Summer 1970

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Syracuse University Library Associates

# THE COURIER

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# THE COURIER

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## *The Mystery of Mencken's Book-plate*

> book-plate: a label bearing the owner's name and often a design, coat of arms, or the like, for pasting on the front end paper of a book.
>
> – *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, 1966.

> Book-plate (or Ex Libris): These may be of artistic interest ("fine Chippendale book-plate in all four volumes") or they may help to establish the book's provenance by identifying an earlier owner. Even when they have no apparent interest, it is absurd to regard them as a blemish ("book plate on front endpaper, otherwise a fine copy"), unless the art work is so ugly as to qualify as a blemish in its own right . . .
>
> – *ABC for Book-Collectors*, by John Carter, 1961.

AS DO MOST PEOPLE who like books and have substantial libraries, Henry Louis Mencken (American editor, essayist, critic, 1880-1956) had a book-plate; in fact a most unusual book-plate. Anything connected with the Great Mencken is bound to be interesting and important, and his book-plate is no exception.

Back on 13 October 1966, the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University was given a special and private showing of the H. L. Mencken Room and Collection in the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, the city of HLM's birth and residence all his life. It was special and private because the room is not open to anybody and everybody at anytime (except once a year on Mencken's birthday when it is open to the public), and also because of the long-standing friendship which has existed between the Curator and Miss Betty Adler, the lady in charge. Miss Adler, the excellent Mencken authority, compiler of *The Mencken Bibliography* (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1961), and editor of *Menckeniana*, a quarterly bulletin of articles and bibliography, made a trip downtown to the Library just for the purpose of meeting with the Curator and letting him roam the room at leisure and inspect and examine everything on the shelves and in the cases. It was a most pleasant occasion for the Curator.

"Here's a little thing which has been haunting us in a mild way off and on for some while," said Miss Adler, and she passed several copies of Mencken's book-plate across the table to the Curator.

"What's the problem?" asked the visitor as he examined the examples. He noticed there were three sizes, all of the same design, showing the figure of a bearded man humped over a table, writing, beneath which appeared the legend: *Henry Louis Mencken His Book*. In the lower righthand corner the artist's initials seemed to be *JD*.

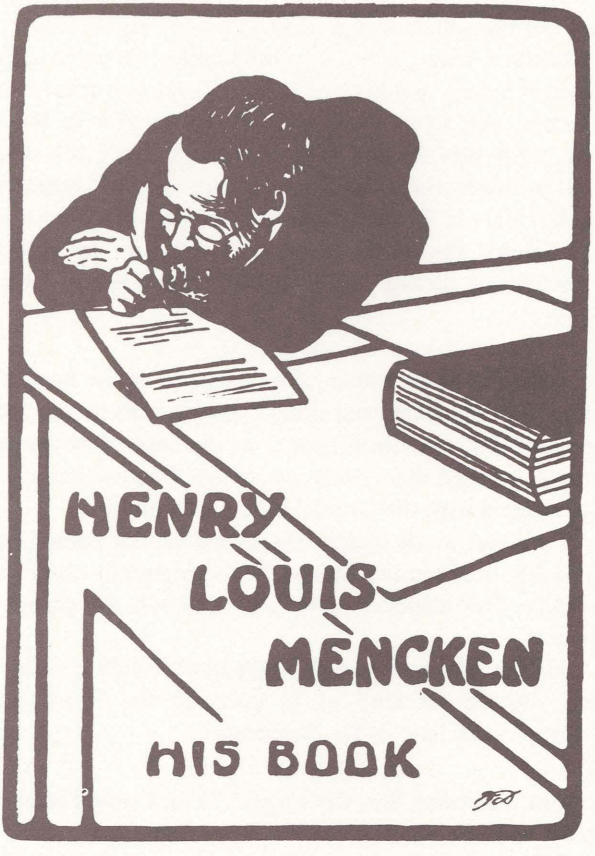
"Some people and egomaniacs," continued Miss Adler, "put their photographs or line portraits of themselves on their book-plates, but Mencken was certainly not an egotist, and that is certainly not a drawing of Mencken, and we've never been able to figure out who it might be."

Studying the book-plate design under a magnifying glass, the Curator surmised cautiously, "This reminds me of something I've seen before; something; somewhere. I think I might know what it is, but I should have to do some thinking and try to remember. I can't put my finger on it right now, but I've got an idea what it is."

"Take one of the book-plates with you," suggested Miss Adler, "and if you come up with anything, by all means let us know."

The Curator returned to Syracuse by train, and as the New York Central Gully-Jumper ricketied its way station by station northward along the Hudson River and then to the left at Albany into the beautiful Mohawk Valley, he thought of the Mencken book-plate, retrieved it from the envelope in his case, and studied the design closely. He was experiencing one of those sorrowful and tantalizing mental blocks when the NYCG-J shivered to a stop at a station. Recovering from the whiplash, he gazed out the window and saw a long sign showing the name of the place: *Schenectady*.

What did Schenectady mean to him? Schenectady meant General Electric, and nothing else, and what did General Electric suggest to him? He looked at the book-plate—and concentrated. The mental block began to




The Large Form of Mencken's Book-plate used "At the start".

crack, then crumble, and fall away. Finally, he had it: General Electric reminded him of Steinmetz. That was it: Steinmetz, Charles P. Steinmetz, Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the little humpbacked electrical wizard, who was connected with General Electric many years ago, the mathematical genius whose name was once synonymous with the Schenectady company; and the Curator had the distinct recollection of having seen a photograph of the little bearded man, leaning over a table, writing, in a pose quite similar to that of the figure in the Mencken book-plate.

Back at Syracuse, the Curator looked through the few books available about Steinmetz, found lots of photographs, but not the one he wanted.

Then he searched through the newspapers and magazines for the last week of October 1923–Steinmetz died on the twenty-sixth–and again found many pictures, but not the one he had in mind. He then sought outside sources.

The Curator's friend and fellow-bibliophile, the knowledgeable Mr. B. Franklin Slye of nearby Baldwinsville, New York, had retired recently from General Electric, and knew everybody of importance in the Schenectady organization, so it was to him that the Curator gave the sign of distress, presented his problem and asked for guidance. Mr. Slye suggested writing to his friend, Mrs. Maryde Orr, Librarian of the Whitney Library and Research Laboratory, General Electric Company, Schenectady; and in the meanwhile, he would be looking through his own files. The Curator wrote Mrs. Orr as follows:

> Not long ago I obtained an example of the book-plate of the late H. L. Mencken, and when I observed the design, I had the impression that the figure shown on the book-plate resembled a photograph I had seen years ago of Dr. Charles Steinmetz who was associated with the General Electric Company.
>
> I am not at all certain about and cannot account for any relationship between Dr. Steinmetz and Mencken other than the possibility that Mencken may have admired the genius of Dr. Steinmetz.
>
> If I should send you a photograph of Mencken's book-plate, would you be so kind as to compare the figure with the photographs you have of Dr. Steinmetz?

By return mail came Mrs. Orr's reply: "Yes, I would be willing to check the book-plate with the photographs we have of Dr. Steinmetz."

The copy of Mencken's book-plate was sent, and with that in her hand, Mrs. Orr searched through the tremendous amount of Steinmetz material on file, and finally found the one and only photograph which she thought matched the figure in the book-plate. The photograph had been published on page one of the *GE Schenectady News*, a weekly house periodical, for 9 April 1965, to illustrate an article entitled: *Steinmetz Born 100 Years Ago Today*. Mrs. Orr sent a xerox copy of the upper half of the front page (good and clear of the material in type, but dim and indistinct of the illustrations), and it was at this the Curator was looking when in rushed Mr. Slye, waving something on high, and joyously announcing, "I found it! I found the Steinmetz photograph!"

