Bibliomania, Or, Book-Madness

A Bibliographical Romance in Six Parts : Illustrated With Cuts



THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

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Transcriber's Notes

Thomas Frognall Dibdin's *Bibliomania* was originally published in 1809 and was re-issued in several editions, including one published by Chatto & Windus in 1876. This e-book was prepared from a reprint of the 1876 edition, published by Thoemmes Press and Kinokuniya Company Ltd. in 1997. Where the reprint was unclear, the transcriber consulted the actual 1876 edition. All color images were scanned from the 1876 edition.

The original contains numerous footnotes, denoted by numbers in the section entitled The Bibliomania, and by symbols in the remainder of the book. All of the footnotes are consecutively numbered in this e-book; footnotes within footnotes are lettered.

Some phrases are rendered in the original in blackletter; they are rendered in ***bold italic*** in this e-book.

This e-book contains passages in ancient Greek, which may not display properly in some browsers, depending on what fonts the reader has installed. Hover the mouse over the Greek to see a pop-up transliteration, e.g. βιβλος.

Spelling and typographical errors are retained as they appear in the original. They are underlined in red, with a popup Transcriber's Note containing the correct spelling. Minor punctuation and font errors have been corrected without note. Inconsistent diacriticals and hyphenation have been retained as they appear in the original.

There are frequent inconsistencies in the spelling of certain proper names. These have been retained as they appear in the original, for example:

Bibliothèque/Bibliothéque
Boccaccio/Bocaccio/Boccacio
De Foe/Defoe
Français/François
Loménie/Lomenie

Montfauçon/Montfaucon
Roxburgh/Roxburghe
Shakspeare/Shakespeare
Spenser/Spencer
Tewrdannckhs/Tewrdranckhs/
Teurdanckhs (and other variations)
Vallière/Valliere

The original pagination used two sets of Roman numerals and two sets of Arabic numerals. To distinguish between them, in this e-book the Roman-numeral pages in the Indexes are preceded by "I." The Arabic-numeral pages in the section entitled The Bibliomania are preceded by "B." Some page numbers are skipped due to blank pages.

Page references, including those in the Indexes, do not distinguish between references appearing in the main text and those appearing in footnotes. Therefore, in this e-book, where the referenced matter does not appear in the main text on the linked page, it can be found in the nearest footnote.

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BIBLIOMANIA.



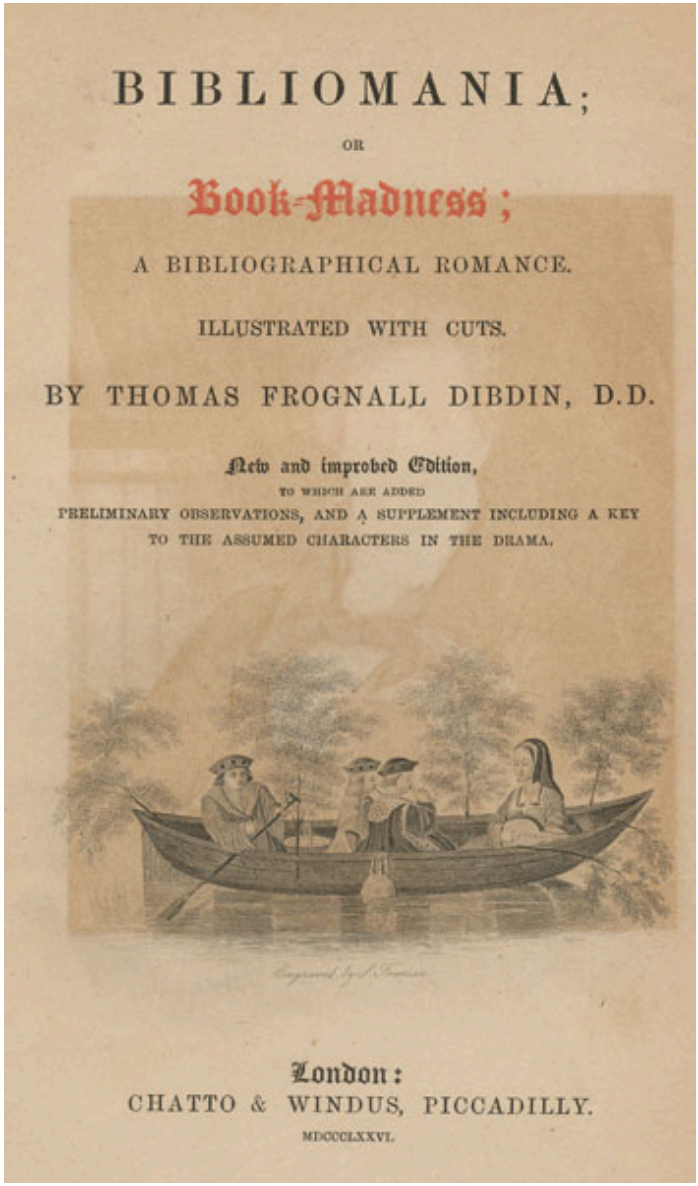
Libri quosdam ad Scientiam, quosdam ad insaniam, deduxêre.
GEYLER: Navis Stultifera: sign. B. iiij. rev.



T.F. DIBDIN, D.D.

Engraved by James Thomson from the Original Painting by T. Phillips, Esqr. R.A.

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS (FOR THE NEW EDITION)
OF THE REV. Dr. DIBDINS BIBLIOMANIA 1840.


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OR
Book-Madness;
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.
ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS.
BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.
New and improved Edition,
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS, AND A SUPPLEMENT INCLUDING A KEY
TO THE ASSUMED CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.
London:
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
MDCCCLXXVI.

[Enlarge]

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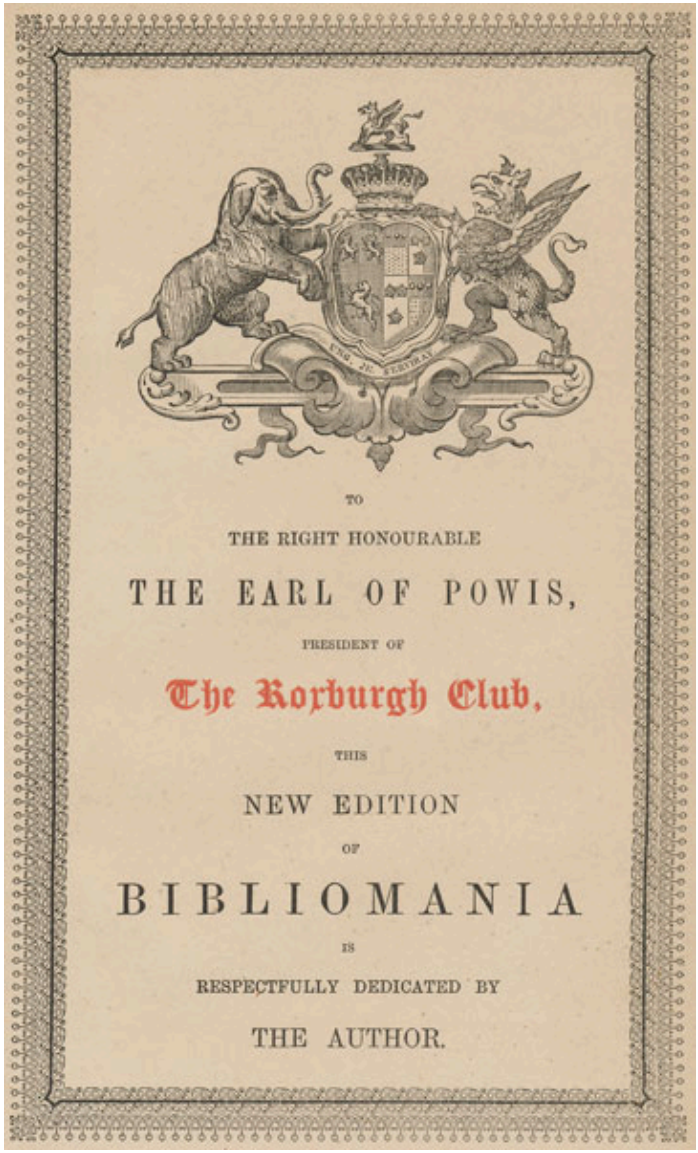
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF POWIS,

PRESIDENT OF

The Roxburgh Club,

THIS

NEW EDITION

OF

BIBLIOMANIA

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



HE public may not be altogether unprepared for the re-appearance of the Bibliomania in a more attractive garb than heretofore;—and, in consequence, more in uniformity with the previous publications of the Author.

More than thirty years have elapsed since the last edition; an edition, which has become so scarce that there seemed to be no reasonable objection why the possessors of the other *works of the Author should be deprived of an opportunity of adding the* present *to the number: and although this re-impression may, on first glance, appear something like a violation of contract with the public, yet, when the length of time which has*

elapsed, and the smallness of the price of the preceding impression, be considered, there does not appear to be any very serious obstacle to the present republication; the more so, as the number of copies is limited to five hundred.

Another consideration deeply impressed itself upon the mind of the Author. The course of thirty years has necessarily brought changes and alterations amongst "men and things." The dart of death has been so busy during this period that, of the Bibliomaniacs so plentifully recorded in the previous work, scarcely three,*—including the Author—have survived. This has furnished a monitory theme for the Appendix; which, to the friends both of the dead and the living, cannot be perused without sympathising emotions—*

"A sigh the absent claim, the dead a tear."

The changes and alterations in "things,"—that is to say in the ***Bibliomania*** *itself—have been equally capricious and unaccountable: our countrymen being, in* these *days, to the full as fond of novelty and variety as in those of Henry the Eighth. Dr. Board, who wrote his* Introduction of Knowledge *in the year 1542, and dedicated it to the Princess Mary, thus observes of our countrymen:*

I am an Englishman, and naked do I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;
For now I will wear this, *and now I will wear*
that,
Now I will wear—I cannot tell what.

This highly curious and illustrative work was reprinted, with all its wood-cut embellishments, by Mr. Upcott. A copy of the original and most scarce edition is among the Selden books in the Bodleian library, and in the Chetham Collection at Manchester. See the Typographical Antiquities, *vol.* iii. *p.* 158-60.

But I apprehend the general apathy of Bibliomaniacs to be in a great measure attributable to the vast influx of Books, of every description, from the Continent—owing to the long continuance of peace; and yet, in the appearance of what are called English Rarities, *the market seems to be almost as barren as ever. The wounds, inflicted in the Heberian contest, have gradually healed, and are subsiding into forgetfulness; excepting where, from* collateral *causes, there are too many* striking *reasons to remember their existence.*

Another motive may be humbly, yet confidently, assigned for the re-appearance of this Work. It was thought, by its late proprietor,—Mr. Edward Walmsley[1]—to whose cost and liberality this edition owes its appearance—to be a volume, in itself, of pleasant and profitable perusal; composed perhaps in a quaint and original style, but in accordance with the characters of the Dramatis Personæ. *Be this as it may, it is a work divested of all acrimonious feeling—is applicable to all classes of society, to whom harmless enthusiasm cannot be offensive—and is based upon a foundation not likely to be speedily undermined.*

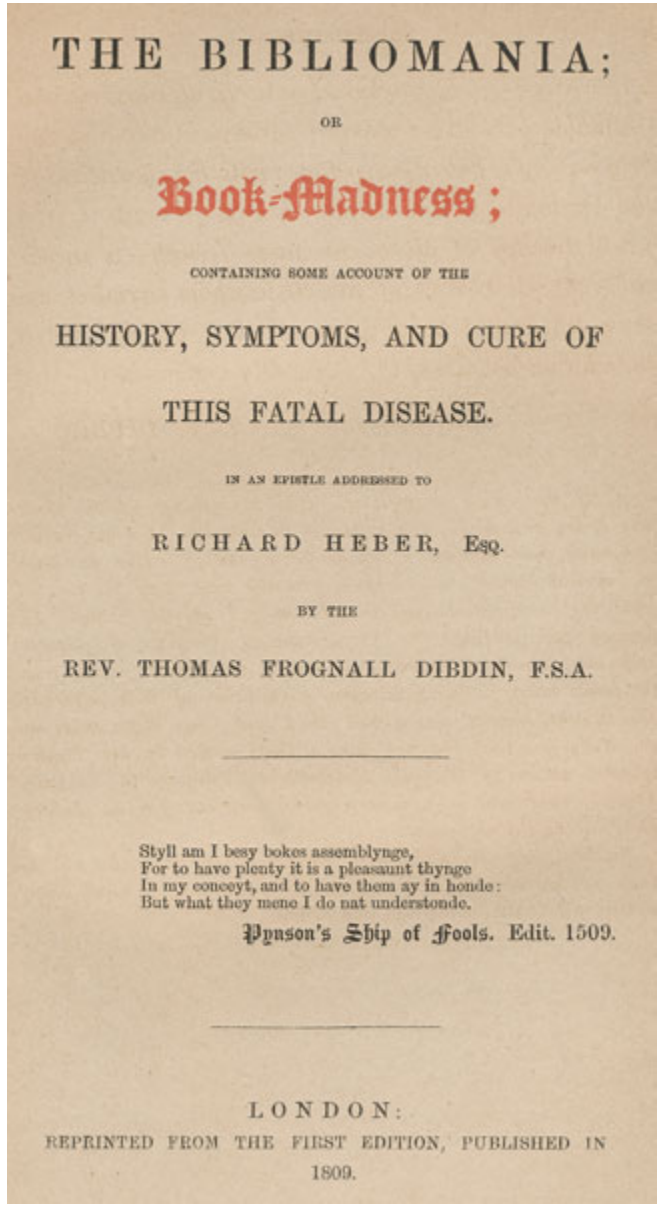
T.F. DIBDIN.

May 1, 1842.

[1] *Mr. Edward Walmsley, who died in 1841, at an advanced age, had been long known to me. He had latterly extensive calico-printing works at Mitcham, and devoted much of his time to the production of beautiful patterns in that fabrication; his taste, in almost every thing which he undertook, leant towards the fine arts. His body was in the counting-house; but his spirit was abroad, in the studio of the painter or engraver. Had his natural talents, which were strong and elastic, been cultivated in early life, he would, in all probability, have attained a considerable reputation. How he loved to embellish—almost to satiety—a favourite work, may be seen by consulting a subsequent page towards the end of this volume. He planned and published the* Physiognomical Portraits, *a performance not divested of interest—but failing in general success, from the prints being, in many instances, a repetition of their precursors. The thought, however, was a good one; and many of the heads are powerfully executed. He took also a lively interest in Mr. Major's splendid edition of Walpole's* Anecdotes of Painting in England, *a work, which can never want a reader while taste has an abiding-place in one British bosom.*

Mr. Walmsley possessed a brave and generous spirit; and I scarcely knew a man more

disposed to bury the remembrance of men's errors in that of their attainments and good qualities.



THE BIBLIOMANIA;

OR

Book-Madness;

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

HISTORY, SYMPTOMS, AND CURE OF

THIS FATAL DISEASE.

IN AN EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.S.A.

Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge,
For to have plenty it is a pleasaunt thynge
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in honde:
But what they mene I do nat understonde.

Pynson's Ship of Fools. Edit. 1509.

LONDON:

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION, PUBLISHED IN 1809.

[Enlarge]

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Advertisement.

In laying before the public the following brief and superficial account of a disease, which, till it arrested the attention of Dr. Ferriar, had entirely escaped the sagacity of all ancient and modern physicians, it has been my object to touch chiefly on its leading characteristics; and to present the reader (in the language of my old friend Francis Quarles) with an "honest pennyworth" of information, which may, in the end, either suppress or soften the ravages of so destructive a malady. I might easily have swelled the size of this treatise by the introduction of much additional, and not incurious, matter; but I thought it most prudent to wait the issue of the present "recipe," at once simple in its composition and gentle in its effects.

Some apology is due to the amiable and accomplished character to whom my epistle is addressed, as well as to the public, for the apparently confused and indigested manner in which the notes are attached to the first part of this treatise; but, unless I had thrown them to the end (a plan which modern custom does not seem to warrant), it will be obvious that a different arrangement could not have been adopted; and equally so that the perusal, first of the text, and afterwards of the notes, will be the better mode of passing judgment upon both.

T.F.D.

Kensington, June 5, 1809.



TO THE READER.





SHORT time after the publication of the first edition of this work, a very worthy and shrewd Bibliomaniac, accidentally meeting me, exclaimed that "the book would do, *but that there was not* gall *enough in it." As he was himself a* Book-Auction-loving Bibliomaniac, *I was resolved, in a future edition, to gratify him and similar Collectors by writing* PART III. *of the present impression; the motto of which may probably meet their approbation.*

It will be evident, on a slight inspection of the present edition, that it is so much altered and enlarged as to assume the character of a new work. *This has not been done without mature reflection; and a long-cherished hope of making it permanently useful to a large class of General Readers, as well as to Book-Collectors and Bibliographers.*

It appeared to me that notices of such truly

valuable, and oftentimes curious and rare, books, as the ensuing pages describe; but more especially a Personal History of Literature, *in the characters of* Collectors of Books; *had long been a desideratum even with classical students: and in adopting the present form of publication, my chief object was to relieve the dryness of a didactic style by the introduction of* Dramatis Personæ.

The worthy Gentlemen, by whom the Drama *is conducted, may be called, by some, merely wooden machines or* pegs *to hang notes upon; but I shall not be disposed to quarrel with any criticism which may be passed upon their acting, so long as the greater part of the information, to which their dialogue gives rise, may be thought serviceable to the real interests of* Literature *and* Bibliography.

If I had chosen to assume a more imposing air with the public, by spinning out the contents of this closely-printed book into two or more volumes—which might have been done without violating the customary mode of publication—the expenses of the purchaser, and the profits of the author, would have equally increased: but I was resolved to bring forward as much matter as I could impart, in a convenient and not inelegantly executed form; and, if my own emoluments are less, I honestly hope the reader's advantage is greater.

The Engraved Ornaments of Portraits, Vignettes, and Borders, *were introduced, as well to gratify the eyes of tasteful Bibliomaniacs, as to impress, upon the minds of readers in general, a more vivid*

recollection of some of those truly illustrious characters by whom the HISTORY OF BRITISH LITERATURE *has been preserved.*

It remains only to add that the present work was undertaken to relieve, in a great measure, the anguish of mind arising from a severe domestic affliction; and if the voice of those whom we tenderly loved, whether parent or child, *could be heard from the* grave, *I trust it would convey the sound of approbation for thus having filled a part of the measure of that time which, every hour, brings us nearer to those from whom we are separated.*

And now, BENEVOLENT READER, *in promising thee as much amusement and instruction as ever were offered in a single volume, of a nature like to the present, I bid thee farewell in the language of* Vogt,[2] *who thus praises the subject of which we are about to treat:—"Quis non* AMABILEM *eam laudabit* INSANIAM, *quæ universæ rei litterariæ non obfuit, sed profuit; historiæ litterariæ doctrinam insigniter locupletavit; ingentemque exercitum voluminum, quibus alias aut in remotiora Bibliothecarum publicarum scrinia commigrandum erat, aut plane pereundum, a carceribus et interitu vindicavit, exoptatissimæque luci et eruditorum usui multiplici felicitur restituit?"*

T.F.D.

Kensington, March 25, 1811.



[2] Catalogus Librorum Rariorum, præf. ix. edit. 1793.



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LUTHER. MELAN

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR (FOR THE NEW EDITION)

OF THE REV. Dr. DIBDINS BIBLIOMANIA, 1840.



The Bibliomania.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN the poetical Epistle of Dr. Ferriar, under the popular title of "THE BIBLIOMANIA," was announced for publication, I honestly confess that, in common with many of my book-loving acquaintance, a strong sensation of fear and of hope possessed me: of fear, that I might have been accused, however indirectly, of having contributed towards the increase of this Mania; and of hope, that the true object of book-collecting, and literary pursuits, might have been fully and fairly developed. The perusal of this elegant epistle dissipated alike my fears and my hopes; for, instead of caustic verses, and satirical notes,[3] I found a smooth, melodious, and persuasive panegyric; unmixed, however, with any rules for the choice of books, or the regulation of study.

[3] There are, nevertheless, some satirical allusions which one could have wished had been suppressed. For instance:

He turns where PYBUS rears his atlas-head,
Or MADOC'S mass conceals its veins of lead;

What has Mr. Pybus's gorgeous book in praise of the late Russian Emperor Paul I. (which some have called the chef-d'œuvre of Bensley's press[A]) to do with Mr. Southey's fine Poem of Madoc?—in which, if there are "veins of lead," there are not a few "of silver and gold." Of the extraordinary talents of Mr. Southey, the indefatigable student in ancient lore, and especially in all that regards Spanish Literature and Old English Romances, this is not the place to make mention. His "*Remains of Henry Kirk White*," the sweetest specimen of modern biography, has sunk into every heart, and received an eulogy from every tongue. Yet is his own life

"The more endearing song."

Dr. Ferriar's next satirical verses are levelled at Mr. THOMAS HOPE.

"The lettered fop now takes a larger scope,
With classic furniture, design'd by HOPE.
(HOPE, whom upholsterers eye with mute despair,
The doughty pedant of an elbow chair.")

It has appeared to me that Mr. Hope's magnificent volume on "*Household Furniture*" has been generally misunderstood, and, in a few instances, criticised upon false principles.—The first question is, does the *subject* admit of illustration? and if so, has Mr. Hope illustrated it properly? I believe there is no canon of criticism which forbids the treating of such a subject; and, while we are amused with archæological discussions on Roman tiles and tesselated pavements, there seems to be no absurdity in making the decorations of our sitting rooms, including something more than the floor we walk upon, a subject at least of temperate and classical disquisition. Suppose we had found such a treatise in the volumes of Gronovius and Montfaucon? (and are there not a few, apparently, as unimportant and confined in these rich volumes of the Treasures of Antiquity?) or suppose something similar to Mr. Hope's work had been found among the ruins of Herculaneum? Or, lastly, let us suppose the author had printed it only as a *private* book, to be circulated as a present! In each of these instances, should we have heard the harsh censures which have been thrown out against it? On the contrary, is it not very probable that a wish might have been expressed that "so valuable a work ought to be made public."

Upon what principle, *a priori*, are we to ridicule and condemn it? I know of none. We admit Vitruvius, Inigo Jones, Gibbs,

and Chambers, into our libraries: and why not Mr. Hope's book? Is decoration to be confined only to the exterior? and, if so, are works, which treat of these only, to be read and applauded? Is the delicate bas-relief, and beautifully carved column, to be thrust from the cabinet and drawing room, to perish on the outside of a smoke-dried portico? Or, is not *that* the most deserving of commendation which produces the most numerous and pleasing associations of ideas? I recollect, when in company with the excellent DR. JENNER,

——[clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod
proderat urbi]

and a half dozen more friends, we visited the splendid apartments in Duchess Street, Portland Place, we were not only struck with the appropriate arrangement of every thing, but, on our leaving them, and coming out into the dull foggy atmosphere of London, we acknowledged that the effect produced upon our minds was something like that which might have arisen had we been regaling ourselves on the silken couches, and within the illuminated chambers, of some of the enchanted palaces described in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. I suspect that those who have criticised Mr. Hope's work with asperity have never seen his house.

These sentiments are not the result of

partiality or prejudice, for I am wholly unacquainted with Mr. Hope. They are delivered with zeal, but with deference. It is quite consolatory to find a gentleman of large fortune, of respectable ancestry, and of classical attainments, devoting a great portion of that leisure time which hangs like a leaden weight upon the generality of fashionable people, to the service of the Fine Arts, and in the patronage of merit and ingenuity. How much the world will again be indebted to Mr. Hope's taste and liberality may be anticipated from the "*Costume of the Ancients*," a work which has recently been published under his particular superintendence.

[A] This book is beautifully executed, undoubtedly, but being little more than a thin folio pamphlet devoid of *typographical* embellishment—it has been thought by some hardly fair to say this of a press which brought out so many works characterized by magnitude and various elegance. B.B.

To say that I was not gratified by the perusal of it would be a confession contrary to the truth; but to say how ardently I anticipated an amplification of the subject, how eagerly I looked forward to a number of curious, apposite, and amusing anecdotes, and found them not therein, is an avowal of which I need not fear the rashness, when the known talents

of the detector of Stern's plagiarisms[4] are considered. I will not, however, disguise to you that I read it with uniform delight, and that I rose from the perusal with a keener appetite for

"The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold."
Dr. Ferriar's Ep. v. 138.

[4] In the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Manchester Literary Society, part iv., p. 45-87, will be found a most ingenious and amusing Essay, entitled "*Comments on Sterne*," which excited a good deal of interest at the time of its publication. This discovery may be considered, in some measure, as the result of the BIBLIOMANIA. In my edition of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, a suggestion is thrown out that even Burton may have been an imitator of Boisatuau: see vol. II. 143.

Whoever undertakes to write down the follies which grow out of an excessive attachment to any particular pursuit, be that pursuit horses,[5] hawks, dogs, guns, snuff boxes,[6] old china, coins, or rusty armour, may be thought to have little consulted the best means of ensuring success for his labours, when he adopts the dull vehicle of *Prose* for the commnication of his

ideas not considering that from *Poetry* ten thousand bright scintillations are struck off, which please and convince while they attract and astonish. Thus when Pope talks of allotting for

"Pembroke[7] Statues, dirty Gods and Coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne[8] alone;
And books to Mead[9] and butterflies to
Sloane,"[10]

when he says that

These Aldus[11] printed, those Du Sūeil has
bound[12]

moreover that

For Locke or Milton[13] 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book;

he not only seems to illustrate the propriety of the foregoing remark, by shewing the immense superiority of verse to prose, in ridiculing reigning absurdities, but he seems to have had a pretty strong foresight of the BIBLIOMANIA which rages at the present day. However, as the ancients tell us that a Poet cannot be a *manufactured* creature, and as I have not the smallest pretensions to the "rhyming art," [although in former times[14] I did venture to dabble with it] I must of necessity have recourse to *Prose*; and, at the same time, to your candour and forbearance in perusing the pages

which ensue.

[5] It may be taken for granted that the first book in this country which excited a passion for the *Sports of the field* was Dame Juliana Berners, or Barnes's, work, on *Hunting and Hawking*, printed at St. Alban's, in the year 1486; of which Lord Spencer's copy is, I believe, the only perfect one known. It was formerly the Poet Mason's, and is mentioned in the quarto edition of Hoccleve's Poems, p. 19, 1786. See too Bibl. Mason. Pt. iv. No. 153. Whether the forementioned worthy lady was really the author of the work has been questioned. Her book was reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde in 1497, with an additional Treatise on *Fishing*. The following specimen, from this latter edition, ascertains the general usage of the French language with our huntsmen in the 15th century.

Beasts of Venery.

Where so ever ye fare by frith or by fell,
My dear child, take heed how Trystram do you tell.
How many manner beasts of Venery there were:
Listen to your dame and she shall you *lere*.
Four manner beasts of Venery there are.
The first of them is the *Hart*; the second is the *Hare*;
The *Horse* is one of them; the *Wolf*; and not one *mo*.

Beasts of the Chace.

And where that ye come in plain or in place
I shall tell you which be beasts of enchace.
One of them is the *Buck*; another is the *Doe*;
The *Fox*; and the *Marteron*, and the wild *Roe*;
And ye shall see, my dear child, other beastes all:
Where so ye them find *Rascal* ye shall them call.

Of the hunting of the Hare.

How to speke of the haare how all shall be wrought:
When she shall with houndes be founden and sought.
The fyrst worde to the hoūdis that the hunter shall out pit
Is at the kenell doore whan he openeth it.
That all maye hym here: he shall say "*Arere!*"
For his houndes would come to hastily.
That is the firste worde my sone of Venery.
And when he hath couplyed his houndes echoon
And is forth wyth theym to the felde goon,
And whan he hath of caste his couples at wyll
Thenne he shall speke and saye his houndes tyll
"*Hors de couple avant, sa avant!*" twyse soo:
And then "*So ho, so ho!*" thryes, and no moo.

And then say "*Sacy avaunt, so how*," I thou praye, etc. The following are a few more specimens—"*Ha cy touz cy est yll—Venez ares sa how sa—La douce la eit a venuz—Ho ho ore, swet a lay, douce a luy—So how, so how, venez acoupler!!!*"

Whoever wishes to see these subjects brought down to later times, and handled with considerable dexterity, may consult the last numbers of the Censura Literaria, with the signature J.H. affixed to them.

Those who are anxious to procure the rare books mentioned in these bibliographical treatises, may be pretty safely taxed with being infected by the BIBLIOMANIA. What apology my friend Mr. Haslewood, the author of them, has to offer in extenuation of the mischief committed, it is *his* business, and not mine, to consider; and what the public will say to his curious forthcoming reprint of the ancient edition of Wynkyn De Worde *on Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing*, 1497 (with wood cuts), I will not pretend to divine!

In regard to Hawking, I believe the enterprising Colonel Thornton in the only gentleman of the present day who keeps up this custom of "good old times."

The Sultans of the East seem not to have been insensible to the charms of Falconry, if we are to judge from the evidence of Tippoo Saib having a work of this kind in his library; which is thus described from the Catalogue of it just published in a fine quarto volume, of which only 250 copies are printed.

"*Shābbār Nāmeh*, 4to. a Treatise on Falcony; containing Instructions for selecting the best species of Hawks, and the method of teaching them; describing their different qualities; also the disorders they are subject to, and method of cure. Author unknown."—Oriental Library of Tippoo Saib, 1809, p. 96.

[6] Of *Snuff boxes* every one knows what a

collection the great Frederick, King of Prussia, had—many of them studded with precious stones, and decorated with enamelled portraits. Dr. C. of G——, has been represented to be the most successful rival of Frederick, in this "line of collection," as it is called; some of his boxes are of uncommon curiosity. It may gratify a Bibliographer to find that there are other MANIAS besides that of the book; and that even physicians are not exempt from these diseases.

Of *Old China*, *Coins*, and *Rusty Armour*, the names of hundreds present themselves in these departments; but to the more commonly-known ones of Rawle and Grose, let me add that of the late Mr. John White, of Newgate-Street; a catalogue of whose curiosities [including some very uncommon books] was published in the year 1788, in three parts, 8vo. Dr. Burney tells us that Mr. White "was in possession of a valuable collection of ancient rarities, as well as natural productions, of the most curious and extraordinary kind; no one of which however was more remarkable than the obliging manner in which he allowed them to be viewed and examined by his friends."—*History of Music*, vol. II. 539, note.

[7] The reader will find an animated eulogy on this great nobleman in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painters*, vol. iv. 227: part of which was transcribed by Joseph Warton for his Variorum edition of Pope's Works,

and thence copied into the recent edition of the same by the Rev. W.L. Bowles. But PEMBROKE deserved a more particular notice. Exclusively of his fine statues, and architectural decorations, the Earl contrived to procure a number of curious and rare books; and the testimonies of Maittaire [who speaks indeed of him with a sort of rapture!] and Palmer shew that the productions of Jenson and Caxton were no strangers to his library. *Annales Typographici*, vol. I. 13. edit. 1719. *History of Printing*, p. v. "There is nothing that so surely proves the pre-eminence of virtue more than the universal admiration of mankind, and the respect paid it even by persons in opposite interests; and more than this, it is a sparkling gem which even time does not destroy: it is hung up in the Temple of Fame, and respected for ever." *Continuation of Granger*, vol. I. 37, &c. "He raised, continues Mr. Noble, a collection of Antiques that were unrivalled by any subject. His learning made him a fit companion for the literati. Wilton will ever be a monument of his extensive knowledge; and the princely presents it contains, of the high estimation in which he was held by foreign potentates, as well as by the many monarchs he saw and served at home. He lived rather as a primitive christian; in his behaviour, meek: in his dress, plain: rather retired, conversing but little." Burnet, in the *History of his own Times*, has spoken of the Earl with spirit and propriety.

[8] In the recent Variorum Edition of Pope's Works, all that is annexed to Hearne's name, as above introduced by the Poet, is, "well known as an Antiquarian."

ALAS, POOR HEARNE!

thy merits, which are now fully appreciated, deserve an ampler notice! In spite of Gibbon's unmerciful critique [*Posthumous Works*, vol. II. 711.], the productions of this modest, erudite, and indefatigable antiquary are rising in price proportionably to their worth. If he had only edited the *Collectanea* and *Itinerary* of his favourite Leland, he would have stood on high ground in the department of literature and antiquities; but his other and numerous works place him on a much loftier eminence. Of these, the present is not the place to make mention; suffice it to say that, for copies of his works, on LARGE PAPER, which the author used to advertise as selling for 7*s.* or 10*s.*, or about which placards, to the same effect, used to be stuck on the walls of the colleges,—these very copies are now sometimes sold for more than the like number of guineas! It is amusing to observe that the lapse of a few years only has caused such a rise in the article of HEARNE; and that the Peter Langtoft on large paper, which at Rowe Mores's sale [Bibl. Mores. No. 2191.] was purchased for £1. 2*s.* produced at a late sale, [A.D. 1808] £37! A complete list of Hearne's Pieces will be found at the end of his Life, printed with Leland's, &c., at the

Clarendon Press, in 1772, 8vo. Of these the "*Acta Apostolorum*, Gr. Lat;" and "*Aluredi Beverlacensis Annales*," are, I believe, the scarcest. It is wonderful to think how this amiable and excellent man persevered "through evil report and good report," in illustrating the antiquities of his country. To the very last he appears to have been molested; and among his persecutors, the learned editor of Josephus and Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Dr. Hudson, must be ranked, to the disgrace of himself and the party which he espoused. "Hearne was buried in the church yard of St. Peter's (at Oxford) in the East, where is erected over his remains, a tomb, with an inscription written by himself,

Amicitiæ Ergo.
Here lyeth the Body of
THOMAS HEARNE, M.A.
Who studied and preserved
Antiquities.
He dyed June 10, 1735.
Aged 57 years.
Deut. xxxii: 7.
Remember the days of old;
consider the years
of many generations;
ask thy Father
and he will shew thee;
thy elders
and they will tell thee.
Job. viii. 8, 9, 10.
Enquire I pray thee."
Life of Hearne, p. 34.

[9] Of Dr. MEAD and his Library a particular account is given in the following pages.

[10] For this distinguished character consult Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, 550, note*; which, however, relates entirely to his ordinary habits and modes of life. His magnificent collection of Natural Curiosities and MSS. is now in the British Museum.

[11] The annals of the Aldine Press have had ample justice done to them in the beautiful and accurate work published by Renouard, under the title of "*Annales de L'Imprimerie des Alde*," in two vols., 8vo. 1804. One is rather surprised at not finding any reference to this masterly piece of bibliography in the last edition of Mr. Roscoe's Leo X., where there is a pleasing account of the establishment of the Aldine Press.

[12] I do not recollect having seen any book bound by this binder. Of Padaloup, De Rome, and Baumgarten, where is the fine collection that does not boast of a few specimens? We will speak "anon" of the Roger Paynes, Kalthoebers, Herrings, Stagemiers, and in Macklays of the day!

[13] This is not the reproach of the age we live in; for reprints of Bacon, Locke, and Milton have been published with complete success. It would be ridiculous indeed for a man of sense, and especially a University man, to give £5 or £6 for "*Gosson's School*

of Abuse, against Pipers and Players," or £3. 3*s.* for a clean copy of "*Recreation for Ingenious Head Pieces*, or a *Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walk in,"* and grudge the like sum for a dozen handsome octavo volumes of the finest writers of his country.

[14] About twelve years ago I was rash enough to publish a small volume of Poems, with my name affixed. They were the productions of my juvenile years; and I need hardly say, at this period, how ashamed I am of their author-ship. The monthly and Analytical Reviews did me the kindness of just tolerating them, and of warning me not to commit any future trespass upon the premises of Parnassus. I struck off 500 copies, and was glad to get rid of half of them as waste paper; the remaining half has been partly destroyed by my own hands, and has partly mouldered away in oblivion amidst the dust of Booksellers' shelves. My only consolation is that the volume is *exceedingly rare*!

If ever there was a country upon the face of the globe—from the days of Nimrod the beast, to Bagford[15] the book-hunter—distinguished for the variety, the justness, and magnanimity of its views; if ever there was a nation which really and unceasingly "felt for another's woe" [I call to witness our Infirmaries, Hospitals, Asylums, and other public and private Institutions of a

charitable nature, that, like so many belts of adamant, unite and strengthen us in the great cause of HUMANITY]; if ever there was a country and a set of human beings pre-eminently distinguished for all the social virtues which soften and animate the soul of man, surely OLD ENGLAND and ENGLISHMEN ARE THEY! The common cant, it may be urged, of all writers in favour of the country where they chance to live! And what, you will say, has this to do with Book Collectors and Books?—Much, every way: a nation thus glorious is, at this present eventful moment, afflicted not only with the Dog[16], but the BOOK, disease—

Fire in each eye, and paper in each hand
They rave, recite,——

[15] "JOHN BAGFORD, by profession a bookseller, frequently travelled into Holland and other parts, in search of scarce books and valuable prints, and brought a vast number into this kingdom, the greatest part of which were purchased by the Earl of Oxford. He had been in his younger days a shoemaker; and, for the many curiosities wherewith he enriched the famous library of Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Ely, his Lordship got him admitted into the Charter House. He died in 1706, aged 65: after his death Lord Oxford purchased all his collections and

papers, for his library: these are now in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. In 1707 were published, in the Philosophical Transactions, his Proposals for a General History of Printing."—Bowyer and Nichols's *Origin of Printing*, p. 164, 189, note.

It has been my fortune (whether good or bad remains to be proved) not only to transcribe the slender memorial of Printing in the Philosophical Transactions, drawn up by Wanley for Bagford, but to wade through *forty-two* folio volumes, in which Bagford's materials for a History of Printing are incorporated, in the British Museum: and from these, I think I have furnished myself with a pretty fair idea of the said Bagford. He was the most hungry and rapacious of all book and print collectors; and, in his ravages, spared neither the most delicate nor costly specimens. His eyes and his mouth seem to have been always open to express his astonishment at, sometimes, the most common and contemptible productions; and his paper in the Philosophical Transactions betrays such simplicity and ignorance that one is astonished how my Lord Oxford and the learned Bishop of Ely could have employed so credulous a bibliographical forager. A modern collector and lover of *perfect* copies will witness, with shuddering, among Bagford's immense collection of Title Pages, in the Museum, the frontispieces of the Complutensian Polyglot, and Chauncy's

History of Hertfordshire, torn out to illustrate a History of Printing. His enthusiasm, however, carried him through a great deal of laborious toil; and he supplied, in some measure, by this qualification, the want of other attainments. His whole mind was devoted to book-hunting; and his integrity and diligence probably made his employers overlook his many failings. His hand-writing is scarcely legible, and his orthography is still more wretched; but if he was ignorant, he was humble, zealous, and grateful; and he has certainly done something towards the accomplishment of that desirable object, an accurate General History of Printing. In my edition of *Ames's Typographical Antiquities*, I shall give an analysis of Bagford's papers, with a specimen or two of his composition.

[16] For an eloquent account of this disorder consult the letters of Dr. Mosely inserted in the Morning Herald of last year. I have always been surprised, and a little vexed, that these animated pieces of composition should be relished and praised by every one—but *the Faculty*!

Let us enquire, therefore, into the origin and tendency of the BIBLIOMANIA.

In this enquiry I purpose considering the subject under three points of view: I. THE HISTORY OF THE DISEASE; or an account of the eminent men

who have fallen victims to it: II. THE NATURE, OR SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE: and III. THE PROBABLE MEANS OF ITS CURE. We are to consider, then,

1. THE HISTORY OF THE DISEASE. In treating of the history of this disease, it will be found to have been attended with this remarkable circumstance; namely, that it has almost uniformly confined its attacks to the *male* sex, and, among these, to people in the higher and middling classes of society, while the artificer, labourer, and peasant have escaped wholly uninjured. It has raged chiefly in palaces, castles, halls, and gay mansions; and those things which in general are supposed not to be inimical to health, such as cleanliness, spaciousness, and splendour, are only so many inducements towards the introduction and propagation of the BIBLIOMANIA! What renders it particularly formidable is that it rages in all seasons of the year, and at all periods of human existence. The emotions of friendship or of love are weakened or subdued as old age advances; but the influence of this passion, or rather disease, admits of no mitigation: "it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength;" and is oft-times

——The ruling passion strong in death.[17]

[17] The writings of the Roman philologers seem to bear evidence of this

fact. Seneca, when an old man, says that, "if you are fond of books, you will escape the ennui of life; you will neither sigh for evening, disgusted with the occupations of the day—nor will you live dissatisfied with yourself, or unprofitable to others." *De Tranquilitate*, ch. 3. Cicero has positively told us that "study is the food of youth, and the amusement of old age." *Orat. pro Archia*. The younger Pliny was a downright Bibliomaniac. "I am quite transported and comforted," says he, "in the midst of my books: they give a zest to the happiest, and assuage the anguish of the bitterest, moments of existence! Therefore, whether distracted by the cares or the losses of my family, or my friends, I fly to my library as the only refuge in distress: here I learn to bear adversity with fortitude." *Epist.* lib. viii. cap. 19. But consult Cicero *De Senectute*. All these treatises afford abundant proof of the hopelessness of cure in cases of the Bibliomania.

We will now, my dear Sir, begin "making out the catalogue" of victims to the BIBLIOMANIA! The first eminent character who appears to have been infected with this disease was RICHARD DE BURY, one of the tutors of Edward III., and afterwards Bishop of Durham; a man who has been uniformly praised for the variety of his erudition, and the intenseness of his ardour in book-collecting.[18] I discover no other notorious example of the fatality of the

BIBLIOMANIA until the time of Henry VII.; when the monarch himself may be considered as having added to the number. Although our venerable typographer, Caxton, lauds and magnifies, with equal sincerity, the whole line of British Kings, from Edward IV. to Henry VII. [under whose patronage he would seem, in some measure, to have carried on his printing business], yet, of all these monarchs, the latter alone was so unfortunate as to fall a victim to this disease. His library must have been a magnificent one, if we may judge from the splendid specimens of it which now remain.[19] It would appear, too, that, about this time, the BIBLIOMANIA was increased by the introduction of foreign printed books; and it is not very improbable that a portion of Henry's immense wealth was devoted towards the purchase of VELLUM copies, which were now beginning to be published by the great typographical triumvirate, Verard, Eustace, and Pigouchet.

[18] It may be expected that I should notice a few book-lovers, and probably BIBLIOMANIACS, previously to the time of Richard De Bury; but so little is known with accuracy of Johannes Scotus Erigena, and his patron Charles the Bald, King of France, or of the book tête-a-têtes they used to have together—so little, also, of Nennius, Bede, and Alfred [although the monasteries at this period, from the evidence of Sir William Dugdale, in the

first volume of the Monasticon were "opulently endowed,"—inter alia, I should hope, with magnificent MSS. on vellum, bound in velvet, and embossed with gold and silver], or the illustrious writers in the Norman period, and the fine books which were in the abbey of Croyland—so little is known of book-collectors, previously to the 14th century, that I thought it the most prudent and safe way to begin with the above excellent prelate.

RICHARD DE BURY was the friend and correspondent of Petrarch; and is said by Mons. de Sade, in his Memoires pour la vie de Petrarque, "to have done in England what Petrarch did all his life in France, Italy, and Germany, towards the discovery of MSS. of the best ancient writers, and making copies of them under his own superintendence." His passion for book-collecting was unbounded ["vir ardentis ingenii," says Petrarch of him]; and in order to excite the same ardour in his countrymen, or rather to propagate the disease of the BIBLIOMANIA with all his might, he composed a bibliographical work under the title of *Philobiblion*; concerning the first edition of which, printed at Spires in 1483, Clement (tom. v. 142) has a long gossiping account; and Morhof tells us that it is "rarissima et in paucorum manibus versatur." It was reprinted in Paris in 1500, 4to., by the elder Ascensius, and frequently in the subsequent century, but the best editions of it are those by Goldastus in 1674, 8vo.,

and Hummius in 1703. Morhof observes that, "however De Bury's work savours of the rudeness of the age, it is rather elegantly written, and many things are well said in it relating to Bibliothecism." *Polyhist. Literar.* vol. i. 187, edit. 1747.

For further particulars concerning De Bury, read Bale, Wharton, Cave, and Godwin's Episcopal Biography. He left behind him a fine library of MSS. which he bequeathed to Durham, now Trinity, College, Oxford.

It may be worth the antiquary's notice, that, in consequence (I suppose) of this amiable prelate's exertions, "in every convent was a noble library and a great: and every friar, that had state in school, such as they be now, hath AN HUGH LIBRARY." See the curious Sermon of the Archbishop of Armagh, Nov. 8, 1387, in Trevisa's works among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1900. Whether these Friars, thus affected with the frensy of book-collecting, ever visited the "old chapelle at the Est End of the church of S. Saink [Berkshire], whither of late time resorted in pilgrimage many folkes for the disease of *madness*," [see Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. ii. 29, edit. 1770] I have not been able, after the most diligent investigation, to ascertain.

[19] The British Museum contains a great number of books which bear the royal stamp of Henry VII.'s arms. Some of these printed by Verard, UPON VELLUM, are magnificent memorials of a library, the dispersion of which is for ever to be

regretted. As Henry VIII. knew nothing of, and cared less for, fine books, it is not very improbable that some of the choicest volumes belonging to the late king were presented to Cardinal Wolsey.

During the reign of Henry VIII., I should suppose that the Earl of Surrey[20] and Sir Thomas Wyatt were a little attached to book-collecting; and that Dean Colet[21] and his friend Sir Thomas More and Erasmus were downright Bibliomaniacs. There can be little doubt but that neither the great LELAND[22] nor his Biographer Bale,[23] were able to escape the contagion; and that, in the ensuing period, Rogar Ascham became notorious for the Book-disease. He purchased probably, during his travels abroad[24] many a fine copy of the Greek and Latin Classics, from which he read to his illustrious pupils, Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Elizabeth: but whether he made use of an *Editio Princeps*, or a *Large paper copy*, I have hitherto not been lucky enough to discover. This learned character died in the vigour of life, and in the bloom of reputation: and, as I suspect, in consequence of the BIBLIOMANIA—for he was always collecting books, and always studying them. His "Schoolmaster" is a work which can only perish with our language.

[20] The EARL of SURREY and SIR THOMAS

WYATT were among the first who taught their countrymen to be charmed with the elegance and copiousness of their own language. How effectually they accomplished this laudable object, will be seen from the forthcoming beautiful and complete edition of their works by the Rev. Dr. Nott.[B]

[B] It fell to the lot of the printer of this volume, during his apprenticeship to his father, to correct the press of nearly the whole of Dr. Nott's labours, which were completed, after several years of toil, when in the extensive conflagration of the printing-office at Bolt Court, Fleet-street, in 1819, all but *two* copies were totally destroyed!

[21] COLET, MORE, and ERASMUS [considering the latter when he was in England] were *here* undoubtedly the great literary triumvirate of the early part of the 16th century. The lives of More and Erasmus are generally read and known; but of DEAN COLET it may not be so generally known that his ardour for books and for classical literature was keen, and insatiable; that, in the foundation of ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, he has left behind a name which entitles him to rank in the foremost of those who have fallen victims to the BIBLIOMANIA. How anxiously does he seem to have watched the progress, and pushed the sale, of his friend Erasmus's first edition of the Greek Testament! "Quod scribis de Novo Testamento intelligo. Et

libri *novæ editionis tuæ hic avide emuntur et passim leguntur*!" The entire epistle (which may be seen in Dr. Knight's dry Life of Colet, p. 315) is devoted to an account of Erasmus's publications. "I am really astonished, my dear Erasmus [does he exclaim], at the fruitfulness of your talents; that, without any fixed residence, and with a precarious and limited income, you contrive to publish so many and such excellent works." Adverting to the distracted state of Germany at this period, and to the wish of his friend to live secluded and unmolested, he observes —"As to the tranquil retirement which you sigh for, be assured that you have my sincere wishes for its rendering you as happy and composed as you can wish it. Your age and erudition entitle you to such a retreat. I fondly hope, indeed, that you will choose this country for it, and come and live amongst us, whose disposition you know, and whose friendship you have proved."

There is hardly a more curious picture of the custom of the times, relating to the education of boys, than the Dean's own Statutes for the regulation of St. Paul's School, which he had founded. These shew, too, the *popular books* then read by the learned. "The children shall come unto the School in the morning at seven of the clock, both winter and summer, and tarry there until eleven; and return against one of the clock, and depart at five, &c. In the school, no time in the year, they shall use

tallow candle in no wise, but *only wax candle*, at the costs of their friends. Also I will they bring no meat nor drink, nor bottle, nor use in the school no breakfasts, nor drinkings, in the time of learning, in no wise, &c. I will they use no cockfightings, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at Saint Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling and loss of time." The master is then restricted, under the penalty of 40 shillings, from granting the boys a holiday, or "remedy," [play-day,] as it is here called "except the King, an Archbishop, or a Bishop, present in his own person in the school, desire it." The studies for the lads were, "Erasmus's Copia & Institutum Christiani Hominis (composed at the Dean's request) Lactantius, Prudentius, Juvencus, Proba and Sedulius, and Baptista Mantuanus, and such other as shall be thought convenient and most to purpose unto the true Latin speech: all barbary, all corruption, all Latin adulterate, which ignorant blind fools brought into this world, and with the same hath distained and poisoned the old Latin speech, and the *veray* Roman tongue, which in the time of Tully and Sallust and Virgil and Terence was used—I say that filthiness, and all such abusion, which the later blind world brought in, which more rather may be called *Bloterature* that [] *Literature*, I utterly banish and exclude out of this school." *Life of Knight's Colet*, 362-4.

What was to be expected, but that boys, thus educated, would hereafter fall victims

to the BIBLIOMANIA?

[22] The history of this great men, and of his literary labours, is most interesting. He was a pupil of William Lilly, the first head-master of St. Paul's School; and, by the kindness and liberality of a Mr. Myles, he afterwards received the advantage of a College education, and was supplied with money in order to travel abroad, and make such collections as he should deem necessary for the great work which even then seemed to dawn upon his young and ardent mind. Leland endeavoured to requite the kindness of his benefactor by an elegant copy of Latin verses, in which he warmly expatiates on the generosity of his patron, and acknowledges that his acquaintance with the *Almæ Matres* [for he was of both Universities] was entirely the result of such beneficence. While he resided on the continent, he was admitted into the society of the most eminent Greek and Latin Scholars, and could probably number among his correspondents the illustrious names of Budæus, Erasmus, the Stephani, Faber and Turnebus. Here, too, he cultivated his natural taste for poetry; and from inspecting the fine BOOKS which the Italian and French presses had produced, as well as fired by the love of Grecian learning, which had fled, on the sacking of Constantinople, to take shelter in the academic bowers of the Medici, he seems to have matured his plans for carrying into effect the great work which had now taken full possession of his mind.

He returned to England, resolved to institute an inquiry into the state of the LIBRARIES, Antiquities, Records and Writings then in existence. Having entered into holy orders, and obtained preferment at the express interposition of the King, (Henry VIII.), he was appointed his Antiquary and Library Keeper, and a royal commission was issued in which Leland was directed to search after "ENGLAND'S ANTIQUITIES, and peruse the LIBRARIES of all Cathedrals, Abbies, Priories, Colleges, etc., as also all the places wherein Records, Writings, and Secrets of Antiquity were reposited." "Before Leland's time," says Hearne, in the Preface to the Itinerary, "all the literary monuments of Antiquity were totally disregarded; and Students of Germany, apprised of this culpable indifference, were suffered to enter our libraries unmolested, and to cut out of the books deposited there whatever passages they thought proper—which they afterwards published as relics of the ancient literature of their own country."

Leland was occupied, without intermission, in this immense undertaking, for the space of six years; and, on its completion, he hastened to the metropolis to lay at the feet of his Sovereign the result of his researches. This was presented to Henry under the title of A NEW YEAR'S GIFT; and was first published by Bale in 1549, 8vo. "Being inflamed," says the author, "with a love to see thoroughly all those parts of your opulent and ample realm, in so much

that all my other occupations intermitted, I have so travelled in your dominions, both by the sea coasts and the middle parts, sparing neither labour nor costs, by the space of six years past, that there is neither cape nor bay, haven, creek, or pier, river, or confluence of rivers, breeches, wastes, lakes, moors, fenny waters, mountains, vallies, heaths, forests, chases, woods, cities, burghes, castles, principal manor places, monasteries and colleges, but I have seen them; and noted, in so doing, a whole world of things very memorable." Leland moreover tells his Majesty—that "By his laborious journey and costly enterprise, he had conserved many good authors, the which otherwise had been like to have perished; of the which, part remained in the royal palaces, part also in his own custody, &c."

As Leland was engaged six years in this literary tour, so he was occupied for a no less period of time in digesting and arranging the prodigious number of MSS. he had collected. But he sunk beneath the immensity of the task! The want of amanuenses, and of other attentions and comforts, seems to have deeply affected him; in this melancholy state, he wrote to Archbishop Cranmer a Latin epistle, in verse, of which the following is the commencement—very forcibly describing his situation and anguish of mind.

Est congesta mihi domi supellex
Ingens, aurea, nobilis, venusta
Qua totus studeo Britanniarum
Vero reddere gloriam nitori.
Sed fortuna meis noverca cœptis
Jam felicibus invidet maligna.
Quare, ne pereant brevi vel hora
Multarum mihi noctium labores
Omnes——
CRANMERE, eximium decus piorum!
Implorare tuam benignitatem
Cogor.

The result was that Leland lost his senses; and, after lingering two years in a state of total derangement, he died on the 18th of April, 1552. "Prôh tristes rerum humanarum vices! prôh viri optimi deplorandam infelicissimamque sortem!" exclaims Dr. Smith, in his preface to Camden's Life, 1691, 4to.

The precious and voluminous MSS. of Leland were doomed to suffer a fate scarcely less pitiable than that of their owner. After being pilfered by some, and garbled by others, they served to replenish the pages of Stow, Lambard, Camden, Burton, Dugdale, and many other antiquaries and historians. Polydore Virgil, who had stolen from them pretty freely, had the insolence to abuse Leland's memory—calling him "a vain glorious man;" but what shall we say to this flippant egotist? who, according to Caius's testimony [*De Antiq. Cantab. head. lib.* 1.] "to prevent a discovery of the many errors

of his own History of England, collected and burnt a greater number of ancient histories and manuscripts than would have loaded a waggon." The imperfect remains of Leland's MSS. are now deposited in the Bodleian Library, and in the British Museum.

Upon the whole, it must be acknowledged that Leland is a melancholy, as well as illustrious, example of the influence of the BIBLIOMANIA!

[23] In spite of BALE'S coarseness, positiveness, and severity, he has done much towards the cause of learning; and, perhaps, towards the propagation of the disease under discussion. His regard for Leland does him great honour; and although his plays are miserably dull, notwithstanding the high prices which the original editions of them bear, (vide ex. gr. Cat. Steevens, No. 1221; which was sold for £12 12*s.* See also the reprints in the Harleian Miscellany) the lover of literary antiquities must not forget that his "*Scriptores Britanniæ*" are yet quoted with satisfaction by some of the most respectable writers of the day. That he wanted delicacy of feeling, and impartiality of investigation, must be admitted; but a certain rough honesty and prompt benevolence which he had about him compensated for a multitude of offences. The abhorrence with which he speaks of the dilapidation of some of our old libraries must endear his memory to

every honest bibliographer: "Never (says he) had we been offended for the loss of our LIBRARIES, being so many in number, and in so desolate places for the more part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been reserved. If there had been in every shire of England, but one SOLEMPNE LIBRARY, to the preservation of those noble works, and preferment of good learning in our posterity, it had been yet somewhat. But to destroy all without consideration, is, and will be, unto England for ever, a most horrible infamy among the grave seniors of other nations. A great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library-books, some to serve the *jakes*, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots: some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers; some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full, to the wondering of the foreign nations. Yea, the Universities of this realm are not all clear of this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gain, and shameth his natural country. I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that *bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price*; a shame it is to be spoken! This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey paper, by the space of more than ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many year to come!" Bale's Preface to Leland's "*Laboryouse journey*, &c." Emprented at

London by John Bale. Anno M.D. xlix. 8vo.

After this, who shall doubt the story of the Alexandrian Library supplying the hot baths of Alexandria with fuel for six months! See Gibbon on the latter subject; vol. ix. 440.

[24] ASCHAM'S English letter, written when he was abroad, will be found at the end of Bennet's edition of his works, in 4to. They are curious and amusing. What relates to the BIBLIOMANIA I here select from similar specimens. "Oct. 4. At afternoon I went about the town [of Bruxelles]. I went to the frier Carmelites house, and heard their even song: after, I desired to see the LIBRARY. A frier was sent to me, and led me into it. There was not one good book but *Lyra*. The friar was learned, spoke Latin readily, entered into Greek, having a very good wit, and a greater desire to learning. He was gentle and honest, &c." p. 370-1. "Oct. 20. to Spira: a good city. Here I first saw *Sturmius de periodis*. I also found here *Ajax*, *Electra*, and *Antigone Sophocles*, excellently, by my good judgment, translated into verse, and fair printed this summer by Gryphius. Your stationers do ill, that at least do 'not provide you the register of all books, especially of old authors, &c.'" p. 372. Again: "Hieronimus Wolfius, that translated Demosthenes and Isocrates, is in this town. I am well acquainted with him, and have brought him twice to my Lord's to dinner. He looks very simple. He telleth

me that one Borrheus, that hath written well upon Aristot. priorum, &c., even now is printing goodly commentaries upon Aristotle's Rhetoric. But Sturmius will obscure them all." p. 381.

It is impossible to read these extracts without being convinced that Roger Ascham was a book-hunter, and infected with the BIBLIOMANIA!

If we are to judge from the beautiful Missal lying open before Lady Jane Grey, in Mr. Copley's elegant picture now exhibiting at the British Institution, it would seem rational to infer that this amiable and learned female was slightly attacked by the disease. It is to be taken for granted that Queen Elizabeth was not exempt from it; and that her great Secretary,[25] Cecil, sympathised with her! In regard to Elizabeth, her *Prayer-Book*[26] is quite evidence sufficient for me that she found the BIBLIOMANIA irresistible! During her reign, how vast and how frightful were the ravages of the Book-madness! If we are to credit Laneham's celebrated Letter, it had extended far into the country, and infected some of the worthy inhabitants of Coventry; for one "Captain Cox, [27] by profession a mason, and that right skilful," had "as fair a library of sciences, and as many goodly monuments both in Prose and Poetry, and at afternoon could talk as much without book, as any Innholder betwixt

Brentford and Bagshot, what degree soever he be!"

[25] It is a question which requires more time for the solution than I am able to spare, whether CECIL'S name stands more frequently at the head of a Dedication, in a printed book, or of State Papers and other political documents in MS. He was a wonderful man; but a little infected—as I suspect—with the BOOK-DISEASE.

——Famous Cicill, treasurer of the land,
Whose wisedom, counsell, skill of Princes state
The world admires——
The house itselfe doth shewe the owners wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land.
Tale of Two Swannes, 1590. 4*to.*

I have never yet been able to ascertain whether the owner's attachment towards VELLUM, or LARGE PAPER, Copies was the more vehement!

[26] Perhaps this conclusion is too precipitate. But whoever looks at Elizabeth's portrait, on her bended knees, struck off on the reverse of the title page to her prayer book (first printed in 1565) may suppose that the Queen thought the addition of her own portrait would be no mean decoration to the work. Every page

is adorned with borders, engraved on wood, of the most spirited execution: representing, amongst other subjects, "The Dance of Death." My copy is the reprint of 1608—in high preservation. I have no doubt that there was a *presentation* copy printed UPON VELLUM; but in what cabinet does this precious gem now slumber?

[27] Laneham gives a splendid list of Romances and Old Ballads possessed by this said CAPTAIN COX; and tells us, moreover, that "he had them all at his fingers ends." Among the ballads we find "Broom broom on Hil; So Wo is me begon twlly lo; Over a Whinny Meg; Hey ding a ding; Bony lass upon Green; My bony on gave me a bek; By a bank as I lay; and two more he had fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whip cord." Edit. 1784, p. 36-7-8. Ritson, in his Historical Essay on *Scottish Song*, speaks of some of these, with a zest, as if he longed to untie the "whip-cord" packet.

While the country was thus giving proofs of the prevalence of this disorder, the two Harringtons (especially the younger)[28] and the illustrious Spenser[29] were unfortunately seized with it in the metropolis.

[28] SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, knt. Sir John, and his father John Harrington, were

very considerable literary characters in the 16th century; and whoever has been fortunate enough to read through Mr. Park's new edition of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, 1804, 8vo., will meet with numerous instances in which the son displays considerable bibliographical knowledge—especially in *Italian* literature; Harrington and Spenser seem to have been the Matthias and Roscoe of the day. I make no doubt but that the former was as thoroughly acquainted with the *vera edizione* of the Giuntæ edition of Boccaccio's Decamerone, 1527, 4to., as either Haym, Orlandi, or Bandini. Paterson, with all his skill, was mistaken in this article when he catalogued Croft's books. See Bibl. Crofts. No. 3976: his true edition was knocked down for 6*s.*!!!

[29] Spenser's general acquaintance with Italian literature has received the best illustration in Mr. Todd's Variorum edition of the poet's works; where the reader will find, in the notes, a constant succession of anecdotes of, and references to, the state of anterior and contemporaneous literature, foreign and domestic.

In the seventeenth century, from the death of Elizabeth to the commencement of Anne's reign, it seems to have made considerable havoc; yet, such was our blindness to it that we scrupled not to engage in overtures for the purchase of Isaac Vossius's[30] fine library, enriched with

many treasures from the Queen of Sweden's, which this versatile genius scrupled not to pillage without confession or apology. During this century our great reasoners and philosophers began to be in motion; and, like the fumes of tobacco, which drive the concealed and clotted insects from the interior to the extremity of the leaves, the infectious particles of the BIBLIOMANIA set a thousand busy brains a-thinking, and produced ten thousand capricious works, which, over-shadowed by the majestic remains of Bacon, Locke, and Boyle, perished for want of air, and warmth, and moisture.

[30] "The story is extant, and written in very choice *French*." Consult Chauffepié's *Supplement to Bayle's Dictionary*, vol. iv. p. 621. note Q. Vossius's library was magnificent and extensive. The University of Leyden offered not less than 36,000 florins for it. *Idem.* p. 631.

The reign of Queen Anne was not exempt from the influence of this disease; for during this period, Maittaire[31] began to lay the foundation of his extensive library, and to publish some bibliographical works which may be thought to have rather increased, than diminished, its force. Meanwhile, Harley[32] Earl of Oxford watched its progress with an

anxious eye; and although he might have learnt experience from the fatal examples of R. Smith, [33] and T. Baker,[34] and the more recent ones of Thomas Rawlinson,[35] Bridges,[36] and Collins,[37] yet he seemed resolved to brave and to baffle it; but, like his predecessors, he was suddenly crushed within the gripe of the demon, and fell one of the most splendid of his victims. Even the unrivalled medical skill of Mead[38] could save neither his friend nor himself. The Doctor survived his Lordship about twelve years; dying of the complaint called the BIBLIOMANIA! He left behind an illustrious character; sufficient to flatter and soothe those who may tread in his footsteps, and fall victims to a similar disorder.

[31] Of MICHAEL MAITTAIRE I have given a brief sketch in my Introduction to the *Greek and Latin Classics*, vol. I, 148. Mr. Beloe, in the 3rd vol. of his *Anecdotes of Literature*, p. ix., has described his merits with justice. The principal value of Maittaire's *Annales Typographici* consists in a great deal of curious matter detailed in the notes; but the absence of the "lucidus ordo" renders the perusal of these fatiguing and dissatisfactory. The author brought a full and well-informed mind to the task he undertook—but he wanted taste and precision in the arrangement of his materials. The eye wanders over a vast indigested mass; and information, when it

is to be acquired with excessive toil, is, comparatively, seldom acquired. Panzer has adopted an infinitely better plan, on the model of Orlandi; and, if his materials had been *printed* with the same beauty with which they appear to have been composed, and his annals had descended to as late a period as those of Maittaire, his work must have made us, eventually, forget that of his predecessor. The bibliographer is, no doubt, aware that of Maittaire's first volume there are two editions. Why the author did not reprint, in the second edition (1733), the facsimile of the epigram and epistle of LASCAR prefixed to the edition of the Anthology 1496, and the disquisition concerning the ancient editions of Quintilian (both of which were in the first edition of 1719), is absolutely inexplicable. Maittaire was sharply attacked for this absurdity, in the "Catalogus Auctorum," of the "*Annus Tertius Sæcularis Inv. Art. Topog.*" Harlem, 1741, 8vo. p. 11. "Rara certe Librum augendi methodus (exclaims the author)! Satis patet auctorem hoc eo fecisse consilio, ut et primæ et secundæ Libri sive editioni pretium suum constaret, et una æque ac altera Lectoribus necessaria esset."

The catalogue of Maittaire's library [1748, 2 parts, 8vo.], which affords ample proof of the BIBLIOMANIA of its collector, is exceedingly scarce. A good copy of it, even unpriced, is worth a guinea: it was originally sold for 4 shillings; and was drawn up by Maittaire himself.

[32] In a periodical publication called "*The Director*," to which I contributed under the article of "*Bibliographiana*" (and of which the printer of this work, Mr. William Savage, is now the sole publisher), there was rather a minute analysis of the famous library of HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD: a library which seems not only to have revived, but eclipsed, the splendour of the Roman one formed by Lucullus. The following is an abridgement of this analysis:

	VOLUMES.
1. Divinity: *Greek, Latin, French and Italian*—about	2000
—— *English*	2500
2. History and Antiquities	4000
3. Books of Prints, Sculpture, and Drawings— *Twenty Thousand Drawings and Prints.* *Ten Thousand Portraits.*	
4. Philosophy, Chemistry, Medicine, &c.	2500
5. Geography, Chronology, General History	600
6. Voyages and Travels	800
7. Law	800
8. Sculpture and Architecture	900
9. Greek and Latin Classics	2400
10. Books printed UPON VELLUM	220
11. English Poetry, Romances, &c.	1000

12. French and Spanish do.	700
13. Parliamentary Affairs	400
14. Trade and Commerce	300
15. Miscellaneous Subjects	4000
16. Pamphlets—*Four Hundred Thousand*!	

Mr. Gough says, these books "filled thirteen handsome chambers, and two long galleries." Osborne the bookseller purchased them for £13,000: a sum little more than two thirds of the price of the binding, as paid by Lord Oxford. The bookseller was accused of injustice and parsimony; but the low prices which he afterwards affixed to the articles, and the tardiness of their sale, are sufficient refutations of this charge. Osborne opened his shop for the inspection of the books on Tuesday the 14th of February, 1744; for fear "of the curiosity of the spectators, before the sale, producing disorder in the disposition of the books." The dispersion of the HARLEIAN COLLECTION is a blot in the literary annals of our country: had there then been such a Speaker, and such a spirit in the House of Commons, as we now possess, the volumes of Harley would have been reposing with the MARBLES OF TOWNLEY!

[33] "BIBLIOTHECA SMITHIANA: sive Catalogus Librorum in quavis facultate insigniorum, quos in usum suum et Bibliothecæ ornamentum multo ære sibi comparavit vir clarissimus doctissimusque

D. RICHARDUS SMITH, &c., Londini, 1682," 4to. I recommend the collector of curious and valuable catalogues to lay hold upon the present one (of which a more particular description will be given in another work) whenever it comes in his way. The address "To the Reader," in which we are told that "this so much celebrated, so often desired, so long expected, library is now exposed to sale," gives a very interesting account of the owner. Inter alia, we are informed that Mr. Smith "was as constantly known every day to walk his rounds through the shops, as to sit down to his meals, &c.;" and that "while others were forming arms, and new-modelling kingdoms, *his* great ambition was to become master of a good book."

The catalogue itself justifies every thing said in commendation of the collector of the library. The arrangement is good; the books, in almost all departments of literature, foreign and domestic, valuable and curious; and among the English ones I have found some of the rarest Caxtons to refer to in my edition of Ames. What would Mr. Bindley, or Mr. Malone, or Mr. Douce, give to have the *creaming* of such a collection of "Bundles of Stitcht Books and Pamphlets," as extends from page 370 to 395 of this catalogue! But alas! while the Bibliographer exults in, or hopes for, the possession of such treasures, the physiologist discovers therein fresh causes of disease, and the philanthropist mourns over the ravages of the BIBLIOMANIA!

[34] Consult Masters's "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev.* THOMAS BAKER," Camb. 1864, 8vo. Let any person examine the catalogue of *Forty-two* folio volumes of "MS. collections by Mr. Baker," (as given at the end of this piece of biography) and reconcile himself, if he can, to the supposition that the said Mr. Baker did not fall a victim to the *Book-disease*! For some cause, I do not now recollect what, Baker took his name off the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, to which he belonged; but such was his attachment to the place, and more especially to the library, that he spent a great portion of the ensuing twenty years of his life within the precincts of the same: frequently comforted and refreshed, no doubt, by the sight of the magnificent LARGE PAPER copies of Walton and Castell, and of Cranmer's Bible UPON VELLUM!

[35] This THOMAS RAWLINSON, who is introduced in the Tatler under the name *Tom Folio*, was a very extraordinary character, and most desperately addicted to book-hunting. Because his own house was not large enough, he hired *London House*, in Aldersgate Street, for the reception of his library; and here he used to regale himself with the sight and the scent of innumerable black letter volumes, arranged in "sable garb," and stowed perhaps "three deep," from the bottom to the top of his house. He died in 1725; and Catalogues of his books for sale continued, for nine succeeding years, to meet the

public eye. The following is a list of all the parts which I have ever met with; taken from copies in Mr. Heber's possession.

Part 1. *A Catalogue of choice and valuable Books in most Faculties and Languages*: being the sixth part of the collection made by THOS. RAWLINSON, Esq., &c., to be sold on Thursday, the 2d day of March, 1726; beginning every evening at 5 of the clock, by Charles Davis, Bookseller. Qui non credit, eras credat. Ex Autog. T.R.

2. *Bibliotheca Rawlinsoniana*; sive Delectus Librorum in omni ferè Linguâ et Facultate præstantium—to be sold on Wednesday 26th April, [1726] by Charles Davis, Bookseller. 2600 Numbers.

3. *The Same*: January 1727-8. By Thomas Ballard, Bookseller, 3520 Numbers.

4. *The Same*: March, 1727-8. By the same. 3840 Numbers.

5. *The Same*: October, 1728. By the same. 3200 Numbers.

6. *The Same*: November, 1728. By the same. 3520 Numbers.

7. *The Same*: April, 1729. By the same. 4161 Numbers.

8. *The Same*: November, 1729. By the same. 2700 Numbers.

9. *The Same*: [Of Rawlinson's MANUSCRIPTS] By the same. March 1733-4. 800 Numbers.

10. *Picturæ Rawlinsonianæ.* April, 1734. 117 Articles.

At the end, it would seem that a catalogue of his prints, and MSS. missing in the last sale, were to be published the ensuing winter.

N.B. The black-letter books are catalogued in the Gothic letter.

[36] "BIBLIOTHECÆ BRIDGESIANÆ CATALOGUS: or, A Catalogue of the Entire Library of JOHN BRIDGES, late of *Lincoln's Inn*, Esq., &c., which will begin to be sold, by Auction, on Monday the seventh day of February, 1725-6, at his chambers in *Lincoln's Inn*, No. 6."

From a priced copy of this sale catalogue, in my possession, once belonging to Nourse, the bookseller in the Strand, I find that the following was the produce of the sale:

The Amount of the books	£3730 0 0
Prints and books of Prints	394 17 6
Total Amount of the Sale	£4124 17 6

Two different catalogues of this valuable collection of books were printed. The one was analysed, or a *catalogue raisonné*; to which was prefixed a print of a Grecian portico, &c., with ornaments and statues: the other (expressly for the sale) was an indigested and extremely confused one—to which was prefixed a print, designed and engraved by A. Motte, of an oak felled, with a number of men cutting down and carrying away its branches; illustrative of the following Greek motto inscribed on a scroll above—Δρυὸς πεσοὺσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλευεταὶ: "An affecting memento (says Mr. Nichols, very justly, in his *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, p. 557) to the collectors of great libraries, who cannot, or do not, leave them to some public accessible repository."

[37] In the year 1730-1, there was sold by auction, at St. Paul's Coffee-house, in St. Paul's Church-yard (beginning every evening at five o'clock), the library of the celebrated Free-Thinker,

ANTHONY COLLINS, ESQ.

"Containing a collection of several thousand volumes in Greek, Latin, English, French, and Spanish; in divinity, history, antiquity, philosophy, husbandry, and all polite literature: and especially many curious travels and voyages; and many rare and valuable pamphlets." This collection, which is divided into *two parts* (the first containing 3451 articles, the second 3442), is well worthy of being consulted by the theologian, who is

writing upon any controverted point of divinity: there are articles in it of the rarest occurrence. The singular character of its owner and of his works is well known: he was at once the friend and the opponent of Locke and Clarke, who were both anxious for the conversion of a character of such strong, but misguided, talents. The former, on his death-bed, wrote Collins a letter to be delivered to him, after his decease, which was full of affection and good advice.

[38] It is almost impossible to dwell on the memory of this GREAT MAN without emotions of delight—whether we consider him as an eminent physician, a friend to literature, or a collector of books, pictures, and coins. Benevolence, magnanimity, and erudition were the striking features of his character: his house was the general receptacle of men of genius and talent, and of every thing beautiful, precious, or rare. His curiosities, whether books, or coins, or pictures, were freely laid open to the public; and the enterprising student, and experienced antiquary, alike found amusement and a courteous reception. He was known to all foreigners of intellectual distinction, and corresponded both with the artisan and the potentate. The great patron of literature, and the leader of his profession (which he practised with a success unknown before), it was hardly possible for unbefriended merit, if properly introduced to him, to depart unrewarded. The clergy, and in general, all men of

learning, received his advice *gratuitously*: and his doors were open every morning to the *most indigent*, whom he frequently assisted with money. Although his income, from his professional practice, was very considerable, he died by no means a rich man—so large were the sums which he devoted to the encouragement of literature and the fine arts!

The sale of Dr. Mead's *books* commenced on the 18th of November, 1754, and again on the 7th of April, 1755: lasting together 57 days. The sale of the *prints* and *drawings* continued 14 nights. The *gems*, *bronzes*, *busts*, and *antiquities*, 8 days.

His books produced	£5496 15 0
Pictures	3417 11 0
Prints and drawings	1908 14 0
Coins and medals	1977 17 0
Antiquities	3246 15 0
Amount of all the sales	£16,047 12 0

It would be difficult to mention, within a moderate compass, all the rare and curious articles which his library contained—but the following are too conspicuous to be passed over. The *Spira Virgil* of 1470, *Pfintzing's Tewrkdrancs*, 1527, *Brandt's Stultifera Navis*, 1498, and the *Aldine*

Petrarch of 1501, ALL UPON VELLUM. The large paper *Olivet's Cicero* was purchased by Dr. Askew for £14 14*s.* and was sold again at his sale for £36 15*s.* The King of France bought the editio princeps of *Pliny Senr.* for £11 11*s.*; and Mr. Willock, a bookseller, bought the magnificently illuminated *Pliny by Jenson* of 1472, for £18 18*s.*: of which Maittaire has said so many fine things. The *French* books, and all the works upon the *Fine Arts*, were of the first rarity, and value, and bound in a sumptuous manner. Winstanley's *Prospects of Audley End* brought £50. An amusing account of some of the pictures will be found in Mr. Beloe's "*Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*," vol. i. 166. 71. But consult also *Nichol's Anecdotes of Bowyer*, p. 225, &c. Of the catalogue of Dr. Mead's books there were only six copies printed on LARGE PAPER. See Bibl. Lort, no. 1149.

The years 1755-6 were singularly remarkable for the mortality excited by the BIBLIOMANIA; and the well known names of Folkes,[39] and Rawlinson,[40] might have supplied a modern Holbein a hint for the introduction of a new subject in the "*Dance of Death*." The close of George the Second's reign witnessed another instance of the fatality of this disease. Henley[41] "bawled till he was hoarse" against the cruelty of its attack; while his library has informed posterity how severely and how mortally he suffered from it.

[39] "A Catalogue of the entire and valuable library of MARTIN FOLKES, ESQ., President of the Royal Society, and member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, lately deceased; which will be sold by auction by Samuel Baker, at his house, in York Street, Covent Garden. To begin on Monday, February 2, 1756, and to continue for forty days successively (Sundays excepted). Catalogues to be had at most of the considerable places in Europe, and all the booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, Price Sixpence."

This collection was an exceedingly fine one; enriched with many books of the choicest description, which Mr. Folkes had acquired in his travels in Italy and Germany. The works on natural history, coins, medals, and inscriptions, and on the fine arts in general, formed the most valuable department—those in the Greek, Latin and English classics, were comparatively of inferior importance. It is a great pity the catalogue was not better digested; or the books classed according to the nature of their contents.

The following prices, for some of the more rare and interesting articles, will amuse a bibliographer of the present day. The chronicles of Fabian, Hall, and Grafton, did not altogether bring quite £2: though the copies are described as perfect and fair. There seems to have been a fine set of Sir Wm. Dugdale's Works (Nos. 3074-81) in 13

vols. which, collectively, produced about 30 guineas.

In *Spanish literature*, the history of South America, By Don Juan and Ant. di Ulloa, Madr. fol. in 5 vols., was sold for £5: a fine large paper copy of the description of the Monastery of St. Lorenzo, and the Escorial, Madr. 1657, brought £1 2*s.*: de Lastanosa's Spanish Medals, Huesca, fol. 1645, £2 2*s.*

In *English*, the first edition of Shakespeare, 1623, which is now what a French bibliographer would say "presque introuvable," produced the sum of £3 3*s.*; and Fuller's Worthies, 18*s.*!

Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Voyages. Sandrart's works, in 9 folio volumes (of which a fine perfect copy is now rarely to be met with, and of very great value) were sold for £13 13*s.* only: Desgodetz Roman edifices, Paris, 1682, £4 10*s.*: Galleria Giustiniano, 2 vols., fol. £13 13*s.* Le Brun's Voyages in Muscovy, &c., in large paper, £4 4*s.* De Rossi's Raccolta de Statue, &c. Rom. 1704, £6 10*s.* Medailles du Regne de Louis le Grand, de l'imp. Roy. 1. p. fol. 1702, £5 15*s.* 6*d.*

The works on *Natural History* brought still higher prices; but the whole, from the present depreciation of specie, and increased rarity of the articles, would now bring thrice the sums then given.

Of the *Greek and Latin Classics*, the Pliny of 1469 and 1472 were sold to Dr. Askew for

£11 11*s.* and £7 17*s.* 6*d.* At the Doctor's sale they brought £43 and £23: although the first was lately sold (A.D. 1805) among some duplicates of books belonging to the British Museum, at a much lower price: the copy was, in fact, neither large nor beautiful. Those in the Hunter and Cracherode collections are greatly superior, and would each bring more than double the price.

From a priced copy of the sale catalogue, in my possession, I find that the amount of the sale, consisting of 5126 articles, was £3091 5*s.*

The *Prints and Drawings* of Mr. Folkes occupied a sale of 8 days; and his *pictures*, *gems*, *coins*, and *mathematical instruments*, of five days.

Mr. MARTIN FOLKES may justly be ranked among the most useful, as well as splendid, literary characters of which this country can boast. He appears to have imbibed, at a very early age, an extreme passion for science and literature; and to have distinguished himself so much at the University of Cambridge, under the able tuition of Dr. Laughton, that, in his 23rd year, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society. About two years afterwards he was chosen one of the council, and rose, in gradual succession, to the chair of the presidentship, which he filled with a credit and celebrity that has since never been surpassed. On this occasion he was told by Dr. Jurin, the Secretary, who dedicated to

him the 34th vol. of the Transactions, that "the greatest man that ever lived (Sir Isaac Newton) singled him out to fill the chair, and to preside in the society, when he himself was so frequently prevented by indisposition: and that it was sufficient to say of him that he was *Sir Isaac's friend*."

Within a few years after this, he was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries. Two situations, the filling of which may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of literary distinction. Mr. Folkes travelled abroad, with his family, about two years and a half, visiting the cities of Rome, Florence, and Venice—where he was noticed by almost every person of rank and reputation, and whence he brought away many a valuable article to enrich his own collection. He was born in the year 1690, and died of a second stroke of the palsy, under which he languished for three years, in 1754. Dr. Birch has drawn a very just and interesting character of this eminent man, which may be found in Nichol's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, 562. 7. Mr. Edwards, the late ornithologist, has described him in a simple, but appropriate, manner. "He seemed," says he, "to have attained to universal knowledge; for, in the many opportunities I have had of being in his company, almost every part of science has happened to be the subject of discourse, all of which he handled as an adept. He was a man of great politeness in his manners, free from all pedantry and pride, and, in every respect, the real

unaffected fine gentleman."

[40] "BIBLIOTHECA RAWLINSONIANA, sive Catalogus Librorum Richardi Rawlinson, LL.D. Qui prostabunt Venales sub hasta, Apud Samuelem Baker. In Vico dicto *York Street, Covent Garden Londini, Die Lunæ*, 22 Martii MDCCLVI."

This valuable library must have contained about 20,000 volumes; for the number of Articles amounted to 9405. On examining a priced catalogue of it, which now lies before me, I have not found any higher sum offered for a work than £4 1*s.* for a collection of fine prints, by Aldegrave (No. 9405). The Greek and Latin classics, of which there were few *Editiones Principes*, or on *large paper*, brought the usual sums given at that period. The old English black-lettered books, which were pretty thickly scattered throughout the collection, were sold for exceedingly low prices—if the copies were perfect. Witness the following:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Newe Testament in English, 1530	0	2	9
The Ymage of both Churches, after the Revelation of St. John, by Bale, 1550	0	1	6
The boke called the Pype or Tonne of Perfection, by Richard Whytforde, 1532	0	1	9
The Visions of Pierce Plowman, 1561	0	2	0

The Creede of Pierce Plowman, 1553	0	1	6
The Bookes of Moses, in English, 1530	0	3	9
Bale's Actes of Englishe Votaryes, 1550	0	1	3
The Boke of Chivalrie, by Caxton	0	11	0
The Boke of St. Albans, by W. de Worde	1	1	0

These are only very few of the rare articles in English literature, of the whole of which (perhaps upwards of 200 in number) I believe, the 'Boke of St. Albans,' brought the highest sum. Hence it will be seen that this was not the age of curious research into the productions of our ancestors. Shakspeare had not then appeared in a proper *Variorum edition*. Theobald, and Pope, and Warburton, had not investigated the black-letter lore of ancient English writers, for the illustration of their favourite author. This was reserved for Farmer, for Steevens, for Malone, for Chalmers, Reed and Douce: and it is expressly to these latter gentlemen (for Johnson and Hanmer were very sparing, or very shy, of the black letter), that we are indebted for the present spirit of research into the works of our ancestors.

The sale of the books lasted 50 days. There was a second sale of pamphlets, books of prints, &c., in the following year, which lasted 10 days; and this was immediately succeeded by a sale of the Doctor's single

prints and drawings, which continued 8 days.

[41] This gentleman's library, not so remarkable for the black letter as for whimsical publications, was sold by auction, by Samuel Paterson, [the earliest sale in which I find this well known book-auctioneer engaged] in June, 1759, and the three ensuing evenings. The title of the Sale Catalogue is as follows:

"A Catalogue of the original MSS. and manuscript collections of the late Reverend Mr. JOHN HENLEY, A.M., Independent Minister of the Oratory, &c., in which are included sundry collections of the late Mons. des Maizeaux, the learned editor of Bayle, &c., Mr. Lowndes, author of the Report for the Amendment of Silver Coins, &c., Dr. Patrick Blair, Physician at Boston, and F.R.S. &c., together with original letters and papers of State, addressed to Henry d'Avenant, Esq., her Britannic Majesty's Envoy at Francfort, from 1703 to 1708 inclusive."

Few libraries have contained more curious and remarkable publications than did this. The following articles, given as notable specimens, remind us somewhat of Addison's Memoranda for the Spectator, which the waiter at the coffee-house picked up and read aloud for the amusement of the company.

No. 166. God's Manifestation by a Star to the Dutch. A mortifying Fast Diet at Court.

On the Birth Day of the first and oldest young gentleman. All corrupt: none good: no not one.

No. 168. General Thumbissimo. The Spring reversed, or the Flanderkin's Opera and Dutch Pickle Herrings. The Creolean Fillip, or Royal Mishap. A Martial Telescope, &c., England's Passion Sunday, and April Changelings.

No. 170. Speech upon Speech. A Telescope for Tournay. No Battle, but worse, and the True Meaning of it. An Army Beaten and interred.

No. 174. Signs when the P. will come. Was Captain Sw——n a Prisoner on Parole, to be catechised? David's Opinion of like Times. The Seeds of the plot may rise, though the leaves fall. A Perspective, from the Blair of Athol, the Pretender's Popery. Murder! Fire! Where! Where!

No. 178. Taking Carlisle, catching an eel by the tail. Address of a Bishop, Dean and Clergy. Swearing to the P——r, &c., Anathema denounced against those Parents, Masters, and Magistrates, that do not punish the Sin at Stokesley. A Speech, &c. A parallel between the Rebels to K. Charles I. and those to his Successor. *Jane Cameron* looked killing at *Falkirk*.

No. 179. Let stocks be knighted, write, Sir Banks, &c. the Ramhead Month. A Proof that the Writers against Popery fear it will be established in this Kingdom. A Scheme,

wisely blabbed to root and branch the Highlanders. Let St. Patrick have fair play, &c.

Of ORATOR HENLEY I have not been able to collect any biographical details more interesting than those which are to be found in Warburton's notes to Pope's Dunciad.

We are now, my dear Sir, descending rapidly to our own times; and, in a manner sufficiently rough, have traced the *History of the Bibliomania* to the commencement of the present illustrious reign: when we discover, among its victims, a General, who had probably faced many a cannon, and stormed many a rampart, uninjured. The name of Dormer[42] will remind you of the small but choice library which affords such a melancholy proof of its owners' fate; while the more splendid examples of Smith[43] and West[44] serve to shew the increased ravages of a disease, which seemed to threaten the lives of all, into whose ears (like those of "Visto,") some demon had "whispered" the sound of "TASTE." These three striking instances of the fatality of the Bibliomania occurred—the first in the year 1764; and the latter in 1773. The following year witnessed the sale of the Fletewode[45] library; so that nothing but despair and havoc appeared to move in the train of this pestiferous malady. In the year 1775 died the famous Dr. Anthony

Askew, another illustrious victim to the Bibliomania. Those who recollect the zeal and scholarship of this great book-collector, and the precious gems with which his library[46] was stored from the cabinets of De Boze and Gaignat, as well as of Mead and Folkes, cannot but sigh with grief of heart on the thought of such a victim! How ardently, and how kindly [as I remember to have heard his friend Dr. Burges say], would Askew unfold his glittering stores—open the magnificent folio, or the shining duodecimo, UPON VELLUM, embossed and fast held together with golden knobs and silver clasps! How carefully would he unroll the curious MS.—decipher the half effaced characters—and then, casting an eye of ecstacy over the shelves upon which similar treasures were lodged, exult in the glittering prospect before him! But death—who, as Horace tells us, raps equally at the palaces of kings and cottages of peasants, made no scruple to exercise the knocker of the Doctor's door, and sent, as his avant-courier, THIS DEPLORABLE MANIA! It appeared; and even Askew, with all his skill in medicine and books, fell lifeless before it—bewailed, as he was beloved and respected!

[42] "A Catalogue of the genuine and elegant Library of the late Sir C.C. DORMER, collected by Lieutenant-General James Dormer, which will be sold, &c., by Samuel Baker, at his house in York Street,

Covent Garden; to begin on Monday, February the 20th, 1764, and to continue the nineteen following evenings." At the end of the catalogue we are told that the books were "in general of the best editions, and in the finest condition, many of them in *large paper*, bound in morocco, gilt leaves, &c."

This was a very choice collection of books, consisting almost entirely of Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish and French. The number of articles did not exceed 3082, and of volumes, probably not 7000. The catalogue is neatly printed, and copies of it on *large paper* are exceedingly scarce. Among the most curious and valuable articles were those numbered 599, 604, 2249, 2590; from no. 2680, to the end, was a choice collection of Italian and Spanish books.

[43] In the year 1755 was published at Venice, printed by J.B. Pasquali, a catalogue of the books of JOSEPH SMITH, Esq., Consul at Venice.

The catalogue was published under the following Latin title: "Bibliotheca Smitheana, seu Catalogus Librorum D. Josephi Smithii, Angli, per Cognomina Authorum dispositus, Venetiis, typis Jo. Baptistæ Pasquali, M,DCCLV.;" in quarto; with the arms of Consul Smith. The title page is succeeded by a Latin preface of Pasquali, and an alphabetical list of 43 pages of the authors mentioned in the catalogue: then follow the books arranged

alphabetically, without any regard to size, language, or subject. These occupy 519 pages, marked with the Roman numerals; after which are 66 pages, numbered in the same manner, of "addenda et corrigenda." The most valuable part of the volume is "The Prefaces and Epistles prefixed to those works in the Library which were printed in the 15th century:" these occupy 348 pages. A Catalogue, (in three pages) of the Names of the illustrious Men mentioned in these prefaces, &c., closes the book.

It would be superfluous to mention to bibliographers the rare articles contained in this collection, which are so generally known and so justly appreciated. They consist chiefly of early editions of *Italian*, *Greek*, and *Latin classics*; and of many copies of both printed UPON VELLUM. The library, so rich in these articles, was, however, defective in English Literature and Antiquities. There was scarcely any thing of Shakspeare or Dugdale.

On the death of Mr. Smith in 1772, his collection was sold in 1773, 8vo., by Baker and Leigh; and the books were announced to the public, as being "in the finest preservation, and consisting of the very best and scarcest editions of the Latin, Italian, and French authors, from the invention of printing; with manuscripts and missals, upon vellum, finely illuminated." A glance upon the prices for which most of these fine books were sold

made Mr. Cuthell exclaim, in my hearing, that "*they were given away*." On these occasions, one cannot help now and then wishing, with father Evander,

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter
annos!"

On comparing Pasquali's, with the sale, catalogue, it will be obvious that a great number of rare and valuable articles was disposed of before the books came to public auction. Indeed it is known that his present MAJESTY enriched his magnificent collection with many of the Consul's *first editions*, and *vellum copies*, during the life of the latter. The sale continued thirteen days only; and on the last day were sold all the English books in the *black-letter*. Some of these are rather curious.

Of CONSUL SMITH I am unable to present the lover of VIRTU with any particulars more acceptable than the following. Pasquali (whose Latin preface is curious enough—abounding with as many interrogatories as Hamlet's soliloquies) has told us that "as the Consul himself was distinguished for his politeness, talents, and prudence, so was his house for splendid and elegant decorations. You might there view, says he, the most beautifully painted pictures, and exquisite ornaments, whether gems, vases, or engravings. In short, the whole furniture was so brilliant and classical that you admired at once the magnificence and judgment of the owner." He tells us, a little

further, that he had frequently solicited the Consul to print a catalogue of his books; which proposition his modesty at first induced him to reject; but, afterwards, his liberality, to comply with. He then observes that, "in the compilation of the catalogue, he has studied brevity as much as it was consistent with perspicuity; and that he was once desirous of stating the *value* and *price* of the books, but was dissuaded from it by the advice of the more experienced, and by the singular modesty of the Collector."

It must be confessed that Pasquali has executed his task well, and that the catalogue ranks among the most valuable, as well as rare, books of the kind.

[44] "BIBLIOTHECA WESTIANA; A catalogue of the curious and truly valuable library of the late James West, Esq., President of the Royal Society, deceased, &c. Including the works of CAXTON, LETTOU, MACHLINIA, the anonymous ST. ALBANS SCHOOLMASTE, WYNKYN DE WORDE, PYNSON, and the rest of the old English typographers. Digested by Samuel Paterson," 1773, 8vo.

ANALYSIS OF THE CATALOGUE.

1. *Volumes of Miscellaneous Tracts.*

These volumes extend from No. 148 to 200, from 915 to 992, from 1201 to 1330, and from No. 1401 to 1480.

2. *Divinity.*

In the whole, 560 articles; probably about 1200 volumes; some of them exceedingly scarce and valuable.

3. *Education, Languages, Criticism, Classics, Dictionaries, Catalogues of Libraries, &c.*

There were about 700 volumes in these departments. The catalogues of English books, from that of Maunsell, in 1595, to the latest before Mr. West's time, were very complete. The treatises on education and translations of the ancient classics comprehended a curious and uncommon collection. The Greek and Latin classics were rather select than rare.

4. *English Poetry, Romance, and Miscellanies.*

This interesting part of the collection comprehended about 355 articles, or probably about 750 volumes: and if the singularly rare and curious books which may be found *under these heads alone* were now concentrated in one library, the owner of them might safely demand 4000 guineas for such a treasure.

5. *Philosophy, Mathematics, Inventions, Agriculture and Horticulture, Medicine, Cookery, Surgery, etc.*

Two hundred and forty articles, or about 560 volumes.

6. *Chemistry, Natural History, Astrology, Sorcery, Gigantology.*

Probably not more than 100 volumes.

7. *History and Antiquities.*

This comprehended a great number of curious and valuable productions, relating both to foreign and domestic transactions.

8. *Heraldry and Genealogy.*

A great number of curious and scarce articles may be found under these heads.

9. *Ancient Legends and Chronicles.*

To the English antiquary, few departments of literature are more interesting that these. Mr. West seems to have paid particular attention to them, and to have enriched his library with many articles of this description, of the rarest occurrence. The lovers of Caxton, Fabian, Hardyng, Hall, Grafton, and Holinshed, may be highly gratified by inspecting the various editions of these old chroniclers. I entreat the diligent bibliographer to examine the first eight articles of page 209 of the catalogue. Alas, when will all these again come under the hammer at one sale?!

10. *Topography.*

Even to a veteran, like the late Mr. GOUGH, such a collection as may be found from p. 217 to p. 239 of this catalogue, would be considered a first-rate acquisition. I am aware that the gothic wainscot, and stained glass windows, of *Enfield Study* enshrined a still more exquisite topographical collection! But we are improved since the days of Mr. West;

and every body knows to *whom* these improvements are, in a great measure, to be attributed. When I call to mind the author of '*British Topography*' and '*Sepulchral Monuments*,' I am not insensible to the taste, diligence, and erudition of the "par nobile fratrum," who have gratified us with the '*Environs of London*,' '*Roman Remains*,' and the first two volumes of '*Magna Britannia*!'

The preceding is to be considered as a very general, and therefore superficial, analysis of the catalogue of Mr. West's library; copies of it, with the sums for which the books were sold, are now found with difficulty, and bring a considerable price. I never saw or heard of one on LARGE PAPER!

[45] "A catalogue of rare books and tracts in various languages and faculties; including the *Ancient Conventual Library* of Missenden-Abbey, in Buckinghamshire; together with some choice remains of that of the late eminent Serjeant at law, WILLIAM FLETEWODE, Esq., Recorder of London, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth; among which are several specimens of the earliest Typography, foreign and English, including CAXTON, WYNKYN DE WORDE, PYNSON, and others; a fine collection of English Poetry, some scarce old law-books, a great number of old English plays, several choice MSS. upon vellum, and other subjects of literary curiosity. Also several of the best editions of the Classics,

and modern English and French books. To begin *December* 5, 1774, and the 17 following evenings, precisely at half an hour after five."

I am in possession of a *priced Catalogue* of this collection, which once belonged to Herbert, and which contains all the purchasers' names, as well as the sums given. The purchasers were principally Herbert, Garrick, Dodd, Elmsley, T. Payne, Richardson, Chapman, Wagstaff, Bindley, and Gough. The following is a specimen of some curious and interesting articles contained in this celebrated library, and of the prices for which they once sold!

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

172. *Bale's brefe Chronycle relating to Syr Johan Oldecastell*, 1544. The Life off the 70th Archbishopp off Canterbury presentleye sittinge, 1574, &c. Life of Hen. Hills, Printer to O. Cromwell, *with the Relation of what passed between him*

	and the Taylor's Wife in Black Friars, 1688, *&c.*	0	7	9
Purchased by Mores.				
361 to 367.	Upwards of thirty *scarce Theological Tracts*, in Latin and English	1	5	0

746 to 784.	A fine collection of early English Translations, in black letter, with some good foreign editions of the classics. Not exceeding, in the whole	11	10	0
837, 838.	Two copies of the *first edition* of Bacon's Essays, 1597!	0	7	6

The reader will just glance at No. 970, in the catalogue, en passant, to

1082. (£1 2s.) and 1091 (12s.); but more particularly to

1173. Caxton's *Boke of Tulle of olde age*, &c. 1481. Purchased by the late Mr. T. Payne 8 8 0

1174. CAXTON'S *Boke which is sayd or called Cathon*, &c. 1483. 3 0 0

Purchased by Alchorn.

1256. CAXTON'S *Doctrinal of Sapyence*, 1480 0 6 0

Purchased by Alchorn.

1257. CAXTON'S *Cordyal*, 1479 0 12 6

1258. WYNKYN DE WORDE'S *Ocharde of Syon*, &c. 1519 1 13 0

I will, however, only add that there were upwards of 150 articles of *Old Plays*, mostly in quarto. See page 73. Of *Antiquities*, *Chronicles*, and *Topography*, it would be difficult to pitch upon the rarest volumes. The collection, including very few MSS., contained 3641 articles, or probably nearly 7000 volumes. The Catalogue is uncommon.

[46] I am now arrived, pursuing my chronological arrangement, at a very important period in the annals of book-sales. The name and collection of Dr. ASKEW are so well known in the bibliographical world that the reader need not be detained with laboured commendations on either: in the present

place, however, it would be a cruel disappointment not to say a word or two by way of *preface* or *prologue*.

Dr. ANTHONY ASKEW had eminently distinguished himself by a refined taste, a sound knowledge, and an indefatigable research relating to every thing connected with Grecian and Roman literature. It was to be expected, even during his life, as he was possessed of sufficient means to gratify himself with what was rare, curious, and beautiful in literature and the fine arts, that the public would, one day, be benefited by such pursuits: especially as he had expressed a wish that his treasures might be unreservedly submitted to sale, after his decease. In this wish the Doctor was not singular. Many eminent collectors had indulged it before him: and, to my knowledge, many modern ones still indulge it. Accordingly on the death of Dr. Askew, in 1774, appeared, in the ensuing year, a catalogue of his books for sale, by Messrs. Baker and Leigh, under the following title:

"BIBLIOTHECA ASKEVIANA, sive Catalogus Librorum Rarissimorum ANTONII ASKEW, M.D., quorum Auctio fiet apud S. Baker et G. Leigh, in Vico dicto *York Street, Covent Garden*, Londini. *Die Lunæ*, 13 *Februarii*, MDCCLXXV, et in undeviginti sequentes dies." A few copies were struck off on large paper.

We are told by the compiler of the catalogue that it was thought unnecessary

to say much with respect to this Library of the late Dr. Anthony Askew, as the Collector and Collection were so well known in almost all parts of Europe. Afterwards it is observed that "The books in general are in very fine condition, many of them bound in morocco, and Russia leather, with gilt leaves." "To give a particular account," continues the Compiler, "of the *many scarce editions* of books in this Catalogue would be almost endless, therefore the *first editions* of the Classics, and some *extremely rare books* are chiefly noticed. The catalogue, without any doubt, contains the best, rarest, and most valuable collection of GREEK and LATIN BOOKS that were ever sold in England." This account is not overcharged. The collection, in regard to Greek and Roman literature, was *unique* in its day.

The late worthy and learned Mr. M. CRACHERODE, whose library now forms one of the most splendid acquisitions of the British Museum, and whose *bequest* of it will immortalize his memory, was also among the "Emptores literarii" at this renowned sale. He had enriched his collection with many *Exemplar Askevianum*; and, in his latter days, used to elevate his hands and eyes, and exclaim against the prices *now* offered for EDITIONES PRINCIPES!

The fact is, Dr. Askew's sale has been considered a sort of *æra* in bibliography. Since that period, rare and curious books

in Greek and Latin literature have been greedily sought after, and obtained at most extravagant prices. It is very well for a veteran in bibliography, as was Mr. Cracherode, or as are Mr. Wodhull and Dr. Gosset, whose collections were formed in the days of Gaignat, Askew, Duke de la Valliere, and Lamoignon—it is very well for such gentlemen to declaim against *modern prices*! But what is to be done? Books grow scarcer every day, and the love of literature, and of possessing rare and interesting works, increases in an equal ratio. Hungry bibliographers meet, at sales, with well furnished purses, and are resolved upon sumptuous fare. Thus the hammer *vibrates*, after a bidding of *Forty pounds*, where formerly it used regularly to *fall* at *Four*!

But we lose sight of Dr. Askew's *rare editions*, and *large paper copies*. The following, gentle Reader, is but an imperfect specimen!

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
168.	Chaucer's Works, by PYNSON, no date	7	17	6
172.	Cicero of Old Age, by Caxton, 1481	13	13	0

518.	Gilles' (Nicole) Annales, &c. de France. Paris, fol. 1520. 2 tom. SUR VELIN	31	10	6
647.	Æginetæ (Pauli) Præcepta Salubria. Paris, quarto, 1510. ON VELLUM	11	0	0
666.	Æsopi Fabulæ. EDIT. PRIN. *circ.* 1480	6	6	0
684.	Boccacio, la Teseide *Ferar.* 1475. PRIMA EDIZIONE	85	0	0
1433.	Catullus Tibullus, et Propertius, Aldi. 8vo. 1502. IN MEMBRANA	17	10	0

	This copy was purchased by the late Mr. M.C. Cracherode, and is now, with his library, in the British Museum. It is a beautiful book, but cannot be compared with Lord Spencer's Aldine VELLUM Virgil, of the same size.			
1576.	Durandi Rationale, &c. 1459. IN MEMBRANA	61	0	0
	The beginning of the 1st chapter was wanting. Lord Spencer has a perfect copy of this rare book on spotless VELLUM!			
2656.	Platonis Opera, apud Aldum. 2 vol. fol. 1513. *Edit. Prin.* ON VELLUM	55	13	0

Purchased by the late Dr. W. Hunter; and is at this moment, in his Museum at *Glasgow*. The reader who has not seen them can have no idea of the beauty of these vellum leaves. The ink is of the finest lustre, and the whole typographical arrangement may be considered a master-piece of printing. Lord Oxford told Dr. Mead that he gave 100 guineas for this very copy.

After this melancholy event, one would have thought that future *Virtuosi* would have barricadoed their doors, and fumigated their chambers, to keep out such a pest;—but how few are they who profit by experience, even when dearly obtained! The subsequent history of the disease is a striking proof of the truth of

this remark; for the madness of book-collecting rather increased—and the work of death still went on. In the year 1776 died John Ratcliffe[47] another, and a very singular, instance of the fatality of the BIBLIOMANIA. If he had contented himself with his former occupation, and frequented the butter and cheese, instead of the book, market—if he could have *fancied himself* in a brown peruke, and Russian apron, instead of an embroidered waistcoat, velvet breeches, and flowing perriwig, he might, perhaps, have enjoyed greater longevity; but, infatuated by the Caxtons and Wynkyn De Wordes of Fletewode and of West, he fell into the snare; and the more he struggled to disentangle himself, the more certainly did he become a prey to the disease.

[47] BIBLIOTHECA RATCLIFFIANA; or, "A Catalogue of the elegant and truly valuable Library of JOHN RATCLIFFE, Esq. late of Bermondsey, deceased. The whole collected with great judgment and expense, during the last thirty years of his life: comprehending a large and most choice collection of the rare old English *black-letter*, in fine preservation, and in elegant bindings, printed by CAXTON, LETTOU, MACHLINIA, the anonymous St. Albans Schoolmaster, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Berthelet, Grafton, Day, Newberie, Marshe, Jugge, Whytchurch, Wyer, Rastell, Coplande, and the rest of the *Old English Typographers*: several missals and MSS., and two Pedigrees on vellum, finely illuminated." The title page then sets forth a specimen of these black-lettered gems; among which our eyes are dazzled with a galaxy of Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, Pynsons, &c. &c. The sale took place on March 27, 1776.

If ever there was a *unique* collection, this was one—the very essence of Old Divinity, Poetry, Romances, and Chronicles! The articles were only 1675 in number, but their intrinsic value amply compensated for their paucity.

The following is but an inadequate specimen.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

1315.	Horace's Arte of Poetrie, Pistles and Satyres, by Drant. 1567, *first English edition*	0	16	6
1321.	The Sheparde's Calender, 1579. Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576	1	2	0
1392.	The Pastyme of the People, printed by Rastell. Curious wood cuts. A copy of this book is not now to be procured. I have known £40 offered for it, and rejected with disdain	7	7	0
1403.	Barclay's Shyp of Folys, printed by Pynson, 1508, *first edit.* fine copy	2	10	0
1426.	The Doctrinal of Sapyence, printed by CAXTON, 1489	8	8	0

1427.	The Boke, called Cathon, DITTO, 1483. *Purchased by Dr. Hunter*, and now in his Museum	5	5	0
1428.	The Polytyque Boke, named Tullius de Senectute, in Englishe, by CAXTON, 1481. *Purchased for his Majesty*	14	0	0
1429.	The Game of Chesse Playe. 1474	16	0	0
1665.	The Boke of Jason, printed by CAXTON	5	10	0
1669.	The Polychronicon of Ranulph Higden, printed by CAXTON, 1482. *Purchased by Dr. Hunter*	5	15	6
1670.	Legenda Aurea, or the Golden Legende 1483	9	15	0

1674.	Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogues of the *rare old black letter*, and other curious and uncommon books, 4 vols.	7	15	0

This would have been the most delicious article to *my* palate. If the present owner of it were disposed to part with it, I could not find it in my heart to refuse him *compound interest* for his money. As is the wooden frame-work to the bricklayer in the construction of his arch, so might Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogues be to me in the compilation of a certain *magnum opus*!

The memory of such a man ought to be dear to the "*black-lettered dogs*" of the present day; for he had [mirabile dictu!] *upwards of* THIRTY CAXTONS!

If I might hazard a comparison between Mr. James West's and Mr. John Ratcliffe's collections, I should say that the former

was more extensive, the latter more curious: Mr. West's, like a magnificent *champagne*, executed by the hand of Claude or Both, and enclosing mountains, and meadows, and streams, presented to the eye of the beholder a scene at once extensive, luxuriant, and fruitful: Mr. Ratcliffe's, like one of those delicious pieces of scenery, touched by the pencil of Rysdael or Hobbima, exhibited to the beholder's eye a spot equally interesting, but less varied and extensive. The sweeping foliage and rich pasture of the former could not, perhaps, afford greater gratification than did the thatched cottage, abrupt declivities, and gushing streams of the latter. To change the metaphor—Mr. West's was a magnificent repository, Mr. Ratcliffe's a choice cabinet of gems.

Thirty years have been considered by Addison (somewhere in his Spectator) as a pretty accurate period for the passing away of one generation and the coming on of another. We have brought down our researches to within a similar period of the present times; but, as Addison has not made out the proofs of such assertion, and as many of the relatives and friends of those who have fallen victims to the BIBLIOMANIA, since the days of Ratcliffe, may yet be alive; moreover, as it is the part of humanity not to tear open wounds which have been just closed, or awaken painful sensibilities which have been well nigh laid to rest; so, my

dear Sir, in giving you a further account of this fatal disorder, I deem it the most prudent method *not to expatiate* upon the subsequent examples of its mortality. We can only mourn over such names as BEAUCLERK, CROFTS, PEARSON, LORT, MASON, FARMER, STEEVENS, WOODHOUSE, BRAND, and REED! and fondly hope that the list may not be increased by those of living characters!

We are, in the SECOND place, to describe the SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.

The ingenious Peignot, in the first volume of his 'Dictionnaire Bibliologie,' p. 51, defines the Bibliomania[48] to be "a passion for possessing books; not so much to be instructed by them, as to gratify the eye by looking on them. He who is affected by this mania knows books only by their titles and dates, and is rather seduced by the exterior than interior"! This is, perhaps, too general and vague a definition to be of much benefit in the knowledge, and consequent prevention, of the disease: let us, therefore, describe it more certainly and intelligibly.

[48] There is a short, but smart and interesting, article on this head in Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 1. 10. "Bruyere has touched on this mania with humour; of such a collector (one who is fond of superb bindings only) says he, as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to

faint on the stair-case from a strong smell of morocco leather. In vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c.—naming them one after another, as if he were showing a gallery of pictures!" Lucian has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library. "One who opens his eyes, with an hideous stare, at an old book, and, after turning over the pages, chiefly admires the *date* of its publication."

Symptoms of this disease are instantly known by a passion for I. *Large Paper Copies*: II. *Uncut Copies*: III. *Illustrated Copies*: IV. *Unique Copies*: V. *Copies printed upon Vellum*: VI. *First Editions*: VII. *True Editions*: VIII. *A general desire for the Black Letter*. We will describe these symptoms more particularly.

I. *Large Paper Copies.* These are a certain set or limited number of the work printed in a superior manner, both in regard to ink and press work, on paper of a larger size, and better quality, than the ordinary copies. Their price is enhanced in proportion to their beauty and rarity. In the note below[49] are specified a few works which have been published in this manner, that the sober collector may avoid approaching them.

[49] 1. *Lord Bacon's Essays*, 1798, 8vo., of

which it is said only five copies were struck off on royal folio. In Lord Spencer's and the Cracherode, collection I have seen a copy of this exquisitely printed book; the text of which, surrounded by such an amplitude of margin, in the language of Ernesti [see his Critique on Havercamp's Sallust] "natut velut cymba in oceano."

2. *Twenty Plays of Shakespeare* published by Steevens from the old quarto editions, 1766, 8vo. 6 vols. Of this edition there were only twelve copies struck off on large paper. See Bibl. Steevens, No. 1312.

3. *Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays*, 1780, 8vo., 12 vols. only six copies printed on large paper. See Bibl. Woodhouse, No. 198.

4. *The Grenville Homer.* Græce, 1800. 4to. 4 vols. Fifty copies with plates were struck off on large paper, in royal quarto. A copy of this kind was purchased at a sale in 1804, for £99 15s.

5. *Sandford's Genealogical History*, etc. 1707, fol. Mr. Arch of Cornhill purchased a copy of this work on large paper, at the late sale of Baron Smyth's books, for £46. If the largest paper of Clarke's Cæsar be excepted, this is the highest priced single volume on large paper, that I just now recollect.

6. *Hearne's Works* on large paper.

Something relating to Hearne will be found in the note at page 7 ante. Here it will be only necessary to observe that the

Hernëan rage for Large Paper is quite of recent growth, but it promises to be giant-like. When the duplicates of a part of Mr. Woodhull's library, in 1803, were sold, there was a fine set of copies of this kind; but the prices, comparatively with those now offered, were extremely moderate. Mr. Otridge, the bookseller, told me an amusing story of his going down to Liverpool, many years ago, and accidentally purchasing from the library of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, a *magnificent set of Large Paper Hearnes* for about 40 Guineas. Many of these are now in the choice library of his Grace the Duke of Grafton. The copies were catalogued as *small* paper. Was there ever a more provoking blunder?!

This[50] symptom of the Bibliomania is, at the present day, both general and violent, and threatens to extend still more widely. Even modern publications are not exempt from its calamitous influence; and when Mr. Miller, the bookseller, told me with what eagerness the large paper copies of Lord Valentia's Travels were bespoke, and Mr. Evans shewed me that every similar copy of his new edition of "Burnett's History of his own Times" was disposed of, I could not help elevating my eyes and hands, in token of commiseration at the prevalence of this Symptom of the BIBLIOMANIA!

[50] Analogous to Large Paper Copies are *tall Copies*; that is, copies of the work published on the ordinary size paper and not much cut down by the binder. The want of *margin* is a serious grievance complained of by book-collectors; and when there is a contest of margin-measuring, with books never professedly published on large paper, the anxiety of each party to have the largest copy is better conceived than described! How carefully, and how adroitly, are the golden and silver rules then exercised!

II. *Uncut Copies.* Of all the symptoms of the Bibliomania, this is probably the most extraordinary. It may be defined as a passion to possess books of which the edges have never been sheared by the binder's tools. And here, my dear Sir, I find myself walking upon doubtful ground;—your UNCUT HEARNES rise up in "rough majesty" before me, and almost "push me from my stool." Indeed, when I look around in my book-lined tub, I cannot but be conscious that this symptom of the disorder has reached my own threshold; but when it is known that a few of my bibliographical books are left with the edges uncut *merely to please my friends* (as one must sometimes study their tastes and appetites as well as one's own), I trust that no very serious conclusions will be drawn about the probable fatality of my own

case. As to uncut copies, although their inconvenience [an uncut lexicon to wit!] and deformity must be acknowledged, and although a rational man can want for nothing better than a book *once well bound*, yet we find that the extraordinary passion for collecting them not only obtains with full force, but is attended with very serious consequences to those "qui n'ont point des pistoles" (to borrow the language of Clement; vol. vi. p. 36). I dare say an uncut *first Shakspeare*, as well as an uncut *first Homer*[51] would produce a little annuity!

[51] "Un superbe exemplaire de cette édition *princeps* a été vendu, chez M. de Cotte, en 1804, la somme de 3601 livres; mais il faut ajouter que cet exemplaire très-precieux est de la plus belle conservation; on dirait qu'il sort dessous presse. De plus, il est peut-être *l'unique dont les marges n'ont pas été rognées ni coupées*!"

Peignot's *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, lxv-vi.

III. *Illustrated Copies.* A passion for books illustrated or adorned with numerous prints, representing characters or circumstances mentioned in the work, is a very general and violent symptom of the Bibliomania, which has been known chiefly within the last half century. The origin, or first appearance, of this symptom

has been traced by some to the publication of Granger's "Biographical History of England;" but whoever will be at the pains of reading the preface of this work will see that Granger sheltered himself under the authorities of Evelyn, Ashmole, and others; and that he alone is not to be considered as responsible for all the mischief which this passion for collecting prints has occasioned. Granger, however, was the first who introduced it in the form of a treatise, and surely "in an evil hour" was this treatise published—although its amiable author must be acquitted of "malice prepense." His History of England[52] seems to have sounded the tocsin for a general rummage after, and slaughter of, old prints: venerable philosophers and veteran heroes, who had long reposed in unmolested dignity within the magnificent folio volumes which recorded their achievements, were instantly dragged from their peaceful abodes to be inlaid by the side of some spruce, modern engraving, within an ILLUSTRATED GRANGER! Nor did the madness stop here. Illustration was the order of the day; and Shakspeare[53] and Clarendon[54] became the next objects of its attack. From these it has glanced off in a variety of directions, to adorn the pages of humbler wights; and the passion, or rather this symptom of the Bibliomania,[55] yet rages with undiminished force. If judiciously[56] treated, it is, of all the symptoms, the least liable to mischief. To possess a series of well executed portraits of illustrious men, at different periods

of their lives, from blooming boyhood to phlegmatic old age, is sufficiently amusing[57]; but to possess *every* portrait, *bad, indifferent, and unlike*, betrays such a dangerous and alarming symptom as to render the case almost incurable!

[52] It was first published in two quarto volumes, 1766; and went through several editions in octavo. The last is, I believe, of the date of 1804; to which three additional volumes were published by William Noble, in 1806; the whole seven volumes form what is called an excellent library work.

[53] About two or three years ago there was an extraordinary set of prints disposed of, for the illustration of Shakspeare, collected by a gentleman in Cornwall, with considerable taste and judgment. Lord Spencer's beautiful octavo illustrated Shakespeare, bequeathed to him by the late Mr. Steevens, has been enriched, since it came into the library of its present noble possessor, with many a rare and many a beauteous specimen of the graphic art.

[54] I have heard of an illustrated Clarendon (which was recently in the metropolis), that has been valued at 5000 Guineas! "a good round sum!"

[55] One of the most striking and splendid instances of the present rage for illustration may be seen in Mr. Miller's own copy of the Historical Work of Mr.

Fox, in two volumes, imperial quarto. Exclusively of a great variety of Portraits, it is enriched with the original drawing of Mr. Fox's bust from which the print, attached to the publication, is taken; and has also many original notes and letters by its illustrious author. Mr. Walter Scott's edition of Dryden has also received, by the same publisher, a similar illustration. It is on large paper, and most splendidly bound in blue morocco, containing upwards of 650 portraits.

[56] The fine copy of Granger, illustrated by the late Mr. Bull, is now in the library of the Marquis of Bute, at Lutton. It extends to 37 atlas folio volumes, and is a repository of almost every rare and beautiful print, which the diligence of its late, and the skill, taste, and connoisseurship of its present, noble owner have brought together.

[57] In the Memoirs of Mr. Thomas Hollis there is a series of the portraits of Milton (not executed in the best manner) done in this way; and a like series of Pope's portraits accompanies the recent edition of the poet's works by the Rev. W.L. Bowles.

There is another mode of illustrating copies by which this symptom of the Bibliomania may be known: it consists in bringing together, from different works, [by means of the scissors, or otherwise by transcription] every page or

paragraph which has any connection with the character or subject under discussion. This is a useful and entertaining mode of illustrating a favourite author; and copies of works of this nature, when executed by skilful[58] hands, should be preserved in public repositories. I almost ridiculed the idea of an ILLUSTRATED CHATTERTON, in this way, till I saw Mr. Haslewood's copy, in twenty-one volumes, which rivetted me to my seat!

[58] Numerous are the instances of the peculiar use and value of copies of this kind, especially to those who are engaged in publication, of a similar nature. Oldys's interleaved Langbaine is re-echoed in almost every recent work connected with the belles-lettres of our country. Oldys himself was unrivalled in this method of illustration; if, besides his Langbaine, his copy of 'Fuller's Worthies' [once Mrs. Steevens's, now Mr. Malone's, See Bibl. Steevens, no. 1799] be alone considered! This Oldys was the oddest mortal that ever scribbled for bread. Grose, in his *Olio*, gives an amusing account of his having "a number of small parchment bags inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write; into which he put every circumstance and anecdote he could collect, and thence drew up his history." See Noble's *College of Arms*, p. 420.

Of illustrated copies in this way, the Suidas

of Kuster, belonging to the famous D'Orville, is a memorable instance. This is now in the Bodleian library. I should suppose that one Narcissus Luttrell, in Charles the Second's reign, had a number of like illustrated copies. His collection of contemporaneous literature must have been immense, as we may conclude from the account of it in Mr. Walter Scott's Preface to his recent edition of Dryden's works. Luckily for this brilliant poet and editor, a part of Luttrell's collection had found its way into the libraries of Mr. Bindley and Mr. Heber, and thence was doomed to shine, with renewed lustre, by the side of the poetry of Dryden.

IV. *Unique Copies.* A passion for a book which has any peculiarity about it, by either, or both, of the foregoing methods of illustration—or which is remarkable for its size, beauty, and condition—is indicative of a rage for *unique copies*, and is unquestionably a strong prevailing symptom of the Bibliomania. Let me therefore urge every sober and cautious collector not to be fascinated by the terms "*Matchless, and Unique*;" which, "in slim Italicks" (to copy Dr. Ferriar's happy expression) are studiously introduced into Bookseller's catalogues to lead the unwary astray. Such a Collector may fancy himself proof against the temptation; and will, in consequence, *call only to look at* this unique book, or set of books; but, when he views the

morocco binding, silk water-tabby lining, blazing gilt edges—when he turns over the white and spotless leaves—gazes on the amplitude of margin—on a rare and lovely print introduced—and is charmed with the soft and coaxing manner in which, by the skill of Herring or Mackinlay,[59] "leaf succeeds to leaf"—he can no longer bear up against the temptation—and, confessing himself vanquished, purchases, and retreats—exclaiming with Virgil's shepherd—

Ut vidi, ut perii—ut me malus abstulit error!

[59] At page 8, note—the reader has been led to expect a few remarks upon the luxuriancy of modern book-binding. Mr. Roscoe, in his Lorenzo de Medici, vol. ii., p. 79., edit. 8vo., has defended the art with so much skill that nothing further need be said in commendation of it. Admitting every degree of merit to our present fashionable binders, and frankly allowing them the superiority over De Rome, Padaloup, and the old school of binding, I cannot but wish to see revived those beautiful portraits, arabesque borders, and sharp angular ornaments, that are often found on the outsides of books bound in the 16th century, with calf leather, upon oaken boards. These brilliant decorations almost make us forget the ivory crucifix, guarded with silver doors, which is frequently introduced in the interior of the

sides of the binding. Few things are more gratifying to a genuine collector than a fine copy of a book in its *original binding*!

V. *Copies printed on vellum.* A desire for works printed in this manner is an equally strong and general symptom of the Bibliomania; but as these works are rarely to be obtained of modern[60] date, the collector is obliged to have recourse to specimens, executed three centuries ago, in the printing-offices of Aldus, Verard, and the Juntæ. Although the Bibliothéque Imperiale, at Paris, and the library of Count Macarty, at Toulouse, are said to contain the greatest number of books printed upon vellum, yet, those who have been fortunate enough to see copies of this kind in the libraries of his Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, Mr. Johnes, and the late Mr. Cracherode (now in the British Museum), need not travel on the Continent for the sake of being convinced of their exquisite beauty and splendour. Mr. Edward's *unique* copy (he will forgive the epithet) of the first Livy, upon vellum, is a Library of itself!—and the recent discovery of a vellum copy of Wynkyn De Worde's reprint of *Juliana Barnes's book*,[61] complete in every respect, [to say nothing of his Majesty's similar copy of Caxton's *Doctrinal of Sapience*, 1489, in the finest preservation] are, to be sure, sufficient demonstrations of the prevalence of this symptom of the Bibliomania

in the times of our forefathers; so that it cannot be said, as some have asserted, to have appeared entirely within the last half century.

[60] The modern books, printed upon vellum, have in general not succeeded; whether from the art of preparing the vellum, or of printing upon it, being lost I will not presume to determine. The reader may be amused with the following prices for which a few works, executed in this manner, were sold in the year 1804:

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
250.	Virgilii Opera, 1789, 4to.	33	12	0
251.	Somervile's Chase, 1796, 4to.	15	4	6
252.	Poems by Goldsmith and Parnell, 1795, 4to.	15	15	0

253.	The Gardens, by Abbé Delille, 1798, 4to.	14	3	6
254.	Castle of Otranto, printed by Bodoni, 1791, 4to.	13	2	6
260.	La Guirlande Julie, 1784, 8vo.	37	17	6
263.	Economy of Human Life, 1795, 8vo.	15	15	0

See "*Catalogue of a most splendid and valuable Collection of Books, Superb Missals, &c.*," sold by Mr. Christie, on April 24, 1804. But the reader should procure the Catalogue of Mr. Paris's Books, sold in the year 1790, which, for the number of articles, is unrivalled. The eye is struck, in every page, with the most sumptuous copies on VELLUM, AND LARGE PAPER.

[61] See page 5, ante, for some account of this curious work.

VI. *First Editions.* From the time of Ancillon[62] to Askew, there has been a very strong desire expressed for the possession of original or first published editions of works, as they are in general superintended and corrected by the author himself; and, like the first impressions of prints, are considered more valuable. Whoever is possessed with a passion for collecting books of this kind may unquestionably be said to exhibit a strong symptom of the Bibliomania; but such a case is not quite hopeless, nor is it deserving of severe treatment or censure. All bibliographers have dwelt on the importance of these editions, for the sake of collation with subsequent ones, and detecting, as is frequently the case, the carelessness displayed by future[63] editors. Of such importance is the *first edition of Shakspeare*[64] considered, that a fac-simile reprint of it has been published with success. In regard to the Greek and Latin Classics, the possession of these original editions is of the first consequence to editors who are anxious to republish the legitimate text of an author. Wakefield, I believe always regretted that the first edition of Lucretius had not been earlier inspected by him. When he began *his* edition, the Editio Princeps was not (as I have understood) in the library of Earl Spencer—the storehouse of almost every thing

that is exquisite and rare in ancient classical literature!

[62] There is a curious and amusing article in Bayle [English edition, vol. i., 672, &c.] about the elder ANCILLON, who frankly confessed that he "was troubled with the BIBLIOMANIA, or disease of buying books." Mr. D'Israeli says "that he always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones,"—but I find it, in the English Bayle, note D, "he chose *the best* editions." The manner in which Ancillon's library was pillaged by the Ecclesiastics of Metz (where it was considered as the most valuable curiosity in the town) is thus told by Bayle; "Ancillon was obliged to leave Metz: a company of Ecclesiastics, of all orders, came from every part, to lay hands on this fine and copious library, which had been collected with the utmost care during forty years. They took away a great number of the books together, and gave a little money, as they went out, to a young girl, of twelve or thirteen years of age, who looked after them, that they might have it to say they had *paid for them*. Thus Ancillon saw that valuable collection dispersed, in which, as he was wont to say, his chief pleasure and even his heart was placed!"—Edit. 1734.

[63] An instance of this kind may be adduced from the *first edition* of Fabian, printed in 1516; of which Messrs.

Longman, and Co., have now engaged a very able editor to collate the text with that of the subsequent editions. "The antiquary," says the late Mr. BRAND, "is desired to consult the edition of Fabian, printed by Pynson, in 1516, because there are others, and I remember to have seen one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a continuation to the end of Queen Mary, 1559, in which the *language is much modernised*." Shakespeare, edit. 1803, vol. xviii. p. 85-6.

[64] A singular story is "extant" about the purchase of the late Duke of Roxburgh's fine copy of the first edition of Shakespeare. A friend was bidding for him in the sale-room: his Grace had retired to a distance, to view the issue of the contest. Twenty guineas and more were offered, from various quarters, for the book: a slip of paper was handed to the Duke, in which he was requested to inform his friend whether he was "to go on bidding"—His Grace took his pencil, and wrote underneath, by way of reply—

——lay on Macduff!
And d——d be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Such a spirit was irresistible, and bore down all opposition. His Grace retired triumphant, with the book under his arm.

It must not, however, be forgotten that if first

editions are, in some instances, of great importance, they are in many respects superfluous, and an incumbrance to the shelves of a collector; inasmuch as the labours of subsequent editors have corrected their errors, and superseded, by a great fund of additional matter, the necessity of consulting them. Thus, not to mention other instances (which present themselves while noticing the present one), all the fine things which Colomiés and Remannus have said about the rarity of La Croix du Maine's Bibliotheque, published in 1584, are now unnecessary to be attended to, since the ample and excellent edition of this work by De La Monnoye and Juvigny, in six quarto volumes, 1772, has appeared. Nor will any one be tempted to hunt for Gesner's Bibliotheca of 1545-8, whatever may be its rarity, who has attended to Morhof's and Vogt's recommendation of the last and best edition of 1583.

VII. *True Editions.* Some copies of a work are struck off with deviations from the usually received ones, and, though these deviations have neither sense nor beauty to recommend them, [and indeed are principally *defects*] yet copies of this description are eagerly sought after by collectors of a certain class! This particular pursuit may therefore be called another, or the seventh, symptom of the Bibliomania. The note below [65] will furnish the reader with a few anecdotes relating to it.

[65] *Cæsar. Lug. Bat.* 1635, 12mo. *Printed by Elzevir.*

In the Bibliotheca Revickzkiana we are informed that the *true* Elzevir edition is known by having the plate of a Buffalo's head at the beginning of the preface, and body of the work: also by having the page numbered 153, which *ought* to have been numbered 149. A further account is given in my Introduction to the Classics, vol. i., 228.

Horace: Londini, 1733, 8vo., 2 vols. Published by Pine.

The *true* edition is distinguished by having at page 108, vol ii, the *incorrect* reading 'Post Est.'—for 'Potest.'

Virgil. Lug. Bat. 1636, 12mo. Printed by Elzevir.

The *true* edition is known by having at plate 1, before the Bucolics, the following Latin passage *printed in red ink*. "Ego vero frequentes a te litteras accipi"—Consult De Bure, No. 2684.

Idem. Birmingh. 1763, 4to. Printed by Baskerville.

A particular account of the *true* edition will be found in the second volume of my 'Introduction to the Classics' p. 337—too long to be here inserted.

Boccaccio. Il Decamerone, Venet. 1527, 4to.

Consult De Bure, No. 3667: Bandini, vol. ii., 24: (who however is extremely laconic upon this edition, but copious upon the anterior one of 1516) and Haym., vol. iii., p. 8, edit. 1803. Bibl. Paris. No. 408. Clement. (vol. iv., 352,) has abundance of references, as usual, to strengthen his assertion in calling the edition 'fort rare.' The reprint or spurious edition has always struck me as the prettier book of the two.

VIII. Books printed in the *Black Letter*. Of all symptoms of the Bibliomania, this eighth symptom (and the last which I shall notice) is at present the most powerful and prevailing. Whether it was not imported into this country from Holland, by the subtlety of Schelhorn[66] (a knowing writer upon rare and curious books) may be shrewdly suspected. Whatever be its origin, certain it is, my dear Sir, that books printed in the black letter are now coveted with an eagerness unknown to our collectors in the last century. If the spirits of West, Ratcliffe, Farmer and Brand, have as yet held any intercourse with each other, in that place 'from whose bourne no traveller returns,' what must be the surprise of the three former, on being told by the latter, of the prices given for some of the books in his library, as mentioned below!?[67]

[66] His words are as follow: "Ipsa typorum ruditas, ipsa illa atra crassaque literarum facies *belle tangit sensus, &c.*" Was ever the black letter more eloquently described? See his *Amœnitates Literariæ*, vol. i., p. 5.

[67]

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

282.	A Boke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, A Boke of Engines and Traps to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, and all other Kinds of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever, with cuts, very rare, 1600	3	3	0

454.	A Quip for an upstart Courtier; or, a quaint Dispute between Velvet Breeches and Cloth Breeches, &c. 1620	2	16	0
475.	A Checke, or Reproof of Mr. Howlet's untimely screeching in her Majesty's Ear. *Black letter.* 1581	0	12	0

As a *striking conclusion*, I subjoin the following.

6479. Pappe with an Hatchett, *alias*, a Fig for my Godsonne, or crake me this Nutt, or, a Countrie Cuffe, that is a sound Box of the Eare for the Idiot Martin, to hold his Peace: seeing the Patch will take no warning; written

by one that dares call a Dog a Dog. *Rare.* Printed by Anoke and Astile	1	8	0

A perusal of these articles may probably not impress the reader with any lofty notions of the superiority of the black letter; but this symptom of the Bibliomania is, nevertheless, not to be considered as incurable, or wholly unproductive of good. Under a proper spirit of modification it has done, and will continue to do, essential service to the cause of English literature. It guided the taste, and strengthened the judgment, of Tyrwhitt in his researches after Chaucerian lore. It stimulated the studies of Farmer and of Steevens, and enabled them to twine many a beauteous flower round the brow of their beloved Shakespeare. It has since operated, to the same effect, in the labours of Mr. Douce,[68] the *Porson* of old English and French literature; and in the editions of Milton and Spenser, by my amiable and excellent friend Mr. Todd the public have had a specimen

of what the *Black Letter* may perform, when temperately and skilfully exercised.

[68] In the criticisms on Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare and Ancient Manners*, it has not, I think, been generally noticed that this work is distinguished; 1. For the singular diffidence and urbanity of criticism, as well as depth of learning, which it evinces: 2. For the happy illustrations, by means of wood cuts: Let any one, for instance, read a laboured disquisition on the punishment of "the boots"—and only glance his eye on the plate representing it [vol. i. p. 34.]: from which will he obtain the clearer notions? 3. For the taste, elegance, and general correctness with which it is printed. The only omission I regret is that Mr. Douce did not give us, at the end, a list of the works alphabetically arranged, with their dates which he consulted in the formation of his own. Such a BIBLIOTHECA SHAKSPEARIANA might, however, have been only a fresh stimulus to the increase of the black-letter symptom of the *Bibliomania*. How Bartholomæus and Batman have risen in price since the publication of Mr. Douce's work, let those who have lately smarted for the increase tell!

I could bring to your recollection other

instances; but your own copious reading and exact memory will better furnish you with them. Let me not however omit remarking that the beautiful pages of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and Sir Trestrem*, exhibit, in the notes [now and then thickly studded with black letter references], a proof that the author of "The Lay" and "Marmion" has not disdained to enrich his stores of information by such intelligence as black lettered books impart. In short, though this be also a strong and general symptom of the Bibliomania, it is certainly not attended with injurious effects when regulated by prudence and discretion. An undistinguishable voracious appetite, to swallow every thing printed in the black letter can only bring on inconquerable disease, if not death, to the patient!

Having in the two preceding divisions of this letter discoursed somewhat largely upon the HISTORY and SYMPTOMS of the Bibliomania, it now remains, according to the original plan, to say a few words upon the PROBABLE MEANS OF ITS CURE. And, indeed, I am driven to this view of the subject from every laudable motive; for it would be highly censurable to leave any reflecting mind impressed with melancholy emotions concerning the misery and mortality that have been occasioned by the abuse of those pursuits, to which the most soothing and important considerations ought to be attached. Far from me, and my friends, be such a cruel, if

not criminal, conduct; let us then, my dear Sir, seriously discourse upon the

III. PROBABLE MEANS OF THE CURE of the Bibliomania. *He* will surely be numbered among the philanthropists of his day who has, more successfully than myself, traced and described the ravages of this disease, and fortified the sufferer with the means of its cure. But, as this is a disorder of quite a recent date, and as its characteristics, in consequence, cannot be yet fully known or described, great candour must be allowed to that physician who offers a prescription for so obscure and complicated a case. It is in vain that you search the works [ay, even the best editions] of Hippocrates and Galen for a description of this malady; nor will you find it hinted at in the more philosophical treatises of Sydenham and Heberden. It had, till the medical skill of Dr. Ferriar first noticed it to the public, escaped the observations of all our pathologists. With a trembling hand, and fearful apprehension, therefore, I throw out the following suggestions for the cure, or mitigatiou, of this disorder:

In *the first place*, the disease of the Bibliomania is materially softened, or rendered mild, by directing our studies to *useful and profitable* works—whether these be printed upon small or large paper, in the gothic, roman, or italic type; To consider purely the *intrinsic* excellence, and not the exterior splendour, or adventitious value, of any production, will keep us perhaps

wholly free from this disease. Let the midnight lamp be burnt to illuminate the stores of antiquity—whether they be romances, or chronicles, or legends, and whether they be printed by Aldus or by Caxton—if a brighter lustre can thence be thrown upon the pages of modern learning! To trace genius to its source, or to see how she has been influenced or modified, by "the lore of past times" is both a pleasing and profitable pursuit. To see how Shakspeare has here and there plucked a flower, from some old ballad or popular tale, to enrich his own unperishable garland—to follow Spenser and Milton in their delightful labyrinths 'midst the splendour of Italian literature—are studies which stamp a dignity upon our intellectual characters! But, in such a pursuit let us not overlook the wisdom of modern times, nor fancy that what is only ancient can be excellent. We must remember that Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Taylor, Chillingworth, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Paley, are names which always command attention from the wise, and remind us of the improved state of reason and acquired knowledge during the two last centuries.

In the *second place*, the re-printing of scarce and intrinsically valuable works is another means of preventing the propagation of this disorder. Amidst all our present sufferings under the BIBLIOMANIA, it is some consolation to find discerning and spirited booksellers re-

publishing the valuable Chronicles of Froissart, Holinshed, and Hall,[69] and the collections known by the names of "The Harleïan Miscellany," and "Lord Somer's Tracts." These are noble efforts, and richly deserve the public patronage.

[69] The re-publication of these chronicles is to be followed by those of Grafton and Fabian. Meanwhile, Hakluyt's Voyages, (projected by Mr. Evans), and Fuller's Worthies (by Messrs. Longman, and Co.) will form admirable acquisitions to these treasures of past times.

In the *third place*, the editing of our best ancient authors, whether in prose or poetry,[70] is another means of effectually counteracting the progress of the Bibliomania, as it has been described under its several symptoms.

[70] The recent *Variorum* editions of Shakspeare, of which some yet prefer that of Steevens, 1793, 15 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Todd's editions of Milton and Spenser; Mr. G. Chalmers' edition of Sir David Lyndsay's works; Mr. Gifford's edition of Massinger; and Mr. Octavius Gilchrist's, of Bishop Corbett's poems, exemplify the good effects of this *third means of cure*.

In the *fourth place*, the erecting of Public Institutions[71] is a very powerful antidote against the prevalence of several symptoms of this disease.

[71] The Royal, London, Surrey, and Russel Institutions have been the means of concentrating, in divers parts of the metropolis, large libraries of *useful* books; which, it is to be hoped, will eventually suppress the establishment of what are called *Circulating Libraries*—vehicles, too often, of insufferable nonsense, and irremediable mischief!

In the *fifth place*, the encouragement of the study of Bibliography,[72] in its legitimate sense, and towards its true object, may be numbered among the most efficacious cures for this destructive malady. To place competent Librarians over the several departments of a large public Library, or to submit a library, on a more confined scale, to one diligent, enthusiastic, well informed, well bred, Bibliographer[73] or Librarian, [of which in this metropolis we have so many examples] is doing a vast deal towards directing the channels of literature to flow in their proper courses.

[72] "UNNE BONNE BIBLIOGRAPHIE," says Marchand, "soit générale soit particulière, soit profane, soit écclésiastique, soit nationale, provinciale, ou locale, soit simplement personnelle, en un mot de quelque autre genre que ce puisse être, n'est pas un ouvrage aussi facile que beaucoup de gens se le pourroient imaginer; mais, elles ne doivent néanmoins nulelment prévenir contre celle-ci. Telle qu'elle est, elle ne laisse pas d'être bonne, utile, et digne d'être recherchée par les amateurs, de l'Histoire Littéraire." *Diction. Historique*, vol. i. p. 109.

"Our nation," says Mr. Bridgman, "has been too inattentive to bibliographical criticisms and enquiries; for generally the English reader is obliged to resort to foreign writers to satisfy his mind as to the value of authors. It behoves us to consider that there is not a more useful or a more desirable branch of education than a *knowledge of books*; which being correctly ascertained and judiciously exercised, will prove the touch-stone of intrinsic merit, and have the effect of saving many spotless pages from prostitution." *Legal Bibliography*, p. v. vi.

[73] Peignot, in his *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie*, vol. i. 50, has given a very pompous account of what ought to be the talents and duties of a Bibliographer. It would be difficult indeed to find such things united in one person! De Bure, in the eighth volume of his *Bibliographie*

Instructive, has prefixed a "Discourse upon the Science of Bibliography and the duties of a Bibliographer" which is worth consulting: but I know of nothing which better describes, in few words, such a character, than the following: "In eo sit multijuga materiarum librorumque notitia, ut saltem potiores eligat et inquirat: fida et sedula apud exteras gentes procuratio, ut eos arcessat; summa patientia ut rarè venalis expectet: peculium semper præsens et paratum, ne, si quando occurrunt, emendi occasio intercidat; prudens denique auri argentique contemptus, ut pecuniis sponte careat quæ in bibliothecam formandam et nutriendam sunt insumendæ. Si fortè vir literatus eo felicitatis pervenit ut talem thesaurum coaceraverit, nec solus illo invidios fruatur, sed usum cum eruditis qui vigilias suas utilitati publicæ devoverunt, liberaliter communicet; &c."—*Bibliotheca Hulsiana*, vol. i. Præfat. p. 3, 4.

Thus briefly and guardedly have I thrown out a few suggestions, which may enable us to avoid, or mitigate the severity of, the disease called THE BIBLIOMANIA. Happy indeed shall I deem myself, if, in the description of its symptoms, and in the recommendation of the means of cure, I may have snatched any one from a premature grave, or lightened the load of years that are yet to cone!

You, my dear Sir, who, in your observations upon society, as well as in your knowledge of ancient times, must have met with numerous instances of the miseries which "flesh is heir to," may be disposed perhaps to confess that, of all species of afflictions, *the present one* under consideration has the least moral turpitude attached to it. True, it may be so: for, in the examples which have been adduced, there will be found neither Suicides, nor Gamesters, nor Profligates. No woman's heart has been broken from midnight debaucheries: no marriage vow has been violated: no child has been compelled to pine in poverty or neglect: no patrimony has been wasted, and no ancestor's fame tarnished! If men have erred under the influence of this disease, their aberrations have been marked with an excess arising from intellectual fevour, and not from a desire of baser gratifications.

If, therefore, in the wide survey which a philosopher may take of the "Miseries of Human life"[74] the prevalence of this disorder may appear to be less mischievous than that of others, and, if some of the most amiable and learned of mortals seemed to have been both unwilling, as well as unable, to avoid its contagion, you will probably feel the less alarmed if symptoms of it should appear within the sequestered abode of Hodnet![75] Recollecting that even in remoter situations its influence has been felt—and that neither the pure atmosphere of Hafod nor of Sledmere[76]

has completely subdued its power—you will be disposed to exclaim with violence, at the intrusion of Bibliomaniacs—

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide!
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.[77]

[74] In the ingenious and witty work so entitled, I do not recollect whether the disappointment arising from a *cropt* or a *dirty* copy has been classed among "*The Miseries of Human Life*."

[75] *Hodnet Hall*, Shropshire. The country residence of Mr. Heber.

[76] *Hafod*, South Wales, the seat of THOS. JOHNES, Esq., M.P., the translator of the Chronicles of Froissart and Monstrelet, and of the Travels of De Broquiere and Joinville. The conflagration of part of his mansion and library, two years ago, which excited such a general sympathy, would have damped any ardour of collection but that of Mr. Johnes—his Library has arisen, Phœnix-like, from the flames!

Sledmere, in Yorkshire, the seat of SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, Bart., M.P. The

library of this amiable and tasteful Baronet reflects distinguished credit upon him. It is at once copious and choice.

[77] Pope's "*Prologue to the Satires*," v. 7-10.

Upon the whole, therefore, attending closely to the symptoms of this disorder as they have been described, and practising such means of cure as have been recommended, we may rationally hope that its virulence may abate, and the number of its victims annually diminish. But if the more discerning part of the community anticipate a different result, and the preceding observations appear to have presented but a narrow and partial view of the mischiefs of the BIBLIOMANIA, my only consolation is that to advance *something* upon the subject is better than to preserve a sullen and invincible silence. Let it be the task of more experienced bibliographers to correct and amplify the foregoing outline!

Believe me, My dear Sir,

Very sincerely Yours, &c.

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBBIN.

Kensington, May 16, 1809.

POSTSCRIPT.

On re-considering what has been written, it has struck me that a SYNOPSIS of this disease, after the manner of BURTON, as prefixed to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, may be useful to some future pathologist. The reader is, accordingly, presented with the following one:

SYNOPSIS.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

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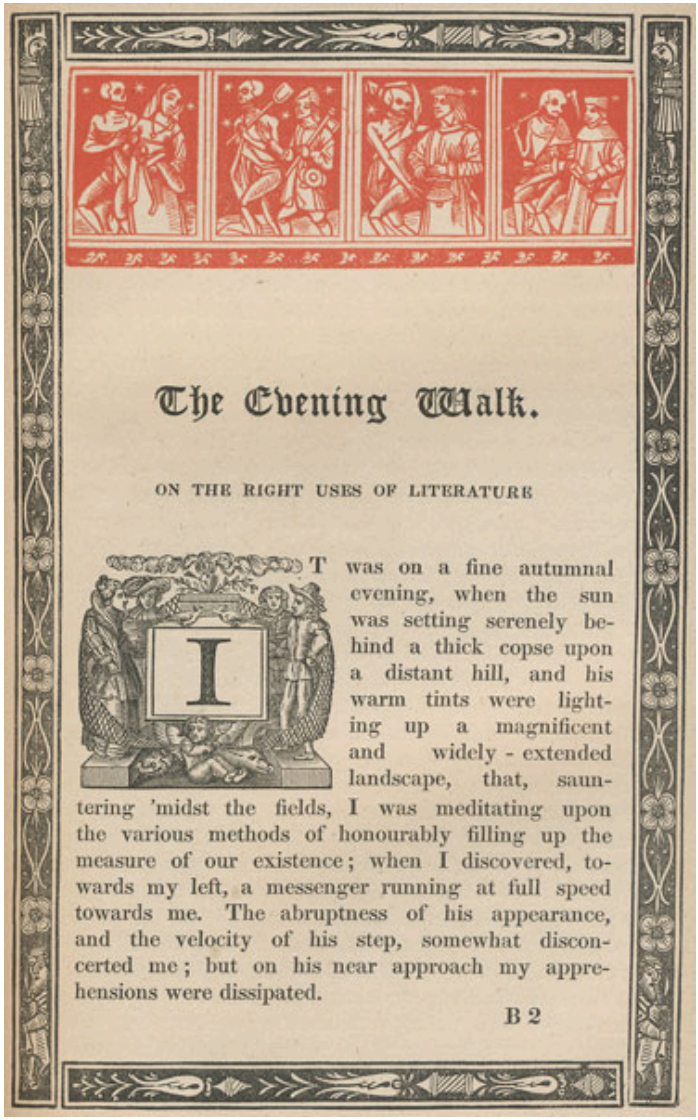
PART I.

The Evening Walk.

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE.

Rede well thyselfe that other folke can'st rede.
CHAUCER'S *Good Counsail*.





The Evening Walk.

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE

IT was on a fine autumnal evening, when the sun was setting serenely behind a thick copse upon a distant hill, and his warm tints were lighting up a magnificent and widely-extended landscape, that, sauntering 'midst the fields, I was meditating upon the various methods of honourably filling up the measure of our existence; when I discovered, towards my left, a messenger running at full speed towards me. The abruptness of his appearance, and the velocity of his step, somewhat disconcerted me; but on his near approach my apprehensions were dissipated.

B 2

[Enlarge]

The Evening Walk.

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE.



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I knew him to be the servant of my old college friend, whom I chuse here to denominate

LYSANDER. He came to inform me, in his blunt and honest manner, that his master had just arrived with PHILEMON, our common friend; and that, as they were too fatigued with their journey to come out to me, they begged I would quickly enter the house, and, as usual, make them welcome. This intelligence afforded me the liveliest satisfaction. In fifteen minutes, after a hearty shaking of hands, I was seated with them in the parlour; all of us admiring the unusual splendour of the evening sky, and, in consequence, partaking of the common topics of conversation with a greater flow of spirits.

"You are come, my friends," said I (in the course of conversation), "to make some stay with me—indeed, I cannot suffer you to depart without keeping you at least a week; in order, amongst other things, to view the beauty of our neighbour Lorenzo's grounds, the general splendour of his house, and the magnificence of his LIBRARY." "In regard to grounds and furniture," replied Lysander, "there is very little in the most beautiful and costly which can long excite my attention—but the LIBRARY—" "Here," exclaimed Philemon, "here you have him in the toils." "I will frankly confess," rejoined Lysander, "that I am an arrant BIBLIOMANIAC—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and, more, the perusal—" "Hold, my friend," again exclaimed Philemon, "you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do BIBLIOMANIACS ever *read*

books?" "Nay," quoth Lysander, "you shall not banter thus with impunity. We will, if it please you," said he, turning round to me, "make our abode with you for a few days—and, after seeing the library of your neighbour, I will throw down the gauntlet to Philemon, challenging him to answer certain questions which you may put to us, respecting the number, rarity, beauty, or utility of those works which relate to the literature and antiquities of our own country. We shall then see who is able to return the readiest answer." "Forgive," rejoined Philemon, "my bantering strain. I revoke my speech. You know that, with yourself, I heartily love books; more from their contents than their appearance." Lysander returned a gracious smile; and the hectic of irritability on his cheek was dissipated in an instant.

The approach of evening made us think of settling our plans. My friends begged their horses might be turned into the field; and that, while they stayed with me, the most simple fare and the plainest accommodation might be their lot. They knew how little able I was to treat them as they were wont to be treated; and, therefore, taking "the will for the deed," they resolved to be as happy as an humble roof could make them.

While the cloth was laying for supper (for I should add that we dine at three and sup at nine), we took a stroll in my small garden,

which has a mound at the bottom, shaded with lilacs and laburnums, that overlooks a pretty range of meadows, terminated by the village church. The moon had now gained a considerable ascendancy in the sky; and the silvery paleness and profound quiet of the surrounding landscape, which, but an hour ago, had been enlivened by the sun's last rays, seemed to affect the minds of us all very sensibly. Lysander, in particular, began to express the sentiments which such a scene excited in him.—"Yonder," says he, pointing to the church-yard, "is the bourne which terminates our earthly labours; and I marvel much how mortals can spend their time in cavilling at each other—in murdering, with their pens as well as their swords, all that is excellent and admirable in human nature—instead of curbing their passions, elevating their hopes, and tranquillizing their fears. Every evening, for at least one-third of the year, heaven has fixed in the sky yonder visible monitor to man. Calmness and splendour are her attendants: no dark passions, no carking cares, neither spleen nor jealousy, seem to dwell in that bright orb, where, as has been fondly imagined, "the wretched may have rest."—"And here," replied Philemon, "we do nothing but fret and fume if our fancied merits are not instantly rewarded, or if another wear a sprig of laurel more verdant than ourselves; I could mention, within my own recollection, a hundred instances of this degrading prostitution

of talent—aye, a thousand."—"Gently reprimand your fellow creatures," resumed Lysander, "lest you commit an error as great as any of those which you condemn in others. The most difficult of human tasks seems to be the exercise of forbearance and temperance. By exasperating, you only rekindle, and not extinguish, the evil sparks in our dispositions. A man will bear being told he is in the wrong; but you must tell him so gently and mildly. Animosity, petulance, and persecution, are the plagues which destroy our better parts."—"And envy," replied Philemon, "has surely enough to do."—"Yes," said Lysander, "we might enumerate, as you were about to do, many instances—and (what you were not about to do) pity while we enumerate! I think," continued he, addressing himself particularly to me, "you informed me that the husband of poor Lavinia lies buried in yonder church-yard; and perhaps the very tomb which now glistens by the moonbeam is the one which consecrates his memory! That man was passionately addicted to literature;—he had a strong mind; a wonderful grasp of intellect; but his love of paradox and hypothesis quite ruined his faculties. NICAS happened to discover some glaring errors in his last treatise, and the poor man grew sick at heart in consequence. Nothing short of *infallibility* and *invincibility* satisfied him; and, like the Spaniard in the 'Diable Boiteux,' who went mad because five of his countrymen had been beaten by fifty Portugese,

this unhappy creature lost all patience and forbearance, because, in an hundred systems which he had built with the cards of fancy, ninety-nine happened to tumble to the ground.

"This is the dangerous consequence, not so much of vanity and self-love as of downright literary Quixotism. A man may be cured of vanity as the French nobleman was—'Ecoutez messieurs! Monseigneur le Duc va dire la meillure chose du monde!'[78] but for this raving, ungovernable passion of soaring beyond all human comprehension, I fear there is no cure but in such a place as the one which is now before us. Compared with this, how different was MENANDER'S case! Careless himself about examining and quoting authorities with punctilious accuracy, and trusting too frequently to the *ipse-dixits* of good friends:—with a quick discernment—a sparkling fancy—great store of classical knowledge, and a never ceasing play of colloquial wit, he moved right onwards in his manly course—the delight of the gay, and the admiration of the learned! He wrote much and variously: but in an evil hour the demon Malice caught him abroad—watched his deviations—noted down his failings—and, discovering his vulnerable part, he did not fail, like another Paris, to profit by the discovery. Menander became the victim of over-refined sensibility: he need not have feared the demon, as no good man need fear Satan. His pen ceased to convey

his sentiments; he sickened at heart; and after his body had been covered by the green grass turf, the gentle elves of fairy-land took care to weave a chaplet to hang upon his tomb, which was never to know decay! SYCORAX was this demon; and a cunning and clever demon was he!"

[78] This is the substance of the story related in Darwin's *Zoonomia*: vol. iv. p. 81.

"I am at a loss," said Philemon, "to comprehend exactly what you mean?"—"I will cease speaking metaphorically," replied Lysander; "but Sycorax was a man of ability in his way. He taught literary men, in some measure, the value of careful research and faithful quotation; in other words, he taught them to speak the truth as they found her; and, doubtless, for this he merits not the name of a demon, unless you allow me the priviledge of a Grecian.[79] That Sycorax loved truth must be admitted; but that he loved no one so much as himself to speak the truth must also be admitted. Nor had he, after all, any grand notions of the goddess. She was, in his sight, rather of diminutive than gigantic growth; rather of a tame than a towering mien; dressed out in little trinkets, and formally arrayed in the faded point-lace and elevated toupee of the ancient English

school, and not in the flowing and graceful robes of Grecian simplicity. But his malice and ill-nature were frightful; and withal his love of scurrility and abuse quite intolerable. He mistook, in too many instances, the manner for the matter; the shadow for the substance. He passed his criticisms, and dealt out his invectives, with so little ceremony, and so much venom, that he seemed born with a scalping knife in his hand to commit murder as long as he lived! To him, censure was sweeter than praise; and the more elevated the rank, and respectable the character of his antagonist, the more dexterously he aimed his blows, and the more frequently he renewed his attacks. In consequence, scarcely one beautiful period, one passionate sentiment of the higher order, one elevated thought, or philosophical deduction, marked his numerous writings. 'No garden-flower grew wild' in the narrow field of his imagination; and, although the words decency and chastity were continually dropping from his lips, I suspect that the reverse of these qualities was always settled round his heart.[80] Thus you see, my dear Philemon," concluded Lysander, "that the love of paradox, of carelessness, and of malice, are equally destructive of that true substantial fame which, as connected with literature, a wise and an honest man would wish to establish. But come; the dews of evening begin to fall chilly; let us seek the house of our friend."

[79] Without turning over the ponderous tones of Stephen, Constantine, and Scaliger, consult the sensible remarks upon the word 'Δαίμῶν' in *Parkhurst's Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament*, 8vo. edit. 1798. In the Greek language, it is equally applied to an accomplished and unprincipled character. Homer alone will furnish a hundred instances of this.

[80] Mark certain expressions, gentle reader, which occur in the notes to the life of *Robin Hood*, prefixed to the ballads which go under his name: 1795. 2 vols. 8vo.—also a Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy in the first vol. of *Ancient Metrical Romances*, 1802, 3 vols. 8vo. A very common degree of shrewdness and of acquaintance with English literature will shew that, in Menander and Sycorax, are described honest TOM WARTON and snarling 'mister' JOSEPH RITSON.

As Lysander concluded his discourse, we turned, abruptly, but thoughtfully, towards my cottage; and, making the last circuit of the gravel walk, Philemon stopped to listen to the song of a passing rustic, who seemed to be uttering all the joy which sometimes strongly seizes a simple heart. "I would rather," exclaimed he, "be this poor fellow, chanting his 'native wood-notes wild,' if his heart know not guilt—than the shrewdest critic in the universe,

who could neither feel, nor write, good-naturedly!" We smiled at this ejaculation; and quickly reached the house.

The fatigue of travelling had sharpened the appetites of my friends; and at a moment when, as the inimitable Cowper expresses it,

> our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
> With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
> From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
> Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
> Whole, without stooping, towering crest and all,
> *Our* pleasures too *began*;
> *Task*, b. iv.

but they were something more rational than those of merely eating and drinking. "I seldom partake of this meal," observed Philemon, "without thinking of the *omnium-gatherum* bowl, so exquisitely described by old Isaac Walton. We want here, it is true, the 'sweet shady arbour—the contexture of woodbines, sweet-briar, jessamine, and myrtle,'[81] and the time of the evening prevents our enjoying it without; but, in lieu of all this, we have the sight of books, of busts, and of pictures. I see there the ponderous folio chronicles, the genuine quarto romances, and, a little above, a glittering row of thin, closely-squeezed, curiously-gilt, volumes of original plays. As we have finished our supper, let us—" "My friends," observed I, "not a finger upon a book to-night—to-morrow you

may ransack at your pleasure. I wish to pursue the conversation commenced by Lysander, as we were strolling in the garden." "Agreed," replied Philemon,—"the quietness of the hour—the prospect, however limited, before us—(for I shall not fail to fix my eyes upon a Froissart printed by Verard, or a portrait painted by Holbein, while you talk)—every thing conspires to render this discourse congenial." "As you have reminded me of that pretty description of a repast in Walton," resumed Lysander, "I will preface the sequel to my conversation by drinking a glass to your healths—and so, masters, 'here is a full glass to you' of the liquor before us." Lysander then continued, "It were to be wished that the republic or region of LITERATURE could be described in as favourable a manner as Camden has described the air, earth, and sky, of our own country;[82] but I fear Milton's terrific description of the infernal frozen continent,

beat with perpetual forms
Of whirlwind and dire hail,
Par. Lost, b. ii. v. 587.

is rather applicable to it. Having endeavoured to shew, my dear friends, that the passionate love of hypothesis—(or a determination to make every man think and believe as we do) incorrigible carelessness—and equally incorrigible ill-nature—are each inimical to the true interests of literature, let us see what other

evil qualities there are which principally frustrate the legitimate view of learning.

[81] *Complete Angler*, p. 335. Bagster's edit. 1808. In a similar style of description are "the faire grove and swete walkes, letticed and gardened on both sides," of Mr. Warde's letter—describing the nunnery of Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. See Hearne's edit. of *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle*, vol. 1. p. cx.

[82] "The ayre is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no stormes and tempests, as the more southerne and northerne are; but stored with infinite delicate fowle. For water, it is walled and guarded with ye ocean most commodious for trafficke to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yeeld safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailers, that it may rightly be termed THE LADY OF THE SEA. That I may say nothing of healthful bathes, and of meares stored both with fish and fowl. The earth fertile of all kinde of graine, manured with good husbandry, rich in minerall of coals, tinne, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattel, both tame and wilde (for it hath more parks than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified

with many populous cities, faire boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the prince, stately houses of the nobilitie, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, faire colledges, as well in the other places as in the two Vniversities." *Remains*, p. 12. edit. 1637.

How far Camden was indebted to the following curious description of our country, written in the time of Edward vj, (of which I shall modernize the orthography,) the reader will judge for himself. The running title of the work is "*The Debate between the* [French and English] *Heralds*," 8vo., printed in the bl. lett. (In the possession of Mr. Heber.)

"We have all manner of grains, and fruits, and more plenty than you; for, thanked be God, England is a fruitful and plenteous region, so that we have some fruits whereof you have few; as *wardeines*, quinces, peaches, medlers, chesnuts, and other delicious fruits; serving for all seasons of the year; and so plenty of pears and apples that, in the west parts of England and Sussex, they make perry and cider, and in such abundance that they convey part over the sea, where, by the Monsieurs of France, it is coveted for their beverage and drinks."—*Sign. L.* iiij. rev.

"We have in Cornwall and Devonshire (God be honoured) the richest mines of silver and tin that may be, also in Ireland mines of silver, in Derbyshire mines of

lead, alabaster, marble, black and white. In Sussex, Yorkshire, and Durham, mines of iron, coal, slate, and freestone; and in every shire of England, generally quarries of hard stone, chalk, and flint: these be commodities honorable and not feigned, being of such estimation that France, nor other realms, may well forbear; and as for saltpetre, there is sufficient made in England to furnish our turn for the wars. Also we have hot fountains or bathes, which you nor no other realms christened have."—*Sign. L.* v. rev. If ancient GILDAS speak the truth, Great Britain was no contemptible place twelve hundred years ago—the period when he lived and wrote his lachrymable history.

"The iland of Britaine placed in the ballance of the divine poising hand (as they call it) which weigheth the whole world, almost the uttermost bound of his earth towards the South and West; extending itself from the South-West, out towards the North pole, eight hundred miles in length; and containing two hundred in breadth, besides the fare outstretched forelands of sundry promonteries, embraced by the embowed bosomes of the ocean sea; with whose most spacious, and on every side (saving only the Southern Streights, by which we sale to Gallehelgicke) impassable enclosure (as I may call it) she is strongly defended; enriched with the mouths of two noble floods, Thames and Severne, as it were two armes (by which out-landish commodities

have in times past been transported into the same) besides other rivers of lesser account, strengthened with eight and twenty cities, and some other castles, not meanly fenced with fortresses of walls, embattled towers, gates, and buildings (whose roofes being raised aloft with a threatening hugenesse, were mightily in their aspiring toppes compaced) adorned with her large spreading fields, pleasant seated hils, even framed for good husbandry, which over-mastereth the ground, and mountains most convenient for the changeable pastures of cattell; whose flowers of sundry collours, troden by the feete of men, imprint no unseemly picture on the same, as a spouse of choice, decked with divers jewels; watered with cleere fountains, and sundry brokes, beating on the snow-white sands, together with silver streames sliding forth with soft sounding noise, and leaving a pledge of sweet savours on their bordering bankes, and lakes gushing out abundantly in cold running rivers."—*Epistle of Gildas*, Transl. 1638, 12mo. p. 1, after the prologue.

Whoever looks into that amusing and prettily-printed little book, "*Barclaii Satyricon*," 1629, 18mo., will find a description of Germany, similar, in part, to the preceding.—"Olim sylvis et incolis fera, nunc oppidis passim insignis; nemoribus quoque quibus immensis tegebatur, ad usum decusque castigatis." p. 316.

"In the example of GONZALO, with whom Philemon is perfectly well acquainted, a remarkable exemplification of the passion of *Vanity* occurs. I recollect, one evening, he came rushing into a party where I sat, screaming with the extatic joy of a maniac—'Ευρηκα, Ευρηκα'; and, throwing down a scroll, rushed as precipitately out of the room. The scroll was of vellum; the title to the contents of it was penned in golden letters, and softly-painted bunches of roses graced each corner. It contained a sonnet to love, and another to friendship; but a principal mistake which struck us, on the very threshold of our critical examination, was that he had incorrectly entitled these sonnets. Friendship should have been called love, and love, friendship. We had no sooner made the discovery than Gonzalo returned, expecting to find us in like ecstacies with himself!—We gravely told him that we stumbled at the very threshold. It was quite sufficient—he seized his sonnets with avidity—and, crumpling the roll (after essaying to tear it) thrust it into his pocket, and retreated. One of the gentlemen in company made the following remarks, on his leaving us: 'In the conduct of Gonzalo appears a strange mixture of intellectual strength and intellectual debility; of wit and dulness; of wisdom and folly; and all this arises chiefly from his mistaking the means for the end—the instrument of achieving for the object achieved. The fondest wish of his heart is literary fame: for this he would sacrifice every

thing. He is handsome, generous, an affectionate son, a merry companion, and is, withal, a very excellent belles-lettres scholar. Tell him that the ladies admire him, that his mother doats on him, and that his friends esteem him—and—keeping back the wished-for eulogy of literary excellence—you tell him of nothing which he cares for. In truth he might attain some portion of intellectual reputation, if he would throw aside his ridiculous habits. He *must*, as soon as the evening shades prevail, burn wax tapers—he must always have an Argand lamp lighted up before him, to throw a picturesque effect upon a dark wood painted by Hobbima—his pens must be made from the crow's wing—his wax must be green—his paper must be thick and hot-pressed; and he must have a portfolio of the choicest bits of ancient vellum that can be procured—his body must recline upon a chintz sofa—his foot must be perched upon an ottoman—in short he *must* have every thing for which no man of common sense would express the least concern. Can you be surprised, therefore, that he should commence his sonnet to friendship thus:

Oh, sweetest softest thing that's friendship hight!

or that he should conceive the following address to women, by one William Goddard, worthy of being ranked among the most beautiful poetical efforts of the 16th century:

Stars of this earthly heaven, you whose essence
Compos'd was of man's purest quintessence,
To you, to virtuous you, I dedicate
This snaggy sprig[83]——"

[83] From "*A Satyrical Dialogue, &c., betweene Alexander the Great and that truelye woman-hater Diogynes*. Imprinted in the low countryes for all such gentlewomen as are not altogether idle nor yet well occupyed," 4to. no date. A strange composition! full of nervous lines and pungent satire—but not free from the grossest licentiousness.

"Enough," exclaimed Philemon—while Lysander paused a little, after uttering the foregoing in a rapid and glowing manner—"enough for this effeminate vanity in man! What other ills have you to enumerate, which assail the region of literature?"—"I will tell you," replied Lysander, "another, and a most lamentable evil, which perverts the very end for which talents were given us—and it is in mistaking and misapplying these talents. I speak with reference to the individual himself, and not to the public. You may remember how grievously ALFONSO bore the lot which public criticism, with one voice, adjudged to him! This man had

good natural parts, and would have abridged a history, made an index, or analyzed a philosophical work, with great credit to himself and advantage to the public. But he set his heart upon eclipsing Doctors Johnson and Jamieson. He happened to know a few etymons more correctly, and to have some little acquaintance with black letter literature, and hence thought to give more weight to lexicographical inquiries than had hitherto distinguished them. But how miserably he was deceived in all his undertakings of this kind past events have sufficiently shewn. No, my good Philemon, to be of use to the republic of literature, let us know our situations; and let us not fail to remember that, in the best appointed army, the serjeant may be of equal utility with the captain.

"I will notice only one other, and a very great, failing observable in literary men—and this is severity and self-consequence. You will find that these severe characters generally set up the trade of *Critics*; without attending to the just maxim of Pope, that

Ten censure wrong, for one that writes amiss.

"With them, the least deviation from precise correctness, the most venial trippings, the smallest inattention paid to doubtful rules and equivocal positions of criticism, inflames their anger, and calls forth their invectives. Regardless of the sage maxims of Cicero,

Quintilian, and Horace, they not only disdain the sober rules which their ancient brethren have wisely laid down, and hold in contempt the voice of the public,[84] but, forgetting the subject which they have undertaken to criticise, they push the author out of his seat, quietly sit in it themselves, and fancy they entertain you by the gravity of their deportment, and their rash usurpation of the royal monosyllable 'Nos.'[85] This solemn pronoun, or rather 'plural style,'[86] my dear Philemon, is oftentimes usurped by a half-starved little *I*, who sits immured in the dusty recess of a garret, and who has never known the society nor the language of a gentleman; or it is assumed by a young graduate, just settled in his chambers, and flushed with the triumph of his degree of 'B.A.', whose 'fond conceyte' [to borrow Master Francis Thynne's[87] terse style,] is, to wrangle for an asses shadowe, or to seke a knott in a rushe!'

[84] "Interdum vulgus rectum videt:" says Horace.—*Epist. lib.* ii. *ad. Augustum*, v. 63.

[85] Vide RYMERI *Fœdera*—passim.

[86] A very recent, and very respectable, authority has furnished me with this expression.

[87] See Mr. Todd's *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*, p. 10.

"For my part," continued Lysander, speaking with the most unaffected seriousness—"for my part, nothing delights me more than modesty and diffidence, united with 'strong good sense, lively imagination, and exquisite sensibility,'[88] whether in an author or a critic. When I call to mind that our greatest sages have concluded their labours with doubt, and an avowal of their ignorance; when I see how carefully and reverently they have pushed forward their most successful inquiries; when I see the great Newton pausing and perplexed in the vast world of planets, comets, and constellations, which were, in a measure, of his own creation —I learn to soften the asperity of my critical anathemas, and to allow to an author that portion of fallibility of which I am conscious myself.

[88] It is said, very sensibly, by La Bruyere, I will allow that good writers are scarce enough; but then I ask where are the people that know how to read and judge? A union of these qualities, which are seldom found in the same person, seems to be indispensably necessary to form an able critic; he ought to possess strong good sense, lively imagination, and exquisite sensibility. And of these three qualities, the last is the most important; since, after all that can be said on the utility or necessity of rules and precepts, it

must be confessed that the merit of all works of genius must be determined by taste and sentiment. "Why do you so much admire the Helen of Zeuxis?" said one to Nicostratus. "You would not wonder why I so much admired it (replied the painter) if you had my eyes."—WARTON: Note to Pope's Essay on Criticism. *Pope's Works*, vol. i. 196, edit. 1806.

"I see then," rejoined Philemon, "that you are an enemy to *Reviews*."[89] "Far from it," replied Lysander, "I think them of essential service to literature. They hold a lash over ignorance and vanity; and, at any rate, they take care to bestow a hearty castigation upon vicious and sensual publications. Thus far they do good: but, in many respects, they do ill—by substituting their own opinions for those of an author; by judging exclusively according to their own previously formed decisions in matters of religion and politics; and by shutting out from your view the plan, and real tendency, of the book which they have undertaken to review, and therefore ought to analyze. It is, to be sure, amusing to read the clamours which have been raised against some of the most valuable, and now generally received, works! When an author recollects the pert conclusion of Dr. Kenrick's review of Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides,[90] he need not fear the flippancy of a reviewer's wit, as decisive of the fate of his publication!

[89] The earliest publications, I believe, in this country, in the character of REVIEWS were there *Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious*, &c. Lond. 1683, 4to.—and *The Universal Historical Bibliotheque*: or an Account of most of the considerable Books printed in all Languages, in the Month of January 1686. London, 1687, 4to. Five years afterwards came forth *The Young Student's Library*, by the Athenian Society, 1692, folio, "a kind of common theatre where every person may act, or take such part as pleases him best, and what he does not like he may pass over, assuring himself that, every one's judgment not being like his, another may chuse what he mislikes, and so every one may be pleased in their turns." Pref. A six weeks' frost is said to have materially delayed the publication. After these, in the subsequent century, appeared the *Old and New Memoirs of Literature*; then, the *Works of the Learned*; upon which was built, eclipsing every one that had preceeded it, and not excelled by any subsequent similar critical journal, *The Monthly Review*.

[90] After all, said the reviewing Doctor, we are of opinion, with the author himself, that this publication contains 'the sentiments of one who has seen but little:' meaning, thereby, that the book was hardly worth perusal! What has become of the said Dr. Kenrick now? We will not ask the same question about the said DR. JOHNSON; whose works are upon the shelf

of every reading man of sense and virtue.

"It is certainly," pursued Lysander, "a very prolific age of knowledge. There never was, at any one period of the world, so much general understanding abroad. The common receptacles of the lower orders of people present, in some degree, intellectual scenes. I mean, that collision of logic, and corruscation of wit, which arise from the perusal of a newspaper; a production, by-the-bye, upon which Cowper has conferred immortality.[91] You may remember, when we were driven by a sharp tempest of hail into the small public-house which stands at the corner of the heath—what a *logomachy*—what a *war of words* did we hear! and all about sending troops to the north or south of Spain, and the justice or injustice of the newly-raised prices of admission to Covent Garden theatre!![92] The stage-coach, if you recollect, passed by quickly after our having drunk a tumbler of warm brandy and water to preserve ourselves from catching cold; and into it glad enough we were to tumble! We had no sooner begun to be tolerably comfortable and composed than a grave old gentleman commenced a most furious Philippic against the prevailing studies, politics, and religion of the day—and, in truth, this man evinced a wonderfully retentive memory, and a fair share of powers of argument; bringing everything, however, to the standard of his *own times*. It was in vain we strove to edge in the

great *Whig and Tory Reviews* of the northern and southern hemispheres! The obdurate champion of other times would not listen a moment, or stir one inch, in favour of these latter publications. When he quitted us, we found that he was a —— of considerable consequence in the neighbourhood, and had acquired his fortune from the superior sagacity and integrity he had displayed in consequence of having been educated at the free-school in the village of ——, one of the few public schools in this kingdom which has not frustrated the legitimate views of its pious founder, by converting that into a foppish and expensive establishment which was at once designed as an asylum for the poor and an academy to teach wisdom and good morals."

[91] See the opening the fourth book of "*The Task*;" a picture perfectly original and unrivalled in its manner.

[92] It is not less true, than surprising, that the ridiculous squabbles, which disgraced both this theatre and the metropolis, have been deemed deserving of a regular series of publications in the shape of numbers—1, 2, 3, &c. As if the subject had not been sufficiently well handled in the lively sallies and brilliant touches of satire which had before appeared upon it in the *Monthly Mirror*!

Philemon was about to reply, with his usual warmth and quickness, to the latter part of these remarks—as bearing too severely upon the eminent public seminaries within seventy miles of the metropolis—but Lysander, guessing his intentions from his manner and attitude, cut the dialogue short by observing that we did not meet to discuss subjects of a personal and irritable nature, and which had already exercised the wits of two redoubted champions of the church—but that our object, and the object of all rational and manly discussion, was to state opinions with frankness, without intending to wound the feelings, or call forth the animadversions, of well-meaning and respectable characters. "I know," continued he, "that you, Philemon, have been bred in one of these establishments, under a man as venerable for his years as he is eminent for his talents and worth; who employs the leisure of dignified retirement in giving to the world the result of his careful and profound researches; who, drinking largely at the fountain head of classical learning, and hence feeling the renovated vigour of youth (without having recourse to the black art of a Cornelius Agrippa[93]), circumnavigates 'the Erythrean sea'—then, ascending the vessel of Nearchus, he coasts 'from Indus to the Euphrates'—and explores with an ardent eye what is curious and what is precious, and treasures in his sagacious mind what is most likely to gratify and improve his fellow-countrymen. A rare and eminent

instance this of the judicious application of acquired knowledge!—and how much more likely is it to produce good, and to secure solid fame, than to fritter away one's strength, and undermine one's health, in perpetual pugilistic contests with snarling critics, dull commentators, and foul-mouthed philologists."

[93] Let him who wishes to be regaled in a dull dreary night—when the snow is heavily falling, and the wind whistles hollowly—open those leaves of Bayle's *Historical and Biographical Dictionary* which relate to this extraordinary character; and see there how adroitly Agrippa is defended against the accusation of "having two devils attending him in the shape of two little dogs—one of them being called Monsieur, and the other Mademoiselle"—"whereas Paulus Jovius, Thevet, &c., speak only of *one* dog, and never mention his name." Vol. i. 357, 361; edit. 1736, 10 vols. folio.

The bibliographer, who wishes to be master of the most curious and rare editions of his works, may go from Bayle to Clement, and from Clement to Vogt. He must beware of the castrated Lyons' editions "per Beringos fratres"—against one of which Bayle declaims, and produces a specimen (quite to his own liking) of the passage suppressed:—another, of a similar kind, is adduced by Vogt (edit. 1793, pp. 19, 20); who tells us, however, that an

edition of 1544, 8vo., without mention of place or printer—and especially a Cologne edition of 1598, by Hierat, in 12mo.—exhibits the like castrations; p. 20. This has escaped Clement, learned as he is upon the Lyons' editions, vol. i. 94, 95, 96. Bauer (*Bibl. Libr. Rarior.*) is here hardly worth consulting; and the compilers of the celebrated *Nouveau Dict. Historique* (Caen edit. 1789, vol. i. p. 7. Art. Agrippa) deserve censure for the recommendation of these Lyons' editions only.

Agrippa's "VANITY OF SCIENCES" was first published at Antwerp in 4to. 1530; a book, upon the rarity of which bibliographers delight to expatiate. His "OCCULT PHILOSOPHY"—according to Bayle, in 1531 (at least, the Elector of Cologne had seen several printed leaves of it in this year), but according to Vogt and Bauer, in 1533. —There is no question about the edition of 1533; of which Vogt tells us, "An Englishman, residing at Frankfort, anxiously sought for a copy of it, offering fifty crowns (imperiales) and more, without success." All the editions in Agrippa's life-time (before 1536) are considered uncastrated, and the best. It should not be forgotten that Brucker, in his *Hist. Crit. Phil.*, has given a masterly account of Agrippa, and an analysis of his works.

Philemon heartily assented to the truth of these

remarks; and, more than once, interrupted Lysander in his panegyrical peroration by his cheerings:[94] for he had, in his youth (as was before observed), been instructed by the distinguished character upon whom the eulogy had been pronounced.

[94] This word is almost peculiar to our own country, and means a vehement degree of applause. It is generally used previous to, and during, a contest of any kind—whether by men in red coats, or blue coats, or black coats—upon land, upon water, or within doors. Even the walls of St. Stephen's chapel frequently echo to the "*loud cheerings*" of some kind or other. See every newspaper on every important debate.

The effort occasioned by the warmth in discussing such interesting subjects nearly exhausted Lysander—when it was judged prudent to retire to rest. Each had his chamber assigned to him; and while the chequered moon-beam played upon the curtains and the wall, through the half-opened shutter, the minds of Lysander and Philemon felt a correspondent tranquillity; and sweet were their slumbers till the morning shone full upon them.



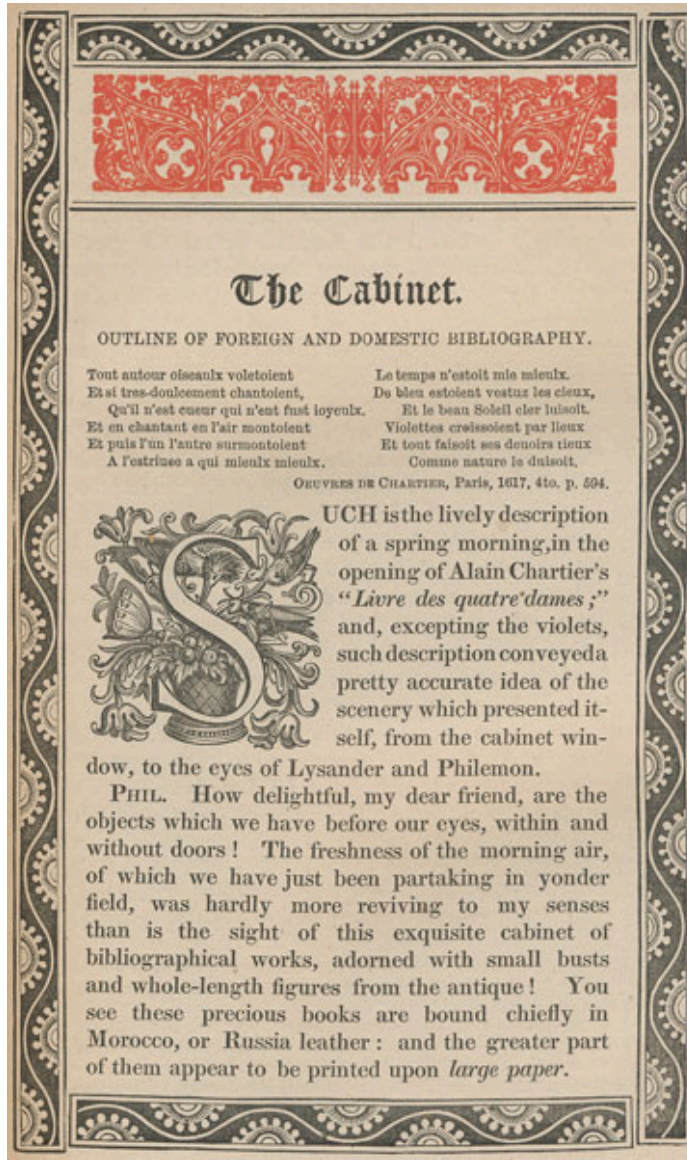
PART II.

The Cabinet.

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Condemn the daies of elders great or small,
And then blurre out the course of present tyme:
Cast one age down, and so doe orethrow all,
And burne the bookes of printed prose or ryme:
Who shall beleeve he rules, or she doth reign,
In tyme to come, if writers loose their paine
The pen records tyme past and present both:
Skill brings foorth bookes, and bookes is nurse to troth.
CHURCHYARD'S *Worthiness of Wales*
p. 18, edit. 1776.





The Cabinet.

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Tout autour oiseaulx voletoient
Et si tres-doulcement chantoient,
Qu'il n'est cueur qui n'eut fust joyeulx.
Et en chantant en l'air montoient
Et puis l'un l'autre surmontoient
A l'estrinee a qui mieulx mieulx.

Le temps n'estoit mie mieulx.
De bleu estoient vestuz les cieux,
Et le beau Soleil cler luisoit.
Violettes croissoient par lieux
Et tout faisoit ses deuoirs tieux
Comme nature le duisoit.

Oeuvres de Chartier, Paris, 1617, 4to. p. 594.

SUCH is the lively description of a spring morning, in the opening of Alain Chartier's "*Livre des quatre dames;*" and, excepting the violets, such description conveyed a pretty accurate idea of the scenery which presented itself, from the cabinet window, to the eyes of Lysander and Philemon.

PHIL. How delightful, my dear friend, are the objects which we have before our eyes, within and without doors! The freshness of the morning air, of which we have just been partaking in yonder field, was hardly more reviving to my senses than is the sight of this exquisite cabinet of bibliographical works, adorned with small busts and whole-length figures from the antique! You see these precious books are bound chiefly in Morocco, or Russia leather: and the greater part of them appear to be printed upon *large paper*.

[Enlarge]

The Cabinet.

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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Et si tres-doulcement chantoient,
Qu'il n'est cueur qui n'ent fust ioyeulx.
Et en chantant en l'air montoient
Et puis l'un l'autre surmontoient
A l'estriuee a qui mieulx mieulx.
Le temps n'estoit mie mieulx.
De bleu estoient vestuz les cieux,
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LYSAND. Our friend makes these books a sort of hobby-horse, and perhaps indulges his vanity in them to excess. They are undoubtedly useful in their way.

PHIL. You are averse then to the study of bibliography?

LYSAND. By no means. I have already told you of my passion for books, and cannot, therefore, dislike bibliography. I think, with Lambinet, that the greater part of bibliographical works are sufficiently dry and soporific:[95] but I am not insensible to the utility, and even entertainment, which may result from a proper cultivation of it—although both De Bure and Peignot appear to me to have gone greatly beyond the mark, in lauding this study as "one of the most attractive and vast pursuits in which the human mind can be engaged."[96]

[95] *Recherches, &c., sur l'Origine de l'Imprimerie*: Introd. p. x. Lambinet adds very justly, "L'art consiste à les rendre supportables par des objets variés de littérature, de critique, d'anecdotes," &c.

[96] See the "Discours sur la Science Bibliographique," &c., in the eighth volume of De Bure's *Bibl. Instruct.* and Peignot's *Dictionnaire Raisonné de Biblilolgie*, vol. i. p. 50. The passage, in the former authority, beginning "Sans cesse"—p. xvj.—would almost warm the benumbed heart of a

thorough-bred mathematician, and induce him to exchange his Euclid for De Bure!!

PHIL. But to know what books are valuable and what are worthless; their intrinsic and extrinsic merits; their rarity, beauty, and particularities of various kinds; and the estimation in which they are consequently held by knowing men—these things add a zest to the gratification we feel in even looking upon and handling certain volumes.

LYSAND. It is true, my good Philemon; because knowledge upon any subject, however trivial, is more gratifying than total ignorance; and even if we could cut and string cherry-stones, like Cowper's rustic boy, it would be better than brushing them aside, without knowing that they could be converted to such a purpose. Hence I am always pleased with Le Long's reply to the caustic question of Father Malebranche, when the latter asked him, "how he could be so foolish as to take such pains about settling the date of a book, or making himself master of trivial points of philosophy!"—"Truth is so delightful," replied Le Long, "even in the most trivial matters, that we must neglect nothing to discover her." This reply, to a man who was writing, or had written, an essay upon truth was admirable. Mons. A.G. CAMUS, a good scholar, and an elegant bibliographer, [of whom you will see some account in "*Les Siecles*

Litteraires de la France,"] has, I think, placed the study of bibliography in a just point of view; and to his observations, in the first volume of the "*Memoires de l'Institut National*," I must refer you.[97]

[97] Lysander had probably the following passage more particularly in recollection; which, it must be confessed, bears sufficiently hard upon fanciful and ostentatious collectors of books. "[Il y a] deux sortes de connoissance des livres: l'une qui se renferme presque uniquement dans les dehors et la forme du livre, pour apprécier, d'après sa date, d'après la caractère de l'impression, d'après certaines notes, quelquefois seulement d'après une erreur typographique, les qualités qui le font ranger dans la classe des livres rares où curieux, et qui fixent sa valeur pecuniaire: l'autre genre de connoissance consiste à savoir quels sont les livres les plus propres à instruire, ceux où les sujets sont le plus clairement présentés et le plus profondement discutés; les ouvrages à l'aide desquels il est possible de saisir l'origine de la science, de la suivre dans ses développemens, d'atteindre le point actuel de la perfection. Sans doute il seroit avantageux que ces deux genres de connoisances fussent toujours réunis: l'expérience montre qu'ils le sont rairement; l'expérience montre encore que le premier des deux genres a été plus cultivé que le second. Nous possédons, sur

l'indication des livres curieux et rares, sur les antiquités et les bijoux litteraires, si l'on me permet d'employer cette expression, des instructions meilleures que nous n'en avons sur les livres propres à instruire foncièrement des sciences. En recherchant la cause de cette difference, on la trouvera peut-être dans la passion que des hommes riches et vains ont montrée pour posséder des livres sans être en état de les lire. Il a fallu créer pour eux une sorte de bibliotheque composée d'objets qui, sous la forme exterieure de livres, ne fussent réellement que des raretés, des objets de curiosité, qu'on ne lit pas, mais que tantôt on regarde avec complaisance, tantôt en montre avec ostentation; et comme après cela c'est presque toujours le goût des personnes en état de récompenser qui dirige le but des travailleurs, on ne doit pas être surpris qu'on se soit plus occupé d'indiquer aux hommes riches dont je parle, des raretés à acquérir, ou de vanter celles qu'ils avoient rassemblées, que de faciliter, par des indications utiles, les travaux des hommes studieux dont on n'attendoit aucune récompense." *Memoires de l'Institut*, vol. i. 664. See also the similar remarks of Jardé, in the "Précis sur les Bibliotheques," prefixed to Fournier's *Dict. portatif de Bibliographie*, edit. 1809.

Something like the same animadversions may be found in a useful book printed nearly two centuries before: "Non enim cogitant quales ipsi, sed qualibus induti vestibus sint, et quanta pompa rerum

fortunæque præfulgeant—sunt enim omnino ridiculi, qui in nuda librorum quantumvis selectissimorum multitudine gloriantur, et inde doctos sese atque admirandos esse persuadent." Draudius: *Bibliotheca Classica*, ed. 1611. Epist. ad. Lect. Spizelius has also a good passage upon the subject, in his description of Book-Gluttons ("Helluones Librorum"): "cum immensa pené librorum sit multitudo et varietas, fieri non potest, quin eorum opibus ditescere desiderans (hæres), non assiduam longamque lectionem adhibeat." *Infelix Literatus*, p. 296, edit. 1680, 8vo.

PHIL. I may want time, and probably inclination, to read these observations: and, at any rate, I should be better pleased with your analysis of them.

LYSAND. That would lead me into a wide field indeed; and, besides, our friend—who I see walking hastily up the garden—is impatient for his breakfast; 'tis better, therefore, that we satisfy just now an appetite of a different kind.

PHIL. But you promise to renew the subject afterwards?

LYSAND. I will make no such promise. If our facetious friend LISARDO, who is expected shortly to join us, should happen to direct our attention and the discourse to the sale of MALVOLIO'S busts and statues, what favourable

opportunity do you suppose could present itself for handling so unpromising a subject as bibliography?

PHIL. Well, well, let us hope he will not come: or, if he does, let us take care to carry the point by a majority of votes. I hear the gate bell ring: 'tis Lisardo, surely!

Three minutes afterwards, Lisardo and myself, who met in the passage from opposite doors, entered the Cabinet. Mutual greetings succeeded: and, after a hearty breakfast, the conversation was more systematically renewed.

LIS. I am quite anxious to give you a description of the fine things which were sold at Malvolio's mansion yesterday! Amongst colossal Minervas, and pigmy fauns and satyrs, a magnificent set of books, in ten or twelve folio volumes (I forget the precise number) in Morocco binding, was to be disposed of.

LYSAND. The Clementine and Florentine museums?

LIS. No indeed—a much less interesting work. A catalogue of the manuscripts and printed books in the library of the French king, Louis the fifteenth. It was odd enough to see such a work in such a sale!

PHIL. You did not probably bid ten guineas for it, Lisardo?

LIS. Not ten shillings. What should I do with

such books? You know I have a mortal aversion to them, and to every thing connected with bibliographical learning.

PHIL. That arises, I presume, from your profound knowledge of the subject; and, hence, finding it, as Solomon found most pursuits, "vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit."

LIS. Not so, truly! I have taken an aversion to it from mere whim and fancy: or rather from downright ignorance.

PHIL. But I suppose you would not object to be set right upon any subject of which you are ignorant or misinformed? You don't mean to sport *hereditary* aversions, or hereditary attachments?

LIS. Why, perhaps, something of the kind. My father, who was the best creature upon earth, happened to come into the possession of a huge heap of catalogues of private collections, as well as of booksellers' books—and I remember, on a certain fifth of November, when my little hands could scarcely grasp the lamplighter's link that he bade me set fire to them, and shout forth—"Long live the King!"—ever since I have held them in sovereign contempt.

