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Remembering Gertrude

VIRGIL THOMSON

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

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

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

*Opposite:* Virgil Thomson reminiscing about Gertrude Stein in his talk to the Friends at their fall meeting, October 29, 1981.
photographs. She ate very little, she kept her weight down, and she exercised: she walked all the time, she liked to do that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You see, Alice had to see that everything was done right. Her principle of life was that Gertrude was not to be bothered; she was there to make Gertrude's life easy, not difficult, so she never asked Gertrude to undertake any responsibility or to do anything. But Alice herself would get up in the morning, and before the maid was up she would clean and dust the big studio drawing room, simply because there were lots of objects there, some of which were fragile, and Alice was devoted to objects in the way that Gertrude was devoted to pictures, and Alice had an enormous temper, and she didn't want to get angry at a servant if a servant should break something, and so, the breakables being all in that room, that was the room that she did. Well, before Gertrude was
up Alice had cleaned up the place and was at her other work, which consisted of typing all the manuscripts, organizing the meals with the cook, writing business letters, which she signed “A. B. Toklas,” and on Sunday night, when the cook was out, she cooked supper.

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

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

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

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

Opposite: Page from the manuscript of Thomson’s autobiography on which he writes about the beginning of his friendship with Gertrude Stein. (Author’s gift)
My friendship with Gertrude Stein dates also from this time. Though addicted from Harvard days to "Tender Buttons" and "Geography and Plays" (no other book was in print), I still made no effort to know the writer; I wanted an acquaintance to come about naturally, and I was sure it would if I only waited. It did. Never turned in literary circles that George Antheil was that year's boy genius, she thought she really ought to look him over and so through Sylvia Beach (not though Ezra Pound, whom she disliked), or through Joyce, whom she was soon to meet, but through Yves a neutral element of letters and artists she asked that he come to call. George, always but more than two feet, took the liberty, and the two since he had been sent for, without his account, of going at first his wife[']s of bumps along since that had not been inviting. He sent me a pneumatic case saying "that we" we asked you that coming first I think it's bad. Naturally, I went x Helen Tolles did x
people today pay fifty to sixty dollars a pair for their sneakers and have five or six pairs. It's not an economy routine at all that they are involved in.

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

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

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

About once a week she used to go to the American Library and bring home lots of books, because she liked to read. She read American history, English and American memoirs, and detective stories. She paid no attention to the magazines that carry adver-
tising, and she was usually kept au courant of contemporary arts and letters by what we used to call “little magazines,” which were quite good reading, and she was sometimes in them, and so were her friends.

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

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

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

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

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

The fourth one was with regard to a French poet whom I had introduced to the family, named Georges Hugnet. Gertrude was terribly taken with him and with his work, and she actually did something that she had never done for anybody else, for any living person. She translated a long poetic work of his. Now translated means into the language of her own poetry. Actually that transla-
Thomson and Stein examining a manuscript page of *Four Saints in Three Acts*, ca. 1931.
tation was published once on opposite pages in an American literary magazine called Pagany. They had quarrelled before that came out, and she tried to stop it by telegram, but the telegram was too late, and so it was published in that form. But the European publication which had been planned in the opposite page form was stopped immediately, and Gertrude printed the work, that is to say her part, of the work, under the title “Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded.”

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

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

I now have got Gertrude up through the evening, and have spoken a little bit about her friends and enemies. After 1925, which is about the time I knew her, there was a somewhat new group of people. The painters were not the old painters, they were the neo-Romantic painters. She never really took them on, but she was always hoping that she could identify with some movement in painting as she had with the Cubist and pre-Cubist work of Pi-
casso. In the late 1920s she took a great passion for the painting of Sir Francis Rose. He is an English painter, still extant, of fantastic gift and facility; but no major collector, dealer, or museum has ever followed Gertrude in the devotion to his painting that she took on at that time. Alice was pretty quiet about it, because she didn’t want to interfere. She never interfered unless she had to. And after Gertrude’s death Alice asked him to make them a joint tombstone, which he did, out of friendship—it’s in the Pére Lachaise—but I don’t think she saw him very much.