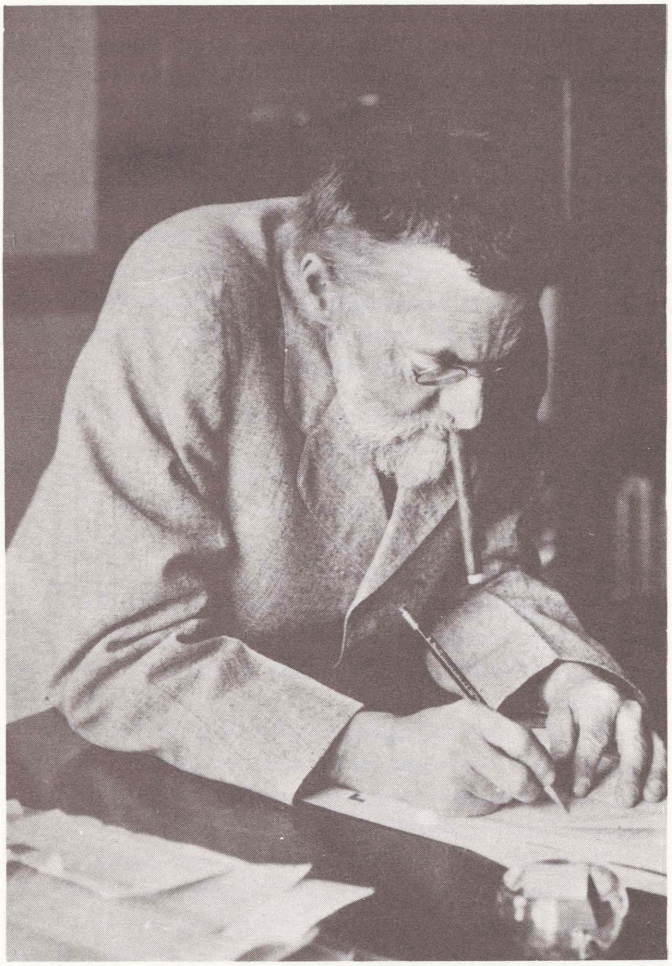
What Mr. Slye had was a copy of another GE publication, eleven pages, anonymous, undated, entirely devoted to the great scientist entitled: *Steinmetz: Latter-Day Vulcan*, filled with illustrations and pictures, and there on page seven was a reproduction of the same photograph used in the *GE News*.

"What do you think?" asked the Curator.

"The fellow who drew the design on the book-plate got his inspiration from this photograph," Mr. Slye replied. "Sure as shootin'."

The Curator wanted more. He wanted an original copy of the edition of the *GE Schenectady News* for 9 April 1965. He wrote a request to the Editor. An original copy was sent, and the Curator saw a good and clear reproduction of the photograph, twice as large as the one in the publication brought in by Mr. Slye.

The Curator wanted still more. He now wanted an original print of the photograph. He wrote a request to the Editor. An original print, 6½ X 7½ inches in size, was sent, and with it a most courteous note from Miss Mary



Charles Proteus Steinmetz
(1865-1923)

Kuykendall of the *GE News* staff: "Enclosed is the photo you requested plus two similar ones. There is no charge."

Meanwhile, back at the Baltimore Branch of this book-plate business, Miss Adler had been far from idle or inactive. She had carefully searched and found no correspondence between the famous writer and the famous scientist in the Mencken Room and Collection in the Enoch Pratt Free Library, or anything at all showing a friendship or relationship involving the two men, and she had determined that the Mencken Collection in the New York Public Library was equally negative in its holdings. Miss Adler also found out something else—something which seemed to clinch the matter of correspondence. She sent the Curator the letter she had received from the Reference Librarian of the Main Library at General Electric, Miss Julia F. Hewitt, which contained this information: "I have checked our historical material and consulted with Miss Hayden, a descendent of Mr. Steinmetz's adopted family, regarding your inquiry. There is no record of correspondence between Mr. Mencken and Mr. Steinmetz. Miss Hayden indicated that, as far as she knew, such correspondence never existed."

On the positive side of the ledger, Miss Adler contributed something unusually important—the name of the artist who designed the book-plate. In the Maryland Department right there in the Enoch Pratt Free Library she discovered a collection of book-plates which contained the information, and she asked Miss Eleanora M. Lynn, the Head of that division, to furnish the findings to the Curator. Here is her letter:

> Miss Adler has asked me to give you the information we have about Mencken's book-plate.
>
> We have a collection of book-plates compiled by Edith Rossiter Bevan. It includes three copies of Mencken's book-plate, same design in three different sizes. This is the information included [supplied by Mencken himself]:
>
> "Designed by James Doyle, Baltimore artist. At the start I used the large form printed in black. Then I changed to gray ink and reduced the size. Finally, I came to the small label that I am now using."
>
> We also have a Christmas card with a print of Notre Dame, signed J.Doyle. The sender of the card inscribed it: "Thought you might be interested in this pen and ink drawing of Notre Dame. Cordially, Sister M. Madeleine (Gertrude Doyle)."
>
> Stapled to the card is a small piece of paper on which is typed: "Sister M. Madeleine is the daughter of James Doyle, a Baltimore newspaper artist of the 1900-1920 era. He worked for the Morning Herald and for the Sun at different times. His specialty was pen-and-ink drawings. The drawing on the front of this card is one of his. H. L. Mencken."

Our biography file has an obituary of a James P. Doyle, from the Sun dated May 31, 1952. The obituary states that he was 84 years old and had been a linotype operator for the Sun and various local newspapers. He was survived by a son J. Joseph Doyle and a daughter, Mrs. Sarah French. Nothing is said of his having been an artist and it may not have been the same man.

Does anyone want to work on the identification of James P. Doyle? Wouldn't it be something if his middle name turned out to be Proteus?

This was the situation a couple of weeks ago when the Curator had his whole Mencken book-plate file laid out, and was arranging it in order on a long conference table. In ambled Mr. Harry Longabaugh, an active and enthusiastic member of Syracuse University Library Associates, from way out West—he has a spread up along Crazy Woman Creek, in Johnson County, Wyoming—and he asked, "What's up?"

The Curator explained to him what was up, and Mr. Longabaugh, lynx-eyed with 20-20 and the sensitivity of a Geiger counter, said, "Let me see."

The Curator let him see, and for some time Mr. Longabaugh read and studied the materials arranged before him, lingering at length over the Mencken book-plate and the Steinmetz photograph. Finally, he rose from his chair, stretched, and said, "The fellow who drew the design on the book-plate got his inspiration from this photograph. Sure as shootin'."

It seemed to the Curator he had heard those words before.

*Editor's Note:* Not long ago, the Enoch Pratt Free Library issued a volume entitled *Man of Letters: A Census of the Correspondence of H. L. Mencken*, 336 pages, limited to 1,000 copies, with an unusual frontispiece reproduced from an original sketch of Mencken by McKee Barclay printed on Strathmore transparentised paper. Miss Betty Adler compiled this indispensable reference work, and included in it is a listing of the Mencken letters and papers in the Library at Syracuse University which are available to students, scholars, and researchers.

Next 12 September (a Saturday), being the anniversary of Mencken's birth in 1880, the Mencken Room will be open to visitors, and there will be a special program and reception. Just as this issue of *The Courier* goes to press, a note came in from Miss Adler extending an invitation to all Syracuse Library Associates to this auspicious event. When the peephole on the door is opened, don't whisper, "Joe sent me," but just say, "I'm a Library Associate from Syracuse University," and you will be admitted.

## *From Erik Huneker*

DO YOU HAVE A COPY of *Where the Blue Begins*, by Christopher Morley, issued in London by William Heinemann, Ltd., in 1928, listed on the dust-jacket as publication No. 74 in that publisher's series called: *The Travellers' Library*?

