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PROFESSOR ALEXANDER N. CHARTERS



THE COURIER

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Syracuse 10, New York

Editor

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THE COURIER

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The Beast of Putney

When the great English literary figure, Algernon Charles Swinburne, died in 1909, it was a foregone conclusion that his housemate for nearly thirty years at The Pines in Putney, London suburb, sole legatee, and literary executor, Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, would certainly undertake the writing of the biography of the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* and other volumes by which he had risen to fame among the foremost poets, critics, essayists, and dramatists of the Victorian and the Edwardian periods. Friends of both men expected it, and some were responsible for paragraphs that appeared in the literary journals announcing that the seventy-seven-year-old walrus-mustached lawyer-author was projecting such a project. Despite the opportunities he had, Watts-Dunton (just plain Watts until 1897 when he added his mother's maiden name of Dunton) achieved nothing in the shape of a Swinburne biography, and the task fell to other hands, unqualified perhaps in more ways than Watts-Dunton may have been.

In November Syracuse University Library acquired for the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room some unpublished letters by Watts-Dunton, and among them were three pertaining to the proposed biography. These are addressed to the London office of the New York publishing house, D. Appleton & Co., the first of which, dated The Pines, 3 July 1909, reads as follows:

I have been very ill or I should have answered before your letter of the 8th June.

I am going away for restoration of health, and I will write to you on my return upon the subject of a biography of Swinburne.

When Swinburne died eleven weeks prior to the date of this letter, Watts-Dunton was suffering from influenza in the adjoining room, and

at the time of the poet's funeral, he was still confined to his bed, far too unwell and shattered in health to attend the ceremonies at Bonchurch. He and his wife (who opposed devoting any energy to "biographical toil" which she considered "mere stodge and Baedekerism") then sojourned near the seafront at Margate for some weeks, but finding that place conducive to catarrh and insomnia, returned to The Pines in the early autumn.

↙ The second letter to Appleton, about a year and a half later, dated 25 January 1911, records curtly Watts-Dunton's wife's victory and his own realization: "I do not think there is any likelihood of my writing a biography of the late Mr. Swinburne."

↘ The third letter, over a year later, 28 May 1912, briefly reiterates his resignation in the following awkward sentence: "You will see by the *Athenaeum* this week that the paragraph you seem to allude to says what is not true." (The "Literary Gossip" column of the *Athenaeum*, 25 May 1912, contained the following statement: "In reference to a paragraph which appeared in a contemporary last week, and has since been copied in a large number of country newspapers, to the effect that Mr. Watts-Dunton has written a biography of Swinburne, and that it will be ready for the autumn, we are asked by him to say that this statement is entirely unauthorized, and that there is no truth whatever in it.") By this time anyway Watts-Dunton had sold the bulk of published and unpublished Swinburne manuscript materials he had inherited.

In her autobiography *Adventures of a Novelist* (1932), Gertrude Franklin Horn Atherton (1857-1948), great grandniece of Benjamin Franklin and California author of a fictional biography of Alexander Hamilton (1902), who rode to fame overnight on the sensational and sophisticated novel *Black Oxen* (1923), recounts an evening in 1904 at the London home of her friend, Miss Henriette Corkran, "a woman of violent nature, inhibited and repressed by circumstances, full of magnetism and malice, her highly colored face ugly and sensual, but often sparkling with intelligence . . . a stranded old maid who found a diabolic pleasure in making others uncomfortable."

According to Mrs. Atherton:

One night I met at dinner there a little, bowed, snuffy, shabby, rather dirty old man whose name was Theodore Watts-Dunton. He was all a-twitter because he had written a novel of Romany life that had been praised by some critics and sold a few copies [*Aylwin*, London, 1898, passed into twenty-four editions within the next five years in England alone].

I had never heard of the man, but upstairs in the library when the others were grouped about the fire Henriette led me to the end of the room and enlightened me in her usual caustic fashion.

"He is a designing old beast and a conceited ass," she said, hardly deigning to lower her voice. "And he's been the ruin of Swinburne. Algernon was too fond of the bottle, poor dear, and that misbegotten fool over there took it into his head to reform him. How he managed to work on Swinburne no one knows, but he did, and buried him alive in Putney! The poor devil hasn't had a drop to drink for twenty-five years! And what is the result? He hasn't written a line worth reading since he stopped. If he couldn't write great poetry except under the stimulation of liquor he should have been permitted to drink himself to death a few years earlier if meanwhile he could give more great poems to the world—after all, the world has the first lien on a genius; how he destroys his body or even his soul doesn't matter. What is his life now? Life! Mere existence dragged out in the sole company of that filthy little object over there, who has scared all Swinburne's old friends off. Swinburne never goes anywhere—Watts-Dunton won't let him—and they won't go to Putney with that man hanging round and listening to every word. Swinburne is almost forgotten—and for what!"

I fully agreed with her, and at the same time felt the germ of an idea moving about in my head. It came to birth a year or two later in *The Gorgeous Isle*.

Mrs. Atherton's *The Gorgeous Isle* is the first American novel to use Swinburne as the prototype of a character. It was first published in book form a year before the poet's death in New York, October 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Company, with four colored illustrations by C. Coles Phillips; next came the undated Grosset & Dunlap, New York edition, printed from the same plates, with three of Phillips's colored illustrations arranged in different order; and then in 1927 appeared the Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, New York edition of "A Pocket Copyright" series, type re-set, no illustrations, cheap paper, cheaper binding.

