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BY L. H. BUTTERFIELD

With the recent announcement that Governor Walter E. Edge has purchased Morven for use as the executive mansion of the State of New Jersey—an announcement highly gratifying to all who cherish this historic home—it seems particularly fitting that we should know something of Annis Boudinot Stockton, who as mistress of Morven would be entitled to a place of recognition among the women of her era even if her poetic aspirations had not also made her an interesting subject of notice. We are extremely grateful to Mr. L. H. Butterfield, of the Department of English, Franklin and Marshall College, for recreating here in such entertaining fashion the literary atmosphere of Morven during the eighteenth century.

Here flow the good Emilia's strains
In Morven's rural bowers.

Thus "Laura," who was Elizabeth Graeme of Graeme Park near Philadelphia, addressed her hostess, Mrs. Richard Stockton of Princeton, at a pleasant moment not long before the storm of the Revolution broke and brought a sufficient share of grief to both of them. Miss Graeme, better known as Mrs. Ferguson from her marriage soon afterward to a Scottish Loyalist, wrote a few poems that are remembered or that at least will be found in the older anthologies. In antiquarians' books Mrs. Stockton's name usually appears, along with those of Mrs. Ferguson, Mercy Otis Warren, and others, with the tag "a talented poetess" or something
similar. But few titles and fewer specimens of her work are recorded. The reason for this minor mystery is simply that, with rare exceptions, her poems have not been known. Mrs. Stockton was not a bluestocking and did not aspire to be. Her aim in versifying was to divert, tastefully, a leisureed and sometimes lonely existence and to entertain her domestic circle.

Some account of her poetic activity can now be given, for recently two separate groups of her manuscript poems, preserved with the papers of the Boudinot family, have come to the Princeton University Library. The first is a collection of a dozen poems on loose sheets, of uncertain provenance but unquestionable authorship. The second, a blankbook containing nearly thirty poems, handsomely bound by a former owner, has been left for salekeeping in the Library by Mrs. Bayard Stockton, with whose kind permission it has been examined and extracts from it have been given here.

The purpose of this article is not to rescue a very shadowy reputation but to present some evidence on literary taste in a well-to-do household in eighteenth-century America. Mrs. Stockton's efforts in verse, which are at best on the level of the magazine poetry of the period, can scarcely stand on their own merits. But in conjunction with surviving fragments of her correspondence they do reveal what poets and modes of poetic feeling were admired and cultivated in a society that was for the most part occupied with more pressing matters.

Annis Boudinot, born July 1, 1736, came of a Huguenot family that settled before 1700 in New York Province, prospered, and acquired land in New Jersey. The sources are silent on the date of her marriage to Richard Stockton of Princeton; a reasonable guess is 1755. 1 The part played by Richard Stockton (1730-1781) in both Princeton and Revolutionary history is well known. Grandson of a founder of the settlement at Stony Brook (later Princeton), he was a member of the first class graduated by the College of New Jersey, then at Newark, in 1748. He remained throughout his life a leading participant in the affairs of the College. From his father, Judge John Stockton, he inherited a large plantation and the mansion now known as Morven, the central block of which had been built in the first decade of the century. Richard Stockton must have been much away from home, for he maintained a law office at Newark and enjoyed a very large practice. In 1766-67 he was in England and Scotland on missions for the College and the colony. After his return he was drawn increasingly into politics, becoming a member of the governor's council in 1768 and a justice of the provincial supreme court in 1774. In June, 1776, he was elected to the Continental Congress, took his seat in time to hear the final debates on separation from England, signed the Declaration of Independence, and served on important committees of Congress until his capture during the British invasion of the Jerseys late in 1776.

Some fragments of letters from Stockton to his wife during his visits to England provide some interesting glimpses of manners and sentiment in the Princeton household. 2 Surprisingly, this colonial lawyer reveals himself as the complete man of taste and feeling. Playing "Lucius" to his wife's "Emelia," he apostrophizes Princeton's "sylvan shades" and "Dear America—thou sweet retreat from greatness and corruption." Having gone out on the night of the Queen's birthday and given his wife a description of the conourse of beauty and fashion there, he concludes: "But here I have done with this subject, for I had rather ramble with you along the rivulets of Morven or Redhill, and see the rural sports of the chase, little frogs, than again be at a birth-night ball." 3 The passage implies that the Princeton homestead had been named "Morven" before Stockton went to England in 1766—a fact of some literary significance. The early accounts agree that it was Annis Stockton who chose the name, and she must have chosen it after 1764, when there was published in London a sensational book entitled Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem in Six Books. Purporting to be translations of heroic lays by the Gaelic warrior-hardy Ossian, Fingal and its continuations were in fact largely fabrications by a young Scottish schoolmaster named James Macpherson. Written in rhapsodic prose, these pretended epics make monotonous reading today, but they perfectly suited the new taste for wild scenery and "old, unhappy, far-off things" that arose after 1750 in opposition to the correct and topical poetry of Pope. Briefly, they took the literary world by storm and created a short-lived "Ossian fever." At Princeton

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2 These fragments were printed from family manuscript seen by the indefatigable Elizabeth Eliot, whose account of Annis Stockton is the fullest available; The Women of the American Revolution, New York, 1856-59, III, 159.
endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded. "She would certainly have resented the implication, for she wholly accepted the sentimental fiction that this is precisely what gardens should and could do.

During these years there was an active sentimental association between Annis Stockton and the Philadelphia bluestocking Elizabeth Graeme. After a sojourn in England, where she had met Sterne and other celebrities, Miss Graeme returned to preside over the earliest American salon. In her manuscript poems "To Laura" Mrs. Stockton expresses only the wish to be her friend; she will not and cannot hope to be her rival:

| Permit a sister muse to soar |
| To heights she never try'd before, |
| And then look up to thee: |
| For sure each female virtue join'd |
| Conspire [sic] to make thy lovely mind |
| The seat of harmony. |

In the manner of the day Laura sent her journal of thoughts and literary extracts for Emelia to read during a severe illness, and an undated letter in the Princeton University Library testifies to the journal's curative powers. Another letter, dated Princeton, January 28, 1769, is revealing in both its political and literary allusions:

I am very glad to hear you are safely moor'd at Philadelphia for now I may expect to hear from you often—which I have exceedingly Long'd for. I see with great regret that we are in very bad Bread the other side the water—I have my system of politicks too—but as you say I leave the settling of the nation to wiser folks—and enjoy my own sentiments—a favor that I believe few of the great ones at the helm Experience.

how often when I am reading mr popes Letters do I Envy that day, the knot of freinds that Seems'd to have But one heart by which they were united—and their greatest pleasure was giving Each other pleasure how rare a triumvarate is to be found in our day.

Over these peaceful scenes the Revolution broke with destructive fury. Abandoned during the retreat of Washington's army across the Jerseys, Morven was used for a time as Cornwallis' head-quarters. When the owners returned after the battle of Princeton they found their plate, portraits, papers, and books largely destroyed or carried off. Mrs. Ellet relates an anecdote of the family's

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4 Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot are probably meant.
return that is plausible enough in part: “When Mrs. Stockton heard of the destruction of her noble library, she is said to have remarked that there were two books in it which she particularly valued—the Bible and Young’s Night Thoughts, and that if these had escaped the burning she would not grieve for the loss of the rest. Tradition relates that when she returned to her desolated house, those very books were the only ones left.” According to Mrs. Stockton’s own statement, following the first thirteen poems in the bound manuscript volume, “These copies were [sic] all that I saved out of the wrecks of the office papers which I culled from among soldiers straw the manuscript book which contained them with many others being in the hands of the British.”

Her husband did not at once return to Morven. Through the treachery of a Loyalist acquaintance he was captured by British troops and thrown into prison in New York. It is believed that he never recovered from the hardships he endured there, and at the end of February, 1781, he died at Morven. The sermon at his funeral, held at the College, was delivered by the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith; appended to the published text of it will be found two poems to her husband by Annis Stockton which have several times been reprinted.4

Mrs. Stockton lived on at Morven for some years. She had two sons and four daughters, most of whom were young and still with her, though the eldest, Julia, had married Dr. Benjamin Rush in 1776. There is a pleasing glimpse of her, and some light on her method of composing, in a long journal-letter she wrote to her daughter Mary, who was on a visit to Canada, in September, 1791. Standing on the piazza at night and thinking of Mary, she writes, “I have got into one of my pensive moods, that yields what I call the luxury of feeling resembling sorrow, yet of that kind, which we love to indulge in, as tho’ it was perfect enjoyment, in one of those moments—the enclosed Il penseroso ode flowed imprumt and I repeated it almost as wrote,5 and when I retired to my chamber I wrote it with scarce an alteration.” She regrets that since Mary knows the scenery around Princeton well, she cannot describe it for her, but, she adds, “I shall expect in some of your letters to have the romantic heights of Montmorancy described by your charming pen.”6

5 MS: “wrote it.”
6 The poem does not appear with the letter, of which there is a photostatic copy in the Princeton University Library.
When her youngest child, Abigail, married Robert Field of Whitehill in Burlington County, Mrs. Stockton went to live with her. She died there on February 6, 1801.

Coming to the poems themselves, one will find reflected in them most of the current poetical modes: the artificial pastoral manner of Pope, the tame didacticism of Young, the nature sensibility of Thomson, and the melancholy of Gray. It would not be hard to point out verbal echoes of these and other poets then popular. In diction and imagery Mrs. Stockton was invincibly pseudo-classical: Pan or Thetis lurks in every thicket or stream; the poetess is on one occasion, regretfully, "A female votary in Apollo's flame"; and when she walks in "the vernal air" she views "the solar ray" and her "bosom" is filled with "soft transports." In verse form she rarely departed from the couplet or alternately rhyming quatrains, and she did not sufficiently heed the strictures of her mentor Pope on poets who

ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.

When she roves one may be sure she will do so in groves, and her happiest hours are always spent in leafy bowers. These are, however, faults common to almost all American poetry in its difficult beginnings. Throughout the century American poets strove painfully to conform to polite, which is to say conventional, English standards. Pan and Thetis at Princeton were as inevitable as the pretty captive shepherdess among the braves at the council fire described by Francis Hopkinson in his poem on "The Indian Treaty" (1761); and Mrs. Stockton's diction and rhymes are scarcely more hackneyed than those of Dwight and Barlow, who were self-conscious spokesmen of the new nation.

The poems printed below fall into two unequal groups—those on domestic and those on public themes. The first poem, on the trees destroyed by "Isicles," shows a genuine sensibility beneath its stock classical images. The second, to her brother (probably Elias Boudinot, lawyer, commissary-general of prisoners in the Revolution, and a president of the Continental Congress), reveals the influence of Roman republican ideals on the Revolutionary generation. Who that has studied the life of that age will say that there is not truth here as well as rhetoric?

