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THE COURIER



VOLUME III, NUMBER 1, WHOLE NUMBER 17, MARCH 1963

The Iron Monster, the Crackling Insects of Onondaga County, and Stephen Crane

By LESTER G. WELLS, Librarian
Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room
Syracuse University

On the front page of the New York *Tribune*, occupying the very prominent position at the top of the third column, appeared a piece under the following headings:

GREAT BUGS IN ONONDAGA.

They Swarm in a Quarry and Stop a
Locomotive.

A RARE CHANCE FOR NATURAL HISTORIANS—
LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHT BUGS. BUT LARGER.

The unsigned story of two lengthy paragraphs bore the date line: *Syracuse, May 31*, and read as follows:

Southeast of Brighton Corners, between this place and Jamesville, on the Lackawanna Railroad, are extensive limestone quarries, which have been in operation for many years, and have penetrated deeply into the rock. Through the cut thus made and into the quarries a branch track has been laid from the Lackawanna road for the hauling of the hewn stone. Night work being necessary a large part of the time an arc light has been placed high over the track of the darkest part of the cut. Several cars were loaded with stone for shipment on Friday and left on the switch pending

the observance of Memorial Day. To-night in preparation for drawing the cars out the electric light was put in, and an engine with the necessary crew left the city for the quarries. What was the surprise of all hands upon reaching the scene of operations to find the track beneath the electric light completely thronged with strange insects of great size, some of them lying perfectly still in bunches, and some of them playing a sort of leap-frog game. They covered a space of not less than sixty feet along the tracks, though toward either boundary of the occupied territory they grew fewer, as the rays of the light began to grow dimmer. These pickets, or skirmishers, were one and all of a most lively disposition, and ran over the ground with that lightning-like rapidity which characterized the movements of the electric light bugs that made their appearance all over the country soon after the system of electric lighting became of general adoption in cities.

The locomotive continued on its way, and as the drivers rolled over the insects, the insects died with a crackling sound like the successive explosions of toy torpedoes. But this was at the beginning of the swarm; as the iron monster ploughed its way along, the bugs became more numerous and the crackling grew to a monotonous din, as though some firecracker storehouse had been touched off in a hundred places, until in the thick of the swarm the engine was brought to a stop, the drivers refusing to catch on the now slippery rails, greased by the crushed and slaughtered bugs. An examination of the insects showed a resemblance to the electric-light bug, though they are somewhat larger than those bugs, the outer shell of the back being about the size and shape of half a shanghai-egg shell. It was this turtle-like armor with which the insects are equipped that made the crackling sound as the wheels passed over them. The shell is black and partakes of the nature of stone, having a slaty structure and being brittle. This property of the shell set the more thoughtful people to thinking and observing, and after a time search along the sides of the cut revealed innumerable small holes in the rock, which seemed to have been bored into it by some agency not that of man, and in them were traces of a peculiar ovula, some hatched and some apparently blighted. An erudite recluse whose abode is in the neighborhood of the quarries had by this time appeared, for news of the strange occurrence had spread rapidly. His opinion was that the bugs that had blocked the track were the issue of a rare species of lithodome—a rock-boring mollusk—crossed with some kind of predatory insect. To secure the shipment of the freight to-night it became necessary to let the loaded train from above in the quarry come down

the grade of the cut. Gathering momentum all the time, its impetus when it came to the obstruction carried it by the bugs.

The *Tribune* was dated Monday, June 1, 1891.

At that time nineteen-year-old Stephen Crane, within the next ten years to become a great American author and short-story writer, was a student at Syracuse University and also serving as the local correspondent for Whitelaw Reid's New York City newspaper.

Inquisitive scholars and serious students delving into Crane's life and writings have pondered the question whether he wrote the dispatch about the "Great Bugs in Onondaga." No positive, extrinsic evidence, one way or the other, has been produced or developed so far, and it appears likely the only method of arriving at any kind of determination, transitory though it may be, is to seek the *opinions* of those whose expressions carry the weight of authority.

Three such academic Stephen Crane experts are Professors Olov Fryckstedt, Uppsala University; Edwin H. Cady, Indiana University; and Walter E. Sutton, Syracuse University. These eminent scholars have, separately and independently, considered the matter of Stephen Crane and the *Tribune* article, and have graciously prepared written opinions which are published here with their respective permissions.

Olov Fryckstedt:

Stephen Crane's early endeavors in journalism, being unsigned, are hard to identify with certainty. For that reason Crane's bibliographers list only a small number of contributions to the New York *Tribune*, and none before 1892. Crane's connection with the *Tribune* had begun four years earlier. Willis Fletcher Johnson, the day editor, was impressed with his ability, and in the fall of 1890 made him the paper's correspondent in Syracuse. In January 1891, Crane registered at Syracuse University in a last, half-hearted attempt to get a college education. The records show that he stayed in Syracuse at least until June 12.

The fact that the unsigned news story "Great Bugs in Onondaga" was sent to the *Tribune* from Syracuse in the intervening period is clearly a strong point in favor of Crane's authorship. It is true that in touching upon Crane's Syracuse correspondence in 1926 Johnson only mentioned "brief college news-items." But a fraternity brother, Clarence Loomis Peaslee, who wrote about Crane's college days as early as 1896, states that Crane did "city correspondence" for the *Tribune*.

It is obviously impossible to muster any conclusive internal evidence in support of the theory that Stephen Crane is the author of "Great Bugs in Onondaga." It is, however, tempting to detect in certain expressive turns of phrase and vivid images the emergence of Crane's

remarkable style. Could, for example, anybody in Syracuse but Crane have likened the crackling produced by the crushing of the insects to "the successive explosions of toy torpedoes?" And any image such as "some firecracker storehouse . . . touched off in a hundred places" also brings Crane to mind.

Although I can produce no definite evidence to bind Crane's name to "Great Bugs in Onondaga," I think that in all likelihood he wrote it.

Edwin H. Cady:

The evidence that Crane wrote "Great Bugs in Onondaga" is, of course, presumptive. One believes it because the writing sounds like Crane, because Crane could have written it and nobody else is likely to have done it, because it fits into his career as it then was, and, finally, because, though inherently trivial, it is a nice association piece linking Stephen Crane with Syracuse.

Crane had been trying to write for newspapers, especially the New York *Tribune*, for some time. Like some correspondents today, he was a "stringer." If something sensational happened or if he could think of an interesting angle and put an acceptable story together, the paper would pay him so much per line for what it printed. This has long been a means of breaking into journalism. We know that Crane was a stringer for the *Tribune*; it is unlikely that the paper had another in Syracuse while Crane was in college. The "Great Bugs" were just odd enough, their association with the rather new electricity fascinating enough, and the stringer's handling of the story just skillful enough to win it publication.

Finally, the writing does sound a great deal like the early Stephen Crane. Not only the choice of words and the rhythms sound like him, the strategies of presentation do too. All his writing life Crane had the intense, rather romantic sense that life was war. It was like him to see that the sparser, lively insects at the edge of the mass could be called "pickets, or skirmishers." And both the rhythms and the bringing of the military reference to a climax in the next paragraph sound surprisingly like the more mature Crane who wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*: ". . . as the drivers rolled over the insects, the insects died with a crackling sound like the successive explosions of toy torpedoes. But this was at the beginning of the swarm; as the iron monster ploughed its way along, the bugs became more numerous and the crackling grew to a monotonous din . . ." This is very close to vintage Crane.