If you do, you have a rare book; and if you have the dust-jacket, you have a more valuable item.

Christopher Darlington Morley, poet, essayist, and novelist (born Haverford, Pennsylvania, 1890; died 1957), one of the outstanding Gentlemen of Letters of his time, was perhaps best known for his books: *Parnassus on Wheels* (1917), *The Haunted Bookshop* (1919), *Where the Blue Begins* (1922), *Thunder on the Left* (1925), and *Kitty Foyle* (1939). There are a lot of others almost as good, but these are the ones on which Morley's popularity was based during his lifetime and on which his literary reputation will rest for years to come.

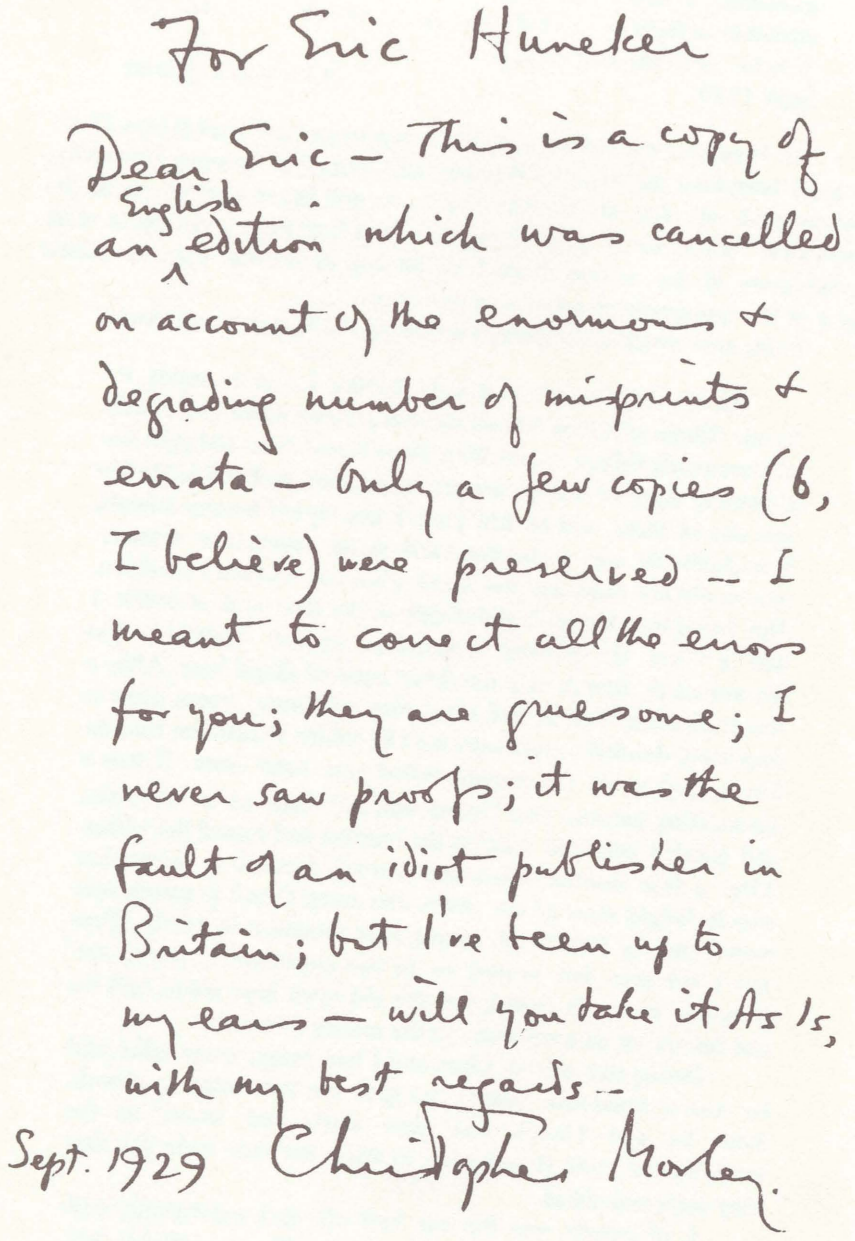
*Where the Blue Begins*, full of delightful whimsies and sweet salient satire, now considered a modern American classic, was first published in the United States in 1922. The book was reprinted and reprinted, and within a year more than 75,000 copies were gobbled up by the reading public all over the country. In 1924 appeared the large-paper edition with the beautiful color illustrations and line drawings by the great English artist, Arthur Rackham.

Morley's books had been read and appreciated by the British, so in 1928, the London firm of William Heinemann, Ltd. (one of the most distinguished publishing houses in England, established 1890), decided to issue its own edition of *Where the Blue Begins*, to be included as No. 74 in its series of *The Travellers' Library*. The printing was done at The Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey, and when Morley saw the finished book, he hit the ceiling, and ordered the entire edition suppressed. The account of what happened is recorded in a copy of the book presented by Morley to Eric Huneker, one of his buddies with whom he knocked around all the bright and dark spots of Manhattan, Jersey, and environs.

Morley wrote the following inscription in the book:

For Eric Huneker

> Dear Eric – This is a copy of an English edition which was cancelled on account of the enormous & degrading number of misprints & errata – Only a few copies (6, I believe) were preserved – I meant to correct all the errors for you; they are




Christopher Morley's Inscription to Eric Huneker
*One of Six Copies*

gruesome; I never saw proofs; it was the fault of an idiot publisher in Britain; but I've been up to my ears – will you take it As Is, with my best regards –
Sept. 1929 Christopher Morley.

Mr. Huneker, who lives alternately in Nantucket and Washington, D. C., recently presented the book to The Mayfield Library at Syracuse University, and pointed out that Morley had made ink and pencil corrections of the "gruesome" errors up to page forty-seven, and had there given up. A close examination of the section marked by Morley shows that even he missed some of the typographical errors on those pages.

In his note which accompanied the book, Mr. Huneker reminisced:

> In the late 1920's and early 1930's, I was managing the Scenic Studio of Cleon Throckmorton located down in the heart of Greenwich Village at 103 West Third Street. That old joint was a meeting place of artists, writers, actors, and such. Chris Morley was one of them, and he and Throck and myself became friends. Throckmorton was a charming fellow, an imaginative designer, who could not make any real money, but had a whole lots of fun. This fitted into Morley's philosophy at the time, and, of course, I was a "Vie de Boheme" character myself. Hoboken was discovered by friends as a run-down oasis of illegal beer. After a few trips there, Throck and Chris plus one other, whose name is forgotten, decided to take over the Old Rialto Theatre on Hudson Street, and revive the ancient melodrama *After Dark*. It was a rip-snorting success. The "haute monde" came across the river, and guzzled beer and cheered the heroine and hissed the villain. After a few months, Chris and Throck decided to revive that wonderful girl show of the 1870's *The Black Crook* [a spectacular melodrama by Charles M. Barras, first produced in 1867]. That was a hit also, but proved to be too expensive to run at the Hoboken prices. It closed, but the old town kept going, and we had fun out of all proportion to the money invested.
>
> During this period, Chris and I had many, many talks, and he was a wonderful talker, and gave me something to absorb. Both he and Throck lost their shirts and shorts in the stock-market crash (I had none to lose), but they really felt that they came out ahead.
>
> I, of course, was the one best off, as I was friendly with that wonderful, unselfish, charming, lovable, magnificent guy, Chris Morley.

Mr. Erik Huneker is the same kind of fellow.

## *In Re David A. Fraser*

AT THE SPRING MEETING of the Board of Trustees and Advisory Council of Syracuse University Library Associates, Mr. David A. Fraser, the retiring Chairman, received the *Post-Standard* Award in recognition of the services he has rendered to the University Library Programs during his membership in the organization.

