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Adventures

In Reading and Collecting Victorian Fiction

BY M. L. PARRISH '88

Bookmen in the United States and England have frequently joined in their praises of the exceptionally fine library of first editions accumulated through the years by Mr. Parrish. Generously he has shared his knowledge and discoveries by publishing important bibliographical studies of Lewis Carroll, Charles Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, the Victorian Lady Novelists, and others. Perhaps the highest pleasures have come to those who have enjoyed his gracious hospitality at Dormy House; they have been able to examine his miraculously pristine "facts" and have been entertained by his tales of adventures in gathering such a library. Long ago he promised to put together a few of these anecdotes, and with much satisfaction The Chronicle now presents them here.

WHEN I sit in my library at Dormy House and let my eyes wander from case to case, my thoughts return to many stories connected with certain books and authors—curious incidents and thrilling experiences.

My first real experience in book collecting was educational, to say the least. My father and mother, in the early fifties, had spent two or three winters in England and had bought and read many of Dickens' novels. As we children (there were five of us) grew up, we read them all— with disastrous results to their condition. Some time in the nineties, I remarked to my mother that the novels should be rebound. A dealer, to whom I took them, said they were first editions and recommended having them done in London. After their return, I decided to complete the set by purchasing and rebinding those books which were lacking. Among these was Great Expectations, which
was obtained with great difficulty and considerable expense. When I told a friend what it had cost, he remarked casually that it was too bad, as the rebinding had destroyed much of its value. It was a sad moment for me!

The nineteenth century was the era of the finest novels that have ever been written. Perhaps it is surprising that they are read today as much as they are. The radio has certainly curtailed the demand for the better class of novels, as the cinema has replaced the better plays and is slowly driving legitimate theatres out of existence.

I suppose that hardly any Victorian novelist is today less in demand than Bulwer Lytton, and yet some of his stories can be read with unfailing interest. He was a prolific writer, his works including not only fiction but also poetry, essays and political pamphlets covering a long range. His first book was a poem called *Infidel*, published in 1820, and his last was *Pausanias the Spartan*, unfinished at the time of his death in January, 1873, and published in 1876. It was a longer period of production than that of any of his contemporaries.

Late in 1858 there was a contest for the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow between Lytton and Dickens. Various posters and proclamations recording this event were issued by the students. But the election seems to be almost forgotten. I find no reference to it in bibliographies. Lytton won.

It is difficult to understand why several of the first editions of Lytton's novels in original bindings are unobtainable, except in very poor condition. All the original editions of Dickens and Thackeray occasionally appear in the finest possible state. It would seem that the reverse should be the case. In those days, monthly or weekly part-issues in wrappers were popular forms for the publication of novels. These parts are difficult to obtain in their original state, untouched, and the possessor of fine copies is fortunate indeed. Many works of Thackeray, Dickens and Trollope were so published, and of many lesser known authors—Lever and Ainsworth, for example. But in the case of Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, there is no instance of any of their works being so published.

Perhaps Charles Dickens is the writer of all the Victorians whose works have best stood the test of time. He is read today apparently as much as he was fifty years ago. When I was a boy we had, and almost every household of my family's friends had in its library, complete editions of the *Waverley Novels*, "Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, George Eliot and the Brontë sisters. In addition, there were scattered works of Miss Dinah Maria Mulock, particularly *John Halifax, Gentleman*; Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, *Two Years Ago*, *Hypatia*, *Alton Locke*, *Madmam How and Lady Why*, *The Hermit* and *The Water Babies*; Thomas Hughes' *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, *Craverford*, *Ruth and North and South*; Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, and *The Barchester Series* and "Parliamentary Series" of Anthony Trollope were also much in evidence. Nevertheless, complete editions of many of these authors were not then available.

Later came George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson and James M. Barrie, and the earlier books of these authors were devoured by us with avidity. In my youth I was forbidden to read the novels of Miss Braddon and Ouida. They were considered immoral, although anyone who suggested such a thing today would be ridiculed. William Black was also a favorite, as were Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Henry Wood, LeFanu, G. P. R. James, Baroness Tautphoese (with *Quits* and *The Initials*), Samuel Lover, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Gore, R. D. Blackmore, Walter Besant, and many others of whom little is now heard. If one will take the trouble to obtain their works, however, he will be surprised to find what pleasure may be had from them.

During one of my visits to England, I lunches with Mrs. Thomas Hardy at Max Gate in Dorset. A reserved but charming little lady, she showed me Mr. Hardy's study, which she preserved exactly as it had appeared on the day of his death. On the shelves on the walls were represented the works of every English poet. She told me that at heart Hardy was a poet and not a novelist. In another room were copies of first editions of every book he had written, with inscriptions to his first wife and, after her death, to his hostess. They were all in their original bindings, except *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, of which there were two rebound copies. This puzzled me, especially as the copy of *Desperate Remedies*, the rarest of all, was pristine and the only copy known in blue cloth.
Many years ago, centuries perhaps, there lived in County Galway, Ireland, a family of aristocrats. The men were of the sporting type, interested mainly in hunting, racing horses, and fighting cocks. About 1790, however, the heir of the old family estate was a man of different ilk. He enjoyed reading, and instructed the local agent to obtain for him, as they were published, such volumes as could be purchased. This heir built in the halls and living rooms of the old mansion air-tight, light-proof cupboards, and in these he deposited all the books as he finished reading them. Several thousand volumes were thus accumulated, and there they remained for many years. From the time of his death (about 1830) until perhaps twenty years ago, his heirs like their predecessors were sporting gentlemen. At that time, however, he who had inherited the estate found himself in need of money. Finding it all heavily mortgaged, he instructed a well-known Dublin bookseller to examine the old cupboards which had remained undisturbed during all the years, and to sell the books. The book dealer was thrilled beyond words as the books were revealed to him. Among them were some of "The Waverley Novels," a beautiful Pride and Prejudice, and numerous other volumes in the finest possible condition. Three of "The Waverley Novels" found their way to my library: The Fortunes of Nigel, The Monastery and Kemilcester.

One of the scarcest of "The Waverley Novels" is the First Series of Tales of My Landlord. Years ago, there was brought to my attention by a London bookseller a complete set. The copy of the First Series was exceptionally fine. The Waverley had been rebound, and all the others were in the poor condition in which they are usually found. I purchased the entire set and substituted for the copy of the First Series my own poor copy; the good copy took its place on my shelves and the rest were disposed of.

In the window of a bookshop in London, one day, I saw a copy of Dodgson's Pillar-Problems, second edition. I knew that I had at home a first edition, but as sometimes there are interesting variations between issues, I entered the shop and bought this second edition. It was a presentation copy to R. G. Faussett, October 3, 1893. Later, when I reached home, I found that my first edition was also presented to R. G. Faussett, on July 8, 1893. The title-page of the first edition reads, Pillow-Problems Thought Out During Sleepless Nights; that of the second edition reads, Pillow-Problems Thought Out During Wakeful Hours. The author explains in the preface that he had changed the title to allay the anxiety of kind friends who thought he was suffering from chronic insomnia.

The last survivor of Dodgson's generation, in his family, was his sister, Miss Louisa F. Dodgson. During one of my visits abroad, I called on her as was my custom. She was past ninety. Her niece asked if I would go upstairs to her room, as she was suffering from some rheumatic trouble. I found the lady sitting up in bed and reading Trollope's Orley Farm—without glasses!

It is not generally known that Lewis Carroll was an amateur photographer. He had a dark room over his chambers at Christ Church, where he did his own developing. In his methodical way, he pasted the photographs in albums, indexed in his own hand, and frequently autographed in the hand of the subject. In one of these albums, the first page contains no photograph, but has the autograph of Albert Edward P. Frewen Hall, Oxford, December 15th, 1860. He was the Prince of Wales at that time, and was about to enter Christ Church. Dodgson met the train on which the Prince arrived, and although the inscription is in the Prince's hand, apparently the photograph did not turn out well or was not taken. Another of these albums is presented to Henry Holiday, who illustrated The Hunting of the Snark. I have a letter in my library written by Lewis Carroll to Miss Beatrice Hatch, which seems to be appropriately placed, as the last sentence reads, "I've never sent you, have I? the spoiled Looking-Glass that you said would be acceptable for your parish library?"

