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DEDICATORY NOTE

In dedicating this issue of the Chronicle to the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Literature, the Editors of the Chronicle feel that no more appropriate tribute could be expressed than the citation made when Princeton University formally and officially honored Mr. Parrish, in June 1989, by the award of the degree of Master of Arts, honoris causa:

"Morris Longstreth Parrish, of the Class of 1888; during a long and active business career, he found recreation as a student and collector of the writings of Victorian authors; his library is unrivaled in this field, his tastes so catholic as to include even the minor writings of the Queen's favorite mathematician, Lewis Carroll; scholars of the Victorian era in the pursuit of their studies feel much at home in the book lined room at Dormy House; his own bibliographical studies based on his collection are highly esteemed. We recognize his attainments as a scholar and his generosity in making his treasures available to the world of scholarship."
An English Memory

BY MICHAEL SADLER

It must have been about 1927 when I made acquaintance with Morris L. Parrish. He had, of course, been a fairly regular visitor to England (and thence, I believe, to Karlsbad) for several years previously; but we had no common denominator until a shared enthusiasm for Anthony Trollope led to a meeting and thereafter a friendship. There is something very suitable in this Trollopian interlude. The writer of stories in English has ever created more imaginary yet intensely human conflicts and alliances, quarrels and reconciliations, no remembered novelist has ever posthumously brought together, on the basis of love and admiration for his work, a larger number of congenial persons.

The first impression made by Morris on a considerably younger Englishman was formidable. The powerful shoulders (thrust unusually forward by the affliction which condemned one leg to a dragging corkscrew action) topped by a large dominating face, together with a general impression of brownness, suggested a bear—at the moment friendly enough, but fully equipped to be the other thing, should necessity arise. Add a harsh voice and a somewhat abrupt way of speaking, and you had all that was needed to provoke a mood of apprehension. Soon, however, the twinkling eyes, and the sight of the fine hands touching a book as only an artist in bibliophilia can touch a book, dispelled uneasiness. This was a humorous, genial, forthright man—a man who loved the same books as one's self, and loved them equally well inside and out.

At that time I was living about twenty miles from London in a damp and rather forlorn village at Thames level, which hovered apologetically between the well-to-do and fashionable suburb of Weybridge and the decayed but history-conscious township of Chertsey. The place had, nevertheless, a character of its own; and to any one with a taste for the desolated and rejected was to be preferred to either of its more eminent neighbours. It was also cheaper than the one, and no damper than the other.

After a meeting or two with Morris in London I invited him down home to see my Trollope. We lived in a low, two-storey house dating from about 1800—altogether charming to look at (a typical Jane Austen parsonage house), but very frail, and gradually disintegrating under the ceaseless onslaught of two schoolboys of ten and eleven, and the more controlled but potentially destructive impact of a slightly older sister. When, on the appointed evening, Morris arrived in the immense Daimler which he always hired during his sojourns in England, it was as though another house, almost as tall as ours but infinitely more resplendent, had sprung up in the drive. Emerging from it with the effort made necessary by his bad leg, he was at once (for my children were not shy) engulfed in clamorous young. With characteristic generosity and thoughtfulness he had brought them all presents, and was present to perceived that they were never forgotten. We ate and Trollope, and in due course the Daimler returned to town.

The next time he came down we played cut-throat—a game at which my wife's capacity for bluff always triumphed over the more restrained falsehoods implied by the bidding of reasonable folk. But she met her match in Morris, who put on his poker face and went all out. Afterwards he told a story of winning four hundred (£ pounds or dollars) on a freak hand which might as easily have turned the other way.

About a year later Morris bought my Trollope collection en bloc, thus making possible a move from the Thames Valley and its mist to the high Cotswolds and their bracing winds. When he got the books to Pine Valley he at once set about improving those titles whose condition was below his exacting standard. These were fairly numerous; and when I last saw the Trollope section of the library in Dormy House I doubt whether more than half of them had formed the original basis of his collection. I have made a second Trollope collection since then—by no means complete, but in a condition to provoke those roars of pretended rage with which Morris loved to greet really fine copies in the possession of his competitors. How I wish he could see them!

From then on, whenever he came to London, we met frequently. He would at intervals call in at my office after a bookshop tour about London to show his latest acquisitions. The day when he bought the fine copy of Cranford presented by Mrs. Gaskell to her husband was a day to remember. Radiating excitement, he carried the book about in his pocket, forever pulling it out, gloat, displaying and stroking it. One's inclination was to tremble for so spotless a copy so precious inscribed. The bloom must inevitably suffer from this hourly usage. But no, Morris, as I have said, had "hands" as a bibliophile, and could display and read any book, however fragile, without harming it. On one
occasion, as reading matter for the Atlantic crossing, he brought with him his "first" of Pickwick, fine in original cloth. Any one aware of the extreme rarity of Pickwick, in cloth and in Parrish condition, will appreciate the confidence he felt in his own delicacy of touch.

One afternoon he toiled up the two flights of stairs to my office room to exhibit a purchase of half an hour ago. It was Builw-Lyton's New Timon in parts—a very difficult item, though perhaps not widely sought. With a touch of chagrin (for I had hunted the New Timon parts for eighteen months) I asked where he had got it. He named a well-known shop which I thought to have combed the previous day. Those who took at face value the apparent sleepy unwieldiness of Morris Parrish were apt to get shocks. He did not miss much.

But I had my revenge a week or two later. He and I were on our way to the Cotswolds in the vast Daimler, and stopped at a provincial town en route to "do" the bookshop. It was a very miscellaneous shop, and we each prowled on our own. I saw him emerge empty-handed from the back room where the proprietor had his desk, but felt I must try my luck. Shortly afterward I joined him in the car with a parcel under my arm. "Hullo! What have you got there?" I removed the brown paper, and passed him the loveliest copy of Is He Popemeyer? which any Trollopian can imagine. The expected outburst was well up to standard. "But how did you find it?" he demanded at last. "I'll swear it wasn't in sight when I was in there." "No. It was under the desk. I just asked the man if he had any Trollope, and he bent down and produced this." "Well, of all the god-darned things! I never thought to ask for Trollope. There just couldn't be Trollope in that dump."

Of my experience, as publisher, of Morris the author-bibliographer, there is nothing abnormal to record. He had produced in America three Lewis Carroll items before he asked my firm to prepare for the Anglo-American market the first of his three large Victorian bibliographies: Victorian Lady Novelist (the Bronôës, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell) appeared in 1933; Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes in 1936; Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade in 1940. They were complex publishing-jobs, and the correction-bills were staggering. But it was fun devising Victorian cloth-bindings suitable to each subject; and the volumes (of which only 150 copies were printed) will remain as impressive testimonies to the superb author-collections of their compiler.
The Library at Dormy House

BY JOHN CARTER

"The Library at Dormy House" originally appeared in The Colophon, New Graphic Series, Number Two and we are indebted to Mr. Elmer Adler, editor and publisher of The Colophon, for permission to reprint it here. The author, John Carter, is associated with the London Office of Charles Scribner's Sons and is co-author with Graham Pollard of An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets.

Many people have repeated a story once printed by John Winterich about Morris Parrish, which is none the less illuminating for not being true. Mr. Parrish had acquired a copy of the first edition of The Little Minister in literally new condition, unopened throughout. Sitting down to reread the book, he found that the heavy paper on which it is printed made the opening of the leaves with a paper knife a rather risky proceeding. And so (the story goes) Mr. Parrish sent it to his binder to have the job impeccably done. Now although in fact The Little Minister is still unopened after the first few pages, because Mr. Parrish never got around to sending it to be professionally deflowered, the story has what Aristotle called philosophical truth. It illustrates perfectly two superficially incompatible considerations which govern its protagonist's attitude towards collecting: the books must be in immaculate condition, but they must also, being books and not museum pieces, serve their owner for reading. This thesis accounts for the fact that Mr. Parrish will not tolerate on the cloth bound or boarded books in his library either protective cases or original dust wrappers. If he buys a book with either on it, he puts the offending article into the waste-basket.

It also explains the shocking affair of George Gissing. Some years ago, feeling that Gissing, although he had not reread him for years, called for a place in the Dormy House Library by virtue of his reputation and date and the physical format of the original editions, Mr. Parrish bought a number of his novels in first edition. The three-deckers made a nice showing on the shelves, all in "Parrish condition," and fitted in well alongside Hardy, Meredith and other contemporaries. But one evening Mr. Parrish sat down and read one of the novels. He didn't care for it at all. He read another, with the same result. His reaction was prompt and drastic; and except for Workers in the Dawn, as a solitary representative in the "miscellaneous three-decker" shelf, Gissing was banished from the library.

Mr. Parrish's first steps down the primrose path were taken in the early eighteen-nineties. A Tauchnitz Romola, extra illustrated by his mother, galvanized an already established liking for George Eliot. Then he decided to complete the family set of Dickens, many of whose novels had been bought by his parents as they came out. As each gap was filled, the first edition in question was bound to match the others, in full calf by Root. Great Expectations caused a good deal of trouble, and eventually cost Mr. Parrish the considerable sum of $350. When it came back from the binders, he showed it to an experienced collector and asked him if he had paid too much. His friend sadly explained that whatever it had been worth before, it was now worth $25, tops. And thus, early in his collecting life, Mr. Parrish was painlessly initiated into that reverence for original condition which has been one of his guiding principles ever since.

These various moral tales should by now have apprised the reader of Mr. Parrish's basic characteristics as a book collector. To their sum total must be added three more. First, Mr. Parrish has principally occupied himself with the writers—mostly novelists—whom he learned to love in his youth. Second, which is much rarer to-day, when he decides to collect an author, he is not happy until he has got all of him—every separate publication in first edition, down to the last pamphlet, broadsheet, programme or whatever. Third, he cares little for presentation or association copies as against condition, and almost nothing for manuscripts.*

In every collector's equation, X represents taste (or sentiment); and Mr. Parrish's taste has been for the outstanding novelists of the nineteenth century, with a few other prose writers, such as Lewis Carroll, thrown in for good measure. If X is fitted into place with the other characteristics outlined above and the whole multiplied by a collecting life of about 40 years, any schoolboy (except perhaps Macaulay's) can supply the answer—a collection of first editions of major English fiction from Scott to Barrie which could probably not be matched for quality and completeness by any other living collector. Mr. van Antwerp's Scotts are no doubt incomparable; Mr. Frank Aluchul's Merediths (now at Yale)

* There are one or two exceptions to this rule such as Cranford, presented by the author to her husband, or the publishers own copy of Jane Eyre. And if these are largely excluded, there are plenty of letters.
may be as full; Mr. Michael Sadleir's Disraelis and Lyttons are as good, perhaps better; Mr. Carroll Wilson's Trollepes and Mr. Howard Bliss's Hardys may be honorable rivals; there must be several Dickens collections as good and probably fuller; and so on. But no other library that I know of can rival Mr. Parrish's over the whole of his field.

Mr. Parrish has had the amiable habit of putting out bibliographical catalogues of various sections of his library; and the Dormy House series already covers Lewis Carroll (with a supplement), the Brontë sisters, George Elliot and Mrs. Gaskell (Victorian Lady Novelists), Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes. A volume on WIlkie Collins and Charles Reade is in the press, and if for no other reason (there are plenty) I hope Mr. Parrish will live to be a hundred simply in order to give us his other authors, faithfully and lovingly described, and clothed in the elegant period bindings which he and his publisher, Mr. Sadleir, know so well how to devise.

These catalogues, studiously innocent of bibliographical deductions but nevertheless full of meat for other bibliographical jaws, are well and gratefully known to all collectors of nineteenth century fiction. I am therefore absolved from any extensive description of the books concerned, even though it is hard to pass thus lightly over such riches. The Lewis Carroll collection, indeed, is world-famous. Except for the 1865 Alice (a puzzling gap, in view of Mr. Parrish's early preoccupation with Carroll) and one or two inconsiderable minor pieces, virtually every issue of every printed item is here. To take one small example, there are ten variant bindings of Sylvie and Bruno. In addition there is a very large quantity of ms material, beginning with a geometrical exercise of 1844 which is the earliest example of Master C. L. Dodgson's handwriting at present known to exist.

George Elliot is similarly complete, and except perhaps for Romola uniformly brilliant; with various additional treasures, such as the notebook filled with the author's source material for Romola, or that extraordinary letter from the author's husband, G. H. Lewes, to her former close friend and publisher, John Chapman. Written on 14th February 1859, it reads: "Mrs. Lewes authorizes me to state, as distinctly as language can do so, that she is not the author of 'Adam Bede.'"

