1965

Courier, number 25, 1965

Syracuse University Library Associates

THE COURIER

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

NUMBER 25

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES
publishes THE COURIER several times each year for its members.
A single copy: $2.00
Limited Edition

The views expressed in The Courier *are the personal opinions of the authors and not necessarily of anyone else. The author of the unsigned pieces is the Editor.*

Managing Editor
Warren N. Boes
Syracuse University Library
Syracuse, New York 13210

Editor
John S. Mayfield
Syracuse University Library
Syracuse, New York 13210

Wood engravings executed for the Library Associates by John DePol.
Designed and produced by the Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, New York 13210

THE COURIER

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES NUMBER 25

The Search for Rudyard Kipling

By MORTON N. COHEN

Editor's Note: The year 1965 being the Centennial of Kipling's birth, Syracuse University marked the event appropriately by holding a very large and most attractive exhibition of manuscripts, books, letters, photographs, prints, and other memorabilia selected from its collection and augmented by a large number of choice items chosen from the private libraries of Chancellor William P. Tolley, H. Dunscomb Colt, Jr., Esq. of London, and Carl T. Naumburg, Esq. of New York City.

At the luncheon meeting of Syracuse University Library Associates on 19 November, Dr. Morton N. Cohen, a member of the Faculty of the Department of English of Syracuse University and a recognized authority on Victorian Literature, delivered an address entitled "The Search for Rudyard Kipling". This is the first time Dr. Cohen's presentation has appeared in print.

IT is appropriate, to be sure, in Kipling's centennial year for his works to enjoy new attention. And yet, while much is being published about Kipling's writings these days, the man himself still remains distant and out of reach. We have only one biography of note, and that is the official one. We have a single collection of Kipling letters, but that is small. The key to seeing Kipling the man more clearly lies, of course, in the bulk of his unpublished letters and private papers. But these, we know, are not likely to appear in print for many years. Because original Kipling material is not, as a rule, available for publication, I should like to share with you the story of some rather unusual events that brought me the opportunity of editing the first volume of Kipling letters.

My search for Kipling actually began as part of my search for Rider Haggard, back in 1954. I had just taken my qualifying examinations for the Ph.D. at Columbia University, and I was setting out to do research for my dissertation. I had grown interested in Rider Haggard, Columbia had purchased a quantity of Haggard papers when they came up for sale at Sotheby's, and I was well launched on the first critical biography of the storyteller. I was fortunate to receive a Fulbright fellowship, and I devoted the spring of 1954 preparing for my year abroad. Before leaving for England, I wrote many letters, trying to pave my way to the Haggard papers, and trying to locate all the people who remembered Haggard. The Kipling family was high on my list because I had ample evidence that Kipling and Haggard had been friends; in fact, I already suspected that they consulted each other about their work. In an autobiography that Haggard completed in 1911, fourteen years before he died, he wrote that "among my pleasantest recollections during the last few years are those of my visits to the Kiplings, and one that they paid me here, during which we discussed everything in heaven above and earth beneath." "Kipling and I do not fidget each other," Haggard continues. "Thus only last year he informed me that he could work as well when I was sitting in the room as though he were alone, whereas generally the presence of another person while he was writing would drive him almost mad."

In Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself,* which he wrote in 1935, the year before he died, I read this: "When I first met Rider Haggard, I took to him at once, he being of the stamp adored by children and trusted by men at sight; and he could tell tales, mainly against himself, that broke up the [club] tables." And further on: "Haggard's comings were always a joy to us. . . . Never was a better tale-teller, or, to my mind, a man with a more convincing imagination.

"I had finally found the magic key . . ."

Dr. Morton N. Cohen giving an account of his search for Rudyard Kipling at the luncheon meeting of Syracuse University Library Associates on 19 November last. Seated, from reader's left to right: Mr. Carl T. Naumburg; barely visible, but recognizable, Mr. David A. Fraser, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Library Associates; and Mr. H. Dunscomb Colt, Jr. Photograph by Mr. Frank Dudziak, Syracuse University Center for Instructional Communications, Photography Laboratory.

We found by accident that each could work at ease in the other's company. So he would visit me, and I him, with work in hand; and between us we could even hatch out tales together—a most exacting test of sympathy."

Another clue I had to convince me that this was a friendship worth looking into was a description of two lots in the Sotheby sale I have already mentioned. Lot 19 reads thus: "Kipling, R. A series of 12 A.Ls.s. and 6 A. Notes s. on letter-cards, 30 pp. 8vo, 1895-1922, to Rider Haggard. An interesting series, advising Haggard in his work, and speaking of his own plans; mentions his *Recessional,* describes his acquisition of [his home] Bateman's at Burwash, etc." Lot 20 reads thus: "Kipling, R. A fine series of seven A. Ls.s., 14 pp. 8vo, 1904-1916, to Rider Haggard, relating to his books, and making suggestions for plots. Mentions titles of . . . [many] stories."

I had, of course, urged the Columbia bidder to get those letters at any cost, but he had not got them: no one had. They were withdrawn before the sale took place.

Among the letters I wrote before I left New York in May, 1954, were one each to Rider Haggard's two surviving daughters, telling them that I hoped to write a biography of their father, and asking for their help. Their replies were guarded but not hostile. They said they would see me when I arrived in England. I also wrote to Mrs. George Bambridge, Kipling's daughter and only surviving offspring, explaining my intention and expressing the hope that she too would permit me to call on her at her convenience. I might say that at this early time, the auguries were not good. People in Kipling circles were astonished at my temerity and told me that Mrs. Bambridge was absolutely unapproachable. But I was then a naive graduate student with a mission. I wrote directly to Mrs. Bambridge, confident that she would reply. She did not.

When I arrived in England, I saw the Haggard family. We got on well enough. They made available what they had in the way of papers, which, after the Sotheby sale, was not really very much, and they agreed that Mrs. Bambridge must have papers relating to Haggard's friendship with Kipling, because they believed that she had bought some of the Kipling letters that had come onto the market. The Haggard sisters went on to say that they did not think it would do me any good if they gave me a letter introducing me to Mrs. Bambridge; they had done that a year earlier for someone writing a critical study of Kipling's works, and he never got to see her. Mrs. Bambridge simply did not encourage anyone to write about her

father. And understandably too, they thought, for had not Kipling himself asked in "The Appeal" that nothing be written about him?

If I have given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon:
And for the little, little span
The dead are borne in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

The visit with Haggard's daughters made me doubt seriously for the first time that I would ever get to see any Kipling papers. But as I worked away on the Haggard biography all that year, the Kipling problem kept haunting me. I became acquainted with the editor of the *Kipling Journal,* the quarterly published by the Kipling Society. I asked him to put me in touch with Mrs. Bambridge, and he wrote her about me. I came to know an eminent Englishman of letters who had written some penetrating Kipling criticism, and he sent Mrs. Bambridge a letter in my behalf. Neither got replies. Finally, I managed to get a letter of introduction to Professor C. E. Carrington, who was then writing the official Kipling biography. I went to see the distinguished historian in his chambers at Chatham House in St. James's Square. He was cordial, took me on a tour of Chatham House, let me sit in the chair Benjamin Franklin sat in when he visited there, and he even said, "Yes, indeed, if you're doing a biography of Rider Haggard, you ought to have a look at the papers in Wimpole Hall: they are quite revealing." But when I asked Professor Carrington how I might get to see the papers, he shook his head and said, "I don't know; the Kipling papers are simply not available to the public."

A few days later I read in *The Times* that Mrs. Bambridge was suing the United States Government. It appeared that during the war, she had permitted us to build an army hospital on her land near the entrance to Wimpole Hall in Cambridgeshire, and now she wanted the building removed. But our Army made no sign of leaving, and so she was taking to the courts. Hardly a happy omen for me.

The months passed; autumn gave way to winter, winter to spring. Soon my year would be over, and I had not got to see Mrs. Bambridge or the Kipling papers.

But in March, something happened that changed all. I had written early in the year to Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, who had been both

Kipling's and Haggard's literary agents, and asked them whether I might have a look at their Rider Haggard files. A secretary had answered by letter and said that Mr. R. P. Watt (the grandson of the great A. P. Watt) dealt with the Haggard account, that he was abroad, and would not be back until the spring. In March, I received a letter from Mr. Watt, asking me to call on him. I went round to Norfolk Street, off the Strand, and found the old building that houses A. P. Watt & Son. The atmosphere in the offices was heavy with must, the clerks wore high starched collars and belonged to another age; one got the impression that electric lights were a fairly recent innovation there. Mr. Watt himself was pleasant, but he did not talk about Haggard. "You know, I worked with you American chaps in the war, and, taken altogether, you're not a bad lot." On and on we talked, about the difference between English English and American English, about the advantages of driving on the left hand side of the road, and so on.

Then, out of the blue, he said to me, "*Why* do you want to write a book about Rider Haggard?" I mumbled something about Ph.D. requirements, wishing to try my hand at a biography, and I pointed out that no critical biography had yet been written on Haggard. "How much money do you think you'll make on it?" he asked. "Probably not a cent," I said; "In fact, I'll consider myself lucky if I get it published at all." Then he wanted to know what I had done about getting it published, and I told him that since it was still to be written, I had not thought to do anything. "Would you want us to place it for you after you get it done?" I was bowled over. I thought of all the great Victorians who battled to have A. P. Watt as their agent, I looked at the books on the shelves before me, books by Churchill, Maugham, Graham Greene. And when I recovered my composure, I told Mr. Watt that I would consider it the greatest compliment imaginable if he would deal with the manuscript after I had written it. "Very well, then," he said, "I think we can arrange for you to have a look at some of the files."