This novelette has been adequately briefed by the Swinburne authority Clyde Kenneth Hyder (*Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame*, Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1933), who declared that the book

. . . has for its hero Byam Warner, a poet of aristocratic descent, whom the heroine, Anne Percy, meets in the West Indies. Warner has become famous through the publication of a poem which some folk think shockingly immoral, a lament for a buried continent which interprets the unceasing melancholy of the sea—a description reminding one of [Swinburne's] *A Forsaken Garden* and, of course, *Poems and Ballads*. He has been a social lion in London but has returned from England after attending a banquet in a disgraceful state of drunkenness. His continual dissipation, chiefly due to an unhappy love-affair, has left him “a degraded, broken creature.” But in spite of “the lewdness of his own life,” the poetry of this “embodiment of all mysterious vice” shows increasing power and beauty. Though Anne is warned that Warner has never written a good line except when under the influence of brandy, a brief courtship, during which the poet whole-heartedly reforms, terminates in marriage. Afterwards, however, his creative energies wax strong once more, so that he grows increasingly restless. At last his wife realizes that a “rotten spot” in his brain, doubtless attributable to hereditary influences, makes it impossible for him to write without brandy. Believing that she must not conquer the best part of him by letting the springs of his creative powers dry up, Anne finally decides to bring him a decanter of the necessary liquor and to leave him alone in his room. Thus the story ends.

In the private collection of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books of Syracuse University is a copy of the first edition of *The Gorgeous Isle* represented to have been Swinburne's own copy as evidenced by the poet's Putney Hill bookplate, and with nothing else pointing to this alleged ownership. The Curator purchased this copy from a New York dealer, taking his claim for the provenance of the book with a girba of chloride of sodium, remembering the reputation of the unscrupulous bookseller for faking the bookplates of famous people and inserting them in books, thereby increasing their retail price. (This man is still in business, he still fakes the bookplates, and the Curator still buys books from him.)

Another copy of the first edition of *The Gorgeous Isle* in the collection of the Curator bears the following autograph inscription by the author: “To John S. Mayfield who discovered for himself that Swinburne was more than hinted at in the hero of this book, Byam Warner, a poet who couldn't write without the stimulation of liquor.

Watts-Dunton reformed Swinburne, Swinburne [*sic*] and killed his genius. Ann [*sic*] Percy, with a deeper understanding love of Byam and his art, gave her lover complete happiness and enriched the world presumably! Gertrude Atherton."

In her letter which accompanied this copy, dated 11 April 1947, Mrs. Atherton wrote: "The heroine of *The Gorgeous Isle* had more common sense, and humanity, than Theodore Watts-Dunton, who 'reformed' Swinburne. A great gift belongs to the world, and the possessor thereof should immolate himself on the sacrificial altar if need be, and with no interference from self-righteous friends. After Watts-Dunton took Swinburne, with the consent of his relatives who were worried about his health, to the dismal town of Putney and deprived him of the stimulant he needed to awaken his muse, keeping him there for thirty years, he wrote no more. [This letter was written by Mrs. Atherton when she was almost ninety years old; at that age she still smoked and "liked to drink an occasional glass of champagne."] Heaven only knows how many beautiful poems died unborn. Richard Le Gallienne [flowing-hair, Byronic collar, English poet and novelist, 1866-1947] relates that during the last years of that cruel imprisonment Swinburne learned to evade his jailer and sneaked out to visit the local pubs. But his genius had long gone sterile, and he achieved nothing but a flaming red nose. No doubt Watts-Dunton guessed the cause, but made no remonstrance. His own 'great end' was accomplished. Why bother?"

Of Mrs. Atherton's thesis, Prof. Hyder renders this opinion: "*The Gorgeous Isle* is a rather striking indication of the once hardy nature of the legend that Swinburne's poetic decline was due to his residence at The Pines. . . . At present it is sufficient to say that the facts of Swinburne's poetic career show no direct connection between his inspiration and either strong drink or life with Watts-Dunton."

Thus the situation stands today. That it may soon be resolved, or at least, that there may be made available new and more convincing evidence on which to base a decision is hoped for in the critical biography of Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton in progress at this time by Mr. Tom J. Truss, Jr., Associate Professor of English and Director of Freshman English, The University of Mississippi, University, Mississippi. Mr. Truss is a scholarly expert in the field of Victorian literature, and has already expended a great deal of time, energy, and effort in collecting materials for his study of Watts-Dunton. In the recent August issue of the *Bulletin of Bibliography and Magazine Notes* (Vol. 23, No. 5, Whole No. 220, The F. W. Faxon Company, Inc., 83-91 Francis Street, Boston 15, Mass.) appeared Mr. Truss's compilation

entitled: *Theodore Watts-Dunton: A Primary Bibliography*, the first of its kind. It is suggested that members of Syracuse University Library Associates and others who have original materials by or about the “designing old beast” of Putney, so inform Mr. Truss in order that they may have the pleasure of participating in his most worthwhile project.

The New York House of Refuge Collection

The New York House of Refuge was the first reformatory for the housing of juvenile delinquents in the United States. Founded in 1824 in New York City by the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, the institution was one expression of the reform impulse stirring the country. In its 111-year history, the House of Refuge worked with thousands of neglected and delinquent children. It closed in 1935, and its records became the property of its legal successor, the New York State Vocational Institution at West Coxsackie.

This collection, valuable to scholars in this field, is now housed in the Syracuse University Archives. A loan agreement, making it available for research, has been negotiated between the Syracuse University Youth Development Center and the Library and the Department of Correction of the State of New York.

