Young Literary Princeton Fifty Years Ago
BY BOOTH TARKINGTON ’93

I
n talk not long ago with a fellow-survivor of the Princeton "Coffee House" I felt reassured when his memory, like my own, declined to present us with the names of more than six or seven members of that agreeable association. It was formed during the winter of ’92, ’93 for the purposes of companionship and the easy and familiar discussion of belles lettres generally; but my recollection, vague and no doubt faulty, is that the more devoted concern of our meetings was with the "Welsh Rabbits," the concluding feature.

We were not strictly undergraduate: Jesse Lynch Williams ’92, Post Wheeler ’91, and Harry Franklin Covington ’92—the first a graduate student, the other two instructors—were members; but the rest of us, perhaps a dozen, were all either Seniors or Juniors. The Lit. Board was of course represented and in those days the Lit. was entirely a Senior institution. The Editor-in-Chief of that venerable magazine, "Pop" Newton, was a Coffee House member; and my room-mate, "Big" Murray, and I, Newton's subordinates on the magazine, never failed to be present, for the reason that the meetings took place in our apartment labeled "U" in old University Hall, now lamentedly extinct.

The title of our organization, the Coffee House, seems to give a clue to our literary preoccupation with the eighteenth century in England and perhaps our Coffee House was a far-flung boys' voice echo of "the Club" that centered itself upon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and contained among others Boswell, Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Gibbon and Bennet Langton. I think the Coffee House talked of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, too, and of
Mary Wortley Montagu and Pope and Horace Walpole, and at times went back as far as Dean Swift, Dryden, Addison and Steele. We were by no means absorbed in the past exclusively, however; I doubt if there was a meeting in which we didn’t become modern and therefore disputative, some of us setting up what we thought we knew were the jolting merits of George Meredith against what others believed the suave perfections of Robert Louis Stevenson. Those two and Howells and James and Mark Twain and Bret Harte and Hardy and Barrie and Kipling were our moderns for prose, though I recall that sometimes we included Daudet, Cherbuliez, Balzac, Victor Hugo and Flaubert.

Tolstoy and Turgenev of course must also have been known to us; but Dostoevski and Chekhov weren’t names to be heard in young American circles in that decade, nor had Gorki made an impression here with his early followings of Emile Zola. This last was no bone of contention in the conversations of the Coffee House. Probably all of us had read La Terre, Le Debacle and other novels by him; but the mere truth is that we looked upon Zola as a clumsy writer with a heavy hand and gross tastes, therefore no great figure in our world of letters. So astonishing are the mutualities of even a little space of time that not a member of the Coffee House would have asked a “nice girl” if she had read La Terre. Such a question would have been at least an indiscretion and the questioner would have rued it if she had told her mother. Could we have foreseen what plant would grow in our own country from the seedling influence of this writer we’d have thought we looked upon a neoromantic monstrosity. We couldn’t have believed that even the style of his translators would become the acclaimed texture of voluminous wide-marketed American writing or that the Zola insurgence, spreading to camp followers, would one day put into print, for even “nice girls” to read, words then seen only dabbed in mud on back-alley fences. Poor Zola! Historians yet may trace to him our recent political exploitations of the “Common Man”—not Common Woman; that would never do! Zola’s real peasant is by no means preposterously the ancestor of this rhetorical myth.

We were aware of Oscar Wilde and sometimes mentioned him, a little puzzled but more with Gilbert-and-Sullivan laughter. Could we have known of Joyce and Proust, then nowhere possibly to be thought on our most distant horizon, we’d have had for them that same laughter. Proust would have added boredom to the mirth; but Joyce, accomplishing his mystifications by means of omitted punctuation and other customary facilities for communicating thought, we’d have taken as pure joke upon “his” public. Stephen Crane and Harold Frederic were in the offing, as was “Trilby.” We’d have liked these; but we were a short time too early for them. Walt Whitman we knew, and Melville; but had no impulse to take either of them seriously. I think we mentioned Austin Dobson sometimes, perhaps quoted him a little; but our modern poets were Tennyson and Browning—the one often upheld against the other—and Swinburne and James Whitcomb Riley. There was sometimes argument about Ruskin, a hot subject because some of us had heard painters say it were better that this man had never been born.

We were the more vehement in our small controversies over our moderns because we were “interested” in their persons, nearly all of them at that time being alive, subject to the special curiosities concerned with the living and also on that account being the more incentive to attack and champaignage. Most of us, I think, had in at least the backs of our minds some will-o’-the-wisp of a project for one day practise the art of writing more or less professionally; hence the ardor of our literary likes and dislikes, the which we of course supposed to be founded upon our thoroughly adult discriminations. My recollection is that we were all eagerly positive; we thought we knew.

One of us we looked upon nevertheless as finally authoritative—Jesse Williams. He wrote better than any of the rest of us could, consequently had the prestige of a technician, and we all recognized the fact that his literary tastes were not impulsive; moreover, he was neither dogmatic nor timid. He was suggestive rather than argumentative and could do a great deal with a word or two. We were the surer of ourselves when he agreed with us, had to tremble internally for our taste when he didn’t. He was the kindest person in the world; but we were almost afraid of him when we remembered that he was the friend of Droch and talked with him on familiar terms. It was Jesse, I think, who persuaded Droch down from New York to a Lit. dinner and frightened the rest of us by calling him Bob.

Who was Droch? In our eyes, as in the eyes of virtually all of the reading young people of the United States, Droch was the king-opinionator of the world. His exquisitely condensed reviews of books appeared every week in a delightful periodical called...
Life, an American cousin to London Punch. Drawings in Life, humorous but elegantly knowing, gave young people the fashions for the clothes they wore, and Droch's reviews gave us the fashion for our literary thinking. Droch was Robert Bridges of the Princeton Class of '79—"Woodrow Wilson's class"—and affiliated with the publishing house of Scribners, that Princetonian monument. He was a tall man, distinguished, with a black Vandyke beard, and, although nobody could well have been more cheerfully genial with us when he came to that Nassau Lit. dinner, not one of us except Jesse Williams drew an easy breath in his presence.

None of us of the Coffee House would have been surprised if then we could have known that Jesse was to write The Stolen Story and The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls. We'd not have understood, though, if we'd known that he was to become, moderately, a socialist—or that I, too, was later to think of myself for some years as of that affiliation. Princeton undergraduates of those days were but dimly aware of socialist doctrines; the name of Marx had no significance for us. Coffee House meetings didn't bring up the name of H. G. Wells, nor had Bernard Shaw any place in our discussions. All that was for later; the prodigious effect of Shaw upon the hopping imaginations of the young hadn't begun to happen—we didn't see ourselves as dazzlers of the old and the stodgy. We were "modern" but still deferential.

There was a novelist of that day whom we all liked, especially when we beheld his handsome person; but if Princeton had a Coffee House to-day I doubt if any place on its programs would be found for him. In '93, however, we talked eagerly of his latest book, which I believe was Greifenstein. He gave a reading from it when he filled an evening of a lecture course in the old Presbyteri- tan Church, and the crowded audience, faculty as well as students and townsfolk, felt privileged to see and hear an author whose prestige, as well as popularity, was so great as his. He wrote, alas! too quickly and with too copious a facility, or perhaps the knowing literary young of our universities might still sometimes be talking of Marion Crawford.

In '95 we did not place him with James, Meredith, Hardy, Howells or the others of our top-bracket novelists; we saw him, rather, as alongside Besant, even the elder Dumas, authors dependent upon tales of physical adventure wherein suspenseive interest is maintained by means of ever-threatening violence. I'm not sure that we were able to make this simple discrimination, but we had some perception of it and understood that authors concerned with the study and revelation of the "human soul" were better entitled to our consideration than those who sought to keep us breathlessly entertained by melodrama.

Of course we sought, too, for the well-built sentence, the revealing phrase and the consistent paragraph. We were not insensitive to the texture of writing. Moreover, we did not lack stimulation from "the curriculum"; no student of Dean Murray's courses in English ever wholly forgot what he had from classroom lectures by the Dean. Those lectures dealt little, perhaps not at all, with our moderns of that day; but they did implant some fundamentals within us as well as enlighten our preoccupation with the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. Like Thackeray we were more interested in what kind of brechex General Wolfe wore than with his military science. We wanted the enlivening color of the concrete; but Dean Murray could hold us spellbound with an analysis of the spiritual quality of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Undeniably most of us looked upon a great part of our classroom work as a chore; but there were hours that our resisting young minds recognized, startled, as treasurable.

What moderns would be paraded forth to be applauded or boo-ed by a Coffee House of 1945, if such a group could be imagined as gathered now? Those evenings of ours were not of the days of miasmatic best-sellerism; dozens of authors fresh every week didn't make press-agented autographing tours of the country; reviewers had no wholesale spasms of strained ecstasy for millions of full-page advertising blurbs. We were not propaganda-ed, indocrinated or merely dazed by our moderns. We had only a few of them to consider; but we might well have said, "After us the Deluge!" If a member of the Coffee House of '93 could find a Coffee House of '45 and sit through a session would he, poor ghost! recognize a name either of an author or a book? Would he comprehend the members' thoughts; would he even understand their language? "Fifty-odd years" is but a breath in astronomic time; but in a world of flux it can seem long.
THE JO DAVIDSON BUST OF WOODROW WILSON

On November 7, 1945 at a ceremony held in the Faculty Room of Nassau Hall, a bust of Woodrow Wilson executed by Jo Davidson in 1916 was presented to Princeton University by Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris. The words of appreciation expressed by Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., in the program of the ceremony are given here:

When, in 1916, Jo Davidson swiftly but most thoughtfully modelled this admirable bust of Woodrow Wilson, there was a happy affinity between sculptor and sitter—both were idealists, both fighting radicals. The moment was one that brought out the covenanter and prophet in President Wilson. War was plainly becoming inevitable, but for Woodrow Wilson it was not to be just another war, it was to be a war to vindicate great moral principles and to extend them worldwide. All this meant a difficult campaign against human inertia and cowardice, against selfish and false views of our national interest. So the sculptor saw the great man before him steeled and ready for the contest with backward-looking veteran statesmen abroad and bemused or self-seeking politicians at home. By a miracle of penetrating vision and a paradox of fine craftsmanship Jo Davidson expressed the fighter and the prophet in Woodrow Wilson, as what looked like little blobs of clay came together to create the confident pose of the fine head and the brooding alertness of the austere face before its vision of a better and peaceful world. With singular skill, devotion, and understanding Jo Davidson has made visible and durable the outward look and inward dream of one of our greatest Americans.

—FRANK J. MATHER
The Woodrow Wilson Collection

BY HENRY W. BRAGDON

The Woodrow Wilson Collection in the Princeton University Library is one of three important collections bearing his name. His personal papers are in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, the bulk of the material there being what was collected and used by Ray Stannard Baker in writing his monumental biography. An account of this collection may be found in the Library of Congress Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions, Volume 2, Number 2, February, 1945. The Library of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, 45 East 65th Street, New York City, has specialized in books and documents relating to the League of Nations in particular and international relations in general. The heart of the Woodrow Wilson Collection at Princeton is the most complete existing accumulation of Wilson's writings and of books about him.

The Collection was inaugurated in 1924, shortly after Wilson's death, with an original gift of about two thousand dollars. Accretions since have come through regular library funds and through occasional gifts both of money and materials. It includes not merely all Wilson's major writings but also a remarkably complete file of his magazine articles, reports of addresses, and printed public papers. As far as I can find out without making an exhaustive check, it includes all or nearly all biographies of him in English as well as a number of memoirs of men who knew him in one connection or another. It also contains a variety of books in which Wilson or the public problems with which he dealt figure prominently. In no other library are Wilson's writings and what has been written about him so conveniently and fully available.