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

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

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

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

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

Thornton Wilder at some point had become a very close friend. That was earlier, because when she came to America he was a professor at the University of Chicago, and he got her to give a course of six lectures there. He was very useful as a propagandist and
helped her toward publication, which was always her problem. After she died his sister and Alice kept up a constant correspondence, exchanging recipes and things like that, and being very close. Thornton would write sometimes—there is some correspondence at Yale—but he didn’t come to Paris very much, because the Germans had discovered him. The Germans thought that he was practically Goethe, and his play The Skin of Our Teeth was in 1946 being played in seventy-two German theaters all at once. The French didn’t make over him quite like that. They translated his work, but as far as they were concerned he was just another novelist, a good American novelist, they liked American novelists, but they didn’t open up their hearts in the way that the Germans had,
and I think he felt rather sad about that. Anyway he stopped in Germany rather than coming to Paris.

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

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

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

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

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

John Trumbull and the Jay Mission to England

RICHARD B. MORRIS and ENE SIRVET

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

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

Known widely as "the painter of the Revolution" because of the prodigious record he left of its major events and participants, Trumbull had by 1794 an established reputation as a painter. Coming from a mercantile family, his life would alternate between artistic and business activities, with a foray into diplomacy, since earning a living purely as an artist was a struggle in America well into the 1860s. Showing at an early age a "natural genius" for limning, Trumbull intended to become an artist, although he had lost the sight of his left eye in a childhood accident. His father, Connecticut Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Sr., proposed the law or ministry instead. Entering Harvard as a junior at the age of sixteen, he graduated a year later in 1773. While in college he learned on his own about painting by reading books and copying the "great masters." He met and observed the established portrait painter John Singleton Copley who praised him. Back in Lebanon,
Connecticut, Trumbull executed some paintings and was commissioned to draw maps of new townships for the state assembly. In the Revolution he drilled a local militia company, joined the first Connecticut regiment to battle in Massachusetts and New York, and was an aide briefly to General George Washington and Major General John Sullivan, resigning in a pique over the Congressional dating of his colonel’s commission. In 1778 he settled into the former lodgings in Boston of the painter John Smibert to resume his painting. The opportunity to journey to France in May 1780 came in connection with a family business venture. While in Paris he obtained an introduction from Benjamin Franklin to the famous American painter Benjamin West, living in London, with whom he wanted to study painting. West accepted him as a pupil, but Trumbull was arrested in November by British authorities for questioning and then imprisoned, an action in retaliation for the hanging of Major John André. Trumbull had comfortable quarters in Tothill Fields Bridewell where, during visits, his fellow student at West’s, Gilbert Stuart, began his portrait, leaving it to Trumbull to finish it himself. West and Copley finally obtained Trumbull’s release seven months later with £400 bail and on condition that Trumbull leave the country. He departed for the continent immediately in July and then sailed on a long voyage to America.

After the general peace in 1783 Trumbull sailed for Europe for a second time, a stay of some six years and including trips to the continent as far south as Rome. With no business offers forthcoming, he resumed painting in London with West’s encouragement and launched a series of historical paintings of Revolutionary War events. The first was “The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, 17 June 1775,” finished in 1786, for which he sought an engraver in Europe. He won acclaim in England for his depiction in 1786 of a feat of British arms, “The Sortie Made by the Garrison of Gibraltar.” American minister to France Thomas Jefferson provided firsthand information to Trumbull for his now
celebrated “Declaration of Independence,” painted 1787-1820, on the canvas of which thirty-six of the forty-eight participants portrayed were from life. All three are small canvases, at which Trumbull excelled. He returned to America in November 1789 to further his Revolutionary series and to obtain subscriptions. However, the lean years immediately before 1794, with hoped for subscriptions not forthcoming, were responsible for his eagerness to go abroad again. He was also anxious to check on the progress of the engraving of his “Bunker Hill” in Stuttgart, where it had won the praises of Goethe. Because the young artist was reserved, proper, serious, and meticulous, and politically a converted, staunch Federalist, Jay thought he would be “most pleasing” as a “Companion and assistant.”
From first to last, however, Jay kept the negotiations in his own hands and only permitted Trumbull to see and copy formal communications. With Jay's own predilection for secrecy and dispatch in diplomatic negotiations, it is understandable that most of the contacts between Jay and Grenville were private. Indeed, by mutual agreement no records of conversations were kept. As Trumbull later commented in his Autobiography, "Sir James Bland Burgess [Grenville's under-secretary] and myself had a real holiday for a month." But, Jay reported to Secretary of State Edmund Randolph that he had "perfect confidence in the accuracy as well as integrity of Col. Trumbull," and that he "made it an invariable rule from the beginning to commit to him the settlement and payment of all accounts, and the keeping of the Books
in which they are entered.” At this time Trumbull also began the second of his three portraits of Jay, which is one of five Trumbull portraits at the John Jay Homestead in Katonah, New York, the other four being of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Washington. Trumbull’s first Jay portrait was a miniature done in 1793, which likeness he intended for his paintings “Treaty of Peace” and “The Inauguration of Washington,” neither of which was executed.