I spent some days working in those offices, and when I was finished, I thought I would push my luck just a little further. I went round to see Mr. Watt again and told him about my difficulty in getting to see Mrs. Bambridge and how important I considered those Kipling papers to be. Did he have any suggestions to make? He pondered the problem a minute, and then he asked me to write another letter to Mrs. Bambridge and to send it to him; he would send it on to her with a covering letter. I had finally found the magic key, for within a week after I wrote that letter, I received a reply from Mrs. Bambridge, written in her own hand:

Wimpole Hall
Cambridgeshire
April 3rd/55

Dear Mr. Cohen,

I shall be pleased to see you, and discuss the biography of Sir H. Rider Haggard, on which you are engaged.

I suggest that you come down here, either on Friday, April 15th or Wednesday, April 25th, if either of those dates suit you. Unless you come by car, I suggest that you take the train leaving Kings Cross Station at 11.53 a.m. and arriving at Royston Station at 1.3 p.m.

I will send to meet you at Royston Station and bring you out here for lunch, after which we can discuss your work, and I will do my best to answer your questions.

There are several trains back to London in the afternoon from Royston.

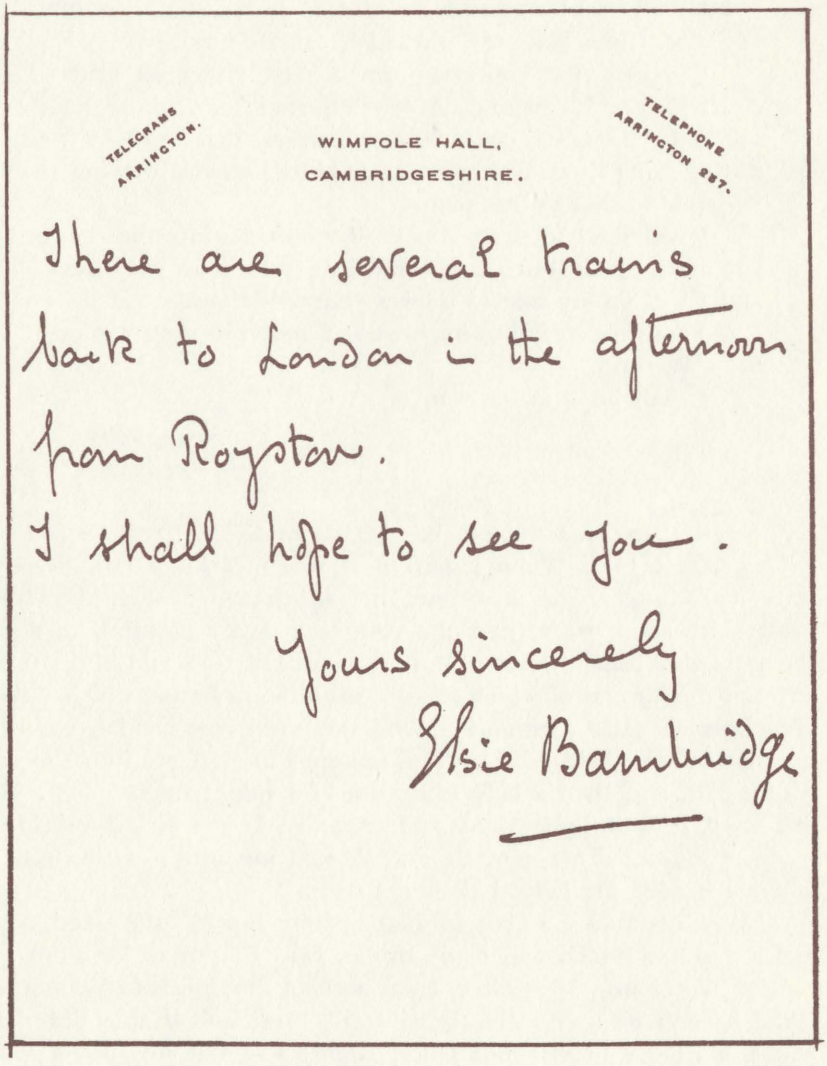
I shall hope to see you.

Yours sincerely,
Elsie Bambridge

Needless to say, I was on the 11:53 from King's Cross Station on Friday, April 15th. When I arrived, I was met by a tall, tweedy, secretary-chauffeur. She drove me, in a shiny car, through the Cambridgeshire countryside, past the American Army hospital, through the gates of Wimpole Hall, up a long avenue of trees and into a forecourt at the far end of which stood a magnificent house, which Nikolaus Pevsner calls "without doubt the most spectacular country mansion in Cambridgeshire." The footman showed me into the entrance hall, and then a lady came out of a side, panelled door: she was small, beautifully tailored, and attractive. It was Mrs. Bambridge.

She welcomed me genially and showed me into a sitting room, where a blazing fire helped thaw the frost.

"Won't you have a glass of sherry before lunch?" she asked. And as we drank, we talked of many things. Had I been to Vermont recently? "You know, Mr. Cohen, I was born in that house in Vermont." "And haven't we had a ghastly winter?" "And isn't it splendid that you're writing a book about Uncle Rider! I've felt for such a long time that someone should write a book about him. Why, you know, he was the only person who could come and go at our home without an invitation. And no other living soul was allowed into my father's study while he worked there. You do know, don't you, that my father



TELEGRAMS ARRINGTON.

WIMPOLE HALL,
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

TELEPHONE ARRINGTON 257.

There are several trains
back to London in the afternoon
from Royston.
I shall hope to see you.

Yours sincerely
Elsie Bambridge

"I shall hope to see you."
In his search, Dr. Cohen succeeds in making arrangements to meet the daughter of Rudyard Kipling, the attractive Mrs. Elsie Bambridge of Wimpole Hall.

got the idea for *The Jungle Books* from one of Uncle Rider's stories; and my father helped him with his books too." On and on she went, and I kept quiet, happily trying to juggle notebook, pencil, and sherry glass as she talked on about one of her all-time favorites, Rider Haggard: "Why, do you know, when we were children and Uncle Rider was staying the night, we wouldn't go to bed until he came along and told us another story about the Zulus. Oh, how we loved the Zulus!"

We went in to lunch, the three of us, Mrs. Bambridge, her secretary, and I, and the stories continued to pour forth: that Lady Haggard was one of the first women to buy and ride a bicycle; that the Kiplings spent a whole summer in the Haggard's hobby house on the Norfolk coast; that, when the Kiplings first moved into Bateman's in Sussex, Haggard came down regularly to give them good practical farming advice. "In fact," Mrs. Bambridge went on, "Haggard was the only literary man my father really liked—and that was because neither of them really considered himself a literary man."

After lunch Mrs. Bambridge took me for a walk through her park, beautifully landscaped by Capability Brown. We walked and we talked more, but I was keenly aware of the passing time—and the fact that we had not yet got around to the subject of the papers. I mentioned the word *letters* gingerly and under my breath, but Mrs. Bambridge chose to ignore it. I felt that by all the rules of hospitality my stay was running out, and I said something about a 3:50 train back to London. "Oh, but you must stay for tea," she said; "there's a fast train back to London at 5:35." And so I stayed for a lovely tea. But still no word about papers or letters.

At about a quarter to five, when the tea things were being cleared, Mrs. Bambridge finally got round to the subject. "Of course, both my father and Rider Haggard were busy people, and they travelled a lot. Naturally, they wrote many letters to each other. But you know, of course," she said, "my father burned all incoming post when he had finished with it, and I'm afraid I have only one letter from Rider Haggard to my father."

"But what about your father's letters to Rider Haggard: did he keep copies of those?"

"Well, no, not exactly. But I've been able to acquire some of the letters my father wrote, and I have typewritten copies of others. As a matter of fact, there are quite a few papers connected with Rider Haggard, and when you wrote to say you were coming, we sorted them out." She turned to her secretary and asked her to bring them in. A minute or two later, the secretary returned with an armful of notebooks, files, and envelopes. I could not believe my eyes, and what

with the 5:35 train to catch and these papers sitting before me, I was clearly in the worst dilemma I had ever faced. "Whatever shall I do?" I blurted out; "I can't possibly read these now, can I?" Mrs. Bambridge agreed. Would she permit me to return? I asked. Perhaps I could stay at a nearby inn and come up to the Hall at designated hours and read the papers. She thought. "If you took them away with you to London," she said, "you could probably have them photographed, couldn't you?" "Yes," I said, "I certainly could." She turned to her secretary and asked her to fetch a green leather case from the study. And when I left Wimpole Hall at 5:15, I was clutching what was probably the first lot of Kipling papers ever to leave that house. Naturally I had them all microfilmed, and then sent them back by bonded messenger.

One must remember that I was writing a book about Haggard, not Kipling, and although I had this cache of Kipling material, I could use only bits and pieces of it in the Haggard biography. To be exact, only twenty-six of the 327 pages in the book deal with Haggard's friendship with Kipling. No letter appears completely, and I could not even allow myself the luxury of reproducing verbatim any of the plot outlines for Haggard's books that, I discovered, Kipling and Haggard had concocted together. Nevertheless, I was grateful when, after Mrs. Bambridge read the typescript of the Haggard book, she asked me to delete only a single word, and that word was mine, not Haggard's or her father's. Mr. Watt placed the book with an English publisher, and the biography appeared in 1960. But even after the book was published, there remained the tantalizing question of the microfilmed material that I had not used and that was tucked away in a file drawer next to the kitchen stove in my Greenwich Village apartment. What was to become of that? Well, the answer became apparent one day in London over lunch with my editor. "Where are all those Kipling letters you quoted from?" she asked. I told her all about them and about my microfilm copies. She was noticeably pleased and ordered another bottle of Chablis. Would I consider doing an edition of those letters? she asked. "Yes," I said, "I would, but Mrs. Bambridge has never allowed any of her father's letters to be edited for publication." Would I try, then, to win Mrs. Bambridge over to the idea? "Yes," I said, I would try. But I knew that it would be difficult to do a book on a single block of Kipling letters when their opposite numbers, the letters from Haggard, had gone up in flames long years ago. I also knew, however, that Rider Haggard's unpublished diaries still existed, and that they contained numerous accounts of visits with Kipling. By combining the Kipling letters and the appropriate extracts from the

Haggard diaries, spanning the thirty-five years that the friendship endured, I could perhaps produce a book with form and substance.