Mr. J. Leonard Gorman, nationally known and popular Executive Editor of the *Post-Standard* made the presentation, and read the following citation:

> Mr. Fraser: A distinguished and honored leader of the Legal Profession of the State of New York, highly esteemed by all who have the privilege of your friendship, you have actively participated in Civic Affairs to the improvement of the Community, and have given much of your time and energetic efforts to Syracuse University and especially to the development of its Library Associates organization.
>
> You were elected a Member of the Board of Trustees of Library Associates fourteen years ago, served faithfully and contributed liberally to its programs and projects, and in 1963, you succeeded to the position of Chairman of the Board, which office you have honored by your occupancy for these seven good years past. You have counseled wisely the Trustees and Members of Library Associates, you have combined imagination with judgment, and you have left a mark of Administrative perfection surpassed by no other individual.
>
> As a discriminating and recognized collector in your own right, you have exerted an enthusiastic influence among your friends and acquaintances in behalf of Syracuse University Library and its activities in the acquisition of rare books and valuable prints and drawings. Your loyalty to the art of rare book collecting is uniquely evidenced by the fact that you have supplied two of your splendid sons to the noble profession of rare book librarianship, and it is a distinct credit to your parenthood that they are today cultivating enviable reputations in other institutions of higher learning after serving their apprenticeships at Syracuse University.
>
> Mr. Fraser: Your ability and integrity, your talents and your industry are publicly applauded and recognized here today

by this POST-STANDARD AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE to Syracuse University Library.

Congratulations to Mr. Fraser for receiving the Award, and congratulations to the *Post-Standard* and Mr. Gorman for giving the Award.

## *The Front Cover*

JOHN WILLIAM THOMASON, Junior, of Huntsville, Texas (1893-1944), was first and foremost a United States Marine, and a famous and heroic one, and he was next an author and an artist and an illustrator.

Anyone who is not familiar with Thomason's books has missed a lot of delightful, charming, wholesome, and humorous reading. Its kind was never surpassed by any other writer of the period.

Thomason's most celebrated books are: *Fix Bayonets!* (1926); *Red Pants* (1927); *Marines and Others* (1929); *Jeb Stuart* (1930); *Salt Winds and Gobi Dust* (1934); *Gone to Texas* (1937); and the greatest of all: *Lone Star Preacher: Being a Chronicle of the Acts of Praxiteles Swan, M. E. Church South sometimes Captain, 5th Texas Regiment Confederate States Provisional Army* (1941). Thomason illustrated his own works, and it was said time and time again by critics and reviewers that his drawings were worth the price of the book without a word of writing.

Recently a Member of Syracuse University Library Associates, a very generous donor during the past ten years of his affiliation with this organization (who wishes not to be identified at this time for reasons of his own), presented a lot of choice rare books and first editions to the University, and among them were some which had been inscribed for him by Lt. Col. Thomason when both were stationed in Washington, D. C., back in December 1941. Two were Thomason's own books: *Jeb Stuart* and *Lone Star Preacher*, and two were books only illustrated by him: Thomas Nelson Page's magnificent masterpiece, *Two Little Confederates*, and *The Adventures of Davy Crocket Told Mostly by Himself* (a rare copy, with one of the illustrations printed upside down).

On the front free endpaper of *Lone Star Preacher*, Thomason embellished his inscription by drawing a full-length pencil sketch of none other than Capt. Praxiteles Swan himself, the hero of the book. The stalwart figure in Confederate gray on the front cover of this issue of *The Courier* is a reproduction of that original drawing, published here for the first time.

One time, back in the summer of 1941, according to the donor of these books, he was present when Thomason received a young lady who interviewed him for her little column in one of the local Washington newspapers. Both visitors took sketchy notes of Thomason's conversation,

and the following is what was revealed on that occasion by the genial Marine-author-illustrator:

> I always have time to do what I want, although I don't like working. I am lazy by nature. Twenty-five years of active duty in the Marine Corps have brought me into the habit of work though.
>
> Being a soldier is my vocation. Being a writer is my avocation. I was educated to be an artist, but one day found myself in the Marine Corps. Maybe it is quite natural that I became a soldier. My family were all Confederates.
>
> Most of my short stories are historical. The facts are correct. That is just a matter of digging and checking. Everything has already happened. I write and rewrite up to seven times. Then somebody who can spell types them out and they are ready to be printed. The Saturday Evening Post has kept me in comfort for quite a number of years now. I also illustrate the stories myself. I even used to do so for others, but it is hard to put yourself inside the writer's skull and think what he thinks.
>
> Having seen so much of violence I try to show up the more attractive and courageous sides. My stories are escape literature. All men are romantics at heart.
>
> I am really a country boy. At the slightest opportunity I return to the land. My parents still live in Texas. We were originally nine children. Last time I was home there were thirty people around the dining room table. Speaking of food, it is one of the pleasures of life. My grandfather used to say that he had missed so many meals in the Confederate Army that he would not die indebted to his stomach. Neither will I, if I can help it.
>
> When I retire in about five years, I shall go back home and as I did in my boyhood, I shall fish and hunt and breed horses and dogs. I shall bring my books along; I buy them to read them, not to look at the covers.
>
> Life is most entertaining. Should I quit today, I would say: "Thank you, it has been fun." It would be like saying goodbye to a hostess after the party is over. You don't mention that the whiskey was bad, and the conversation was dull. You forget those little things, and remember the party as a whole.

For one who would like to read a full biographical treatment of this man, he may have recourse to the volume entitled *Lone Star Marine*, by Col. Roger Willock, USMCR, Princeton, New Jersey (1961), a work which is thoroughly researched, beautifully written, and pleasantly conspicuous by the absence of any cluttering and distracting footnotes and reference numbers.

For one who would like to become more intimately imbued with the matchless spirit of this man, he should visit The Thomason Room in the Sam

Houston State University Library, Huntsville, Texas, where may be found carefully preserved the largest and most valuable collection of original drawings, books, and manuscripts, all made available by the gracious generosity of Mrs. John W. Thomason, Jr. The distinguished Dr. Donald Hendricks is Director of Libraries there, and recently he informed the Editor of *The Courier* that he would be most happy to receive Members of Library Associates as visitors to The Thomason Room and Collection provided their Passports to Texas bear the visa of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University.

## *1861*

IN THE MAYFIELD LIBRARY at Syracuse University is one of two recorded copies of *Phinney's Calendar, or Western Almanac, for the Year of our Lord 1861*, compiled by George R. Perkins, LL.D., and published by Breed, Butler & Company of Buffalo, New York.

Under the heading, "Nature," Dr. Perkins wrote these words:

> The grasses have tongues, and the flowers have lips to make music for those who keep the inner temple's doors ajar, to let in their sweet voices. Nature loveth whomsoever loveth her, and she speaks tenderly and caressingly to her children. Her words are sweeter than flute-tones on the water, and louder than the organ's notes in the arched cathedral. How the soul longs for her voice when the din of the city has deafened the ears! How it faints for lack of her soothings and quiet ministerings, when care holds us in her iron grasp!

Under the date of 12 April, the weather prediction was: *Look for a thunder-storm.*

The thunder-storm came that morning, and lasted four horrible years.

## *A Note About J. Frank Dobie*

*Indignor quandoque bonus*
*dormitat Homerus.*

THIS WAS BACK IN 1944, during World War II.

James Frank Dobie (1888-1964), educator, editor, folklorist, and author (*A Vaquero of the Brush Country, Coronado's Children, Tongues of the Monte, Tales of the Mustang, Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver,* and a raft of

other equally excellent books), one of the most popular and unconventional teachers ever to grace the English Department at the University of Texas, was in England that year as visiting American lecturer to Cambridge University in the interest of international amity and understanding. His success was phenomenal, and he was accomplishing much more than anyone has ever been able to evaluate.