The day of days here at Dormy House was the visit on May 10, 1932 of Mrs. Hargreaves (Alice in Wonderland), her sister Miss Rhoda Liddell, and her son Captain Caryl Hargreaves. They had come over from England to participate in the celebration, at Columbia University, of the one hundredth anniversary of Lewis Carroll's birth. The lovely gracious lady spent the night with us here, and sometimes I think her charm still radiates in the library. I had known her in England, and once or twice had had tea at the beautiful Hargreaves estate, Cuffnells in the New Forest. She had then shown me some of
her treasures, including the manuscript of *Alice*, which was afterwards sold at Sotheby’s for what I think was very nearly a record price.

I have recently published a book which gives a bibliographical description of my Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade collections. Lacking information as to Wilkie Collins’ life, but wishing to give some biographical summary in the foreword, I was fortunate enough to find in a London bookshop a letter written by Collins in 1862 to a Frenchman in which he had enclosed a four-page memorandum giving a summary of his life and writings up to that time. This I reprinted verbatim at the beginning of my book. The foreword for Charles Reade was written by Edward B. Reade, his grand-nephew, who is today a schoolmaster in London. Charles Reade was the author of a surprising and strange story called *Androtrion*, the alternate title of which is *Woman Playing as Man*. For some reason this was not published during his life, and first appeared in *The English Review* in 1911.

The famous authors of those Victorian days were well acquainted with each other, and had their trials and disputes. Between Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade a serious disagreement arose because the latter wrote a play in 1872 entitled *Skilly Shally*, basing it on Trollope’s novel, *Ralph the Heir*. Trollope declared that Reade had no authority to do this, and a quarrel developed with recriminations on both sides. Some of Reade’s letters on the subject are here in my library.

There is no complete edition of Anthony Trollope’s writings. He wrote many articles for magazines which have not been reprinted, and some of his novels are practically unknown. For many years, it has been my ambition to complete a collection of the first editions of his writings, American and English, with all variants. I believe it to be an impossible task, but the search has been full of pleasant surprises and unexpected realizations. Some fifteen years ago, I acquired what was then said to be the only copy of Trollope’s first novel, *The Mackermans of Ballpelorin*, in the original binding. It was in poor condition. Right here, however, I suggest to collectors and bibliographers that they never make such rash statements as, “The only copy known” or “One of three copies,” because such statements are nearly always disproved. For example, a dealer who specializes somewhat in Trollope’s works came to see me some time ago. Naturally, we discussed this author and I remarked that I supposed my copy of *The Mackermans* was the only one in the original binding. “Yes,” said he, “until I found the one I have with me.” Thereupon he produced a copy in practically new condition! He had brought it with him to show to me, and it is scarcely necessary to say that it remained in my library.

Trollope delivered four lectures between 1861 and 1870. A few copies of each were printed for his private use, but were not published. It was my good fortune to obtain copies of them all, which had belonged either to him or to his family. One is entitled, *English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amusement*, and deals only with those authors who had passed away. Each copy of this lecture (of which there are four in my library) is inscribed; the first to “Rose Trollope from her obedient slave The Lecturer,” the second “For Glasgow and Edinburgh,” the third “At Leeds,” and the fourth “Melbourne Decr 71”—all in Trollope’s hand. This lecture was delivered in various cities, and three of these copies contain different eulogistic notes about Dickens, who had died since it was printed, written in Trollope’s hand.

In 1860, Thackeray declined to publish a story by Trollope on the ground that it was immoral. The manuscript had been submitted to him for publication in *The Cornhill Magazine*. Trollope, in a letter, protested that it was not immoral and that he was not indecent. He referred, as examples to justify himself, first to Effie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*; then to “our second modern great gun” (Thackeray) and to the naughtiness of Miss Beatrice; also to the wicked woman at Tunbridge Wells who was so surprised because young Warrington did not “do as others use” with her; then to the illegitimate brat in *Jane Eyre* and to Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede*. He added that he could think of no pure English novelist up to the Cornhill standard except Dickens; then remembered *Oliver Twist*, “and blushed for what my mother and sisters read in that fe-fe fie story.” He concluded his letter by saying that he would bring out his story in a magazine of his own to be called *The Marble Arch*, trusting to confound Thackeray by the popularity of Mrs. Talboys. The story eventually appeared in the
Second Series of Tales of All Countries, 1863, and is entitled Mrs. General Talboys.

At one time, The New York Evening Post occasionally advertised some rare book as being for sale. I happened to see such a notice, and the book advertised was La Vendé by Anthony Trollope. It was in this manner that I obtained the beautiful copy, in original boards, which is now in my library.

Thackeray's first literary efforts were included in two periodicals published by the students at Cambridge. The first of these was entitled The Snob, and the second The Gownman. These appeared weekly, The Snob from April 8, 1829 through eleven numbers until June 18, 1829; The Gownman in seventeen numbers from November 5, 1829 until February 25, 1830. Complete runs of these, in their original state, are the despair of Thackeray collectors. I attended an auction sale in New York some years ago, and one of the items included a few numbers of The Snob and, with the exception of No. 1, all the numbers of The Gownman. I asked my companion, who was a dealer, to bid for me with a limit of $400, suggesting that he come to my club afterwards and report the sale, since I could not stay. About twelve o'clock he arrived, and I asked, "Did you get The Snob and The Gownman?" "Yes, but I had to pay fifteen for them," said he. "Well," I replied, "you'll have to keep them for yourself." With a twinkle in his eye he added, "I mean fifteen dollars," which seemed most unbelievable.

Complete sets of both publications are now in the library.

There is laid in my copy of Pendennis an interesting letter written by Thackeray to Surtees. In it the author says he will send him a copy of the book, and that while he is unaware whether or not Pendennis is stupid, he knows that the binders are stupid because they have put the "Dedication" and "Preface" into the second volume. This error was continued in later editions and also in the First American Edition, published by Harper & Brothers.

A pretty story exists about Thackeray and Charleston, during his second visit to America in 1855-56. In 1852, when he first visited this country, he stopped at the Clarendon Hotel in New York, and became acquainted with the Baxter family, who lived at 18th Street and 4th Avenue, in what he frequently refers to as "The Brown House." The Baxters had two daugh-
ters, Sallie and Lucy. He seems to have been very much attached to Sallie, and in 1856, when he visited Charleston, he was asked to attend a ball given at the house of Judge King, who was the grandfather of the Baxter sisters. Having no knowledge that Sallie had been married, he was much surprised when he was presented to her on the arm of her husband. The story goes that he left the ballroom and the house without a word of farewell and was not again heard from. For about fifty years Charleston very critically discussed his lack of manners, until a grand-daughter of Judge King, while in her library one day, discovered a copy of Dodson's Old Plays. In it was laid a visiting card of Thackeray's, on which he had written, "My dear Sir: I hope you will pardon me for having stolen a volume out of your library which I return with thanks and contrition. I went in to look at Mrs. King's beautiful supper table as I came from the ball the other night, and could not withstand the temptation of a volume of Old Plays. Thank you for your hospitality and be sure to always your W. M. T." The card is dated 9th February, 1856.

The story of the Brontë sisters is extremely interesting; how they discovered one day that each had written poetry; how the small legacy of an aunt enabled them to have the verses published in 1846 by Aylott & Jones; how Charlotte recorded at the time that but three copies of the Poems were sold. Yet, incidentally, there are four different bindings of this then unsaleable little volume! After this venture, each sister wrote a novel, Emily producing Wuthering Heights; Anne, Agnes Grey; and Charlotte, The Professor. The two former were accepted by T. C. Newby: The latter, however, was rejected. With its rejection, however, there came a letter from Smith, Elder & Company, addressed to Charlotte and written by Mr. Wil- liams, the firm's reader, saying that while they were unwilling to publish this book, another three-volume novel by the same author would receive serious attention. Charlotte was then engaged in writing Jane Eyre, and it was completed and published by Smith, Elder & Company long before the dilatory Smith, Elder & Company. After Newby had published Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, Smith, Elder & Company, who inserted their own title-page, and the sales then became numerous.

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The story of the publication of *Jane Eyre* is told by George Smith and makes fascinating reading. He records that he carried the manuscript home. There were no half holidays on Saturday in those days. After having his breakfast on Sunday, he took the manuscript to his library and began to read it. At twelve o'clock his horse was brought to the door for his usual Sunday outing, but he could not lay down the manuscript. Later his servant announced lunch and he requested that it be brought to him in the library; then came dinner and evening and he did not retire until he had finished reading *Jane Eyre*.