Would Mrs. Bambridge permit me to publish her father's letters to Rider Haggard? I did not know. But this time I knew how to find out. My literary agent was now A. P. Watt & Son, and A. P. Watt & Son could, I knew from experience, perform miracles.

Here is a letter from Mr. Watt dated May 13, 1960:

> Dear Mr. Cohen,
>
> Thank you for your letter of May 7th. Subject to Mrs. George Bambridge seeing and approving the final draft of your book *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: The Record of a Friendship,* you have her permission. Miss Haggard is at present in Jugoslavia and cannot be reached, but as I understand the situation she gave you permission so far as her father's estate was concerned when you were last over here. . . .

The book was published in London five weeks ago, and of all the comments I have received about it, the one, I know, that I shall always value most brings this story to a close:

> Wimpole Hall
> Cambridgeshire
> October 1st, 65
>
> Dear Mr. Cohen,
>
> Many thanks for the R.K.-Rider Haggard book, which I have read again with *much* pleasure, and think quite excellent. I do hope that you are pleased with it. . . .
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Elsie Bambridge

M. de Voltaire and Mr. Warren E. Day

> *That mutual action between masses of matter by virtue of which every such mass tends toward every other with a force varying directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart.*

EVERY intelligent reader of *The Courier* instantly recognizes this simple statement as the law of universal gravitation first clearly con-

ceived and rigorously formulated by Isaac Newton after seeing an apple fall from a tree in his garden in England back in the year 1666. At the time, Newton was only twenty-four years of age.

Was it really an *apple* young Newton saw drop? What is the origin of the story? Who is the authority for the story? When and where did it first appear in print? Who wrote the first account of this now well-known story of the falling apple?

Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire, the great French philosopher, historian, dramatist, and man of letters (1694-1778) is the one and only person responsible. To him goes the credit for recording for posterity the original account of Newton and the falling fruit. From his writing derive all variations of the incident which brought about Newton's law of gravitation.

In his published works, Voltaire's sensitive and sententious satire and caustic criticism got him into trouble from the beginning of his career, and he suffered durance vile twice in the Bastille. In 1726 he was released on condition he leave France, so he went to England where for the following three years he travelled about and observed, met and talked with all kinds of people, including the Quakers, lolled around London and environs, and otherwise occupied himself with writing his impressions of English social and political institutions. These he entitled *Lettres philosophiques sur les Anglais,* the manuscript of which was presently rendered into plain English by John Lockman, well-known London writer, biographer, linguist, and translator.

The first edition of Lockman's English version appeared in London under the title *Letters concerning the English Nation,* with the joint imprint of "C. Davis in Pater-Noster-Row, and A. Lyon in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden", octavo in size, on 288 pages on beautiful thick handmade laid paper; the year was 1733. This was the first appearance of the work in print in any language.

Not until the following year was the work published in France in its original French, and when that happened, the uproar was tempestuously terrific. By the time copies of the book had circulated among the French who could read, it became evident that the work was, in the guise of a criticism or rather panegyric of English mores, actually an attack on everything established in the church and state of France. On 10 June 1734 the authorities seized the unsold copies, condemned the work, had the public executioner burn all the books, issued a bench warrant for Voltaire's arrest, and searched his house.

The wily author, forewarned, was able to slip out of Paris unnoticed, and to make his way to Lorraine where he remained in seclusion for the next fifteen years.

Although Voltaire did not have the good fortune to meet Sir Isaac Newton, who died in 1727 at the age of eighty-five, he did get to talk with the scientist's favorite niece Catharine Barton, and she was the one who related to him the anecdote about the apple. Voltaire incorporated it into the manuscript of one of his *Lettres,* and when Lockman's translation was published in London, 1733, the world had the story for the first time in print. Here is Lockman's rendition from Voltaire's French manuscript:

> . . . he [Newton] defpair'd of ever being able to difcover, whether there is a fecret Principle in Nature which, at the fame Time, is the Caufe of the Motion of all celeftial Bodies, and that of Gravity on the Earth. But being retir'd in 1666, upon Account of the Plague, to a Solitude near *Cambridge;* as he was walking one Day in his Garden, and faw fome Fruits fall from a Tree, he fell into a profound Meditation on that Gravity, the Caufe of which had fo long been fought, but in vain, by all the Philofophers, whilft the Vulgar think there is nothing myfterious in it.

So this is the first published account that Newton "faw fome Fruits fall".

A couple of weeks ago, Syracuse University Library received as a gift a copy of the scarce and valuable London edition of 1733, in excellent condition with a contemporary panelled neat brown binding.

The book was presented by Mr. Warren E. Day, highly respected businessman and longtime distinguished citizen of Syracuse and New York who has been greatly interested and most helpful in the rare book program at the University. Mr. Day, an honored member of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University Library Associates, obtained it from the well-known rare book dealer: E. M. Lawson & Co., The Priory, Maney, Sutton Coldfield, England.

It is a pleasure to hold (*firmly*) and to handle (*carefully*) and to read (*thoroughly*) such a beautiful rare book as this one.

It is a *thorough* pleasure to have such a *firm* friend and *careful* benefactor as Mr. Warren E. Day.

It was Kipling all the Way

Ten attendants at the Kipling luncheon at Syracuse University Library Associates on 19 November last. From reader's left to right: H. Dunscomb Colt, Jr., John M. Crawford, Jr., Herbert T. F. Cahoon, Carl T. Naumburg, Gabriel Austin, John Fleming, Morton N. Cohen (Guest Speaker: "In Search for Rudyard Kipling"), David A. Fraser, Ralph Walker, and Chancellor William P. Tolley. Photograph by Mr. Frank Dudziak.

The Mayfield Library

THE collection of rare books and original manuscripts presented recently to Syracuse University by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Mayfield is in the process of being installed in specially-designed quarters adjacent to the Campus at 1004 East Adams Street over the University Branch of the Marine Midland Bank.

The shelves occupying 3,442 square feet of space are gradually being filled, and the cataloguing of the collection is progressing most satisfactorily under the daedalian eye of Mr. Thomas M. Whitehead.

It is expected that everything will be in final readiness to receive visitors and scholars sometime during the last week in May or by Commencement Week. Members of Library Associates are especially invited to visit this new and most attractive addition to the Library of Syracuse University.

Guilty or Not Guilty?

UNDOUBTEDLY there has been more written about the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln than about any other single incident connected with the War Between the States, 1861-5. Volumes and volumes relating to the infamous deed have been produced over the years.

For the past century, scholars and historians have picked over the events of the conspiracy plot and sifted every grain of fact and fiction until one would suspect that nothing is now left untold or unexplored. Yet thus far, one prominent person who figured in the nineteenth century's most dastardly crime has resisted delineation and definition.

Most knowledgeable people know of Samuel Alexander Mudd, the doctor who set the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth. Few know very much about him. And nobody has ever declared with authority whether or not Mudd actually conspired with Booth, and most important, whether the civilian Maryland doctor deserved the fate thrust upon him by a military tribunal. Was he guilty or innocent?

The recently published volume *The Union vs. Dr. Mudd,* by Hal Higdon seeks to answer this question and to rectify the deficiency.

(The publisher of this 236-page illustrated book is the Follett Publishing Company, 1000 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, 60607.)

Mr. Hidgon's book is the first full-length biographical treatment accorded the physician who opened his farmhouse door the night of 15 April 1865, to help a man with a fractured leg, and thus to immerse himself in a seething stream of the most tragic kind of human events possible. The injured man was Booth, and he had just fled Washington, D. C., after firing the shot which resulted in the death of the President. What followed for Dr. Mudd? Years of heartbreak and sorrow: a long drawn-out mockery of a trial, a sentence to life imprisonment at New York's Albany Penitentiary, and then the sudden change to incarceration on the "Devil's Island" of North America, in the desolate Dry Tortugas of the Florida archipelago.

Who was Dr. Mudd? What kind of a man was he? Had he ever been involved with John Wilkes Booth? Was he really the victim of unfortunate circumstances? Why was he not permitted to testify in his own defense? And if he was guilty, why was he not sent to the gallows with the four so-called conspirators who were hanged?

All the possible answers in this tragedy—which had its disgraceful counterpart later on in France with the case of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus—are worked out by Mr. Higdon in his thoroughly researched volume. The letters Mudd wrote to his wife from his prison cell shed light on the kind of man he really was. For the first time the stories are given in detail of Mudd's strange prison companions, Samuel Bland Arnold, Henry Kelly, and the fantastic Englishman, Col. George St. Leger Grenfell. For the first time, the character of Dr. Mudd, his virtues as well as his faults, are carefully revealed and minutely examined, as well as his amazing heroism when the dread yellow fever swept through the Fort Jefferson prison cellblocks, and he became once more the dedicated physician-healer, and distinguished himself by his professional behavior during the panic. (In October 1959, President Dwight D. Eisenhower authorized the placing of a bronze plaque in the fort, commemorating Dr. Mudd's heroism.)

From the moment of the fatal tapping on the farmhouse door that terrible night to the day that President Andrew Johnson signed Dr. Mudd's pardon, suspense and pathetic drama throb and gyrate through every page of Mr. Higdon's narrative. In the one hundred years since these events occurred, no one has ever presented the full account as it has been unearthed by Mr. Higdon, who here readily proves himself an energetic and enthusiastic researcher and writer.

In a recent letter to the Editor of *The Courier,* Dr. Richard D.

