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THE R. B. ADAM LIBRARY RELATING TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS ERA. Compiled by R. B. ADAM. 3 vols. London: Oxford University Press. 1929.

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF A UNIQUE CATALOGUE OF LAURENCE STERNE'S LIBRARY. With a preface by CHARLES WHIBLEY. New York: E. H. Wells & Company. 1930.

IT would, without doubt, astonish Doctor Samuel Johnson as much as it would gratify him, to discover the extent of his reputation among the descendants of those rebellious American colonists whose performances won his disapproval so completely during the later years of his life. Nice, conservative Englishmen might have been expected to remember him for a long time because of the "Dictionary," or "The Lives of the Poets," but there existed in 1774 or 1784 no reason for supposing that ultimately he and his conversations would be taught—often with far more brilliance than he had ever displayed in real life—in the classrooms of American colleges, or that the pages of his printed works would be measured eagerly by a class of persons who "collected" him, although they did not read him. Even though he might realize that he dominated the literary world of his own age, it did not follow necessarily that he would also possess the ability to convey to succeeding generations the reasons for such power. But confronted with Mr. Adam's catalogue of a library built up entirely around himself and his writings, the great Doctor ought certainly to be moved to assume that complacency of manner towards the world at large that, to Boswell, invariably indicated his inward personal satisfaction.

For many years it has been acknowledged that the one great Johnsonian collection in the New World has been in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam—begun by his father and carried on by him in the same spirit of devoted interest, it has always represented an especially fine, almost ideal, example of concentration upon a single figure whose importance to English literature lies as much in his own writings as in the books he inspired others to write. Samuel Johnson throughout his career left no form of authorship untried: translations, imitations from Latin originals in English verse, tragedies, novels, dedications—it was the fashion, apparently, to have him compose dedications to Royalty, or to persons whose position seemed to demand an especially dignified manner of address—essays, biographies, criticisms, political tracts, and the "Dictionary," all these he did so extensively that his bibliography cannot be dismissed as a minor matter. It may without exaggeration be said that Mr. Adam has everything, from his first printed work—a translation in to Latin of Pope's "Messiah" that is included in "A Miscellany of Poems. By Several Hands." Oxford, 1731, to the autograph manuscript of an original prayer: of James Boswell he has nearly as much, with, in addition, the first and the revised proof sheets of the "Life" corrected by Boswell, and his manuscript Note Book. That the owner of such a library should have been willing to undertake the tremendous labor of reducing it to the terms of a printed catalogue is an evidence of his extraordinary generosity—the large group of collectors interested in the eighteenth century have every reason for gratitude, even though they cannot hope to equal such perfection in their own collections.

The catalogue itself, in three volumes, the first devoted to Johnsonian Letters, the second to Johnsonian Books, and the third to Miscellaneous Autographs (by which are meant letters written by each person mentioned in the "Life"), is as much a record of Mr. Adam's friendships and enthusiasms as it is of his collection; photographs of all the most prominent American and English Johnsonians are present, with quotations from their published writings and finally at the end of the third volume are several views of Buffalo. In a sense, the entire work is too intimate to be criticized; it is too obvious-

ly a part of Mr. Adam's life to be taken apart and reviewed with the detachment such exercises require. There is no pretense making another bibliography either of Dr. Johnson or of James Boswell, both of whom have already been done brilliantly and authoritatively. Mr. Adam has realized this, and has wisely refrained from burdening himself with such an overpowering amount of detail as Mr. T. J. Wise, for example, includes in his catalogue of the Ashley Library: the Adam books are described briefly, with notes on special "points," or references to the standard bibliographies, and the letters are either summarized or transcribed in full. With characteristic generosity Mr. Adam has put in complete photographic facsimiles of his best things, the original manuscript of Johnson's first draft of the "Plan of a Dictionary," the corrected copy of the "Plan," and the Boswell Note Book for 1776-1777, all of them of immense value to scholars: it would, certainly, have been more usual to hoard such things for one's private enjoyment, and not to share them so liberally with the public.

