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IN a letter to Mark Van Doren in 1944, Eugene O'Neill wrote a brief criticism of his own early play, "The Web": "'I love it, but I sure don't like it.'" No doubt most readers would agree. It is perhaps difficult to "like," that is, critically commend, this rather crude one-act dramatization of a crisis in the lives of a New York prostitute, her pimp, and her would-be rescuer, a good-hearted escaped convict. But the brilliance of O'Neill's later plays may justify some critical prowling in the obscure regions of his early attempts to become a writer, especially when it is recognized that "The Web" is not an isolated effort, but one which connects significantly with later work in respect to stagecraft, theme, character, and experimentation with language. Equally important, the manuscript of "The Web" is heavily marked with the author's revisions, and further changes appear in the printed version. These alterations—more than 300 in all—deserve careful consideration as evidence of the young O'Neill's ambition to improve nearly all aspects of his play and to create a more colorful New York idiom for his characters.

O'Neill wrote "The Web" in 1913 shortly after leaving the Gaylord Farm sanitarium where he had successfully fought a mild case of tuberculosis. While recuperating he lived with the James Rippin family, neighbors of the O'Neills in New London, Con-

1 Quoted by Arthur and Barbara Gelb, O'Neill, N.Y., 1940, p. 251; this biography is the source of the background information in this paper. O'Neill sent the manuscript to Mark Van Doren to help a War Bond Drive; later it was given to Princeton University. For a description of Princeton's main O'Neill holdings, a gift of the author, see Marguerite L. McAneny, "Eleven Manuscripts of Eugene O'Neill," Princeton University Library Chronicle, IV (Feb.-April, 1949), 86-89. In my text the approximate dates of composition follow the titles of plays.
necticut. During this period, September, 1913, to March, 1914, he completed, in addition to "The Web," five extant one-act plays, "Fog," "Thirst," "Recklessness," "Warnings," "Abortion," and one three-act play, Servitude; others were apparently written and destroyed. In a note dated May, 1944, accompanying the manuscript, O'Neill says that "The Web" was the first play he ever wrote, although he had written a short vaudeville skit which was not a play and which friends in vaudeville assured him was not vaudeville either. He goes on to say that he destroyed the skit, but he was often careless in matters of this sort, and it seems probable that his very first work was "A Wife for a Life," written at the sanitarium in 1913 and published in The Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill in 1950.

Life at the Rippins' was calmer and healthier than any he had known before, and he worked with the enthusiasm of the young artist who has just found his calling. As he told an interviewer in 1946, "That's the year I thought I was God. I'd finish them and rush down to the post office to ship them off to Washington to be copyrighted before somebody stole them." Ironically, it was O'Neill's failure years later to renew the copyrights of "Abortion," Servitude, "A Wife for a Life," "The Movie Man" (1914), and "The Sniper" (1914 or 1915) which led to their unauthorized publication as The Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill.

In 1914 "The Web" itself appeared along with "Fog," "Thirst," "Recklessness," and "Warnings" in a volume entitled Thirst And Other One Act Plays, published at James O'Neill's expense by the Gorham Press of Boston. One thousand copies were printed at a cost of $450, but the venture was so unsuccessful that the publisher, Richard C. Badger, tried to sell what remained, nearly the whole edition, to O'Neill himself for thirty cents a volume. "With the usual financial acumen of an author," wrote O'Neill in 1944, "I scorned his offer as a waste of good money on my lousy drama!" Collectors later paid as much as $150 a copy. "The Web" has been reprinted in Ten "Lost" Plays (N.Y., 1964). Clayton Hamilton, drama critic for the Bookman and an acquaintance of O'Neill, gave the early volume its only review in which he commented that "This writer's favourite mood is that of horror. He deals with grim and ghastly situations that would become intolerable if they were protracted beyond the limits of a single sudden act... He shows a keen sense of the reactions of characters under stress of violent emotion; and his dialogue is almost brutal in its power. More than one of these plays should be available for such an institution as the Princess Theatre in New York."

As far as I know, "The Web" was never produced, although the Provincetown Players performed the title play, "Thirst," in the summer of 1916 with O'Neill playing the West Indian sailor and cannibal.

The play is now easily accessible in Ten "Lost" Plays, but since it is not widely known a brief summary of the action may be helpful. The curtain rises on Rose Thomas, a consumptive prostitute, in a bedroom of a cheap rooming house on New York's lower East Side. It is a rainy summer evening. The set, with its torn, dirty wallpaper, cracked mirror, rickety table, single gas jet, and empty beer bottle, portrays realistically the environment of which Rose is a victim, just as her gaudy hat, earrings, bracelets, and rings make vivid the pathos and ugliness of her profession. Her baby lies on the bed.

Steve, Rose's "cadet" (pimp), who is a drunk and a dope addict, enters, and the first movement of the action consists of their argument over money and the baby. Annoyed by the child's crying, Steve tells Rose that she must send her to an orphanage which Rose refuses to do. Steve threatens to have her arrested (the child would then be taken away from her), and they come to blows. Having established Steve's brutality and Rose's desperation, O'Neill introduces Tim Moran, an escaped convict who, having overheard the argument, bursts into the room and forces Steve, at gun point, to leave. The second phase of the action takes up the play's social message, O'Neill's dramatized accusation of his imagined audience that they, in their rigid respectability, bear a heavy load of guilt for the sins of the prostitute and the bank robber. For both a fresh start seems impossible, but Moran, in a gesture of improbable generosity, offers Rose a large roll of money so that she may escape to the country and a decent life. At this point one expects a happy ending or at least some kind of reconciliation with destiny, but even at this early date O'Neill did not err on the side of easy optimism. Again violence marks the turn in the action as Steve, on the fire escape, shoots Moran, tosses the gun into the room, closes the window, and leaves. The police, who have been shadowing Moran, rush in to find Rose next to the body with the money in her hand. In this third and final movement Rose, accused of murder, recognizes the absolute fut-

tility of her predicament, and, in a cry which has the true ring of O'Neill, protests against the enmity of the universe as she asks God why He hates her so.

With even this sketchy summary before us, certain relationships with the rest of O'Neill's work are apparent. Despite an early interest in politics, O'Neill was never primarily a political writer, but the pressure of strong social feeling occasionally makes itself felt. This is obvious in the second movement of the play where Rose and Tim explain that the “good people” will not let them escape their underworld existence; they cannot hide from their past. O'Neill's poem, “Fracticide,” comes to mind. Published in the New York Call, May 17, 1914, it exhorts the workers to resist the rich man's war, to refuse to give their lives for Guggenheim and Standard Oil. From the “lost plays” there is the anti-war sentiment of “The Sniper” and the conflict between the rich college set and the abused townspeople in “Abortion.” In one form or another, O'Neill's concern for the outcasts and the downtrodden of a fiercely capitalistic society crops up in a number of his plays; The Hairy Ape (1921) is one of the most successful transmutations of this attitude into dramatic art.

But The Hairy Ape does not confine itself to the social dimension. Yank's own alienation is the result of a vicious social system, but in his effort to “belong,” O'Neill suggests, he fights the desperate battle of a whole civilization which has lost its healing contact with the natural world and with the better part of its own humanity. Turning back to “The Web,” it is apparent that there, too, O'Neill transforms the social protest into something far more sweeping, for Rose Thomas cannot satisfactorily explain her own fate simply in terms of the hypocrisy of the genteel classes. In an unexpected and unlikely leap of imagination, she perceives a hostile life force at work and finally denounces God for hating her. The stance of the author, easily detected in Rose's outburst, may strike one as juvenile resentment (it was the suffering of a young man), but man's loneliness in a world he never made was to provide the motive power in a number of O'Neill's more important works.

In O'Neill's charting of human behavior, illusions of a happier future grow naturally from an intolerable present. In The Iceman Cometh (1939) he calls them pipe dreams: Harry Hope's belief that one day he will take his long deferred walk around the neighborhood, Ed Moshier's plan to return to circus life, Pat McGloin's ambition to rejoin the police force, Jimmy Tomorrow's dream of working for a newspaper again. In some of the early plays this futile longing for a far-off good place is a prominent feature. Yank, in “Bound East for Cardiff” (1914), wants a farm in Canada or the Argentine, just as Olson, in “The Long Voyage Home” (1916-17), wants to return to the family farm in Sweden, or as Mrs. Keeney, in “Ine” (1916-17), wants to leave the sea and her husband's whaler and return to Homeport and flowers and other women. In O'Neill's only published short story, “Tomorrow” (1917), a broken-down journalist, Jimmy Anderson (a forerunner of Jimmy Tomorrow in Iceman), finally realizes that he will never take up his old career and, with the shattering of his pipe dream, takes his own life. Again “The Web” asserts its position as a genuine product of O'Neill's imagination—and not the mere melodramatic contrivance it first appears to be—when this same dream of the good place is recognized in Rose's need for a rest in the country. Unlike some of the characters just mentioned, Rose is not blind to reality from the beginning; she does not assume that she will escape the web until Tim hands her the money which makes escape possible. However forced it may seem now, O'Neill obviously thought he was adhering to the principle of reality—the expected result given certain conditions—when he manipulated his plot to deny Rose her freedom. It is as if he, as playwright, refused to avert his gaze from the brutal truths which so many of his characters can cope with only by means of alcohol, phantasy, and illusion.

There are also interesting technical matters which establish a direct line between “The Web” and later plays. O'Neill's skillful and meaningful use of theatrical effects is well known in plays like The Emperor Jones (1920) with its tom-tom or A Long Day's Journey into Night (1940-41) with its fog which reinforces the spiritual miasma of the Tyrone family. But O'Neill had a sure, if rudimentary, understanding of the poetic resources of the physical theater from the very beginning of his career; and so we find the Thirst plays, the “lost plays,” and the Glencain plays surprisingly dense with stage devices, a number of which transcend gimmickry and achieve, as the drama unfolds, a symbolic significance that blends with and enriches the meanings of the play.

a O'Neill's published poems have been collected by Ralph Sanborn and Barrett H. Clark in A Bibliography of the Works of Eugene O'Neill, N.Y., 1931.

4 “Tomorrow,” Seven Arts, II (June, 1917), 147-70.
In “Fog” the title bluntly calls attention to the element that threatens the drifting life boat which represents modern society. In “Thirst” the sun is merciless like the angry eye of God, as O'Neill obligingly explains, while through much of the play the mulatto’s chant, a charm against sharks, maintains its futile strains. A more pointed use of sound, this time off-stage, is the cheering and band music in “Abortion,” a celebration of the hero’s baseball victory which offers ironic contrast to his private shame; no hero in his own eyes, he chooses suicide as the only escape from the guilt of his disastrous romance. The fog in “Bound East for Cardiff,” kept before us by the repeated moan of the ship’s horn, reflects the aimless wandering of a life at sea and the ultimate mist of death. “The Moon of the Caribees” (1916-17) is a play of shifting moods, created in part by opposing the mournful music of the natives and the cacophonous singing and wild dancing of the drunken sailors. O'Neill tries similar techniques in the story, “Tomorrow,” where he repeats the title word like a refrain, and where a physical object, a geranium, comes to represent Jimmy’s last link with the world; to Jimmy, the breaking of the flower pot signifies the end of his own life.

“The Web” cannot compete with the best of these plays, but it is clear that here, too, O'Neill was trying to express himself theatrically, that is, by using to the best of his ability the physical material of his medium. I have already mentioned the squalid setting and the costume. Off-stage the sound of rain continues throughout the play; it obviously makes the life of a streetwalker more difficult, but it also suggests the kind of spiritual weather that prevails in the world of the drama. The stage-directions call for Rose’s cough at the beginning of the play, in the argument with Steve, and off-stage at the end as the police lead her away. In fact, the play was originally entitled “The Cough.” The new title directs our attention to the symbolic implications of the action. Finally, O'Neill prepares for the shooting of Tim Moran with the simple and hallowed expedient of permitting the audience to see something two of the characters on stage cannot see—Steve peering in the window from the fire escape, gun in hand, his face twisted by hate. However much the stage of his day disgusted him with its cheap and easy theatricality, he learned some of its lessons well, as, indeed, a son of James O’Neill could hardly fail to do. (Perhaps I should mention here the baby in the play, no doubt a concession to the well known fact that audiences like—or once liked—to see babies on stage. But Rose’s love for her daughter is made a real motive in her actions, and however blatant the sentimental appeal may be, the child is an integral part of the dramatic situation.)