Three poems to her husband follow, the last being one of the annual elegies she wrote to his memory. To write an interesting elegy upon one's marriage partner is perhaps as difficult a poetic
task as any that might be mentioned, and on the whole Mrs. Stockton’s do not rise above the difficulties. But they are not without effective moments, as in these lines from the anniversary elegy of 1788:

The virtues which lodg’d in his breast
I strove to transplant into mine;
The soil was not equally dress’d,
But to emulate here was divine.

The last among the domestic poems deals very gracefully with the theme of old age.

Emelia told her Laura that she left public affairs to men. This was not strictly true, for what was apparently her first published poem is a tribute to a colonial military leader in the French and Indian War, Colonel Peter Schuyler. In her notebook these lines are "Addressed to Col. Schuyler on his return to Jersey after two years Captivity in Canada—he was taken at fort william Henery and maintained out of his own private fortune the most of his regiment during their Confinement." The poem was at once printed in Gaine’s *New-York Mercury*, January 9, 1758, with a headnote that suggests the touching eagerness of the time to encourage a taste for poetry, at least among the ladies:

Mr. Gaine,

The following Lines were wrote by a young Lady of the Province of New-Jersey, during the few Minutes Col. SCUYLER staid at PRINCE-TOWN, the last Week, in his Way to Trenton, and presented him in the most agreeable Manner. As they discover so fruitful and uncommon a Genius in their Fair Author, I doubt not that their Communication to the Public, thro’ the Channel of your Paper, will be acceptable to all, but more especially to your female Readers.

The lines were promptly reprinted in the first number of one of the earliest of American literary periodicals, *The New American Magazine*, published by James Parker at Woodbridge, New Jersey.10 Annis Stockton’s poetical career was not blighted by a lack of appreciation.

The Revolution provided her with larger opportunities for panegyric verse. The first of the two examples given here, the bombastic poem on the death of Dr. Joseph Warren, is of some historical interest if, as there is no reason to doubt, it was written soon after Bunker Hill. It is apparent from these lines that the Stocktons of New Jersey had made their decision for American independence well before most of their kind. The second effusion, the "Ode on the Birth of the Dauphin of France," is exceedingly highfalutin in style, but one has only to turn to contemporary accounts of the celebration of this event in Philadelphia to see that these allegorical trappings were taken with the utmost seriousness.11 Our streets and counties named for the Dauphin are reminders of the significance the occasion had for Americans. Of all subjects for patriotic eulogy Mrs. Stockton’s favorites, however, were General Washington and his victories. He was a family friend and several times a visitor to Morven. Poetry made him slightly uncomfortable, but he responded to Annis Stockton’s tributes in several gallant letters. Her poems to Washington and their friendship are properly the subject of another article.

POEMS BY ANNIS BOUDINOT STOCKTON12

Elegy on the Destruction of the Trees by the Icicles, Sunday and Monday of February the 17th and 18th, 1788

Ah! see them weep! The guardians of the trees,
Dyads and hamadryads, flock around;
Their deep-toned sighs increase the hollow breeze,
And their green hair lies scatter’d on the ground.

Ah! what avails to them this sight sublime!
Tho’ Nature deck’d in crystal looks more gay
Than genial Spring in her soft verdant prime,
Each spig more dazzling than the new-born day!

Tho’ Iris paints the fields in tints which glow
More variegated than the diamond mine,
Where the bright Queen of Ocean weaves her bow,
And on the clouds suspends the seal divine!

While squadrons of hoar frost from Zembla’s cave,
Incursing all their tender bodies o’er,
Tearing their limbs, their helpless trunks they leave
Expos’d and naked to the tempest’s roar!

12 In transcribing the poems I have supplied punctuation and have normalized the use of capitals and the spelling except where eighteenth-century practice varies from ours.
"Come, Flora, weep with us," the dryads cry,
"For you must too this awful fate deplore;
Entomb'd in ice our trees in ruins lie,
Nor their hack'd forms can gentle Spring restore.

"Say, what will shade you when fierce Leo reigns?
Or where can Pan and Silvia safe retire?
When thirsty Sirius drinks the dewy plains,
And Phoebus' fiery steeds proclaim his ire?

"Then did our cool recess asylum yield,
To all the rural powers a sweet retreat;
And when the ploughman drove his team afield,
We gave him shelter from the raging heat."

_lines to my brother from a pavilion in his garden_

Sweet spot of nature, deck'd with every charm
Our senses know in rural beauty's form!
While fruits and flowers so nicely are display'd,
As if the powers of order here had made
Their chosen seat; while uselessness combin'd
Gives us the portrait of the farmer's mind.
Thy mighty Rome's fam'd orators of old,
In counsel deep, and in the senate bold,
Defending innocence from lawless force,
And guiding justice to its proper source,
Could quit the forum for the Sabine field,
With their own hand the spade and plough could wield,
And in their gardens every luxur'y plac'd
That nature gives to elegance and taste.
Thus may you long your leisure hours employ,
And with your Portia taste the cup of joy;
May rural plenty on your board be spread,
And your sweet plants like myrtle crown your head.

The dream. An Ode

Once more again my wayward fate is kind,
And gives in dreams the happiness I prize:
Thy dear society, in which I find
The sweetest bliss I know beneath the skies.

Methought without restraint you lean'd your head
On this fond breast, and rested every care;
My hand you took, and from the circle led
My willing steps to breathe the vernal air.

The fields were green, and greener were the groves;
The flowers blush'd brighter as we pass'd along;
The warblers sang responsive to our loves,
And nature's gentle voices join'd their song.

Thro' various scenes we rov'd, lovely and gay;
Or books we talk'd, and many a page compar'd;
Thy works of genius soften'd by the lay
Of her who all thy leisure moments shar'd.

My soul was fill'd with inexpressive peace.
I said, Can this be real or do I dream?
Or have I pass'd from earth to climes of bliss,
Where souls solace at pleasure[*] purest stream?

But soon I found the source from whence arose
The high delightful pulse that swell'd my heart:
I found thee all my own in spite of those
Whose cold unfeeling minds would bid us part.

I woke, but the bright scene had so distill'd
Its sweet inebriating potion o'er
My raptur'd sense, that with soft transport fill'd,
I cried, All will be well, and I shall weep no more!

Epistle to Mr. Stockton

When lions in the deserts quit their prey,
And tuneful birds forsake the leafy spray;
When fish for land shall leave the wat'ry main,
And rivers to their fountains flow again;
When Spring shall cease the flow'ry bud to shoot,
And Autumn mild refuse the blushing fruit;
Then and then only could my heart refrain
To vent to thee its pleasure and its pain.
But even then, thou dearest of thy kind,
Thy lov'd Idea would engross my mind.

Oh, could my anxious heart but once believe
What my vain thought would tempt me to receive,
When with the voice of eloquence and grace
You would persuade me I have power to please.
But, ah, so conscious of my own demerit
In contemplating thee, I lose my spirit.
Like Sheba's queen I shrink and die away
When I the treasures of thy mind survey.
But if the powers of genius ever heard
A votary's prayer, and e'er that prayer prefer'd,
On me may wit and elegance bestow
Some emanation bright, some softer glow,
Some sweet attractive that thy heart may twine,
Stronger than beauty, with each nerve of mine.
For, oh! I find on earth no charms for me
But what's connected with the thought of thee!

Resignation, an Elegiac Ode. February the 28th, 1788

Come, meek-e'y'd Resignation, child of peace!
With all thy mild and gentle virtue, come!
Suppress these tears, make ev'ry tumult cease,
And gather comforts from the mouldering tomb.

Say that my Lucius lives beyond the skies
In climes of bliss where genial souls unite;
Where no sad change can interrupt the joys
That flow progressive from the source of light.

And tho' this day, from all the world retir'd,
Sacred to solitude I still devote,
By no refractory thought my heart inspir'd
Would spurn the blessings of my destin'd lot.

No! Let my soul with humble gratitude
Recount the grace that still my life attends;
Nor shall one murmuring whisper dare intrude
While I have left my children, health, and friends.

While soft serenity, celestial guest,
Still deigns to cheer me in this dark abode,
And calm contentment dwells within my breast
To smooth my passage thro' life's rugged road.

Yet sure 'tis wise to realize the hour
That soon must bring me to death's shadowy vale,
And on the wing of contemplation soar
To find that antidote which cannot fail.

And what so potent as a lover's tomb?
And what can preach so earnest as the grave?
The world shut out, within myself at home,
All other preachers at a distance leave.
An Ode

Yes, 'tis an easy thing to view
With firmness ev'ry charm recede,
See age descend with hoary dew,
And tinge the beauties of the head.
Snatch from the form the graceful air,
And cloud the sparkle of the eye;
But, oh! each mental blossom spare,
And grant that they may never die!
I sigh not for the blooming cheek,
The slender waist, or glossy hair,
Nor heed the smoothness of my neck;
But give unto my ardent prayer
To feel the pulse within my heart
Beat high with friendship's sacred glow,
And all its energy impart
To souls congenial herebelow;
The mild affections in my breast,
Abstracted, delicate, refin'd,
Each sweet idea there impress'd,
Such as might suit a seraph's mind;
The active mind that studies o'er
New plans to benefit mankind,
And joins the will with all its power
To practise what it hath design'd;
The flame of genius burning bright,
Reflecting from Parnassian spires,
While wit and sentiment unite
To trim the mild celestial fires.
May sweetness, elegance, and taste,
With cheerfulness, the friend of health,
On ev'ry scene a lustre cast
That far exceeds the miser's wealth.
Thus the sweet source of mental joy
Can bring delight to ev'ry hour,
And time that does each grace destroy
Is quite disarm'd of all its power.

On Hearing that General Warren Was Killed on Bunker Hill,
the 17th of June, 1775

Ill-fated hand that sent the cruel dart
That pierc'd brave Warren's generous human heart—
That heart which, studious of his Country's good,
Held up her rights and seal'd them with his blood!
Witness those fam'd resolutions at Suffolk made,  
   Drawn by his pen, and by his counsel led,  
   But boast not, Gage, tho' he unburied lies;  
   Thousands of heroes from his dust shall rise,  
   Who still shall freedom's injur'd cause maintain,  
   And shew to lawless kings the rights of men!  
   For thee, blest shade, who offer'd up thy life,  
   A willing victim in the glorious strife;  
   Thy Country's tears shed o'er thy sacred urn,  
   Sweeter than dewdrops in a vernal morn,  
   In rich libations to thy memory pour,  
   And waft their odours to the heavenly shore.  
   Nature herself fresh floweret wreaths shall weave  
   To scatter daily on thy honour'd grave,  
   While all the brave and all the good shall come  
   To heap unfading laurels on thy tomb.  

An Ode on the Birth of the Dauphin of France

The Genius of America with two Attendant Zyphls enter[s] the gardens of the Chevalier de la Luzerne with baskets of flowers.

FIRST ZYPH
   Come let us break our leafy caskets here,  
   And pour the blushing beauties of the glade;  
   For see, Luzerne with loyal zeal prepares  
   To hail the joy that crowns his master's bed.

