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### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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A Genuine Princeton Literary Tradition

BY NATHANIEL BURT

I remember a high official of the University casually saying, “After all, Princeton really has no literary tradition; of course, there's Fitzgerald...” —this in a satisfied sort of way that left no doubt that he felt a Princeton literary tradition to be an unnecessary ornament. Let Harvard or Bryn Mawr indulge in such fripperies. Princeton had weightier fish to fry. There has always been a suspicion that there has been no “literary tradition” because the average Princeton graduate didn't care. Though this is certainly not true—at any given time the graduates and the University seemed to care a good deal about Princetonian letters—it is only fairly recently that any serious efforts have been made to establish a true “tradition.” Honor has indeed been paid over the years to the rather disjointed literary production of the past, and to its producers: the Revolutionary trio of James Madison, Hugh Henry Brackenridge (America’s first comic novelist) and Philip Freneau (America’s first truly native poet); the dilettante men of affairs of the earlier 19th century such as the banker Nicholas Biddle, the congressman Charles Jared Ingersoll and the diplomat Richard Rush, who gathered around America’s first substantial literary magazine, The Port Folio; the mid-century poets George Henry Boker, dramatist and diplomat, and his college friend, the immensely popular humorist-verse-sifer Charles Godfrey Leland, who founded the Nassau Lit; and others before and since. These men were undoubtedly literary and Princetonians, but they had little to do with one another from generation to generation, and do not represent any community of interest. No torches were handed on.

It is only in fairly recent times that any serious effort seems to have been made to establish a true continuing tradition. On the part of the library with its exhibitions and in the pages of the Chronicle, such a tra-
tion has been explored and codified. However, these valuable efforts have been to some extent dis-equilibrated by an overgenerous embrace of writers whose connections with Princeton and the University have been fragile. Luminaries like Thomas Mann, Hermann Broch, T. S. Eliot, Upton Sinclair and Eugene O'Neill do indeed have Princeton connections; but that does not really count as a viable “tradition,” glamorous as these associations may be. The difference between such stars and someone like Fitzgerald makes this clear. The kinship of Eliot and Mann is tangential; that of Fitzgerald is umbilical. O'Neill and Sinclair do not share Princeton associations. Tarkington and Fitzgerald do.

It is such an umbilical tradition, stretching over three generations and encompassing nearly a century of continuous literary output, that I am talking about. Here is at least one group of writers who were bound to the University, to the town and to each other by all sorts of interlockings. All were undergraduates at the University. Almost all of

them continued to have strong associations with Princeton after their college days. They were praised, advertised and memorialized in the pages of the Princeton Alumni Weekly. They belonged to Princeton clubs, undergraduate and graduate. They received, some of them, Princeton honors. Some taught at Princeton, some lived in the town. All of them knew some of them, often as close friends. And they were all in their day and their way famous, both in Princeton and in the nation at large. Most of them were in fact spectacularly successful. All were in Who's Who when alive and most were embalmed in the Dictionary of American Biography when dead. Yet of the dozen I have picked, only one seems nowadays firmly established in the popular mind as a reputation of the first rank.

* *

Henry van Dyke '73 (1852-1933), David Graham Phillips '87 (1867-1911), Jesse Lynch Williams '92 (1871-1929), (Newton) Booth Tarkington 95 (1869-1946), Ernest (Cook) Poole '02 (1880-1950), (Maxwell) Struthers Burt '04 (1881-1954). Hugh (Torbert) MacNair Kahler '04 (1883-1969), Samuel Shellabarger '09 (1888-1954). James Boyd '10 (1888-1944), Edmund Wilson '16 (1895-1972), John Peale Bishop '17 (1892-1944), and Francis Scott (Key) Fitzgerald '17 (1896-1940), had various things in common besides their attendance at the University. They were all born in the 19th century. All but one originated as natives of the Middle Atlantic or Midwestern states. They were all members of classes that graduated before America's entry into World War I. Two of them, Tarkington and Fitzgerald, did not actually graduate, but they both stayed the course, unlike O'Neill who left at the end of his freshman year and never had any real Princeton associations thereafter.

The half century between 1895 and 1945 was the period during which they flourished—and they flourished luxuriantly. From the appearance of van Dyke's first book in 1884 to Edmund Wilson's last in 1971 they published over 500 titles, along with an uncountable mass of periodical material. During the 50 years from 1893 through 1943 no year passed without the appearance of at least one book by at least one of these 12 authors. Though all of them wrote fiction, they also covered most other fields: the essay, history, biography and autobiogra-
phry, poetry, drama, criticism. Most of them wrote about Princeton in one way or another, directly or in fictional disguise (van Dyke, Williams, Tarkington, Poole, Burt, Shellabarger, Fitzgerald, Wilson). Several of them lived for shorter or longer periods in the town, after college (van Dyke, Williams, Burt, Kahler, Shellabarger). At least three of them taught at the University (van Dyke, Burt, Shellabarger). Many if not all belonged to undergraduate Princeton clubs or such clubs as the Nassau in Princeton or the Princeton Club in New York. They were also fellow members of other clubs, mostly in New York. Van Dyke, Williams, Tarkington, Poole, Boyd and Shellabarger, for instance, were all members of the Century Association.

There was not one of them who was not a fairly good friend of at least one other (Phillips and Tarkington), often close (Tarkington and Kahler, Kahler and Boyd) or at least maintained a long continuing acquaintance (Boyd and Fitzgerald). Tarkington, for instance, was a close college friend of Williams, knew Phillips in New York, corresponded over a period with Kahler, knew Poole well and Burt casually, and must have been acquainted with Boyd and Shellabarger. Fitzgerald introduced Hemingway to Tarkington in Paris, and Tarkington probably met Wilson somewhere along the line. In the same way van Dyke surely must have met all the older writers, except perhaps Phillips. He was certainly a good fishing friend of Burt, Burt, Kahler and Boyd were old friends, and Shellabarger was at least a close acquaintance of all three. Fitzgerald visited both Burt and Boyd in North Carolina and had known Burt earlier in Princeton and through Max Perkins, since Boyd, Burt and Fitzgerald were part of the Max Perkins "stable" of best-selling Scribner's authors during the twenties and beyond. Poole's brother was Burt's college roommate; Williams' wife was a cousin of Burt's wife. The longstanding friendship, begun at college, of the Fitzgerald-Bishop-Wilson triumvirate is almost legendary.

Most of these people were involved in Princeton undergraduate literary-dramatic activities. Williams and Tarkington were the principal founders of the Triangle Club. Tarkington wrote the book of The Honorable Julius Caesar of 1893, generally considered the first of the annual series, and he also acted in it. Burt wrote the book for the shows of 1903 and 1904, as did Wilson in 1916. Fitzgerald wrote lyrics and appeared as a Triangle chorus girl, and Bishop was also a member of the cast. Most of them edited or at least contributed to the Nassau Lit, as well as the Tiger. Williams was the first editor of the Princeton Alumni Weekly, and others of this group wrote for it.

And they all, in different ways, shared fame and honors. The older graduates in particular collected medals and memberships. Van Dyke, Tarkington, Poole, Burt and Boyd were all members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Van Dyke was president of the Institute, 1909-1911, and both he and Tarkington went on up to the Academy. Wilson received the Institute's gold medal in 1955, as Tarkington had in 1933. Four Pulitzer's were won by three of them: Tarkington two for fiction in 1919 and 1922, Poole for fiction in 1918 and Williams for drama in the same year. Van Dyke collected honorary degrees: Princeton 1884, Harvard 1894, Yale 1896, and others. Tarkington was awarded an honorary A.M. by Princeton to make up for his failure to graduate in 1893 and then in 1918 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

But it was above all their extraordinary success that distinguishes most of them. Van Dyke, Phillips, Tarkington, Poole, Burt, Shellabarger, Boyd and Fitzgerald were all consistent best sellers as writers of fiction. Williams had at least one smash hit on Broadway; Tarkington had at least two. Kahler was one of the country's most popular writers for magazines; Bishop, though certainly never popular, was respected and praised by famous fellow poets; Wilson became the Grand Pandemonium of American literary critics by the end of his long and prolific career. Van Dyke's The Other Wise Man sold millions of copies in his lifetime and continues in print. Kate Feniugate, one of Tarkington's later and least known novels, sold half a million copies when it appeared in 1934. Poole's novel of 1915, The Harbor, swept the country. Phillips' novels were constant successes, culminating in his posthumous Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise (1917) which was hailed as a masterpiece. Four of Burt's five novels were best sellers. Boyd's Drums of 1925 had sold some 100,000 copies by 1926. And as for Fitzgerald....

Despite the loss of reputation of most of these writers, something survives of most of them. Whether the comparative present neglect is justified or not, during their lives at least they were certainly not overlooked.

*  

Though very much individuals, these writers do fall into groups. Van Dyke, Tarkington and Williams might be thought of as an old guard, Phillips and Poole as a succession of muckrakers (with the later
Wilson continuing that succession). Burt, Kahler, Shellabarger and Boyd are a sort of mid-generation, straddling the First War; and Wilson, Bishop and Fitzgerald are aggressively moderns—a new guard.

Van Dyke, Williams, and Tarkington have in common attendance at the College of New Jersey before it became Princeton University in 1896. They were "midlanders": Van Dyke from an old New Jersey Dutch family, born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but reared in Brooklyn, Williams as a native of Illinois, Tarkington of Indiana. They also had in common striking literary successes and almost incestuously close ties with their alma mater. No writers before or since have been more thoroughly Princetonian.

Van Dyke graduated from both the College in 1873 and the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. By the time he moved back to Princeton to teach in 1900, Princeton University had evolved from the College of New Jersey and van Dyke was famous for many things—as poet, clergyman, orator, teacher, scholar. As poet he had been the obvious choice to deliver the Inaugural Ode in 1896 celebrating the new status of Princeton. Son of a Presbyterian minister, he had also become one. As pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, he was a leading denominational personage and notable sermonizer (The Other Wise Man first appeared in public as a Christmas sermon there). In 1902 he became Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and later on was chief mover in the creation of a new Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer.

The Murray Professorship of English Literature at the University had been created especially for him. He was an established authority on and a close friend of Tennyson, then revered as the greatest of modern English poets. His own vastly popular poetry reflected this reverence, but had its own note of jaunty, nature-and-bird-loving good cheer. His essays such as Little Rivers of 1895 and his religious-fictional fantasies like The Other Wise Man, The First Christmas Tree and The Lost Word had made him a world reputation. He was eventually translated into "all European tongues," as a publisher boasted, and several Oriental ones. An anthology called The Friendly Year appeared in 1900 with inspirational excerpts for each day of the calendar, culled from his works. This was reissued and reedited from time to time as the works piled up. In 1920-1922 when Scribner's published these collected works as the Avalon Edition, named after his Princeton house, he would seem to have joined the Immortals. He was said to have made
more money for Scribner's in his lifetime than any other author, though such statements, never verifiable, are suspect. But he lived just too long. In 1930 the savage personal attack made on him by Sinclair Lewis in his inaugural speech before the Nobel Prize Committee (the first American to make one) signaled the beginning of the end. The only too effective war of total annihilation fought by moderns like Edmund Wilson against what they labeled "genteel" was in its full fury. By the time van Dyke died in 1933 he himself could see his own imminent literary demise.

Meanwhile his three decades in Princeton had made him one of its most conspicuous and representative citizens. Close friend of the local Presidents Grover Cleveland (ex), and Woodrow Wilson (to be), he managed to side with Cleveland against Wilson in the vicious struggle over the location of the projected graduate college and yet be appointed by Wilson as wartime minister to the Netherlands in 1913. In his handsome pillared old house on Bayard Lane, surrounded by great trees and boxwood, he held court in the bosom of his numerous family. A small, neat fellow, he had the self-assertiveness that sometimes goes with lack of size. "The only man who can strut sitting down" seems to be what is, most unfairly, best remembered of him. He was, in fact, also kindly, merry and helpful, especially to the young. He genuinely loved and knew the worlds of nature and established literature. His essays, based on but not limited by his experience and expertise as a fly fisherman, are still full of charm, now heightened by nostalgic evocations. His portraits of untouched American wildernesses and unspoiled European countrysides vividly conjure up the beauties of the vanished world of a century ago.

Young people today seem not to have heard of Henry van Dyke, even in Princeton. "Avalon" was razed, but appropriately the YW-YMCA is on its site. He might have approved; though surely he thought "Avalon" would become a literary shrine like "Abbotsford." His stories, and especially his essays, deserve to endure. Not perhaps very much out of that huge output, but still something.

*

Booth Tarkington was, if possible, even more famous; but he was almost entirely in and of the 20th century, not the 19th. He confined himself to fiction and playwriting without the frequent excursions into poetry and the essay of van Dyke. As an undergraduate he transferred from Purdue to Princeton for his last two college years, and seems instantly to have become the most popular man in his class of '93. In strong contrast to van Dyke, he was gangling, dark, saturnine, typecast for his role as "lean and hungry" Cassius in the Triangle Club's Julius Caesar. His winning combination of humor, gregariousness, modesty and imagination, reflected in his works, stayed with him for life. These qualities, of course, aren't enough to make a writer. It was a magical felicity of phrase and clarity in the presentation of scene and character that made him a literary prodigy right from the start. Almost everything he wrote was and remains fun to read; some of it pure fun, some more than fun.
Pure fun is a series of delightful literary merriments of his first period, novelettes published in beautiful little books decorated and illustrated in fin de siècle finery. They still melt in the mouth, with their combination of dewy sentiment and infectious merriment. *Monsieur Beaucarne, Cherry* (about 18th-century Princetonians), *The Beautiful Lady, His Own People, The Guest of Queesnay, Breasly's Christmas Party* and the later *Harlequin and Columbine* remain entrancing. Not serious, not "important"; just entrancing. As in the case of van Dyke, time’s alchemy has added the patina of nostalgia to their already sufficient joys. Parallel to these soufflés is a long series of Indiana “problem” novels which, though also full of Tarkington charm, have increasingly serious intentions. From his very first novel, *The Gentleman from Indiana* (1899), of which the hero is obviously the ex-Princetonian Tarkington himself, down through and beyond the almost-tragic *Magnificent Ambersons* (1918) and *Alice Adams* (1921), he describes with understanding but regret the gradual overwhelming of the Midwest of James Whitcomb Riley by that of Sinclair Lewis; first, political corruption, then the unleashed “progress” of Babbitts working to destroy the world he knew and describes best: the tree shaded, horseclipping, intimate “nice” neighborhoods of the midwestern small town and city circa 1900. This is the world that remains his signature, so to speak. In somewhat later confessions, as blessedly free of social significance and angst as the earlier novellas, such as *Seventeen* and *Gente Julia* and the perhaps overestimated and overstated Penrod stories, he recreates an almost fairy story version of this particular world.

How such a continuously readable and attractive author should have been allowed to go into eclipse is a literary mystery. Whereas other artists have been neglected for unpleasantness and obscurity, Tarkington has been denigrated for his clarity and delightfulness. Incredible that so much sheer reading pleasure should be denied the present day because of false critical-academic taboos! If any author best represents pre-war Princeton amiability, it is surely this quintessential gentleman from Indiana.

*Jesse Lynch Williams, Tarkington's collegemate, retained an even closer commitment to Princeton. While still a graduate student there (A.M. 1895), he wrote and published the first of his three volumes of tales of undergraduate life—*Princeton Stories* (1895), *Adventures of a Freshman* (1899) and *The Girl and the Game* (1908). These remain the only thorough, identifiable fictional record of that most Princetonian of periods, when the captain of the football team stood next to God, the Big Game dominated the year, riots blithely tore up Nassau Street when the circus came to town, the eating clubs occupied the summit of most undergraduate ambitions, serious students were scorned as "polers," and girls, like American Beauty roses, appeared for dances each spring. Surely no more complete picture of that tight, smug, at once genial and mind-numbing collegiate world now exists—the world Woodrow Wilson wanted to dismember. By Edmund Wilson's time only some two decades later, Woodrow Wilson's attacks had had an effect and this world was breaking up under the first tensions of the incipient Jazz Age and the threats of war; but it was still the world whose glamor had captivated Fitzgerald.*
stories as well as the play *Why Marry?*—all except the last closely identified with Princeton.

* 

David Graham Phillips by birth (1867) and graduation (1887) comes chronologically well before Williams and Tarkington, but his career as a novelist is contemporary with theirs. Like both of them, he too was a midwesterner, from the riverside town of Madison, Indiana and, like Tarkington, he transferred to Princeton from a midwestern university, in this case DePauw. Like Tarkington, he too wrote about his native state and political corruption in it; but unlike Williams and Tarkington, he was not really closely linked with his alma mater. He did, however, begin a conspicuous journalistic career on the basis of college friendships with Princetonians whose family owned a Cincinnati newspaper. And he was murdered in 1911 right in front of the Princeton Club in New York, of which he was a member, which in this odd way certainly does identify him with the college; so that his career so to speak began and ended under Princeton auspices.

Phillips belongs to a certain persistent vein in 20th-century Princeton writing which in its day was labeled “muckraking”; that is, social protest, criticism of the moneyed class and its corruption, and an attack on established political and financial reputations. From Phillips’ first journalistic attacks in the nineties, followed by Ernest Poole’s work and then Edmund Wilson’s after World War I, the tradition of active polemics endured for a good half century.

Phillips left Cincinnati in 1890 for the big time in New York with the *Sun* and finally Pulitzer’s *World* newspapers. He meanwhile joined the crowd of writers in *McClure’s Magazine* and other such organs that roused America from its post-Civil War Republican complacency by articles revealing corruption and financial-political villainy in high places. The climax of his career in this line was a series of articles in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in 1906 called “The Treason of the Senate” in which he tore to shreds the reputations of the most distinguished solons by accusing them of being tools of various financial interests. Theodore Roosevelt, no mean attacker of “malefactors of great wealth” himself, felt that this time Phillips had gone too far. He used Phillips’ articles as a springboard to label the whole reformist journal-
istic group—Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Samuel Hopkins Adams and others—as “muckrakers.” This nickname, derived from Pilgrim’s Progress, stuck, and was in fact a warning that the public too was beginning to feel that enough was enough. Phillips himself gave up journalism and concentrated on novels and short stories.

He had in fact already settled down to expressing his outrage in a copious flow of fiction. Beginning in 1901 with The Great God Success, he portrayed the totally balfeful influence of both money-getting and money-having on a series of protagonists in New York or Indiana, the first of them being a newspaperman whose career in many ways paralleled his own. He had indeed a newspaperman’s flair for sharp realistic detail, and his novels often fall into a pattern: readable and sympathetic description of a character’s early struggles followed by a melodramatic and unconvincing denouement where the hero or heroine either succumbs to or triumphs over the forces of evil as represented by money. An odd writer, Phillips was capable of dexterous lightness of touch (as in satires such as The Social Secretary about social climbing in Washington); but in moments of serious stress his characters break down into bathos (for example his only play, The Worth of a Woman). Nonetheless, or perhaps just because of his faults, his novels—17 published during his lifetime in a period of ten years, then almost half a dozen published posthumously—were avidly read and critically admired. Well known literary lights such as Frank Harris and H. L. Mencken overpraised him, and his last big book, Susan Lenox, was seriously acclaimed in some quarters as that mythical monster “The Great American Novel.”

Williams’ Why Marry? was not considered a properly performable play when it was first published in 1915, entitled And So They Were Married. Similarly Phillips’ Susan Lenox was considered much too offensive to be published when it was finished in 1911, just before his death. It, too, had to wait until 1917 before a publisher would risk the scandal. The book concerned a beautiful girl of good family but dubious parentage (illegitimate) who starts off as the belle of a “Tarkington” Indiana town, is forced into prostitution in New York and then becomes a famous actress. Along the way it presents a striking panorama of American lower depths in that pre-war period, though it is certainly marred by luridness and turgidity and the usual unconvincing denouement. It is half-way between the work of those other Hoosiers, Dreiser and Tarkington; not as heavily serious and compelling as the one nor as deftly ingratiating as the other. If not totally successful and often more melodrama than drama, it is not negligible, and it remains good reading.