One other connection between “The Web” and other plays by O'Neill is so obvious that I need only mention it—characters drawn from the lowest ranks of society as, for example, the sailors of the Glencarin plays and The Hairy Ape or the refugees from life in The Iceman Cometh. Furthermore, O'Neill’s personal knowledge of these people has long been known and has now been thoroughly documented by Arthur and Barbara Gelb. Dialogue—one more link with the other works—I shall take up below.

It is clear, then, that “The Web” has a definite place in the vast array of O'Neill’s dramas. When we recall that his original stimulus to write was partly literary, that he claimed he found in Dostoevski’s The Idiot and Strindberg’s The Dance of Death the “feeling and sensation” he wanted to dramatize, the question arises whether there is any direct relationship between “The Web” and the works of the Swedish playwright. In his Nobel acceptance speech in 1956, O'Neill said that “It was reading his plays when I first started to write, back in the winter of 1913-14, that above all else first gave me the vision of what modern drama could be, and first inspired me with the urge to write for the theatre myself”; and twelve years earlier he had written a playbill for the Provincetown Playhouse production of The Spook Sonata in which he said that “Strindberg still remains the most modern of moderns, the greatest interpreter in the theatre of the characteristic spiritual conflicts which constitute the drama— the blood—of our lives today.”

It may be unnecessary to go beyond the melodrama of the day.

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9 “My early experience with the theatre through my father really made me revolt against it. As a boy I saw so much of the old, ranting, artificial romantic stuff that I always had a sort of contempt for the theatre.” (Gelb, p. 6). O'Neill could not forget the practical lessons that his early exposure to the theater taught him, but in “The Web” and the rest of his plays he could try to surpass the “romantic stuff.”

and the sensibility of O'Neill to explain the genesis of "The Web," but the last remark quoted offers a clue to the possible influence of Strindberg. Obviously O'Neill conceived of "The Web" in terms of a conflict both social and spiritual, for, as I have observed, the play ends with Rose seemingly defeated by not only the economics and vicious morality of a capitalistic society, but also by a hostile universe. In Strindberg this conflict between man and man and between man and his fate is both prominent and fierce; the prevailing attitude is as bitter as the young O'Neill could have wished. The Father and "The Stronger" both project a vision of life as an unceasing struggle in which the only characteristic that counts is power. Man is an accidental or unwanted phenomenon: the Captain in The Father and Miss Julie in the play of that name were born against their parents' wishes, and they are acutely aware of it. The daughter of Indra descends to earth in A Dream Play and learns that mortal life is not easy; her refrain is that mankind is to be pitied. The Dance of Death, a play O'Neill specifically mentions, focuses on the endless antagonism of man and wife. As a final example, we find a gradual revelation in After the Fire of the hidden links between people; in the neighborhood which they call the Swamp all the characters hate each other, but all are somehow involved in the fate of the rest. "What a web it is!" says the Stranger, a remark that applies surprisingly well to the "web" which catches Rose and Tim. Furthermore, the conflicts in Strindberg's plays are shockingly frank and open; and in some instances, The Father and The Dance of Death, the struggle is apparent almost from the beginning and passes through several violent crises before the one that ends the play. Whether by coincidence or imitation, this is the pattern of "The Web"; Rose and Steve start to fight almost at once, and, as I have pointed out, violent action brings about the transition between movements.

If "The Web" is interesting as the first appearance of many of O'Neill's distinctive traits, it is also valuable as an example of his careful re-writing. The play underwent revision in two stages.

First, there are many alterations in the Princeton manuscript: words partially erased and changed; words crossed out and new ones inserted above; new words written through old; additions between lines and in the margins. It is impossible to tell whether O'Neill made these changes at the time of original composition or later. Second, a smaller number of alterations were made between the manuscript and the printed text. Both stages reveal similar intentions, and the distinction between them is not important for this paper. Page references in the right-hand column are to Ten "Lost" Plays which follows the text of the first printing of "The Web" in Thirst And Other One Act Plays.

Critics have often attacked O'Neill's dialogue style. "The Web" does nothing to disprove their charges, but it does show that at least once—and I suspect that it is not an isolated case—he wrote and revised with rather fine points of dialogue in mind. Some spelling changes, affecting pronunciation, bear this out.

The change of "you" to "yuh" is extremely common. In the few cases where standard spelling is used, O'Neill probably wanted to stress the word (sometimes the use of italics supports this view): "He's afraid of losin' her—while you don't care" (p. 37); "It's up to you" (p. 38); "What'd you want with a kid? . . . A fine mother you are . . . " (p. 40).

\[\begin{array}{ll}
yeh & yuh (p. 37) 
yer & yuh're (p. 37) 
why don't cha & why don't yuh (p. 44)
\end{array}\]

These changes in the vulgar dialect (not from standard to vulgar) indicate that O'Neill had in mind either a slight shading of pronunciation or a spelling convention. I shall discuss this later.

\[\begin{array}{ll}
give me & gimme (p. 38) 
let me & lemme (p. 49) 
going & goin' (p. 42) 
crying & cryin' (p. 42) 
ought to & oughta (p. 37) 
got to & gotta (p. 40) 
out of & outa (p. 47) 
that & dat (p. 40)
\end{array}\]

"Dat" (that), "den" (then), and "dey" (they) appear only in Steve's speech, but O'Neill does not use them consistently even

10 and 11 Copyright © 1964 by Random House.
there. In most cases the vulgar spelling appears in the original
draft.

return  
 God  
 them  
 would  
 get  
 for  
 can  

retain (p. 39)  
Gawd (p. 53)  
' em (p. 52)  
'ud (p. 46)  
git (p. 50)  
fur (p. 49)  
c'n (p. 48)  
kin (p. 48)

Sometimes O'Neill changes “kin” to “c'n,” and he must have
wanted the actors to pronounce or emphasize them differently.
It is difficult now to see the difference in use, but “kin” may carry
a heavier stress.

These vulgar forms do not appear with absolute consistency
even in the final version, but they are common enough to make
clear the kind of pronunciation O'Neill was trying to suggest to
the actors. It is interesting to note that although the language
of all three characters is nearly uniform, O'Neill intended Rose's
and Tim's speech to be slightly superior to Steve's. “Dat” and
“dey” are confined to Steve. Rose: “Yuh're jest tryin’ to scare me,
ain't yuh, Steve? They wouldn't do that, would they?” Steve:
“Yuh'll soon know whether dey would or not” (p. 41). Also, at
one point in the manuscript O'Neill added “Don’t ask me” to a
speech by Rose; in the printed version this becomes “Don't
ask me” (p. 37).

The revisions of diction, phrasing, and idiom also contribute
to a more uniform use of dialect.

money  
dollars  
brat  
joint  

coin (p. 38)  
beans (p. 38)  
kid (p. 39)  
dump (p. 40)

Note the changes within the vulgar dialect.

jail  
coughing  
raised  

coop (p. 46)  
barkin' (p. 38)  
brung up (p. 40)

Suppose I was like Bessie
with your friend Jack.

What ‘ud yuh do if I was
like Bessie with your friend
Jack? (p. 37)

But I'll tell him and if he
doesn't know it Bessie'll be
in for a good beating.

There won't be no one out
tonight anyway. Besides
they're all afraid of me on
account of this cough.

What business is it of yours?

It ain't none of your busi-
ness. (p. 42)

A year after I first came to
this town I quit and tried to
be on the level.

Here, here, no blaspheming.

Here, here, no rough talk
like that. (p. 53)

In revising stage-directions, O'Neill shows his concern for
tone and stage movement, and his penchant for novelistic de-
scription, which I discuss below. In the printed text all directions
are italicized.

She goes over to the bed
talking baby talk and cu-
ddles the child.

She goes over to the bed
and cuddles the child. (p. 39)

The First Plain-Clothes Man
goes over to the bed and
cuddles her on his lap with
elephantine playfulness. (p. 53)

These changes indicate that O'Neill feared either that he was
approaching sentimentality or that, if the directions were badly
carried out, he was in danger of arousing inappropriate humor.

... Tim Moran enters.

... Tim Moran pushes his
way in. (p. 41)
snarling and moving to door

Rose exits broken and weary leaning on his arm. One can hear her hollow cough echoing in the dark hallway. The child wakes up and cries feebly “Mama”

Snarling, and slinking toward door. (p. 42)

Rose leans against him weakly and he supports her to the door where the group of horrified lodgers silently make way for them. The Second Plain-Clothes Man follows them. A moment later Rose’s hollow cough echoes in the dark hallway. The child wakes up and cries fitfully. (p. 53)

These directions give more explicit instructions for movement on stage, revealing O’Neill’s detailed interest in the visual aspect of the play.

releases her and pulls card from pocket

releases her and takes a small folded paper from pocket. (pp. 49-50)

This paper, which Tim gives to Rose, bears his address or directions as to how to find him. O’Neill realized that an escaped convict would not be likely to carry a printed card.

Rose—(speaking to the air)
—Yes, I suppose you’ll take her [the child] also?

Rose—(To the unseen presence in the room) Yes, I suppose yuh’ll take her too? (p. 53)

Here O’Neill tries to sharpen the sudden transformation in Rose’s attitude. When she realizes that everyone believes her guilty of Tim’s death, she enters a trance-like state. As O’Neill has just told us, “She seems to be aware of something in the room which none of the others can see—perhaps the personification of the ironic life force that has crushed her.” From here to the curtain, the audience should feel Rose’s horror at discovering that she is the victim of malign forces even greater than a cruelly respectable society. In fact, the audience may not recognize the horror, for O’Neill’s stage-directions probably cannot be adequately fulfilled in the action and dialogue that remain. A basic weakness of “The

Web” is this discrepancy between the stage-directions (O’Neill’s intention) and the action (his achievement); his vision exceeds his power of dramatization.12

O’Neill’s directions are often difficult to carry out, and sometimes they seem to be aimed at the reader rather than the actor or director. The Hairy Ape, for example, ends with the remark, “And, perhaps, the Hairy Ape at last belongs.” In The Iceman Cometh it would be hard to follow the description of Hugo Kalmar who “has a head much too big for his body,” or of Larry Slade who has “a mystic’s meditative pale-blue eyes with a gleam of sharp sardonic humor in them,” or of Piet Wietboer in whom “despite his blubbery mouth and sodden bloodshot blue eyes, there is still a suggestion of old authority lurking in him like a memory of the drowned.”13 A Moon for the Misbegotten (1943) calls for a woman five feet eleven inches tall, weighing 180 pounds. “Hughie” (1941) depends for its full effect on the silent meditations of the Night Clerk. As playwright O’Neill lacked the freedom of detailed description available to the writer of fiction; these directions, like those at the end of “The Web,” reveal a creative urge that pushed against the inherent restrictions of the drama. In this early period he published one short story, “Tomorrow,” and wrote at least one other, an unpublished version of The Hairy Ape, 1917. And years later he gave that curious title, “Plot for a Novel,” to the first three acts of Days Without End (1931-34).

Finally, O’Neill sometimes adds or deletes passages to improve various aspects of his play.

... I don’t want you to get in no mix-ups on account of me. I ain’t worth it. All the same I’m mighty glad yuh came in when yuh did.

... I don’t want you to git in no mixups on account of me. I ain’t worth it. Tim (Quickly) Nix on that stuff about your not bein’ worth it!

Rose (Smiling) Thanks. And

12 This gap between purpose and fulfillment may explain the melodramatic characteristics of “The Web,” using that term as Francis Fergusson has used it: “I take it that the essence of melodrama is to accept emotions uncritically, which, in the writing, amounts to assuming or suggesting emotions that are never realized in the language or action. Melodrama in this sense is a constant quality in Mr. O’Neill’s work,” “Eugene O’Neill,” Hound & Horn, III (Jan.-March, 1936), 147.

I'm mighty glad yuh came in when yuh did. (p. 43)

The additions may sound out of character, but O'Neill was hard pressed to make credible the sudden romance between Rose and Tim.

This'll be enough to get yuh and the kid out of town.

This'll be enough to git you and the kid out of town away from that dirty coward. (Steve's face is convulsed with fury) (p. 49)

This addition is intended to increase dramatic tension. The audience can see Steve peering in the window from the fire-escape.

He tells the lady—and he fires me right off the reel.