GENIUS OF AMERICA
   Ye! Strew the fragrant treasure on the ground;  
   Perfume the air with aromatic glest;  
   Go call the Naiads from their pearly bound,  
   And bid the Tritons come with vocal shells  
   To sound across th' Atlantic's wide domain,  
   And greet the Infant from these western shores;  
   Present an offering from Columbia's plain—  
   A great full offering of her fruits and flowers.

SECOND ZYPH
   Turn, lovely Infant, turn thy beauteous eyes,  
   Nor scorn the rural present that we bring;  
   A mighty Empire from these woods shall rise,  
   And pay to thee the aid they owe thy King.

GENIUS OF AMERICA
   Till then accept these emblems of our truth,  
   While Heaven, invok'd by us, shall safely lead  
   Thy steps thro' all the varying paths of youth,  
   And form thee fit to be thy nation's head.  
   Virtue herself shall dignify thy heart,  
   And princely Valour deck thy youthful form;  
   Science shall join with Nature and with Art  
   Thy opening mind to animate and warm.

FIRST ZYPH
   And every love and every grace shall wait  
   As handmaids to attend the princely boy;  
   The Muses, too, shall leave their calm retreat  
   On Pindus' top to aid the nation's joy.  
   Turn, lovely Infant, turn thy beauteous eyes,  
   Nor scorn the rural present that we bring;  
   A mighty Empire from these woods shall rise,  
   And pay to thee the aid they owe thy King.

GENIUS OF AMERICA
   Tritons, convey to Gallia's royal ear  
   The pleasing transport on our heart engraved:  
   To none more dear is France's blooming heir  
   Than to the people whom his father sav'd.  
   Oh, tell him that my hardy, generous swains  
   Shall annually hail this natal day,  
   My babes congratulate in rising strains,  
   And sprightly virgins tune the cheerful lay.  
   For him their pious vows the skies ascend,  
   And bring down blessings on his lovely Queen;  
   May vict'ry ever on his arms attend,  
   And crown his days with peace and joy serene.

18 An allusion to the nineteen resolutions drawn up at a meeting of delegates of all the towns in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, September 9, 1774, which denounced the authority of Parliament over the colonies and recommended preparations for armed resistance.
NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS OF RICHARD STOCKTON AND HIS WIFE,
ANNIS Boudinot StockTON.

Family tradition and earlier writers have attributed these two handsome portraits, which are said to have been executed by Cornwallis' troops while they hung at Morven, to John Singleton Copley. A copy of the portrait of Mrs. Stockton, presented to the University by Mrs. M. Taylor Pyne in 1915 and hanging in Whit Hall, is stated on the plate accompanying it to be from an original by Joseph Blackburn. In such lists as have been compiled of Blackburn's works, there are no Stockton portraits included, but Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., regards this attribution as perfectly plausible.

Joseph Blackburn (1756-1835) is one of the more elusive of an elusive class of men. Not even his first name was certainly known until recently. In his History of the Arts of Design in the United States (1889), William Dunlap dismissed Blackburn with two lines: "All we know is, that he was nearly contemporary with John Smibert, and painted very respectable portraits in Boston." We now know something more than this. An Englishman or perhaps a Scot, Blackburn arrived in Connecticut by way of Bermuda about 1754. For a decade he painted in Boston, Portsmouth, Newport, New York, and probably elsewhere, creating a distinguished series of about eighty portraits of colonial Americans. He was undoubtedly fully trained before his arrival, and, knowing the tricks of stylish London painters (especially in handling fine textures and in suggesting graceful poses for his feminine subjects), he helped set a new mode for colonial portraiture. He then abruptly vanished.

We wish that our reproductions could do justice to the elegance and the rich and well-preserved coloring of the original portraits which were bequested to Princeton University by Mrs. Alexander T. McGill and which may be seen at the Museum of Historic Art.

Charles Nisbet and Samuel Stanhope Smith—Two Eighteenth Century Educators

BY MICHAEL KRAUS

DURING the era of the American Revolution educational plans were being made on both sides of the Atlantic. This was all part of the program of the Enlightenment to improve society, but it also expressed and strengthened the burgeoning nationalism then spreading over the western world. Europeans were watching closely the developments in America, for they understood the crucial nature of the experiment unfolding across the ocean. Its success they knew, would give heart to the liberal cause everywhere, and people like Richard Price and Condorcet were writing on the meaning of the American Revolution for the world. Conservatives on the other hand, believed that its failure would strengthen the status quo and discourage Utopian dreamers.

European publications frequently devoted considerable space to American developments, for the needs of many kinds of readers had to be considered. Political philosophers wanted to learn more about the new states, business men were interested in potential markets, and prospective emigrants were anxious to read about homes overseas and the new environment in which they might find themselves. Americans themselves added to the volume of this literature. Crévecœur's Letters from an American Farmer and Jefferson's Notes on Virginia are but two items in this list of informative writings.

Charles Nisbet was interested in America not only because he was a close student of the passing scene but also because of personal reasons—he was weighing acceptance of an invitation to head a new college in Pennsylvania. At an early age Nisbet seemed to his fellow Scots a titan of erudition and when the recently launched college in New Jersey sought John Witherspoon for its presidency, the latter in turn recommended Nisbet for the post. Witherspoon believed Nisbet well qualified, vigorous and young enough (he was then thirty-one) to fulfill the heavy demands made by a college presidency. Benjamin Rush, who had been graduated from the College of New Jersey with the class of 1760, was during the years 1767-1768, a student of medicine at Edinburgh and served as an intermediary between America and Scotland, and presumably knew Nisbet at that time. Witherspoon ultimately accepted the office of president of the College of New Jersey but Nisbet's name was kept
before Americans interested in education. His scholarly attainments and his espousal of the American cause during the Revolutionary War had won him warm favor on this side of the Atlantic. In 1785 the College of New Jersey awarded him the degree of D.D. In his own country, Nisbet who served as pastor at Montrose was an influential personage in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. All his life long he was to remain a champion of strict Calvinism. When proposals for the establishment of Dickinson College at Carlisle were drawn up, Rush played a leading role. Nisbet seemed to him a likely choice for president and Rush wrote to him early in 1784 asking him to act as head of the new school. In his usual, impulsive way, Rush was rather lavish with his promises and painted a far rosier picture of the college's position than conditions actually warranted. It was at this time that Nisbet and Samuel Stanhope Smith of Princeton engaged in the correspondence which served to tell the former much about the people and country to which he was planning to migrate.

Smith was then professor of moral philosophy at Princeton and an important figure in the educational world. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Witherspoon who was probably responsible for bringing Smith and Nisbet into touch with each other. Smith was an excellent observer, with a keen scientific intelligence and, when it came to informing Europeans as to American conditions, was probably as good a correspondent as could be found. At this time, he was undoubtedly working on the book that was to appear soon afterwards, An Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species. An edition of this was brought out in Edinburgh in 1788. It was the intention of Smith's work to justify revelation as against Lord Kames' infidelity, but the materials and observations to be found in the "Essay" give it a genuine scientific signification wholly apart from its theological objective. It is a sound ethnological study. Some of the references and comments on American society made in the correspondence between Smith and Nisbet were to appear later in the "Essay."

The letters which we are printing here were written by Samuel Stanhope Smith between July, 1784 and February, 1785. A few months later, on June 9, 1785, Nisbet arrived in Philadelphia, and soon moved on to Carlisle where he was to take up his duties as the first president of Dickinson College, serving at the same time as co-pastor of the local Presbyterian church.

It is natural to ask why these letters, written some years previously should have been resurrected for publication in 1792 in

The Bee or Literary Weekly Intelligencer of Edinburgh. Probably the suggestion of the Earl of Buchan occasioned their printing. He was always interested in promoting friendly relations between America and Britain and frequently sent his own contributions on this theme to "The Bee." In fact, some of his letters to the editor reflect the influence of his own correspondence with Nisbet who kept him informed on American conditions.

It will be noted that some of the correspondence follows a question and answer method, and in his answers Smith always shows a sturdy but not uncritical faith in the future of America. During the trying days of the "critical period" he writes most hopefully.

His tolerance, characteristic of the enlightened American of his day, was broader by far than Nisbet's. Smith hints that as a strict upholder of the Church of Scotland procedure, Nisbet might judge American Presbyterianism to be lax in its conformity. Smith taxed his fellow Americans with caring too little about the role of religion in society, and pointedly remarked: "they piously believe that heaven will take care of the church if they take care of the state."

Smith's observations on the relationship between cheap land, labor, manufactures and social characteristics sound like an early anticipation of the Turner thesis, now so much under debate. In answering Nisbet's questions, Smith tried to see clearly and his own judgment on his replies may be readily accepted; "I think I have not been biased by any predilection for my own country. It sees its faults as well as feel its advantages."

Sir,

Princeton, Nov. 26, 1784.

I had the honour a few days ago, of receiving yours of the 25th of July, by the hands of Mr. Rogers. I am much obliged by your acceptance of my friendship and correspondence, and for the proof you have given; at the same time that you are willing both to give and receive information. The friends of piety in this country are sorry to learn that infidelity is so much the fashion, and even the rage, among literary men in Europe. It is not surprising that men of licentious characters should wish to establish licentious principles; yet we cannot forbear being somewhat surprised, that in Britain, where they reject so disdainfully the imputation of political servitude, they should patiently submit to a literary one. Perhaps the dissolution of manners having effected a corruption of taste in the nation, they are willing to enjoy their favourite authors without that interruption of their pleasures, that reason and religion, addressed to them by men of severe virtue, would create; and hope to accomplish this more easily by vesting a censor-
ship of letters in an unprincipled society, rather than by leaving to the press its proper liberty. If Europe has passed the meridian of her virtue, she will also have passed that of her science; and a declining age, leaving the improvements that have already been made in the arts, without any further accessions, some future revolution will probably give them in that state to nations of more hardy and simple virtue, who will make additions to them, similar to those which our fathers have made to the arts of Greece and Rome. Revolutions may be unhappy events when we consider merely the ease and pleasures of mankind; but when we consider that human society can advance only to a certain period before it becomes corrupted, and begins to decline, and that letters always decline with virtue, revolutions are perhaps the necessary scaffolding by which science and human nature must gradually arrive at their summit. The present age values itself upon understanding the philosophy of society, and the philosophy of man. We indeed enjoy some peculiar advantages for contemplating the progress of civil society; but whether we understand the real principles and motives of mens actions, better than the divines and philosophers of a century ago, seems at least very questionable. Only they regarded as sin what we call natural principles. They regarded them with the detestation due to vice, we with that cool philosophy that finds fault with what it esteems the order of nature.

I thank you for your account of the present state of patronage in the church of Scotland. I think indeed with you, that your friends have taken too great an interest in your affairs. I am not surprised that the people should clamour against such an abuse, and should desert the established church. An American, who has fought so many years for the enjoyment of his own consent, views, perhaps, with a peculiar kind of horror, such an encroachment upon the most sacred rights of men. At best, men who contribute to fasten such shackles upon themselves, must be greatly lost to honour and virtue; not to say that it appears utterly inconsistent with the allegiance which a minister of the gospel owes to truth, to religion, and to himself.