PHIL. I love the king too well to suppose that his life could have been lengthened by any such barbarous act. You were absolutely a little Chi Ho-am-ti, or Omar![98] Perhaps you were not aware that his majesty is in possession of many

valuable books, which are described with great care and accuracy in some of these very catalogues.

[98] Pope, in his Dunciad, has treated the conflagration of the two great ancient libraries, with his usual poetical skill:

"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their PHYSIC OF THE SOUL."

"Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire."

"The caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the

Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription: 'ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ:' 'THE PHYSIC OF THE SOUL.'" Warburton's note. The last editor of Pope's works, (vol. v. 214.) might have referred us to the very ingenious observations of Gibbon, upon the probability of this latter event: see his "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," vol. ix. 440, &c.

LIS. The act, upon reflection, was no doubt sufficiently foolish. But why so warm upon the subject?

LYSAND. Let me defend Philemon; or at least account for his zeal. Just before you came in, he was leading me to give him some account of the RISE AND PROGRESS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY; and was fearful that, from your noted aversion to the subject, you would soon cut asunder the thread of our conversation.

LIS. If you can convert me to be an admirer of such a subject, or even to endure it, you will work wonders; and, unless you promise to do so, I know not whether I shall suffer you to begin.

PHIL. Begin, my dear Lysander. A mind disposed to listen attentively is sometimes half converted. O, how I shall rejoice to see this bibliographical incendiary going about to buy up copies of the very works which he has destroyed! Listen, I entreat you, Lisardo.

LIS. I am all attention; for I see the clouds gathering in the south, and a gloomy, if not a showery, mid-day, promises to darken this beauteous morning. 'Twill not be possible to attend the antiques at Malvolio's sale.

LYSAND. Whether the sun shine, or the showers fall, I will make an attempt—not to convert, but to state simple truths: provided you "lend me your ears."

PHIL. And our hearts too. Begin: for the birds drop their notes, and the outlines of the distant landscape are already dimmed by the drizzling rain.

LYSAND. You call upon me as formally as the shepherds call upon one another to sing in Virgil's eclogues. But I will do my best.

It is gratifying to the English nation—whatever may have been the strictures of foreigners[99] upon the paucity of their bibliographico-literary works in the 16th century—that the earliest printed volume upon the love and advantages of book-collecting was the *Philobiblion*[100] of RICHARD DE BURY; who was bishop of Durham at the close of the 14th century, and tutor to Edward III. I will at present say nothing about the merits and demerits of this short treatise; only I may be permitted to observe, with satisfaction, that the head of the same see, at the present day, has given many proofs of his attachment to those studies, and of his reward

of such merit as attracted the notice of his illustrious predecessor. It is with pain that I am compelled to avow the paucity of publications, in our own country, of a nature similar to the *Philobiblion* of De Bury, even for two centuries after it was composed; but while Leland was making his library-tour, under the auspices of that capricious tyrant Henry VIII., many works were planned *abroad*, which greatly facilitated the researches of the learned.

[99] "Anglica gens longe fuit negligentior in consignandis ingeniorum monumentis; nihil enim ab illis prodiit, quod mereatur nominari, cum tamen sint extentque pene innumera ingeniossimæ gentis in omnibus doctrinis scripta, prodeantque quotidie, tam Latina, quam vernacula lingua, plura," Morhof: *Polyhist. Literar.* vol. i. 205, edit. 1747.

Reimmannus carries his strictures, upon the jealousy of foreigners at the success of the Germans in bibliography, with a high hand: "Ringantur Itali, nasum incurvent Galli, supercilium adducant Hispani, scita cavilla serant Britanni, frendeant, spument, bacchentur ii omnes, qui præstantiam MUSARUM GERMANICARUM limis oculis aspiciunt," &c.—"hoc tamen certum, firmum, ratum, et inconcussum est, GERMANOS primos fuisse in Rep. Literaria, qui Indices Librorum Generales, Speciales et Specialissimos conficere, &c. annisi sunt."—A little further, however, he speaks respectfully of our James, Hyde, and Bernhard. See his ably-written *Bibl. Acroamatica*, pp. 1, 6.

[100] "*Sive de Amore Librorum.*" The first edition, hitherto so acknowledged, of this entertaining work, was printed at Spires, by John and Conrad Hist, in 1483, 4to., a book of great rarity—according to Clement, vol. v. 435; Bauer (*Suppl. Bibl. Libr. Rarior*, pt. i. 276); Maichelius, p. 127;

and Morhof, vol. i. 187. Mons. De La Serna Santander has assigned the date of 1473 to this edition: see his *Dict. Bibliog. Chois.* vol. ii. 257,—but, above all, consult Clement—to whom Panzer, vol. iii. p. 22, very properly refers his readers. And yet some of Clement's authorities do not exactly bear him out in the identification of this impression. Mattaire, vol. i. 449, does not appear to have ever seen a copy of it: but, what is rather extraordinary, Count Macarty has a copy of a Cologne edition in 4to., of the date of 1473. No other edition of it is known to have been printed till the year 1500; when two impressions of this date were published at Paris, in 4to.: the one by Philip for Petit, of which both Clement and Fabricius (*Bibl. Med. et Inf. Ætat.* vol. i. 842, &c.) were ignorant; but of which, a copy, according to Panzer, vol. ii. 336, should seem to be in the public library at Gottingen; the other, by Badius Ascensius, is somewhat more commonly known. A century elapsed before this work was deemed deserving of republication; when the country that had given birth to, and the university that had directed the studies of, its illustrious author, put forth an inelegant reprint of it in 4to. 1599—from which some excerpts will be found in the ensuing pages—but in the meantime the reader may consult the title-page account of Herbert, vol. iii. p. 1408. Of none of these latter editions were the sharp eyes of Clement ever blessed with a sight of a copy! See his *Bibl. Curcuse*, &c. vol. v. 438.

The 17th century made some atonement for the negligence of the past, in regard to RICHARD DE BURY. At Frankfort his *Philobiblion* was reprinted, with "a Century of Philological Letters," collected by Goldastus, in 1610, 8vo—and this same work appeared again, at Leipsic, in 1674, 8vo. At length the famous Schmidt put forth an edition, with some new pieces, "typis et sumtibus Georgii Wolffgangii Hammii, Acad. Typog. 1703," 4to. Of this latter edition, neither Maichelius nor the last editor of Morhof take notice. It may be worth while adding that the subscription in red ink, which Fabricius (*ibid.*) notices as being subjoined to a vellum MS. of this work, in his own possession—and which states that it was finished at Auckland, in the year 1343, in the 58th of its author, and at the close of the 11th year of his episcopacy—may be found, in substance, in Hearne's edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. ii. 385, edit. 1774.

Among the men who first helped to clear away the rubbish that impeded the progress of the student, was the learned and modest CONRAD GESNER; at once a scholar, a philosopher, and a bibliographer: and upon whom Julius Scaliger, Theodore Beza, and De Thou, have pronounced noble eulogiums.[101] His *Bibliotheca Universalis* was the first thing, since the discovery of the art of printing, which enabled the curious to become acquainted with the works of preceding

authors: thus kindling, by the light of such a lamp, the fire of emulation among his contemporaries and successors. I do not pretend to say that the *Bibliotheca* of Gesner is any thing like perfect, even as far as it goes: but, considering that the author had to work with his own materials alone, and that the degree of fame and profit attached to such a publication was purely speculative, he undoubtedly merits the thanks of posterity for having completed it even in the manner in which it has come down to us. Consider Gesner as the father of bibliography; and if, at the sale of Malvolio's busts, there be one of this great man, purchase it, good Lisardo, and place it over the portico of your library.

[101] His *Bibliotheca*, or *Catalogus Universalis, &c.*, was first printed in a handsome folio volume at Zurich, 1545. Lycosthyne put forth a wretched abridgement of this work, which was printed by the learned Oporinus, in 4to., 1551. Robert Constantine, the lexicographer, also abridged and published it in 1555, Paris, 8vo.; and William Canter is said by Labbe to have written notes upon Simler's edition, which Baillet took for granted to be in existence, and laments not to have seen them; but he is properly corrected by De La Monnoye, who reminds us that it was a mere report, which Labbe gave as he found it. I never saw Simler's

own editions of his excellent abridgement and enlargement of it in 1555 and 1574; but Frisius published it, with great improvements, in 1583, fol., adding many articles, and abridging and omitting many others. Although this latter edition be called the *edit. opt.* it will be evident that the *editio originalis* is yet a desideratum in every bibliographical collection. Nor indeed does Frisius's edition take away the necessity of consulting a supplement to Gesner, which appeared at the end of the *Bibliothéque Françoise* of Du Verdier, 1584. It may be worth stating that Hallevordius's *Bibliotheca Curiòsa*, 1656, 1687, 4to., is little better than a supplement to the preceding work.

The *Pandects* of Gesner, 1548, fol. are also well worth the bibliographer's notice. Each of the 20 books, of which the volume is composed, is preceded by an interesting dedicatory epistle to some eminent printer of day. Consult Baillet's *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii. p. 11. *Bibl. Creven.* vol. v. p. 278; upon this latter work more particularly; and Morhof's *Polyhistor. Literar.* vol. i. 197, and Vogt's *Catalog. Libr. Rarior.*, p. 164: upon the former. Although the *Dictionnaire Historique*, published at Caen, in 1789, notices the botanical and lexicographical works of Gesner, it has omitted to mention these Pandects: which however, are uncommon.

LIS. All this is very well. Proceed with the patriarchal age of your beloved bibliography.

LYSAND. I was about resuming, with observing that our BALE speedily imitated the example of Gesner, in putting forth his *Britanniæ Scriptores*; [102] the materials of the greater part of which were supplied by Leland. This work is undoubtedly necessary to every Englishman, but its errors are manifold. Let me now introduce to your notice the little work of FLORIAN TREFLER, published in 1560;[103] also the first thing in its kind, and intimately connected with our present subject. The learned, it is true, were not much pleased with it; but it afforded a rough outline upon which Naudæus afterwards worked, and produced, as you will find, a more pleasing and perfect picture. A few years after this, appeared the *Erotemata* of MICHAEL NEANDER;[104] in the long and learned preface to which, and in the catalogue of his and of Melancthon's works subjoined, some brilliant hints of a bibliographical nature were thrown out, quite sufficient to inflame the lover of book-anecdotes with a desire of seeing a work perfected according to such a plan: but Neander was unwilling, or unable, to put his design into execution. Bibliography, however, now began to make rather a rapid progress; and, in France, the ancient writers of history and poetry seemed to live again in the *Bibliotheque Françoise* of LA CROIX DU MAINE and DU

VERDIER.[105] Nor were the contemporaneous similar efforts of CARDONA to be despised: a man, indeed, skilled in various erudition, and distinguished for his unabating perseverance in examining all the MSS. and printed books that came in his way. The manner, slight as it was, in which Cardona[106] mentioned the Vatican library, aroused the patriotic ardor of PANSA; who published his *Bibliotheca Vaticana*, in the Italian language, in the year 1590; and in the subsequent year appeared the rival production of ANGELUS ROCCHA, written in Latin, under the same title.[107] The magnificent establishment of the VATICAN PRESS, under the auspices of Pope Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. and under the typographical direction of the grandson of Aldus,[108] called forth these publications—which might, however, have been executed with more splendour and credit.

[102] The first edition of this work, under the title of "*Illustrium maioris Britanniæ Scriptorum, hoc est, Anglæ, Cambriæ, ac Scotiæ summarium, in quasnam centurias divisum, &c.*," was printed at Ipswich, in 1548, 4to., containing three supposed portraits of Bale, and a spurious one of Wicliffe. Of the half length portrait of Bale, upon a single leaf, as noticed by Herbert, vol. iii. 1457, I have doubts about its appearance in all the copies. The above work was again published at Basil, by Opornius, in 1559, fol., greatly enlarged

and corrected, with a magnificent half length portrait of Bale, from which the one in a subsequent part of this work was either copied on a reduced scale, or of which it was the prototype. His majesty has perhaps the finest copy of this last edition of Bale's *Scriptores Britanniæ*, in existence.

[103] "Les Savans n'ont nullemont été satisfaits des règles prescrites par FLORIAN TREffER (Trefler) le premièr dont on connoisse un écrit sur ce sujet [de la disposition des livres dans une bibliothèque]. Sa méthode de classer les livres fut imprimée à Augsbourg en 1560." Camus: *Memoires de l'Institut*. vol. i. 646. The title is "Methodus Ordinandi Bibliothecam," Augustæ, 1560. The extreme rarity of this book does not appear to have arisen from its utility—if the authority quoted by Vogt, p. 857, edit. 1793, may be credited. Bauer repeats Vogt's account; and Teisser, Morhof, and Baillet, overlook the work.

[104] It would appear, from Morhof, that NEANDER meditated the publication of a work similar to the *Pandects* of Gesner; which would, in all probability, have greatly excelled it. The "*Erotemata Græcæ Linguæ*" was published at Basil in 1565, 8vo. Consult *Polyhist. Liter.* vol. i. 199: *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. iii. art. 887, but more particularly Niceron's *Memoires des Hommes Illustres*, vol. xxx. In regard to Neander, Vogt has given the title at length

(a sufficiently tempting one!) calling the work "very rare," and the preface of Neander (which is twice the length of the work) "curious and erudite." See his *Catalog. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 614, edit. 1793.

[105] LA CROIX DU MAINE'S book appeared toward the end of the year 1584; and that of his coadjutor, ANTHONY VERDIER, in the beginning of the subsequent year. They are both in folio, and are usually bound in one volume. Of these works, the first is the rarest and best executed; but the very excellent edition of both of them, by DE LA MONNOYE and JUVIGNY, in six volumes, 4to., 1772, which has realized the patriotic wishes of Baillet, leaves nothing to be desired in the old editions—and these are accordingly dropping fast into annihilation. It would appear from an advertisement of De Bure, subjoined to his catalogue of Count Macarty's books, 1779, 8vo., that there were then remaining only eleven copies of this new edition upon LARGE PAPER, which were sold for one hundred and twenty livres. Claude Verdier, son of Antony, who published a supplement to Gesner's Bibliotheca, and a "*Censio auctorum omnium veterum et recentiorum*," affected to censure his father's work, and declared that nothing but parental respect could have induced him to consent to its publication—but consult the *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii. 87-8, upon Claude's filial affection; and Morhof's *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 176, concerning the "Censio," &c.

—"misere," exclaims Morhof, "ille corvos deludit hiantes: nam ubi censuram suam exercet, manifestum hominis phrenesin facile deprehendas!" The ancient editions are well described in *Bibl. Creven.*, vol. v., 277-8, edit. 1776—but more particularly by De Bure, nos. 6020-1. A copy of the ancient edition was sold at West's sale for 2*l.* 15*s.* See *Bibl. West.*, No. 934.

[106] JOHN BAPTIST CARDONA, a learned and industrious writer, and bishop of Tortosa, published a quarto volume at Tarracona, in 1537, 4to.—comprehending the following four pieces: 1. *De regia Sancti Lamentii Bibliotheca*: 2. *De Bibliothecis* (*Ex Fulvio Ursino,*) et *De Bibliotheca Vaticana (ex Omphrii Schedis)*: 3. *De Expurgandis hæreticorum propriis nominibus*: 4. *De Dipthycis*. Of these, the first, in which he treats of collecting all manner of useful books, and having able librarians, and in which he strongly exhorts Philip II. to put the Escurial library into good order, is the most valuable to the bibliographer. Vogt, p. 224, gives us two authorities to shew the rarity of this book; and Baillet refers us to the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Antonio.

[107] MUTIUS PANZA'S work, under the title of *Ragionamenti della Libraria Vaticana*, Rome, 1590, 4to., and ANGELUS ROCCHA'S, that of *Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana, Rome*, 1591, 4to., relate rather to the ornaments of architecture and painting, than to a useful and critical analysis, or a numbered catalogue, of the

books within the Vatican library. The authors of both are accused by Morhof of introducing quite extraneous and uninteresting matter. Roccha's book, however, is worth possessing, as it is frequently quoted by bibliographers. How far it may be "Liber valde quidem rarus," as Vogt intimates, I will not pretend to determine. It has a plate of the Vatican Library, and another of St. Peter's Cathedral. The reader may consult, also, the *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., p. 141. My copy of this work, purchased at the sale of Dr. Heath's books, has a few pasted printed slips in the margins—some of them sufficiently curious.

[108] Consult Renouard's *L'Imprimerie des Alde*, vol. ii., 122, &c. One of the grandest works which ever issued from the Vatican press, under the superintendence of Aldus, was the vulgate bible of Pope Sixtus V., 1590, fol., the copies of which, upon LARGE PAPER, are sufficiently well known and coveted. A very pleasing and satisfactory account of this publication will be found in the *Horæ Biblicæ* of Mr. Charles Butler, a gentleman who has long and justly maintained the rare character of a profound lawyer, an elegant scholar, and a well-versed antiquary and philologist.

Let us here not forget that the celebrated LIPSIUS condescended to direct his talents to the subject of libraries; and his very name, as

Baillet justly remarks, "is sufficient to secure respect for his work," however slender it may be.[109] We now approach, with the mention of Lipsius, the opening of the 17th century; a period singularly fertile in bibliographical productions. I will not pretend to describe, minutely, even the leading authors in this department. The works of PUTEANUS can be only slightly alluded to, in order to notice the more copious and valuable ones of POSSEVINUS and of SCHOTTUS;[110] men who were ornaments to their country, and whose literary and bibliographical publications have secured to them the gratitude of posterity. While the labours of these authors were enriching the republic of literature, and kindling all around a love of valuable and curious books, the *Bibliotheca Historica* of BOLDUANUS, and the *Bibliotheca Classica* of DRAUDIUS[111] highly gratified the generality of readers, and enabled the student to select, with greater care and safety, such editions of authors as were deserving of a place in their libraries.

[109] LIPSIUS published his *Syntagma de Bibliothecis*, at Antwerp, in 1603, 4to., "in quo de ritibus variis et antiquitatibus circa rem bibliothecariam agitur." An improved edition of it, by Maderus, was printed at Helmstadt, in 1666, 4to., with other curious bibliographical opuscula. A third edition of it was put forth by Schmid, at the same place, in 1702, 4to. Consult

Morhof. *Poly. Lit.*, vol. i., 188.

[110] "Scripsit et ERYCIUS PUTEANUS librum *De Usu Bibliothecæ et quidem speciatim Bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ Mediol.*, in 8vo., 1606, editum, aliumque, cui titulus *Auspicia Bibliothecæ Lovaniensis*, an. 1639, in 4to." Morhof. "It is true," says Baillet, "that this Puteanus passed for a gossipping sort of writer, and for a great maker of little books, but he was, notwithstanding, a very clever fellow." *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., 150. In the *Bibl. Crev.*, vol. v., 311, will be found one of his letters, never before published. He died in 1646. POSSEVINUS published a *Bibliotheca selecta* and *Apparatus sacer*—of the former of which, the Cologne edition of 1607, folio, and of the latter, that of 1608, are esteemed the most complete. The first work is considered by Morhof as less valuable than the second. The "*Apparatus*" he designates as a book of rather extraordinary merit and utility. Of the author of both these treatises, some have extolled his talents to the skies, others have depreciated them in proportion. His literary character, however, upon the whole, places him in the first class of bibliographers. Consult the *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 175. He was one of the earliest bibliographers who attacked the depraved taste of the Italian printers in adopting licentious capital-initial letters. Catherinot, in his *Art d'imprimer*, p. 3, makes the same complaint: so Baillet informs us, vol. i., pt.

i., p. 13, edit. 1725: vol. iii., pt. 1, p. 78. SCHOTTUS'S work, *de Bibl. claris Hispaniæ viris, France*, 1608, 4to., is forgotten in the splendour of Antonio's similar production; but it had great merit in its day. *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., pt. 1, 132, edit. 1725.

[111] BOLDUANUS published a *Theological* (Jenæ, 1614) and *Philosophico Philological* (Jenæ, 1616), as well as an *Historical* (Lipsiæ, 1620), library; but the latter work has the pre-eminence. Yet the author lived at too great a distance, wanting the requisite materials, and took his account chiefly from the Frankfort catalogues—some of which were sufficiently erroneous. *Polyhist. Literar.* vol. i., 199. See also the very excellent historical catalogue, comprehending the 1st chap. of Meusel's new edition of Struvius's *Bibl. Histor.*, vol. i., p. 26. DRAUDIUS'S work is more distinguished for its arrangement than for its execution in detail. It was very useful, however, at the period when it was published. My edition is of the date of 1611, 4to.: but a second appeared at Frankfort, in 1625, 4to.

The name of DU CHESNE can never be pronounced by a sensible Frenchman without emotions of gratitude. His *Bibliotheca Historiarum Galliæ* first published in the year 1627, 8vo.—although more immediately useful to foreigners than to ourselves, is nevertheless worth mentioning. Morhof, if I recollect aright,

supposes there was a still later edition; but he probably confused with this work the *Series Auctorum, &c. de Francorum Historia*;[112] of which two handsome folio editions were published by Cramoisy. French writers of bibliographical eminence now begin to crowd fast upon us.

[112] The reader will find a good account of some of the scarcer works of Du Chesne in Vogt's *Catalog. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 248, &c., and of the life and literary labours of this illustrious man in the 7th volume of Niceron's *Memoires des Hommes Illustres*.

LIS. But what becomes of the English, Spanish, and Italian bibliographers all this while?

LYSAND. The reproach of Morhof is I fear too just; namely that, although we had produced some of the most learned, ingenious, and able men in Europe—lovers and patrons of literature —yet our librarians, or university scholars, were too lazy to acquaint the world with the treasures which were contained in the several libraries around them.[113] You cannot expect a field-marshal, or a statesman in office, or a nobleman, or a rich man of extensive connections, immersed in occupations both pressing and unavoidable—doggedly to set down to a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his books, or to

an analysis of the different branches of literature—while his presence is demanded in the field, in the cabinet, or in the senate—or while all his bells, at home, from the massive outer gate to the retired boudoir, are torn to pieces with ringing and jingling at the annunciation of visitors—you cannot, I say, my good Lisardo, call upon a person, thus occupied, to produce—or expect from him, in a situation thus harassed, the production of—any solid bibliographical publication; but you have surely a right to expect that librarians, or scholars, who spend the greater part of their time in public libraries, will vouchsafe to apply their talents in a way which may be an honour to their patrons, and of service to their country. [114] Not to walk with folded arms from one extremity of a long room (of 120 feet) to another, and stop at every window to gaze on an industrious gardener, or watch the slow progress of a melancholy crow "making wing to the rooky wood," nor yet, in winter, to sit or stand inflexibly before the fire, with a duodecimo jest book or novel in their hands—but to look around and catch, from the sight of so much wisdom and so much worth, a portion of that laudable emulation with which the Gesners, the Baillets, and the Le Longs were inspired; to hold intimate acquaintance with the illustrious dead; to speak to them without the fear of contradiction; to exclaim over their beauties without the dread of ridicule, or of censure; to thank them for what they have done

in transporting us to other times, and introducing us to other worlds; and constantly to feel a deep and unchangeable conviction of the necessity of doing all the good in our power, and in our way, for the benefit of those who are to survive us!

[113] See the note at p. 29, ante. "It is a pity," says Morhof, "that the *Dutch* had such little curiosity about the literary history of their country—but the *English* were yet more negligent and incurious."—And yet, Germany, France, and Italy, had already abounded with treasures of this kind!!

[114] Senebier, who put forth a very useful and elegantly printed catalogue of the MSS. in the public library of Geneva, 1779, 8vo., has the following observations upon this subject—which I introduce with a necessary proviso, or caution, that *now-a-days* his reproaches cannot affect us. We are making ample amends for past negligence; for, to notice no others, the labours of those gentlemen who preside over the BRITISH MUSEUM abundantly prove our present industry. Thus speaks Senebier: 'Ill sembleroit d'abord étonnant qu'on ait tant tradé à composer le Catalogue des Manuscripts de la Bibliothéque de Genéve; mais on peut faire plus raisonnablement ce reproche aux Bibliothécaires bien payés et uniquement occupés de leur vocation, qui sont les

dépositaires de tant de collections précieuses qu'on voit en Italie, en France, en Allemagne, et en Angleterre; ils le mériteront d'autant mieux, qu'ils privent le public des piéces plus précieuses, et qu'ils ont plusieurs aids intelligens qui peuvent les dispenser de la partie le plus méchanique et la plus ennuyeuse de ce travail,' &c.

PHIL. Hear him, hear him![115]

[115] This mode of exclamation or expression, like that of *cheering* (vide p. 20, ante) is also peculiar to our own country; and it is uttered by both friend and foe. Thus, in the senate, when a speaker upon one side of the question happens to put an argument in a strong point of view, those of the same party or mode of thinking exclaim—*hear him, hear him!* And if he should happen to state any thing that may favour the views, or the mode of thinking, of his opponents, these latter also take advantage of his eloquence, and exclaim, *hear him, hear him!* Happy the man whom friend and foe alike delight to hear!

LIS. But what is become, in the while, of the English, Italian, and Spanish bibliographers—in the seventeenth century?

LYSAND. I beg pardon for the digression; but the less we say of these, during this period, the better; and yet you must permit me to recommend to you the work of PITSEUS, our countryman, which grows scarcer every day. [116] We left off, I think, with the mention of Du Chesne's works. Just about this time came forth the elegant little work of NAUDÆUS;[117] which I advise you both to purchase, as it will cost you but a few shillings, and of the aspect of which you may inform yourselves by taking it down from yonder shelf. Quickly afterwards CLAUDE CLEMENT, "haud passibus æquis," put forth his *Bibliothecæ tam privatæ quam publicæ[118] extructio*, &c.; a work, condemned by the best bibliographical judges. But the splendour of almost every preceding bibliographer's reputation was eclipsed by that arising from the extensive and excellent publications of LOUIS JACOB;[119] a name at which, if we except those of Fabricius and Muratori, diligence itself stands amazed; and concerning whose life and labours it is to be regretted that we have not more extended details. The harsh and caustic manner in which Labbe and Morhof have treated the works of GADDIUS,[120] induce me only to mention his name, and to warn you against looking for much corn in a barn choked with chaff. We now approach the close of the seventeenth century; when, stopping for a few minutes only, to pay our respects to CINELLI, CONRINGIUS, and LOMEIER,[121] we must advance to do homage

to the more illustrious names of Labbe, Lambecius, and Baillet; not forgetting, however, the equally respectable ones of Antonio and Lipenius.

[116] Pitseus's work "*De Rebus Anglicis*," Paris, 1619, 4to., vol. i., was written in opposition to Bale's (vid. p. 31, ante). The author was a learned Roman Catholic; but did not live to publish the second volume. I was glad to give Mr. Ford, of Manchester, 1*l.* 16*s.* for a stained and badly bound copy of it.

[117] "GABRIELE NAUDÆO nemo vixit suo tempore ἐμπειρίας Bibliothecariæ peritior:" *Polyhist. Liter.*, vol. i., 187. "Naudæi scripta omnia et singula præstantissima sunt," Vogt, p. 611. "Les ouvrages de Naudé firent oublier ce qui les avoient précédé." Camus, *Mem. de l'Institut.*, vol. i., 646. After these eulogies, who will refuse this author's "*Avis pour dresser une Bibliothéque*, Paris, 1627, 1644, 8vo." a place upon his shelf? Unluckily, it rarely comes across the search of the keenest collector. The other, yet scarcer, productions of Naudé will be found well described in Vogt's *Catalog. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 610. The reader of ancient politics may rejoice in the possession of what is called, the "*Mascurat*"—and "*Considerations politiques*"—concerning which Vogt is gloriously diffuse; and Peignot (who has copied from him, without

acknowledgement—*Bibliogr. Curieuse*, pp. 49, 50,) may as well be consulted. But the bibliographer will prefer the "*Additions à l'Histoire de Louis XI.*," 1630, 8vo., and agree with Mailchelius that a work so uncommon and so curious "ought to be reprinted." See the latter's amusing little book "*De Præcipuis Bibliothecis Parisiensibus*," pp. 66, 67, &c. Naudæus was librarian to the famous Cardinal Mazarin, the great Mæcenas of his day; whose library, consisting of upwards of forty thousand volumes, was the most beautiful and extensive one which France had then ever seen. Its enthusiastic librarian, whom I must be allowed to call a very wonderful bibliomaniac, made constant journeys, and entered into a perpetual correspondence, relating to books and literary curiosities. He died at Abbeville in 1653, in his 53rd year, on returning from Sweden, where the famous Christian had invited him. Naudæus's "*Avis, &c.*", [ut supr.] was translated by Chaline; but his "*Avis à Nosseigneurs du Parlement, &c.*" 1652, 4to. —upon the sale of the Cardinal's library— and his "*Remise de la Bihliothéque* [Du Cardinal] *entre le mains de M. Tubeuf*, 1651," are much scarcer productions. A few of these particulars are gathered from Peignot's *Dict. de la Bibliolologie*, vol. ii., p. 1—consult also his *Dict. Portatif de Bibliographie*, p. v. In the former work I expected a copious piece of biography; yet, short as it is, Peignot has subjoined a curious note from Naudé's "*Considerations politiques*"—in which the author had the

hardihood to defend the massacre upon St. Bartholomew's day, by one of the strangest modes of reasoning ever adopted by a rational being.

[118] This work, in four books, was published at Lyons, 1635, 4to. If it be not quite "Much ado about nothing"—it exhibits, at least, a great waste of ink and paper. Morhof seems to seize with avidity Baillet's lively sentence of condemnation —"Il y a trop de babil et trop de ce que nous appellons *fatras*," &c.

[119] Le Pere LOUYS JACOB published his "*Traicté des plus belles Bibliothéques publiques et particulières, qui ont esté, et qui sont à présents dans le monde*," at Paris, in 1644—again in 1655, 8vo.—in which he first brought together the scattered notices relating to libraries, especially to modern ones. His work is well worth consultation; although Baillet and Morhof do not speak in direct terms of praise concerning it—and the latter seems a little angry at his giving the preference to the Parisian libraries over those of other countries. It must be remembered that this was published as an unfinished production: as such, the author's curiosity and research are highly to be commended. I have read the greater part of it with considerable satisfaction. The same person meditated the execution of a vast work in four folio volumes—called "*La Bibliothéque universelle de tous les Autheurs de France, qui ont escrits en quelque sorte de sciences et de langues*"—

which, in fact, was completed in 1638: but, on the death of the author it does not appear what became of it. Jacob also gave an account of books as they were published at Paris, and in other parts of France, from the year 1643 to 1650; which was printed under the title of *Bibliographia Parisina*, Paris, 1651, 4to. Consult *Polyhist. Liter.*, vol. i., pp. 189, 202: *Bibl. Creven.*, vol. v., pp. 281, 287. *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., p. 151.

[120] He published a work entitled "*De scriptoribus non-ecclesiasticis*," 1648, vol. i., 1649, vol. ii., folio: in which his opinions upon authors are given in the most jejune and rash manner. His other works, which would form a little library, are reviewed by Leti with sufficient severity: but the poor man was crack brained! And yet some curious and uncommon things, gleaned from MSS. which had probably never been unrolled or opened since their execution, are to be found in this "Sciolum Florentinum," as Labbe calls him. Consult the *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., p. 175.

[121] Magliabechi put CINELLI upon publishing his BIBLIOTHECA VOLANTE, 1677, 8vo., a pretty work, with a happy title!—being an indiscriminate account of some rare books which the author picked up in his travels, or saw in libraries. It was republished, with valuable additions, by Sancassani, at Venice, in 1734, 4to. See *Cat. de Lomenie*, No. 2563. Works of this sort form the ANA of bibliography!

CONRINGIUS compiled a charming bibliographical work, in an epistolary form, under the title of *Bibliotheca Augusta*; which was published at Helmstadt, in 1661, 4to.—being an account of the library of the Duke of Brunswick, in the castle of Wolfenbuttle. Two thousand manuscripts, and one hundred and sixteen thousand printed volumes, were then contained in this celebrated collection. Happy the owner of such treasures—happy the man who describes them! LOMEIER'S, or Lomejer's "*De Bibliothecis Liber singularis*," Ultraj, 1669-1680, 8vo., is considered by Baillet among the best works upon the subject of ancient and modern libraries. From this book, Le Sieur LE GALLOIS stole the most valuable part of his materials for his "*Traité des plus belles Bibliothéques de l'Europe*," 1685, 1697—12mo.: the title at full length (a sufficiently imposing one!) may be seen in *Bibé. Crevenn.*, vol. v., p. 281; upon this latter treatise, Morhof cuttingly remarks—"Magnos ille titulus strepitus facit: sed pro thesauris carbones." *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., p. 191. See also "*Jugemens des Savans*," vol. ii., p. 152. Gallois dispatches the English libraries in little more than a page. I possess the second edition of Lomeier's book (1680—with both its title pages), which is the last and best—and an interesting little volume it is! The celebrated Grævius used to speak very favourably of this work.

LIS. Pray discuss their works, or merits, *seriatim*, as the judges call it; for I feel overwhelmed at the stringing together of such trisyllabic names. These gentlemen, as well as almost every one of their predecessors, are strangers to me; and you know my bashfulness and confusion in such sort of company.

LYSAND. I hope to make you better acquainted with them after a slight introduction, and so rid you of such an uncomfortable diffidence. Let us begin with LABBE,[122] who died in the year 1667, and in the sixtieth of his own age; a man of wonderful memory and of as wonderful application—whose whole life, according to his biographers, was consumed in gathering flowers from his predecessors, and thence weaving such a chaplet for his own brows as was never to know decay. His *Nova Bibliotheca*, and *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum Manuscriptorum*, are the principal works which endear his memory to bibliographers. More learned than Labbe was LAMBECIUS;[123] whose *Commentarii de Bibliotheca Cæsareâ-Vindobonensis*, with Nesselius's supplement to the same, [1696, 2 vols. fol.] and Kollarius's new edition of both, form one of the most curious and important, as well as elaborate, productions in the annals of literature and bibliography. Less extensive, but more select, valuable, and accurate, in its choice and execution of objects, is the *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus et Nova* of Nicholas ANTONIO;[124] the first, and the best,

bibliographical work which Spain, notwithstanding her fine palaces and libraries, has ever produced. If neither Philemon nor yourself, Lisardo, possess this latter work [and I do not see it upon the shelves of this cabinet], seek for it with avidity; and do not fear the pistoles which the purchase of it may cost you. LIPENIUS[125] now claims a moment's notice; of whose *Bibliotheca Realis* Morhof is inclined to speak more favourably than other critics. 'Tis in six volumes; and it appeared from the years 1679 to 1685 inclusive. Not inferior to either of the preceding authors in taste, erudition, and the number and importance of his works, was ADRIEN BAILLET;[126] the simple pastor of Lardiéres, and latterly the learned and indefatigable librarian of Lamoignon. His *Jugemens des Savans*, edited by De la Monnoye, is one of those works with which no man, fond of typographical and bibliographical pursuits, can comfortably dispense. I had nearly forgotten to warn you against the capricious works of BEUGHEM; a man, nevertheless, of wonderful mental elasticity; but for ever planning schemes too vast and too visionary for the human powers to execute.[127]

[122] "Vir, qui in texendis catalogis totam pene vitam consumpsit." "Homo ad Lexica et Catalogos conficiendos a naturâ factus." Such is Morhof's account of LABBE; who, in the works above-mentioned, in the text,

has obtained an unperishable reputation as a bibliographer. The *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*, thick duodecimo, or crown octavo, has run through several impressions; of which the Leipsic edit. of 1682, is as good as any; but TEISSER, in his work under the same title, 1686, 4to., has greatly excelled Labbe's production, as well by his corrections of errata as by his additions of some hundreds of authors. The *Bibliotheca Nummaria* is another of Labbe's well-known performances: in the first part of which he gives an account of those who have written concerning medals —in the second part, of those who have publishe separate accounts of coins, weights, and measures. This is usually appended to the preceding work, and is so published by Teisser. The *Mantissa Suppellectilis* was an unfinished production; and the *Specimen novæ Bibliothecæ Manuscriptorum Librorum*, Paris, 1653, 4to., is too imperfectly executed for the exercise of rigid criticism; although Baillet calls it 'useful and curious.' Consult the *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 197, 203: and *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., pt. 1, p. 24, edit. 1725. A list of Labbe's works, finished, unfinished, and projected, was published at Paris, in 1656 and 1662. He was joint editor with Cossart of that tremendously voluminous work—the "Collectio Maxima Conciliorum"—1672, 18 volumes, folio.

[123] LAMBECIUS died at, one may almost say, the premature age of 52: and the above work (in eight folio volumes), which

was left unfinished in consequence, (being published between the years 1665-79 inclusive) gives us a magnificent idea of what its author would have accomplished [see particularly Reimanni *Bibl. Acroamatica*, p. 51] had it pleased Providence to prolong so valuable an existence. It was originally sold for 24 *imperiali*; but at the commencement of the 18th century for not less than 80 *thaleri*, and a copy of it was scarcely ever to be met with. Two reasons have been assigned for its great rarity, and especially for that of the 8th volume; the one, that Lambecius's heir, impatient at the slow sale of the work, sold many copies of it to the keepers of herb-stalls: the other, that, when the author was lying on his death-bed, his servant maid, at the suggestion and from the stinginess of the same heir, burnt many copies of this eighth volume [which had recently left the press] to light the fire in the chamber. This intelligence I glean from Vogt, p. 495: it had escaped Baillet and Morhof. But consult De Bure, vol. vi., Nos. 6004-5. Reimannus published a *Bibliotheca Acroamatica*, Hanov., 1712, 8vo., which is both an entertaining volume and a useful compendium of Lambecius's immense work. But in the years 1766-82, KOLLARIUS published a new and improved edition of the entire commentaries, in six folio volumes; embodying in this gigantic undertaking the remarks which were scattered in his "*Analecta Monumentorum omnis ævi Vindobonensia*," in two folio volumes, 1761. A posthumous work of

Kollarius, as a supplement to his new edition of Lambecius's Commentaries, was published in one folio volume, 1790. A complete set of these volumes of Kollarius's bibliographical labours, relating to the Vienna library, was in Serna Santander's catalogue, vol. iv., no. 6291, as well as in Krohn's: in which latter [nos. 3554, 3562] there are some useful notices. See my account of M. Denis: post. Critics have accused these "Commentaries concerning the MSS. in the imperial library at Vienna," as containing a great deal of rambling and desultory matter; but the vast erudition, minute research, and unabateable diligence of its author, will for ever secure to him the voice of public praise, as loud and as hearty as he has received it from his abridger Reimannus. In these volumes appeared the first account of the Psalter, printed at Mentz in 1457, which was mistaken by Lambecius for a MS. The reader will forgive my referring him to a little essay upon this and the subsequent Psalters, printed at Mentz, in 1459, 1490, &c., which was published by me in the 2nd volume of the *Athenæum*, p. 360, 490.

[124] Morhof considers the labours of ANTONIO as models of composition in their way. His grand work began to be published in 1672, 2 vols., folio—being the *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*: this was succeeded, in 1696, by the *Bibliotheca Hispana Antiqua*—in two folio volumes: the prefaces and indexes contain every thing to satisfy the hearts of Spanish Literati. A

new edition of the first work was published at Madrid, in 1783, 2 vols., folio; and of the latter work, in 1788, 2 vols., folio.—These recent editions are very rarely to be met with in our own country: abroad, they seem to have materially lowered the prices of the ancient ones, which had become excessively scarce. See *Polyhist Literar.*, vol. i., 203-4: *Dictionn. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv., p. 22: and *Mem. de l'Inst.*, vol. i., 651. Let us here not forget the learned Michael CASIRI'S *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escorialensis*, published in two superb folio volumes at Madrid in 1760. All these useful and splendid works place the Spaniards upon a high footing with their fellow-labourers in the same respectable career. De La Serna Santander tells us that Casiri's work is dear, and highly respected by the Literati. See *Cap. de Santander*, vol iv., no. 6296.

[125] The *Bibliotheca Realis*, &c., of LIPENIUS contains an account of works published in the departments of *Jurisprudence*, *Medicine*, *Philosophy*, and *Theology*: of these, the *Bibliotheca Theologica*, et *Philosophica*, are considered by Morhof as the best executed. The *Bibl. Juridica* was, however, republished at Leipsic in two folio volumes, 1757, with considerable additions. This latter is the last Leipsic reprint of it. Saxius notices only the re-impressions of 1720, 1736, 1742. See his *Onomast. Lit.*, vol. v., 588. I will just notice the *Bibliotheca Vetus et Recens* of KOENIGIUS, 1678, folio—as

chart-makers notice shoals—to be avoided. I had long thrown it out of my own collection before I read its condemnation by Morhof. Perhaps the following account of certain works, which appear to have escaped the recollection of Lysander, may not be unacceptable. In the year 1653, Father RAYNAUD, whose lucubrations fill 20 folio volumes, published a quarto volume at Lyons, under the title of "*Erotemata de malis ac bonis Libris, deque justa aut injusta eorum conditione*;" which he borowed in part from the "*Theotimus, seu de tollendis et expurgandis malis libris*," (Paris, 1549, 8vo.) of Gabriel PUHTHERB. Of these two works, if were difficult to determine which is preferable. The bibliographer need not deeply lament the want of either: consult the *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 177. In the year 1670, VOGLER published a very sensible "*Universalis in notitiam cujusque generis bonorum Scriptorum Introductio*"—of this work two subsequent editions, one in 1691, the other in 1700, 4to., were published at Helmstadt. The last is the best; but the second, to him who has neither, is also worth purchasing. The seven dissertations "*De Libris legendis*" of BARTHOLIN, Hafniæ, 1676, 8vo., are deserving of a good coat and a front row in the bibliographer's cabinet. "Parvæ quidem molis liberest, sed in quo quasi constipata sunt utilissima de libris monita et notitiæ ad multas disciplinas utiles." So speaks Morhof.

[126] ADRIEN BAILLET was the eldest of

seven children born in a second marriage. His parents were in moderate circumstances: but Adrien very shortly displaying a love of study and of book-collecting, no means, compatible with their situation, were left untried by his parents to gratify the wishes of so promising a child. From his earliest youth, he had a strong predilection for the church; and as a classical and appropriate education was then easily to be procured in France, he went from school to college, and at seventeen years of age had amassed, in two fair sized volumes, a quantity of extracts from clever works; which, perhaps having Beza's example in his mind, he entitled *Juvenilia*. His masters saw and applauded his diligence; and a rest of only five hours each night, during two years and a half of this youthful period, afforded Baillet such opportunities of acquiring knowledge as rarely fall to the lot of a young man. This habit of short repose had not forsaken him in his riper years: "he considered and treated his body as an insolent enemy, which required constant subjection; he would not suffer it to rest more than five hours each night; he recruited it with only one meal a day—drank no wine—never came near the fire—and walked out but once a week." The consequence of this absurd regime was that Baillet had ulcers in his legs, an erysipelatous affection over his body, and was, in other respects, afflicted as sedentary men usually are, who are glued to their seats from morn till night, never

mix in society, and rarely breathe the pure air of heaven. These maladies shortened the days of Baillet; after he had faithfully served the LAMOIGNONS as a librarian of unparalleled diligence and sagacity; leaving behind him a "*Catalogue des Matieres*," in 35 volumes folio. "All the curious used to come and see this catalogue: many bishops and magistrates requested to have either copies or abridgments of it." When Baillet was dragged, by his friend M. Hermant, from his obscure vicarage of Lardiéres, to be Lamoignon's librarian, he seems to have been beside himself for joy.—"I want a man of such and such qualities," said Lamoignon.—"I will bring one exactly to suit you," replied Hermant—"but you must put up with a diseased and repulsive exterior."—"Nous avons besoin de fond," said the sensible patron, "la forme ne m'embarasse point; l'air de ce pays, et un grain de sel discret, fera le reste: il en trouvera ici." Baillet came, and his biographer tells us that Lamoignon and Hermant "furent ravis de le voir." To the eternal honour of the family in which he resided, the crazy body and nervous mind of Baillet met with the tenderest treatment. Madame Lamoignon and her son (the latter, a thorough bred bibliomaniac; who, under the auspices of his master, soon eclipsed the book celebrity of his father) always took a pleasure in anticipating his wishes, soothing his irritabilities, promoting his views, and speaking loudly and constantly of the virtues of his head

and heart. The last moments of Baillet were marked with true Christian piety and fortitude; and his last breath breathed a blessing upon his benefactors. He died A.D. 1706, ætatis 56. Rest his ashes in peace!—and come we now to his bibliographical publications. His "*Jugemens des Savans*," was first published in 1685, &c., in nine duodecimo volumes. Two other similar volumes of *Anti Baillet* succeeded it. The success and profits of this work were very considerable. In the year 1722, a new edition of it in seven volumes, quarto, was undertaken and completed by De La Monnoye, with notes by the editor, and additions of the original author. The "Anti Baillet" formed the 8th volume. In the year 1725, De La Monnoye's edition, with his notes placed under the text—the corrections and additions incorporated—and two volumes of fresh matter, including the Anti Baillet—was republished at Amsterdam, in eight duodecimo volumes, forming 16 parts, and being, in every respect, the best edition of the *Jugemens des Savans*. The curious, however, should obtain the portrait of Baillet prefixed to the edition of 1722; as the copy of it in the latter edition is a most wretched performance. These particulars, perhaps a little too long and tedious, are gleaned from the "Abregé" de la Vie de Baillet, printed in the two last editions of the work just described.

[127] It will not be necessary to notice *all* the multifarious productions, in MS. and in

print, of this indefatigable bibliographer; who had cut out work enough for the lives of ten men, each succeeding the other, and well employed from morn 'till even, to execute. This is Marchand's round criticism: *Dict. Hist.* vol. i., p. 100. Beughem's *Incunabula Typographica*, 1688, 12mo., is both jejune and grossly erroneous. The "*Bibliographia Eruditorum Critico-Curiosa*," 1689, 1701, 4 vols., 12mo., being an alphabetical account of writers—extracts from whom are in the public literary Journals of Europe from 1665 to 1700—with the title of their works —is Beughem's best production, and if each volume had not had a separate alphabet, and contained additions upon additions, the work would have proved highly useful. His "*Gallia Euridita*," Amst., 1683, 12mo., is miserably perplexing. In addition to Marchand, consult the *Polyhist. Literar.* of Morhof, vol. i., p. 179; and the note therein subjoined. See also "*Bibl. Creven.*," vol. v., p. 298: *Cat. de Santander*, vol. iv., nos. 6273-4: 6281-2.

PHIL. You have at length reached the close of the 17th century; but my limited knowledge of bibliographical literature supplies me with the recollection of two names which you have passed over: I mean, THOMAS BLOUNT and ANTONY-A-WOOD. There is surely something in these authors relating to editions of the works of the learned.

LYSAND. You have anticipated me in the mention of these names. I had not forgotten them. With the former,[128] I have no very intimate acquaintance; but of the latter I could talk in commendation till dinner time. Be sure, my good Lisardo, that you obtain *both* editions of the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.[129]

[128] Sir Thomas Pope Blount's "*Censura Celebriorum Authorum*," Londini, 1690, folio, is unquestionably a learned work—the production of a rural and retired life—"Umbraticam enim vitam et ab omni strepitu remotam semper in delitiis habui,"—says its author, in the preface. It treats chiefly of the most learned men, and sparingly of the English. His "*Remarks upon Poetry*," Lond., 1694, 4to. (in English) is more frequently read and referred to. It is a pity that he had not left out the whole of what relates to the Greek and Latin, and confined himself entirely to the English, poets. A life of Sir Thomas Pope Blount will be found in the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*.

[129] The first, and, what Hearne over and over again calls the genuine edition of the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, was published in two folio volumes, 1691, 1692. That a *third* volume was intended by the author himself may be seen from Hearne's remarks in his *Thom. Caii. Vind. Antiq. Oxon.*, vol. i., p. xliii. For the character of the work consult his *Rob. de Avesb.*, pp.

xxvi, xxxiii. After the lapse of nearly half a century, it was judged expedient to give a new edition of these valuable biographical memoirs; and Dr. Tanner, afterwards bishop of St. Asaph, was selected to be the editor of it. It was well known that Wood had not only made large corrections to his own printed text, but had written nearly *500* new lives—his MS. of both being preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. This new edition, therefore, had every claim to public notice. When it appeared, it was soon discovered to be a corrupt and garbled performance; and that the genuine text of Wood, as well in his correctness of the old, as in his compositions of the new, lives, had been most capriciously copied. Dr. Tanner, to defend himself, declared that Tonson "would never let him see one sheet as they printed it." This was sufficiently infamous for the bookseller; but the editor ought surely to have abandoned a publication thus faithlessly conducted, or to have entered his caveat in the preface, when it did appear, that he would not be answerable for the authenticity of the materials: neither of which were done. He wrote, however, an exculpatory letter to Archbishop Wake, which the reader may see at length in Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. ii., p. 304. Consult the life of the author in Mr. Gutch's valuable reprint of Wood's "*History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*," 1792, 4to., 2 vols.: also, Freytag's *Analect. Literar.*, vol. ii., 1105. I have great pleasure in closing this note, by observing that Mr.

Philip Bliss, of St. John's College, Oxford, is busily engaged in giving us, what we shall all be glad to hail, a new and faithful edition of Wood's text of the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, in five or six quarto volumes.

We have now reached the boundaries of the 17th century, and are just entering upon the one which is past: and yet I have omitted to mention the very admirable *Polyhistor. Literarius* of MORHOF:[130] a work by which I have been in a great measure guided in the opinions pronounced upon the bibliographers already introduced to you. This work, under a somewhat better form, and with a few necessary omissions and additions, one could wish to see translated into our own language. The name of MAITTAIRE strikes us with admiration and respect at the very opening of the 18th century. His elaborate *Annales Typographici* have secured him the respect of posterity.[131] LE LONG, whose pursuits were chiefly biblical and historical, was his contemporary; an able, sedulous, and learned bibliographer. His whole soul was in his library; and he never spared the most painful toil in order to accomplish the various objects of his inquiry.[132] And here, my dear friends, let me pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of an eminently learned and laborious scholar and bibliographer: I mean JOHN ALBERT FABRICIUS. His labours[133] shed a lustre upon

the scholastic annals of the 18th century; for he opened, as it were, the gates of literature to the inquiring student; inviting him to enter the field and contemplate the diversity and beauty of the several flowers which grew therein—telling him by whom they were planted, and explaining how their growth and luxuriancy were to be regulated. There are few instructors to whom we owe so much; none to whom we are more indebted. Let his works, therefore, have a handsome binding, and a conspicuous place in your libraries: for happy is that man who has them at hand to facilitate his inquiries, or to solve his doubts. While Fabricius was thus laudably exercising his great talents in the cause of ancient literature, the illustrious name of LEIBNITZ[134] appeared as author of a work of essential utility to the historian and bibliographer. I allude to his *Scriptores Rerum Brunwicensium*, which has received a well pointed compliment from the polished pen of Gibbon. After the successful labours of Fabricius and Leibnitz, we may notice those of STRUVIUS! whose *Historical Library*[135] should be in every philological collection.

[130] DANIEL GEORGE MORHOF, professor of poetry, eloquence, and history, was librarian of the University of Khiel. He published various works, but the above—the best edition of which is of the date of 1747—is by far the most learned and

useful—"liber non sua laude privandus; cum primus fere fuerit Morhofius qui hanc amœniorum literarum partem in meliorum redigerit." *Vogt.*, pref. ix., edit. 1793. Its leading error is the want of method. His "*Princeps Medicus*," 1665, 4to., is a very singular dissertation upon the cure of the evil by the royal touch; in the efficacy of which the author appears to have believed. His "*Epistola de scypho vitreo per sonum humanæ vocis rupto*," Kiloni, 1703, 4to.—which was occasioned by a wine merchant of Amsterdam breaking a wine-glass by the strength of his voice—is said to be full of curious matter. Morhof died A.D. 1691, in his 53rd year: beloved by all who knew the excellent and amiable qualities of his head and heart. He was so laborious that he wrote during his meals. His motto, chosen by himself,—PIETATE, CANDORE, PRUDENTIA, should never be lost sight of by bibliomaniacs! His library was large and select. These particulars are gleaned from the *Dict. Historique*, Caen, 1789, vol. vi., p. 350.

[131] A compendious account of MAITTAIRE will be found in the third edition of my *Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics*, vol. i., p. 148. See too Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature, &c.*, vol iii., p. ix. The various volumes of his *Annales Typographici* are well described in the *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v. p. 287. To these may be added, in the bibliographical department, his *Historia Stephanorum, vitas*

ipsorum ac libros complectens, 1709, 8vo.—and the *Historia Typographorum aliquot Parisiensium vitas et libros complectens*, 1717, 8vo.—Of these two latter works, (which, from a contemporaneous catalogue, I find were originally published at 4*s.* the common paper,) Mr. T. Grenville has beautiful copies upon LARGE PAPER. The books are rare in any shape. The principal merit of Maittaire's *Annales Typographici* consists in a great deal of curious matter detailed in the notes; but the absence of the "lucidus ordo" renders the perusal of these fatiguing and unsatisfactory. The author brought a full and well-informed mind to the task he undertook—but he wanted taste and precision in the arrangement of his materials. The eye wanders over a vast indigested mass; and information, when it is to be acquired with excessive toil, is, comparatively, seldom acquired. Panzer has adopted an infinitely better plan, on the model of Orlandi; and if his materials had been *printed* with the same beauty with which they appear to have been composed, and his annals had descended to as late a period as those of Maittaire, his work must have made us eventually forget that of his predecessor. The bibliographer is, no doubt, aware that of Maittaire's first volume there are two editions: why the author did not reprint, in the second edition (1733), the fac-simile of the epigram and epistle of Lascar prefixed to the edition of the Anthology, 1496, and the Disquisition concerning the ancient

editions of Quintilian (both of which were in the first edition of 1719), is absolutely inexplicable. Maittaire was sharply attacked for this absurdity, in the "Catalogus Auctorum," of the "*Annus Tertius Sæcularis Inv. Art. Typog.*," Harlem, 1741, 8vo., p. 11. "Rara certe Librum augendi methodus! (exclaims the author) Satis patet auctorem hoc eo fecisse concilio, ut et primæ et secundæ Libri sui editioni pretium suum constaret, et una æque ac altera Lectoribus necessaria esset." Copies of the Typographical Antiquities by Maittaire, upon LARGE PAPER, are now exceedingly scarce. The work, in this shape, has a noble appearance. While Maittaire was publishing his Typographical Annals, ORLANDI put forth a similar work under the title of "*Origine e Progressi della Stampa o sia dell' Arte Impressoria, e Notizie dell' Opere stampate dall' Anno 1462, sino all' Anno 1500*." Bologna, 1722, 4to. Of this work, which is rather a compendious account of the several books published in the period above specified, there are copies upon strong WRITING PAPER—which the curious prefer. Although I have a long time considered it as superseded by the labours of Maittaire and Panzer, yet I will not withhold from the reader the following critique: "Cet ouvrage doit presque nécessairement être annexé à celui de Maittaire à cause de plusieurs notices et recherches, qui le rendent fort curieux et intéressant." *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., 286-7. As we are upon publications treating of Typography, we may notice the "*Annalium*

Typographicorum selecta quædam capita," Hamb., 1740, 4to., of LACKMAN; and HIRSCHIUS'S supplement to the typographical labours of his predecessors —in the "*Librorum ab Anno I. usque ad Annum L. Sec. xvi. Typis exscriptorum ex Libraria quadam supellectile, Norimbergæ collecta et observata, Millenarius I.*" &c. Noriberg, 1746, 4to. About this period was published a very curious, and now uncommon, octavo volume, of about 250 pages, by SEIZ; called "*Annus Tertius Sæcularis Inventæ Artis Typographicæ*," Harlem, 1741—with several very interesting cuts relating to Coster, the supposed inventor of the art of printing. It is a little strange that Lysander, in the above account of eminent typographical writers, should omit to mention CHEVILLIER—whose *L'Origine de l'Imprimerie de Paris, &c.*, 1694, 4to., is a work of great merit, and is generally found upon every bibliographer's shelf. Baillet had supplied him with a pretty strong outline, in his short account of Parisian printers. All the copies of Chevillier's book, which I have seen, are printed upon what is called Foxey paper. I believe there are none upon LARGE PAPER. We may just notice LA CAILLE'S *Histoire de l'Imprimerie et de la Librarie*, 1689, 4to., as a work full of errors. In order that nothing may be wanting to complete the typographical collection of the curious, let the "portraits of booksellers and printers, from ancient times to our own," published at Nuremberg, in 1726, folio—and "the

Devices and Emblems" of the same, published at the same place, in 1730, folio, be procured, if possible. The Latin titles of these two latter works, both by SCHOLTZIUS, will be found in the *Bibl. Crevenn.* vol. v. 281. Renouard mentions the last in his "*Annales de l'Imprimerie des Alde*," vol. ii. p. 63. Meanwhile the *Monumenta Typographica* of WOLFIUS, Hamb., 1740, 2 vols., 8vo., embraces a number of curious and scattered dissertations upon this interesting and valuable art. It may be obtained for 8*s.* or 10*s.* at present! The *Amœnitatus Literariæ, &c.*, of SCHELHORN had like to have been passed over. It was published in 14 small octavo volumes, at Frankfort and Leipsic, from the year 1725 to 1731 inclusive. The *Amœnitates Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ et Literariæ*, of the same person, and published at the same place in two octavo volumes, 1738, should accompany the foregoing work. Both are scarce and sought after in this country. In the former there are some curious dissertations, with cuts, upon early printed books. Concerning the most ancient edition of the Latin Bibles, Schelhorn put forth an express treatise, which was published at Ulm in 1760, 4to. This latter work is very desirable to the curious in biblical researches, as one meets with constant mention of Schelhorn's bible. Let me not omit ZAPF'S *Annales Typographiæ Augustanæ*, Aug. Vindel., 1778; which was republished, with copious additions, at Augsbourg, in two parts, 1786, 4to.—but

unluckily, this latter is printed in the German language. Upon Spanish Typography (a very interesting subject), there is a dissertation by Raymond Diosdado Caballero, entitled "*De Prima Typographiæ Hispanicæ Ætate Specimen*," Rome, 1793, 4to.

[132] From the Latin life of LE LONG, prefixed to his *Bibliotheca Sacra*, we learn that he was an adept in most languages, ancient and modern; and that "in that part of literature connected with BIBLIOGRAPHY (Typographorum et Librorum Historia), he retained every thing so correctly in his memory that he yielded to few literary men, certainly to no bookseller." Of the early years of such a man it is a pity that we have not a better account. His *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Paris, 1725, folio, has been republished by MASCH and BOERNER, in four volumes, 4to., 1778, and enriched with copious and valuable additions. This latter work is quite unrivalled: no young or old theologian, who takes any interest in the various editions of the Holy Scriptures, in almost all languages, can possibly dispense with such a fund of sacred literature. The *Bibliothéque Historique de la France*, 1719, folio, by the same learned and industrious bibliographer, has met with a fate equally fortunate. FONTETTE republished it in 1768, in five folio volumes, and has immortalized himself and his predecessor by one of the most useful and splendid productions that ever issued from the press. De Bure used to sell

copies of it upon LARGE PAPER, in sheets, for 258 livres: according to the advertisement subjoined to his catalogue of Count Macarty's books in 1779, 8vo. The presses of England, which groan too much beneath the weight of ephemeral travels and trumpery novels, are doomed, I fear, long to continue strangers to such works of national utility.

[133] The chief labours of Fabricius ("Vir ελληνίχώτατος"—as Reimannus truly calls him), connected with the present object of our pursuit, have the following titles: 1. "*Bibliotheca Græca, sive Notitia Scriptorum Græcorum, &c.*," Hamb. 1705-8-14-18, &c., 4to., 14 vols.—of which a new edition is now published by HARLES, with great additions, and a fresh arrangement of the original matter: twelve volumes have already been delivered to the public. 2. *Bibliotheca Latina*; first published in one volume, 1703—then in three volumes, 1721, and afterwards in two volumes, 1728, 4to.;—but the last and best edition is that of 1773, in three vols. 8vo., published by Ernesti at Leipsic—and yet not free from numerous errors. 3. *Bibliographia Antiquaria*, 1716, 4to.: a new edition of Schaffshausen, in 1760, 4to., has superseded the old one. A work of this kind in our own language would be very useful, and even entertaining. Fabricius has executed it in a masterly manner. 4. *Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica, in quâ continentur variorum authorum tractatus de scriptoribus ecclesiasticis*, Hamb., 1718, folio. An

excellent work; in which the curious after theological tracts and their authors will always find valuable information. It is generally sharply contended for at book-auctions. 5. *Bibliotheca Latina Mediæ et Infimæ Ætatis, &c.*, Leipsic, 1734, 6 vols. 8vo.—again, with Schoettgenius's supplement, in 1754, 4to., 6 vols. in 3. This latter is in every respect the best edition of a work which is absolutely indispensable to the philologist. A very excellent synopsis or critical account of Fabricius's works was published at Ams., 1738, in 4to., which the student should procure. Let me here recommend the *Historia Bibliothecæ Fabricianæ*, compiled by JOHN FABRICIUS, 1717-24, 6 vols. 4to., as a necessary and interesting supplement to the preceding works of John Albert Fabricius. I have often gleaned some curious bibliographical intelligence from its copious pages. The reader may consult *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., 272-3.

[134] He is noticed here only as the author of "*Idea Bibliothecæ Publicæ secundum classes scientiarum ordinandæ, fusior et contractior*," and of the "*Scriptores Rerum Brunswicarum*," Hanov., 1707, fol., 3 vols. "The antiquarian, who blushes at his alliance with Thomas Hearne, will feel his profession ennobled by the name of LEIBNITZ. That extraordinary genius embraced and improved the whole circle of human science; and, after wrestling with Newton and Clark in the sublime regions of geometry and metaphysics, he could

descend upon earth to examine the uncouth characters and barbarous Latin of a chronicle or charter." Gibbon: *Post. Works*, vol. ii., 712. Consult also *Mem. de l'Inst.*, vol. v., 648.

[135] I will not pretend to enumerate all the learned works of BURCHARD GOTTHLIEB STRUVIUS. His "*Bibliotheca Librorum Rariorum*" was published in 1719, 4to. The first edition of the *Bibliotheca Historica* appeared as early as 1705: a very valuable one was published by Buder, in 1740, 2 vols.: but the last, and by far the most copious and valuable, is that which exhibits the joint editorial labours of BUDER and MEUSEL, in eleven octavo volumes, 1782, 1802—though I believe it does not contain every thing which may be found in the edition of the *Bibl. Hist. Selecta*, by Jugler, 1754, three vols. 8vo.: vide pp. iv. and vii. of the preface of Meusel's edition. The *Bibl. Hist. Select.*, by Jugler, was formerly published under the title of *Introd. in notitiam rei literariæ et usum Bibliothecæ*. Jugler's edition of it contains a stiff portrait of himself in a finely embroidered satin waistcoat. The first volume, relating to foreign libraries, is very interesting: but, unluckily, the work is rare. Of Struvius's *Bibl. Saxonica*, 1736, 8vo., I never saw a copy.

PHIL. You are advancing towards the middle of the 18th century, in enumerating foreign

publications, without calling to mind that we have, at home, many laudable publications relating to typography and bibliography, which merit at least some notice, if not commendation.

LYSAND. I thank you for the reproof. It is true, I was running precipitately to introduce a crowd of foreigners to your notice, without paying my respects, by the way, to the *Historical Libraries* of Bishop NICOLSON, the *Bibliotheca Literaria* of WASSE, and the *Librarian* of WILLIAM OLDYS. Nor should I omit to mention the still more creditable performance of Bishop TANNER: while the typographical publications of WATSON, PALMER, and MIDDLETON,[136] may as well be admitted into your libraries, if you are partial to such works; although upon this latter subject, the elegant quarto volume of AMES merits particular commendation.

[136] Let us go gently over this *British* ground, which Lysander depictures in rather a flowery manner. The first edition of BISHOP NICOLSON'S *English Historical Library* was published in the years 1696, 1697, and 1699—comprehending the entire three parts. In 1702, came forth the *Scottish* Historical library; and in 1724, the *Irish* Historical Library. These three libraries, with the author's letter to Bishop Kennet in defence of the same, are usually published in one volume; and the last and

best editions of the same are those of 1736, fol., and 1776, 4to. Mr. John Nichols has recently published an entertaining posthumous work of the bishop's *Epistolary Correspondence*, in two octavo volumes, 1809. Some of these letters throw light and interest upon the literature of the times. As to the authority of Bishop Nicolson, in his historical matters, I fear the sharp things which are said of his libraries by Tyrrell (Pref. to *Hist. Engl.*, vol. ii., p. 5.), and Wood (*Athen. Brit.*, vol. ii., col. 980, ed. 1721), all which authorities are referred to by Mr. Nichols, are sufficiently founded upon truth. He was a violent and wrong-headed writer in many respects; but he had acumen, strength, and fancy. The *Bibliotheca Literaria* of WASSE (although his name does not appear as the professed editor) is a truly solid and valuable publication; worthy of the reputation of the learned editor of Sallust. The work was published in numbers, which were sold at one shilling each; but, I suppose from the paucity of classical readers, it could not be supported beyond the 10th number (1724); when it ceased to be published. Some of the dissertations are very interesting as well as erudite. OLDYS'S *British Librarian* was published in six numbers, during the first six months of the year 1737; forming, with the index, an octavo volume of 402 pages. It is difficult to say, from the conclusion (p. 373-4), whether the work was dropped for want of encouragement, or from the capriciousness or indolence of the author: but I suspect

that the ground was suffered "to lie fallow" (to use his own words) till it was suffocated with weeds—owing to the *former* cause: as Oldys never suffered his pen to lie idle while he could "put money in his purse" from his lucubrations. We shall speak of him more particularly in PART V. Meanwhile, the reader is informed that the *British Librarian* is a work of no common occurrence, or mean value. It is rigidly correct, if not very learned, in bibliographical information. I once sent three guineas to procure a copy of it, according to its description, upon LARGE PAPER; but, on its arrival, I found it to be not quite so large as my own tolerably amply-margined copy. Bishop TANNER'S *Bibliotheca Britanico-Hibernica*, which cost the author forty years' labour, was published in 1748, folio; with a preface by Dr. Wilkins. We must receive it with many thanks, imperfect and erroneous as many parts of it are; but I hope the period is not very remote when a literary friend, living, as he constantly is, in an inexhaustible stock of British literature of all kinds, will give us a new edition, with copious additions and corrections, translated into our native tongue. *The History of the Art of Printing* by WATSON, Edit., 1713, 8vo., is at best but a meagre performance. It happens to be rare, and, therefore, bibliomaniacs hunt after it. My copy of it, upon LARGE PAPER, cost me 1*l.* 8*s.* It was formerly Paton's, of Edinburgh, a knowing antiquary in Scottish printing. The *History of Printing*, by PALMER, 1733, 4to., and Dr.

MIDDLETON'S *Dissertations upon the same*, 1735, 4to., have been particularly treated by me, as well as the similar works of AMES and HERBERT, in the first volume of my new edition of Herbert's *British Typographical Antiquities*; and the public is too well acquainted with the merits and demerits of each to require their being pointed out in the present place. I will close this note by observing that the *Censuria Literaria*, in ten volumes octavo; and the *British Bibliographer* (now publishing) which grew out of it; Mr. BELOE'S *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, six volumes, 8vo.; and Mr. Savage's continuation of *The British Librarian*; are works which render the list of English publications, relating to typography and curious books, almost complete. I believe I may safely affirm that the period is not very distant when some of these latter publications, from the comparatively few copies which were struck off, will become very rare.

LIS. I am glad to hear such handsome things said of the performances of our own countrymen. I was fearful, from your frequent sly allusions, that we had nothing worth mentioning. But proceed with your Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen.

LYSAND. You draw too severe a conclusion. I have made no sly allusions. My invariable love

of truth impels me to state facts as they arise. That we have philosophers, poets, scholars, divines, lovers and collectors of books, equal to those of any nation upon earth is most readily admitted. But bibliography has never been, till now, a popular (shall I say fashionable?) pursuit amongst the English.

LIS. Well, if what you call bibliography has produced such eminent men, and so many useful works, as those which have been just enumerated, I shall begin to have some little respect for this department of literature; and, indeed, I already feel impatient to go through the list of your bibliographical heroes.—Who is the next champion deserving of notice?

LYSAND. This confession gives me sincere pleasure. Only indulge me in my rambling manner of disquisition, and I will strive to satisfy you in every reasonable particular.

If ever you should be disposed to form a bibliographical collection, do not omit securing, when it comes across you, the best edition of Du Fresnoy's[137] *Methode pour étudier l'Histoire*: it is rare, and sought after in this country. And now—softly approach, and gently strew the flowers upon, the tomb of worthy NICERON: [138] Low lies the head, and quiescent has become the pen, of this most excellent and learned man!—whose productions have furnished biographers with some of their choicest materials, and whose devotion to

literature and history has been a general theme of admiration and praise. The mention of this illustrious name, in such a manner, has excited in my mind a particular train of ideas. Let me, therefore, in imagination, conduct you both to yonder dark avenue of trees—and, descending a small flight of steps, near the bottom of which gushes out a salient stream—let us enter a spacious grotto, where every thing is cool and silent; and where small alabaster busts, of the greater number of those bibliographers I am about to mention, decorate the niches on each side of it. How tranquil and how congenial is such a resting place!—But let us pursue our inquires. Yonder sharp and well turned countenances, at the entrance of the grotto, are fixed there as representations of CARDINAL QUIRINI[139] and GOUJET; the *Bibliothéque Françoise* of the latter of whom—with which I could wish book collectors, in general, to have a more intimate acquaintance—has obtained universal reputation.[140] Next to him, you may mark the amiable and expressive features of DAVID CLEMENT:[141] who, in his *Bibliothéque Curieuse*, has shown us how he could rove, like a bee, from flower to flower; sip what was sweet; and bring home his gleanings to a well-furnished hive. The principal fault of this bee (if I must keep up the simile) is that he was not sufficiently choice in the flowers which he visited; and, of course, did not always extract the purest honey. Nearly allied to Clement in sprightliness, and an equally gossipping

bibliographer, was PROSPER MARCHAND;[142] whose works present us with some things no where else to be found, and who had examined many curious and rare volumes; as well as made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of bibliography previous to his own times.

[137] The last edition of this work is the one which was printed in fifteen volumes, crown 8vo., at Paris, 1772: with a copious index—and proportionable improvements in corrections and additions. It is now rare. I threw out the old edition of 1729, four vols., 4to., upon LARGE PAPER; and paid three guineas to boot for the new one, neatly bound.

[138] It is quite delightful to read the account, in the *Dict. Hist.*, published at Caen, 1789, (vol. vi., p. 475) of JEAN PIERRE NICERON; whose whole life seems to have been devoted to bibliography and literary history. Frank, amiable, industrious, communicative, shrewd, and learned—Niceron was the delight of his friends, and the admiration of the public. His "*Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Hommes Illustres, &c., avec un Catalogue raisonné de leur Ouvrages*," was published from the years 1729 to 1740, in forty crown 8vo. volumes. A supplement of three volumes, the latter of which is divided into *two parts*, renders this very useful, and absolutely necessary, work complete in 44 volumes. The bibliomaniac

can never enjoy perfect rest till he is in possession of it!

[139] QUIRINI published his "*Specimen variæ Literaturæ quæ in urbe Brixiæ ejusque Ditione paulo post Typographiæ incunabula florebat*," *&c.*, at Brescia, in 1739; two vols., 8vo.: then followed "*Catalogo delle Opere del Cardinale Quirini uscite alla luce quasi tuttee da' Torchi di mi Gian Maria Rizzardi Stampatore in Brescia*," 8vo. In 1751, Valois addressed to him his "*Discours sur les Bibliothéques Publiques*," in 8vo.: his Eminence's reply to the same was also published in 8vo. But the Cardinal's chief reputation, as a bibliographer, arises from the work entitled "*De Optimorum Scriptorum Editionibus*." Lindaugiæ, 1761, 4to. This is Schelhorn's edition of it, which is chiefly coveted, and which is now a rare book in this country. It is a little surprising that Lysander, in his love of grand national biographical works, mingled with bibliographical notices, should have omitted to mention the *Bibliotheca Lusitana* of Joaov and Barbosa, published at Lisbon, 1741, in four magnificent folio volumes. A lover of Portuguese literature will always consider this as "opus splendidissimum et utilissimum."

[140] *La Bibliothéque Françoise, ou Histoire de la Littérature Françoise*, of CLAUDE PIERRE GOUJET, in eighteen volumes, crown 8vo., 1741, like the similar work of Niceron, is perhaps a little too indiscriminate in the choice of its objects:

good, bad, and indifferent authors being enlisted into the service. But it is the chéf-d'œuvre of Goujet, who was a man of wonderful parts; and no bibliographer can be satisfied without it. Goujet was perhaps among the most learned, if not the "facile princeps," of those who cultivated ancient French literature. He liberally assisted Niceron in his Memoires, and furnished Moreri with 2000 corrections for his Dictionary.

[141] The "*Bibliothèque Curieuse, Historique et Critique, ou Catalogue raisonné de Livres difficiles à trouver*," of DAVID CLEMENT, published at Gottingen, Hanover, and Leipsic, in 9 quarto volumes, from the year 1750 to 1760—is, unfortunately, an unfinished production; extending only to the letter H. The reader may find a critique upon it in my *Introduction to the Greek and Latin Classics*, vol. i., p. 370; which agrees, for the greater part, with the observations in the *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., 290. The work is a *sine quâ non* with collectors; but in this country it begins to be—to use the figurative language of some of the German bibliographers—"scarcer than a white crow,"—or "a black swan." The reader may admit which simile he pleases—or reject both! But, in sober sadness, it is very rare, and unconscionably dear. I know not whether it was the same CLEMENT who published "*Les cinq Années Littéraires, ou Lettres de M. Clément, sur les ouvrages de Littérature, qui ont parus dans les Années 1748—á 1752*;" Berlin, 1756, 12mo., two

volumes. Where is the proof of the assertion, so often repeated, that Clement borrowed his notion of the above work from WENDLER'S *Dissertatio de variis raritatis librorum impressorum causis*, Jen., 1711, 4to.?—Wendler's book is rare among us: as is also BERGER'S *Diatribe de libris rarioribus, &c.*, Berol. 1729, 8vo.

[142] The principal biographical labours of this clever man have the following titles: "*Histoire de l'Imprimerie*," La Haye, 1740, 4to.—an elegant and interesting volume, which is frequently consulted by typographical antiquaries. Of MERCIER'S supplement to it, see note in the ensuing pages under the word "Mercier." His "*Dictionnaire Historique, ou Memoires Critiques et Littéraires*," in two folio volumes, 1758, was a posthumous production; and a very extraordinary and amusing bibliographical common-place book it is! My friend Mr. Douce, than whom few are better able to appreciate such a work, will hardly allow any one to have a warmer attachment to it, or a more thorough acquaintance with its contents, than himself—and yet there is no bibliographical work to which I more cheerfully or frequently turn! In the editor's advertisement we have an interesting account of Marchand: who left behind, for publication, a number of scraps of paper, sometimes no bigger than one's nail; upon which he had written his remarks in so small a hand-writing that the editor and printer were obliged to make

use of a strong magnifying glass to decypher it—"et c'est ici (continues the former) sans doute le premier livre qui n'ait pu être imprimé sans le secours continuel du Microscope." Marchand died in 1753, and left his MSS. and books, in the true spirit of a bibliomaniac, to the University of Leyden. I see, from the conclusion of this latter authority, that a new edition of Marchand's History of Printing was in meditation to be published, after the publication of the Dictionary. Whether Mercier availed himself of Marchand's corrected copy, when he put forth his supplement to the latter's typographical history, I have no means of ascertaining. Certainly there never was a second edition of the *Histoire de l'Imprimerie*, by Marchsnd.

Perhaps I ought to have noticed the unoccupied niche under which the name of VOGT[143] is inscribed; the title of whose work has been erroneously considered more seductive than the contents of it. As we go on, we approach FOURNIER; a man of lively parts, and considerable taste. His works are small in size, but they are written and printed with singular elegance.[144] See what a respectable and almost dignified air the highly finished bust of the pensionary MEERMAN[145] assumes! Few men attained to greater celebrity in his day; and few men better deserved the handsome things which were said of him. Polite, hospitable, of

an inquisitive and active turn of mind—passionately addicted to rare and curious books—his library was a sort of bibliographical emporium, where the idle and the diligent alike met with a gracious reception. Peace to the manes of such a man! Turn we now round to view the features of that truly eminent and amiable bibliographer, DE BURE!

[143] The earliest edition of VOGT'S *Catalogus Librorum Rariorum* was published in 1732; afterwards in 1737; again in 1748; again in 1752, much enlarged and improved; and, for the last time, greatly enlarged and corrected, forming by far the "editio optima," of the work—at Frankfort and Leipsic, 1793, 8vo.—We are told, in the new preface to this last edition, that the second and third impressions were quickly dispersed and anxiously sought after. Vogt is a greater favourite with me than with the generality of bibliographers. His plan, and the execution of it, are at once clear and concise; but he is too prodigal of the term "rare." Whilst these editions of Vogt's amusing work were coming forth, the following productions were, from time to time, making their appearance, and endeavouring perhaps to supplant its reputation. First of all BEYER put forth his *Memoriæ Historico-Criticæ Librorum Rariorum*. Dresd. and Lips., 1734, 8vo.; as well has his *Arcana Sacra Bibliothecarum Dresdensium*, 1738, 8vo.—

with a continuation to the latter, preceded by an epistle concerning the electoral library, separately published in the same year. Then ENGEL (in Republicâ Helveto-Bernensi Bibliothecarius primus) published his *Bibliotheca selectissima, sive Catalogus librorum in omni genere scientiarum rarissimorum*, &c., Bernæ, 1743, 8vo.; in which work some axioms are laid down concerning the rarity of books not perhaps sufficiently correct; but in which a great deal of curious matter, very neatly executed, will repay the reader for any expense he may incur in the purchase of it. Afterwards FREYTAG'S *Analecta Literaria de libris rarioribus*, Lips., 1750, two vols. 8vo.; —and his *Adparatus Literarius ubi libri partim antiqui partim rari recensentur*, Lipsiæ, 1755, three volumes 8vo., highly gratified the curious in bibliography. In the former work the books are described alphabetically, which perhaps is the better plan: in the latter, they are differently arranged, with an alphabetical index. The latter is perhaps the more valuable of the two, although the former has long been a great favourite with many; yet, from Freytag's own confession, he was not then so knowing in books, and had not inspected the whole of what he described. They are both requisite to the collector; and their author, who was an enthusiast in bibliography, ranks high in the literature of his country. In the last place we may notice the *Florilegium Historico-Criticum Librorum Rariorum, cui multa simul scitu jucunda intersperguntur*, &c., of DANIEL

GERDES; first published at Groningen, in 1740; but afterwards in 1763, 8vo., at the same place, the third and best edition. It was meant, in part, to supply the omission of some rare books in Vogt: and under this title it was published in the *Miscellaneæ Groninganæ*, vol. ii., and vol. iii. This work of Gerdes should have a convenient place in every bibliographical cabinet. I will close this attempt to supply Lysander's omission of some very respectable names connected with bibliography by exhorting the reader to seize hold of a work (whenever it comes across him, which will be rarely) entitled *Bibliotheca Librorum Rariorum Universalis*, by JOHN JACOB BAUER, a bookseller at Nuremberg, and printed there in 1770, 8vo., two vols.; with three additional volumes by way of Supplement, 1774-1791, which latter are usually bound in one. It is an alphabetical Dictionary, like Vogt's and Fournier's, of what are called rare books. The descriptions are compendious, and the references respectable, and sometimes numerous. My copy of this scarce, dear, and wretchedly-printed, work, which is as large and clean as possible, and bound in pale Russia, with marbled edges to the leaves—cost me 5*l.* 5*s.*

[144] We are indebted to PIERRE SIMON FOURNIER le jeune, for some very beautiful interesting little volumes connected with engraving and printing. 1. *Dissertation sur l'Origine et les Progrés de l'art de Graver en Bois, &c.*, Paris, 1758, 8vo. 2. *De l'Origine et*

des Productions de l'Imprimerie primitive en taille de bois, Paris, 1759, 8vo. 3. *Traité sur l'Origine et les Progrés de l'Imprimerie*, Paris, 1764. 4. *Observations sur un Ouvrage intitulé Vindiciæ Typographicæ*, Paris, 1760. These treatises are sometimes bound in one volume. They are all elegantly printed, and rare. We may also mention—5. *Epreuves de deux petits caractères nouvellement gravès, &c.*, Paris, 1757; and especially his chef-d'œuvre. 6. *Manuel Typographique*, Paris, 1764-6, 8vo., two vols.: of which some copies want a few of the cuts: those upon LARGE PAPER (there is one of this kind in the Cracherode collections) are of the first rarity. Fournier's typographical manual should be in every printing office: his types "are the models (says his namesake,) of those of the best printed books at Paris at this day." *Dict. Port. de Bibliogr.*, p. 218, edit. 1706.

[145] The *Origines Typographicæ* of MEERMAN, which was published at the Hague in two handsome quarto volumes, 1765, (after the plan or prospectus had been published in 1761, 8vo.), secured its author a very general and rather splendid reputation, till the hypothesis advanced therein, concerning Laurence Coster, was refuted by Heinecken. The reader is referred to a note in the first volume of my new edition of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*, p. xxxi. It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding Meerman's hypothesis is now exploded by the most knowing bibliographers, his dissertation

concerning the claims of Haerlem should have been reprinted in French, with useful notes, and an increased catalogue of all the books published in the Low Countries, during the 15th century. This latter work is entitled "*De l'Invention de l'Imprimerie, ou analyse des deux ouvrages publiés sur cette matière par M. Meerman, &c.; suivi d'une notice chronologique et raisonnée des livres avec et sans date*," Paris, 1809, 8vo. The author is Mons. Jansen. Prefixed there is an interesting account, of Meerman. Lysander might have noticed, with the encomium which it justly merits the *Vindiciæ Typographicæ* of SCHOEPFLIN, printed at Strasburg, in 1760, 4to.; where the claimes of Gutenburg (a native of the same city) to the invention of the typographic art are very forcibly and successfully maintained.

LIS. You absolutely transport me! I see all these interesting busts—I feel the delicious coolness of the grotto—I hear the stream running over a bed of pebbles—The zephyrs play upon my cheeks—O dolt that I was to abuse——

PHIL. Hear him, hear him![146]

[146] Vide note at p. 37, ante.

LYSAND. From my heart I pity and forgive you.

But only look upon the bust of DE BURE; and every time that you open his *Bibliographie Instructive*,[147] confess, with a joyful heart, the obligations you are under to the author of it. Learn, at the same time, to despise the petty cavils of the whole Zoilean race; and blush for the Abbé RIVE,[148] that he could lend his name, and give the weight of his example, to the propagation of coarse and acrimonious censures.

[147] The works of GUILLAUME-FRANÇOIS DE BURE deserve a particular notice. He first published his *Musæum Typographicum*, Paris, 1755, 12mo.; of which he printed but TWELVE copies, and gave away every one of them (including even his own) to his book-loving friends. It was published under the name of G.F. Rebude. Peignot is very particular in his information concerning this rare morçeau of bibliography—see his *Bibliographie Curieuse*, p. 21. Afterwards appeared the *Bibliographie Instructive*, in seven volumes, 8vo., 1763-68—succeeded by a small volume of a catalogue of the anonymous publications, and an essay upon Bibliography: this 8th volume is absolutely necessary to render the work complete, although it is frequently missing. Fifty copies of this work were printed upon LARGE PAPER, of a quarto size. Its merits are acknowledged by every candid and experienced critic. In the third place, came

forth his *Catalogue des Livres, &c., de L.J. Gaignat, Paris*, 1769, 8vo., two vols.: not, however, before he had published two brochures—"*Appel aux Savans*," *&c.*, 1763, 8vo.—and "*Reponse à une Critique de la Bibliographie Instructive*," 1763, 8vo.—as replies to the tart attacks of the Abbé RIVE. The Catalogue of Gaignat, and the fairness of his answers to his adversary's censures, served to place De Bure on the pinnacle of bibliographical reputation; while Rive was suffered to fret and fume in unregarded seclusion. He died in the year 1782, aged 50: and was succeeded in his bibliographical labours by his cousin WILLIAM; who, with Mons. Van-Praet, prepared the catalogue of the Duke de la Valliere's library, in 1783, and published other valuable catalogues as late as the year 1801. But both are eclipsed, in regard to the *number* of such publications, by their predecessor GABRIEL MARTIN; who died in the year 1761, aged 83—after having compiled 148 catalogues since the year 1705. This latter was assisted in his labours by his son Claude Martin, who died in 1788. See Peignot's *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. i., 221, 422: vol iii., 277.

[148] The mention of De Bure and the Abbé RIVE induces me to inform the reader that the *Chasse aux Bibliographes*, Paris, 1789, 8vo., of the latter, will be found a receptacle of almost every kind of gross abuse and awkward wit which could be poured forth against the respectable characters of the day. It has now become

rare. The Abbé's "*Notices calligraphiques et typographiques*," a small tract of 16 pages—of which only 100 copies were printed—is sufficiently curious; it formed the first number of a series of intended volumes (12 or 15) "*des notices calligraphiques de manuscrits des differens siécles, et des notices typographiques de livres du quinziéme siécle*," but the design was never carried into execution beyond this first number. The other works of Rive are miscellaneous; but chiefly upon subjects connected with the belles lettres. He generally struck off but few copies of his publications; see the *Bibliographie Curieuse*, pp. 58-9; and more particularly the *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie*, vol. iii., p. 277, by the same author, where a minute list of Rive's productions is given, and of which Fournier might have availed himself in his new edition of the *Dict. Portatif de Bibliographie*. From Peignot, the reader is presented with the following anecdotes of this redoubted champion of bibliography. When Rive was a young man, and curate of Mollèges in Provence, the scandalous chronicle reported that he was too intimate with a young and pretty Parisian, who was a married woman, and whose husband did not fail to reproach him accordingly. Rive made no other reply than that of taking the suspicious Benedick in his arms, and throwing him headlong out of the window. Luckily he fell upon a dunghill! In the year 1789, upon a clergyman's complaining to him of the inflexible determination of a great lord to hunt upon his grounds—"*Mettez-lui une*

messe dans le ventre"—repiled Rive. The clergyman expressing his ignorance of the nature of the advice given, the facetious Abbé replied, "Go and tear a leaf from your *mass book*, wrap a musket-ball in it, and discharge it at the tyrant." The Duke de la Valliere used to say—when the knowing ones at his house were wrangling about some literary or bibliographical point —"Gentlemen, I'll go and let loose my bull dog,"—and sent into them the Abbé, who speedily put them all to rights. Rive died in the year 1791, aged seventy-one. He had great parts and great application; but in misapplying both he was his own tormentor. His library was sold in 1793.

Next to the bust of De Bure, consider those of the five Italian bibliographers and literati, HAYM, FONTANINI, ZENO, MAZZUCHELLI, and TIRABOSCHI; which are placed in the five consecutive niches. Their works are of various merit, but are all superior to that of their predecessor DONI. Although those of the first three authors should find a place in every bibliographical collection, the productions of Mazzuchelli,[149] and especially of the immortal Tiraboschi, cannot fail to be admitted into every judicious library, whether vast or confined. Italy boasts of few literary characters of a higher class, or of a more widely-diffused reputation than TIRABOSCHI.[150] His diligence, his sagacity, his candour, his constant and

patriotic exertions to do justice to the reputation of his countrymen, and to rescue departed worth from ill-merited oblivion, assign to him an exalted situation: a situation with the Poggios and Politians of former times, in the everlasting temple of Fame! Bind his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* in the choicest vellum, or in the stoutest Russia; for it merits no mean covering!

[149] We may first observe that "*La Libraria del* DONI *Fiorentino*;" Vinegia, 1558, 8vo., is yet coveted by collectors as the most complete and esteemed of all the editions of this work. It is ornamented with many portraits of authors, and is now rare. Consult *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., p. 275. Numerous are the editions of HAYM'S *Biblioteca Italiana*; but those of Milan, of the date of 1771, 4to., 2 vols., and 1803, 8vo. 4 vols., are generally purchased by the skilful in Italian bibliography. The best edition of FONTANINI'S *Biblioteca dell' Eloquenza Italiana* is with the annotations of ZENO, which latter are distinguished for their judgment and accuracy. It was published at Venice in 1753, 4to., 2 vols.; but it must be remembered that this edition contains only the *third* book of Fontanini, which is a library of the principal Italian authors. All the three books (the first two being a disquisition upon the orgin and progress of the Italian language) will be found in the preceeding

Venice edition of 1737, in one volume 4to. In the year 1753-63, came forth the incomparable but unfinished work of COUNT MAZZUCHELLI, in two folio volumes, [the latter vol. being divided into four thick parts] entittled: *Gli Scrittori d'Italia, cioé Notizie Storiche e Critiche intorno alle Vite e agli Scritti dei Letterati Italiani*. The death of the learned author prevented the publication of it beyond the first two letters of the alphabet. The Count, however, left behind ample materials for its execution according to the original plan, which lay shamefully neglected as late as the year 1776. See *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., p. 274. This work is rare in our own country. If the lover of Italian philology wishes to increase his critico-literary stores, let him purchase the *Biblioteca degli Autori Antichi Greci, e Latini volgarizzati*, &c., of PAITONI, in five quarto volumes, 1766: the *Notizie Istorico-Critiche &c., degli Scrittori Viniziani*, of AGOSTINI, Venez., 1752, 4to., 2 vols.: and the *Letteratura Turchesca of* GIAMBATISTA TODERINI, Venez., 1787, 8vo., 3 vols.—works nearly perfect of their kind, and (especially the latter one) full of curious matter.

[150] The best edition of his *Letteratura Italiana* is that of Modena, 1787-94, 4to., in fifteen volumes, as it contains his last corrections and additions, and has the advantage of a complete index. An excellent account of the life and labours of its wonderful author appeared in the fifth

volume of the *Athenæum*, to the perusal of which I strongly recommend the reader.

The range of busts which occupies the opposite niches represents characters of a more recent date. Let us begin with MERCIER;[151] a man of extraordinary, and almost unequalled, knowledge in every thing connected with bibliography and typography; of a quick apprehension, tenacious memory, and correct judgment; who was more anxious to detect errors in his own publications than in those of his fellow labourers in the same pursuit; an enthusiast in typographical researches—the Ulysses of bibliographers! Next to him stand the interesting busts of SAXIUS and LAIRE;[152] the latter of whom has frequently erred, but who merited not such a castigation as subsequent bibliographers have attempted to bestow upon him: in the number of which, one is sorry to rank the very respectable name of AUDIFFREDI[153]—whose bust, you observe, immediately follows that of Laire. Audiffredi has left behind him a most enviable reputation: that of having examined libraries with a curious eye, and described the various books which he saw with scrupulous fidelity. There are no lively or interesting sallies, no highly-wrought, or tempting descriptions—throughout his two quarto volumes: but, in lieu of this, there is sober truth, and sound judgment. I have mentioned Audiffredi a little out of order,

merely because his name is closely connected with that of Laire: but I should have first directed your attention to the sagacious countenance of HEINECKEN;[154] whose work upon ancient printing, and whose *Dictionary of Engravers* (although with the latter we have nothing just now to do) will never fail to be justly appreciated by the collector. I regret, Lisardo, for your own sake—as you are about to collect a few choice books upon typography—that you will have so much to pay for the former work, owing to its extreme rarity in this country, and to the injudicious phrenzy of a certain class of buyers, who are resolved to purchase it at almost any price. Let me not forget to notice, with the encomiums which they deserve, the useful and carefully compiled works of SEEMILLER, BRAUN, WURDTWEIN, DE MURR, ROSSI, and PANZER, whose busts are arranged in progressive order. All these authors[155] are greatly eminent in the several departments which they occupy; especially Panzer—whose *Annales Typographici*, in regard to arrangement and fulness of information, leaves the similar work of his precedessor, Maittaire, far behind. It is unluckily printed upon wretched paper—but who rejects the pine-apple from the roughness of its coat? Get ready the wherry; man it with a choice bibliomanical crew, good Lisardo!—and smuggle over in it, if you can, the precious works of these latter bibliographers—for you may saunter "from rise to set of sun," from

Whitechapel to Hyde-Park Corner—for them—in vain!

[151] Barthelemy, MERCIER DE ST. LEGER, died in the year 1800, and in the sixty-sixth of his age, full of reputation, and deeply regretted by those who knew the delightful qualities of his head and heart. It is not my intention to enumerate *all* his publications, the titles of which may be found in the *Siécles Littéraires*, vol. iv., p. 350: but, in the present place, I will only observe that his "*Supplement à l'Histoire de l'Imprimerie, par P. Marchand*," was first published in 1773, and afterwards in 1775, 4to., a rare and curious work; but little known in this country. His *Bibliothéque des Romans, traduit de Grec*, was published in 1796, 12 vols. 12mo. His letter concerning De Bure's work, 1763, 8vo., betrayed some severe animadversions upon the *Bibliogr. Instruct.*: but he got a similar flagellation in return, from the Abbé Rive, in his *Chasse aux Bibliographes*—who held him and De Bure, and all the bibliographical tribe, in sovereign contempt. His letter to Heinecken upon the rare editions of the 15th century, 1783, 8vo., and his other works, I never saw in any collection. The imperial library at Paris purchased his copy of Du Verdier's and La Croix du Maine's Bibliothéques, covered with his marginal annotations, as well as his copy of Clement's *Bibl. Curieuse*. Le Blond, member of the Institute, obtained his copy

of De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive*, also enriched with MS. notes. Mr. Ochéda, Lord Spencer's librarian, who knew well the Abbé de St. Leger, informed me that he left behind him ample materials for a History of Printing, in a new edition of his Supplement to Marchand's work, which he projected publishing, and which had received from him innumerable additions and corrections. "He was a man," says Mr. Ochéda, "the most conversant with editions of books of all kinds, and with every thing connected with typography and bibliography, that I ever conversed with." The reader may consult Peignot's *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. i., p. 452, vol. iii., p. 212.

[152] The *Onomasticon Literarium* of CHRISTOPHER SAXIUS, *Traject. ad Rhenum*, 1775-90, seven vols. 8vo., with a supplement, or eighth volume, published in 1803, is considered as a work of the very first reputation in its way. The notices of eminent men are compendious, but accurate; and the arrangement is at once lucid and new. An elegantly bound copy of this scarce work cannot be obtained for less than six and seven guineas. The first bibliographical production of the Abbé LAIRE was, I believe, the *Specimen Historicum Typographiæ Romanæ, xv. seculi, Romæ*, 1778, large 8vo.; of which work, a copy printed UPON VELLUM (perhaps unique) was sold at the sale of M. d'Hangard, in 1789, for 300 livres. *Dictionn. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv., p. 250. In my

Introduction, &c., to the Greek and Latin Classics, some account of its intrinsic merit will be found: vol. i., p. xviii. In the year 1784 Laire published a "*Dissertation sur l'origine et Progrès de l'Imprimerie en Franche-Comté*," 8vo.; and, in the year 1791, came forth his Catalogue Raisonné of the early printed books in the library of Cardinal de Lomenie de Brienne; under the title of "*Index Librorum ab Inventa Typographia, ad annum 1500*," in two octavo volumes. See the article "LOMENIE," in the list of foreign catalogues, post. Laire was also the author of a few other minor bibliographical productions. All the books in his library, relating to this subject, were covered with marginal notes; some of them very curious. See Peignot's *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. i., p. 330: and *Les Siecles Littéraires*, (1801, 8vo.) vol. iv., p. 75.

[153] The works and the merits of AUDIFFREDI have been before submitted by me to the public; and Mr. Beloe, in the third volume of his "*Anecdotes of Literature*," &c., has justly observed upon the latter. In Lord Spencer's magnificent library at Althorpe, I saw a copy of the "*Editiones Italicæ*," sec. xv., 1793, 4to., upon LARGE PAPER. It is much to be wished that some knowing bibliographer upon the Continent would complete this unfinished work of Audiffredi. His *Editiones Romanæ*, sec. xv., 1783, 4to., is one of the most perfect works of bibliography extant: yet Laire's "*Index Librorum*," &c. (see preceeding note), is necessary to supply

the omission of some early books printed at Rome, which had escaped even this keen bibliographer!

[154] HEINECKEN'S name stands deservedly high (notwithstanding his tediousness and want of taste) among bibliographical and typographical antiquaries. Of his "*Nachrichten von Kunstlern und Kunst-Sachen*," Leipzig, 1768, 8vo., two vols., (being "New Memoirs upon Artists and the objects of Art"—and which is frequently referred to by foreigners,) I never saw a copy. It was again published in 1786. His "*Idée Générale d'une Collection complette d'Estampes*," &c., Leips., 1771, 8vo., is a most curious and entertaining book; but unconscionably dear in this country. His "*Dictionnaire des Artistes dont nous avons des Estampes*," &c., Leips. 1778, 8vo., four vols., is an unfinished performance, but remarkably minute as far as it goes. The remainder, written in the German language, continues in MS. in the Electorate library at Dresden, forming twelve volumes. Of the character of Heinecken's latter work, consult Huber's *Manuel, &c., des Amateurs de l'Art*, Zurich, 1797, 8vo.: and a recent work entitled "*Notices des Graveurs*," Paris, 1804, 8vo., two vols. Heinecken died at the advanced age of eighty.

[155] We will discuss their works *seriatim*, as Lisardo has said above. SEEMILLER'S *Bibliothecæ Incolstadiensis Incunabula Typographica*, contains four parts, or

fasciculi: they are bound in one volume, quarto, 1787, &c.; but, unfortunately for those who love curious and carefully executed works, it is rather rare in this country. The *Notitia Historico-Critica de libris ab art typog. invent.*, by PLACID BRAUN, in two parts, or volumes, 1788, 4to., with curious plates, has long been a desideratum in my own collection; and my friend Mr. Beloe, who is luckily in possession of a copy, enjoys his triumph over me when he discovers it not in my bibliographical boudoir. The same author also published his "*Notitia Historico-Literaria de cod. MSS. in Bibl. Monast. ord. S. Bened. ad SS. Vidal. et Afram Augustæ ex tantibus*," Aug. Vindel., 1791, 4to., two vols. *Cat. de Santander*, vol. iv., p. 170. I know not how any well versed bibliographer can do without the "*Bibliotheca Moguntina libris sæculo primo Tpyographico Moguntiæ impressis instructa*;" 1787, 4to., of WURDTWEIN. It has some curious plates of fac-similes, and is rarely seen in the Strand or King-street book-markets.——C.T. DE MURR published a work of some interest, entitled, "*Memorabilia Bibliothecarum Publicarum Norimbergensium*," Norimb., 1786-91, three parts or vols. 8vo.; which is also rare.——ROSSI'S valuable work concerning the annals of Hebrew typography: *Annales Hebræo-Typographici, à 1475, ad 1540*, Parmæ, 1795, 1799, 4to., two separate publications, is prettily printed by Bodoni, and is an indispensable article in the collection of the typographical antiquary.

See the *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. iii., p. 286. ——PANZER'S *Annales Typographici*, in eleven quarto volumes (1793-1803) is a work of the very first importance to bibliographers. Its arrangement, after the manner of Orlandi's, is clear and most convenient; and the references to authorities, which are innumerable, are, upon the whole, very faithful. The indexes are copious and satisfactory. This work (of which I hear there are only three copies upon LARGE PAPER) contains an account of books which were printed in all parts of Europe from the year 1457, to 1536, inclusive; but it should be remembered that the author published a distinct work in the year 1788, 4to., relating to books which were printed, within the same period, in the *German Language*; and this should always accompany the eleven Latin volumes. I will just add from it, as a curiosity, the title and colophon (translated into English) of the first printed book in the German language:—"THE PUBLICATION OF DIETHERS, ELECTOR OF MAYENCE, AGAINST COUNT ADOLPHUS OF NASSAU; *given out under our impressed seal on Tuesday, after the fourth Sunday in Advent, anno Domini 1462*." Consult also Wurdtwein's *Bibl. Mogunt.*, p. 80; and the authorities there referred to. It seems doubtful whether this curious little brochure, of which scarcely any thing more than a fragment now remains, was printed by Fust and Schoeffer, or by Gutenberg.

What countenances are those which beam with so much quiet, but interesting, expression? They are the resemblances of DENIS and CAMUS:[156] the former of whom is better known from his *Annalium Typographicorum Maittaire Supplementum*; and the latter very generally respected abroad, although our acquaintance with him in this country is exceedingly slight. If I mistake not, I observe the mild and modest countenance of my old acquaintance, HERBERT, in this bibliographical group of heads? Do not despise his toil[157] because it is not sprinkled with gay conceits, or learned digressions: he wrote to be useful, not to be entertaining; and so far as he went, his work was such an improvement upon his predecessor's plan as to place it quite at the head of NATIONAL TYPOGRAPHY. See yonder the sensible countenance of HARWOOD![158] the first writer in this country who taught us to consider the respective merits and demerits of the various editions of Greek and Latin authors.

[156] MICHAEL DENIS, the translator of Ossian, and a bibliographer of justly established eminence, was principal librarian of the Imperial library at Vienna, and died in the year 1800, at the age of 71. His *Supplement to Maittaire's Typographical Annals*, in two parts or volumes, 1789, 4to., is a work of solid merit, and indispensable to the possessor of its precursor. The bibliographical

references are very few; but the descriptions of the volumes are minutely accurate. The indexes also are excellent. In the year 1793, Denis published the first volume (in three thick parts in folio) of his *Codices Manuscripti Theologici Bibl. Palat. Vindob.*; a production which the reader will find somewhat fully described in the ensuing pages. The second volume appeared after his death in 1801. In 1795-6, came forth his second edition of an *Introduction to the Knowledge of Books*, in two quarto volumes; unfortunately written in the German language—but mentioned with approbation in the first volume of the *Mem. de l'Inst.*, p. 648. Consult also Peignot's *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. i., p. 122; ii., 232.——ARMAND GASTON CAMUS is a bibliographer of very first rate reputation. The reader has only to peruse the following titles of some of his works, and he will certainly bewail his ill fortune if they are not to be found in his library. 1. *Observations sur la distribution et le classement des livres d'une Bibliothéque*: 2. *Additions aux mêmes*; 3. *Memoire sur un livre Allemand* (which is the famous TEWRDANNCKHS; and about which is to be hoped that Mr. Douce will one day favour us with his curious remarks): 4. *Addition au même*: 5. *Memoire sur l'histoire et les procédés du Polytypage et de la Stéréotypie*: 6. *Rapport sur la continuation de la Collection des Historiens de France, et de celle des Chartres et Diplomes*: 7. *Notice d'un livre imprimé à Bamberg en 1462*. All these works are thus strung together, because

they occur in the first three volumes of the *Memoires de l'Institut*. This curious book, printed at Bamberg, was discovered by a German clergyman of the name of Stenier, and was first described by him in the *Magasin Hist.-Litt., bibliogr.* Chemintz, 1792: but Camus's memoir is replete with curious matter, and is illustrated with fac-simile cuts. In the "*Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bibl. Nationale*," vol. vi., p. 106, will be found a most interesting memoir by him, relating to two ancient manuscript bibles, in two volumes folio, adorned with a profusion of pictures: of some of which very elegant fac-similes are given. These pictures are 5152 in number! each of them having a Latin and French verse beautifully written and illuminated beneath.—Camus supposes that such a work could not now be executed under 100,000 francs!—"Where (exclaims he) shall we find such modern specimens of book-luxury?" In the year 1802, he published an admirable "*Mémoire sur la collection des grands et petits voyages, et sur la Collection des Voyages des Melchesedech Thevenot*," 4to., with an excellent "Table des Matières." Of his own journey into the Low Countries, recently published, I never met with a copy. All the preceding works, with the exception of the last, are in my own humble collection.

[157] A short bibliographical memoir of HERBERT will be found in the first volume of my edition of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*. Since that was

published, I have gleaned a few further particulars relating to him, which may be acceptable to the reader. Shortly after the appearance of his third volume, he thus speaks in a letter to Mr. Price, librarian of the Bodleian library, "If at any time you meet with any book of which I have not taken notice, or made any mistake in the description of it, your kind information will be esteemed a favour; as I purpose to continue collecting materials for a future publication, when enough shall be collected to make another volume." This was in April, 1790. In the ensuing month he thus addresses his old friend Mr. White, of Crickhowell, who, with himself, was desperately addicted to the black-letter. "To morrow my wife and self set out for Norfolk to take a little relaxation for about a fortnight. I hope my labours will in some good measure answer the expectation of my friends and subscribers in general. Sure I am my best endeavours have been exerted for that purpose. I have been 24 years collecting materials; have spent many a fair pound, and many a weary hour; and it is now ten years since the first part was committed to the press. I purpose to continue collecting materials in order to a fourth volume, &c.;—yet by no means will I make myself debtor to the public when to publish: if it shall please God to take me to himself, Isaac will in due time set it forth. However I shall keep an interleaved copy for the purpose." In a letter to a Mr. John Banger Russell (in Dorsetshire), written in the ensuing month

of June, the same sentiments and the same intention are avowed. Thus ardent was the bibliomaniacal spirit of Herbert in his 72d year! The *interleaved copy* here alluded to (which was bound in six volumes 4to., in Russia binding, and for which Mr. Gough had given Herbert's widow 52*l.* 10*s.*) is now in my possession; as well as the yet more valuable acquisition of some numerous MS. addenda to his History of Printing—both of these articles having been purchased by me at the sale of Mr. Gough's MSS. and printed books, A.D. 1810.

[158] Dr. EDWARD HARWOOD published the fourth and last edition of his "*View of the various editions of the Greek and Roman Classics*," in the year 1790, 8vo. A work which, in the public estimation, has entitled its author's memory to very considerable respect in the classical world; although the late Professor Porson, in the fly leaf of a copy of my second edition of a similar publication, was pleased to call the Doctor by a name rather unusually harsh with *him*, who was "Criticus et lenis et acutus;" censuring also my dependance upon my predecessor. In the year 1808, was published my third edition of "*An introduction to the knowledge of rare and valuable editions of the Greek and Latin Classics*," two volumes 8vo.: in which, if I may presume to talk of anything so insignificant, I have endeavoured to exhibit the opinions—not of Dr. Harwood alone, but of the most eminent foreign

critics and editors—upon the numerous editions which, in a chronological series, are brought before the reader's attention. The remarks of the first bibliographers in Europe are also, for the first time in a English publication, subjoined; so that the lover of curious, as well as of valuable, editions may be equally gratified. The authorities, exceedingly numerous as well as respectable, are referred to in a manner the most unostentatious; and a full measure of text, and to be really useful, was my design from the beginning to the end of it. To write a long and dull homily about its imperfections would be gross affectation. An extensive sale has satisfied my publishers that its merit a little counterbalances its defects.

LIS. You are, no doubt, a fond and partial critic in regard to the works of Herbert and Harwood: but I am glad to recognise my fellow countrymen in such an illustrious assemblage. Go on.

LYSAND. We are just at the close. But a few more busts, and those very recently executed, remain to be noticed. These are the resemblances of LA SERNA SANTANDER, CAILLEAU, and OBERLIN;[159] while several vacant niches remain to be filled up with the busts of more modern bibliographers of eminence: namely, of VAN-PRAET, FISCHER, LAMBINET, RENOUARD, PEIGNOT, FOURNIER,

BARBIER, BOUCHER, and BRUNET.[160]

[159] DE LA SERNA SANTANDER will always hold a distinguished place amongst bibliographers, not only from the care and attention with which he put forth the catalogue of his own books—the parting from which must have gone near to break his heart—but from his elegant and useful work entitled, "*Dictionnaire Bibliographique choisi du quinzieme Siécle*," 1805, &c., 8vo., in three parts or volumes. His summary of researches, upon the invention of printing, Mr. Edwards told me, he read "with complete satisfaction"—this occupies the first part or volume. The remaining volumes form a necessary, as well as brilliant, supplement to De Bure. Just at this moment, I believe that Mr. Beloe's, and my own, copy of the work, are the only ones in this country.——CAILLEAU has the credit of being author of the *Dictionnaire Bibliographique*, &c., in three volumes, octavo, 1790—of which there are a sufficient number of counterfeited and faulty re-impressions; but which, after all, in its original shape, edit. 1790, is not free from gross errors; however useful it is in many respects. I suspect, however, that the Abbé DUCLOS had the greater share in this publication: but, be this as it may, the fourth supplemental volume (by the younger Brunet) is, in every respect, a more accurate and valuable performance. OBERLIN, librarian of the central school or college at Strasbourg, is author of a

bibliographical treatise particularly deserving of the antiquary's attention: namely, *Essai d'annales de la vie de Jean Gutenburg, &c.*, Stasb., an. ix., 8vo. His other numerous (belles-lettres) works are minutely specified by Peignot in his *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. iii., p. 230. His edition of Horace, Argent., 1788, 4to., is both elegant and correct.

[160] Let us go quietly through the modern French school of bibliography.——Mons. JOSEPH VAN-PRAET is principal librarian of the Imperial collection at Paris, and is justly called, by some of his fellow-labourers in the same career, "one of the first bibliographers in Europe." He is known to me, as a bibliographical writer, only by the part which he took, and so ably executed, in the Valliere catalogue of 1783. Peignot informs us that M. Van-Praet is now busy in composing a little work—which I am sure will rejoice the hearts of all true bibliomaniacs to be apprised of—called a *Catalogue raisonné* of books PRINTED UPON VELLUM; for which he has already prepared not fewer than 2000 articles! See the *Curiosités Bibliogr.*, p. iij. Among these VELLUM articles, gentle reader, I assure thee that thine eyes will be blest with the description of "THE SHYP OF FOOLES," printed by Pynson, 1509! The urbanity and politeness of this distinguished librarian are equal to his knowledge.——GOTTHELF FISCHER, a Saxon by birth, and librarian of the public collection at Mentz, has given us the

following interesting treatises, of which, I believe, not five copies are to be found in this country: namely—*Essai sur les Monumens Typographiques de Jean Gutenberg, &c.*, an. x. [1801], 4to.: and *Descriptions de raretés typographiques et de Manuscrits remarquables, &c.*, Nuremb., 1801, 8vo.—the latter is in the German language, and has cuts—with a portrait of Fust. By this time, the work has most probably been translated into French, as it is frequently referred to and highly spoken of by foreigners. Peignot [*Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. iii., p. 128] refers us to the fine eulogy pronounced upon Fisher (not yet 40 years of age) by Camus, in his "Voyage dans les departemens réunis," p. 12.——LAMBINET will always be remembered and respected, as long as printing and bibliography shall be studied, by his "*Recherches Historiques Littéraires et Critiques, sur l'Originè de L'Imprimerie; particulièrement sur les premiers établissemens au* XVme *siécle dans la Belgique*," &c., Brux., an. vii. (1798), 8vo. It is, indeed, a very satisfactory performance: the result of judgment and taste—rare union!——In like manner, RENOUARD has procured for himself a bibliographical immortality by his *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aide*, 1803, 8vo., two vols.: a work almost perfect of its kind, and by many degrees superior to Bandini's dry *Annales Typog. Juntarum.*, Lucæ, 1761. In Renouard's taste, accuracy and interest are delightfully combined; and the work is printed with unrivalled beauty. There were

only six copies of it printed upon LARGE PAPER; one of which I saw in the fine collection of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville.——Few modern bibliographers have displayed so much diligence as GABRIEL PEIGNOT: from whom we have, 1. *Dictionnaire Raisonné de Bibliologie*, Paris, 1802, 8vo., two vols., with a third, by way of supplement (1804). With necessary corrections and additions, this work would answer many useful purposes in an English translation. 2. *Essai de Curiosités Bibliographiques*, 1804, 8vo. This is a very amusing (but scarce and unconscionably dear) book. It contains elaborate descriptions of many curious and sumptuous works, which were sold for 1000 and more livres at public sales. 3. *Dictionnaire, &c., des principaux livres condamnés au feu, supprimés ou censurés*, Paris, 1806, 8vo., 2 vols. The very title of such a work must sharpen the edge of curiosity with those bibliomaniacs who have never seen it. 4. *Bibliographie Curieuse, ou Notice Raisonnée des livres imprimés a cent exemplaires au plus, suivie d'une notice de quelques ouvrages tirés sur papier de couleur*, Paris, 1808, 8vo. Only one hundred copies of this thin volume were struck off: of which I possess the 86th copy, according to Peignot's notification. Indeed I am fortunate in having all his preceding works. Let us wish long life and never-failing success to so brave a book-chevalier as Gabriel Peignot.——FRANÇOIS IGNACE FOURNIER, at 18 years of age, published an elegantly printed little

volume, entitled *Essai Portatif de Bibliographie*, 1796, 8vo., of which only 26 copies were struck off. In the year 1805, this essay assumed the form of a Dictionary, and appeared under the title of *Dictionnaire portatif de Bibliographie, &c.*, 8vo., comprising 17,000 articles, printed in a very small character. Last year, in the month of May, Fournier put forth a new edition of this *Dictionnaire*, considerably augmented; but in which (such is the fate of bibliographical studies) notwithstanding all the care of the author, Brunet tells us that he has discovered not fewer than five hundred errors! Let not Fournier, however be discouraged; in a few years he will achieve something yet more worthy of his laudable seal in bibliography.——ANTOINE-ALEXANDRE BARBIER, librarian of the Council of State, has favoured us with an admirably well executed work, entitled *Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes, composés, traduits ou publiés en Français, &c., accompagneé de notes historiques et critiques*, Paris, *Imprimis Bibliogr.*, 1806, 8vo., two vols. See also art. "Conseil d'Etat," in the list of French Catalogues, post. From these the reader will judge of the warm thanks to which this eminent bibliographer is entitled for his very useful labours.——G. BOUCHER de la Richarderie has, in an especial manner, distinguished himself by his *Bibliothéque Universelle des Voyages*, Paris, 1808, 8vo., six vols.: a work executed with care, minuteness, and considerable interest. Some of its extracts are, perhaps,

unnecessarily long. The index to the sixth volume will lead the reader to consult an account of some of the most ancient, rare, and curious publications of voyages which have ever appeared: and Boucher "has deserved well" of the book world by this truly valuable and almost indispensable performance.——BRUNET Le Fils. This able writer, and enthusiastic devotee to bibliography, has recently published an excellent and copious work which would appear greatly to eclipse Fournier's; entitled "*Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres, contenant, 1. Un Nouveau Dictionnaire Bibliographigue, 2. Une Table en forme de Catalogue Raisonnée*," Paris, 1810, 8vo., 3 vols.: in which he tells us he has devoted at least thirty years to the examination of books. The first two volumes form a scientific arrangement: the latter is an alphabetical one, referring to one or the other of the preceding volumes for a more copious account of the work. It must be confessed that Brunet has, in this publication, executed a difficult task with great ability.

LIS. I am quite anxious to possess the publications of these moderns: but you say nothing of their comparative value with the ancients.

LYSAND. Generally speaking, in regard to discoveries of rare books and typographical curiosities, the moderns have the advantage.

They have made more rational conclusions, from data which had escaped their predecessors: and the sparkling and animated manner in which they dress out the particular objects that they describe renders the perusal of their works more pleasant and gratifying. I am not sure that they have the learning of the old school: but their works are, in general, less ponderous and repulsive. The ancient bibliographers were probably too anxious to describe every thing, however minute and unimportant: they thought it better to say too much than too little; and, finding the great mass of readers in former times, uninstructed in these particular pursuits, they thought they could never exhaust a subject by bringing to bear upon it every point, however remotely connected! They found the plain, it is true, parched and sandy; but they were not satisfied with pouring water upon it, 'till they had converted it into a deluge.[161]

[161] What Denis says, in the preface to his *Catalog. Cod. MSS. Bibl. Palat. Vindob.* (of which see p. 65, ante) is very just; "media incedendum via; neque nudis codicum titulis, ut quibusdam bibliothecis placuit, in chartam conjectis provehi multum studia, neque *doctis, quæ superioris seculi fuit intemperantia, ambagibus et excursibus*."—This is certainly descriptive of the OLD SCHOOL of bibliography.

LIS. Let me ask you, at this stage of our inquiries, what you mean by bibliographical publications?—and whether the works of those authors which you have enumerated are sufficient to enable a novice, like myself, to have pretty accurate notions about the rarity and intrinsic value of certain works?

LYSAND. By bibliographical publications, I mean such works as give us some knowledge of the literary productions, as well as of the life, of certain learned men; which state the various and the best editions of their lucubrations; and which stimulate us to get possession of these editions. Every biographical narrative which is enriched with the mention of curious and rare editions of certain works is, to a great extent, a bibliographical publication. Those works which treat professedly upon books are, of course, immediately within the pale of bibliography.

LIS. But am I to be satisfied with the possession of those works already recommended?

PHIL. I suppose Lisardo has heard of certain valuable CATALOGUES, and he wishes to know how far the possession of these may be requisite in order to make him a bibliographer?

LYSAND. At present I will say nothing about the catalogues of the collections of our own countrymen. As we have been travelling principally abroad, we may direct our attention to those which relate to foreign collections.

And first, let us pay a due tribute of praise to the published Catalogues of Libraries collected by the JESUITS: men of shrewd talents and unabating research, and in derogation of whose merits Voltaire and D'Alembert disgraced themselves by scribbling the most contemptible lampoons. The downfall of this society led, not very indirectly, to the destruction of the ancient French monarchy. Men seemed to forget that while the most shameless depredations were committed within the libraries of the Jesuits, the cause of learning, as well as of liberty, suffered,—and the spoils which have glittered before our eyes, as the precious relics of these collections, serve to afford a melancholy proof how little those men stick at any thing who, in raising the war-whoop of liberty and equality, tear open the very bowels of order, tranquillity, peace, and decorum! But, to the subject. Let the catalogues of PUBLIC COLLECTIONS, when they are well arranged, be received into your library. Of foreign PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, the catalogues[162] of DU FRESNE, CORDES, HEINSIAS, BALUZE, COLBERT, ROTHELIN, DE BOZE, PREFOND, POMPADOUR, GAIGNAT, GOUTTARD, BUNAU, SOUBISE, LA VALLIERE, CREVENNA, LAMOIGNON, and of several other collections, with which my memory does not just now serve me, will enable you to form a pretty correct estimate of the *marketable value* of certain rare and sumptuous publications. Catalogues are, to bibliographers, what *Reports* are to lawyers: not to be read through from

beginning to end—but to be consulted on doubtful points, and in litigated cases. Nor must you, after all, place too strong a reliance upon the present prices of books, from what they have produced at former sales; as nothing is more capricious and unsettled than the value of books at a public auction. But, in regard to these catalogues, if you should be fortunate enough to possess any which are printed upon *Large Paper, with the Names of the Purchasers, and the Prices* for which each set of books was sold, thrice and four times happy may you account yourself to be, my good Lisardo!

[162] As it would have required more breath than usually falls to the lot of an individual, for Lysander to have given even a rough sketch of the merits, demerits, and rarity of certain foreign catalogues of public and private collections —in his discourse with his friends—I have ventured to supply the deficiency by subjoining, in the ensuing *tolerably copious* note, a list of these catalogues, alphabetically arranged; as being, perhaps, the most convenient and acceptable plan. Such an attempt is quite novel; and must be received, therefore, with many grains of allowance. Although I am in possession of the greater number (at least of two thirds) of the catalogues described, I am aware that, in regard to the description of those not in my own library, I subject myself to the lash of P. Morhof. "Inepti sunt, qui

librorum catalogos scribunt e catalogis. Oculata fides et judicium præsens requiritur." *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 230. But the weight of my authorities will, I trust, secure me from any great violence of critical indignation. To render so dry a subject (the very "*Hortus Siccus*" of bibliography) somewhat palatable, I have here and there besprinkled it with biographical anecdotes of the collectors, and of the state of French literature in the last century and a half.——D'AGUESSEAU. *Catalogue des Livres Imprimés et Manuscrits de la Bibliothéque de feu Monsieur D'Aguesseau*, &c., Paris, 1785, 8vo. "Anxious to enrich his collection, (says the compiler of this catalogue) the Bibliomaniac sees with delight the moment arrive when, by the sale of a library like this, he may add to his precious stores. It is, in truth, a grand collection; especially of history, arts, and sciences, and jurisprudence. The famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau laid the foundation of this library, which was as universal as his own genius." It would appear that the son, to whom the collection latterly belonged, was gracious in the extreme in the loan of books; and that, in consequence, a public advertisement was inserted at the foot of the "Avis preliminaire," to entreat those, who had profited by such kindness, to return their borrowed (shall I say stolen?) goods? For want of these volumes, many sets of books were miserably defective. ——ANONYMIANA. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Anonymianæ, in quo libri rariores*

recensentur, una cum notis litterariis, Norimb., 1738, 8vo. This is a catalogue of value, and may be well ranged with its brethren upon the bibliographer's shelf. Another "*Bibliotheca Anonymiana*," was published ten years preceding the present one; at the Hague, in three parts, one vol., 8vo.: which, in the *Bibl. Solger.*, vol iii., no. 1388, is said to contain many rare books: see also no. 1370, *ibid.*——D'ARTOIS. *Catalogue des Livres du Cabinet de Monseigneur Le Compte D'Artois*, Paris, 1783, 8vo. Very few copies of this catalogue, which is printed in a wide octavo page, resembling that of a quarto, were struck off: according to Fournier's *Dict. Portat. de Bibliogr.*, p. 120, edit. 1809. See also *Cat. de Boutourlin*, no. 3876.——AUGUSTANA. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ inclytæ Reipubl. Augustanæ utriusque linguæ tum Græcæ tum Latinæ librorum et impressorum et manu exaratorum.* Aug. Vindel., 1600, fol. Morhof informs us that this catalogue, of which Hoeschelius was the compiler, contains an account of some manuscripts which have never been printed, as well as of some which Marcus Velserus published. It is, moreover, full of precious bibliographical matter; but unfortunately (the possessor of it may think otherwise) only ONE HUNDRED COPIES were struck off. *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 211. I find, however, some little difficulty about distinguishing this catalogue of the Augsbourg library from the impression of 1633, fol., which Vogt mentions at p. 323, and of which he also talks of 100 copies

being printed. It should not be forgotten that Hoeschelius published an admirable catalogue of the Greek MSS. in the library of Augsbourg, 1595, and again 1605, in 4to. Colomiés pronounces it a model in its way. *Bibl. Choisie*, p. 194-5. The catalogue of the Greek MSS. in the library of the Duke of Bavaria, at Munich, was published about the same period; namely, in 1602: the compiler was a skilful man, but he tells us, at the head of the catalogue, that the MSS. were open to the inspection of every one who had any work in hand, provided he were a *Roman Catholic*! This was being very kind to protestants! *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., part i., p. 215, edit. 1725. See also Vogt's *Catalog. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 232.——AUGUSTANA. *Notitia historica-literaria de libris ab artis typographicæ inventione usque ad annum, 1478, impressis, in Bibliotheca Monasterii ad SS. Udalricum et Afram Augustæ extantibus.* August, Vindel, 1788, 4to. This volume, which I have no doubt would gratify the curious bibliographer, it has never been my good fortune to meet with. It is here introduced upon the authority of the *Cat. du Cardinal de Loménie*, no. 2647: ed. 1797. I ought not to close this account of the Augsbourg catalogues of books, without remarking, on the authority of Reimannus, that the *first* published catalogue of books is that which Villerius, a bookseller at Augsburg, put forth in the year 1564. See the *Bibl. Acroam.*, p. 5.——AURIVILLIUS. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ quam collegerat Carolus Aurivillius*, sectio i. and ii., Upsal, 1787,

8vo. This catalogue contains a plentiful sprinkling of short literary and bibliographical notes; according to *Bibl. Krohn*, p. 256, no. 3582.——BADENHAUPT. *Bibliotheca selectissima; sive Catalogus librorum magnam partem philologicorum, quos inter eminent. Auctores Græci et Romani classica quos collegit E.F. Badenhaupt*, Berol, 1773, 8vo. The pithy bibliographical notes which are here and there scattered throughout this catalogue, render it of estimation in the opinion of the curious. ——BALUZE. *Bibliotheca Balusiana; seu catalogus librorum bibliothecæ D.S. Baluzii, A. Gab. Martin*, Paris, 1719, 8vo., two vols. Let any enlightened bibliographers read the eulogy upon the venerable Baluze (who died in his eighty-eighth year, and who was the great Colbert's librarian), in the preface of the *Bibl. Colbertina* (vide post), and in the *Dict. Hist.* (Caen, 1789, vol. i., p. 443-4), and he will not hesitate a moment about the propriety of giving this volume a conspicuous place upon his shelf. From the *Bibl. Mencken*, p. 10, it would appear that a third volume, containing translations of some MSS. in the royal library, is wanting to make this catalogue complete. This third volume is uncommon. ——BARBERINI. *Index Bibliothecæ Francisci Barberini Cardinalis. Romæ, Typis Barberinis*, 1681, fol., three vols. in two. The widely spread celebrity of Cardinal Barberini suffers no diminution from this publication of the riches contained within his library. The authors are arranged alphabetically, and not according to

classes. Although it be not the most luminous in its arrangement, or the most accurate in its execution, this finely printed catalogue will never remain long upon a bookseller's shelf without a purchaser. It were much to be desired that our own noblemen, who have fine collections of books, would put forth (after the example of Cardinal Barberini) similar publications.——BARTHELEMY. *Catalogue des Livres de la Bibliothéque de M. l'Abbé Barthelemy, par M. Bernard*, 1800, 8vo. The high reputation of the owner of this collection will always secure purchasers for this catalogue of useful and interesting books.——BIBLIOGRAPHIE *des Pays Bas, avec quelques notes. Nyon, en Suisse*, 1783, 4to. Only fifty copies of this work were printed. It is a pity that Peignot, who gives us this information, does not accompany it with some account of the nature and merits of the work—which probably grew out of the *Histoire Littéraire des Pays Blas*, 1725, in three folio volumes. *Bibl. Curieuse*, p. 10.——BODLEIAN. *Catalog. Libr. Bibl. Publ., &c., in Acad. Oxon.*, 1605, 4to. *Catal. Libr. Impr.*, 1674, fol. *Catalogi Libror. MSS. Angl. et Hibern.*, 1697, fol. *Catalogus Impress. Libror. Bibl. Bodl.*, 1733, fol., two vols. Although none but catalogues of foreign public and private collections were intended to be noticed in this list, the reader will forgive a little violation of the rule laid down by myself, if I briefly observe upon the catalogues of the Bodleian library and the British Museum. [For the latter, vide 'MUSEUM.'] The first of

these Bodleian catalogues contains an account of the MSS. It was prepared by Dr. James, the editor of the Philobiblion of De Bury (vide p. 30, ante), and, as it was the first attempt to reduce to "lucid order" the indigested pile of MSS. contained in the library, its imperfections must be forgiven. It was afterwards improved, as well as enlarged, in the folio edition of 1697, by Bernard; which contains the MSS. subsequently bequeathed to the library by Selden, Digby, and Laud, alone forming an extensive and valuable collection. The editor of Morhof (vol. i., 193, n.) has highly commended this latter catalogue. Let the purchaser of it look well to the frontispiece of the portraits of Sir Thomas Bodley and of the fore-mentioned worthies, which faces the title-page; as it is frequently made the prey of some prowling Grangerite. The first catalogue of the *Printed Books* in the Bodleian library was compiled by the celebrated orientalist, Dr. Hyde: the second by Fisher: of these, the latter is the more valuable, as it is the more enlarged. The plan adopted in both is the same: namely, the books are arranged alphabetically, without any reference to their classes—a plan fundamentally erroneous: for the chief object in catalogues of public collections is to know what works are published upon particular subjects, for the facility of information thereupon—whether our inquiries lead to publication or otherwise: an alphabetical index should, of course, close the whole. It is with reluctance my zeal for literature

compels me to add that a *Catalogue Raisonnée of the Manuscripts and Printed Books in the Bodleian Library* is an urgent desideratum—acknowledged by every sensible and affectionate son of ALMA MATER. Talent there is, in abundance, towards the completion of such an honourable task; and the only way to bring it effectually into exercise is to employ heads and hands enough upon the undertaking. Let it be remembered what Wanley and Messrs. Planta and Nares have done for the Cottonian and Harleian MSS. —and what Mr. Douce is now doing for those of the Lansdowne collection! One gentleman alone, of a very distinguished college, in whom the acuteness and solidity of Porson seem almost revived, might do wonders for the Greek MSS., and lend an effectual aid towards the arrangement of the others. The printed books might be assigned, according to their several classes, to the gentlemen most conversant with the same; and the numerous bibliographical works, published since the catalogue of 1733, might be occasionally referred to, according to the plan observed in the *Notitia Editionum vel Primariæ, &c., in Bibl. Bodl. Oxon.*, 1795, 8vo.; which was judiciously drawn up by the Bishop of London, and the Rev. Dr. William Jackson. I am aware that the aged hands of the present venerable librarian of the Bodleian library can do little more than lay the foundation-stone of such a massive superstructure; but even this would be sufficient to enrol his name with

the Magliabecchis and Baillets of former times—to entitle him to be classed among the best benefactors to the library—and to shake hands with its immortal founder, in that place where are

et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatæ.

BONNIER. *Catalogue des livres de la Bibliothéque de Bonnier.* Paris, 1800, 8vo. This catalogue is here introduced to the bibliographer's notice in order to sharpen his bibliomaniacal appetite to obtain one of the four copies only which were printed upon LARGE PAPER of Dutch manufacture. See *Cat. de Caillard* (1808), no. 2596.——BOUTOURLIN. *Catalogue des livres de la Bibliothéque de S.E.M. Le Comte de Boutourlin.* Paris (an. xiii.), 1805, 8vo. Every one must conceive a high respect for the owner of this choice collection, from the amiable sentiments which pervade the preface to the catalogue. It has a good index; and is elegantly printed. My copy is upon LARGE PAPER.——DE BOZE. *Catalogue des Livres du Cabinet de M. Claude Gros de Boze.* Paris. *De l'Imp. Royale*, 1745, small folio. This is the first printed catalogue of the choice and magnificent library of De Boze, the friend and correspondent of Dr. Mead, between whom presents of books were continually passing —as they were the first collectors of the day in their respective countries. Some have said 50, some 35, others 25, and others ONLY 12 COPIES of this impression

were struck off, as presents for the collector's friends. Consult *Bibl. Mead*, p. 81, no. 617. *Bibl. Creven.*, vol. v., 291. *Bauer's Bibl. Rarior.*, vol. i., 151. *Bibl. Curieuse*, p. 12. *Bibl. Askev.*, no. 508. Barbier's *Dict. des Anonymes*, vol. ii., no. 8002.——DE BOZE, *de la même bibliothéque*, 1753, 8vo. This catalogue, which was executed by Martin, after the death of De Boze, does not contain all the notices of works mentioned in the preceding one. It is, however, well deserving of a place in the bibliographer's library. Peignot tells us that there was yet a *third* catalogue printed, in 8vo., containing 192 pages, and giving an account of some books taken out of De Boze's collection: a few of which are described in the preceding edition of 1753. See his *Bibl. Cur.*, p. 12.——BOZERIAN. *Notice des livres précieux ye M. Bozérian, par M. Bailly*, 1798, 8vo. A cabinet of "precious books," indeed! The misfortune is, so small a number of modern foreign catalogues come over here that the best of them will be found in few of our libraries. Whenever the "Bibliotheca Bozeriana" shall be imported, it will not stop seven days upon a bookseller's shelf!——BULTEAU. *Bibliotheca Bultelliana; (Caroli Bulteau) a Gabr. Martin*, Paris, 1711, 12mo., 2 vols. in one. This catalogue, which is carefully compiled, contains curious and uncommon books; many of which were purchased for the collections of Préfond, De Boze, and others.——BUNAU. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Bunavianæ.* Lipsiæ, 1750. Six parts, in

three volumes, each volume having two parts—usually bound in six vols. Highly and generally esteemed as is this extensive collection, and methodically arranged catalogue, of Count Bunau's books, the latter has always appeared to me as being branched out into too numerous ramifications, so as to render the discovery of a work, under its particular class, somewhat difficult, without reference to the index. I am aware that what Camus says is very true—namely, that "nothing is more absurd than to quarrel about catalogue-making: and that every man ought to have certain fixed and decisive ideas upon the subject," [*Mem. de l'Inst.* vol. i., 650,] but simplicity and perspicuity, which are the grand objects in every undertaking, might have been, in my humble apprehension, more successfully exhibited than in this voluminous catalogue. It represents *over-done analysis*! yet those who are writing upon particular subjects will find great assistance in turning to the different works here specified upon the same. It is rare and high-priced. From the preface, which is well worth an attentive perusal, it appears that this grand collection, now deposited in the electoral library at Dresden (see *Cat. de Caillard*, no. 2545, 1808,) was at Count Bunau's country-house, situated in a pleasant village about half a mile from Dresden—

Vicinam videt unde lector urbem.

Saxius, in his *Onomast. Literar.*, vol i., p. xxxiii., edit. 1775, &c., has a smart notice of this splendid collection.——BUNNEMAN. *J.L. Bunnemanni Catalogus Manuscriptorum, item librorum impressorum rarissimorum pro assignato pretio venalium.* Minda, 1732, 8vo. For the sake of knowing, by way of curiosity, what books (accounted rare at this period) were sold for, the collector may put this volume into his pocket, when he finds it upon a book-stall marked at 1*s.* 6*d.* In the *Bibl. Solger.*, vol iii., no. 1396, there was a priced copy upon LARGE PAPER with bibliographical memoranda. ——CAILLARD. *Catalogue des livres du Cabinet de M.A.B. Caillard*, Paris, 1805, 8vo. Of this private catalogue, compiled by Caillard himself, and printed upon fine Dutch paper, in super-royal 8vo., only twenty-five copies were struck off. So says Fournier, *Dict. Portatif de Bibliographie*: p. 120; edit. 1809, and the "avant-propos" prefixed to the subsequent catalogue here following:——*Livres rares et précieux de la Bibliothéque de feu M. Ant. Bern. Caillard*, Paris, 1808, 8vo. There were but twenty-five copies of this catalogue of truly valuable, and, in many respects, rare, and precious, books, printed upon LARGE PAPER, of the same size as the preceding. This was the sale catalogue of the library of Caillard, who died in 1807, in his sixty-ninth year, and of whose bibliomaniacal spirit we have a most unequivocal proof in his purchasing De Cotte's celebrated uncut copy of the first printed Homer, at an enormous sum! [vide COTTE, post.] "Sa

riche bibliothéque est á-la-fois un monument de son amour pour l'art typographique, et de la vaste étendue de ses connoissances," p. xiv. Some excellent indexes close this volume; of which Mr. Payne furnished me with the loan of his copy upon LARGE PAPER.——CAMBIS. *Catalogue des principaux manuscrits du cabinet de M. Jos. L.D. de Cambis*, Avignon, 1770, 4to. Although this is a catalogue of MSS., yet, the number of copies printed being very few, I have given it a place here. Some of these copies contain but 519, others 766, pages; which shews that the owner of the MSS. continued publishing his account of them as they increased upon him. Rive, in his "*Chasse aux bibliographes*," has dealt very roughly with the worthy Cambis; but Peignot tells us that this latter was a respectable literary character, and a well-informed bibliographer—and that his catalogue, in spite of Rive's diatribe, is much sought after. See the *Bibliogr. Curieuse*, p. 14; also *Cat. de la Valliere*, vol. iii., no. 5543.——CAMUS DE LIMARE. *Catalogues des livres de M. le Camus de Limare*, Paris, 1779, 12mo. —*Des livres rares et précieux de M—— (Camus de Limare)*, Paris, 1786, 8vo.—*Des livres rares et précieux, reliés en maroquin, de la bibliothéque du même, Paris, an trois* (1795), 8vo. Of the *first* catalogue only a small number of copies was printed, and those for presents. *Bibliogr. Curieuse*, p. 15. It contains a description of De Boze's extraordinary copy of Du Fresnoy's "Methode pour étudier l'Histoire," 1729,

4to., four volumes, with the supplement, 1740, two vols.; which was sold for 1500 livres; and which was, of course, upon LARGE PAPER, with a thousand inviting additions, being much more complete than the similar copies in *Cat. de Valliere*, no. 4467; and *Cat. de Crevenna*, no. 5694, edit. 1789; although this latter was preferable to the Valliere copy. Consult also the *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. 77-8. The *second* catalogue was prepared by De Bure, and contains a very fine collection of natural history, which was sold at the Hôtel de Bullion. The printed prices are added. The *third* catalogue, which was prepared by Santus, after the decease of Camus, contains some very choice articles [many printed UPON VELLUM] of ancient and modern books superbly bound.——CATALOGUE *des livres rares. Par Guillaume de Bure, fils âiné.* Paris, 1786, 8vo. We are told, in the advertisement, that this collection was formed from a great number of sales of magnificent libraries, and that particular circumstances induced the owner to part with it. The books were in the finest order, and bound by the most skilful binders. The bibliographical notices are short, but judicious; and a good index closes the catalogue. The sale took place at the Hôtel de Bullion.——CATALOGUE *fait sur un plan nouveau, systématique et raisonné, d'une Bibliothéque de Littérature, particulièrement d'Histoire et de Poésie, &c.* Utrecht, 1776, 8vo., two vols. A judicious and luminous arrangement of 19,000 articles, or sets of books; which, in the

departments specified in the title-page, are singularly copious and rich.——CATALOGUS *Librorum rarissimorum, ab Artis Typographicæ inventoribus, aliisque ejus artis Principibus ante annum 1500 excusorum; omnium optime conservatorum*, 8vo., *Sine loco aut anno*. Peignot, who has abridged Vogt's excellent account of this very uncommon and precious catalogue, of which ONLY TWENTY-fiVE COPIES were printed, has forgotten to examine the last edition of the *Catalog. Libror. Rarior.*, pp. 262-3; in which we find that the collection contained 248 (and not 217) volumes. At the end, it is said: "Pretiosissima hæc Librorum Collectio, cujusvis magni Principis Bibliotheca dignissima, constat voll. ccxlviii." Consult the respectable references in Vogt, *ibid.*; also the *Bibliogr. Curieuse* of Peignot, p. 15.——CERAN. *Catalogue des livres de M. Mel de Saint Ceran.* Paris, 1780, 8vo., again in 1791, 8vo. These catalogues were compiled by De Bure, and are carefully executed. Some of the books noticed in them are sufficiently curious and rare.——CLEMENTINO-VATICANA. *Bibliotheca Orientalis Clementino Vaticana, in quâ manuscriptos codices Orientalium Linguarum recensuit Joseph Simonius Assemanus*, Romæ, 1719. Folio, four vols. Asseman's son compiled an excellent catalogue of the Oriental MSS. in the Medico-Laurentian library; but this work of the father is more curious and elaborate. Whenever a few half-guineas can procure it, let the country-settled philologist send his

"henchman" to fly for it!—"Speed, Malise, speed." But alas! Santander tells us that copies of it are rare. *Cat. de Santander*, vol. iv., no. 6287.——COLBERT. *Bibliotheca Colbertina: seu Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ quæ fuit primum J.B. Colbert, deinde J.B. Colbert (fil) postea J. Nic. Colbert, ac demum C.L. Colbert.* Parisiis, 1728, 8vo., three vols. The preface to this valuable catalogue (executed by Martin) gives us a compressed, but sufficiently perspicuous, account of the auspices under which such an extensive and magnificent collection was assembled and arranged. It contains not fewer than 18,219 articles; being perhaps 60,000 volumes. The celebrated Baluze was the librarian during the life of the former branches of the Colbert family; a family which, if nothing remained to perpetuate their fame but this costly monument of literary enterprise, will live in the grateful remembrance of posterity—but it wants not even such a splendid memorial! The lover of fine and curious books will always open the volumes of the COLBERT CATALOGUE with a zest which none but a thorough bred bibliomaniac can ever hope to enjoy.——CONSEIL D'ETAT. *Catalogue des livres de la Bibliothéque du Conseil d'Etat (par M. Barbier, Bibliothecaire du Conseil d'Etat).* Paris, an. xi. (1802), folio. "This catalogue is most superbly executed. The richness of the materials of which it is composed, the fine order of its arrangement, and the skilful researches exhibited in it relating to anonymous authors, are worthy of the

typographical luxury of the national press, from which this curious work was put forth. It will be perfect in three parts: the third part, containing the supplement and tables, is now at press." (A.D. 1804.) The preface and table of the divisions of this catalogue were published in a small 8vo. volume, 1801. This information I glean from Peignot's *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. lix.; and from the *Cat. de Boutourlin*, no. 3892, I learn that only 190 copies of so useful, as well as splendid, a work were printed, of which the French government took upon itself the distribution.——CORDES. *Bibliothecæ Cordesianæ Catalogus, cum indice titulorum*, Parisiis, 1643, 4to. The celebrated Naudé had the drawing up and publishing of this catalogue, which is highly coveted by collectors, and is now of rare occurrence. De Cordes was intimate with all the learned men of his country and age; and his eulogy, by Naudé, prefixed to the catalogue, gives us a delightful account of an amiable and learned man living in the bosom, as it were, of books and of book-society. This collection, which was purchased by Cardinal Mazarin, formed the foundation of the latter's magnificent library. Consult the *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., p. 142; Colomié's *Biblioth. Choisie*, p. 126; *Mem. de l'Inst.*, vol. i., p. 647. Nor must we forget Morhof—*Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., p. 211; who, after a general commendation of the collection, tells us it is remarkable for containing a fine body of foreign history. De Cordes died A.D. 1642, in the 72d year

of his age—nearly 50 years having been devoted by him to the formation of his library. "Fortunate senex!"——COTTE. *Catalogue des Livres rares et précieux et de MSS. composant la bibliothéque de M—— (le President de Cotte)*, Paris, 1804, 8vo. We are told by Peignot that the books at this sale were sold for most exorbitant sums: "the wealthy amateurs striving to make themselves masters of the LARGE PAPER Alduses, Elzevirs, and Stephenses, which had been Count d'Hoym's copies." An uncut first edition of Homer, in the highest state of preservation, was purchased by Mons. Caillaird for 3,601 livres! See the *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, pp. lxv, lxvj. According to *Cat. de Caillard*, no. 2600 (1808, 8vo.), there were only ten copies of this catalogue printed upon LARGE PAPER.——COUVAY. *Catalogue de la bibliothéque de M. Couvay, chevalier de l'ordre de Christ, secrétaire du Roi*, Paris, 1728, fol. Very few copies of this catalogue were printed, and those only for presents. *Bibliogr. Curieuse*, p. 21.——CREVENNA. *Catalogue raisonnée de la collection des Livres de M. Pierre Antoine Crevenna, Négocient à Amsterdam*, 1776, 4to., six vols.—*De la même collection*, 1789, 8vo., five vols.—*De la même collection*, 1793, 8vo. Of these catalogues of one of the most extensive and magnificent collections ever formed in Amsterdam, the first impression of 1776 (to which I have generally referred) is by far the most valuable in regard to bibliographical remarks and copious description. Peignot tells us that no

bibliographer can do without it. It was commenced in the year 1774, and published during the life time of Peter Antony Crevenna, the father; from whom the collection passed into the hands of the son Bolongari Crevenna, and in whose lifetime it was sold by public auction. The second impression of 1789 is the sale-catalogue, and contains more books than the preceding one; but the bibliographical observations are comparatively trifling. There are copies of this latter impression upon LARGE PAPER in quarto. I possess an interesting copy of the small paper, which has numerous marginal remarks in pencil, by Mr. Edwards; who examined the library at Amsterdam, with a view to purchase it entire. The last catalogue of 1793, which was published after the death of the son, contains a few choice books which he had reserved for himself, and, among them, a curious set of fac-simile drawings of old prints and title-pages; some of which were obtained at the sale of the elder Mirabeau (vide post). It seems to have been the ruling passion of B. Crevenna's life to collect all the materials, from all quarters, which had any connection, more or less, with "THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING," and it is for ever to be regretted that such extensive materials as those which he had amassed, and which were sold at the sale of 1793 should have been dissipated beyond the hope of restoration. See Peignot's *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. iii., p. 100; and his *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. 139.——

CROZAT. *Catalogue des Livres de Monsieur Le President Crozat de Tugny*, Paris, 1751, 8vo. This collection was particularly rich in the belles-lettres—and especially in Italian and French Romance-Literature. ——VAN DAMME. *Catalogue d'une Bibliotheque, vendue publiquement à la Haye, le 8 Octobre, par Varon et Gaillard*, 1764, three vols. 8vo. "This precious and rare collection belonged to M. Pierre Van Damme, book-merchant at Amsterdam, equally well known for his knowledge of bibliography and of medals; of which latter he had a beautiful and uncommon collection." *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., p. 306. ——DUBOIS. *Bibliotheca Duboisiana, ou Catalogue de la Bibliothéque du Cardinal Dubois. A la Haye*, 1725, 8vo., four vols. A collection which evinces the fine taste and sound judgment of the Cardinal Du Bois. It is not rare abroad.——ELZEVIR. *Catalogus librorum qui in Bibliopolio Officinæ Danielis Elzevirii venales extant*, Ams. 1674, 12mo.: 1681, 12mo.—*qui in Bibliopoli Elzeviriano venales extant*, Lug. Bat., 1634, 1684, 4to. These, and other catalogues of the books printed by the distinguished family of the Elzevirs, should find a place within the cabinet of bibliographers. The first book ever published by the Elzevirs was of the date of 1595; the last, of 1680 or 1681, by Daniel Elzevir, who was the only surviving branch. His widow carried on the business after his decease in 1680. In the *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie* of Peignot, vol. i., p. 216, vol. iii., p. 116, will be found a pleasing account of this family of (almost)

unrivalled printers.——DU FAY. *Bibliotheca Fayana seu Catalogus librorum Bibl. Cor. Hier. de Cisternay du Fay, digestus à Gabriel Martin*, Paris, 1725, 8vo. The catalogue of this collection, which is a judicious one, and frequently referred to, is very carefully put forth by Martin. I think that I have seen a copy of it upon LARGE PAPER.——FAGEL. *Bibliotheca Fageliana. A catalogue of the valuable and extensive Library of the Greffier Fagal, of the Hague: in two parts.* London, 1802, 8vo. It is highly creditable to that most respectable establishment, Trinity College, Dublin, that the present grand collection of books was purchased "en masse" (for 7000*l.*) to be deposited within its library; thus rendering the interior of the latter "companion meet" for its magnificent exterior. The title-page of the first part announces the sale of the books by auction by Mr. Christie; but the above offer having been made for the whole collection, the same was forthwith transported to Ireland. Collectors should take care that the second part of this catalogue be not wanting, which is oftentimes the case. A good index only is requisite to make the BIBLIOTHECA FAGELIANA rank with the most valuable publications of its kind in existence. It was compiled by the well-known S. Paterson. ——FAULTRIER. *Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Domini Joachimi Faultrier, digestus à Prosper Marchand*, Paris, 1709, 8vo. The bibliographical introductory remarks, by Marchand, render this volume (which rarely occurs) very acceptable to

collectors of catalogues. Maittaire has spoken well of the performance, *Annal. Typog.* iii., p. 482. Consult also the *Mem. de l'Inst.*, vol. i., p. 675, and the *Dict. de Bibliologie*, vol. ii., p. 235, upon Marchand's introductory remarks relating to the arrangement of a library.——FAVIER. *Catalogue des Livres de la Bibliothéque de feu Mons. L'Abbé Favier, Prêtre à Lille*, Lille, 1765, 8vo. A well arranged catalogue of a choice collection of books, which cost the Abbé fifty years of pretty constant labour in amassing. Prefixed, are some interesting notices of MSS.: and, among them, of a valuable one of Froissart. The prints of the Abbé were afterwards sold, from a catalogue of 143 pages, printed at Lisle in the same year.——DU FRESNE. *Raphaelis Tricheti du Fresne Bibliothecæ Catalogus.* Paris, 1662, 4to. "I have observed," says Morhof, "a number of authors in this catalogue which I have in vain sought after elsewhere. The typographical errors (especially in regard to dates, adds Baillet) are innumerable: and the theological, legal, and medical works, comparatively few—but in the departments of history, antiquities, and general literature, this collection is wonderfully enriched—containing authors hardly ever heard of." *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., p. 212. Colomiés and Labbe unite in conferring the highest praises upon Du Fresne and his collection. See the *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., p. 143; where, however, the confused and inaccurate manner in which the catalogue is executed is sharply censured by Baillet.

Morhof informs us that this collection was disposed of by Du Fresne's widow, to the Royal Library, for 24,000 *livres*, after she had refused 33,000 for the same.——GAIGNAT. *Catalogue des Livres du Cabinet de feu M. Louis Jean Gaignat, disposé et mis en ordre par Guill. François de Bure le Jeune.* Paris, 1769, 8vo., two vols. One of the best executed, and most intrinsically valuable catalogues in existence. Almost all the books of Gaignat were in the choicest condition; being the cream of the collections of Colbert, Préfond, and De Boze. The possession of this rare catalogue, which is indispensable to the collector, forms what is called a Supplement to De Bure's "*Bibliographie Instructive*." There are 50 copies struck off upon SMALL QUARTO paper, to arrange with a like number of this latter work. Consult *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., p. 291.——GENÈVE. *Catalogue raisonné des Manuscrits conservés dans la bibliothéque, &c., de Genève; par Jean Senibier.* Genève, 1779, 8vo. A neatly executed and useful catalogue of some manuscripts of no mean value. It has received a good character by Mons. Van-Praet, in the *Cat. de la Valliere*, vol. iii., no. 5542. See also p. 36, ante.——GOEZ. *Bibliothecæ Goësinæ Catalogus*, Leidæ, 1687, 8vo. A fine collection of books and of coins distinguished the Museum of Goez.——GOLOWKIN. *Catalogue des Livres de la Bibliothéque du Comte Alexis de Golowkin*, Leipsic, 1798, 4to. It is said that ONLY 25 COPIES of this catalogue were struck off, and that not more than two of

these are known to be in France. Neither the type nor paper has the most inviting aspect; but it is a curious volume, and contains a description of books "infiniment précieux." Consult Peignot's *Bibliogr. Curieuse*, p. 31. Dr. Clarke, in his *Travels in Russia, &c.*, p. 138, has noticed the extraordinary library of Count Botterline, but says nothing of Golowkin's.——GOUTTARD. *Catalogue des Livres rares et precieux de feu M. Gouttarde par Guillaume de Bure fils aîné.* Paris, 1780, 8vo. A short bibliographical notice of the amiable and tasteful owner of this select collection precedes the description of the books. The bibliographical observations are sometimes copious and valuable. This catalogue is indispensable to the collector.——GUYON. *Catalogue des livres de la Bibliothéque de feu M.J.B. Denis Guyon, Chev. Seigneur de Sardiere, Ancien Capitaine au Regiment du Roi, et l'un des Seigneurs du Canal de Briare.* Paris, 1759, 8vo. It is justly said, in the "advertisement" prefixed to this catalogue, that, in running over the different classes of which the collection is composed, there will be found articles "capable de piquer la curiosité des bibliophiles." In ancient and modern poetry, and in romances—especially relating to chivalry—this "ancient Captain" appears to have been deeply versed. The advertisement is followed by 28 pages of "Eclaircissemens"—which give an interesting account of some precious manuscripts of old poetry and romances. A MS. note, in my copy of this catalogue,

informs me that the books were sold "en masse."——HEINSIUS. (NIC.) *Nicolai Heinsii Bibliothecæ Catalogus*, (1682) 8vo. A portrait of the elegant and learned owner of this collection faces the title-page. The books contained in it are remarkable both for their rarity and intrinsic value; and a great number of them were enriched with the notes of Scaliger, Salmasius, and others. Few collections display more judgment and taste in the selection than the present one; and few critics have been of more essential service to the cause of ancient classical literature than Nicholas Heinsius. He excelled particularly in his editions of the poets. Mr. Dyer, of Exeter, the bookseller, has a copy of this catalogue, which was formerly Grævius's; in which that celebrated critic has made marginal remarks concerning the rarity and value of certain works described in it. ——HOHENDORF. *Bibliotheca Hohendorfiana; ou Catalogue de la Bibliothéque de feu Mons. George Guillaume Baron de Hohendorf: à la Haye*, 1720, 8vo., three parts. A magnificent collection; which a MS. note, by Dr. Farmer (in my copy of the catalogue), informs me was "added to the Emperor's library at Vienna." In the *Bibl. Mencken*, p. 10, it is thus loftily described: "Catalogus per-rarus rarissimis libris superbiens."——HOYM. *Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Caroli Henrici Comitis de Hoym*, 1738, 8vo. This catalogue, which is exceedingly well "digested by Martin," is a great favourite with collectors. A copy out of Count Hoym's collection tells well—

whether at a book-sale, or in a bookseller's catalogue. There are copies upon LARGE PAPER, which, when priced, sell high.——HULSIUS. *Bibliotheca Hulsiana, sive Catalogus Librorum quos magno labore, summa cura et maximis sumptibus collegit Vir Consularis Samuel Hulsius.* Hag. Com. 1730, four vols. 8vo. (the second and third being in two parts, and the fourth in three). This is, in sober truth, a wonderful collection of books; containing nearly 34,000 articles—which, allowing three volumes to an article, would make the owner to have been in possession of 100,000 volumes of printed books and MSS. The English library, (vol. iv., pt. ii.) of nearly 3300 articles, comprehended nearly all the best books of the day. There were about 1200 articles of Spanish Literature. Nor was the worthy Consul deficient in the love of the fine arts ("hæc est, sitque diu, Senis optimi voluptas et oblectatio," says the compiler of the catalogue); having 11,000 most beautiful prints of subjects relating to the Bible, bound up in 92 atlas folio volumes. Long live the memory of Hulsius; a consular hero of no ordinary renown!——JENA. *Memorabilia Bibliothecæ Academicæ Jenensis: sive designatio Codicum manuscriptorum illa Bibliothecâ et Librorum impressorum plerumque rariorum. Joh. Christophoro Mylio.* Jenæ, 1746, 8vo. A work of some little importance; and frequently referred to by Vogt and Panzer. It is uncommon.——JESU SOC. *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Societatis Jesu.* Antv., 1643. Romæ, 1676, fol. Although this work is not

a professed catalogue of books, yet, as it contains an account of the writings of those learned men who were in the society of the Jesuits—and as Baillet, Antonio, and Morhof, have said every thing in commendation of it—I strongly recommend one or the other of these editions to the bibliographer's attention. I possess the edition of 1643; and have frequently found the most satisfactory intelligence on referring to it. How clever some of the Jesuits were in their ideas of the arrangement of a library may be seen from their "*Systema Bibliothecæ Jesuitarum Collegii Ludoviciani*"—which was written by Garnier for the private use of the Louvain college, and which is now extremely difficult to be found. See Maichelius, *de Præcip. Bibl. Parisiens*, p. 128. Their "*Systema bibliothecæ collegii Parisiensis societatis Jesu*," 1678, 4to. (or catalogue of books in the college of Clermont), is handsomely noticed by Camus in the *Mem. de l'Inst.*, vol. i., 647.——JUST, ST. *Catalogue des livres en très-petit nombre qui composent la Bibliothéque de M. Merard de St. Just, ancien maitre-d'hotêl de Monsieur, frère du Roi (avec les prix d'achat)*. Paris, 1783, 18mo. Of this book, printed upon superfine paper, of the manufactory of d'Annonay, only 25 copies were struck off. *Bibl. Curieuse*, p. 43. Another catalogue of the same collection (perhaps a more copious one) was put forth in 1799, 8vo., prepared by M. Mauger, See *Diction. Bibliographique*, tom. iv., p. xiv.——KROHN. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ*

Præstantissimorum &c., Librorum selectum complectentis. Libros collegit et Literariis Catalogum Animadversionibus instruxit, B.N. Krohn. Editio altera. Hamb. 1796, 8vo. The preface to this very excellent collection of books is written in Latin by Rambach; and a most interesting one it is. After giving a slight sketch of the life and literary occupations of Krohn, he thus finishes the picture of his death—"Ego certe (exclaims the grateful biographer), mi KROHNI, te amabo, et quamdiu 'spiritus hos reget artus' gratam Tui memoriam ex animo nunquam elabi patiar. O! me felicem, si, qua olim me beasti, amicitiâ nunc quoque frui possem. Sed fruar aliquando, cum Deus me ad beatorum sedes evocaverit, ac Te mihi rediderit conjunctissimum. Vale, interim, pia anima; et quem jam tristem reliquisti, prope diem exspecta, in tenerrimos Tuos amplexus properantem, ac de summa, quam nunc habes, felicitate Tibi congratulantem," p. xix. This is the genuine language of heart-felt grief; language, which those who have lost an old and good friend will know well how to appreciate. This catalogue, which was given to me by my friend the Rev. Dr. Gosset, 'vir in re bibliographicâ πολυμαθεστατος,' exhibits a fine collection of books (3821 in number) relating to history and philology. Some of Krohn's notes are sufficiently shrewd and intelligent.——LAMOIGNON. *Catalogue des Livres Imprimés et manuscrits de la Bibliothéque de M. le President de Lamoignon (redigé par L. Fr. Delatour) avec une table*

des auteurs, et des anonymes. Paris, 1770, fol. The bibliographer has only to hear Peignot speak in his own language, and he will not long hesitate about the price to be given for so precious volume: "Catalogue fort rare, tiré a QUINZE EXEMPLAIRES seulement, sur du papier de coton fabriqué, par singularité, à Angoulême." Mr. Harris, of the Royal Institution, possesses a copy of it, bound in orange-coloured Morocco, which was presented to him by Mr. Payne; and, as Alexander placed his beloved Homer—so does he this catalogue—uner his pillow "quand il vent se reposer—a cause des songes agréables qu'il doit inspirer." This beautiful volume, which was printed for Lamoignon's own convenience, in supplemental parts, does not, however, contain Baillet's interesting Latin prefece, which may be seen in the *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. pt. ii., p. 140, ed. 1725.——LAMOIGNON. *Des Livres de la Bibliothéque de feu M. de Lamoignon, Garde de Sçeaux de France.* Paris, 1791, 8vo., 3 vols. These volumes contain the sale catalogue of Lamoignon's books as they were purchased by Mr. T. Payne, the bookseller. Like the great libraries of Crevenna and Pinelli, this immense collection (with the exception of the works upon French jurisprudence) has been dissipated by public sale. It yet delights Mr. Payne to think and to talk of the many thousand volumes which were bound in Morocco, or Russia, or white-calf-leather, "with gilt on the edges"—which this extraordinary family of book-collectors

had amassed with so much care and assiduity. The preface gives us a short, but pleasing, account of the bibliomanical spirit of Lamoignon's father-in-law, Monsieur Berryer; who spent between thirty and forty years in enriching this collection with all the choice, beautiful, and extraordinary copies of works which, from his ministerial situation, and the exertions of his book-friends, it was possible to obtain. M. Berryer died in 1762, and his son-in-law in 1789.——LAMOIGNON. *Des Livres de la même Biblothéque, par Nyon l'âiné.* Paris, 1797, 8vo. This volume presents us with the relics of a collection which, in its day, might have vied with the most splendid in Europe. But every thing earthly must be dissipated.——LANCELOT. *Catalogue des Livres de feu M. Lancelot de l'Academie Royale des Belles Lettres.* Paris, 1741, 8vo. Those who are fond of making their libraries rich in French History cannot dispense with this truly valuable catalogue. Lancelot, like the elder Lamoignon, appears to have been "buried in the benedictions of his countrymen"—according to the energetic language of Bourdaloue.——LEMARIÉ. *Catalogue des livres de feu M. Lemarié, disposé et mis en ordre, par Guil. De Bure, fils aîné*, Paris, 1776, 8vo. A well digested catalogue of a rich collection of Greek and Latin Literature, which evinces a man of taste and judgment. Nothing can be more handsomely said of a collection than what De Bure has prefixed to the present one. In

the *Cat. de Gouttard*, no. 1545, I find a copy of it upon LARGE PAPER.—— LOMÉNIE. *Index Librorum ab inventa Typographia da annum 1500, &c., cum notis, &c.* Senonis, 1791, 8vo., two vols. The owner of this collection, whose name does not appear in the title-page, was the celebrated Cardinal DE LOMÉNIE DE BRIENNE: who is described, in the advertisement prefixed to the catalogue of his books in 1797, [vide infra] as having, from almost early youth, pushed his love of book-collecting to an excess hardly equalled by any of his predecessors. When he was but a young ecclesiastic, and had only the expectation of a fortune, his ruling passion for books, and his attachment to fellow bibliomaniacs, was ardent and general. But let his panegyrist speak in his own language—"Si le hazard procuroit à ses amis quelque objét précieux, il n'avoit de repos qu'aprés l'avoir obtenu; les sacrifices ne l'effrayoient pas; il étoit né généreaux; mais ce qu'on lui accordoit, il le devoit sur-tout à ses manières insinuantes. Ses sollicitations étoient toujours assaisonnées d'un ton d'amabilité auquel on résistoit difficilement. Lorsque le tems et les grâces de la cour eurent aggrandi ses moyens, ses veus s'etendirent à proportion. Insensiblement il embressa tous les genres, et sa bibliothéque devint un dépôt universel. Dans ses fréquens voyages, s'il s'arrêtoit quelques instans dans une ville, on le voyoit visiter lui-même les libraries, s'introduire dans les maisons religieuses,

s'insinuer dans les cabinets d'amateurs, chercher par-tout à acquérir; c'etoit un besoin pour lui d'acheter sans cesse, d'entasser les volumes. Cette passion a peut-être ses excés; mais du moins, elle ne fut pas pour le cardinal de Loménie une manie stérile. Non seulement il aimoit, il connoissoit les livres, mais il savoit s'en servir; sans contredit il fut un des hommes les plus éclairés du Clergé de France."—— To return from this pleasing rhapsody to the catalogue, the title of which is above given. It is composed by Laire, in the Latin language, with sufficient bibliographical skill: but the index is the most puzzling one imaginable. The uncommonly curious and magnificent collection, not being disposed of "en masse"—according to advertisement—was broken up; and the more ancient books were sold by auction at Paris, in 1792, from a French catalogue prepared by De Bure. Some of the books were purchased by Mr. Edwards, and sold at London in the Paris collection [vide p. 90, post]; as were also those relating to Natural History; which latter were sold by auction without his Eminence's name: but it is a gross error in the *Bibl. Krohn*, p. 259, no. 3466, to say that many of these books were impious and obscene. These are scarce and dear volumes; and as they supply some deficiencies Audiffredi's account of books published at Rome in the xvth century [vid. p. 62, ante], the bibliographer should omit no opportunity of possessing them.——LOMÉNIE. *D'une partie des livres de la Bibliothéque du*

Cardinal de Loménie de Brienne, Paris, an. v. [1797], 8vo. This collection, the fragments or ruins of the Lomenie library, contains 2754 articles, or numbers, with a rich sprinkling of Italian literature; leaving behind, however, a surplus of not fewer than twelve hundred pieces relating to the Italian Drama—many of them rare—which were to be sold at a future auction. From the biographical memoir prefixed to this catalogue, I have given the preceding extract concerning the character of the owner of the collection—who died in the same year as the sale.——MACARTHY. *Catalogue des livres rares et précieux du cabinet de M.L.C.D.M.* (*M. Le Comte de Macarthy*), Paris, 1779, 8vo. *Supplement au Catalogue des livres, &c.*, de M.L.C.D.M., Paris, 1779, 8vo. *Chez de Bure, fils aîné.* These books were sold in January, 1780; and great things are said, in the advertisement, of their rarity and beauty. The Count Macarthy has, at this moment, one of the most magnificent collections upon the continent. His books printed UPON VELLUM are unequalled by those of any private collection. Of the above catalogue, a copy upon strong writing paper occurs in the *Cat. de Gouttard*, no. 1549.——MAGLIABECHI. *Catalogus Codicum Sæculo* xv. *Impressorum qui in publica Bibliotheca Magliabechiana Florentiæ adservantur. Autore Ferdinando Fossio; ejusd. bibl. Præf.*, Florent., 1793, folio, three vols. A magnificent and truly valuable publication (with excellent indexes) of the collection of the famous Magliabechi;

concerning whom the bibliographical world is full of curious anecdotes. The reader may consult two volumes of letters from eminent men to Magliabechi, published in 1745, &c., vide *Bibl. Pinell*, no. 8808, &c., edit. 1789: Wolfius's edition of the *Bibliotheca Aprosiana*, p. 102; and the Strawberry Hill[C] edition of the *Parallel between Magliabechi and Mr. Hill*, 1758, 8vo.—an elegant and interesting little volume. Before we come to speak of his birth and bibliographical powers, it may be as well to contemplate his expressive physiognomy.



MAGLIABECHI was born at Florence October 29, 1633. His parents, of low and mean rank, were well satisfied when they got him into the service of a man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never learned to read; and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books that were used

in his master's shop. A bookseller, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day "what he meant by staring so much on printed paper?" Magliabechi said that "he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things." The consequence was that he was received, with tears of joy in his eyes, into the bookseller's shop; and hence rose, by a quick succession, into posts of literary honour, till he became librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In this situation Magliabechi had nothing further, or more congenial to his feelings, to sigh for: in the Florentine library he revelled without cessation in the luxury of book-learning. The strength of his memory was remarkable; one day, the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could procure a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world, and that is in the Grand Signior's Library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." In spite of his cobwebs, dirt, and cradle lined with books, Magliabechi reached his 81st year. Hearne has contrived to interweave the following (rather trifling) anecdote of him, in his *Johan. Confrat., &c., de Reb. Glaston*, vol. ii., 486—which I give merely because it is the fashion to covet every thing which appertaineth to Tom Hearne. "I have mentioned the bank where the MSS. (concerning the Epistles of St. Ignatius;

Bank LVII.) stands, and the title of the book, because Vossius tells us not in his preface which of the several MSS. in this library he made use of; and to finde it out gave me so much trouble that, if the Grand Duke's library-keeper had not known the book, and searched it for me, I think I should never have met with it, there being not one canon of St. Laurence, not their library-keeper himself, nor, I believe, any other in Florence, except this Sre. MAGLIABECHI, that could direct me to it. The learned Bishop will be pleased to take notice of Sre. Maliabechi's civility; who, besides procuring me the Grand Duke's leave to collate the epistles, attended himself in the library, all the time I was there (the licence being granted by the Grand Duke upon this condition): and since, as a mark of his respect to the reverend bishop, hath been pleased to present him with a book (about the Florentine history) which I have committed to Mr. Ferne, my Lord Lexinton's Gentleman, to be conveyed to his lordship." (Mr. Ledgerd's account of his collations of the Florentine MS. with the edition of Vossius.)——ST. MARK. *Græca D. Marci Bibliotheca Codicum Manuscriptorum Præside Laurentio Theopolo.* Venet. 1740, folio: *Ejusdem Latina et Italica Bibliotheca Codicum Manuscriptorum Præside eodem*, Venet. 1741, folio. These useful and handsomely executed volumes should be found in every extensive philological collection.——MEDICI-LORENZO. *Bibliothecæ Mediceo-Laurentianæ*

et Palatinæ Codicum Manuscriptorum Orientalium Catalogus digessit S.E. Assemanus. Florent. 1742, folio. A very valuable and splendid publication; evincing the laudable ambition of the Medici in their encouragement of oriental literature. The editor is commended in the preface of the subsequent catalogue, p. xxxxv.——MEDICI-LORENZO. *Bibliothecæ Hebraico-Grecæ Florentinæ sive Bibliothecæ Mediceo-Laurentianæ Catalogus ab Antonio Maria Biscionio, &c., digestus atque editus*, Florent., 1752, folio, two vols. in one. A grand book; full of curious fac-similes of all sorts of things. It was begun to be printed in 1752, but Biscioni's death, in May, 1756, prevented the completion of the publication 'till May 1757. See præfat., p. xxxxvii—and particularly the colophon. ——MEDICI-LORENZO. *Catalogus Codicum Manuscriptorum, Græcorum, Latinorum, et Italicoram, Bibliothecæ Medicæ Laurentianæ: Angelus Maria Bandinus recensuit, illustravit edidit.* Florent., 1764; 3 vols., 1774; 5 vols., folio. An equally splendid work with the preceding—and much more copious and erudite in regard to intrinsically valuable matter. The indexes are excellent. No extensive philological library should be without these volumes—especially since the name of MEDICI has recently become so popular, from the able biographical memoirs of the family by Mr. Roscoe.——MENARSIANA. *Bibliotheca Menarsiana; ou Catalogue de la Bibliothéque de feu Messire Jean Jaques Charron, Chevalier Marquis de Menars*, &c. A La Haye, 1720, 8vo. A very

fine collection of books in all branches of literature. After the "Ordo Venditionis," there is an additional leaf pasted in, signifying that a magnificent copy of Fust's bible of 1462, upon paper, would be sold immediately after the theological MSS. in folio. It brought the sum of 1200 florins. The sale commenced at nine and at two; giving the buyers time to digest their purchases, as well as their dinners, at twelve! "Tempora mutantur!"——MENCKENIUS. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Menckenianæ ab Ottone et Burchardo collectæ. Editior altera longe emendatior.* Lips., 1727, 8vo. There are some curious and uncommon books in this collection; which evince the taste and judgment of Menckenius, who was a scholar of no mean reputation. Perhaps the word "rare" is too lavishly bestowed upon some of the books described in it.——MEON. *Catalogue des livres précieux singuliéres et rares de la Bibliothèque de M. Meon.* Paris, an. xii. (1804), 8vo. A very choice collection of books; catalogued with considerable care. ——MERCIER. *Catalogue de la Bibliothéque de M. Mercier, Abbé de Saint Leger*, par. M. De Bure, 1799, 8vo. If the reader has chanced to cast his eye over the account of the Abbé de St. Leger, at p. 61, ante, he will not hesitate long about procuring a copy of the catalogue of the library of so truly eminent a bibliographer.——MÉRIGOT. *Catalogue des livres de M.J.G. Mérigot, Libraire*, par M. De Bure, 1800, 8vo. It is very seldom that this catalogue appears in our own country: which is the

more provoking as the references to it, in foreign bibliographical works, render its possession necessary to the collector. Mérigot was an eminent bookseller, and prepared a good catalogue of M. Lorry's library, which was sold in 1791, 8vo.——ST. MICHAEL. *Bibliotheca Codicum Manuscriptorum Monasterij Sancti Michaelis Venetiarum, una cum appendice librorum impressorum sæculi* xv. *Opus posthumum Joannis Bened. Mittarelli.* Venet., 1779, folio. It were much to be wished that, after the example of this and other monasteries, all religious houses, which have large libraries attached to them, would publish accounts of their MSS. and printed books. There is no knowing what treasures are hid in them, and of which the literary world must remain ignorant, unless they are thus introduced to general notice. How many curious and amusing anecdotes may be told of precious works being discovered under barbarous titles! Among others, take, gentle reader, the two following ones —relating to books of a very different character. Within a volume, entitled *Secreta Alberti*, were found "*The Fruyte of Redempcyon*," printed by W. De Worde, 1532, 4to.; and a hitherto imperfectly described impression of *The Boke of Fyshinge*, printed by W. De Worde, in 4to., without date; which usually accompanies that fascinating work, ycleped Dame Juliana Barnes's *Boke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Cote Armoor*. My friend Mr. J. Haslewood first made me acquainted with this rare treasure—telling me he had "a

famous tawny little volume" to shew me: his pulse, at the same time, I ween, beating one hundred and five to the minute! The second anecdote more exactly accords with the nature of my preliminary observations. In one of the libraries abroad, belonging to the Jesuits, there was a volume entitled, on the back of it "*Concilium Tridenti*:" the searching eye and active hands of a well-educated Bibliomaniac discovered and opened this volume—when lo! instead of the *Council of Trent*, appeared the *First*, and almost unknown, *Edition* of the *Decameron of Boccaccio*! This precious volume is now reposing upon the deserted shelves of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library; and, at the forth-coming sale of the same, it will be most vigorously contended for by all the higher and more knowing powers of the bibliographical world;

> But when the gods descending swell'd the fight,
> Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
> Varied each face:
> [*Pope's*] *Homer's Iliad*, b. xx. v. 63.

MIRABEAU. *Catalogue de la Bibliotheque de Mirabeau l'aîné, par Rozet*, 1792, 8vo. A fine collection of books; some of them very curious and uncommon. At the head of the choice things contained in it must be noticed the "Recueil de Calques, ou dessins des titres et figure d'un grand nombre des plus anciens ouvrages, gravés en bois, ou imprimés en caractères mobiles, depuis

l'origine de l'imprimerie," &c. These designs were 226 in number; of which a description is given at the head of the catalogue. They were purchased for 1105 livres, and again sold, with the same description prefixed, at the last Crevenna sale of 1793 (see p. 79, ante). Consult the *Curiosités Bibliographiques* of Peignot, p. 139.——MIROMENIL. *Catalogue des Livres de la Bibliothéque de M. Hüe de Miromenil, garde des sceaux de France*, Paris, 1781, 4to. "It appears, from the catalogue of M. de Coste, that this is a rare book, of which only few copies were printed, and those never sold." *Bibliogr. Curieuse*, p. 33.——MONTFAUÇON. *Diarium Italicum; sive Monumentorum Veterum, Bibliothecarum, Musæorum Notitiæ Singulares a D. Bernardo de Montfauçon*, Paris, 1702, 4to. *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum Manuscriptorum nova, autore De Bern. de Montfauçon*, Paris, 1739, folio, two vols. These are the bibliographical works (which I thought would be acceptable if placed in this list of Catalogues) of the illustrious Montfauçon; whose publications place him on the summit of antiquarian fame. So much solid sense, careful enquiry, curious research, and not despicable taste, mark his voluminous productions! The bibliographer may rest assured that he will not often be led into confusion or error in the perusal of the above curious and valuable volumes, which have always been considered precious by the philologist.——MORELLI. *Jacobi Morellii Bibliothecæ Regiæ divi Marci Venetiarum Custodis, Bibliotheca*

Manuscripta Græca et Latina. Tom. prim. Bassani, 8vo. Morelli was the amiable and profoundly learned librarian of St. Mark's at Venice; and this catalogue of his Greek and Latin MSS. is given upon the authority of Peignot's *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. lix.——MUSEUM BRITISH. *Catalogus Librorum Manuscript. Bibl. Cotton.*, Oxon., 1696, fol. *A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library*, Lond. 1777, 8vo. *A Catalogue of the same*, 1802, fol. *A Catalogue of the Harleian Manuscripts, &c.*, Lond., 1759, fol., 2 vols. *A Catalogue of the same*, Lond., 1808, fol., 3 vols. *A Catalogue of the MSS. of the Kings Library, &c.*, 1734, 4to. *A Catalogue of the MSS., &c., hitherto undescribed*, Lond., 1782, 4to., two vols. *Catalog. Libror. Impress., &c.*, Lond., 1787, folio, 2 vols. These are the published catalogues of the literary treasures, in manuscript and in print, which are contained in the British Museum. The *first Cottonian* catalogue has a life of Sir Robert Cotton, and an account of his library prefixed to it. The *second*, by Samuel Hooper, was intended "to remedy the many defects" in the preceding catalogue, and "the injudicious manner" in which it was compiled; but it is of itself sufficiently confused and imperfect. The *third*, which is the most copious and valuable, with an index (and which has an abridged account of Sir Robert Cotton, and of his Library), was drawn up by Mr. Planta, the principal librarian of the British Museum. A great part of the first catalogue of the *Harleian MSS.* was compiled by the celebrated

Humphrey Wanley, and a most valuable and ably executed publication it is! The *Second* is executed by the Rev. R. Nares: it contains the preface of the first, with an additional one by himself, and a copious index; rendering this the most complete catalogue of MSS. which has ever yet appeared in our own country; although one regrets that its typographical execution should not have kept pace with its intrinsic utility. The two latter catalogues of MSS. above described give an account of those which were presented by royal munificence, and collected chiefly by Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Birch. The catalogue of 1734 (which is now rare) was compiled by David Casley: that of 1782, by Samuel Ascough. Of the catalogue of *Printed Books*, it would be unfair to dwell upon its imperfections, since a new, and greatly enlarged and improved, impression of it is about going to press, under the editorial care and inspection of Messrs. H. Ellis and Baber, the gentlemen to whom the printed books are at present intrusted. Mr. Douce, who has succeeded Mr. Nares as head librarian of the MSS., is busily employed in examining the multifarious collection of the *Lansdowne MSS.* (recently purchased by the Trustees of the Museum), and we may hope that the day is not very far distant when the public are to be congratulated on his minute and masterly analysis of these treasures.——PARIS. *Catalogue de la Bibliothéque de M. Paris de Meyzieux*, Paris, 1779, 8vo. *Bibliotheca elegantissima Parisina, par M. Lourent*, 1790,

8vo. *The same*: Lond., 1791, 8vo. Since the days of Gaignat and the Duke de la Valliere, the longing eyes of bibliographers were never blessed with a sight of more splendid and choice books than were those in the possession of M. PARIS DE MEYZIEUX. The Spira Virgil of 1470, UPON VELLUM, will alone confer celebrity upon the *first* catalogue—but what shall we say to the *second*? It consists of only 635 articles, and yet, as is well observed in the preface, it was never equalled for the like number. Happy is that noviciate in bibliography who can forget the tedium of a rainy day in sitting by the side of a log-wood fire, and in regaling his luxurious fancy, by perusing the account of "fine, magnificent, matchless, large paper," and "vellum" copies which are thickly studded from one end of this volume to the other. Happier far the veteran, who can remember how he braved the *perils of the sale*, in encountering the noble and heavy metalled competitors who flocked, from all parts of the realm, to partake of these *Parisian* spoils! Such a one casts an eye upon his well-loaded shelves, and while he sees here and there a yellow morocco Aldus, or a Russian leather Froben, he remembers how bravely he fought for each, and with what success his exertions were crowned! For my own part, gentle reader, I frankly assure thee that—after having seen the "HEURES DE NOTRE DAME," written by the famous Jarry, and decorated with SEVEN small exquisite paintings of the Virgin and Christ—and the

Aldine Petrarch and *Virgil* of 1501, all of them executed upon SNOW-WHITE VELLUM —after having seen only these books out of the Paris collection, I hope to descend to my obscure grave in perfect peace and satisfaction! The reader may smile; but let him turn to nos. 14, 201, 328, of the *Bibl. Paris*: no. 318 of the *Cat. de la Valliere*; and *Curiositès Bibliographiques*, p. 67. This strain of "ètourderie bibliographique," ought not to make me forget to observe that we are indebted to the enterprising spirit and correct taste of Mr. Edwards for these, as well as for many other, beautiful books imported from the Continent. Nor is it yet forgotten that some thorough-bred bibliomaniacs, in their way to the sale, used to call for a glass of ice, to allay the contagious inflammation which might rage in the auction-room. And now take we leave of Monsieur Paris de Meyzieux. Peace to the ashes of so renowned a book-chevalier.——PETAU ET MANSART. *Bibliotheca Potavina et Mansartiana; ou Catalogue des Bibliothéques de Messrs. Alexander Petau, et François Mansart; auxquells on a ajouté le Cabinet des MSS. de Justus Lipsius.* Haye, 1722, 8vo. A catalogue not very common, and well worth the bibliographer's consultation.——PINELLI. *Bibliotheca Maphæi Pinelli Veneti, &c. A Jacobo Morellio.* Venetiis, 1787, 6 vols., 8vo. *Bibliotheca Pinelliana: a catalogue of the magnificent and celebrated library of Maffæi Pinelli, late of Venice*, &c., London, 1789, 8vo. There can be no question about the priority, in point both of typographical

beauty and intrinsic excellence, of these catalogues; the latter being only a common sale one, with the abridgment of the learned preface of Morelli, and of his bibliographical notices. This immense collection (of the ancient owners of which we have a short sketch in Morhof, vol. i., pp. 28, 202) was purchased by Messrs. Edwards and Robson: the Greek and Latin books were sold for 6786*l.*, the Italian, for 2570*l.*—which barely repaid the expenses of purchase, including duties, carriage, and sale. Although, as Dr. Harwood has observed, "there being no dust in Venice, this most magnificent library has in general lain reposited for some centuries, in excellent preservation,"—yet the copies were not, upon the whole, in the choicest condition. There are copies of the catalogue of 1789 upon LARGE PAPER. The catalogue of 1787 (with an elegant portrait of Pinelli prefixed) has, at first sight, the aspect of a work printed in small quarto. ——POMPADOUR. *Catalogue des Livres de la Bibliothéque de feue Madame La Marquise de Pompadour, Dame du Palais de la Reine*, Paris, 1765, 8vo. The name of Madame de Pompadour will be always respected by bibliographers, on account of the taste and judgment which are displayed in this elegant collection. The old popular romances form the leading feature; but there is an ample sprinkling of the belles-lettres and poetry. An animated eulogium is pronounced upon Mad. de Pompadour by Jardé, in his "Précis sur les Bibliothéques;" prefixed to the last edition

of Fournier's *Dictionnaire Portatif de Bibliographie*, p. vij.——PRÉFOND. *Catalogue des Livres du Cabinet de M.D.P. (Girardot de Préfond) Par Guillaume F. De Bure*, Paris, 1757, 8vo. An excellent collection; not wanting in rare and magnificent productions. The owner of it was distinguished for many solid, as well as splendid, qualifications. Only six copies of it were printed upon LARGE PAPER. See *Cat. de Gaignat*, vol. ii., no. 3467.——RANDON DE BOISSET. *Catalogue des livres du cabinet de feu M. Randon du Boisset. Par Guil. de Bure, fils aîné*, Paris, 1777, 12mo. Although the generality of catalogue collectors will be satisfied with the usual copy of this well-digested volume, yet I apprehend the curious will not put up with any thing short of a copy of it upon strong WRITING PAPER. Such a one was in the Gouttard collection. See *Cat. de Gouttard*, no. 1546.——*Reimannus. J.F. Reimanni Catalogus Bibliothecæ Theologicæ Systematico-Criticus.* Hildes. 1731, 8vo., two vols. *Ejusdem accessiones uberiores ad Catalogum Systematico-Criticum, editæ a Jo. W. Reimannus*, Brunsv., 1747, 8vo. I have before given the character of this work in the introductory part of my "Knowledge of the Greek and Latin Classics." Every thing commendatory of it may be here repeated. ——RENATI. *Bibliothecæ Josephi Renati Imperialis, &c., Cardinalis Catalogus, &c.* Romæ, 1711, fol. This excellent catalogue, which cost the compiler of it, Fontanini, nine years of hard labour, is a most useful and valuable one; serving as a model for

catalogues of large libraries. See the more minute criticism upon it in *Cat. de Santander*, no. 6315. My copy, which wants the title-page, but luckily contains the Latin preface, was formerly Ruddiman's. The volume has 738 pages: this is noticed because all the appendixes and addenda are comprehended in the same.——REVICKZKY. *Bibliotheca Græca et Latina, complectens auctores fere omnes Græcia et Latii veteris, &c., cum delectu editionum tam primariarum, &c., quam etiam optimarum, splendidissimarum, &c., quas usui meo paravi.* PERIERGUS DELTOPHILUS (the feigned name for REVICKZKY), Berolini, 1784: 1794, 8vo. It was the delight of Count Revickzky, the original owner of this collection, to devote his time and attention to the acquisition of scarce, beautiful, and valuable books; and he obtained such fame in this department of literature as to cause him to be ranked with the Vallieres, Pinellis, and Loménies of the day. He compiled, and privately disposed of, the catalogue of his collection, which bears the above title; and to some few of which are prefixed a letter to M. L' A.D. [enini] (Member of the French Academy) and a preface. *Three Supplements* to this catalogue were also, from time to time, circulated by him; so that the purchaser must look sharply after these acquisitions to his copy—as some one or the other of them are generally missing. Peignot supposes there are only *two* supplements. *Bibl. Curieuse*, p. 58. When Count Revickzky came over to England, he

made an offer to Earl Spencer to dispose of the whole collection to his lordship, for a certain "round sum" to be paid immediately into his hands, and to receive, in addition, a yearly sum by way of annuity. So speaks fame. Shortly after this contract was closed, the Count died; and Earl Spencer, in consequence, for a comparatively small sum (the result of an immediate and generous compliance with the Count's wishes!), came into the possession of a library which, united with his previous magnificent collection, and the successful ardour with which he has since continued the pursuit, places him quite at the head of all the collectors in Europe—for early, rare, precious, and beautiful, books. Long may he possess such treasures!—and fleeing from the turbulence of politics, and secluded as he is, both in the metropolis and at Althorp, from the stunning noise of a city, may he always exclaim, with Horace, as the Count did before him—

Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus; ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dí.
Sit bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.
Epist. Lib. i.: *Epist.* xviii. v., 107.

