The Story of Renwick Castle
1852---1932
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“In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, aye, and loved with passion still.”
—Alfred Noyes

As if itself were a sunset, with years for minutes, its beauty changing and fading imperceptibly but steadily and irrevocably, Renwick Castle has almost finished its picture of splendor. Even now, it is only those who actually saw it in its glory or who have the imagination to reconstruct its past from the few scattered gleams that remain, to whom the Castle is a thing of loveliness. The others, who see only from the outside, say, “What a queer old place!” or possibly “It’s so gloomy!”

But still, for most—faculty, students, townsfolk, and visitors, it remains a place vaguely romantic. Freshmen write themes about its gray towers or invent new legends to add to the ever-growing collection; professors in their comparatively frivolous moments use it as a scene for detective tales; Fine Arts students sit in groups on spring and fall days and laboriously sketch the old mansion from every possible angle; Daily Orange reporters seize upon it as a space-filler. And legends have grown apace. School children assert in awed tones that “A king and a queen used to live there”; seniors revel in the sentimental tragedy of the young English bride tale; and a growing quantity of legends is coming to overlay its history—a history more thrilling, romantic, and beautiful than any legend.

In the year of 1847 when Syracuse was a thriving town of twenty-two thousand, an ambitious clothing merchant, Cornelius Tyler Longstreet, relative of the famous General Longstreet of Civil War days, married as a second wife Caroline Redfield Sanford. Her father, Mr. Redfield, was a noted journalist, and a statue of him has been erected in Forman Park of this city. Caroline herself started to be a celebrity early in life; at the age of three when General LaFayette was visiting here, she was chosen to pin a flower on the great man’s coat while he held her in his arms. Mr. Longstreet’s business headquarters were in New York City, and he was widely known as the originator in United States of custom-made clothing for men. The business grew by leaps and bounds, and “Colonel Longstreet” as he was now respectfully called, became the possessor of what was then a small fortune. With this he decided to build himself a home, substantial, beautiful, and distinctive. What is now known as the Castle was the result of this decision.

A rising young architect named James Renwick was building the old First Presbyterian Church at the corner of East Fayette and Salina Streets, and on its completion in 1852 he was engaged by Colonel Longstreet to construct the latter’s future home.
Later, Mr. Renwick was to earn enduring fame as the designer of the Union Square fountain, Grace and Calvary Episcopal Churches, St. Patrick’s Roman Catholic Cathedral, The Church of the Puritans, and the Lenox Library (all in New York City); the old Corcoran Art Gallery and the old Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., and the Vassar College buildings at Poughkeepsie. Of his work on the Castle, Professor Revels of the College of Architecture, says, “Splendid architecture, inside and out!” An incident related by Mr. Gurney Lapham in the Syracuse Herald says that Renwick had just married Miss Margaret Ranney, whom he had wooed for more than three years, and part of his honeymoon was spent in this city while he kept careful watch over the Castle’s construction.

The site selected by Colonel Longstreet was an estate of forty-nine acres on the outskirts of Syracuse in a district known as “The Highlands.” It adjoined the Bagg estate, home of Mrs. Longstreet’s sister. The cost of the grounds was $27,595.50.

Swiftly the plans grew, for no expense was to be spared. A castle it was, of Tudor Gothic architecture, a type used in several of the buildings at Oxford University. This style has been adapted to modern use and it is sometimes called “collegiate Gothic”, rambling in plan, but more adjusted to American needs than its prototype. Ask fifty people of what material the Castle is made, and forty-nine of them will tell you “gray stone”. They would be wrong; it is brick, sanded over to give a stone effect.

In the Castle, every effort was made to carry out the Gothic spirit and have it run true to form. Stately, battlemented towers rose on either side of the low stone steps which formed the simple but dignified entrance. A massive oak door with heads of animals surrounded by a rope of leaves done in beautifully executed carving, opened into a small, barrel-vaulted vestibule and this into a rather narrow hall. The hall, broadening a bit under the rotunda, led straight to a great stairway, and back of that, continued on to the servant quarters. The stairway, at a large semi-circular landing, divided and re-turned, reaching on the second floor, nearly to the octagonal opening known as the rotunda. In ancient times, the central part of a castle was called the donjon or keep. Here in time of attack the women took refuge; here, faithful servants guarded the jewels and family treasure. In Renwick Castle, the keep is suggested by the rotunda, though there is hardly space enough between it and the door to make it a secure retreat.