One of Dobie's many young friends and admirers, a former student at the University of Texas, was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy (159127), on duty at the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida, and it was there one day—in the *Saturday Evening Post* of 30 September 1944—that he chanced upon Dobie's wonderful account of the life he was leading and the experiences he was having during his sojourn at the great English institution of learning. The article was entitled "How the Scoundrel Lied"—paraphrased from a line in one of Dobie's favorite cowboy songs.

The piece ran to five pages, and over near the end, Dobie waxed a little eloquent about Grantchester, a place up the river not far from Cambridge: "The Grantchester Meadows are golden with buttercups, and the grain fields beside them are red with poppies. From the sky overhead, the larks forever pour down their liquid notes. When I have forgotten everything else about Cambridge, I'll still remember Grantchester and Grantchester Meadows."

The paragraph containing these sentences starts off with these words:

> Books are all right in their place, but "a mighty bloodless substitute for life," as Robert Louis Stevenson said. A man simply is not a true Cambridge man if in those days when spring has redressed all the wrongs of the long, weary, dreary winter, he does not walk out on the Grantchester Meadows. Grantchester is just up the lazy Cam from Cambridge. It is where Rupert Brooke lived, he who in the last war wrote, "I have a rendezvous with death"—and did not fail to keep it.

The Lieutenant could hardly believe his eyes. He was flabbergasted. He re-read the passage about Rupert Brooke, and stared at the sentence in wonderment. What a blooper, he thought; what a howler, what a boner. What a blunder for his beloved and highly-esteemed English professor to make, and in such an internationally-known publication too. Anyone who knew anything at all about modern poetry knew that Rupert Brooke was not the one who wrote, "I have a rendezvous with death." Brooke did live once upon a time at Grantchester, but his most famous poem was the one called "The Soldier" which began with these verses:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

The poet who composed the quotation attributed to Rupert Brooke by the nodding Dobie was not even an Englishman. He was an American, and though he wrote many fine verses, he is known and remembered for the poem which begins:

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air –
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

This was Alan Seeger, a native of New York City, graduate of Harvard College (Class of 1910), who had enlisted in the French Foreign Legion at the beginning of World War I, and was killed at Belloy-en-Santerre during the Battle of the Somme on the Fourth of July 1916, when he was barely twenty-eight years of age.

In instances similar to this, there is a natural inclination for a former student to point the accusing finger at his one-time professor, and say, "Ah! Ha! I have caught you up in an inexcusable error." There is definitely a temptation here: how may the younger challenge the erudition of his elder without provoking his embarrassment? The answer is: he doesn't, and he shouldn't. He thinks of another way, a roundabout way.

The Lieutenant figured out the other, and more subtle, way. He cared less than nothing about the feelings of the all-powerful, know-it-all, snooty editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who should have caught the error in the manuscript, certainly in the printer's proofs of the article, so he slang a smooth stone straight at the high and mighty Philadelphians of Independence Square. He did not write a crucifying letter saying, "Yah! Yah! I've caught you in a mistake, you stupid editors. Even a lowly person such as I am knows that Rupert Brooke did not . . . " Instead, he wrote as follows:

Editors,
The Saturday Evening Post.
Gentlemen:

I write to express to you my appreciation for and enjoyment of the article which appeared in the issue of 30 September by J. Frank Dobie entitled "How the Scoundrel Lied." It was most entertaining and instructive.

On page 108 Mr. Dobie writes: "Grantchester is just up the lazy Cam from Cambridge. It was where Rupert Brooke lived, he who in the last war wrote, 'I have a rendezvous with death'–and did not fail to keep it." If it would cause you no inconvenience, I should appreciate it very much if you would kindly advise me the title of Rupert Brooke's poem in which he wrote the line quoted

by Mr. Dobie. I hope my request causes you no trouble, and I assure you of my appreciation of your kindness.

Sincerely yours,

4 October 1944.

The Lieutenant then headed on out toward the South Pacific by way of Port Hueneme, on the California coast, and it was at that sinkhole that the reply from Independence Square caught up with him. It read:

Dear Lieutenant . . .

Much to our embarrassment the poem attributed to Rupert Brooke entitled, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death", is really one of Alan Seeger's. We hope this will answer your question.

Harley P. Cook,
Editorial Rooms,
The Saturday Evening Post.

October 17, 1944.

That's that, gloated the satisfied Lieutenant, and then went on to the South Pacific to help the Navy win the war.

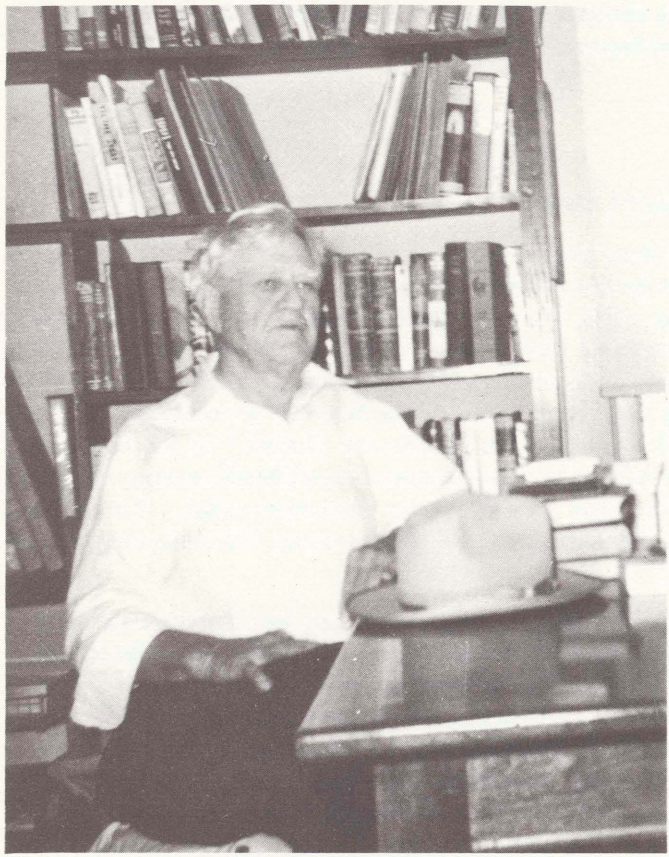
In May 1945, the old, reliable Boston firm of Little, Brown and Company published Dobie's story of professoring at Cambridge University under the title: *A Texan in England*, a volume interesting and enlightening and amusing from cover to cover. The *Saturday Evening Post* piece was cut up and used as parts of the Preface and Chapter I of the book. On page twenty-seven is found the Grantchester-Rupert Brooke passage in revised and corrected form. The quotation from Stevenson's essay, "An Apology for Idlers" remains, but without that author's name. The book revision starts off this way:

> Books are all right in their place, but "a mighty bloodless substitute for life." A man simply is not a true Cambridge man if, when spring comes, he does not walk out on the Grantchester Meadows. Grantchester is just up the lazy Cam from Cambridge and there are two ways of getting there—by boat or along the public footpath. Grantchester is where you drink tea in gardens, or, if you choose, looking at odd murals adorning the glad verses that Rupert Brooke wrote about his native village –
>
> Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
>
> And is there honey still for tea? –
>
> before he went to war and with his young body made "some corner of a foreign field forever England."

(The two lines above are from Brooke's poem entitled "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.")

After the war, the former Naval Officer was privileged to visit lovable J. Frank Dobie a number of times at his home along Waller Creek in Austin, Texas. These were wonderful occasions for Dobie's friend and admirer, and he made a point of avoiding any reference to Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, or "I have a rendezvous with Death"; nor did he mention that in the revised section of *A Texan in England* Grantchester had been erroneously referred to as Brooke's *native* village, and that the slight quotation from "The Soldier" had not been rendered correctly.

He never knew whether Dobie knew.