Mudd of Saginaw, Michigan, grandson of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, wrote about Mr. Higdon's book in the following words:

> Hal Higdon's account of the relationship of my grandfather to the Lincoln assassination is the best I have ever seen. He has endeavored to give both sides of the story—Dr. Mudd's and the Government's—and has stated the facts fairly and quite completely.
>
> I have lived with the story of the Lincoln assassination since I was old enough to know its significance, and I have never had reason to believe that my grandfather had any information that the assassination of Lincoln was planned. I don't believe that Dr. Mudd recognized Booth, though we may never know the answer to this and many other questions.
>
> If there had been a Warren-Commission-type investigation of the Lincoln assassination, many of the problems of that terrible incident would not be so confusing. Secretary Stanton and President Andrew Johnson seemed to feel that the military trial would bring out the facts. It is my belief however that Stanton *knew* that the military trial would *not* bring out the facts. He knew the prisoners could not testify for themselves, and he wanted it that way.
>
> Mr. Higdon's book fills an important need because it brings out the danger to our citizens from the type of management of the Lincoln assassination (or lack of it, rather) and military trials of civilians.

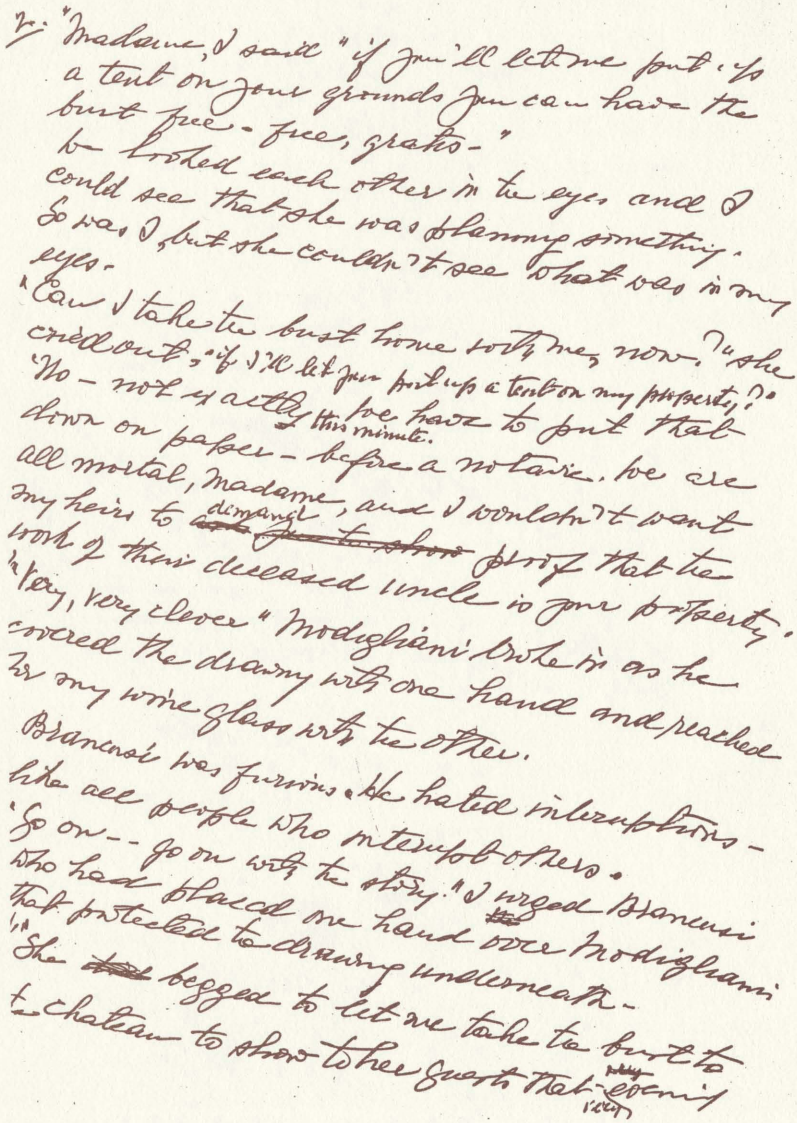
(Editor's Note: As recently as 1956 American military courts were still trying civilians in criminal cases. Mrs. Dorothy Kreuger Smith and Mrs. Clarice B. Covert were tried by courts martial, convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment.)

Authenticating My Portrait By Modigliani

By Konrad Bercovici

"Mr. Wheeler is on the phone," my daughter said to me one morning.

It was Monroe Wheeler, Director of New York's Museum of Modern Art, who wanted to see me on a matter of importance.



Reduced reproduction of a page of Konrad Bercovici's story "Authenticating My Portrait By Modigliani". From the original manuscript in the Library of Syracuse University.

"Come up to the apartment," I suggested. Half an hour later we revived a friendship of long standing before I listened to his story.

While in Paris, recently, on museum business, he had acquired a sketch of a young man by Modigliani. What had puzzled him was not the authenticity of the work but the face of the model. He was certain he had seen that face before, but could not recall when or where.

Jacques Lipshitz, the well-known Polish-French sculptor, to whom he had shown the Modigliani, had one look at it and said: "I know. It is a portrait of Konrad Bercovici," and then Monroe Wheeler remembered where he had seen that face.

My daughter, Mirel, (herself a true artist) and I went to Mr. Wheeler's apartment to look at the drawing. It was indeed of me. Looking at it I recalled in the most minute detail the circumstances in which it was made so many years ago in Paris, in the "tent" of Constantin Brancusi.

At the turn of the century there lived in Paris a fashionable portrait painter named Steinheil and his beautiful wife who had been his and other artists' model.

Besides being an artist Steinheil was also an astute art collector, and through this had become wealthy enough to buy an old chateau set on an enormous piece of land in the "Picpus" quarter close to one of the gates of Paris.

Twice a month Madame and Monsieur Steinheil entertained the several aristocracies of La Vie Parisienne—banking, political, intellectual and artistic. And many a reputation and fortune had its start in the course of a Steinheil soiree.

On such nights the chateau was ablaze with light, while inside some celebrated Gypsy band played the Strauss and Waldteufel waltzes then in vogue. The works of a new poet were recited, a new painter shown, or an original dancer launched. Monsieur Felix Faure, the President of France, was a frequent guest at the Steinheil soirees and it was no secret that he was one of Madame's greatest admirers.

A few years after the Steinheils had taken possession of the "Picpus" chateau and its landscaped gardens, the President, after one of these receptions, died in a bed at the chateau. His body was clothed, removed secretly, and brought back in a fiacre before dawn to the President's residence. There he lay in state and was soon given a funeral with all the pomp and fanfare due to the President of a great country.

But shortly after the funeral the secret was out—and there was food for satire in the streets of Paris, as well as cafes and cabarets

where comedians such as Aristide Bruant, Xavier Privas, Montehus and others held nothing sacred.

The reputation of Madame Steinheil underwent a drastic change and the famous salon was deserted—for a while. But the beautiful Madame Steinheil had no intention of retiring from the field. The famous soirees were continued regardless, and slowly some of the old guard returned, and new faces took the place of the others.

Less than a decade later Madame Steinheil became the center of one of the most celebrated murder trials of the century—but that is another story.

While Madame Steinheil was on her way to reestablishing her position and salon, Constantin Brancusi, himself struggling upward, came to her attention. After that nothing would do but that he immortalize her in marble or stone. She posed for him in his studio overlooking the Seine River on the Quai de Bourgogne facing the Louvre across the water.

Brancusi and I were both natives of Roumania and, like most foreigners in those days, flocked together in Left Bank studios and cafes. Brancusi, "Costaki" as I called him, often shared bread and an occasional bottle of wine with us, while he worked in the atelier of an established Italian sculptor. However, before we left Paris, Brancusi had begun to make his mark. He had his own studio which, beside being his workroom, was also his bedroom, kitchen, and living room. There he could—and did—shelter and feed many a countryman. "Flight" [also known as "Bird in Space"] had made him famous, a world figure, when he came to see me again, many years later, on his first visit to New York.

There he fell in love with my wife's painting and her sculpture. At the boat that was to take him back to Paris he said to her "Remember, Naomi, the minute you arrive in Paris you come to my tent"; and to me he said "You can do me a favor—"

"Yes?"

Costaki blinked one little eye and laughed, as he moved away, then called back at the top of his voice, "You can die, meanwhile. Then I could marry Naomi and we'll all be happy."

Brancusi was the most sensitive person in his work, but somewhat coarse in speech. He was a slightly built man with a large head and two small black eyes set close together that were forever dancing and blinking. He occasionally told the worst stories about himself—stories to show how clever he was in business, when as a matter of fact agents "duckered" him out of half his earnings.

On our next visit to Paris, after a lapse of some years, Naomi said

to me as we were unpacking our things in a room of a hotel on the Left Bank:

"I sent Costaki a message while you talked to the concierge downstairs. I am dying to see the "tent" of which he talked so much."

"It could have waited, couldn't it?"

"No; I am curious," and as she caught my side glance, she added "Curious to see his work, his place, and him. Funny Costaki, with his dancing 'precupetz' eyes."

"I'll blacken those eyes if he asks me again to do him the favor of dying, so he could marry you," I said, only half in fun.

We were still unpacking when the door swung open and a huge porter of the hotel came to attention as he bellowed: "Son Altesse Prince Constantin Brancusi." The next moment Bransuci appeared in a long black cape lined in red, and sweeping a wide-brimmed hat, he bowed from the waist and came down on one knee to the floor at Naomi's feet.

"Crazy Costaki," Naomi laughed, raising him up by the collar.

We shook hands and hugged while Costaki let out a long stream of information about how many people, Princes, Counts, Ambassadors and other celebrities, "tout Paris, quoi" were expecting us at his "tent."

"Car and chauffeur outside, please, let's not keep the guests waiting," he urged.

I didn't believe a word he said—and I was right. But when we got to his "tent", inside the Steinheil grounds, I opened my eyes wide.

Brancusi's "tent" was a square of blocks of granite and marble, set one on top of the other, eighteen feet high and sixty feet long, with a canvas roof fluttering over it, like a ship's sail in the wind. Inside it were several settees of stone, a large table and benches also of stone, a cooking stove, a platform for models, a forge, several anvils on square blocks, and some twenty pieces of sculpture, in bronze, white marble, nickel, silver, and steel on low and high pedestals of Brancusi's own make.

