

## "VALUELESS MATTER."

## THE PRESERVATION IN AMERICAN LIBRARIES OF NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER EPHEMERAL LITERATURE.

The bill recently introduced in the British Parliament permitting the trustees of the British Museum to destroy "valueless matter" has attracted much attention on the part of librarians and scholars on this side of the Atlantic. It seems likely now that the bill will not only fall of passage, but will accomplish the real purpose of the trustees of the Museum in introducing it—that is, the securing of a grant from Parliament sufficient to enlarge the Museum building. The collections have been increasing so rapidly that it is now found necessary either to weed out a good deal of the matter already collected or to enlarge the building. The Government steadily refused to favor any grant for enlargement until it should first be determined whether the weeding out process might not be resorted to. Fortunately for scholars the world over, the introduction of the bill in the House of Commons immediately called forth from British scholars, headed by Sidney Lee, a protest that is almost certain to be heeded. In his letter in "The London Times" Mr. Lee brought out the fact that it was this very "valueless material"—provincial and colonial newspapers, pamphlets, etc.—that had proved of the greatest value to him in his work as Editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The institution in this country most nearly corresponding to the British Museum is, of course, the library of Congress. With the magnificent new building at Washington, the question of limitation of space is not likely to prove any restriction to the all-inclusiveness of the library. Everything copyrighted is of course saved there; the library also tries to get and bind at least one newspaper from every State and Territorial capital, as well as from the largest city of each State. Pamphlets, of whatever nature, and different editions of the same work are also preserved.

## PRACTICE IN THIS CITY.

Of most immediate and local interest is the practice of the New-York Public Library in regard to the preservation of the great body of matter of every sort that comes to it by purchase, gift and exchange. Just now the limitations of space at the Astor Library building would make conditions very similar to those which obtain at the British Museum were it not for the fact that the matter may be collected with a view to transferring it to the spacious quarters of the new building, whose foundations are soon to be laid. The policy of the library, as recently outlined by Dr. Billings to a Tribune reporter, shows the institution to be very catholic and one that looks well to meet the present and future needs of scholars.

The principal newspapers of the city are received at the library. These are bound, and complete files are preserved. So far as they are incomplete efforts are constantly being made to supply the gaps. In the case of a few long established papers in other parts of the country—such, for example, as "The Hartford Courant" and "The Albany Argus"—second hand and auction catalogues are constantly being watched for opportunities to make the library's files complete. The library is constantly receiving odd numbers of newspapers from all parts of the country. They are usually marked copies, containing an important address before some local historical society or other article of permanent value. Such papers are always carefully examined, and the important article clipped and preserved. In the case of other periodical publications that are received irregularly, efforts are made to complete the sequences, and in any case those received are tied up and stored away.

The library now takes more than three thousand periodicals regularly, in every printed language and on almost every conceivable subject. Dr. Billings regards this feature of the library as perhaps its most valuable one. Seven hundred of these periodicals, in addition to the 160 indexed in Poole, are read by members of his staff, and the most important articles are promptly indexed on cards, which are at once inserted in the regular catalogue. All these periodicals are carefully preserved and most of them bound. Some libraries, notably the Congressional Library and the New-York State Library, bind in the advertisements issued with periodicals. Dr. Billings recognizes their value as showing something of the social history of the times in which they appeared, but the great increase in expense which the practice would involve has decided him not to adopt that custom.

Even with the very large number of periodicals taken by the library, they are but a small fraction of those issued. Simply to get all periodicals published in this city would be a big undertaking. However, recognizing the desirability of having in the public library of this city as complete a picture as possible of the city so far as it is given in its periodicals, on the first of each year Dr. Billings gives an order to one of the news companies to furnish him one copy of every periodical published in the city of a date as near as possible to January 1.

## PRESERVATION OF PAMPHLETS.

The extent to which pamphlets are preserved and utilized in the library is remarkable. Beginning in the Presidential campaign of 1896, Dr. Billings has been securing from the litera-

ry bureaus of the campaign committees of every party everything published by them. This applies to matter sent out by all National committees, State committees of this State and all campaign literature of municipal elections in this city. Thus all that has been issued by free trade and free silver committees, by sound money and protective tariff leagues, by proportional representation advocates, by adherents of Henry George's ideas, by Prohibitionists and by all other political organizations is carefully preserved, classified and filed in pamphlet boxes. More than once mention has been made in these columns of the admirable collections of pamphlets on the Dreyfus case, the South African war, anti-imperialism and territorial expansion. Some of these pamphlets, if found of sufficient value, are bound like books, but all are catalogued and made accessible.