The Americans ought to thank every Briton for his cautions against the remaining pride of his country, and the ranorre of those that govern it, and have been disappointed in a favourite object. I am afraid indeed that the Americans, confident from their late success, are too secure. They have a pride not unlike that of the nation from which they are sprung; and because prudent generals have once defended us against our invaders, with a small army, together with assistance of a militia always ready to run to arms, they are ready to imagine that an undisciplined militia will still be an overmatch for any foreign enemy. Since, in the most unprovided state imaginable, with respect to arms and ammunition, and when our citizens and husbandmen had scarcely ever seen an enemy before, they have resisted the most formidable invasion, and at length obtained some signal victories over the second nation in the world, it is not easy to persuade our hardy rustics that they are in danger.

As a sample at once of their security and their pride, it is the common language held in Kentucky, a settlement on the waters of the Ohio, entirely begun and completed during the war with Britain, that they intend to force themselves a free trade through the Mississippi; and that, if the Spaniards oppose it, they will send a power down the river sufficient to conquer the Floridas and New Orleans. They even mention an attack upon Spanish Mexico, and the mines of Santa Fee de Bagota, as an event that may not be many years distant. So that you see our countrymen are like the rest of the world—they take their character from their circumstances, which have necessarily made them hardy and active warriors. They despise distant nations because they do not know their power, or have once coped with it, with advantage. Success, and the thirst of gain, intoxicates them, and makes them unapprehensive of hazards; and particularly on our northern and western frontiers. Perpetually combating with difficulties and dangers, enterprise becomes a habit; and they have no sooner succeeded against the first obstacles than they push on to seek new adventures. Somewhat of a different character prevails on the sea coast, and in the adjacent counties; but still tinctured with the same complexion. Remote, however, from savage enemies, and delivered from European ones, I presume they will not easily be alarmed, but by the most imminent appearances of danger. This certainly does not promise well for their future safety, but it enables them, they think, to enjoy their present tranquillity. I hope the nations of Europe will continue in peace, or that they will find sufficient employment for one another. This I believe will be our best security.

I wish that our political wisdom may entitle us to the esteem of wise men on your side of the water, as much as our independent spirit, our first measures, and our success in arms, have done. You remark, "That wisdom is necessary to make us known to the world." If we can attract the attention of mankind by the prosperity of our country, it will be a happy circumstance; otherwise, it were, perhaps, more desirable not to be known. We should not then be
objects of the ambition, or the avarice of others: and not having
the wisdom to be good ourselves, we should not have knowledge
enough to substitute for virtue the vices and follies of more im-
proved countries.

Your inquiries I shall endeavour to answer in one or two fol-
lowing letters. They would lead me to a greater extent than I have
time to reach at present; but, if God spare my health, I shall make
it my business to satisfy you very shortly.

I must confess, in the beginning, that North America is but indis-
tinctly known to the inhabitants of these states, beyond the limits
marked out for them by the late treaty. Many travellers have pe-
netrated much farther, among the nations west of the Mississippi, and
north of Canada; but either they have not gone so far, or examined
so accurately, as to satisfy us; or they have not been men of such
characters, for wisdom and integrity, as to procure entire credit
to every report which they have brought. There has never been
much hazard in travelling among the Indians, except among those
who border upon the European settlers, and who have been irritat-
ted by hostilities, or the fraud of traders. The others are humane
and hospitable, pleased with toys, on which their ignorance sets a
disproportionate value; and ready to receive any stranger, espe-
cially if he opens his way with small presents that amuse their curi-
osity, or gratify their vanity. As the character, and manners, and
state of society among the savages, would make a very important
part of the history of human nature, it appears to me an object
that merits the attention of literary societies, not less than the dis-
covery of new islands and seas. Hitherto the Indians have been ob-
served, chiefly within the compass of the United States, and by
traders or soldiers, who had objects very different from philosophy
in their view. The character of the observers has necessarily con-

dined their observations, in a great measure, to that part of the
Indian tribes that has been corrupted by our interests, or intimi-
dated by our injuries. Sensible men, however, have been able, from
the observations that have been made upon these people in differ-
ennt attitudes, to trace with considerable accuracy, their general
character and state. But I conceive it would not be unworthy of
societies established for extending human knowledge, to employ
good philosophers, who should be hardy enough for the undertak-
ing, to travel among their remotest nations, which have never had
any intercourse with Europeans; to reside among them on a famil-
lar footing; dress and live as they do; and to observe them when
they should be under no bias or constraint. We should then see
whether there be any essential difference between them and the
tribes with which we are already acquainted. We should discover,
in the comparison of their languages, their different degrees of
improvement; their affinity with one another; and, at the same
time, the objects with which each has chiefly conversed, that have
occasioned a variety in their terms and phrases. But above all, we
should discover the nature and extent of their religious ideas,
which have been ascertained with less accuracy than others, by
travelers who have not known to set a proper value upon them.

There are within what are called the boundaries of the United
States, twenty-eight different tribes of Indians. Their warriors are
estimated at 10,000 men; though you will easily believe, that, from
the little police and government that exists among them, such
calculations cannot be very exact; but if this calculation should be
1000 men under or over the truth, it is the best we can obtain; for
they are very jealous of persons whom they suspect to be attempting
to count their numbers; and from the usual proportion of Indian
families, the whole of their people cannot be above four times that
amount.

Their employments and manners I must reserve till another
opportunity, when I shall give what information is in my power,
or may be agreeable to you.

With regard to the inquiries you make respecting the inhabitants
of the United States, I have to inform you that the different sects
of religion agree better with one another here, than, perhaps, in
any other part of the world; and this concord is daily becoming
more perfect. Religious differences are in some measure buried in
political interests. A few years before the late war, the several
denominations, more zealous than they are at present, carried their
mutual animosities to a greater height. They are beginning to treat
one another with a degree of frankness and confidence that has
been seldom known before. I am afraid however that the effect is
more laudable than the cause from which it springs. Perhaps our
charity is grafted on indifference. Not setting a very high value
upon soundness of principle or strictness of discipline, we con-
sider as trifles the varieties of sentiments that exist among the
different denominations. No denominations being intitled by an
establishment to treat the others with superiority; all mingling
together upon an equal and familiar footing, we find men in every
sect who reach the standard of piety and good morals which we
have fixed in our ideas; and therefore are apt to conclude that the
man of talents in a good parish. Almost every office in this country, literary, ecclesiastical, or civil, involves the same dependence on popular opinion, which is only to be preserved, as it has been acquired, by continual service. These ideas have sometimes shocked Dr. Witherspoon, from the apprehension, that, if age or infirmity should render him incapable of service, it may be misconstrued into negligence by the people, who are seldom disposed to examine nicely, or to speak cautiously on such occasions; and he may be liable to lose both the honour and reward of his past merits. This I hope and believe will never be the case. But the possibility of it, often affects him very sensibly, it is so contrary to his expectations when he left his native country, and to the ideas and habits that grew up with him there. Contrary habits and ideas have made the Americans in general think that such dependence and uncertainty is the most rational security they can have for the fidelity of official men. I do not absolutely justify the opinion; but if it be attended sometimes with considerable evils, it is, in this country, also productive of some benefit.

To your last inquiry on the subject of ecclesiastical affairs I must answer, that the want of an establishment, and the spirit of high, and perhaps licentious liberty, in the country, reduces the power of our church government to little more than that of advice. There is at least no other means of compelling submission to the censures or awards of the church, than what arises from the opinion which the subjects of them ascertain of their sacredness; or from that terror which exclusion from the privileges and society of the faithful carries with it to their consciences, or their sentiments of honour. We profess to have uniform rules of church government, which are nearly the same with yours, only modified to the state of the country; but gentlemen accustomed to the exact order of the church of Scotland, would esteem them to be very laxly executed. For admission to the sacraments, particularly to that of the Lord’s Supper, I fancy we are as strict in the qualifications we require, as you are in Britain; but we know little of the combats and jarring of sessions and presbyteries, &c., which our clergy think often affect church order by destroying Christian charity. Almost every thing that relates to the peace and union of the members of the congregation with each other, is accomplished by advice and mediation. If this is ineffectual, we proceed to what other measures of reprehension or exclusion, the state and spirit of the people have left within the power of the rulers of the church.

When I speak of religion, I mean to speak of it as it is within our
carry about with him a consciousness that he is an independent citizen of an independent state. Our equality in condition produces a similar equality in our sentiments, and mode of behaviour towards each other; which, though it is not more austere and laconic, has the appearance of being rough and unpolished. Politeness, like knowledge, is perhaps more generally diffused among the body of the people here than in Europe; it does not, however, exist in such perfection in particular characters, or particular classes here, as it does there.

"Are the people prone to law suits? or are these frequent or tedious among you?"

I believe the Americans are not unusually litigious; and, for expedition, the law is not very famous in any country. It is to be lamented, however, that law thrives among us much better than religion.

"Are your articles of export sufficient, communibus annis, to purchase all you want from Europe?"

They are amply sufficient to purchase all we need; but we have too many wants. It is one of the principal faults of the Americans, that they are too much addicted to ostentation; and, to gratify a vanity which the circumstances of the country contribute to cherish, they are too willing to desire credit with the merchant, and too ready to run that credit beyond their means. Our merchants, themselves, however, are much more generally in debt to foreigners than the people are to them. Our cities and towns are filled with merchants, as if we were a wealthy and commercial people. We are not a commercial people; and we ought not as yet to aspire to become so. We may have trade to the value of our bulky exports; but this will not be great. An extensive commerce can be supported in a country like this, only by manufactures; and it is too early to introduce them with success in America. The ease with which the poor can procure lands in the back country, will, by taking off the hands, necessarily make the price of labour too high to render manufactures practicable, for at least a century to come. We ought then to have but few merchants, and like many of the ancient republics, to turn our attention chiefly to the culture of the soil. We ought to live in that frugal way that is proper for husbandmen, and safest for republicans. But our fathers, coming from a commercial country, have introduced ideas different from those that would perhaps best suit our real state of society. Whatever estimation, however, may be made of these reflections, certain it is our merchants have imported beyond their abilities; and for-

Dear Sir,

Princeton, Feb. 4. 1785.

Some time since, I answered, according to my ideas, part of the inquiries put to me in your letter by Mr. Rogers—I proceed now to give as distinct answers as I can to those that remain.

You ask, "Whether we observe the forms of good breeding? or whether, being so very free, we do not treat each other with haughtiness?"