The stone blocks in the wall were not cemented to each other but fitted so neatly there wasn't a ray of light coming between them. Instead of windows there were openings in the stone walls, high, low, here, there, and so arranged that each one could be covered altogether or half, by a half-inch-thick sheet of glass gliding on rollers.

"It's a tent?" Brancusi laughed, pointing overhead at the canvas roof. "The Judge agreed it was a tent. The stones of the walls are not cemented and the roof is a canvas. The whole thing can be moved away—in fifteen years from now," Costaki grinned and blinked one

eye, like a Gypsy horse-trader telling how he had put one over on a "gajo," who thought he was fooling him.

Except for a young man, pale and poetic looking, who was stirring the soup in a pot with a long wooden handle, there was nobody else in the "tent." "Amadeo Modigliani," Brancusi introduced him, "a very good and original painter, but so impractical he won't have a copper piece to pay to Saint Peter at the Gates of Paradise. But by that time the Americans will pay millions for the imitations of his work."

Amadeo Modigliani dismissed the praise and the comment with a grin and a gesture and hid his face by turning it away from us.

The lunch was wonderful—as it always was when Costaki was the cook. He was forever boasting of his cooking, but almost never of his work. He let that speak for itself. He had even written, and had published at his own expense, a cook book.

During lunch Brancusi sat across the table from Naomi. Modigliani and I faced each other. His face was sensitive, beautiful, but ravaged. For a few moments he looked at me, smiling, then his intense brown eyes fixed me, while he reached with his left hand into his coat pocket for pad and pencil and began to draw my head while using his pencil with the delicacy of a jeweler setting a priceless ruby into a bracelet.

He was still at work when Costaki and Naomi left the table together to look at some of his work. They stopped at a bronze piece and Naomi began to caress the surface with her long fingers and the flat of her hand, lingering, as they probed the subtly changing surfaces of the highly polished metal.

The next instant Brancusi was on his knees imploring her to caress his face and not that of the metal. Laughing, but angry, Naomi left him on his knees and came back to sit at the table and caught a glimpse of Modigliani's drawing.

Brancusi rose and went to the forge, picked up one of the hammers that stood, handle in the air, beside the anvil and began to pull the rope of the bellows to revive the smouldering fire under the ashes.

"Come over here, you clever 'pretupetz' ", Naomi called to him to cut the embarrassment, "Come over here and tell us how you made the notorious Madame Steinheil let you put up this 'tent' of yours on the grounds of her chateau."

Brancusi let go of the handle of the bellows, came to the table as if nothing had happened, and began to tell the story as he poured wine from the bottle into each glass; but not Modigliani's. "You have had enough," he said to the painter, who shrugged.

"Madame had been sitting for a bust in granite at my studio on the Quai de Bourgogne. But at that time her invitations, once eagerly sought, were often left unanswered, even by people who would have given their right hand to be on her guest list—before the President died. She liked the bust I made of her, but didn't want to pay for it. Of course I knew that many an artist had enriched the Steinheil collection and fortune, to have their works launched. But I wasn't one to give my work for nothing to anybody.

"Not then, not now, not ever.

"After it was finished she came back again and again to look at it, alone or with others, and every time she asked, really pleaded, to let her take 'her' bust home. I don't believe she had ever paid for a work of art in her life. Finally she went so far as to say I could choose from any of the things she had in exchange for the bust."

"She must have thought you were the President of Roumania," Modigliani put in, without raising his eyes from his drawing pad.

Brancusi glared at him but went on:

"One afternoon she came with a lady friend to show her the bust and was more insistent—almost demanding—that I let her take it home. But still not a word about payment. 'Madame,' I said to her, 'do you know how much rent I pay for this studio?' "

" 'I never thought studios in this Quartier were expensive,' she remarked. 'Why don't you put up a tent somewhere instead of paying high rent? You have lived in tents before, haven't you?'

"I didn't like the insolent tone in which she gave this advice. Didn't like it is hardly what I mean—but the mention of the word 'tent' gave me a wild idea.

" 'Madame,' I said 'if you'll let me put up a tent on your grounds, you can have the bust free, free, gratis—'

"We looked each other in the eyes, and I could see that she was planning something. So was I, but she couldn't read my thoughts.

" 'Can I take the bust home with me now?' she cried out, 'if I let you put up a tent on my property?'

"No, not exactly this minute. We have to put that down on paper before a notary. We are all mortal, Madame, and I would not want my heirs to demand proof that the work of their deceased uncle is your property.' "

"Very, very clever" Modigliani broke in, as he covered the drawing with one hand and took my wine glass with the other.

Brancusi was furious. He hated interruptions—like all people who interrupt others, and reached for the drawing under Modigliani's protecting hand.

"Go on with the story," I urged.

Grumbling, Brancusi reluctantly withdrew his hand, then went on:

"She begged me to let her take the bust to the chateau to show her guests that very evening, promising to sign the papers about the tent the following day. But I was adamant. When she had become too insistent, really arrogant, I reminded her, very pointedly, that surely Madame ought to know that death strikes in unexpected times—and places.

"We signed the papers before a notary public a few days later. She was to get my bust in perpetuity in exchange for giving me permission to put up a 'tent,' of such and such proportions, on her property. And here it is—a tent. It took me three years to assemble all the blocks of stone for the walls. I bought them from wreckers who were demolishing old castles and stone bridges over the Marne, the Seine, and the Dordogne. By that time Madame was livid with fury and took me to court. I don't know what the Judge would have decided had Madame still had her protector—or protectors. But the verdict read that, since the stones of the wall are not cemented, and the roof is of canvas, the place is legally a tent."

"Bravo!" Naomi called out, hugging Costika.

"I'll tell the story again for another hug," Brancusi laughed.

"Very, very shrewd!" Modigliani said, rising.

"May I see what you did?" I asked, putting out my hand.

Modigliani let me have a quick look at it, but when Brancusi wanted to see it he put the pad back into his pocket.

"Why don't you buy it from him?" Brancusi advised.

"Willingly," I replied.

"*Very* willing," Naomi added.

"Not this time," Amadeo Modigliani said, "I want to use it for an oil portrait." Then he added "Very clever, your friend, isn't he? Let me tell you the end of the story. Five years later Madame sold the Constantin Brancusi bust to an American for fifty thousand dollars. Brancusi could have bought the chateau and all its dependencies for less money than she got for the bust. Bon soir, Madame et Monsieur."

What Modigliani said about Brancusi's work was true, but it was not the end of the story; for it never fetched as much money as some of the Modigliani paintings five years after his death. I am certain that in all his life Amadeo Modigliani, for work now extant in great museums all over the world, did not receive as much as Monroe Wheeler paid to acquire that one drawing of me.

Modigliani's Sketch of Konrad Bercovici
Reproduced by special permission of Mr. Monroe Wheeler, from the original drawing in his private collection.

[Editor's Note: The publication here of this piece by Konrad Bercovici, the noted novelist and short story writer (1882-1961), is its first appearance in print. It was transcribed from the original autograph manuscript in the Bercovici Collection in Syracuse University Library. See *The Courier,* No. 21, for an account of the gift of this collection by Konrad Bercovici's two daughters, Misses Rada Bercovici and Mirel Bercovici (Abbott) of New York City. Miss Mirana Bercovici Abbott, the latter's daughter, is an attractive, popular, and outstanding student in the College of Liberal Arts of the University.]

To Stephencraneites

A choice little Stephen Crane item, quite worthy of preservation, appeared on the campus a few months ago in the *Daily Orange,* 12 November 1965, the newspaper published by the students of Syracuse University.

Mention of it is here made for the benefit of reference librarians and Stephen Crane scholars and collectors, since it is probably going to be impossible for anyone to obtain a free unbound copy at this late date.

The full-page, illustrated, unsigned presentation is entitled "Stephen Crane at Syracuse", and is the joint-work of two talented young Liberal Arts students, Miss Carol Thorp of Weymouth, Massachusetts, and Miss Christine Baker of Swansea, Mass.

This essay is interesting, informative, and accurate, thoroughly researched and splendidly written, and answers many questions about Crane's career as an erewhile student at Syracuse University. This unique item certainly deserves a place in all Crane collections and bibliographies.

(*Note:* Oh, yes, the Editor of *The Courier* grabbed off a handful of copies of this particular number of the campus newspaper, but he is not about to let any go unless it be to someone who wants to donate a book of equal value to the Library in exchange for one of the copies of the *Daily Orange* he has stashed away.)

On 19 November last the members of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University Library Associates (and some guests) held their first meeting in The Mayfield Library, installation of which is nearing completion. Seated, reader's left to right: Warren N. Boes, Miss Mary H. Marshall, Warren E. Day, Ralph Walker, Mrs. Leland W. Singer, and Mrs. William C. Blanding. Standing, reader's left to right: Frank P. Piskor, Mrs. Lyman J. Spire, David A. Fraser, Francis A. Wingate, John S. Mayfield, Chester Soling, Herbert G. Scherer, Donald T. Pomeroy, W. Carroll Coyne, and Frank C. Love. The oil painting on the wall is a portrait of Sidney Lanier, American poet, 1842-81. On the table in the foreground are small scale models of the new Syracuse University Library building and environs. Photograph by Mr. Frank Dudziak.

Burrs

THE Editor of *The Courier* ever so often meets somebody who declares that he is a *direct* descendant of Aaron Burr, American political leader, a Senator from New York, and third Vice-President of the United States. Here are some facts to bear in mind:

Col. and Mrs. Aaron Burr were the parents of four children. Only Theodosia lived to become an adult. She married Joseph Alston, later Governor of South Carolina, and they had one son, Aaron Burr Alston, who died at the age of ten years. Aaron Columbus Burr (Col. Burr's illegitimate son) had only one child who lived to become an adult. He was Aaron Hippolite Burr, and he never married.