Susan Lenox was a scandal in 1917. Phillips’ death in 1911 had been scandal enough. An insane gentleman with the novelistic name of Fitzhugh G. Goldsborough thought that one of Phillips’ novels had truced his family. To avenge family honor he stalked Phillips from his apartment on Gramercy Park to the corner of Lexington Avenue where the Princeton Club then was (in the former house of Stanford White, who was also murdered). He shot Phillips in front of the club and then shot himself. Phillips was at the height of his fame and his dramatic end was a journalistic sensation, as his own writings had been. But for all the ferocity and belligerence of his attacks on the evils of the day, he seems to have been no more a plump, genial, gentle, good-looking and sociable fellow, much liked by friends such as Tarkington. He never married and lived with a doting divorced sister, so his intense later interest in the cause of women’s liberation, paralleling that of Jesse Lynch Williams, seems rather odd. His reputation was more that of a topical crusader than a purely literary artist, and it is as a pioneer of social protest that he is most often remembered and studied. During his active period from 1890 to 1911 and posthumously till 1920 he was a phenomenon. It was Graham Phillips, not the English poet Stephen Phillips, of whom Fitzgerald’s still uncouth collegian hero Amory Blaine had heard in This Side of Paradise; a sign of his lack of sophistication. Whatever its literary faults, Susan at least is still certainly a monument of its period.

* Ernest Poole, of course, is of a different generation. Born in 1880 and graduating in 1902, he belongs chronologically with the group composed of Burt, Kahler, Shellabarger and Boyd. Nonetheless, he so definitely carries on where Phillips so abruptly left off, and his career in various ways is so closely parallel, that he seems closer to Phillips than to his actual contemporaries. Like Phillips he was something of an outsider or non-participant in college. He did not indulge in the an-

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tics of the Triangle nor was he active in or on the Lit. He too immediately immersed himself after graduation in the world of reform. He too rather suddenly took to writing novels of social significance which, like those of Phillips, gradually ceased to address politics in particular, concentrating instead on more general social issues. After a time of a novel-a-year production he stopped, again rather abruptly. He simply seemed to become less radically belligerent and more and more interested in writing about New Hampshire, where he settled later in life, than New York. Like Phillips, he wrote primarily to promote causes. It was said of his wife's New York literary salon that the name of William James was mentioned far more often than that of Henry. Like Phillips, his novels for that reason were effective when published but became less so when the causes they championed ceased to be contemporary.

Like Phillips, he too was a midwesterner, but of another kind. Poole's family were big-city people, well-to-do Chicagoans. Two brothers went to Princeton as did various members of a later generation; so unlike Phillips he was part of a definitely Princeton family. He was also more definitely a radical. Right after graduation he spent several years in a settlement house on New York's lower East Side. He used his experiences to write articles critical of social abuses, again like Phillips, for such crusading magazines as McClure's. In 1904 he returned to Chicago where, no doubt to his family's dismay, he became a publicist for striking stockyard workers. In 1905 he went to Russia, smuggling in messages and money from American sympathizers to revolutionaries there, and traveling to remote corners of the country. He married a Chicago girl of his own social circle but obviously sympathetic to his radicalism; they settled in Greenwich Village, where he wrote for the New Masses and declared himself a Socialist. His first novel, The Harbor (1915), based on his earlier experiences, made his reputation and remained his best known work to which all his many others, even the Pulitzer Prize winner His Family, were invidiously compared. Here again Poole's linkage with Phillips was odd: Susan Lenox was the great success of 1917, the year of publication of the prize-winning His Family. But there was a difference; Poole's novel was his second, Phillips' his last.

Poole's second trip to revolutionary Russia in 1917 furnished him with material for a series of books including The Dark People: Russia's Crisis (1918) and The Village: Russian Impressions (1919) which marked the climax of his early radicalism. During the twenties he settled down to writing at least a book a year dealing with post-war problems, not celebrating the Jazz Age like Fitzgerald but rather brooding on its dislocations. They were at first consistently successful, then less and less so. Everyone kept expecting another Harbor. He also wrote an extraordinary spate of short stories, over 200 published in magazines, but not in book form. In 1934 he wrote a novel laid in the White Mountains, where he had settled and where in later years he became a friend and walking companion of Robert Frost. Then he did not publish again until 1940. His last really successful book was The Great White Hills of New Hampshire (1946) celebrating his conversion to rusticity and gradual withdrawal from his early activist urbanism. He died in 1950, just short of his 70th birthday, in another post-war world that was not interested in his earlier Socialism or his later concern with the problems of the twenties. Like Phillips, he became old-fashioned when his causes became old-fashioned. Friend of the revolutionary John Reed, who is buried in the Kremlin, and of the Republican Booth Tarkington, who is not, Poole bridges a gap, along with his college contemporary Norman Thomas '05, between the muckraker Phillips and the Communist sympathizer Wilson in this special vein of Princeton's intellectual history. Like Phillips, Poole appears to be pretty much a one-book writer; both The Harbor and Susan Lenox remain flavorful time capsules.

Slightly younger contemporaries of Poole—Struthers Burt '04 and Hugh Kahler '04 and the even younger Samuel Shellabarger '09 and James Boyd '10—also shared Poole's somewhat uncomfortable literary position. They were all born and brought up and went to college and began adult life as hereditary members of a civilized and conventional American gentry; yet they started their literary careers by having to adjust, as already adult writers, to the disruptive First World War and the Jazz Age. They lived in the Fitzgerald Age, observed it, made their fortunes from it, but were not really of it. Unlike Poole, they did not turn to Socialism; nor did they become true self-conscious moderns like the younger Fitzgerald, Bishop and Wilson. Instead, they tended to look on the more extravagant aspects of the twenties with eyes jaundiced by an acquaintance with a more civilized era; and yet they also rejected the evasions and suppressions and taboos of that era. Burt's
prize-winning story of 1920, "Each in His Generation," perfectly sums up the attitude: a younger person's appreciation of the shining surfaces and manners of his elders, but his disgust at their moral duplicity and evasiveness and lack of modern "honesty."

Of these four, Burt was the first to rise to prominence. His initial recognition came in 1915 when a short story of his won first prize in the O'Brien Collection. In those days no literary form had more prestige, or was more profitable, than the short story.* All big magazines, notably, of course, the Saturday Evening Post, depended for their readership on short stories. To become a regular established Post writer, as Burt and Kahler (and Tarkington and Fitzgerald) did, was to become nationally known and financially solvent, if not necessarily critically acclaimed. Burt's frequent appearances in magazines, his first book of short stories, published by Scribner's in 1918, and his second in 1921, solidified his reputation. His winning of the then-prestigious and newly-created O'Henry Memorial Prize—equal at that time to a Pulitzer—did nothing to lessen it. Thus it was to an acknowledged master of that form that Fitzgerald in early 1920 handed his first presentation copy of This Side of Paradise with a fulsome dedication acclaiming Burt as America's best short story writer, a compliment no doubt more flattering than sincere from a beginning Princeton writer to an established one. Burt was by then also a widely published and anthologized poet. He went on, as of 1924, to become a best selling novelist, a constant writer of periodical articles and reviews, and the author of three successful works of non-fiction.

As a pioneer dude rancher in Wyoming he spent most of his summers and some of his winters there. Otherwise in winter he lived first in Princeton, then in Southern Pines, North Carolina where his classmate Hugh Kahler had preceded him and where James Boyd, who later became his best friend, was a gentleman landowner.

Only van Dyke at one chronological end of this spectrum and Wilson at the other were as substantially represented in as many different literary fields. As time went by it was Burt's ruminative, quizzically ironic novels of upper class New York and Philadelphia, with long excursions to the Far West, Europe and the Caribbean that maintained his popularity. As a short story writer he, like Fitzgerald, fell into the honied trap of the Saturday Evening Post formula story in his later work. His poetry was essentially American-Georgian in character and thus in-

* These twelve authors must have published at least 1000 short stories in periodicals.
creasingly old-fashioned as fashions changed. But from The Interpreter's House of 1924 on till World War II his position as a novelist, both with critics and readers, remained favorably secure. The fact that his wife was also a productive and well-paid writer buttressed the family reputation at that time, and lined the pocketbook. Never as extravagantly beloved as Tarkington or as outrageously glamorous as Fitzgerald, he could easily be seen as a bridge between them, with one foot in an earlier Tarkington world of tree-shaded gentility (in Burt's case, the city streets of an older Philadelphia) and the other in the racier world of Fitzgerald. A brief residence in France in the mid-twenties, more or less equidistant between the chateau of Edith Wharton and the plage of Fitzgerald, is symbolically apt.

The two Philadelphia books, the novel Along These Streets (1942) and the non-fiction Philadelphia: Holy Experiment (1945), his last published book, plus some short stories like "Each in His Generation," gave him the position in later life as one of Philadelphia's significant native authors, along with his contemporaries Joseph Hergesheimer and Christopher Morley. He was equally embraced as a western writer on the basis of the autobiographical The Diary of a Dude Wrangler (1924) and the historical Powder River (1938), and even as a resident North Carolinian; but his oldest and most constant literary association was really that with Princeton. He had shaken the dust of Philadelphia from his shoes as a collegian, he settled in the west only after he was 30, and he didn't really become a true resident of North Carolina until the end of the late twenties; but from his first contributions to the Nassau Lit and the Triangle Club to his late ones to the Alumni Weekly, he was always thought of as a particularly "Princeton writer." His relationship, especially during the presidency of the longstanding friend of the family, John Hibben, was almost passionately close. It is safe to say that no other writer of his generation, during the high tide of this particular tradition, was more almost-officially identified with that tradition.

Hugh Kahler, also a devoted member of the Class of 1904, stayed closer to Princeton, living in town most of the later part of his life. He, however, never had the sort of purely literary cachet that most of these other Princeton authors had. He was an enormously productive writer of popular and profitable short stories. He did write novels, serialized in magazines and sometimes published as books; but they were not notably successful. Most of them first appeared in the same magazines in which his stories were published. Of these the Curtis magazines, the Post and the Ladies' Home Journal were his best patrons. He collaborated with his friends Tarkington and Kenneth Roberts, all under pseudonyms, in a piece of jollity called The Collector's Whatnot (1923). But he earned his daily bread, and very good bread it was, as a story teller. He was himself a person about whom stories were told, often by himself. He liked to boast of his supposedly 99 consecutive acceptances by the Post and his climactic 100th story. He had prepared a party to celebrate its acceptance—and the story was rejected. It was said of him that as he grew increasingly weary of writing for a living, he had to be coerced by his agent, despite his success, to keep on going. The agent, Carl Brandt, had a series of cubbyholes in his offices. He made his more reluctant but well-paid authors come to New York and locked them in, like cows in stalls, until they produced literary cream. Lunch break may have been permitted, when no doubt Kahler spent much time at the convivial round table of the Coffee House where others of these Princetonians (Poole, Burt, Boyd) also foraged.

In any case, in 1943 Kahler just quit writing and took over the position of fiction editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. As part of the editorial group headed by Bruce and Beatrice Gould, also Princeton residents, he presided over the great days of that magazine. Of his published books, the more successful ones were his first two collections of short stories, Babel (1921) and The East Wind (1923). However, it was his constant appearance in the big slicks that kept him in the public eye. He was one of the most popular men in his class—handsome, easygoing, a wonderful raconteur, essentially clubbable. As a friend of Tarkington, Burt, Boyd and Schellabarger in particular, his position in this tradition is central, if no longer very conspicuous from a purely literary point of view.

Samuel Schellabarger's career was an odd one. Although he was a younger contemporary of Poole, Burt and Kahler (born in 1888, graduated in 1909) his real literary fame did not come to him until late in life, after his other contemporaries were either dead (Boyd in 1944) or were publishing their last books (Kahler 1941, Burt 1945, Poole 1949).
Like Burt, Shellabarger taught at Princeton University in the English Department; he later became headmaster of a private school in Columbus, Ohio. He had published a scholarly biography of Chevalier Bayard in 1928; but his true early literary endeavor was the writing of detective stories. Through the 1930s, under the pen name of John Estevan he wrote a series of whodunits with names like By Night at Dinsmore and Door of Death. He also wrote straight popular novels under another pseudonym, Peter Loring (Miss Rolling Stone of 1938 et al.). None of this, however, qualifies him as a link in the chain of this particular Princeton literary tradition. It was only after World War II that he suddenly emerged as a learned but immensely successful writer of historical novels. From Captain from Castile (1945) through Lord Vanity (1953), his novels combined authoritative history and period atmosphere with fast action, and placed him suddenly on the best seller list and on the movie screen, where Captain from Castile in particular was a brilliant Technicolor hit. In 1952 a revised edition of his earlier biography, Lord Chesterfield (1935) was also successful; it remains an acute, humorous and even sympathetic account of that not always ingratiating personality. The distillation of this 18th-century research decorated his last and probably best novel, Lord Vanity.

He lived his final years in a big house on Library Place in Princeton and was part of the town's resident post-war literary world of the late forties and early fifties that included Kahler, John O'Hara, the Anglo-Australian I.A.R. Wiley, and others. Though it is hard to call a death in one's mid-sixties "premature," in his case it really was. He had enjoyed national success for less than a decade, on the basis of four novels, and might have expected a good many more years of prosperous production. A kindly and charming man, he was somewhat more subdued than his extroverted friends Burt and Kahler; his death in 1954 came as a surprise and a shock. His fine posthumous autobiographical novel Tolbecken, written in the thirties but not published until 1956, is full of descriptions of the undergraduate Princeton previously described by Jesse Lynch Williams.

James Boyd was a chronological contemporary (born in 1888, graduated in 1910). His output of books, unlike that of such mass producers as van Dyke, Tarkington, Phillips or Poole, has a sort of chaste classical restraint: five novels. A posthumous collection of poetry and a book of short stories were no more than personal tributes and added little to his real literary reputation. Of these novels, the first, Drums (1925), a story of the American Revolution in North Carolina, was, like Poole's first novel, his most successful and most durable. The second, a Civil War novel called Marching On (1927) though also very well received had the slightly second-string effect of a sequel to Drums. The third, Long Hunt (1930) about a sort of Daniel Boone frontiersman in the early days of Appalachia, was thought by friends like Burt and by Boyd himself to be his most artistically mature work, but it was not as popular. Roll River of 1935 was a somewhat diffuse modern autobiographical work. It was full of good things, notably a section "The Dark Shore," published separately as a novella in Scribner's Magazine, but as a whole the book was not acclaimed. The last novel, Bitter Creek (1939), was set in a Far Western frontier and was considered by those more familiar with the West, like Burt, to be a bit off key.

He had been first encouraged in his writing by Hugh Kahler, when Kahler rented a Boyd house in Southern Pines. At that time Kahler had just emerged from the profitable obscurity of publication in Street and Smith pulp magazines, and had begun to sell the first of his 99 consecutive stories to the Post. When Burt arrived south in 1921, after his winters in Princeton, he too had behind him the short story successes and the O'Henry Prize. Kahler left to settle eventually in Princeton. Burt stayed, to settle eventually in a big house next to the extensive Boyd properties. Burt also wrote five novels, the first of which, The Interpreter's House, had appeared in 1924, the year before Drums. For years, through the last half of the twenties into the early forties, Burt and Boyd were the center of a literary coterie in the Sandhills, and Boyd in particular an important figure in the North Carolina literary renaissance (rather a "naissance") which included Pulitzer Prize winner Paul Green of Chapel Hill and the literary sensation Thomas Wolfe. Boyd and his wife owned, ran, helped edit, and wrote for a local paper. He and his brother maintained a pack of foxhounds and were joint masters of a Moore County hunt, first establishing the sport in that area. In his beautiful house, "Weymouth," he entertained innumerable figures of literary and other importance (including Fitzgerald, Perkins and Wolfe) and numerous Princetonians. Like Burt and van Dyke, he was a short man, a humorous, caustic, wry person who complemented Burt's more aggressive ebullience. His sudden death in 1944 while visiting Princeton, compounded by Perkins' death in 1947,
was a blow from which Burt never recovered. After Burt’s last book
was published in 1945 he gradually descended into the invalidism of
his last years and his death in 1954.

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The generation of the moderns was deliberately antagonistic to
these earlier Princetonians, yet linked to them by many collegiate and
even personal ties, and aware of them if only as a standard against
which to rebel. Clubbability and geniality and participation in class re-
unions and backgammon at the Nassau Club were definitely not part
of their way of life. Bishop, Wilson and, to a lesser extent, Fitzgerald
all turned, rather ostentatiously though in different ways, from the
chummy atmosphere of turn-of-the-century Old Nassau to face the
new world after the War. However, much to Wilson’s disapproval, Fitz-
gerald was obviously drawn to the role model of his elders as Famous
Authors. Stories in the Post, mansions like Tarkington’s in Indianapolis
hung with Old Masters or his summer palace in Kennebunkport,
Boyd’s “Weymouth” and Burt’s “Hibernia” in Southern Pines—all
these rewards of established Princetonian literary success obviously at
once attracted him and repelled him. This is the way writers could live
if they sold enough short stories and had enough best sellers. Fitz-
gerald wanted all this too, and yet despised it. It was part of his ambiva-
lence about the world of wealth.

It was certainly just this ambivalence, conditioned by his Princeton
experience, that fueled his talent and destroyed his life. As part of the
Perkins-Scribner’s stable, however, he was sheltered, managed and
fussed over in the same editorial nest as the other Princetonians. Scrib-
ner’s was, after all, the most Princetonian of all publishers, the Scrib-
ner family already Princeton graduates in three generations. Al-
though the increasing disarray of Fitzgerald’s personal life exiled him
from Princeton itself and alienated the older generation of his Prince-
ton literary friends, he still kept his not very close ties with them. It
would seem that Princeton was embarrassed by its public identification
with Fitzgerald and his notoriety. The Burts remember being on the
train to Princeton Junction with Zelda and Scott in the early twenties
when, beat up and haggard after a particularly hard night, the Fitz-
geralds were being more or less hounded out of town.

Of all these writers, Fitzgerald was the only tragic figure. His physi-
cal collapse coincident with the collapse of his literary success in the
later thirties, his bleak death in the intellectual deserts of California,
the awful last years of brilliant Zelda have made him a modern hero.
What price glory, indeed. The Fitzgerald who visited Boyd and Burt
late in life was very different from the Jazz Age roisterer—a subdued,
sober, very gentlemanly Princetonian figure who yet still displayed oc-
casional flashes of antic wit and waywardness.

He alienated many, even the equally rebellious Wilson. Yet it was
Wilson’s efforts that resurrected Fitzgerald’s fame and made him the
figure he has been ever since World War II. Like many of these Prince-
ton writers, however, what actually endures of his work is not much in
volume: two novels, The Great Gatsby (1925) and Tender is the Night
(1934) and an indeterminate number of still important short stories.
This Side of Paradise (1920), of course, like the college stories of Jesse
Lynch Williams to which it is a sequel, remains a classic of Princeton
college life, if scarcely a major novel. However, it is really Fitzgerald
himself, his “signature”—creator, hero, protagonist of the Jazz Age,
like that of Tarkington as embalmer of the Waltz Age of an earlier
Midwest—that seems to survive rather than his actual words. The cor-
pus of writing about Fitzgerald must now exceed his own output by at
least two-to-one.

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Whereas Fitzgerald’s career was played out on center stage in the
glare of public scrutiny, John Peale Bishop’s life and career were clois-
tered. He was really only known and appreciated by his friends, like
the poets Allen Tate and Archibald MacLeish and the critic Edmund
Wilson. Fortunately these were friends in high places. They recog-
nized his fine poetic craftsmanship and critical acumen; but unlike
Fitzgerald, Bishop has not been resurrected. He seems rather like a su-
perbly trained marksman who somehow failed to hit the target. Per-
haps his problem was essentially geographic. He wasn’t quite Southern
enough. He should have been one of that group of poets, like Tate,
who emerged between the wars as self-conscious and in some ways re-
actionary counter-revolutionaries from the defunct Confederacy.
They defended the antique virtues of honor and tradition in very advanced literary terms. Certainly some of Bishop's most approachable and direct poems are in that "Fugitive" vein ("Portrait of Mrs. C.", "That Summer's End," and others) and play the same nostalgic melodies. However, his Southern attachments were suspect: his father was born in Connecticut, his birthplace, West Virginia, is very much a border state; he went to Princeton rather than to Vanderbilt or Sewanee. His career was identified with chic New York as an editor of *Vanity Fair* (1920–1922) along with Wilson, and then with an extensive but rather profitless expatriation in France, where his colleague Fitzgerald was expressing himself and where Bishop knew everybody—Eliot, Pound, Hemingway. All this, however, certainly separated him from what might have been a nationalist content and mode and instead made of him a definite internationalist: more Eliot and Pound than Tate and Ransom. Of the three published poets in this writer's dozen—van Dyke, Burt and Bishop—he was the least popular but is now the most admired. His connection with Tate was seminal for Princeton letters. Tate arrived to teach at Princeton in 1933 as the first resident fellow in Creative Writing. He came as a friend of Bishop, Wilson and their mutual mentor Dean Christian Gauss, who was the founder of the creative writing program. Tate in turn recommended Richard P. Blackmur as his successor. Under the influence of Tate and Blackmur, the long and distinguished line of Princeton poets blossomed as another later and still continuing Princeton literary tradition, of which Bishop could well be claimed as the progenitor, and which has been represented by such figures as William Meredith '40 and Louis Coxe '40, W. S. Merwin '48 and Galway Kinnell '52.