To illustrate the essential difference between a great specialized collection like Mr. Adam's and the miscellaneous assortment of books ordinarily called a "gentleman's library," it is necessary only to go over carefully the sale catalogue of Laurence Sterne's library which has just been issued, with a preface by Charles Whibley, in an admirable facsimile. The Reverend Laurence Sterne was primarily a novelist whose ostensible career happened to be in the Church of England. Books to him represented either a means of entertainment or a source of incessant borrowings for his own writings—in other words, he amassed, rather than "collected" his library. The story-tellers of literature, the classic authors, works on Church history and moral philosophy, and so great an assortment of sermons that it seems impossible to believe he ever found it essential to compose an original one for his parishioners, all these in any edition available made up his library, and furnished him with whatever he needed. If there was any basic idea other than utility or amusement for his selections, it is not evident; in many cases, there is a suggestion that he acquired books by the parcel, or by inheritance. It is, of course, invaluable to students of Sterne to know definitely what he had—as Mr. Whibley remarks, "[The books] mark his preferences, the bindings are a clear proof of the care he bestowed upon them. . . . For Sterne, before all things, was the child of his books: he arrived at originality through the brains of other men." The present reprint is beautifully done: Mr. Whibley's preface is well written and interesting; and the entire performance seems to have been quite worth the efforts that have been made. It will probably distress modern collectors to notice the prices Messrs. J. Todd and H. Sotherton, the booksellers who issued the catalogue, felt called upon to charge for the books—the millennium was obviously at that period. G. M. T.

#### AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. March 11-12: Selections from the Libraries formed by Mrs. Lucius L. Button, of Rochester, N. Y.; Thomas Hutton, Leicester, England; Dorothy E. L. Gillet, London; and Mrs. G. W. H. Ritchie, of Providence, R. I. The most important item in the sale is a presentation copy of Stephen Crane's "Maggie," inscribed on the front wrapper, "Stephen Crane to Budgon" (Lucius L. Button). "It is inevitable that you be greatly shocked by this book but continue, please, with all possible courage, to the end. For it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in the world and frequently shapes lives regardless. If one proves that theory it makes room in heaven for all sorts of souls, notably an occasional street girl, who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people. It is probable that the reader of this small thing may consider the author to be a bad man, but obviously that is a matter of small consequence



to The Author." Continuing the unfortunate woman theme, the sale goes on to include an autograph manuscript of five pages giving an account of Caroline Maynard Thompson in the handwriting of Charles Dickens, as well as his broadside letter distributed among fallen women in connection with Baroness Burdett Coutts's private reformatory. There are several manuscripts and letters from the following: Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Kipling (the rough draft of verses and lines for "The Brushwood Boy"), Ambrose Bierce (about 160 letters to George Sterling), Stephen Crane, Robert Burns (verses written in Miss Kennedy's album), Lord Byron (the original manuscript of his "Prometheus"), Joseph Conrad (the manuscript of his "Some Aspects of the English Titanic Inquiry," and some of his earliest known letters), Wordsworth, and Napoleon. The first editions include: Sir James M. Barrie, Conrad, Dickens, Fielding, Galsworthy, Shaw, Smollett, Hardy's "Dynasts" with an autograph letter in each volume, the Kilmarnock Burns, John Milton's "Poems," London, 1645, Charles Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts," Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," and a collected set of the writings of Jack London, all presentation copies. There is also a series of original drawings by John Leach.

G. M. T.

The Stanford University Press has issued recently a small volume called "Concerning 'Condensed Novels,'" a hitherto unpublished letter of Bret Harte's, with an introduction and bibliographical notes by Nathan Van Patten. This letter, dated San Francisco, May, 1870, is addressed to James R. Osgood and Company, in Boston, and makes quite clear the writer's unqualified disap-

proval of the edition of "Condensed Novels and Other Papers" brought out by G. W. Carlton and Company, New York, in 1867—"When the book appeared I was so incensed at its circus clown's dress and painted grins that Mr. Carlton had scattered through its pages that . . . I determined to get it out of his hands"—and continues by expressing the wish that Mr. Osgood publish a revised edition. Since only eight letters of Bret Harte's for the years 1868-1870 apparently exist, it is all extremely interesting, and Mr. VanPatten's introduction, in spite of its tendency to confuse the reader by bringing in several of the early California literary journals and their editors without regard for chronology, is entirely adequate. His chief contribution, however, is the exact description of the two Carlton issues of "Condensed Novels," the second of which appeared without the author's knowledge, and the first Osgood edition. Collectors of Bret Harte will find the book of especial interest and value.