Mrs. Gaskell is complete, the cornerstone being the wonderful copy of Cranford already mentioned. The Brontës too are com-
plete, for the publications of their life-times, headed by a fine
copy of Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey in the full cloth
binding, and except for that introuvable, The Tenant of Wildfell
Hall, all in magnificent condition. Among them are two variants
of the rare Aylott and Jones issue of the 1846 Poems, and no less
than eleven variant copies of the Smith Elder issue.

Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes mean to most people
Westward Ho!, The Water Babies, perhaps The Heroes, for the
one, and Tom Brown's Schooldays for the other. Not so for Mr.
Parrish. One hundred and fifty good sized pages are needed to
describe his collection of these two authors—and even then they
are not complete. For Mr. Parrish ruefully lists half a dozen trivia
by each which even he had not at the date of cataloguing been able
to run to earth.

We must now turn from the catalogued to the uncatalogued
sections of the library at Dormy House. Scott leads the way; for
Jane Austen and Peacock are perfunctorily represented by a
single example apiece. Waverley is only in contemporary calf—
whether Mr. Parrish could never find a bearded copy fine enough
or whether he resists its high price, I have never been sure. Guy
Mannering (boards) is no more than fair and The Antiquary
(boards) is rather less than fair. But from Rob Roy and Ivanhoe
to the end, every board and every label is spotless. Mr. Parrish
has declined to involve himself in the question of those states and
issues which infest Scott's bibliography and perhaps only Mr.
Worthington will blame him.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, is practically complete, including
the early volumes of poetry—Delmour, Ishmael, etc. I would make
bold to say that Godolphin and Alice do not exist in really fine
original state, and Mr. Parrish's copies, though as good as most,
are the object of frequent sour looks from their owner. But The
Disowned, Paul Clifford and Desvereux, all rare books in Parrish
condition, are everything they should be. The Last Days of
Pompeii is the printer's own copy (from the Bentley sale), Mal-
travers a proof copy from the author's collection; and among the
later books are five variants of The Pilgrims of the Rhine and the
two forms of The Parisians. Bulwer's play Richelieu contains, of
course, our old friend "The pen is mightier than the sword." The
rear of the Bulwers is brought up by a showing of first American
editions.

Disraeli is not yet complete, but he already runs to fourteen
titles, having got off to a flying start with splendid copies of Vivian
Grey, The Young Duke and Contarini Fleming. But Mr. Parrish has found, like other people, that the novels of the forties are about the hardest in Disraeli's output to find in really fine condition.

Except for one or two fugitive trilles Dickens is complete, including many of the American firsts. A "prime" Pickwick heads the fine run of part-issues, and not less remarkable are the beautiful copies of the octavo novels in their cloth-bound form—devilish books to get in the right condition.

The other giant, Thackeray, is also complete, except for a solitary circular. A notable feature here is the assemblage of the innumerable American first editions, which begin with The Yellowplush Correspondence (Philadelphia, 1858), the author's first book. The set of Vanity Fair in parts, the corner stone of any Thackeray library, is, whatever the appropriate equivalent for "prime" may be when translated from the Pickwickian; and Pendennis is adorned by a characteristic letter from the author to Surtees, presenting him with a copy and apologising for the fact that the preface is mistakenly bound up in volume two. Apparently it always is: but how many of us have noticed it?

The Trollope collection is superb, and perhaps even more remarkable than the Dickens and Thackeray showing. For, ephemerata aside, the collector has a severer degree of rarity to contend with. Three- and two-deckers are always scarcer than parts, and all Trollope's early and late novels were issued in this form. Mr. Parrish has the only known copy of The Macdermots of Ballycloran in original cloth, and although his copies of The Kellys, The Three Clerks and Dr. Thorne are not immaculate, they are about as good as they come. Except for The Warden, which is surprisingly indifferent, all the rest are impeccable. There are four variants of Castle Richmond, six of Orley Farm in volume form, four of Cicero, and so on. Even the privately printed lectures are present, and in considerable duplication. One Trollope letter pleased me so much that, for the comfort of others who have no memory for dates, I cannot resist quoting it. In 1871 he wrote: "I was born in Keppel Street, London, in 1825. I published three novels in 1846-1847 and 1848—but had no success. I published again in 1856 another novel, The Warden, which was the forerunner of those which have made my career—such as it is." Those of you who can keep these things in your heads will have noted that the first is the only date that is correct.

Charles Reade is practically complete, with the plays, American editions, and a certain amount of manuscript. One or two Reades, like "It is Never Too Late to Mend," are almost impossibly scarce in fine condition, and even Mr. Parrish may have to be content with less than immaculate copies. But this is not the case in all the way through, and my impression of the Reade's as a whole is that they are perhaps not quite up to the exacting Dormy House standards. Still, any copy of the blue cloth Peg Woffington is practically a potenti, and the Dormy House copy is in fact a very nice one.

The same is in a lesser degree true of the Wilkie Collins collection, though here again several titles—and some of them late, and therefore unexpected ones—are extremely difficult in fine state. Mr. Parrish's first of The Woman in White, however (the Harper edition, which may precede the English) is the only one I can recall with the figure of the heroine on the spine substantially intact. Wilkie Collins is rich in binding variants, and though I won't say they are all here (for new ones always start up to refute such statements), they are present in quantity: more than you ever saw in your life.

The George Merediths are really staggering—in some ways the most impressive section of all. They begin with three copies of the 1851 Poems, one of them inscribed "To the author of Jane Eyre, with George Meredith's respects." All five variant bindings of Modern Love are represented; several of The Shaving of Shagpat; both of Rhoda Fleming. The A binding of this last is perhaps the rarest but one in fine state of all the rare Meredith three-deckers: Mr. Parrish's though nice, is not brilliant—but it is a presentation copy. The rarest of all, I suppose, is the London Harry Richmond, and the fact that Mr. Parrish's copy is no more than good confirms my own despairing conclusion that really fine ones are virtually non-existent. Richard Feverel, Diana of the Crossways, Vittoria, and the rest—they are all beauties; and while One of Our Conquerors boasts two variants besides the normal blue, Poems and Lyrics (1888) is represented by no less than ten.

I am not sure whether Miss Mulock is complete. There seem to be a great number of novels "by the author of John Halifas, Gentleman," and I expect she is. Lever and Ainsworth are recent objects of Mr. Parrish's attention, and though both are progressing nicely, Lever has only added a paltry twenty-four titles and Ainsworth twenty-two so far. Du Maurier, a brief bibliography, is of course complete; and so, practically, is Barrie, including all recorded American firsts—a formidable assemblage in themselves.

Stevenson is an old love, and is superbly represented. One or two of the considerable Davos Platz leaflets are still absentees:
otherwise everything is here. The copyright editions of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The South Sea*; a trial binding for *An Inland Voyage*; *Treasure Island* in six colours, *Kidnapped* in four; three variant bindings on *Virginius Puericus*; the notorious rarities, like *The Hanging Judge*; all the American first editions; and finally all Mr. Wise's little contributions to Stevenson's bibliography.

It may be said with justice that Stevenson's main books are not conspicuously rare in fine state. Hardy, the last of Mr. Parrish's major sections, is in a very different case—another example of the severe conditions imposed by publication in three-volume form. Of *Desperate Remedies* certainly, of *A Pair of Blue Eyes* possibly, of *Two on a Tower* probably, better copies than Mr. Parrish's exist, though not much better. Here, however, are all the five variant bindings of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*; and of this novel (alone) even Hardy himself possessed only a rebound copy. *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *The Hand of Ethelberta* would be called immaculate by anyone but Mr. Parrish, but even he, in his most pessimistic mood, can never complain of any of the others. Here again, all of the American editions which precede the English are present, and the last indisputably great English novelist of the age provides a magnificent climax to Mr. Parrish's Victorian gallery.

In addition to this impressive array of complete or virtually complete author-collections, Mr. Parrish has found time for two side lines. One was first editions of the nineteenth century American cans. These, however, he began upon rather late and never loved as well; and finding that he could not complete his chosen authors in the only condition he would admit, without paying prices which he regarded (rightly or wrongly) as excessive, he threw the whole lot overboard.

The other sideline is a sizeable section of miscellaneous English nineteenth century prose, mostly fiction and of this mostly three-deckers. These books are isolated favorites, by authors whom Mr. Parrish does not want entire, and they make a beautiful eclectic showing. *The Ingoldsby Legends*, *Ten Thousand a Year* (the English), *Lavengro*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Little Savage*, *The House by the Church-yard*, *The Initials* (by Baroness Tautphaus), *Workers in the Dawn*, a couple of Ouidas, *The Story of an African Farm*, three or four William Blacks and as many Seton Merrians, *Robbery Under Arms*, *At the Back of the North Wind* with its even rarer companion *The Princess and the Goblin*, all five issues of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Children of the Ghetto*, *The Adventures and Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Deemster* and *The Jungle Books*. Such is the wealth of fiction that the few non-fiction titles wear an almost apologetic air: yet Macaulay's *History of England* and *A Shropshire Lad* may hold up their heads in any company.

As one looks round Mr. Parrish's library he is tempted to ask—what Victorian novelist hasn't he got, complete and impeccable? Well, there are innumerable all-but-forgotten authors, of course, whom nobody (except perhaps Mr. Sadleir) collects. There are a sprinkling of worthies like Mrs. Gore, or G. P. R. James, Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon (the one-book ladies), Jessie Fothergill, Rhoda Broughton or F. Marion Crawford. But I can only think of three considerable names—Borrow, Henry Kingsley and James Sheridan Le Fanu. Borrow, like the authors in the two previous categories, does not happen to be Mr. Parrish's taste. Le Fanu and Henry Kingsley have, I think, periodically attracted him, but the extreme difficulty of getting them in Parrish condition has outweighed a not particularly marked enthusiasm for their writings.

But it would be a misunderstanding of the nature of the Dormy House Library to think of it as a survey of Victorian fiction from which some author might be considered as "missing." It so happens, as was remarked above, that Mr. Parrish's tastes in literature embrace the majority of the great Victorians, and he has simply collected the authors he likes. With what degree of devotion, the present writer did not know, but it was an absolute certainty that Mr. Parrish would give a few strokes of the pen to write "Dickens, complete." But it would take a full day of any aficionado's time to explore the completeness, the ramifications, the variants, the associated autograph letters, of any one of the authors so summarily mentioned here, as they actually stand on Mr. Parrish's shelves.

This shorthand report, nevertheless, may suffice to whet the appetite of Colophonians for further catalogues of the library, which will bring the full text—even if nothing of the color—before the public. Mr. Parrish's library is unique of its kind. And if it cannot be duplicated elsewhere today, by how much more is it unlikely that it will be matched in the future. This is not so much a matter of mathematical possibility; for, apart from a couple of dozen special items, it is I suppose theoretically possible that a single equal determination, an equal judgment and another forty years might, combined, succeed in assembling its like. It is rather that Mr. Parrish represents an attitude to collecting, leisurely but
minute, which we are fast losing today. Author-collections are getting fewer and fewer, and even now are almost restricted to one- or two-author men. Libraries which reflect a devotion to a period, plus the perseverance necessary for a thorough-going coverage of the authors involved, plus a rigorous adherence to modern technical standards—they have always been uncommon, and may soon be extinct. Mr. Parrish's will surely be quoted by the Dibdins of the future as a practically perfect example of the genre.

It should be noted that following the original appearance of Mr. Carter's article in The Chelsholpe for June 1936, Mr. Parrish replaced the copy of Waterlow, in contemporary calf, by a copy in original boards as described in the article by Mr. David A. Randall appearing later in this issue. George Meredith's One of Our Conquerors is present in only one variant binding besides the normal blue. The Dierell collection was increased to some thirty-five titles, Lever to forty-seven, Asworth to thirty-nine, and Ouida to sixteen.

Morris L. Parrish and the Dormy House Library

BY THOMAS M. PARROTT '88

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but the long deferred dream of a library building, modern, well-equipped, and adequate to the growing needs of Princeton University is now in the happy process of realization. On the Harvey Firestone Memorial Library, made possible by the munificent gift of his son of the Class of 1910, work is actually in progress and we are assured that within another academic year the books will be on the shelves and the doors will be thrown open to Princetonians, town and gown, and not to Princetonians only. The new library will contain a number of special collections certain to draw to Princeton students of varying interests from all parts of our country and even, perhaps, from across the seas.