Edmund Wilson and Bishop both came late on the literary scene. Bishop did have an early book of Princetonian collegiate verse published in 1917, appropriately labelled *Green Fruit* (although it was quite sophisticated). He and Wilson also appeared together in a sort of macabre charade, *The Undertaker's Garland*, a book of mordent though still rather collegiately "shocking" poems and prose in 1922. But Bishop's next four books all appeared in the 1930s, after Fitzgerald's reputation had been made and was in fact in decline: the *stories of Many Thousands Gone* in 1931, two books of poems in 1933 and 1936, and the novel, *Act of Darkness* in 1936. His last book to be published in his lifetime, the *Selected Poems* of 1941, established such public reputation as he had before his death, and was coincidental with his first appearance in *Who's Who* in 1940–1941. As in the case of Phillips, it was a posthumous volume, the *Collected Poems* of 1948, edited by Tate and published by Scribner's, that remains his most distinguished.

In fact, this is probably Bishop's only durable book. Otherwise he seems to survive best as a member of the Fitzgerald-Wilson-Bishop collegiate triumvirate. As Tom D'Invilliers, the aristocratic intellectual of *This Side of Paradise*, he has a peculiar immortality. His eulogy on Fitzgerald, "The Hours," is probably his best known single poem ("No promise such as yours when like the spring / You came, colors of jonquils in your hair / Inspired as the wind, when the woods are bare / And every silence is about to sing"). Perhaps this is enough.

Wilson also appeared in the twenties with *Discordant Encounters* (1926), a series of imaginary and unlikely dialogues (Fitzgerald being one of the interlocutors) and in 1929 with both a novel, *I Thought of Daisy*, and a book of verse (his last) called pointedly *Poets, Farewell!* These however, would never have made or sustained his reputation despite their success. He always seemed to insist on an all-around expertise in every field, especially drama. He published a good many plays, but it was not until the appearance in 1931 of *Axel's Castle*, literary criticism merged with history, that his career as a producer of books, as opposed to periodical prose, truly began. His short stories, *The Memoirs of Hecate County* (1946) were a *succès de scandale* when they were published, being considered then very scabrous; but his published plays, so unlike those of Tarkington, were not smash hits on Broadway. In later life he indulged himself in feats of scholarship, as memorialized in *Scrolls from the Dead Sea* of 1955.

But Wilson's real talents obviously lay in a narrower though still somewhat vaguely defined area combining biography, history and straight literary criticism. Professionally he served as a book reviewer and an editor, especially on the *New Republic* (1926–1931) and the *New Yorker* (1944–1948). His best books, either the historical narrative of the beginnings of the Russian Revolution, *To the Finland Station* (1940), or the massive collection of pieces from periodicals, *The Shores of Light* (1952), reveal his special talents. Despite his often perverse and very personal judgments—he was anything but judicial or impartial—he was always challenging, witty, alive. Some of his best things are biographical pieces, like his memoir of Princeton's Dean Christian Gauss (also a close friend of Boyd and Burt) or his description of a rather tawdry visit to Fitzgerald in his rented mansion outside of Baltimore, both collected in *Shores of Light*. Wilson clearly did not approve of Fitzgerald's waste of talents or wayward life.
His own way of life was not exactly that of the Sage of "Avalon." His four marriages, one to the famous writer Mary McCarthy, were not unattended by a certain amount of publicity in literary circles. His cantankerous love affair with Russian Communism, always liberally salted with acid disapproval of Stalinist literary repression and the idiocies of Communist party infighting in the United States, could hardly have ingratiated him to the body of contemporary Princetonians, any more than did the Socialism of Poole. Unlike Poole or Phillips, however, Wilson did not settle down to the writing of fictional tracts. Though his collected critical writings lambaste the status quo of the Babbitt-dominated 1920s and rejoice in the downfall of Wall Street in 1929–1930, he never could bring himself to the point of true Communist self-immolation and suspension of judgment. Rather like his fellow Princeton radicals, he too began at the end of his life to retreat. He followed Poole to a remote countryside, in Wilson's case a quasi-ancestral mansion in upper New York State. His last book, Upstate (1971) is curiously like Poole's next-to-last, The Great White Hills (1946) in celebrating this retreat. Honors like the National Institute's Gold Medal came his way, his crochets like the attack on the income tax (The Cold War and the Income Tax, 1963), were indulged and his lifelong sneers at the "genteel" made of him a pillar of a later Establishment, just like genteel Henry van Dyke of an earlier one—a sort of literary full circle. As king of critics and biographer of modern times and letters, his reputation endures.

As a Princetonian he was far more militantly anti-old guard than either the nostalgic Fitzgerald or the aloof Bishop. Tarkington in particular as a representative of total commerical and popular success was to be scorned. Poole was to be dismissed for his lack of literary finesse. Wilson published in the New Yorker some humorous but nastily personal and sarcastic verse poking fun at Burt's earlier Georgian-van Dyke poems about the beauties of spring in Princeton. He generally made it quite clear that none of these Princeton writers would find room in the Wilson literary pantheon except his friends Bishop and Fitzgerald.

So van Dyke and Wilson stand at each end of this particular series like bookends glaring at each other over the years and the intervening 500 volumes, in total antithesis yet linked by intermediary collegiate strands. In between range the careers of the other ten. The great period of this Princeton efflorescence antedates Wilson and Bishop. From the publication, say, of Tarkington's first Penrod book in 1914 through that of Fitzgerald's All the Sad Young Men of 1926, most of the other writers were either made or memorialized. Van Dyke's Avalon edition of 1920–1922, Phillips' Susan Lenox of 1917, Booth Tarkington's further great successes, especially The Magnificent Ambersons (1918) and the other Pulitzer Prize winner Alice Adams (1921), as well as Jesse Lynch Williams' coup de théâtre of 1917, and Poole's Harbor of 1915 sufficiently established these older writers in public estimation. Burt's O'Henry Prize story of 1920, published in book form in 1921, and his first best-selling novel in 1924, Boyd's Drums and Fitzgerald's Gatsby of 1925 and Hugh Kahler's short stories in collections published from 1921 all added the voices of the middle generation to this chorus of Princeton authors in this decade. Fitzgerald's whole early career, the time of his real fame as laureate of the Jazz Age, from 1920 through 1926, was included in this span. If, unwillingly, I add the earlier dramatic successes of O'Neill to this collection, one might be seduced into thinking that Princeton writers more or less dominated American letters just before and just after World War I. All these writers (except for the late Graham Phillips) continued to write after this period and with success; but 1914–1926 remains the collective high tide of their fame and fortune. The fact that a prolific Princeton writer, Woodrow Wilson '79, was President of the United States during half this period did nothing to diminish Princeton's literary prestige.

This was also the time of the group's closest identification with Princeton. A literary number of the Alumni Weekly in 1926 reflects this very clearly. A photograph of Burt is on the cover. The article inside begins with panegyrics on the "old masters," van Dyke and Tarkington, and their latest products. Burt and Boyd and their forthcoming novels come next. Then follows a summary of Princetonians included or listed in the O'Brien collection of best short stories of the year (Poole, Fitzgerald, Williams, Tarkington, Boyd, Burt and others not of this particular dozen). Then Poole and his "eighth book of fiction published since 1919" are discussed, followed by a slightly condescending paragraph on Fitzgerald, who has not "written himself out, a fate pre-
dicted by sundry glooms" and who is "expected home from France with a new novel." Kahler is commended for his "technical skill" as a writer of short stories. Wilson's *Discordant Encounters* is briefly cited. Only Phillips, Shellabarger and Bishop are missing. A full-page advertisement by Scribner's touts both van Dyke and Fitzgerald—Alpha and Omega.

This article may mark the crest of the wave, but it was not the end of the line. All except Phillips, van Dyke and Williams kept on publishing through the 1930s and most even into the 1940s. Shellabarger was active in the 1950s and Wilson on into the 1970s. However, the end of World War II pretty definitely marks the end of the careers of most of these writers. They ceased publication, they died, and their reputations began to fade. Even the fame of Fitzgerald was not continuous, but a revival. Yet whatever their present reputations, no one of them is totally unreadable or totally obsolete or totally ridiculous. The best of each has continuing pleasures—the van Dyke essays, numberless fictions of Tarkington waiting to be re-enjoyed, the Princeton stories of Williams for diehard Tigers, the still strongly colored readability of both Susan Lenox and *The Harbor* (which bring to mind the similarly crude color and vigor of the contemporaneous paintings of the Ash Can School), the slick but neatly turned stories of Kahler, the more sophisticated tapestries of Burt novels and clean historical panoramas of Boyd and glamorous ones of Shellabarger. Wilson, even at his most disdainful and objectionable, is always provocative. Dullness escapes him. There are many joys still hidden in Bishop.

And as for Fitzgerald... .

At least nobody can say that Princeton, as represented by this dozen alone, does not have a genuine literary tradition—umbilical, not tangential, intimately tied-in with the University and a web of collegiate cross connections. It may not be quite what Princeton academics and students of literature might wish they had (Mann, Broch, Eliot, O'Neill); but at least nobody can deny the very real existence of those 300 volumes and the full half-century of incredibly well appreciated production. It has been nearly another half century since many of these careers closed. It will be curious to see what the next half-century does with them all.

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"Princeton Memories with a Golden Sheen"

Student Autograph Albums of the Nineteenth Century

BY ALEXANDER P. CLARK

A chance discovery of a previously unrecorded letter of Woodrow Wilson, of the Princeton class of 1879, in the college autograph album of his classmate Francis Champion Gartman from Savannah, Georgia, drew attention to Firestone Library's holdings of student autograph albums.1 Dated April 2, 1879, it is one of the earliest manuscripts by Woodrow Wilson at Princeton.2 It is signed with the signature he used at the time, "Thomas W. Wilson, Wilmington, N.C.," and covers two pages in a clear and fairly large hand.

The letter begins with a theme not uncommon in other, similar letters written by—and for—undergraduates whose years in college were soon to end. Wilson regrets that their friendship has not been as close as their common sympathies would have warranted. Looking through the albums, it is clear that especially close ties were felt among Princeton students from the southern states, far from home, long before and long after the Civil War, and Wilson writes in closing, "I perhaps, am colder and more reserved than most of those who are fortunate enough to have been born in our beloved South; but my affection is none the less real because less demonstrative." He concludes with the hope that he may ever remember Frank Gartman as among those who have cultivated the most cherished virtues of Southern gentlemen.

1 The discovery of Wilson's letter suggested an exhibition in the fall of 1958, presenting primarily the albums, but also examples of other kinds of 19th-century college memorabilia, such as scrapbooks, photograph albums, and diaries. The student autograph albums and student scrapbooks, formerly in the Manuscript Division of the Library, are now cared for by the Princeton University Archives. I have prepared a complete list of students whose albums are at Princeton.

In writing in Francis Garmany’s album, Woodrow Wilson was observing a custom long cherished at Princeton and in colleges and secondary schools elsewhere during a large part of the past century. The 193 albums presently comprising the collection date from 1843 to 1884. They were usually referred to by the students as autograph books, and were circulated during the second half of senior year among classmates and also among friends in younger classes. By courtesy, space was reserved for the faculty at the beginning of almost every album and, in a few of them, on the last several pages, may be found the names of other acquaintances, among them college servants. In 1865, James Titus wrote his name with difficulty in the book of a senior, who noted that the writer was the “College Bootblack.” Some students acquired enough autographs to need two albums, but George W. Ketcham of the class of 1859 needed a third, one reserved for feminine acquaintances. One of the inscriptions therein held but little encouragement. “T.E.C.” wrote, in a minuscule hand,

Liberty for me
No man’s wife I’ll be.

Only two styles of autograph books were used. Although sizes varied somewhat most, by far, are the octavo-type, approximately eight inches tall and five inches wide. Many were in the smaller, oblong style, with pages roughly eight inches long and four inches wide. No booksellers’ stamps were seen, and only one owner’s bookplate. Many of these books, with their only printed text the title page, were “published” by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. The bindings of the albums were gold-stamped or blind-stamped brown, dark blue, or red imitation leather over hard covers with approximately 125 gilt-edged leaves of white or light blue paper. An album might contain 70 or more autographs, many of them full letters of farewell, one to four pages in length. The smaller albums, with fewer leaves, contain an occasional letter, but generally display little except signatures, with sentimental quotations and good wishes. Styles of handwriting varied, but most autographs were clear and easily read; a few title pages were beautifully lettered. Some of the albums contain drawings and cartoons.

The sudden appearance of the first album in a student’s room, awaiting an autograph, was received with mixed emotions. It reminded him that his long-anticipated graduation was not far away, but also that he would soon be separated from those who had been his closest friends. Most of the individual autographs are not dated as to the day of writing, but judging from those that are, some albums were going rounds by February, or earlier. Considering the length of the autographs expected, and supplied, they obviously could not have been written upon the occasion of a chance meeting somewhere on campus, or while the owner of the album stood by. One student indicates his embarrassment writing a long and laudatory letter while the recipient sat watching.

The books were passed along from one to another by their owners or, more likely, by each in turn who had written in them. At least one student set forth instructions as to how he expected his book to be circulated. His name, state, and home town along with mention of his membership in the American Whig Society and the date, February 28, 1865, are written on the first fly-leaf. On the second, he states, “Each member of the class is hereby appointed a committee to circulate this book and get the autographs of all whose names are ‘down.’ ” He invites anyone whose name is omitted to write in his book and signs “Your obliged friend, A. Gibby.” Friends would find their names “down,” lightly in pencil on the one or more pages on which they were expected to write or sign. Men who circulated the small albums may have been those who were disinclined to write letters and who did not expect them in return.

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It would be difficult to summarize the typical autograph, although it can be said that the shorter letters expressing little more than sadness at leaving “these Classic Halls,” and with heartfelt expressions of esteem and best wishes, are the most numerous. Many are more expansive, observing that graduation is near and that the writer and his class-
mate will perhaps never meet again. They often recall the occasion of a first meeting, possibly in connection with an amusing incident in someone's room. Two students first became acquainted "when seated upon the top benches of the circus." Two others became fast friends, as one of them expressed it, because they met on a railroad train. Generous estimates of character—"honorable and gentlemanly bearing," a "frank and candid" manner, and one's "industry"—were qualities most liked. Less demonstrative students made clear that they disapproved of "eulogies," preferring instead reminiscences.

As would be expected, serious advice was frequently given. Some letters were sermons—on religion, on friendship, politics, finding a wife, and other subjects that mattered; flip advice on subjects that didn't. Advice not taken, said one autograph, went to the moon. Beneath his signature the writer would give his state—his home town is rarely seen until after the Civil War—adding also, in list form, his class numerals, any honors attained while in college ("Ivy Orator"), his debating society ("Whig" or "Clio"), athletic activities, where he dined, and where he roomed. Often seen at the head of a page were mottos or sentiments aptly chosen to accent a theme in the letter below. And here also is found, again, advice contained in a few lines of verse.

Lectures on English literature were given in the college as early as 1838, delivered by Professor James W. Alexander, but as reflected in the autograph albums it would seem that students brought a good deal of reading to college with them. Francis C. Zacharie, of the class of 1858, quoted Shakespeare, in Henry VIII, to his classmate, Abraham De Pue:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, thy God's, and Truth's.

To this he added, "Although I have not divided the lines of the above rightly, yet it contains advice, which if acted upon will place any man in a high station in life." A contemporary of his did not believe in this use of verse, writing "I head my autograph with no windy quotation," and Henry Ward 1861 could not resist a slight spoof on the business, drawing his quotation from a less poetic source than most:

"Coal steady @ 4.50-5.00
With a tendency upward"
N.Y. Herald

There were still other uses of poetry than to transmit advice through the words of a great artist. A man might feel a bit awkward comparing his paragon of a friend with, for instance, an angel. It was easier to let a poet do it. Sometimes the students themselves almost did it. The language of much of the writing is more intense than would be expected a century later. Terms of endearment are seen, but these letters were by no means private; they circulated openly and would have been written in an idiom and with a choice of words fully acceptable in their time and circumstances—the imminent separation from companions of up to four years, nearly a fifth of one's life. But quite aside from language the lack of privacy disturbed many. As one put it, "It is no use trying to spin out an autograph for a friend which everybody picks up and criticizes." The letters were indeed read, raided for good phrases, and commented upon, leading another to restate a common complaint: "An autograph album is hardly the place to write what I would like to and what becomes friendship as close as ours has been." Andrew Fleming West 1874 held similar views; he closed his somewhat humorous letter to his classmate William T. Wilson with the words: "These pages are not for 'the profane vulgus.'"

There were, inevitably, charges of insincerity and "fulsome flattery" in the autographs. A disgruntled student in the class of 1853 complained of "nothing but sermons and nonsense," and said "A man esteemed a Nero in common life writes like a Solomon; even the 'hardest case' endeavors to moralize."

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A student's autograph book was not always returned to him before he left Princeton after commencement. During the last few weeks of their final term, with everything else they had to do, students indulged in a frenzy of autograph writing. "I have before me," wrote one in 1870, "fifteen books, all to be finished before chapel—it is now two o'clock." He was probably not so much the victim of his own procrastination as that of numerous others who had the books before they reached him. Another undergraduate said that he had written more than 80 autographs.

Autographs were collected seriously, and if not by all, probably by most students. It should be said that this kind of collecting was differ-
ent from the more familiar and popular kind of autograph collecting, of signatures and sentiments of local celebrities, the visiting British lion, and other notables, and it was obviously unlike the purposeful collecting of letters and documents of literary and historical interest. The college students' albums more nearly resembled the *alba amicorum* belonging to students of the late medieval universities.

Despite some complaints and protests, students were more or less prepared for the autograph ordeal. They had at least seen autograph albums before college, and once there they would have learned about the custom. They might well have been impressed with the written word of older student contemporaries and perhaps a bit concerned as to how they themselves would cope with the ritual. As one wrote to a classmate in 1871, "We have often talked of the difficulty of writing autographs for our most intimate friends" and both agree that "a harder task could not be found."

Had they discussed the subject with Tobias W. Johnston in 1872 they might have been helped. "There is a difference of opinion ... as to the office of an autograph," he wrote, "and each man has his own theory." He then set forth his own ideas as to what was appropriate to write, if asked, to a stranger, to a mere acquaintance (not much to either) or to a trusted friend—for whom he would put in writing "what your modesty, or his bashfulness, has prevented your saying to his face." One wonders if these carefully-worked-out rules inspired Alexander R. Whitehill in 1874, writing in the same book, that of James H. Cowen in 1873, to opine that "Autograph writing in this college has almost developed into a science" and to worry that it might outstrip both chemistry and philosophy "in its onward march." Mr. Whitehill fought the tide by devoting his life to chemistry. Tobias Johnston followed his own advice in his six-page letter to his friend Cowen. In a matter-of-fact manner he identified the character traits he most admired, which were many; but fervor was for others. Nevertheless, "Toby" Johnston's letter ended on a melancholy note, implying doubt that the two would ever meet again.

The unhappy concern that one might never meet again "friends dear to us as life itself," expressed over and over in the autograph books, was not without justification in a time lacking today's relatively easy transportation and communication. The prestige of the college attracted students from widely-separated states; they usually returned to them. There were some classmates who almost certainly would not be seen again. These were the few from foreign countries, Americans presumably the sons of missionaries and also some who were nationals; most would have gone back after graduation. Albums contain autographs written between 1861 and 1882 by students from China, Haiti, India, Japan, and Syria. A member of the class of 1876 from Portland, Alabama, believed he had found a way to see his old companions again, although it was his friend in the class of 1857 who was expected to do the traveling: "Soon," he wrote, "our rail roads will be in operation & you can come without trouble."

One can wonder whether, if the class reunion system had been more fully developed in the middle years of the last century, the less happy feelings centering around leaving college and friends might have been tempered. From the beginning, alumni had been present for the festivities connected with commencement at Princeton, but until late in the last century not a great many. Organized reunions, with the encouragement and support of the college and with brass bands and costumes, and time marked out in five-year periods everywhere one looked, evolved, but slowly. The man from far-away St. Louis, in the earlier years, was not expected. The farewell line that was lacking in those years was, "See you at our fifth!"

We have been referring to a time when students moved in a relatively small society—their own. Edward B. Wall, of the class of 1848, in his *Reminiscences of Princeton College*, 1845-1848, recalled in 1914, "The students as a whole found their college life with its lessons, and Halls and comradeship sufficient, and did not go into society in town." A few managed to cross Nassau Street. "We have sometimes met outside the College precincts," recalled Alexander Van Cleve in 1871 to a classmate, citing evening calls and "Croquet, bowling, charades," all presumably in mixed company. This near-constant association with one's own group may well have enhanced friendships; it could also have sharpened conflicts, about which there is next to nothing in the autographs.