He tells the lady—his duty he said it was—and she fires me right off the reel. (p. 44)

Rose is explaining, with obvious irony, how she lost a job; someone reported that she had been a prostitute. O'Neill first revised the phrase to read "his Christian duty," and then struck out the word "Christian," a surprising reticence in view of the irreligious conclusion of the play.

God what a night—and me out walking the streets with this cough (laughing bitterly) What a chance I got! And he'll make me go too (with sudden hatred) damn him! If I only had some coin I'd soon tell him what I think of him, him and his kind. But there ain't a sou in the place. And there's the kid. Shes got to eat no matter what happens. (after a pause, wearily) Guess I better get busy and fix my face up a little. Its about time for him to come.

Gawd! What a night! (Laughing bitterly) What a chance I got! (p. 36)
O'Neill must have realized that most of Rose's opening soliloquy was unnecessary. The audience receives the information from the following dialogue and action, from the set, and from the appearance of the characters. O'Neill did well to eliminate such obvious exposition and such an old-fashioned soliloquy. In fact, he tries throughout the play to integrate expository material with the present action, in the interests of realism and dramatic unity.

A desire for greater realism also prompted O'Neill to make many of the revisions of spelling, diction, and idiom mentioned above. These changes create a more consistent and probable idiomatic language, a language that deserves further consideration. Especially in the early years O'Neill wanted to write plays which would faithfully reflect "real life." Dialect was one of his tools. He also turned to dialect as part of his strategy of crossing national and class boundaries in order to dramatize what seemed to him man's eternal problems. Hence, he parades standard English, cockney English, German, Swedish, Scottish, Irish, Norwegian, and lower-class American dialects in the opening dialogue of "The Moon of the Caribees." The basis of the idiomatic speech of "The Web" is lower-class New York City dialect. Two questions arise. Did O'Neill use this dialect elsewhere? Had it been used in the drama or other literature before, or was "The Web" an innovation? (Related to this is the question of spelling: did O'Neill transcribe what his ear took in, or did he follow a conventional notation?)

Despite the ultimate New York origin of the dialect, O'Neill sometimes uses it as a general sign of lower-class American speech. (Other vulgar or regional dialects also appear, of course: New England in Desire Under the Elms [1924], uneducated New York Negro in "The Dreamy Kid" [1918].) In the early play, "Abortion," set at a university which is probably Princeton, a resident of the town uses certain words which are familiar to us from "The Web": "yuh" (you), "c'n" (can), "goils" (girls), "git" (get), "outa" (out of). Some of these forms appear in Yank's speech in "The Moon of the Caribees" and "Bound East for Cardiff," but the dialect is not as completely rendered as in "The Web." More thorough-going is Yank's speech in The Hairy Ape which is close to Steve's in "The Web": "de" (the), "dat" (that), "dey" (they), "dem" (them), "wit" (with), "bot" (both), "gimme" (give me), "foist" (first), "trou" (through). The same spellings are also found in the dialogue of Rocky, Chuck, Margie, Cora, and Pearl.
in *The Iceman Cometh*, and in the speech of both Negroes and whites in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (1923), both plays having a New York setting.

O'Neill was well acquainted with the less reputable side of New York life, and certainly he did not lack opportunity to learn the dialect of "The Web." According to the Gelbs, he liked and used the slang of the early 1900's, and "in addition to the colloquialisms of a bygone era he had a fluent command of the unchanging language of the underworld and the demimonde, which, from his lips, sounded as incongruous as the obsolete slang."

Despite this personal interest and knowledge, it is highly probable that O'Neill drew upon previous writers as well. Stephen Crane tried to put this New York dialect to serious use in *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets* (1893) which has such spellings as "dey," "dese," "wid," "yer," "fader," "mudder," "mout'" (mouth), "trowin'" (throwing), "goil." O'Neill probably saw Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way*, produced in New York in 1909, in which Elsie St. Clair says that she came from a "little burg." "Then I made up my mind to get even and get all I could out of the game." And, "I am out to gather in as much coin as I can in my own way. . . ."

(Of course, this is far less rigorous than the language of "The Web." ) O'Neill had other predecessors in the use of New York dialect. The Princeton University Library owns a large collection of play typescripts which once belonged to Charles E. Blaney and Cecil Spooner of The Blaney Play Company of New York. Blaney was a playwright, theater manager, and play agent, active in the early years of the century, who rented plays to various theaters. In some of the typescripts the language of "The Web" appears. In *The Girl for Me* (also called *The Million Dollar Girl*) by Blaney and Spooner, a New York bellboy says, "Dere's been a big mistake about dis dame. It seems she's de goods, all right— as advertised.

Or, in Blaney's *My Tom Boy Girl* (1904), a shoeshine boy exclaims, "Big money? Why I'd murder me own mudder for dat. What yer wants me to do?" Other examples, which the reader may be spared, are found in *Old Isaacs from the Bowery* (1906) and *A Hot Member or Oh, Why Did I Marry?* (1898), both by Blaney.

Finally, I should mention Edward W. Townsend's stories and play about Chimmie Fadden. The stories, humorous sketches of

a New York boy of the streets and his adventures in polite society, first appeared in the New York *Sun* and were later collected in two volumes, *Chimmie Fadden: Major Max and Other Stories* (N.Y., 1895) and *Chimmie Fadden Explains, Major Max Expounds* (N.Y., 1895). The play, *Chimmie Fadden* (1896), is found in typescript in the Harvard University Theatre Collection. The dialect is even more extreme than that of "The Web," but the forms are essentially the same. The humor depends to a considerable extent on Chimmie's pronunciation and diction and the contrast with the refined speech of his social betters. There is no evidence that O'Neill saw or read anything by Blaney or Townsend, although we know that he had seen his share of sub-literary drama. It is certain, however, that the language of "The Web" was not an innovation in the theater except, perhaps, in that all characters in the play were made to speak it. The fact that the spellings of Crane's novel, of the Blaney plays, the Townsend play and stories, and "The Web" are very much alike leads me to believe that O'Neill was simply relying on well-known spelling conventions to help the reader and the actor. (These spellings are familiar today; and most readers would probably identify them as New York speech or "gangster talk.") There is a significant difference in attitude, however, between O'Neill and his predecessors in the theater. For them, the dialect is a phenomenon in itself, a source of humor or astonishment. For O'Neill, as for Crane, it is an integral part of an attempted true picture of a way of life.

Crude as it undoubtedly is, "The Web" is the work of a playwright who had serious things to say and was struggling to learn how to say them. Themes, characters, and elements of stagecraft which later marked O'Neill's great power and skill had their humble beginnings here: class hostility, alienation, the illusory "tomorrow," the down and out, an awareness of the potential of the physical theater and of dramatic imagery. Nearly all aspects of the play benefited from O'Neill's many careful revisions. His characters' New York dialect, while not a new departure in the theater, was used with a new seriousness of purpose. Joseph Wood Krutch wrote in 1947 that "O'Neill's characters are divided into

14 Gelb, pp. 87-98.
two classes: those who feel that they do and those who feel that they do not 'belong'; and as he himself finally got around to saying, the only problems which interest him are those which arise, not out of man's relation to man, but out of man's relation to God." 17

Krutch was not speaking of "The Web," but it is apparent that in a fumbling fashion O'Neill was groping his way toward this kind of problem in the play that he loved, but did not like.


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**A Toast to a Happy Alliance**

BY JULIAN P. BOYD

The following address was delivered by Professor Boyd, May 22, 1965, at a luncheon in the Faculty Room of the Princeton University Library, given by the President and Trustees of the University in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Scheide. This occasion marked the opening of the room (adjoining the Manuscripts Room of Firestone Library), built with funds provided by Mr. Scheide to house his collection of rare books and manuscripts in order to make them available to scholars under the same conditions as the University's collections.—THE EDITORS.

**President** and Mrs. Goheen, Mr. and Mrs. Scheide and members of the Scheide family, ladies and gentlemen:

This is an historic as well as a happy occasion, a time for recalling as well as a time for felicitation. For today we are celebrating a library now in the third generation of its growth, and we gather to salute an alliance of generous purpose and mutual understanding that I think is quite unprecedented even in the philanthropic world of bibliophiles and scholars. It is appropriate that we think for a few moments about the significance of an event in which we are privileged observers and from which will flow so many unforeseeable benefits to humanistic learning. Whether we look upon this alliance as librarians, as collectors, as trustees, as scholars, as members of a family carrying on a proud tradition, or as booksellers—those indispensable intermediaries in the cause of learning—our sentiments of gratitude and acclaim on this occasion cause us to speak with one voice. I only wish that my words could be adequate to express what I know we all feel.

It is now almost a century since this gathering of some of the seminal books of our civilization received its initial impulse in the hills of western Pennsylvania. In a nation as fluid as ours, this is a fairly long time for a tradition to remain intact, to say nothing of increasing in vitality and in enlargement of purpose. There are, of course, private family libraries in the United States that are older. There is the library of our most distinguished family beside the old Adams manse in Quincy—that "series of improvised boxes of cluttered comfort," as one sensitive admirer described it. There
is also a walnut-panelled library on Albemarle sound in North Carolina where governors, senators, and jurists have studied law since the middle of the eighteenth century, some of them graduates of Princeton. There is another such library on a high bluff overlooking the Kennebec river that is almost as old. There are still others on Long Island, in Pennsylvania, in Missouri, and elsewhere. But all of these, so far as I know, are family legacies of books, miscellaneous accretions built up over the generations and rightly cherished in pride and sentiment, yet lacking that special quality which distinguishes the notable collection we salute today as the Scheide Library. For the uniqueness of this collection as a continuing family tradition is that it is not a miscellaneous legacy of books handed down from one generation to another, but a library.

The distinction between the two is as clear as the difference between a passive and a positive act. The family inheritance of books in the walnut-panelled room on Albemarle sound is today a cherished but fixed museum piece. The Scheide Library is a living and growing entity. The latter recognizes the governing principle of a library to be that it must serve a purpose. That purpose may take on different meanings in different generations but it is the determining factor which gives life and reality. It must be perceived and it must be sought. This implies that there must be vision and that there must be an assumption of responsibility. Before this audience I do not need to labor the point that the latter can be infinitely more taxing than the former. A vision may come as a blinding flash, but its pursuit might require a lifetime of effort.

Thomas Jefferson, in turning over his unrivalled library to the national government to rebuild the Library of Congress after its destruction in 1814, described the patience, perseverance, and knowledge required of every builder of a collection of books who has a purpose in mind:

You know my collection, its condition and extent [he wrote to his old friend, the Editor of the National Intelligencer]. I have been 50 years making it, and have spared no pains, opportunity or expense to make it what it is. While residing in Paris I devoted every afternoon I was disengaged, for a summer or two, in examining all the principal bookstores, turning every book with my own hands, and putting by every thing which related to America, and indeed whatever was rare and valuable in every science. Besides this, I had standing orders, during the whole time I was in Europe, in its principal book-marts, particularly Amsterdam, Frankfort, Madrid, and London, for such works relating to America as could not be found in Paris. So that... such a collection was made as probably can never again be effected; because it is hardly probable that the same opportunities, the same time, industry, perseverance, and expense, with some knowledge of the bibliography of the subject, would again happen to be in concurrence.

Jefferson's knowledge of the bibliography of the subject was far more exact and discriminating than his modest phrase suggests. Unlike Adams, Franklin, Dickinson and others of the day, he respected his books too much to scribble marginalia in them, but when he entered a single note in his fifteen-volume edition of Livy it was only to indicate that one of the editors himself had erred about the point at which his own translation had begun.

Jefferson was indeed exact in knowledge about his books, his range was impressive, and his labors prodigious. But compared with the responsibilities required of the purposeful builder of a library today his task was remarkably easy. The factors that need to be in concurrence have all been magnified many times since his day. The science of bibliography has matured, competition has multiplied, opportunities have diminished, standards have been raised, knowledge has both increased and become more sophisticated, and of course prices have become astronomical by comparison. But if in the face of these changes it commands our respect to witness a single collector pursuing his purpose with patience and understanding through a whole lifetime of effort against steadily increasing odds, surely we must offer our most respectful salutations when we see men in three generations take up the responsibility and continue the steadfast pursuit of a goal fixed almost a century ago. In William Taylor Scheide, John Hinsdale Scheide, and William H. Scheide—father, son, and grandson—we see the different ways in which three generations have faced a continuing family purpose and have met its increasingly heavy responsibilities.