The 500-volume collection contains two unusually valuable sets of material: the Daily Journals of the Superintendents, giving a day-to-day account of life in the House of Refuge from 1825 to 1935; and the Case Histories, recordings of the activities of more than 30,000 juveniles. The collection also includes the indenture and parole records of inmates, and a vast amount of material on the administrative and financial operations of the House of Refuge. All items are in bound volumes, except for two wooden boxes of deportment cards, dated 1911-35. The majority of records are handwritten; those dating from the late nineteenth century are typewritten, and all are available now for examination and study.

Arrangements for access to this unique collection may be made with the Director, Youth Development Center, Syracuse University, 404 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse 10, New York, by interested and qualified students, scholars, researchers, genealogists, and former inmates.

Thoth and William Wordsworth

Named for the Egyptian scribe of the gods, measurer of time, and inventor of numbers, hence, the God of Wisdom, *Thoth*, the journal of

the English Graduate Group at Syracuse University, recently made its third appearance, with William Wordsworth the subject of the five essays contained in the issue.

That Wordsworth has such a place in any university publication is a happy and interesting event not without significance in these times which are perhaps wearying of the stuff being proffered as poetry by more than twenty per cent of the so-called poets of the twentieth century. The work treated in this issue of *Thoth* is Wordsworth's great autobiographical poem *The Prelude*, completed in 1805, but not published until after his death, in 1850, and the essays were written at Syracuse University in consequence of Prof. Cecil Y. Lang's graduate seminars in Romantic Poetry, 1959-61.

The titles and authors of the five contributions are: *Mythopoesis and the "Poet's Mind" in Wordsworth's The Prelude*, by Priscilla H. Barnum; *"Steady Moods of Thoughtfulness Matured to Inspiration": A Study of the Function of the Poetic Imagination in The Prelude, Books III-VI*, by Marion W. Copeland; *Meditation, Emblem and Epiphany in Wordsworth's The Prelude*, by Karl Kregor; *The Origin of Wordsworth's Love of Man*, by Randall Brune; and *The Exile and the Quest in The Prelude*, by Sanford Sternlicht.

The tenor of these essays shows quite clearly that these graduate students were imbued with the whole significance of all the intricacies of Wordsworth's spiritual achievement in philosophic self-portraiture and fully realized that this beautiful poem, grave, wise, and penetrating, is the record of the development of a sensitive personality under the influence of environment. The papers are scholarly researched, carefully planned, and excellently composed, and a pleasure to read, digest, and preserve.

This issue of *Thoth* constitutes a desideratum not only for admirers and collectors of the works of the man who succeeded his friend Robert Southey as poet laureate of England, but also for those people who are interested in romantic poetry and its development from the stilted artificiality of eighteenth-century diction. This publication was printed by Syracuse University Press, and the format is evidence of fine craftsmanship.

(Editor's Note: One of the most notable of its kind in the world is the William Wordsworth Collection at Cornell University, based on the Wordsworth library of Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John of Ithaca, which was acquired in 1925 by Mr. Victor Emanuel (Cornell, 1919), and presented by him to the university. During the years following, Mr. Emanuel sustained and extended the collection until today it consists of 3,206 rare books, manuscripts, and letters, all of which are adequately described, with numerous illustrations, in the scholarly volume recently compiled by Mr. George Harris Healey, and produced by the Cornell University Press and the Oxford

University Press in an edition limited to 750 copies. Mr. John Foote Guido, Assistant Librarian in the Department of Rare Books at Cornell, is a devoted Wordsworthian, and is ever ready to make the materials available to students, scholars, researchers, and interested visitors.

Another outstanding Wordsworth center is found at the University of Wisconsin where is located the collection formed by Prof. Arthur Beatty (1869-1943), and presented to the university by his son, Mr. Hamilton Beatty of Cleveland, Ohio. In 1960, the university issued a printed description of this collection, with a preface by Carl R. Woodring.)

Vachel Lindsay: One of Our Few
By Sinclair Lewis

Back in December 1931 when Vachel Lindsay died, Sinclair Lewis and I were corresponding, and I asked him for an expression of his feeling toward the poet in order that it might be printed and distributed among those who had known the man and admired his work. From Barnard, Vermont, on 9 January 1932, Lewis graciously sent this beautiful and significant tribute along with his permission to print it as I saw fit.

A multitude of unexpected things intervened and interrupted and the little project was laid aside and postponed from year to year, and then more or less indefinitely.

Now, after more than a quarter-century, this hitherto unpublished manuscript which connects two of the illustrious names in modern American literature is resurrected from the confines of my private collection, and appears here for the first time in print. It is good to see it preserved in this permanent form and dignified manner.

JOHN S. MAYFIELD.

The poetic eulogies to Vachel Lindsay since his death, written in what purported to be the Lindsay manner, have all too many of them indicated that even to his admirers he appears as a sort of Billy Sunday in rhyme. These imitations stress the Boom-boom-boom which indeed did characterize such of his poems as "The Congo" and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." Now that Boom-boom-boom was an excellent note, vitalizing a world of poetry that had gone a little soft and rippling. But to suppose that it was Lindsay's only manner would be to lose half its scope.

There were other Lindsays, many and important. In him was tenderness, delicacy, wistfulness, humor, and a wide unchauvinistic patriotism rarely seen in any poetry. In "The Santa Fé Trail," when

*night comes down
On hay-stack, and ant-hill, and wind-bitten town*

there is as much the peace of twilight as in the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" (And what two poems could more differ!). The leaves of the cottonwood sang more to him than the cymbals of the Salvation Army—yet how those cymbals sang, as well!