Andrew P. Happer refused to agonize over the breaking of college ties which he said must end, like all other ties. Autographs, he thought, were for "the noting down of some incidents ... in which the autographee and the autographer are participants." Andrew Happer would have rejoiced in the autograph of John Cooper F. Randolph of the class of 1866, who noted down enough incidents of college life to fill 20 pages in the album of his roommate, John J. Crocheron in 1867; at that, the letter was unfinished and undated and unsigned. The writer
began with an apology for keeping his roommate's book for nearly a year, citing his dislike of writing—especially autographs ("too slow a mail train to which to consign thought"). Notwithstanding he reviewed their three years of college life together, but focused mainly on the "horn spree" in which they, and the class of 1866, figured prominently. Which year or term is not made clear in the letter, but despite discrepancies this might have been the rowdy and destructive affair of March 9, 1864, recounted here as a considerably more innocent episode than that described in The Princeton Standard of March 11, 1864, and in Thomas J. Wertenbaker's Princeton, 1746–1896. Little specific detail is given in the autograph: "We crawl downstairs..." etc., "until we reach the old Cemetery." There, with masks and trumpets, the revelry began, presumably beating its way back up the hill to the college. "That was a disastrous night," concluded the writer, adding "...the next six months...we spent at home both of us having injured our eyes by too close application to book and learning." They might have spent more than six months away from Princeton had not several other plans for this spree been rejected. One of them was to have caught President John Maclean and tied him to a tree and danced an Indian war dance around him. "This we thought would be the height of Earthly bliss!"

Penalized as they were, and on more than one occasion, these two pranksters were happy at college. "What jolly, happy days they were. ... Distance indeed gilds our Princeton memories with a golden sheen." Distance was put to the test; equipped with Princeton Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees in addition to a Master of Engineering from Columbia University, John C. F. Randolph served as an advisor to governments in Europe, South America, and Asia. The year 1890 found him resident manager of the Borneo Diamond Exploration Syndicate.

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Although a first look at letters in the autograph books will reveal what appears to be a preoccupation with the social side of college, including midnight cards, chess, "smokes," pranks and sprees of a kind not necessarily limited to the 19th century, further search will find that students admitted to themselves, as one declares, "The next thing was
to get a little learning." John C. F. Randolph, of horn spree fame, reminded his roommate that this was "the prime object" for which they had been sent to college and that they had "poled" (studied) faithfully and managed to do quite creditably when called up in their respective classes.

Students not infrequently brought schoolboy attitudes toward "teacher" to college, and hung onto them. As one wrote, "We were half willing to admit that the faculty which was our inveterate hatred, may have possessed many good points which we never noticed while there [at college]," but they evidently did notice some less-good points, as they saw them: "Unaccountable disorders in Dr. Atwater's room," the ominous shake of Professor Duffield's pencil (a silent threat), vindictiveness on the part of another. Professor Guyot knew all about rocks except how to pronounce them — "wocks." One serious and well-disposed man admired this professor's learning but wished his lectures had not been so dry. Inevitably, someone had to comment on "that old set of fowges," but another paid tribute to "this glorious faculty." The 1869 Class Day orator probably spoke for most in addressing the assembled faculty: "The class that now goes out from your instruction will remember you as able scholars, patient teachers, and true friends." No remarks about individual professors noticed in any of the autographs did justice to the generous side of their character as revealed in Thomas J. Wertenbaker's informed sketches of these men in his bicentennial history of the college.

By Class Day each year, the faculty would have, as the orator said, been "patient;" they had been signing autograph albums for at least six months although blank pages which had been reserved for various of them suggest they were harder to catch for this purpose than were students. The faculty went through this ritual year after year; they wrote politely if briefly. Most were content to write their name and the date and "Sincerely yours." President Maclean wrote a favorite verse from the Bible, and President McCosh had another quotation which he used regularly. Matthew B. Hope, Professor of Belles Lettres (1845–1854), tended to be admonitory: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account." His inscriptions varied and, possibly, were tailored to the needs, as he saw it, of the recipient. One wonders how many autographs some of these men wrote in a 30-year tenure.

Expressed or unexpressed, the academic and intellectual demands of the college were reflected in the autographs. Students appreciated the classroom successes and the college and class honors of their class-
mates—and competitors. Not infrequently it was a first recitation, or a conversation early in their acquaintance that made an impression that was remembered and referred to four years later. Often the owners of the albums would cite, above an autograph, an honor granted the writer, such as valedictorian. References to the “halls” are seen in autographs throughout the four decades of this custom. Hardly an autograph left doubt as to which the writer belonged to. These were, correctly, the American Whig Society and the ClioSophic Society founded respectively in 1769 and 1770. They were from the start literary and debating societies, though their influence was far more extensive than these terms alone suggest. For many years they provided the only organized activities, aside from the curriculum itself. They were rivals for the best students and demanded strong allegiance. A student’s best friends were usually in his hall. Professor Wertenbaker, again in his bicentennial history, states without qualification that the student in the earlier years of the last century took as much interest in the debates in Clio and Whig as the student of a later generation took in football, adding that the training the societies gave widened his field of information, sharpened his wits, gave him a good delivery, and kept him abreast of current events. They also provided libraries which supplemented that of the college, especially in American and English literature and history. They were a kind of “parallel” college, even to conferring their own diplomas at the end of four years. The extent of their social influence is suggested by a line in an autograph book: “Although we have been members of different halls, we are nevertheless friends.” A student’s devotion to his hall was the focus of many an autograph he received. “I doubt,” wrote one, “if our beloved society has ever had enrolled...a man so devoted to her interests...On more than one occasion by your keen perception of Truth and a manly determination you have brought order out of chaos, and led the way to the solution to knotty and perplexing questions.” Allan Marquand 1874, later to become professor of art and archaeology at Princeton, a supporter of the autograph tradition, devoted his autograph for his classmate William T. Wilson primarily to “the glories of Old Whig Hall.”

If Whig and Clio were rivals, they both had for some years additional rivals for students’ time and devotion in the Greek-letter fraternities which quietly began to be established in the college in 1845. The many and almost-reverential references to them in the albums fail to reflect the shaky status of these “secret societies” at Princeton. There were, in all, 12, several of them now among the best-known national fraternities. They were seen by the faculty and trustees as a threat to the older, more familiar debating societies. Officially unwelcome, they were tolerated for a few years but finally abolished by President James McCosh in 1875. Mention of them in the autographs were numerous, suggesting happy times among congenial friends. Members praised each other for their forceful efforts on behalf of Truth and Kappa Alpha. If the fraternities had secrets they were well kept as far as autographs were concerned.

Although the immediate present and the recent past were the focus of most autographs, the future was given some thought beyond the universal best wishes for “after life” (not the same as the hereafter), a pretty wife, and sometimes, quite literally, “a happy death.” The professions are mentioned in a few of the farewells—but usually only the profession the recipient aspired to, rarely the writer’s goal. To a student who was to study law, a friend wrote, “It is a glorious profession, a noble one, the noblest, I think, of all professions.” Almost identical words were written to another who aspired to the ministry. One or two were congratulated for having chosen a writing career, in both instances journalism: “No truer or nobler profession is there...than that of letters. Beyond a doubt it is the intellectual element which in this age of ours governs and controls society.”

Political economy was also a noble profession, especially practical politics whose aspirants were abjured to become statesmen and not “mere politicians.” A clergyman, Allen Macy Dulles of the class of 1875, had something to say about public life to James H. Cowen in 1875: “May all your honors of college life urge you on to higher glory in the service of your country. May no honorable position be above your reach, and when you reach the Senate or Presidency may you be successful in putting down corruption in high places.” The Reverend Mr. Dulles’ two Princeton sons may have received this kind of encouragement on more than a few occasions.

Oddly absent from the autograph books surveyed were comments on education as a career; on business of any kind; or on medicine, a profession followed by numerous graduates of the college. It would be unlikely, though, if further search failed to find one or more.

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students everywhere and in a special way at Princeton, with about a third of its students from the southern states. Anyone at all familiar with the history of the college knows the story. Again, there was no retelling of events in the college or in town, but the existing autographs do indicate what students were thinking about. Representative comment is set forth here without attribution; the themes are familiar.

Two autographs written in 1851 and 1852 by students from Tennessee and Texas respectively, the earliest that were found on the subject of sectionalism, stressed the union of all the states and Southern rights, one saying “...the South has long and patiently borne the most grievous injuries and ... it needs only another feather to make the weight of wrongs utterly insupportable.” A man from North Carolina was less temperate. His 1855 autograph: “Hurrah for Secession—! & the ‘Fugitive Slave Law.’” One from Alabama, however, in 1856, pleaded with a classmate who was a Virginian, to “... battle firmly and fearlessly for the Union and the Constitution,” invoking both Washington and Jefferson. An 1859 graduate explained, “Slavery has become necessary to the well being of your humble servant.”

A New Jersey man of the class of 1861 characterized the conflict, to another Northerner, as the test of “the important problem of man’s capability for self-government.” An 1862 graduate, although differing politically with his friend in the class of 1861, wrote: “Each has tried to convince the other that the Constitution does not and does recognize ‘property in men,’ yet on the broad platform of the Union I find we meet.” And another signed his autograph, “Your sincere friend although a ‘Foreigner,’ Savannah, Georgia C.S.A.” The conflict seems to have been infrequently mentioned after 1862. Most of the Southern men had by that time left college, and there were Princeton boys in both armies. The autographs returned to their usual preoccupation with friendships and bright college years.

During the Civil War a Princeton autograph album was found in an abandoned house in New Bern, North Carolina, by a man from New Hampshire, Arthur Forbes, presumably a Union soldier who took the album as loot. It was the album of Frederick C. Roberts of the class of 1855; in 1896 it was returned to him by Mr. Forbes’s daughter. A letter of Miss Florence Forbes, 9 March 1896, to Roberts, laid in the book tells only part of the story. In 1930 it found its way back to—by then—Princeton University, “source unknown.”

College friendships, too, sometimes got lost or were abandoned. Two rather unpleasant autographs were observed and the college itself inevitably lost the affection of some few, including those with diplomas successfully in hand. One student stated his feelings a bit strongly to a classmate in 1870: “Your enthusiasm for the college and all connected with it has excited my wonder but I suppose you have discovered some secret charm about it, that I never have found out and never will, I am sure.” And there were other sour notes: “An autograph is a kind thought’s cenotaph, the ashes of an ardent soul,” sobbed a dismal poem, obviously thought just the thing to write in someone’s book. And although “Ever remember me as your sincere friend,” or a similar line is found at the end of most autographs, one graduate seems to have remembered his old college friends with mixed feelings. His autograph book remains not entirely a repository of kind thoughts—on his part at least. In 1877, many years after his graduation, he updated his book with a large black pencil, appending a smudgy comment above the signatures of his sincere friends on each page (there were no letters in this book). He was something of a curmudgeon. Only a few of his former friends got off easy. One who had studied law “Was thought to be exceedingly promising in college. Taken an average grade in the world.” Another was “a nice young man in college; faultless in dress; punctilious and particular. . . . As a man in the world has turned out beastly.” Still another was characterized as “a college prodigy: Utterly failed as such prodigies are apt to do: Has a female seminary.” But he missed the mark in his judgment of Eugene Beauharnais Cook (1831–1915), of the class of 1850 and holder of an honorary Master of Arts from Princeton, awarded in 1868. Of Cook he wrote, “Stood high in his class at college, but his life has been totally unprofitable; has devoted himself principally to chess.” Cook became known as one of the foremost composers of chess problems, and as a result of his devotion, assembled one of the great American collections of books on his subject, now in the Princeton University Library as Mr. Cook’s bequest.6 And on it went. One wonders what another college contemporary memorialized in this book had done to offend: “Dead! Dead! He should have died before” was his epitaph.

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5 A sketch by Kent D. Davis 1861 depicting a parade of southern students and sympathizers appears at the head of his letter in one of two autograph albums belonging to

Sylvester Woodbridge of the class of 1859, a man of different temperament, was philosophical and realistic on the subjects of autographs and friendship. Writing in a classmate’s book, “Now all fresh and dazzling with its brilliant dress of gold and blue,” he expressed his apprehension that soon “the old familiar signatures” would be “faded like the boyish friendships of the writers.” But, he added, “Enough be it for us, that these are glimpses of beauty to be caught afar. . . . The recollections of them will be at least a pleasant souvenir of bygone days.”

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It is true that many autographs faded, literally, although most in the collection at Princeton can be read. But other accidents befell them. The larger number of albums would have been discarded as being of no interest to anybody. Some were deliberately mutilated; pages were carefully cut out, or torn out. And some had a rather dramatic ending.

The destruction by fire of the interior of Nassau Hall on March 9, 1855, received scant attention in the autograph albums that comprise the existing collection, but it affected everyone in residence at the time. Many of the students lost all they had with them in their rooms. William A. Fisher 1855 recalled the event but briefly in his autograph addressed to Edward Overton 1856: “Old North has resounded to our merry laughs . . . little did I think so soon to see . . . the noble edifice a mass of ruins. But fire cannot destroy such a friendship as ours, cemented and strengthened by K. A.” Henry Sanford Gansevort of the class of 1855 lost an irreplaceable possession. On the fly-leaf of a sparsely-filled album he wrote, “My other autograph Book having been destroyed by fire—containing the autographs of the last two classes I have purchased this 5 weeks before my graduation.” For the rest, many an autograph written by men who roomed in Nassau Hall at the time of the fire included the brief notation, “Burnt out.”

A number of the books continued to be used as autograph albums after the owners left college. Walter Scott Brown 1860 throughout his life appended photographs and useful information about his classmates to his album. Some donors of autograph books provided gene-

alogical information relative to the original owner. A few albums became miniature scrapbooks into which were stuck—or stuffed—newspaper clippings, railroad timetables, pressed flowers, and other memorabilia anticipating the scrapbook fashion which was to come. Still other autograph books returned to Princeton with their owners on the occasion of a fiftieth reunion, to be signed again by all those present who had written in them a half-century earlier.

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The custom of keeping autograph books of the kind described here seems to have been given up in colleges, Princeton and others, in the mid-1880s. The advent of college yearbooks such as Bric-a-Brac at Princeton (1876) is occasionally suggested as contributing to the demise of the albums. Bric-a-Brac did in fact record much of the information about honors, memberships in organizations, and athletic activities which was customarily appended to the autographs. In all likelihood, however, autographs just became too much. The college was growing, classes were getting larger, as was the faculty. An increasing number of academic and other activities demanded students’ time. In the album of Francis C. Garman 1879, a friend gave as his opinion that autograph albums were a nuisance and added, “So when your boy comes to College, send him on the condition that he won’t have an autograph album when he graduates.” He need not have worried; the era was about to end.

But the need for tangible reminders of one’s college years was not over; the reminders took a different form, and as the autograph albums disappeared the scrapbooks took their place. The earliest at Princeton dates from 1879. The scrapbooks contain all of the items mentioned above which are found laid in the autograph albums and, in addition, betasseled dance programs; summonses to the Dean’s office; concert, theater, and commencement programmes; menus for class banquets, and such bulky things as complete newspapers. A student compiled his scrapbook at his own pace; it did not have to be completed by midnight of the day before graduation. What became lost with the discontinuance of the autograph tradition were the very personal letters exchanged between students. These, with the sentiments and attitudes they expressed for nearly half a century, were replaced.
by nothing. As things were, by 1880, this would have been a difficult tradition to maintain. Students may have believed it was no longer worth the effort. In 1856 John R. Greely wrote of an autograph, “It is all that we can give at our parting with our fellow students.” By 1874, Charles F. Whittlesey would have settled for “an honest old English Goodbye.”

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A single autograph album may be regarded, and usually has been, as a keepsake, a souvenir of another age. But what of a collection of 193 or more? In multiple, these objects have greater value. A single autograph may well be the only extant piece of writing by a particular student in the possession of the University. A student’s album together with his letters in the albums of several of his college contemporaries may give evidence of his temperament or character. Such documents could be of potential interest to those concerned with the history of the University and its alumni, or to a descendant interested in an ancestor.

The original owners of the autograph books and their immediate descendants, whose interest in Princeton contributed to the growth of an impressive collection, have passed on. No large number of additions can be expected, although two were added in 1985, one by gift and one by purchase. It is hoped, however, that a later descendant or an autograph dealer or a manuscript collector who may by chance come across such an album may yet think to bring it to the attention of the University. Any addition to this collection will be a significant ad-

The Calvert Diaries

BY JEANNE C. FAWTIER STONE

Important manuscripts come to Princeton’s Firestone Library by many routes, among them chance encounters by an alumnus, friend, faculty member, or, in the case of the Calvert diaries, a faculty wife who is a scholar in her own right. In her introduction to the excerpts from Frances Pery Calvert’s diaries published here, Jeanne C. Fawtier Stone recounts the story of their discovery and purchase by the Library.

My interest in Mrs. Calvert was first awakened some 15 years ago, when I was researching data on Hertfordshire country houses and their owners¹ and chanced on a book based on her diaries.² Though originally consulted in connection with the date and details of the early 19th-century rebuilding of Hunsdon House, the book, upon perusal, was found to contain interesting insights on country-house living.

More recently, I stumbled upon another book about Mrs. Calvert’s which contained extracts from the later diaries. My curiosity thus aroused concerning the extent of the journals, I determined to run them to ground in order to find out more about them. In due course, I obtained the name of the then-owner, Mr. Michael Warre, a great-great-grandson of the diarist, and it was agreed that I should go to visit him and look at the diaries when I was next in England.

In July 1985, I was ushered into a room in London where I found

³ E. M. Richardson, Neat Door Neighbours (London, n.d. [1946]). Mrs. Richardson was a great-granddaughter of the diarist: BP sub Stronge, Bt.
all 42 volumes laid out for my inspection.\(^4\) I was engaged in an attempt to compare the printed extracts with the originals when my host offered to show me the portrait of the diarist. In the course of our conversation it emerged that he was primarily interested in selling the manuscripts, and had indeed already approached Sotheby's as to a suitable price to ask, particularly in view of their partial publication. I thereupon settled down to counting words and pages and used the remaining time at my disposal attempting to get down on paper what might interest an eventual purchaser of the manuscript. That evening, I reported the situation to my husband, who called Dr. Donald Koepp in Princeton—where it was still mid-afternoon—and told him about my find, in case the Firestone Library should be interested in buying it. When we returned to Princeton a few days later, negotiations were already under way for the purchase of the diaries by the Library.

Altogether, they consist of 42 notebooks of assorted sizes and shapes. Thirty-nine of these cover the period of more than 95 years, from September 1804 until July 1840, during which Frances Calvert kept a journal, the first volume of which is entitled "Mes Souvenirs addressed to my Beloved Children." The third volume, covering the period between June 16, 1806 and February 15, 1807, has long been missing. A further three notebooks cover two trips to the Continent, one extended visit from August 9, 1845 to May 29, 1846 and a shorter one between August 11 and October 28, 1847, by which time the diarist was almost 80 years old. The whole text amounts to over a half-million words.

The first volume opens with an "Introduction" giving a short account of the diarist's life up to September 1804, when she begins her journal.\(^5\) Frances Pery was born in 1768, in Dublin. She was the younger of the two daughters born to Edmund Pery (later Viscount Pery), an active lawyer and politician who was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons 1771–1785, and his wife, Elizabeth Vesey Hancock, daughter of an Irish peer, grand-daughter of a Scottish earl, and widow of an Irish gentleman. In July 1788, when Frances was 20, she accompanied her parents to England where the waters of Buxton in

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\(^4\) Actually there were 45 volumes in all, the 43rd containing the diary kept by Mrs. Calvert's son Felix during his first campaign in the Peninsular War, and which is also now in the Firestone Library.

\(^5\) The data about the Perys in this and the following paragraph are, unless otherwise stated, derived from the aforementioned introduction to the Diary in Vol. 1, from the articles on Viscount Pery in *DNB* and G. E. Cockayne, *Complete Peerage* (London, 1910–1965), henceforward referred to as GECP—and BP sub Limerick.
Derbyshire had been recommended for Lady Pery's rheumatism. In her own words, "at Buxton I met your dear Father, & we soon became mutually attached . . . after a good many delays we were united"—nearly six months later, in January 1789. She brought with her the substantial portion of £60,000. The marriage would seem to have been a very happy one.