The first edition of this book we know it is bound in maroon fine-ribbed cloth. I have what is perhaps the most interesting copy known. It is bound in green fine-ribbed cloth, with paper labels on the spines. It belonged to Alexander Elder of the publishing house and on the front fly-leaf of Volume I is the following autograph in Sir Edmund Gosse's hand: "These sheets were bound up before the publication of the volumes by Miss Bronte's publisher Mr. Alexander Elder, at whose request she wrote the inscription on a strip of blue paper inserted on the half-title. Mr. Elder left the volumes by will to his niece, Lizzie Elder, afterwards Mrs. George Brightwen, who gave them to me. December 4, 1897. E.G." The blue slip to which he refers is inscribed, "With Charlotte Bronte's kind regards," and also in her hand is inscribed on the fly-leaf at the end of Volume III, "The signature of Jane Eyre." The preliminary leaves of Volume I are of the second edition; the remainder is the first edition. It is evident that Mr. Elder desired to have for his niece a first edition of the book but wished to have included in it the dedication to Thackeray, and the beautiful preface which Charlotte had written for the second edition.

*Wuthering Heights* is one of the scarcest books in Victorian fiction. Newby published it in three volumes in a unique format, the third volume being *Agnes Grey*. He lettered the spines, title-pages are also so printed. Charlotte rewrote *The Professor* under the title, *Villette*, and this by many is considered her finest production. I have the pleasure of numbering among my English friends, Mrs. Reginald Smith, the widow of the last partner of Smith, Elder & Company. A cousin first took me to tea in her lovely house in Green Street, London. She showed me the manuscripts of *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley* and *Villette*. What thrilling things they were to examine! Her father had willed them to his three daughters and upon the death of the survivor they were to go to the Nation. A few years later the sisters presented them to many other rarities to the British Museum, where they are known as the George Smith Collection. On the day before my departure for America, a little parcel was delivered at my hotel. It contained *Poems* by George Meredith, his first book, with an inscription on the title-page "To the Author of Jane Eyre with Geo. Meredith's respects." In a letter from Mrs. Smith presenting it to me she wrote, "The little volume must have brought pleasure to the lady at Haworth."

George Eliot was a very popular writer. Mr. Gifford's *Love Story*, one of the three tales included in *Sones of Clerical Life*, has been called the most perfect short story every written. Many years ago, I met the grand-daughter of George Henry Lewes and from her I obtained a note-book entitled *Quarry for Romola* in which George Eliot, during a visit to Florence in the spring of 1862, had written notes for her novel, *Romola*. Some of these notes are in English, some in Italian, and some in French. With these before her, she developed this wonderful historical novel.

I have a letter written to John Chapman by George Henry Lewes, in which he says, "She (Mrs. Lewes) authorizes me to state, as distinctly as language can do so, that she is not the author of Adam Bede." In those days the authorship of *Adam Bede* was the subject of great discussion, not only as to who wrote it but as to whether the author was a man or woman. Dickens was one of the few who, from the beginning, insisted that it was written by a woman. I have a letter written by Dickens to George Eliot. It refers to *Sones of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* and to the strong feelings of admiration which he felt for them. A third letter is written by Harriet Martineau to a Mr. Bracebridge, in which she says that Mrs. Gaskell has written her that a Miss Young has claimed the authorship of both the *Sones* and *Adam Bede*. Middlemarch and *Daniel Deronda* are two of the later books, first published in wrappered parts, which afterwards were placed in bindings; *Daniel Deronda*,

curiously enough, in two issues, with variations in the blocking and lettering.

Once while in London I received a cable repeated from my Philadelphia office. It had been sent there from London the previous day. In it a bookseller offered me a copy of Cranford, requesting an immediate reply. When I entered his shop the next morning with the cable in my hand, he was greatly astonished. The book is a beautiful copy and bears the inscription, "Wm Gaskell, from his most affectionate wife, June 16th 1853." We all know Stevenson's Inland Voyage with its lovely light blue binding and its erect poplar tree. I have a copy of the volume in dark green cloth with the tree shown bent over by the wind, and with a smaller paddle on the spine.

In 1888, Barrie published his first book and called it Better Dead. Accompanying my copy is a letter dated November 20, 1887, written to Wellwood Anderson, a bookseller in Edinburgh, in which Barrie says that "his first book was born yesterday under the name of Better Dead" and that "It is the only Christmas present to be fashionable this year in the upper suckles." It is a long letter praising the book, in Barrie's characteristic style, and later I found a letter from Barrie written to Sonnenschein & Company, the publishers, dated 28 May, 1853, in which he states in the first paragraph, "I had not care to pass 'Better Dead' on to Messrs Chatto & Windus as you suggest. The work is better dead itself and all I ask from it now is that it shd pass out of existence. . . ."

I have recorded here a few pleasant experiences which have come to me in my life of book collecting. I am certain that similar experiences will come to anyone who is fortunate enough to become interested in this fascinating pursuit.

Special Collections at Princeton
VII. The Beauharnais Archives

BY R. R. PALMER

As a recognized authority on the historical backgrounds and inner ramifications of the French Revolution, Professor Palmer is particularly qualified to survey the special collection here described. In his latest book, Twelve Who Ruled, he goes in rich detail the story of the year of the Terror; in this essay he draws on his knowledge of the Napoleonic era to give proper setting not only to the Beauharnais archives but also to other Napoleonic materials made available to scholars through the generosity of André de Cotte 15, a faithful Friend of the Library.

TROOPING in hundreds, on foot and by bicycle, with the Nassau Hall bell clanging in their ears, Princeton undergraduates going to and from classes hurry every day through the Library courtyard. The throng converges into the courtyard by passing under one archway and deploys from it by passing under another. Over each archway, as all Princeton people know, extends the Library building, which is one story higher over each arch, and thus boasts of two little twin towers. A whimsical questioner might station himself in the eastern archway (the one toward the Chapel) and interrupt people by asking: "Under the remains of what extinct kingdom are you now passing?" The question, however odd in appearance, would be, like many odd questions about the Library, only a plain question of fact. Someone, perhaps a graduate student, might say: "The kingdom of Italy, the one set up by Napoleon in 1805 and wiped out at his fall in 1814. The said remains are in the tower overhead."

This answer would be right. The eastern tower houses about thirty thousand documents from the archives of Eugene Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson and his Viceroy of Italy. Thirty thousand documents is a good many, so many that every living alumnus of Princeton could have one, were they divided; so many that an investigator who looked at each one for only ten minutes (looking at them seven hours a day and taking annually a month's vacation) would require almost three years to finish. Nor would ten minutes in most cases be enough.
These Beauharnais Archives belong to Andre de Coppet, a friend of the Library who has given other Napoleon materials, and has deposited the Beauharnais papers on an extended loan. Mr. de Coppet acquired them at an auction at Sotheby's in London in 1934. At that time they were sold on sale by the Leuchtenberg family, direct descendants of Eugene Beauharnais. It is likely that during the century between Eugene's death and their appearance on the world market, his papers remained in Bavaria, but they may possibly have been carried at one time to Russia, since Eugene's second wife, the second daughter of Leuchtenberg, moved to Russia upon marrying a Russian grand duchess, with the result that the Leuchtenbergs resided in Russia until after the Revolution of 1917. It was from the family seat at Starnberg in Bavaria, however, that materials inherited from Eugene Beauharnais began to be sold in 1929. The largest item in these sales was the collection bought by Mr. de Coppet in 1934.

Who was Eugene Beauharnais? He was the son of the famous Josephine, and profited by his mother's powers over the rising Bonaparte, whose stepson he became by their marriage. Josephine was somewhat older than Napoleon, and her son was only twelve years younger than her second husband. Napoleon made great use of Eugene's services, as he did of all members of his family. In 1805 he made him Viceroy of Italy, a kingdom centering in Lombardy and Venetia, and including about a third of the Italian mainland. Thus elevated, Eugene married Augusta Amelia, daughter of the king of Bavaria, another beneficiary of Napoleon. Eugene's marriage saved him from the wreck of the Grand Empire. He moved to Bavaria when Napoleon fell, and having lost his old title of Viceroy of Italy, was created duke of Leuchtenberg by his father-in-law. Hence the name Leuchtenberg for his descendants.

What are the Beauharnais Archives? They are literally the remains of a kingdom. They are not the total remains. More that dates from the Napoleon kingdom of Italy is to be found in the state archives at Milan. They are rather such remains of the kingdom as the deposed vice-king took with him in 1814. They are not the total even of this. The Leuchtenberg family, when it began to dispose of its treasures in 1929, sold separately the letters received by Eugene from Napoleon. With this great exception, and a few inconsiderable other exceptions, the Beauharnais collection at Princeton represents the papers accumulated by Eugene in his official capacity as chief administrator of Napoleon Italy. In addition, the collection includes a great quantity of papers from the last ten years of Eugene's life, during which he was a private person in Bavaria.