For authentication of these statements or more information, one may write: Dr. Samuel Engle Burr, Jr., President of the Aaron Burr Association, 6400 Dahlonega Road, Mohican Hills, Washington, D. C., 20016. Dr. Burr is also a member of Syracuse University Library Associates.

Syracuse University Library has some early and rare books about Aaron Burr (including the scarce work by Walter Flavius McCaleb—a member of Syracuse University Library Associates—entitled *The Aaron Burr Conspiracy,* New York, 1903; Dr. McCaleb's later *New Light on Aaron Burr,* Austin, Texas, 1963; the very rare two-volume private printing of *The Private Journal of Aaron Burr,* Rochester, New York, 1903, limited to 250 numbered sets; and other such *Burrana*), but there is room for more, and should there be any readers of *The Courier* who would like to augment the holdings in the Burr section, it would be appreciated if they would call or write the Editor regarding the books they would like to present to the Library. There may be some such books up in the attic or down in the basement or out in the barn, doing no one any good and taking up space which might be otherwise beneficially utilized.

In his own right, Aaron Burr deserves to be collected, read, and studied.

Ravenous Curse

THE latest intelligence from The Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D. C., carried this superb bit:

> Book borrowers who never return a volume, not to mention outright thieves, have plagued collectors since books

were books. Owners have called down sundry curses upon their heads, with such success as we know not. But we have come upon a grim warning in an old history of the doges of Venice, published in 1574, which we pass on for the benefit of any collector who cannot invent a curse of his own. In an early hand, some previous owner had written in the back of this volume: "Qui rapit hunc librum, rapient sua viscera corvi", which can be translated for unLatined thieves: "Who ever snatches this book, let the ravens snatch his guts."

The Best Indoor Game

WHILE rummaging around in a cubbyhole under the backstairs the other day, the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books of Syracuse University uncovered three baker's dozen copies of *The Best Indoor Game,* a souvenir brochure by the late Adrian Van Sinderen, which was the very interesting address he delivered on the campus on 8 May 1956, and which has been read and enjoyed by all those fortunate to own or see a copy.

The booklet was beautifully manufactured by Book Craftsmen Associates, Inc., of New York City, carries a fine little woodcut by the talented artist John DePol, and is illustrated by reproductions of the most appropriate appurtenances to the best indoor game.

The Editor of *The Courier* now has these copies, and is holding them for the first thirty-eight members in good standing of Library Associates who write today to request a complimentary copy.

Tomorrow they may all be gone.

A Progress Report

A few biographical and analytical books about Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, American dramatist (1888-1953), have been published in recent years, but the one most solidly grounded in documentation and primary research is presently in the works.

In the course of more than seven years of research, Mr. Louis Sheaffer of Brooklyn Heights, New York, has uncovered considerable

information and material regarding nearly every period of O'Neill's life that hitherto has been untapped for publication. Two Guggenheim Fellowships and two grants-in-aid from the American Council of Learned Societies attest to the quality of Mr. Sheaffer's spadework for a biographical and critical study of the dramatist.

The Editor of *The Courier* has learned that Mr. Sheaffer has written nearly half his book and expects to finish it by the middle of this year.

Despite everything that has been written about the greatest of American playwrights, both during his lifetime and since his death in 1953, O'Neill remains something of an enigma. It is confidently expected that Mr. Sheaffer, in a book representing nearly ten years of work, will throw new light on the elusive Irish-American dramatist.

Smith

DOES anyone know who Francis Hopkinson Smith was? Better known as F. Hopkinson Smith, he has a rightful place in American Art and Literature. Does anyone read his writings nowadays? Does anyone collect his books?

Syracuse University Library is interested in supplementing its collection with copies of the first and scarce editions of this now apparently forgotten American Man of Letters.

Are there any readers of *The Courier* or members of Library Associates who have copies or duplicates of Smith's books they would like to present to Syracuse University? If so, please write or call the Editor of *The Courier.*

Smith should not be oblivionated. His books are enjoyable to read, he was a fine fellow, and he wore his handsome moustachios with justified pride and dignity.

The Image of Robert Frost

IN *Parade,* a Sunday newspaper magazine, Mr. Walter Scott conducts a section entitled "Personality Parade", consisting of questions sent in by people who want "to learn the truth about prominent person-

alities" here and abroad. For the most part, the answers are just about as silly as the questions. Examples: Question: "Is actor Rod Cameron married to his mother-in-law?" Answer: "To his former mother-in-law." Question: "I understand that Konrad Adenauer of West Germany is the tightest man in his country. What about it?" Answer: "Adenauer is notoriously thrifty."

In a recent issue of *Parade,* Mr. Scott included this question from Frank Lewin of New York City: "The image of the late Robert Frost, the poet, was that of the kind, wise, humorous, gentle, friendly sage. I understand that the truth is just the opposite—that he was a mean, grasping, ambitious man. What is the truth?"

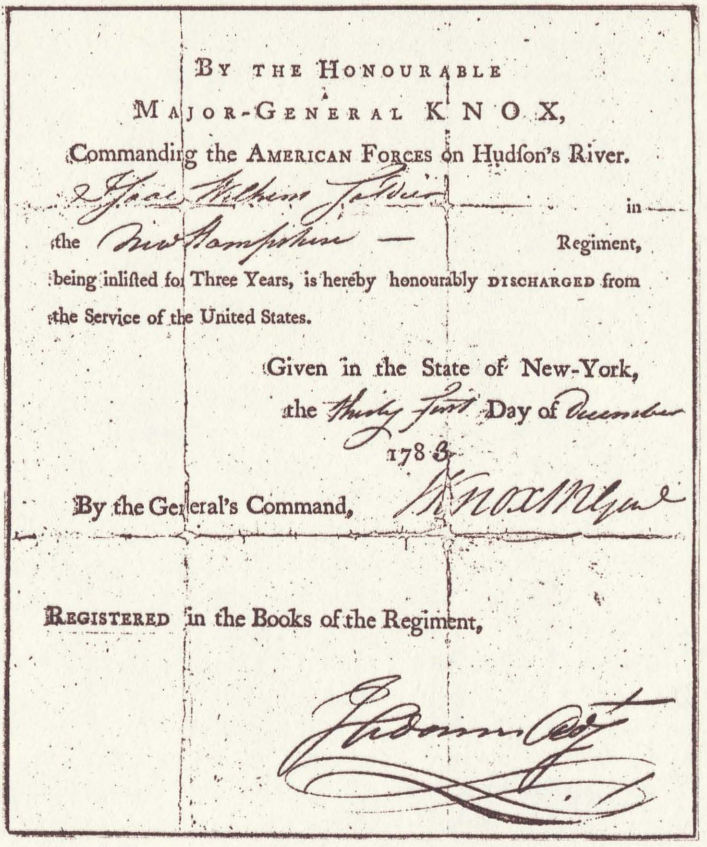
Mr. Scott, who knows all, answered in these words: "The public image is not exactly truthful, but Frost was not mean. His younger sister Jeanie went insane. His son Carol committed suicide. His wife died 25 years before he did. As a young man Frost knew poverty, loneliness, disappointment and depression. Toward the end of his life he showed great strength of character in the philosophical acceptance of misfortune. He set about deliberately to build the public image he died with—the wise, warm poet—and with an assist from President Kennedy he succeeded."

The Editor of *The Courier* cannot let this go unchallenged, and suggests that Mr. Lewin's question was in exceedingly bad taste, and that Mr. Scott's so-called reply was unjustified and baseless.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer, noted poet, editor, and anthologist, one of the greatest friends of Robert Frost, and the recipient of the correspondence published under the title: *The Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1963), read the above piece in draft form, and wrote the Editor of *The Courier* as follows:

"I'm afraid that I can't agree with you that Mr. Scott's reply was 'unjustified and baseless.' As a matter of fact his list of Frost's griefs and tragedies could have been considerably extended. Its last sentence is the only inaccurate one. Frost never 'set about deliberately' to build any kind of image, let alone a public image. The image was shaped by the public and, like most images, it was a combination of a living person and a legend."

Thank you, Mr. Untermeyer.



BY THE HONOURABLE
MAJOR-GENERAL KNOX,
Commanding the AMERICAN FORCES on Hudson's River.

Isaac Wilkins Jr. in
the New Hampshire Regiment,
being inlisted for Three Years, is hereby honourably DISCHARGED from
the Service of the United States.

Given in the State of New-York,
the thirty first Day of December
1783.

By the General's Command, Knox Majr

REGISTERED in the Books of the Regiment,

A New Year's Present for Isaac Wilkins

Presented here is a reduced reproduction of the original document signed by the great Revolutionary War hero, General Henry Knox which was recently presented to the Library (along with a lot of other valuable and interesting memorabilia) by Dr. Oscar Theodore Barck, Professor of History on the Faculty of Syracuse University. This was the honorable discharge paper issued to Isaac Wilkins in the New Hampshire Regiment on 31 December 1783, while General Knox was Commandant at West Point, 1782-4. Knox fought at the Battles of Bunker Hill, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and Yorktown, participated in other sieges and military actions, was Senior Officer of the Army following Washington's retirement, and was Secretary of War from 1785 until 1794. He started out in life as a bookseller, and was the only member of that noble profession ever to become a General in the American Army. Whatever happened to Isaac Wilkins?

Michel Licht

MICHEL Licht, who emigrated to the United States from Russia in 1913, at the age of twenty, held a unique position among the Yiddish poets in this country. He followed the American avant-garde literary movement of the Twenties with a passionate interest, attempting to incorporate some of its innovations into Yiddish writing. His numerous translations from other literatures into the Yiddish included poems of Thomas Stearns Eliot and Marianne Craig Moore, and James Branch Cabell's novel *Jurgen*. Michel Licht also wrote in English, and the poem printed here is his own translation of one of his best Yiddish sentimental lyrics written in the folk manner.