Sir M.M. Sykes, Bart., has a copy of the edition of 1784 [which is in every respect

the better one], printed upon fiNE VELLUM PAPER. A similar copy of the edition of 1794 is noticed in the *Cat. de Caillard*, (1808) no. 2572. At the sale of M. Meon's books, in 1804, a copy of the first edition, charged with MS. notes of the celebrated Mercier St. Leger, was sold for 30 livres. ——RIVE. *Catalogue de la Bibliothéque de l'Abbé Rive, par Archard*, Marseille, 1793, 8vo. A catalogue of the books of so sharp-sighted a bibliographer as was the Abbé Rive cannot fail to be interesting to the collector.——DU ROI [Louis XV.] *Catalogus Codicum Manuscriptorum Bibliothecæ Regiæ (studio et labore Anicetti Mellot). Paris, e Typog. Reg.*, 1739, folio, four vols.——DU ROI. *Des Livres imprimés de la même Bibliothéque Royale. (Disposè par Messrs. les Abbés Sallier et Boudot, &c.) Paris, De L'Imprim. Royale*, 1739-53, folio, six vols. The most beautiful and carefully executed catalogue in the world: reflecting a truly solid lustre upon the literary reputation of France! The first four volumes, written in Latin, comprehend an account of MSS.: the six last, written in French, of printed works in THEOLOGY, JURISPRUDENCE, and BELLES-LETTRES; the departments of HISTORY and the ARTS AND SCIENCES still remaining to be executed. De Bure told us, half a century ago, that the "Gens de Lettres" were working hard at the completion of it; but the then complaints of bibliographers at its imperfect state are even yet continued in Fournier's last edition of his *Dictionnaire Portatif de Bibliographie*, p. 468. So easy it is to talk;

so difficult to execute! I believe, however, that M. Van-Praet, one of the principal librarians, is now putting all engines to work to do away the further disgrace of such unaccountably protracted negligence. My copy of this magnificent set of books is bound in red Morocco, gilt leaves, and was a presentation one from the King "au Comte de Neny, comme une marque de son estime, 1770." I should add that the first volume of "Theology" contains a history of the rise and progress of the royal library, which was reprinted in 8vo., 1782. ——DU ROI. *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothéque du Roi, Paris. De l'Imprim. Roy.* 1787, 4to., seven vols. It will be obvious to the candid reader that this work could not be better introduced than in the present place; and a most interesting and valuable one it is! My copy of it, which is only in six volumes [but a seventh is mentioned in *Cat. de Boutourlin*, no. 3845, and in Caillot's *Roman Bibliographique*, p. 195], was purchased by me of Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall, who had shewn it to several lovers of bibliography, but none of whom had courage or curiosity enough to become master of the volumes. How I have profited by them, the Supplement to my first volume of the "Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain," may in part shew. The public shall be made acquainted with still more curious excerpts. In my humble judgment the present work is a model of extraction of the marrow of old MSS. It may be worth adding, the plates in the sixth volume are

singular, curious and beautiful.——DU ROI. *Accounts and Extracts of the Manuscripts in the Library of the King of France. Translated from the French*, London, 1789, 8vo., two vols. "The French Monarch [Louis XVI.], in the publication now before us, has set an example to all Europe, well worthy to be followed"—says the opening of the translator's preface. The present volumes contain a translation of only twenty-two articles from the preceding work; and very strongly may they be recommended to the curious philologist, as well as to the thorough-bred bibliomaniac. ——RÖVER. *Bibliotheca Röveriana, sive Catalogus Librorum qui studiis inservierunt Matthiæ Röveri.* Lug. Bat. 1806, 8vo., *two parts*. From the elegant and pleasing Latin preface to this most carefully compiled catalogue, we learn that the owner of the books lived to his 82d year—and [what must be a peculiar gratification to Bibliomaniacs] that he beat Pomponius Atticus in the length of time during which he never had occasion to take physic; namely, 50 years! Röver's life seemed to glide away in rational tranquillity, and in total seclusion from the world; except that he professed and always shewed the greatest kindness to his numerous, and many of them helpless, relatives—"vix in publicum prodiit, nisi cultus Divini externi aut propinquorum caussâ," p. xv. His piety was unshaken. Like the venerable Jacob Bryant, his death was hastened in consequence of a contusion in his leg from a fall in endeavouring to reach a book.——

ROTHELIN. *Catalogue des livres de feu M'L. Abbé D'Orleans de Rothelin. Par G. Martin*, Paris, 1746, 8vo. This catalogue of the library of the amiable and learned Abbé Rothelin, "known (says Camus) for his fine taste for beautiful books," is judiciously drawn up by Martin, who was the De Bure of his day. A portrait of its owner faces the title-page. It was the Abbé Rothelin who presented De Boze with the celebrated '*Guirlande de Julie*'—a work which afterwards came into the Valliere collection, and was sold for 14,510 livres, —"the highest price (says Peignot) ever given for a modern book." Consult his *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, pp. 62, 67; and *Bibl. Curieuse*, p. 61.——SARRAZ. *Bibliotheca Sarraziana.* Hag. Com., 1715, 8vo. This catalogue, which is frequently referred to by bibliographers, should not escape the collector when he can obtain it for a few shillings. A tolerably good preface or diatribe is prefixed, upon the causes of the rarity of Books, but the volume itself is not deserving of all the fine things in commendation of it which are said in the *Bibl. Reiman*, pt. ii., p. 671, &c. ——SARTORI. *Catalogus Bibliographicus Librorum Latinorum et Germanicorum in Bibliotheca Cæsar. reg. et equestris Academiæ Theresianæ extantium, cum accessionibus originum typographicarum. Vindobonensium, et duobus supplementis necnon, indice triplici, systematico, bibliographico, et typographico; auctore Josepho de Sartori.* Vindobonæ, 1801-3, 4to. Vol. i., ii., iii. Of this very curious and greatly-to-be-desired

catalogue, which is to be completed in eight volumes, it is said that only ONE HUNDRED copies are struck off. Peignot has a long and interesting notice of it in his *Bibliographie Curieuse*, p. 64.——SCHALBRUCK. *Bibliotheca Schalbruchiana; sive Catalogus exquisitissimorum rarissimorumque librorum, quos collegit Joh. Theod. Schalbruch.* Amst. 1723, 8vo. A very fine collection of rare and curious books. From a priced copy of the catalogue, accidentally seen, I find that some of them produced rather large sums.——SCHWARTZ. *Catalogus Librorum continens codd. MSS. et libros sæculo* XV. *impressos, quos possedit et notis recensuit A.G. Schwarzius*, Altorf. 1769, 8vo. The name of Schwartz is so respectable in the annals of bibliography that one cannot help giving the present catalogue a place in one's collection. According to *Bibl. Solger.*, vol. iii., No. 1459, a first part (there said to be printed upon LARGE PAPER) was published in 1753. Schwartz's treatise, "*De Orig. Typog. Document. Primar.*" Altorf, 1740, 4to., should have been noticed at p. 41, ante.——SCRIVERIUS. *Bibliothecæ Scriverianæ Catalogus*, Amst., 1663, 4to. —"exquisitissimus est: constat enim selectissimus omnium facultatum et artium autoribus." This is the strong recommendatory language of Morhof: *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 212.——SERNA SANTANDER. *Catalogue des livres de la Bibliothéque de M.C. De La Serna Santander; redigé et mis en ordre par lui même; avec des notes bibliographiques et littèraires*, &c.

Bruxelles, 1803, 8vo., five volumes. An extensive collection of interesting works; with a sufficiently copious index at the end of the fourth volume. The fifth volume contains a curious disquisition upon the antiquity of signatures, catchwords, and numerals; and is enriched with a number of plates of watermarks of the paper in ancient books. This catalogue, which is rarely seen in our own country, is well worth a place in any library. It is a pity the typographical execution of it is so very indifferent. For the credit of a bibliographical taste, I hope there were a few copies struck off upon LARGE PAPER. ——SION COLLEGE. *Catalogus universalis librorum omnium in Bibliotheca Collegii Sionii apud Londinenses*; Londini, 1650, 4to. *Ejusdem Collegii librorum Catalogus, &c., Cura Reading*, Lond., 1724, fol. As the first of these catalogues (of a collection which contains some very curious and generally unknown volumes) was published before the great fire of London happened, there will be found some books in it which were afterwards consumed, and therefore not described in the subsequent impression of 1724. This latter, which Tom Osborne, the bookseller, would have called a "pompous volume," is absolutely requisite to the bibliographer: but both impressions should be procured, if possible. The folio edition is common and cheap.——SMITH [CONSUL]. *Bibliotheca Smithiana, seu Catalogus Librorum D.J. Smithii Angli, per cognomina Authorum dispositus.* Venetiis, 1755, 4to. *A Catalogue of the curious,*

elegant, and very valuable library of Joseph Smith, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Venice, lately deceased, 1773, 8vo. These are the catalogues of the collections of books occasionally formed at Venice, by Mr. Joseph Smith, during his consulship there. The quarto impression contains a description of the books which were purchased "en masse" by his present majesty. It is singularly well executed by Paschali, comprehending, by way of an appendix, the prefaces to those volumes in the collection which were printed in the fifteenth century. I possess a brochûre of 71 pages, containing a catalogue of books printed in the fifteenth century, which has Consul Smith's arms at the beginning, and, at the end, this subscription, "Pretiosissima hæc librorum collectio, cujusvis magni principis Bibliotheca dignissima, constat voluminibus ccxlviii." The title-page has no date. I suspect it to be the same catalogue of books which is noticed at p. 77, ante, and which probably the Consul bought: forming the greater part of his own library of early printed books. See too the *Bibliogr. Miscellany*, vol. ii., 72. The collection of 1773 was sold by auction, for Mr. Robson, by Messrs. Baker and Leigh—and a fine one it was. Among these books, the Spira Virgil of 1470, printed UPON VELLUM, was purchased for *only twenty-five guineas*!

Excidat ille dies ævo—ne postera credant
Sæcula—!

——SOLGER. *Bibliotheca sive Supellex*

Librorum Impressorum, &c., et Codicum Manuscriptorum, quos per plurimos annos collegit, &c., Adamus Rudolphus Solger. Norimb., 1760, 8vo., three parts or vols. I should almost call this publication "facile princeps Catalogorum"—in its way. The bibliographical notices are frequent and full; and saving that the words "rarus, rarior, et rarissimus," are sometimes too profusely bestowed, nothing seems to be wanting to render this a very first rate acquisition to the collector's library. I am indebted to the bibliomanical spirit of honest Mr. Manson, of Gerard-street, the bookseller, for this really useful publication.——SOUBISE. *Catalogue des livres imprimés et manuscrits, &c., de feu Monseigneur Le Prince de Soubise (par feu Le Clerc)*, Paris, 1788, 8vo. A short history of this collection will be the best inducement to purchase the present catalogue, whenever it comes in the way of the collector. The foundation of this splendid library was that of the famous De Thou's [vide Art. THUANUS, post], which was purchased by the Cardinal de Rohan, who added it to his own grand collection—"the fruit of a fine taste and a fine fortune." It continued to be augmented and enriched 'till, and after, it came into the possession of the PRINCE DE SOUBISE—the last nobleman of his name—who dying in January, 1789, the entire collection was dispersed by public auction: after it had been offered for the purchase of one or two eminent London booksellers, who have repented, and will repent to their

dying day, their declining the offer. This catalogue is most unostentatiously executed upon very indifferent paper; and, while an excellent index enables us to discover any work of which we may be in want, the beautiful copies from this collection which are in the Cracherode library in the British Museum, give unquestionable proof of the splendour of the books. For the credit of French bibliography, I hope there are some few copies upon LARGE PAPER.——TELLIER. *Bibliotheca Tellereana, sive Catalogus Librorum Bibliotheca Caroli Mauritii Le Tellier, Archiepiscopi Ducis Remensis. Parisiis, e Typographia Regia*, 1693, fol. A finely engraved portrait of Tellier faces the title-page. This is a handsome volume, containing a numerous and well-chosen collection of books.——THUANUS. [DE THOU] *Bibliothecæ Thuanæ Catalogus*, Parisiis, 1679, 8vo. "Three particular reasons," says Baillet, "should induce us to get possession of this catalogue; first, the immortal glory acquired by De Thou in writing his history, and in forming the most perfect and select library of his age: and secondly, the abundance and excellence of the books herein specified; and, thirdly, the great credit of the bibliographers Du Puys and Quesnel, by whom the catalogue was compiled." *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. ii., p. 144, &c. Morhof is equally lavish in commendation of this collection. See his *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 36, 211. The Books of De Thou, whose fame will live as long as a book

shall be read, were generally in beautiful condition, with his arms stamped upon the exterior of the binding, which was usually of Morocco; and, from some bibliographical work (I think it is Santander's catalogue), I learn that this binding cost the worthy president not less than 20,000 crowns. De Thou's copy of the editio princeps of Homer is now in the British Museum; having been presented to this national institution by the Rev. Dr. Cyril Jackson, who has lately resigned the deanery of Christ Church College, Oxford, —"and who is now wisely gone to enjoy the evening of life in repose, sweetened by the remembrance of having spent the day in useful and strenuous exertion." For an account of the posterior fate of De Thou's library, consult the article "SOUBISE," ante. I should add that, according to the *Bibl. Solgeriana*, vol. iii., p. 243, no. 1431, there are copies of this catalogue upon LARGE PAPER.——UFFENBACH. *Catalogus universalis Bibliothecæ Uffenbachinæ librorum tam typis quam manu exaratorum.* Francof. ad Mœn, 1729, 8vo., 4 vols. This catalogue is no mean acquisition to the bibliographer's library. It rarely occurs in a perfect and clean condition.——VALLIERE (DUC DE LA). *Catalogue des Livres provenans de la Bibliothéque de M.L.D.D.L.V.*, (M. le Duc de la Valliere) *disposé et mis en ordre par Guill. Franc. De Bure le Jeune.* Paris, 1767, 8vo., 2 vols.—*Des Livres de la même Bibliothéque.* Paris, 1772, 8vo.—*Des Livres et Manuscrits de la même Bibliothéque*, Paris, 1783, 8vo., 3 vols.—*Des Livres de la même*

Bibliothéque, Paris, 1783, 6 vols. 8vo. These twelve volumes of catalogues of this nobleman's library impress us with a grand notion of its extent and value—perhaps never exceeded by that of any private collection! It would seem that the Duke de la Valliere had two sales of part of his books (of which the two first catalogues are notifications) during his life-time: the two latter catalogues of sales having been put forth after his decease. Of these latter (for the former contain nothing remarkable in them, except that there are copies of the first on LARGE PAPER, in 4to.), the impression of 1783, which was compiled by Van Praet and De Bure, is the most distinguished for its notices of MSS. and early printed books: and in these departments it is truly precious, being enriched with some of the choicest books in the Gaignat Collection. Those printed UPON VELLUM alone would form a little library! Of the impression of 1783, which has a portrait of the owner prefixed, there were fifty copies printed upon LARGE PAPER, in 4to., to harmonize with the *Bibliographie Instructive*, and *Gaignat's Catalogue*. See *Bibliographical Miscell.*, vol. ii., 66. Twelve copies were also printed in royal 8vo., upon fine stout VELLUM PAPER; of which the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville has a beautiful uncut copy in six volumes. See also *Cat. de Loménie* [1797], no. 2666. The last publication of 1788 was put forth by Nyon l'aîné; and although the bibliographical observations are but few in comparison with those in the preceding

catalogue, and no index is subjoined, yet it is most carefully executed; and presents us with such a copious collection of French topography, and old French and Italian poetry and romances, as never has been, and perhaps never will be, equalled. It contains 26,537 articles. The Count D'Artois purchased this collection "en masse;" and it is now deposited in the "bibliothéque de l'Arsenal." See *Dictionn. Bibliographique*, vol. iv., p. 133. It was once offered for purchase to a gentleman of this country—highly distinguished for his love of Virtû. Mr. Grenville has also a similar large paper copy of this latter edition, of the date of 1784.——VIENNA. *Codices Manuscripti Theologici. Bibl. Palat. Vindob. Latini aliarumque Occidentis Linguarum*, vol. i. (in tribus partibus.) *Recens.*, &c., *Michael Denis.* Vindob. 1793, folio. Some mention of this work has been made at page 65, ante. It may be here necessary to remark that, from the preface, it would appear to contain a ninth additional book to Lambecius's well-known Commentaries (vide, p. 41, ante) which Kollarius had left unpublished at his death. The preface is well worth perusal, as it evinces the great pains which Denis has taken; and the noble, if not matchless, munificence of his patron—"qui præter augustam Bibliothecæ fabricam in ipsos libros centenis plura Rhenensium expendit millia."—This catalogue is confined to a description of Latin, with some few notices of Oriental Manuscripts; as the preceding work of Lambecius and Kollarius contained an

account of the Greek MSS. These three parts, forming one volume, are closed by an excellent index. The second volume was published in 1801. Upon the whole, it is a noble and highly useful publication; and places its author in the foremost rank of bibliographers.——VOLPI. *Catalogo della Libreria de Volpi*, &c. *Opera di Don Gaetano Volpi.* Padova, 1756, 8vo. The Crevenna library was enriched with a great number of valuable books which came from the library of the celebrated Vulpii; of which the present is a well-arranged and uncommon catalogue. Annexed to it there is an account of the press of the Comini, which belonged to the owners of this collection. The reader may consult *Bibl. Crevenn.*, vol. v., pp. 302-3; and Dr. Clarke's *Bibliogr. Miscell.*, vol. ii., 72.——VOYAGE *de deux Français dans le nord de l'Europe, en 1790-92, (par M. de Fortia)* Paris, 1796, 8vo., 5 vols. That the collector of catalogues may not scold me for this apparent deviation from the subject discussed in this note, I must inform him, upon the authority of Peignot, that these interesting volumes contain "some account of the most beautiful and curious books contained in the Libraries of the North, and in those of Italy, Spain, Holland, &c." *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. lviii.——DE WITT. *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Joannis De Witt*, Dordraci, 1701, 12mo. The preface to this catalogue, (from which an extract was given in the *first* edition of my "*Introduction to the Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics*," 1802, 8vo.,) gives us a pleasing

account of an ardent and elegant young man in the pursuit of every thing connected with Virtû. De Witt seems to have been, in books and statues, &c., what his great ancestor was in politics—"paucis comparandus." A catalogue of the library of a collector of the same name was published at Brussels, in 1752, by De Vos. See *Cat. de Santander*, vol. iv., no. 6334. ——ZURICH. *Catalogus librorum Bibliothecæ Tigurinæ.* Tiguri, 1744, 8vo., 4 vols. Although the last, this is not the most despicable, catalogue of collections here enumerated. A reading man, who happens to winter in Switzerland, may know, upon throwing his eyes over this catalogue, that he can have access to good books at Zurich —the native place of many an illustrious author! The following, which had escaped me, may probably be thought worthy of forming an

APPENDIX TO THE PRECEDING NOTE.

BERN. *Cat. Codd. MSS. Bibl. Bernensis. Cum annotationibus, &c. Curante Sinner.* Bernæ, 1760, 8vo. A very curious and elegantly printed Catalogue with three plates of fac-similes.——PARKER [ABP.] *Catalog. Libror. MSS. in Bibl. Coll. Corporis Christi in Cantab., quos legavit M. Parkerus Archiepiscop. Cant.* Lond., 1722, fol.; *Eorundem Libror. MSS. Catalogus. Edidit J. Nasmith.* Cantab., 1777, 4to. Of these catalogues of the curious and valuable

MSS. which were bequeathed to Corpus College (or Bennet College, as it is sometimes called) by the immortal Archbishop Parker, the first is the more elegantly printed, but the latter is the more copious and correct impression. My copy of it has a fac-simile etching prefixed, by Tyson, of the rare print of the Archbishop, which will be noticed in PART V., post. ——ROYAL INSTITUTION. *A Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c. By William Harris, Keeper of the Library*. Lond., 1809, 8vo. If a lucid order, minute and correct description of the volumes of an admirably chosen library, accompanied with a copious and faithful alphabetical index, be recommendations with the bibliographer, the present volume will not be found wanting upon his shelf. It is the most useful book of its kind ever published in this country. Let the bibliomaniac hasten to seize one of the five remaining copies only (out of the *fifty* which were printed) upon LARGE PAPER! ——WOOD (ANTHONY). *A Catalogue of Antony-a-Wood's Manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum; by W. Huddesford*, Oxon, 1761, 8vo. The very name of *old Anthony* (as it delights some facetious book-collectors yet to call him!) will secure respect for this volume. It is not of common occurrence.

[C] In Part VI. of this work will be found a List of Books printed here. The armorial bearings of Lord Orford are placed at p. 100.



LIS. You have so thoroughly animated my feelings, and excited my curiosity, in regard to BIBLIOGRAPHY, that I can no longer dissemble the eagerness which I feel to make myself master of the several books which you have recommended.

LYSAND. Alas, your zeal will most egregiously deceive you! *Where* will you look for such books? At what bookseller's shop, or at what auction, are they to be procured? In this country, my friend, few are the private collections, however choice, which contain two third parts of the excellent works before mentioned. Patience, vigilance, and personal activity, are your best friends in such a dilemma.

LIS. But I will no longer attend the sale of Malvolio's busts and statues, and gaudy books. I will fly to the Strand, or King-street: peradventure—

PHIL. Gently, my good Lisardo. A breast thus suddenly changed from the cold of Nova Zembla to the warmth of the torrid zone requires to be ruled with discretion. And yet, luckily for you—

LIS. Speak—are you about to announce the sale of some bibliographical works?

PHIL. Even so. To morrow, if I mistake not, GONZALVO'S choice gems, in this way, are to be disposed of.

LIS. Consider them as my own. Nothing shall stay me from the possession of them.

LYSAND. You speak precipitately. Are you accustomed to attend book-auctions?

LIS. No; but I will line my pockets with pistoles, and who dare oppose me?

PHIL. And do you imagine that no one, but yourself, has his pockets "lined with pistoles," on these occasions?

LIS. It may be so—that other linings are much warmer than my own:—but, at any rate, I will make a glorious struggle, and die with my sword in my hand.

PHIL. This is *Book-Madness* with a vengeance! However, we shall see the issue. When and how do you propose going?

LIS. A chaise shall be at this door by nine in the morning. Who will accompany me?

LYSAND. Our friend and Philemon will prevent your becoming absolutely raving, by joining you. I shall be curious to know the result.

LIS. Never fear. *Bibliomania* is, of all species of insanity, the most rational and praise-worthy. I here solemnly renounce my former opinions, and wish my errors to be forgotten. I here crave pardon of the disturbed manes of the Martins, De Bures, and Patersons, for that flagitious act of *Catalogue-Burning*; and fondly hope that the

unsuspecting age of boyhood will atone for so rash a deed. Do you frankly forgive—and will you henceforth consider me as a worth "*Aspirant*" in the noble cause of bibliography?

LYSAND. Most cordially do I forgive you; and freely admit you into the fraternity of Bibliomaniacs. Philemon, I trust, will be equally merciful.

PHIL. Assuredly, Lisardo, you have my entire forgiveness: and I exult a little in the hope that you will prove yourself to be a sincere convert to the cause, by losing no opportunity of enriching your bibliographical stores. Already I see you mounted, as a book chevalier, and hurrying from the country to London—from London again to the country—seeking adventures in which your prowess may be displayed—and yielding to no competitor who brandishes a lance of equal weight with your own!

LIS. 'Tis well. At to-morrow's dawn my esquire shall begin to burnish up my armour—and caparison my courser. Till then adieu!

Here the conversation, in a connected form, ceased; and it was resolved that Philemon and myself should accompany Lisardo on the morrow.





PART III.

The Auction Room.

CHARACTER OF ORLANDO. OF ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS, AND BOOK-BINDING. BOOK-AUCTION BIBLIOMANIACS.

"As to the late method used in selling books by AUCTION in London, I suppose that many have paid dear for their experience in this way—it being apparent that most books bought in an auction may be had cheaper in booksellers' shops."

CLAVEL: *Cat. of Books for 1680, Pref.*





The Auction Room.

CHARACTER OF ORLANDO.
OF ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS, AND BOOK-BINDING.
BOOK AUCTION BIBLIOMANIACS.

NEVER, surely, did two mortals set off upon any expedition with greater glee and alacrity than did Lisardo and Philemon for the sale, by auction, of GONZALVO'S bibliographical library. The great pains which Lysander had taken in enumerating the various foreign and domestic writers upon Bibliography, with his occasionally animated eulogies upon some favourite author had quite inflamed the sanguine mind of Lisardo; who had already, in anticipation, fancied himself in possession of every book which he had heard described. Like Homer's high-bred courser, who

—ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost—

our young bibliomaniac began to count up his volumes, arrange his shelves, bespeak his binder

[Enlarge]

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every book which he had heard described. Like Homer's high-bred courser, who

—ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost—

our young bibliomaniac began to count up his volumes, arrange his shelves, bespeak his binder, and revel in the luxury of a splendid and nearly matchless collection. The distance from my house to the scene of action being thirteen miles, Lisardo, during the first six, had pretty nearly exhausted himself in describing the delightful pictures which his ardent fancy had formed; and finding the conversation beginning to flag, Philemon, with his usual good-nature and judgment, promised to make a pleasing digression from the dry subject of book-catalogues, by an episode with which the reader shall be presently gratified. Having promised to assist them both, when we arrived at Messrs. L. and S., in the Strand, with some information relating to the prices of such books as they stood in need of, and to the various book-collectors who attended public sales, Lisardo expressed himself highly obliged by the promise; and, sinking quietly into a corner of the chaise, he declared that he was now in a most apt mood to listen attentively to Philemon's digressive chat: who accordingly thus began.

"Lord Coke,"—exclaimed PHILEMON, in a mirthful strain—"before he ventured upon '*The Jurisdiction of the Courts of the Forest*,' wished to

'recreate himself' with Virgil's description of 'Dido's Doe of the Forest;'[163] in order that he might 'proceed the more cheerfully' with the task he had undertaken; and thus exchange somewhat of the precise and technical language of the lawyer for that glowing tone of description which woodland scenes and hunting gaieties seldom fail to produce. Even so, my good friends (pursued Philemon), I shall make a little digression from the confined subject to which our attentions have been so long directed by taking you with me, in imagination, to the delightful abode of ORLANDO."

[163] The quaint language of Lord Coke is well worth quotation: "And seeing we are to treat of matters of game, and hunting, let us (to the end we may proceed the more chearfully) recreate ourselves with the excellent description of Dido's Doe of the Forest wounded with a deadly arrow sticken in her, and not impertinent to our purpose:

Uritur infælix Dido, totaque vagatur
Urbe furens, &c.

And in another place, using again the word (Sylva) and describing a forest saith:

Ibat in antiquam sylvam stabula alta ferarum."
Institutes, pt. iv., p. 289, ed. 1669.

Thus pleasantly could our sage expounder of the laws of the realm illustrate the dry subject of which he treated!

LIS. I have heard of him: a very "*Helluo Librorum*!" Thus we only change sides—from things to men; from books to book-collectors. Is this digressive? Is this an episode?

PHIL. Why this abrupt interruption? If I did not know you and myself, too, Lisardo, I should observe an obstinate silence during the remainder of the journey. An episode, though it suspend the main action for a while, partakes of the nature of the subject of the work. It is an *appropriate* digression. Do pray read Dr. Blair[164] upon the subject—and now only listen.

[164] *Lecture* XLII., vol. iii.

Orlando (continued Philemon) had from his boyhood loved books and book-reading. His fortune was rather limited; but he made shift—after bringing up three children, whom he lost from the ages of nineteen to twenty-four, and which have been recently followed to their graves by the mother that gave them birth—he made shift, notwithstanding the expenses of their college education, and keeping up the

reputation of a truly hospitable table, to collect, from year to year, a certain number of volumes, according to a certain sum of money appropriated for the purchase of them; generally making himself master of the principal contents of the first year's purchase, before the ensuing one was placed upon his shelves. He lives in a large ancestral house; and his library is most advantageously situated and delightfully fitted up. Disliking such a wintry residence as Thomson has described[165]—although fond of solemn retirement, and of Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade,"—he has suffered the rules of common sense always to mingle themselves in his plans of domestic comfort; and, from the bow-windowed extremity of his library, he sees realized, at the distance of four hundred yards, Cæsar's gently-flowing river *Arar*,[166] in a stream which loses itself behind some low shrubs; above which is a softly-undulating hill, covered with hazel, and birch, and oak. To the left is an open country, intersected with meadows and corn fields, and terminated by the blue mountains of Malvern at the distance of thirteen miles. Yet more to the left, but within one hundred and fifty yards of the house, and forming something of a foreground to the landscape, are a few large and lofty elm trees, under which many a swain has rested from his toil; many a tender vow has been breathed; many a sabbath-afternoon[167] innocently kept; and many a village-wake cordially celebrated! Some of these things yet

bless the aged eyes of ORLANDO!

[165]

"In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene!"——
Winter.

One would like a situation somewhat more *sheltered*, when "The ceaseless winds blow ice!"

[166] "Flumen est *Arar*, quod per fines Æduorum et Sequanorum in Rhodanum fluit, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis, in utram partem fluat, judicari nos possit." *De Bell. Gall.*, lib. i., § x. Philemon might as happily have compared Orlando's quiet stream to "the silent river"

——quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ——

which Horace has so exquisitely described, in contrast with

——obliquis laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Carm., *lib.* i., *Od.* xxxi., *lib.* ii., *Od.* ii.

Yet let us not forget Collin's lovely little bit of landscape—

"Where slowly winds the stealing wave."

[167] There is a curious proclamation by Q. Elizabeth, relating to some Sabbath recreations or games, inserted in Hearne's preface to his edition of *Camden's Annals*, p. xxviii. It is a little too long to be given entire; but the reader may here be informed that "shooting with the standard, shooting with the broad arrow, shooting at the twelve score prick, shooting at the Turk, leaping for men, running for men, wrestling, throwing the sledge, and pitching the bar," were suffered to be exhibited, on several Sundays, for the benefit of one "John Seconton Powlter, dwelling within the parish of St. Clements Danes, being a poor man, having four small children, and fallen to decay."

I have slightly noticed the comfortable interior of his library.—

LIS. You spoke of a bow-windowed extremity—

PHIL. Yes, in this bow-window—the glass of which was furnished full two hundred and fifty years ago, and which has recently been put into a sensible modern frame-work—thereby affording two hours longer light to the inhabitant—in this bow-window, you will see a great quantity of stained glass of the different

arms of his own, and of his wife's, family; with other appropriate embellishments.[168] And when the evening sun-beams throw a chequered light throughout the room, 'tis pleasant to observe how Orlando enjoys the opening of an Aldine Greek Classic—the ample-margined leaves of which receive a mellower tint from the soft lustre that pervades the library. Every book, whether opened or closed, is benefited by this due portion of light; so that the eye, in wandering over the numerous shelves, is neither hurt by morning glare nor evening gloom. Of colours, in his furniture, he is very sparing: he considers white shelves, picked out with gold, as heretical—mahogany, wainscot, black, and red, are, what he calls, orthodox colours. He has a few busts and vases; and as his room is very lofty, he admits above, in black and gold frames, a few portraits of eminent literary characters; and whenever he gets a genuine Vandyke, or Velasquez, he congratulates himself exceedingly upon his good fortune.

[168] The reader, who is partial to the lucubrations of Thomas Hearne, may peruse a long gossipping note of his upon the importance of *stained glass windows*—in his account of Godstow nunnery. See his *Guil. Neubrig.*, vol. ii., 768.

LIS. All this bespeaks a pretty correct taste. But I wish to know something of the man.

PHIL. You shall, presently; and, in hearing what I am about to relate, only let us both strive, good Lisardo, so to regulate our studies and feelings that our old age may be like unto Orlando's.

Last year I went with my uncle to pay him our annual visit. He appeared quite altered and shaken from the recent misfortune of losing his wife; who had survived the death of her children fifteen years; herself dying in the sixtieth of her own age. The eyes of Orlando were sunk deeply into his forehead, yet they retained their native brilliancy and quickness. His cheeks were wan, and a good deal withered. His step was cautious and infirm. When we were seated in his comfortable library chairs, he extended his right arm towards me, and squeezing my hand cordially within his own —"Philemon," said he, "you are not yet thirty, and have therefore sufficient ardour to enable you to gratify your favourite passion for books. Did you ever read the inscription over the outside of my library door—which I borrowed from Lomeir's account of one over a library at Parma?[169]" On my telling him that it had escaped me—"Go," said he, "and not only read, but remember it."—The inscription was as follows:

INGREDERE MUSIS SACER, NAM

ET HIC DII HABITANT.
ITEM
NULLUS AMICUS MAGIS LIBET,
QUAM LIBER.

[169] *De Bibliothecis*: p. 269, edit. 1680.

"Have a care," said he, on my resuming my seat —"have a care that you do not treat such a friend ill, or convert him into a foe. For myself, my course is well nigh run. My children have long taken their leave of me, to go to the common parent who created, and to the Saviour who has vouchsafed to redeem, us all; and, though the usual order of nature has been here inverted, I bow to the fate which Heaven has allotted me with the unqualified resignation of a Christian. My wife has also recently left me, for a better place; and I confess that I begin to grow desolate, and anxious to take my departure to join my family. In my solitude, dear Philemon, I have found these (pointing to his books) to be what Cicero, and Seneca, and our own countryman De Bury,[170] have so eloquently and truly described them to be—our friends, our instructors, and our comforts. Without any affectation of hard reading, great learning, or wonderful diligence, I think I may venture to say that I have read more valuable books than it falls to the lot of the generality of

book-collectors to read; and I would fain believe that I have profited by my studies. Although not of the profession of the church, you know that I have always cherished a fondness for sacred literature; and there is hardly a good edition of the Greek Testament, or a commentator of repute upon the Bible, foreign or domestic, but what you will find some reference to the same in my interleaved copy of Bishop Wilson's edition of the Holy Scriptures. A great number of these commentators themselves are in my library, as well as every authoritative edition of the Greek Testament, from the Complutensian to Griesbach's. Yet do not suppose that my theological books are equal in measure to one fourth part of those in the Imperial library at Paris.[171] My object has always been instruction and improvement; and when these could be obtained from any writer, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, Arminian or Calvinistic, I have not failed to thank him, and to respect him, too, if he has declared his opinions with becoming diffidence and moderation. You know that nothing so sorely grieves me as dogmatical arrogance, in a being who will always be frail and capricious, let him think and act as he please. On a Sunday evening I usually devote a few hours to my theological studies—(if you will allow my sabbath-meditations to be so called) and, almost every summer evening in the week, saunter 'midst yon thickets and meadows by the

river side, with Collins, or Thompson, or Cowper, in my hand. The beautiful sentiments and grand imagery of Walter Scott are left to my in-door avocations; because I love to read the curious books to which he refers in his notes, and have always admired, what I find few critics have noticed, how adroitly he has ingrafted fiction upon truth. As I thus perambulate, with my book generally open, the villagers treat me as Sir Roger De Coverley made his tenants treat the Spectator—by keeping at a respectful distance—but when I shut up my volume, and direct my steps homewards, I am always sure to find myself, before I reach my threshold, in company with at least half a dozen gossipping and well-meaning rustics. In other departments of reading, history and poetry are my delight. On a rainy or snowy day, when all looks sad and dismal without, my worthy friend and neighbour, PHORMIO, sometimes gives me a call—and we have a rare set-to at my old favourite volumes—the '*Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ*' of WOLFIUS[172]—a commonplace book of as many curious, extraordinary, true and false occurrences, as ever were introduced into two ponderous folios. The number of strange cuts in it used to amuse my dear children—whose parent, from the remembrance of the past, still finds a pleasing recreation in looking at them. So much, dear Philemon, for my desultory mode of studying: improve upon it—but at all events, love your books for the

good which they may produce; provided you open them with 'singleness of heart—' that is, a sincerity of feeling.

[170] Every school-lad who has written a copy under a writing-master, or who has looked into the second book of the *"Selectæ è Profanis Scriptoribus," &c.*, has probably been made acquainted with the sentiments of the above ancient heathen philosophers relating to Learning and Books; but may not have been informed of the conciliatory manner in which our countryman De Bury has invited us to approach the latter. "Hi sunt magistri (says he) qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferula, sine verbis et colera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis, non dormiunt; si inquiris, non se abscondunt; non remurmurant, si oberres; cachinnos nesciunt, si ignores." These original and apt words are placed in the title-page to the first volume of *Dr. Clarke's Bibliographical Dictionary*.

[171] "Il y a 300 pieds cubes de livres de théologie,"—"qui tapissent les murs des deux premières salles de la Bibliothéque Impériale." Caillot: *Roman Bibliographique*, tom. i., 72, edit. 1809.

[172] There are few men, of any literary curiosity, who would not wish to know something of the work here noticed; and much more than appears to be known of its illustrious author; concerning whom we will first discourse a little: "JOHANNES WOLFIUS (says Melchoir Adam), the laborious compiler of the *Lectionum Memorabilium et Reconditarum Centenarii*

xvi. (being a collection of curious pieces from more than 3000 authors—chiefly Protestant) was a civilian, a soldier, and a statesman. He was born A.D. 1537, at Vernac, in the duchy of Deux Ponts; of which town his father was chief magistrate. He was bred under Sturmius at Strasbourg, under Melancthon at Wittemberg, and under Cujas at Bruges. He travelled much and often; particularly into France and Burgundy, with the Dukes of Stettin, in 1467. He attended the Elector Palatine, who came with an army to the assistance of the French Hugonots in 1569; and, in 1571, he conducted the corpse of his master back to Germany by sea. After this, he was frequently employed in embassies from the electors Palatine to England and Poland. His last patrons were the Marquisses of Baden, who made him governor of Mündelsheim, and gave him several beneficial grants. In 1594, Wolfius bade adieu to business and courts, and retired to Hailbrun; where he completed his "*Lectiones*," which had been the great employment of his life. He died May 23, A.D. 1600—the same year in which the above volumes were published." Thus far, in part, our biographer, in his *Vitæ Eruditorum cum Germanorum tum Exterorum*: pt. iii., p. 156, edit. 1706. These particulars may be gleaned from Wolfius's preface; where he speaks of his literary and diplomatic labours with great interest and propriety. In this preface also is related a curious story of a young man of the name of Martin, whom Wolfius

employed as an amanuensis to transcribe from his "three thousand authors"—and who was at first so zealously attached to the principles of the Romish Church that he declared "he wished for no heaven where Luther might be." The young man died a Protestant; quite reconciled to a premature end, and in perfect good will with Luther and his doctrine. As to Wolfius, it is impossible to read his preface, or to cast a glance upon his works —"magno et pene incredibili labore multisque vigiliis elaboratum"—(as Linsius has well said, in the opening of the admonition to the reader, prefixed to his index) without being delighted with his liberality of disposition, and astonished at the immensity of his labour. Each volume has upwards of 1000 pages closely printed upon an indifferent brown-tinted paper; which serves nevertheless to set off the several hundreds of well executed wood cuts which the work contains. Linsius's index, a thin folio, was published in the year 1608: this is absolutely necessary for the completion of a copy. As bibliographers have given but a scanty account of this uncommon work (mentioned, however, very properly by Mr. Nicol in his interesting preface to the catalogue of the Duke of Roxburgh's books; and of which I observe in the *Bibl. Solgeriana*, vol. i., no. 1759, that a second edition, printed in 1672, is held in comparatively little estimation), so biographers (if we except Melchior Adam, the great favourite of Bayle) have been

equally silent respecting its author. Fabricius, and the Historical Dictionary published at Caen, do not mention him; and Moreri has but a meagre and superficial notice of him. Wolfius's *Penus Artis Historicæ*, of which the best edition is that of 1579, is well described in the tenth volume of Fournier's *Methode pour étudier l'histoire*, p. 12, edit. 1772. My respect for so extraordinary a bibliomaniac as WOLfiUS, who was groping amongst the books of the public libraries belonging to the several great cities which he visited, (in his diplomatic character—vide præf.) whilst his masters and private secretary were probably paying their devotions to Bacchus—induces me to treat the reader with the following impression of his portrait.



This cut is taken from a fac-simile drawing, made by me of the head of Wolfius as it

appears at the back of the title-page to the preceding work. The original impression is but an indifferent one; but it presents in addition, the body of Wolfius as far as the waist; with his right hand clasping a book, and his left the handle of a sword. His ponderous chain has a medallion suspended at the end. This print, which evidently belongs to the English series, has escaped Granger. And yet I know not whether such intelligence should be imparted!—as the scissars may hence go to work to deprive many a copy of these "*Lectiones*," of their elaborately-ornamented title-pages. Forbid it, good sense!

"In a short time," continued the venerable Orlando, after a pause of fifteen seconds, "in a short time I must bid adieu to this scene; to my choice copies; beautiful bindings: and all the classical furniture which you behold around you. Yes!—as Reimannus[173] has well observed,—'there is no end to accumulating books, whilst the boundaries of human existence are limited, indeed!' But I have made every necessary, and, I hope, appropriate, regulation; the greater part of my library is bequeathed to one of the colleges in the University of Oxford; with an injunction to put an inscription over the collection very different from what the famous Ranzau[174] directed to be inscribed over his own.—About three hundred volumes you will find bequeathed to

you, dear Philemon—accompanied with a few remarks not very different from what Lotichius[175] indited, with his dying breath, in his book-legacy to the learned Sambucus. I will, at present, say no more. Come and see me whenever you have an opportunity. I exact nothing extraordinary of you; and shall therefore expect nothing beyond what one man of sense and of virtue, in our relative situations, would pay to the other."

[173] "Vita brevis est, et series librorum longa." He adds: "Æs magnum tempus, quo id dispungere conatus est, parvum." *Bibl. Acroamat.*, p. 51, sign. d† 2.

[174] "Henry de Ranzau—avoit dressé une excellente bibliothéque au chateau de Bredemberg, dans laquelle estoient conservez plusieurs manuscrits Grecs et Latins, et autres raretez, &c.—Ce sçavant personnage a fait un decret pour sa bibliothéque, qui merite d'estre icy inseré, pour faire voir a la posterité l'affection qu'il auoit pour sa conservation."

... Libros partem ne aliquam abstulerit,
Extraxerit, clepserit, rapserit,
Concerpserit, coruperit,
Dolo malo:
Illico maledictus,
Perpetuo execrabilis,
Semper detestabilis
Esto maneto.
JACOB: *Traicté des Bibliothéques*, pp. 237, 240.

I have inserted only the fulminatory clause of this inscription, as being that part of it against which Orlando's indignation seems to be directed.

[175] "Petrus Lotichius Johanni Sambuco Pannonio gravissimo morbo laborans Bononiæ, bibliothecam suam legaverit, *lib.* 3, *eleg.* 9, verba ejus lectu non injucunda:

Pro quibus officiis, hæres abeuntis amici,
Accipe fortunæ munera parva meæ.
Non mihi sunt Baccho colles, oleisque virentes,
Prædiave Æmiliis conspicienda jugis.
Tu veterum dulces scriptorum sume libellos,
Attritos manibus quos juvat esse meis.
Invenies etiam viridi quæ lusimus ævo,
Dum studiis ætas mollibus apta fuit.
Illa velim rapidis sic uras carmina flammis
Ut vatem ipse suis ignibus jussit Amor."
LOMEIER: *de Bibliothecis*, p. 288.

"So spake Orlando," said Philemon, with tears in his eyes, who, upon looking at Lisardo and myself, found our faces covered with our handkerchiefs, and unable to utter a word.

The deliberate manner in which this recital was made—the broken periods, and frequent pauses —filled up a great measure of our journey; and we found that St. Paul's dome was increasing upon us in size and distinctness, and that we had not more than three miles to travel, when Lisardo, wishing to give a different turn to the discourse, asked Philemon what was the cause of such extravagant sums being now given at book-sales for certain curious and uncommon— but certainly not highly intrinsically-valuable— publications; and whether our ancestors, in the time of Hen. VIII. and Elizabeth, paid in proportion for the volumes of *their* Libraries?

Upon Philemon's declaring himself unable to gratify his friend's curiosity, but intimating that some assistance might probably be derived from myself, I took up the discourse by observing that—

"In the infancy of printing in this country (owing to the competition of foreigners) it would seem that our own printers (who were both booksellers and book-binders) had suffered considerably in their trade, by being obliged to carry their goods to a market where the generality of purchasers were pleased with more elegantly executed works at an inferior

price. The legislature felt, as every patriotic legislature would feel, for their injured countrymen; and, accordingly, the statute of Richard III. was enacted,[176] whereby English printers and book-binders were protected from the mischiefs, which would otherwise have overtaken them. Thus our old friend Caxton went to work with greater glee, and mustered up all his energies to bring a good stock of British manufacture to the market. What he usually sold his books for, in his life time, I have not been able to ascertain; but, on his decease, one of his *Golden Legends* was valued, in the churchwardens' books, at six shillings and eight pence.[177] Whether this was a great or small sum I know not; but, from the same authority we find that twenty-two pounds were given, twelve years before, for eleven huge folios, called '*Antiphoners*.'[178] In the reign of Henry VIII. it would seem, from a memorandum in the catalogue of the Fletewode library (if I can trust my memory with such minutiæ) that Law-Books were sold for about ten sheets to the groat.[179] Now, in the present day, Law-Books —considering the wretched style in which they are published, with broken types upon milk-and-water-tinted paper—are the dearest of all modern publications. Whether they were anciently sold for so comparatively extravagant a sum may remain to be proved. Certain it is that, before the middle of the sixteenth century, you might have purchased Grafton's abridgment of Polydore Virgil's superficial work about *The*

Invention of Things for fourteen pence;[180] and the same printer's book of *Common Prayer* for four shillings. Yet if you wanted a superbly bound *Prymer*, it would have cost you (even five and twenty years before) nearly half a guinea. [181] Nor could you have purchased a decent *Ballad* much under sixpence; and *Hall's Chronicle* would have drawn from your purse twelve shillings;[182] so that, considering the then value of specie, there is not much ground of complaint against the present prices of books."

[176] By the 1st of Richard III. (1433, ch. ix. sec. xii.) it appeared that, Whereas, a great number of the king's subjeets within this realm having "given themselves diligently to learn and exercise THE CRAFT OF PRINTING, and that at this day there being within this realm a great number cunning and expert in the said science or craft of printing, as able to exercise the said craft in all points as any stranger, in any other realm or country, and a great number of the king's subjects living by the craft and mystery of BINDING OF BOOKS, and well expert in the same;"—yet "all this notwithstanding, there are divers persons that bring from beyond the sea great plenty of printed books—not only in the Latin tongue, but also in our maternal English tongue—some bound in boards, some in leather, and some in parchment, and them sell by retail, whereby many of

the king's subjects, being binders of books, and having no other faculty therewith to get their living, be destitute of work, and like to be undone, except some reformation herein be had,—Be it therefore enacted, &c." By the 4th clause or provision, if any of these printers or sellers of printed books vend them "at too high and unreasonable prices," then the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, or any of the Chief Justices of the one bench or the other—"by the oaths of twelve honest and discreet persons," were to regulate their prices. This remarkable act was confirmed by the 25th Hen. VIII., ch. 15, which was not repealed till the 12th Geo. II., ch. 36, § 3. A judge would have enough to do to regulate the prices of books, by the oaths of twelve men, in the present times!

[177] The reader will be pleased to refer to p. cx. of the first volume of my recent edition of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*.

[178] The following is from 'the churchwardens' accompts of St. Margaret's, Westminster. "A.D. 1475. Item, for 11 great books, called Antiphoners, 22*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*" *Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times in England*, &c., collected by John Nichols, 1797, 4to., p. 2. *Antiphonere* is a book of anthems to be sung with responses: and, from the following passage in Chaucer, it would appear to have been a common school-book used in the times of papacy:

This litel childe his litel book lerning,
As he sate in the scole at his primere
He *Alma Redemptoris* herde sing,
As children lered hir *Antiphonere*:
Cant. Tales, v. 13,446, &c.

"A legend, an *Antiphonarye*, a grayle, a psalter," &c., were the books appointed to be kept in every parish church "of the province of Canterbury" by Robert Winchelsen. *Const. Provin. and of Otho and Octhobone*, fol. 67, rect., edit. 1534.

[179] "The year books, 9 v. parcels, as published, impr. in different years by Pynson, Berthelet, Redman, Myddylton, Powell, Smythe, Rastell, and Tottyl, 1517 to 1531." Some of them have the prices printed at the end; as "The Prisce of thys Boke ys xiid. unbounde—The Price of thys Boke is xvid. un bownde;" and upon counting the sheets, it appears that the stated price of Law-Books, in the reign of Hen. 8, was ten sheets for one groat. *Bibl. Monast-Fletewodiana*, no. 3156.

[180] In a copy of this book, printed by Grafton in 1546, which was in the library of that celebrated bibliomaniac, Tom Rawlinson, was the following singular MS. note: "At Oxforde the yeare 1546, browt down to Seynbury by John Darbye *pryce* 14*d.* When I kepe Mr. Letymers shype I bout thys boke when the testament was obberagatyd that shepe herdys myght not red hit I pray god amende that blyndnes wryt by Robert Wyllyams keppynge shepe

uppon Seynbury hill. 1546." *Camdeni Annales: Edit. Hearne*, vol. i., p. xxx.

[181] From Mr. Nichol's curious work, I make the following further extracts:

A.D.		£	*s.*	*d.*
1539.	Item, paid for the half part of the Bybell, accordingly after the King's injunction	0	9	9
1544.	Item, also paid for six books of the Litany in English	0	1	6
1549.	Paid for iv books of the service of the church	0	16	0

[This was probably Grafton's Prayer book of 1549, fol.]

1559. Paid for a Bybyl and Parafrawse 0 16 0

[From the Ch. Wardens Accts. of St. Margaret's Westminster]

The Inventory of John Port, 1524.
In the shop.

Item, a premmer lymmed with gold, and with imagery written honds 0 8 4

(From the do. of St. Mary Hill, London.)

To William Pekerynge, a ballet, called a Ryse and Wake 0 0 4

(From the books of the Stationers' Company).

See pp. 13, 15, 126, and 133, of Mr. Nichols's work.

[182] By the kindness of Mr. William Hamper, of Birmingham (a gentleman with whom my intercourse has as yet been only epistolary, but whom I must be allowed to rank among our present worthy bibliomaniacs), I am in possession of some original entries, which seem to have served

as part of a day-book of a printer of the same name: "it having been pasted at the end of '*The Poor Man's Librarie*' printed by John Day in 1565." From this sable-looking document the reader has the following miscellaneous extracts:

A.D. 1553.	£	*s.*	*d.*
(Two) Meserse of bloyene in bordis One Prymare latane & englis	0	ii	0
Balethis (ballads) nova of sortis	0	0	ii
Boke of paper 1 quire in forrell	0	0	iv
Morse workes in forrell	0	9	viij
Castell of Love in forrelle wi: a sarmo nova	0	0	x
A.D. 1554.			
Balethis nova arbull in 8vo. 1 catechis	0	0	viiij
Prymare for a chyllde in 8vo. englis		0	iv
Halles Croneckelle nova englis	0	xii	0

From a Household Book kept in London, A.D. 1561
(in the possession of the same Gent.)

Item, p-d for a Lyttellton in English	xij*d.*
—— —— for the booke of ij englishe lovers	vj*d.*

—— —— for the booke of Songes and Sonnettes and the booke of dyse, and a frenche booke (viz. the frenche booke xvj*d.* the ij other bookes at viij*d.* the pece.)	} ij*s.* viij*d.*
—— —— for printing the xxv orders of honest men	xx*d.*

LIS. All this is very just. You are now creeping towards the seventeenth century. Go on with your prices of books 'till nearly the present day; when the BIBLIOMANIA has been supposed to have attained its highest pitch.

"Don't expect," resumed I, "any antiquarian exactness in my chronological detail of what our ancestors used to give for their curiously-covered volumes. I presume that the ancient method of *Book-Binding*[183] added much to the expense of the purchase. But be this as it may, we know that Sir Ralph Sadler, at the close of the sixteenth century, had a pretty fair library, with a *Bible* in the chapel to boot, for £10.[184] Towards the close of the seventeenth century, we find the Earl of Peterborough enlisting among the book champions; and giving, at the sale of Richard Smith's books in 1682, not less than eighteen shillings and two pence for the first English edition of his beloved *Godfrey of Boulogne*.[185] In Queen Ann's time, Earl Pembroke and Lord Oxford spared no expense

for books; and Dr. Mead, who trod closely upon their heels, cared not at what price he purchased his *Editiones Principes*, and all the grand books which stamped such a value upon his collection. And yet, let us look at the priced catalogue of his library, or at that of his successor Dr. Askew, and compare the sums *then* given for those *now* offered for similar works!"

[183] As a little essay, and a very curious one too, might be written upon the history of BOOK-BINDING, I shall not attempt in the present note satisfactorily to supply such a desideratum; but merely communicate to the reader a few particulars which have come across me in my desultory researches upon the subject. Mr. Astle tells us that the famous *Textus Sancti Cuthberti*, which was written in the 7th century, and was formerly kept at Durham, and is now preserved in the Cottonian library, (Nero, D. IV.) was adorned in the Saxon times by Bilfrith, a monk of Durham, with a silver cover gilt, and precious stones. Simeon Dunelmensis, or Turgot, as he is frequently called, tells us that the cover of this fine MS. was ornamented "forensecis Gemmis et Auro." "A booke of Gospelles garnished and wrought with antique worke of silver and gilte with an image of the crucifix with Mary and John, poiz together cccxxij oz." In the secret Jewel House in the Tower. "A

booke of gold enameled, clasped with a rubie, having on th' one side, a crosse of dyamounts, and vj other dyamounts, and th' other syde a flower de luce of dyamounts, and iiij rubies with a pendaunte of white saphires and the arms of Englande. Which booke is garnished with small emerades and rubies hanging to a cheyne pillar fashion set with xv knottes, everie one conteyning iij rubies (one lacking)." *Archæologia*, vol. xiii., 220. Although Mr. Astle has not specified the time in which these two latter books were bound, it is probable that they were thus gorgeously attired before the discovery of the art of printing. What the ancient Vicars of Chalk (in Kent) used to pay for binding their missals, according to the original endowment settled by Haymo de Hethe in 1327 (which compelled the vicars to be at the expense of the same—*Reg. Roff.*, p. 205), Mr. Denne has not informed us. *Archæologia*, vol. xi., 362. But it would seem, from Warton, that "students and monks were anciently the binders of books;" and from their Latin entries respecting the same, the word "conjunctio" appears to have been used for "ligatura." *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 244. Hearne, in No. III. of the appendix to *Adam de Domerham de reb. gest. Glast.*, has "published a grant from Rich. de Paston to Bromholm abbey, of twelve pence a year rent charge on his estates to *keep their books in repair*." This I gather from Gough's *Brit. Topog.*, vol. ii., p. 20: while from the *Liber Stat. Eccl. Paulinæ*, Lond. MSS., f. 6,

396 (furnished me by my friend Mr. H. Ellis,[D] of the British Museum), it appears to have been anciently considered as a part of the Sacrist's duty to bind and clasp the books: "Sacrista curet quod *Libri bene ligentur et haspentur*," &c. In Chaucer's time, one would think that the fashionable binding for the books of young scholars was *various-coloured velvet*: for thus our poet describes the library of the Oxford Scholar:

A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red
Of Aristotle——
(*Prolog. to Cant. Tales.*)

We have some account of the style in which Chaucer's royal patron, Edward III., used to have his books bound; as the following extract (also furnished me by Mr. H. Ellis) will testify:——"To Alice Claver, for the making of XVI laces and XVI tasshels for the garnyshing of diuers of the Kings books, ij*s.* viij*d.*——And to Robert Boillet for blac paper and nailles for closing and fastenyng of diuers cofyns of ffyrre wherein the Kings boks were conveyed and caried from the Kings grete warderobe in London vnto Eltham aforesaid, v*d.*——Piers Bauduyn Stacioner for bynding gilding and dressing of a booke called Titus Liuius, xx*s*: for binding gilding and dressing of a booke called Ffrossard, xvj*s*: or binding gilding and dressing of a booke called the Bible, xvj*s*: for binding gilding and dressing of a booke called le Gouuernement of Kings and

Princes, xvj*s.*" "For the dressing of ij books whereof oon is called la forteresse de Foy and the other called the booke of Josephus, iij*s.* iiij*d.* And for binding gilding and dressing of a booke called the bible historial, xx*s.*" Among the expenses entered in the Wardrobe Accompts 20th Edw. III. I suspect that it was not 'till towards the close of the 15th century, when the sister art of painting directed that of engraving, that books were bound in thick boards, with leather covering upon the same; curiously stamped with arabesque, and other bizarre, ornaments. In the interior of this binding, next to the leaves, there was sometimes an excavation, in which a silver crucifix was safely guarded by a metal door, with clasps. The exterior of the binding had oftentimes large embossed ornaments of silver, and sometimes of precious stones [as a note in the Appendix to the *History of Leicester*, by Mr. Nichols, p. 102, indicates—and as Geyler himself, in his *Ship of Fools*, entitled "*Navicula, sive Speculum Fatuorum*," edit. 1511, 4to., thus expressly declares:—"sunt qui libros inaurunt et serica tegimenta apponunt preciosa et superba," sign. B. v. rev.], as well as the usual ornaments upon the leather; and two massive clasps, with thick metalled corners on each of the outward sides of the binding, seemed to render a book impervious to such depredations of time as could arise from external injury. Meantime, however the worm was secretly engendered within the wood: and his perforating ravages in the precious leaves

of the volume gave dreadful proof of the defectiveness of ancient binding, beautiful and bold as it undoubtedly was! The reader is referred to an account of a preciously bound diminutive godly book (once belonging to Q. Elizabeth), in the first volume of my edition of the British *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 83; for which I understand the present owner asks the sum of 160*l.* We find that in the sixteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, she was in possession of "Oone Gospell booke covered with tissue and garnished on th' onside with the crucifix and the Queene's badges of silver guilt, poiz with wodde, leaves, and all, czij. oz." *Archæologia*, vol. xiii., 221. I am in possession of the covers of a book, bound (A.D. 1569) in thick parchment or vellum, which has the whole length portrait of Luther on one side, and of Calvin on the other. These portraits, which are executed with uncommon spirit and accuracy, are encircled with a profusion of ornamental borders of the most exquisite taste and richness. We shall speak occasionally of more modern book-binding as we proceed. Meanwhile, let the curious bibliomaniac glance his eye upon the copper-plate print which faces this concluding sentence—where he will see fac-similes of the portraits just mentioned.

[184] See the recent very beautiful edition of Sir Ralph Sadler's *State Papers*, vol. ii., p. 590.

[185] See the *Catalogue of R. Smith's Books*,

1682, 4to., p. 199 (falsely numbered 275), no. 94.

[D] Since created a Knight.

LIS. You allude to a late sale in Pall Mall, of one of the choicest and most elegant libraries ever collected by a man of letters and taste?

"I do, Lisardo—but see we are just entering the smoke and bustle of London; and in ten minutes shall have reached the scene of action."

PHIL. How do you feel?

LIS. Why, tolerably calm. My pulse beats as leisurely as did my Lord Strafford's at his trial—or (to borrow Hamlet's phrase)

—as yours, it doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music.

PHIL. Ninety-five to the minute! You are just now in a fit frame of mind to write a political pamphlet. Pray consider what will be the issue of this madness?

LIS. No more! Now for my catalogue; and let me attend to my marks. But our friend is not forgetful of his promise?

PHIL. I dare say he will assist us in regulating the prices we ought to give—and more particularly in making us acquainted with the most notable book-collectors.

Upon my readily acquiescing in their demand, we leapt from the chaise (giving orders for it to attend by three o'clock) and hurried immediately up stairs into THE AUCTION ROOM.

The clock had struck twelve, and in half an hour the sale was to begin. Not more than nine or ten gentlemen were strolling about the room: some examining the volumes which were to be sold, and making hieroglyphical marks thereupon, in their catalogues: some giving commissions to the clerk who entered their names, with the sums they intended staking, in a manner equally hieroglyphical. Others, again, seemed to be casting an eye of vacancy over the whole collection; or waiting till a book friend arrived with whom they might enter into a little chat. You observe, my friends, said I, softly, yonder active and keen-visaged gentleman? 'Tis LEPIDUS. Like Magliabechi, content with frugal fare and frugal clothing[186] and preferring the riches of a library to those of house-furniture, he is insatiable in his bibliomaniacal appetites. "Long experience has made him sage:" and it is not therefore without just reason that his opinions are courted, and considered as almost oracular. You will find that he will take his old station, commanding the right or left wing of the auctioneer; and that he will enliven, by the gaiety and shrewdness of his remarks, the circle that more immediately surrounds him. Some there are who will not bid 'till Lepidus bids; and who surrender all discretion and opinion of

their own to his universal book-knowledge. The consequence is that Lepidus can, with difficulty, make purchases for his own library; and a thousand dexterous and happy manœuvres are of necessity obliged to be practised by him, whenever a rare or curious book turns up. How many fine collections has this sagacious bibliomaniac seen disposed of! Like Nestor, who preaches about the fine fellows he remembered in his youth, Lepidus (although barely yet in his grand climacteric!) will depicture, with moving eloquence, the numerous precious volumes of far-famed collectors, which he has seen, like Macbeth's witches,

"Come like shadows, so depart!"

[186] Tenni cultu, victuque contentus, quidquid ei pecuniæ superaret in omnigenæ eruditionis libros comparandos erogabat, selectissimamque voluminum multitudinem ea mente adquisivit, ut aliquando posset publicæ utilitati—dicari, *Præf. Bibl. Magliab. a Fossio*, p. x.

And when any particular class of books, now highly coveted, but formerly little esteemed, comes under the hammer, and produces a large sum,—ah then! 'tis pleasant to hear Lepidus exclaim—

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!

Justly respectable as are his scholarship and good sense, he is not what you may call a *fashionable* collector; for old chronicles and romances are most rigidly discarded from his library. Talk to him of Hoffmen, Schoettgenius, Rosenmuller, and Michaelis, and he will listen courteously to your conversation; but when you expatiate, however learnedly and rapturously, upon Froissart and Prince Arthur, he will tell you that he has a heart of stone upon the subject; and that even a clean uncut copy of an original impression of each, by Verard or by Caxton, would not bring a single tear of sympathetic transport in his eyes.

LIS. I will not fail to pay due attention to so extraordinary and interesting a character—for see, he is going to take his distinguished station in the approaching contest. The hammer of the worthy auctioneer, which I suppose is of as much importance as was Sir Fopling's periwig of old,[187] upon the stage—the hammer is upon the desk!—The company begin to increase and close their ranks; and the din of battle will shortly be heard. Let us keep these seats. Now, tell me who is yonder strange looking gentleman?

[187] See Warburton's piquant note, in Mr. Bowles's edition of *Pope's Works*, vol. v., p. 116. "This remarkable *periwiy* (says he) usually made its entrance upon the stage

in a sedan chair, brought in by two chairmen with infinite approbation of the audience." The *snuff-box* of Mr. L. has not a less imposing air; and when a high-priced book is balancing between 15*l.* and 20*l.* it is a fearful signal of its reaching an additional sum, if Mr. L. should lay down his hammer, and delve into this said crumple-horned snuff-box!

'"Tis MUSTAPHA, a vender of books. Consuetudine invalescens, ac veluti callum diuturna cogitatione obducens,[188] he comes forth, like an alchemist from his laboratory, with hat and wig 'sprinkled with learned dust,' and deals out his censures with as little ceremony as correctness. It is of no consequence to him by whom positions are advanced, or truth is established; and he hesitates very little about calling Baron Heinecken a Tom fool, or —— a shameless impostor. If your library were as choice and elegant as Dr. H——'s he would tell you that his own disordered shelves and badly coated books presented an infinitely more precious collection; nor must you be at all surprised at this—for, like Braithwait's Upotomis,

'Though weak in judgment, in opinion strong;'

or, like the same author's Meilixos,

'Who deems all wisdom treasur'd in his pate,'

our book-vender, in the catalogues which he puts forth, shews himself to be 'a great and bold carpenter of words;'[189] overcharging the description of his own volumes with tropes, metaphors, flourishes, and common-place authorities; the latter of which one would think had but recently come under his notice, as they had been already before the public in various less ostentatious forms."

[188] The curious reader may see the entire caustic passage in Spizelius's *Infelix Literatus*, p. 435.

[189] *Coryat's Crudities*, vol. i., sign. (b. 5.) edit. 1776.

PHIL. Are you then an enemy to booksellers, or to their catalogues when interlaced with bibliographical notices?

"By no means, Philemon. I think as highly of our own as did the author of the Aprosian library[190] of the Dutch booksellers; and I love to hear that the bibliographical labour bestowed upon a catalogue has answered the end proposed, by sharpening the appetites of purchasers. But the present is a different case. Mustapha might have learnt good sense and good manners, from his right hand, or left hand, or opposite, neighbour; but he is either too conceited, or too obstinate, to have recourse

to such aid. What is very remarkable, although he is constantly declaiming against the enormous sums of money given for books at public auctions, Mustapha doth not scruple to push the purchaser to the last farthing of his commission; from a ready knack which he hath acquired, by means of some magical art in his foresaid laboratory, of deciphering the same; thus adopting in a most extraordinary manner, the very line of conduct himself which he so tartly censures in others."

[190] See pages 103-4, of Wolfius's edition of the *Bibliotheca Aprosiana*, 1734, 8vo. It is not because Mr. Ford, of Manchester, has been kind enough to present me with one of the *six* copies of his last catalogue of books, printed upon STRONG WRITING PAPER—that I take this opportunity of praising the contents of it,—but that his catalogues are to be praised for the pains which he exhibits in describing his books, and in referring to numerous bibliographical authorities in the description. While upon this subject, let me recommend the youthful bibliomaniac to get possession of Mr. Edwards's catalogues, and especially of that of 1794. If such a catalogue were but recently published, it would be one of the pleasantest breakfast lounges imaginable to *tick off* a few of the volumes with the hope of possessing them at the prices therein afixed.

PHIL. Was this the gentleman whose catalogue (as you shewed me) contained the fascinating colophon of Juliana Berner's book of hawking, hunting, and heraldry, printed in the year 1486, subjoined to a copy of the common reprint of it by Gervase Markham—thereby provoking a thousand inquiries after the book, as if it had been the first edition?

"The same," resumed I. "But let us leave such ridiculous vanity."

LIS. Who is that gentleman, standing towards the right of the auctioneer, and looking so intently upon his catalogue?

"You point to my friend BERNARDO. He is thus anxious, because an original fragment of the fair lady's work, which you have just mentioned, is coming under the hammer; and powerful indeed must be the object to draw his attention another way. The demure prioress of Sopewell abbey is his ancient sweetheart; and he is about introducing her to his friends, by a union with her as close and as honourable as that of wedlock. Engaged in a laborious profession (the duties of which are faithfully performed by him) Bernardo devotes his few leisure hours to the investigation of old works; thinking with the ancient poet, quoted by Ashmole, that

'——out of old fields as men saythe
Cometh all this new corne fro yeare to yeare;
And out of olde Bokes in good faythe
Cometh all this scyence that men leare:'

or, with Ashmole himself; that 'old words have strong emphasis: others may look upon them as rubbish or trifles, but they are grossly mistaken: for what some light brains may esteem as foolish toys, deeper judgments can and will value as sound and serious matter.[191]'

[191] *Theatrum Chemicum*: proleg. sign. A. 3. rev.: B. 4. rect. The charms of ancient phraseology had been before not less eloquently described by Wolfius: "Habet hoc jucundi priscorum quorundam obsoleta dictio, ac suo quodam modo rudius comta oratio, ut ex ea plus intelligamus quam dicitur; plus significetur quam effertur." *Lect. Memorab. Epist. Ded.* fol. xiv. rev. Of Wolfius, and of this his work, the reader will find some mention at page 110, ante.

"If you ask me whether Bernardo be always successful in his labours, I should answer you, as I have told him, No: for the profit and applause attendant upon them are not commensurate with his exertions. Moreover, I do verily think that, in some few instances, he

sacrifices his judgment to another's whim; by a reluctance to put out the strength of his own powers. He is also, I had almost said, the admiring slave of Ritsonian fastidiousness; and will cry 'pish' if a *u* be put for a *v*, or a *single e* for a *double one*: but take him fairly as he is, and place him firmly in the bibliographical scale, and you will acknowledge that his weight is far from being inconsiderable. He is a respectable, and every way a praise-worthy man: and although he is continually walking in a thick forest of black letter, and would prefer a book printed before the year 1550, to a turtle dressed according to the rules of Mr. Farley, yet he can ever and anon sally forth to enjoy a stroll along the river side, with Isaac Walton[192] in his hand; when 'he hath his wholesome walk and merry, at his ease: a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers, that maketh him hungry.'[193]

[192] "Let me take this opportunity of recommending the amiable and venerable ISAAC WALTON'S *Complete Angler*: a work the most singular of its kind, breathing the very spirit of contentment, of quiet, and unaffected philanthrophy, and interspersed with some beautiful relics of poetry, old songs, and ballads." So speaks the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, in his edition of *Pope's Works*, vol i., p. 135. To which I add—Let me take this opportunity of recommending Mr. Bagster's very beautiful and creditable

reprint of Sir John Hawkin's edition of Walton's amusing little book. The plates in it are as true as they are brilliant: and the bibliomaniac may gratify his appetite, however voracious, by having copies of it upon paper of all sizes. Mr. Bagster has also very recently published an exquisite facsimile of the original edition of old Isaac. Perhaps I ought not to call it a fac-simile, for it is, in many respects, more beautifully executed.

[193] The reader may see all this, and much more, dressed in its ancient orthographic garb, in a proheme to the first edition of the merry art of fishing, extracted by Herbert in his first volume, p. 131. I have said the "*merry*," and not the "*contemplative*," art of fishing—because we are informed that "Yf the angler take fyshe, surely thenne is there noo man *merier* than he is in his spyryte!!" Yet Isaac Walton called this art, "The *Contemplative* Man's Recreation." But a *book-fisherman*, like myself, must not presume to reconcile such great and contradictory authorities.

"But see—the hammer is vibrating, at an angle of twenty-two and a half, over a large paper priced catalogue of Major Pearson's books!—Who is the lucky purchaser?

"QUISQUILIUS:—a victim to the Bibliomania. If one single copy of a work happen to be printed in a more particular manner than another; and

if the compositor (clever rogue) happen to have transposed or inverted a whole sentence or page; if a plate or two, no matter of what kind or how executed; go along with it, which is not to be found in the remaining copies; if the paper happen to be *unique* in point of size—whether MAXIMA or MINIMA—oh, then, thrice happy is Quisquilius! With a well-furnished purse, the strings of which are liberally loosened, he devotes no small portion of wealth to the accumulation of *Prints*; and can justly boast of a collection of which few of his contemporaries are possessed. But his walk in book-collecting is rather limited. He seldom rambles into the luxuriancy of old English black-letter literature; and cares still less for a *variorum* Latin classic, stamped in the neat mintage of the Elzevir press. Of a Greek *Aldus*, or an Italian *Giunta*, he has never yet had the luxury to dream:—'trahit sua quemque voluptas;' and let Quisquilius enjoy his hobby-horse, even to the riding of it to death! But let him not harbour malevolence against supposed injuries inflicted: let not foolish prejudices, or unmanly suspicions, rankle in his breast: authors and book-collectors are sometimes as enlightened as himself, and have cultivated pursuits equally honourable. Their profession, too, may sometimes be equally beneficial to their fellow creatures. A few short years shall pass away, and it will be seen who has contributed the more effectively to the public stock of amusement and instruction. We wrap

ourselves up in our own little vanities and weaknesses, and, fancying wealth and wisdom to be synonymous, vent our spleen against those who are resolutely striving, under the pressure of mediocrity and domestic misfortune, to obtain an honourable subsistence by their intellectual exertions."

LIS. A truce to this moralizing strain. Pass we on to a short gentleman, busily engaged yonder in looking at a number of volumes, and occasionally conversing with two or three gentlemen from five to ten inches taller than himself. What is his name?

"ROSICRUSIUS is his name; and an ardent and indefatigable book-forager he is. Although just now busily engaged in antiquarian researches relating to British typography, he fancies himself nevertheless deeply interested in the discovery of every ancient book printed abroad. Examine his little collection of books, and you will find that

> 'There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,
> One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide!'[194]

—and yet, a beautiful volume printed at 'Basil or Heidelberg makes him spinne: and at seeing the word Frankford or Venice, though but on the title of a booke, he is readie to break doublet, cracke elbows, and over-flowe the room with his murmure.'[195] Bibliography is

his darling delight—'una voluptas et meditatio assidua;'[196] and in defence of the same he would quote you a score of old-fashioned authors, from Gesner to Harles, whose very names would excite scepticism about their existence. He is the author of various works, chiefly bibliographical; upon which the voice of the public (if we except a little wicked quizzing at his *black-letter* propensities in a celebrated North Briton Review) has been generally favourable. Although the old maidenish particularity of Tom Hearne's genius be not much calculated to please a bibliomaniac of lively parts, yet Rosicrusius seems absolutely enamoured of that ancient wight; and to be in possession of the cream of all his pieces, if we may judge from what he has already published, and promises to publish, concerning the same. He once had the temerity to dabble in poetry; [197] but he never could raise his head above the mists which infest the swampy ground at the foot of Parnassus. Still he loves 'the divine art' enthusiastically; and affects, forsooth, to have a taste in matters of engraving and painting! Converse with him about Guercino and Albert Durer, Berghem and Woollett, and tell him that you wish to have his opinion about the erection of a large library, and he will 'give tongue' to you from rise to set of sun. Wishing him prosperity in his projected works, and all good fellows to be his friends, proceed we in our descriptive survey."

[194] Pope's *Dunciad*, b. i. v. 149.

[195] *Coryat's Crudities*, vol. i., sign. (b. 5.) edit. 1776.

[196] Vita Jacobi Le Long., p. xx., *Biblioth. Sacra*, edit. 1778.

[197] See the note p. 11, in the first edition of the *Bibliomania*.

LIS. I am quite impatient to see ATTICUS in this glorious group; of whom fame makes such loud report—

"Yonder see he comes, Lisardo! 'Like arrow from the hunter's bow,' he darts into the hottest of the fight, and beats down all opposition. In vain BOSCARDO advances with his heavy artillery, sending forth occasionally a forty-eight pounder; in vain he shifts his mode of attack—now with dagger, and now with broadsword, now in plated, and now in quilted armour: nought avails him. In every shape and at every onset he is discomfited. Such a champion as Atticus has perhaps never before appeared within the arena of book-gladiators:

'Blest with talents, wealth, and taste;'[198]

and gifted with no common powers of general scholarship, he can easily master a knotty passage in Eschylus or Aristotle; and quote Juvenal and Horace as readily as the junior lads

at Eton quote their '*As in præsenti*:' moreover, he can enter, with equal ardour, into a minute discussion about the romance literature of the middle ages, and the dry though useful philology of the German school during the 16th and 17th centuries. In the pursuit after rare, curious, and valuable books, nothing daunts or depresses him. With a mental and bodily constitution such as few possess, and with a perpetual succession of new objects rising up before him, he seems hardly ever conscious of the vicissitudes of the seasons, and equally indifferent to petty changes in politics. The cutting blasts of Siberia, or the fainting heat of a Maltese sirocco, would not make him halt, or divert his course, in the pursuit of a favourite volume, whether in the Greek, Latin, Spanish, or Italian language. But as all human efforts, however powerful, if carried on without intermission, must have a period of cessation; and as the most active body cannot be at 'Thebes and at Athens' at the same moment; so it follows that Atticus cannot be at every auction and carry away every prize. His rivals narrowly watch, and his enemies closely way-lay, him; and his victories are rarely bloodless in consequence. If, like Darwin's whale, which swallows 'millions at a gulp,' Atticus should, at one auction, purchase from two to seven hundred volumes, he must retire, like the '*Boa Constrictor*,' for digestion: and accordingly he does, for a short season, withdraw himself from 'the busy hum' of sale rooms, to collate,

methodize, and class his newly acquired treasures—to repair what is defective, and to beautify what is deformed. Thus rendering them 'companions meet' for their brethren in the rural shades of H—— Hall; where, in gay succession, stands many a row, heavily laden with 'rich and rare' productions. In this rural retreat, or academic bower, Atticus spends a due portion of the autumnal season of the year; now that the busy scenes of book-auctions in the metropolis have changed their character—and dreary silence, and stagnant dirt, have succeeded to noise and flying particles of learned dust.

[198] Dr. Ferriar's *Bibliomania*, v. 12.

"Here, in his ancestral abode, Atticus can happily exchange the microscopic investigation of books for the charms and manly exercises of a rural life; eclipsing, in this particular, the celebrity of Cæsar Antoninus; who had not universality of talent sufficient to unite the love of hawking and hunting with the passion for book-collecting.[199] The sky is no sooner dappled o'er with the first morning sun-beams, than up starts our distinguished bibliomaniac, either to shoot or to hunt; either to realize all the fine things which Pope has written about 'lifting the tube, and levelling the eye;'[200] or

to join the jolly troop while they chant the hunting song of his poetical friend.[201] Meanwhile, his house is not wanting in needful garniture to render a country residence most congenial. His cellars below vie with his library above. Besides 'the brown October'—'drawn from his dark retreat of thirty years'—and the potent comforts of every species of 'barley broth'—there are the ruddier and more sparkling juices of the grape—'fresh of colour, and of look lovely, smiling to the eyz of many'—as Master Laneham hath it in his celebrated letter.[202] I shall leave you to finish the picture, which such a sketch may suggest, by referring you to your favourite, Thomson."[203]

[199] This anecdote is given on the authority of Kesner's *Pandects*, fol. 29: rect. 'Ἄλλοι μεν ἵππων (says the grave Antoninus) ᾽άλλοι δε ὀρνὲων, ἄλλοι θηρὶων ἐβωσιν: ἐμοι δέ βιβλίων κτησεως ἐκ παιδοιρίου δεινος εντετηκε πόθος.'

[200] See Pope's *Windsor Forest*, ver. 110 to 134.

[201]

Waken lords and ladies gay;
On the mountain dawns the day.
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey.
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the lake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

HUNTING SONG, by Walter Scott: the remaining stanzas will be found in the *Edinb. Annual Register*, vol. i., pt. ii., xxviii.

[202] "*Whearin part of the Entertainment untoo the Queenz Majesty of Killingworth Castl in Warwick Sheer, &c., 1576, is signified.*" edit. 1784, p. 14.

[203] *Autumn*, v. 519, 701, &c.

LIS. Your account of so extraordinary a bibliomaniac is quite amusing: but I suspect you exaggerate a little.

"Nay, Lisardo, I speak nothing but the truth. In book-reputation, Atticus unites all the activity of De Witt and Lomanie, with the retentiveness

of Magliabechi and the learning of Le Long.[204] And yet—he has his peccant part."

[204] The reader will be pleased to turn for one minute to pages 49, 85, 86, ante.

LIS. Speak, I am anxious to know.

"Yes, Lisardo; although what Leichius hath said of the library attached to the senate-house of Leipsic be justly applicable to his own extraordinary collection[205]—yet ATTICUS doth sometimes sadly err. He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed, or stamina to a plant: and therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or triplicate collector. His best friends scold—his most respectable rivals censure—and a whole 'mob of gentlemen' who think to collect 'with ease,' threaten vengeance against—him, for this despotic spirit which he evinces; and which I fear nothing can stay or modify but an act of parliament that no gentleman shall purchase more than two copies of a work; one for his town, the other for his country, residence."

[205] Singularis eius ac propensi, in iuvandam eruditionem studii insigne imprimis monumentum exstat, Bibliotheca

> instructissima, sacrarium bonæ menti dicatum, in quo omne, quod transmitti ad posteritatem meretur, copiose reconditum est. *e Orig. et Increment. Typog. Lipsiens. Lips. An. Typog.* sec. iii., sign. 3.

PHIL. But does he atone for his sad error by being liberal in the loan of his volumes?

"Most completely so, Philemon. This is the 'pars melior' of every book collector, and it is indeed the better part with Atticus. The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library—

His volumes, open as his heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart.

His books, therefore, are not a stagnant reservoir of unprofitable water, as are those of PONTEVALLO'S; but like a thousand rills, which run down from the lake on Snowdon's summit, after a plentiful fall of rain, they serve to fertilize and adorn every thing to which they extend. In consequence, he sees himself reflected in a thousand mirrors: and has a right to be vain of the numerous dedications to him, and of the richly ornamented robes in which he is attired by his grateful friends."

LIS. Long life to Atticus, and to all such book heroes! Now pray inform me who is yonder

gentleman, of majestic mien and shape?—and who strikes a stranger with as much interest as Agamemnon did Priam—when the Grecian troops passed at a distance in order of review, while the Trojan monarch and Helen were gossipping with each other on the battlements of Troy!

"That gentleman, Lisardo, is HORTENSIUS; who, you see is in close conversation with an intimate friend and fellow-bibliomaniac—that ycleped is ULPIAN. They are both honourable members of an honourable profession; and although they have formerly sworn to purchase no old book but Machlinia's first edition of Littleton's Tenures, yet they cannot resist, now and then, the delicious impulse of becoming masters of a black-letter chronicle or romance. Taste and talent of various kind they both possess; and 'tis truly pleasant to see gentlemen and scholars, engaged in a laborious profession, in which, comparatively, 'little vegetation quickens, and few salutary plants take root,' finding 'a pleasant grove for their wits to walk in' amidst rows of beautifully bound, and intrinsically precious, volumes. They feel it delectable, 'from the loop-holes of such a retreat,' to peep at the multifarious pursuits of their brethren; and while they discover some busied in a perversion of book-taste, and others preferring the short-lived pleasures of sensual gratifications—which must 'not be named' among good bibliomaniacs—they can sit

comfortably by their fire-sides; and, pointing to a well-furnished library, say to their wives—who heartily sympathize in the sentiment—

This gives us health, or adds to life a day!"[206]

[206] Braithwaite's *Arcadian Princesse*: lib. 4, p. 15, edit. 1635. The two immediately following verses, which are worthy of Dryden, may quietly creep in here:

Or helps decayed beauty, or repairs
Our chop-fall'n cheeks, or winter-molted hairs.

LIS. When I come to town to settle, pray introduce me to these amiable and sensible bibliomaniacs. Now gratify a curiosity that I feel to know the name and character of yonder respectably-looking gentleman, in the dress of the old school, who is speaking in so gracious a manner to Bernardo?

"'Tis LEONTES: a man of taste, and an accomplished antiquary. Even yet he continues to gratify his favourite passion for book and print-collecting; although his library is at once choice and copious, and his collection of prints exquisitely fine. He yet enjoys, in the evening of life, all that unruffled temper and gentlemanly address which delighted so much in his younger days, and which will always render him, in his

latter years, equally interesting and admired. Like Atticus, he is liberal in the loan of his treasures; and, as with him, so 'tis with Leontes —the spirit of book-collecting 'assumes the dignity of a virtue.'[207] Peace and comfort be the attendant spirits of Leontes, through life, and in death: the happiness of a better world await him beyond the grave! His memory will always be held in reverence by honest bibliomaniacs; and a due sense of his kindness towards myself shall constantly be impressed upon me—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regret artus."

[207] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiii., p. 118.

PHIL. Amen. With Leontes I suppose you close your account of the most notorious bibliomaniacs who generally attend book sales in person; for I observe no other person who mingles with those already described—unless indeed, three very active young ones, who occasionally converse with each other, and now and then have their names affixed to some very expensive purchases—

"They are the three MERCURII, oftentimes deputed by distinguished bibliomaniacs: who, fearful of the sharp-shooting powers of their

adversaries, if they *themselves* should appear in the ranks, like prudent generals, keep aloof. But their aides-de-camp are not always successful in their missions; for such is the obstinacy with which book-battles are now contested, that it requires three times the number of guns and weight of metal to accomplish a particular object to what it did when John Duke of Marlborough wore his full-bottomed periwig at the battle of Blenheim.

"Others there are, again, who employ these Mercurii from their own inability to attend in person, owing to distance, want of time, and other similar causes. Hence, many a desperate bibliomaniac keeps in the back-ground; while the public are wholly unacquainted with his curious and rapidly-increasing treasures. Hence SIR TRISTRAM, embosomed in his forest-retreat,

—down the steepy linn
That hems his little garden in,

is constantly increasing his stores of tales of genii, fairies, fays, ghosts, hobgoblins, magicians, highwaymen, and desperadoes—and equally acceptable to him is a copy of Castalio's elegant version of Homer, and of St. Dunstan's book '*De Occulta Philosophia*;' concerning which lattter, Elias Ashmole is vehement in commendation.[208] From all these (after melting them down in his own unparalleled poetical crucible—which hath charms as potent as the witches' cauldron in Macbeth) he gives

the world many a wondrous-sweet song. Who that has read the exquisite poems, of the fame of which all Britain 'rings from side to side,' shall deny to such ancient legends a power to charm and instruct? Or who, that possesses a copy of PROSPERO'S excellent volumes, although composed in a different strain (yet still more fruitful in ancient matters), shall not love the memory and exalt the renown of such transcendent bibliomaniacs? The library of Prospero is indeed acknowledged to be without a rival in its way. How pleasant it is, dear Philemon, only to contemplate such a goodly prospect of elegantly bound volumes of old English and French literature!—and to think of the matchless stores which they contain, relating to our ancient popular tales and romantic legends!

[208] He who shall have the happiness to meet with St. Dunstan's Worke "*De Occulta Philosophia*," may therein reade such stories as will make him amaz'd, &c. Prolegom. to his *Theatrum Chemicum*, sign A., 4. rev.

"Allied to this library, in the general complexion of its literary treasures, is that of MARCELLUS: while in the possession of numberless rare and precious volumes relating to the drama, and especially to his beloved Shakespeare, it must be acknowledged that Marcellus hath somewhat

the superiority. Meritorious as have been his labours in the illustration of our immortal bard, he is yet as zealous, vigilant, and anxious, as ever, to accumulate every thing which may tend to the further illustration of him. Enter his book-cabinet; and with the sight of how many *unique* pieces and tracts are your ardent eyes blessed! Just so it is with AURELIUS! He also, with the three last mentioned bibliomaniacs, keeps up a constant fire at book auctions; although he is not personally seen in securing the spoils which he makes. Unparalleled as an antiquary in Caledonian history and poetry, and passionately attached to every thing connected with the fate of the lamented Mary, as well as with that of the great poetical contemporaries, Spenser and Shakespeare, Aurelius is indefatigable in the pursuit of such ancient lore as may add value to the stores, however precious, which he possesses. His *Noctes Atticæ*, devoted to the elucidation of the history of his native country, will erect to his memory a splendid and imperishable monument. These, my dear friends, these are the virtuous and useful, and therefore salutary ends of book-collecting and book-reading. Such characters are among the proudest pillars that adorn the greatest nations upon earth.

"Let me, however, not forget to mention that there are bashful or busy bibliomaniacs, who keep aloof from book-sales, intent only upon securing, by means of these Mercurii, *stainless*

or *large paper* copies of ancient literature. While MENALCAS sees his oblong cabinet decorated with such a tall, well-dressed, and perhaps matchless, regiment of *Variorum Classics*, he has little or no occasion to regret his unavoidable absence from the field of battle, in the Strand or Pall Mall. And yet—although he is environed with a body guard, of which the great Frederick's father might have envied him the possession, he cannot help casting a wishful eye, now and then, upon still choicer and taller troops which he sees in the territories of his rivals. I do not know whether he would not sacrifice the whole right wing of his army, for the securing of some magnificent treasures in the empire of his neighbour RINALDO: for there he sees, and adores, with the rapture-speaking eye of a classical bibliomaniac, the tall, wide, thick, clean, brilliant, and illuminated copy of the *first Livy* UPON VELLUM—enshrined in an impenetrable oaken case, covered with choice morocco!

"There he often witnesses the adoration paid to this glorious object, by some bookish pilgrim, who, as the evening sun reposes softly upon the hill, pushes onward, through copse, wood, moor, heath, bramble, and thicket, to feast his eyes upon the mellow lustre of its leaves, and upon the nice execution of its typography. Menalcas sees all this; and yet has too noble a heart to envy Rinaldo his treasures! These bibliomaniacs often meet and view their

respective forces; but never with hostile eyes. They know their relative strength; and wisely console themselves by being each 'eminent in his degree.' Like Corregio, they are 'also painters' in their way."

PHIL. A well-a-day, Lisardo! Does not this recital chill your blood with despair? Instead of making your purchases, you are only listening supinely to our friend!

LIS. Not exactly so. One of these obliging Mercurii has already executed a few commissions for me. You forget that our friend entered into a little chat with him, just before we took possession of our seats. As to despair of obtaining book-gems similar to those of the four last mentioned bibliomaniacs, I know not what to say—yet this I think must be granted: no one could make a better use of them than their present owners. See, the elder Mercurius comes to tell me of a pleasant acquisition to my library! What a murmur and confusion prevail about the auctioneer! Good news, I trust?

At this moment Lisardo received intelligence that he had obtained possession of the catalogues of the books of Bunau, Crevenna, and Pinelli; and that, after a desperate struggle with QUISQUILIUS, he came off victorious in a contest for De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive*, *Gaignat's Catalogue*, and the two copious ones of the *Duke de la Valliere*: these four latter being half-bound and uncut, in nineteen volumes.

Transport lit up the countenance of Lisardo, upon his receiving this intelligence; but as pleasure and pain go hand in hand in this world, so did this young and unsuspecting bibliomaniac evince heavy affliction, on being told that he had failed in his attack upon the best editions of Le Long's *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Fresnoy's *Méthode pour etudier l'Histoire*, and Baillet's *Jugemens des Savans*—these having been carried off, at the point of the bayonet, by an irresistible onset from ATTICUS. "Remember, my friend," said I, in a soothing strain, "remember that you are but a Polydore; and must expect to fall when you encounter Achilles.[209] Think of the honour you have acquired in this day's glorious contest; and, when you are drenching your cups of claret, at your hospitable board, contemplate your De Bure as a trophy which will always make you respected by your visitors! I am glad to see you revive. Yet further intelligence?"

[209] The reader may peruse the affecting death of this beautiful youth, by the merciless Achilles, from the 407 to 418th verso of the xxth book of *Homer's Iliad*. Fortunately for Lisardo, he survives the contest, and even threatens revenge.

LIS. My good Mercurius, for whom a knife and fork shall always be laid at my table, has just

informed me that Clement's *Bibliotheque Curieuse*, and Panzer's *Typographical Annals*, are knocked down to me, after Mustapha had picked me out for single combat, and battered my breast-plate with a thousand furious strokes!

"You must always," said I, "expect tough work from such an enemy, who is frequently both wanton and wild. But I congratulate you heartily on the event of this day's contest. Let us now pack up and pay for our treasures. Your servant has just entered the room, and the chaise is most probably at the door."

LIS. I am perfectly ready. Mercurius tells me that the whole amounts to——

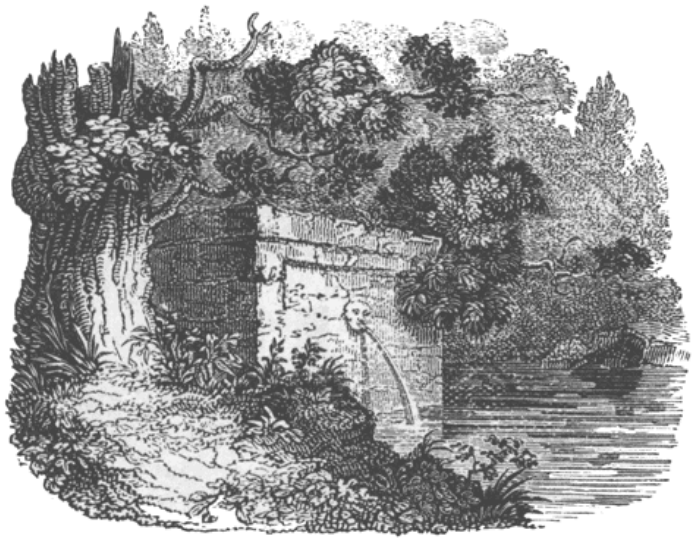
PHIL. Upwards of thirty guineas?

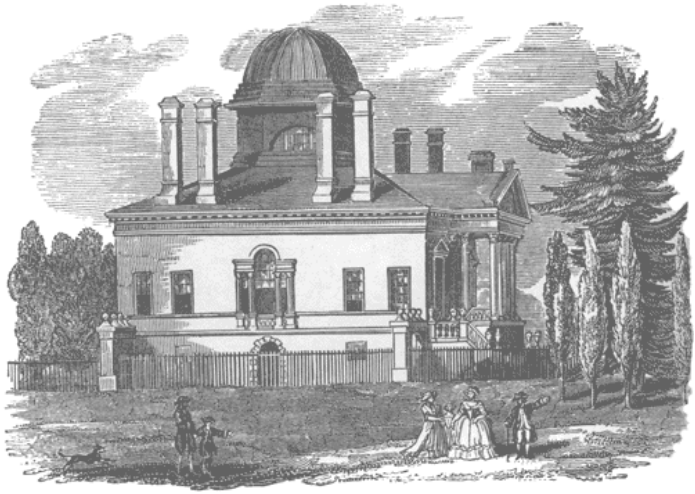
LIS. Hard upon forty pounds. Here is the draft upon my banker: and then for my precious tomes of bibliography! A thousand thanks, my friend. I love this place of all things; and, after your minute account of the characters of those who frequent it, I feel a strong propensity to become a deserving member of so respectable a fraternity. Leaving them all to return to their homes as satisfied as myself, I wish them a hearty good day.

Upon saying this, we followed Lisardo and his bibliographical treasures into the chaise; and instantly set off, at a sharp trot, for the quiet and comfort of green fields and running

streams. As we rolled over Westminster-bridge, we bade farewell, like the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to the

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."





CHISWICK HOUSE as in 1740.

PART IV.

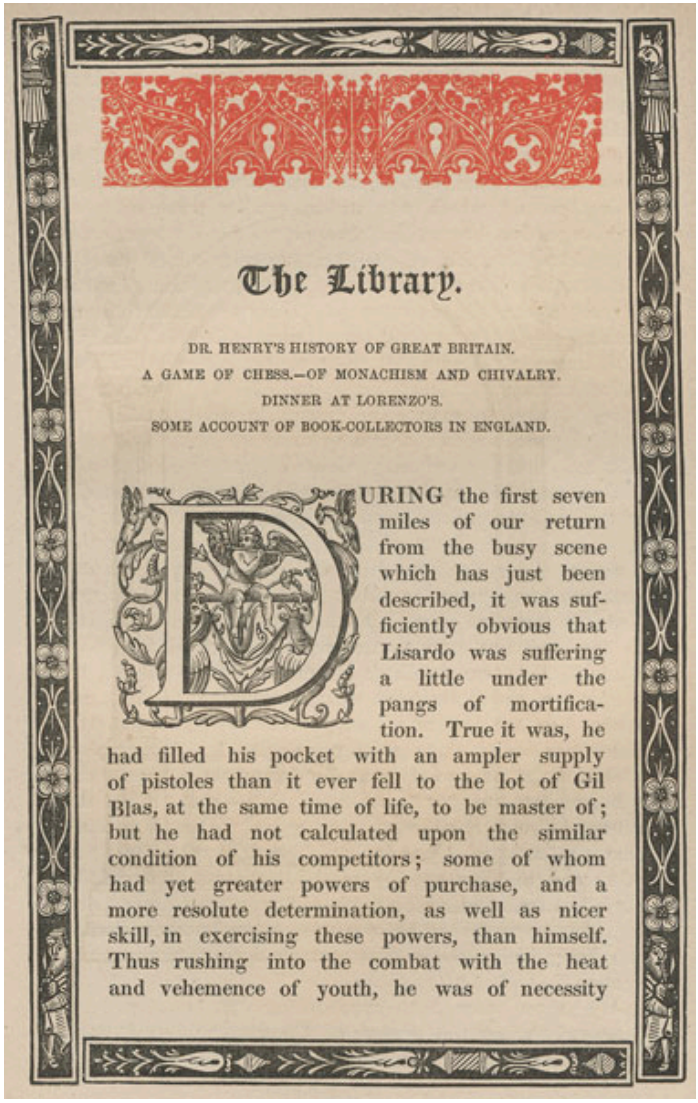
The Library.

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.
A GAME AT CHESS.—OF MONACHISM AND CHIVALRY.
DINNER AT LORENZO'S.
SOME ACCOUNT OF BOOK-

COLLECTORS IN ENGLAND.

——Wisdom loves
This seat serene, and Virtue's self approves:—
Here come the griev'd, a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind:
Here the devout, their peaceful temple chuse;
And here, the poet meets his favouring Muse.
CRABBE'S POEMS. (*The Library.*)


Ingredere
ut
Proficias.



The Library.

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.
A GAME OF CHESS.—OF MONACHISM AND CHIVALRY.
DINNER AT LORENZO'S.
SOME ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS IN ENGLAND.

DURING the first seven miles of our return from the busy scene which has just been described, it was sufficiently obvious that Lisardo was suffering a little under the pangs of mortification. True it was, he had filled his pocket with an ampler supply of pistoles than it ever fell to the lot of Gil Blas, at the same time of life, to be master of; but he had not calculated upon the similar condition of his competitors; some of whom had yet greater powers of purchase, and a more resolute determination, as well as nicer skill, in exercising these powers, than himself. Thus rushing into the combat with the heat and vehemence of youth, he was of necessity

[Enlarge]

The Library.

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condition of his competitors; some of whom had yet greater powers of purchase, and a more resolute determination, as well as nicer skill, in exercising these powers, than himself. Thus rushing into the combat with the heat and vehemence of youth, he was of necessity compelled to experience the disappointment attendant upon such precipitancy. It was in vain that Philemon and myself endeavoured to make him completely satisfied with his purchase: nothing produced a look of complacency from him. At length, upon seeing the rising ground which was within two or three miles of our respective homes, he cheered up by degrees; and a sudden thought of the treasures contained in his Clement, De Bure and Panzer, darted a gleam of satisfaction across his countenance. His eyes resumed their wonted brilliancy, and all the natural gaiety of his disposition returned with full effect to banish every vapour of melancholy. "Indeed, my good friend," said he to me—"I shall always have reason to think and speak well of your kindness shewn towards me this day; and although some years may elapse before a similar collection may be disposed of—and I must necessarily wait a tedious period 'ere I get possession of Maittaire, Audiffredi, and others of the old school—yet I hope to convince Lysander, on the exhibition of my purchase, that my conversion to bibliography has been sincere. Yes: I perceive that I have food enough to digest, in the volumes which are now my travelling companions, for two or three years to

come—and if, by keeping a sharp look-out upon booksellers' catalogues when they are first published, I can catch hold of Vogt, Schelhorn and Heinecken, my progress in bibliography, within the same period, must be downright marvellous!" "I congratulate you," exclaimed PHILEMON, "upon the return of your reason and good sense. I began to think that the story of Orlando had been thrown away upon you; and that his regular yearly purchases of a certain set of books, and making himself master of their principal contents before he ventured upon another similar purchase, had already been banished from your recollection."

We were now fast approaching the end of our journey; when the groom of Lorenzo, mounted upon a well-bred courser, darted quickly by the chaise, apparently making towards my house—but on turning his head, and perceiving me within it, he drew up and bade the postilion stop. A note from his master soon disclosed the reason of this interruption. LORENZO, upon hearing of the arrival of Lysander and Philemon, and of their wish to visit his library, had sent us all three a kind invitation to dine with him on the morrow. His close intimacy with Lisardo (who was his neighbour) had left no doubt in the mind of the latter but that a similar note had been sent to his own house. After telling the messenger that we would not fail to pay our respects to his master, we drove briskly homewards; and found Lysander sitting

on a stile under some wide-spreading beech trees, at the entrance of the paddock, expecting our arrival. In less than half an hour we sat down to dinner (at a time greatly beyond what I was accustomed to); regaling Lysander, during the repast, with an account of the contest we had witnessed; and every now and then preventing Lisardo from rushing towards his packet (even in the midst of his *fricandeau*), and displaying his book-treasures. After dinner, our discussion assumed a more methodical shape. Lysander bestowed his hearty commendations upon the purchase; and, in order to whet the bibliomaniacal appetite of his young convert, he slyly observed that his set of De Bure's pieces were *half bound* and *uncut*; and that by having them bound in morocco, with gilt leaves, he would excel my own set; which latter was coated in a prettily-sprinkled calf leather, with speckled edges. Lisardo could not repress the joyful sensations which this remark excited; and I observed that, whenever his eyes glanced upon my shelves, he afterwards returned them upon his own little collection, with a look of complacency mingled with exultation. It was evident, therefore, that he was now thoroughly reconciled to his fortune.

LYSAND. During your absence, I have been reading a very favourite work of mine—DR. HENRY'S *History of Great Britain*; especially that part of it which I prefer so much to the history of human cunning and human slaughter; I

mean, the account of learning and of learned men.

PHIL. It is also a great favourite with me. But while I regret the inexcuseable omission of an index to such a voluminous work, and the inequality of Mr. Andrews's partial continuation of it, I must be permitted to observe that the history of our literature and learned men is not the most brilliant, or best executed, part of Dr. Henry's valuable labours. There are many omissions to supply, and much interesting additional matter to bring forward, even in some of the most elaborate parts of it. His account of the arts might also be improved; although in commerce, manners and customs, I think he has done as much, and as well, as could reasonably be expected. I question, however, whether his work, from the plan upon which it is executed, will ever become so popular as its fondest admirers seem to hope.

LYSAND. You are to consider, Philemon, that in the execution of such an important whole, in the erection of so immense a fabric, some parts must necessarily be finished in a less workman-like style than others. And, after all, there is a good deal of caprice in our criticisms. You fancy, in this fabric (if I may be allowed to go on with my simile), a boudoir, a hall, or a staircase; and fix a critical eye upon a recess badly contrived, an oval badly turned, or pillars weakly put together:—the builder says, Don't look at these parts of the fabric with such

fastidious nicety; they are subordinate. If my boudoir will hold a moderate collection of old-fashioned Dresden China, if my staircase be stout enough to conduct you and your company to the upper rooms; and, if my hall be spacious enough to hold the hats, umbrellas and walking-sticks of your largest dinner-party, they answer the ends proposed:—unless you would *live* in your boudoir, upon your staircase, or within your hall! The fact then is, you, Philemon, prefer the boudoir, and might, perhaps, improve upon its structure; but, recollect, there are places in a house of equal, or perhaps more, consequence than this beloved boudoir. Now, to make the obvious application to the work which has given rise to this wonderful stretch of imagination on my part:—Dr. Henry is the builder, and his history is the building, in question: in the latter he had to put together, with skill and credit, a number of weighty parts, of which the "*Civil and Ecclesiastical*" is undoubtedly the most important to the generality of readers. But one of these component parts was the *The History of Learning and of Learned Men*; which its author probably thought of subordinate consequence, or in the management of which, to allow you the full force of your objection, he was not so well skilled. Yet, still, never before having been thus connected with such a building, it was undoubtedly a delightful acquisition; and I question whether, if it had been more elaborately executed—if it had exhibited all the

fret-work and sparkling points which you seem to conceive necessary to its completion; I question, whether the popularity of the work would have been even so great as it is, and as it unquestionably merits to be! A few passionately-smitten literary antiquaries are not, perhaps, the fittest judges of such a production. To be generally useful and profitable should be the object of every author of a similar publication; and as far as candour and liberality of sentiment, an unaffected and manly style, accompanied with weighty matter, extensive research, and faithful quotation, render a work nationally valuable—the work of Dr. Henry, on these grounds, is an ornament and honour to his country.

PHIL. Yet I wish he had rambled (if you will permit me so to speak) a little more into book-men and book-anecdotes.

LYSAND. You may indulge this wish very innocently; but, certainly, you ought not to censure Dr. Henry for the omission of such minutiæ.

LIS. Does he ever quote Clement, De Bure, or Panzer?

LYSAND. Away with such bibliomaniacal frenzy! He quotes solid, useful and respectable authorities; chiefly our old and most valuable historians. No writer before him ever did them so much justice, or displayed a more familiar

acquaintance with them.

LIS. Do pray give us, Lysander, some little sketches of book-characters—which, I admit, did not enter into the plan of Dr. Henry's excellent work. As I possess the original quarto edition of this latter, bound in Russia, you will not censure me for a want of respect towards the author.

PHIL. I second Lisardo's motion; although I fear the evening presses too hard upon us to admit of much present discussion.

LYSAND. Nothing—(speaking most unaffectedly from my heart) nothing affords me sincerer pleasure than to do any thing in my power which may please such cordial friends as yourselves. My pretensions to that sort of antiquarian *knowledge*, which belongs to the history of book-collectors, are very poor, as you well know,—they being greatly eclipsed by my *zeal* in the same cause. But, as I love my country and my country's literature, so no conversation or research affords me a livelier pleasure than that which leads me to become better acquainted with the ages which have gone by; with the great and good men of old; who have found the most imperishable monuments of their fame in the sympathizing hearts of their successors. But I am wandering—

LIS. Go on as you please, dear Lysander; for I have been too much indebted to your

conversation ever to suppose it could diverge into any thing censoriously irrelevant. Begin where and when you please.

LYSAND. I assure you it is far from my intention to make any formal exordium, even if I knew the exact object of your request.

PHIL. Tell us all about book-collecting and BIBLIOMANIACS in this country—

LIS. "Commençez au commençement"—as the French adage is.

LYSAND. In sober truth, you impose upon me a pretty tough task! "One Thousand and One Nights" would hardly suffice for the execution of it; and now, already, I see the owl flying across the lawn to take her station in the neighbouring oak; while even the middle ground of yonder landscape is veiled in the blue haziness of evening. Come a short half hour, and who, unless the moon befriend him, can see the outline of the village church? Thus gradually and imperceptibly, but thus surely, succeeds age to youth—death to life—eternity to time!—You see in what sort of mood I am for the performance of my promise?

LIS. Reserve these meditations for your pillow, dear Lysander: and now, again I entreat you —"commençez au commençement."

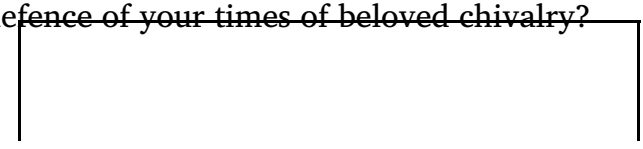
PHIL. Pray make a beginning only: the conclusion shall be reserved, as a desert, for

Lorenzo's dinner to-morrow.

LYSAND. Lest I should be thought coquettish, I will act with you as I have already done; and endeavour to say something which may gratify you as before.

It has often struck me my dear friends, continued Lysander—(in a balanced attitude, and seeming to bring quietly together all his scattered thoughts upon the subject) it has often struck me that few things have operated more unfavourably towards the encouragement of learning, and of book-collecting, than the universal passion for *chivalry*—which obtained towards the middle ages; while, on the other hand, a *monastic life* seems to have excited a love of retirement, meditation, and reading. [210] I admit readily, that, considering the long continuance of the monastic orders, and that almost all intellectual improvement was confined within the cloister, a very slow and partial progress was made in literature. The system of education was a poor, stinted, and unproductive one. Nor was it till after the enterprising activity of Poggio had succeeded in securing a few precious remains of classical antiquity,[211] that the wretched indolence of the monastic life began to be diverted from a constant meditation upon "antiphoners, grailes, and psalters,"[212] towards subjects of a more generally interesting nature. I am willing to admit every degree of merit to the manual dexterity of the cloistered student. I admire his

snow-white vellum missals, emblazoned with gold, and sparkling with carmine and ultramarine blue. By the help of the microscopic glass, I peruse his diminutive penmanship, executed with the most astonishing neatness and regularity; and often wish in my heart that our typographers printed with ink as glossy black as that which they sometimes used in their writing. I admire all this; and now and then, for a guinea or two, I purchase a specimen of such marvellous leger-de-main: but the book, when purchased, is to me a sealed book. And yet, Philemon, I blame not the individual, but the age; not the task, but the task-master; for surely the same exquisite and unrivalled beauty would have been exhibited in copying an ode of Horace, or a dictum of Quintilian. Still, however, you may say that the intention, in all this, was pure and meritorious; for that such a system excited insensibly a love of quiet, domestic order, and seriousness: while those counsels and regulations which punished a "Clerk for being a hunter," and restricted "the intercourse of Concubines,"[213] evinced a spirit of jurisprudence which would have done justice to any age. Let us allow, then, if you please, that a love of book-reading, and of book-collecting, was a meritorious trait in the monastic life; and that we are to look upon old abbies and convents as the sacred depositories of the literature of past ages. What can you say in defence of your times of beloved chivalry?



[210] As early as the sixth century commenced the custom, in some monasteries, of copying ancient books and composing new ones. It was the usual, and even only, employment of the first monks of Marmoutier. A monastery without a library was considered as a fort or a camp deprived of the necessary articles for its defence: "claustrum sine armario, quasi castrum sine armentario." Peignot, *Dict. de Bibliolog.*, vol. i., 77. I am fearful that this good old bibliomanical custom of keeping up the credit of their libraries among the monks had ceased—at least in the convent of Romsey, in Hampshire—towards the commencement of the sixteenth century. One would think that the books had been there disposed of in bartering for *strong liquors*; for at a visitation by Bishop Fox, held there in 1506, Joyce Rows, the abbess, is accused of *immoderate drinking*, especially in the night time; and of inviting the nuns to her chamber every evening, for the purpose of these excesses, "post completorium." What is frightful to add, —"this was a rich convent, and filled with ladies of the best families." See Warton's cruel note in his *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 25, edit. 1772. A tender-hearted bibliomaniac cannot but feel acutely on reflecting upon the many beautifully-illuminated vellum books which were, in all probability, exchanged for these inebriating gratifications! To balance this unfavourable account read Hearne's remark about the libraries in ancient monasteries, in the sixth volume of *Leland's*

Collectanea, p. 86-7, edit. 1774: and especially the anecdotes and authorities stated by Dr. Henry in book iii., chap, iv., sec. 1.

[211] See the first volume of Mr. Roscoe's *Lorenzo de Medici*; and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd's *Life of Poggio Bracciolini*.

[212] When Queen Elizabeth deputed a set of commissioners to examine into the superstitious books belonging to All-Souls library, there was returned, in the list of these superstitious works, "eight grailes, seven antiphoners of parchment and bound." Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*, vol. ii., 276. At page 115, ante, the reader will find a definition of the word "Antiphoner." He is here informed that a "gradale" or "grail," is a book which ought to have in it "the office of sprinkling holy water: the beginnings of the masses, or the offices of *Kyrie*, with the verses of *gloria in excelsis*; the *gradales*, or what is gradually sung after the epistles; the hallelujah and tracts, the sequences, the creed to be sung at mass, the offertories, the hymns holy, and Lamb of God, the communion, &c., which relate to the choir at the singing of a solemn mass." This is the Rev. J. Lewis's account; *idem opus*, vol. ii., 168.

[213] "*Of a Clerk that is an Hunter.*"

"We ordain that if any clerk be defamed of trespass committed in forest or park of any man's, and thereof be lawfully convicted before his ordinary, or do confess it to

him, the diocesan shall make redemption thereof in his goods, if he have goods after the quality of his fault; and such redemption shall be assigned to him to whom the loss, hurt, or injury, is done; but if he have no goods, let his bishop grievously punish his person according as the fault requireth, lest through trust to escape punishment they boldly presume to offend." *Fol.* 86, *rev.*: vide *infra*. (The same prohibition against clergymen being Hunters appears in a circular letter, or injunctions, by Lee, Archbishop of York, A.D. 1536. "Item; they shall not be common *Hunters ne Hawkers*, ne playe at gammes prohibytede, as dycese and cartes, and such oder." Burnet's *Hist. of the Reformation*; vol. iii. p. 136, "Collections.")

"*Of the removing of Clerks' Concubines.*"

"Although the governors of the church have always laboured and enforced to drive and chase away from the houses of the church that rotten contagiousness of pleasant filthiness with the which the sight and beauty of the church is grievously spotted and defiled, and yet could never hitherto bring it to pass, seeing it is of so great a lewd boldness that it thursteth in unshamefastly without ceasing; we, therefore," &c. *Fol.* 114, *rect.*

"*Of Concubines, that is to say of them that keep Concubines.*"

"How unbecoming it is, and how contrary to the pureness of Christians, to touch

sacred things with lips and hands polluted, or any to give the laws and praisings of cleanness, or to present himself in the Lord's temple, when he is defiled with the spots of lechery, not only the divine and canonical laws, but also the monitions of secular princes, hath evidently seen by the judgment of holy consideration, commanding and enjoining both discreetly and also wholesomely, shamefacedness unto all Christ's faithful, and ministers of the holy church." *Fol.* 131, *rect. Constitutions Provincialles, and of Otho aud Octhobone.* Redman's edit. 1534, 12mo. On looking into Du Pin's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ix., p. 58, edit. 1699, I find that Hugh of Dia, by the ninth canon in the council of Poictiers, (centy. xi.) ordained "That the sub-deacons, deacons, and priests, shall have no concubine, or any other suspicious women in their houses; and that all those who shall wittingly hear the mass of a priest that keeps a concubine, or is guilty of simony, shall be excommunicated."

PHIL. Shew me in what respect the gallant spirit of an ancient knight was hostile to the cultivation of the belles-lettres?

LYSAND. Most readily. Look at your old romances, and what is the system of education —of youthful pursuits—which they in general inculcate? Intrigue and bloodshed.[214] Examine your favourite new edition of the

Fabliaux et Contes of the middle ages, collected by Barbazan! However the editor may say that "though some of these pieces are a little too free, others breathe a spirit of morality and religion—"[215] the main scope of the poems, taken collectively, is that which has just been mentioned. But let us come to particulars. What is there in the *Ordene de Chevalerie*, or *Le Castoiement d'un Pere à son fils* (pieces in which one would expect a little seriousness of youthful instruction), that can possibly excite a love of reading, book-collecting, or domestic quiet? Again; let us see what these chivalrous lads do, as soon as they become able-bodied! Nothing but assault and wound one another. Read concerning your favourite *Oliver of Castile*,[216] and his half-brother *Arthur*! Or, open the beautiful volumes of the late interesting translation of Monstrelet, and what is almost the very first thing which meets your eye? Why, "an Esquire of Arragon (one of your chivalrous heroes) named Michel D'Orris, sends a challenge to an English esquire of the same complexion with himself—and this is the nature of the challenge: [which I will read from the volume, as it is close at my right hand, and I have been dipping into it this morning in your absence—]

[214] The celebrated LUDOVICUS VIVES has strung together a whole list of ancient popular romances, calling them

"ungracious books." The following is his saucy philippic: "Which books but idle men wrote unlearned, and set all upon filth and viciousness; in whom I wonder what should delight men, but that vice pleaseth them so much. As for learning, none is to be looked for in those men, which saw never so much as a shadow of learning themselves. And when they tell ought, what delight can be in those things that be so plain and foolish lies? One killeth twenty by himself alone, another killeth thirty; another, wounded with a hundred wounds, and left for dead, riseth up again; and on the next day, made whole and strong, overcometh two giants, and then goeth away loaden with gold and silver and precious stones, mo than a galley would carry away. What madness is it of folks to have pleasure in these books! Also there is no wit in them, but a few words of wanton lust; which be spoken to move her mind with whom they love, if it chance she be steadfast. And if they be read but for this, the best were to make books of bawd's crafts, for in other things what craft can be had of such a maker that is ignorant of all good craft? Nor I never heard man say that he liked these books, but those that never touched good books."—*Instruction of a Christian Woman*, sign. D. 1. rev., edit. 1593. From the fifth chapter (sufficiently curious) of "What books be to be read, and what not."

[215] Vol. ii., p. 39, edit. 1808.

[216] "When the king saw that they were puissant enough for to wield armour at their ease, he gave them license for to do cry a Justing and Tournament. The which OLIVER and ARTHUR made for to be cried, that three aventurous knights should just against all comers, the which should find them there the first day of the lusty month of May, in complete harness, for to just against their adversaries with sharp spears. And the said three champions should just three days in three colours: that is to wit, in black, grey and violet—and their shields of the same hue; and them to find on the third day at the lists. There justed divers young knights of the king's court: and the justing was more *asperer* of those young knights than ever they had seen any in that country. And, by the report of the ladies, they did so knightly, every one, that it was not possible for to do better, as them thought, by their strokes. But, above all other, OLIVER and ARTHUR (his loyal fellow) had the *bruit* and *loos*. The justing endured long: it was marvel to see the hideous strokes that they dealt; for the justing had not finished so soon but that the night *separed* them. Nevertheless, the adversary party abode 'till the torches were light. But the ladies and *damoyselles*, that of all the justing time had been there, were weary, and would depart. Wherefore the justers departed in likewise, and went and disarmed them for to come to the banquet or feast. And when that the banquet was finished and done, the dances began. And there came the king and the valiant

knights of arms, for to enquire of the ladies and *damoyselles*, who that had best borne him as for that day. The ladies, which were all of one accord and agreement, said that Oliver and Arthur had surmounted all the best doers of that *journey*. And by cause that Oliver and Arthur were both of one party, and that they could find but little difference between them of knighthood, they knew not the which they might sustain. But, in the end, they said that Arthur had done right valiantly: nevertheless, they said that Oliver had done best unto their seeming. And therefore it was concluded that the *pryce* should be given unto Oliver, as for the best of them of within. And another noble knight, of the realm of Algarbe, that came with the queen, had the pryce of without. When the pryce of the juste that had been made was brought before Oliver, by two fair *damoyselles*, he waxed all red, and was ashamed at that present time; and said that it was of their bounty for to give him the pryce, and not of his desert: nevertheless, he received it; and, as it was of custom in guerdoning them, he kissed them. And soon after they brought the wine and spices; and then the dances and the feast took an end as for that night." *Hystorye of Olyuer of Castylle, and of the fayre Helayne, &c.*, 1518, 4to., sign. A. v. vj. This I suppose to be the passage alluded to by Lysander. The edition from which it is taken, and of which the title was barely known to Ames and Herbert, is printed by Wynkyn De Worde. Mr. Heber's copy of it

is at present considered to be unique. The reader will see some copious extracts from it in the second volume of the *British Typographical Antiquities*.

"First, to enter the lists on foot, each armed in the manner he shall please, having a dagger and sword attached to any part of his body, and a battle-axe, with the handle of such length as the challenger shall fix on. The combat to be as follows: ten strokes of the battle-axe, without intermission; and when these strokes shall have been given, and the judge shall cry out 'Ho!' ten cuts with the sword to be given without intermission or change of armour. When the judge shall cry out 'Ho!' we will resort to our daggers, and give ten stabs with them. Should either party lose or drop his weapon, the other may continue the use of the one in his hand until the judge shall cry out 'Ho!'" &c.[217] A very pretty specimen of honourable combat, truly!—and a mighty merciful judge who required even more cuts and thrusts than these (for the combat is to go on) before he cried out "Ho!" Defend us from such ejaculatory umpires! —

[217] See *Monstrelet's Chronicles*, translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq., vol. i., p. 8, edit. 1809, 4to. Another elegant and elaborate specimen of the Hafod press; whose owner

> will be remembered as long as literature and taste shall be cultivated in this country.

LIS. Pray dwell no longer upon such barbarous heroism! We admit that *Monachism* may have contributed towards the making of bibliomaniacs more effectually than *Chivalry*. Now proceed—

These words had hardly escaped Lisardo, when the arrival of my worthy neighbour NARCOTTUS (who lived by the parsonage house), put a stop to the discourse. Agreeably to a promise which I had made him three days before, he came to play a GAME OF CHESS with Philemon; who, on his part, although a distinguished champion at this head-distracting game, gave way rather reluctantly to the performance of the promise: for LYSANDER was now about to enter upon the history of the Bibliomania in this country. The Chess-board, however was brought out; and down to the contest the combatants sat—while Lisardo retired to one corner of the room to examine thoroughly his newly-purchased volumes, and Lysander took down a prettily executed 8vo. volume upon the Game of Chess, printed at Cheltenham, about six years ago, and composed "by an amateur." While we were examining, in this neat work, an account of the numerous publications upon the Game of Chess, in various

countries and languages, and were expressing our delight in reading anecdotes about eminent chess players, Lisardo was carefully packing up his books, as he expected his servant every minute to take them away. The servant shortly arrived, and upon his expressing his inability to carry the entire packet—"Here," exclaimed Lisardo, "do you take the quartos, and follow me; who will march onward with the octavos." This was no sooner said than our young bibliomaniacal convert gave De Bure, Gaignat, and La Valliere, a vigorous swing across his shoulders; while the twenty quarto volumes of Clement and Panzer were piled, like "Ossa upon Pelion," upon those of his servant—and

"Light of foot, and light of heart"

Lisardo took leave of us 'till the morrow.

Meanwhile, the chess combat continued with unabated spirit. Here Philemon's king stood pretty firmly guarded by both his knights, one castle, one bishop, and a body of common soldiers[218]—impenetrable as the Grecian phalanx, or Roman legion; while his queen had made a sly sortie to surprise the only surviving knight of Narcottus. Narcottus, on the other hand, was cautiously collecting his scattered foot soldiers, and, with two bishops, and two castle-armed elephants, were meditating a desperate onset to retrieve the disgrace of his lost queen. An inadvertent remark from Lysander, concerning the antiquity of the game,

attracted the attention of Philemon so much as to throw him off his guard; while his queen, forgetful of her sex, and venturing unprotected, like Penthesilea of old, into the thickest of the fight, was trampled under foot, without mercy, [219] by a huge elephant, carrying a castle of armed men upon his back. Shouts of applause, from Narcottus's men, rent the vaulted air; while grief and consternation possessed the astonished army of Philemon. "Away with your antiquarian questions," exclaimed the latter, looking sharply at Lysander: "away with your old editions of the Game of Chess! The moment is critical; and I fear the day may be lost. Now for desperate action!" So saying, he bade the King exhort his dismayed subjects. His Majesty made a spirited oration; and called upon *Sir Launcelot*, the most distinguished of the two Knights,[220] to be mindful of his own and of his country's honour: to spare the effusion of blood among his subjects as much as possible; but rather to place victory or defeat in the comparative skill of the officers: and, at all events, to rally round that throne which had conferred such high marks of distinction upon his ancestors. "I needed not, gracious sire," replied Sir Launcelot—curbing in his mouth-foaming steed, and fixing his spear in the rest —"I needed not to be here reminded of your kindness to my forefathers, or of the necessity of doing every thing, at such a crisis, beseeming the honour of a true round-table knight.—Yes, gracious sovereign, I swear to you by the love I

bear to THE LADY OF THE LAKE[221]—by the remembrance of the soft moments we have passed together in the honey-suckle bowers of her father—by all that an knight of chivalry is taught to believe the most sacred and binding—I swear that I will not return this day alive without the laurel of victory entwined round my brow. Right well do I perceive that deeds and not words must save us now—let the issue of the combat prove my valour and allegiance." Upon this, Sir Launcelot clapped spurs to his horse, and after driving an unprotected Bishop into the midst of the foot-soldiers, who quickly took him prisoner, he sprang forward, with a lion-like nimbleness and ferocity, to pick out *Sir Galaad*, the only remaining knight in the adverse army, to single combat. Sir Galaad, strong and wary, like the Greenland bear when assailed by the darts and bullets of our whale-fishing men, marked the fury of Sir Launcelot's course, and sought rather to present a formidable defence by calling to aid his elephants, than to meet such a champion single-handed. A shrill blast from his horn told the danger of his situation, and the necessity of help. What should now be done? The unbroken ranks of Philemon's men presented a fearful front to the advance of the elephants, and the recent capture of a venerable bishop had made the monarch, on Narcottus's side, justly fearful of risking the safety of his empire by leaving himself wholly without episcopal aid. Meanwhile the progress of Sir Launcelot was

marked with blood; and he was of necessity compelled to slaughter a host of common men, who stood thickly around Sir Galaad, resolved to conquer or die by his side. At length, as Master Laneham aptly expresses it, "get they grysly together."[222] The hostile leaders met; there was neither time nor disposition for parley. Sir Galaad threw his javelin with well-directed fury; which, flying within an hair's breadth of Sir Launcelot's shoulder, passed onward, and, grazing the cheek of a foot soldier, stood quivering in the sand. He then was about to draw his ponderous sword—but the tremendous spear of Sir Launcelot, whizzing strongly in the air, passed through his thickly quilted belt, and, burying itself in his bowels, made Sir Galaad to fall breathless from his horse. Now might you hear the shouts of victory on one side, and the groans of the vanquished on the other; or, as old Homer expresses it,

Victors and vanquished shouts promiscuous rise.
With streams of blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Iliad [passim].

[218] "Whilst there are strong, able, and

active men of the king's side, to defend his cause, there is no danger of [this] misfortune." *Letter to the Craftsman on the Game of Chess*, p. 13.

[219] "When therefore the men of one party attack those of the other, though their spleen at first may only seem bent against a *Bishop*, a *Knight*, or an inferior officer; yet, if successful in their attacks on that servant of the king, they never stop there: they come afterwards to think themselves strong enough even to attack *the Queen*," &c. *The same*, p. 12.

[220] "*The Knight* (whose steps, as your correspondent justly observes, are not of an ordinary kind, and often surprise men who oppose him) is of great use in extricating *the King* out of those difficulties in which his foes endeavour to entangle him.—He is a man whom a wise player makes great use of in these exigences, and who oftenest defeats the shallow schemes and thin artifices of unskilful antagonists. They must be very bad players who do not guard against the steps of *the Knight*." *The same*, p. 14.

[221] "The Lady of the Lake; famous in King Arthurz Book"—says Master Laneham, in his Letter to Master Humfrey Martin; concerning the entertainment given by Lord Leicester to Q. Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle: A.D. 1575, edit. 1784, p. 12. Yet more famous, I add, in a poem under this express title, by WALTER SCOTT, 1810.

[222] See the authority (p. 40) quoted in the note at page 157, ante.

And, truly, the army of Narcottus seemed wasted with a great slaughter: yet on neither side, had the monarch been *checked*, so as to be put in personal danger! "While there is life there is hope," said the surviving Bishop[223] on the side of Narcottus: who now taking upon him the command of the army, and perceiving Sir Launcelot to be pretty nearly exhausted with fatigue, and wantonly exposing his person, ordered the men at arms to charge him briskly on all sides; while his own two castles kept a check upon the remaining castle, knight, and bishop of the opposite army: also, he exhorted the king to make a feint, as if about to march onwards. Sir Launcelot, on perceiving the movement of the monarch, sprang forward to make him a prisoner; but he was surprised by an elephant in ambuscade, from whose castle-bearing back a well-shot arrow pierced his corslet, and inflicted a mortal wound. He fell; but, in falling, he seemed to smile even sweetly, as he thought upon the noble speech of Sir Bohort[224] over the dead body of his illustrious ancestor, of the same name; and, exhorting his gallant men to revenge his fall, he held the handle of his sword firmly, till his whole frame was stiffened in death. And now the battle was renewed with equal courage and equal hopes of victory on both sides: but the loss of the flower

of their armies, and especially of their beloved spouses, had heavily oppressed the adverse monarchs: who, retiring to a secured spot, bemoaned in secret the hapless deaths of their queens, and bitterly bewailed that injudicious law which, of necessity, so much exposed their fair persons, by giving them such an unlimited power. The fortune of the day, therefore, remained in the hands of the respective commanders; and if the knight and bishop, on Philemon's side, had not contested about superiority of rule, the victory had surely been with Philemon. But the strife of these commanders threw every thing into confusion. The men, after being trampled upon by the elephants of Narcottus, left their king exposed, without the power of being aided by his castle. An error so fatal was instantly perceived by the bishop of Narcottus's shattered army; who, like another Ximenes,[225] putting himself at the head of his forces, and calling upon his men resolutely to march onwards, gave orders for the elephants to be moved cautiously at a distance, and to lose no opportunity of making the opposite monarch prisoner. Thus, while he charged in front, and captured, with his own hands, the remaining adverse knight, his men kept the adverse bishop from sending reinforcements; and Philemon's elephant not having an opportunity of sweeping across the plain to come to the timely aid of the king,[226] the victory was speedily obtained, for the men upon the backs of Narcottus's elephants kept up

so tremendous a discharge of arrows that the monarch was left without a single attendant: and, of necessity, was obliged to submit to the generosity of his captors.

[223] "I think *the Bishops* extremely considerable throughout the whole game. One quality too they have, which is peculiar to themselves; this is that, throughout the whole game, they have a *steadiness* in their conduct, superior to men of any other denomination on the board; as they never change their colour, but always pursue the path in which they set out." *The same* (vid. 206-7) p. 20.

[224] This truly chivalrous speech may be seen extracted in Mr. Burnet's *Specimens of English Prose Writers*, vol. i., 269. One of Virgil's heroes, to the best of my recollection, dies serenely upon thinking of his beloved countrymen:

——dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos!

[225] It is always pleasant to me to make comparisons with eminent book-patrons, or, if the reader pleases, bibliomaniacs. CARDINAL XIMENES was the promoter and patron of the celebrated Complutensian Polyglott Bible; concerning which I have already submitted some account to the public in my *Introduction to the Classics*, vol. i., pp. 7, 8. His political abilities and personal courage have been described by Dr. Robertson (in his history of Charles V.), with his usual ability. We have here only to talk of him as connected with books. Mallinkrot and Le Long have both preserved the interesting anecdote which

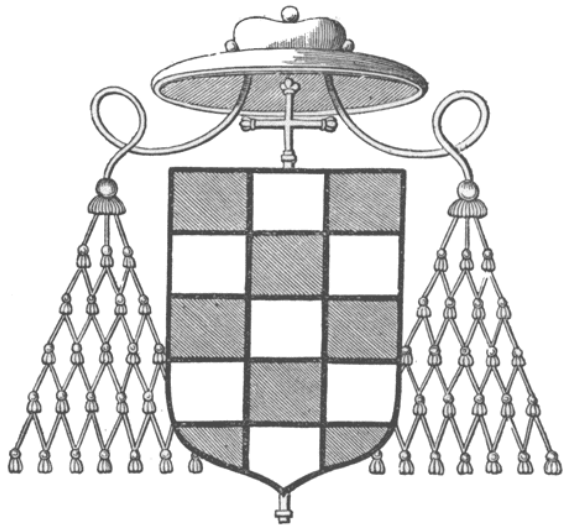
is related by his first biographer, Alvaro Gomez, concerning the completion of the forementioned Polyglott. "I have often heard John Brocarius (says Gomez) son of Arnoldus Brocarius, who printed the Polyglott, tell his friends that, when his father had put the finishing stroke to the last volume, he deputed *him* to carry it to the Cardinal. John Brocarius was then a lad; and, having dressed himself in an elegant suit of clothes, he gravely approached Ximenes, and delivered the volume into his hands. 'I render thanks to thee, oh God!' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'that thou hast protracted my life to the completion of these biblical labours.' Afterwards, when conversing with his friends, Ximenes would often observe that the surmounting of the various difficulties of his political situation did not afford him half the satisfaction which he experienced from the finishing of his Polyglott. He died in the year 1517, not many weeks after the last volume was published." Gomez, or Gomecius's work "*de rebus gestis, à Francisco Ximenio Cisnerio Archiepiscopo Complut*," 1569, fol., is a book of very uncommon occurrence. It is much to be wished that Lord Holland, or Mr. Southey, would give us a life of this celebrated political character: as the biographies of Flechier and Marsolier seem miserably defective, and the sources of Gomez to have been but partially consulted. But I must not let slip this opportunity of commemorating the book-reputation of XIMENES, without making the reader

acquainted with two other singularly scarce and curious productions of the press, which owe their birth to the bibliomanical spirit of our Cardinal. I mean the "*Missale mixtum secundun regulum B. Isidori, dictum Mozarabes, cum præfat.*" *A. Ortiz.* Toleti, 1500, fol. and the "*Breviarium, mixtum," &c. Mozarabes.* Toleti, 1502, fol.: of the former of which there was a copy in the Harleian collection; as the ensuing interesting note, in the catalogue of Lord Harley's books, specifies. I shall give it without abridgment: "This is the scarcest book in the whole Harleian collection. At the end of it are the following words, which deserve to be inserted here:— Adlaudem Omnipotentis Dei, nec non Virginis Mariæ Matris ejus, omnium sanctorum sanctarumq; expletum est Missale mixtum secundum regulam beati Isidori dictum Mozarabes: maxima cum diligentia perlectum et emendatum, per Reverendum in utroq; Jure Doctorem Dominum Alfonsum Ortiz, Canonicum Toletanum. Impressum in regal. civitate Toleti, Jussu Reverendissimi in Christo Patris Domini D. Francisci Ximenii, ejusdem civitatis Archiepiscopi. Impensis Nobilis Melchioris Gorricii Novariensis, per Magistrum Petrum Hagembach, Almanum, anno salutis nostræ 1500, Die 29o mensis Januarii." "This is supposed to be the ancient Missal amended and purged by St. Isidore, archbishop of Sevil, and ordered by the Council of Toledo to be used in all churches; every one of which before that time had a missal peculiar to itself. The

Moors afterwards committing great ravages in Spain, destroying the churches, and throwing every thing there, both civil and sacred, into confusion, all St. Isidore's missals, excepting those in the city of Toledo, were lost. But those were preserved even after the Moors had made themselves masters of that city; since they left six of the churches there to the Christians, and granted them the free exercise of their religion. Alphonsus the Sixth, many ages afterwards, expelled the Moors from Toledo, and ordered the Roman missal to be used in those churches where St. Isidore's missal had been in vogue, ever since the council above-mentioned. But the people of Toledo insisting that their missal was drawn up by the most ancient bishops, revised and corrected by St. Isidore, proved to be the best by the great number of saints who had followed it, and been preserved during the whole time of the Moorish government in Spain, he could not bring his project to bear without great difficulty. In short, the contest between the Roman and Toletan missals came to that height that, according to the genius of the age, it was decided by a single combat, wherein the champion of the Toletan missal proved victorious. But King Alphonsus, say some of the Spanish writers, not being satisfied with this, which he considered as the effect of chance only, ordered a fast to be proclaimed, and a great fire to be then made; into which, after the king and people had prayed fervently to God for his assistance in this

affair, both the missals were thrown; but the Toletan only escaped the violence of the flames. This, continue the same authors, made such an impression upon the king that he permitted the citizens of Toledo to use their own missal in those churches that had been granted the Christians by the Moors. However, the copies of this missal grew afterwards so scarce, that Cardinal Ximenes found it extremely difficult to meet with one of them: which induced him to order this impression, and to build a chapel, in which this service was chanted every day, as it had at first been by the ancient Christians. But, notwithstanding this, the copies of the Toletan missal are become now so exceeding rare that it is at present almost in as much danger of being buried in oblivion as it was when committed to the press by Cardinal Ximenes." *Bibl. Harl.*, vol. iii., p. 117. But let the reader consult the more extended details of De Bure (*Bibl. Instruct.*, vol. i., no. 210, 211), and De La Serna Santander (*Dict. Chois. Bibliogr. du* xv. *Siecle*, part iii., p. 178); also the very valuable notice of Vogt; *Cat. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 591; who mention a fine copy of the missal and breviary, each struck off UPON VELLUM, in the collegiate church of St. Ildefonso. If I recollect rightly, Mr. Edwards informed me that an Italian Cardinal was in possession of a similar copy of each. This missal was republished at Rome, with a capital preface and learned notes, by Lesleus, a Jesuit, in 1755, 4to.: and Lorenzana, archbishop of

Toledo, republished the breviary in a most splendid manner at Madrid, in 1788. Both these re-impressions are also scarce. I know not whether the late king of Spain ever put his design into execution of giving a new edition of these curious religious volumes; some ancient MSS. of which had been carefully collated by Burriel. Consult Osmont's *Dict. Typog.*, vol. i., p. 477; *Cat. de Gaignat*, nos. 179, 180; *Cat. de la Valliere*, nos. 271, 272; *Bibl. Solger.*, vol. ii. no. 1280; and *Bibl. Colbert*, nos. 342, 366. Having expatiated thus much, and perhaps tediously, about these renowned volumes, let me introduce to the notice of the heraldic reader the *Coat of Arms* of the equally renowned Cardinal—of whose genuine editions of the Mozarabic Missal and Breviary my eyes were highly gratified with a sight, in the exquisite library of Earl Spencer, at Althorp.



[226] Of the *Tower* or *Rook* (or *Elephant*) one may indeed—to speak in the scripture style—(and properly speaking, considering its situation) call this piece "the head stone of the corner." There are two of them; and, whilst they remain firm, his majesty is ever in safety. The common enemies, therefore, of them and their king watch their least motion very narrowly, and try a hundred tricks to decoy them from the king's side, by feints, false alarms, stumbling blocks, or any other method that can be contrived to divert them from their duty. The *same*, p. 15. (vide. 159, ante.)

Thus ended one of the most memorable chess contests upon record. Not more stubbornly did the Grecians and Romans upon Troy's plain, or

the English and French upon Egypt's shores, contend for the palm of victory, than did Philemon and Narcottus compel their respective forces to signalize themselves in this hard-fought game. To change the simile for a more homely one; no Northamptonshire hunt was ever more vigorously kept up; and had it not been (at least so Philemon thought!) for the inadvertent questions of Lysander, respecting the antiquity of the amusement, an easy victory would have been obtained by my guest over my neighbour. Lysander, with his usual politeness, took all the blame upon himself. Philemon felt, as all chess-combatants feel upon defeat, peevish and vexed. But the admirably well adapted conversation of Lysander, and the natural diffidence of Narcottus, served to smooth Philemon's ruffled plumage; and at length diffused o'er his countenance his natural glow of good humour.

It was now fast advancing towards midnight; when Narcottus withdrew to his house, and my guests to their chambers.

To-morrow came; and with the morrow came composure and hilarity in the countenances of my guests. The defeat of the preceding evening was no longer thought of; except that Philemon betrayed some little marks of irritability on Lysander's shewing him the fac-simile wood-cuts of the pieces and men in Caxton's edition of the game of chess, which are published in the recent edition of the Typographical Antiquities

of our country.

Lisardo visited us betimes. His countenance, on his entrance gave indication of vexation and disappointment—as well it might; for, on his return home the preceding evening, he found the following note from Lorenzo:—

> "My dear Lisardo;
>
> Our friend's visitors, Lysander and Philemon, are coming with their host to eat old mutton, and drink old sherry, with me to-morrow; and afterwards to discuss subjects of bibliography. I do not ask you to join them, because I know your thorough aversion to every thing connected with such topics. Adieu!
>
> Truly yours,
>
> LORENZO."

"Little," exclaimed Lisardo, "does he know of my conversion. I'll join you uninvited; and abide by the consequences."

At four o'clock we set off, in company with Lisardo, for Lorenzo's dinner. I need hardly add that the company of the latter was cordially welcomed by our host; who, before the course of pastry was cleared away, proposed a sparkling bumper of Malmsey madeira, to commemorate his conversion to Bibliomaniacism. By half-past-five we were

ushered into THE LIBRARY, to partake of a costly dessert of rock melons and Hamburgh grapes, with all their appropriate embellishments of nectarines and nuts. Massive and curiously cut decanters, filled with the genuine juice of the grape, strayed backwards and forwards upon the table: and well-furnished minds, which could not refuse the luxury of such a feast, made every thing as pleasant as rational pleasure could be.

LIS. If Lorenzo have not any thing which he may conceive more interesting to propose, I move that you, good Lysander, now resume the discussion of a subject which you so pleasantly commenced last night.

PHIL. I rise to second the motion.

LOREN. And I, to give it every support in my power.

LYSAND. There is no resisting such adroitly levelled attacks. Do pray tell me what it is you wish me to go on with?

PHIL. The history of book-collecting and of book-collectors in this country.

LIS. The history of BIBLIOMANIA, if you please.

LYSAND. You are madder than the maddest of book-collectors, Lisardo. But I will gossip away upon the subjects as well as I am able.

I think we left off with an abuse of the anti-

bibliomaniacal powers of chivalry. Let us pursue a more systematic method; and begin, as Lisardo says, "at the beginning."

In the plan which I may pursue, you must forgive me, my friends, if you find it desultory and irregular: and, as a proof of the sincerity of your criticism, I earnestly beg that, like the chivalrous judge, of whom mention was made last night, you will cry out "*Ho!*" when you wish me to cease. But where shall we begin? From what period shall we take up the history of BOOKISM (or, if you please, BIBLIOMANIA) in this country? Let us pass over those long-bearded gentlemen called the Druids; for in the various hypotheses which sagacious antiquaries have advanced upon their beloved *Stone-henge*, none, I believe, are to be found wherein the traces of a *Library*, in that vast ruin, are pretended to be discovered. As the Druids were sparing of their writing,[227] they probably read the more; but whether they carried their books with them into trees, or made their pillows of them upon Salisbury-plain, tradition is equally silent. Let us therefore preserve the same prudent silence, and march on at once into the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries; in which the learning of Bede, Alcuin, Erigena, and Alfred, strikes us with no small degree of amazement. Yet we must not forget that their predecessor THEODORE, archbishop of Canterbury, was among the earliest book-collectors in this country; for he brought over

from Rome, not only a number of able professors, but a valuable collection of books. [228] Such, however, was the scarcity of the book article, that Benedict Biscop (a founder of the monastery of Weremouth in Northumberland), a short time after, made not fewer than five journeys to Rome to purchase books, and other necessary things for his monastery—for one of which books our immortal Alfred (a very *Helluo Librorum*! as you will presently learn) gave afterwards as much land as eight ploughs could labour.[229] We now proceed to BEDE; whose library I conjecture to have been both copious and curious. What matin and midnight vigils must this literary phenomenon have patiently sustained! What a full and variously furnished mind was his! Read the table of contents of the eight folio volumes of the Cologne edition[230] of his works, as given by Dr. Henry in the appendix to the fourth volume of his history of our own country; and judge, however you may wish that the author had gone less into abstruse and ponderous subjects, whether it was barely possible to avoid falling upon such themes, considering the gross ignorance and strong bias of the age? Before this, perhaps, I ought slightly to have noticed INA, king of the West Saxons, whose ideas of the comforts of a monastery, and whose partiality to *handsome book-binding*, we may gather from a curious passage in Stow's Chronicle or Annals.[231]



[227] Julius Cæsar tells us that they dared not to commit their laws to writing. *De Bell. Gall.*, lib. vi., § xiii.-xviii.

[228] Dr. Henry's *Hist. of Great Britain*, vol. iv., p. 12, edit. 1800, 8vo. We shall readily forgive Theodore's singularity of opinions in respect to some cases of pharmacy, in which he held it to be "dangerous to perform bleeding on the fourth day of the moon; because both the light of the moon and the tides of the sea were then upon the increase."—We shall readily forgive this, when we think of his laudable spirit of BIBLIOMANIA.

[229] Dr. Henry says that "This bargain was concluded by Benedict with the king a little before his death, A.D. 690; and the book was delivered, and the estate received by his successor abbot Ceolfred." *Hist. of Great Britain*, vol. iv., p. 21. There must be some mistake here: as Alfred was not born till the middle of the ninth century. *Bed. Hist. Abbat Wermuthien, edit. Smith*, pp. 297-8, is quoted by Dr. Henry.

[230] 1612, folio. De Bure (*Bibliogr. Instruct.* no. 353) might have just informed us that the Paris and Basil editions of Bede's works are incomplete: and, at no. 4444, where he notices the Cambridge edition of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, (1644, fol.) we may add that a previous English translation of it, by the celebrated Stapleton, had been printed at Antwerp in 1565, 4to., containing some few admirably-well executed wood cuts.

Stapleton's translation has become a scarce book; and, as almost every copy of it now to be found is in a smeared and crazy condition, we may judge that it was once popular and much read.

[231] The passage is partly as follows —"the sayde king did also erect a chapell of gold and silver (to wit, garnished) with ornaments and vesselles likewise of golde and siluer, to the building of the which chappell hee gaue 2640 pounds of siluer, and to the altar 264 pounde of golde, a chaleis with the patten, tenne pounde of golde, a censar 8 pound, and twenty mancas of golde, two candlesticks, twelue pound and a halfe of siluer, A KIVER FOR THE GOSPEL BOOKE TWENTY POUNDS"! &c. This was attached to the monastery of Glastonbury; which Ina built "in a fenni place out of the way, to the end the monkes mought so much the more giue their minds to heauenly things," &c. *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 76.

We have mentioned ALCUIN: whom Ashmole calls one of the school-mistresses to France.[232] How incomparably brilliant and beautifully polished was this great man's mind!—and, withal, what an enthusiastic bibliomaniac! Read, in particular, his celebrated letter to Charlemagne, which Dr. Henry has very ably translated; and see, how zealous he there shews himself to enrich the library of his

archiepiscopal patron with good books and industrious students.[233] Well might Egbert be proud of his librarian: the first, I believe upon record, who has composed a catalogue[234] of books in Latin hexameter verse: and full reluctantly, I ween, did this librarian take leave of his *Cell* stored with the choicest volumes—as we may judge from his pathetic address to it, on quitting England for France! If I recollect rightly, Mr. Turner's elegant translation[235] of it begins thus:

"O my lov'd cell, sweet dwelling of my soul,
Must I for ever say, dear spot, farewell?"

[232] *Theatrum Chemicum*, proleg. sign. A. 3. rect.

[233] *History of Great Britain*, vol. iv., pp. 32, 86. "Literatorum virorum fautor et Mæcenas habebatur ætate sua maximus ac doctissimus," says Bale: *Scrip. Brytan. Illustr.*, p. 109, edit. 1559. "Præ cæteris (says Lomeier) insignem in colligendis illustrium virorum scriptis operam dedit Egbertus Eboracensis archiepiscopus, &c.: qui nobilissimam Eboraci bibliothecam instituit, cujus meminit Alcuinis," &c. *De Bibliothecis*, p. 151. We are here informed that the archbishop's library, together with the cathedral of York, were accidentally burnt by fire in the reign of Stephen.

[234] This curious catalogue is printed by Dr. Henry, from Gale's *Rer. Anglicar. Scriptor. Vet.*, tom. i., 730. The entire works of Alcuin were printed at Paris, in 1617, folio: and again, at Ratisbon, in 1777, fol., 2 vols. See Fournier's *Dict. Portat. de Bibliographie*, p. 12. Some scarce separately-printed treatises of the same great man are noticed in the first volume of the appendix to Bauer's *Bibl. Libror. Rarior.*, p. 44.

[235] *Anglo-Saxon History*, vol. ii., p. 355, edit. 1808, 4to.

Now, don't imagine, my dear Lisardo, that this anguish of heart proceeded from his leaving behind all the woodbines, and apple-trees, and singing birds, which were wont to gratify his senses near the said cell, and which he could readily meet with in another clime!—No, no: this monody is the genuine language of a bibliomaniac, upon being compelled to take a long adieu of his choicest *book-treasures*, stored in some secretly-cut recess of his hermitage; and of which neither his patron, nor his illustrious predecessor, Bede, had ever dreamt of the existence of copies! But it is time to think of Johannes SCOTUS ERIGENA; the most facetious wag of his times, notwithstanding his sirname of the *Wise*. "While Great Britain (says Bale) was a prey to intestine wars, our philosopher was travelling quietly abroad

amidst the academic bowers of Greece;"[236] and there I suppose he acquired, with his knowledge of the Greek language, a taste for book-collecting and punning.[237] He was in truth a marvellous man; as we may gather from the eulogy of him by Brucker.[238]

[236] Freely translated from his *Script. Brytan. Illustr.*, p. 124.

[237] Scot's celebrated reply to his patron and admirer, Charles the Bald, was first made a popular story, I believe, among the "wise speeches" in *Camden's Remaines*, where it is thus told: "Johannes Erigena, surnamed Scotus, a man renowned for learning, sitting at the table, in respect of his learning, with Charles the Bauld, Emperor and King of France, behaved himselfe as a slovenly scholler, nothing courtly; whereupon the Emperor asked him merrily, *Quid interest inter Scotum et Sotum*? (what is there between a Scot and a Sot?) He merrily, but yet malapertly answered, '*Mensa*'—(the table): as though the emperor were the Sot and he the Scot." p. 236. *Roger Hoveden* is quoted as the authority; but one would like to know where Hoveden got his information, if Scotus has not mentioned the anecdote in his own works? Since Camden's time, this facetious story has been told by almost every historian and annalist.

[238] *Hist. Philosoph.*, tom. 3, 616: as

referred to and quoted by Dr. Henry; whose account of our book-champion, although less valuable than Mackenzie's, is exceedingly interesting.

In his celebrated work upon predestination, he maintained that "material fire is no part of the torments of the damned;"[239] a very singular notion in those times of frightful superstition, when the minds of men were harrowed into despair by descriptions of hell's torments—and I notice it here merely because I should like to be informed in what curious book the said John Scotus Erigena acquired the said notion? Let us now proceed to ALFRED; whose bust, I see, adorns that department of Lorenzo's library which is devoted to English History.

[239] "He endeavours to prove, in his logical way, that the torments of the damned are mere privations of the happiness, or the trouble of being deprived of it; so that, according to him, material fire is no part of the torments of the damned; that there is no other fire prepared for them but the fourth element, through which the bodies of all men must pass; but that the bodies of the elect are changed into an ætherial nature, and are not subject to the power of fire: whereas, on the contrary, the bodies of the wicked are changed into air, and suffer torments

by the fire, because of their contrary qualities. And for this reason 'tis that the demons, who had a body of an ætherial nature, were massed with a body of air, that they might feel the fire." *Mackenzie's Scottish Writers*: vol. i., 49. All this may be ingenious enough; of its truth, a future state only will be the evidence. Very different from that of Scotus is the language of Gregory Narienzen: "Exit in inferno frigus insuperabile: ignis inextinguibilis: vermis immortalis: fetor intollerabilis: tenebræ palpabiles: flagella cedencium: horrenda visio demonum: desperatio omnium bonorum." This I gather from the *Speculum Christiani*, fol. 37, printed by Machlinia, in the fifteenth century. The idea is enlarged, and the picture aggravated, in a great number of nearly contemporaneous publications, which will be noticed, in part, hereafter. It is reported that some sermons are about to be published, in which the personality of Satan is questioned and denied. Thus having, by the ingenuity of Scotus, got rid of the fire "which is never quenched"—and, by means of modern scepticism, of the devil, who is constantly "seeking whom he may devour," we may go on comfortably enough, without such awkward checks, in the commission of every species of folly and crime!

This great and good man, the boast and the bulwark of his country, was instructed by his

mother, from infancy, in such golden rules of virtue and good sense that one feels a regret at not knowing more of the family, early years, and character, of such a parent. As she told him that "a wise and a good man suffered no part of his time, but what is necessarily devoted to bodily exercise, to pass in unprofitable inactivity"—you may be sure that, with such book-propensities as he felt, Alfred did not fail to make the most of the fleeting hour. Accordingly we find, from his ancient biographer, that he resolutely set to work by the aid of his wax tapers,[240] and produced some very respectable compositions; for which I refer you to Mr. Turner's excellent account of their author:[241] adding only that Alfred's translation of Boethius is esteemed his most popular performance.

[240] The story of the *wax tapers* is related both by Asser and William of Malmesbury, differing a little in the unessential parts of it. It is this: Alfred commanded six wax tapers to be made, each 12 inches in length, and of as many ounces in weight. On these tapers he caused the inches to be regularly marked; and having found that one taper burnt just four hours, he committed them to the care of the keepers of his chapel; who, from time to time gave him notice how the hours went. But as in windy weather the tapers were more wasted—to remedy this inconvenience, he

placed them in a kind of lanthorn, there being no glass to be met with in his dominions. This event is supposed to have occurred after Alfred had ascended the throne. In his younger days, Asser tells us that he used to carry about, in his bosom, day and night, a curiously-written volume of hours, and psalms, and prayers, which by some are supposed to have been the composition of Aldhelm. That Alfred had the highest opinion of Aldhelm, and of his predecessors and contemporaries, is indisputable; for in his famous letter to Wulfseg, Bishop of London, he takes a retrospective view of the times in which they lived, as affording "churches and monasteries filled with libraries of excellent books in several languages." It is quite clear, therefore, that our great Alfred was not a little infected with the bibliomaniacal disease.

[241] *The History of the Anglo-Saxons*; by Sharon Turner, F.S.A., 1808, 4to., 2 vols. This is the last and best edition of a work which places Mr. Turner quite at the head of those historians who have treated of the age of Alfred.

After Alfred, we may just notice his son EDWARD, and his grandson ATHELSTAN; the former of whom is supposed by Rous[242] (one of the most credulous of our early historians) to have founded the University of Cambridge. The latter had probably greater abilities than his

predecessor; and a thousand pities it is that William of Malmesbury should have been so stern and squeamish as not to give us the substance of that old book, containing a life of Athelstan—which he discovered, and supposed to be coeval with the monarch—because, forsooth, the account was too uniformly flattering! Let me here, however, refer you to that beautiful translation of a Saxon ode, written in commemoration of Athelstan's decisive victory over the Danes of Brunamburg, which Mr. George Ellis has inserted in his interesting volumes of *Specimens of the Early English Poets*:[243] and always bear in recollection that this monarch shewed the best proof of his attachment to books by employing as many learned men as he could collect together for the purpose of translating the Scriptures into his native Saxon tongue.

[242] Consult *Johannis Rossi Historia Regum Angliæ; edit. Hearne*, 1745, 8vo., p. 96. This passage has been faithfully translated by Dr. Henry. But let the lover of knotty points in ancient matters look into Master Henry Bynneman's prettily printed impression (A.D. 1568) of *De Antiquitate Cantabrigiensis Academiæ*, p. 14—where the antiquity of the University of Cambridge is gravely assigned to the æra of Gurguntius's reign, A.M. 3588!—Nor must we rest satisfied with the ingenious temerity of this author's claims in favour of

his beloved Cambridge, until we have patiently examined Thomas Hearne's edition (A.D. 1720) of *Thomæ Caii Vindic. Antiquitat. Acad. Oxon.*: a work well deserving of a snug place in the antiquary's cabinet.

[243] Edit. 1803, vol. i., p. 14.

Let us pass by that extraordinary scholar, courtier, statesman, and monk—ST. DUNSTAN; by observing only that, as he was even more to Edgar than Wolsey was to Henry VIII.—so, if there had then been the same love of literature and progress in civilization which marked the opening of the sixteenth century, Dunstan would have equalled, if not eclipsed, Wolsey in the magnificence and utility of his institutions. How many volumes of legends he gave to the library of Glastonbury, of which he was once the abbot, or to Canterbury, of which he was afterwards the Archbishop, I cannot take upon me to guess: as I have neither of Hearne's three publications[244] relating to Glastonbury in my humble library.

[244] There is an ample Catalogue Raisonné of these three scarce publications in the first volume of the *British Bibliographer*. And to supply the deficiency of any extract from them, in this place, take, kind-hearted reader, the following—

which I have gleaned from Eadmer's account of St. Dunstan, as incorporated in Wharton's *Anglia-Sacra*—and which would not have been inserted could I have discovered any thing in the same relating to book-presents to Canterbury cathedral. —"Once on a time, the king went a hunting early on Sunday morning; and requested the Archbishop to postpone the celebration of the mass till he returned. About three hours afterwards, Dunstan went into the cathedral, put on his robes, and waited at the altar in expectation of the king—where, reclining with his arms in a devotional posture, he was absorbed in tears and prayers. A gentle sleep suddenly possessed him; he was snatched up into heaven; and in a vision associated with a company of angels, whose harmonious voices, chaunting *Kyrie eleyson, Kyrie eleyson, Kyrie eleyson*, burst upon his ravished ears! He afterwards came to himself, and demanded whether or not the king had arrived? Upon being answered in the negative, he betook himself again to his prayers, and, after a short interval, was once more absorbed in celestial extasies, and heard a loud voice from heaven saying—*Ite, missa est*. He had no sooner returned thanks to God for the same, when the king's clerical attendants cried out that his majesty had arrived, and entreated Dunstan to dispatch the mass. But he, turning from the altar, declared that the mass had been already celebrated; and that no other mass should be performed during that day. Having put off

his robes, he enquired of his attendants into the truth of the transaction; who told him what had happened. Then, assuming a magisterial power, he prohibited the king, in future, from hunting on a Sunday; and taught his disciples the *Kyrie eleyson*, which he had heard in heaven: hence this ejaculation, in many places, now obtains as a part of the mass service." Tom. ii., p. 217. What shall we say to "the amiable and elegant Eadmer" for this valuable piece of biographical information?—"The face of things was so changed by the endeavours of Dunstan, and his master, Ethelwald, that in a short time learning was generally restored, and began to flourish. From this period, the monasteries were the schools and seminaries of almost the whole clergy, both secular and regular." Collier's *Eccles. History*, vol. ii., p. 19, col. 2. That Glastonbury had many and excellent books, vide Hearne's *Antiquities of Glastonbury*; pp. LXXIV-VII. At Cambridge there is a catalogue of the MSS. which were in Glastonbury library, A.D. 1248.

We may open the eleventh century with CANUTE; upon whose political talents this is not the place to expatiate: but of whose bibliomaniacal character the illuminated MS. of *The Four Gospels* in the Danish tongue—now in the British Museum, and once this monarch's own book—leaves not the shadow of a doubt! From Canute we may proceed to notice that

extraordinary literary triumvirate—Ingulph, Lanfranc, and Anselm. No rational man can hesitate about numbering them among the very first rate book-collectors of that age. As to INGULPH, let us only follow him, in his boyhood, in his removal from school to college: let us fancy we see him, with his *Quatuor Sermones* on a Sunday—and his *Cunabula Artis Grammaticæ*[245] on a week day—under his arm: making his obeisance to Edgitha, the queen of Edward the Confessor, and introduced by her to William Duke of Normandy! Again, when he was placed, by this latter at the head of the rich abbey of Croyland, let us fancy we see him both adding to, and arranging, its curious library[246]—before he ventured upon writing the history of the said abbey. From Ingulph we go to LANFRANC; who, in his earlier years, gratified his book appetites in the quiet and congenial seclusion of his little favourite abbey in Normandy: where he afterwards opened a school, the celebrity of which was acknowledged throughout Europe. From being a pedagogue, let us trace him in his virtuous career to the primacy of England; and when we read of his studious and unimpeachable behaviour, as head of the see of Canterbury, [247] let us acknowledge that a love of books and of mental cultivation is among the few comforts in this world of which neither craft nor misfortune can deprive us. To Lanfranc succeeded, in book-fame and in professional elevation, his disciple ANSELM; who was

"lettered and chaste of his childhood," says Trevisa:[248] but who was better suited to the cloister than to the primacy. For, although, like Wulston, Bishop of Worcester, he might have "sung a long mass, and held him *apayred* with only the offering of Christian men, and was holden a clean *mayde*, and did no outrage in drink,"[249] yet in his intercourse with William II. and Henry I., he involved himself in ceaseless quarrels; and quitted both his archiepiscopal chair and the country. His memory, however, is consecrated among the fathers of scholastic divinity.

[245] These were the common school books of the period.

[246] Though the abbey of Croyland was burnt only twenty-five years after the conquest, its library then consisted of 900 volumes, of which 300 were very large. The lovers of English history and antiquities are much indebted to Ingulph for his excellent history of the abbey of Croyland, from its foundation, A.D. 664, to A.D. 1091: into which he hath introduced much of the general history of the kingdom, with a variety of curious anecdotes that are no where else to be found. DR. HENRY: book iii., chap. iv., § 1 and 2. But Ingulph merits a more particular eulogium. The editors of that stupendous, and in truth, matchless collection of national history, entitled

Recueil des Historiens des Gaules, thus say of him: "Il avoit tout vu en bon connoisseur, et ce qu'il rapporte, il l'écrit en homme lettré, judicieux et vrai:" tom. xi., p. xlij. In case any reader of this note and lover of romance literature should happen to be unacquainted with the French language, I will add, from the same respectable authority, that "The readers of the *Round Table History* should be informed that there are many minute and curious descriptions in INGULPH which throw considerable light upon the history of *Ancient Chivalry*." Ibid. See too the animated eulogy upon him, at p. 153, note *a*, of the same volume. These learned editors have, however, forgotten to notice that the best, and only perfect, edition of Ingulph's History of Croyland Abbey, with the continuation of the same, by Peter de Blois and Edward Abbas, is that which is inserted in the first volume of Gale's *Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores Veteres*: Oxon, 1684. (3 vols.)

[247] LANFRANC was obliged, against his will, by the express command of Abbot Harlein, to take upon him the archbishopric in the year 1070. He governed that church for nineteen years together, with a great deal of wisdom and authority. His largest work is a commentary upon the Epistles of St. Paul; which is sometimes not very faithfully quoted by Peter Lombard. His treatise in favour of the real presence, in opposition to Birenger, is one of his most remarkable performances. His letters "are short and

few, but contain in them things very remarkable." Du Pin's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. xi., p. 12, &c., edit. 1699.

[248] *Polychronicon*, Caxton's edit., sign. 46, rev.

[249] *Polychronicon.* Caxton's edit., fol. cccvj. rev. Poor Caxton (towards whom the reader will naturally conceive I bear some little affection) is thus dragooned into the list of naughty writers who have ventured to speak mildly (and justly) of Anselm's memory. "They feign in another fable that he (Anselm) tare with his teeth Christ's flesh from his bones, as he hung on the rood, for withholding the lands of certain bishoprics and abbies: Polydorus not being ashamed to rehearse it. Somewhere they call him a red dragon: somewhere a fiery serpent, and a bloody tyrant; for occupying the fruits of their vacant benefices about his princely buildings. Thus rail they of their kings, without either reason or shame, in their legends of abominable lies: Look Eadmerus, Helinandus, Vincentius, Matthew of Westminster, Rudborne, Capgrave, WILLIAM CAXTON, Polydore, and others." This is the language of master Bale, in his *Actes of Englyshe Votaryes*, pt. ii., sign. I. vij. rev. Tisdale's edit. No wonder Hearne says of the author, "erat immoderata intemperantia."—*Bened. Abbas.*, vol. i., præf. p. xx.

And here you may expect me to notice that

curious book-reader and Collector, GIRALD, *Archbishop of York*, who died just at the close of the 11th century. Let us fancy we see him, according to Trevisa,[250] creeping quietly to his garden arbour, and devoting his midnight vigils to the investigation of that old-fashioned author, Julius Firmicus; whom Fabricius calls by a name little short of that of an old woman. It is a pity we know not more of the private studies of such a bibliomaniac. And equally to be lamented it is that we have not some more substantial biographical memoirs of that distinguished bibliomaniac, HERMAN, bishop of Salisbury; a Norman by birth; and who learnt the art of book-binding and book-illumination, before he had been brought over into this country by William the Conqueror.[251] (A character, by the bye, who, however completely hollow were his claims to the crown of England, can never be reproached with a backwardness in promoting learned men to the several great offices of church and state.)

[250] "This yere deyd thomas archbisohop of york and gyralde was archebishop after him; a lecherous man, a wytch and euyl doer, as the fame tellyth, for under his pyle whan he deyde in an erber was founde a book of curyous craftes, the book hight Julius frumeus. In that booke he radde pryuely in the under tydes, therefor unnethe the clerkes of his chirche would suffre him be buryed under heuene

without hooly chirche," *Polychronicon: Caxton's edit.*, sign. 43., 4 rect. (fol. cccxlij.) Godwyn says that "he was laide at the entrance of the church porch." "Bayle chargeth him (continues he) with sorcery and coniuration, because, forsooth, that, after his death, there was found in his chamber a volume of Firmicus: who writ of astrology indeed, but of coniuration nothing that ever I heard." *Catalogue of the Bishops of England*, p. 453—edit. 1601. Concerning Girard's favourite author, consult Fabricius's *Bibl. Lat.: cura Ernesti*, vol. iii., p. 114, &c., edit. 1773.

[251] Leland tells us that Herman erected "a noble library at Sailsbury, having got together some of the best and most ancient works of illustrious authors:" *de Scriptor. Britan.*, vol. i., 174: and Dugdale, according to Warton (*Monasticon Anglican.*; vol. iii., p. 375), says that "he was so fond of letters that he did not disdain to bind and illuminate books."

LOREN. If you proceed thus systematically, my good Lysander, the morning cock will crow 'ere we arrive at the book-annals even of the Reformation.

LYSAND. It is true; I am proceeding rather too methodically. And yet I suppose I should not obtain Lisardo's forgiveness if, in arriving at the period of HENRY THE SECOND,[252] I did not notice that extraordinary student and politician,

BECKET!

> [252] I make no apology to the reader for presenting him with the following original character of our once highly and justly celebrated monarch, Henry II.—by the able pen of Trevisa. "This HENRY II. was somewhat reddish, with large face and breast; and yellow eyen and a dim voice; and fleshy of body; and took but scarcely of meat and drink: and for to *alledge* the fatness, he travailed his body with business; with hunting, with standing, with wandering: he was of mean stature, renable of speech, and well y lettered; noble and *orped* in knighthood; and wise in counsel and in battle; and dread and doubtfull destiny; more manly and courteous to a Knight when he was dead than when he was alive!" *Polychronicon*, Caxton's edit., fol. ccccliij., rev.

LIS. At your peril omit him! I think (although my black-letter reading be very limited) that Bale, in his *English Votaries*, has a curious description of this renowned archbishop; whose attachment to books, in his boyish years, must on all sides be admitted.

LYSAND. You are right. Bale has some extraordinary strokes of description in his account of this canonized character: but if I can trust to my memory (which the juice of

Lorenzo's nectar, here before us, may have somewhat impaired), Tyndale[253] has also an equally animated account of the same—who deserves, notwithstanding his pomp and haughtiness, to be numbered among the most notorious bibliomaniacs of his age.

[253] We will first amuse ourselves with Bale's curious account of

"*The fresh and lusty beginnings of* THOMAS BECKET."

As those authors report, which chiefly wrote Thomas Becket's life—whose names are Herbert Boseham, John Salisbury, William of Canterbury, Alen of Tewkesbury, Benet of Peterborough, Stephen Langton, and Richard Croyland—he bestoyed his youth in all kinds of lascivious lightness, and lecherous wantonness. After certain robberies, rapes, and murders, committed in the king's wars at the siege of Toulouse in Languedoc, and in other places else, as he was come home again into England, he gave himself to great study, not of the holy scriptures, but of the bishop of Rome's lousy laws, whereby he first of all obtained to be archdeacon of Canterbury, under Theobald the archbishop; then high chancellor of England; metropolitan, archbishop, primate; pope of England, and great legate from antichrist's own right side. In the time of his high-chancellorship, being but

an ale-brewer's son of London, John Capgrave saith that he took upon him as he had been a prince. He played the courtier altogether, and fashioned himself wholly to the king's delights. He ruffled it out in the whole cloth with a mighty rabble of disguised ruffians at his tail. He sought the worldly honour with him that sought it most. He thought it a pleasant thing to have the flattering praises of the multitude. His bridle was of silver, his saddle of velvet, his stirrups, spurs, and bosses double gilt; his expenses far passing the expenses of an earl. That delight was not on the earth that he had not plenty of. He fed with the fattest, was clad with the softest, and kept company with the plesantest. Was not this (think you) a good mean to live chaste? I trow it was. *Englyshe Votaryes*, pt. ii., sign. P. vi. rect. Printed by Tisdale, 8vo. The orthography is modernized, but the words are faithfully *Balëan*! Thus writes Tyndale: and the king made him (Becket) his chancellor, in which office he passed the pomp and pride of Thomas (Wolsey) cardinal, as far as the ones shrine passeth the others tomb in glory and riches. And after that, he was a man of war, and captain of five or six thousand men in full harness, as bright as St. George, and his spear in his hand; and encountered whatsoever came against him, and overthrew the jollyest rutter that was in the host of France. And out of the field, hot from bloodshedding, was he made bishop of Canterbury; and did put off his helm, and put on his mitre; put off his

harness, and on with his robes; and laid down his spear, and took his cross ere his hands were cold; and so came, with a lusty courage of a man of war, to fight an other while against his prince for the pope; when his prince's cause were with the law of God, and the pope's clean contrary. *Practise of Popish Prelates. Tyndale's Works*, edit. 1572, p. 361. The curious bibliographer, or collector of ancient books of biography, will find a very different character of Becket in a scarce Latin life of him, printed at Paris in the black letter, in the fifteenth century. His archiepiscopal table is described as being distinguished for great temperance and propriety: "In ejus mensa non audiebantur tibicines non cornicines, non lira, non fiala, non karola: nulla quidem præterquam mundam splendidam et inundantem epularum opulentiam. Nulla gule, nulla lascivie, nulla penitus luxurie, videbantur incitamenta. Revera inter tot et tantas delicias quæ ei apponebantur, in nullo penitus sardanapalum sed solum episcopum sapiebat," &c. *Vita et processus sancti Thome Cantuariensis martyris super libertate ecclesiastica*; Paris, 1495, sign. b. ij. rect. From a yet earlier, and perhaps the first printed, mention of Becket—and from a volume of which no perfect copy has yet been found—the reader is presented with a very curious account of the murder of the Archbishop, in its original dress. "Than were there iiij. cursed knyghtes of leuyng yt thoughte to haue had a grete thanke of the kyng and mad her a vowe to gedir to

sle thomas. And so on childremasse day all moste at nyghte they come to caunterbury into thomas hall Sire Reynolde beriston, Sire william tracy, Sire Richard breton, and sire hewe morley. Thanne Sire Reynolde beriston for he was bitter of kynde a none he seyde to thomas the king that is be yonde the see sente us to the and bad that thou shuldst asoyle the bishoppe that thou cursiddiste than seyde thomas seris they be not acursed by me but by the Pope and I may not asoyle that he hathe cursid well seyde Reynolde than we see thou wolte not do the kynges byddynge and swore a grete othe by the eyon of God thou shalt be dede. than cryde the othir knyghtes sle sle and they wente downe to the courte and armyd hem. Than prestis and clerkis drowe hem to the church to thomas and spered the dores to hem. But whan thomas herde the knyghtes armed and wold come into the churche and myghte not he wente to the dore and un barred it and toke one of the knyghtes by the honde and seyde hit be semyth not to make a castell of holy churche, and toke hem by the honde and seyde come ynne my children in goddis name Thanne for it was myrke that they myghte not see nor knowe thomas they seyde where is the traytour nay seyde thomas no traytour but Archebishoppe. Than one seyde to hym fle fore thou arte but dede. Nay seyde thomas y come not to fle but to a byde Ego pro deo mori paratus sum et pro defensione iusticie et ecclesie libertate I am redy to dye for the loue of God and for the

fredomme and righte of holy churche Than reynold with his swerdes poynte put off thomas cappe and smote at his hede and cutte of his crowne that it honge by like a dysche Than smote anothir at him and smote hit all of than fill he downe to the grounde on his knees and elbowes and seyde god into thy hondes I putte my cause and the righte of holy churche and so deyde Than the iij knyghte smote and his halfe stroke fell upon his clerkis arme that helde thomas cross be fore him and so his swerde fill down to the grounde and brake of the poynte and he seyde go we hens he is dede. And when they were all at the dore goyng robert broke wente a geyne and sette his fote to thomas necke and thruste out the brayne upon the pauement Thus for righte of holoye churche and the lawe of the londe thomas toke his dethe." *The boke that is callid Festiuall*; 1486, fol. sign. m. iij. These anecdotes, which are not to be found in Lyttleton or Berrington, may probably be gratifying to the curious.

Although I wish to be as laconic as possible in my *Catalogue Raisonné* of libraries and of book-collectors, during the earlier periods of our history, yet I must beg to remind you that some of the nunneries and monasteries, about these times, contained rather valuable collections of books: and indeed those of Glasgow, Peterborough, and Glastonbury,[254] deserve to be particularly noticed and commended. But I

will push on with the personal history of literature, or rather of the BIBLIOMANIA.

[254] "I shall retire back to *Godstowe*, and, for the farther reputation of the nunns there, shall observe that they spent a great part of their time in reading good books. There was a common library for their use well furnished with books, many of which were English, and divers of them historical. The lives of the holy men and women, especially of the latter, were curiously written ON VELLUM, and many ILLUMINATIONS appeared throughout, so as to draw the nunns the more easily to follow their examples." Hearne's edit. *Guil. Neubrig.*, vol. ii., p. 768. Again he says, "It is probable they (certain sentences) were written in large letters, equal to the writing that we have in the finest books of offices, the best of which were for the use of the nunns, and for persons of distinction, and such as had weak eyes; and many of them were finely covered, not unlike the Kiver for the Gospell book, given to the chapell of Glastonbury by king Ina." p. 773. Can the enlightened reader want further proof of the existence of the BIBLIOMANIA in the nunnery of Godstow? As to *Peterborough* abbey, Gunston, in his history of the same place, has copied the catalogue of the different libraries belonging to the abbots. Benedict, who became abbot in 1177, had a collection of no less than *fifty-seven* volumes. But alas!

the book reputation of this monastery soon fell away: for master Robert, who died abbot in 1222, left but *seven* books behind him; and Geoffrey de Croyland, who was abbot in 1290, had only that dreary old gentleman, *Avicenna*, to keep him company! At its dissolution, however, it contained 1700 volumes in MSS. *Gunton's Peterborough*, p. 173. *Glastonbury* seems to have long maintained its reputation for a fine library; and even as late as the year 1248 it could boast of several classical authors, although the English books were only four in number; the rest being considered as "vetustas et inutilia." The classical authors were Livy, Sallust, Tully, Seneca, Virgil, and Persius. See *Joh. Confrat. Glaston.*, vol. ii., p. 423, 435: Hearne's edit. "Leland," says Warton, "who visited all the monasteries just before their dissolution, seems to have been struck with the venerable air and amplitude of this library." *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, Diss. ii.

I should be wanting in proper respect to the gentlemanly and scholar-like editor of his works, if I omitted the mention of that celebrated tourist and topographer, GIRALD BARRI, or Giraldus Cambrensis; whose Irish and Welch itinerary has been recently so beautifully and successfully put forth in our own language. [255] Giraldus, long before and after he was bishop of St. David's, seems to have had the most enthusiastic admiration of British

antiquities; and I confess it would have been among the keenest delights of my existence (had I lived at the period) to have been among his auditors when he read aloud (perhaps from a stone pulpit) his three books of the Topography of Ireland.[256] How many choice volumes, written and emblazoned upon snow-white vellum, and containing many a curious and precious genealogy, must this observing traveller and curious investigator have examined, when he was making the tour of Ireland in the suite of Prince, afterwards King, John! Judge of the anxiety of certain antiquated families, especially of the Welch nation, which stimulated them to open their choicest treasures, in the book way, to gratify the genealogical ardour of our tourist!

[255] There is a supplemental volume to the two English ones, containing the only complete Latin edition extant of the Welsh Itinerary. Of this impression there are but 200 copies printed on small, and 50 on large, paper. The whole work is most creditably executed, and does great honour to the taste and erudition of its editor, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, bart.

[256] "Having finished his topography of Ireland, which consisted of three books, he published it at Oxford, A.D. 1187, in the following manner, in three days. On the first day he read the first book to a great concourse of people, and afterwards

entertained all the poor of the town. On the second day he read the second book, and entertained all the Doctors and chief scholars: and on the third day he read the third book, and entertained the younger scholars, soldiers, and burgesses."—"A most glorious spectacle (says he), which revived the ancient times of the poets, and of which no example had been seen in England." This is given by Dr. Henry (b. iii., ch. 4, § 2), on the authority of Giraldus's own book, *De rebus a se gestis*, lib. i. c. 16. Twyne, in his arid little quarto Latin volume of the *Antiquities of Oxford*, says not a word about it; and, what is more extraordinary, it is barely alluded to by Antony Wood! See Mr. Gutch's genuine edition of Wood's *Annals of the University of Oxford*, vol. i., pp. 60, 166. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, vol. i., Diss. ii., notices Giraldus's work with his usual taste and interest.

LIS. I wish from my heart that Girald Barri had been somewhat more communicative on this head!

LOREN. Of what do you suppose he would have informed us, had he indulged this bibliographical gossipping?

LIS. Of many a grand and many a curious volume.

LYSAND. Not exactly so, Lisardo. The art of

book-illumination in this country was then sufficiently barbarous, if at all known.

LIS. And yet I'll lay a vellum Aldus that Henry the second presented his fair Rosamond with some choice *Heures de Notre Dame*! But proceed. I beg pardon for this interruption.

LYSAND. Nay, there is nothing to solicit pardon for! We have each a right, around this hospitable table, to indulge our book whims: and mine may be as fantastical as any.

LOREN. Pray proceed, Lysander, in your book-collecting history! unless you will permit me to make a pause or interruption of two minutes—by proposing as a sentiment—"SUCCESS TO THE BIBLIOMANIA!"

PHIL. 'Tis well observed: and as every loyal subject at our great taverns drinks the health of his Sovereign "with three times three up-standing," even so let us hail this sentiment of Lorenzo!

LIS. Philemon has cheated me of an eloquent speech. But let us receive the sentiment as he proposes it.

LOREN. Now the uproar of Bacchus has subsided, the instructive conversation of Minerva may follow. Go on, Lysander.

LYSAND. Having endeavoured to do justice to Girald Barri, I know of no other particularly distinguished bibliomaniac till we approach the

æra of the incomparable ROGER, or FRIAR, BACON. I say incomparable, Lorenzo; because he was, in truth, a constellation of the very first splendour and magnitude in the dark times in which he lived; and notwithstanding a sagacious writer (if my memory be not treacherous) of the name of Coxe, chooses to tell us that he was "miserably starved to death, because he could not introduce a piece of roast beef into his stomach, on account of having made a league with Satan to eat only cheese;"[257]—yet I suspect that the end of Bacon was hastened by other means more disgraceful to the age and equally painful to himself.

[257] "*A short treatise declaringe the detestable wickednesse of magicall sciences, as necromancie, coniuration of spirites, curiouse astrologie, and suche lyke, made by* FRANCIS COXE." Printed by Allde, 12mo., without date (14 leaves). From this curious little volume, which is superficially noticed by Herbert (vol. ii., p. 889), the reader is presented with the following extract, appertaining to the above subject: "I myself (says the author) knew a priest not far from a town called Bridgewater, which, as it is well known in the country, was a great magician in all his life time. After he once began these practices, he would never eat bread, but, instead thereof, did always eat *cheese*: which thing, as he confessed

divers times, he did because it was so concluded betwixt him and the spirit which served him," &c. sign. A viii. rect. "(R.) Bacon's end was much after *the like sort*; for having a greedy desire unto meat, he could cause nothing to enter the stomach—wherefore thus miserably he starved to death." Sign. B. iij. rev. Not having at hand John Dee's book of the defence of Roger Bacon, from the charge of astrology and magic (the want of which one laments as pathetically as did Naudé, in his "*Apologie pour tous les grands personnages, &c., faussement soupçonnez de Magic*," Haye, 1653, 8vo., p. 488), I am at a loss to say the fine things, which Dee must have said, in commendation of the extraordinary talents of ROGER BACON; who was miserably matched in the age in which he lived; but who, together with his great patron GROSTESTE, will shine forth as beacons to futurity. Dr. Friend in his *History of Physic* has enumerated what he conceived to be Bacon's leading works; while Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (Caxton's edit., fol. 70), has mentioned the brazen head—

for to telle
Of such thyngs as
befelle:

which was the joint manufactory of the patron and his èleve. As lately as the year 1666, Bacon's life formed the subject of a "famous history," from which Walter Scott has given us a facetious anecdote in the

seventh volume (p. 10) of *Dryden's Works*. But the curious investigator of ancient times, and the genuine lover of British biography, will seize upon the more prominent features in the life of this renowned philosopher; will reckon up his great discoveries in optics and physics; and will fancy, upon looking at the above picture of his study, that an explosion from gun-powder (of which our philosopher has been thought the inventor) has protruded the palings which are leaning against its sides. Bacon's "*Opus Majus*," which happened to meet the eyes of Pope Clement IV., and which *now* would have encircled the neck of its author with an hundred golden chains, and procured for him a diploma from every learned society in Europe—just served to liberate him from his first long imprisonment. This was succeeded by a subsequent confinement of twelve years; from which he was released only time enough to breathe his last in the pure air of heaven. Whether he expended 3000, or 30,000 pounds of our present money, upon his experiments, can now be only matter of conjecture. Those who are dissatisfied with the meagre manner in which our early biographers have noticed the labours of Roger Bacon, and with the *tetragonistical* story, said by Twyne to be propagated by our philosopher, of Julius Cæsar's seeing the whole of the British coast and encampment upon the Gallic shore, "maximorum ope speculorum" (*Antiquit. Acad. Oxon. Apolog.* 1608, 4to., p. 353), may be pleased with the facetious

story told of him by Wood (*Annals of Oxford*, vol. i., 216, Gutch's edit.) and yet more by the minute catalogue of his works noticed by Bishop Tanner (*Bibl. Brit. Hibern.* p. 62): while the following eulogy of old Tom Fuller cannot fail to find a passage to every heart: "For mine own part (says this delightful and original writer) I behold the name of Bacon in Oxford, not as of an individual man, but corporation of men; no single cord, but a twisted cable of many together. And as all the acts of strong men of that nature are attributed to an Hercules; all the predictions of prophecying women to a Sibyll; so I conceive all the achievements of the Oxonian Bacons, in their liberal studies, are ascribed to ONE, as chief of the name." *Church History*, book iii., p. 96.



Only let us imagine we see this sharp-eyed philosopher at work in his study, of which yonder print is generally received as a representation! How heedlessly did he hear the murmuring of the stream beneath, and of the winds without—immersed in the vellum and parchment rolls of theological, astrological, and mathematical lore, which, upon the dispersion of the libraries of the Jews,[258] he was constantly perusing, and of which so large a share had fallen to his own lot!

[258] Warton, in his second Dissertation, says that "great multitudes of their (the Jews) books fell into the hands of Roger Bacon;" and refers to Wood's *Hist. et Antiquit. Univ. Oxon.*, vol. i., 77, 132—where I find rather a slight notification of it—but, in the genuine edition of this latter work, published by Mr. Gutch, vol. i., p. 329, it is said: "At their (the Jews) expulsion, divers of their tenements that were forfeited to the king, came into the hands of William Burnell, Provost of Wells; and *their books* (for many of them were learned) to divers of our scholars; among whom, as is verily supposed, ROGER BACON was one: and that he furnished himself with such Hebrew rarities, that he could not elsewhere find. Also that, when he died, he left them to the Franciscan library at Oxon, which, being not well understood in after-times, were condemned to moths and dust!" Weep, weep, kind-hearted bibliomaniac, when thou thinkest upon the fate of these poor Hebrew MSS.!

Unfortunately, my friends, little is known with certainty, though much is vaguely conjectured, of the labours of this great man. Some of the first scholars and authors of our own and of other countries have been proud to celebrate his praises; nor would it be considered a disgrace by the most eminent of modern experimental philosophers—of him, who has

been described as "unlocking the hidden treasures of nature, and explaining the various systems by which air, and earth, and fire, and water, counteract and sustain each other"[259]—to fix the laureate crown round the brows of our venerable Bacon!

[259] See a periodical paper, entitled *The Director*! vol. ii., p. 294.

We have now reached the close of the thirteenth century and the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST;[260] when the principal thing that strikes us, connected with the history of libraries, is this monarch's insatiable lust of strengthening his title to the kingdom of Scotland by purchasing "the libraries of all the monasteries" for the securing of any record which might corroborate the same. What he gave for this tremendous book-purchase, or of what nature were the volumes purchased, or what was their subsequent destination, is a knot yet remaining to be untied.

[260] "King Edward the first caused and committed divers copies of the records, and much concerning the realm of Scotland, unto divers abbies for the preservance thereof; which for the most part are now perished, or rare to be had;

and which privilie by the dissolution of monasteries is detained. The same king caused the libraries of all monasteries, and other places of the realm, to be purchased, for the further and manifest declaration of his title, as chief Lord of Scotland: and the record thereof now extant, doth alledge divers leger books of abbeys for the confirmation thereof": Petition (to Q. Elizabeth) for an academy of Antiquities and History. *Hearne's Curious Discourses written by eminent Antiquaries*; vol. ii., 326, edit. 1775.

Of the bibliomaniacal propensity of Edward's grandson, the great EDWARD THE THIRD, there can be no question. Indeed, I could gossip away upon the same 'till midnight. His severe disappointment upon having Froissart's presentation copy of his Chronicles[261] (gergeously attired as it must have been) taken from him by the Duke of Anjou, is alone a sufficient demonstration of his love of books; while his patronage of Chaucer shews that he had accurate notions of intellectual excellence. Printing had not yet begun to give any hint, however faint, of its wonderful powers; and scriveners or book-copiers were sufficiently ignorant and careless.[262]

[261] Whether this presentation copy ever came, eventually, into the kingdom, is

unknown. Mr. Johnes, who is as intimate with Froissart as Gough was with Camden, is unable to make up his mind upon the subject; but we may suppose it was properly emblazoned, &c. The duke detained it as being the property of an enemy to France!—Now, when we read of this wonderfully chivalrous age, so glowingly described by the great Gaston, Count de Foix, to Master Froissart, upon their introduction to each other (vide St. Palaye's memoir in the 10th vol. of *L'Acadamie des Inscriptions*, &c.), it does seem a gross violation (at least on the part of the Monsieur of France!) of all gentlemanly and knight-like feeling, to seize upon a volume of this nature, as legitimate plunder! The robber should have had his skin tanned, after death, for a case to keep the book in! Of Edward the Third's love of curiously bound books, see p. 118, ante.

[262] "How ordinary a fault this was (of 'negligently or willfully altering copies') amongst the transcribers of former times, may appear by Chaucer; who (I am confident) tooke as greate care as any man to be served with the best and heedfullest scribes, and yet we finde him complayning against Adam, his scrivener, for the very same:

So ofte a daye I mote thy worke renew,
If to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And all is thorow thy neglegence and
rape."
Ashmole *Theatrum Chemicum*; p. 439.

The mention of Edward the Third, as a patron of learned men, must necessarily lead a book-antiquary to the notice of his eminent chancellor, RICHARD DE BURY; of whom, as you may recollect, some slight mention was made the day before yesterday.[263] It is hardly possible to conceive a more active and enthusiastic lover of books than was this extraordinary character; the passion never deserting him even while he sat upon the bench.[264] It was probably De Bury's intention to make his royal master eclipse his contemporary CHARLES THE VTH, of France—the most renowned foreign bibliomaniac of his age![265] In truth, my dear friends, what can be more delightful to a lover of his country's intellectual reputation than to find such a character as De Bury, in such an age of war and bloodshed, uniting the calm and mild character of a legislator, with the sagacity of a philosopher, and the elegant-mindedness of a scholar! Foreigners have been profuse in their commendations of him, and with the greatest justice; while our Thomas Warton, of ever-to-be-respected memory, has shewn us how pleasingly he could descend from the graver

tone of a historical antiquary, by indulging himself in a chit-chat style of book-anecdote respecting this illustrious character.[266]

[263] See p. 29, ante.

[264] "—patescebat nobis aditus facilis, regalis favoris intuitu, ad librorum latebras libere perscrutandas. Amoris quippe nostri fama volatilis jam ubique percrebuit, tamtumque librorum, et maxime veterum, ferebamur cupiditate languescere; posse vero quemlibet, nostrum *per quaternos* facilius, quam *per pecuniam*, adipisci favorem." *Philobiblion; sive de Amore Librorum* (vide p. 29, ante), p. 29: edit. 1599, 4to. But let the reader indulge me with another extract or two, containing evidence the most unquestionable of the severest symptoms of the BIBLIOMANIA that ever assailed a Lord Chancellor or a Bishop!—Magliabechi must have read the ensuing passage with rapture: "Quamobrem cum prædicti principis recolendæ memoriæ bonitate suffulti, possemus obesse et prodesse, officere et proficere vehementer tam maioribus quam pusillis; affluxerunt, loco xeniorum et munerum, locoque, donorum et iocalium, temulenti quaterni, ac decripiti codices; nostris tamen tam affectibus, quam aspectibus, pretiosi. Tunc nobilissimorum monasteriorum aperiebantur armaria, referebantur scrinia, et cistulæ solvebantur, et per longa secula in

sepulchris soporata volumina, expergiscunt attonita, quæque in locis tenebrosis latuerant, novæ lucis radiis perfunduntur." "Delicatissimi quondam libri, corrupti et abhominabiles iam effecti, murium fætibus cooperti, et vermium morsibus terebrati, iacebant exanimes—et qui olim purpura vestiebantur et bysso, nunc in cinere et cilicio recubantes, oblivioni traditi videbantur, domicilia tinearum. Inter hæc nihilominus, captatis temporibus, magis voluptuose consedimus, quam fecisset Medicus delicatus inter aromatum apothecas, ubi amoris nostri objectum reperimus et fomentum; sic sacra vasa scientiæ, ad nostræ dispensationis provenerunt arbitrium: quædam data, quædam vendita, ac nonnulla protempore commodata. Nimirum cum nos plerique de hujusmodi donariis cernerent contentatos, ea sponte nostris usibus studuerent tribuere, quibus ipsi libentius caruerunt: quorum tamen negotia sic expedire curavimus gratiosi, ut et eisdem emolumentum accresceret, nullum tamen iustitia detrimentum sentiret." "Porro si scyphos aureos et argenteos, si equos egregios, si nummorum summas non modicas amassemus tunc temporis, dives nobis ærarium instaurasse possemus: sed revera LIBROS NON LIBRAS maluimus, codicesque plusquam florenos, ac panfletos exiguos incrassatis prætulimus palfridis," *Philobiblion*; p. 29, 30, &c. Dr. James's preface to this book, which will be noticed in its proper place, in another work, is the veriest piece of old maidenish particularity

that ever was exhibited! However, the editor's enthusiastic admiration of De Bury obtains his forgiveness in the bosom of every honest bibliomaniac!

[265] CHARLES THE FIFTH, of France, may be called the founder of the Royal Library there. The history of his first efforts to erect a national library is thus, in part, related by the compilers of *Cat. de la Bibliothéque Royale*, pt. i., p. ij.-iij.: "This wise king took advantage of the peace which then obtained, in order to cultivate letters more successfully than had hitherto been done. He was learned for his age; and never did a prince love reading and book-collecting better than did he! He was not only constantly making transcripts himself, but the noblemen, courtiers, and officers that surrounded him voluntarily tendered their services in the like cause; while, on the other hand, a number of learned men, seduced by his liberal rewards, spared nothing to add to his literary treasures. Charles now determined to give his subjects every possible advantage from this accumulation of books; and, with this view, he lodged them in one of the *Towers of the Louvre*; which tower was hence called *La Tour de la Librarie*. The books occupied three stories: in the first, were desposited 269 volumes; in the second 260; and in the third, 381 volumes. In order to preserve them with the utmost care (say Sauval and Felibien), the king caused all the windows of the library to be fortified with iron bars; between which

was painted glass, secured by brass-wires. And that the books might be accessible at all hours, there were suspended, from the ceiling, thirty chandeliers and a silver lamp, which burnt all night long. The walls were wainscotted with Irish wood; and the ceiling was covered with cypress wood: the whole being curiously sculptured in bas-relief." Whoever has not this catalogue at hand (vide p. 93, ante) to make himself master of still further curious particulars relating to this library, may examine the first and second volume of *L'Academie des Inscriptions*, &c.—from which the preceding account is taken. The reader may also look into Warton (Diss. 11, vol. i., sign. f. 2); who adds, on the authority of Boivin's *Mem. Lit.*, tom. ii., p. 747, that the Duke of Bedford, regent of France, "in the year 1425 (when the English became masters of Paris) sent his whole library, then consisting of only 853 volumes, and valued at 2223 livres, into England," &c. I have little doubt but that Richard De Bury had a glimpse of this infantine royal collection, from the following passage—which occurs immediately after an account of his ambassadorial excursion—"O beate Deus Deorum in Syon, quantus impetus fluminis voluptatis lætificavit cor nostrum, quoties Paradisum mundi *Parisios* visitare vacavimus ibi moraturi? Ubi nobis semper dies pauci, præ amoris magnitudine, videbantur. Ibi Bibliothecæ jucundæ super sellas aromatum redolentes; ibi virens viridarium universorum voluminum," &c. *Philobiblion*; p. 31, edit. 1559.

