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How “St. Nicholas” Got Rudyard Kipling
And What Happened Then

BY CATHARINE MORRIS WRIGHT

This article is based on a selection from the correspondence between Mary Mapes Dodge (1830-1905) and Rudyard Kipling. Some of these letters have been given to Princeton University by Mrs. H. Bernard Wilkinson and Donald Dodge ’30; several others are the property of the heirs of Karl Dodge; two are owned by the Onieora (N.Y.) Church; all are printed here with the owners’ permission. The Kipling letters are printed with the permission of Mrs. George Bambridge, Rudyard Kipling’s daughter.—Ed.

In early autumn of 1879, the editor of a popular children’s monthly received an envelope inside which were some stanzas, entitled “The Dusky Crew,” and the following letter:

To the editor—
St. Nicholas Magazine

Dear Sir:

I send with this a little poem which I hope you may think suitable for St. Nicholas Magazine.

I am an English schoolboy, thirteen years old and the verses describe an episode in last term.

I believe American schoolboys are wisely allowed more liberty than we enjoy and may perhaps sympathize with the difficulties of our dusky crew.

Yours truly,

J. R. KIPLING

United Services College.
Westward Ho
North Devon.
England.
22 August 1879.

1 First published privately in School Boy Lyrics (see illustration).
THE DUSKY CREW.

Our heads were rough and our hands were black
With the ink stain's midnight hue,
We scouted all, both great and small,
We were a dusky crew,
And each boy's hand was against us raised,
'Gainst me and the other two.

We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through,
In parks and grounds far out of bounds
Wandered our dusky crew,
And the keepers swore to see us pass,
Me and the other two.

And one there was who was light of limb,
Nimble and wary too.
A spirit grim we made of him
Unto our dusky crew:
He fetched and carried for all us three,
For me and the other two.

THE DUSKY CREW.

In secret caves in the cold, dark earth
The luscious lettuce grew—
We ate the cress in merriness,
We were a dusky crew—
The radish red gave sweet repast
To me, and the other two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through,
We wander free in misery,
We are a wretched crew,
For a master's wrath has fallen on us,
On me, and the other two.

He found our cave in the cold, dark earth,
He crept the branches through—
He caught us all in our Council Hall,
Caught us, a dusky crew,—
To punishment he led us all,
Led me, and the other two.
The “Dear Sir” happened to be a stout, capable woman of forty-nine named Mary Mapes Dodge. Since 1873 she had been mastering the greatest of juvenile magazines, St. Nicholas, which Kipling and his sister Trix, like a multitude of people young and old, were reading and enjoying. As he asserted later, Kipling had longed to be published therein but this was not to be in 1879. Quickly writing “Poem really too poor to use. Refused as courteous as I could” on its envelope, Mrs. Dodge relegated the item to a cubbyhole of her enormous Victorian desk laden with bric-a-brac and papers of all sorts, and went on to the next. But something restrained her from destroying J. R. Kipling’s attempt to enter her bailiwick.

After receiving that “courteous” note, the young author, as was his habit, must have dispatched this specimen of genius to his mother in Lahore, carefully keeping a copy herself. His cousins and he now and again produced a magazine, and he put this composition away in case: at thirteen not only an author but an astute businessman. And if Mrs. Kipling thought of herself as the first to set eyes on Ruddy’s opus she was probably wrong, for it was not until 1881 that the Kipling parents issued a small privately printed volume, Schoolboy Lyrics, in which “The Dusky Crew” first appeared. Meanwhile that copy written in 1879 lay hidden in a busy office in America, biding its time.

Mrs. Dodge, although full of normal feminine foibles, was also immensely shrewd at conducting business. Necessity had made her so. A widow at twenty-eight with two small sons and no money, she had early published an amazing bestseller, Hans Brinker: or, the Silver Skates, written uncountable articles for The Working Farmer, a weekly edited by her father, James Jay Mapes; been published in The Cornhill, Harper’s Monthly Magazine and others; and at the instigation of Roswell Smith of Scribner & Co. evolved, named and produced a periodical for which all the top authors of the day wanted to write—including “J. R. Kipling.”

Thirteen years later, in 1892, when Kipling was twenty-six and famous, he came to New York on his honeymoon. He had been there twice before, in the meantime having evoked and projected his own intimate vision of India and returned to England, where limelight and lionizers soon tired him. So although in process of writing The Naulakha with his young American friend, Wolcott Balestier, Kipling took off for a voyage eastward, to visit old haunts.

Balestier, living in London with his mother and sisters, who had come from their home in Vermont to join him, kept at the novel, which, though far from finished, was already being published serially in New York in The Century Magazine.2 Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century, aware that he had acquired a plum, was not wasting any time, lest “the Pirates” horn in. Then, unexpectedly, Wolcott died. His sister Caroline cabled Kipling, who had just arrived in Lahore. Fourteen days later Kipling returned to London to care for Wolcott’s family and to marry Caroline, with whom he seems previously to have had an “understanding,” before sailing off on the first leg of a round-the-world honeymoon. In New York, a worried Gilder awaited their arrival. What now was to happen to “Naulakha”? He need not have been perturbed. Kipling had finished the work on the voyage over on the Teutonic. He had it ready for Gilder shortly after a cold morning’s arrival on February 11th and no lapse occurred in its progress through The Century pages.

Mary Mapes Dodge and Gilder had known each other since the latter’s boyhood, Mrs. Dodge, the older, continually fostering a career that led to the latter’s editorship of The Century. Unfortunately, Gilder had not reciprocated when Mrs. Dodge later entered the same office as editor of St. Nicholas for Roswell Smith, Charles Scribner and Dr. Holland, and an unfortunate coolness, never wholly resolved, developed between them. Therefore Mrs. Dodge could not, or would not, ask this colleague for an introduction to the new star whose work she, like every other English-speaking publisher and editor, wanted for herself. She had long since forgotten that a verse signed “J. R. Kipling” was already at her disposal.

However, if the editors-in-chief of these two of the Century Company’s8 great periodicals sometimes grew scratchy and self-conscious, others in the firm were on cordial and even affectionate terms, and all were aware of Mrs. Dodge’s desire. On Saturday the 15th, two days after landing in New York, Kipling was given a luncheon at the University Club, where a dozen literati gathered to welcome and inspect the phenomenon, among them a Century trio: Gilder; Will Carey, noted for annexing celebrities; and

3 In 1881, the Century Company bought from Charles Scribner St. Nicholas and Scribner’s Monthly, renaming the latter after itself.
Frank Stockton, who had been Mrs. Dodge's right-hand man on *Hearth and Home*. The latter, checking in afterwards at her flat to find it in the throes of one of her enormous and frequent receptions (this one in honor of Stedman), was not able to convey much information. Will Carey, however, went home and wrote her a note.

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

In a conversation with Rudyard Kipling yesterday I asked him why he didn't write some more children's stories like "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Baa Baa Black Sheep." He said that some day he hoped to & that it was "the height of his ambition to be invited to contribute to St. Nicholas by Mrs. Dodge." I don't think he has anything in this line in mind now but from what he said he would be glad to consider St. Nicholas as the objective point for his next child's story.

His address for Monday is Hotel Brunswick if you care to communicate with him.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM CAREY

Sunday afternoon

Judging from his response, Mrs. Dodge must have written Kipling at once, but the honeymooners had already taken off for a visit to the bride's brother, Beatty, living with wife and child on a Vermont farm next to their grandmother Balestier's summer home; and since this must have been a sad reunion, it was not the moment in which to answer lady editors. However, the day after returning to New York, and staying this time, not in the Brunswick, "eligibly located on Madison Square, at Fifth Avenue and 26th Street . . . much favored by English tourists," but at a less flamboyant lodging, the boarding house of Mrs. Theresa Nixon at 11 East 32nd St., Kipling responded.

Will Carey seems not to have read—or if he had, not comprehended—"Wee Willie Winkie" and "Baa Baa Black Sheep"; nor, perhaps, had Mrs. Dodge, since in her letter to Kipling she had evidently mentioned these poignant tales which were totally inappropriate for *St. Nicholas*. But the fact was that Kipling—as he had written to "The Editor" thirteen years earlier and repeated the previous week to Will Carey—wanted to appear in that magazine. Why else would he have answered so promptly, or even at all?

*No copy of this letter has so far been found.*

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Mary Mapes Dodge

Courtesy of Donald Dodge '30
Rudyard Kipling to Mary Mapes Dodge, 5 March 1898
Princeton University Library, gift of Mrs. H. Bernard Wilkinson
Everybody was after him; he had, at the moment, plenty of money. But he and his sister "had scrambled for St. Nicholas" as children; Kipling had wanted to write for Mrs. Dodge; and now circumstances, including the lady's inimitable way with authors, were approaching to provide him with opportunity and acute incentive.

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I hear and obey. Be choosy. On my head be it

If I thought for a minute that it was a Wee Willie Winkie audience I'd wave a slick pen in the air & address it at once; but I know its a People a good deal more important & discriminating—a peculiar People with the strongest views on what they like & dislike and I shall probably have to make three or four false starts before I can even get the key I hope to start on. However I've one advantage I've read St. Nicholas since I was a child.

All thanks for the honour.

Sincerely Yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

This was indeed pleasant news for Mrs. Dodge, but nothing further appeared, and she had plenty else to think about.

So did the Kiplings, who, after another mid-March visit to Vermont where they bought a parcel of Beatty's land for a future home, returned to New York, dined at the Gilders, and listened to reminiscences of Japan at John LaFarge's. Japan was the next step on their round-the-world honeymoon. Their trans-Canadian train, arriving in Vancouver on April 3rd gave them time to relax before The Empress of India sailed on the 6th.

Conspicuous as always, the Kiplings met other Empress passengers as the voyage got under way, and sifting them to come up with congenial friends, they discovered a Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hunt, also headed for Yokohama, also English. Mr. Hunt was the British representative of a London importer, Alt & Co., who, like all representatives of foreign firms, was making his annual visit to the source of supply. Hunt had begun life twenty years earlier in Alt & Co.'s Nagasaki office with a nephew, Frederick Hellyer, as second in command. By 1892 the firm had changed name and personnel several times and three other Hellyers had become involved as it

*From "In Memory of Mary Mapes Dodge" by W. Fayal Clarke, St. Nicholas (October 1909).
expanding to Kobe, Yokohama, Shizuoka, and finally to Chicago. It was a large and important business and Hunt was by this time no longer young; but he wrote mild and amusing verse which appealed to Kipling and, being generally compatible, before arriving in Japan on the 20th of April, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had invited the honeymooners to be their guests at Yokohama.

Kipling's funds—something like $2,000, held for him at the Yokohama branch of the Oriental Banking Company—had seemed munificent enough, until one day the bank unexpectedly suspended payment. Cook, however, honored their tickets, but instead of Samoa and beyond, the destitute Kiplings headed back to Vermont. They had had two pleasant months in Japan. On June 27th they boarded the Empress of China—money gone, honeymoon over, and nothing marketable produced.

It was perhaps the Lord's will. Would Kipling have remembered his promise to Mrs. Dodge of St. Nicholas had he and Caroline gone on to the South Seas, to Lahore and his parents, and back to England? Perhaps the Oriental Banking Company, even as William Carey, had a collateral hand in evolving the Jungle Books.

A house called Bliss Cottage, rented from neighbors of the Balesiers was all very well, but obviously Kipling must work, and soon, for both personal and financial reasons, and mulling things over, he promptly remembered Mrs. Dodge. He would send her, partly as thank-you to a kind host and partly to hold the fort until he could follow it up with something of his own, a long verse of Hunt's which the latter had given him. Perhaps the knowledge that he was shortly to become a father, consciously or unconsciously entered his thinking.

Since Mrs. Dodge was in residence at "Yarrow," her summer home at Onteora in the Catskills, it was Fayal Clarke, her assistant, who received the following letter, written in longhand on rough yellow paper with no heading and no date—all very unlike Kipling's usual practice. Obviously, he had something on his mind which he wanted to get resolved in a hurry:

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I've got a notion for a yarn for St. Nicholas—but its for the very young Nicks. The notion of a princess shut up in a pickle-bottle which would not open to any known charm or incantation—till a practical knight-errant pulled out the cork. The bottle being not an enchanted bottle was only affected by ordinary laws. She

might go in an Eastern setting—as told by an old ploughman to his small son a goatherd.

But what I want to show you now is a thing that I picked up in far Japan—the true tale of a cockatoo of many tales. The author wishes to be unknown but it seems to me that its a very good verse. It was written to amuse a child and it did. Do you think St. Nick would look at it with any favour and might I ask you just to look through it & say what you think? In illustration it seems good—apart from its moral merit.

Sincerely yours,

RUDYARD KIPLING

Enclosed was a ballad of sixty-three stanzas, four lines each, in three sections with prose headings, called "The Lament of Polly Cla."

Thus began a duel of wits.

Although Mrs. Dodge, somewhat of a hypochondriac, was as usual under Doctor's orders not to write, she at once answered this letter forwarded by Clarke. Here was something unexpected and very exciting. Of course she would like to have "his" verses.

This assumption posed a problem and Kipling, evidently aware that the Hunts expected to pause in Montreal before returning to England, wrote a letter on September 19th to "Messrs. Hewlett & Son" asking them for the Hunts' address in that city, because he wished to reach them before they came to New York. It seems likely that he was asking whether he might divulge the true name of "Polly Cla's" author, but since this letter was sold in the 1950's by C. & I. K. Fletcher, Ltd., of London, to a Mr. G. J. Paterson, since deceased, its full contents are not presently available.

Meantime, Mrs. Dodge, secretary, faithful Bridget, second maid, goods and chattels, had returned to New York.

Apparently receiving no reply from Hunt and not wishing to wait too long to get started, Kipling wrote Mrs. Dodge again.