G. M. T.

It is seldom that any catalogue of autographs demands serious attention—devoted ordinarily to notes from prominent persons answering silly questions, or declining unwelcome invitations to luncheon and tea, such lists contain as a rule little worth bothering about. It is therefore most extraordinary to find something like Mr. Thomas F. Madigan's recent "Catalogue of Lincolniana," a dignified, interesting presentation of Lincoln letters and documents. Introduced by an essay on Lincoln Autographs by Dr. William E. Barton, one of the acknowledged authorities on the subject, the catalogue lists 74 Lincoln letters and signed documents, and goes on to include a

group of 139 letters from members of his family, political associates, and Civil War generals. It is unusually well done, and Mr. Madigan deserves the highest praise.

G. M. T.

#### "BYRON AND BYRONIA"

Elkin Mathews of London have issued an interesting and comprehensive catalogue, with 776 books and pamphlets by or about Byron. A good number are of books fairly common in the auction room and on booksellers' shelves, but many more occur only at long intervals.

Over 450 of the entries fall in the section of Byron's works, books relating to them, and translations. One of the most important is the fine uncut copy of the "Poems on Various Occasions," Newark, 1807, in the original boards with paper label; it is the copy given by Byron to his half-sister Augusta, and has her autograph on the half-title and on the title-page, to which she has added her middle name of "Mary." This copy was in the Kern sale in New York a year ago, and then fetched \$3,000 (£600); it now figures at £960. Of the suppressed "Fugitive Pieces," 1806—only about three or four copies of the original issue appear to be known—Elkin Mathews can only offer a copy of the 1886 reprint. The Kern copy of the "Hours of Idleness," 1807, in the original boards and uncut, brought \$300 (£60), but £98 and £45 are respectively asked for two other copies of the same, both in modern bindings, and various other editions, 1819-25, vary in price from 4s. to £2. Of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" there are here nearly thirty issues, with duplicates of some.

A building recently completed and presented to the citizens of Rheims is a new structure to house the municipal library, saved just before the medieval Hotel de Ville was burned to the ground on May 3, 1917. The building is the gift of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to the City of Rheims. The treasures in the old library were preserved for posterity by the heroism of the librarian, M. Leriquet, when from the outbreak of the war to May, 1917, he personally transferred them from the Hotel de Ville to the crypt of a suburban church.

The historical records, representing the chronicles of what has been called the heart of France, the incunabula, the manuscripts were all saved, although all printed matter not of exceptional value was sacrificed through lack of space.

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SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF  
author of *Eroica*, a novel based on the  
life of Beethoven

At last *The Inner Sanctum* releases the most-postponed book in its history—the eagerly awaited novel on the life of Beethoven, *Eroica*, by SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, music critic of *The World*. For readers of that paper and the writers of this column, here is an event of extraordinary interest.

From the pages of *The World*, back in 1924, sprang *The Inner Sanctum's* two initial publications, *The First Cross Word Puzzle Book*, by PROSPER BURANELL, MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE, and F. GREGORY HARTSWICK and *Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters* by DON C. SEITZ.

Other *Inner Sanctum* authors intimately associated with 63 Park Row—what sentimental glamor clusters about that storied address—are H. T. WEBSTER, DEEMS TAYLOR, and WILLIAM BOLITHO. To this ESSANDESS roster of the New York *World* symphony is now added the name of SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF.

As neighboring columnists on the page opposite, as devoted readers of his musical criticism, as staunch friends and finally as fellow-worshippers at the shrine of the immortal Ludwig and fellow-devotees of the titanic B's of music—including BACH, BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS and MOZART, *The Inner Sanctum's* occupants take a twice-redoubled delight in hailing the publication of *Eroica*.