Of all these special collections none will be dearer to the hearts of book-lovers, Princetonians and others, than the Dormy House Library, the bequest of the well-beloved Morris Parrish of the Class of 1888. In his lifetime Dormy House, his hospitable home on the edge of the Pine Valley golf course, was a mecca to which bibliophiles and bibliophiles made recurrent pilgrimages, and the inner sanctum of Dormy House was the library assembled with such loving care by one of the best-known of American collectors. Morris Parrish loved his books, but he loved nearly as well the delightful setting in which he had placed them. And by a happy arrangement with the University, this charming room of Dormy House will be re-created in the Firestone Library. Parrish bequeathed to Princeton not only his books, but the whole set-up of his library, the desk at which he sat poring over book-catalogues, the fine rugs upon the floor, the framed play-bills on the wall, and loveiess of all, the fresco of Alice in Wonderland, the work of his niece, Ethel Parrish, that hung above his fire-place. Photographs taken on the spot and precise drawings have made it possible for the architects and decorators to duplicate exactly the whole interior of the sanctum. If the ghost of the owner could return to earth he might imagine himself at home again, and a sympathetic visitor might feel there the presence of an affable familiar ghost gliding from case to case to handle once more his precious books.

After all, however, it is the books and not their setting that is of major interest and prime value. There are over 7,000 of them, all in the well-known "Parrish condition," a trade by-word for the
finest procurable copies. In addition there are numerous manuscripts of varying value and interest: nearly three hundred autograph letters, for example, by Anthony Trollope, the publication of which is already arranged for, a letter from Elizabeth Barrett, not yet Mrs. Browning, to her publisher and one from Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Doctor, not the Judge, to Mrs. Humphrey Ward speaking of the pleasure with which he had read her first novels. In tragic contrast to this friendly note by the Autocrat is an autograph letter by the father of the Brontës written in anguish of heart, when Charlotte, the last of his children, lay on her deathbed. There are many presentation volumes, some of very special interest: a copy of John Inglesant, for example, presented to Queen Victoria "by her humble servant, J. Henry Shorthouse," later replaced on the royal shelves by a better copy and given by the author to a friend; a copy of Swinburne's Tale of Balen, presented by the poet to his nephew, John, with an autograph letter laid in; and a copy of Ballads and Sonnets from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to Edmund Gosse with Gosse's private bookplate.

These are in the main collectors' items, specially interesting, perhaps, to transient visitors. There is much else that will be of lasting value to students of English history and literature. Parrish concentrated particularly on Victorian fiction, but he gave an generous extension to the period. His collection of Scott's Waverley Novels, for example, all in the first edition, lays a foundation for the later historical novels of Ainsworth, G. P. R. James and Stevenson. Here are items that throw light upon literary and artistic quarrles of the Victorian age, such as the original version of Trilby with the later suppressed passage and caricature. A privately printed pamphlet by Anthony Trollope, The Present Condition of the Northern States of America, throws an interesting light on this far-travelled author's attitude toward the War for the Union in the 1860's. So do magazine articles of his on The Civil War in America and on Resources and Prospects in America, both published in 1866.

The Parrish collection of Trollope, by the way, is probably the best in the world, but it has been so fully discussed elsewhere in this number, that it need not be enlarged on here. Less known, perhaps, but hardly less remarkable is his great collection of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, embracing as it does Stevensoniana of every sort. Nor must one forget what was, perhaps, the special delight of this great collector, the extraordinary assemblage of the works of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, which includes not only all the famous Alice books in their original form, except the 1865 London edition, and in every conceivable version and translation, even in Esperanto, but also various mathematical treatises published by the learned author under his own name, an autograph manuscript of a Tour in 1869, and sixteen photographs of the Huch children.

In this day of shilling pocket books the student of manners and customs in the publishing business will turn with interest to the fine assemblage in the Dormy House Library of the old-fashioned three-decker novel and romance. Those were the days when quality counted for something more than quantity, especially where the text was illustrated by the work of such artists as Du Maurier, Marcus Stone, and Millet. And speaking of illustrations, one is reminded of Parrish's original numbers of The Pickwick Papers illustrated by "Phiz," and of Thackeray's Christmas Books with the brilliant colored pictures by the author himself, or by Dicky Doyle whose cover for Punch still links the present to the Victorian age. But why prolong the tale? When the Dormy House Library is opened to the public there will be "God's plenty" for the booklovers to browse upon.

It would never do to write of Parrish's books without a word in closing about the man himself, for Morris Parrish was something more than a great collector. An excellent man of business, he was also a man of the world, sometime President of the old established Philadelphia Club, and for years a cherished member of the Shakspeare Society which regularly met there. His last public appearance, indeed, was at a dinner tendered to him, to Henry Paul, '84, and to the other members of the Shakspeare Society by President Dodds. He was the most kindly and genial of hosts; no one of those present can forget the happiness which shone in his face when he dined and wined, extremely well, at the Shakspeare Society at Dormy House some few years ago. But Parrish was also a scholar, if in a somewhat limited field, a well-read gentleman, and an expert bibliographer. He wrote little, but a delightful essay, published in the Chronicle in February, 1942, shows that his love of books could flow from the point of his pen as well as from his entertaining talk about his treasures. He was a staunch Princetonian and in particular a devoted lover of the Class of 1888. Those few classmates who survive him will cherish his memory while life endures, and an occasional visit to the Dormy House sanctum in the new Firestone Library will bring back to their minds happy by-gone days. Ave atque vale, frater dilectissime.
The Kingsley Collection

BY MARGARET FARRAND THORP

When, in the year 1866, it was proposed that an "American Lectureship" be established at Cambridge University there was great fear in the common rooms that the proposal indicated an attempt to introduce revolutionary propaganda, to "democratize" and "Americanize" Cambridge. Charles Kingsley, then Regius Professor of Modern History, tried, in vain, to convince his fellow dons that the idea was both safe and sound. The Americans, he wrote in a broadsheet which he circulated among his colleagues, are "our equals in civilization," their country is "destined to be the greatest in the world," and we ought, therefore, to know something about them. There is a pleasant justice, then, in the fact that what is, so far as I know, the finest collection of the works of Charles Kingsley is now the property of a civilized American university (though the justice, fortunately, is not quite absolute; it was from the faculty of Harvard that the American lecturer at Cambridge was to be drawn).

The broadsheet on the American Lectureship is one of the very few lacunae in the Parrish collection of Kingsley. No copy, I think, is in existence anywhere. But most of the other pamphlets are here, even rare ones like The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture, The Message of the Church to Labouring Men, and Women and Politics. These fragile little documents are of great interest to the student of Victorian mores, for Charles Kingsley left an imprint on his generation as a social reformer. He wrote always with a purpose; the novels are expanded tracts.

All the novels are here, of course, from Yeast (1851) to Hereafter (1866), and all of them, needless to say, in first editions, their blue or red bindings as fresh as those first copies must have looked when, with appropriate sentimental inscriptions, they were put into the hands of Fanny Kingsley—who, poor lady, had written down most of them from dictation. First editions of Alton Locke are not easily found today and a first of Westward Ho! is a rarity. The first American edition is also uncommon. The American edition is an important element in the Parrish collection, and Ticknor and Fields occasionally made collections of his essays or poems to suit their own fancy. But Kingsley had no quar-

rel with American piracy; he liked to preach to an American audience and the publishers often voluntarily paid him for the material they appropriated. The interest of the first edition of Yeast is increased by the set of sheets extracted from Fraser's Magazine (July-December 1848) with corrections in Kingsley's hand. This is the only novel in which the book version differs materially from the first serial publication; Kingsley was compelled to omit for Fraser's many passages, chiefly those concerned with the doubts and hesitations of a young man going over to Rome.

Noteworthy among the other books are the two charming copies of Glaucus: or, the Wonders of the Shore with their variant bindings, one tan, the other gray (my own copy is bound in green); and the two firsts of Waterbabies. One of these has the rare and curious Leaf B which carries the little rhyming L'Envol. Typical of the completeness of the collection is the inclusion of the Companion to Mr. Kingsley's "Glaucus," containing Coloured Illustrations of the Objects Mentioned in the Work, Accompanied by Descriptions, by G. B. Sowerby. The collected volumes of sermons are supplemented by a large number of sermons separately printed: On the Death of the Prince Consort, for instance, or Why Should We Pray for Fair Weather?

The events in the curious controversy with Newman which caused him to write the Apologia are represented here precisely as they occurred: Newman's pamphlet containing the Correspondence on the Question Whether Dr. Newman Teaches that Truth is No Virtue, and Kingsley's What, Then, Does Dr. Newman Mean? which was answered by the Apologia.

Laid into some of the volumes in the collection are letters written by Charles Kingsley. Especially interesting are the autograph receipt for £75 received from Chapman and Company for one edition of 750 copies of Alton Locke, the letters about Hypatia when it was coming out in Fraser's, and the letter to Thomas Hughes on the progress of the Crimean War. A valuable supplement to these documents in the Parrish collection is the commonplace book of Kingsley's mother, Mrs. Charles Kingsley, Senior, which the Princeton Library acquired some years ago. It contains copies of her husband's sermons, poems of her own, two unpublished poems by her son Charles with early versions of many others, and verses, translations from the German and an original ballad, by her youngest son, the doctor, George.

In the letters I have a peculiar interest because they were the
cause of my introduction to the Parrish Collection, an experience so typical of Mr. Parrish’s generous interest in anyone who shared his enthusiasm for the Victorians that it seems appropriate to mention it here.

When I was in London in the winter of 1931-1932 gathering material for a biography of Kingsley, I inserted in the London Times a request for the loan of Kingsley letters. One of the first responses I received came from Pine Valley, New Jersey. It offered me copies of the letters in the Dormy House collection. It was not long before Mr. Parrish and I discovered our mutual interest in Princeton and, soon after our return to the United States, my husband and I were invited to inspect the Parrish Library, an invitation which took it for granted, apparently, that we would dine and spend the night at Dormy House.

Whether Mr. Parrish was influenced by his library or whether it was the other way about, certainly he practiced with gusto some of the more agreeable Victorian virtues. He was unashamedly sentimental, for instance, about his Lewis Carroll’s—Alice smiled down from a painting over the mantel in the library—and he believed that good living and good thinking are compatible. After a Dormy House dinner (one of the best cook books I own was recommended to me by Mr. Parrish), it seemed quite logical to go into the library to meet Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope. The chairs in that library were large and comfortable; the lights precisely right; desks just where one needed them; coffee and liqueurs were on a table before the fire. You wandered at will, taking down volumes from the shelves and, whenever you wanted to ask a question or make a comment, your host looked up from his own book with that warm affectionate smile with which he responded always to the mutual friends of his Victorian friends. That you liked his books and wanted to use them seemed to be a sufficient passport to his confidence. When I once hesitatingly inquired whether it would be possible through the University Library to borrow one of the rare Kingsley pamphlets it came to my house by return post. Mr. Parrish insisted that all his copies should be spotless and perfect to the last detail but he meant them to be not only admired but read.

The Dickens Collection

BY GORDON HALL GERould

The peculiar interest and value of the Parrish Collection are well illustrated by the portion devoted to Charles Dickens. To say that it includes nearly seven hundred items does not begin to tell the story. In working through the list, and still more in handling the books, one is impressed with the great intelligence with which Mr. Parrish gathered his treasures. He was a bibliophile in the proper sense of the word and not a mere purchaser to whom points of rarity and condition counted for all. He loved fine copies, to be sure, as the Dickens books attest, but he tried to make the collection of each author fully representative of his work. How successfully he accomplished this purpose can be seen by examining what he did with Dickens.

The major novels are all there, of course: not only beautiful copies of the first editions as completed books, but in most cases sets of the original issues as serials. The set of Pickwick Papers is an excellent one, for example, and to it is added another set as the parts were issued in New York. Which suggests another interest of the collection. It is very rich indeed in early American editions of the novels and provides material for an adequate study of the immediate and hearty response which Dickens met with on the part of transatlantic readers. The display helps one to understand with what good right he felt himself to be going out to visit another part of his domain when, a little more than a month before his thirtieth birthday, he sailed from Liverpool. He was not going out to conquer, for he had already conquered. And so throughout the list of major works. Though the first edition of Oliver Twist is of the second issue, there are no less than ten early editions. Master Humphrey’s Clock, in which both The Old Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge first appeared, is to be found not only in the eighty-eight weekly issues but also in the twenty monthly parts; and there are first editions of the two novels as well. There are no less than six early editions of Dombey and Son, including the issue in monthly parts; and there are as many of Hard Times and Our Mutual Friend. There is a beautiful copy of the first edition of Bleak House, and A Tale of Two Cities of the earliest issue, as an error in pagination conclusively demonstrates. The ten editions of Edwin Drood include not only the issue in parts, with the melancholy notice in the last number
that the story would never be completed, but the special "announcement number" with which the series was launched.