And less known, yet equally part of him, were such utter humor as the song "Factory Windows Are Always Broken," and the tale of the quarrelsome lion family who regained domestic rapture after a supper of strayed missionary.

It is perhaps because elocutionary English instructors and midnight Bohemians find the more emphatic chants easier to mouth that they are so much better known. But to one like myself who believes him to have been one of our few great poets, a power and a glory in the land, the gentler and more secret Lindsay is as important as that vagabond who dared to shout while academic poets were whispering of little lilac-colored loves.

The House of Didot

The House of Didot ranks as one of the most illustrious printing dynasties in typographical history. For almost two hundred years a member of the Didot family printed or published in Paris.

The Didot Family and the Progress of Printing is the fourth in the Brewster House Typographical Series on famous printers and typographers, recently published by Syracuse University Press, and produced by Book Craftsmen Associates, Inc.

In this beautifully manufactured book, Dr. Albert J. George, Chairman of the Department of Romance Languages at Syracuse University, reviews the development and accomplishments of the Didots, with particular attention to the contributions of the gifted François-Ambroise. The introductory essay is followed by facsimile pages and Dr. George's translation of *Épître sur les progrès de l'imprimerie*, a poem written by Pierre Didot, printed in 1784 in type designed by his younger brother, Firmin, and dedicated to their *petit père*, François-Ambroise Didot.

Dr. George has provided a translation of selected notes to the poem, in which Pierre extols the inventive versatility of his father. In the notes Pierre describes his father's many contributions to various

phases of printing, such as the establishment of a type foundry, introduction of wove paper to France, development of cast iron gadgets for accurate press lockup, and construction of a new press ensuring a better printing impression.

As Dr. George points out, the Didot sons were inspired by a sense of dynasty as well as filial pride in preparing this document. The verse form "would prove their erudition and taste, the notes would defend their claim of priority in several areas."

The previous volumes in the series are *William Bulmer and the Shakespeare Press*, *Aldus Manutius and His Thesaurus Cornucopiae*, and *William Caxton and His Critics*.

God bless Charles
Algernon Swinburne.
How happy he makes
me = how much I
am delighting in
him now =

I hope you are well -
in this wonderful summer.
- & that he is well too -
- Ellen Terry =

God Bless Charles Algernon Swinburne

This is a facsimile of the original hitherto unpublished letter (in the private collection of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books of Syracuse University) written by the great English actress, Ellen Terry, to Theodore Watts-Dunton from the Imperial Hotel at Bristol, England, on 2 September 1904.

The note reads: "God bless Charles Algernon Swinburne. How happy he makes me—how much I am delighting in him now—I hope you are well—in this wonderful summer—& that *he* is well too. Ellen Terry."

It is possible that the great actress was so overwhelmed by the happiness and delight she was absorbing from Swinburne's poetry that she misarranged his given names. She was of course referring to none other than Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From Duke University to Syracuse University

Dr. Benjamin Edward Powell, distinguished Librarian of Duke University, read the May and September 1961 issues (Nos. 9 and 11) of the *Courier* containing respectively the pieces entitled: "From Syracuse University to Newstead Abbey" and "From Newstead Abbey to Syracuse University," wherein is related the story of the union of two portions of a valuable letter separated for some eighty years or more.

It is apparent that Dr. Powell thought to himself: "I am all for facilitating this sort of thing," and then he recalled that in Vol. 3 of the Yale edition of *The Swinburne Letters*, edited by Dr. Cecil Y. Lang of Syracuse University, the original of Letter 836 from Swinburne to the Southern poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, 20 March 1877, is shown as being in the private collection of John S. Mayfield, now Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University, and that a footnote appears to the effect that "The envelope, addressed to Hayne, is in the Duke University Library."

Without any ado, Dr. Powell decatalogued the envelope and straightway sent it with his compliments to Dr. Wayne S. Yenawine, Syracuse University Director of Libraries, who, in turn, passed it on to the owner of the letter, so that now the twain are no longer asunder, but wedded as they were back on 20 March 1877, at Henley-on-Thames, not far from London.

The Happy Curator is presently casting about for material on which to base a piece to be entitled: "From Syracuse University to Duke University."

歐洲の夏

福田陸太郎

夏麥かほきほきと稔つて刈入れとき
私は風采の明るい紳士と連立つて
ミそやかな地中海を渡り
コルシカの木蔭の或るカフェーに坐つた
望遠鏡の円い視野から
ヨット遊びの帆影を見ながら
コココラを飲んだ あたりはオリウがだらけだ
わが心は高原に

European Summer
By Rikutaro Fukuda

When the crisp summer barley was ripe and ready for harvesting,
I crossed the silent Mediterranean
With a light-demeanoured gentleman,
And sat in a café shaded with Corsican trees.
Through the rounded vision of field glasses,
I watched the shadows of yachts sailing
As I drank Coca-Cola. All around were olive trees.
My heart was in the highlands.