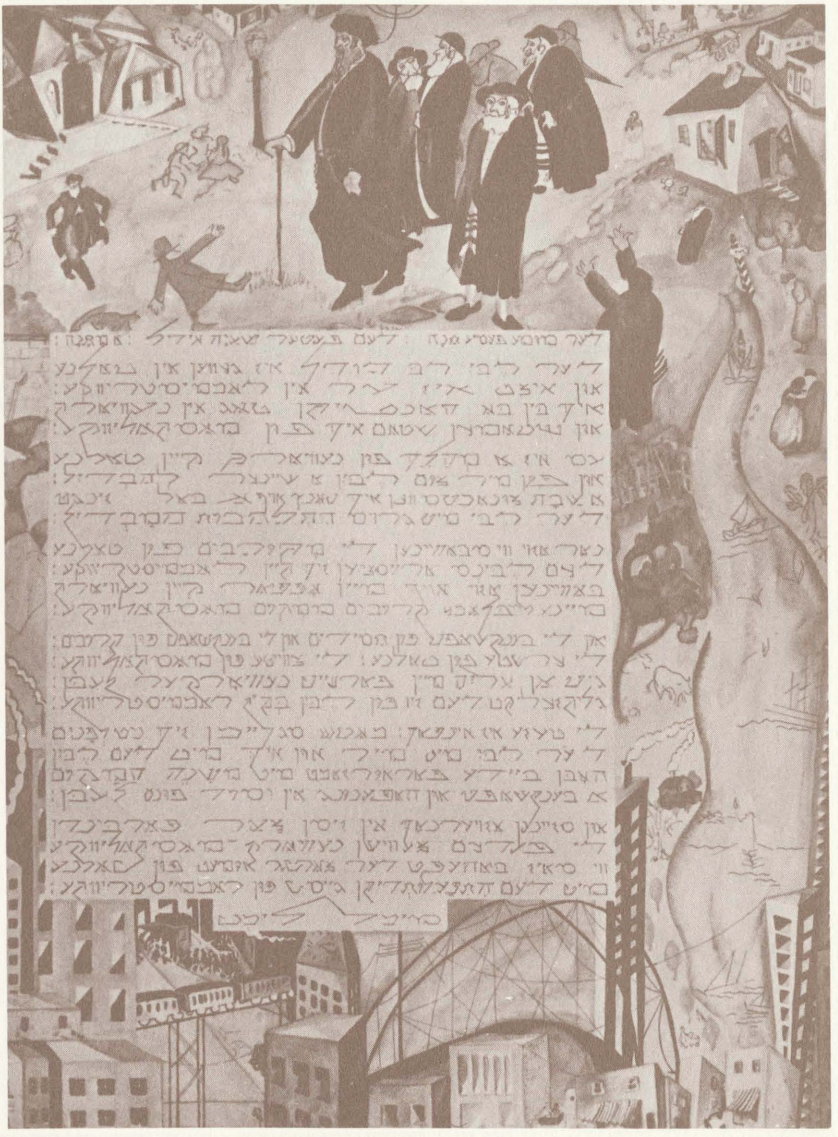
Following her husband's death in 1953, Mrs. Licht, an accomplished artist and sculptress in her own right, donated to Syracuse University a rich portion of Michel Licht's extensive library of books, music, original letters and manuscripts, and files of avant-garde periodicals and publications. See *The Courier,* No. 20. Recently Mrs. Licht supplemented her gift by presenting a number of the original engraved plates used in the production of some of her husband's publications.

On a Hasidic Theme

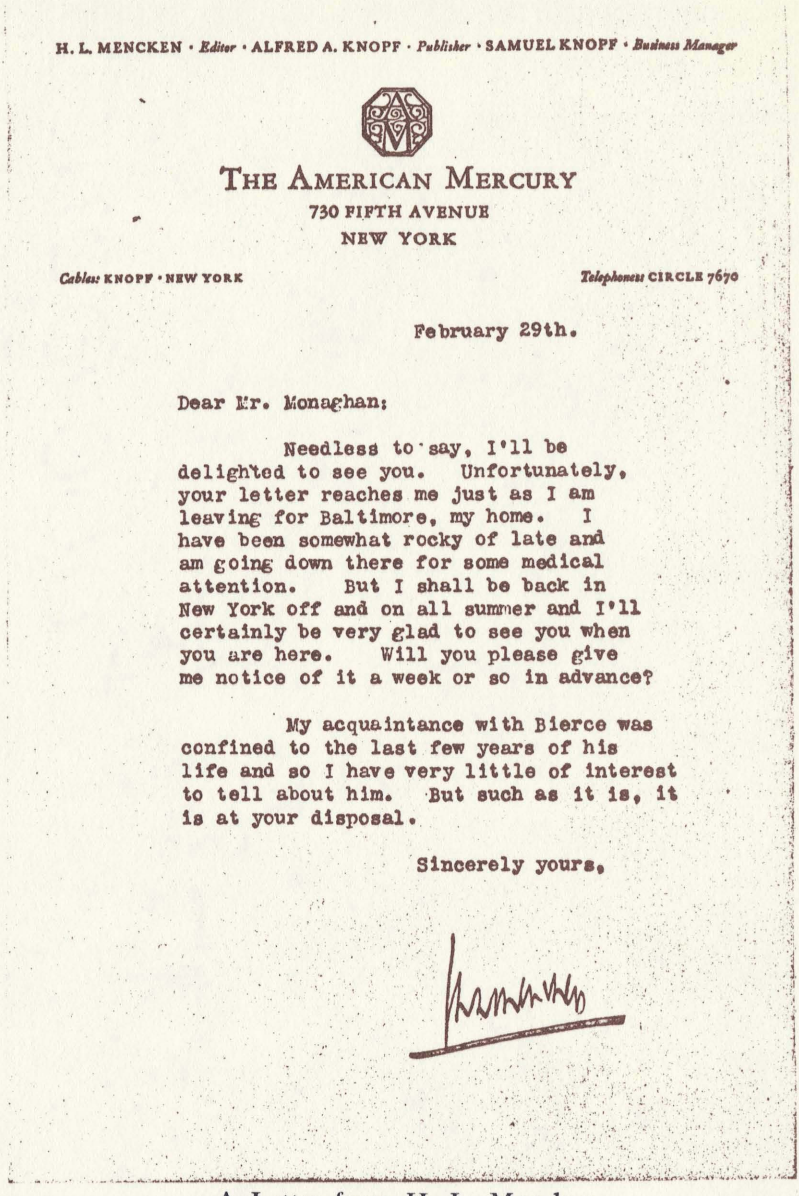
By Michel Licht

For my Aunt Pesye-Chana and my Uncle Shaye-Yidl

THE Rebbe Reb Dovidl dwelt in Talne,
Now he abides in Rachmistrivke.
Currently I reside in New York
Although I hail from Moskalivke.
It's quite a distance from New York to Talne
'Twixt the Rebbe and me—a remoteness more immense:
Whilst I revel in profane dancing and singing
He rejoices in God with ritual chant and dance.
And as the devout retinue at Talne
Bewails his leaving for Rachmistrivke
So too bemoan my departure for New York
My desolate kin in Moskalivke.
And the pining of kinsfolk, the lament of Hasidim,
The longing of Talne and Moskalivke,
Redeems my vain New York existence,
Exults Reb Dovidl in Rachmistrivke.
And though it were blasphemous to compare
Our Fates' diversely chartered courses,
The mere change of abodes has caused the commingling
Of longing and hope at Life's very sources.
And thus are in sweet sorrow joined
The heartbeats 'tween New York and Moskalivke
As the tender anguish of Talne is entwined with
The jubilant spirit of Rachmistrivke.



Evelyn M. Licht's Illuminated Manuscript (India ink and watercolors) of her husband's poem "On a Hasidic Theme." *From the Original in the Licht Collection at Syracuse University Library.*



H. L. MENCKEN · *Editor* · ALFRED A. KNOPF · *Publisher* · SAMUEL KNOPF · *Business Manager*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Cables: KNOPF · NEW YORK *Telephones:* CIRCLE 7670

February 29th.

Dear Mr. Monaghan:

Needless to say, I'll be delighted to see you. Unfortunately, your letter reaches me just as I am leaving for Baltimore, my home. I have been somewhat rocky of late and am going down there for some medical attention. But I shall be back in New York off and on all summer and I'll certainly be very glad to see you when you are here. Will you please give me notice of it a week or so in advance?

My acquaintance with Bierce was confined to the last few years of his life and so I have very little of interest to tell about him. But such as it is, it is at your disposal.

Sincerely yours,

A Letter from H. L. Mencken

To Dr. Frank Monaghan, 29 February 1928, who was then collecting material about the American author, Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914?). From the Bierce Papers recently presented by Dr. Monaghan to Syracus University Library.