The earliest work of Dickens is abundantly illustrated. Mr. Parrish took great pains with Sketches by Boz, of which there are ten editions listed under that title, together with earlier issues of the constituent elements, the reissue in twenty parts after Pickwick Papers had had its enormous success, and the American issue of 1860-7 with a variant title. Of similar interest is the fine copy of Whitehead's Library of Fiction with its contributions by Boz. The Christmas books have not been neglected. All the states of the first edition of A Christmas Carol, upon which was played or danced a sort of minuet in book-making, are present in beautiful copies, and the stories that followed in other years are almost as richly displayed. The curiosities of Dickens bibliography, too, are in the collection, which may be illustrated by that fascinating booklet, The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Both the first and second issues of the first edition, together with later issues, show what care Mr. Parrish devoted to interesting trifles in documenting Dickens' literary history.

Until one has reviewed the miscellaneous work that the novelist produced in three decades and a half, one cannot well grasp the fertility of his mind and his astonishing industry. In the Parrish Collection this miscellaneous work is wonderfully displayed. There are the Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi in two handsome volumes, which Dickens must have pretty completely rewritten while engaged with Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby as serials. And the popularity of the book is attested by the four reprints within a year—two English and two American. There are the collections of speeches to indicate how constant from the first was the demand for his appearance at public diners and similar occasions. There are the plays and operettas to illustrate the time, energy, and money he lavished on theatrical productions. There are the reading versions he prepared for his triumphant but taxing career as oral interpreter of his own works. There is more than adequate evidence of his labors as editor and publisher of magazines. No phase, indeed, of Dickens' amazing career was neglected by Mr. Parrish in forming his collection. It is notable in providing exceptional opportunities for the student as well as delights for the lover of fine and rare books.

Though Mr. Parrish devoted himself to assembling the printed works, and gathered far fewer letters, for instance, than are to be found in the Widener Collection at Harvard, he did not wholly neglect that approach to an understanding of Dickens. The beautiful hand, evenly flowing and always legible, is sufficiently illustrated. Although the Forster Collection at South Kensington must remain for all time the great repository of manuscript material, which is as it should be, the Princeton collection abounds in Dickensiana of all kinds, and it is rich in books about Dickens, which is evidence again that Mr. Parrish was a bibliophile in the proper sense of the word—a lover of what was in his books as well as of the books themselves.
The Thomas Hardy Collection
BY GLENN J. CHRISTENSEN

The bibliophile who leaves his library to a university cheats mortality, for he makes the private pleasure of one lifetime a public benefit for many lifetimes.

Mr. Parrish's Hardy Collection has long been admired by collectors and scholars who were privileged to visit Dormy House or who have seen exhibits from time to time certain choice or unique titles which Mr. Parrish generously loaned. Now safely deposited at Princeton and presently to be housed in the new library, the collection will retain its original associations and will gain new value as source material for Hardy scholarship.

The arrival of the Hardy Collection is particularly opportune. The passage of four years since Lord David Cecil delivered the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, has not invalidated Lord Cecil's analysis of the position of Hardy in our time.

He stands at the right distance from us. He is still young enough to be fresh. His best work was all written within the last seventy years; he only died in 1938. He has not yet achieved a settled status in English literature. No traditional image of him has yet grown up to obscure our clear and independent view of him. Our judgement is not liable to be blurred by those clouds of orthodox praise and blame that gather round the figure of an established classic.

On the other hand, he is far enough away for us to be able to judge him with detachment.1

It is debatable whether any classic ever achieves a wholly "settled status," but the image of Hardy which is to become traditional is being formed by every book and article written about him and his work. It is particularly important for the future that our present evaluations be based upon complete information, that we produce no work that must later be redone, as we now see, some of the earlier studies of Hardy need to be corrected and completed.

It is not easy to evaluate writers who have produced little and who confine their talents to one type of literature. It is far more difficult to draw the true portrait of a writer like Hardy, whose collected works fill more than twenty volumes of novels, short stories, and poems, the product of more than six decades of writing. When that portrait is drawn for our time or redrawn for later generations, it will incorporate the work of many more bibliographers, scholars, critics—-who have clarified the many details through which alone we shall be able to see Hardy whole.

Mr. Parrish's bequest makes Princeton one of the centers of scholarship equipped to contribute to the Hardy portrait, for the Parrish Hardy Collection complements the titles already in the Princeton University Library. Mr. Parrish collected a full set of English and American first editions of the Wessex novels; Princeton had few. The Parrish Collection contains only two of the lesser novels in serial form; Princeton's files of nineteenth-century periodicals contain most of the Hardy serials. Mr. Parrish did not include in his library any of the collected editions of Hardy's works; the University Library has the collected works as Hardy revised them first in 1895-1897 and finally in 1911-1912. For textual analysis of the novels, only the manuscripts are missing, and they are—-with the exception of the ms. of Far from the Madding Crowd in Edwin Thorne's Library and Two on a Tower in the Harvard University Library—scattered in permanent collections abroad.2

The importance of this collection of the Wessex novels cannot be overestimated, for, in spite of Hardy's desire to have his poetry regarded as his primary work, both popular and scholarly interest now lies, and for some time to come probably will continue to lie, in his novels. For the general reader and for the critic—in some of his functions—any Hardy novel is the novel in its last form, as Hardy revised it for the definitive edition. But for scholars concerned with the evolution of Hardy as an artist a novel may be said to exist in every text for which Hardy is responsible. The problems facing the scholar are complicated by the fact that there may be as many as four or five such texts: the manuscript (if one is extant), the serial (all but two of the novels were serialized), the first editions in England and America (which may reproduce the text of the serial or may differ from that text and from each other), the revision of 1895-1897, and the final revision of 1911-1912.

The often amazing improvement in the definitive form of a Wessex novel over its serial form, and the growth of Hardy's artistry can be understood only after one has read the serials and

footnotes:
understands that Hardy wrote his novels for the money to be had from their serial publication, and that he readily submitted to editorial pressure to modify them to fit the mass tastes and morals of the time. Early in his career as a novelist Thomas Hardy wrote to Leslie Stephen:

The truth is that I am willing, and indeed anxious, to give up any points which may be desirable in a story when read as a whole, for the sake of others which shall please those who read it in numbers. Perhaps I may have higher aims some day, and be a great stickler for the proper artistic balance of the completed work, but for the present circumstances lead me to wish merely to be considered a good hand at a serial.9

Ten years later, on January 2, 1886, Hardy wrote in his Journal:

The Mayor of Casterbridge begins to-day in the Graphic newspaper and Harper’s Weekly.—I fear it will not be so good as I meant, but after all, it is not improbabilities of incident but improbabilities of character that matter...4

That Hardy’s “fear” was the result of the policy he had declared to Leslie Stephen is made clear by Mrs. Hardy’s comment on the same novel.

It was a story which Hardy fancied he had damaged more recklessly as an artistic whole, in the interest of the newspaper in which it appeared serially, than perhaps any other of his novels, his aiming to get an incident into almost every week’s part causing him in his own judgment to add events to the narrative somewhat too freely. However, at this time he called his novel writing “mere journeywork” he cared little about it as art...9

After ten more years Hardy’s attitude was still unchanged. When his last novel, Jude the Obscure, began to look “a little squarely” to its American publisher, J. Henry Harper, Hardy gave “permission to the editor to delete any passages which he thought might be questioned by his readers, with the understanding that it would be published complete in book form as he had written it.”9

Hardy was a self-taught novelist, and the record of how he taught himself has not yet been fully expounded. A beginning was

made nearly twenty years ago when Professor Mary Ellen Chase published her pioneering study, Thomas Hardy from Serial to Novel. Professor Chase limited her investigation to four of Hardy’s later novels, but even in this limited scope her work was made difficult and her results at points unreliable by the lack of accurate bibliographical information and by her inability to find first editions of The Mayor of Casterbridge and Tess of the D’Urbervilles in this country. The subsequent work of collectors and bibliographers such as Morris L. Parrish, Carrol A. Wilson, and Professor Carl J. Weber has assembled and arranged the materials for more complete and more accurate studies of the Wessex novels.

Although the novels are, for research, probably the most important part of the collection, they are only a fraction of the whole Hardy library. All the poems and short stories are here in their first collected editions, and a number of them in the magazine or newspaper in which they first appeared. More than half of Hardy’s essays and articles are included, with two copies of his first publication, “How I Built Myself a House.” Thirty programs for performances of plays written by Hardy or adapted from his novels and stories recall a side of Hardy’s career too often overlooked by readers of his non-dramatic works. Among the programs is a full set for the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society’s productions in the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, rich with memories of Michael Henchard and Bathsheba Everdene.

King Albert’s Book, The Book of France, The Book of the Homeless, all with contributions by Hardy, and other similar items call to mind Hardy’s deep concern with World War I and his frequent contributions to efforts to alleviate the suffering caused by the war. Several war-year items were privately printed in limited editions. The number of these small private printings, especially those printed for Florence Emily Hardy, increased after the war, and intitled and inscribed copies bear evidence to Mr. Parrish’s acquaintance with the second Mrs. Hardy, whose letters to Mr. Parrish make up a quarter of the correspondence in the collection.

The Parrish Hardy Collection is rounded out by bibliographies of Hardy’s works and the significant biographical and critical studies. It is a Library which the bibliophile can admire, and in which the scholar can work with profit and with pleasure.
The Bulwer-Lytton Collection

BY SARAH DICKSON

The library of first editions of books by Bulwer-Lytton, and of other material relating to him, formed by the late Morris Parrish, is the largest and finest known. It is doubtful, with the rarities for the most part in institutions, whether another like it will ever be brought together. Some portions of his superb library of nineteenth century literature can be matched or exceeded by other collections, but no other institution or private collection can equal his holdings of this author.

The catalogue of the British Museum lists, exclusive of collected editions, reprints and translations of his works, which do not come within the scope of this survey, sixty-six first English editions of works written, edited and translated by Bulwer-Lytton. Michael Sadleir, the well-known English bibliographer, has a fine and extensive collection of the author's works, and has written a very interesting book about him: *Bulwer; a Panorama*, 1931.

The Parrish Collection has not only all the English first editions present in libraries abroad, but also more than forty first American editions, all rare, and, in the case of some, the first printing of the work in book-form. It also contains numerous variant bindings, separate issues, books with contributions by the author and books about him. There are in the collection over thirty letters and manuscripts, as well as several volumes with autograph corrections by the author. There is even a large group comprising programs of performances of his plays (many of which were enormously popular) and poems by him with musical accompaniment. Altogether there are about three hundred separate items.

It can be seen from the above brief account that Morris Parrish aimed at completeness in collecting. Some idea of the difficulty of this achievement in the present case can be gained from a few comparisons. The British Museum has already been mentioned; it does not possess the American first editions and some of the collateral material. The great Berg collection in the New York Public Library, which contains the results attained by the efforts of three ardent collectors, and which is unrivaled in the field of eighteenth and nineteenth century English and American literature, has only thirty first English editions of Bulwer-Lytton. The Huntington Library and the libraries of Harvard and Yale have about forty each. The Library of Congress has even fewer. Most other American libraries have some scattered first editions, but in the main their holdings consist of American reprints and sets.

Before going into detail about the "high spots" in the Parrish Collection I would like to attempt an answer to a question frequently asked—sometimes by people who buy first editions themselves. "Why should anyone bother with Bulwer-Lytton? He isn't in a class with Dickens or Thackeray or the Brontës. He isn't beloved like Kipling or Stevenson, or admired like Conrad."

One answer to this has already been indicated. It is hard (probably impossible) to have a complete collection of Bulwer-Lytton, and to have an almost complete one is a brilliant feat in collecting for any bibliophile, however persistent and wealthy. There are some (not many) first-rate and inclusive collections of Dickens and Thackeray. There are libraries which boast not only all the first editions but also the rare ephemera of Lewis Carroll, Kipling or Stevenson. I could multiply examples. But in the case of Bulwer-Lytton, when one takes into account inclusiveness of material and the fine condition of each item, the Parrish collection is unique.