On the ground floor, a small reception hall and opposite it a little library, were the first rooms off the corridor. Next came the two parlors, each with a large bay window. On the south side of the building, next to the parlor, was the dining room, and opening out of that on the east the butler’s pantry and a kitchen. The latter had
a huge fireplace reaching almost the entire width of the room, and behind it were brick ovens. The ceiling over the original kitchen was much lower than that of the present room, and above, a bath and four rooms, now entirely destroyed, was part of the servants' quarters. A service stairs separated from the rest of the house led up to these rooms and others hack of them (the present caretaker's quarters) so that the servants were free to come and go without meeting or disturbing the rest of the household. It was near this old service stairway that one of the "secret rooms" was supposed to be located. The present large room opposite the old dining room and kitchen was then two rooms, bedroom and sitting room.

On the second floor, the same plan was repeated; to give enduring strength to the building, very thick walls (13-24 inches), ran straight up from cellar to roof. The use of steel in construction was then unknown, and heavy masonry was the only means of strength.

The floors were "recessed", that is, a false floor laid below the real one and the space between filled with a "grout" of sand and quick lime. In this way, the wood was preserved and shocks and sounds were deadened.

Outside, a number of battlemented towers raised their sturdy heads among the swaying tree tops. In one of those at the western end, a narrow spiral stairway led up to tiny windows, which afforded a view of all the surrounding country. The only approach to the other west tower was by a ladder leading to the low-roofed attic. A floor was laid in the tower, about a foot higher than the rest of the attic flooring, and it is here that the fugitive slaves were supposed to have been kept. There is, however, much doubt as to whether slaves were ever actually concealed in the Castle, though the whole building is full of unexpected nooks and crannies.

For decorating the interior, Mr. Renwick went to New York and engaged Mr. Henry C. Allewelt, a young decorator who had just come from Germany to seek his fortune in the States. He in turn collected some half dozen assistants. It is interesting to know that after the work on the Castle was finished, Mr. Allewelt stayed on in Syracuse and founded what is now the oldest interior decorating firm in the country. It is now carried on by his son and grandson, who bear the family name of their ancestor.

For three years carpenters, masons, decorators, and skillful woodcarvers worked to bring into being the dream of the architect and the desire of the Longstreets. All the walls and ceilings were frescoed, each having its own design. The dining room ceiling was especially elaborate, being divided by ornamental plaster work into small panels, each panel decorated with a different fruit, vegetable or flower. The cost of this room alone is given as $10,000. All this, however, fell into disrepair and had to be repainted
with a coat of flat gray after the University took possession.

But in a good state of preservation even today is the ceiling above the staircase. The sides are vaulted and the middle flat, with the vault ribs continued across it. Between the ribs are geometrical designs in bright red and blue, with shadows skillfully painted to give an effect of high relief. Mr. Emil M. Allevelt, son of the original decorator and present head of the firm in Syracuse, describes the process:

“First of all, a design is chosen. Then we sketch the room showing the walls and ceiling covered with the drawings. Next we make a full-size detail study of each drawing on yellow paper. In this we prick holes, thousands of holes; then put the pattern against the wall and dust it over with powdered charcoal. This gives the outline; the remainder of the work is painting it in, shading, combining colors, giving it depth and richness. The ceiling is of course more difficult to do than the walls.”

Directly over the rotunda was a skylight of painted glass with a woman’s head in the center. Beneath this, a circle of portraits, probably of artists, though no one seems certain whether or not they are real individuals. In the space where the vault of the ceiling meets the walls are coats of arms, giving a paneled effect. Underneath, at the first floor level, was another portrait circle, supposedly of explorers and inventors, but this has been painted over.