J. Frank Dobie in the Book Room of his home
along Waller Creek, January 1962.

*Published here for the first time.*

*Editor's Note:* The Lieutenant's copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the carbon copy of his letter dated 4 October 1944, the original of Harley P. Cook's letter, and the copy of *A Texan in*

*England*, presented by Dobie to the Lieutenant's parents with his beautiful inscription dated 3 May 1945–along with a lot of other Dobie things–are all in the Library at Syracuse University.

## *Walt Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt, and "The New Inferno"*

ARTHUR HENRY YOUNG (1866-1943), far better known as just plain Art Young, was one of the best cartoonists this country has ever seen. He ranks right along with the topmost of all times, and may even be mentioned in the same breath with Benjamin Franklin and David Claypoole Johnston.

Art Young was noted for a lot of things, but mostly for his striking satirical drawings for liberal and radical publications and other such periodicals as the old (and more intelligent) *Life* magazine, *Judge*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and many newspapers and syndicates from coast to coast. Among the books he produced were those entitled *Hell Up To Date* (1892), *Trees At Night* (1927), *Inferno* (1934), *The Best of Art Young* (1936), and his two autobiographical works: *On My Way* (1928), and *Art Young: His Life and Times* (1939). During the period 1911-1917, he was on the staff of *Metropolitan* magazine, and from 1911 through 1919, he was an editor (with Max Eastman) of *Masses*, a proletarian monthly with such contributors as John Reed, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Walter Lippmann, and Floyd Dell. This publication had the distinction of being suppressed by the Federal Government in December 1919. Everybody got into trouble, and there was a big trial, but that is another story. (The most ignominious and pusillanimous misconduct noted during this sedition trial of the New York 7 occurred when Art Young, one of the defendants, fell sound asleep in court–and snored.) During his last thirteen years, Art Young lived on borrowed time, and had to slow down; and finally stop altogether: soaring blood pressure and a leaky heart valve.

In March 1909, immediately after leaving the Office of President of the United States, which he had occupied since September 1901, Theodore Roosevelt became affiliated with *The Outlook* magazine of New York City as Contributing Editor, and in that capacity, he wrote essays and editorials on any and all subjects which came to mind and caught his fancy. In the issue of 26 August 1911, Roosevelt was represented by a cleverly intelligent piece entitled: "Dante and the Bowery." The whole essay of three and a half double-columned pages must be read to catch the thesis Roosevelt so splendidly propels and drives home, but for the purpose here, it is sufficient to quote only a portion of one paragraph and another in its entirety:

> Of all the poets of the nineteenth century, Walt Whitman was the only one who dared use the Bowery—that is, use anything that was striking and vividly typical of the humanity around him—as Dante used the ordinary humanity of his day; and even Whitman was not quite natural in doing so, for he always felt that he was defying the conventions and prejudices of his neighbors, and his self-consciousness made him a little defiant. Dante was not defiant of conventions; the conventions of his day did not forbid him to use human nature just as he saw it, no less than human nature as he read about it . . . Whitman wrote of homely things and every-day men, and of their greatness, but his art was not equal to his power and his purpose; and even as it was, he, the poet, by set intention, of the democracy, is not known to the people as widely as he should be known . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> When Dante deals with the crimes which he most abhorred, simony and barratry, he flails offenders of his age who were of the same type as those who in our days flourish by political and commercial corruption; and he names his offenders, both those just dead and those still living, and he puts them, popes and politicians alike, in hell. There have been trust magnates and politicians and editors and magazine writers in our own country whose lives and deeds were no more edifying than those of the men who lie in the third and the fifth chasm of the eighth circle of the Inferno; yet for a poet to name those men would be condemned as an instance of shocking taste.

For one "to name those men" was a challenge to fearless Art Young and his equally fearless friend, Arthur Guiterman, Manhattan poetaster and man-about-town. Would it really be "an instance of shocking taste"? Not at all. That was just Teddy's *opinion*, and he was welcomed to it. So the two—Young and Guiterman—put their heads together, and came up with "The New Inferno," verses by Guiterman, illustrations by Art Young. The production occupied a whole page in *Life* magazine for 26 October 1911, and there one saw included verbatim Roosevelt's second paragraph given above, followed by these opening lines, supposed to have been spoken by T. R.:

> My thoughts intent upon the next campaign
> I trod the pebbly beach of Oyster Bay,
> A Nation's cares engrossing heart and brain;
> When lo!—with hand upraised to bar my way
> Walt Whitman's shape, all shadowless, appeared
> With broad-brimmed hat, in flaunting disarray

Of flowing scarf and silver hair and beard,
"Hail, Camerado!"–thus the Vision spoke,–
"Come, follow me, an' you be not afeared."
(I laughed, "Ha, ha!") "Then come!"–he drew his cloak
More close about his form,–"for I will show
How, deep beneath yon cloud of Pittsburgh smoke,
Unshriven sinners pay the debt they owe
For crimes by you denounced in thunder tones."

"Lead on," cries T. R., and the two descend to the nether regions–"The New Inferno"–

–a house of groans
Where they that told the lie, that gave the bribe,
That ground the poor, are properly accursed.

And there Whitman points out to Roosevelt, and calls by name, such people as Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst in company with Ananias, Col. George Harvey reading Henry Adams, John D. Rockefeller, James J. Hill, and others of the same stripe, who had been charged with flourishing by "political and commercial corruption."

For Guiterman's lines, Art Young produced four illustrations, the most delightful being the first one, which bears the caption:

"'HAIL, CAMERADO!' THUS THE VISION SPOKE"

It is this one which is reproduced here–from the original drawing, acquired recently by Mr. Clifford N. Strait, and presented to The Mayfield Library at Syracuse University. Mr. Strait is an admirer of both Walt Whitman and Theodore Roosevelt, and was intrigued by the combination of these two unique and illustrious characters in one drawing by the great Art Young. Mr. Strait is a prominent member of the Syracuse University Class of 1923, and he and Mrs. Strait make their home in Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York. In 1961, he was the recipient of the Distinguished Alumni Award, and is well known far and wide in this part of the country. Recently he was elected a member of the Advisory Council of Syracuse University Library Associates. His son is Dr. Bradley J. Strait, Associate Professor in Electrical Engineering at the University.

There is no record of what Theodore Roosevelt said, thought, or did when he saw *Life* magazine for 26 October 1911, but it may very well be imagined that he leaned back in his chair, grinned broadly, and joyously exclaimed: "Bully! Dee-lighted!"

*Special Note:* The most enthusiastic collector in New York State, this side of Oyster Bay, of anything and everything pertaining to Theodore Roosevelt is Mr. Lyall D. Squair, of Syracuse, who has been pursuing his interest in this direction since he graduated


WALT WHITMAN HAILS THEODORE ROOSEVELT
From the Original Drawing made by Art Young
for *Life* Magazine back in 1911.

from Syracuse University in 1961. A selection from Mr. Squair's collection consisting of eight exhibit cases of valuable original letters, manuscripts, first, rare, limited, and signed editions, medals, music, photographs, postcards, stereoscopic slides, political campaignana, one-of-a-kind items, and other ephemerae de luxe—everything except Teddy's Big Stick—is now on display in Syracuse University Library where it may be viewed during the next three weeks.