(Editor's note: "European Summer" originally appeared in a Japanese monthly magazine *Gendaiishi Kenkyu* (La Poésie Moderne), and is included in Mr. Fukuda's first book of poems *European Landscapes* (Kokubunsha, Tokyo, 1955), consisting of his poems inspired by the years spent on the Continent while he was studying at the Sorbonne and at the same time teaching at National School of Oriental Languages in Paris. This poem is also included in *An Anthology of Modern Japanese Poetry* (Kenkyusha, Tokyo, 1957), which is the largest anthology of contemporary Japanese verse available in English, edited and translated by R. Fukuda and I. Kono. Mr. Fukuda is also well known in Japan as a critic and translator of Western literature. He published *An Introduction to Modern American Poetry* (Koshikaku, Tokyo, 1953) as well as many critical essays and translations of American, British, and French poets. Some of his translations are included in a large anthology of American poetry which he edited and published from Heibonsha, Tokyo, in 1959. His recent book, *Distant Land, Close People* (Taishukan, Tokyo) just appeared in February this year. It is a book of essays on thirty Western writers including such American poets as Pound, Tate, Williams, Shapiro, and Bishop. Mr. Fukuda is an associate professor, Faculty of Letters, Tokyo University of Education. Syracuse University is honored to have Mr. Fukuda as a visiting Whitney-Fulbright professor with the Department of English for this semester. He is lecturing on contemporary British literature, and teaches a course entitled "Significant Modern Writers." The illustration on the opposite page is a reduced reproduction of the poem in Mr. Fukuda's handwriting in Japanese.)

Ralph Hodgson in Japan

Last January in Tokyo, Japan's royal family assembled for its annual New Year lectures on English poetry, politics, and soil science.

Attending the traditional affair at the Tokyo Palace were Emperor Hirohito, Empress Nagako, Crown Prince Akihito, Princess Michiko, and other immediate members of the imperial family.

Leading scholars took turns delivering thirty-minute dissertations entitled "The Poems of Birds," by the English poet, Ralph Hodgson, "The Principles of Democracy," and "The Grouping of the Soils."

The lecturers are selected by the imperial household agency on recommendation from the education ministry. The scholars choose the subjects of their lectures each year.

Ralph Hodgson, born 1871, now living out in Ohio, was for some years lecturer in English literature at Sendai University in Japan, and was the subject of a few paragraphs in the *Courier* of September 1961 under the title: *Ralph Hodgson: The Real Thing*.

Vachel Lindsay Again

In this issue of the *Courier* appears the remarkable tribute to the great American poet, Vachel Lindsay, by the great American novelist, Sinclair Lewis.

All collectors of *Lindsayana* in the United States and abroad will be interested to learn that Syracuse University Library will issue in a week or so a booklet, in a most attractive format with hitherto unpublished photographs, entitled: *Where A Lad Is: An Account of Vachel Lindsay*, by Ralph L. Schroeder, based on the heretofore unrevealed reminiscences of the poet by his favorite cousin, Mrs. Ruby Vachel Lindsay Maurice.

Mr. Schroeder, a Lindsay scholar and authority, has produced a most unusual human document which is certain to receive an enthusiastic reception by all who are interested in the personalities of the makers of modern American literature. The regular edition will be priced at \$2.00; the limited edition signed by the author will be \$5.00. Orders should be directed to: The Syracuse University Press, Syracuse 10, New York.

Parchments in Kansas

A couple of weeks ago, two fragments of Anglo-Saxon parchment, about 900 years old and valued at \$10,000, were found in an old English book at the University of Kansas library.

The university purchased the book from Pearson's Book Shop, Cambridge, England, four years ago for about twelve dollars. According to Mr. Thomas R. Buckman, Director of Kansas University Libraries, there are only three other libraries in the United States which have pages of Anglo-Saxon origin: the University of Indiana, the Morgan Library in New York City, and the John Scheide Library, a private organization in New Jersey.

The six-by-nine-inch pages are from a sermon written between the years 1000 and 1050, and were used to strengthen the binding of a book printed in 1636 when old manuscripts were regarded as of little or no value. The book around which the parchment fragments were found is an English translation from the Latin by John Barclay of a long poetic work entitled *Argenis*.

How many other instances similar to this one are there in the offing?

A Tale of Horror, or, What Was Torn?

The story begins this way: "Sit down," said the old man, "and I will relate to you, if my memory fails me not, a tale of horror."

The old man told of how some sheep had been lost during the early days of Massachusetts and how he "fifty-seven years and eight months ago" had gone out to find them, somewhat in fear of the Indians—"those wild and uncultivated 'Wangostickadiddles.'"

The sheep-searcher comes to a deep cave or abyss "called by the settlers 'The Cobbler's Hole,' and by the Indians 'the Bingodamsquid-dyfix'"; this was "about one hundred and eighty-six feet in depth, and its bottom was a rocky basin containing about thirteen rods of irregular surface."

Here the searcher was forced to leap across a fissure "eight feet, and nine inches in breadth." He slipped into it and began to fall the one hundred and eighty-six feet—"I closed my eyes and in that brief instant hurriedly commended my soul to my maker—down I went, dashing from rock to rock, from ledge to ledge, from cliff to cliff, tearing—."

Tearing what?

A prize, beautiful, unique, and valuable, will be given to the member of Library Associates who answers that question. Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the *Courier*. Duplicate or triplicate winners will be awarded duplicate or triplicate prizes.

Clues: The author of this story was an American, among whose ancestors were merchant-princes of New England, a governor of Massachusetts, and a president of Harvard College; his works have been published, and the story given here was written between Christmas Day 1820 and the Fourth of July 1860.

What was torn?

