

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

*In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing
and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.*

An 1868 New York "Alice"

THE early history of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a familiar story. "Alice" appeared originally in London in 1865. The edition was withdrawn because both author and illustrator thought the reproductions poorly executed. The withdrawal was so effective that only fifteen copies of this true first edition are known to have survived, according to the Columbia University catalogue of the Lewis Carroll centennial exhibition of 1932—nine of the fifteen were displayed in the exhibition. A refurbished "Alice" was brought out in 1866 which apparently satisfied all concerned, and it is this edition (as second an edition as ever was) which up to a few years ago was almost invariably catalogued as the first edition—sometimes as "first published edition," a periphrasis for "first edition to stay published."

The 1865 "Alice," at all events, became definitively unpublished, so far as England was concerned. But the world was not yet done with her. Overseas lay a region where Anglo-Saxon had only ceased from attempting to annihilate Anglo-Saxon, and the remnants of the population might conceivably accept a product that was inadequate for home consumption. Exactly why the 1865 "Alice" was remembered to the New World has never been disclosed. But however it came about, "Alice" immigrated, and was naturalized with a cancel title-page dated New York, 1866.

The first American "Alice," therefore, was a thoroughly English miss save for the detail that a Yankee pinafore concealed her frock. This 1866 New York "Alice" is obviously an important collector's item. But the circumstances of its publication have inevitably made the first "Alice" to be printed (instead of merely distributed) in America likewise an important collector's item. It has heretofore been assumed that the first "Alice" actually printed in America was that which appeared at Boston in 1869 with the imprint of Lee and Shepard, and the soundness of the assumption has well withstood the passage of the years.

Within recent weeks, however, a New York edition in a widely different format has been discovered which, although undated, bears abundant evidence of having been published in 1868. The discoverer is Alfred F. Goldsmith, co-bibliographer, with Carolyn Wells, of Walt Whitman, and a Carrollian of distinction. By a far from regrettable error, he was recently enshrined in an American Art Association Anderson Galleries catalogue (under Morley, Christopher) as "The Goldsmith under the Ice." (It must have been thin ice—the Goldsmithian warmth is pervasive.) The data here presented are taken from notes made by Mr. Goldsmith and embrace the conclusions on which he bases his belief that the newly discovered "Alice" is an exemplar—so far

a unique exemplar—of the first edition printed in America.

Visually, this new-old "Alice" is a disappointment. It resembles the nickel thrillers of the first quarter of this defective century save for the fact that it is self-wrapped and uncolored. Like the units in the "Old King Brady," "Pluck and Luck," and "The Liberty Boys of '76" series, it is a thin quarto. But unlike "Old King Brady" and the rest, "Alice" merits the dignity of a collation, and this is it:

The Children's Library. / (double rule) / Vol I. Number One—Complete. Ten Cents. / (double rule) / Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. / By Lewis Carroll. / (reproductions of six illustrations, in two rows of three pictures each, from the Tenniel drawings, without captions or credit). Pp. 32, title as given forming front wrapper. Size of page, 8½ x 11½ inches.

The text, beginning on page 2, is printed in three columns, and numerous Tenniel illustrations are scattered through it. The reader is compelled to make confusing leaps to other areas of the book, and frequent unrelated fillers are inserted at the ends of instalments. Apparently the entire text is reproduced save for the last five paragraphs ("But her sister sat still" to the end), which omission in no way mars the continuity. The paper is of such wretched quality that the all but total annihilation of this most fragile of "Alices" is not to be wondered at.

The publishers were Jesse Haney & Co. of 119 Nassau Street, New York, and the final page is devoted to an advertisement of their publications. (Haney is not mentioned in J. C. Derby's blanketing "Fifty Years among Authors, Books and Publishers," but bookmen live today who remember him as a kindly, gentle soul—just

the sort who would discover "Alice.") The Haney publications included three other series in addition to "The Children's Library" (which apparently was never heard of again): "The Elocutionist's Journal," which had reached No. 6, "Young Folks' Library," which had reached No. 2, and "The Standard Library," whereof No. 1—"Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist"—was "now ready." The house also issued manuals for carpenters, painters, jewelers, and taxidermists, a "Guide to Authorship," "Bad Memory Made Good and Good Memory Made Better," and comparable catch-penny helps.

Here are the reasons why Mr. Goldsmith assigns this unique and tenuous "Alice" an 1868 date:

On page 25 is a brief account, illustrated, of "The Adder"—a computing device which could be seen and even bought at the manufacturer's rooms, 680 Broadway. The illustration conspicuously dates the patent as of March 10, 1868. "It is hardly probable," says Mr. Goldsmith, "that the publishers would advise young readers to inspect an article which was not of novel interest."

On page 29 an article on a "Modern Alphabet Inventor" records that "a few months back a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible was sold for \$1130, the highest price ever brought by a book in this country." The Bruce copy of the Eliot Bible brought this figure in April, 1868.

Elsewhere the view is expressed that a great increase in travel should result from the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, "now" in course of construction. The golden spike that linked East and West was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869.

In the advertisements No. 2 of the "Young Folks' Library" ("Lost in Africa," no author given) is listed as "In Press—Ready October 1st." The evidence just cited makes it more than reasonably conclusive that the reference is to October 1, 1868.