While the Castle was being built, it became apparent that with the narrow Gothic windows, illumination would be a difficult problem. As remedies, a window was cut at the back of the stairway landing, behind where the great mirror now stands, and two skylights were also put in, one above the rotunda and another over the staircase. The glass for the latter and for the windows on either side of the front door was a beautiful hand-painted example of floral designs in subtle tones, said to be imported from Europe. Many of the other windows were mullioned and surrounded by square frames. The delicate Gothic tracery at the top was set with bright colored glass, mostly in floral designs, although some, as in the parlors, showed landscapes. Mrs. Travis, a resident of the Castle in later days, has a memory of some exceptionally beautiful “tulip windows” in one of the upstairs rooms.

To us, in this age of standardization, it is a revelation to see how the harmony of the Castle as a whole was kept, and yet scope was given for the individuality of each room. The recessed doorways are different—some square-topped, some pointed with the wide Tudor Gothic arch, some rounding—whichever in the architect’s mind would best express the character of that particular room. The doorways encircling the rotunda have imitation carving (plaster work) coming to a
point above them. This gives a feeling of height and serves to create an effect of increased size and importance of the rotunda.

Each of the beautiful, well-designed fireplaces is different, too. The marble for these was probably imported from Italy, for at that time the American marble beds had not been discovered. Most of them are the pure white of Carrara, but the one in the old dining room is exquisitely shaded in yellow and ochre tints. All are gracefully carved; the one in the north parlor bears the initials C. T. L.—Cornelius Tyler Longstreet.

Equal to all the rest in beauty and skill is the wood carving. Not that all of what appears to be carving is real, the animal heads on the front doors, some of the plastic decorations over doorways and arches of the rotunda, and the little statues at the sides of the great mirror—all are plaster casts, varnished over to imitate wood. But most of the carving, of course (the staircase, for example, and the elaborate railing around the rotunda), is real, and beautifully executed.

A Mr. Herkimer, a wood carver, later the father of Sir Hubert Herkimer, the great English artist, was living in Syracuse during the 1850’s and it is possible that he may have done some of the work in the Castle. This is mere conjecture, however, for there seems to be no record left of the workers under Mr. Allewelt, except of one Peter Baumgras, brother-in-law of Mrs. Ernest Held.

The cost of all this work was far beyond what Colonel Longstreet had anticipated. Between 1852 and 1855 he probably paid out from $170,000 to $200,000 and even then the Castle was not complete. But no more money was then available so work was stopped, not to be resumed till Mr. Yates had taken possession. Signs of this enforced economy were not at all evident, however. Renwick Castle (so named by Colonel Longstreet for his friend) and its grounds were the admiration and pride of all the city.

The first landscape gardening in Syracuse was in the Renwick Castle grounds. “The beautiful parterres, the smoothly shaven green lawns, the carriage roads and bridle paths, the rustic bridge over the gorge, the rocky mounds overgrown with ferns and ivy, imitating nature in her wildest moods, the springing fountains, the stone walls, the garden paths bordered with bright portulacas—all these called forth exclamations of admiration and delight from the inhabitants of Syracuse.” (Gurney Lapham in the Syracuse Herald.)

At one end of the wall was the entrance to the estate—the porter’s lodge and a rustic bridge guarded by an imposing gate of long spears or pikes. On the terraced sides of the gorge were grapevines on trellises, and nearby an orchard of cherry and apple trees. One great apple tree grew just outside the dining room window, and in Spring the diners looked out into
a swaying mass of pink and white bloom.

At the other (south) end were the stables. Between the stables and the house were two cisterns and an ice house (the small octagonal building now used as a tool house) whose walls extend twelve feet into the ground.

The flower gardens were extensive and beautiful, and so abundant were the blooms that the gardener would bring in great clothes baskets filled with flowers—heliotrope, roses, daffodils, pinks, petunias, and many others—for the Longstreet children to arrange and take to their less fortunate friends in the city. Mrs. Longstreet was a gracious and generous woman, referred to at the time of her death (1900) as Lady Bountiful, and much that was fine and beautiful from the Castle and its grounds found its way into the hands of those who needed and appreciated it.