Adam and Eve Wore Breeches

By T. D. MacGregor,

Syracuse University Class of 1902

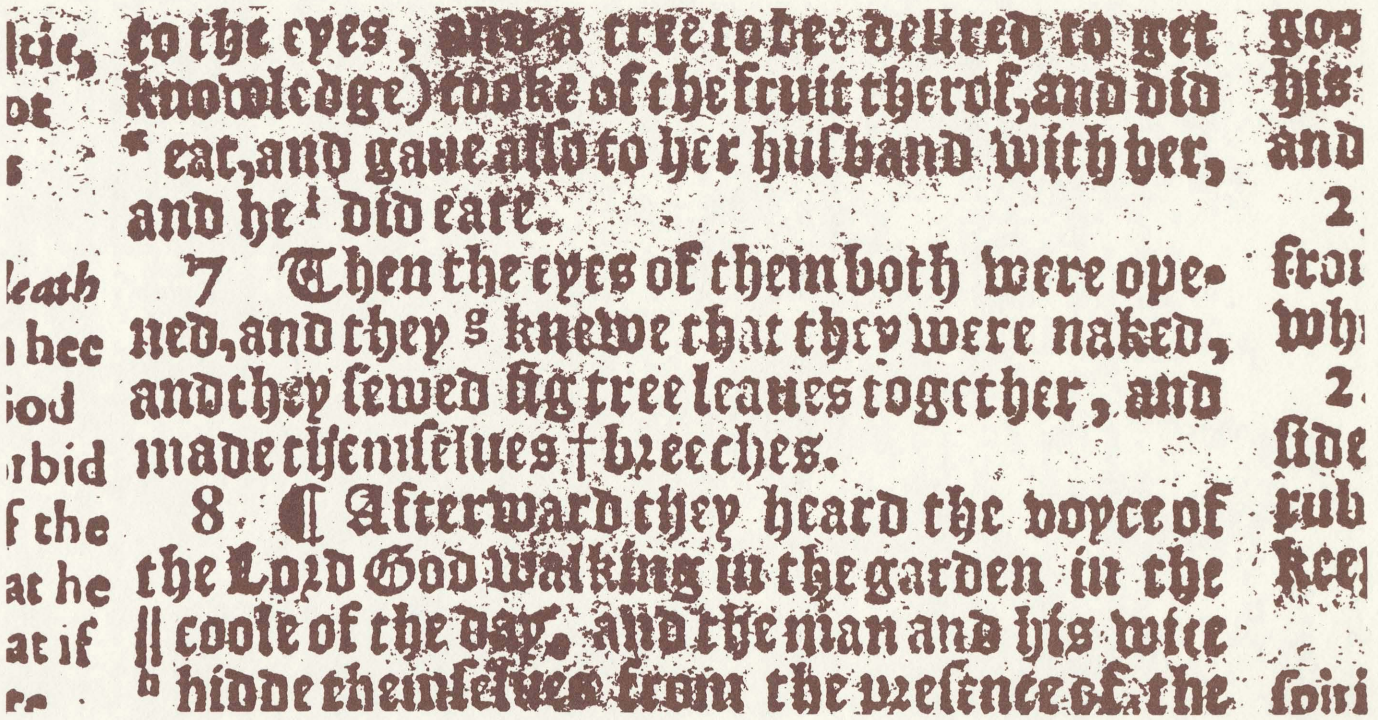
Editor's Note: In 1903, Mr. MacGregor wrote an article for the New York *Herald* about a copy of an old Bible owned by his father at that time. Later, when it came into his possession, Mr. MacGregor presented it to the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room of Syracuse University where it is presently preserved. In the Winter 1965 issue of *York State Tradition,* Saranac, New York, the 1903 *Herald* article was republished, and the following is a reprint of the piece as it appeared in the Saranac periodical.

A two-volume Bible, 289 years old, has a place of honor in the library of a country clergyman in Northern New York. In addition to its great age, the Bible has a peculiarity which gives it unusual value. It is a Genevan, or "Breeches", Bible, in which Genesis 3:7 reads:

"Then the eyes of them both were opened and they knewe that they were naked, and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

This venerable Bible is owned by the Reverend Duncan MacGregor, pastor of the Congregational Church at Antwerp, Jefferson County, New York. Mr. MacGregor was born in Helensburgh, Scotland, and came to America a good many years ago. With the immigration of its owner, the ancient Bible, which has shed God's light on generations of readers in four centuries, was brought to this country among the lares and penates of the household. It is still treasured as an heirloom in the family.

This Bible was already old when Charles I was beheaded. Perhaps some of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides derived spiritual sustenance from these pages while fighting for the Commonwealth. Possibly the great Protector on the day that he entered the Parliament House and said to the custodian of the mace, "Take away that bauble", had read from this very New Testament the words of St. Paul: "When I became a man, I put away childish things." The Pilgrims had not yet landed on the bleak shores of New England; the English had barely secured a foothold at Jamestown when this Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, "the whole Booke of Psalms, Collected into English Meeter", and the "Two right profitable and fruitfull



to the eyes, and a tree to bee desired to get
knowledge) tooke of the fruit thereof, and did
eat, and gaue also to her husband with her,
and he did eate.
7 Then the eyes of them both were ope-
ned, and they knewe that they were naked,
and they sewed fig tree leaues together, and
made themselues breeches.
8 ¶ Afterward they heard the voyce of
the Lord God walking in the garden in the
coole of the day, and the man and his wife
hidde themselues from the presence of the

Adam and Eve Wore Breeches

Genesis 3:7 in the 1615 Bible Presented to Syracuse University Library by T. D. MacGregor of the Class of 1902.

Concordances" were "Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie." The changes among the nations of the earth since this Bible came from the press of the printer of James I in 1615 have been vast, the advancement in arts and sciences stupendous, but the old book is read yet.

The volumes are seven by ten inches and two inches thick. They are bound in leather, well preservd, and practically all the pages are intact. The Old English type is clear but the spelling and language seem quaint to modern eyes. The preface to the concordance begins thus:

"Good Christian Reader, because thou mayest enjoy and reape the profite of these two Alphabets of Directions unto Commonplaces hereafter following which I have in maner and ample Index collected, digester, and caused to be imprinted for thy commodities, I thought it not amiss to advertise thee somewhat touching the principall contents, use and commodities of them."

Several years ago, when consulted about this book, the late Reverend Dr. Henry M. Dexter, an authority, pronounced it a specimen of the last quarto edition of the Geneva Bible that was printed in London. He also said, "It is a very curious fact, in regard to this name of the 'Breeches' Bible, that in 1530 in Antwerp, Belgium, a French edition, translated by Jacques Feure d'Estaples, was printed, which rendered the latter part of Genesis 3:7 as follows: "Ils consirent ensemble des feuilles de figuier, et firent pour eux des braises.' Whether years later, the Geneva scholars took their translation from this I do not know."

The Authorship of Barrack Room Ballads

By Lord Dunsany

[Editor's Note: During the recent Kipling activities on the Campus of Syracuse University, there were exhibitions, luncheons, meetings, most interesting programs, and other events to commemorate the centennial of the birth of the great poet-novelist. Had it been possible to have a spot on one of the programs for Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 18th Lord Dunsany, the noted poet and dramatist, there is no doubt that he should have risen to the occasion by defending Kipling with the same vigor which marked his stand several years ago

in an article which appeared in an apparently well-known English magazine, the title and date of which are not recorded in the file available to the Editor. That Lord Dunsany was not invited to Syracuse University was not due to an oversight so much as it was to the fact that he died back in 1957, at the age of seventy-nine. It would seem appropriate that Lord Dunsany be represented by a post-mortem proxy in the form of a reprinting of the article he produced in defense of Rudyard Kipling some years ago for that English publication.]

IT is too late now to save the memory of Shakespeare from burglarious claims on his work put forward on behalf of so many writers, and now by the ghost of Marlowe. But, in order to prevent that kind of thing from happening again, I am collecting evidence to prove that the works of Rudyard Kipling were not written by Swinburne (supposed to have died in 1909) or by any Lord Chancellor.

Likely arguments that the future may raise in favour of Swinburne's authorship of *Barrack Room Ballads* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* would seem to be these: that Kipling was much too young, when these books first appeared, to have had time for the education necessary for the production of such masterpieces, whereas Swinburne about that time was entering his sixties. That Swinburne did not sign them himself is easily explained by a certain modesty to be found in all the work attributed to Kipling which was quite out of harmony with Swinburne's previous poems, so that he preferred to attribute *Barrack Room Ballads* to a different hand from that earlier one that was more at home with the roses and lilies of something a bit more erotic. And as these books dealt with India, whose sultry climate and mystery had evidently allured Swinburne's imagination, he ascribed their authorship to a young journalist who, as he must have chanced to find out, was at that time resident in India.

Subsequent to the year 1909, when Swinburne is supposed to have died, it would have been easy for almost any country gentleman to have concealed him in his house, and there have given him the opportunity of continuing the works which he signed with the name of Rudyard Kipling. Arundel Castle or Petworth, both in Sussex, would have been convenient places for such concealment, and are equally probable, though there are several other houses that might have served the purpose; but the indications that the place of concealment was somewhere in Sussex are very strong. And the absence of any typescript proving the contrary in the tombs of the late owners might be taken as support for the Swinburnians in the Swinburne-Kipling controversy.

But, whatever the house in which Swinburne was concealed after 1909, posterity will be sure to point out that there was nothing extraordinary in this concealment, since, before there was any suggestion of his disappearance in 1909, it is clearly recorded that Theodore Watts-Dunton had practically concealed him at Putney for many years, and may have, indeed, continued to do so in that same house after 1909, if he was not concealed in Sussex, whither Swinburne's poetic imagination may have roamed from Putney, as it had previously done to India.

The evidence that I am collecting to refute this theory, whenever it may be put forward, is strong, but I had been wondering how best to present it to posterity. I have now discovered, however, by examining all records of the present and past which deal with such matters, that the almost invariable method of presenting such proofs is to do so by cryptograms concealed in a verse. My proof therefore that Swinburne did not write Kipling's best known poem, from which it may be presumed that he wrote none of the works of Kipling, is contained in the following sonnet; and all those who have ever proved that the works of Shakespeare were written by the Lord Chancellor of his day will be sufficiently familiar with such proofs to examine the first letter of each line of my sonnet, which I hope will prove to posterity that Swinburne did not write Kipling.

SONG BEFORE TEA-TIME

by

A. S.

In the dull gray fogs of the old year's ending
(Drip and drizzle till gutters freeze),
In woods forlorn with their branches bending
Down at will of a bitter breeze,
Not a bird of them all is sending
Out his song from the stricken trees
To tell us Spring is on slow feet wending
Whence she loiters by southern seas.

Red on hearths is the oak-log's ember
Inly glowing where ash is gray
To warm our hands that have lost December,
Even to find a bleaker day,
In the cold of which we can scarce remember,
Far though Spring, she is on her way.