[266] After having intruded, I fear, by the preceding note respecting *French Bibliomania*, there is only room left to say of our DE BURY—that he was the friend and correspondent of Petrarch—and that Mons. Sade, in his *Memoirs of Petrarch*, tells us that "the former did in England, what the latter all his life was doing in France, Italy, and Germany, towards the discovery of the best ancient writers, and making copies of them under his own superintendence." De Bury bequeathed a valuable library of MSS. to Durham, now Trinity College, Oxford. The books of this library were first packed up in chests; but upon the completion of the room to receive them, "they were put into pews or studies, and chained to them." Wood's *History of the University of Oxford*, vol. ii., p. 911. Gutch's edit. De Bury's *Philobiblion*, from which so much has been extracted, is said by Morhof to "savor somewhat of the rudeness of the age, but is rather elegantly written; and many things are well expressed in it relating to bibliothecism." *Polyhist. Literar.*, vol. i., 187. The real author is supposed to have been Robert Holcott, a Dominican friar. I am, however, loth to suppress a part of what Warton has so pleasantly written (as above alluded to by Lysander) respecting such a favourite as DE BURY. "Richard de Bury, otherwise called Richard Aungervylle, is said to have alone possessed more books than all the bishops of England together. Beside the fixed libraries which he had formed in his several palaces, the floor of his common

apartment was so covered with books that those who entered could not with due reverence approach his presence. He kept binders, illuminators, and writers, in his palaces. Petrarch says that he had once a conversation with him, concerning the island called by the ancients Thule; calling him 'virum ardentis ingenii.' While chancellor and treasurer, instead of the usual presents and new-year's gifts appendant to his office, he chose to receive those perquisites in books. By the favour of Edward III. he gained access to the libraries of most of the capital monasteries; where he shook off the dust from volumes, preserved in chests and presses, which had not been opened for many ages." *Philobiblion*, cap. 29, 30.—Warton also quotes, in English, a part of what had been already presented to the reader in its original Latin form. *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, vol. i., Diss. II., note g., sign. h. 4. Prettily painted as is this picture, by Warton, the colouring might have been somewhat heightened, and the effect rendered still more striking, in consequence, if the authority and the words of Godwyn had been a little attended to. In this latter's *Catalogue of the Bishops of England*, p. 524-5, edit. 1601, we find that De Bury was the son of one SIR RICHARD ANGARUILL, knight: "that he saith of himselfe 'exstatico quodam librorum amore potenter se abreptum'—that he was mightily carried away, and even beside himself, with immoderate love of bookes and desire of reading. He had alwaies in

his house many chaplaines, all great schollers. His manner was, at dinner and supper-time, to haue some good booke read unto him, whereof he would discourse with his chaplaines a great part of the day following, if busines interrupted not his course. He was very bountiful unto the poore. Weekely he bestowed for their reliefe, 8 quarters of wheat made into bread, beside the offall and fragments of his tables. Riding betweene Newcastle and Durham he would give 8*l.* in almes; from Durham to Stocton, 5*l.*: from Durham to Aukland, 5 marks; from Durham to Middleham, 5*l.*" &c. This latter is the "pars melior" of every human being; and bibliomaniacs seem to have possessed it as largely as any other tribe of mortals. I have examined Richardson's magnificent reprint of Godwyn's book, in the Latin tongue, London, 1743, folio; p. 747; and find nothing worth adding to the original text.

LOREN. The task we have imposed upon you, my good Lysander, would be severe indeed if you were to notice, with minute exactness, all the book-anecdotes of the middle ages. You have properly introduced the name and authority of Warton; but if you suffered yourself to be beguiled by his enchanting style, into all the bibliographical gossiping of this period, you would have no mercy upon your lungs, and there would be no end to the disquisition.

LYSAND. Forgive me, if I have transgressed the boundaries of good sense or good breeding: it was not my intention to make a "*Concio ad Aulam*"—as worthy old Bishop Saunderson was fond of making—but simply to state facts, or indulge in book chit-chat, as my memory served me.

LIS. Nay, Lorenzo, do not disturb the stream of Lysander's eloquence. I could listen 'till "Jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain."

PHIL. You are a little unconscionable, Lisardo: but I apprehend Lorenzo meant only to guard Lysander against that minuteness of narration which takes us into every library and every study of the period at which we are arrived. If I recollect aright, Warton was obliged to restrain himself in the same cause.[267]

[267] The part alluded to, in Warton, is at the commencement of his second Dissertation "On the Introduction of Learning into Great Britain." After rambling with the utmost felicity, among the libraries, and especially the monastic ones, of the earlier and middle ages—he thus checks himself by saying, that "in pursuit of these anecdotes, he is imperceptibly seduced into later periods, or rather is deviating from his subject."

LOREN. It belongs to me, Lysander, to solicit your forgiveness. If you are not tired with the discussion of such a various and extensive subject (and more particularly from the energetic manner in which it is conducted on your part), rely upon it that your auditors cannot possibly feel *ennui*. Every thing before us partakes of your enthusiasm: the wine becomes mellower, and sparkles with a ruddier glow; the flavour of the fruit is improved; and the scintillations of your conversational eloquence are scattered amidst my books, my busts, and my pictures. Proceed, I entreat you; but first, accept my libation offered up at the shrine of an offended deity.

LYSAND. You do me, and the *Bibliomania*, too much honour. If my blushes do not overpower me, I will proceed: but first, receive the attestation of the deity that he is no longer affronted with you. I drink to your health and long life!—and proceed:

If, among the numerous and gorgeous books which now surround us, it should be my good fortune to put my hand upon one, however small or imperfect, which could give us some account of the *History of British Libraries*, it would save me a great deal of trouble, by causing me to maintain at least a chronological consistency in my discourse. But, since this cannot be—since, with all our love of books and of learning, we have this pleasing desideratum yet to be supplied—I must go on, in my usual

desultory manner, in rambling among libraries, and discoursing about books and book-collectors. As we enter upon the reign of HENRY IV., we cannot avoid the mention of that distinguished library hunter, and book describer, JOHN BOSTON of Bury;[268] who may justly be considered the Leland of his day. Gale, if I recollect rightly, unaccountably describes his bibliomaniacal career as having taken place in the reign of Henry VII.; but Bale and Pits, from whom Tanner has borrowed his account, unequivocally affix the date of 1410 to Boston's death; which is three years before the death of Henry. It is allowed, by the warmest partizans of the reformation, that the dissolution of the monastic libraries has unfortunately rendered the labours of Boston of scarcely any present utility.

[268] It is said of BOSTON that he visited almost every public library, and described the titles of every book therein, with punctilious accuracy. Pits (593) calls him "vir pius, litteratus, et bonarum litterarum fautor ac promotor singularis." Bale (p. 549, edit. 1559) has even the candour to say, "mirâ sedulitate et diligentia omnes omnium regni monasteriorum bibliothecas invisit: librorum collegit titulos, et authorum eorum nomina: quæ omnia alphabetico disposuit ordine, et quasi unam omnium bibliothecam fecit." What Lysander observes above is very true: "non

enim dissimulanda (says Gale) monasteriorum subversio, quæ brevi spatio subsecuta est—libros omnes dispersit et BOSTONI providam diligentiam, maxima ex parte, inutilem reddidit." *Rer. Anglicar. Scrip. Vet.*, vol. iii., præf. p. 1. That indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Hearne, acknowledges that, in spite of all his researches in the Bodleian library, he was scarcely able to discover any thing of Boston's which related to Benedictus Abbas —and still less of his own compositions. *Bened. Abbat.* vol. i., præf. p. xvii. It is a little surprising that Leland should have omitted to notice him. But the reader should consult Tanner's *Bibl. Britan.*, p. xvii., 114.

There is a curious anecdote of this period in Rymer's Fœdera,[269] about taking off the duty upon *six barrels of books*, sent by a Roman Cardinal to the prior of the Conventual church of St. Trinity, Norwich. These barrels, which lay at the custom-house, were imported duty free; and I suspect that Henry's third son, the celebrated John Duke of Bedford, who was then a lad, and just beginning to feed his bibliomaniacal appetite, had some hand in interceding with his father for the redemption of the duty.

[269] Vol. viii., p. 501. It is a Clause Roll

of the 9th of Henry IV. A.D. 1407: "De certis Libris, absque Custumenda solvenda, liberandis;" and affords too amusing a specimen of custom-house latinity to be withheld from the reader. "Mandamus vobis, quod certos libros *in sex Barellis contentos*, Priori qt Conventui Ecclesiæ Sanctæ Trinitatis Norwici, per quendam Adam nuper Cardinalem legatos, et in portum civitatis nostræ predictæ (Londinensis) ab urbe Romanâ jam adductos, præfato, Priori, absque Custuma seu subsidio inde ad opus nostrum capiendis, liberetis indilate," &c.

LIS. This DUKE OF BEDFORD was the most notorious bibliomaniac as well as warrior of his age; and, when abroad, was indefatigable in stirring up the emulation of Flemish and French artists, to execute for him the most splendid books of devotion. I have heard great things of what goes by the name of *The Bedford Missal*! [270]

[270] This missal, executed under the eye and for the immediate use of the famous John, Duke of Bedford (regent of France), and Jane (the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy) his wife, was, at the beginning of the 18th century, in the magnificent library of Harley, Earl of Oxford. It afterwards came into the collection of his daughter, the well-known Duchess of

Portland; at whose sale, in 1786, it was purchased by Mr. Edwards for 215 guineas; and 500 guineas have been, a few years ago, offered for this identical volume. It is yet the property of this last mentioned gentleman. Among the pictures in it, there is an interesting one of the whole length portraits of the Duke and Duchess;—the head of the former of which has been enlarged and engraved by Vertue for his portraits to illustrate the History of England. The missal frequently displays the arms of these noble personages; and also affords a pleasing testimony of the affectionate gallantry of the pair; the motto of the former being "A VOUS ENTIER:" that of the latter, "J'EN SUIS CONTENTE." There is a former attestation in the volume, of its having been given by the Duke to his nephew, Henry VI. as "a most suitable present." But the reader shall consult (if he can procure it) Mr. Gough's curious little octavo volume written expressly upon the subject.

LYSAND. And not greater than what merits to be said of it. I have seen this splendid bijou in the charming collection of our friend ——. It is a small thick folio, highly illuminated; and displaying, as well in the paintings as in the calligraphy, the graphic powers of that age, which had not yet witnessed even the dry pencil of Perugino. More gorgeous, more beautifully elaborate, and more correctly

graceful, missals may be in existence; but a more curious, interesting, and perfect specimen, of its kind, is no where to be seen: the portraits of the Duke and of his royal brother Henry V. being the best paintings known of the age. 'Tis, in truth, a lovely treasure in the book way; and it should sleep every night upon an eider-down pillow encircled with emeralds!

LIS. Hear him—hear him! Lysander must be a collateral descendant of this noble bibliomaniac, whose blood, now circulating in his veins, thus moves him to "discourse most eloquently."

LYSAND. Banter as you please; only "don't disturb the stream of my eloquence."

The period of this distinguished nobleman was that in which book-collecting began to assume a fixed and important character in this country. Oxford saw a glimmering of civilization dawning in her obscured atmosphere. A short but dark night had succeeded the patriotic efforts of De Bury; whose curious volumes, bequeathed to Trinity College, had laid in a melancholy and deserted condition 'till they were kept company by those of COBHAM, Bishop of Worcester, REDE, Bishop of Chichester, and HUMPHREY the good Duke of Gloucester.[271] Now began the fashion (and may it never fall to decay!) of making presents to public libraries:—but, during the short and splendid career of HENRY V., learning yielded

to arms: the reputation of a scholar to that of a soldier. I am not aware of any thing at this period, connected with the subject of our discourse, that deserves particular mention; although we ought never to name this illustrious monarch, or to think of his matchless prowess in arms, without calling to mind how he adorned the rough character of a soldier by the manners of a prince, the feelings of a Christian, and, I had almost said, the devotion of a saint.

[271] We will first notice COBHAM, Bishop of Worcester: who "having had a great desire to show some love to his mother the university of Oxford, began, about the year 1320, to build, or at least to make some reparations for *a Library*, over the old congregation house in the north church-yard of St. Mary's; but he dying soon after, before any considerable matter was done therein, left certain moneys for the carrying on of the work, and all his books, with others that had been lately procured, to be, with those belonging to the university (as yet kept in chests) reposed therein." Some controversy afterwards arising between the University and Oriel College, to which latter Cobham belonged, the books lay in dreary and neglected state till 1367; when a room having been built for their reception, it was settled that they "should be reposed and chained in the said room or solar; that the scholars of the

University should have free ingress and regress, at certain times, to make proficiency in them; that certain of the said books, of greater price, should be sold, till the sum of *l.* 40 was obtained for them (unless other remedy could be found) with which should be bought an yearly rent of *l.* 3, for the maintenance of a chaplain, that should pray for the soul of the said bishop, and other benefactors of the University both living and dead, and have the custody or oversight of the said books, and of those in the ancient chest of books, and chest of rolls." Wood's *Hist. of the University of Oxford*, vol. ii., pt. ii., 911. Gutch's edit. WILLIAM REDE, or READ, bishop of Chichester, "sometimes Fellow (of Merton College) gave a chest with *l.* 100 in gold in it, to be borrowed by the Fellows for their relief; bond being first given in by them to repay it at their departure from the college; or, in case they should die, to be paid by their executors: A.D. 1376. He also built, about the same time, *a Library* in the college; being the first that the society enjoyed, and gave books thereunto." Wood's *History of the Colleges and Halls*, p. 15, Gutch's edit. In Mr. Nicholl's *Appendix to the History of Leicester*, p. 105, note 20, I find some account of this distinguished literary character, taken from Tanner's *Bibl. Britan.*, p. 618. He is described, in both authorities, as being a very learned Fellow of Merton College, where he built and furnished *a noble library*; on the wall of which was painted his portrait, with this inscription: "GULIELMUS REDÆUS,

EPISCOPUS CICESTRENSIS, MAGISTER IN THEOLOGIA, PROFUNDUS ASTRONOMUS, QUONDAM SOCIUS ISTIUS COLLEGII, QUI HANC LIBRARIAM fiERI FECIT." Many of Read's mathematical instruments, as well as his portrait, were preserved in the library when Harrison wrote his description of England, prefix'd to Holinshed's Chronicles; some of the former of which came into the possession of the historian. For thus writes Harrison: "William Read, sometime fellow of Merteine college in Oxford, doctor of divinitie, and the most profound astronomer that liued in his time, as appeareth by his collection, which some time I did possesse; his image is yet in the librarie there; and manie instruments of astronomie reserued in that house," &c. *Chronicles* (1587), edit. 1807, vol. i., p. 237. In the year 1808, when I visited the ancient and interesting brick-floored library of Merton College, for the purpose of examining early printed books, I looked around in vain for the traces, however faded, of Read's portrait: nor could I discover a single vestige of the BIBLIOTHECA READIANA! The memory of this once celebrated bishop lives therefore only in what books have recorded of him; and this brief and *verbal picture* of Read is here drawn—as was the more finished resemblance of Chaucer by the pencil, which Occleve has left behind—

That thei that have of him lost thoute and mynde
By this peinture may ageine him fynde.

HUMPHREY, Duke of GLOUCESTER, "commonly called *the good*, was youngest brother to Henry V. and the first founder of the university library in Oxford, which was pillaged of the greater part of its books in the reign of Edward the Sixth." Park's edit. of the *Royal and Noble Authors*; vol. i., 198. "As for the books which he gave (says Wood) they were very many, more by far than authors report; for whereas 'tis said he gave 129, you shall find anon that they were more than treble the number." The Duke's first gift, in 1439, of one hundred and twenty-nine treatises, was worth, according to Wood, a thousand pounds. All his book presents, "amounting to above 600 (mostly treating of divinity, physic, history, and humanity) which were from several parts of the world obtained, were transmitted to the university, and for the present laid up in chests in Cobham's library. The catalogue also of them which were then sent, and the indentures for the receipt of the said books, were laid up in the chest called *Cista Librorum et Rotulorum*." *History* (or Annals) *of the University of Oxford*; vol. ii., pt. ii., 914. Gutch's edit. Consult also the recent and very amusing *History of the same University*, by Mr. A. Chalmers, vol. ii., p. 459. Leland has not forgotten this distinguished bibliomaniac; for he thus lauds him in roman verse:

Tam clari meminit viri togata
Rectè Gallia; tum chorus suavis
Cygnorum Isidis ad vadum incolentûm
Cui magnum numerum dedit BONORUM
LIBRORUM, statuitque sanctiori
Divinus studio scholæ theatrum;
Nostro quale quidem videtur esse
Magnum tempore, forsan et futuro
Cygn. Cant. Vide Lelandi Itinerarium
Curâ Hearne; edit. 1770, vol. ix., p. 17.

The reign of his successor, HENRY VI., was the reign of trouble and desolation. It is not to be wondered that learning drooped, and religion "waxed faint," 'midst the din of arms and the effusion of human blood. Yet towards the close of this reign some attempt was made to befriend the book cause; for the provost and fellows of Eton and Cambridge petitioned the king to assist them in increasing the number of books in their libraries;[272] but the result of this petition has never, I believe, been known.

[272] In the manuscript history of Eton College, in the British Museum (*MSS. Donat.* 4840, p. 154.), the Provost and Fellows of Eton and Cambridge are stated, in the 25th of Henry the Sixth, to have petitioned the king that, as these new colleges were not sufficiently seised of books for divine service, and for their libraries, he would be pleased to order one

of his chaplains, Richard Chestre, "to take to him such men as shall be seen to him expedient in order to get knowledge where such bookes may be found, paying a reasonable price for the same, and that the sayd men might have the first choice of such bookes, ornaments, &c., before any man, and in especiall of all manner of bookes, ornaments, and other necessaries as now *late were perteynyng to the Duke of Gloucester*, and that the king would particular(ly) cause to be employed herein John Pye his stacioner of London." For this anecdote I am indebted to Sir H. Ellis. See also the interesting note in Warton's *Hist. Engl. Poet.*, diss. ii., sign. f. 2.

I had nearly passed through the reign of Henry the Sixth without noticing the very meritorious labours of a sort of precursor of Dean Colet; I mean, SIR WALTER SHERINGTON. He was a most assiduous bibliomaniac;[273] and, in the true spirit of ancient monachism, conceived that no cathedral could be perfect without a library. Accordingly, he not only brought together an extraordinary number of curious books, but framed laws or regulations concerning the treatment of the books, and the hours of perusing them; which, if I can trust to my memory, are rather curious, and worth your examination. They are in Hearne's edition of the Antiquities of Glastonbury, composed in our own language.

[273] "Over the east quadrant of this (great) cloyster (on the north side of this church) was a fayre librarie, builded at the costes and charges of (Sir) WALTAR SHERINGTON, chancellor of the duchie of Lancaster, in the raigne of Henrie the 6. which hath beene well furnished with faire written books IN VELLEM: but few of them now do remaine there." *Antiquities of Glastonbury*; Hearne's edit. 1722; p. 308.

Regulations concerning Sherington's Library.

"Quodque dicta libraria, hostiis ipsius per præfatos capellanos custodes ejusdem, et eorum successores, aut alterum ipsorum, apertis singulis diebus profestis annuatim á festo Nativ. beat. Mar. Virg. usque festum Annunciacionis ejusdem, ob ortu solis, donec hora nona post altam missam de servicio diei in dicta ecclesiâ cathedrali finiatur: et iterum ab hora prima post meridiem usque ad finem completorii in eadem ecclesia cathedrali, vel saltem usque ad occasum solis per eosdem, seu eorum alterum, sic continue diligenter custodiatur. Et eciam singulis diebus profestis annuatim, ab eodem festo Annunciacionis beatæ Mariæ Virginis usque ad prædictum festum nativitatis ejusdem, ab hora diei sexta, donec hora nona post altam missam in dicta ecclesia cathedrali, et iterum ab hora prima post meridiem quosque completorium in eadem ecclesia cathedrali finiatur, per præfatos capellanos, seu eorum alterum et successores suos custodes dictæ librariæ

debitè et diligenter aperta, custodiatur, nisi causa racionabilis hoc fieri impediat. Ita quod nullum dampnum eidem librariæ aut in libris, aut in hostiis, seruris vel fenestris vitreis ejusdem, ex negligencia dictorum capellanorum aut successorum suorum custodum dictæ librariæ evenire contingat. Et si quid dampnum hujusmodi in præmissis, seu aliquo præmissorum, per negligenciam ipsorum capellanorum, seu eorum alterius, aut successorum suorum quoque modo imposterum evenerit, id vel ipsa dampnum aut dampna recompensare, emendare et satisfacere, tociens quociens contigerit, de salariis seu stipendiis suis propriis, auctoritate et judicio dictorum Decani et Capituli, debeant et teneantur, ut est justum. Ceteris vero diebus, noctibus et temporibus hostia prædicta, cum eorum seruris et clavibus, omnino sint clausa et secure serata." *Id.*: p. 193.

We now enter upon the reign of an active and enterprising monarch; who, though he may be supposed to have cut his way to the throne by his sword, does not appear to have persecuted the cause of learning; but rather to have looked with a gracious eye upon its operations by means of the press. In the reign of EDWARD IV., our venerable and worthy Caxton fixed the first press that ever was set to work in this country, in the abbey of Westminster. Yes, Lorenzo; now commenced more decidedly, the æra of BIBLIOMANIA! Now the rich, and comparatively

poor, began to build them small *Book Rooms* or *Libraries*. At first, both the architecture and furniture were sufficiently rude, if I remember well the generality of wood cuts of ancient book-boudoirs:—a few simple implements only being deemed necessary; and a three-legged stool, "in fashion square or round," as Cowper[274] says, was thought luxury sufficient for the hard student to sit upon. Now commenced a general love and patronage of books: now (to borrow John Fox's language) "tongues became known, knowledge grew, judgment increased, BOOKS WERE DISPERSED, the scripture was read, stories were opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected, and with finger pointed (at)—and all, THROUGH THE BENEfiT OF PRINTING."[275]

[274] The entire passage is worth extraction: as it well describes many an old stool which has served for many a studious philosopher:

"Joint stools were then created: on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms.
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated sore,
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through."
Task: b. i., v. 19, &c.

It had escaped the amiable and sagacious author of these verses that such tripodical seats were frequently introduced into OLD BOOK-ROOMS; as the subjoined print—which gives us also a curious picture of one of the libraries alluded to by Lysander—may serve to shew:



Revelaciones Sancte Birgitte; ed. 1521, sign. z. 3 rev.

[275] *Book of Martyrs*, vol. i., p. 927; edit. 1641.

LIS. Now you have arrived at this period, pray concentrate your anecdotes into a reasonable compass. As you have inveigled us into the printing-office of Caxton, I am fearful, from your strong attachment to him, that we shall not get over the threshhold of it, into the open air again, until midnight.

PHIL. Order, order, Lisardo! This is downright rudeness. I appeal to the chair!—

LORENZ. Lisardo is unquestionably

reprehensible. His eagerness makes him sometimes lose sight of good breeding.

LYSAND. I was going to mention some *Vellum* and *Presentation* copies—but I shall hurry forward.

LIS. Nay, if you love me, omit nothing about "vellum and presentation copies." Speak at large upon these glorious subjects.

LYSAND. Poor Lisardo!—we must build an iron cage to contain such a book-madman as he promises to become!

PHIL. Proceed, dear Lysander, and no longer heed these interruptions.

LYSAND. Nay, I was only about to observe that, as Caxton is known to have printed *upon vellum*, [276] it is most probable that one of his presentation copies of the romances of *Jason and Godfrey of Boulogne* (executed under the patronage of Edward IV.), might have been printed in the same manner. Be this as it may, it seems reasonable to conclude that Edward the Fourth was not only fond of books, as objects of beauty or curiosity, but that he had some affection for literature and literary characters; for how could the firm friend and generous patron of TIPTOFT, EARL of WORCESTER—with whom this monarch had spent many a studious, as well as jovial, hour—be insensible to the charms of intellectual refinement! Pause we here for one moment—and let us pour the juice

of the blackest grape upon the votive tablet, consecrated to the memory of this illustrious nobleman! and, as Caxton has become so fashionable[277] among us, I will read to you, from yonder beautiful copy of his English edition of "*Tully upon Friendship*," a part of our printer's affecting eulogy upon the translator:—"O good blessed Lord God, what great loss was it of that noble, virtuous, and well-disposed lord! When I remember and advertise his life, his science, and his virtue, me thinketh God not displeased over a great loss of such a man, considering his estate and cunning," &c. "At his death every man that was there, might learn to die and take his (own) death patiently; wherein I hope and doubt not, but that God received his soul into his everlasting bliss. For as I am informed he right advisedly ordained all his things, as well for his last will of worldly goods, as for his soul's health; and patiently, and holily, without grudging, in charity, to fore that he departed out of this world: which is gladsome and joyous to hear."—What say you to this specimen of Caxtonian eloquence?

[276] Consult the recent edition of the *Typographical Antiquities* of our own country: vol. i., p. 56, 137, 268.

[277] As a proof of the ardour with which the books printed by him are now sought after, the reader shall judge for himself—when he is informed that an imperfect

copy of the *Golden Legend*, one of Caxton's commonest productions, produced at a book sale, a few months ago, the sum of *twenty-seven* guineas!

LIS. It has a considerable merit; but my attention has been a good deal diverted, during your appropriate recital of it, to the beautiful condition of the copy. Thrice happy Lorenzo! what sum will convey this volume to my own library!

LOREN. No offer, in the shape of money, shall take it hence. I am an enthusiast in the cause of Tiptoft; and am always upon the watch to discover any volume, printed by Caxton, which contains the composition of the hapless Earl of Worcester! Dr. Henry has spoken so handsomely of him, and Mr. Park, in his excellent edition of Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors,[278] has made his literary character so interesting that, considering the dearth of early good English authors,[279] I know of no other name that merits greater respect and admiration.

[278] Vol i., p. 200, &c. *History of Great Britain*, by Dr. Henry, vol. x., p. 143, &c.

[279] "In the library of Glastonbury abbey, in 1248, there were but four books in Engleish, &c. We have not a single

historian, in Engleish prose, before the reign of Richard the Second; when John Treviza translateëd the Polychronicon of Randal Higden. Boston of Bury, who seems to have consulted all the monasterys in Engleland, does not mention one author who had written in Engleish; and Bale, at a lateër period, has, comparatively, but an insignificant number: nor was Leland so fortunate as to find above two or three Engleish books, in the monastick and other librarys, which he rummage'd, and explore'd, under the king's commission." Ritson's Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy: prefixed to his *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romanceës*, vol. i., p. lxxxi.

LYSAND. True; and this nobleman's attention to the acquisition of fine and useful books, when he was abroad, for the benefit of his own country,[280] gives him a distinguished place in the list of BIBLIOMANIACS. I dare say Lisardo would give some few hundred guineas for his bust, executed by Flaxman, standing upon a pedestal composed of the original editions of his works, bound in grave-coloured morocco by his favourite Faulkener?[281]

[280] Dr. Henry's *History of Great Britain*; *ibid.*: from which a copious note has been given in the new edition of our *Typographical Antiquities*; vol. i., p. 127, &c.

[281] Henry Faulkener, no. 4, George Court, near the Adelphi, in the Strand. An honest, industrious, and excellent book-binder: who, in his mode of re-binding ancient books is not only scrupulously particular in the preservation of that important part of a volume, the margin; but, in his ornaments of tooling, is at once tasteful and exact. Notwithstanding these hard times, and rather a slender bodily frame, and yet more slender purse—with five children, and the prospect of five more —honest Mr. Faulkener is in his three-pair-of-stairs confined workshop by five in the morning winter and summer, and oftentimes labours 'till twelve at night. Severer toil, with more uniform good humour and civility in the midst of all his embarrassments, were never perhaps witnessed in a brother of the ancient and respectable craft of *Book-binding*!

LIS. I entreat you not to inflame my imagination by such tantalizing pictures! You know this must ever be a fiction: the most successful bibliomaniac never attained to such human happiness.

PHIL. Leave Lisardo to his miseries, and proceed.

LYSAND. I have supposed Edward to have spent some jovial hours with this unfortunate nobleman. It is thought that our monarch and

he partook of the superb feast which was given by the famous NEVELL, archbishop of York, at the inthronization of the latter; and I am curious to know of what the library of such a munificent ecclesiastical character was composed! But perhaps this feast itself[282] is one of Lisardo's fictions.

[282] Lysander is perfectly correct about the feast which was given at the archbishop's inthronization; as the particulars of it—"out of an old paper roll in the archives of the Bodleian library," are given by Hearne in the sixth volume of *Leland's Collectanea*, p. 1-14: and a most extraordinary and amusing bill of fare it is. The last twenty dinners given by the Lord Mayors at Guildhall, upon the first day of their mayoralties, were only *sandwiches*—compared with such a repast! What does the reader think of 2000 chickens, 4000 pigeons, 4000 coneys, 500 "and mo," stags, bucks, and roes, with 4000 "pasties of venison colde?"—and these barely an 18th part of the kind of meats served up! At the high table our amiable EARL of WORCESTER was seated, with the Archbishop, three Bishops, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Oxford. The fictitious archiepiscopal feast was the one intended to be given by NEVELL to Edward IV.; when the latter "appointed a day to come to hunt in More in Hertfordshire, and make merry with him." Nevell made

magnificent preparations for the royal visit; but instead of receiving the monarch as a guest, he was saluted by some of his officers, who "arrested him for treason," and imprisoned him at Calais and Guisnes. The cause of this sudden, and apparently monstrous, conduct, on the part of Edward, has not been told by Stow (*Chronicles*, p. 426; edit. 1615), nor by Godwyn, (*Catalogue of the Bishops of England*, p. 481, edit. 1601): both of whom relate the fact with singular naiveté. I have a strong suspicion that Nevell was so far a bibliomaniac as to have had a curious collection of *astrological books*; for "there was greate correspondency betweene this Archbishop and the Hermetique philosophers of his time; and this is partly confirmed to me from Ripley's dedication of his '*Medulla*' to him, ann. 1746; as also the presentation of Norton's '*Ordinall*,'" &c. Thus writes Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 455.

Enough has probably been said of Edward. We will stop, therefore, but a minute, to notice the completion of the HUMPHREY LIBRARY, and the bibliomaniacal spirit of master RICHARD COURTNEY,[283] during the same reign; and give but another minute to the mention of the statute of RICHARD III. in protection of English printers,[284] when we reach the AUGUSTAN BOOK-AGE, in the reign of HENRY VII.

[283] Speaking of the public library of Oxford, at this period, Hearne tells us, from a letter sent by him to Thomas Baker, that there was "a chaplein of the Universitie chosen, after the maner of a Bedell, and to him was the custodie of the librarye committed, his stipend—cvis. and viiid. his apparell found him *de secta generosorum*. No man might come in to studdie but graduats and thoes of 8 years contynuance in the Universitie, except noblemen. All that come in must firste sweare to use the bookes well, and not to deface theim, and everye one after at his proceedings must take the licke othe. Howers apoynted when they shuld come in to studdie, viz. betwene ix and xi aforenoone, and one and four afternoone, the keper geving attendaunce: yet a prerogative was graunted the chancelour MR. RICHARD COURTNEY to come in when he pleased, during his own lieffe, so it was in the day-tyme: and the cause seemeth, that he was CHEIFFE CAWSER AND SETTER ON OF THE LIBRARYE." *Curious Discourses by Eminent Antiquaries*; vol. ii., p. 410., edit. 1775.

[284] See page 114, ante. When Lysander talks, above, of the reign of Henry the Seventh being the "AUGUSTAN AGE for BOOKS," he must be supposed to allude to the facility and beauty of publishing them by means of THE PRESS: for at this period, abroad, the typographical productions of Verard, Eustace, Vostre, Bonfons,

Pigouchet, Regnier, and many others ("quæ nunc perscribere longum est") were imitated, and sometimes equalled by W. de Worde, Pynson, and Notary, at home. In regard to *intellectual* fame, if my authority be good, "in the reign of Henry VII. Greek was a stranger in both universities; and so little even of Latin had Cambridge, of its own growth, that it had not types sufficient to furnish out the common letters and epistles of the University. They usually employed an Italian, one Caius Auberinus, to compose them, whose ordinarry fee was twentypence a letter." (MSS. in Benet College Library, lib. P. p. 194,) *Ridley's Life of Ridley*, p. 22. "Greek began to be taught in both universities: quietly at Cambridge, but ('Horresco referens!') with some tumult at Oxford!" *ibid.*

PHIL. Before we proceed to discuss the bibliomaniacal ravages of this age, we had better retire, with Lorenzo's leave, to the DRAWING-ROOM; to partake of a beverage less potent than that which is now before us.

LORENZ. Just as you please. But I should apprehend that Lysander could hold out 'till he reached the Reformation;—and, besides, I am not sure whether our retreat be quite ready for us.

LIS. Pray let us not take leave of all these

beauteous books, and busts, and pictures, just at present. If Lysander's lungs will bear him out another twenty minutes, we shall, by that time, have reached the Reformation; and then "our retreat," as Lorenzo calls it, may be quite ready for our reception.

LYSAND. Settle it between yourselves. But I think I could hold out for another twenty minutes—since you will make me your only book-orator.

LORENZ. Let it be so, then. I will order the lamps to be lit; so that Lisardo may see his favourite Wouvermans and Berghems, in company with my romances, (which latter are confined in my satin-wood book-case) to every possible degree of perfection!

LYSAND. Provided you indulge me also with a sight of these delightful objects, you shall have what you desire:—and thus I proceed:

Of the great passion of HENRY THE VIITH for fine books, even before he ascended the throne of England,[285] there is certainly no doubt. And while he was king, we may judge, even from the splendid fragments of his library, which are collected in the British Museum, of the nicety of his taste, and of the soundness of his judgment. That he should love extravagant books of devotion,[286] as well as histories and chronicles, must be considered the fault of the age, rather than of the individual. I will not,

however, take upon me to say that the slumbers of this monarch were disturbed in consequence of the extraordinary and frightful passages, which, accompanied with bizarre cuts,[287] were now introduced into almost every work, both of ascetic divinity and also of plain practical morality. His predecessor, Richard, had in all probability been alarmed by the images which the reading of these books had created; and I guess that it was from such frightful objects, rather than from the ghosts of his murdered brethren, that he was compelled to pass a sleepless night before the memorable battle of Bosworth Field. If one of those artists who used to design the horrible pictures which are engraved in many old didactic volumes of this period had ventured to take a peep into Richard's tent, I question whether he would not have seen, lying upon an oaken table, an early edition of some of those fearful works of which he had himself aided in the embellishment, and of which Heinecken has given us such curious fac-similes:[288]—and this, in my humble apprehension, is quite sufficient to account for all the terrible workings in Richard, which Shakespeare has so vividly described.

[285] Mr. Heber has a fine copy of one of the volumes of a black-letter edition of Froissart, printed by Eustace, upon the exterior of the binding of which are HENRY'S arms, with his name—HENRICVS DVX RICHMVNDIÆ. The very view of such a book, while it gives comfort to a low-spirited bibliomaniac, adds energy to the perseverance of a young collector! the latter of whom fondly, but vainly, thinks he may one day be blessed with a similar treasure!

[286] The possession of such a volume as "*The Revelations of the monk of Euesham*" (vide vol. ii., of the new edition of *Brit. Typog. Antiquities*), is evidence sufficient of Henry's attachment to extravagant books of devotion.

[287] It is certainly one of the comforts of modern education, that girls and boys have nothing to do, even in the remotest villages, with the perusal of such books as were put into the juvenile hands of those who lived towards the conclusion of the 15th century. One is at a loss to conceive how the youth of that period could have ventured at night out of doors, or slept alone in a darkened room, without being frightened out of their wits! Nor could maturer life be uninfluenced by reading such volumes as are alluded to in the text: and as to the bed of death—*that* must have sometimes shaken the stoutest faith, and

disturbed the calmest piety. For what can be more terrible, and at the same time more audacious, than human beings arrogating to themselves the powers of the deity, and denouncing, in equivocal cases, a certainty and severity of future punishment, equally revolting to scripture and common sense? To drive the timid into desperation, and to cut away the anchor of hope from the rational believer, seem, among other things, to have been the objects of these "ascetic" authors; while the pictures, which were suffered to adorn their printed works, confirmed the wish that, where the reader might not comprehend the text, he could understand its illustration by means of a print. I will give two extracts, and one of these "bizarre cuts," in support of the preceding remarks. At page 168, ante, the reader will find a slight mention of the subject: he is here presented with a more copious illustration of it. "In likewise there is none that may declare the piteous and horrible cries and howlings the which that is made in hell, as well of devils as of other damned. And if that a man demand what they say in crying; the answer: All the damned curseth the Creator. Also they curse together as their father and their mother, and the hour that they were begotten, and that they were born, and that they were put unto nourishing, and those that them should correct and teach, and also those the which have been the occasion of their sins, as the bawd, cursed be the bawd, and also of other occasions in diverse sins. The

second cause of the cry of them damned is for the consideration that they have of the time of mercy, the which is past, in the which they may do penance and purchase paradise. The third cause is of their cry for by cause of the horrible pains of that they endure. As we may consider that if an hundred persons had every of them one foot and one hand in the fire, or in the water seething without power to die, what *bruit* and what cry they should make; but that should be less than nothing in comparison of devils and of other damned, for they ben more than an hundred thousand thousands, the which all together unto them doeth *noysaunce*, and all in one thunder crying and braying horribly."—*Thordynary of Crysten Men*, 1506, 4to., k k. ii., rect. Again: from a French work written "for the amusement of all worthy ladies and gentlemen:"

De la flamme tousiours esprise
De feu denfer qui point ne brise
De busches nest point actise
Ne de soufflemens embrase
Le feu denfer, mais est de Dieu
Cree pour estre en celuy lieu
Des le premier commencement
Sans jamais pendre finement
Illec nya point de clarte
Mais de tenebres obscurte
De peine infinie durte
De miseres eternite
Pleur et estraignement de dens
Chascun membre aura la dedans
Tourmmens selon ce qua forfait
La peine respondra au fait,
&c. &c. &c.

Le passe tempe de tout home, et de toute femme; sign. q. ii., rev.

Printed by Verard in 8vo., without date: (from a copy, printed upon vellum, in the possession of John Lewis Goldsmyd, Esq.) —The next extract is from a book which was written to amuse and instruct the common people: being called by Warton a "universal magazine of every article of salutary and useful knowledge." *Hist. Engl. Poetry*: vol. ii., 195.

In hell is great mourning
Great trouble of crying
Of thunder noises roaring
with plenty of wild fire
Beating with great strokes like guns
with a great frost in water runs
And after a bitter wind comes
which goeth through the souls with ire
There is both thirst and hunger
fiends with hooks putteth their flesh asunder
They fight and curse and each on other wonder
with the fight of the devils dreadable
There is shame and confusion
Rumour of conscience for evil living
They curse themself with great crying
In smoak and stink they be evermore lying
with other pains innumerable.

Kalendar of Shepherds. Sign G. vij. rev. Pynson's edit., fol.



Specimens of some of the tremendous cuts which are crowded into this thin folio will be seen in the second volume of the new edition of the *Typographical Antiquities*. However, that the reader's curiosity may not here be disappointed, he is presented with a similar specimen, on a smaller scale, of one of the infernal tortures above described. It is taken from a book whose title conveys something less terrific; and describes a punishment which is said to be revealed by the Almighty to St. Bridget against those who have "ornamenta indecentia in capitibus et pedibus, et reliquis membris, ad provocandum luxuriam et irritandum deum, in strictis vestibus, ostensione mamillarum, unctionibus," &c. *Revelaciones sancte Birgitte; edit. Koeberger, 1521, fol., sign. q., 7, rev.*

[288] See many of the cuts in that scarce

and highly coveted volume, entitled, "*Idée Generale d'une Collection complètte d'Estampes*." Leips. 1771, 8vo.

LIS. This is, at least, an original idea; and has escaped the sagacity of every commentator in the last twenty-one volume edition of the works of our bard.

LYSAND. But to return to Henry. I should imagine that his mind was not much affected by the perusal of this description of books: but rather that he was constantly meditating upon some old arithmetical work—the prototype of Cocker—which, in the desolation of the ensuing half century, has unfortunately perished. Yet, if this monarch be accused of avaricious propensities—if, in consequence of speculating deeply in *large paper* and *vellum* copies, he made his coffers to run over with gold—it must be remembered that he was, at the same time, a patron as well as judge of architectural artists; and while the completion of the structure of King's college Chapel, Cambridge, and the building of his own magnificent chapel[289] at Westminster (in which latter, I suspect, he had a curiously-carved gothic closet for the preservation of choice copies from Caxton's neighbouring press), afford decisive proofs of Henry's skill in matters of taste, the rivalship of printers and of book-buyers shews that the example of the monarch was greatly favourable

to the propagation of the Bibliomania. Indeed, such was the progress of the book-disease that, in the very year of Henry's death, appeared, for the first time in this country, an edition of *The Ship of Fools*—in which work, ostentatious and ignorant book-collectors[290] are, amongst other characters, severely satirized.

[289] Harpsfield speaks with becoming truth and spirit of Henry's great attention to ecclesiastical establishments: "Splendidum etiam illud sacellum westmonasterij, magno sumptu atque magnificentia ab eodem est conditum. In quod cœnobium valde fuit liberalis et munificus. Nullumque fere fuit in tota Anglia monachorum, aut fratrum cœnobium, nullum collegium, cujus preces, ad animam ipsius Deo post obitum commendandam, sedulo non expetierat. Legavit autem singulorum præfectis sex solidos et octo denarios, singulis autem eorundem presbyteris, tres solidos et quatuor denarios: ceteris non presbyteris viginti denarios." *Hist. Eccles. Anglic.*, p. 606, edit. 1622, fol.

[290] The reader is here introduced to his old acquaintance, who appeared in the title-page to my first "*Bibliomania*:"—



I am the firste fole of all the hole navy
To kepe the pompe, the helme, and eke the sayle:
For this is my mynde, this one pleasoure have I—
Of bokes to haue great plenty and aparayle.
I take no wysdome by them: nor yet avayle
Nor them perceyve nat: And then I them despyse.
Thus am I a foole, and all that serue that guyse.
Shyp of Folys, &c., *Pynson's edit.*, 1509, fol.

We have now reached the threshhold of the reign of HENRY VIII.—and of the era of THE REFORMATION. An era in every respect most important, but, in proportion to its importance, equally difficult to describe—as it operates

upon the history of the Bibliomania. Now blazed forth, but blazed for a short period, the exquisite talents of Wyatt, Surrey, Vaux, Fischer, More, and, when he made his abode with us, the incomparable Erasmus. But these in their turn.

PHIL. You omit Wolsey. Surely he knew something about books?

LYSAND. I am at present only making the sketch of my grand picture. Wolsey, I assure you, shall stand in the foreground. Nor shall the immortal Leland be treated in a less distinguished manner. Give me only "ample room and verge enough," and a little time to collect my powers, and then—

LIS. "Yes, and then"—you will infect us from top to toe with the BOOK-DISEASE!

PHIL. In truth I already begin to feel the consequence of the innumerable miasma of it, which are floating in the atmosphere of this library. I move that we adjourn to a purer air.

LYSAND. I second the motion: for, having reached the commencement of Henry's reign, it will be difficult to stop at any period in it previous to that of the Reformation.

LIS. Agreed. Thanks to the bacchanalian bounty of Lorenzo, we are sufficiently enlivened to enter yet further, and more enthusiastically, into this congenial discourse. Dame nature and

good sense equally admonish us now to depart. Let us, therefore, close the apertures of these gorgeous decanters:—

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri: sat prata bibêrunt!"





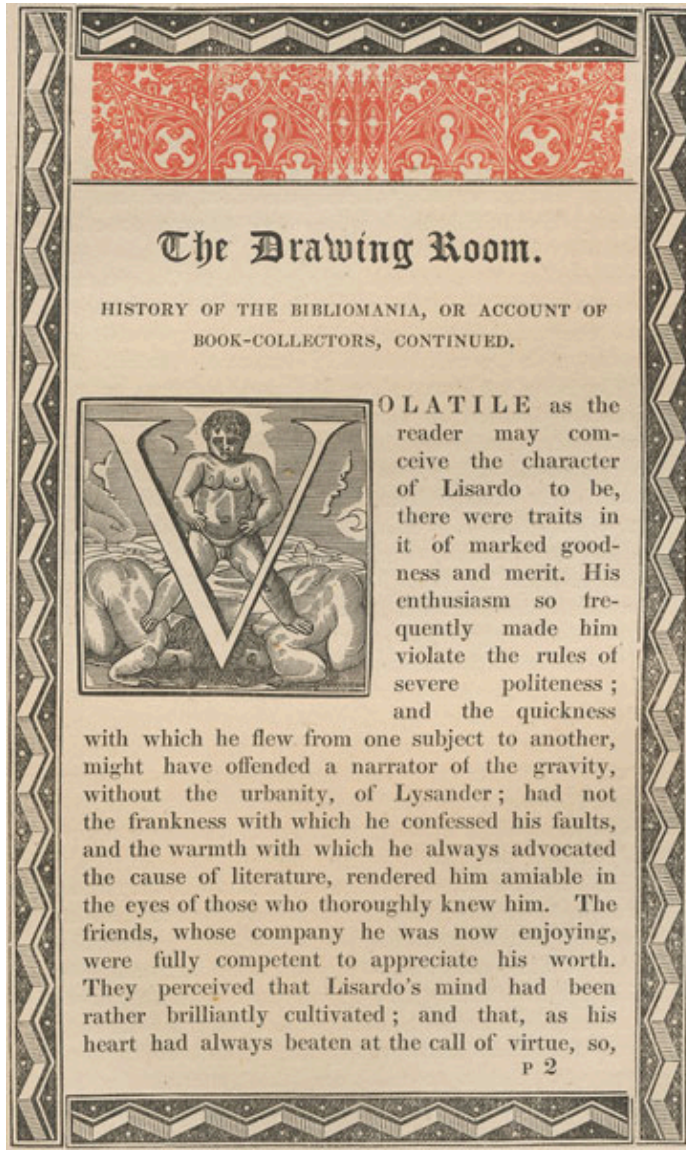
The striking device of M. MORIN, Printer, Rouen.

PART V.

The Drawing Room.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLIOMANIA, OR ACCOUNT OF BOOK COLLECTORS, CONCLUDED.

Some in Learning's garb
With formal hand, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes.
AKENSIDE; *Pleasures of Imagination*, b. iii., v. 96.



The Drawing Room.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLIOMANIA, OR ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS, CONTINUED.

VOLATILE as the reader may conceive the character of Lisardo to be, there were traits in it of marked goodness and merit. His enthusiasm so frequently made him violate the rules of severe politeness; and the quickness with which he flew from one subject to another, might have offended a narrator of the gravity, without the urbanity, of Lysander; had not the frankness with which he confessed his faults, and the warmth with which he always advocated the cause of literature, rendered him amiable in the eyes of those who thoroughly knew him. The friends, whose company he was now enjoying, were fully competent to appreciate his worth. They perceived that Lisardo's mind had been rather brilliantly cultivated; and that, as his heart had always beaten at the call of virtue, so,

[Enlarge]

The Drawing Room.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLIOMANIA, OR ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS, CONTINUED.



OLATILE as the reader may comceive the character of Lisardo to be, there were traits in it of marked goodness and merit. His enthusiasm so frequently made him violate the rules of severe politeness; and the quickness with which he flew from one subject to another, might have offended a narrator of the gravity, without the urbanity, of Lysander; had not the frankness with which he confessed his faults, and the warmth with which he always advocated the cause of literature, rendered him amiable in the eyes of those who thoroughly knew him. The

friends, whose company he was now enjoying, were fully competent to appreciate his worth. They perceived that Lisardo's mind had been rather brilliantly cultivated; and that, as his heart had always beaten at the call of virtue, so, in a due course of years, his judgment would become matured, and his opinions more decidedly fixed. He had been left, very early in life, without a father, and bred up in the expectation of a large fortune; while the excessive fondness of his mother had endeavoured to supply the want of paternal direction, and had encouraged her child to sigh for every thing short of impossibility for his gratification.

In consequence, Lisardo was placed at College upon the most respectable footing. He wore the velvet cap, and enjoyed the rustling of the tassels upon his silk gown, as he paraded the High street of Oxford. But although he could translate Tacitus and Theocritus with creditable facility, he thought it more advantageous to gratify the cravings of his body than of his mind. He rode high-mettled horses; he shot with a gun which would have delighted an Indian prince; he drank freely out of cut-glasses, which were manufactured according to his own particular taste; and wines of all colours and qualities sparkled upon his table; he would occasionally stroll into the Bodleian Library and Picture Gallery, in order to know whether any acquisitions had been recently made to them;

and attended the Concerts when any performer came down from London. Yet, in the midst of all his gaiety, Lisardo passed more sombrous than joyous hours: for when he looked into a book, he would sometimes meet with an electrical sentence from Cicero, Seneca, or Johnson, from which he properly inferred that life was uncertain, and that time was given us to prepare for eternity.

He grew dissatisfied and melancholy. He scrambled through his terms; took his degree; celebrated his anniversary of twenty-one, by drenching his native village in ale which had been brewed at his birth; added two wings to his father's house; launched out into coin and picture collecting; bought fine books with fine bindings; then sold all his coins and pictures; and, at the age of twenty-five, began to read, and think, and act for himself.

At this crisis, he became acquainted with the circle which has already been introduced to the reader's attention; and to which circle the same reader may think it high time now to return.

Upon breaking up for THE DRAWING ROOM, it was amusing to behold the vivacity of Lisardo; who, leaping about Lysander, and expressing his high gratification at the discourse he had already heard, and his pleasure at what he hoped yet to hear, reminded us of what Boswell has said of Garrick, who used to flutter about Dr. Johnson, and try to soften his severity by a

thousand winning gestures.

The doors were opened; and we walked into Lorenzo's Drawing Room. The reader is not to figure to himself a hundred fantastical and fugitive pieces of furniture, purchased at Mr. Oakley's, and set off with curtains, carpet, and looking-glasses—at a price which would have maintained a country town of seven hundred poor with bread and soup during the hardest winter—the reader will not suppose that a man of Lorenzo's taste, who called books his best wealth, would devote two thousand pounds to such idle trappings; which in the course of three years, at farthest, would lose their comfort by losing their fashion. But he will suppose that elegance and propriety were equally consulted by our host.

Accordingly, a satin-wood book-case of 14 feet in width and 11 in height, ornamented at the top with a few chaste Etruscan vases—a light blue carpet, upon which were depicted bunches of grey roses, shadowed in brown—fawn-coloured curtains, relieved with yellow silk and black velvet borders—alabaster lamps shedding their soft light upon small marble busts—and sofas and chairs corresponding with the curtains—(and upon which a visitor might sit without torturing the nerves of the owner of them) these, along with some genuine pictures of Wouvermans, Berghem, and Rysdael, and a few other (subordinate) ornaments, formed the furniture of Lorenzo's Drawing Room. As it was

en suite with the library, which was fitted up in a grave style or character, the contrast was sufficiently pleasing.

Lisardo ran immediately to the book-case. He first eyed, with a greedy velocity, the backs of the folios and quartos; then the octavos; and, mounting an ingeniously-contrived mahogany rostrum, which moved with the utmost facility, he did not fail to pay due attention to the duodecimos; some of which were carefully preserved in Russia or morocco backs, with water-tabby silk linings, and other appropriate embellishments. In the midst of his book-reverie, he heard, on a sudden, the thrilling notes of a harp—which proceeded from the further end of the library!—it being Lorenzo's custom, upon these occasions, to request an old Welch servant to bring his instrument into the library, and renew, if he could, the strains of "other times." Meanwhile the curtains were "let fall;" the sofa wheeled round;

—and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate,

with "the bubbling and loud hissing urn," "welcomed the evening in." Lorenzo brought from his library a volume of Piranesi, and another of engravings from the heads of Vandyke. Lisardo, in looking at them, beat time with his head and foot; and Philemon and Lysander acknowledged that Dr. Johnson himself could never have so much enjoyed the

beverage which was now before them.

If it should here be asked, by the critical reader, why our society is not described as being more congenial, by the presence of those "whom man was born to please," the answer is at once simple and true—Lorenzo was a bachelor; and his sisters, knowing how long and desperate would be our discussion upon the black letter and white letter, had retreated, in the morning, to spend the day with Lisardo's mother—whither —— —— had been invited to join them.

The harper had now ceased. The tea-things were moved away; when we narrowed our circle, and, two of us upon the sofa, and three upon chairs, entreated Lysander to resume his narrative; who, after "clearing his pipes (like Sir Roger de Coverley) with a loud hem or two," thus proceeded.

"I think we left off," said Lysander, "with seating HENRY THE EIGHTH upon the throne of England. It will be as well, therefore, to say something of this monarch's pretensions to scholarship and love of books. Although I will not rake together every species of abuse which has been vented against him by one Anthony Gilbie,[291] yet Henry must be severely censured, in the estimation of the most candid inquirer, for that gross indifference which he evinced to the real interests of literature, in calmly suffering the libraries of convents and

monasteries to be pillaged by the crafty and rapacious. He was bibliomaniac enough to have a few copies of his own work, in defence of the Roman Catholic exposition of the Sacrament, struck off UPON VELLUM:[292] but when he quarrelled with the Roman pontiff about his divorce from Queen Catharine, in order to marry Anne Boleyn,[293] he sounded the tocsin for the eventful destruction of all monastic libraries: and although he had sent Leland, under an express commission, to make a due examination of them, as well as a statistical survey of the realm, yet, being frustrated in the forementioned darling object, he cared for nothing about books, whether *upon vellum* or *large paper*. But had we not better speak of the book ravages, during the reformation, in their proper place?"

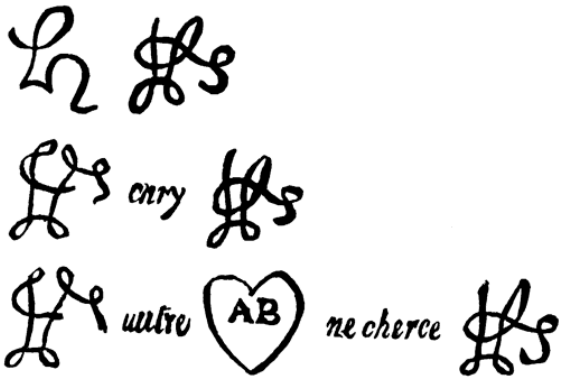
[291] "In the time (saith he) of King HENRIE THE EIGHT, when by Tindall, Frith, Bilney, and other his faithful seruantes, God called England to dresse his vineyarde, many promise ful faire, whome I coulde name, but what fruite followed? Nothing but bitter grapes, yea, bryers and brambles, the wormewood of auarice, the gall of crueltie, the poison of filthie fornication, flowing from head to fote, the contempt of God, and open defence of the cake idole, by open proclamation to be read in the churches in steede of God's Scriptures. Thus was there no reformation,

but a deformation, in the time of the tyrant and lecherouse monster. The bore I graunt was busie, wrooting and digging in the earth, and all his pigges that followed him, but they sought onely for the pleasant fruites, that they winded with their long snoutes; and for their own bellies sake, they wrooted up many weeds; but they turned the grounde so, mingling goode and badde togeather, sweet and sower, medecine and poyson, they made, I saye, suche confusion of religion and lawes, that no good thinge could growe, but by great miracle, under suche gardeners. And no maruaile, if it be rightlye considered. For this bore raged against God, against the Divell, against Christe, and against Antichrist, as the fome that he cast oute against Luther, the racing out of the name of the pope, and yet allowing his lawes, and his murder of many Christian souldiars, and of many Papists, doe declare and evidentlie testifie unto us; especially the burning of Barnes, Jerome, and Garrette, their faithfull preachers of the truthe, and hanging the same daye for the maintenaunce of the pope, Poel, Abel, and Fetherstone, dothe clearlie painte his beastlines, that he cared for no religion. This monsterous bore for all this must needes be called the head of the church in paine of treason, displacing Christ, our onely head, who ought alone to haue this title." *Admonition to England and Scotland, &c.*, Geneva, 1558, p. 69. Quoted by Stapleton in his *Counter Blaste to Horne's Vayne Blaste*, Lovan., 1567, 4to., fol. 23.

Gilbie was a Protestant; upon which Stapleton who was a rigid Roman Catholic, shrewdly remarks in the margin: "See how religiously the Protestantes speak of their princes!"

[292] Mr. Edwards informs me that he has had a copy of the "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum aduersus Martin Lutherum*," &c. (printed by Pynson in 4to., both with and without date—1521), UPON VELLUM. The presentation copy to Henry, and perhaps another to Wolsey, might have been of this nature. I should have preferred a similar copy of the small book, printed a few years afterwards, in 12mo., of Henry's Letters in answer to Luther's reply to the foregoing work. This is not the place to talk further of these curious pieces. I have seen some of Pynson's books printed upon vellum; which are not remarkable for their beauty.

[293] Those readers who are not in possession of Hearne's rare edition of *Robert de Avesbury*, 1720, 8vo., and who cannot, in consequence, read the passionate letters of Henry VIII. to his beloved Boleyn, which form a leading feature in the Appendix to the same, will find a few extracts from them in the *British Bibliographer*; vol. ii., p. 78. Some of the monarch's signatures, of which Hearne has given fac-similes, are as follow:



When one thinks of the then imagined happiness of the fair object of these epistles—and reads the splendid account of her coronation dinner, by Stow—contrasting it with the melancholy circumstances which attended her death—one is at loss to think, or to speak, with sufficient force, of the fickleness of all sublunary grandeur! The reader may, perhaps, wish for this, "coronation dinner?" It is, in part, strictly as follows: "While the queen was in her chamber, every lord and other that ought to do service at the coronation, did prepare them, according to their duty: as the Duke of Suffolk, High-Steward of England, which was richly apparelled—his doublet and jacket set with orient pearl, his gown crimson velvet embroidered, his courser trapped with a close trapper, head and all, to the ground, of crimson velvet, set full of letters of gold, of goldsmith's work; having a long white rod in his hand. On his left-hand rode the Lord William, deputy for his brother, as

Earl Marshall, with ye marshal's rod, whose gown was crimson velvet, and his horse's trapper purple velvet cut on white satin, embroidered with white lions. The Earl of Oxford was High Chamberlain; the Earl of Essex, carver; the Earl of Sussex, sewer; the Earl of Arundel, chief butler; on whom 12 citizens of London did give their attendance at the cupboard; the Earl of Derby, cup-bearer; the Viscount Lisle, panter; the Lord Burgeiny, chief larder; the Lord Broy, almoner for him and his copartners; and the Mayor of Oxford kept the buttery-bar: and Thomas Wyatt was chosen ewerer for Sir Henry Wyatt, his father." "When all things were ready and ordered, THE QUEEN, under her canopy, came into the hall, and washed; and sat down in the middest of the table, under her cloth of estate. On the right side of her chair stood the Countess of Oxford, widow: and on her left hand stood the Countess of Worcester, all the dinner season; which, divers times in the dinner time, did hold a fine cloth before the Queen's face, when she list to spit, or do otherwise at her pleasure. And at the table's end sate the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the right hand of the Queen; and in the midst, between the Archbishop and the Countess of Oxford, stood the Earl of Oxford, with a white staff, all dinner time; and at the Queen's feet, under the table, sate two gentlewomen all dinner time. When all these things were thus ordered, came in the Duke of Suffolk and the Lord William Howard on horseback, and the Serjeants of

> arms before them, and after them the sewer; and then the knights of the Bath, bringing in the *first course*, which was eight and twenty dishes, besides subtleties, and ships made of wax, marvellous gorgeous to behold: all which time of service, the trumpets standing in the window, at the nether end of the hall, played," &c. *Chronicles*; p. 566: edit. 1615, fol.

LORENZ. As you please. Perhaps you will go on with the mention of some distinguished patrons 'till you arrive at that period?

LYSAND. Yes; we may now as well notice the efforts of that extraordinary *bibliomaniacal triumvirate*, Colet, More, and Erasmus.

PHIL. Pray treat copiously of them. They are my great favourites. But can you properly place Erasmus in the list?

LYSAND. You forget that he made a long abode here, and was Greek professor at Cambridge. To begin, then, with the former. COLET, as you well know, was Dean of St. Paul's; and founder of the public school which goes by the latter name. He had an ardent and general love of literature;[294] but his attention to the improvement of youth, in superintending appropriate publications, for their use, was unremitting. Few men did so much and so well, at this period: for while he was framing the statutes by which his little community was to

be governed, he did not fail to keep the presses of Wynkyn De Worde and Pynson pretty constantly at work, by publishing the grammatical treatises of Grocyn, Linacre, Stanbridge, Lilye, Holte, Whittington, and others—for the benefit, as well of the public, as of his own particular circle. I take it, his library must have been both choice and copious; for books now began to be multiplied in an immense ratio, and scholars and men of rank thought *a Study*, or *Library*, of some importance to their mansions. What would we not give for an authenticated representation of Dean Colet in his library,[295] surrounded with books? You, Lisardo, would be in ecstacies with such a thing!

[294] How anxiously does COLET seem to have watched the progress, and pushed the sale, of his friend Erasmus's first edition of the Greek Testament! "Quod scribis de Novo Testamento intelligo. Et libri novæ editionis tuæ *hic avide emuntur et passim leguntur*!" The entire epistle (which may be seen in Dr. Knight's dry Life of Colet, p. 315) is devoted to an account of Erasmus's publications. "I am really astonished, my dear Erasmus (does he exclaim), at the fruitfulness of your talents; that, without any fixed residence, and with a precarious and limited income, you contrive to publish so many and such excellent works." Adverting to the distracted state of

Germany at this period, and to the wish of his friend to live secluded and unmolested, he observes—"As to the tranquil retirement which you sigh for, be assured that you have my sincere wishes for its rendering you as happy and composed as you can wish it. Your age and erudition entitle you to such a retreat. I fondly hope, indeed, that you will choose this country for it, and come and live amongst us, whose disposition you know, and whose friendship you have proved." There is hardly a more curious picture of the custom of the times relating to the education of boys, than the Dean's own Statutes for the regulation of St. Paul's School, which he had founded. These shew, too, the *popular books* then read by the learned. "The children shall come unto the school in the morning at seven of the clock, both winter and summer, and tarry there until eleven; and return again at one of the clock, and depart at five, &c. In the school, no time in the year, they shall use tallow candle, in no wise, but *only wax candle*, at the costs of their friends. Also I will they bring no meat nor drink, nor bottle, nor use in the school no breakfasts, nor drinkings, in the time of learning, in no wise, &c. I will they use no cockfighting, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at Saint Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling and loss of time." The master is then restricted, under the penalty of 40 shillings, from granting the boys a holiday, or "remedy" (play-day), as it is here called, "except the king, an

archbishop, or a bishop, present in his own person in the school, desire it." The studies for the lads were "Erasmus's *Copia* et *Institutum Christiani Hominii* (composed at the Dean's request), *Lactantius*, *Prudentius*, *Juvencus*, *Proba* and *Sedulius*, and *Baptista Mantuanus*, and such other as shall be thought convenient and most to purpose unto the true Latin speech; all barbary, all corruption, all Latin adulterate, which ignorant blind fools brought into this world, and with the same hath distained and poisoned the old Latin speech, and the *veray* Roman tongue, which in the time of Tully, and Sallust, and Virgil, and Terence, was used—I say, that filthiness, and all such abusion, which the later blind world brought in, which more rather may be called BLOTERATURE than LITERATURE, I utterly banish and exclude out of THIS SCHOOL." Knight's *Life of Colet*, 362, 4. The sagacious reader will naturally enough conclude that boys, thus educated, would, afterwards, of necessity, fall victims to the ravages of the BIBLIOMANIA!

[295] I wish it were in my power to come forward with any stronger degree of probability than the exhibition of the subjoined cut, of what might have been the interior of *Dean Colet's Study*. This print is taken from an old work, printed in the early part of the sixteenth century, and republished in a book of Alciatus's emblems, translated from the Latin into Italian, A.D. 1549, 8vo. There is an air of truth about it; but the frame work is

entirely modern, and perhaps not in the purest taste. It may turn out that this interior view of a private library is somewhat too perfect and finished for the times of Colet, in this country; especially if we may judge from the rules to be observed in completing a public one, just about the period of Colet's death: "Md. couenawntyd and agreid wyth Comell Clerke, for the making off the dextis in the library, (of Christ Church College, Oxford) to the summe off xvi, after the maner and forme as they be in Magdalyn college, except the popie heedes off the seites, this to be workmanly wrought and clenly, and he to have all manner off stooff foond hym, and to have for the makyng off one dexte xs. the sum off the hole viii. li. Item: borowd att Magdaleyn college one c. off v. d nayle, a c. off vi. d nayle, dim. c. x. d. nayle."—*Antiquities of Glastonbury*; edit. Hearne, p. 307.



LIS. Pray don't make such tantalizing appeals to me! Proceed, proceed.

LYSAND. Of this amiable and illustrious character I will only further observe that he possessed solid, good sense—unaffected and unshaken piety—a love towards the whole human race—and that he dignified his attachment to learning by the conscientious discharge of his duty towards God and man. He sleeps in peace beneath a monument, which has been consecrated by the tears of all who were related to him, and by the prayers of those who have been benefitted by his philanthropy.

Of SIR THOMAS MORE,[296] where is the schoolboy that is ignorant? He was

unquestionably, next to Erasmus, the most brilliant scholar of his age: while the precious biographical memoirs of him, which have luckily descended to us, place his character, in a domestic point of view, beyond that of all his contemporaries. Dr. Wordsworth[297] has well spoken of "the heavenly mindedness" of More: but how are bibliomaniacs justly to appreciate the classical lore, and incessantly-active book-pursuits,[298] of this scholar and martyr! How he soared "above his compeers!" How richly, singularly, and curiously, was his mind furnished! Wit, playfulness, elevation, and force —all these are distinguishable in his writings, if we except his polemical compositions; which latter, to speak in the gentlest terms, are wholly unworthy of his name. When More's head was severed from his body, virtue and piety exclaimed, in the language of Erasmus,—"He is dead: More, whose breast was purer than snow, whose genius was excellent above all his nation."[299]



Behold him going to execution—his beloved daughter
(Mrs. Roper) rushing through the guards, to take her last embrace.

[296] In the first volume of my edition of SIR THOMAS MORE'S *Utopia*, the reader will find an elaborate and faithful account of the biographical publications relating to this distinguished character, together with a copious *Catalogue Raisonnè* of the engraved portraits of him, and an analysis of his English works. It would be tedious to both the reader and author, here to repeat what has been before written of Sir Thomas More—whose memory lives in every cultivated bosom. Of this edition of the Utopia there appeared a flimsy and tart

censure in the *Edinburgh Review*, by a critic, who, it was manifest, had never examined the volumes, and who, when he observes upon the fidelity of Bishop Burnet's translation of the original Latin of More, was resolved, from pure love of Whiggism, to defend an author at the expense of truth.

[297] I have read this newly published biographical memoir of Sir Thomas More: which contains nothing very new, or deserving of particular notice in this place.

[298] A bibliomanical anecdote here deserves to be recorded; as it shews how More's love of books had infected even those who came to seize upon him to carry him to the Tower, and to endeavour to inveigle him into treasonable expressions: —"While Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer were bussie in *trussinge upp his bookes*, Mr. Riche, pretending," &c. —"Whereupon Mr. Palmer, on his desposition, said, that he was soe bussie about the *trussinge upp Sir Tho. Moore's bookes* in a sacke, that he tooke no heed to there talke. Sir Richard Southwell likewise upon his disposition said, that because he was appoynted only to looke to the conveyance *of his bookes*, he gave noe ear unto them."—*Gulielmi Roperi Vita D.T. Mori*; edit Herne, p. 47, 51.

[299] Epistle Dedicatory to Ecclesiastes: quoted in that elegant and interesting quarto volume of the "*Lives of British Statesmen*," by the late Mr. Macdiarmid; p.

117.

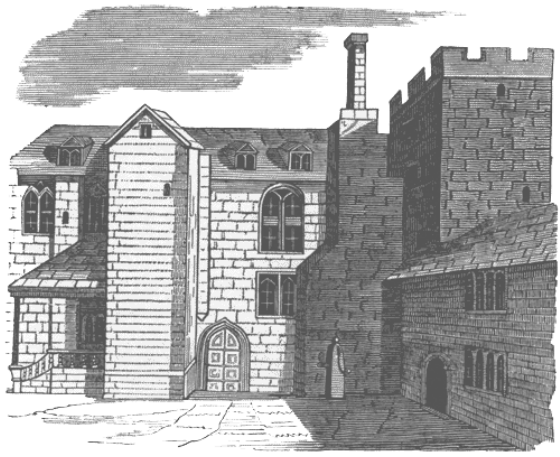
How can I speak, with adequate justice, of the author of these words!—Yes, ERASMUS!—in spite of thy timidity, and sometimes, almost servile compliances with the capricious whims of the great; in spite of thy delicate foibles, thou shalt always live in my memory; and dear to me shall be the possession of thy intellectual labours! No pen has yet done justice to thy life. [300] How I love to trace thee, in all thy bookish pursuits, from correcting the press of thy beloved Froben, to thy social meetings with Colet and More! You remember well, Lisardo,—we saw, in yonder room, a *large paper* copy of the fine Leyden edition of this great man's works! You opened it; and were struck with the variety—the solidity, as well as gaiety, of his productions.

[300] It were much to be wished that Mr. Roscoe, who has so successfully turned his attention to the history of *Italian Literature*, of the period of Erasmus, would devote himself to the investigation of the philological history of the German schools, and more especially to the literary life of the great man of whom Lysander is above speaking. The biographical memoirs of Erasmus by Le Clerc, anglicised and enlarged by the learned Jortin, and Dr. Knight's life of the same, can never become

popular. They want method, style and interest. Le Clerc, however, has made ample amends for the defectiveness of his biographical composition, by the noble edition of Erasmus's works which he put forth at Leyden, in the year 1703-6, in eleven volumes folio: of which volumes the reader will find an excellent analysis or review in the *Act. Erudit.*, A.D. 1704, &c. Le Clerc, *Bibl. Choisie*, vol. i., 380; Du Pin's *Bibl. Eccles.*, vol. xiv., and *Biblioth. Fabric*, pt. i., 359; from which latter we learn that, in the public library, at Deventer, there is a copy of Erasmus's works, in which those passages, where the author speaks freely of the laxity of the monkish character, have been defaced, "chartâ fenestrata." A somewhat more compressed analysis of the contents of these volumes appeared in the *Sylloge Opusculorum Hist.-Crit., Literariorum, J.A. Fabricii, Hamb.* 1738, 4to., p. 363, 378 —preceded, however, by a pleasing, yet brief account of the leading features of Erasmus's literary life. Tn one of his letters to Colet, Erasmus describes himself as "a very poor fellow in point of fortune, and wholly exempt from ambition." A little before his death he sold his library to one John a Lasco, a Polonese, for only 200 florins. (Of this amiable foreigner, see Stypye's *Life of Crammer*; b. ii., ch. xxii.) Nor did he—notwithstanding his services to booksellers—and although every press was teeming with his lucubrations—and especially that of Colinæeus—(which alone put forth 24,000 copies of his *Colloquies*) ever become much the wealthier for his

talents as an author. His bibliomaniacal spirit was such, that he paid most liberally those who collated or described works of which he was in want. In another of his letters, he declares that "he shall not recieve an *obolus* that year; as he had spent more than what he had gained in rewarding those who had made book-researches for him;" and he complains, after being five months at Cambridge, that he had, fruitlessly, spent upwards of fifty crowns. "Noblemen," says he, "love and praise literature, and my lucubrations; but they praise and do not reward." To his friend Eobanus Hessus (vol. vi., 25), he makes a bitter complaint "de Comite quodam." For the particulars, see the last mentioned authority, p. 363, 4. In the year 1519, Godenus, to whom Erasmus had bequeathed a silver bowl, put forth a facetious catalogue of his works, in hexameter and pentameter verses; which was printed at Louvain by Martin, without date, in 4to.; and was soon succeeded by two more ample and methodical ones by the same person in 1537, 4to.; printed by Froben and Episcopius. See Marchand's *Dict. Bibliogr. et Histor.*, vol. i., p. 98, 99. The bibliomaniac may not object to be informed that Froben, shortly after the death of his revered Erasmus, put forth this first edition of the entire works of the latter, in nine folio volumes; and that accurate and magnificent as is Le Clerc's edition of the same (may I venture to hint at the rarity of LARGE PAPER copies of it?), "it takes no notice of the *Index*

Expurgatorius of the early edition of Froben, which has shown a noble art of curtailing this, as well as other authors." See *Knight's Life of Erasmus*, p. 353. The mention of Froben and Erasmus, thus going down to immortality together, induces me to inform the curious reader that my friend Mr. Edwards is possessed of a chaste and elegant painting, by Fuseli, of this distinguished author and printer—the portraits being executed after the most authentic representations. Erasmus is in the act of calmly correcting the press, while Froben is urging with vehemence some emendations which he conceives to be of consequence, but to which his master seems to pay no attention! And now having presented the reader (p. 221, ante) with the *supposed* study of Colet, nothing remains but to urge him to enter in imagination, with myself, into the *real* study of Erasmus; of which we are presented with the exterior in the following view—taken from Dr. Knight's *Life of Erasmus*; p. 124.



.1524.



I shall conclude this ERASMIANA (if the reader will premit me so to entitle it) with a wood-cut exhibition of a different kind: it being perhaps the earliest portrait of Erasmus published in this country. It is

taken from a work entitled, "*The Maner and Forme of Confesion*," printed by Byddell, in 8vo., without date; and is placed immediately under an address from Erasmus, to Moline, Bishop of Condome; dated 1524; in which the former complains bitterly of "the pain and grief of the reins of his back." The print is taken from a tracing of the original, made by me, from a neat copy of Byddel's edition, in the collection of Roger Wilbraham, Esq. I am free to confess that it falls a hundred degrees short of Albert Durer's fine print of him, executed A.D. 1526.

LIS. Let me go and bring it here! While you talk thus, I long to feast my eyes upon these grand books.

LYSAND. You need not. Nor must I give to Erasmus a greater share of attention than is due to him. We have a large and varied field—or rather domain—yet to pass over. Wishing, therefore, Lorenzo speedily to purchase a small bronze figure of him, from the celebrated large one at Rotterdam, and to place the same upon a copy of his first edition of the *Greek Testament* printed *upon vellum*,[301] by way of a pedestal—I pass on to the notice of other bibliomaniacs of this period.

[301] In the library of York cathedral there

is a copy of the first edition of Erasmus's Greek and Latin Testament, 1516, fol., struck off UPON VELLUM. This, I believe, was never before generally known.

Subdued be every harsher feeling towards WOLSEY, when we contemplate even the imperfect remains of his literary institutions which yet survive! That this chancellor and cardinal had grand views, and a magnificent taste, is unquestionable: and I suppose few libraries contained more beautiful or more numerous copies of precious volumes than his own. For, when in favour with his royal master, Henry VIII., Wolsey had, in all probability, such an ascendency over him as to coax from him almost every choice book which he had inherited from his father, Henry VII.; and thus I should apprehend, although no particular mention is made of his library in the inventories of his goods[302] which have been published, there can be no question about such a character as that of Wolsey having numerous copies of the choicest books, bound in velvet of all colours, embossed with gold or silver, and studded even with precious stones! I conceive that his own *Prayer Book* must have been gorgeous in the extreme! Unhappy man—a pregnant and ever-striking example of the fickleness of human affairs, and of the instability of human grandeur! When we think of thy baubles and trappings—of thy goblets of

gold, and companies of retainers—and turn our thoughts to Shakspeare's shepherd, as described in the soliloquy of one of our monarchs, we are fully disposed to admit the force of such truths as have been familiar to us from boyhood, and which tell us that those shoulders feel the most burdened upon which the greatest load of responsibility rests. Peace to the once proud, and latterly repentant, spirit of Wolsey!

[302] In the last *Variorum edition of Shakspeare*, 1803, vol. xv., p. 144, we are referred by Mr. Douce to "the particulars of this inventory at large, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631:" my copy of Stowe is of the date of 1615; but, not a syllable is said of it in the place here referred to, or at any other page; although the account of Wolsey is ample and interesting. Mr. Douce (*ibid.*) says that, among the *Harl. MSS.* (no. 599) there is one entitled "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich householde stuffe; temp. Hen. VIII.; the original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." In Mr. Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*, vol. ii., 283-349, will be found a copious account of Wolsey's plate:—too splendid, almost, for belief. To a life and character so well known as are those of Wolsey, and upon which Dr. Fiddes has published a huge folio of many hundred pages, the reader will not here expect any additional matter which may convey much novelty or interest. The

following, however, may be worth submitting to his consideration. The Cardinal had poetical, as well as political, enemies. Skelton and Roy, who did not fail to gall him with their sharp lampoons, have shewn us, by their compositions which have survived, that they were no despicable assailants. In the former's "*Why come ye not to Court?*" we have this caustic passage:

He is set so high
In his hierarchy
Of frantic *frenesy*
And foolish
fantasy,
That in chamber
of stars
All matters there
he mars,
Clapping his rod
on the *borde*
No man dare
speake a word;
For he hath all
the saying
Without any
renaying:
He rolleth in his
records
He saith: "How say
ye my lords?
Is not my reason
good?"
Good!—even good
—Robin-hood?
Borne upon every
side
*With pomp and with
pride, &c.*
To drink and for to
eat
Sweet *ypocras*, and
sweet meat,
To keep his flesh
chaste
In Lent, for his
repast
He eateth capons
stew'd
Pheasant and
partidge mewed.

WARTON'S *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, vol. ii., 345.

Steevens has also quoted freely from this

poem of Skelton; see the editions of *Shakspeare*, 1793, and 1803, in the play of "King Henry VIII." Skelton's satire against Wolsey is noticed by our chronicler Hall: "In this season, the cardinal, by his power legantine, dissolved the convocation at Paul's, called by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and called him and all the clergy to his convocation to Westminster, which was never seen before in England; whereof Master Skelton, a merry poet, wrote:

Gentle Paul lay down thy *sweard*
For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard."
Chronicle, p. 637, edit. 1809.

In Mr. G. Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. ii., pp. 7, 8, there is a curious extract from the same poet's "*Image of Ypocrycye*"—relating to Sir Thomas More—which is printed for the first time from "an apparently accurate transcript" of the original, in the possession of Mr. Heber. From the last mentioned work (vol. ii., p. 11, &c.), there is rather a copious account of a yet more formidable poetical attack against Wolsey, in the "*Rede me and be not wroth*," of William Roy: a very rare and precious little black-letter volume, which, although it has been twice printed, is scarcely ever to be met with, and was unknown to Warton. It will, however, make its appearance in one of the supplemental volumes of Mr. Park's valuable reprint of the *Harleian Miscellany*.

While the cardinal was thus attacked, in the biting strains of poetry, he was doomed to experience a full share of reprobation in the writings of the most popular theologians. William Tyndale stepped forth to shew his zeal against papacy in his "*Practise of Popishe Prelates*," and from this work, as it is incorporated in those of Tyndale, Barnes, and Frith, printed by Day in 1572, fol., the reader is presented with the following amusing specimen of the author's vein of humour and indignation: "And as I heard it spoken of divers, he made, by craft of necromancy, graven imagery to bear upon him; wherewith he bewitched the king's mind—and made the king to doat upon him, more than he ever did on any lady or gentlewoman: so that now the king's grace followed him, as he before followed the king. And then what he said, that was wisdom; what he praised, that was honourable only." Practise of Popishe Prelates, p. 368. At p. 369, he calls him "Porter of Heaven." "There he made a journey of gentlemen, arrayed altogether in silks, so much as their very shoes and lining of their boots; more like their mothers than men of war: yea, I am sure that many of their mothers would have been ashamed of so nice and wanton array. Howbeit, they went not to make war, but peace, for ever and a day longer. But to speak of the pompous apparel of my lord himself, and of his chaplains, it passeth the xij Apostles. I dare swear that if Peter and Paul had seen them suddenly, and at a

blush, they would have been harder in belief that they, or any such, should be their successors than Thomas Didimus was to believe that Christ was risen again from death." *Idem*, p. 370,—"for the worship of his hat and glory of his precious shoes—when he was pained with the cholic of an evil conscience, having no other shift, because his soul could find no other issue, —he took himself a medicine, *ut emitteret spiritum per posteriora*." Exposition upon the first Ep. of St. John, p. 404. Thomas Lupset, who was a scholar of Dean Colet, and a sort of *elève* of the cardinal, (being appointed tutor to a bastard son of the latter) could not suppress his sarcastical feelings in respect of Wolsey's pomp and severity of discipline. From Lupset's works, printed by Berthelet in 1546, 12mo., I gather, in his address to his "hearty beloved Edmond"—that "though he had there with him plenty of books, yet the place suffered him not to spend in them any study: for you shall understand (says he) that I lie waiting on my LORD CARDINAL, whose hours I must observe to be always at hand, lest I should be called when I am not by: the which should be taken for a fault of great negligence. Wherefore, that I am now well satiated with the beholding of these gay hangings, that garnish here every wall, I will turn me and talk with you." (*Exhortacion to yonge men*, fol. 39, rev.) Dr. Wordsworth, in the first volume of his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, has printed, for the first time, the genuine text of Cavendish's interesting life of his

reverend master, Wolsey. It is well worth perusal. But the reader, I fear, is beginning to be outrageous (having kept his patience, during this long-winded note, to the present moment) for some *bibliomaniacal* evidence of Wolsey's attachment to gorgeous books. He is presented, therefore, with the following case in point. My friend Mr. Ellis, of the British Museum, informs me that, in the splendid library of that establishment, there are two copies of Galen's "*Methodus Medendi*," edited by Linacre, and printed at Paris, in folio, 1519. One copy, which belonged to Henry the Eighth, has an illuminated title, with the royal arms at the bottom of the title-page. The other, which is also illuminated, has the cardinal's cap in the same place, above an empty shield. Before the dedication to the king, in the latter copy, Linacre has inserted an elegant Latin epistle to WOLSEY, in manuscript. The king's copy is rather the more beautiful of the two: but the *unique* appendage of the Latin epistle shews that the editor considered the cardinal a more distinguished bibliomaniac than the monarch.

We have now reached the REFORMATION; upon which, as Burnet, Collier, and Strype, have written huge folio volumes, it shall be my object to speak sparingly: and chiefly as it concerns the history of the Bibliomania. A word

or two, however, about its origin, spirit, and tendency.

It seems to have been at first very equivocal, with Henry the Eighth, whether he would take any decisive measures in the affair, or not. He hesitated, resolved, and hesitated again.[303] The creature of caprice and tyranny, he had neither fixed principles, nor settled data, upon which to act. If he had listened to the temperate advice of CROMWELL or CRANMER,[304] he would have attained his darling object by less decisive, but certainly by more justifiable, means. Those able and respectable counsellors saw clearly that violent measures would produce violent results; and that a question of law, of no mean magnitude, was involved in the very outset of the transaction—for there seemed, on the one side, no right to possess; and, on the other, no right to render possession. [305]

[303] "The king seemed to think that his subjects owed an entire resignation of their reasons and consciences to him; and, as he was highly offended with those who still adhered to the papal authority, so he could not bear the haste that some were making to a further reformation, before or beyond his allowance. So, in the end of the year 1538, he set out a proclamation, in which he prohibits the importing of all foreign books, or the printing of any at home

without license; and the printing of any parts of the scripture, 'till they were examined by the king and his council," &c. "He requires that none may argue against the presence of Christ in the Sacrament, under the pain of death, and of the loss of their goods; and orders all to be punished who did disuse any rites or ceremonies not then abolished; yet he orders them only to be observed without superstition, only as remembrances, and not to repose in them a trust of salvation."—Burnet's *Hist. of the Reformation*. But long before this obscure and arbitrary act was passed, Henry's mind had been a little shaken against papacy from a singular work, published by one Fish, called "*The Supplication of Beggers*." Upon this book being read through in the presence of Henry, the latter observed, shrewdly enough, "If a man should pull down an old stone wall, and begin at the lower part, the upper part thereof might chance to fall upon his head." "And then he took the book, and put it into his desk, and commanded them, upon their allegiance, that they should not tell to any man that he had seen this book." Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; vol. ii., p. 280: edit. 1641. Sir Thomas More answered this work (which depicted, in frightful colours, the rapacity of the Roman Catholic clergy), in 1529; see my edition of the latter's *Utopia*; vol. i., xciii.

[304] "These were some of the resolute steps King Henry made towards the obtaining again this long struggled for, and

almost lost, right and prerogative of kings, in their own dominions, of being supreme, against the encroachments of the bishops of Rome. Secretary CROMWEL had the great stroke in all this. All these counsels and methods were struck out of his head." Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials*; vol. i., p. 205. When great murmurs ensued, on the suppression of the monasteries, because of the cessation of hospitality exercised in them, "CROMWELL advised the king to sell their lands, at very easie rates, to the gentry in the several counties, obliging them, since they had them upon such terms, to keep up the wonted hospitality. This drew in the gentry apace," &c. Burnet's *Hist. of the Reformation*; vol. i., p. 223. "ARCHBISHOP CRANMER is said to have counselled and pressed the king to dissolve the monasteries; but for other ends (than those of personal enmity against 'the monks or friars'—or of enriching himself 'with the spoils' of the same); viz. that, out of the revenues of these monasteries, the king might found more bishoprics; and that dioceses, being reduced into less compass, the diocesans might the better discharge their office, according to the scripture and primitive rules.——And the archbishop hoped that, from these ruins, there would be new foundations in every cathedral erected, to be nurseries of learning for the use of the whole diocese." Strype's *Life of Archbishop Cranmer*, p. 35.

[305] "A very rational doubt yet remained,

how religious persons could alienate and transfer to the king a property, of which they themselves were only tenants for life: and an act of parliament was framed in order to remove all future scruples on this head, and 'settle rapine and sacrilege,' as Lord Herbert terms them, 'on the king and his heirs for ever.'——It does not appear to have been debated, in either house, whether they had a power to dispossess some hundred thousand persons of their dwellings and fortunes, whom, a few years before, they had declared to be good subjects: if such as live well come under that denomination."—"Now," says Sir Edward Coke, "observe the conclusion of this tragedy. In that very parliament, when the great and opulent priory of St. John of Jerusalem was given to the king, and which was the last monastery seized on, he demanded a fresh subsidy of the clergy and laity: he did the same again within two years; and again three years after; and since the dissolution exacted great loans, and against law obtained them."—*Life of Reginald Pole*; vol. i., p. 247-9: edit. 1767, 8vo. Coke's 4th *Institute*, fol. 44.

LATIMER, more hasty and enthusiastic than his episcopal brethren, set all the engines of his active mind to work, as if to carry the point by a *coup de main*; and although his resolution was, perhaps, upon more than one occasion, shaken by the sufferings of the innocent, yet, by his

example, and particularly by his sermons,[306] he tried to exasperate every Protestant bosom against the occupiers of monasteries and convents.

[306] "It was once moved by LATYMER, the good bishop of Worcester, that two or three of these foundations might be spared in each diocese, for the sake of hospitality. Which gave the foresaid bishop occasion to move the Lord Crumwell once in the behalf of the *Priory of Malvern*." Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, vol. i., 259. Latimer's letter is here printed; and an interesting one it is. Speaking of the prior, he tells Cromwell that "The man is old, a good housekeeper, feedeth many; and that, daily. For the country is poor, and full of penury." But the hospitality and infirmities of this poor prior were less likely to operate graciously upon the rapacious mind of Henry than "the 500 marks to the king, and 200 marks more to the said Lord Crumwell," which he tendered at the same time. See Strype, *ibid.* For the credit of Latimer, I hope this worthy prior was not at the head of the priory when the former preached before the king, and thus observed: "To let pass the *solempne* and nocturnal bacchanals, the prescript miracles, that are done upon certain days in the West part of England, who hath not heard? I think ye have heard of Saint *Blesis's* heart, which is *at Malvern*, and of Saint Algar's bones, how long they deluded

the people!" See Latimer's *Sermons*: edit. 1562, 4to.: fol. 12, rect. In these Sermons, as is justly said above, there are many cutting philippics—especially against "in-preaching prelates;" some of whom Latimer doth not scruple to call "minters—dancers —crouchers—pamperers of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee—mounchers in their mangers, and moilers in their gay manors and mansions:" see fol. 17, rect. Nevertheless, there are few productions which give us so lively and interesting a picture of the manners of the age as the SERMONS OF LATIMER; which were spoilt in an "*editio castrata*" that appeared in the year 1788, 8vo. But Latimer was not the only popular preacher who directed his anathemas against the Roman Catholic clergy. The well known JOHN FOX entered into the cause of the reformation with a zeal and success of which those who have slightly perused his compositions can have but a very inadequate idea. The following curious (and I may add very interesting) specimen of Fox's pulpit eloquence is taken from "*A Sermon of Christ crucified, preached at Paule's Crosse, the Friday before Easter, commonly called Good Fridaie*:"—"Let me tell you a story, which I remember was done about the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, anno 1554. There was a certain message sent, not from heaven, but from Rome: not from God, but from the pope: not by any apostle, but by a certain cardinal, who was called Cardinal Poole, Legatus a latere, Legatus natus, a legate

from the pope's own white side, sent hither into England. This cardinal legate, first coming to Dover, was honourably received and brought to Greenwich: where he again, being more honourably received by lords of high estate, and of the Privy Council (of whom some are yet alive) was conducted thence to the privy stairs of the queen's court at Westminster, no less person than King Philip himself waiting upon him, and receiving him; and so was brought to the queen's great chamber, she then being, or else pretending, not to be well at ease. Stephen Gardiner, the bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor of England, receiving this noble legate in the king and the queen's behalf, to commend and set forth the authority of this legate, the greatness of his message, and the supreme majesty of the sender, before the public audience of the whole parliament at that time assembled, there openly protested, with great solemnity of words, what a mighty message, and of what great importance was then brought into the realm, even the greatest message (said he) that ever came into England, and therefore desired them to give attentive and inclinable ears to such a famous legation, sent from so high authority." "Well, and what message was this? forsooth, that the realm of England should be reconciled again unto their father the pope; that is to say, that the queen, with all her nobility and sage council, with so many learned prelates, discreet lawyers, worthy commons, and the whole body of the

realm of England, should captive themselves, and become underlings to an Italian stranger, and friarly priest, sitting in Rome, which never knew England, never was here, never did, or shall do, England good. And this forsooth (said Gardiner) was the greatest ambassage, the weightiest legacy that ever came to England: forgetting belike either this message of God, sent here by his apostles unto vs, or else because he saw it made not so much for his purpose as did the other, he made the less account thereof." "Well, then, and will we see what a weighty message this was that Gardiner so exquisitely commended? first, the sender is gone, the messenger is gone, the queen is gone, and the message gone, and yet England standeth not a rush the better. Of which message I thus say, answering again to Gardiner, *per inversionem Rhetoricam*, that, as he sayeth, it was the greatest—so I say again, it was the lightest—legacy; the most ridiculous trifle, and most miserablest message, of all other that ever came, or ever shall come, to England, none excepted, for us to be reconciled to an outlandish priest, and to submit our necks under a foreign yoke. What have we to do more with him than with the great Calypha of Damascus? If reconciliation ought to follow, where offences have risen, the pope hath offended us more than his coffers are able to make us amends. We never offended him. But let the pope, with his reconciliation and legates, go, as they are already gone (God be thanked): and I

beseech God so they may be gone, that they never come here again. England never fared better than when the pope did most curse it. And yet I hear whispering of certain privy reconcilers, sent of late by the pope, which secretly creep in corners. But this I leave to them that have to do with all. Let us again return to our matter."—*Imprinted by Jhon Daie*, &c., 1575, 8vo., sign. A. vij.-B. i.

With Henry, himself, the question of spiritual supremacy was soon changed, or merged (as the lawyers call it) into the exclusive consideration of adding to his wealth. The Visitors who had been deputed to inspect the abbies, and to draw up reports of the same (some of whom, by the bye, conducted themselves with sufficient baseness[307]), did not fail to inflame his feelings by the tempting pictures which they drew of the riches appertaining to these establishments.[308] Another topic was also strongly urged upon Henry's susceptible mind: the alleged abandoned lives of the owners of them. These were painted with a no less overcharged pencil: [309] so that nothing now seemed wanting but to set fire to the train of combustion which had been thus systematically laid.

[307] Among the visitors appointed to carry into execution the examination of the

monasteries, was a Dr. London; who "was afterwards not only a persecutor of Protestants, but a suborner of false witnesses against them, and was now zealous even to officiousness in suppressing the monasteries. He also studied to frighten the abbess of Godstow into a resignation. She was particularly in Cromwell's favour:" &c. Burnet: *Hist. of the Reformation*, vol. iii., p. 132. Among Burnet's "Collection of Records," is the letter of this said abbess, in which she tells Cromwell that "Doctor London was suddenly *cummyd* unto her, with a great rout with him; and there did threaten her and her sisters, saying that he had the king's commission to suppress the house, spite of her teeth. And when he saw that she was content that he should do all things according to his commission, and shewed him plain that she would never surrender to his band, being her ancient enemy—then he began to entreat her and to inveigle her sisters, one by one, otherwise than ever she heard tell that any of the king's subjects had been handel'd;" vol. iii., p. 130. "Collection." It is not very improbable that this treatment of Godstow nunnery formed a specimen of many similar visitations. As to London himself, he ended his days in the Fleet, after he had been adjudged to ride with his face to the horse's tail, at Windsor and Oakingham. Fox in his *Book of Martyrs*, has given us a print of this transaction; sufficiently amusing. Dod, in his *Church History*, vol. i., p. 220, has of course not spared Dr.

London. But see, in particular, Fuller's shrewd remarks upon the character of these visitors, or "emissaries;" *Church History*, b. vi., pp. 313, 314.

[308] "The yearly revenue of all the abbies suppressed is computed at £135,522*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* Besides this, the money raised out of the stock of cattle and corn, out of the timber, lead, and bells; out of the furniture, plate, and church ornaments, amounted to a vast sum, as may be collected from what was brought off from the monastery of St. Edmonsbury. Hence, as appears from records, 5000 marks of gold and silver, besides several jewels of great value, were seized by the visitors." Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii., 165. See also Burnet's similar work, vol. i., p. 223. Collier specifies the valuation of certain monasteries, which were sufficiently wealthy; but he has not noticed that of St. Swithin's in Winchester—of which Strype has given so minute and interesting an inventory. A lover of old coins and relics may feed his imagination with a gorgeous picture of what might have been the "massive silver and golden crosses and shrines garnished with stones"—but a tender-hearted bibliomaniac will shed tears of agony on thinking of the fate of "A BOOK OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS, WRITTEN AL WITH GOLD; AND THE UTTER SIDE OF PLATE OF GOLD!" *Life of Cranmer*, *Appendix*, pp. 24-28.

[309] The amiable and candid Strype has

polluted the pages of his valuable *Ecclesiastical Memorials* with an account of such horrid practices, supposed to have been carried on in monasteries, as must startle the most credulous Anti-Papist; and which almost leads us to conclude that *a legion of fiends* must have been let loose upon these "Friar Rushes!" The author tells us that he takes his account from authentic documents—but these documents turn out to be the letters of the visitors; and of the character of one of these the reader has just had a sufficient proof. Those who have the work here referred to, vol. i., p. 256-7, may think, with the author of it, that "this specimen is enough and too much." What is a little to be marvelled at, Strype suffers his prejudices against the conduct of the monks to be heightened by a letter from one of the name of Beerly, at Pershore; who, in order that he might escape the general wreck, turned tail upon his brethren, and vilified them as liberally as their professed enemies had done. Now, to say the least, this was not obtaining what Chief Baron Gilbert, in his famous Law of Evidence, has laid it down as necessary to be obtained—"the best possible evidence that the nature of the case will admit of." It is worth remarking that Fuller has incorporated a particular account of the names of the abbots and of the carnal enormities of which they are supposed to have been guilty; but he adds that he took it from the 3d edition of Speed's *Hist. of Great Britain*, and (what is worth special notice) that it was not to be found in the

prior ones: "being a posthume addition after the author's death, attested in the margine with the authority of Henry Steven his *Apologie for Herodotus*, who took the same out of an English book, containing the *Vileness discovered at the Visitation of Monasteries*." *Church History*, b. vi., pp. 316, 317.

A pause perhaps of one moment might have ensued. A consideration of what had been done, in these monasteries, for the preservation of the literature of past ages, and for the cultivation of elegant and peaceful pursuits, might, like "the still small voice" of conscience, have suspended, for a second, the final sentence of confiscation. The hospitality for which the owners of these places had been, and were then, eminently distinguished; but more especially the yet higher consideration of their property having been left with them only as a sacred pledge to be handed down, unimpaired, to their successors—these things,[310] one would think, might have infused some little mercy and moderation into Henry's decrees!

[310] There are two points, concerning the subversion of monasteries, upon which all sensible Roman Catholics make a rest, and upon which they naturally indulge a too well-founded grief. The dispersion of books or interruption of study; and the breaking

up of ancient hospitality. Let us hear Collier upon the subject: "The advantages accruing to the public from these religious houses were considerable, upon several accounts. To mention some of them: The temporal nobility and gentry had a creditable way of providing for their younger children. Those who were disposed to withdraw from the world, or not likely to make their fortunes in it, had a handsome retreat to the cloister. Here they were furnished with conveniences for life and study, with opportunities for thought and recollection; and, over and above, passed their time in a condition not unbecoming their quality."—"The abbies were very serviceable places for the education of young people: every convent had one person or more assigned for this business. Thus the children of the neighbourhood were taught grammar and music without any charge to their parents. And, in the nunneries, those of the other sex learned to work and read English, with some advances into Latin," &c.—"Farther, it is to the abbies we are obliged for most of our historians, both of church and state: these places of retirement had both most learning and leisure for such undertakings: neither did they want information for such employment," *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii., 165. A host of Protestant authors, with Lord Herbert at the head of them, might be brought forward to corroborate these sensible remarks of Collier. The hospitality of the monastic life has been on all sides admitted; and, according to Lord Coke, one

of the articles of impeachment against Cardinal Wolsey was that he had caused "this hospitality and relief to grow into decay and disuse;" which was "a great cause that there were so many vagabonds, beggars, and thieves;"—*Fourth Institute*; p. 91, edit. 1669. So that the author of an ancient, and now rarely perused work had just reason, in describing the friars of his time as "living in common upon the goods of a monastery, either gotten by common labour, or else upon lands and possessions where with the monastery was endowed." *Pype or Tonne of the Lyfe of Perfection*; fol. clxxii., rev. 1532, 4to. And yet, should the active bibliomaniac be disposed to peruse this work, after purchasing Mr. Triphook's elegant copy of the same, he might probably not think very highly of the author's good sense, when he found him gravely telling us that "the appetite of clean, sweet, and fair, or fine cloaths, and oft-washing and curious *pykyng* of the body, is an enemy of chastity," fol. ccxxix. rect. The DEVASTATION OF BOOKS was, I fear, sufficiently frightful to warrant the following writers in their respective conclusions. "A judicious author (says Ashmole) speaking of the dissolution of our monasteries, saith thus: Many manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition then (having) *red letters* in the front, were condemned to the fire: and here a principal key of antiquity was lost, to the great prejudice of posterity. Indeed (such was learning's misfortune, at that great devastation of our English libraries, that)

where a *red letter* or a mathematical diagram appeared, they were sufficient to entitle the book to be popish or diabolical." *Theatrum Chemicum*; prolegom. A. 2. rev. "The avarice of the late intruders was so mean, and their ignorance so undistinguishing, that, when the books happened to have COSTLY COVERS, they tore them off, and threw away the works, or turned them to the vilest purposes." *Life of Reginald Pole*; vol. i., p. 253-4, edit. 1767, 8vo. The author of this last quotation then slightly notices what Bale has said upon these book-devastations; and which I here subjoin at full length; from my first edition of this work:—"Never (says Bale) had we been offended for the loss of our LIBRARIES, being so many in number, and in so desolate places for the more part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been preserved. If there had been, in every shire of England, but one SOLEMPNE LIBRARY, to the preservation of those noble works, and preferment of good learning in our posterity, it had been yet somewhat. But to destroy all, without consideration, is, and will be, unto England, for ever, a most horrible infamy among the grave seniors of other nations. A great number of them, which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library-books some to serve the *jakes*, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots: some they sold to the grocers and soap sellers; some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small number, but at

times whole ships full, to the wondering of the foreign nations. Yea, the Universities of the realm are not all clear of this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gains, and shameth his natural country. I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that *bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price*; a shame it is to be spoken! This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey paper, by the space of more than ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come!" Preface to *Leland's Laboryouse Journey*, &c., 1549, 8vo. Reprint of 1772; sign. C.

PHIL. But what can be said in defence of the dissolute lives of the monks?

LYSAND. Dissoluteness shall never be defended by me, let it be shewn by whom it may; and therefore I will not take the part, on this head, of the tenants of old monasteries. But, Philemon, consider with what grace could this charge come from HIM who had "shed innocent blood," to gratify his horrid lusts?

LIS. Yet, tell me, did not the dissolution of these libraries in some respects equally answer the ends of literature, by causing the books to come into other hands?

LYSAND. No doubt, a few studious men reaped

the benefit of this dispersion, by getting possession of many curious volumes with which, otherwise, they might never have been acquainted. If my memory be not treacherous, the celebrated grammarian ROBERT WAKEfiELD[311] was singularly lucky in this way. It is time, however, to check my rambling ideas. A few more words only, and we cease to sermonize upon the Reformation.

[311] "This ROBERT WAKEfiELD was the prime linguist of his time, having obtained beyond the seas the Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac tongues. In one thing he is to be commended, and that is this, that he carefully preserved divers books of Greek and Hebrew at the dissolution of religious houses, and especially some of those in the library of Ramsey abbey, composed by Laurence Holbecke, monk of that place, in the reign of Henry IV. He died at London 8th October, 1537, leaving behind him the name of *Polypus*, as Leland is pleased to style him, noting that he was of a witty and crafty behaviour." Wood's *Hist. of Colleges and Halls*, p. 429, Gutch's edit.

PHIL. There is no occasion to be extremely laconic. The evening has hardly yet given way to night. The horizon, I dare say, yet faintly glows with the setting-sun-beams. But proceed

as you will.

LYSAND. The commotions which ensued from the arbitrary measures of Henry were great; [312] but such as were naturally to be expected. At length Henry died, and a young and amiable prince reigned for a few months. Mary next ascended the throne; and the storm took an opposite direction. Then an attempt was made to restore chalices, crucifixes, and missals. But the short period of her sovereignty making way for the long and illustrious one of her sister Elizabeth, the Cecils and Walsinghams[313] united their great talents with the equally vigorous ones of the Queen and her favourite archbishop Parker, in establishing that form of religion which, by partaking in a reasonable degree of the solemnity of the Romish church, and by being tempered with great simplicity and piety in its prayers, won its way to the hearts of the generality of the people. Our *Great English Bibles*[314] were now restored to their conspicuous situations; and the Bibliomania, in consequence, began to spread more widely and effectively.

[312] Fuller has devoted one sentence only, and that not written with his usual force, to the havoc and consternation which ensued on the devastation of the monasteries. *Ch. Hist.*, b. vi., p. 314. Burnet is a little more moving: *Hist. of the Reformation*; vol. i., p. 223. But, from the

foregoing premises, the reader may probably be disposed to admit the conclusion of a virulent Roman Catholic writer, even in its fullest extent: namely, that there were "subverted monasteries, overthrown abbies, broken churches, torn castles, rent towers, overturned walls of towns and fortresses, with the confused heaps of all ruined monuments." *Treatise of Treasons*, 1572, 8vo., fol. 148, rev.

[313] There are few bibliographers at all versed in English literature and history, who have not heard, by some side wind or other, of the last mentioned work; concerning which Herbert is somewhat interesting in his notes: *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iii., p. 1630. The reader is here presented with a copious extract from this curious and scarce book—not for the sake of adding to these ponderous notes relating to the REFORMATION—(a subject, upon which, from a professional feeling, I thought it my duty to say something!)—but for the sake of showing how dexterously the most important events and palpable truths may be described and perverted by an artful and headstrong disputant. The work was written expressly to defame ELIZABETH, CECIL, and BACON, and to introduce the Romish religion upon the ruins of the Protestant. The author thus gravely talks

"*Of Queen Mary and her Predecessors.*

"She (Mary) found also the whole face of the commonwealth settled and acquieted

in the ancient religion; in which, and by which, all kings and queens of that realm (from as long almost before the conquest as that conquest was before that time) had lived, reigned, and maintained their states; and the terrible correction of those few that swerved from it notorious, as no man could be ignorant of it. As King John, without error in religion, for contempt only of the See Apostolic, plagued with the loss of his state, till he reconciled himself, and acknowledged to hold his crown of the Pope. King Henry VIII., likewise, with finding no end of heading and hanging, till (with the note of tyranny for wasting his nobility) he had headed him also that procured him to it. Fol. 85, 86.

"*Libellous Character of Cecil.*

"In which stem and trunk (being rotten at heart, hollow within, and without sound substance) hath our spiteful pullet (CECIL) laid her ungracious eggs, mo than a few: and there hath hatched sundry of them, and brought forth chickens of her own feather, I warrant you. A hen I call him, as well for his cackling, ready and smooth tongue, wherein he giveth place to none, as for his deep and subtle art in hiding his serpentine eggs from common men's sight: chiefly for his hennish heart and courage, which twice already hath been well proved to be as base and deject at the sight of any storm of adverse fortune, as ever was hen's heart at the sight of a fox. And, had he not been by his confederate, as with a dunghill

cock, trodden as it were and gotten with egg, I doubt whether ever his hennish heart, joined to his shrewd wit, would have served him, so soon to put the Q.'s green and tender state in so manifest peril and adventure. Fol. 88, rect.

"*Libellous Characters of Cecil and N. Bacon.*

"Let the houses and possessions of these two Catalines be considered, let their furniture, and building, let their daily purchases, and ready hability to purchase still, let their offices and functions wherein they sit, let their titles, and styles claimed and used, let their places in council, let their authority over the nobility, let their linking in alliance with the same, let their access to the prince, let their power and credit with her: let this their present state, I say, in all points (being open and unknown to no men) be compared with their base parentage and progeny, (the one raised out of the robes, and the other from a *Sheeprive's* son) and let that give sentence as well of the great difference of the tastes, that the several fruits gathered of this tree by your Q., and by them do yield, as whether any man at this day approach near unto them in any condition wherein advancement consisteth. Yea, mark you the jollity and pride that in this prosperity they shew; the port and countenance that every way they carry; in comparison of them that be noble by birth. Behold at whose doors your nobility attendeth. Consider in whose chambers your council

must sit, and to whom for resolutions they must resort; and let these things determine both what was the purpose indeed, and hidden intention of that change of religion, and who hath gathered the benefits of that mutation: that is to say, whether for your Q., for your realms, or for their own sakes, the same at first was taken in hand, and since pursued as you have seen. For according to the principal effects of every action must the intent of the act be deemed and presumed. For the objected excuses (that they did it for conscience, or for fear of the French) be too frivolous and vain to abuse any wise man. For they that under King Henry were as catholic, as the six articles required: that under King Edward were such Protestants as the Protector would have them; that under Q. Mary were Catholics again, even to creeping to the Cross: and that under Q. Elizabeth were first Lutheran, setting up Parker, Cheiny, Gest, Bill, &c., then Calvinists, advancing Grindall, Juell, Horne, &c.: then Puritans, maintaining Sampson, Deering, Humfrey, &c.; and now (if not Anabaptists and Arians) plain Machiavellians, yea, that they persuade in public speeches that man hath free liberty to dissemble his religion, and for authority do allege their own examples and practice of feigning one religion for another in Q. Mary's time (which containeth a manifest evacuation of Christ's own coming and doctrine, of the Apostles, preaching and practice, of the blood of the martyrs, of the constancy of all confessors; yea, and of the

glorious vain deaths of all the stinking martyrs of their innumerable sects of hereticks, one and other having always taught the confession of mouth to be as necessary to salvation as the belief of heart): shall these men now be admitted to plead conscience in religion; and can any man now be couzined so much, as to think that these men by conscience were then moved to make that mutation?" Fol. 96, 97. "At home, likewise, apparent it is how they provided, every way to make themselves strong there also. For being by their own marriages allied already to the house of Suffolk of the blood royal, and by consequence thereof to the house of Hertford also, and their children thereby incorporated to both: mark you how now by marriage of their children with wily wit and wealth together, they wind in your other noblest houses unto them that are left, I mean in credit and countenance. Consider likewise how, at their own commendation and preferment, they have erected, as it were, almost a new half of your nobility (of whom also they have reason to think themselves assured) and the rest then (that were out of hope to be won to their faction) behold how, by sundry fine devices, they are either cut off, worn out, fled, banished or defaced at home," &c., fol. 105, rect. The good LORD BURGHLEY, says Strype, was so moved at this slander that he uttered these words: "God amend his spirit, and confound his malice." And by way of protestation of the integrity and faithfulness of both their

services, "God send this estate no worse meaning servants, in all respects, than we two have been." *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. ii., 178. Camden's *Hist. of Q. Elizabeth*, p. 192,—as quoted by Herbert.

[314] "All curates must continually call upon their parochians to provide a book of the *Holy Bible in English*, of THE LARGEST FORM, within 40 days next after the publication hereof, that may be chained in some open place in the church," &c. Injunctions by Lee, Archbishop of York: Burnet's *Hist. of the Reformation*, vol. iii., p. 136, Collections. This custom of fixing a great bible in the centre of a place of worship yet obtains in some of the chapels attached to the colleges at Oxford. That of Queen's, in particular, has a noble brazen eagle, with outstretched wings, upon which the foundation members read the lessons of the day in turn.

LOREN. Had you not better confine yourself to personal anecdote, rather than enter into the boundless field of historical survey?

LYSAND. I thank you for the hint. Having sermonized upon the general features of the Reformation, we will resume the kind of discourse with which we at first set out.

PHIL. But you make no mention of the number of curious and fugitive pamphlets of the day, which were written in order to depreciate and

exterminate the Roman Catholic religion? Some of these had at least the merit of tartness and humour.

LYSAND. Consult Fox's *Martyrology*,[315] if you wish to have some general knowledge of these publications; although I apprehend you will not find in that work any mention of the poetical pieces of Skelton and Roy; nor yet of Ramsay.

[315] The curious reader who wishes to become master of all the valuable, though sometimes loose, information contained in this renowned work—upon which Dr. Wordsworth has pronounced rather a warm eulogium (*Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. i., p. xix.)—should secure the *first* edition, as well as the latter one of 1641, or 1684; inasmuch as this first impression, of the date of 1563, is said by Hearne to be "omnium optima:" see his Adami de Domerham, *Hist. de reb. gest. Glaston.*, vol. i., p. xxii. I also learn, from an original letter of Anstis, in the possession of Mr. John Nichols, that "the late editions are not quite so full in some particulars, and that many things are left out about the Protector Seymour."

LOREN. Skelton and Roy are in my library;[316] but who is RAMSAY?

[316] Vide p. 226, ante.

LYSAND. He wrote a comical poetical satire against the Romish priests, under the title of "*A Plaister for a galled Horse*,"[317] which Raynald printed in a little thin quarto volume of six or seven pages.

[317] In Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. i., p. 581, will be found rather a slight notice of this raw and vulgar satire. It has, however, stamina of its kind; as the reader may hence judge:

Mark the gesture, who that lyst;
First a shorne shauelynge, clad in a clowt,
Bearinge the name of an honest priest,
And yet in no place a starker lowte.
A whore monger, a dronkard, ye makyn him be snowte—
At the alehouses he studieth, till hys witte he doth lacke.
Such are your minysters, to bringe thys matter about:
But guppe ye god-makers, beware your galled backe.

Then wraped in a knaues skynne, as ioly as my horse,
Before the aulter, in great contemplacion
Confessinge the synnes of his lubbrysh corse
To god and all saynctes, he counteth hys abhomination
Then home to the aulter, with great saintification
With crosses, and blesses, with his boy lytle Jacke:
Thus forth goeth syr Jhon with all his preparation.
But guppe ye god-makers, beware your galled backe.

Then gloria in excelsis for ioye dothe he synge
More for his fat liuinge, than for devocion:
And many there be that remember another thinge
Which syng not wyth mery hart for lacke of promocion

Thus some be mery, some be sory
according to their porcion
Then forth cometh collects, bounde up in
a packe,
For this sainct and that sainct, for
sickenes, and extorcion
But guppe ye god-makers, beware your
galled backe.
Stanzas, 17, 18, 19.

At the sale of Mr. Brand's books, in 1807, a copy of this rare tract, of six or seven pages, was sold for 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Vide *Bibl. Brand*, part i., no. 1300. This was surely more than both plaister and horse were worth! A poetical satire of a similar kind, entitled "*John Bon and Mast Person*," was printed by Daye and Seres; who struck off but a few copies, but who were brought into considerable trouble for the same. The virulence with which the author and printer of this lampoon were persecuted in Mary's reign is sufficiently attested by the care which was taken to suppress every copy that could be secured. The only perfect known copy of this rare tract was purchased at the sale of Mr. R. Forster's books, for the Marquis of Bute; and Mr. Stace, the bookseller, had privilege to make a fac-simile reprint of it; of which there were six copies struck off UPON VELLUM. It being now rather common with book-collectors, there is no necessity to make a quotation from it here. Indeed there is very little in it deserving of republication.

LOREN. I will make a memorandum to try to secure this "comical" piece, as you call it; but has it never been reprinted in our "*Corpora Poetarum Anglicorum*?"

LYSAND. Never to the best of my recollection. Mr. Alexander Chalmers probably shewed his judgment in the omission of it, in his lately published collection of our poets. A work, which I can safely recommend to you as being, upon the whole, one of the most faithful and useful, as well as elegant, compilations of its kind, that any country has to boast of. But I think I saw it in your library, Lorenzo?—

LOREN. It was certainly there, and bound in stout Russia, when we quitted it for this place.

LIS. Dispatch your "gall'd horse," and now—having placed a justly merited wreath round the brow of your poetical editor, proceed—as Lorenzo has well said—with personal anecdotes. What has become of Wyatt and Surrey—and when shall we reach Leland and Bale?

LYSAND. I crave your mercy, Master Lisardo! One at a time. Gently ride your bibliomaniacal hobby-horse!

WYATT and SURREY had, beyond all question, the most exquisitely polished minds of their day. They were far above the generality of their compeers. But although Hall chooses to notice

the whistle[318] of the latter, it does not follow that I should notice his *library*, if I am not able to discover any thing particularly interesting relating to the same. And so, wishing every lover of his country's literature to purchase a copy of the poems of both these heroes,[319] I march onward to introduce a new friend to you, who preceded Leland in his career, and for an account of whom we are chiefly indebted to the excellent and best editor of the works of Spencer and Milton. Did'st ever hear, Lisardo, of one WILLIAM THYNNE?

[318] About the year 1519, Hall mentions the Earl of Surrey "on a great coursir richely trapped, and a greate whistle of gold set with stones and perle, hanging at a great and massy chayne baudrick-wise." Chronicles: p. 65, a. See Warton's *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*: p. 166, note o., ed. 1780. This is a very amusing page about the custom of wearing whistles, among noblemen, at the commencement of the 16th century. If Franklin had been then alive, he would have had abundant reason for exclaiming that these men "paid too much for their *whistles*!"

[319] Till the long promised, elaborate, and beautiful edition of the works of SIR THOMAS WYATT and LORD SURREY, by the Rev. Dr. Nott,[E] shall make its appearance, the bibliomaniac must satisfy his book-appetite, about the editions of the

same which have already appeared, by perusing the elegant volumes of Mr. George Ellis, and Mr. Park; *Specimens of the Early English Poets*; vol. ii., pp. 43-67: *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. i., pp. 255-276. As to early black letter editions, let him look at *Bibl. Pearson*, no. 2544; where, however, he will find only the 7th edition of 1587: the first being of the date of 1557. The eighth and last edition was published by Tonson, in 1717, 8vo. It will be unpardonable not to add that the Rev. Mr. Conybeare is in possession of a perfect copy of Lord Surrey's Translation of a part of the *Æneid*, which is the third only known copy in existence. Turn to the animating pages of Warton, *Hist. Engl. Poetry*; vol. iii., pp. 2-21, about this translation and its author.

[E] Conducting this celebrated book through the press occupied Dr. Nott several years; it was printed by the father of the printer of this work, in two large 4to. volumes—and was just finished when, in the year 1819, the Bolt Court printing-office, and all it contained, was destroyed by fire. Only *two* copies of the works of Wyatt and Surrey escaped, having been sent to Dr. Nott by the printer, as *clean sheets*.

LIS. Pray make me acquainted with him.

LYSAND. You will love him exceedingly when

you thoroughly know him; because he was the first man in this country who took pains to do justice to Chaucer, by collecting and collating the mutilated editions of his works. Moreover, he rummaged a great number of libraries, under the express order of Henry VIII.; and seems in every respect (if we may credit the apparently frank testimony of his son[320]), to have been a thoroughbred bibliomaniac. Secure Mr. Todd's *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*, and set your heart at ease upon the subject.

[320] "—but (my father, WILLIAM THYNNE) further had commissione to serche all the libraries of England for Chaucer's works, so that oute of all the abbies of this realme (which reserved any monuments thereof), he was fully furnished with multitude of bookes," &c. On Thynne's discovering Chaucer's Pilgrim's Tale, when Henry VIII. had read it—"he called (continues the son) my father unto hym, sayinge, 'William Thynne, I doubt this will not be allowed, for I suspecte the byshoppes will call thee in question for yt.' To whome my father beinge in great fauore with his prince, sayed, 'yf your Grace be not offended, I hope to be protected by you.' Whereupon the kinge bydd hym goo his waye and feare not," &c. "But to leave this, I must saye that, in those many written bookes of Chaucer, which came to my father's hands, there were many false copyes, which

Chaucer shewethe in writinge of Adam Scriuener, of which written copies there came to me, after my father's death, some fyve and twentye," &c. *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*; pp. 11, 13, 15. Let us not hesitate one moment about the appellation of *Helluo Librorum*,—justly due to MASTER WILLIAM THYNNE!

But it is time to introduce your favourite LELAND: a bibliomaniac of unparalleled powers and unperishable fame. To entwine the wreath of praise round the brow of this great man seems to have been considered by Bale among the most exquisite gratifications of his existence. It is with no small delight, therefore, Lorenzo, that I view, at this distance, the marble bust of Leland in yonder niche of your library, with a laureate crown upon its pedestal. And with almost equal satisfaction did I observe, yesterday, during the absence of Philemon and Lisardo at the book-sale, the handsome manner in which Harrison,[321] in his *Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicles, has spoken of this illustrious antiquary. No delays, no difficulties, no perils, ever daunted his personal courage, or depressed his mental energies. Enamoured of study, to the last rational moment of his existence, Leland seems to have been born for the "Laborious Journey" which he undertook in search of truth, as she was to be discovered

among mouldering records, and worm-eaten volumes. Uniting the active talents of a statist with the painful research of an antiquary, he thought nothing too insignificant for observation. The confined streamlet or the capacious river—the obscure village or the populous town—were, with parchment rolls and oaken-covered books, alike objects of curiosity in his philosophic eye! Peace to his once vexed spirit!—and never-fading honours attend the academical society in which his youthful mind was disciplined to such laudable pursuits!

[321] "One helpe, and none of the smallest, that I obtained herein, was by such commentaries as LELAND had sometime collected of the state of Britaine; books vtterlie mangled, defaced with wet and weather, and finallie vnperfect through want of sundrie volumes." *Epistle Dedicatorie*; vol. i., p. vi., edit. 1807. The history of this great man, and of his literary labours, is most interesting. He was a pupil of William Lilly, the first head-master of St. Paul's school; and, by the kindness and liberality of a Mr. Myles, he afterwards received the advantage of a college education, and was supplied with money in order to travel abroad, and make such collections as he should deem necessary for the great work which even then seemed to dawn upon his young and ardent mind. Leland endeavoured to

requite the kindness of his benefactor by an elegant copy of Latin verses, in which he warmly expatiates on the generosity of his patron, and acknowledges that his acquaintance with the *Almæ Matres* (for he was of both Universities) was entirely the result of such beneficence. While he resided on the continent, he was admitted into the society of the most eminent Greek and Latin scholars, and could probably number among his correspondents the illustrious names of Budæus, Erasmus, the Stephenses, Faber and Turnebus. Here, too, he cultivated his natural taste for poetry; and, from inspecting the fiNE BOOKS which the Italian and French presses had produced, as well as fired by the love of Grecian learning, which had fled, on the sacking of Constantinople, to take shelter in the academic bowers of the Medici—he seems to have matured his plans for carrying into effect the great work which had now taken full possession of his mind. He returned to England, resolved to institute an inquiry into the state of the LIBRARIES, ANTIQUITIES, RECORDS, and WRITINGS then in existence. Having entered into holy orders, and obtained preferment at the express interposition of the king (Henry VIII.), he was appointed his antiquary and library-keeper; and a royal commission was issued, in which Leland was directed to search after "ENGLAND'S ANTIQUITIES, and peruse the libraries of all cathedrals, abbies, priories, colleges, &c., as also all the places wherein records, writings, and secrets of antiquity

were reposited." "Before Leland's time," says Hearne—in a strain which makes one shudder—"all the literary monuments of antiquity were totally disregarded; and students of Germany, apprized of this culpable indifference, were suffered to enter our libraries unmolested, and to cut out of the books, deposited there, whatever passages they thought proper—which they afterwards published as relics of the ancient literature of their own country." *Pref. to the Itinerary*. Leland was occupied, without intermission, in his laborious undertaking, for the space of six years; and, on its completion, he hastened to the metropolis to lay at the feet of his sovereign the result of his researches. As John Kay had presented his translation of the *Siege of Rhodes* to Edward IV., as "A GIFT of his labour," so Leland presented his Itinerary to Henry VIII., under the title of *A New Year's Gift*; and it was first published as such by Bale in 1549, 8vo. "Being inflamed," says the author, "with a love to see thoroughly all those parts of your opulent and ample realm, in so much that all my other occupations intermitted, I have so travelled in your dominions both by the sea coasts and the middle parts, sparing neither labour nor costs, by the space of six years past, that there is neither cape nor bay, haven, creek, or pier, river, or confluence of rivers, breaches, wastes, lakes, moors, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, heaths, forests, chases, woods, cities, burghes, castles, principal manor places, monasteries, and colleges, but I

have seen them; and noted, in so doing, a whole world of things very memorable." Leland moreover tells his majesty—that "By his laborious journey and costly enterprise, he had conserved many good authors, the which otherwise had been like to have perished; of the which part remained in the royal palaces, part also in his own custody," &c. As Leland was engaged six years in this literary tour, so he was occupied for a no less period of time in digesting and arranging the prodigious number of MSS. which he had collected. But he sunk beneath the immensity of the task. The want of amanuenses, and of other attentions and comforts, seems to have deeply affected him. In this melancholy state, he wrote to Archbishop Cranmer a Latin epistle, in verse, of which the following is the commencement—very forcibly describing his situation and anguish of mind:

Est congesta mihi domi supellex
Ingens, aurea, nobilis, venusta,
Qua totus studeo Britanniarum
Vero reddere gloriam nitori;
Sed fortuna meis noverca cœptis
Jam felicibus invidet maligna.
Quare, ne pereant brevi vel hora
Multarum mihi noctium labores
Omnes——
CRANMERE, eximium decus priorum!
Implorare tuam benignitatem
Cogor.

The result was that Leland lost his senses; and, after lingering two years in a state of total derangement, he died on the 18th of April, 1552. "Prôh tristes rerum humanarum vices! prôh viri optimi deplorandam infelicissimamque sortem!" exclaims Dr. Smith, in his preface to Camden's Life, 1691, 4to. The precious and voluminous MSS. of Leland were doomed to suffer a fate scarcely less pitiable that that of their owner. After being pilfered by some, and garbled by others, they served to replenish the pages of Stow, Lambard, Camden, Burton, Dugdale, and many other antiquaries and historians. "Leland's Remains," says Bagford, "have been ever since a standard to all that have any way treated of the Antiquities of England. Reginald Wolfe intended to have made use of them, although this was not done 'till after his death by Harrison, Holinshed, and

others concerned in that work. Harrison transcribed his Itinerary, giving a Description of England by the rivers, but he did not understand it. They have likewise been made use of by several in part, but how much more complete had this been, had it been finished by himself?" *Collectanea*: Hearne's edit., 1774; vol. i., p. LXXVII. Polydore Virgil, who had stolen from these Remains pretty freely, had the insolence to abuse Leland's memory—calling him "a vain-glorious man;" but what shall we say to this flippant egotist? who according to Caius's testimony (*De Antiq. Cantab. Acad.*, lib. 1.) "to prevent a discovery of the many errors of his own History of England, collected and burnt a greater number of ancient histories and manuscripts than would have loaded a waggon." There are some (among whom I could number a most respectable friend and well qualified judge) who have doubted of the propriety of thus severely censuring Polydore Virgil; and who are even sceptical about his malpractices. But Sir Henry Savile, who was sufficiently contemporaneous to collect the best evidence upon the subject, thus boldly observes: "Nam Polydorus, ut homo Italus, et in rebus nostris hospes, et (quod caput est) neque in republica versatus, nec magni alioqui vel judicii vel ingenii, pauca ex multis delibans, et falsa plerumque pro veris amplexus, historiam nobis reliquit cum cætera mendosam tum exiliter sanè et jejunè conscriptam." *Script. post. Bedam.*, edit. 1596; pref. "As for Polydore Virgil, he

hath written either nothing or very little concerning them; and that so little, so false and misbeseeming the ingenuitie of an historian, that he seemeth to have aimed at no other end than, by bitter invectives against Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, to demerit the favour of Queen Mary," &c., Godwyn's translation of the *Annales of England*; edit. 1630, author's Preface. "It is also remarkable that Polydore Virgil's and Bishop Joscelin's edition of Gildas's epistle differ so materially that the author of it hardly seems to be one and the same person." This is Gale's opinion: *Rer. Anglican. Script. Vet.*; vol. i., pref., p. 4. Upon the whole—to return to Leland—it must be acknowledged that he is a melancholy, as well as illustrious, example of the influence of the BIBLIOMANIA! But do not let us take leave of him without a due contemplation of his expressive features, as they are given in the frontispiece of the first volume of the Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood. 1772, 8vo.



IN REFECTORIO COLL. OMN. ANIM. OXON.

BALE follows closely after Leland. This once celebrated, and yet respectable, writer had probably more zeal than discretion; but his exertions in the cause of our own church can never be mentioned without admiration. I would not, assuredly, quote Bale as a decisive authority in doubtful or difficult cases;[322] but, as he lived in the times of which he in a great measure wrote, and as his society was courted by the wealthy and powerful, I am not sure whether he merits to be treated with the roughness with which some authors mention

his labours. He had, certainly, a tolerable degree of strength in his English style; but he painted with a pencil which reminded us more frequently of the horrific pictures of Spagnoletti than of the tender compositions of Albano. That he idolized his master, Leland, so enthusiastically, will always cover, in my estimation, a multitude of his errors: and that he should leave a scholar's inventory (as Fuller saps), "more books than money behind him," will at least cause him to be numbered among the most renowned bibliomaniacs.

[322] Like all men, who desert a religion which they once enthusiastically profess, Bale, after being zealous for the papal superstitions, holding up his hands to rotten posts, and calling them his "fathers in heaven," (according to his own confession) became a zealous Protestant, and abused the church of Rome with a virulence almost unknown in the writings of his predecessors. But in spite of his coarseness, positiveness, and severity, he merits the great praise of having done much in behalf of the cause of literature. His attachment to Leland is, unquestionably, highly to his honour; but his biographies, especially of the Romish prelates, are as monstrously extravagant as his plays are incorrigibly dull. He had a certain rough honesty and prompt benevolence of character, which may be thought to compensate for his grosser

failings. His reputation as a *bibliomaniac* is fully recorded in the anecdote mentioned at p. 234, ante. His "magnum opus," the *Scriptores Britanniæ*, has already been noticed with sufficient minuteness; vide p. 31, ante. It has not escaped severe animadversion. Francis Thynne tells us that Bale has "mistaken infynyte thinges in that booke de Scriptoribus Anglie, being for the most part the collections of Lelande." *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*; p. 23. Picard, in his wretched edition of *Gulielmus Neubrigensis* (edit. 1610, p. 672), has brought a severe accusation against the author of having "burnt or torn all the copies of the works which he described, after he had taken the titles of them;" but see this charge successfully rebutted in Dr. Pegge's *Anonymiana*; p. 311. That Bale's library, especially in the department of manuscripts, was both rich and curious, is indisputable, from the following passage in *Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker*. "The archbishop laid out for BALE'S rare collection of MSS. immediately upon his death, fearing that they might be gotten by somebody else. Therefore he took care to bespeak them before others, and was promised to have them for his money, as he told Cecil. And perhaps divers of those books that do now make proud the University Library, and that of Benet and some other colleges, in Cambridge, were Bale's," p. 539. It would seem, from the same authority, that our bibliomaniac "set himself to search the libraries in Oxford,

Cambridge, London (wherein there was but one, and that a slender one), Norwich, and several others in Norfolk and Suffolk: whence he had collected enough for another volume De Scriptoribus Britannicis." *Ibid.* The following very beautiful wood-cut of Bale's portrait is taken from the original, of the same size, in the *Acta Romanorum Pontificum*; Basil, 1527, 8vo. A similar one, on a larger scale, will be found in the "*Scriptores*," &c., published at Basil, 1557, or 1559—folio. Mr. Price, the principal librarian of the Bodleian Library, shewed me a rare head of Bale, of a very different cast of features —in a small black-letter book, of which I have forgotten the name.



Before I enter upon the reign of Elizabeth, let me pay a passing, but sincere, tribute of respect to the memory of CRANMER; whose *Great Bible*[323] is at once a monument of his attachment to the Protestant religion, and to splendid books. His end was sufficiently lamentable; but while the flames were consuming his parched body, and while his right hand, extended in the midst of them, was reproached by him for its former act of wavering and "offence," he had the comfort of soothing his troubled spirit by reflecting upon

what his past life had exhibited in the cause of learning, morality, and religion.[324] Let his memory be respected among virtuous bibliomaniacs!

[323] I have perused what Strype (*Life of Cranmer*, pp. 59, 63, 444), Lewis (*History of English Bibles*, pp. 122-137), Johnson (*Idem opus*, pp. 33-42), and Herbert (*Typog. Antiquities*, vol. i., p. 513,) have written concerning the biblical labours of Archbishop Cranmer; but the accurate conclusion to be drawn about the publication which goes under the name of CRANMER'S, or THE GREAT BIBLE, not quite so clear as bibliographers may imagine. However, this is not the place to canvass so intricate a subject. It is sufficient that a magnificent impression of the Bible in the English language, with a superb frontispiece (which has been most feebly and inadequately copied for Lewis's work), under the archiepiscopal patronage of CRANMER, did make its appearance in 1539: and it has been my good fortune to turn over the leaves of the identical copy of it, printed UPON VELLUM, concerning which Thomas Baker expatiates so eloquently to his bibliomaniacal friend, Hearne. *Rob. of Gloucester's Chronicle*; vol. i., p. xix. This copy is in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge; and is now placed upon a table, to the right hand, upon entering of the same: although formerly, according to Bagford's account, it

was "among some old books in a private place nigh the library." *Idem*; p. xxii. There is a similar copy in the British Museum.

[324] "And thus"—says Strype—(in a strain of pathos and eloquence not usually to be found in his writings) "we have brought this excellent prelate unto his end, after two years and a half hard imprisonment. His body was not carried to the grave in state, nor buried, as many of his predecessors were, in his own cathedral church, nor inclosed in a monument of marble or touchstone. Nor had he any inscription to set forth his praises to posterity. No shrine to be visited by devout pilgrims, as his predecessors, S. Dunstan and S. Thomas had. Shall we therefore say, as the poet doth:

Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo. Quis putet esse Deos?

No; we are better Christians, I trust, than so: who are taught, that the rewards of God's elect are not temporal but eternal. And Cranmer's martyrdom is his monument, and his name will outlast an epitaph or a shrine." *Life of Cranmer*; p. 391. It would seem, from the same authority, that RIDLEY, LATIMER, and CRANMER, were permitted to dine together in prison, some little time before they suffered; although they were "placed in separate lodgings that they might not confer together." Strype saw "a book of their diet, every dinner and supper, and

the charge thereof,"—as it was brought in by the bailiffs attending them.

Dinner Expenses of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer.

Bread and Ale	ii*d.*
Item, Oisters	i*d.*
Item, Butter	ii*d.*
Item, Eggs	ii*d.*
Item, Lyng	viii*d.*
Item, A piece of fresh Salmon	x*d.*
Wine	iii*d.*
Cheese and pears	ii*d.*

Charges for burning Ridley and Latimer.

	s.	*d.*
For three loads of wood fagots	12	0
Item, One load of furs fagots	3	4
For the carriage of the same	2	0
Item, A Post	1	4
Item, Two chains	3	4
Item, Two staples	0	6
Item, Four Labourers	2	8

Charges for burning Cranmer.

	s.	*d.*
For an 100 of wood fagots,	06	0
For an 100 and half of furs fagots	03	4

For the carriage of them	0 8
To two labourers	1 4

I will draw the curtain upon this dismal picture, by a short extract from one of Cranmer's letters, in which this great and good man thus ingeniously urges the necessity of the Scriptures being translated into the English language; a point, by the bye, upon which neither he, nor Cromwell, nor Latimer, I believe, were at first decided; "God's will and commandment is, (says Cranmer) that when the people be gathered together, the minister should use such language as the people may understand, and take profit thereby; or else hold their peace. For as an harp or lute, if it give no certain sound that men may know what is stricken, who can dance after it—for all the sound is vain; so is it vain and profiteth nothing, sayeth Almighty God, by the mouth of St. Paul, if the priest speak to the people in a language which they know not." *Certain most godly, fruitful, and comfortable letters of Saintes and holy Martyrs, &c.*, 1564; 4to., fol. 8.

All hail to the sovereign who, bred up in severe habits of reading and meditation, loved books and scholars to the very bottom of her heart! I consider ELIZABETH as a royal bibliomaniac of transcendent fame!—I see her, in imagination, wearing her favourite little *Volume of Prayers*, [325] the composition of Queen Catherine Parr,

and Lady Tirwit, "bound in solid gold, and hanging by a gold chain at her side," at her morning and evening devotions—afterwards, as she became firmly seated upon her throne, taking an interest in the embellishments of the *Prayer Book*,[326] which goes under her own name; and then indulging her strong bibliomaniacal appetites in fostering the institution "for the erecting of *a Library and an Academy for the study of Antiquities and History*."[327] Notwithstanding her earnestness to root out all relics of the Roman Catholic religion (to which, as the best excuse, we must, perhaps, attribute the sad cruelty of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots), I cannot in my heart forbear to think but that she secured, for her own book-boudoir, one or two of the curious articles which the commissioners often-times found in the libraries that they inspected: and, amongst other volumes, how she could forbear pouncing upon "*A great Pricksong Book of parchment*"—discovered in the library of All Soul's College[328]—is absolutely beyond my wit to divine!



[325] Of this curious little devotional volume the reader has already had some account (p. 119, ante); but if he wishes to enlarge his knowledge of the same, let him refer to vol. lx. pt. ii. and vol. lxi. pt. i. of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. By the kindness of Mr. John Nichols, I am enabled to present the bibliomaniacal virtuoso with a fac-simile of the copper-plate inserted in the latter volume (p. 321) of the authority last mentioned. It represents the GOLDEN COVER, or binding, of this precious manuscript. Of the Queen's attachment to works of this kind, the following is a pretty strong proof: "In the Bodl. library, among the MSS. in mus. num. 235, are the *Epistles of St. Paul, &c.*, printed in an old black letter in 12o. which was *Queen Elizabeth's own book*, and her own hand writing appears at the beginning, viz.: "August. I walke many times into the pleasant fieldes of the Holy Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning: eate them by reading: chawe them by musing: and laie them up at length in the hie seate of memorie by gathering them together: that so having tasted their sweetenes I may the lesse perceave the bitterness of this miserable life." The covering is done in needle work by the Queen [then princess] herself, and thereon are these sentences, viz. on one side, on the borders; CELVM PATRIA: SCOPVS VITÆ XPVS. CHRISTVS VIA.

CHRISTO VIVE. In the middle a heart, and round about it, ELEVA COR SVRSVM IBI VBI E.C. [est Christus]. On the other side, about the borders, BEATVS QVI DIVITIAS SCRIPTVRÆ LEGENS VERBA VERTIT IN OPERA. In the middle a star, and round it, VICIT OMNIA PERTINAX VIRTVS with E.C., *i.e.* as I take it, ELISABETHA CAPTIVA, or [provided it refer to Virtus] ELISABETHÆ CAPTIVÆ, she being, then, when she worked this covering, a prisoner, if I mistake not, at Woodstock." *Tit. Liv. For. Jul. vit. Henrici* v., p. 228-229.

[Enlarge]

[326] In the PRAYER-BOOK which goes by the name of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S, there is a portrait of her Majesty kneeling upon a superb cushion, with elevated hands, in prayer. This book was first printed in 1575; and is decorated with wood-cut borders of considerable spirit and beauty; representing, among other things, some of the subjects of Holbein's dance of death. The last impression is of the date of 1608. Vide *Bibl. Pearson*; no. 635. The presentation copy of it was probably printed UPON VELLUM.[F]

[327] The famous John Dee entreated QUEEN MARY to erect an institution similar the one above alluded to. If she adopted the measure, Dee says that "her highnesse would have a most NOTABLE LIBRARY, learning wonderfully be

advanced, the passing excellent works of our forefathers from rot and worms preserved, and also hereafter continually the whole realm may (through her grace's goodness) use and enjoy the incomparable treasure so preserved: where now, no one student, no, nor any one college, hath half a dozen of those excellent jewels, but the whole stock and store thereof drawing nigh to utter destruction, and extinguishing, while here and there by private men's negligence (and sometimes malice) many a famous and excellent author's book is rent, burnt, or suffered to rot and decay. By your said suppliant's device your Grace's said library might, in very few years, most plentifully be furnisht, and that without any one penny charge unto your Majesty, or doing injury to any creature." In another supplicatory article, dated xv. Jan. 1556, Dee advises copies of the monuments to be taken, and the original, after the copy is taken, to be restored to the owner. That there should be "allowance of all necessary charges, as well toward the riding and journeying for the recovery of the said worthy monuments, as also for the copying out of the same, and framing of necessary stalls, desks, and presses."—He concludes with proposing to make copies of all the principal works in MS. "in the NOTABLEST libraries beyond the sea"—"and as concerning all other excellent authors printed, that they likewise shall be gotten in wonderful abundance, their carriage only to be chargeable." He supposes that

three months' trial would shew the excellence of his plan; which he advises to be instantly put into practice "for fear of the spreading of it abroad might cause many to hide and convey away their good and ancient writers—which, nevertheless, were ungodly done, and a certain token that such are not sincere lovers of good learning." [In other words, not sound bibliomaniacs.] See the Appendix to Hearne's edition of *Joh. Confrat. Monach. de Reb. Glaston.* Dee's "supplication" met with no attention from the bigotted sovereign to whom it was addressed. A project for a similar establishment in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a Society of Antiquaries was first established in this kingdom, may be seen in Hearne's *Collection of Curious Discourses of Antiquaries*; vol. ii., p. 324,—when this library was "to be entitled THE LIBRARY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the same to be well furnished with divers ancient books, and rare monuments of antiquity," &c., edit. 1775.

[328] In Mr. Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*, vol. ii., p. 275, we have a "Letter from Queen Elizabeth's high commissioners, concerning the superstitious books belonging to All Soul's College:" the "schedule" or list returned was as follows:

> Three mass books, old and new, and 2 portmisses
> Item, 8 grailes, 7 antiphoners of parchment and bound

—— 10 Processionals old and new
—— 2 Symnalls
—— an old manual of paper
—— an Invitatorie book
—— 2 psalters—and one covered with a skin
—— *A great pricksong book of parchment*
—— One other pricksong book of vellum covered with a hart's skyn
—— 5 other of paper bound in parchment
—— The Founder's mass-book in parchment bound in board
—— In Mr. Mill his hand an antiphoner and a legend
—— A portmisse in his hand two volumes, a manual, a mass-book, and a
processional.

[F] The two following pages are appropriated to copies of the frontispiece (of the edit. of 1608), and a page of the work, from a copy in the possession of the printer of this edition of the *Bibliomania*.



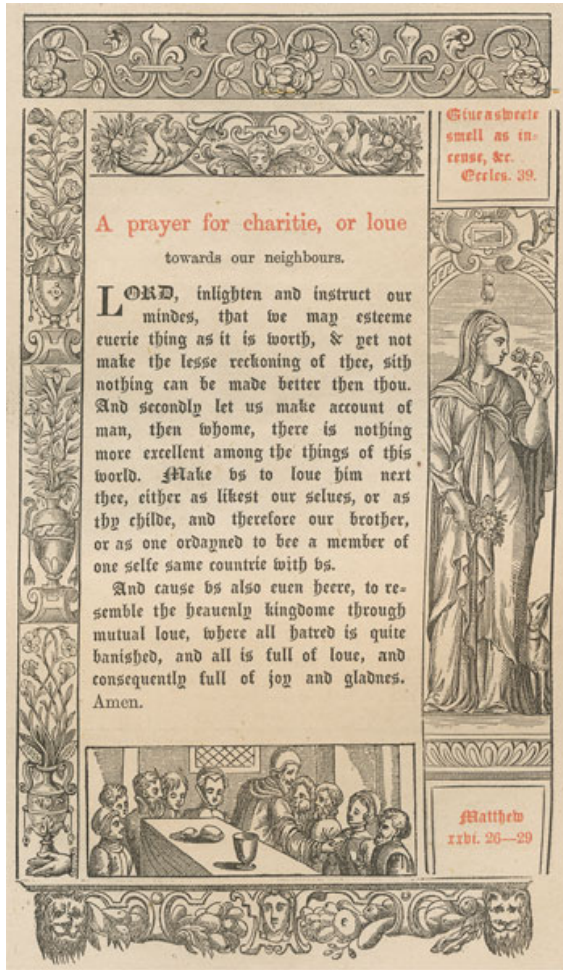
[Enlarge]

Elizabeth Regina.

2 PARALIPOM 6.

Domine Deus Israel, non est similis tui Deus in coelo & in terra, qui pacta custodis &

misericordiam cum seruis tuis, qui ambulant coram te in toto corde suo.



[Enlarge]

Giue a sweete smell as incense, &c. Eccles. 39.

A prayer for charitie, or loue

towards our neighbours.

LORD, ***inlighten and instruct our mindes, that we may esteeme euerie thing as it is worth, & yet not make the lesse reckoning of thee, sith nothing can be made better then thou. And secondly let us make account of man, then whome, there is nothing more excellent among the things of this world. Make vs to loue him next thee, either as likest our selues, or as thy childe, and therefore our brother, or as one ordayned to bee a member of one selfe same countrie with vs.***

And cause vs also euen heere, to resemble the heauenly kingdome through mutual loue, where all hatred is quite banished, and all is full of loue, and consequently full of joy and gladnes. Amen.

Matthew xxvi. 26-29.

LOREN. You are full of book anecdote of Elizabeth: but do you forget her schoolmaster, ROGER ASCHAM?

LYSAND. The master ought certainly to have been mentioned before his pupil. Old Roger is one of my most favourite authors; and I wish English scholars in general not only to read his works frequently, but to imitate the terseness and perspicuity of his style. There is a great deal of information in his treatises, respecting the manners and customs of his times; and as Dr. Johnson has well remarked, "his philological learning would have gained him honour in any country."[329] That he was an ardent bibliomaniac, his letters when upon the continent, are a sufficient demonstration.

[329] ROGER ASCHAM is now, I should hope, pretty firmly established among us as one of the very best classical writers in our language. Nearly three centuries are surely sufficient to consecrate his literary celebrity. He is an author of a peculiar and truly original cast. There is hardly a dull page or a dull passage in his lucubrations. He may be thought, however, to have dealt rather harshly with our old romance writers; nor do I imagine that the original edition of his *Schoolmaster* (1571), would be placed by a *Morte d'Arthur* collector alongside of his thin black-letter quarto romances. Ascham's invectives against the Italian school, and his hard-hearted

strictures upon the innocent ebullitions of Petrarch and Boccaccio, have been noticed, with due judgment and spirit, by Mr. Burnet, in his pleasing analysis of our philosopher's works. See *Specimens of English Prose Writers*; vol. ii., p. 84. Our tutor's notions of academical education, and his courteous treatment of his royal and noble scholars, will be discoursed of anon; meantime, while we cursorily, but strongly, applaud Dr. Johnson's almost unqualified commendation of this able writer; and while the reader may be slightly informed of the elegance and interest of his epistles; let the bibliomaniac hasten to secure Bennet's edition of Ascham's works (which incorparates the notes of Upton upon the Schoolmaster, with the Life of, and remarks upon Ascham, by Dr. Johnson), published in a handsome quarto volume [1761]. This edition, though rather common and cheap, should be carefully reprinted in an octavo volume; to harmonize with the greater number of our best writers published in the same form. But it is time to mention something of the author connected with the subject of this work. What relates to the BIBLIOMANIA, I here select from similar specimens in his English letters, written when he was abroad: "Oct. 4. at afternoon I went about the town [of Bruxelles]. I went to the frier Carmelites house, and heard their even song: after, I desired to see the LIBRARY. A frier was sent to me, and led me into it. There was not one good book but *Lyra*. The friar was

learned, spoke Latin readily, entered into Greek, having a very good wit, and a greater desire to learning. He was gentle and honest," &c. pp. 370-1. "Oct. 20. to Spira: a good city. Here I first saw *Sturmius de Periodis*. I also found here *Ajax*, *Electra*, and *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, excellently, by my good judgment, translated into verse, and fair printed this summer by Gryphius. Your stationers do ill, that at least do not provide you the register of all books, especially of old authors," &c., p. 372. Again: "Hieronimus Wolfius, that translated Demosthenes and Isocrates, is in this town. I am well acquainted with him, and have brought him twice to my lord's to dinner. He looks very simple. He telleth me that one Borrheus, that hath written well upon Aristot. priorum, &c., even now is printing goodly commentaries upon Aristotle's Rhetoric. But Sturmius will obscure them all." p. 381. These extracts are taken from Bennet's edition. Who shall hence doubt of the propriety of classing Ascham among the most renowned bibliomaniacs of the age?

From the tutor of Elizabeth let us go to her prime minister, CECIL.[330] We have already seen how successfully this great man interposed in matters of religion; it remains to notice his zealous activity in the cause of learning. And of this latter who can possibly entertain a doubt? Who that has seen how frequently his name is

affixed to Dedications, can disbelieve that Cecil was a LOVER OF BOOKS? Indeed I question whether it is inserted more frequently in a diplomatic document or printed volume. To possess all the presentation copies of this illustrious minister would be to possess an ample and beautiful library of the literature of the sixteenth century.

[330] The reader, it is presumed, will not form his opinion of the bibliomaniacal taste of this great man, from the distorted and shameful delineation of his character, which, as a matter of curiosity only, is inserted at p. 237, ante. He will, on the contrary, look upon Cecil as a lover of books, not for the sake of the numerous panegyrical dedications to himself, which he must have so satisfactorily perused, but for the sake of the good to be derived from useful and ingenious works. With one hand, this great man may be said to have wielded the courageous spirit, and political virtue, of his country—and with the other, to have directed the operations of science and literature. Without reading the interesting and well-written life of Cecil, in Mr. Macdiarmid's *Lives of British Statesmen* (a work which cannot be too often recommended, or too highly praised), there is evidence sufficient of this statesman's bibliomaniacal passion and taste, in the fiNE OLD LIBRARY which is yet preserved at Burleigh in its legitimate form

—and which, to the collector of such precious volumes, must have presented a treat as exquisite as are the fresh blown roses of June to him who regales himself in the flowery fragrance of his garden—the production of his own manual labour! Indeed Strypes tells us that Cecil's "library was a very choice one:" his care being "in the preservation, rather than in the private possession of (literary) antiquities." Among other curiosities in it, there was a grand, and a sort of presentation, copy of Archbishop Parker's Latin work of the *Antiquity of the British Church*; "bound costly, and laid in colours the arms of the Church of Canterbury, empaled with the Archbishop's own paternal coat." Read Strype's tempting description; *Life of Parker*; pp. 415, 537. Well might Grafton thus address Cecil at the close of his epistolary dedication of his *Chronicles*: "and now having ended this work, and seeking to whom I might, for testification of my special good-will, present it, or for patronage and defence dedicate it, and principally, for all judgment and correction to submit it—among many, I have chosen your MASTERSHIP, moved thereto by experience of your courteous judgment towards those that travail to any honest purpose, rather helping and comforting their weakness, than condemning their simple, but yet well meaning, endeavours. By which, your accustomed good acceptation of others, I am the rather boldened to beseech your Mastership to receive this my work and me, in such

manner as you do those in whom (howsoever there be want of power) there wanteth no point of goodwill and serviceable affection." Edit. 1809, 4to. If a chronicler could talk thus, a poet (who, notwithstanding the title of his poem, does not, I fear, rank among Pope's bards, that "sail aloft among *the Swans of Thames*,") may be permitted thus to introduce Cecil's name and mansion:

Now see these Swannes the new and worthie seate
Of famous CICILL, treasorer of the land,
Whose wisedome, counsell skill of Princes state
The world admires, then Swannes may do the same:
The house itselfe doth shewe the owner's wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land,
Vallan's *Tale of Two Swannes*, 1590, 4to., reprinted in *Leland's Itinerary*;
vol. v. p. xiii, edit. 1770.

But the book-loving propensities of Elizabeth's minister were greatly eclipsed by those of her favourite archbishop, PARKER:

clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

For my part, Lorenzo, I know of no character, either of this or of any subsequent period, which is more entitled to the esteem and veneration of Englishmen. Pious, diffident, frank, charitable, learned, and munificent, Parker was the great episcopal star of his age, which shone with undiminished lustre to the last moment of its appearance. In that warm and irritable period, when the Protestant religion was assailed in proportion to its excellence, and when writers mistook abuse for argument, it is delightful to think upon the mild and temperate course which this discreet metropolitan pursued! Even with such arrant bibliomaniacs as yourselves, Parker's reputation must stand as high as that attached to any name, when I inform you that of his celebrated work upon the "*Antiquity of the British Church*"[331] are only twenty copies supposed to have been printed. He had a private press, which was worked with types cast at his own expense; and a more determined book-fancier, and treasurer of ancient lore, did not at that time exist in Great Britain.

[331] This is not the place to enter minutely into a bibliographical account of the above celebrated work; such account being with more propriety reserved for the history of our *Typographical Antiquities*. Yet a word or two may be here said upon it, in order that the bibliomaniac may not be

wholly disappointed; and especially as Ames and Herbert have been squeamishly reserved in their comunications respecting the same. The above volume is, without doubt, one of the scarcest books in existence. It has been intimated by Dr. Drake, in the preface of his magnificent reprint of it, 1729, fol., that only 20 copies were struck off: but, according to Stype, Parker tells Cecil, in an emblazoned copy presented to him by the latter, that he had not given the book to *four* men in the whole realm: and peradventure, added he, "it shall never come to sight abroad, though some men, smelling of the printing of it, were very desirous cravers of the same." *Life of Parker*, p. 415. This certainly does not prove any thing respecting the number of copies printed; but it is probable that Dr. Drake's supposition is not far short of the truth. One thing is remarkable: of all the copies known, no two are found to accord with each other. The archbishop seems to have altered and corrected the sheets as they each came from the press. The omission of the Archbishop's own life in this volume, as it contained the biography of 69 archbishops, exclusively of himself, was endeavoured to be supplied by the publication of a sharp satirical tract, entitled, "*The life off the 70 Archbishop of Canterbury, presenttye sittinge Englished, and to be added to the 69 lately sett forth in Latin*," &c., 12mo., 1574. After this title page there is another. "*Histriola, a little storye of the acts and life of Mathew, now*

Archbishoppe of Canterb." This latter comprehends 17 leaves, and was written either by the archbishop himself, or by his Chaplain Joscelyne; but whether it be at all like a distinct printed folio tract, of twelve leaves and a half, which was kept carefully undispersed in the archbishop's own possession, 'till his death—being also a biography of Parker—I am not able to ascertain. The following extracts from it (as it is a scarce little volume) may be acceptable,

Archbishop Parker's early Studies and popular Preaching.

"But now, he being very well and perfectly instructed in the liberal sciences, he applied all his mind to the study of divinity, and to the reading of the volumes of the ecclesiastical fathers; and that so earnestly that, in short space of time, he bestowed his labour not unprofitably in this behalf; for, after the space of four or five years, he, issuing from his secret and solitary study into open practice in the commonwealth, preached every where unto the people with great commendation; and that in the most famous cities and places of this realm, by the authority of King Henry VIII., by whose letters patent this was granted unto him, together with the license of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In execution of this function of preaching, he gained this commodity; that the fame of him came unto the ears of King Henry," &c. Sign. A. iij. recto.

His attention to Literature and Printing, &c.

"——he was very careful, and not without some charges, to seek the monuments of former times; to know the religion of the ancient fathers, and those especially which were of the English church. Therefore in seeking up the Chronicles of the Britons and English Saxons, which lay hidden every where contemned and buried in forgetfulness, and through the ignorance of the languages not well understanded, his own especially, and his mens, diligence wanted not. And to the end that these antiquities might last long, and be carefully kept, he caused them, being brought into one place, *to be well bound and trimly covered*. And yet, not so contented, he endeavoured to set out in print certain of those ancient monuments, whereof he knew very few examples to be extant; and which he thought would be most profitable for the posterity, to instruct them in the faith and religion of the elders. [Orig. 'to instructe them in the faythe and religion off the elders.] Hereupon, he caused the perpetual histories of the English affairs, by *Mathœus Parisiensis*, once a monk of Saint Alban's, and *Mathœus Florilegus*, a monk of Saint Peter in Westminster, written in Latin, to be printed; after he had diligently conferred them with the examples which he could get in any place; to the end that, as sincerely as might be, as the authors first left them, he might deliver them into other men's hands. Lastly, that he might

not be unmindful of those monuments which, both in antiquity, worthiness, and authority, excelled all other, or rather wherewith none are to be compared (I mean the Holy Scriptures) here he thought to do great good if, by his number, he increased the *Holy Bibles*, which shortly would be wanting to many churches, if this discommodity were not provided for in time. Therefore it seemed good unto him, first, with his learned servants, to examine thoroughly the English translation; wherein he partly used the help of his brethren bishops, and other doctors; with whom he dealt so diligently in this matter that they disdained not to be partners and fellows with him of his labor. And now all their work is set out in very fair forms and letters of print," &c. Sign. C. rect. & rev.

His work De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ.

"——Much more praiseworthy is she (the 'Assyrian Queen of Babylon,') than he, whosoever it was, that of late hath set forth, to the hurt of christian men, certain rhapsodies and shreds of the old forworn stories, almost forgotten—had he not (Parker) now lately awakened them out of a dead sleep, and newly sewed them together in one book printed; whose glorious life promiseth not mountains of gold, as that silly heathen woman's (the aforesaid Queen) tomb, but beareth Christ in the brow, and is honested with this title in the front, 'De Antiquitate,' &c." Sign. C. iiij. rev. The satirical part, beginning with

"To the Christian Reader," follows the biography from which these extracts have been taken. It remains to observe, that our ARCHBISHOP was a bibliomaniac of the very first order; and smitten with every thing attached to a BOOK, to a degree beyond any thing exhibited by his contemporaries. Parker did not scruple to tell Cecil that he kept in his house "drawers of pictures, wood-cutters, painters, limners, writers, and book-binders,"—"one of these was LYLYE, an excellent writer, that could counterfeit any antique writing. Him the archbishop customarily used to make old books compleat,"—&c. *Strype's Life of Parker*; pp. 415, 529. Such was his ardour for book-collecting that he had agents in almost all places, abroad and at home, for the purpose of securing everything that was curious, precious, and rare: and one of these, of the name of Batman (I suppose the commentator upon Bartholomæus) "in the space of no more than four years, procured for our archbishop to the number of 6700 books." *Id.* p. 528. The riches of his book bequests to Cambridge are sufficiently described by Strype; pp. 501, 518, 519, 529, &c. The domestic habits and personal appearance of PARKER are described by his biographer (p. 504) as being simple and grave. Notwithstanding his aversion to wearing silk, to plays and jests, and hawks and hounds (even when he was a young man), I take it for granted he could have no inward dislike to the beautiful and appropriate ceremony which

marked his consecration, and which is thus narrated by the lively pen of Fuller: "The east part of the chapel of Lambeth was hung with tapestry, the floor spread with red cloth, chairs and cushions are conveniently placed for the purpose: morning prayers being solemnly read by Andrew Peerson, the archbishop's chaplain, Bishop Scory went up into the pulpit, and took for his text, *The Elders which are among you I exhort, who also am an elder; and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, &c.* Sermon ended, and the sacrament administered, they proceed to the consecration. The ARCHBISHOP had his rochet on, with HEREFORD; and the suffragan of Bedford, CHICHESTER, wore a silk cope; and COVERDALE a plain cloth gown down to his ancles. All things are done conformable to the book of ordination: Litany sung; the Queen's patent for Parker's consecration audibly read by Dr. Vale: He is presented: the oath of supremacy tendered to him; taken by him; hands reverently imposed on him; and all with prayers begun, continued, concluded. In a word, though here was no theatrical pomp to made it a popish pageant; though no sandals, gloves, ring, staff, oil, pall, &c., were used upon him—yet there was ceremony enough to clothe his consecration with decency, though not to clog it with superstition." *Church History*, b. ix., p. 60. But the virtues of the primate, however mild and unostentatious, were looked upon with an envious eye by the maligant observer of human nature; and

the spontaneous homage which he received from some of the first noblemen in the realm was thus lampooned in the satirical composition just before noticed:

Homage and Tribute paid to Archbishop Parker.

"The next is, what great tributes every made bishop paid him. How they entertained his whole household or court, for the time, with sumptuous feasting. How dearly they redeemed their own cloaths, and carpets, at his chaplain's hands. What fees were bestowed on his crucifer, marshall, and other servants. All which plentiful bounty, or rather, he might have said, largess, is shrunk up, he saith, to a small sum of ten pounds, somewhat beside, but very small, bestowed, he might have said cast away, upon the archbishop's family, &c.—The same earl (of Gloucester) must be his steward and chief cupbearer, the day of his inthronization: This is not to be called gracious Lords, as the Lords of the earth, but this is to be beyond all grace; and to be served of these gracious Lords, and to be their Lord paramount. In this roll of his noble tenants, the next are the Lord Strangways, the Earl of Oxford, the Lord Dacy, all which (saith he) owe service to that Archbishop. Then descendeth he to the gifts that every his suffragan provincial bishop bestoweth on him, in their life, and at their death: some their palfrey with saddle and furniture; some their rings, and some their seals.

Among the rest, the Bishop of Rochester, who is there called specially his chaplain, giveth him a brace of dogs. These be trim things for prelates to give or receive; especially of them to make such account as to print them among such special prerogatives." Sign. D. iiij. v. Yet even to this libel was affixed the following epitaph upon Parker; which shews that truth "is great, and will prevail."

Matthew Parker liued sober and wise
Learned by studie, and continuall
practise,
Louinge, true, off life uncontrold
The courte did foster him, both young
and old.
Orderly he delt, the ryght he did defend,
He lyved unto God, to God he mad his
ende.



Let us take leave of this amiable, erudite, and truly exemplary, character, by contemplating his features—according to the ensuing cut of Tyson's fac-simile of the

rare ancient print, prefixed to some of the copies of the *Antiquity of the British Church*; premising that the supposed original painting of Parker, at Benet College, Cambridge, is nothing more than one of the aforesaid ancient prints, delicately coloured: as a tasteful antiquary, of the first authority, discovered, and mentioned to me.

PHIL. You have called the reign of Henry the Seventh the AUGUSTAN-BOOK-AGE; but, surely, this distinction is rather due to the æra of Queen Elizabeth?

LYSAND. Both periods merit the appellation. In Henry's time, the invention of printing was of early growth; but the avidity of readers considerable. The presses of Rome, Venice, and Paris, sent forth their costly productions; and a new light, by such means, was poured upon the darkened mind. Our own presses began to contribute to the diffusion of this light; and, compared with the preceding part of the fifteenth century, the reign of Henry VII. was highly distinguished for its bibliomaniacal celebrity. Undoubtedly, the æra of Queen Elizabeth was the GOLDEN AGE of Bibliomaniacism.

Do not let me forget, in my rambling method of treating of books and book-men, the name and celebrity of the renowned DR. JOHN DEE. Let us

fancy we see him in his conjuring cap and robes —surrounded with astrological, mathematical, and geographical instruments—with a profusion of Chaldee characters inscribed upon vellum rolls—and with his celebrated *Glass* suspended by magical wires. Let us then follow him into his study at midnight, and view him rummaging his books; contemplating the heavens; making calculations; holding converse with invisible spirits; writing down their responses: anon, looking into his correspondence with *Count a Lasco* and the emperors Adolphus and Maximilian; and pronouncing himself, with the most heartfelt complacency, the greatest genius of his age! [332] In the midst of these self-complacent reveries, let us imagine we see his wife and little ones intruding; beseeching him to burn his books and instruments; and reminding him that there was neither a silver spoon, nor a loaf of bread, in the cupboard. Alas, poor DEE!—thou wert the dupe of the people and of the Court: and, although Meric Casaubon has enshrined thy conjurations in a pompous folio volume, thy name, I fear, will only live in the memory of bibliomaniacs!

[332] Those who are fond of copious biographical details of astrologers and conjurers will read, with no small pleasure and avidity, the long gossipping account of DEE, which Hearne has subjoined to his

edition of *John Confrat. Monach. de rebus gestis Glaston.*, vol. ii.; where twelve chapters are devoted to the subject of our philosopher's travels and hardships. Meric Casaubon—who put forth a pompous folio volume of "*A true and faithful relation of what passed for many yeers between Dr. John Dee and some spirits*:" 1659—gravely assures us, in an elaborate, learned, and rather amusing preface, that the volume contains what "he thinks is not to be paralleled in that kind by any book that hath been set out in any age to read:" sign A. This is true enough; for such a farago of incongruous, risible, and horrible events, are no where else recorded. "None but itself can be its parallel." Casaubon wrote a professed dissertation (1652, 8vo.) upon witches, and nothing seemed to be too unpalatable for his credulity to swallow. A compressed and rather interesting account of Dee, who was really the weakest as well as the ablest scholar and philosopher of his day, will be found in Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 480. From the substance of these authorities, the reader is presented with the following sketch. The first chapter in Hearne's publication, which treats of the "entrance and ground plot of his first studies," informs us that he had received his Latin education in London and Chelmsford: that he was born in July, 1527, and at 15 years of age was entered at the University of Cambridge, 1542. In the three following years, "so vehemently was he bent to study that, for those years, he did inviolably keep this order; only to

sleep 4 hours every night; to allow to meat and drink (and some refreshing after) 2 hours every day; and of the other 18 hours, all (excepting the time of going to, and being at, divine service) was spent in his studies and learning." In May, 1547, after having taken his Bachelor's decree, he went abroad. "And after some months spent about the Low Countries, he returned home, and brought with him the first astronomer's staff in brass, that was made of Gemma Frisius devising; the two great globes of Gerardus Mercator's making, and the astronomer's ring of brass, as Gemma Frisius had newly framed it." Dee's head now began to run wild upon astronomy, or rather astrology; and the tremendous assistance of the "occult art" was called in to give effect to the lectures which he read upon it at home and abroad. "He did set forth (and it was seen of the University) a Greek comedy of Aristophanes, named, in Greek, ειρήνη, in Latin, *Pax*; with the performance of the *Scarabæus* his flying up to Jupiter's palace, with a man and his basket of victuals on his back: whereat was great wondering and many vain reports spread abroad of the means how that was effected. In that college (Trinity, for he had now left St. John's), by his advice and endeavours, was their Christmas magistrate first named and confirmed an EMPEROR." The first emperor of this sort, (whose *name*, it must be confessed, is rather unpopular in a University) he takes care to inform us, "was one Mr. Thomas *Dun*, a very goodly

man of person, stature, and complexion, and well learned also." Dee afterwards ranks these things among "his boyish attempts and exploits scholastical." In 1548 he was made Master of Arts, and in the same year "went over beyond the seas again, and never after that was any more student in Cambridge." Abroad, almost every emperor and nobleman of distinction, according to his own account, came to see and hear him. "For recreation, he looked into the method of the civil law, and profitted therein so much that, in *Antinomiis*, imagined to be in the law, he had good hap to find out (well allowed of) their agreements; and also to enter into a plain and due understanding of diverse civil laws, accounted very intricate and dark." At Paris, when he gave lectures upon Euclid's elements, "a thing never done publicly in any university in Christendom, his auditory in Rhemes college was so great, and the most part elder than himself, that the mathematical schools could not hold them; for many were fain, without the schools, at the windows, to be *Auditores et Spectatores*, as they could best help themselves thereto. And by the first four principal definitions representing to their eyes (which by imagination only are exactly to be conceived) a greater wonder arose among the beholders than of his *Aristophanes Scarabæus* mounting up to the top of Trinity Hall, *ut supra*." Notwithstanding the tempting offers to cause him to be domiciled in France and Germany, our

astrologer, like a true patriot, declined them all. The French king offered an annual stipend of 200 French crowns; a Monsieur Babeu, Monsieur de Rohan, and Monsieur de Monluc, offered still greater sums, but were all refused. In Germany he was tempted with the yearly salary of 3000 dollars; "and lastly, by a messenger from the Russie or Muscovite Emperor, purposely sent with a very rich present unto him at Trebona castle, and with provision for the whole journey (being above 1200 miles from the castle where he lay) of his coming to his court at Moscow, with his wife, children, and whole family, there to enjoy at his imperial hands 2000lib. sterling yearly stipend; and of his Protector yearly a thousand rubles; with his diet also to be allowed him free out of the emperor's own kitchen: and to be in dignity with authority amongst the highest sort of the nobility there, and of his Privy Counsellors."—But all this was heroically declined by our patriotic philosopher. Lord Pembroke and Lord Leicester introduced Dee to the notice of Q. Elizabeth, before her coronation. At which time her Majesty used these words—"*Where my brother hath given him a crown, I will give him a noble!*" Before the accession of Elizabeth, he was imprisoned on being accused of destroying Queen Mary by enchantment. "The Queen Elizabeth herself became a prisoner in the same place (Hampton Court) shortly afterwards; and Dee had for bedfellow one Barthelet Green, who was afterwards burnt." Dee himself was examined by

Bishop Bonner. On the deanery of Gloucester becoming void in 1564, Dee was nominated to fill it: but the same deanery was afterwards bestowed on Mr. Man, who was sent into Spain in her Majesty's service. "And now this Lent, 1594, when it became void again (says Dee), I made a motion for it, but I came too late; for one that might spend 400 or 500 lib. a year already, had more need of it than I belike; or else this former gift was but words only to me, and the fruit ever due to others, that can espy and catch better than I for these 35 years could do." Mistris Blanche à Parry came to his house with an offer from the Queen of "any ecclesiastical dignity within her kingdom, being then, or shortly becoming, void and vacant"—but "Dee's most humble and thankful answer to her Majesty, by the same messenger, was that *cura animarum annexa* did terrifie him to deal with." He was next promised to "have of her Majesty's gift other ecclesiastical livings and revenues (without care of souls annexed) as in her Majesty's books were rated at two hundred pounds yearly revenue; of which her Majesty's gift he never as yet had any one penny." In Oct. 1578, he had a consultation with Mr. Doctor Bayly, her Majesty's physician, "about her Majestie's grievous pangs and pains by reason of the toothake and rheum," &c. "He set down in writing, with hydrographical and geographical description, what he then had to say or shew, as concerning her Majesty's title

royal to any foreign countries. Whereof two parchment great rolls full written, of about XII WHITE VELLUM SKINS, were good witnesses upon the table before the commissioners." Dee had refused an hundred pounds for these calligraphical labours. A list of his printed and unprinted works: the former 8 (ending with the year 1573), the latter 36 (ending with the year 1592), in number. Anno 1563, Julii ultimo, the Earl of Leicester and Lord Laskey invited themselves to dine with Dee in a day or two; but our astrologer "confessed sincerely that he was not able to prepare them a convenient dinner, unless he should presently sell some of his plate or some of his pewter for it. Whereupon," continues Dee, "her Majesty sent unto me very royally within one hour after forty angels of gold, from Sion; whither her Majesty was now come by water from Greenwich." A little before Christmas, 1599, Dee mentions a promise of another royal donation of 100*l.*—"which intent and promise, some once or twice after, as he came in her Majesty's sight, she repeated unto him; and thereupon sent unto him *fifty pounds* to keep his Christmas with that year—but what, says he, is become of the other fifty, truly I cannot tell! If her Majesty can, it is sufficient; '*Satis, citò, modò, satis bene*, must I say.'" In 1591, his patroness, the Countess of Warwick, made a powerful diversion at Court to secure for him the mastership of St. Cross, then filled by Dr. Bennet, who was to be made a bishop.—The queen

qualified her promise of Dee's having it with a nota bene, *if he should be fit for it*. In 1592, the Archbishop of Canterbury openly "affirmed that the mastership of St. Crosse was a living most fit for him; and the Lord Treasurer, at Hampton Court, lately to himself declared, and with his hand very earnestly smitten on his breast used these very words to him—'*By my faith*, if her Majestie be moved in it by any other for you, I will do what I can with her Majestie to pleasure you therein, Mr. Dee.'" But it is time to gratify the BIBLIOMANIAC with something more to his palate. Here followeth, therefore, as drawn up by our philosopher himself, an account of

DEE'S LIBRARY:

"4000 *Volumes*—printed and unprinted—bound and unbound—valued at 2000 *lib.*

1 Greek, 2 French, and 1 High Dutch, volumes of MSS., alone worth 533 *lib.* 40 years in getting these books together."

Appertaining thereto,

Sundry rare and exquisitely made Mathematical Instruments.

A radius Astronomicus, ten feet long.

A Magnet Stone, or Loadstone; of great virtue—"which was sold out of the library for *v shill.* and for it afterwards (yea piece-meal divided) was more than xx *lib.* given in money and value."

"*A great case or frame of boxes*, wherein

some hundreds of very rare evidences of divers Irelandish territories, provinces, and lands, were laid up. Which territories, provinces, and lands were therein notified to have been in the hands of some of the ancient Irish princes. Then, their submissions and tributes agreed upon, with seals appendant to the little writings thereof in parchment: and after by some of those evidences did it appear how some of those lands came to the Lascies, the Mortuomars, the Burghs, the Clares," &c.

"*A box of Evidences* antient of some Welch princes and noblemen—the like of Norman donation—their peculiar titles noted on the forepart with chalk only, which on the poor boxes remaineth." This box, with another, containing similar deeds, were embezzled.

"One great bladder with about 4 pound weight, of a very sweetish thing, like a brownish gum in it, artificially prepared by thirty times purifying of it, hath more than I could well afford him for 100 crownes; as may be proved by witnesses yet living."

To these he adds his *three Laboratories*, "serving for Pyrotechnia"—which he got together after 20 years' labour. "All which furniture and provision, and many things already prepared, is unduly made away from me by sundry meanes, and a few spoiled or broken vessels remain, hardly worth 40 shillings." But one more feature in poor Dee's character—and that is his unparalleled serenity and good nature

under the most griping misfortunes—remains to be described: and then we may take farewell of him, with aching hearts. In the 10th chapter, speaking of the wretched poverty of himself and family—("having not one penny of certain fee, revenue, stipend, or pension, either left him or restored unto him,")—Dee says that "he has been constrained now and then to send parcels of his little furniture of plate to pawn upon usury; and that he did so oft, till no more could be sent. After the same manner went his wives' jewels of gold, rings, bracelets, chains, and other their rarities, under the thraldom of the usurer's gripes: 'till *non plus* was written upon the boxes at home." In the 11th chapter, he anticipates the dreadful lot of being brought "to the stepping out of doors (his house being sold). He, and his, with bottles and wallets furnished, to become wanderers as homish vagabonds; or, as banished men, to forsake the kingdom!" Again: "with bloody tears of heart, he, and his wife, their seven children, and their servant (seventeen of them in all), did that day make their petition unto their honours," &c. Can human misery be sharper than this—and to be the lot of a philosopher and bibliomaniac?! But "VENIET FELICIUS ÆVUM."

Of a wholly different cast of character and of reading was the renowned CAPTAIN COX of Coventry. How many of Dee's magical books he

had exchanged for the pleasanter magic of *Old Ballads* and *Romances*, I will not take upon me to say; but that this said bibliomaniacal Captain had a library, which, even from Master Laneham's imperfect description of it,[333] I should have preferred to the four thousand volumes of Dr. John Dee, is most nuquestionable.

[333] Let us be introduced to the sprightly figure and expression of character of this renowned Coventry captain, before we speak particularly of his library. "CAPTAIN COX (says the above-mentioned Master Laneham) came marching on valiantly before, clean trust and gartered above the knee, all fresh in a velvet cap (Master Golding a lent it him), flourishing with his *ton* sword; and another fence master with him:" p. 39. A little before, he is thus described as connected with his library: "And first, Captain Cox; an odd man, I promise you: by profession a mason, and that right skilful: very cunning in fens (fencing); and hardy as Gawin; for his *ton* sword hangs at his table's end. Great oversight hath he in matters of story: for as for *King Arthur's* Book, *Huon of Bourdeaux*, the *Four Sons of Aymon*, *Bevys of Hampton*, *The Squyre of Low Degree*, *The Knight of Curtsy*, and the *Lady Fagnel*, *Frederick of Gene*, *Syr Eglamour*, *Syr Tryamour*, *Syr Lamurell*, *Syr Isenbras*, *Syr Gawyn*, *Olyver of the Castl*, *Lucres and Eurialus*, *Virgil's Life*,

the Castl of Ladies, *the Widow Edyth*, *the King and the Tanner*, *Frier Rous*, *Howleglas*, *Gargantua*, *Robin Hood*, *Adam Bel*, *Clim on the Clough*, and *William of Cloudsley*, *the Churl and the Burd*, *the Seaven Wise Masters*, *the Wife lapt in a Morel's skin*, *the Sakful of Nuez*, *the Sergeaunt that became a Fryar*, *Skogan*, *Collyn Cloout*, *the Fryar and the Boy*, *Elynor Rumming*, and *the Nutbrooun Maid*, with many more than I rehearse here. I believe he has them all at his finger's ends," p. 36. The preceding is a list of the worthy Captain's ROMANCES; some of which, at least in their original shape, were unknown to Ritson: what would be the amount of their present produce under the hammer of those renowned black-letter-book auctioneers in King-street, Covent Garden—? Speak we, in the next place, of the said military bibliomaniac's collection of books in "PHILOSOPHY MORAL and NATURAL." "Beside *Poetry* and *Astronomy*, and other hid sciences, as I may guess by the omberty of his books: whereof part are, as I remember, *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, *the Ship of Fools*, *Daniel's Dreams*, *the Book of Fortune*, *Stans*, *puer ad mensam*, *the bye way to the Spitl-house*, *Julian of Brainford's Testament*, *the Castle of Love*, *the Booget of Demaunds*, *the Hundred Mery Talez*, *the Book of Riddels*, *the Seaven Sorows of Wemen*, *the Proud Wives' Pater-Noster*, *the Chapman of a Penniworth of Wit*: Beside his AUNCIENT PLAYS; *Youth and Charitee*, *Hikskorner*, *Nugize*, *Impacient Poverty*, and herewith Doctor *Boord's Breviary of Health*. What should I rehearse

here, what a bunch of BALLADS AND SONGS, all ancient?!—Here they come, gentle reader; lift up thine eyen and marvel while thou dost peruse the same: *Broom Broom on Hill*, *So wo iz me begon*, *trolly lo Over a Whinny Meg*, *Hey ding a ding*, *Bony lass upon a green*, *My bony on gave me a bek*, *By a bank az I lay*; and *two more* he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord!" It is no wonder that Ritson, in the historical essay prefixed to his collection of *Scottish Songs*, should speak of some of these ballads with a zest as if he would have sacrificed half his library to untie the said "whipcord" packet. And equally joyous, I ween, would my friend Mr. R.H. Evans, of Pall-Mall, have been—during his editorial labours in publishing a new edition of his father's collection of Ballads—(an edition, by the bye, which gives us more of the genuine spirit of the COXEAN COLLECTION than any with which I am acquainted)—equally joyous would Mr. Evans have been to have had the inspection of some of these 'bonny' songs. The late Duke of Roxburgh, of never-dying bibliomaniacal celebrity, would have parted with half the insignia of his order of the Garter to have obtained *clean original copies* of these fascinating effusions! But let us return, and take farewell of Captain Cox, by noticing only the remaining department of his library, as described by Laneham. "As for ALMANACS of antiquity (a point for Ephemerides) I ween he can shew from *Jasper Laet of Antwerp*, unto *Nostradam of Frauns*, and

thence unto our *John Securiz of Salisbury*. To stay ye no longer herein (concludes Laneham) I dare say he hath as fair a library of these sciences, and as many goodly monuments both in prose and poetry, and at afternoon can talk as much without book, as any innholder betwixt Brentford and Bagshot, what degree soever he be." *A Letter wherein part of the Entertainment untoo the Queenz Majesty at Killingwoorth Castl in Warwick-Sheer, in this Soomerz Progrest, 1575, is signefied*: Warwick, 1784, 8vo. O RARE CAPTAIN COX!

We now approach two characters of a more dignified cast; and who, in every respect, must be denominated the greatest bibliomaniacs of the age: I mean SIR ROBERT COTTON and SIR THOMAS BODLEY. We will touch upon them separately.

The numerous relics which are yet preserved of the *Cottonian Collection*, may serve to convey a pretty strong idea of its splendour and perfection in its original shape. Cotton had all the sagacity and judgment of Lord Coke, with a more beautifully polished mind, and a more benevolent heart. As to books, and book men, he was the Mecænas[334] of his day. His thirst for knowledge could never be satiated; and the cultivation of the mind upon the foundation of a good heart, he considered to be the highest

distinction, and the most permanent delight, of human beings. Wealth, pomp, parade, and titles, were dissipated, in the pure atmosphere of his mind before the invigorating sun of science and learning. He knew that the tomb which recorded the *worth* of the deceased had more honest tears shed upon it than the pompous mausoleum which spoke only of his pedigree and possessions. Accordingly, although he had excellent blood flowing in his veins, Cotton sought connection with the good rather than with the great; and where he found a cultivated understanding, and an honest heart, there he carried with him his *Lares*, and made another's abode his own.

[334] There are few eminent characters of whom so many, and such ably-executed, memoirs are extant as of SIR ROBERT COTTON, KNT. In the present place we have nothing to do with his academical studies, his philosophical, or legislative, or diplomatic, labours: literature and *Book Madness* are our only subjects of discussion. Yet those who may wish for more general, and possibly more interesting, details, may examine the authorities referred to by Mr. Planta in his very excellent *Catalogue of the MSS. in the Cottonian Library*, 1802, folio. Sir Robert Cotton was educated at Trinity-College, Cambridge. The number of curious volumes, whether in the roman, gothic, or

italic type, which he in all probability collected during his residence at the university, has not yet been ascertained; but we know that, when he made his antiquarian tour with the famous Camden, ("par nobile fratrum!") in his 29th year, Cotton must have greatly augmented his literary treasures, and returned to the metropolis with a sharpened appetite, to devour every thing in the shape of a book. Respected by three sovereigns, Elizabeth, James, and Charles, and admired by all the literati in Europe, Sir Robert saw himself in as eminent a situation as wealth, talents, taste, and integrity can place an individual. His collection of books increased rapidly; but MS. records, deeds, and charters, were the chief objects of his pursuit. His mansion was noble, his library extensive, and his own manners such as conciliated the esteem of almost every one who approached him. Dr. Smith has well described our illustrious bibliomaniac, at this golden period of his life: "Ad Cottoni ædes, tanquam ad communem reconditioris doctrinæ apothecam, sive ad novam Academiam, quotquot animo paulo erectiori musis et gratiis litaverint, sese recepere, nullam a viro humanissimo repulsam passuri: quippe idem literas bonas promovendi studium erat omni auctoramento longe potentius. Nec ista obvia morum facilitas, qua omnes bonos eruditionisque candidatos complexus est, quicquam reverentiæ qua vicissim ille colebatur, detraxerat: potius, omnium, quos familiari sermone, repititisque

colloquiis dignari placuit, in se amores et admirationem hac insigni naturæ benignitate excitavit." Vit. Rob. Cottoni, p. xxiv., prefixed to the *Catalogus Librorum Manuscriptorum Bibl. Cott.*, 1696, folio. Sir Robert was, however, doomed to have the evening of his life clouded by one of those crooked and disastrous events, of which it is now impossible to trace the correct cause, or affix the degree of ignominy attached to it, on the head of its proper author. Human nature has few blacker instances of turpitude on record than that to which our knight fell a victim. In the year 1615, some wretch communicated to the Spanish ambassador "the valuable state papers in his library, who caused them to be copied and translated into the Spanish:" these papers were of too much importance to be made public; and James the 1st had the meanness to issue a commission "which excluded Sir Robert from his own library." The storm quickly blew over, and the sunshine of Cotton's integrity diffused around its wonted brilliancy. But in the year 1629, another mischievous wretch propagated a report that Sir Robert had been privy to a treasonable publication: because, forsooth, the original tract, from which this treasonable one had been taken, was, in the year 1613, without the knowledge of the owner of the library, introduced into the Cottonian collection. This wretch, under the abused title of librarian, had, "for pecuniary considerations," the baseness to suffer one or more copies of the pamphlet of 1613

(writtten at Florence by Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, under a less offensive title) to be taken, and in consequence printed. Sir Robert was therefore again singled out for royal vengeance: his library was put under sequestration; and the owner forbidden to enter it. It was in vain that his complete innocence was vindicated. To deprive such a man as COTTON of the ocular and manual comforts of his library—to suppose that he could be happy in the most splendid drawing room in Europe, without his books—is to suppose what our experience of virtuous bibliomaniacs will not permit us to accede to. In consequence, Sir Robert declared to his friends, "that they had broken his heart who had locked up his library from him:" which declaration he solemnly repeated to the Privy Council. In the year 1631, this great and good man closed his eyes for ever upon mortal scenes; upon those whom he gladdened by his benevolence, and improved by his wisdom. Such was the man, of whom Gale has thus eloquently spoken:—"quisquis bona fide Historiam nostram per omne ævum explicare sataget, nullum laudatum Scriptorem à se desiderari exoptarique posse, quem COTTONIANUS ille incomparabilis thesaurus promptissime non exhibebit: Ea est, et semper fuit, nobilis Domus ergo literatos indulgentia—Hujus fores (ut illæ Musaram, apud Pindarum) omnibus patent. Testes apello Theologos, Antiquarios, Jurisconsultos, Bibliopolas; qui quidem omnes, ex

Cottoniana Bibliotheca, tanquam ex perenni, sed et communi fonte, sine impensis et molestiâ, abundè hauserunt." *Rer. Anglic. Script. Vet.*, vol. i., præf., p. 3. The loss of such a character—the deprivation of such a patron—made the whole society of book-collectors tremble and turn pale. Men began to look sharply into their libraries, and to cast a distrustful eye upon those who came to consult and to copy: for the spirit of COTTON, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, was seen to walk, before cock-crow, along the galleries and balconies of great collections, and to bid the owners of them "remember and beware"!—But to return. The library of this distinguished bibliomaniac continued under sequestration some time after his death, and was preserved entire, with difficulty, during the shock of the civil wars. In the year 1712, it was removed to Essex House, in Essex-street, Strand, where it continued till the year 1730, when it was conveyed back to Westminster, and deposited in Little Dean's Yard. In October, 1731, broke out that dreadful fire, which Hearne (*Benedict. Abbat.*, vol. i., præf. p. xvi.) so pathetically deplores; and in which the nation so generally sympathized—as it destroyed and mutilated many precious volumes of this collection. Out of 958 volumes, 97 were destroyed, and 105 damaged. In the year 1753 the library, to the honour of the age, and as the only atonement which could be made to the injured name of Cotton, as well as to the effectual *laying* of his perturbed spirit—

was purchased by parliament, and transported within the quiet and congenial abode of the BRITISH MUSEUM: and here may it rest, unabused, for revolving ages! The collection now contains 26,000 articles. Consult Mr. Planta's neatly written preface to the catalogue of the same; vide p. 39, 267, ante. And thus take we leave of the ever-memorable bibliomaniac, Sir ROBERT COTTON, KNT.

Equally celebrated for literary zeal, and yet more for bibliomaniacal enthusiasm, was the famous SIR THOMAS BODLEY; whose account of himself, in *Prince's Worthies of Devon*, and particularly in one of *Hearne's publications*,[335] can never be read without transport by an affectionate son of our Oxford *Alma Mater*. View this illustrious bibliomaniac, with his gentleman-like air, and expressive countenance, superintending, with the zeal of a Custom-house officer, the shipping, or rather *barging*, of his books for the grand library which is now called by his OWN NAME! Think upon his activity in writing to almost every distinguished character of the realm: soliciting, urging, arguing, entreating for their support towards his magnificent establishment; and, moreover, superintending the erection of the building, as well as examining the timbers, with the nicety of a master-carpenter!—Think of this; and when you walk under the grave and appropriately-ornamented roof, which tells you that you are

within the precincts of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY, pay obeisance to the portrait of the founder, and hold converse with his gentle spirit that dwells therein!

[335] There are few subjects—to the bibliomaniac in general—and particularly to one, who, like the author of this work, numbers himself among the dutiful sons of the FAIR OXONIAN MOTHER—that can afford a higher gratification than the history of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY, which, like Virgil's description of fame,

"Soon grew from pigmy to gigantic size."