But there are other reasons for collecting the author besides the rarity, and therefore desirability, of sets of his first editions. Edward Bulwer-Lytton was an eminent Victorian; his life was contemporary with the lives of most of the men and women who made this age illustrious; and he was either the friend or the enemy of all of them. It is to be understood that I do not regard the designation Victorian as a term of reproach. At a time when it was customary for people of talent to do several things well, he was more versatile than most. To be sure he was not a genius, but he just missed being in the first class as a novelist, as a playwright and as a statesman. He wrote good essays, was an able editor and critic and a brilliant parliamentary orator. Among his considerable amount of published verse he even, on occasion, wrote acceptable poetry.

Who has produced a story of the supernatural to equal *The Haunted and the Haunters*, called by Sainsbury "an almost perfect thing"? And there are surely not many historical novels better than *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Many of us first became interested in classical archaeology after reading that. And we certainly felt that crime does not pay after shivering through *Eugene Aram*, conceded to be in the first class of that kind of fiction. Lord Lytton's style has been occasionally disparaged as showing faults of taste—his composition as being *pastiche*. But he
was able to be both epigrammatic and sincere (a combination not always achieved by critics) as when he wrote: "To the unfeeling, feeling is a crime." To use the words used by some detractors of the author, this may be grandiloquent, it may be sentimental, or what they will. But it is, nevertheless, perfectly true.

Bulwer-Lytton was a figure as romantic as one of his own heroes. He was handsome, socially agreeable when he chose, and conspicuously unhappy in his love and marriage. His domestic difficulties were discussed throughout Europe. He was a generous friend, a bitter opponent, a wit and something of a scholar. To put it in a word, he was a personality. This fact is the sufficient answer to any question as to the reason for collecting his works.

We have a special liking for Bulwer-Lytton in the Arena Tobacco Library (if I may be excused a personal note) because he was a true believer in the virtues of the weed. He wrote several tributes to it, the best of which is used as a motto over the fireplace in our room: "The man who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts like a samaritan."

There are some great rarities in the Parrish Collection of Bulwer-Lytton. I wish it were possible to mention all of the interesting items. Like many another hopeful, the author commenced poet, at thirteen or thereabouts. A slender pamphlet containing these early verses was published at the expense of his mother in 1820, when the author was seventeen. The little volume, entitled Israel, actually reached a second edition. The first edition is very rare, although known in a half-dozen collections besides the present. Even more uncommon is another small book of poetry, Weeds and Wildflowers, in paper wrappers, which was privately printed at Paris in 1824, while the young poet was enjoying a period of Byronic melancholy. He states in his autobiography that about a dozen copies were given away to friends. Probably not so many have survived. Falkland, the author's first published novel, is a rare book in any condition. The Parrish copy is impeccable. Another rarity included in the library is the first American edition of Asmodeus at Large, Philadelphia, 1833. This was serialized in England in that year, but did not appear there in book-form until 1875.

Anyone who has tried knows how hard it is to find a good copy of the first edition of The Last Days of Pompeii. This was popular when it first came out, and has continued to be read until the present day. It is one of the really difficult "three-deckers," picturesquely so-called from their format in three volumes, and it is a perpetual challenge to the collector. Most copies are rebound, lack a half-title or have some other defect from the connoisseur's standpoint. The Parrish copy belonged to the publishers; it is in the original boards and in immaculate condition. The errors are corrected in manuscript, apparently for use in printing the second edition. The whole fleet of Bulwer-Lytton three-deckers in the collection are clean and bright. There isn't an old tub among them.

Only two of the first editions were issued in parts, if we except the paper-covered issue of The Parisians, 1873, which appeared so bound in four volumes, as well as in variant cloth bindings. These three are in the collection, the first two being excessively rare. The New Timon, 1846, came out in four parts, and the first issue contained an unjustifiable but amusing lampoon on Lord Tennyson. In later editions the lines making fun of him were taken out, as they had deeply offended him, even to retaliation. The other work is even rarer. King Arthur, 1849, was first issued in three paper-covered parts, but it is practically always found in two volumes. Some of Bulwer-Lytton's addresses were printed in pamphlet form before they were brought out in a collected edition. In their separate form they are scarce. All of these are in the Parrish collection.

One could go on at length to speak of the numerous variants in first editions which are represented. For instance, there are five different titles of The Pilgrims of the Rhine, all exhibiting different states, either of the illustrations or of the format. In some cases there are separate first printings in other countries—New York, Philadelphia or even Calcutta. Besides the plays by Bulwer-Lytton himself, there are dramas by other authors, based on his novels. And so on.

What of the lacunae? Nothing of importance is wanting in the collection. No book is imperfect. There are repaired or worn copies. Mr. Michael Sadleir has a copy of Leila, in nine parts, 1850. The first edition of this work came out in 1858, and is in the Parrish collection, which does not, however, have the 1850 edition. There is, in both the Sadleir and the Bulwer-Lytton collections, an undated issue of The Lost Tales of Miletus, said to be limited to twelve copies. The Parrish library contains only the ordinary first edition of this work, which was published in 1866. The Two Clerks of Oxenford, issued anonymously in 1819, is in the Huntington Library. This is attributed to Bulwer-Lytton on the strength of an inscription on the half-title signed "E.B.L."
This work is not mentioned in the life of Lord Lytton by his son, nor in the more complete biography by his grandson, nor in any other work on the author which I have seen. On the other hand, several of the author's juvenile efforts are discussed, and some are even printed, in biographies. He does not himself refer to the book in his autobiography, which covers the early part of his life. It should also be noted that the author at this time signed himself "Edward Lytton Bulwer," a different arrangement of the name from that in the inscription, which is presumably contemporary with the book.

Another anonymous work in the Huntington Library is also ascribed to Bulwer-Lytton. This is The Life and Adventures of Thomas Shoelew, 1849. The sole authority for this attribution appears to be an inscription in the book by Thomas Moore, the poet, reading: "By the two Bulwers, when at college, I believe." A sales catalogue noted that the book was privately printed and suppressed before many copies had been distributed. The suppression was so complete that no hint of the production ever has been given in any work on the author so far as known. Since his authorship of the two books does not seem entirely certain, their absence from the Parrish Collection is not a serious matter.

Six years ago I sat with Mr. Parrish in his beautiful library at Dormy House. We had spent a happy day looking at as many as possible of his books. It was always a joy to him to show his treasures. They had dazzled my eyes with their matchless condition. When we were finally tired of taking down old favorites and poring over variant issues, we rested and talked about libraries and the ways of collectors with their books. Suddenly he turned to me, his face alight, and said: "When I am gone my collection will be given to Princeton. It will not be broken up; it will be just as it is now, and in a room just like my library here."

I am assured that it will be so with his books. So, casting out envy, we can be content that the collector who loved them has his wish.

The Trollope Collection

BY ROBERT H. TAYLOR '30

It has been said of the Pre-Raphaelites that they tried to put into a picture of, say, a church, all that would be noticed by the worshipper, the architect, the priest, the tourist, and a person looking about the floor for pins. That they failed in reconciling these aims is a commonplace; but standards quite as diverse are met with complete success by the Trollope collection of the late Morris L. Parrish. It is the ideal of the scholar, the collector, the bibliographer, the bookdealer, and the person who merely wants to read Trollope.

This last-mentioned enthusiast is important, for in order to read much of this author it is necessary to collect him. Dickens, Thackeray, and many others are available in numerous complete editions; but no definitive set of Trollope has ever been published. It is only by laboriously assembling individual volumes that his entire works may be obtained—and some of them exist only in first edition form.

No one can appreciate the extent of Mr. Parrish's triumph except those who have tried to collect the first editions in their original state. It is not only a question of the money involved: there are at least a dozen titles which, in a decade of collecting, I have never seen offered for sale. Moreover, the average collector knows in what shabby condition certain books always turn up—and that, if he wants to be sure of a Rachel Ray, he had better set the next rebound copy, and be content with it.

But in the Dormy House collection it seems as though Trollope's publishers had wrapped up a copy of each work as it was issued, and set it aside for Mr. Parrish. Practically everything is here, and practically everything is fresh, pristine, immaculate. And this, in spite of the fact that he used no case or protective jacket! He said, in an article which appeared in The Colophon twelve years ago: "I think, in the first place, that dust wrappers should be discarded the moment a book is received; that an unopened book has no place in any library, nor safes and vaults for the keeping of rarities. Cases, in my opinion, should be used only for volumes in wrappers and for pamphlets. A prominent collector, years ago, kept every book in his library in cases of similar color and design. To me, it is inconceivable that any true lover of his books should so hide them. Cases not only prevent one from seeing books in
their original state, but when in variant bindings, make it impossible to distinguish them. If the object of the collector is simply to preserve his books for posterity, that is another matter; let us hope, however, that posterity will love the volumes enough to remove the cases.”

At first it seems as though nothing would be necessary in the way of describing the collection but to quote from Mr. Sadleir’s amazing bibliography. Yet even a casual examination shows that here there is enough material for a greatly expanded edition of that excellent work.

Let us look at a few items, although this method of attempting to skim the cream is always unsatisfactory. It must be understood that Mr. Parrish collected all variants, English and American, as well as the regular first editions. The three early novels, of which most collectors will never possess a copy, are all present: The Macdermots in crisp brown cloth, surely the finest copy known, The Kelvys in cloth-backed boards (try to find such a one!), and La Vendée in two bindings—one in cloth-backed boards, the other in dark green cloth, presented to “M. A. Milton from the Author, June 11, 1850.”

There are eight variants of the first English edition of Orley Farm, a major bibliographical puzzle; and they are an excellent example of Mr. Parrish’s meticulous studies, since he listed their differences in binding, stab holes, endpapers, captions, and so on. A beautiful Rachel Ray, that black swan, is here; and besides all the regular issues of Can You Forgive Her?, a one-volume American edition in wrappers copied from those of the English part-issue.

There are three English firsts of The Last Chronicle of Barset, each with endpapers of a different color—white, yellow, and buff. No bibliographical detail was too small for Mr. Parrish: there are two copies of British Sports and Pastimes, one with, and the other without, a period after the name “Trollope” on the spine. This reminds me of an item Mr. Parrish did not own. Ralph the Heir has a curious publishing history: it was issued in parts, as a three-decker, and also as a Supplement to the Saint Paul’s Magazine. Of this last issue Mr. Carroll Wilson possesses an astonishing copy—the title on the front wrapper has a comma, thus: Ralph, the Heir. I once mentioned this to Mr. Parrish, who observed with startling vehemence, “He’s awfully proud of that comma!” Clearly he felt that this particular punctuation mark would have graced Dormy House.

He Knew He Was Right is here in the regular issues, as well as a variant binding with altogether different lettering and decoration. There is An Editor’s Tales with no title or author’s name on the front cover; there are two copies of Sir Harry Hotspur with circles of different sizes at the foot of the backstrip, a point not mentioned by Sadleir. There is an illustrated Golden Lion of Granpere (Tinsley, 1872) in green cloth with the lettering entirely unlike that of Sadleir’s second (illustrated) issue.

The Eustace Diamonds appears in an unheard-of green binding with the author’s name and the volume numbers spaced differently from the familiar first edition. There is a part-issue of The Prime Minister in tan paper wrappers, a Cousin Henri in green-ochre cloth, an Ayala’s Angel in gray-blue, a Marion Fay in blue-green—all of these being lusus naturae.

It is true that the ordinary reader or student will not find his primary interest in these matters, but he can appreciate the extent of Trollope’s text, which is simply not available elsewhere. Mr. Parrish assiduously gathered all periodicals that contained stories or articles by Trollope, many of which were never reprinted. The author has much to say of the Civil Service in The Three Clerks, The Small House at Allington, and other novels; there is also a lecture on “The Civil Service as a Profession,” included in the volume Four Lectures by Anthony Trollope, which Mr. Parrish edited; but few libraries besides this can show a copy of the Dublin University Magazine for October, 1855, which contains the earliest Trollope article on Civil Service.

We know that Trollope was interested in an international copyright law; and Mr. Parrish procured the Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science (London, 1865), which contains Trollope’s “On the Best Means of Extending and Securing an International Law of Copyright.” We know that Trollope dramatized The Last Chronicle of Barset, but where in America, outside of the Parrish Collection, is a copy of Did He Steal It to be found? For those who remember the novel, I include here a partial list of the “Persons to be Reprised,” and add their original names where Trollope has changed them. It is interesting to note that the clerical atmosphere which gives the Barset-shire novels their color has been carefully expunged; apparently the stage was too vivid a medium in which to treat the Church of England with anything but awe.