Adjacent to this collection is the Library's Manuscript Collection which contains a number of Wilson's manuscript writings, all of the period before his entrance into politics with the exception of the manuscript of his first Inaugural Address, written on his own Hammond typewriter with its distinctive small type and with corrections in his own hand. In this, one of his greatest state papers, Wilson, as always, wrote remarkably clean copy with about two or three minor corrections to a double-spaced page of typescript. This copy of the Inaugural Address of 1913, the latest manuscript writing in the collection, is the most valuable, but the earliest is per-
haps the most interesting from the human side. It is a student notebook used by him during his last year as a schoolboy, 1873-1874. It contains Greek and Latin exercises, notes on lectures on permutations and combinations; these reveal little except that Tommy Wilson, as he was then known, already wrote a copperplate hand, as he did throughout his life until his last illness, and that he had learned shorthand, in this case using it to copy passages assigned for translation from English into Greek. The notebook also reveals the young Woodrow as the son, nephew, and grandson of Presbyterian ministers, for it contains a synopsis of a sermon by one “Rev. Prof. Latimer” on “walking humbly before God,” and there is a notation dated May 3rd, 1874, to this effect:

“I am now in my seventeenth year and it is sad, when looking over my past life, to see how few of those seventeen years I have spent in the fear of God, and how much time I have spent in the service of the Devil. . . . If God will give me the grace, I will try to serve Him from this time on, and will endeavour to attain nearer and nearer to perfection . . . .”

The collection of manuscripts includes about twenty-five or thirty addresses delivered by Wilson between 1896 and 1910, many of them written on his own typewriter. These, like the Inaugural, contain a few very corrections made in ink, occasionally in shorthand and these only concerning minor points of verbiage; the main line of Wilson’s thought was apparently always clear before it appeared on paper. Of course for many of his speeches Wilson made simply a few shorthand notes or longhand head and spoke almost extemporaneously. With an imaginary House of Commons or United States Senate before him, he had started as a boy of fifteen to train himself to speak extemporaneously. Even when he wrote out a script, which he did only for important addresses, he frequently departed from it both in detail and in large according to the inspiration of the moment or the mood of the audience. However it might be with individuals, Wilson could in a very short time put himself almost on terms of intimacy with an audience and give his speeches the effect of inspired conversation.

These manuscripts, while important and interesting, do not necessarily contain what Wilson actually said—he delivered many “lost speeches.”

Another recently established category which might come under the general heading of manuscript writings are the notes taken by undergraduates on Wilson’s course lectures. Received by the Library largely as the result of a request made in the Princeton Alumni Weekly, these notes on courses dating from 1896 to 1909 are classified under the following headings: American Constitutional Law or Constitutional Law—seven; Jurisprudence—five; Politics—three; Constitutional Government—two; English Common Law—two; English Constitutional History—one. From these lecture notes one may glean, even as if through a glass darkly, elements of Wilson’s political thought which never found their way into print, some of them being reserved perhaps for his dreamed-of magnum opus, “The Philosophy of Politics,” which never got beyond the stage of random notes.

Of the 120-odd letters from Wilson to some fifty correspondents which are housed in the Manuscript Collection of the Library the most valuable and interesting series is a set of 115 letters to his warm friend and classmate, Robert Bridges, who served on the editorial staff of Scribner’s Magazine (1887-1914). These date from 1885-1910. For the years before Wilson became President of Princeton in 1902 these letters are full and revealing. To Bridges he explained his early ambitions: to study and live in Germany and France in order to see foreign institutions at first hand, to get away from Bryn Mawr where he felt that “teaching young women who never challenged his authority in any position he might take was slowly relaxing his mental muscle;” to get an “Ass’t Sec’yship of State” in Cleveland’s cabinet, to write stories and light essays under a nom de plume, to get a position on the Princeton faculty (as he did in 1890). In his anxiety to have Bridges visit him, in his writings of the doings of his classmates, in his accounts of his family life, these letters show again that human side which Wilson’s friends have been at strident pains to affirm and his enemies to deny. They also show how much he was interested in sports; there was something in football which particularly appealed to Wilson’s passionate and sometimes combative nature and he knew a good deal about the game. In a letter dated November 27, 1888, he bewails “those two goals from the field” which “coming right on top of the huge disappointment of the election” (of 1888) have been too much for him; on November 18, 1898, he tells Bridges that there is “not a ghost of a chance of our beating Yale,” not merely because “Penn., the despaired Penn., beat us; but because (this is in confidence) incredibly stupid coaching, without invention or even decent understanding of the possibilities of the game, has thrown admirable material—admirable in spite of hurts and mishaps—away.”
A recent addition to the collection of letters is a letter in long-hand to John W. Fielder, a real estate agent of Princeton, dated March 4, 1895. It concerns the sale of a piece of property Wilson owned on Washington Street in Princeton. Whatever the value, he was willing to sell to Mr. Davidson (apparently a friend of the Hibbens) "at the lowest possible figure" because, he writes, "I am anxious above all things to dispose of the land in a way I shall like to remember. Hence my strong wish to come to some bargain that will benefit my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Hibben—and Mr. Davidson, whom I have had such pleasure in meeting."

As has been mentioned above, there are sometimes remarkable differences between Wilson's manuscript of his speeches and the published reports of them. It is therefore interesting to find this letter to a member of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, dated December 17, 1902:

"My dear Sir:—

I am afraid that I am so constituted that I am obliged to be very unserviceable to newspaper men. I do not speak from manuscript, and whenever I have tried before an address to write out or dictate a brief summary of what I intended to say, or a long summary either, for that matter, it has turned out that I actually said something very different, both in structure and expression, so that what appeared in the newspaper was an independent article, and not a correct report of my address. I have been obliged, therefore, to fall back upon what expert stenographers could do for me.

I am very sorry. I should sincerely like to serve the Eagle in any way that is possible, but what you suggest is unhappily not possible.

With much appreciation,

Very sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson"

(Letter typed and signed by Wilson—name of addressee erased.)

The letters in the Princeton University Library dating from the period of Wilson's public career, 1910 to 1921, are of little importance or interest, but one of those written to Ray Stannard Baker during the period between his retirement from the Presidency of the United States and his death contains this significant observation: "I know of no man who has more perverted the thinking of the world than Karl Marx . . . ."

One portion of the Woodrow Wilson Collection is made up of various representations of him. These include portraits in a number of different mediums, photographs of Wilson, and of people and scenes figuring in his life, a collection of postcards representing or pertaining to him, and some thirty cartoons. The cartoons are mostly originals and include work by Keppler, McCutcheon, Will Crawford, and Rollin Kirby. Ten of the cartoons in the Otho Cushing Collection of cartoons also relate to Wilson's presidency.

Through the contributions of a group of generous friends the Princeton University Library has recently acquired materials collected by Ray Stannard Baker in the course of writing his biography of Wilson and for some reason or another not placed in the Library of Congress.

Probably the most valuable portion of the Baker papers is the material on the Versailles Conference. This comprises seventeen boxes of material as yet only roughly classified under general headings. (See Appendix A.) Through Colonel House, Baker was appointed head of the American Press Bureau at the conference and was therefore in a peculiarly advantageous position to gather material; furthermore he was the recipient of a large trunkful of materials which Wilson himself carried away from Paris.

The Versailles Conference papers include various drafts of the League Covenant. One of them is a first draft as originally written by Wilson, inscribed in the President's hand: "For Ray Stannard Baker (Confidential)." On the first copy of the Covenant to come from the press at Paris is the inscription: "Ray Stannard Baker. With the warm regards of Woodrow Wilson."

I perused in detail only a single box of the material, entitled "Memoranda and Reports of the American Commission to negotiate peace, April-May, 1919." A transcription of some of the notes I made will give an idea of the character of the papers which are to be found in the collection; it may also give the reader, as it did me, an immediate sense of the complexities facing the Conference of 1919, similar in large and sometimes in detail to those facing the statesmen of the world today. Be it said that the following notes cover only four days, April 1-4, 1919:

Instructions for General Smuts regarding his mission to Hungary. Summary of French newspaper opinion. Means by which international cooperation in agriculture may be carried out. Document authorizing General Foch to entertain a proposal to send Polish troops from one of the points under Allied control on the Rhine to Poland and to use Danzig (sic), if the German government will give permission. Discussion by General Tasker H. Bliss, who suggests that
the German government is fighting for its life, shows evidence of a cooperative attitude. In his opinion "it seems a pity that she cannot in any way be heard while the peace terms are being discussed."

Discussion of danger of Civil War in Posen and West Prussia.

German views on the peace terms, and protest against the use of Danzig by the Poles.

Wickham Read tries to arrive at a formula for the Saar and for demilitarizing the Rhine in discussions with Clemenceau. Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson: "Soond is a very old friend of Clemenceau's and it may be well to let him try his hand at this if you consider this reasonable."

A memorandum to Wilson from C. H. Haskins as a result of a conference with British and French experts on the Saar.

Memorandum to Woodrow Wilson from the Hungarian Press Association asking him to use his influence "to stop the spreading of Bolshevism in their native land."

Report of a discussion by financial representatives of Great Britain, United States, France, Italy on reparations—how should they be assessed? (The French, for instance, wanted to include soldiers' pensions.) What shares should go to different Allies, composition of the commission on capacity to pay, etc.

Letter from Secretary of State Lansing enclosing telegrams relative to the political and economic conditions of the USSR and their request for recognition. Would Woodrow Wilson kindly give his views on the matter?

Suggestion that the United States through the War Finance Commission promote trade with enemy and with reparated and liberated countries, as the British are doing, and that the United States set up permanent trade bureaus in all important European points of distribution.

A protest from the delegation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes about Italian efforts to denationalize their countrymen on the east coast of the Adriatic and ruthless persecution of the intellectual classes, with accompanying documents to prove that this is being carried out according to a "systematic" plan.

Copy of an irregular reply by D. Lloyd George to a paper by Clemenceau on handing over the Danzig Germans to the Poles. Notation by D. Lloyd George to Woodrow Wilson: "I thought on the whole it was better not to take it too seriously."

"Translation of an editorial by Perénix in the Echo de París entitled "Mercantilism and Its Politics," charging that the Anglo-Saxon nations are less interested in seeing France, Italy, and Belgium get rightful reparations than in reestablishing profitable commercial relations with central Europe. If persisted in, this will undo everything. Germany will be rehabilitated with United States and British capital and will break her treaties."

Reports of negotiations between Erberger and Foch as to sending Polish troops through Danzig and as to certain relaxations of the armistice.

Memorandum on the phrasing of the reparations clauses of the treaty with British, French, Italian, and United States comments and reservations.

Report in French of a conversation between Colonel House, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando on the Czecho-Slovak-German border, with particular reference to Trachen.

In glancing through this and other boxes of the Versailles Conference papers I was struck by how much the delegates, particularly the British and French, had become obsessed by the specter of Bolshevism and how involved they had become with efforts to suppress it both in Russia and adjoining countries. Americans may forget, although the Russians surely have not, that at one time Russian revolutionary armies faced Allied troops on five fronts—Archangel, the Baltic, Poland, the Ukraine, and Siberia. Among the strongest protagonists of suppressing or containing leftist movements was Winston Churchill and I found a record of this passage at arms between him and Wilson, dated February 15, 1919.

Wilson: Among the many uncertainties connected with Russia, he had a very clear opinion about two points. The first was that the troops of the Allied and Associated Powers were doing no sort of good in Russia. They did not know for whom or for what they were fighting. They were.setting any promising effort to establish order through Russia..."