The Perys had risen into the lesser peerage from a legal and clerical Irish gentry background. Nicolson Calvert hailed from the middling gentry with land in Hertfordshire, but his family's wealth came from brewing, distilling, and banking. He was the eldest son of a wealthy London brewer and a banker's daughter, and was also a cousin of the Calverts of Albury Hall, a gentry family already established within the Hertfordshire elite for three generations, as well as being the heir to his uncle, Nicolson Calvert, M.P., of Hunsdon House, Hertfordshire. He had been educated at Harrow and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and at the time when he met his future wife he was aged 24 and a gentleman of leisure with a modest seat of his own in the country and considerable expectations.

The Calverts spent the first few years of their married life, as was the custom at that elevated level of society, in a succession of different locales, often staying with parents or relatives, sometimes in furnished accommodations in London, Brighton, or the country, sometimes at Bonningtons, their country house in Hertfordshire. Thirteen years after his marriage, on the death of his father in 1802, Nicolson Calvert came into his inheritance consisting of Hunsdon House and substantial estates mainly in Hertfordshire, as well as an interest in the family brewery in Southwark, run by his brother Charles. It was at this time that he embarked on a political career, entering Parliament as M.P. for the Borough of Hertford, a seat he held until 1826, when he became Knight of the Shire of Hertfordshire till 1835. He was an ardent Whig.

When the diary begins in 1804, nine of their 12 children had already been born, of whom six were still alive. As Frances Calvert states in her opening remarks: "When I am moulder in my grave, I trust that these pages will be perused with interest by my darling children—I mean them for their amusement." Her stated intention had been "to write a journal constantly not merely of what I do, but my remarks upon men, manners, Books, & any anecdotes I may hear," which suggests that the endeavor was originally prompted by the publication of some famous person's diaries which she sought to emulate. Although it soon settled into little more than an account—at times more detailed than others—of what she did, where she went and whom she met, she never quite lost sight of her ultimate audience. Indeed, for the first few years the day-to-day narrative is frequently interrupted by statements directly addressed to one child or another. In other words, this is no intimate diary to be used as a crutch on which to lean in order to get through life. Occasions arose, however, such as the visit in November 1805 of Mr. and Mrs. Tash, when Frances Calvert was glad to be able to turn to the journal as to a confidante. Mrs. Tash was Mr. Calvert's paternal aunt, and her husband, the son of a London Alderman, had made a fortune in Welsh copper; but Mrs. Calvert found their com-

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6 Blake, An Irish Beauty . . ., p. 5. Mrs. Blake does not give any reference, but it is clear that she had access to a variety of family documents.

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pany tedious in the extreme. Nicolson Calvert, however, was adamant that they should be shown every courtesy, if only in view of the possible benefits likely to accrue to the Calvert children from these close childless relatives—an attitude which events were fully to vindicate. Meanwhile it was a comfort to be able to confide her irritation to the diary. Thus, over the years, it also became the repository for her anxieties, whether regarding the health of her children and her husband, the fortunes of her beloved eldest son Felix in the course of the Napoleonic Wars, or her religious doubts as to her chances of salvation.

On the other hand, confronted by real tragedy, such as the death of a child, the diary is silent. And the diary proper ceases on July 21, 1840, not with her husband’s death, for he was to linger on for another nine months, but when his condition had deteriorated to the point where he failed to recognize her: “This is the last day I have heart to write in my journal—so now will conclude for ever—Alas his state has been so painful since I wrote last... & some things most peculiarly painful to myself personally that I cannot enter them—alas! alas! how will this end?—We are all in the Almighty’s hands—in thee oh Christ I put my trust—if thou wilt restore his intellect—but thy will be done!”

In the main, however, it is largely an account of her life, and as such might be called humdrum, if that is quite the right word to describe the everyday life of someone in her position. The Hertfordshire scene is the nearest the Calverts ever came to living a humdrum life, and for most of the 35 years covered by the diaries, they were actively involved in both the political and social life of London high society and on friendly terms with, for instance, the Prince Regent and the royal dukes. Moreover, partly because the diaries were written consistently over such a long span of time, even the most unruly reader can observe the changes overtaking not only the writer and her immediate circle, but the society at large. There is also a certain freshness and spontaneity about the way it is written right up to the end, which draws the reader into the atmosphere of the early 19th century. It is not carelessly thought out beforehand and written in a polished manner. It is, as far as it goes, a faithful record of what at the time seemed worth noting for one (often pragmatic) reason or another, all jotted down in the most pure stream-of-consciousness. It says a great deal for her degree of culture that the results are so readable. Of course, as in all diaries, there are inevitable repetitions. It is indeed this attribute which distinguishes a diary from a memoir, and which gives the former a whiff of the sameness of everyday life, whether the diarist be great or small. But Frances Calvert is not as prolix as Parson Woodforde, and her diaries have the merit of shrinking over the years as her life becomes narrower.

Historically, the diaries are of interest on a number of levels. They convey a vivid sense of the quality of the life led by the social elite, from the hectic pace of the London season—especially frenetic if a daughter was coming out—to the more relaxed pace of late summers in the country. The reader of the journals finds himself drawn into sharing the diarist’s interest not only in the course of the Napoleonic Wars, in the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act or the First Reform Bill, but also in the illnesses of her children and the ministrations of doctors. We can accompany her on her visits to the Continent, whether for pleasure once peace has been declared or for prudent retreatment in the 1820s. We can share her absorption in the religious revival of the 1830s. Within the close-knit structure of the Calvert family, we can follow her development from a young woman of 35 into an old one of almost 80. There is the careful mention of technological innovations as they came to affect the life led by the diarist and her friends and relations, such as the difference between her first recorded visit overseas by sailboat and coach, and her trip to the Continent 30 years later by steamship and railroad from England to Germany, as well as by coach and horses through Switzerland and Italy, with a supplementary yoke of oxen to pull them over the hills between Rome and Naples.

The picture that emerges of the personality of the diarist is in many ways not a very flattering one. There she is, warts and all! But there is no denying the reality of her presence: impetuous, vain, often intolerant, frequently foolish and unreasonable, given to working herself up into a frenzy of anxiety with or without cause, particularly regarding the health of those dear to her. On the other hand, she is also the soul of honesty, warm-hearted and quick to revise her frequently hasty first opinions; a devoted wife, a loving if sometimes over-possessive mother, a kind and certainly well-meaning mistress and, it would

8 Berry, County Genealogies... p. 15; Beaven, The Aldermen... II. p. 125; Diary, 26.x and 19-24.Xli.1805 and infra 28.viii.1816.
9 See infra Diary, 11-15.iv.1809 and Mrs. Calvert’s note at the end of the entry for 6.vii.
seem, an amusing, courteous, and friendly hostess. The extent of her culture we can merely surmise from the diaries, but she appears well-informed, particularly in political matters, and blessed with considerable intellectual curiosity; no doubt this was one of the reasons why she preferred dinner parties where the ratio of the sexes heavily favored the males, rather than vice-versa. She would dearly have loved to be a blue-stocking, and in 1818 confided to her diary how much she had enjoyed a blue-stocking evening which she and her husband had just attended and how she hoped to be invited again. She never was.

In view of the range of subjects covered and the long time-span involved, the diaries constitute a valuable source of historical data regarding life in early 19th-century England, whether it be medicine and notions of hygiene and the care of children; family relations and the role of the family in society; the networks of sociability not only in London, where Frances and Nicolson Calvert between them spanned the worlds of High Society, politics, the professions and commerce, but also in Hertfordshire county society, in Brighton during the Regency, among Irish exiles in England in the first two decades of the century, and English residents abroad in Paris, Brussels and Rome in the 1820s and 1830s, as well as the role of women in the exercise of paternalism. But the possibilities of these data cannot be fully exploited until they have been properly collated, annotated and indexed. The following two fragments, covering the month of April 1809 and part of the summer of 1816, will give readers some foretaste of the quality of this new acquisition by the Princeton University Library.

ENGLAND, APRIL 1809

EASTER SUNDAY APRIL 2D: [London] . . . On Thursday tho' Isabella's¹⁵ pains were far from gone I wrapped her extremely well & took her to St. James's Chapel where she & Fanny Knox¹⁶ were confirmed by the Bishop of London— poor Man I believe it is the last time he will be able to do it, as he looks dying it was very affecting.¹⁴ I had a great many visitors when I returned home, & afterwards went to dine at Ld. Limerick's—My Mother,¹⁶ sister¹⁷ & the Hunt¹⁸ family were there. . . . On [Good] Friday I went to Church & rec'd the Sacrament—When over I called to see my Mother & was much shocked at finding she had been taken very ill at church—my sister L: Hunt & I were with her all day except for a short time we went to eat our dinners at my sisters—we had the pleasure to find her soon get better—it was a chill occasioned by the great inclemency of the weather & she imprudently went to Church on Friday—I slept that night at my sisters that I might be near her in case of her being worse, but thank God she was much better yesterday & indeed today, I think there is nothing but care requisite that she may not get cold again—it is dreadfully bitter, & I don't let one of the Children out, Isabella has still a cold flying about her.—I dined yesterday with my sister, & we sat with my mother 'till ten when I came home. to day I have been to Church, & to see my Mother, & I mean now to sit at home with my children till I go to dinner to my Sister. I had a few lines on Friday from dear Felix¹⁹ from Battle saying he & James were very well, but not at all successful in their volunteering. I wish to God the Easterly wind wd. go, I hear there is a great deal of illness in London.—

WEDNESDAY APRIL 5TH = This is my dear Isabella's sixteenth birthday many many many happy returns of it to the dear

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11 In the main, the text is uncut, and all omissions are indicated by points of ellipsis. Mrs. Calvert's interlinear additions are enclosed in angle brackets, as (weeks). Words or letters added for the sake of clarity are enclosed in square brackets. The peculiarities of spelling and punctuation have been preserved.
12 Mrs. Calvert's daughter, who had "a stiff neck & cold," Diary 29.iii.09.
13 Mrs. Calvert's niece; see infra note 17.
14 This must be Bellby Porteus, Bishop of London who, indeed, died soon after, on 14 May 1809, according to Le Neve, Fasti Ecclesiae Anglicanae (Oxford, 1854) II, p. 396. DNB gives his date of death as 8 May 1808, but this must be a mistake since the Diary entry confirms that there was a Bishop of London on 30.iii.1809, and in view of the fact that his successor, John Randolph, was not confirmed until August 1809, according to both DNB and Le Neve, loc. cit.
15 Her first cousin, Edmund Pery, and Lord Glentworth, 1st Earl of Limerick, an Irish peer; BP.
16 Elizabeth, widow of Edmund Viscount Pery, then aged about 75; BP sub Limerick; Diary, 5.iv.1821.
17 Diana, wife of Thomas Knox, son and heir of Lord Northland, an Irish Peer; see BP sub Ranfurly.
18 Limerick's sister Eleanor had married Sir Vere Hunt, 1st Baronet; G. E. Cockayne, Complete Baronetage (Exeter, 1900—1909) V, p. 414; henceforward, Cockayne's book will be referred to as GECB.
19 Her eldest son who was in the army and had been ordered along with his cousin James Knox "to recruit for volunteers from the Militias at Bexhill," they were billeted at Battle, Sussex. Diary, 29.iii.09.
Child!!!—I dined Sunday with my sister & sat with my Mother in the Evening. She is now thank God quite well but still stays in her dressing room on acct of the severity of the weather. on Monday & Tuesday I dined at home & went in the evening to my Mother. Tuesday Eve: (yesterday) dear Felix & James arrived from Battle, they have only got five men.—Sir Arthur Wellesley is going directly to Portugal—he has the Chief command & Sir J. Pradock is coming back. Isa: has still a cold, but I think her better . . .

SUNDAY 9th: I went out with my sister in her carriage Thursday—dined tête à tête with Isabella—went early in the Evening to sit with my Mother & found L: y Hunt and Mary Perry with her. I went at nine to L: y Bulkley's and played at Loo. on Friday I went out with my Sister, dined as the day before—went to my Mother early Col: & Mrs. Hamilton with her—went afterwards to an assembly at the Duchess of Leinster's & chaperoned Miss Calthorpe, L: y Calthorpe's Daughter. L: y Sarah Napier who I have not seen for years, was there—she is now an old woman but really very pretty & looks most interesting she is stone blind, which misfortune has happened to her since we met—and I really felt so affected when her Sister L: y Louisa Conolly told her who I was, that for a minute I cd. only return the pressure of her hand & faltout my congratulation: on the safety of her son Major [Charles] Napier who was also there & who I had known as a boy. he was supposed to be killed at the battle of Corunna & his family had mourned for him—about six (weeks) ago it was reported that he was a prisoner & not dead—L: y Bathurst who is niece to L: y Sarah persuaded L: y Mulgrave to send a flag of truce to Ney & Soult to enquire about him—the result of which was their allowing him to come over here himself—it may be readily imagined the transports of his poor mother—he is an excellent young man & the best Son that ever was but very plain. never was anything like the kindness he met with from the French Gent:ls. it was a Drummer saved his life when the french soldiers were going to kill him. Soult handsomely rewarded the Drummer. Soult is going to erect a monument to Sir John Moore's memory—I think it is a fine reproach to our ministry who are endeavoring to blacken his memory, instead of celebrating (it). I hear his nobleminded mother has refused a pension on that account.—People seem a good [deal] frightened about the times—this business of the Duke of York's has created such a ferment—I hear Lds. Grenville—Buckingham—Grey & the Duke of Devonshire the heads of opposition are grown frightened & mean to secede from opposition & it is said Ld Grey has quarrelled with his Brother in law Mr. Whitbread in consequence who is a terrible violent man. I hear they are going to bring charge[s] in the house against Lds Sidmouth Hardwick & Mr Yorke, God knows how it will all end!!! yesterday was so mild I sent Isabella Lavinia & William out walking. Mary is tormented with her teeth & Mr Chilver lanced her gums yesterday . . . Miss Bouvier is going to be married to Mr Forbes, she is terribly in love—he has very little I believe but a good character—they are to go to India & he is to have some appointment there—L: y Cassillis who I was with yesterday told me she never saw

\[\text{a}^{*}\] A childhood friend of Mrs. Calvert and future Duke of Wellington. Diary & \text{DNB}, sub Limerick.
\[\text{b}^{*}\] The eldest daughter of the Earl of Limerick, and therefore Lady Perry's niece. BP stated in Blake, An Irish Beauty . . ., P. 38. P. 3, Emma dowager viscountess Bulkley, who died in 1770.
\[\text{c}^{*}\] Emilia, widow of William FitzGerald, and Duke of Leinster; BP.
\[\text{d}^{*}\] Frances, eldest daughter of Henry, 1st Baron Calthorpe, who died in 1798.
\[\text{e}^{*}\] Henry Phipps, 1st Lord Mulgrave, and 1st Lord of the Admiralty; \text{DNB}.
anything like Miss Bouvierie’s transports at her approaching marriage—I think it very indelicate for a woman to shew such joy whatever they may feel.—

NEUWARK [NOTTINGHAMSHIRE] TUESDAY 11TH: yesterday morning I rec’d a letter from Mr Knox54 to tell me that he was just setting out for Dungannon as Thomas55 was very ill of a fever, & he was taking down a Physician—he wrote my Sister word he was ill—but not as bad as he said to me—she sent for me directly to consult me & soon discovered that I knew more than she did—she instantly resolved upon setting out for Ireland & I resolved to accompany her—we set out at three & travelled sixty miles without stopping to Buckden [Huntingdonshire] where we arrived at between ten & eleven—we set off this morning soon after five & breakfasted at Grantham 28 miles from Buckden between the last stage Biggleswade [Bedfordshire] & this we had a violent thunder storm, which completely overstept the little spirits I had endeavored to muster up, for to say the truth from the instant I got out of London—my heart failed me in Every point of view—first I feared Mr C—might be angry with me for taking such a step without his permission, that was my principal uneasiness, my children next assaulted me, London I know is very unhealthy at present & I feared a hundred things for them—next I thought that if Thomas’s illness was to continue for any time I might be delayed so long in Ireland, that Mr C wd. be still more displeased & last of all my dread of the Sea is so great that every step I felt getting nearer to it my dread increased—in addition to all this I feared from being totally unused to travelling I shd. get a fever going at such a rate—all this made me determine to proceed no farther & very reluctantly I have let my poor dear Sister go on without me.—I really feel miserable at it, but it wd. have been much worse for her to have had the burthen of me sick on the road, here I am at an Inn quite alone without even a Servant I have written for Timewell & James Knox57 to come for me in the mail, but they cannot be here after tomorrow—what a dismal time I must spend—wretched about my poor Sister—God Almighty grant that Thomas will be restored to all our prayers & God preserve my dear sister, the People at this Inn are very decent people, but I am miserable by myself at an Inn—my head & heart both ache & I am afraid of everybody & every thing. I wish I cd. go to sleep for 8 & 40 hours—

WEDNESDAY 12TH—Here I am of course still, as ’till the middle of the day to morrow I cannot expect Timewell, & she will probably be so tired travelling all night, that I cannot think of going far to morrow—I spent a most dismal Evening yesterday—I went to bed about ten—tooed a dose of Calomel locked myself well in—& endeavored to compose myself—fatigue made me sleep some hours & suspended care, but I awoke very early—however I wd. not get up, wishing to pass away some of the day in bed—I got up at past eleven—I have sent to a Library to see if I can get any books—tho’ God knows I shall attend very little to what I read, but it will be something to do.—how I long ’till Time—well arrives, tho’ I shall dread hearing of Thomas—sometimes I hope the best, at others I have a dreadful feel about him—God preserve him & my dearest Sister!!! I sometimes can scarcely believe that I am 124 miles from my family, at an Inn without servants or a soul I know about me—I really feel sometimes so nervous about it that I am quite in a tremor—there is a fair in the street—I have put down the blinds to exclude it & to prevent myself being seen, for I should be quite shocked [if] any common acquaintance were to go by & see me here unattended—it wd. have such an extraordinary appearance. I have in addition a great fear that Mr C will not be pleased with me—what must a person feel who has done a bad action, when I feel so much for having done a charitable but thoughtless one, for I can—

54 Her brother-in-law; see supra note 17.
55 The seat in County Tyrone of his father, Lord Northland, where the Knoxes resided when in Ireland.
56 His eldest son.
57 Her personal maid and one of her footmen.
58 That is, the mail coach.
not conceal from myself that I ought not to have taken such a step as to set off for another country without my Husband's sanction but I did it from the impulse of the moment, I followed the immediate dictates of my heart, without consulting my head—I trust he will not be angry, but I really dread seeing or hearing from him—if he is not angry I shall not tell him I was afraid he wd—least I shou'd put it into his head. Oh I wish I was at home—I am very low—& very agitated—God preserve all those I love!!!

THURSDAY 13TH. 1/2 past twelve—such a day & night as I passed yesterday never was—I really am so nervous I am quite shaking—I have sat down to write to try & pass away the minutes before Timewell arrives by the mail which is expected directly—should she not have got my letter (not) set out last night—the thought distracts me—if I pass another day alone here I believe it will kill me—I can't write—I can't think—I can't sit still I must walk about the room.

The mails both arrived & no Timewell I shall go distracted. They tell me there is a Newcastle coach yet to come—so I have one chance left.

1/2 past two—I am informed the Newcastle coach will arrive about four, I have still an hour & a half suspense & if Timewell don't come then—God knows when she will come! what shall I do? I have sat down to write for I can't read—I don't know what I can do—the noises of the Inn quite distract me, & to add to it yesterday was the Quarter Sessions & I had the Justices dining & roaring next room to me—today the Mayor & Corporation are to dine next room—but I trust in God four o clock will bring Timewell & James—every unpleasant idea assails me & the most unpleasant is the fear Mr C. will be very angry with me, I shall dread seeing him—as I said before what must those feel who have committed a bad action? If Timewell arrives at four & is not too much knocked up I will set out directly for Grantham that I may get at least 14 miles on my way home—in that case I shall push on to Stevenage [Hertfordshire] tomorrow & hope to reach London on Saturday I have ordered my own carriage to meet me at Hatfield, 'till then I must travel in hack chaises—I wonder where my poor sister is now, I dare to say she frets about me, & her anxiety for Thomas allows her to think of me. how I long to see my Husband & children—a few kisses from my Mary99 wd—quite revive me. I wonder whether Felix is gone to quarters—of course, I know nothing of any body & these last few days appear like a month:

Just 5 o clock I cannot find out whether the Coach is arrived—I believe they will be afraid to tell me if Timewell is not come. hark, I think I hear a horn.

The coach arrived & no Timewell—what shall I do! the Corporation make such a noise, that terrified I have taken refuge in my bed room where I have bolted myself in—I am so terrified & nervous, that I don't mean to go to bed to night but will only lie down in my clothes—oh that I was at home—the good landlady is very attentive to me—she visits me whenever she has a moment to spare—two of her maids sleep next room to me to protect me, & yet I can't be easy—What am I afraid of? I believe my own shadow. it is now near seven—my landlady says I must eat something—I have no appetite—but I believe she is right.