It was also most like Crane to see that there were multiple ways of envisioning the scene and that their variations gave scope for ironies. Quickly he covers the over-intense treatment of what are, after all,

bugs by retreating to a realistic reduction of his military fancy. Then quickly he turns to satire: he was on the point of leaving college forever, and professors were fair game. The "erudite recluse whose abode is in the neighborhood" sounds suspiciously pedantic. And his "opinion" is deliciously farcical—a "rock-boring mollusk—crossed with some kind of predatory insect" would be "a rare species of lithodome," or anything else indeed! Then he has only to tell the *Tribune* readers how they did get the train out after all.

I think there is good reason to believe that Crane wrote "Great Bugs in Onondaga."

Walter E. Sutton:

In the absence of a signature and of external supporting evidence, it is doubtful that a positive attribution can be made for the "Great Bugs" dispatch printed in the *New York Tribune* as of June 1, 1891. But the text of the item supplies considerable internal evidence, in both subject and language, of Stephen Crane's probable authorship.

For one thing, the exotic nature of the event, viewed in the transforming light of a carbon arc lamp, is of a sort calculated not only to attract the attention, but also to capture the imagination of the youthful Crane, whose unconventional treatment of "newsworthy" subjects, a frequent source of disturbance to editors, stands in sharp relief to the level of most reportage.

The most distinctive feature of Crane's style perhaps is the vividness of his language—an effect secured in large part by the copious use of figurative devices that shock the reader's attention by their aptness and sensuous intensity, especially as they appeal to sight and hearing. These qualities are very much in evidence, of course, in the account of the grotesqueness of the massed insects and the explosive sound of their destruction, described hyperbolically as a "monotonous din."

By an interesting coincidence the images of the arc light and the sound of insects appear in the opening scene of "The Monster" (*Harper's Magazine*, August 1898; in book form: *The Monster and Other Stories*, 1899), Crane's novella of life in an upstate New York town. The evening life of the community, with its Saturday night crowds and its band concert, is described from the point of view of a child in whose ears the singing of a streetcar motor is like that of a "cageful of grass-hoppers," and in whose eyes the whole scene is magically transformed in the "shimmering blue of the electric arc lamps" overhead.

Although this imaginative and metaphoric dimension is not fully developed in the news dispatch, the foundation for it exists in the imagery of the account, which is more vivid and highly "charged" than

that of most journalism. Because the imagery is basically so very much like that of Crane's reportage and his more serious work, I think that "Great Bugs in Onondaga" is indeed an early specimen of Crane's writing.

One word more: The reference to the "abode" of the "erudite recluse," which introduces the familiar element of the newspaper hoax, is typical of the humorous archaisms that often appear in Crane's usually unencumbered and swiftly paced prose.

The Tribune Editorial

On the following day, June 2, 1891, the *Tribune* carried an editorial concerning the "Great Bugs" dispatch, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was written by Willis Fletcher Johnson, the day editor of the newspaper and Crane's friend and employer. This is an amusing bit of criticism, and reveals an interesting link between the editor and the reporter. Under the heading "The Syracuse Bugs," the editorial read as follows:

It is seldom necessary to apologize for a newspaper man. The stainless life, the high integrity, the nobleness of aim, the breadth of mind and the depth of scholarship of the journalist are so well known to the intelligent readers of The Tribune that it would be an impertinence to dwell upon them here. But sometimes, after all, the journalist will make a mistake; he is but human. An instance of this was seen yesterday morning in the published accounts of the appearance of swarms of great bugs nearly three inches long and two inches wide near Syracuse. It was evident that the able correspondent had intended producing a series, beginning with ordinary bugs, running along through the summer with a gradual increase in size, and ending in October with these giant, mud-turtle-like bugs which stopped a railroad train and dumfounded the local scientists; but through some mistake the last account was sent first, and we shall probably hear nothing from the preliminary, cumulative bugs. It scarcely seems possible (though to genius nothing is impossible) that this could be the beginning of a series, and that October will find great bugs ten feet long and weighing half a ton galloping about Onondaga County, and in strange, unnatural cries voicing their horrid craving for human gore; but to this it may come after all.

In either case a moment's glance at the tale of the new Sindbad, of Syracuse, may not be out of place. The bugs were discovered in a deep cut which enters a stone quarry and covered the railroad track for sixty feet. The iron monster (locomotive) could not plough through them. They had hard shells of the nature of

slatey stone as big as half of a very large hen's egg shell and they moved about with lightning-like rapidity (very fast). An erudite recluse (weather prophet) living in the neighborhood pronounced them a cross between a rock mollusk and some kind of insect. (He is the same man who last summer so successfully crossed the common honey-bee and the lightning bug, getting a species of bee which can work all night by its own light.) When the locomotive (iron monster) ran over one of these stone insects there was a loud report like a toy torpedo. But it is a hint dropped further along which will give people the best idea of this strange new bug. It is, says the correspondent, much like the well-known electric-light bug, now common all over the country, only larger. This is more to the point. Everybody knows the electric-light bug. It superseded the old gas-light bug, which took the place of the kerosene-lamp bug, which had itself driven out the tallow-candle bug. While not so large as the lighthouse bug or the bonfire bug, the electric-light bug is nevertheless a formidable bug, and has even been known, when suffering from hunger, to attack and kill the great oil-warehouse fire bug, which frequently comes out and chases the firemen around the corner and devours the hose. We would suggest, the oldest inhabitant (erudite recluse) to the contrary notwithstanding, that perhaps this new Syracuse insect is nothing after all, but the well-known iron-monster head-light bug. They are larger than either the arc-light bug or the incandescent bug and have stone shells. When run over by a locomotive, however, they give out a report which sounds more like a toy pistol than a toy torpedo, so our surmise may be incorrect.

In closing we can only say that if Dr. [Joseph Albert] Lintner expects another term as State entomologist he must board a monster of steel and iron, hurry to Syracuse and report on this new bug.

Stephen Crane may well have read this appreciatively, especially if he did write the dispatch of May 31.

Horatio Alger and Ralph D. Gardner

Hiram Walton went into the house, and a look at his face told his wife the news he brought before his lips uttered it.

"Is she dead, Hiram?"

"Yes, the cow's dead. Forty dollars clean gone," he said rather bitterly.

"Don't be discouraged, Hiram. It's bad luck, but worse things might happen . . ."

"Such as what?"

"Why the house might burn down, or—or some of us might fall sick and die. It's better that it should be the cow."

But was it? Alas, many times during the following 162 pages the reader wonders. For the money to replace the cow has to be borrowed from Squire Green, the meanest man in the country. And the whole farm must be mortgaged for the six-month fifteen per cent loan.