First Archival Seminar

During the week ending 28 October the first Inter-American Archival Association Seminar was held in Washington, D. C., with fifty-two officials from the United States and countries of Central and South America in attendance at sessions held in the National Archives building. Discussed were such subjects as terminology, microfilming techniques, preservation and restoration of documents, and production of guides to historical sources.

One delegate, expressing the principle that public documents belong to the office, not the office holder, and are to be held in trust for all time for all people, revealed that in the past in countries south of the Rio Grande, some officials have taken the records and files with them when they retired from their positions and later sold them to collectors and dealers. Another delegate indicated there are many historical documents which the archivists of the future will never have the opportunity to edit, publish, describe, or arrange, these being papers and records already destroyed and which will be destroyed amid rapidly changing political situations where it is desirable to protect some public officials and to confuse and frustrate historians and researchers. During the week of the seminar, it was necessary for three South American delegates to scurry home to mend their political fences and protect their jobs.


To the Syracuse University Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books, who attended a couple of the afternoon work sessions, Señor Carlos Daniel Valcarcel of the Archivo Central de la Universidad de San Marcos, Lima, Peru, confessed that although he files everything properly in his department at the university, things sometimes get out of hand and thoroughly disorganized at home. "My wife runs the house," the archivist confided, "and the children run her."

Was it a Comma Blunder?

Carlo Alessandro Guidi, Italian poet, who lived from 1650 until his unexpected death in 1712, was a close friend and protégé of Christina, the great Queen of Sweden, patron of art, science, and literature, whom the poet had met when she was an exile in Rome, where she died in 1689. Guidi's poetry, mainly lyrical, was original in form, and influenced many later poets and rhapsodists. In addition to a number of volumes of verse, he wrote a pastoral drama: *Endimione*, published in 1692.

On his way to present a copy of one of his books to Pope Clement XI, Guidi glanced inside the book and noticed a typographical error on the first page. This so affected him that he instantly had an apoplectic fit and dropped dead outside the door to the Pope's chambers.

→ In the library of Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), the famous German historian, one of the valuable collections at Syracuse Uni-

versity Library, is a copy of the 1751 edition of *La Pastorale d'Endymion . . . sur les Ide'es de Christine Reine de Suede*, with the text of the drama in Italian. 

Jean Cazemajou and Stephen Crane

Mr. Jean Cazemajou, Professor of English, University of Bordeaux, France, visited Syracuse University during August for the purpose of doing research work in the Stephen Crane Collection in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room and gathering whatever data he could in preparation for writing what is to be the first full book length treatment of the American author by a French scholar in the French language.

Mr. Cazemajou's work is to be a combination biography and critical analysis of the man who was a none-too-serious student at Syracuse University in 1891.

Upon arrival at the Syracuse University Library, Mr. Cazemajou declared he had been told the Stephen Crane Collection here could be examined in "a couple of days."

Syracuse University modesty prevents a quotation of the complimentary remarks expressed by the French scholar who has already done work in other Crane collections elsewhere, and it must be sufficient only to note that while Mr. Cazemajou had planned to spend but a brief time here, his visit actually consisted of daily work and study for a period of eleven days.

So extensive he found the Crane material available that the French scholar deemed it necessary and desirable to have his equally scholarly associate come on from New York City to assist him in his research, and for the last three of the eleven days he had with him the attractive Mrs. Cazemajou, also of Bordeaux.

Morrison of Waco

Mr. W. M. Morrison, Box 3277, Waco, Texas, is an outstanding book dealer in that region, and is said to be one of the most cagnacious men in the whole business.

The following is his prefatory note in a book list recently issued:

Another one of my childhood ideals was shattered last week. Newspapers stated the Quaker Oats Company had been caught cheating on their weights which enabled them to show an extra 10% profit. Can you people over 45 imagine this—can you imagine a company that you grew up with, a breakfast table institution so to speak, doing such a thing? To me it's heartbreaking and the worst part of all was that the news hardly made a ripple in the paper. If this had happened 40 years ago it would have been a front page scandal. . . . Is our basic moral fibre really going down that fast? Seems like our national character is being hacked away.

My hope is about gone—the only chance I see left for the United States of America is to keep our powder dry and get back down on our knees EN MASSE. That is to say “Come together and hold assembly, O shameless nation, before you are driven away like the drifting chaff.” (Zephaniah, 2).

My prayer now is that the “New Frontier” doesn't become the “Last Frontier.”

All is not Au that Glitters in the Garret

At the annual house cleaning a while back in the Woman's National Democratic Club Building, Washington, D. C., a group of the more agile girls, in coveralls and jeans, sizes 40-42, decided to advance the New Frontier to their attic, re-arrange the dust up there, and see what they could see.

Imagine their pleasant surprise when they uncovered a trove of several pieces of historic writing purporting to be originals of an invitation penned by Thomas Jefferson to a friend to dine at the White House, New Year's Day, 1802, a letter by John Quincy Adams when he was Monroe's Secretary of State, a check payable to J. P. Todd for \$100 written and signed by D. P. Madison, who was none other than Dorothy Payne Madison, formerly Mrs. John Todd, Jr., who was letting her son have a little spending money, and a letter written by Stephen Grover Cleveland, dated Princeton, New Jersey, 23 March 1907, where he died a little over a year later.

In their exaltation, the Democratic ladies had each of the treasures framed and hung on the walls of their main reading room. A Washing-

ton newspaper, anxious to score a scoop and do a favor for the finders, splashed the story all over its pages without so much as even thinking about authentication of the autographs.