Adjoining the Castle grounds across the ravine was the home of Mrs. Longstreet’s sister, Mrs. Bagg. Little Ina Bagg (now Mrs. Merrill of wide acquaintance and friendship in this city) spent much of her time playing with Edward and Ella, her two cousins at the Castle, and some of the most vivid pictures of the Castle’s past are from her active memory.

From her description comes a glimpse of servants hurrying in Winter from one fireplace to another with shining brass scuttles of coal. From her, a Summer scene of the children sitting on velvet cushions on the Castle steps, watching a thunderstorm gather and break over the valley below them. From her, a memory of Margaret Slocum, the future Mrs. Russell Sage, a sweet, friendly woman in a long, trailing gown. She acted as little Ella’s governess, and years later, as a woman of wealth and power, she was to buy all the Castle and grounds and give them to the University “in memory of her happy days at the Longstreet home”. From Mrs. Merrill too comes a characteristic story of Colonel Longstreet.

The Colonel and all his household were very proud of his span of fine gray horses, and always when he drove into the Castle grounds, the little boy at the porter’s lodge would run to hold them and lead them to the stable. Once when the Colonel was returning from a visit to New York, he announced that he had brought back a little slave boy to hold the horses for him. The older members of the family suspected a joke, but the children gazed in round-eyed amazement, for the Colonel was widely known as a firm abolitionist. He told them they must wait till the next morning to see the newcomer. And when, bright and early, they dashed out to satisfy their curiosity, there he was—a bronze statue of a little Negro boy holding in his outstretched hand a ring to which the horses could be fastened! As far as Mrs. Merrill knows, this is the only slave, fugitive or otherwise, who was ever on the place.
Colonel Longstreet seems to have spent relatively little time in the Castle that was built for him. His business in New York claimed his attention, and from 1855 till the Fall of '62 he spent most of his time there, establishing Charles, his son by his first wife, as a partner. The years following the Civil War were ones of anxiety and depression, and the Colonel finally returned home with his health seriously impaired as a result of the strain.

Then he found that living in a castle had its drawbacks. Syracuse weather proved too much for the roofs—they leaked, first in one place and then in another. The lack of adequate light made the house seem gloomy, a feeling to which his ill health gave added weight. "They were far out in the country, cut off from town by a relatively dense wood and with no other houses (except the Baggs') nearer than Cedar Street. There were no street cars, no public conveyances of any kind traveling in that direction, and the roads for driving or walking were exceptionally poor. Their friends were often unable to call on them, and many of their invitations were not accepted on account of the distance. Mrs. Longstreet and her children began to feel as though they were isolated from the world. Their plans for entertaining were frustrated. Mr. Longstreet was particularly annoyed at not being able to get his friends together for frequent games of his favorite, euchre. So in the course of a few years, the Longstreets found the mansion a white elephant on their hands. The Colonel himself referred to it disgustedly as 'Longstreet's Folly'.

"But when it became known that he was willing to dispose of his property, a purchaser was soon found—one of the shrewdest, most brilliant financiers the country has ever seen, a man who if he had lived today would undoubtedly have taken his place among the great magnates of the financial world—Alonzo Chester Yates Sr." (Gurney Lapham in the SYRACUSE HERALD, Nov. 19, 1905.)

Mr. Yates, like Colonel Longstreet, a clothing merchant, had made his fortune by being shrewd enough to foresee that the Civil War would be of more than a few months' duration. While others expected the rebellion to be speedily put down, he quietly cornered the market for soldiers' uniforms, and when the government began finally to demand rush orders of thousands of outfits, the profits rolled into the pockets of Alonzo Yates.