This stirring story *Bound to Rise* by Horatio Alger, Jr. (1832-99), was published back in the middle 1870's as part of the celebrated "Luck and Pluck" series, and there were many others by the same author: *Ragged Dick*, *Tattered Tom*, *Ben*, *the Luggage Boy*, *Paul*, *the Peddler*, *Plucky Paul Palmer*, *Ben Barclay's Courage*, *Robert Coverdale's Struggle*, and on and on for about 130 more titles of the same nature. It is estimated that more than 100,000,000 copies of these books were published between 1860 and 1900, some of them appearing under the author's pen-names: Arthur Lee Putnam and Arthur Hamilton.

Most of the copies of the original editions were read to pieces, so that nowadays only some of the later reprints are to be found in the secondhand book shops over the country. (That versatile gentleman and bookfellow, Mr. Roderick Benton, The Wolcott Shop, Skaneateles, New York, has a raft of them.) The average cost of these is two bits (but first editions fetch hundreds or thousands of bits), and the chances are always that a copy will be either liberally decorated with crayola or chocolate or have leaves stuck together by the remains of an all-day sarsaparilla sucker; usually the faded front paste-down or free endpaper will bear such sentiments as "Merry Xmas to Cecil from Grandma Midhurst" or "Happy Birthday to Pete from Uncle Fitz." Certainly Grandma Midhurst and Uncle Fitz have long since gone to their deserved rewards, but the chances are pretty good that Cecil and Pete are still around, older of course, but much wiser from having once read and devoured these thrilling and inspiring character-forming classics.

These tales, ground out by Alger with lightning speed, puerile in style, often ungrammatical, treasure houses of slapdash writing and tortured clichés, are they trash? Not on your life!

Disregarding their form and style, they are all found to be based on the principle that a struggle against poverty and temptation inevitably leads a boy to wealth and fame; to triumph over adversity made one a hero, and this is just as true today as it was a hundred years ago. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, distinguished writer on the staff of

the Washington, D. C. *Evening Star*, commenting not long ago on Alger's literary accomplishments, wrote that his books represent "a fresh, clear insight into the boyish mind of long ago. They are a lavender-scented breeze from a lost continent where all heroes are strictly noble, all heroines strictly pure, and all villains totally villainous. They recall an America which had no enemies other than the Sioux; a world in which the most powerful man-made force was the Corliss steam engine, and the telephone was the ultimate of marvels." On these yellowed and often gooey pages, Mr. Jones adds, one finds expressed the noble theory "that Reward lies at the end of a path resolutely trodden by Uncompromising Virtue and Honest Labor"—and this is anything but trash.

There are book collectors who specialize in Algerana, the most enthusiastic and extensive one being Mr. Ralph D. Gardner, a business executive of New York City, who has pursued his subject for more than twenty-five years. For some time now, other collectors, librarians, and bibliophiles (including the editor of the *Courier*), primarily or obliquely interested in Alger and the rarity of the original editions of his published works which have become scarce and desirable items over the years, have been urging Mr. Gardner to undertake an Alger biography-bibliography for the guidance and enlightenment of those who would undoubtedly benefit from his collecting experiences and expert knowledge of the subject; and it is a pleasure to announce here that he finally consented to undertake the project, and at present is putting the book together. The dates of completion and publication are not yet determined, but it is expected that this information will be available for the next issue of the *Courier*.

From the *Courier's* U-2 G-2 in New York City it has been learned that Mr. Gardner's work will be a complete and authoritative biography of Alger (Harvard '52), and will include a superb, fully detailed bibliography, treating every one of his books as well as his short stories (of which there were hundreds), poems (of surprising quality), and all manuscript materials available. The book will be an impressive, hard-cover volume, with many illustrations and a great deal of background material never before presented to the public.

In order for Mr. Gardner's work to be as inclusive as possible, and consequently, as valuable as possible, it is necessary that he obtain information of all sorts, however meagre or apparently inconsequential; and although it is impossible to think that anything pertaining to Alger has escaped his ever-watchful eye, there still may be bits of desirable data gleanable from unrecorded letters by or to Alger or from manuscripts by or about the man, presently unknown to Mr. Gardner. If there are any such materials known to members of Syracuse Uni-

versity Library Associates or other readers of the *Courier*, they will be serving a worthy cause by communicating with Mr. Gardner whose address is: 135 Central Park West, New York 23, New York.

*Park Benjamin, Lillian B. Gilkes, and the
Lanier Library*



Park Benjamin (1809-64), editor, poet, and publisher, was born in British Guiana of American parentage, attended Harvard University for a spell, graduated at Trinity College (1829), founded the *Norwich Spectator*, the same year; was admitted to the Massachusetts legal profession (1832) and opened his law office in Boston; foresook Blackstone and Marshall, moved to New York City (1837), and engaged in literary pursuits in various capacities with such periodicals as: *New England Magazine*, *American Monthly Magazine*, *Western Continent*, *Brother Jonathan*, Horace Greeley's *New Yorker*, *American Mail*, *The Evening Tattler*, and *The Evening Signal*.

Benjamin is best remembered for his *New World*, a literary journal which he founded and operated with Rufus Wilmot Griswold and Jonas Winchester from June 1840 until May 1845, and in which were reprinted the writings of many British authors without permission or remuneration. He was notorious for his sensational journalistic devices and vituperation, and was one of those successfully sued for libel by the pugnacious James Fenimore Cooper. Benjamin produced *A Poem on the Meditation of Nature* (1832); *Poetry: A Satire* (1832); and *Infatuation* (1841), and his verse was prominent in early anthologies.

The above paragraphs constitute a combination of all the few brief bits of information about Park Benjamin contained in modern biographical dictionaries, encyclopedias, and compilations of that type, whenever he is given any notice whatsoever, and it is not fair, either to his memory or to readers and students of American literature. Though he was unorthodox, pig-headed, reckless, and careless in some instances, and never did anything to set the heavens on fire, Benjamin did play a part up near or at the front in the literary scenes of this nation during the nineteenth century, and does not deserve to be relegated to the same position occupied by a third-string reserve line-backer who uses that greasy kid stuff. Benjamin's life should be recorded, his activities analyzed, and his influences weighed, so he may be accorded the recognition he is due, and also in order that the gap in knowledge may be filled for people who are interested in such matters.

It is a pleasure to announce here that this deficiency is soon to be

dispelled and that the dispeller is the qualified scholar and experienced writer best suited for the task, Miss Lillian Barnard Gilkes of Jacksonville, Florida and Ridgefield, Connecticut, presently residing in the Blue Ridge mountains at Tryon, North Carolina (See the *Courier*, Vol. I, No. 10 and Vol. II, No. 4). Miss Gilkes's work will be completed in about a year or more, and its publication is eagerly awaited.

A few months ago when Miss Gilkes moved to the quietness of Tryon (pop. 2,169) to work on her Benjamin biography, she had her doubts about the usefulness of the local library in connection with her project. That she experienced a most satisfactory surprise and was thoughtful sufficiently to give public expression of her appreciation is attested to by a letter she wrote to the editor of the Tryon *Daily Bulletin*. It deserves republication and wider circulation outside the reaches of the North Carolina newspaper. Here is Miss Gilkes's letter for members of Syracuse University Library Associates and other readers of the *Courier*:

As a newcomer to Tryon, may I ask space in your columns to express sincere appreciation of the splendid help given me by the local library? A researcher and biographer can never stir far from a library; and so when I came last summer to make my home in this lovely little mountain town it was with some misgivings as to whether I would find here the materials and facilities indispensable to my work. I had visions of having to make excursions to Chapel Hill and Duke, or the State Library at Raleigh, instead of which I find—thanks to the inter-library loan service—that it is possible to live far from these centers and yet obtain books as often as needed; from many others too of the metropolitan libraries, such as the Boston Public and the Library of Congress. All of which, in this instance, is made possible by the unfailing resourcefulness, patience, and dedicated abilities of the Librarian and her staff assistants.