His conclusion was, therefore, that the Allied and Associated Powers ought to withdraw their troops from all parts of Russian territory...

Churchill: said that complete withdrawal of all Allied troops was a logical and clear policy, but consequences would be the destruction of all non-Bolshevik armies in Russia. These numbered at the present time about 500,000 men and though their quality was not of the best, their numbers were nevertheless increasing. Such a policy would be equivalent to pulling out the linch-pin from the whole machine. There would be no further armed resistance to the Bolshevists in Russia, and an insurmountable vista of violence and misery was all that remained for the whole of Russia.

Wilson: The consequence is inevitable; sooner or later we'll have to clear out.

The rest of the Ray Stannard Baker papers include:
1) His collection of books by and about Wilson.
2) Articles and reprints used by Mr. Baker and William E. Dodd in editing The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson.
3) Photographs of Wilson, and of scenes and persons in his life ranging from a picture of the Bryn Mawr campus in 1887 to a group of fifty photographs taken of Wilson and the American delegation at the Peace Conference.
4) About thirty reports written by Baker from Europe for the Department of State between March and December, 1918. These deal with the state of opinion, particularly among parties of the left, in Great Britain, France, Italy, and Ireland. These letters are of extraordinary interest, for Baker was a first-rate reporter and had unusual opportunities to talk with political leaders of every shade of opinion.

5) Six folders containing miscellaneous papers, including preliminary sketches for portions of Mr. Baker’s biography, reviews of the biography, odd clippings and newspaper articles.

6) Correspondence between Mr. Baker and over fifty people. (Their names are given in Appendix B.) The portions most interesting to me in this section of the papers have little to do with Wilson. They include: A) An interchange of letters with Louis D. Brandeis dealing with savings bank insurance (1909), with scientific management (1910), and with the advance, the uses, and the abuses of trade unionism (1912); B) A correspondence running from 1906 to 1912 with the elder Senator La Follette and his family; this is particularly enlightening in regard to the rise of the “Insurgent” movement in the Republican Party after 1910; C) A number of letters from Franklin Roosevelt of which two are significant: in one written to Wilson during the summer of 1918 Roosevelt makes it clear that he will on no account accept nomination for the governorship of New York because he feels that his duty lies in his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and if at any time he were to leave this position, “it could only be for active service.” In the other letter, dated March 20, 1935, the President answers a letter from Mr. Baker suggesting a more continuous and passionate appeal to the moral sense and idealism of the American people; he affirms that the public psychology cannot because of human weakness “be attuned for long periods of time to a constant repetition of the highest note in the scale.”

Finally I should mention the great wealth of direct and collateral material on Wilson contained in the Princeton Collection of the University library. Wilson was seventeen when in 1875 he came to the College of New Jersey, as it was then officially known, or “Princeton College,” as it was commonly called. He was connected with Princeton as student, teacher, and president for twenty-four of the remaining fifty years of his life. Princeton shaped him more than any other institution except the Presbyterian Church and he shaped Princeton more than any other president since the time of its founding, with the possible exception of James McCosh.

The full story of Wilson’s formative years as an undergraduate has never been fully told; many of the sources for it are found in the Princeton Collection. They are found in the files of the Daily Princetonian of which he was the Managing Editor and for which he apparently wrote most of the editorials; in the Minutes of the American Whig Society, in which because of the ability displayed in extemporé debate and in business meetings Wilson rose to be the highest officer; in student scrapbooks which portray the life of the undergraduates in the ’90s; in a variety of minor sources, such as examination papers, notes of professors’ lectures, the Bric-a-Brac, and the Class Books of ’99, all of which reward the searcher with nuggets of information.

I might give a single example of the sort of question on which a careful perusal of these sources sheds light. Certain biographers have portrayed young Tommy Wilson as a poor preacher’s son from the poverty-stricken post-bellum South, arriving at Princeton friendless and overcoated, carrying his few belongings in a carpetbag. And from this stereotype sprang the charge that his later attack on the undergraduate clubs and his opposition to the practices of certain businessmen and bankers were simply a manifestation of a poor boy’s early envy of wealth.

Yet classmates remember Tommy Wilson as well-dressed; they remember that his friends were among the wealthiest members of his class; one of them used to sell him as much as fifty dollars worth of books at a time. (Parenthetically, Wilson had to own books; without benefit of Mortimer Adler he early formed the habit of underlining and annotating his favorite books in order to digest them.) And then in the records one discovers that Wilson’s room in Witherspoon, a dormitory erected while he was in college, was one of the most expensive single rooms available; one finds on the evidence of the Class Books that the Alligator Club of which he was a member was composed of relatively affluent undergraduates; that among his intimates he numbered none of the poor boys studying for the ministry; that later at the University of Virginia he ate in the most expensive boarding house. Of course the fact was that Wilson’s father held two positions with a total income of more than $4,000 and his mother had a modest independent income. So the myth of the penniless preacher’s son evaporates and with it the notion that Wilson’s early
environment created an envy of wealth which was reflected in his later career.

But all this has taken us afield. Far more important for the study of Wilson's career are the abundant materials in the Princeton Collection having to do with his presidency of Princeton which nearly split the university apart and yet which turned it in eight years from a "country college" to something more like the national university of which he dreamed. In the Princeton Collection are nearly all the obvious sources such as the President's reports, the Princetonian, and the Tiger, the Princeton Alumni Weekly, contemporary articles about Wilson's innovations, and the pamphlets which were spawned at the height of the Graduate College controversy. Here too are gratifying surprises such as the scrapbooks kept by C. W. McAlpin, the Secretary of the University. These turn out to be a gold mine. McAlpin subscribed to a clipping bureau which supplied him with materials on Princeton and little or nothing which came to him did he reject. For instance, one of his scrapbooks contains over two hundred editorials and articles about Wilson's election as President of Princeton to succeed D. F. Paton; these reveal not only the nationwide interest in the election of the first layman to preside over Princeton's destinies, but also the wide and favorable reputation which Wilson's writing and speaking had already won him.

In short, then, the student of the career of Princeton's most famous son can find in the Princeton University Library a rich and varied mass of information about him. If funds be available, I should suggest that when the Woodrow Wilson Collection is housed in the new library, provision be made for the constant display of material such as cartoons, photographs, and manuscripts. I suggest further that there be an intensification of the present efforts to see that the library possesses as near a complete collection as possible of Wilson's writings, speeches, and public papers, with a large proportion of what has been written about him.

Appendix A.

**TYPEWRITTEN, MIMEOGRAPHED, AND PRINTED MATERIALS ON THE VERSAILLES PEACE CONFERENCE OBTAINED BY THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY FROM RAY STANNARD BAKER**

Early copies of the Covenant of the League of Nations; two early copies of the Treaty of Versailles;
American Commission to Negotiate Peace: typewritten memoranda, reports, copies of letters and documents, mimeographed records of conversations and meetings.

**Pleatory Sessions:** reports of proceedings, mimeographed and typewritten.

The Big Four: copies of reports on colonies, Italy, the League, Japan, mandates, Russia, Syria, Shantung, and the Tyrol.


Papers by American experts on the problems of the Peace Conference, used as background by the American Peace Commissioners.

Reports of the following peace conference or international organization, typewritten or mimeographed:


Bulletins of the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments. Various printed publications of foreign governments, including white papers.

Peace Conference publications.

League of Nations publications.

Pamphlet material on the League of Nations controversy and on the ratification of the Versailles Treaty in the United States.

Appendix B.

**CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN RAY STANNARD BAKER AND THE FOLLOWING PERSONS IS INCLUDED AMONG THE PAPERS IN THE WOODROW WILSON COLLECTION:**

- E. A. Alderman
- Gordon Auchincloss
- Stockton Axton
- Newton D. Baker
- Bernard M. Baruch
- Albert J. Beveridge
- General and Mrs. Tasker H. Bliss
- William E. Borah
- Louis D. Brandeis
- Donald M. Brodie

William J. Bryan
Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Burrison
Champ Clark
Bainbridge Colby
Charles K. Crane
George Creel
Homer Cummings
Albere B. Cummings
Josephus Daniels
Cleveland H. Dodge
Charles W. Eliot  
Henry B. Fine  
Felix Frankfurter  
Lindley M. Garrison  
James W. Gerard  
Carter Glass  
Cary T. Grayson  
T. W. Gregory  
Burton J. Hendrick  
Herbert Hoover  
Edward M. House  
Manley O. Hudson  
Mary A. Hulbert  
Cordell Hull  
Robert M. La Follette, and family  
Thomas W. Lamont  
Woodrow Wilson

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane  
Breckenridge Long  
Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo  
Vance C. McCormick  
Walter Hines Page  
A. Mitchell Palmer  
Frank L. Pott  
William C. Redfield  
Mrs. Harry F. Reid  
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt  
Theodore Roosevelt  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre  
Agnes B. Tedcastle  
Joseph P. Tumulty  
John Sharp Williams  
Margaret Wilson

LION TAMER
By Louis M. Glackens
Annis and the General: Mrs. Stockton's Poetic Eulogies of George Washington

By L. H. Butterfield

I have seen General Washington, that most singular man—the soul and support of one of the greatest Revolutions that has ever happened, or can happen again... In all these extensive states they consider him in the light of a beneficent God, dispensing peace and happiness around him... The Americans, that cool and sedate people, who in the midst of their most trying difficulties, have attended only to the directions and impulses of plain method and common reason, are roused, animated and inflamed at the very mention of his name; and the first songs that sentiment or gratitude has dictated, have been to celebrate General Washington.


The apotheosis of Washington as a patriot-saint began long before Parson Weems in 1800 issued his collection of Washington anecdotes, "marvellously fitted," in its author's correct opinion, "ad captandum gustum populi Americani!!!" And it bids fair to extend far beyond Mr. Howard Fast's recent fine dramatization of Washington's retreat across the Jerseys in The Unvanquished. The present article, with the aid of some new documents, describes an early episode in the history of one of our oldest and most deeply rooted national traditions.

Annis Stockton was in one respect perhaps unique among Washington's friends. Her connection with him was formed by poetry, an art alien to his taste. As a Virginia gentleman, Washington cultivated dancing and music, and he dearly loved the theater. He bought many books, but his reading interest ran to military and agricultural treatises rather than to belles-lettres. It has been observed more than once that almost the only literary quotations in the vast body of his writings are drawn from Joseph Addison's stiff and prosy tragedy Cato. Few writers were among his intimates. To be sure, Colonel David Humphreys, Washington's aide and secretary at various times, wrote patriotic poems that achieved a certain repute; but on the other hand, as literary historians seldom fail to point out, Washington called the best poet among his countrymen a "rascal." During his years of fame Washington was the recipient of innumerable poetic tributes. Unfailingly modest, he
always declared himself ill-qualified to judge their merits. The truth probably is that they moved him little.

This was not the case with the eulogies sent him by Mrs. Stockton of Princeton. However, she was something more than a poet; she was also a lady—a fact of which she admittance took full advantage in furthering her friendship with her hero and the nation’s.

In the middle years of the Revolution, when their friendship began, Annis Stockton was no longer a young lady. As the wife of Richard Stockton, colonial judge and signer of the Declaration of Independence, she was the mother of six children, the mistress of a manorial homestead to which she had given the romantic name of Morven, and the author of some conventional verses that had appeared from time to time in the provincial press. In the winter of 1776-1777, after the headlong retreat of Washington's troops from the Hudson to the Delaware, Morven came directly in the cross-fire of the two armies. With a letter driven beyond the Delaware and thereby rendered harmless (as his pursuers supposed), the British posted three regiments of Hessians in Trenton and established a post of their own at Princeton. Colonel William Harcourt, recently distinguished for his capture of General Charles Lee, occupied Morven as his headquarters. The Stockton family had fled to Monmouth County, but not before Annis Stockton had collected and hidden sundry state papers and the records of the college's American Whig Society, a service for which she was rewarded with honorary membership in the Society.

