robert B. Martin) of 1955. From his personal papers was drawn a selection of letters addressed to him by such varied people as Booth Tarkington '93, J. Duncan Spaight, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Felix Schelling, J. Dover Wilson, T. J. Wise, Henry Van Dyke '75, and others. A small reception for Professor Parrott was held in the Princetoniana Room on the nineteenth of December.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

The "Collector's Choice" for October featured photographs by Edward Weston, lent by David H. McAlpin '20. One of the highlights of the exhibit was Weston's Fiftieth Anniversary Portfolio, 1902-1952, San Francisco, 1952, consisting of ten original photographic prints with accompanying text by the Grabhorn Press. Shown also was the Limited Editions Club edition of Whitman's Leaves of Grass, New York, 1942, with photographic illustrations by Edward Weston. Two of the original photographs for this edition were exhibited. Other books showing examples of the photographer's work were The Art of Edward Weston, by Merle Armitage, New York, 1932; California and the West, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weston, New York, 1949; The Photographs of Edward Weston, compiled by Nancy Newhall, New York, 1946; Fifty Photographs, New York, 1947, a compilation of Weston's photographs by Merle Armitage and others; and My Camera on Point Lobos, by Edward Weston, Boston, 1950.

Early editions of the works of Blaise Pascal, lent by Gilbert Chinard, were exhibited as the "Collector's Choice" for the month of November. Included in the exhibit were: a copy of the English translation of Pascal's famous defense of Jansenism against Jesuit attack, Les Provincialles, London, 1668; several editions of the Pensées, his exegetic apology for Christianity, including the Paris edition of 1670; De l'Education d'un Prince, Brussels, 1671; and a cast made from the death mask of the seventeenth-century French philosopher.

The "Collector's Choice" for December consisted of nine Jacobean and Caroline plays lent by Robert H. Taylor '30. The exhibit included the two parts of John Marston's The History of Antonio and Melilda, London, 1602; George Chapman's The Conspiracy, And Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France [London], 1608; The Roaring Gicle. O Rroll Cut-Purse, by Thomas Middleton and Thomas Dekker, London, 1611; and The Knight of the Burning Pestle, by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, London, 1613. The other plays exhibited were John Webster's The Tragedie of the Dutchesse Of Malfy, London, 1625; a prompt copy of John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, London, 1639; Philip Massinger's A New Way to Pay Old Debts, London, 1639; John Fletcher's Rule a Wife And have a Wife, Oxford, 1640; and James Shirley's The Imposture, London, 1652, the copy presented by the author to Sir Robert Bolles, patron of art and literature, to whom the play was dedicated.

WILSON'S 1912 CAMPAIGN SPEECHES

Among the many books relating to Woodrow Wilson that appeared in the past year, which marked the centennial of his birth, is A Crossroads of Freedom, edited by John Wells Davidson, assistant professor of history in the University of Maryland, and published by the Yale University Press. The volume contains the 1912 campaign speeches of Woodrow Wilson, the full text of the major addresses and sections of many of the minor ones. The texts of the speeches have been based upon the shorthand transcriptions of Wilson's expert stenographer, Charles L. Swem, which are preserved in six notebooks in the Princeton Library and in seven in the Ray Stannard Baker Papers in the Library of Congress. As all but one of Wilson's 1912 campaign speeches were contemporaneous their recording in the Swem notebooks comprises the only complete and unaltered text. Some of the speeches have previously
been collected and published, but the present volume is the first to include texts based upon careful transcription from the original Gregg shorthand.

The notebooks covering the 1912 Presidential campaign which are at Princeton are but a small part of the larger collection of shorthand notebooks presented to the Library for the Woodrow Wilson Collection by Mr. Swem, who was associated with Wilson as his stenographer from 1912 to 1919. The collection was described briefly in the Spring 1956 number of the Chronicle. Charles Lee Swem, upon his death, which occurred on December 27, 1956, was an official reporter of the New York State Supreme Court. An internationally known expert on the Gregg shorthand system, he had lectured extensively and had written an important textbook in this field.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

SINCLAIR HAMILTON ’06, a former Chairman of the Friends of the Princeton Library, is preparing for publication a catalogue of the collection of American illustrated books which he has presented to the Library.

JOHN S. VAN E. KOHN is a partner in the Seven Gables Bookshop, New York City.