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

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

The Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation was formally signed on November 19, 1794, by Grenville and Jay. Jay secured some concessions from the British, notably: their surrender of the
frontier posts which they had continued to occupy in defiance of the Definitive Treaty of Peace of 1783; and the right of Americans to limited trade to the British West Indies for a two year period and to unlimited trade with the British East Indies. He was, however, unable to wrest real trade reciprocity from the British.

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

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

*Opposite:* Maps drawn by Trumbull in the Jay Treaty letterbook showing cessions proposed by Grenville. (Jay Collection)
No. 1. Proposed Cession.

Containing
35.5\(^{2}\) square miles within the lines A, B, C.

No. 2. Proposed Cession.

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

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

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

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

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

Trumbull's diplomatic service on behalf of the Jay Treaty was to continue for some six years. Under Article VII, spoliation claims were to be handled by a mixed commission, two men to be ap-
pointed by the King of England, two by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate, and "the fifth, by the unanimous voice of the other Four" or by lot from among two candidates, one nominated by each side. "By the concurrence of chance and destiny," as Trumbull put it in a letter to Jay of September 7, 1796, which is in the Jay Papers, the painter was chosen by lot as the fifth commissioner and he accepted the post. In sum, the Jay Treaty is testimony not only to Trumbull as an artist, as the world knows him, but also to Trumbull as a diplomat in the service of the United States government.
Europe as Found

Cooper Writes Home

ANDREW B. MYERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

This romantic adventure story takes place more on sea than on land, and it therefore joins the sizable number of books which make Cooper the creator of rattling good sea fiction in our literature. In youth a sailor himself, he never forgot the world of wooden ships and iron men he knew at first hand, and he splashed much ink about them throughout his career. The Water-Witch, written in Europe, was a look back at Dutch-English colonial New
York City, its great harbor and adjoining waters. Seldom does action or dialogue stray elsewhere, but on one such occasion the gallant Seadrift ("The Skimmer of the Seas"), captain of the swift brigantine smuggler that gives the book its title, muses on a mysterious past that included memories of Sorrento. His remembered delight in its beautiful views across the waters was Cooper's too.

The gossiping novelist did not trouble his lady reader with the unhappy recollection of difficulties that in Italy had stalled the actual printing of this, as it would turn out, less than best-selling work. Cooper tried to get an English language text printed while in Rome in 1830. Local government before the Risorgimento was part of the Papal States and included a press censor who refused permission. Years later Susan Fenimore Cooper, grown woman now and devoted guardian of her father's literary shrine, edited Pages and Pictures from The Writings of James Fenimore Cooper.
In this anthology she wrote, of *The Water-Witch*’s censoring, that a “very polite” response from this temporal official “utterly condemned” the following passage from page two:

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

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

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

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

A TALE
BY THE AUTHOR
OF
PILOT, RED ROVER etc. etc. etc.

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

IN THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

DRESDEN: PRINTED FOR WALther 1830.

Columbia's first edition is one of six recorded copies.
(Friends Endowed Fund)
ancient imperial city. For example, "Madam Mère" is a "plain, unaffected motherly old woman, much wrapt up in her children, and without the least pretension to elegance of manner or to any extraordinary quality."

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

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

When he had left the United States, young artists of some talent were then only beginning to break the surface of cultural life. In the 1820s the first of the Hudson River Valley painters were fastening on indigenous vistas for successful Romantic canvases. Indeed Cooper's own fiction, which regularly included panoramic
settings revealing his own sensitivity to sweeping views of unmistakably American landscapes, would provide several of this school, like Thomas Cole, with fitting subjects.