To my delighted surprise, I find also that the Lanier Library actually contains a number of volumes not usually to be found outside of the great university or large city libraries—as for example, the “Diary of George Templeton Strong,” a three-volume work edited by Allan Nevins which is no longer in print and so has become a rare item. Mrs. Frederic Goddard, who shares with me a home on Wilderness Road, also wishes to add her appreciation for having been able, through the facilities of the Lanier Library, to obtain various rare works on naval history which are of direct importance to her own writing.

No one who finds in the nearness of an historic past sustenance

and illumination with respect to the present, can fail to be impressed by the traditional background of the Lanier Library, particularly its association with the memory of Sidney Lanier. The details of Lanier's short term of residence, and death in Tryon (1881), are well known. But I wonder how many people know that the first catalogued book in the present Library, Book Number 1, was a volume of Lanier's poems given by Mrs. Lanier? Or that when the original Library, consisting of a few hundred volumes assembled over a grocery store, burned with all of its contents Mrs. Lanier promptly came forward with the gift of a second set of Lanier's complete works, forming a little nucleus around which support could be rallied for gathering together the Library of today? Or that this Library possessed, at one time, a mint copy of Nathaniel Hawthorne's first novel, "Fanshawe: A Tale"—of which only a few hundred copies were issued anonymously in 1828, and only about a dozen escaped destruction when Hawthorne in a fit of despondency burned the whole edition? The New York Public Library owns two of the priceless rescued copies, which are kept padlocked under glass in a specially sealed chamber! [Another copy of this very scarce volume, in pristine condition, is in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room, Syracuse University Library, where it is preserved behind glass and protected by three sets of locks. It was acquired in September 1957, and was formerly in the private collection of Mr. G. Reed Salisbury, a member of Syracuse University Library Associates, of Rope's End, Broad Run, Virginia.]

May I remind your readers that we are now celebrating National Library Week, and that one of the best ways to give needed support to our local library is by increasing the membership.

Sincerely,

LILLIAN BARNARD GILKES

Wilderness Road,
Tryon, North Carolina.



I Knew Stephen Crane at Syracuse

Publication in the December 1962 issue of the *Courier* of a remarkable essay by Mr. Ames W. Williams entitled "On Collecting the Writings of Stephen Crane" evoked a letter from one of the superior elder men of Syracuse University. Addressed to the Editor, this very interesting holograph communication of two full pages (the chirography far better than that of the average freshman or modern poet), dated 4

December 1962, reads in part as follows:

I did so enjoy reading the recollection by Mr. Williams, for I knew Stephen Crane. He was in the Class of 1894, as I was, in Syracuse University. I often met him on the street as we walked to the Hall of Languages; he became a member of Delta Upsilon, house on top of Coddington Hill, I living on Adams Street.

He was not popular but I liked him. He always talked about how hard life was and how unfair it all seemed to him. He certainly was unusual and all along showed me that he intended to do as he pleased with his life, and would not be bossed by any one.

I told him in 1891 that I was changing from my course in Music and was going to try to get enough points at the College to obtain a Medical Students Certificate from the Regents of New York state so that I could enter the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City. He answered, "That's interesting. I also am going to leave here very soon. College life is a waste of time." I then asked him what he was going to do. He said, "I am going to be a newspaper reporter." Here I was talking to a young man who was to become a famous author. I have often thought I was lucky to have had this experience.

I am glad the collection of Stephen Crane's writings is in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room. Both George and Lena Arents were dear friends of ours while my wife and I lived in New York City upon my retirement from practice as a surgeon. In fact, I met Chancellor Tolley for the first time at a Sunday dinner at the Arents' home at 6 East 77th Street, New York City. During the dinner George Arents and Dr. Tolley talked of chimes and Dr. Tolley said that Syracuse University was the first college in America to have a set of chimes (1888); he also said that they always had been played by members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, but no one seemed to know how this happened, whereupon I spoke up and said that I was the first regular player of the chimes, was given my tuition for so doing by Chancellor Sims, that I later became a Deke, taught Sleeter, another Deke, and it evidently had gone on and on the same all these years . . .

Again my thanks for the Courier.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE F. CHANDLER.

P.S.: I'll be 90 years old next week on Thursday, 13 December. Ye Gods!!



Chiromancers off the Scent

Chiromancy, or the science of trying to establish an analogy between a man's personal character and his calligraphy, has been studied since ancient times, and is even today promulgated and practiced by erudite savants as well as by chiromancers bordering on the charlatan fringe.

In their Saturday and Sunday editions, numerous tabloids carry such advertisements as: "What does the future hold for you? Send a sample of your handwriting with \$1.00 for an analysis by Madam Edith De Botz, 5817 Wilmett Road, Bronx, N. Y."; "Do you have the right job? Can you make more money? Send \$1.00 with a page of your handwriting to Senorita Juanita Nussbaum, 1234 Loop-de-loop, Chicago"; "Your past, present, and future analyzed from your handwriting. \$2.00. Col. Dillon Thomas, 2 Telephone Hill, San Francisco"; and these people make so much money every year they have to send in income tax returns, or at least, they should.

A few years ago, the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books, Syracuse University, took a friend to a late afternoon lunch in a Greenwich Village restaurant. During the leisurely meal, an attractive and somber lady approached the table and solicited their patronage of her ability to read "character" and to predict the future from her analysis of one's handwriting. The Curator, the host, suggested his guest submit to the wiles of the alluring pseudo-chiromancer. The guest, who had previously lived in Greenwich Village, been a sailor, a baker's assistant, a livery stableman, and had worked in Luke O'Connor's saloon on Sixth Avenue near the Jefferson Market jail, agreed, and copied and signed some words from the menu onto the tablet presented by the lady.

She then went into her act, marked off, underlined certain words and letters, and gave her innocuous analysis in clear, rapid, and serious tones. Everything she revealed was true: the man was a seeker after excitement and novel experiences, reticent and incalculable, nervous, generous, very sensitive, possessed of much personal magnetism and quiet geniality, adventure of any sort appealed to him more than study, he had a reckless spirit and rather wild nature, etc., etc. Included in the fee was the answer to one question, and when the guest asked whether he would ever be able to write poetry, the lady counselled: "You would be a greater success on the sea. You should stick to that calling." The Curator's guest was then and still is the Poet Laureate of England, John Masefield.

Knowing something about the handwriter would undoubtedly be of great assistance to an analyst of this kind, and would of course prevent such horrendous, though amusing, statements, but since it is

all taken with a great deal of salt, no harm is done.