ALBEMARLE STREET SATURDAY 15TH: At last thank God here I am—but I will begin from where I left off the other Evening.

At half past nine Timewell & James Knox relieved me from my state of agony by arriving in a chaise which Mr C. sent for me—never was I more rejoiced at seeing two people—they brought me word that there were better accts of Thomas—& also brought me a few kind lines from Mr C at the same time I cd. see he was not pleased with me. Very early yesterday morning (Friday) we left Newark. we went two stages before breakfast & travelled without stopping except to change horses 'till we reached Stevenage 93 miles—I was very much frightened the last stage as it was quite dark. we went to bed as soon as we got our suppers—about one o clock I awoke feeling very ill indeed with a fit of trembling which lasted an hour nearly & then subsided—I sup-

99 Her youngest child, then eight months old.
pose it was occasioned by fatigue & the state of agitation I have been in. We set out before seven, breakfasted at Hatfield, & arrived in Town at twelve (this morn)—I felt much agitated as I approached home, at the thought of seeing Mr C however he rec'd me kindly, tho' he did not conceal that he had been much displeased, & I can see every one thinks I acted very wrong which worries me to death, but I put the best on it, tho' I feel in constant agitation. My children thank God I found all well—dear Mary grown fat. there are much better accts. of Thomas, but it has been a very bad fever—delirious—& his head blistered—Mr Knox writes however much easier about him but I shall be very anxious to hear on Monday. dear Felix went to quarters to day so I have missed him. My Mother—Mrs York & Lord Limerick have been with me & Sir Vere Hunt & Aubrey—I long much till my unfortunate trip is forgot as I am quite sick of the subject & it frets me dreadfully. there is bad news from Spain (excepting from Vigo which has surrendered to the British ships & Spaniards) & also great apprehensions for our army in Portugal—Mr C. seems very much dispirited about public affairs & I believe he has been a good deal vexed by my going—altogether I am terribly low & uncomfortable & long for a few days to pass—I believe I look shockingly. —

TUESDAY 18TH. Col. Bydell came to us Saturday Evening, & I cannot express how obliged I felt by the kindness of his manner, & how instead of satyrising my conduct, he justified it & endeavoured to reconcile me to myself. on Sunday I felt rather better, I went out in the carriage a little & took Mrs Robinson & Isabella with me—we went in at the Arch-

65 By the application of a vesicatory plaster. Blistering, cupping, and bleeding were the standard remedies of the time.
66 The politician’s wife; see supra note 90.
67 The Hunts’ son and heir; see supra note 18.
68 A Hertfordshire neighbor and friend.
69 An old friend from Ireland. Her husband was born John Freind, 3rd and youngest son of the Dean of Canterbury and of Grace Robinson, sister of the Primate of Ireland, inheriting from his aunt, assumed the surname of Robinson by sign manual and later became a baronet; BP.

bishop of Dublin’s & [at] Limerick’s.—Mr C. Isabella & I dined together & went in the Evening to sit with my Mother—L. v Hunt Mary, Theodoria & Charles Vesey were there.—yesterday I got a letter from Mr K[no]x. We did not think the accts. so good of Thomas—& Mr Holmes has a letter from him written in the most desponding style—. . . Mr C. Isa. & I dined at four o’clock yesterday for him to go to the House—he returned soon after eight to tea & brought Sir John Sebright & Mr. Halsey—Isabella & I went to Mrs Thomas Calvert’s—I said but five minutes there, but left Isabella & went to sit with my mother, as she was very low & so was I about dear Thomas—I called for Isabella on my way home at ten. I found the gentlemen still here.—I have just had a letter from My Sister dated Friday Donagh[ad]ee, & she was going to proceed to Dungannon—I had also a letter from Mr K[no]x—he is very uneasy about Thomas he was in the 17th day of the fever the Medical people say he is in a fair way of recovery, but still there is every reason to be uneasy. Mr Holmes has been just sitting with me, what a good natured man he is! I believe he wd. go to the end of the world to serve a friend. I was agreeably surprized yesterday by Sir John Sebright’s not saying anything reflecting on me for setting for Ireland—I had quite dreaded seeing him.—

WEDNESDAY 19TH: This morning has brought I think a favorable account of dear Thomas—he continues mending but very gradually—however the fever has not yet turned . . .

65 All cousins of Mrs. Calvert.
66 William Holmes (ca. 1774–1851), Tory whip for many years, and the son of an Irish brewer. He was married to Lady Stronge, the widow of an Irish baronet; DNB.
67 Sir John Sebright, 7th Baronet of Beechwood, Hertfordshire, M.P. for Hertfordshire (DNB); and Joseph Halsey, formerly Whately, of Gaddesden Place, Hertfordshire, M.P. for St. Albans; J. Burke, The Commoners of Great Britain (London, 1855) II. p. 616: Judd, Members. . . Both were colleagues in the House and neighbors in the country; Diary.
68 Niece by marriage of Nicolson Calvert’s kinsman, John Calvert of Albury Hall, Hertfordshire; Berry, County Genealogies. . . p. 19.
69 The seaport in County Down for the passage to and from Port Patrick in Scotland; as Mrs. Knox was going to Dungannon in County Tyrone, she took the Scottish route to Ireland, via Carlisle, Dumfries, Port Patrick, and Donaghadee; E. Mogg Paterson’s Roads (London, 1829) pp. 223-230, 232-233; see infra Diary, 7-14.ix.1816.
THURSDAY 20TH: Mr. C. Isa. & I dined together yesterday—& spent the Evening at home. I have this morning rec'd. a letter from Mr. Knox dated Sunday—we thought there wd. be no mail today—I cannot say I like the acct. he says Thomas had been very feverish the last two days, that he cd. not help thinking the issue very uncertain, tho' the physicians said there was not much to apprehend. My sister had arrived the day before tolerably well—poor soul how I pity her. I had a letter from dear Nicolson to day. Felix does not write to me—I cannot help thinking it rather negligent as he knows how anxious I always am about him. Weather deplorable—& I feel uneasy at hearing of the scarlet fever—three daughters of a Mr. Granville (at) Pimlico one age 17—one 18 & the other nineteen have all died of it. I long to take the children to the country—but the weather is too bitter to think of doing it. . . .

FRIDAY 21ST: I dined alone yesterday—Mr. C. dined at Sir John Sebright's & I called in the Evening for Col. & Mrs. Hamilton & they went with me to sit with my mother. Today's post has brought a much better acct. of dear Thomas—he had had a good night & was considerably better, I had a long letter from dear Felix who is thank God very well.—Mr C. & James are gone to Hunsdon to stay 'til Monday. I have been to see my mother this morning—Mr Acklom has just paid me a long visit & I have had a visit from L. Rawlinson. I heard a few minutes ago the Park Guns firing & I sent to enquire what it is for, & they have just brought me word that it is for Ld. Cochrane having entirely destroyed the French fleet.

SATURDAY 22D. I was a good deal alarmed yesterday by Mary making an unpleasant noise in her throat, a sort of crowing—I dreaded the croup, & sent off directly for Mr. Chilver who assured me I have no cause for uneasiness, for it was of no consequence & not at all like the croup. I had intended to have spent the Evening with my mother, but felt I cd. not be comfortable long out of the house therefore only went just to see her, & kept the carriage waiting while I sat with her. Mrs. Henry Campbell came to her while I was there—she is very uneasy about Genl. Campbell who is in Portugal with Genl. Graddock. I have heard no particulars yet of Lord Cochrane's Exploit, the news paper is not yet come in, I hear (the) house (of Lords) sat till six. Dear Mary had a very good night & did not make the noise at all—this morning she has made it a little, but very little, so I trust it is of no sort of consequence. the post not yet come in, I long for my Dungannon letter . . .

TUESDAY 25TH I got three letters from Ireland yesterday—the first date mentioned that dear Thomas had been very ill indeed on the 21st: day but that night he mended—we had the account also of the 23rd. day on which the amendment continued & this morning there is a letter from Tom to say that he continued mending & that the Physicians pronounced him, if there was no relapse out of danger—thank God!—Mr C. & James arrived from Hunsdon about seven yesterday, we dined & Mr C then went to the House of Commons, where he was 'til one in the morning—I called for Mrs. Robinson & went to my mother—. . . Mr C tells me that Mr Holmes tells him that Ld. Cochrane complain's sadly in not having been properly seconded by the fire ships in the attack on the French—the French Capt—who he had taken prisoner & who was one of the legion of honor expressed the greatest wish to go on board his Ship where he had been taken from in order to save his papers & charts—Ld. Cochrane represented to him the great danger of it as

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they expected the ship to blow up every moment—however he expressed such anxiety to do it, that Ld C.—willing to gratify him ordered his boat to be lowered in to which he got along with him, & called out "well my Lads who will volunteer with us" upon which four or five (sailors) got in also, when they got near the ship from the heat wch was already very great one of the guns went off wch struck the French captain in the bowels & killed him on the spot, at the same [moment] a little Dog terrified at the noise jumped thro one of the port holes into the sea—"Damn it Captain (exclaimed the Sailors) tho' it is a french Dog we will try & save its life"—upon which in spite of the imminent danger they rowed up to the little dog & did save him—he proves to be a beautiful little creature & Ld. Cochrane has brought him to London. I wish he wd. give him to my sister she wd. like it so much

FRIDAY 28TH: ... I went in the Evening to my Mother, the Dowager L:y Lucan66 & Lady Harberton were there—L:y L: was uncommonly agreeable. she told me that Lord Spencer received from Paris about a month ago the Memoirs of the great Duke of Marlborough most magnificently bound, published at Paris, & a note saying it was sent to him from the Author by order of the Emperor Napoleon. She says the Duke of Marlboro is Bonaparte's great admiration & that he says there never has been a real good general since the time of Cesar but him...

SATURDAY 29TH. Isabella and I went... to L:y Stronges67 & there met Miss Cochrane, (first cousin to Lord Cochrane) she had got in her arms the little Dog Lord Cochrane saved—it is a nice little Pug—they have named it Varsovie after the ship it had jumped out of...

66 Margaret, widow of Charles Bingham, 1st Earl of Lucan, an Irish Peer.
67 The wife of William Holmes; see supra note 48 Her eldest son by her first marriage, Bella; see infra Diary, 1816 passim.

A VISIT TO IRELAND, JULY 1816

TOWCESTER [NORTHAMPTONSHIRE] MONDAY JULY 1ST = 1816—We68 intended to have set out at six this morning but it rained hard so we breakfasted at Hunsdon & it growing fine we set out at about half past ten after taking leave of, & blessing a hundred & a hundred times the beloved objects I left behind—Heaven bless & preserve them all!!! our jour- ny has been very prosperous thus far—we travel in the Barouche, it is cold for July, but has been very fine. We are now waiting anxiously for our mutton chops & chicken—we intend going to bed very early, in order to be off by an early hour. I have fumigated the beds, for fear of any sickness, as it has been such an unhealthy season. We wd have gone another stage but feared being too late out.—the waiter gives the welcome intelligence of dinner coming.—

SHIFnal [SHROPSHIRE] TUESDAY 2D. We got up this morning soon after five, but did not get off from the Inn until past six—we breakfasted at Dunchurch [Warwickshire]—& stopped abt an hour at Birmingham [Staffordshire] to go to some of the shops—I was not much gratified, I think it a horrible Town—& we were glad to turn our backs upon Warwickshire & afterwards on Staffordshire—these manufactoring places are dirty—& the people look I think wicked—the post Boys were surly—but I except the one from Wolverhampton [Staffordshire] who was remarkably civil & drove us well. The day turned very bad at twelve & continued so until six when it grew fine—we arrived here at (a) little before nine & have just made a most hearty dinner or rather supper, as soon as I have written to my beloved Husband (which I intend doing every night) I will go to bed—God bless him & all my darling children!! & my dearest Mother!!!...
KERNEOE [DENBIGH] WEDNESDAY 3D: We left Shifnal at six & breakfasted at Shrewsbury—the day has been very fine, excepting a few showers—Edmond & Fanny have been in transports at the beauty of Wales—we stopped at Llangollen [Denbigh]—& visited the two recluse who live close to it—Mrs. Ellinor Butler & Miss Ponsonby[60]—they rec'd me with the greatest possible cordiality & I really thought I never should have got away—I have not seen them for 26 years, & they assured me I was not the least altered—Alas! I wish I could believe them—they walked back to the Inn with us, not to lose a moment of my delightful society—their house is a beautiful romantic little thing—we arrived here at a little after eight & have since eaten an excellent dinner this is the nicest clean Inn possible, country about it dreary, the Welsh Harper is playing & I feel very much inclined to drop asleep—so must leave off writing.

HOLYHEAD SATURDAY ... 6TH.[61] we left Kerneoge at six on Thursday, the road from that to Capel Carrick where we breakfasted is beautiful, but tremendous—they are repairing the roads, which made them extremely bad & we walked[62] a great deal—We did not arrive here until nearly nine at night very much tired & I found letters for me from Ireland which agitated me much at the time, from my sister to announce that my dear Isabella was brought to bed of a son—she was taken ill in the night & brought to bed at two o'clock on Friday morning the 28th. (half an hour) before either Doctor or Nurse had arrived. My sister had gone over the next day to see her & had found her thank God quite well & comfortable & I trust in God I shall find a good account of her in Dublin—the steward of the Duke of Montrose[63] came to the instant I arrived to know if I wd. sail in that & assured me the wind was quite fair—it appeared [to] me not, & I wd. not give him an answer, but wrote a note to Capt. Western a first cousin of Mr. John Calvert[64] to ask his opinion—he & his sister Miss Charlotte Western came to see me directly & nothing can have equalled their kindness & attention to us—he told me the wind was then unfavorable, but he wd. come to me again in the morning—accordingly he did while we were at breakfast & he advised me to stay for him the next day, as he sails today[65] I accordingly set out wd. he then offered to take us to see a new light house called the South Stack, which he said was the Lion of the place—we[66] went in a jaunting (car) with Miss Western, & Edmond rode on horseback with Capt. W: we went up a hill which nobody wd. have thought anything but a goat cd. scramble up, however we were very well rewarded when we got there, by a very fine magnificent view, & the light house itself. We descended 376[67] steps cut in the side of the rock, then crossed a bridge of network thrown across a chasm over the sea 150 feet across & just a few cracking boards (laid) upon it & the bridge swinging as we went—we ascended 102 steps in the inside of the light house which is entirely on a new construction, & we did not regret our fatigue which was pretty great there being no wind & a very hot sun. We returned in the car to the hotel & after resting about half an hour went to dine at Capt. Western's—he has got a very nice house at the entrance of this Town—lives very well without any fuss, & gave us an excellent dinner—Capt. Skinner a good humored pleasant Tar dined there, & we really spent a very pleasant day, & returned to our Inn at Eleven. I like Capt. W: & his sister very much, & nothing can exceed their kindness to us.—the wind rose in the night, & today is a wet disagreeable day & more wind than I like but they assure me it is quite fair & not at all too much of it, I dread the sea dreadfully, but its terrors & disagreeableness is much diminished by Capt. W's extreme kindness—he has reserved the best cabin holding only four for us, which is a great comfort as there will be nobody in it.

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[60] Cernigo Mawr, according to Mogg, Paterson's Roads.
[62] This entry repeats and enlarges in part the preceding omitted one; for an explanation, see paragraph at the end.
[63] In order to relieve the horses of the extra weight.
[64] One of the packets on the Holyhead-Dublin run.
[65] Berry, County Genealogies ..., p. 80.
[66] Saturday, the day she was writing.
but Edmond Fanny Timewell & myself.—this hotel is kept by an Irishman of the name of Moran, who has made as much of me as if I was empress of all the Russians—I own my country people have a warm heartedness wch is very pleasing & now I will put by my journal.—Capt. W. just come in says we shall sail in a little more than an hour—my hand shakes so I can scarce write—I trust in God I shall be able to add to this journal soon in Dublin—God Almighty send us safe there!!! & preserve all belonging to me!!!

(I find on looking over this that in ye confusion of my ideas at Holyhead I wrote the same thing over & over again. 68 Tynan 69 July 15th)

DUBLIN MERRION SQUARE SUNDAY JULY 7TH—Thank God here we are! quite safe—we arrived here at abt 8 this morning after a good passage of 17 hours—we embarked in what they call a stiff breeze, which however soon subsided into a dead calm, which lasted some time, but afterwards sprung up into a nice breeze. Edmond was sick directly & went to bed, but Fanny & I altho' we felt very queersh & uncomfortable staid on Deck until nearly nine o'clock, when we went to bed. I was sick on first going down, but not afterwards, tho I do not say I felt well, but Fanny did, & slept the night thro', however since she landed, she has felt sick giddy & uncomfortable, & I dare to say wd. feel more comfortable now had she been sick on board. George Knox 70 came over in the passage with us—his house is a delightful one in Merrion Square—his children are dear things, but I fear are delicate. My accounts of my dear Isabella are excellent. Mrs W. Knox 71 was brought to bed yesterday morning of a little girl, & is so well that she would see me today ... Lord Northland 72 is here in high preservation. He was delighted to see me. we sat a long while with my poor Aunt

68 This is the only such occurrence in the course of 85 years of diary-keeping.
69 Tynan Abbey, County Armagh, the seat of Isabella and her husband Sir James Stronge, 2nd. Baronet, where Mrs. Calvert and her party arrived on July 10th. It was Baronet, Sir Norman Strong and his only son, James.
70 Younger brother of Mrs. Calvert's brother-in-law, Thomas Knox; BP sub Ranfurly.
71 Wife of William, another Knox brother and Bishop of Derry; BP sub Ranfurly.
72 The 87-year-old father of Mrs. Calvert's brother-in-law, Thomas Knox.

Staples to day, she is wonderfully composed & even cheer
ful—I have promised to go to her again in the Eve,g. Bess Ruxton 74 says her Fathers was a happy release, which has lessenned their affliction.—Edmond Fanny & I walked a lit
tle abt- the Streets to day, I cou'd have done more, but they seemed tired.—

MONDAY 8TH. Capt- Western called on us this morn:ng & had settd. everything abt: my carriage for me in the pleasantest way. he walked with Fanny Edmond & me afterwards to see the old Parliament House—we then walked a good deal about the Town & to buy some Poplins for presents= My Aunt Staples took us out afterwards in her carriage to see Mary Temple 75 who is two miles from Dublin at her Daugh
ters Gertrude Alexander's who has been very ill after her lying in—I saw her for a minute in her bed—I found Mary Temple very much altered—Every body tells me I am not, but I fear I can't believe it ...

TYNAN THURSDAY JULY 11TH. We left Town exactly at six yesterday morning—& were much shocked a little before we arrived here at meeting Edmond Knox, 76 who came out to prepare me for finding my dear Isabella very far from well—she had got a fright from a noise in the house a few nights ago, which had produced spasm & violent convulsions, she had been bled repeatedly—& has never they say been considered in danger, but I thought her very ill yesterday—she was up when I arrived & except while at dinner we sat with her until eleven at night, as the Doctor says amusing her mind is the best thing for her—she has such a dread of the spasms, she has thank God had but very trifling twitches since I came, & has had an excellent night, so I trust in God they are subsiding—how grievous it is! but I trust in God

73 Mrs. Calvert's paternal aunt, whose husband, Sir Robert Staples, 7th Baronet, had recently died; GECB, II, p. 251.
74 Lady Staples' daughter, married to Richard Ruxton, later FitzHerbert; BP sub Staples Be.
75 Possibly the widow of Mrs. Calvert's half-brother Gustavus Temple; Diary, I, Introduction.
76 Mrs. Calvert's nephew; BP sub Ranfurly.
she will be soon well— the child is a fine large stout one. I think this was a terrible place for her to be confined at full of workmen & scarcely a habitable room in it— it is almost impossible to keep it tolerably quiet— however they do their best.

SATURDAY 14TH. Isabella has continued to mend & had good nights— she has had thank God no more spasms. We are with her the greatest part of the day. We dine at five & I take one walk in the eve: g— the weather is tolerably fine, but I think dreadfully cold— the country abt very ugly, & so I think this place, but wd: not have them think I was of that opinion for the world— I don’t think I shall ever like the house, but indeed there is no judging of it in the state it is in— I have a comfortable enough room— Fanny sleeps in the bed with me & Timewell in the dressing room— Edmond next room to us— all the other rooms near us are unfinished even without windows— the stair case without bannisters & all about unfinished— unplastered & full of rubbish & workmen— in short I never was in a much more disagreeable place— the nights being short is a gt: comfort, for I shd: grow very nervous were they long & every place open about. however I rejoice I came for I think I am a gt: comfort to my dear Isa: & I should have been very unhappy at a distance from her knowing she was so ill— My Sister is expected to dinner to day. yesterday there was an annual meeting of the Orange men77— Edmond & Fanny went with the little Stronges in the Barouche to see them.