The founder of the Scheide Library is not so well known to us as some of those titans of industry with whom he was associated in the period of enormous industrial expansion following the
Civil War. But this unquestionably is due to the fact that at the age of forty-two he firmly and unequivocally turned his back on the almost certain prospect of really immense wealth and for the remaining eighteen years of his life devoted himself to study and to the library that had long been the center of his interests. His mind was acute, powerful, and wide-ranging, and this, added to his extraordinary capacity for organizing, dealing with, and learning from men of many different kinds, would have made him one of the first industrialists of his day had that been his ambition. William Taylor Scheide, the son of a Philadelphia cabinet-maker and possessed of a very limited schooling, became a clerk in a firm of shippers and producers of oil at the age of twenty-one. By the time he was thirty-three he was general manager of the first complex of pipe lines for transporting oil across the Alleghenies to tidewater. His office was no place for a weakling or a dreamer, for this was at the center of the most ruthless era of American business enterprise and the pipe lines stood between producers and refiners, bearing the brunt of attacks from both teamsters and railroads. Scheide not only survived, but became a responsible and respected leader in an established empire of oil. But he had an abhorrence of too much wealth and he had achieved enough of material success. What he wished most of all to do was to steep himself in the best thought and aspirations of our humanistic tradition.

The astonishing thing about Scheide's achievement is that he did not take up one pursuit after leaving off the other, but carried on both simultaneously and with equal success. There is no doubt as to where his deepest interests and affections were centered. Without access to a public library or a research collection of importance and, so far as we know, without the counsel of an understanding bookseller to guide his choices, young Scheide had such a passion for learning that by the age of twenty-six he had built up a library of over fifteen hundred volumes covering history, biography, literature, criticism, law, politics, art, and various branches of science. There were classical writings of antiquity and there were files of modern newspapers, including a complete run of the New York Tribune from 1841 to 1894. There was a remarkable assemblage of American and British quarterly reviews and monthly journals of opinion. There were writings of Bacon, Franklin, Darwin, and Huxley. There were reference works and documentary publications such as the American State Papers and the Annals of Congress. This, in brief, was a library for study and exploration by a young man of inquiring mind whose need to gain a livelihood had prevented him from advancing through the stages of higher education and disciplined study that would have meant so much to him. But through this ample doorway William Taylor Scheide entered the world of science and the humanities.

The process of self-education begun in youth was a continuous one. When he retired at the ripe age of forty-two—just the age at which Benjamin Franklin gave up business for science and public duties—Scheide toured the museums and libraries of Europe and became deeply interested in medieval history. In this he may have been influenced by Henry C. Lea's History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages that had just appeared. For instead of collecting the illuminated manuscripts and classical texts prized by others, he sought contracts, papal bulls, invoices, indentures, rent rolls, indulgences, court decisions, charters, deeds of sale, inventories, wills and other documents showing how the people lived and how institutions functioned. The collection ultimately numbered eight thousand documents and years ago was given to Princeton by his son. Such a collection for an inquiring scholar required a knowledge of Greek and Latin and Scheide set about the task of acquiring these languages with the thoroughness that seems to be such a conspicuous family trait. We do not know how far he proceeded in these studies, but he apparently made some progress in paleography and he certainly became well-grounded in ecclesiastical history and canon law. When William Taylor Scheide died in 1907 he had provided well for his family, had on principle rejected the promise of great wealth, and had laid the foundations for a truly distinguished family library. The influence of the example set by this gifted, "affable, just, and considerate" man—as he was described by those who knew him well—is still present, still a vital force in the continuing life of the library.

John Hinsdale Scheide of the Class of 1866, who was my friend and who taught me much, knew in his father one of the most influential teachers he ever had, although the Princeton faculty included such men as Bliss Perry, Andrew F. West, George McLane Harper, and Woodrow Wilson. But it was one galvanizing remark by some unidentified professor that determined the course of the Scheide Library in its second generation. Whoever it was who said that the two pivotal events of modern history were those emanating from the fifteenth century—the invention of printing
from movable types identified with the name of Gutenberg and the discovery of America by Columbus—had an effect on the young student that was electric and endured. John H. Scheide shared with his father a deep interest in science and technology, and important landmarks in these areas continued to be added to the library. But during a life of philanthropic activities in education, health, and religion, he kept steadily before him the goal of collecting the great books and manuscripts that revealed the spread of our western heritage through the instrumentality of the printing press and that illuminated the development here of a new kind of society based on ancient hopes derived from many lands.

Although his father had turned to medieval documents and to the acquisition of some incunabula during the later years of his collecting, it was John H. Scheide who set new standards for the library in these and other areas. When he acquired one of the finest known copies of Johannes Balbus' *Catholicon*, printed at Mainz in 1490 as its colophon declared “without help of reed, stylus, or pen, but with the miraculous concurrence of punches and types cast in moulds,” Scheide chose it in preference to a somewhat sophisticated copy and in returning the latter to the bookseller who had offered it, made this statement:

> It has been for some time one of the guiding principles I have had before me in the formation of my library that condition would count greatly and it has been my desire and ambition to secure books in as fine a condition as possible.

The measure of his success in adhering to this principle is reflected in the superlative examples of the spread of printing in the course of its first half-century that are to be found in the Scheide Library. Nor is it surprising that one of his devout nature should have focused so much of his attention, as did the early printers themselves, upon the Bible. Throughout his career of book-collecting one of John H. Scheide’s principal aims was to assemble copies of the earliest biblical texts issuing from the presses of Germany, Italy, France, England, the United States, and other lands displaying the spread of the influence of the scriptures through the medium of print. The cornerstone of this notable accumulation of sacred writings is, of course, the splendid copy of the first and greatest of printed books, the so-called Gutenberg Bible printed at Mainz between 1450 and 1456.

As the library continued to grow in importance during the 1920’s and 1930’s, an old and familiar problem that confronts all serious collectors sooner or later made itself manifest. The founder of the Scheide Library had made his books accessible to the community, but this was in the early days of its existence when neighbors came to it for reference or, as William Taylor Scheide himself did, for the sheer love of reading. But now that unique manuscripts and landmark books in “as fine a condition as possible” were being added to the collection at Titusville in sacred writings, in English literature, in science, and in American history, not casual users but serious scholars began to present themselves—sometimes at inconvenient moments, without previous announcement, and therefore taxing the hospitality of this quiet and gentle man. But these increasing numbers of inquiring scholars were a natural consequence, an emphatic tribute to the growing size and quality of the library. When the Blickling Homilies—an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the highest paleographic, linguistic, and literary interest, written almost a thousand years ago—was acquired as one of the greatest ornaments of the library, English scholars were understandably desirous of studying it. This volume preserved unique texts and no other manuscript in Anglo-Saxon was known to be in private possession. Thus the old familiar problem was presented in its most classic form.

John H. Scheide faced this problem with words that reflect the highest honor upon his philanthropic nature and upon his fidelity to the purpose he had in view. “I am always glad,” he wrote in answer to one English scholar, “to make anything in my collection available to any properly accredited student and I can arrange to place the homilies in your hands when you come to the United States,” either at Titusville or at New York. The generosity of spirit exhibited in these words showed how clearly Scheide recognized that possession of some of the great literary treasures of western civilization involved a high trust. Trusteeship in such matters implied both generosity of attitude and responsible guardianship. The words that he used on this occasion were therefore chosen with characteristic prudence as well as generosity: *anything* in the library was accessible to any *properly accredited scholar*. The nature of the trust required that every safeguard be taken to insure that books handed down from previous centuries and acquired in the finest condition possible should remain so. The manner in which the builder of the library in its second
period of growth met this dual responsibility earns for John Hinsdale Scheide an enduring place in the company of great book collectors. His was a creative endeavor in the enlargement he gave to the purpose of the Scheide Library and in the great books that he assembled. But mere acquisition and possession even on this scale are not the true standard by which greatness is measured in such matters. The ultimate test is the spirit in which the goal of creative collecting is sought.

By this exacting standard the spirit of the Scheide Library from one generation to the next has shone steadily and brightly from its beginning nearly a century ago to the present time. That spirit is one of creative building, of responsible guardianship, and of magnanimous concern for the interests of scholarship. It reaches its most resplendent form in the transaction between a family and a university that we salute today. Here two forms of a shared trusteeship merge in a common purpose and a common responsibility. This is indeed a new kind of Family Compact, one that is truly designed for our kind of society. For, as Thomas Jefferson perceived so clearly, the republic of letters is the most democratic of republics. Its boundaries are those of the republic of learning, of which the capitol is a university. There no authoritarian edicts can interdict the spirit of inquiry. There the continual appraisal and re-appraisal of old and new sources, the uninterrupted challenge of accepted views and the informed response, go on day in and day out as a matter of course, with each having equal access to the inherited store of knowledge and with each standing accountable for his findings, being answerable only to his peers.

It is in this free atmosphere of the inquiring intellect that the Scheide Library now finds its home. By the terms of this unprecedented Family Compact William H. Scheide, the builder of the library in the third generation of its growth, has provided everything that science and ingenuity can devise to insure that this library on which so much patient care and thoughtful effort have been lavished will be transmitted unimpaired to succeeding generations. He has continued the tradition set long ago in his family decade of printing at Mainz between 1450 and 1460. He has acquired Michael Servetus' De Trinitatis Erroribus, the work of a noble spirit who died at the stake for writing what he believed to be true. There has also been added to the group of writings in American history a copy of the first official printing of the Constitu-

tion as proposed by the Federal Convention on September 17, 1787—one of the greatest of modern documents and possibly one of the copies that the Marquis de Lafayette, Thomas Paine, and Thomas Jefferson used in Paris in the next few months in what they called their little ratifying conventions. But these continuing acknowledgments of the inherited responsibilities for important incunabula, religious works, and documents of American history have not limited Scheide's vision. Each of his predecessors gave the impress of his own individuality to the library, and he has continued this tradition also. His great interest and passion, like Jefferson's, is music and in this branch of the arts he has been a sort of minister plenipotentiary to the twentieth century for Johann Sebastian Bach. Scheide was the founder and for eighteen years has been the Director of the Bach Aria Group, by which means he has promoted in this and other countries many performances of the lesser known of Bach's works. Thus under his guidance the Scheide Library has also received an enlargement of purpose reflecting his own personal interests. He has added to its rich treasures a Bach letter and cantata score, a Beethoven sketch-book, and other musical scores of Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart.

In all of this, as I am sure he would be the first to acknowledge, he has been aided and encouraged by one person who has watched over the library with loving care and expert knowledge during most of its growth in the second and third generations. Here I speak with considerable authority, for the name of Mina Ruze Bryan appears as Associate Editor on the first thirteen volumes of The Papers of Thomas Jefferson. I therefore know from years of experience her scholarly integrity, her passion for accuracy, her amazing memory for details, and her fidelity to any trust that engages her loyalty. She is indeed a sort of embodiment of the spirit of the Scheide Library and any tribute that we pay to those who shape its purpose and who build upon it must include her. It is no accident that she moved so easily from such a library to the tasks of scholarly editing and then back again.

For the responsibilities of custodianship of such books and manuscripts as have been brought together in the Scheide Library and the responsibilities of editing are overlapping if not at times identical. Both tasks are concerned with organizing, exploring, and presenting for use the ultimate sources beyond which the inquiring scholar cannot go. These are the standards of purity
and accuracy by which later encrustations of error, whether in sacred literature or in musical scores or in American history, can be detected and eliminated. If, said Dr. Fredson Bowers, the editor "is to produce texts which in every detail will stand up under the increasingly exact and rigorous standards which are now being applied to this form of scholarship, he must learn his bibliography with a thoroughness not previously thought necessary. Only by this wider extension of scholarship can texts be achieved which will not need to be done all over again by the next generation."  

The close relationship of the two responsibilities is best exemplified in the one person who stands pre-eminent among us today both as a scholar-collector and as a scholar-editor, Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis. For a generation now his authoritative volumes of The Correspondence of Horace Walpole have been issuing forth from the great center at Farmington for the study of eighteenth-century English letters and manners. All this while Wilmarth Lewis has been thrusting his bonyforefinger at collectors, librarians, trustees, and scholars and looking each straight in the eye as he says with indisputable authority: "collections, scholars, publications—these are the three essential elements of the learned process, and the second two are dependent upon the first. To make a collection that stores up something of importance to society and then place it at society's disposal is to store up civilization for posterity's use."