CARLOS BAKER is Chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University.

New & Notable

MORE EMBLEM-BOOKS

Three years ago the Library’s exhibition, “The Graver and the Pen,” devoted to Renaissance emblems and their ramifications, emphasized the importance of emblem-books for the study of artistic and poetic imagery during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and called attention to the varied appeal of these curious picture books of the past. Since this exhibition the Library has added more emblem-books to its collection, new titles as well as new editions. The most notable acquisitions have come through the generosity of Silvain S. Brunswig, who has recently presented a group of some fifty illustrated books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including emblemata and related categories.

At the head of the long line of emblem-books stands Andrea Alciati (1492-1550), the Milanese jurist and humanist, whose Emblemata Liber, first published by Heinrich Steyner at Augsburg in 1531, set the pattern for a genre that was to proliferate for at least three centuries and eventually to number hundreds of titles. Alciati’s own book of emblems was revised and substantially enlarged several times during his lifetime, was translated into several languages, and continued to be reprinted long after his death, until some 175 editions had been published. The English scholar Henry Green listed these in a bibliography published in 1872, which still remains the indispensable guide through the maze. To the twelve editions of Alciati’s Book of Emblems already

1 A few copies of the leaflet describing the exhibition remain, and may be obtained by writing to the Editor of the Chronicle. A typed catalogue describing all books shown is available for consultation in the Rare Books Reading Room [ExB 0939.9730, No. 112, together with a typed copy of Mario Fraz, A Bibliography of Emblem Books, London, 1947 (NYPL. ExB)]. See also the article by William S. Hecksher, “Renaissance Emblems: Observations Suggested by Some Emblem-Books in the Princeton University Library,” The Princeton University Library Chronicle, XV, No. 2 (Winter, 1934), 55-58, Illus.
in the Library (Green Nos. 18, 19, 37, 48, 50, 69, 85, 123, 141, 149, 152, 165), Mr. Brunswig's gift has added nine more, bringing the present count to twenty-one (exclusive of modern facsimiles). Although this figure is admittedly far from that ideal completeness that a collector might dream of, it nevertheless provides a good representative selection to meet the needs of all but the most specialized of scholars.

Henry Green grouped the various editions of Alciati's book into "fountains" and "full stream." To "Fountain III," the Paris series printed by Christian Wechel with woodcuts designed by an artist of the Holbein school, belongs the earliest of the new Alciati items presented by Mr. Brunswig; this is the second of Wechel's Latin editions, dated 1535. Andraea Alciati Emblematum Libellus (Green No. 8). The next in date is Emblematum Andreae Alciati, the Latin edition published in 1548 by Guillaume Rouille (Green No. 51), with entirely new devices and elaborate borders, which is the prototype for the whole series of editions, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, issued by Rouillé and Bonhomme from 1548 to 1566. A late printing of the Italian version by Giovanni Marquale, Diverse Impressa, 1564 (Green No. 71), from this same series, is also among the books presented by Mr. Brunswig. The other acquisitions are all from the "full stream" that continued to flow after Alciati's death. A German translation of the emblems by Jeremias Held, with woodcuts by Virgil Solis, published by Sigmund Feyerabend and Simon Huter at Frankfurt in 1566 (Green No. 74), is in a contemporary stamped pigskin binding dated 1568 and is bound with Hartmann Schopper's metrical Latin version of Reinike Fuchs, containing woodcuts by Jost Amman and Virgil Solis, also published by Feyerabend and Huter, 1567. Two different French versions are represented: Emblemes d'Alciat, en latin et français, vers pour vers, Paris, Marnef, 1551 (Green No. 66), containing translations (first published in 1549) by Barthelemy Aneau; and the first edition of a new translation by Claude Mignault, Emblemes Andreae Alciati... Latinogallica—"La version Françoise non encor véu cy deuant"—Paris, Richer, 1584 (Green No. 107). This same Claude Mignault—who improvised his translations to pass the time while traveling by boat between Etampes, Corbeil, and Paris—had also compiled learned and lengthy Latin commentaries for Alciati's emblems. Two of these Mignault, or "Minois," editions, are present in the Brunswig gift: Omnia Andreae Alciati V. C. Emblemata: Cum commentaribus... Per Claudium Minoem, Paris, Marnef, 1583