On Christmas night Washington's army made a famous crossing of the Delaware at McKonkey's Ferry above Trenton, captured the greater part of the Hessian garrison, and recrossed to the Pennsylvania side almost without the loss of a man. Within a week, encouraged by success and reinforcements, his army was again across the river ready to venture another thrust. But the way was now blocked by a powerful army under Cornwallis, who had moved up to the Assunpink Creek at Trenton for a swift and thorough chastisement of the Americans. Washington thereupon marched by night (2-3 January) east and north around Cornwallis, routed the British forces left at Princeton, and made a clean getaway to a central and defensible position at Morristown. The

British now drew in all their scattered outposts to the safety of New Brunswick and Perth Amboy, and the Jerseys remained American territory.

This is a bare summary of one of the turning-points of the Revolution. To all patriots Washington's brilliant but hazardous strokes brought the first hope after a bitter series of reverses; to the British commanders and the expectant Tories they brought chagrin and dismay; to Washington they brought the first great measure of fame as the savior of his country.

To the Stockton family the campaign must have brought mixed feelings, for it was accompanied for them by domestic tragedy. At Morven the family plate, papers, and other treasures had been destroyed or carried off. These losses, of a kind so often later alleged on the basis of mere tradition, are verified by Annis Stockton's own statement in her manuscript volume of poems, and further by her brother, Elias Boudinot, to General Carleton, the British commander at New York, dated from Princeton 3 October 1783. Boudinot, then president of Congress, wrote as a private citizen, stating that Richard Stockton's whole personal estate had been seized by troops under the command of Lord Harcourt. "His Title Deeds—Bonds Acct Books, and other Papers therewith, personal Property to the Amount four or five Thousand Pounds were taken and lost." The legal papers "would be a great acquisition to the Widow & Children Whig Society, if they could be possibly obtained, and they cannot be of the least use to any other person." Would Carleton be so good as to order an inquiry and search for these articles? It does not appear that anything came of this request, but the facts recited suggest that Stockton had been singled out for severe treatment during the British invasion. Probably Tory vindictiveness had something to do with it. At any rate, sometime during December 1776 Stockton's place of refuge was revealed by a Tory acquaintance, he was marched in wintry weather to a Perth Amboy military prison, and was used so ill there and later in New York that in the American lines he was reported dead. He was alive, but after Congress had protested his ill-treatment and arranged an exchange, Stockton returned to Morven a sick and broken man. Under duress—there can be no other explanation, for he had been


3 Quoted in my earlier article on Morven, p. 6.

4 Boudinot, Boudinot, I, 475-8.

5 Richard B. Morris, article on Stockton in The Dictionary of National Biography; William Shippen, Jr., to Jasper Yeates, 4 January 1777 (Bail Papers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania).
a vigorous supporter of the patriot cause up to this time—he had signed Howe's declaration of amnesty for Americans pledging themselves to take no further action against royal authority. Surviving family letters suggest that during the three years of life left to him he was physically incapable of any such action. On 24 November 1780 his wife wrote to her friend Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson:

If you could for a moment witness my situation, you would not wonder at my silence. totally Confid to the chamber of a dear and dying husband, whose nerves have become so irritable as not to be able, to bear the scraping of a pen, on paper in his room, or even the folding up of a letter, which deprives me of one of the greatest of pleasures I could have in my present situation for alas! I have Leisure painful Leisure Enough thro all the tedious length of November nights, these nights, that the Zenith of the dark domain are Sunshine to the prospect of my mind, I use Doctor Young's words because I can use none of my own, that can so well describe the feelings of my heart—for Indeed my dear friend, I am now all together discourag'd.  

Three months later Richard Stockton died.

Mrs. Stockton's devotion to her husband's memory remained faithful and strong. But there can be no doubt that the military achievements and later the warm personal regard of General Washington did much to mitigate her grief. Her own faith in the revolutionary cause had never wavered from the time when the news of the battle of Bunker Hill had reached Morven. Now, having returned to her pillaged home, she wrote her first tribute to the leader who had wrested New Jersey from the invader.

The Muse affrighted at the clash of arms,  
And all the dire calamities of war,  
From Morven's peaceful shades has long retir'd  
And left her favorite votary to mourn  
In sighs not numbers o'er her native land.  

Dear Native land, whom Georges hostile Slaves  
Have drench'd with blood and spread destruction round  

But thou my Countries better Genius come  
Heroic Washington and aid my song  
While I the wonders of thy deeds relate  
Thy martial ardor and thy temp'rate zeal—  
Describe the fortitude the saintlike patience  
With which thou hast sustain'd the greatest load  
That ever guardian of his Country bore.—

What Muse can tell the Conflict of thy soul  
When thou beheld thy bleeding Countries woes  
Or who describe the hardships thou went thro  
In winter's cold unhostile reign  
Unarm'd unclad undisciplin'd thy men  
And pressed by numerous hosts of victor troops  
All well appointed for the harsh fight  
When quite deserted by the tattered bands  
Which form'd thy camp; but all but a chosen few  
Of spirits like thy own was forc'd to fly  
From Hudson's side before the victor foe—  
Ahi! who can paint the horrors of that morn  
When fame with brazen trumpet sound'd loud  
That Washington retreats? Cæsarea's maids  
Old men and matrons children at the breast  

With hair dishevell'd and with streaming eyes  
Implor'd the God of Armies to protect  
Their best hope and now their greatest care  
And shew his power to potentates below  
While hosts of Cæsar's Captive slaves announce  
Thy triumph in their haughty lords disgrace  
Nor good Enæs who his father bore  
And all his household gods from ruin'd troy  
Was more the founder of the latian realm  
Than thou the basis of this mighty fabric  
Now rising to my view, of arms of arts  
The seat of empire in the western world—  
For thee awaits the patriots Shining crown  
The laurel blooms in blest Elysian groves  
That twin'd by angel hands shall grace thy brow.  

A vacant seat among the ancient heroes  
Of purple amaranth and fragrant Myrtle  
Awaits for thee high rais'd above the rest  
By Cato Sidney and the sacred shades  
Of bright illustrious line from greece and Rome  

And long to hail thee welcome to the bower  
Late may they lead thee to the blest abode  
And mayst thou meet the plaudit of thy God  
While future ages shall enroll thy name  
In sacred annals of immortal fame.


* Grant Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Dr. Young is Edward Young, author of Night Thoughts (1742-45).

* This poem, "Addressed to General Washington in the year 1779 after the battles of Trenton and Princeton," is in a bound volume of Anna Stockton's poems labeled "Boultin MSS," owned by Mrs. Bayard Stockton and deposited for safekeeping in the Princeton University Library. Extracts are printed here with the kind permission of the owner.

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* MS.: "Cæsareae's."
Here as elsewhere Mrs. Stockton dispenses her figures in the
statuesque groupings favored by the current school of heroic
painting. The scenes she describes might well have attracted
the brush of Benjamin West, and indeed West's pupil John Trumbull
was shortly to paint a whole series of revolutionary battle pieces
in this heavy-handed neo-classical style. Most of the themes later
acknowledged by a swarm of panegyrists will also be found here: the
saint-like qualities of Washington's character; the trials he en-
dured from winter, desertsions, and the lack of supplies and dis-
cipline among his troops; the inevitable parallels between the
American commander and famed leaders of great but difficult
causes in antiquity; and, finally, the prediction of America's
future greatness as the seat of empire, arms, and arts in the western
world.

Apparantly Mrs. Stockton did not send her poem either to Wash-
ington or to the public press but kept it by her. It is probably,
though not certainly, the poem Elias Boudinot enclosed in a letter
he wrote to Washington early in 1779, to which Washington re-
plied on 28 February from Middlebrook, saying that he found
himself "extremely flattered by the strain of sentiment in your
sister's composition." He requested Boudinot to present "my best
respects to her, and assure her, that however I may feel inferior
joy to the praise, she must suffer me to admire and preserve [the poem]
as a mark of her genius tho' not of my merits." This letter does
not make clear whether Annis had yet met the General, but it is
very likely that she had. The Boudinot family had moved from
Elizabethtown to Baskingridge at the time of the invasion of
New Jersey. They were thus within a few miles of the Continental
headquarters at Morristown and Middlebrook and lived on terms
of domestic intimacy with General and Mrs. Washington.

The first certain meeting between the title characters of this
narrative was a brief but momentous one that occurred late in
August 1781. Earlier that month the news had reached American
headquarters on the Hudson de Grasse's sailing from the West
Indies with a French fleet and army, and Washington determined
at once upon a combined operation against Cornwallis in the
South. After elaborate feasts at New York, his army and Rocham-
beau's marched for Head of Elk. On the 29th Washington made
a brief stop at Morven. From this meeting at a crucial moment of
the war, together with the ensuing victory at Yorktown, sprang
several of Mrs. Stockton's poems and her near idolatry of Wash-
ington. The circumstances of the meeting and the state of her feel-
ings then and later may be seen in a letter she wrote her brother
Elias on the day she heard the news of Cornwallis' surrender:

My Beloved Brother

I received and thank you for your line by the Stage: with heartfelt
transport, I give you joy on the happy success of our arms in this great
Event; joy to you and to all your worthy Brethren in Congress, the
aspect that the capture of Lord Cornwall's and his whole army, will
give to our affair in Europe; and to the southward, is Such, as most
cause the heart of Every Lover of their Country, to beat high; with
transport at the glorious news and even I, that of late so seldom feel a
glow of Joy on my own account, when I think of the importance of it
and the feelings, of my suffering friends and countrymen, of the South-
ern States, on this occasion, I am all most in rapture.

Brigade ye muses, from the aonian grove,
The wreath of Victory, which the sisters wove,
Wove and laid up in Mars most awful fame
To crown my Heroe on the Southern plain
See from Castalia's Sacred Fount they haste
And now all ready, on his brow his plac'd
The Trump of Fame aloud proclaims the Joys
And Washington is crowned reecho's to the Sky
Pardon this fragment the fit is on me, and I must jingle and it is lucky
for you that you have no more of it, you will smile at my being so
interested but tho' a female I was born a patriot and I cant help it if
I would.

What pleasure my dear Brother it gives the mind conscious of their
most fervent Daily prayers answered in so great an Event, I am
sure for my part, since the day General Washington went from this
house and I guessed the Enterprize I have had it so much at heart, that
I have not for[get] it, day nor night, and so I will [take] pleasure in
viewing it as the answer of my prayers, and if We women cannot fight
for our beloved country, we can pray for it, and you know the widows
mite was accepted.

But I see you are out of patience, as soon as you open this letter, and
me thinks I hear you say, how much prate has three lines brought on
me, I have not time to read such a letter as this and wrote with such
paie Ink too.—

Indeed my Dear Brother I think you are very Sparing of your lines,
and if you dont write more next time I'll write my next twice as long
as this.11

10 Washington, Writings, ed. J. G. Fitzpatrick, (Washington, 1931-44), XIV, 164. All
references to Washington's Writings are to this edition.