This, in essence, is the meaning of the Scheide Library as it finds its present home here in a community of scholars. The alliance is indeed a happy one. It bears common responsibilities in an air of mutual trust. It brings in its unprecedented union of purposes new opportunities and multiplied advantages that neither the community of scholars nor the upholders of an honored family tradition could have achieved in its absence. Both are the gainers through the new responsibilities of trusteeship that each assumes.

But the special element in this happy alliance that I would salute with profound respect is that magnanimous spirit toward learning that has always been displayed by the builders of this family library. For these great books and manuscripts belonging to the best of our inherited civilization are now to be accessible to qualified scholars on precisely the same terms as those belonging to the University itself. In my view a collector could place no higher trust in the community of scholars than this. This is an act of generosity toward learning that I for one salute with profound respect and gratitude. In this I am certain that I speak the sentiments of us all, as I do also when I propose a long life—continuing through the fourth, fifth, and succeeding generations—and a fruitful union to this most felicitous alliance that stands, as far as I know, without a single precedent anywhere in the republic of letters.

Glimpses of Rodin

BY HOWARD C. RICE, JR.

Material about the French sculptor Auguste Rodin (1840-1917), including several letters, notes and sketches in his autograph, has recently been added to the Library's collection of modern manuscripts. This small but attractive group of mementoes, which had been preserved by René Chéruy, onetime secretary of Rodin, who subsequently resided in the United States as a teacher of French at the Loomis School in Windsor, Connecticut, has been presented to the Princeton University Library in Mr. Chéruy's memory by a group of his former students, including Jewett T. Flagg, James Parton and William H. Scheide. Several pencil and watercolor drawings by Rodin, as well as examples of his dry points ("Victor Hugo," "Antonin Proust," "La Ronde"), which also belonged to Mr. Chéruy, have been added to the initial gift by Thomas S. Brush.

The souvenirs now at Princeton evoke mainly the years 1902-1908, when Chéruy, then in his twenties, was performing numerous secretarial chores for "the Master," who was in his sixties and at the peak of his contemporary fame. Young Chéruy, who was pursuing his studies in German literature at the Sorbonne (where he obtained his licence in 1907), joined the ranks of Rodin's helpers in December 1902 and continued his work for more than six years—something of a record in a "household" that was notoriously prodigal of secretaries. Rodin's principal town studio was at the time located in the government-owned "Dépôt des Marbres" at 182, rue de l'Université, at the western end of the street, near the Pont de l'Alma and the Tour Eiffel. Only a few miles away, on the heights of suburban Meudon, was his usual residence, the Villa des Brillants, with a cluster of other ateliers overlooking the Seine. This estate, where the sculptor's grave may be seen today, is now maintained as an annex to the Musée Rodin (the Hôtel Biron) in Paris. One of the scraps of paper in the Princeton collection is a declaration (November 16, 1907) informing the municipal authorities of Meudon that a new building is being erected on that part of Rodin's property adjoining the Sentier des Pucelles.
Several of the notes in Rodin's hand are hastily scribbled instructions sent to his secretary when he was absent from Paris. From London, for example, in January 1904: "Monsieur Chéruy, Pay Husson. I'm coming back Friday, will arrive without disturbing you. Had a good crossing. How is my wife?" From Menton on the Riviera, March 1907: "My dear Chéruy, Here is a check for 1,500 francs, send me five hundred. Your list was good. But you're careless for I ought to receive one more often. Go out to Meudon every day . . . ." Also from Menton, the same month: "Chéruy, tell Zuloaga to send first his two bronzes, the little ones, and then add the plaster busts of Madame Elisieff, of Bernard Shaw, of Wolden [Lord Howard de Walden], if there is one. When I come back I'll look some more. Let Mr. Bri[—?] visit the studio. . . ." From Fougeres in Brittany, July 1907: "Forward the enclosed letter at once, give me some details on Masson, and send Gladel's book immediately." Or again, a signed calling card instructing the caretaker at the Dépôt to "let Mr. Chéruy take the bronze head, the Tempest."

Although a mere secretary often found himself banished from the company of Rodin's more distinguished guests, he nevertheless had an opportunity to observe many of them. Years later Mr. Chéruy recalled, for example, the time when George Bernard Shaw stayed at Meudon to pose for his bust. The sculptor was impressed by the peculiar features of the great writer's face—the hair parted in two standing locks, the forked beard, the sneering mouth, the inquisitive nose. "Suddenly," as Chéruy remembered it, "Rodin interrupted his work and said, 'Do you know, you look like—like the devil!' And Bernard Shaw, with a smile, replied, 'But I am the devil!'"

Another English visitor was Arthur Symons, who wrote several perceptive appreciations of Rodin's work. Among the Arthur Symons papers in the Princeton Library are successive revisions of his Rodin essay, and also an original letter addressed to Symons by Rodin, January 2, 1905, thanking him for his contribution to the fund then being raised for the purchase and presentation to the French government of a bronze casting of "The Thinker." When this letter was shown to Mr. Chéruy several years ago, it reminded him of a comical situation in which he had once found himself. It was about the year 1904, he recalled, when Arthur Symons and his wife came to lunch at Meudon. They had been duly instructed to take the train to the Meudon Val-Fleury station and he had been delegated to meet them. But, said Rodin, conjuring up tremendous difficulties, how could young Chéruy possibly recognize the visitors among all the other people who would inevitably be getting off the train? "My reassurances were all in vain, and he ordered me to take with me and to hold in my hand, as a sign of recognition, a little plaster statue! It was one of the two little figures supporting the arms of his Sappho group. When Jupiter commands, one can only obey. So I dutifully wrapped the figurine in tissue paper and set forth, bundle in hand. Needless to say, at the station only two people got off the train: Arthur Symons and his wife. The wide soft-brimmed panama hat, with its unmistakably English stylishness, was alone sufficient identification, and I had no need to brandish my little statute." In relating the story of his discomfiture, Mr. Chéruy added: "Imperious characters who always judge others as imbeciles are very tiresome, as I have learned from long experience."

Rodin's lifelong companion, Rose Beuret, figures in another of Mr. Chéruy's anecdotes. "One day in 1906," as he related it, "Rodin was working in his immense studio at Meudon on a huge plaster group of 'Ugolino,' which he had enlarged as a separate group from the 'Porte de l'Enfer.' I was helping him mix some plaster. He was composing a base of ground, rocks and various masses—but he needed some material as an armature—a support for the soft plaster. Suddenly, without a word, he left me standing with a large bowl of liquid plaster in my arms and disappeared. A few moments later he came back, dragging a long piece of white cloth. In no time this was plunged into a pail of plaster, stretched, twisted, crumpled, massed, and trowelfuls of plaster spread over it. As we were absorbed in our task an anxious voice was heard at the far end of the studio: 'Auguste, Auguste, where are you?' Madame Rodin, in tears, was standing in front of us. 'Auguste, ma nappé?'—Then I understood. In Rodin's dining room in the little house near by was a large table set for twelve people. In his haste he had seized the beautiful damask cloth—and 'Ugolino,' not content with devouring his children, had absorbed Madame Rodin's tablecloth as well."

Another of the secretary's tasks was to keep track of the various articles and books being written in increasing number about Rodin's work. A letter written to Chéruy, July 27, 1904, by the art critic and symbolist poet Camille Mauchlar (whose literary

1 Quotations have been translated from the originals in French.
career, Chéruy once said, was somewhat analogous to that of Arthur Symons) recapitulates Macaulay's writings on Rodin, with special mention of his forthcoming book: *Auguste Rodin, The Man, His Ideas, His Work*, translated by Clementina Black (London, Duckworth and Co., 1905). "Tell Monsieur Rodin that I am very pleased with my book about him, a) that I have shown him nothing of it, because I am to do in August for the *Revue de Paris* a study of his technique which will condense the essence of my English volume. I will show him the proofs of this study."

A note from Roger Marx (March 5, 1907) explains that the reprint in book form of his study of Rodin as a ceramist has not yet been published, but that he is sending copies of the periodical *Art et Décoration* in which the study originally appeared. (Rodin in his earlier days, ca. 1880, had done designs for the Sèvres porcelain factory.) Judith Cladel, writing to Chéruy from Brussels, July 3, 1907, asks for the Rodin dry points which she is to reproduce in her book, as well as for a Rodin article which had appeared in *The North American Review* (February 1905 issue: "The Gothic in the Cathedrals and Churches of France"—"dictated by M. Rodin to a stenographic reporter, and translated from the French by Frederick Lawton, M.A."). "Monsieur Rodin's chief librarian," she adds, "may be sure that these documents are being carefully handled and will be returned. Has Monsieur Rodin come back from England?" The request concerned the second of Miss Cladel's several books on Rodin (the first, *Auguste Rodin, de la vie, had appeared in 1903*): her *Auguste Rodin, l'oeuvre et l'homme*. It was published in 1908 by G. Van Oest of Brussels, and included at pages 157-160 a check list of Rodin's works under the heading "Catalogue des principales œuvres de Rodin par ordre de date d'exposition dressé par M. René Chéruy."

The draft of a note from Rodin to the English writer Aleister Crowley (February 25, 1908) informs him that Crowley's two sonnets inspired by Rodin have been transmitted to Marcel Schwob for translation: "I hope that he will fully render your thought." Schwob's translations appeared in the special Rodin number of *Les Maîtres Artistes*, October 15, 1908.

From notes like the one just cited it appears that Rodin was in the habit of dashing off rough drafts, from which his various secretaries then made fair copies to send to the correspondents. Perhaps the most interesting of the *broutilles* now in the Princeton Library is a brief autobiographical sketch (dated June 3, 1906) prepared by Rodin in response to a request from the Academy of Berlin which was honoring him with membership. Reviewing his early days and struggles, Rodin recalls the Petite École de Dessin in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, where (under the tutelage of Lecoq de Boisbaudran) he experienced the wonder of "realizing that you can draw from a distance without copying a drawing" and "of knowing that there are young men who make antique figures out of clay"; his work with M. Bies, an ornementiste ("I did not know then, as I do now, that ornament is as noble as the human figure, and as animals, too"); then his years in Brussels where he worked as an assistant to Van Rosbourgh. "This stay in Brussels was for me the culminating point of my life, where I first really understood the grandeur of nature. This came to me from the Walloon landscapes, especially those of Flanders. A country that I loved as my open air studio so to speak. My associate having no more work for me, I returned to Paris, but with a figure of the Age of Bronze which I did during the year we had no other work. Exhibition of this figure in Brussels at the Cercle Artistique, a complete lack of success, which preceded that in Paris where I exhibited it in the Salon of 1877. It's only a cast from life, they said. At that time, however, there began a timid movement of appreciation from unknown friends. . . . Justice has never been done to me and all my efforts, like my works, have been misunderstood. I have had to reach these latter years to have justice come to me from foreign countries. Nevertheless I have had in Paris the seed of this justice which is favorable to me at times, but which is always withdrawn. Such is my life, which is monotonous. As for actions, they resolve themselves into patient studies, which I still do now, if I may so speak, with even more love than when I was young."

In spite of the wide recognition he had achieved by this time, it is evident from the above that Rodin somewhat paradoxically thought of himself as a misunderstood genius, more of a prophet in other countries than in his own. He still bore the scars of his battles with the guardians of academic art. His "Balzac," for instance, had not yet received official consecration. Anatole France's remarks about the controversial work prompted a note of fervent gratitude (February 18, 1907): "Yesterday at the Autour du Monde Club, you were kind enough to tell me your ideas on the Balzac, you showed it to me in a new way, and your criticism has made it greater in my mind, which means that you have
created something there, which can serve me as a weapon if in some more happy time it should reappear before the public. . . ."

Upon another occasion, a friend wrote to congratulate Rodin on the fact that his name had not appeared among the sculptors proposed as candidates for the Academy of Fine Arts, and added, "You are Rodin, remain Rodin, sans habit brodée." With evident relish Rodin replied (March 1905): "Thanks, Bracquemont, for your brief word. It's the only one. Had the reverse been the case, I should have had a thousand congratulations."