The reader is therefore here informed, as a necessary preliminary piece of intelligence, that the present note will be more monstrous than any preceding one of a similar nature. Let him, however, take courage, and only venture to dip his feet in the margin of the lake, and I make little doubt but that he will joyfully plunge in, and swim across it. Of the parentage, birth, and education of Bodley there seems to be no necessity for entering into the detail. The monument which he has erected to his memory is lofty enough for every eye to behold; and thereupon may be read the things most deserving of being known. How long the subject of his beloved library had occupied his attention it is perhaps of equal difficulty and unimportance to know; but his determination to carry this

noble plan into effect is thus pleasingly communicated to us by his own pen: "when I had, I say, in this manner, represented to my thoughts, my peculiar estate, I resolved thereupon to possess my soul in peace all the residue of my days; to take my full farewell of state employments; to satisfy my mind with that mediocrity of worldly living that I have of my own, and so to retire me from the Court; which was the epilogue and end of all my actions and endeavours, of any important note, till I came to the age of fifty-three years."—"Examining exactly, for the rest of my life, what course I might take; and, having, as I thought, sought all the ways to the wood, I concluded, at the last, to set up my staff AT THE LIBRARY DOOR IN OXON, being thoroughly persuaded, in my solitude and surcease from the commonwealth affairs, I could not busy myself to better purpose than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruinated and waste) to the public use of Students." Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, p. 95, edit. 1810. Such being the reflections and determination of Sir Thomas Bodley, he thus ventured to lay open his mind to the heads of the University of Oxford:

"*To the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Ravis) of Oxon; about restoring the public library.*

(This letter was published in a convocation holden March 2, 1597)

SIR,

Although you know me not, as I suppose, yet for the farthering an offer, of evident utility, to your whole university, I will not be too scrupulous in craving your assistance. I have been always of a mind that, if God, of his goodness, should make me able to do any thing, for the benefit of posterity, I would shew some token of affection, that I have ever more borne, to the studies of good learning. I know my portion is too slender to perform, for the present, any answerable act to my willing disposition: but yet, to notify some part of my desire in that behalf, I have resolved thus to deal. Where there hath been heretofore a public library in Oxford, which, you know, is apparent by the room itself remaining, and by your statute records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it again to his former use: and to make it fit and handsome, with seats, and shelves, and desks, and all that may be needfull, to stir up other men's benevolence, to help to furnish it with books. And this I purpose to begin, as soon as timber can be gotten, to the intent that you may reap some speedy

profit of my project. And where before, as I conceive, it was to be reputed but a store of books of divers benefactors, because it never had any lasting allowance, for augmentation of the number, or supply of books decayed: whereby it came to pass that, when those that were in being were either wasted or embezelled, the whole foundation came to ruin:—to meet with that inconvenience, I will so provide hereafter (if God do not hinder my present design) as you shall be still assured of a standing annual rent, to be disbursed every year in buying of books, in officers' stipends, and other pertinent occasions, with which provision, and some order for the preservation of the place, and of the furniture of it, from accustomed abuses, it may, perhaps, in time to come, prove a notable treasure for the multitude of volumes; an excellent benefit for the use and ease of students; and a singular ornament in the University. I am, therefore, to intreat you, because I will do nothing without their public approbation, to deliver this, that I have signified, in that good sort, that you think meet: and when you please to let me know their acceptation of my offer, I will be

> ready to effect it with all convenient expedition. But, for the better effecting of it, I do desire to be informed whether the University be sufficiently qualified, by licence of Mortmain, or other assurance, to receive a farther grant of any rent or annuity than they do presently enjoy. And, if any instruments be extant of the ancient donations to their former library, I would, with their good liking, see a transcript of them: and likewise of such statutes as were devised by the founders, or afterwards by others for the usage of the books. Which is now as much as I can think on, whereunto, at your good leisure, I would request your friendly answer. And, if it lie in my ability to deserve your pains in that behalf, although we be not yet acquainted, you shall find me very forward. From London, Feb. 23, 1597.
>
> Your affectionate friend,
>
> THO. BODLEY."

In the Easter following, "Mr. Bodley came to Oxford to view the place on which he intended his bounty, and making them a model of the design with the help of Mr. Saville, Warden of Merton College, ordered that the room, or place of stowage, for books, should be new planked, and that

benches and repositories fo books should be set up." Wood's *Annals of the University*, vol. ii., pt. ii., p. 920. The worthy founder then pursued his epistolary intercourse with the Vice-Chancellor:

"*To Mr. Vice Chancellor.*

SIR,

I find myself greatly beholden unto you for the speed that you have used in proposing my offer to the whole University, which I also hear by divers friends was greatly graced in their meeting with your courteous kind speeches. And though their answer of acceptance were over thankful and respective; yet I take it unto me for a singular comfort, that it came for that affection, whose thanks in that behalf I do esteem a great deal more than they have reason to esteem a far better offer. In which respect I have returned my dutiful acknowledgement, which I beseech you to present, when you shall call a convocation, about some matter of greater moment. Because their letter was in *Latin*, methought it did enforce me not to show myself a truant, by attempting the like, with a pen out of practice: which yet I hope they will excuse with a kind construction of my meaning. And

to the intent they may perceive that my good will is as forward to perform as to promise, and that I purpose to shew it to their best contentation, I do hold it very requisite that some few should be deputed by the rest of the House to consider, for the whole, of the fittest kind of facture of desks, and other furniture; and when I shall come to Oxford, which I determine, God willing, some time before Easter, I will then acquaint the self same parties with some notes of a platform, which I and Mr. Savile have conceived here between us: so that, meeting altogether, we shall soon resolve upon the best, as well for shew, and stately form, as for capacity and strength, and commodity of students. Of this my motion I would pray you to take some notice in particular, for that my letter herewith to your public assembly doth refer itself in part to your delivery of my mind. My chiefest care is now, the while, how to season my timber as soon as possible. For that which I am offered by the special favour of Merton College, although it were felled a great while since, yet of force it will require, after time it is sawed, a convenient seasoning; least by making too much haste, if the shelves and seats should

> chance to warp, it might prove to be an eye sore, and cost in a manner cast away. To gain some time in that regard, I have already taken order for setting sawyers a-work, and for procuring besides all other materials; wherein my diligence and speed shall bear me witness of my willingness to accomplish all that I pretend, to every man's good liking. And thus I leave and commend you to God's good tuition. From London, March 19, —97
>
> Your assured to use in all your occasions,
>
> THO. BODLEY."

Neither this nor the preceding letter are published in Mr. Gutch's valuable edition of Wood's original text: but are to be found, as well as every other information here subjoined, in Hearne's edition of *Joh. Confrat. &c., de Reb. Glaston.*, vol. ii., pp. 612 to 645. We will next peruse the curious list of the first benefactors to the Bodleian Library.

My Lord of Essex: about 300 volumes: greater part in folio.

My Lord Chamberlain: 100 volumes, all in a manner new bound, with his arms, and a great part in folio.

The Lord Montacute: 66 costly great volumes, in folio; all bought of set

purpose, and fairly bound with his arms.

The Lord Lumley: 40 volumes in folio.

Sir Robert Sidney: 102 new volumes in folio, to the value of one hundred pounds, being all very fair, and especially well bound with his arms.

Merton College: 38 volumes of singular good books in folio, &c.

Mr. Philip Scudamor: 50 volumes: greatest part in folio.

Mr. William Gent: 100 volumes at the least.

Mr. Lawrence Bodley: 37 very fair and new bought books in folio. (There were seven other donations—in money, from 4 to 10*l.*)

Another list of benefactors; read in Convocation, July 17, 1601.

Sir John Fortescue, Knt.: 47 volumes: of which there are 5 Greek MSS. of singular worth.

Mr. Jo. Crooke: Recorder of the City of London: 27 good volumes; of which 25 are in folio.

Mr. Henry Savile: all the Greek interpreters upon Aust(in).

Mr. William Gent, of Glocester Hall: 160 volumes; of which there are 50 in folio.

Mr. Thomas Allen, of do., hath given 12 rare MSS., with a purpose to do more, and hath been ever a most careful provoker and solicitor of sundry great persons to become benefactors.

Mr. William Camden, by his office *Clarentius*: 7 volumes; of which 4 are manuscripts.

Mr. Thomas James, of New College: 100 volumes: almost all in folio, and sundry good manuscripts. With about 50 other donations, chiefly in money.

To Dr. Raves, Vice-Chanc. (Read in Convoc. May 10, 1602.)

A yet larger, and more complete, list will be found in Mr. Gutch's publication of Wood's text. Let us next observe how this distinguished bibliomaniac seized every opportunity—laying embargoes upon barges and carriages—for the conveyance of his book-treasures. The ensuing is also in Mr. Gutch's work:

"*To the Right W. Mr. D. King, Dean of Christ-Church, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxon, or, in his absence, to his Deputies there.*

(Read in Convocation, July 8, 1608.)

SIR,

I have sent down, by a western barge, all the books that I

have of this year's collection, which I have requested Mr. James, and other of my friends, to see safely brought from Burcote, and placed in the library. Sir Francis Vere hath sent me this year his accustomed annual gift of ten pounds. The Lady Mary Vere, wife to Sir Horace Vere, in the time of her widowhood (for so she is desired it should be recorded), being called Mrs. Hoby, of Hales, in Gloucestershire, hath given twenty pound. (He then enumerates about 15 other donations, and thus goes on:) Thus I thought meet to observe my yearly custom, in acquainting the University with the increase of their store: as my care shall be next, and that very shortly, to endow them with that portion of revenue and land that I have provided, whensoever God shall call me, for the full defraying of any charge that, by present likelihood, the conservation of the books, and all needful allowances to the keeper and others, may from time to time require. I will send you, moreover, a draught of certain statutes, which I have rudely conceived about the employment of that revenue, and for the government of the library: not with any meaning that they should be received, as orders

made by me (for it shall appear unto you otherwise) but as notes and remembrances to abler persons, whom hereafter you may nominate (as I will also then request you) to consider of those affairs, and so frame a substantial form of government, sith that which is a foot is in many thinges defective for preservation of the library: for I hold it altogether fitting that the University Convocation should be always possessed of an absolute power to devise any statutes, and of those to alter as they list, when they find an occasion of evident utility. But of these and other points, when I send you my project, I will both write more of purpose, and impart unto you freely my best cogitations, being evermore desirous, whatsoever may concern your public good, to procure and advance it so, to the uttermost of my power: as now in the meanwhile, reminding unto you my fervent affection, I rest for any service,

Your most assured, at commandment,

THO. BODLEIE.

London, June 30, 1608."

In a letter to his "dearest friends, Doctor

Kinge, Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors, Proctors, and the rest of the Convocation House in Oxon," (16th June, 1609) after telling them how he had secured certain landed property for the payment of the salaries and other expenses attendant upon the library, Sir Thomas thus draws to a conclusion: "Now because I presuppose that you take little pleasure in a tedious letter, having somewhat besides to impart unto you, I have made it known by word to Mr. Vicechancellor, who, I know, will not fail to acquaint you with it: as withall I have intreated him to supply, in my behalf, all my negligent omissions, and defective form of thanks, for all your public honours, entertainments, letters, gifts, and other graces conferred upon me, which have so far exceeded the compass of my merits that, where before I did imagine that nothing could augment my zealous inclination to your general good, now methinks I do feel it (as I did a great while since) was very highly augmented: insomuch as I cannot but shrive myself thus freely and soothly unto you. That, albeit, among a number of natural imperfections, I have least of all offended in the humour of ambition, yet now so it is, that I do somewhat repent me of my too much niceness that way: not as carried with an appetite to rake more riches to myself (wherein, God is my witness, my content is complete) but only in respect of my greedy desire to make a livelier demonstration of the same that I bear to my COMMON MOTHER, than I have

hitherto attained sufficient ability to put in execution. With which unfeigned testification of my devotion unto you, and with my daily fervent prayers for the endless prosperity of your joint endeavours, in that whole institution of your public library, I will close up this letter, and rest, as I shall ever,

Yours, in all loving and dutiful affection,

THOMAS BODLEY.

London, May 31, 1609."

The following, which is also in Mr. Gutch's publication, shews the laudable restlessness, and insatiable ambition, of our venerable bibliomaniac, in ransacking foreign libraries for the completion of his own.

"*To the Right Worshipfull Mr. D. Singleton, Vicechancellor of the University of Oxon.*

(Read in Convocation, Nov. 9, 1611.)

SIR,

About some three years past, I made a motion, here in London, to Mr. Pindar, Consul of the Company of English Merchants at Aleppo (a famous port in the Turk's dominions) that he would use his best means to procure me some books in the Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, and

> Persian tongues, or in any other language of those Eastern nations: because I make no doubt but, in process of time, by the extraordinary diligence of some one or other student, they may be readily understood, and some special use made of their kind of learning in those parts of the world: and where I had a purpose to reimburse all the charge that might grow thereupon, he sent of late unto me 20 several volumes in the foresaid tongues, and of his liberal disposition hath bestowed them freely on the library. They are manuscripts all (for in those countries they have no kind of printing) and were valued in that place at a very high rate. I will send them, ere be long, praying you the while to notify so much unto the University, and to move them to write a letter of thanks, which I will find means to convey to his hands, being lately departed from London to Constantinople. Whether the letter be indited in Latin or English, it is not much material, but yet, in my conceit, it will do best to him in English."

(The remainder of this letter is devoted to a scheme of building the public schools at Oxford; in which Sir Thomas found a most able and cheerful coadjutor, in one, *Sir Jo. Benet*; who seems to have had an extensive

and powerful connection, and who set the scheme on foot, "like a true affected son to his ANCIENT MOTHER, with a cheerful propension to take the charge upon him without groaning.")

In April 1585, Queen Elizabeth granted Sir Thomas "a passport of safe conveyance to Denmark"; and wrote a letter to the King of Denmark of the same date, within two days. She wrote, also, a letter to Julius, Duke of Brunswick of the same date: in which the evils that were then besetting the Christian world abroad were said to be rushing suddenly, as "from the Trojan Horse." "These three letters (observes Mr. Baker to his friend Hearne) are only copies, but very fairly wrote, and seem to have been duplicates kept by him that drew the original letters."

We will peruse but two more of these Bodleian epistles, which Hearne very properly adds as an amusing appendix, as well to the foregoing, as to his *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ* (1703, 8vo). They are written to men whose names must ever be held in high veneration by all worthy bibliomanacs.

"*Sir Tho. Bodley to Sir Robert Cotton.* (*Ex. Bibl. Cotton.*)

SIR,

I was thrice to have seen you at your house, but had not the hap to find you at home. It

was only to know how you hold your old intention for helping to furnish the University Library: where I purpose, God willing, to place all the books that I have hitherto gathered, within these three weeks. And whatsoever any man shall confer for the storing of it, such order is taken for a due memorial of his gift as I am persuaded he cannot any way receive a greater contentment of any thing to the value otherwise bestowed. Thus much I thought to signify unto you: and to request you to hear how you rest affected.

Yours, to use in any occasion,

THO. BODLEY.

From my house, June 6."

"*Sir Henry Savile to Sir R(obert) C(otton).*

SIR,

I have made Mr. Bodley acquainted with your kind and friendly offer, who accepteth of it in most thankful manner: and if it pleaseth you to appoint to-morrow at afternoon, or upon Monday or Tuesday next, at some hour likewise after dinner, we will not fail to be with you at your house for that purpose. And remember I give you fair warning

that if you hold any book so dear as that you would be loth to have him out of your sight, set him aside before hand. For my own part, I will not do that wrong to my judgment as to chuse of the worst, if better be in place: and, beside, you would account me a simple man.

But to leave jesting, we will any of the days come to you, leaving, as great reason is, your own in your own power freely to retain or dispose. True it is that I have raised some expectation of the quality of your gift in Mr. Bodley, whom you shall find a gentleman in all respects worthy of your acquaintance. And so, with my best commendations, I commit you to God. This St. Peter's day.

Your very assured friend,

HENRY SAVILE."

It only remains now to indulge the dutiful sons of ALMA MATER with a fac-simile wood-cut impression of the profile of the venerable founder of the Bodleian Library, taken from a print of a medal in the *Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum Angliæ, &c.*, 1697, fol.; but whether it have any resemblance to the bust of him, "carved to the life by an excellent hand at London, and shortly after placed in a niche in the south wall of the same library," with the

subjoined inscription, I cannot at this moment recollect.



THOMAS SACKVILLUS DORSET, COMES,
SUMMUS ANGLIÆ THESAURAR. ET
HUJUS ACAD. CANCELLAR.
THOMÆ BODLEIO EQUITI AURATO
QUI BIBLIOTHECAM HANC INSTITUIT
HONORIS CAUSA P.P.

The library of Sir Thomas Bodley, when completed, formed the figure of a T: it was afterwards resolved, on the books accumulating, and the benefactions increasing, to finish it in the form of an H; in which state it now remains. Sir Kenelm Digby, like a thorough bred bibliomaniac, "gave fifty very good oaks, to purchase a piece of ground of Exeter College, laying on the north west side of the library; on

which, and their own ground adjoining, they might erect the future fabric." The laying of the foundation of this erection is thus described by Wood; concluding with a catastrophe, at which I sadly fear the wicked reader will smile. "On the thirteenth of May, being Tuesday, 1634, the Vice-chancellor, Doctors, Heads of Houses, and Proctors, met at St. Mary's church about 8 of the clock in the morning; thence each, having his respective formalities on came to this place, and took their seats that were then erected on the brim of the foundation. Over against them was built a scaffold, where the two proctors, with divers masters, stood. After they were all settled, the University Musicians, who stood upon the leads at the west end of the library, sounded a lesson on their wind music. Which being done, the singing men of Christ-Church, with others, sang a lesson, after which the senior Proctor, Mr. Herbert Pelham, of Magdalen College, made an eloquent oration: that being ended also, the music sounded again, and continued playing till the Vice-Chancellor went to the bottom of the foundation to lay the first stone in one of the south angles.





But no sooner had he deposited a piece of gold on the said stone, according to the usual manner in such ceremonies, but the earth fell in from one side of the foundation, and the scaffold that was thereon broke and fell with it; so that all those that were thereon, to the number of a hundred at least, namely, the Proctors, Principals of Halls, Masters, and some Bachelaurs, fell down all together, one upon another, into the foundation; among whom, the under butler of Exeter College had his shoulder broken or put out of joint, and a scholar's arm bruised." "The solemnity being thus concluded with such a sad catastrophe, the breach was soon after made up and the work going chearfully forward, was in four years space finished." *Annals of the University of Oxford*; vol. ii., pt. ii., p. 939.

Gutch's edition. We will take leave of SIR THOMAS BODLEY, and of his noble institution, with the subjoined representation of the University's Arms—as painted upon the ceiling of the library, in innumerable compartments; hoping that the period is not very remote when a *History of the Bodleian Library*, more ample and complete than any thing which has preceded it, will appear prefixed to a *Catalogue of the Books*, like unto that which is hinted at p. 74, ante, as "an urgent desideratum."

LIS. Alas, you bring to my mind those precious hours that are gone by, never to be recalled, which I wasted within this glorious palace of Bodley's erection! How I sauntered, and gazed, and sauntered again.—

PHIL. Your case is by no means singular. But you promise, when you revisit the library, not to behave so naughtily again?

LIS. I was not then a convert to the BIBLIOMANIA! Now, I will certainly devote the leisure of six autumnal weeks to examine minutely some of the precious tomes which are contained in it.

LYSAND. Very good. And pray favour us with the result of your profound researches: as one would like to have the most minute account of the treasures contained within those hitherto

unnumbered volumes.

PHIL. As every sweet in this world is balanced by its bitter, I wonder that these worthy characters were not lampooned by some sharp-set scribbler—whose only chance of getting perusers for his work, and thereby bread for his larder, was by the novelty and impudence of his attacks. Any thing new and preposterous is sure of drawing attention. Affirm that you see a man standing upon one leg, on the pinnacle of Saint Paul's[336]—or that the ghost of Inigo Jones had appeared to you, to give you the extraordinary information that Sir Christopher Wren had stolen the whole of the plan of that cathedral from a design of his own—and do you not think that you would have spectators and auditors enough around you?

[336] This is now oftentimes practised by some wag, in his "*Walke in Powles*." Whether the same anecdote is recorded in the little slim pamphlet published in 1604, 4to., under the same title—not having the work—(and indeed how should I? vide *Bibl. Reed*, no. 2225, *cum pretiis*!) I cannot take upon me to determine.

LIS. Yes, verily: and I warrant some half-starved scrivener of the Elizabethan period drew his envenomed dart to endeavour to perforate the cuticle of some worthy bibliomaniacal wight.

LYSAND. You may indulge what conjectures you please; but I know of no anti-bibliomaniacal satirist of this period. STUBBES did what he could, in his "*Anatomy of Abuses*,"[337] to disturb every social and harmless amusement of the age. He was the forerunner of that snarling satirist, Prynne; but I ought not thus to cuff him, for fear of bringing upon me the united indignation of a host of black-letter critics and philologists. A *large and clean* copy of his sorrily printed work is among the choicest treasures of a Shakspearian virtuoso.

[337] "THE ANATOMIE OF ABUSES: *contayning a discoverie, or briefe summarie of such notable vices and imperfections as now raigne in many Christian Countreyes of the Worlde: but (especiallie) in a very famous Ilande called Ailgna*:" &c. Printed by Richard Jones, 1583, small 8vo. Vide Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iii., p. 1044, for the whole title. Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, vol iii., 419, calls this "a curious and very scarce book;" and so does my friend, Mr. Utterson; who revels in his morocco-coated copy of it—"*Exemplar olim Farmerianum!*" But let us be candid; and not sacrifice our better judgments to our book-passions. After all, Stubbes's work is a caricatured drawing. It has strong passages, and a few original thoughts; and, is moreover, one of the very few works printed in days of yore which have running titles to the subjects

discussed in them. These may be recommendations with the bibliomaniac; but he should be informed that this volume contains a great deal of puritanical cant, and licentious language; that vices are magnified in it in order to be lashed, and virtues diminished that they might not be noticed. Stubbes equals Prynne in his anathemas against "Plays and Interludes:" and in his chapters upon "Dress" and "Dancing" he rakes together every coarse and pungent phrase in order to describe "these horrible sins" with due severity. He is sometimes so indecent that, for the credit of the age, and of a virgin reign, we must hope that every virtuous dame threw the copy of his book, which came into her possession, behind the fire. This may reasonably account for its present rarity. I do not discover it in the catalogues of the libraries of *Pearson*, *Steevens*, or *Brand*; but see *Bibl. Wright*, no. 1390.

But admitting even that Stubbes had drawn his arrow to the head, and grazed the skin of such men as Bodley and Cotton, the wound inflicted by this weapon must have been speedily closed and healed by the balsamic medicine administered by ANDREW MAUNSELL, in his *Catalogue of English Printed Books*.[338] This little thin folio volume afforded a delicious treat to all honest bibliomaniacs. It revived the drooping spirits of the despondent; and, like the syrup of the renowned Dr. Brodum, circulated

within the system, and put all the generous juices in action. The niggardly collector felt the influence of rivalship; he played a deeper stake at book-gambling; and hastened, by his painfully acquired knowledge of what was curious and rare in books, to anticipate the rustic collector—which latter, putting the best wheels and horses to his carriage, rushed from the country to the metropolis, to seize, at Maunsell's shop, a choice copy of *Cranmer's Bible, or Morley's Canzonets*.[339]

[338] This Catalogue, the first publication of the kind ever put forth in this country, is complete in two parts; 1595, folio: first part containing 123 pages, exclusive of three preliminary epistles: the second, 27 pages; exclusive of three similar introductory pieces. The *first part* is devoted entirely to Divinity: and in the dedicatory epistle to Queen Elizabeth, Maunsell tells her majesty that he thought it "worth his poor labour to collect a catalogue of the divine books, so mightily increased in her reign; whereby her majesty's most faithful and loving subjects may be put in remembrance of the works of so excellent authors," &c. The second part is devoted to a brief account of books in the remaining branches of literature, arts, sciences, &c. Maunsell promised to follow it up by a *third* part; but a want of due encouragement seems to have damped the bibliographical ardour of the compiler;

for this third part never appeared: a circumstance which, in common with the late Mr. Steevens, all bibliomaniacs may "much lament." See the *Athenæum*, vol i., 155; also Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*, vol ii., p. 1137. A copy of this volume has found its way into the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; *Cat. Adv. Libr.*, vol ii., p. 99. Ruddiman, who was formerly the librarian of this latter valuable collection, had probably read Hearne's commendation of it:—namely, that it was "a very scarce, and yet a very useful, book." *Bened. Abbat.*, vol. i., p. LIV. Mr. Heber possesses a curious copy of it, which was formerly Herbert's, with the margins filled with his MS. addenda.

[339] "Of the translation appointed to bee read in churches, in Kinge Henry the 8, his daies," printed in the largest volume, 1539. "THO. MORLEY, Bachiler of Musique, and one of her Maiestie's Royal Chappell, *his Conzonets*, or little short songes to three voyces. Prin. by Tho. Est. 1593. 4to." See p. 10., pt. i., p. 17, pt. ii., of *Maunsell's Catalogue*; but let the reader consult p. 248, ante, concerning this "largest volume" of the Holy Scriptures.

Let us, however, not forget that we have reached the reign of JAMES I.; a monarch who, like Justinian, affected to be "greatly given to study of books;"[340] and who, according to Burton's testimony, wished he had been chained

to one of the shelves of the Bodleian library. [341] Of all literary tastes, James had the most strange and sterile. Let us leave him to his *Demonology*; but notice, with the respect that it merits, the more rational and even elegantly cultivated mind of his son PRINCE HENRY;[342] of whose passion for books there are some good evidences upon record. We will next proceed to the mention of a shrewd scholar and bibliomaniac, and ever active voyager, ycleped THOMAS CORYATE, the *Peregrine of Odcombe*. This facetious traveller, who was as quaint and original a writer as old Tom Fuller, appears (when he had time and opportunity) to have taken special notice of libraries; and when he describes to us his "worm eaten" copy of *Josephus's Antiquities*,[343] "written in ancient Longobard characters in parchment," one cannot but indulge a natural wish to know something of the present existence of a MS. which had probably escaped Oberthür, the last laborious editor of Josephus.

[340] "Greatly gyuen to study of bokys:" *Rastell's Chronicle, or Pastyme of People*, p. 28, edit. 1811, 4to.

[341] The passage is somewhere in Burton's *Anatomy of Mechanoly*. But I cannot just now, put my finger upon it.

[342] The works of KING JAMES I. (of England) were published in rather a

splendid folio volume in the year 1616. Amongst these, his *Demonology* is the "opus maximum." Of his son PRINCE HENRY, there is, in this volume, at the top of one of the preliminary pieces, a very pretty half length portrait; when he was quite a boy. A charming whole length portrait of the same accomplished character, when he was a young man, engraved by Paas, may be seen in the first folio edition of Drayton's *Polyolbion*: but this, the reader will tell me, is mere Grangerite information. Proceed we, therefore, to a pithy, but powerful, demonstration of the bibliomaniacal character of the said Prince Henry. "In the paper office, there is a book, No. 24, containing Prince Henry's privy-purse expences, for one year," &c. The whole expense of one year was 1400*l.* Among other charges, the following are remarkable:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
17th October, paid to a Frenchman, that presented *a book*	4	10	0
20th October, paid Mr. Holyoak for writing a *Catalogue of the Library* which the Prince had of Lord Lumley	8	13	4

&c. &c. &c.

Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare-Papers, 1797, 8vo., p. 233.

[343] Look, gentle reader, at the entire

ungarbled passage—amongst many similar ones which may be adduced—in vol. i., p. 116, of his "*Crudities*"—or Travels: edit. 1776, 8vo. Coryat's talents, as a traveller, are briefly, but brilliantly, described in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. ii., p. 92.

Let me here beseech you to pay due attention to the works of HENRY PEACHAM, when they come across you. The first edition of that elegantly written volume, "*The Compleat Gentleman*," was published I believe in the reign of James I., in the year 1622.

LOREN. I possess not only this, but every subsequent copy of it, and a fair number of copies of his other works. He and BRAITHWAIT were the "par nobile fratrum" of their day.

PHIL. I have often been struck with some curious passages in Peacham, relating to the Education of Youth[344] in our own country; as I find, from them, that the complaint of *severity of discipline* still continued, notwithstanding the able work of Roger Ascham, which had recommended a mild and conciliatory mode of treatment.

[344] The HISTORY of the EDUCATION OF YOUTH in this country might form an amusing little octavo volume. We have *Treatises* and *Essays* enough upon the

subject; but a narrative of its first rude efforts, to its present, yet not perfected, form, would be interesting to every parent, and observer of human nature. My present researches only enable me to go back as far as Trevisa's time, towards the close of the 14th century; when I find, from the works of this Vicar of Berkeley, that "every friar that had *state in school*, such as they were then, had an HUGE LIBRARY." *Harl. MSS.*, no. 1900. But what the particular system was, among youth, which thus so highly favoured the BIBLIOMANIA, I have not been able to ascertain. I suspect, however, that knowledge made but slow advances; or rather that its progress was almost inverted; for, at the end of the subsequent century, our worthy printer, Caxton, tells us that he found "but few who could write in their registers the occurrences of the day." *Polychronicon; prol. Typog. Antiquit.*, vol. i., 148. In the same printer's prologue to *Catho Magnus* (*Id.*, vol. i., 197) there is a melancholy complaint about the youth of London; who, although, when children, they were "fair, wise, and prettily bespoken—at the full ripening, they had neither kernel nor good corn found in them." This is not saying much for the academic or domestic treatment of young gentlemen, towards the close of the 15th century. At the opening of the ensuing century, a variety of elementary treatises, relating to the education of youth, were published chiefly under the auspices of Dean Colet, and composed by a host of learned

grammarians, of whom honourable mention has been made at page 218, ante. These publications are generally adorned with a rude wood-cut; which, if it be copied from truth, affords a sufficiently striking proof of the severity of the ancient discipline: for the master is usually seated in a large arm-chair, with a tremendous rod across his knees; and the scholars are prostrate before him, either on the ground upon bended knees, or sitting upon low benches. Nor was this rigid system relaxed in the middle of the same (xvith) century; when Roger Ascham composed his incomparable treatise, intitled the "*Schoolmaster*;" the object of which was to decry the same severity of discipline. This able writer taught his countrymen the value of making the road to knowledge smooth and inviting, by smiles and remunerations, rather than by stripes and other punishments. Indeed, such was the stern and Draco-like character which schoolmasters of this period conceived themselves authorized to assume that neither rank, nor situation, nor sex, were exempt from the exercise of their tyranny. Lady Jane Grey tells Ascham that her former teacher used to give her "pinches, and cuffs, and bobs," &c. The preface to the Schoolmaster informs us that two gentlemen, who dined with Ascham at Cecil's table, were of opinion that NICOLAS UDAL, then head master of Eaton School, "was the best schoolmaster of their time, and the *greatest beater*!" Bishop Latimer, in his fourth sermon (edit. 1562, fol. 15 to

18), has drawn such a picture of the Londoners of this period that the philosopher may imagine that youths, who sprung from such parents, required to be ruled with a rod of iron. But it has been the fashion of all writers, from the age of St. Austin downwards, to depreciate the excellences, and magnify the vices, of the times in which they lived. Ludovicus Vives, who was Latimer's contemporary, has attacked both schoolmasters and youths, in an ungracious style; saying of the former that "some taught Ovid's books of love to their scholars, and some make expositions and expounded the vices." He also calls upon the young women, in the language of St. Jerome, "to avoid, as a mischief or poison of chastity, young men with heads bushed and trimmed; and sweet smelling skins of outlandish mice." *Instruction of a Christian Woman*; edit. 1592, sign. D 3, rect. &c. I am not aware of any work of importance, relating to the education of youth, which appeared till the publication of the *Compleat Gentleman* by HENRY PEACHAM: an author, who richly deserves all the handsome things above said of him in the text. His chapters "*Of the Duty of Masters*," and "*Of the Duty of Parents*," are valuable upon many accounts: inasmuch as they afford curious anecdotes of the system of academic and domestic education then pursued, and are accompanied with his own sagacious and candid reflections. Peacham was an *Aschamite* in respect to lenity of discipline; as the following extracts, from the foregoing work, (edit.

1661) will unequivocally prove. Peacham first observes upon the different modes of education: "But we see on the contrary, out of the master's carterly judgment, like horses in a team, the boys are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the school, ἀυτο δίδακτοι (which he culs out to admiration if strangers come, as a costardmonger his fairest pippins) like fleet hovnds go away with the game, when the rest need helping over a stile a mile behind: hence, being either quite discouraged in themselves, or taken away by their friends (who for the most part measure their learning by the form they set in), they take leave of their books while they live," &c. p. 23. "Some affect, and severer schools enforce, a precise and tedious strictness, in long keeping the schollers by the walls: as from before six in the morning, till twelve or past: so likewise in the afternoon. Which, beside the dulling of the wit and dejecting the spirit (for, "otii non minus quam negotii ratio extare debet") breeds in him, afterwards, a kind of hate and carelessness of study when he comes to be "sui juris," at his own liberty (as experience proves by many, who are sent from severe schools unto the universities): withall over-loading his memory, and taking off the edge of his invention, with over heavy tasks, in themes, verses," &c., p. 25. "Nor is it my meaning that I would all masters to be tyed to one method, no more than all the shires of England to come up to London by one highway: there may be many equally

alike good. And since method, as one saith, is but ὁδοποιητικὴ, let every master, if he can, by pulling up stiles and hedges, make a more near and private way to himself; and in God's name say, with the divinest of poets,

deserta per avia dulcis
Raptat amor. Juvat ire iugis, quâ nulla priorum
CASTALIAM *molli divertitur orbita clivo.*
(Georg. libi. iij.)

With sweet love rapt, I now by deserts pass,
And over hills where never track of yore:
Descending easily, yet remembered was,
That led the way to CASTALIE before.
(Peacham.)

But instead of many good, they have infinite bad; and go stumbling from the right, as if they went blindfold for a wager. Hence cometh the shifting of the scholler from master to master; who, poor boy (like a hound among a company of ignorant hunters hollowing every deer they see), misseth the right, begetteth himself new labour, and at last, by one of skill and well read, beaten for his paines," pp. 29, 30. Peacham next notices the extreme severity of discipline exercised in some schools. "I knew one, who in winter would ordinarily, in a cold morning, whip his boys over for no other purpose than to get himself a heat: another beats them for swearing, and all the while sweares himself with horrible

oaths. He would forgive any fault saving that! I had, I remember, myself (neer St. Alban's in Hertfordshire, where I was born) a master, who, by no entreaty, would teach any scholler he had farther than his father had learned before him; as if he had only learned but to read English, the son, though he went with him seven years, should go no further: his reason was, they would then prove saucy rogues, and controle their fathers! Yet these are they that oftentimes have our hopefull gentry under their charge and tuition, to bring them up in science and civility!" p. 27. This absurd system is well contrasted with the following account of the lenity observed in some of the schools on the continent: "In Germany the school is, and as the name imports, it ought to be, merely, LUDUS LITERARIUS, a very pastime of learning, where it is a rare thing to see a rod stirring: yet I heartily wish that our children of England were but half so ready in writing and speaking Latin, which boys of ten and twelve years old will do so roundly, and with so neat a phrase and style, that many of our masters would hardly mend them; having only for their punishment, shame; and for their reward, praise," p. 24. "Wherefore I cannot but commend the custome of their schools in the Low-countries, where for the avoyding of this tedious sitting still, and with irksome poring on the book all day long, after the scholler hath received his lecture, he leaveth the school for an houre, and walkes abroad with one or two of his

fellows, either into the field or up among the trees upon the rampire, as in ANTWERP, BREDA, VTRECHT, &c., when they confer and recreate themselves till time calls them in to repeat, where perhaps they stay an hour; so abroad again, and thus at their pleasure the whole day," p. 26. Thus have we pursued the *History of the Education of Boys* to a period quite modern enough for the most superficial antiquary to supply the connecting links down to the present times. Nor can we conclude this prolix note without observing upon two things which are remarkable enough: first, that in a country like our own—the distinguishing characteristics of whose inhabitants are gravity, reserve, and good sense—lads should conduct themselves with so much rudeness, flippancy, and tyranny towards each other—and secondly, that masters should, in too many instances, exercise a discipline suited rather to a government of despotism and terror than to a land of liberty and social comfort! But all human improvement, and human happiness, is progressive. Speramus meliora!

LYSAND. But you must not believe every thing that is said in favour of *Continental* lenity of discipline, shewn to youth, if the testimony of a modern newspaper may be credited!——

LIS. What your newspaper may hold forth I will not pretend to enter into.

LYSAND. Nay, here is the paragraph; which I cut out from "*The Observer*," and will now read it to you. "A German Magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who, for 51 years, had superintended a large institution with old fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given *911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart*. It was further calculated that he had made *700 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod*. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!" Now, my friends, what have you to say against the *English* system of education?

PHIL. This is only defending bad by worse.

LIS. Where are we digressing? What are become of our bibliomaniacal heroes?

LYSAND. You do right to call me to order. Let us turn from the birch, to the book, history.

Contemporaneous with Peacham, lived that very curious collector of ancient popular little pieces, as well as lover of "sacred secret soul soliloquies," the renowned *melancholy* composer, ycleped ROBERT BURTON;[345] who, I do not scruple to number among the most

marked bibliomaniacs of the age; notwithstanding his saucy railing against Frankfort book-fairs. We have abundance of testimony (exclusive of the fruits of his researches, which appear by his innumerable marginal references to authors of all ages and characters) that this original, amusing, and now popular, author was an arrant book-hunter; or, as old Anthony hath it, "a devourer of authors." Rouse, the Librarian of Bodleian, is said to have liberally assisted Burton in furnishing him with choice books for the prosecution of his extraordinary work.

[345] I suppose Lysander to allude to a memorandum of Hearne, in his *Benedictus Abbas*, p. iv., respecting ROBERT BURTON being a collector of "ancient popular little pieces." From this authority we find that he gave "a great variety" of these pieces, with a multitude of books, of the best kind, to the "Bodleian Library."—One of these was that "opus incomparabile," the "*History of Tom Thumb*," and the other, the "*Pleasant and Merry History of the Mylner of Abingdon*." The expression "sacred secret soul soliloquies" belongs to Braithwait: and is thus beautifully interwoven in the following harmonious couplets:

——No minute but affords some tears.
No walks but private solitary groves
Shut from frequent, his contemplation loves;
No treatise, nor discourse, so sweetly please
As sacred-secret soule soliloquies.
Arcadian Princesse, lib. 4, p. 162.

And see, gentle reader, how the charms of solitude—of "walking alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook-side, to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject" are depicted by the truly original pencil of this said Robert Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. i., p. 126, edit. 1804. But our theme is Bibliomania. Take, therefore, concerning the same author, the following: and then hesitate, if thou canst, about his being infected with the BOOK-DISEASE. "What a catalogue of new books all this year, all this age (I say) have our Frankfurt marts, our domestic marts, brought out! Twice a year, 'Proferunt se nova ingenia et ostentant;' we stretch our wits out! and set them to sale: 'Magno conatu nihil agimus,' &c. 'Quis tam avidus librorum helluo,' who can read them? As already, we shall have a vast chaos and confusion of books; we are oppressed with them; our eyes ake with reading, our fingers with turning," &c. This is painting *ad vivum*—after the life. We see and feel every thing described. Truly, none but a thorough master in bibliomaniacal mysteries could have thus thought and

written! See "*Democritus to the Reader*," p. 10; perhaps the most highly finished piece of dissection in the whole *anatomical work*.

About this period lived LORD LUMLEY; a nobleman of no mean reputation as a bibliomaniac. But what shall we say to Lord Shaftesbury's eccentric neighbour, HENRY HASTINGS? who, in spite of his hawks, hounds, kittens, and oysters,[346] could not for forbear to indulge his book propensities though in a moderate degree! Let us fancy we see him, in his eightieth year, just alighted from the toils of the chase, and listening, after dinner, with his "single glass" of ale by his side, to some old woman with "spectacle on nose" who reads to him a choice passage out of John Fox's *Book of Martyrs*! A rare old boy was this Hastings. But I wander—and may forget another worthy, and yet more ardent, bibliomaniac, called JOHN CLUNGEON, who left a press, and some books carefully deposited in a stout chest, to the parish church at Southampton. We have also evidence of this man's having *erected a press* within the same; but human villany has robbed us of every relic of his books and printing furniture.[347] From Southampton, you must excuse me if I take a leap to London; in order to introduce you into the wine cellars of one JOHN WARD; where, I suppose, a few choice copies of favourite authors were sometimes kept in a secret recess by the side of the oldest bottle of

hock. We are indebted to Hearne for a brief, but not uninteresting, notice of this *vinous* book collector.[348]

[346] Of the bibliomaniacal spirit of LORD LUMLEY the reader has already had some slight mention made at pages 273, 281, ante. Of HENRY HASTINGS, Gilpin has furnished us with some anecdotes which deserve to be here recorded. They are taken from Hutchin's *Hist. of Dorsetshire*, vol. ii., p. 63. "Mr. HASTINGS was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His cloaths were always of green cloth. His house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling green in it, and used to play with round sand bowls. Here too he had a banquetting room built, like a stand in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed, and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the

great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a CHURCH BIBLE: the other the BOOK OF MARTYRS. On different tables in the room lay hawks'-hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs, tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house, for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel; which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports

supplied all but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "*My part lies therein-a*." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eyesight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past fourscore." Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, vol. ii., pp. 23, 26. I should add, from the same authority, that Hastings was a neighbour of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, with whom (as was likely enough) he had no cordial agreement.

[347] "In the northern chapel which is parted from the side aile by a beautiful open Gothic screen, is a handsome monument to the memory of the lord Chancellor Wriothesly, and a *large and costly standing chest*, carved and inlaid, and stated, by an inscription on its front, to have been given, *with the books in it*, by JOHN CLUNGEON. The inscription is as follows:

"John, the sonne of John Clungeon of this towne, Alderman, *erected this presse* and gave certain books, who died, anno 1646.

"The books are, however, now gone, and the surplices, &c. are kept in the chest."

See a tasteful and elegantly printed little volume, entitled "*A Walk through Southampton*;" by Sir H.C. Englefield, Bart. 1801, 8vo., p. 64.

[348] Ward is described by Hearne as being "a citizen and vintner of London," and "a lover of antiquity's." He had a copy of the *Chartulary of Dunstaple*, in MS., which was put by Wanley into the Harleian collection. The following entry is too much of a characteristic trait, not to be gratifying to the palate of a thorough bred bibliomaniac; it relates to the said Chartulary:—"also this vellum, at both ends of the booke, was then added, put in, and inserted, at the costs of the said Mr. (JOHN) WARD, in the said yeare of our Lord, 1655,

	s.	*d.*
binding and claspes	4	00
vellum	4	00"

Annals of Dunstaple Priory, vol. i., p. xxx., note.

LIS. If Master Cox, "by profession a mason," and living in the country, could have collected such a cabinet of romances and ballads—why should not a wine merchant, living in the metropolis, have turned his attention to a similar pursuit, and have been even more successful in the objects of it?

PHIL. I know not; particularly as we have, at the present day, some commercial characters—whose dealings in trade are as opposite to books as frogs are to roast beef—absolute madmen in search after black-letter, large paper, and uncut copies! But proceed, Lysander.

LYSAND. Such was the influence of the *Book Mania* about, or rather a little before, this period that even the sacred retirement of a monastery, established upon Protestant principles, and conducted by rules so rigid as almost to frighten the hardiest ascetic, even such a spot was unable to resist the charms of book-collecting and book-embellishment. How St. Jerome or St. Austin would have lashed the FERRAR FAMILY[349] for the gorgeous decorations of their volumes, and for devoting so much precious time and painful attention to the art and mystery of Book-binding! Yes, Lisardo; it is truly curious to think upon the *Little Gidding Monastery*—near which, perhaps, were

——"rugged rocks, that holy knees had worn—"

and to imagine that the occupiers of such a place were infected—nay, inflamed—with a most powerful ardour for curious, neat, splendid, and, I dare venture to affirm, matchless copies of the several volumes which they composed! But I will now hasten to give very different evidence of the progress of this disease, by noticing the labours of a

bibliomaniac of first rate celebrity; I mean ELIAS ASHMOLE:[350] whose museum at Oxford abundantly proves his curious and pertinacious spirit in book-collecting. His works, put forth under his own superintendence, with his name subjoined, shew a delicate taste, an active research, and, if we except his *Hermetical* propensities, a fortunate termination. His "opus maximum" is the *Order of the Garter*; a volume of great elegance both in the composition and decorations. Your copy of it, I perceived, was upon *large paper*; and cost you—

[349] It remains here to make good the above serious charges brought against the ancient and worthy family of the FERRARS; and this it is fully in my power to do, from the effectual aid afforded me by Dr. Wordsworth, in the fifth volume of his *Ecclesiastical Biography*; where the better part of Dr. Peckard's Life of Nicholas Ferrar is published, together with some valuable and original addenda from the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. Be it, however, known to Dr. Wordsworth, and the reviewer of the Ecclesiastical Biography in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. iv., pp. 93, 103, that Hearne had previously published a copious and curious account of the monastery at Little Gidding in the supplement to his *Thom. Caii. Vind. Antiquit. Oxon.*, 1730, 8vo., vol. ii.: which, as far as I have had an opportunity of examining Dr. Wordsworth's account, does

not appear to have been known to this latter editor. We will now proceed to the bibliomaniacal anecdotes of NICHOLAS FERRAR, SENIOR AND JUNIOR. "Amongst other articles of instruction and amusement, Mr. FERRAR (senior) entertained an ingenious *Book-binder* who taught the family, females as well as males, the whole art and skill of *book-binding*, gilding, lettering, and what they called pasting-printing, by the use of the rolling press. By this assistance he composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four evangelists, *adorned with many beautiful pictures*, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters." There is then a minute account of the mechanical process (in which the nieces assisted) how, by means of "great store of the best and strongest white paper, nice knives and scissars, pasting and rolling-press" work—the arduous task was at length accomplished: and Mary Collet, one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces, put the grand finishing stroke to the whole, by "doing a deed"—which has snapt asunder the threads of Penelope's web for envy:—"She bound the book entirely, ALL WROUGHT IN GOLD, in a new and most elegant fashion." The fame of this book, or concordance, as it was called, reached the ears of Charles I., who "intreated" (such was his Majesty's expression) to be favoured with a sight of it. Laud and Cousins, who were then chaplains in waiting, presented it to the King; who "after long and serious looking

it over, said, 'This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth: for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of *an Harmony*, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, *the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding*, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be, indeed, greatly indebted to the family for THIS JEWEL: and whatever is in my power I shall, at any time, be ready to do for any of them.'" *Eccles. Biogr.*, vol. v., 172-8. This was spoken, by Charles, in the true spirit of a Book-Knight! Cromwell, I suppose, would have shewn the same mercy to this treasure as he did to the madonnas of Raffaelle—thrown it behind the fire, as idolatrous! The nephew emulated and eclipsed the bibliomaniacal celebrity of his uncle. At the age of twenty-one, he executed three books (or "works" as they are called) of uncommon curiosity and splendour. Archbishop Laud, who had a keen eye and solid judgment for things of this sort (as the reader will find in the following pages) undertook to introduce young Ferrars to the King. The introduction is told in such a pleasing style of *naiveté*, and the manual dexterity of the young bibliomaniac is so smartly commended by Charles, that I cannot find it in my heart to abridge much of the

narrative. "When the king saw the Archbishop enter the room, he said, 'What have you brought with you those *rarities* and *jewels* you told me of?' 'Yea, sire,' replied the bishop; 'here is the YOUNG GENTLEMAN and his works.' So the bishop, taking him by the hand, led him up to the king. He, falling down on his knees, the king gave him his hand to kiss, bidding him rise up. The box was opened, and NICHOLAS FERRAR, first presented to the king that book made for the prince; who taking it from him, looking well on the outside, which was *all green velvet, stately and richly gilt all over, with great broad strings, edged with gold lace, and curiously bound*, said, 'Here is a fine book for Charles, indeed! I hope it will soon make him in love with what is within it, for I know it is good,' &c. And lo! here are also store of *rare pictures* to delight his eye with! &c., &c. Then, turning him to the Lord of Canterbury, he said, 'Let this young gentleman have your letters to the princes to-morrow, to Richmond, and let him carry this present. It is a good day, you know, and a good work would be done upon it.' So he gave Nicholas Ferrar the book; who, carrying it to the box, took out of it a very large paper book, which was the FOURTH WORK, and laid it on the table before the king. 'For whom,' said the king, 'is this model?' 'For your majesty's eyes, if you please to honour it so much.' 'And that I will gladly do,' said the king, 'and never be weary of such sights as I know you will offer unto me.' The king having well

perused the title page, beginning, 'The Gospel of our Lord and blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, in eight several languages,' &c., said unto the lords, 'You all see that one good thing produceth another. Here we have more and more rarities; from print now to pen. These are fair hands, well written, and as well composed.' Then replied the Lord of Canterbury, 'When your majesty hath seen all, you will have more and more cause to admire.' 'What!' said the king, 'is it possible we shall behold yet more rarities?' then said the bishop to Nicholas Ferrar, 'Reach the other piece that is in the box:' and this we call the FIFTH WORK; the title being *Novum Testamentum, &c., in viginti quatuor linguis, &c.* The king, opening the book, said, 'Better and better. This is the largest and fairest paper that ever I saw.' Then, reading the title-page, he said, 'What is this? What have we here? The incomparablest book this will be, as ever eye beheld. My lords, come, look well upon it. This finished, must be the EMPEROR OF ALL BOOKS. It is the crown of all works. It is an admirable masterpiece. The world cannot match it. I believe you are all of my opinion.' The lords all seconded the king, and each spake his mind of it. 'I observe two things amongst others,' said the king, 'very remarkable, if not admirable. The first is, how is it possible that a young man of twenty-one years of age (for he had asked the Lord of Canterbury before, how old Nicholas Ferrar was) should ever attain to the understanding and knowledge of more

languages than he is of years; and to have the courage to venture upon such an Atlas work, or Hercules labour. The other is also of high commendation, to see him write so many several languages, so well as these are, each in its proper character. Sure so few years had been well spent, some men might think, to have attained only to the *writing* thus fairly, of these twenty-four languages!' All the lords replied his majesty had judged right; and said, except they had seen, as they did, the young gentleman there, and the book itself, all the world should not have persuaded them to the belief of it." *Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. v., pp. 216, 220. But whatever degree of credit or fame of young FERRARS might suppose to have been attached to the execution of these "pieces," his emulation was not damped, nor did his industry slacken, 'till he had produced a specimen of much greater powers of book-decoration. His appetite was that of a giant; for he was not satisfied with any thing short of bringing forth a volume of such dimensions as to make the bearer of it groan beneath its weight—and the beholders of it dazzled with its lustre, and astonished at its amplitude. Perhaps there is not a more curious book-anecdote upon record than the following. "Charles the 1st, his son Charles, the Palsgrave, and the Duke of Lennox, paid a visit to the monastery of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire—the abode of the Ferrars."—"Then, the king was pleased to go into the house, and demanded where

the GREAT BOOK was, that he had heard was made for Charles's use. It was soon brought unto him; and the *largeness* and *weight* of it was such that he that carried it seemed to be *well laden*. Which the duke, observing, said, 'Sir, one of your strongest guard will but be able to carry this book.' It being laid on the table before the king, it was told him that, though it were then fairly bound up in *purple velvet*, that the outside was not fully finished, as it should be, for the prince's use and better liking. 'Well,' said the king, 'it is very well done.' So he opened the book, the prince standing at the table's end, and the Palsgrave and Duke on each side of the king. The king read the title page and frontispice all over very deliberately; and well viewing the form of it, how adorned with *a stately garnish of pictures, &c.*, and the curiousness of the writing of it, said, 'Charles, here is a book that contains excellent things. This will make you both wise and good.' Then he proceeded to turn it over, leaf by leaf, and took exact notice of all in it: and it being *full of pictures of sundry mens cuts*, he could tell the palsgrave, who seemed also to be knowing in that kind, that this and this, and that and that, were of such a man's graving and invention. The prince all the while greatly eyed all things; and seemed much to be pleased with the book. The king having spent some hours in the perusal of it, and demanding many questions was occasion as, concerning the contrivement, and having received answers to all he demanded, at length said, 'It was

only *a jewel for a Prince*, and hoped CHARLES would make good use of it: and I see and find, by what I have myself received formerly from this good house, that they go on daily in the prosecution of these excellent pieces. They are brave employments of their time.' The Palsgrave said to the prince, 'Sir, your father the king is master of the goodliest ship in the world, and I may now say you will be master of the GALLANTEST GREATEST BOOK in the world: for I never saw *such paper* before; and believe there is no book of this largeness to be seen in Christendom.' 'The paper and the book in all conditions,' said the king, 'I believe it not to be matched. Here hath also in this book not wanted, you see, skill, care, nor cost.' 'It is a most admirable piece,' replied the Duke of Richmond. So the king, closing the book, said, 'Charles, this is yours.' He replied, 'But, Sir, shall I not now have it with me?' Reply was made by one of the family, 'If it please your highness, the book is not *on the outside so finished* as it is intended for you, but shall be, with all expedition, done, and you shall have it.' 'Well,' said the king, 'you must content yourself for a while.'"—*Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. v., p. 237.

[350] In the year 1774, was published an octavo volume, containing the lives of WILLIAM LILLY the astrologer, and ELIAS ASHMOLE the antiquary: two of the greatest *cronies* of their day. The particulars of Ashmole's life are drawn

from his own *Diary*, in which is detailed every thing the most minute and ridiculous; while many of the leading features in his character, and many interesting occurrences in his life, are wholly suppressed. The editor has not evinced much judgment in causing posterity to be informed when Ashmole's "*great and little teeth ached, or were loose*:" when his "*neck break forth, occasioned by shaving his beard with a bad razor*" (p. 312); when "*his maid's bed was on fire, but he rose quickly (thanking God) and quenched it*" (p. 313); and when he "*scratched the right-side of his buttocks, &c., and applied pultices thereunto, made of white bread crums, oil of roses, and rose leaves*;" (p. 363—and see particularly the long and dismal entries at p. 368.) All this might surely have been spared, without much injury to the reputation of the sufferer. Yet, in some other minute entries, we glean intelligence a little more interesting. At p. 324, we find that Ashmole had quarrelled with his wife; and that "Mr. Serjeant Maynard observed to the Court that there were 800 sheets of depositions on his wife's part, and not one word proved against him of using her ill, or ever giving her a bad or provoking word:" at page 330, we find Ashmole accompanying his heraldic friend Dugdale, in his "visitations" of counties; also that "his picture was drawn by Le Neve in his herald's coat:" Loggan afterwards drew it in black lead: p. 352. But here again (p. 353) we are gravely informed that "*his tooth, next his fore tooth in his upper jaw,*

was very loose, and he easily pulled it out, and that one of his middle teeth in his lower jaw, broke out while he was at dinner." He sat (for the last time) for "a second picture to Mr. Ryley," p. 379. Ashmole's intimacy with Lilly was the foundation of the former's (supposed) profundity in alchemical and astrological studies. In this Diary we are carefully told that "Mr. Jonas Moore brought and acquainted him with Mr. William Lilly, on a Friday night, on the 20th of November," p. 302. Ashmole was then only 26 years of age; and it will be readily conceived how, at this susceptible period, he listened with rapture to his master's exposition of the black art, and implicitly adopted the recipes and maxims he heard delivered. Hence the pupil generally styled himself *Mercuriophilus Anglicus*, at the foot of most of his title-pages: and hence we find such extraordinary entries, in the foresaid diary, as the following: "This night (August 14, 1651) about one of the clock, I fell ill of a surfeit, occasioned by drinking *water after Venison*. I was greatly oppressed in my stomach; and next day Mr. Saunders, *the astrologian*, sent me a piece of briony-root to hold in my hand; and within a quarter of an hour my stomach was freed from that great oppression," p. 314. "Sep. 27, 1652, I came to Mr. John Tompson's, who dwelt near Dove Bridge; he used a call, and had responses in a soft voice," p. 317. At p. 318 is narrated the commencement of his acquaintance with the famous Arise Evans, a Welsh prophet: whose "*Echo from*

Heaven," &c., 2 parts, 1652, 12mo., is a work noticed by Warburton, and coveted by bibliomaniacs. Yet one more quack-medicine entry: "March 11, 1681. I took early in the morning a good dose of Elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away—Deo gratias!" p. 359. It seems that Ashmole always punctually kept "*The Astrologer's Feast*;" and that he had such celebrity as a curer of certain diseases, that Lord Finch the Chancellor "sent for him to cure him of his rheumatism. He dined there, but would not undertake the cure," p. 364. This was behaving with a tolerable degree of prudence and good sense. But let not the bibliomaniac imagine that it is my wish to degrade honest old Elias Ashmole, by the foregoing delineation of his weaknesses and follies. The ensuing entries, in the said Diary, will more than counterbalance any unfavourable effect produced by its precursors; and I give them with a full conviction that they will be greedily devoured by those who have been lucky enough to make good purchases of the entire libraries of deceased characters of eminence. In his 37th year, Ashmole "bought of Mr. Milbourn all his books and mathematical instruments;" and the day after (N.B. "8 o'clock, 39 min. post merid.") "he bought Mr. Hawkins's books," p. 312. In the ensuing year he "agreed with Mrs. Backhouse, of London, for her deceased husband's books," p. 313. He now became so distinguished as a successful bibliomaniac that Seldon and Twysden

sought his acquaintance; and "Mr. Tredescant and his wife told him that they had been long considering upon whom to bestow their *closet of curiosities*, and at last had resolved to give it unto him," p. 326. Having by this time (A.D. 1658) commenced his famous work upon *The Order of the Garter*, he was introduced to Charles II.: kissed hands, and was appointed by the king "to make a description of his medals, and had them delivered into his hands, and *Henry the VIIIth's closet* assigned for his use," p. 327. In this same year came forth his "*Way to Bliss*;" 4to.: a work so invincibly dull that I despair of presenting the reader with any thing like entertainment even in the following heterogeneous extract: "When our natural heat, the life of this little world, is faint and gone, the body shrinks up and is defaced: but bring again heat into the parts, and likewise money into the bankrupt's coffers, and they shall be both lusty, and flourish again as much as ever they did. But how may this heat be brought again? To make few words, even as she is kept and held by due *meat* and *motion*; for if she faint, and falleth for want of them only, then give her them, and she shall recover herself again. Meat is the bait that draws her down: motion comes after, like a *Gad-Bee*, to prick her forward; but the work is performed in this order. First this meat, which is that fine and æthereal oyl often above-described, by the exceeding piercing swifteness, divides, scatters, and scowres away the gross and

foul dregs and leavings which, for want of the tillage of heat, had overgrown in our bodies, and which was cast, like a blockish stay-fish in the way, to stay the free course of the ship of life: these flying out of all sides, abundantly pluck up all the old leavings of hair, nails, and teeth, by the roots, and drive them out before them: in the mean while, our medicine makes not onely clear way and passage for life, if she list to stir and run her wonted race (which some think enough of this matter), but also scattereth all about her due and desired meat, and first moisture to draw her forward. By which means our life, having gotten both her full strength and liveliness, and returned like the sun in summer into all our quarters, begins to work afresh as she did at first; (for being the same upon the same, she must needs do the same) knitting and binding the weak and loose joynts and sinews, watering and concocting all by good digestion; and then the idle parts like leaves shall, in this hot summer, spring and grow forth afresh, out of this new and young temper of the body: and all the whole face and shew shall be young again and flourishing," pp. 119, 120. With such a farrago of sublime nonsense were our worthy forefathers called upon to be enlightened and amused! But I lose sight of Ashmole's *book-purchases*. That he gave away, as well as received, curious volumes, is authenticated by his gift of "five volumes of Mr. Dugdale's works to the Temple Library:" p. 331. "Again: I presented the public library

at Oxford with three folio volumes, containing a description of the Consular and Imperial coins there, which I had formerly made and digested, being all fairly transcribed with my own hand," p. 332. But mark well: "My first boatful of books, which were carried to Mrs. Tredescant's, were brought back to the Temple:" also, (May 1667) "I bought Mr. John Booker's study of books, and gave 140*l.* for them," p. 333. In the same year that his *Order of the Garter* was published, his "good friend Mr. Wale sent him Dr. DEE'S original books and papers," p. 339. But he yet went on buying: "Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum:" for thus journalises our super-eminent bibliomaniac:—(June 12, 1681) "I bought Mr. Lilly's library of books of his widow, for fifty pounds," p. 360. In August, 1682, Ashmole went towards Oxford, "to see the building prepared to receive his rarities;" and in March, 1683, "the last load of his rarities was sent to the barge." In July, 1687, he received a parcel of books from J.W. Irnhoff, of Nurembergh, among which was his *Excellentium Familiarum in Gallia Genealogia*: p. 379. But it is time to put an end to this unwieldly note: reserving the account of Ashmole's *Order of the Garter*, and *Theatrum Chemicum*, for the ensuing one—and slightly informing the reader, of what he may probably be apprized, that our illustrious bibliomaniac bequeathed his museum of curiosities and library of books to his beloved ALMA MATER OXONIENSIS —having first erected a large building for

their reception. It is justly said of him, in the inscription upon his tombstone,

DURANTE MUSÆO ASHMOLEANO OXON.
NUNQUAM MORITURUS.

A summer month might be profitably passed in the Ashmolean collection of Books! Let us not despair that a complete *Catalogue Raisonné* of them may yet be given.

LOREN. Not eight guineas—although you were about to say *fourteen*!

LYSAND. Even so. But it must have been obtained in the golden age of book-collecting?

LOREN. It was obtained, together with an uncut copy of his *Theatrum Chemicum*,[351] by my father, at the shop of a most respectable bookseller, lately living, at Mews-Gate, and now in Pall-Mall—where the choicest copies of rare and beautiful books are oftentimes to be procured, at a price much less than the extravagant ones given at book-sales. You observed it was bound in blue morocco—and by that Coryphæus of book-binders, the late ROGER PAYNE!

[351] First let us say a few words of the THEATRUM CHEMICUM BRITANNICUM, as it was the anterior publication. It contains a collection of ancient English poetical pieces relating to Alchemy, or the "Hermetique Mysteries;" and was published in a neat quarto volume, in 1652; accompanied with a rich sprinkling of plates "cut in brass," and copious annotations, at the end, by Ashmole himself. Of these plates, some are precious to the antiquary; for reasons which will be given by me in another work. At present, all that need be said is that a fine tall copy of it brings a fair sum of money. I never heard of the existence of a *large paper* impression. It went to press in July 1651; and on the 26th of January following, "the first copy of it was sold to the Earl of Pembroke:" see the Diary, pp. 313-315. In May, 1658, Ashmole made his first visit to the Record Office in the Tower, to collect materials for his work of "THE ORDER OF THE GARTER." In May following, Hollar accompanied the author to Windsor, to take views of the castle. In the winter of 1665, Ashmole composed a "good part of the work at Roe-Barnes (the plague increasing)." In May, 1672, a copy of it was presented to King Charles II.: and in June, the following year, Ashmole received "his privy-seal for 400*l.* out of the custom of paper, which the king was pleased to bestow upon him for the same." This, it

must be confessed, was a liberal remuneration. But the author's honours increased and multiplied beyond his most sanguine expectations. Princes and noblemen, abroad and at home, read and admired his work; and Ashmole had golden chains placed round his neck, and other superb presents from the greater part of them; one of which (from the Elector of Brandenburgh) is described as being "composed of ninety links, of philagreen links in great knobs, most curious work," &c. In short, such was the golden harvest which showered down upon him on all sides, on account of this splendid publication, that "he made a feast at his house in South Lambeth, in honour to his benefactors of the work of THE GARTER." I hope he had the conscience to make HOLLAR his Vice-President, or to seat him at his right hand; for this artist's *Engravings*, much more than the author's composition, will immortalize the volume. Yet the artist—died in penury! These particulars relating to this popular work, which it was thought might be amusing to the lover of fine books, have been faithfully extracted from the 'forementioned original and amusing Diary. *The Order of the Garter* was originally sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* See *Clavel's Catalogue*, 1675, p. 31.

LYSAND. I observed it had a "glorious aspect," as bibliographers term it.

LIS. But what has become of Ashmole all this while?

LYSAND. I will only further remark of him that, if he had not suffered his mind to wander in quest of the puzzling speculations of alchemy and astrology—which he conceived himself bound to do in consequence, probably, of wearing John Dee's red velvet night cap—he might have mingled a larger portion of common sense and sound practical observations in his writings.

But a truce to worthy old Elias. For see yonder the bibliomaniacal spirit of ARCHBISHOP LAUD pacing your library! With one hand resting upon a folio,[352] it points, with the other, to your favourite print of the public buildings of the University of Oxford—thereby reminding us of his attachment, while living, to literature and fine books, and of his benefactions to the Bodleian Library. Now it "looks frowningly" upon us; and, turning round, and shewing the yet reeking gash from which the life-blood flowed, it flits away—

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno!

[352] ARCHBISHOP LAUD, who has beheaded in the year 1644, had a great fondness for sumptuous decoration in dress, books, and ecclesiastical establishments; which made him suspected

of a leaning towards the Roman Catholic religion. His life has been written by Dr. Heylin, in a heavy folio volume of 547 pages; and in which we have a sufficiently prolix account of the political occurrences during Laud's primacy, but rather a sparing, or indeed no, account of his private life and traits of domestic character. In Lloyd's *Memoirs of the Sufferers* from the year 1637 to 1660 inclusive (1668, fol.) are exhibited the articles of impeachment against the Archbishop; and, amongst them, are the following bibliomaniacal accusations. "Art. 5. Receiving a *Bible*, with a crucifix embroidered on the cover of it by a lady. Art. 6. A book of popish pictures, *two Missals*, Pontificals, and Breviaries, which he made use of as a scholar. Art. 7. His (own) admirable *Book of Devotion*, digested according to the ancient way of canonical hours, &c. Art. 19. *The book of Sports*, which was published first in King James his reign, before he had any power in the church; and afterward in King Charles his reign, before he had the chief power in the church," &c., pp. 235-237. But if Laud's head was doomed to be severed from his body in consequence of these his bibliomaniacal frailties, what would have been said to the fine copy of one of the *Salisbury Primers or Missals*, printed by Pynson UPON VELLUM, which once belonged to this archbishop, and is now in the library of St. John's College, Oxford?! Has the reader ever seen the same primate's copy of the *Aldine Aristophanes*,

1498, in the same place? 'Tis a glorious volume; and I think nearly equals my friend Mr. Heber's copy, once Lord Halifax's, of the same edition. Of Laud's benefactions to the Bodleian Library, the bibliographer will see ample mention made in the *Catalogus Librorum Manuscriptorum Angliæ, Hiberniæ*, &c., 1697, folio. The following, from Heylin, is worth extracting: "Being come near the block, he (Laud) put off his doublet, &c., and seeing through the chink of the boards that some people were got under the scaffold, about the very place where the block was seated, he called to the officer for some dust to stop them, or to remove the people thence; saying, it was no part of his desire 'that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people.' Never did man put off mortality with a better courage, nor look upon his bloody and malicious enemies with more christian charity." *Cyprianus Anglicus*; or the *Life and Death of Laud*; 1668, fol.; p. 536. In the Master's library at St. John's, Oxford, they shew the velvet cap which it is said Laud wore at his execution; and in which the mark of the axe is sufficiently visible. The archbishop was a great benefactor to this college. Mr. H. Ellis, of the Museum, who with myself were "quondam socii" of the same establishment, writes me, that "Among what are called the king's pamphlets in the British Museum, is a fragment of a tract, without title, of fifty-six pages only, imperfect; beginning, 'A briefe examination of a certaine pamphlet lately printed in

Scotland, and intituled *Ladensium Autocatacrisis*,' &c., 'The Cantabarians Self-Conviction.' On the blank leaf prefixed, is the following remark in a hand of the time. 'This Briefe Examen following, was found in the Archbishop's (Laud?) Library, wher the whole impression of these seauen sheets was found, but nether beginning nor ending more then is hearein contained. May 11th, 1644.' This work, (continues Mr. Ellis,) which is a singular and valuable curiosity, is in fact a personal vindication of Archbishop Laud, not only from the slanders of the pamphlet, but from those of the times in general: and from internal evidence could have been written by no one but himself. It is in a style of writing beyond that of the ordinary productions of the day."

Peace, peace, thou once "lofty spirit"—peace to thy sepulchre—always consecrated by the grateful student who has been benefited by thy bounty!

Perhaps Laud should have been noticed a little earlier in this list of bibliomanical heroes; but, having here noticed him, I cannot refrain from observing to you that the notorious HUGH PETERS revelled in some of the spoils of the archbishop's library; and that there are, to the best of my recollection, some curious entries on the journals of the House of Commons relating to the same.[353]

[353] I am indebted to the same literary friend who gave me the intelligence which closes the last note, for the ensuing particulars relating to HUGH PETERS; which are taken from the journals of the lower house: "Ao. 1643-4. March 8. Ordered, that a study of books, to the value of 100*l.* out of such books as are sequestered, be forthwith bestowed upon Mr. PETERS." *Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. ii., p. 421. "Ao. 1644. 25 April. Whereas this House was formerly pleased to bestow upon Mr. Peters books to the value of 100*l.*, it is this day ordered that Mr. Recorder, Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Hill, or two of them, do cause to be delivered to Mr. Peters, to the value of 100*l.*, books out of the private and particular study of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY." *Id.*, vol. iii., p. 469. "Ao. 1644. 26 Junij. Dies publicæ Humiliationis. Mr. Peters made a large and full relation of the state of the western counties, and of the proceedings of my Lord General's army, since its coming thither," &c. "Whereas, formerly, books to the amount of 100*l.* were bestowed upon Mr. Peters out of the archbishop's private library, and whereas the said study is appraised at above 40*l.* more than the 100*l.*, it is ordered this day that Mr. Peters shall have the whole study of books freely bestowed upon him." *Id.* p. 544. "Ao. 1660. May 16. Ordered, That all books and papers, heretofore belonging to the library of the archbishop of Canterbury, and now, or lately, in the hands of Mr. HUGH PETERS, be forthwith

secured." In Ashmole's life, before the first volume of his Antiq. of Berkshire, it is said in Aug. 1660, "Mr. Ashmole had a commission to examine that infamous buffoon and trumpeter of rebellion, Hugh Peters, concerning the disposal of the pictures, jewels, &c., belonging to the royal family, which were committed chiefly to his care, and sold and dispersed over Europe: which was soon brought to a conclusion by the obstinacy or ignorance of their criminal, who either would not, or was not able to, give the desired satisfaction."

LIS. This is extraordinary enough. But, if I well remember, you mentioned, a short time ago, the name of BRAITHWAIT as connected with that of Peacham. Now, as I persume Lorenzo has not tied down his guests to any rigid chronological rules, in their literary chit-chat, so I presume you might revert to Braithwait, without being taxed with any great violation of colloquial order.

LYSAND. Nay, I am not aware of any *bookish* anecdote concerning Braithwait. He was mentioned with Peacham as being a like accomplished character.[354] Some of his pieces are written upon the same subjects as were Peacham's, and with great point and elegance. He seems, indeed, to have had the literary credit and moral welfare of his countrymen so

much at stake that, I confess, I have a vast fondness for his lucubrations. His "*English Gentlewoman*" might be reprinted with advantage.

[354] The talents of RICHARD BRAITHWAIT do not appear to me to be so generally known and highly commended as they merit to be. His *Nursery for Gentry*, 1651, 4to. (with his portrait in an engraved frontispiece by Marshall), is written with the author's usual point and spirit; but, as I humbly conceive, is a less interesting performance than his *English Gentleman*, 1633, 4to. (with a frontispiece by Marshall), or *English Gentlewoman*, 1631, 4to. (also with a frontispiece by the same artist). There is a terseness and vigour in Braithwait's style which is superior to that of his contemporary, Peacham; who seems to excel in a calm, easy, and graceful manner of composition. Both these eminent writers are distinguished for their scholastic and gentlemanly attainments; but in the "divine art of poesy" (in which light I mean here more particularly to display the powers of Braithwait) Peacham has no chance of being considered even as a respectable competitor with his contemporary. Mr. George Ellis, in his pleasing *Specimens of the early English Poets*, vol. iii., p. 103, has selected two songs of Braithwait "from a work not enumerated by Wood;" calling the author, "a noted wit and poet." His fame, however, is not likely

to "gather strength" from these effusions. It is from some passages in *The Arcadian Princesse*—a work which has been already, and more than once, referred to, but which is too dislocated and heterogeneous to recommend to a complete perusal—it is from some passages in *this* work that I think Braithwait shines with more lustre as a poet than in any to which his name is affixed. Take the following miscellaneous ones, by way of specimens. They are sometimes a little faulty in rhyme and melody: but they are never lame from imbecility.

——he has the happiest wit,
Who has discretion to attemper it.
And of all others, those the least doe erre,
Who in opinion are least singular.
Let Stoicks be to opposition given,
Who to extreames in arguments are driven;
Submit thy judgment to another's will
If it be good; oppose it mildly, ill.
Lib. iv., p. 7.

Strong good sense has been rarely exhibited in fewer lines than in the preceding ones. We have next a vigorously drawn character which has the frightful appellation of

Uperephanos, who still thought
That th' world without him would be brought to nought:
For when the dogge-starre raged, he used to cry,
"No other Atlas has the world but I.
I am that only *Hee*, supports the state;
Cements divisions, shuts up Janus' gate;
Improves the publike fame, chalks out the way
How princes should command, subjects obey.
Nought passeth my discovery, for my sense
Extends itself to all intelligence."
&c. &c. &c.
So well this story and this embleme wrought,
Uperephanos was so humble brought,
As he on earth disvalu'd nothing more,
Than what his vainest humour priz'd before.
More wise, but lesse conceited of his wit;
More pregnant, but lesse apt to humour it;
More worthy, 'cause he could agnize his want;
More eminent, because less arragant.
In briefe, so humbly-morally divine,
He was esteem'd the *Non-such* of his time.
Id., pp. 8, 11.

Another character, with an equally bizarre name, is drawn with the same vigour:

Melixos; such a starved one,
As he had nothing left but skin and bone.
The shady substance of a living man,
Or object of contempt wheree'er he came.
Yet had hee able parts, and could
discourse,
Presse moving reasons, arguments
enforce,
Expresse his readings with a comely
grace,
And prove himselfe a *Consul* in his place!
Id., p. 12.

We have a still more highly-coloured, and indeed a terrific, as well as original, picture, in the following animated verses:

Next him, *Uptoomos*; one more severe,
Ne'er purple wore in this inferiour sphere:
Rough and distastefull was his nature still,
His life unsociable, as was his will.
Eris and *Enio* his two pages were,
His traine stern *Apuneia* us'd to beare.
Terrour and thunder echo'd from his tongue,
Though weake in judgment, in opinion strong.
A fiery inflammation seiz'd his eyes,
Which could not well be temper'd any wise:
For they were bloud-shot, and so prone to ill,
As basiliske-like, where'ere they look, they kill.
No laws but Draco's with his humour stood,
For they were writ in characters of bloud.
His stomacke was distemper'd in such sort
Nought would digest; nor could he relish sport.
His dreames were full of melancholy feare,
Bolts, halters, gibbets, halloo'd in his eare:
Fury fed nature with a little food,
Which, ill-concocted, did him lesser good,
Id., p. 16.

But it is time to pause upon Braithwait. Whoever does not see, in these specimens, some of the most powerful rhyming couplets of the early half of the seventeenth century, if not the model of

some of the verses in Dryden's satirical pieces, has read both poets with ears differently constructed from those of the author of this book.

As I am permitted to be desultory in my remarks, (and, indeed, I craved this permission at the outset of them) I may here notice the publication of an excellent *Catalogue of Books*, in 1658, 4to.; which, like its predecessor, Maunsell's, helped to inflame the passions of purchasers, and to fill the coffers of booksellers. Whenever you can meet with this small volume, purchase it, Lisardo; if it be only for the sake of reading the spirited introduction prefixed to it. [355] The author was a man, whoever he may chance to be, of no mean intellectual powers. But to return.

[355] This volume, which has been rather fully described by me in the edition of More's *Utopia*, vol. ii., p. 260, 284—where some specimens of the "Introduction," so strongly recommended by Lysander, will be found—is also noticed in the *Athenæum*, vol. ii., 601; where there is an excellent analysis of its contents. Here, let me subjoin only one short specimen: In praise of learning, it is said: "Wise and learned men are the surest stakes in the hedge of a nation or city: they are the best conservators of our liberties: the hinges on

which the welfare, peace, and happiness, hang; the best public good, and only commonwealth's men. These lucubrations, meeting with a true and brave mind, can conquer men; and, with the basilisk, kill envy with a look." Sign. E. 4. rect.

Where sleep now the relics of DYSON'S Library, which supplied that *Helluo Librorum*, Richard Smith, with "most of his rarities?"[356] I would give something pretty considerable to have a correct list—but more to have an unmolested sight—of this library, in its original state: if it were merely to be convinced whether or not it contained a copy of the *first edition of Shakespeare*, of larger dimensions, and in cleaner condition, than the one in PHILANDER'S Collection!

[356] "H. DYSON (says Hearne) a person of a very strange, prying, and inquisitive genius, in the matter of books, as may appear from many libraries; there being books, chiefly in old English, almost in every library, that have belonged to him, with his name upon them." *Peter Langtoft's Chronicles*, vol. i., p. xiii. This intelligence Hearne gleaned from his friend Mr. T. Baker. We are referred by the former to the *Bibl. R. Smith*, p. 371, alias 401, No. 115, to an article, which confirms what is said of Smith's "collecting most of his

rarities out of the library of H. Dyson." The article is thus described in Bibl. Smith, *ibid.*; "115 Six several catalogues of all such books, touching the state ecclesiastical as temporal of the realm of England, which were published upon several occasions, in the reigns of K. Henry the viith and viiith, Philip and Mary, Q. Elizabeth, K. James, and Charles I., collected by Mr. H. Dyson: out of whose library was gathered, by Mr. Smith, a great part of the rarities of this catalogue." A catalogue of the books sold in the reign of Hen. VII. would be invaluable to a bibliographer! Let me add, for the sake of pleasing, or rather, perhaps, tantalising my good friend Mr. Haleswood, that this article is immediately under one which describes "*An Ancient MS. of Hunting*, IN VELLUM (wanting something) *quarto*." I hear him exclaim—"Where is this treasure now to be found?" Perhaps, upon the cover of a book of Devotion!

I have incidentally mentioned the name of RICHARD SMITH.[357] Such a bibliomaniac deserves ample notice, and the warmest commendation. Ah, my Lisardo! had you lived in the latter days of Charles II.—had you, by accident, fallen into the society of this indefatigable book-forager, while he pursued his book-rounds in *Little Britain*—could you have listened to his instructive conversation, and returned home with him to the congenial quiet and avocations of his book-room—would

you, however caressed St. James's, or even smiled upon by the first Duchess in the land—have cared a rush for the splendours of a Court, or concentrated your best comforts in a coach drawn by six cream-coloured horses? Would you not, on the contrary, have thought with this illustrious bibliomaniac, and with the sages of Greece and Rome before him, that "in books is wisdom, and in wisdom is happiness."

[357] From the address To the Reader, prefixed to the Catalogue of RICHARD SMITH'S books, which was put forth by Chiswel the bookseller, in May 1682, 4to. —the bibliomaniac is presented with the following interesting but cramply written, particulars relating to the owner of them: "Though it be needless to recommend what to all intelligent persons sufficiently commend itself, yet, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to the ingenious to have some short account concerning *This so much celebrated, so often desired, so long expected, Library*, now exposed to sale. The gentleman that collected it was a person infinitely curious and inquisitive after books; and who suffered nothing considerable to escape him, that fell within the compass of his learning; for he had not the vanity of desiring to be master of more than he knew how to use. He lived to a very great age, and spent a good part of it almost entirely in the search of books. Being as constantly known every day to

walk his rounds through the shops as he sat down to meals, where his great skill and experience enabled him to make choice of what was not obvious to every vulgar eye. He lived in times which ministered peculiar opportunities of meeting with books that are not every day brought into publick light; and few eminent libraries were bought where he had not the liberty to pick and choose. And while others were forming arms, and new-modelling kingdoms, *his* great ambition was to become master of a good BOOK. Hence arose, as that vast number of his books, so the choiceness and rarity of the greatest part of them; and that of all kinds, and in all sorts of learning," &c. "Nor was the owner of them a meer idle possessor of so great a treasure: for as he generally *collated* his books upon the buying of them (upon which account the buyer may rest pretty secure of their being perfect) so he did not barely turn over the leaves, but observed the defects of impressions, and the ill arts used by many; compared the differences of editions; concerning which, and the like cases, he has entered memorable, and very useful, remarks upon very many of the books under his own hand: Observations wherein, certainly, never man was more diligent and industrious. Thus much was thought fit to be communicated to publick notice, by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted both with Mr. Smith and his books. *This excellent library will be exposed by auction, and the sale will begin on Monday the 15th*

day of May next, at the auction house, known by the name of THE SWAN, *in Great St. Bartholomew's Close, and there continue, day by day, the five first days of every week, till all the books be sold.*" In this catalogue of Richard Smith's books, the sharp-eyed bibliomaniac will discover twelve volumes printed by CAXTON; which collectively, produced only the sum of 3*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* The price of each of these volumes has been already given to the public (*Typog. Antiq.*, vol i., p. cxxxii.) I suppose a thousand guineas would *now* barely secure perfect copies of them! The catalogue itself is most barbarously printed, and the arrangement and description of the volumes such as to damn the compiler "to everlasting fame." A number of the most curious, rare, and intrinsically valuable books—the very insertion of which in a bookseller's catalogue would probably now make a hundred bibliomaniacs start from their homes by star-light, in order to come in for the *first pickings*—a number of volumes of this description are huddled together in one lot, and all these classed under the provoking running title of "*Bundles of Books*," or "*Bundles of sticht Books*!" But it is time to bid adieu to this matchless collection. Leaving the virtuoso "to toil, from rise to set of sun" after W. Sherwin's "extra rare and fine" portrait of the collector, which will cost him hard upon ten pounds (see *Sir William Musgrave's Catalogue of English Portraits*, p. 92, no. 82), and to seize, if it be in his power, a copy of the catalogue itself, "with the prices and

purchasers' names" (vide *Bibl. Lort.*, no. 1354). I proceed to attend upon Lysander: not, however, without informing him that Strype (*Life of Cranmer*, p. 368), as well as Hearne (*Liber Niger Scaccarii*, vol. ii., p. 542), has condescended to notice the famous library of this famous collector of books, RICHARD SMITH!

LIS. In truth I should have done even more than what your barren imagination has here depicted. Smith's figure, his address, his conversation, his library—

LOREN. Enough—peace! There is no end to Lisardo's *fruitful* imagination. We are surfeited with the richness of it. Go on, dear Lysander; but first, satisfy a desire which I just now feel to be informed of the period when *Sales of Books, by Auction*, were introduced into this country.

LYSAND. You take *that* for granted which remains be *proved*: namely, my ability to gratify you in this particular. Of the precise period when this memorable revolution in the sale of books took place I have no means of being accurately informed: but I should think not anterior to the year 1673, or 1674; for, in the year 1676, to the best of my recollection, the catalogue of the Library of Dr. SEAMAN was put forth; to which is prefixed an address to the reader, wherein the custom of selling books by auction is mentioned as having been but of

recent origin in our country.[358] It was, however, no sooner introduced than it caught the attention, and pleased the palates, of bibliomaniacs exceedingly: and Clavel, a bookseller, who published useful catalogues of books to be sold in his own warehouse, retorted in sharp terms upon the folly and extravagance which were exhibited at book auctions. However, neither Clavel nor his successors, from that period to the present, have been able to set this custom aside, nor to cool the fury of book-auction bibliomaniacs—who, to their eternal shame be it said, will sometimes, from the hot and hasty passions which are stirred up by the poisonous miasmata floating in the auction-room, give a sum twice or thrice beyond the real value of the books bidden for! Indeed, I am frequently amused to see the vehemence and rapture with which a dirty little volume is contended for and embraced—while a respectable bookseller, like PORTIUS, coolly observes across the table—"I have a better copy on sale at one third of the price!"

[358] A part of the address "To the Reader," in the catalogue above-mentioned by Lysander, being somewhat of a curiosity, is here reprinted in its unadulterated

"Reader,

"It hath not been usual here in

England to make *Sale of Books by way of Auction or who will give most for them*: But it having been practised in other countreys to the advantage both of buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books this manner of way; and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to schollers: and therefore, methought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of proceeding therein. *First*, That having this catalogue of the books, and their editions, under their several heads and numbers, it will be more easie for any person of quality, gentleman, or others, to depute any one to buy such books for them as they shall desire, if their occasions will not permit them to be present at the auction themselves." The *second* clause is the usual one about *differences* arising. The *third*, about discovering the imperfections of the copies before they are taken away. The *fourth*, that the buyers are to pay for their purchases within one month after the termination of the auction. The *fifth*, that the sale is to begin "punctually at 9 o'clock in the morning, and two in the afternoon; and this to continue daily until all the books be sold; wherefore it is desired that the gentlemen, or those deputed by them, may be there precisely at the hours appointed, lest they should miss the opportunity of buying those books which either themselves or their friends desire." As this is the earliest auction catalogue which I have chanced to meet with, the

present reader may probably be pleased with the following specimens, selected almost at random of the prices which were given for books at a public sale, in the year 1676.

In Folio. PHILOLOGISTS.

	s.	*d.*
Pet. Heylyn's Cosmographie, Lond. 1652.	14	0
Io. Stow's Annals, or Chronicles of England, &c. ibid., 1631.	15	0
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Oxon, 1638.	6	0
Geo. Withers, his Emblems; illustrated with brass figures, 1635.	8	6
Os. Gabelhower's book called the Dutch Physic, Dort, 1579.	3	0

p. 12.

In Quarto. PHILOLOGIE.

	s.	*d.*
The Royal Passage of her Majesty, from the tower to Whitehall, Lond., 1604.	5	0
The Vision of the Goddesses, a mask by the Queen and her Ladies, 1604.		
King James his Entertainment through the city of London, ibid.		
A particular Entertainment of the Queen and Prince, 1608.		
The magnificent Entertainment of King James, Queen Anne, and Prince Henry Frederick, 1604.		
Her Majesties speech to both Houses		

of
Parliament,
1604.
Vox Cœli, or
News from
Heaven,
1624.
An
experimental
Discovery of
the Spanish
Practises,
1623.
Tho. Scotts
aphorisms of
State, or
secret articles
for the re-
edifying the
Romish
Church,
1624.
The Tongue
Combat
between two
English
Souldiers,
1621.
Votivæ
Angliæ, or
the Desires
and Wishes of
England,
1624.
A book of
Fishing, with
hook and

line, and other instruments, 1600.

p. 63.

Now a-days, the last article alone would pr duce—shall I say *nine* times the sum of the whole? But once more:

In Octavo. PHILOLOGISTS.

	s.	*d.*
Rob. Crowley's Confutation and Answer to a wicked ballade of the abuse of the sacrament of the altar, 1548.	3	2
Philargyne, or Covetousness of Great Britain, 1551.		
A Confutation of 13 articles of Nicol Sharton's, 1551.		
The Voice of the last Trumpet, blown by the seventh angel, 1550.		
Rob. Crowley's four last things.		
A petition against the oppressors of the poor of this realm, 1550.		

A supplication of the poor Commons, 1550.
Piers Plowman Exhortation to the Parliament, and a New-Year's gift, 1550.
The Hurt of Sedition to the Commonwealth, 1549.

To continue the *History of Book Auctions*, a little further. Two years after the preceding sale, namely, in 1678, were sold the collections of Dr. MANTON, Dr. WORSLEY, and others. In the address to the Reader, prefixed to Manton's catalogue, it would seem that this was the "*fourth* triall" of this mode of sale in our own country. The conditions and time of sale the same as the preceding; and because one Briggs, and not one Cooper, drew up the same, Cooper craves the reader's "excuse for the mistakes that have happened; and desires that the saddle may be laid upon the right horse." In this collection there is a more plentiful sprinkling of English books; among which, Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1656, was sold for 1*l.* 6*s.*; and Fuller's Worthies for the

same sum. The "Collections of Pamphlets, bound together in Quarto," were immense. Dr. Worsley's collection, with two others, was sold two months afterwards; namely, in May, 1678: and from the address "To the Reader," it would appear that Dr. Manton's books brought such high prices as to excite the envy of the trade. Worsley's collection was sold at 9 and 2, the usual hours "at the house over against the hen and chickens, in Pater-Noster Row." The venders thus justify themselves at the close of their address: "We have only this to add in behalf of ourselves; that, forasmuch as a report has been spread that we intend to use indirect means to advance the prices, we do affirm that it is a groundless and malicious suggestion of some of our own trade, envious of our undertaking: and that, to avoid all manner of suspicion of such practice, we have absolutely refused all manner of commissions that have been offered us for buying (some of them without limitation): and do declare that the company shall have nothing but candid and ingenuous dealing from

JOHN DUNMORE.
RICHARD CHISWEL."

At this sale, the Shakspeare of 1632 brought 16*s.*; and of 1663, 1*l.* 8*s.*

In the November and December of the same year were sold by auction the books of VOET, SANGAR, and others, and from the preface to each catalogue it would seem that the sale of books by auction was

then but a recent, yet a very successful, experiment; and that even collections from abroad were imported, in order to be disposed of in a like manner.

LIS. From what you say, it would appear to be wiser to lay out one's money at a bookseller's than at a book-auction?

LYSAND. Both methods must of necessity be resorted to: for you cannot find with the one what you may obtain at the other. A distinguished collector, such as the late Mr. Reed, or Mr. Gough, or Mr. Joseph Windham, dies, and leaves his library to be sold by auction for the benefit of his survivors. Now, in this library so bequeathed, you have the fruits of book-labour, collected for a long period, and cultivated in almost every department of literature. A thousand radii are concentrated in such a circle; for it has, probably, been the object of the collector's life to gather and to concentrate these radii. In this case, therefore, you must attend the auction; you must see how such a treasure is scattered, like the Sibylline leaves, by the winds of fate. You must catch at what you want, and for what you have been a dozen years, perhaps, in the pursuit of. You will pay dearly for these favourite volumes; but you have them, and that is comfort enough; and you exclaim, as a consolation amidst all the agony and waste of time which such a contest may

have cost you,—"Where, at what bookseller's, are such gems now to be procured?" All this may be well enough. But if I were again to have, as I have already had, the power of directing the taste and applying the wealth of a young collector—who, on coming of age, wisely considers books of at least as much consequence as a stud of horses—I would say, go to Mr. Payne, or Mr. Evans, or Mr. Mackinlay, or Mr. Lunn, for your Greek and Latin Classics; to Mr. Dulau, or Mr. Deboffe, for your French; to Mr. Carpenter, or Mr. Cuthell, for your English; and to Mr. White for your Botany and rare and curious books of almost every description. Or, if you want delicious copies, in lovely binding, of works of a sumptuous character, go and drink coffee with Mr. Miller, of Albemarle Street—under the warm light of an Argand lamp—amidst a blaze of morocco and russia coating, which brings to your recollection the view of the Temple of the Sun in the play of Pizarro! You will also find, in the vender of these volumes, courteous treatment and "gentlemanly notions of men and things." Again, if you wish to speculate deeply in books, or to stock a newly-discovered province with what is most excellent and popular in our own language, hire a vessel of 300 tons' burthen, and make a contract with Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co., who are enabled, from their store of *quires*, which measure 50 feet in height, by 40 in length, and 20 in width, to satisfy all the wants of the most

craving bibliomaniacs. In opposition to this pyramid, enter the closet of Mr. Triphook, jun., of St. James's Street—and resist, if it be in your power to resist, the purchase of those clean copies, so prettily bound, of some of our rarest pieces of black-letter renown!

LOREN. From this digression, oblige us now by returning to our bibliomaniacal history.

LYSAND. Most willingly. But I am very glad you have given me an opportunity of speaking, as I ought to speak, of some of our most respectable booksellers, who are an ornament to the cause of THE BIBLIOMANIA.

We left off, I think, with noticing that renowned book-collector, Richard Smith. Let me next make honourable mention of a "*par nobile fratrum*" that ycleped are NORTH. The "Lives" of these men, with an "Examen" (of "Kennet's History of England"), were published by a relative (I think a grandson) of the same name; and two very amusing and valuable quarto volumes they are! From one of these Lives, we learn how pleasantly the LORD KEEPER used to make his meals upon some one entertaining Law-volume or another: how he would breakfast upon *Stamford*,[359] dine upon *Coke*, and sup upon *Fitzherbert*, &c.; and, in truth, a most insatiable book appetite did this eminent judge possess. For, not satisfied ("and no marvel, I trow") with the foregoing lean fare, he would oftentimes regale himself with a well-

served-up course of the *Arts*, *Sciences*, and the *Belles-Lettres*!

[359] These are the words of LORD KEEPER NORTH'S Biographer: "There are of Law-Books, institutions of various sorts, and reports of cases (now) almost innumerable. The latter bear most the controversial law, and are read as authority such as may be quoted: and I may say the gross of law lecture lies in them. But to spend weeks and months wholly in them, is like horses in a string before a loaden waggon. They are indeed a careful sort of reading, and chiefly require common-placing, and that makes the work go on slowly. His LORDSHIP therefore used to mix some institutionary reading with them, as after a fulness of the reports in a morning, about noon, to take a repast in *Stamford*, *Compton*, or the Lord *Coke's* Pleas of the Crown and Jurisdiction of Courts, *Manwood* of the Forest Law, *Fitzherbert's* Natura Brevium; and also to look over some of the Antiquarian Books, as *Britton*, *Bracton*, *Fleta*, *Fortescue*, *Hengham*, *the old Tenures Narrationes Novæ*, the old *Natura Brevium*, and the Diversity of Courts. These, at times, for change and refreshment, being books all fit to be known. And those that, as to authority, are obsoleted, go rounder off-hand, because they require little common-placing, and that only as to matter very singular and remarkable, and such as the student

fancies he shall desire afterwards to recover. And, besides all this, the day afforded him room for a little History, especially of England, modern books, and Controversy in Print, &c. In this manner he ordered his own studies, but with excursions into *Humanity* and *Arts*, beyond what may be suitable to the genius of every young student in the law." *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, pp. 18, 19. *North's Lives*, edit. 1754, 4to.

His brother, Dr. JOHN NORTH, was a still greater *Helluo Librorum*; "his soul being never so staked down as in an old bookseller's shop." Not content with a superficial survey of whatever he inspected, he seems to have been as intimately acquainted with all the book-selling fraternity of *Little-Britain* as was his contemporary, Richard Smith; and to have entered into a conspiracy with ROBERT SCOTT[360]—the most renowned book vender in this country, if not in Europe—to deprive all bibliomaniacs of a chance of procuring rare and curious volumes, by sweeping every thing that came to market, in the shape of a book, into their own curiously-wrought and widely-spread nets. Nay, even Scott himself was sometimes bereft of all power, by means of the potent talisman which this learned Doctor exercised—for the latter, "at one lift," would now and then sweep a whole range of shelves in Scott's shop of every volume which it contained. And yet how whimsical,

and, in my humble opinion, ill-founded, was Dr. North's taste in matters of typography! Would you believe it, Lisardo, he preferred the meagre classical volumes, printed by the *Gryphii*, in the italic letter, to the delicate and eye-soothing lustre of the *Elzevir* type—?

[360] "Now he began to look after books, and to lay the foundation of a competent library. He dealt with Mr. ROBERT SCOTT, of *Little-Britain*, whose sister was his grandmother's woman; and, upon that acquaintance he expected, and really had from him, useful information of books and their editions. This Mr. Scott was, in his time, the greatest librarian in Europe; for, besides his stock in England, he had warehouses in Francfort, Paris, and other places, and dealt by factors. After he was grown old, and much worn by multiplicity of business, he began to think of his ease and to leave off. Whereupon he contracted with one Mills, of St. Paul's Church-yard, near £10,000 deep, and articled not to open his shop any more. But Mills, with his auctioneering, Atlasses, and projects, failed, whereby poor Scott lost above half his means: but he held to his contract of not opening his shop, and when he was in London (for he had a country house), passed most of his time at his house amongst the rest of his books; and his reading (for he was no mean scholar) was the chief entertainment of his time. He was

not only an expert bookseller, but a very conscientious good man; and when he threw up his trade, Europe had no small loss of him. Our Doctor, at one lift, bought of him a whole set of Greek Classics in folio, of the best editions. This sunk his stock at that time; but afterwards, for many years of his life, all that he could (as they say) rap or run, went the same way. But the progress was small; for such a library as he desired, compared with what the pittance of his stock would purchase, allowing many years to the gathering, was of desperate expectation. He was early sensible of a great disadvantage to him in his studies, by the not having a good library in his reach; and he used to say that a man could not be a scholar at the second-hand: meaning, that learning is to be had from the original authors, and not from any quotations, or accounts in other books, for men gather with divers views, and, according to their several capacities, often perfunctorily, and almost always imperfectly: and through such slight reading, a student may know somewhat, but not judge of either author or subject. He used to say *an old author could not be unprofitable*; for although in their proper time they had little or no esteem, yet, in after times, they served to interpret words, customs, and other matters, found obscure in other books; of which A. Gellius is an apt instance. He courted, as a fond lover, all *best editions, fairest character, best bound and preserved*. If the subject was in his favour (as the Classics) he cared not how

many of them he had, even of the same edition, if he thought it among the best, either *better bound*, *squarer cut*, *neater covers*, or some such qualification caught him. He delighted in the small editions of the Classics, by Seb. Gryphius; and divers of his acquaintance, meeting with any of them, bought and brought them to him, which he accepted as choice presents, although perhaps he had one or two of them before. He said that the *black italic* character agreed with his eye sight (which he accounted but weak) better than any other print, the old Elzevir not excepted, whereof the characters seemed to him more blind and confused than those of the other. Continual use gives men a judgment of things comparatively, and they come to fix on that as most proper and easy which no man, upon cursory view, would determine. *His soul was never so staked down as in an old bookseller's shop*; for having (as the statutes of the college required) taken orders, he was restless till he had compassed some of that sort of furniture as he thought necessary for his profession. He was, for the most part, his own factor, and seldom or never bought by commission; which made him lose time in turning over vast numbers of books, and he was very hardly pleased at last. I have borne him company at shops for hours together, and, minding him of the time, he hath made a dozen proffers before he would quit. By this care and industry, at length, he made himself master of a very considerable library, wherein the choicest

collection was *Greek*." There is some smartness in the foregoing observations. The following, in a strain of equal interest, affords a lively picture of the *bookselling trade* at the close of the 17th century: "It may not be amiss to step a little aside, to reflect on the vast change in the trade of books, between that time and ours. Then, *Little-Britain* was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade; the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse. And we may judge the time as well spent there, as (in latter days) either in tavern or coffee-house: though the latter hath carried off the spare hours of most people. But now this emporium is vanished, and trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons, who, to make good their monopoly, ransack, not only their neighbours of the trade that are scattered about town, but all over England, aye, and beyond sea too, and send abroad their circulators, and, in that manner, get into their hands all that is valuable. The rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, with which, and the fresh scum of the press, they furnish one side of a shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller, rather than a real one; but, instead of

selling, dealing as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for; of whom each hath his book factor, and, when wanting any thing, writes to his bookseller, and pays his bill. And it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work, with help of the press, these demi-booksellers make. They crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets, at hard meat, to write and correct by the great (qu. groat); and so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness, and there's six shillings current for an hour and a half's reading, and perhaps never to be read or looked upon after. One that would go higher must take his fortune at blank walls, and corners of streets, or repair to the sign of Bateman, Innys, and one or two more, where are best choice and better pennyworth's. I might touch other abuses, as bad paper, incorrect printing, and false advertising; all which, and worse, is to be expected, if a careful author is not at the heels of them." Life of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North. *North's Lives*, edit. 1744, 4to., p. 240, &c. At page 244, there is a curious account of the doctor's amusing himself with keeping spiders in a glass case—feeding them with bread and flies—and seeing these spiders afterwards quarrel with, and destroy, each other—"parents and offspring!"

LIS. "*De gustibus*—" you know the rest. But these Norths were brave bibliomaniacs! Proceed, we

are now advancing towards the threshold of the eighteenth century; and the nearer you come to it, the greater is the interest excited.

LYSAND. Take care that I don't conclude with the memorable catalogue-burning deed of your father! But I spare your present feelings.

All hail to the noble book-spirit by which the *Lives of Oxford-Athenians*, and the *Antiquities of Oxford University*, are recorded and preserved beyond the power of decay![361] All hail to thee, OLD ANTHONY A-WOOD! May the remembrance of thy researches, amidst thy paper and parchment documents, stored up in chests, pews, and desks, and upon which, alas! the moth was "feeding sweetly," may the remembrance of these thy laborious researches always excite sensations of gratitude towards the spirit by which they were directed! Now I see thee, in imagination, with thy cautious step, and head bowing from premature decay, and solemn air, and sombre visage, with cane under the arm, pacing from library to library, through gothic quadrangles; or sauntering along the Isis, in thy way to some neighbouring village, where thou wouldst recreate thyself with "pipe and pot." Yes, Anthony! while the *Bodleian* and *Ashmolean* collections remain—or rather as long as Englishmen know how to value that species of literature by which the names and actions of their forefathers are handed down to posterity, so long shall the memory of thy laudable exertions continue unimpaired!

[361] The name and literary labours of ANTHONY WOOD are now held in general, and deservedly high, respect: and it is somewhat amusing, though not a little degrading to human nature, to reflect upon the celebrity of that man who, when living, seems to have been ridiculed by the proud and flippant, and hated by the ignorant and prejudiced, part of his academical associates. The eccentricities of Wood were considered heretical; and his whims were stigmatized as vices. The common herd of observers was unable to discover, beneath his strange garb, and coarse exterior, all that acuteness of observation, and retentiveness of memory, as well as inflexible integrity, which marked the intellectual character of this wonderful man. But there is no necessity to detain and tantalize the reader by this formal train of reasoning, when a few leading features of Wood's person, manners, and habits of study, &c., have been thus pleasingly described to us by Hearne, in the life of him prefixed to the genuine edition of the *History and Antiquities (or Annals) of the University of Oxford*. "He was equally regardless of envy or fame, out of his great love to truth, and therefore 'twas no wonder he took such a liberty of speech, as most other authors, out of prudence, cunning, or design, have usually declined. And indeed, as to his language, he used such words as were suitable to his profession. It is impossible to think that men, who always converse

with old authors, should not learn the dialect of their acquaintance—an antiquary retains an old word, with as much religion as an old relick. And further, since our author was ignorant of the rules of conversation, it is no wonder he uses so many severe reflections, and adds so many minute passages of men's lives. I have been told that it was usual with him, for the most part, to rise about four o'clock in the morning, and to eat hardly any thing till night; when, after supper, he would go into some by-alehouse in town, or else to one in some village near, and there by himself take his *pipe and pot*," &c. "But so it is that, notwithstanding our author's great merits, he was but little regarded in the University, being observed to be more clownish than courteous, and always to go in an old antiquated dress. Indeed he was a mere scholar, and consequently must expect, from the greatest number of men, disrespect; but this notwithstanding, he was always a true lover of his mother, the University, and did more for her than others care to do that have received so liberally from her towards their maintenance, and have had greater advantages of doing good than he had. Yea, his affection was not at all alienated, notwithstanding his being so hardly dealt with as to be expelled; which would have broken the hearts of some. But our author was of a most noble spirit, and little regarded whatever afflictions he lay under, whilst he was conscious to himself of doing nothing but what he could answer. At

length after he had, by continual drudging, worn out his body, he left this world contentedly, by a stoppage of his urine, anno domini 1695, and was buried in the east corner of the north side of St. John's Church, adjoyning to Merton College, and in the wall is a small monument fixed, with these words:

H.S.E.
ANTONIUS WOOD, ANTIQUARIUS.
ob. 28 Nov. AO. 1695, æt. 64."

In his person, he was of a large robust make, tall and thin, and had a sedate and thoughtful look, almost bordering upon a melancholy cast. Mr. Hearne says, in his *Collectanea MSS.*, that though he was but sixty-four years of age when he died, he appeared to be above fourscore; that he used spectacles long before he had occasion for them, that he stooped much when he walked, and generally carried his stick under his arm, seldom holding it in his hand. As to the manner of his life, it was solitary and ascetic. The character which Gassendus gives of Peireskius, may, with propriety, be used as descriptive of Mr. Wood's. "As to the care of his person, cleanliness was his chief object, he desiring no superfluity or costliness, either in his habit or food. His house was furnished in the same manner as his table; and as to the ornament of his private apartment, he was quite indifferent. Instead of hangings, his chamber was furnished with the prints of his particular friends, and other men of

note, with vast numbers of commentaries, transcripts, letters, and papers of various kinds. His bed was of the most ordinary sort; his table loaded with papers, schedules, and other things, as was also every chair in the room. He was a man of strict sobriety, and by no means delicate in the choice of what he eat. Always restrained by temperance, he never permitted the sweet allurements of luxury to overcome his prudence." Such, as is here represented, was the disposition of Mr. WOOD: of so retired a nature as seldom to desire or admit a companion at his walks or meals; so that he is said to have dined alone in his chamber for thirty years together. Mr. Hearne says that it was his custom to "go to the booksellers at those hours when the greater part of the University were at their dinners," &c. And at five leaves further, in a note, we find that, "when he was consulting materials for his *Athenæ Oxon.*, he would frequently go to the booksellers, and generally give money to them, purposely to obtain titles of books from them; and 'twas observed of him that he spared no charges to make that work as compleat and perfect as possible." *Hearne's Coll. MSS. in Bodl. Lib.*, vol. ix., p. 185. The following letter, describing Wood's last illness, and the disposition of his literary property, is sufficiently interesting to be here, in part, laid before the reader: it was written by Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Tanner to Dr. Charlett.

"Honoured Master,

Yesterday, at dinner-time, Mr. Wood sent for me; when I came, I found Mr. Martin and Mr. Bisse of Wadham (college) with him, who had (with much ado) prevailed upon him to set about looking over his papers, so to work we went, and continued tumbling and separating some of his MSS. till it was dark. We also worked upon him so far as to sign and declare that sheet of paper, which he had drawn up the day before, and called it *his will*; for fear he should not live till night. He had a very bad night of it last night, being much troubled with vomiting. This morning we three were with him again, and Mr. Martin bringing with him the form of a will, that had been drawn up by Judge Holloway, we writ his will over again, as near as we could, in form of law. He has given to the University, to be reposited in the *Museum Ashmol.*, all his MSS., not only those of his own collection, but also all others which he has in his possession, except some few of Dr. Langbain's Miscellanea, which he is willing should go to the public library. He has also given all his printed books and pamphlets to the said musæum which are not there already. This benefaction will not, perhaps, be so much valued by the University as it ought to be, because it comes from Anthony Wood; but truly it is a most noble gift, his collection of MSS. being invaluable, and his printed books, most of them, not to be found in town,"

&c. This letter is followed by other accounts yet more minute and touching, of the last mortal moments of poor old Anthony! It now remains to say a few words about his literary labours. A short history of the editions of the *Athenæ Oxonienses* (vide p. 45, ante) has already been communicated to the reader. We may here observe that his *Antiquities of the University* shared a similar fate; being garbled in a Latin translation of them, which was put forth under the auspices of Bishop Fell: 1676, fol., in 2 vols. Wood's own MS. was written in the English language, and lay neglected till towards the end of the 18th century, when the Rev. Mr. Gutch conferred a real benefit upon all the dutiful sons of ALMA MATER, by publishing the legitimate text of their venerable and upright historian; under the title of *The History and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls*, 1786, 4to., with a supplemental volume by way of *Appendix*, 1790, 4to., containing copious indexes to the two. Then followed the Annals of the University at large, viz. *The History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*; 1792, 4to., in two volumes; the latter being divided into *two* parts, or volumes, with copious indexes. These works, which are now getting scarce, should be in every philological, as well as topographical, collection. In order to compensate the reader for the trouble of wading through the preceding tremendous note, I here present him with a wood-cut facsimile of a copper-plate print of Wood's portrait,

which is prefixed to his Life, 1772, 8vo. If he wishes for more curious particulars respecting Wood's literary labours, let him take a peep into *Thomæ Caii Vindic. Antiq. Acad. Oxon.*: 1730, 8vo., vol. i., pp. xl. xliii. *Edit. Hearne.* Wood's study, in the Ashmolean museum, is yet to be seen. It is filled with curious books, which, however, have not hitherto been catalogued with accuracy. Ritson has availed himself, more successfully than any antiquary in poetry, of the book treasures in this museum.



A very few years after the death of this distinguished character, died Dr. FRANCIS BERNARD;[362] a stoic in bibliography. Neither beautiful binding, nor amplitude of margin, ever delighted his eye or rejoiced his heart: for he was a stiff, hard, and straight-forward reader —and learned, in Literary History, beyond all his contemporaries. His collection was copious

and excellent; and although the compiler of the catalogue of his books sneers at any one's having "an entire collection in physic," (by the bye, I should have told you that Bernard was a *Doctor of Medicine*,) yet, if I forget not, there are nearly 150 pages in this said catalogue which are thickly studded with "*Libri Medici*," from the folio to the duodecimo size. Many very curious books are afterwards subjoined; and some precious *bijous*, in English Literature, close the rear. Let Bernard be numbered among the most learned and eminent bibliomaniacs.

[362] I do not know that I could produce a better recipe for the cure of those who are affected with the worst symptoms of the BOOK-MANIA, in the *present day*, than by shewing them how the same symptoms, upwards of a *century ago*, were treated with ridicule and contempt by a collector of very distinguished fame, both on account of his literary talents and extensive library. The following copious extract is curious on many accounts; and I do heartily wish that foppish and tasteless collectors would give it a very serious perusal. At the same time, all collectors possessed of common sense and liberal sentiment will be pleased to see their own portraits so faithfully drawn therein. It is taken from the prefatory address,

"TO THE READER.

The character of the person whose collection this was, is so well known, that there is no occasion to say much of him, nor to any man of judgment that inspects the catalogue of the collection itself. Something, however, it becomes us to say of both; and this I think may with truth and modesty enough be said, that as few men knew books, and that part of learning which is called *Historia Litteraria*, better than himself, so there never yet appeared in England so choice and valuable a catalogue to be thus disposed of as this before us: more especially of that sort of books which are out of the common course, which a man may make the business of his life to collect, and at last not to be able to accomplish. A considerable part of them being so little known, even to many of the learned buyers, that we have reason to apprehend this misfortune to attend the sale, that there will not be competitors enough to raise them up to their just and real value. Certain it is this library contains not a few which never appeared in any auction here before; nor indeed, as I have heard him say, for ought he knew, (and he knew as well as any man living) *in any printed catalogue in the world*."—"We must confess that, being a person who collected his books for use, and not for ostentation or ornament, he seemed no more solicitous about *their* dress than *his own*; and therefore you'll find that a *gilt back*, or a *large margin*, was very seldom any inducement to him to buy. 'Twas sufficient

that he had the book." "Though considering that he was so unhappy as to want heirs capable of making that use of them which he had done, and that therefore they were to be dispersed after this manner; I have heard him condemn his own negligence in that particular; observing, that the garniture of a book was as apt to recommend it to a great part of our *modern collectors* (whose learning goes not beyond the edition, the title-page, and the printer's name) as the intrinsic value could. But that he himself was not a mere nomenclator, and versed only in title-pages, but had made that just and laudable use of his books which would become all those that set up for collectors, I appeal to the Literati of his acquaintance, who conversed most frequently with him; how full, how ready, and how exact he was in answering any question that was proposed to him relating to learned men, or their writings; making no secret of any thing that he knew, or any thing that he had; being naturally one of the most communicative men living, both of his knowledge and his books."—"And give me leave to say this of him, upon my own knowledge; that he never grudged his money in procuring, nor his time or labour in perusing, any book which he thought could be any ways instructive to him, and having the felicity of a memory always faithful, always officious, which never forsook him, though attacked by frequent and severe sickness, and by the worst of diseases, old age, his desire of knowledge

attended him to the last; and he pursued his studies with equal vigour and application to the very extremity of his life." It remains to add a part of the title of the catalogue of the collection of this extraordinary bibilomaniac: "*A Catalogue of the Library of the late learned* DR. FRANCIS BERNARD, *Fellow of the College of Physicians, and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.*," 1698, 8vo. The English books are comprised in 1241 articles; and, among them, the keen investigator of ancient catalogues will discover some prime rarities.

Having at length reached the threshold, let us knock at the door, of the eighteenth century. What gracious figures are those which approach to salute us? They are the forms of BISHOPS FELL and MORE:[363] prelates, distinguished for their never ceasing admiration of valuable and curious works. The former is better known as an editor; the latter, as a collector—and a collector, too, of such multifarious knowledge, of such vivid and just perceptions, and unabating activity—that while he may be hailed as the *Father of* ***black-letter*** *Collectors* in this country, he reminds us of his present successor in the same see; who is not less enamoured of rare and magnificent volumes, but of a different description, and whose library assumes a grander cast of character.

[363] As I have already presented the public with some brief account respecting BISHOP FELL, and sharpened the appetites of Grangerites to procure rather a rare portrait of the same prelate (See *Introd. to the Classics*, vol. i., 89), it remains only to add, in the present place, that Hearne, in his *Historia Vitæ et Regni Ricardi II.*, 1729, 8vo., p. 389, has given us a curious piece of information concerning this eminent bibliomaniac, which may not be generally known. His authority is Anthony Wood. From this latter we learn that, when Anthony and the Bishop were looking over the *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*, to correct it for the press, Fell told Wood that "WICLIFFE was a grand dissembler; a man of little conscience; and what he did, as to religion, was more out of vain glory, and to obtain unto him a name, than out of honesty—or to that effect." Can such a declaration, from such a character, be credited? BISHOP MORE has a stronger claim on our attention and gratitude. Never has there existed an episcopal bibliomaniac of such extraordinary talent and fame in the walk of *Old English Literature*!—as the reader shall presently learn. The bishop was admitted of Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1662. In 1691, he became Bishop of Norwich; and was translated to Ely in 1707; but did not survive the translation above seven years. How soon and how ardently the passion for collecting books possessed him it is out of my present power to make the reader acquainted. But

that More was in the zenith of his bibliomaniacal reputation while he filled the see of Norwich is unquestionable; for thus writes Strype: "The Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, the possessor of a great and curious collection of MSS. and other ancient printed pieces (little inferior to MSS. in regard of their scarceness) hath also been very considerably assistant to me as well in this present work as in others;" &c. Preface (sign. a 2) to *Life of Aylmer*, 1701, 8vo. Burnet thus describes his fine library when he was Bishop of Ely. "This noble record was lent me by my reverend and learned brother, Dr. MORE, Bishop of Ely, who has gathered together a most valuable treasure, both of printed books and manuscripts, beyond what one can think that the life and labour of one man could have compassed; and which he is as ready to communicate, as he has been careful to collect it." *Hist. of the Reformation*, vol. iii., p. 46. It seems hard to reconcile this testimony of Burnet with the late Mr. Gough's declaration, that "The bishop collected his library by plundering those of the clergy in his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others only with '*quid illiterati cum libris*.'" On the death of More, his library was offered to Lord Oxford for 8000*l.*; and how that distinguished and truly noble collector could have declined the purchase of such exquisite treasures—unless his own shelves were groaning beneath the weight of a great number of similar volumes—is

difficult to account for. But a public-spirited character was not wanting to prevent the irreparable dispersion of such book-gems: and that patriotic character was GEORGE I.!—who gave 6000*l.* for them, and presented them to the public library of the University of Cambridge!—

"These are imperial works, and worthy kings!"

And here, benevolent reader, the almost unrivalled *Bibliotheca Moriana* yet quietly and securely reposes. Well do I remember the congenial hours I spent (A.D. 1808) in the *closet* holding the most precious part of Bishop More's collection, with my friend the Rev. Mr. ——, tutor of one of the colleges in the same University, at my right-hand—(himself "greatly given to the study of books") actively engaged in promoting my views, and increasing my extracts—but withal, eyeing me sharply "ever and anon"—and entertaining a laudable distrust of a keen book-hunter from a rival University! I thank my good genius that I returned, as I entered, with clean hands! My love of truth and of bibliography compels me to add, with a sorrowful heart, that not only is there no printed catalogue of Bishop More's books, but even the fiNE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY remains unpublished in print! In this respect they really do "order things better in France." Why does such indifference to the cause of general learning exist—and in the 19th century

too? Let me here presume to submit a plan to the consideration of the syndics of the press; provided they should ever feel impressed with the necessity of informing the literati, of other countries as well as our own, of the book treasures contained in the libraries of Cambridge. It is simply this. Let the books in the Public Library form the substratum of the *Catalogue Raisonné* to be printed in three or more quarto volumes. If, in any particular department, there be valuable editions of a work which are *not* in the public, but in another, library—ex. gr. in Trinity, or St. John's—specify this edition in its appropriate class; and add *Trin. Coll., &c.*— If this copy contain notes of Bentley, or Porson, add "*cum notis Bentleii*," *&c.*: so that such a catalogue would present, not only *every* volume in the *Public Library*, but *every valuable* edition of a work in the whole University. Nor is the task so Herculean as may be thought. The tutors of the respective colleges would, I am sure, be happy, as well as able, to contribute their proportionate share of labour towards the accomplishment of so desirable and invaluable a work.

The opening of the 18th century was also distinguished by the death of a bibliomaniac of the very first order and celebrity. Of one, who had, no doubt, frequently discoursed largely and eloquently with Luttrell, (of whom

presently) upon the rarity and value of certain editions of old *Ballad Poetry*: and between whom presents of curious black-letter volumes were, in all probability, frequently passing. I allude to the famous SAMUEL PEPYS;[364] Secretary to the Admiralty.

[364] "*The Maitland Collection of Manuscripts* was ever in the collector's (Sir Richard Maitland's) family."—"His grandson was raised to the dignity of Earl of Lauderdale." "The Duke of Lauderdale, a descendant of the collector's grandson, presented the Maitland Collection, along with other MSS., to SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II. Mr. Pepys was one of the earliest collectors of rare books, &c. in England; and the duke had no taste for such matters; so either from friendship, or some point of interest, he gave them to Mr. Pepys,"—who "dying 26 May, 1703, in his 71st year, ordered, by will, the PEPYSIAN LIBRARY at Magdalen College, Cambridge, to be founded, in order to preserve his very valuable collection entire. It is undoubtedly the most curious in England, those of the British Museum excepted; and is kept in excellent order." Mr. Pinkerton's preface, p. vii., to *Ancient Scottish Poems from the Maitland Collection, &c.*, 1786, 8vo., 2 vols. I wish it were in my power to add something concerning the parentage, birth, education, and pursuits of the

extraordinary collector of this extraordinary collection; but no biographical work, which I have yet consulted, vouchsafes even to mention his name. His merits are cursorily noticed in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. iv., p. 326-7. Through the medium of a friend, I learn from Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., that our illustrious bibliomaniac, his great uncle, was President of the Royal Society, and that his collection at Cambridge contains a *Diary* of his life, written with his own hand. But it is high time to speak of the black-letter gems contained in the said collection. That the PEPYSIAN COLLECTION is at once choice and valuable cannot be disputed; but that access to the same is prompt and facile, is not quite so indisputable. There is a MS. catalogue of the books, by Pepys himself, with a small rough drawing of a view of the interior of the library. The books are kept in their original (I think walnut-wood) presses: and cannot be examined unless in the presence of a fellow.—Such is the nice order to be observed, according to the bequest, that every book must be replaced where it was taken from; and the loss of a single volume causes the collection to be confiscated, and transported to Benet-college library. Oh, that there were *an act of parliament* to regulate bequests of this kind!—that the doors to knowledge might, by a greater facility of entrance, be more frequently opened by students; and that the medium between unqualified confidence and unqualified suspicion might be marked out

and followed. Are these things symptomatic of an iron or a brazen age! But the bibliomaniac is impatient for a glance at the 'forementioned black-letter treasures!—Alas, I have promised more than I can perform! Yet let him cast his eye upon the first volume of the recent edition of *Evans' Collection of Old Ballads* (see *in limine*, p. ix.) and look into the valuable notes of *Mr. Todd's Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*,—in which latter, he will find no bad specimen of these *Pepysian gems*, in the exultation of my friend, the author, over another equally respected friend—in consequence of his having discovered, among these treasures, a strange, merry, and conceited work, entitled "*Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian; and Hereford Town for a Morris-daunce, &c.*," 1609, 4to., p. 273. EX UNO DISCE OMNES. The left-handed critic, or anti-black-letter reader, will put a wicked construction upon the quotation of this motto in capital letters: let him: he will repent of his folly in due time.

Now it was a convincing proof to me, my dear friends, that the indulgence of a PASSION FOR BOOKS is perfectly compatible with any situation, however active and arduous. For while this illustrious bibliomaniac was sending forth his messengers to sweep every bookseller's shop from the Tweed to Penzance, for the discovery of old and almost unknown ballads—

and while his name rung in the ears of rival collectors—he was sedulous, in his professional situation, to put the *Navy of Old England* upon the most respectable footing; and is called the *Father* of that system which, carried into effect by British hearts of oak, has made the thunder of our cannon to be heard and feared on the remotest shores. Nor is it a slight or common coincidence that a spirit of book-collecting, which stimulated the *Secretary* of the Admiralty at the opening of the 18th century, should, at the close of it, have operated with equal or greater force in a *First Lord* of the same glorious department of our administration. But we shall speak more fully of this latter character, and of his matchless collection, in a future stage of our discussion.

While we are looking round us at this period, we may as well slightly notice the foundation of the *Blenheim Library*. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH[365] was resolved that no naval commander, or person connected with the navy, should eclipse himself in the splendour of book-collecting: but it was to PRINCE EUGENE that Marlborough was indebted for his taste in this particular; or rather the English commander was completely bitten with the bibliomaniacal disease in consequence of seeing Eugene secure rare and magnificent copies of works, when a city or town was taken: and the German Prince himself expatiates upon the treasures of his library, with a rapture with

which none but the most thorough-bred bibliomaniacs can ever adequately sympathise.

[365] The LIBRARY AT BLENHEIM is one of the grandest rooms in Europe. The serpentine sheet of water, which flows at some little distance, between high banks of luxuriant and moss-woven grass, and is seen from the interior, with an overhanging dark wood of oaks, is sufficient to awaken the finest feelings that ever animated the breast of a bibliomaniac. The books are select and curious, as well as numerous; and although they may be eclipsed, in both these particulars, by a few rival collections, yet the following specimen is no despicable proof of the ardour with which MARLBOROUGH, the founder of the Library, pushed forward his bibliomaniacal spirit. I am indebted to Mr. Edwards for this interesting list of the

ANCIENT CLASSICS PRINTED UPON VELLUM IN THE BLENHEIM LIBRARY.

Apoll. Rhodius		1496
Augustinus, *de Civ. Dei*	*Spiræ*	1470
A. Gellius, *Romæ*		1469
Aug. *de Civ. Dei*	*Jenson*	1475
Biblia Moguntina		1462
Bonifacii Decretalia		1465
Ciceronis *Rhetorica*	*Jens.*	1470

—— *Epist. Fam.*	*Spiræ*	1469
—— *Officia*	*Mogunt*	1465
—— ——		1466
—— *Tuscul. Ques.*	*Jenson*	1472
Clementis Const.	*Mogunt*	1460
—— *Fust. s.a.*		
Durandus		1459
Horatius Landini		1482
—— Epist.		1480
Justinian	*Mogunt*	1468
Lactantius	*A Rot*	1471
Lucian	*Florent*	1496
Petrarca	*Spira*	1470
Plinius	*Jenson*	1472
Quintilian	*Campani*	1470
Sallustius	*Spira*	1470
V. Maximus, s.a.		
Virgilius	*Spira*	1470

The present MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD inherits, in no small degree, the book-collecting spirit of his illustrious ancestor. He is making collections in those departments of literature in which the Blenheim Library is comparatively deficient; and his success has already been such as to lead us to hope for as perfect a display of volumes printed by *Caxton* as there is of those executed by foreign printers. The Marquis's collection of *Emblems* is, I believe, nearly perfect: of these, there are a few elegantly printed catalogues for private distribution. Lysander, above, supposes that

Marlborough caught the infection of the *book-disease* from PRINCE EUGENE; and the supposition is, perhaps, not very wide of the truth. The library of this great German prince, which is yet entire, (having been secured from the pillage of Gallic Vandalism, when a certain emperor visited a certain city) is the proudest feature in the public library at Vienna. The books are in very fine old binding, and, generally of the largest dimensions. And, indeed, old England has not a little to boast of (at least, so bibliomaniacs must always think) that, from the recently published *Memoirs of Eugene* (1811, 8vo., p. 185), it would appear that the prince "bought his fine editions of books AT LONDON:"—he speaks also of his "excellent French, Latin, and Italian works, well bound"—as if he enjoyed the "arrangment" of *them*, as much as the contemplation of his "cascades, large water-spouts, and superb basins." *Ibid.* Whether Eugene himself was suddenly inflamed with the ardour of buying books, from some lucky spoils in the pillaging of towns—as Lysander supposes—is a point which may yet admit of fair controversy. For my own part, I suspect the German commander had been straying, in his early manhood, among the fine libraries in *Italy*, where he might have seen the following exquisite *bijous*—

In St. Mark's, at Venice.

Apuleius 1469

Aulus Gellius	1469	PRINTED UPON VELLUM.
Petrarca	1479	

In the Chapter House at Padua.

Ciceronis *Epist. ad Atticum*	*Jenson*	1470	
Quintilian	*Jenson*	1471	
Macrobius		1472	
Solinus	*Jenson*	1473	PRINTED UPON VELLUM.
Catullus		1472	
Plautus		1472	
Ovidii Opera	*Bonon.*	1471	

The public is indebted to Mr. Edwards for the timely supply of the foregoing bibliographical intelligence.

Ever ardent in his love of past learning, and not less voracious in his bibliomaniacal appetites, was the well known NARCISSUS LUTTRELL. Nothing—if we may judge from the spirited sketch of his book character, by the able editor[366] of Dryden's works—nothing would seem to have escaped his Lynx-like vigilance. Let the object be what it would (especially if it related to *poetry*) let the volume be great or small, or contain good, bad, or indifferent warblings of the muse—his insatiable craving

had "stomach for them all." We may consider his collection as the fountain head of those copious streams which, after fructifying the libraries of many bibliomaniacs in the first half of the eighteenth century, settled, for a while, more determinedly, in the curious book-reservoir of a Mr. WYNNE—and hence, breaking up, and taking a different direction towards the collections of Farmer, Steevens, and others, they have almost lost their identity in the innumerable rivulets which now inundate the book-world.

[366] "In this last part of his task, the editor (Walter Scott) has been greatly assisted by free access to a valuable collection of fugitive pieces of the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. This curious collection was made by NARCISSUS LUTTRELL, Esq., under whose name the Editor usually quotes it. The industrious collector seems to have bought every poetical tract, of whatever merit, which was hawked through the streets in his time, marking carefully the price and date of the purchase. His collection contains the earliest editions of many of our most excellent poems, bound up, according to the order of time, with the lowest trash of Grub-street. It was dispersed on Mr. Luttrell's death," &c. Preface to *The Works of John Dryden*, 1808: vol. i., p. iv. Mr. James Bindley and Mr. Richard Heber are then mentioned, by the

editor, as having obtained a great share of the Luttrell collection, and liberally furnished him with the loan of the same, in order to the more perfect editing of Dryden's Works. But it is to the persevering book-spirit of Mr. EDWARD WYNNE, as Lysander above intimates, that these notorious modern bibliomaniacs are indebted for the preservation of most of the choicest relics of the *Bibliotheca Luttrelliana*. Mr. Wynne lived at Little Chelsea; and built his library in a room which had the reputation of having been LOCKE'S *study*. Here he used to sit, surrounded by innumerable books—a "great part being formed by an eminent and curious collector in the last century"—viz. the aforesaid Narcissus Luttrell. (See the title to the Catalogue of his Library.) His books were sold by auction in 1786; and, that the reader may have some faint idea of the treasures contained in the *Bibliotheca Wynniana*, he is presented with the following extracts:

LOT		£	*s.*	*d.*
2	A parcel of pamphlets on poetry, 8vo.	2	0	0

3	Do. Tragedies and Comedies, 4to. and 8vo.	3	13	6
4	Do. Historical and Miscellaneous, 4to. and 8vo.	1	1	0
5	Poetical, Historical, and Miscellaneous, folio	1	4	0

11	Do. giving an account of horrid Murders, Storms, Prodigies, Tempests, Witchcraft, Ghosts, Earthquakes, &c., *with frontispieces* and *cuts*, 4to. and 8vo. 1606	1	14	0
12	Do. Historical and Political, English and Foreign, from 1580 to 1707	2	0	0

13	Do. consisting of Petitions, Remonstrances, Declarations, and other political matters, from 1638 to 1660, during the great Rebellion, and the whole of the Protectorate: *a very large parcel, many of them with cuts*. Purchased by the present Marquis of Bute	7	7	0

14 Do. of single sheets, giving an account of the various sieges in Ireland in 1695-6; and consisting likewise of Elegies, Old Ballads, accounts of Murders, Storms, Political Squibs, &c. &c., *many of them with curious plates*, from 1695 to 1706.

Purchased by the same	6	16	6

Lots 23-4 comprised a great number of "*Old Poetry and Romances*," which were purchased by Mr. Baynes for 7*l.* 9*s.* Lot 376 comprehended a "*Collection of Old Plays—Gascoigne, White, Windet, Decker, &c.*," 21 vols.: which were sold for 38*l.* 17*s.* Never, to be sure, was a precious collection of English History and Poetry so wretchedly detailed to the public, in an auction catalogue! It should be noticed that a great number of poetical tracts was disposed of, previous to the sale, to Dr. FARMER, who gave not more than forty guineas for them. The Doctor was also a determined purchaser at the sale, and I think the ingenious Mr. Waldron aided the illustrious commentator of Shakspeare with many a choice volume. It may be worth adding that Wynne was the author of an elegant work, written in the form of dialogues, entitled *Eunomus*, or *Discourses upon the Laws of England*, 4 vols., 8vo. It happened to be published at the time when Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* made their appearance; and, in consequence, has seen only three editions: the latter being published in 1809, 2 vols., 8vo.

Why have I delayed, to the present moment, the mention of that illustrious bibliomaniac, EARL

PEMBROKE? a patron of poor scholars, and a connoisseur, as well as collector, of every thing the most precious and rare in the book-way. Yet was his love of *Virtû* not confined to objects in the shape of volumes, whether printed or in MS.: his knowledge of statues and coins was profound;[367] and his collection of these, such as to have secured for him the admiration of posterity.

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The reader will find an animated eulogy on this great nobleman in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painters*, vol. iv., 227; part of which was transcribed by Joseph Warton for his variorum edition of Pope's works, and thence copied into the recent edition of the

same by the Rev. W.L. Bowles. But PEMBROKE deserved a more particular notice. Exclusively of his fine statues and architectural decorations, the Earl contrived to procure a great number of curious and rare books; and the testimonies of Maittaire (who speaks indeed of him with a sort of rapture!) and Palmer show that the productions of Jenson and Caxton were no strangers to his library. *Annales Typographici*, vol. i., 13. edit. 1719. *History of Printing*, p. 5. "There is nothing that so surely proves the pre-eminence of virtue more than the universal admiration of mankind, and the respect paid it by persons in opposite interests; and, more than this, it is a sparkling gem which even time does not destroy: it is hung up in the Temple of Fame, and respected for ever." *Continuation of Granger*, vol. i., 37, &c. "He raised (continues Mr. Noble) a collection of antiques that were unrivalled by any subject. His learning made him a fit companion for the literati. Wilton will ever be a monument of his extensive knowledge; and the princely presents it contains, of the high estimation in which he was held by foreign potentates, as well as by the many monarchs he saw and served at home. He lived rather as a primitive christian; in his behaviour, meek; in his dress, plain: rather retired, conversing but little." Burnet, in the *History of his own Times*, has spoken of the Earl with spirit and propriety. Thus far the first edition of the Bibliomania. From an

original MS. letter of Anstis to Ames (in the possession of Mr. John Nichols) I insert the following memoranda, concerning the book celebrity of Lord Pembroke. "I had the book of Juliana Barnes (says Anstis) printed at St. Albans, 1486, about hunting, which was afterwards reprinted by W. de Worde at Westminster, 1496—but the EARL OF PEMBROKE would not rest till he got it from me." From a letter to Lewis (the biographer of Caxton) by the same person, dated Oct. 11, 1737, Anstis says that "the Earl of Pembroke would not suffer him to rest till he had presented it to him." He says also that "he had a later edition of the same, printed in 1496, *on parchment*, by W. de Worde, which he had given away: but he could send to the person who had it." From another letter, dated May 8, 1740, this "person" turns out to be the famous JOHN MURRAY; to whom we are shortly to be introduced. The copy, however, is said to be "imperfect; but the St. Albans book, a fair folio." In this letter, Lord Pembroke's library is said to hold "the greatest collection of the first books printed in England." Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to be informed that in the *Antiquities of Glastonbury*, published by Hearne, 1722, p. LVIII, there is a medal, with the reverse, of one of the Earl's ancestors in Queen Elizabeth's time, which had escaped Evelyn. It was lent to Hearne by Sir Philip Sydenham, who was at the expense of having the plate engraved.

While this nobleman was the general theme of literary praise there lived a *Bibliomaniacal Triumvirate* of the names of BAGFORD, MURRAY, and HEARNE: a triumvirate, perhaps not equalled, in the mere love of book-collecting, by that which we mentioned a short time ago. At the head, and the survivor of these three, [368] was Thomas Hearne; who, if I well remember, has been thus described by Pope, in his Dunciad, under the character of Wormius:

But who is he, in closet close ypent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and WORMIUS hight.

[368] The former bibliomaniacal triumvirate is noticed at p. 217, ante. We will now discuss the merits of the above, *seriatim*. And first of JOHN BAGFORD, "by profession a bookseller; who frequently travelled into Holland and other parts, in search of scarce books and valuable prints, and brought a vast number into this kingdom, the greater part of which were purchased by the Earl of Oxford. He had been in his younger days a shoemaker; and for the many curiosities wherewith he enriched the famous library of Dr. John More, Bishop of Ely, his Lordship got him admitted into the Charter House. He died

in 1716, aged 65; after his death, Lord Oxford purchased all his collections and papers for his library: these are now in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. In 1707 were published, in the Philosophical transactions, his Proposals for a General History of Printing."—Bowyer and Nichol's *Origin of Printing*, pp. 164, 189, note. It has been my fortune (whether good or bad remains to be proved) not only to transcribe, and cause to be reprinted, the slender Memorial of Printing in the Philosophical Transactions, drawn up by Wanley for Bagford, but to wade through *forty-two* folio volumes, in which Bagford's materials for a History of Printing are incorporated, in the British Museum: and from these, I think I have furnished myself with a pretty correct notion of the collector of them. Bagford was the most hungry and rapacious of all book and print collectors; and, in his ravages, he spared neither the most delicate nor costly specimens. He seems always to have expressed his astonishment at the most common productions; and his paper in the Philosophical Transactions betrays such simplicity and ignorance that one is astonished how my Lord Oxford, and the learned Bishop of Ely, could have employed so credulous a bibliographical forager. A modern collector and lover of *perfect* copies, will witness, with shuddering, among Bagford's immense collection of title-pages in the Museum, the frontispieces of the Complutensian Polyglot, and Chauncy's History of

Hertfordshire, torn out to illustrate a History of Printing. His enthusiasm, however, carried him through a great deal of laborious toil; and he supplied in some measure, by this qualification, the want of other attainments. His whole mind was devoted to book-hunting; and his integrity and diligence probably made his employers overlook his many failings. His handwriting is scarcely legible, and his orthography is still more wretched; but if he was ignorant, he was humble, zealous, and grateful; and he has certainly done something towards the accomplishment of that desirable object, an accurate GENERAL HISTORY OF PRINTING. The preceding was inserted in the *first edition* of this work. It is incumbent on me to say something more, and less declamatory, of so extraordinary a character; and as my sources of information are such as do not fall into the hands of the majority of readers, I trust the prolixity of what follows, appertaining to the aforesaid renowned bibliomaniac, will be pardoned —at least by the lover of curious biographical memoranda. My old friend, Tom Hearne, is my chief authority. In the preface to that very scarce, but rather curious than valuable, work, entitled *Guil. Roper Vita D. Thomæ Mori*, 1716, 8vo., we have the following brief notice of Bagford: §. ix. "Epistolas et Orationes excipit Anonymi Scriptoris chronicon; quod idcirco Godstovianum appellare visum est, quia in illud forte fortuna inciderim, quum, anno MDCCXV. una cum JOANNÆ

BAGFORDIO, amico egregio ad rudera Prioratûs de Godstowe juxta Oxoniam animi recreandi gratia, perambularem. De illo vero me prius certiorem fecerat ipse Bagfordius, qui magno cum nostro mœrore paullo post Londini obiit, die nimirum quinto Maij anno MDCCXVI. quum jam annum ætatis sexagessimum quintum inplerisset, ut è litteris intelligo amici ingenio et humanitate ornati Jacobei Sothebeii, junioris, qui, si quis alius, è familiaribus erat Bagfordii. Virum enimvero ideo mihi quam maxime hâc occasione lugendum est, quod amicum probitate et modestia præditum amiserim, virumque cum primis diligentem et peritum intercidisse tam certum sit quam quod certissimum. Quamvis enim artes liberales nunquam didicisset, vi tamen ingenii ductus, eruditus plane evasit; et, ut quod verum est dicam, incredibile est quam feliciter res abstrusas in historiis veteribus explicaverit, nodosque paullo difficiliores ad artis typographicæ incunabula spectantes solverit et expedierit. Expertus novi quod scribo. Quotiescunque enim ipsum consului (et quidem id sæpissime faciendum erat) perpetuo mihi aliter atque exspectaveram satisfecit, observationis itidem nonnunquam tales addens, quales antea neque mihi neque viris longe doctioribus in mentem venerant. Quidni itaque virum magnum fuisse pronunciarem, præcipue quum nostra sententia illi soli magni sint censendi, qui recte agant, et sint vere boni et virtute præditi?"—*Præf.* pp. xxi., ii. In

Hearne's perface to *Walter Hemingford's* history, Bagford is again briefly introduced: "At vero in hoc genere fragmenta colligendi omnes quidem alios (quantum ego existimare possum) facile superavit JOANNES BAGFORDIUS, de quo apud Hemingum, &c. Incredibile est, quanta usus sit diligentia in laciniis veteribus coacervandis. Imo in hoc labore quidem tantum versari exoptabat quantum potuit, tantum autem re vera versabatur, quantum ingenio (nam divino sane fruebatur) quantum mediocri doctrina (nam neque ingenue, neque liberaliter, unquam fuit educatus) quantum usu valuit," p. ciii. The reader here finds a reference to what is said of Bagford, in the *Hemingi Wigornensis Chartularium*; which, though copious, is really curious and entertaining, and is forthwith submitted to his consideration. "It was therefore very laudable in my friend, Mr. J. BAGFORD (who I think was born in Fetter-lane, London) to employ so much of his time as he did in collecting remains of antiquity. Indeed he was a man of a very surprising genius, and had his education (for he was first a shoe-maker, and afterwards for some time a book-seller) been equal to his natural genius, he would have proved a much greater man than he was. And yet, without this education, he was certainly the greatest man in the world in his way. I do not hear of any monument erected to his memory, but 'twas not without reason that a worthy gentleman, now living in London, designed the following epitaph for

him:

Hic. Sitvs. JOANNES. BAGFORDIVS.
Antiquarivs. Penitvs. Britannvs.
Cujvs. Nuda. Solertia. Aliorvm.
Vicit. Operosam. Diligentiam.
Obiit. Maii. v. A.D. M.DCC.XVI.
Ætatis [LXV.]
Viri. Simplicis. Et. Sine. Fvco.
Memoria. Ne. Periret.
Hunc. Lapidem. Posvit.

. . . . . .

"'Tis very remarkable that, in collecting, his care did not extend itself to books and to fragments of books only; but even to the very *Covers*, and to *Bosses* and *Clasps*; and all this that he might, with greater ease, compile the History of Printing, which he had undertaken, but did not finish. In this noble work he intended a Discourse about *Binding Books* (in which he might have improved what I have said elsewhere about the ancient *Æ*stels) and another about the *Art of making Paper*, in both which his observations were very accurate. Nay, his skill *in paper* was so exquisite that, at first view, he could tell the place where, and the time when, any paper was made, though at never so many years' distance. I well remember that, when I was reading over a famous book of collections (written by John Lawerne, Monk of Worcester, and now preserved) in the Bodleian Library, Mr. Bagford came to me (as he would often come thither on purpose to converse with me about curiosities) and that he had

no sooner seen the book, but he presently described the time when, and the place where, the paper of which it consists, was made. He was indefatigable in his searches, and was so ambitious of seeing what he had heard of, relating to his noble design, that he had made several journies into Holland to see the famous books there. Nor was he less thirsty after other antiquities, but, like old John Stow, was for seeing himself, if possible (although he travelled on foot), what had been related to him. Insomuch that I cannot doubt, but were he now living, he would have expressed a very longing desire of going to Worcester, were it for no other reason but to be better satisfied about the famous monumental stones mentioned by Heming (*Chart, Wigorn.*, p. 342), as he often declared a most earnest desire of walking with me (though I was diverted from going) to Guy's Cliff by Warwick, when I was printing that most rare book called, *Joannis Rossi Antiquarii Warwicensis Historia Regum Angliæ*. And I am apt to think that he would have shewed as hearty an inclination of going to Stening in Sussex, that being the place (according to Asser's Life of Ælfred the Great) where K. Ethelwulph (father of K. Alfred) was buried, though others say it was at Winchester," &c. "Mr. BAGFORD was as communicative as he was knowing: so that some of the chief curiosities in some of our best libraries are owing to him; for which reason it was that the late *Bishop of Ely*, Dr. MORE (who received so much from him),

as an instance of gratitude, procured him a place in the Charter-House. I wish all places were as well bestowed. For as Mr. Bagford was, without all dispute, a very worthy man, so, being a despiser of money, he had not provided for the necessities of old age. He never looked upon those as true philosophers that aimed at heaping up riches, and, in that point, could never commend that otherwise great man, Seneca, who had about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, at use in Britain; the loan whereof had been thrust upon the Britains, whether they would or no. He would rather extol such men as a certain rector near Oxford, whose will is thus put down in writing, by Richard Kedermister, the last abbot but one of Winchcomb (*Leland Collect.* vol. vi., 168), in the margin of a book (I lately purchased) called *Hieronymi Cardinalis Vitas Patrum*, Lugd. MCCCCCII. 4to. Nihil habeo, nihil debeo, benedicamus Domino. Testamentum cujusdam rectoris, juxta Oxoniam decedentis circiter annum salutis, 1520." "Nor was Mr. Bagford versed only in our own old writers, but in those likewise of other countries, particularly the Roman. His skill in that part of the Roman history that immediately relates to Britain is sufficiently evident from his curious letter, printed at the beginning of Leland's Collectanea. That he might be the better acquainted with the Roman stations, and the several motions of the soldiers from one place to another, he used to pick up coins, and would, upon occasion, discourse

handsomely, and very pertinently, about them; yet he would keep none, but would give them to his friends, telling them (for he was exemplarily modest and humble) that he had neither learning nor sagacity enough to explain and illustrate them, and that therefore it was more proper they should be in the possession of some able persons. He would have done any thing to retrieve a Roman author, and would have given any price for so much as a single fragment (not yet discovered) of the learned commentaries, written by Agrippina, mother to Nero, touching the fortunes of her house, which are (as I much fear) now utterly lost, excepting the fragment or two cited out of them by Pliny the elder and Cornelius Tacitus; as he would also have stuck at no price for a grammar *printed at Tavistock*, commonly called ***The long Grammar***. When he went abroad he was never idle, but if he could not meet with things of a better character, he would divert himself with looking over *Ballads*, and he was always mightily pleased if he met with any that were old. Anthony à Wood made good collections, with respect to ballads, but he was far outdone by Mr. Bagford. Our modern ballads are, for the most part, romantic; but the old ones contain matters of fact, and were generally written by good scholars. In these old ones were couched the transactions of our great heroes: they were a sort of Chronicles. So that the wise founder of New College permitted them to be sung, by the fellows of that college,

upon extraordinary days. In those times, the poets thought they had done their duty when they had observed truth, and put the accounts they undertook to write, into rhythm, without extravagantly indulging their fancies. Nobody knew this better than Mr. Bagford; for which reason he always seemed almost ravished when he happened to light upon old rhythms, though they might not, perhaps, be so properly ranged under the title of ballads," &c., pp. 656-663. Being unable to furnish a portrait of Bagford (although I took some little trouble to procure one) I hope the reader—if his patience be not quite exhausted—will endeavour to console himself, in lieu thereof, with a specimen of Bagford's epistolary composition; which I have faithfully copied from the original among the *Sloanian MSS.*, no. 4036, in the British Museum. It is written to Sir Hans Sloane.

From my Lodgings, July 24, 1704.

WORTHY SIR,

Since you honoured me with your good company for seeing printing and card-making, I thought it my duty to explain myself to you per letter on this subject. Till you had seen the whole process of card-making, I thought I could not so well represent it unto you by writing—for this I take to be the first manner of printing. In this short discouse I have explained myself

when I design to treat of it in the famous subject of the Art of Printing. It hath been the labour of several years past, and if now I shall have assistance to midwife it into the world, I shall be well satisfied for the sake of the curious. For these 10 years past I have spared no cost in collecting books on this subject, and likewise drafts of the effigies of our famous printers, with other designs that will be needful on this subject. If this short account of the design of the whole shall give you any satisfaction, I shall esteem my pains well bestowed. Hitherto, I have met with no encouragement but from three reverend gentlemen of Bennet College in Cambridge, who generously, of their own accord, gave me 10 pound each, which is all I ever received of any person whatsoever. It may indeed be imputed to my own neglect, in not acquainting the learned with my design, but modesty still keeps me silent. I hope your goodness will pardon my impertinence. I shall be ready at all times to give you any satisfaction you desire on this subject, who am,

Honoured Sir,

Your most humble Servant to

command,

JO. BAGFORD.

For the Worthy Sir Hans Slone.

And now it only remains to close the whole of this BAGFORDIANA by the following unique communication. One of Bagford's friends sent him this letter with the subjoined device:—"*For my Lovinge friend Mr. Jno. Bagford.*—You having shewed me so many rebuses, as I was returning home, I thought of one for you—a bagge, and below that, a fourd or passable water." (*Harl. MS.*, no. 5910.)



I wish it were in my power to collect information, equally acceptable with the foregoing, respecting the above-named JOHN MURRAY; but Hearne, who was his intimate friend, has been very sparing in his anecdotes of him, having left us but a few desultory notices, written chiefly in the Latin language. The earliest mention of him that I find is the following: "Verum

illud præcipue mentionem meretur, quod mutuo accepi, schedula una et altera jam excusa, á JOANNE MURARIO Londinensi, rei antiquariæ perscrutatore diligenti, cui eo nomine gratias ago." "Denique subdidi descriptionem fenestrarum depictarum ecclesiæ parochialis de Fairford in agro Glocestriensi, è schedula quam mutuo sumpsi ab amico supra laudato Johanne Murrario, qui per literas etiam certiorem me fecit è codice quodam vetusto MS. fuisse extractum. Neque dubito quin hic idem fuerit Codex quem olim in ecclesia de Fairford adservatum surripuisse nebulonem quempiam mihi significavit ecclesiæ ædituus, vir simplex, necnon ætate et scientia venerandus." Præf: p. XXII. *Guil. Roperi Vita Thomæ Mori*, 1716, 8vo., edit. Hearne. There is another slight mention of Murray, by Hearne, in the latter's edition of *Thom. Caii. Vindic. Antiq. Acad. Oxon*, vol. ii., 803-4—where he discourses largely upon the former's copy of *Rastel's Pastyme of People*: a book which will be noticed by me very fully on a future occasion. At present, it may suffice to observe that a perfect copy of it is probably the rarest English book in existence. There is a curious copper plate print of Murray, by Vertue, in which our bibliomaniac's right arm is resting upon some books entitled "*Hearne's Works, Sessions Papers, Tryals of Witches*." Beneath is this inscription:

Hoh Maister John Murray of Sacomb,
The Works of old Time to collect was his pride,
Till Oblivion dreaded his Care:
Regardless of Friends, intestate he dy'd,
So the Rooks and the Crows were his Heir.
G.N.

Of the above-mentioned THOMAS BRITTON, I am enabled to present a very curious and interesting account, from a work published by Hearne, of no very ordinary occurrence, and in the very words of Hearne himself. It is quite an unique picture. "Before I dismiss this subject, I must beg leave to mention, and to give a short account of, one that was intimately acquainted with Mr. Bagford, and was also a great man, though of but ordinary education. The person I mean is Mr. THOS. BRITTON, the famous *Musical Small Coal Man*, who was born at or near Higham Ferrers in Northamptonshire. Thence he went to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coal man in St. John Baptist's Street. After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up. Upon this, Tom went into Northamptonshire again, and after he had spent his money, he returned again to London, set up the *small coal trade* (notwithstanding his master was still living) and withall, he took a stable, and turned it into a house, which stood the next door to the little gate of St. John's of Jerusalem, next Clerkenwell Green. Some time after he had settled here, he became

acquainted with Dr. Garenciers, his near neighbour, by which means he became an excellent chymist, and perhaps, he performed such things in that profession, as had never been done before, with little cost and charge, by the help of a moving elaboratory, that was contrived and built by himself, which was much admired by all of that faculty that happened to see it; insomuch that a certain gentleman in Wales was so much taken with it that he was at the expense of carrying him down into that country, on purpose to build him such another, which Tom performed to the gentleman's very great satisfaction, and for the same he received of him a very handsome and generous gratuity. Besides his great skill in chymistry, he was as famous for his knowledge in the *Theory of Music*; in the practical part of which Faculty he was likewise very considerable. He was so much addicted to it that he pricked with his own hand (very neatly and accurately), and left behind him, a valuable collection of music, mostly pricked by himself, which was sold upon his death for near a hundred pounds. Not to mention the excellent collection of PRINTED BOOKS, that he also left behind him, both of chemistry and music. Besides these books that he left behind him, he had, some years before his death, sold by auction a *noble collection of books*, most of them in the *Rosacrucian Faculty* (of which he was a great admirer): whereof there is a printed catalogue extant (as there is of those that were sold after his death),

which I have often looked over with no small surprize and wonder, and particularly for the great number of MSS. in the before mentioned faculties that are specified in it. He had, moreover, a considerable collection of musical instruments, which were sold for fourscore pounds upon his death, which happened in September 1714, being upwards of threescore years of age; and (he) lyes buried in the church-yard of Clerkenwell, without monument or inscription: being attended to his grave, in a very solemn and decent manner, by a great concourse of people, especially of such as frequented the Musical club, that was kept up for many years at his own charges (he being a man of a very generous and liberal spirit) at his own little cell. He appears by the print of him (done since his death) to have been a man of an ingenuous countenance and of a sprightly temper. It also represents him as a comely person, as indeed he was; and withal, there is a modesty expressed in it every way agreeable to him. Under it are these verses, which may serve instead of an epitaph:

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius, so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor PHILEMON'S grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

In short, he was an extraordinary and very valuable man, much admired by the gentry; even those of the best quality, and by all others of the more inferior rank, that had any manner of regard for probity, sagacity, diligence, and humility. I say humility, because, though he was so much famed for his knowledge, and might, therefore, have lived very reputably without his trade, yet he continued it to his death, not thinking it to be at all beneath him. Mr. BAGFORD and he used frequently to converse together, and when they met *they seldom parted very soon*. Their conversation was very often about OLD MSS. and the havock made of them. They both agreed to retrieve what fragments of antiquity they could, and, upon that occasion, they would frequently divert themselves in talking of OLD CHRONICLES, which both loved to read, though, among our more late Chronicles printed in English, Isaackson's was what they chiefly preferred for a general

knowledge of things; a book which was much esteemed also by those two eminent Chronologers, Bishop Lloyd and Mr. Dodwell. By the way, I cannot but observe that Isaackson's Chronicle is really, for the most part, Bishop Andrews's; Isaackson being amanuensis to the bishop." *Hemingi Chartular. Eccles. Wigornien.*, vol. ii., 666-9, Edit. Hearne. See also, *Robert of Glocester's Chronicle*, vol. i., p. LXXII. We will close our account of this perfectly *unique* bibliomaniac by subjoining the title of the *Catalogue of his Books*; for which I am indebted to the ever-active and friendly assistance of Mr. Heber. The volume is so rare that the late Mr. Reed told Mr. H. he had never seen another copy: but another has recently been sold, and is now in the curious collection of Mr. R. Baker. "The Library of Mr. THOMAS BRITTON, Small-coal man, Deceas'd: who, at his own charge, kept up a Concort of Musick above 40 years, in his little Cottage. Being a curious Collection of every Ancient and Uncommon book in Divinity, History, Physick, Chemistry, Magick, &c. Also a Collection of MSS. chiefly on vellum. *Which will be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee House, &c., the 24th day of January, 1714-15, at Five in the Evening.* By Thomas Ballard, Esq., 8vo., p. 30. Containing 102 articles in folio—274 in 4to.—664 in octavo—50 pamphlets—and 23 MSS." A few of the works, in octavo, were sufficiently amatory. The third and last character above mentioned, as making this illustrious bibliomaniacal triumvirate

complete, is THOMAS HEARNE. That Pope, in the verses which Lysander has quoted, meant this distinguished antiquary seems hardly to be questioned; and one wonders at the Jesuitical note of Warburton, in striving to blow the fumes of the poet's satire into a different direction. They must settle upon poor Hearne's head: for WANLEY'S antiquarian talents were equally beyond the touch of satire and the criticism of the satirist. Warton has, accordingly, admitted that HEARNE was represented under the character of WORMIUS; and he defends the character of Hearne very justly against the censures of Pope. His eulogy will be presently submitted to the reader. Gibbon, in his *Posthumous Works*, vol. ii., 711, has aimed a deadly blow at the literary reputation of Hearne; and an admirer of this critic and historian, as well as an excellent judge of antiquarian pursuits, has followed up Gibbon's mode of attack in a yet more merciless manner. He calls him "Thomas Hearne, of black-letter memory, *carbone notandus*"—"a weaker man (says he) never existed, as his prefaces, so called, lamentably show." He continues in this hard-hearted strain: but I have too much humanity to make further extracts. He admits, however, the utility of most of Hearne's publications—"of which he was forced to publish a few copies, at an extravagant subscription." The remarks of this (anonymous) writer, upon the neglect of the cultivation of ENGLISH HISTORY, and upon the want of valuable editions of

OUR OLD HISTORIANS, are but too just, and cannot be too attentively perused. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 58, pt. 1, 196-8 (A.D. 1788). Thus far in deterioration of poor Hearne's literary fame. Let us now listen to writers of a more courteous strain of observation. Prefixed to Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, there is a preface, of which Dr. Wilkins is the reputed author. The whole of Hearne's publications are herein somewhat minutely criticised, and their merits and demerits slightly discussed. It is difficult to collect the critic's summary opinion upon Hearne's editorial labours; but he concludes thus: "Quia autem leporis est mortuis insultare leonibus, cineres celeberrimi hujus et olim mihi amicissimi viri turbare, neutiquam in animum inducere possum," p. xlvii. Mr. Gough, in his *British Topography*, vol. ii., p. 579, calls Hearne an "acute observer;" but, unluckily, the subject to which the reader's attention is here directed discovers our antiquary to have been in error. J. Warton, in the passage before alluded to, observes: "In consideration of the many very accurate and very elegant editions which Hearne published of our valuable old chronicles, which shed such a light on English history, he (Hearne) ought not to have been so severely lashed as in these bitter lines," (quoted in the text, p. 327, ante) *Pope's Works*, edit. Bowles; vol. v., 232. Let the reader consult also Dr. Pegge's *Anonymiana*, in the passages referred to, in the truly valuable index attached to it, concerning Hearne. Thus much, I submit,

may be fairly said of our antiquary's labours. That the greater part of them are truly useful, and absolutely necessary for a philological library, must on all sides be admitted. I will mention only the *Chronicles of Langtoft and Robert of Gloucester*; *Adam de Domerham, de rebus Glastoniensibus*; *Gulielmus Neubrigensis*; *Forduni Scotichronicon*; and all his volumes appertaining to *Regal Biography*:—these are, surely, publications of no mean importance. Hearne's prefaces and appendices are gossiping enough; sometimes, however, they repay the labour of perusal by curious and unlooked-for intelligence. Yet it must be allowed that no literary cook ever enriched his dishes with such little piquant sauce, as did Hearne: I speak only of their *intrinsic* value, for they had a very respectable exterior—what Winstanley says of Ogilvey's publications being, applicable enough to Hearne's;—they were printed on "special good paper, and in a very good letter." We will now say a few words relative to Hearne's habits of study and living—taken from his own testimony. In the preface prefixed to *Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More*, p. xix. (edit. 1716), he describes himself "as leading the life of an ascetic." In the preface to the *Annals of Dunstable Priory*, his bibliographical diligence is evinced by his saying he had "turned over every volume in the Bodleian Library." In one of his prefaces (to which I am not able just now to refer) he declares that he was born —like our British tars—"for action:" and

indeed his activity was sufficiently demonstrated; for sometimes he would set about transcribing for the press papers which had just been put into his hands. Thus, in the *Antiquities of Glastonbury*, p. 326, he writes, "the two following old evidences were lent me *to-day* by my friend the Hon. Benedict Leonard Calvert, Esq." His excessive regard to fidelity of transcription is, among many other evidences that may be brought forward, attested in the following passage: "Have taken particular care (saith Mr. Harcourt, in his letter to me from Aukenvyke, Sep. 25, 1734) in the copying; well knowing your exactness." *Benedict Abbas*, vol ii., 870. But this servility of transcription was frequently the cause of multiplying, by propagating, errors. If Hearne had seen the word "faith" thus disjointed—"fay the"—he would have adhered to this error, for "faythe." As indeed he has committed a similar one, in the *Battle of Agincourt*, in the appendix to Thomas de Elmham: for he writes "breth reneverichone"—instead of "brethren everichone"—as Mr. Evans has properly printed it, in his recent edition of his father's *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. ii., 334. But this may be thought trifling. It is certainly not here meant to justify capriciousness of copying; but surely an obvious corruption of reading may be restored to its genuine state: unless, indeed, we are resolved to consider antiquity and perfection as synonymous terms. But there are some traits in Hearne's character which must make us forgive and

forget this blind adherence to the errors of antiquity. He was so warm a lover of every thing in the shape of a BOOK that, in the preface to *Alured of Beverley*, pp. v. vi., he says that he jumped almost out of his skin for joy, on reading a certain MS. which Thomas Rawlinson sent to him ("vix credi potest qua voluptate, qua animi alacritate, perlegerim," &c.). Similar feelings possessed him on a like occasion: "When the pious author (of the *Antiquities of Glastonbury*) first put it (the MS.) into my hands, I read it over with as much delight as I have done anything whatsoever upon the subject of antiquity, and I was earnest with him to print it," p. lxxviii. Hearne's horror of book-devastations is expressed upon a variety of occasions: and what will reconcile him to a great portion of *modern* readers—and especially of those who condescend to read this account of him—his attachment to the black-letter was marvelously enthusiastic! Witness his pathetic appeal to the English nation, in the 26th section of his preface to *Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle*, where he almost predicts the extinction of "right good" literature, on the disappearance of the *black-letter*! And here let us draw towards the close of these HEARNEANA, by contemplating a wood-cut portrait of this illustrious Bibliomaniac; concerning whose life and works the reader should peruse the well-known volumes published at Oxford in 1772, 8vo.: containing the biographical memoirs of Leland, Bale, Hearne, and Wood.



OBIIT MDCCXXXV: ÆTATIS SUÆ LVII.

Deut. xxxii: 7. Remember the days of old.

The library of Hearne was sold in February, 1736, by Osborne the book-seller; "the lowest price being marked in each book." The title-page informs us of what all bibliomaniacs will be disposed to admit the truth, that the collection contained "a very great variety of uncommon books, and scarce ever to be met withal," &c. There is, at bottom, a small wretched portrait of Hearne, with this well known couplet subjoined:

Pox on't quoth *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I *forget* you learn.

Let the modern collector of Chronicles turn his eye towards the 15th page of this catalogue—nos. 384, 390—and see what "compleat and very fair" copies of these treasures were incorporated in Hearne's extensive library!

A little volume of book chit-chat might be written upon the marvellous discovesies and voluminous compilations of Bagford and Hearne: and to these, we may add another *unique* bibliomaniac, who will go down to posterity under the distinguished, and truly enviable, title of "*The Musical Small-Coal Man*;" I mean, master THOMAS BRITTON. Yes, Lisardo; while we give to the foregoing characters their full share of merit and praise; we admit that Bagford's personal activity and manual labour have hardly been equalled—while we allow John Murray to have looked with sharper eyes after black-letter volumes than almost any of his predecessors or successors—while we grant Thomas Hearne a considerable portion of scholarship, an inflexible integrity, as well as indefatigable industry, and that his works are generally interesting, both from the artless style in which they are composed, and the intrinstic utility of the greater part of them, yet let our admiration be "be screwed to its sticking place," when we think upon the wonderous genius of the aforesaid Thomas Britton; who, in the midst of his coal cellars, could practise upon "fiddle

and flute," or collate his curious volumes; and throwing away, with the agility of a harlequin, his sombre suit of business-cloths, could put on his velvet coat and bag-wig, and receive his concert visitors, at the stair-head, with the politeness of a Lord of the Bedchamber!

LOREN. In truth, a marvellous hero was this *Small-Coal Man*! Have you many such characters to notice?

LYSAND. Not many of exactly the same stamp. Indeed, I suspect that Hearne, from his love of magnifying the simple into the marvellous, has a little caricatured the picture. But Murray seems to have been a quiet unaffected character; passionately addicted to old books of whatever kind they chanced to be; and, in particular, most enthusiastically devoted to a certain old English Chronicle, entitled *Rastell's Pastime of (the) People*.

PHIL. I observed a notification of the re-appearance of this Chronicle in some of the Magazines or Reviews: but I hope, for the benefit of general readers, the orthography will be modernized.

LOREN. I hope, for the sake of consistency with former similar publications,[369] the ancient garb will not be thrown aside. It would be like —what Dr. Johnson accuses Pope of having committed—"clothing Homer with Ovidian graces."

[369] The ANCIENT CHONICLES of the history of our country are in a progressive state of being creditably reprinted, with a strict adherence to the old phraseology. Of these Chronicles, the following have already made their appearance: HOLINSHED, 1807, 4to., 6 vols.; HALL, 1809, 4to.; GRAFTON, 1809, 4to., 2 vols.; FABIAN, 1811, 4to. This latter is not a mere reprint of the first edition of Fabian, but has, at the bottom, the various readings of the subsequent impressions. The index is copious and valuable. Indeed, all these re-impressions have good indexes. The public will hear, with pleasure, that ARNOLD, HARDING, and LORD BERNERS' translation of FROISSARD, and RASTELL, are about to bring up the rear of these popular Chroniclers.

LYSAND. Much may be said on both sides of the question. But why are we about to make learned dissertations upon the old English Chronicles?

LIS. Proceed, and leave the old chroniclers to settle the matter themselves. Who is the next bibliomaniac deserving of particular commendation?

LYSAND. As we have sometimes classed our bibliomaniacs in tribes, let me now make you acquainted with another *Trio*, of like renown in

the book-way: I mean Anstis, Lewis, and Ames. Of these in their turn.

ANSTIS[370] stands deservedly the first in the list; for he was, in every respect, a man of thorough benevolent character, as well as a writer of taste and research. I do not know of any particulars connected with his library that merit a distinct recital; but he is introduced here from his connection with the two latter bibliographers. LEWIS[371] is known to us, both as a topographer and bibliographical antiquary. His *Life of Caxton* has been reprinted with additions and corrections; and, in particular, his edition of *Wicliffe's New Testament* has been recently put forth by the Rev. Mr. Baber, in a handsome quarto volume, with valuable emendations. Lewis was a sharp censurer of Hearne, and was somewhat jealous of the typographical reputation of Ames. But his integrity and moral character, as well as his love of rare and curious books, has secured for him a durable reputation. Of AMES, and here—though a little out of order—I may add HERBERT—the public has already heard probably "more than enough." They were both, undoubtedly, men of extraordinary mental vigour and bodily activity in the darling pursuit which they cultivated.[372] Indeed, Herbert deserves high commendation; for while he was rearing, with his own hands, a lofty pyramid of typographical fame, he seems to have been unconscious of his merits; and, possessing the

most natural and diffident character imaginable, he was always conjuring up supposed cases of vanity and arrogance, which had no foundation whatever but in the reveries of a timid imagination. His *Typographical Antiquities* are a mass of useful, but occasionally uninteresting, information. They are as a vast plain, wherein the traveller sees nothing, immediately, which is beautiful or inviting; few roses, or cowslips, or daisies; but let him persevere, and walk only a little way onward, and he will find, in many a shelter'd recess, "flowers of all hue," and herbs of all qualities: so that fragrance and salubrity are not wanting in this said plain, which has been thus depicted in a style so marvellously metaphorical!

[370] The reader will be pleased to consult the account of Earl Pembroke, p. 325, ante, where he will find a few traits of the bibliomaniacal character of ANSTIS. He is here informed, from the same authority, that when Anstis "acquainted BAGFORD that he would find in Rymer a commission granted to Caxton, appointing him ambassador to the Duchess of Burgundy, he (Bagford) was transported with joy." Of HEARNE he thus speaks: "I am ashamed that Mr. Hearne hath made so many mistakes about the translation of *Boetius, printed at Tavistock*; which book I had, and gave it to the Duke of Bedford." But in another letter (to Lewis) Anstis says, "I lent this book to one Mr. Ryder, who used me scurvily, by presenting it, without my knowledge, to the Duke of Bedford." There are some curious particulars in this letter about the abbey of Tavistock. Anstis's *Order of the Garter* is a valuable book; and will one day, I prognosticate, retrieve the indifferent credit it now receives in the book-market. The author loved rare and curious volumes dearly; and was, moreover, both liberal and prompt in his communications. The reader will draw his own conclusions on Anstis's comparative merit with Lewis and Ames, when he reaches the end of the second note after the present one.

[371] Concerning the Rev. JOHN LEWIS, I am enabled to lay before the reader some

particulars now published for the first time, and of a nature by no means uninteresting to the lovers of literary anecdote. His printed works, and his bibliographical character, together with his conduct towards Ames, have been already sufficiently described to the public: *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. i., 30-3. And first, the aforesaid reader and lovers may peruse the following extract from an original letter by Lewis to Ames: "I have no other design, in being so free with you, than to serve you, by doing all I can to promote your credit and reputation. I take it, that good sense and judgment, attended with care and accuracy in making and sorting a collection, suits every one's palate: and that they must have none at all who are delighted with trifles and play things fit only for fools and children: such, for the most part, as THOMAS HEARNE dished out for his chaps, among whom I was so silly as to rank myself." Again, to the same person, he thus makes mention of LORD OXFORD and Hearne: "I can truly say I never took ill any thing which you have written to me: but heartily wish you well to succeed in the execution of your projects. I han't sense to see, by the death of Lord Oxford, how much more you are likely to make your account better. But time will shew. I don't understand what you mean by his having a love to surprize people with his vast communications. Dr. R(awlinson, qu.?) tells me he knew nobody who had so free a use of his Lordship's rarities as T. Hearne, a sure proof of the

exactness and solidity of his Lordship's judgment. But Hearne answered, perhaps, his Lordship's design of making the world have a very great opinion of his collections, and setting an inestimable value on them. And this Hearne attempted; but his daubing is, I think, too coarse, and the smoke of his incense troublesome and suffocating." But it is to the loan of a copy of Lewis's folio edition of the *History of the Translations of the Bible*, belonging to my friend Mr. G.V. Neunburg, that I am indebted for the following further, and more interesting, particulars. This valuable copy, illustrated with some rare prints, and charged with numerous MS. memoranda, contains some original letters to Lewis by the famous Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough: from which these extracts are taken. "Jan. 23, 1720-1. Dear Sir; I thank you for your kind acceptance of the advice to my clergy: well meant, I pray God well applied. I have wisht long to see your *Life of Wiclif*, and shall now impatiently expect it. I am not surprised that a man of dignity, near you, should be jealous of publishing an impartial account of that good old evangelical author, &c. I have a mighty veneration for Wicliff, and am the more angry with Mr. Russell for deceiving the world in his promise of the Bible, after proposals given and money taken. But he has in other respects behaved so very basely that, forgiving him, I have done with him for ever. I would not have you discouraged, by an ungrateful world, or by a sharp bookseller. Go on, and

serve truth and peace what you can, and God prosper your labours." Signed "Wh. Peterbor." "Feb. 20, 1720-1. You perceive your own unhappiness in not being able to attend the press. I cannot but importune you to revise the whole, to throw the additions and corrections into their proper places, to desire all your friends and correspondents to suggest any amendments, or any new matter; in order to publish a new correct edition that will be a classic in our history, &c.—If the booksellers object against a second edition till the full disposal of the first, I hope we may buy them off with subscription for a new impression; wherein my name should stand for six copies, and better example I hope would be given by more able friends. I pray God bless your labours and reward them." Several letters follow, in which this amiable prelate and learned antiquary sends Lewis a good deal of valuable information for his proposed second edition of the Life of Wicliffe; but which was never put to press. One more extract only from the Bishop of Peterborough, and we bid farewell to the Rev. John Lewis: a very respectable bibliomaniac. "Rev. Sir; In respect to you and your good services to the church and our holy religion, I think fit to acquaint you that, in the *Weekly Journal*, published this day, Oct. 28 (1721), by *Mr. Mist*, there is a scandalous advertisement subscribed M. Earbury, beginning thus: 'Whereas a pretended *Vindication of John Wickliffe* has been published under the name of one Lewis of Margate, by the

incitement, as the preface asserts, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the same I am injuriously reflected upon as a scurrilous writer, this is to inform the public that I shall reserve the author for a more serious whipping in my leisure hours, and in the meantime give him a short correction for his benefit, if he has grace and sense to take it'—and ending thus —'Why does this author persuade the world the late Archbishop of Canterbury could have any veneration for the memory of one who asserts God ought to obey the devil; or that he could be desirous to open the impure fountains from whence the filth of Bangorianism has been conveyed to us? M. EARBURY." "I confess (proceeds the bishop) I don't know that, in the worst of causes, there has appeared a more ignorant, insolent, and abandoned writer than this Matth. Earbury. Whether you are to answer, or not to answer, the F. according to his folly, I must leave to your discretion. Yet I cannot but wish you would revise the Life of Wickliffe; and, in the preface, justly complain of the spiteful injuries done to his memory, and, through his sides, to our Reformation. I have somewhat to say to you on that head, if you think to resume it. I am, in the mean time, your affectionate friend and brother, WH. PETESBOR."

[372] It is unnecessary for me to add any thing here to the copious details respecting these eminent bibliomaniacs, AMES and HERBERT, which have already been

presented to the public in the first volume of the new edition of the *Typographical Antiquities* of our own country. See also p. 66, ante; and the note respecting the late GEORGE STEEVENS, post.

By mentioning Herbert in the present place, I have a little inverted the order of my narrative. A crowd of distinguished bibliomaniacs, in fancy's eye, is thronging around me, and demanding a satisfactory memorial of their deeds.

LOREN. Be not dismayed, Lysander. If any one, in particular, looks "frowningly" upon you, leave him to me, and he shall have ample satisfaction.

LYSAND. I wish, indeed, you would rid me of a few of these book-madmen. For, look yonder, what a commanding attitude THOMAS BAKER[373] assumes!

[373] THOMAS BAKER was a learned antiquary in most things respecting *Typography* and *Bibliography*; and seems to have had considerable influence with that distinguished corps, composed of Hearne, Bagford, Middleton, Anstis, and Ames, &c. His life has been written by the Rev. Robert Masters, Camb., 1784, 8vo.; and from the "Catalogue of forty-two folio volumes of MS. collections by Mr. Baker"—

given to the library of St. John's College, Cambridge—which the biographer has printed at the end of the volume—there is surely sufficient evidence to warrant us in concluding that the above-mentioned Thomas Baker was no ordinary bibliomaniac. To Hearne in particular (and indeed to almost every respectable author who applied to him) he was kind and communicative; hence he is frequently named by the former in terms of the most respectful admiration: thus—"Vir amicissimus, educatus optime, emendatus vitâ, doctrinâ clarus, moribus singularis et perjucundus, exemplum antiquitatis, cujus judicio plurimum esse tribuendum mecum fatebuntur litterati:" *Vita Mori*, p. XVIII. In his preface to the *Antiquities of Glastonbury*, p. CXXX., Hearne calls him "that great man;" and again, in his *Walter Hemingford*, vol. i., p. XVII.—"amicus eruditissimus, mihi summe colendus; is nempe, qui è scriniis suis MSS. tam multa meam in gratiam deprompsit." Indeed, Hearne had good occasion to speak well of the treasures of Baker's "*scrinia*;" as the Appendix to his *Thomas de Elmham* alone testifies. Of Baker's abilities and private worth, we have the testimonies of Middleton (*Origin of Printing*, p. 5) and Warburton. The latter thus mentions him: "Good old Mr. Baker, of St John's College, has indeed, been very obliging. The people of St. John's almost adore the man." *Masters's Life of Baker*, p. 94. This authority also informs us that "Mr. Baker had, for many years before his death, been almost a

recluse, and seldom went farther than the college walks, unless to a coffee-house in an evening, after chapel, where he commonly spent an hour with great chearfulness, conversing with a select number of his friends and acquaintance upon literary subjects," p. 108. Every thing the most amiable, and, I had almost said, enviable, is here said of the virtues of his head and heart; and that this venerable bibliomaniac should have reached his 80th year is at least a demonstration that tarrying amongst folios and octavos, from morn till night (which Baker used to do, in St. John's Library, for nearly 20 years together), does not unstring the nerves, or dry up the juices, of the human frame. Yet a little further extension of this note, gentle reader, and then we bid adieu to Thomas Baker, of ever respectable book-memory. Among the MSS., once the property of Herbert, which I purchased at the late sale of Mr. Gough's MSS., I obtained a volume full of extracts from original letters between Baker and Ames; containing also the *Will* of the former, which is not inserted in Master's Life of him, nor in the *Biographia Britannica*. The original documents are in his Majesty's library, and were bought at the sale of Mr. Tutet's books, A.D. 1786; no. 375. From this will, as Herbert has copied it, the reader is presented with the following strong proofs of the bibliomaniacal "ruling passion, strong in death," of our illustrious antiquary. But let us not omit the manly tone of piety with which this Will

commences. "In the name of God, Amen! I, THOMAS BAKER, ejected Fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, do make my last will and testament, as follows: First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God (my most gracious and good God), my faithful Creator and merciful Redeemer, and, in all my dangers and difficulties, a most constant protector. Blessed for ever be his holy name." "As to the temporal goods which it hath pleased the same good God to bestow upon me (such as all men ought to be content with) and are, I bless God, neither poverty nor riches—I dispose of them in the following manner." Here follow a few of his book bequests, which may be worth the attention of those whose pursuits lead them to a particular examination of these authors. "Whereas I have made a deed of gift or sale for one guinea, of 21 volumes in folio, of my own hand-writing, to the Right Honourable EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD, I confirm and ratify that gift by this my last will. And I beg his lordship's acceptance of 'em, being sensible that they are of little use or value, with two other volumes in fol., markt Vol. 19, 20, since convey'd to him in like manner. To my dear cosin, George Baker, of Crook, Esq., I leave the *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, noted with my own hand, *Lord Clarendon's History*, with cuts and prints; and *Winwood's Memorials*, in three volumes, fol., with a five pound (Jacobus) piece of gold, only as a mark of respect and affection, since he does not want it. To my

worthy kinsman and Friend Mr. George Smith, I leave *Godwin de Præsulibus Angliæ*, and *Warræus de Præsulibus Hibernia*, both noted with my own hand. To St. John's College Library I leave all such books, printed or MSS., as I have and are wanting there: excepting that I leave in trust to my worthy friend, Dr. Middleton, for the University Library, *Archbishop Wake's State of the Church*, noted and improved under his own hand; *Bp. Burnet's History of the Reformation*, in three volumes, noted in my hand; and *Bp. Kennett's Register and Chronicle* (for the memory of which three great prelates, my honoured friends, I must always have due regard). To these I add Mr. Ansty's, my worthy friend, *History of the Garter*, in two vols., fol. *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.*; and *Maunsell's Catalogue*; both noted with my own hand—and *Gunton's and Patrick's History of The Church of Peterburgh*, noted (from Bishop Kennett) in my hand; with fifteen volumes (more or less) in fol., all in my own hand; and three volumes in 4to., part in my own hand." Let us conclude in a yet more exalted strain of christian piety than we began. "Lastly, I constitute and appoint my dear nephew, Richard Burton, Esq., my sole executor, to whom I leave every thing undisposed of, which I hope will be enough to reward his trouble. May God Almighty bless him, and give him all the engaging qualities of his father, all the vertues of his mother, and none of the sins or failings of his uncle, which God knows are great and many:—and humbly, O my God, I call for mercy! In

testimony of this my will, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 15th day of October, 1739.

THO. BAKER.

And now, O my God, into thy hands I contentedly resign myself: whether it be to life or death, thy will be done! Long life I have not desired (and yet thou hast given it me). Give me, if it be thy good pleasure, an easy and happy death. Or if it shall please thee to visit me sorely, as my sins have deserved, give me patience to bear thy correction, and let me always say (even with my dying breath) Thy will be done, Amen, Amen." Subjoined was this curious memorandum: "At the making of this will, I have, in the corner of my outer study, next my chamber, 170 guineas; and on the other side of the study towards the river, 100 guineas, more or less, in several canvass bags, behind the shelves, being more secret and hidden, to prevent purloyning. One or more of the shelves markt G. among the latter is a five pound (Jacobus) piece of gold."

LOREN. Never fear. He is an old acquaintance of mine; for, when resident at St. John's, Cambridge, I was frequently in the habit of conversing with his spirit in the library, and of getting curious information relating to choice and precious volumes, which had escaped the sagacity of his predecessors, and of which I fear

his successors have not made the most proper use.

PHIL. This is drawing too severe a conclusion. But Baker merits the thanks of a book-loving posterity.

LYSAND. He is satisfied with this mention of his labours; for see, he retreats—and THEOBALD[374] and Tom Rawlinson rush forward to claim a more marked attention: although I am not much disposed to draw a highly finished picture of the editor of Shakespeare.

[374] Notwithstanding Pope has called THEOBALD by an epithet which I have too much respect for the ears of my readers to repeat, I do not scruple to rank the latter in the list of bibliomaniacs. We have nothing here to do with his edition of Shakspeare; which, by the bye, was no despicable effort of editorial skill—as some of his notes, yet preserved in the recent editions of our bard, testify—but we may fairly allow Theobald to have been a lover of Caxtonian lore, as his curious extract in *Mist's Journal*, March 16, 1728, from our old printer's edition of Virgil's Æneid, 1490, sufficiently testifies. While his gothic library, composed in part of "Caxton, Wynkyn, and De Lyra," proves that he had something of the genuine blood of bibliomaniacism running in his veins. See

Mr. Bowles's edition of *Pope's Works*, vol. v., 114, 257.

LIS. Is THOMAS RAWLINSON[375] so particularly deserving of commendation, as a bibliomaniac?

[375] Let us, first of all, hear Hearne discourse rapturously of the bibliomaniacal reputation of T. Rawlinson: "In his fuit amicus noster nuperus THOMAS RAWLINSONUS; cujus peritiam in supellectile libraria, animique magnitudinem, nemo fere hominum eruditorum unquam attigit, quod tamen vix agnoscet seculum ingratum. Quanquam non desunt, qui putent, ipsius memoriæ statuam deberi, idque etiam ad sumptus Bibliopolarum, quorum facultates mire auxerat; quorum tamen aliqui (utcunque de illis optime meritus fuisset) quum librorum Rawlinsoni auctio fieret, pro virili (clandestinò tamen) laborabant, ut minus auspicatò venderentur. Quod videntes probi aliquot, qui rem omuem noverant, clamitabant, ô homines scelestos! hos jam oportet in cruciatum hinc abripi! Quod hæc notem, non est cur vitio vertas. Nam nil pol falsi dixi, mi lector. Quo tempore vixit Rawlinsonus (et quidem perquam jucundum est commemorare), magna et laudabilis erat æmulatio inter viros eruditos, aliosque etiam, in libris perquirendis ac

comparandis, imo in fragmentis quoque. Adeo ut domicilia, ubi venales id genus res pretiosæ prostabant, hominum cœtu frequenti semper complerentur, in magnum profecto commodum eorum, ad quos libri aliæque res illæ pertinebant; quippe quod emptores parvo ære nunquam, aut rarissime, compararent." *Walter Hemingford, præfat.*, p. CIV. In his preface to *Alured de Beverly*, pp. v. vi., the copious stores of Rawlinson's library, and the prompt kindness of the possessor himself, are emphatically mentioned; while in the preface to *Titi Livii Foro-Juliensis Vit. Henrici V.*, p. xi., we are told, of the former, that it was "plurimis libris rarissimis referta:" and, in truth, such a "Bibliotheca refertissima" was perhaps never before beheld. Rawlinson was introduced into the Tatler, under the name TOM FOLIO. His own house not being large enough, he hired *London House*, in Aldersgate Street, for the reception of his library; and there he used to regale himself with the sight and the scent of innumerable black letter volumes, arranged in "sable garb," and stowed perhaps "three deep," from the bottom to the top of his house. He died in 1725; and catalogues of his books for sale continued, for nine succeeding years, to meet the public eye. The following is, perhaps, as correct a list of these copious and heterogeneously compiled catalogues, as can be presented to the reader. I am indebted to the library of Mr. Heber for such a curious bibliographical morçeau. I.

A Catalogue of choice and valuable Books in most Faculties and Languages; being part of the Collection made by Thomas Rawlinson, Esq., which will begin to be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee House, the West-end of St. Paul's, 4th Dec., 1721, beginning every evening at 5, by Thomas Ballard, bookseller, at the Rising Sun, Little Britain. 12mo. Price 1s. 144 pages.——II. *A Catalogue*, &c., being the 2nd part of the Collection by T. Rawlinson, Esq., to be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee-House, 7th March, 1721-2, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. 12mo. Price 1s., paged on from the last, pp. 145 to 288. [These two parts contain together 1438 8vo. lots; 1157 in 4to., 618 in folio.]——III. *A Catalogue*, &c., being the third part of the Collection by T. Rawlinson, Esq., to be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee-House, 17th Oct., 1722, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. 12mo. Price 1s. (no paging or printer's letter.)——IV. *A Catalogue*, &c., being the 4th part of the Collection by T. Rawlinson, Esq., to be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee-House, 2nd April, 1723, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard, 12mo. Price 1s. (no paging or printer's letter.)——V. & VI. *A Catalogue*, &c., being the 5th part of the Collection by T. Rawlinson, Esq., to be sold by auction at Paul's Coffee-House, 20th Jan. 1723, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. 12mo. Price 1s. Altho' this vol. seems to have been the last of only one sale—yet it may be collected, from the concurrent testimony of his notes in more copies than one—that it was divided and sold at two different times; the

latter part commencing about the middle of the volume, with the *Libri Theologici*. In folio.—Test. Nov. 1588, being the first article. This collection began to be sold in Feb. 2. [1724?]—VII. *A Catalogue*, &c., being the 6th part of the Collection made by T. Rawlinson, Esq., *Deceased*, which will begin to be sold by auction at London-House, in Aldersgate Street, 2nd March, 1726, every evening at 5, by Charles Davis, bookseller. 12mo. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* (no paging—printer's mark at bottom irregularly continued from 1 to 35.)—VIII. *Bibliotheca Rawlinsoniana*, being a Cat. of part the Val. Libr. of Tho. Rawlinson, Esq., Deceased: which will begin to be sold by auction at the Bedford Coffee-House, in the great Piazza, Covent Garden, the 26th of this present April [1727] every evening at 5, by Charles Davis, bookseller. 8vo. Price 6*d.* (20 days' sale—2600 lots.)——IX. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, &c., Pars* IX. being a Cat. of part of the Libr. of Th. Rawlinson, Esq., Deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-House, 16th Oct., 1727, every evening at 6, by T. Ballard. 8vo. Price 1*s.* (20 days' sale, 3200 lots.)——X. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, &c., Pars altera*, being a Cat. of part of Lib. of Th. Rawlinson, Esq., Deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-House, 22d Nov., 1727, every evening at 6, by Th. Ballard. 8vo. Price 1*s.* (22 days' sale, 3520 articles.)——XI. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, Pars altera*, being a Catalogue of part of the Library of T. Rawlinson, Esq., deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-

House, 22d Jan. 1727-8, every evening, Saturdays excepted, at 6. 8vo. Price 1*s.* (22 days' sale, 3520 lots.)——XII. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, Pars altera*, being a Cat. of part of the Library of Th. Rawlinson, Esq., deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-House, 18th March, 1727-8, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. Price 1*s.* (8vo. 24 days' sale, 3840 lots.)——XIII. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, Pars altera*, being a Cat. of part of the Library of Th. Rawlinson, Esq., deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-House, 21st April, 1729, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. Price 1*s.* (8vo. 26 days' sale, 4161 lots.)——XIV. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, Pars altera*, being a Cat. of part of the Library of T. Rawlinson, Esq., deceased, to be sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee-House, 24 Nov. 1729, every evening at 5, by T. Ballard. Price 1*s.* (8vo. 18 days' sale, 2700 lots.)——XV. *Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ, Pars altera*, being a Cat. of part of the Library of T. Rawlinson, F.R.S., deceased, to be sold by auction 13th Nov., 1732, at St. Paul's Coffee-House, every evening at 5, by Tho. Ballard. Price 1*s.* (8vo. 26 days' sale, 3456 lots.)——XVI. *Codicum Manuscriptorum Bibliothecæ Rawlinsonianæ Catalogus—cum appendice Impressorum*—to be sold 4th March, 1733-4, at St. Paul's Coffee-House, every night at 6, by T. Ballard. Price 1*s.* (8vo., 16 days' sale, MSS. 1020 lots—appendix 800). To these may be added, *Picturæ Rawlinsonianæ*—being the collection of original paintings of T. Rawlinson, Esq.,

F.R.S., by the best masters—part of which were formerly the Earl of Craven's Collection. To be sold by auction, at the Two Golden Balls, in Hart Street, Covent Garden, 4th April, 1734, at 11. 8vo. (117 lots.) Now let any man, in his sober senses, imagine what must have been the number of volumes contained in the library of the above-named THOMAS RAWLINSON? Does he imagine that the tomes in the Bodleian, Vatican, and British Museum were, in each single collection, more numerous than those in the *Aldersgate Street* repository?—Or, at any rate, would not a view of this Aldersgate Street collection give him the completest idea of the *ne plus ultra* of BOOK-PHRENSY in a private collector? Rawlinson would have cut a very splendid figure, indeed, with posterity, if some judicious catalogue-maker, the Paterson of former times, had consolidated all these straggling *Bibliothecal* corps into one compact wedge-like phalanx. Or, in other words, if one thick octavo volume, containing a tolerably well classed arrangement of his library, had descended to us—oh, then we should all have been better able to appreciate the extraordinary treasures of SUCH A COLLECTION! The genius of Pearson and Crofts would have done homage to the towering spirit of Rawlinson.

LYSAND. If the most unabating activity and an insatiable appetite—if an eye, in regard to

books, keen and sparkling as the ocean-bathed star—if a purse, heavily laden and inexhaustible —if store-rooms rivalled only by the present warehouses of the East-India Company—if a disposition to spread far and wide the influence of the BIBLIOMANIA, by issuing a *carte blanche* for every desperately smitten antiquary to enter, and partake of the benefits of, his library —be criteria of BOOK-PHRENSY—why then the resemblance of this said Tom Rawlinson ought to form a principal ornament in the capital of that gigantic column, which sustains the temple of BOOK FAME! He was the *Tom Folio* of the Tatler, and may be called the *Leviathan* of book-collectors during nearly the first thirty years of the eighteenth century.

LIS. I suppose, then, that Bagford, Murray, and Hearne, were not unknown to this towering bibliomaniac?

LYSAND. On the contrary, I conclude, for certain, that, if they did not drink wine, they constantly drank coffee, together: one of the huge folio volumes of Bleau's Atlas serving them for a table.

But see yonder the rough rude features of HUMPHREY WANLEY[376] peering above the crowd! All hail to thy honest physiognomy—for thou wert a rare *Book-wight* in thy way! and as long as the fame of thy patron Harley shall live, so long, honest Humphrey, dost thou stand a sure chance of living "for aye," in the memory

of all worthy bibliomaniacs.

[376] Lysander is well warranted in borrowing the pencil of Jan Steen, in the above bold and striking portrait of WANLEY: who was, I believe, as honest a man, and as learned a librarian, as ever sat down to morning chocolate in velvet slippers. There is a portrait of him in oil in the British Museum, and another similar one in the Bodleian Library—from which latter it is evident, on the slightest observation, that the inestimable, I ought to say immortal, founder of the *Cow Pox system* (my ever respected and sincere friend, Dr. JENNER) had not then made known the blessings resulting from the vaccine operation: for poor Wanley's face is absolutely *peppered* with *variolous* indentations! Yet he seems to have been a hale and hearty man, in spite of the merciless inroads made upon his visage; for his cheeks are full, his hair is cropt and curly, and his shoulders have a breadth which shew that the unrolling of the HARLEIAN MSS. did not produce any enervating effluvia or mismata. Our poet, Gay, in his epistle to Pope, *ep.* 18, thus hits off his countenance:

O WANLEY, whence com'st thou with
shorten'd hair,
And *visage*, from thy shelves, *with* dust
besprent?