Don Felix de Salamanca knew very well what he was doing and he was on solid ground when he published his volume in London, 1879, under the title, *The Philosophy of Handwriting*, a book which is now scarce, but not rare and not commanding a particularly high price. Don Felix collected examples of writing by 137 worldwide celebrated contemporaries distinguished in various professions, gave facsimiles of their signatures, and furnished several paragraphs of analysis of the handwriting of each individual. The people represented extend from Edmond About to Emile Zola, with many familiar names in between: Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Mark Twain, G. T. Beauregard, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson (U. S. Grant is not included), Mazzini, William Morris, Tennyson, Verdi, Walt Whitman, and a lot of others. Don Felix knew as much about these people as he needed to know, so what he wrote about their handwriting came closer to an analysis with little or no guesswork on his part.

Shown here is a reproduction of a bit of manuscript in the handwriting of the English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, taken from the original in the private collection of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books of Syracuse University. It is apparent the Englishman was either careless or indifferent about his handwriting, although ever so many of his published letters convey apologies for his pothooks and scrawly script. Since Salamanca included Swinburne in his collection, his book should certainly be listed in the poet's bibliography, but so far it has not been recorded in that manner. Here is what Don Felix wrote about the handwriting of the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* and other works which made him one of the foremost poets of his time:

"Mr. Swinburne exercises the presumed prerogative of genius, and writes a wretched hand, although latterly there has been a very marked improvement in it. There is much picturesque vigor, but no beauty, in the formation of his letters, which are probably written during the 'languor of virtue'—at all events, they give one the idea of a painfully laborious work, each syllable being apparently separately formed. There is no straining after effect or vulgar flourish, but his chirography gives one the idea of having been written by a pen that, having served several generations of authors, its owner deemed it sacrilege to cut. A noteworthy feature of Mr. Swinburne's handwriting is his 'i': it has a very large head [as did the poet] and a very small tail [anatomical analogy not properly predicated here, but see George Moore's letter to Sir Edmund Gosse, 131 Ebury Street, London, 2 December 1912], and consequently looks top-heavy. His 'ands' are mere twists, so closely resembling his 'ts' that it requires intense study to tell one from the

To W. J. Watts-Dunton

To my best & dearest friend I dedicate the first collected edition
of my poems: & to him I address what I have to say on the occasion

x x x x x x x x x

It is nothing to me that what I write should find immediate or
general acceptance: it is much to know that ~~with~~ ^{with} the whole it has
earned won for me the right to address this dedication & inscribe this
~~poem~~ ^{edition} to you.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

other. Sometimes he punctuates and sometimes he doesn't. Although full of original peculiarities, his calligraphy, it must be confessed, is cryptographic to the uninitiated. He does not trouble himself about the trivialities of stationery: his envelopes are not fine, nor his paper superfine, whilst crests, monograms, and the whole flunkery of letterdom are completely ignored. As a whole, Mr. Swinburne's calligraphy is one of the few which throw the chiromancer somewhat off the scent: from it he might divine somewhat of the originality, but nothing of the voluptuous beauty and unparalleled music of its author's verse."

(As this issue goes to press, the Editor received a book catalogue from Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y., in which offering No. 114 was described as follows: "Handwriting Analysis: The Art and Science of Reading Character. By M. N. Bunker, Founder of International Grapho Analysis Society. More than 160 Illustrations. Now you can read 'between the lines' of personal letters, notes, signatures, etc. Understand hidden meanings, see true characters of writers. Thoroughly illustrated, step-by-step instructions. Published at \$10.00. Now \$1.98." For the identity of the writer, 1849-1916, masquerading behind the name of Don Felix de Salamanca, see *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature*, by Kennedy, Smith, and Johnson, London, 1928, Vol. 4, p. 338; *Who Was Who 1916-1928*, London, 1929, p. 540; *A Catalogue of Books Represented by Library of Congress Printed Cards*, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1945, Vol. 130, p. 586; *The British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books 1881-1900*, Ann Arbor, 1946, Vol. 48; "Swinburne's Letter Concerning Poe," by I. B. Cauthen, Jr., *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, New York, Vol. 44, Second Quarter, 1950; and *The Swinburne Letters*, edited by Cecil Y. Lang of Syracuse University, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1960, Vol. 3, p. 182.)

How about it, Tar Heels?



It is a *fact* that the national government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics very often makes extravagant and flagrant claims perverting or attempting to pervert historical truths to claim credit for its own inventors, scientists (including Isaac Newton-correctors), explorers, speleologists, artisans, and so forth.

It is a *rumor* that Texans, native or naturalized, are *sometimes* prone to exaggerate, brag, boast, and otherwise bend and/or break the truth about anything concerning Texas and the accomplishments of its inhabitants.

Last fall the Soviet government issued a postage stamp commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the American writer, William Sidney (or Sydney) Porter, better known by his pseudonym *O. Henry*, an honor his own native land never saw fit to accord him. Porter's works are popular in Russia among those people able and permitted to read although there is absolutely nothing in any of them which would appeal more to Tatars, Byelorussians, or the Siberian Mongoloids than to the ordinary American.



On 17 September last, the Dallas, Texas *Morning News*, in its philatelic section entitled "The Stamping Ground," announced the following:

"The centenary of the birth of American short-story writer O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) was marked by the Ministry of Post and Telegraph in the Soviet Union with a memorial postage stamp.

"O. Henry thus becomes the first Texan pictured on a Russian stamp."

This is a little sigogglin.

The truth: William Sidney Porter was *not* a Texan.

More truth: There is nothing at all original about the design of the stamp. The idea was adapted (a polite word for *stolen*) from the illustration on the dust-jacket of the volume entitled *The Quiet Lodger of Irving Place (Portrait of O. Henry)*, by William Wash Williams (New York, 1936), and the portrait of O. Henry is a line-for-line and shadow-for-shadow copy of the sketch by E. Stanley Turnbull which served as the frontispiece in *O. Henry: The Man and His Work*, by E. Hudson Long (Philadelphia, 1949), and was also used on the dust-jacket. In the *Quiet Lodger* vignette the skyline background of Bagdad-on-the-Subway appears appropriately as it was when the Caliph lived among the four millions from 1902 until his death there in 1910. The skyline background in the Soviet stamp is that of New York City as it appeared last September.

The Value of a Box of Old Letters

Under the heading "S.U. Library Developing Manuscript Collections," the following paragraphs by Mr. Alexander F. Jones, Executive Editor, the Syracuse *Herald-Journal*, appeared on the editorial page of that distinguished newspaper, 12 December 1962:

Syracuse University's developing collection of manuscripts was called to our attention the other day when writer Vincent Sheean began studying the Dorothy Thompson papers in preparation for a book. The University acquired the Thompson papers and personal library after her death last year.

Several years ago the public papers of Gov. Averell Harriman were added to the collection.

Currently being inventoried and processed is a quantity of railroad papers that one day will be a goldmine of information for transportation industry scholars.

Other collections range from the papers of Gov. Frank W. Higgins to those of writer Lynn J. Montross. Obscure as they may sound, they contribute heavily to the library's value to students and historians.—And, in turn, to University prestige in a world in which a box of old letters is worth at least as much as an athletic field victory.