Brattleboro
Sep: 29: 92

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

Many thanks for your kind note. I'm glad you like Polly Cla' and more glad that you want it for Dec. and most glad that its to be illustrated.

"Sail on, Sail on," said Thalaba
Sail on in Allah's name.
Only the thing is the work of H.J.H. as I said before and as the work of H.J.H. must it appear.

The other tale by me is a being of done. I should be very happy indeed to make some arrangement with the Century whereby Polly Cla' could be published in book form next year with illustrations as a child's book.

Sincerely yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING

Never so far had it occurred to Mrs. Dodge that H.J.H. was not a Kipling nom-de-plume. She herself scattered such things at random, and even if she did not know that Kipling had been doing likewise (which he had) it would be natural for her to suppose that he did. It was a common enough practice of the time. Yet here was the man insisting that "the thing" was not his work, when she had offered him Kipling prices! And now, like the fisherman's wife, he wanted "Polly Cla" to be published as a book.

Mrs. Dodge was shaken.

When this happened, it was her habit to write down her thoughts and the sequence of events, in order to clarify, to judge, and then to act. In this instance, a mixture of ink and pencil on a torn sheet of paper did not get her very far:

Rudyard Kipling
(1st contribution was by)
(Polly Cla)
1st (Mr.) Rudyard Kipling (asked for) (the author)
H.J.H. (in sending Poll) sent
"Polly Cla" by its author
H.J.H.
Supposing it to be by
R.K. (as indeed it since)
For Polly Cla (sent by R.K)
for its author H.J.H.)
(we) St N paid $100—(the We wrote to s m) H.J.H. would have
given it s

Kipling had bewildered the lady, no doubt about it, but not for long. A week later she pulled herself together and wrote him a top-notch—something at which, given time, thought and sufficient provocation, she excelled.

*Deletions here and hereafter are indicated by angle brackets and italics.

October 6, 1892

Dear Mr. Kipling:

We salute you! But with mixed feelings.

We don't salute H.J.H. and our feelings in regard to that mysterious being are not at all mixed.

It is folly to state the case to you—for you must know that live editors and enterprising publishers, with a keen eye to business, would be anything but hilarious, if, having a Kipling poem actually in hand, they found themselves obliged to print it without the Kipling, "Hamlet without the Dane," forsooth!

Seriously, our proposition was based upon the idea that we could print "Polly Cla" as your own. Naturally the Century Company took into consideration the commercial value of the contribution, purchased as, presumably, the work of a noted author. Moreover, we were delighted that it chanced to come just in time for one of our holiday numbers, the most important issues of the year.

Under the new aspects of affairs, while we shall be very glad to give our readers "Polly Cla," we would much prefer to print first that Kipling story of the unenchanted bottle—if, as we hope, it is practicable for you to let us have it in time for our January number*. Could we have it by the 15th of this month?

Even before your latest letter was received, we found that it would be quite impossible for us to have the "Lament of Polly Cla" fitly illustrated in time for our December number, which is now, in fact, going to press. But the January St. Nicholas is also a holiday number and it comes out just at the Christmas tide.

Failing the completion of the new story in time, is there, after all, no possibility of your allowing "Polly Cla" and Rudyard-Kipling to do one another mutual honor,—thus giving our readers the double delight of the charming verses and the halo they should wear,—whether it is a misfit or not?

In brief (since we have said at length all that we can say!) will you not generously reconsider and assent? Sincerely,

MARY MAPES DODGE

* (and (save) hold "Polly Cla" till February)

The dish was served with a light sauce of "pretty-please" done in M.M.D.'s most winning way—but it didn't work—not with this brilliant protagonist, who knew all the ropes and twists as well if not better than she. He responded at once.
Dear Mrs. Dodge:

Even so, “Polly Cla” is the work of H.J.H. who is not R.K. To this, to make all plain, I pledge you my Honour. If Providence had allowed me to write a tale of eighty consecutive verses I should have said several things and asked several more. If you can see your way to putting Polly Cla into the February number I’ll send my “Potted Princess” down to you before the 15th of this month, if we can settle terms.

But (price paid) it is a most important audience; and I can’t afford to mess my pitch before them. So unless you think the Potted Princess is quite right, please send it swiftly back to me and I’ll revise or if necessary re-write or do another tale. Grown-ups are only grown-ups but a child is a child, you see.

I should be very glad to know if the Century would care to bring out Polly Cla after St. Nick has done with it, as a child’s book, with all the illustrations.

Very sincerely yours
RUDYARD KIPLING

Brattleboro
Oct 8/92

Since Mrs. Dodge went only one day a week to the office, Clarke received this, and promptly sending her the letter by messenger, he added his own thinking in the matter:

October 10, 1892

My dear M.M.D.—

Here is Kipling’s answer. And as you will see the joke is on us, as he solemnly declares that “Polly Cla” is not his! However, it is good news that we are to have the story by the 15th, and I hope he won’t ask for a perfectly outrageous price for it. Our bid of $250. for “Polly Cla” I am afraid will tend to boom his rates for the story. But it is very fortunate on that account that we stated in the last letter that the offer was made on the supposition that the poem was his. Whether we can now pay any less for “Polly Cla” is a difficult question. . . .

Kipling’s letter, after all, is very nice and hearty, and I hope we can secure the story in time for January. . . .

Yours in haste
W.F.C

Following directly on the heels of this one, came an envelope from Caroline Kipling dated October 9th, postmarked the 10th.

Two lines on a scrap of tablet paper is all that remains of the contents:

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

My husband wants you to have the enclosed scrap of a letter just received in case you are printing “Polly Cla.”

Yours sincerely,
CAROLINE KIPLING

And what can one assume other than that after Kipling had sent his of the 8th to Mrs. Dodge, he again heard from Hunt, saying definitely that it must be initials only; and that Kipling had Caroline send this last word to clinch matters—which it did.

Meantime, there had been discussion with Mr. Scott, recently become president of the Century Co., concerning “Polly Cla’s” fitness as a book, so it was four days before Mrs. Dodge, now minus the usual ebullience, wrote again. Most of her correspondence never hit the like—but this was emergency, with time running out for getting the magazine to its dateline, in addition to her personal problem of relaying the publisher’s negative ultimatum to the author. Notes of the letter she finally sent Kipling give some idea of her mental state.

ST. NICHOLAS

COPY SENT OCT 14 . 92

DEAR MR. KIPLING

Well, “Polly Cla”—even shorn of the Kipling crest—is still a true and picturesque bird of the Orient, and she shall go into the Feb number of St. Nicholas with pictures. (Of course)

The price offered (for the poem) is far in excess of the rate at which we ordinarily pay,—but let that pass,—unless, indeed you choose to so credit us (the point) (consider it) (a) in naming the terms for your own story!

We shall be (very) heartily glad to see the “Princess” on the 15th of this month or (at) your earliest possible (date) day, and with the terms, please. The (story) Ms. shall be (promptly) read immediately and an answer (returned to) sent you without delay. It will be delightful to give the children a real R.K. story for their New-Year joy.

As for “Polly Cla,” by itself, in book form, The Century Co do not think they can bring it out. Our only idea from the start based
upon a mistaken belief in its authorship has been to (print it with a few) put it into a volume made up of other short tales in prose and verse yet to be written by R. Kipling (then supposed by us to be its author)—(Our publishers say that) Long as the poem is (six volume) (sixty four verses) there is not enough of it to make a book, unless we should illustrate every one of the sixty four verses (which would cost too much) This the publishers say would be expensive, and Even then it would not make a really (“sizable”) “sizable” book for (little folk) children.
(I am sorry—but (but) I am sorry

Yours sincerely  MARY MAPES DODGE

Kipling had won the first round; he was pleasantly and warmly full of friendship, so he threw in an extra plum, for good measure and spirits:

Brattleboro
Vt.
Oct. 15: 92

Dear Mrs. Dodge.

Many thanks for your kind letter, with the news of Polly Cla. Touching that joyous and dignified bird H.J.H. is no hog on dollars. He would be just as well pleased with $100 as $250 for he is a rich man. Ee’n send what you think fit and we’ll not quarrel. I am sorry about its unbookability.

I enclose herewith The Potted Princess for your most stern inspection. My rates are $100 per 1000 w’d’s seeing this goes nowhere but to Saint Nicholas I don’t think it will run much over 2000 words. If it does the extras don’t count. If it doesn’t let them deduct $10 per 100 words shortage. I hold the book rights of the tale. Perhaps we’ll be able to do some more and make a little book some day; but its a mighty difficult kind of composition; that public being particular to distraction. Therefore if it does not fit in your estimation, send him back and I’ll do it again.

There’s only one man that could illustrate it and he’s my father too far away for this present need. I’ll return the proof within 48 hours of receipt and I do most sincerely hope it will be an acceptable yarn.

Did you ever hear of the monkeys and the poison-stick with which they stirred the poisoned rice till it was fit to eat? or of the small boy who made himself a Noah’s ark on an Indian tank and filled it with animals and how they wouldn’t agree, and how the dove wouldn’t fly for the olive branch and how Noah was ingloriously lugged to the bank with all his ark and spanked? Or of the small boy who got a blessing and a ghost-dagger from a thibetan lama who came down from Thibet in search of a miraculous river that washed away all sin (the river that gushed out when the Bodhisat’s arrow struck the ground) and how these two went hunting for it together—the old old priest with his priestly tam o’shanter hat and the young English child

[and here, to illustrate his point, Kipling drew the old Priest in the tam]

With kindest regards believe me

Yours sincerely RUDYARD KIPLING

P.S. Please return the M.S. of the Potted one. I send ’em to my mother.

and on the opposite page, Kipling added:

Hamti-Damti chargya chhutt!
Hamti-Damti gergya phut!
Rajah Ki-pulton Ranee Ki-ghoree
Hamti-Damti Kubbee nabin joice!

That’s how we sing Humpty Dumpty in the East when we are small. Tell it to Jack-in-the-Pulpit’ and please put me down for a regularly St Nicholas.

R. K.

Although we might call Kipling’s mention of “a little book” the first glimmering of the Jungle Books, a much more important bit was already gestating to the point of written idea and even of illustration. For here we find the first mention anywhere of “Kim,” already fully named and projected in his next letter as “Kim o’ the Risht.” Since it was not until seven years later that Kipling actually wrote “Kim” (1899), this gives an interesting insight into his mental processes. Evidently he had originally thought of it as a child’s story and gradually developed it into one of his greatest works.8

Writing “Kipling Haste Jack in the Pulpit,” Mrs. Dodge sent “Hamti-Damti” at once to DeVinne, the printer, and it made the January 1893 number of St. Nicholas. So did the “Princess,” but since Mrs. Dodge wasn’t sure it would, she worded an accompanying message with caution:

7 A chatty St. Nicholas page of paragraphs on various subjects.
8 “Now even in the Bliss Cottage I had a vague notion of an Irish boy born in India…,” Something of Myself, pp. 147-48 (U.S. edition).
"That's how we sing 'Humpty Dumpty' in the East, when we are small," writes one Rudyard Kipling, a right warm friend of yours, in a letter to this very pulpit. So you see there are merry rhymes and sweet little nonsense verses all over the world, and the far East is not so very far away, after all. How can it be a strange country to you when once you know that Humpty-Dumpty is cutting up antics there, and you have every reason to believe that cows are jumping over moons, and wondrous wise men are dispersing about Bramblebushes in true Mother Goose fashion!

By the way, somewhere in this very month of St. Nicholas, I am told, you youngest folk are to have, or may already have had, a rare tale told to you, in the original Kipling, by the very friend who sent you the Hamti-Damti. What wonder you all look so good-natured!

But Kipling was always as good as his word. Besides which he was by now on the verge of something, his fire stoking: or, as he himself put it, his "Daemon" was awakening.

The St. Nicholas staff read "The Potted Princess" with instant acclaim; a jubilant Editor wrote him again—this was at least the tenth letter between them in less than three weeks, each one encompassing different parries and emotions. Mrs. Dodge's latest burbled with pure and unadulterated joy—as her retained copy testifies by having so few corrections.

October 19th 1892

Dear Mr. Kipling:

How did you do it? Children everywhere will go wild with delight over that story, and the editor is simply chortling over the bewitching thing. Editors so seldom know the joy of thorough satisfaction!

The proof-slips and original Ms. intact shall go to you at the earliest possible moment. Meantime, as your father is out of reach, Mr. Birch—our best illustrator—will do the pictures. As time is pressing, we already have sent him a typewritten copy.

Many thanks for your frank and kindly words as to payments. Your rates for St. N (since it is R.K.) are $100. per thousand words, you holding the book-rights—are entirely satisfactory (since it is R.K.). This story contains just 2600 words, and the Century Co's check for $260. goes to you by today's post.

As to "Polly Clu," we have—in the light of your letter—we have set the figures at $125. and we await your instructions as to manner of payment. Shall it be by check to your order?

No, I never did hear of the monkeys and the poison-stick, nor of that particular Noah's ark, nor of the (old) tam o' shantered priest & the young English child.

But—(well, H.J.H.) I yearn to. H.J.H. may not be a hog on dollars, but St. Nicholas is on stories from your pen. My cry is still for more, and the (possible) prospect of an R.K. book of stories for young folk is most welcome both to Editors & publishers of St. N. . I devoutly hope it will materialize in its own good time—(the more speedingly) the sooner—the better. You shudderingly say our special public is particular to distraction, but you cannot conceive what a horror the (by) children become if an author who once pleased them (children) dares to stop! In short, why go back to the old folks at all? Any dry bones will do for them.