11 From a photostatic copy in the Princeton University Library. Original in the
possession of Miss Mary Stockton of Princeton, New Jersey.
The few lines of verse in the letter were soon expanded into a poem of respectable length which was printed over the signature "EMELIA" in The New-Jersey Gazette for 28 November 1781. This was by no means the end of it. It was later incorporated in an elaborate and very long-winded pastoral, called "Lucinda and Aminta," which reviews in a pretended dialogue between two shepherdesses "the events which had occurred since the beginning of the war." These events are the expected ones, and though the account of Washington's campaign in New Jersey adds some fresh details to her earlier poetic account, it would be tedious to quote the poem here. The affectations of the pastoral manner, so dillilently cultivated in the eighteenth century, arouse disgust rather than pleasure in the modern reader, especially when the verse itself is mediocre. We like better the blunt opinion of Mrs. Stockton's son-in-law, Benjamin Rush, who once remarked (speaking as a psychiatrist) that "Happiness, consisting in folded arms, and in pensive contemplation, beneath rural shades, and by the side of purling brooks, never had any existence, except in the brains of mad poets, and love-sick girls and boys."

The pastoral was not sent to Washington until the following summer. He replied at once, from Philadelphia, saying that it had given him "great satisfaction."

Had you known (he continued) the pleasure that it would have communicated, I flatter myself your inflexion would not have delayed it to this time. . . . This address from a person of your refined taste, and elegance of expression, affords a pleasure beyond my powers of utterance; and I have only to lament, that the hero of your Pastoral, is not more deserving of your pen; but the circumstance shall be placed among the happiest events of my life."

In the summer of 1783 the friendship was strengthened by the arrival of General and Mrs. Washington at Princeton for a protracted stay. The treaty of peace had been signed in Paris and hostilities had ceased in April, but the Continental Army was waiting to enter New York, still held by the British. Summoned to consult with Congress, which was now sitting at Princeton, Washington established his headquarters in Judge Berrien's home at Rocky Hill, near the Millstone River, four miles north of Princeton. On 26 August the commander-in-chief attended Congress and was addressed on behalf of that body by its president, Elias Boudinot. No doubt Annis Stockton was an interested looker-on. Within a few days she had composed her own poetical welcome to Washington and had sent it off accompanied by this short but interesting apology: "Once more pardon the effusions of gratitude and esteem, or command the Muse no more to trouble you, for she cannot be restrained even by timidty." The poem follows.

With all thy Countries blessings on thy head
And all the glory that Encircles Man,
Thy martial fame to distant nations spread
And realms unblest by freedom's genial plan

Addres'd by Statesmen Legislatures Kings
Rever'd by thousands as you pass along
While Every Muse with ardour spreads her wings
To greet our Hero in immortal Song:

Say can a female voice an audience gain?
And stop a moment thy triumphal Car
And will thou listen to a peaceful strain?
Unskil'd to paint the horrid Scenes of War

Tho oft the Muse with rapture heard thy name
And place'd thee foremost on the Sacred Scroll
With patriots who had gain'd Eternal fame
By wondrous deeds that penetrate the soul

Yet what is glory what are martial deeds
Unpurified at Virtues awful Shrine
And oft remove a glorious day Succeeds
The motive only Stamps the deed divine

But thy last legacy renowned chief
Has deck'd thy brow with honours more Sublime
Twin'd in th'y wreathe the christians firm belief
And nobly own'd thy faith in future time

Thus crown'd return to Vermont's soft retreat
There with Amanda taste unmixed Joy
May flowers Spontaneous rise beneath your feet
Nor Sorrow Ever pour her hard alloy

15 The pastoral is in the bound volume of Mrs. Stockton's poems, labelled "Boudinot MSS." in the Princeton University Library.
17 July 1783; Writings, XXIV, 437-8.
May nature paint those blissful walks more gay
And rural graces haunt the peaceful grove
May angels guard you in your lonely way
And prompt the path to brierrier Scenes above

And oh! happily in your native Shade
One thought of Jersey Enter's in your mind
Forget not her on morrows humble glade
Who feels for you a friendship most refin'd

Emelia

Emelia may have been in a flutter of feeling when she signed and sent off her poem, but it could have been nothing to her pleasurable agitation upon receiving Washington's speedy reply, a letter which has been called "the most sprightly effusion of his pen." It contains probably the longest passage of literary criticism he ever wrote, and in elegance of style and gallantry of tone it would have done credit to the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

Rocky Hill, September 2, 1783

You apply to me, my dear Madam, for absolution, as tho' I was your father Confessor; and as tho' you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good, for I find myself strangely disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly Adviser on this occasion; and notwithstanding "you are the most offending Soul alive" (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant Poetry?) yet if you will come and dine with me on Thursday and go through the proper course of penitence, which shall be prescribed, I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay more, if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to shew you what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so, without more hesitation, I shall venture to command the Muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper.

You see Madam, when once the Woman has tempted us and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetites, whatever the consequences may be. You will I dare say, recognize our being the genuine Descendants of those who are reputed to be our great Progenitors.

Before I come to the more serious Conclusion of my Letter, I must beg leave to say a word or two about these Fine things you have been telling in such harmonious and beautiful Numbers. Fiction is to be sure the very life and soul of Poetry. All Poets and Poetesses have been indulged in the free and indisputable use of it, time out of Mind. And to oblige you to make such an excellent Poem, on such a subject, without any Materials but those of simple reality, would be as cruel as the Edict of Pharaoh which compelled the Children of Israel to manufacture Bricks without the necessary Ingredients. Thus are you sheltered under the authority of prescription, and I will not dare to charge you with an intentional breach of the Rules of the dialogue in giving so bright a colouring to the services I have been enabled to render my Country; though I am not conscious of deserving any thing more at your hands, than what the purest and most disinterested friendship has the right to claim; actuated by which, you will permit me, to thank you in the most affectionate manner for the kind wishes you have so happily expressed for me and the partner of all my Domestic enjoyments. Be assured we can never forget our dear friend at Morven; and that I am etc."

Mrs. Stockton undoubtedly accepted Washington's flattering invitation to dinner, but in her next copy of verses she denied his assumption, which was of course orthodox for the period, that the substance of poetry is fiction:

To General Washington an Epistle

Sir

When Infant voices lier thy honoured name
And Ev'ry heart reverberates thy fame
Oh charge me not with Fiction in my Lays
For heavenly truth, stood by, and twined the bays
Then bid me blind it, on my Heroes brow
And told me fame would Ev'ry sprig allow,
With Joy the Sacred mandate I obey'd
And on my Soul rush'd the Incanting Maid:
For not Apollo with his brightest Beam
Nor deeds which Maro Sung, inspir'd by him
Could animate my Song, like Such a theme
But ah! She kept far distant from my view
That the bright wreath would be disclaim'd by You.

I grant that Fiction with her airy train
In ancient times held a despotic reign
When Virgils Heroes death and ruin hurl'd
And Ev'ry fight depopulates a world
They trac'd their Lineage from the best abodes
Nor Sprung from Men they own'd no sires but Gods
But I the paths of sober reason tread,
Have seen thy actions, in the balance weigh'd
The universal voice will Join with me,
And Echo what, thy Country owes to thee.
O that thy Genius, would my lays refine,
And kindle in my soul, a ray divine.

17 Baker, Itinerary of General Washington, p. 266.
18 Writings, XXVII. 147-9.
Give me to gain the Summit of the hill,
And drinking Deep, of the pietian rill
Transmit thy virtues with the tide of time
And grave thy name, in characters Sublime
Some tuneful Homer, Shall in future days,
Sing thy Exploits, in celebrated lays,
While my ambition has no other aim,
Than as thy friend to set my humble name.

Emelia

Morven 2nd of Sept 1780

Whether this friendly debate was carried further does not appear. Washington left Rocky Hill early in November and entered New York later that month. On 23 December he resigned his commission to Congress at Annapolis and left promptly for Mount Vernon. Annis Stockton had meanwhile occupied her pen with a leisurely continuation of her pastoral allegory. Even longer than the first part, it was called “Peace. A pastoral dialogue part the second.” Lucinda and Aminta reappear in their idyllic retreat and exchange news of recent public events: the convening of Congress at Princeton and Washington’s residence there, the entrance of the Continental Army into New York, Washington’s farewell to his officers, and his progress southward:

Lucinda

But had you seen how keenly sorrow stung
The pensive shepherd as he pass’d along!
The silent tear had been a sweet relief
To save your tender heart from bursting grief
For me, I look’d till I could see no more
And then my sighs the plaintive Echoes bore
Sighs that were wait’d up to heaven in prayer
For blessings on him fervent as sincere.

The new poem was dispatched to Mount Vernon, with a letter now missing, on 4 January 1784; but “the intemperate weather,” as Washington noted in his reply of 18 February, “and the very great care which the post riders take of themselves” caused it to be five weeks in transit. As usual, he was genuinely pleased with Mrs. Stockton’s poetic offering:

I cannot . . . from motives of false delicacy (because I happen to be the principal character in your pastoral) withhold my sentiments on the performance for I think, the easy, simple and beautiful strains with which the Dialogue is supported do great justice to your genius, and will not only secure Lucinda and Aminta from Wit and Critic’s, but draw from them, however unwillingly, their highest plaudits, if they can relish the praises that are given, as highly as they must admire the manner of bestowing them.

The close of the letter, tendering the good wishes of the Washingtons to “the young Ladies and Gentlemen” at Morven, indicates that there had been exchanges of hospitality at Princeton during the preceding fall.

Matters rested here until Washington’s reluctant but dutiful return to public life in the spring of 1783 as a Virginia delegate to the Federal Convention at Philadelphia. His experience as commander-in-chief had convinced him of the need for a closer union among the states, and the events of the years after the war strengthened his conviction. As president of the Convention of the states he took his duties with the utmost seriousness, but his Diarists show that at the same time he enjoyed an active social life. Soon after he reached Philadelphia Mrs. Stockton greeted him with an address in verse, no copy of which appears to have survived. It was over a month before Washington replied, as follows:

Philadelphia, June 30, 1787

Madam:

At the same time that I pray you to accept my sincere thanks for the obliging letter with which you honored me on the 16th. July (accompanied by a poetical performance for which I am more indebted to your partiality than to any merits I possess, by which your Muse could have been inspired). I have to entreat that you will ascribe my silence to any cause rather than to a want of respect or friendship for you: the truth really is that what with my attendance in Convention, morning business, receiving, and returning visits, and Dining late with the numberless (personages) &c, which are not to be avoided in so large a City as Philadelphia, I have Scarcely a moment in which I can enjoy the pleasures which result from the recognition on [sic] the many instances of your attention to me or to express a due sense of them. I feel more however than I can easily communicate for the last testimony of your flattering recollection of me. The friendship you are so good as to assure me you feel for me, claims all my gratitude and sensibility, and meets the most cordial return. With compliments to your good family I have the honor, etc.

* * *

Writings, XXVIII, 557-8.

Writings, XXIX, 236.
From his diary we learn that Washington had dined this day with the Cold Spring Club at Springettbury Manor outside the city. He noted that "This was the ladies day." Perhaps this fact put him in mind of his indebtedness to a feminine admirer at Princeton.