For years *Eroica* has been catalogued, announced, deferred, anticipated with shouts and murmurs. Today the work is finally available at all bookstores [advt.], and *The Inner Sanctum* will not be surprised to hear from its readers that the advance expectation has been more than vindicated.

Who touches this book touches a man.

Here BEETHOVEN breathes and moves, loves and lives, "clutches Fate by the throat."

The headings of the first four parts of the book Bonn . . . Vienna . . . the Immortal Beloved . . . *Eroica* . . . impart the noble cadence and passionate spirit of the story.

A common adoration of great music in general and BEETHOVEN in particular brought the author and *The Inner Sanctum* together. So diffident is SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, so devout and disciplined his veneration of heroic genius, that repeated pleadings and many memorable evenings of chamber music and Toscanini sessions were necessary to consummate the agreement for *Eroica*—the work of a music-critic of the first rank, who is an accomplished concert pianist in his own right. To him is it given to unlock the secret of Beethoven—first on the keyboard and then on the printed page.

—ESSANDESS.



THE Phoenix, at this writing, has turned into a sea-mew or something like that. Tomorrow, d. v., the noble bird disembarks at Southampton. Meanwhile, creature comforts aboard the *Aquatania* have disinclined him, really, to indite a line. At the moment he is missing the daily horse races, on which yesterday he won about a pound, only to lose most of it again quite promptly. So see how noble he is,—to be down in his stateroom pounding his Remington Portable for your edification. And we'll bet he misses the picture show about Chinatown, too, which comes off in the Lounge at 4:45 P. M. . . .

Yesterday he saw *Emil Jannings* on the screen. The Phoenix's favorite haunt has been the Smoke Room. *Lady Diana Cooper* is aboard, but he hasn't seen her. She has her meals in the Grill Room, he has heard it rumored. And he hasn't seen the Grill Room either. He must before he leaves. . . .

He has read P. G. Wodehouse's "Mr. Mulliner Speaking" and *Agatha Christie's* "The Secret Adversary," which last he discovered to his chagrin was originally published in 1922, though the new 1930 edition says nothing about that. It *did* seem somehow strangely familiar. It is not one of her best. But Wodehouse hath powers to soothe the savage breast—or is it beast? We always forget. . . .

We have begun Tomlinson's "All our Yesterdays," and think it beautifully written, though a man from East Africa, via America, was heard to remark that he had begun it in the middle, couldn't make head or tail of it, and had thrown it across the room. Well, if you begin a thing in the middle how can you make head or tail of it? It stands to reason. . . .

A lady on board has lent a young Englishman *Joe March's* "The Set-Up," the young Englishman being an ex-amateur boxer, having finally crooked his right hand knocking somebody out, so that he can't box any more. He thought "The Set-Up" was perfectly swell, though the term "swell" was not the one he used, that being a strictly American expression. He thought the poem was the goods anyway. . . .

A young English lady novelist has been reading Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," thinking it quite remarkable. We have spotted another man beside ourselves reading Tomlinson. We have read the *Daily Mail*, *Atlantic Edition* every morning, and have collected a lot of odd information and anecdote from it. . . .

We had meant to bring Robert Bridges's poem along, and, of course, forgot it at the last moment. We intend to visit Harold Munro's bookshop, however, when we get to London, and doubtless we can secure a copy there. . . .

About the Smoke Room, it is so vast, with its large open fireplace with the huge portrait of the Duke of Monmouth (We don't know why we pick on him!) or somebody or other above it, that we have termed it in our own mind "The Old Manorial Hall." Sipping a—well, sipping,—we sat for about an hour before it the other day,—before the fireplace, we mean,—making up verses which are execrable. As there is about every game on the *Aquatania* save games on a regulation pool table we had, for instance, to insert this verse:

Come to the billiard room with me,  
Put English on the ball,  
For the winter winds blow loud and free  
Through the old Manorial Hall.