Our freedom certainly takes away the distinctions of rank that are so visible in Europe; and of consequence takes away, in the same proportion, those submissive forms of politeness that exist there. You seldom see a superior treat an inferior with haughtiness; but you see all, even to the lowest of the landholders, act with a certain air, that indicates they are sensible they are not in any degree dependent on you. In the country, particularly, though the people are not rude, yet they have a manner that appears to those who have been accustomed to respect, to be rather forward and destitute of sufficient attention. The truth is, every man seems to
eigners, deceived with regard both to our poverty and wealth, have poured in upon us such a deluge of merchandise, as must necessarily multiply bankruptcies, and make our own traders appear more dishonest than they are. Deceived, I say, with regard both to our poverty and wealth; for while some foolishly thought we were almost perishing through want of the necessaries of life; others as foolishly thought there was no end to our wealth in this golden country. All these circumstances must greatly affect trade; and I am well assured that British merchants will have no security in this commerce with the United States, any farther than they receive immediate returns. Their rashness hitherto, since the war, must soon be dearly paid for. But our politicians here, treat with derision the reproaches which they sometimes see made against this country in the English papers,—that the Americans are ruining their credit as a people, and that they will be scorned for their dishonesty and fraud over the whole earth. Disappointed men, and immediate sufferers, will naturally express themselves with violence; but the failures of a few merchants will notiring any general imputation on the body of the people, by foreigners to whom they are not in debt. It is not a debt of the country, but of individuals: it was not contracted on the faith of the country, but particular men in Britain, from interested motives, rashly trusted some people here beyond all reason, and they must now pay the price of their folly. The truth is, many politicians here are rather pleased with the bankruptcies among the merchants, than apprehensive of any ill consequences from them. They say that these harsh means are necessary to bring our commerce to its proper state, to be just equal to the product of the land;—they will tend to destroy that spirit of luxury which would make us too dependent on other nations;—they will distress the British merchants, which, to the populace here, would be a grateful retaliation upon them, for running with so much zeal, immediately after the war, to engross our trade by a credit that would make us still subservient and dependent on Britain. The Americans at large, wish to break as far as possible their connections with your country, lest they should hereafter prove dangerous to us. They, therefore, rather enjoy the distresses of the British trade, than pity the merchants; in the hope that their losses, making them more cautious, and, in particular, determining them to renounce their credit, which is so pernicious to us, we may stand upon a more equal footing with respect to all the nations of Europe. These, I believe, are the sentiments most prevalent in America, out of a few trading towns; and they sufficiently discover what safety there is in trusting our merchants, or what regard will be paid here to any complaints of dishonesty that may disturb the Exchange or coffee houses of London.

You inquire, "Whether any manufactures could be introduced here by emigrants? whether there is any hope that the materials of this country could be wrought in it for an export trade?"

In addition to what has been already suggested, it will perhaps be a sufficient answer to these questions, to inform you, that a common day-labourer earns his two-thirds of a Spanish milled dollar per day. While this is the case, we can never manufacture so cheaply as we can import. Our manufactories, therefore, must, of necessity, be very insignificant. The state of the lands in this country produces this effect; and the same cause must operate in the same manner, till our lands are much more completely settled and cultivated, than they are at present. But a man can now procure his living out of the soil, with much more ease, health, and comfort to himself, than he can at the loom or in the shop. A few persons, only, are employed to work up the roughest materials of the country, in a coarse and hasty manner, for the wear of the farmer and his servants at their daily labour; or, when new, perhaps, for their holiday clothes. Spinning is always done in the farmer’s house at those seasons, when, if they did not spin, they would be unemployed. And in the southern states, it is not uncommon for each family to have its own loom also. It often happens that tradesmen in the country, of every kind, make their trade a business by the bye, and tillage their principal occupation; so much more secure and profitable an income is derived from the land which is obtained with ease, and held without dependence. If a manufacturer were to come to America, with an hundred workmen in his branch, they would probably all desert him before the end of two years.

The difference of ideas, between a young country of husbandmen, and an old one of manufacturers, is almost inconceivable. And, therefore, men coming from Britain, full of their own ideas and habits, must frequently be most egregiously disappointed. There are few, even in this country, where they have the effects before their view, who have reflection enough to investigate the causes of that obvious difference which exists between America and Europe. It is frequently supposed to arise, not from the nature of the country, and the degree of population, as it really does, but from the ignorance of the Americans. This, you may be sure, an American will not admit; and there are some plausible reasons
against it. America was settled by Europeans, who came hither with all their native habits and ideas; and yet, from them, are derived our present manners and state of society: and the Europeans who now come among us, in general, presently fall into our customs and modes of living. This universal effect can arise only from certain causes; the most powerful and fundamental of which seems to be the easiness of acquiring lands, and of working a comfortable subsistence out of the soil. These causes sway all persons of the most different occupations who come hither. Except merchants, blacksmiths, masons, carpenters, and a very few others, they all become husbandmen; not manufacturers. One proof of the imperfection of mechanic arts here, and of the small number of artizans that the country in its present state will maintain, is, that several trades are frequently exercised by one man; because otherwise he could not find employment for the whole of his time. For instance, a blacksmith is often a wheelwright at the same time, a carpenter a joiner, a mason a bricklayer, plasterer, and white-washer; and, if you will allow me to put physicians in such company, they are generally physicians, surgeons, dentists, apothecaries, &c., all in one. We have not that division of the arts that is necessary to their perfection; because the price of labour in America, renders it much cheaper to import, than to make any of the finer species of manufactures; and the thin population of the country, renders it necessary for one man often to exercise several occupations.

You inquire next, "Whether our public debt has been yet proportioned among the States? or any means devised for paying it?"

It is not yet perfectly proportioned; but every State is now paying what it supposes itself able to raise by taxes and imposts, relying on the United States to give it credit for the payments it shall have made; and to apportion its share of the general debt with equity, as soon as Congress shall have determined, whether that apportionment shall be made according to the number of inhabitants in each, or according to the value of their landed property. It is a question which will probably be decided without discussion.

You inquire, "Are your people aware of the ruinous consequences of an increasing funded debt? are they disposed to guard against the improper consequences of an unlimited paper currency in private hands?"

I believe they are, in part at least, aware of both evils; and if we

* This object has been since effected, with many others hinted at in this paper as in contemplation.

shall not soon be exposed to a new war, I have no doubt we shall avoid them with regard to our present debt, and our present banks.

"Are your people sensible of the necessity of concord for their preservation, or are any of them disposed to hazard the interest of the public, in adherence to their own private opinions?"

It is too near the conclusion of the war, to have forgotten the first of these. And if the second has some examples in a few individuals, I believe it is far from being at present the common character of the Americans.

"Are your elections of members of assembly orderly meetings? or are they the judges of controverted elections?"

Our assemblies, themselves, like the House of Commons in England, are the judges of their own bodies. I suppose that our meetings for elections are, in general, conducted with as much order and decency as meetings of the same kind have usually been in any part of the world. At present we have hardly any image of that licentiousness that prevails in England at a general election. Some politicians say, our elections are too calm: that they do not discover that agitation and zeal which we should naturally find in the people if their liberties sufficiently interested them. Some allowance, indeed, should be made in this calm picture for the state of Pennsylvania, which, as I believe I intimated in my last letter, is the proper region of faction and party in America.

"Are the sentences of your judges peaceably executed? or do appeals and resistance often happen?"

I believe there have been few instances throughout America, of resistance to the lowest officers of civil government, since the conclusion of the war. The principal fault in the executive of New Jersey, is to be observed in the sheriff's office. These offices being appointed by the people, are often, through a desire of popularity, too dilatory and indulgent in executing the sentences of the court.

"Do your people respect their magistrates more on account of their being elected by themselves?"

If they have not a greater reverence for the splendour of their power, I believe they have a greater confidence in the equity, and mildness of its exercise. The principal fault in the appointment of the magistracy in some of the states, is, that justices of the peace, and the inferior officers, are too immediately dependent on the suffrage of the people. They are not appointed by the executive branch of the government; and they do not hold their offices during good behaviour, but during pleasure, or for certain limited periods.
"Does a jealousy of Congress prevail among you? or are the powers of Congress properly defined?"

The several states have hitherto been too jealous, not of what Congress is, but of what it may be in a future period. That is the reason that although their powers are defined by explicit articles of confederation, Yet they appear to be too much limited. In war, they seem, by their resolutions, to possess all authority; yet they are too dependent on the concurrence of single states to carry their resolves into effect, and to fulfill their contracts. Reason, indeed, and a sense of common utility, will, while we are exposed to the same dangers, and while our simplicity of manners continues, go very far in inducing the compliance of the states with proper measures that regard the benefit of the whole union; but there is not, in our confederacy, sufficient security that a particular state interest, or convenience, may not sometimes bias members of the union in their judgement and their votes, and so obstruct or embarrass the general movements.

One of the greatest injuries to Congress, since the war, arises from the overcautious policy of the several states, intrusting it with too little power, and retaining too much in their own hands. The men of most distinction and capacity for business have generally declined appointments to that body, and chosen rather, since it could be done in peace, to enjoy the honours and emoluments that were to be obtained at home. There is some reason to fear, lest the influence of Congress will continue to decline from the same reason, unless the people, roused to a sense of the danger, as well as inutility of their extreme precautions, will concur in vesting their supreme legislature, with a more adequate authority.

"Are all sects equally regarded by your government, and equally eligible to civil offices? or is there any exception made with regard to Roman Catholics?"

There is no exception. And we find the Roman catholics make zealous and attached citizens to the new states. Their religious principles we do not fear. The American sense of liberty is so high, that we are sure they would not wish to give themselves a master even in the Pope. If their principles were arbitrary, they are too few in number to meditate any injury to the state. But, in reality, so far are they, both from servility and immorality, that we esteem them at least as pious men, and as good citizens as the members of the Church of England.

"Are there no feuds, or oppositions of interest, between the several states of union? are these in any way of being lessened? or are there any proposals of creating new states to turn the balance this or that way?"

There have been several differences between some of the states with regard to territorial claims, founded on the charters to the late colonies that constitute the present states of America; which charters were granted with shameful ignorance and indirection, and with such absolute inattention to the most simple principles of geography, as plainly shows how little the interests or happiness of this country, were formerly regarded by the court of Great Britain. Some of these disputes, however, have been amicably settled; those particularly between Pennsylvania and Virginia; and between Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Others are in the way of peaceable accommodation. And I believe, they will all be decided, if not with universal satisfaction, at least with universal acquiescence. The claims that are most delicate, and which now press most for decision, are those which New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts have upon each other. But these states manage them so cooly, and so rationally, that I cannot believe any injury will arise from them to the public peace and union. Vermont is likely soon to be received into the confederacy; and as this will be an acquisition to the northern states, it is probable the southern ones will the more readily consent to the erection of a new state on the waters of the Ohio behind Virginia. It will, for some time at least, be a point of policy in Congress to keep the northern and southern influence as nearly balanced as possible.

"Thus I have answered the greater part of your inquiries, except those in the first page, which I reserve till another opportunity. In answering them, I think I have not been biased by any predilection for my own country. I see its faults as well as its advantages. Its greatest fault, in my opinion, is on the subject of religion; and it is a capital one. But in New England, we have not by any means paid it that attention, or given it that public support which good policy, not to mention piety, would require. We have neglected one of the most powerful springs of that virtue, which is essential to the prosperity and existence of republics. The state has left the care of religion solely to providence, and its ministers. It has provided only, that it shall not be persecuted. I am far from thinking this all the acknowledgement men are bound to make to God for his goodness in sending them the true religion; or to religion, for the benefits it confers upon the state. Our negligence in this respect, is one of the fruits of our extreme idea of liberty, and one of its most injurious effects."
I shall be happy to hear from you, and to receive your remarks, or your farther commands.