## *A Sermon for Mr. West*

THE FOREWORD TO CATALOGUE 63, issued recently by that intrepid bookseller of Hanover, New Hampshire, Mr. Herbert Faulkner West, is entitled: "The Strange Case of Robert Frost's Sermon, 1947," and reads as follows:

> Some two or three years ago in San Francisco, my friend Warren R. Howell who needs no introduction to the book world, opened his safe, and showed me an item which I had never seen before. This was A SERMON, given by Robert Frost in Cincinnati in 1947 [1946] for Dr. Reichert. This was printed by the Spiral Press in an edition of 500 copies. However, this copy was extremely valuable, as Mr. Frost had ordered the whole edition destroyed, and only about half a dozen copies were extant. Hence its rarity.
>
> It now appears certain that Mr. Howell was honestly mistaken about the number in existence. I have had two copies, paying $225. and $275. for them respectively. I know of other dealers who have, or have had, several copies.
>
> I still do not know the facts about the 500 copies. I have been told by several sources that 100 went to the Spiral Press which on orders from Mr. Frost were "disposed" of, with the exception of 3 or 4 copies. 200 more went to Dr. Reichert but which were not to be available to the market. Mr. Frost kept the other 200.
>
> The most recent copy I bought was said to have come from a Professor in a Western N. Y. State University, who had been given the copy from a member of the Frost family, and had then sold it to a dealer.
>
> One recently brought $325. at a New York auction.
>
> I do not know the source of the copies now on the market.

The real question is HOW MANY, and WHEN, will A SERMON come on the market. How rare, in fact, is this item? WHAT IS ITS REAL VALUE?

All I know is that I wrote to the customer who paid me $300. for a copy, and offered to refund their money.

And the copy I just paid $275. for is worth, I would think around $50.

Written on March 1, 1970 before the news is generally known.

Herbert Faulkner West

P. S. About three weeks after I wrote this introduction a copy of Robert Frost's "SERMON" brought $80. at the Parke Bernet Gallery, a somewhat far-cry from $$$$$ previous values. It was listed as one of 500 copies. This, it seems to me, justified my suspicions of this item.

– Written April 24, 1970.

The Editor of *The Courier* has been requested to publish the following letter to Mr. West:

My dear Mr. West:

I have read the Foreword to your recent Catalogue 63, and I must confess I was amused by your naked naiveté. You *seem* to be worried about something which is blatantly obvious to me. I can see through your apparent (and almost transparent) puzzlement, for I know that you, being the intelligent gentleman you are, are not fooled at all by the development you have revealed about Robert Frost's ephemeral bit called *A Sermon*. You may have been fooled previously, but you should not have been. You know and I know that not a single copy of this little item has ever been purposely destroyed. I knew it long before I saw the article about *A Sermon* in *The Courier* (No. 24), back in 1965, which made that issue a Frost item, now sought by Frost collectors, certainly one which has to be included in any "definitive" Frost bibliography published thereafter. There's one way and one way only that you or any other person could be *certain* that the edition–except for a few copies–was actually destroyed, and that is to *have seen it done*, preferably in company with one or two witnesses. Have you ever heard a person say that he destroyed so many copies? Have you ever heard a person say that he had heard a person say that he destroyed so many copies? As long as there are fools about Frost who are willing to shell out $200-$300 for a copy of that measly little piece, copies will creep onto the market from those who have them. The prices have been kicked up too much by dealers and Frost collectors for the greedy to spurn or resist. A mistake has been made, yes, by somebody who let too many copies trickle out too fast, and so

you have the cut-down $80 price tag put on a copy at the most recent auction. Those who have little caches should have been more patient. I know.

Incidentally, your Catalogue 63, by virtue of its Foreword, becomes a Frost item, and will be collected. Save back some copies, and feed them out *gradually* to Frost-bitten collectors who will pay you money for them.

And don't forget that Robert Frost said in *A Sermon* (quoting from my own copy): "The blessing you ask for is for God to give you some sort of sense that perhaps you are acceptable in His sight."

Ever faithfully yours,

(Signed) The Ghost of Thomas James Wise.

## *The Franklin*

ONE OF THE GREATEST All-American automobiles to come down the pike was the one called the Franklin.

Back in the early days of automobile history—the first quarter of this century—this car with its air-cooled motor was made right here in Syracuse, New York, by the H. H. Franklin Company, founded by Herbert H. Franklin (no kin to Ben) in 1894 as a general manufacturing plant.

The business prospered, hit the big time, and Franklin automobiles were to be seen all over the country.

Came World War I, its aftermath, depression, inflation, high prices of raw materials, cheap and unfair competition, and other unfavorable conditions drove the Syracuse company to the wall, it went out of the automobile business, and Franklin cars went off the market and gradually disappeared from the highways.

The Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University is interested in picking up anything and everything pertaining to the Franklin automobile: correspondence, advertisements, catalogues, posters, printed envelopes, letterheads, billheads, statements, invoices, time cards, inventories, office and plant records, stock certificates, cancelled checks, pictures, photographs, anything and everything, except the car itself or any of its parts, including radiator caps.

Are there around any one-time employees of the Franklin Company or descendants of such fortunate people who have any of these materials stored away in the basement, the attic, the clothes closets, or up along the rafters out in the garage they are just about ready to throw out? Call the Curator, and he will be happy to help you get rid of the space-consuming impedimenta.

# *A Check List of David Claypoole Johnston's Book Illustrations*

By David Tatham

*Editor's Note:* In the previous issue of *The Courier* (No. 34), Mr. David Tatham, an authority on various aspects of early American Art, presented a lively essay entitled: "A Note about David Claypoole Johnston." Johnston, who has been called The American Cruikshank, was "the first American comic artist to have a sustained and popular career," and though born in Philadelphia in 1798, lived most of his life in the Boston area until his death in 1865. Mr. Tatham's piece about the graphic humorist brought many compliments and favorable comments to the Editor, who is pleased to include in this issue Mr. Tatham's promised check list of books illustrated by Johnston. This material has never before appeared in published or printed form.

THIS CHECK LIST includes books known to contain illustrations designed or executed or both by David Claypoole Johnston. Also included are the nine numbers of *Scraps* and the separately issued plates for Fanny Kemble's *Journal* for although these are not books proper, they contain illustrations for books. Illustrations for periodicals and attributed illustrations are omitted. In each check list entry, the number and graphic medium of the illustrations are noted. The lithographs, etchings, and engravings on metal were executed by Johnston himself but his wood engraving designs seem, more often than not, to have been cut on the block by engravers other than himself. The comic illustrations, most of which are Johnston's original inventions, are so noted; some of the others may also be considered comic depending on the viewer's taste.

This list is the result of a preliminary survey; other titles doubtless exist and the writer will be grateful for knowledge of them. The writer has been aided in compiling the present list by the staff of the American Antiquarian Society; by Mr. Malcolm Johnson, author of the catalogue of an exhibition of Johnston's work to be held at the Society's Library and also at the Boston Public Library, Boston College, and the Worcester Art Museum; and by many other collectors and curators of collections.


David Claypoole Johnston
A Self-Portrait in *Scraps No. 7*, 1837.

## CHECK LIST

I. Books and pamphlets by David Claypoole Johnston (all published by D. C. Johnston).

1. *Scraps* [for 1829] by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1828. Four etched plates. Comic.
2. *Scraps for the Year 1830* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1829. Four etched plates. Comic.
3. *Scraps No. 3* [for] *1832* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1831. Four etched plates. Comic.
4. *Scraps (No. 4) for the Year 1833 in which is Included Trollopania* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1832. Four etched plates; two pp. text. Comic.
5. *Scraps (No. 5) for the Year 1834 in Which is Included Fiddle-D.D.* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1833. Four etched plates; three pp. text. Comic.

6. *Scraps (No. 6) for the Year 1835* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1834. Four etched plates. Comic.
7. *Outlines Illustrative of the Journal of F****** A*** K*****.* Drawn and etched by Mr. _____. Boston: 1835. Eight etched plates. Comic.
8. *Phrenology Exemplified and Illustrated . . . Being Scraps No. 7 for the Year 1837* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1837. Four etched plates; twenty pp. text. Comic.
9. *Scraps No. 8* [for 1840] by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1840. Four etched plates. Comic.
10. *Scraps No. 1, 1849, New Series* by D. C. Johnston. Boston: 1849. Four etched plates. Comic.