That was when we had a cold and felt the draughts, from which the Smoke Room is not altogether free, though what we have sung is distinctly an exaggeration. We added

We cannot sing like Tetrazzini,  
Or carry an air at all,  
But come and try a Dry Martini  
In the old Manorial Hall,

and we thought of all our good old pals on *The Saturday Review* and nearly wept that they might not quaff with us. We felt low that day, anyway. It was Vapex and sneeze, Vapex and sneeze all day. We contemplated the cheery coal fire through reddened eyes.

The dancing flames are soaring, sinking,  
Like hopes that rise and fall;  
But we'd god a cold id spide ob drinking  
Id the old Badorial Hall.

However, you will be glad to know that at this writing cold salt baths, Vapex, and Scotch and soda have completely dispersed the remnants of germs in our system, and that we feel simply magnificent. . . .

And then, too, we don't get out on deck much. The trouble is this ship is so large that by the time you have found your way to the deck you're too tired out to do anything but toddle back into the *Old Smoke Room*. . . .

We have taken no chances on the pool, either,—either pool: the swimming pool or the pool that has aggregated about a thousand dollars every evening. The bids on tickets for it, when auctioned off in the evening have gone as high as twenty-five or thirty pounds. That is too rich for our blood. And it took us a long time to understand about "Choice of Fields," etc. So the only money we have dropped has been on the ponies. Twice we have had the horse on whom we staked our florin come in last. But we won on the race where the last horse wins.

We wish that *Christopher Morley* were along to show us how this ship is navigated. The only criticism we would make is that a helicopter or something like that might offset this rolling motion. Still, it hasn't been a rolling motion that one need pay much attention to. Rather pleasant, in fact. Soothing. . . .

We really ought to get our return passage out of this sterling advertisement for the *Cunard* line. It runs, this ship, like something oiled. Some of the passengers sit around all day just like that, too. . . .

Well oiled,—we mean, well, old readers, what do you know of the perils of the briny deep? (Rap wood! This voyage is not over yet.) We have not yet learned the hornpipe or the splicing of marlinspikes but we already feel quite an old sailor. (Whaddya mean, sailor?) We have ridden up and down in several of the "lifts" and are sending over a picture of us watching a boxing match. We know "A" deck like the back of almost anybody's hand; we drink tea without a quiver. . . .

We saw a striped shirt in the *Austin Reed* shop that we have wanted to buy ever since we came aboard. So far our sterling character has won. We have now got all our American money changed into English money, and have our Landing Card and our ticket up to London. . . .

We could get into a dinner coat with our eyes shut, though we haven't yet put on our white waistcoat. (And it looks as though we were going to make that movie after all. Fifteen minutes to go.) . . .

Well, it isn't exactly like the old clipper days. No, really it isn't! But we should be content to be a passenger for several years, with a couple of months off at each end of the line in which to dodge about London and New York. Yet, alas, how fickle is *Man*! We should tire, of course; we should desire the land again. Which reminds us that there's actually an ocean outside and that we must go and look at it when we get the time. . . .

We have written a lot of letters, too. All these statements are offered with the view toward establishing good-will, so that when we are so overwhelmed by life in *London* that we forget to send in our copy, truly big-hearted people will point to our staid past, forget, and forgive. . . .

We admit that this doesn't tell you much about books. Well, we also have a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* in our cabin, which we haven't yet read. But then probably you all subscribe to the *Atlantic*, anyway. No use reading off the list of contents to you. . . .

Did you ever try *Allenbury's* Throat Pastilles? They're good for the throat. We have two toothbrushes, too. Do you know how to put on a "Boddy-Finch" Lifejacket? We have been reading about *Lord Byron* by *Maurois* in *The Forum*, and there's a picture of *Lady Caroline Lamb* right over our bunk,—reproduction of the painting,—and a picture of Rembrandt's *Saskia*,—reproduction of the painting. And that brings this to a close. We wish you could see our stateroom. . . .

We'll make that Chinatown film after all. Three minutes to spare!

THE PHOENICIAN.