Mr. Yates and his young wife owned a fine house on James Street, then the social center of Syracuse. It was an imposing house with two great bronze lions in the front, but smaller than the owner felt that his station now demanded. So in April, 1867, the two men traded homes, with an additional payment of $30,000 by Mr. Yates, since the Castle and grounds were worth far more than the house. Mr. Longstreet wanted a home, and
friends nearby: "On James Street one could look out and see something going by; at the Castle there was nothing but scenery!" Mr. Yates wanted a castle. Both were satisfied.

Now begins the brief period of splendor when the Castle was, as its builder had dreamed, a center of gayety and social life. Much richer than Colonel Longstreet, Mr. Yates had no trouble in getting people to come to him. Had they no carriages? Send his. He had the finest horses and smartest traps in all this part of the country. If the roads were muddy so that two horses found going difficult, use six!—for the Yates coach-and-six was known far and wide. Was the dining room, which seated only twenty-five, too small? Take the tables out on the lawn under trees and string up bright lanterns, scores of them, to drive away the darkness. Luxury was the keynote inside the Castle and outside. Velvet carpets covered the floors and stairs; fine paintings by old masters were hung on the walls of the stairway landing and around the rotunda; the bedroom sets and other furniture were of rosewood and Gothic in design; in the dining room a sideboard of pale golden oak carved in high relief with fish and game cost $3,500. Sparkling prisms were added to the bronze chandeliers; a sixteen-foot mirror which Mr. Yates had bought in Europe took its place on the stair landing; a conservatory with a roof of colored glass was built at the northeast corner of the Castle. It was in the shape of a cross, with flowers in each wing and statuary and a fountain in the center. Later on, this became a billiard room. The niches around the rotunda contained marble statues representing the seasons, and in the center was a three-fourths life size figure of "Ruth gleaning in the fields". This statue is now in Crouse College, loaned to the University by Mrs. Inez Owseley, the only surviving member of the Yates family.

Outside the Castle, the trees and bushes were trimmed into fantastic shapes. Around the grounds were large silver balls on pedestals and pieces of statuary—an Indian near the vine-covered bridge, and a dog. Many new trees were added, some say there were 70 varieties, gathered from all over the world. The flower gardens were large and gorgeous. Of the 13 acres which now formed the estate, most were in lawns and flowers, though a portion back of the stables was devoted to orchards and vegetable gardens. Between the Castle and the present tennis courts was a hedge of osage orange trees, rare in this part of the country. The grounds were open to the public every day except Sunday, and no visitor's stay in Syracuse was complete which did not include a drive through the grounds of "Yates Castle", as it was then popularly called.

Mr. Yates was known far and wide for his lavish hospitality. Balls and entertainments were held on a scale
outdistancing anything then attempted in Syracuse. The usual staff of servants numbered about twelve—six in the house and six caring for the grounds and stables. Of course extra help was used for special occasions. These servants at the Castle were loyally devoted to the Yates family. A caretaker who served there nineteen years said there had never been a cross word spoken to him by his employers. An old colored butler who had been in the family for over twenty years was buried in the Yates family plot in Oakwood Cemetery.

But all this gayety was only on the surface. A Herald article says: "As suddenly as the rich lavishness came, it disappeared. There was a divorce; there was also a period of seclusion for Mr. Yates. Then a quieter romance slipped through the massive doors. Mr. Yates re-married. The two children by the first marriage were sent away to school. Two others, Inez and Alonzo Junior were born."

Through Alonzo came the Castle's doom. Gay, reckless and extravagant, he quickly ran through the million-dollar fortune of his father after the latter's death in 1880, and "on October 18, 1898 the beautiful tapestries, pictures and period furniture lost their heirloom rights and were sold at a public auction". The auctioneer's stand was on the rotunda, now stripped of its gorgeous hangings. Packed into the corridors and rooms was the curious, bargain-seeking crowd. Through the windows swarmed University students, determined to let no interesting episode slip by them, and through the grounds wandered scores of camera enthusiasts, "snapping" frantically, as though they expected the Castle itself to be carried off under the arm of the highest bidder! But in one way they were right in sensing that something was vanishing now which they would never see again. The days of Renwick Castle as a home were gone forever. Henceforth it would be put to makeshift uses for which it was never intended, like a princess forced to earn her bread in the world of trade.