This latter part, comprising almost half the collection, is historically the less valuable, although, depending on what the historian is looking for, almost anything may be of use. The documents here are for the most part cashbooks, account books, letter-books—the business files of a methodical aristocratic family of the early part of the last century. Of more general interest are some papers on constitutional reform in Bavaria during the Restoration. Curious to anyone, and potentially important to some scholar, is a dossier of thirty-seven letters from the social correspondence of Augusta Amelia. Eugene's widow survived until 1851, and her social correspondence took in much European royalty. To be seen here are autographs of Louis-Philippe of France, of Nicholas I of Russia, of that duchess of Kent who was Queen Victoria's mother, and of other such persons.

The former part, Eugene's official archives as viceroy, is larger in number of items, and incomparably more important. There are about six thousand letters addressed to Eugene from officials of the French Empire—one might say from all important persons except Napoleon and his brothers. Most of this correspondence deals with military affairs, since most of the imperial business was military. There are six hundred letters from Berthier alone, Napoleon's chief of staff. Seventeen of Napoleon's other marshals are among the military men represented.

This section of the Beauharnais papers takes on added significance when it is realized that they represent Eugene's activities not only in his capacity as Viceroy of Italy but also as a general in the field. When he received the letters and orders from Berthier and other generals, it was as a participant in the Napoleonic campaigns, notably that of the Grand Army in Russia following the return of Napoleon to France and the defection of Murat. There is real timeliness in the papers from.
Russia, where the same battlefields are being fought over today.

There are four letters written by Murat during the invasion of Russia. One, dated at Moscow, tells a silent story. Napoleon’s disaster in Russia originated from his need of striking at England; he wanted to keep Russia within his Continental System, designed to exclude all English manufactures from the whole of Europe. Yet Joachim Murat, Napoleon’s brother-in-law, king of Naples, commander of the imperial cavalry, paid tribute amid the horrors of Moscow to the inaccessible arch-enemy. When this letter is held to the light a large watermark is plain:

Lewis Sack
Hatton Court
Threadneedle Street
LONDON

Of civilians among Eugene’s correspondents the most important were Talleyrand and Fouché. There are eleven letters from Talleyrand, all incidental but revealing. Talleyrand writes from Austerlitz to announce the great victory, or from Tilist to announce the formation of the “axis” with Russia; his purpose is apparently not so much to convey news (which Eugene could learn elsewhere) as to keep in touch with a man who stood very close to the Emperor. Fouché’s letters are seventy-six in number; they concern his work, not as minister of police, but as governor-general of the Illyrian Provinces, a post to which he was relegated when he fell from Napoleon’s confidence. They should throw light on the influence of the French, western, revolutionary ideas on the semi-Balkan region of which the Illyrian Provinces were composed.

With these letters go some thousands of state papers, chiefly reports submitted to the Viceroy by various departments and officials. The subject matter is again overwhelmingly military, but naval and maritime affairs, finance and engineering are also abundantly represented. The papers relate almost entirely to administration rather than policy; policy in Italy was pretty much dictated by Napoleon. There is a profusion of statistical reports, some entering into minute detail. On military matters, for example, we can learn, for various regiments, the age and occupation of soldiers, length of service, number of campaigns, speed of promotion, frequency of hospitalization and amount of pay. Careful study of such statistics might establish some significant generalizations, since the whole Napoleonic adventure was founded, in one sense, upon the spirit of the army.

Students of history have begun, but not finished, the explorations which a thorough knowledge of the archives will require. Professor Chinard of Princeton has examined some of Eugene’s papers from the period of his life in Bavaria. Professor Carroll Quigley (now of the Catholic University), who is about to publish with the Harvard Press a monograph on the administration of Napoleonic Italy, gathered much of his information from the 129 black cartons which contain the Beauharnais Archives. A number of other researchers have received permission to visit us for the same purpose. To Miss Emily Driscoll, librarian for Mr. de Coppet, all users of the collection must be grateful; she classified and sorted the material, and unearthed most of the facts given in the third paragraph of this article. That explorations must be pushed further, and that unknown discoveries await us, is obvious from the continental size of de Coppet’s loan.

From what we have of Eugene Beauharnais’ papers the signature of Napoleon, of which Eugene while in Italy saw only too much, is entirely missing. We have, however, a number of Napoleon letters in the Library. Two are unimportant documents from other sources. Four are of great interest; they form part of a body of material presented by Mr. de Coppet to the Library as a gift. Beside the Beauharnais Archives this collection is a dwarf, but it is big enough to have earned two full columns on a principal page of the London Times of May 22, 1930. It is the Mousterberg material, composed of the diary of a German officer named Mousterberg, and of twenty-four letters known as the Lost Despatches of Marshal MacDonald. These twenty-four include our four letters signed by Napoleon.

Mousterberg’s diary relates his experiences, those of a company officer, at the battles of Leipzig and Waterloo. A typescript transcript, in the original German, may be found in our stacks, made by the Library when the diary was acquired. Two scholars at the Institute for Advanced Study have made
use of the diary; they found it interesting for what it is, the record of an undistinguished German in the War of Liberation.

More of a story attaches to Macdonald’s Lost Despatches. Macdonald, despite his Scottish name, was a Frenchman and a marshal of Napoleon. He commanded a corps at Leipzig, the “battle of the nations” at which, a year after Moscow, Napoleon’s power was decisively broken. In preparation for the battle the French headquarters sent him a stream of orders, namely the twenty-four despatches now in our possession, four dictated and signed by the Emperor himself, twenty by Berthier and others of the general staff. Macdonald lost his coach in the confusion of the fighting. Mousterberg, coming along with the victorious Allies, stumbled upon the coach and found the marshal’s papers inside it. He kept them, and finally left them, along with his diary, to his descendants, by whom they were sold in London in 1930. To historians these despatches show how Napoleon, in giving instructions to Macdonald, misconceived his enemy’s position and intentions, revealing a fatal confusion in his own mind on the eve of the battle of Leipzig.

A third body of Napoleoniana, also given to the Library by Mr. de Coppet, consists of 407 volumes from the private library of Napoleon and his second-wife, Marie-Louise. Napoleon was a voracious reader and book buyer, but until a few years ago only a handful of his books were generally known to be still in existence. About 1930 a Berlin book dealer, Martin Breslauer, was called to Austria to appraise the library of the archduke Rainer. Breslauer knew, by common historical knowledge, that when Napoleon went into exile Marie-Louise received the household effects and the library of the imperial ménage. What then happened to this library was not known; actually, it had been handed down through the Hapsburg family; and Breslauer recognized it among the books of the archduke Rainer. It was a tremendous find: more than twelve thousand volumes, most of them in rich leather bindings perfectly preserved, many with the arms of Marie-Louise, or the combined arms of Marie-Louise and Napoleon, stamped upon them in gold. The books were put on exhibition in Berlin, and then sold by the firm of Martin Breslauer. A large selection was bought by an Englishman, who presented them to the French government, which used them to fill the shelves of the library room at Malmaison. The rest were dispersed among private buyers. Our 407 found their way to a New York dealer, and from him to Princeton University, thanks to Mr. de Coppet.

The volumes at Princeton bear no coats of arms, but most of them are fine specimens of the book-making arts. None is dated after 1814; all may therefore have belonged, not only to Marie-Louise (who lived until 1847), but at least nominally to Napoleon as well. Since they are only a fragment from a much larger whole, they offer no rounded picture of reading interests. All are in the French language. Translations from English are significantly numerous, for the Continental Blockade did not exclude English ideas; our volumes include sets of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Maria Edgeworth and Fanny Burney. There are a curious French “adaptation” of Shakespeare (re- fined to suit le bon goût), a number of books of travel, and the medical memoirs of Larrey, surgeon general of the Napoleonic armies. Also present is a copy of the earliest extant edition, namely the second (1814), of Mme. de Staël’s De l’Allemagne, the first (1810) having been totally destroyed by Napoleon’s express order. Apparently Marie-Louise’s librarian bought the forbidden book immediately after the dictator’s fall.