I am, reverend Dr, your most obedient humble servant,

S——I S——TH.

Nisbet was at a very early stage disillusioned about America. He had moved from an old, established society with respect for authority and traditions to what was essentially a frontier community with few of the amenities of a cultured environment. He was disappointed in the college at Carlisle, and he quickly had a falling out with Benjamin Rush. The latter had something of a talent in influencing people but was not always successful in maintaining friendships. Despite Nisbet's growing sourness with the American scene he served (with a brief interruption) as president of Dickinson until his death in 1804.

Nisbet was a Whig believing in monarchy and in civil liberty. He was a delayed Lockian of the seventeenth century, not a Locke as implemented by an eighteenth century Jefferson. Equality irked him and the French Revolution horrified him. Priestley, he said, was a "sans culotte philosopher," and in Europe, Paine and Barlow were spreading lies about America and republics were doomed to a bad end. Nisbet wrote a correspondent that he was no friend to popular elections. He disliked celebrations favoring French Revolutionaries. "I would not be surprised to hear," he wrote William Young, the Philadelphia bookseller, "that Capt. Shays is getting his old Army together again to promote the Good Cause, or that a Cargo of French Daggers were imported into this Country to promote the same Interest in a private manner." "The Great Fox of Liberty has been sent from America to France," he said, "and the Small Fox of Equality is likely to be sent over to us in Exchange." (Nisbet Papers, Miscellaneous Papers, N.Y. Pub. Lib., mss., March 16, 1798).

In his own community, a center of discord during the Whiskey Rebellion, Nisbet because of his outspoken hostility, narrowly missed being mobbed. His wit and sarcasm gave his strictures added venom, making them difficult for Americans to bear. He compensated for the loneliness and bleakness of his surroundings by writing long letters to friends in Philadelphia and Scotland. To one of them, Charles Wallace, he expressed a quiet pride in his students who came from a number of states and who, he felt, might carry his message back to their own communities. The main burden of his remarks however, was regret at leaving Scotland. "I live here," he told Wallace, "like a Pelican in the Wilderness." (N.Y. Pub. Lib., Bulletin, I, 180, 18-18, Aug. 19, 1791.) Nisbet once thought of asking his friends to come to America but he soon gave up that idea. There was little learning in America, he said, everything was on a dead level, and there were no distinctions whatsoever except wealth.

Nisbet had reason for his unhappiness as a college president, although much of it was of his own making. Supporters of the college failed in their promises and Rush was alleged to be an enemy of the school. Contrary to this general opinion shared by Nisbet, a letter written by Rush to the Reverend Samuel Miller, in 1808, however, outlines plans and prospects for Dickinson College. Nisbet also was caustic about Rush's religious beliefs, remarking they had probably changed several times within a few months. In fact Nisbet disliked social and intellectual change. As James H. Morgan, historian of Dickinson College expresses it, he was "the man for a stable country and a fixed social order." (James H. Mor-

gan, Dickinson College, The History of One Hundred and Fifty Years 1783-1933, p. 61.) Nisbet wrote with satisfaction, in 1797, that his school had been less affected by changing ideas than other American colleges.

Perhaps Nisbet might have been better able to adjust himself to America had he lived nearer a large community or at least within easy reach of a circle of congenial intellects. But fate had decreed otherwise and his religious orthodoxy made him the best of his fate. Infrequent visits with preferred individuals took a little of the edge off his hard-bitten solitude. Smith paid him a short visit in October 1797. "He is a popular Man," said Nisbet, "and I believe the Seminary [Princeton] might thrive under his Direction, were it possible that any Seminary could thrive under the Prejudices against Learning that prevail in this Country." (Letter to Charles Wallace, Dec. 11, 1797, Nisbet Papers, Miscellaneous Papers, N.Y. Pub. Library.) Nisbet's select library ultimately found its way to the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Nisbet was definitely not a popular man, but in his own way he made his contribution to America. He and the trustees, uncongenially yoked together, pulled a struggling college through its pioneer stage. On the minds of many students, including Roger Brooke Taney who was destined to become chief justice of the United States, Charles Nisbet left the impress of an unyielding integrity informed by a wide-ranging intelligence, and he helped

1 Located in Princeton University Library Manuscript File.
to establish the higher standards much needed in American education.

Note. In addition to the Smith-Nisbet correspondence in "The Bee," I have referred to letters written by Nisbet to American and Scottish correspondents. Several are published in the New York Public Library Bulletin, I, II, XXI, and one in the autograph journal, Life in Letters, II, no. 6 (Sept. 1868). There are several more letters from Nisbet in the New York Public Library. Samuel Miller, Memoir of the Rev. Charles Nisbet ... (N.Y. 1869) is the standard source. Professor David F. Rowers gave an excellent summary of Smith's life in the June 1943 issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle. I wish to acknowledge the aid given me by a grant from the American Philosophical Society.

A Pope Exhibition and an Unpublished Letter of Pope

BY ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

THE year 1944 marks the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Alexander Pope and the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of another English Roman Catholic poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins. In recognition of these anniversaries the Princeton University Library put on exhibition from September ninth to October ninth its collections of these poets. Its exhibition of Pope was supplemented by a few books—ultimately destined, it is understood, for the Princeton Library—lent by a member of the English Department faculty who is specially interested in Pope.

When one remembers that the Library has never made a special effort to build up its collection of Pope, that what it owns has come in, a volume or two at a time, by gift or stray purchase, it is surprising and gratifying to find how rich the collection is—so rich that we might well decide to undertake its further enrichment.

To begin with there is a fine copy of Tonson's Poetical Miscellanies (1709) in which Mr. Pope, then a young gentleman of twenty-one, first saw the light of print by the inclusion in it of his Pastoral, his paraphrase of Chaucer's Merchant's Tale, and a translation of the episode of Sarpedon from the Iliad. There is also the first edition of Lintot's Miscellany of 1712 which includes seven pieces by Pope, most important of which is the original version in two cantos of The Rape of the Lock (sic). There is a second edition (1714) but no first (also 1714) of the expanded Rape of the Lock in five cantos, in which the supernatural 'machinery' of sylphs and gnomes is introduced to heighten the mock-heroic quality of this exquisite play of fancy. Other first editions from Pope's earlier years which Princeton owns are Windsor Forest (1713) and The Temple of Fame (1715). A serious lack, which should if possible be made good (will some friend of the Library volunteer to help us?) is The Essay on Criticism (1711).

By the year 1717 Pope, then twenty-nine years old, was clearly recognized as the chief poet of England. In that year he brought together everything of consequence that he had previously written, and published a fine folio of 435 pages entitled The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope. Here were first printed his Eloisa to Abelard and Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. A fine copy of this folio, with the folding portrait engraved by George Vertue
after the painting by Kneller, was among the books lent for the exhibition.

In the decade from 1715 to 1725 Pope was chiefly busied by his translations of Homer. The Princeton Library is the fortunate owner of a particularly fine set of the subscribers’ edition of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, each in six handsome large quarto volumes. The list of advance subscribers for the Iliad, at a guinea a volume, is a very impressive roster of notables. There were 574 subscribers who put themselves down for a total of 654 sets. Bernard Lintot, the publisher, agreed to provide the subscribers’ copies without cost to the author, and in addition paid Pope £1,275 for the privilege of publishing a less sumptuous trade edition. From his two translations of Homer Pope made a clear profit of approximately £8,000—and a pound would buy in 1725 many times as much as it will today. Pope was for the rest of his life a modestly rich man.

From Pope’s latest period of poetical activity, when he was writing satires and ethic epistles “in the Horatian manner,” Princeton owns first editions of sixteen poems, including the separate issues of the four epistles of the Essay on Man, three of the four Moral Essays, and Pope’s supreme masterpiece in this sort of poetry, the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. They are sumptuously printed thin folios in large type and with generous margins.

The exhibition has been the occasion of calling attention to the existence in the Princeton Library of a hitherto unpublished letter of Pope. The letter has been mounted and bound in between pages 366 and 367 of volume X of a profusely extra-illustrated copy of John Doran’s A Lady of the Last Century (Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu), London, 1873. The original single volume was extended to twelve volumes by A. M. Broadley in 1903, and the set was subsequently given to the Princeton Library by Dickson Q. Brown, ’95.

The letter reads as follows:

Oct. 22

Dr Sir

This is what I think may be decently & truly say’d of the Honest Man whose Inscription ye desired. I could not deny it to ye friendship; but you need not be told I ought not to be mentioned in it, for many reasons. The Latin Verse of Horace is so Very Patt to him, & at ye same time so Great a Character & runs him in so fine a Light, that I think nothing can be Luckier. As to ye Rest, either the Latin or the English may be used as you judge best. Pray take it as a Testimony of ye

Regard I have to ye Request, for there is nothing I so much avoid as Prologues & Epitaphs: no mortal knows what to say, well, in either of these Compositions, they are so Threable. Believe me with Truth & affection,

Dr Sir ye most obedient faithfull Servant

A. Pope

[Address:]

To

Charles Ford Esq in Park-Place

[There is no postmark.]

Charles Ford (1682-1749), a close friend of Swift, was an Irishman who chose to live most of his life in London. Swift’s letters to him, very revealing in their intimacy, have only recently come to light. They were first published by the Clarendon Press in 1935 under the editorship of D. Nichol Smith. In an appendix to this volume Mr. Nichol Smith has printed five letters from Pope to Ford. In a footnote to the last of them (p. 230, n. 2) the editor says: “Nine letters to Ford from Pope—were sold [at Christie’s] on 4 June 1866, for five of which the sale catalogue is the editor’s only authority.—In one of them, dated ‘Oct. 22,’ Pope says there is nothing I so much avoid as Prologues and Epitaphs.” This is clearly the letter now in the Princeton Library.

If Pope had completed the dating of his letter by including the year, one might hope to be able to identify the “honest man” for whom Pope has furnished an epitaph, apparently in alternative versions, Latin and English. Four of the five letters which Nichol Smith has printed belong to the year 1714: but that Pope and Ford were on friendly terms for at least the next dozen years is shown by the frequent messages which Swift, writing from Ireland, asks Ford to give to Mr. Pope.

The only clue to a date is provided by Ford’s address “in Park-Place.” In the later years of Queen Anne’s reign, while Ford held the position of editor of the official London Gazette, his friends addressed him “at his Office at White-hall London.” From September 1714 to February 1724 he was addressed “at his Lodgings at the blue Percwig in Pell-mell.” From 1724 to 1736 letters for him were “to be left at the Coco-tree in Pell-mell.” In 1735 he writes to Swift that he has taken a small house in Little Cleveland-
Court off of St. James's-Place, having "been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise." It was in Little Cleveland-Court that he died in 1743. Perhaps the "great house" from which he was driven was in Park Place, the next turning to the left above St. James's-Place as one walks up St. James's-Street from Pall Mall to Piccadilly. In any event, it seems likely that he lodged in Park Place at some period during the years 1724-1737 when letters for him were regularly delivered at the near-by Cocoa Tree coffee-house, of which he, as a good Tory, was a constant frequenter.