MONDAY 15TH. Isabella has thank God continued mending— with the exception of every now & then nervous feels, & thinking the spasms coming, which however fortunately have not . . . yesterday was a dismal wet day indeed— we cd. not go to church, but read prayers at home. I think this a deplorable climate— tho’ perhaps it is as bad in England, indeed Mr C in a few lines I got from him on Saturday says it is rainy & cold— all well thank God— my mother was gone to . . . London—

77 The commemoration march, then as now, of the lifting of the siege of Londonderry.
dead—he was found dead in his bed—he has left Mr C- his house no. 15 Upper Wimpole St.—Copper shares to Bob Ch[arle]s & Walter value above 20,000 L. an Estate in Surrey to Bob afterwards to Charles then Walter & then my Edmond—500Ls to Felix 200Ls to Mary (Mrs Tash was her Godmother) 500 to Mr. Wm. Calvert 10,000Ls to Miss Rooke—and other Legacies, & after that Mr C and his three Brothers residuary Legatees—Mr C- says he thinks they will have abt. 20,000Ls each. it is a very convenient windfall these hard times. Mr C- very kindly says he makes me a present of the house & that I may sell it & get another just as I like it—I have begged he will do exactly as he likes himself (& assured him) that I am perfectly satisfied with Wimpole St. if it suits him. it is very good of him wishing to do what will please me & I feel very grateful to him.—Sir James [Stronge] Edmond Knox & my Edmond were near being drowned two or three nights ago in the Lake here—the boat overset—my Edmond swam directly for shore, but Sir J:s & Ed. K- clung to the boat, until they were so much exhausted that when they did attempt swimming, they were but just able to reach the shore—Sir J:s. especially had been twice under the boat & swallowed so much water, that had he remained a few minutes longer at the boat, he must have been drowned. What a fortunate escape!!! We went to church today—Mr Mee the curate dined here today, & christened the child by the names of Charles Walter.—Nicolson & William are now at home quite well thank God—the scarlating was at Harrow, so they have come home before the holy days. they are I hear much improved dear Boys—God preserve them!!!—

TUESDAY 30TH: Edmond & Sir James dined yesterday at Mr Close's Elm Park. I have not felt well these some days—un-

pleasant feels in my head, attended with deafness—I have sent to Caledon for Dr Crozier to bleed me as I think it wd. be of use.—

AUGUST 1816

SUNDAY AUGUST THE 4TH. This is my darling Nicolson's sixteenth birth day—Heaven bless & preserve the dear dear dear Boy & send him many many many happy returns of it!!!—I had myself bled on Tuesday as I intended—it certainly seemed to do my head good, tho' I have been much tormented with Deafness, which however is thank God getting better. We drive out every day in the open carriage—our weather these last two days is better but still very cold—... Sir James was at the Armagh assizes Friday & yesterday, but he came back each evening—I am in hopes to persuade Isabella to go to Dungannon next Thursday, & then we shall go also—otherwise I will not leave her as Sir J:s goes that day to Omagh to the Tyrone Assizes, & will not be back for a week; I think we shall be much pleasanter at Dungannon—to say the truth I have had quite enough of Tynan—I particularly dislike living in a house full of workmen, & were it not that the nights are short, I really shou'd be miserable for every part of the house is open & unprotected & in the long nights, I shd. die of the fright—I pity Isabella that she has to live in such a place—but fortunately she seems very fond of it, & admires every thing about it. thank God she is very well, & contentment is everything.

DUNGANNON SUNDAY 11TH. Sir James went on Thursday to the Assizes at Omagh & I am happy to say Isabella Edmond & Fanny little Ch:s Walter & myself came here to dinner that day, & very happy I felt to find myself here. This house is very much improved & added to since I was here. it is very comfortable indeed. Thos- is at the Assizes & Mary at Armagh Ld Northland & Mrs Spencer Knox (he is son to the B:[ish]p of Derry) dined here Friday. She is a very pretty

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80 Nicolson Calvert's brothers.
81 First cousin of Mr. Calvert's father and Rector of Hunsdon; Clutterbuck, History and Antiquities... III, p. 189.
82 Which was not so elegantly situated as the London houses Mrs. Calvert had hitherto lived in.
83 He was extremely short-sighted, which must have been an added handicap; Diary, 12. vii. 1810.
84 Mrs. Calvert's two youngest sons who were at Harrow school.
85 Scarlet fever.
86 See supra note 35.
87 The Stronge baby; supra Diary, 28. vii. 1816.
88 Thomas was the Knoxes' eldest son, who was so ill in 1809, and Mary was his wife, the daughter of the Bishop of Armagh.
& pleasing young woman. We have been to Church—I have just had a letter from Mr C. giving a very unpleasant acct of the Times in Eng: & God Knows if this weather continues what will become of this country—Things look very gloomy indeed...

SUNDAY 25TH. Last Monday there were some people [for] dinner here & we all went at night to a ball at the Inn Edmond Knox was one of the Stewards, Fanny danced two sets of country dances. Tuesday, the Baxters went away. Wednesday we drove to Killoymoon to visit Mrs Stewart—it is a beautiful place—& a very pretty Gothic house built by Nasb—yesterday I rec'd a letter from Mr C giving me an acct: of Lady Rawlinson's death at Brighton of a fit. Ch's Calvert and Walter were gone down there. I had a letter today from Mr C saying his Stomach has been very bad—but is better—however I am so miserable abt: him that the instant I receive money from England I shall set off. I have written to Mr C to write to me to Harrogate where I will stop in case those Waters might be ordered him—if they are not I shall go straight to H[unsdon] H[ouse]—I long to be with him & I shall not feel comfortable until we are together again—God preserve him to me!!!—

SEPTEMBER 1816

SUNDAY SEP:TR. 1ST DUNGANNON: Mr C has never mentioned his Stomach since—so I trust in God it is much better. he has not sent me money & I am in a grand fuss about it, having settled positively to leave this on Tuesday—I can only hope it will arrive either tomorrow or Monday. Lady Rawlinson has only left Mr C 500Ls some china jars & an Ink Stand—200Ls to Felix 200Ls to Isa 200Ls to Mary who is her God Daughter, & 100Ls to each of my other chil-

dren—to Bob, Ch's & Walter she has left each 14,000Ls & to Mrs Bob 300Ls—there are a gt. many other legacies—I own I think her will rather an extraordinary one. I believe she has only left her sister Mrs. James an annuity of 300 Ls—. . . Edmond is gone today to Scarva with Mr Reiley, they are to be back to dinner—I have been to church today & received the Sacrament. The weather is most extraordinary—we have had dry weather since abt: a week except yesterday & the night before—but it is as cold as Christmas—no sort of appearance of summer. I can't help thinking it is occasioned by the Spots in the Sun which are so visible. there has been an Earthquake in Scotland—the times are awful—& gloomy. I had a letter a few days ago from my dear Felix—he said their weather is very bad.—Lord Longford is going to be married to Lady Georgiana Lygon—he has not hurried himself, for he is turned of 40.

DONAGHADEE [CO. DOWN] WEDNESDAY SEP:TR 4TH. I took a gt. fright on Monday thinking something was the matter at Hunsdon as I did not get letters for some days—I worked myself up to be so miserable that I really was beside myself—there was company to dinner w:ch was particularly disagreeable to me, & there was a ball at the Inn—but to that I positively wd. not go but Fanny & Edmond did.—the next morn: g (yesterday) thank God however relieved me by bringing me a long letter from my beloved Husband & thank God nothing the matter, after breakfast we took leave of my dear *Isabella & all the rest (*who God bless & preserve) & set out for Lurgan (Mr Brownlows) where we slept—the family consists of himself wife & Eight children (three of the younger sons were not there) he is my mothers

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90 The people who came to dinner on Monday.  
92 See supra note 52.  
93 See 25.vii.1816.

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94 The weather during the summer of 1816, which was cold world wide, is now believed to have been caused by the eruption of the sun's rays by the cloud of volcanic dust produced by the eruption in 1815 of Mount Tabora in Indonesia; C. E. Skeen, "The Year Without a Summer: A Historical View," Journal of the Early Republic, 1 (Spring 1981) p. 60 and passim. I am indebted to Mr. Stephen Ferguson for drawing my attention to this article.  
95 Charles Brownlow (1757–1822) of Brownlow House, Lurgan, County Armagh; BP sub Lurgan; Cassell's Gazetteer.  

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first cousin remarkably gentlemanly, but cold hearted (I think) & selfish, & I understand stingy—his wife is a comedy—has been a beauty & has still a fine figure, dresses in the extreme of the fashion, with her petticoats up to her knees. She is affectionation personified, & I actually cd- often scarcely keep my countenance, her Daughters are really pretty & pleasing, but also tinctured with affectionation but not so bad as the Mother, the sons Charles & John are very nice young men, I think remarkably pleasing,—the Douglas family dined & spent the Eve: where it poured all the afternoon & Eve:g I was rather tired of my Eve:g & was sent supperless to bed at half past twelve—I happenned to be very hungry not having eat much dinner & was looking forward w:th- gt. gusto to my supper when some iced water was brought in, & no other thing offered—I really cd- not go to sleep for a long while wishing for something to eat. We left Lurgan soon after 8 this morn:g & breakfasted at Belfast we arrived here at between 3 & 4 hoping it might have been fine enough to sail—but the wind is contrary & blows a hurricane, so that is out of the question this is a horrible place & I fear we shall be wind bound some time—I never saw such weather.

PENRITH [CUMBERLAND], SATURDAY 7TH, I was agreeably surprised on Thursday Morning by being told it was a fine day & a good wind—we accordingly sailed in the Downshire at half past nine & had an excellent passage of 4 hours & a half; Edmond went to bed & was not sick—Fanny & I were sick for a little while, but sat most of the time on Deck: we dined at Port Patrick [Wigtownshire] & went on in the Eve:g to Glenhue where we slept—we got up & set off at six yesterday morn:g: breakfasted at Newtown Stuart eat a luncheon at Castle Douglas [Kircudbrighshire] & dined & slept at Dumfries—I meant to have gone farther, but it was a very wet afternoon, we left it at a little after six breakfasted at Annan, & arrived here before five in the afternoon being very wet & these quarters good, I thought it better to stay here, until 9 o clock the day was beautiful, but then turned to rain,—we shall be off early to-morrow. —
we took our departure & breakfasted at Ferrybridge, we slept that night at Newark [Nottinghamshire] in the house where I spent such a wretched two or three days at the time I set off with my sister for Ireland[99] & stopped & I slept in the same bed, & we sat in the same room—the mistress of the house recognized my voice the instant she heard it. We breakfasted the next morning at Grantham [Lincolnshire]—we slept at Arrington [Cambridgeshire], on our road we stopped to see Burleigh[100] with which Edmond & Fanny were much delighted. Wednesday the 11th. was My darling Harriets's[101] (sixth) birthday—many many many happy returns of it to the dear dear dear child, & God Almighty bless & preserve her to me!!!—we got up between four & five yesterday & arrived here to breakfast & found all well thank

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[99] See supra Diary, 11-14. iv. 1809.
[100] The seat of the Earl of Exeter, near Stamford.
Library Notes

RICHARD M. LUDWIG RETIRES

Richard M. Ludwig will retire as Professor of English and Associate University Librarian for Rare Books and Special Collections on June 30, 1986. He has been on research leave since January 1, 1986. When he came to the Library on July 1, 1974, Dr. Ludwig brought with him 20 years of teaching and administrative experience. He had been a member of the faculty of the Department of English since 1959, where he was honored as Bicentennial Preceptor and McCosh Faculty Fellow. In addition to a heavy load of teaching and research, he had chaired Princeton's Special Program in the Humanities, the Committee on Humanistic Studies, and the American Civilization Program.

As his former students will testify, Dr. Ludwig was an outstanding teacher and academic advisor. His profound knowledge of what scholarship is all about and his obvious love of literature made him the much-respected mentor of generations of undergraduates and graduate students. Although he continued to teach courses from time to time after becoming Associate University Librarian, his administrative duties made demands which required a reduction in that commitment, to the distress of his students, with many of whom he has remained in close communication over the years.


Editing was an important part of Professor Ludwig’s academic life, one which he continued while serving as Associate University Librarian. He has been editor of The Princeton University Library Chronicle and other publications of the Friends of the Princeton University Library for eleven years. Among the books published by the Library during his tenure was Dr. Panofsky & Mr. Tarkington: An Exchange of Letters, 1938–1946, which he edited. His editorial achievements are also reflected in Annals of American Literature, co-edited with Clifford A. Nault, Jr. (Oxford University Press, 1986); the third and fourth editions of Literary History of the United States, with Robert E. Spiller et al. (New York, 1963 and 1974); Aspects of American Poetry (Columbus, Ohio, 1963), and volumes I-V of Essays Today (New York, 1955, 1956, 1958, 1960, and 1962), among many others.

Under Professor Ludwig’s direction, the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections flourished. With apologies for the inevitable omissions or misplaced emphases, let me try to sketch the growth of the collections during his tenure.

Given the nature of our collections and the prices of rare books and other materials since 1974, efforts were concentrated on additions to our existing strengths. Large and important accessions were made to our holdings of 20th-century American authors, notably Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Gould Cozzens, Allan Tate, Booth Tarkington, and Ruth Gordon, and to the archives of Henry Holt and Company and Scribner and Sons. There were important additions to our holdings of Cruikshank, to the collection of American illustrated books before 1876, and to our collections of books printed before 1500. Our strength in manuscript materials relating to English literature was enhanced by the Raymond Mortimer Papers, a gift to the Library by Lady Eccles in honor of Mr. Ludwig on his retirement, described in more detail by Jean Preston in the “New and Notable” section of this issue of the Chronicle. Collections of materials relating to John Keats, Walter de la Mare, Sir Thomas More, Aldous Huxley, Ford Madox Ford, and others also came to the Library. Numerous additions were made to our holdings of Victorian novelists, one of which remedied an anomalous gap in collections which were otherwise so strong: the first edition of Alice in Wonderland, given to the Parrish Collection by William H. Scheide ’36. Dr. Ludwig’s tenure also saw considerable strengthening of our collections of the papers of contemporary American public figures, with many additions to those of Adlai Steven-
son, Justice John M. Harlan, George F. Kennan, Woodrow Wilson, and Allen Dulles.

New departures were not numerous, but were important. Under Dr. Ludwig’s aegis, accessions of the papers of 20th-century Latin American literary figures reflected the new world-wide appreciation of their work and resulted in the rapid growth of an important collection. Materials relating to the history of women became available to scholars with the acquisition of the Holden Collection. The George McGovern papers added notable primary-research materials for the history of American elections. And, while we have long had strong holdings in American graphics, the period saw the rapid expansion of the Leonard L. Milberg Collection of prints depicting 19th-century American city views.

Nothing is more fundamental to a research library than the quality and continued growth of its collections of books and other materials. Yet the relevance of those collections to the local, national, and international community of scholars is always dependent upon its accessibility. During Professor Ludwig’s service, the staff of the Department grew from 23 to 39, two of whom were part-time. Considerable new space was added to the Department, including substantial growth of secure rare books shelving in Firestone, additional storage and office space for the Graphic Arts Collection, a new reading room for the Theater Collection, and the 32,000-square-foot Seeley Mudd Manuscript Library. Even more exciting was a major renovation of the areas reserved for the Graphic Arts and Theater Collections, which included the creation of the Leonard L. Milberg Gallery on the second floor of the Library, the latter accessible to the general public. Finally, during the past five years, a startling increase in the degree of control over manuscript holdings has been achieved through the use of the computer to create indexes.

Dr. Ludwig’s immediate and instinctive response to this catalogue of accomplishments will be to exert his editorial skills to indicate which of the staff of the Department were the individuals who, he would say, really made each of these advances occur. It is true that his style of management has been one which encouraged his colleagues to function independently. Yet he was always available for advice and counsel, and invariably the effort of each was supported in a manner tailored to suit that individual. At bottom, however, it was always Professor Ludwig who created the genial environment in which projects could move for-ward or, when necessary, be put aside because, however desirable, they were simply not achievable given the available resources.

Dr. Ludwig’s effectiveness within the Library and among the broader community of friends and supporters of the Rare Books and Special Collections Department was further heightened by his rare talent as a listener. He always had time to listen and he always managed to convince those who sought him out that there was nothing on his schedule for the day that was in any way more important than the particular discussion of the moment. That, of course, is the mark of a great teacher, and we have all learned much from him.

We will miss those almost-daily conversations. We take some consolation in the fact that his continuing scholarly interests will bring him frequently to the Library, and that he will continue to work closely with the Friends of the Princeton University Library, even though he is officially—but never truly—retired.

—DONALD W. KOEPP
University Librarian

CURATOR OF MAPS RETIRES

On June 30, Lawrence E. Spellman will retire as Curator of Maps at Princeton University Library. Mr. Spellman joined our staff in September 1967 after receiving his Master of Library Science degree from Rutgers University. He had earned his Bachelor of Science degree from Hamilton College in 1943.

His first career began during World War II. He enlisted in the U.S. Army, rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and served for more than 20 years before his retirement in August 1966. More than one-third of this service was spent on General Staff duty, both in the United States and overseas. He is a graduate of the Command and General Staff College, and, as a master parachutist, was awarded the Bronze Star and Army Commendation medals.

During the summer months of 1968–1970, Mr. Spellman was a cooperative participant of the Special Map Processing Project in the Geography and Map Division of the Library of Congress. In 1973 he served as an Adjunct Professor in the Graduate School of Library Service, Rutgers University. After his retirement, Mr. Spellman and his wife Lee will continue to make their home in Princeton.

—RICHARD M. LUDWIG
Later public commissions filled about another third of the gallery, chiefly with original drawings and detail sketches: the University of Chicago, Occidental College, the California Institute of Technology, the New York Botanical Garden, the White House Garden, and the School of Horticulture for Women at Twin Arbors, Pennsylvania. Four private commissions were chosen for their special distinctions. Farrand began working in 1913 on the New York City townhouse grounds for J. Pierpont Morgan (36th Street and Madison Avenue) but did not complete them until 1943. The garden is now owned by the Lutheran Church in America. At Seal Harbor, Maine, she began a garden in 1926 for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his wife, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, which was not completed until 1950. The Willard Straight Estate of Old Westbury, Long Island, occupied her from 1914 to 1932. Dumbarton Oaks, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss in Washington, D.C., took even longer. It has been said that "here she achieved perhaps her most satisfying and complex work. She transformed a former farm into one of the finest gardens in the country. The garden, which evolved over a period of 26 years, reflects a clear understanding of the topography of the site and combines formal and informal elements within an overall design."

A catalogue of 225 pages accompanied the exhibition. Written by Diana Balmori, Diane Kostial McGuire, and Eleanor M. McPeck, it is illustrated with numerous drawings, sketches, plans, elevations, and contemporary photographs of Farrand's work in addition to tracing her career in the most careful detail. The catalogue may be purchased by writing to Wave Hill, 675 West 252nd Street, Bronx, New York 10471.

—RICHARD M. LUDWIG

FATHERS AND SONS

'Like father, like son'—this Latin proverb, familiar in English since the 14th century, received a more modern interpretation in "Fathers and Sons," an exhibition of books, manuscripts, and art from Princeton collections on display from March 14 through April 27 in the main Firestone Library gallery. Materials exhibited ranged from 1531 (the earliest edition of Alciati's Emblemata liber) to 1983 (Jason Shinder's anthology of father-and-son poems, Divided Light), but the majority were drawn from the 18th, 19th, and early 20th centuries. American
and English historical and literary figures predominated, and the images and relationships of these fathers and sons were presented, for the most part, through correspondence and photographs.

Of particular interest were the 18th century “triumvirate” of Lord Chesterfield, George Washington and George III. In an original letter to his son, each revealed his unique fatherly concerns: having already begun the tutoring of his son in the “Graces,” Chesterfield writes (1741) a short history lesson on the state of the Holy Roman Empire upon the death of its late emperor, Charles VI; Washington asks (1769) the Reverend Jonathan Boucher, teacher of his stepson, to purchase from local silversmiths a pair of silver shoe and knee buckles for “Jacky” and to restrain him from swimming too frequently or too long; George III advises (1779) William, Duke of Clarence (later, William IV, the “sailor king”), who has just begun his naval training at the age of fourteen aboard a fleet’s flagship, that only the straight paths of religion, morality, and love of country and mankind can help one meet and overcome life’s difficulties. Several oil portraits, on loan from the Princeton University Art Museum, supplemented these letters.