(Green No. 104); and Andreae Alciati. V. C. Emblemata. Cum Claudij Minois ad eadem Commentariorum... Notis Posterioribus, Lyons, Rouille, 1600 (Green No. 127). Another of the editors whose intricate glosses overburdened Alciati's concise emblems and eventually doubled or tripled the size of the slim volumes—while the quality of the engravings steadily decreased—was a professor at the University of Salamanca, Franciscus Sanctius, represented among the new acquisitions by Francisci Sanctii Brocensis... Comment. in And. Alciati Emblemata, Lyons, Rouille, 1573 (Green No. 85). Finally, an additional copy of Plantin's edition of the Latin emblems, Antwerp, 1608 (Green No. 193), is of sentimental interest because of its presentation inscription to Henry Green, the bibliographer of Alciati, from Dr. Conrad Leemans of Leyden.

The mere mention of these various printers, artists, translators, and commentators, representing all parts of continental Europe, reflects the extraordinary appeal—somewhat baffling to the twentieth-century mind—that Alciati's emblems seem to have held for the international community of Latin-trained humanists of the sixteenth century, and suggests their significance for an appreciation of the mental and affective processes of that period. Among those who followed in the wake of Alciati were the much-traveled Hungarian doctor and historian Johannes Sambucus and the Dutch doctor Hadrianus Junius (Adriaan de Jonge), both of whose Emblemata were published by Plantin of Antwerp in the
1560's. The Brunswig copies of the 1584 edition of Sambucius and of the 1585 edition of Hadrianus Junius are both interleaved volumes containing annotations and signatures on the blank pages. The emblem-book specifically designed to serve as a "friendship" or "autograph album" is exemplified by Theodor de Bry's Emblemata Nobilitati, Frankfurt, 1593, a scarce item which includes many blank spaces within engraved borders into which friends of the owner might inscribe appropriate sentiments, thus "writing their own emblems." Also from the presses of the well-known Frankfurt printer is the edition of Lebey de Batilly's Emblemata, dated 1598, with plates engraved by Theodor de Bry after Jean Jacques Boissard. Although it is not an emblem-book, mention should be made here of J. J. Boissard's Vitae et Icones Sultorum Turcicorum, published by Theodor de Bry, Frankfurt, 1596, which contains skillfully engraved portraits of the Turkish sultans and other illustrious Ottomans; the Brunswig-Princeton copy is bound with Acta Machometi I Saracenorum Principis, followed by Vaticinia Severi et Leonis, this latter section illustrated with emblematic engravings.

Another work which, like those of De Bry, has considerable artistic merit is the edition of Nicolaus Reusner's Aureoleorum Emblematum Liber and Agamemnon printed at Strasbourg by Bernhard Jobin in 1587. The woodcuts are from drawings by Tobias Stimmer (1559-1584) of Schaffhausen, who did the decorative panels for the second of the great astronomical clocks in the Strasbourg cathedral, and whose unpublished drawings continue to be utilized by publishers after the artist's death. As in this case, the illustrated book has frequently preserved portions of an artist's work which have survived in no other form. One of the Stimmer woodcuts from Reusner's book of emblems has been adapted as a title-page design for the Library's recent publication of The Arte of Angling, 1577 (see illustration).

Other sixteenth-century works included in the Brunswig gift are: J. Mercier, Emblemata, Bourges, 1598; Leonardo da Vinci, del Greco, Farari, Imag. Lib. III, Palermo, 1505 (a title apparently not recorded in the Praz bibliography of emblem-books); Nicolaus Taurellus, Emblemata Physico-Ethica, second edition, Nuremberg, 1602; Jacobus Tiptottius, Symbola Divina & Humana Pontificum Imperatorum Regum, Prague, 1601-03; and Le Microcosme Contenant Divers Tableaux de la Vie Humaine, printed at Amsterdam by Theodore Pierre, but without date, which appears to be a later printing of a Latin work first published in 1579 by Hieronymous, Varus Mundi. Exactly where to draw the line between true emblem-books (those in which the three interdependent components, motto, picture, and short poem, are used together to expound some moral or ethical truth) and the many related genres is a puzzle that still perplexes bibliographers and cataloguers. Examples from this twilight zone, drawn from Mr. Brunswig's recent gift, include such works as Paolo Giovanni's "devices," represented by three different editions, his Dialogo dell'Imprese, Lyons, 1559, 1561, and 1574, with varying titles, all including other devices by Gabriele Simeoni; Theobald Müller's Musarum Lovianum Imagines Artifices manu ad vitam expressae, Basel, 1577, a series of portraits of famous men (Columbus, Cortés, Francis I, for example) combined with Giovanni's Latin verses; the first edition of Battista Pittoni, Imprese di diversi Principi, Venice, 1568; and the second edition of Gabriele Faerno's Fabulae Centum, Rome, 1584. Although they are definitely not emblem-books, two of the finest editions of the Hieroglyphica of Horus Apollus (Horapollo)—the French text published by Jacques Kerver in Paris in 1543 and the Greek and Latin text issued by the same publisher in 1551—deserve special mention, for this work (first published in 1505) with its curious blending of image and motto is not only an important forerunner and constant fertilizer of the emblem-books, but also a vital part of the whole tradition of allegorical expression during the Renaissance and Baroque periods.