Two years went by, and the Castle stood deserted, the resort only of bats, mice, squirrels, and the little Rufus owls which had always made the towers their home. The grounds were overrun with weeds and underbrush. And now, with no family to supply actual history, legend became busy. At present there are four firmly established legends concerning Renwick Castle, which are accepted unquestioned by many people.

1. That Mr. Longstreet built the Castle for his homesick young English bride; built it in exact duplication of her father's ancestral castle in England. That when the building neared completion, she committed suicide by throwing herself from one of the towers, whereat Mr. Longstreet, heartbroken, sold the Castle to Mr. Yates.

This legend is pure fiction from start to finish. Mrs. Longstreet was
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born in Central New York, never saw England, and outlived her husband. The story seems to have originated in University times, and the writer's guess is, that a freshman, hard put to it for an English theme, invented it.

II. That the Castle was a station on the "Underground Railway", and that fugitive slaves were concealed in a secret room.

The evidence for this legend seems to be about evenly divided, pro and con. It is certain that Colonel Longstreet was a firm abolitionist. But Mrs. Merrill and others who were children in the Castle's early days say positively that there was no secret room and no slaves were brought there. (However, if they had been, it is quite possible that the children would not have known.) On the other hand, Mrs. Robert Molyneux remembers a "room with no door, but a sliding panel" opening out of one of the upstairs rooms and used as a playroom by the children and a sewing room by Mrs. Longstreet. Mr. Travis describes vividly another secret room, reached by his crawling through a passage twenty feet long, leading out from the old service stairs which went up from the kitchen to the servants' quarters. Other stories locate the room in one of the towers. It is evidently a question of how much is smoke and how much fire.

III. That there is a secret passage behind the mirror on the staircase landing.

Originally, there was a much-needed window at the back of the landing, overlooking the gardens. When the mirror was put in, the little curving space behind it was boarded up to keep out moisture.

IV. That there is an underground passage from the Castle.

There is no truth in this at all; it probably represents someone's confusion with the term "underground railway".

And now Mr. A. Lincoln Travis enters upon the scene. Mr. Travis was the head of a very successful private schools for boys. He now decided to extend his field and establish a similar one for girls. He rented the castle as a meeting place for the classes of both groups, and a dormitory for the girls. The boys were housed one block away, adjoining the Castle grounds. From 1900 to 1906 the Castle was known as the Syracuse Classical School. Mr. Travis' standards of scholarship and attainment were high. In the 1927 catalog of Syracuse University, twenty-two Travis boys are listed as instructors in the various colleges. Many of the girls also were outstanding in their communities.

Mr. and Mrs. Travis loved the old mansion and did their best to restore some of its former beauty. Much work was done on the grounds and many repairs were necessary to make the building habitable. Some of the frescoes were restored by Mrs. Travis, who is herself an artist. She also
made copies of some of the finest decorations in the Castle, which may be seen today at the Travis' home in Marcellus. It is good to know that replicas of some of Mr. Renwick's and Mr. Allewell's fine craftsmanship are thus being preserved for the future, and will remain after the building itself shall have met its final destruction.

A description of a Halloween party held at the Castle during this period may be of interest. It is quoted from the school paper, The Chronicle, November, 1901.

"Entering the Castle, three pumpkins mounted on gas jets represented the three weird sisters of Shakespeare's Macbeth, while farther back in the rotunda, the visitor was greeted by the ghostly face of Banquo, which looked pleasingly at Lady Macbeth, who appeared in one of the niches of the rotunda urging her husband to be "right jovial among your guests tonight". The dining room was gracefully and artistically decorated for the occasion, and the tables, heavily loaded with doughnuts, popcorn, and fruit furnished the students a feast characteristic of the occasion .... After many humorous games were played, the sprites and nymphs and merry-makers spent an hour in tripping the light fantastic."