Within the limits of a summary, this about exhausts the story of unusual Napoleoniana materials at Princeton. It does not exhaust the story of Mr. de Coppet’s benefactions, which include also a hundred volumes of the Quarterly Review, the volumes of the New York Tribune for the Civil War years, and a number of works of interest to archaeologists. In ordinary Napoleoniana, i.e., treatises, monographs, memoirs and biographies of no special rarity, we are strong but not preeminent. We have the basic library holdings necessary for the exploitation of our unique advantages. Princeton can now be a center of Napoleonic research, at a time when the Napoleonic system is particularly timely, and the Napoleonic empire disconcertingly suggestive of events in the world today.
Scholasticus in se Scholia Facit

Or, Java Head Revisited

BY JOSEPH HERGEHEIMER

Now that the far-flung struggle in the Pacific has again brought American ships and sailors within hailing distance of Java Head, we are reminded of earlier days in American history, when families like the Anninidas in Salem, Massachusetts, were far better acquainted with islands and ports of call in the Orient than we are today.

Mr. Hergesheimer's instinct for the dramatic and the picturesque led him to project one of his finest novels against the background of New England ship-owning trade with China and the East Indies. In Java Head he unfolded a tragic conflict between these elements of Orientalism and Calvinism which frequently mingled in old Salem. Here, with characteristic irony, he describes the genesis of Java Head. His account is a delightful supplement to the current exhibition of Hergesheimer's books and manuscripts, on display in the Museum to March 23.

It was a good chance that led me to write Java Head in 1919, since twenty years later the deluge of "historical" fiction had obliterated the individual significance of such works. In what I am forced, tentatively, to call creative art the mass production of any particular form is a notice that it has been nearly emblazoned. Luckily I had very nearly blundered into concocting an autobiography, but this, too, I escaped through the vain effort to read several among those superabundantly appearing. Anyhow only the shameless great ought to write autobiographies. Java Head, however, was published at a fortunate time; it had that perhaps superficial advantage or excuse.

Its genesis was extremely simple—the vision of a non-conformist Salem shipmaster in the restricted area of the American hong at Canton, attended by servants in silk, a servant to bear his parasol, the servant who carried a lacquered stool, a servant with the lime leaves and betel nuts he chewed held in a brocade bag. The contrast touched a spark to whatever combustible imagination I possessed. There were additional advantages. No obdurate historical personage, no great event, destroyed the versimilitude of what, after all, was my own concern. Java Head, a novel, was an act of unrestricted egotism or nothing.

In a subsequent story I faced the necessity of describing General Washington at Valley Forge, and his resolute eminence easily defeated me. I was reduced to an abstraction of his voice. Twenty-three years ago this fact was not evident; then I hadn't consciously formulated a principle or established a mean; I wrote. I wrote all day, the night was haunted by the errors of the day, and Java Head, after infinite preparation, finished in scarcely more than a month. I discovered the anagogic implications of an art when the combustion was over.

Addressed to the insoluble difficulties of prose composition I had, aside from works of reference, no time for reading; merely to write saved me from the cant of literature. It is increasingly plain that my youthful ignorance was, largely, both the cause and result of fortuitous benefits. I escaped, for example, into a school of painting from the solemn racket of an English Department; I was never required to endure a seminar with Arnold Bennett or consider John Gallworthy's Anglican sociology.

I wrote.

Looking back on that period of furious activity I am utterly flabbergasted. For twenty years and worse I toiled in a species of possession that transposed every obligation of human duty into the iridescent soapbubble of a spellbound child. It ended, leaving the useful expedients of a technique and reputation, and instantly, as though a fog had lifted from an infinite view, the unexplored world of learning lay golden and unattainable before me.

But the composition of Java Head was a process of laboriously accumulated details. Realities. At the beginning, for one thing, I knew nothing whatever about China; if I had thought of the Chinese at all it was to dislike them; and within a week 90 books had arrived to mend my disabilities. I read them and made notes, a preliminary of 40,000 words, but there were always more books, additional notes, on race, art, philosophy, government, decorum, geography, dress, food, cosmetics, ideographs and the dilatory elegance of Oriental trade. I had selected, for intimate description, a Manchu lady, innocent of the fact that Manchus were not Chinese. Tao Yen was, she had to be, tall with unbound feet and a delicate but unconditional pride. She belonged to an order of warriors and
the mortally cantid women of warriors. It was her bad chance to love a Salem shipmaster, Gerrit Ammidon, and go with him to a commercial society and land. Free from the psychotic burden of predestinarian sin, Puritan morality, she would inevitably escape their indignities in death. For her that was a simple and admirable choice. Her view of dying, the attitude of a sovereign being, was naturally uncontaminated by the venal racket of damnation. Nothing, to Tao Yen, could be more distasteful than the measure and reward of cheepsharing righteousness.

Incredibly Gerrit Ammidon had her in his arms but never in his heart. He was proud of her superfine spirit rather than passion; the Calvinism that killed her was strong in him; and he returned to a girl, bright, familiar and derelict, moved by the pity Christianity had substituted for love. That was his necessity and fate, and through them Captain Ammidon, too, preserved himself from ignominiously compromising his destiny.

The notes about him were not few: works concerned with Salem, seamen and cargoes, the art of navigation and a spiritualized expediency that, originating in France, had been tempered by Holland and the English—before its apotheosis in Boston counting houses and the rueful churches of Bullfinch. The navigation, at once a science and art, was insuperably difficult; it was necessary to bring a full ship to her anchorage beside the Derby Wharf at Salem and, last of all, work the Nautilus out in a half-gale; the reach up the Hoogly River for Calcutta was shifting and perilous even to the shipmasters who encountered it.

I finished those parts of Java Head to my best satisfaction and then, moved by obscure and invariable doubt, sent the manuscript to Captain Arthur H. Clark, a master of sailing ships and Eastern seas. If nothing in it, he wrote, was absolutely wrong just so much failed to be right. I had voluminous notes from him, perfecting all I had misstated, and later met Captain Clark in New York.

He was stocky with a level gaze and fine beard; his voice, surprising enough, was more reflective than loud; and he was quaintly impressed by the quality and need of honor. It was his antiquated conviction that men ought to be honorable and unshaken by the hurricane. He was an explicit denial of the calculating enterprise, the divinity of dollars, that after all had set him afloat.

The customary long, yellow proof sheets of Java Head arrived in segments from The Saturday Evening Post; for a while, adorned by Frederic Gruger, it appeared weekly; then took its place on the shelf that held my accumulating books. When, infrequently, I recalled the story of Gerrit Ammidon and a Manchu lady it was mainly with gratitude for all they had brought me—a period of freedom and disinterested support, the published confidence, of people far off. Even a few near at hand, even some who knew me, were encouraging. What relatives I had were either convinced that anyone at all could write a novel or took the whole transaction to be somehow fraudulent.

Java Head, as I have intimated, changed from subjective reality to a detached and objective fact that had almost nothing to do with my changing self. I returned at necessity to a paragraph, a sentence, with the feeling of revisiting a place, a time, a being, more vivid and significant than any I had known since. I was amazed by the assured march and novelty of phrases composed by an individual who, instinct with promise, had perhaps died too soon. Perhaps. It was not unreasonable to suggest that here, as well, he was fortunate. At least the young man had not multiplied beyond all endurance the pattern of a creativeness good enough to avoid versatility. At fifty I had acquired a violent distaste for the pragmatical fictions of professional authors, ten years later their sublimated message of democratic esperance or biological wails filled me with the sense of an earlier unworthiness. I belonged, apparently, to the company of itinerate storytellers whose tales to the gittern won them supper and a place for the night beside the embers of a dying fire. It was necessary, for so much, only to recite a narrative that was simple and darkly exciting, concerned with the verities of love, drinking and the bronze-claving sword. The men, the heroes, royal in blood were unwavering and beautiful the women.
An Old Story Told Again

MAN'S SEARCH FOR THE BEST WRITING MATERIALS

BY LAWRENCE THOMPSON

In response to requests which still come to the Library for copies of pamphlets issued three years ago by the Library—and now out of print—on various aspects illustrating the accumulated heritage of the modern book, the editors of The Chronicle here make available in revised form the first essay in the series. It is a brief summary of those many experiments made before modern paper was perfected.

In our constant association with books and magazines we occasionally startle ourselves with the wonder of what we are doing. Here we sit quite casually making sense out of abstractions: black lines and curves somehow related to each other on sheets of neat white paper hinged together at one edge. How casually we take it all for granted. Yet how much more exciting the experience becomes if we remember the long heritage.