But let us hear the testimony of a friend and fellow bibliomaniac, called Thomas Hearne. The following desultory information is translated from the preface to the *Annales Prioratûs de Dunstable*—wherein, by the bye, there is a good deal of pleasant information relating to Wanley. We are here told that Wanley was "born at Coventry; and, in his younger days, employed his leisure hours in turning over ancient MSS., and imitating the several hands in which they were written. Lloyd, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, in one of his episcopal visitations, was the first who noticed and patronized him. He demanded that Wanley should be brought to him; he examined him "suis ipsius, non alterius, oculis;" and ascertained whether what so many respectable people had said of his talents was true or false—'A few words with you, young man,' said the Bishop. Wanley approached with timidity —'What are your pursuits, and where are the ancient MSS. which you have in your possession?' Wanley answered readily; exhibited his MSS., and entered into a minute discussion respecting the ancient method of painting." Hearne then expatiates feelingly upon the excessive care and attention which Wanley devoted to ancient MSS.; how many pieces of vellum he unrolled; and how, sometimes, in the midst of very urgent business, he would lose no opportunity of cultivating what was useful and agreeable in his particular pursuit. His hobby horse seems to have been the discovery of the ancient

method of colouring or painting—yet towards BRITISH HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES he constantly cast a fond and faithful eye. How admirably well-calculated he was for filling the situation of librarian to Lord Oxford is abundantly evinced by his catalogue of the Harleian MSS.; vide p. 89, ante. Of his attachment to the Bibliomania there are innumerable proofs. Take this, *inter alia*; "I spoke to Mr. Wanley, who is not unmindful of his promise, but says he will not trouble you with a letter, till he has something better to present you, which he doubts not he shall have this winter *among Mr. Harley's MSS.* Mr. Wanley has the greatest collection of *English Bibles, Psalters, &c.*, that ever any one man had. They cost him above 50*l.*, and he has been above twenty years in collecting them. He would part with them, I believe, but I know not at what price." *Masters's Life of Baker*, p. 27. Consult also the preface to the *Catalogue of the Harleian MSS.*, 1808, 3 vols., folio, p. 6.

A softer noise succeeds; and the group becomes calm and attentive, as if some grand personage were advancing. See, 'tis HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD![377]

[377] There was an amusing little volume, printed in 1782, 8vo., concerning the library of the late King of France; and an

equally interesting one might have been composed concerning the HARLEIAN COLLECTION—but who can now undertake the task?—who concentrate all the rivulets which have run from this splendid reservoir into other similar pieces of water? The undertaking is impracticable. We have nothing, therefore, I fear, left us but to sit down and weep; to hang our harps upon the neighbouring willows, and to think upon the Book "SION," with desponding sensations that its foundations have been broken up, and its wealth dissipated. But let us adopt a less flowery style of communication. Before HARLEY was created a peer, his library was fixed at Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, the usual place of his residence; "whence he frequently visited his friends at Cambridge, and in particular Mr. BAKER, for whom he always testified the highest regard. This nobleman's attachment to literature, the indefatigable pains he took, and the large sums he expended in making the above collection, are too well known to stand in need of any further notice." *Masters's life of Baker*, p. 107. The eulogies of Maittaire and Hearne confirm every thing here advanced by Masters; and the testimony of Pope himself, that Harley "left behind him one of the finest libraries in Europe," warrants us, if other testimonies were not even yet daily before our eyes, to draw the same conclusion. In a periodical publication entitled *The Director*, to which I contributed all the intelligence under the article "BIBLIOGRAPHIANA," there appeared

the following copious, and, it is presumed, not uninteresting, details respecting the Earl of Oxford, and his Library. After the sale of Mr. Bridges's books, no event occurred in the bibliographical world, worthy of notice, till the sale of the famous *Harleian Library*, or the books once in the possession of the celebrated HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD. This nobleman was not less distinguished in the political than in the literary world; and "was a remarkable instance of the fickleness of popular opinion, and the danger of being removed from the lower to the upper house of parliament." (Noble's *Continuation of Granger*, vol. ii., 23.) He was born in the year 1661, was summoned to the house of Lords by the titles of Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, in 1711; declared minister and lord high treasurer in the same year; resigned, and was impeached, in the year 1715; acquitted, without being brought to a trial, in 1717; and died at his house in Albemarle Street, in 1724. A character so well known in the annals of this country needs no particular illustration in the present place. The *Harleian Collection of MSS.* was purchased by government for 10,000*l.*, and is now deposited in the British Museum (vide p. 89, ante). The *Books* were disposed of to THOMAS OSBORNE, of Gray's Inn, bookseller;—to the irreparable loss, and, I had almost said, the indelible disgrace, of the country. It is, indeed, for ever to be lamented that a collection so extensive, so various, so magnificent, and intrinsically valuable,

should have become the property of one who necessarily, from his situation in life, became a purchaser, only that he might be a vender, of the volumes. Osborne gave 13,000*l.* for the collection; a sum which must excite the astonishment of the present age, when it is informed that Lord Oxford gave 18,000*l.* for the *Binding* only, of the least part of them. (From Oldys's *interleaved Langbaine*. See Brydges's *Cens. Literar.*, vol. i., p. 438.) In the year 1743-4 appeared an account of this collection, under the following title, *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, &c.*, in four volumes (the 5th not properly appertaining to it). Dr. Johnson was employed by Osborne to write the preface, which, says Boswell, "he has done with an ability that cannot fail to impress all his readers with admiration of his philological attainments." *Life of Johnson*, vol. i., 81, edit. 4to. In my humble apprehension, the preface is unworthy of the doctor: it contains a few general philological reflections, expressed in a style sufficiently stately, but is divested of bibliographical anecdote and interesting intelligence. The first two volumes are written in Latin by Johnson; the third and fourth volumes, which are a repetition of the two former, are composed in English by Oldys: and, notwithstanding its defects, it is the best catalogue of a large library of which we can boast. It should be in every good collection. To the volumes was prefixed the following advertisement: "As the curiosity of spectators, before the sale, may produce

disorder in the disposition of the books, it is necessary to advertise the public that there will be no admission into the library before the day of sale, which will be on Tuesday, the 14th of February, 1744." It seems that Osborne had charged the sum of 5*s.* to each of his first two volumes, which was represented by the booksellers "as an avaricious innovation;" and, in a paper published in "*The Champion*," they, or their mercenaries, reasoned so justly as to allege that "if Osborne could afford a very large price for the library, he might therefore afford to *give away* the catalogue." *Preface to* vol. iii., p. 1. To this charge Osborne answered that his catalogue was drawn up with great pains, and at a heavy expense; but, to obviate all objections, "those," says he, "who have paid five shillings a volume shall be allowed, at any time within three months after the day of sale, either to return them in exchange for books, or to send them back, and receive their money." This, it must be confessed, was sufficiently liberal. Osborne was also accused of *rating his books at too high a price*: to this the following was his reply, or rather Dr. Johnson's; for the style of the Doctor is sufficiently manifest: "If, therefore, I have set a high value upon books—if I have vainly imagined literature to be more fashionable than it really is, or idly hoped to revive a taste well nigh extinguished, I know not why I should be persecuted with clamour and invective, since I shall only suffer by my mistake, and be obliged to

keep those books which I was in hopes of selling."—*Preface to the 3d volume.* The fact is that Osborne's charges were extremely moderate; and the sale of the books was so very slow that Johnson assured Boswell "there was not much gained by the bargain." Whoever inspects Osborne's catalogue of 1748 (four years after the Harleian sale), will find in it many of the most valuable of Lord Oxford's books; and, among them, a copy of the Aldine Plato of 1513, *struck off upon vellum*, marked at 21*l.* only: for this identical copy Lord Oxford gave 100 guineas, as Dr. Mead informed Dr. Askew; from the latter of whose collections it was purchased by Dr. Hunter, and is now in the Hunter Museum. There will also be found, in Osborne's catalogues of 1748 and 1753, some of the scarcest books in English Literature, marked at 2, or 3, or 4*s.*, for which three times the number of *pounds* is now given.

ANALYSIS OF THE HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

I shall take the liberty of making an arrangement of the books different from that which appears in the Harleian catalogue; but shall scrupulously adhere to the number of departments therein specified. And first of those in

1. *Divinity.*

In the *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, there were about 2000 theological volumes. Among these, the most rare and curious were Bamler's bible

of 1466, beautifully illuminated, in 2 volumes: Schæffer's bible of 1472. The famous Zurich bible of 1543, "all of which, except a small part done by Theodoras Bibliander, was translated from the Hebrew by a Jew, who styled himself Leo Judæ, or the Lion of Judah. The Greek books were translated by Petrus Cholinus. The New Testament is Erasmus's." The Scrutinium Scripturarum of Rabbi Samuel, Mant., 1475; a book which is said "to have been concealed by the Jews nearly 200 years: the author of it is supposed to have lived at a period not much later than the destruction of Jerusalem." The Islandic bible of 1664, "not to be met with, without the utmost difficulty, and therefore a real curiosity." The works of Hemmerlin, Basil: 1497; "the author was ranked in the first class of those whose works were condemned by the church of Rome." The Mozarabic Missal printed at Toledo, in 1500—of which some account is given at p. 161, ante. The collection of *English* books in Divinity could not have amounted to less than 2500 volumes. Among the rarest of these, printed in the fifteenth century, was "The Festyvall, begynning at the fyrst Sonday of Advent, in worship of God and all his Sayntes," &c., printed at Paris, in 1495. There was ten books printed by Caxton, and some exceedingly curious ones by Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson.

2. *History and Antiquities.*

There appear to have been, on the whole, nearly 4000 volumes in this department: of which, some of those relating to Great Britain were inestimable, from the quantity of MS. notes by Sir William Dugdale, Archbishop Parker, Thomas Rawlinson, Thomas Baker, &c. The preceding number includes 600 relating to the history and antiquities of Italy; 500 to those of France. (This part of the catalogue deserves particular attention, as it contains a larger collection of pieces relating to the history of France than was, perhaps, ever exposed to sale in this nation; here being not only the ancient chronicles and general histories, but the memoirs of particular men, and the genealogies of most of the families illustrious for their antiquity. See *Bibl. Harl.*, vol. iii., p. 159.) 150 to those of Spain; and about 250 relating to Germany and the United Provinces.

3. *Books of Prints, Sculpture, and Drawings.*

In this department, rich beyond description, there could not have been fewer than 20,000 articles, on the smallest computation: of which nearly 2000 were original drawings by the great Italian and Flemish masters. The works of CALLOT were preserved in 4 large volumes, containing not fewer than *nine hundred and twelve prints*. "All choice impressions, and making the completest set of his works that are to be seen." See *Bibl. Harl.*, vol. iii., no. 562, "HOLLAR'S works, consisting of all his pieces, and bound in 12 folio volumes,

in morocco. One of the completest and best sets in the world, both as to the number and goodness of the impressions." Vid. *ibid.*, no. 468. It is now in the library of the Duke of Rutland. "One hundred and thirty-three heads of illustrious men and women, after VANDYKE. This set of Vandyke's heads may be said to be the best and completest that is to be met with any where: there being the 12 heads which he etched himself, as likewise 79 worked off by Martin Vanden Enden: and what adds still to the value of them is that the greater part were collected by the celebrated Marriette at Paris, his name being signed on the back, as warranting them good proofs." Tne engravings from RAPHAEL'S paintings, upwards of 200 in number, and by the best foreign masters, were contained in 4 splendid morocco volumes. The works of the SADELERS, containing upwards of 959 prints, in 8 large folio volumes, were also in this magnificent collection: and the Albert Durers, Goltziuses, Rembrandts, &c., innumerable!

4. *Collection of Portraits.*

This magnificent collection, uniformly bound in 102 large folio volumes, contained a series of heads of illustrious and remarkable characters, to the amount of nearly 10,000 in number. It is said, in the catalogue, to be "perhaps the largest collection of heads ever exposed to sale." We are also informed that it "was thought proper, for the accommodation of the

curious, to separate the volumes." Eheu! Eheu!

5. *Philosophy, Chemistry, Medicine, &c.*

Under this head, comprehending anatomy, astronomy, mathematics, and alchemy, there appear to have been not fewer than 2500 volumes in the foreign languages, and about 600 in the English: some of them of the most curious kind, and of the rarest occurrence.

6. *Geography, Chronology, and General History.*

There were about 290 volumes on these subjects, written in the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages: and about 300 volumes in our own language. Some of the scarcest books printed by Caxton were among the latter.

7. *Voyages and Histories relating to the East and West Indies.*

About 800 volumes:—nearly equally divided into the English and foreign languages. Among the English, were Caxton's "Recuyell of the historys of Troye," 1471 (supposed to be the first book printed in this country;) and his "Siege and conquest of Jherusalem," 1481.

8. *Civil, Canon, and Statute Law.*

At least 800 volumes: 300 in the foreign languages, and the remaining in English.

9. *Books of Sculpture, Architecture, &c.*

Not fewer than 900 volumes, comprehending every thing published up to that period which was valuable or rare. Of these, more than 700 were written in Latin, Italian, French, or Spanish—and embellished with every beauty of graphic illustration.

10. *Greek and Latin Classics; Grammars and Lexicons.*

This very valuable body of Grecian and Roman literature could not have included fewer than 2400 volumes—and, among these, almost every work of rarity and excellence. In the article of "Cicero" alone, there were 115 volumes printed in the *fifteenth century*; every subsequent edition of that and other authors, then distinguished for its accuracy or erudition, may also, I believe, be discovered in the catalogue. Most book-collectors know the sumptuous manner in which the Harleian copies are bound.

11. *Books printed upon Vellum.*

In this interesting department of typography, there were about 220 volumes —upwards of 70 in folio, 40 in quarto, and 100 in octavo. Of the former, the most curious and rare articles were the Mentz bible of 1462, 2 vols., and the travels of Breydenbachus, printed at Mentz in 1486. "This book is an uncommon object of curiosity, as it is, perhaps, the first book of travels that was ever printed, and is adorned with maps and pictures very

remarkable. The view of *Venice* is more than five feet long, and the map of the *Holy Land* more than three; there are views of many other cities. It is printed in the Gothic character." See *Bibl. Harl.*, vol. iii., no. 3213. The octavos were chiefly "Heures à l'usage," so common at the beginning of the 16th century: but, if the catalogue be correctly published, there appears to have been one of these books printed at Paris, as early as the year 1466, "extremely beautiful cuts." See the *Bibl. Harl.*, vol. iv., no. 18406. Now, if this were true, it would make known a curious fact in Parisian typography—for the usually received opinion among bibliographers is that no printed book appeared in France before the year 1467, when the art was first introduced at *Tours*; and none at *Paris* before the year 1469-70—when Crantz and Friburger were engaged to print there.

12. *English Poetry, Romances, and Novels.*

There could not have been fewer than 900 volumes in this amusing department; and among them some editions of the rarest occurrence. Every thing printed by Caxton on these subjects, including a complete and magnificent copy of *Morte d'Arthur*, was in the collection—and, in respect to other curious works, it will be sufficient to mention only the following, as a specimen. "Kynge-Richarde Cuer du Lyon, W. de Worde, 1528: Gascoigne's Poesies, 1575—Spenser's Shepheardes Calenders, 1586: Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie,

1586: Nash's Art of English Poesie, 1589." Some of these volumes were afterwards marked by Osborne, in his catalogues, at 3 or 4 shillings!

13. *Livres François, Ital., et Hispan.*

There might have been 700 volumes in these foreign languages, of which nearly 500 related to *poetry* (exclusively of others in the foregoing and following departments).

14. *Parliamentary Affairs and Trials.*

Upwards of 400 volumes.

15. *Trade and Commerce.*

About 300 volumes.

It will be seen from the preceding divisions, and from the gradual diminution of the number of volumes in each, that I have gone through the principal departments of the Harleian collection of books: and yet there remain *fifty departments* to be enumerated! These are the following: 16. *Critici et Opera collecta.* 17. *Vultus et Imagines Illust. Virorum.* 18. *Pompæ, Ceremoniæ, et Exequiæ.* 19. *De re Militari, de Arte Equestri, et de re Navali.* 20. *Heraldica.* 21. *Epistolæ, Panegyrici, et Orationes.* 22. *Bibliothecarii et Miscellanei.* 23. *Tractatus Pacis et Politici.* 24. *Traductions des Auteurs Gr. et Latin.* 25. *Translations from Greek and Latin Authors.* 26. *Laws, Customs, &c., of the City of London.* 27. *Military, Naval affairs, and*

Horsemanship. 28. *Heraldry.* 9. *Husbandry, Gardening, Agriculture.* 30. *Magic, Sorcery, Witchcraft.* 31. *Miraculous, Monstrous, and Supernatural.* 32. *Lives of Eminent Persons.* 33. *Laws and Customs of divers Places.* 34. *Tythes, Sacrilege, and Non-residence, &c.* 35. *Cases of divers Persons.* 36. *Prisons and Prisoners.* 37. *Lives of Murderers, Highwaymen, Pirates, &c.* 38. *Speeches of Persons executed for divers Offences.* 39. *Justices, Juries, and Charges.* 40. *Poor, and Charitable Uses.* 41. *Matrimony, Divorce, &c.* 42. *Universities.* 43. *Allegiance, Supremacy, Non Resistance, &c.* 44. *Bank and Bankers.* 45. *Funds, Taxes, Public Credit, Money, Coin, &c.* 46. *War and Standing Armies.* 47. *Admiralty and Navy.* 48. *Letters on various Subjects.* 49. *Treatises of Peace, Royal Prerogative, &c.* 50. *Navigation.* 51. *Education, Grammar and Schools.* 52. *Ludicrous, Entertaining, Satirical, and Witty.* 53. *English Miscellanies.* 54. *Ecclesiastical and Civil History of Scotland.* 55. *Do. of Ireland.* 56. *Grammars and Dictionnaries.* 57. *Plays, and relating to the Theatre.* 58. *Mathematics.* 59. *Astrology, Astronomy, and Chymistry.* 60. *Horsemanship.* 61. *Cookery.* 62. *Convocation.* 63. *Sieges, Battles, War, &c.* 64. *Pomp and Ceremony.* 65. *Books relating to Writing and Printing.* 66. *Essays on various Subjects.* It will probably be no very unreasonable computation to allow to each of these remaining divisions 80 volumes: so that multiplying the whole 50 divisions by 80 there will be the additional number of 4000 volumes to make the library complete. I ought to mention that,

in my account of this extensive library, I have not included the *Pamphlets*. Of these alone, according to Mr. Gough (*Brit. Topog.* v., i., 669), there were computed to be 400,000! We will now say a few words about the private character of Lord Oxford, and conclude with a brief account of Osborne. Every body has heard of the intimacy which subsisted between POPE and the Earl of Oxford. In the year 1721, when the latter was at his country seat, Pope sent him a copy of Parnell's poems (of which he had undertaken the publication on the decease of Parnell), with a letter in poetry and prose. It seems that Pope wished to prefix his own verses to the collection; and thus alludes to them, in his letter to Lord Harley of the date of 1721: "Poor Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publishing those few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you, &c. All I shall say for it is that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time."

The following is the latter part of the *Poetical Epistle* here alluded to:

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy evening walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute of praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
Thro' fortune's cloud ONE truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he!
Pope's Works, vol. ii., p. 320-3. Bowles's edit.

The following was the reply of the Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.

SIR,

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then, how much shame did it cause me when I read your very fine verses inclosed! My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me! I look back, indeed, to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnell, Dean Swift, the Doctor (Arbuthnot), &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope, very speedily, to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.,

OXFORD.

Of TOM OSBORNE I have in vain endeavoured to collect some interesting biographical details. What I know of him shall be briefly stated. He was the most celebrated bookseller of his day; and appears, from a series of his catalogues in my possession, to have carried on a successful trade from the year 1738 to 1768. What fortune he amassed, is not, I believe, very well known: his collections were truly valuable, for they consisted of the purchased libraries of the most eminent men of those times. In his stature he was short and thick; and, to his inferiors, generally spoke in an authoritative and insolent manner. "It has been confidently related," says Boswell, "that Johnson, one day, knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop: it was in my own chamber.'" 4to. edit., i., 81. Of Osborne's philological attainments, the meanest opinion must be formed, if we judge from his advertisements, which were sometimes inserted in the London Gazette, and drawn up in the most ridiculously vain and ostentatious style. He used to tell the public that he possessed "all the pompous editions of Classicks and Lexicons." I insert the two following advertisements, prefixed, the one to his catalogue of 1748, the other to that of 1753, for the amusement of my bibliographical readers, and as a model for Messrs. Payne, White,

Miller, Evans, Priestley, and Cuthell. "This catalogue being very large, and of consequence very expensive to the proprietor, he humbly requests that, if it falls into the hands of any gentleman *gratis*, who chooses not himself to be a purchaser of any of the books contained in it, that such gentleman will be pleased to recommend it to any other whom he thinks may be so, or to return it." To his catalogue of 1753 was the following: "To the Nobility and Gentry who please to favour me with their commands. It is hoped, as I intend to give no offence to any nobleman or gentleman, that do me the honour of being my customer, by putting a price on my catalogue, by which means they may not receive it as usual—it is desired that such nobleman or gentleman as have not received it, would be pleased to send for it; and it's likewise requested of such gentleman who do receive it, that, if they chuse not to purchase any of the books themselves, *they would recommend it to any bookish gentleman of their acquaintance, or to return it*, and the favour shall be acknowledged by, their most obedient and obliged,

T. OSBORNE."

I shall conclude with the following curious story told of him, in Mr. Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer* the Printer. "Mr. David Papillon, a gentleman of fortune and literary taste, as well as a good antiquary (who died in 1762) contracted with

Osborne to furnish him with an 100*l.* worth of books, at *threepence a piece*. The only conditions were, that they should be perfect, and that there should be no duplicate. Osborne was highly pleased with his bargain, and the first great purchase he made, he sent Mr. P. a large quantity; but in the next purchase, he found he could send but few, and the next, still fewer. Not willing, however, to give up, he sent books worth *five shillings* a piece; and, at last, was forced to go and beg to be let off the contract. Eight thousand books would have been wanted!"—See p. 101-2, note ‡‡.

LIS. Let us rise to pay him homage!

PHIL. Lisardo is now fairly bewitched. He believes in the existence of the group!—Help, ho! Fetters and warder for—

LOREN. Philemon loves to indulge his wit at his friend's expense. Is't not so, Lisardo?

LIS. I forgive him. 'Twas a "glorious fault." But, indeed, I would strip to the skin, if this said nobleman longed for my coat, waistcoat, small clothes, and shirt, to form him a cushion to sit upon! I have heard such wonderful things said of his library!—

LYSAND. And not more wonderful than its reputation justifies. Well might Pope be enamoured of such a noble friend—and well

might even Dr. Mead bow to the superior splendour of such a book-competitor! While the higher order of bibliomaniacs, reposing upon satin sofas, were quaffing burgundy out of Harley's curiously cut goblets, and listening to the captivating tale of Mead or Folkes, respecting a VELLUM *Editio Princeps*—the lower order, with Bagford at their head, were boisterously regaling themselves below, drinking ale round an oaken table, and toasting their patron, till the eye could no longer discover the glass, nor the tongue utter his name. Aloft, in mid air, sat the soothed spirits of Smith and North; pointing, with their thin, transparent fingers, to the apotheosis of CAXTON and ALDUS! Suddenly, a crowd of pipy fragrance involves the room: these ærial forms cease to be visible; and broken sounds, like the retiring tide beneath Dover cliff, die away into utter silence. Sleep succeeds: but short is the slumber of enthusiastic bibliomaniacs! The watchman rouses them from repose: and the annunciation of the hour of "two o'clock, and a moonlight morning," reminds them of their cotton night-caps and flock mattrasses. They start up, and sally forwards; chaunting, midst the deserted streets, and with eyes turned sapiently towards the moon, "Long life to the King of Book-Collectors, HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD!"

LOREN. A truce, Lysander! I entreat a truce!

LYSAND. To what?

LOREN. To this discourse. You must be exhausted.

PHIL. Indeed I agree with Lorenzo: for Lysander has surpassed, in prolixity, the reputation of any orator within St. Stephen's chapel. It only remains to eclipse, in a similar manner, the speeches which were delivered at Hardy's trial —and then he may be called the *Nonpareil* of orators!

LYSAND. If you banter me, I am dumb. Nor did I know that there was any thing of eloquence in my chit-chat. If Lisardo had had my experience, we might *then* have witnessed some glittering exhibitions of imagination in the book-way!

LIS. My most excellent friend, I will strive to obtain this experience, since you are pleased to compliment me upon what I was not conscious of possessing—But, in truth, Lysander, our obligations to you are infinite.

LYSAND. No more; unless you are weary of this discourse—

PHIL. LIS. Weary!?

LOREN. Let me here exercise my undeniable authority. A *sandwich*, like the evening rain after a parching day, will recruit Lysander's exhausted strength. What say you?

LYSAND. "I shall in all things obey your high command." But hark—I hear the outer gate bell ring! The ladies are arrived: and you know my

bashfulness in female society. Adieu, BIBLIOMANIA! 'till the morrow.

LOREN. Nay, you are drawing too dismal conclusions. My sisters are not sworn enemies to this kind of discourse.



The arrival of ALMANSA and BELINDA, the sisters of Lorenzo put a stop to the conversation. So abrupt a silence disconcerted the ladies; who, in a sudden, but, it must be confessed, rather taunting, strain—asked whether they should order their bed-chamber candlesticks, and retire to rest?

LIS. Not if you are disposed to listen to the most engaging book-anecdote orator in his majesty's united realms!

ALMAN. Well, this may be a sufficient inducement for us to remain. But why so suddenly silent, gentlemen?

LOREN. The conversation had ceased before you arrived. We were thinking of a *hung-beef sandwich* and a glass of madeira to recruit Lysander's exhausted powers. He has been discoursing ever since dinner.

BELIND. I will be his attendant and cup-bearer too, if he promises to resume his discourse. But

you have probably dispatched the most interesting part.

LYSAND. Not exactly so, I would hope, fair Lady! Your brother's hospitality will add fresh energy to my spirit; and, like the renewed oil in an exhausted lamp, will cause the flame to break forth with fresh splendour.

BELIND. Sir, I perceive your ingenuity, at least, has not forsaken you—in whatever state your memory may be!—



Here the *sandwiches* made their appearance: and Lorenzo seated his guests, with his sisters, near him, round a small circular table. The repast was quickly over: and Philemon, stirring the sugar within a goblet of hot madeira wine and water, promised them all a romantic book-story, if the ladies would only lend a gracious ear. Such a request was, of course, immediately complied with.

PHIL. The story is short—

LIS. And sweet, I ween.

PHIL. That remains to be proved. But listen.

You all know my worthy friend, FERDINAND: a very *Helluo Librorum*. It was on a warm evening

in summer—about an hour after sunset—that Ferdinand made his way towards a small inn, or rather village alehouse, that stood on a gentle eminence, skirted by a luxuriant wood. He entered, oppressed with heat and fatigue; but observed, on walking up to the porch "smothered with honey-suckles" (as I think Cowper expresses it), that every thing around bore the character of neatness and simplicity. The holy-oaks were tall and finely variegated in blossom: the pinks were carefully tied up: and roses of all colours and fragrance stood around, in a compacted form, like a body-guard, forbidding the rude foot of trespasser to intrude. Within, Ferdinand found corresponding simplicity and comfort.

The "gude" man of the house was spending the evening with a neighbour; but poached eggs and a rasher of bacon, accompanied with a flagon of sparkling ale, gave our guest no occasion to doubt the hospitality of the house, on account of the absence of its master. A little past ten, after reading some dozen pages in a volume of Sir Egerton Brydges's *Censura Literaria*, which he happened to carry about him, and partaking pretty largely of the aforesaid eggs and ale, Ferdinand called for his candle, and retired to repose. His bed-room was small, but neat and airy: at one end, and almost facing the window, there was a pretty large closet, with the door open: but Ferdinand was too fatigued to indulge any curiosity about

what it might contain.

He extinguished his candle, and sank upon his bed to rest. The heat of the evening seemed to increase. He became restless; and, throwing off his quilt, and drawing his curtain aside, turned towards the window, to inhale the last breeze which yet might be wafted from the neighbouring heath. But no zephyr was stirring. On a sudden, a broad white flash of lightning—(nothing more than summer heat) made our bibliomaniac lay his head upon his pillow, and turn his eyes in an opposite direction. The lightning increased—and one flash, more vivid than the rest, illuminated the interior of the closet, and made manifest—*an old mahogany Book-Case*, STORED WITH BOOKS. Up started Ferdinand, and put his phosphoric treasures into action. He lit his match, and trimmed his candle, and rushed into the closet—no longer mindful of the heavens—which now were in a blaze with the summer heat.

The book-case was guarded both with glass and brass wires—and the key—no where to be found! Hapless man!—for, to his astonishment, he saw *Morte d'Arthur*, printed by *Caxton—Richard Cœur de Lyon*, by *W. de Worde—The Widow Edyth*, by *Pynson*—and, towering above the rest, a LARGE PAPER copy of the original edition of *Prince's Worthies of Devon*; while, lying transversely at top, reposed *John Weever's Epigrams*, "The spirit of Captain Cox is here revived"—exclaimed Ferdinand—while, on

looking above, he saw a curious set of old plays, with *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, at the head of them! What should he do? No key: no chance of handling such precious tomes—'till the morning light, with the landlord, returned! He moved backwards and forwards with a hurried step—prepared his pocket knife to cut out the panes of glass, and untwist the brazen wires—but a "*prick of conscience*" made him desist from carrying his wicked design into execution. Ferdinand then advanced towards the window; and throwing it open, and listening to the rich notes of a concert of nightingales, forgot the cause of his torments—'till, his situation reminding him of "*The Churl and the Bird*," he rushed with renewed madness into the cupboard—then searched for the bell—but, finding none, he made all sorts of strange noises. The landlady rose, and, conceiving robbers to have broken into the stranger's room, came and demanded the cause of the disturbance.

"Madam," said Ferdinand, "is there no possibility of inspecting the *books* in the *cupboard*—where is the key?" "Alack, sir," rejoined the landlady, "what is there that thus disturbs you in the sight of those books? Let me shut the closet-door and take away the key of it, and you will then sleep in peace." "Sleep in *peace*!" resumed Ferdinand—"sleep in *wretchedness*, you mean! I can have no peace unless you indulge me with the key of the book-

case. To whom do such gems belong?" "Sir, they are not stolen goods."—"Madam, I ask pardon—I did not mean to question their being honest property—but"—"Sir, they are not mine or my husband's." "Who, madam, who is the lucky owner?" "An elderly gentleman of the name of —Sir, I am not at liberty to mention his name—but they belong to an elderly gentleman." "Will he part with them—where does he live? Can you introduce me to him?"—The good woman soon answered all Ferdinand's rapid queries, but the result was by no means satisfactory to him.

He learnt that these uncommonly scarce and precious volumes belonged to an ancient gentleman, whose name was studiously concealed; but who was in the habit of coming once or twice a week, during the autumn, to smoke his pipe, and lounge over his books: sometimes making extracts from them, and sometimes making observations in the margin with a pencil. Whenever a very curious passage occurred, he would take out a small memorandum book, and put on a pair of large tortoise-shell spectacles, with powerful magnifying glasses, in order to insert this passage with particular care and neatness. He usually concluded his evening amusements by sleeping in the very bed in which Ferdinand had been lying.

Such intelligence only sharpened the curiosity, and increased the restlessness, of poor Ferdinand. He retired to this said

bibliomaniacal bed, but not to repose. The morning sun-beams, which irradiated the book-case with complete effect, shone upon his pallid countenance and thoughtful brow. He rose at five: walked in the meadows till seven; returned and breakfasted—stole up stairs to take a farewell peep at his beloved *Morte d'Arthur*—sighed "three times and more"—paid his reckoning; apologised for the night's adventure; told the landlady he would shortly come and visit her again, and try to pay his respects to the anonymous old gentleman. "Meanwhile," said he, "I will leave no bookseller's shop in the neighbourhood unvisited, 'till I gain intelligence of his name and character." The landlady eyed him steadily; took a pinch of snuff with a significant air; and, returning, with a smile of triumph, to her kitchen, thanked her stars that she had got rid of such a madman!

Ladies and gentlemen, I have done.

LIS. And creditably done, too!

ALMAN. If this be a specimen of your previous conversation, we know not what we have lost by our absence. But I suspect, that the principal ingredient of poetry, fiction, has a little aided in the embellishment of your story.

BELIN. This is not very gallant or complimentary on your part, Almansa. I harbour no suspicion of its verity; for marvellous things have been told me, by my

brother, of the whimsical phrensies of book-fanciers.

LOREN. If you will only listen a little to Lysander's *sequel*, you will hear almost equally marvellous things; which I suspect my liberally minded sister, Almansa, will put down to the score of poetical embellishment. But I see she is conscious of her treasonable aspersions of the noble character of bibliomaniacs, and is only anxious for Lysander to resume.

ALMAN. Sir, I entreat you to finish your HISTORY OF BIBLIOMANIACS. Your friend, Philemon, has regaled us with an entertaining episode, and you have probably, by this time, recovered strength sufficient to proceed with the main story.

LYSAND. Madam, I am equally indebted to your brother for his care of the body, and to my friend for his recreation of the mind. The midnight hour, I fear, is swiftly approaching.

LOREN. It is yet at a considerable distance. We have nearly reached the middle of the eighteenth century, and you may surely carry on your reminiscential exertions to the close of the same. By that time, we may be disposed for our nightcaps.

LYSAND. Unheeded be the moments and hours which are devoted to the celebration of eminent BOOK-COLLECTORS! Let the sand roll down the glass as it will; let "the chirping on each thorn"

remind us of Aurora's saucy face peering above the horizon! in such society, and with such a subject of discussion, who—

LIS. Lysander brightens as his story draws to a close: his colouring will be more vivid than ever.

BELIND. Tell me—are bibliographers usually thus eloquent? They have been described to me as a dry, technical race of mortals—quoting only title-pages and dates.

LYSAND. Madam, believe not the malicious evidence of book-heretics. Let ladies, like yourself and your sister, only make their appearance with a choice set of bibliomaniacs, at this time of night, and if the most interesting conversation be not the result—I have very much under-rated the colloquial powers of my brethren. But you shall hear.

We left off with lauding the bibliomaniacal celebrity of Harley, Earl of Oxford. Before the dispersion of his grand collection, died JOHN BRIDGES,[378] a gentleman, a scholar, and a notorious book-collector. The catalogue of his books is almost the first classically arranged one in the eighteenth century: and it must be confessed that the collection was both curious and valuable. Bridges was succeeded by ANTHONY COLLINS,[379] the Free Thinker; a character equally strange and unenviable. Book-fanciers now and then bid a few shillings, for a

copy of the catalogue of his library; and some sly free-thinkers, of modern date, are not backward in shewing a sympathy in their predecessor's fame, by the readiness with which they bid a half-guinea, or more, for a *priced copy* of it.

[378] *Bibliothecæ Bridgesianæ Catalogus*: or a Catalogue of the Library of JOHN BRIDGES, Esq., consisting of above 4000 books and manuscripts in all Languages and Faculties; particularly in Classics and History; and especially the History and Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., London, 1725, 8vo. Two different catalogues of this valuable collection of books were printed. The one was analysed, or a *catalogue raisonné*, to which was prefixed a print of a Grecian portico, &c., with ornaments and statues: the other (expressly for the sale) was an indigested and extremely confused one—to which was prefixed a print, designed and engraved by A. Motte, of an oak felled, with a number of men cutting down and carrying away its branches; illustrative of the following Greek Motto inscribed on a scroll above—Δρυὸς πεσοὺσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλευεταὶ; "An affecting momento (says Mr. Nichols, very justly, in his *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, p. 557) to the collectors of great libraries, who cannot, or do not, leave them to some public accessible repository." My friend, Dr. Gosset, was once so

fortunate as to pick up for me a *large paper* copy of the analysed catalogue, bound in old blue morocco, and ruled with red lines, for 4*s.*!—"Happy day!"

[379] In the year 1730-1, there was sold by auction at St. Paul's Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church Yard (beginning every evening at five o'clock), the library of the celebrated Free Thinker, ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq. "Containing a collection of several thousand volumes in Greek, Latin, English, French, and Spanish; in divinity, history, antiquity, philosophy, husbandry, and all polite literature: and especially many curious travels and voyages; and many rare and valuable pamphlets." This collection, which is divided into *two parts* (the first containing 3451 articles, the second 3442), is well worthy of being consulted by the theologian who is writing upon any controverted point of divinity; as there are articles in it of the rarest occurrence. The singular character of its owner and of his works is well known: he was at once the friend and the opponent of Locke and Clarke, who both were anxious for the conversion of a character of such strong, but misguided, talents. The former, on his death-bed, wrote Collins a letter to be delivered to him after his decease, which was full of affection and good advice.

We may here but slightly allude to the

bibliographical reputation of MAITTAIRE, as so much was said of him the day before yesterday. [380]

[380] The reader will find some account of MAITTAIRE'S bibliographical labours at p. 47, ante; and of his editions of the ancient Classics, at p. 442, vol. ii., of my *Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable editions of the Greek and Latin Classics*. He need here only be informed that Maittaire's books were sold by auction in November, 1748, and January, 1749; the catalogue of them forming *two parts*, with one of these dates affixed to each. The collection must have been uncommonly numerous; and of their intrinsic value the reader will best judge by the following extract from the "Advertisement," by Cock the auctioneer, at the back of the title-page: "tho' the books, in their present condition, make not the most ostentatious appearance, yet, like the late worthy possessor of them, however plain their outside may be, they contain within an invaluable treasure of ingenuity and learning. In fine, this is (after fifty years' diligent search and labour in collecting) THE ENTIRE LIBRARY OF MR. MAITTAIRE; whose judgement in the choice of books, as it ever was confessed, so are they, undoubtedly, far beyond whatever I can attempt to say in their praise. In exhibiting them thus to the public, I comply with the will of my

deceased friend; and in printing the catalogue from his OWN COPY just as he left it (tho' by so doing it is the more voluminous) I had an opportunity, not only of doing the justice I owe to his memory, but also of gratifying the curious." I incline strongly to think there were no copies of this catalogue printed upon large paper. When priced, the usual copy brings a fair round sum.

BELIN. All this may be very learned and just. But of these gentlemen I find no account in the fashionable necrologies.

LOREN. Only wait a little, and Lysander will break forth with the mention of some transcendental bibliomaniac.

LYSAND. Yes, ever renowned RICHARD MEAD! [381] thy *pharmacopœal* reputation is lost in the blaze of thy *bibliomaniacal* glory! Æsculapius may plant his herbal crown round thy brow, and Hygeia may scatter her cornucopia of roses at thy feet—but what are these things compared with the homage offered thee by the Gesners, Baillets, and Le Longs, of old? What avail even the roseate blushes of thousands, whom thy medical skill, may have snatched from a premature grave—compared with the life, vigour, animation and competition which thy example infused into the BOOK-WORLD!

[381] It is almost impossible to dwell on the memory of THIS GREAT MAN, without emotions of delight—whether we consider him as an eminent physician, a friend to literature, or a collector of books, pictures, and coins. Benevolence, magnanimity, and erudition were the striking features of his character. His house was the general receptacle of men of genius and talent, and of every thing beautiful, precious, and rare. His curiosities, whether books, or coins, or pictures, were freely laid open to the public; and the enterprising student, and experienced antiquary, alike found amusement and a courteous reception. He was known to all foreigners of intellectual distinction, and corresponded both with the artisan and the potentate. The great patron of literature, and the leader of his profession, it was hardly possible, as Lysander has well observed, "for modest merit if properly introduced to him, to depart unrewarded or ungratified." The clergy, and, in general, all men of learning, received his advice gratuitously; and his doors were open every morning to the most indigent, whom he frequently assisted with money. Although his income, from his professional practice, was very considerable, he died by no means a rich man—so large were the sums which he devoted to the encouragement of literature and the fine arts! The sale of Dr. Mead's *Books* commenced on the 18th of November, 1754, and again on the 7th of April, 1755: lasting together 57 days. The sale of the *prints* and *drawings* continued

14 nights. The *gems*, *bronzes*, *busts*, and *antiquities*, 8 days.

His books produced	£5496 15 0
Pictures	3417 11 0
Prints and drawings	1908 14 0
Coins and medals	1977 17 0
Antiquities	3246 15 0
Amount of all the sales	£16,047 12 0

It would be difficult to mention, within a moderate compass, all the rare and curious articles which his library contained—but the following are too conspicuous to be passed over. The *Spira Virgil*, of 1470, *Pfintzing's Tewrdanchk's*, 1527, *Brandt's Stultifera Navis*, 1498, and the *Aldine Petrarch*, of 1501, ALL UPON VELLUM. The large paper *Olivet's Cicero* was purchased by Dr. Askew, for 14*l.* 14*s.*, and was sold again at his sale for 36*l.* 15*s.* The King of France bought the editio princeps of *Pliny Senior* for 11*l.* 11*s.*: and Mr. Wilcock, a bookseller, bought the magnificently illuminated *Pliny by Jenson*, of 1472, for 18*l.* 18*s.*: of which Maittaire has said so many fine things. The *French* books, and all the works upon the *Fine Arts*, were of the first rarity and value, and bound in a sumptuous manner. Winstanley's *Prospects of Audley End* brought 50*l.* An amusing account of some of the pictures will be

found in Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books*, vol. i., 166, 71. But consult also *Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer*, p. 225, &c. Of the catalogue of Dr. Mead's books, there were only six copies printed upon *large paper*. See *Bibl. Lort*, no. 1149. I possess one of these copies, uncut and priced. Dr. MEAD had parted, in his life-time, to the present king's father, with several miniature pictures of great value (Walpole Anec., vol. i., 165) by Isaac Oliver and Holbein, which are now in his majesty's collection. Dr. Askew had purchased his Greek MSS. for 500*l.* Pope has admirably well said,

"Rare *monkish manuscripts* for HEARNE alone,
And *Books* FOR MEAD, and *butterflies* for SLOANE."
Epistle iv.

Upon which his commentator, Warburton, thus observes: "These were two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities." For nearly half a century did Dr. Mead pursue an unrivalled career in his profession. He was (perhaps "thrice") presented with the presidentship of the College of Physicians, which he ("thrice") refused. One year it is said he made 7000*l.*, a great sum in his time! His regular emoluments were between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* per annum. He died on the 25th of February, 1754, in the 81st year of his age. On his death, Dr.

ASKEW, who seems to have had a sort of filial veneration for his character, and whose pursuits were in every respect congenial with Dr. Mead's, presented the College of Physicians with a marble bust of him, beautifully executed by Roubilliac, and for which he paid the sculptor 100*l.* A whimsical anecdote is connected with the execution of this bust. Roubilliac agreed with Dr. Askew for 50*l.*: the doctor found it so highly finished that he paid him for it 100*l.* The sculptor said this was not enough, and brought in a bill for 108*l.* 2*s.* Dr. Askew paid this demand, even to the odd shillings, and then enclosed the receipt to Mr. Hogarth, to produce at the next meeting of artists. Nichols's *Anec. of Bowyer*, p. 580. "I cannot help," says Mr. Edwards, the late ornithologist, "informing succeeding generations that they may see the *real features* of Dr. Mead in this bust: for I, who was as well acquainted with his face as any man living, do pronounce this bust of him to be so like that, as often as I see it, my mind is filled with the strongest idea of the original." Hearne speaks of the MEADEAN FAMILY with proper respect, in his *Alured de Beverly*, p. XLV.; and in *Walter Hemingford*, vol. i., XXXV. In his *Gulielmus Nubrigensis*, vol. iii., p. 744 (note), he says of our illustrious bibliomaniac:—"that most excellent physician, and truly great man, Dr. Richard Mead, to whom I am eternally obliged." There is an idle story somewhere told of Dr. Mead's declining the acceptance of a challenge to fight with swords—alleging his want of skill in the art of

fencing: but this seems to be totally void of authority. Thus far, concerning Dr. Mead, from the first edition of this work, and the paper entitled "The Director." The following particulars, which I have recently learnt of the MEAD FAMILY, from John Nicholl, Esq., my neighbour at Kensington, and the maternal grandson of the Doctor, may be thought well worth subjoining. MATTHEW MEAD, his father, was a clergyman. He gave up his living at Stepney in 1662; which was afterwards divided into the four fine livings now in the gift of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford. His parishioners built him a chapel; but he retired to a farm in the country, and had the reputation of handling a bullock as well as any butcher in the county. He went abroad in the reign of James II., and had his sons, Samuel and Richard, educated under Grævius. SAMUEL MEAD, *his brother*, was a distinguished Chancery barrister, and got his 4000*l.* per ann.; his cronies were Wilbraham and Lord Harcourt. These, with a few other eminent barristers, used to meet at a coffee-house, and drink their favourite, and then fashionable, liquor—called *Bishop*, which consisted of red wine, lemon, and sugar. Samuel was a shy character, and loved privacy. He had a good country house, and handsome chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and kept a carriage for his sister's use, having his coachmaker's arms painted upon the panel. What is very characteristic of the modesty of his profession, he pertinaciously refused a silk gown! A word or two remains to be

said of our illustrious bibliomaniac RICHARD. His brother left him 30,000*l.*, and giving full indulgence to his noble literary feelings, the Doctor sent Carte, the historian, to France, to rummage for MSS. of *Thuanus*, and to restore the castrated passages which were not originally published for fear of offending certain families. He made Buckley, the editor, procure the best *ink and paper* from Holland, for this edition of Thuanus, which was published at his own expense; and the Doctor was remarkably solicitous that nothing of exterior pomp and beauty should be wanting in the publication. The result verified his most sanguine expectation; for a finer edition of a valuable historian has never seen the light. Dr. Ward, says Mr. Nichols, is supposed to have written Mead's Latin, but the fact is not so; or it is exclusively applicable to the *later* pieces of Mead. The Doctor died in his 83rd year (and in full possession of his mental powers), from a fall occasioned by the negligence of a servant. He was a great *diagnostic* physician; and, when he thought deeply, was generally correct in judging of the disorder by the appearance of the countenance.

The tears shed by virtuous bibliomaniacs at Harley's death were speedily wiped away, when the recollection of thine, and of thy contemporary's, FOLKES'S[382] fame, was excited in their bosoms. Illustrious

Bibliomaniacs! your names and memories will always live in the hearts of noble-minded Literati: the treasures of your Museums and Libraries—your liberal patronage and ever-active exertions in the cause of VIRTU—whether connected with coins, pictures, or books—can never be banished, at least, from my grateful mind:—And if, at this solemn hour, when yonder groves and serpentine walks are sleeping in the quiet of moon-light, your spirits could be seen placidly to flit along, I would burst from this society—dear and congenial as it is—to take your last instructions, or receive your last warnings, respecting the rearing of a future age of bibliomaniacs! Ye were, in good earnest, noble-hearted book-heroes!—but I wander:—forgive me!

[382] "*A Catalogue of the entire and valuable library of* MARTIN FOLKES, Esq., President of the Royal Society, and Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, lately deceased; which will be sold by auction, by Samuel Baker, at his house in York Street, Covent-Garden. To begin on Monday, February 2, 1756, and to continue for forty days successively (Sundays excepted). Catalogues to be had at most of the considerable places in Europe, and all the booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland. Price sixpence." This collection was an exceedingly fine one; enriched with many books of the choicest

description, which Mr. Folkes had acquired in his travels in Italy and Germany. The works on natural history, coins, medals, inscriptions, and on the fine arts in general, formed the most valuable department—those on the Greek, Latin, and English classics were comparatively of inferior importance. It is a great pity the catalogue was not better digested; or the books classed according to the nature of their contents. The following prices, for some of the more rare and interesting articles, will amuse a bibliographer of the present day. The chronicles of Fabian, Hall, and Grafton, did not, altogether, bring quite 2*l.*, though the copies are described as perfect and fair. There seems to have been a fine set of Sir Wm. Dugdale's Works (Nos. 3074-81) in 13 vols., which, collectively, produced about 30 guineas! At the present day, they are worth about 250*l.*—In *Spanish literature*, the history of South America, by John Duan and Ant. di Ulloa, Madr., fol., in 5 vols., was sold for 5*l.*: a fine large paper copy of the description of the monastery of St. Lorenzo, and the Escorial, Madr., 1657, brought 1*l.* 2*s.*; de Lastanosa's Spanish medals, Huesca, fol., 1645, 2*l.* 2*s.*—In *English*, the first edition of Shakspeare, 1623, which is now what a French bibliographer would say, "presque introuvable," produced the sum of 3*l.* 3*s.*; and Fuller's Worthies, 18*s.*!——*Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Voyages.* Sandrart's works, in 9 folio volumes (of which a fine perfect copy is now rarely to be met with, and of

very great value) were sold for 13*l.* 13*s.* only: Desgodetz Roman edifices, Paris, 1682, 4*l.* 10*s.* Galleria Giustiniano, 2 vols., fol., 13*l.* 13*s.* Le Brun's Voyages in Muscovy, &c., in large paper, 4*l.* 4*s.* De Rossi's Raccolta de Statue, &c., Rom., 1704, 6*l.* 10*s.* Medailles du Regne de Louis le Grand: de l'Imp. Roy. 1. p. fol., 1702, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*——The works on *Natural History* brought still higher prices: but the whole, from the present depreciation of money, and increased rarity of the articles, would now bring thrice the sums then given.—Of the *Greek and Latin Classics*, the Pliny of 1469 and 1472 were sold to Dr. Askew, for 11*l.* 11*s.* and 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* At the Doctor's sale they brought 43*l.* and 23*l.*, although the first was lately sold (A.D. 1805) among some duplicates of books belonging to the British Museum, at a much lower price: the copy was, in fact, neither large nor beautiful. Those in Lord Spencer's, and the Hunter and Cracherode collections, are greatly superior, and would each bring more than double the price. From a priced copy of the sale catalogue, upon *large paper*, and uncut, in my possession, I find that the amount of the sale, consisting of 5126 articles, was 3091*l.* 6*s.* The *Prints, and Drawings* of Mr. Folkes occupied a sale of 8 days: and his *pictures*, *gems*, *coins*, and *mathematical instruments*, of five days. Mr. MARTIN FOLKES may justly be ranked among the most useful, as well as splendid, literary characters, of which this country can boast. He appears to have imbibed, at a very early age, an extreme passion for

science and literature; and to have distinguished himself so much at the University of Cambridge, under the able tuition of Dr. Laughton, that, in his 23rd year, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society. About two years afterwards he was chosen one of the council; and rose in succession to the chair of the presidentship, which, as Lysander above truly says, he filled with a credit and celebrity that has since never been surpassed. On this occasion he was told by Dr. Jurin, the Secretary, who dedicated to him the 34th vol. of the Transactions, that "the greatest man that ever lived (Sir Isaac Newton) singled him out to fill the chair, and to preside in the society, when he himself was so frequently prevented by indisposition; and that it was sufficient to say of him that he was *Sir Isaac's friend*." Within a few years afterwards, he was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries. Two situations, the filling of which may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of literary distinction. Mr. Folkes travelled abroad, with his family, about two years and a half, visiting the cities of Rome, Florence, and Venice—where he was noticed by almost every person of rank and reputation, and whence he brought away many a valuable article to enrich his own collection. He was born in the year 1690, and died of a second stroke of the palsy, under which he languished for three years, in 1754. He seems to have left behind him a considerable fortune. Among his numerous bequests was one to

the Royal Society of 200*l.*, along with a fine portrait of Lord Bacon, and a large cornelian ring, with the arms of the society engraved upon it, for the perpetual use of the president and his successors in office. The MSS. of his own composition, not being quite perfect, were, to the great loss of the learned world, ordered by him to be destroyed. The following wood-cut portrait is taken from a copper-plate in the *Portraits des Hommes Illustres de Denmark*, 4to., 7 parts, 1746: part 4th, a volume which abounds with a number of copper-plate engravings, *worked off* in a style of uncommon clearness and brilliancy. Some of the portraits themselves are rather stiff and unexpressive; but the vignettes are uniformly tasteful and agreeable. The seven parts are rarely found in an equal state of perfection.



Dr. Birch has drawn a very just and interesting character of this eminent man, which may be found in Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, pp. 562-7. Mr. Edwards, the late

ornithologist, has described him in a simple, but appropriate, manner. "He seemed," says he, "to have attained to universal knowledge; for, in the many opportunities I have had of being in his company, almost every part of science has happened to be the subject of discourse, all of which he handled as an adept. He was a man of great politeness in his manners, free from all pedantry and pride, and, in every respect, the real, unaffected, fine gentleman."

ALMAN. Pray keep to this earth, and condescend to notice us mortals of flesh and blood, who have heard of Dr. Mead, and Martin Folkes, only as eminently learned and tasteful characters.

LYSAND. I crave your forgiveness. But Dr. Mead's cabinet of coins, statues, and books, was so liberally thrown open for the public inspection that it was hardly possible for modest merit, if properly made known to him, to depart unrewarded or ungratified. Nor does the renowned President of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies—Martin Folkes—merit a less warm eulogy; for he filled these distinguished situations with a credit which has never since been surpassed.

But there is yet an illustrious tribe to be recorded. We have, first, RICHARD RAWLINSON, [383] brother of the renowned *Tom Folio*, whose

choice and tasteful collection of books, as recorded in auctioneering annals, is deserving of high commendation. But his name and virtues are better known in the University, to which he was a benefactor, than to the noisy circles of the metropolis. The sale of ORATOR HENLEY'S books "followed hard upon" that of Richard Rawlinson's; and if the spirit of their owner could, from his "gilt tub," have witnessed the grimaces and jokes which marked the sale—with the distorted countenances and boisterous laughter which were to be seen on every side—how it must have writhed under the smart of general ridicule, or have groaned under the torture of contemptuous indignation! Peace to Henley's[384] vexed *manes*!—and similar contempt await the efforts of all literary quacks and philosophical knaves!

[383] "BIBLIOTHECA RAWLINSONIANA, *sive Catalogus Librorum Richardi Rawlinson*, LL.D. Qui prostabunt Venales sub hasta, Apud Samuelem Baker, In Vico dicto York-street, Covent Garden, Londoni, Die Lunæ 29 Marti MDCCLVI." With the following whimsical Greek motto in the title-page:

Και γαρ ὁ ταὼς διὰ τὸ σπάνίον
θαυμάζεται.
EUBULUS.

("The peacock is admired on account of its rarity.")

This valuable library must have contained nearly 25,000 volumes, multiplying the number of articles (9405) by 3—the usual mode of calculation. Unfortunately, as was the case with Dr. Mead's and Mr. Folkes's, the books were not arranged according to any particular classification. Old black-letter English were mixed with modern Italian, French, and Latin; and novels and romances interspersed with theology and mathematics. An *alphabetical* arrangement, be the books of whatever kind they may, will in general obviate the inconvenience felt from such an undigested plan; and it were "devoutly to be wished," by all true bibliographers, that an act of parliament should pass for the due observance of this alphabetical order. We all know our A, B, C, but have not all analytical heads; or we may differ in our ideas of analysis. The scientific and alphabetical *united* is certainly better; like Mr. Harris's excellent catalogue, noticed at p. 99, ante. The "*Méthode pour dresser une bibliothéque*," about which De Bure, Formey, and Peignot have so solemnly argued, is not worth a moment's discussion. Every man likes to be his own librarian, as well as "his own broker." But to return to Dr. Rawlinson's collection. On examining a priced catalogue of it, which now lies before me, I have not found any higher sum offered for a work than 4*l.* 1*s.* for a collection of fine prints, by Aldegrever. (No. 9405.) The Greek and Latin Classics, of which there were few *Editiones Principes*, or on *large paper*, brought the usual sums given at that

period. The old English black-letter books, which were pretty thickly scattered throughout the collection, were sold for exceedingly low prices—if the copies were perfect. Witness the following:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Newe Testament in English, 1500	0	2	9
The Ymage of both Churches, after the Revelation of St. John, by Bale, 1550	0	1	6
The boke called the Pype or Tonne of Perfection, by Richard Whytforde, 1553	0	1	9
The Visions of Pierce Plowman, 1561	0	2	0
The Creede of Pierce Plowman, 1532	0	1	6
The Bookes of Moses, in English, 1530	0	3	9
Bale's Actes of English Votaryes, 1550	0	1	3
The Boke of Chivalrie, by Caxton	0	11	0
The Boke of St. Alban's, by W. de Worde	1	1	0

These are only very few of the rare articles in English literature; of the whole of which (perhaps upwards of 200 in number) I believe the boke of St. Albans brought the highest sum. Hence it will be seen that this was not the age of curious research into the productions of our ancestors. Shakspeare had not then appeared in a proper *variorum edition*. Theobald, Pope,

and Warburton, had not investigated the ***black-letter*** lore of ancient English writers for the illustration of their favourite author. This was reserved for Capell, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, Chalmers, Reed, and Douce: and it is expressly to these latter gentlemen (for Johnson and Hanmer were very sparing, or very shy, of the black-letter), that we are indebted for the present spirit of research into the works of our ancestors. The sale of the *books* lasted 50 days. There was a second sale of *pamphlets, books of prints, &c.*, in the following year, which lasted 10 days: and this was immediately succeeded by a sale of the doctor's *single prints and drawings*, which continued 8 days. Dr. Rawlinson's benefactions to Oxford, besides his Anglo-Saxon endowment at St. John's College, were very considerable; including, amongst other curiosities, *a series of medals of the Popes*, which the Doctor supposed to be one of the most complete collections in Europe; and a great number of valuable MSS., which he directed to be safely locked up, and not to be opened till seven years after his decease. He died on the 6th of April, 1755. To St. John's College, where he had been a gentleman commoner, Dr. Rawlinson left the bulk of his estate, amounting to near 700*l.* a year: *a plate of Abp. Laud*, 31 volumes of *Parliamentary Journals and Debates*, a set of *Rymer's Fœdera*, his *Greek*, *Roman*, and *English coins*, not given to the Bodleian Library; all his plates engraved at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries; his

diploma, and his *heart*; which latter is placed in a beautiful urn against the chapel wall, with this inscription:

Urbi thesaurus, ibi cor.
RIC. RAWLINSON, LL.D. & ANT. S.S.
Olim hujus collegii superioris ordinis commensalis.
Obiit. vi. Apr. MDCCLV.

Hearne speaks of him, in the preface of his *Tit. Liv. For. Jul. vita Hen. V.*, p. xvi., as "vir antiquis moribus ornatus, perque eam viam euns, quæ ad immortalem gloriam ducit."

[384] This gentleman's library, not so remarkable for the black-letter as for whimsical publications, was sold by auction, by Samuel Paterson (the earliest sale in which I find this well known book-auctioneer engaged), in June, 1759, and the three ensuing evenings. The title of the Sale Catalogue is as follows:——"*A Catalogue of the original MSS. and manuscript collections of the late* Reverend Mr. JOHN HENLEY, A.M., Independent Minister of the Oratory, &c., in which are included sundry collections of the late Mons. des Maizeaux, the learned editor of Bayle, &c., Mr. Lowndes, author of the Report for the Amendment of Silver coins, &c., Dr. Patrick Blair, Physician at Boston, and F.R.S., &c. Together with original letters and papers of State, addressed to Henry d'Avenant, Esq., her Britannic Majesty's Envoy at Francfort, from 1703 to 1708 inclusive." Few libraries have

contained more curious and remarkable publications than did this. The following articles, given as notable specimens, remind us somewhat of Addison's memoranda for the Spectator, which the waiter at the coffee-house picked up and read aloud for the amusement of the company.——No. 166. God's Manifestation by a Star to the Dutch. A mortifying Fast-Diet at Court. On the Birth Day of the first and oldest young Gentleman. All corrupt: none good; no, not one.——168. General Thumbissimo. The Spring reversed, or the Flanderkin's Opera and Dutch Pickle Herrings. The Creolean Fillip, or Royal Mishap. A Martial Telescope, &c. England's Passion Sunday, and April Changelings. ——170. Speech upon Speech. A Telescope for Tournay. No Battle, but worse, and the True Meaning of it. An Army beaten and interred.——174. Signs when the P. will come. Was Captain Sw-n, a Prisoner on Parole, to be catechised? David's Opinion of like Times. The Seeds of the plot may rise though the leaves fall. A Perspective, from the Blair of Athol. The Pretender's Popery. Murder! Fire! Where! Where!—— 178. Taking Carlise, catching an eel by the tail. Address of a Bishop, Dean, and Clergy. Swearing to the P——r, &c. Anathema denounced against those parents, Masters, and Magistrates, that do not punish the Sin at Stokesley. A Speech, &c. A Parallel between the Rebels to K. Charles I. and those to his successor. *Jane Cameron* looked killing at *Falkirk*.——179. Let Stocks be knighted, write, Sir Bank, &c.,

the Ramhead Month. A Proof that the Writers against Popery, fear it will be established in this Kingdom. A Scheme wisely blabbed to root and branch the Highlanders. Let St. Patrick have fair Play, &c.——Of ORATOR HENLEY I have not been able to collect any biographical details, more interesting than those which are to be found in Warburton's notes to Pope's Dunciad: He was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, in 1692, and was brought up at St. John's College, in the University of Cambridge. After entering into orders, he became a preacher in London, and established a lecture on Sunday evenings, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and another on Wednesday evenings, chiefly on political and scientific subjects. Each auditor paid one shilling for admission. "He declaimed," says Warburton, "against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our poet (Pope) that honour. When he was at Cambridge, he began to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c.: for his genius leading him freely to *dispute all propositions*, and *call all points to account*, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind." When he was admitted into priest's orders, he thought the examination so short and superficial that he considered it "*not necessary to conform to the Christian religion*, in order either to be a deacon or priest." With these quixotic sentiments he came to town; and "after having, for some years,

been a writer for the booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state." The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because *he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel*." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite: but being rejected by both of them, he set up a new project, and styled himself, "*The restorer of ancient eloquence.*" Henley's pulpit, in which he preached, "was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold." It is to this that Pope alludes, in the first couplet of his second book of the Dunciad:

> High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
> HENLEY'S *gilt tub*——

"He had also an altar, and placed over it this extraordinary inscription, '*The primitive Eucharist.*'" We are told by his friend Welsted (narrative in Oratory Transact. No. 1) that "he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal *ever thought of*; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none would dispute with him*: he wrote, read, and studied, twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and universities teach in *five*: was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires; but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the

church and *all that in danger*!" See note to Dunciad, book iii., v. 199. Pope has described this extraordinary character with singular felicity of expression:

But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to shew,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While SHERLOCK, HARE, and GIBSON, preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age,
Oh worthy thou, of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In TOLAND'S, TINDAL'S, and in WOOLSTON'S days.
Dunciad, b. iii., v. 190, &c.

Bromley, in his catalogue of engraved

Portraits, mentions *four* of orator Henley: two of which are inscribed, one by Worlidge "The Orator of Newport Market;" another (without engraver's name) "A Rationalist." There is a floating story which I have heard of Henley. He gave out that he would shew a new and expeditious method of converting a pair of boots into shoes. A great concourse of people attended, expecting to see something very marvellous; when Henley mounted his "tub," and, holding up a boot, he took a knife, and *cut away the leg part of the leather*!

There are, I had almost said, innumerable contemporaneous bibliomaniacal characters to be described—or rather, lesser stars or satellites that move, in their now unperceived orbits, around the great planets of the book world—but, at this protracted hour of discussion, I will not pretend even to mention their names.

LIS. Yet, go on—unless the female part of the audience be weary—go on describing, by means of your great telescopic powers, every little white star that is sprinkled in this bibliomaniacal *Via Lactea*![385]

[385] With great submission to the "reminescential" talents of Lysander, he might have devoted one *minute* to the commendation of the very curious library

of JOHN HUTTON, which was disposed of, by auction, in the same year (1764) in which Genl. Dormer's was sold. Hutton's library consisted almost entirely of *English Literature*: the rarest books in which are printed in the italic type. When the reader is informed that "*Robinsons Life, Actes, and Death of Prince Arthur*," and his "*ancient order, societie, and unitie, laudable of the same*," 1583, 4to. (see no. 2730; concerning which my worthy friend, Mr. Haslewood, has discoursed so accurately and copiously: *British Bibliographer*, vol. i., pp. 109; 125), when he is informed that this produced only 9*s.* 6*d.*—that "*Hypnerotomachia*," 1592, 4to. (no. 2755), was sold for only 2*s.*—the *Myrrour of Knighthood*, 1585, 4to. (no. 2759), only 5*s.*—*Palmerin of England*, 3 pts. in 3 vols. 1602, 1639, 4to. (no. 2767), 14*s.*—*Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 2 vols. in 1, 1566-7, 4to. (no. 2770)—when, I say, the tender-hearted bibliomaniac thinks that all these rare and precious black letter gems were sold, collectively, for only 2*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*!—what must be his reproaches upon the lack of spirit which was evinced at this sale! Especially must his heart melt within him, upon looking at the produce of some of these articles at the sale of George Steevens' books, only 36 years afterwards! No depreciation of money can account for this woful difference. I possess a wretchedly priced copy of the *Bibl. Huttoniana*, which I purchased, without title-page or a decent cover, at the sale of Mr. Gough's books, for 11*s.* Lysander ought

also to have noticed in its chronological order, the extensive and truly valuable library of ROBERT HOBLYN; the catalogue of which was published in the year 1769, 8vo., in two parts: pp. 650. I know not who was the author of the arrangement of this collection; but I am pretty confident that the judicious observer will find it greatly superior to every thing of its kind, with hardly even the exception of the *Bibliotheca Croftsiana*. It is accurately and handsomely executed, and wants only an index to make it truly valuable. The collection, moreover, is a very sensible one. My copy is upon *large paper*; which is rather common.

ALMAN. Upon my word, Lisardo, there is no subject however barren, but what may be made fruitful by your metaphorical powers of imagination.

LIS. Madam, I entreat you not to be excursive. Lysander has taken a fresh sip of his nectar, and has given a hem or two—preparing to resume his narrative.

LYSAND. We have just passed over the bar that separates the one half of the 18th century from the other: and among the ensuing eminent collectors, whose brave fronts strike us with respect, is GENERAL DORMER:[386] a soldier who, I warrant you, had faced full many a cannon, and stormed many a rampart, with

courage and success. But he could not resist the raging influence of the Book-Mania: nor could all his embrasures and entrenchments screen him from the attacks of this insanity. His collection was both select and valuable.

[386] "*A Catalogue of the genuine and elegant Library of the late* Sir C.C. DORMER, collected by Lieutenant General James Dormer; which will be sold, &c., by Samuel Baker, at his house in York-Street, Covent Garden; to begin on Monday, February the 20th, 1764, and to continue the nineteen following evenings." At the end of the catalogue we are told that the books were "in general of the best editions, and in the finest condition, many of them in *large paper*, bound in morocco, gilt leaves," &c. This was a very choice collection of books; consisting almost entirely of French, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish. The number of articles did not exceed 3082; and of volumes, probably not 7000. The catalogue is neatly printed, and copies of it on *large paper* are exceedingly scarce. Among the most curious and valuable articles are the following:——no. 599. Les Glorieuses Conquestes de Louis le Grand, par Pontault, *en maroquin*. Paris, 1678. ("*N.B. In this copy many very fine and rare portraits are added, engraved by the most eminent masters.*")——no. 604. Recueil des Maisons Royales, fort bien gravés par Sylvestre, &c. (N.B. In the book was the following note. "*Ce recueil des Maisons*

Royales n'est pas seulement complet, en toutes manières, mais on y a ajouté plusieurs plans, que l'on ne trouvent que très rarement.")——no. 731. Fabian's Chronicle, 1559.——752, Hall's ditto. 1548.——751. Higden's Polychronicon. 1527. (I suspect that Dr. Askew purchased the large paper Hutchinson's Xenophon, and Hudson's Thucydides. nos. 2246, 2585.)——no. 2249. Don Quixote, por Cervantes. Madr., 4to., 1605. In hoc libro hæc nota est. "*Cecy est l'edition originale; il y a une autre du mesme année, imprimée en quarto à Madrid, mais imprimée apres cecy. J'ay veu l'autre, et je les ay comparez avec deux autres editions du mesme année, 1605; une imprimée à Lisbonne, en 4to., l'autre en Valentia, en* 8vo."——no. 2590. Thuanus by Buckley, on *large paper*, in 14 volumes, folio; a magnificent copy, illustrated with many beautiful and rare portraits of eminent characters, mentioned by De Thou. (N.B. This very copy was recently sold for 74*l.*) ——From no. 2680 to the end of the Catalogue (401 articles) there appears a choice collection of Italian and Spanish books.

We have before noticed the celebrated diplomatic character, CONSUL SMITH, and have spoken with due respect of his library: let us here, therefore, pass by him,[387] in order to take a full and complete view of a *Non-Pareil* Collector: the first who, after the days of

Richard Smith, succeeded in reviving the love of black-letter lore and of Caxtonian typography —need I say JAMES WEST?[388]

[387] The reader has had a sufficiently particular account of the book-collections of CONSUL SMITH, at p. 95, ante, to render any farther discussion superfluous. As these libraries were collected *abroad*, the catalogues of them were arranged in the place here referred to.

[388] I am now to notice, in less romantic manner than Lysander, a collection of books, in *English Literature*, which, for rarity and value, in a proportionate number, have never been equalled; I mean the library of JAMES WEST, Esq., *President of the Royal Society*. The sale commenced on March 29, 1773, and continued for the twenty-three following days. The catalogue was digested by Samuel Paterson, a man whose ability in such undertakings has been generally allowed. The title was as follows: "BIBLIOTHECA WESTIANA; *A Catalogue of the curious and truly valuable library of the late* JAMES WEST, Esq., *President of the Royal Society, deceased*; comprehending a choice collection of books in various languages, and upon most branches of polite literature: more especially such as relate to the history and antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland; their early navigators, discoverers, and improvers, and the *ancient English*

literature: of which there are a great number of uncommon books and tracts, elucidated by MS. notes and original letters, and embellished with scarce portraits and devices, rarely to be found: including the works of Caxton, Lettou, Machlinia, the anonymous St. Albans school-master, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and the rest of the old English typographers. Digested by Samuel Paterson, and sold by Messrs. Langfords." The title-page is succeeded by the

PREFACE.

"The following catalogue exhibits a very curious and uncommon collection of printed books and tracts. Of British History and Antiquities, and of *Rare Old English Literature*, the most copious of any which has appeared for several years past; formed with great taste, and a thorough knowledge of authors and characters, by that judicious critic and able antiquary the late JAMES WEST, Esq., President of the Royal Society. Several anonymous writers are herein brought to light—many works enlarged and further explained by their respective authors and editors—and a far greater number illustrated with the MS. notes and observations of some of our most respectable antiquaries: among whom will be found the revered names of Camden, Selden, Spelman, Somner, Dugdale, Gibson, Tanner, Nicolson, Gale, Le Neve, Hearne, Anstis, Lewis, St. Amand, Ames, Browne, Willis, Stukely, Mr. West,

&c. But, above all, the intense application and unwearied diligence of the admirable Bishop White Kennett, upon the ecclesiastical, monastical, constitutional, and topographical history of Great Britain, so apparent throughout this collection, furnish matter even to astonishment; and are alone sufficient to establish the reputation, and to perpetuate the memory, of this illustrious prelate, without any other monuments of his greatness." "In an age of general inquiry, like the present, when studies less interesting give place to the most laudable curiosity and thirst after investigating every particular relative to the history and literature of our own country, nothing less than an elaborate digest of this valuable library could be expected; and, as a supplement to the history of English literature, more desired." "That task the Editor has cheerfully undertaken: and, he flatters himself, executed as well as the short time allowed would permit. He further hopes, to the satisfaction of such who are capable of judging of its utility and importance." "The lovers of engraved English portraits (a species of modern connoisseurship which appears to have been first started by the late noble Earl of Oxford, afterwards taken up by Mr. West, Mr. Nicolls, editor of Cromwell's State-Papers, Mr. Ames, &c., and since perfected by the Muse of Strawberry-Hill, the Rev. Wm. Granger, and some few more ingenious collectors) may here look to find a considerable number of singular and scarce heads, and

will not be disappointed in their search." Thus much Paterson; who, it must be confessed, has promised more than he has performed: for the catalogue, notwithstanding it was the *second* which was published (the first being by a different hand, and most barbarously compiled) might have exhibited better method and taste in its execution. Never were rare and magnificent books more huddled together and smothered, as it were, than in this catalogue. Let us now proceed to an analysis of Mr. West's Collection.

1. *Volumes of Miscellaneous Tracts.*

These volumes extend from no. 148 to 200, from 915 to 992, from 1201 to 1330, and from no. 1401 to 1480.—Among them are some singularly choice and curious articles. The following is but an imperfect specimen.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*
154. Atkyns on Printing, *with the frontispiece*, &c., &c., 4to.			

164.	G. Whetstone's Honorable Profession of a Soldier, 1586, &c., 4to.			
179.	Life and death of Wolsey, 1641, &c.			
183.	Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, with the Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, &c. 4to. (the three articles together did not exceed)	0	12	0

188. A Mornynge Remembrance, had at the Moneth Mynde of the Noble Prynces Countesse of Rychmonde, &c. Wynkyn de Worde, &c. 4to. 2 2 0

194. Oh! read over Dr. John Bridges, for it is a worthie Worke, &c. bl. letter, &c. 4to. Strange and fearful Newes from Plasto, near Bow, in the house of one Paul Fox, a Silk Weaver, where is daily to be seene throwing of Stones,

Bricbats, Oyster-shells, Bread, cutting his Work in Pieces, breaking his Windows, &c. *No date*, 4to.	0	12	6

1477.	Leylande's Journey and Serche, given of hym as a Newe Yeares Gyfte to K. Henry 8th, enlarged by Bale, bl. letter, 1549, 8vo., (with three other curious articles.)	0	17	6

1480. A disclosing of the great Bull and certain Calves that he hath gotten, and especially the Monster Bull that roared at my Lord Byshop's gate. Bl. letter, pr. by Daye. No date. 4to.

The preceding affords but a very inadequate idea of the "pithie, pleasant, and profitable" discourses mid tracts which abounded among the miscellaneous articles of Mr. West's library. Whatever be

the defects of modern literature, it must be allowed that we are not *quite so coarse* in the *title pages* of our books.

2. *Divinity.*

This comprehended a vast mass of information, under the following general title. Scarce Tracts: Old and New Testaments (including almost all the first English editions of the New Testament, which are now of the rarest occurrence): Commentators: Ecclesiastical History: Polemics: Devotions, Catholic and Calvinistical: Enthusiasm: Monastical History: Lives of Saints: Fathers: Missionaries: Martyrs: Modern Divines and Persons of eminent piety: Free Thinkers: Old English Primers: Meditations: Some of the earliest Popish and Puritanical Controversy: Sermons by old English Divines, &c. In the whole 560 articles: probably about 1200 volumes. These general heads are sufficient to satisfy the bibliographer that, with such an indefatigable collector as was Mr. West, the greater part of the theological books must have been extremely rare and curious. From so *many Caxtons*, *Wynkyn de Wordes*, *Pynsons, &c.*, it would be difficult to select a *few* which should give a specimen of the value of the rest. Suffice it to observe that such a cluster of *Black Letter Gems*, in this department of English literature, has never since been seen in any sale catalogue.

3. *Education, Languages, Criticism, Classics,*

Dictionaries, Catalogues of Libraries, &c.

There were about 700 volumes in these departments. The catalogues of English books, from that of Maunsell in 1595, to the latest before Mr. West's time, were nearly complete. The treatises on education, and translations of the ancient classics, comprehended a curious and uncommon collection. The Greek and Latin Classics were rather select than rare.

4. *English Poetry, Romances, and Miscellanies.*

This interesting part of the collection comprehended about 355 articles, or probably about 750 volumes: and, if the singularly rare and curious books which may be found *under these heads alone* were now to be concentrated in one library, the owner of them might safely demand 4000 guineas for such a treasure! I make no doubt but that his MAJESTY is the fortunate possessor of the greater number of articles under all the foregoing heads.

5. *Philosophy, Mathematics, Inventions, Agriculture, and Horticulture, Medicine, Cookery, Surgery, &c.*

Two hundred and forty articles, or about 560 volumes.

6. *Chemistry, Natural History, Astrology, Sorcery, Gigantology.*

Probably not more than 100 volumes. The word "Gigantology," first introduced by

Mr. Paterson, I believe, into the English language, was used by the French more than two centuries ago. See no. 2198 in the catalogue.

7. *History and Antiquities.*

This comprehended a great number of curious and valuable productions, relating both to foreign and domestic transactions.

8. *Heraldry and Genealogy.*

An equal number of curious and scarce articles may be found under these heads.

9. *Antient Legends and Chronicles.*

To the English antiquary, few departments of literature are more interesting than this. Mr. West seems to have paid particular attention to it, and to have enriched his library with many articles of this description of the rarest occurrence. The lovers of Caxton, Fabian, Hardyng, Hall, Grafton, and Holinshed, may be highly gratified by inspecting the various editions of these old chroniclers. I entreat the diligent bibliographer to examine the first 8 articles of page 209 of the catalogue. Alas! when will such gems again glitter at one sale? The fortunate period for collectors is gone by: a knowledge of books almost every where prevails. At York, at Exeter, at Manchester, and at Bristol, as well as in London, this knowledge may be found sometimes on the dusty stall, as well as in the splendid shop. The worth of books begins to be considered by a

different standard from that of the quantity of gold on the exterior! We are now for "*drinking deep*," as well as "*tasting*!" But I crave pardon for this digression, and lose sight of Mr. West's *uniques*.

10. *Topography.*

Even to a veteran like the late Mr. Gough, such a collection as may be found from p. 217 to 239 of the catalogue, would be considered a very first-rate acquisition. I am aware that the Gothic wainscot and stained glass windows of *Enfield Study* enshrined a still more exquisite topographical collection! But we are improved since the days of Mr. West; and every body knows to *whom* these improvements are, in a great measure, to be attributed! When I call to mind the author of "*British Topography*" and "*Sepulchral Monuments*," I am not insensible to the taste, diligence, and erudition of the "par nobile fratrum," who have gratified us with the "*Environs of London*," and the three volumes of "*Magna Britannia*!" Catalogues of Mr. West's library, with the sums for which the books were sold, are now found with difficulty, and bring a considerable price. The late Mr. G. Baker, who had a surprisingly curious collection of priced catalogues, was in possession of the *original sale* one of West's library. It is interleaved, and, of course, has the prices and names of the purchasers. Mr. Heber has also a priced copy, with the names, which was executed by my industrious and

accurate predecessor, William Herbert, of typographico-antiquarian renown. The number of articles, on the whole, was 4653; and of the volumes as many articles were single, probably about 8000. *Ample* as some "pithy" reader may imagine the foregoing analysis to be, I cannot find it in my heart to suffer such a collection, as was the *Bibliotheca Westiana*, to be here dismissed in so *summary* a manner. Take, therefore, "pleasaunt" reader, the following account of the *prices* for which some of the aforesaid book-gems were sold. They are presented to thee as a matter of curiosity only; and not as a criterion of their present value. And as MASTER CAXTON has of late become so popular amongst us, we will see, inter alios, what some of the books printed by so "simple a person" produced at this renowned sale.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

564.	Salesbury (Wyllyam) his Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe, moste necessary to all such Welshemen as wil spedly learne the English tongue, &c. *Printed by Waley*, 1547, 4to.	0	17	0

566.	Mulcaster (Rich.) of the right writing of our English Tung. *Imp. by Vautrollier*, 1582, 4to.	0	2	6

575.	Florio's Frutes to be gathered of 12 trees of divers but delyghtfule tastes to the Tongues of Italians and Englishmen, also his Garden of Recreation, &c., 1591, 4to.	0	6	6
580.	Eliot's Indian Grammar, *no title*.	0	4	0

Thus much for GRAMMATICAL TRACTS.

808.	The fyve Bokes of Moses, wythe the Prologes of Wyllyam Tyndale, b.b. 1534, *printed in different characters at different periods*, 8vo.	4	4	0

813.	The Actes of the Apostles translated into Englyshe metre, by Chrystofer Tye, Doctor in musyke, with notes to synge, and also to play upon the lute. *Printed by Seres*, 1553, 12mo.	0	11	6

819.	The Newe Testament, with the Prologes of Wyllyam Tyndale, cuts, printed at Andwarp, &c., 1534, 12mo.	0	18	0
820.	The same, with the same cuts, emprynted at Antwerpe, by M. Crom, 1538, *a fine copy, in morocco binding* (title wanting).	2	4	0

1341.	The Gospels of the fower Evangelists, translated in the olde Saxons Tyme, &c. Sax. and Eng. Imprinted by Daye, 1571, 4to.	1	12	0

1383. The Discipline of the Kirk of Scotlande, subscribet by the Handes off Superintendentes, one parte off Ministers, and scribet in oure generalle Assemblies ad Edenbourg, 28 Decemb., 1566. *No title.* 4to. 1 3 0

1714.	The most sacred Bible, recognised with great diligence by Richard Taverner, &c., *printed by Byddell for Barthelet, 1539, in russia.*	3	5	0
1716.	The Byble in Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, &c. *Printed by Grafton*, 1541, Folio.	1	3	0

1870.	Speculum Vite Christi, the Booke that is cleped the Myrroure of the blessed Lyf of Jhesu Cryste, *emprynted by Caxton*, fol., *no date, fine copy in morocco*.	9	9	0

1871.	The prouffytable Boke for Mannes Soule, &c., *emprynted by Caxton*, fol., no date, a fine copy in morocco.	5	0	0
1873.	Cordyale, or of the fowre last Thynges, &c., *emprynted by Caxton*, 1480, fol., *fine copy in morocco*.	14	0	0

1874.	The Pylgremage of the Sowle, &c., 1483, folio, *emprynted by Caxton.*	8	17	6
1875.	The Booke entytled and named Ryal, &c., *translated and printed by Caxton*, 1484, *fine morocco copy.*	10	0	0

1876. The Arte and Crafte to knowe well to dye; *translated and prynted by Caxton*, 1490, folio. 5 2 6

So take we leave of DIVINITY!

1047. Hall's Virgidemiarum, lib. vi. 1599, 1602, 12mo. "Mr. Pope's copy, who presented it to Mr. West, telling him that he esteemed them the best poetry and truest satire in the English language." (N.B. These satires were incorrectly published in 1753,

	8vo.: a republication of them, with pertinent notes, would be very acceptable.)	0	18	0
1658.	Churchyard's Works; 3 vols. in 1, *very elegant*, bl. letter.	3	13	6
1816.	The Passe Tyme of Pleasure, &c., *printed by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1517, 4to., fine copy.	3	3	0

1821.	Merie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gent. 1607, 4to. Robin the Devil, his two penni-worth of Wit in half a penni-worth of paper, &c., 1607, 4to.	0	18	6

1846.	The Hye Waye to the Spyttell Hous; printed by the compyler Rob. Copland, no date.	0	6	6

1847.	Another copy of the Spyttell House; "A thousande fyve hundredth fortye and foure," no printer's name, mark, or date, 4to. Here begynneth a lytell propre Jest, called Cryste Crosse me spede, a b c.	1	11	6

2274.	Chaucer's Work; first edition, *emprentyd by Caxton*, folio, *in russia.*	47	15	6
2280.	—— Troylus and Creseyde, *printed b Caxton*, folio.	10	10	0
2281.	—— Booke of Fame, *printed by Caxton*, folio.	4	5	0

2297.	Gower de Confessione Amantis; *printed by Caxton*, 1483, folio, *in morocco*.	9	9	0
2282.	The Bokys of Haukyng and Hunting; *printed at Seynt Albons*, 1486, *folio: fine copy in morocco*.	13	0	0

And here farewell POETRY!

1678.	The Booke of the moste victoryouse Prynce, Guy of Warwick. *Impr. by W. Copland*, 4to.	1	1	0
1683.	The Historye of Graunde Amoure and la bell Pucel, &c. *Impr. by John Wayland*, 1554, 4to.	1	2	0

1685.	The Historye of Olyver of Castylle, &c. *Impr. by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1518, 4to.	1	12	0
1656.	The Booke of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyghthode. *Translated and printed by William Caxton*; no date, a fine copy in russia, 4to.	5	5	0

(Shall I put one, or one hundred marks —not of admiration but of astonishment —at this price?! but go on kind reader!)

2480. The Boke of Jason: *emprynted by Caxton*, folio. 4 4 0

2481.	The Boke of Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye, *emprynted by Caxton*, 1489, folio.	10	10	0
2582.	Thystorye, &c., of the Knyght Parys, and of the fayre Vyenne, &c. 1485, fol., *translated and printed by Caxton.*	14	0	0



CAXTON.

But why should I go on tantalising the S——s, H——s, S——s, R——s, and U——s, of the day, by further specimens of the *enormous* sums here given for such *common* editions of old ROMANCES? Mr. George Nicol, his majesty's bookseller, told me, with his usual pleasantry and point, that he got abused in the public papers, by Almon and others, for his having purchased nearly the whole of the Caxtonian volumes in this collection for his Majesty's library. It was said abroad that "a Scotchman had lavished away the king's money in buying old black-letter books." A pretty specimen of *lavishing* away royal money, truly! There is also another thing, connected with these *invaluable* (I speak as a bibliomaniac—and, perhaps, as a

metaphysician may think—as a fool! but let it pass!) with these invaluable purchases:—his Majesty, in his directions to Mr. Nicol, forbade any competition with those purchasers who wanted books of science and belles-lettres for their *own professional* or *literary* pursuits: thus using, I ween, the powers of his purse in a manner at once merciful and wise.—"O si sic"—may we say to many a heavy-metalled book-auction bibliomaniac of the present day!—Old Tom Payne, the father of the respectable Mr. Payne, of Pall-Mall, used to tell Mr. Nichol—*pendente hastâ*—that he had been "raising all the CAXTONS!" "Many a copy," quoth he, "hath *stuck* in my shop at two guineas!" Mr. NICHOLS, in his amusing biography of Bowyer, has not devoted so large a portion of his pages to the description of Mr. West's collection, life, and character, as he has to many collectors who have been less eminently distinguished in the bibliographical world. Whether this was the result of the paucity, or incongruity, of his materials, or whether, from feelings of delicacy he might not choose to declare all he knew, are points into which I have neither right nor inclination to enquire. There seems every reason to conclude that, from youth, West had an elegant and well-directed taste in matters of literature and the fine arts. As early as the year 1720, he shewed the munificence of his disposition, in these respects, by befriending Hearne with a plate for his *Antiquities of Glastonbury*; see p. 285—which was

executed, says Hearne, "Sumptibus ornatissimi amicissimique Juvenis (multis sane nominibus de studiis nostris optime meriti) JACOBI WEST," &c. So in his pref. to *Adam de Domerham de reb. gest. Glaston*: —"antiquitatum ac historiarum nostrarum studiosus in primis—Jacobus West." p. xx. And in his *Walter Hemingford*, we have: —"fragmentum, ad civitatem Oxoniensem pertinens, admodum egregium, mihi dono dedit amicus eximius Jacobus West—is quem alibi juvenem ornatissimum appellavi," &c., p. 428. How the promise of an abundant harvest, in the mature years of so excellent a young man, was realized, the celebrity of West, throughout Europe, to his dying day, is a sufficient demonstration. I conclude with the following; which is literally from Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*. "James West, of Alscott, in the county of Warwick, Esq., M.A., of Baliol College, Oxford, (son of Richard West, said to be descended, according to family tradition, from Leonard, a younger son of Thomas West, Lord Delawar, who died in 1525) was representative in parliament for St. Alban's, in 1741; and being appointed one of the joint Secretaries of the Treasury, held that office till 1762. In 1765 or 1766, his old patron the Duke of Newcastle, obtained for him a pension of 2000*l.* a year. He was an early member, and one of the Vice Presidents, of the Antiquary Society; and was first Treasurer, and afterwards President, of the Royal Society. He married the daughter and heiress of Sir

> Thomas Stephens, timber merchant, in Southwark, with whom he had a large fortune in houses in Rotherhithe; and by whom he had a son, James West, Esq., now (1782) of Alscott, one of the Auditors of the Land-Tax, and sometime Member of Parliament for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire (who in 1774 married the daughter of Christopher Wren, of Wroxhall in Warwickshire, Esq.), and had two daughters. Mr. West died in July, 1772. His large and valuable collection of MANUSCRIPTS was sold to the *Earl of Shelburne*, and is now deposited in the British Museum."

LOREN. All hail to thee—transcendant bibliomaniac of other times!—of times, in which my father lived, and procured, at the sale of thy precious book-treasures, not a few of those rare volumes which have so much gladdened the eyes of Lisardo.

BELIN. I presume you mean, dear brother, some of those *black-looking* gentlemen, bound in fancifully marked coats of morocco, and *washed* and *ironed* within (for you collectors must have recourse to a woman's occupation) with so much care and nicety that even the eyes of our ancient Rebecca, with "spectacle on nose" to boot, could hardly detect the cunning' conceit of your binder!

LOREN. Spare my feelings and your own

reputation, if you wish to appreciate justly the noble craft of book-repairing, &c.—But proceed, dear Lysander.

LYSAND. You cannot have a greater affection towards the memory of the collector of the *Bibliotheca Westiana* than myself. Hark—! or is it only a soft murmur from a congregation of autumnal zephyrs!—but methought I heard a sound, as if calling upon us to look well to the future fate of our libraries—to look well to their being *creditably catalogued*—"For" (and indeed it *is* the voice of West's spirit that speaks) "my collection was barbarously murdered; and hence I am doomed to wander for a century, to give warning to the ——, ——, and ——, of the day, to execute this useful task with their own hands! Yes; even the name of PATERSON has not saved my collection from censure; but his hands were then young and inexperienced—yet I suffer from this innocent error!" Away, away, vexed spirit—and let thy head rest in peace beneath the sod!

ALMAN. For heaven's sake, into what society are we introduced, sister? All mad—book mad! but I hope harmless.

LYSAND. Allay your apprehensions; for, though we may have the energies of the lion, we have the gentleness of the "unweaned lamb." But, in describing so many and such discordant characters, how can I proceed in the jog-trot way of—"next comes such a one—and then

follows another—and afterwards proceeds a third, and now a fourth!?"

ALMAN. Sir, you are right, and I solicit your forgiveness. If I have not sufficient bookish enthusiasm to fall down and worship your CAXTONIAN DEITY, JAMES WEST, I am at least fully disposed to concede him every excellent and amiable quality which sheds lustre upon a literary character.

LYSAND. All offence is expiated: for look, the spirit walks off calmly—and seems to acknowledge, with satisfaction, such proper sentiments in the breast of one whose father and brother have been benefited by his book treasures.

The rapturous, and, I fear you will think, the wild and incoherent, manner in which I have noticed the sale of the *Bibliotheca Westiana* had nearly driven from my recollection that, in the preceding, the same, and subsequent, year, there was sold by auction a very curious and extraordinary collection of books and Prints belonging to honest TOM MARTIN,[389] *of Palgrave*, in Suffolk: a collector of whom, if I remember rightly, Herbert has, upon several occasions, spoken with a sort of veneration. If Lavater's system of physiognomy happen to receive your approbation, you will conclude, upon contemplating Tom's frank countenance—of which a cut precedes the title-page of the first catalogue—that the collector of Palgrave

must have been "a fine old fellow." Martin's book-pursuits were miscellaneous, and perhaps a little too wildly followed up; yet some good fortune contributed to furnish his collection with volumes of singular curiosity.

[389] "Hereafter followeth" rather a rough outline of the contents of honest Tom Martin's miscellaneous and curious collection. To the IVth part I have added a few prices, and but a few. I respect too much the quiet and comfort of the present race of bibliomaniacs, to inflame their minds by a longer extract of such tantalizing sums given for some of the most extraordinary volumes in English Literature.——I. *A Catalogue of the Library of* Mr. THOMAS MARTIN, *of Palgrave, in Suffolk, lately deceased. Lynn, Printed by W. Whittingham*, 1772, 8vo. With a portrait engraved by Lamborn, from a painting of Bardwell. 5240 articles; with 15 pages of Appendix, containing MSS.——no. 86. Juliana Barnes on Hawking, &c., black-letter, wants a leaf, folio. 56. Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire, with marginal notes, by P. Le Neve, Esq., 1700, folio. 757. Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium, 3 vols. folio, 1707. ("N.B. Only 3 sets in England at the accession of Geo. III.")——II. *A Catalogue of the very curious and numerous collection of Manuscripts of* THOMAS MARTIN, Esq., *of Suffolk, lately deceased*. Consisting of Pedigrees, Genealogies, Heraldic Papers, Old Deeds, Charters, Sign Manuals, Autographs, &c., likewise some very rare old printed books. Sold by auction by Baker and Leigh, April 28, 1773, 8vo. The MSS. (of many of which Edmonson was a purchaser)

consisted of 181 articles, ending with "The 15 O's, in old English verse—St. Bridget." Among the 19 volumes only of "Scarce Printed Books" were the following:—no. 188. Edwards' Paradyse of daynty Devices, 1577. 196. The Holy Life of Saynt Werburge, printed by Pynson, 1521. The Lyfe of Saynte Radegunde, by Pynson. Lyfe of Saynt Katherine, printed by Waley, 4to. ——III. *A Catalogue of the remaining Part of the valuable Collection of the late well known Antiquary*, Mr. MARTIN, *of Palgrave, Suffolk*: consisting of many very valuable and ancient Manuscripts on vellum, early printed black-letter Books, and several other scarce Books; his Law Library, Deeds, Grants, and Pedigrees; a valuable collection of Drawings and Prints, by the best masters—and his Collection of Greek, Roman, Saxon, and English Coins—with some curiosities. Sold by auction by Baker and Leigh, 18th May, 1774. 8vo. This collection consisted of 537 articles, exclusively of the coins, &c., which were 75 in number. Among the printed books were several very curious ones; such as ——no. 88. The Death and Martyrdom of Campione the Jesuite, 1581, 8vo. 124. Heywood's "If you know not me, you know nobody," 1623, 4to. "This has a wood-cut of the whole length of Q. Elizabeth, and is very scarce." 183. Fabyan's Chronicle. This I take it was the first edition. 186. Promptuarium Parvulorum. Pynson, folio, 1499. See Hearne's Peter Langtoft, vol. ii., 624-5. 228. Dives et Pauper; yis Tretyys ben dyvydit into elevene partys, and ev'ry

part is dyvidit into chapitalis. "The above extremely curious and valuable Manuscript on vellum is wrote on 539 pages. Vide Leland, vol. ii., 452: Bale, 609. Pits, 660. MS., 4to." 236. Original Proclamations of Q. Elizabeth, folio. "A most rare collection, and of very great value: the Earl of Oxford once offered Mr. Martin one hundred guineas for them, which he refused." Qu. what they sold for? 237. The Pastyme of the People; the Cronycles of dyvers Realmys, and most specyally of the Realme of Englond, &c., by John Rastell. An elegant copy, in the original binding, large folio, black-letter, London, 1529. "Supposed to be only two or three copies existing;" but see page 337, ante. The folio Manuscripts, extending to no. 345, are very curious; especially the first 60 numbers. ——IV. *Bibliotheca Martiniana. A Catalogue of the entire Library of the late eminent Antiquary* Mr. THOMAS MARTIN, *of Suffolk*. Containing some thousand volumes in every Language, Art, and Science, a large collection of the scarcest early Printers, and some hundreds of Manuscripts, &c., which will begin to be sold very cheap, on Saturday, June 5 (1773). By Martin Booth and John Berry, Booksellers, at their Warehouse in the Angel Yard, Market Place, Norwich, and continue on sale only two months: 8vo. This Catalogue is full of curious, rare, and interesting books; containing 4895 articles; all priced. Take, as a sample, the following:

NO.		*s.*	*d.*
4071.	Wynkyn de Worde's reprint of Juliana Berners' book of Hawking, &c., 1496, folio, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*: no. 4292. Copland's ditto of ditto, fair	7	6
4099.	A collection of Old Romances in the Dutch Language, with wood-cuts, very fair, 1544 to 1556, folio	10	6
4169.	Horace's Art of poetry, by Drant, 1567, 4to.	3	6
4234.	A certayne Tragedye, &c., entitled, Freewil, wants title, very fair and scarce, 4to.	5	0
4254.	Historie of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, 1634, 4to.	7	6

4336. The Life off the 70 Archbishopp off Canterbury presentlye sittinge, &c. Imprinted in 1574, 8vo., neat 10 6

A severe satire against Parker, Abp. of Canterbury, for which 'tis said the author was punished with the loss of his arm.

4345. Amorous Tales, by James Sanforde, very rare, printed by Bynneman, 1567, 12mo. (or small 8vo. perhaps) 5 0

4432.	Hereafter followeth a little boke whyche hath to name Whye come ye not to court: by Mayster Skelton; printed by Anthony Kytson, no date. A little boke of Philip Sparrow, compiled by Mayster Skelton; printed by Ant. Veale, no date, very fair, both 8vo. "This is a most extraordinarily scarce edition of Skelton's Pieces, and has besides these, some other fragments of his by various early printers."	7	6

But I proceed. The commotions excited in the book world, by means of the sales of the *Bibliotheca Westiana* and *Martiniana*, had hardly ceased, when a similar agitation took place from the dispersion of the *Monastic Library* which once belonged to SERJEANT FLETEWODE; [390] a bibliomaniac who flourished in full

vigour during the reign of Elizabeth. The catalogue of these truly curious books is but a sorry performance; but let the lover of rare articles put on his bathing corks, and swim quietly across this ocean of black-letter, and he will be abundantly repaid for the toil of such an aquatic excursion.

[390] The year following the sale of Mr. West's books, a very curious and valuable collection, chiefly of English literature, was disposed of by auction, by Paterson, who published the catalogue under the following title: "BIBLIOTHECA MONASTICO-FLETEWODIANA." "*A Catalogue of rare books and tracts in various languages and faculties; including the Ancient Conventual Library of Missenden Abbey, in Buckinghamshire*; together with some choice remains of that of the late eminent Serjeant at Law, WILLIAM FLETEWODE, Esq., Recorder of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; among which are several specimens of the earliest typography, foreign and English, including Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and others: a fine collection of English history, some scarce old law books, a great number of old English plays, several choice MSS. upon vellum, and other subjects of literary curiosity. Also several of the best editions of the classics, and modern English and French books. Sold by auction by S. Paterson, December," 1774, 8vo., 3641 lots, or articles. I am in

possession of a *priced catalogue* of this collection, with the names of the purchasers. The latter were principally Herbert, Garrick, Dodd, Elmsley, T. Payne, Richardson, Chapman, Wagstaff, Bindley, and Gough. The following is a specimen of some curious and interesting articles contained in this celebrated library:

NO.	£ *s. d.*

172. Bale's brefe Chronycle relating to Syr Johan Oldecastell, 1544. The Life off the 70th Archbishop off Canterbury, presentlye sittinge, 1574, &c. Life of Hen. Hills, Printer to O. Cromwell, with the Relation of what passed between him

	and the Taylor's Wife in Black Friars, 1688, 8vo., &c.	0 7 9
Purchased by Mores.		
361 to 367.	Upwards of thirty *scarce Theological Tracts*, in Latin and English.	1 5 0

746 to 784.	A fine collection of early English Translations, in black letter, with some good foreign editions of the classics. Not exceeding, in the whole	10 10 0
837, 838.	Two copies of the *first edition* of Bacon's Essays, 1597. MIRABILE DICTU!	0 0 6

The reader will just glance at no. 970, in the catalogue, en passant, to

1082. (1*l.* 2*s.*) and 1091 (12*s.*) but more particularly to

1173. The Boke of Tulle of Olde Age, &c. *Emprynted by Caxton*, 1481, folio 0 0

1174. The Boke which is sayd or called Cathon, &c. *printed by the same*, 1483, folio. Purchased by Alchorne 5 0 0

1256. The Doctrinal of Sapyence, *printed by the same*, 1489, folio. Purchased by Alchorne 5 6 0

1257. The Booke named the Cordyal, *printed by the same*, 1479, folio. 12 6

But there is no end to these curious volumes. I will, however, only add that there were upwards of 150 articles of *Old Plays*, mostly in quarto. See page 73. Of *Antiquities*, *Chronicles*, and *Topography*, it would be difficult to pitch upon the rarest volumes. The collection, including very few MSS., contained probably about 7000 volumes. The catalogue, in a clean condition, is somewhat uncommon.

You will imagine that the BOOK-DISEASE now began to be more active and fatal than ever; for the ensuing year (namely, in 1775) died the famous ANTHONY ASKEW, M.D. Those who recollect the zeal and scholarship of this illustrious bibliomaniac,[391] and the precious volumes with which his library was stored, from the choice collections of De Boze, Gaignat, Mead, and Folkes, cannot but sigh, with grief of heart, on reflecting upon such a victim! How ardently, and how kindly (as I remember to

have heard one of his intimate friend say) would Askew unlock the stores of his glittering book-treasures!—open the magnificent folio, or the shining duodecimo, *printed upon vellum*, and embossed with golden knobs, or held fast with silver clasps! How carefully would he unrol the curious *manuscript*, decipher the half effaced characters—and then, casting an eye of ecstacy over the shelves upon which similar treasures were lodged, exult in the glorious prospect before him! But death—who, as Horace tells us, equally exercises the knocker of the palace and cottage-door, made no scruple to rap at that of our renowned Doctor—when Askew, with all his skill in medicine and knowledge of books, yielded to the summons of the grim tyrant—and died lamented, as he lived beloved!

[391] Lysander is now arrived, pursuing his chronological order, at a very important period in the annals of book-sales. The name and collection of Dr. ASKEW are so well known in the bibliographical world that the reader need not be detained with laboured commendations on either: in the present place, however, it would be a cruel disappointment not to say a word or two by way of preface or prologue. Dr. ANTHONY ASKEW had eminently distinguished himself by a refined taste, a sound knowledge, and an indefatigable research, relating to every thing connected

with Grecian and Roman literature. It was to be expected, even during his life, as he was possessed of sufficient means to gratify himself with what was rare, curious, and beautiful, in literature and the fine arts, that the public would one day be benefited by such pursuits: especially as he had expressed a wish that his treasures might be unreservedly submitted to sale, after his decease. In this wish the doctor was not singular. Many eminent collectors had indulged it before him: and, to my knowledge, many modern ones still indulge it. Accordingly, on the death of Dr. Askew, in 1774, appeared, in the ensuing year, a catalogue of his books for sale, by Messrs. Baker and Leigh, under the following title: "BIBLIOTHECA ASKEVIANA, *sive Catalogus Librorum Rarissimorum Antonii Askew, M.D., quorum Auctio fiet apud S. Baker et G. Leigh, in Vico dicto York Street, Covent Garden, Londini, Die Lunæ, 13 Februarii*, MDCCLXXV, *et in undeviginti sequentes dies*." A few copies were struck off on *large paper*, which are yet rather common. My own copy is of this kind, with the prices, and names of the purchasers. We are told, by the compiler of the catalogue, that it was thought "unnecessary to say much with respect to this library of the late Dr. Anthony Askew, as the collector and the collection were so well known in almost all parts of Europe." Afterwards it is observed that "The books in general are in very fine condition, many of them bound in morocco, and russia leather, with gilt leaves." "To give a

particular account," continues the compiler, "of the *many scarce editions* of books in this catalogue would be almost endless, therefore the *first editions* of the classics, and some *extremely rare books*, are chiefly noticed. The catalogue, without any doubt, contains the best, rarest, and most valuable collection of GREEK and LATIN BOOKS that was ever sold in England, and the great time and trouble of forming it will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse for the price put to it." (1*s.* 6*d.* the small paper, and 4*s.* the large.) This account is not overcharged. The collection in regard to Greek and Roman literature was *unique* in its day. Enriched with many a tome from the Harleian, Dr. Mead's, Martin Folkes's, and Dr. Rawlinson's library, as well as with numerous rare and splendid articles from foreign collections (for few men travelled with greater ardour, or had an acuter discrimination than Dr. Askew), the books were sought after by almost every one then eminent for bibliographical research. HIS MAJESTY was a purchaser, says Mr. J. Nichols, to the amount of about 300*l.*; Dr. Hunter, to the amount of 500*l.*; and De Bure (who had commissions from the King of France and many foreign collectors, to the amount of 1500*l.*) made purchases to the same amount; Dr. Maty was solicited by the trustees of the British Museum not to be unmindful of *that repository*; and accordingly he became a purchaser to a considerable amount. The late worthy and learned Mr. M. CRACHERODE, whose

library now forms one of the most splendid acquisitions of the British Museum, and whose *bequest* of it will immortalize his memory, was also among the "Emptores literarii" at this renowned sale. He had enriched his collection with many an "*Exemplar Askevianum*;" and, in his latter days, used to elevate his hands and eyes, and exclaim against the prices *now* offered for EDITIONES PRINCIPES. The fact is, Dr. Askew's sale has been considered a sort of *era* in bibliography. Since that period, rare and curious books in Greek and Latin literature have been greedily sought after, and obtained (as a recent sale abundantly testifies) at most extravagant prices. It is very well for a veteran in bibliographical literature, as was Mr. Cracherode, or as are Mr. Wodhull, and Dr. Gosset—whose collections were, in part, formed in the days of De Bure, Gaignat, Askew, Duke de la Valliere, and Lamoignon—it is very well for such gentlemen to declaim against *modern prices*! But what is to be done? Classical books grow scarcer every day, and the love of literature, and of possessing rare and interesting works, increases in an equal ratio. Hungry bibliographers meet, at sales, with well-furnished purses, and are resolved upon sumptuous fare! Thus the hammer *vibrates*, after a bidding of FORTY POUNDS, where formerly it used regularly to *fall* at FOUR! But we lose sight of Dr. Askew's *rare editions*, and *large paper copies*. The following, gentle reader, is but an imperfect specimen!

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
168.	Chaucer's Works, by *Pynson*, no date	7	17	6
172.	Cicero of Old Age, by Caxton, 1481	13	13	0
518.	Gilles (Nicole) Annales, &c., de France. Paris, fol. 1520, 2 tom. SUR VELIN	31	10	6
647.	Æginetæ (Pauli) Præcepta Salubria; Paris, quarto, 1510. On VELLUM	11	0	0
666.	Æsopi Fabulæ. *Edit. Princeps circ.* 1483	6	6	0
684.	Boccacio, il Teseide, *Ferar.*, 1475. *Prima Edizione*	85	0	0

[This copy, which is called, "*probably unique*," was once, I suspect, in Consul Smith's library. See *Bibl. Smith*, p. lxiii. The reader will find some account of it in Warton's History of Engl. Poetry, vol. i., 347. It was printed, as well as the subsequent editions of 1488, and 1528, "with some deviations from the original, and even misrepresentations of the story." His majesty was the purchaser of this precious and uncommon book.]

708. Cornelius Nepos, 1471. *Edit. Prin.* 11 11 0

713.	Alexander de Ales, super tertium Sententiar. 1474, ON VELLUM	15	15	0
817.	Anthologia Græca. *Edit. Prin.* 1494, ON VELLUM	28	7	0
	In Dr. Hunter's Museum.			
856.	Ammianus Marcellinus, 1474. *Edit. Prin.*	23	0	0
1332.	Ciceronis Opera omnia, Oliveti, 9 vols. quarto, 1740, *Charta Maxima*	36	15	0
1389.	Ejusdem Officia, 1465. *Edit. Prin.*	30	0	0
1433.	Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius; Aldi, 8vo., 1502. IN MEMBRANIS	17	10	0

	This copy was purchased by the late Mr. M.C. Cracherode, and is now, with his library, in the British Museum. It is a beautiful book; but cannot be compared with Lord Spencer's Aldine VELLUM Virgil, of the same size.			
1576.	Durandi Rationale, &c., 1459. IN MEMBRANIS	61	0	0
	The beginning of the 1st chapter was wanting. Lord Spencer has a perfect copy of this rare book, printed upon spotless VELLUM.			
2656.	Platonis Opera, apud Aldum; 2 vols., fol., 1513. *Edit. Prin.* ON VELLUM.	55	13	0

Purchased by the late Dr. William Hunter; and is, at this moment, with the Doctor's books and curiosities, at *Glasgow*. The reader can have no idea of the beauty of these vellum leaves. The ink is of the finest lustre, and the whole typographical arrangement may be considered a masterpiece of printing. If I could forget the magnificent copy which I have seen (but not upon vellum) of the "Etymologicum magnum," in the Luton Library, I should call *this* the chef-d'œuvre of the ALDINE PRESS.

2812.	Plinii Hist. Natural; apud Spiram, fol., 1469. *Edit. Princeps.* This copy has been recently sold for a sum considerably less than it brought. It bears no kind of comparison with the copy in Lord Spencer's, Dr. Hunter's, and the Cracherode, collections. These latter are *giants* to it!	43	0	0
2813.	Id. cum notis Harduini; 1723, 3 vols., ON VELLUM	42	0	0
3345.	Tewrdranckhs; Poema Germanica, Norimb. fol., 1517, ON VELLUM.	21	0	0

This is a book of uncommon rarity. It is a poetical composition on the life and actions of the Emperor Maximilian I., and was frequently reprinted; but not with the same care as were the earlier editions of 1517 and 1519—the latter, at Augsburg, by John Schouspergus. Kœllerus, who purchased a copy of this work on vellum, for 200 crowns, has given a particularly tempting description of it. See Schelhorn's "*Amœnitates Literaræ*," tom. ii., 430-iii., 144. Dr. Hunter

purchased Dr. Askew's copy, which I have seen in the Museum of the former: the wood-cuts, 118 in number, justify every thing said in commendation of them by Papillon and Heinecken. Probably Dr. Askew purchased the above copy of Osborne; for I find one in the *Bibl. Harleian*, vol. iii., no. 3240. See, too, *Bibl. Mead*, p. 239, no. 43; where a VELLUM copy, of the edition of 1527, was sold for 9*l.* 9*s.* My friend, Mr. Douce, has also beautiful copies of the editions of 1517 and 1519, upon paper of the

finest lustre. It has been a moot point with bibliographers whether the extraordinary type of this book be *wood*, and cut in solid blocks, or moveable types of *metal*. No one is better able to set this point "at rest," as lawyers call it, than the gentleman whose name is here last mentioned.

3337. Terentianus Maurus de Literis, Syllabis, et Metris Horatii. *Mediol.* fol., 1497 12 12 0

"This is judged to be the only copy of this edition in England, if not in the whole world. Dr. Askew could find no copy in his travels over Europe, though he made earnest and particular search in every library which he had an opportunity of consulting."

Note in the catalogue. It was purchased by Dr. Hunter, and is now in his Museum. Originally it belonged to Dr. Taylor, the editor of Lysias and Demosthenes, who originally procured it from the Harleian Library, for *four* guineas only. We are told

that, during his life, *one hundred* guineas would not have obtained it!

Rare and magnificent as the preceding articles may be considered, I can confidently assure the reader that they form a very small part of the extraordinary books in Dr. ASKEW'S library. Many a *ten* and *twenty pounder* has been omitted—many a *prince* of an edition passed by unregarded! The articles were 3570 in number; probably comprehending about 7000 volumes. They were sold for 4000*l.* It remains only to add that Dr. ASKEW was a native of Kendal, in Westmorland; that he practised as a physician there with considerable success, and, on his establishment in London, was visited by all who were distinguished for learning, and curious in the fine arts. Dr. Mead supported him with a sort of paternal zeal; nor did he find in his *protegé* an ungrateful son. (See the Director, vol. i., p. 309.) Few minds were probably more congenial than were those of MEAD and ASKEW: the former had, if I may so speak, a magnificence of sentiment which infused into the mind of the latter just notions of a character aiming at *solid intellectual* fame; without the petty arts and dirty tricks which we now see too frequently pursued

to obtain it. Dr. ASKEW, with less pecuniary means of gratifying it, evinced an equal ardour in the pursuit of books, MSS., and inscriptions. I have heard from a very worthy old gentleman, who used to revel 'midst the luxury of ASKEW'S table, that few men exhibited their books and pictures, or, as it is called, *shewed the Lions*, better than did the Doctor. Of his attainments in Greek and Roman literature it becomes not me to speak, when such a scholar as Dr. PARR has been most eloquent in their praise. I should observe that the MSS. of Dr. ASKEW were separately sold in 1781, and produced a very considerable sum. The Appendix to Scapula, published in an 8vo. volume, in 1789, was compiied from one of these MSS.

After an event so striking and so melancholy, one would think that future *Virtuosi* would have barricadoed their doors, and fumigated their chambers, in order to escape the ravages of the *Book-Pest*:—but how few are they who profit by experience, even when dearly obtained! The subsequent HISTORY OF THE BIBLIOMANIA is a striking proof of the truth of this remark: for the disease rather increased, and the work of death yet went on. In the following year (1776) died JOHN RATCLIFFE;[392] a bibliomaniac of a very peculiar character. If he had contented himself with his former occupation, and frequented the butter and cheese, instead of the

book, market—if he could have fancied himself in a brown peruke, and Russian apron, instead of an embroidered waistcoat, velvet breeches, and flowing periwig, he might, perhaps, have enjoyed greater longevity; but, infatuated by the *Caxtons* and *Wynkyn de Wordes* of the West and Fletewode collections, he fell into the snare; and the more he struggled to disentangle himself, the more certainly did he become a victim to the disease.

[392] BIBLIOTHECA RATCLIFFIANA; or, "*A Catalogue of the elegant and truly valuable Library of* JOHN RATCLIFFE, *Esq., late of Bermondsey, deceased*. The whole collected with great judgment and expense, during the last thirty years of his life: comprehending a large and most choice collection of the rare old English *black-letter*, in fine preservation, and in elegant bindings, printed by Caxton, Lettou, Machlinia, the anonymous St. Alban's Schoolmaster, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Berthelet, Grafton, Day, Newberie, Marshe, Jugge, Whytchurch, Wyer, Rastell, Coplande, and the rest of the *Old English Typographers*: several missals and MSS., and two pedigrees on vellum, finely illuminated." The title-page then sets forth a specimen of these black-letter gems; among which our eyes are dazzled with a galaxy of Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, Pynsons, &c., &c. The sale took place on March 27, 1776; although the *year* is

unaccountably omitted by that renowned auctioneer, the late Mr. Christie, who disposed of them. If ever there was a *unique* collection, this was one—the very essence of Old Divinity, Poetry, Romances, and Chronicles! The articles were only 1675 in number; but their intrinsic value amply compensated for their paucity. The following is but an inadequate specimen:

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
1315.	Horace's Arte of Poetrie, Pistles, and Satyres, by Durant, 1567. *First English. Edition*	0	16	0
1321.	The Shepard's Calendar, 1579. Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576	1	2	0
1392.	The Pastyme of People, *printed* by Rastell. Curious wood-cuts	4	7	0
1393.	The Chronicles of Englande, *printed by Caxton*, fine copy, 1480	5	5	0

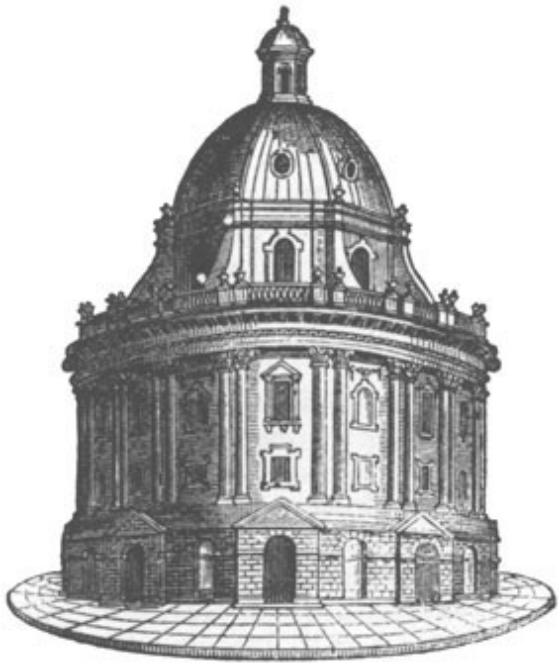
1394.	Ditto, *printed at St. Albans*, 1483. Purchased by Dr. Hunter, and now in his Museum (which copy I have seen)	7	7	0
1403.	Barclay's Shyp of Folys, printed by Pynson, 1508, *first edit.*, a fine copy	2	10	0
1426.	The Doctrinal of Sapyence, *printed by Caxton*, 1489	8	8	0
1427.	The Boke called Cathon, *ditto*, 1483. Purchased by Dr. Hunter, and now in his Museum	5	5	0
1428.	The Polytyque Boke, named Tullius de Senectute, in Englyshe, *printed by Caxton*, 1481	14	0	0

1429.	The Game of Chesse Playe. No date. *Printed by Caxton*	16	0	0
1665.	The Boke of Jason, *printed by Caxton*	5	10	0
1669.	The Polychronicon of Ranulph Higden, translated by Trevisa, 1482. *Printed by the same*, and purchased by Dr. Hunter	5	15	6
1670.	Legenda Aurea, or the Golden Legende. *Printed by the same*, 1483	9	15	0
1674.	Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogue of the *rare old black-letter and other curious and uncommon books*, 4 vols.	7	15	0

[This would have been the most delicious article to *my* palate. If the present owner of it were disposed to part with it, I could not find it in my heart to refuse him *compound interest* for his money. As is the wooden frame-work to the bricklayer, in the construction of his arch, so might Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogues be to me in the compilation of a certain *magnum opus*!]

I beg pardon of the *manes* of "John Ratcliffe, Esq.," for the very inadequate manner in which I have brought forward his collection to public notice. The memory of such a man ought to be dear to the "*black-letter-dogs*" of the present day: for he had (mirabile dictu!) *upwards of*

THIRTY CAXTONS! I take the present opportunity of presenting the reader with the following engraving of the Ratcliffe Library, Oxon.



If I might hazard a comparison between Mr. James West's and Mr. John Ratcliffe's collections, I should say that the former was more extensive; the latter more curious. Mr. West's, like a magnificent *champagne*, executed by the hand of Claude or Both, and enclosing mountains, meadows, and streams, presented to the eye of the beholder a scene at once luxuriant and fruitful: Mr. Ratcliffe's, like one of those confined pieces of scenery, touched by the pencil of Rysdael or Hobbima, exhibited to the beholder's eye a

spot equally interesting, but less varied and extensive: the judgment displayed in both might be the same. The sweeping foliage and rich pasture of the former could not, perhaps, afford greater gratification than the thatched cottage, abrupt declivities, and gushing streams of the latter. To change the metaphor—Mr. West's was a magnificent repository; Mr. Ratcliffe's, a cabinet of curiosities. Of some particulars of Mr. Ratcliffe's life, I had hoped to have found gleanings in Mr. Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*; but his name does not even appear in the index; being probably reserved for the second forthcoming enlarged edition. Meanwhile, it may not be uninteresting to remark that, like Magliabechi, (vide p. 86, ante) he imbibed his love of reading and collecting from the accidental possession of scraps and leaves of books. The fact is, Mr. Ratcliffe once kept a *chandler's shop* in the Borough; and, as is the case with all retail traders, had great quantities of old books brought to him to be purchased at so much *per lb.*! Hence arose his passion for collecting the *black-letter*, as well as *Stilton cheeses*: and hence, by unwearied assiduity, and attention to business, he amassed a sufficiency to retire, and live, for the remainder of his days, upon the luxury of OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE!

It is with pain that I trace the ravages of the BOOK-MANIA to a later period. Many a heart

yet aches, and many a tear is yet shed, on a remembrance of the mortality of this frightful disease. After the purchasers of Ratcliffe's treasures had fully perused, and deposited in fit places within their libraries, some of the scarcest volumes in the collection, they were called upon to witness a yet more splendid victim to the Bibliomania: I mean, the Honourable TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.[393] One, who had frequently gladdened JOHNSON in his gloomy moments; and who is allowed, by that splenetic sage and great teacher of morality, to have united the elegant manners of a gentleman with the mental accomplishments of a scholar. Beauclerk's Catalogue is a fair specimen of the analytico-bibliographical powers of Paterson: yet it must be confessed that this renowned champion of catalogue-makers shines with greater, and nearly perfect, splendour, in the collection of the REV. THOMAS CROFTS[394]—a collection which, taking it "for all in all," I know not whether it be exceeded by any which this country has recorded in the shape of a private catalogue. The owner was a modest, careful, and acutely sagacious bibliomaniac: learned, retired, yet communicative: and if ever you lay hold of a *large paper* copy of a catalogue of his books, which, as well as the small, carries the printed prices at the end, seize it in triumph, Lisardo, for it is a noble volume, and by no means a worthless prize.



[393] There are few libraries better worth the attention of a scholarlike collector than was the one of the distinguished character above noticed by Lysander. The Catalogue of Beauclerk's books has the following title: "*Bibliotheca Beauclerkiana; A Catalogue of the large and valuable Library of the late Honourable* TOPHAM BEAUCLERK, F.R.S., *deceased*; comprehending an excellent choice of books, to the number of upwards of 30,000 volumes, &c. Sold by auction, by Mr. Paterson, in April, 1781," 8vo. The catalogue has two parts: part I. containing 230; part *ii.* 137, pp. The most magnificent and costly volume was the largest paper copy of Dr. Clarke's edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, 1712, fol., which was sold for 44*l.*; and of which the binding, according to Dr. Harwood's testimony, cost 5*l.* 5*s.* There is nothing, in *modern* times, very marvellous in this price of binding. Of the *two parts* of the Beauclerk collection, the *second* is the most valuable to the collector of English Antiquities and History, and the *first* to the general scholar. But let not the bibliomaniac run too swiftly over the first, for at nos. 3450, 3453, he will find two books which rank among the rarest of those in old English poetry. At the close of the second part, there are a few curious manuscripts; three of which are deserving of a description here.

PART II.

£ *s.* *d.*

3275.	Thomas of Arundel, his Legend in old English verse; VII parts, with the Entre, or Prologue: *written A.D. M.C.VII. upon vellum, the Capitals illuminated*, fol. Here follows a specimen of the verse	1	18	0

ye fyrst pt of ys yt es
of mon and of his urechednes.

ye secounde pte folowyng es
of ye worldes unstabillnes.

ye yyrdde pt yt is of deth
& of peyn yt wt hy geth.

the ferthe parte is of purgatorye
yere soules ben clensed of her folye.

ye fyfte pt of ys dey of doom
& of tokens yt byfore shul coom.

ye syxte pt of ys boke to telle
yt speketh of ye peynes of helle.

ye seventhe part of joys in heven
yat bene more yenne tong may neuen.

3276.	The Life and Acts of St. Edmond, King and Martyr, by John Lydgate, Monk of Bury, fol.: *a choice MS. upon vellum, illuminated throughout, and embellished with 52 Historical Miniatures*. For a specimen of the verse, take the first stanza:	22	1	0

The noble stoory to putte in remembraunce
Of Seynt Edmond mayd martre and kyng
With his suppoor: my style i wyl avaunce
ffirst to compyle afftre my konnyng
his gloryous lyff his birthe and his gynnying
And by discent how he was soo good
Was in Saxonye borne of the royal blood.

3288. The
Armes,
Honours,
Matches,
and
Issues
of the
auncient
and
illustrious
FAMILY
OF
VEER:
described
in the
honourable
progeny
of the
Earles
of
Oxenford
and
other
branches
thereof.
Together
with a
genealogical
deduction
of this
noble
family
from
the
blood
of 12
forreyne

princes:
viz. 3
Emperours,
3
Kings,
3
Dukes,
and 3
Earles,
&c.
Gathered
out of
History,
Recordes,
and
other
Monuments
of
Antiquity,
by
Percivall
Goulding,
Gent.
The
Arms
illuminated,
folio. 9 0 0

I will just add that this catalogue is creditably printed in a good size octavo volume, and that there are copies upon *large paper*. The arrangement of the books is very creditable to the bibliographical reputation of Paterson.

[394] When the reader is informed that Paterson tells us, in the preface of this

volume, that "In almost every language and science, and even under the shortest heads, some one or more rare articles occur; but in the copious classes, such as follow, literary curiosity is gratified, is *highly feasted*"—and that the author of this remark used, in his latter days, to hit his knee hard with his open hand, and exclaim —"By G——, Crofts' Catalogue is my chef d'œuvre, out and out"—when he reflects, I say, for a minute upon these two bibliographical stimuli, he will hasten (if he have it not already) to seize upon that volume of which the following is but an imperfect specimen of the treasures contained in it: "*Bibliotheca Croftsiana: A Catalogue of the curious and distinguished Library of the late Reverend and Learned* THOMAS CROFTS, A.M., &c. Sold by auction, by Mr. Paterson, in April, 1783," 8vo. This collection, containing 8360 articles, although not quite so generally useful as the preceding, is admirably well arranged; and evinces, from the rarity of some of the volumes in the more curious departments of literature, the sound bibliographical knowledge and correct taste of Mr. Crofts: who was, in truth, both a scholar and bibliomaniac of no ordinary reputation. I hasten to treat the reader with the following *Excerpta Croftsiana*: being a selection of articles from this catalogue, quite according with the present prevailing fashion of Book-Collecting:

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

2741.	Raccolta de Poeti Provenzali MS. antiq. *Supermembr.*, 8vo., *cor. turc. avec une table des noms des troubadours contenu dans ce MS.*	5	7	6
4920.	Les cent nouvelles nouvelles, *Lettres Gothiques*, fig. fol., *velin Paris, imprimées par Nic. Desprez.* M.D.V.	2	15	0
4921.	Le Chevalier de la Tour. Et le guidon des guerres; *lettres Gothiques, fig. fol. maroq. rouge, imprimé à Paris, pour Guil. Eustace.* M.D.XIV.	2	17	0

4922.	Le premier, second, et tiers volume de Lancelot du Lac; *nouvellement imprimé à Paris. L'an mil cinq cens et xx, pour Michel le Noir; Lettres Gothiques, fig. fol. maroq. rouge*	10	15	0
4923.	Le premier et le second volume du Sainct Greaal, contenant la conqueste dudict Sainct Greaal, faicte par Lancelot du Lac, Galaad Perceval et Boors; *Lettres Gothiques, fig. fol. maroq. rouge, Paris, imprimé par Phel le Noir*, M.D.XXIII "Ce volume est un des plus rares de la classe des Romans de Chevalerie. T.C."	5	7	6

4924. Ci Commence Guy de Warwick chevalier Dangleterre qui en son tems fit plusieurs prouesses et conquestes en Allemaigne, Ytalie, et Dannemarche. Et aussi sur les infidelles ennemys de la Crestienté; *Lettres Gothiques, fig. fol. maroq. rouge. Paris, imprimé par Ant. Couteau,* M.D.XXV. 1 18 0

4925.	Le premier et le second volume de Merlin, qui est le premier livre de la table ronde, avec plusieurs choses moult recreative: aussi les Prophecies de Merlin, qui est le tierce partie et derniere: *Lettres Gothiques, 2 tom. 4to., maroq. rouge, Paris*, M.D.XXVIII.	1	18	0

4926. La treselegante, delicieuse, melliflue, et tresplaisante Hystoire du tresnoble, victori, et excellentissime roy Perceforest, Roy de la Grand Bretaigne, fundateur du Francpalais et du temple du souverain Dieu. En laquelle lecture pourra veoir la source et decoration de toute Chevalerie, culture de vraye Noblesse, Prouesses, &c. Avecques plusieurs propheties, Comptes Damans, et leur divers fortunes. *Lettres Gothiques, 6 tom. en 3 fol., Paris, chez Galliot du Pre*, M.D.XXVIII. 7 0 0

4927. Le tiers, quart, cinquiesme, sixiesme, et dernier volumes des Anciennes Croniques Dangleterre, faictz et gestes du trespreux et redoubte en chevalerie, le noble roy Perceforest: *imprimé à Paris pour Egide Gourmont et Phil. le Noir*, M.D.XXXII. 2 tom. folio 0 11 6

4298.	Le Parangon des Nouvelles, honestes et delectables à tous ceulx qui desirent voir et ouyr choses nouvelles et recreatives soubz umbre et couleur de joyeuste, 8vo. fig. maroq. rouge. *Imprimez à Lyon, par Denys de Harsy*, 1532 Les Parolles joyeuses et Dicts memorables des nobles et saiges Homes anciens, redigez par le gracieulx et honeste Poete Messire Francoys Petrarcque, *fig. ib.* 1532	2	5	0

4929.	L'Histoire de Isaie le triste filz de Tristan de leonnoys, jadis Chevalier de la table ronde, et de la Royne Izeut de Cornouaille, ensemble les nobles prouesses de chevallerie faictes par Marc lexille filz. au dict Isaye: *Lettres Gothiques, avec fig., 4to., maroq. rouge. On les vend à Paris par Jehan Bonfons*, 1535	2	12	6

"There is no direct date either at the beginning or end, nor any privilege annexed to this rare Romance. Mr. Crofts, though extremely accurate, for the most part, has made no remark; neither has the industrious Mr. de Bure taken notice of this particular edition. The date is, nevertheless, obvious, according to my conjecture. After the words filz du dict Isaye, in the general title, at some distance, stand these numerals lxv. c. At first I apprehended they referred to the work, as containing so many chapters; but upon examining the

table, I found the Romance to consist of 92 chapters: I conclude they must relate to the date of the book, and are to be read lxv. ante M.D.C., or 1535. S.P."

4932. Meliadus de Leonmoys. Du present Volume sont contenus les nobles faictz darmes du vaillant roy Meliadus. Ensemble plusieurs autres nobles proesses de Chevalerie faictes tant par le roy Artus, Palamedes, &c., &c. *Lettres Gothiques, fig., fol., maroq. bleu, Paris, chez Galliot du Pré* 3 10 0

4933. Lhystoire tresrecreative, traictant des faictz et gestes du noble et vaillant Chevalier Theseus de Coulongne, par sa proesse Empereur de Rome. Et aussi de sons fils Gadifer, Empereur de Grece. Pareillement des trois enfans de Gadifer, cestassavoir Regnault, Reynier, et Regnesson, &c. *Lettres Gothiques, avec fig. 4to., en peau russe. Paris, pour Jehan Bonfons, s.a.* 5 0 0

4938. L'Histoire Palladienne, traitant des gestes et genereux Faitz d'armes et d'armour de plusieurs Grandz Princes et Seigneurs, specialement de Palladien filz du roy Milanor d'Angleterre, et de la belle Selenine, &c.; par feu Cl. Colet Champenois, *fig., fol., maroquin jaune. Paris, de l'imprimerie d'Estien. Goulleau*, 1555 1 18 0

4945.	Hist. du noble Tristan Prince de Leonnois, Chevalier de la table ronde, et d'Yseulte, Princesse d'Yrlande, Royne de Cornouaille; fait Francois par Jean Maugin, dit l'Angevin, *fig., 4to., maroq. rouge, Rouen.* 1586	1	5	0
4953.	L'Hist. du noble et vaillant Chevalier Paris et la belle Vienne, *4to., Rouen*	3	10	0
4961.	Histoires Prodigieuses, extractes de plusieurs fameux Autheurs, Grecs et Latins, par Pier Boaisteau, Cl. de Tesserant, F. de Belleforest, Rod. Hoyer, &c., *fig. 6 tom. en 3, 12mo., maroq. rouge. Par chez la Verfue Cavellat*, 1598	2	9	0

4964.	Valentine and Orson, cuts, black letter, 4to. *London; no date*. (Not sold.)			
7276.	Hollinshed's (Raphe) and William Harrison's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland, continued by John Hooker, alias Vowell, and others; *black letter, 3 vols. fol., large paper, in Russia*, 1586	13	2	6
7399.	Lynch (Jo.) Seu Gratiani Lucii Hiberni Cambrensis Eversus, seu potius Historica fides, in Rebus Hibernicis, Giraldo Cambrensi abrogata, fol. *Impress. An. 1662. Sine Loco aut Nomine Impressoris*	3	4	0

"Liber inter Historicos Hibernicos rarissimus et inventu difficilimus, quippe cujus pars maxima exemplarium in incendio periit Londinensi. Sub Lucii Gratiani nomine latet verus autor Johannes Lynch (Tuamensis Archidiaconus) qui post Gallvæ deditionem, Exul in Gallia hocce opus patriæ vindex composuit. T.C."

This catalogue contains 8360 articles. There are printed lists of the prices for which each set of books was sold: but I am afraid that an arrant bibliomaniac, like myself (for thus my friends are cruel enough to call me!) will be content only with a *large paper* copy of it, with the prices neatly penned in the margin. I conclude that Lysander recommends the volume in this shape to all tasteful collectors.

LIS. But there are surely other large paper——

ALMAN. What can there possibly be in a large paper copy of a *Catalogue of Books* which merits the appellation of "nobleness" and "richness?"

LOREN. You are a little out of order. Such a question cuts the heart of a bibliographer in twain. Pray let Lysander pursue his narrative.

LYSAND. I have no sort of objection to such interruptions. But I think the day is not very far distant when females will begin to have as high a relish for *large paper* copies of every work as their male rivals. Now let us go on quietly towards the close of my long-winded bibliomaniacal history. And first let us not fail to pay due respect to the cabinet of literary bijoux collected by that renowned bibliomaniac, MARK CEPHAS TUTET.[395] His collection was distinguished by some very uncommon articles of early date, both of foreign and British typography; and, if you take a peep into Lorenzo's priced copy of the catalogue containing also the purchasers' names, you will find that most notorious modern bibliomaniacs ran away with the choicest prizes. Tutet's catalogue, although drawn up in a meagre and most disadvantageous style, is a great favourite with me; chiefly for the valuable articles which it exhibits.



[395] *A Catalogue of the genuine and valuable Collection of printed Books and Manuscripts of the late* MARK CEPHAS TUTET, Esq., to be sold by auction by Mr. Gerard, on Wednesday, the 15th of February, 1786, 8vo. This library evinces the select taste and accurate judgment of its collector. There were only 513 articles, or lots; but these in general were both curious and valuable. I will give a specimen or two of the TUTET CABINET of books.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

10.	Various Catalogues of Curiosities, elegantly bound in 14 volumes, and a few loose: *most of them priced, with the purchasers' names*. A.D. 1721 to 1783, 8vo.	3	16	0
55.	Two volumes of ancient and modern cards, *eleg. in russia*	5	5	0

[These volumes were purchased by Mr. Payne's father, and of him by Mr. Gough. At the sale of the MSS. of the latter (1810) they were purchased by Mr. Robert Triphook, bookseller, of St. James's Street; with a view of making them instrumental to a work which

	he is projecting, *Upon the History and Antiquity of Playing Cards*.]			
86.	Broughton's Concent of Scripture: *printed upon vellum*	1	2	0

118.	Snelling's Silver Coinage, — 1762; ditto Gold Coinage, 1763; ditto Copper Coinage, 1768; ditto Miscellaneous Views, 1769; ditto Jettons, 1769: all in folio	7	0	0

	"These form a complete set of Snelling's works in folio, and are interspersed with a great number of very useful and interesting notes and observations, by Mr. Tutet."			
126.	The Byble, &c. Printed by Grafton and Whitchurch, 1537, folio	3	3	0

[There is a note here by Tutet which does not evince any profound knowledge of English etymology.]

168. Rede me and be not wroth, 12mo., no place nor date 1 11 6

175. Servetus de Trinitatis erroribus, *cor. tur.*, 1531, 12mo. 3 14 0

316.	—— de Trinitate divinâ, Lond., 1723, 4to.	1	12	0
329.	The Arte and Crafte to know well to dye. *Printed by Caxton*, 1490, folio	2	2	0
337.	Hautin, Figures des Monnoyes de France, 1619, folio	6	0	0

364.	Parker de Antiq. Brit. Ecclesiæ, 1572, folio. A long and curious note is here appended	4	4	0
371.	The Boke of Hawkinge, Huntynge, and Fysshynge, 1496, fol.	2	9	0
372.	Sancta Peregrinatio in Mont. Syon, &c. 1486, folio	7	7	0

["This is the first book of travels that was ever printed. The maps are very remarkable; that of the Holy Land is above 4 feet long."]

463. Spaccio della Bestia trionfante. *Paris*, 1584, 8vo. 7 7 0

477.	Expositio Sancti Jeronimi in Symbolum Apostolorum, *cor. maur. Oxon.*, 1468, 4to.	16	5	0
479.	Polychronycon; *printed by Caxton*, 1482, 4to.	4	12	0
480.	Pfintzing (Melchoir) His German Poem of the Adventures of the Emperor Maximilian, under the name of Tewrdanckh's. Nuremb., 1517, folio	5	7	6

481.	Initial Letters, Vignettes, Cul de Lampes, &c., 2 vols., *elegantly bound in russia*. [These beautiful books are now in the possession of Mr. Douce]	4	6	0
483.	Bouteroue, Recherches curieuses des Monnoyes de France: *in morocco, gilt, Paris*, 1666, folio	5	0	0

486.	Froissart's Chronicles; printed by Pynson, 1523, folio, 2 vols. *A beautiful copy elegantly bound.*	16	0	0
487.	Recule of the Hystoryes of Troye; *printed by Caxton*, (1471) Folio. *A very fine copy, and quite complete.*	21	0	0
490.	Ciceronis Officia, 1466, 4to. *On paper.*	25	10	0

And thus we take leave of that judicious and tasteful bibliomaniac, MARK CEPHAS TUTET!

Three months after the sale of the preceding library, appeared the *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta* of SAMUEL PATERSON; containing a collection to be sold by auction in May, 1786. To this catalogue of 8001 articles, there is a short (I wish I could add "sweet") preface, which has been extracted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lvi., p. 334; and in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. ii., p. 252—but, whatever accidental reputation the volume may have received from the notice of it in these periodical works, I deem both the preface and the work itself quite unworthy of Paterson's credit. There is an alphabetical index (not always very correct); and a few bibliographical notes are subjoined to the specification of the titles; and these considerations alone will give the book a place in the library of the bibliomaniac. The collection is, in fact, neither universal nor select: and the preface is written in the worst of all styles, containing the most commonplace observations.

The following year, was sold, in a similar way, the select and very curious collection of RICHARD WRIGHT, M.D.;[396] the strength of which lay chiefly in publications relating to the *Drama* and *Romances*. It is, in my humble opinion, a most judicious, as well as neatly

printed, little catalogue; and not more than a dozen copies of it, I think, were printed upon *large paper*. Secure this volume, Lisardo, if you wish to add to your riches in English bibliography.

[396] Lysander has not drawn too strong an outline in his picture of the *Bibliotheca Wrightiana*. The collection was elegant and select. Let us say a little more about it. "*A Catalogue of the Library of* RICHARD WRIGHT, M.D. &c., consisting of an elegant and extensive collection of books in every branch of learning, &c., many of the scarcest editions of the Old English Poets, Novels, and Romances; also a most singular assemblage of Theatrical Writers, including the rarest productions of the English Drama." Sold by auction by T. and J. Egerton, April 23rd, 1787, 8vo. The volume is neatly printed, and the books in the collection are arranged in alphabetical order under their respective departments. We will now fill up a little of the aforementioned strong outline of the picture of Wright's library: which contained 2824 articles.

£ *s.* *d.*

917,	920, 921-4-5-6-7, 931-2-3, exhibit a glorious specimen of the ancient English Chronicles — which, collectively, did not produce a sum above	45	0	0
1223.	England's Parnassus, 1600, 8vo.	0	14	0
1333.	Churchyarde's Choice, 1579, 4to.	2	14	0
1334.	—— first part of his Chippes, 1575, 4to.	3	13	6

1343.	Robert Greene's Works, 2 vols., *elegantly bound*, 4to. (containing 17 pieces.)	5	19	0
1374.	Shyp of Folys. *Printed by Pynson*, 1508, fol.	3	13	0
1384.	Skelton's Works: 1568, 8vo.	0	14	0
1398.	Turberville's epitaphs, epigrams, songs and sonnets, 1567, 8vo.			

	My copy has no price to this article.			
1493. 1567	Thomas Nashe's Works, in three vols. 4to., containing 21 pieces to 2091, comprehends *The English Theatre*.	12	15	0

These numbers exhibit almost every thing that is rare, curious, and valuable in this popular department. I know not how to select stars from such a galaxy of black-letter lustre—but the reader may follow me to the ensuing numbers, which will at least convince him that I am not insensible to the charms of *dramatic bijoux*, nos. 1567-9: 1570-6-8: 1580: 1595-6-8-9: 1606: 1626: 1636-7-8: 1712

(Dekker's Pieces: 15 in number—sold for 3*l.* 3*s.* EHEU!) 1742: 1762. (Heywood's 26 plays, 3*l.* 4*s.*) 1776.—1814: (Marston's 9 pieces, 3*l.* 4*s.*) 1843. (Tragedie of Dido, 1594, 16*l.* 16*s.* EUGE!) 1850. (Middleton; 13 pieces: 4*l.* 5*s.*) 1873-5. (George Peele's: 7*l.* 7*s.*) 1902: (Sackville's Ferrex and Porrex: 2*l.* 4*s.*)—But—"quo Musa tendis?" I conclude, therefore, with the following detailed *seriatim*.

1960. Shakspeare's Works;	1623, folio.	*First edition; bound in Russia leather, with gilt leaves.*	10 0 0
1961. The same;	1632.	*Second impression.*	2 9 0
1962. The same;	1632.	*The same.*	1 6 0
1963. The same;	1663.	*Third Edit. in Russia.*	1 1 0
1964. The same;	1683.	*Fourth Edition.*	1 1 0

My copy of this catalogue is upon *large paper*, beautifully priced by a friend who "hath an unrivalled pen in this way;" and to whom I owe many obligations of a higher kind in the literary department—but whose modesty, albeit he was born on the banks of the Liffey, will not allow me

to make the reader acquainted with his name. Therefore, "STAT NOMINIS UMBRA:" viz. ——!

LOREN. Was Wright's the only collection disposed of at this period, which was distinguished for its dramatic treasures? I think HENDERSON'S[397] library was sold about this time?

[397] *A Catalogue of the Library of* JOHN HENDERSON, Esq. (late of Covent Garden Theatre), &c. Sold by auction by T. and J. Egerton, on February, 1786, 8vo. Do not let the lover of curious books in general imagine that Henderson's collection was entirely dramatical. A glance at the contents of page 12 to page 22, inclusively, will shew that this library contained some very first-rate rarities. When the dramatic collector enters upon page 23, (to the end of the volume, p. 71) I will allow him to indulge in all the *mania* of this department of literature, "withouten ony grudgynge." He may also ring as many *peals* as it pleaseth him, upon discovering that he possesses all the copies of a dramatic author, ycleped *George Peele*, that are notified at nos. 923-4! Henderson's library was, without doubt, an extraordinary one. As we are upon *Dramatic Libraries*, let us, for fear Lysander should forget it, notice the following, though a little out of

chronological order. "*A Catalogue, &c., of the late* Mr. JAMES WILLIAM DODD, of the *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, &c. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby*, Jan. 19, 1797, 8vo., 2435 lots." There was more of the *Drama* in this than in Henderson's collection. Mr. Kemble purchased the dearest volume, which was "Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra," 1578, 4to. (no. 2396) for 7*l.* 10*s.* Mr. George Nicol (for the late Duke of Roxburgh) kept up a tremendous fire at this sale! Akin to Dodd's, was the "*Curious and Valuable Library of* GEORGE SMYTH, Esq.—sold by Leigh and Sotheby, June 2, 1797, 8vo." There were many uncommon books in this collection, exclusively of those appertaining to the Drama; and when I mention, in this latter department—Hughes's Misfortunes of Prince Arthur, &c., printed by Robinson, 1587, 4to. (no. 1376; 16*l.* 15*s.*), both the parts of Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth (1599-1600, 4to., nos. 1436-7; 18*l.* 18*s.*), his Much Ado about Nothing, 1600, 4to., (no. 1438; 7*l.* 10*s.*)—I say enough to sharpen the collector's appetite to obtain, if he have it not, possession of this curious but barbarously printed catalogue. To these, let me add the "*Catalogue of a portion of the Library of* WILLIAM FILLINGHAM, Esq., *consisting of old quarto plays, early English Poetry, and a few scarce Tracts, &c., sold by Leigh and Sotheby*, April 1805, 8vo." The arrangement of this small catalogue is excellent. Many of the books in it are of the rarest occurrence; and, to my

knowledge, were in the finest preservation. The collector is no more! He died in India; cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his intellectual and book-collecting ardour! He was a man of exceedingly gentlemanlike manners, and amiable disposition; and his taste was, upon the whole, well cultivated and correct. Many a pleasant, and many a profitable, hour have I spent in his "delightsome" library!!!

LYSAND. It was; and if you had not reminded me of it, I should have entirely forgotten it. Catalogues of *dramatic Libraries*, well arranged, are of great service to the cause of the Bibliomania.

LIS. I wish we could procure some act of parliament to induce the dramatic collectors—by a fair remuneration—to give a well analysed account of their libraries. We should then have the *Bibliotheca Roxburghiana*, *Bibliotheca Maloniana*, and what say you to the *Bibliotheca Kemblëiana*.

LYSAND. You are running wild. Let me continue my bibliomaniacal history.

We may now advance directly to the exquisite —and shall I say, unparalleled?—library of MAJOR PEARSON![398] a gentleman, who has far eclipsed the bibliomaniacal reputation of his military predecessor, General Dormer. This

extraordinary collection was sold by auction the very next year ensuing the sale of Dr. Wright's books and so thickly and richly is it sprinkled with the black-letter, and other curious lore—so varied, interesting, and valuable, are the departments into which it is divided—that it is no wonder his present Majesty, the late Duke of Roxburgh, and George Steevens, were earnest in securing some of the choicest gems contained in the same. Such a collection, sold at the present day—when there is such a "*qui vive*" for the sort of literature which it displays—what would it produce? At least four times more, than its sum total, two and twenty years ago!

[398] If the reader attend only to the above flourishing eulogy, by Lysander, upon the extraordinary collection of Major, or Thomas, Pearson, I fear he will not rise from the perusal of these pages impressed with very accurate notions of the same. To qualify such ardent panegyric, and at the same time to please the hearts of all honest bibliomaniacs, I here subjoin something like a sober analysis of the *Bibliotheca Pearsoniana*. The title to the Sale Catalogue is as follows: "*Biblioth. Pearson. A Catalogue of the Library of* THOMAS PEARSON, Esq. *Containing a very extensive Collection of the best and rarest books in every branch of English Literature, &c. Sold by Auction by T. and J. Egerton, in April, 1788*," 8vo. Like all the sale catalogues put forth by the Egertons, the present is both judiciously

arranged and neatly printed. It is said that there are only twelve copies upon *large paper*; but I doubt the smallness of this number. My own is of this kind, superbly bound, and priced with a neatness peculiar to the calligraphical powers of the 'forementioned friend. It may not be amiss to prefix an extract from a newspaper of the day; in which this sale was thus noticed: "The Black-lettero-mania, which raged so furiously in the course of last Spring at the Sale of Dr. WRIGHT'S Books, has broken out with still greater violence at the present auction of MAJOR PEARSON'S Library. This assertion may be countenanced by the following examples." Then follow a few specimens of the prices given. The reader is now presented with copious specimens, selected according to their numerical order: the addenda, between inverted commas, being copied from the said newspaper.

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
1888.	Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, 4to.	3	5	0

"Bought by Mr. Steevens versus Mr. Malone."

1889.	Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, 1589, 4to.	1	12	0
1900.	The fyrst Boke of the Introduction to Knowledge, &c.; *Printed by W. Copland*, no date, 4to.	4	15	0

"By the Rev. Mr. Brand versus Lord Charlemont."

1910.	The Castell of Laboure; *Emprynted by Pynson*, 4to., *no date*.	2	2	0

1926.	Dekker's Miscellaneous Pieces, 1604, &c., 4to.	2	2	0
1932.	A curious collection of sundry rare pieces, 4to.	3	4	0
1951.	Drollery's (eleven) 1661, &c., 8vo.	5	6	6

These droll pieces are now much coveted by knowing bibliomaniacs. Mr. Heber and Mr. Hill have each a copious collection of them; and Mr. Gutch of Bristol, a bookseller of great spirit in his trade, and of equal love of

general literature, recently gratified the curious by exhibiting, in his catalogue of 1810, a number of "*Garlands*;" which ere now, have, in all probability, proved a successful bait for some hungry book fish.

2035.	Sir John Harrington's most elegant and witty Epigrams, with portrait, 1618, 8vo.	2	3	0
2090.	Flowers of Epigrammes, &c. *Impr. by Shepperd*, 1577, 12mo.	1	14	0

2130. The Paradise of Dainty Devises, &c., *printed for E. White*, 1600, 4to. The workes of a Young Wit, by N.B. b.l. *printed by Thomas Dawson, no date*. Watson's Mistresse, &c., and Sonnets, b.l. *imperf*. Diana, by the Earl and Countess

of Oxenford, *printed for J. Roberts*, wanting title, 4to. 9 12 6

"Bought by Mr. Steevens versus Mr. Malone."

2131. England's Helicon, 1600, 4to. 5 10 0

"By ditto versus ditto."

2147. The Example of Vertu; *printed by W. de Worde*, 4to.

"Bought by Mr. Mason versus Mr. Malone."

2162.	A Mirrour of Mysterie; *finely written upon, vellum, with two very neat drawings with pen and ink*, 1557, 4to.	2	0	0
2186.	Manley's Affliction and Deliverance of Saints, portr. 1652, 8vo.	1	12	0

2190.	Tragedie of Sir Richard Grenvile, Knt. printed by J. Roberts, 1595, 8vo.	0	15	6
2289.	Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks, by Henry Parrot, 1613, 8vo.	0	4	6

	N.B. *This little volume was sold for as many guineas at the sale of Mr. Reed's books in 1807.*			
2373.	Lyf of St. Ursula; *Impr. by Wynkyn de Worde*, no date, 4to.	1	10	0

2374.	Lyf and History of Saynt Werburge. *Printed by Pynson*, 1521, 4to.	1	3	0
	N.B. *This volume was sold for* 18*l.* 18*s. at the last mentioned sale.*			

2575.	This lot comprehends a cluster of precious little black-letter pieces, which were purchased at the sale of West's books, by Major Pearson. Eight in the whole: executed before the year 1540.	3	19	0

2421.	The Goodly Garlande, or Chaplet of Laurell, by Maister Skelton; *Impr.* by Fawkes, 1523, 4to. See here a long note upon the rarity and intrinsic worth of this curious little volume. "Purchased by Brand versus the King."	7	17	6

2710. Ancient Songs and Ballads; written on various subjects, and printed between the years 1560 and 1700; chiefly collected by Robert Earl of Oxford, and purchased at the sale of the library of James West, Esq., in 1773 (for 20*l.*):

increased by several additions: *2 volumes bound in Russia leather.*	26	4	6

"Bought by Mr. Nicol for the Duke of Roxburgh, versus Messrs. Arnold and Ritson."

"N.B. The preceding numerous and matchless collection of *Old Ballads* are all printed in the black-letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints. They are pasted

upon
paper,
with
borders
(printed
on
purpose)
round
each
ballad:
also, a
printed
title
and
index
to
each
volume.
To
these
are
added
the
paragraphs
which
appeared
in the
public
papers
respecting
the
above
curious
collection,
at the
time
they

were purchased at Mr. West's." Thus far Messrs. Egerton. I have to add that the late DUKE OF ROXBURGH became the purchaser of these "matchless" volumes. Whilst in Major Pearson's possession, "with the assistance of Mr. Reed, the collection received very

great additions, and was bound in two very large volumes; in this state (says Mr. Nicol,) it was bought by the Duke of Roxburghe. After the industrious exertions of two such skilful collectors as Major Pearson and Mr. Reed, the Duke did

not
flatter
himself
with
ever
being
able
to add
much
to the
collection;
but,
as
usual,
he
undervalued
his
own
industry.
Finding
that
his
success
far
exceeded
his
expectations,
he
determined
to add
a *third*
volume
to the
collection.
Among
these
new

acquisitions are some very rare ballads; one quoted by Hamlet, of which no other copy is known to exist." *Preface to the Roxburgh Catalogue*, p. 5. The ballad here alluded to may be seen in Mr. Evans's recent edition of his

father's *Collection of Old Ballads*; vol. i., p. 7.

3262 to 3329. These numbers comprehend a very uncommon and interesting set of *Old Romances*! which, collectively, did not produce 35*l.*— but which now, would have been sold for ——!?

3330 to
4151.
An
extraordinary
collection
of the
English
Drama.

And thus farewell MAJOR PEARSON!

LIS. O rare THOMAS PEARSON! I will look sharply after a *large paper*, *priced*, copy of the *Bibliotheca Pearsoniana*!

LYSAND. You must pay smartly for it, if you are determined to possess it.

BELIN. Madness!—Madness inconceivable!—and undescribed by Darwin, Arnold, and Haslam! But, I pray you, proceed.

LYSAND. Alas, madam, the task grows more and more complex as I draw towards the completion of it.

In the year 1789 the book-treasures of the far-famed PINELLI[399] Collection were disposed of by public auction: nor can one think, without some little grief of heart, upon the dispersion of a library, which (much more than commercial speculations and profits) had, for upwards of a century, reflected so much credit upon the family of its possessors. The atmosphere of our

metropolis, about this period, became as much infected with the miasmata of the BOOK-PLAGUE as it did, about 130 years before, with the miasmata of a plague of a different description: for the worthy inhabitants of Westminster had hardly recovered from the shock of the bibliomaniacal attack from the Pinelli sale, 'ere they were doomed to suffer the tortures of a similar one in that of the PARIS[400] collection. This latter was of shorter duration; but of an infinitely more powerful nature: for then you might have seen the most notorious bibliomaniacs, with blood inflamed and fancies intoxicated, rushing towards the examination of the truly matchless volumes contained within this collection. Yet remember that, while the whole of Pall Mall was thronged with the carriages of collectors, anxious to carry off in triumph some *vellum copy* of foreign execution—there was sold, in a quiet corner of the metropolis, the copious and scholar-like collection of MICHAEL LORT, D.D. The owner of this latter library was a learned and amiable character, and a bibliographer of no mean repute.[401] His books were frequently enriched with apposite MS. remarks; and the variety and extent of his collection, suited to all tastes, and sufficiently abundant for every appetite, forms, I think, a useful model after which future bibliomaniacs may build their libraries.

[399] Mention has already been made of

the different *Catalogues of the* PINELLI *Collection*: see p. 21, ante. Here, as Lysander has thought proper again to notice the name of the collector, I am tempted to add a few specimens of the extraordinary books contained in his extraordinary library: adding thereto the prices for which they were sold. But—again and again I observe, *in limine*—these sums form no criterion of the *present* worth of the books; be the same more or less! It is a document only of bibliographical curiosity.

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
703.	La Biblia Sacra in Lingua Vulgare tradotta; 1471. folio. 2 vols.	6	15	0

2555.	Bandello, Canti xi delle lodi della Signora Lucrezia Gonzaga di Gazuolo, &c., 1545, 8vo.	15	15	0
2605.	Dante, La Divina Comedia; 1472, folio. *Ediz. Prin.*	25	14	6
3348.	Petrarca, Le Rime. Venez. 1470, 4to. *Prin. Ediz.*	27	6	0

3458.	Sannazzaro, L'Arcadia. Ven. Ald. 1514, 8vo. *Esemp. stampata in Cartapecora.*	16	16	0
4909.	Biblia Polyglotta; Complut. 1514, &c., folio. 6 vols. *Exemplar integerrimum splendidissimum.* IMPRESSUM IN MEMBRANIS.	483	0	0

All
the
world
(perhaps
I
should
have
said
the
bibliographical
world)
has
heard
of
this
pre-
eminently
wonderful
set of
books;
now
in
Count
Macarty's
library
at
Thoulouse.
My
friend,
Dr.
Gosset
—
who
will
not (I
trust)
petition

for
excommunicating
me
from
the
orthodox
church
to
which
I
have
the
honour
of
belonging,
if I
number
him
in the
upper
class
of
bibliomaniacs
—
was
unable
to
attend
the
sale
of the
Pinelli
collection,
from
severe
illness:
but

he *did petition* for a sight of one of these volumes of old Ximenes's polyglott — which, much more effectually than the spiders round Ashmole's neck (vide p. 293, ante), upon an embrace thereof, effected his cure. Shakspeare, surely,

could never have meant to throw such "physic" as this "to the dogs?!" But, to return.

8956. Anthologia Epig. Græc. 1494. 4to. *Exemp. impr. in membranis.* 45 0 0

9308. Theocritus (absque ulla nota) 4to. *Editio Princeps.* 31 10 0

9772.	Plautus, 1472. folio. *Editio Princeps.*	36	0	0
11,215.	Aulus Gellius, 1469, folio. *Edit. Princeps.*	58	16	0
11,233.	Macrobius, 1472, folio. *Edit. Prin.*	33	12	0
12,141.	Priscianus de art. gram. 1470. fol. *In Membranis.*	51	9	0

[Sale Catalogue, 1789, 8vo.]

But—"Jam satis."

It probably escaped Lysander that, while the sale of the Pinelli collection attracted crowds of bibliomaniacs to Conduit Street, Hanover Square, a very fine library was disposed of, in a quiet and comfortable manner, at the rooms of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, in York Street, Covent Garden; under the following title to the catalogue: *A Catalogue of a very elegant and curious*

Cabinet of Books, lately imported from France, &c. (sold in May, 1789). My priced copy of this catalogue affixes the name (in MS.) of MACARTNEY, as the owner of this precious "Cabinet." There were only 1672 articles; containing a judicious sprinkling of what was elegant, rare, and curious, in almost every department of literature. The eleventh and twelfth days' sale were devoted to MSS.; many of them of extraordinary beauty and singularity. It was from this collection, no. 248, that Lord Spencer obtained, for a comparatively small sum, one of the most curious books (if not an unique volume) in the class of early English printed ones, which are in his own matchless collection. It is the "*Siege of Rhodes*," which has a strong appearance of being the production of Caxton's press. The copy is perfectly clean and almost uncut.

[400] If the reader will be pleased to turn to page 90, ante, he will find a tolerably copious and correct list of the different sales of books which were once in the possession of MONS. PARIS DE MEYZIEUX. In the same place he will also find mention made of a singular circumstance attending the sale of the above collection noticed by Lysander. As a corollary, therefore, to what has been before observed, take the following specimens of the books—with the prices for which they are sold—which distinguished the *Bibliotheca Parisiana*. They are from the French Catalogue, 1790, 8vo.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

2. Biblia sacra latina vulgatæ editionis (ex translatione et cum præfationibus S. Hieronymi); Venetiis, N. Jenson, 1476, 2 vol. in fol.: *avec miniatures, relié en mar. r. doublé de tabis, dentelles et boîtes*: IMPRIME SUR VELIN. "On connoît l'extrême rareté de

cette belle edition quand les exemplaires sont sur vélin. Nous n'en connoissons qu'un seul, bien moins beau que celui ci; celui que nous annonçons est de toute beauté, et on ne peut rien ajouter au luxe de la relieure."	59	17	0

3. Biblia sacra vulgatæ editionis, tribus tomis distincta (jussu Sixt. V., pontificis maximi edita); *Romæ, ex typographia apostolica vaticana*, 1590; *in. fol. ch. mag. maroquin rouge*. "Superbe exemplaire d'un livre de la plus grande rareté; il porte sur la couverture les

armes de Sixte Quint."	64	1	0

10. Epitome passionis Jesu Christi, in 4o. SUR VELIN avec miniatures. *Manuscrit très précieux* du commencement du 16 siecle, contenant 37 feuillets écrits en ancienne ronde bâtarde, et 17 pages de miniatures d'un dessein et d'un fini inappréciables. "Les desseins sont

d'Albert Durer, tels qu'il les a gravés dans ses ouvrages, et l'exécution est si animée qu'on peut croire qu'elle est, en tout ou en partie, de la main de ce peintre célebre. On ne peut trop louer la beauté de ce livre."	50	8	0

13. Officium beatæ Mariæ virginis cum calendario; in 4o. mar. r. dentelles. "*Cette paire d'heures manuscrite* SUR VELIN, est sans contredit une des plus belles et des plus achevées que l'on puisse trouver. Au rare mérite de sa parfaite exécution elle

réunit
encore
celui
d'avoir
été
faite
pour
Françoise
1er,
roi de
France,
et
d'être
décoree
dans
toutes
ses
pages
de
l'embléme
et du
chiffre
de ce
monarque.
Ce
manuscrit,
d'un
prix
inestimable,
est
ecrit
en
lettres
rondes
sur un
vélin
très

blanc"—"il est decoré de très belles capitales, de guirlandes superbes de fleurs, de culs-de-lampe, & de 12 bordures ornées d'oiseaux, d'insectes, de fleurs et de lames d'or très brillant."—"Il est impossible de donner une idée satisfaisante de le

beauté
et de
la
richesse
de 12
peintures
admirables
qui
enrichissent
autant
de
pages
de 8
pouces
et
demi
de
hauteur,
sur
environ
6
pouces
de
largeur;
elles
sont
au
dessus
de
toute
expression;
mais
il n'y
en a
qu'une
qui
soit

du
temps
de
François
1er.;
un
seigneur
dont
on
voit
les
armes
peintes
sur le
second
feuillet,
a fait
exécuter
les
autres
dans
la
siecle
dernier,
avec
une
magnificence
peu
commune.
Les
tableaux
et les
ornemens
dont il
a
enrichi
ce

précieux manuscrit se distinguent par une composition savante et gracieuse, un dessin correct, une touche précieuse et un coloris agréable," &c.	109	4	0

14. Heures de Notre-Dame, écrites à la main, 1647, par Jarry, Parisien, in 8o. *chagrin noir, avec deux fermoirs d'or et boîte de mar. bl.* "Ces heures sont un chef-d'œuvre d'écriture & de peinture. Le fameux Jarry, qui n'a pas

encore
eu son
égal
en
l'art
d'écrire,
s'y est
surpassé,
& y a
prouvé
que la
regularité,
la
netteté
& la
precision
des
caracteres
du
burin
et de
l'impression
pouvoient
être
imitées
avec
la
plume
à un
degré
de
perfection
inconcevable."—"Le
peintre,
dont
le
nom

nous
est
inconnu,
& qui
doit
avoir
été un
des
plus
fameux
du
siecle
de
Louis
XIV.,
a
travaillé
à
l'envi
avec
Nicolas
Jarry
à
rendre
ces
heures
dignes
d'admiration."—"Les
sept
peintures
dont il
les a
enriches,
sont
recommendables
par la
purité

de leur dessein, la vivacité des couleurs, la verité de l'expression, et leur précieux fini."	73	10	0

This matchless little volume was purchased by Mr. Johnes of Hafod, and presented by him to his daughter, who has successfully copied the miniatures; and, in the true spirit of a female bibliomaniac, makes this book her travelling companion "wherever she

goes."

15. Office de la Vierge, *manuscrit*, avec 39 miniatures et un grand nombre de figures bizarres, oiseaux, etc. supérieurement executé; 2 vol. in 8o. *m. bl. doublé de tapis, avec étuis*. "On ne peut rien voir de plus agréable & de mieux diversifié que

les différents sujets des miniatures; en tout, cet exemplaire est un des plus beaux que j'aie jamais vus; c'est celui de Picart. Il est à remarquer à cause du costume de quelques figures; il a été relié avec le plus grand

soin et la plus grande dépense."	110	5	0

145. L'art de connoître et d'apprécier les miniatures des anciens manuscrits; par M. l'abbé Rive, avec 30 tableaux enlumines, copiés d'après les plus beaux manuscrits qui se trouvoient dans la bibliothéque de M. le Duc de la Valliere, et d'autres précieux cabinets. *Exemplaire*

peint
SUR
VELIN.
"M.
l'abbé
Rive
se
proposoit
de
donner
une
dissertation
sur les
manuscrits
enluminés
pour
accompagner
ces
dessins;
mais
jusqu'ici
ayant
des
raisons
qui
l'empêchent
d'en
gratifier
le
public,
il en a
donné
la
description
en
manuscrit
(le

seul qui existe) au propriétaire de ce superbe exemplaire."	56	14	0

240. Les faicts, dictes et ballades de maitre Alain Chartier: *Paris, Pierre le Caron, sans date, in fol. velours vert*; IMPRIME SUR VELIN. "Exemplaire qui ne laisse rien à desirer, pour la grandeur des marges, la peinture des miniatures et de toutes

les
lettres
capitales.
La
finesse
des
lignes
rouges,
qui
divisent
chaque
ligne,
demontre
combien
on a
été
engagé
à le
rendre
précieux.
Il est
dans
sa
relieure
originale
parfaitement
bien
conservé;
il a
appartenu
à
Claude
d'Urfé:
l'edition
passe
pour
étre

de l'année, 1484. *Voyez Bibliographie Instructive*, no. 2999."	31	10	0

242. Contes de la Fontaine, avec miniatures, vignettes et culs-de-lampes à chaque conte; 2 vol. in 4o.; m. bleu, doublé de tapis, étuis. "*Manuscrit incomparable* pour le génie et l'exécution des dessins. Il est inconcevable que la vie d'un artiste ait pu

suffire
pour
exécuter
d'une
manière
si
finie
un si
grand
nombre
de
peintures
exquises;
le tout
est
d'un
coloris
éclatant,
d'une
conservation
parfaite,
& sur
du
vélin
egalement
blanc
et uni;
enfin
c'est
un
assemblage
de
miniatures
précieuses
et
dignes
d'orner

le plus beau cabinet." L'ecriture a été faite par Monchaussé, et les miniatures par le fameux Marolles.	315	0	0

328. Opere di Francesco Petrarcha; *senza luogho* 1514, *mar. r. doublé de tabis et étui*; IMPRIME SUR VELIN. "Exemplaire sans prix, avec grand nombre de miniatures charmantes. Il passoit pour constant à Florence, où je l'ai acheté, qu'il avoite été imprimé

à part probablement pour quelqu'un des Mêdicis, et sur les corrections de l'edition de 1514; car les fautes ne s'y trouvent pas, et il ne m'a pas éte possible d'en découvrir une seule. —La parfaite conservation de ce livre précieux démontre combien ses possesseurs

ont été sensible a sa valeur. P ——."	116	11	0

486. Collectiones Peregrinationum in Indiam Orientalem et in Indiam Occidentalem, xxv partibus comprehensæ, &c. *Francof. ad Mæen. 1590, &c., 60 vol. reliés en 24, folio; maroq. citr. bleu et rouge.* "Exemplaire de la plus grande beauté, et qui possede autant de perfection que pouvoient

lui donner les soins et les connoissances des plus grands amateurs."	210	0	0

543. Les grands chroniques de France (dites les chroniques de St. Denys); *Paris, Antoine Verard*, 1493, 3 vols. fol. *vel. rouge, et boîtes*; IMPRIME SUR VELIN. "Exemplaire d'une magnificence étonante pour la blancheur du vélin, la grandeur des marges, et

l'ouvrage immense de l'enluminure; chaque lettre-capitale étant peinte en or, et contenant 953 miniatures, dont 13 sont de la grandeur des pages, et 940 environ de 4 pouces de hauteur sur 3 de largeur. Il est encore dans sa relieure originale, et

d'une fraîcheur & d'une conservation parfaites: il a appartenu à Claude d'Urfé."	151	4	0

546. Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, d'Espagnes, et de Bretaigne, etc.; par *Froissart; Paris, G. Eustace, 1514. 4 vol. in fol. mar. r. doublé de tabis, et boîtes* IMPRIME SUR VELIN. "On peut regarder ce livre comme un des plus rares qui existe.

L'exemplaire est unique et inconnu aux meilleurs bibliographes; Sauvage ne l'a jamaie vu; il est de la premiere beauté par la blancheur du vélin, & par sa belle conservation. On y a joint tout le luxe de la rélieure." *In the Hafod Collection.*	149	2	0

[401] The following is the title of the Bibliotheca Lortiana. "*A Catalogue of the entire and valuable Library of the late* REV.

MICHAEL LORT, D.D., F.R.S. and A.S., *which will be sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, &c., April 5, 1791*," 8vo. The sale lasted twenty-five days; and the number of lots or articles was 6665. The ensuing specimens of a few of the book-treasures in this collection prove that Lysander's encomium upon the collector is not without foundation.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

1738. Gardiner's (Bishop) Detection of the Devil's Sophistry, MS. title: printed by *John Hertford, in Aldersgate Street, at the cost and charges of Robert Toye*, 1546, 12mo. Note in this book: "Though this book is imperfect, yet the remarkable part of it, viz.

sheet E, printed in the Greek letter, and sheet F in Latin, with the Roman letter, are not wanting."	0	2	0

1847.	Hale's (T.) Account of New Inventions, in a letter to the Earl of Marlborough, 8vo. Note in this book: "Many curious particulars in this book, more especially a prophetic passage relative to the Duke of Marlborough, p. XLVII."	0	5	0

1880.	Harrison's (Michael) four Sermons. "N.B. The author of this book cut the types himself, and printed it at St. Ives," 8vo.	0	3	0

1930.	Festival (The) impressus Rothomage, 1499, 4to. In this book (which is in English) at the end of each Festival is a narration of the life of the Saint, or of the particular festival.	0	16	0

1931.	Festival (The) with wooden cuts, compleat: *emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1408, 4to.	0	15	0

2156. Johnson's (Dr. Sam.) Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. "In this book is contained the cancelled part of page 48, relative to Litchfield Cathedral; likewise the cancelled part of page 296, respecting the cave at Egg, and the transaction

there; also parts of reviews and newspapers, concerning Dr. Johnson; two plates, MS. copy of a letter of Dr. Johnson's: and Henderson's letter to Johnson on his journey to Scotland." 1776, 8vo. 0 15 0

2558. Muggleton's Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit; *with heads, MS. remarks, and notes*, 1699. Ludowick Muggleton, born in Bishopgate Street, 1609; put apprentice to John Quick, a taylor. Married a virgin of 19, ætat. suæ 22. Another virgin of 19,

	ætat. 32. A third virgin wife of 25, ætat. 53. Chosen a prophet 1665, 4to.	0	5	6
2559.	Muggleton's and Reeve's volume of Spiritual Epistles; elegantly bound, with a head of Muggleton underneath a MS. note, 1755, 4to.	0	10	6

2579.	Lower's Voyage of Charles II. made into Holland, head and plates. Hague. 1660. Folio. N.B. "A very uncommon book, containing many curious particulars."	1	3	0

2776.	Owen's (Dr. John) Divine Originall, &c. of the Scriptures, Oxford, 1659, 8vo. Note in this book: "One of the scarcest and best of Dr. Owen's works."	0	1	0

3005.	Psalms (The whole Booke of) with Hymns, by Ravenscroft, with music, 8vo. "Note; in this book are some tunes by John Milton, the great poet's father. See page 242, 62."	0	2	0

3342. Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, printed at London by Richard Jones, 16 August, 1583, 8vo. Note in this book: "I bought this rare book at the auction of Mr. Joseph Hart's books, in May 1772, where it cost me 8*s.* &c." M.L. [The

reader may just run back to page 279, ante; where he will find some account of this work.]	1	14	0

4185. Champ Fleury, auquel est contenu l'Art et Science de la deue et vraye Proportion de Lettres Antiques et Romaines selon le Corps et visage Humain, avec figures. Par. 1529. Folio. "*This uncommon book was sold at an auction, 1722, for 2l.*

	15s."	0	12	6
4437.	Alberti Descriptione di tutta Italia, Venez., 1568, 4to. Note in this book —"*This is a very scarce and much valued account of Italy.*" With another curious note respecting the author.	0	9	6

4438. Aldrete Varias Antiguedales de Espana, Africa, y otras Provincias. Amberes, 1641, 4to. *Note in this book*: "One of the most valuable books of this kind in the Spanish language, and very rarely to be met with." 0 9 6

5532.	Humfredi, Vita Episcop. Juelli, foliis deauratis, Lond. ap Dayum, 1573, 4to. *Note in this book*: "At the end of this book are probably some of the first Hebrew types used in England."	0	1	0

6227.	Præsidis (Epistola R.A.P.) Generalis et Regiminis totius Congregationis Anglicanæ Ordinis St. Benedicti. Duaci, 1628. 8vo.	0	1	0

[*Note in this book*: "This is a very scarce book; it was intended only for the use of the order, and care taken that it should not get into improper hands. See the conclusion of the General's mandate, and of the book itself."]

6616. Wakefeldi
Oratio
de
Laudibus
et
Utilitate
trium
linguarum,
Arabicæ,
Chaldaicæ,
&
Hebraicæ;
atque
idiomatibus
Hebraicis
quæ in
utroque
Testamento
inveniuntur.
Lond.
ap.
Winandum
de
Worde.
—
Shirwode
Liber
Hebræorum
concionatoris,
seu
Ecclesiasten.
Antv.
1523.
4to.
Note
in this
book:

"These two pieces by Shirwood and Wakefield are exceedingly rare."	0	4	0

For some particulars concerning the very respectable Dr. LORT, the reader may consult the *Gentleman's Magazine*; vol. lx. pt. ii. p. 1055, 1199.

ALMAN. I am glad to hear you notice such kind of collections; for utility and common sense have always appeared to me a great desideratum among the libraries of your professed bibliomaniacs.

BELIN. Yes:—You pride yourselves upon your large paper, and clean, and matchless copies—but you do not dwell quite so satisfactorily upon your useful and profitable volumes—which, surely stand not in need of expensive embellishments. Lort's collection would be the library for my money—if I were disposed to become a female bibliomaniac!

LIS. You are even a more jejune student than myself in bibliography, or you would not talk in this strain, Belinda. Abuse fine copies of books!

I hope you forgive her, Lysander?

LYSAND. Most cordially. But have I not discoursed sufficiently? The ladies are, I fear, beginning to be wearied; and the night is "almost at odds with morning which is which."

LOREN. Nay, nay, we must not yet terminate our conversation. Pursue, and completely accomplish, the noble task which you have begun. But a few more years to run down—a few more renowned bibliomaniacs to "kill off"—and then we retire to our pillows delighted and instructed by your——

LYSAND. Halt! If you go on thus, there is an end to our "Table Talk." I now resume.

LOREN. Yet a word to save your lungs, and slightly vary the discourse. Let me take you with me to Ireland, about this time; where, if you reremember, the library of DENIS DALY[402] was disposed of by public auction. My father attended the sale; and purchased at it a great number of the *Old English Chronicles*, and volumes relating to *English History*, which Lisardo so much admired in the library. You remember the copy of Birch's *Lives of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain*!

[402] *A Catalogue of the Library of the late Right Honourable* DENIS DALY, *which will be sold by auction on the first of May, 1792, by James Vallance. Dublin*, 8vo. A fac-simile

copper-plate of a part of the first psalm, taken from a Bible erroneously supposed to have been printed by Ulric Zell in 1458, faces the title-page; and a short and pertinent preface succeeds it. The collection was choice and elegant: the books are well described, and the catalogue is printed with neatness. The copies on *large paper* are very scarce. I subjoin, as a curiosity, and for the sake of comparing with modern prices, the sums for which a few popular articles in ENGLISH HISTORY were disposed of.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

527.	Tyrrell's General History of England, 5 vols. Lond. 1697, fol. "To this copy Mr. Tyrell has made considerable additions in MS. written in a fair hand, which must be worthy of the attention of the learned."	10	4	9

533. Rapin's History of England with Tyndal's Continuation, 5 vols. *elegantly bound in russia*. Lond. 1743-1747, folio. "One of the most capital sets of Rapin extant; besides the elegant portraits of the kings and queens, monuments, medals, &c. engraved for this work,

	it is further enriched with the beautiful prints executed by Vertue and Houbraken, for Birch's Illustrious Heads." folio.	17	2	7
534.	Carte's General History of England, 4 vols., fine paper, *elegant in russia*. Lond. 1747, folio.	7	19	3

537. Birch's Lives of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain, with their heads by Houbraken and Vertue; 2 vols. in one, *first impression of the plates, imperial paper*. Lond. 1743-1751, folio. It is impossible to give a perfect idea of this book: every plate

is fine, and appears to be selected from the earliest impressions: it is now very scarce.	22	15	0

538.	Campbell's Vitruvius Britannicus, with Woolfe's and Gandon's Continuation, 5 vols. *large paper, fine impressions of the plates, elegantly bound in morocco, gilt leaves, &c.* Lond. 1717-1767, folio.	25	0	6

540.	Wood's Historia et Antiquitates Oxoniensis, *large paper, russia, gilt leaves, &c.* Ox. 1674.	2	16	10
542.	Biographia Britannica, 7 vols. *large paper, elegantly bound.* Lond. 1747, fol.	13	13	0
543.	—— —— 4 vols. new edition, *elegantly bound in green Turkey.* Lond. 1778.	7	19	3

545.	Mathæi Paris, Monachi Albanensis Angli, Historia Major, a Wats. Lond. 1640, folio.	3	19	7
546.	Mathæi Westmonasteriensis, Flores Historiarum. Franc. 1601, folio.	2	16	10
547.	Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Varii, a Sparke. Lond. 1723, folio.	2	5	6

548.	Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores X. a Twysden; 2 tom. fol. *deaurat.* Lond. 1652, folio.	4	11	0
549.	Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores post Bedam, a Saville, fol. *deaurat.* Lond. 1596, folio.	2	5	6
550.	Rerum Anglicarum Scriptorum Veterum, a Gale; 3 tom. fol. *deaurat.* Lond. 1684-91.	5	13	9

551.	Rerum Britannicarum, Scriptores Vetustiores. Lugd. 1587, folio.	1	8	0

573. Prynne's Records, 3 vols., with the *frontispieces complete, gilt, broad border of gold.* Lond. 1666-68. "For an account of this rare and valuable work, see Oldy's British Librarian, page II. Not more than 70 copies of the first vol. were

rescued from the fire of London, 1666." folio.	80	15	3

I learn from the nephew of the late Mr. Archer, of Dublin, bookseller, that the late Lord Clare offered 4000 guineas for the collection—which contained only 1441 lots or articles. The offer was rejected. Although the amount of the sale did not exceed 3700*l.*—according to a rough calculation.

LIS. I do:—and a marvellously fine one it is!

LOREN. Well, this was formerly *Exemplar Dalyanum*. But now proceed. I wished only to convince you that the miasmata (as you call them) of the bibliomaniacal disease had reached our Sister Kingdom. Of Scotland[403]—I know nothing in commendation respecting the BIBLIOMANIA.

[403] This is rather a hasty speech, on the part of Lorenzo. The copious and curious catalogues of those booksellers, Messrs. CONSTABLE, LAING, and BLACKWOOD—are a sufficient demonstration that the cause of the *Bibliomania* flourishes in the city of

Edinburgh. Whether they have such desperate bibliomaniacs in Scotland, as we possess in London, and especially of the book-auction species—is a point which I cannot take upon me to decide. Certain it is that the notes of their great poet are not deficient in numerous tempting extracts from rare black-letter tomes; and if his example be not more generally followed than it is, the fault must lie with some scribe or other who counteracts its influence by propagating opinions, and recommending studies, of a different, and less tasteful, cast of character. I am fearful that there are too many politico-economical, metaphysical, and philosophical miasmata, floating in the atmosphere of Scotland's metropolis, to render the climate there just now favourable to the legitimate cause of the BIBLIOMANIA.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, with the encomiums which they merit, the select, curious, and splendid collections of the CHAUNCYS:[404] very able scholars, and zealous bibliomaniacs. Many a heavy-metalled competitor attended the sale of the *Bibliotheca Chauncyana*; and, I dare say, if such a collection of books were now *sub hastâ*——

[404] *A Catalogue of the elegant and valuable Libraries of* CHARLES CHAUNCY,

M.D. F.R.S. and F.S.A.; *and of his brother*, NATHANIEL CHAUNCY, *Esq., both deceased: &c. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, April, 1790*, 8vo.: 3153 articles.

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
99.	Booke of Raynarde the Foxe, morocco, gilt leaves, *London by Thomas Gaultier*, 1550, 8vo.	2	3	0
108.	Merie Tales by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat; *imprinted by Thomas Colwell*; no date, 12mo.	1	6	0

109.	The Pleasunt Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes, by David Rouland; *impr. at London, by Abel Jeffes*, 1586, 12mo.	0	11	0
112.	The Newe Testament, corrected by Tyndal, with exhortations by Erasmus; *gilt leaves*, 1536, 12mo.	5	2	6

113.	More's Utopia, by Robynson; *impr. by Abraham Veale*, 12mo. (1551.)	0	8	0

"N.B. In this are the passages which have been left out in the later editions." (But the reader may be pleased to examine my edition of this translation of the Utopia; 1808, 2 vols., 8vo., see vol. i., p. clix.)

119.	The Epidicion into Scotland of the most woorthely fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset, Uncle unto our most noble sovereign, &c., Edward the VIth; *imprinted by Grafton*; 1548, 8vo.	2	18	0

(At the sale of Mr. Gough's books in 1810, a fine copy of this work was sold for 10*l.* 10*s.*)

362. Ben Jonson his Volpone, or the Foxe; *morocco, gilt leaves*, 1607, 4to. 4 0 0

"In
this
book
is this
note
written
by
Ben
Jonson
himself.
'To his
loving
father,
and
worthy
friend
Mr.
John
Florio:
the
ayde
of his
Muses.
Ben
Jonson
seales
this
testimony
of
friendship
and
love.'"

384.	Nychodemus's Gospell, *morocco, gilt leaves, emprynted at London, by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1511, 4to.	2	2	0
388.	Oxford and Cambridge Verses; *in blue and red morocco, gilt leaves, with gold tassels*, 13 vols., 1617, &c., fol.	2	12	6

572.	Caius of English Dogges, the diversities, the names, the natures, and the properties, by Fleming; *imprinted at London by Richard Johnes*, 1576, 4to.	5	10	0

592.	The Life and Death of the merry Devill of Edmonton, with the pleasant Prancks of Smug the smith, Sir John, and mine Host of the George, about the stealing of Venison, frontispiece, 4to.	1	10	0

599.	Speculum Xristiani, corio turcico, impress. *London, p. Willelmum de Machlinia* ad instanciam nec non expensas Henrici Urankenburg, mercatoris, *sine anno vel loco, circa*, 1480, 4to.	11	0	0

599.	A Hundreth Sundrie Flowers, bounde up in one small poesie, gathered in the fyne outlandish gardins of Euripides, Ovid, Petrake, Aristo, and others. *London*, 4to.	1	12	0
1669.	The Recuile of the Historie of Troie; *imprynted* 1553, *by William Copland, folio*	2	5	0

1670.	The Pastyme of People. The Chronicles of dyvers Realmys, and most specyally of the Realme of Englond, brevely compylyd and *emprynted in Chepesyde at the sygne of the Mearmayde, next Polly's Gate (made up with MS.) morocco, gilt leaves*, folio	9	14	0

1684. Cunningham's Cosmographical Glasse. *Lond. printed by Daye*, 1559, fol. 5 15 6

(I conclude that it had the portrait.)

2932. Ptolomæi Cosmographie; cum tab. georgr. illum. *Impress. in Membranis*, 1482, fol. 14 14 0

2933.	Virgilii Opera: *Impres. in Membram. Venet. ap. Barthol. Cremonens*, 1472, fol. (Two leaves on vellum in MS. very fairly written)	43	1	0

Purchased by the late Mr. Quin.

2934. Plinii Hist. Naturalis; Venet. 1472, folio. *Impres. in Membranis.* The first leaf illuminated on very fine vellum paper. Note in this book: "This book, formerly Lord Oxford's, was bought by him of Andrew Hay for 160 guineas." 65 2 0

Purchased by Mr. Edwards.

There was also a magnificent copy of *Pynson's first edition of Chaucer's Works*, in folio, which is now in the collection of Earl Spencer.

LIS. He means "under the hammer."—Ladies are not supposed to know these cramp Latin phrases.—

LYSAND. Well, "under the hammer:"—if, I say, such a collection were now to be disposed of by public auction, how eager and emulous would our notorious book-collectors be to run away with a few splendid spoils!

We will next notice a not less valuable collection, called the *Bibliotheca Monroiana*; or the library of Dr. JOHN MONRO;[405] the sale of which took place in the very year, and a little before, the preceding library was disposed of. Don't imagine that Monro's books were chiefly medical; on the contrary, besides exhibiting some of the rarest articles in Old English literature, they will convince posterity of the collector's accurate taste in Italian Belles Lettres: and here and there you will find, throughout the catalogue, some interesting bibliographical memoranda by the Doctor himself.

[405] "*Bibliotheca Elegantissima Monroiana: A Catalogue of the elegant and valuable*

library of JOHN MUNRO, M.D., *Physician to Bethelem Hospital, lately deceased. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotherby, &c. April 23d, 1792*, 8vo." As usual I subjoin a few specimens of the collector's literary treasures in confirmation of the accuracy of Lysander's eulogy upon the collection ——No. 709, Cowell's Interpreter; or, Booke containing the signification of words, *first edition*, ("rare to be met with.") *Camb. by Legate*, 1607, 4to.——No. 1951. Cent (Les) Nouvelles Nouvelles, ou pour mieux dire, Nouveaux Comptes à plaisance, par maniere de Joyeuseté.—— *Lettres Gothiques, fig. et bois et titre MSS. feuilles dorées, en maroquin, Paris, par Ant. Verard*, 1475, fol.——No. 1963, Heide Beschryving der nieuevlyks uitgevonden en geoctrojeerde Slang-Brand-Spuiten, en Haare wijze van Brand-Blussen, Tegenwoordig binnen *Amsterdam in gebruik zynde. Wyze figuurs Amst.* 1690, fol. "*Note in this book: Paris*, 1736. Paid for this book for his Grace the Duke of Kingston, by Mr. Hickman, 24*l.*" A great sum for a book about a "newly discovered fire engine!"——No. 2105, Vivre (Le livre intitulé l'art de bein) et de bien mourir, lettres gothiques, avec fig. en maroquin dorées sur tranches. *Imprimé à Paris*, 1543, 4to. Note by Dr. Munro: "It is a very scarce book, more so than generally thought." With a long account of the book on separate papers.——No. 2121, Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, con figure da Porro, foglio dorat. Venet. 1584, 4to. N.B. In this copy the true print is replaced *with a fine*

head of Ariosto, and *elegantly inlaid with morocco and calf*.——No. 2147, Boccacio (Nimpale Fiesolano: composto par il Clarissimo Poeta Misser Joanni) Fiorentino, &c. rigato. Senza data, 4to. See in this book a long account of this poem from Dom. Maria Manni, in the Istoria del Decamerone, p. 55. "From what Manni says in the above account, I suppose this to be the first edition he makes mention of, as there is no place or date to be found. J.M."——No. 2194. Dante di Landino, con. fig. La prima Edizione di Landino, impf. *Firenze per Nicholo di Lorenzo della Magna*, 1481, folio. "In this book are several remarks by Dr. Munro, on separate papers. An old scarce print, separate. On the title-page the following initials $C_{M_{DC}}R$; upon which the Doctor remarks it might probably be the signature of Charles the First, whose property it might have been. The Doctor likewise observes this copy, though imperfect, is still very valuable, on account of its having eight plates, the generality having only the two first."——No. 2208, Molinet (Les Faictz et dictz de bone Memoire Maistre Jehan) *Lettres gothiques, en maroquin Par.* 1537, 8vo.——No. 2366, Peri Fiesole Distrutta, poema: with portrait and engraved title, Firenze, 1619, 4to. *Note in this book*: "This is the only copy I ever saw of this work, which I imagine is at present become extremely scarce. The title and portrait are engraved by Callott. The portrait is common enough, but the title, known by the name of the Bella Giardiniera, very seldom seen.

J.M."——No. 2379. Ridolfi, Le Maraviglie dell'Arte, overo le vite di Pittori Veneti e dello stato, con. fig. 2 tom. 4to. N.B. On the blank leaf of this book is an etching by Carolus Rodolphus, with this *MS. note*: "I imagine this to be an etching of Cavaier Rodolphi, as I do not remember any other of the name."——No. 2865, Lazii in Genealogiam Austriacam, Basil. ap. Oporinum, 1564.—Lazii Vienna Austriæ Basil, 1546. Francolin Res Gestæ Viennensis, cum fig. *Viennæ Austriæ excudebat Raphæl Hofhalter*, 1563. Folio. *Note in this book*: "The last book in this volume is curious and uncommon."