The Sir John Simeon Collection of Victorian Correspondence

One of the most important pieces of recent good news concerning Syracuse University Library is the acquisition by purchase of the Sir John Simeon collection of Victorian correspondence. Sir John (1815-70, the third baronet) was for some years the only Roman Catholic member of Parliament, and a friend of most of the great political and literary people of his time.

Credit for the transaction goes to Vice-President Frank P. Piskor, Dean Wayne S. Yenawine, Director of Libraries, and Professor Cecil Y. Lang of the Department of English, Syracuse University, who acted in concert with Professor William E. Fredeman, Department of English, The University of British Columbia, Vancouver, and made arrangements for the transfer of the valuable materials to the University from their owner, Sir John B. Simeon, seventh baronet in the line of succession.

The collection is comprised of 345 unpublished letters, almost all to the third baronet, from a wide assortment of 134 correspondents ranging from minor and relatively unimportant figures to such impressive and prominent Victorians as Cardinals John Henry Newman and Henry Edward Manning; Alfred, Baron Tennyson; Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore; Charles and George Henry Kingsley; Sir Stephen Edward and Aubrey Thomas de Vere; Robert Browning; Edward Lear; William George ("Ideal") Ward; Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster; Thomas Woolner, unsuccessful sculptor until his bust of Tennyson in 1857 made his reputation; William Ewart Gladstone; Laurence Oliphant, who narrowly escaped hanging in Nicaragua, scaled the walls of Tientsin, and was a complete slave to the mystic and prophet, Thomas Lake Harris, the Englishman of Utica, New York; Lady Frances Shelley; Sir Henry Taylor; Thomas Wright; James Anthony Froude, whose stewardship as Thomas Carlyle's literary executor provoked much indignation (eleven letters); Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron Houghton (nine letters), and a host of others from various upper walks of life and titled positions in politics and society.

The main part of the correspondence extends over the twenty-year period between 1850-70, but there are nine letters—including an extremely interesting one from Bishop Samuel Wilberforce pertaining to slavery—written to Sir John's father, Sir Richard Godwin Simeon (1784-1854), which relate to activities during the earlier part of the century.

Sir John was the eldest son of Sir Richard and a grand nephew of the Reverend Charles Simeon (1759-1836), founder of the Church Missionary Society, and lived most of his life at his birthplace, Swainston, the family seat on the Isle of Wight. He spent some time in the Royal Navy, but after succeeding to the title in 1854, Sir John associated himself principally with the island in political, theological, literary, and social welfare matters. Tennyson, self-complacent, selective, and rather seclusive in his tastes, lived at Farringford in nearby Freshwater, and was a frequent visitor at Swainston where Simeon entertained the most celebrated literary and political figures of his circle.

Sir John's death in 1870 was a terrible blow to Tennyson. "A[lfred]. very sad, his loss haunted him," wrote the Laureate's wife in her journal. "Sir John was a brother to us." The poet attended the funeral, and afterwards sat in the close, smoking one of Sir John's churchwardens, and composed the elegy "In the Garden at Swainston," in memory of his "much-loved and ever honoured friend . . . the very Prince of Courtesy."

This collection of letters represents, unfortunately, only a fraction of the entire correspondence to the addressees, since parts of Swainston (one of the most dignified Wight mansions, incorporating the remains of what was once an episcopal palace of the Winchester diocese) were destroyed by enemy action during World War II; but that which was recovered, because of its size, variety of correspondents, and contents, constitutes a most worthy addition to the nineteenth-century materials preserved at Syracuse University.

Accompanying the collection is a thorough, carefully prepared descriptive catalogue (twenty-two typed pages) by Professor Fredeman, who has also supplied a scholarly essay, containing much original and hitherto unavailable information, on Sir John Simeon together with his conclusions relative to the significance of this correspondence. Wrote Professor Fredeman:

“By any standard, the Simeon Collection is an important, if not a major, addition to 19th Century manuscripts. For the light the correspondence throws on Simeon himself and on the many friends—writers and artists, churchmen and politicians—with whom he came in contact, the collection is of initial interest. Beyond this, it serves to illuminate—more so because of the number of prominent Roman Catholics among the correspondents—the most important religious movement of the century. Probably the main research interest of the collection is for the political and social historian, though there is also material to attract the literary scholar. Most valuable of all, the letters stand as an impressive collection of Victoriana, offering commentaries on various aspects of Victorian men and manners. Particularly, they throw light on the literary, social, and political circle on the Isle of Wight which centered on Tennyson at Farringford.”



Adult Education Materials

Not long ago Syracuse University was given the library collection of the Fund for Adult Education which was formerly located in the Fund Building at White Plains, New York.

This significant collection, assembled by the Fund Staff, contains a wealth of printed, filmed, and recorded material of value to the adult and the adult educator. Specifically, the collection consists of a variety of educational and research sources on tape, record, and film including study discussion seminars, historical and biographical documents, interviews, lectures, recitals, the *Omnibus* and *Excursion* television productions, and such series as *Test Cities*, *Ways of Mankind*, *Jeffersonian Heritage*, and *Voices of Europe* documentaries.

Reading materials in the library include periodicals, books in the humanities, social and natural sciences, report bulletins of organizations and foundations, discussion programs, and pamphlets describing curricula, faculty, student, and method studies in adult education.

Syracuse University plans to enlarge this library on a continuing basis by acquiring documents on all important phases of contemporary adult instruction and additional works of historical and philosophical importance. The staffs of the University Library and the Audiovisual Center are presently engaged in supplementing the collection of books, records, tapes, vertical files, and ephemeral materials. The most modern classification system is being employed so that these adult education materials may be made more readily available to researchers, practitioners, and students. In a few more weeks, members of Library Associates will be permitted to visit and examine this collection which is located in Reid Hall of University College, Adult Education Division of Syracuse University.



Dawson's of Los Angeles

A most impressive array of type specimen books and works on the history of printing is currently being offered by Dawson's Book Shop, 550 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles 17, The Bear Flag Republic. There are 251 items, running the gamut from American Type Founders Company's *Specimens of Printing Types*, Pittsburgh, 1897, to Nature Printing in the form of Thomas Moore's *The Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland*, London, 1853-7, and ranging in prices from \$1250 down to a buck and a half. Catalogue 328 is divided into the following sections: *Type Founders' Specimens*, *Printers' Type Specimens*, *Books on Type*, *Letter Forms and Type Designers*, and *Books on Printing and Examples of Printing*, and some of the best books on these subjects are offered to those interested in this particular area of specialized literature.

Syracuse University Library Associates who would like to study this offering by one of the most reputable establishments in this country should request a copy of the catalogue by writing to Mr. Muir Dawson at the address given above.

Incidentally, the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room at Syracuse University Library, in its typographical collection, does *not* have items: 22, 35, 38, 51, 57, 67, 152, 155, 178, 193, and 220-223. These last four are original letters by the great William Morris (see the *Courier*, July 1961, No. 10, and July 1962, No. 14) about his business at the Kelmscott Press.

Page Proofs of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Aurora Leigh

A friend of the Editor of the *Courier*, doing business as a most reputable dealer in autograph letters, historical documents, and literary manuscripts and materials in Berkeley Square, London, has sent over word that he has acquired, and is offering for its first time on the open market, a most interesting item comprising 191 pages from the page proofs of the first edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*.