The extent of the library's growth is still further shown by the fact that Dr. Billings has put himself in communication with the numerous labor organizations of the city, and receives from them their publications and numerous exchanges. In this manner thousands of pamphlets—socialistic, anarchistic or otherwise—find their way into the library and are carefully preserved. In fact, about the only way to secure the majority of pamphlet material is by gift rather than exchange, and if it is got at all it must generally be secured from some one who derives a benefit from the library. Such tracts are generally sent out gratuitously by those who hope to make converts, but since it is impossible to make a convert of an institution, appeals on the part of a library for such gifts frequently meet with no response.

## ADVERTISING PAMPHLETS SAVED.

Many pamphlets that are generally regarded as advertisements are preserved. Thus, summer resort literature is saved because of its topographical interest. Patent medicine advertisements are not kept here, but are sent to the library of the Surgeon-General's office, in Washington, which collects everything in the field of medicine. If a pamphlet is an advertisement pure and simple it is not kept, but such publications as the bulletins of the great life insurance companies are saved, also other life insurance literature, if it has anything of a permanent value, such as the reports of companies. Reports of other corporations, railway, industrial and financial, are also preserved.

All the bills introduced into the State Legislature are bound up according to serial number. A duplicate set is also obtained, and all bills of large importance on general subjects are classified with that subject. Every bill relating to this city is also preserved, special efforts being put forth to get everything published concerning New-York.

The conclusion to be drawn from such a practice of preserving matter that is essentially ephemeral is that what is of slight interest to one person is of the greatest importance to another, and in a library it is made accessible to all. Moreover, the ephemera of one day and age frequently furnish the most valuable material for its study in another.

## AN INDIAN ARSENAL.

## TWO THOUSAND ARROWHEADS FOUND BURIED UNDER A STONE.

Chester (Conn.) correspondence of The Hartford Courant.

Among the collections of Indian relics owned in this State probably the finest, with one exception, is owned by Herbert Southmayd, who lives on the Haddam Quarter road, in the town of Durham. A large part of them were found by Mr. Southmayd himself, as he is a confirmed relic hunter and knows many of the caves and camping grounds used by the tribes of this State. White flint, black flint, rose quartz, red and yellow jasper, limestone and glass stone were the stones used in the manufacture of three thousand arrowheads, varying from the size of a thumb nail to those nearly as large as a hand. His axes include the fine edged, highly polished tool to the rough, unfinished specimens. He has thirty of these, one of which weighs seven pounds, while the smallest turns the scales at sixteen ounces.

Of his eleven pestles the longest measures 14½ inches in length. Gouges used by the Indians in working out the inside of logs, which they had first charred, in making their canoes, number twenty. There are ten fine specimens of adze and twelve chisels. Of his three pipes the one he values most highly is short stemmed, perfect bowled, and was found a few miles from his home. It looks much like a common clay pipe of to-day, excepting the color, which is that of red clay. The breastplates are notched around the edges, a notch for each battle the wearer was engaged in. On one of them can be counted sixty-five notches, denoting either a chieftain or one much given to fighting.

There are three war club heads, and a dozen hide scrapers used in cleaning the hides from which their clothing and tents were made. Among the most interesting specimens to the ordinary man and which cause a peculiar sensation as their use is explained are the three scalping knives. A string of wampum was taken from a skeleton found in Portland. A red clay kettle is absolutely perfect. A bone ornament found in a cove is considered very valuable, as but few of them are in existence. The drills used for making the holes for the leather thongs in their moccasins and skin canoes show great skill and patience, as they had nothing but stones with which they tapered these from about the size of a pencil down to a sharp point. Of these he has fifteen.

Brass arrowheads and a quiver divide honors with two iron tomahawks. During a rainstorm a year or two ago Walter Lane sought shelter under a shelving rock at North Guilford, and while stirring the ground up to ascertain what depth had been made by the decay of leaves he was surprised to find an arrowhead. Renewed effort brought out thirty-five of them. Returning the next day with spade and sieve he dug out 1,200 specimens, and from evidences found it was doubtless a spot where they were made and laid away against the time of need. Over 2,000 have been taken from that spot.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mark Twain has been lecturing in England on "Joan of Arc."

Admiral Frederick A. Maxse, well known in England as a writer on naval and political subjects, who died a few weeks ago, was supposed to be the original of Beauchamp in George Meredith's novel, "Beauchamp's Career."

Louise Michel has completed her memoirs, and they will soon be published in London, probably in two volumes.