We shall now run rapidly towards the close of the eighteenth century. But first, you may secure, for a shilling or two, the SOUTHGATE COLLECTION;[406] and make up your minds to pay a few more shillings for good copies, especially upon *large paper*, of all the parts of the catalogues of the library of GEORGE MASON[407]. This collection was an exceedingly valuable one; rather select than extensive: exhibiting, in pretty nearly an equal degree, some of the rarest books in Greek, Latin, and English literature. The *keimelion* of the Masonian cabinet, in the estimation of the black-letter bibliomaniacs, was a perfect copy of the *St. Albans' edition* of Juliana Barnes's book of *Hawking, Hunting*, and *Angling*; which perfect copy is now reposing in a collection where

there are *keimelia* of far greater value to dim its wonted lustre. But let Mason have our admiration and esteem. His library was elegant, judicious, and, in many respects, very precious: and the collector of such volumes was a man of worth and learning.

[406] "*Museum Southgatianum; being a Catalogue of the valuable Collection of Books, Coins, Medals, and Natural History of the late Rev.* RICHARD SOUTHGATE, A.B., F.A.S., &c. To which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life. London: printed for Leigh and Sotheby," &c. 1795, 8vo. The books were comprised in 2593 lots. The coins and medals extend, in the catalogue, to 68 pages. The shells and natural curiosities (sold in May, 1795) to 11 pages. This catalogue possesses, what every similar one should possess, a compendious and perspicuous account of the collector. My copy of it is upon *large paper*; but the typographical execution is sufficiently defective.

[407] Lysander is right in noticing "*all the parts*" of the Masonian Library. I will describe them particularly. Pt. I. *A Catalogue of a considerable portion of the Greek and Latin Library of* GEORGE MASON, Esq., with some articles in the Italian, French, English, and other languages, &c. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, on Wednesday, January 24, 1798, 8vo. 497 articles. Pt. II. *A Catalogue of most of the reserved portion of the Greek and Latin Library of* G.M., &c., chiefly classical and bibliographical, with a few miscellaneous articles in French: sold as before, May 16, 1798, &c. 480 articles. Pt. III. *A Catalogue of a considerable portion of the remaining Library of* G.M., Esq.—chiefly historical,

with some curious theological, and some scientific, articles: sold as before; Nov. 27 to 30; 1798, &c. 547 articles. Pt IV. *A Catalogue, &c., of the remaining library of* G.M., Esq.—chiefly Belles Lettres, English, French, and Italian, &c., sold as before; April 25, 1799: 338 articles. These FOUR PARTS, priced, especially the latter one—are uncommon. My copies of all of them are upon *large paper*. It must have been a little heart-breaking for the collector to have seen his beautiful library, the harvest of many a year's hard reaping, melting away piece-meal, like a snow-ball—before the warmth of some potent cause or other, which now perhaps cannot be rightly ascertained. See here, gentle reader, some of the fruits of this golden Masonian harvest!—gathered almost promiscuously from the several parts. They are thus presented to thy notice, in order, amongst other things, to stimulate thee to be equally choice and careful in the gathering of similar fruits.

PART I.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

150.	Winstanley's Audley End, inscribed to James the Second, fol. *Never published for sale*	27	10	0
158.	Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, C.T. *F.D. Ald.* 1499	5	0	0
162.	Aquinæ (Thomæ) Quartiscriptum, C.R. *Moguntiæ Schoeffer*, 1492, fol.	6	0	0

295. Cicero de Officiis, C.T. F.D. *Moguntiæ ap. Fust.* 1465. 4to. In hoc exemplari Rubrica inter libros secundum ac tertium habet singularia errata, quæ in nullo alio exemplari adhuc innotuerunt; viz. *primus* ponitur pro *secundus*, *secundus* pro *tertius*, et *secundum*

	pro *tertium*	26	5	0
307.	Chalcondylas, Moschopulus, et Corinthus, Gr. *editio princeps.* Vide notam ante Librum	8	18	6
308.	Constantini Lexicon Græcum. *Genevæ*, 1592	4	5	0
324.	Ciceronis Orationes, C.T. viridi F.D. *per Adamum de Ambergau*, 1472, fol.	5	5	0

468.	Homerus, Gr., 2 vol., *Editio princeps*, C.R. Flor. 1488	11	11	0
496.	Xenophon, Gr., *editio princeps*, C.T. F.D. *Flor. ap. Junt.* 1516, fol.	2	3	0

PART III.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

70.	Maundrel's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, *L.P. Oxf.* 1714, 8vo. First edition of the entire work	3	18	0
101.	The Psalter of David, large B.L. C.T. nigro F.D. *Cantorbury, in St. Paule's Parysh, by John Mychell*, 1549, 4to.	4	4	0

102.	The Gospels in Saxon and English, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, by John Foxe, C.T. nigro, F.D. *Lond. by Daye*, 1571, 4to.	4	5	0
103.	The new Testament, by Thomas Matthew, 1538, 4to.	3	4	0

["There are cuts to the Revelations, different from any Mr. Herbert had seen; nor had he seen the book itself, till he was writing his 'Corrections and additions,' where, at p. 1833, he describes it."]

105.	Nychodemus' Gospell, C.T. F.D. *wood prints. Wynkyn de Worde*, 1511, 4to.	1	5	0
107.	English Prymer, in red and black types: *with emblematic frontispiece from a wood-cut.* C.T. cæruleo F.D. *Byddell*, 1535, 4to. PRINTED ON VELLUM	8	18	6

110.	Speculum Christiani (in Latin prose and English verse) C.T. nigro. *In civitate Londoniarum, per Wilhelmum de Machlinia. Supposed to be the first book printed in London, and about* 1480, 4to.	4	4	0

111.	Contemplation of Synners, (Latin prose and English verse) with double frontispiece, and other wood-cuts. *Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1499, 4to.	2	3	0
112.	(Walter Hylton's) Scala Perfectionis, London, *without Temple-Barre*, by Julyan Notary, 1507, 4to.	1	11	6

151.	Dives and Pauper, C.R. *first dated impression by Pynson*, 1493, folio	2	5	0

164.	Hackluyt's Collection of Voyages, B.L. 3 vols. in 2. Lond. 1599. "This work contains in vol. I. (beginning at p. 187) a political tract in verse (of the time of Henry VI.) exhorting England to keep the sea."	4	10	0

178.	Arnold's Chronicle, or Customs of London, B.L. C.T.— F.D. (1521) folio	15	15	6
180.	Chaucer's Hertfordshire; *with all the plates*, C.R. *Once the book of White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough; whose marginal notes in are pp.* 64, 359, 523, folio	21	0	0

338. Froissart's Chronycles, 2 vols. C.R. F.D. *Printed by Pynson*, 1523-5, *folio*, 2 vols.

341. Rastell's Pastyme of People, C.T.— F.D. Johannes Rastell, (1529) *One page and part of a pieced leaf written.*

349. Monasticon Anglicanum, 3 vols. ligat. in 4, C.R. all the plates, Lond. 1651, 61, 73. "This copy contains that very scarce leaf, which sometimes follows the title-page of the first volume: an account of which leaf (by Tanner and Hearne)

may be seen from p. 45 to p. 50 of the sixth volume of Leland's Collectanea, and their account rectified by Bridges, at the conclusion of Hearne's preface to Titus Livius Foro-Juliensis." Folio.

466. Hardyng's Chronicle (in verse) C.R.— F.D. *With an original grant (on vellum) from Henry VI. to Hardyng, Londoni.* Grafton, 1543, 4to.

[This beautiful copy, formerly West's, is now in the collection of George Hibbert, Esq.]

518. Fabian's Chronicle, C.T. cærulo F.D. 2 vols. in 1. B.L. Lond. W. Rastell, 1533. "This edition (as well as Pynson's) has the hymns to the Virgin, though Mr. T. Warton thought otherwise." folio.

PART IV.

Transcriber's Note: In this section, no prices are given in the original.

NO.

37. Kendall's Flowers of Epigrams, B.L. —C.R. *Leaf 93 is wanting*, 12mo.

47. M(arloe)'s Ovid's Elegies and Epigrams, by J. D(avies of Hereford). (Ovid's head engraved by W.M.) C.T.—F.D. *Middlebourg*, 12mo.

57. Observations on Authors, Ancient and Modern, 2 vol. Lond. 1731-2. "This was Dr. Jortin's own copy, who has written the name of each author to every piece of criticism, and added a few marginal remarks of his own," 8vo.

150. Valentine and Orson, B.L. cuts. *Wants title, two leaves in one place, and a leaf in another*, 4to.

152. La Morte D'Arthur, B.L. *wood-cuts*, Lond. *Thomas East. Wants one leaf in the middle of the table.* See *MS. note prefixed.*

153. Barnes's (Dame Juliana) Boke of Haukynge, Huntynge, and Cootarmuris, C.T.—F.D. *Seynt Albon's*, folio, 1486. "This perhaps is the only perfect copy of this original edition, which is extant. Its beginning with sig. a ii is no kind of cantradiction to its being perfect; the registers of many Latin books at this period mention the first leaf of A as quite blank. The copy of the public library at Cambridge is at least so worn or mutilated at the bottom of some pages that the bottom lines are not legible." [This copy is now in the matchless collection of Earl Spencer.]

157. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, C.R. *woodcuts, Pynson*, folio, "This is Pynson's original edition, and probably the first book he printed. See a long MS. note prefixed. Bound up at the end of this copy are two leaves of a MS. on vellum, which take in the conclusion of the Miller's Prologue, and beginning of his Tale. One of these pages is illuminated, and has a coloured drawing of the Miller on his mule."

166. Mort D'Arthur, B.L. *woodcuts. Lond. W. Copland.* See MS. notes at the beginning and end, folio.

175. Roy's *Rede me and be not wrothe, For I say nothing but trothe.*

"This is the famous satire against Cardinal Wolsey, printed some years before his fall. See Herbert, p. 1538, 8vo." [The reader may look for one minute at page 225, ante.]

263. Boetius, (The Boke of Comfort, by) translated into Englishe Tonge (in verse) *Emprented in the exempt Monastery of Taverstock, in Denshire, by me, Thomas Rycharde, Monke of the said Monastery*, 1525, 4to.

261. Caxton's Blanchardyn and Eglantine, or Proude Lady of Love, C.T.—F.D., *printed by Caxton*, folio. [See my edition of the *Typograhical Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 346.]

274. Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fyshyng, (from Juliana Barnes) B.L. *woodcuts. Lond. Toye, and W. Copland*, 4to. *See MS. notes prefixed.*

275. Hawys's Compendions Story, or Exemple of Vertue, B.L.—C.R. *wood-cuts*, *ib. Wynkyn de Worde*, 1533.

276. —— Passe-Tyme of Pleasure, B.L. *wood-cuts ib. by W. de Worde*, 1517, 4to.

306. Spenser's Shephearde's Calendar. C.T.—F.D., *wood-cuts: first edition, ib.* Singleton, 1579, 4to.

308. Taylor, the water poet (fifteen different pieces by) all of posterior date to the collection of his works. Among them is the Life of Old Par, with Par's head, and 31 plates of curious needle-work. The volume also contains some replies to Taylor. A written list of all the contents is prefixed. Lond. and Oxford, 4to.

330. Tulle of Old Age (translated by William Botoner, or of Worcester) *pr. by Caxton*, 1481. folio.
—— of Friendship, translated by Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; to which is added another tract written by the same Earl, C.R.—F.D.—L.R. *Explicit per Caxton*, folio.

How shall I talk of thee, and of thy wonderful collection, O RARE RICHARD FARMER?[408]—and of thy scholarship, acuteness, pleasantry, singularities, varied learning, and colloquial powers! Thy name will live long among scholars in general; and in the bosoms of virtuous and learned bibliomaniacs thy memory shall ever be enshrined! The walls of Emanuel College now cease to convey the sounds of thy festive wit—thy volumes are no longer seen, like Richard Smith's "bundles of sticht books," strewn upon the floor; and thou hast ceased, in the cause of thy beloved Shakspeare, to delve into the fruitful ore of black-letter literature.

Peace to thy honest spirit; for thou wert wise without vanity, learned without pedantry, and joyous without vulgarity!

[408] There is but a scanty memorial of this extraordinary and ever respectable bibliomaniac, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; vol. lxvii. pt. ii. p. 805: 888: nor is it noticed, among Farmer's theologico-literary labours, that he was author of an ingenious essay upon the *Demoniacs* mentioned in scripture; in which essay he took up the idea of Mede, that these Demoniacs were *madmen*. Dr. Farmer's essay upon the *Learning of Shakespeare* is, in respect to the materials, arguments, and conclusions—what the late Bishop of Salisbury's [Douglas] was upon *Miracles*—original, powerful, and incontrovertible. Never was there an octavo volume, like Farmer's upon Shakespeare—which embraced so many, and such curious, points, and which displayed such research, ingenuity, and acuteness—put forth with so little pomp, parade, or pedantry. Its popularity was remarkable; for it delighted both the superficial and deeply-versed reader in black-letter lore. Dr. Parr's well applied Ciceronian phrase, in lauding the "ingenious and joy-inspiring language" of Farmer, gives us some notion of the colloquial powers of this acute bibliomaniac; whose books were generally scattered upon the floor, as Lysander above observes, like old Richard Smith's

"stitched bundles." Farmer had his foragers; his jackalls: and his avant-couriers: for it was well known how dearly he loved every thing that was interesting and rare in the literature of former ages. As he walked the streets of London—careless of his dress—and whether his wig was full-bottomed or narrow-bottomed—he would talk and "mutter strange speeches" to himself; thinking all the time, I ween, of some curious discovery he had recently made in the aforesaid precious black-letter tomes. But the reader is impatient for the *Bibliotheca Farmeriana*: the title to the catalogue whereof is as follows. "*Bibl. Farm. A Catalogue of the curious, valuable, and extensive Library in print and manuscript, of the late* REV. RICHARD FARMER, *D.D., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; Master of Emanuel College: Librarian to the University of Cambridge; and Fellow of the Royal & Antiquary Societies* (deceased, &c.) Sold by Auction by Mr. King; May, 1798," 8vo. [8199 articles]. The collection is justly said, in the title page, to contain the "most rare and copious assemblage of *Old English Poetry* that, perhaps, was ever exhibited at one view; together with a great variety of *Old Plays*, and early printed books, English and Foreign, in the black-letter." The reader has already (p. 324 ante) had some intimation of the source to which Dr. Farmer was chiefly indebted for these poetical and dramatical treasures; of some of which, "hereafter followeth" an imperfect specimen:

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
5950.	Marbecke (John) the book of Common Prayer, noted, 1550. 4to. See Dr. Burney's long account of this very scarce book in his History of Musick, vol. ii. p. 578, &c.	2	6	0

6127.	Skinner's Discovery and	1	16	0
6128.	Declaration of the Inquisition of Spayne, *imp. J. Daye*, 1569, 4to.			
	Shippe of Fooles, by Brant, wood cuts, *imp. Wynkyn de Worde*, 1517, 4to.			

6194.	Brunswyke's Medical Dictionary, translated by Huet, *imp. by Treveris*, 1525. folio.	3	10	0
6195.	Customs of the Citie of London, or Arnold's Chronicle, with the Nut-Brown Mayde, *1st edition*, 1502, folio.	0	19	0

6386.	Annalia Dubrensia, or Robert Dover's Olimpic Games upon Cotswold-Hills, *with frontispiece*, 1636.	1	14	0
6387.	Barley-breake, or a Warning for Wantons, by W.N. 1607, 4to.	0	5	0
6395.	Britton's Bowre of Delights, by N.B. 1597. 4to.	1	13	0

6413.	Byrd's (Will.) Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie made into Musicke of 5 partes. 1588. Ditto Sacræ Cantiones, 2 parts; and various Madrigals and Canzonets, by Morley, Weelkes, Wilbye, Bateson, &c. 4to.	0	15	0

6608.	Copie of a Letter sent from the roaring Boyes in Elizium, to the two arrant Knights of the Grape in Limbo, Alderman Abel and M. Kilvert, the two projectors for wine; with their portraits.	5	5	0

6785.	Turbervile's (George) Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets, with a Discourse of the freendly affections of Tymetes to Pyndara his ladie, b.l. 1570, *imp. by Denham*, 8vo.	1	16	0

6804.	Virgil's Æneis, the first foure bookes, translated into English heroicall verse, by Richard Stanyhurst, with other poetical devises thereunto annexed; *impr. by Bynneman*, 1583, 8vo.	2	17	0

6826.	Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie (King James VI.) *Edinburgh, by Vautrollier*, 1585, 8vo.	1	13	0

6846.	Fulwell's (Ulpian) Flower of Fame, or bright Renoune and fortunate Raigne of King Henry VIII. b.l. with curious wood cuts: *imp. by Will. Hoskin*, 1575, 4to.	1	11	6
6847.	Flytting (the) betwixt Montgomerie and Polwarte, *Edin.*, 1629, 4to.	2	5	0

7058.	Horace's Art of Poetrie, Pistles, and Satyrs, English'd by Drant, b.l. *Imp. by Marshe*, 1566, 4to.	0	7	6
7066.	Humours Ordinarie, where a man may be verie merrie and exceeding well used for his sixpence, 1607, 4to.	0	14	6

7187.	Mastiffe Whelp, with other ruff-island-like curs fetcht from among the Antipodes, which bite and barke at the fantasticall humourist and abuses of the time.	0	19	0

7199.	Merry Jest of Robin Hood, and of his Life, with a new Play for to be plaied in May-Games; very pleasant and full of pastime, b.l. *imp. by Edward White*, 4to.	3	13	6
7200.	Milton's Paradise Lost, in 10 books, 1st *edit.* 1667.	0	11	0

7201.	—— —— —— —— —— —— *2nd title page*, 1668.	0	11	0

7202. ——
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——
3rd title page, 1669. —"N.B. The three foregoing articles prove that there were no less than three different title-pages used, to force the sale of the first edition of this matchless poem." S.

	P[aterson.]	0	7	0
7232.	Paradyse of Daynty Devises, b.l. extremely scarce, *imp. by Henry Disle*, 1576, 4to.	6	0	0

7240.	Peele's (G.) Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixie, Lord Mayor of London, Oct. 29, 1585, b.l. See Dr. F.'s note; as probably the only copy. 4to.	1	11	6
7241.	Percy's (W.) Sonnets to the fairest Cælia, 1594. 4to.	1	12	0

7249. Psalter (the whole) translated into English Metre, which containeth an Hundreth and Fifty Psalms. The title and first page written. *Imp. by John Daye*, 1567. "This translation was by Archbishop Parker, and is so scarce that Mr. Strype

tells us he could never get a sight of it." See Master's History of C.C.C.C. Mr. Wharton supposes it never to have been published, but that the Archbishop's wife gave away some copies. "It certainly (he adds) is at this time

extremely scarce, and would be deservedly deemed a fortunate acquisition to those capricious students who labour to collect a Library of Rarities." Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. 186. It has a portrait of the Archbishop. 4to. 3 6 0

7828.	Somner's (Henry) Orpheus and Eurydice, 1740. 4to.	0	1	6
7829.	Shakespeare's Works, *1st edition, in folio, wants title, last leaf written from the* 4to. 1623.	7	0	0

8062.	Metrical Romances, written in the reign of Richard IId. or rather about the end of the reign of Henry IIId. or beginning of Edward I. (See note,) *purchased at Dr. Monro's Auction by Dr. Farmer*, for 29*l.*	4	14	0

8080.	These Booke is called Ars moriendi, of William Baron, Esq., to remayne for ever to the Nonnye of Deptford; *on vellum, bound in purple velvet.*	2	3	0

6451.	Chaucer's noble and amorous auncyent Hystory of Troylus and Cresyde, in fyve Bokes, *imprynted by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1517. Here begynneth the Temple of Glass, *imp. by Wynkyn de Worde*. The Castell of Pleasure, *imp.*	26	5	0

by ditto.

Here begynneth a lyttell Treatise cleped La Conusauce D'Amours. *imp. by Pynson.*

The Spectacle of Lovers, *imp. by Wynkyn de Worde.*

History of Tytus and Gesippus, translated out of Latin into Englyshe, by

Wyllyam Walter, sometime servaunte to Syr Henry Marney, Cnyght, Chaunceler of the Duchy of Lancastre, *imp. by ditto*.

The Love and Complayntes betwene Mars and Venus.

The Fyrst Fynders of the VII Scyences Artificiall, *printed by Julian Notarye*.

Guystarde and Sygysmonde, translated by Wyllyam Walter, *imp. by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1532.

The Complaynte of a Lover's Lyfe, *imp. by ditto*.

Here begynneth a lytel Treatyse, called The Disputacyon of Complaynte [of] the Harte, thorughe

perced with the lokynge of the Eye, *imp. by Wynkyn de Worde*.

This Boke is named the Beaultie of Women, translated out of French into Englyshe, *imp. by Wier*.

Here begynneth a lytel Treatise, called the Controverse betwene

a Lover and a Jaye, lately compyled, *imp. by Wynkyn de Worde.*

The above 12 very rare and ancient pieces of poetry are bound in one vol. *with curious wood-cuts, and in fine preservation.*

'The Temple of

Glass alone was sold for 3*l.* 15*s.* and the present vol. may, with propriety, be deemed matchless.' All in quarto.

[N.B. *These articles should have preceded* no. 6608; at p. 423, ante.]

And here, benevolent reader, let us bid farewell to RICHARD FARMER of transcendant bibliomaniacal celebrity! It is in vain to look forward for the day when book-gems, similar to those which have just been imperfectly described from the *Bibl. Farmeriana*, will be disposed of at similar prices. The young collector may indulge an ardent hope; but, if there be any thing of the spirit of prophecy in my humble predictions, that hope will never be realised. Dr. Farmer's copies were, in general, in sorry condition; the possessor caring little (like Dr. Francis Bernard; vide p. 316, ante) for large margins and

splendid binding. His own name, generally accompanied with a bibliographical remark, and both written in a sprawling character, usually preceded the title-page. The science (dare I venture upon so magnificent a word?) of bibliography was, even in Farmer's latter time, but jejune, and of limited extent: and this will account for some of the common-place bibliographical memoranda of the owner of these volumes. We may just add that there are some few copies of this catalogue printed on *large paper*, on paper of a better quality than the small; which latter is sufficiently wretched. I possess a copy of the former kind, with the *prices* and *purchasers' names* affixed—and moreover, *uncut*!

A poor eulogy, this, upon Farmer!—but my oratory begins to wax faint. For this reason I cannot speak with justice of the friend and fellow-critic of Farmer—GEORGE STEEVENS[409] —of Shakspearian renown! The Library of this extraordinary critic and collector was sold by auction in the year 1800; and, being formed rather after the model of Mason's, than of Farmer's, it was rich to an excess in choice and rare pieces. Nor is it an uninteresting occupation to observe, in looking among the prices, the enormous sums which were given for some volumes that cost Steevens not a twentieth part of their produce:—but which,

comparatively with their present worth, would bring considerably higher prices! What arduous contention, "*Renardine shifts*," and bold bidding; what triumph on the one part, and vexation on the other, were exhibited at the book-sale!—while the auctioneer, like Jove looking calmly down upon the storm which he himself had raised, kept his even temper; and "ever and anon" dealt out a gracious smile amidst all the turbulence that surrounded him! Memorable æra!—the veteran collector grows young again in thinking upon the valour he then exhibited; and the juvenile collector talks "braggartly" of other times—which he calls the golden days of the bibliomania—when he reflects upon his lusty efforts in securing an *Exemplar Steevensianum*!

[409] If Lysander's efforts begin to relax—what must be the debilitated mental state of the poor annotator, who has accompanied the book-orator thus long and thus laboriously? Can STEEVENS receive justice at *my* hands—when my friends, aided by hot madeira, and beauty's animating glances, acknowledge their exhausted state of intellect?! However, I will make an effort:

'nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice.'

The respectable compiler of the

Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxx. p. 178, has given us some amusing particulars of Steevens's literary life: of his coming from Hampstead to London, at the chill break of day, when the overhanging clouds were yet charged with the 'inky' purple of night —in order, like a true book-chevalier, to embrace the first dank impression, or proof sheet, of his own famous octavo edition of *Shakspeare*; and of Mr. Bulmer's sumptuous impression of the text of the same. All this is well enough, and savours of the proper spirit of BIBLIOMANIACISM: and the edition of our immortal bard, in fifteen well printed octavo volumes, (1793) is a splendid and durable monument of the researches of George Steevens. There were from 20 to 25 copies of the octavo edition printed upon LARGE PAPER; and Lord Spencer possesses, by bequest, Mr. Steevens' own copy of the same, illustrated with a great number of rare and precious prints; to which, however, his Lordship, with his usual zeal and taste, has made additions more valuable even than the gift in its original form. The 8vo. edition of 1793 is covetted with an eagerness of which it is not very easy to account for the cause; since the subsequent one of 1803, in 21 octavo volumes, is more useful on many accounts: and contains Steevens's corrections and additions in every play, as well as 177, in particular, in that of Macbeth. But I am well aware of the stubbornness and petulancy with which the previous edition is contended for in point of superiority, both round a private

and public table; and, leaving the collector to revel in the luxury of an uncut, half-bound, morocco copy of the same, I push onward to a description of the *Bibliotheca Steevensiana*. Yet a parting word respecting this edition of 1803. I learn, from unquestionable authority, that Steevens stipulated with the publishers that they should pay Mr. Reed 300*l.* for editorship, and 100*l.* to Mr. W. Harris, Librarian of the Royal Institution, for correcting the press: nor has the editor in his preface parted from the truth, in acknowledging Mr. Harris to be 'an able and vigiland assistant.' Mr. H. retained, for some time, Steevens' corrected copy of his own edition of 1793, but he afterwards disposed of it, by public auction, for 28*l.* He has also at this present moment, Mr. Josiah Boydell's copy of Mr. Felton's picture of our immortal bard; with the following inscription, painted on the back of the pannel, by Mr. Steevens:

May, 1797.
Copied by Josiah Boydell, at my request, from the remains of the only genuine Portrait of William Shakspeare. GEORGE STEEVENS.

The engraved portrait of Shakspeare, prefixed to this edition of 1803, is by no means a faithful resemblance of Mr. Boydell's admirably executed copy in oil. The expenses of the edition amounted to 584*l.*; but no copies now remain with the publishers. We will now give rather a

copious, and, as it must be acknowledged, rich, sprinkling of specimens from the *Bibliotheca Steevensiana*, in the departments of rare OLD POETRY and THE DRAMA. But first let us describe the title to the catalogue of the same. *A Catalogue of the curious and valuable Library of* GEORGE STEEVENS, *Esq., Fellow of the Royal and Antiquary Societies (Lately deceased). Comprehending an extraordinary fine Collection of Books, &c.*, sold by auction by Mr. King, in King Street, Covent Garden, May, 1800. 8vo. [1943 articles: amount of sale 2740*l.* 15*s.*]

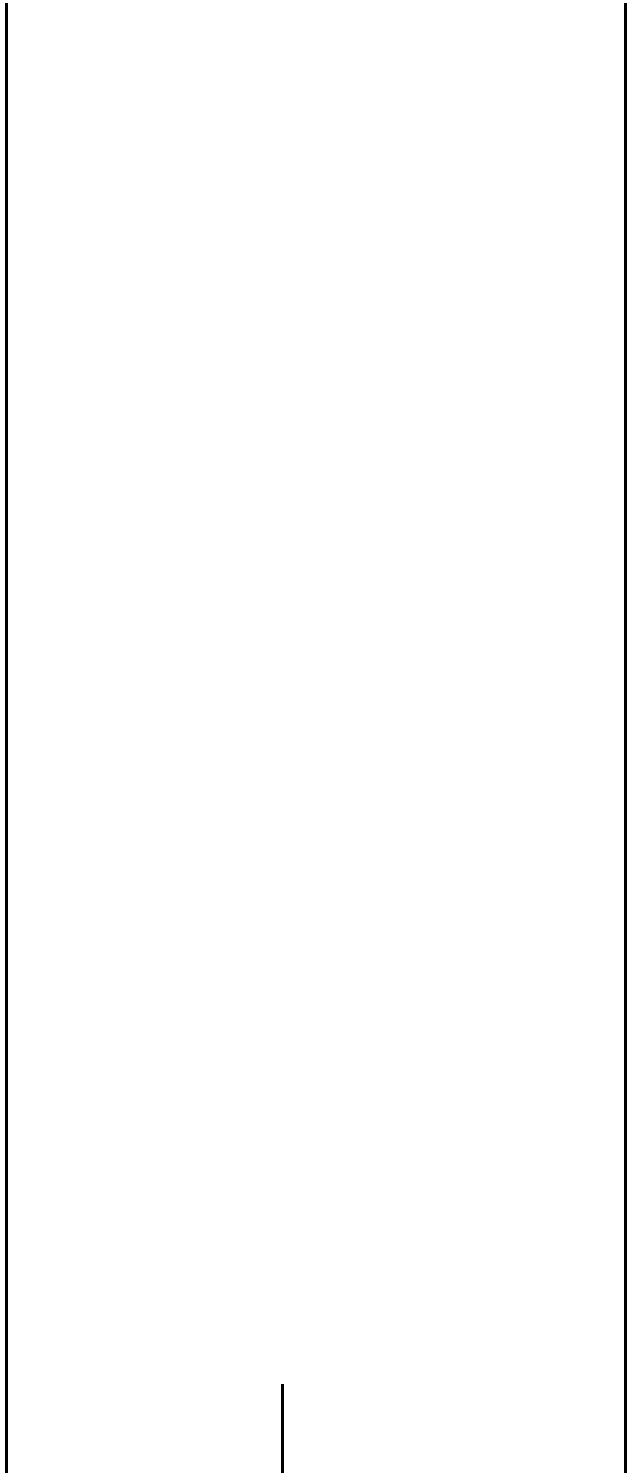
OLD POETRY.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

867.	Gascoigne's (Geo.) Workes, or a Hundreth sundrie Flowers bounde in one small Poesie, (including) Supposes, com. from Ariosto; Jocosta, Tr. from Euripides, &c. b.l. *first edition. Lond. impr. by Bynneman*, 1572, 4to.	1	19	0

'With
MS.
notes
respecting
this
copy
and
edition
by Mr.
Steevens.'

868.	Another copy, 2d edition (with considerable additions); among other, the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle, the Steele Glass, the Complainte of Phylomene, b.l. *ib. impr. by Abell Jeffes*, 1587, 4to., *with MS. references, by Messrs. Bowles and Steevens.*	4	4	0



869.	Another copy, including all the aforementioned, and a Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes, b.l. *Lond. impr. by Rich. Jhones*, 1576, 8vo. The Glasse of Gouernement, 4to. *b.l. russia, with MS. references*. The Droome of Doomesday, 3	5	15	6

parts, b.l. *ib.* 1576, 4to. 'The above two volumes are supposed to comprise the compleatest collection of Gascoigne's works extant.'

876. Googe (Barnabe) Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes newly written, b.l., *small 8vo. fine copy in Russia, Lond. impr. by Tho. Colwell for Raffe Newbery, dwelynge in Fleet Streete a little above the Conduit, in the late shop of Tho. Bartelet.*

See Mr. Steevens's note to the above; in which he says there is no scarcer book in the English language, and that Dr. Farmer, Messrs. T. Warton and Js. Reed, had never seen another copy.	10	15	0

949. Lodge (Tho.) Life and death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English traitor, borne in the citty of London, accompanied with manye other most pleasant and prettie Histories, 4to. *b.l. printed by Rich. Yardley and Peter*

	Short, 1593. [cost Mr. Steevens 1*s.* 9*d.*!]	4	7	0
995.	The Paradyse of Dainty Devises, MS. a fac-simile of the first edition, in 1576, *finished with the greatest neatness by Mr. Steevens, 4to. in russia.*	5	15	0

996.	The Paradice of Dainty Devises, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwardes, sometime of her Majestie's Chappell; the rest by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of Honor and worship. *Lond. printed by Edwd. Allde*, 1595, 4to.	4	6	0

997.	The Paradice of Daintie Devises, b.l. interleaved, *ib. printed for Edw. White*, 1600, 4to.	21	10	6	
	Breton (Nich.) Workes of a young Wyt, trust up with a Fardell of Prettie Fancies, profitable to young Poetes, prejudicial to no Man, and pleasant				

to
every
Man,
to
pass
away
Idle
Tyme
withal,
b.l.
4to.
interleaved
with a
MS.
list of
the
Author's
Works
by
Messrs.
Steevens,
Ritson,
and
Park:
impr.
at
Lond.
nigh
unto
the
Three
Cranes
in the
Vintree,
by
Tho.
Dawson,

and Tho. Gardyner.

Soothern's Odes, 4to. b.l. interleaved with copious MS. Notes, and an Extract from the European Magazine relative to the Author: *wants title, no date*.

Watson (Tho.) Passionate Centurie of Love, 4to. b.l. interleaved:

the 12 first sonnets, and the latter ones, from 78, in MS. *Lond. impr. by John Wolfe.*

"The above curious Collection of Old Poems are bound together in russia, with border of gold, and may be deemed with propriety,

	Matchless."			
1037.	Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, in 3 bookes, with a wood-cut of Queen Elizabeth; *choice copy, in morocco, 4to. ib. printed by Rich. Field*, 1589.	7	10	0

1073.	Roy (Will.) Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, a Poem; *b.l.* *sm.* 8vo. *russia, no date nor place.*	7	7	0

1078.	Skelton (Jo.) Poet Laureat, lyttle Workes, viz. Speake Parot. The Death of the Noble Prynce, King Edwarde the Fourthe. A Treatyse of the Scottes. Ware the Hawke, The Tunnynge of Elynoure Rummyng, sm. 8vo. b.l. *Impr. at Lond. in*	4	5	0

Crede Lane, Jhon Kynge, and Thomas Marshe, no date. 12mo.

Hereafter foloweth a lyttle Booke, called Colyn Clout, *b.l. impr. by John Wyght*, 12mo.

Hereafter foloweth a little Booke of Phyllip Sparrow, *b.l. impr. by*

Robert Tob. 12mo.

Hereafter foloweth a little Booke which has to name, Whi come ye not to Courte, *b.l. impr. by John Wyght.* 12mo.

1079.	Skelton (Master, Poet Laureat) Merie Tales, b.l. 12mo. *Lond. impr. by Tho. Colwell, no date.* "See Note, in which Mr. Steevens says he never saw another copy."	5	15	6

1119.	Warren (Will.) A pleasant new Fancie of a Foundling's Device intitled and cald the Nurcerie of Names, with wood borders, b.l. 4to. *ib. impr. by Rich. Jhones*, 1581.	2	16	0

1125.	Watson (Tho.) Passionate Centurie of Love; *b.l. 4to. the title, dedication, and index, MS. by Mr. Steevens.* "Manuscript Poems, transcribed from a Collection of Ancient English Poetry, in the possession of Sam. Lysons, Esq., formerly belonging to Anne	5	10	0

	Cornwallis, by Mr. Steevens."			
1126.	—— Passionate Centurie of Love, divided into two parts, b.l. 4to. *russia. Lond. impr. by John Wolfe.*	5	18	0

1127.	England's Helicon, collected by John Bodenham, with copious additions, and an index in MS. by Mr. Steevens, 4to. *russia, ib. printed by J.R.* 1600.	11	15	0

1128. Weblee [Webbe] (Will.) Discourse of English Poetrie, together with the author's judgment, touching the Reformation of our English Verse, *b.l.* 4to. *russia, ib. by John Charlewood*, 1586. 8 8 0

The Drama; and early Plays of Shakespeare.

1216.	The Plot of the Plays of Frederick and Basilea, and of the Deade Man's Fortune, the original papers which hung up by the side scenes in the playhouses, for the use of the prompter and the acter, earlier than the time of Shakspeare.	11	0	0
1218.	Anonymous, a pleasant Comedie, called Common Conditions, *b.l. imperf. 4to. in russia.*	6	10	0

	"Of this Dramatick Piece, no copy, except the foregoing mutilated one, has hitherto been discovered: with a long note by Mr. Steevens, and references to Kirkman, Langbaine, Baker, Reed," &c.			
1221.	Bale (John) Tragedie, or Enterlude, manifesting the chiefe Promises of God unto Man, compyled An. Do. 1538, b.l. 4to. *now first impr. at Lond. by John Charlewood*, 1577.	12	15	0

1248.	Marlow (Chr.) and Tho. Nash, Tragedie of Dido, Queene of Carthage, played by the Children of her Majesties' Chappell, 4to. *russia, Lond. printed by the Widdowe Owin*, 1594.	17	0	0
1259.	Peele (Geo.) The Old Wives Tale, a pleasant conceited Comedie played by the Queene's Majesties' Players; 4to. *in russia; ib. impr. by John Danter*, 1595.	12	0	0

"N.B. A second of the above is to be found in the Royal Library; a third copy is unknown." Steevens' note.

EARLY PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

1263. The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, no title, 4to. *Lond.* 1611. *With MS. notes, &c., by Mr. Steevens.* 2 2 0

1264.	The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 4to. *ib. printed by R. Young,* 1637.	0	7	0

1265.	The History of Henrie the Fourth, with the Battell of Shrewsburie, &c.; with the famous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe, part I. 4to. *ib. printed by S.S.* 1599.	3	10	0
1266.	The same, *ib. printed for Mathew Lay*, 1608, 4to.	1	7	0

1267.	The same, *ib. printed by W.W.* 1613. *With MS. notes, &c. by Mr. Steevens.*	1	2	0
1268.	The same, *ib. printed by Norton*, 1632.	0	10	0

1259. The
2d
part of
Henry
the
Fourth,
continuing
to his
Death,
and
Coronation
of
Henrie
the
Fift,
with
the
Humours
of Sir
John
Falstaffe
and
Swaggering
Pistoll,
as
acted
by the
Lord
Chamberlayne
his
Servants.
First
Edit.
4to. ib.
printed
by
V.S.

	1600.	3	13	0
1270.	The same, *ib. 4to. printed by Val. Simmes*, 1600.	2	15	0

1271. The
Chronicle
History
of
Henry
the
Fift,
with
his
Battell
fought
at
Agincourt
in
France,
together
with
Auntient
Pistoll,
as
playd
by the
Lord
Chamberlayne
his
servants.
First
Edit.
4to.
inlaid
on
large
paper,
ib.
printed
by
Thomas

	Creede, 1600.	27	6	0
1272.	The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, &c. 4to. *Lond.* 1608.	1	1	0

1273.	The true Tragedie of Richarde, Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, as acted by the Earle of Pembroke his Servants, 4to. *inlaid on large paper, ib. printed by W.W.* 1600.	1	16	0

1274. The whole contention betweene the two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, with the Tragicall Ends of the good Duke Humphrey, Richard, Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt, *divided into 2 parts*, 4to. *ib. no date.* 1 5 0

1275. The first and second part of the troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's Base sonne (vulgarly named the Bastard Fauconbridge) also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey, as

	acted by her Majesties Players, 4to. *Lond. impr. by Val. Simmes*, 1611.	1	18	0
1276.	The first and second part of the troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, &c., *ib. printed by Aug. Matthews*, 1622.	1	1	0

1277. The
True
Chronicle
History
of the
Life
and
Death
of
King
Lear,
and
his
three
Daughters,
with
the
unfortunate
Life of
Edgar,
Sonne
and
Heire
to the
Earl of
Glocester,
and
his
sullen
and
assumed
Humour
of
Tom
of
Bedlam,
by his

	Majestie's servants. *First Edit.* 4to. *ib.* 1608.	28	0	0
1578.	Another Edition, differing in the title-page and signature of the first leaf. 4to. *ib.* 1608.	2	2	0

1279. The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by his choyce of three chests, as

acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants, *First Edit. inlaid oil large paper; 4to. at London, printed by John Roberts*, 1600.	2	0	0

1280.	The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Jew; *First Edit. 4to. inlaid on large paper, printed by John Roberts*, 1600.	2	2	0

1281.	A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wives of Windsor, as acted by the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. *First Edit. 4to. Lond. printed by T.C.* 1602.	28	0	0

1282.	A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Antient Pistoll and Corporal Nym, *4to. inlaid. Lond.* 1619.	1	4	0

1283.	The Merry Wives of Windsor, with the Humours of Sir John Fallstaffe, also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporal Nym, 4to. *Lond. printed by T.H.* 1630.	0	10	6

1284.	A Midsommer Night's Dreame, as acted by the Lord Chamberlaine's Servantes, First Edit. *impr. at Lond. for Thos. Fisher*, 4to. 1600, *part of one leaf wanting.*	25	10	0
1285.	Another copy, *First Edit. inlaid, ib.* 1600.	1	15	0

1286.	Much adoe about Nothing, as acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, *First Edit.* 4to. *ib. printed by Val. Simmes*, 1600.	25	10	0

1287.	The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice, as acted at the Globe and at the Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants, 4to. *Lond. printed by N.O.* 1622, *with MS. notes and various readings by Mr. Steevens.*	29	8	0

1288.	The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice, as acted at the Globe and at the Black Friers, 4to. *Lond. printed by A.M.* 1630.	0	13	0
1289.	Tragedie of Othello; *4th Edit.* 4to. *ib.* 1665.	0	4	0

1290.	The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, as acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, 4to. Lond. *printed by Val. Simmes*, 1598.	4	14	6

1291.	Tragedie of King Richard the Second, as acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, 4to. *printed by W.W.* 1608.	10	0	0

1292.	The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, with new Additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard, as acted by his Majestie's Servants at the Globe, 4to. *Lond.* 1615, *with MS. notes, &c. by Mr. Steevens*.	1	12	0

1293. The Life and Death of King Richard the Second, with new Additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard, as acted at the Globe by his Majesties Servants, 4to. *Lond.* 1634. 0 5 0

1294.	The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, as acted by the Lord Chamberlain his Servants, 4to. Lond. *printed by Tho. Creede.* 1602. *Defective at the end.*	0	10	0

1295. The
Tragedie
of
King
Richard
the
Third,
containing
his
treacherous
Plots
against
his
Brother
Clarence,
the
pitiful
murther
of his
innocent
Nephews,
his
tirannical
usurpation,
with
the
whole
course
of his
detested
Life,
and
most
deserved
Death,
as
acted

	by his Majesties Servants, 4to. *Lond. printed by Tho. Creede*, 1612, *with notes and various readings by Mr. Steevens.*	1	5	0
1296.	The same, 4to. *ib.* 1629.	0	7	0

1297.	Tragedie of King Richard the Third, as acted by the King's Majesties Servants, 4to. *ib.* 1634.	0	6	0
1298.	The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, 4to. *A fragment. Lond.* 1599.	0	5	6

1299.	The same, compleat, inlaid on large paper, 4to. *ib., impr. by Tho. Creede*, 1599. [*Second Edition.*]	6	0	0
1300.	The same, 4to. Lond. 1609, *with MS. notes and readings by Mr. Steevens.*	2	2	0
1301.	The same, 4to. *ib. printed by R. Young*, 1637.	0	9	0

1302.	A pleasant conceited Historie, called the Taming of the Shrew, as acted by the Earle of Pembroke's Servants. *First Edit.* 4to. *inlaid on large paper, ib., printed by V.S.* 1607.	20	0	0

1303.	A wittie and pleasant Comedie, called the Taming of a Shrew, as acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Blacke Friers and the Globe, 4to., *ib., printed by W.S.* 1631.	0	11	0

1304. The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, as plaide by the King's Majesties Servants, 4to. *inlaid, ib., printed for Edward White*, 1611. 2 12 6

1305. The History of Troylus and Cresseide, as acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the Globe. *First. Edit.* 4to., *ib., imp. by G. Alde*, 1609. 5 10 0

1306.	The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the Warres of the Brittaines and Hunnes, with ther discomfiture, 4to. *ib., printed by Thomas Creede*, 1595.	3	5	0

1307. The London Prodigall, as plaide by the King's Majesties Servants, 4to. *ib., printed by T.C.* 1705. 1 9 0

1308. The late and much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true relation of the whole Historie and Fortunes of the said Prince, as also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Marianna,

	acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banck-side, 4to. *ib.*, 1609.	1	2	0
1309.	Another edition, 4to. *ib.* 1619.	0	15	0

1310.	The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham, as acted by the Earle of Nottingham his servants, 4to. *Lond.* 1600.	0	10	0

1311.	A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new, as lamentable and true, 4to. Lond. 1619.	0	9	0
1312.	(Twenty Plays) published by Mr. Steevens, 6 vols. *large paper, ib.*, 1766. *Only 12 copies taken off on large paper*	5	15	6

EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

1313. Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true originall copies, by John Heminge and Hen. Condell, *fol. russia. Lond. printed by Isaac Juggard and Edwd. Blount*. 1623; *with a MS. title, and a fac-simile drawing of the portrait by Mr.*

	Steevens.	22	0	0
1314.	The same: 2d edit. folio, fine copy morocco, gilt leaves, *ib.* 1632. *In this book is the hand writing of King Charles I. by whom it was presented to Sir Tho. Herbert, Master of the Revels.*	18	18	0

1315.	The same: 3d edit. with the 7 additional Plays, fol., neat and scarce, *ib.* 1664. See *Note by Mr. Steevens.*	8	8	0
1316.	The same: 4th edit. 1685, folio.	2	12	6
1326.	Hammer's (Sir Tho.) edition; 9 vols. 18mo. *Lond.* 1748.	1	13	0

1327.	The same: with cuts, 6 vols. 4to. *elegantly bound in hog-skin.*			
1328.	Pope and Warburton, 8 vols. 8vo. *Lond.* 1747.	1	0	0
1329.	—— —— —— 8 vols. 12mo., with Sir Thos. Hammer's Glossary. *Dub.* 1747.	0	15	0

1330.	Capell, (Edw.) 10 vols. 8vo. Lond. *printed by Dryden Leach*, 1768.	2	6	0
1331.	Johnson, (Sam.) 8 vols. 8vo. *Lond.* 1765.	1	19	0
1332.	—— and Geo. Steevens, 10 vols. 8vo. *ib.* 1773.	2	14	0

1333.	—— —— —— —— in single Plays, 31 vols. *boards,* *ib.*	1	11	0
1334.	Johnson and Steevens: 10 vols. 2d edit. with Malone's Supplement, 2 vols., and the plates from Bell's edition, *ib.* 1778.	4	16	0

1335.	—— —— —— 10 vols. 3d edit. *ib.* 1785.	3	5	0
1336.	—— —— —— 4th edit. with a glossarial Index, 15 vols. 8vo. *ib.* 1793.	6	16	6
1337.	Malone, (Edm.) 11 vols. 8vo. *ib.* 1790.	4	8	0
1338.	—— Another copy, 11 vols. 8vo. *ib.*	4	18	0

1339.	Ran (Jos.) 6 vols. 8vo. Oxf. 1786.	1	11	6
1340.	—— with Ayscough's Index, 2 vols. 8vo. russia, marbled leaves, published by Stockdale, *ib.* 1784-90.	0	15	6
1341.	Eccles, 2 vols. 8vo. *ib.* 1794.	1	11	0

1342.	From the Text of Mr. Malone's edit. by Nichols, 7 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1790.	0	18	0
1343.	From the Text of Mr. Steevens, last edit. 8 vols. 12mo. *ib.* 1797.	1	0	0
1344.	—— 9 vols. 12mo. *ib.* 1798.	1	3	0
1345.	—— 9 vols. 12mo. Birm. by R. Martin.	1	1	0

1346.	—— 9 vols. Bell's edit. no plates. Lond. 1774.	0	18	0
1347.	—— 20 vols. 18mo. with annotations, Bell's edit. fine paper, with plates, beautiful impressions, *ib.* 1788.	8	13	6

1348. —— 20 vols. 12mo. Bell's edition; *large paper*, finest possible impressions of the plates, superbly bound in green turkey, double bands, gilt leaves, *ib.*		17	17	0

1349. The Dramatic Works of; Text corrected by Geo. Steevens, Esq.; published by Boydell and Nichol, in large 4to., 15 nos. with the large and small plates; first and finest impressions, 1791, &c. N.B. Three more numbers complete

	the work.	36	4	6
1348.	Harding, no. 31, l.p. containing 6 prints, with a portrait of Lewis Theobald, as published by Richardson, and some account of him, by Mr. Steevens.	0	4	6
1349.	Ditto, ditto.	0	4	6
1350.	Traduit de l'Anglois, 2 toms. Par. 1776.	0	6	0

1351.	In German, 13 vols. 12mo. Zurich, 1775.	0	16	0
1352.	King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, and Julius Cæsar, by Jennings, Lond. 1770.	0	11	0
1353.	Macbeth, with Notes by Harry Rowe, 12mo. York, 1797.	0	1	6
1354.	—— 8vo. 2d edit. *ib.* 1799.	0	5	0

1355.	Antony and Cleopatra, by Edw. Capell; 8vo. Lond. 1758.	0	1	0

1356.	The Virgin Queen;	0	1	0
1357.	a Drama, attempted as a Sequel to Shakspeare's Tempest, by G.F. Waldron, 8vo. 1797.			
	—— Annotations on As You Like it, by Johnson and Steevens, Bell's edit.			
1358.	—— Another copy			

1359.	Shakspeare's Sonnets, never before imprinted, 4to. at Lond. by G. Ald, 1609.	3	10	0
1360.	—— Poems, 8vo. *ib.* 1640.	0	4	6
1361.	—— Venis and Adonis, 8vo. *ib.* 1602.	1	11	6
1362.	Rymer (Tho.) Short View of Tragedy, with Reflection on Shakspeare, &c. 8vo. b. 1698.	0	1	6

1363.	Shakspeare restored, by Lewis Theobald, 4to. *ib.* 1726.	0	4	6
1364.	Whalley's (Peter) on the Learning of; *ib.* 1748. Remarks on a late edition of Shakspeare, by Zach. Grey, *ib.* 1755, and other Tracts.	0	8	6

1365.	Morris (Corbyn) Essay towards fixing the true Standard of Wit, Humour, &c. 8vo. *ib.* 1744.	0	8	0
1366.	Critical Observations on, by John Upton; 8vo. 2d edit. Lond. 1748.	0	1	6
1367.	—— Illustrated, by Charlotte Lennox; 3 vols. 12mo. *ib.* 1754.	0	9	0

1368.	Notes on Shakspeare, by Zachary Grey; 2 vols. 8vo. *ib.* 1734.	0	3	0
1369.	Beauties of Shakspeare, by William Dodd, 2 vols. 12mo. *ib.* 1757.	0	3	6
1370.	Beauties of Shakspeare, by Wm. Dodd; 3 vols. 12mo. *ib.* 1780.	0	6	0

1371.	—— (Revival of) Text, by Heath, 8vo. *ib.* 1765.	0	1	0
1372.	Observations and Conjectures on some passages of, by Tho. Trywhit; 8vo. Oxford, 1766.	0	5	0
1373.	Farmer (Rich) on the Learning of; 8vo. morocco. Camb. 1767. *Only 12 copies on this paper.*	0	16	0

1374.	—— London. 8vo. 1789, with Mr. Capell's Shakspeariana, 8vo., *only 20 copies printed*, 1779.	0	1	6
1375.	Malone (Edm.) Letter on, to Dr. Farmer; 8vo. *ib.* 1792.	0	4	6
1376.	Letter to David Garrick (on a Glossary to) by Rich. Warner, 8vo. *ib.* 1768.	0	2	6

> There were copies of the Catalogue of Steeven's books struck off on LARGE PAPER, on bastard *royal octavo*, and in *quarto*.

It remains to say a few words of the celebrated collector of this very curious library. The wit, taste, and classical acquirements of GEORGE STEEVENS are every where recorded and acknowledged. As an editor of his beloved Shakspeare, he stands unrivalled; for he combined, with much recondite learning and indefatigable research, a polish of style, and vigour of expression, which are rarely found united in the same person. His definitions are sometimes both happy and singular; and his illustrations of ancient customs and manners such as might have been expected from a head so completely furnished, and a hand so thoroughly practised. I will not say that George Steevens has evinced the learning of Selden upon Drayton, or of Bentley upon Phalaris; nor did his erudition, in truth, rise to the lofty and commanding pitch of these his predecessors: nor does there seem much sense or wit in hunting after every *pencil-scrap* which this renowned bibliomaniac committed to paper—as some sadly bitten book-collectors give evidence of. If I have not greatly misunderstood the characteristics of Steevens's writings, they are these—wit, elegance, gaiety, and satire, combined with almost perfect erudition in English dramatic antiquities.

Let us give a specimen of his classical elegance in dignifying a subject, which will be relished chiefly by GRANGERITES. Having learnt that a copy of Skelton's Verses on Elinour Rummin, the famous Ale-wife of England, with her portrait in the title-page, was in the Library of the Cathedral of Lincoln (perhaps, formerly, Captain Coxe's copy; vide p. 266, ante), he prevailed on the late Dean, Sir Richard Kaye, to bring the book to London; but as it was not suffered to go from the Dean's possession, Mr. S. was permitted to make a *fac-simile* drawing of the title, at the Dean's house in Harley-street. This drawing he gave to Richardson, the printseller, who engraved and published it among the copies of scarce portraits to illustrate Granger. The acquisition of this rarity produced from him the following *Jeu d'Esprit*; the merit of which can only be truly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of knowing the eminent PORTRAIT COLLECTORS therein mentioned, and whose names are printed in capital letters.

ELEONORA REDIVIVA.

To seek this Nymph among the glorious dead,
Tir'd with his search on earth, is GULSTON fled:—
Still for these charms enamoured MUSGRAVE sighs;
To clasp these beauties ardent BINDLEY dies:
For these (while yet unstaged to public view,)
Impatient BRAND o'er half the kingdom flew;
These, while their bright ideas round him play,
From Classic WESTON force the Roman lay:
Oft too, my STORER, Heaven has heard thee swear,
Not Gallia's murdered Queen was half so fair:
"A new Europa!" cries the exulting BULL,
"My Granger now, I thank the gods, is full:"—
Even CRACHERODE'S self, whom passions rarely move,
At this soft shrine has deign'd to whisper love.—
Haste then, ye swains, who RUMMING'S form adore,
Possess your Eleanour, and sigh no more.

It must be admitted that this is at once elegant and happy.

We will now say somewhat of the man himself. Mr. Steevens lived in a retired and eligibly situated house, just on the rise of Hampstead Heath. It was paled in; and had, immediately before it, a verdant lawn skirted with a variety of picturesque trees. Formerly, this house has been a tavern, which was known by the name of the *Upper Flask*: and which my fair readers (if a single female can have the courage to peruse these bibliomaniacal pages) will recollect to have been the same to which Richardson sends Clarissa in one of her escapes from Lovelace. Here Steevens lived, embosomed in books, shrubs, and trees: being either too coy, or too unsociable, to mingle with his neighbours. His habits were indeed peculiar: not much to be envied or imitated; as they sometimes betrayed the flights of a madman, and sometimes the asperities of a cynic. His attachments were warm, but fickle both in choice and duration. He would frequently part from one, with whom he had lived on terms of close intimacy, without any assignable cause; and his enmities, once fixed, were immovable. There was, indeed, a kind of venom in his antipathies; nor would he suffer his ears to be assailed, or his heat to relent, in favour of those against whom he entertained animosities, however capricious and unfounded. In *one* pursuit only was he consistent: *one* object only did he woo with an inflexible attachment; and that object was *Dame* DRAMA.

I have sat behind him, within a few years of his death, and watched his sedulous attention to the performances of strolling players, who used to hire a public room in Hampstead; and towards whom his gallantry was something more substantial than mere admiration and applause: for he would make liberal presents of gloves, shoes, and stockings—especially to the female part of the company. His attention, and even delight, during some of the most wretched exhibitions of the dramatic art, was truly surprising; but he was then drooping under the pressure of age, and what passed before him might serve to remind him of former days, when his discernment was quick and his judgment matured. It is, however, but justice to this distinguished bibliomaniac to add that, in his literary attachments he was not influenced by merely splendid talents or exalted rank. To my predecessor HERBERT (for whose memory I may be allowed, at all times, to express a respectful regard) Steevens seems to have shewn marked attention. I am in possession of more than a dozen original letters from him to this typographical antiquary, in which he not only evinces great friendliness of disposition, but betrays an unusual solicitude about the success of Herbert's labours; and, indeed, contributes towards it by nearly a hundred notices of rare and curious books which were unknown to, or imperfectly described by, Herbert himself. At the close of a long letter, in which, amongst much valuable information, there

is a curious list of CHURCHYARD'S *Pieces*—which Steevens urges Herbert to publish—he thus concludes:

> "DEAR SIR,
>
> "I know not where the foregoing lists of Churchyard's Pieces can appear with more propriety than in a work like yours; and I therefore venture to recommend them as worth republication. If you publish, from time to time, additions to your book, you may have frequent opportunity of doing similar service to old English literature, by assembling catalogues of the works of scarce, and therefore almost forgotten, authors. By occasional effusions of this kind you will afford much gratification to literary antiquaries, and preserve a constant source of amusement to yourself: for in my opinion, no man is so unhappy as he who is at a loss for something to do. Your present task grows towards an end, and I therefore throw out this hint for your consideration." (*July* 27, 1789.)

A little further he adds: "In your vol. ii. p. 1920, you have but an imperfect account of TYRO'S '*Roaring Megge*,' &c. I shall therefore supply it underneath, as the book now lies before me. I have only room left to tell you I am always your very

faithfully, G. STEEVENS." But the bibliomanical spirit of the author of this letter, is attested by yet stronger evidence:

Hampstead Heath, August 42th, 1780.

"SIR,

"I have borrowed the following books for your use—Dr. Farmer's copy of Ames, with MS. notes by himself, and an interleaved Maunsell's Catalogue, with yet more considerable additions by Baker the antiquary. The latter I have promised to return at the end of this month, as it belongs to our University Library. I should not choose to transmit either of these volumes by any uncertain conveyance; and therefore shall be glad if you will let me know how they may be safely put into your hands. If you can fix a time when you shall be in London, my servant shall wait on you with them; but I must entreat that our library book may be detained as short a time as possible. I flatter myself that it will prove of some service to you, and am,

"Your very humble Servant,

"G. STEEVENS."

The following was Herbert's reply.

"*Cheshunt*, August 20th, 1780.

"SIR,

"As it must give you great satisfaction to know that the books were received safe by me last night, it affords me equal pleasure to send you the earliest assurance of it. I thank you sincerely for the liberty you have allowed me of keeping them till I come to London, on Monday, the 4th of September; when I shall bring them with me, and hope to return them safe at Mr. Longman's, between 10 and 11 o'clock; where, if it may be convenient to you, I shall be very happy to meet you, and personally to thank you for the kind assistance you have afforded me. If that may not suit you, I will gladly wait on you where you shall appoint by a line left there for me; and shall ever esteem myself,

"Your most obliged humble Servant,

"W. HERBERT."

The following, and the last, epistolary specimen of the renowned G. Steevens—with which I shall treat my reader—is of a general gossipping black-letter cast; and was written two years before the

preceding.

Hampstead Heath, June 26th, 1788.

"DEAR SIR,

"A desire to know how you do, and why so long a time has elapsed since you were seen in London, together with a few queries which necessity compels me to trouble you with, must be my apology for this invasion of your retirement. Can you furnish me with a transcript of the title-page to Watson's Sonnets or Love Passions, 4to. bl. l.? As they are not mentioned by Puttenham, in 1589, they must, I think, have appeared after that year. Can you likewise afford me any account of a Collection of Poems, bl. l., 4to. by one John Southern? They are addressed 'to the ryght honourable the Earle of Oxenforde;' the famous Vere, who was so much a favourite with Queen Elizabeth. This book, which contains only four sheets, consists of Odes, Epitaphs, Sonnets to Diana, &c. I bought both these books, which seem to be uncommonly rare, at the late sale of Major Pearson's Library. They are defective in their title-pages, and without your assistance must, in all probability, continue imperfect. Give me leave

> to add my sincere hope that your long absence from London has not been the result of indisposition, and that you will forgive this interruption in your studies, from
>
> "Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
>
> "GEO. STEEVENS."
>
> "P.S. I hope your third volume is in the press, as it is very much enquired after."

It is now time to bid farewell to the subject of this tremendous note; and most sincerely do I wish I could 'draw the curtain' upon it, and say 'good night,' with as much cheerfulness and satisfaction at Atterbury did upon the close of his professional labours. But the latter moments of STEEVENS were moments of mental anguish. He grew not only irritable, but outrageous; and, in full possession of his faculties, he raved in a manner which could have been expected only from a creature bred up without notions of morality or religion. Neither complacency nor 'joyful hope' soothed his bed of death. His language was, too frequently, the language of imprecation; and his wishes and apprehensions such as no rational Christian can think upon without agony of heart. Although I am not disposed to admit the whole of the testimony of the good woman who watched by his bed-side, and paid him, when dead, the last melancholy

attentions of her office—although my prejudices (as they may be called) will not allow me to believe that the windows shook, and that strange noises and deep groans were heard at midnight in his room —yet no creature of common sense (and this woman possessed the quality in an eminent degree) could mistake oaths for prayers, or boisterous treatment for calm and gentle usage. If it be said—why

"draw his frailties from their drear abode?"

the answer is obvious, and, I should hope, irrefragable. A duty, and a sacred one too, is due TO THE LIVING. Past examples operate upon future ones: and posterity ought to know, in the instance of this accomplished scholar and literary antiquary, that neither the sharpest wit, nor the most delicate intellectual refinement, can, alone, afford a man 'PEACE AT THE LAST.' The vessel of human existence must be secured by other anchors than these, when the storm of death approaches!

LOREN. You have seen a few similar copies in the library; which I obtained after a strenuous effort. There was certainly a very great degree of Book-Madness exhibited at the sale of Steevens's library—and yet I remember to have witnessed stronger symptoms of the Bibliomania!

LIS. Can it be possible? Does this madness

'Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength?'

Will not such volcanic fury burn out in time?

PHIL. You prevent Lysander from resuming, by the number and rapidity of your interrogatories. Revert to your first question.

LIS. Truly, I forget it. But proceed with your history, Lysander; and pardon my abruptness.

LYSAND. Upon condition that you promise not to interrupt me again this evening?

LIS. I pledge my word. Proceed.

LYSAND. Having dispatched our account of the sale of the last-mentioned distinguished book-collector, I proceed with my historical survey: tho', indeed, it is high time to close this tedious bibliomaniacal history. The hour of midnight has gone by:—and yet I will not *slur over* my account of the remaining characters of respectability.

The collections of STRANGE[410] and Woodhouse are next, in routine, to be noticed. The catalogue of the library of the former is a great favourite of mine: the departments into which the books are divided, and the compendious descriptions of the volumes, together with the extent and variety of the collection, may afford considerable assistance

to judicious bibliomaniacs. Poor WOODHOUSE: [411] thy zeal outran thy wit: thou wert indefatigable in thy search after rare and precious *prints and books*; and thy very choice collection of both is a convincing proof that, where there is wealth and zeal, opportunities in abundance will be found for the gratification of that darling passion, or insanity, now called by the name of Bibliomania!

[410] *Bibliotheca Strangeiana; A Catalogue of the general, curious, and extensive Library of that distinguished naturalist and lover of the fine arts, the late* JOHN STRANGE, Esq., L.L.D. F.R.S. and S.A., many years his Britannic Majesty's resident at the Republic of Venice. Comprehending an extraordinary fine collection of books and tracts, in most languages and sciences, to the number of upwards of *four-score thousand, &c.* Digested by Samuel Paterson. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, March 16, 1801, 8vo., 1256 articles. This is a plain, unaffected, but exceedingly well-digested, catalogue of a very extraordinary collection of books in all departments of literature. I do not know whether it be not preferable, in point of arrangement, to any catalogue compiled by Paterson. It has, however, a wretched aspect; from the extreme indifference of the paper.

[411] We will first give the title to the

Catalogue of the late Mr. WOODHOUSE'S Collection of Prints. "*A Catalogue of the choice and valuable Collection of Antient and Modern Prints, &c.*, selected with the highest taste from all the collections at home and abroad, &c. Sold by auction by Mr. Christie; January, 1801." The *first part* ends with the 5th day's sale; the second commences with the sixth day's sale and concludes on the sixteenth, with the Malborough Gems. Although we may have to give specimens of some of the *rare and precious* prints contained in this collection, in the course of PART VI. of this work, yet the reader, I would fain hope, will not be displeased with the following interesting extract, with the annexed prices, of the prints from the

MARLBOROUGH GEMS.

[*This assemblage, the result of twenty years' collecting, contains a greater number than ever has been at one time offered to the public.—The first volume is complete, and may be accounted unique, as all the impressions are before the numbers, the artists' names, or proofs without any letters, as in the presentation copies: the subject of Cupid and Psyche is with variations, and the whole may be regarded as a great rarity. Those of the second volume are few in number, but in point of curiosity, no ways inferior.*]

LOT	£	*s.*	*d.*

72. *One.*		Cæsar in the Temple of Venus. *Proof before any letters.*	3	13	6
73. *Two.*	no. 1. no. 2.	Scipio Africanus. Lucius C. Sylla.	2	0	0
74. *Two.*	no. 3. no. 4.	Julias Cæsar; caput laureatum. Marcus Junius Brutus.	5	15	0
75. *Two.*	no. 5. no. 6.	Marcus Junius Brutus; cum caduceo. Lepidus; cum lituo.	2	17	6
76. *Two.*	no. 7. no. 8.	Augusti caput; cum corona radiata. Augusti Pontificis maximi insign. &c.	4	14	6

77. *Two.*	no. 9.	Marcellii Octaviæ,			
	no. 10.	filii Augusti nepotis caput: opus elegantissimum. Liviæ protome: cum capite laureato et velato pectore: simul Tiberii pueri prope adstantis caput arboris ignotæ foliis redimitum.	3	0	0

78. *Two.*	no. 11.	Tiberii			
	no. 12.	caput juvenile. Germanici togati protome; cum capite laureato, facie plena, &c.	3	3	0
79. *Two.*	no. 13.	Agrippinæ majoris			
	no. 14.	uxoris Germanici & Caligulæ matris caput laureatum; sub effigie Dianæ. Ejusdem Agrippinæ: sub effigie Cereris.	5	5	0
80. *Two.*	no. 15.	Galbæ			
	no. 16.	caput laureatum. Ejusdem Galbæ caput.	1	19	0

81. *Two.*	no. 17.	Nervæ togati protome; cum capite laureato, plena facie; opus pulcherrimum.			
	no. 18.	Ejusdem Nervæ caput	4	4	0
82. *Two.*	no. 19.	Marcianæ,			
	no. 20.	Trajani sororis, caput. Sabinæ Hadriani uxoris caput	10	10	0
83. *Two.*	no. 21.	Antinoi caput, cum pectore velato.			
	no. 22.	Caracalla togati protome facie plena.	5	0	0

84. *Two.*	no. 23.	Caracallæ caput laureatum. Juliæ Domnæ, Severi uxoris, caput.	1	18	0
	no. 24.				
85. *Two.*	no. 25.	Laocoontes caput. Semiramidis, vel potius Musæ, caput cum pectore.	7	7	0
	no. 26.				
86. *Three.*	no. 27.	Minervæ Alcidiæ caput galeatum; operis egregii, edit. var.	3	8	0
87. *Two.*	no. 28.	Phocionis caput. Jovis et Junonis capita jugata.	3	3	0
	no. 29.				

88. *Three.*	no. 30.	Veneris caput.			
	no. 31.	Bacchæ caput var.	4	14	6
89. *Two.*	no. 32.	Hercules Bibax, stans.			
	no. 33.	Bacchus, stans.	15	4	6
90. *Two.*	no. 34.	Faunus tigridis pelli insidens, cauda, &c.			
	no. 35.	Athleta, stans, qui dextra manus trigelem, &c.	9	9	0
91. *Two.*	no. 36.	Mercurius stans.			
	no. 37.	Mars, stans, armatus.	4	14	6

92. *Two.*	no. 38. no. 39.	Miles de rupe descendens, eximii sculptoris Græci opus. Diomedes Palladio potitus cum Ulysse altercatione contendit.	7	0	0
93. *Two.*	no. 40. no. 41.	Dei Marini natantes. Miles vulneratus a militibus duobus sustentatur.	5	10	0
94. *Two.*	no. 42. no. 43.	Miles militi vulnerato opitulato. Mulier stolata cum virgine.	3	3	0

95. *Two.*	no. 44.	Faunus pelle	
	no. 45.	caprina ex humeris pendente vestitus; pedem super suggestum ignotæ figuræ figit et infantem genu sustinet. Alexandri magni effigies.	
96. *Two.*	no. 46.	Æneam	
	no. 47.	Diomedes a saxo percussum conservat. Pompeiæ cujusdam ob victoriam partam descripti	18 0

97. *Two.*	no. 48.	Amazon	16	6	
98.	no. 49.	Amazonem morientem sustinet juxta equus. Fragmen Gemmæ Bacchi, &c.			
99. *One.*	no. 50.	Nuptiæ Psyches et Cupidonis, *Rariss*	4	14	6
100. *One.*	no. 50.	Ditto, Ditto, *Rariss*	8	8	0
101. *One.*	Frontispiece to SECOND VOLUME; *Proof, before the inscription on the arms; very rare.*		5	5	0
102. *Two.*	no. 1.	Ptolomæus.	1	10	0
103.	no. 2.	Metrodorus.			
104. *Two.*	no. 3.	Socrates			
	no. 5.	et Plato. Sappho.	3	3	0

105. *Two.*	no. 8.	Ignotum caput			
	no. 9.	Scyllacis opus. Ignotum caput.	2	0	0
106. *Two.*	no. 11.	Medusa.			
	no. 18.	Hercules et Iole.	3	3	0
107. *Two.*	no. 19.	L.			
	no. 20.	Junius Brutus. Annibal.	2	2	0
108. *Two.*	no. 22.	Mecænes.			
	no. 25.	Drusus Tiberii filius.	1	18	0
109. *Two.*	no. 31.	Caput			
	no. 36.	ignotum, Antonini forsan junioris. Equi.	2	2	0
110. *Two.*	no. 38.	Mercurii			
	no. 40.	templum. Coronis.	3	3	0
111. *Two.*	no. 41.	Cupidonis.			
	no. 45.	Faunus.	2	12	6
112. *Three.*	no. 46.	Omphale			
	no. 48.	incedens. Biga, var.	3	13	5

113. *Two.*	no. 50.	Silenus, tigris, &c. var.	3	0	0
114. *Two.*	The vignette to the second volume; *Proof, very fine, and etching, perhaps, unique.*		7	10	0

For an interesting account of the engravings of the DEVONSHIRE GEMS—the rival publication of those from the Marlborough collection—the reader may consult Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*; vol. I. 182-6. The entire collection of Mr. Woodhouse's prints produced 359*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

We will now make handsome mention of the BIBLIOTHECA WOODHOUSIANA. *A Catalogue of the entire, elegant, and valuable Library of John Woodhouse, Esq., comprising a rich and extensive collection of books, &c. Sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, December, 1803.* 8vo. The collection was rather choice and rich, than extensive: having only 861 articles. Some of the rarest editions in old English Literature were vigorously contended for by well-known collectors: nor did the Library want beautiful and useful works of a different description. The following specimens will enable the reader to form a pretty correct estimate of the general value of this

collection.

no.		£	*s.*	*d.*
8.	Antonie (the Tragedie of) doone into English by the Countesse of Pembroke, R.M. g.l. Lond. 1595. 12mo.	5	5	0
24.	Barnabee's Journal, with Bessie Bell, *First Edit. B.M. g.l.* 1648. 12mo.	2	10	0

30.	Bastard's (Thomas) Chrestoleros, seven Bookes of Epigrammes, *G.M. g.l.* 1598. 12mo.	5	15	6
76.	Chaucer, by Tyrwhitt, with the Glossary, G.M. g.l. 5 vol. 1775. 8vo.	6	0	0
82.	Cokain's (Sir Aston) Poems and Plays, *with head*, R.M. g.l. 2 vol. 1662. 8vo.	4	0	0

97.	A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the History of Bellora and Fidelio, bl. l. 4to. *see MS. note by Steevens*, 1606.	5	5	0
160.	Burnet's History of his own Times, *large paper*, R.M. g.l. 2 vol. 1724. 4to.	5	15	6

198.	Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, *large paper*, 12 vols. 1780. 8vo. *Only six copies printed in this manner.*	14	14	0

313.	Latham's General Synopsis of Birds, with Index, 9 vols. with reverse plates, elegantly painted by Miss Stone, now Mrs. Smith: R.M. g.m.l. 4to. 'N.B. *Of the above set of books, there are only* 6 copies.'	40	0	0

314.	Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, with his Life, large paper, 4 vols. *boards, uncut*, 1707, 1750, fol.	15	15	0
350.	Heath's Chronicle, *frontispiece and heads*, R.M. g.l. 1663. 2 vols. 8vo.	5	5	0

394.	Knight's Life of Colet, *large paper*; plates, elegant, in light brown calf, g.l.m. 1724, 8vo.	5	10	0
395.	Knight's Life of Erasmus, *large paper*, plates, elegant, in light brown calf, g.l.m. 1726, 8vo.	9	9	0

431.	Lewin's Birds of Great Britain, with the Eggs accurately figured, elegantly painted with back ground, 7 vols. in 3. *A superb copy, in g.m. g.m.l.* 1789, 4to.	28	7	0

473.	Martyn's Universal Conchologist; English Entomologist: and Aranei, or Natural History of Spiders, 4 vols. elegantly coloured. *A superb copy*, in R.M. g.m.l. 1789, 92, and 93, 4to.	33	12	0

490.	Harrison's Seven Triumphal Arches, in honor of James I., all the [seven] parts complete; *curious and very rare*, R.M. g.l. 1604. folio.	27	6	0
493.	Hearne and Bryne's Antiquities and Views in Great Britain, *proof impressions*, M. g.l. 1786, oblong folio.	16	0	0

586. Skelton's (Mayster) Poems: Colyn Clout, *Lond. by John Whygte*. Whi come ye not to Courte; *Lond. by John Whygte*. Phillyp Sparow; Speak Parot; Death of the Noble Prynce, &c. See note. *Lond. by John Kynge and Thomas Marshe*. Merie

	Tales; *unique*, see note. *Lond. by Thomas Colwell*, 5 vol. bl. l. R.M. g.l. 12mo.	23	0	0
624.	Monument of Matrons, containing seven severall lamps of Virginitie, by Thomas Bentley; bl. l. R. 3 vols. 1582, 4to.	16	5	6

632.	Nychodemus Gospell, wood-cuts, bl. l. g.l. R.M. *Lond. Wynkyn de Worde*, 1511, 4to.	6	16	6
640.	Pennant's History of Quadrupeds, boards, *uncut, large paper, proof plates*, 1793, 4to.	6	6	0

692. The late Expedition in Scotlande, made by the Kinges Hyhnys Armye, under the conduit of the Ryht Honourable the Earl of Hertforde, the yere of our Lorde God, 1544. bl. l. R.M. g.l. *Lond. by Reynolde Wolfe*, 1554, 8vo. 16 16 0

762.	Sommers's (Lord) Collection of scarce and valuable Tracts, 19 vols. R. g.l. 1748, 50, 51, 52, folio.	85	1	0
780.	Temple of Glas, bl. l. See notes by G. Mason. *Wynkyn de Worde, no date*, 4to.	8	8	0

795.	Tour (A) through the South of England, Wales, and part of Ireland, in 1791, large paper, proof plates, coloured, 1793. N.B. "Of the above book only six copies were printed."	8	8	0

806.	Vicar's England's Parliamentary Chronicle, R. g.l. complete, 4 parts, 3 vols. 1646, 4to.	12	0	0
829.	Speed's Theatre of Great Britain, maps, R. g.l. m.l. *A remarkable fine copy*, 1611.	11	11	0

836.	The Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Mervaylles, wood-cuts, B.M. g.l. *Emprynted by me Lawrence Andrewe*, 1527, folio.	26	0	0

837.	The Recuile of the Histories of Troie, translated into English by William Caxton, very fair, B.M. g.l. *Imprynted at London by W. Copland*, 1553, fol.	23	0	0

852. The Myrroure of Golde for the Synfull Soule, bl. l. wood-cuts. *Imprynted at Lond. in the Fleete-strete, at the sygne of the Sun, by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1526, 4to. 12 1 6

856.	Barclay's (Alexander) Egloges, out of a Boke named in Latin, Miserie Curialium, compyled by Eneas Sylvius, Poete and Oratour, bl. l. *woodcuts, five parts, and complete*, G.M. *Imprynted by Wynkyn de Worde*, 4to.	25	0	0

859.	Holy Life and History of Saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all Christian People to rede. Poems, bl. l. G.M. *Imp. by Richard Pynson*, 1521, 4to.	31	10	0

Amount of the sale, 3135*l.* 4*s.*

PHIL. I attended the sale of Woodhouse's prints and books; and discovered at it as strong symptoms of the madness of which we are discoursing as ever were exhibited on a like occasion. I have the catalogue upon fine paper, which, however, is poorly printed; but I consider it rather a curious bibliographical morçeau.

LYSAND. Make the most of it, for it will soon become scarce. And now—notwithstanding my former boast to do justice to the remaining bibliomaniacal characters of respectability—as I find my oral powers almost exhausted, I shall barely mention the sales, by auction, of the collections of WILKES, RITSON, and BOUCHER[412]—although I ought to mention the *Bibliotheca Boucheriana* with more respect than its two immediate predecessors; as the collector was a man endowed with etymological acumen and patience; and I sincerely wish the public were now receiving the benefit of the continuation of his Dictionary; of which the author published so excellent a specimen, comprehending only the letter A. Dr. Jamieson has, to be sure, in a great measure done away the melancholy impression which lexicographical readers would otherwise have experienced—by the publication of his own unrivalled "*Scottish Dictionary*;" yet there is still room enough in the literary world for a continuation of Boucher.

[412] It did not, perhaps, suit Lysander's notions to make mention of book-sales to which no collectors' names were affixed; but, as it has been my office, during the whole of the above conversation, to sit in a corner and take notes of what our book-orator has said, as well to correct as to enlarge the narrative, I purpose, gentle reader, prefacing the account of the above

noticed three collections by the following bibliomaniacal specimen: '*A Catalogue of a capital and truly valuable Library, the genuine property of a Gentleman of Fashion, highly distinguished for his fine taste*,' &c.: sold by auction by Mr. Christie, May, 1800, 8vo. 326 articles: amount of the sale, 1828*l.* 18*s.*; being nearly 6*l.* an article. Now for the beloved specimens:

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*
35. Baptistæ Portæ de Humanâ Physiognomia, *with wood-cuts. Hanoviæ*, 1593, et Johannis Physiophili Opuscula. *Aug. Vin.* 1784, 8vo.	0	19	0

38. Officium Beatæ Virginis. *This unique* MANUSCRIPT *on vellum of the 14th century, is enriched with highly finished Miniature Paintings, and is one of the most perfect and best preserved missals known in England.* 20 9 6

40.	A complete set of the Barbou Classics, 68 vols. *elegantly bound in green* (*French*) morocco, with gilt leaves, 8vo.	35	14	0

94. Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam, 3 v. *large paper, with a portrait in satin of the Prince to whom it is dedicated, Lips: et Hafn*: 1740, 4to. *Black morocco, gilt leaves.* N.B. 'It is supposed that the Rolliad was taken from this

	work.'	10	10	0
133.	Brittania, Lathmon, et villa Bromhamensis, poëmatia; *Bodoni, Parma*, 1792, *red morocco*, folio.	9	19	6

211.	Contes des Fées; Paris, 1781, 8vo. 4 vols. IMPRIMÉE SUR VELIN. This unique copy is ornamented with nineteen original drawings, and was made for the late Madame Royale: *elegantly bound in blue morocco and enclosed in a morocco case.*	35	14	0

237. Memoires du Comte de Grammont. *Edition printed for the Comte d'Artois. Par.* 1781. 8vo. This beautiful small work, from the text of which Harding's edition was copied, is adorned with several high finished portraits in miniature, painted by a celebrated

	artist, and is elegantly bound in green morocco, with morocco case.	15	15	3
317.	L'antiquité Expliquée, par Montfaucon, with fine plates; *large paper copy*, 15 vol. red (French) *morocco, with gilt leaves*; and Monarchie Françoise, 5, v. l. p. *correspondently bound*, folio.	63	0	0

318.	Anacreontis Carmina, Gr. et Lat. from a MS. in the Vatican of the tenth century: with *beautiful coloured miniatures by Piale, appropriate to each ode, in rich morocco binding*. *Romæ*, 1781. folio.	56	14	0

Early in the year in which this collection was disposed of, the very beautiful choice, and truly desirable library of GEORGE GALWAY MILLS, Esq. was sold by auction by Mr. Jeffery, in February, 1800. My copy of this well-executed catalogue is upon *large paper*; but it has not the prices subjoined. Meanwhile let the sharp-sighted bibliomaniac look at no. 28, 68, 85, 106,

181, 412, 438, only. Thus it will be seen that the year 1800 was most singularly distinguished for *Book-Auction Bibliomaniacism*!

We now proceed to notice the sales of the libraries of those bibliomaniacs above mentioned by Lysander. *A catalogue of the very valuable Library of the late* JOHN WILKES, Esq., M.P., *&c., sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, in November*, 1802, 8vo.: 1478 articles. There are few articles, except the following deserving of being extracted.

NO.

139. Bernier Theologie Portatif, Lond. 1768—Boulanger Recherches sur l'Origine du Despotisme Oriental, morocco, gilt leaves. Lond. 1763, 8vo. 'N.B. The "Recherches" were printed by Mr. Wilkes, at his own private printing press, in Great George Street, Westminster, in 1763.'

383. Catullus, recensuit Johannes Wilkes; *impress. in Membranis*, red morocco, gilt leaves. Lond. ap. Nichols, 1788, 4to.

395. Copies taken from the Records of the C. of K.B. 1763. "Note in this book—printed by P.C. Webe, one of the solicitors to the Treasury, never published," &c.

1441. Theophrasti Characteres: Græce, Johannes Wilkes, recensuit. *Impress. in Membranis*, Lond. 1790, 4to.

1460. Wilkes's History of England, no. I. 1768, 4to.

Next comes the account of the Library of that redoubted champion of ancient lore, and anti-Wartonian critic, Joseph Ritson. His books, upon the whole, brought very moderate sums. *A Catalogue of the entire and curious Library and Manuscripts of the late* JOSEPH RITSON, Esq., *&c., sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, December* 5, 1803, 8vo.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

521.	Skelton's (Maister) Workes, MS. notes, and lists of the different editions of Skelton's Works, and likewise of those never printed; and of these last, in whose possession many of them are, 1736, 8vo.	0	18	0

600.	Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History, by Thompson; a great number of MS. notes, on separate papers, by Mr. Ritson. Lond. 1718, 8vo.	1	5	0

950. The Sevin Seages. Translatit out of Paris in Scottis meter, be Johne Rolland in Dalkeith, with one Moralitie after everie Doctouris Tale, and siclike after the Emprice Tale, togidder with one loving landaude to everie Doctour after his

awin
Tale,
and
one
Exclamation
and
outcrying
upon
the
Emprerouris
Wife
after
his
fals
contrusit
tale.
Imprentit
at
Edinburgh,
be
Johne
Ros,
for
Henrie
Charteris,
1578,
4to.
"Note
in this
book
by Mr.
Ritson;
No
other
copy
of this
edition

is known to exist, neither was it known to Ames, Herbert," &c. &c.	31	10	0

964. A new
Enterlude,
never
before
this
tyme
imprinted,
entreating
of the
Life
and
Repentance
of
Marie
Magadelene,
not
only
godlie,
learned
and
fruitfull,
but
also
well
furnished
with
pleasant
myrth
and
pastime,
very
delectable
for
those
which
shall
heare

or reade the same, *made by the learned Charke Lewis Wager* — *printed* 1567, MS.	1	11	6

985.	Bibliographia Scotica; Anecdotes biographical and literary of Scotish Writers, Historians, and Poets, from the Earliest account to the nineteenth century, in two parts, intended for publication.	45	3	0

986.	Shakspeare, by Johnson and Steevens, 8 vols. containing a great number of manuscript notes, corrections, &c. &c. together with 3 vols. of manuscript notes, by Mr. Ritson, prepared by him for the press, intending to publish it.	110	0	0

The year ensuing (of which Lysander has,

very negligently, taken no notice) was distinguished for the sale of a collection of books, the like unto which had never been seen, since the days of the dispersion of the Parisian collection. The title of the auction catalogue was, in part, as follows: *A Catalogue of a most splendid and valuable collection of Books, superb missals, original drawings, &c. the genuine property of a Gentleman of distinguished taste, retiring into the country, &c.* Sold by auction by Mr. Christie, April, 1804, 8vo. 339 articles: total amount, 4640*l.*—being almost 14*l.* an article. I attended both days of this sale and the reader shall judge of my own satisfaction, by that which *he* must receive from a perusal of the following specimens of this *Bibliotheca Splendidissima*.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

221. A most complete set of Sir William Dugdale's Works, containing Monasticon Anglicanum, in 5 vols. 1655; Monasticon, vol. 1, editio secunda, 2 vols.; Monasticon, in English, with Steevens's Continuation, 3 vols.; Warwickshire, first edition; Warwickshire, second edition, by Thomas, 2

vols.;
St.
Paul's,
first
and
second
edition,
2
vols.;
Baronage,
2
vols.;
History
of
Imbanking,
first
and
second
editions,
2
vols.;
Origines
Juridiciales,
third
edition;
View
of the
Troubles;
Summons
of the
Nobility;
Usage
of
Arms
and
office
of

	Lord Chancellor. *This fine set of Dugdale is elegantly bound in Russia leather in 23 volumes.* (Now worth 250*l.*)	136	10	0
222.	Biographia Britannica, 7 vols. 1747, folio. A matchless set illustrated with portraits, fine and rare, and *elegantly bound in Russia leather.*	99	15	0

223.	Homeri Ilias et Odyssea, 4 vols. Glasgow, 1756, fol. An unique copy, on *large paper*, illustrated with Flaxman's plates to the Iliad, and original drawings, by Miss Wilkes, to the Odyssey; *superbly bound in blue Turkey*.	39	18	0

225.	Milton's Poetical Works, large paper, Tonson, 1695. Milton's Historical Works, &c., by Birch, 2 vols. large paper, 1738, 3 vols. *elegantly bound in Russia leather*.	5	10	0

229.	Ogilby's Historical Works, containing Britannia, China, 2 vols. Japan, Asia, Africa, and America, with fine plates by Hollar, 7 vols. folio, *fine copy in Russia.*	18	18	0

234.	Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion, 6 vols. folio, *large paper, splendidly bound in morocco*, 1702.	49	7	0
235.	Winwood's Memorials of Affairs of State, 3 vols. 1725. *Large Paper, elegantly bound, and gilt leaves*.	5	18	0

239.	Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, 2 vols. best edition, 1721. *A fine copy on Large Paper, elegantly bound in Russia, with gilt leaves*, Fol.	7	17	6

From no. 292 to 307, inclusive (only 14 volumes), there was a set of "*Painted Missals and curious manuscripts*," which were sold for 724*l.* Among them, was Mr. John Towneley's matchless missal, decorated by the famous Francesco Veronese—"one of the finest productions of the kind ever imported from Italy:" see no. 296. For an account of the books PRINTED UPON VELLUM in this collection, see PART VI. Let us close this note with the *Bibliotheca Boucheriana*; of which such respectable mention is above justly made by Lysander. "*A Catalogue of the very valuable and extensive Library of the late*

REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER, *A.M., F.R.S., Vicar of Epsom, Surrey. Comprehending a fine and curious collection in Divinity, History, &c.: sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby; in February*, 1806." *First part*, 6646 articles: *Second part*, 1933 articles: *Third part*, published in 1809: 857 articles. I attended many days during this sale; but such was the warm fire, directed especially towards divinity, kept up during nearly the whole of it, that it required a heavier weight of metal than I was able to bring into the field of battle to ensure any success in the contest. I cannot help adding that these catalogues are wretchedly printed.

Ah, well-a-day!—have I not come to the close of my BOOK-HISTORY? Are there any other bibliomaniacs of distinction yet to notice? Yes! —I well remember the book-sale events of the last four years. I well remember the curiosity excited by the collections of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, JOHN BRAND, ISAAC REED, RICHARD PORSON, ALEXANDER DALRYMPLE, and RICHARD GOUGH,[413] and with these I must absolutely make my bibliomaniacal peroration! Illustrious men!——

[413] For the same reason as has been adduced at p. 427, ante, and from a strong wish to render this *List of Book Auctions* as

perfect as my opportunities will allow, I shall persevere, at the foot of Lysander's narrative, in submitting to the attention of the curious reader a still further account of sales than those above alluded to in the text. As this will be the last note in PART V., I hope, however late the hour, or exhausted his patience, that the reader will also persevere to the close of it, and then wish the author "good night," along with his friends, whose salutations are above so dramatically described. At the very opening of the year in which Mr. Boucher's books were sold, the magnificent collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne was disposed of. I well remember the original destination of this numerous library: I well remember the long, beautiful, and classically ornamented room, in which, embellished and guarded by busts, and statues of gods and heroes, the books were ranged in quiet and unmolested order, adjoining to the noblest mansion in London. If the consideration of external, or out-of-door, objects be put out of the question, this Library-room had not its superior in Great Britain. Let us now come to particulars: "*Bibliotheca Lansdowniana. A Catalogue of the entire Library of the late most noble William* MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE; *sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, &c. January*, 1806." 8vo. The following is but a slender specimen of the printed books in the Lansdowne collection.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

359. Arthur Kynge (the story of the most noble and Worthy) the whiche was fyrst of the worthyes christen, and also of his noble and valyaunt knyghtes of the Round Table; *newly imprynted and corrected, black letter, title-page emblazoned, Turkey. Imp.*

	at Lond. by Wyllyam Coplande, 1557, folio. In the collection of Mr. Dent.	25	0	0
361.	Ashmole's (Elias) Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Order of the Garter, plates by Hollar, *L. Paper, green morocco, border of gold, gilt leaves*, 1672, folio.	10	10	0

1384.	Chronica del Rey Don Alonso el Onzeno, Roy de Castilla, &c. *Liter. Goth. Mar. verd. Volladolid.* 1551, folio.	11	11	0
1385.	—— del Rey Don Pedro. D. Enrrique, y D. Juan, *Pampl.* 1591, folio.	5	15	6

1386.	—— des Reys de Portugal, D. Joanno I. D. Duarte, e D. Alfonso, *Lisboa*, 1543, folio.	4	2	0
2499.	Gazette, London, from the beginning, 1665 to 1722 inclusive, 73 vol. folio.	84	0	0

3438.	Leyes del Reyno, del Don Philippe II. Recopilacion de las, 2 tom. Alcala, 1581. folio.	1	5	0
3439.	—— de los Reynos de las Indias, del Don Carlos II. 2 tom. Madrid, 1681, folio.	3	10	0

4108.	Money; a very curious Collection of Single Sheets, &c., and with several MS. Memorandums and Papers on that Subject, bound in one volume.	10	10	0
5544.	Somers' (Lord) Tracts, 16 vol. Lond. 1748, 52.	63	0	0

5786.	Stuart's (James) Antiquities of Athens, plates, 3 vol. 1787, 94, folio.	16	16	0
5787.	Stukeley's (Wm.) Itinerary, cuts, *Russia*, 2 vol. in vol. 1, 1776, folio.	21	0	0

5916. A very rare collection of Tracts, Documents, and Pamphlets, consisting of above 280 volumes, tending to illustrate the History of the French Revolution — together with more than 49 volumes relative to the transactions in the Low Countries, between the years

1787
and
1792,
and
their
separation
from
the
house
of
Austria:
—
amongst
the
above
will
be
found
the
following
works.

Des Etats Generaux, &c. Par. 1789.		18 vol.
Process Verbaux	de la première Assemblée,	75 vol.
Ditto	de la seconde	16 vol.
Ditto	de la Convocation	32 vol.

Revolution
Françoise,
20 vol.
from
1790
to
1803,
wanting
vol. 1,
2, and
13.

La
Bastile
Devoilée.
Par.
1789.

Sir James M'Intosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ, and numerous pieces relative to the Constitution and Administration of the French Government, in its Executive, Legislative, Judicial, and Financial Departments, by Messrs. Mirabeau, Turgot, Barrere, Calonne, Necker, &c.	168	0	0

I should observe that the PRINTS or ENGRAVINGS of the Marquis, together with the *printed prices* for which they, and the foregoing library, were sold, are usually

added to the Catalogue of the Books. In the spring of 1807, the MANUSCRIPTS belonging to the same noble collector were catalogued to be sold by public auction. These manuscripts, in the preface of the *first* volume of the Catalogue, are said to 'form one of the noblest and most valuable private collections in the kingdom.' It is well known that the collection never came to the hammer; but was purchased by parliament for 6000*l.*, and is deposited in the British Museum. A catalogue of it is now *sub prelo*; vide p. 89, ante. We are next to notice the sale by auction of the library of the late Rev. John Brand. The first part of this collection was disposed of in the Spring of 1807; and the catalogue had this title: *Bibliotheca Brandiana. A Catalogue of the unique, scarce, rare, curious, and numerous collection of Works, &c., being the entire Library of the late* REV. JOHN BRAND, *Fellow and Secretary of the Antiquarian Society, Author of the History of Newcastle, Popular Antiquities, &c. Sold by auction by Mr. Stewart*, May, 1807. This first part contained 8611 articles, or lots, of printed books; exclusively of 243 lots of manuscripts. Hereafter followeth, gentle reader, some specimens, selected almost at random, of the 'unique, scarce, rare, and curious' books contained in the said library of this far-famed Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

67.	*Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs*, bl. lett. 8vo. Edinb. 1621.	4	4	0
69.	Academy of Pleasure, with portraits of Drayton, G. Withers, F. Quarles, and B. Jonson, Lon. 1656, 8vo.	2	17	6

109.	A Curtaine Lecture, *rare and curious*, frontispiece, Lond. 1637, 8vo.	0	15	0
110.	A Banquet of Jests, or Change of Cheare, with portrait of Archee, the King's jester. *Rare.* Lond. 1659, 8vo.	4	10	0

227.	Arnold's Chronicle of the Customs of London, a fine copy, perfect, *printed by Pynson*, fol. 1521.	18	18	0
241.	An Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionarie, by Baret. Francof. fol. 1580.	3	5	0

242.	Dyalogue of Dives and Pauper, *that is to say, the Rich and the Pore, fructuously tretyng upon the Ten Commandments*, black-letter, printed by Pynson, fol. 1493.	4	3	0
272.	Allot's England's Parnassus, 8vo. 1600.	2	10	0

282.	A Booke of Fishing, with hooke and line, 1600, 8vo. A Booke of Engines and Traps to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, &c. cuts, *very rare*, [See p. 305, ante.]	3	3	0

283.	Archy's Dream, sometimes jester to his Majestie, but expelled the court by Canterbury's malice, *very rare*, 8vo.	1	13	0
337.	A new Dialogue between the Angell of God and Shepherdes in the Felde, black-letter. *Pr. by Day*, 8vo.	2	10	0

381. A Dialogue betweene two Neighbours, concernyng Ceremonyes in the first year of Queen Mary, black-letter, with portrait of Mary, by Delarum, from Roane, by Michelwood, 1554, 8vo. 2 12 6

417.	A short Inuentory of certayne idle Inventions, black-letter, *very rare*.	2	15	0
418.	A Juniper Lecture, with the Description of all Sorts of Women, good and bad, *very rare*. Lond. 1639, 8vo.	1	16	0

454.	A Quip for an Upstart Courtier; or a Quaint Dispute betweene Velvet Breeches and Cloth Breeches, wherein is set Downe the Disorders in all Estates and Trades, *with portraits*. Lond. printed by G.P., 1620, 4to.	2	16	0

462. Articles to be enquired into by various Bishops, &c., in their Visitations; upwards of one hundred; *a very curious, scarce, and unique collection*, 4to. 2 2 0

802.	Barbiere (John) the famous Game of Chesse Play, cuts, 1673. The most ancient and learned play, The Philosopher's Game, invented for the Honourable Recreation of the Studious, by W.F., black-letter, 1563, 4to.	2	4	0

1300.	A Plaister for a Galled Horse, *very rare*, 1548, 4to. [See Herbert's Ames, vol. i. 581: and p. 239; ante.]	3	17	6
1312.	A Counter Blaste to Tobacco. Lond. 1604, 4to.	0	17	0

1326. Bentley's (Thos.) Monument of Matrons, containing seven severall Lamps of Virginitie, or Distinct Treatises, collated and perfect, a very fine copy, extremely rare and curious, *imprinted at London, by Thomas Dawson, for William Seres, extremely rare*, black-letter,

	1582, 4to.	8	18	6
1334.	Bert (Edmund) an approved Treatise of Hawkes and Hunting. Lond. 1619, 4to.	1	10	0
1540.	Burton (Wm.) Seven Dialogues, black-letter. Lond. 1606. George Whetstone's Mirrour for Magistrates of cities, b.l., printed by Richard Jones, 1584, 4to.	3	13	6

1542.	Byshop's (John) beautifull Blossomes, black-letter, imprinted by Henrie Cockyn, 1577, 4to.	4	10	0

1754.	Characters (viz.) The Surfeit to A.B.C. Lond. 1656. Dr. Lupton's London and Country carbonadoed and quartered into Seuerall Characters, 1632. Essayes and Characters, by L.G., 1661, 8vo.	4	7	0
2069.	England's Jests refined and improved, 1660, 8vo.	2	14	0

2326.	Catharo's Diogenes in his Singularitie, wherein is comprehended his merrie Baighting fit for all men's benefits: christened by him a *Nettle for Nice Noses*, by L.T., black-letter, 1591, 4to.	2	10	0

3523.	Fages (Mrs.) Poems, Fames Roule, &c., *rare*, Lond. 1637, 4to.	5	15	6
7817.	Stukeley's (Wm.) Itinerarium Curiosum; 2 *vols. in* 1, *Russia*, folio.	14	14	0
8211.	The blazon of Jealousie, written in Italian, by Varchi. Lond. 1615, 8vo.	2	6	0

8223.	Tracts: Dial of Witches, 1603; Lancaster Witches, 1613; Trial of Yorkshire Witches, 1612; The Golden Fleece, 1626; Cage of Diabolical Possession, 4to.	2	8	0

8224. The most strange and admirable Discoverie of the three witches of Warboys, arraigned, convicted, and executed at the last assizes at Huntington; for bewitching the five daughters of Robert Throckmorton, Esq., and divers other persons, with sundrie devilish and

grievous torments; and also for bewitching to death the Lady Crumwell. *Extra rare*, 4to.	4	0	0

8230. Witches apprehended, examined, and executed for notable villanies, by them committed both by land and water, with a strange and most true triall how to know whether a woman be a witch or not: *with the plate*. *Extra rare*,

	4to.	3	5	0
8269.	The Pleasure of Princes, the Art of Angling, together with the Ordering and Dieting of the Fighting Cocke, 1635, 4to.	2	5	0

8296. The Knyght of the Toure; *a perfect and fine specimen of the father of English Printers*, 1484, folio. The reader (if he pleases) may consult my first volume, p. 202, of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*, for some account of this

edition. 111 6 0

My copy of this first part of the Catalogue of Brand's books is upon *large paper, with the prices inserted in the margin*. The *second part* of the BIBLIOTHECA BRANDIANA, containing duplicates and Pamphlets, was sold in February, 1808, by Mr. Stewart. There were 4064 articles. Few collections attracted greater attention before, and during, the sale than did the library of the late Mr. Isaac Reed: a critic and literary character of very respectable second-rate reputation. The public Journals teemed, for a time, with book-anecdotes concerning this collection; and the *Athenæum*, *Monthly Mirror*, *Censura Literaria*, *European Magazine*, struck out a more bold outline of the Bibliotheca Reediana than did the generality of their fellow Journals. Reed's portrait is prefixed to the European Magazine, the Monthly Mirror, and the Catalogue of his own Books: it is an indifferently stippled scraping, copied from a fine mellow mezzotint, from the characteristic pencil of Romney. This latter is a private plate, and, as such, is rare. To return to the Library. The preface to the Catalogue was written by the Rev. H.J. Todd. It is brief, judicious, and impressive; giving abundant proof of the bibliomaniacal spirit of the owner of the library—who would appear to have adopted the cobler's well-known example of applying one room to almost every domestic purpose: for Reed made his library 'his parlour, kitchen, and hall.' A

brave and enviable spirit this!—and, in truth, what is comparable with it? But the reader is beginning to wax impatient for a more particular account. Here it is: *Bibliotheca Reediana. A Catalogue of the curious and extensive Library of the late Isaac Reed, Esq., of Staple Inn, deceased. Comprehending a most extraordinary collection of books in English Literature, &c.: sold by auction, by Messrs. King and Lochée: November*, 1807, *8vo.* The following specimens of some of Reed's scarce volumes are copied, in part, from the account which was inserted in the *Athenæum*, vol. iii., pp. 61, 157, under the extraordinary signatures of W. Caxton and W. de Worde.

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
5867.	A Portfolio of single-sheet Ballads.	15	15	0
6661.	Colman (W.) Death's Duel, 8vo., *frontispiece*.	7	15	0

6685.	Barnefield's Affectionate Shepherd, *very rare*, 4to. 1594.	15	10	0
6713.	A musical Concort of Heavenly Harmonie, called Churchyard's charitie. *See MS. notes in Churchyard's Pieces, by Steevens, Reed*, &c., 1595, 4to.	8	15	0

6714.	Churchyard's lamentable and pitiable Description of the woeful Warres in Flanders, 1578, 4to.	4	19	0
6715.	—— a true Discourse of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in 1565, 4to.			

6716.	—— a light Bundle of Lively Discourses, called Churchyard's Charge, presented as a New Year's Gift to the Earl of Savoy, 1589, 4to.	11	5	0

6717.	—— Challenge, b.l., 1580, with a copious Manuscript account of his works, by J. Reed, and a small octavo Tract, called A Discourse of Rebellion, 1570, 4to.	17	10	0
6755.	Gascoigne (George) whole workes, *fine copy in Russia*, 4to., b.l., 1567.	15	5	0

6777.	Cynthia, with certain Sonnets, *rare*, 1595, 8vo.	12	5	0
7479.	Whetstone (George) Mirror of true Honor, and Christain Nobilitie, exposing the Life, Death, and Divine Vertues of Francis Earl of Bedford, b.l., 1585, 4to.	7	0	0

7705.	Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster; or Love lies a bleeding, *frontispiece*, 4to., 1620.	24	0	0
8536.	Shakspeariana, a Large Assemblage of Tracts by various authors, relative to Shakspeare, neatly bound in 9 vols. 8vo.	23	0	0

8561.	Stillingfleet (Benj.) Plays, never either finished or published. *The only copy ever seen by Mr. Reed.*	3	13	6

8676. A volume of unpublished and unprinted Fables, by John Ellis, scrivener and translator of Maphaeus. *Note by Mr. Reed:* 'It was given to me by Mr. John Sewell, bookseller, to whom Mr. Ellis bequeathed his Manuscripts. See my account of Mr. Ellis

in the European Magazine, Jan. 1792: large 4to.' The volume is enriched with fine engravings, appropriate to each Fable.	6	0	0

8833. Notitia Dramatica, both printed and manuscript; containing a Chronological Account of the chief Incidents relating to the English Theatres, from Nov. 1734, to 31st Dec. 1785. "Collected from various sources, but chiefly the Public Advertisers, which were lent me by

Mr. Woodfall for the purpose. This volume contains the most material facts relating to the Theatres for the last fifty years, and will be useful to any person who may wish to compile a History of the Stage." Isaac Reed,

Staple's Inn, Aug. 6. 1784.	41	0	0

Of this Catalogue, there are *only twelve copies* printed upon LARGE PAPER; which were all distributed previous to the sale of the books. The common paper copies are very indifferently executed. The late Mr. George Baker had the completest *l.p.* copy of this catalogue in existence. Before we proceed to give an account of subsequent book-sales, it may be as well to pause for a few minutes—and to take a retrospective view of the busy scene which has been, in part, described: or rather, it may be no incurious thing to lay before the reader for a future century (when the ashes of the author shall have long mouldered into their native dust) a statement of the principal book-sales which took place from November, 1806, to November, 1807—at Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby's King and Lochée's, and Mr. Stewart's. The minor ones carried on under Covent-Garden Piazza, Tom's Coffee-house, &c., are not necessary to be noticed. In calculating the number of volumes, I have considered one article, or lot, with the other, to comprehend three volumes. The result is as follows.

Book-Sales by Messrs. LEIGH *and* SOTHEBY.

Volumes.

Rev. Edward Bowerbank's library.	2200
Earl of Halifax's	2000
Mr. John Voigt's	6000
Sutton Sharpe's, Esq.	4000
George Mason's, ditto	3800
Mr. Burdon's	14000
Charles Bedford's, Esq.	3500
Rev. Charles Bathurst's	3000
Sir John Sebright's, Bt. (duplicates).	3300
Bishop Horsley's	4400
Mr. E. Edward's	1100
Lieut. Col. Thos. Velley's	2200
Four miscellaneous	6000
	55,500

Book-Sales by KING *and* LOCHÉE.

R. Foster's, Esq. library	5000
Dr. John Millar's	3500
Mr. C. Martin's	1000

Mr. Daniel Waldron's	1200
Rev. Thomas Towle's	3000
Mr. Brice Lambert's	2000
C. Dilly's	3000
Isaac Reed's	30000
Six miscellaneous	8400
	57,100

Book-Sales by Mr. STEWART.

Mr. Law's library	4000
Lord Thurlow's	3000
Mr. William Bryant's	4500
Rev. W.W. Fitzthomas's	2000
Rev. John Brand's	17000
George Stubbs, Esq.	1800
Three miscellaneous	4300
	36,600

TOTAL

Sold by	Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby	55500
	Messrs. King and Lochée	57100

Mr. Stewart	36600
	149,200

Such has been the circulation of books, within the foregoing period, by the hands of *three Auctioneers only*; and the prices which a great number of *useful* articles brought is a sufficient demonstration that books are esteemed for their *intrinsic value*, as well as for the adventitious circumstances which render them *rare* or *curious*. But prosterity are not to judge of the prevalence of knowledge in these times by the criterion of, what are technically called, *book-sales* only. They should be told that, within the same twelve months, thousands and tens of thousands of books of all sorts have been circulated by the *London Booksellers*; and that, without travelling to know the number disposed of at Bristol, Liverpool, York, Manchester, or Exeter, it may be only necessary to state that *one distinguished House* alone, established not quite a furlong from the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral, sold not far short of *two hundred thousand volumes* within the foregoing period! If learning continue thus to thrive, and books to be considered as necessary furniture to an apartment; if wealthy merchants are resolved upon procuring Large Paper copies, as well as Indian spices and Russian furs; we may hail, in anticipation, that glorious period when the book-fairs of *Leipsic* shall be forgotten in the superior splendour of those of *London*! But to return

to our chronological order: The ensuing year, 1808, was distinguished for no small mischief excited in the bibliomaniacal world by the sales of many curious and detached libraries. The second part of Mr. Brand's collection which was sold in the spring of this year, has been already noticed. The close of the year witnessed the sales, by auction, of the books of SAMUEL EWER, Esq. (retiring into the country), and of Mr. MACHEL STACE, bookseller. The former collection was very strong in bibliography; and the latter presented a singularly valuable 'Collection of rare and select' books, relating to old English Literature elegantly bound: containing 2607 articles. Mr. Stace had published, the preceding year, '*A Catalogue of curious and scarce Books and Tracts*:' which, with the preceding, merit a snug place upon the bibliographer's shelf. We now enter upon a more busy year of sales of books by auction. The Bibliomania had only increased by the preceding displays of precious and magnificent volumes. And first came on, in magnitude and inportance, the sales of ALEXANDER DALRYMPLE and PROFESSOR PORSON. Of these in turn. *A Catalogue of the extensive and valuable Library of Books: Part I. Late the property of* ALEX. DALRYMPLE, Esq. F.R.S., *deceased*. Hydrographer to the Board of Admiralty, and the Hon. East India Company, &c., sold by auction by King and Lochée, May 29, 1809, 8vo.—7190 articles: *A Catalogue, &c., Part II. of the same: sold by auction by the same*: Nov.

1809.—8897 articles. I should add that there is a stippled engraving of Dalrymple, with fac-simile of his hand-writing, which faces the title page to *Part First* of this extraordinary and numerous collection; of books of Geography, Voyages, and Travels. I strongly recommend copies of these catalogues to be in every library of extent and utility. We are now to notice: *A Catalogue of Part of the Library of the late Richard Porson, A.M., Greek Professor of the University of Cambridge*, &c.: sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, June 16th, 1809, 8vo.—1391 articles: amount of the books, 1254*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The subjoined is rather a rich, though brief, specimen of some of the valuable books contained in the library of this profound Greek scholar; in whom the acuteness of Bentley, and the erudition of Hemsterhusius, were more than revived.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

116.	Biblia Græca, et Novum Testamentum Græce, lectionibus D.J.J. Griesbach, 2 vols., boards, uncut, MS. notes at the beginning of each vol. Hal. Sax. 1796-1806, 8vo.	8	15	0

The notes amounted to the correction of 9 typographical errors and 1 addition to a note of Griesbach's, consisting of authorities he ought to have added.

182. Athenæus, Gr. Lat., cum animadversionibus I. Casauboni, 2 vols., MS. notes, Lugduni, 1612, folio. 7 10 0

330.	Chariton de Amor. Chaeræ et Callirrhoe, Gr. Lat. cum animadversionibus, J.P. d'Orville — Amst. 1750, 4to.	2	5	0

Porson's note in the beginning. 'Opus plenum eruditionis, judicii et sagacitatis non item.'

559.	Homeri Ilias et Odyssea (the Grenville edition) boards, uncut, with the original portrait. Oxoniæ, 4to., *large paper*: 4 vols.	87	3	0
601.	Eustathius in Homerum, 4 vols., morocco, gilt leaves, Par. 1550, fol.	55	0	0

1078.	Shakspeare's (William) Plays by Johnson and Steevens, 15 vols., boards, uncut, 1793, 8vo.	12	15	0

Anecdotes and Memoirs of RICHARD PORSON are strewn, like spring flowers in an extensive pasture, in almost every newspaper, magazine, and journal. Among the latter, there is an interesting one by Dr. Adam Clarke in the *Classical Journal*, no. IV., p. 720. The *hand-writing* of Porson is a theme of general admiration, and justly so; but his *Greek* characters have always struck me as being more stiff and cramped than his Roman and Italic. I well remember when he shewed me, and expatiated eloquently upon, the famous MS. of Plato, of the 10th century. Poor Fillingham was of the party. Little did I then expect that three years only would deprive the world of its great classical ornament, and myself of a well-informed and gentle-hearted friend! We will now close our account of the book-ravages in the year 1809, by noticing the dispersion of a few minor corps of bibliomaniacal

troops, in the shape of printed volumes. *Bibliotheca Maddisoniana: A Catalogue of the extensive and valuable library of the late* JOHN MADDISON, *Esq., of the foreign department in the Post Office, &c.*: sold by auction by King and Lochée, March, 1809, 8vo. A judicious and elegant collection. 5239 articles. II. *A Catalogue of a curious, valuable, and rare collection of Books in Typography, History, Voyages, Early English Poetvy, Romances, Classics*, &c.: the property of a Collector well known for his literary taste, &c. Sold by auction by Mr. Stewart, April, 1809, 8vo. Some curious volumes were in these 1858 articles or lots. III. *A Catalogue of the very valuable and elegant Library of* EMPEROR JOHN ALEXANDER WOODFORD, Esq., sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, May, 1809, 8vo.—1773 articles. This was a sumptuous collection; and the books, in general, brought large prices, from being sharply contended for. IV. *A Catalogue of the interesting and curious historical and biographical part of the* LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN, particularly interesting, during the reign of Elizabeth, the grand rebellion, the usurpation, restoration, and abdication, &c., sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, in May, 1809, 8vo. Only 806 articles; but a singularly curious and elegant collection; the catalogue of which I strongly recommend to all 'curious, prying, and inquisitive' bibliomaniacs. The first half of the ensuing year, 1810, was yet more distinguished for the zeal and energy —shall I say MADNESS?—displayed at

BOOK-AUCTIONS. The sale of Mr. Gough's books excited an unusual ferment among English antiquaries: but the sale of a more extensive, and truly beautifully classical, collection in Pall Mall, excited still stronger sensations. As the *prices* for some of the articles sold in the Gough collection have already been printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxx., pt. ii., and as those for which some of the *latter* collection were sold, appeared in the 4th number of *The Classical Journal*, it only remains for me to subjoin the following account. I. *A Catalogue of the entire and valuable Library (with the exception of the department of Topography, bequeathed to the Bodleian Library) of that eminent antiquary*, RICHARD GOUGH, Esq., deceased, &c., sold by auction by Leigh and Sotheby, April, 1810, 8vo.—4082 articles. The MANUSCRIPTS conclude the catalogue, at no. 4373. Prefixed to the printed books, there is an account of the collector, Mr. Gough, executed by the faithful pen of Mr. Nichols. My own humble opinion of this celebrated antiquary has already been before the public: *Typog. Antiquit.*, vol. I., 21. II. *A Catalogue of books containing all the rare, useful, and valuable publications in every department of Literature, from the first invention of Printing to the present time, all of which are in the most perfect condition, &c.*: sold by auction by Mr. Jeffery, May, 1810, 8vo.—4809 articles. Another Catalogue of the same collection, elegantly printed in royal octavo, but omitting the auctioneer's notices of the relative value of certain

editions, was published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, bookseller: with the prices and purchasers' names subjoined: and of which it is said only 250 copies are printed. The REV. MR. HEATH is reported to have been the owner of this truly select and sumptuous classical library: the sale of which produced 9000*l.* Never did the bibliomaniac's eye alight upon 'sweeter copies'—as the phrase is; and never did the bibliomaniacal barometer rise higher than at this sale! The most marked phrensy characterized it. A copy of the Editio Princeps of Homer (by no means a first-rate one) brought 92*l.*: and all the ALDINE CLASSICS produced such an electricity of sensation that buyers stuck at nothing to embrace them! Do not let it hence be said that *black-letter lore* is the only fashionable pursuit of the present age of book-collectors. This sale may be hailed as the omen of better and brighter prospects in Literature in general: and many a useful philological work, although printed in the Latin or Italian language—and which had been sleeping, unmolested, upon a bookseller's shelf these dozen years—will now start up from its slumber, and walk abroad in a new atmosphere, and be noticed and 'made much of.'

Here I terminate my *annotation labours* relating to ANECDOTES OF BOOK-COLLECTORS, and ACCOUNTS OF BOOK-AUCTIONS. Unless I am greatly deceived, these labours have not been thrown away. They may serve, as well to awaken

curiosity in regard to yet further interesting memoranda respecting scholars, as to shew the progressive value of books, and the increase of the disease called the BIBLIOMANIA. Some of the most curious volumes in English literature have in these notes, been duly recorded; nor can I conclude such a laborious, though humble, task, without indulging a fond hope that this account will be consulted by all those who make book-collecting their amusement. But it is now time to rise up, with the company described in the text, and to put on my hat and great-coat. So I make my bow, wishing, with *L'Envoy* at the close of MARMION,

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

LOREN. Do you mean to have it inferred that there were no collections, of value or importance, which were sold in the mean time?

LYSAND. I thank you for stopping me: for I am hoarse as well as stupid: I consider the foregoing only as the greater stars or constellations in the bibliographical hemisphere. Others were less observed from their supposed comparative insignificancy; although, if you had attended the auctions, you would have found in them many very useful, and even rare and splendid, productions. But we are all

'Tickled with the whistling of a name!'

LOREN. Ay, and naturally enough too. If I look at my Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which has received *your abuse* this evening, and fancy that the leaves have been turned over by the scientific hand of Pearson, Farmer, or Steevens, I experience, by association of ideas, a degree of happiness which I never could have enjoyed had I obtained the volume from an unknown collector's library.

LIS. Very true; and yet you have only Master Stubbes's work after all!

LOREN. Even so. But this *fictitious* happiness, as you would call it, is, in effect, *real* happiness; inasmuch as it produces positive sensations of delight.

LIS. Well, there is no arguing with such a bibliomaniac as yourself, Lorenzo.

BELIN. But allow, brother, that this degree of happiness, of which you boast, is not quite so exquisite as to justify the very high terms of purchase upon which it is often times procured.

LYSAND. There is no such thing as the 'golden mediocrity' of Horace in book pursuits. Certain men set their hearts upon certain copies, and '*coûte qu'il coûte*' they must secure them. Undoubtedly, I would give not a little for Parker's own copy of the Book of *Common Prayer*, and Shakspeare's own copy of both parts

of his *Henry the Fourth*.

ALMAN. Well, Lisardo, we stand no chance of stemming the torrent against two such lusty and opiniated bibliomaniacs as my brother and Lysander: although I should speak with deference of, and acknowledge with grateful respect, the extraordinary exertions of the latter, this evening, to amuse and instruct us.

LIS. This evening?——say, this day:—this live-long day—and yesterday also! But have you quite done, dear Lysander?

LYSAND. Have you the conscience to ask for more? I have brought you down to the year of our Lord *One thousand eight hundred and eleven*; and without touching upon the collections of LIVING BIBLIOMANIACS, or foretelling what may be the future ravages of the Bibliomania in the course of only the next dozen years, I think it proper to put an end to my BOOK-COLLECTING HISTORY, and more especially to this long trial of your auricular patience.

LOREN. A thousand thanks for your exertions! Although your friend, with whom you are on a visit, knows pretty well the extent of my bibliographical capacity, and that there have been many parts in your narrative which were somewhat familiar to me, yet, upon the whole, there has been a great deal more of novelty, and, in this novelty, of solid instruction. Sincerely, therefore Lysander, I here offer you

my heart-felt thanks.

LYSAND. I receive them as cordially: from an assurance that my digressions have been overlooked; or, if noticed, forgiven. It would be gross vanity, and grosser falsehood, to affirm that the discourse of this day, on my part, has given anything like a full and explicit history of all the most eminent book-collectors and patrons of Learning which have reflected such lustre upon the literary annals of our country:—No, Lorenzo: a complete account, or a perfect description, of these illustrious characters would engage a conversation, not for one day—but one week. Yet I have made the most of the transient hour, and, by my enthusiasm, have perhaps atoned for my deficiency of information.

LIS. But cannot you resume this conversation on the morrow?

LYSAND. My stay with our friend is short, and I know not how he means to dispose of me to-morrow. But I have done—certainly done—with *Personal History*!

LOREN. That may be. Yet there are other departments of the Bibliomania which may be successfully discussed. The weather will probably be fine, and let us enjoy a morning *conversazione* in THE ALCOVE?

BELIN. Surely, Lysander may find something in the fruitful pigeon-holes of his imagination—as

the Abbè Sieyes used to do—from which he may draw forth some system or other?

ALMAN. You have all talked loudly and learnedly of the BOOK-DISEASE; but I wish to know whether a *mere collector* of books be a bibliomaniac?

LYSAND. Certainly not. There are SYMPTOMS of this disease *within the very books themselves* of a bibliomaniac.

ALMAN. And pray what are these?

LYSAND. Alas, madam!—why are you so unreasonable? And how, after knowing that I have harrangued for more than 'seven hours by Westminster clock'—how can you have the conscience to call upon me to protract the oration? The night has already melted into morning; and I suppose grey twilight is discoverable upon the summit of the hills. I am exhausted; and long for repose. Indeed, I must wish you all a good night.

BELIN. But you promise to commence your *symptomatic* harangue on the morrow?

LYSAND. If my slumbers are sound, lady fair, and I rise tolerably recruited in strength, I will surely make good my promise. Again, good night!

BELIN. Sir, a very good night: and let our best thanks follow you to your pillow.

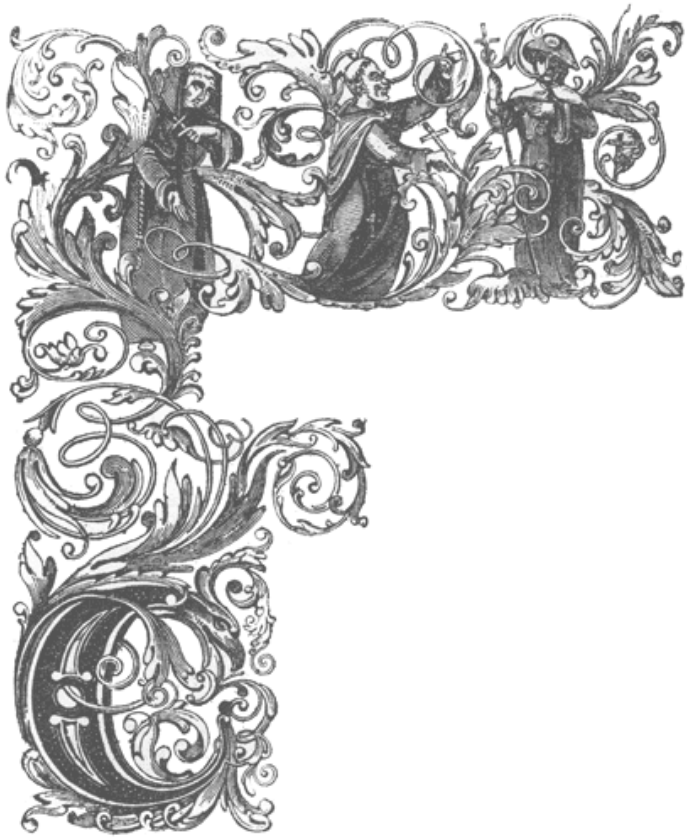
ALMAN. Remember, as you sink to repose, what a quantity of good you have done, by having imparted such useful information.

LYSAND. I shall carry your best wishes, and grateful mention of my poor labours, with me to my orisons. Adieu!—'tis very late.

Here the company broke up. Lisardo slept at Lorenzo's. Philemon and Lysander accompanied me to my home; and as we past Lorenzo's outer gate, and looked backward upon the highest piece of rising ground, we fancied we saw the twilight of morning. Never was a mortal more heartily thanked for his colloquial exertions than was Lysander. On reaching home, as we separated for our respective chambers, we shook hands most cordially; and my eloquent guest returned the squeeze, in a manner which seemed to tell that he had no greater happiness at heart than that of finding a reciprocity of sentiment among those whom he tenderly esteemed. At this moment, we could have given to each other the choicest volume in our libraries; and I regretted that I had not contrived to put my black-morocco copy of the small *Aldine Petrarch, printed upon* VELLUM, under Lysander's pillow, as a 'Pignus Amicitiæ.'—But we were all to assemble together in Lorenzo's ALCOVE on the morrow; and this thought gave me such lively pleasure

that I did not close my eyes 'till the clock had struck five. Such are the bed-luxuries of a Bibliomaniac!





[Enlarge]

The reader is here presented with one of the "Facs," or ornamental letters in *Pierce Ploughman's Creed*.

PART VI.

The Alcove.

SYMPTOMS OF THE BIBLIOMANIA. ——PROBABLE MEANS OF ITS CURE.

"One saith this booke is too long: another, too short: the third, of due length; and for fine phrase and style, the like [of] that booke was not made a great while. It is all lies, said another; the booke is starke naught."

Choice of Change; 1585. 4to., sign. N. i.





[Enlarge]

The Alcove.

SYMPTOMS OF THE BIBLIOMANIA. ——PROBABLE MEANS OF ITS CURE.



OFTLY blew the breeze, and merrily sung the lark, when Lisardo quitted his bed-chamber at seven in the morning, and rang lustily at my outer gate for admission. So early a visitor put the whole house in commotion; nor was it without betraying some marks of peevishness and irritability that, on being informed of his arrival, I sent word by the servant to know what might be the cause of such an

interruption. The reader will readily forgive this trait of harshness and precipitancy, on my part, when he is informed that I was then just enjoying the "honey dew" of sleep, after many wakeful and restless hours.

Lisardo's name was announced: and his voice, conveyed in the sound of song-singing, from the bottom of the garden, left the name of the visitor no longer in doubt. I made an effort, and sprung from my bed; and, on looking through the venetian blinds, I discovered our young bibliomaniacal convert with a book sticking out of his pocket, another half opened in his hand (upon which his eyes were occasionally cast), and a third kept firmly under his left arm. I thrust my head, "night-cap, tassel and all," out of window, and hailed him; not, however, before a delicious breeze, wafted over a bed of mignonette, had electrified me in a manner the most agreeable imaginable.

Lisardo heard, and hailed me in return. His eyes sparkled with joy; his step was quick and elastic; and an unusual degree of animation seemed to pervade his whole frame. "Here," says he, "here is *The British Bibliographer*[414] in my hand, a volume of Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books* in my pocket, while another, of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, is kept snugly under my arm, as a corps de reserve, or rallying point. If these things savour not of bibliography, I must despair of ever attaining to the exalted

character of a Bibliomaniac!"

> [414] *The British Bibliographer* is a periodical publication; being a continuation of a similar work under the less popular title of *The Censura Literaria*; concerning which see p. 52, ante. It is a pity that Mr. Savage does not continue his *British Librarian*; (of which 18 numbers are already published) as it forms a creditable supplement to Oldys's work under a similar title; vide p. 51, ante. A few of the ensuing numbers might be well devoted to an analysis of *Sir William Dugdale's* works, with correct lists of the plates in the same.

"You are up betimes," said I. "What dream has disturbed your rest?" "None" replied he; "but the most delightful visions have appeared to me during my sleep. Since you left Lorenzo's, I have sipt nectar with Leland, and drunk punch with Bagford. Richard Murray has given me a copy of Rastell's *Pastime of People*,[415] and Thomas Britton has bequeathed to me an entire library of the Rosicrusian[416] philosophy. Moreover, the venerable form of Sir Thomas Bodley has approached me; reminding me of my solemn promise to spend a few autumnal weeks,[417] in the ensuing year, within the precincts of his grand library. In short, half the bibliomaniacs, whom Lysander so enthusiastically commended last night, have paid their devoirs to me in my

dreams, and nothing could be more handsome than their conduct towards me."

[415] The reader may have met with some slight notices of this curious work in pp. 331; 337; 385; 392; 417; ante.

[416] See p. 332, ante.

[417] See p. 49, ante.

This discourse awakened my friends, Lysander and Philemon; who each, from different rooms, put their heads out of window, and hailed the newly-risen sun with night caps which might have been mistaken for Persian turbans. Such an unexpected sight caused Lisardo to burst out into a fit of laughter, and to banter my guests in his usual strain of vivacity. But on our promising him that we would speedily join his peripatetic bibliographical reveries, he gave a turn towards the left, and was quickly lost in a grove of Acacia and Laurustinus. For my part, instead of keeping this promise, I instinctively sought my bed; and found the observation of Franklin,—of air-bathing being favourable to slumber,—abundantly verified—for I was hardly settled under the clothes 'ere I fell asleep: and, leaving my guests to make good their appointment with my visitor, I enjoyed a sweet slumber of more than two hours.

As early rising produces a keen appetite for bodily, as well as mental, gratification, I found my companions clamorous for their breakfast. A little before ten o'clock, we were all prepared to make a formal attack upon muffins, cake, coffee, tea, eggs, and cold tongue. The window was thrown open; and through the branches of the clustering vine, which covered the upper part of it, the sun shot a warmer ray; while the spicy fragrance from surrounding parterres, and jessamine bowers, made even such bibliomaniacs as my guests forgetful of the gaily-coated volumes which surrounded them. At length the conversation was systematically commenced on the part of Lysander.

LYSAND. To-morrow, Philemon and myself take our departure. We would willingly have staid the week; but business of a pressing nature calls *him* to Manchester—and *myself* to Bristol and Exeter.

LIS. Some bookseller,[418] I warrant, has published a thumping catalogue at each of these places. Ha!—here I have you, sober-minded Lysander! You are as arrant a book-madman as any of those renowned bibliomaniacs whom you celebrated yesterday evening!—Yet, if you love me, take me with you! My pistoles are not exhausted.

[418] I ought to have noticed, under Lysander's eulogy upon *London Booksellers*

(see p. 308, ante) the very handsome manner in which Mr. Roscoe alludes to their valuable catalogues—as having been of service to him in directing his researches into foreign literature. His words are these: "The rich and extensive Catalogues published by EDWARDS, PAYNE, and other *London Booksellers*, who have of late years diligently sought for, and imported into England, whatever is curious or valuable in foreign literature, have also contributed to the success of my inquiries." *Lorenzo de Medici*: pref. p. XXVII., edit. 1800, 8vo.

PHIL. Peace, Lisardo!—but you are, in truth, a bit of a prophet. It is even as you surmise. We have each received a forwarded letter, informing us of very choice and copious collections of books about to be sold at these respective places. While I take my departure for Mr. Ford of Manchester, Lorenzo is about to visit the book-treasures of Mr. Dyer of Exeter, and Mr. Gutch of Bristol:—but, indeed, were not this the case, our abode here must terminate on the morrow.

LIS. I suppose the names you have just mentioned describe the principal booksellers at the several places you intend visiting.

LYSAND. Even so: yet I will make no disparaging comparisons.[419] We speak only of what has come within our limited experience.

There may be many brave and sagacious bibliopolists whose fame has not reached our ears, nor perhaps has any one of the present circle ever heard of the late Mr. Miller of Bungay;[420] who, as I remember my father to have said, in spite of blindness and multifarious occupations, attached himself to the book-selling trade with inconceivable ardour and success. But a word, Lisardo!

[419] Lysander is right. Since the note upon Mr. Ford's catalogue of 1810 was written (see p. 123, ante), the same bookseller has put forth another voluminous catalogue, of nine thousand and odd articles; forming, with the preceding, 15,729 lots. This is doing wonders for a provincial town; and that a *commercial* one!! Of Mr. Gutch's spirit and enterprise some mention has been made before at p. 404, ante. He is, as yet, hardly *mellowed* in his business; but a few years only will display him as thoroughly *ripened* as any of his brethren. He comes from a worthy stock; long known at our *Alma Mater Oxoniensis*:—and as a dutiful son of my University Mother, and in common with every one who is acquainted with his respectable family, I wish him all the success which he merits. Mr. George Dyer of Exeter is a distinguished *veteran* in the book-trade: his catalogue of 1810, in two parts, containing 19,945 articles, has, I think, never been equalled by that of any

provincial bookseller, for the value and singularity of the greater number of the volumes described in it. As Lysander had mentioned the foregoing book-vending gentlemen, I conceived myself justified in *appending* this note. I could speak with pleasure and profit of the catalogues of booksellers to the *north of the Tweed*—(see p. 415, ante); but for fear of awaking all the frightful passions of wrath, jealousy, envy—I stop: declaring, from the bottom of my heart, in the language of an auld northern bard:

I hait flatterie; and into wourdis plane,
And unaffectit language, I delyte:
(*Quod Maister Alexander Arbothnat; in anno* 1572.)

[420] There is something so original in the bibliomanical character of the above-mentioned Mr. Miller that I trust the reader will forgive my saying a word or two concerning him. Thomas Miller of Bungay, in Suffolk, was born in 1731, and died in 1804. He was put apprentice to a grocer in Norwich: but neither the fragrance of spices and teas, nor the lusciousness of plums and figs, could seduce young Miller from his darling passion of reading, and of buying odd volumes of the *Gentleman's* and *Universal Magazine* with his spare money. His genius was, however, sufficiently versatile to embrace both trades; for in 1755, he set up for himself in the character of *Grocer* and *Bookseller*. I have heard Mr. Otridge, of the

Strand, discourse most eloquently upon the brilliant manner in which Mr. Miller conducted his complicated concerns; and which, latterly, were devoted entirely to the *Bibliomania*. Although Bungay was too small and obscure for a spirit like Miller's to disclose its full powers, yet he continued in it till his death; and added a love of portrait and coin, to that of book,



collecting.

For fifty years his stock, in these twin departments, was copious and respectable; and notwithstanding total blindness, which afflicted him during the last six years of his life, he displayed uncommon cheerfulness, activity, and even skill in knowing where the different classes of books were arranged in his shop. Mr. Miller was a warm loyalist, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Pitt. In 1795, when provincial copper coins were very prevalent, our bibliomaniac caused a die of himself to be struck; intending to strike some impressions of it upon gold and silver, as well as upon copper. He began with the latter; and the die breaking when only 23

impressions were struck off, Miller, in the true spirit of numismatical *virtû*, declined having a fresh one made. View here, gentle reader, a wood-cut taken from the same: "This coin, which is very finely engraved, and bears a strong profile likeness of himself, is known to collectors by the name of 'THE MILLER HALFPENNY.' Mr. Miller was extremely careful into whose hands the impressions went; and they are now become so rare as to produce at sales from three to five guineas." *Gentleman's Magazine*; vol. lxxiv., p. 664.

LIS. Twenty, if you please.

LYSAND. What are become of Malvolio's busts and statues, of which you were so solicitous to attend the sale, not long ago?

LIS. I care not a brass farthing for them:—only I do rather wish that I had purchased the Count de Neny's *Catalogue of the Printed Books and Manscripts in the Royal Library of France*. That golden opportunity is irrevocably lost!

PHIL. You wished for these books, to *set fire* to them perhaps—keeping up the ancient custom so solemnly established by your father?[421]

[421] The reader may not object to turn for one moment to p. 27, ante.

LIS. No more of this heart-rending subject! I thought I had made ample atonement.

LYSAND. 'Tis true: and so we forgive and forget. Happy change!—and all hail this salubrious morning, which witnesses the complete and effectual conversion of Lisardo! Instead of laughing at our book-hobbies, and ridiculing all bibliographical studies—which, even by a bibliographer in the dry department of the law, have been rather eloquently defended and enforced[422]—behold this young bibliomaniacal chevalier, not daunted by the rough handling of a London Book-Auction, anxious to mount his courser, and scour the provincial fields of bibliography! Happy change! From my heart I congratulate you!

[422] "Our nation (says Mr. Bridgeman) has been too inattentive to bibliographical criticisms and enquiries; for, generally, the English reader is obliged to resort to foreign writers to satisfy his mind as to the value of authors. It behoves us, however, to consider that there is not a more useful, or a more desirable branch of education than a knowledge of books; which, being correctly attained, and judiciously exercised, will prove the touchstone of intrinsic merit, and have the effect of saving many a spotless page from prostitution." *Legal Bibliography*; 1807, 8vo. (To the reader.)

LIS. From the bottom of mine, I congratulate you, Lysander, upon the resuming of your wonted spirits! I had imagined that the efforts of yesterday would have completely exhausted you. How rapturously do I look forward for the SYMPTOMS OF THE BIBLIOMANIA to be told this morning in Lorenzo's ALCOVE! You have not forgotten your promise!

LYSAND. No, indeed; but if I am able to do justice to the elucidation of so important a subject, it will be in consequence of having enjoyed a placid, though somewhat transient, slumber: notwithstanding the occurrence of a very uncommon *dream*!

LIS. "I dreamt a dream last night;" which has been already told—but what was yours?

LYSAND. Nay, it is silly to entertain one another with stories of phantastic visions of the night. I have known the most placid-bosomed men grow downright angry at the very introduction of such a discourse.

PHIL. That may be; but we have, luckily, no such *placidly-moulded* bosoms in the present society. I love this sort of gossipping during breakfast, of all things. If our host permit, do give us your dream, Lysander!

LIS. The dream!—The dream!—I entreat you.

LYSAND. I fear you will fall asleep, and dream yourself, before the recital of it be concluded.

But I will get through it as well as I can.

Methought I was gently lifted from the ground into the air by a being of very superior size, but of an inexpressible sweetness of countenance. Although astonished by the singularity of my situation, I was far from giving way entirely to fear; but, with a mixture of anxiety and resignation, awaited the issue of the event. My Guide or Protector (for so this being must now be called) looked upon me with an air of tenderness, mingled with reproof; intimating, as I conceived, that the same superior Power, which had thus transported me above my natural element, would of necessity keep me in safety. This quieted my apprehensions.

We had travelled together through an immensity of space, and could discover the world below as one small darkened spot, when my Guide interrupted the awful silence that had been preserved, by the following exclamation: "Approach, O man, the place of thy destination —compose thy perturbed spirits, and let all thy senses be awakened to a proper understanding of the scene which thou art about to behold." So saying, he moved along with an indescribable velocity; and while my eyes were dazzled by an unusual effulgence of light, I found myself at rest upon a solid seat—formed of crystal, of prodigious magnitude.

My guide then fixed himself at my right hand, and after a vehement ejaculation, accompanied

by gestures, which had the effect of enchantment upon me, he extended a sceptre of massive gold, decorated with emeralds and sapphires. Immediately there rose up a MIRROR of gigantic dimensions, around which was inscribed, in fifty languages, the word "TRUTH." I sat in mute astonishment. "Examine," said my Guide, with a voice the most encouraging imaginable, "examine the objects reflected upon the surface of this mirror." "There are none that are discernible to my eyes," I replied. "Thou shalt soon be gratified then," resumed this extraordinary being (with a severe smile upon his countenance), "but first let me purge thine eyes from those films of prejudice which, in the world you inhabit, are apt to intercept the light of TRUTH." He then took a handful of aromatic herbs, and, rubbing them gently upon my temples, gave me the power of contemplating, with perfect discernment, the objects before me.

Wonderful indeed was this scene: for upon the surface of the MIRROR the whole world seemed to be reflected! At first, I could not controul my feelings: but, like a child that springs forward to seize an object greatly beyond its grasp, I made an effort to leave my seat, and to *mingle* in the extraordinary scene. Here, however, my guide interfered—and, in a manner the most peremptory and decisive, forbade all further participation of it. "*View* it attentively," replied he, "and impress firmly on thy memory what thou shalt see—it may solace thee the

remainder of thy days."

The authoritative air, with which these words were delivered, quite repressed and unnerved me. I obeyed, and intently viewed the objects before me. The first thing that surprised me was the representation of all the metropolitan cities of Europe. London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, in particular, occupied my attention; and, what was still *more* surprising, I seemed to be perfect master of every event going on in them—but more particularly of the transactions of *Bodies Corporate*. I saw Presidents in their chairs, with Secretaries and Treasurers by their sides; and to whatever observations were made the most implicit attention was paid. Here, an eloquent Lecturer was declaiming upon the beauty of morality, and the deformity of vice: there, a scientific Professor was unlocking the hidden treasures of nature, and explaining how Providence, in all its measures, was equally wonderful and wise. The experiments which ensued, and which corroborated his ingenious and profound remarks, suspended a well-informed audience in rapturous attention; which was followed by instinctive bursts of applause.

Again I turned my eyes, and, contiguous to this scene, viewed the proceedings of two learned sister Societies, distinguished for their labours in *Philosophy* and *Antiquity*. Methought I saw the spirits of NEWTON and of DUGDALE, looking down with complacency upon them, and

congratulating each other upon the *general* progress of civilization since they had ceased to mingle among men. "These institutions," observed my Guide, "form the basis of rational knowledge, and are the source of innumerable comforts: for the *many* are benefitted by the researches and experiments of the *few*. It is easy to laugh at such societies, but it is not quite so easy to remedy the inconveniences which would be felt, if they were extinct. Nations become powerful in proportion to their wisdom; it has uniformly been found that where philosophers lived, and learned men wrote, there the arts have flourished, and heroism and patriotism have prevailed. True it is that discrepancies will sometimes interrupt the harmony of public bodies. But why is perfection to be expected, where every thing must necessarily be imperfect? It is the duty of man to make the *nearest approaches* to public and private happiness. And if, as with a sponge, he wipe away such establishments, genius has little incentive to exertion, and merit has still less hope of reward. Now cast your eyes on a different scene."

I obeyed, and, within the same city, saw a great number of Asylums and Institutions for the ignorant and helpless. I saw youth instructed, age protected, the afflicted comforted, and the diseased cured. My emotions at this moment were wonderfully strong—they were perceived by my guide, who immediately begged of me to

consider the manner by which *epidemic maladies* were prevented or alleviated, and especially how *the most fatal of them* had been arrested in its progress. I attentively examined the objects before me, and saw thousands of smiling children and enraptured mothers walking confidently 'midst plague and death! I saw them, happy in the protection which had been afforded them by the most useful and most nutritious of animals! "Enough," exclaimed my guide, "thou seest here the glorious result of a philosophical mind, gifted with unabatable ardour of experiment. Thou wilt acknowledge that, compared with the triumph which SUCH A MIND enjoys, the conquests of heroes are puerile, and the splendour of monarchy is dim!" During this strain, I fancied I could perceive the human being, alluded to by my guide, retire apart in conversation with another distinguished friend of humanity, by those unwearied exertions the condition of many thousand poor people had been meliorated.

"There is yet," resumed my guide, "another scene equally interesting as the preceding. From a pure morality flows a pure religion: look therefore on those engaged in the services of CHRISTIANITY." I looked, and saw a vast number of my fellow-creatures prostrate in adoration before their Creator and Redeemer. I fancied I could hear the last strains of their hallelujahs ascending to the spot whereon I sat. "Observe," said my Protector, "all do not

worship in the same manner, because all assent not to the same creed; but the intention of each may be pure: at least, common charity teaches us thus to think, till some open act betray a malignity of principle. Toleration is the vital spark of religion: arm the latter with the whips of persecution, and you convert her into a fiend scattering terror and dismay! In your own country you enjoy a liberty of sentiment beyond every other on the face of the globe. Learn to be grateful for such an inestimable happiness."

These words had hardly escaped my guide, when I was irresistibly led to look on another part of the Mirror where a kind of imperial magnificence, combined with the severest discipline, prevailed. "You are contemplating," resumed my preternatural Monitor, "one of the most interesting scenes in Europe. See the effect of revolutionary commotions! While you view the sable spirit of the last monarch of France gliding along, at a distance, with an air of sorrow and indignation; while you observe a long line of legitimate princes, exiled from their native country, and dependant upon the contributions of other powers; mark the wonderful, the unparalleled reverse of human events! and acknowledge that the preservation of the finest specimens of art, the acquisition of every thing which can administer to the wants of luxury, or decorate the splendour of a throne —the acclamations of hired multitudes or bribed senates—can reflect little lustre on THAT

CHARACTER which still revels in the frantic wish of enslaving the world! It is true, you see yonder, Vienna, Petersburg, Stockholm, and Berlin, bereft of their ancient splendour, and bowing, as it were, at the feet of a despot—but had these latter countries kept alive one spark of that patriotism which so much endears to us the memories of Greece and Rome—had they not, in a great measure, become disunited by factions, we might, even in these days, however degenerate, have witnessed something like that national energy which was displayed in the bay of Salamis, and on the plains of Marathon."

My Guide perceiving me to be quite dejected during these remarks, directed my attention to another part of the Mirror, which reflected the transactions of the *Western* and *Eastern* world.

At first, a kind of *mist* spread itself upon the glass, and prevented me from distinguishing any object. This, however, gradually dissolved, and was succeeded by a thick, black smoke, which involved every thing in impenetrable obscurity. Just as I was about to turn to my guide, and demand the explanation of these appearances, the smoke rolled away, and instantaneously, there flashed forth a thousand bickering flames. "What," cried I, "is the meaning of these objects?" "Check, for one moment, your impatience, and your curiosity shall be gratified," replied my guide. I then distinctly viewed thousands of *Black Men*, who had been groaning under the rod of oppression,

starting up in all the transport of renovated life, and shouting aloud "WE ARE FREE!" One tall commanding figure, who seemed to exercise the rights of a chieftain among them, gathered many tribes around him, and addressed them in the following few, but comprehensive, words: "Countrymen, it has pleased the Great God above to make man instrumental to the freedom of his fellow-creatures. While we lament our past, let us be grateful for our present, state: and never let us cease, each revolving year, to build an altar of stones to the memory, of that GREAT and GOOD MAN, who hath principally been the means of our FREEDOM FROM SLAVERY. No: we will regularly perform this solemn act, as long as there shall remain one pebble upon our shores."

"Thus much," resumed my Guide, "for the dawning felicities of the *western* world: but see how the *eastern* empires are yet ignorant and unsettled!" I was about to turn my eyes to Persia and India, to China and Japan, when to my astonishment, the surface of the Mirror became perfectly blackened, except in some few circular parts, which were tinged with the colour of blood. "The future is a fearful sight," said my Guide; "we are forbidden its contemplation, and can only behold the gloomy appearances before us: they are ominous ones!"

My mind, on which so many and such various objects had produced a confused effect, was quite overpowered and distracted. I leaned

upon the arm of the chair, and, covering my face with my hands, became absorbed in a thousand ideas, when a sudden burst of thunder made me start from my seat—and, looking forward, I perceived that the MIRROR, with all its magical illusions had vanished away! My preternatural Guide then placed himself before me, but in an altered female form. A hundred various coloured wings sprung from her arms, and her feet seemed to be shod with sandals of rubies; around which numerous cherubs entwined themselves. The perfume that arose from the flapping of her wings was inexpressibly grateful; and the soft silvery voices of these cherubic attendants had an effect truly enchanting.

No language can adequately describe my sensations on viewing this extraordinary change of object. I gazed with rapture upon my wonderful Guide, whose countenance now beamed with benevolence and beauty. "Ah!" exclaimed I, "this is a vision of happiness never to be realized! Thou art a being that I am doomed never to meet with in the world below." "Peace:" whispered an unknown voice; "injure not thy species by such a remark: the object before thee is called by a name that is familiar to thee—it is 'CANDOUR.' She is the handmaid of Truth, the sister of Virtue, and the priestess of Religion."

I was about to make reply, when a figure of terrific mien, and enormous dimensions, rushed

angrily towards me, and, taking me up in my crystal chair, bore me precipitately to the earth. In my struggles to disengage myself, I awoke: and on looking about me, with difficulty could persuade myself that I was an inhabitant of this world. My sensations were, at first, confused and unpleasant; but a reflection on the MIRROR OF TRUTH, and its divine expositor, in a moment tranquillized my feelings. And thus have I told you my dream.

Lysander had hardly concluded the recital of his dream—during which it was impossible for us to think of quaffing coffee or devouring muffins —when the servant entered with a note from Lorenzo:

"My dear Friend,

"The morning is propitious. Hasten to THE ALCOVE. My sisters are twining honey-suckles and jessamine round the portico, and I have carried thither a respectable corps of bibliographical volumes, for Lysander to consult, in case his memory should fail. All here invoke the zephyrs to waft their best wishes to you.

"Truly your's,

"LORENZO."

The note was no sooner read than we all, as if by instinct, started up; and, finishing our breakfast as rapidly as did the Trojans when they expected an early visit from the Grecians, we sallied towards Lorenzo's house, and entered his pleasure grounds. Nothing could be more congenial than every circumstance and object which presented itself. The day was clear, calm, and warm; while a crisp autumnal air

Nimbly and sweetly recommend itself
Unto our gentle senses.[423]

[423] *Macbeth*; Act I., Sc. VI. Dr. Johnson has happily observed, upon the above beautiful passage of Shakespeare, that "*Gentle sense* is very elegant; as it means *placid*, *calm*, *composed*; and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day." Shakespeare's Works; edit. 1803; vol x., p. 73. Alain Chartier, in the motto prefixed to the Second part of this Bibliographical Romance, has given us a yet more animated, and equally characteristic, picture. Thomson's serene morning,

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day,

is also very apposite; and reminds us of one of those soft and aërial pictures of Claude Loraine, where a heaven-like tranquillity and peace seem to prevail. Delightful scenes!—we love to steal a short moment from a bustling world, to gaze

> upon landscapes which appear to have been copied from the paradise of our first parents. Delusive yet fascinating objects of contemplation! You whisper sweet repose, and heart-soothing delight! We turn back upon the world; and the stunning noises of Virgil's Cyclops put all this fair Elysium to flight.

At a distance, the reapers were carrying away their last harvest load; and numerous groups of gleaners picking up the grain which they had spared, were marching homewards in all the glee of apparent happiness. Immediately on our left, the cattle were grazing in a rich pasture meadow; while, before us, the white pheasant darted across the walk, and the stock-dove was heard to wail in the grove. We passed a row of orange trees, glittering with golden fruit; and, turning sharply to our right, discovered, on a gentle eminence, and skirted with a profusion of shrubs and delicately shaped trees, the wished-for ALCOVE.

We quickly descried Almansa busied in twining her favourite honey-suckles round the portico; while within Belinda was sitting soberly at work, as if waiting our arrival. The ladies saluted us as we approached; and Lorenzo, who till now had been unperceived, came quietly from the interior, with his favourite edition of *Thomson*[424] in his hand.

[424] This must be a favourite edition with every man of taste. It was printed by BENSLEY, and published by DU ROVERAY, in the year 1802. The designs were by Hamilton, and the engravings principally by Fittler. The copy which Lorenzo had in his hand was upon *large paper*; and nothing could exceed the lustre of the type and plates. The editions of *Pope*, *Gray*, and *Milton*, by DU ROVERAY, as well as those of *The Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Tatler*, by Messrs. SHARPE and HAILES, are among the most elegant, as well as accurate, publications of our old popular writers.

The Alcove at a distance, had the appearance of a rustic temple.[425] The form, though a little capricious, was picturesque; and it stood so completely embosomed in rich and variegated foliage, and commanded so fine a swell of landscape, that the visitor must be cold indeed who could approach it with the compass of Palladio in one hand, and the square of Inigo Jones in the other. We entered and looked around us.

[425] Lorenzo was not unmindful that it had been observed by Lipsius (*Syntag. de Bibliothecis*) and, after him, by Thomasinus (*de Donar. et Tabell-votiv.* c. 3. p. 37.) that the ancients generally built their libraries near to, or adjoining their *Temples*; "ut

veram seram sedem sacratorum ingenii fætuum loca sacra esse ostenderent:" BIBLIOTHECAS (inquit) procul abesse (sc. a TEMPLIS) noluerunt veteres, ut ex præclaris ingeniorum monumentis dependens mortalium, gloria, in Deorum tutela esset. This I gather from Spizolius's *Infelix Literatus*: p. 462.

Those who have relished the mild beauties of Wynants' pictures would be pleased with the view from the Alcove of Lorenzo. The country before was varied, undulating, and the greater part, highly cultivated. Some broad-spreading oaks here and there threw their protecting arms round the humble saplings; and some aspiring elms frequently reared their lofty heads, as land-marks across the county. The copses skirted the higher grounds, and a fine park-wood covered the middle part of the landscape in one broad umbrageous tone of colouring. It was not the close rusticity of Hobbima—or the expansive, and sometimes complicated, scenery of Berghem—or the heat-oppressive and magnificent views of Both—that we contemplated; but, as has been before observed, the mild and gentle scenery of Wynants; and if a cascade or dimpling brook had been near us, I could have called to my aid the transparent pencil of Rysdael, in order to impress upon the reader a proper notion of the scenery. But it is high time to make mention of the conversation

which ensued among the tenants of this Alcove.

LOREN. I am heartily glad we are met under such propitious circumstances. What a glorious day!

ALMAN. Have you recovered, Sir, the immense fatigue you must have sustained from the exertions of yesterday? My brother has no mercy upon a thoroughly-versed book guest!

LYSAND. I am indeed quite hearty: yet, if any thing heavy and indigested hung about me, would not the contemplation of such a landscape, and such a day, restore every thing to its wonted ardour?! You cannot conceive how such a scene affects me: even to shedding tears of pleasure—from the reflections to which it gives rise.

BELIN. How strangely and how cruelly has the character of a bibliographer been aspersed! Last night you convinced me of the ardour of your enthusiasm, and of the eloquence of your expression, in regard to your favourite subject of discussion!—but, this morning, I find that you can talk in an equally impassioned manner respecting garden and woodland scenery?

LYSAND. Yes, Madam: and if I possessed such a domain as does your brother, I think I could even improve it a little—especially the interior of the Alcove! I don't know that I could attach to the house a more appropriate library than he has done; even if I adopted the octagonal form

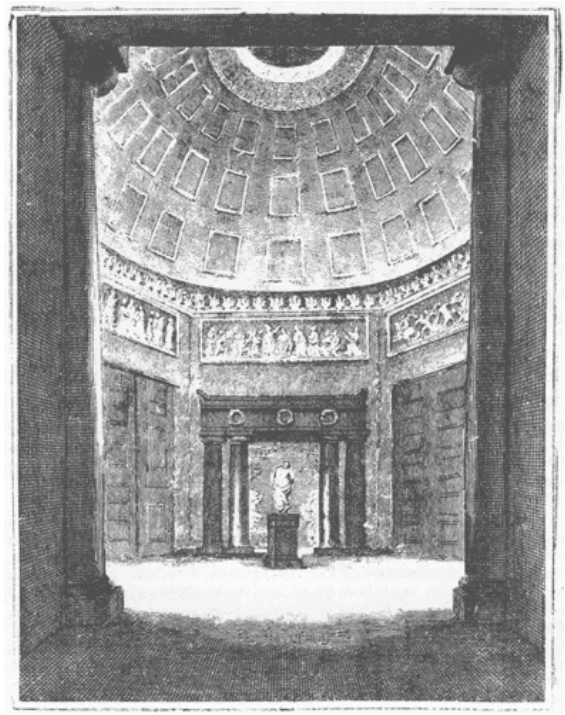
of the *Hafod Library*;[426] which, considered with reference to its local situation, is, I think, almost unequalled:—but it strikes me that the interior of this Alcove might be somewhat improved.

[426] Hafod, in Cardiganshire, South Wales, is the residence of THOMAS JOHNES, Esq., M.P., and Lord Lieutenant of the county. Mr. Malkin, in his *Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography, of South Wales*, 1804, 4to., and Dr. Smith, in his *Tour to Hafod*, 1810, folio, have made us pretty well acquainted with the local scenery of Hafod:—yet can any pen or pencil do this

—Paradise, open'd in the wild,

perfect justice! I have seen Mr. Stothard's numerous little sketches of the pleasure-grounds and surrounding country, which are at once faithful and picturesque. But what were this "Paridise" of rocks, waterfalls, streams, woods, copses, dells, grottos, and mountains, without the hospitable spirit of the owner—which seems to preside in, and to animate, every summer-house and alcove. The book-loving world is well acquainted with the *Chronicles of Froissart*, *Joinville*, *De Brocquiere*, and *Monstrelet*, which have issued from the HAFOD PRESS; and have long deplored the loss, from fire, which their author, Mr. Johnes, experienced in the demolition of the greater part of his

house and library. The former has been rebuilt, and the latter replenished: yet no Phœnix spirit can revivify the ashes of those volumes which contained the romances notified by the renowned Don Quixote! But I am rambling too wildly among the Hafod rocks—I hasten, therefore to return and take the reader with me into the interior of Mr. Johnes's largest library, which is terminated by a Conservatory of upwards of 150 feet. As the ancient little books for children [hight *Lac Puerorum*!] used to express it—"Look, here it is."





LOREN. What defects do you discover here, Lysander?

LYSAND. They are rather omissions to be supplied than errors to be corrected. You have warmed the interior by a Grecian-shaped stove, and you do right; but I think a few small busts in yonder recesses would not be out of character. Milton, Shakespeare, and Locke, would produce a sort of inspiration which might accord with that degree of feeling excited by the contemplation of these external objects.

LOREN. You are right. 'Ere you revisit this spot, those inspiring gentlemen shall surround me.

BELIN. And pray add to them the busts of Thomson and Cowper: for these latter, in my opinion, are our best poets in the description of rural life. You remember what Cowper says—

God made the country, and Man made the town?

ALMAN. This may be very well—but we forget the purpose for which we are convened.

LIS. True: so I entreat you, Master Lysander, to open—not the debate—but the discussion.

LYSAND. You wish to know what are the SYMPTOMS OF THE BIBLIOMANIA?—what are the badges or livery marks, in a library, of the owner of the collection being a bibliomaniac?

ALMAN. Even so. My question, yesterday evening, was—if I remember well—whether a *mere collector* of books was necessarily a bibliomaniac?

LYSAND. Yes: and to which—if I also recollect rightly—I replied that the symptoms of the disease, and the character of a bibliomaniac, were discoverable in the very books themselves!

LIS. How is this?

ALMAN & BELIN. Do pray let us hear.

PHIL. At the outset, I entreat you, Lysander, not to overcharge the colouring of your picture. Respect the character of your auditors; and, above all things, have mercy upon the phlogistic imagination of Lisardo!

LYSAND. I will endeavour to discharge the important office of a bibliomaniacal Mentor, or, perhaps, Æsculapius, to the utmost of my power: and at all events, with the best possible intentions.

Before we touch upon the *Symptoms*, it may be as well to say a few words respecting the *General Character* of the BOOK DISEASE. The ingenious Peignot[427] defines the bibliomania to be "a passion for possessing books; not so much to be instructed by them, as to gratify the eye by looking on them." This subject has amused the pens of foreigners; although we have had nothing in our own language, written

expressly upon it, 'till the ingenious and elegantly-composed poem of Dr. Ferriar appeared; after which, as you well know, our friend put forth his whimsical brochure.[428]

[427] "LA BIRLIOMANIE est la fureur de posséder des livres, non pas tant pour s'instruire, que pour les avoir et pour en repaître sa vue. Le bibliomane ne connait ordinairement les livres que par leur titre, leur frontispice, et leur date; il s'attache aux bonnes editiones et les poursuit à quelque titre que ce soit; la relieure le seduit aussi, soit par son ancienneté, soit par sa beauté," &c. *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie*. vol. i. p. 51. This is sufficiently severe: see also the extracts from the *Memoires de l'Institut*: p. 25, ante. The more ancient foreign writers have not scrupled to call the BIBLIOMANIA by every caustic and merciless terms: thus speaks the hard-hearted Geyler: "Tertia nola est, multos libros coacervare propter animi voluptatem curiosam. Fastidientis stomachi est multa degustare, ait Seneca. Isti per multos libros vagant legentes assidue: nimirum similles fatuis illis, qui in urbe cicumeunt domos singulas, et earum picturas dissutis malis contuentur: sicque curiositate trahuntur, &c. Contenti in hâc animi voluptate, quam pascunt per volumina varia devagando et liguriendo. Itaque gaudent hic de larga librorum copia, operosa utique sed delectabilis sarcina, et animi jucunda distractio: imo

est hæc ingens librorum copia ingens simul et laboris copia, et quietis inopia—huc illucque circum agendum ingenium: his atque illis pregravanda memoria."—*Navicula sive Sæculum Fatuorum*, 1511, 4to. sign B. iiij rev. Thus speaks Sebastian Brandt upon the subject, through the medium of our old translation:

Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge
For to have plenty it is a pleasaunte thynge
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in honde;
But what they mene do I nat understonde.
Shyp of Folys: see p. 206, ante.

There is a short, but smart and interesting, article on this head in Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*: vol. i. 10. "Bruyere has touched on this mania with humour; of such a collector (one who is fond of superb bindings only), says he, as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the stair-case from a strong smell of Russia and Morocco leather. In vain he shews me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c.—naming them one after another, as if he were shewing a gallery of pictures!" Lucian has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library. "One who opens his eyes with an hideous stare at an old book; and after turning over the pages, chiefly admires *the date* of its publication." But all this, it may be said, is only general declamation, and

means nothing!

[428] The first work, I believe, written expressly upon the subject above discussed was a French publication, entitled *La Bibliomanie*. Of the earliest edition I am uninformed; but one was published at the Hague in 1762, 8vo. Dr. Ferriar's poem upon the subject, being an epistle to Richard Heber, Esq.—and which is rightly called by Lysander 'ingenious and elegant'—was published in 1809, 4to.: pp. 14: but not before an equally ingenious, and greatly more interesting, performance, by the same able pen, had appeared in the Trans. of the Manchester Literary Society, vol. iv., p. 45-87—entitled *Comments upon Sterne*; which may be fairly classed among the species of bibliomaniacal composition; inasmuch as it shews the author to be well read in old books; and, of these, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy in particular. Look for half a minute at p. 286, ante. In the same year of Dr. Ferriar's publication of the Bibliomania, appeared the *Voyage autour de ma bibliothèque Roman Bibliographique*: by Ant. Caillot; in three small duodecimo volumes. There is little ingenuity and less knowledge in these meagre volumes. My own superficial work, entitled, *Bibliomania*, or *Book-Madness: containing some account of the History, Symptoms and Cure of this fatal Disease; in an epistle addressed to Richard Heber, Esq.*, quickly followed Dr. Ferriar's publication. It contained 82 pages, with a tolerably copious sprinkling of notes: but it had

many errors and omissions, which it has been my endeavour to correct and supply in the present new edition, or rather newly-constructed work. Vide preface. Early in the ensuing year (namely, in 1810) appeared *Bibliosophia, or Book-Wisdom: containing some account of the Pride, Pleasure, and Privileges of that glorious Vocation, Book-Collecting. By an Aspirant. Also, The Twelve Labours of an Editor, separately pitted against those of Hercules*, 12mo. This is a good-humoured and tersely written composition: being a sort of Commentary upon my own performance. In the ensuing pages will be found some amusing poetical extracts from it. And thus take we leave of PUBLICATIONS UPON THE BIBLIOMANIA!

Whether Peignot's definition be just or not, I will not stop to determine: but when I have described to you the various symptoms, you will be better able to judge of its propriety.

LIS. Describe them *seriatim*, as we were observing yesterday.

LYSAND. I will; but let me put them in battle array, and select them according to their appearances. There is, first, a passion for *Large Paper Copies*; secondly, for *Uncut Copies*; thirdly, for *Illustrated Copies*; fourthly, for *Unique Copies*; fifthly, for *Copies printed upon Vellum*; sixthly, for *First Editions*; seventhly, for *True Editions*;

and eighthly, for *Books printed in the Black-Letter*.

BELIN. I have put these symptoms down in my pocket-book; and shall proceed to catechise you according to your own method. First, therefore, what is meant by LARGE PAPER COPIES?

LYSAND. A certain set, or limited number of the work, is printed upon paper of a *larger dimension, and superior quality*, than the ordinary copies. The press-work and ink are, always, proportionably better in these copies: and the price of them is enhanced according to their beauty and rarity.

This Symptom of the Bibliomania is, at the present day, both general and violent. Indeed, there is a set of collectors, the shelves of whose libraries are always made proportionably stout, and placed at a due distance from each other, in order that they may not break down beneath the weight of such ponderous volumes.

BELIN. Can these things be?

PHIL. Yes; but you should draw a distinction, and not confound the GROLLIERS, De Thous, and Colberts of modern times, with "a set of collectors," as you call them, who are equally without taste and knowledge.

LIS. We have heard of De Thou and Colbert, but who is GROLLIER?[429]



[429] The reader may be better pleased with the ensuing soberly-written account of this great man than with Philemon's rapturous eulogy. JOHN GROLLIER was born at Lyons, in 1479; and very early displayed a propensity towards those elegant and solid pursuits which afterwards secured to him the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. His address was easy, his manners were frank, yet polished; his demeanour was engaging, and his liberality knew no bounds. As he advanced in years, he advanced in reputation; enjoying a princely fortune, the result, in some measure, of a faithful and honourable discharge of the important diplomatic situations which he filled. He was Grand Treasurer to Francis I., and was sent by that monarch as ambassador to Pope Clement VII. During his abode at Rome, he did not fail to gratify his favourite passion of BOOK-COLLECTING; and employed the Alduses to print for him an edition of Terence in 8vo., 1521: of which a copy *upon vellum*, was in the Imperial library at Vienna; See *L'Imp. des Alde*; vol. I., 159. He also caused to be published, by the same printers, an edition of his friend Budæus's work, *De Asse et partibus ejus*, 1522, 4to.; which, as well as the Terence, is dedicated to himself, and of which the presentation copy, *upon vellum*, is now in the Library of Count M'Carthy, at Toulouse: it having been formerly in the Soubise collection: vide p. 96, ante—and No. 8010 of the *Bibl. Soubise*. It was during Grollier's stay at Rome, that the anecdote,

related by Egnatio, took place. 'I dined (says the latter) along with Aldus, his son, Manutius, and other learned men, at Grollier's table. After dinner, and just as the dessert had been placed on the table, our host presented each of his guests with a pair of gloves filled with ducats.' But no man had a higher opinion of Grollier, or had reason to express himself in more grateful terms of him, than De Thou. This illustrious author speaks of him as "a man of equal elegance of manners, and spotlessness of character. His books seemed to be the counterpart of himself, for neatness and splendour; not being inferior to the glory attributed to the library of Asinius Pollio, the first who made a collection of books at Rome. It is surprising, notwithstanding the number of presents which he made to his friends, and the accidents which followed on the dispersion of his library, how many of his volumes yet adorn the most distinguished libraries of Paris, whose chief boast consists in having an *Exemplar Grollerianum*!" The fact was Grollier returned to Paris with an immense fortune. During his travels he had secured, from Basil, Venice, and Rome, the most precious copies of books which could be purchased: and which he took care to have bound in a singular manner, indicative at once of his generosity and taste. The title of the book was marked in gilt letters upon one side, and the words—of which the annexed wood-cut is a fac-simile—upon the other; surrounded with similar ornaments to the

extremities of the sides, whether in folio or duodecimo.



PORTIO MEA DO
MINE SIT IN
TERRA VI
VENTI
VM.

Beneath the title of the book: 'IO: GROLLERII et AMICORUM.'

This extraordinary man, whom France may consider the first Bibliomaniac of the sixteenth century, died at Paris in the year 1565, and in the 86th of his age. Let us close this account of him with an extract from Marville's *Melanges d'Histoire et de Litérature*; "La Bibliothèque de M. Grollier s'est conservée dans l'Hôtel de Vic jusqu'à

ces annêes dernieres qu'elle a été venduë à l'encan. Elle meritoit bien, étant une des premieres et des plus accomplies qu'aucun particulier se soit avisé de faire à Paris, de trouver, comme celle de M. de Thou, un acheteur qui en conservât le lustre. La plûpart des curieux de Paris ont profité de ses débris. J'en ai eu à ma part quelques volumes à qui rien ne manque: ni pour la bonté des editions de ce tems là, ni pour la beauté du papier et la propreté de la relieure. Il semble, à les voir, que les Muses qui ont contribué à la composition du dedans, se soient aussi appliquées à les approprier au dehors, tant il paroît d'art et d'esprit dans leurs ornemens. Ils sont tous dorez avec une delicatesse inconnuë aux doreurs d'aujourd'hui. Les compartemens sont pients de diverses couleurs, parfaitemente bien dessinez, et tous de differentes figures, &c.:" vol. I., p. 187, edit. 1725. Then follows a description, of which the reader has just had ocular demonstration. After such an account, what bibliomaniac can enjoy perfect tranquillity of mind unless he possess a *Grollier copy* of some work or other? My own, from which the preceding fac-simile was taken, is a folio edition (1531) of *Rhenanus, de rebus Germanicis*; in the finest preservation.

PHIL. Lysander will best observe upon him.

LYSAND. Nay; his character cannot be in better

hands.

PHIL. Grollier was both the friend and the treasurer of Francis the First; the bosom companion of De Thou, and a patron of the Aldine family. He had learning, industry, and inflexible integrity. His notions of *Virtû* were vast, but not wild. There was a magnificence about every thing which he did or projected; and his liberality was without bounds. He was the unrivalled Mecænas of book-lovers and scholars; and a more insatiable bibliomaniacal appetite was never, perhaps, possessed by any of *his* class of character.

LIS. I thank you for this *Grollieriana*. Proceed, Lysander with your large paper copies.

ALMAN. But first tell us—why are these copies so much coveted? Do they contain more than the ordinary ones?

LYSAND. Not in the least. Sometimes, however, an extra embellishment is thrown into the volume—but this, again, belongs to the fourth class of symptoms, called *Unique Copies*—and I must keep strictly to order; otherwise I shall make sad confusion.

BELIN. Keep to your large paper, exclusively. [430]

[430] Let us first hear Dr. Ferriar's smooth numbers upon this tremendous symptom

of the Bibliomania:

But devious oft, from ev'ry classic Muse,
The keen collector meaner paths will choose:
And first the MARGIN'S BREADTH his soul employs,
Pure, snowy, broad, the type of nobler joys.
In vain might Homer roll the tide of song,
Or Horace smile, or Tully charm the throng;
If crost by Pallas' ire, the trenchant blade
Or too oblique, or near, the edge invade,
The Bibliomane exclaims, with haggard eye,
'NO MARGIN!'—turns in haste, and scorns to buy.
The Bibliomania; v. 34-43.

Next come the rivals strains of 'An Aspirant.'

FIRST MAXIM.

Who slaves the monkish folio through,
With lore or science in his view,
Him ... visions black, or devils blue,
Shall haunt at his expiring taper;—
Yet, 'tis a weakness of the wise,
To chuse the volume by the size,
And riot in the pond'rous prize—
Dear Copies—*printed on* LARGE PAPER!
Bibliosophia; p. IV.

After these saucy attacks, can I venture upon discoursing, in a sober note-like strain—upon those large and magnificent

volumes concerning which Lysander, above, pours forth such a torrent of eloquence? Yes—gentle reader—I will even venture!—and will lay a silver penny to boot (See Peacham's '*Worth of a Penny*'—) that neither Dr. Ferriar nor the 'Aspirant' could withhold their ejaculations of rapture upon seeing any one of the following volumes walk majestically into their libraries. Mark well, therefore, a few scarce

WORKS PRINTED UPON LARGE PAPER.

Lord Bacon's Essays; 1798, 8vo. There were only six copies of this edition struck off upon royal folio paper: one copy is in the Cracherode collection, in the British Museum; and another is in the library of Earl Spencer. Mr. Leigh, the book-auctioneer, a long time ago observed that, if ever one of these copies were to be sold at an auction, it would probably bring -00*l.* —! I will not insert the *first* figure; but *two noughts* followed it.——*Twenty Plays of Shakspeare from the old quarto editions*; 1766, 8vo., 6 vols. Only twelve copies printed upon large paper. See *Bibl. Steevens*: no. 1312; and p. 581, ante.——*Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays*; 1780, 8vo., 12 vols. Only six copies struck off upon large paper. Bibl. Woodhouse, no. 698.——*The Grenville Homer*; 1800, 4to., 4 vols. Fifty copies of this magnificent work are said to have been printed upon large paper; which have embellishments of plates. Mr. Dent possesses the copy which

was Professor Porson's, and which was bought at the sale of the Professor's library, in boards, for 87*l.*, see p. 459, ante. Seven years ago I saw a sumptuous copy in morocco, knocked down for 99*l.* 15*s.*——*Mathæi Paris, Monachi Albanenses, &c.; Historia Major; a Wats*; Lond. 1640; folio. This is a rare and magnificent work upon large paper; and is usually bound in two volumes.——*Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores X; a Twysden*; 1652, folio. Of equal rarity and magnificence are copies of this inestimable production.——*Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores Veteres, a Gale*; 1684, 91; folio, 3 volumes. There were but few copies of this, now generally coveted, work printed upon large paper. The difference between the small and the large, for amplitude of margin and lustre of ink, is inconceivable.——*Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Varii, a Sparke*; Lond. 1723, folio. The preface to this work shews that there are copies of it, like those of Dr. Clarke's edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, upon paper of three different sizes. The 'charta maxima' is worthy of a conspicuous place upon the collector's shelf; though in any shape the book has a creditable aspect. ——*Recueil des Historiens des Gaules, &c., par Boucquet*; 1738, 1786; folio, 13 vols. It is hardly possible for the eye to gaze upon a more intrinsically valuable work, or a finer set of volumes, than are these, as now exhibited in Mr. Evans's shop, and bound in fine old red morocco by the best binders of France. They were once in my possession; but the 'res angusta domi'

compelled me to part with them, and to seek for a copy not so tall by head and shoulders. Since the year 1786, two additional volumes have been published.

We will now discourse somewhat of English books.

Scott's Discoverie of Whitcraft; 1584, 4to. Of this work, which has recently become popular from Mr. Douce's frequent mention of it (Illustrations of Shakspeare, &c., 1806, 2 vols., 8vo.), my friend, Mr. Utterson, possesses a very beautiful copy upon large paper. It is rarely one meets with books printed in this country, before the year 1600, struck off in such a manner. This copy, which is secured from 'winter and rough weather' by a stout coat of skilfully-tool'd morocco, is probably unique.——*Weever's Funeral Monuments*; 1631, folio. Mr. Samuel Lysons informs me that he has a copy of this work upon large paper. I never saw, or heard of, another similar one.——*Sanford's Genealogical History*; 1707, folio. At the sale of Baron Smyth's books, in 1809, Messrs. J. and A. Arch purchased a copy of this work upon large paper for 46*l.* A monstrous price! A similar copy is in the library of Mr. Grenville, which was obtained from Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall. The curious should purchase the anterior edition (of 1677) for the sake of better impressions of the plates; which, however, in any condition, are neither tasteful nor well engraved. What is called '*a good Hollar*' would weigh down

the whole set of them!——*Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials*; 1721, *Folio*, 3 vols. ——*Annals of the Reformation*; 1725, *Folio*, 4 vols. Happy the collector who can regale himself by viewing large paper copies of these inestimable works! In any shape or condition, they are now rare. The latter is the scarcer of the two; and upon large paper brings, what the French bibliographers call, 'un prix enorme.' There is one of this kind in the beautiful library of Mr. Thomas Grenville.——*Hearne's Works*—'till Mr. Bagster issued his first reprints of Robert of Gloucester and Peter Langtoft, upon paper of three different sizes—(of which the largest, in quarto, has hardly been equalled in modern printing) —used to bring extravagant sums at book-auctions. At a late sale in Pall-Mall, were the books in general were sold at extraordinary prices, the large paper Hearnes absolutely 'hung fire'—as the sportsman's phrase is.——*Hudibras, with Dr. Grey's Annotations, and Hogarth's cuts*; 1744, 2 vols. There were but twelve copies of this first and best edition of Dr. Grey's labours upon Hudibras (which Warburton strangely abuses—) printed upon large paper: and a noble book it is in this form! ——*Milner's History of Winchester*; 1798, 4to., 2 vols. Of this edition there were, I believe, either twelve or twenty-four copies printed upon large paper; which brings serious sums in the present general rage for books of this description.—— *Kennet's (Bp.) Parochial Antiquities; Oxford*, 1695, 4to. The only known copy of this

work upon large paper is in the fine library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. This copy was probably in the collection of 'that well-known collector, Joseph Browne, Esq., of Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire:' as a similar one 'in Russia, gilt leaves,' was sold in Pt. II. of his collection, no. 279, for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and purchased in the name of Thornton.——*The Chronicles of Froissart and Monstrelet*: translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. Hafod, 1803, 1810, quarto, 9 vols.: including a volume of plates to Monstrelet. Of these beautiful and intrinsically valuable works, there were only 25 copies struck off upon folio; which bring tremendous prices.——*History of the Town of Cheltenham, and its Environs*; 1802, 8vo. There were a few copies of this superficial work printed upon large paper in royal octavo, and a *unique* copy upon paper of a quarto size; which latter is in the possession of my friend Mr. Thomas Pruen, of the same place. A part of this volume was written by myself; according to instructions which I received to make it 'light and pleasant.' An author, like a barrister, is bound in most cases to follow his instructions! As I have thus awkwardly introduced myself, I may be permitted to observe, at the foot of this note, that all the LARGE PAPER copies of my own humble lucubrations have been attended with an unexpectedly successful sale. Of the *Introduction to the Classics*, edit. 1804, 8vo., there were fifty copies, with extra plates, struck off in royal octavo, and published at 2*l.* 2*s.*: these now sell for 5*l.*

5*s.*: the portrait of *Bishop Fell* making them snapped at, with a perch-like spirit, by all true Grangerites. Of the *Typographical Antiquities* of our own country there were 66 printed in a superb style, upon imperial paper, in 4to.; these were published at 6*l.* 6*s.* a copy. The following anecdote shews how they are 'looking up'—as the book-market phrase is. My friend —— parted with his copy; but finding that his slumbers were broken, and his dreams frightful, in consequence, he sought to regain possession of it; and cheerfully gave 10*l.* 10*s.*! for what, but a few months before, he had possessed for little more than one half the sum! The same friend subscribes for a *large paper* of the *present work*, of which there are only eighteen copies printed: and of which my hard-hearted printer and myself seize each upon a copy. Will the same friend display equal fickleness in regard to THIS volume? If he does, he must smart acutely for it: nor will 15*l.* 15*s.* redeem it! It is justly observed, in the first edition of this work, that, 'analogous to large paper, are TALL copies: that is, copies of the work published on the ordinary size paper, and barely cut down by the binder,' p. 45. To *dwarfise* a volume is a 'grievous fault' on the part of any binder; but more particularly is it an unpardonable one on the part of him who has had a long intercourse with professed bibliomaniacs! To a person who knows anything of typographical arrangement, the distinction between *tall* and *large paper* copies is sufficiently obvious. For this

reason, I am quite decided that the supposed large paper copy of *Scapula's Lexicon*, possessed by Mr. ——, of Caversham, near Reading, is only a *tall* copy of the work, as usually printed: nor is this copy more stately than another which I have seen. The owner of the volume will suppress all feelings which he may entertain against my heretical opinions (as I fear he will call them), when he considers that he may dispose of his Scapula for a sum three times beyond what he gave for it. Let him put it by the side of his neighbour Dr. Valpy's numerous large paper copies of the old folio classics, and he will in a moment be convinced of the accuracy of the foregoing remark. FINE PAPER copies of a work should be here noticed; as they are sought after with avidity. The most beautiful work of this kind which I ever saw, was *Rapin's History of England, in nine folio volumes, bound in red morocco, and illustrated with Houbraken's* Heads; which Sir M.M. Sykes recently purchased of Mr. Evans, the bookseller,—for a comparatively moderate sum. A similar copy (exclusively of the illustrations) of Rapin's History of England, which was once in the library of the Royal Institution, was burnt in the fire that destroyed Covent-Garden Theatre; it having been sent to Mr. Mackinlay, the book-binder, who lived near the Theatre.

LYSAND. I have little to add to what has been

already said of this symptom. That a volume, so published, has a more pleasing aspect, cannot be denied. It is the oak, in its full growth, compared with the same tree in its sapling state: or, if you please, it is the same picture a little more brilliant in its colouring, and put into a handsomer frame. My friend MARCUS is a very dragon in this department of book-collecting: nothing being too formidable for his attack. Let the volume assume what shape it may, and let the price be ever so unconscionable—he hesitates not to become a purchaser. In consequence, exclusively of all the *Dugdales* and *Montfaucons*, upon large paper, and in the finest bindings, he possesses the *Grand Folio Classics*, the *Benedictine Editions of the Fathers*, the *County Histories*, and all works, of a recent date, upon *History* and the *Belles Lettres*. In short, nothing can be more magnificent than the interior of his library; as nothing but giants, arrayed in the most splendid attire, are seen to keep guard from one extremity of the room to the other.

LIS. Who is this Marcus? I'll rival him in due time!—But proceed.

BELIN. Thus much, I presume, for the first symptom of the Bibliomania. Now pray, Sir, inform us what is meant by that strange term, UNCUT COPIES?

LYSAND. Of all the symptoms of the Bibliomania, this is probably the most

extraordinary.[431] It may be defined a passion to possess books of which the edges have never been sheared by the binder's tools. And here I find myself walking upon doubtful ground:—your friend [turning towards me] Atticus's *uncut Hearnes* rise up in "rough majesty" before me, and almost "push me from my stool." Indeed, when I look around in your book-lined tub, I cannot but acknowledge that this symptom of the disorder has reached your own threshold; but when it is known that a few of your bibliographical books are left with the edges uncut *merely to please your friends* (as one must sometimes study their tastes as well as one's own), I trust that no very serious conclusions will be drawn about the fatality of your own case.

[431] As before, let us borrow the strains of 'An Aspirant:'

SECOND MAXIM.

Who, with fantastic pruning-hook,
Dresses the borders of his book,
Merely to ornament its look—
Amongst philosophers a fop is:
What if, perchance, he thence discover
Facilities in turning over?
The Virtuoso is a Lover
Of coyer charms in "UNCUT COPIES."
Bibliosophia; p. v.

I have very little to add in illustration of

Lysander's well-pointed sarcasms relating to this *second symptom of* BOOK-MADNESS. I think I once heard of an uncut *Cranmer's Bible*; but have actually seen a similar conditioned copy of *Purchas's Pilgrimes and Pilgrimage*, which is now in the beautiful library of the Honourable T. Grenville.

As to uncut copies, although their inconvenience [an uncut Lexicon to wit!] and deformity must be acknowledged, and although a rational man can wish for nothing better than a book *once well bound*, yet we find that the extraordinary passion for collecting them not only obtains with full force, but is attended with very serious consequences to those "que n'out point des pistoles" (to borrow the idea of Clement; vol. vi. p. 36). I dare say an uncut *first Shakspeare*, as well as an *uncut vellum Aldus*[432] would produce a little annuity!

[432] I doubt of the existence of an uncut *first Shakspeare*; although we have recently had evidence of an uncut *first Homer*; for thus speaks Peignot: "A superb copy of this Editio Princeps was sold at the sale of M. de Cotte's books, in 1804, for 3601 livres: but it must be remarked that this copy was in the most exquisite preservation, as if it had just come from the press. Moreover, it is probably the only one the margins of which have never been either 'shaven or

shorn.'" *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, p. lxv. vi.; see also p. 79, ante. Dr. Harwood, at page 338, of his *View of the Editions of the Classics*, speaks of an uncut vellum Aldus, of 1504, 8vo. "Mr. Quin shewed me a fine copy of it printed in vellum with the *leaves uncut*, which he bought of Mr. Egerton at a very moderate price. It is, perhaps (adds he), the only *uncut* vellum Aldus in the world." From the joyous strain of this extract, the Doctor may be fairly suspected of having strongly exhibited this second symptom of the Bibliomania!

BELIN. 'Tis very strange'—as Hamlet says at the walking of his father's ghost! But now for your ILLUSTRATED COPIES!

LYSAND. You have touched a vibrating string indeed!—but I will suppress my own feelings, and spare those of my friend. A passion for books *illustrated*, or adorned with *numerous Prints*[433] representing characters, or circumstances, mentioned in the work, is a very general and violent symptom of the Bibliomania. The origin, or first appearance, of this symptom, has been traced by some to the publication of the Rev. —— GRANGER'S "*Biographical History of England*;" but whoever will be at the pains of reading the preface of that work will see that Granger shelters himself under the authorities of EVELYN, ASHMOLE, and others; and that he *alone* is not to be considered

as responsible for all the mischief which this passion for collecting prints has occasioned. Granger, however, was the first who introduced it in the form of a history; and surely "in an evil hour" was that history published; although its amiable author must be acquitted of "malice prepense."

[433] This third symptom has not escaped the discerning eye of the Manchester physician; for thus sings Dr. Ferriar:

He pastes, from injur'd volumes snipt away,
His *English Heads* in chronicled array,
Torn from their destin'd page (unworthy meed
Of Knightly counsel, and heroic deed),
Not *Faithorne's* stroke, nor *Field's* own types can save
The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle brave.
Indignant readers seek the image fled,
And curse the busy fool who *wants a head*.
Proudly he shews, with many a smile elate,
The scrambling subjects of the *private plate*
While Time their actions and their names bereaves,
They grin for ever in the guarded leaves.
The Bibliomania; v. 119-130.

These are happy thoughts, happily

expressed. In illustration of v. 123, the author observes,—"three fine heads, for the sake of which, the beautiful and interesting commentaries of Sir Francis Vere have been mutilated by collectors of English portraits." Dr. Ferriar might have added that, when a Grangerian bibliomaniac commences his ILLUSTRATING CAREER, he does not fail to make a desperate onset upon *Speed*, *Boissard*, and the *Heroologia*. Even the lovely prints of *Houbraken* (in Dr. Birch's account of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain) escape not the ravages of his passion for illustration. The plates which adorn these books are considered among the foundation materials of a Grangerian building. But it is time, according to my plan, to introduce other sarcastic strains of poetry.

THIRD MAXIM.

Who, swearing not a line to miss,
Doats on the leaf his fingers kiss,
Thanking the *words* for all his bliss,—
Shall rue, at last, his passion frustrate:
We love the page that draws its flavour
From Draftsman, Etcher, and Engraver
And hint the booby (by his favour)
His gloomy copy to "ILLUSTRATE."
Bibliosophia; p. v.

At this stage of our inquiries, let me submit a new remedy as an acquisition to the *Materia Medica*, of which many first-rate physicians may not be aware—by

proposing a

Recipe for Illustration.

Take any passage from any author—to wit: the following (which I have done, quite at random) from SPEED: '*Henry le Spenser*, the warlike *Bishop of Norwich*, being drawn on by *Pope Vrban* to preach *the Crusade*, and to be General against *Clement* (whom sundry *Cardinals* and great *Prelates* had also elected Pope) having a fifteenth granted to him, for that purpose, by *parliament*,' &c. *Historie of Great Britaine*, p. 721, edit. 1632. Now, let the reader observe, here are *only four* lines; but which, to be PROPERLY ILLUSTRATED, should be treated thus: 1st, procure all the portraits, at all periods of his life, of *Henry le Spencer*; 2dly, obtain every view, ancient and modern, like or unlike, of the city of *Norwich*; and, if fortune favour you, of *every Bishop of the same see*; 3dly, every portrait of *Pope Vrban* must be procured; and as many prints and drawings as can give some notion of *the Crusade*—together with a few etchings (if there be any) of *Peter the Hermit* and *Richard I.*, who took such active parts in the Crusade; 4thly, you must search high and low, early and late, for every print of *Clement*; 5thly, procure, or you will be wretched, as many fine prints of *Cardinals* and *Prelates*, singly or in groups, as will impress you with a proper idea of *the Conclave*; and 6thly, see whether you may not obtain, at some of our most distinguished old-print sellers,

views of the *house of Parliament* at the period (A.D. 1383.) here described!!! The result, gentle reader, will be this: you will have work enough cut out to occupy you for one whole month at least, from rise to set of sun—in parading the streets of our metropolis: nor will the expense in *coach* hire, or *shoe leather*, be the least which you will have to encounter! The prints themselves may cost *some*thing! Lest any fastidious and cynical critic should accuse me, and with apparent justice, of gross exaggeration or ignorance in this *recipe*, I will inform him, on good authority, that a late distinguished and highly respectable female collector, who had commenced an ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, procured not fewer than *seven hundred prints* for the illustration of the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th verses of the 1st chapter of Genesis! The illustrated copy of Mr. Fox's Historical work, mentioned in the first edition of this work, p. 63, is now in the possession of Lord Mountjoy. The similar copy of Walter Scott's edition of Dryden's works, which has upwards of 650 portraits, is yet in the possession of Mr. Miller, the bookseller.

Granger's work seems to have sounded the tocsin for a general rummage after, and plunder of, old prints. Venerable philosophers, and veteran heroes, who had long reposed in unmolested dignity within the magnificent folio

volumes which recorded their achievements, were instantly dragged forth from their peaceful abodes, to be inlaid by the side of some clumsy modern engraving, within an *Illustrated Granger*!

Nor did the madness stop here. Illustration was the order of the day; and *Shakspeare*[434] and *Clarendon* became the next objects of its attack. From these it has glanced off, in a variety of directions, to adorn the pages of humbler wights; and the passion, or rather this symptom of the Bibliomania, yet rages with undiminished force. If judiciously treated, it is, of all the symptoms, the least liable to mischief. To possess a series of well-executed portraits of illustrious men, at different periods of their lives, from blooming boyhood to phlegmatic old age, is sufficiently amusing; but to possess *every* portrait, *bad*, *indifferent*, and *unlike*, betrays such a dangerous and alarming symptom as to render the case almost incurable!

[434] Lysander would not have run on in this declamatory strain, if it had been *his* good fortune, as it has been *mine*, to witness the extraordinary copy of an ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE in the possession of Earl Spencer; which owes its magic to the perseverance and taste of the Dowager Lady Lucan, mother to the present Countess Spencer. For sixteen years did this accomplished Lady pursue the pleasurable toil of illustration; having

commenced it in her 50th, and finished it in her 66th year. Whatever of taste, beauty, and judgment in decoration—by means of portraits, landscapes, houses, and tombs—flowers, birds, insects, heraldic ornaments, and devices,—could dress our immortal bard in a yet more fascinating form, has been accomplished by the noble hand which undertook so Herculean a task —and with a truth, delicacy, and finish of execution, which have been rarely equalled! These magnificent volumes (being the folio edition printed by Bulmer) are at once beautiful and secured by green velvet binding, with embossed clasps and corners of solid silver, washed with gold. Each volume is preserved in a silken cover —and the whole is kept inviolate from the impurities of bibliomaniacal miasmata, in a sarcophagus-shaped piece of furniture of cedar and mahogany. What is the pleasure experienced by the most resolute antiquary, when he has obtained a peep at the inmost sarcophagus of the largest pyramid of Egypt, compared with that which a tasteful bibliomaniac enjoys upon contemplating this illustrated Shakespeare, now reposing in all the classical magnificence and congenial retirement of its possessor?—But why do I surpass Lysander in the warmth and vehemence of narration! And yet, let me not forget that the same noble owner has *another* illustrated copy of the SAME BARD, on a smaller scale, of which mention has already been made in my account of the donor of it, the late George Steevens. Turn,

gentle reader, for one moment, to page 428, ante. The illustrated CLARENDON, above hinted at by Lysander, is in the possession of Mr. H.A. Sutherland; and is, perhaps, a matchless copy of the author: every siege, battle, town, and house-view —as well as portrait—being introduced within the leaves. I will not even hazard a conjecture for how many *thousand pounds* its owner might dispose of it, if the inclination of parting with it should ever possess him. The British Museum has recently been enriched with a similar copy of PENNANT'S *London*, on large paper. Prints and drawings of all descriptions, which could throw light upon the antiquities of our metropolis, are inserted in this extraordinary copy, which belonged to the late Mr. Crowles; who expended 2000*l.* upon the same, and who bequeathed it, in the true spirit of *virtû*, to the Museum. Let CRACHERODE and CROWLES be held in respectful remembrance!