Nearly every page bears autograph corrections in the poetess's hand, and some pages have directions to the printer in the writing of her husband, Robert Browning.

The first edition of the book numbered 403 pages. The present item includes pages 1-336, or proofs of the first seven books with sections missing at intervals. At this time the location of the remaining page proofs is not known in Berkeley Square or Syracuse.

When E.B.B. died in 1861, Edward (*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*) FitzGerald wrote a friend: "Mrs. Browning's Death is rather a relief to me, I must say: no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! . . ."

But when the poem was brought out in a new edition in 1898, the volume contained a prefatory note by Algernon Charles Swinburne, thus making more firm the poetess's position in English poetry, and at the same time insuring the sales value of the new publication of her work. Wrote the Poet of Putney: "The advent of 'Aurora Leigh' can never be forgotten by any lover of poetry who was old enough at the time to read it. Of one thing they may all be sure—they were right in the impression that they never had read, and never would read anything in any way comparable with that unique work of audaciously feminine and ambitiously impulsive genius. It is one of the longest poems in the world, and there is not a dead line in it. The noble passion and the noble pathos of its greater parts are alike indiscussible and irresistible. And even if we allow that it might not irrationally be defined as a lyrical poem in nine books of blank verse, we must admit that it contains some really admirable sketches and outlines of lifelike and acceptable figures."

If any member of Syracuse University Library Associates wants more information relative to the availability of these page proofs of *Aurora Leigh* either for himself or for presentation to the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room, or has any information relative to the whereabouts of the other page proofs of the same work, it is suggested he write to the Editor without any delay.

Until the day's out and the labour done, ^{3/}
 Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
 Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
 And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
 Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
 And honour us with truth if not with praise. ^{21/}

My ballads prospered; but the ballad's race
 Is rapid for a poet who bears weights
 Of ^{golden} ~~golden~~ thought and ^{image} ~~image~~. He can stand
 Like Atlas, in the sonnet,—and support
 His own heavens, pregnant with dynastic stars;
 But then he must stand still, nor take a step.

In that descriptive poem called 'The Hills,'
 The prospects were too far and indistinct.
 'Tis true my critics said, 'A fine view, that!'
 The ~~people~~ scarcely cared to climb the book ^{public}
 For even the finest; and the ~~people are~~ right ^{public's}
 A tree's mere firewood, unless humanised;
 Which well the Greeks knew, when they stirred the bark
 With close-pressed bosoms of subsiding nymphs,
 And made the forest-rivers garrulous
 With babble of gods. For us, we are called to mark
 A still more intimate humanity
 In this inferior nature,—or, ourselves,
 Must fall like dead leaves trodden under foot ^U
 By veritabler artists. Earth, shut up
 By Adam, like a Fakir in a box ⁸¹
 Left too long buried, remained stiff and dry.

Gypsies at Leeds

A few years ago Mrs. Dorothy Una Ratcliffe McGrigor Phillips, an author and a poet in her own right, presented to the University of Leeds her magnificent library of Gypsy literature comprising well over a thousand printed works and many additional items of letters, manuscripts, pictures, engravings, playbills, photographs, newspaper clippings, and a large assemblage of other objects relating to this nomadic race of Hindu origin which has been roving over the face of the earth since the days of early recorded history.

This mass of unusually valuable materials, the result of a long time of wide and patient endeavor by Mrs. Phillips, has now been included as a part of the Brotherton Library at the University of Leeds, and an attractively printed descriptive catalogue of 227 pages has recently been issued to aid the scholar and the student in researching the fields of philology, ethnology, anthropology, history, music, and art.

Mr. B. S. Page, Leeds University Librarian and Keeper of the Brotherton Collection, in the introduction states that the University conferred on Mrs. Phillips the title of Honorary Curator, and also that "she has indeed been most assiduous in caring for the Collection and promoting its further growth, and the University owes her a full measure of gratitude not only for her constant interest, based as this is on a close familiarity with every aspect of the subject of the Collection, but also for a generous endowment which will ensure that the Collection is kept alive in perpetuity and abreast of every advance in Gypsy studies."

An earlier but unpublished catalogue maintained by Mrs. Phillips as her collecting progressed helped make easier the work of the compilers of this published volume: Mr. D. I. Masson, Sub-Librarian in the Brotherton Collection, and Miss Penelope Bell and Mr. H. G. Tupper, both Assistant Librarians; and they are indeed to be congratulated for the excellent method of classification and arrangement employed and achieved in this project.

Scanning the 1,234 entries one notices references to published works by such outstanding literary figures as: Ralph Hodgson, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Robert Browning, John Keats, John Ruskin, Richard Francis Burton, Matthew Arnold, David Herbert Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc, Noël Pierce Coward, Eric Honeywood Partridge, George Henry Borrow, and one of the most prominent of the moderns, Konrad Bercovici, whose death a few weeks ago in New York City was a great loss to the entire world of literature. Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, that old walrus of Putney (see the *Courier*, Vol. II, No. 1,

April 1962), is of course represented; and then there are the old standard familiars: Heinrich Moritz Gottlieb Grellmann, Carl Hermann Johann Friederich Hopf, Graziadio Isaia Ascoli, Jerzy Ficowski, Aleksei Petrovich Barannikov, Wouter van Wijk, Irina Vladimirovna Skariatina, Pablo Martín Melitón de Sarasate y Navascues, and George Smith and Bill Jones.

In addition to the veritable treasury of Borrow manuscripts which includes portions of his *Romano Lavo-lil*, *The Romany Rye*, *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro*, *The Welsh and their Literature*, and miscellaneous notes, draft paragraphs, and fragments, there are many first editions and rare items such as Joseph Glanvill's *The Vanity of Dogmatizing* (London, 1661), *Die Rotwelsch Grammatic* (Augsburg, c. 1520), the copy once in the famous collection of Henry Huth, merchant-banker and bibliophile, Serbian Gypsy newspapers, the Acts of the Apostles in Moravian Romany, Saint Luke's Gospel in Yugoslav Romany, a complete set of the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, and a series of albums of newspaper articles dating from 1693 to the present day. Paintings of Gypsy scenes, manuscript vocabularies, numerous Gypsy Bibles, files of the Church of Scotland Mission to the Tinkers, accounts of the Elizabeth Canning case, the life of the extraordinary Bampfylde-Moore Carew, King of the Beggars, originals of early edicts against Gypsies, printed documents, a variety of studies, historical, social, and linguistic, gramophone records, bookplates, woodblocks, and artificial flowers are further indications of the wide scope of this collection. There are even books by and about Rodney Smith, better known as Gipsy Smith, the Evangelist.

Anyone anywhere who ever contemplates studying or writing about Gypsies or who may be only interested in learning more about these Romany romantics could not do better than to obtain and examine a copy of this valuable catalogue and then petition for reading privileges in the Brotherton Library, University of Leeds, Leeds 2, England.