Recently an official of the club had the afterthought of getting the material examined by someone at the Library of Congress. Miss Elizabeth McPherson, manuscript historian at the Library, made the examination, and came up with the following conclusions: The Jefferson invitation was written by a White House secretary and not by the first President inaugurated in Washington; the body of the Adams letter was written by an amanuensis and only signed by the Secretary of State; the check by Dolly was good and genuine and evidently negotiated by Todd; and the Cleveland communication was nothing more than a lithographic facsimile reproduction of the original letter, whereabouts unknown.

Despite this dampening decision, the ladies still treasure their memorabilia, and according to one of them, they have now to learn how the club acquired the collection which has been cached away in the attic for just how long, none of the New Frontier damsels seems to know.

(Editor's note: There is a moral to this tale, and whatever you think it is, you are correct.)

Number One Hallmark

With forty years of service to Syracuse University, the last seventeen as Vice Chancellor, Dr. Finla G. Crawford, a member of Library Associates and the most outstanding collector in the world of the works of George Alfred Henty, delivered an address at the 105th Commencement, 1 June 1959, during which the following cogent thoughts were expressed:

“The heart of a university is its library. This has been said before; but it needs to be said more often and forcefully, because we sometimes miss its significance. When we think of the graduate program, the library stands first. It is the life blood of the talented undergraduate. It is the hope of the average. It is the refuge of the slow learner. All come together and as in the monastery of the middle ages, they demand sanctuary.

“The library is the *number one hallmark* of a university. A university library is not a building or even a collection of books; it is more than brick and stone and marble or equipment and collections and

staff. If it is to be the heart of a university, and I believe that it is—then it must play its proper role as the organ that keeps all else alive. One institution being evaluated had the best in library equipment, building, and collections. The evaluators visited the library hour after hour. Students were not evident—the faculty had neglected to inspire them to use books. This was not a library—it was a mausoleum.

“If the library as a hallmark is to be made real, every part of the library is involved. The trustees, friends, and benefactors can find no better place for their resources. No gift makes a greater impact on the university’s academic stature. Andrew Carnegie, in the first two decades of this century, by his gifts of money for libraries, raised the level of university education immeasurably.

“The faculty must accept their responsibility in library planning and policy. Their greater need is to teach so imaginatively that students demand more books, more service, and more facilities.

“When these work together—trustees, benefactors, administration, faculty, library staff—the library can realize its place as the heart of the university. Truly, the library becomes my number one hallmark for it is in the library we find the evidence of *quality*, of *fine workmanship*, of *superior design*, of *honest weight*, of *integrity*.”

Knowledge Crowns Those Who Seek Her

On 1 September 1871, Syracuse University opened its doors in downtown Syracuse. The first Board of Trustees envisioned a great university which, in character and philosophy, would exemplify the American tradition of equality and freedom. Syracuse University, now non-sectarian, has always been co-educational. Its curriculum is rich in the giving of knowledge—education for Life, not just for livelihood. The first college of the new university was the College of Liberal Arts known then, as now, as “The College.” The first building on the campus when it was moved to its present location on the “Hill” in 1873 was the Hall of Languages, still the “home” of the College of Liberal Arts.

Today, Syracuse University is composed of eighteen degree-granting schools and colleges, and has become an internationally known education center with physical assets valued at more than \$61 million, including more than twenty new buildings since 1949. *Suos Cultores Scientia Coronat.*

Something about Swinburne

By *Walter F. McCaleb*

B.Litt., U. of Texas, 1896; M.A., 1897; Ph.D., U. of Chicago, 1900.

(Written especially for the Courier)

I was a freshman in the University of Texas when Algernon Charles Swinburne came upon me with just such a clatter that the reverberations still haunt me. I was soon lost in *The Garden of Proserpine* where I still find myself on occasion:

*I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.*

Swinburne was a born poet—a rare event. There have been very few. He was born into an unusual family—artistic, with erratic forebears and an extraordinary mother, beautiful and educated far beyond the bounds of the time. Little did she suspect when she drilled her little red-headed boy in Italian and French that he would rise into the ranks of the Immortals.

Swinburne had the best in the way of education. There was Eton, then Oxford; but oppressed by Oxford he fled away without his degree. But he had met some of the fine characters of his time, who meant more to him than the formal education of college.

Swinburne did not begin very early to write. But when he did! One of the amazing things about him is his virtuosity. It was as if he gave no thought to the vehicle upon which he launched his poems. He seemed to know in advance every possible form of meter and cadence. I do not believe he ever gave thought to word or phrase. They were always there clamoring to escape. I feel certain that never have we had a poet with so inexhaustible a stock of words. Indeed, it seemed that words crowded words into silence.

I doubt if in the long calendar of poets there is one to match the volcanic explosion of Swinburne during the years of the middle sixties, when he was still in his twenties. It was as if, like a volcano, he had for years accumulated a force which when the time came would burst forth, inundating the whole world.

After the tremendous eruption of *Atalanta in Calydon* (1865) and *Poems and Ballads* (1866), there fell a species of quiet on Mount Vesuvius. But now and again there would rise smoke and flecked flame. Never again, however, were Pompeii and Herculaneum to be buried under.

Disappointment, even jealousy, often shook Swinburne. This is plain in a number of his poems, as for instance in *Erotion*:

*Pass from me; yet thine arms, thine eyes, thine hair,
Feed my desire and deaden my despair.
Yet once more ere time change us, . . .
Yet once more ere thou hate me, one full kiss;
Keep other hours for others, save me this.*

What I know and feel about Swinburne has come to me through reading his poems. I can see him as a youth torn by desire, which he could in no wise understand, nor did he ever come to understand it. This is not strange, for there has probably been no great poet—and many lesser ones too—who has not been terrified by desire. And what is back of desire? The metaphysicians fail to answer.