Throughout the seventeenth century the emblematic tradition continued to flourish, spreading out beyond the circle of erudite "professionals" who had hitherto cultivated it, into more popular fields. One of the most popular and most often imitated of this later generation of emblematisms was the Leyden-born Fleming Octavio van Veen—known also by the Latin form of his name, Veenius—whoce Amorum Emblemata appeared in Antwerp in 1668. There were four variant issues, each with a different combination of languages: Latin-Dutch-French, Latin-French-Italian, Latin-English-Italian, and Latin-Spanish-Italian. Thanks to Mr. Brunswig the Library has now added to the Latin-French-Italian issue already in its collection the relatively scarce issue with verses in Italian and Latin. These "invented emblems of that subject, that subiecteth princes no lesse then subjectis" are dedicated by the author to "the most honorable, and woorthie brothers, William Earle of Pembroke, and Philip Earle of Mountgomerie, patrons of learning and chenailerie." According to an annotation in the Brunswig-Princeton copy, the English verses are the work of Richard Verstegan (pseudonym for Richard Row.
lands). Van Veen's book is but one example of the popular "amatory" emblem-books that sent troops of little cupids romping down the corridors of time. The significance of such works as a key to the poetic imagery of the time has been graphically demonstrated by William S. Heckscher in his juxtaposition of Van Veen's emblem "Love Refuseth Help" and Shakespeare's Sonnet 147, "My love is as a fever, longing still."

One of the most popular of the Dutch emblem-books, included in the recent gift, is the 1619 edition (revised and enlarged) of Jacob Cats, Silenus Alciibiadis, the three parts of which well demonstrate how the emblematic tradition was channelled from secular subjects into the service of religion. Part One represents emblems of human life and love; Part Two "translates" games of love into rules of conduct; finally, the emblems of "amorous vanities" become Christian meditations. Another emblem-book by Cats, his Maedchen-Plicht (bound with the three parts of Silenus Alciibiadis in the Brunschwig-Princeton copy), codifies the "duty of maidens in their chaste loves." The charming engravings in Cats's works portray scenes similar to those found in Dutch landscape and genre paintings of the period. Similar scenes, although somewhat less finished artistically, ornament another of the new acquisitions, the Emblemata of Zacharias Heyns, printed at Rotterdam in 1689.