Nineteenth-century father-son pairs on display included John James Audubon and his two sons, Victor and John, and Joseph and Woodrow Wilson. In an 1833 letter to Victor, who was then in London supervising Robert Havell’s engravings of his father’s bird drawings, Audubon makes clear that The Birds of America has become a joint father-and-son effort. John often accompanied his father in the field to collect and draw specimens. Writing to “Johnny” in 1840, when he was discouraged about his attempts to gain new subscribers to the work on a soliciting trip through New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Audubon directs him to “make beautiful outlines and proceed as fast as possible with the Drawings.” Each letter bears the imprint of a father who was both businessman and buddy, and who prefaced his signature with the terms “Father & Friend.”

Woodrow Wilson’s father was a Presbyterian minister who often regretted that his son had not chosen the ministry. Exhibited were several of their letters. In one from father to son, dated September 25, 1883, and addressed to Woodrow at Baltimore where he had just begun post-graduate study in history and political science at the Johns Hopkins University, Joseph Wilson expresses these concerns regarding his son’s engagement nine days before to Ellen Axson:

What you say of your future wife is of course very pleasing to me, who must be delighted with whatsoever delights one whom I love more than I love myself. But, my son, don’t let this affection for her consume your thoughts, as it is natural it should. Always remember how much depends upon this year’s course at Baltimore.

Woodrow obviously took heed, for two years passed before he and Ellen were married. Such devotion and respect is further evident in the son’s letter to his father, written from Middletown, Connecticut, and dated 20 March 1890, in which he talks about his recent appointment to Princeton: “... but, so far as personal gratification is concerned, I would infinitely rather know that I was going to have a chance to be cured of the heart’sickness from which I suffer because of my separation from you...” (His mother had died in the spring of 1888.) A first edition of his first book, Congressional Government (1885), which he dedicated to his father, was also exhibited.

Writers of fiction and travel constituted the major part of twentieth century fathers and sons presented in the show. Richard Halliburton, the romantic adventurer who became famous in the 1920s and 1930s from his tales of his exploits, writes to his father from Athens (1925) that he has just swum the Hellespont—the first American and third person, after Leander and Byron, to accomplish the feat. Wesley Halliburton recounts (1931) his emotions as he watched his son take off on the biplane “The Flying Carpet” for an around-the-world adventure, realizing that his son was no longer “the sole property of your parents, but that you belonged to the public, and that they also had an interest in this enterprise. ... This sense of joint ownership had never occurred to me before...” Also shown were the book that resulted from the trip, related photographs, a prep school speech Richard had written entitled “Fathers,” and his manuscript and resulting newspaper article “The Wonders of the World I Want My Son to See.” But Richard Halliburton never married, and had no children.

Ernest Hemingway and his relationship with the son whom he affectionately called the “Mexican mouse” (Patrick) were the subject of another exhibition case. That Hemingway was a dutiful father was apparent in several humorous and witty letters addressed to Patrick, who later became a white hunter in Africa. Regretting that he is unable to
free Patrick from his boarding school to go hunting on Gardiner’s Island, he grudges that “School seems to be principally devoted to taking the vacations away from men as far as I can see so far.” But he admits that Patrick “should work like hell and learn all you can and buckle down on the French, and when you don’t understand things, don’t be afraid to ask and have it made clear to you.” Years later, Patrick had the opportunity to be a safari guide to the man who made such trips famous in stories like “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber”; in a letter from Tanganyka Territory, British East Africa, Patrick writes (1956)

I will be personally responsible for every detail of running the safari and my boss has promised me you will get the pick of everything. . . Papa, you don’t know how really happy I will be to take you all out. . .

Nasser’s closing of the Suez Canal and the poor condition of Hemingway’s health, however, put an end to the plans. There were also photographs of Ernest and all three of his sons—John, Patrick, and Gregory—in typical Hemingway scenes: hunting and fishing.

Representative books, drawn from the same periods, provided another approach to the subject of fathers and sons in the exhibition. Included were Thomas Scott’s A Father’s Instructions to His Son (1748), and John Aikin’s Letters from a Father to His Son, on Various Topics, Relative to Literature and the Conduct of Life (1794). Books such as Edmund Gosse’s Father and Son (1907) and John Gunther’s Death Be Not Proud (1949) presented personal memoirs of sour and sanguine relationships, the latter book a moving account of a seventeen-year-old son’s losing fight against cancer.

Two other cases, displaying a variety of prints, touched upon the theme of fathers and sons in biblical stories and classical myths. “The Prodigal Son Returned to His Father,” a colored engraving by the American artist A. Doolittle (1754–1892), showed a son on his knees before his father, with the caption “Father, I have Sinned against Heaven and thy sight and am no more worthy to be called your son.” In Virgil’s Aeneid, Aeneas flees burning Troy carrying his father, Anchises, on his back. This filial act was commemorated by the Renaissance Italian humanist Andrea Alciati (1492–1550) in an emblem, “Pietas filiorum in parentes,” a first edition (1531) of the work containing this emblem was exhibited, as well as Professor William Heckscher’s English translation of the emblem’s associated epigrammatic verse:

When through the midst of the enemy away from his burning fatherland Aeneas was carrying on his shoulders the sweet burden of his father: he kept saying: Spare us: for you in taking an old man there will be no glory; but the greatest glory is mine if I save my father.

The scene was also graphically illustrated in an 18th-century engraving of an original painting by the Italian artist Jacopo Robusti (1518–1594).

Throughout the exhibition, presenting a background to the actual fathers and sons of the cases, were “capsules” of wisdom: dry-mounted enlargements of proverbs and sayings, from Homer to Aldous Huxley. The quotation from the English philosopher John Locke (1632–1704) provided, perhaps, the best summary advice for fathers: “He that will have his son have a respect for him and his orders, must himself have a great reverence for his son.” Mark Twain (1835–1910), American novelist and humorist, best expressed a son’s changing appreciation of his father:

When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.

Admittedly a montage of period and personality, “Fathers and Sons” sought to stimulate research interest in some of the Manuscript Division’s important collections and to draw attention to the strengths of the Departments of Rare Books and Graphic Arts and to the holdings of the Art Museum. Beyond that, there remains for those who saw the exhibition a poignant memory of some fathers and sons—of Rudyard Kipling, for example, writing in 1915 to Henry van Dyke, then U. S. ambassador to The Hague, asking for help to “find any trace” of
his son John, who had been reported missing in the Battle of Loos. His body was never found.

— JOHN M. DELANEY
Cataloguer, Rare Books and Manuscripts Cataloguing Team

EUROPEAN GRAPHIC ARTS

On May 11, 1986, a new exhibition gallery for the Princeton University Library, the Leonard L. Milberg Gallery for the Graphic Arts, was officially opened. The architectural renovations to the second floor of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections have also created new entrances for both the Graphic Arts Collection and the Theatre Collection, with access directly from the main exhibition gallery of the Library. All of this has been made possible through funds given to the Graphic Arts Collection by Leonard L. Milberg, '53.

To celebrate the completion of the new gallery, a special exhibition, “European Graphic Arts: The Art of the Book from Gutenberg to Picasso,” opened for a preview by the Friends of the Library on Sunday, May 11. To introduce the exhibition, Robert C. Darnton, Shelby Cul- lom Davis '30 Professor of European History, gave an illustrated lecture entitled “Confessions of a Book Historian.”

The books and prints of the two-gallery exhibition represent a survey of the richness of scholarly resources at Princeton, with examples borrowed from the Scheide Library, Marquand Library of Art and Archaeology, the Theatre Collection, Rare Books and Manuscripts, the Taylor Collection, the Parrish Collection, Friends of the Library, and the Graphic Arts Collection itself. On display are treasures of the arts of the book, beginning with the Scheide Library’s copy of the great Gutenberg Bible and progressing through five centuries of books and prints to Picasso’s engravings for Balzac’s Le Chef-d’oeuvre inconnu.

Some very celebrated artists, including Dürer, Holbein, Poussin, Callot, Hogarth, Blake, Piranesi, Goya, Redouté, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Kandinsky, were also book illustrators. All are represented in the exhibition together with more than 150 other examples of the finest achievements in the history of European printing and illustration.

The catalogue presents a pictorial guide to the exhibition and includes 17 full-page color plates illustrating some of the finest books ever made. All are from Princeton University Library Collections, or loaned by members of the Friends of the Library. Publication of the catalogue was made possible by a generous gift from the donor of the new Graphic Arts Gallery, Leonard L. Milberg.


— DALE ROYLANE
Curator of Graphic Arts
New & Notable

THE RAYMOND MORTIMER PAPERS

Lady Eccles has made a special gift to the Library in honor of the retirement of Dr. Richard M. Ludwig, Associate University Librarian for Rare Books and Special Collections. This wonderful gift consists of the correspondence of the English literary critic and journalist Raymond Mortimer (1895–1980), contributor to The Dial, literary editor of the New Statesman and Nation, and principal reviewer for the London Sunday Times.

Mortimer knew many of the English literary giants of the day, and they all wrote to him. He was a neighbor of the Bloomsbury group, dined with the Woolfs, and had his drawing-room decorated by Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. A francophile, he kept an apartment in Paris and received letters from Cocteau, Gide, and Matisse, as well as many from the English writer Nancy Mitford who lived in Paris. The correspondents' names alone form a galaxy of stars: Clive Bell, Elizabeth Bowen, Cyril Connolly, T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, Rosamund Lehmann, Desmond MacCarthy, Somerset Maugham, Lady Ottoline Morrell, George Santayana, all three Sitwells (Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell), Lytton Strachey, Scofield Thayer of The Dial, Evelyn Waugh, and many others.

One of the longest series consists of some 120 letters from Harold Nicolson, diplomat and man of letters, covering 30 years, 1925–1956. The letters are particularly frequent during the early years of their friendship. They discuss arrangements for their stay in Paris together in 1925, and for Mortimer's visit to Nicolson in Persia for four months in 1926, while Nicolson held a diplomatic post there. Letters including "marching orders" instructed Mortimer how to reach Tehran by way of Cairo, Jerusalem, and Baghdad. He returned to London by way of Moscow in company with the American journalist, Vincent Sheehan.

Nicolson visited the United States in 1933 and described his experiences in long letters from Detroit, Chicago, New York, and other places. Many letters discuss his writing. There are also 22 letters from Nicolson's wife, Vita Sackville-West, joint letters from both Harold and Vita Nicolson, and a few from their sons Ben and Nigel, as well as about 35 from her cousin, Edward Sackville-West, later Lord Sackville, author and music critic, one of three men with whom Mortimer shared a house in the Dorset countryside from 1951.

A group of 32 letters and 14 postcards (1923–1940) from Virginia Woolf, Mortimer's neighbor in London, contain very frank comments on people she met and books she read. She writes in April 1926: "Yes, I like poetry better than prose, in my mid-age; I had a good argument with Lytton [Strachey] the other day on that subject and many others. The old creatures now dribble away for 3 hours untouched..." There are also 2 letters from Leonard Woolf.

E. M. Forster discusses literature in his 26 letters and 6 postcards. He writes in 1926 about Passage to India: "I don't think I shall ever turn out another novel. The darkness gets so great, towards the end of the excavation." H. G. Wells, in 1931, expects to settle down to write a novel about "the things that seem to matter and the dear things that are absurd and amusing and perhaps matter more." Rebecca West in one of 30 letters comments to Mortimer, "you really are one of the critics who make me feel it isn't sheer waste of time to write carefully," and Lord David Cecil, in an undated letter, tells him, "I look on you as one of the very few really perceptive and cultivated and penetrating judges of literature now alive." In 1975, after Mortimer had reviewed her autobiography, Dora Russell reminisces about her life with former husband, Bertrand Russell.

A frequent correspondent in later years was Nancy Mitford, with about 100 letters written from Paris, 1951–1973. The first ten years are full of her own writings, especially her Madame de Pompadour, here called "Pomp," and they are very lively with stories of who she meets or reads. In her last years, she suffered excruciating pain from Hodgkin's disease, and this fact dominates the letters, which are still racy and full of jokes and pungent comments. She reads at least one new book every day to distract her from her pain.

There is a nice group of letters and postcards from Kenneth Clark, with discussions of art and art connoisseurs, and comments about people such as Bernard Berenson, William Rothenstein and even Henry James. He writes, too, of Edith Wharton: "Her great misfortune was to be compared with Henry James. She was very fond of him as a man, but had nothing in common with him as a writer, and he was shocked by her penny-dreadful plots."

There are seven letters from Bernard Berenson. In 1949, he de-
scribes his break with Oscar Wilde over Lord Alfred Douglas, and on his departure, Wilde's "last words were 'Bernard, I always imitate my Maker and like Him I want nothing but praise.'"

An American correspondent was Vincent "Jimmy" Sheehan, journalist and author, who wrote some 40 letters in the decade from 1926 to 1936. Sheehan joined Mortimer in Persia in 1926, and wrote to him later during travels in Europe and the Far East. He comments on fellow Americans met in Paris, including Archibald MacLeish and Ernest Hemingway. His interests in literature, music, and art brought him into contact with many of Mortimer's friends, and he writes about them, too. There is only one letter from Logan Pearsall Smith, an American living in London, but it is six pages long with good content. Another lively correspondent is Margot Asquith, the American-born widow of H. H. Asquith and Countess of Oxford and Asquith, whose dozen letters (1933–1940) are full of stories.

Altogether there are some 600 letters from about 150 highly-cultivated literati: writers, artists, poets, and others. It is an English crème de la crème of the literary world. Nearly all of the letters are unpublished and eminently readable. They will provide a treasure house of pleasure and information for readers and researchers, not only about the letter-writers themselves, their friends and their work, but about the literary milieu of the times. We are very grateful to Lady Eccles for such a rich hoard of gold to mine.

—JEAN F. PRESTON
Curator of Manuscripts

Friends of the Library

HOWARD T. BEHRMAN
1913–1985

A resident of New York City and Princeton, Dr. Howard T. Behrman died at The Medical Center at Princeton on October 9, 1985. A noted dermatologist and book collector, he had served as a member of the Council of the Friends of the Library since 1974, as a vice-chairman of the Council and a member of the Executive and Finance Committee since 1981, and as a member of the Advisory Council of the University's Department of English and Department of Art and Archaeology.

Dr. Behrman was born in Woodbine, New Jersey in 1913. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and of the New York University Medical College. He had been a professor of dermatology at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine and was professor of dermatological research at New York Medical College. He wrote a number of textbooks and articles within his field of specialization.

In 1975 the University instituted the Howard T. Behrman Awards, an honor bestowed annually on faculty who have achieved special eminence through their teaching and scholarship in the humanities. "It is my impression that our technically oriented society has emphasized and adequately rewarded great achievements in both the social sciences and the natural sciences," Dr. Behrman said at the time the awards were initiated. "It is my hope that these awards will serve, in the Princeton community of learning, as a lasting accolade to those teachers of the humanities whom the University wishes to recognize for just one word: excellence."

In May, 1985, it was announced that Dr. Behrman had created a multimillion-dollar endowment at the University to support various aspects of scholarly endeavor in the humanities. The individual components of the endowment, to be provided through Dr. Behrman’s residuary estate, included permanent support for the Behrman Awards and for the donor’s library of American literature, as well as for one or
more senior fellowships, two new preceptorships, a postdoctoral fellowship, six new graduate fellowships, and five scholarships designed for undergraduates especially interested in the field of medicine.

University President William G. Bowen said "Howard Behrman was an extraordinary man: a distinguished doctor, a lover of books, a friend to scholars, and one of the staunchest advocates of the humanities at Princeton. I know I speak for his legion of friends on the faculty and in the University when I express both my sense of personal loss and my appreciation for a life lived so very well.... Working with Dr. Behrman on the definition of the endowment announced last spring was a great privilege for me. He combined in the most exceptional way vision, generosity, and a rare capacity for friendship. How fortunate we are to have known him."

THE COUNCIL

The winter meeting of the Council was held in the Friends Room in Firestone Library on November 23, 1985. Thirty-five members were present. Before calling for the treasurer’s report, the chairman commented on the splendor of the new Leonard L. Milberg Gallery which has transformed the entrance to both the Graphic Arts Collection and the Theatre Collection on the second floor of Firestone Library.

The treasurer’s report noted a cash balance of $60,454 as of October 31, 1985, and a free balance of $25,139. Consequently he asked the chairman to call for a transfer of $10,000 to Account 690-1167 for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material for the Rare Books Department. The motion was passed.

Professor Danson, the new chairman of the Publications Committee, made a brief report on three topics: the Library Chronicle has been redesigned; the annual book publication is soon to go to press for April publication, namely a facsimile edition of two early drafts of Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s School for Scandal, edited by Professor Bruce Redford from the Taylor archive of Sheridan material; the annual sale catalogue of the Princeton University Press includes a page with a large advertisement for nine Friends of the Library publications dating from 1959 to 1982.

The chairman introduced a new subject with her request that we consider purchasing a computer terminal to assist with the preparation of copy for all future issues of the Chronicle and for book publica-

tions. Patricia Marks, the new editor of the Chronicle, has agreed to take instruction from the Princeton University Press on how to prepare floppy disks for transmitting copy directly to the Press’ computers, thus avoiding time and expense in galley and page proofs. After an enthusiastic discussion, the motion was passed.

The chairman introduced three new members of the Council: Janet Ing, Edward M. Crane, Jr. ’45, and Joseph J. Felcone. Mrs. Ing is the new Librarian of the Scheide Library, a privately-owned section of our Department of Rare Books and Special Collections. Mr. Crane is Vice President of the Council for Financial Aid to Education in New York City. Mr. Felcone is a Princeton rare book dealer, and he has agreed to become the chairman of the Council’s Membership Committee following the resignation of Sarah Whitley Ferguson from that post.

Before adjournment, the chairman reminded us that we had lost two more members of the Council since our April 1985 meeting: Robert H. Taylor ’30 died on May 5 and Howard T. Behrman on October 9. In their memory she proposed a transfer of $1,000 to the principal of the endowed Friends of the Library Book Fund. The proposal was accepted unanimously.
The authors who established the "Princeton Literary Tradition" described by Nathaniel Burt in his article for this issue of the Chronicle were responsible for the publication of more than 300 books, constituting a library nearly as large as the one available to the first students of the College of New Jersey to occupy Nassau Hall. The library was first housed in a room over the main entrance of Nassau Hall. It was moved to Stanhope Hall in 1803, and to what is now the Faculty Room in Nassau Hall in the mid-19th century.

Chancellor Green, the first separate library building at Princeton, was completed in 1873. The funds for the building were given by John C. Green, who named it after his brother, Henry Woodhull Green, Class of 1820, Chancellor of New Jersey in the 1860s. John C. Green also gave the first endowed book fund, named the Elizabeth Foundation in honor of his mother.

William Appleton Potter designed the High Victorian Gothic building after a plan by Professor Charles W. Shields. The architect's drawing of the side elevation of the reading room graces the cover of this issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle.

—Earle E. Coleman
University Archivist
THE ORIGINS OF
The School for Scandal

"The Slanderers"
"Sir Peter Teazle"

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

TO ORDER: Send $30 to Princeton University Library, c/o Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton, NJ 08544. Postage is prepaid.
Princeton University Library Publications

CONGRESS AT PRINCETON
BEING THE LETTERS OF CHARLES THOMSON
TO HANNAH THOMSON
JUNE-OCTOBER 1783
ed. Eugene R. Sheridan and John M. Murrin
146 pp. 12 plates. 1985. $15.00

MAX BEERBOHM AND
THE MIRROR OF THE PAST
Lawrence Danson
A critical study of an
unpublished Beerbohm manuscript
in the Robert H. Taylor Collection
96 pp. 21 plates. 1982. $15.00

NEW JERSEY ROAD MAPS
OF THE 18TH CENTURY
ed. Howard C. Rice, Jr.
Facsimiles of eighteen maps
dating from 1762 to 1804
4 pp. text 36 pp. illus.
Third printing, 1981. $5.00

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS:
THREE CENTURIES OF ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,
PRINTS AND DRAWINGS
Exhibition catalogue and articles
by Dale Roulance and Nancy Finlay
56 pp. 24 plates. 1981. $5.00

Princeton University Library Publications

CERTAIN SMALL WORKS
Robert H. Taylor
Of Collectors and Collecting;
The Writer’s Craft; Anthony Trollope
164 pp. 9 illus. 1980. $10.00

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD’S
ST. PAUL PLAYS, 1911-1914
Four plays written for the
Elizabethan Club of St. Paul, Minnesota
Edited with an introduction by Alan Margolies
166 pp. 8 plates. 1978. $12.00

FINE BINDINGS: GOTHIC TO MODERN
Jamie Kleinberg Shalleck
European Handbound Books in the
Princeton University Library
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