Jack in the Pulpit sends his hearty (acknowledgement of) thanks for the (child) rich Eastern version of Humpty Dumpty & so do I. (And St. N.) Modest Saint Nicholas is charmed at the prospect of going to you in an offhand complimentary way every month,

And I am

Yours very sincerely,

MARY MAPES DODGE
Then she added, for her own records:

P.S. (I may send you one or two suggestions with the proof of the Princess (if indeed so peerless a pr) I asked him to change the title of the story. (Refused later)

Kipling was pleased, too, but he gave no inch.

Brattleboro, Friday: 10

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I'm glad you like her and perhaps if the children think fit we'll try another—the tale of the Thibetan lama and Kim o' the Rishti for I would sooner make a fair book of stories for children than a new religion or a complete inside framework of our social & political life.

But—let her Pottedness remain for the very reason that you say. It is suggestive of canned meat. Children are pigs (little ones) in their insides. The title will stick in their tum—I mean their minds.

H.J.H. his money may be paid to me. I'm awfully pleased about Polly and I'll look the proof over most careful. I made a blot on the next sheet so it came off.

Yours very sincerely
RUDYARD KIPLING

With H.J.H. still an unknown quantity and Rudyard Kipling an adamant man, a pencil copy of Mrs. Dodge's response fails to disguise defeat:

Copy sent
Oct 26, 92

Dear Mr Kip

The accompanying proof slips have at last come from the printers—and, as you see, with the proofreader's suggestions and decorations. Will you kindly correct one set of the proofs and return it to me in care of the Century Co. etc. & marked "Haste."

We sorely regret that you cling to the title wh. seems to us—one and all—the only blemish on the story. But if nothing can move you (Ply) we will try, as the children say, to "be good about it."

The orig Ms. goes to you also by today's post

Yours etc
M.M.D.

October 26, 1892.

10 October 21, 1892.

The literary pas-de-deux had now been in action for a month minus three days, through twelve letters that we know of and with another dozen or so to go before reaching the end of the performance.

Then came, after a fortnight's breather:

Brattleboro
Nov. 12th

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I held over answering your letter till I had done the monkeys & the poison stick in the rough. I send you the draft herewith. It wants at least another lick of varnish. Will you kindly get it typed for me (Brattleboro keeps no superfluous luxuries in the Remington line) and send it to me for revision. This without prejudice to what I may do to it in proof. If you accept it I have a notion that it may be about six inches over the head of the young—a lot of it but that you must decide. If its' so I must reframe it and make it a tale for the grown ups Please let me have just a little note giving me book rights of all tales I may write for St. Nick.

Now what do you think of a tale about an elephants' hall. Held by moonlight in one of the great stamped down ballrooms that they make for themselves in the heart of the moist hot Assam Terai. Fancy several acres as flat as beaten clay and a midnight gathering of the great trumpeting waltzing wheeling giants as watched in fear and terror by an Assamese Kedhah man, an elephant tracker. It was their last waltz you see for next day the lines of the elephant drive closed and they were driven into the stockade The queer thing was that the tracker had gone off to hunt the wild elephants with his own string of four tame trained mucken's and they broke away from him and he saw them the big chains jingling as they twirled, dancing through the mammoth quadrilles. There's a deal more truth in this than you'd think afterwards a camel tale might not be amiss but that's as you think best.

I trust your cold has gone by this time. Colds are more than regularly ordained diseases without the consolation of being spotted or blotted or paralyzed.

Sincerely yours
RUDYARD KIPLING

P.S. Better still. A tame tusker breaks out of his pickets at night, slings the drivers five year old son on to his neck, goes forty miles into the Caro hills crashing through the underbrush to dance with his fellows and the little chap is the only living human who sees
the great dance. Tell it in verse, ballad form, and charge St Nick untold gold!

Things were no longer simmering but boiling over now, as Kipling next revealed:

Brattleboro.
Thanksgiving—'92

Dear Mrs. Dodge.

Your note & the monkey tails have come.
The elephant ball did not come out in verse at least I lathered away at it ballad fashion and it carried me out ever so far beyond child's depth. However I bethought me of some notes that were by me on elephant capturing (the which is a great science) and putting the surroundings into a Kedah camp made that which I send you now. I think it will illustrate not so badly. It's long but I fear me I can't cut much more but if you like it I will try. Perhaps the little verse and the descent of the elephants to the plains is not needed but I got so interested I forgot brevity.

Now if that tale pleases you I will do "Tiger-Tiger" the tale of the man eater who was ignominiously squelched in his lair by the charge of the village buffaloes under the command of the cattle boy herd. That's a true tale.

Also, there will be (D.V.) a wolf tale. "Mowgli's Brothers." He was a wolf boy (we have them in India) but being caught early was civilized. His brothers the wolves followed his career respectfully & afar (but they wanted food & were used to three meals a day) from village to village till at last Mowgli's too faithful retainers became a nuisance and he took counsel with a holy man in a grove and the upshot was that he went out in the moonlight & explained things to those four grey wolves of Oudh and they saw the justice of his demands and left him in peace.

Then after that, (if you care to have the set of six finished) we'll do a camel tale. I haven't looked up my notes for that but it should come.

Altogether the six ought to make a little book. The question is won't they be rather too much of a load for St Nick?

Consider the invoice.
The Potted Princess
Collar Wallah & the Poison Stick

Toomai of the Elephants
"Tiger-tiger"
Mowgli's Brothers
and the Camel. It will be a regular Zoo. I'm interested in them and want to finish them off before my spring work sets in. Here with I return Collar Wallah for proofing.

Very sincerely yours
RUDYARD KIPLING

* There ought to be a regular title for all six.
* Noah's Ark Tales? or how

Summing things up as they stood and as Mr. K. wanted them to be, Mrs. Dodge once more set about her usual way of figuring it out, after which she wrote a charmer, leaving some things unsaid, some concretely accepted.

Business Points from Mr. Kipling's Letters.

1. —The first MS. he sent us was that of "Polly Cia," a long piece of verse which will be published in our February number. We offered him $250. for it on the supposition that he wrote it. He assured us that he did not (though he has since admitted that he put in several verses) and he said that the author would be as well pleased with $125, as $250. So we sent him a cheque for $125.

2. —The second contribution was "The Potted Princess," published in the January number. As to this, he says in his letter of October 15th:—

"My rates are $100. per thousand words seeing this goes nowhere but to St. Nicholas. I hold the book rights of the tale."

3. —The third MS. was that of "Collar Wallah and the Poison Stick," and the story will open our February number. It is decided better, and more Kipling-y, than "The Potted Princess" and as it was 4000 words in length we sent him $400. in accordance with the rates he fixed. We have his receipt for the amount.

4. —The next story was "Toomai of the Elephants"—far the best yet received and written in Kipling's best vein. It was 6500 words in length, and we have told him that the cheque would be for $650. But we wrote him that we should hold it for our next Christmas number, and to hold the three others he is to write until the autumn of next year.

5. —In reply to this letter of ours he says:—

"What you say about time and occasion is the law of papers and magazines; touching me not. When I was an Editor,
people used to grow rabid because everybody's contribution was not in at once, but I never took the pains to explain 'ene things'.

In regard to these stories he writes: 'My own notion was, if I lived, to get the child's tale book done in the autumn (of course St. Nick is copyrighted both sides of the water) of '93: but as things are I'll e'en take a mean revenge on my Editrix by seeing if I can't write a tale for one of your off days that I shall make you sorry you didn't keep that and not Toomai for Christmas.'

6. —Finally, here is his outline of the stories he is still to write: [here Mrs. Dodge quotes from Kipling's "Thanksgiving" letter.]

7. —Mr. Kipling has since said that he would prefer to omit "The Potted Princess" from the book and have it consist entirely of animal stories.

Finally all this resolved itself into typical Dodgiana, pleased, charming and determined:

Dear Mr. Kipling:

"Toomai of the Elephants" is the very best of all—a truly wonderful piece of work in the telling—and in spirit the elephantiest thing imaginable. Little Toomai is a boy for boys, and girls will adore him. In short, St. Nicholas claims him & Kula Nag in the name of all children. Selah.

One of our assistants counted the words and reported "exactly 6580." So the same, being translated reads $660.00 as aforesaid.

Pray send on the other stories as early as completed. If they average no longer than these first three, St. Nicholas assuredly will let none of them escape, if not dead broke or otherwise handicapped.

But there is no haste—is there?—as to the time of publication. Collar Wallah shall go at once into February, but plans & promises already made compel us to ask leeway for the others. Indeed, I long to hold that bewitching Toomai for our Xmas no. of next year. This seems a great way off paper, I know, but it is not so in reality when you consider that we editors are now working on our March number,—January & February '93 being practically things of the past.

It will not be safe, moreover to rush the illustrating of Toomai. It should be worthy—that is to say superbly—done. One of our best draughtsmen (and no other need apply) should have a clear six weeks allowance for the work.

Also, from the publishers standpoint, it is an important con-

sideration that a story which would be a notable feature of a Holiday number loses much of its "advertising value" if printed in Spring or Summer We, and all magazines for that matter concentrate our best efforts upon the autumn & winter issues. This is a wicked world!

Our plan, then, would be to print, say, "Tiger Tiger" in the October St. Nicholas; "Mowgli's Brothers" in November; "Toomai of the Elephants" in December; and the Camel story (or last of the six) in Jan. 1894. This would afford ample time for your book to be issued for the early Spring of the same year.

(This would be virtually a delay of less than six months you see)

Collar Wallah shall have his 400 immediately. It goes by today's post.

Yours sincerely

MARY MAPES DODGE

Never once during all this do we have letters by either correspondent mentioning "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," perhaps the best known and best-loved character of the lot. Yet this story was certainly "a being of done" for it came out in St. Nicholas before "Toomai of the Elephants" and "Tiger! Tiger!"

After the birth of his daughter Josephine, on December 29, 1892, Mrs. Dodge wrote congratulations, and Kipling replied.

Brattleboro:

Jan: 11: 93.

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

Many thanks for your kind little note of welcome to the Young Person. I haven't been able to acknowledge it for the reason that I've been very busy these few days gone. However now I'm back to the desk & getting through with my duties.

Oliver who is called Herford has just strolled in from the other side of the Atlantic. He broke the Umbria's screwshaft en route (probably tried to draw the poor thing) but don't you think that he'd be the man to illustrate "Toomai of the Elephants"? He knows Beasts intimately and he knows me and I know him and perhaps by the Grace of Heaven we could get him to work on it. He's not exactly a hog (in a manner of speaking) on swift enterprises but if his Daemon interests him in Toomai and the weather is fine and he feels happy in his inside he might do lovely drawings. Do you think it could be arranged?
I have another beast tale finished but it doesn't look very nice and I have to do it again from the beginning.

Sincerely yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

As Mrs. Dodge's mind and notes cleared from her usual winter illness, she got off an answer to this, using the age-old unsuitable subtlety of the editor treading water in order to work it out his way rather than the author's, but coming off charger, in a postscript; which was wise, for Kipling understood balcony only too well.

January 28, 1893

Dear Mr. Kipling:

Illness and urgent work have delayed my acknowledgement of your note of the 11th inst.

As to the illustrating of "Toomai" we shall bear your suggestion in mind, but in all matters of picture making we always consult the Managers of our Art Department, and I have had no opportunity, (at) yet, of talking this over with them. Mr. Clarke tells me that Mr. Herford will probably be in town for some time, and so if he be settled that he is to illustrate "Toomai" we have him within reach. But whoever is to illustrate that epic of the jungle must have a realizing sense of the responsibilities laid upon him, and by prayer and fasting, if necessary, prepare himself for the biggest thing he ever did in his life. The story is so perfect I almost feared to let it go back into the author's hands lest he should sport with it.—He will touch the "slumber song" at his peril.

Pray let us have the Ms. back when you send the new story.

Yours sincerely—

[Notes at side of page:]
Mr. Drake, the manager of our Art Dept.

It is sometimes well for us to have an artist—even one whose work is well-known—to draw but one picture before putting the whole matter of illustration in his hands. I appreciate Mr. Herford's work and so do we all of the Century but sometimes our best artists have disappointed us and we are cautious before placing the matter of illustration in their hands.

This drew an interesting comment on Reginald Birch and "Collar Wallah," as well as on future moves.

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

It isn't good to hear of you being ill this way—for the third time this winter I believe. Can't you leave the Saint to take care of his numbers alone for a while & escape from the slushy sea atmosphere of New York?

St. Nick has come in and—Birch does not know too much about monkeys. He's gone and put a man coming back from dinner in a pith hat—the sort of thing you go and stalk tigers in! His old buffalo is an Italian beast and the yoke is a patent I don't know. He's a ripsnorter at the Fauntleroy act but Menagers isn't his stronghold. All the same people who haven't been in India won't know. Toomai is at present locked up in a bank waiting for the last touches. I've been clearing off my new book and there hasn't been room to do much else. I've done Mowgli's Brothers in the rough. It deals altogether with the beasts of the jungle: the boy being subordinate. You shall not find that Toomai has suffered any harm, and I won't touch the song.

Very sincerely yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

P.S. What stunning articles those are on the galleys & submarine warfare! Then, early in March '93, Kipling kept the promise made earlier and submitted two new stories.

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

Hereewith I am sending you two more of the Beast-tales, viz. the story of *Mowgli's Brothers* and *Tiger-Tiger*—its continuation. They have taken some time; & I think I've put into them pretty nearly everything that I know or have heard or dreamed about the Indian jungle. I only hope that you won't find them too long.

The last tale of the series should follow in a little time. Toomai

23 Illustration of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."
is being unrippled and stitched up the gores with some purfling on the bias and gigots to match.

Very sincerely yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

Mar. 5/93
Brattleboro

P.S. at the end of Tiger-Tiger (q.v) I have made Mowgli sing a war-chant of victory but as there'd make the tale too long for St Nick. I've left it out of the copy. If you see your way to enlarging its borders I'd be glad to send along the song: It's prose not rhyme.