The use of emblems in the service of religion is further exemplified in another group of books forming part of the Brunschwig gift. Van Veen again appears here with a late (Antwerp, 1660) printing of his Amoria Divini Emblemata (the first edition, 1619, was already in the Library), and an undated Paris ("chez Landry") edition, or rather adaptation, with the title Emblemes de l'Amour divin. Van Veen's little angels, "Amor" and "Anima," bear a striking resemblance to the cupids of his Amorum Emblemata. This same blending of erotic and religious imagery is likewise one of the curious features of the many works published by members of the Society of Jesus, in whose hands the emblem-book became a book of religious devotions. The best known of these—which supplied images for Francis Quarles's Emblems (1635), long popular in English-speaking Protestant countries—is Herman Hugo's Pia Desideria Emblematici Illustrata (first edition, 1624), represented among the recent acquisitions by the Antwerp 1628 and Antwerp 1632 editions, as well as by the much later French edition, L'Amé Amante de Son Dieu, Cologne, 1717, with verses...
by the mystic Madame Guyon, whose “quietist” doctrines provoked considerable enthusiasm, as well as opposition, in the seventeenth century. In this latter edition, which also includes Van Veen’s emblems of divine love, the pictures remain basically the same but have been subtly re-engraved with a recognizable eighteenth-century touch. In the same tradition are the works of two other Jesuit fathers: Guilielmus Hesius, Emblemata Sacra de Fide, Spe, Charitate, Antwerp, Moretus, 1636; and Georg Stengel, Ova Paschalia sacra emblematum inscripta descriptaque, Ingolstadt, 1672 (first published in 1635). The engravings in Stengel’s book are all in the shape of Easter eggs, the texts might be called variations on the egg theme, while the whole work is characterized by the author’s dedication to King Ferdinand III as an “ova-tion.” (See illustration.) Two other new titles also reflect religious preoccupations, although their intricate and erudite commentaries seem to relate them more closely to the learned emblem-books of the preceding century than to the more popular seventeenth-century species; these are Heinrich Oraeus of Assenheim, Piridurium Hieroglyphico-Morale, Frankfurt, 1619, and the same author’s Aeroplastes Theo-Sophicus, seu Icones Mysticae, Frankfurt, 1644 (first edition, 1630).

The application of the emblems to the science of government and statecraft is still another ramification of the tradition deserving mention. This is well exemplified in the work of the Spanish statesman Diego de Saavedra Fajardo, whose one hundred emblems for the guidance of a Christian ruler were eventually to be translated into English by Sir James Asty under the title The Royal Politician (London, 1700). Beside the several editions of Saavedra’s work—Spanish, Latin, French, and English—already in the Library, Mr. Brunschwig has now placed the editio princeps, the Idea de un Principe politico Christians. Representada en cien Empresas, printed at Munich in 1640. In this work, as in all the others mentioned above, the picture is an integral part of the emblem; the words alone are inadequate to convey the full meaning. Emblem-books have to be looked at to be really appreciated. Likewise, the description attempted here can do little more than serve as an invitation to “researchers” to explore these new emblem-books for themselves. The explorers will be rewarded, whether they are studying some such recondite subject as the symbolism of the egg or post-medieval bird cages, or whether they are merely looking for unusual pictures and attractive designs.

—Howard C. Rice, Jr.
THE GIFT OF IMRIE DE VEGH

From Imrie de Vegh, who has been for a number of years a generous donor to the Library, Princeton has recently received six books of unusual interest. Two fifteenth-century Savonarola tracts are included in Mr. de Vegh's gift: *Tractato ... circa el reggimento & governo della Città di Firenze*, issued by the Societas Colubris in Florence in 1498; and the Joseph Martini copy of *Predica dei arte del bene morire*, published in Florence by Antonio Tubini, Lorenzo Veneziano, and Andrea Ghirlanda about 1500. The last contains four woodcuts, including the well-known cut of the triumph of Death. Another early illustrated book presented by Mr. de Vegh is *Illustrations de la Gaule belgique*, Paris, 1531-32 (the three volumes bound in one), an abridged translation of the Latin chronicle of the Belgian province of Hainaut by Jacques de Guyse (d. 1599). The book has four handsome woodcuts (one of which is a repeat). This particular copy belonged at one time to the French historian and bibliophile Etienne Baluze (1630-1718) and has his signature on the title-page of the first volume. An outstanding addition to the Library's Erasmus collection is the scarce first edition in English of the humanist's youthful treatise in praise of the monastic life, *De Contemptu Mundi*, London, 1533. Of obvious importance is the first edition of Giles Fletcher's *Of the Ruse Common Wealth*, London, 1591. Fletcher (1549-1611) was sent on a special embassy to Russia in 1588; although treated with indignity, he managed to secure considerable concessions for the English merchants. His account of Russia was quickly suppressed in England since it was considered to be offensive to the Russian Emperor. The de Vegh copy was formerly in the library of the Marquess of Ailesbury and contains the bookplate of Charles, Viscount Bruce of Amphill. The final book in Mr. de Vegh's gift is the rare first edition of the first appearance of La Rochefoucauld's maxims in English: *Epictetus Junior, or Maximes of Modern Morality*, "collected" by John Davies of Kidwelly, London, 1670. The copy given to Princeton by Mr. de Vegh is in a red morocco binding from the shop of Samuel Mearn; the device of Charles II is stamped in gold at the corners of both covers.