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

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

The lines to Mary Jay end with a further request, to give "a berth" to Greenough's sculpture whenever it might reach Manhattan. What followed was serio-comical and can be used as an index to both strengths and weaknesses in contemporary taste. The ambitious sculptor produced not a single figure but a groupe, this in itself an innovation for, as he later dubbed himself, a "Yankee Stonecutter." Alas, the original, in Carrara marble has vanished, and apparently no drawing or picture remains, but the design Cooper himself described as two "cherubs," derived from figures in a painting in the Pitti Palace of the Virgin enthroned. Some
"thirty inches in height" and nude, these seeming brothers each held a scroll as if singing.

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

In 1981 ubi sunt?

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

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

KENNETH A. LOHF

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

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

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


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

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

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

Harison gift. Mr. Richard Harison, great-great-great-grandson of Richard Harison (1747-1829), John Jay’s classmate in the College
"How to Pass a Carriage"; engraving from Henry Bunbury's satirical *An Academy for Grown Horsemen* illustrated by the author. (Harding gift)
class of 1764, has presented several important pieces of memorabilia and groups of autograph letters pertaining to his distinguished ancestor: an early American Federal mahogany secretary bookcase, ca. 1790–1820, with a roll-top and a spread-wing gilt eagle; a miniature portrait of Harison’s second wife, Frances Ludlow Harison (1766–1797), painted on ivory and contained in a rose gold oval frame, bordered with a braid of hair; Harison’s copy of Herman Moll’s *Atlas Minor*, London, 1732, with his signature and bookplate; twenty letters written by Harison to his wife from 1790 to 1794; and nineteen letters written by Frances to her husband from 1783 to 1788. Harison, a renowned lawyer and public servant, also received an A.M. degree from Columbia in 1767 and an L.L.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1792, both degrees awarded to Jay at the same times. Harison served in many capacities during his long life: delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention in 1788; United States District Attorney for New York State, 1789–1801, an appointment made by George Washington; vestryman, warden and comptroller of Trinity Church, 1783–1827; secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, 1784–90; and trustee of Columbia, 1788–1829. All of these associations, as well as his family activities, are reflected in these series of informative and personal letters.

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

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

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

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

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented the papers of the Bill of Rights Fund, which was founded in 1954 to provide financial aid in civil liberties' cases that raised important constitutional issues. The officers were Dr. Lamont, president,
Eleanor Jackson Piel, secretary, Palmer Weber, treasurer, and Philip Wittenberg, counsel. During its more than eleven years of existence, the Fund made grants to 165 individuals and organizations, and the files documenting these activities are comprised largely of correspondence, as well as financial papers, minutes, reports, clippings and publications.

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

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

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

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

Menger gift. The library of the late Howard Kenneth Clark (A.M., 1933), comprising nearly four thousand volumes of literary and historical interest, has been presented by his daughter Mrs. Sydney Clark Menger, who, in making the gift, noted her father's long association with the University and the Graduate Schools Alumni Association. The collector's special interest was the work of Robert William Chambers, whose horror stories and historical novels made him an enormously popular writer during the first three decades of this century. Among the nearly four hundred Chambers editions in the collection are the following interesting association copies: The King in Yellow, Chicago and New York, F. Tennyson Neely, 1895, a pristine copy of his most famous book inscribed with an eight line poem to his friend Frances Laird; The Haunts of Men, New York, 1898, inscribed to his wife Elsie on their wedding trip to New York, July 14, 1898; With the Band, New York, Stone & Kimball, 1896, inscribed to Augustin Daly.
with whom he had collaborated on a play; and *Cardigan*, New York, 1901, the author's own copy of the first issue of the novel on the American Revolution which brought Chambers fame. All of the volumes are particularly attractive because of their colorful and dramatic polychrome bindings. The collection also includes six autograph and typewritten letters written by Chambers, as well as Clark's scrapbooks of clippings, photographs, articles and other ephemera relating to the career and writings of the novelist. In addition to Chambers, the Clark collection contains twenty-five first editions by Richard Harding Davis and twenty-six by George Barr McCutcheon, as well as numerous first editions by James Gould Cozzens, William Faulkner, Edna Ferber, Jack London, John O'Hara, Edith Wharton, Herman Wouk and other popular writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

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

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

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


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

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