This department will welcome any fact or hypothesis likely to throw light on the definitive identification of the Haney "Alice."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
THUNDER RIVER RANCH Richard Tracy (Clode: \$2.)	Western	Our hero of the hot Colts helps lady owner of the Box-C buck the big bad syndicate.	Average
NO OTHER WAY Dolf Wyllarde (Macaulay: \$2.)	Novel	Unaware of her wee touch of the tar-brush, foreign educated beaut returns to society on small West Indian Island.	Not Bad
LADIES IN THE PARLOR Jim Tully (Greenberg: \$2.)	Novel	Group portrait of the ladies of a Chicago bordello, probably accurate but of no particular point.	Old Fashioned
HEDWIG Vance Randolph (Vanguard: \$2.)	Novel	The downfall of a round-heeled Farmer's Daughter, told in the first person. Comment immediately above applies.	Simple

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE little Doubleday Doran bookshop in the Long Island Station, New York, was taken aback the other day. A big policeman came in, looked about rather puzzled, and finally blurted out his problem. "Someone gave my wife a set of book-ends," he said, "and I want to buy her half a dozen nice cheap imitation books." Why has no manufacturer of book-ends ever used the design we crave, a big heavy Greek *alpha* for one end, an *omega* for the other? Quercus is pleased to hear that our good friend Walter Latendorf, collector and bibliophile, has opened a bookshop of his own at 33 East 49 Street, N. Y. C., and has named it the *Mannados*—which, he says, was the earliest Indian name for this island—even before it was called *Manhattan*. A book that sounds exceptionally interesting to bibliographers is announced by the Oxford Press, Percy Simpson's *Proof-Reading in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries* (\$15). Thinking of some of our own lapses we wonder whether the art of catching errata has improved much since then? Apropos the Oxford Press, Marion Dodd of the Hampshire Bookshop sends us a photo of the Oxford Corner in her shop. Emily Tompkins, who graduated from Smith College the other day, allows us to print a portion of an essay she wrote about the Hampshire Bookshop, suggesting the quietly pervading influence a college bookstore can have on the inquisitive student. She says:—"By senior year all of us feel possessive about certain books. The big *Anatomie of Melancholie* has been mine since I was a sophomore, but I don't know how many other people own it. Each time we go into the shop it shows great strength of will if we leave our particular boat in the harbor. We're satisfied, though, that it won't rot there. When we do occasionally get reckless and buy, quite unnecessarily, another Oxford Book of Verse, or the Random House Coleridge that we've been wanting and wanting, we feel justly fes-

sive. It's positive remedy for the feeling that comes after the exam that we didn't study for. Even if we mean no such purchase, even if we haven't been told that we must have a Milton Handbook before next class, we are always and forever dropping in.

"It's not just that books are there. It's a comfortable external easiness and charm that brings us down almost any afternoon, bent on mental adventure, potential discovery of a minor ocean among such realms of gold. Theoretically a scholar is stubbornly ascetic. We are just college students, and we feel gratified that at the Bookshop there is no class war between Everyman and Random House. The material needs of the best books are met. That's good, but we're even more gratified that the Bookshop itself is in such fine binding. The small panes of the window across the front make us feel appropriately eighteenth or nineteenth century. Uncommercial. It's pleasant to come there in the winter (when it snows, in Northampton) and read in a book that you don't exactly own, while your feet grow warm by a fire. It's nice that there's a cat, and that its name is Folio."

Old Q. has been receiving some excellent Spring and Summer poems from clients. His favorite is:—

STUDY IN FRUSTRATION

Men are beasts, men are brutes.
I hate them from their hats to boots.

Women are unpleasant, too.
They think of horrid things to do.

Children are so very rude,
I can't help but find them crude.

Animals all have a smell.
I disrelish them as well.

I am in an awful state.
Spring is here and I've no mate.
EUSTACIA.



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THEODORE DREISER

THE INNER SANCTUM announces the publication of the first book by THEODORE DREISER to appear under its imprint.

It is called *Moods*, Philosophic and Emotional. It is THEODORE DREISER's first new book since *Tragic America* (1931). *Moods* consists of 250 prose poems of varying lengths. Some have previously appeared in book form, but these have been radically revised for this edition.

In the Introduction, SULAMITH ISH-KISHOR writes:

These poems assume a rhythm of their own due to their intolerance of any phrase or word not essential to their content. The sum of the poems is an individual record of life in all its tangled subtleties as well as its dramatic shocks. But since this particular life is a distinguished one, having all the powers necessary for the analytical examination and later the fusion of its general experiences into words, the result is primarily philosophy and secondarily poetry.

In these powerful cadences the essence of THEODORE DREISER's world outlook is caught and held. *Moods* (price, \$3.00) declares the affirmation of a man generally ranked as the greatest of living American novelists.

—ESSANDESS

WANTED: Experienced sibyl for Circulation Department of well-known literary weekly to predict coming summer addresses of subscribers THREE WEEKS in advance. . . .

We have yet to try the above advertisement in our own Personal Columns, but something of the sort will be necessary unless readers of *The Saturday Review* give us notice, at least three weeks in advance, of each change of address and include their present address to which copies are being mailed. Circulation Department, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.