Other manifestations of "established" art likewise provided Rodin with targets for his criticism. To a correspondent who asked for his opinion of the religious statuettes sold in the shops adjoining the Place Saint Sulpice, the sculptor replied that they "belittle the idea of religion." "Sculpture," he said, "is as always the faithful representation of the soul of the age. Firm sculpture, firm hearts. Soft and foolish sculpture, thus the age. You may say that it is trade. But it is precisely by this that you can judge, and not from the few individual personalities in dissonance with their times. Almost all the ancient religious figurines are very beautiful pieces of sculpture (tanagras or little bronzes) even in the periods of decadence." Further evidence of debased taste, Rodin continued, was found in the clergy's failure to protest against the nature of the repairs being made on the cathedrals: "If the Romans of the Decadence and the Barbarians had repaired the ancient temples, we would not know their beauty today." What was worse, the repairs of Rodin's day were being done with bad materials; indeed, the so-called restorations were "in the hands of a new bande noire of the same mentality as those who repaint Rembrandt and Claude Lorrain and whose coming Mona Lisa dreads. . . ."

Not all of the Master's pronouncements were marked with crustiness. He could also be mellow and gracious. Another of the scraps preserved by his secretary is a reply to a request for a comment on the American woman: "The American woman, admirable for her health and her beauty, has the further advantage of having kept light-colored toilettes and a bit of the form and especially the manners of the Louis XVI style, which is an exquisite mixture of grace which is simple—that is, luxury remains natural."

The fertility of the sculptor's imagination, as well as the multiplying demand for his work, are reflected in some of the other
bits of paper now at Princeton. There is, for example, on a virtually illegible memorandum slip (probably salvaged from the waste basket as a "relic" by the secretary), a faint pencil sketch which Mr. Chéruy has identified as Rodin's "first idea for the monument to Puvis de Chavannes." In this monument to the painter whom Rodin greatly admired, the sculptor, according to Camille Maclair, "considered the purely Greek quality of Puvis's genius and chose to pay homage to him in a form reproduced from the antique. The bust of the great painter [previously executed during his life] is placed on a plain table, as the ancients placed those of their dead upon little domestic altars. A fine tree loaded with fruit bends over and shades the head. Leaning on the table behind the bust is a beautiful nude youth, who stands dreaming. . . . Placed on the ground in a garden this votive monument would show how much delicacy and caressing lightness sometimes lies in Rodin's sombre and pathetic thoughts." Arthur Symons, who saw a plaster model of the memorial against the open door of the studio at Meudon, found that "it seemed already to harmonize with the green branches and the blue sky without." The dreamy figure of the youth was "a peasant at home in Arcadia"; indeed, the whole group evoked for Symons the Bois Sacré of Puvis de Chavanne's own picture—"an earthly paradise of some quite happy human joy." # Although this plaster model of the memorial was to be seen in the studio at Meudon, the monument as a whole was never executed. The "dreamy figure" of the nude youth—which can be dimly discerned in the pencil sketch at Princeton—is known as "The Spirit of Eternal Repose."# 

Also at Princeton are Rodin's rough notes for a letter to former students of the School of Physics and Chemistry who had requested Rodin to do a posthumous bust of Pierre Curie (died 1906) to be presented by them to Madame Curie. The sculptor's perplexities are revealed: "In principle, to make a bust with no other documents than photographs is always a difficult thing for me. Living nature alone can create a strong and beautiful bust, for the sculptor does not invent, he only takes the forces of nature, and only

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La Tour du Travail

Le projet comportait un monument à la gloire du travail, uni à l'art et à la science, pour glorifier le travail et son enjeu. Ce monument devait être à la fois un monument funéraire et un monument en hommage au travail.

Le souvenir est un temps qui s'exprime dans la sculpture. Les colonnes de la Tour du Travail sont décorées de figures de travail, témoignant de l'importance du travail dans la vie quotidienne.

La Tour du Travail est un symbole de l'effort et de la détermination du travailer. Elle est un hommage à ceux qui ont travaillé pour construire la société et l'avenir.

RODIN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS "TOUR DU TRAVAIL,"
OR MONUMENT TO LABOR

Although a plaster model for this monument survives, it was never executed as a whole. The crowning group was completed as "The Benedictions."
his faithfulness in reproducing it allows him to give a strength of expression which he himself does not always absolutely understand. The living play of the features explains to him, by stirring it, the passivity of calm and repose.” Nevertheless, Rodin continued, “I understand indeed the force of his [Curie’s] genius and his modesty, but will it be as you wish? . . . Nothing can replace life which gives everything to the attentive sculptor.”

Rodin’s plan for his “Tour du Travail,” or “Monument to Labor,” described in his own words and handwriting (reproduced here) is of particular interest:

The plan of the monument, in which the artist has combined architecture and sculpture, for the glorification of work, is composed of a substructure forming a crypt and of a tall column, covered with bas-reliefs.

The bas-reliefs covering the friezes of the crypt represent the underground labors of miners and divers. On the platform which tops the crypt rise on either side of the column the statues of Day and of Night, symbols of the Eternity of work. The ascension begins: around the column, a stairway accompanying the succession of bas-reliefs, is entwined,—an endless propeller, like progress (hélice sans fin, comme le progrès). Loggias allow air and light to penetrate amply and permit the sculpture to be seen. The bas-reliefs which unwind around the column represent the workers at their occupations, in costumes of the period, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, reaching [finally] up to the artists, the poets, the philosophers. A sheaf forms the pinnacle of the column, on which are alighting the Benedictions, two winged geniuses who descend from heaven, like a beneficent rain, to bless the work of men.

A plaster model for this “Monument to Labor” has survived, but the work as a whole was never completed. The crowning group was executed as “The Blessings,” or “The Benedictions.”

8 See photograph of the model in Eilen, op.cit., p. 210. Lawton, op.cit., facing p. 118. Photographs of the studio at Meudon, dating from Mr. Chéryn’s days there and in which the model can be distinguished, are reproduced in Mauclair, op.cit., facing p. 106; Lawton, facing p. 292.

9 See photograph in Apollo, Vol. XIV, No. 80 (August, 1931), p. 98 (Illustration for Arthur Symons, “Notes on Auguste Rodin”—where a typographical error (which would have delighted Mr. Chéryn) has transformed “Les Bénédiction” into “Les Bénédiction”! The bronze example of the group at the Musée Rodin is reproduced in Georges Grappe, Le Musée Rodin, Monaco, 1944, p. 105.
Finally, several sketches by other hands recall the period of Mr. Chéryu’s years chez Rodin. An informal sketch of the Master, others of Mr. Chéryu himself, and a friendly caricature of Chéryu in the pose of “The Thinker” (all reproduced here), were drawn by a young Englishman, Anthony M. Ludovici, who also worked as one of Rodin’s secretaries for some six months in 1906, as recalled in his *Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin* (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1926). Mr. Chéryu’s own personal reminiscences of Rodin, although never gathered into book form, remained vivid, as those who knew him in his later years can testify. Chéryu made his first trip to the United States in 1909, working for a time as a private tutor and lecturer in Hartford, Connecticut. He was then appointed a member of the original faculty of The Loomis School, which opened in the autumn of 1914 under the headmastership of N. H. Batchelder, but did not actually begin his long tenure as a teacher of French there until after the ordeal of the First World War. During the War he served as a liaison officer with the British Army; the lighter aspects of this experience lived on for him in the mirror of André Maurois’ *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* and *Les Discours du Docteur O’Grady*. During a period of leave from the Front, in November 1917, Chéryu managed to be present at Rodin’s burial, in the sculptor’s own garden at Meudon, beside the grave of his faithful Rose—now legally Madame Rodin—who had died earlier that same year:

A gray, chilly morning. A very small gathering indeed for such a prominent man—a few artists, models, neighbors, little people. Only a few members of the Cabinet were there and a few “officials.” Rodin had to be thanked. If he had been slow in delivering the “Porte de l’Enfer” he had given the state at his death everything he had—his house, his gardens, his marvelous collection of Greek antiques, and the rights to

*Some of his recollections are woven into two articles published at the time of the inauguration of the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia: René Chéryu, “Rodin’s ‘Gate of Hell’ Comes to America,” in *New York Herald Tribune*, Sunday Magazine supplement, January 30, 1929, pp. 17-19; “Un Musée Rodin à Philadelphie,” in *L’Illustration*, October 26, 1929, pp. 466-467. The Bernard Shaw anecdote, the story of Madame Rodin’s tablecloth, and certain other details mentioned above have been taken from these articles. Information supplied by Mr. Chéryu concerning some of the Rodin items described in the Tate Gallery catalogue, by Ronald Alley, *The Foreign Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture* (London, 1959), is acknowledged therein, pp. 213, 215-216, 219, 222-223, 225-226.*
all his works. And the speakers climbed the steps of the antique portico of marble that overlooks the river... In front of them sat a large figure, a clenched fist against his lips, gazing down at the open grave. It was the great "Thinker" in bronze—huge, silent, eternal.

After his retirement from Loomis, in 1945, at the close of a Second World War, Mr. Chéruy resided in Tucson, Arizona, where he died in May 1964 at the age of eighty-four. The legend of "Monsieur," a picturesque and slightly exotic "character," with explosive eccentricities, has remained in the collective imagination of several generations of his former American students. More significant, however, is the recollection of his contagious concern with the arts—music, the drama, painting, and sculpture—and of how he (and his wife, Germaine Rouget Chéruy) encouraged and fostered such interests among individual students and colleagues. Speaking of his early days, Mr. Chéruy once wrote: "During meals Rodin would remain silent or talk in a friendly manner, according to his mood, but always his talk was about art, about his life, his work—not to sing his own praise, for never was man more modest, but because he liked to help others by the description of his own experiences. He liked to teach young men that patience is the greatest virtue, that strength is of vital importance, that poverty is a stimulant... He told me one day... 'I did not like mathematics, or rather I thought I did not like it. I could not see figures on the blackboard. I always have been nearsighted. As a child I did not know what was the matter and I hated mathematics because I could not see. Is it not the same in life? We dislike a thing because we don't know how to look at it.'"

Thus Mr. Chéruy himself transmitted some of the lessons that he had learned from "le père Rodin." It is appropriate that several of René Chéruy's former students and friends have joined together to present to the Princeton University Library, in his memory, his cherished Rodin relics. May they now transmit—to those who know how to look at them—a bit of Rodin's personality to still other generations.

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On Choosing a Southern Hundred

BY THOMAS H. ENGLISH

Lists have an irresistible fascination for many members of the human species. Young and old, learned and simple testify to the power with which they can capture and hold the imagination. From the child sprawling on the floor thumbing through a mail-order catalogue to the stolid old gentleman sitting in his club chair pouring over the day's stock reports, all ages and conditions alike testify to the almost hypnotic attraction of lists of things. They have an honorable literary antiquity. Recall Homer's catalogue of the ships in the Iliad. Most readers skim over the chapters of "begats" in the Old Testament, but their modern counterparts possess endless interest for my genealogically minded friends. The furnishings of the Tabernacle and the Temple make much better going, though it is somewhat baffling to account for their uses. Our forefathers undoubtedly took something of the same interest in these inventories that modern readers do in the salvage that Robinson Crusoe recovered from the wreck, or in the odd miscellany that Jim Hawkins found in Billy Bones's sea chest along with the map of Treasure Island.

Robert Louis Stevenson has described the pleasure with which he packed the Captain's chest, and the eagerness with which his old father helped him to choose just the right things to be included. Any way you look at them, lists are good fun. They are fun to encounter, and they are fun to make. Any list that is not a mere agglomeration, like a country auctioneer's, is an exercise in judgment. The maker must be sure in his own mind that he is putting together items that belong together, and the reader of the list feels that he is challenged to a critical analysis of it. Readers of lists habitually talk back to the makers, and both parties recognize the sporting element as one of the charms of the undertaking.

I have made many lists in my time; since I am a booksman, they have usually been lists of books. When I was appointed to a committee of the Atlanta Book Fair in April 1946, it occurred to me that an interesting exhibit could be made of a critical selection of One Hundred Famous Southern Books. The chairman, Medora Field Perkerson, let me have my way, and even
arranged that the list should be printed for distribution to visitors. I was amazed at the interest that it aroused. For more than a year there was a constant flow of correspondence in regard to it, and I received requests for copies from librarians, booksellers, and book collectors from California to Massachusetts.