The question of love has been and is the most devastating matter that has accompanied the march of men across the centuries. It is too elusive for analysis, too threatening and deadly to deal with. And yet we have to deal with it—to our dismay.

It is no aspersion upon poets to say that love penetrates deeply into their character. I feel that love has commandeered the life work of all great poets. One can go back to the Greeks, the Romans, the Renaissance, and the affirmation holds true. Indeed the question may well be asked whether every man, in a degree, be not moved by love.

I have a fierce growl, reaching to bloodshed, with a few critics who read Swinburne out of the records just because he does not fit into the mad, insane channels of the so-called modern poets. Not by any stretch of the imagination does this mean that he shall lose his place in the evolution of poetry as recorded in the English language.

I shall have to be set down at once as a misanthrope—as one out of gear with the times. We cry out today about the sterility of literature. We find about us mountains of modern verse which is nothing more than doggerel for the most part. We are deep in sordid, puerile fiction. The explanation lies in the fact that Western Civilization has flattened out.

Being in such a pessimistic mood, I can easily find an excuse for the lack of poetry. How can we expect to find in so demoralized and frantic a world a place for poets? We are not fully aware of how low the horizon has dropped. Oswald Spengler, the philosopher of history, was right when he summed up his *Decline of the West* with the declaration that it would be only a matter of time until the Civilization of the Western World would be sunk in the Pit. Poetry, representing the exaltation of the soul, cannot live in a world of Chaos.

Elizabeth Drew in her brilliant study *Discovering Poetry* refers to the lax rhyming current with poets in the late nineteenth century. But Swinburne escaped. He would have been disgusted with present day verse with neither rhyme nor reason, reflecting only the distemper of the times.

It is comforting to have so fine a man and poet as Robert Graves come to my support. In that rare and beautifully printed piece *Swinburnian Coincidences*, by Carl Hertzog (El Paso, 1960), Graves is quoted as having referred to the caving in of the civilized world and wrote "This world is, yes, running fast downhill." Of course I need hardly repeat that I feel as he does, only a little gloomier. The reason we have no poets—this world decay!—which is something more than

. . . a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years . . .

Swinburne, nearly the last of the great singers, was early called "Mad Mr. Swinburne." There were some who called him "Wicked Mr. Swinburne." Robert Graves (again in *Swinburnian Coincidences*) explained this by saying that he had "once written some shocking poems." But measured by modern standards, Swinburne never wrote anything that could shake a spinster.

Robert Graves remembered Swinburne: "My picture of him is of a nimble and shrill-voiced gnome . . ." Red-headed, with a smallish body, he could not have been prepossessing; but fortunately, men as a rule are measured not by their looks, but by what they do in this world.

When Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, and Browning had quit the scene, a yawning was all that was left of it. Since they went, there has been—with one small exception possibly—no voice of distinction to be heard. Some "poets," blown up by publicity, have sauntered forth, squeaking a little, but without song.

If we look at America, there are but two poets, each driven by passion—Poe and Millay—Poe with his *Annabel Lee*, Millay with her "unremembered lads."

There are a few others in the records of America, who narrowly missed the Step, but always there were clogged feet to stay them at the lower rung of the ladder.

This ex-cathedra pronouncement about our poets will undoubtedly cause me to be called names I once heard on the frontier of Texas. I am sure the red-headed ghost of Swinburne will watch over me, and I shall escape all harm.

ABC for Book-Collectors

Do you know the difference between: a *disbound* book and an *unbound* book, a *cropped* book and one that has been *shaved*, and a book with *unopened* leaves and one with *uncut* leaves? Where do the *tail-pieces* come in a *duodecimo incunable* of *foxed* and *silked* leaves with *rubbed joints* in *divinity* with gold and *blind diapers* front, back, and *spine*?

Definitions and intelligent, informative, and accurate explanations and analyses of these and about 450 similar terms constantly used in the catalogues of antiquarian booksellers and auctioneers will be found in the long-awaited third edition, revised, of the volume entitled: *ABC for Book-Collectors*, by John Carter, recently issued by Rupert Hart-Davis, Esq., the estimable English book publisher (d.b.a. Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., 36 Soho Square, London, W. 1.).

Every collector, from new-timer to old-timer, from incipient aspirant to bibliomaniacal addict, will find this essential and informal volume to be one to read and cherish for its affectionate touch, learned and light. John Carter may well be considered the book collector's bouillabaisse of Noah Webster and the Great Cham of Literature, garnished with a sprig of Henry Watson Fowler.

Memorials

Friends and families have established Memorial Funds for the purchase of library books inscribed in memory of

Clyde B. Aitchison
Howard C. Bennett
Dr. George B. Broad
William Pratt Graham
Louis A. Pegel

Additional contributions have been made to the Blanch Merritt Baker Library Memorial Fund and to the Irene Cuykendall Garrett Library Memorial Fund.

AT THE VERY HEART of a great university's intellectual resources stands its library. In this center of academic work the university fulfills its purpose of conserving, transmitting and advancing knowledge.

Only a distinguished library can adequately support research and attract scholars. Undergraduates deserve a distinguished library in which to explore new frontiers of intellectual interest. Syracuse University promotes expansion of its library resources through the SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES, organized in 1953.

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