The letter gives us an added instance of Pope's generous readiness to use his pen to help out a friend, even when he was called upon to write something so "threepenny" as an epitaph.

New & Notable

If there is anyone who believes that the reading of second-hand book catalogues is a dull pastime, an examination of a very fascinating one on Eighteenth Century Life should certainly make him change his mind. This dealer concentrated "on the bye-ways of the century . . . the much scarcer performances of the Olympians . . . the whole leavened with a goodly sprinkling of charming, amusing and outrageous non-entities." Just to read the descriptions of the items was a liberal education in the period. Princeton was able, with the help of different funds, to obtain many of the varied titles listed and some of them are worthy of special attention. For instance, there are two items with a Boswell tie-in: Letters of the Right Honourable Lady Jane Douglas; with Several other Important Pieces of Private Correspondence. From All Which The Character of That Celebrated Lady, and of her Husband Sir John Stewart, will appear in a Light not sufficiently Known to the World, etc. Printed for J. Wilkie, 1757; and Songs in the Justiciary Opera, Composed Fifty Years Ago, By C—M—& B— I. C. G. Auchinleck: Printed by James Sutherland, 1826—in the writing of which Boswell is rumored to have been a collaborator. Then, there is a first edition of Thomas Gent's Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. With his Vision of the Angelick World. Written by Himself. Printed for W. Taylor, 1720. Gent who seems to have successfully achieved profit with safety, called this "an abridgement of three volumes of Crusoe into one" but it is really piracy, to which Defoe's works were so often subject during his lifetime. There is a fine copy of Goldsmith's The Art of Poetry on a New Plan . . . in the first edition printed for J. Newbury, 1792. Because of Princeton's very good collection of Pope, The Beeridi: Or, Progress of Drink. An Heroic Poem in Two Cantos. The First being an imitation of the first Book of Mr. Pope's Dunciad; The Second a Description of a Rare Feast, held annually in a particular small District of Hampshire. By a Gentleman of the Navy, etc. Gosport: Printed by J. Philpot, 1736, is significant. Another highlight is a series of eight Discourses
by Sir Joshua Reynolds, delivered at the Royal Academy during the decade 1799-1799—all first editions. The Goldsmith and Re-
ynolds items were bought on the Theodore Whitefieild Hunt fund, the others on the fund established by the class of 1892.

The highlights among the sixteenth and seventeenth century titles acquired since the last issue of the Chronicle are in the field of history rather than belles-lettres although the two in this period are, of course, almost inextricably joined. Two interesting titles by famous Puritans were purchased from general library funds. One of the finest of the very few copies known of John Stubbs’ *The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf whereinto England is led to be swallowed by her Masoniet see the sin and punishment thereof.* [London: Hugh Singleton for William Page, 1579] in which the famous Puritan zealot discusses the negotiations undertaken for the proposed marriage of Queen Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou is as intriguing in content as in title. A bitter attack on the duke, it accused the wrath of the good queen, especially by its reference to the influence that would probably be exerted upon her by a husband, and to the unlikelihood of her being able to bear children at her age. She promptly suppressed the book by royal proclamation, and Stubbs, to-gether with his publisher, was condemned to have his right hand cut off. The famous contemporary chronicler, Stow, wrote “I can remember standing by John Stubbs [and] as soon as his right hand was off, [he] put off his hat with his left, and cried aloud ‘God save the queen.’” Of such stuff were the Puritans made. This copy, bought on general library funds, is in a beautiful red morocco binding done by C. Kalthoeker in the early nineteenth century.

Another Puritan divine, one of the most zealous, who has been described as standing “as a brazen wall against popery” was Thomas Taylor whose *Regula Viva, the Rule of the Law under the Gospel, Containing a Discovery of the pestiferous sect of Libertines, Ani-
omiarians, and sonsne of Belial, lately sprung up.* London: W. L. for 
Robert Dawman, 1631 came to Princeton also through general funds. This first edition is very rare indeed, there being no copy in the British Museum.

For contrast, there is a John Dryden first edition in its original calf binding: *Anna Miraibilis: The Year of Wonders, 1666. An His-
torical Poem, containing the progress and various successes of our Naval war with Holland, and describing the Fire of London,...* 1667. This helps to round out Princeton’s very good collection of Dryden first editions. It was bought on the English Seminary Fund.

We have called these highlights, and they are indeed, but per-
haps it was an overstatement, because it seems to leave no suitable word for the very great treasures Princeton received in the early editions, including the first English and first French (the original, of course, being in Latin), of Sir Thomas More’s *Utopia.* A librar-
ian’s delight in handling, within one short week, the first edition in French, translated by Jehan LeBlond, Paris, 1550, the first in Eng-
lish translated into “Englishye by Raph Robynson citizen and goldsmythe of London,” 1551, the second English, 1556, and the third English, 1597, can be equaled only by the scholar and true bibliophile. All of these are beautiful copies, a pleasure just to look at and hold, and Princeton is more than fortunate in securing them, as the competition in acquiring More’s works is very keen,—especially since his canonization by Pope Pius XI in 1935 after which the great Catholic institutions vied with one another to acquire the rare editions. The first English edition is on the list of One Hundred Best Books and its acquisition was made possible through the generosity of John G. Buchanan ’69. The other edi-
tions were purchased on the Le Brun Fund which has been re-
ponsible for so many of Princeton’s splendid additions of the Montaigne and Rabelais period.

New and notable additions in the field of drama and the theatre are varied in scope this autumn. An excellent source book for the study of the Elizabethan stage is to be found in Thomas Heywood’s *An Apology for Actors, London: Nicholas Oakes, 1612.* Heywood, besides having a hand or, as he himself said, at least a “maine fin-
ger” in over two hundred plays, was a player in Henlowe’s com-
pany, the Queen’s Servans, and the companies kept by the Earls of Southampton and Worcester,—and he produced every form of literature. The Library purchased this extremely rare volume, beautifully bound by Riviere, from general library funds.

Old playbills are always fascinating and the Seymour Collection has many, but there are still gaps. One or two gaps have been filled substantially by the collection of over one hundred and fifty Covent Garden playbills covering the period 1783-1829 and fea-
turing such actors as Lewis, Henderson, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Inchbald, Pope, Mrs. Webb and Miss Wallis; and thirty Drury Lane playbills with such names as Edmund Keen, Mme. Vestris, Fanny Kelly and so on; and some ninety-three playbills of the famous Macready, for thirty years the acknowledged head of English acting.
In this field, too, Princeton has a new treasure. William Butler Yeats, the Abbey Theatre, Mrs. Patrick Campbell—all three mean much in the theatre—and here we have all three together. Briefly, we might list this little collection thus: W. B. Yeats—{Deirdre}. Prompt copy with 6 pages of alterations [1908]; three copies of Deirdre (one in proofsheets) 1907; all from the collection of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But this is only a tiny part of the story. As for the prompt-copy, which is in typescript, it is annotated throughout in pencil and ink, some of the notes in the hand of Mrs. Campbell who played the part of Deirdre at the New Theatre in 1908, and some of that of Yeats. The proofsheets are corrected in Yeats’ handwriting, recording alterations in text and stage directions. One of the bound copies is marked “Prompt-Copy,” and is annotated by both Yeats and Mrs. Campbell, so that one can easily see how the play was produced. The title-page bears this inscription in Yeats’ hand: “The stage directions in this copy were a good deal changed during recent rehearsals. W.B.Y. Nov. 15, 1908” and there is a plan of the setting drawn by him. Perhaps one will like best, however, Mrs. Campbell’s note in pencil: “One sees nothing until one sees its beauty.” This collection came to Princeton through the joint resources of the Theodore Sanxay Fund and the fund given by U. J. P. Rushton, ’36 in memory of his father.

The constantly increasing interest in American history and literature of late years has made the scarce titles more and more difficult and costly to obtain, but careful scanning of catalogues always produces results. Two items recently added to Princeton’s growing collection of Americana are noteworthy: William Ray’s Horrors of Slavery: or, The American Tars in Tripoli . . . written during upwards of nineteen months imprisonment and vassalage among the Turks, Troy, 1808 (the first edition) purchased on the Gulick Fund; and Alexander S. Withers’ Chronicle of Border Warfare, or a History of the Settlement of the Whites of North-Western Virginia; end of the Indian Wars and Massacres in that Section of the State . . . Clarksville, Va., 1837, on the Class of 1880 Fund.

Two titles dealing with sports are widely different in period and type. One, a 17th century item, is entitled The Gentleman’s Recreation, in Four Parts; (viz.) Hunting, Hawking, Fowling, Fishing, 1674, and treats, in addition to the sports, “of Diseases and dangerous Accidents, incident to Hawks, and their several cures”—in short, a perfect handbook for the sportsman of three hundred years ago. It was bought on the Henry Matthews Zeis Memorial Fund. The other, bought on general Library funds, brings us nearer our own time, although still a hundred years in the past. It is a periodical—The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette, thirteen volumes 1822-1828, covering every conceivable form of sport, even “pedestrianism” and “accompanied with striking representations of the various subjects.” The illustrations alone are worth several hours’ time.

Just as the Chronicle goes to press another “find” appears in the collection of Thomas J. Wise’s proofsheets of titles by George Borrow, one of them with Wise’s own corrections, together with twenty-eight autograph letters of Wise.

A handsomely bound copy of the script of the motion picture “Wilson,” together with a collection of stills has been presented to the Library’s Woodrow Wilson Collection by the producer, Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck.

Since several other friends have contributed to the purchase of Landor’s Poems which was written up in the April issue of the Chronicle, it seems time to give a complete listing of those who have helped to make possible the acquisition of this treasured volume. The book-plate inserted in it reads “Purchased on the Theodore W. Hunt, ’69 Fund (it was an error that this was credited to the Gulick Fund) with the assistance of Frederic E. Camp ’28, George P. Faust ’27, Bernard C. Heyl ’37, Clement R. Hoopes, II ’29, Richard L. Kennedy, Jr. ’28, Robert C. McNamara ’09, Datus C. Smith, Jr. ’29, Irwin W. Thompson ’27, Willard Thorp, James R. Ullman ’29.”
As associate professor of history at the College of the City of New York, Dr. Michael Kraus, who has published a number of papers on the cultural relations between Great Britain and her American colonies, is well qualified to analyse the correspondence exchanged between Samuel Stanhope Smith and Charles Nesbit which we are publishing in this number.