II. Books and pamphlets with illustrations by D. C. Johnston.

11. *Ephemera, or the History of Cockney Dandies*; A Poem in One Canto by Bumblery Buzz, Esq. Philadelphia: Robert Desilver, 1819. Five etchings (signed Gebolib Crackfardi, FRSA, LLD). Comic.
12. *The Cat-Fight: A Mock Heroic Poem* by Doctor Ebenezer Mack. New York: 1824. Five etchings. Comic.
13. *Mynhieur Herrick von Heimelman, the Dancing-Master; and the Big Red Nose*. [by Micah Hawkins] New York 1824. Six etchings. Comic.
14. *Eccentric Biography, or Sketches of Remarkable Characters, Ancient and Modern.* Boston: N. Balch, 1825. One etching. Comic.
15. *The Laughing Philosopher: or, Fun, Humor and Wit*. Boston: 1825. One etching. Comic.
16. *Paradise Lost*, A Poem by John Milton. Boston: T. Bedlington, 1825. One engraving.
17. *The Complaint: or Night Thoughts, and the Force of Religion* by Edward Young, D.D. Boston: T. Bedlington, 1826. One engraving.
18. *Conversations on Common Things; or Guide to Knowledge with Questions*. By a Teacher [Dorothea Dix]. Boston: Munroe and Francis, 1826. One engraving.
19. *The Galaxy of Wit; or Laughing Philosopher*. Two volumes. Boston: 1826. Vol 1, four wood engravings; Vol. 2, six wood engravings. A new edition in 1827 added an etched frontispiece to each volume. Comic.
20. *The Letters of Junius.* Two volumes. Boston: N. Whitaker, 1826. Four engravings.
21. *The Life of George Washington* by Aaron Bancroft, D.D. Two volumes. Boston: T. Bedlington, 1826. Vol. 1, one engraving.

22. *An Oration and Poem Delivered July 4, 1826* by William Emmons. Boston: the author, 1826. One lithograph.
23. *Illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology* by James Paxton. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkins, 1827. Two lithographs.
24. *Memorial*, [for 1827] *A Christmas and New Year's Offering* ed. by Frederic S. Hill. Boston: True and Greene, 1827. One engraving.
25. *The Memorial, A Christmas, New Year's and Easter Offering for 1828* ed. by Frederic S. Hill. Boston: True and Greene, 1827. One engraving. Comic.
26. *P's and Q's*. Boston: Bowles and Dearborn, 1828. One wood engraving. Comic.
27. *The Token; A Christmas and New Year's Present*, ed. by N. P. Willis. Boston: S. Goodrich, 1829. One engraving.
28. *Rudiments of Gesture* by William Russell. Boston: Carter and Hendlee, 1830. Twelve etchings.
29. *American Comic Annual* [for 1831] ed. by Henry J. Finn. Boston: Richardson, Lord, and Holbrook, 1831. Fourteen etchings and seventeen wood engravings. Comic.
30. *The Aurora Borealis, or Flashes of Wit; Calculated to Drown out Care and Eradicate The Blue Devils.* Boston: 1831. Fourteen etchings. Comic.
31. *The Buckwheat Cake*, A Poem [by Henry Pickering]. Boston: Carter, Hendee, and Babcock, 1831. One etching. Comic.
32. *Kenilworth* [by Walter Scott]. *The Waverly Novels*, Volumes 21 and 22. Boston: S. H. Parker, 1831. One engraving in Vol. 22.
33. *The Thousand and One Nights, or the Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, 1832. Eleven etchings.
34. *The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingville Away Down East in the State of Maine*. Written by Himself [Seba Smith]. Boston: Lilly, Wait, Colman, and Holden, 1833. Six wood engravings. Third and later editions have ten wood engravings. Comic.
35. *The Oasis*, ed. by Lydia Maria Child. Boston: B. C. Bacon, 1834. One wood engraving.
36. *System of Geography* by Conrad Malte-Brun. Three volumes. Boston: S. Walker, 1834. Volumes 2 and 3 each have one engraving.
37. *The Campaigns of Napoleon Buonoparte*. Compiled by an American. Boston: C. Gaylord, 1835. One engraving, three wood engravings.
38. *Lives of the Twelve Apostles*, by F. W. P. Greenwood. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, 1835. Two engravings.

39. *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes–Saavedra, ed. by Francisco Sales (Spanish language edition). Two volumes. Boston: Perkins and Marvin, 1836. Eleven etchings (seven after George Cruickshank). Comic.
40. *Terrible Tractoration, and other Poems* by Christopher Caustic M.D. [Thomas Fessenden] Boston, 1836. One engraving after W. Bond's engraving of H. Singleton's design for the first edition (London, 1803). Comic.
41. *The Game of Life, a Drawing by Moritz Retzch, Explained . . .* by C. B. Von Miltitz. Boston: 1837. Three engravings after Retzch and Charles H. Granger.
42. *Surgical Observations on Tumors, with Cases and Operations* by John C. Warren, M.D. Boston: Crocker and Brewster, 1837. Sixteen lithographs.
43. *Charcoal Sketches; or, Scenes in a Metropolis* by Joseph C. Neal. Phila: Carey and Hart, 1838. Four etchings. Comic. Two of Johnston's illustrations were adapted by "Phiz" [Hablot K. Browne] for use in *Pic Nic Papers*, ed. by Charles Dickens (London, 1841).
44. *The Vision of Rubeta an Epic Story of the Island of Manhattan.* [by Laughton Osborne]. Boston: Weeks, Jordon, 1838. Four lithographs, one wood engraving. Comic.
45. *A World of Wonders; or Divers Developments, Showing the Thorough Triumph of Animal Magnetism in New England in Mrs. Matilda Fox* by Joel R. Peabody, M. B. Eight etchings. Comic.
46. *Yankee Notions: A Medley*, by Timo. Titterwell, Esq. [Samuel Kettell]. Boston: Otis, Broaders, 1838, first edition, not illustrated. Six etchings in second and third editions (1838) and fourth edition (1847). Comic.
47. *The Little Frenchman and his Water-Lots* by George Pope Morris. Phila: Lea and Blanchard, 1839. Twenty-two wood engravings. Comic.
48. *Childe Martin, an Epic Poem* [by J. Read?]. N. Y. 1840. One wood engraving. Comic.
49. *Specimen of Modern Printing Types, Cast at the Letter Foundry of the Boston Type and Stereotype Company*, John G. Rogers, Agent. Boston: 1841. One wood engraving.
50. *Daw's Doings, or the History of the Late War in the Plantations* by Sampson Short-and-Fat [Samuel Kettell]. Boston: William White and H. P. Lewis, 1842. Four etchings (signed *Quiz*), nine wood engravings. Comic.
51. *Shandy McGuire; or, Tricks on Travellers: being A Story of the North of Ireland* by Paul Peppergrass [Rev. John Boyce]. N. Y.: Edward Dunigan, 1848. One wood engraving. Comic.

The Poet Emerson strives to start up his Pegasus. Pegasus is indulging in "Leaves of Grass," by Walt. Whitman.

The Poet Emerson strives to start up his Pegasus.

One of Johnston's illustrations for *The Ballad of the Abolition Blunder-buss*, by Lucius M. Sargent, 1861. Emerson is chided for his Espousal of the Great Whitman's *Leaves of Grass.*

52. *Memoirs of a Country Doll Written by Herself*, by Mary Curtis. Boston: Munroe, 1853. Four etchings. Comic.
53. *Winter Sermon for Christmas and New Year.* Boston: Brown, Bazin, 1856. Thirteen wood engravings. Comic.
54. *The Ballad of the Abolition Blunder-buss* [by Lucius M. Sargent]. Boston: 1861. Nine wood engravings. Comic.

# *THE TIME IS NOW*

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