To get back to the beginning of beginnings is to set out on a fascinating journey of exploration. Back across time and space to peer in at the busy, excited atmosphere of early experiments in printing; on back through cloistered and silent cells where scribes and artists bend over vellum or parchment manuscripts; out into the open air of warm Egypt, to gaze at half-naked men squatting before curious desks covered with sheets and rolls of papyrus; beyond them into the Assyrian Empire, where scribes support thick and soft clay tablets with one gentle hand while they press their styluses deftly; and finally we get lost in the vague tangle of prehistoric times, peopled with half-seen, half-imagined individuals drawing pictures and symbols on cave walls, bones, sticks, and pebbles.

To retrace our course slowly up the years to the present with all possible understanding is a long adventure over still-serpentine paths and roads which patient scholars have not yet fully surveyed in hundreds of years and hundreds of books. In this brief outline, then, we must be content to recall only a few features of one aspect: man’s experiments with writing materials.

Much as we long for the helpful orientation of dates, we must start out tentatively without them. Who would be bold enough to guess when or where our first rude forefather in the Stone Age reached out his weaponed hand to make marks which might be called the earliest writing? On a memorable day in 1879, when a little Spanish girl held a curious candle close against the gloomy Altamira cave wall and brought her father from his own searchings with her excited cries of "Toro! Toro!" it must have seemed to the Marquis de Sautuola that his daughter had discovered one of man's earliest artistic expressions in picture-language. But the polychrome bison of Altamira now stand as a highly developed form of art when compared with the earlier shapes and beginnings found on other cave surfaces, on pieces of stone, on broken antlers. How shall we say when? Probably more than ten thousand years ago, at least, one artist stepped back to survey his handiwork on a stone cave and carelessly left his crude flint burin on a convenient ledge, where it was found only recently.

Let us say only that when man began to come of age over his brother beasts, through the momentous and gradual development of articulate speech, this basic form of communication was slowly supplemented by rude experimental beginnings in soundless communication through written signs and pictures. Obviously the substances used were objects nearest the hand of those leaving messages. A mark in the ground with a pointed stick, gashes in the bark of a tree, a few scratches on a jutting rock, a cryptic symbol on a Mae d'Azil pebble.

The centuries pass, burying and often destroying these crudely written records beneath the dust and rubbish of time. The growing races of man climb ever upward on the outworn and discarded experiences of the past. After hundreds and hundreds of years had taught generations and generations, one group of people consciously began to create a writing material which would have the double value of mobility and permanence. It must be remembered that we hasten over much that is known and unknown in the history of man when we pass from the Stone Age to the sunny banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. We have ample proof that the Akkadians, Babylonians, and Assyrians of Mesopotamia had experimented
with many other forms and materials before they perfected their tablets of clay, for many early cuneiform inscriptions have been found on slate, marble, alabaster, and other stones. But here in Asia Minor we come to the earliest formal writing material which has survived.

The people who developed the clay tablets were a part of that Mesopotamian civilization which dwindled at a period far earlier than that of any other country, Egypt itself not excepted. While authentic documents carry us back to 4500 B.C., there are noted scholars who claim for the Mesopotamians a civilization dating to the seventh and eighth pre-Christian millenniums. One branch, the Sumerians, on the shore of the Persian Gulf, seems to have outdistanced the tribes about them and to have developed a pictograph writing which, after successive generations of modified usage by scribes, became diminishingly a more and more feeble imitation of their ideographic originals until the archaic characters were replaced by formalized cuneiform (i.e. "wedge-shaped") groups of lines constituting the different syllables of words. The history of this change is a tempting bypath which we must resist.

Our immediate concern is with the materials on which these cuneiform characters were written. The clay was specially selected, and the shape made in the earliest times resembled that of a square cushion with rounded corners. Because of the difficulty of drawing objects in full detail successfully, the use of these soft clay tablets may have hastened the change from the pictographic writing to the cuneiform shapes. Yet it is always dangerous to conclude that the writing material actually played a major part in effecting changes, in various cultures, from the pictures to the symbols.

The spread of cuneiform writing on clay tablets through Asia Minor led to its use to express Semitic and Assyrian languages. In the time of the Assyrian Empire, 800-600 B.C., cuneiform was used in all the provinces of Western Asia. But long before writing on clay tablets died out, a new and more convenient form of material made its way north into Asia Minor from Egypt. And the Egyptians are known to have been using papyrus as early as 3500 B.C.

The perfecting of papyrus, from a marsh-growing reed of that name, was a great stride forward. Thin and flexible, although inclined to be brittle and perishable, it could be fashioned conveniently into rolls and carried about with ease. From Pliny, the Roman writer, we derive a partial and somewhat confusing account of the making of writing materials from the papyrus plant. The essentials at least are clear. The stalks were cut into lengths, slit into thin strips, and laid flat, side by side. A second layer of these strips was then laid over the first at right angles. The two layers were treated with a sticky liquid—perhaps only the rich Nile water—and pressed, pounded, and smoothed until the surface was suitable for writing, after the product had been properly dried.

The papyrus sheets, varying in sizes but customarily about twelve by sixteen inches in size, were often pasted end to end to make one long roll. The writing was done in columns which resemble the page-sizes of modern books—and was generally made on one side only.

Although the invaders of Egypt brought new forms of writing, they brought no writing materials which could compare in quality with papyrus. On the death of Alexander the Great, who had occupied Egypt in 332 B.C., Ptolemy Soter, the founder of the Ptolemaic dynasty, became king. Henceforward, till the Arab invasion in the middle of the seventh century, Greek was the official language in Egypt and remained side by side, for an even longer period, with the Arabic. Thus the precious papyrus documents which have been preserved so well in the arid sands of Egypt have been found to contain not only the Egyptian hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic writing, but also the precise angularity of Greek texts and the flowing beauty of Arabic characters. But no better proof of the continued use of other writing materials may be had than by remembering that even Greek and Latin texts have been found in Egypt inscribed on bone, wood, stone and pottery ostraka, and palm leaves.

Not only in Egypt was papyrus used. Herodotus refers to the introduction of papyrus among the Ionian Greeks, who gave it a name meaning "skins"—an indication as to the kind of writing material to which they had already become accustomed. Papyrus is known to have been used in Athens as
early as the fifth century B.C. It was exported to Rome (possibly even manufactured in Italy) and continued in use there long after papyrus—and even paper—had been introduced. The Arabs cultivated and manufactured it in Egypt down to the time when the growing industry of paper-making in the eighth and ninth century rendered it no longer necessary.

Only once during a long period of supremacy did papyrus meet a serious competitor. This was parchment. In the second century B.C., Eumenes II, king of Pergamum, was eager to establish a library which could rival that in Alexandria, across the Mediterranean. If he were to do this, he would need to import large quantities of papyrus for his scribes. Unfortunately, however, he had incurred the ill will of the Ptolemies, then rulers of Egypt, who imposed such a stiff embargo on the exportation of papyrus to Pergamum that Eumenes II was balked in his plans. Out of necessity came a new solution. For hundreds of years various peoples in Asia Minor and Africa had made crude writing materials out of the hides of animals. Skins of donkeys, cows, goats, horses, had been dried and cured well enough to permit writing on the flesh-side. The people of Pergamum, unable to import papyrus, perfected this use of skins. By newly devised and skilful processes of tanning, splitting, and bleaching, calf skins and sheep skins were converted into writing materials of extremely smooth textures, far more durable than the fragile papyrus. When this new and beautiful product was exported into the Roman world, it became known, from the place of its origin, as pergamin, from which the name in time found its way into English as “parchment.” Here was a substance which lent itself readily, because of its toughness, to folding and stitching together on the folded edges, in the form of the book which we know today. It remained the favorite writing material in Europe even until the Middle Ages—although a cheaper and more practical substitute, paper, had been manufactured centuries earlier.

To get back to the beginning of paper manufacture we must return through Egypt (where the Egyptian word for papyrus was transferred as a name for this new writing material) and through Arabia to China. Here another old civilization had been working out anew the ancient problem of fumbling discovery. For hundreds of years before the beginning of the Chinese Era, the Chinese had developed their own pictograph writing, which had been recorded on a variety of materials diverse as bark and silk and bamboo. But the cheap bamboo sticks, on which the gradually formalized ideographs were arranged in vertical columns, proved to be increasingly cumbersome for literary uses. We are told that the philosopher Mê Ti, when he travelled from state to state, carried with him three cart-loads of bamboo books; that the emperor T'ïn Shih Huang set himself the daily task of going over a hundred and twenty pounds of state documents. It was imperative that some new substance be found. Silk, which was used for writing on state occasions, and by the rich, was much too expensive for the common requirements. What substitute could take its place?