The Passing of a Great Lady

Mrs. May Field Lanier, daughter-in-law of the American poet, Sidney Lanier (1842-81), died 10 August last at her home in Greenwich, Connecticut, at the age of eighty-nine years. Her husband, Charles Day Lanier, who died in 1945, was the oldest son of the poet, and was the "Baby Charley" in the poem by that name written by his father in Macon, Georgia, December 1869.

In a Confederate Memorial Address in 1870 Sidney Lanier had said he hoped that some day a fitting memorial would be established in honor of his idol, Gen. Robert E. Lee. Inspired by these words of the poet and by the assistance of her friend, Miss Ethel Marie Armes of Greenwich, Mrs. May Field Lanier formed the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation in 1929 for the purpose of purchasing Stratford Hall, Lee's birthplace in Virginia. In 1935 the house and 1100 acres of the original land were dedicated as a national shrine after Mrs. Lanier, with the aid of prominent women throughout the country, raised \$500,000 to acquire, restore, and preserve the fine example of Georgian architecture, built in 1727.

The Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books, Syracuse University, was a guest at the dedication ceremonies, and on that occasion presented to the Foundation from his private collection an original document written and signed by the Confederate general's father, the distinguished Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee, who eulogized George Washington in the now famous phrases: "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The framed document still hangs in the large center room of the historic mansion.

Mrs. Lanier, loved, respected, and greatly admired by the many people who knew her, is survived by her son, Sidney Lanier, a vice-president of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, and by four daughters.

Leary's Emporium Librorum

No North American bibliophile should consider himself a book collector without having knowledge of or the pleasant experience of a visit to one of the most famous establishments of its kind in the United States: Leary's Book Store, near the heart of Philadelphia-on-the-Schuylkill.

Founded in 1836, when Andrew Jackson was President, this firm has for some years now been a mecca for hunters of all sorts of books, and there is ever present the opportunity to find rare, scarce, valuable, and desirable items long sought for one's collection. A visitor meets with no sales pressure or interference, and one sees throughout the store the comforting sign: "Employees are instructed not to offer assistance without being asked. If you desire information, ask all the questions you want, without feeling under any obligation to purchase."

Much has been published about this treasure house of books, but the best and most attractively printed piece is the one just recently

issued in the form of a twelve-page illustrated octavo by Mr. Don Rose under the title *Leary's of Philadelphia*. Mr. Rose, who came to this country from England in 1908, is the prominent editorial writer and columnist for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* and the author or editor of numerous books since 1927.

Readers of the *Courier* may obtain copies of *Leary's of Philadelphia* by making their requests known to the Director of the establishment (9 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia 7); if they mention they are members of Syracuse University Library Associates, the cost will be nothing.

Back Numbers of the Courier

Members of Syracuse University Library Associates who find that their file of the *Courier* is incomplete may obtain copies of the missing numbers by making their request known to the Editor. Vol. I consists of twelve numbers issued during 1958-61, and Vol. II has four numbers issued during 1962. Copies of each (except No. 3, February 1959, the supply of which has been exhausted) are available for the asking.

Beginning with Vol. II, No. 2, July 1962, *extra* copies for members are \$2.00 (£0/14/4) each. *Non-members* of Syracuse University Library Associates may purchase single copies at the same amount.

James Gibbons Huneker and Dr. Arnold T. Schwab

For the past fifteen years or so, Dr. Arnold T. Schwab has been working on a biography of James Gibbons Huneker (1860-1921), American musician, critic, and author, most noted for his *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks* (1915), *Painted Veils* (1920), and *Steeplejack* (1920). Dr. Schwab is just about finished with the work, but if there are any Syracuse University Library Associates who have Huneker letters or manuscripts or unusual materials pertaining to the man, there is still time for them to contribute the information to Dr. Schwab and thus be of assistance in this worthy project. Dr. Schwab's address is: 4600 East Broadway, Apartment 6, Long Beach 3, California.

The Courier's Hall of Donors Fame

The Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University has nominated to the Editor of the *Courier* the following named individuals to be enrolled in the Hall of Donors Fame for valuable and unusual gifts made by them to the Library and to the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room:

Mr. Walter Hart Blumenthal, Pennsylvania
Mr. William Mitchell Cantor, New York
Mr. James F. Carr, New York
Mr. Karl J. Christoffel, New York
Dr. Gustavo Francisco Jose Cirigliano, Argentina
Mr. Cyril Clemens, Missouri
Prof. Alfred T. Collette, New York
Mrs. Bertha Damon, California
Mr. John DePol, New Jersey
Mr. Charles E. Feinberg, Michigan
Mr. Sol Feinstone, Pennsylvania
Mr. William H. Higginbotham, Maryland
Mr. Joseph Ishill, New Jersey
Mr. Martin Kamin, New York
Mr. Ronald P. Kesselring, New York
Mr. Charles Kohen, D. C.
Mrs. Laurie Lerew, Canada
Hon. Earle B. Mayfield, Texas
Comdr. Leander McCormick-Goodhart, Virginia
Dr. Frank Monaghan, D. C.
Mrs. Lynn J. Montross, D. C.
Mrs. Peter Neagoe, New York
Dr. Gordon N. Ray, New York
Mr. Murray M. Salzberg, New York
Rev. Elgin Sherk, New York
Col. Francis D. Shoemaker (USAF, Ret.), Virginia
Mr. Oscar F. Soule, New York
Mrs. Lyman J. Spire, New York
Dr. Adrian Van Sinderen, New York
Admiral John D. Wainwright (USN, Ret.), D. C.
Mr. Ames W. Williams, Virginia
Dr. Francis A. Wingate, New York

Faults Escaped

In the previous issue of the *Courier*, Vol. II, No. 4, December 1962, two errata slipped by the Editor.

1. Page 17: "Swinburne and *The New Yorker*," concerning the piece by Mr. Edmund Wilson about the English poet, lines two and three, the date should be 6 October. Twenty-seven eagle-eyed readers of the *Courier* picked this up and pointed it out to the Editor, the first three of the genus *Aquila* being Mrs. Antje B. Lemke, School of Library Science faculty, Syracuse University, Mr. James Girdwood of Mahwah, New Jersey (publisher of *Electronics*, a McGraw-Hill publication), and Mr. Owen P. Hawley, resident of Grove City, Pennsylvania, but a member of the English faculty at nearby Slippery Rock State College. Incidentally, Mr. Wilson's excellent essay (slightly revised) appeared in book form as the introduction to Swinburne's two novels *Love's Cross-Currents* (the first edition of which—a piracy—was published by Thomas Bird Mosher, Portland, Maine, 1901, under the title *A Year's Letters*) and *Lesbia Brandon* when they were issued together recently by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy of Union Square West, New York City.

2. Page 12: On the fourth line from the bottom the inclusive dates should be 1958-61, instead of 1953-61. *Courier* No. 1 was dated April 1958. Syracuse University Library Associates had its first organization meeting on 1 October 1953.

The Editor apologizes for these two typographical errors and hopes no one was inconvenienced by them.

To err is human; to admit it, divine.

Memorials

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

HERMAN BORZNER
MRS. CARL DORR
MR. GEORGE HOVEY
DR. RAYMOND PIPER
DR. EDWARD A. SMITH

Additional contributions have been made to the existing Esther Cotton Memorial Fund.



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