About this time Syracuse University began to talk of establishing a college for the training of teachers. At first there was a wide-spread opposition, for the Teachers' College of Columbia University had a strong reputation behind it, and there was doubt whether students would come here or whether they could be placed if graduated. Finally the eloquence of Dr. Jacob Richard Street won the day; the college was established in 1906 and he became its first dean with Dr. Albert P. Hurst as his assistant. It is an interesting coincidence that he used to plan with the (then) young Professor Hurst: "When I am sixty, I shall retire and you will become dean of Teachers' College". Death claimed him, however, at fifty-six. Dr. Mark Penney was appointed dean and Dr. Hurst left the college for other work. Dean Penney was a brilliant scholar. His chief contribution to Teachers' College was the organization of adequate records and files and a change in the curriculum so as to give a Bachelor of Science degree, recognized by the State, instead of the old Doctor of Pedagogy degree, after receipt of which the beginning teacher still had to try and pass a state examination in order to be qualified. It is also interesting to note that Dean Penney started a course in Public Health nursing, quite similar to the one established in 1931 under the Millbank Foundation Fund. This early attempt lasted only two years. All of these activities took place within the Castle—even the school art and music classes were held here.

Following Dean Penney's resignation in 1919, the trustees recalled Dr. Hurst, and in the very year when
Dean Street would have been sixty years old, Dr. Hurst assumed the deanship. This he held till 1930, when the present dean, Dr. Harry S. Ganders, took the position and Dr. Hurst returned to the class work which he always loved far better than executive duties. But during his term, he had accomplished much. To hundreds of Syracuse graduates his kindly, scholarly face stands as the very symbol of Teachers' College. He extended the curriculum and built up the faculty from two or three to twelve or fifteen; he created an extension program of classes for experienced teachers, arousing their interest in working toward their degrees; he provided for the beginning of student practice teaching outside the city at first, in small schools such as Warners. Then as the ability of the student teachers became clear, there was willing cooperation from the city system.

In the early days of the College, one of the chief difficulties was the placement of its graduates. Dean Street, by getting personally acquainted with most of the principals and superintendents of the entire state, attending numerous teachers' institutes, and by utilizing every opportunity for making personal contacts, gradually built up among the educators of this state and neighboring ones a faith in the fine capabilities of Syracuse Teachers' College graduates. This good foundation has been splendidly extended in the Teachers' Placement Bureau under Mr. Ralph Strebel.

But to return to the Castle itself. "When in 1906 Mrs. Sage bought it for $50,000 and presented it to the University, she suggested that it be called 'The Caroline Longstreet College for Women Teachers.' This was ratified by the Board of Trustees, but later, in 1910, following her gift of $50,000 for its endowment, she was requested to give her name or that of her husband to the college. After some consideration of the matter, she sent to have it called the 'Margaret Olivia Sage Teachers' College.' A few years later, the request was received that it be changed to 'Margaret Olivia Slocum Teachers' College,' the name it now bears." (Daily Orange, February, 1932.)

So goes the story of Renwick Castle. Now in its eightieth year, it is doubtful whether the mansion will live to complete its century. The endowment, generous as it was, has been far from sufficient to allow for adequate upkeep. An attempt was made by Professor Kirkwood, formerly of the Botany Department, to restore the grounds to their former beauty, but lack of money prevented his doing more than labeling the various trees with their scientific and popular names. He was particularly interested in a white oak tree, still standing near the board walk, which he said was several hundred years old.

To have restored the frescoes of the various rooms from the state of ruin into which they were falling, would have cost thousands of dollars, and
the University was then in extremely straightened circumstances. Therefore to make the building useful at a price within possible reach, the frescoed walls, now chipped, stained and soiled, were painted over with flat coats of gray and tan. The ceilings over the staircase and rotunda, being better preserved, and one of the parlors, were left in their original condition.

But at last the activities of Teachers' College have so extended as to outgrow the the sheltering Castle in which they had their birth. The next decade will probably see the destruction of the stout walls to make way for a new Medical College, and those who loved old Renwick Castle will have to console themselves with Brownings thought in Abt Vogler:

"Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
... Never to be again!
And yet, what was, shall be...
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist.
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives...
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour."