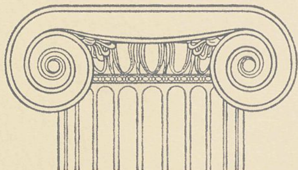

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS

NOVEMBER 1981 · VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 1

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Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXI NOVEMBER, 1981 NUMBER 1

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Rider Haggard Looks Back

MORTON N. COHEN

RIDER HAGGARD belongs to adventure, to bold, often brutal, action. We do not readily think of him as a man of deep feeling or as someone concerned with the human soul, the spirit. And yet, along with the external, adventurous side of life, the inner, contemplative, spiritual world was enormously important to him.

A manuscript that the Libraries recently acquired on the Mixer Fund is concerned with Haggard's inner being, with memory, and with the meaning of natural promptings, of life itself. The manuscript consists of one and one-half, 8″ x 13″ pages and is entirely in Haggard's hand. It is evidently a first draft, containing several deletions and additions. We cannot tell when Haggard wrote the essay, but surely it was when he was in his prime, in what he calls his "middle life"; and in the work he takes a long look backwards to childhood and tries to say something significant about the whole of life.

Had the essay been published when Haggard wrote it, one wonders whether it would have pleased the readers of the time. Would those readers not have expected Rider Haggard to reminisce about some remarkable adventures of his and to tell a tale or two of excitement or escape, the sort of thing they had grown to expect from the storyteller?

Indeed, Haggard could have drawn upon a good many personal adventures to write about, for he lived an eventful life and had much to look back upon. He knew, when he wrote the essay, that his name carried a magical ring to it, that it conjured up for the English reader visions of the British Empire in its heyday, and

Opposite: Sir Henry Rider Haggard in Abydos Temple in Egypt in 1924.

that in his way he had become an emblem of that Empire. And he was aware that his name brought to mind, above all else, those rip-roaring adventure stories and strange heroes and heroines, villains and villainesses, with names like Ayesha, Gagool, Umbopa, Allan Quatermain, and Umslopogaas that had become legendary in his own lifetime.

If to the great British public Rudyard Kipling meant India, his friend Rider Haggard meant Africa, for Haggard had done for Africa what Kipling had done for India: each, in his way, opened a faraway, mysterious corner of the Empire to English eyes. Both brought India and Africa from the other side of the world into the English drawing room and made those distant lands subjects for talk over tea and crumpets in polite society.

Henry Rider Haggard was born on June 22, 1856, the eighth Haggard was an eccentric squire of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk; his mother, Ella, a more sensitive creature who wrote verse in odd moments. When Rider Haggard was ten years old, his domineering father thunderingly dismissed him as dull and "only fit to be a greengrocer." In the elder Haggard's view, it would have been folly to spend much money in educating this "whimsical" boy, and instead Haggard *fils* was sent to Ipswich Grammar School and from there, when he was sixteen, to London to prepare for service in the Foreign Office.

During the summer of 1875, when the boy was nineteen, the father picked up *The Times* one day and read that an old friend and Norfolk neighbor, Sir Henry Bulwer, had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Natal. Squire Haggard lost no time: he offered Sir Henry the services of his ineducable sixth son. Bulwer agreed to take the lad, sight unseen, as an unpaid member of his official party that would soon leave for South Africa. Before long, what must have been a startled young man found himself installed as Sir Henry's household manager in Natal.

Haggard worked hard and gave a creditable account of himself. He came to know the strange natives and stranger Boers. He

hunted wild game and travelled through jungle and over veld. He matured, and both he and his superiors grew confident of his abilities. In 1877, when the British annexed the Transvaal, he was selected to run up the Union Jack at the official ceremony in

Rider Haggard (seated on the ground) with members of the Special Commission to the Transvaal immediately before the raising of the Union Jack, May 24, 1977.

Church Square, Pretoria. In the same year, he was appointed English Clerk to the Colonial Secretary's Office and could write home that he was finally earning an income. Soon after that, at twenty-one, he was appointed Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, and although he had no legal training whatever, he did a laudable job of wiping out corruption in the courts and revitalizing a degenerate legal system.

Political tension was rife in South Africa at that time: the British, the Boers, and the Zulus were locked in a death struggle for the possession of the land. Haggard kept a close eye on political developments and thought seriously about his own future. Dur-

ing his only holiday at home, he met, courted, and wed Louisa Margitson, heiress of Ditchingham House and a small estate surrounding it, not very far from his family's home in Norfolk. In 1880, returning to South Africa with his wife and a retinue of servants, he settled down to ostrich farming, but that proved a venture for which he was not equipped by temperament or experience. Moreover, the British were now at war with the Boers, and a future in South Africa seemed less than promising. It was foolhardy of him to expose his wife to the dangers of war, and in August 1881, the Haggards returned to England.

Family responsibilities weighing heavy upon him, Haggard entered Lincoln's Inn to read for the Bar. While studying in London, he also wrote his first book, *Cetywayo and His White Neighbours, or Remarks on Recent Events in Zululand, Natal and the Transvaal*, in which he denounced the Government for shilly-shallying with Britain's interests in South Africa. But in order to get the book published, he had to pay the publisher £50; a year after it appeared, only 150 copies had been sold. Haggard nevertheless kept writing during his leisure time: reading for the Bar did not provide an adequate outlet for his energies.

One day he stumbled upon fiction as a means for channelling some of that unused energy constructively. While he and his wife were in church one Sunday morning, they noticed sitting near them, as Haggard himself put it, "a singularly beautiful and pure faced young lady." Later, they decided that this young lady deserved to be a heroine in a novel, and they each began to write a story about her. Haggard's wife gave up after writing two or three pages; Haggard wrote on until he completed a three-decker novel called *Dawn*. Finding a publisher was not easy, but Hurst & Blackett finally brought it out in 1884.

Dawn is a weird mixture of the novel of manners and what George Saintsbury called the "elements of occult arts and astral spirits." The *Athenaeum* reviewer saw in it a combination of "fatal facility . . . imagination . . . and courage." Although once

again his work did not sell, the few favorable notices were enough to encourage him to return to his writing desk. His next effort was *The Witch's Head*, a hodgepodge of autobiographical detail and aimless excursions into the grotesque. But at one point, when the

Illustration for *She* from *The Graphic*, December 25, 1886.

hero has to escape from England, Haggard sends him to Africa, and once back in Africa, Haggard writes from the heart. Immediately the reader is enthralled by a new kind of adventure story in a strange and distant world. It is an exhilarating experience that places *The Witch's Head* far above Haggard's earlier effort.

Haggard was finally called to the Bar in January 1885, but once there found the ennui unbearable. While his need to earn a living kept him rooted to his profession by day, his demand for adventure and escape drove him to his writing desk in the evening. In the same year that he entered the legal profession, he happened to read a new, popular book entitled *Treasure Island*, and when a brother of his chanced to ask him his opinion, Haggard replied

recklessly that, though it was certainly a good story, he himself could write a boy's book just as good. His brother challenged the boast, and for the next six weeks Haggard worked evenings at a pedestal desk in his house in Kensington, trying to win the wager by writing a tale of African adventure. The result was *King Solomon's Mines*, the first adventure story in English to exploit the African setting, the harbinger of a genre. It whisked the fog-bound London reader to a distant land, far from the British Isles, where the sun was as bright as the jungle dark; it introduced him to primitive cultures, dangerous missions, and narrow escapes. The reader hunts big game, finds treasure, and defeats or outwits wild animals, primitive natives, and the natural elements. It is an astonishing tale with excitement, suspense, and massacre on almost every page. The British public gobbled it up.

King Solomon's Mines appeared in September 1885 and changed all for Rider Haggard. Although he did not give up his legal practice right away, the barrister soon became subordinate to the storyteller. Now that his pen had struck the right vein, he devoted as much time as he could to his writing and completed three more works of fiction in the next six months. The last of these, even stranger and ultimately more popular than its predecessors, was the famous *She*. It contains all the elements of the early African stories, but with a difference. For here we get something new, the mysterious white queen of a savage race of black Africans. She is a magical ruler, too, and has been alive for two thousand years when the English adventurers who populate Haggard's tale discover her. The book was a *succès fou*; Haggard and the book's heroine, Ayesha, became household names.

By 1887 Haggard no longer doubted what his life's work should be. He gave up the law and set himself to writing full time, producing at least a book a year until his death.

He lived mostly in the country and ran his wife's Norfolk estate. He also became a leading figure in agriculture, and although not successful when he stood for Parliament, he managed none-

theless to influence government policy and legislation, mainly through his books and reports of commissions on which he sat. His later works of nonfiction include: *Rural England* (2 vols., 1902), a survey of the state of English farming; *The Poor and the Land* (1905), a report on the Salvation Army labor colonies in the U.S.A.; and *Rural Denmark* (1911), a survey he conducted with a view to improving English farming. From these and his other nonfiction works, Haggard emerges a proponent of an agrarian Britain, an enlightened colonial policy, and a unified Empire. In 1912 he was knighted–not for his fiction, but for his public service.

Haggard lived a life of accomplishment; yet his life had its tragic strain as well. The tragedy of Haggard's personal life was the death of his only son in childhood. The tragedy of Haggard the writer was that he never aspired to the refinements and artistic subtleties of literature–he was content to be a "storyteller." And yet, so strong was his gift that his tales of bold adventure live on; generation after generation grow up enthralled by them, and movies and television discovered them in turn. Haggard died in 1925, but the Haggard brand of adventure fiction still lives, claiming new audiences all the time.

None of Haggard's adventures enter the essay that we have here, however; in it, Haggard skirts the main, external events of his life. Instead his reminiscences are all wrapped up in sensitive ponderings about the mist of life and the outcroppings of hidden feelings and awarenesses. He does include a few rather ordinary childhood scenes. He remembers being scolded by his parents when he burst into a petulant tantrum and recalls learning one day in church that the Prince Consort had died. This news, he writes, surprised him because he had never before realized that princes were subject "to the accident of death" like ordinary people. Then he remembers his sister's telling him that God is omnipresent and that that piece of information led him to go about searching for God everywhere, under school tables and even in

cupboards. The death theme continues, and he recalls when he first looked upon a dead person. The essay ends with an allusion to "the most terrible reminiscence of childhood" for him, when, one night at bedtime he realized for the first time that he too must one day die.

Rider Haggard, age 7.

The essay is really more about death than life, but Haggard's whole life was in fact a search for the explanation of the great mysteries of life and the relationship between death and life. For in addition to being a natural storyteller, Rider Haggard was also by nature much more sensitive and gifted than ordinary people. He had a keen eye, and he could get at the heart of anything quickly and incisively, be it a book, an idea, or a person. To the people around him, his family, his friends, his fellow club members, he seemed instinctively to know things, almost as if he had

second sight. A nephew of his once recalled that Haggard believed that he was uncommonly attuned to spiritual forces. "A turn of the wheel might have sent him into a trappist monastery," wrote one journalist after interviewing Haggard.

Indeed, when Haggard the lad was in London cramming for the Foreign Office examination, he lived on his own in lodgings for a time, and during those days, became a "frequent visitor" at the home of a fashionable lady in Hanover Square who regularly held séances. The spiritualist fever was at its height in London in the 1870s, and the séances that Haggard attended made a strong impression on him. At one session, he recorded, he saw a massive table that skipped like a lamb and a lady spirit with an elongated neck like Alice's in Wonderland. Another account of his tells how "lights floated about the room, and with them a file of *Morning Posts* which normally reposed in a corner. Cold little hands picked at the studs in our shirts, . . . feather fans off the mantlepiece floated to and fro, performing their natural office upon our heated brows," and huge pieces of furniture were piled one atop another.

These sessions shook Haggard considerably, and after one that was more ghostly than the others, he resolved not to return, convinced that he had had quite enough of that sort of thing. "Since those days nearly forty years ago," he later wrote, "I wonder whether the whole thing was illusion, or, if not, what it can have been. . . . I do not believe that it was a case of trickery; rather am I inclined to think that certain forces . . . were set loose . . . which, perhaps, had their real origin in our minds, but nevertheless were true phenomena." Haggard thought about these phenomena through the years and they enter a number of his published stories, *Love Eternal* (1918) for example.

Mysticism had taken hold of Haggard early, and all his life he tried to reconcile with modern science the deep spiritual soundings he sensed within himself. He searched constantly to find some certainty about the fate of the soul. He read Oliver Lodge's

books on psychic research; he studied Eastern religions; he followed the proceedings of the Psychical Society; and he carefully unwrapped and examined Egyptian mummies. The possibility of reincarnation more than fascinated him—he actually believed in it, and he was frequently carried away by fanciful notions related to it. On occasion he made the heroes and heroines of his novels return to previous incarnations, and reincarnations occur frequently in his fiction. Once he is reputed to have said quite seriously to a young lady visitor, "I can see you are the reincarnation of an Egyptian princess."

Haggard frequently exchanged letters with people who claimed to have had direct contact with spirits. His most extensive correspondence on the subject was with William T. Horton, an illustrator, who, in Haggard's words, was "a mystic of the first water." Over a twenty-year period Haggard quizzed Horton through the post about his spiritual experiences. On December 14, 1910, for instance, Haggard wrote him: "It's all very interesting—oddly enough I was lying awake last night thinking of a mystical romance I have it in my mind to write in which two modern people get *back* to a former life in old Egypt. But it's a difficult business to do. I suppose your spiritual wanderings haven't brought you in contact with the Court of Meneptah . . . have they? . . . Do I understand you to refer to separate *incarnations*? . . . I have always had a kind of instinct that there is something in the reincarnation business." In a postscript Haggard adds, "I suppose there isn't any receipt for getting oneself back to old Egypt. How do you do it? *I* should like to go."

For Haggard a belief in reincarnation did not conflict with Christian dogma; in fact, he saw the Resurrection as further evidence of its truth. Haggard explored spiritual avenues far and wide, and he saw his wanderings as healthy rather than dangerous pursuits. He sought the answers to the universal riddles all within a Christian framework.

Actually two essential qualities composed his personality, and

these were sometimes in conflict with one another. He was at once the dreamer and the pragmatist. He dreamed about the past, asserting that he "understood Scandinavians of 800 A.D. and the Egyptians from Menes to Ptolemy far better than his neighbor of the next street in London or the next property in Norfolk." In his autobiography he wrote: "With the old Norse and the old Egyptians I am at home. I can enter into their thoughts and feelings; I can even understand their theologies. I have a respect for Thor and Odin, I venerate Isis, and always feel inclined to bow to the moon!"

He managed somehow to look into the future with the same ease that he looked into the past, and he frequently predicted the outcome of government policies with astonishing accuracy. He could also project himself into imaginary worlds, and he created a good many of them as settings for his fiction.

And yet the dreamer also felt the pressures of his real environment. He had grown up in an age which, bound by the doctrine of duty, taught him to emphasize the utilitarian and to reject dreams as impractical. It was important to live a fruitful, Christian life as loyal husband, providing father, and hard-working citizen of the Empire. One might dream only after duty was done.

In the words of Lilias Rider Haggard, his youngest daughter, his was "a nature both bafflingly complex and childishly simple." Within him clearly struggled many forces, and while the conflicts and the contradictions make him as a person difficult to pin down, these conflicts perhaps generated the sparks of creativity that fired his restless imagination and enabled him to spin the fifty-eight volumes of fiction.

This hitherto unpublished essay does in fact touch the most consistent strain in both his life and his works—his relentless search for knowledge about the hidden recesses of existence and the subsequent disappointment at not having the answers. Haggard's persistent spiritual quest is disguised by those hair-raising adventures in fiction, but it is nonetheless the quest that was born in that narrow room in Norfolk when, as he tells us in the essay, he first

realized that he too would die. We have another account of that awakening to the inevitable, left to us by his daughter. It is more detailed than the one he himself recorded here and is worth noting. It appears that Rider, who usually shared an attic room in the family home with his brother Andrew, had been put to bed one night in the "Sandwich," a dark and stuffy dressing-room. He had difficulty falling asleep, and then all at once he seemed to hear the rustling of a silk skirt. He had been told that Lady Hamilton once stayed at Bradenham, and he feared that her ghost had returned. He jerked the bedclothes over his head and eventually fell into an uneasy sleep. But suddenly he woke up. "The moon was shining through the window so brilliantly that he could see every detail in the room. . . . The leaves danced over the bed. He put out his hand and let them flicker over it–how odd it looked in the moonlight, dead–dead. Then it happened. He realized that one day that hand would be limp also, that he could not lift it any more–it would be dead–he would be dead. The awful, inescapable certainty hung over him like a pall of misery. He felt it would be better if he died at once–he wished he were dead, rather than have to live with that in front of him."

Rider Haggard lived with that ominous realization to age sixty-nine, remembering throughout those years the sudden, new awareness that came upon him in the "Sandwich" at Bradenham. That awareness sharpened his perceptions and provided him with a quest that shaped the course of his life and the nature of his being and his work.

Childhood Reminiscences: An Unpublished Manuscript

H. RIDER HAGGARD

MOST people would find it impossible to fix the exact period of their existence when memory began. The past of our childhood is veiled with a morning mist, through which men and things loom largely. Gradually, very gradually, the mist brightens as at the dawn till at length the backwards-looking mind sees it vanish altogether and there is light, faint and far away, but still light. It is a curious thing to watch a child of six or seven. He is perfectly intelligent, has his likes and dislikes, loves those about him ardently, anticipates, recollects and enjoys. Yet by the time this child is twenty, all memory of very nearly all of this vivid life will have gone from him, his very mother, should she chance to die now, will be but a shadow to him, remembered only perhaps by some one word or look or kiss. Still more curious are the sensations of the man in middle life when he strives to recall the distant past, which is after all so near. As I write these words I look from my window onto a London garden. It is hidden in fog that cloaks the paths and garden beds, but through the fog loom the shapes of trees, and beyond them is a mass that may be houses or any other thing. Through this curtain of reeking vapour come sounds from the distant streets, familiar but undistinguishable. So to the eye and ear of the mind come sights and sounds from our lost childhood, and it is hard to distinguish among them or to give them a meaning and relative value.

One of the first things that I can remember is leaving home with my parents and other members of my family. At first this seemed a

Overleaf: Original manuscript of "Childhood Reminiscences." (Charles W. Mixer Fund)

Most people would find it impossible to fix the exact period of their existence when memory began. The past of our childhood is veiled with a morning mist, through which men & things loom largely. Gradually, very gradually the mist brightens as at the dawn till at length the backward looking mind sees it vanish altogether & there is light, faint & far away but still light. It is a curious thing to watch a child of six or seven. He is perfectly intelligent, has his likes & dislikes, loves those abt him ardently, anticipates, recollects & enjoys. Yet by the time the child is twenty all memory or very nearly all of this vivid life will have gone from him, his very mother, sh^d she chance to die now will be but a shadow to him remembered only perhaps by some one word or look or kiss. Still more curious are the sensations of the man in middle life when he strives to recall the distant past wh. is after all so near. As I write these words I look fr my window onto a London garden. It that cloaks the walls & garden way is hidden in fog, but through the fog loom the shapes of trees & beyond them is a mass t may be houses or anything else. Through this curtain of reeking vapour come sounds fr. the distant streets, familiar but undistinguishable. So to the eye & ear of the mind come sights & sounds fr. our lost childhood & it is hard to distinguish among them or to give them a meaning & relative value.

One of the first things t I can remember is leaving home w my parents & other members of my family. At first this seemed a joyous thing. that is in anticipation. But long before the station was reached a reaction set in w such violence t my infantile howls of grief necessitated severe summary remonstrance. I suppose it must have been subsequent to this that I was taken to church & heard some music

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beautiful, dressed in a white robe, & w a pillow
stuffed w shavings beneath his head. I do not remember
t the sight frightened me at all but it made me think
The most terrible reminiscence of childhood t remains
to me however must have had its origin a year or two
later. I went to bed one night & instead of undressing
sat down & began to think. As I thought suddenly
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into the dark of nothingness.

joyous thing, that is in anticipation. But long before the station was reached a reaction set in with such violence that my infantile howls of grief necessitated severe summary remonstrance. I suppose it must have been subsequent to this that I was taken to church and heard some music which struck me. I asked what it was and was told that the Dead March in Saul was being played because the Prince Consort had died. I remember my astonishment, for I had not previously understood that Princes were subject to the accident of death. Indeed, most of my earliest reminiscences are connected with religious matters. Thus I recollect the omnipresence of the Divinity being explained to me by an elder sister. As I had doubts upon the subject and was of an inquiring mind, I instituted a personal search, beginning under the school room table and ending in the cupboards. It proved unsuccessful and I afterwards argued the point with some vigour. It must have been after this that I first looked on death. An old man had died in the village, and I persuaded the carpenter who had charge of his obsequies to show me the body. I can see it now, the coffined remains of a man very pale and stern and beautiful, dressed in a white robe, and with a pillow stuffed with shavings beneath his head. I do not remember that the sight frightened me at all, but it made me think. The most terrible reminiscence of childhood that remains to me however must have had its origin a year or two later. I went to bed one night and instead of undressing sat down and began to think. As I thought, suddenly and for the first time, I realized that I myself must die, must cease to play and eat and sleep, to pass away into the dark of nothingness.

The Many Lives of Phoenix

RUDOLPH ELLENBOGEN

PHOENIX, a name that conjures up the image of the Arabian bird of fire and resurrection, is an uncommon and magical name. At the Libraries the name immediately calls to mind the University's first collection of rare books and manuscripts formed by Stephen Whitney Phoenix, a loyal Columbian and remarkable nineteenth century New York gentleman. From his splendid books one has the distinct impression of cultivated taste. There are in his library: a magnificient fifteenth century Book of Hours; a Caxton, Christine de Pisan's *Fayte of Armes and Chyvalrye* (1489); a collection of emblem books; the outstanding nineteenth century illustrated books such as David Roberts' *Holy Land* and his *Egypt and Nubia*, Daniel Giraud Elliot's *The Birds of North America* and George Catlin's *North American Indians*; a splendid copy of a First Folio of Shakespeare; a unique copy of Robert Fulton's *Treatise on Canal Navigation* with the inventor's original drawings; and a collector's treasure, Iamblicus' *De mysterri Aegyptiorum* in a Jean Grolier binding. When the name Phoenix appeared in connection with a netsuke (a Japanese carved toggle used to fasten a purse to a kimono) on exhibit recently at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I could no longer restrain my curiosity to learn more about the collector.

In May 1857, Columbia College, consisting of 154 students, moved from Park Place to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Fiftieth Street near Fourth Avenue which had been remodeled to include chapel, classrooms, library, and living accomodations for the President and some of the professors and their families. The College was in a new part of town: it was years before Madison Avenue was to be paved above Forty-Second Street or even to be opened above Forty-Ninth Street; the Bull's Head cattle yards

faced the College on the east side of Fifth Avenue; special arrangements had to be made with the Harlem Rail Road Company and other omnibus lines to get transportation to the area, and, as *The New York Evening Post* of May 11, 1857, reported, "Potter's Field' is within a stone's throw, and . . . the ends of the rows of coffins, filled with the bones of the unknown dead, are still to be seen protruding from the bank of earth left by the cutting through of the 4th avenue." The College was situated "on a commanding eminence, affording an extensive and pleasant view" with a beautiful lawn and large, old trees. The school was, as described by Horace Coon in *Columbia, Colossus on the Hudson*, "a fashionable day school for the sons of New York's best families."

One such son was Stephen Whitney Phoenix, whose father Jonas Phillips Phoenix had served in Congress, in the New York State Legislature, and as a New York City Alderman. He also served as director, trustee, or president of no less than eight insurance companies and banks. Stephen Whitney, Phoenix's maternal grandfather, whose property at his death was valued at more than four million dollars, also similarly was the director of banks and monied institutions and was the projector and founder of several railroads and canals, having already made a fortune in shipping.

The young Phoenix did well at Columbia, finishing second in his class behind John Crosby Brown, who wrote of their competition on Dec. 18, 1858; "The rank of our class at the last commencement was Brown 99.9 Phoenix 96.4. . . . Phoenix is pushing me like the dickens this year. He keeps even with me in every room, but Mc Vickars, where he beats me because Mac confessed, I do not write plainly & neatly. This is my misfortune. . . . However, being gifted with the gab, I beat him in Pres's room. I thus keep ahead." (Debates were conducted in President King's class.) Phoenix succeeded in raising his average to 98.5, but Brown was successful in holding his own. At graduation Phoenix was to have delivered the Latin Salutatory but could not because his father

had just died. Phoenix continued his studies at Columbia, receiving an A.M. in 1862 and a Law degree in 1863; however, he never apparently practiced law.

During the seventies, Edith Wharton lived a couple of doors

Stephen Whitney Phoenix in his late thirties.

from Stephen Whitney Phoenix, she at 14 West 23rd Street, and he at number 22. Although some years his junior, she spent her teens observing his contemporaries. More than a half-century later she would write in *A Backward Glance* of the men of Phoenix's social class:

[He] was typical of the American gentleman of his day. . . . [His] range of interests, combined a cultivated taste with marked social gifts. Their weakness was that, save in a few cases, they made so little

use of their abilities. A few were distinguished lawyers or bankers, with busy professional careers, but too many . . . lived in dilettantish leisure . . . all the men I mentioned were active in administering the new museums, libraries and charities of New York; but the idea that gentlemen could stoop to meddle in politics had hardly begun to make its way, and none of my friends rendered the public services, that a more enlightened social system would have exacted of them.

This characterization, complete with faults, fits Phoenix well.

We have several descriptions by Phoenix's contemporaries of our nineteenth century New York gentleman which agree with Wharton's. The first is by the writer D. A. Wasson in an account of a three-month cruise to Labrador which appeared in the December 1864 *Atlantic Monthly*. Wasson describes his fellow voyager Phoenix as a "fine Greek and Latin scholar, rich as Croesus and simple in his habits as Ochiltree,—passionately fond of travel, —as well read, I will undertake to say in the literature of travel in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, as any other man twenty-five years old in Europe or America,—full of facts, strong in mind, deep in heart, religious, candid, sincere, courageous, at once frank and reticent,—a thoroughly large and profound nature . . . whom it was worth going to Labrador to meet." Phoenix is also described in a memorial sketch by Jacob Bailey Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, as "unostentatious and retiring," and as having "a noble mind and generous heart."

Twenty-six years after Phoenix's death, the architect George C. Mason, Jr., who rebuilt the collector's Newport mansion, Harbour View, dedicated his book *Architects and Their Environment* to Phoenix, recalling "the many delightful hours" of pleasure the two men spent together both in New York and in Newport discussing art and architecture. He remembers Phoenix as the "ideal client" whose pleasure it was to devote himself to literary and artistic pursuits. He was an enthusiastic student of history and genealogy, Mason writes, and he "was a true lover of the arts, in which he placed architecture in the foremost place. . . .

More than once I told him that should he have adopted architecture as a profession and not simply studied it as an amateur, had he done so, he would have assuredly attained eminence in art."

The homes of Stephen Whitney Phoenix were the outward

Harbour View, Phoenix's Newport home.

trappings of his taste and his life. His New York home decorated with the collections gathered on his many travels throughout the world was widely admired and was compared with a museum. He, no doubt, helped his mother select and furnish a summer home in Hudson, New York, a house of exceptional architectural interest that had been twice remodelled by the renowned architect, Alexander J. Davis. Contemporary newspaper accounts describe Harbour View: *The Newport Daily News* on September 22, 1886, refers to his "luxurious bachelor quarters . . . suited to a recluse, a student, and a man of fine tastes, in literature, in science, and in art . . ."; and *The Newport Journal and Weekly News* reported on March 23, 1878, that "Mr. S. W. Phoenix of New York has expended upon his villa on Hallidon Hill enough

The Great Hall at Karnak, Thebes, from David Roberts' *Egypt and Nubia*, 1846, a book that combines Phoenix's passions for travel and fine books, one of the magnificent works left to his alma mater.

money to build a modern cottage. . . ." The article details the additions, including an octagonal music room, billiard room, drawing room, and sleeping quarters decorated with handsome fireplaces, inlaid wood floors with elaborate designs, ceilings, panels, and doors of cherry, oak, butternut, walnut and mahogany. The hand carved flowers and vines all required great skill and expense. There was even a Japanese room furnished with silk screens and decorations that Phoenix had selected on his travels in the Orient. "When completed," *The Newport Journal* noted, "it will be one of the finest houses in that section of the city."

Another person who was impressed by Phoenix was Josiah Collins Pumpelly, a law school classmate and travelling companion, who preserved Phoenix's letters now in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, and who noted on one letter of January 1878, "Letter from Whit–something sacred." These letters, which date from August 1863, following graduation from Law School until December 19, 1880, less than a year before Phoenix's premature death at age 42, best reveal the "nineteenth century gentleman," and his daily routines, travels, and his observations on life, literature, theater, interior decoration, women, science, medicine, and during his last three years, death and life after death.

We see in these letters a sensitive and reticent man who travels widely and reacts to life with seriousness and yet maintains a sense of humor. Even when he is seriously ill in December 1879, he is able to write, "Obesity stares me in the face–six pounds more will entitle me to join the Fat Men's Association . . . fat anaemics are the bête-noir of doctors." Phoenix was born to society, but was capable of seeing its foibles and of criticizing it. On vacation near West Point with his mother, he wrote of the social circle into which he was forced:

I can't relish their jokes. Their wit seems to me dull, and flat, and dreary beyond the power of words to express. Their conversation

doesn't interest me. I despise gossip. I hate scandal. Why will they persist in telling me that Mrs. Smith dresses in such execrable taste, or that the Spanish gentleman who is always with Mrs. Jones is not her husband, or that that horrid, vulgar, odious Mrs. Robinson is a mere wretched parvenue and (oh horrors!) the wife of a contractor. I am perfectly willing that it should be true. I'm sure it's no business of mine to superintend my neighbours morals or to inquire too particularly how they made their money, so they do not tread on my corns or interfere in my concerns.

Basically a romantic, Phoenix writes in his letters about long solitary walks in the mountains and his own feelings, "That I am just . . . another dreaming and useless fellow. . . ." who true to Edith Wharton's pattern abstains from politics because he is sure that "a more thoroughly rotten and corrupt, and utterly worthless system than ours never existed since the foundation of the world."

He, therefore, devoted himself to pursuits that were essentially solitary or were done with a few congenial friends–traveling, collecting books and art, architecture, the writing of the genealogy of the Whitneys, camping, fishing or going to the theater or lectures. Traveling added meaning to his life. "The world is 'all before me whence to choose,' and I don't much care where I go, if I can only escape for a while from the crowd of people who bore me. A terrible nuisance, I find it, this faculty of being bored by almost everybody one meets . . ." (July 10, 1971), but at another time he wrote of the necessity to "travel intelligently." Consequently, he studied hieroglyphics and bought more than fifteen hundred books on travel by Sir Richard Burton, John Lewis Burckhardt, Edward Robinson, and others, that now are prized in his library at his alma mater. As he traveled he also collected specimens for his herbarium and objects of art to decorate his homes.

When at home he spent massive amounts of time and effort on his genealogical work on the Whitney family, and it is recorded that he sent 14,000 letters of inquiry in compiling it. During the

period of this work we have a letter, dated October 10, 1863, in which he records his daily life:

I work from breakfast till dinner pretty faithfully—but after dinner

Robert Fulton's original drawing in the extra-illustrated copy of *A Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation*, 1796, in the Phoenix Library.

is devoted to loafing as of yore. I put on an easy old felt hat or cap, stick a segar in the left corner of my mouth, thrust my hands into my pockets, and saunter out for a quiet stroll—without a thought as to the direction in which it may please Providence to send me. Somehow or other, I generally find myself in Sixth Avenue; for *there* no one is very critical as to my dress or my things. I invariably loiter before all the shop windows, take a good long countrified stare at everything that is moral and much that is not, stop a moment at the "Woodbine" to enjoy a toby of old ale and perchance a rare-bit. Then I cross over to Broadway, passing very often through Eighth St. and lingering a moment or two before your old winter quarters to think of the many pleasant moments I have passed in that dingy old room. Then, if I feel low spirited I laugh for an hour with Mrs. John Wood. Or, in a soberer mood, I listen to Booth in the character of Hamlet, or Shylock, or Iago, or Richelieu. And I return to my little room happy and contented, at a reasonable hour, feeling that I have passed a pleasant and

profitable evening and quite willing to leave the more exciting styles of pleasure to gayer and more brilliant men. Cousin Steve calls this mere vegetation. If it is, may I be perennial!

Alone, he read Darwin and approved, and struggled with his religious beliefs. "I have one earnest, heart-felt hope for you," he wrote to his friend Pumpelly in August 1879, "that you may never feel the torture of religious doubt. It is constitutional with me, I believe, and the more I struggle against it the more skeptical I am. I would give worlds for your faith and trust in the future. You may think me indifferent to such things but I am far from it. I am too near my end for that. . . ."

Phoenix died of cancer one hundred years ago this month on November 3, 1881. He willed his art to the Metropolitan Museum where he had been a trustee (but had never attended a meeting), his genealogical books to the New-York Historical Society, and his herbarium to the American Museum of Natural History. Columbia, where I suspect he may have been happiest, reading and studying, received a generous bequest for the School of Mines as well as his library. Taste has changed in art; the American Museum of Natural History no longer has a Botany Department; the scientific equipment purchased for the School of Mines has made its contribution and is now out-moded; but the books present a different story. The Book of Hours, the emblem books and the other rarities in his extensive library continue to excite admiration in the students and scholars whose research depends on them —and therein lies Stephen Whitney Phoenix's phoenix-like existence.

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

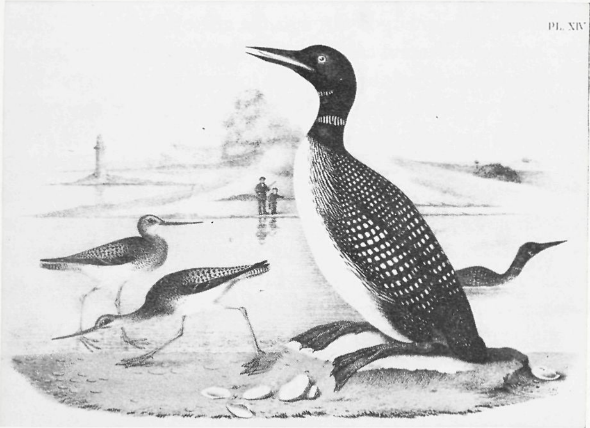
Banning gift. The Libraries' holdings of political campaign memorabilia has been enlarged through the gift by Mr. John P. Banning, Jr., of a collection of nearly nine hundred campaign buttons and badges, including: 400 relating to races for Mayor of New York City and Governor of New York State for the period, 1898–1974; 450 pertaining to various candidates involved in the 1972 and 1976 Presidential Campaigns; eleven ribbons with attached medallions issued for delegates to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions from 1916 to 1960; and a complete collection of the twenty-four campaign buttons produced for the Norman Mailer-Jimmy Breslin 1969 New York City Mayoral Campaign.

Barnett gift. Dr. A. Doak Barnett, professor of political science at Columbia from 1961 to 1969 and now senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, has established a collection of his papers with the gift of approximately 3,500 manuscripts, notes, proofs and correspondence relating to his major publications, *Cadres, Bureaucracy and Political Power*, *China and the Major Powers* and *China's Economy in Global Perspective*.

Barzun gift. More than two thousand letters, papers and inscribed books have been added by University Professor Emeritus Jacques Barzun (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928; Ph.D., 1932) to his collection, including correspondence with Mortimer Adler, Lillian Hellman, Frances Steegmuller and Robert Penn Warren.

Beinecke gift. A fine copy of Jacob H. Studer's *The Birds of North America*, New York, 1895, has been presented by Mr.

William S. Beinecke (LL.B., 1940). Published under the auspices of the Natural Science Association of America, this folio edition contains 119 color plates based on drawings made from nature by Theodore Jasper and revised by John Graham Bell.



The Great Northern Diver Loon, from Jacob Studer's *The Birds of North America.* (Beinecke gift)

Braden gift. Mr. William Braden has recently donated, for addition to the papers of his father, the late diplomat and mining engineer Spruille Braden, approximately 160 letters, inscribed photographs, passports, certificates, diplomas and printed materials. The correspondence, dated from 1946 to 1977, includes letters from Joan Crawford, J. Edgar Hoover, George Meany, Rafael Trujillo, Harry S. Truman, Olav V of Norway, and numerous other friends and associates in the diplomatic world.

Brown gift. Mr. James Oliver Brown has donated more than eighty thousand letters, memoranda and contracts of authors whom he has represented through his literary agency during the

past four decades. Included in the gift are extensive files relating to Louis Auchincloss, Cecil Beaton, Frank Buck, Erskine Caldwell, Herbert Gold, A. J. Liebling, Alberto Moravia, Jessica Mitford, Katharine Anne Porter, James Purdy, Eleanor Roosevelt, John Selby, Jean Stafford and Harvey Swados.

Grynberg bequest. An important collection of first editions and autograph letters has been received in a generous bequest made by the late Mrs. Sophie Grynberg in memory of her husband, Roman N. Grynberg. Included among the more than one thousand volumes are twenty-four works inscribed by Edmund Wilson and three inscribed by Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*, 1962; *Speak, Memory*, 1966; and *Dar*, 1952. There are also first editions of the Russian writers Anna Akhmatova, Ivan Bunin and Osip Mandel'shtam. Among the mansucript items in the bequest are twenty-eight letters each from Nabokov and Wilson written to the Grynbergs, the holograph manuscript of Nabokov's poem "Romanu i Sone ot geroia 'Dara'" ("To Roman and Sonia from the hero of *The Gift*"), and the corrected proofs of Wilson's "Seeing Chekov Plain," an essay published in *The New Yorker* in 1952.

Jagendorf gift. Shortly before his death last January, Dr. Moritz Jagendorf (A.B., 1912; D.D.S., 1916), author and folklorist, donated his collection of more than 1,100 volumes in the fields of American, European and oriental folk literature, as well as first editions of nineteenth and twentieth century fiction and poetry, many of which are inscribed or autographed. Among the authors represented are William Blake, Sir Thomas Browne, Carl Carmer, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France, Lafcadio Hearn, George Moore, Edgar Saltus, Emile Verhaeren, Walt Whitman, Edmund Wilson and Israel Zangwill.

Jaszi gift. Mr. Andrew O. Jaszi, son of the scholar and Hungarian government official, the late Oscar Jaszi, has presented the lengthy

and important correspondence exchanged between his father and mother, Anna Lesznai, during the period 1943–1954. The four hundred letters in the gift have been added to the Oscar Jaszi Collection which was established in 1972.

John gift. Miss Lenore John has presented a handsome eighteenth century manuscript of the Koran, illuminated in gold and colors, and in the original oriental binding.

Judd gift. Mr. George E. Judd has presented a collection of erotica, comprising approximately two hundred volumes of writings in the fields of anthropology, medicine, psychology, art and general literature, which the donor assembled during the past five decades to reflect the changing morality and attitudes towards publication of this type of material. Dating from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries, the collection is particularly strong in English langauge texts and includes first editions by William Burroughs, John Cleland, William Faro, D. H. Lawrence, Frank Harris, John Addington Symonds and other British and American writers, as well as translations of celebrated foreign works by Sacher-Masoch, Petronius, Pierre Louÿs, Lucian, Longus and Apuleius. The gift also includes encyclopedias, bibliographies, periodicals, anthologies and pictorial works.

Kellogg gift. Mrs. Helen Hall Kellogg has donated a group of original and printed designs of covers for the magazines *Survey* and *Survey Graphic*, edited by her late husband Paul Underwood Kellogg. Included in the gift are nineteen original cover designs by Wilfred Jones, as well as drawings for illustrations and miscellaneous proofs and other printed materials, dating principally from the 1930s and 1940s.

Kenworthy bequest. The Library and papers of the late Marion Edwena Kenworthy, professor of psychiatry at the School of Social Work, 1921–1956, have been received by bequest. Among the

files of correspondence, memoranda, photographs and clippings are letters from Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert H. Lehman, Karl Menninger and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Original drawing for the cover of the July 1932 *Survey Graphic*. (Kellogg gift)

MacLachlan gift. Miss Helen MacLachlan (A.B., 1918, B.) has presented seventy-one volumes from her library, including first editions by Theodore Roosevelt, Walter de la Mare, Kenneth Graham and Josephine Johnson, as well as books presented to her over the years by her godfather, John Masefield, among which are works by John Betjeman, Edmund Blunden, Rose Macaulay, Sean O'Faolain and Victoria Sackville-West. Also presented by

Miss MacLachlan is a manuscript given to her by Masefield's daughter Judith: *Old Bill the Huntsman*, a narrative poem for children, written and illustrated with watercolors by Robert Graves and inscribed by him to John Masefield on April 22, 1917.

Myers gift. A collection of seventeen letters, postcards and manuscripts by the Irish writer Padraic Colum (D.Litt., 1958) has been presented by Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964). Included are an inscribed photographic portrait, a typewritten manuscript of four stanzas from the poem "The Wild Ass," and letters to Peter Russell, Marshall Bean, Pirie MacDonald and William Stanley Braithwaite. Professor Myers has made his gift in memory of Colum and Professor James L. Clifford, both of whom were his teachers at Columbia.

Parsons gift. More than two hundred volumes have been added by Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) to the collection of Scottish literature which he established in 1976, including first and collected editions, dating from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, of the writings of Robert Blair, Thomas Craufurd, George Drummond, George Fraser, John Gerrond, Richard Glover, James Grant, David Lindsay, David Malcolm, Allan Ramsay, William Tennant and other poets, dramatists and novelists. Of special interest in Professor Parsons' gift is the group of books printed in, or relating to, Galloway, a district in southwest Scotland, among which is an interesting example of provincial printing: William M'Dowall, *Poems, Chiefly in the Galloway Dialect*, 1828, printed for the author by J. M'Nairn in Newton-Stewart.

Randall estate gift. From the estate of the late John Herman Randall, Jr. (A.B. 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1923; L.H.D., 1968), and through the thoughtfulness and generosity of his family, we have received the papers and correspondence of the distinguished

philosopher who taught at Columbia from 1925, and was Woodbridge Professor of Philosophy from 1951 until his retirement in 1967. There are notebooks pertaining to his writings, course notes, lecture materials, awards and photographs, as well as the manuscripts for *The Career of Philosophy*, *Aristotle* and other of his books, articles and essays. There are also letters from John Dewey, Corliss Lamont, Reinhold Neibuhr and other philosophers.

Random House gift. Random House has added to the collection of its papers more than thirty-three thousand letters and documents from its editorial files, 1971–1976, and publicity department files, 1977–1978, including correspondence with James Jones, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Henry Miller, Eudora Welty and Ronald Reagan.

Rickover gift. Admiral Hyman G. Rickover (Sc.D., 1960) has presented a collection of papers of his wife, the late Ruth Masters Rickover (A.M., 1929; Ph.D., 1932), including her course notes for Professor Joseph Chamberlain's lectures on international organization and international waterways, drafts of her manuscripts on public health and other topics, and copies of her publication.

Sanger gift. An important collector's edition in the field of Scottish literature has been presented by Mr. Elliott M. Sanger (B.Lit., 1917): Robert Burns, *Songs, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, printed by James McKie in Kilmarnock in 1869. Bound in full green levant morocco, it is one of thirty copies on large paper numbered and signed by the printer, and is extra-illustrated with ninety plates and portraits of Burns, many being proofs, by Westall, Stothard and other prominent nineteenth century artists. The copy also bears the bookplate of Robert Hoe and is signed by the collector on the flyleaf.

Schapiro gift. University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D. Litt., 1975) has presented three

notable early editions: Guillaume Fillastre, *Le premier* [*-second*] *volume de la Toison d'Or*, Paris, Anthoine Bonnemere for François Regnault, 1517, the second edition, illustrated with eight full-page and numerous small woodcuts; Oronce Finé *Le Sphere du*

Jonah and the whale as depicted in a woodcut in Guillaume Fillastre's *La Toison d'Or*. (Schapiro gift)

Monde, Paris, Michel de Vascosan, 1551, bound in full vellum; and Roland Fréart, Sieur de Chambray, *Idée de la Perfection de la Peinture*, Paris, Nicolas Langlois, 1672, a landmark work in the history of French art.

Thomson gift. The distinguished American composer and music critic Mr. Virgil Thomson (Mus.D., 1978), has presented a collection of his literary papers, comprising the notes and drafts for more than fifty articles and essays, including those which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* in the 1940s, reflecting his special interests in modern music, American hymns and the performance of music in Europe. Also in the gift are the manuscripts and papers relating to six of his books: *American Music Since 1910*, 1971; *The Art of Judging Music*, 1948; *Music Reviewed: 1940–54*, 1967; *Music Right and Left*, 1951; *The Musical Scene*, 1945; and his autobiography *Virgil Thomson*, 1966. There is also the manuscript for Gertrude Stein's *Bee Time Vine*, published in 1953, for which Thomson wrote the preface. Letters from Lincoln Kirstein, Alfred A. Knopf and Man Ray, as well as 125 reels of tapes of 54 programs by Thomson on radio station WNCN in New York, are also included in the gift.

Wagner gift. Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner has presented several important groups of papers for inclusion in the Bennett Cerf Collection: fifty-eight volumes of diaries kept by the publisher from 1915 until his death in 1971 in which he recorded his busy and full schedule of activities, social engagements, travels, publishing events and meetings with authors; twenty-seven scrapbooks in which he preserved photographs, clippings, Random House advertising leaflets and other personal and publishing memorabilia; more than 250 photographs of family and friends; and letters from numerous public and publishing figures, among them, Edna Ferber, Moss Hart, Lyndon B. Johnson, John O'Hara, Jacquelin Onassis, Richard Rodgers, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gertrude Stein and Harry S. Truman.

Recent Notable Purchases

Engel Fund. A single important manuscript has been acquired this year for the Solton and Julia Engel Collection: the letter written by James Fenimore Cooper to Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay from Dresden on July 26, 1830. Closely penned on three pages, the letter, addressed to the daughter-in-law of John Jay, was written by Cooper shortly after the publication of *The Water Witch* and discusses his travels in Italy and more particularly his stay in Rome. The letter will be the subject of a future article in *Columns*.

Friends Endowed Fund. A number of rare editions of literary works have been added to the collections this year by means of the Friends Endowed Fund, including three proof copies: Frank Harris, *Shakespeare and His Love*, one of six proof copies issued by the Chiswick Press in 1904, six years before the published edition, inscribed affectionately to the author's former mistress, the actress May Congdon; Edith Sitwell, *Gold Coast Customs*, London, 1928, proof copy with the poet's extensive corrections on virtually all of the pages; and Sitwell, *Rustic Elegies*, London, 1927, proof copy with approximately fifty corrections by the author. Among other works acquired were: Joseph Conrad, *The Dover Patrol* and *John Galsworthy: An Appreciation*, the first state of both pamphlets printed in Canterbury in 1922; Thomas Hardy, *Some Romano-British Relics Found at Max Gate, Dorchester*, 1890, in the original wrappers; Eudora Welty, *Twenty Photographs*, a portfolio issued in a limited edition of ninety copies by Palaemon Press of Jackson, Mississippi; and Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, London, 1898, one of thirty copies of the first edition on Japanese vellum.

Mixer Fund. Manuscripts of poems by Paul Éluard and Raymond Radiguet and inscribed books by Edmond de Goncourt, Pierre Louÿs and Émile Zola have been acquired on the Charles W. Mixer Fund, including: the heavily corrected page proofs of Louÿs' *Vie*

des Courtisanes, 1892; Goncourt's *La Faustin*, 1882, inscribed to Joris-Karl Huysman; and Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, 1875, the author's first successful play, inscribed to Goncourt and with the bookplate of Havelock Ellis. Manuscripts by Radiguet are rare, so the working drafts of four early poems—"La Reine des Aulnes," "Impubere," "Callipyge" and "La Guerre de Cent Ans"—acquired on the Mixer Fund are an impressive collection of the work of the precocious French genius who died in 1923 at the age of twenty. Also acquired were the first issue of Ernest Hemingway's *The Spanish Earth*, 1938, with the pictorial endpapers, and a fine copy of Norman Douglas's first book of fiction, *Unprofessional Tales*, 1901, published under the pseudonym Normyx.

Ulmann Fund. The recent acquisition on the Albert Ulmann Fund of the Bible published by the Bremer Presse has brought to the rare book collection one of the most impressive books to come from a German private press in this century. Issued in five folio volumes from 1926 to 1928, the work has lettering for the titles and initials by the German calligrapher Anna Simons, and is a splendid example of the monumental simplicity for which the Bremer Presse became known. Among other examples of fine printing acquired on the Ulmann Fund is *A Bestiary* by Roald Kristian, printed at the Ovid Press by Jean Varda and John Rodker in 1920. The volume is one of 110 numbered copies and bears the bookplate of John Quinn.

Activities of the Friends

Fall Meeting. The composer and author Virgil Thomson, who recently presented a collection of his literary manuscripts, was the speaker at the fall dinner meeting of the Friends, held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, October 29. He spoke on Gertrude Stein, with whom he collaborated in 1934 on the opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." University Librarian Patricia Battin presented the Libraries' Citation for Distinguished Service to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kempner in recognition of their gifts to the Libraries over the years, their long service to the Friends, and their recent contribution for the construction of the exhibition room in the new Rare Book and Manuscript Library quarters. President Michael I. Sovern also spoke, and Mr. Gordon N. Ray presided.

Winter Meeting. On Thursday afternoon, February 4, 1982, an exhibition will open in the Rotunda of Low Library of letters, manuscripts, inscribed first editions, photographs and portraits of M. Lincoln Schuster, co-founder of the publishing house of Simon & Schuster.

Bancroft Dinner. The Bancroft Awards dinner will be held on Thursday evening, April 1, 1982.

Finances. For the twelve month period which ended on June 30, 1981, the general purpose contributions totaled $28, 545. Special purpose gifts from individual Friends designated for the Rare Book and Manuscript Library building fund totaled $475,431. Members also donated and bequeathed books and manuscripts having an appraised value of $216,924. The total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the association in 1951 now stands at $3,829,645. The Council also approved a transfer of $10,000, the first installment of a pledge of $25,000, to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library building fund.

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The Friends assist the Columbia Libraries in several direct ways: first, through their active interest in the institution and its ideals and through promoting public interest in the role of a research library in education; second, through gifts of books, manuscripts and other useful materials; and third, through financial contributions.

By helping preserve the intellectual accomplishment of the past, we lay the foundation for the university of the future. This is the primary purpose of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

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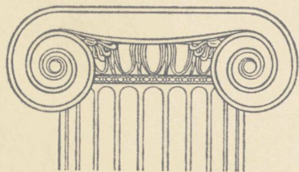

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS

FEBRUARY 1982 · VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 2

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VIRGIL THOMSON is the renowned composer and music critic who collaborated with Gertrude Stein on two operas, *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934) and *The Mother of Us All* (1947).

* * *

Articles printed in COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS *between 1951 and May, 1971, have been fully listed in the 20-Year Index. The latter may be purchased from the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.*

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXI FEBRUARY, 1982 NUMBER 2

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES, Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, New York 10027.
Three issues a year, three dollars and fifty cents each.

Remembering Gertrude

VIRGIL THOMSON

I KNEW Gertrude Stein very well. We were close friends for twenty years, from 1926 till her death in 1946, and then I knew her companion Alice Toklas for another twenty years. I was very close to them both, almost a member of the family. But that dosen't mean I know everything about them. I'll give you a day in the life of Gertrude Stein during the years when I knew her, which began when she was fifty-two.

Like all middle-aged people she woke up. She didn't wake up too early though. She would usually get up around nine. Earlier, she used to sleep in the daytime, but I never knew her in those days. She told me that she used to work at night and sleep in the daytime, and also that she smoked cigars and drank wine. When I knew her she was not smoking or drinking. She had revised her hygiene at about the age of forty-five on account of the diagnosis of an abdominal tumor, and her doctor told her she could either keep it or have it out, but since she had had a medical education herself–now this was around 1919 or 1920–she decided not to have the operation but also to follow the medical man's advice, which was to reduce her weight.

Now she had always been self-indulgent, or enthusiastic shall we say, about eating, and the photographs and sculpture of her as a large woman do not give you the woman that I knew, because by the time I knew her she had taken off a great deal of weight. She was very short, and so she still looked monumental, but actually she wasn't the fat girl that's in the sculptures and early

Opposite: Virgil Thomson reminiscing about Gertrude Stein in his talk to the Friends at their fall meeting, October 29, 1981.

photographs. She ate very little, she kept her weight down, and she exercised: she walked all the time, she liked to do that.

Well, let's say that we've got her up and out of bed by nine or so in the morning, and with a small breakfast. What do we do with her? Well, she reads her mail, she answers some of it, she writes to people asking them to come around and see her or to a party, and she meditates. Gertrude was a great meditator, and by meditating she understood, or thought she understood, what people are like. Her subject was always people, and she thought of herself as a novelist, as a writer about people, and she made portraits of people all of her life, and her main interest in them was to find out exactly how their minds worked and how their destinies and compulsions worked.

Well, having fiddled around the house for three hours or more, annoyed Alice and the cook and interrupted everybody, and read the morning paper, maybe she even worked a little but not so much in the mornings I think. Then she had a bath, put on clean clothes and had lunch, and after lunch they would go somewhere in the car, or go shopping in the neighborhood, or do errands.

The afternoon was occupied with things like that and once in a while she would take the dog for a walk. That was her only duty, if any.

Alice did the housekeeping and tended to the cooking and all that, and the secretarial work, but Gertrude didn't do anything except walk the dog and her own writing and see her friends when they came in. But she never made any engagement before four o'clock in the afternoon, because it was her general practice to write every day, and if you fill your day up with engagements obviously you are not going to get any work done, and so she kept herself absolutely free until four o'clock, because at any moment she might want to write, and at some time in the day she always did.

You see, if you work every day, and if you wait till you are ready to write, then you can work quite fast, and twenty-five to

thirty minutes of concentrated work is quite a lot, and if you do that every day, in the course of a long life you build up a perfectly enormous volume of writing, which she did.

But then after four o'clock she felt that it would be all right not to think that she would be likely to work, although very often between the tea hour and the supper hour she would work a bit, if nobody was around, even sometimes after supper. She could work anytime, but she always waited until she was full of readiness, and then she'd reach for the pencil and the little notebook, and she'd start writing on whatever it was that she was having at that time as her theme, method, or subject.

In the country they would sometimes go out for lunch if they had guests, but on the whole they ate at home a nourishing lunch, but a diet lunch. Alice followed all the diets. She said she couldn't be bothered having two kinds of cooking done, so whatever Gertrude's diet was that's what she ate. There was a good lunch and a light supper, and certain close friends were frequently invited if they had dropped in before supper to stay for it, and in those cases they would often sit up talking with Gertrude until twelve or even one o'clock, because Gertrude liked to sit up and liked to talk. But Alice, who got up very early, usually went to bed about eleven o'clock.

You see, Alice had to see that everything was done right. Her principle of life was that Gertrude was not to be bothered; she was there to make Gertrude's life easy, not difficult, so she never asked Gertrude to undertake any responsibility or to do anything. But Alice herself would get up in the morning, and before the maid was up she would clean and dust the big studio drawing room, simply because there were lots of objects there, some of which were fragile, and Alice was devoted to objects in the way that Gertrude was devoted to pictures, and Alice had an enormous temper, and she didn't want to get angry at a servant if a servant should break something, and so, the breakables being all in that room, that was the room that she did. Well, before Gertrude was

up Alice had cleaned up the place and was at her other work, which consisted of typing all the manuscripts, organizing the meals with the cook, writing business letters, which she signed "A. B. Toklas," and on Sunday night, when the cook was out, she cooked supper.

Very often young people ask me to tell them what life was like between the two wars in Paris. They've heard so much about it because there were famous artists around who now are in the courses they take, and they say, what was it like? I say it's not like anything you ever saw. To begin with, the costume was different. Young people did not wear today's international youth costume of sneakers, jeans, and T-shirts. The youth of the world, rich or poor, dressed like stockbrokers. The artists wore perfectly regular shoes, suits, shirts, ties and hats. Only occasionally a painter, imitating the working classes, would wear a cap instead of a hat.

In France there is this very strict difference between the workers and the bourgeois. The bourgeois all wear hats—they wouldn't be caught dead in a cap except for hunting—and the workers all wear, or in those days wore, caps, and wouldn't be caught dead in a hat, even on Sunday afternoon walking out with a wife and children.

I got interested in this matter of the costume back in the 1920s and started asking the older artists around what they used to wear, and did they dress like stockbrokers, which we did, and Picasso thought for a minute and he said, "We dressed like workmen," which painters tend to do anyway. He said, "We wore sweaters and caps, but we bought our sweaters at Williams's."

Now Williams's of course was the stylish sporting goods store where you bought really good sweaters. You can dress for one class or another. That doesn't mean you are dressing cheap just because you dress up as a workman. As a matter of fact, young

Opposite: Page from the manuscript of Thomson's autobiography on which he writes about the beginning of his friendship with Gertrude Stein. (Author's gift)

My friendship with Gertrude Stein
dates also from this time.
Though addicted from Harvard days
to "Tender Buttons" and "Geography and
Plays" (no other of her books was yet in print), I still
made no effort to know the writer. I wanted
an acquaintance to come about naturally,
and I was sure it would if I only waited.
It did. Having heard in
literary circles that George Antheil was
that year's boy genius, she thought she
really ought to look him over. So
through Sylvia Beach (not through Ezra
Pound, whom she disliked, or through
Joyce, whom she was never to meet, but through ~~Sylvia~~
a neutral servant of letters and artists) she
asked that he come to call. George, always game
but more than terrified, took ~~[illegible]~~
the liberty, ~~all the same~~ since he had
been sent for, ~~without his consent, and without~~
~~without his wife~~ of bringing along someone
that had not been invited. He sent
me a pneumatique (ital) saying that "we" were
asked for that evening, lest I [illegible].
~~And Gertrude and I~~
Naturally, I went. Alice Toklas did n

people today pay fifty to sixty dollars a pair for their sneakers and have five or six pairs. It's not an economy routine at all that they are involved in.

They don't understand either, because they've never lived that way, that we had no telephones. Nobody but rich people had telephones, and you had to be pretty rich to be bothered with it. Businesses had telephones, but ladies, gentlemen, artists and writers did not have telephones. You either dropped in on your friends or you saw them at cafés, and every time you said goodbye to your friends you brought out your little notebook and wrote down an engagement to see them again and you kept the appointment. If there was any emergency about that, you sent a little pneumatic telegram, *les petits bleus* they were called, but normally you lived on your program and there was no vagueness about it. There was no saying I'll call you back. Well, all these things seem very strange to the young people. They don't know how work was done. They believe me when I say that we dressed differently and lived with a different view of our time organization. They don't really quite understand it.

But anyway all that life style which I am describing applies to Gertrude Stein's house, where you didn't call up and say, "Can I come over?" You dropped in, as callers had been doing for centuries, at a suitable calling hour, and you dropped in only if you had been given the freedom of doing so by Gertrude saying, "We are always home in the late afternoon," or something like that. That meant you could drop in.

And then sometimes she would go out in the car with Alice of an evening and drop in on old friends. And if the friends were not there then you left word with the concierge that you had been there.

About once a week she used to go to the American Library and bring home lots of books, because she liked to read. She read American history, English and American memoirs, and detective stories. She paid no attention to the magazines that carry adver-

tising, and she was usually kept *au courant* of contemporary arts and letters by what we used to call "little magazines," which were quite good reading, and she was sometimes in them, and so were her friends.

Well, the friends varied of course from decade to decade. In my time there were certain painters who had been old friends forever, such as Picasso. I think their friendship was never really interrupted except once for about a year and a half or two years, when under the influence of his surrealist friends he started writing poetry, and they even had it published for him, and when he asked Gertrude if she had read it she said yes, and what did she think of it? She said, "What would you think if I started to paint?" Well, he didn't like that at all, and so he stayed away for a couple of years, and when he reappeared again the matter was never mentioned.

Matisse had been a close friend in the earlier days, but after Matisse moved south I don't know that she ever saw him. He rarely came to Paris. She wrote a great deal about several of his wives. There was one of them that Alice had not liked very much, and so she appears quite often in the writing.

Actually Matisse was their original connection with modern art, because Gertrude's brother Michael Stein had a wife named Sarah, and Sarah had had drawing lessons from Matisse, oh way back in the earliest years of the century, and it was through Matisse that they all became a little bit aware that something was going on in the art world besides copying the past. And they started going to galleries and to the salons. The Salon des Indépendants was where you saw the work of new, shocking and outlandish painters, and the minute Gertrude saw the work of Picasso —well, Gertrude and Leo sort of found it together, they were living together and they looked at art together, actually all three of the Steins consulted one another about art, and Gertrude and Leo bought together from communal funds. Michael tended to stock up on Matisses; he had hundreds of them at one point. Gertrude

and Leo fell heavily for Picasso, and they of course knew Braque and were strong on Juan Gris because of the Cubist affair.

The Cubist affair was a part of the separation that took place between Gertrude and her brother Leo around 1910 or 1911. But it was only a part of it, I think. Leo as an aesthetic specialist had reflected opinions about painting. He was two years older than Gertrude. He had been her mentor in looking at painting, and they were very close together, affectionately and sentimentally and intellectually, but when he couldn't really take Cubism and Gertrude found it exciting, that was kind of a little splinter in the gap. I think the big gap was made by Alice. Alice didn't really want them to be as close as they had been.

Alice actually was responsible, to my belief and knowledge, for four major separations. She did them so skillfully and so carefully that Gertrude hardly knew what happened, and maybe even thought that she herself was the responsible one. But there were four friendships that Alice deliberately ended. There was that closeness with the brother Leo. After the separation they divided up the furniture and the pictures, and he moved out, and they never saw each other and never even spoke, after being as close as that for fifteen or twenty years. There was more than just a quarrel about Cubism there. The second of the separations operated by Alice I think was from Mabel Dodge, whom they had both visited in Florence, and Alice sensed something that she did not wish to continue, and which she thought dangerous for her own hegemony, as they say in the newspapers. The third one took place in my own time. That was Ernest Hemingway. Gertrude and Hemingway were too close for Alice's pleasure.

The fourth one was with regard to a French poet whom I had introduced to the family, named Georges Hugnet. Gertrude was terribly taken with him and with his work, and she actually did something that she had never done for anybody else, for any living person. She translated a long poetic work of his. Now translated means into the language of her own poetry. Actually that transla-

Thomson and Stein examining a manuscript page of
Four Saints in Three Acts, ca. 1931.

tion was published once on opposite pages in an American literary magazine called *Pagany*. They had quarrelled before that came out, and she tried to stop it by telegram, but the telegram was too late, and so it was published in that form. But the European publication which had been planned in the opposite page form was stopped immediately, and Gertrude printed the work, that is to say her part, of the work, under the title "Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Friendship Faded."

It was very important to Gertrude, that friendship with Georges Hugnet, and translating French poetry of a surrealistical nature. He was a member of the surrealist group, but this was not what they would call a surrealist text, that is to say it was not dictated by dreams. It's very beautiful French poetry, and what Gertrude turned up in her translation of it was the beginning of her grandest poetic period, really, which followed it in the form of a book called *Stanzas in Meditation*.

It was through those two works that she found a way to bring alive in her own poetry the devotion that she had always felt for Shakespeare's sonnets, and it is those works, particularly the *Stanzas in Meditation*, which I think are basically the source of a good deal of American poetry, including that of John Ashbery. They are hard to analyze, but the sound is that of the sonnets and the feeling is that of the sonnets, and there is a kind of real but obscure intimacy with the subject, such as in Shakespeare's sonnets. Gertrude was very devoted to those. She said, "You know, you can say that Bacon wrote the plays if you like, but Bacon could not have written the sonnets."

I now have got Gertrude up through the evening, and have spoken a little bit about her friends and enemies. After 1925, which is about the time I knew her, there was a somewhat new group of people. The painters were not the old painters, they were the neo-Romantic painters. She never really took them on, but she was always hoping that she could identify with some movement in painting as she had with the Cubist and pre-Cubist work of Pi-

casso. In the late 1920s she took a great passion for the painting of Sir Francis Rose. He is an English painter, still extant, of fantastic gift and facility; but no major collector, dealer, or museum has ever followed Gertrude in the devotion to his painting that she took on at that time. Alice was pretty quiet about it, because she didn't want to interfere. She never interfered unless she had to. And after Gertrude's death Alice asked him to make them a joint tombstone, which he did, out of friendship–it's in the Pére Lachaise–but I don't think she saw him very much.

There were new poets around, including Georges Hugnet whom I had introduced into the household, and an American poet, whom I also introduced, by the name of Sherry Mangan, who was useful to Gertrude by getting her work published in American magazines, particularly in *Pagany*, for which he advised about European sources. She was a friend of Hart Crane's. She had got on with Jay Laughlin, who had started life as a poet, and then turned out to be a terribly useful publisher of poetry.

Edith Sitwell was around. Gertrude used to say that in the three Sitwells there was enough talent to make one first-class English man of letters. But Edith she rather liked, and didn't want to drop her or be rude to her, so she suggested that Edith have her portrait painted by Pavel Tchelitcheff who needed the money and the job. Well, they got on like a house on fire. The first time she went to pose he told her that she looked like Queen Elizabeth. She couldn't resist that, so they became very close friends, and their correspondence is still unopened. I think it will be a few more years before the twenty-five year period runs out, and then can be opened.

She did not get on with Eliot and his henchmen or hatchet men, whoever they were. He came to call one evening, and asked her if she would write something for his magazine, and since this happened to be the 15th of November she wrote a piece in her most obscure manner called "The 15th of November" which he published, but he said to his friends at the time, "Gertrude is very good, but she is not for us." Now what such a Papal character as

Eliot would have meant by "us"—whom would he have meant by "us"?—I don't know.

But there were French men of letters around also. Bernard Faÿ, whom I had introduced to her, a French historian, was very close,

Scene from *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934), the first of two operas on which Stein and Thomson collaborated.

and they remained close even throughout the war. Actually since he held the post of Director of the Bibliothèque Nationale under the Vichy Government, he was able to protect her so that she was never bothered by the Germans, though they occupied her house in the country several times.

Thornton Wilder at some point had become a very close friend. That was earlier, because when she came to America he was a professor at the University of Chicago, and he got her to give a course of six lectures there. He was very useful as a propagandist and

helped her toward publication, which was always her problem. After she died his sister and Alice kept up a constant correspondence, exchanging recipes and things like that, and being very close. Thornton would write sometimes—there is some correspondence

Dorothy Dow as Susan B. Anthony in *The Mother of Us All*, first performed at the Brander Matthews Theater by the Columbia Theater Associates in 1947.

at Yale—but he didn't come to Paris very much, because the Germans had discovered him. The Germans thought that he was practically Goethe, and his play *The Skin of Our Teeth* was in 1946 being played in seventy-two German theaters all at once. The French didn't make over him quite like that. They translated his work, but as far as they were concerned he was just another novelist, a good American novelist, they liked American novelists, but they didn't open up their hearts in the way that the Germans had,

and I think he felt rather sad about that. Anyway he stopped in Germany rather than coming to Paris.

Now I have talked about everything we need to talk about, except our own work together, and I don't need to take too much time for that because the evening's getting on. I had written in 1925 and 1926—I have set to music rather—certain texts of Gertrude's which were in existence. These had been performed in Paris. She knew them and liked them. Of course poets always adore being put to music, whether they like music or not, and Gertrude had very little sense of music. She was not "musical" in the way that Alice was.

But then in the spring of 1927 I said, "Why don't you write me a libretto?" We chose a subject, and she did write a libretto, and I did put it to music, and some six or seven years later it was produced. It was called *Four Saints in Three Acts*, and it was produced first in Hartford, then in New York and in Chicago, all in the year of 1934. It attracted a great deal of attention because it was the first time, I think perhaps ever in a major theater, that black actors or singers had been cast for a subject not involving black life. Also because it was the first theatrical operatic experience of both John Houseman and Frederick Ashton, whom I had got involved in the production. It was the first time that anybody had ever seen an opera directed not by a realistic stage director, but by a choreographer.

Well, I think that's the end until we get to Columbia University, when in 1945 Douglas Moore wrote to me asking if I would accept a commission from the Alice Ditson Fund to write another opera, and I said sure. I was in San Francisco, and I wrote to Gertrude and she said sure. I happened to have picked up at that moment—it was very difficult to do—a mission from the French Government which got me on an airplane to go to Europe in 1945. I also had an idea for a subject, which was nineteenth century American political life.

So I went to Paris, and there we were together again, and she

started immediately reading books about it and writing a libretto. She finished it in the early days of 1946, and sent me a typescript in February. I saw her again that spring and summer. We spoke at length about the opera, and we made plans and projects about it, and then in July she died, and I did not start writing the music until October. I wrote it in October and November. In December I played it for friends, all except the last scene, which I had saved because I wanted to get a reaction from friends before I went on to this summing-up scene. Then in January I did, in February and March I orchestrated it, and in May we produced it at the Brander Matthews Theater. Otto Luening conducted, Dorothy Dow sang the leading role, Teresa Stich-Randall, then a student here, was in the cast. Paul Du Pont did the scenery and costumes, John Taras the choreographic direction. I was always on to that idea.

I don't know why—you see there was nearly a twenty year difference between *Four Saints* and *The Mother of Us All*—I don't know why we didn't write an opera every year. We liked working together, we understood each other, she trusted me with music and I trusted her with words. I suppose it's simply that it never occurred to either of us that both of us would not always be living.

The Artist as Diplomat

John Trumbull and the Jay Mission to England

RICHARD B. MORRIS and ENE SIRVET

ON June 15, 1794, John Jay, immediately upon his arrival in London, wrote from his very fashionable and expensive apartments at the Royal Hotel in Pall Mall to Britain's foreign secretary William Wyndham, Lord Grenville: "Colonel Trumbull does me the favor of accompanying me as Secretary, and I have brought with me a Son, who I am anxious should form a right Estimate of whatever may be interesting to our Country. Will you be so obliging, my Lord, as to permit me to present them to you. . . ." Thus was the thirty-eight year old American painter John Trumbull, and Jay's eldest son, the eighteen year old Peter Augustus Jay, who served as his father's personal secretary, propelled onto the stage of diplomacy.

At the time of Jay's appointment in April as "Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of his British Majesty" to negotiate at a critical juncture a treaty to settle the issues between England and the United States, John Trumbull wanted to go abroad. His brother Jonathan, a United States Senator from Connecticut, so informed Jay. The day after Senate confirmation Jay asked Trumbull's brother to extend the invitation to the artist to be his secretary on the mission in consideration of his "personal abilities" and knowledge of "men and manners" due to his past residence in England. "Nothing, Sir, could be more flattering to me, or more agreeable to me in this present state of my personal as well as public Affairs," replied the artist. "But how much Honor (unexperienced as I am in business of this kind) I may do to your country, to your Choice, or to myself, I know not. If on this point, you are satisfied, I will only say that I am ready to obey your orders."

Known widely as "the painter of the Revolution" because of the prodigious record he left of its major events and participants, Trumbull had by 1794 an established reputation as a painter. Coming from a mercantile family, his life would alternate between

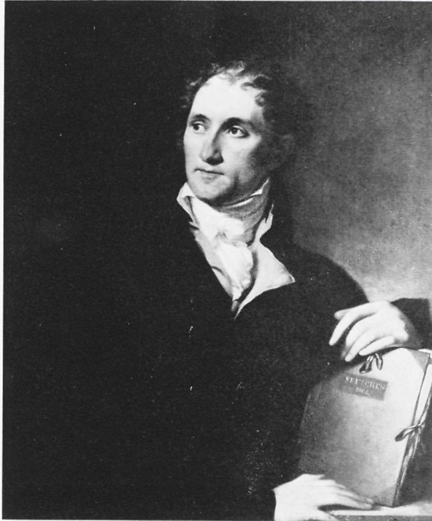
Jay and Trumbull stayed at the Royal Hotel, Pall Hall, seen in the distance in this drawing of St. James's Palace by Paul Sandby.

artistic and business activities, with a foray into diplomacy, since earning a living purely as an artist was a struggle in America well into the 1860s. Showing at an early age a "natural genius" for limning, Trumbull intended to become an artist, although he had lost the sight of his left eye in a childhood accident. His father, Connecticut Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Sr., proposed the law or ministry instead. Entering Harvard as a junior at the age of sixteen, he graduated a year later in 1773. While in college he learned on his own about painting by reading books and copying the "great masters." He met and observed the established portrait painter John Singleton Copley who praised him. Back in Lebanon,

Connecticut, Trumbull executed some paintings and was commissioned to draw maps of new townships for the state assembly. In the Revolution he drilled a local militia company, joined the first Connecticut regiment to battle in Massachusetts and New York, and was an aide briefly to General George Washington and Major General John Sullivan, resigning in a pique over the Congressional dating of his colonel's commission. In 1778 he settled into the former lodgings in Boston of the painter John Smibert to resume his painting. The opportunity to journey to France in May 1780 came in connection with a family business venture. While in Paris he obtained an introduction from Benjamin Franklin to the famous American painter Benjamin West, living in London, with whom he wanted to study painting. West accepted him as a pupil, but Trumbull was arrested in November by British authorities for questioning and then imprisoned, an action in retaliation for the hanging of Major John André. Trumbull had comfortable quarters in Tothill Fields Bridewell where, during visits, his fellow student at West's, Gilbert Stuart, began his portrait, leaving it to Trumbull to finish it himself. West and Copley finally obtained Trumbull's release seven months later with £400 bail and on condition that Trumbull leave the country. He departed for the continent immediately in July and then sailed on a long voyage to America.

After the general peace in 1783 Trumbull sailed for Europe for a second time, a stay of some six years and including trips to the continent as far south as Rome. With no business offers forthcoming, he resumed painting in London with West's encouragement and launched a series of historical paintings of Revolutionary War events. The first was "The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, 17 June 1775," finished in 1786, for which he sought an engraver in Europe. He won acclaim in England for his depiction in 1786 of a feat of British arms, "The Sortie Made by the Garrison of Gibraltar." American minister to France Thomas Jefferson provided firsthand information to Trumbull for his now

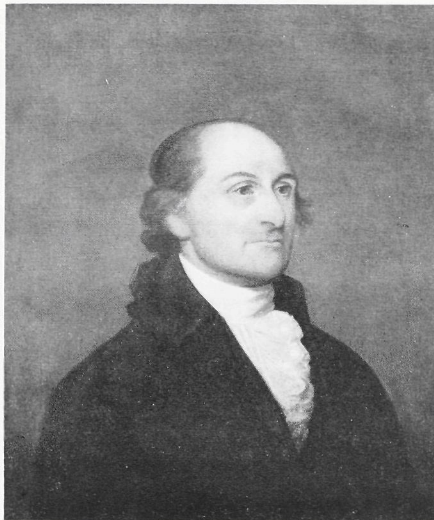
celebrated "Declaration of Independence," painted 1787–1820, on the canvas of which thirty-six of the forty-eight participants portrayed were from life. All three are small canvases, at which Trumbull excelled. He returned to America in November 1789



Self-portrait by John Trumbull painted in London in 1801. (Wadsworth Athenaeum)

to further his Revolutionary series and to obtain subscriptions. However, the lean years immediately before 1794, with hoped for subscriptions not forthcoming, were responsible for his eagerness to go abroad again. He was also anxious to check on the progress of the engraving of his "Bunker Hill" in Stuttgart, where it had won the praises of Goethe. Because the young artist was reserved, proper, serious, and meticulous, and politically a converted, staunch Federalist, Jay thought he would be "most pleasing" as a "Companion and assistant."

From first to last, however, Jay kept the negotiations in his own hands and only permitted Trumbull to see and copy formal communications. With Jay's own predilection for secrecy and dispatch in diplomatic negotiations, it is understandable that most of



John Jay painted by Trumbull, 1794–1795.
(Jay Homestead)

the contacts between Jay and Grenville were private. Indeed, by mutual agreement no records of conversations were kept. As Trumbull later commented in his *Autobiography*, "Sir James Bland Burgess [Grenville's under-secretary] and myself had a real holiday for a month." But, Jay reported to Secretary of State Edmund Randolph that he had "perfect confidence in the accuracy as well as integrity of Col. Trumbull," and that he "made it an invariable rule from the beginning to commit to him the settlement and payment of all accounts, and the keeping of the Books

in which they are entered." At this time Trumbull also began the second of his three portraits of Jay, which is one of five Trumbull portraits at the John Jay Homestead in Katonah, New York, the other four being of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Washington. Trumbull's first Jay portrait was a miniature done in 1793, which likeness he intended for his paintings "Treaty of Peace" and "The Inauguration of Washington," neither of which was executed.

Among the highly prized items in the Jay Papers in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library is the letterbook of the Jay mission to England. Primarily in the hand of Trumbull, with some entries by Jay and his son, it contains the principal correspondence of the Jay mission to the Court of St. James's. Bound in original vellum, the volume contains among its 219 folio pages two maps drawn by Trumbull of Northwest Territory cessions proposed by Grenville. The maps afford evidence of Trumbull's fine talents as a cartographer. The letterbook, open to the page with the maps, was one of the principal items among the manuscripts on display in the John Jay exhibition held in 1978–1980 at the United States Supreme Court as a tribute to its first Chief Justice.

Emphasizing the fact that by the 1783 treaty there probably existed a gap in the northwest boundary because of an "accidental geographical error," Grenville asserted the necessity of rectifying the boundary to secure for the British the treaty provision for the free navigation of the Mississippi from its source to the Gulf. As Trumbull noted on the maps, Grenville's proposed boundaries would have meant cessions by America of from 32,400 to 35,575 square miles. Jay adamantly refused to accept the argument that the peace treaty article meant that the boundary should end at a navigable point. Instead, he proposed that a joint commission be appointed to settle the line if a gap really existed.

The Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation was formally signed on November 19, 1794, by Grenville and Jay. Jay secured some concessions from the British, notably: their surrender of the

frontier posts which they had continued to occupy in defiance of the Definitive Treaty of Peace of 1783; and the right of Americans to limited trade to the British West Indies for a two year period and to unlimited trade with the British East Indies. He was, however, unable to wrest real trade reciprocity from the British.

Knowing that the French Revolutionary government was hostile to any rapprochement between England and the United States, Jay was concerned that no information about the treaty terms be leaked before it reached the United States Senate for ratification. At the same time, he recognized an obligation to keep the newly appointed American minister to France, James Monroe, posted on the negotiations. While refraining from sending Monroe a text of the treaty he asked Trumbull, who was en route to Stuttgart, to stop off in Paris. Jay's letter to Monroe, a copy of which was sent to Secretary Randolph, is included in the letterbook and is in Trumbull's hand. Jay's caution in providing Monroe with no written record of the treaty but with merely an oral account, which he was to hear from Trumbull, who had committed the treaty to memory, section by section, speaks for itself. The letter reads:

You will receive this by Colo. Trumbull, who for some time past has been waiting for an opportunity to go, through Paris, to Stutgard [sic], on private Business of his own. He did me the Favour to accompany me to this Country, as my Secretary. He has been privy to the Negotiation of the Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which I have signed, and having Copied it, is perfectly acquainted with its Contents. He is a Gentleman of Honour, Understanding and Accuracy, and able to give you satisfactory Information relative to it. I have thought it more adviseable to Authorize and request him to give you this information personally, than to send you written Extracts from the Treaty, which might not be so satisfactory. But He is to give you this Information, in *perfect Confidence* that

Opposite: Maps drawn by Trumbull in the Jay Treaty letterbook showing cessions proposed by Grenville. (Jay Collection)

No. 1. — Proposed Cession.
containing
35,575. Square miles: within the Lines A. B. C.

L. of the woods.
A. 410 miles.
Long Lake
Lake Superior
Red Lake
Territory ceded by this proposition.
B. 70 miles
West Bay
Proposed Boundary
C. 235 Miles.
United States.
Red Lake river or Lahontans Missisipi
R. St. Croix
The Missisipi.

No. 2. Proposed Cession
containing
32,400 square miles. within the dotted Lines A. B. C.

You will not impart it to any person whatever; for as the Treaty is not yet ratified, and may not be finally concluded in its present Form and Tenor, the Inconveniencies which a premature publication of its Contents might produce, can only be obviated by Secrecy in the mean time. I think myself justifiable in giving you the Information in Question, because you are an American minister, and because it may not only be agreeable, but perhaps useful.

In his *Autobiography*, Trumbull tells of Jay's instructions and how Monroe received him:

Mr. Jay now requested me to commit the treaty, verbatim, to memory, to wait on Mr. Monroe, and deliver to him a letter from Mr. Jay, in which it would be stated that I was authorized to repeat to him the treaty, on condition that he would first promise me that he would not make any communication of the same to any person whatever, especially not to the French government.

I waited on Mr. Monroe as soon as I reached Paris, delivered the letter of Mr. Jay, and declared my readiness to proceed to the rehearsal of the treaty so soon as the condition proposed in the letter should be complied with. After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Monroe declined making the promise required, as involving a breach of his antecedent engagement to the Convention. The communication was therefore withheld on my part, and I became obnoxious to the French rulers.

When word of the treaty did get out, the French Directory was outraged, viewing the rapprochement with England as a violation of the 1778 Franco-American treaties of alliance and commerce. In America a political storm ensued at the time the treaty terms finally appeared in the press. It took the best efforts of the President and recently resigned Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton to secure its ratification by the Senate and a passionate address by Federalist Fisher Ames in the House of Representatives to secure the treaty's financial implementation.

Trumbull's diplomatic service on behalf of the Jay Treaty was to continue for some six years. Under Article VII, spoliation claims were to be handled by a mixed commission, two men to be ap-

pointed by the King of England, two by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate, and "the fifth, by the unanimous voice of the other Four" or by lot from among two candidates, one nominated by each side. "By the concurrence of chance and destiny," as Trumbull put it in a letter to Jay of September 7, 1796, which is in the Jay Papers, the painter was chosen by lot as the fifth commissioner and he accepted the post. In sum, the Jay Treaty is testimony not only to Trumbull as an artist, as the world knows him, but also to Trumbull as a diplomat in the service of the United States government.

Europe as Found

Cooper Writes Home

ANDREW B. MYERS

IN midsummer of 1830 James Fenimore Cooper, already famous as the American author of three of the "Leather-stocking Tales," put pen to paper as a veteran resident in Europe to write home about life overseas. The place Dresden, the peaceful capital on the Elbe of the small kingdom of Saxony, a provincial city but one long renowned for its heritage of the fine arts. Fellow Knickerbocker man of letters and seasoned traveler Washington Irving had in 1822 in a family letter written accurately of it as "a place of taste, intellect, and literary feeling." Dresden had often been called the Florence of Germany.

Cooper's lines, in a long private letter, were addressed to a good friend in his native New York, a member of the distinguished Jay family long intimate with the novelist's own. The Solton and Julia Engel Collection recently acquired this four page letter sent to Mary Rutherford Clarkson Jay (Mrs. Peter Augustus), thus at one and the same time adding to the Libraries' extensive Jay material and its more modest Cooperiana.

The novelist's extensive correspondence has, as part of a resurgence of serious interest in both the man and the artist, been collected in scholarly fashion into six volumes of *Letters and Journals* (1960–1968), edited impeccably by James Franklin Beard. This Cooper-Jay letter, known to him only in a transcription carefully done some years ago when the manuscript was in other hands was included in Volume I. Even though the letter has been published, it is still a coup to acquire the original, especially since substantial Cooper letters, ones combining characteristic incisive comment

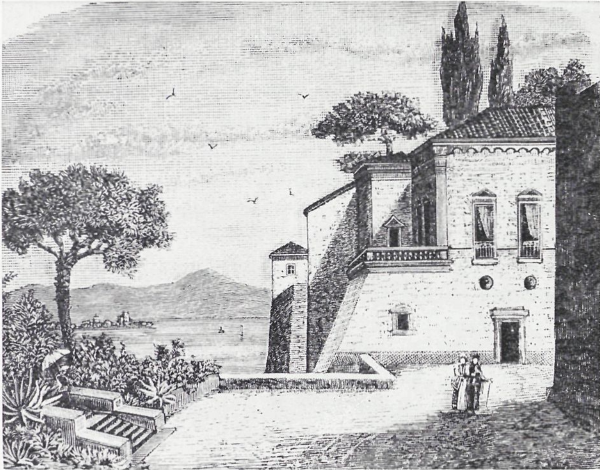
with unstudied literary style, are seldom available, and are becoming markedly expensive.

Cooper's detailed missive to Mrs. Jay on July 26, 1830, is a combination of family news, personal business matters, socio-political commentary and travelogue, all adjusted with ease to one another and covering many previous months of touring and sightseeing, pondering and study, chiefly elsewhere on the continent. Nor is the writer's literary career as such neglected, at least as chit-chat. Essentially this is catch-up correspondence, sharing with a dear one an ocean away the experience of the Coopers' travel, with pauses for residence and reflection, over a past year in which movement had been south to north, from Italy to Austria to Bavaria to Saxony. The family group included father, mother (Susan DeLancey Cooper), the eldest child Susan now seventeen, three younger sisters and a schoolboy brother Paul. These seven shared a prolonged Grand Tour over the seven years 1826–33.

Italy especially charmed the author with its physical beauty, most of all in the Naples area. In the early part of the letter to Mary Jay he notes that the "house, or rather a castle" the family occupied for three months at Sorrento, overlooking the fabled Bay, was thought to be that in which the epic poet Torquato Tasso had been born. The only other strictly literary small talk among the more than three thousand words that follow comes quickly, as the writer adds that the view from Casa Tasso was so memorable he had put a description of it in "the mouth of Seadrift" in his newest novel "The Water Witch (sic) which is already printed." He does not say published, but thereby hangs another Italian tale.

This romantic adventure story takes place more on sea than on land, and it therefore joins the sizable number of books which make Cooper the creator of rattling good sea fiction in our literature. In youth a sailor himself, he never forgot the world of wooden ships and iron men he knew at first hand, and he splashed much ink about them throughout his career. *The Water-Witch*, written in Europe, was a look back at Dutch-English colonial New

York City, its great harbor and adjoining waters. Seldom does action or dialogue stray elsewhere, but on one such occasion the gallant Seadrift ("The Skimmer of the Seas"), captain of the swift brigantine smuggler that gives the book its title, muses on a mys-



While writing *The Water-Witch* Cooper stayed in the Casa Tasso in Sorrento overlooking the Bay of Naples.

terious past that included memories of Sorrento. His remembered delight in its beautiful views across the waters was Cooper's too.

The gossiping novelist did not trouble his lady reader with the unhappy recollection of difficulties that in Italy had stalled the actual printing of this, as it would turn out, less than best-selling work. Cooper tried to get an English language text printed while in Rome in 1830. Local government before the *Risorgimento* was part of the Papal States and included a press censor who refused permission. Years later Susan Fenimore Cooper, grown woman now and devoted guardian of her father's literary shrine, edited *Pages and Pictures from The Writings of James Fenimore Cooper.*

In this anthology she wrote, of *The Water-Witch's* censoring, that a "very polite" response from this temporal official "utterly condemned" the following passage from page two:

It would seem that, as Nature has given its periods to the stages of animal life, it has also set limits to all moral and political ascendency. While the city of the Medici is receding from its crumbling walls, like the human form shrinking into the 'lean and slippered pantaloon,' the Queen of the Adriatic is sleeping on her muddy isles, and Rome itself is only to be traced by fallen temples and buried columns, the youthful vigor of America is fast covering the wilds of the West with the happiest fruits of human industry.

One wonders if the startled censor got to page three! In any event printing was achieved, without conflict, in a Dresden not threatened by Cooper's patriotic pen. That small edition is a great rarity. The Rare Book and Manuscript Library has one of only six known copies.

And Rome was not all bad, so to speak. To Cooper its historic character, witness its centuries of divers ruins and great edifices, was fascinating—a predictable reaction for one so prone to compare and contrast civilizations and societies. He reports, "Rome is only to be seen at leisure, and, I think, it is only to be seen well, on horseback. Everyday I mounted at twelve, and some days I was five and six hours in the saddle." One of his chosen companions not mentioned in the letter, was the heroic Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz.

These still were days when Bonaparte was a name to conjur with, though the fallen emperor had died in 1821. Sir Walter Scott, Cooper's British companion in arms in establishing historical fiction, was caught up in this mood when he wrote his pedestrian *Life of Napoleon* in 1827. Cooper, sensing the titillation it might well be for his faraway recipient in egalitarian America, spends paragraphs on the surviving members of the multi-titled but no long puissant Corsican clan, almost all in residence in the

THE

WATER WITCH

OR

THE SKIMMER OF THE SEAS.

A TALE

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

PILOT, RED ROVER etc. etc. etc.

"Mais, que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?"

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DRESDEN: PRINTED FOR WALTHER 1830.

Columbia's first edition is one of six recorded copies.
(Friends Endowed Fund)

ancient imperial city. For example, "Madam Mère" is a "plain, unaffected motherly old woman, much wrapt up in her children, and without the least pretension to elegance of manner or to any extraordinary quality."

Running commentary on matters noble or ignoble among aging Bonapartes phases into concise descriptions of travel conditions as the Cooper clan next moved north across the Alps. Details of housing costs, marketing and the inevitable servant problem are shared with candor. And what must have been welcome news of the children finds its proper place. Always the mores of regions and peoples encountered come in for sharp scrutiny as Cooper, following his democratic instincts, writes as a frank censor in turn. Many comments in this interfamily epistle stand behind similar opinions offered in a more circumspect, public sense when in time he published his overall reflections as a temporary, and serious expatriate tourist, in the five volumes of nonfiction that would be the travel books *Sketches of Switzerland* (1836) and *Gleanings in Europe* (1837–38).

The last paragraphs of this letter-to-home give us a look at an unusual aspect of Cooper not often happened on by exclusively Natty Bumppo fans. He was, within the constraints of his comfortable though comparatively limited income, a patron of the visual arts. In Europe he regularly paused at great museums, available private collections and storied public monuments, and in his letters and journals he commented shrewedly on *objects d'art*. He also enjoyed the company of both fledgling and established painters and sculptors, these all the more interesting to him if fellow Americans, buying from them and sending home various pieces he could then afford.

When he had left the United States, young artists of some talent were then only beginning to break the surface of cultural life. In the 1820s the first of the Hudson River Valley painters were fastening on indigenous vistas for successful Romantic canvases. Indeed Cooper's own fiction, which regularly included panoramic

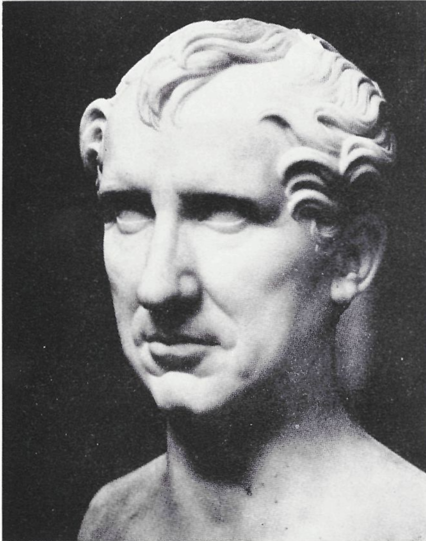
settings revealing his own sensitivity to sweeping views of unmistakably American landscapes, would provide several of this school, like Thomas Cole, with fitting subjects.

Cooper's next to last paragraph begins, "I have had two works of art done in Italy, and both by young Americans." Clearly a connoisseur, Cooper was responding energetically to the challenge of centuries of European creativity with brush, chisel or architect's tools which he saw all around him. Just as clearly he was anxious to give a boost to promising countrymen. He goes on to give Mrs. Jay details of each commission (as other correspondence in 1830 from Cooper to her husband did). John Gadsby Chapman, a multi-talented Virginian, among other things artistic, did fine landscape, historical and portrait paintings. His colorful "Pocahontas" is in the Capitol in Washington. Cooper asked him to do a copy of the "Phoebus and the Hours Preceded by Aurora," a much admired fresco by Guido Reni in a Roman palace. It had already been completed and shipped to New York to await the Coopers' return. Would the Jays please see to its welfare? And costs would be taken care of needless to say.

The other commission was even more exceptional because the artist was Horatio Greenough. The Boston born sculptor, who lived chiefly in Italy from 1825 to 1851, was at this time, if quite obviously gifted, still struggling for a rewarding reputation. Seventeen years younger than the novelist, he came to look on him almost as a father figure. After Cooper's death he would write to Susan Fenimore Cooper, "he was my ideal of an American gentleman . . . You know not how I grieved that I was forced to live so separated from him." Greenough, whom Cooper first met in Florence in 1829, would become the most accomplished American pioneer in sculpture, and the first to win international fame. Among other successes are the starkly dramatic frontier group "The Rescue," also in the Capitol, and a Caesar-looking marble bust of Cooper, done from life in the early 1830s, now in the Boston Public Library. Beard emphasizes in *Letters and Journals*,

"The sculptor's youth, talent, republicanism, aspiration, and need of patronage and encouragement were irresistible; and Cooper opened his mind, heart and purse to Greenough."

The lines to Mary Jay end with a further request, to give "a



Bust of Cooper by his friend Horatio Greenough.

berth" to Greenough's sculpture whenever it might reach Manhattan. What followed was serio-comical and can be used as an index to both strengths and weaknesses in contemporary taste. The ambitious sculptor produced not a single figure but a *groupe*, this in itself an innovation for, as he later dubbed himself, a "Yankee Stonecutter." Alas, the original, in Carrara marble has vanished, and apparently no drawing or picture remains, but the design Cooper himself described as two "cherubs," derived from figures in a painting in the Pitti Palace of the Virgin enthroned. Some

"thirty inches in height" and nude, these seeming brothers each held a scroll as if singing.

Instructions and suggestions about what the two principals came jocularly to call "the boys" passed back and forth until the spring of 1831 when Greenough, hoping to further his career, sent his adventurous effort to Boston for exhibition. There it aroused both respectful enthusiasm and puritanical criticism. Some praised the innocent beauty of the children, others succeeded if only briefly in having dimity aprons drapped across their little waists. Exhibition next in more laissez-faire New York followed, but the whole endeavor trailed off into less in ticket sales or true acclaim than artist and patron hoped for. On return Cooper temporarily stored the "Chanting Cherubs" and late in life without fanfare sold them. In 1981 *ubi sunt?*

Cooper familiarly put "Adieu" as his closing. The address page is inscribed simply "Mrs Jay / P.A. Jay Esquire / New York." On receipt it was, as customary, docketed, and added in red ink for emphasis was "Marble group / by Greenough of Boston / for Mrs Jay to take / Care of—."

My title, "Europe As Found," echos that of the novel *Home as Found* which appeared in 1838 after Cooper, returned and rooted again in the United States, had taken a long, hard look at his on-rushing homeland from, among other vantage points, that of a sometime Old World traveler. Looking over Cooper's shoulder all these years later at his relaxed private writing that was a mixture of pleasant chatter and vivid detail about Europe as found over 1829–30, we meet a strong-minded, proud, intelligent and articulate New York gentleman, of many parts, ever conscious of his distant and different origin, yet open to the surrounding marvels of mother cultures however unfamiliar, however touched by time. The public man was of a piece. As wide-ranging novelist and idealistic crusader in Jacksonian times he brought all these qualities to his varied literary works as well.

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Bradley gift. Mrs. Jenny Surruys Bradley has established a collection of the papers of her late husband William Aspenwall Bradley (A.B., 1899; A.M., 1900), the distinguished writer, poet, editor, translator and literary agent, who lived and worked in Paris from 1919 until his death in 1939. The nearly three hundred manuscripts in Mrs. Bradley's gift include: writings while a Columbia student; poems and short stories based on Kentucky mountain lore; translations of Paul Valéry and other French authors; and writings on printing and the graphic arts, etching and printmaking, and health subjects, an interest stemming from his service as a first lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps of the United States Army during the First World War. There are also numerous photographs of Bradley, documents and awards, and first editions of his books, several of which are inscribed to his mother and his wife.

Community Service Society gift. The Board of Directors of the Community Service Society has added nearly seventy thousand pieces of correspondence, memoranda, minutes, reports, financial records and photographs, dating from 1939, when the Society was established by a merger of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society, to 1960. There is correspondence from numerous public figures, among whom are Harry Harkness Flagler, Fiorello LaGuardia, Margaret Mead, Charles E. Merrill, Jr., Robert Moses, Lawson Purdy, John D. Rockefeller III, Francis Cardinal Spellman and Felix M. Warburg.

Cook gift. Professor George Cook has presented the following works by the Congregational clergyman and author John Wise

(1652–1725): *A Vindication of the Government of the New-England Churches*, Boston, 1772; *The Churches Quarrel Espoused*, Boston, 1715; and *The Cambrdige Platform*, Boston, 1717.

Egerer gift. Mr. Joel W. Egerer has donated several editions of Scottish literature, including the first edition of Robert Burns's works to be edited by Allan Cunningham which was published in eight volumes in London in 1834.

Gilvarry gift. Mr. James Gilvarry has presented the seven page typewritten manuscript of D. H. Lawrence's essay, "David," signed by the novelist in block letters on the final page and bearing his corrections in purple ink throughout. The essay, on the Michaelangelo statue in the Piazza in Florence, was written ca. 1926 and published ten years later in the collection, *Phoenix: Posthumous Papers*. Mr. Gilvarry has made his gift in memory of Professor William York Tindall, whose critical writings on modern literature contained extensive comment on Lawrence's works.

Harding gift. Seven rare editions have been presented by Mr. and Mrs. John Mason Harding. In addition to works by Samuel Richardson, Tobias Smollett and Laurence Sterne, there are two unusually fine illustrated folio editions: an early work in the literature of sport, Henry William Bunbury's *An Academy for Grown Horsemen, Containing the Completest Instructions for Walking, Trotting, Cantering, Galloping, Stumbling, and Tumbling*, London, 1787, illustrated with the author's own comic plates and published under the pseudonym, "Geoffrey Gambado, Esq., Riding Master, Master of the Horse, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice"; and the first systematic treatise on husbandry on a comprehensive scale, John Worlidge's *Systema Agriculturae; The Mystery of Husbandry Discovered*, London, 1687, with an engraved title page depicting an English farm of the period.

Harison gift. Mr. Richard Harison, great-great-great-grandson of Richard Harison (1747–1829), John Jay's classmate in the College

"How to Pass a Carriage"; engraving from Henry Bunbury's satirical *An Academy for Grown Horsemen* illustrated by the author. (Harding gift)

class of 1764, has presented several important pieces of memorabilia and groups of autograph letters pertaining to his distinguished ancestor: an early American Federal mahogany secretary bookcase, ca. 1790–1820, with a roll-top and a spread-wing gilt eagle; a miniature portrait of Harison's second wife, Frances Ludlow Harison (1766–1797), painted on ivory and contained in a rose gold oval frame, bordered with a braid of hair; Harison's copy of Herman Moll's *Atlas Minor*, London, 1732, with his signature and bookplate; twenty letters written by Harison to his wife from 1790 to 1794; and nineteen letters written by Frances to her husband from 1783 to 1788. Harison, a renowned lawyer and public servant, also received an A.M. degree from Columbia in 1767 and an L.L.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1792, both degrees awarded to Jay at the same times. Harison served in many capacities during his long life: delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention in 1788; United States District Attorney for New York State, 1789–1801, an appointment made by George Washington; vestryman, warden and comptroller of Trinity Church, 1783–1827; secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, 1784–90; and trustee of Columbia, 1788–1829. All of these associations, as well as his family activities, are reflected in these series of informative and personal letters.

Henderson gift. Mrs. Louise Parks Henderson has presented, in memory of her late brother, Professor George Bruner Parks (A.M., 1914; Ph.D., 1929), his academic papers and his extensive library of more than 1,200 volumes in the fields of English literature of the renaissance, and English and European travel books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among the volumes selected for inclusion in the rare book collection are early editions of works by Pierre Belon, Philip Clüver, Jacopo Mazzocchi, Franciscus Schottus and Lorenzo Valla. English authors are also well represented, and among their number in the collection are: Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, *De Antiquitate Bri-*

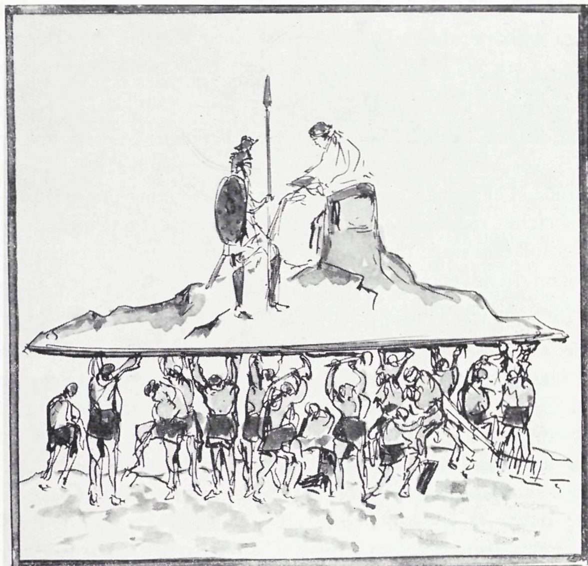
tannicae Ecclesiae, Hanau, 1605; and George Sandys, *Travells, Containing an History of the Original and Present State of the Turkish Empire*, London, 1670. Included in the papers are the correspondence and notes for the two volumes of *The Literature of the World in English Translation: A Bibliography*, 1968 and 1970, which Professor Parks edited.

Hughes-Schrader gift. Dr. Sally Hughes-Schrader (Ph.D., 1924) has presented the manuscript journal, entitled "Being the Notes of an Angler," kept by her late husband Professor Franz Schrader (B.S., 1914; Ph.D., 1919) from 1906 until shortly before his death in 1962. The manuscript, illustrated with charming pen and pencil sketches, records the places where he fished; his catches and the baits and flies used; the weather and the tides; and his commentary on the adventures of the sport. Professor Schrader was a cytologist and naturalist who specialized in the study of insects and fishes.

Kellogg gift. Mrs. Helen Hall Kellogg has added to her earlier gift of original artwork for *Survey* and *Survey Graphic* two hundred drawings, including five pen and ink and wash drawings by Hendrik Van Loon, and sketches and drawings for covers, cartoons and illustrations by Wilfred Jones and numerous other artists, dating from 1929 to 1945. Mrs. Kellogg has also donated more than three hundred drawings by Abby E. Underwood, an accomplished artist and illustrator who studied under Kenyon Cox and E. H. Blashfield, and who for more than twenty-five years was on the staff of the *New York Sunday Sun*, providing illustrations for a regular two page fashion feature and numerous children's stories which appeared ca. 1905–1910.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented the papers of the Bill of Rights Fund, which was founded in 1954 to provide financial aid in civil liberties' cases that raised important constitutional issues. The officers were Dr. Lamont, president,

Eleanor Jackson Piel, secretary, Palmer Weber, treasurer, and Philip Wittenberg, counsel. During its more than eleven years of existence, the Fund made grants to 165 individuals and organizations, and the files documenting these activities are comprised



Original drawing by Hendrik Van Loon, "The Greeks had a word for it," published in *Survey Graphic*, February 1939 to illustrate an article, "They called it Democracy." (Kellogg gift)

largely of correspondence, as well as financial papers, minutes, reports, clippings and publications.

League of Women Voters gift. The Board of Directors of the League of Women Voters of New York State has established a collection of the League's papers with the gift of approximately 17,600 letters, minutes, reports, documents, scrapbooks, publica-

tions, memorabilia and photographs which document the history of the organization from its beginning in 1912 as an auxiliary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association through 1977. The general files, minutes and reports reflect the varied activities and interests of the League, including apportionment, court reform, education and voting rights. Among the correspondents represented in the papers are Thomas E. Dewey, Herbert H. Lehman, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith.

Liebmann gift. A major poster by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the first example by the renowned artist in the Libraries' collection, has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. William B. Liebmann. Entitled "La Revue Blanche," the lithograph in colors was printed in Paris in 1895 by Charpentier et Fasquelle and measures 52½ by 38 inches. The poster features a portrait of Misia, the wife of Thadée Natanson, co-director of the influential art and literary review, *La Revue Blanche.*

Menger gift. The library of the late Howard Kenneth Clark (A.M, 1933), comprising nearly four thousand volumes of literary and historical interest, has been presented by his daughter Mrs. Sydney Clark Menger, who, in making the gift, noted her father's long association with the University and the Graduate Schools Alumni Association. The collector's special interest was the work of Robert William Chambers, whose horror stories and historical novels made him an enormously popular writer during the first three decades of this century. Among the nearly four hundred Chambers editions in the collection are the following interesting association copies: *The King in Yellow*, Chicago and New York, F. Tennyson Neely, 1895, a pristine copy of his most famous book inscribed with an eight line poem to his friend Frances Laird; *The Haunts of Men*, New York, 1898, inscribed to his wife Elsie on their wedding trip to New York, July 14, 1898; *With the Band*, New York, Stone & Kimball, 1896, inscribed to Augustin Daly

with whom he had collaborated on a play; and *Cardigan*, New York, 1901, the author's own copy of the first issue of the novel on the American Revolution which brought Chambers fame. All of the volumes are particularly attractive because of their colorful and dramatic polychrome bindings. The collection also includes six autograph and typewritten letters written by Chambers, as well as Clark's scrapbooks of clippings, photographs, articles and other ephemera relating to the career and writings of the novelist. In addition to Chambers, the Clark collection contains twenty-five first editions by Richard Harding Davis and twenty-six by George Barr McCutcheon, as well as numerous first editions by James Gould Cozzens, William Faulkner, Edna Ferber, Jack London, John O'Hara, Edith Wharton, Herman Wouk and other popular writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Moore gift. Mrs. Walden Moore has added approximately three thousand letters to the papers of the Declaration of Atlantic Unity, an organization founded by her late husband in 1948. The group consisted of prominent persons in the United States, Canada and Western European nations who desired greater unity among their countries on the economic and defense policies which mutually affected them. Included are the correspondence files of persons prominent in public affairs, such as Hubert Humphrey, John Foster Dulles, Dwight David Eisenhower, Henry Ford, Harry S. Truman, Archibald MacLeish, Bertrand Russell and Robert Sherwood.

National Urban League gift. The National Urban League has added approximately one hundred pieces of correspondence, typescripts of speeches, press releases and miscellaneous files to the Whitney M. Young, Jr., Papers, including a letter from Lyndon B. Johnson, written from Austin on December 15, 1969.

Sanger gift. A collection of eighteen books relating to New York City, largely published during the nineteenth century, has been

presented by Mr. Elliott M. Sanger (B.Litt., 1917), among which are: Edward Crapsey, *The Nether Side of New York; or, The Vice, Crime and Poverty of the Great Metropolis*, 1872; George Ellington, *The Women of New York; or, Social Life in the Great*

"Life in the Slums—A 'Bucket Shop'"; one of forty-two illustrations in George Ellington's *The Women of New York*. (Sanger gift)

City, ca. 1870, illustrated with numerous engravings; *Valentine's Manual* for 1857, 1859, 1860, 1863 and 1864, the last one inscribed by David T. Valentine to Simeon Draper; and Theodore Sedgwick Fay, *Views in New York and Its Environs*, 1832, handsomely illustrated with picturesque, yet detailed drawings by the architect James Harrison Dakin.

Schang gift. Mr. Frederick C. Schang (B.Litt., 1915) has added a group of ten visiting cards to the collection which he established in 1977, including attractive examples containing the autographs of Rosa Bonheur, Edwin M. Stanton, Helena Modjeska, Harry Blackstone, Mary Garden and Nancy Reagan. Mr. Schang's gift also includes the delicately printed visiting card of the nineteenth century Italian soprano Guilia Grisi.

Woman's Press Club gift. The Woman's Press Club of New York City, through its president Mrs. Gladys M. Sherman and its historian Miss Jessie B. Chamberlin, has donated the Club's archive consisting of minutes, reports, scrapbooks, correspondence, financial records and printed materials. The papers document the civic, social and literary activities of the Club, which was founded by Jane Cunningham Croly in 1889 as a professional association for women journalists, authors and writers.

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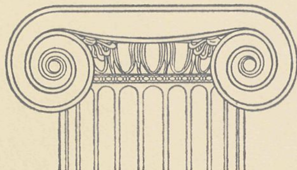

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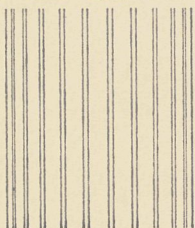

MAY 1982 · VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 3

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Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXI MAY, 1982 NUMBER 3

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES, Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, New York 10027. Three issues a year, three dollars and fifty cents each.

I Remember Father

Some Reminiscences of John Masefield

JUDITH MASEFIELD

MY father loved children, and usually they behaved well in his presence. There was one notable exception, however. On a hot summer's day when I was four years old, I was given the hose to water our small garden at Maida Hill, near Paddington. I watered everything, and water trickled from between my bare toes. Father was coming towards me and an idea struck me; I pointed the hose straight at him and he was soaked within seconds. I turned my eyes to Heaven and proclaimed it an accident, but my parents unhappily decided otherwise. It was worth it, though, for I carry a coloured picture always with me. I see his handsome bronzed face looking rather surprised as the water cascaded down on him.

Father resolutely refused to play with dolls, but we had high adventure with my teddy-bears, called Edward, Bruno Buffkins and Robin. He made Edward soldiers' jackets piped in white, blue trousers with a scarlet stripe, and a cocked hat, and Edward carried a sword, a water bottle, and a folded blanket. My father constructed a complete camping equipment, with hammocks that slung up and down and tents that folded up and were carried in the Travel Waggon drawn by the spotted string-tailed horse Gillian. We had a cooking stove heated by methylated spirit, and I cooked a sort of mess studded in currants in a fry pan.

When I was five, father got an orange box, fixed it on wheels, added a mast at one end with sails that furled, and I pushed myself along on two poles.

Opposite: John Masefield at his home near Abingdon in 1950.

Later, he read to me *Treasure Island* and *Coral Island* and many other exciting books. He told me stories of his own. He said once, later on, "had I put my stories on a tape recorder, we would be sailing round the world in our yacht!"

Photograph taken in the summer of 1924 of Saint Michael's Mount on the southern coast of England with the Masefield family in the foreground; from the diary kept by the poet's son Lewis.

He taught me knots and plaits, and how to splice rope, and how to mend his bicycle. In the first war he gave me his precious knife to guard for him. When at the end of the war he returned and said, "Can I have my knife?", I handed it over tearfully. But in his other hand he held a brand new knife on a spliced lanyard, and it had a pick to take the stones from a horse's hooves; we hunted Hampstead hand in hand to find a horse in need, but never found one. I have his knife to this day, worn to the bare bones and shining silver.

Among our happiest holidays were those in Cushundun, County Antrim. We stayed at a house a stone's throw from the sea with a ruined round tower in the garden. A fisherman maintained that the legend of my father's poem "Cap on Head" took place there.

I was grubbing about in the fallen stones one day, when I felt that someone stood behind me. I turned to see in a split second a chieftain in a blue cloak, bearded and with heavy earrings. It was a blue

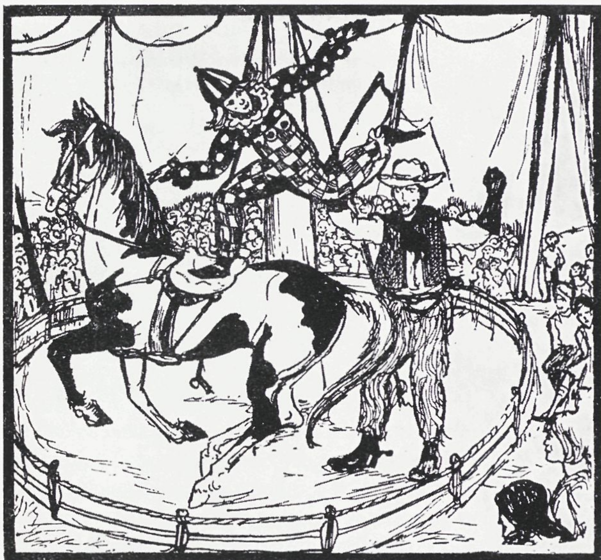


Illustration by Judith Masefield in her father's 1921 volume of poetry *King Cole*.

that I can never forget, kingfisher blue, June-sky blue, the blue of Mary's cloak. He vanished into nothingness and I went on digging.

We went swimming in a rocky inlet called the Cove and I saw a sea anemone give birth to a myriad little red sparks of jelly, a sight one might wait a long time to see. My mother swam out to a rock, wearing a white bathing-cap, and a bullet whizzed by her cheek. The gunman said apologetically after, "And indeed it was a sitting saygull I thought to be shooting to sleep."

On a red-letter day that I shall never forget, we took John and

Ada Galsworthy to Hodginny's Matchless Circus at Cushundall, riding on a jaunting car. There had been a thunderstorm and the circus-hands were laying hurdles piled with straw for the audience to walk dry-shod to the tent. I carried a big bag of broken bread with which we fed the horses in the field. It was a thrilling show with Buffalo Bill, cowboys, knife-throwing, trick-shooting and a spine-chilling play at which a ghost appeared and said "Good evening" in a sepulchral voice just as the hero in a night-shirt and cap tried to compose himself to sleep. Father was moved to the core and said he was going to join the circus, go on tour and give an act of story-telling. He went to the leading cowboy's van to put forward his proposal, but when we got home to Cushundun a wire awaited us and the post-mistress said it heralded sensational news. A builder doing a small alteration to our London house said that he was taking out our pipes because they were rusted through, and no cook could hope to keep alive with such danger in the kitchen. Father was furious and sent a costly telegram to say that every pipe was to be put back, and we returned at once.

Some more memories of Irish holidays. When we climbed the Fairy Mount at Tiveragh I got chased down the mountainside by a very determined black bull and never ran more quickly in my life. My father collected elf-darts, as the folk called them; these are little chip flints of the Stone Age, thought to be made by the fairies.

One day we wormed our way inside a prehistoric souterrain. It was a beehive hut made of overlapping stones beautifully fitted together, with a small opening at the top for smoke. You enter by a hole as large as a fox's earth; after battling forward on your stomach it grows wider and you can crawl and then emerge into the simmering darkness and stand upright. Father sifted through the grains of charcoal in the hearth-stone and found a tiny chip-stone; it was probably the Bronze Age man's last dinner.

When we stayed in a strange lonely house miles from anywhere in the north of Donegal, we all got the "chin-cough" and a ghoul-

ish black-shawled woman told us she had lost three of her own children from the same complaint. A doctor who drove twenty miles to treat us gave me the medicine for the cow by mistake and I was badly burned. We returned home with the utmost speed

Father and daughter at their home at Boars Hill, Oxford, in 1930.

travelling in solitary state as if we were royalty, and people fled before us at the sound of our whooping.

We also went on holidays abroad. On a wondrous visit to Mycenae, father kept stepping around, as he said, for the chariots to pass. He picked up a pocketful of fractured pottery, and stared long at the Lion Gate as if the gold plating lay still upon it. At Pompeii the guide urged father to see the improper frescoes, for an enormous tip. He offered half and was only shown a smattering. Father said they were very disappointing and that he preferred what the butler winked at on Margate pier.

We also had holidays in Palestine, Spain, France and Egypt. "Egypt for health, my elbow," my father said, as he got a bad throat from the dust of the desert, but he was greatly impressed all the same. He derived great pleasure from visiting not only beauty spots and noble ruins but also the races.

In a Geneva music hall the "lightning" artist chose my father to model with a three minute likeness. It was his spitten image, and we won great applause. Father loved folk dancing and was very nimble on his toes, and wherever we were we went on our bicycles to every demonstration within reach. He rode and walked so swiftly that I had a hard task to keep up, but hid my exhaustion as best I might, as he hated weakness.

Here are a few stray remarks that I think are to the point. His mind was always on the ball. When Russia was invaded he said, "He's made his first mistake. Now I know we will win." An Oxford don asked him, "How long do you give Hitler?" "But it's not for me to give!"

A judge asked him, "What would you do to the boy who pushed his mother over the edge of the quarry in her wheel-chair?" "I would need to have seen mama first, before pronouncing judgement."

About a famous beauty, "Beautiful? I would call her a violincello tied in the middle."

A botanist told him that lettuce is one of the most ancient plants that now exists. "I do hope God the Father enjoyed a cool salad with Adam and Eve before the Split."

A countryman, complaining of schoolboys' bad behaviour, said, "They says, sir, that their master weren't there."

"That might be taken as an excuse for every sin since the Fall."

My father was a dual person, ruthless and cruel at times, and at others filled with a disarming sweetness that made one weep. When I lay in hospital awaiting an operation and was exceedingly depressed, he hobbled along on his poor bad leg (that he was strictly forbidden to move) to ring me up, the night before, to give me courage. I remember him saying, "I hope I may ever remember kindness done, looking *up* or *down* as the case may be!"

Touring the Lakes and Scotland in 1857

COLEMAN O. PARSONS

ONE day in the summer of 1974 I was at Home Farm in Oxfordshire inspecting an almost complete collection of William Morris rarities, every item beyond my reach and, as I comforted myself, out of my collecting range anyway. Then, my genial and learned host, the rare book dealer Colin Franklin, brought forth a green morocco volume, gilt-edged and gold stamped, labeled on the spine *Northern Tour 1857*. Measuring 9 x 11 1/4 inches, it contained 126 leaves with ornamental printed borders and an exciting range of versified matter, mostly rhymed couplets written in an amateur calligrapher's hand, as well as original pen drawings and tipped-in-engravings of English towns and landscapes from drawings by Thomas Allom.

"An Excursion to the English Lakes," the opening narrative poem, had twenty-five leaves on which are chronicled the Lakes tour, ending whimsically in Aberdeen. The poem, enriched at the beginning and end by leaves of merry thoughts "Donne 1859," included: a pasted in photograph of "The Major," showing white moustaches and whiskers, mid-lip and chin clean shaven, of which more hereafter; and a section titled "Private Views of Public Grounds," embellished with an original drawing of a cottage in Keswick "Sketched by E. I. Powell 1857," sole indication of possible authorship. The second part, "Scottish Tour 1857," had the greater amplitude of sixty leaves, followed by more drawings and elaborate prose "Notes." I acquired the volume from Mr. Franklin, and it has now joined the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's growing Scottish Collection.

Keeping diaries had long been an English addiction. In his *British Manuscript Diaries of the Nineteenth Century*, which incidentaly does not list the *Northern Tour*, John Stuart Batts includes a Commander George Eyre Powell (1790–1855) who filled

several diaries, his wife Catherine, his daughters Laura and Delia and his son George Eyre, who died at age sixteen—all busy diarists, too. How convenient it would be if E. I. Powell were related to the Commander, but the title "Major" was a family joke based on

"The Major," the author and illustrator of the manuscript of the *Northern Tour*, is believed to be E. I. Powell.

his not shaving his upper lip during the tour, in the manner of a Horse Guard. While identifying himself as a Cambrian, "from fam'd 'Ap Howell,' descendant," the volatile Major rhapsodizes on arriving at the Black Swan within the "venerable walls" of York. Among "haunts of early life,"

> . . . he felt *at home*, at ease;—this house for years had been,
> At stated periods; of many joyous social hours, the scene;

Old friends, the best, most worthy, generous, noble hearted,
He met here: Alas! now few remain. . . .

We do know for certain from the opening lines of the poem that the fun-loving and indulgent Major turned his back on France, Switzerland, Italy, and adopted instead his wife's and daughter's "scheme" to see the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom, whose three acre palace had been opened in Manchester on May 5, 1857, by Prince Albert. So off they went by rail, put up at the Hotel Palatine, and briefly enjoyed the wonders of the "cotton hive" city. Eager to reach the Lake District, they were on the move next day to Furness Abbey, whose ruins they dutifully sketched, and to a week's stay at Ambleside. Using Mistress Mason's "accomodation good," they saw "the beauties of the Lakes, sailing on Windermere" and doing the land on horse and foot. Venturing close to Airy Force and other waterfalls or ascending "the wooded height," they once "lost the track" on a mountainside and had to be rescued by "a Shepherd guide." There were pleasant distractions of rush-bearing children at Grasmere, "divers sports" on Regatta Day, but

> Be sure we ne'er omit to see famed "Rydal fall"
> Or at "the Mount,"–the house of Wordsworth call,
> Where, softly sigh, all ladies, the loss they so regret,
> Of "Poet Laureate" their own, dear, darling pet;

Such irreverence was temporary. The Powells were charmed by "Greta's verdant banks, / Poet Southey's hall"; they climbed "the mighty Skiddaw" and wondered at "The Cataract of Lodore" celebrated by Southey. Poets often sharpen the Major's sensibilities as when the line from Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*, "Who think it solitude, to be alone," is diffused by our poet into "To be alone's not solitude; nor is it loneliness." More characteristic were the "jest & quirks" along the way as they rode out of Keswick, sketching rivers, falls, ruins and feeling nervous on a narrow, tortuous road as their driver "chatters to his steeds."

An engraving of Scale Force, Cumberland, from a drawing by Thomas Allom; one of the numerous landscape engravings tipped in the manuscript.

But "we'd, no time to tarry." The impatient Powells emerged from the lakes and slender vales of Cumberland by train to Carlisle, so bothered by luggage and tickets that they had no time for lunch. Entering Scotland aroused southron prejudice and quickened observation. The monuments everywhere in the capital "to men of all degrees" made the father huffy: "I cannot love the Scottish nation . . . much given to self laudation." His party inspected seventeen apartments in Edinburgh before choosing one not "quite devoid of dirt" in York Place. Later on, unexcised whisky brought them out of depressions induced by Highland "kale pot,/ Teeming with broth, mince, haggas, crowdy, stir about," topped with "their atrocious bread, / More sour than verjuice;—heavier than lead." Predatory landlords and brazen pontage enraged the Major, and he was also irked by Glasgow excursionists, their noise, their numbers, and their sentimental vulgarity.

Much needed dating comes at last in the Powells' visit to Dalkeith Palace, Midlothian, on the Marquess of Lothian's twenty-fifth birthday and wedding day, the ceremony of which took place in Staffordshire. This was August 12, 1857. They saw "gloomy caves" on the Esk and Roslin's "gothick Chapel" at the time the "pretty, lively" Queen of Holland, Sophia Frederica Mathilda, was on tour with a "gay and brilliant party." Back in Edinburgh they traveled by rail to Perth, gateway to tourist country. After a night at the George Hotel, which "our blessed Queen stopt at," "Away! away! to bonnie Dundee" and by express to the "granite City" of Aberdeen. Scorn for the arrogant professors was balanced by admiration for the "bare leg'd maids" and lightly clad fisherfolk.

At Banchory station they "beheld much baggage, marked—A. B.," a father and his daughters, Ellen and Annie Bell. These new friends were soon dominated by the "transcendant" Major, who elevated Bell to his own factitious rank. His audience doubled, Powell recited the opening lines of Byron's youthful "Lachin y Gair" and discoursed on Phoenician, Venetian, London, and Scot-

tish merchants. Downpours and strayed carriages hardly set them back. "Yet still we'd fun, and pun, conundrum guessing."

After food and sleep they set out for "the small . . . noble pile" of Balmoral on Prince Albert's birthday (August 28th). In his high spirits Powell waxed Dickensian, recording that at Braemar they were ushered "into a small parlour" by Smuggling Willie, "a small, old, withered serviter, with grizzely brutus [a wig]." The brevet majors grew fonder of their dashy "dear pets," "the cara sposa" and the "fair daughters." Overborne by smoking, liquor-drinking males, "the loves, the doves" slipped away from a cold table of "abhorr'd" pigeon pie to enjoy Stilton cheese and ale by themselves, and planned a trip for all to the "wild pass of Killie-crankie."

At Kenmore landlord MacPherson said, with "most satanic grin, *Oh rest assured!*—you'll all be *taken in*"—as they were. Among the guests were assorted foreigners, "a gay Glasgow party," "two loving turtles" (the bride "was excited,—arose, retired, shaking her crinoline"), and young things "Be-decked, in vulgar finery, [who] shook, the pearl pendants in their tresses, / And sigh'd."

What a contrast "our Girls" displayed. Next morning the Powells and the Bells were invited inside the noble Breadalbane's hall to enjoy the music. "The girls elated, waltz, dance reels, the Lancer's famed Quadrille" until reminded by the Majors that they must pursue their way. And on this "bright . . . glorious day," they "were joyous" until "the black horse has the staggers," his head is seized, the ladies jump out, "the horses back . . . / Down rolls the carriage, 'gainst the large moor stones." While "the driver trembles . . . the Majors by sheer strength" block the wheels, and the two horses are unpoled. Then "Six brawn'y highlanders, the carriage get, upon the road once more." At the next stage, they concocted a mendacious testimonial for the driver.

At Inverarnan, after cups of Bohea for the women and glasses of toddy, the sturdy Majors made them laugh at "the evils, perils" endured and jovially toasted "All friends round Saint Paul's." A

"Land of the mountain, and the flood,
Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood."

COTLAND! from the sweet south, we come resolved to see,
Your Towns, Lochs, Rivers, Mountains,
And draw some inspiration from thy attic fountains.
To Edinboro', — Perth, — Dundee, — we had been,
5 But found them, — not particularly — clean;
So started for the "Universal granite City," — Aberdeen:
Admired the Dee, the Don, the Harbour, Cross, Cathedral, College;
Profound professors, with as much arrogance, — as knowledge;
A market spacious, crowded with bare legg'd maids, and finnan haddies,
10 Fish wives quite gay; and unbreech'd laddies,
We confessed the native dress was, — inexpensive,
And that their wardrobes, could not be, extensive.

This page from the second part of the *Northern Tour* begins the account of the Powell family's journey through Scotland.

maiden, "in hand a lighted taper," conducted them upstairs. And so to bed.

Sunday morning, finding no local kirk, they accepted flowers as "living preachers" and with Alexander Pope looked "through nature, up to natures God." In a lay temper, Major Bell searched for mosses along their route. Crossing a "bridge of stepping

stones" he got a "dripping." But by five they were "all dress'd" and at the board, presided over by Major Powell, curling his moustaches. Monday, August 31st, Ellen, Annie, and Major Bell reluctantly broke up the chance confederacy by vanishing "into Air, (Ayr)," thereby inspiring a jingling "Lament" of no higher quality than the pun. Virtuosity flowed back with the rhyming of bannock with Rannock (described a generation later in *Kidnapped*) as the Powells dashed through the stark pass of Glencoe among "scenes of Ossian! Macdonald's massacre" to "Dutch William's fort."

Entering the Caledonia Hotel at Fort William, the Londoners were apprised that five hundred tourists had come by steamer to view Britain's highest mountain, Ben Nevis. Then came just another proof that Powell's bearing and cash had authority. The host would resign his own quarters to the ladies, and the Major could have the "house of Holy John." And at Oban, when they learned that "four dozen passengers, or more, each night, / Were houseless," the Powells still managed to be lodged.

All these invaders were draining away the charm of a land sacred to Rob Roy, to William and Dorothy Wordsworth. Loch Katrine's "romantic scenes" had been "desecrated" by the steamer, at whose tying up "touters, coachmen, conductors, cads," shout destinations while porters hurl "Portmantuas, packages & parcels" about.

> . . . Now the spells broken; away!
> All hurry, noise, confusion; rushing like troop of Cossacks,
> On, on the tourists come. . . .

But there were human compensations along the way. The Major's quick eye for womankind kept him alert on each leg of the journey south. There was a Glasgow Writer to the Signet with "his clever, very pretty sisters." Who could ignore Miss Cox, "A lively young brunette, her Pater, ruddy, short and stout . . . / Five Actors, three demoiselle's, of graceful mein & rather pretty." An-

other time Powell observed "a good old Grandshire" and his four orphan granddaughters; Miss Llewellyn, "a prim maid of fifty" preserving her niece; and "a young bride from Bute" whose over-fond and "most oppressive" caresses drove her spouse to the roof of the lurching coach. Thus bereft, fearing danger, the "trembling, timid, fright'ned . . . fragile" bride "seized, the Majors hand, / Sighed softly," and–reassured–"squeez'd his hand anew."

But enough of ocular philandering. Wordsworth's lines on the roadside seat, Rest and Be Thankful, made a poet once again of the Major, who wrote of impetuous cataracts and passionate youth before restraining himself: "I'm getting sentimental, it must not be, altho' of tropes I have a hank ful." At Tarbet on Loch Lomond the Powells saw Joseph Noel Paton drawing birches while his sisters sang "to cheer, inspire, his pleasant labor." The artist, Queen Victoria's future Limner for Scotland, showed them his sketch book on the defeat of the royal Norwegian plunderer Haco at Largs. The ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle brought Scone to the Major's occasionally wandering mind, the Stone of Destiny, and his having seen "our lov'd Victoria crown'd, on that stone" at Westminster on June 28th 1838.

From Tarbet the Powells descended by steamer and train on Scotland's largest city. "Loch Katrines pellucid waters" would soon glide "Some fifty miles, and furnish tea and toddy for good folks in Glasgow." Silence about the Queen's officially opening the new waterworks on October 14th, 1859, yields a date before which work on the *Northern Tour* was finished. In the overflowing Queen's Hotel, the Powells had to wait for accommodation. But there was no lack of diversion in the saloon: the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth, Baron Wensleydale, the three gentlemen of the Dutch entourage, two Bavarians, two Swedes, four Yankees, Hamburg merchants, a baillie and his daughter, a Londoner and his spouse, two maiden ladies, the colonel and other officers of the Sixteenth Royal Lancers "En route for India; hoping to reap, laurels, glory; we trust not to be–slaughter'd." The flippant

Major had been offended by the warriors' unpolished manners. Ironically, despite the gruesome toll of the Indian Mutiny, it increased the number of unpublished diaries in 1857.

"Enough of persons." Next morning, astir "before the lark," the Powells bade farewell to their host, James MacGregor, and were on their venturesome way to a "deep chasm . . . huge rocks . . . murky gloom . . . roaring waters" that inspired "horror and awe" before they approached the Falls of the Clyde. Here they strolled along "with pure unmixt delight," responsive to the "turbulent magnificence," the beauty of the leaping, sinuous waters.

Submissive once more to the tyranny of schedules they journeyed by rail in "comfort, speed" to English Carlisle, Newcastle upon Tyne, and Durham. In York the Major, his dame and daughter were warmly greeted by Abraham Braithwaite at the Black Swan Inn. After seeing the usual places, not neglecting the museum which housed the condemned cell of Dick Turpin and Eugene Aram, they returned to No. 32 Coney Street where the innkeeper served up a repast at his own expense, with "some small ovation, Or tribute to the Major." After that send-off, the Powells boarded the express to London.

A mystery hovers over the Major. He drops no real clues, and no quirks of vocabulary betray him. In England he had shown interest in dye, woolen, and pencil works, and in Scotland he had devoted sixteen amused lines to the stock in trade of a general merchant. Powell knew people and places in Britain and was known. Had he traveled earlier as manufacturer, wholesale merchant, or even solicitor? I only know that in the *Northern Tour* he appears as a talented man of leisure, a rhymer, and an artist who could say to his "lovely wife, / 'I'll take some new pencils;–to sketch,–my life.'"

It was probably in 1858 that the Major found time to record the family excursion to the English Lakes and Scotland in the jocose jog trot of his verse. Having ridden his "*Hobby*" just to please his daughter, Powell bids adieu to his "Poor Muse," hoping that a story begun "in fun . . . may please some."

"A Riot of Obscene Wit"

PAUL E. COHEN

"THE other day Huneker came into my office with the ms. of his novel," wrote H. L. Mencken in 1919 about *Painted Veils*, the holograph manuscript of which is now in the Solton and Julia Engel Collection. "The thing turned out to be superb—the best thing he has ever done. But absolutely unprintable. It is not merely ordinarily improper; it is a riot of obscene wit." The novel was the work of James Gibbons Huneker, the well-known journalist and critic who at age sixty-two had written his first full-length work of fiction. "The old boy has put into it every illicit epigram that he has thought of in 40 years," Mencken went on, "and some of them are almost perfect. I yelled over it."

Huneker had actually submitted the novel to him hoping it might be serialized in *Smart Set*, the sophisticated literary journal Mencken edited with George Jean Nathan. However, Mencken exhibited an essentially prudish nature when he found the work too full of "lascivious frills and thrills" for his journal and turned it down with the predicition that the "pornographic novel will never be published." This was 1919, after all, the very year James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* was barred from bookshops by the New York Society for the Supression of Vice, the same organization which had previously banned Theodore Dreiser's *The Genius*. "If we printed [*Painted Veils*]," Mencken joked, "we'd get at least 40 years."

The publishing problem Huneker had created was probably driven home to him after he read *Jurgen* which he "marvelled over —at the notion of it being obscene." *Painted Veils* is not a bawdy book; it has no coarse or vulgar language and no graphic accounts of carnal pleasures. Nevertheless, it is still possible to understand Mencken's refusal to serialize the book. The characters in the novel make love with frequency—and in a variety of complex

combinations—and epigrammatic comments about sex dominate in such a way that it is possible to lose sight of other elements of the narrative. Huneker considered the work "frankly erotic" and boasted to Mencken: "There are enough happenings to amuse the choicest company at a bordel."

The racy story was set in New York City during the late nineteenth century among the musicians, artists, decadents and dilettantes Huneker had known two or three decades earlier. From all accounts, there could have been no better spokesman for this *fin de siècle* group than Huneker himself who was described by the poet Benjamin De Casseres as "the incarnation of the cultured bohemianism of the glamorous days when the city was young, irresponsible, Dionysian." He had taken the city by storm in the late 1880s, according to Alfred Kazin, "driving a dozen horses and tumbling over between them. He had more energy, knew more people, retailed more gossip, wrote more books, drank more beer, and disseminated more information on the artistic personality than almost any other journalist of his time." Kazin could have added that Heneker had probably had more love affairs than most of his contemporaries as well.

Trained as a musician, first in Philadelphia and later in Paris, Huneker's success in journalism came as a result of his failure to become a piano virtuoso. He turned to writing original and witty articles on music in which he popularized many modern European composers including Richard Strauss. Later he wrote lively essays on drama, art and literature which showed the influence of such authors as Joris Karl Huysmans, Rémy de Gourmont, and Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. These are the writers Huneker had admired in Paris and all of them appear briefly as characters in his *roman à clef*.

Huneker's career as journalist writing for a number of New York dailies is chronicled in *Steeplejack* (1918), an autobiography completed shortly before he began *Painted Veils*. "I would fain be a pianist, a composer of music," the frustrated author forlornly

divulged in these memoirs. "I am neither. Nor a poet. Nor a novelist, actor, playwright. I have written many things from architecture to zoology without grasping their inner substance. I am Jack of the Seven Arts, master of none." Throughout his life, Huneker

James Huneker, ca. 1895.

had proudly called himself a "man-of-letters," a phrase once employed to describe the kind of roving literary journalism he practiced. As academics and specialists started taking over much of this literary writing, "men-of-letters" began to lose their influence and the phrase itself became pejorative. As Huneker approached

sixty, he seemed aware of the changing literary climate which was making his profession obsolete; apparently this realization strengthened his conviction that his own career had been a dismal failure.

He was especially depressed that summer of 1919 when he started his novel. In addition to being disillusioned, he was in dire financial and physical straits, having just returned from the hospital where he had been operated on for the removal of a cyst from his bladder. Furthermore, and perhaps more devastating for the rakish writer, he was now impotent, a condition he had complained to his doctor about as early as 1911. By 1919, he admitted that he had altogether given up what he liked to call "horizontal refreshment": "Fornication is forgotten–and thank the lord." It was in these trying circumstances that Huneker sat down to write the most lurid book of his time–and he wrote it at breakneck speed.

"Ill as I was from bladder trouble–5 months on the water wagon now–I composed and wrote a novel–100,000 words," he told De Casseres. "I wrote it in 7 weeks, less 2 days–wrote it with the tears in my eyes from age; and in revenge" Huneker hoped that his female readers would find the work especially erotic–if not thoroughly arousing. Had Huneker become an "exhibitionist in print?" Was he seeking alternative techniques to stimulate women now that he was "*non compos penis*," as Mencken playfully described the unfortunate condition? Perhaps by writing *Painted Veils* Huneker was simply working out his sexual inadequacies or gratifying some of his needs.

In the novel, Huneker retold the story he had written in his autobiography–but from a different perspective. He claimed that he left out of his memoirs accounts of his love life because "I didn't wish the publishers to go to jail." But in *Painted Veils* all of the "suppressed complexes" come to the surface: "I've traced a parallel route frankly dealing with sex; also with the development of a young man deracinated because born in Paris and suffering."

That character is Ulrick Invern, " a writer, incidently a critic" who lives ambivalently on the fringes of the artistic world of New York City. He is trapped between the advice of Rémy de Gourmont, who encouraged him in Paris to return to America, and Edgar Saltus, who told him he should have remained in Paris. "Apart from his studies nothing interested [Ulrick] like sex," and much of the novel is about his essentially unfulfilling—though nonetheless intriguing—relationships with three fetching women whom Huneker characterized as "hot and hollow."

Easter Brandes, a narcissistic singer, has the strongest hold on Ulrick, and she is caught early in the book admiring her naked reflection in a mirror: "she bowed low to her image, kicked her right leg on high, turned her comely back, peeped over her shoulder, mockingly stuck out her tongue as she regarded with awe—almost —the delicately modelled buttocks." Ulrick also has a love affair with Mona Milton, a concupiscent woman who "wished that her soul could be like a jungle at night, filled with the cries of monstrous sins." Finally, the young protagonist passes some of his time with Dora, a classy prostitute who is a "treasure-trove for an erotic man."

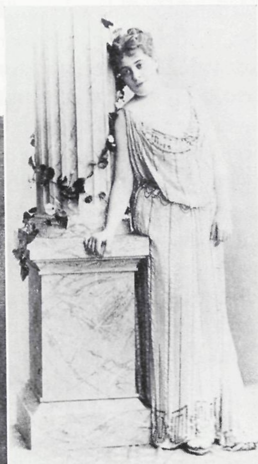
The central incident of the narrative occurs at a Holy Roller revival in Zaneburg, New Hampshire, where Ulrick and Easter meet for the first time. A Negro preacher named Brother Rainbow presided over this religious gathering which degenerated into an orgy. During the frenzy, the lights go out, and Ulrick and Easter each have sex. Ulrick presumes that his partner had been Easter and as a result he pursues her throughout the book with a stronger passion than he can ever muster for the other women he meets. At the end of the novel, however, he learns the truth about the incident: "In the darkness we all got mixed up," Easter informs him. She had been raped by Brother Rainbow while Ulrick's companion had been the preacher's white assistant, Roarin' Nell.

"The story itself is largely true," Huneker told the incredulous John Quinn, a famous lawyer and collector who called the novel

"Painted Whores." "I know—and knew—[Easter]. She is a composite of—well, I'll tell you some day. Mona is in town today: and the little slut, Dora, still lives and ceased fornication." H. L. Mencken thought he knew the names of two women who may have provided the inspiration for Easter, and he wrote about them to Dr. Fielding Hudson Garrison, a mutual friend and well-known medical historian: "I suspect that Huneker's heroine is chiefly Sibyl Sanderson, with touches of Olive Fremstad. Before the collapse of his glands he was in the intimate confidence of both of them." Mencken was more or less correct, though Mary Garden, Sibyl Sanderson's protégée, was probably a stronger influence than Sanderson's herself. All three were glamorous opera singers whose love affairs sometimes attracted as much attention as their singing. Olive Fremstad, who also provided Willa Cather with the model for the heroine of her *Song of the Lark*, is the only one of the three with whom Huneker was ever linked romantically.

Huneker likened his heroine to the mythological Istar, a Babylonian goddess of sex and war, and patterned the novel on an obscure poem by Epopee d'Izdubar, "Istar's Descent into Hades," from which he quotes the passage entitled "Painted Veils." There Istar travels through seven gates on her way through hell. At each one, she is stripped of an article of clothing until "At the seventh gate, the warder . . . took off the last veil that covers her body." The seven arts which Huneker practiced are represented by the seven veils which symbolically drape the seven sins to which he so often gleefully yielded. The gates of the poem also provided Huneker with the structure for his work which is divided into seven chapters called "gates."

As the characters progress through these gates, hypocrisy is stripped from them and at the end their true natures are revealed. "Hypocrisy is, as you say, necessary to screen certain unpleasant realities," Ulrick's friend Mel informs him. "It is a pia fraus; painted veils. Painted lies." Easter is an innocent, small-town singer at the first gate of the novel; by the time she reaches the sixth gate



Easter, the heroine of *Painted Veils*, was based by Huneker on a number of opera prima donnas, including Olive Fremstad (top left), Sybil Sanderson (center right), and Mary Garden (bottom left).

she is a dazzling opera star who has become "Istar, the Great Singing Whore of Modern Babylon." She is completely immoral, has taken up lesbianism, and has seduced Dora, the prostitute. Ulrick's best friend, a priest, has also fallen victim to her; instead of being corrupted by a religious man—as she was by Brother Rainbow—she has become a seducer of the cloth.

Easter's activities have a debilitating effect on Ulrick though his troubles seem more complex than simple dissatisfaction with her. Ulrick never appears satisfied—or even very successful—in his relationships with women. "He had ardently longed for this meeting," Ulrick thought during an embrace with Mona, "and now he was acting like a cowardly eunuch." As her passions increased, he "resisted her tumultuous onset blushing like a virgin." He behaved no better with Dora when he "turned his head away as she repeatedly kissed him." Even with Easter: "he kissed her on the mouth, but the champagne odour was repugnant." Ulrick's unhappiness and dissatisfaction are closely linked to his sexuality, and he may have been suffering a form of impotence not unlike his creator's. "All is lacking, if sex is lacking," Ulrick had disclosed to Easter, "or if the moisture of the right man is lacking." The revelation that it was Roarin' Nell, not Easter, with whom he had coupled at the Holy Roller meeting horrified Ulrick, and he subsequently drank himself to death in Paris.

"As to my novel . . . it will shock you," Huneker wrote to William Crary Brownell, the urbane literary adviser to Scribner's, in a letter discussing the possibility of publishing the book with that firm. Charles Scribner had once told Huneker that he would tolerate anything Huneker chose to print, but obviously Scribner never expected a book "inscribed in all gratitude to the charming morganatic ladies, *les belles impures*, who make pleasanter this vale of tears for virile men. What shall it profit a woman if she saves her soul but loseth love?" The novel, in fact, was such a departure from his other work, which consisted largely of critical essays and studies of Chopin and Liszt, that Huneker had had the

foresight to send the manuscript to other publishers, not only to Mencken but also to Alfred Knopf and Horace Liveright.

Scribners did like the book, however, or at least Huneker hyperbolically reported that they had told him "not in this generation have they read fiction so original, brilliant, *human*, or so well composed and written!" And they offered to publish it, but only in an expurgated edition "for a purer public" than Huneker wanted to reach on the first go-round. "As to the bowdlerization, nothing is decided upon," Huneker told T. R. Smith, Boni and Liveright's editorial assistant. "The story can stand on its merits without the humorous elements; of obscenity, vulgarity or indecency, there is not a trace; only extreme frankness and the sex side dealt with as if by a medical expert. Might I say gynecologist."

Boni and Liveright accepted the book complete with the "omphalic trimmings." As Dreiser's publisher, this firm had already had experience with controversial books, but even they would not issue the book in a trade edition. Huneker nevertheless entered into negotiations with Horace Liveright with high expectations of success, and a signed, private printing was scheduled for October 1920 ("if the police, prompted by the Society for the prevention of cruelty to imbeciles, don't intervene"). "I should like you to see the publisher's contract," he appealed to John Quinn. "I need money and I'm going to get it." In a letter to Horace Liveright about that contract, Huneker tried to anticipate contingencies which might arise: "And please mention English edition; and my rights to translations, dramatic and movie rights. I'll interpolate this claim if it is not included. As to probable date of payments; $1000 when the book appears, balance of $800 as soon as possible. I'll sign 1200 sheets; I wish there were 1500."

There were no translations, no expurgated editions, no movies, no plays, not even any lawsuits. But that first printing, offered only by subscription, quickly sold out in a ten-dollar edition printed expressly for, according to Mencken, "the admittedly damned." Issuing it this way entailed few risks, and an expensive,

small printing had the additional virtue of appealing to collectors of pornography. While Mencken would not fall into that category, he was nevertheless one of the recipients. Pasted into his copy, now in the H. L. Mencken Room of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, is a card which reads: "To my old friend, the Attila of American criticism, and the salt of the earth generally, this book of senile scabrous morality is inscribed with the regards of James Huneker." Huneker also sent Mencken another card stating that the title should be changed to *Painted Tails*; he instructed Mencken to affix this to his copy as well, but apparently it was lost.

Had the book been more thoughtfully written—or perhaps only more slowly written—and skilfully developed, it might have won a less tentative place for itself in the annals of American literature. Huneker seemed well aware of the work's limitations when he wrote "No book, no matter what the length of its incubation, can be art, that is actually written in 7 weeks, less 2 days." Nevertheless, Harry Levin called *Painted Veils* the book which "ushered in the twenties," and the novel has been praised by others including Oscar Cargill who declared it an "*apologia pro vita sua*—one of the most remarkable ever written."

Painted Veils has also enjoyed short periods of popularity. In 1928, six years after Huneker's death, Horace Liveright successfully reissued it and in 1953 an Avon paperback edition is said to have had the astonishing sale of 200,000 copies. However, it did not have the *succès de scandale* Huneker might have anticipated after Mrs. N. P. Dawson used a superlative to describe it in the *New York Globe*: "There are disgusting scenes in *Painted Veils* that 'outstrip' anything that has ever been put in print before" (December 24, 1920). Nor did it gain the importance Columbia professor Vernon Loggins predicted in 1937 in *I Hear America*. In a discussion of three writers—Huneker, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Carl Van Vechten—Loggins wrote: "But of all the books of sophistication published in America during the twenties the one which now seems most likely to last is James Gibbons Huneker's *Painted Veils*."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Abrahamsen gift. The distinguished psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Dr. David Abrahamsen has established a collection of his papers with the gift of nearly three hundred letters and manuscripts, many of which pertain to his writings and publications in the field of criminal pathology. Of special interest are the letters from, and the interviews with, members of the family of President Richard M. Nixon and his school and college friends which Dr. Abrahamsen received and collected at the time he was writing his *Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy*, 1977. Dr. Abrahamsen's gift contains letters from numerous authors and public figures, including Samuel Hopkins Adams, Felix Frankfurter, Karl Menninger, Clare Boothe Luce, Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kinsey, Adlai Stevenson, Nathan Leopold and Otto Weininger. Of special interest are the 167 typed and handwritten letters sent by David Berkowitz to Dr. Abrahamsen from Attica Prison during 1979–1981.

Clifford gift. Mrs. Virginia Clifford has presented three items for inclusion in the collection of her husband, the late Professor James L. Clifford (A.M., 1932; Ph.D., 1941): a detailed Parisian dressmaker's bill made out to Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, dated October 5, 11 and 27, 1775; Mrs. Piozzi's copy of a devotional book *Quatre Dialogues*, Paris, 1684, inscribed on the front flyleaf, "Hester Lynch Salusbury/her book 24th May/1756"; and Professor Clifford's autograph journal kept while visiting England from October 1958 to April 1959, which is especially important for the records he kept of interviews with biographers about their craft, including conversations with Raymond Mortimer, Lord David Cecil, Elizabeth Jenkins, Sir Harold Nicolson and Edgar Johnson.

Coggeshall gift. Approximately five hundred letters and manu-

scripts have been added to the Frances Perkins Papers by her daughter Mrs. Susanna Coggeshall, among which are: drafts prepared by Perkins of a telegram sent by President Franklin Roosevelt to Joseph Stalin in April 1944 regarding Russia's participation in the International Labor Organization conference in Philadelphia; drafts of numerous speeches and testimonies, including that of her statement before the House Judiciary Committee during impeachment proceedings against her; memoranda and notes pertaining to the organization of the National Industrial Recovery Board in 1934; and papers relating to personal matters, such as finances, medical affairs, religion and friends.

Cohen gift. Mr. Herman Cohen has presented five splendid examplars of the printing done by Giovanni Mardersteig at the Officina Bodoni in Montagnola and Verona: Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, *The Poetical Works*, 1927; Pietro Toesca, *L'Ufiziolo Visconteo Landau-Finaly donato alla Città di Firenze*, 1951, illustrated with full-page reproductions of the manuscripts; Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Nymphs of Fiesole*, 1952, with woodcuts by Bartolommeo di Giovanni recut by Fritz Kredel; Felice Feliciano Veronese, *Alphabetum Romanum*, 1960, with hand-colored illustrations of the twenty-five letters reproduced from the manuscript in the Vatican Library; and *Songs from Shakespeare's Plays*, 1974, bound in green decorated cloth and quarter leather. Included with the latter are thirty pages of specimen sheets and a card from Mardersteig presenting the book to Mr. Cohen.

Danto gift. Professor Arthur Danto (A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1952) has donated two first editions important in the history of philosophy: Johann Gottlieb Fitche, *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*, Berlin, 1800, John Dewey's copy with his signature and the date March 1883 on the front free endpaper; and John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography*, London, 1873, in the original green cloth binding.

Dobbie gift. Mrs. Mary K. Dobbie has added to the rare book collection an important facsimile, *The Caedmon Manuscript of Anglo-Saxon Biblical Poetry Junius XI in the Bodleian Library*, published by the Oxford University Press in a limited edition in 1927 with an introduction by Sir Israel Gollancz.

The King and Queen of bells from a German set of playing cards, ca. 1440. (Fleming gift)

Fleming gift. The Libraries' collection of early printing has been considerably enriched through the gift by Mr. John F. Fleming of three fifteenth century printed editions and a collection of early playing cards. Dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the sixty-eight playing cards comprise portions of four separate sets of German and Italian woodcuts and a single woodcut, possibly French, the Knave of Swords, retouched with grey wash. The three incunabula in Mr. Fleming's gift are no less remarkable: Thomas à Kempis, *Imitatio Christi*, Venice, 1496/97; Innocentius VIII, *Bulla Canonizationis Sancti Leopoldi Marchionis*, Vienna, Johannes Cassis, 1484/85; and Isidorus Hispalensis, *Etymologiae*,

Paris, Georg Wolf and Thielman Kerver, 1499, the variant issue with the device of Jean Alexandre and Charles De Bougne on the title.

Gutmann, James, gift. Professor James Gutmann (A.B., 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1936) has presented a group of eighty letters which he has received from Columbia associates during the past half century. Included among their number are long and important letters from Irwin Edman, Jacques Barzum, Robert L. Carey, Horace L. Friess, John H. Randall, Jr., Mark Van Doren, Felix Adler, Wendell T. Bush, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge and S. N. Behrman.

Gutmann, Ruth, gift. In 1977 Mrs. Ruth Adler Friess Gutmann established collections of papers of her late father, Dr. Felix Adler (A.B., 1870; D.Litt., 1929), and her late husband, Professor Horace Friess (A.B., 1918; Ph.D., 1926). She has now made substantial additions to these collections in a recent gift of approximately two thousand letters and papers relating to Dr. Adler and the Adler family, three thousand letters and manuscripts of Professor Friess pertaining primarily to his biographical researches on Dr. Adler, and more than five hundred letters and documents of her maternal ancestors, the Goldmark family.

Halsband gift. Professor Robert Halsband (A.M., 1936), who has in the past enriched our collections through his gifts of eighteenth century paintings, has recently presented an oil portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, ca. 1715. The portrait, formerly in the collection of a descendent of Lady Mary's, the Earl of Wharncliffe, measures 29 by 24 inches, and shows the sitter in half-length. In his notes accompanying the portrait Professor Halsband mentioned another similar Kneller portrait of Lady Mary in three-quarters length, which is now in the collection of the Marquess of Bute, another descendent. We plan to hang the portrait presented by Professor Halsband in the

Donors Room in the new quarters of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, ca. 1715. (Halsband gift)

Klingon gift. Dr. Gerald H. Klingon (A.B., 1942) has presented an important work of Americana, *Nouvelle Découverte*, Utrecht, 1697, written by Louis Hennepin, Franciscan friar and explorer in North America. This volume and Hennepin's *Nouveau Voy-*

age deal with his travels in North America in which he claimed to have discovered the Mississippi River and to have sailed down to its mouth. The copy donated by Dr. Klingon includes the handsome engraved frontispiece.

Kraus gift. Mr. and Mrs. T. Peter Kraus have presented seven original drawings in ink and gouache done by Henri Rivière as illustrations for the children's book by Achille Melandri, *Les Farfadets: Conte Breton*, published in Paris by A. Quantin in 1886. These dramatic drawings, showing the influence of Japanese art, represent the earliest book illustrations done by the artist who was later known for his painting, engraving and theatrical design. Included in the Kraus's gift are the drawings for the front cover and those in the published volume entitled: "Et quand au soleil couchant les filles s'en allaient rêver par les bruyères"; "De petits gnomes bruns"; "Un grand papillon de nuit"; "La pâtre doubla le pas"; "La reine Miranda qui se baignait dans l'étang bleu"; and "Un tas de loqueteux qui cheminent." The drawings are enclosed in a silk folding case with a copy of the published book.

Lehmann family gift. Dr. Shirley Lehmann Spohr and Dr. William Leonard Lehmann, have established a collection of the papers of their father, the late Professor William Christian Lehmann (Ph.D., 1930), with an initial gift of 125 books and approximately one hundred pamphlets and periodicals. Professor Lehmann made specific studies of the Scottish social philosophers, Adam Ferguson, Lord Kames and John Millar, and the books in the gift reflect these research interests. There are several significant items relating to John Millar, student of Adam Smith and one of the most important figures in the Scottish Enlightenment, including: three volumes of handwritten notes of Millar's lectures on Roman law and jurisprudence at Glasgow University in 1787, kept by his son James; Professor Lehmann's copy of Millar's *The Origin of the Distinction of Ranks*, London, 1781, containing his notations and emendations relating to his reprint of the work; and Millar's own

copy of Adam Ferguson's *An essay on the History of Civil Society*, London, 1732. There are also copies of Professor Lehmann's books and periodical articles.

Loebl and Schreyer gift. Mrs. Greta Loebl and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Schreyer have established a collection of the art work of Tibor Gergely with their gifts of 2,824 watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings and sketches covering the artist's career from the early 1930s until his death in 1978. The Hungarian-born painter and illustrator, who came to New York in 1939, is best known for his work on the popular Golden Book series for children. The gift includes the illustrations for fifty books by various authors, beginning with Georges Duplaix's *Topsy Turvy Circus* published in 1940; illustrations for the Golden Books, among which are Gertrude Crampton's *Scuffy the Tugboat* and *Tootles the Train*; and illustrations for nineteen books written by Gergely, most notably *Busy Day, Busy People* and *500 Animals from A to Z*. Every aspect of Gergely's career is represented, including advertising and commercial art of the 1940s, political cartoons and caricatures done in Europe and the United States in the 1930s and 1940s, and magazine illustrations, most important among which are the eighteen watercolor drawings for covers for *The New Yorker*.

Myers gift. Winifred A. Myers Autographs, Ltd., London, through its directors, Miss Winifred A. Myers and Mrs. Ruth Shepherd, has donated an autographed cabinet photograph of Rider Haggard's elder brother, Andrew Charles Parker Haggard, who distinguished himself as a novelist, historical writer and army officer.

Oyens gift. Mr. Felix de Marez Oyens has donated the first Dutch edition of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, published in Utrecht in 1945 under the title, *Voor Wie de Klok Luidt*.

Palmer gift. A collection of first and rare editions in literature, biography and art has been presented by Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S.,

1950; A.M., 1955). Included among the nearly 250 volumes in the gift are copies autographed or inscribed by Louis Auchincloss, Vincent Price, Louis Nizer, Ned Rorem and Michael Arlen. The work by Arlen, *These Charming People*, 1924, is inscribed to the silent film star Rod La Rocque, and the novel by Auchincloss, *A World of Profit*, 1968, is signed on the flyleaf.

Ray gift. Mr. Gordon N. Ray (LL.D., 1969) has presented seven rare editions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of which six are notable for the importance of their illustrations: William Brockedon, *Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations to the Life and Work of Lord Byron*, 1833, with engravings by Edward and William Finden after Clarkson Stanfield and others; William Combe, *The History of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's Westminster, Its Antiquities and Monuments*, 1812, one of the great aquatint works printed for R. Ackermann; Samuel Rogers, *Italy* and *Poems*, 1838, illustrated with five early impressions of the engravings after J. M. W. Turner and Thomas Stothard; Sir Walter Scott, *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, 1826, illustrated with engravings after J. M. W. Turner and others; and Benjamin Winkles, *Architectural and Picturesque Illustrations of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales*, 1836, illustrated with steel engravings, many after H. K. Browne. The seventh work donated by Mr. Ray is a fine tall copy of the first edition of Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language*, London, 1755, two folio volumes in full calf.

Reichl gift. The graphic design of the late Ernst Reichl, one of the country's most distinguished book designers, can now be studied in its totality, due to the recent generous gift by his widow, Mrs. Miriam Reichl, of more than one thousand volumes which he designed from the 1930s to the 1970s. Mrs. Reichl has presented those volumes owned by the designer himself in each of which he inserted his handwritten notes giving details on the binding and design and the problems he encountered. The books presented were

nearly all published in New York by Random House, Alfred A. Knopf, Vanguard Press, Simon and Schuster, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston; among them are the renowned Random House edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, 1933, and fifteen first editions of

A Scottish subject from the album of drawings by Isaac Greenwood, a nineteenth century New York doctor (Saffron gift).

Joyce Carol Oates's works published by the Vanguard Press. The gift also includes copies of Reichl's own writings, two early diaries and two scrapbooks.

Saffron gift. Dr. Morris H. Saffron (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1968) has donated four works by the English bibliographer Thomas Frognall Dibdin and the three "Doctor Syntax" books written by William Combe, illustrated by Thomas Rowlandson and published by R. Ackerman: *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, 1819; *The Second Tour . . . in Search of a Consolation, 1820*; and *The Third Tour . . . in Search of a Wife*, 1821. Dr. Saffron also presented a suite of pencil drawings

by Dr. Isaac John Greenwood (A.B., 1853; A.M., 1857), one of which is of a Scottish scene, and twenty-four of which are detailed copies of illustrations to Virgil's *Aeneid* done by the Italian painter and etcher Bartolommeo Pinelli in the early nineteenth century.

Schaefler gift. The rare book and manuscript collections have been enriched through the generous gift by Dr. Sam Schaefler of the following: twelve inscribed or limited first editions by Paul Fort, Anatole France and Armand Salacron, including Fort's *Ferveur Française*, 1954, inscribed by the author with a manuscript poem to fellow novelist and poet Francis Carco; six manuscript documents pertaining to the French Revolution, the most important among which is the manuscript in the hand of the writer and political figure Camille Jordan of his address before the Academie Lyonnaise, ca. 1810, on the subject of the art of eloquence during the Revolution; three Persian scientific manuscripts, dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, relating to astronomy, mathematics and the astrolable written by Bahā' al-Dīn 'Amilī, Niẓām Bīrjandī and Naṣīr Ṭūsī; and a rare, early jest book, *Fragmenta Aulica; or, Court and State Jests in Noble Drollery*, printed in London in 1663.

Schapiro gift. Four rare editions of literary interest have been presented by University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D.Litt., 1975), including: the November 1922 issue of *The Dial* containing the first printing of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"; Allen Ginsberg, *Documents on Police Bureaucracy's Conspiracy Against Human Rights of Opiate Addicts*, 1970?, mimeographed, signed and inscribed by the author; *Procès de Madame Lafarge*, 1840, in the original printed wrappers; and Richard Wagner, *Die Kunst und die Revolution*, Leipzig, 1849, published at the time the composer was involved in political agitations in Dresden and during which *Tannhäuser* was produced.

Steegmuller gift. Mr. Francis Steegmuller (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928) has presented the sculpture by Louise Nevelson which he received as winner of the National Book Award in 1981 in Translation for his edition of *The Letters of Gustave Flaubert, 1830–1857*. The black wood sculpture was issued in a limited edition, and it will be added to Mr. Steegmuller's collection of papers and memorabilia which he has established in the Libraries.

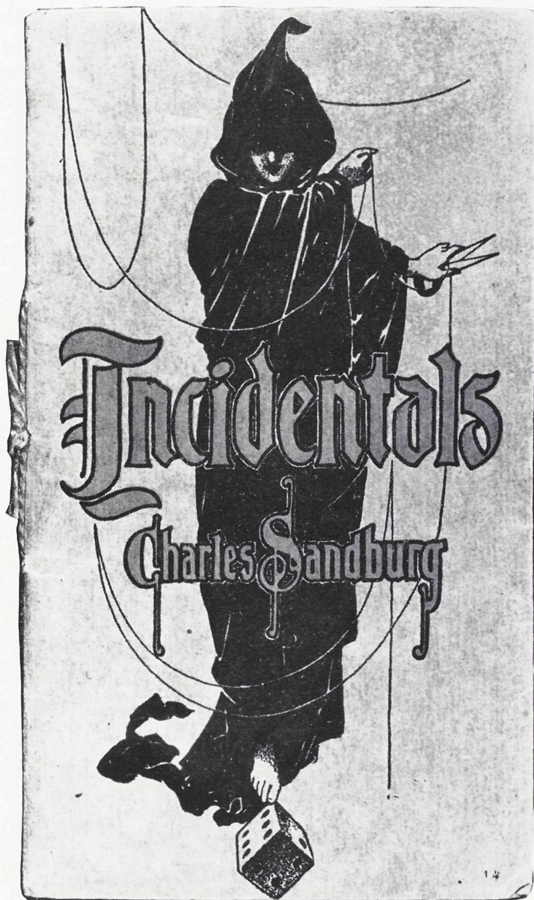
Woodring gift. Six literary editions have been donated by Professor and Mrs. Carl E. Woodring: Lucius Apuleius, *De Cupidinis et Psyches Amoribus*, one of 310 copies printed by Charles Ricketts at the Vale Press in 1901, with woodcut border and five woodcuts by Ricketts; *The Works of Thomas Chatterton*, London, 1803, three volumes, the first collected edition of the poet's writings, edited by Robert Southey and Joseph Cottle; *The Works of Thomas Gray*, London, 1825, two volumes; Joseph Spence, *Polymetis: or, An Enquiry Concerning the Agreement Between the Works of the Roman Poets, and the Remains of the Antient Artists*, London, 1774, the third edition; and two first editions by Theodore Spencer, *An Acre in the Seed*, 1949, and *An Act of Life*, 1944, the latter autographed by the poet on the title page.

Recent Notable Purchases

Berg Fund. The bequest of the library and print collection of the late Aaron W. Berg (A.B., 1924; LL.B., 1927), along with an endowment to acquire first editions in the fields of his collecting interests, was announced in the May 1980 issue of *Columns.* The first two books acquired on the Berg Fund are association copies: John Berryman's early collection of poems, *The Dispossessed*, 1948, inscribed by the poet to Allen and Caroline Tate; and Robert Lowell's second book of poems, *Lord Weary's Castle*, 1946, inscribed to a fellow poet, William Direski. Lowell has extensively revised the poem, "Colloquy in Black Rock," as well as correcting several other poems in the volume.

Engel Fund. An exceptionally fine copy of Bliss Carman's first book, *Low Tide on Grand-Pré*, has been acquired on the Solton and Julia Engel Fund. Because all but a few of this pirated edition were destroyed by fire, the pamphlet is among the rarest publications of poetry during the past century. The sixteen page pamphlet, in the original pink wrappers printed in purple and red, was issued in Toronto, ca, 1889–1890. Although Carman went on to publish extremely popular books of verse on the joys of travel and the outdoors, *Low Tide on Grand-Pré* remains among the most famous Canadian poems.

Friends Endowed Fund. Carl Sandburg's first two book publications, *In Reckless Ecstacy* and *Incidentals*, both published in 1904 by the Asgard Press in Galesburg, Illinois, have been acquired by means of the Friends Endowed Fund. The first of these, in the original brown wrappers, is inscribed by Sandburg: "Miss Vella Martin–This is 'a bum book'–& is to be passed only to those who have charity for the errors of youth and the follies of headlong enthusiasm. Could we only turn Time backward and unsay the unwise things we have said! And yet it must all be to the good–A little work, a little play/ To keep us going–and so good-day!



Carl Sandberg's rare second book publication is a collection of aphorisms and prose pieces with a cover design by Alton Packard. (Friends Endowed Fund)

C.A.S." Vella Martin, the recipient of this copy, and Sandburg were close friends while students at Lombard College in Galesburg. As scarce as Sandburg's first publication, *Incidentals*, a collection of aphorisms and brief prose pieces, has an attractive cover design by Alton Packard.

Mixer Fund. Among the several first editions acquired on the Charles W. Mixer Fund, the dedication copy of John Masefield's *Natalie Maisie and Pavilastukay: Two Tales in Verse*, published in 1942, is the most unusual. The book is inscribed by Masefield to his wife Constance on the dedication page "For Con from Jan." A rare item was also added to the Stephen Crane Collection: *Joseph Conrad on Stephen Crane*, Yseleta (Texas), 1932, one of thirty-one copies printed for the friends of Edwin B. Hill and Vincent Starrett. The four page pamphlet reproduces a letter from Conrad to Peter F. Somerville, then editor of *The Englishman*, in which he writes of his impressions of the American novelist.

Ulmann Fund. Fourteen modern press books have been acquired during the past year on the Albert Ulmann Fund, including productions of the Bird & Bull Press, the Stanbrook Abbey Press, the Janus Press, the Stamperia Ponte Pietra, the Twelvetrees Press and the Stamperia Valdonega, as well as volumes illustrated by Don Bachardy, Victor Hammer, Blair Hughes-Stanton and George Mackley. The most noteworthy among them is the handsome work written and illustrated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, *The Stanbrook Abbey Press: Ninety-Two Years of its History*, printed at the Press in Worcester, England, in 1970. The copy acquired on the Ulmann Fund is one of a special edition of fifty; the text volume is bound in full leather by George Percival of Leicester, and a second volume containing printing specimens is bound in quarter leather with Japanese paper covered boards.

Activities of the Friends

Bancroft Awards Dinner. The Friends sponsored the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner which was held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, April 1. Dr. Gordon N. Ray, Chairman of the Friends, presided. President Michael I. Sovern announced the winners of the 1982 awards for books published in 1981 which a jury deemed of exceptional merit and distinction in the fields of American history and diplomacy. Awards were presented for the following: Edward Countryman, *A People in Revolution: The American Revolution and Political Society in New York, 1760–1790*, published by the Johns Hopkins University Press; and Mary P. Ryan, *Cradle of the Middle Class: The Family in Oneida County, New York, 1790–1865*, published by the Cambridge University Press. The President presented to the author of each book a $4,000 award from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation; Dr. Ray presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. Meetings of the Friends during 1982–83 have been scheduled for the following dates: Fall meeting, Thursday evening, November 4; Winter exhibition opening, Thursday afternoon, February 3; and Bancroft Awards Dinner, Thursday evening, April 7.

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