The list had not been made in a few days or a few weeks. I had begun working on it in 1940, when I picked the first fifty titles, and from time to time I had added others as reading and study called attention to likely candidates for inclusion. My plan from the beginning was to identify books of various popularity and influence rather than only literary masterpieces (the latter were in short supply), books that had drawn the world’s attention to the South—in its landscape, its people, its history, and its problems. The majority of them had been written by Southerners, but I found place for books written by Yankees and by European visitors. I made neither sympathy nor authenticity absolute requirements for admission. Neither Chateaubriand nor Harriet Beecher Stowe were Southerners, and *Atala*, the former’s romance of the wilderness, is as much lacking in authenticity as the latter’s narrative of black slavery, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, is lacking in the sympathy that makes for tolerance. But both works had immense influence in the world in forming views of the South, and so they belonged in.

It was not difficult to make selections for the earliest period; the Gentleman of Elvas, who chronicled De Soto’s expedition, Captain John Smith, William Byrd of Westover on the James, John Filson, who told the world about Daniel Boone, Thomas Jefferson, and William Bartram practically picked themselves in that order. From that point forward the choices were not so obvious. The first six books were written before the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century is represented by fifty titles; of these, thirty-three antedate the Civil War. Of the forty-four published from 1900, thirty-four appeared after World War I. Nearly a third of the entire list (titles first coming to print from an earlier era excluded) are products of the so-called Southern Renaissance. This may seem to make the selection too heavy, but it must be remarked that literally the South has never been so self-conscious, so vocal, and so productively aggressive as in the last forty-five years.

H. L. Mencken in a remembered essay quoted a couplet of that sweet singer, L. Gordon Coogler:

*Alas for the South!* Her books have grown fewer—
She was never much given to literature.

Unhappily, there once was a certain point to Mr. Coogler’s observation. That was, of course, before springs of fiction, poetry, and drama suddenly welled up all over the Sahara of Bozart. But when I set out to pick one hundred books, and only one hundred, from all eras, I was not embarrassed by the paucity of writings from and about the region. The exercise very soon became one rather of exclusion than of inclusion.

The Southern tradition is not so simple as it has sometimes been made to appear; on the contrary, it is rather complex. Even this selection of titles is not large enough to include more than a fraction of the literary sources for the interpretation of the Old South and the New. But one hundred is a good round number, and if it were doubled, the sum of evidence would yet be found incomplete.

Every effort has been made to achieve a representative selection. Here are books that have been praised to neglect and books that have been damned to fame; most of all, here are books that have flowed in the blood stream of Southern life. Old books have been chosen, it is hoped, with mere antiquarian zeal held somewhat in check; younger books have been included without too rigorous an application of the canons of pure literary criticism. Some Southern authors have not much employed Southern themes in their writing, and they may be missed—all but Edgar Allan Poe, who could not be omitted. Poe did, indeed indicate a Southern locale for several of his tales, the most famous of them being “The Gold-Bug,” but it would be difficult to characterize them as distinctively Southern. Besides the large choice of belles-lettres, what we now call creative writing, there are a number of historical source-books of the first order. A few secondary works are also included, but most of them have already been accepted as classics of their kinds, and the others have notable summary values. 1950 was chosen as the terminal date.

Most commentators approved the choices on my original list. Several of the less obvious inclusions were specifically commended, as was Simon Suggs by the well-known dealer in Americana, Howard S. Mott. Jacob Blanch, in a generous review in the *Publishers’ Weekly* for May 18, 1956, however, and in a personal letter protested the omission of O. Henry. Of course I remembered
"A Municipal Report" and "The Duplicity of Hargraves," but even now I don't know how to make an entry, although there is no question that the list is incomplete without their author. In an article in The State: A Weekly Survey of North Carolina for July 12, 1947, The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page was suggested as a desirable addition from the North Carolina point of view. The Library of the University of North Carolina, nevertheless, built an exhibitation on the list, as did the Howard Tilton Library of Tulane University, New Orleans. In my final revision, incidentally, I have included Page's autobiographical novel, The Southerner.

At the time of the Atlanta Book Fair, the Grolier Club of New York was exhibiting One Hundred Influential Books Printed before 1900. The Curator, George L. McKay, exchanged lists with me. The Grolier Club, displaying publications as diverse as the Bay Psalm Book (1640), the Montgomery Ward Mail-Order Catalog for 1872, and Holt's Care and Feeding of Children, gave place to seven of my choices: Weems's Washington, Simms's Yemassee, Poe's Tales and Poems, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Uncle Remus, and Huckleberry Finn. The only other Southern items were state papers of Jefferson, Madison, Washington, and Monroe.

The last public notice that came to my attention appeared in the Richmond Times-Dispatch of Sunday, August 17, 1947, where the complete list was reprinted with a long editorial by Parke Rouse, Jr. adjoined, headed, "Virginia Shines in the Literary South." By Mr. Rouse's analysis, "Exactly a fourth of the 100 might properly be claimed by the State, being either by Virginians or largely about the State, Georgia is next with 18, and North Carolina third with 10." After citing a dozen Virginia books and authors who might also claim attention, he concluded, "The Georgian has concocted a pretty fair literary potpourri."

The original list was completed and published eighteen years ago. I have looked at it from time to time, have made notes of exclusions, inclusions, and replacements, but have only recently taken it up again to determine to what extent I could sensibly improve it. It was not put forth as the best one hundred, and in the nature of things there can be no final canonical listing. It is intended to be a representative gathering, and while there are minor omissions that I am aware of, there are quite surely major omissions that I am not aware of. I have finally contented myself with one replacement, six exclusions, and six new inclusions. The replacement is William Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury (1929), said to be his own choice, for As I Lay Dying (1930). Excluded are: Mrs. Louise Pynelle's Diddie, Dumps, and Tot (1882), Irvin S. Cobb's Old Judge Priest (1915), Hervey Allen's Israel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe (1927), Roark Bradford's John Henry (1931), T. S. Stribling's The Forge (1931), and Robert Selph Henry's The Story of the Confederacy (1936). I could defend my original choices, but I think they can be bettered.

These are the new inclusions, not easily determined: Walter Hines Page's The Southerner (1909), W. J. Cash's The Mind of the South (1941), William Alexander Percy's Lanterns on the Levee (1941), Bell Irvin Wiley's The Life of Johnny Reb (1943), Richard Wright's Black Boy (1945), and Robert Penn Warren's All the King's Men (1946).

Now I think that I shall go no further with this bibliographical exercise, although I have spent many enjoyable hours with it. It will certainly not please everybody. The devotee of St. Elmo will find it hard to stomach Tobacco Road, and admirers of Lanterns on the Levee will recoil from Black Boy. I can only plead that my attempt has been to choose as objectively as possible one hundred books from whose perusal the reader may form a fairly sound apprehension of a land whose history is as fascinating as its myth and whose variety is that of the Egyptian queen.

The Gentleman of Elvas. True Relation of the Hardships Suffered by Governor Fernando de Soto . . . during the Discovery of the Province of Florida, 1557.

Captain John Smith. The Generall Historie of Virginia, 1624.


William Bartram. Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, 1791.


François René de Chateaubriand. Atala, 1801.


Mason Locke Weems. The Life of Gen. Francis Marion, 1809.
David Crockett. *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett*, 1834.
Edgar Allan Poe. *Tales*.
Edgar Allan Poe. *Poems*.
Joel Chandler Harris. *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*, 1880.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, 1884.
Mary Noailles Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"). *In the Tennessee Mountains*, 1884.
Thomas Nelson Page. *In Ole Virginia*, 1887.
Kate Chopin. *Bayou Folk*, 1898.
Mary Johnston. *To Have and To Hold*, 1900.
Mary Boykin Chesnut. *A Diary from Dixie*, 1905.
Stark Young. *So Red the Rose*, 1934.
Margaret Mitchell. *Gone With the Wind*, 1936.
Jonathan Daniels. *A Southerner Discovers the South*, 1938.
Robert Penn Warren. *All the King's Men*, 1946

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**Library Notes**

**NOTES ON THE WITHERSPOON PAMPHLETS**

In a letter written on January 2, 1777, from Baltimore, Thomas Nelson relayed to his fellow Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, the latest news from the north concerning the British advance across New Jersey towards Philadelphia, which the delegates to the Continental Congress (including Nelson himself) had already abandoned in favor of Baltimore. Nelson was able to report an apparent turning of the tide at Trenton, but bemoaned the apathy of "the Jersies" in face of "these damn'd Invaders." "Rapes, Rape, and Murder," he complained, "are not sufficient to rouse the resentment of these People." There was one Jerseyman, however, who escaped Nelson's strictures. This was the Reverend John Witherspoon, president of the College of New Jersey at Princeton and delegate to the Continental Congress. "Old Weatherspoon," Nelson wrote, "has not escap'd their fury. They have burnt his Library. It grieves him much that he has lost his controversial Tracts. He would lay aside the Cloth to take revenge of them. I believe he would send them to the Devil if he could, I am sure I would."

The destruction of Witherspoon's library—like the destruction of the Rittenhouse library—was but one of the widely circulated wartime rumors that history has subsequently disproven. In spite of Thomas Nelson's hyperbolic indignation, "Old Weatherspoon" did not lose all his "controversial Tracts." A good proportion of them, at least, survive in the Princeton University Library, with the other books from Witherspoon's library which were purchased by the College from his son-in-law, Samuel Stanhope Smith, in 1802. The following notes, by the Reverend Stewart MacMaster Robinson, Class of 1915, are based upon a recent examination of Witherspoon's tracts. Dr. Robinson completed this article before he left Princeton for his summer home in June. His death occurred there in September 1965, before the copy for this issue was sent to press.—THE EDITORS.
President John Witherspoon left six hundred pamphlets bound in sixty neat volumes which are housed in the Special Collections of the Princeton University Library. The earliest is dated 1706 and is a summary of Acts of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland from 1688 to 1706. The latest is dated 1792. Many have penned across the title page: “New Jersey College Library.” One, dated 1741, has the biblioplist’s notation: “M. Wotherspoon—half-bound.” This collection was assembled by Witherspoon in Scotland and continued after he came to Princeton in 1768. It is not certain that the volume numbers are exactly as he stood them on his shelves, although pamphlets from 1790-1792 are in volume sixty, the last in the series. Generally, however, the order seems to be chronological. They came to him by purchase or gift. A number in the American period were presented by authors and friends or admirers nearby. About an equal number came over the water to America.

The collection is remarkable in a special way, at this late date, because it enables us to step, as it were, into Witherspoon’s study and see the current items which were his concern. Each pamphlet was esteemed for some special reason and saved from the morning fire. In fact, there is nothing more contemporaneous with Witherspoon than this file of pamphlets. His books are so, but not quite so closely his own as these fugitive pieces. A few are his own writings retained for sentimental reasons.

This considerable body of printed material has a further significance which is not apparent to the student seeking some single item by reference. The whole collection must be seen at a glance and this panorama has awaited the help of modern photocopying devices. With the six hundred title pages, each in facsimile of the original, the collection can be shuffled into various orders. One simple alteration in the running arrangement is to file them all by years. Another is to check the author (for many are anonymous) and discover some very interesting people. Finally there comes to light much of the activity of John Witherspoon when he was a parish minister in Scotland; when he took up the duties of a college president and pastor in America; when he went to the Continental Congress for six long years; when he sat in the New Jersey Legislature and attended the state convention to act on the Constitution; when he headed a committee to formulate a plan of organization for the Presbyterian Church in North America; when the light of his eyes went out in blindness while he waited for

death at the end of 1794. But his beloved pamphlets remained, little books which evoke a very real emotion.

One area of Witherspoon’s many-sided mind may be glanced at from the pamphlets which belong to the great controversy which occupied the Church of Scotland during the years when Witherspoon was getting his education, receiving ordination, and taking up his pastoral duties at Beith—then Paisley. This was his training in political science.

The million and a quarter inhabitants of Scotland in the first half of the 18th century were about ninety percent members or connections of the Church of Scotland, “by law established.” The fourteen synods embracing the seventy-five presbyteries at the annual General Assemblies each May displayed the nation in its most vivacious aspect.

After 1707, the Parliament of Scotland vanished to become a part of the British Parliament in London. This left the Assembly robed in an even higher style, for it was the single voice of the nation. Each Assembly was graced by a royal commissioner, the Crown’s direct and immediate representative, the king himself, in the person of his “trusted cousin.” The Earl of Leven held this post during Witherspoon’s days.