Josiah Crawley, a schoolmaster at Silverbridge.
Mr. Goshawk, a magistrate at Silverbridge. (Bishop Proudie)
Captain Oakley, son to Mrs. Goshawk,—in love with Grace Crawley. (Major Grantly)
Mr. Toogood, an attorney from London, cousin to Mrs. Crawley.
Mr. Thumble, the new schoolmaster.
Mrs. Goshawk, wife of the magistrate. (A blend of Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Grantly—which would have horrified that pair of enemies!)
Mrs. Lotty, benevolent old lady belonging to Silverbridge. (Mrs. Arabin)

These are but three random choices from the great mass of ephemera that has been brought together. Of another sort, more important, perhaps, are the autograph letters which Mr. Parrish collected. There are nearly three hundred specimens of Trollope’s correspondence, and transcriptions or photocasts of many more. Their value as biographical material cannot be over-estimated. At the time of his death Mr. Parrish was planning to publish Trollope’s letters, but that project has now fallen to other hands.

Bradford A. Booth, Assistant Professor of English at the University of California, Los Angeles, and editor of The Trollopian, A Semi-annual Journal Devoted to Studies in Anthony Trollope and His Contemporaries in Victorian Fiction, is currently engaged in editing the Trollope correspondence.

The one category which is lacking is manuscripts. For some reason Mr. Parrish took no interest in them. This is a pity, for there is hardly a novel without some doubtful reading, some obvious error; and he would have done a scholarly job of collating the carelessly printed page with what Trollope actually wrote. Perhaps the explanation is that of course he could not secure all of the extant MSS. and he wished to have no incomplete group. Half measures would not have satisfied him.

But the novels themselves, whatever the state of their text, are a brilliant microcosm of Victorian life and manners; as Max Beerbohm says, Trollope was not “a mere interpreter of what was upmost in the average English mind: he was a beautifully patient and subtle demonstrator of all that was therein.” And the social changes that he witnessed are reflected in his fiction; only consider the extent of the era that spreads between these two quotations:

“. . . you’ll see me yet, the gayest of the gay at Almack’s . . .
in twenty years’ time; when I come forth glorious in that jeweled turban and yards upon yards of yellow satin—fat, fair, and forty.”

“I have to meet five or six conservative members later on in the afternoon as to the best thing to be done as to Mr. Green’s bill for lighting London by electricity.”

Besides this detailed information of how a vanished age acted and thought, the books and magazines form tangible evidence of the period’s taste. From plain boards and labels to the most elaborately ornamented cloth, from the simple format of The Life of Cicero to the wedding-cake curlicues of The Victoria Regia, the changing styles and history of publishing are here for all to examine. The variant bindings and trial issues take on an added importance in this connection: they are part of the publisher’s efforts to supply new and desirable products for the rapidly increasing number of readers.

The novels appear in one, two, three, and four volumes; they appear in weekly and in monthly parts, and there is even a double number of the first two parts of He Knew He Was Right, showing that a fortnightly issue was attempted. The influence of the lending library (which disliked the wrappered part-issues because of their fragility) made itself felt when the part-issue of The Prime Minister was made available in gray wrappers with or without a protective cloth binding.

Nor must the illustrations be forgotten, although Phiz, Millais, Marcus Stone, and the others are no longer names to conjure with. However, they faithfully reproduced their surroundings—and one of them contributed a tiny landmark to the history of book illustration: Stone’s drawings for He Knew He Was Right were the first ever transferred by photography directly to the wood block for cutting. But their importance lies in the record they provide of costume and furnishings and all the particulars of the background. Indeed, so incomparably rich is the Parrish collection that items like these, unimportant when isolated, here slip into place and assist in enlarging our knowledge of the period. The part-issue advertisements, for instance, describe objects used by Trollope’s contemporaries—and (such is this novelist’s power to convince us) we feel they were used by his characters also. Who would be surprised to find a notice mentioning Mr. Kantwise’s iron tables and chairs in the Orley Farm Advertiser? Diligent search among similar pages may yet show us the “curious niptings” which were part of Griselda Grantly’s trousseau, or perhaps Lily Dale’s Balmoral boots.

For we are always fascinated by the trivia of earlier times; and rightly so, since these things make up the changing surface of all civilizations. As long as the panorama of Trollope’s fiction retains any interest for posterity, these details will serve to swell and supplement this vast compendium of Victorian existence.
Some Observations Upon the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Literature, Its Rarer Books, Usefulness, etc.

BY DAVID A. RANDALL

Mr. David Randall, as Manager of the Rare Book Department of Scribner's Bookstore, assisted Mr. Parrish in acquiring a number of the books in the Parrish Collection of Victorian Literature. Because of his familiarity with this collection, Mr. Randall is particularly well-qualified to make the survey which we are privileged to present here. In this article, prepared at our invitation, Mr. Randall charges Princeton University, in company with other educational institutions, with a failure to live up to the obligations assumed in accepting the custodianship of such special collections. The members of the Editorial Board do not agree with the point of view expressed by Mr. Randall in these supplementary observations since they recognize that the administrators of the Princeton University Library have made every effort to merit the confidence expressed by Mr. Parrish in bequeathing his collection to Princeton University.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL BOARD

A proper distinction between "rare" books and "expensive" books is not always recognized by collectors and librarians. Expensive books are not necessarily rare, nor are rare books invariably expensive. It requires infinitely more knowledge, time and patience (and much less cash) to assemble a library of rare books than it does to purchase a collection of "high spots." The latter are generally available at a price and the knowing collector can afford to pass by half a dozen chances to purchase them, knowing that the seventh copy will always turn up. But the opportunity of acquiring a genuinely rare book must be seized when ever offered as a second chance may never occur during a collector's lifetime. Recognition of this principle, acquired only through experience, study and devotion to a subject, differentiates the lover and collector of books, as the late Frank J. Hogan, for example, from the builder of a library, as the late Morris Longstreth Parrish.

As the writer stated in The New York Times, August 6, 1944, when writing of these two collectors: "Anyone (with sufficient cash) can buy a first edition of Vanity Fair, Treasure Island, Barchester Towers, The Last Days of Pompeii, The Little Minister, The Cloister and the Hearth, or of most other famous Victorian novels. But go out and try to find Thackeray's Jeane's Diary; or, Sudden Riches, in the original wrappers (New York: William Taylor, 1849); Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae in the copyright edition, (New York: Charles Scribner's, 1888); Trollope's The Struggles of the Firm of Brown, Jones and Robinson (New York: Harper, 1862, preceding the English edition by eight years); Bulwer-Lytton's King Arthur (in the original parts); Barrie's The Wedding Guest (copyright edition, New York: Charles Scribner's, 1900); Reade's Propria Quae Maribus and the Box Tunnel and hundreds of similar works, then you begin to realize what Morris Parrish accomplished by a half-lifetime devotion to Victorian literature."

Mr. Parrish well knew the distinction between rare and expensive and that accounts for the fact that he lived happily for many years without either a Pickwick or a Vanity Fair in parts. He spent his energies and funds filling in gaps in his various author collections, buying finer copies of books which he already had (some titles are represented by the fifth, or seventh, or tenth copies successively), seeking out binding variants, etc., always conscious of the fact that the expensive giants were available at any time he cared to write a check for them.

I do not wish to give the impression that the library does not contain the "high spots." It does, of course; the only notable exception coming to mind is the 1865 Alice (and its lack, incidentally, did not trouble Mr. Parrish nearly as much as it did his friends). The acquisition of "high spots," however, did not give him the trouble or the pleasure that the finding of scores of rarer but infinitely less expensive items did. And when, as occasionally happened, a desirable book appeared that was both genuinely rare and really important (such books come high and come seldom) it was acquired at its first offering.

Many, indeed most, renowned libraries fail completely to live up to advance billing when they eventually come on the market or are placed in institutions to become subject to critical analysis. The Parrish Library is a notable exception. One's respect and admiration for the skill, determination and knowledge of its founder grows with each viewing, for it is only from experience with the rarity in any condition (let alone "Parrish condition") of the scores upon scores of titles which it contains, that a proper appreciation of Mr. Parrish's accomplishments in assembling it gradually dawns upon one. Let this be thought an exaggeration by those unacquainted with the bibliography of nineteenth century
English literature I quote from Michael Sadler's recent address to the members of the English Bibliography Society upon assuming its presidency: "The early editions of obscure titles, or of books which in their day had virtually no circulation may be assumed to be uncommon. But the baffling scarcity in 'unimproved' original state of the majority of once popular and well-known books of the period (say) 1830 to 1880 has to be endured to be believed."

The Parrish Stevenson collection is practically complete, but so are other collections, notably that of E. J. Beinecke and the one at the Widener library. Both contain infinitely more manuscript and association material than the various American copyright issues (though neither, I believe, has The Weir of Hermiston in the Stone and Kimball three parts). The Parrish copy of An Inland Voyage (C. Kegan Paul, 1878) is unique in its trial binding of dark green cloth, with the landscape on the front cover showing the trees bending toward the right (in the ordinary binding they are standing upright), but what really staggered one is the six Treasure Islands, all practically mint, all in variant colored cloth, which Parrish somehow acquired together with the three immaculate copies of Virginibus Puerisque, looking like a three decker novel, but all bearing variant imprints on the spine: C. Kegan Paul & Co., Kegan Paul Trench & Co., Chatto & Windus. It was from the statey array of Treasure Islands, incidentally, that the writer was able to determine the correct first issue of this work. The fact that only two of the six are bibliographically correct bothered Parrish not a bit, nor should it, although it would have disturbed some lesser collectors.

The Bronte's are complete but Parrish's devotion to them is not to be measured by his immaculate Jane Eyre, his Wuthering Heights or Agnes Grey (the latter Anne's own copy), but by the diligence it took to acquire three copies of the Poems, 1836 with the Aylott and Jones imprint and eleven variants with the Smith, Elder imprint. Hardy was a particular favorite and Tess is unique. Not every Hardy collector has the 1893 first and the 1895 second volume of The Dynasts, and no collector (I venture the flat statement) has six sets of firsts of A Pair of Blue Eyes in variant bindings.

Bulwer-Lytton was going to be the subject of the next author bibliography to emerge from Dormy House, and not the least of its value would have been in the description of the (I believe unique) King Arthur in the three original parts, London, Henry Colburn, 1848 (not cloth, two volumes, 1849, as most bibliographies record). Thanks to Mr. John Carter we know the full bibliographical details of the English editions of The Last Days of Pompeii but how many know that there were two American editions the same year (1848)? Here they both are: Harper, two volumes, boards, paper label and, Wallis and Newell, one volume, cloth.

It is simple enough to write "Dickens complete" and "Thackeray complete" (or so near as to make no difference) and exclaim over the immaculate Great Expectations and David Copperfield in parts, the fantastically fine Mrs. Perkins' Ball and others in those fragile glazed board bindings Thackeray or his publisher used for dressing so many of his tales, to the despair of fastidious collectors. Yet their acquisition was as nothing compared to the effort that went into gathering the run of Annual Anniversary Festivals of the General Theatrical Fund from 1848 to 1870 to which Dickens contributed, not only in their red cloth bindings but also in their wrapper variants! There was a job that took patience and determination. And although any Thackeray collector will have the Harper edition of The Four Georges, 1860, preceding the English by a year, how many have four copies in variant cloth bindings as well as the James O. Noyes' issue in wrappers? Or how many would ever know there are two variants of the Harper first of Lovell the Widower, or have the patience to dig them out?

Parrish loved Wilkie Collins and Charles Read both for reading and collecting. (Another project his death cut short was the issuing of an omnibus of Collins' stories—a brilliant idea passed on gratis to publishers). The rarity of the American edition of The Woman in White in brilliant condition, with the figure on the spine intact, is proverbial—here are two copies, of variant issues, both pristine (the difference is in the advertisements: on page 261, the first lists nine titles by Miss Mulock, the second, eleven). And of such books as No Name, London, Published by the Author, 1870, there are two issues, cloth and wrappers, with variant texts from page 271 on, as well as two variants of Miss Guilt. Collins' own adaption of his novel Armadale, privately printed and not for sale. There are dozens of books, plays, posters etc. in the Collins collection, as well as in the Read, the like of which I never saw before and do not expect to see again, so rare do I know them to be. There are three copies of Read's play The Hypochondriac, 1857, all with corrections in the author's hand.
that copy was a first class rat, recased, new end papers, etc., it was cheerfully, even eagerly, acquired. The Parrish copy is a beauty and where it came from I don’t know. Mrs. Wood’s *East Lynne* (one of ten titles of that lady’s works) is not quite fine—but this is offset by the fact that it is one of the dozen copies especially bound for the author’s personal use in purple cloth with all edges gilt.