Many were the experiments made in China. Finally, in the year 105 A.D., Ts'ai Lun announced triumphantly to the emperor that he had worked with rags, fish nets, hemp, and tree bark; that at last he had invented a thin, tough surface which was an excellent substitute for silk. The name which he gave to this first paper was quite appropriately “silk-stuff,” even as the Egyptians called paper “papyrus-stuff.” The Chinese invention called for great celebration and rejoicing. So that such an illustrious inventor as Ts'ai Lun should have become entangled in a metaphorical fish net of state intrigues which later caused him to go home one day, take a bath, comb his hair, put on his best robes, and drink poison. But the moving finger writes.

Subsequent inventions of ever improving methods for making paper—and the gradual spread of this miraculous art westward—is a tale which the reader may wish to examine more fully. As good as a detective story is the account of modern explorers and discoverers who have pieced together fragmentary evidence until the problems of what actually happened are resolved for our enlightenment and satisfaction. Enough, here, to say that a doubly significant event occurred in Samarkand in 751 A.D. The Arabs, having occupied Samarkand several years earlier, were called to the support of a Turkish chief in waging war against another Turkish chief whose allies were Chinese. When the Arabs defeated attacking bands of Chinese and followed the vanquished armies to the frontier,
they returned with many captives. Among the captives were men who taught the Arabs in Samarkand the secret of making paper. Before long the magic art has been carried to Bagdad and Damascus.

But the Arabs had their own contributions to make. The Chinese had experimented with various fibrous materials macerated into a liquid porridge of fibres which could be spread upon a screen, interwoven by careful manipulation of the screen, allowed to drain, dried in the sun, and smoothed down to a satisfactory writing surface. The earth of Arabia furnished various plants which supplied fibrous materials. Ramie, a coarse grass, was chopped up for such use; raw cotton and discarded cloth of cotton was tried successfully. And when the Moslem zeal for converting the world to Moham-bedanism led these new paper-makers to take their secret with them, the craft was taught in Egypt, across Northern Africa to Morocco, and subsequently in Spain. Thus did the process of papermaking, as taught by the Chinese to the Arabs, by the Arabs to others, reach Europe.

The Spaniards and Italians, the French and the Germans, were reluctant to give up their own favorite writing materials for this strange innovation. Paper was certainly no match in quality for the fine texture of parchment. Perhaps one reason why the growing rivalry between paper and parchment favored the latter for so long was that the earliest European paper was often of extremely poor quality. While the Moors made paper in Spain—at Sativa, Valencia, Toledo—in the last half of the twelfth century, the quality was good. But when the work was carried on by the less skilful Christians, it quickly deteriorated. In 1231, Frederick II expressed his own prejudice by forbidding the use of paper for public documents; he insisted that they were to be written only on vellum. But the gradual spread of the paper-making industry in Italy brought improvements and new respect for this lighter and less expensive material. The mills at Fabriano, using pure rag fibres as a base, were set up in 1276 and rose in importance as the manufacture of paper declined in Spain. From many factories in Northern Italy the wants of Southern Germany were supplied as late as the fifteenth century. Indeed, before the end of the fourteenth century, the use of paper for literary purposes had become well established in Western Europe, although the old partiality for parchment and vellum still led to uses for special occasions.

No single event had greater effect in stimulating the use and manufacture of paper than the invention of printing. The beautiful white rag paper from German and Italian mills has come down to us today with pristine freshness in hundreds of fifteenth century books. And the paper in those books represents a level of achievement in papermaking which has never been surpassed.

Such a rapid survey of the history of writing materials merely opens the doors for the reader and indicates vistas. It intends to do only that.
NEW dignity and importance has come to our library and to all other great libraries since the United States entered the war. Now, as never before, the Friends of the Library have reason to take pride in their efforts. For the Princeton University Library is an active symbol of those cultural ideals and principles, hopes and accomplishments, so dearly earned and cherished by us in the past and so grimly championed and defended by us in the present.

None of us will make the mistake of thinking that the library can be neglected during this war. Important indeed is our new preoccupation with building up armies and defenses; important indeed is the old preoccupation with building and strengthening our libraries.

In these days of shifting emphasis, many of us know that our libraries are far more than mere symbols of those ideals for which we are willing to fight and die. While others impatiently chafe in the old harness and are eager to “do something” about the war, the staff of the Princeton University Library has reason to feel that it is doing something about the war, every hour and minute when the library doors are kept open to all.

Miss Bayles’ article, in the April 1941 issue of *The Chronicle*, and her accompanying checklist of articles about the “Effect of the War on European Libraries” could be augmented tragically now. A concise summary of “Library Losses in England” appeared as a “Supplement” (May 7, 1941, Number 36) to *Bulletins From Britain*. Quite appropriately the compiler began with Caliban’s ominous lines: “Burn but his books... for without them he’s but a soul as I am.”

Lathrop C. Harper, dean of American bookmen, has consented to let us print a letter which increases our knowledge of the modest Princetonian who presented to the Library his Civil War Collection. Mr. Harper’s letter follows:

Dear Mr. Boyd:

With great interest I have read the article by the late John F. Joline, Jr. on John Shaw Pierson and his Civil War Collection, in *The Chronicle* for April, 1941. For a period of more than 15 years before his death I knew Mr. Pierson intimately. I had a deep personal regard and respect for Mr. Pierson. He was reserved, did not talk much, and certainly never about himself. While a modest man, one would never even think of him as ‘Pierson.’ But I realize that he was a man in moderate circumstances who was pursuing an ideal with a maximum of perseverance and a minimum of money expended.

After 1865 there were relatively few books published about the Civil War. It was not until the eighties, when events could be viewed in more perspective, that there came a great revival of interest. This is evidenced by the outstanding success of Grant’s *Memoirs* (1885), *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (1887) and other works by the leading actors on both sides.

About this time the lesser participants became conscious that they had taken part in one of the most important events of our history. And there spread through the country a feeling that, while the survivors were still living, their part in the conflict should be put into print. This resulted in an outpouring of regimental histories, personal narratives of lesser known persons, prison experiences, and accounts of minor military actions.

When Mr. Pierson started collecting in 1869 he was, through his work for the Marine Branch of the Bible Society, well acquainted with all the publishers and booksellers, and could readily obtain books issued through the regular trade channels. But the elusive semi-private and personal items, locally printed for the few interested—none by regular publishers—presented a problem. This problem he had solved before I met him. What his system was I do not know: but I know it meant an immense amount of correspondence and perseverance. And whatever his system—it worked!

At that time my brother and I were specializing in Civil War material. Naturally we were interested in all this elusive material and making every effort to secure copies at their source. A friend of ours, Byron Andrews, was one of the owners of *The National Tribune*, published at Washington. This was the principal organ of the Civil War veterans. Through Mr. Andrews, as well as from many other sources, we secured clues to many out-of-the-way titles. So for many years we had a friendly competition with Mr. Pierson, our side of the game.
being to show him a book he did not know. Occasionally we would score, but far more often we found that the elusive book or pamphlet was already safely shelved in the Princeton Library.

Mr. Pierson was one of the first collectors to realize the historical importance of the Civil War period. He was a real collector, and his collection of 9000 books and pamphlets, judged by quality rather than bulk, is a proud possession for any institution. It was built up over the best years of a lifetime, book by book, as any real collection should be, and contains a remarkable proportion of rare rarities. If locating a copy of a book or pamphlet proves impossible, "try Princeton" is sound advice.

But the Pierson Collection represents a much greater thing: the lifelong devotion of a loyal son of Princeton to an ideal that would add prestige to his Alma Mater. His means were slender, but time expended and intelligent persistence mean much more than money. Such a collection is a heritage of which few institutions can boast.

His interest continued to the end. I was with him a few days before his death. He was confined to his bed, and very weak, but we talked of Princeton and his collection there. Such devotion cannot be forgotten.

Sincerely yours,

Lathrop C. Harper.