The next opportunity that presented itself for an exchange of compliments occurred in the summer of 1788, when, after protracted contests in several of the states, it became known that eleven of the thirteen had ratified the new Constitution. Amid the general rejoicing Mrs. Stockton took pen in hand, but strangely enough her sentiments on this occasion were conveyed entirely in prose. Her letter is now lost. Washington replied to it in an altogether charming vein:

Mount Vernon, August 31, 1788

I have received and thank you very sincerely, my dear Madam, for your kind letter of the 3d. Instant. It would be in vain for me to think of acknowledging in adequate terms the delicate compliments, which, though expressed in plain prose, are evidently inspired by the elegant Muse of Morven. I know not by what fatality it happens that even Philosophical sentiments come so much more gracefully (forsooth I might add) from your Sex, than my own. Otherwise I should be strongly disposed to dispute your Epicurean position concerning the economy of pleasures. Perhaps, indeed, upon a self-interested principle, because I should be conscious of becoming a gainer by a different practice. For, to tell you the truth, I find myself altogether interested in establishing in the theory, what I feel in effect, that we can never be chained with the pleasing compositions of our female friends. You see how selfish I am, and that I am too much delighted with the result to perplex my head with the inquiry as to whether it is the real cause of my happiness. But, with Ciceron in speaking respectably of the immortal happiness of the Soul, I will say, if I am in a grateful delusion, it is an innocent one, and I am willing to remain under its influence. Let me only annex one hint to this part of the subject, while you may be in danger of appreciating the qualities of your friend too highly, you will run no hazard in calculating upon his sincerity or in counting implicitly on the reciprocal esteem and friendship which he entertains for yourself.

The felicitations you offer on the present prospect of our public affairs are highly acceptable to me, and I entreat you to receive a reciprocation from my part. I can never trace the concatenation of causes, which led to these events, without acknowledging the mystery and adoring the goodness of Providence. To that superintending Power alone is our restoration from the brink of ruin to be attributed. A spirit of accommodation was happily infused into the leading characters of the Continent, and the minds of men were gradually prepared, by disapp

poinishment, for the reception of a good government. Nor would I rob the fairer sex of their share in the glory of a revolution so honorable to human nature, for, indeed, I think you ladies are in the number of the best patriots America can boast.

And now that I am speaking of your Sex, I will ask whether they are not capable of doing something towards introducing feelings of public justice and national manners? A good general government, without good morals and good habits, will not make us a happy People; and we shall deceive ourselves if we think it will. A good government will, unquestionably, tend to foster and confirm those qualities, on which public happiness must be engraven. Is it not shameful that we should be the sport of European whims and caprices? Should we not blush to dis
"cover our own industry and ingenuity; by purchasing foreign super
"ficies and adopting fantastic fashions, which are, at best, ill suited to our stage of Society? But I will preach no longer on so unpleasant a subject; because I am persuaded that you and I are both of a Sentiment, and because I fear the proscription of it would work no reform.

You know me well enough, my dear Madam, to believe me sufficiently happy at home, to be intent upon spending the residue of my days there. I hope that you and yours may have the enjoyment of your health, as well as Mrs. Washington and myself; that enjoyment, by the divine benediction, adds much to our temporal felicity. She joins with me in desiring our compliments may be made acceptable to yourself and Children. It is with the purest sentiment of regard and esteem I have always the pleasure to subscribe myself Dear Madam, Your etc.

From the moment that ratification became certain it was virtually as certain that Washington would be called to lead his country again, this time in a civil capacity. After the electors had met and discharged their duty early in 1789, his election to the presidency was an open secret, and on 21 March Washington told Samuel Vaughan that "thy of the Soul, I have long dreaded, I am at last constrained to believe, is now likely to happen." Mrs. Stockton had already sent her congratulations in a letter and poem given below. They vividly reflect not only the writer's private feelings but also the ecstasy of patriotic emotion which the first election and inauguration aroused throughout the country.

Morven the 15th of March 1789

Will the most revered and most respected of men, suffer me to pour into his bosom the Congratulations with which I felicite my self on the happy prospects before us. I well know that there is nothing but the love of glory, and the enthusiasm of virtue, that is capable of animating a mind like yours—nothing but the sacred privilege of serving your Country, and dispersing happiness to millions, Could induce you to leave the calm delights of domestic ease and comfort—which you have

24 Writing, XXX, 757.
25 Writing, XXX, 237.
33
purchased a right to enjoy—with such well earned fame as nothing can enhance—except this one Sacrifice of your self to the publick good—by becoming the head of a government, that you and you only seem to be marked out by Providence as the point, in which all will center.—

All my beloved friend, you have an arduous task to perform, a severe Science to encounter but you are equal to it.—I bless my self—I bless posterity—but I feel for you.—

Nor will you deny that the Muse is Sometimes prophetic—when you recollect the ardour that almost censured my delicacy—which impelled me to seize your hand and kiss it when you did me the honour to Call on me in Your way to York town—even in that moment, this very era tho wrapped up in clouds, was present to my view, and my heart hailed you as the Sovereign (I will not say for people quibble at names) but the father of the United States, and you will smile to see the sensations of that day, which I have never forgotten, thrown into the form of a vision, which I again take the liberty to enclose to you—it is easy I own to prophecy after events happen—but it is a little different in this case, tho now it is embellished with numbers—I can truly say without fiction—the embryo sentiment was impressed on my mind on that day of what would probably take place, and I have nourished it in my heart ever since.—

Permit me to convey to you my thanks for the goodness you shew to me in Condescending to answer my scribbling—words can not give an Idea of the pleasure I take in receiving a letter from you—I own I write my self from a selfish principle—wholly Conscious that I can not Contribute in the smallest degree to amuse you, I anticipate the pleasing repast till I receive it, and least on it till I am impatient for another letter, and then I set to write—taking the advantage of your politeness that will not let a Ladies letter remain long unanswered.—

But this is the only time I have ever written to General Washington, that I have left a pensiveness amounting almost to regret at the thought that it is a kind of farewell letter as I must not presume to indulge my self by intruding on your time and patience, when you are surrounded with publick business therefore I was determined to answer your last most acceptable letter before you left Virginia. But I shall sometimes see you and my dear Mrs Washington, whom I sincerely love—and that will make up for all.—May the choicest of blessings flow on you both—whatever the tenderness of friendship, can dictate for the happiness of those we love, is the constant wish of my heart for you both—whatever may be your situation.—

My young folks desire their most respectful thanks for the notice Mrs Washington and your self are pleased to take of them, in your letters to me.—

I have the honour to be Dear Sir with the most perfect respect and esteem your most obliged and affectionate

Friend

A Stockton

The Vision an ode inscribed to General Washington

T'was in a beauteous verdant shade
Deck'd by the genius of the glade
With Nature's fragrant stores,
Where fairy elves light trip'd the green
Where Silvan Nymphs were often seen
To strew the sweetest flow'rs.

Lethean air from tempe's vale
Wafted an aromatic gale
And hail'd my soul to rest
I saw or missing seem'd to see
The future years of destiny
That brighten'd all the west.

The Muse array'd in heavenly grace
Call'd up each actor in his place
Before my wondering eyes
The Magic of the aolian maid
The world of vision wide display'd
And bid the scenes arise.

I saw great Fabius come in state
I saw the British Lions fate
The unicorns despair.
Sear'd in Secrecies divan
The chiefs contemplated the plan
And Yorktown clos'd the war.

Nor could this dazzling triumph charm
The feuds of faction or its rage disarm
Fierce to destroy to weaken and subvert
I saw the imps of discord rise
Intrigue with little arts surprise
Delude alarm and then the state desert.

My soul grew sick of human things
I took my harp and touch'd the strings
Full often set to woe
Conjur'd the gentle muse to take
The power of future knowledge back
No more I wish'd to know.

Rash mortal stop, she cried with zeal
One secret more I must reveal
That will renew your prime
These storms will work the wisth for cure
And for the state will health procure
And last till latest time.
The freeborn mind will feel the force
That Justice is the only Source
Of Laws Concise and clear
Their native rights they will resign
To men who can those rights define
And every burden bear.

The Sacred Compact in a band
Of brethren Shall unite each hand
And envys Self be dead
The body one, and one the soul
Virtue shall animate the whole
And Fabius be the head.

Roused from th' enthusiastic dream
By the soft murmer of the stream
That glisted thro the meads
I turn'd my lyre to themes refin'd
While natures gentle voices joint'd
To sing the glorious deeds.

When to himself the chief rever'd
In native elegance appear'd
And all things shin'd around
Adorn'd with evry pleasing art
Enthron'd the sovereign of each heart
I Saw the Hero crown'd. 26

Washington's reply to this outpouring of sensibility was friendly
but hurried and brief. 27 He was fully occupied with plans for a
long absence from Mount Vernon. On 16 April he left for the
capital at New York. As he moved northward his journey took on
more and more the character of a triumphant progress, with the
nation paying homage en masse to its uncrowned king. One strik-
ing episode was his reception at Trenton on the 1 st. On the bridge
over the Assumpink, where Washington had eluded Cornwallis
twelve years earlier, the ladies of the town had caused to be erected
a floral arch, supported by thirteen pillars and inscribed with the
legend: "The Protector of the Mothers will also protect their
Daughters." The ladies lined both sides of the bridge and sang an
ode of welcome while thirteen maidens dressed all in white strewed
flowers in the path of the advancing hero. 28 Washington was deeply
touched and took the pains to copy the ode and his reply to the
ladies into his Letter Book with his own hand. As allegory actually
come to life, the scene must have entranced Annis Stockton, who
was, we know, present. 29

Retiring to Morven as Washington continued his progress across
the state, Mrs. Stockton composed within the next few days a
poetical narrative of her recent experience:

Ofttimes when rapture swells the heart,
Expressive Silence can impart
More fu'll the Joy Sublime
Thus Washington my wondering mind
In every grateful arbor join'd
Tho' words were out of time.

The Muse of Morven's peaceful shade
Gave way to all the gay parade
For transport of her own,
She felt the tear of pleasure flow
And graces delightful flow
Wet to her bosom known.

Triumphant arches, gratulating song
And shouts of welcome from the mixed throng
"Thy laurels can not raise
We raise our selves exalt our name
And in the scroll of time we claim
An interest in thy bays.

For erst on Hudson's whiten'd plain
Where the blue mists enshroud the plain
And heroes spirits came
Anxious to seal thy future fate
Each on his cloud in awful state
Pronounce thee good as well as great
And fill thy Cup of fame.

26 She is listed among the participants by W. S. Stryker in Washington's Reception
by the People of New Jersey in 1789 (Trenton, 1886), p. 19. The authorship of the
ode sung at the bridge ("Welcome, mighty chief, once more") has frequently been
ascribed to her, apparently on the strength of G. W. Parkes Costa's account in his
Stryker, Baker, and other careful antiquarians assign the ode to Major Richard
Howell, an amateur poet of some note who was afterwards governor of New Jersey.
On the question of its musical arrangement see the interesting discussion in O. G. T.
Soumack and W. T. Upton, A Bibliography of Early Secular American Music (Wash-
ington, 1943), pp. 63-64.
While we the favorites of heaven
To whom these western climes are given,
And halcyon days await
May bless ourselves, and bless our race,
That God by his peculiar grace
Chose thee to rule the state.

Fame as she flies her trump shall sound
To all the admiring nations round,
And millions yet unborn
Will read the history of this day
And as they read will pause and say
Here nature took a turn.

For in the annals of mankind
Who ever saw a Compact bind?
An Empires utmost bound?
Who ever Saw ambition stand?
Without the power to raise her hand
While one the people crown’d.

Probably Mrs. Stockton meant to send this poem to the President at some later, more convenient time. But there shortly came to Princeton a letter, or several of them, written by Elias Boudinot in New York immediately after Washington’s arrival there. Her brother’s description of the festive crossing of New York Bay amid huzzas from both shores, the booming of naval guns, and the singing of almost as many odes as there were salutes, stirred Mrs. Stockton to act at once lest she be thought behindhand. She therefore dispatched the poem, accompanied by a note that shows she had indeed been speechless at the time of their meeting on the bridge in Trenton:

Princeton the 1st of May 1789

Sir
Can the Muse, Can the freind forbear? (for oh I must Call thee friend, great as thou art) to pay the poor tribute she is capable of (sic), when she is so interested in the universal Congratulation—I thought I Could testify my Joy when I saw you—but words were vain, and my heart was so filled with respect, love, and gratitude, that I Could not utter an Idea.