Mrs. M. E. Braddon is represented by eight titles, headed by a beautiful *Lady Audley’s Secret*, laid in the first volume of which is the original copyright registration slip (publication date, Oct. 1, 1862). *Lorna Doone* is the author’s own incredibly fine copy, and in as immaculate condition is Olivel shriner’s *The Story of an African Farm*, Boldwood’s *Robbery Under Arms*, Henty’s first three decker, *All But Lost and Borrow’s Lovengro* (with, of course, the cancelled state of the advertisement).

I have not mentioned Lewis Carroll, an early love, whom Parrish pursued with an almost fanatical earnestness, the results of the chase being duly recorded in his two volumes on Carroll. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for leaving him with one anecdote. When the original *Alice*, Mrs. Hargreaves, visited America in 1931, she stipulated ahead of time that she would autograph no copies of *Alice*. This was definite! In her honor, an exhibition of Carroll was put on at Columbia University, and thither went the glorious Dormy House collection (headed by Carroll’s own copy of the *66 Alice*), to enrich that notable exhibition, and there they were when Parrish entertained Mrs. Hargreaves at a dinner at Dormy House. She graciously asked to be allowed to autograph an Alice for him as the only exception to her rule, but the only copy available was, if I recall correctly, a duplicate of the second Italian edition.

The account of the Trollop I have left to a more knowing pen than mine. It is typical that while Dormy House contained a copy of the first edition of *The Madermois of Balleyloran*, supposedly unique in original cloth, when a finer copy came along, it was secured and the other copy, only slightly inferior, discarded.

I do not wish to give the impression, as I fear I may have, that Mr. Parrish was concerned exclusively with first editions in all their variant states, issues, bindings, advertisements, etc. His conception of what he wanted to do was far broader than that, for he knew he was building, not just a collection of books, but a library. He tried to obtain, especially of his favorite authors, all significant editions published during their lifetimes. Thus, to give you an example, there is, of Collins’ *Rambles Beyond Railways* not only
the first (1851) edition, but the second (1858) and the third (1861); and of Hughes' *Tom Brown's School Days*, there is the first edition (1857), the sixth (1858, included because it includes the first appearance of the Preface), and the edition of 1869, which is the first to be illustrated. This passion for gathering variant texts, useful for scholars, lay behind the preoccupation for obtaining, whenever possible, original magazine appearances, pertinent autograph letters, etc., for Mr. Parrish wished to acquire all books necessary to enable future scholars to study an author's printed work, so far as he had anything to do with it, in its entirety.

How well he succeeded can be judged by examining the bibliographies of Collins, Reade, Eliot, Gaskell, the Brontës, Kingsley, Hughes, Carroll, etc., issued from Dormy House, as well as the Thackeray check-list of the exhibition held at The Library Company, Philadelphia, 1940, and then consider that the Dickens', Trollope's, Lytton's, Hardy's, Stevenson's, etc., which were never catalogued, are comparable to them. The ultimate aim of the Parrish collection was to bring together, in original condition, variant texts, bindings, issues, states, etc., from which the scholar might not only study the authentic texts but which the bibliographer as well as students of contemporary printing practices, could profitably use. Anyone doing serious bibliographical work in the Victorian period must of necessity consult the Parrish books at Princeton or face the consequence of his neglect.

The impression one gets (or at least that I get) on recently examining the books again at Princeton after not having seen them for several years, was not so much admiration for the individual volumes themselves, many in such spectacular state as to ruin one's standard of condition forever (one forgets how really fine the books are), but renewed wonder at the vision which enabled its founder, taking for the field, as he did, one entire epoch of literature to accomplish his set task so well. There seems no point in a further listing of the Parrish rarities here. It is more important to turn to another problem. Briefly: now that Princeton has the Parrish library, what is it going to do about it?

Lawrence C. Wroth wrote in *The Library of Congress Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions*, October, 1945, a most engaging paper entitled "The Chief End of Educational Madness." In this paper, Mr. Wroth admits that many private collections or rather "aggregations" of rare books are destined for dispersal from the very beginning of their formation. This is right and proper, but, he contends, there are certain collections formed not haphazardly but built up over many years toward a fixed goal—collections full of "that quality of synthesis, of integration, which creates the dynamic force of a true collection of literary materials." It is required that such collections be kept intact, properly housed in some institution. For "when a collection formed purposefully and with the abandon of true book madness comes to the point of dispersal we feel genuine pain, the pain and shock which comes from seeing a perfect thing broken to pieces."

This is all perfectly true, accurately representing two collecting points of view, but it does not go deeply enough. Frank J. Hogan in directing his will that his library be sold at auction wrote the following: "I had thought of bequeathing my valuable books and collection of autographs and literary manuscript material, including my collections of first and rare editions of English and American literature, to some institution to be permanently kept together as a collection, but this idea I have abandoned in favor of a plan that will accomplish their dispersion among those coming after me, who will experience, as I have felt, a profound happiness and satisfaction in possessing these precious monuments of human thought and progress. There is something sacred in the spiritual and intimate companionship of a book, and I do not deem it fitting that these friends of mine should be dispersed in a cold and soulless captivity. Rather, I would send them out into the world again to be the intimates of others, whose loving hands and understanding hearts will fill the place left vacant by my passing."

This was the correct thing to do in the case of the Hogan library,—a library brought together as one man's hobby without pretensions to be anything other than a collection of loved volumes and manuscripts. But the Parrish collection was at the other extreme, and as I stated in *The New York Times* article, mentioned earlier: "The ultimate disposal of his library perplexed his later years. It was very valuable and he was not an extremely wealthy man. But he knew what he had created—the time, the effort, the travelling and the incessant searching that had gone into its formation. Few of his books had been brought at auction or came from famous libraries. They had been acquired by searching bookshops in America, England and the Continent, over thirty years, and with the cooperation of collectors and dealers the world over. The library could never be duplicated; he was not willing to see it dispersed no matter what the advantage to his estate. He was
not a college graduate, though he had attended Princeton briefly, and it is to Princeton, finally, that he has left his library.

Now I would like to point out that Frank Hogan's statement that he did not give his collection to an institution because he “did not deem it fitting that these friends of many happy hours should repose in unloved and soulless captivity” annoyed, and even angered, a number of librarians. Yet, his decision sprang from his personal knowledge of what had happened to the notable collection of a friend of his which, bequeathed to an institution, lingered for years (indeed still lingers) in that institution’s vaults, “unwept, unhonoured and unsung” as well as uncatalogued and unavailable. The Hogan books, scattered wherever they may be, are in better hands. For though Mr. Wroth maintains in his persuasive article that “It is rare in library history that a gift of genuine importance is allowed to languish by its new institutional owners,” I raise a dissenting voice. Rather, in my experience, it is rare when anything constructive is done about it. A list of such sinful institutional absurdities could be easily drawn up but this will not be done here. The list would be too long and the task too melancholy. It is my conviction, incidentally, that in accepting such a noble gift as the Parrish collection, the institution acquiring it automatically assumes a moral obligation to maintain its growth or it should not accept it in the first place.

No collector ever completes any collection. It was an obvious impossibility for Mr. Parrish, whose collection covered a score or more of authors active over a range of some seventy years to leave a complete library. He did nobly but he died, inevitably, with his task unfinished. Perhaps it was 50% finished, perhaps 60% perhaps even closer, but it was still a goodly number of percentage points from perfection. Eventually the books will be housed in the Firestone library, possibly under glass. The Union catalogue will duly note that Princeton University Library possesses numerous items unrepresented elsewhere in American institutions. Scholars will descend upon it, not perhaps in swarms like locusts, but they will come, and their visits will be fruitful. And if that's all that's going to happen, it would have been infinitely preferable, in the writer’s opinion, had Parrish followed Mr. Hogan’s example and sold his collection at auction. Then at least, some of the books would have gone into strengthening other active collections and the acquisitions of still others might quite possibly have fermented entirely fresh interests in new collectors.

For a collection which is not continually being augmented is worse than stagnant, it deteriorates; and the institution possessing it, sees it turn under its eyes from first rate to third rate or less and cannot comprehend what is happening to it, and doesn't care. Mr. Wroth quotes with approval Randolph Adams’ axiom that “When an auction occurs, there is tragedy, because the great creative work of the collector has begun to all over again.” But a greater tragedy, to my mind, occurs when “the great creative work of the collector” is passed on intact into uncomprehending hands who allow it to mold and fatuously refuse golden opportunities to strengthen it. A library whose growth ceases with the breath of its creator is an infinitely sad sight. To change one word in Herrick:

Better twere my library were dead
Than live not perfected.

Since these observations show signs of becoming a sermon, let it be garnished with examples. There was recently dispersed in London, at auction, the major portion of the files of the famous Victorian publishing house of Richard Bentley. Included were long runs of unpublished correspondence between Bentley and to give just two instances of the authors he published, Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade. Now Parrish had, uncontestably, the finest Collins and Reade collections ever assembled. Furthermore, he had done the only full length bibliography of both authors. It is obvious that for the fullest scholarly use of these unpublished files they should be put with the Parrish books. Had he been still living at the time of that sale he would have asked Dormy House (had that been necessary) to obtain those files. For he would have recognized, instantly, their immeasurable value to what he was creating. Yet Princeton made no effort of which I know to acquire them. Nor, I hasten to add, was the price excessive. A hundred letters of each author, more or less, sold for less than a pound apiece. It was not by neglecting such opportunities of obtaining material of primary scholarly value that the Parrish collection was formed, nor was it the reason for which it was formed and donated.

This does not mean that the writer expects Princeton to somehow raise funds to purchase at huge prices the few great expensive books lacking in the Parrish collection (the 1864 Alice for example) simply to be able to boast a show piece. There is no necessity for obtaining that particular item anyway as scholars wishing to consult it can find several copies along the Eastern seaboard. But it does mean that a minimum of a few hundred dollars a year ought to be expended in acquiring intelligently, as
opportunity affords, books, autograph letters, etc., which would be of greater use at Princeton in the Parrish library than they could possibly be elsewhere. Aside from the Bentley files another missed opportunity was the recent dispersal at auction of Lord Esher’s library. Though by no means of the caliber or extent of Princeton’s Parrish Victorian holdings, it did contain a considerable number of inexpensive rarities which by any standards belong with Parrish’s books—but are not there and now are unlikely ever to be. Again it should be emphasized that opportunities to materially strengthen the Parrish collection, such as the Bentley and Esher sales presented, are going to occur with increasing infrequency.

Mr. Parrish, himself, had no such glorious opportunity presented to him during at least the last half decade of his collecting career. It may be longer than that before a similar opportunity recurs. If and when that occasion presents itself, one hopes that it will not again be callously ignored.

I would like to point out also that the nineteenth century is still in its swaddling clothes, bibliographically speaking. The amount of scholarly work which needs to be done on this past century is simply appalling. For instance, there has never been an edited edition of Vanity Fair nor even a reasonably good bibliography of Thackeray. The reader who wishes to comprehend how wide is the field of nineteenth-century bibliography and how much of it is still unexplored is invited to read Michael Sadler’s “The Development During the Last Fifty Years of the Bibliographical Study of Books of the XIXth Century” (The Bibliography Society, 1892-1942. Studies in Retrospect, 1945. pp. 149-158). Scholarly research into nineteenth-century literature is merely beginning and the prospects for usefulness of the Parrish library are as unlimited as Princeton’s failure to continue its growth is sinful.

But let us end the sermon and return to the man. When I first met him, through Carroll A. Wilson, fifteen years ago, the library was already 80% formed, in volume. That stately array of Troilopes and Brontës was almost complete, as was Dickens (except for the Americans and Pickwick), Thackeray, Meredith, Hardy, Carroll and the other giants. Most of the treasures I have skinned over were already at Dormy House and had been there for I know not how long. A few “high spots” were acquired during those years. Pickwick in parts, reputedly prime and fantastically expensive because, as he once told me, if he was going to have a Pickwick it had to be superlatively and after holding out for a long time he finally decided that, though the book as reading was no favorite of his, historically a Victorian collection without Pickwick was unthinkable. Hence Pickwick. He hesitated a long time before he bought his Waverley in the original boards with paper label. There are, I believe, only twelve recorded copies in existence, many of these imperfect or “improved,” yet he almost turned down his copy because a half inch at the foot on one backstrip and the top of another was lacking. True enough it was bibliographically accurate, untouched, fresh and absolutely unsophisticated and the price was moderate. Yet there were those missing half inches of backstrip! Not nice to look at! Continually complaining that the finest known copy still wasn’t good enough for him, he reluctantly accepted it, temporarily, and kept searching for a finer.