MANUSCRIPTS OF WILKIE COLLINS

Grants from the Four Oaks Foundation have enabled the Library to purchase for the Parrish Collection the autograph manuscripts of Wilkie Collins' novels *The Fallen Leaves* and *Blind Love* and short story "The Captain's Last Love." *The Fallen Leaves*, the story of a fallen woman, was published by Chatto and Windus in 1879 after having appeared serially in *The World*. Collins had intended to write a sequel to the novel, but his treatment of its theme aroused so much "astonishment and indignation..." in certain prudish and prejudiced quarters that the sequel was never written. This was perhaps fortunate, since *The Fallen Leaves* has been called "one of the least successful of his works," "the worst of Collins's novels," and even "the low-water mark of Wilkie's achievement." The manuscript consists of 265 leaves and, like all of Collins' manuscripts, is heavily corrected throughout.

After having written over two-thirds of *Blind Love*, illness in the summer of 1889 compelled Collins to request Walter Besant to complete the novel for him. This Besant did from a detailed scenario, "in which every incident, however trivial, was carefully laid down," supplied him by the author. Collins died later that year, during the course of the serial appearance of *Blind Love* in *The Illustrated London News*. The following year, in 1889, the story was published as a three-decker by Chatto and Windus. The manuscript acquired by Princeton is written on 259 leaves, a few of which are in the hands of amanuenses with the author's autograph corrections, and concludes with the final word of Chapter 48 (which is, ironically enough, "health").

The manuscript of "The Captain's Last Love" is written on fifteen leaves. This highly romantic tale of passion in the Pacific was published in *The Spirit of the Times* for December 23, 1875, and was reprinted, with some revisions and under the title of "Mr. Captain and the Nymph," in Collins' collection of short stories, *Little Novels* (1887).

Robert F. Metzendorf has presented a manuscript of the third act of the adaptation in French of Collins' play *Armadale* (1866), which was based on his novel of the same name. The sixty-three-leaf manuscript is presumably in the hand of the translator who was recommended to Collins by François Régnier of the Théâtre Français. Despite Régnier's initial interest in the play, it was never produced in France.
A generous donation from the von Kienbusch Foundation made possible the printing of *The Arte of Angling*, 1577, the fifth in the series of occasional publications issued by the Library under the sponsorship of the Friends of the Library.

The expenses in connection with a talk by the photographer William A. Garnett on October 29, 1956 were borne by David H. McAlpin '20.

These contributions totaled $4,413.00.

**GIFTS**

Maurice E. Coindreau has given the autograph manuscripts of his translations into French of four of William Faulkner's novels — *As I Lay Dying, The Sound and the Fury, The Wild Palms,* and *Requiem for a Nun* — and a copy of the uncorrected proof of the Random House edition of *Requiem for a Nun*. The six books presented by Imrie de Vegh are briefly described in "New & Notable." From Sinclair Hamilton '06 came twenty-eight additional books for the Hamilton Collection, including first editions of Thoreau's *Walden*, Boston, 1854; Oliver Wendell Holmes' *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, Boston, 1858 (in the scarce first binding, with five rings on the spine), and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *The Story of a Bad Boy*, Boston, 1870. Among several items for the Parrish Collection received from Robert H. Taylor '30 were the autograph manuscript of Angela Thirkell's *Barsetshire novel The Duke's Daughter* and a "yellow-back" edition of Trollope's *The Warden* with a presentation inscription from the author to his niece Florence Bland.

Gifts were also received from the following Friends: Frederick W. Birkenhauer '10, Gordon A. Block, Jr. '36, Jerome Blum, Alfred T. Carton '09, Charles Y. Freeman '99, Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Hyde, Mrs. Margaret Kain, Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '06, Miss Dorothea Kingsland, Sterling Morton '06, T. H. Vail Motter '22, William A. B. Paul '18, Charles S. Preshrey '06, Fred B. Rogers '47, Walter N. Rothschild '15, Henry L. Savage '15, Mrs. Samuel Shellabarger, William M. Stackman '27, Frederick J. H. Sutton '38, M. Halsey Thomas, Willard Thorp, and Alexander D. Wainwright '39.
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