In reply to our query about the disappearance of the Princeton orrery, Miss Dina Cunningham, Research Librarian of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, wrote calling our attention to the Rittenhouse orrery which is still preserved at the Franklin Institute. We knew that this instrument was a replica of the Princeton orrery, constructed by Dr. Rittenhouse as a solace to the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania when in 1770, Dr. Witherspoon, President of the College of New Jersey had stolen a march on them by offering the impetuous Dr. Rittenhouse two hundred and fifty pounds, hard cash for his "clock-work contrivance for illustrating the motion of the heavenly bodies." Since we were journeying to Philadelphia to inspect the very splendid exhibition, *Three Centuries of American History, 1493-1793*, which commemorates the newly formed association of the Free Library and the Library Company of Philadelphia, we decided to stop in at the Franklin Institute. We were disappointed to learn that their famous Rittenhouse orrery had been sent out of the building but as we wandered through the Astronomy department, our eyes fell on a small object of ivory and brass, encased in mahogany and we were very much excited to discover that this miniature object was a pocket orrery which had belonged to Thomas Jefferson. Since the editing of the Papers of Thomas Jefferson is going on right here in the Library we thought it might be worth while to find out what that famous gentleman had to say on the subject of the orreries. In a letter to Dr. Rittenhouse, dated July 19, 1778, Jefferson wrote: "The amazing mechanical representation of the solar system which you have conceived and executed has never been surpassed by any but the work of which it is a copy." In his Notes on
Virginia his praise is even more laudatory: "Rittenhouse has not indeed made a world; but he has by imitation approached nearer its Maker than any man who has lived from creation to this day."

However, all this does not help us to discover what may have been the fate of the Princeton orrery and we are grateful to Miss Margaret Shields of the Fine Library for summing up her comprehension of the matter as follows:

"Maclean's History of the College of New Jersey (Vol. 2, p. 56) shows that on April 4, 1804 the 'Trustees' committee on the orrery authorized the President to complete a contract with Henry Voigt of Philadelphia for the repair of the instrument and budgeted five hundred dollars for the purpose. However, there seems no evidence that the orrery was ever put back into functioning order, possibly because no successor to Rittenhouse could be located with sufficient mechanical skill to restore it. Although college catalogues of around 1850 contain a paragraph on the manikins, mineralogical cabinets and other scientific equipment less valuable than the orrery, no mention is made of the orrery itself. Joseph Henry failed to mention it in his lecture notes and he would almost certainly have availed himself of it for illustrative purposes if it had been available during the 1850's. All this is negative evidence that the orrery was no longer counted among the assets of the College."

"It is true that according to Maclean the New York Ledger of October 4, 1879 states in referring to the orrayes: "Both are still preserved in the institutions for which they were made." On the other hand, Dean Magie, member of the class of 1879, who was immediately thereafter associated with the Physics department and acutely interested in the history of physics at Princeton, is quoted as saying that to his earliest knowledge the Princeton orrery was completely dismantled, its fine gears stored in boxes and used in the building of other apparatus. In view of all this it would seem that either its counterpart or a lesser apparatus must have been exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair and that the author of the Ledger article must have been misinformed about the Princeton orrery."

We have thought it suitable to reproduce here the famous "Lecture on the Orrery" by the English artist, Joseph Wright, in which a lamp placed in the center of the orrery to represent the sun throws a light on the surrounding group of figures, said to be portraits of the artist's family.
The personal correspondence of literary ladies has always held a fascination for us and this is particularly true when the lady combines with literary talents not only charm and shrewdness but a beauty that Lawrence was inspired to perpetuate on canvas and Byron to commemorate in verse. We think the Library very fortunate in having acquired recently a group of some thirty-five letters addressed to that nineteenth century diarist and novelist, Lady Blessington (1789-1849). It will be remembered that Lady Blessington, born Margaret Power near Clonmel in Tipperary County, Ireland, was when scarcely more than a child forced into a marriage with a sadistic army officer which lasted until his death in a drunken brawl opened the way for her alliance with a genial widower, Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. After traveling with her husband on the continent, Lady Blessington settled at Gore House, London, where her kindness and generosity established her as hostess to the literary and political celebrities of her time.

Since it has been said of Lady Blessington that virtually every noted man of the day was her guest at one time or another, it is not surprising to find included in the Library’s correspondence—letters written by such outstanding figures as Lord Brougham, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Marquess Wellesley and Isaac D’Israeli, father of the famous statesman. Besides a letter written by the Duke of Wellington to Alfred, Count d’Orsay, the estranged husband of Lady Blessington’s stepdaughter there are a number of letters regarding the publication of Lady Blessington’s memoirs, exchanged by her nieces Marguerite and Ellen Power with Walter Savage Landor and Lady Blessington’s biographer, R. R. Madden.

While we are discussing this correspondence, we can scarcely pass over another important acquisition touching upon Lady Blessington which has recently come our way—a collection of some ninety letters addressed to Albany Fombanque, the brilliant and witty journalist who so spiritedly espoused the cause of liberalism in England. The letters written by such distinguished literati as Leigh Hunt, Lady Blessington, Count d’Orsay, Lord John Russell, Lady Morgan, Lord Normanby and Theodore Hook, mainly discuss contributions to the Examiner, a weekly periodical launched by John Hunt and his more famous brother, the essayist and poet, Leigh Hunt. Albany Fombanque served as chief editor of the Examiner until he took over its publication, and included in this collection is a manuscript presumably in his hand, which discusses in detail the trial and imprisonment of Leigh Hunt for publishing the scathing article which characterized the Prince Regent as a “fat Adonis of Fifty,” but which earned for Hunt the lasting support of such friends of tolerance and freedom of speech as Lord Byron, Shelley, Thomas Moore and Jeremy Bentham.

An undergraduate in search of a topic for the Whig Hall News recently posed this query to us—“When did the custom of stealing the clapper of the Nassau Hall bell originate?” We replied that we knew the tradition was an old one which had probably caused the college authorities much anguish and we betook ourselves to the Library’s manuscript files, where we discovered among the Maclean papers a note dated “Newark, March 19, 1864,” in which Mr. Walter Rutherford, Chairman of the New Jersey Committee for the Metropolitan Fair, wrote to tell President Maclean that he had recently received a communication stating that the clapper of the Nassau Hall bell was on its way to the receiving depot in Jersey City and suggesting that as a valuable relic it be displayed at the fair. Chairman Rutherford felt that since the note was unsigned by any of the college authorities, he might take the liberty of asking whether it actually was the clapper of the bell or merely a hoax. “President Johnny” replied that the clapper of the old bell had been destroyed at the burning of Nassau Hall in 1802 and he promised to send a man to Jersey City for the “new clapper” which had been stolen two weeks previously. We are wondering if this is the first theft perpetrated in the tower of Nassau Hall or if any of our readers know of an earlier ascent of the ladder.

THE TREASURE ROOM
The Princeton Heritage, 1746-1868, a selection of books, manuscripts, prints, portraits and other Princetonian was on exhibition during the summer months.

To commemorate the dual anniversary of Alexander Pope, 1688-1744 and Gerard Manley Hopkins, 1844-1889, an exhibition of rare editions of these two English Catholic poets was arranged and has been discussed by Dean Root elsewhere in this number of the Chronicle.

In celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Penn on October 24, 1644, an exhibition of Penn’s religious tracts from the Library’s permanent collection, was on display during the month of October. Mr. Alexander Armour generously loaned us two interesting documents to show with this exhibition—one a deed conveying “a lot between Fourth and Fifth
streets from the Schuylkill River," dated May 14, 1684 was signed by William Penn, Proprietor and Governor of Pennsylvania, the other dated May 10, 1774 bears the signature of his grandson, John Penn.

NOTE ON FORTY MERCER STREET

During the past year the collections of books and prints at Forty Mercer Street have continued to grow and the demand for prints to decorate the rooms of undergraduates has kept the Princeton Print Club’s collection of some four hundred prints in constant circulation. A special purchase fund established by Mrs. G. B. Lambert has made possible the addition of forty contemporary prints with the prospect of another hundred framed prints to be acquired. The 1945 Membership print is to be a serigraph in several colors, by Harry Shokler and will be ready for delivery in February.

The inclusion of non-undergraduate members in the regularly held seminars has maintained a full membership with waiting lists for the seminars devoted to the study of print mediums. Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer and Dr. Albert Einstein were among recent visitors while Mr. B. W. Huebsch spoke at a meeting of one of the book collecting groups.

E. A.
This second title is most welcome for it is the first 16th Century work on the list now owned by Princeton.

It may be of interest to the Friends to have a complete listing of the 54 titles in our Library. The titles follow:

Sir Thomas More. A frugetful and pleasant worke . . . called Utopia 1516
William Shakespeare. Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies 1623
Ben Jonson. The worke 1616
Francis Bacon. Of the proficience and advancement of Learning 1605
   The Essays or Counsells 1625
John Donne. LXXXI Sermons 1640
   Poems, by J. D. 1638
Robert Burton. The Anatomy of Melancholy 1621
Thomas Hobbes. Leviathan 1651
Isaac Walton. The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, 1670
John Milton. Poems of Mr. John Milton 1645
   Paradise Lost 1667
John Dryden. Absalom and Achitophel 1681
Jonathan Swift. Travesies into several Remote Nations of the World by L. G. 1726
Alexander Pope. The Rape of the Lock 1712 (Miscellaneous Poems and Translations)
George Berkeley. A Treatise concerning the Principles of human knowledge 1710
    Earl of Chesterfield. Letters written . . . to his Son 1774
Samuel Johnson. The Prince of Abisinia 1759
   The Lises of the Most eminent English poets 1779-81 (Dublin)
James Boswell. The Life of Samuel Johnson LL.D. 1791
Oliver Goldsmith. The Deserted Village 1770
Edmund Burke. Reflections on the Revolution in France 1790
Henry Fielding. The History of Tom Jones 1749
Laurence Sterne. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy 1760-67
Thomas Percy. Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 1765
S. T. Coleridge. Biographia Literaria :1817
Coleridge and Wordsworth. Lyrical Ballads 1798 (London)
William Wordsworth. Poems 1807
Sir Walter Scott. The Lay of the Last Minstrel 1805
P. B. Shelley. Adonais 1821
Prometheus Unbound 1820
John Keats. Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems 1820
Charles Lamb. The Last Essays of Elia 1833

Thomas Carlyle. The French Revolution 1837
Satter Resputus 1838
T. B. Macaulay. The History of England 1849-51
Cardinal Newman. Apologia pro Vita Sua 1864
Lord Tennyson. Poems 1842
In Memoriam 1850
Robert Browning. Men and Women 1855
The Ring and the Book 1868
J. S. Mill. On Liberty 1859
D. G. Rossetti. Poems 1870
A. C. Swinburne. Poems and Ballads 1866
Matthew Arnold. Essays in Criticism 1865
Culture and Anarchy 1869
Poems 1869
Thomas Hardy. Tess of the d'Urbervilles 1891
Edgar Allan Poe. Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque 1849
Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Scarlet Letter 1850
Walt Whitman. Leaves of Grass 1855
R. W. Emerson. Essays, First Series 1841
Herman Melville. Moby-Dick 1851
H. D. Thoreau. Walden 1854
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