Be pleased to accept the enclosed sentiment of veneration, and add another obligation to those, you have already Confered, on your much obliged, and obedient Servant—

A Stockton

The President General

On the same day she sent another copy of the poem, in a letter which has a certain air of disingenuousness, to Elias Boudinot:

I send you enclosed an emanation of the muse—which I believe I should have suppressed—had not you mentioned in your letter to Dicky [Mrs. Stockton’s eldest son], that you expected something would be done in that way by me—if my talents were more suitable to the subject, how gladly would I string my lyre—to Join in the general testimony of Joy—but mean as it is if you think it will only add one sprig to the wreath, the Country twines—to bind the brows of my hero, I will run the risk of being sneered at by those who criticise female productions, of all kinds. you can put morven in a blank if you publish it but as you please for they lay a great deal to me that I never did?

The question whether to print or not to print was an old and recurrent one with Mrs. Stockton. To her, obviously, it seemed no easy matter to be at once a lady and a writer of verses. Doubtless her brother read her mind well enough through her hesitant and contradictory phrasing and sent her poem to a newspaper editor. Diligent search would probably reveal it and other pieces besides that she was too timid to acknowledge. But a more than adequate sampling of her poetic eulogies has already been provided. If for no other reason, our interest in them is sustained by our interest—never wholly to be satisfied—in the great man who was their subject.

12 Washington replied on 4 May in a brief note not printed by Fitzpatrick:

Dear Madam,

I can only acknowledge with thankfulness the receipt of your repeated favors—Were I Master of my own time, nothing could give me greater pleasure than to have frequent occasions of assuring you, more at large, with how great esteem and consideration.

I am dear Madam
Your most obedient
and most humble Servant
G. Washington

(Washington Papers, Library of Congress.)

13 Graze Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.
Henry W. Bragdon, a contributor to this issue of the Chronicle, has recently joined the teaching staff of Phillips Exeter Academy as instructor in history, having previously been affiliated with the Brooks School, North Andover, Massachusetts. A graduate of Harvard University and of Trinity College, Cambridge (England), Mr. Bragdon has for some time been engaged in research on Woodrow Wilson's academic career and is particularly well qualified to make this survey of the Library's Woodrow Wilson Collection.

Henry B. Thompson, Jr., '20, has generously presented to the Library the correspondence exchanged between Woodrow Wilson and his father, the late Henry B. Thompson, Trustee of Princeton University, 1906-1935. This collection of some twenty letters and telegrams, including two original letters of Woodrow Wilson and five of Joseph P. Tumulty, covers the period between 1907 and 1915. That Mr. Thompson offered friendly criticism and enthusiastic support to Woodrow Wilson both as President of the University and as President of the nation is indicated in a letter written by Woodrow Wilson to Mr. Thompson, May 14, 1914—"Your generous letter of May eleventh did me a lot of good. I think you can hardly realize how refreshing and delightful it is to me to get such evidences of the thoughtfulness and generous judgments of friends."

Mr. C. O. v. Kienbusch '06 has consented to let us print a letter which he has recently presented to the Library. This letter, dated March 27, 1907, was written by Woodrow Wilson to Edward W. Sheldon, Trustee of the University, and reads as follows:

My dear Ed,

Thank you most heartily for your letter. Your solicitude for me not only pleased and heartened me, it touched me deeply.

27 March, 1907

I can assure you I try to take care of myself. A certain amount of lecturing I must do every year, because every year I run a little into debt, and that is the easiest way to pay it off (hence the Columbia lectures, for example); but that does not go very hard. Work does not exhaust me. What wears is responsibility minus resources to make Princeton what she should be. The resources will come in time, however, and perhaps that anxiety will be lightened. I have reached the end of my speaking engagements now—except Columbia and an alumni dinner at Pittsburgh.

Your letter was a comfort and a tonic.

Affectionately yours,

Woodrow Wilson

Mr. Edward W. Sheldon

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND

When John Witherspoon, in an endeavor to replenish the funds of a war-ravaged college, visited England in 1784, he prepared a memorial which would portray both the worthy history and the present sad state of the college to those English friends of religion and learning, whom he believed would be of sufficiently liberal views to overlook the recent disagreement between Great Britain and America. Ashbel Green, successor to Witherspoon, states that such a petition was drawn up, but no copy has hitherto been known. V. L. Collins, biographer of Witherspoon, who visited England in search of original material, states that the memorial had apparently been lost. Recently, however, through the courtesy of the Morristown National Historical Park, of Morristown, New Jersey, the Library has received a photostatic copy of a manuscript in the hand of President Witherspoon which proves to be the missing memorial. Since we may now discover how Witherspoon dealt with the delicate situation of begging for the money to rebuild or replace what the British had destroyed in an unsuccessful war, and what line of reasoning he felt might open up British pockets, we think this document to be of sufficient interest to print here in its entirety:

"MEMORIAL FOR THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY—1784"

"The College of New Jersey was founded only about 40 years ago by a number of ministers and private Gentlemen for the promoting of Religion & Learning in America. They obtained a Charter with the most ample Privileges through the Interest of Govnr. Belcher, but never had any Endowment of Lands or Funds from the Public
[treasury]. This was perhaps in a great measure owing to themselves as they were afraid that if the State endowed [the college], the great State Officers would think they ought also to direct it. There is no Official Trustee in the Charter, but one was the Governor of New Jersey for the Time being.

"The Institution was therefore begun & has hitherto been carried on by the Assurances of private Persons in Britain & America, Friends to Religion, Learning & Liberty. Their Generosity was such that a commodious Building was erected at Nassau Hall in Princeton & a considerable Library provided. The People of America in particular at the Time of the present President's taking the Government of the College made a very vigorous & successful exertion raising in the Course of about two years, 69 & 70, upwards of £6000 sterling. By this Assistance the House was put in excellent Order, great Additions made to the Library, an Apparatus for experimental Philosophy provided of the most complete & perfect kind, and the famous orры of Rittenhouse purchased for the use of the College, as well as a considerable sum tended upon Interest.

"It may be safely affirmed not only that the Institution has been carried on with care & fidelity, but that the utmost attention has been paid to the moral Government of the Scholar, a circumstance absolutely necessary to the success of any Seminary. In consequence of this, many Persons who have been educated in that College have made the most distinguished Figures, not only in the name Professions, but in civil & political Life.

"The College of New Jersey, being seated in the very center of the Theatre of the late War in America, has suffered greater Injury than any other Institution of the Kind. The Building was laid waste, the Library almost wholly destroyed, the Apparatus entirely taken away, & the Orry much injured though not removed. In Addition to all this, what Stock the Trustees had funded, by the failure of Debtors & other Confusions in Consequence of the War, has been reduced to almost nothing.

Those who know any thing of the present State of America must know that few there can be in a Condition to lend any Assistance. The Friends of that College have been pretty generally the greatest Sufferers in the Course of the War, and the Presbyterian Body in particular have almost all their churches to rebuild which have been consumed by Fire or torn in Pieces.

"It is therefore hoped that Persons of enlarged & liberal minds who wish well to the Interests of Religion & Science in general and to the Human Race will contribute to restore this Seminary in an infant Country where the ancient & opulent Foundations for promoting Science, so numerous in Europe, are unknown.

"It shall only be further observed that such Acts of Generosity would have the happiest & most powerful Influence in renewing & strengthening the Affection between Great Britain and America."

We know that the petition was useless; that the presence of Witherspoon, a recent member of the Continental Congress and a rebel leader so notorious that British soldiers burned his figure in effigy, himself must have hindered the cause. After the expenses of the trip were paid, the balance in favor of the college amounted to five pounds and fourteen shillings. The general opinion seems to have been in accordance with the statement written on the back of the manuscript memorial: "On further consideration I thought it indecent for the United States that anything of a mendicant shape should appear in Britain."

Apparently Dr. Witherspoon, who from the first had seriously questioned the expediency of such a fund-raising expedition, was not alone in his experience, for representatives of Brown, Dartmouth and Dickinson colleges sent to Holland and France on similar missions were equally unsuccessful in obtaining subscriptions for their respective institutions. Thomas Jefferson, newly appointed minister to France, wrote on August 17, 1784, to Colonel Matthew Clarkson representing Columbia College that he doubted whether the results to be achieved would equal the expenses of such an undertaking, and Benjamin Franklin and John Jay, who at that time were serving as American Commissioners at Paris, both protested vigorously against the ill-advised solicitation of funds by a country which should be asserting its ability to provide for its own schools and colleges.

L. E. B.

Mr. David Randall has corrected our statement, made in the April 1945 issue of the Chronicle, that the Harper's, 1866 edition of Mrs. Gaskell's Wives and Daughters appeared in New York a month before the London edition was published. We referred Mr. Randall to L. R. Brusel's Anglo-American First Editions 1826-1900, which states that the first printing in book form of Mrs. Gaskell's last novel was issued in New York on January 4, 1866, and that it was not published in England until the following month and Mr. Randall has
replied that this assumption appears to rest on the inclusion of a leaf of publishers' advertisements dated January 2, 1866, and since the book could not have been issued on the day that the advertisement was dated as that would leave no time for binding etc., he feels that an English edition of Wives and Daughters must have preceded the American edition. Mr. Randall goes on to sum up his investigation of the matter as follows: "Harpers have no records on the book as it was not copyrighted but taken from its serial appearance in The Cornhill Magazine, August 1864-January 1866. Their catalogue for January 1866 does not mention it; nor does the American Literary Gazette, publishers' circular, for that month. The surest guide for publication dates for this period is the New York Daily Tribune's daily list of 'Book Received.' I have checked this carefully for January and find no mention of Mrs. Gaskell. It is first listed February 15, 1866. That is the date of the American publication as closely as it can be ascertained. Another reason that precludes the January 2 date of publication is the fact that the last installment of the novel appeared in The Cornhill Magazine for January, 1866, and we would have to allow time for that to reach America. The possibility that Harpers might have printed from a manuscript direct from the author or advance proofs from the publisher is ruled out because the novel was never finished, Mrs. Gaskell having died on November 12, 1865, with several chapters undone. So that leaves us to find an English date in February. The primary source for this is the fortnightly listing in the English Publishers' Circular and sure enough, under 'New Works published from 1st to 14th of February' we find it."

"We are abashed at finding ourselves so flagrantly incautious in a bibliographic misdeemeanor and while we must confess that we were sadly deluded about an 'American first edition' of Wives and Daughters, we are glad to find upon our shelves a copy of the two-volume English first edition acquired by the Marquand Library because of its eighteen illustrations by George du Maurier.

We have a minor mystery on our hands in the Treasure Room—recently in the process of having restored a portrait of Ashbel Green, President of the College of New Jersey, 1812-1822, we uncovered the following inscription: "W. Woollett Pinevit—P. Milledoller." We immediately appealed to our good neighbors at Rutgers, inquiring about Philip Milledoller who served as President of that University from 1825 to 1840. Mrs. Boyd, Curator of Rutgersenia, replied that she could find no clue to explain the "P. Milledoller" on our portrait of Ashbel Green. That although Ashbel Green was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia from 1787 to 1812 and Philip Milledoller was minister of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, 1800-1805, and both gentlemen were members of "A Society for our improvement as clergymen," 1800-1808, as well as having their names appear on the list of directors of the General Assembly's Missionary Magazine, or Evangelical Intelligence," they apparently had no other contact with each other.