The enterprising London publisher, Mr. William Heinemann, is preparing to bring out a complete English edition of the works of Matilde Serao, uniform with his edition of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Excitement has been created in Italy by the sale of a villa at Mulazzo, near Genoa, known as "Dante's House." It was here, it is said, that Dante, as the guest of the owner, wrote the first five cantos of the "Inferno." The Italian papers think that the place ought to have been bought by the Government or by one of the many Dante societies in Italy.

"That Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a schoolmaster, and also an architect, or house builder, before he tried his luck in authorship, will be news to most people," says a writer in "The London Daily News," "but he was all that—unless Mrs. Isabel Savory, the authoress of a very clever, well written and entertaining book on India, has somehow or other been misled. 'Lahore is interesting as having been for so long the home of Rudyard Kipling.' No doubt. 'As head of the School of Art, he designed the Law Courts, great, airy, massive buildings.' Now, if Mr. Rudyard Kipling did design those dreary, heavy Law Courts, we are sorry for him. It is probable that the authoress confounds Mr. Kipling, senior, principal of the Lahore School of Arts, with Mr. Kipling, junior. The former has never, it seems, been known as an architect—though he does know much about architecture, besides other arts. When Mr. Kipling first went to India he took up architectural sculpture as one of his subjects. It may be remarked that Anglo-Indians are somewhat given to playing off practical jokes upon 'griffs'—new arrivals."

The literary executors of Ruskin have made a public appeal for the use of letters or copies of letters written by the late author, for use in a book of selections from his diaries and correspondence.

There seems to be no end to the stories told about Rossetti. Here is one related in Blunt's "Guide to Chelsea," and of particular interest, as it involves George Meredith, the novelist, who is not the subject of many stories. It appears that Rossetti had invited Mr. Meredith to live in his house. "Mr. Meredith rather irresponsibly agreed to occupy a couple of rooms there, should the lease be effected. One morning, shortly after Rossetti moved in, Mr. Meredith, who was living in Mayfair, drove over to Chelsea to inspect his new apartments. It was past noon [this is Mr. Meredith's own account]; Rossetti had not yet risen, although it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table, on a huge dish, rested five thick slabs of bacon upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in dressing gown and slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He did not even trouble to look at his rooms, but sent in a quarter's rent that afternoon, and remained in Mayfair." This tale recalls the story that Mr. William Sharp, who knew Rossetti very well, likes to tell his friends. One afternoon, as Mr. Sharp was about to visit Rossetti in Chelsea, not far from the house where Carlyle was living, he observed a crowd of Salvation Army people singing under the poet's window. When he entered the house he found the poet pale with anger. "Listen to those people out there!" he cried. "I know that Carlyle sent them over here to annoy me."

"Comin' Thro' the Rye," the well known novel by Miss Helen Mathers, reached its twenty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago. It is said that thus far Miss Mathers has received for it from the publishers, the Bantons, only £200. "She received 30 guineas down for the book, being offered that sum or half profits," says a writer in an English newspaper. "A droll incident arose apropos of this 30 guineas. Mr. and Mrs. Justin McCarthy were dining with Miss Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves), and Mr. George Bentley was also present. During the dinner Mrs. Justin McCarthy called to Miss Helen Mathers across the table, 'What do you think I heard to-day? That you got £30,000 for "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Miss Mathers turned to Mr. Bentley, and said in a whisper, 'If you take off the last three oughts, Mr. Bentley, that is about right.'"

An edition de luxe of the works of Walter Pater will soon begin to appear in England.

A complete catalogue of books in the British Museum is nearly ready for publication. Nineteen years have been spent in preparing it.

Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel bears the suggestive title of "A Prince of Swindlers."

Mrs. Craigie's long expected novel, "Robert Orange," has just appeared in England. Several of the characters who figured in "The School for Saints," including Disraeli, are introduced again. A cheap edition of "The School for Saints" has also been brought out by the English publishers.

The new "Liberal Review," announced in London some time ago, promises to be a very lively periodical. It will frankly espouse the cause of the Liberal party, and it will endeavor to secure the work of the younger writers. No list of contributors has as yet been published, but it is said that the projectors have prepared a list of well known authors whose work shall not be admitted into its pages.