R.K.

Mrs. Dodge must not have wanted the war-chant. It does not appear in St. Nicholas, but four months later, a new and endearing character appeared:

Brattleboro
July: 22: 93

Dear Mrs. Dodge.

I haven't written to you because I felt sure that you were having your summer holiday in peace at—Onteora, isn't it?

I am sending now for your inspection and approval the noble and exciting history of the virtuous fights of Rikki-tikki tavi. In another cover comes the edifying moral tale called The Servants of the Queen—both at your service.

We've just had a baby—not such a young baby either—tornado who has blocked the roads with fallen trees, blown potatoes out of the ground and small boys through the air. It has cleared off the overwhelming heat of the past week or two and left us comfortable.

Some children have been calling in on us lately and I have been experimenting on them with tales. It seems to me that the beast-tales are likely to be a great hit. My father who is here wants to see if he can illustrate Toomai and I want to get a look at the proofs of Mowgli as soon as is convenient. With best regards from my wife & myself believe me

Very sincerely yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

And a month later:

Dear Mrs. Dodge.

Your letter has followed me along on a little trip that I'm making with my father—Quebec, Saugean & here to improve our minds.

As regards Rikki tikki—all right. The Saint must make his own arrangements and they'll suit me.

I've been at the Father about Toomai. He won't (can't, he says) do anything without his elephant photos which cover the whole business of Keddahs & captures. But he says he'll be on hand to illustrate the tales when in book form. Please let your artists know. I'm sorry but he's right—the father in that photos are necessary.

Why not limit Toomai just to head & tail pieces? For the present. I want Rikki in proof. He'll come out a little better for grooming 'tho I much want the Mowgli couple to revise. I'll put in Mowgli's song of triumph over the dead tiger if you'll give the space. I learn from home that the new house [Naulakha] is just being invaded—workmen below & my wife & baby upstairs—a la Commune riots; fighting from room to room. We've been sent playing to be out of the way of the women folk.

Very sincerely yours

RUDYARD KIPLING

[Postmarked:]
Brattleboro Aug 28 7 PM 93

And still later, although Kipling had mentioned it two months earlier:

Brattleboro
Sep. 18 93

Dear Mrs. Dodge—

I send herewith for the Saints Inspection the last of the child's lot—Servants of the Queen. He's the funniest of all and should illustrate well if the Saint would like to have him.

I hope anon to be in town and to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Very sincerely yours,

RUDYARD KIPLING

"He's the funniest of all"—but Mrs. Dodge tended to be pedantic, despite her enormous editorial ability—and so, and for the second time, "as courteous as I could," she turned this author down.

18 So far as it is possible to verify, Kipling and Mary Mapes Dodge never met.
Oct. 29, '98
Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I am sending herewith proofs of "Mowgli's Brothers"—a little the worse for wear. May I ask for an early "Tiger Tiger" as I fear that I must do something to that.

The ms. of the Queen's Servants has reached me. Many thanks for your pretty letter.

Very sincerely always,
RUDYARD KIPLING

It was her loss. Kipling promptly sent it to Harper, who as promptly accepted and published it in Harper's Weekly.19 Perhaps that is where it belonged. Mrs. Dodge may have been wiser than we give her credit for, but the fact remains that she lost a plum to a rival.

A month later, in the November 1893 St. Nicholas, Mrs. Dodge retrieved herself in three masterly strokes by sandwiching her own "Day-dreams on the Dike"—a soporific filler consisting of what could have been notes for Hans Brinker—between Rudyard Kipling's "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" and Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer Abroad," Chapter One. Both had been written expressly for St. Nicholas at her instigation and spurred by her enthusiasm and critical commentary. What price one story to Harper and another to McClure?20 Here was the beginning of triumph, as St. Nicholas month after month produced another Kipling gem, and yet another. In December '93 it was "Toomai of the Elephants"; "Mowgli's Brothers" in January '94; followed in February '94 by "Tiger-Tiger," which Kipling had sent first, all illustrated ably and dramatically by W. H. Drake, a member of the Century house, not by Reginald Birch whom Kipling had criticized.

Yet strangely—for her readers were eager enough to compliment favorites in St. Nick's "Letter Box"—no child had mentioned Rudyard Kipling or his work, in his or her correspondence. Perhaps, after all, these stories, like "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Baa, Baa Black Sheep" were too powerful for the young.

Harper, McClure and then Doubleday and others spelled the beginning of inevitable diffusion of Mrs. Dodge's brief but potent


control of Kipling's output. From here on, Kipling's letters to the editor were tentative and almost affectionate, as his Daemon began re-focusing on adults; but, too sure an artist to leave the children dangling, after a lapse of a year and a month, during which time The Jungle Book had been published by the Century Co. in the U.S. and Macmillan in England, in March of '95 Kipling and St. Nicholas produced another Mowgli, "The King's Ankus"; a different sort of story, and illustrated by a new man, W.A.C. Pape.

Then, and only then, the artist knew it was time to stop.

Naulakha, Brattleboro, Vermont
June 18, '95

Dear Mrs. Dodge:

I have this week finished the last of the new Jungle book with the words "and this is the last of the Mowgli tales because there are no more to be told." Now we must try new things. I do not go to India this year but abide so far as I know in Vermont through the winter and if I can think of a sufficiently good St Nick tale you shall have it either in time for September or the New Year as Providence sends it along.

With all regards to St Nick. his [illegible]

Yours always sincerely,
RUDYARD KIPLING

By 1895, The Second Jungle Book had been published and a natural pause in Kipling's St. Nicholas correspondence ensued, as letters concerning small personal matters came and went infrequently. But it was a pause only, for in 1897 the first three "Just-So Stories"21 came to a grateful Mrs. Dodge from A. P. Watt, Kipling's agent, and the duet was resumed.

Woodcut by John Lockwood Kipling in The Jungle Book
Princeton University Library

21 "How the Whale Got His Throat," December 1897; "How the Camel Got His Hump," January 1898; "How the Rhinoceros Got His Wrinkly Skin," February 1898.
One day in 1899, Mrs. Dodge set a young assistant named Samuel A. Chapin, Jr., to cleaning cubbies and there, after twenty somnolent years, the "Dusky Crew" was waiting. Whether or not Mrs. Dodge's memory had prompted this search, or whether the job was purely a necessary housecleaning, the delighted editor made use of this unexpected opportunity to write, asking and offering. However, it was almost two years before she finally did so and Kipling answered.

private

THE ELMS,
ROTTSINGEAN,
SUSSX.
July 13, 1902.

Dear Mrs Dodge

Very many thanks for yours of the 50th June I have no good little stories by me just now of the sort that would suit St Nick. but when I have the Saint shall know.

As to the other suggestion, like the elephant's child's families, I can only say "no"—"in a loud & dretful voice." I don't hold with reproducing M.S. and I'd never have dug up my early verse & put it in the "Outward Bound" if the pirates had n't begun that game first and so deprived me of the (almost) inalienable human (literary) right of decently burying my own dead. If the Saint will send me back the M.S. I'll bless him. I have a notion that it was sent by some one of my people and isn't in my handwriting.

With our united best wishes believe me

Very sincerely yours
RUDYARD KIPLING

July was Onteora time, but when Mrs. Dodge got back to New York, she complied—to no avail—and Kipling took as long as she had, to say so.

Bateman's
Burwash
Sussex

Burwash
Etchingham

Oct. 3, 1904.

Dear Mrs Dodge—

I make haste to acknowledge (and with many thanks) the arrival of the Dusky Crew. I have looked it over and it isn't in my handwriting at all, at all. It looks like my fathers so I suppose he fondly sent it to St Nick in the days of my youth—from India.

My table when not strictly "edited" becomes a disorderly muck heap of other peoples M.S. so I appreciate your relief at turning up a thing after many days to get rid of. You will find this letter sealed somewhat lavishly. Ostentation is the real motive for the wax is Lhassa sealing wax—such as they sell to the Lamas.

The first man back from Lhassa (he is now labouring at a map of the place, in the next room) gave me a stick of it—a thing like a twist of molasses. Buddha only knows what it's made of but it has a queer sub-smell of incense and draws out into almost gloss like filaments. What a place is Lhassa! I've been feasting on the story of its marvels all last night.

With all best wishes to St Nick and your household believe me

Very sincerely yours
RUDYARD KIPLING

This was Kipling's last letter to Mrs. Dodge, who died on August 21, 1905, leaving unsolved a puzzle as fascinating as any she ever published in St. Nicholas. For who did write the original letter and poem sent her in 1879? Surely she knew. If it bore a British postmark it was not sent from Lahore by his father, as Kipling suggested. And by 1904 Mrs. Dodge had seen enough Kipling handwriting to recognize it at once.

There are two notations other than the "1879": one in Mrs. Dodge's hand on the flap of a copy made by Mr. Chapin:

Aug 1899
I think I also have the original MSS. delivered to me [illegible] by Mr Chapman D

and the other:

The original Ms. of "the Dusky Crew" was returned to Mr Rudyard Kiplings "Burwash" address on Aug 14th 1908—

Neither implies any doubt as to whose hand penned that "original Ms."
The Journals of George C. Fraser '93

Early Twentieth-Century Travels in the South and Southwest

BY STEPHEN C. JETT

On Sunday, June 28, 1914, George C. Fraser, accompanied by George C. Fraser, Junior (then 17 years of age), left his Morristown, New Jersey, home for New York, where he and his son boarded the Pennsylvania Railroad's 6:18 P.M. westbound train. With them were 212 pounds of luggage, including a 30-30 rifle, a 12-gauge shotgun, and a .38 revolver; they were prepared to explore the West.

Fortunately for posterity and for Princeton, their luggage contained items more significant than firearms: unfilled notebooks, two cameras, and a supply of unexposed film. The concrete results of this and several other expeditions during the following eight years are six bound volumes containing typewritten accounts of the journeys and hundreds of photographs as well as occasional geological diagrams and other illustrations, a rare record of the land and people of remote areas of the Southwestern and Southern United States in the early part of the twentieth century. Upon the senior Fraser's death in 1985, these volumes passed to the son, who in 1965 generously donated them to the Princeton University Library, where they now form part of the manuscripts collection. Both Frasers were Princetonians (classes of 1893 and 1920), and Princeton seems an appropriate permanent repository for these valuable documents.

The Journals

George C. Fraser, Sr. (1872-1935), was a partner in a law firm occupying offices at 20 Exchange Place, Manhattan. His legal training, his years as a geology major at Princeton, and his generally interested, observant nature all contributed to his travel journals being extraordinarily detailed and remarkably accurate.

Fraser seems to have been fascinated by nearly everything, and this is reflected in his descriptions of topography, vegetation, and weather, as well as in his accounts of local people and their pursuits. He set down observations on a great number of matters, from the types of ballast along the railroad tracks traveled, to the degree of pulchritude of young women encountered. But it is obvious that geology was his paramount passion. He seems to have read most of the available geological literature on the Southwest's plateau country, and he carried with him some of the classics, notably by geologist-geographers Clarence Dutton and Herbert Gregory. Fraser's journals are fraught with geological faults and unconformities, stratigraphy and crossbedding; and the perceptiveness of his observations is sometimes startling. For example: "... the way was over lava. There seemed to be flows of different ages, the youngest very recent, because I saw a contact by the road where lava lay over river gravel and had baked the upper surface" (v. 1, p. 19). Fraser observed local facies changes in rock formations and the consequent differences in weathering, and he forwarded a plausible explanation of niches in limestone cliffs, niches which Dutton had been at a loss to account for (v. 1, pp. 174-179).

In the first of these volumes, Fraser described how it was written, and although procedure varied somewhat from volume to volume, the same general plan was probably followed for all of them:

... I made very brief and rough notes, so far as possible contemporaneously with the viewing of the places to which they ...
related. With these notes as a basis, the following memoranda were dictated from memory at odd times within three weeks after my return [later journals were not completed so promptly].

I revised the notes and made such corrections and additions as occurred to me, then submitted them to George Jr., who supplied a couple of omissions, and later sent the bulk of these pages to [our guide], D. D. Rust, who also made a few corrections.

The "brief and rough notes" must have been a little less brief than what would fall within most people's definition of the word, for, at least in the earlier volumes, daily temperature maxima and minima are recorded, altitude readings are given for every major ascent and descent, and exact times are noted for the principal events of each day. And, as mentioned above, detailed observations on all manner of things are included, resulting in 206 pages of narrative in the first volume.

Perhaps the best way to indicate the degree of detail in the diaries is to quote an "Introduction" to the first volume, by Newell Martin (Fraser's law partner, and future father-in-law of his daughter Myra); among other things, it parodies Fraser's thoroughness:

July 22, 5 A.M. Got up. 5:30 did not wash. Thermometer 72. Barometer 7726. Rust rustled horses, 2 hours 27 minutes. He wore new pedometer, cost $3.42 at McAllister's. Pedometer registered 63 kilometers.

11:35. View from Point Sublimity. Consulted Frith's Encyclopedia of colors and compared four sections of landscape with descriptions by Dutton. Identified 56 shades of color. By clinometer 18 slopes 3° sharper than Brenva face of Blanc, 82 cliffs more than 4° sharper than Italian front of Cervin.

12:30. By diary and chronometer, 37 hours since last wash, 82 since last shave.

1:28 met Boston man. He did not speak and did not offer food. *Note: Let George avoid Harvard. Harvard men have bad manners. *Second note: July 29. Must be just to Boston men. Rust suggests Boston men may have been terrified. 4

4 This is an allusion to Fraser's account of meeting a couple of Harvard seniors from Boston who proved to be something less than cordial and generous (pp. 104.

The narrative is in typescript with the mounted photographs interleaved. All six volumes are bound with an abridged title stamped on each spine.

The photographs are of several sizes and shapes; some have been combined to form panoramas, several of which fold out. Two cameras are mentioned in the first volume, a Number 9 Folding Pocket Kodak and a Vest Pocket Kodak. In addition to his own photographs, Fraser included a considerable number taken by his guides, notably David D. Rust, as well as a number of postal cards, photographs from publications, and other items. Several newspaper and magazine clippings and a few entire scholarly articles have been bound in, as have letters from guides, and even railroad tickets used on the trips are mounted on pages of these records. Almost all of the photographs are carefully documented, with records of their dates, locations, and subjects. This in itself is an unusual and valuable aspect of the diaries; as one librarian has written, in reference to another well documented collection of early twentieth-century photographs, "Many people have splendid collections of photographs, but usually there is no written information to accompany them. So speaks an often-frustrated curator of a manuscript collection!" 5

THE VALUE OF THE JOURNALS

Journals are of different types, and of different kinds and degrees of value. Some record important historic events, some describe the ordinary daily life of certain periods and localities, and some set down particulars of journeys to far-flung places. The present volumes fall into the last category, and although because of their lateness their significance is certainly not comparable to that of the accounts of Escalante or Ives or Powell, they are, nevertheless, far superior to those of fellow New York-area amateur Charles Bernheimer, 6 and are of considerable importance for several reasons.

109-111). Too, George, Jr. was warned against Yale by an Arizona forest ranger because William Howard Taft and Graves, a forester whose policies the ranger disagreed, had been graduated from there (v. 1, p. 118).


6 Various unpublished typescripts ranging from 1922 to 1929, New York, The American Museum of Natural History; also Charles L. Bernheimer, Rainbow Bridge: Circling Navajo Mountain and Exploration in the "Bad Lands" of Southern Utah.
The fact that Fraser was intelligent and well-educated contributes greatly to the value of these records, for they are characterized by both perceptive observation and an accuracy in which we can have considerable confidence. The richness of detail is of utmost value, and the written descriptions are supplemented by massive photographic documentation.

Although the worth of the Fraser diaries is less literary and artistic than historical and scientific, these narratives are entertaining, particularly for those familiar with the areas described. The style is straightforward, a simple relation of routes traveled, landscapes seen, and people encountered, intended to provide a record for recalling pleasant weeks on road and trail. Although the trips themselves—often long and arduous—and the detailed descriptions of things and people seen demonstrate the depth of Fraser's interest and enthusiasm for what he encountered, his diaries seldom depart from their factual vein to record his own feelings about, and reactions to, what he saw. Nevertheless, an occasional bit of description breaks away from the generally matter-of-fact style and reveals a sense of the esthetic:

... the rain-bow spread and arched completely over the Virgen Valley to the east of us. Soon a double rain-bow appeared... all the [rock] temples were brought out in sharp relief by the light of the setting sun; the colors of the rocks of every shade... were accentuated and changed chameleon-like, as the sun moved down, and finally its light reflected from the clouds struck them. In the maze of color and sculpture, interest in and appreciation of details was lost. This view was a picture framed by nature in the rainbow. Whether this view is more beautiful than any other I have ever seen is not subject to determination; it is, however, one of a very few to be remembered as the most magnificent [v. 1, p. 45].

Again, describing a March, 1921, trip on the Cumberland River in Kentucky (in an area since inundated by Cumberland Reservoir):

Though circumscribed by the high, close-set canyon walls, one's vision is never monotonous. Every turn discloses an interesting vista, sometimes forested banks rising three hundred feet or more, at other places sheer water-smoothed rocks painted by drip and the processes of Nature's laboratory, occasional solitary farms, usually at the mouth of a tributary, and less frequently hamlets where widenings into [sic] valley form arable land. The fresh vegetation of early spring, deck ing the slopes, was brought out brilliantly in contrast with the Italian-like sky of premature summer and the somber color of the stream, still loaded with silt from the end of the winter floods. The white trunks of the sycamores along the water's edge were reflected by the current and emphasized by the new emerald green leaves of the rhododendron, laurel and other shrubs. The redbud and dogwood at the height of their bloom dotted the hillsides and we were tempted from the boat at every landing to gather the early wild flowers [v. 6, pt. 2, p. 3].

The diaries are not without humor. They contain amusing anecdotes of incidents experienced or heard about, as well as wry, though not unsympathetic, observations on such subjects as Mormonism, prohibition, feuding, and local politics. Often, the people encountered provided entertaining copy:

Pullman smoking compartment conversation in Kentucky is unique... At Lexington (which is one of the few still wet spots in Kentucky) an elderly Irishman came in, quite refreshed for that time of morning. He addressed himself to me and said: "I see you are a writer of fiction—tell us a story." I said that... as I had to get out at the next station there would not be time to get through with one. He said: "Well, for 35 years I preached the Gospel; 5 years ago I gave up the business and now I don't give a damn whether you all go to Hell or not" [v. 4, pt. 1, pp. 3-4].

A good part of the interest of the Fraser diaries is historical, both in a general sense of conveying something of the atmosphere of the early twentieth-century South and Southwest, as well as in the sense of recording specifics about people and events. The period about which Fraser wrote (1914-1922) is one rather neg-
lected by historians of the West and South, yet it is a period of considerable significance, particularly in the West, falling as it does within the time of transition between the passing of the frontier and the real beginning of the machine age. The change from horse power to horsepower, for example, is quite apparent in the journals—although “motoring” was still no picnic even in the '20's, when cars became widely available; horses pulling the car through sand dunes and mud holes, horses replacing the car when the road got too bad—these are matter-of-factly described occurrences, and the necessity of using urine in the car radiator when water was in short supply called for little more than passing comment.

The journals contain many observations (as well as photographs) relating to particular places and people. Mormon towns of southern Utah, Spanish-American and Indian settlements of New Mexico, oil-boom towns in Texas, and remote river hamlets of Appalachia are given considerable attention, as are individuals of these regions. Family histories, particularly of Utahns, are recorded, and people both ordinary and extraordinary, are described and characterized. Fraser met many of the characters important in the exploration, recording, and publicizing of the Southwest's natural, archeological, and anthropological wonders. He provided rather lengthy accounts of David D. Rust and William W. Bass, who were associated with the development of trails for tourists in the depths of the Grand Canyon. Rust proved to be thoroughly dependable and well mannered, but Bass was disposed toward exaggeration, if not prevarication, and couldn't be counted on—except to lose his temper. Fraser wrote, “I should regard it as dangerous and the height of folly to trust myself to Bass' guidance or to place myself in any situation where his judgement might have to be depended on” [v. 1, p. 199c].

The journals also contain brief descriptions of encounters with such well known figures as Louisa Wade Wetherill, wife of John Wetherill, trader and explorer of Kayenta, Arizona; archaeologists

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The Frasers in Southern Utah in July of 1915
view the desert at Cathedral Valley en route to Gainesville

The rock trail from Rainbow Bridge, July, 1916
Navajo Mountain in the distance

A footrace begins at Zuni Pueblo in 1919
Photograph by Fred W. Canfield

Old Dan, the Frasers' Navajo guide
across the Kaibito Plateau in 1916
On Professor Thompson's Monument on the North-East tip of the Aquarius Plateau in Southern Utah, July of 1915

The Frasers' outfit sets out from a "spur of Chocolate Cliffs" toward Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River, 1916

Conclusion of services at the Mormon meeting house, Enterprise, Utah, August of 1915

The Frasers bathing three miles above Lee's Ferry in the mouth of the Glen Canyon of the Colorado
Earl Morris, Byron Cummings, Frederick Webb Hodge, Jesse Nutshaum, and Edgar L. Hewitt, river runner, cinematographer and lecturer Emery Kolb; missionary-ethnographers Anselm Weber and Leopold Ostermann, and cartoonist-painter Jimmy Swinnerton. The Frasers were also guided in the western Navajo country by Naashja Beghay, the Paiute who accompanied the first party of Whites to record Rainbow Natural Bridge. Another Paiute encountered, in 1916, was Tse-ne-gat, whose alleged killing of a Spanish-American over a card game had sparked the so-called


Poke-Posey war of 1915, which was followed by other incidents to as late as 1923, this is said to have been the last of the “Indian troubles” in the West.  

Other information of historical interest found in the Fraser diaries includes: photographs recording villages and pueblos of the period as well as other aspects of the cultural landscape, such as costumeral observations on crops, livestock, and mining activities; and the recording of place-names, including many no longer in use even at the time the journals were written. I have found information in the journals which has proven useful in current studies of my own on dwellings and peach-raising among the Navajo.  

Unfortunately, few of the hundreds of photographs illustrating the Fraser journals are of high quality. The easily portable cameras of the day were not the precision instruments of more modern times, and films were far from ideal. Certainly, too, the lack of meters to judge light intensity accurately was a factor inhibiting the achieving of perfect exposures. And Fraser was not a skilled practitioner. Nevertheless, the photographic record, supplemented by the descriptive text, is of considerable value. Fraser photographed areas which even today have never received published photographic documentation, and many of the photographs are valuable in that they record phenomena and conditions which have since altered or disappeared.  

Although Fraser’s first love clearly was geology, and although the majority of his descriptions of natural phenomena relate to things geological, most of these records are of relatively slight scientific significance, despite Fraser’s perceptiveness, because of his lack of systematic procedure, the developments that have taken place in Southwestern geology since Fraser’s time, and the relative permanence of the geological record. It is in descriptions and photographs of more ephemeral phenomena that the greatest potential scientific value of the journals lies, for permanent things can be verified any time, but changing things can never be seen as they were, once they have changed—except to the extent that records have been made and preserved.  

Naturally, the Fraser journals are not as valuable as would be comparable documents from the earliest days of Anglo-American settlement, giving a picture of conditions prior to the great—and often disastrous—Anglo impact on the native peoples and on the physical environment. Nevertheless, the diaries are useful in providing check points in the history of change in the Southwest.  

The major changes in “natural” conditions which can be documented by works such as the Fraser journals are those involving vegetation and soil erosion. There have indisputably been significant, even dramatic, changes in vegetation types, distributions, and densities over much of the Southwest during the last hundred years, and related to this have been profound alterations in conditions of erosion and deposition, particularly in the channels of intermittent streams. A lowering of water tables has accompanied these other changes, and this has, in turn, had a further effect on vegetation and on surface waters. The causes, dates, and magnitudes of these various changes have long been debated, but all such discussion rests in large part on data supplied by old descriptions and photographs. Although the Fraser diaries do not themselves pinpoint the times of these changes, they do in some cases provide ante quem or post quem dates for areas where published data are lacking. For example, a recent article, concerned with correlating grazing activities and climatic fluctuations with vegetational and erosional changes, used descriptive and photographic data to attempt to determine the date of the shift from grass to Russian thistle in Klehla Valley, Arizona. The author’s latest firm date for the dominance of grass was 1914. Had the Fraser materials been available to him, this date could have been

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23 Stephen C. Jett and Virginia E. Spencer, Navajo Architecture, in preparation;  
24 In a few cases, such records are of value as evidence of the rates or dates and magnitude of relatively rapid or catastrophic geologic events, such as waterfall retreat, dune movement, or landslides.

moved up to 1919: the dates of the invasion of the exotic plant into the Colorado Plateau are also defined more exactly by Fraser's recording the species at Indian Creek in Utah in 1916 and at St. Michaels, Arizona, in 1919 (v. 3, p. 234, v. 5, pp. 163, 229).

THE JOURNEYS

Both for general interest and to inform those to whom the journals may have scholarly value, it seems well to summarize briefly the routes and events described.

The first volume records a 1914 expedition to Zion Canyon, Utah, and the Grand Canyon. A railroad journey took the Frasers, Sr. and Jr., to Kansas City, and we are given a description of the stock yards and slaughter house. The pair continued west to Salt Lake City, where Fraser observed that, despite the Mormon disapproval of alcohol, "Pres. Smith has justified the hotel [Utah] bar [opposite the Temple] as a means of 'ministering to the stranger within our gates.' "

A railroad ride to Lund and an auto trip to Toquerville brought the travelers to a rendezvous with their guide, David D. Rust. While at Toquerville, they encountered the now long suppressed wine-making industry of Utah's Dixie (the southwestern Utah area where cotton was once raised), which was a holdover from the days prior to the Latter Day Saints' imposition of strict rules against alcohol, tobacco, and caffeine. A defunct industry here, Fraser observed, was silk-worm "ranching."

The first wilderness expedition the Frasers made with Dave Rust was in Zion Canyon (Mukuntuweap National Monument, 1909; Zion National Monument, 1918; National Park, 1919). There they made a hiking trip into the spectacular Zion Narrows, and

later examined and ascended the 2,600-foot cableway that was used to lower logs from a timbering operation on the East Rim down to the valley floor.

From Zion, the travelers proceeded by wagon and on horseback to St. George, Mount Trumbell, Toroweap Overlook of the Grand Canyon (National Monument, 1932), Pipe Springs Fort (National Monument, 1929), and Fredonia, Arizona. At Kanab, noted Fraser, the town council was composed entirely of women.

Grand Canyon National Monument (1908; National Park, 1919) was the next goal, and Rust escorted the Frasers on horseback southward through the Kaibab Forest to Camp Wooley, and thence to Bright Angel Point and other North Rim viewpoints. Riding to the Powell Plateau, they descended into the Canyon to Bass's Cable across the Colorado. Contrary to arrangements, Bass was not there, so they bid Rust farewell, crossed on the "cable car," and started on foot up the trail to Bass's Camp, meeting the tardy outfitter en route. When they eventually reached the hotel on the South Rim, they learned that World War I had broken out, and decided to return home.

The 1915 journey concentrated on the High Plateaus of Utah, but also included a visit to California. On their rail trip west, the Frasers stopped to tour the Colorado Springs area, and then continued on to meet Rust at Salina, Utah. The party continued southward on horseback, along the High Plateaus, and then passed through Cathedral Valley, a spectacular area that received virtually no notice by the general public until the 1950's. Proceeding to the Henry Mountains via Caineville, they ascended Mount Ellen, where they found remains of a triangulation station used by John Wesley Powell in his surveys. Other nearby highlands were

26 Memoranda of Trip Taken by G. C. Fraser, Sr. and Jr., to Southwestern Utah and Northwestern Arizona, Sunday, June 26, 1914, to Thursday, August 6, 1914.

27 V. 1, p. 16; President Joseph Fielding Smith was a nephew of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who founded Mormonism.

28 Many books and articles have been written on the National Parks and Monuments. See, for example, Merle Severy, ed., America's Wonderlands: The Scenic National Parks and Monuments of the United States (Washington: The National Geographic Society, 1959); for Zion and the Narrows, see pp. 175-182. See also Herbert E. Gregory, Geology and Geography of the Zion Park Region, Utah and Arizona, United States Geological Survey Professional Paper 220 (Washington, 1950). In the present article, areas designated National Parks or Monuments are henceforth indicated, with the dates of their establishment. The main source for the dates is National Park Service, Areas Administered by the National Park Service (Washington, 1966).
visited, but they decided not to explore the Paunsaugunt Plateau, apparently not being aware of the wonders of the Bryce Canyon area (National Monument, 1923, National Park, 1924), but instead pushed on to the Markagunt Plateau, where they climbed Brian Head (now a skiing area), viewed Cedar Breaks (National Monument, 1933), and then explored the Kolob Terrace section (Zion National Monument, 1937) of what is now Zion Canyon National Park (added to the Park in 1956).

They climbed the Pine Valley Mountains, and then descended into "Dixie," and we learn that not only was wine made here, but that rum was also distilled, at New Harmony. After crossing the Pine Valley Mountains to Enterprise, they proceeded by buggy to Modena, and departed by rail for the west coast.

Los Angeles and Pasadena, San Diego and Coronado, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco were on the itinerary, and after experiencing the Panama-Pacific Exposition, they took the train east. The return journey took them to San Antonio and Dallas, and Fraser, who invested in land in Texas and Mississippi, tells us that land in Texas could be had for seven cents an acre!

The 1916 journey took the Frasers, père et fils, across New Mexico and Arizona on the Santa Fe Railroad, with stops, and through the Navajo Country.30

Fraser enlightens us as to the origin of the admission charge at Acoma pueblo, which he visited; it seems that the Governor of the pueblo visited the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 and learned there of the institution of the entry fee.

The Frasers also visited Meteor Crater, and attended the July 4th Wild West Days (now known as the All-Indian Pow-Wow) at Flagstaff, and climbed the San Francisco Peaks (Arizona's highest). From their next stop, the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, they descended on horseback to the Colorado, crossed on Rust's Cable, and ascended to the North Rim by way of Bright Angel Canyon and Rust's Camp. After an unsuccessful mountain lion hunt in the Kaibab Forest, they rode to Houserock Valley, where they passed the introduced bison herd,31 and continued on to Lee's Ferry.

At Lee's Ferry, they were treated to a short rowboat excursion up into the lower end of Glen Canyon (National Recreation Area, 1972). Fraser then made arrangements to have a Navajo guide them into the Navajo Country. They crossed the Colorado, ascended the Echo Cliffs, and traveled across the Kaibito Plateau to Kaibito Trading Post (Fraser was, of course, fascinated by the details of its operation).

They rode on to Navajo Mountain, where they engaged Na'ashja Beghaya to guide them to the top of the mountain and then around its north side to Rainbow Bridge National Monument (1910), which had been made known to the world only seven years before. Riding eastward from Navajo Mountain, they lost the main trail at some point but managed eventually to come into Monument Valley in the neighborhood of Hoskininni Mesa.32 They traveled across the Valley to Chinle Creek, and then rode northward to Mexican Hat, Utah, where they crossed the San Juan River and continued on to Bluff. The Frasers managed to hire a car there, and drove northward through Moab without stopping to see any of the scenic marvels of that area; they took a train for home from Thompsons.

The records of Fraser's Journeys of 1917 and 1918 are combined in one volume.33 The first trip (March 20 to April 8, 1917) was made in the company of Mrs. (Jane) Fraser and daughter Myra Fraser, to the area of Laurel, Mississippi, where they inspected cotton farms and lumber operations, presumably in connection with Fraser's investment interests. New Orleans was also a stopping-point on this trip, but was described only in very sketchy fashion. The second trip (Nov. 11 to Dec. 5, 1917), with the same personnel, included: Cincinnati; Danville, Kentucky; Laurel,

31 These bison were the result of Charles Jesse "Buffalo" Jones's attempt to establish a cattalo ranch in this area, beginning in 1906. The experiment was a failure, but the State of Arizona eventually established a bison "preserve" here.


33 Notes of Journeys in the South and Southwest 1917 and 1918.
Mississippi; and New Orleans. The group also toured in Texas, including Houston, Del Rio (where Fraser owned land), San Antonio, Austin, and Dallas. In March, 1918, Fraser again visited Mississippi and New Orleans on business, and made some notes on the journey.

However, the major pilgrimage of this period was from June 30 to July 25, 1918. A train trip west, broken by a stop in St. Louis, took Fraser to central New Mexico, where he examined the Percha Mine, in which he owned an interest. He then traveled to Albuquerque, where he arranged to ride in the mail truck (especially geared not to exceed twelve miles per hour on the rough roads) westward into the Mt. Taylor Volcanic Field. There, he visited Spanish-American villages, and hired a local man to guide him in a horseback ascent of Mt. Taylor. He returned to Albuquerque via Laguna Pueblo, and before returning east visited the Frijoles Canyon Indian ruins (Bandelier National Monument, 1919) and the remains of old Pecos Pueblo (Pecos National Monument, 1905), near Santa Fe.

In the spring of 1919 (March 23rd to April 15), Fraser and son traveled to Mississippi and Texas. They motored around Mississippi, mixing business and pleasure—touring Vicksburg Battlefield, inspecting their timber lands, and visiting a convict labor camp. They then went to Dallas by way of New Orleans, toured some developing oil fields, saw a predecessor of modern fraudulent desert subdivisions, and as a finale witnessed the destruction by fire of the boomtown of Ranger, Texas. They returned east through St. Louis.

The summer (June 24 to August 1) saw Fraser back in New Mexico, at Laguna, with Dr. George Bird Grinnell, editor, author, anthropologist, and naturalist. The two travelers visited this

pueblo and its satellite, P aggravated, as well as Acoma and Zuni pueblos. They found the Grants Lava Flow, with its ice caves, to be of considerable interest, as was Inscription Rock (El Morro National Monument, 1906). They also took time to visit the Zuni ruins of Hackwah, which F. W. Hodge and Jesse Nusbaum were then excavating; this was the first of the “seven cities of Cibola” visited by Coronado in 1540.

From Zuni, Fraser and Grinnell traveled southward to the saline crater lake where the Zunis have collected salt from time immemorial. A swing westward to St. Johns, Arizona, and then northward through the Petrified Forest National Monument (1906; National Park, 1962) brought them to Holbrook, where a minor oil exploration flurry was in progress.

The Hopi Indian Country was the next goal. They were driven by car through the Painted Desert and the Hopi Buttes to the Second Mesa villages, and then proceeded to Third Mesa. At New Oraibi they met trader Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr. That spring, Hubbell’s uncle, Charles Hubbell, had been murdered and robbed at his trading post by two Navajos, and Fraser refers to the trial, which was in progress at the time of his trip.

Passing by Blue Canyon and Red Lake (Tonalea), Fraser and Grinnell headed north toward Kayenta. En route, they encountered archeologist Byron Cummings on his way to excavate Kin-


kliichee (Red House) ruin near Navajo Mountains, which the Frasers had visited in 1916.

At Kayenta, the travelers were welcomed by Louisa Wetherill; they also met geologist Albert B. Reagan, who published several articles on the region. Their object in going to Kayenta was to arrange an expedition into the Tsegi, a canyon containing myriad remains of the ancient cliff dwellers. They were guided to the two largest of the ruins, Kiet Seel and Betatakin, in Navajo National Monument (1909). Monument Valley was glimpsed from Comb Ridge, but was not visited.

A flood prevented the pair from proceeding from Kayenta by car, so they hired a Navajo buggy and were driven to Chinle, whence they rode up Canyon de Chelly (National Monument, 1931) as far as Spider Rock. After an overnight stay there, they inspected ruins on their return toward Chinle, and experienced a rain storm that set waterfalls running over the canyon rims. From Chinle they crossed the Defiance Plateau to Ft. Defiance and St. Michaels, where they were entertained by trader and U.S. Commissioner Sam Day, and met Father Anselm Weber.

Learning that what is now Interstate 40 (Route 66) was temporarily impassable east of Gallup, New Mexico, Fraser and Grinnell had to forego a detour to scenic Wingate Valley. They hired a car to take them northward to Shiprock, Farmington, and Aztec; at the last location, they visited Aztec Ruins (National Monument, 1923)—actually of Puebloan origin—where they lunched with Earl Morris, who was digging the site.

Proceeding north to Mancos, Colorado, they arranged to visit the cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde National Park (1906), and then took a narrow-gauge train over Lizard Head Pass to Montrose and on eastward to Salida. They hired a car to take them to Pueblo, where they boarded a train for the East. Instead of going directly to New York, however, Fraser returned by way of Boston and Bass Rocks, Massachusetts, where his sister maintained a summer home.

The sixth and final volume of the Fraser journals includes notes on journeys from 1920 to 1922. The first of these (August 4 to September 15, 1920), with daughter Ann, began with a train trip to Texas, where brief, business-related excursions were made to San Antonio and Del Rio. A sortie was made across the border to Las Vacas (now Villa Acuña), which was booming because of prohibition in the United States. Fraser continued by rail and car to his New Mexico mining property and to Hot Springs (now Truth or Consequences), New Mexico, whence he went by rail to Phoenix.

Hiring a car, the travelers drove up the tortuous Apache Trail and northward to Payson, where they attended a rodeo. The main objective of their visit to this area was Tonto Natural Bridge, a huge, spring-built travertine structure spanning a canyon.

After visiting the natural bridge, they climbed by car to the rim of the Tonto Basin and drove on to Camp Verde via Pine. In the Camp Verde area, they inspected Montezuma's Castle National Monument (1906) and Montezuma's Well (added to the Monument, 1947), where interesting cliff dwellings were to be seen. Then, on to Jerome and Prescott, where they took a train to Grand Canyon.

After enjoying the Canyon, they rented a car in Flagstaff and proceeded to Sunset Crater (National Monument, 1930), and then drove to a point overlooking the junction of the Colorado and Little Colorado Rivers in the Grand Canyon; this overlook is difficult to reach even today. Proceeding to Tuba City, the travelers drove to Oraibi by way of spectacular Coal Canyon (still surprisingly little-known), and then to Flagstaff by way of Meteor Crater and Walnut Canyon National Monument (1915); they then took a train to Holbrook. They hired a car, and drove south to the lumber camp of Cooley, where they learned of the imminence of an Apache girl's puberty ceremony on the nearby Fort


45 Following Fraser's diary in this volume are various related items, including a 52-page account of the trip written by Grinnell, a letter from E. M. Butterworth describing a journey with John Wetherill to Hite, Utah, and the Abajo Mountains, and a synopsis of the Laguna Salt Legend, collected by Fred W. Canfield, a railroad agent at Laguna Station. The latter was ultimately published by Grinnell: "The Salt Story of Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico," *The Masterkey*, XIV (1940), 80-81.

46 *Notes of Journey to Texas, New Mexico and Arizona August 4th to September 15, 1920 with Ann C. Fraser*.

Apache Reservation, which they attended. While in the vicinity, they also climbed Mt. Baldy, highest point in the White Mountains.

Returning to Holbrook through the Petrified Forest, Fraser and his daughter took a train to Santa Fe, and before taking the final train east they visited Santo Domingo Pueblo—which Fraser judged to have been “spoiled by tourists.”

During daughter Jane’s spring vacations of 1921 and 1922, Fraser took her on trips to Kentucky and Tennessee. These involved, most notably, river trips by paddle-wheelers on the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers. In addition to descriptions of the landscape (including various limestone natural bridges that especially intrigued Fraser), the accounts are full of entertaining descriptions of remote river towns and colorful characters and local customs—including moonshining and feudng. And these accounts, regrettably, are the last of the fascinating series that Fraser left.48

The narratives Fraser set down form a valuable, perhaps unique, record of isolated parts of the United States in the years bridging the pre-World-War-I days—which were really, especially in rural areas, the last days of the 19th century—and the 1920’s, when, though sobered by the World War, Americans were optimistically entering a new age, that of the twentieth century. For their historical value and their scientific significance, the journals, it seems to me, deserve editing and publication. Even without publication, the journals remain available as a source work for scholars in the Princeton University Library.

48 Fraser continued to travel, however. For example, he returned to Utah, apparently in the summer of 1922, to look for the Crossing of the Fathers, an historic ford on the Colorado River. He traveled to the crossing from Kanab, with Rust and a pack train, via the now abandoned settlement of Paria, Sand Rock Spring, and Gunsight Butte. At some point, an ascent was made via upper Lick Creek Canyon to the tip of the Kaiparowits Plateau. George C. Fraser, “El Vado de Los Padres,” Natural History, XXIII, No. 4 (April 1923), 341-357; Cecil Alter, Utah, the Storied Domain (Chicago: The American Historical Society, 1923), photograph on p. 8. Fraser was also in Utah in 1928, with his daughter Sarah, boatman Bert Loper, and guide D. D. Rust. The party drove to Hanksville, and rode horseback to the Colorado near the mouth of the Dirty Devil River. Rust's canvas folding boats were assembled on June 30, and the group drifted down the river for a week, visiting various points of interest. They left the river at Lee's Ferry, and drove on to the Grand Canyon’s North Rim and to St. George. Documentation is in the collection of O. Dock Marston, Berkeley, Calif.; G. F. Fraser photo, Vol. Mlile 185-186; letters of Sarah Fraser (Mrs. Chandler) Robbins to Marston, May 12 and Oct. 28, 1928 [1928]; photo 397GNCN40.5 in Mrs. Robbins' album; copy of letter of G. F. Fraser to Charles Kelly, June 5, 1928.

Patriotism and Friendship

The Princeton Men of 1859

By Edith James Blendon

And now let us think of those absent classmates... think of them not as soldiers in any army, but as classmates and as friends.

Patriotism and friendship move in different spheres and in times such as these do not necessarily conflict. When they do, friendship must succumb to patriotism, but until they do, let friendship have her own.

William Potts Lloyd, Class of '59 Triennial Meeting, June 24, 1862

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, scenes of anguish accompanied farewells as Princeton men from the senior class, and later their freshmen, sophomore, and junior friends, departed to fight for the Union or for the Confederacy. While these pathetic campus scenes were enacted, recently-graduated Princeton men, now living in their home states, also were deciding to take up arms and possibly face their former classmates in combat. It was a lonely decision.

The attempt of Princeton men to retain their class ties and school loyalty, while fighting a civil war, required herculean efforts. The enormity of that task is now quite amply documented, for the Class of 1859, in the records of the University Archives.

The Class of 1859 was fortunate in having two dedicated class secretaries, Alfred H. Kellogg and George W. Ketcham. The former provided dedicated service to the class for about two decades, and the latter for about four.

The Archives recently acquired the scrapbook and some miscellaneous correspondence of Secretary Ketcham. These were added to a larger collection of the correspondence of Secretaries Kellogg and Ketcham which the Library had received in 1945. Together the two accessions cover a period of years from 1857 through 1917. When studied along with the Archives collection of published

1 Digest, No. 7 of the Class of 1859 of the College of New Jersey, from 1859 to 1864 (Philadelphia: King & Baird, Printers, 1864), pp. 40-41.
class reunion books, University alumni biographical files, and student photograph albums, diaries, and lecture notebooks, they present a very personal portrait of the Class of 1859. The records document the sincere attempts of former classmates to keep open the lines of communication while struggling with the vicissitudes of war and national reconstruction.

At graduation, the class secretary had been instructed to prepare a digest which would provide an account of the lives of each of the class members since graduation. With this charge in mind, Secretary Kellogg sent circulars, and corresponded individually with as many members of the class as could be reached.

Digest No. 1 of the Class of 1859 of the College of New Jersey, 1859-64 appeared in 1864. The recordbook was the culmination of painstaking effort because communication with graduates in the South was nearly impossible. The entry for John William Cleveland is typical of citations for southern classmates: “In the South; nothing heard from him except that he was a Captain in the Rebel Army.”

Knowledge of southern graduates generally came indirectly, as in the case of John Witten Frierson. While the Secretary had corresponded with Frierson up to the outbreak of the conflict, he learned of Frierson’s death through a northern classmate.

He was killed at the second battle of Manassas. He was in a Louisiana Regiment. This fact my brother learned from his brother-in-law, whom he accidentally met while inquiring about another person among some Louisiana troops.

The difficulty in obtaining knowledge of classmates, amidst Civil War turmoil, is exemplified by the entry for Thomas Goldthwaite. “Died of disease contracted in the Army.” (Rebel.)

The Secretary cited as his authority a Princetonian of the Class of ’61 who was captured at Vicksburg, chanced upon a northern member of the Class of ’59, and conveyed the information. Later Kellogg learned that Goldthwaite was still alive, even though three separate reports had confirmed the death of this classmate.

Of the seventy-three members of the Class of ’59, thirty-five served in the military. Fifteen fought for the Union, twenty for the Confederacy. Of their number, several saw major battles; others were taken prisoner; some were wounded in action; others served as physicians; one was charged with treason and acquitted; another attained the rank of general; one was a spy; eight lost their lives.

With the War’s end, Secretary Kellogg began a new communication effort with the hope of providing a very thorough recordbook which would be published in time for the class’s tenth reunion. In his first post-war circular, Kellogg wrote:

The pacification of the country now being effected, will render it possible again to communicate with our classmates in the South, or their surviving friends. The presence of two of them at our meeting was very grateful and looked upon as a harbinger of ’69. . . .

Many of the responses to Kellogg’s early circulars are still extant. At first, classmates were cautious and reluctant to restore old ties. For example, James Cleveland wrote, apologizing for “his unkind and ungrateful conduct” in not answering.

I can well imagine your surprise when you receive this letter, coming as it does from an old classmate and friend in I may say a foreign land for such has been the North to me for a few years past. . . . your first letter reached me at the winding up of and amidst these trying, soul trying times. . . . I was more of a maniac than rational being. I had suffered privations of every kind for four years. . . . I could feel no inclination or desire to revive old acquaintances or friendships.

Ira Clark confided that he was glad to receive word from Kellogg because he had “written to but two friends since the war and received so cold and ungracious answers that I became discouraged. . . .”

After two or three circulars, however, answers started coming in. Some poured out their feelings about the political situation of the nation or about the social or economic condition of family and friends. Responding for their dead brothers, George Cossitt and W. S. Frierson wrote:

My father has been residing in the Valley of San Pedro Republic of Honduras Central America for six months. All of his family are
with him except myself his eldest son who remains his agent in this country.

He could no longer brook the insults and injuries heaped upon the white people of the south by the hellish Radicals through their agents the Bureau & other carpet baggers scallawags & c. He is a refuge in a strange & foreign land, trying to end his last days in peace & quiet which was denied him by his native land—He will be gratified at the reception of your circular...  

Knowing that my brother were he alive would more than willingly assist in the class prize... I would have attended to this matter long before this—but the ruinous long hand of war fell far more heavily on portions of our country than a stranger can imagine and consequently many of us became deeply embarrassed in a financial respect.  

The letter of Class President, Hugh Laing Cole was, perhaps, the most poignant of the responses.

You were unfortunately wrong in supposing that the death of my wife was my "first sorrow." During the war both my dear parents were taken from me; my mother while I was very ill in the army; and my father some time later within the Federal lines when I could not reach him. I rec the tidings of the first bereavement by telegraph, & of the latter from the columns of the newspaper.

This has been a long, sorrowful letter. Indeed everything in this once happy section seems black as Egyptian darkness.

Most, however, expressed relief that the war was over.

But I rejoice to feel that we are again at peace, with no more prospect of fratricidal blood-shed. Tho a member of the Southern army I am free to confess that at no time did I ever desire a disruption of our grand old Union and am today thankful that we have failed to establish a Second Government on this continent.

They desired reconciliation and longed to rejoin the bonds of class friendship.

I was not what we call an original secessionist, yet from the commencement of the open hostilities to the close of the war my inter-

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9 W. S. Frierson to Kellogg, Shreveport, Louisiana, July 1, 1868.
10 George A. Cossitt to Kellogg, La Grange, Tennessee, March 29, 1869.
11 H. L. Cole to Kellogg, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, October 10, 1868.
12 A. A. Lyon to Kellogg, Artesia, Mississippi, September 12, 1865.
PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION OF

BLAIR'S GRAVE,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

FIFTEEN PRINTS

FROM DESIGNS INVENTED AND TO BE ENGRAVED

BY

WILLIAM BLAKE;

WITH A PREFACE

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATION OF THE ARTIST'S VIEW IN THE DESIGNS,

AND

A CRITIQUE ON THE POEM.

The Work has been honoured with the Subscriptions and Patronage of the following Gentlemen:

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.

Sir William Beechey, R.A.

Richard Cowper, Esq. R.A.

Henry Fuseli, Esq. R.A.

John Flaxman, Esq. R.A.

Thomas Lawrence, Esq. R.A.

Joseph Nollekens, Esq. R.A.

Thomas Hope, Esq. and William Locke, Jnr. Esq.

The Preface will be contributed by Benjamıın Hayez, M. A. F. S. A.

The Proprietor of the present Work, diffident of his own Judgement in general, and more particularly so in a Case, where private Friendship and personal Interest might be suspected of undue Influence, was afraid to venture on ushering this Prospectus into the World, merely on his own Opinion. That he might know how far he was warranted in calling the Attention of the Connoisseurs to what he himself imagined to be a high and original Effort of Genius, he submitted the Series of Drawings to Mr. West, and Mr. Fuselli, whose Character and Authority in the highest Department of the Art are unquestionable. The latter Gentleman has favoured the Proprietor with some Observations from his elegant and classical Pen, with Permission to make them public; they are decisive in their Testimony, and as they preclude the Possibility of any additional Remarks, they are here subjoined in the Author's own Words.

est in and devotion to the cause of the Confederacy never varied, yet whatever our feelings, and actions were then, and however much we may have differed, they are with the things of the past, and now the kindest recollections & good wishes should be cherished for each other now.13

13 D. W. Moore to Kellogg, Van Buren, Arkansas, April 12, 1869.
RICHARD RUSH (1780-1859): MANUSCRIPT LETTERS IN ENGLISH REPOSITORIES

The American diplomat and politician Richard Rush served this nation in a wide variety of positions. One of those services was his lengthy residence as the American Minister to the Court of London (December 1817-April 1823). A period of considerable importance in the future relationship between England and the United States; a development in which Rush played no small part.

Rush’s letters during his English residence and those written afterward respective to the period are another source for an understanding of those events and their historic consequences. At the time this relatively young American diplomat was not only meticulous in his reports to the State Department and the President, but a keen observer of English life and politics of the day. In the earlier checklist, many of the sources noted provide considerable insight to Rush’s views of the problems in Anglo-American relations. His correspondence as the American Minister is an official source for this period; supported by his private correspondence with American leaders, his friends in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the picture is almost complete.

Somewhat surprising however, is the sparsity of Rush’s unofficial correspondence with English personages of note while resident in England. They exist; but are of a substantially lesser value than might be expected. Undoubtedly Rush’s reticence stemmed from his ministerial position which he apparently believed might be compromised as a result of an extensive friendship with English citizens. Rush’s manuscript letters in English collections can be found in several locations. Though not extensive they provide a more complete knowledge of manuscript sources relating to the life and career of Richard Rush.

The earlier checklist noted above cited Rush’s manuscript letters located in the British Museum. A microfilm roll of those letters was provided for me by the photoduplication service of that institution. In the Spring of 1972 I had the opportunity to visit the British Museum and other archives in a search for Rush’s manuscript letters.

Initially a check of B. R. Crick and Miriam Alman’s, A Guide to Manuscripts Relating to Americans in Great Britain and Ireland (Oxford University Press, 1961) was most helpful in the search. Librarians, heads of departments and their locations can be found in The Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts pamphlet, Record Repositories in Great Britain (H.M.S. Stationery Office, 1971). A most important stop for any manuscript search in Great Britain is the National Register of Archives, Quality House, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London (W.C. 2), which maintains the most up-to-date information concerning historical manuscripts. There are, of course, many earlier guides that should be consulted. A checklist reflecting Rush’s letters in English repositories follows; the totally insignificant material is not noted. The list begins with a London source and then the country as a whole.

CHECKLIST OF MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

D.M.S. Watson Library, University College, London

Manuscripts of Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832): Rush acknowledges a gift from Bentham (August 18, 1821); and will not be able to meet with Bentham as he is extremely busy at the American legation (January 16, 1824).

Manuscripts of Henry Brougham (1778-1868): Rush explains aspects of American public education (January 13, 1821); on behalf of Thomas Jefferson, Rush elicits Brougham’s help in securing


advice of the formation of the University of Virginia (June 14, 1824); Rush praises Brougham's stand toward the public press (April 18, 1849).

Bodleian Library, Oxford

Manuscripts of William Wilberforce (1759-1893): Rush expresses his respect for Mr. Wilberforce (March 18, 1818); on public attitudes in England and the United States (February 6, 1820); requesting a favor on behalf of the American Bible Society (June 28, 1821).

Codrington Library, All Souls College, Oxford

Papers of Charles Richard Vaughan (1774-1841), General Correspondence: Rush regrets that Vaughan is returning to England on leave from his post as British Ambassador to the United States (February 24, 1831); Rush invites Vaughan to take breakfast with him (June 4, 1835).

Holkham Hall, Earl of Leicester Library, Holkham, Norfolk

Letters to Thomas W. Coke (1754-1842): Rush acknowledges receipt of game for his table forwarded by Mr. Coke, as well as miscellaneous matters (November 15, 1819), also June 29 and November 22, 1821, and March 6, 1823.

In closing mention must be made of an omission from the previous checklist. By an oversight, kindly called to my attention by Mr. James Lawton, Curator of Manuscripts, Boston Public Library, I neglected to include several Rush views on matters of national concern.

ANTHONY M. BRESGIA


ONE HUNDRED NOTABLE ACQUISITIONS, 1948-1973

To mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of Firestone Library, the curators of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections and the Librarian selected “One Hundred Notable Acquisitions, 1948-1973” for exhibition in the Library’s Main Gallery from November 1, 1973 to February 25th of this year. The show was divided into three parts: (1) “American History and Literature” with sections devoted to Americana, one hundred notable American books (see Princeton University Library Chronicle, XIX, No. 2 [Winter 1958], 87-91), publishers' archives, American literature, and American statecraft papers; (2) “English Life and Letters” with divisions covering early works, the hundred great English books (see Biblia, VII, No. 1 [February 1936, 15-20]), the nineteenth century and after, and the art of the book; and (3) “Manuscripts and Books of Other Lands” with works from France, Germany, Italy, the Near East, the Far East, and Central America.

The oldest item on exhibit was an ancient cylinder seal from Mesopotamia, the last of many notable gifts to the Library by Robert Garrett ’97. Another selection of great age and interest was a Maya conch shell incised with hieroglyphs, including one with the date “I Ahau 3 Zip” (March 17, 761). But most of the notable acquisitions displayed were from more modern times, with the manuscript of Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company (published in 1959) being the most contemporary item to be shown.

Twenty of the sixty-three manuscripts exhibited were selected from the many archives and collections of personal papers accessioned by the Library's Manuscripts Division since 1948. For this type of manuscript accumulation three distinct areas of collecting interest are evident: publishers' archives, represented in the exhibit by Henry Holt and Company, Charles Scribner Sons, and Shakespeare and Company; the papers of American authors, by the manuscript of The Gentleman from Indiana, by Booth Tarkington '93, the manuscript of The Great Gatsby, by F. Scott Fitzgerald '17, and a poem by Allen Tate; and papers of twentieth-century American statesmen, by letters and documents of John Foster Dulles '08, James Vincent Forrestal '15, Bernard M. Baruch, David E. Lilienthal, and Adlai E. Stevenson '22.

Two sections of the exhibition devoted entirely to printed works are worth noting. Items 57 through 64 were on the list of
"The Hundred Great English Books" compiled by members of Princeton’s Department of English in 1936. At that time Princeton had only eighteen of the important English books. Now the Library has eighty-three with another eight available for consultation through the deposit arrangements of William H. Scheide '36 and Robert H. Taylor '30. The nine not present at Princeton are of the greatest rarity.

The list of "One Hundred Notable American Books" was compiled in 1958 by Professor Willard Thorp and several of his colleagues. At the time of compilation the Library contained sixty-six of the hundred. Since then, fifteen more have been acquired. Items 15 through 22 of the exhibition were eight "Notable American Books" added to the Library since 1948.

Those who attended a holiday reception in Firestone’s Main Exhibition Gallery on the evening of December 11th and those who viewed the show at a later date received a catalogue describing the hundred selections. Friends who were unable to visit the Library during the showing of "One Hundred Notable Acquisitions, 1948-1973" may wish to acquire one of the catalogues by writing the Library.

—ROBERT S. FRASER, Curator of Rare Books

THE JAMES FORRESTAL CAMPUS LIBRARY

The James Forrestal Research Center was established in January 1951, on the tract of land and with the buildings formerly occupied by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, which had recently been acquired by Princeton University.

From a modest beginning the Library of the James Forrestal Research Center has grown to include a total of 23,000 volumes of books and bound periodicals, about 320 journal subscriptions, 70,000 catalogued individual reports, plus an additional 120,000 reports on microfiche. Automated printing of acquisitions lists and catalog cards was begun in 1964, providing computer-accessible storage of about 45,000 items to date. The card catalog is a unique creation incorporating a subject list of 10,000 viable headings under which reports and reprints are indexed. The processing of a technical report includes its being indexed by author and issuing agency plus from two to ten subject terms carefully selected from the thesaurus that developed out of this subject catalogue, before it is incorporated into the collection. The purpose of the library has been to provide direct library support to the Department of Aerospace and Mechanical Sciences, located on the James Forrestal Campus. The collection aims to have a strong representation, and the striving is for a reasonable completeness. Insofar as this aim has been realized, the fundamental books needed for advanced study and research are available in the collection. The predominating language is English, but books in German, French, Italian and Russian are to be found also. In the curricular subjects, therefore, the collection is intended to be adequate for research and advanced study.

During the late 1960’s the library earned for itself and for the University the distinction of being one of the foremost Aerospace Libraries in the world. Having served the Aerospace and Mechanical Sciences Department for 23 years from its location in Sayre Hall on the Forrestal Campus, during the summer of 1974 the Forrestal Library will be weeded and moved to the Engineering Quadrangle on the main campus, to be merged with the existing Engineering Library.

—VLADIMIR SIMSKO, Former Librarian of Forrestal Campus Library

DR. PANOFSKY & MR. TARKINGTON

In September, 1949, Erwin Panofsky, the distinguished German-born art historian, then living in Princeton and a member of the permanent faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study, wrote to Booth Tarkington, the native of Indiana who had long since made an enviable reputation as novelist, playwright, and essayist. They had first met in Kennebunkport, Maine, at the Tarkington summer home. "I am quite serious," Panofsky confessed, "in saying that I consider your friendship one of the greatest favors Fate has bestowed upon me. Meeting you is meeting a whole world (most of which was entirely new to me) and a whole period of history." Their friendship was then only five years old, and less than three years later Tarkington died. Yet in this short time, these two men of such vastly different backgrounds exchanged more than sixty letters.

A selection of fifty-two makes up a volume to be published in early fall by the Princeton University Library. Edited by Professor Richard M. Ludvig of the Princeton English Department and designed by P. J. Conkwright, it will be called Dr. Panofsky & Mr. Tarkington, the form of address throughout the letters. Since Tarkington was an avid collector and Panofsky had spent his whole
life in art history, the letters are naturally concerned with the art world, but they are much more than that. They touch on international politics, anti-Semitism, the new Deal, Nobel Prize winners, book reviewers, dogs, Indiana Republicans, Yale University, taxi drivers, air raid wardens, the military mind, Kennebunkport natives, family illness, and, as World War II progressed, the atom bomb and the chances for man's survival. This correspondence will delight many readers with its catholicity and its charm.

New & Notable

A UNIQUE PROSPECTUS FOR BLAKE'S GRAVE DESIGNS

The Princeton University Library has recently acquired a Prospectus (1805) for R.H. Cromek's edition of Robert Blair's The Grave published with twelve designs by William Blake in 1808. No other copy of this Prospectus is known, and its discovery both clarifies part of the murky waters covering the genesis of this edition and stirs up unexpected mud in other parts.

Blake's Grave designs are of great importance primarily for three reasons: (1) They are very beautiful, particularly the stupendous "Last Judgment"; (2) during Blake's lifetime, and indeed throughout the nineteenth century, they were the designs by which Blake was best known—most contemporaries who admired the Grave designs had scarcely heard that Blake was also a poet; and (3) their production was the occasion of bitter dispute between Blake and the publisher Cromek and was indirectly the cause of his irreconcilable quarrel with his old friend the painter Thomas Stothard, of his private exhibition of 1809 and its Descriptive Catalogue (both of which proved sad commercial failures), and, paradoxically, of Blake's progressive withdrawal from public view amid increasingly public denunciations of his "madness." If there was a period when Blake's mind does not seem to have been far better balanced than those of most of his contemporaries, it is in the years immediately following the announcement of the publication of his Grave designs.

A number of Prospectuses for Blair's Grave were previously known, one a separate flyer of 1805 (British Museum) and the rest of 1808. All these specify, in words similar to those of the known 1805 Prospectus, that there were to be "TWELVE VERY SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS BY LOUIS SCIAVONETTI, FROM DESIGNS INVENTED BY WILLIAM BLAKE." However, in a letter of 27 November 1805 Blake wrote to his patron William Hayley that he had "produced about twenty [Blair] Designs which please [Cromek] so well that he... has now set me to Engrave them... as you will see in the Prospectus which he sends you in the same Pacquet with the Letter." The
“about twenty Designs” which Blake was to engrave seemed irreconcilable with the "TWELVE" Blake designs to be engraved "by LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI" described in the Prospectus of "Nov. 1805" which Cromek evidently enclosed in Blake’s letter to Hayley, and one puzzled scholar commented that "Hayley may well have wondered about Blake’s sanity" when he saw how Blake’s letter and the enclosed Prospectus contradicted one another.1

The newly found Princeton Prospectus helps to clear up this difficulty, for it specifies that the "NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION of BLAKE’S GRAVE" was to be "ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTEEN PRINTS FROM DESIGNS INVENTED AND TO BE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM BLAKE." It was probably a copy of this (Princeton) flyer of "Nov. 1805," and not of the other (BM) one, which Hayley received with Blake’s letter of 27 November 1805, and in it there is nothing which seriously contradicts Blake’s letter—if “about twenty” engravings can be reconciled with “FIFTEEN PRINTS.”

Further, the Princeton Prospectus named on a separate page the fifteen "SUBJECTS PROPOSED TO BE ENGRAVED," as the BM Prospectus did not, and among these fifteen subjects are three which, of course, were not engraved: “The Widow embracing her Husband’s Grave” (known as a Blair design from a letter of 18 October 1805 of Blake’s friend Flaxman and now in the collection of Mr. Paul Mellon), “Friendship” (which was not previously known and cannot easily be traced from such a vague title), and “Death pursing the Soul through the Avenues of Life” (which was not previously known to be associated with the Grave designs and which was only recently discovered and purchased by Mr. Robert Essick).

Thus far we can be grateful for relatively simple clarification. One feature of the new Princeton Prospectus, however, is exceedingly puzzling. In a number of vital respects it differs from the previously known 1805 Prospectus (BM), but not only are both dated "Nov. 1805," but both are evidently largely printed from standing type. On the first two pages of the Princeton example, about thirty-five words were reset (thirty-five more were omitted or adapted), but about 850 words seem to have been printed from the same setting of type. This implies that the second (BM) Prospectus of "Nov. 1805" was printed very shortly after the first (Princeton) one was finished, for there seems little point in keeping the type tied up (rather than distributing it as soon as printing was completed, as would be the normal practice); there would seem to be little reason for Cromek or Bensley, his printer, to expect repeated printing for a work so ephemeral as a Prospectus. The fact, if it is a fact, that the type was kept standing from the first version of the Blair Prospectus (Princeton) to the second (BM) may imply that the decision to change engravers was made shortly and abruptly after the first Prospectus was printed at the end of November 1805. It is also possible that the reduction in the number of designs to be engraved, from fifteen in the first Prospectus to twelve in the second, was caused by the change from the unfashionable, inexpensive Blake, to the very fashionable and comparatively expensive Schiavonetti, who charged £60 for one of his Blair etchings; the cost of the new engraver was partly a reduction in the number of designs.

The cost to Blake was enormous; he was probably paid for only twelve designs, not fifteen (a matter of a few pounds); he was not paid at all for engraving his designs (for which he might have expected £300–£500 for fifteen plates, several years’ income); his designs were translated from his bold and powerful outlines to the graceful and somewhat sentimental shapes of Schiavonetti; he lost the opportunity to appear before a really large contemporary audience in his own most characteristic way, combining his two primary arts of designing and engraving—but he gained a fame which he might not otherwise have had, for the reviews (in bulk largely hostile) uniformly praised Schiavonetti’s work. The new Princeton Prospectus for Blair’s Grave thus throws important light upon Blake’s nearest approach to contemporary fame.2

Princeton is a particularly suitable home for the new Prospectus, because it is comparatively strong in books illustrating the accomplishments of William Blake Engraver—the title of the 1969 Princeton exhibition mounted by Charles Ryskamp, who arranged the purchase of the new Prospectus for Princeton. With the Library of Congress (the Rosenwald Collection, near Philadelphia),

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1 Blake Records (1969), 171.

2 Some of the implications of the Princeton Prospectus (and other matters) are explored in greater detail in an article entitled “Blake and Cromek: The Wheat and the Tares” which will appear about Spring 1974 in Modern Philology. The editor of The Princeton University Library Chronicle meanwhile asked for this intermediate report.
Harvard, The Pierpont Morgan Library, The Huntington Library, Yale, and The New York Public Library, Princeton now has one of the great Blake collections in the United States. For Blake scholars, the new Blair Prospectus will significantly increase the interest of the Princeton collection. —G. E. Bentley, Jr.

Friends of the
Princeton University Library

THE COUNCIL

The winter meeting of the Council was held in the Friends Room of the Firestone Library on December 14, 1973. The Chairman announced that Alfred H. Howell '34 had accepted his invitation to fill a vacancy in the Council resulting from the resignation of John S. Williams '24.

The Council approved the transfer of $10,000 from the free balance of the Operating Account to the Acquisitions Committee Fund, with $8,000 of this amount being designated for general purchases and $2,000 for additions to the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelists.

FINANCIAL REPORT

The summary of financial transactions on the Operating Account for the year 1972-73:

RECEIPTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cash balance July 1, 1972</td>
<td>$ 6,076</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dues for 1972-73</td>
<td>27,420</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chronicle subscriptions and sales</td>
<td>3,713</td>
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<tr>
<td>Annual dinner, May 11, 1973</td>
<td>2,780</td>
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<tr>
<td>Contributions</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$42,189</strong></td>
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</tbody>
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*continued on p. 326*
EXPENDITURES

Printing of *Chronicle*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 3 $ 4,063
Printing of *Chronicle*, Vol. XXXIV, Nos. 1 and 2 6,105
Preprint of E.D.H. Johnson, "George Cruikshank: The Collection at Princeton" 1,114
Postage and printing 1,747
Membership drive 1,137
Annual dinner, May 11, 1973 2,494
Editor's salary 1,440
Miscellaneous 268
Transfers to Acquisitions Committee Fund 10,000
Total $ 29,268

Cash balance June 30, 1973

Total $12,921

Contributions received from Friends during the year 1972-73 for current acquisitions totaled $98,726.

PUBLICATION FUND

RECEIPTS

Balance July 1, 1972 $ 4,471
Sales 341
Royalties 114
Total $ 4,926

EXPENDITURES

Mailing $ 37
Promotion 90
Total $ 127

Balance June 30, 1973

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