An added fillip to our story is supplied by Miss E. Marie Becker of the New York Historical Society who has provided us with the information that according to an early Philadelphia City directory an artist, William Woollett, lived on North 4th Street and Brown Street near Old York Road during the period 1819-1824. Our portrait, which measures 14 x 11 inches, is done in oils on a wooden board and bears a marked resemblance both to the portrait of that worthy gentleman by "Woolett, the Painter" which hangs in the Faculty Room of Nassau Hall as well as to the representation of him included among the group of pastel portraits of eminent Americans done by James Sharples and his gifted family. Ashbel Green was elected chaplain to Congress in November, 1792, and the Sharples portrait now hangs in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Every once in a while we feel called upon to salute a sister institution and this time our tribute goes to Miss Ellen Frances Frey, Curator of Rare Books in the Duke University Library. Miss Frey has done a magnificent job in compiling the recently published catalogue of the Trent Collection of materials relating to the poet Walt Whitman in the Duke University Library. While we sternly guard ourselves against covetousness, when we read in the preface to Miss Frey's checklist that since the collection was installed in the Rare Book Room in April, 1943, as the generous gift of Dr. and Mrs. Josiah C. Trent of Durham, North Carolina, a great many additions have been made to the collection, we must confess our feelings are not untinged by envy.

In passing through the stacks recently, our alert eye fell upon a volume labelled Library Catalogue of the U.S. Military Academy, September, 1859. Further investigation uncovered some interesting
facts about mid-nineteenth-century library conditions at "The Point": the librarian, a member of the Academic staff, was assisted by a private soldier; books were arranged on the shelves alphabetically according to subject; the library was opened daily, Sundays excepted, between 8 and 12 A.M. and between 1 P.M. and sunset; cadets were allowed to draw books on Saturday, to be returned on the ensuing Monday and they were also permitted to take such books during the week as might be calculated to assist them in their class studies, i.e. one volume of text, with accompanying plates (if any) at a time, to be retained for ten days only; officers might draw four volumes and professors eight volumes at a time. We discovered that out of a collection of 8,056 volumes only sixty were classed as "Poetry and Fiction"; these included fifteen historical romances of the abundant Southern novelist, William Gilmore Sims, the American editions of thirteen novels by Thackeray, William M., as well as the New York, 1853 edition, of Charles Dickens' Bleak House. We must confess that several entries puzzled us; we wondered whether or not these titles were intended as prescribed reading or weekend borrowing: John Bell's Treatise on baths, cold, sea, warm, hot vapor, gas and mud; History of Heating and Ventilation with notices of the progress of personal and fireside comfort; Philosophy of Domestic Economy as exemplified in the mode of Washing, Drying and Cooking . . . ; and Donaldis Lardner's Treatise on Railway Economy, the New Art of Transportation.

Anyway, we closed our volume with the conclusion that in those days a West Point education must have been an exceptionally well rounded affair.

With the reappearance of the European market in the Library picture, the purchase of rare books must, of necessity, become a little less conspicuous than during the war years. A vast amount of material which was being sought for before 1940 must be pursued with much greater difficulty because of its increased rarity, and books in all fields which have appeared abroad during the war period must be acquired in order to bring the Library resources up to date. There will still be, however, opportunities to acquire enough rarities to add considerable brilliance to the Library's collections as is evidenced by the new treasures of this quarter.

Perhaps the most remarkable is a fine copy of "Shakespeare's edition" of Holinshed's Chronicles which appeared in 1588-87. Although there is not perfect agreement among scholars (is there ever?) as to whether Shakespeare used the first edition, or this, the second, the tendency seems to be in favor of the second, since there are definite instances in which he paraphrases lines of Holinshed which do not appear in the first edition, as in Richard II, Act II, scene 4, where the Welsh captain says "The bay-trees in our country are all withered." (Holinshed: 'In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realm of England, the old baie trees withered . . . ' a fact not recorded in the first edition or in any other known source). Not only Shakespeare, but practically all the Elizabethan dramatists, took many of their plots from The Chronicles. Therein is contained also an attempt at a road-book of Great Britain printed in English—the second attempt—and one chapter—the sixteenth—records twelve roads through England and Wales together with seven through Scotland. Princeton's copy is a fine large one, the three volumes bound in two, and contains (this perhaps is not of interest to the average lover of old books, but it is vital to the bibliographer!) in addition to the usual reprinted eighteenth-century leaves, many unrecorded original sixteenth-century cancel-leaves (and, in one case, the original sixteenth-
Another seventeenth-century title—this one bought on the Class of 1912 Fund—will have a definite appeal for the numerous devotees of *The Compleat Angler* inasmuch as it is edited with a preface by that famous and beloved fisherman, Izaak Walton. The first issue of the first edition of *The Alast and Clearchus: A Pastoral History* in smooth and easte Verse. Written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq., an acquaintance and friend of Edward Spenser. Printed for Benj. Tooke, 1683 is a pleasing little volume, and the more interesting when we know that Chalkhill was for some time regarded as an altogether “flinty personage,” i.e. that The Alast and Clearchus were the creations of Walton himself. As a matter of fact *The Compleat Angler* which appeared some thirty years earlier contained two little songs: “O, the sweet contentment” and “O, the gallant fisher’s life” both signed “Is. Chalkhill.” Walton’s fame is secure and it is pleasant to know that John Chalkhill was at last accepted as the real flesh-and-blood author of this beautiful poem, which “without being forceful or majestic...is calm and placid, flowing on with smoothness and harmony”—exactly as a pastoral poem should be and,—lest the scholar think the writer, the printer, or the proof-reader of the * Chronicle* has slipped—that Edward Spenser in the title is a collector’s “point”—Benj. Tooke perhaps not being as close an “acquaintance” of Spenser as Chalkhill.

Three unusually interesting items dealing with American history do not often turn up within so short a space of time as they did during the past summer. The name of Israel Acrelius will perhaps be unfamiliar to many, but this early eighteenth-century Swedish clergyman who spent considerable time in America wrote a history which is important source material on the early Swedish settlements in this country. *Beskrifning om de Svenska Förmålingars Förel och Närliggande Tillstand, Ut det saa kallade Nya Sverige Sedan Nya Nederländ, Meri nu för tiden Penslovanen, samt Närliggande Orter sid Almuen De la Ware, Wäst-Yersey och New-Castle County, uti Norra America. Stockholm, 1759* is the result of the diligent use of his leisure hours while he was acting as Provost to the Swedish Congregation in the British Colonies. This is the rare first edition, published when Acrelius was only forty-five, and came to Princeton on the Gulick Fund.

Dealing with the same period of our history, but with the Lutheran settlements of Pennsylvania is *Nachrichten von den vereinigten Deutschen Evangelisch-Lutherischen Gemeinen in*
Nord-Amerika, absonderlich in Pennsylvanien, Halle, 1750-1785 in two volumes. It comprises the reports of various Lutheran pastors (Peter Brunnholtz, J. F. Handschuh, the famous Heinrich Melchior Mühlenberg and others) sent to the authorities in Halle. Originally issued in seventeen parts as the Hallesche Nachrichten, the unbound sheets which still remained were obtained from Halle about 1854, bound and distributed through the generosity of Dr. H. H. Mühlenberg, a descendant of the great Lutheran clergyman. Dealing with pastoral and missionary labors of the clergy, these reports serve also as excellent background material for Pennsylvania history and customs. The fund established by the Class of 1925 is to be credited with the Nachrichten.

Advancing a few years in time, and moving from history with a clerical slant to that with a political slant, we come to a rare periodical—The Remembrancer, or Impartial Repository of Public Events. London 1775-83, a complete set in seventeen volumes. The title is, of course, self-explanatory. Princeton’s set has the added interest of containing also (in volume one) the rare Collection of Interesting, Authentic Papers, relative to the Dispute between Great Britain and America; Shewing the Causes and Progress of that Misunderstanding from 1764 to 1775. Almon, 1777. These Papers include practically every authentic paper dealing with the Revolution published by Congress or the British Ministry, in America or England. The Remembrancer, purchased on the Gulick Fund, would lack volume six were it not for the kind co-operation of the University of Pennsylvania Library, which, by some strange coincidence, possessed this single volume and was willing to part with it in order that the Princeton set might be complete.

Doubtless the roisterers of the eighteenth century would be somewhat surprised to learn that a volume of their songs had become a rarity worthy of a place on the shelves of a university library; but two centuries span quite a bit of change in viewpoint and so Mughouse Diversion. Or, A Collection of Loyal Prologues, and Songs, Spoke and Sung at the Mughouses. Most of which were never yet printed. London, 1717 becomes at once literature and a document of social history. Be it known that the Bodleian Library does not have a copy of this first edition, nor does Harvard or Yale. These are the songs that were being sung when Andrew Marvell was writing “To his Coy Mistress,” when Isaac Watts was composing his lovely “Cradle Hymn,” when Alexander Pope was satirizing in “The Rape of the Lock.” They give us another facet of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century life. The fund established in Memory of Richard Bethge ’34 brought us the Mughouse Diversion.

It is a pleasure to be able to report another Yeats transcript from the library of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The Player Queen, consisting of fifty-eight leaves, came to the Library on the fund established by U. J. P. Rushton ’36 in memory of his father. It is interesting in that it shows variations from the text as published in 1942, the variant leaves in many cases being pasted in so that one may compare the two versions. On leaf forty-nine, there is a sonnet in Yeats’ hand, and on leaf forty-five a brief addition by him. The Player Queen is a happy addition to Princeton’s collection of Yeats which is well on the way to being complete.

The Rushton Fund has also made possible the acquisition of that very scarce little periodical The Fugitive comprising poetry of the writers associated with the Agrarian Movement in the South. The foreword to the first number which appeared in April, 1925, sounds the keynote of the magazine: “Official exception having been taken by the sovereign people to the mint julep, a literary phase known rather euphemistically as Southern Literature has expired, like any other stream whose source is stopped up. . . . The Fugitive flies from nothing faster than from the high-caste Brahmins of the Old South. Without raising the question of whether the blood in the veins of its editors runs red, they at any rate are not advertising it as blue. . . .” The editors continued their modest effort, publishing poetry by such writers as Allen Tate, David Morton, Merrill Moore, Robert Penn Warren until December, 1925, when The Fugitive ceased publication. Since it is so signal a contribution to contemporary American letters, it is unfortunate that it has become very scarce. The Union List of Periodicals records only three complete sets in libraries in the country. Since the appearance of an article on The Fugitive by Allen Tate in the Chaucer, volume three, number three, Princeton has been searching for this publication and regards the finding of this complete set with pride.
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Volume XVII, Number 1
November 1945

MEMBERSHIP
Renewal of memberships, to cover the current year, total 173. Subscriptions to the Chronicle, received largely from other libraries, number 134. These membership dues and subscriptions to the Chronicle total $2,295.00. Many things in the way of enlarging the Chronicle, perhaps publishing occasional pamphlets or books, can be undertaken when the number of members is considerably enlarged.

CONTRIBUTIONS
A contribution from Mrs. Roswell Skeel, Jr., totalling $50.00, was added to the Friends book fund. Mrs. Skeel sent this contribution because of her gratefulness for all that the Library has done for her. The money is not for any special field of purchasing.

GIFTS
During the period of July to October the following gifts were received from Friends: Edward Duff Balken '97 sent J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, 2 volumes, Hartford, 1850, together with The Boston Almanac for the year 1849, both items of special interest because of their illustrations (Mr. Balken very generously presented these as a result of his reading Sinclair Hamilton's article, "Early Ameri-
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The Princeton University Library Chronicle
Published four times a year: November, February, April, July
Subscription: Two Dollars a year
Printed at the Princeton University Press.