The treaty of union established the Church of Scotland for all time, in the “act for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government.” This Act settled the Confession of Faith, the government and discipline and an organization by kirk sessions, presbyteries, provincial synods and general assemblies, “all established by Act of Parliament . . . pursuant to the Claim of Right [which] shall remain and continue unalterable.”

At the mid-eighteenth century there were two parties in the church, one most dominant in the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale [Edinburgh], the other strong in the Synod of Glasgow and Syr. It is quite impossible to dub them with modern names which reflect current ideas. Moderation was what one party called their view, and their rivals had no party name. Witherspoon was of the latter group. Whig and Tory partially describe the positions. There was a strong political connection between Church and State, and the Scots often went to London to consult the current ministry serving the Crown. Quite a setback came to the Moderates for example when the Rockingham ministry came into power.

The long venerated practice of patronage was a very vital factor. The old way of having pastors called by election of congregations was giving way to presentations by heritors, noblemen, even the king. The rank and file no longer called their shepherds but rather concurred with the choice already made. As one deliverance put it: “the opportunity to discuss and object will be given on such a date, but no appearance will give consent.” In other words, apart from a laborious journey under hard conditions at private cost, the organization would move on willy-nilly. Constitutionalism versus prerogative may be a choice of words which fairly hits the situation. Witherspoon espoused the way of the written word.

The great explosion came on May 22, 1752, when the General Assembly deposed the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, “minister at Carnock, from the office of the holy ministry, prohibiting and discharging him from the exercise of the same, or any part thereof, within this Church in all time coming... and hereby do declare the church and parish of Carnock vacant from and after the day and date of this sentence.”

Pamphlets began to appear and a year later Witherspoon anonymously gave to the public his most spectacular literary production, *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*; or *The Arcana of Church Policy*: being an humble attempt to open the mystery of Moderation, whereon is shewn, a plain and easy way of attaining to the Character of a Moderate Man, as at present in repute in the Church of Scotland, Glasgow, 1753. Ten years later the fifth edition came out (Pamphlets, vol. 55). From England came appreciative words from Anglican clergy, observing that their church had the same problems of over-centralization, ecclesiastical pride and arrogance, and the rule of a “circumstantial oligarchy” (as a modern Church of Scotland churchman expressed it). The phrase is ironic, depicting the cluster of hopefuls who gather around the Moderator’s chair, the Clerks’ desks and the Royal Throne which make the back-drop of the annual assemblies in Edinburgh.

*The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland Vindicated* (Pamphlets, vol. 11) was written by the Rev. James Nasmith anonymously in a pamphlet printed by Gideon Crawford in Edinburgh in 1753 (price three pence). Nasmith was a Glasgow man, sixty-nine years old, who had been tutor in the family of James, Fifth Duke of Hamilton, and was twice nominated Moderator of the Assembly, 1739 and 1744, and twice not chosen.

The Rev. John Maclaurin (again anonymously) produced (Pamphlets, vol. 6) a treatise entitled, *The Terms of Ministerial and Christian Communion imposed on the Church of Scotland by a Prevailing party in the General Assembly in opposition to the Great Bulk both of office-bearers and private Christians considered between two neighboring ministers wherein among other things, the Reasons of the Dissent from the Commission in March 1752 are fairly examined, with an appendix relating to the new pamphlet called A Just View of the Constitution of the Church of Scotland...*. This “Just View” was by John Hyndman, aged 31, a member of Edinburgh presbytery and minister at St. Cuthbert’s. He was a Glasgow man, capped D. D. by Aberdeen in 1761. Hyndman’s work is supposed to have been the pamphlet which actually touched off Witherspoon’s venture into satirical literature. John Maclaurin, the brother of Colin Maclaurin the distinguished mathematician, is represented in the collection by four of his productions. Another pamphlet called *The Nature of Ecclesiastic Government and the Constitution of the Church of Scotland illustrated* (Pamphlets, vol. 2) is attributed to Maclaurin but another copy of this pamphlet credits this work to the Rev. Thomas Walker, minister at Dondonald, and Witherspoon’s uncle, by a notation on the titlepage (Pamphlets, vol. 40).

A former moderator of the General Assembly (1744), John Adams of Falkirk entered the lists with *An Inquiry into the Powers committed to the General Assemblies of this Church, and the Nature of Deposition from the Holy Ministry, occasioned by the Conduct and Procedure of the Assembly of 1752...* Glasgow, 1754 (Pamphlets, vol. 9).

Of course Witherspoon was rather quickly picked as the writer of the *Characteristics*. But he evaded confession until 1763 when he issued *A Serious Apology for the Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, *by the Real Author of that Performance*, Edinburgh, 1763 (Pamphlets, vol. 55). When Witherspoon was invited to Paisley with an overwhelmingly copious call from the congregation the presbytery tried to block his translation with charges about the *Characteristics*. At that date Witherspoon had not revealed his authorship so the charge formally alleged by the Presbytery of Paisley before the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr was susceptible to the counter-charge.
of constructive libel, if Characteristics was liable to such a description. Witherspoon could always handle himself well in public disputation. He even made his Princeton classes memorable by dealing with his students as a group of his friends in a colloquium, following the Socratic method of easy conversation. Before the Synod his answer more than met the situation and he triumphantly went to the Laigh Church in Paisley where he preached to congregations of 1,000 and 1,200, until he left them for a few poor students and a little congregation in Princeton.

Witherspoon retained in his file of pamphlets the handsomely printed cases which he had taken before the General Assembly, entitled Case of the Magistrates and Town-Council of Paisley, the Minister [J.W.] and Session of the Laigh Church and the Minister of the High Church of that Town, Appellants; The Reverend the Presbytery of Paisley, Respondents. The Appellants Case To be heard at the Bar of the Venerable Assembly met at Edinburgh in May 1758 (Pamphlets, vol. 85). It is signed by John Witherspoon and James Baine. Baine was born in 1719, educated at Glasgow, presented to the congregation in Paisley by James, Duke of Montrose. He was a winsome individual with so remarkable a voice that he won the name “Swan of the West.” Later, after troubles of his own, he went into the Relief Church. He spoke for Gillespie in 1752.

Another was the “Case of the Town Session of Paisley Appellants from a Sentence of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, at Glasgow, October 15, 1760, disapproving a Plan for uniting the Offices of English Schoolmaster and Session-clerk in the Town of Paisley. To be heard at the Bar of the Venerable Assembly met at Edinburgh in May 1761” (Pamphlets, vol. 85). He concludes his brief with these words: “May it therefore please the Venerable Assembly, to reverse the Sentence of the Synod, and find, That there is nothing in our Agreement injurious to the Rights of Sessions; and if any Attempt shall be made to reduce it before a Civil Court, to appoint a Procurator of the Church to support it.”

Witherspoon was well fitted to give his Lectures on Moral Philosophy:° Lecture X, Of Politics, XII, Of Civil Society, Lecture XIII, Of the Law of Nature and Nations, XIV, Jurisprudence and XV, Contracts. “Some observe,” he said, “that few societies in the world have had their constitutions formed on the principles of liberty (p. 72). “Democracy is when the supreme power is left in the multitude. But as in large governments the people in a collective body cannot well meet together, nor could they transact business with any convenience if they did, they may meet by representatives chosen either by the whole or by particular districts” (p. 91). “Pure democracy cannot subsist long, nor be carried far into the departments of state—it is very subject to caprice and the madness of popular rage. They are also very apt to cluse a favorite and vest him with such power as overthrows their own liberty,—examples, Athens and Rome” (p. 93).

James Madison came to Princeton in 1769 and stayed an extra year after his graduation in 1771. I like to think that he enjoyed these pamphlets, for they were open to the students and Madison was a good scholar—the late Dean West called him Witherspoon’s favorite pupil. He also served the president as secretary. Years later, in 1786, Witherspoon headed a committee set up by the two synods of the Presbyterians to write a plan for creating a national body under a General Assembly and wrote The Draught of a Plan of Government for the Presbyterian Church in North America, Philadelphia, 1786. In 1787 James Madison was guiding the Constitutional Convention through the hot summer days of Philadelphia to set forth a Constitution for the United States.—STEWART M. ROBINSON '15

BRACKENRIDGE’S MODERN CHIVALRY

The Library has recently acquired through the generosity of Robert H. Taylor a very noteworthy volume containing a copy of Hugh Henry Brackenridge’s Modern Chivalry. It is the copy of the first part of the work published in Philadelphia in 1792 that belonged to the author himself and has annotations by him of corrections to be made in a later edition. Some of the corrections were made in the 1804 revised edition, others were not, and there are changes in the 1804 edition which have not been noted in this copy. While the acquisition of this volume fills up a serious gap in our collection of the writings of this Princeton graduate, we still lack the other parts of Modern Chivalry published in the 1790’s and the first volume of Part II issued in Carlisle in 1804. Claude Newlin has said of Brackenridge that by “Uniting the humanistic tradition with an intimate experience in public affairs, he produced the most vigorous American book of his time and the most penetrating commentary on American democracy in the making.”

What makes the volume even more interesting is the fact that it contains Brackenridge’s copy of the curious Travels over the Most Interesting Parts of the Globe, to Discover the Source of Moral Motion; Communicated to Lead Mankind Through the Conviction of the Senses to Intellectual Existence and an Enlightened State of Nature. The work was published “In the Year of Man’s retrospective Knowledge, by astronomical Calculation 5000.” The author was John Stewart, known as “Walking Stewart” according to the Dictionary of National Biography. Stewart’s adventures took him to India, Persia, Africa, Europe and Turkey, and he seems to have walked most of the way. In 1791 he was in Albany, New York whence he set out for Canada. In England he met De Quincey at Bath and entertained him in London where he also lectured on the human mind and the study of man. “Learned himself, Stewart boasted of being a ‘man of nature’ and argued against over-learning and excessive training of the memory.” Brackenridge’s copy of his strange book is a notable adjunct to his own Modern Chivalry.—E.E.C.

Friends of the Princeton University Library

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting and dinner, attended by 176 Friends, guests and members of the Library staff, was held at the Princeton Inn on Friday evening, May 7, 1965. Following dinner, Robert H. Taylor ’30, Chairman of the Council, presided at the annual business meeting. The slate of Council members for the 1965-1968 term, presented by Hamilton Cottier ’22, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, was unanimously elected by the members present.

The Librarian announced to the gathering that the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University had allocated to the support and strengthening of the Library a bequest from William Watson Smith approximating $3.5 million. Of the total, $1.5 million will be held in endowment and the income used for new acquisitions and services. Another $1.5 million will also be added to endowment, with the income replacing allocations from the University’s general funds. The remainder, about $500,000, will help pay for library construction projects now in various stages of development. The Librarian pointed out that the $3 million will almost double the Library’s endowment for all purposes, including some building maintenance. He expressed his certitude that the Library’s continuing need of substantial increases by gift and by bequest would not prevent the Friends from sharing his joy and gratefulness in the magnificent bequest of William Watson Smith and in the decision of the President and the Trustees to assign it to the Library.

The Chairman introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Gordon N. Ray, President of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, who read from the letters of Sydney Smith, gave an account of his collection of them, and told about the man to the obviously great enjoyment of the entire audience.
THE COUNCIL


FINANCIAL REPORT

The summary of financial transactions on the Operating Account for the year 1964-65:

RECEIPTS

Cash balance July 1, 1964 $4,100.66
Dues for 1964-65 19,995.00
Chronicle subscriptions and sales 958.08
Friends dinner, May 7, 1965 1,218.00
Contribution 25.00

$20,296.74

EXPENDITURES

Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XXV, No. 3 $2,101.98
Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XXVI, Nos. 1 and 2 3,712.64
Postal and printing 948.85
Needs Committee 334.55
Membership drive 1,259.40
Friends dinner, May 7, 1965 1,494.95
Editor's salary 1,200.00
Transfers to Acquisitions Committee Fund 3,500.00

$14,551.77

Balance June 30, 1965 $5,744.97

Contributions received from Friends during the year 1964-65 for current acquisitions totaled $28,709.69 and to "Needs" $1,210.50.
The Friends of the Princeton University Library, founded in 1930, is an association of bibliophiles and scholars interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has secured gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise have been acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to those subscribing annually seven dollars and fifty cents or more. Princeton students may join for three dollars and seventy-five cents. Checks payable to Princeton University should be addressed to the Treasurer.

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

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Chairman will welcome inquiries and suggestions.