But aside from these and perhaps a half dozen other expensive works the years I knew him were devoted to filling in the chinks in the armor. Books with new prefaces. Editions with new illustrations. American editions (his interest in Anglo-Americans, of prime literary and bibliographical importance, almost neglected before and since, is recorded elsewhere). What he wanted was every edition published during an author’s lifetime, in England or America or on the Continent (in English), or in the colonies, which might conceivably have research importance. Collected sets, editions edited by scholars, drew his scorn. He was not collecting editor’s works. He was collecting raw material, the source material, for other editors to work from.

He was not a trained scholar or bibliographer but he had the instincts of scholarship and a feeling for bibliography given to few collectors I have known. And he was a reader. He once explained to me his comparative lack of knowledge of modern literature by remarking that he simply didn’t have time to read it. There was so much Victorian literature he either hadn’t read or was anxious to reread!

One can now open almost any of his first edition three deckers and find on slips inside the front cover of each volume his neatly pencilled notes on typographical errors, misspellings, wrong paginations, etc. He read, loved and laboriously annotated his books. He described in his bibliographies what he found in his books but he did not pontificate. He reported but did not interpret. As Mr. Carter shrewdly remarked of his catalogues, “though studiously innocent of bibliographical deductions they are nevertheless full of meat for other bibliographical jaws.” Among those jaws were mine. It was Parrish who first pointed out to me the textual variants in the first edition of Treasure Island,
Tess, The Cloister and the Hearth, and how many others I can’t begin to remember.

Several projects chiefly occupied his last two years, editing Trollope’s letters and completing the Stevenson collection. Though the Stevenson’s cannot compare with the quantity of Mr. Beinecke’s unrivalled collection with its fantastic manuscript holdings, I think their quality surpasses it. Certainly Mr. Beinecke has no such holdings of (nor, I may add, interest in) binding variants such as that lot of six Treasure Islands, three Virginibus Puerisque, etc. What Mr. Parrish wanted was everything in Prideaux and heaven too! And price didn’t matter. In this sense he was happier over obtaining a two dollar first of, say, Songs of Travel neither he, Prideaux nor Beinecke ever heard of, than he was in adding a known rarity he just hadn’t gotten around to purchasing before.

I will long remember my last visit with Mr. Parrish. I dropped in at a Philadelphia hospital between trains, completely devoid of books, just to say hello. After a few minutes chat came the question: “What have you got to show me?” The answer was “nothing” and the reply, a painted glance and a stern admonition “not to do that again.” Friendship was one thing but if it was being carried on at the expense of the library’s growth, that was something else again! He loved his library too much to bear its being neglected. Let’s hope it won’t be and that someday, somehow, it will be all he wished it to be.

**Library Notes & Queries**

**NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS:**

Glenn J. Christensen is an assistant professor in the Department of English, Lehigh University.

Miss Sarah Dickson is Librarian of the Arents Tobacco Collection at the New York Public Library.

Michael Sadleir, director of the London publishing firm of Constable and Company, includes among his published works: Excursions in Victorian Bibliography; Anthony Trollope, a Commentary; and Trollope a Bibliography.

Robert H. Taylor ’80, owner of the original manuscript of The American Senator, and a collector of Trollopiana, is at present preparing a study of the text of The American Senator.

Margaret Farrand Thorp who prepared the critical biographical sketches for An Oxford Anthology of English poetry, Chosen and Edited by Howard Foster Lowry and Willard Thorp and for An Oxford Anthology of English prose, Chosen and Edited by Arnold Whitridge and John Wendell Dodds is the author of Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875.

**ONE HUNDRED GREAT ENGLISH BOOKS**

Included in the Parrish Collection are the following five additions to the Library’s holdings of books on the list of the One Hundred Great English Books which was compiled by several members of the faculty ten years ago:


This copy came from the Camperdown Library in Scotland which was founded by Admiral Adam Duncan who was a viscount for winning the Battle of Camperdown against the Dutch. Since he died in 1804, the Waverley must have been added to the library by his son, the second viscount, who was made an earl in 1831. The book remained in the family until 1941, when it was
sold at auction in Scotland. The following year it was acquired by Mr. Parrish.

It is a well preserved untouched copy. Although the spines of volumes 2 and 3 are slightly defective, the sides of all three volumes are perfectly clean, the three labels are intact, and the interior is absolutely pristine. The book is complete, with all the half-titles and the required imprint leaves in volumes 1 and 2, and has the two cancels as specified by Worthington. This is undoubtedly one of the handsomest of the less than twenty recorded copies in the original boards.

First edition, original green paper wrappers.

The MacGeorge-Sawyer copy, listed and briefly described in John C. Eckel's Prime Pickwick in Paris, New York, E. H. Wells, 1928. The name of a Lt. Steele appears on six parts and that of R. C. Vaux on eleven; the first part is the only one without an autograph signature on the front cover. Mr. MacGeorge, who assembled this copy, was a well known collector of Glasgow, and, according to Mr. Eckel, the book was probably in his library for over thirty years. In 1934 it was sold at auction to Charles J. Sawyer, the London dealer, and was acquired by Mr. Parrish in 1937. The parts are complete and in unsullied condition, and constitute, in the opinion of Mr. Eckel, one of the six finest copies known.

First edition, first issue, original yellow paper wrappers.
Formerly in the collections of Herschel V. Jones and Ida O. Folsom.

The parts are in unusually fine condition, and the plates are all in the first state as executed by Thackeray.


First edition, in the original dark claret-colored cloth boards.
All three volumes are in the esteemed Parrish condition.


First edition, in the original orange cloth boards.
From the library of John C. Eckel. The condition of this copy is exceptionally fine.

A. D. W.

1 Lt. Steele's name also appears on the wrappers of the copy in the Morgan Library in New York.

New & Notable

The Bicentennial year has begun very well indeed for the Library. Even before President Dodds and the Archbishop of Canterbury inaugurated the celebration, Mr. Arthur H. Houghton, Jr. had given the Library a head start by his presentation of a slim little volume of great interest and rarity: Robert Fulton's Letters principally to the Right Honourable Lord Grenville, on Submarine Navigation and Attack; and the Effect which such Inventions may have on the Commerce, Fleets and Independence of Great Britain. [Privately Printed] London, September 23, 1806.

Fulton had, in 1804, discussed this, as the British have much later had cause to realize, vital matter with the Admiralty whose personnel apparently decided that the invention was of little import to the Navy, and Fulton, somewhat piqued, addressed these comments to the Cabinet before leaving for America. At the beginning of the preface is a list of sixteen names, headed by that of Lord Grenville, followed on page seven by Fulton's statement: "I have had these Letters privately printed, which, for the present, shall be delivered only to the persons before named..."

In a postscript, he adds "As His Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales are most highly interested in this subject, I shall cause these Letters to be submitted to their perusal." It seems unlikely that more than these eighteen copies were ever in circulation, and the more so since Fulton almost immediately thereafter secured the interest of the United States Government in his novel idea. The little book has the added attraction of being the very copy which Fulton sent to Lord Grenville with his autograph inscription: "The right honourable Lord Grenville—Robt. Fulton." It remained in the Grenville Library until that collection was acquired less than a decade ago by William H. Robinson, Ltd., English booksellers, and, in this Bicentennial year, it has come to Princeton through the great generosity of Mr. Houghton.

In the very year in which Fulton was presenting his letters to Lord Grenville, William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, South Carolina. Princeton has for sometime been building up a
collection of first editions of this writer of historical novels who has been rated by some critics as second only to Cooper. Recently his *The Cassique of Accabae; a Tale of the Ashley River with Other Pieces*, New York, 1849, was acquired on the Scribner Fund. This raises the total of Simms' first editions to thirty-four and leaves just about as many to be acquired.

An interesting Voltaire item, purchased on the Theodore F. Sanxay Fund is *Le Guerre Littétaire; ou Choix de quelques Pièces de M. de l'auteur Avec les Réponses*, bound with his *Défense de Milord Bolingbroke*, 1759. Voltaire had earlier, during his exile in England, been more or less the protégé of Bolingbroke, and as the English statesman's philosophical works became subject to attack, the *Guerre Littétaire* was sent to the Academy of Lausanne. Voltaire promptly asked that it be suppressed, but the request was of no avail and it was secretly printed at Lausanne. The second title purports to be a defense of Bolingbroke's *Letters on the Study of History* but his name seems rather to have been used as an excuse for one of Voltaire's typical essays.

Two additions to the collection of seventeenth century plays are to be recorded this quarter. *The Tragedy of Nero, newly written. London. Imprinted for A. Mathewes and I. Norion for T. Jones*, 1634, has been variously attributed to Matthew Gwynne, Thomas May, and Philip Massinger, while *The Noble Soilder. Or a Contract Broken, Justly Reveagrd. A Tragedy, Written by S. R. London. Printed for Nicholas Passeur*, and are to be sold at his shop in *The Temple, near the Church*, 1634, has been credited to Samuel Rowley, but is generally considered to be largely the work of the better known Dekker. Both of the plays (first editions, of course) are typical of the period, and, while not among the most famous, are welcome additions to the collection. They were bought on the English Seminary Fund.

In this year when the Joseph Henry House has travelled across the front campus it is amusing to read the most recent addition to the Witherspoon manuscripts. Of no great moment for scholarly research, it is nevertheless a part of Princeton's history—a bill submitted by one Richard Scott for labor and materials to repair the President's house, amounting to the grand total of four pounds, five shillings and two pence, together with an order to pay this amount addressed to Jonathan Sergeant, treasurer of the College, the order being in the autograph of John Witherspoon and signed by him. Richard Scott's receipt is on the reverse, dated December 22, 1773. The President's House was in order for Christmas!

GIFTS

Since the last report on gifts from Friends many interesting and varied pieces have been received. From Paul Bedford '97 came a comprehensive collection of material related to the meeting of the American Bar Association held in London, 1824, consisting of clippings from the London Times, notices, various printed pieces, all mounted in a scrapbook, together with a pamphlet entitled: "A Letter from the Committee of the Association of New York to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London 5th May 1775"; Alfred T. Carton '95 presented 108 volumes dealing mainly with the first world war; from Arthur A. Houghton Jr. we received a copy of Fulton—Letters principally to the Right Honourable Lord Grenville on Sub-Marine Navigation and Attack and the Effect which such Inventions may have on the Commerce, Fleets and Independence of Great Britain, London 1806. Presentation copy from Robert Fulton to Lord Grenville (described more fully under New and Notable in this same issue); we received from M. Daniel Maggin a copy of D'Avenant—The Plutonic Lovers, London, 1636, and Lyly-Euphues the Anatomie of Wit, London 1636 (described under New and Notable in the June 1946 Chronicle); Edward Naumburg '24 presented two Wise forgeries: Rossetti—Sister Helen: a Ballad, Oxford, 1857, and Tennison—The Promise of May, London 1882 (described in June) and also twenty drawings for James Thomson's Seasons, by Stothard; and from Dr. Louis C. West came a collection of books and pamphlets, relating to archaeology and literature and to the Greek physician Galen. Our collection of manuscripts of famous Princetonians was enriched by the gift of a typewritten manuscript of a poem by F. Scott Fitzgerald, from Thomas English '18; twenty-four letters signed by Woodrow Wilson came from Robert Garrett '97; an A.L.S. of Booth Tarkington, dated 2 February 1930 was presented by C. O. v. Kiensbusch '66, who also gave to the Library an A.L.S. of Richard Stockton, dated 15 November 1950. Mr. Garrett also presented three letters himself signed by Wilson's secretary, Joseph P. Tunulty.

Space does not permit further listing of individual gifts, but we are also indebted to the following Friends: Mrs. Bayard Henry, Franklin F. Hopper '00, Doctor Walter Lowrie '90, Prof. Kenneth McKenzie, Sterling Morton '06, Prof. Thomas M. Parrott '88, Henry L. Savage '15, Mrs. William J. Sinclair, Prof. W. Frederick Stohman '09, Rev. W. H. Tower '94.

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