"The child of M. Léon Daudet and Mme. Jeanne Hugo-Charcot, his former wife, is grandson of two of the most illustrious French authors of the century," says a correspondent from Paris to an English newspaper. "He has hitherto been brought up under his mother's care and according to the ideas of Victor Hugo—ideas accepted by the boy's stepfather, Dr. Jean Charcot. But M. Léon Daudet, the father, thinks it time, the boy being nine years old, to give him a mental training in conformity with the principles of the paternal grandfather. The latter was more than a conforming Catholic; but he lent himself to the exclusively civil marriage of M. Léon Daudet with Victor Hugo's granddaughter. It is true that she made a civil

ceremony only a sine qua non of marriage. M. Daudet does not want to appeal against the decision of the divorce judge, who gave the child entirely over to the care of the mother, but he wants to place him under the daily tuition of a professor chosen by the Daudet family, and acquainted with the views of the paternal grandfather. To this demand Mme. Hugo-Charcot demurs. She sees in it a vexatious desire. There is nothing in her child's education, she says, to which Alphonse Daudet could justly take exception were he now living."

## IN MEMORY OF AUGUSTIN DALY.

In compliance with many requests The Tribune reprints the elegy on the death of Augustin Daly, written by William Winter, and originally published in this paper, on July 15, 1899. Within the comparatively brief period of one year Augustin Daly's theatre has passed into hostile hands; his magnificent library and art collections have been sold and dispersed; and the whole field in which he labored with such high ambition and splendid fidelity has been occupied by men with whom he had no fellowship and dominated by views and purposes to which he was invincibly opposed. But the light of his example has not yet faded, and his memory will not perish. The text of this poem has been revised by the author.

A. D.

Died June 7, 1899.

Long he slumbers; will he waken, greeting, as he used to do,  
With his kindly, playful smile, his old companions, me and you?

Long he slumbers—though the wind of morning sweetly blows to sea,  
Though his barque has weighed her anchor, and the tide is flowing free.

Long he slumbers: Why, so helpless, doth he falter on the shore?  
Wherefore stays he in the silence, he that never stayed before?

"Do not wake me!" O, the pity! How shall we, poor toilers, strive,  
If his strong and steadfast spirit keep not our frail hope alive?

All his days were given to action, all his powers of mind and will;  
Now the restless heart is silent, and the busy brain is still.

Gone the fine ideal fancies, glorious, like the summer dawn!  
Ev'ry passionate throb of purpose, ev'ry dream of grandeur gone!

Courage, patience, deep devotion, long endurance, manly trust,  
Zeal for truth and love for beauty—gone, and buried in the dust!

Ah, what pictures rise in mem'ry and what strains of music flow,  
When we think of all the magic times and scenes of Long Ago!

When once more we hear, in Arden, rustling trees and rippling streams;  
When on fair Olivia's palace faint and pale the moonlight beams;

When the storm-clouds break and scatter, and o'er beach, and crag, and wave,  
Angels float, and heavenly voices haunt the gloom of Prospero's cave!

Well he wrought—and we remember! Faded rainbow! fallen leaf!  
All fair things are but as shadows, and all glory ends in grief.

Worn and weary with the struggle, broken with the weight of care,  
Low he lies, and all his pageants vanish in the empty air.

Nevermore can such things lure us, nevermore be quite the same;  
Other hands may grasp 'the laurel, other brows be twined with fame.

Far, and lessening in the distance, dies the music of the Past;  
In our ears a note discordant vibrates like an angry blast;

On our eyes the Future rushes, blatant, acrid, fraught with strife,  
Arrogant with untamed youth and rank with flux of sensual life.

Naught avails to stem the tumult—vulgar aims and commonplace,  
Greed and vice and dross and folly, frenzied in the frantic race.

Naught avails, and we that linger, sick at heart and old and grim,  
Can but pray to leave this rabble, loving Art and following him.

Very lonely seems the pathway; long we journeyed side by side;  
Much with kindred hope were solaced, much with kindred anguish tried;

Had our transient jars and murmurs, had our purpose to be blest,  
In our brotherhood of travel, in our dreams of age and rest,—

Yonder, where the tinted hawthorns scarlet poppy fields unfold,  
And the prodigal haburnum blooms in clustering globes of gold.

Ended all—and all is shadow, where but late a glory shone,  
And the wanderer, gray and fragile, walks the vacant scene, alone.

Only now the phantom faces that in waking dreams appear!  
Only now the aerial voices that the heart alone can hear!

Round and red the sun in sinking, lurid in his misty light;  
Faintly sighs the wind of evening, coldly falls the brooding night.

Fare thee well—forever parted, speeding onward in the day  
Where, through God's supernal mercy, human frailties drop away!

Fare thee well; while o'er thy ashes softly tolls the funeral knell—  
Peace, and love, and tender memory! so, forever, fare thee well!

WILLIAM WINTER.