Frances Winwar's latest book, American Giant: Walt Whitman and his Times, was published shortly after the appearance of the last Chronicle, which contained Edward Naumburg's essay, "A Collector Looks at Walt Whitman." Because there was such a divergence of viewpoint between the biographer and the collector, Miss Winwar was invited to comment on Mr. Naumburg's essay. With gratitude for such a generous response, we give her reply here:

Whitman's Calamus Poems

Had a lesser writer denied a charge as vehemently as Whitman denied the implication of homosexuality brought against his Calamus poems by John Addington Symonds he would have been taken at his word and there would have been an end to the matter. Not so in Whitman's case. Many will still have it that he was homosexual. In vain did he write to Symonds: "That the Calamus part has ever allowed the possibility of such construction as mentioned is terrible—I am afo to hope the pp themselves are not to be even mentioned for such gratuitous and quite at the same time undreamed and unrecked possibility of morbid inferences which are disavowed by me and seen damnable." In vain did he claim the fathering of six illegitimate children, hoping by that wild fiction to silence the surmise that horrified him. The very naïveté of his assuming that by confessing to a "jolly bodily" life he would give the lie to the "tendencies" which he categorically disavowed, brings before one the shocked old man, grasping at any straw to save his work from the torrent of morbid implication.

It is well, before defending the Calamus poems against Symonds' interpretation, to look into the subject in its just perspective. Symonds addressed his letter to Whitman, "asking him what his real feeling about masculine love was," in 1890, on the threshold of a decade that was to see the triumph and fall of homosexuality in England in the career and trial of Oscar Wilde. The Calamus poems were written in America, many of them more than thirty years before it could have occurred to any one that there lay in them a meaning other than the love of man for man, comradeship or brotherhood. America at that time was still unsophisticated, as, for that matter, was England also. That Walt was then conscious of such a sexual devotion as homosexuality is doubtful. He could not have exposed himself as he did, had not entire innocence guided his pen. As late as 1896 Thomas Donaldson, who had known the poet intimately, wrote that the section which treated of the Calamus group in Symonds' book was "entirely superficial for American readers, most of whom won't know what Symonds is driving at."

There are, of course, the two poems which are always brought forward as potent arguments by those who support Symonds' view—"Once I pass'd through a populous city," and the one which begins, "Hours continuing long, sore and heavy-hearted," a poignantly human plaint on a no longer required friendship. The first, which in Leaves of Grass refers to a woman, was in an earlier form written of a man, as Professor Emory Holloway revealed in 1920. But who is to know whether that was the original version, or whether another, earlier still, might not have been the poem as we have it now? Whitman was constantly working and reworking his poems. Again, granted that it was written of the man "who wandered with me there for love of me," why need a homosexual inference follow from the use of the word love which Whitman employed for his feelings both for man and women? As for the second poem, there is nothing in it which could not equally apply to "the anguish and passion" of sundered friendship between man and man or man and woman. It is well in this connection, to remember another poem of Whitman's, from the Children of Adam group:

66
I am he that aches with amorous love;  
Does the earth gravitate? does not all matter, aching,  
Attract all matter?  
So the body of me to all I meet or know.  

That all is the key to the mystery.  

There is something else. When working on my Oscar Wilde and the Yellow 'Nineties' I had to go deeply into the subject of homosexuality. Wilde's relations with his groom friends were not those of Whitman and the wounded soldiers, or with street car conductors, like Peter Doyle. I read Whitman's letters to Pete, and many others addressed to various young men, while pursuing my research for American Giant. In none of them did I find the slightest tenor of what spoke out boldly in the correspondence of Wilde. I would have had no reason to conceal my findings in Whitman's case, had I come upon them, as I did not conceal them in Wilde's. Indeed, they would have served to titillate the reader avid for such sensation. I found nothing to justify Symonds, and I truthfully recorded my findings. A last word. When all the pros and cons of the question are considered, no matter which side of the balance is weighted down with the evidence, the essential message of Calamus remains "the love of comrades."  

Frances Winwar

Professor Floyd Stovall, whose Whitman volume in "The American Writers Series," is used by Princeton students, also sent the following comments, for which we are grateful:

Mr. Naumburg has made a valuable contribution to the materials available for the study of Whitman. I have no fault whatever to find with it. . . . [Concerning Whitman's supposed children] the evidence to date is insufficient to establish the fact, and unless further evidence is discovered, I can see little value in speculation on the subject. There is one aspect of the question upon which I have strong feelings. I believe that it is a mistake for a biographer to assume that a poem, which is a profoundly imaginative work, can furnish factual data about the life of the poet. The examples cited by Mr. Naumburg illustrate the dangers involved in treating Whitman's poems as biography.

With regard to the alleged homosexual theme in the Calamus poems, I am not disposed to be dogmatic, but I consider it incidental and subordinate to the theme of manly comradeship. It is not unaccountable that his language is sometimes suggestive of the language of sexual passion. Whitman conceived of evolution, in the realm of spirit as well as in the realm of matter, as a process of creation involv-

ing the union through love of two opposites. In pattern his formula is not unlike that of Hegel. In Children of Adam he described love in its physical aspect, and in Calamus he described love in its spiritual aspect, treating each as if it were a separate experience. I feel that this separation was made for the purpose of analysis only and that Whitman had no intention of suggesting that the love between men and women is necessarily purely physical. Perhaps he did intend to suggest that the physical element cannot and ought not to be eliminated from spiritual love, even between man and man. I see no reason to suppose that the Calamus poems are veiled accounts of homosexual experiences.

Those readers who delight in biographies with Princeton scenes and backgrounds interspersed will be glad to hear that Louis Leary's very careful and detailed biography of That Rascal Frenenau has recently been published in the handsome format which it deserves, by the Rutgers University Press. The chapter on Frenenau's undergraduate years at Princeton begins with this delightful picture:

Princeton in 1768 was a quiet country village of some fifty houses clustered along the highway just half way between Philadelphia and New York. Situated on the first high ground which separates the alluvial plain of South Jersey from the hilly region of the north, it looks in every direction over a countryside of rolling hills and pleasant valleys. To the south an undulating patchwork of meadow and forest stretched as far as eye could see. In the distance the Navesink Highlands curved majestically along the Jersey coastline. Rugged mountains loomed beyond the foothills north of Princeton, while westward plains descended gradually to the Delaware.

Near the center of the village, silhouetted against the sky at the top of a gently rising slope, the college was an outstanding landmark for miles around. A massive stone building, modeled carefully after King's College at Cambridge and just eleven years old when Philip Frenenau enrolled, Nassau Hall was the pride of the province. The Reverend John Witherspoon, who the summer before had come from Scotland to assume the presidency of the institution, won all hearts by pronouncing it finer than anything at the University of Edinburgh. . . .
The November 1941 issue of The Chronicle described the change in policy governing the distribution of The Chronicle, to become effective with the present issue. The total number of responses from the Friends is disappointingly small. Only 133 of the one thousand Friends are now on the list of subscribers to The Chronicle. When we consider the fact that 178 subscribers outside the organization are on our list it gives us pause.

It is disappointing that so few Friends have been added to the subscription list. We are constantly being told how good a publication it is.

Eighteen of the Friends who sent in subscriptions were so generous as to include with the fee a contribution toward expenses of The Chronicle. Such contributions, totalling $109.00 came from these members:

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We must secure more subscribers. The number of subscribers is slowly increasing, but not at a sufficiently rapid pace. We expect to be able to carry through the present volume.

Contributions and Gifts

Contributions from Edwin T. Goodridge '32 and U. J. P. Rushton '36 have been received since the November issue of The Chronicle. Mr. Goodridge's contribution was made for general book purchases; Mr. Rushton's covers books by and about the Southern Agrarians. Because of the fact that Mr. Allen Tate, a member of the faculty, is one of the group of Southern Agrarians, Mr. Rushton's support in this field is of special interest and appeal. The contributions from Mr. Goodridge and Mr. Rushton total $150.00.

Several Friends have presented books and miscellaneous pieces to the Library since the last issue of The Chronicle. We may single out a few of these gifts for particular mention. Received from William B. Bamford '00, additional volumes and numbers of several periodicals which he helps us to keep up; from Ernest T. Carter '88, additions to the music collection; and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Clements, more of their own writings for the Archives of American Letters; from Mrs. John F. Joline, Jr., four maps used by Mr. Joline in the first World War; from Frank J. Mather, Jr., twenty-four volumes and twenty-six pamphlets and magazines for the print-collection library; from Kenneth H. Rockey '16, fifty-nine volumes of history and travel, several of them published in the eighteenth century; from John H. Scheide '96, two volumes from Jonathan Edwards' library, a set of Stevens' Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, with additional documents inserted, and a copy of Mr. Scheide's own article entitled "The Lexington Alarm"; and from Joseph Vogel, twenty-six numbers of little magazines for our special collection of such publications.
Gifts were also received from the following Friends:

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