## The AMEN CORNER

The story is told of a distinguished American who, invited to dine in an Oxford college, confessed afterwards that as he entered the room his knees knocked at the thought that "all these Fellows talked Latin." Some of our readers have sometimes been frightened away from an Oxford book by the fear that it would be full of Greek quotations. There is in fact no necessary connection between accuracy and pedantry. And no one needs expect that an Oxford book on a popular subject will be any more abstruse than another book, though its facts will perhaps be better authenticated. Some booksellers know this; and in reply to a customer's inquiry, "Is this a good book?" have been heard to reply, "Why, it is an Oxford book."

"For years," we read in the March issue of *The Forum*, "nearly all of what passed for science in newspapers and magazines was the product of professional journalism." We might extend that to include many so-called scientific books. In their attempt to "bring science down to the layman" they have diluted and sugared the real thing until a homeopathic pill is all that is left of the original stimulating, energizing dose. It is evident from Delaware reports that some people find milk-shakes poor substitutes for pre-war beverages. And it is our opinion that the reading public (with at least adolescent intelligence) prefers adult books when it can get them written with grace and interest, that do not forfeit loyalty to fact.

The World's Work Bookshelf is of the same opinion when it recommends to its thousands of readers Mr. Charles Bell's colorful and anecdotal discussion of *The Peoples of Tibet* and C. Leonard Woolley's exciting story of *The Sumerians*,<sup>1</sup> based on his seven years' excavation and study of Ur, the first known city of man. The Scientific Book of the Month Club realize the widespread curiosity in the latest astronomical discoveries when they recommend Professor H. Macpherson's newest book, *Modern Cosmologies*,<sup>2</sup> which pictures our world as one of two million systems spiraling through space.

The Literary Guild and Book of the Month Club, who know both all the new books available and also what really interests most of us, recommend the pure poetry of Robert Bridges's *The Testament of Beauty*<sup>3</sup> in the face of many less skillful though more "popular" poems.

This book is a splendid example of an interesting, and in this case, a poetic treatment of such technical subjects as evolution, metaphysics, etc. And, whereas it is accurate in its scientific material, it is at the same time (to quote Dr. Garrod,<sup>4</sup> Harvard professor of poetry) "the greatest poem in living memory . . . and of all poems in our language the most original." (Incidentally, its second American edition is almost exhausted, which tells us that people like the genuine article when they can get it.)

*The Literary Career of James Boswell*,<sup>5</sup> by F. Pottle, is another case in point. To our knowledge, this is the first bibliography that is at the same time a biography. And its meticulous account of facts robs it of none of its interest as a fine story of the great biographer of Doctor Johnson.

S. E. Morison's *History of the United States*,<sup>6</sup> again, does not "write down to the average reader" (whatever that means besides distortion of the truth). It gives us a true history, and in such a way that we wish for more when we have finished it. *The Nation* said of it that "if the reading of these two volumes does not stimulate an interest in American History the case may be regarded as hopeless." This can never be said about "history made easy." It refers to history made thrillingly real.

Presenting scientific (or technical) subjects with such grace and enthusiasm that they become vivid in interest and memory is an art that is foreign to "the popularizer." The height of this art, to our mind, is reached in *Modern English Usage*.<sup>7</sup> Who, before this book was published, imagined that a dictionary on current usage could be stimulating, clever and gay, and the inspiration of a rollicking series of nonsense in *The New Yorker*, called "Our Own Modern English Usage?"

If you are fed up with empty-headed verbiage on the Made-Easies and Popularized Poppycock, we recommend a diet of Oxford's recent<sup>8</sup> (and not so recent) books.

—THE OXONIAN.

(<sup>1</sup>) \$7.00. (<sup>2</sup>) \$2.50. (<sup>3</sup>) \$2.75. (<sup>4</sup>) \$3.50. Limited Ed. by Rudge Press, \$25.00. (<sup>5</sup>) Author of *Profession of Poetry*, \$4.50. (<sup>6</sup>) \$15.00. (<sup>7</sup>) 2 vols., \$10.00. (<sup>8</sup>) Thick paper, \$3.25; India paper, \$4.00. (<sup>9</sup>) Send for Spring List, addressing Oxford University Press, 114 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

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