There is another mode of *illustrating copies* by which this symptom of the Bibliomania may be known; it consists in bringing together, from different works, [including newspapers and magazines, and by means of the scissars, or otherwise by transcription] every page or paragraph which has any connexion with the character or subject under discussion. This is a useful[435] and entertaining mode of illustrating

a favourite author; and copies of works of this nature, when executed by skilful hands, should be deposited in public libraries; as many a biographical anecdote of eminent literary characters is preserved in consequence. I almost ridiculed the idea of an *Illustrated Chatterton*, 'till the sight of your friend BERNARDO'S copy, in eighteen volumes, made me a convert to the utility that may be derived from a judicious treatment of this symptom of the Bibliomania: and indeed, of a rainy day, the same bibliomaniac's similar copy of *Walton's Complete Angler* affords abundant amusement in the perusal.

[435] Numerous are the instances of the peculiar use and value of copies of this kind; especially to those who are engaged in publications of a similar nature. OLDYS'S *interleaved Langbaine* (of Mr. Reed's transcript of which a copy is in the possession of Mr. Heber) is re-echoed in almost every recent work connected with the belles-lettres of our country. Oldys himself was unrivalled in this method of illustration; if, exclusively of Langbaine, his copy of *Fuller's Worthies* [once Mr. Steevens', now Mr. Malone's. See *Bibl. Steevens*, no. 1799] be alone considered! This Oldys was the oddest mortal that ever wrote. Grose, in his *Olio*, gives an amusing account of his having "a number of small parchment bags inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to

write; into which he put every circumstance and anecdote he could collect, and from thence drew up his history." See Noble's *College of Arms*, p. 420. Thus far the first edition of this work; p. 64. It remains to add that, whatever were the singularities and capriciousness of Oldys, his talents were far beyond mediocrity; as his publication of the *Harleian Miscellany*, and *Raleigh's History of the World*, abundantly prove. To the latter, a life of Raleigh is prefixed; and the number of pithy, pleasant, and profitable notes subjoined shew that Oldys's bibliographical talents were not eclipsed by those of any contemporary. His *British Librarian* has been more than once noticed in the preceding pages: vide p. 51, 468. There is a portrait of him, in a full-dressed suit and bag-wig, in one of the numbers of the European Magazine; which has the complete air of a fine gentleman. Let me just observe, in elucidation of what Lysander above means by this latter mode of illustrating copies, that in the Bodleian library there is a copy of *Kuster's edition of Suidas* filled, from beginning to end, with MS. notes and excerpts of various kinds, by the famous D'Orville, tending to illustrate the ancient lexicographer.

LIS. Forgive me, if I digress a little. But is not the knowledge of *rare*, *curious*, and *beautiful Prints*—so necessary, it would seem, towards the perfecting of *illustrated copies*—is not this

knowledge of long and difficult attainment?

LYSAND. Unquestionably, this knowledge is very requisite towards becoming a complete pupil in the SCHOOL OF GRANGER.[436] Nor is it, as you very properly suppose, of short or easy acquirement.

[436] GRANGER'S *Biographical History of England* was first published, I believe, in 1769, 4to., 2 vols. It has since undergone four impressions; the last being in 1804, 8vo., 4 vols. *A Continuation of the same*, by the Rev. MARK NOBLE, was published in 1807, 8vo., 3 vols.: so that if the lover of rare and curious prints get possession of these volumes, with AMES'S *Catalogue of English Heads*, 1748, 8vo.; and WALPOLE'S *Catalogue of Engravers*, 1775, 8vo.; BROMLEY'S *Catalogue of Engraved Portraits*, 1793, 4to.; together with Catalogues of English Portraits, being the collections of Mr. BARNARD, Sir W. MUSGRAVE, Mr. TYSSEN, Sir JAMES-WINTER LAKE; and many other similar catalogues put forth by Mr. RICHARDSON and Mr. GRAVE; he may be said to be in a fair way to become master of the whole arcana of PRINT-COLLECTING. But let him take heed to the severe warning-voice uttered by ROWE MORES, in his criticism upon the Catalogue of English Heads, published by Ames: 'This performance (says the splenetic and too prophetic critic) is not to be despised: judiciously executed, a work of this sort

would be an appendage entertaining and useful to the readers of English biography; and it ought to be done at the common labour, expense, and charges of these *Iconoclasts*—because their depredations are a grand impediment to another who should attempt it: and if this *goût* for prints and thieving continues, let private owners and public libraries look well to their books, for there will not remain a valuable book ungarbled by their connoisseuring villany: for neither honesty nor oaths restrain them. Yet these *fanciers*, if prints themselves are to be collected, instead of being injurious to every body, might make themselves serviceable to posterity, and become a kind of *medalists* (who, by the bye, are almost as great thieves as themselves, though the hurt they do is not so extensive, as it lies chiefly among themselves, who all hold this doctrine, that "exchange is no robbery;" but, if they could filch without exchanging, no scruple of conscience would prevent them): we say they might render themselves useful to posterity, by gathering together the historical, political, satyrical, anecdotal and temporal pieces, with which the age abounds; adding an explanation of the intent and meaning for the instruction and amusement of times to come. The misfortune is, they must buy the one, but they can steal the other; and steal they will, although watched with the eyes of Argus: unless the valuables, like some other *jocalia*, are shewn to them through a grate; and even *then*, the keeper must be

vigilant!' *Of English Founders and Foundries*; p. 85. This extract is curious on account of the tart, but just, sentiments which prevail in it; but, to the bibliomaniac, it is doubly curious, when he is informed that *only eighty copies* of this Typographical Treatise (of 100 pages—including the Appendix) were printed. The author was a testy, but sagacious, bibliomaniac, and should have been introduced among his brethren in PART V. It is not, however, too late to subjoin the following: *Bibliotheca Moresiana. A Catalogue of the Large and Valuable Library of Printed Books, rare old tracts, Manuscripts, Prints, and Drawings, Copper Plates, sundry Antiquities, Philosophical Instruments, and other Curiosities, of that eminent British Antiquary*, the late Rev. and learned EDWARD ROWE MORES, F.A.S., deceased, &c. Sold by auction by Mr. Patterson, August 1779. This collection exhibited, like its owner, a strange mixture of what was curious, whimsical, and ingenious in human nature. There were 2838 lots of printed books. *The rare old black-letter books and tracts*, begin at p. 52.

ALMAN. How so? A very little care, with a tolerably good taste, is only required to know when a print is *well engraved*.

LYSAND. Alas, Madam! the excellence of engraving is oftentimes but a *secondary* consideration!

BELIN. Do pray explain.

LYSAND. I will, and as briefly and perspicuously as possible.

There are, first, *all the varieties of the same print*[437] to be considered!—whether it have the *name of the character*, or *artist*, omitted or subjoined: whether the head of the print be without the body, or the body without the head —and whether this latter be finished, or in the outline, or ghostly white! Then you must go to *the dress* of this supposed portrait:—whether full or plain; court or country-fashioned: whether it have a hat, or no hat; feather, or no feather; gloves, or no gloves; sword, or no sword; and many other such momentous points.

[437] The reader, by means of the preceding note, having been put in possession of some of the principal works from which information, relating to PRINT-COLLECTING may be successfully gleaned, it remains for me—who have been described as sitting in a corner to compile notes for Lysander's text-discourse—to add something by way of illustration to the above sweeping satire. One or the other of the points touched upon in the text will be found here more particularly elucidated.

CATALOGUE OF BARNARD'S PRINTS; 1798, 8vo.

7th Day's Sale.

NO.		£	*s.*	*d.*
47.	Sir Thos. Isham de Lamport, by Loggan and Valck; *before the names of the artists, very fine*.	5	5	0
68.	King Charles I. on horseback, with the page, by Lombard; *very fine and scarce*.	1	14	0
69.	The same plate; *with Cromwell's head substituted for the King's—variation in the drapery*.	3	6	0
70.	The same: a curious proof *—the face blank and no inscription at bottom—drapery of the page different* —and other variations.	1	2	0

90.	Catharine, queen of K. Charles II.; *in the dress in which she arrived: very scarce*. By Faithorne.	4	16	0
97.	Queen Elizabeth; habited in the superb court dress in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada—by Passe; from a painting of Isaac Oliver.	6	12	6

[I have known from 14*l.* to 20*l.* given for a fine impression of this curious print: but I am as well pleased with Mr. Turner's recently published, and admirably executed, facsimile mezzotint engraving of it; a proof of which costs 1*l.* 1*s.* Every member of the two Houses—and every land and sea Captain—ought to hang up this print in his sitting-room.]

Eighth day's Sale.

6.	Esther before Ahasuerus: engraved by Hollar; *first impression; with the portraits at top; curious and extremely rare*.	16	0	0
199.	Jo. Banfi Hunniades; *proof; very fine and rare*. By the same.	2	7	0
200.	The same print, *with variations*. By the same.	3	15	0

202.	The Stone-eater; *with his history below*. By the same. *Very rare.*	4	4	0
248.	Sir Thomas Chaloner; by the same. *A proof impression. One of the scarcest prints in existence.*	59	17	0

[A similar print has been since sold for 74*l.*; which is in the collection of Mr. John Townley; whose HOLLARS are unrivalled!]

256. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; *before the alteration*. By the same. 2 10 0

257. Devereux, Earl of Essex; *on horseback*. By the same. 4 5 0

258.	Devereux, Earl of Essex: *standing on foot; whole length.* By the same.	4	4	0
259.	Algernon, Earl of Northumberland; *on horseback*. By the same.	14	0	0

266.	Lady Elizabeth Shirley; *an unfinished proof, the chaplet round her head being only traced; curious and extremely rare.* By the same.	10	10	0
267.	*A reverse of the proof; very fine.* By the same.	5	5	0

CATALOGUE OF SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE'S PRINTS.

Third Day's Sale.

29.	George, Earl of Berkeley; oval, *in his robes*, 1679; *extra fie and rare*.	10	5	0
45.	George, Duke of Buckingham; oval; *cloak over his left arm, hand on sword, nine lines expressive of his titles, &c.* Sold by P. Stent: *fine and extra rare*.	4	12	0

109.	George, Earl of Cumberland; *whole length, dressed for a tournament*. By R. White.	11	0	0

Fifth Day's Sale.

94.	The Newcastle Family, in a room, after Diepenbeke, by Clowet; *a beautiful proof, before the verses, extra rare*.	39	18	0

[There is a very indifferent copy of this print. The original may be seen in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford and Sir M.M. Sykes, Bart. Nothing can exceed the tenderness and delicacy of Clowet's engraving of this naturally conceived and well-managed picture.]

Tenth Day's Sale.

82.	Richard Smith; virtuoso and literary character. By W. Sherwin; *extra rare and fine*. [See my account of this distinguished bibliomaniac at p. 302, ante. Sir M.M. Sykes is in possession of Sir William Musgrave's copy of the portrait.]	7	17	0

Eleventh Day's Sale.

30.	Sir Francis Willoughby; *with a view of Wollaton Hall*; mezzotint by T. Man, *extra rare*.	13	2	6
43.	Sir Francis Wortley; 1652, folio: with trophies, books, &c., by A. Hertochs: extra rare and fine.	29	10	0

Eighteenth Day's Sale.

78.	Dr. Francis Bernard; *a touched proof*; *very rare*. [The reader may recollect this sagacious bibliomaniac, as noticed at page 316, ante.]	4	14	6

Twentieth Day's Sale.

85.	Sir Matthew Lister; M.D. 1646; by P. Van Somer; *fine proof, extra rare*.	14	14	0

86.	Humphrey Lloyd, of Denbigh, Antiquary, ætat. 34, 1651. By Faber, 1717, *extra rare and fine.*	4	7	0

Twenty-first Day's Sale.

9.	Sir John Marsham; ætat. 80. By R. White, *extra rare and fine.*	6	6	0

19.	Martin Master; ætat. 53. 1607. By R. Gaywood, *extra* rare *and* fine.	8	8	0

Twenty-seventh Day's Sale.

80.	Lady Paston, wife of Sir William Paston, by W. Faithorne; *extra rare and fine*.	31	0	0
82.	Mary, Countess of Pembroke, by Simon Passe, 1618. *Fine and rare.*	10	0	0
83.	Penelope, Countess of Pembroke, in an oval, by W. Hollar. *Rare.*	3	6	0

84.	Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, by R. White: *extra* rare *and* fine. [The prints at this sale—the catalogue containing 323 pages—were sold for 4987*l.* 17*s.*]	7	17	6

MISCELLANEOUS CATALOGUES OF PRINTS.

First Day's Sale.

58.	Richard Cromwell, Lord Protector, in a square. "This portrait was etched by Hollar, but he was afraid to put his name to it; and the plate was destroyed as soon as Richard resigned his pretensions to the Protectorship." Note by Mr. Hillier. *Very rare.*	1	10	0

61.	Lord Digby, in armour; after Vander Borcht. *Extra* rare *and* fine.	9	9	0
64.	Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, *standing, whole length: army in the distance*, 1644, *fine and rare*.	5	5	0

65.	The same, on horseback: under the horse a map of England; 1643: *first state of the plate; extra fine and rare*.	9	0	0
73.	Hollar's own portrait, in an oval, ætat. 40, 1647: *with variations in the arms*.	3	3	0

Sixth Day's Sale.

53.	Sir William Paston, 1659: esteemed Faithorne's finest portrait: *extra rare*.	10	15	0
56.	Carew Reynell, from the Fothergill collection: *extra* fine *and* rare.	16	5	6

62.	Prince Rupert, in armour, *right hand on the breast*: after Vandyck. Sold by Robert Peake. *Extra* fine *and* rare.	9	0	0

Thirteenth Day's Sale.

54.	King and Queen of Bohemia, and five children, by Wm. Passe, with thirty-two Englishes [qu?]; 1621: *extra fine and rare*, The same plate; *with the addition of five children; the youngest in a cradle.*	4	11	0

55.	The same, sitting under a tree; with four children; the youngest playing with a rabbit: fine *and* rare.	6	6	0
92.	James, Duke of York: *with the anchor, proof*; very fine and rare. (16th day's sale.)	5	2	6

72.	Sir Francis Winderbank and Lord Finch; *with Finch's wings flying to Winderbank*; extra rare. (19th day.)	25	0	0

A Catalogue of a genuine and valuable Collection of English and Foreign Portraits, &c., sold by Auction by Mr. Richardson, February 18, 1798.

1ST DAY'S SALE.

34.	Princess Augusta Maria, daughter of Charles I. *in hat and feather*, ætat. 15, 1646: by Henry Danckers, 1640. *Fine and rare.*	3	3	0

57.	Anne, Queen of James I. with her daughter Anne; *curiously dressed, whole length.* By J. Visscher: *extra* fine *and* rare.	6	0	0

41.	Mary, Queen of Scotts: "Scotorumque nunc Regina"— *in an oval: cap adorned with jewels, feather-fan in her hand,* &c. By Peter Mynginus: *extra* fine *and* rare.	6	12	0

53.	Prince Frederick, Count Palatine, with Princess Elizabeth, *whole length, superbly dressed*: By R. Elstracke: *extra* fine *and* rare.	14	0	0
74.	Henry the Eighth, *with hat and feather, large fur tippet*: by C. M(atsis); *very* fine, *and supposed unique*.	10	10	0

79.	Mary, Queen of Scots: *veil'd cross at her breast: ætat.* 44, 1583: *extra* fine *and* rare.	9	2	6
80.	Queen Elizabeth; *superbly dressed, between two pillars: extra* fine *and* rare.	15	15	0

A Catalogue of a valuable and genuine Collection of Prints, Drawings, and elegantly illustrated Books, &c., sold by auction by Mr. Richardson; March, 1800.

143.	Henry, Lord Darnley, by Passe; fine *and very* rare.	16	0	0
186.	Sir Philip Sidney, by Elstracke; *extremely* fine.	3	1	0
263.	Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, by ditto, *extra* fine *and* rare.	13	0	0
264.	Edward Somerset, Earl of Worcester, by Simon Passe: rare *and* fine.	7	15	0

265.	Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford, sold by Compton Holland; *very* rare *and* fine.	9	0	0
273.	Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, by Simon Passe; *most brilliant impression, extra rare*.	13	5	0
278.	Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, by the same; *rare and very fine*.	5	0	0

279.	Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, by the same; *extra fine and rare*— (with a copy by Thane).	3	0	0
280.	John Digby, Earl of Bristol; rare and fine: from the Fothergill Collection.	13	0	0
281.	Robert Sidney, Viscount Lisle, by Simon Passe; *rare and very fine*.	5	2	6

284.	Edmund, Baron Sheffield: by Elstracke; *very fine*.	14	10	0
286.	James, Lord Hay, by Simon Passe; *brilliant impression*, fine *and* rare.	9	0	0
294.	George Mountaine, Bishop of London; G.Y. sculpsit; *very fine and rare*.	5	10	0

330.	Sir Julius Cæsar, by Elstracke; *extra* fine *and* rare.	23	12	6
335.	Arthurus Severus Nonesuch O'Toole, by Delaram; *most brilliant impression, and very rare* (with the copy).	11	11	0
367.	Sir John Wynn de Gwedir, by Vaughan; *very rare*.	6	6	0

472.	Prince Frederic Henry, by Delaram: *very* fine *and* rare.	5	7	6
479.	Prince Rupert, by Faithorne; *very* fine *and* rare.	7	5	0
567.	Sir John Hotham, Governor of Hull; *whole length; extremely* rare *and* fine.	43	1	0
812.	Edward Mascall, by Gammon.	7	3	0

946.	Edward Wetenhall, Bishop of Corke and Ross; mezzotint, by Becket; *fine*.	5	0	0
960.	Andrew Lortie, by Van Somer.	13	5	0
979.	Thomas Cole, large mezzotint.	4	10	0
997.	Sir William Portman, mezzotint.	7	10	0
1001.	Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, by Blooteling; *exceeding* fine *impression*.	6	0	0

1013.	Sir Patrick Lyon, of Carse, by White.	5	5	0
1033.	Sir Greville Verney, by Loggan.	5	10	0
1045.	Marmaduke Rawdon, by White; fine.	14	0	0
1048.	Slingsby Bethel, *whole length*, by W. Sherwin (with small copy).	17	5	0
1054.	Samuel Malines, by Lombart; very fine.	12	0	0

1057.	Thomas Killegrew, *as sitting with the dog*: by Faithorne.	16	0	0

A Catalogue of a very choice assemblage of English Portraits, and of Foreigners who have visited England: serving to illustrate Granger's Biographical History; the property of an eminent Collector, &c., Sold by auction, by Messrs. King and Lochée, April, 1810.

But it is time to pause. The present note may have completely served to shew, not only that Lysander was right in drawing such bold conclusions respecting the consequences resulting from the publication of Granger's Biographical History, and the capriciousness of print-fanciers respecting impressions *in their various stages*, and with *all their varieties*,—but, that the pursuit of PRINT-COLLECTING is both costly and endless. For one 'fine and rare' *print*, by Hollar, Faithorne, Elstracke, the Passes, Delaram, or White, how many truly precious and useful *volumes* may be collected? "All this is

vastly fine reasoning"—methinks I hear a Grangerite exclaim—"but compare the comfort afforded by your 'precious and useful volumes' with that arising from the contemplation of eminent and extraordinary characters, executed by the *burin* of some of those graphic heroes before-mentioned—and how despicable will the dry unadorned volume appear!! On a dull, or rainy day, look at an illustrated Shakespeare, or Hume, and then find it in your heart, if you can, to depreciate the GRANGERIAN PASSION!!" I answer, the Grangerite is madder than the Bibliomaniac:—and so let the matter rest.

Next let us discuss the serious subject of the *background*!—whether it be square or oval; dark or light; put in or put out; stippled or stroked; and sundry other similar, but most important, considerations. Again; there are engravings of *different sizes*, and *at different periods*, of the same individual, or object: and of these, the varieties are as infinite as of any of those attached to the vegetable system. I will not attempt even an outline of them. But I had nearly forgotten to warn you, in your REMBRANDT *Prints*, to look sharply after *the Burr*!

ALMAN. Mercy on us—what is this *Burr*?!

LYSAND. A slight imperfection only; which, as it

rarely occurs, makes the impression more valuable. It is only a sombre tinge attached to the copper, before the plate is sufficiently polished by being worked; and it gives a smeared effect, like smut upon a lady's face, to the impression! But I am becoming satirical. Which is the next symptom that you have written down for me to discourse upon?

LIS. I am quite attentive to this delineation of a *Print Connoisseur*; and will not fail to mark *all the* REMBRANDT[438] *varieties*, and take heed to the *Burr*!

[438] All the book and print world have heard of DAULBY'S *Descriptive Catalogue of the works of Rembrandt*, &c. Liverpool, 1796, 8vo. The author's collection of Rembrandt's prints (according to a MS. note prefixed to my copy of it, which is upon *large paper* in 4to.—of which *only fifty* impressions were struck off) was sold at Liverpool, in 1799, in one lot; and purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi, Manson, and Vernon, for 610*l.* It was sold in 1800, in separate lots, for 650*l.*, exclusively of every expense; after the purchasers had been offered 800*l.* for the same. Some of these prints came into the possession of the late Mr. Woodhouse (vide p. 441, ante); and it is from the Catalogue of *his* Collection of prints that I present the reader with the following

REMBRANDTIANA;

beseeching him to take due heed to what Lysander has above alluded to by *all the Varieties and the Burr*!

Lot	Daulby.	£	*s.*	*d.*
5	30. Abraham entertaining the three angels; *very* fine, *with the burr, on India paper.*	2	18	0
10	43. The Angel appearing to the Shepherds; *very fine, presque unique.*	6	0	0

14	56.	The flight into Egypt, in the style of Elsheimer; *on India paper, the 1st impression, extremely rare.*	4	16	0

22	75. The Hundred Guilder Piece. This impression on India paper, *with the burr*, is acknowledged by the greatest connoisseurs in this kingdom to be the most brilliant extant.	42	0	0

23	75.	Ditto, restored plate, by Capt. Baillie, *likewise on India paper, and very fine.*	2	12	6

25	77. The Good Samaritan; *the 1st impression with the white tail*, most beautifully finished, with a light point, and fine hand; very fine and rare.	6	6	0
27	79. Our Lord before Pilate, *second impression on India paper*, fine *and* scarce.	5	15	6

28	79. Same subject, third impression, *with the mask, extremely rare*: from the collection of the Burgomaster Six.	4	4	0

30	84.	The Descent from the Cross. This print is beautifully executed, the composition is grand, and the head full of character; *1st and most brilliant impression*	15	15 0
39	117.	The Rat-killer; *a most beautiful impression*	3	3 0

42	126.	The Marriage of Jason and Creusa; *a 1st impression, without the crown*, on India paper, very brilliant.	4	10	0
45	152.	The Hog; a remarkably fine impression, from Houbraken's collection: *scarce*.	1	14	0

46	154.	The Shell. This piece is finely executed, and this impression, *with the white ground, may be regarded as presque unique.*	9	10	0
47	178.	Ledikant, or French Bed. *This is the entire plate, and is a very great rarity.*	4	14	6

56	194.	The Woman with the Arrow: *very scarce*.	2	15	0
61	204.	The Three Trees; *as fine as possible*.	6	10	0
63	209.	A Village near a high road, arched: *1st impression on India paper, before the cross hatchings*: scarce.	4	14	6

67	213.	A landscape of an irregular form; *1st impression, with the burr, very scarce.*	5	0	0
82	232.	Blement de Jonge; *1st impression, the upper bar of the chair is left white, extremely rare.*	2	7	0
83	252.	Ditto, *second impression*, very *scarce.*	1	7	0

84	252. Ditto, third impression, *very* fine.	2	10	0
85	253. Abraham France, *with the curtain, on India paper*.	5	5	0
86	353. Ditto: *with the chair*.	3	18	0

87	254. Ditto; *with the figures on the paper which he holds in his wands*. All these impressions are rare and fine.	5	10	0

88	254.	Old Haaring or Haring, the Burgo-master; *beautiful impression on India paper, with the burr, extremely rare.*	7	7	0
89	255.	Young Haaring, beautiful impression from Houbraken's collection; *scarce.*	6	6	0
90	256.	John Lutma; *1st impression before the window*, &c. *extremely rare.*	4	10	3

93	257.	John Aselyn; *1st impression, with the easel, extremely rare*.	9	2	0
97	259.	Wtenbogardus, the Dutch Minister; a most beautiful and brilliant impression, oval, on a square plate; *proof, before the pillar, arch, verses, or any inscription: presque unique*.	9	19	6

99	261.	The Gold Weigher; *1st impression, with* THE FACE BLANK, *extremely rare.*	10	10	0
100	261.	Ditto; *a most beautiful and brilliant impression; and esteemed the* finest *extant.* From the collection of Capt. Baillie.	21	0	0

101	262.	The Little Coppenol, with the picture; *the second and rarest impression, generally esteemed the 1st*; from the Earl of Bute's collection	7	7	0
102	262.	Ditto; without the picture, very fine.	1	13	0
103	263.	The great Coppenol, remarkably fine.	4	14	6

104	265.	The Advocate Tol; *a superb impression, extremely rare with the copy*.	54	12	0

145	265.	The Burgo-master Six; *a most extraordinary impression, the name and age of the Burgo-master are wanting, and the two middle figures in the date are reversed: a very great rarity*.	36	15	0

Perhaps the finest collection of REMBRANDT'S PRINTS, in great Britain, is that in the possession of Lord Viscount

Fitzwilliam, at Richmond; a nobleman of extremely retired habits, and equally distinguished for his taste, candour, and erudition. His Paintings and Books are of the very first class.

LYSAND. Do so; and attend the shops of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Woodburn, and Mr. Grave, and you may soon have a chance of gratifying your appetite in these strange particulars. But beware of a HOGARTH rage!

LIS. Is that so formidable?

LYSAND. The longest life were hardly able to make the collection of Hogarth's prints complete! The late Mr. Ireland has been the Linnæus to whom we are indebted for the most minute and amusing classification of the almost innumerable varieties of the impressions of Hogarth's plates.[439]

[439] The Marquis of Bute has, I believe, the most extraordinary and complete collection of HOGARTH'S PRINTS that is known. Of the *Election Dinner* there are six or seven varieties; gloves, and no gloves; hats, from one to the usual number; lemon, and no lemon; punch bowl, and no punch bowl. But of these *varying* prints, the most curious is the one known by the name of *Evening*: with a little boy and girl, crying, in the back-ground. At first, Hogarth did *not* paint *the girl*, and struck off very few impressions of the plate in this state of the picture. A friend observing to him that the boy was crying with no apparent cause of provocation, Hogarth put in the little girl tantalizing him. But—happy he! who has the print of the 'Evening' *without* the little girl: fifteen golden guineas (rare things now to meet with!) ought not to induce him to part with it. Of the copper-plate portraits by Hogarth, the original of '*Sarah Malcolm, executed* 1732,' is among the very rarest; a copy of this selling for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* at Barnard's sale. The reader has only to procure that most interesting of all illustrative works, *Hogarth Illustrated by John Ireland*, 1793, (2d edit.) 3 vols., 8vo.; and, for a comparatively trifling sum, he may be initiated into all the mysteries of Hogarthian *virtû*. The late Right Hon. W. Wyndham's collection of Hogarth's prints, bequeathed to him by Mr. George Steevens, was *bought in* for little more than

300 guineas.

LIS. I will stick to Rembrandt and leave Hogarth at rest. But surely, this rage for *Portrait Collecting* cannot be of long duration. It seems too preposterous for men of sober sense and matured judgment to yield to.

LYSAND. So think *you*—who are no Collector! But had you accompanied me to Mr. Christie's on Friday[440] last, you would have had convincing evidence to the contrary. A little folio volume, filled with one hundred and fifty-two prints, produced—

[440] If the reader casts his eye upon pages 505-6 he will find that the ardour of print and portrait collecting has not abated since the time of Sir W. Musgrave. As a corroboration of the truth of Lysander's remark, I subjoin a specimen (being only four articles) of the present rage for 'curious and rare' productions of the *burin* —as the aforesaid Grangerite (p. 507) terms it.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

54. The
Right
Honourable
and
truly
generous
Henry
Veere,
Earl of
Oxford,
Viscount
Bulbeck,
&c.
Lord
High
Chamberlain
of
England.
J.
Payne
sculp.
With a
large
hat
and
feather,
small,
in a
border
with
many
figures.
Will.
Passo,
sculp.
Tho.
Jenner

exc. On distinct plates. *The most brilliant impression of a print of the greatest rarity.*	30	9	0

63. Generall (Edward) Cecyll son to the Right Honourable the Earle of Exeter, &c. In an oval; in armour. Simmon Passæs, sculp. Anno 1618. Sould in Pope's Head Alley, also by John Sudbury and George Humble. *Most brilliant impression of a*

print of the greatest rarity.	34	2	6

90. The true Portraicture of Richard Whitington, thrise Lord Mayor of London, a vertuous and godly man, full of good workes (and those famous) &c. R. Elstracke sculp. Are to be sold by Compton Holland over against the Exchange: *First impression*

with the hand on a skull. Extra fine and rare.	10	10	0

152. Mull'd Sack; a fantastic and humourous Chimney-Sweeper, so called: with cap, feather, and lace band: cloak tuck'd up; coat ragged; scarf on his arm; left leg in a fashionable boot, with a spur; on his right foot a shoe with a rose;

sword
by his
side,
and a
holly
bush
and
pole
on his
shoulder;
in his
left
hand,
another
pole
with a
horn
on it;
a pipe,
out of
which
issues
smoke,
is in
his
right
hand;
at the
bottom
are
eight
verses
(as
given
in
Granger,
vol.

ii., p. 61). Are to be sold by Compton Holland over against the Exchange, with further manuscript account by a provost of Eton. *Considered Unique* [but not so].	42	10	6

LIS. Perhaps, Three Hundred Guineas?

LYSAND. Just double the sum, I believe.

LIS. O rare JAMES GRANGER—thy immortality is secured! But we forget our symptoms of the Bibliomania.

BELIN. As I am the examiner, I here demand of

you, Sir, what may be the meaning of the *fourth symptom* of the bibliomaniacal disease, which you call UNIQUE COPIES?

LYSAND. A passion for a book of which only one copy was printed, or which has any peculiarity about it[441] by either, or both, of the foregoing methods of illustration—or which is remarkable for its size, beauty, and condition—or has any embellishment, rare, precious and invaluable—which the researches of the most sedulous bibliomaniac, for three and thirty long years, would not be able to produce—is indicative of a rage for *unique copies*; and is unquestionably a strong prevailing symptom of the Bibliomania. Let me therefore urge every sober and cautious collector not to be fascinated by the terms "*Curious and rare;*" which 'in slim italics' (to copy Dr. Ferriar's happy expression[442]) are studiously introduced into Booksellers' catalogues to lead the unwary astray. Such a Collector may fancy himself proof against the temptation; and will, in consequence, call *only to look at* this unique book, or set of books; but —led away by the passion which inflamed BERRYER and CAILLARD[443]—when he views the morocco binding, silk water-tabby lining, blazing gilt edges; when he turns over the white and unspotted leaves; gazes on the amplitude of margin; on a rare and lovely print introduced; and is charmed with the soft and coaxing manner in which, by the skill of Herring, Mackinlay, Rodwell, Lewis, or Faulkener, "leaf

succeeds to leaf'—he can no longer bear up against the temptation; and, confessing himself vanquished, purchases, and retreats—exclaiming with Virgil's shepherd——

Ut vidi, ut perii—ut me malus abstulit error!

[441] Let us again quote a stanza from the 'Aspirant:'

FOURTH MAXIM.

Who in *all* copies finds delight—
The wrong not scenting from the right—
And, with a choiceless appetite,
Just comes to *feed*, ... like Soph, or Templar,
Out on his iron stomach!—*we*
Have rarities we merely *see*,
Nor taste our Phœnix though it be ...
Serv'd up in the "UNIQUE EXEMPLAR,"
Bibliosophia, p. v.

One of the most curious proofs of the seductive popularity of unique copies may be drawn from the following excerpt from a catalogue of a Library sold at Utrecht in 1776; which was furnished me by Mr. H. Ellis from a copy of the catalogue in the possession of Mr. Cayley of the Augmentation Office.

NO. 6870. Les Avantures de Telemaque, 8o. Rotterd. *av. fig. en cart.* 'Cet exemplaire est tout *barbouillé*. Mais il est *de la main de la jeune Princesse*

Wilhelmine Auguste de Saxe-Weimar, qui y a appris le François en 1701!!!'

I will mention a unique copy of a somewhat different cast of character. Of the magnificent and matchless edition of Shakspeare, printed by Mr. Bulmer and published by Mr. Nicols, between the years 1790 and 1805, there were one hundred copies, of the first six plays only, struck off upon imperial folio, or *Colombier paper*; in which the large engravings, published at the Shakspeare Gallery (now the British Institution) might be incorporated and bound up. The late George Steevens undertook the revision of the text, intending to complete the entire plays in a similar form; but the trouble and expense attending this part of the undertaking were so great that the further prosecution of it was abandoned. Mr. Bulmer preserved the whole of the proof-sheets of this partial Colombier impression; and to form a '*unique* edition' (these are his own words) he bound them up in the exact order in which the plays were printed. On the margins of many of the sheets, besides the various corrections, emendations, and notes to the printer, by Mr. Steevens, there are some original sonnets, a scene for a burlesque tragedy, and other happy effusions from the pen of the same elegant and learned editor. Need I ask the reader, whether he would have the *barbouillé* (unique) copy of Telemaque of the young Princesse Wilhelmine Auguste de Saxe-Weimar (like the Vicar of Wakefield, I like

to give the full name) or Mr. Bulmer's similar copy of Shakspeare? The difference would soon be found in King Street or the Strand! I must mention one more example —of a nature different from both the preceding—of what Lysander has above, elaborately, and perhaps, a little confusedly, described as unique copies. It is Colonel Stanley's copy of *De Bry* (see a superb one before noticed) which is bound in seven folio volumes, in blue morocco, by Padaloup, and is considered superior to every known copy. It contains all the maps and prints, with their variations, according to the *Bibliographie Instructive*, no. 4230, *Cat. de Paris de Meyzieu*, 1790; no. 486, *Cat. de Santander*, no. 3690; and *Camus sur les Collections des Grands et Petits Voyages*, 1802, 4to.: with both editions of the first nine parts of the West Indies, and duplicates of parts x. and xi. It has also a considerable number of duplicate plates, where a superior impression could be procured at any expense. The owner of this unique copy, of a work unrivalled for its utility and elegance, is distinguished for a noble collection, bound by our choicest binders, in whatever is splendid and precious in the Belles Lettres, Voyages, and Travels. Take two more illustrations, kind-hearted reader!——*Goldsmith's Deserted Village*, 1802. Mr. Bulmer printed a single copy of this beautiful poem, in quarto, UPON SATIN—picked and prepared in a very curious manner. It was purchased by a foreigner. His impressions UPON VELLUM are noticed, post.——*Falconer's Shipwreck*,

1804, 8vo. Mr. Miller caused *two* copies only (is is *almost* unique!) of this beautiful edition, printed by Bensley, to be struck off UPON SATIN, in imperial 8vo. One of these copies now remains with him for sale.

[442] The passage, above alluded to, is as follows:

> At ev'ry auction, bent on fresh supplies,
> He cons his catalogue with anxious eyes:
> Where'er the slim Italics mark the page,
> *Curious and rare* his ardent mind engage.
> *The Bibliomania*; v. 54.

[443] A slight mention of Mons. Berryer, the father-in-law of Lamoignon, is made at p. 84, ante. The reader is here presented with a more finished portrait of this extraordinary bibliomaniac: a portrait, which will excite his unbounded admiration, if not envy!—for such a careful and voluptuous collector, in regard to *binding*, was, I believe, never before known; nor has he been since eclipsed. 'M. Berryer, successivement Secrétaire d'Etat au Département de la Marìne, Ministre, puis Garde des Sceaux de France, s'étoit occupé pendant près de quarante années à se former un cabinet des plus beaux livres grecs et latins, anciennes éditions, soit de France, soit des pays étrangers, &c. Par un soin et une patience infatigables, à l'aide de plusieurs coopérateurs éclairés, savans même en Bibliographie, qui connoissoient ses études, délassement de ses places, il avoit recueilli les plus belles éditions; de

telle sorte qu'il a toujours su se procurer un exemplaire parfait de chaque édition par un moyen simple quoique dispendieux. Si les Catalogues des ventes publiques lui apprenoient qu'il existoit un exemplaire *plus beau, plus grand de marge, mieux conservé*, de tout auteur, &c., que celui qu'il possédoit, il le fasoit acquérir sans s'embarrasser du prix, et il se défaisoit à perte de l'exemplaire moins beau. La majeure partie des auteurs anciens et modernes de son cabinet a été changée huit ou dix fois de cette manière. Il ne *s'arrêtoit* qu'après s'être assuré qu'il avoit *le plus bel exemplaire connu*, soit pour la marge, soit pour la force du papier, soit pour la magnificence de la conservation et *de la relieure*.' 'A l'égard des ouvrages d'editions modernes, même celles faites en pays étranger, M. Berryer vouloit les avoir en feuilles: il en faisoit choisir, dans plusieurs exemplaires, un parfait, et il le faisoit relier *en maroquin de choix*; le Ministere de la Marìne qu'il avoit rempli, lui ayant donné toutes les facilités d'en être abondamment et fidèlement pourvu dans toutes les Echelles du Levant. On collationnoit ensuite pour vérifier s' il n'y avoit ni transposition, ni omission de feuilles ou de pages?!!' *Cat. M. Lamoignon*, 1791. pref. p. ij. iij. Berryer was slightly copied by Caillard (of whom see p. 76, ante) in the luxury of *book-binding*. 'M. Caillard avoit le soin *de faire satiner* presque tous livres qu'il faisoit relier, et principalement les grands ouvrages; qu'il est difficile d'avoir parfaitement reliés sans

ce precedé.' *Cat. de Caillard*; p. x. (avertisement.) But I know not whether Caillard did not catch the phrensy from the elder Mirabeau. In the catalogue of his books, p. II., we are thus told of him: —'l'acquisition d'un *beau livre* lui causoit des transports de joie inexprimables: il l'examinoit, l'admiriot: il vouloit que chacun partagêat avec lui le même enthousiasme.' His biographer properly adds: 'De quelle surprise n'auroit-on pas été, si l'on eût su que c'etoit la le même homme qui, du haut de la tribune, faisoit trembler les despotes et les factieux!' Ponder here, gentle reader, upon the effects of a *beautiful* book! Let no one, however, imagine that we *grave Englishmen* are averse or indifferent to 'le luxe de la relieure'!! No: at this present moment, we have the best bookbinders in Europe; nor do we want good authority for the encouragement of this fascinating department relating to the Bibliomania. Read here what Mr. Roscoe hath so eloquently written in commendation of it: 'A taste for the exterior decoration of books has lately arisen in this country, in the gratification of which no small share of ingenuity has been displayed; but if we are to judge of the present predilection for learning by the degree of expense thus incurred, we must consider it as greatly inferior to that of the Romans during the times of the first Emperors, or of the Italians at the 15th century. And yet it is, perhaps, difficult to discover why a FAVOURITE BOOK should not be as proper

an object of elegant ornament as the head of a cane, the hilt of a sword, or the latchet of a shoe.' *Lorenzo de Medici*; vol. ii., 79, 8vo. edition. Did Geyler allude to such bibliomaniacs in the following sentence? Sunt qui libros inaurant et serica tegimenta apponunt preciosa et superba. Grandis hæc fatuitas! *Navicula, sive Speculum Fatuorum*; (Navis Stultifera) *sign. B. v. rev.*

BELIN. For the benefit—not of the 'Country Gentlemen,' but—of the 'Country Ladies,' do pray translate these Latin words. We are always interested about the pastoral life.

LIS. It only means, Belinda, that this said shepherd was blockhead enough to keep gazing upon his beloved fair, although every glance shot him through the heart, and killed him a hundred times. Still he caressed the cause of his ruin. And so bibliomaniacs hug the very volumes of which they oftentimes know they cannot afford the purchase money! I have not forgotten your account of Dr. Dee:[444] but the ladies were then absent.

[444] See p. 262, ante.

BELIN. Well, let us now go on to the explanation of the *fifth symptom* of the

Bibliomania; which you have called, Copies PRINTED UPON VELLUM!

LYSAND. A desire for books printed in this manner[445] is an equally strong and general symptom of the Biblomania; but, as these works are rarely to be obtained of modern date, the collector is obliged to have recourse to specimens executed, three centuries ago, in the printing offices of Aldus, Verard, or the Giunti. Although the *Bibliotheque Imperiale*, at Paris, and the library of Count M'Carthy, at Toulouse, are said to contain the greatest number of books, printed upon vellum, yet, those who have been fortunate enough to see copies of this kind in the libraries of his Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, Mr. Johnes, and the late Mr. Cracherode (which latter is now in the British Museum) need not travel on the Continent for the sake of being convinced of their exquisite beauty and splendour. An *unique* copy of the first Livy, upon vellum, (of which the owner has excited the envy of foreigners) is a library of itself!—and the existence of vellum copies of Wynkyn De Worde's reprint of *Juliana Barnes's Book of Hawking, &c.*, complete in every respect, (to say nothing of his Majesty's similar copy of Caxton's *Doctrinal of Sapience*, in the finest preservation) are sufficient demonstrations of the prevalance of this symptoms of the Bibliomania in the times of our forefathers; so that it cannot be said, as some have asserted, to have appeared entirely

within the last half century.

[445] William Horman, who was head master of Eton school at the opening of the sixteenth century, was, I apprehend, the earliest writer in this country who propagated those symptoms of the Bibliomania indicative of a passion for *large paper* and *vellum* copies; for thus writes the said Horman, in his *Vulgaria*, printed by Pynson, in folio, 1519: a book, curious and interesting upon every account. 'The greatest and highest of price, is *paper imperial*. (Herbert, vol i., p. 265.) *Parchment leaves* be wont to be ruled, that there may be a *comely margent*: also, strait lines of equal distance be draw[en] within, that the writing may shew fair,' *fol.* 82. From these two sentences (without quoting Horman's praise of the presses of Froben and Aldus; fol. 87) I think it may be fairly inferred that a love of *large paper* and *vellum* copies was beginning to display itself in the period just mentioned. That this love or passion is now eagerly and generally evinced, I shall proceed to give abundant proof; but first let me not forget our bibliomaniacal satirist:

FIFTH MAXIM.

Who blindly take the book display'd
By pettifoggers in the trade.
Nor ask of what the leaf was made,
That *seems like paper*—I can tell 'em,
That though 'tis possible to squint
Through any page with letters in't,
No copy, though an angel print,
Reads elegantly—but "on VELLUM."
Bibliosophia, p. VI.

I proceed to give evidence of the present passion which prevails, respecting books of the description of which we are now speaking, by extracting a few articles from the library of which such honourable mention was made at p. 448-9, ante. They are all

WORKS PRINTED UPON VELLUM.

NO.	£	*s.*	*d.*

241. Epistolæ Beati Jeronimi. Impressio Moguntinæ facta per Virum famatum in hæc arte Petrum Schoiffer de Gernsheym, 2 vols., 1470. *A fine specimen of a grand book, superbly bound in blue turkey.* Folio. 28 7 0

242. Sexti Decretalium Opus præclarum Bonifacii VII., Pont. Max. In Nobili Urbe Moguncia non Atramento è plumali ereâque Pennâ Cannâve per Petrum Schoiffer de Gernsheym consummatum. A.D. 1476. *A most beautiful work, superbly bound in blue turkey.* 19 19 0

253. Constitutiones Clementis Papæ Quinti, unà cum apparatu Domini Joannis Andreæ. Venetiis impress. Ere atque Industriâ Nicolai Jenson Gallici, 1476. *A most beautiful specimen of clean vellum, with a fine illumination, bound in purple velvet.* Folio. 21 10 0

244.	Leonora, from the German of Burgher, by Mr. Spencer, with the designs of Lady Diana Beauclerc, 1796. Folio. *A beautiful unique copy, with the plates worked on satin, superbly bound in blue turkey.*	25	4	0

245.	Dryden's Fables, with engravings from the pencil of Lady Beauclerc. *A beautiful unique copy, splendidly bound in morocco, with the plates worked on satin.*	34	13	0

246. Missale Monasticum secundum Ritum et consuetudinem Ordinis Gallæ Umbrosæ. Venetiis, per Ant. de Giunta Florentinum, 1503. *A most beautiful copy of a very rare book, with plates and illuminations, bound in morocco.* Folio. 13 3 6

247. Postilla super Libros N. Testamenti Fratris Nicolai de Lyra. Venet. per Joan. de Colonia et Nic. Jenson, 1481. *A fine specimen of beautiful vellum, with illuminations, bound in blue turkey.* Folio. 17 17 0

248. The German Bible, by Martin Luther, 2 vols. Augspurg, 1535, folio. *A most fair, and beautiful copy, with coloured plates, in the finest preservation, and bound in crimson velvet, with two cases.* —'The copies on vellum of this fine edition were

printed at the charges of John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, (vide Panzer).' Folio.	52	10	0

249. Le Livre de Jehan Bocasse de la Louenge et Vertu des nobles et Cleres Dames. Paris, *par Ant. Verard*, 1493. *A beautiful work, with curious illuminations, finely bound in blue turkey.* Folio. 14 14 0

250.	Virgilii Opera curâ Brunck. Argentorati, 1789. *An unique copy, bound in morocco, with a case.* Quarto.	33	12	0

251.	Somervile's Chace, a Poem, with fine plates on wood, by Bewick. Printed by Bulmer, 1796. Quarto. *A beautiful unique copy, splendidly bound in green, morocco.*	15	4	6

252.	Poems by Goldsmith and Parnell, with fine plates on wood by Bewick. Printed by Bulmer, 1795. *A beautiful unique copy, superbly bound in green morocco.*	15	15	0

253.	The Gardens, a poem, by the Abbe de Lisle, with fine plates by Bartolozzi, coloured. Printed by Bensley, 1798. *A fine book, and bound in green morocco.* Quarto.	14	3	6

254.	The Castle of Otranto, by the Earl of Oxford. Printed at Parma, 1791. *A fine copy elegantly bound in blue morocco.* Quarto.	13	2	6

255.	Coustumes du Pais de Normandie. Rouen, 1588. *A beautiful unique copy, on fine white vellum, the presentation copy to the Duke de Joyeuse; in old morocco.*	14	3	6

256.	P. Virgilii Maronis Codex antiquissimus in Bibliotheca Mediceo-Laurentiana. Florent. 1741. *A curious facsimile of the old MS. bound in yellow morocco*, 4to.	17	17	0

257.	Junius's Letters, 4 vols., 8vo. Printed by Bensley, 1796. *A beautiful unique copy, with the plates also worked on vellum, bound in morocco.*	25	4	0

258.	Il Castello di Otranto, storia Gotica, Lond. 1795. *Beautifully printed, with fine cuts, illuminated, bound in morocco.*	4	16	0

259.	Milton's Paradise Regained, Poems, and Sonnets, and Latin Poems, with notes, 3 vols. Printed by Bensley, 1796, 8vo. *A unique and beautiful copy, bound in blue turkey.*	17	6	6

260. La Guirlande de Julie offerte a Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, par le Marq. de Montausier. Paris de l'Imprim. de Monsieur, 1784, 8vo. 'This matchless book is embellished with exquisite miniatures, paintings of flowers, and wreaths of flowers, to illustrate

the
work,
and is
one of
the
most
exquisite
performances
ever
produced;'
superbly
bound
in
green
morocco.
[30
guineas
were
bidden;
but
the
book
was
passed
on
and
not
sold.]

261.	La Vedova, Commedia facetissima di Nic. Buonaparte Cittadino Florentino. Paris, 1803, 8vo. A curious work by an ancestor of the First Consul; *a beautiful unique copy, superbly bound in red morocco*.	4	4	0

262.	The Old English Baron, a Gothic story, by Clara Reeve, 1794, 8vo. *Richly bound in blue turkey.*	2	2	0

263. The Œconomy of Human Life, with fine plates, 1795. *A beautiful unique copy, with the plates finely tinted in colours and superbly bound in morocco*, 8vo. 15 15 0

264.	Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Works. Paris, 1795, 8vo. *A beautiful unique copy, and bound in crimson velvet.*	5	0	0

265.	The Dance of Death. Painted by Holbein, and engraved by Hollar, *a beautiful unique copy, with the plates exquisitely painted, and very richly bound in red morocco.*	17	17	0

266.	La Gerusalemme liberata di Torquato Tasso, 4 vols. Parigi Presso Molini, 1783, 8vo. *A beautiful copy, bound in green morocco.*	9	19	6
267.	Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius, 3 vols. Par. ap. Coustelier, 1743, 8vo. *A singularly beautiful copy, and bound in old blue turkey.*	14	14	0

268.	Opere Toscane di Luigi Alamanni. Leoni. ap. Gryphia, 1552. *A most beautiful copy, presented to King Francis I. of France: old morocco.*	6	6	0
269.	A New Testament in German. Augsburg, 1535, 12mo. A fine copy, with illuminations, of a very rare edition.	2	7	0

Lysander has above noticed the collection

of Count M'Carthy of Toulouse. By the kindness of Mr. Roche, banker, at Cork, I learn that this collection 'is a truly splendid one.' The possessor's talents are not confined to the partial walk of bibliography: in his younger years, he was considered one of the first gentlemen-violin players in Europe. He quitted Ireland forty years ago, and now resides at Toulouse, in his 70th year, surrounded by a numerous and respectable family. His leading passion, in book-collecting, (like his countryman's, poor Mr. Quin—who gave 170 guineas for the Spira Virgil of 1470, *in membranis*!) is marked by a fondness for works *printed upon vellum*. From Mr. Roche, Mr. Edwards, and other quarters, I am enabled to present the reader with a list of a *few* of

COUNT M'CARTHY'S BOOKS UPON VELLUM.

Psalmorum Codex;	*Mogunt.*	*Fust and Schoiffer.*	Folio, 1457.
—— ——;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1459.
Durandi Rationale;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1459.
Clementis Papæ V. Constitutiones;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1460.
—— —— —— ——;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1467.
Catholicon;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1460.

Biblia Sacra Latina;	*ibid.*	*apud eosdem.*	Folio, 1462.

[His Majesty and Earl Spencer possess similar copies of these works.]

Franciscus de Retras Comment. Vitiorum;		*Nuremb.*	Folio, 1470.
Hieronimi Epistolæ;	*Mogunt.*	*Fust and Schoiffer.*	Folio, 1470.

(Another copy: very large thick paper.)

Priscianus de Art. Grammat.	*Venet.*	*Vin. Spira.*	Folio, 1470.

(See p. 407, ante.)

Liber Sextus Decretalium Bonif. Papæ VIII.	*Mogunt.*		Folio, 1470.
Guarini Regulæ;			Quarto, 1470.
Quintiliani Institutiones;	*Jenson,*		Folio, 1471.
Baptista de Alberti de Amore;			Quarto, 1471.
—— —— —— de Amoris Remedio:			Quarto, 1471.
Biblia in Ling. Volg.			Folio, 1471, 2 vols.
Historia Natur. de Plinio tradotto da Landino;	*Jenson,*	*Venet.*	1476.

(A similar copy is in Mr. Coke's library at Holkam; illuminated, and in magnificent condition.)

Biblia Sacra Polyglotta; Ximenis;	*Complut.*		Folio, 1516, &c., 6 vols.

(See page 407, ante; for a brief account of this extraordinary copy.)

Plutarchi Vitæ (Lat.);	*Venet.*	*N. Jenson.*	Folio, 1478. vol. 1.
Aristotelis Opera Varia (Lat.);	*Venet.*		Folio, 1483. 3 vols.

(This was the Pinelli copy, and was purchased for 73*l.* 10*s.*)

Statii Achilles;	*Brixiæ.*		Folio, 1485.
Chroniques de France, dictes de St. Denys;	*Paris.*		Folio, 1493. vol. 2 & 3.
Anthologia Græca;	*Florent.*		Quarto, 1494.
Lancelot du Lac;	*Paris.*	*Verard,*	Folio, 1494. vol. 2.
Boccace des nobles Malheureux;	*ibid.*		Folio, 1494.
Appollonius Rhodius;	*Florent.*		Quarto, 1496.
Destruction de Troy le Grant;	*Paris.*		Folio, 1498.
Poliphili Hyperonotomachia;	*Venet.*		Folio, 1499.

Mer des Histores;	*Paris.*		Folio, (no date) 2 vols.
Monstrelet Chronique de;	*Paris.*		Folio, (no date) 3 vols.
Roman de la Rose;	*Paris.*	*Verard.*	Folio, (no date)
—— de Tristan;	*ibid.*	*id.*	(no date)
—— d' Ogier le Danois;	*ibid.*	*id.*	(no date)
—— de Melis et Lenin;	*ibid.*	*id.*	(no date)

I have heard that Count M'Carthy's books do not exceed 4000 in number; and of these, perhaps, no private collector in Europe has an equal number printed upon vellum. In our own country, however, the finest VELLUM LIBRARY in the world might be composed from the collections of His Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, Sir M.M. Sykes, Bart., Mr. Johnes, Mr. Coke, and the Quin collection. Yet let us not forget the finest *vellum copy* in the world of the first edition of *Aristotle's works* (wanting one volume) which may be seen in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Of Mr. Edward's *similar* copy *of the first Livy*, Lysander and myself (vide Part III.) have spoken like honest bibliomaniacs. Earl Spencer possesses the rival volume,

printed by the same printers, (Sweynheym and Pannartz) and upon the same material, in his Pliny Senior of 1470—But let all quiet bibliomaniacs wait with patience till the work of Mons. Praet upon this subject, alluded to at p. 68, ante, shall have made its appearance! and then—let us see whether we can prevail upon some Gnome to transport to us, through the 'thin air,' Pynson's '*Ship of Fools*' UPON VELLUM!!

LIS. Are we as successful in printing upon vellum as were our forefathers?

LYSAND. Certainly not; if we except some of the works from the press of Bodoni—which are oftentimes truly brilliant. But the fault, in general, is rather in the preparation of the vellum than in the execution of the press-work.

LOREN. You have seen, Lisardo, my small volumes of '*Heures*,' or '*Missals*,' as they are called; some of them in MS. and others in print —and what can be more delicate than the texture of the vellum leaves, or more perfect than the execution of penmanship and printing?

ALMAN. I have often set whole hours, my dear brother, in contemplating with rapture the sparkling radiance of these little volumes; and wish in my heart I had a few favourite authors executed in a similar manner! I should like to employ Bodoni[446] for life.

[446] It is not because Bodoni printed better than our popular printers—that his books upon vellum are more beautiful than those produced by the London presses—but that the Italian vellum (made of the abortive calf) is, in general, more white and delicate. There is not, perhaps, a lovelier little VELLUM BOOK in existence than the *Castle of Otranto*, printed by Bodoni in 1796, 8vo. A copy of this, with the plates worked on white satin, was in the collection of Mr. G.G. Mills; and sold at the sale of his books in 1800; no. 181; see p. 447, ante. From the former authority it would appear that only six copies were printed in this manner. By the kindness of Mr. Edwards, I am in possession of a '*Lettera Pastorale*' of Fr. Adeodato Turchi—a small tract of 38 pages—printed upon paper, by Bodoni, in a style of uncommon delicacy: having all the finish and picturesque effect of copper-plate execution. But the chef d'œuvre of Bodoni seems to be an edition of *Homer*, in three great folio volumes, each consisting of 370 pages, with the text only. The artist employed six years in the preparations, and the printing occupied eighteen months. One hundred and forty copies only were struck off. The copy presented to Bonaparte was UPON VELLUM, of a size and brilliancy altogether unparalleled. *American Review*, no. 1., p. 171. January, 1811. In our admiration of Bodoni, let us not forget DIDOT: who printed a single copy of *Voltaire's Henriade* UPON VELLUM, in quarto, with a brilliancy of execution,

and perfection of vellum, which can never be suppassed. This copy formerly belonged to a Farmer General, one of Didot's most intimate friends, who perished in the Revolution. Didot also printed a number of copies of French translations of English works, upon the same material: so correct, beautiful, and tasteful, that Mr. Bulmer assures me nothing could exceed it. All these small richly-feathered birds were once here, but have now taken their flight to a warmer climate. Our modern books upon vellum are little short of being downright wretched. I saw the *Life of Nelson*, in two large quartos, printed in this manner; and it would have been the first work which I should have recommended a first-rate collector to have thrown out of his library.[G] Many of the leaves were afflicted with the jaundice beyond hope of cure. The censure which is here thrown out upon others reaches my own doors: for I attempted to execute a single copy of my *Typographical Antiquities* upon vellum, with every possible attention to printing and to the material upon which it was to be executed. But I failed in every point: and this single wretchedly-looking book, had I presevered in executing my design, would have cost me about *seventy-five* guineas!

[G] This book was printed at Bolt Court during the apprenticeship of the printer of this edit. of Biblio., who speaking from remembrance, ventures to suggest that the above remark is rather too strong—although there was confessedly a great

deal of trouble in procuring good vellum. He believes only *one* copy was done; it was the property of Alexander Davidson, Esq. Banker, and, being in his library in Ireland, when the mansion was burned down, it was destroyed. He had insured it for £600—the Insurance office disputed his claim, and a trial at Dublin took place. The late Mr. Bensley was subpœnaed to give evidence of its value, but, being reluctant to go, he persuaded the parties that Warwick, one of his pressmen, who worked it off, was a better witness; he accordingly went, his evidence succeeding in establishing Mr. Davidson's claim. This same Warwick worked off many of the splendid specimens of typography mentioned in *Bibliomania*, being one of the very best workmen in the Printing business—particularly in wood-cuts. He afterwards became private printer to the late Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart., at Lee Priory—and is long since dead.

LIS. I could go on, 'till midnight, indulging my wishes of having favourite books printed upon vellum leaves; and at the head of these I would put *Crammer's Bible* for I want scholarship sufficient to understand the *Complutensian Polyglott of Cardinal Ximenes*.[447]

[447] See pages 160, 407, ante.

BERLIN. So much for the *Vellum Symptom*. Proceed we now to the *sixth*: which upon looking at my memoranda, I find to be the FIRST EDITIONS. What is the meaning of this odd symptom?

LYSAND. From the time of Ancillon to Askew, there has been a very strong desire expressed for the possesssion of *original* or *first published editions*[448] of works; as they are in general superintended and corrected by the author himself, and, like the first impressions of prints are considered more valuable. Whoever is possessed with a passion for collecting books of this kind, may unquestionably be said to exhibit a strong symptom of the Bibliomania: but such a case is not quite hopeless, nor is it deserving of severe treatment or censure. All bibliographers have dwelt on the importance of these editions[449] for the sake of collation with subsequent ones; and of detecting, as is frequently the case, the carelessness displayed by future editors. Of such importance is the *first edition Shakspeare*[450] considered, on the score of correctness, that a fac-simile reprint of it has been recently published. In regard to the Greek and Latin Classics, the possession of these original editions is of the first consequence to editors who are anxious to republish the legitimate text of an author. Wakefield, I believe, always regretted that the first edition of Lucretius had not been earlier inspected by him. When he began *his* edition, the Editio

Princeps was not (as I have understood) in that storehouse of almost every thing which is exquisite and rare in ancient and modern classical literature—need I add the library of Earl Spencer?[451]

[448] All German and French bibliographers class these fiRST EDITIONS among rare books; and nothing is more apt to seduce a noviciate in bibliography into error than the tempting manner in which, by aid of capital or italic types, these EDITIONES PRIMARIÆ or *Editiones Principes* are set forth in the most respectable catalogues published abroad as well as at home. But before we enter into particulars, we must not forget that this sixth sympton of the Bibliomania has been thus pungently described in the poetical strains of an "aspirant!"

SIXTH MAXIM.

Who of Editions recks the least,
But, when that hog, his mind would feast
Fattens the intellectual beast
With old, or new, without ambition,—
I'll teach the pig to soar on high,
(If pigs had pinions, by the bye)
How'er the *last* may *satisfy*,
The *bonne bouche* is the "FIRST EDITION."
Bibliosophia; p. VI.

These first editions are generally, with respect to foreign works, printed in the

fifteenth or in the early part of the sixteenth century: and indeed we have a pretty rich sprinkling of a similar description of first editions executed in our own country. It is not, therefore, without justice that we are described, by foreign bibliographers, as being much addicted to this class of books: "With what avidity, and at what great prices, this character of books is obtained by the Dutch, and *especially by the English*, the very illustrious Zach. Conrad ab Uffenbach shews, in the preface to the second volume of his catalogue." Vogt; p. xx., edit. 1793. There is a curious and amusing article in Bayle (English edition, vol i., 672, &c.) about the elder Ancillon, who frankly confessed that he "was troubled with the Bibliomania, or disease of buying books." Mr. D'Israeli says that he "always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones," but I find it, in the English Bayle, note D, "he chose *the best* editions." The manner in which Ancillon's library was pillaged by the Ecclesiastics of Metz (where it was considered as the most valuable curiosity in the town) is thus told by Bayle: "Ancillon was obliged to leave Metz: a company of Ecclesiastics, of all orders, came from every part, to lay hands on this fine and copious library, which had been collected with the utmost care during forty years. They took away a great number of the books together; and gave a little money, as they went out, to a young girl, of twelve or thirteen years of age, who looked after them, that they might have it

to say they had *paid for them*. Thus Ancillon saw that valuable collection dispersed, in which, as he was wont to say, his chief pleasure and even his heart was placed!"—Edit. 1734. A pleasant circumstance, connected with our present subject, occurred to the Rev. Dr. Charles Burney. At a small sale of books which took place at Messrs. King and Lochée's, some few years ago, the Doctor sent a commission, for some old grammatical treatises; and calling with Mr. Edwards to see the success of the commission, the latter, in the true spirit of bibliomaniacism, pounced upon an anciently-bound book, in the lot, which turned out to be—nothing less than the *first edition* of MANILIUS by Regiomontanus: one of the very scarcest books in the class of those of which we are treating! By the liberality of the purchaser, this *primary bijou* now adorns the noble library of the Bishop of Ely.

[449] An instance of this kind may be adduced from the *first edition* of Fabian, printed in 1516; of which Chronicle Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. have just published a new edition, superintended by Mr. H. Ellis, and containing various readings from all the editions at the foot of the text. "The antiquary," says the late Mr. BRAND, "is desired to consult the edition of Fabian, printed by Pynson, in 1516, because there are others, and I remember to have seen one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a continuation to the end of Queen Mary, 1559, in which the language

is much modernized." *Shakspeare*, edit. 1803, vol. xviii., pp. 85, 86. See also what has been before said (p. 233.) of an *after* edition of Speed.

[450] A singular story is "extant" about the purchase of the late Duke of Roxburgh's copy of the first edition of Shakspeare. A friend was bidding for him in the sale-room: his Grace had retired to one end of the room, coolly to view the issue of the contest. The biddings rose quickly to 20 guineas; a great sum in former times: but the Duke was not to be daunted or defeated. A slip of paper was handed to him, upon which the propriety of continuing the contest was suggested. His Grace took out his pencil; and, with a coolness which would have done credit to Prince Eugene, he wrote on the same slip of paper, by way of reply—

lay on Macduff!
And d——d be he who first cries "Hold, enough!"

Such a spirit was irresistible, and bore down all opposition. The Duke was of course declared victor, and he marched off, triumphantly, with the volume under his arm. Lord Spencer has a fine copy of this first edition of Shakspeare, collated by Steevens himself.

[451] We raise the column to the hero who has fought our battles by sea or land; and we teach our children to look up with admiration and reverence towards an

object so well calculated to excite the best sympathies of the human heart. All this is well; and may it never be neglected! But there are other characters not less noble, and of equal glory to a great nation like our own; and they are those who, to the adventitious splendour of hereditary rank, add all the worth and talent of a private condition, less exposed to temptation, and suited to the cultivation of peaceful and literary pursuits. Such a character is GEORGE JOHN EARL SPENCER! A nobleman, not less upright and weighty in the senate than polished and amiable in private life; who, cool and respected amidst the violence of party, has filled two of the most important offices of state in a manner at once popular and effective; and who, to his general love of the fine arts, and acquaintance with classical literature, has superadded the noble achievement of having collected the finest private library in Europe! The reader has already met with sufficient mention of this collection to justify what is here said in commendation of it.... In the deepest recess of Althorpe Park—where the larch and laurustinus throw their dark yet pleasing shade—and where

——pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis—

let the Doric Temple be raised, with its white-marbled columns, sacred to the memory of this ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLEMAN!

Let his bust, in basso-relievo, with appropriate embellishments, adorn the most conspicuous compartment within: and peace and virtue, and filial affection, will, I am sure, be the guardians of so cherished a spot!

ARMS OF EARL SPENCER.



It must not, however, be forgotten that, if first editions are, in some instances, of great importance, they are in many respects superfluous, and only incumber the shelves of a collector; inasmuch as the labours of subsequent editors have corrected the errors of their predecessors, and superseded, by a great fund of additional matter, the necessity of consulting them. Thus, not to mention other instances (which present themselves while noticing the present one), all the fine things

which Colomiés and Reimannus have said about the rarity of La Croix du Maine's Bibliothéque, published in 1584, are now unnecessary to be attended to, since the publication of the ample and excellent edition of this work by De La Monnoye and Juvigny, in six quarto volumes, 1772.

LIS. Upon the whole, I should prefer the best to the first edition; and you, Lorenzo, may revel in the possession of your *first Shakespeare*—but give me the last Variorum edition *in twenty-one volumes*.

LOREN. "Chacun a son gout," yet it may be as well to possess them *both*. Indeed, I not only have these editions, but a great number of the early plays printed in quarto;[452] which are considered the *ne plus ultra* of Shakspearian bibliomaniacism.

[452] A pretty copious list of these valuable early plays will be found at pages 431-2-3-4, ante.

BELIN. Much good may these wretchedly printed volumes do you! Now let me proceed with my pupil. Tell us, good Lysander, what can you possibly mean by the *seventh symptom* of the Bibliomania, called TRUE EDITIONS?

LYSAND. My definition of this strange symptom

will excite your mirth.[453] Some copies of a work are struck off with deviations from the usually received ones, and although these deviations have generally neither sense nor beauty to recommend them (and indeed are principally *defects*!), yet copies of this description are eagerly sought after by collectors of a certain class. What think you of such a ridiculous passion in the book-way?

[453] Observing the usual order of notification, we will first borrow the poetical aid of "an aspirant:"

SEVENTH MAXIM.

Who dares to "write me down an ass,"
When, spying through the curious mass,
I rub my hands, and wipe my glass,
If, chance, an *error* bless my notice—
Will prize when drill'd into his duty,
These lovely warts of ugly beauty;
For books, when *false* (it may be new t'ye),
Are "TRUE EDITIONS:"—odd,—but *so* 'tis.

Let us proceed to see whether this biting satire be founded upon truth, or not. Accidental variations from the common impressions of a work form what are called TRUE EDITIONS: and as copies, with such variations (upon the same principle as that of *Prints*; vide p. 501-2, ante) are rare, they are of course sought after with avidity by knowing bibliomaniacs. Thus speaks

Ameilhon upon the subject:—"pendant l'impression d'un ouvrage il est arrivé un accident qui, à telle page et à telle ligne, a occasioné un renversement dans les lettres d'un mot, et que ce désordre n'a été rétabli qu'apres le tirage de six ou sept exemplaires; ce qui rend ces exemplaires défectueux presque uniques, et leur donne, â les entendre, une valeur inappréciable; car voila un des grands secrets de cet art, qui, au reste, s'acquiert aisément avec de la memoire." *Mem. de l'Institut*: vol. ii., p. 485. The author of these words then goes on to abuse the purchasers and venders of these strange books; but I will not quote his saucy tirade in defamation of this noble department of bibliomaniacism. I subjoin a few examples in illustration of Lysander's definition:—*Cæsar. Lug. Bat.* 1636, 12mo. *Printed by Elzevir.* In the Bibliotheca Revickzkiana we are informed that the *true* Elzevir edition is known by having the plate of a buffalo's head at the beginning of the preface and body of the work: also by having the page numbered 153, which *ought* to have been numbered 149. A further account is given in my Introduction to the Classics, vol. i., p. 228.—*Horace*, Londini, 1733, 8vo., 2 vols. Published by Pine. The *true* edition is distinguished by having at page 108, vol. ii., the *incorrect* reading "Post Est."—for "Protest."—*Virgil.* Lug. Bat., 1636, 12mo. Printed by Elzevir. The *true* edition is known, by having at plate 1, before the Bucolics, the following Latin passage *printed in red ink*. "Ego vero frequentes a te literas accepi." Consul de

Bure, no. 2684.—*Idem.* Birmingh. 1763, 4to. Printed by Baskerville. A particular account of the *true* edition will be found in the second volume of my "Introduction to the Classics," p. 337—too long to be here inserted.—*Bocaccio.* Il Decamerone, Venet. 1527, 4to. Consult De Bure no. 3667; Bandini, vol. ii. 105, 211; (who, however, is extremely laconic upon this edition, but copious upon the anterior one of 1516) and Haym, vol. iii., p. 8, edit. 1803. Bibl. Paris., no. 408. Clement. (vol. iv. 352,) has abundance of reference, as usual, to strengthen his assertion in calling the edition "*fort rare*." The reprint, or spurious edition, has always struck me as the prettier book of the two. These examples appeared in the first edition of this work. I add to them what of course I was not enabled to do before. In the second edition of *The Bibliomania*, there are some variations in the copies of the small paper; and one or two decided ones between the small and large. In the small, at page 13, line 2, we read

"beat with perpetual *forms*."

in the large, it is properly

"beat with perpetual *storms*."

Which of these is indicative of the *true* edition? Again: in the small paper, p. 275, line 20, we read properly

"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat *prata*
biberunt."

in the large paper,

"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat *parta* biberunt."

It was in my power to have cancelled the leaf in the large paper as well as in the small; but I thought it might thereby have taken from the former the air of a *true* edition; and so the blunder (a mere transposition of the letters *ar*) will go down to a future generation in the large paper. There is yet another slight variation between the small and large. At p. 111, in the account of the catalogue of Krohn's books, the concluding sentence wholly varies: but I believe there is not an *error* in either, to entitle one to the rank of *Truism* more than another.[H]

[H] During the youth of the printer of this book, a curious mistake occurred: a splendid folio work was going on for Dr. Bonnell Thornton; in a certain page, as printers technically say, *a space stood up*; the Dr. (not understanding printers' marks) wrote on a head page "take out horizontal line at p. so and so"—the compositor inserted these words as a *displayed line* in the head-page whereon they were written —the reader passed it in the revise—and it was so worked off! Being eventually detected—the leaf was of course cancelled.

ALMAN. It seems to me to be downright idiotism. But I suspect you exaggerate?

LYSAND. In sober truth, I tell you only what every day's experience in the book-market will corroborate.

BELIN. Well!—what strange animals are you bibliomaniacs. Have we any other symptom to notice? Yes, I think Lysander made mention of an *eighth*; called a passion for THE BLACK-LETTER. Can any eyes be so jaundiced as to prefer volumes printed in this crabbed, rough, and dismal manner?

LOREN. Treason—downright treason! Lisardo shall draw up a bill of indictment against you, and Lysander shall be your judge.

BELIN. My case would then be desperate; and execution must necessarily follow.

LIS. I shall be better able to form an opinion of the expediency of such a measure after Lysander has given us his definition of this eighth and last symptom. Proceed, my friend.

LYSAND. Of all symptoms of the Bibliomania, this *eighth* symptom is at present the most powerful and prevailing. Whether it was imported into this country, from Holland, by the subtlety of Schelhorn[454] (a knowing writer upon rare and curious books) may be a point worthy of consideration. But whatever be its origin, certain is that books printed in the ***black-letter***, are now coveted with an eagerness unknown to our collectors in the last century. If the spirits of West, Ratcliffe, Farmer, and

Brand, have as yet held any intercourse with each other, in that place "from whose bourne no traveller returns," which must be the surprise of the three former, on being told, by the latter, of the prices given for some of the books at the sale of his library!

[454] His words are as follows: "Ipsa typorum ruditas, ipsa illa atra crassaque literarum facies *belle tangit sensus*," &c. Was ever the black-letter more eloquently described: see his *Amœntates Literariæ*, vol. i., p. 5. But for the last time, let us listen to the concluding symptomatic stanza of an "aspirant;"

EIGHTH MAXIM.

Who dreams the *Type* should please us all,
That's not too thin, and not too tall,
Nor much awry, nor over small,
And, if but ROMAN, asks no better—
May die in darkness:—I, for one,
Disdain to tell the barb'rous Hun
That Persians but adore the sun
Till taught to know *our* God—***Black-Letter***.
Bibliosophia: p. vii.

However cruel may be the notes of one poet, it seems pretty clear that the glorious subject, or bibliomaniacal symptom, of which we are treating, excited numbers of a softer character in the muse of Dr.

Ferriar: for thus sings he—inspired by the possession of *black-letter* tomes:

> In red morocco drest, he loves to boast
> The bloody murder, or the yelling ghost;
> Or dismal ballads, sung to crowds of old,
> Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.
> v. 62-65.

> Ev'n I, debarr'd of ease and studious hours,
> Confess, mid' anxious toil, its lurking pow'rs.
> How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
> The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!
> *The Bibliomania*, l. 135-8.

But let us attend to a more scientific illustration of this eighth symptom. 'BLACK-LETTER, which is used in England, descends from the Gothic characters; and is therefore called *Gothic* by some, *old English* by others; but printers give it the name of *Black-Letter*, because its face taking in a larger compass than Roman or Italic of the same body, the full and spreading strokes thereof appear more *black* upon paper than common.' *Smith's Printer's Grammar*; edit. 1755, p. 18. The same definition is given in a recent similar work; with the addition that 'black-letter is more expensive than Roman or Italic, its broad face requiring an extraordinary quantity of ink, which always gives the

best coloured paper a yellow cast, unless worked upon that of a superior quality. It has a good effect in a title-page, if disposed with taste.' Stower's *Printer's Grammar*; 1808, p. 41. To these authorities we may add, from Rowe Mores, that 'Wynkyn de Worde's letter was of *The Square English* or *Black face*, and has been the pattern for his successors in the art.' *Of English Founders and Foundries*; 1778, 8vo. p. 4, 5. 'The same black-letter printer,' says Palmer or Psalmanaazar, 'gave a greater scope to his fancy, and formed such a variety of sorts and sizes of letter that, for several years after him, none of his successors attempted to imitate him therein.' *General History of Printing*; p. 343. It is not necessary to collect, in formal array, the authorities of foreigners upon this important subject; although it may be as well to notice the strange manner in which Momoro, in his *Traité elémentaire de L'Imprimerie*, p. 185, refers us to an elucidation of the Gothic letter ('appelé du nom de certains peuples qui vinrent s'établir dans la Gothie, plus de quatre cens ans avant J.C.') in one of the plates of Fournier's *Dictionnaire Typographique*: vol. ii. p. 205—which, in truth, resembles anything but the Gothic type, as understood by modern readers.—Smith and Mr. Stower have the hardihood to rejoice at the present general extinction of the black-letter. They were not, probably, aware of Hearne's eulogy upon it —'As it is a reproach to us (says this renowned antiquary) that the Saxon language should be so forgot as to have

but few (comparatively speaking) that are able to read it; so 'tis a greater reproach that the BLACK-LETTER, which was the character so much in use in our grandfathers' days, should be now (as it were) disused and rejected; especially when we know the best editions of our English Bible and Common-Prayer (to say nothing of other books) are printed in it.' *Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle*: vol. i., p. LXXXV. I presume the editor and publisher of the forth-coming fac-simile re-impression of Juliana Barnes's Book of Hawking, Hunting, &c., are of the same opinion with Hearne: and are resolved upon eclipsing even the black-letter reputation of the afore-named Wynkyn De Worde.—A pleasant black-letter anecdote is told by Chevillier, of his having picked up, on a bookseller's stall, the first edition of the *Speculum Salutis* sive *Humanæ Salvationis* (one of the rarest volumes in the class of those printed in the middle of the fifteenth century) for the small sum of four livres! *L'Origine de l'Imprimerie*; p. 281. This extraordinary event soon spread abroad, and was circulated in every bibliographical journal. Schelhorn noticed it in his *Amœnitates Literariæ*: vol. iv. 295-6: and so did Maichelius in his *Introd. ad Hist. Lit. et Præcip. Bibl. Paris*, p. 122. Nor has it escaped the notice of a more recent foreign bibliographer. Ameilhon makes mention of Chevillier's good fortune; adding that the work was 'un de ces livres rares au premièr degré, qu' un BON BIBLIOMANE ne peut voir sans

trépigner de joie, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi.' *Mem. de l'Institut.* vol. ii. 485-6. This very copy, which was in the Sorbonne, is now in the Imperial, library at Paris. *Ibid.* A similar, though less important, anecdote is here laid before the reader from a communication sent to me by Mr. Wm. Hamper of Birmingham. "'*Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, black-letter, sewed*," was valued at SIXPENCE, in a catalogue of a small Collection of Books on the sale at the shop of Mr. William Adams, Loughborough, in the year 1804: and, after in vain suing the coy collector at this humble price, remained unsold to the present year, 1809, when (thanks to your *Bibliomania*!) it brought A GOLDEN GUINEA.'—I have myself been accused of 'an admiration to excess' of black-letter lore; and of recommending it in every shape, and by every means, directly and indirectly. Yet I have surely not said or done any thing half so decisive in recommendation of it as did our great moralist, Dr. Johnson: who thus introduces the subject in one of his periodical papers. —'The eldest and most venerable of this society, was HIRSUTUS: who, after the first civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite studies, by a severe censure of those who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that since he begun to addict his mind to serious and manly studies, he had very carefully amassed all the *English*

books that were printed in the ***Black-Letter***. This search he had pursued so diligently that he was able to show the deficiencies of the best catalogues. He had long since completed his *Caxton*, had three sheets of *Treveris*, unknown to antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect [collection of] *Pynson* but two volumes: of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy at whatever price, when Quisquilius' library should be sold. Hirsutus had no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothick letter, nor any ideas but such as his favourite volumes had supplied: when he was serious, he expatiated on the narratives of JOHAN DE TREVISA, and, when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Fools*.' RAMBLER, no. 177.—Nor was the Doctor himself quite easy and happy 'till he had sold, in the character of a BOOKSELLER, a few volumes—probably of black-letter celebrity. Mr. Boswell relates that 'During the last visit which the Doctor made to Litchfield, the friends, with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood that he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the

Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued; nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house as follows: "Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure this morning, but I was constrained to it by my *conscience*. Fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not until this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending *Walsall Market*; and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested of me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Walsall, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the by-standers, and the inclemency of the weather: a penance, by which I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father.'"—Is it not probable that Dr. Johnson himself might have sold for SIXPENCE, a *Tusser*, which now would have brought a 'GOLDEN GUINEA?'

A perusal of these prices may probably not impress the reader with any lofty notions of the superiority of the black-letter; but this symptom of the Bibliomania is, nevertheless, not to be considered as incurable, or wholly unproductive of good. Under a proper spirit of modification, it has done, and will continue to do, essential service to the cause of English literature. It guided the taste, and strengthened the judgment, of Tyrwhitt in his researches after Chaucerian lore. It stimulated the studies of Farmer and Steevens, and enabled them to twine many a beauteous flower round the brow of their beloved Shakspeare.

It has since operated, to the same effect, in the labour of Mr. Douce,[455] the PORSON of old English and French Literature; and in the editions of Milton and Spenser, by my amiable and excellent friend Mr. Todd, the public have had a specimen of what the *Black-Letter* may perform, when temperately and skilfully exercised.

[455] In the criticisms which have passed upon Mr. DOUCE'S "*Illustrations of Shakspeare and Ancient Manners*," it has not, I think, been generally noticed that this work is distinguished for the singular diffidence and urbanity of criticism, as well as depth of learning, which it evinces; and for the happy illustrations of the

subjects discussed by means of fac-simile wood-cuts.

I could bring to your recollection other instances; but your own memories will better furnish you with them. Let me not, however, omit remarking that the beautiful pages of the '*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*' and '*Sir Tristrem*' exhibit, in the notes, (now and then thickly studded with black-letter references) a proof that the author of '*The Lay*,' '*Marmion*,' and '*The Lady of the Lake*,' has not disdained to enrich his stores with such intelligence as black-letter books impart. In short, although this be a strong and general symptom of the Bibliomania, it is certainly not attended with injurious effects when regulated by prudence and discretion. An undistinguishable voracious appetite to swallow *every thing*, because printed in the black-letter, must necessarily bring on an incurable disease, and, consequently, premature dissolution.

There is yet one other, and a somewhat generally prevailing, symptom, indicative of the prevalence of the Bibliomania; and this consists in a fondness for books which have been printed for PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION[456] only, or at a PRIVATE PRESS. What is executed for a few, will be coveted by many; because the edge of curiosity is whetted, from a supposition that something very extraordinary, or very curious, or very uncommon, is propagated in this said

book, so partially distributed. As to works printed at a *Private Press*, we have had a very recent testimony of the avidity with which certain volumes, executed in this manner, and of which the impression has been comparatively limited, have been sought after by book *Cognoscenti*.

[456] The reader may not object to be made acquainted with a few distinguished productions, printed for PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION. The reader is indebted to Mr. Bulmer, at whose elegant press these works were printed, for the information which follows:—MUSEUM WORSLEYANUM; by Sir *Richard Worsley*; 1798, 1802, Atlas Folio, 2 vols. The first volume of this work, of which 200 copies were printed, was finished in May, 1798, and circulated, with the plates only of vol. ii., amongst the chosen friends of Sir Richard Worsley, the author; who was, at that time, the diplomatic Resident at Venice from our Court. The second volume, with the letter-press complete, of which only 100 copies were printed, was finished in 1802. The entire expense attending this rare and sumptuous publication (of which a copy is in the library of the Royal Institution) amounted to the enormous sum of 27,000*l.* and from the irregularity of delivering the second volume of plates, in the first instance, without the letter-press, many of the copies are incomplete.——THE

FATHER'S REVENGE; *by the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.* &c., 1800, 4to. A limited impression of this very beautiful volume, decorated with engravings from the pencil of Westall, was circulated by the noble author among his friends. I saw a copy of it, bound in green morocco, with the original letter of the donor, in the library of Earl Spencer at Althorp.——MOUNT ST. GOTHARD: *By the late Duchess of Devonshire*, folio. Only fifty copies of this brilliant volume were printed; to a few of which, it is said, Lady Diana Beauclerc lent the aid of her ornamental pencil, in some beautiful drawings of the wild and romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Mount St. Gothard.——DISSERTATION ON ETRUSCAN VASES; *by Mr. Christie*. Imperial 4to. With elegant Engravings. Only 100 copies of this truly classical volume were printed. From the death of one or two of the parties, who became originally possessed of it, as a present from the author, it has fallen to the lot of Mr. Christie to become, professionally, the vender of a work which he himself never meant to be sold. A copy was very lately disposed of, in this manner, for 14*l.*——BENTLEII EPISTOLÆ; *Edited by* [the Rev.] *Dr. Charles Burney*: 1807, 4to. This is one of the most beautiful productions of the Shakspeare press; nor are the intrinsic merits of the volume inferior to its external splendour. The scarcer copies of it are those in medium quarto; of which only 50 were printed: of the imperial quarto, there were 150 executed.—I add two more similar

examples, which were not printed at the Shakspeare press:—LORD BALTIMORE'S *Gaudia Poetica*; Lat. Angl. et Gall. with plates. (No date). Large quarto. Only ten copies of this rare volume were printed, and those distributed among the author's friends: a copy of it was sold for 6*l.* 10*s.* at the sale of Mr. Reed's books: see Bibl. Reed, no. 6682. It was inserted for sale in the catalogue of Mr. Burnham, bookseller at Northampton, A.D. 1796—with a note of its rarity subjoined.——VIEWS IN ORKNEY and on the NORTH-EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND. Taken in 1805. Etched 1807. Folio. *By the Marchioness of Stafford.*—The letter-press consists of twenty-seven pages: the first of which bears this unassuming designation; "Some Account of the Orkney Islands, extracted from Dr. Barry's History, and Wallace's and Brand's Descriptions of Orkney." To this chapter or division is prefixed a vignette of *Stroma*; and the chapter ends at p. 5. Then follow four views of the Orkney Islands.—The next chapter is entitled "The Cathedral of Kirkwall," which at the beginning exhibits a vignette of the *Cathedral of St. Magnus*, and at the close, at p. 9, a vignette of a *Tomb in the Cathedral*. To these succeed two plates, presenting Views of the *Inside of the Cathedral*, and an *Arch in the Cathedral*.—The third chapter commences at p. 11, with "The Earl of Orkney's Palace," to which a vignette of a *Street in Kirkwall* is prefixed. It ends at p. 12, and is followed by a plate exhibiting a view of the *Door-way of the Earl's Palace*;

by another of the *Hall of the Earl's Palace*; and by a third containing two Views, namely, the *Inside of the Hall*, and, upon a larger scale, the *Chimney in the Hall*.—"The Bay of the Frith" is the subject of the fourth chapter; which exhibits at the beginning a vignette of the *Hills of Hoy*. It closes at p. 14, with a vignette of *The Dwarfy Stone*. Then follow six plates, containing a view of the *Bay of Frith*, a *View from Hoy*, two views of the *Eastern and Western Circles of the Stones of Stennis*, and two views of *Stromness*.—The next chapter is entitled "Duncansbay or Dungsby-head," which bears in front a vignette of *Wick*, and at the end, in p. 16, a vignette of the *Castle of Freswick*. Three plates follow: the first presenting a view of *Duncansbay-Head*: the second, Views of the *Stacks of Hemprigs* and the *Hills of Schrabiner or Schuraben*; the third, a View of *The Ord*.—"The Castle of Helmsdale" is the title of the succeeding chapter, to which is prefixed a vignette of *Helmsdale Castle*. It ends at p. 19, with a vignette of the *Bridge of Brora*. Then follow two plates, presenting Views of *Helmsdale Castle*, and the *Coast of Sutherland*.—The subject of the next chapter is "Dunrobin Castle," (the ancient seat of her Ladyship's ancestors, and now a residence of her Ladyship,) which presents, at the beginning, a vignette of *Dunrobin Castle*, and after the close of the chapter, at p. 23, four plates; the first of which is a View of *Dunrobin Castle* and the surrounding scenery; the second, a smaller View of the *Castle*: the

third, a View of *Druid Stones*, with another of *Battle Stones in Strathflete*: and the fourth, *Dornoch, with the Thane's Cross*.— The last chapter is entitled "The Chapel of Rosslyn," to which is prefixed a vignette of *Rosslyn Chapel*. It is followed by four plates; the first exhibiting a View of a *Column in Rosslyn Chapel*; the second, a *Door-way in the Chapel*; the third, the *Tomb of Sir William St. Clair*; and the fourth, *Hawthornden*, the residence of the elegant and plaintive Drummond; with whose beautiful Sonnet, to this his romantic habitation, the volume closes:

"Dear wood! and you, sweet solitary
place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,"
&c.

Of the volume which had been thus described, only 120 copies were printed. The Views were all drawn and etched by her Ladyship: and are executed with a spirit and correctness which would have done credit to the most successful disciple of Rembrandt. A copy of the work, which had been presented to the late Right Hon. C.F. Greville, produced, at the sale of his books, the sum of sixteen guineas.

LIS. You allude to the STRAWBERRY HILL Press? [457]

[457] For the gratification of such desperately-smitten bibliomaniacs, who leave no stone unturned for the possession of what are called STRAWBERRY HILL *Pieces*, I subjoin the following list of books, printed at the celebrated seat of Sir Horace Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford) at Strawberry Hill: situated between Richmond and Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames. This list, and the occasional bibliographical memoranda introduced, are taken from the collection of Strawberry Hill books in the library of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton; all of them being elegantly bound by Kalthoeber, in red morocco.——I. *Two Odes by Mr. Gray*. "φωναντα συνετοισι," Pindar Olymp. II. Printed for R. and J. Dodsley, 1757, 4to., 19 pages, 1000 copies. In these copies there is sometimes (but very rarely) prefixed a short poem of six stanzas, in alternate rhyme, "To Mr. Gray, on his Poems." As there were *only six copies* of these verses printed, I subjoin them:

Repine not, Gray, that our weak dazzled eyes
Thy daring heights and brightness shun,
How few can track the eagle to the skies,
Or, like him, gaze upon the sun!

The gentle reader loves the gentle muse,
That little dares, and little means,
Who humbly sips her learning from *Reviews*,
Or flutters in the *Magazines*.

No longer now from learning's sacred store,
Our minds their health and vigour draw;
HOMER and PINDAR are revered no more,
No more the *Stagyrite is law*.

Though nurst by these, in vain thy muse appears
To breathe her ardours in our souls;
In vain to sightless eyes, and deaden'd ears,
Thy lightning gleams, and thunder rolls!

Yet droop not GRAY, nor quit thy heav'n-born art:
Again thy wondrous powers reveal,
Wake slumb'ring virtue in the *Briton's* heart.
And rouse us to *reflect* and *feel*!

With antient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,
Those deeds which mark'd ELIZA'S reign!
Make *Britons* Greeks again.—Then strike the lyre,

And Pindar shall not sing in vain.

——II. *A journey into England*, originally written in Latin, *by Paul Hentzner*. In the year 1598. Printed 1757. Advertisement of 10 pages in a fine large beautiful type, printed on paper of great delicacy. The body of the work, which is printed in a smaller type, occupies 126 double pages; on account of the Latin and English being on the opposite pages, each page is marked with the same number. Only 220 copies of this curious and elegant work were printed.—III. *Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose. Pereunt et Imputantur.* MDCCLVIII. 8vo. Two pages of dedication "To the Honourable Major General HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY:" two pages of a table of contents, body of the work 219 pages. Printed with the small type: and only 200 copies struck off.—IV. *An account of Russia as it was in the year 1710. By Charles Lord Whitworth.* Printed at S.H. MDCCLVIII, 8vo. Advertisement 24 pages, body of this work 158—with a page of errata, 700 copies printed. This is an interesting and elegantly printed little volume.—V. *A parallel, in the manner of Plutarch, between a most celebrated man of Florence, and one scarce ever heard of in England. By the Reverend Mr. Spence*, 1758, 8vo. This is the beautiful and curious little volume, of which mention has already been made at p. 86, ante. Seven hundred copies of it were printed; and from a copy, originally in the possession of the late Mr. John Mann, of Durham, I learnt that "the clear

profits arising from the sale of it being about 300*l.*, were applied for the benefit of Mr. Hill and his family." (Magliabechi was "the man of Florence;" and Hill "the one scarce ever heard of in England.") A copy of this edition, with MS. notes by Mr. Cole, was purchased by Mr. Waldron, at the sale of George Steevens's books, for 3*l.*6*s.* It was reprinted by Dodsley: but the curious seek only the present edition.——VI. *Lucani Pharsalia*, MDCCLX, 4to. This is the most beautiful volume, in point of printing, which the Strawberry Hill press ever produced. A tolerably copious account of it will be found in my *Introduction to the Classics*, vol. ii., p. 53. Kirgate the printer (recently deceased) told me that uncommon pains were taken with its typographical execution.——VII. *Anecdotes of Painting in Englaud*; MDCCLXI. four volumes; *Catalogue of Engravers*, 4to., one volume. This is the *first*, and, on account of having the earliest impressions of the plates, the *best* edition of this amusing, and once popular work. It was reprinted in quarto, in 1765; of which edition I believe 600 copies were struck off. Again, in 1786, crown 8vo., five volumes, without the plates.——VIII. *The Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, written by himself. Printed in the year MDCCLXIX, 4to. Dedication of two pages to Lord Powis. Advertisement six pages, not numbered. After this, there should be a "Genealogical Table of the family of Herbert," which is very scarce, on account of its being suppressed by Mr. Walpole, for its

inaccuracy. The life occupied 171 pages. "Mr. Walpole," says the late Mr. Cole, "when I was with him in the autumn of 1763, at which time the book was partly printed, told me that either one or two hundred copies were to be printed; half to be sent to the Earl of Powis, and the other half he was to reserve for himself, as presents to his friends; so that, except the book is reprinted by some bookseller, privately, as probably it will, it will be a curiosity. It was not published till the end of June, 1764, when the honourable editor sent it to me.——IX. *Poems by Anna Chambers*, Countess Temple. MDCCLXIV, 4to. This volume, containing 13 poems on various subjects, is printed in 34 pages, with a large, but not very elegant type. Only 100 copies were struck off.——X. *The Mysterious Mother*. A Tragedy, by Mr. Horace Walpole. Sit mihi fas audita loqui. Virg. Printed at S.H., MDCCLXVIII. 8vo. No vignette on the back. First leaf, errata, and "persons" [of the play.] Printed with the small type on 120 pages; after which follows a "postscript" of 10 pages. Only 50 copies printed. An uncut copy was recently sold for 6*l.* 15*s.*——XI. *Cornélie vestale. Tragédie*. Imprimée à S.H. MDCCLXVIII, 8vo., 200 copies. The title-page is followed by a letter "a Mons. Horace Walpole." A page of the names of the actors forms the commencement of the work, which contains 91 pages, neatly printed. Only 200 copies printed, of which 150 were sent to Paris.——XII. *Poems by the Reverend Mr. Hoyland*, MDCCLXIX, 8vo. The

advertisement ends at p. iv.; the odes occupy 19 pages. Although this little volume is not printed with the usual elegance of the S.H. press, it is valuable from its scarcity, on account of its never having been re-printed. Only 300 copies were struck off.——XIII. *Original Letters from K. Edward VI. to Barnaby Fitzpatrick*, 1772, 4to. I am not acquainted with any circumstance, intrinsic or extrinsic, that renders this small volume sought after. ——XIV. *Miscellaneous Antiquities, or a collection of curious papers*: either republished from scarce tracts, or now first printed from original MSS. Two numbers printed by Thomas Kirgate, MDCCLXXII, 4to. No. I. Advertisement of two pages, ending p. iv. The number contains besides: CONTENTS. Chap. I. "An account of some Tournaments and other martial Diversions." This was reprinted from a work written by Sir William Segar, Norroy; and is called by the author, Honour, Military and Ceuill, printed at London in 1602. Chap. II. Of "Justs and Tournaments," &c., from the same. Chap. III. "A Triumph in the Reigne of King Richard the Second, 1390," from the same. Chap. IV. "A Militarie Triumph at Brussels, Anno 1549," from the same. Chap. V. "Of Justs and Tourneaments," &c., from the same. Chap. VI. "Triumphes Military, for honour and loue of Ladies: brought before the Kings of England," from the same. Chap. VII. "Of the life and actions in Armes since the reigne of Queene Elizabeth," from the same. Chap. VIII. "The original

occasions of the yeerely Triumph in England." All these tracts are taken from the above work. No. II. Second leaf, a plate of a head from the original wood-cut by Hans Holbein. CONTENTS. This number is almost entirely occupied by the "Life of Sir Thomas Wyat, the elder," copied by Mr. Gray from the originals in the Harleian Collection, now in the British Museum. This extends to p. 54, after which is an Appendix of eight pages on a few miscellaneous subjects. Five hundred copies were printed.——XV. *Memoirs du Comte de Grammont*, par Monsieur le Comte Antoine Hamilton. Nouvelle edition, Augumentée denotes et eclaircissemens necessaires. Par M. HORACE WALPOLE. MDCCLXXII, 4to. The title-page is succeeded by a dedication "à Madame ——," in six lines and a half, printed in a very large type. Then follows an "Avis de L'Editour," and "Avertissement," occupying three pages. An "Epitre à Monsieur le Comte de Grammont,' continues to p. xxi: then a "Table des Chapitres," to p. xxiii., on the back of which are the errata. The body of the work extends to 290 pages; which are succeeded by "Table des Personnes," or index, in three pages. These memoirs are printed with the middle size type; but neither the type nor paper are so beautiful as are those of Hentzner's Travels, or the comparison between Magliabechi and Hill. PORTRAITS. 1. Le Comte Antoine Hamilton, faces the title page. 2. Philibert, Comte de Grammont, opposite the "Epitre:"

badly executed. 3. A portrait of Miss Warminster, opposite p. 85, in the style of Worlidge's gems. 4. Mademoiselle d'Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont, faces p. 92. This engraving, by G. Powle, is executed in a style of beauty and spirit that has seldom been surpassed. 5. Lord Chesterfield, second Earl, in the style of the preceding; very beautiful. There were only 100 copies of this edition printed, of which 30 were sent as presents to Paris. ——XVI. *The Sleep Walker, a Comedy*: in two acts. Translated [by Lady Craven] from the French, in March. Printed by T. Kirgate, MDCCLXXVIII, 8vo. It is printed in the small type on 56 pages, exclusively of viii. introductory ones, of "prologues" and "persons," &c. Only 75 copies were printed: and of these, one was sold for 4*l.* in the year 1804, at a public auction.——XVII. *A Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton.* Printed by T. Kirgate. MDCCLXXIX, 8vo. This title is preceded by what is called a bastard title: and is followed by 55 pages of the work, not very elegantly printed. Only 200 copies.——XVIII. *The Muse Recalled*, an ode occasioned by the nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp (the late Earl Spencer) and Miss Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of Charles, Lord Lucan, March vi., MDCCLXXXI. By William Jones, Esq. Printed by Thomas Kirgate, MDCCLXXXI. 4to. Eight pages, exclusively of the title-page. Printed in the middle size type; but neither the paper nor typographical execution are in the best style of the S.H. press. Only 250 copies

printed.——XIX. *A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, Middlesex.* With an inventory of the Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities, &c. Printed by Thomas Kirgate, MCCLXXXIV, 4to. This book contains 96 pages in the whole. It was preceded by a small quarto impression of MDCCLXXIV: which is scarce; and of which there are large paper copies. The work entitled *Ædes Walpolianæ* was printed in MDCCLXVII.

Plates to the edition of 1784.

1. Frontispiece, Gothic; motto on a scroll, "Fari quæ sentiat."
2. North Front of Strawberry Hill.
3. Entrance of Strawberry Hill.
4. View of the Prior's Garden, at ditto.
5. Chimney in the Great Parlour.
6. Chimney in the China Room.
7. Chimney in the Yellow Bedchamber.
8. Do. —— —— Blue Bedchamber.
9. Staircase at Strawberry Hill.
10. Library at ditto.
11. Chimney Piece of the Holbein Chamber.
12. The Gallery.
13. Chimney in the Round Room.
14. The Cabinet.
15. View from the Great Bedchamber.
16. Garden Gate.
17. View of the Chapel in the Garden at Strawberry Hill.
18. The Shell Bench.
19. View from the Terrace at Strawberry

Hill.
20. East View of the Cottage Garden at Strawberry Hill. There were only 200 copies of this edition printed.

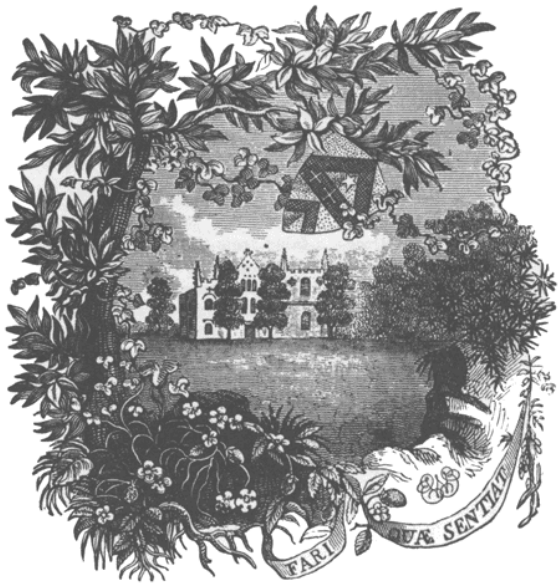
The following may amuse the curious reader:

"Mr. Walpole is very ready to oblige any curious persons with the sight of his house and collection; but as it is situated so near to London, and in so populous a neighbourhood, and as he refuses a ticket to nobody that sends for one, it is but reasonable that such persons as send should comply with the rules he has been obliged to lay down for shewing it:—Any person, sending a day or two before may have a ticket for four persons for a day certain;—No Ticket will serve but on the day for which it is given. If more than four persons come with a ticket, the housekeeper has positive orders to admit none of them;—Every ticket will admit the company only between the hours of twelve and three before dinner, and only one company will be admitted on the same day;—The house will never be shewn after dinner, nor at all but from the first of May to the first of October;—As Mr. Walpole has given offence by sometimes enlarging the number o four, and refusing that latitude to others, he flatters himself that for the future nobody will take it ill that he strictly confines the number; as whoever desires him to break his rule does in effect expect him to disoblige others, which is

what nobody has a right to desire of him; —Persons desiring a ticket may apply either to Strawberry Hill, or to Mr. Walpole's, in Berkeley Square, London. If any person does not make use of the ticket, Mr. Walpole hopes he shall have notice: otherwise he is prevented from obliging others on that day, and thence is put to great inconvenience;—They who have tickets are desired not to bring children."——xx. *A copy of all the Works of Mr. Walpole that were printed by him before his death*, 1784, 4to. This brochure, which has been called "rare" in book-auction catalogues, has been sold for upwards of two guineas.——xxi. *Postscript to the Royal and Noble Authors.* MDCCXXXVI, 8vo. There should be, before the title-page, an outline etching of "Reason, Rectitude, and Justice, appearing to Christin de Pisan, &c., from an illumination in the library of the King of France," which is exceedingly well engraved. The work contains only 18 pages: and there were but 40 copies printed. The *Royal and Noble Authors* were first printed in 1759, 8vo. 2 vols.——xxii. *Essai sur l'Art des Jardins Modernes*, par M. Horace Walpole. Traduit en François, par M. Le Duc de Nivernois, en MDCCLXXXIV. *Imprimé à S.H.* par T. Kirgate, MDCCLXXXV. With an opposite title in English, 4to. It contains 94 double pages, and every page of French has an opposite one of English. Not printed in the best manner of S.H. A copy of this book was sold for 3*l.*; at a sale in 1804.——xxiii. *Bishop Banner's Ghost.* Printed by T.K. MDLCCXXXIX, 4to. On the

first leaf is the following "Argument." "In the gardens of the palace of Fulham is a dark recess: at the end of this stands a chair, which once belonged to Bishop Bonner. A certain Bishop of London (the late Beilby Porteus) more than 200 years after the death of the aforesaid Bonner, just as the clock of the gothic chapel had struck six, undertook to cut, with his own hand, a narrow walk through this thicket, which is since called the *Monk's walk*. He had no sooner begun to clear the way, than lo! suddenly up started from the chair, the ghost of Bishop Bonner, who, in a tone of just and bitter indignation, uttered the following verses." This curious publication contains only four pages of stanzas, written in alternate rhyme, of 8 and 6 feet metre.——XXIV. *The Magpie and her Brood*; a fable, from the tales of Bonaventure de Periers, valet de chambre to the Queen of Navarre; addressed to Miss Hotham. This is a very scarce poetical tract of four pages only; subscribed H.W.——XXV. *Fourteen different pieces, printed at Strawberry Hill, of verses, cards, &c.* This title I borrow from a book-auction catalogue. At a sale in 1804, these detached pieces were sold for 2*l.* 2*s.*; but it is not in my power to identify them. Whether they be the same "*parcel of scraps, and loose leaves of poetry, epigrams*," *&c.* which, according to a daily newspaper, were sold at the commencement of this year "for 16 pounds," I am also equally ignorant. See *Kirgate's Catalogue*, 1810, no. 420.——XXVI. *Hieroglyphic Tales*, 8vo. Only

seven copies printed; *idem*, no. 380. From newspaper authority, I learn that these tales formed "a small pamphlet of two sheets, crown 8vo.," which were sold for 16*l.*; and I understand that the late Mr. G. Baker was the purchaser. N.B. They are incorporated in the author's printed works; but this is not having the *first* and *true edition*! There is nothing like the comfort of bleeding smartly for exhibiting these fourth and fifth symptoms of the Bibliomania! Vide pp. 521, 525, ante.——XXVII. *Additions to First Editions of Walpole's Lives of the Painters, sewed.*——XXVIII. *The Press at Strawberry Hill to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, a Poem.*——XXIX. *The Master of Otranto in durance.*——XXX. *Air, a Poem.*——XXXI. *A Poetical Epistle to Mrs. Crewe.*——XXXII. *A Poetical Epistle to Lady Horatio Waldegrave, on the Death of the Duke of Ancaster.*——XXXIII. *The Press at Strawberry Hill to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, a Poetical Epistle.* [These last seven articles are taken from Mr. Cuthell's catalogue of 1811.] I should add that a much more copious and complete list, though not possessing all the intelligence here communicated, was prepared by the late Mr. George Baker for press; and printed, since his decease, for donations to his particular friends. Only twenty copies of this bibliographical brochure are said to have been executed. We will now take leave of the PRELUM WALPOLIANUM by subjoining a copy of the most elegant title-page vignette which ever issued from it.



Before the reader's eyes are finally turned from a contemplation of this elegant device—and as connected with the subject of PRIVATE PRESSES—let me inform him that the Marquis of Bute is in possession of a thin folio volume, exhibiting paintings, upon vellum, of the various devices used by Pope Sixtus V., in the frontispieces of the several works which issued from the APOSTOLICAL PRESS, while he filled the Papal Chair. To a tasteful bibliomaniac, few volumes would afford so much delight as a contemplation of the present one. It is quite a *keimelion* in its way!

LYSAND. I do; but I have not so ardent an admiration of these volumes, as the generality

of collectors. On the contrary, I think that the *Hafod Press* has, by one single production only, outweighed the whole of the *Walpolian* lucubrations; at least on the score of utility.

I might here add, to the foregoing symptoms, a passion to possess works which have been *suppressed*, *condemned*, or *burnt*; but all these things rank under the head of *causes of the rarity* of books; and as an entire volume might be written upon *this* symptom *alone*, I can here only allude to to the subject; hoping some diligent bibliographer will one day do for *us* what foreigners have done for other nations.

Thus have I, rather slightly, discussed the *Symptoms of the Disease, called* ***The Bibliomania***. During this discussion, I see our friend has been busy, as he was yesterday evening, in making sketches of notes; and if you examine the finished pictures of which such outlines may be made productive, you will probably have a better notion of the accuracy of my classification of these symptoms.

It is much to be wished, whatever may be the whims of desperate book-collectors, that, in *some* of those volumes which are constantly circulating in the bibliomaniacal market, we had a more clear and satisfactory account of the rise and progress of arts and sciences. However strong may be my attachment to the profession of the cloth, I could readily exchange a great number of old volumes of polemical and

hortatory divinity for interesting disquisitions upon the manners, customs, and general history of the times. Over what a dark and troublesome ocean must we sail, before we get even a glimpse at the progressive improvement of our ancestors in civilised life! Oh, that some judicious and faithful reporter had lived three hundred and odd years ago!—we might then have had a more satisfactory account of the *origin of printing with metal types*.

LIS. Pray give us your sentiments upon this latter subject. We have almost the whole day before us:—the sun has hardly begun to decline from his highest point.

LYSAND. A very pretty and smooth subject to discuss, truly! The longest day and the most effectually-renovated powers of body and mind, are hardly sufficient to come to any satisfactory conclusion, upon the subject. How can I, therefore, after the fatigues of the whole of yesterday, and with barely seven hours of daylight yet to follow, pretend to enter upon it? No: I will here only barely mention TRITHEMIUS[458]—who might have been numbered among the patriarchal bibliographers we noticed when discoursing in our friend's CABINET—as an author from whom considerable assistance has been received respecting early typographical researches. Indeed, Trithemius merits a more marked distinction in the annals of Literature than many are supposed to grant him: at any rate, I

wish his labours were better known to our own countrymen.



[458] We are indebted to the Abbé TRITHEMIUS, who was a diligent chronicler and indefatigable visitor of old Libraries, for a good deal of

curious and interesting intelligence; and however Scioppius (*De Orig. Domûs Austriac.*), Brower (*Vit. Fortunat. Pictav.*, p. 18.), and Possevinus (*Apparant sacr.* p. 945), may carp at his simplicity and want of judgment, yet, as Baillet (from whom I have borrowed the foregoing authorities) has justly remarked—"since the time of Trithemius there have been many libraries, particularly in Germany, which have been pillaged or burnt in the destruction of monasteries; so that the books which he describes as having seen in many places, purposely visited by him for inspection, may have been destroyed in the conflagration of religious houses." *Jugemens des Savans*; vol. ii., pt. i., p. 71, edit. 12mo. It is from Trithemius, after all, that we have the only *direct* evidence concerning the origin of printing with metal types: and the bibliographical world is much indebted to Chevelier (*L'Origine de l'Imprimerie de Paris*, 1691, 4to., pp. 3-6.) for having been the first to adduce the positive evidence of this writer; who tells us, in his valuable *Chronicon Hirsaugiens* (1690, 2 vols. folio), that he received his testimony from the mouth of Fust's son-in-law—"ex ore Petri Opilionis audivi,"—that Guttenburg was the author of the invention. The historical works of Trithemius were collected and published in 1601, in folio, two parts, and his other works are minutely detailed in the 9th volume of the *Dictionnarie Historique*, published at Caen, in 1789. Of these, one of the most curious is his *Polygraphia*:

being first printed at Paris, in 1518, in a beautiful folio volume; and presenting us, in the frontispiece, with a portrait of the abbé; which is probably the first, if not the only legitimate, print of him extant. Whether it be copied from a figure on his tomb—as it has a good deal of the *monumental* character—I have no means of ascertaining. For the gratification of all tasteful bibliomaniacs, an admirable facsimile is here annexed. The *Polygraphia* of Trithemius was translated into French, and published in 1601, folio. His work *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, Colon, 1546, 4to., with two appendices, contains much valuable matter. The author died in his 55th year, A.D. 1516: according to the inscription upon his tomb in the monastery of the Benedictines at Wirtzburg. His life has been written by Busæus, a Jesuit. See La Monnoye's note in the *Jugemens des Savans*; *ibid.*

LIS. I will set his works down among my literary *desiderata*. But proceed.

LYSAND. With what? Am I to talk for ever?

BELIN. While you discourse so much to the purpose, you may surely not object to a continuance of this conversation. I wish only to be informed whether bibliomaniacs are indisputably known by the prevalence of all, or of any, of the symptoms which you have just described.

ALMAN. Is there any other passion, or fancy, in the book-way, from which we may judge of Bibliomaniacism?

LYSAND. Let me consider. Yes; there is one other characteristic of the book-madman that may as well be noticed. It is an ardent desire to collect ALL THE EDITIONS of a work which have been published. Not only the fiRST—whether *uncut, upon large paper, in the black-letter, unique, tall,* or *illustrated*—but ALL the editions.[459]

[459] I frankly confess that I was, myself, once desperately afflicted with this *eleventh* symptom of *The Bibliomania*; having collected not fewer than *seventy-five* editions of the GREEK TESTAMENT—but time has cooled my ardour, and mended my judgment. I have discarded seventy, and retain only five: which are *R. Steevens's* of 1550, *The Elzevir* of 1624, *Mill's* of 1707, *Westein's* of 1751, and *Griesbach's* of 1810 —as beautifully and accurately reprinted at Oxford.

BELIN. Strange—but true, I warrant!

LYSAND. Most true; but, in my humble opinion, most ridiculous; for what can a sensible man desire beyond the earliest and best editions of a work?

Be it also noticed that these works are

sometimes very capricious and extroardinary. Thus, BAPTISTA is wretched unless he possess every edition of our early grammarians, *Holt*, *Stanbridge*, and *Whittinton*: a reimpression, or a new edition, is a matter of almost equal indifference: for his slumbers are broken and oppressive unless *all* the *dear Wynkyns* and *Pynsons* are found within his closet!—Up starts FLORIZEL, and blows his bugle, at the annunciation of any work, new or old, upon the diversions of *Hawking*, *Hunting*, or *Fishing*![460] Carry him through CAMILLO'S cabinet of Dutch pictures, and you will see how instinctively, as it were, his eyes are fixed upon a sporting piece by Wouvermans. The hooded hawk, in his estimation, hath more charms than Guido's Madonna:—how he envies every rider upon his white horse!—how he burns to bestride the foremost steed, and to mingle in the fair throng, who turn their blue eyes to the scarcely bluer expanse of heaven! Here he recognises *Gervase Markham*, spurring his courser; and there he fancies himself lifting *Dame Juliana* from her horse! Happy deception! dear fiction! says Florizel—while he throws his eyes in an opposite direction, and views every printed book upon the subject, from *Barnes* to *Thornton*.

[460] Some superficial notes, accompanied by an interesting wood-cut of a man carrying hawks for sale, in my edition of Robinson's translation of *More's Utopia*,

kindled, in the breast of Mr. Joseph Haslewood, a prodigious ardour to pursue the subjects above-mentioned to their farthest possible limits. Not Eolus himself excited greater commotion in the Mediterranean waves than did my bibliomaniacal friend in agitating the black-letter ocean—'a sedibus imis'—for the discovering of every volume which had been published upon these delectable pursuits. Accordingly there appeared in due time—'[post] magni procedere menses'—some very ingenious and elaborate disquisitions upon Hunting and Hawking and Fishing, in the ninth and tenth volumes of *The Censura Literaria*; which, with such additions as his enlarged experience has subsequently obtained, might be thought an interesting work if reprinted in a duodecimo volume. But Mr. Haslewood's mind, as was to be expected, could not rest satisfied with what he considered as mere *nuclei* productions: accordingly, it became clothed with larger wings, and meditated a bolder flight; and after soaring in a *hawk*-like manner, to mark the object of its prey, it pounced upon the book of *Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, &c.*, which had been reprinted by W. de Worde, from the original edition published in the abbey of St. Albans. Prefixed to the republication of this curious volume, the reader will discover a great deal of laborious and successful research connected with the book and its author. And yet I question whether, in the midst of all the wood-cuts with which it abounds,

there be found any thing more suitable to the 'high and mounting spirit' (see Braithwait's amusing discourse upon Hawking, in his *English Gentleman*, p. 200-1.) of the editor's taste, than the ensuing representation of a pilgrim Hawker?!—taken from one of the frontispieces of *L'Acadamia Peregrina del Doni*; 1552, 4to., fol. 73.



We will conclude this *Hawking* note with the following excerpt from one of the earliest editions of the abridgment of our statutes:—'nul home pringe les oves dascu[n] *faucon*, *goshawke*, *lan*, ou swan hors de le nyst sur peyn de inprison p[our]

vn an et vn iour et de faire fyn all volunte le roy et que nul home puis le fest de paque p[ro]chyn auenpart ascun *hawke* de le brode dengl' appell vne *nyesse*, *goshawke*, *lan*, ou *laneret* sur sa mayn, sur peyn de forfaiture son *hawke*, et que null enchasse ascun hawke hors de c[ou]uerte sur peyne de forfaiture x li. lun moyte al roy et lauter a celuy que voet sur.' Anno xi. H. vij. ca. xvij. *Abbreviamentum Statutorum*; printed by Pynson, 1499, 8vo., fol. lxxvij.

There are other tastes of an equally strange, but more sombre, character. DION will possess every work which has any connexion, intimate or remote, with *Latimer* and *Swedenborg*;[461] while ANTIGONUS is resolved upon securing every lucubration of *Withers* or *Warburton*; whether grave or gay, lively or severe.

[461] As I could not consistently give EMANUEL SWEDENBORG a niche among the bibliomaniacal heroes noticed towards the conclusion of Part V. of this work, I have reserved, for the present place, a few extracts of the titles of his works, from a catalogue of the same, published in 1785; which I strenuously advise the curious to get possession of—and for two reasons: first, if he be a *Swedenborgian*, his happiness will be nearly complete, and he will thank me for having pointed out such a source of comfort to him: secondly, if he

be *not* a disciple of the same master, he may be amused by meditating upon the strange whims and fancies which possess certain individuals, and which have sufficient attractions yet to make proselytes and converts!! Written March 10, A.D. 1811. Now for the extracts. '*A Catalogue of the printed and unprinted Works* of the HON. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, in chronological order. To which are added some observations, recommending the perusal of his Theological Writings. Together with a compendious view of the Faith of a new Heaven and a new Church, in its Universal and Particular Forms. London, printed by Robert Hindmarsh, No. 32, Clerkenwell Close, MDCCLXXXV. Those marked thus (*) are translated into English.'

NO.

18. *Regnum Animale*, or the Animal Kingdom in three parts. The first treats of the Viscera of the Abdomen, or the lower Region. The second, of the Viscera of the Breast, or of the Organs of the superior Region. The third, of the Skin, the Touch, and the Taste, and of organical forms in general. Part printed at the Hague, and part in London, 1744, 1745, in 4to.

19. *De Cultu et Amore Dei*, or of the Worship and Love of God. The first part treats of the Origin of the Earth, of Paradise, of the Birth, Infancy, and Love of the first Man, or Adam. London, 1744, in 4to. The second part treats of the Marriage of the first man, of the Soul, of the intellectual Spirit, of the State of Integrity, and of the Image of God. London, 1745, 4to.
20. *Arcana Cœlestia*, or Heavenly Mysteries contained in the Sacred Scriptures or Word of the Lord, manifested and laid open, in an Explanation of the Books of Genesis and Exodus, interspersed with relations of wonderful things seen in the World of Spirits, and the Heaven of Angels. London, from 1747 to 1758, in eight volumes, 4to. "In this work the reader is taught to regard the letter of the Scriptures as the Repository of Holy and Divine Things within; as a Cabinet containing the infinite Treasures and bright Gems of spiritual and celestial Wisdom; &c."(*)....

21. *De Cœlo et Inferno*; or A Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell, and of the wonderful Things therein heard and seen. London, 1758, 4to. "By this work the reader may attain to some conception of the heavenly kingdom, and may learn therein that all social virtues, and all the tender affections that give consistence and harmony to society, and do honour to humanity, find place and exercise in the utmost purity in those delectable abodes; where every thing that can delight the eye, or rejoice the heart, entertain the imagination, or exalt the understanding, conspire with Innocence, Love, Joy, and Peace, to bless the spirits of just men made perfect, and to make glad the city of our God," &c.(*)

LOREN. I suspect that, like many dashing artists, you are painting for *effect*?

PHIL. On the part of Lysander, I may safely affirm that the preceding has been no caricatured description. I know more than one Baptista, and Florizel, and Dion, and Antigonus.

LIS. I hope I shall shortly add to the number of such an enthusiastic class of book-collectors—I'm for *Natural History*; and, in this department, for birds and beasts—*Gesner* and *Bewick*![462]

[462] The works upon Natural History by Gesner, and especially the large tomes published about the middle of the sixteenth century, are, some of them, well worth procuring; on account of the fidelity and execution of the wood-cuts of birds and animals. Bewick's earliest editions of *Birds* and *Beasts* should be in the cabinet of every choice collector.

PHIL. Restrain your wild feelings—listen to the sober satire of Lysander. Have you nothing else, in closing this symptomatic subject, to discourse upon?

LYSAND. There is certainly another point not very remotely connected with the two preceding; and it is this: a passion to possess large and voluminous works, and to estimate the treasures of our libraries rather by their extent and splendour than by their intrinsic worth: forgetting how prettily Ronsard[463] has illustrated this subject by the utility and beauty of small rivers in comparison with those which overflow their banks and spread destruction around. "Oh combien (says Cailleau, in his *Roman Bibliographique*) un petit livre bien pensé, bein plein, et bein écrit, est plus agréable, plus utile à lire, que ces vastes compilations à la formation desquelles l'intérêt a présidé plus souvent que le bon-goût!"

[463]

Ie te confesse bien que le fleuve de Seine
A le cours grand et long, mais tousiours il attraine
Avec soy de la fange, et ses plis recourbrez,
Sans estre iamais nets, sont tousiours embourbez:
Vn petit ruisselet a tousiours l'onde nette,
Aussi le papillon et la gentille auette
Y vont puiser de l'eau, et non en ces torrens
Qui tonnent d'vn grand bruit pas les roches courant:
Petit Sonnets bien faits, belles chansons petites,
Petits discourds gentils, sont les fleurs des Charites,
Des Sœurs et d'Apollon, qui ne daignent aymer
Ceux qui chantent une œuvre aussi grand que la mer,
Sans riue ny sans fond, de tempestes armée
Et qui iamais ne dort tranquille ny calmée.
Poems de Ronsard; fol. 171. Paris 1660. 12mo.

These are pretty lines, and have a melodious flow; but Ronsard, in his 8 and 9 feet metres, is one of the most fascinating of the old French poets. The subject, above alluded to by Lysander, may be yet more strongly illustrated: for thus speaks Spizelius upon it. 'Solent viri

multijugæ lectionis, qui avidè, quos possunt versant libros, ut in mentis ventrem trajicere eos velle, totosque devorare videantur, elegantis proverbii salivâ LIBRORUM HELLUONES nuncupari; ipso quidem Tullio prælucente, qui avidos lectores librorum, ac propemodum insiatiables Helluones dixit, siquidem *vastissima volumina* percurrant, et quicquid boni succi exprimere possunt, propriis et alienis impendant emolumentis." Again: "Maxima cum sit eorum Literarum stoliditas, qui, quod nocte somniarunt, continuo edunt in lucem, neque ipsa virium imbecillitate suarum, ab arduo scribendi munere et onere, sese revocari patiuntur," &c. *Infelix Literatus*; pp. 295, 447. Morof is worth our notice upon this subject: "Veniamus ad Bibliothecas ipsas, quales vel privatæ sunt, vel publicæ. Illæ, quanquam in molem tantam non excrescant ut publicæ; sunt tamen etiam inter privatos viri illustres et opulenti qui in libris omnis generis coemendis nullis parcunt sumptibus. Quorum βιβλιομανίαν reprehendit Seneca *Ep.* 2. 45, *et de Tranquil. animi* c. 9, ridet Lucianus in libello πρὸς ἀπαίδευτον και πόλλὰ βιβλία ᾽ωνουμενον; et Auson. *epigr.* 43. Sunt ita animati nonnulli, ut

magno de flumine malint
Quam de fonticulo tantundem sumere;

cum vastioris Bibliothecæ minor interdum usus sit, quam ejus quæ selectis paucioribus libris constat." *Polyhist. Literar.*

vol. i., p. 21. He goes on in a very amusing manner; but this note may be thought already too long.

BELIN. Well; we live in a marvellous book-collecting and book-reading age—yet a word more:

ALMAN. I crave your pardon, Belinda; but I have a thought which must be now imparted, or the consequence may be serious.

LYSAND. I wait both your commands.

ALMAN. My thought—or rather the subject which now occupies my mind—is this: You have told us of the symptoms of the *Disease of Book-Madness*, now pray inform us, as a tender-hearted physician, what are the *means of its cure*?

BELIN. The very question I was about to put to our bibliomaniacal physician. Pray inform us what are the means of cure in this disorder?

LYSAND. You should say PROBABLE MEANS OF CURE, as I verily believe there are no certain and correct remedies.

BELIN. Well, Sir, *probable* means—if it must be so. Discourse largely and distinctly upon these.

LYSAND. Briefly and perspicuously, if you please: and thus we begin.

In the *first place*, the disease of the Bibliomania is materially softened, or rendered mild, by directing our studies to *useful* and *profitable* works; whether these be printed upon small or large paper, in the gothic, roman, or italic type. To consider merely the *intrinsic excellence*, and not the *exterior splendour*, or adventitious value, of any production will keep us perhaps wholly free from this disease. Let the midnight lamp be burnt to illuminate the stores of antiquity—whether they be romances, or chronicles, or legends, and whether they be printed by ALDUS or CAXTON—if a brighter lustre can thence be thrown upon the pages of modern learning! To trace genius to its source, or to see how she has been influenced or modified by the lore of past times, is both a pleasing and profitable pursuit. To see how Shakspeare, here and there, has plucked a flower from some old ballad or popular tale, to enrich his own unperishable garland;—to follow Spenser and Milton in their delightful labyrinths 'midst the splendour of Italian literature; are studies which stamp a dignity upon our intellectual characters! But, in such a pursuit, let us not overlook the wisdom of modern times, nor fancy that what is only ancient can be excellent. We must remember that Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Taylor, Chillingworth, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Paley, are names which always command attention from the wise, and remind us of the improved state of reason and acquired knowledge during the two last centuries.

ALMAN. There seems at least sound sense, with the prospect of much future good, in this *first* recipe. What is your second.

LYSAND. In the *second place*, the reprinting of scarce and intrinsically valuable works is another means of preventing the propagation of this disorder. Amidst all our present sufferings under the BIBLIOMANIA, it is some consolation to find discerning and spirited booksellers republishing the ancient Chroniclers; and the collections known by the names of "*The Harleian Miscellany*" and "*Lord Somers' Tracts*," and "*The Voyages of Hakluyt*."[464] These are noble efforts, and richly deserve the public patronage.

[464] In the *Quarterly Review* for August, 1810, this my second remedy for curing the disease of the Bibliomania is considered as inefficient. I have a great respect for this Review, but I understand neither the premises nor conclusions therein laid down concerning the subject in discussion. If "those who cannot afford to purchase original publications must be content with entire reprints of them" (I give the very words, though not the entire sentence), it surely tends to lessen the degree of competition for "the original publication." A sober reader, or an economical book-buyer, wants a certain tract on the ground of its utility:—but take my own case—who have very few hundreds per annum to procure food for the body as well as the mind. I wish to consult Roy's tract of "Rede me and be not wroth," (vide p. 226, ante)—or the "Expedition into Scotland" of 1544 (see Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, vol. ii., p. 345), because these are really interesting, as well as rare, volumes. There is at present no reprint of either; and can I afford to bid ten or twelve guineas for each of them at a public book-sale? But —let them be faithfully *reprinted*, and even a golden guinea (if such a coin be now in the pocket of a poor bibliomaniac like myself) would be considered by me as *dear* terms upon which to purchase the *original* edition! The reviewer has illustrated his

position by a model of the Pigot diamond; and intimates that this model does not "lessen the public desire to possess the original." Lord Mansfield once observed that nothing more frequently tended to perplex an argument than a simile—(the remark is somewhere in *Burrows's Reports*); and the judge's dictum seems here a little verified. If the glass or crystal model could reflect *all the lustre* of the original, it would be of equal utility; but it cannot. Now the reprint *does* impart *all* the intelligence and intrinsic worth of the original (for "the ugliness of the types" cannot be thought worthy of aiding the argument one way or another) therefore the reprint of Roy's poetical tract is not illustrated by the model of the Pigot diamond: which latter cannot impart the intrinsic value of the original. Let us now say a word about the *Reprints* above commended by Lysander. When Mr. Harding went to press with the first volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, his zeal struggled with his prudence about the number of copies to be printed of so voluminous a work. Accordingly, he ventured upon only 250 copies. As the work advanced, (and, I would hope, as the recommendation of it, in the last edition of the Bibliomania, promoted its sale) he took courage, and struck off another 250 copies of the earlier volumes: and thus this magnificent reprint (which will be followed up by two volumes of additional matter collected by Mr. Park, its editor) may be pronounced a profitable, as well as generally serviceable, publication to the

cause of Literature. The original edition of *Lord Somers' Tracts* having become exceedingly scarce, and the arrangement of them being equally confused, three spirited booksellers, under the editorial inspection of Mr. Walter Scott, are putting forth a correct, well arranged, and beautiful reprint of the same invaluable work. Five volumes are already published. *The Voyages of Hakluyt* are republishing by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall. Four volumes are already before the public; of which only 250 copies of the small, and 75 of the large, are printed. The reprint will contain the whole of Hakluyt, with the addition of several scarce voyages and travels.

LOREN. I fully coincide with these sentiments; and, as a proof of it, regularly order my London bookseller to transmit to me every volume of the reprint of these excellent works as it is published.

BELIN. Can you find it in your heart, dear brother, to part with your black-letter Chronicles, and Hakluyt's Voyages, for these new publications?

LOREN. I keep the best editions of the ancient Chronicles; but the new Fabian, the Harleian Miscellany, Lord Somers' Tracts, and the Voyages, are unquestionably to be preferred; since they are more full and complete. But proceed with your other probable means of

cure.

LYSAND. In the *third place*, the editing of our best ancient authors, whether in prose or poetry,[465] is another means of effectually counteracting the mischievous effects arising from the bibliomaniacal disease; and, on this score, I do think this country stands pre-eminently conspicuous; for we are indefatigable in our attentions towards restoring the corrupted texts of our poets.

[465] The last new editions of our standard belles-lettres writers are the following: which should be found in every gentleman's library. *Shakspeare*, 1793, 15 vols., or 1803, 21 vols. (vide p. 427, ante); *Pope*, by *Jos. Warton*; 1795, 8 vols. 8vo.; or by *Lisle Bowles*, 1806, 9 vols. 8vo.; *Spenser*, by *H.J. Todd*, 1805, 8 vols. 8vo.; *Milton*, by *the Same*, 7 vols., 8vo.; *Massinger*, by *W. Gifford*, 1806, 4 vols. 8vo.; *Sir David Lyndsay*, by *George Chalmers*, 1806, 3 vols. 8vo.; *Dryden*, by *Walter Scott*, 1808, 18 vols. 8vo.; *Churchill*, by ——, 1805, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Hudibras*, by *Dr. Grey*, 1744, or 1809, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Ben. Jonson*, by *W. Gifford* (*sub prelo*); and *Bishop Corbett's Poems*, by *Octavius Gilchrist*, 1807, 8vo.

PHIL. Yet forgive me if I avow that this same country, whose editorial labours you are thus

commending, is shamefully deficient in the cultivation of *Ancient English History*! I speak my sentiments roundly upon this subject: because you know, Lysander, how vigilantly I have cultivated it, and how long and keenly I have expressed my regret at the almost total apathy which prevails respecting it. There is no country upon earth which has a more plentiful or faithful stock of historians than our own; and if it were only to discover how superficially some of our recent and popular historians have written upon it, it were surely worth the labour of investigation to examine the yet existing records of past ages.

LOREN. To effect this completely, you should have a NATIONAL PRESS.

LIS. And why not? Have we here no patriotic spirit similar to that which influenced the Francises, Richlieus, Colberts, and Louises of France?

ALMAN. You are getting into bibliographical politics! Proceed, good Lysander, with your other probable means of cure.

LYSAND. In the *fourth place*, the erection of PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS[466] is of great service in diffusing a love of books for their intrinsic utility, and is of very general advantage to scholars and authors who cannot purchase every book which they find it necessary to consult.

[466] The ROYAL, LONDON, SURREY, AND RUSSEL INSTITUTIONS, have been the means of concentrating, in divers parts of the metropolis, large libraries of useful books; which, it is to be hoped, will eventually bring into disgrace and contempt what are called *Circulating Libraries*—vehicles, too often, of insufferable nonsense, and irremediable mischief!

PHIL. You are right. These Institutions are of recent growth, but of general utility. They are a sort of *intellectual Hospitals*—according to your mode of treating the Bibliomania. Yet I dare venture to affirm that the *News-Paper Room* is always better attended than the *Library*!

LYSAND. Let us have no sarcasms. I will now give you the *fifth* and last probable means of cure of the Bibliomania; and that is *the Study of Bibliography*.[467]

[467] "UNNE BONNE BIBLIOGRAPHIE," says Marchand, "soit générale soit particuliére, soit profane soit écclésiastique, soit nationale, provinciale, ou locale, soit simplement personelle, en un mot de quelque autre genre que ce puisse être, n'est pas un ouvrage aussi facile que beaucoup de gens se le pourroient imaginer; mais, elles ne doivent néanmoins

nullement prévenir contre celle-ci. Telle qu'elle est, elle ne laisse pas d'être bonne, utile, et digne d'être recherchée par les amateurs de l'Histoire Litteraire." *Diction. Historique*, vol. i. p. 109.

Peignot, in his *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie*, vol. i. 50, has given a very pompous account of what ought to be the talents and duties of a bibliographer. It would be difficult indeed to find such qualifications, as he describes, united in one person! De Bure, in the eighth volume of his *Bibliographie Instructive*, has prefixed a "Discourse upon the Science of Bibliography, and the Duties of a Bibliographer," which is worth consulting: but I know of nothing which better describes, in few words, such a character, than the following: "In eo sit multijuga materiarum librorumque notitia, ut saltem potiores eligat et inquirat: fida et sedula apud exteras gentes procuratio, ut eos arcessat; summa patientia ut rarè venalis expectet; peculium semper præsens et paratum, ne, si quando occurrunt, emendi, occasio intercidat: prudens denique auri argentique contemptus, ut pecuniis sponte careat quæ in bibliothecam formandam et nutriendam sunt insumendæ. Si forte vir literatus eo felicitatis pervenit ut talem thesaurum coacervaverit, nec solus illo invidiose fruatur, sed usam cum eruditis qui virgilias suas utilitati publicæ devoverunt, liberaliter communicet;" &c.—*Bibliotheca Hulsiana*, vol. i. Præfat. p. 3, 4. Morhof abounds with sagacious reflections

upon this important subject: but are there fifty men in Great Britain who love to read the *Polyhistor Literarius*? The observations of Ameilhon and Camus, in the *Memoires de l'Institut*, are also well worth consultation; as are those of Le Long, and his editor, prefixed to the last edition of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

LIS. Excellent!—Treat copiously upon this my darling subject.

BELIN. You speak with the enthusiasm of a young convert; but I should think the study of Bibliography a sure means of increasing the violence of the book-disease.

LYSAND. The encouragement of *the Study of Bibliography*, in its legitimate sense, and towards its true object, may be numbered among the most efficacious cures for this destructive malady. To place competent Librarians over the several departments of a large public Library; or to submit a library, on a more confined scale, to one diligent, enthusiastic, well-informed, and well-bred Bibliographer or Librarian (of which in this metropolis we have so many examples), is doing a vast deal towards directing the channels of literature to flow in their proper courses. And thus I close the account of my recipes for the cure of the Bibliomania. A few words more and I have done.

It is, my friends, in the erection of Libraries as in literary compositions, the task is difficult, and will generally meet with opposition from some fastidious quarter,[468] which is always betraying a fretful anxiety to bring every thing to its own ideal standard of perfection. To counteract the unpleasant effect which such an impression must necessarily produce, be diligent and faithful, to your utmost ability, in whatsoever you undertake. You need not evince the fecundity of a German[469] author; but only exert your best endeavours, and leave the issue to a future generation. Posterity will weigh, in even scales, your merits and demerits, when all present animosities and personal prejudices shall have subsided; and when the utility of our labours, whether in promoting wisdom or virtue, shall be unreservedly acknowledged. You may sleep in peace before this decision take place; but YOUR CHILDREN may live to witness it; and your name, in consequence, become a passport for them into circles of learning and worth. Let us now retreat; or, rather, walk round Lorenzo's grounds. We have had *Book-Discussion* enough to last us to the end of the year.[470] I begin to be wearied of conversing.

[468] My favourite author, Morhof, has spoken 'comme un brave homme' upon the difficulty of literary enterprizes, and the facility and venom of detraction: I support

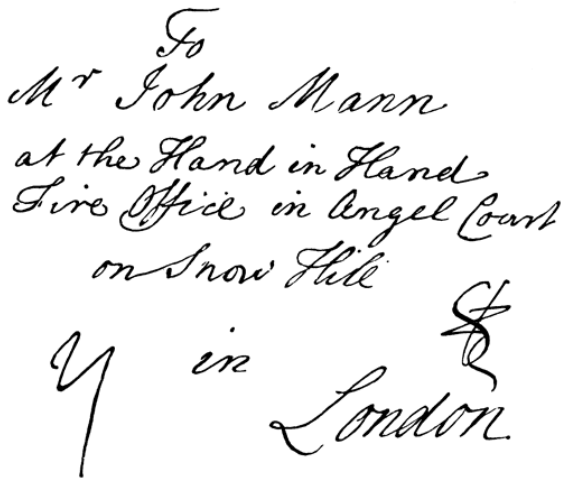
his assertion 'totis viribus'; and to beg to speak in the same person with himself. 'Non ignotum mihi est, quantæ molis opus humeris meis incumbat. Oceanum enim ingressus sum, in quo portum invenire difficile est, naufragii periculum à syrtibus et scopulis imminet. Quis enim in tanta multitudine rerum et librorum omnia exhauriret? Quis non alicubi impingeret? Quis salvum ab invidia caput retraheret, ac malignitatis dentes in liberiore censura evitaret? Præterea ut palato et gustu differunt convivæ, ita judiciis dissident lectores, neque omnium idem de rebus sensus est, hoc præsertim tempore, quo plures sunt librorum judices, quam lectores, et è lectoribus in lictores, ubique virgas et secures expedituros, multi degenerant.' *Præf. Morhof.*—Even the great Lambecius (of whom see p. 41, ante) was compelled to deliver his sentiments thus:—'laborem hunc meum non periculosum minus et maglignis liventium *Zoilorum* dentibus obnoxium, quam prolixum foro et difficilem.' Prod. Hist. Lit. *Proleg.* One of the Roman philosophers (I think it was Seneca) said, in his last moments, 'Whether or not the Gods will be pleased with what I have done, I cannot take upon me to pronounce: but, this I know—it has been my invariable object to please them.' For 'the Gods' read 'the Public'—and then I beg leave, in a literary point of view, to repeat the words of Seneca.

[469] 'From the last catalogue of the fair of Lepisic, it would appear that there are now

in Germany *ten thousand two hundred and forty three authors*, full of *health* and *spirit*, and each of whom publishes at least *once a year*!' *American Review*, Jan. 1811, p. 172.

[470] Through the favour of Dr. Drury, the Editor is enabled to present the reader with an original letter, enclosing a list of books directed to be purchased by BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.; also his portrait. This document would have been better inserted, in point of chronological order, in part V., but, as the Editor did not receive it till long after that part was printed, he trusts it will be thought better late than never.

THE DIRECTION.



To
Mr John Mann
at the Hand in Hand

Fire Office in Angel Court
on Snow Hill
[illegible]
in
London

Exeter, 21st March, 1738.

Dear Sir,

I take the liberty presuming upon the Intimacy of our Acquaintance to employ you in a pretty troublesome Affair. Fletcher Gyles, Bookseller in Holbourn, with whom I had some Dealings about two years ago, has lately sent me Down a Catalogue of a Library which will begin to be sold by Auction at his house next Monday Evening. As I have scarce laid out any Money in Books for these two years past, the great number of Valuable Books contained in this Collection, together with the tempting prospect of getting them cheaper in an Auction than they are to be had in a Sale, or in any other way whatsoever, has induced me to lay out a Sum of mony this way, at present, which will probably content my Curiosity in this kind, for several years to come. Mr. Gyles has offered himself to act for me, but as I think 'tis too great a Trial of his Honesty to make

him at the same time both Buyer & Seller, & as Books are quite out of my Brother's Way, I have been able to think of no Friend I could throw this trouble upon but you. I propose to lay out about £60 or £70, and have drawn up a List of the Books I am inclined to, which you have in the First Leaf, with the Price to each Book, which I would by no means exceed, but as far as which, with respect to each single Book, I would venture to go; though I am persuaded upon the whole they are vastly overvalued. For my Valuation is founded in proportion upon what I have been charged for Books of this kind, when I have sent for them on purpose from London, and I have had too many proofs that the Booksellers make it a Rule to charge near double for an uncommon Book, when sent for on purpose, of what they would take for it in their own Shops, or at a Sale. So that, though the Amount of the Inclosed List is above £120, yet, when Deductions are made for the Savings by the Chance of the Auction, & for the full rate of such Books as I may be over bid in, I am satisfied it will come within the sum I propose. Now, Sir, the Favour which I would beg of you is to get some Trusty Person (& if you should not

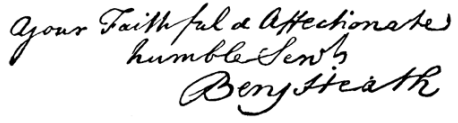
be able readily to think of a proper Person yourself, Mr. Hinchcliffe or Mr. Peele may probably be able to recommend one) to attend this Auction, in my behalf, from the beginning to the end, & to bid for me agreeably to the inclosed List & (as the Additional Trouble of it over and above the Attendance would not be great) to mark in the Catalogue, which you may have of Mr. Gyles for a shilling, the price Every Book contained in the Catalogue is sold at, for my future Direction in these Matters. For this Service I would willingly allow 3 Guineas, which, the Auction continuing 24 Days, is 3 shillings over and above half a Crown a Day; or, if that is not sufficient, whatever more shall be thought necessary to get my Commission well Executed. It may be necessary to observe to you that the Auction requires the Attendance of the whole day, beginning at Eleven in the Morning, and ending at two and at five in the Afternoon, and Ending at Eight. It may also be proper to inform the Person you shall Employ that he is not to govern his first bidding by the valuation in my list for many of the Books will very probably be sold for less than half what I have

marked them at; he is therefore, in every Instance, to bid Low at first, and afterwards to continue advancing just beyond the other Bidders, till he has either bought the Book, or the price I have fixed it at is exceeded. There are many Books in the List which have several numbers before them; the meaning of which is that the very same Book is in several places of the Catalogue; and in that Case, I would have the first of them bought, if it be in very good condition, otherwise let the person Employed wait till the other comes up. I would desire him also not to buy any book at all that is both Dirty & ragged; but, though the Binding should not be in very good Order, that would be no Objection with me, provided the Book was clean. I would also desire him not to bid for any Number in the Catalogue that is not expressly mentioned in my List, upon a supposition that it may be the same Book with some that are mentioned in it; nor to omitt any Book that is actually upon the List, upon an Imagination, from the Title, that it may be there more than once; for I have drawn it up upon an Exact consideration of the Editions of the Books, insomuch that there is no Book twice upon the List, but

where there is a very great difference in the Editions; nor is any of the Books in my List oftener in the Catalogue than is expressly specified in it. By the Conditions of Sale, the Auction is constantly adjourned from Fryday night to Monday Morning, the Saturday being appointed for fetching away, at the Expence of the buyer, the Books bought the week before, & for payment of the Mony. This part of the trouble I must beg you to charge yourself with; &, in order to enable you, as to the payment, I shall send you up, either by the next Post, or, however, time enough for the Saturday following, Fifty Pounds. I would beg the Favour of you to let me hear from you, if possible, by the Return of the Post; & also to give me an Account by every Saturday night's post what Books are bought for me, and at what price. As to which you need only mention the Numbers without the Titles, since I have a Catalogue by me. When the Auction is Ended, I shall take the Liberty of giving you farther Directions about Packing up the Books, & the way I would have them sent down. When I drew up my List, I had not observed one of the Conditions of Sale, which imports that no Person is to advance less than a

shilling after twenty shillings is bid for any book. Now you will find a pretty many Books which I have valued at more than twenty shillings marked at an Odd Sixpence; in all which Cases, I would have the Bidder add Sixpence more to the Price I have fixed, in order to make it Even Money, & conformable to the Conditions of the Auction. And now, Dear Sir, another Person would make a thousand Apologies for giving you all this trouble; all which superfluous tediousness I shall spare you, being persuaded I shall do you a great pleasure in giving you an Opportunity of being serviceable to me, as I am sure it would be a very sensible one to me, if I ever had it in my power to be of any use to you. Mine and my Wive's humble respects wait upon Mrs. Mann, and you will be so good to present my hearty services to all our Friends.

I am most sincerely, Dear Sir,



Your Faithful & Affectionate
humble Servt.

Benj Heath



HIS SEAL.

			£	*s.*	*d.*
Octavo	5	Pet. Angeli Bargæi Poemata	0	5	6
	40	Hieron. Fracastorij Poemata	0	7	6
	47	or 455, or 1546, Joan. Leonis Africæ Desc.	0	3	6
	68	Christ. Longolij Orationes et Epistolæ	0	6	6
	78	Pierij Valeriani Hexametri	0	4	6
Quarto	46	Diogenes Laertius	1	12	6
Octavo	164	or 624, Scaligerana	0	2	6
	201	or 1280, Car. Ogerij Iter Danicum	0	3	0
Quarto	66	Plautus Taubmanni	0	11	6
Octavo	282	Hen. Lornenij Itinerarium	0	3	0
Quarto	132	Marcus Antonius de Dominis	0	2	6
	143	Hen. Stephani Dialogus	0	4	6
	157	Ausonii Opera	0	9	6

			£	s.	d.
	178	Anacreon and Sappho	0	8	6
	180	Excerpta ex Polybio	0	8	6
	181	Sophocles and Eschylus	1	2	6
		Carried Forward	£6	16	0

			£	s.	d.
		Brought Forward	6	16	0
Octavo	405	or 2413, or 2953, Historia Gothorum	0	6	6
	435	or 1488, or 1688, Lucretius Gifanij	0	5	6
	436	Is Casaubon de Satyrica Poesi	0	3	6
Quarto	198	or 344, Iamblicus de Vita Pythag.	0	11	6
	275	Aulus Gellius Gronovij	0	18	6
	280	Statij quæ Extant Barthij	0	18	6
Octavo	700	or 1093, Martial Scriverij	0	6	6
Quarto	302	Juvenal Henninij	0	18	6
	314	Manilij Astronomicon	0	11	6
	316	Poetriarum Octo	0	6	6
Folio	170	Fam. Strada da Bello Belgico	1	13	6
Octavo	739	Virgilius Illustratus	0	3	6
	752	Paulli Manutij Epistolæ	0	3	0

Folio	206	or 235, or 590, Io. Leunclavij Annales	1	2	6
Octavo	989	Senecæ Tragediæ Scriverij	0	4	6
9191	1088	Pontani Opera	0	8	6
Folio	264	Demosthenis et Æschinis Opera	2	17	6
	301	Thucydides Wasse	2	9	6
	306	Platonis Opera	4	5	6
	308	Herodoti Historia	1	7	6
Quarto	503	Pauli Collomesij Opera	0	9	0
543	566	Bern. Pensini Vita Baronij	0	3	0
Octavo	1239	or 2831, Poesis Philosophica	0	3	6
Folio	270	Philostrati Opera	1	7	6
	376	Historiæ Romanæ Scriptores	1	11	6
	386	Plutarchi Opera	5	7	6
Octavo	1519	Caninij Hellenismus	0	2	6
	1608	or 2705, Virgilius Hiensij	0	3	6
Folio	426	Geo. Buchanani Opera	1	11	6
	443	Plautus Lambini	0	13	6
	448	Horatius Turnebi et Lambini	0	18	6
Octavo	1650	Dom. Baudij Amores	0	3	0
Folio	476	Æschyli Tragediæ	0	16	6

Octavo	1814	Lud. Kusterus de vero Usu, &c.	0	3	6
Quarto	871	Gab. Faerni Fabulæ Centum	0	6	6
Folio	477	Luciani Opera	1	7	6
		Carried Forward	£42	7	0

			£	*s.*	*d.*
		Brought Forward	42	7	0
	479	Dionis Cassij Historia	1	12	6
	485	Diodorus Siculus	2	18	6
	490	Appiani Historia	0	11	6
	491	Palladius de Gentibus Indiæ	0	5	6
	498	Isocratij Orationes	1	3	6
Quarto	908	Papin. Statij Opera	0	9	6
	921	Claudian Cum Animad. Barthij	0	11	6
Folio	529	Maffæi Historia Indica	0	8	6
509	546	Saxonis Grammatici Historia	0	17	6
Octavo	2101	Huntingtoni Epistolæ	0	3	6
Quarto	1018	And. Nangerij Opera	0	9	6
	1023	Tho. Hyde Historia Relig. Vett. Pers.	0	18	6
	1047	Claud. Salmasij Epistolæ	0	3	6

	1088	Theocriti Moschi Bionis	0	16	6
	1089	Hesiodus Græce	0	18	6
Folio	627	Rerum Moscoviticarum Coment.	0	11	6
	638	Angeli Politiani Opera	0	18	6
Octavo	2354	Ausonius	0	7	6
	2362	Mythographi Latini	0	6	6
Quarto	1139	Aristotelis Opera	3	4	6
Octavo	2481	Fabricij Bibliotheca Latina	0	11	6
Quarto	1192	Sannazarij Poemata	0	11	6
Octavo	2526	Meursij Elegantiæ	0	5	6
	2559	Statij Opera	0	4	6
	2578	Is Casauboni Comment.	0	3	0
	2597	Maximi Tyrij Dissertationes	0	4	0
Folio	698	Nic. Antonij Bibliotheca Hispan.	2	4	6
Octavo	2712	Ovidij Opera	0	15	6
Folio	765	Nic. Antonij Bibliotheca Hisp. Vetus	1	7	6
Octavo	2891	Pet. Dan. Huetij Comentarius	0	2	6
	3098	Sir John Suckling's Plays, &c.	0	3	6
	3099	Dr. Downe's Poems	0	4	0
Quarto	1498	Lord's Discovery of the Banian Religion	0	5	6

			£	s.	d.
Folio	857	or 896, Burnet's Theory of ye Earth	0	9	6
Octavo	3364	Milton's Poems	0	2	0
	3374	King's British Merchant	0	12	6
		Carried Forward	£68	11	0

			£	s.	d.
		Brought Forward	68	11	0
	3379	Milton's Paradise Regained	0	2	6
Folio	912	Wheeler's Journey into Greece	0	13	0
Octavo	3463	or 3473, Grevil's Life Of Sir P. Sidney	0	3	0
	3466	Jobson Debes's Description of Feroe	0	2	0
	3529	Terry's Voyage to the East Indies	0	3	6
Quarto	1672	Description de l'Egypte	0	13	6
	1692	Apologie de M. Castar	0	4	0
	1694	Replique de M. Girac	0	3	6
Octavo	3538	Geddes's History of the Church, &c.	0	3	0
	3600	Songs by the Earl Of Surrey	0	3	6

	3741	or 4112, Oeuvres de Sarasin	0	4	0
	3854	or 3859, Scaligerana	0	2	6
Quarto	1873	Viaggi di Pietro della Valli	1	5	0
	1875	Opera di Annibale Caro	0	8	0
	1876	Orlando Inamorato	0	12	6
	1879	or 2070, Pastor Fido	0	12	6
	1884	or 1977, Morgante Maggiore	0	9	0
	1920	or 1965, La Gerusalemme Liberata	1	2	6
	1928	Il Verato	0	3	6
	1953	Orlando Inamorato	0	9	6
	1957	Historia della Guerre Civili	0	17	6
	1967	Scritti nella Causa Veniziana	0	4	6
	1980	Historia della Sacra Inquisitione	0	5	6
	1983	Examinatione sopra la Rhetorica	0	5	6
	1990	or 2037, Istoria Diplomatica	0	11	6
	1995	Fasti Consolari di Salvini	0	9	6
	1998	Satire del Menzini	0	7	6
Folio	1109	Bibliotheca Napolitana di Toppi	1	1	6

			£	s.	d.
	1123	Orlando Furioso	1	2	6
Quarto	2005	or 2039, Dialoghi del Speroni	0	7	6
	2015	Poetica di Aristotele Volgarizzata	0	6	6
	2024	Poetica di Aristotele di Piccolomini	0	4	6
	2031	Della Difesa della Comedia di Dante	0	13	0
	2033	Squittinio della Liberta Veneta	0	5	6
	2049	Il Goffredo col. Comento di Beni	0	9	6
	2050	Dante di Daniello	0	9	6
		Carried Forward	£84	13	0

			£	s.	d.
		Brought Forward	84	13	0
Folio	1129	Historia del Regno di Napoli	0	14	6
	1132	Historia del Consilio Tridentino	2	13	6
	1137	Vocabularia della Crusca	8	4	6
Octavo	4268	Voyage de Bachanmont, &c.	0	2	6
	4295	or 4330, or 4339, or 4511, Ragionamenti del Aretino	0	11	6

	4305	Prose Fiorentine	0	3	6
	4309	Lettre Volgari	0	3	6
	4321	Gravina della Ragione Poetica	0	5	6
	4322	Battaglie di Mugio	0	3	6
	4331	or 4527, La Comedia di Dante	0	11	6
Quarto	2053	Degli Raguagli di Parnaso	0	8	6
	2067	Il Decameron di Boccaccio	2	5	6
	2076	or 2168, Lezioni di Varchi	0	8	6
	2098	L'Amadigi di Tasso	0	8	6
Folio	1154	L'Adone del Marino	0	11	6
	1154	Il Libro del Cortegiano	0	13	6
	1162	Istoria del Concilio di Trento	2	4	6
	1164	La Historia di Italia di Guicciardini	0	17	6
Octavo	4354	Rime Diverse del Mutio	0	4	6
	4363	L'Amorosa Fiametta	0	4	6
	4371	Compendio del Historie di Nap.	0	5	6
	4379	Opere di Guilio Cammillo	0	4	6
	4384	L'Aminta di Tasso	0	6	6

	4385	L'Opere Poetiche di Guarin	0	5 6
	4387	Comedie di M. Agnolo Firenz.	0	5 6
	4415	Notize de Libri Rari	0	4 6
	4416	Satire e Rime di Aristo	0	5 6
	4417	Delle Eloquenza Italiana	0	6 6
	4423	Comedie Varie	0	3 6
	4438	Labarinto d'Amore di Boccac.	0	4 6
	4443	Opere di Redi	1	1 0
Quarto	2100	Lettere di Vincenzio Martelli	0	8 6
	2103	or 2154, Ameto di Boccaccio	0	4 6
	2104	or 2161, Le Rime di Petrarca	0	8 6
	2114	Ragionamento dell' Academico	0	8 6
		Carried Forward	£111	17 0

			£	*s. d.*
		Brought Forward	111	17 0
	2124	Poesie Liriche del Testi	0	8 6
Octavo	4452	Il Petrarca	0	11 6
	4456	or 4550, Lettre di Paolo Sarpi	0	3 6

	4460 Opere Burleschi di Berni	0	6	6
	4464 or 4485, Prose di M. Agnolo Firenz.	0	3	6
	4471 Commento di Ser Agresto	0	3	6
	4475 L'Aminta di Tasso	0	6	6
	4483 La Secchia Rapita	0	5	6
	4486 or 4627, Comedie di Aretino	0	5	6
	4496 Trattato delle Materie Benef.	0	4	6
	4531 Il 2do Libro delle Opere Burlesch.	0	6	6
Quarto	2149 Annotationi e Discorsi	0	16	6
	2159 Gyrone il Cortese	0	9	6
	2164 Il Decamerone di Boccaccio	0	14	6
	2169 Historia della Cose passate	0	5	6
	2171 Apologia degli Academia	0	9	6
	2176 Della Guerra di Fiandra	2	2	6
	2178 Rime e Prose di Maffei	0	13	6
	2182 Discorsi Poetichi	0	5	6
Octavo	4561 La Libreria del Doni	0	4	6
	4591 La Cassaria	0	2	6
	4592 Teatro Italiano	1	1	6
	4614 La Divina Comedia di Dante	1	1	6

4615	La Rime di Angelo di Cestanzo	0	7	6
4625	Tutte le Opere di Bernia	0	6	6
		£124	3	6

Lysander concluded; when Lorenzo rose from his seat, and begged of us to walk round his grounds. It was now high noon; and, after a pleasant stroll, we retreated again to THE ALCOVE, where we found a cold collation prepared for our reception. The same day we all dined at Lisardo's; and a discussion upon the pleasures and comparative excellences of *Music* and *Painting* succeeded to the conversation which the foregoing pages have detailed. A small concert in the evening recreated the exhausted state of Lysander's mimd.

The next day, my friends left me for their respective places of destination. Lorenzo and his sisters were gathered round my outer gate; and Lisardo leapt into the chaise with Lysander and Philemon; resolved to equal, if not eclipse, his bibliographical tutor in the ardour of book researches. "Adieu," said Lysander, putting his hand out of the chaise—"remember, in defence of my bibliomaniacal gossipping, that SIMILIS never knew happiness *till he became acquainted*

with BOOKS."[471] The postillion smacked his whip; and the chaise, following the direction of the road to the left, quickly disappeared. The servant of Lysander followed gently after, with his Master's and Philemon's horses: taking a near direction towards Lysander's home.

[471] 'It is reported that a certain man, of the name of SIMILIS, who fought under the Emperor Hadrian, became so wearied and disgusted with the number of troublesome events which he met with in that mode of life, that he retired and devoted himself wholly to leisure and *reading*, and to meditations upon divine and human affairs, after the manner of Pythagoras. In this retirement, Similis was wont frequently to exclaim that '*now* he began to *live*:' at his death, he desired the following inscription to be placed upon his tomb.

ΣΙΜΙΛΙΣ
ΕΝ ΤΑΥΘΑ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ
ΒΙΟΥΕ ΜΕΝ ΕΤΗ ΕΒΔΟΜΗΚΟΝΤΑ
ΖΗΣΑΣ ΔΕ ΕΤΗ ΕΠΤΑ

Here lies Similis;
In the seventieth year of his age
But only the seventh of his Life.

This story is related by Dion Cassius; and from him told by Spizelius in his *Infelix Literarius*; p. 167.

Lorenzo and his sisters returned with me to the Cabinet. A gloom was visible upon all our countenances; and the Ladies confessed that the company and conversation of my departed guests, especially of Lysander, were such as to leave a void which could not easily be supplied. For my part, from some little warmth each sister betrayed in balancing the solid instruction of Lysander and the humorous vivacity of Lisardo, against each other, I thought the former had made a powerful impression upon the mind of Belinda, and the latter upon that of Almansa: for when the probability of a speedy revisit from both of them was mentioned the sisters betrayed unusual marks of sensibility; and upon Lorenzo's frankly confessing, though in a playful mood, that such brothers-in-law would make him "as happy as the day was long"—they both turned their faces towards the garden, and appeared as awkward as it was possible for well-bred ladies to appear.

It was in vain that I turned to my library and opened a large paper, illustrated, copy of Daulby's *Catalogue of Rembrandt's Prints*, or Mr. Miller's new edition of the *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, or even the *Roman de la Rose*, printed by Galliot du Pré, UPON VELLUM.... Nothing produced a kind look or a gracious word from them. Silence, sorrow, and indifference, succeeded to loquacity, joy, and enthusiasm. I clearly perceived that some *other* symptom, wholly different from any thing

connected with the Bibliomania, had taken possession of their gentle minds.

But what has a BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE to do with *Love* and *Marriage*? Reader Adieu!—When thou hast nothing better deserving of perusal before thee, take up these pages; and class the author of them, if thou wilt, with the BOSTONS, or SMITHS, or NORTHS, of "other times;" with those who have never wished to disturb the peaceful haunts of intellectual retirement; and whose estate, moreover, like Joseph Scaliger's, lies chiefly under his hat.



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p. 57. To the list of useful bibliographical works, published about the period here designated, I might have added the *Lexicon Literarium* of THEOPHILUS GEORGIUS; *cum Suppl. ad an.* 1750. *Leips.* 1742-50, folio; two thick and closely printed volumes, with an excellent chronological arrangement. It is not common in this

country.

p. 69. The Abbé Rive was also the author of—1. *Notice d'un Roman d'Artus Comte de Bretagne*: Paris, 1779, 4to. *pp.* 20. 2. *Etrennes aux Joueurs de cartes, ou Eclaircissemens historiques et critiques sur l'invention des cartes à jouer; Paris*, 1780, 12mo. *pp.* 43. These works are slightly commended in the "Advertissement" to the Vallière Catalogue, 1783, pp. xxv-vj. They are reviewed by a rival author.

p. 216. Since writing the first note, concerning the "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*," &c., I have seen a magnificent copy of the same, printed UPON VELLUM, in the library of Earl Spencer; which redeems the coldness of my opinion in regard to books printed by Pynson upon vellum. The painted ornaments, in Lord Spencer's copy, were, in all probability, executed abroad. The art, in our own country, was then too rude for such elegance of decoration.

p. 404. I was right in my prediction about these *Garlands* being swallowed up by some "hungry book-fish!" I saw them, a few days after, in the well-furnished library of ATTICUS: who exhibited them to me in triumph—grasping the whole of them between his finger and thumb! They are marvellous well-looking little volumes—clean, bright, and "rejoicing to the eye!"—

many of them, moreover, are first editions! The severest winter cannot tarnish the foliage of such "Garlands!"

p. 328. Among the ILLUSTRATED GRANGERS I forgot to notice the ample and magnificent copies belonging to the Marquis of Bute and Mr. John Towneley.



DR. BENJAMIN HEATH.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

PART I.

THE EVENING WALK.

THE scenery and the dialogue of this Part are more especially *Waltonian*. The characters are few; but LYSANDER must of necessity be the Author—as

he is the principal actor in the scene, and throughout the entire work the principal intelligence is derived from his lips. The scene itself is not absolutely ideal. At the little village of ——, upon the upper grounds, near Marlow, and necessarily commanding a sweep of the Thames in one of its most richly wooded windings, there lived a Mr. Jacobs, the friend of the adjoining Rector, whose table was as bounteous as his heart was hospitable; and whose frequent custom it was, in summer months, to elicit sweet discourse from his guests, as they sauntered, after an early supper, to inhale the fragrance of "dewy eve," and to witness the ascendancy of the moon in a cool and cloudless sky. I have partaken more than once of these "Tusculan" discussions; and have heard sounds, and witnessed happiness, such as is not likely to be my lot again. PHILEMON is at rest in his grave, as well as MENANDER and SICORAX. The two latter, it is well known, were Tom Warton and Joseph Ritson. "The husband of poor Lavinia" was a most amiable gentleman, but timid to a morbid excess. Without strong powers of intellect, he was tenacious of every thing which he advanced, and yet the farthest possible from dogmatic rudeness. There are cankers that eat into the *heart* as well as the cheek; and because Mr. Shacklewell (the NICAS of my text) happened to discover a few unimportant errors in that husband's last performance, the latter not only thought much and often about it, but seemed to take it

seriously to heart, and scarcely survived it a twelvemonth.

GONZALO, mentioned at page 12, was a Mr. Jessop; an exceedingly lively, inoffensive, but not over wise gentleman; a coxcomb to excess in every thing; but not without vivacious parts, which occasionally pleased, from the *manner* in which they were exhibited. Of handsome person and fluent speech, he was generally acceptable to the fair sex; but he made no strong *individual* impression, as he was known to use the same current phrases and current compliments to all. Just possible it was that his personal attractions and ready utterance were beginning to strike a *root* or two in some one female bosom; but it was impossible for these roots to penetrate deeply, and take an *exclusive* hold. I believe Mr. Jessop quitted the neighbourhood of Marlow shortly after the publication of the Bibliomania, to return thither no more. ALFONSO was a Mr. Morell; a name well known in Oxfordshire. He was always in the *same* false position, from the beginning to the end; but I am not sure whether this be not better than a perpetually shifting false position. Disguise it as you may, an obstinate man is preferable to a *trimmer*; be he a common man, or an uncommon man; a layman or a clergyman; "in crape," or "in lawn."

The compliment paid by Lysander (at pages 18, 19) to Dr. VINCENT, late Dean of Westminster, and head master of Westminster School, were

acknowledged by that venerable and most worthy, as well as erudite, character, in a letter to me, which I deemed it but an act of justice to its author to publish in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 353. Poor Mr. BARKER (Edmund Henry), who is handsomely mentioned in the Dean's letter, has very lately taken his departure from us, for *that* quiet which he could not find upon earth. "Take him for all in all" he was a very extraordinary man. Irritable to excess; but ardent and ambitious in his literary career. His industry, when, as in former days, it was at its height, would have killed half the scholars of the time. How he attained his fiftieth year, may be deemed miraculous; considering upon what a tempestuous sea his vessel of life seemed to be embarked. Latterly, he took to politics; when —"farewell the tranquil mind!"

PART II.

THE CABINET.

THIS portion of the "Bibliomania," embracing about fourscore pages, contains a *Précis*, or review of the more popular works, then extant,

upon BIBLIOGRAPHY. It forms an immense mass of materials; which, if expanded in the ordinary form of publication, would alone make a volume. I have well nigh forgotten the names of some of the more ancient heroes of bibliographical renown, but still seem to cling with a natural fondness to those of Gesner, Morhof, Maittaire, and Fabricius: while Labbe, Lambecius, and Montfauçon, Le Long, and Baillet, even yet retain all their ancient respect and popularity. As no *fresh characters* are introduced in this second part of the Bibliomania, it may be permitted me to say a word or two upon the substance of the materials which it contains.

The immense note upon the "*Catalogue of Libraries*," alphabetically arranged, from page 72 to page 99, is now, necessarily, imperfect; from the number of libraries which have been subsequently sold or described. Among the *latter*, I hope I may naturally, and justifiably, make mention of the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA; or, A descriptive Catalogue of the early printed Books of the late George John Earl Spencer, K.G.; comprising, in the whole, seven volumes; with the addition of the Cassano Library, or books purchased of the Duke of Cassano, by the noble Earl, when at Naples, in the year 1819. In the "*Reminiscences of my Literary Life*," I have given a sort of graphic description of this extensive work, and of the circumstances attending its publication. *That*

work now rests upon its own particular, and, I will fearlessly add, solid, basis. For accuracy, learning, splendour, and almost interminable embellishment, it may seem at once to command the attention, and to challenge the commendation, of the most fastidious: but it is a flower which blooms more kindly in a foreign, than in its native, soil. It has obtained for me the notice and the applause of learned *foreigners*; and when I travelled abroad I received but too substantial proofs that what was slighted *here* was appreciated in *foreign* parts. Our more popular Reviews, which seem to thrive and fatten best upon lean fare, passed this magnificent work over in a sort of sly or sullen silence; and there is no record of its existence in those of our Journals which affect to strike the key-note only of what is valuable in science, literature, and the fine arts. Painful as it must ever be to my feelings to contrast the avidity of former purchasers to become possessed of it with the caprice and non-chalance which have marked the conduct of those possessors themselves, I will yet hope that, in the bosom of the SUCCESSOR to this matchless Library—as well as to the name and fortunes of its late owner—there will ever remain but *one feeling*, such as no misconception and no casualty will serve to efface. It is pleasing, yea, soothing, 'midst the buffetting surges of later life, to be able to keep the anchor of one's vessel *well bit* in the interstices of granite.

Much later than the publication last alluded to, were the sale catalogues of the Libraries of Sir MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, Bart., deceased; the Rev. HENRY DRURY; GEORGE HIBBERT, Esq., deceased; and Sir FRANCIS FREELING, Bart., deceased. They were all sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall; as well indeed as was the Library of the late Duke of Marlborough, when Marquis of Blandford. What books! And what prices! It should seem that "there were giants," both in purse and magnitude of metal, "in those days!" But a mighty "man in valour" has recently sprung up amongst us; who, spurning the acquisition of solitary *lots*, darts down upon a whole *Library*, and bears it off "at one fell swoop." Long life to the spirit which possesses him! It is almost a national redemption.

PART III.

THE AUCTION-ROOM.

WE are here introduced into one of the most bustling and spirit-stirring portions of the whole Work. It is full of characters—alas! now, with only *two* exceptions, mouldering in their coffins! Philemon (who was one of my earliest

and steadiest friends) introduces us to a character, which, under the name of ORLANDO, made some impression upon the public, as it was thought to represent MICHAEL WODHULL, Esq., of Thenford Hall, near Banbury; an admirable Greek scholar (the translator of Euripides), and perhaps the most learned bibliographer of his age. The conjecture of Orlando being the representative of Mr. Wodhull was not a vain conjecture; although there were, necessarily (I will not say *why*), parts that slightly varied from the original. Mr. Wodhull re-appears, in his natural person, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 363-6. Since the publication of that work, a curious history attaches to his memory. Within a twelvemonth of the expiration of the statute of limitation, an action at law, in the shape of an ejectment, was set on foot by a neighbouring family, to dispossess the present rightful occupant, S.A. SEVERNE, Esq., of the beautiful domain of Thenford; to ransack the Library; to scatter abroad pictures and curiosities of every description; on the alleged ground of insanity, or incompetency to make a will, on the part of Mr. Wodhull. As I had been very minute in the account of Mr. Wodhull's person, in the work just alluded to, I became a *witness* in the cause; and, as it was brought into Chancery, my deposition was accordingly taken. I could have neither reluctance nor disinclination to meet the call of my excellent friend, Mr. Severne; as I was abundantly confident that the charge of

"incompetency to make a will" could not rest upon the slightest foundation. It was insinuated, indeed, that the sister-in-law, Miss Ingram, had forged Mr. Wodhull's name to the will.

Such a conspiracy, to defraud an honourable man and legitimate descendant of his property, is hardly upon record; for, waiting the accidents that might occur by death, or otherwise, in the lapse of twenty years, the cause was brought into the Vice Chancellor's Court with the most sanguine hope of success. I was present during one of the days of argument, and heard my own letter read, of which I had (contrary to my usual habits) taken a copy. The plaintiffs had written to me (suppressing the fact of the intended action), requesting to have my opinion as to Mr. Wodhull's capability. I returned such an answer as truth dictated. The Counsel for the plaintiffs (*ut mos est*) showered down upon the defendant every epithet connected with base fraud and low cunning, of which the contents of the brief seemed to warrant the avowal. In due course, Sir Knight Bruce, now one of the supernumerary Vice Chancellors, rose to reply. His speech was one undisturbed stream of unclouded narrative and irresistible reasoning. The Vice Chancellor (Shadwell) gave judgment; and my amiable and excellent friend, Mr. Severne, was not only to return in triumph to the mansion and to the groves which had been built and planted by his venerable ancestor, Mr. Wodhull, but he was strongly advised, by the

incorruptible judge on the bench, to bring an action against the plaintiffs for one of the foulest conspiracies that had ever been developed in a court of justice. The defendant might have transported the whole kit of them. But the *giving* advice, and the *following* it when given, are two essentially different things. A THOUSAND GUINEAS had been already expended on the part of Mr. Severne! When does my Lord Brougham *really* mean to reform the law? A recent publication ("Cranmer, a Novel") has said, "that he applies *sedatives*, when he should have recourse to *operations*."

But the reader must now hurry with me into "The Auction Room." Of the whole group there represented, full of life and of action, TWO ONLY remain to talk of the conquests achieved! [472] And Mr. Hamper, too—whose note, at p. 117, is beyond all price—has been lately "gathered to his fathers." "Ibimus, ibimus!" But for our book-heroes in the Auction Room.

[472] Before mention made of the Auction Room, there is a long and particular account of the "*Lectionum Memorabilium et Reconditarum Centenarii XVI.*" by John Wolf, in 1600, folio; with a fac simile, by myself, of the portrait of the Author. It had a great effect, at the time, in causing copies of this work to be sedulously sought for and sold at extravagant prices. I have known a fine copy of this ugly book bring

£8 8*s.*

The first in years, as well as in celebrity, is LEPIDUS; the representative of the late Rev. Dr. GOSSET. In the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 5, ample mention is made of him; and here it is, to me, an equally grateful and delightful task to record the worth, as well as the existence, of his two sons, Isaac and Thomas, each a minister of the Church of England. The former is covered with *olive branches* as well as with reputation; while the latter, declining the "branches" in question, rests upon the stem of his own inflexible worth, and solid scholastic attainments. Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of a Major Gardiner, is the only daughter of Dr. Gosset; a wife, but not a mother. The second in the ranks is MUSTAPHA. Every body quickly found out the original in Mr. Gardiner, a bookseller in Pall Mall; who quickly set about repelling the attack here made upon him, by a long note appended to the article "Bibliomania," in one of his catalogues. Gardiner never lacked courage; but, poor man! his brains were under no controul. We *met* after this reply, and, to the best of my recollection, we exchanged ... *smiles*. The catalogue in question, not otherwise worth a stiver, has been sold as high as 15s., in consequence of the Dibdinian flagellation. Poor Gardiner! his end was most deplorable.

We approach BERNARDO, who was intended to

represent the late Mr. JOSEPH HASLEWOOD; and of whose book-fame a very particular, and I would hope impartial, account will be found in the "*Literary Reminiscences of my Literary Life*." There is no one portion of that work which affords me more lively satisfaction on a re-perusal. The cause of the *individual* was merged in the cause of *truth*. The strangest compound of the strangest materials that ever haunted a human brain, poor Bernardo was, in spite of himself, a man of *note* towards his latter days. Every body wondered what was in him; but something, certainly worth the perusal; oozed out of him in his various motley performances; and especially in his edition of Drunken Barnaby's Tour, which exhibited the rare spectacle of an accurate Latin (as well as English) text, by an individual who did not know the dative singular from the dative plural of *hic, hæc, hoc*! Haslewood, however, "hit the right nail upon the head" when he found out the *real* author Barnaby, in Richard Brathwait; from the unvarying designation of "*On the Errata*," at the end of Brathwait's pieces, which is observable in that of his "*Drunken Barnaby's Tour*." It was an ευρηχα in its way; and the late Mr. Heber used to shout aloud, "stick to *that*, Haslewood, and your fame is fixed!" He was always proud of it; but lost sight of it sadly, as well as of almost every thing else, when he composed "*The Roxburghe Revels*." Yet what could justify the cruelty of dragging this piece of private absurdity before the public tribunal,

on the death of its author? Even in the grave our best friends may be our worst foes.

At page 196 we are introduced to QUISQUILIUS, the then intended representative of Mr. George Baker, of St. Paul's Churchyard; whose prints and graphic curiosities were sold after his death for several thousand pounds. Mr. Baker did not survive the publication of the Bibliomania; but it is said he got scent of his delineated character, which ruffled every feather of his plumage. He was thin-skinned to excess; and, as far as that went, a *Heautontomorumenos*! Will this word "re-animate his clay?"

The "short gentleman," called ROSICRUSIUS, at page 127, must necessarily be the author of the work. He has not grown *taller* since its publication, and his coffers continue to retain the same stinted condition as his person. Yet what has he not *produced* since that representation of his person? How has it pleased a gracious Providence to endow him with mental and bodily health and stamina, to prosecute labours, and to surmount difficulties, which might have broken the hearts, as well as the backs, of many a wight "from five to ten inches taller than himself!" I desire to be grateful for this prolongation of labour as well as of life; and it will be my heart-felt consolation, even to my dying hour, that such "labour" will be acceptable to the latest posterity.

Yet a word or two by way of epilogue. The "Reminiscences" contain a catalogue raisonné of such works as were published up to the year 1836. Since then the author has not been idle. The "*Tour into the North of England and Scotland*," in two super-royal octavos, studded with graphic gems of a variety of description—and dedicated to the most illustrious female in Europe, for the magnificence of a library, the fruit chiefly of her own enterprise and liberality—has at least proved and maintained the spirit by which he has been long actuated. To re-animate a slumbering taste, to bring back the gay and gallant feelings of past times, to make men feel as gentlemen in the substitution of *guineas* for *shillings*, still to uphold the beauty of the press, and the splendour of marginal magnitude, were, alone, objects worthy an experiment to accomplish. But this work had other and stronger claims to public notice and patronage; and it did not fail to receive them. Six hundred copies were irrevocably fixed in the course of the first eighteen months from the day of publication, and the price of the large paper has attained the sum of £12. 12*s.* Strange circumstances have, however, here and there, thrown dark shadows across the progress of the sale.

If it were pleasing to the Author, in the course of his Journey, to receive attentions, and to acknowledge hospitalities, from the gay and the great, it were yet more pleasing to hope and to

believe that such attentions and hospitalities had been acknowledged with feelings and expressions becoming the character of a gentleman. They have been so; as the pages of the work abundantly testify. But English courtesy is too frequently *located*. It is a coin with a feeble impress, and seems subject to woful attrition in its circulation. The countenance, which beams with complacency on receiving a guest to enliven a dull residence, in a desolate neighbourhood, is oftentimes overcharged with sadness, or collapses into rigidity, if the same guest should come under recognizance in a populous city. When I write "Instructions for an Author on his travels," I will advise a measured civility and a constrained homage:—to criticise fearlessly, and to praise sparingly. There are hearts too obtuse for the operations of gratitude. The Scotch have behaved worthy of the inhabitants of the "land of cakes." In spirit I am ever present with them, and rambling 'midst their mountains and passes. If an Author may criticise his own works, I should say that the preface to the Scotch Tour is the best piece of composition of which I have been ever guilty.

How little are people aware of the pleasure they sometimes unconsciously afford! When Mr. James Bohn, the publisher of the Scotch Tour, placed me, one day, accidentally, opposite a long list of splendidly bound books, and asked me "if I were acquainted with their author?" I

could not help inwardly exclaiming ... "NON OMNIS MORIAR!"[473] I am too poor to present them to my "Sovereign Mistress, the Queen Victoria;" but I *did* present her Majesty, in person, with a magnificently bound copy of the *Scotch Tour*; of which the acceptance was never acknowledged from the royal quarter; simply because, according to an etiquette which seems to me to be utterly incomprehensible, books presented *in person* are not acknowledged by the Donee. I will not presume to quarrel with what I do not exactly understand; but I will be free to confess that, had I been *aware* of this mystery, I should have told her Majesty, on presenting the volume, that "I had the greater pleasure in making the offering, as her illustrious Father had been among the earliest and warmest patrons of my book-career; and that the work in question contained no faithless account of one of the most interesting portions of her dominions." This copy for the Queen had a special vellum page, on which the Dedication, or Inscription, was printed in letters of gold.

[473] This magnificent set of books, not *all* upon large paper, was valued at £84. It has been since sold to Lord Bradford.

At length we approach the once far-famed ATTICUS: the once illustrious RICHARD HEBER, Esq., the self-ejected member of the University

of Oxford. Even yet I scarcely know how to handle this subject, or to expatiate upon a theme so extraordinary, and so provocative of the most contradictory feelings. But it were better to be brief; as, in fact, a very long account of Mr. Heber's later life will be found in my *Reminiscences*, and there is little to add to what those pages contain. It may be here only necessary to make mention of the sale of his wonderful library; wonderful in all respects—not less from the variety and importance of its contents, than from the unparalleled number of *duplicate volumes*—even of works of the first degree of rarity. Of the latter, it may suffice to observe that, of the editio princeps of *Plato*, there were not fewer than *ten* copies; and of that of *Aristotle*, five or six copies: each the production of the Aldine Press. Several of these Platonic copies were, to my knowledge, beautiful ones; and what more than *one* such "beautiful copy" need mortal man desire to possess? I believe the copy of the Plato bought at the sale of Dr. Heath's library in 1810 was, upon the whole, the most desirable.[474] Both works are from the press of the elder Aldus.

[474] The Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville possesses a copy of this first edition (from the library of the Rev. Theodore Williams) in an *uncut* state. It may defy all competition. There is, however, in the Spencer library, at Althorp, described by

me in the second volume of the Bibliotheca *Spenceriana*, a very beautiful copy, delicately ruled with red lines, which may be pronounced as almost in its primitive state. The leaves "discourse most eloquently" as you turn them over: and what sound, to the ears of a thorough bred bibliomaniac, can be more "musical?"

It may be observed, as mere preliminary matter, that it was once in contemplation to publish the literary life of Mr. Heber; and an impression comes across my mind that I had tendered my services for the labour in question. The plan was however abandoned—and perhaps wisely. There was also to have been a portrait prefixed, from the pencil of Mr. Masquerier, the *only* portrait of him—in later life—but the strangest whims and vagaries attended the surrendering, or rather the *not* surrendering, of the portrait in question. I am in possession of a correspondence upon this subject which is perfectly *sui generis*. The library of Mr. Heber was consigned to the care and discretion of Messrs. Payne and Foss—booksellers of long established eminence and respectability. It was merely intended to be an alphabetical, sale catalogue, with no other bibliographical details than the scarcity or curiosity of the article warranted. It was also of importance to press the sale, or sales, with all convenient dispatch: but the mass of books was so enormous that

two years (1834-6) were consumed in the dispersion of them, at home; to say nothing of what was sold in Flanders, at Paris, and at Neuremberg. I have of late been abundantly persuaded that the acquisition of books—anywhere, and of whatever kind—became an ungovernable passion with Mr. Heber; and that he was a BIBLIOMANIAC in its strict as well as enlarged sense. Of his library at Neuremberg he had never seen a volume; but he thought well of it, as it was the identical collection referred to by Panzer, among his other authorities, in his Typographical Annals. Of the amount of its produce, when sold, I am ignorant.

I have said that the Catalogue, which consisted of XII parts (exclusively of a portion of foreign books, which were sold by the late Mr. Wheatley) was intended merely to be a sale catalogue, without bibliographical remarks; but I must except Parts II, IV, and XI: the first of these containing the *Drama*, the second the *English Poetry*, and the third the *Manuscripts*—which, comparatively, luxuriate in copious and apposite description. "Si sic omnia!" but it were impracticable. I believe that the Manuscript Department, comprised in about 1720 articles, produced upwards of £5000. It may not be amiss to subjoin the following programme.

Part. I.	7486 articles;	Sold by Sotheby
II.	6590	—— Ditto
III.	5056	—— Ditto

IV. 3067	——	Sold by Evans
V. 5693	——	Sold by Wheatley
VI. 4666	——	Sold by Evans
VII. 6797	——	Ditto
VIII. 3170	——	Ditto
IX. 3218	——	Sold by Sotheby
X. 3490	——	Ditto
XI. 1717	——	Sold by Evans
XII. 1690	——	Sold by Wheatley

From which it should seem, first that the total number of *articles* was nearly *fifty three thousand* —a number that almost staggers belief; and places the collections of Tom Rawlinson and the Earl of Oxford at a very considerable distance behind; although the latter, for *condition* (with ONE exception), has never been equalled, and perhaps will probably never be surpassed. Secondly, if it be a *legitimate* mode of computation—taking two books for each article, one with another, throughout the entire catalogue—it will follow that the entire library of Mr. Heber, in England, contained not fewer than *one hundred and five thousand volumes*. The *net* amount of the SALE of this unparalleled mass of books is said to have been £55,000: a large sum, when the deductions from commissionship and the government-tax be taken into consideration.[475] Dr. Harwood thought that the sale of Askew Library was a remarkable one, from its bringing a guinea per article—one with another—of the 4015 articles

of which the library was composed. The *history* of the Heber Sale might furnish materials for a little jocund volume, which can have nothing to do here; although there is more than *one* party, mixed up with the tale, who will find anything but cause of *mirth* in the recital. That such a MONUMENT, as this library, should have been suffered to crumble to pieces, without a syllable said of its owner, is, of all the marvellous occurrences in this marvellous world, one of the most marvellous: and to be deprecated to the latest hour. Yet, who was surrounded by a larger troop of friends than the Individual who raised the Monument?

[475] These deductions, united, are about 17 per cent.: nearly £10,000 to be deducted from the gross proceeds.

One anecdote may be worth recording. The present venerable and deeply learned President of Magdalen College, Oxford, told me that, on casting up the number of odd—or appendant volumes, (as 2 or 12 more) to the several articles in the catalogue—he found it to amount to *four thousand*. Now, primâ facie, it seems hardly credible that there should have been *such* a number, in *such* a library, not deserving of mention as distinct articles: but it must be taken into consideration that Mr. Heber bought *many* lots for the sake of *one* particular book:

and, considering the enormous extent of his library, it is not a very violent supposition, or inference, that these 4000 volumes were scarcely deserving of a more particular notice.

PONTEVALLO was the late JOHN DENT, Esq., whose library was sold in 1827; and of which library that of the late Robert Heathcote formed the basis. It contained much that was curious, scarce, and delectable; but the sale of it exhibited the first grand melancholy symptoms of the decay of the Bibliomania. The Sweynheym and Pannartz Livy of 1469, UPON VELLUM, was allowed to be knocked down for £262! Mr. Evans, who had twice before sold that identical volume—first, in the sale of Mr. Edwards's library (see *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p.—) and secondly in that of the late Sir M.M. Sykes, Bart, (who had purchased the book for £782)—did all that human powers could do, to obtain a higher bidding—but Messrs. Payne and Foss, with little more than the *breathing* of competition, became the purchasers at the very moderate sum first mentioned. From them it seemed to glide naturally, as well as necessarily, into the matchless collection of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville. I yet seem to hear the echo of the clapping of Sir M.M. Sykes's hands, when I was the herald of the intelligence of his having become the purchaser! These echoes have all died away *now*: unless indeed they are likely to be revived by a HOLFORD or a BOTTfiELD.

Hortensius was the late Sir WILLIAM BOLLAND, Knt.: and, a few years before his death, one of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer. He died in his 68th year. He was an admirable man in all respects. I leave those who composed the domestic circle of which he was the delightful focus, to expatiate upon that worth and excellence of which they were the constant witnesses and participators—

"He best shall *paint* them who shall *feel* them most."

To me, the humbler task is assigned of recording what is only more particularly connected with BOOKS and VIRTU. And yet I may, not very inappositely, make a previous remark. On obtaining a seat upon the bench, the first circuit assigned to him was that of "the Oxford." It proved to be heavy in the criminal Calendar: and Mr. Baron Bolland had to pass sentence of death upon three criminals. A maiden circuit is rarely so marked; and I have reason to believe that the humane and warm-hearted feelings of the Judge were never before, or afterwards, subjected to so severe a trial. It was a bitter and severe struggle with all the kindlier feelings of his heart. But our theme is BOOKS. His library was sold by public auction, under Mr. Evans's hammer, in the autumn of 1840. One anecdote, connected with his books, is worth recording. In my Decameron, vol. iii. p. 267, mention will be found of a bundle of poetical tracts, belonging to the Chapter-library

at Lincoln, round which, on my second visit to that library, I had, in imitation of Captain Cox (see page — ante), entwined some whip-cord around them—setting them apart for the consideration of the Dean and Chapter, whether a *second* time, I might not become a purchaser of some of their book-treasures? I had valued them at fourscore guineas. The books in question will be found mentioned in a note at page 267 of the third volume of the Bibliographical Decameron.

I had observed as follows in the work just referred to, "What would Hortensius say to the gathering of such flowers, to add to the previously collected *Lincoln Nosegay*?" The reader will judge of my mingled pleasure and surprise (dashed however with a few grains of disappointment on not becoming the proprietor of them *myself*) when the Baron, one day, after dining with him, led me to his book-case, and pointing to these precious tomes, asked me if I had ever seen them *before*? For a little moment I felt the "Obstupui" of Æneas. "How is this?" exclaimed I. "The secret is in the vault of the Capulets"—replied my Friend—and it never escaped him. "Those ARE the identical books mentioned in your Decameron." Not many years afterwards I learnt from the late Benjamin Wheatley that *he* had procured them on a late visit to Lincoln; and that *my* price, affixed, was taken as their just value. Of these Linclonian treasures, one volume alone—the Rape of

Lucrece—brought ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS at the sale of the Judge's library, beginning on the 18th of November, 1840. See No. 2187; where it should seem that only four other perfect copies are known.

The library of the late Mr. Baron Bolland, consisting of 2940 articles, brought a trifle *more* than a guinea per article. It was choice, curious, and instructively miscellaneous. Its owner was a man of taste as well as a scholar; and the crabbed niceties of his profession had neither chilled his heart nor clouded his judgment. He revelled in his small cabinet of English Coins; which he placed, and almost worshipped, among his fire-side lares. They were, the greater part of them, of precious die—in primitive lustre; and he handled them, and expatiated on them, with the enthusiasm of a Snelling, and the science of a Foulkes. His walls were covered with modern pictures, attractive from historical or tasteful associations. There was nothing but what seemed to

"point a moral, or adorn a tale."

His passion for books was of the largest scale and dimensions, and marked by every species of almost enviable enthusiasm. His anecdotes, engrafted on them, were racy and sparkling; and I am not quite sure whether it was not in contemplation by him to build a small "*oratoire*" to the memories of Caxton and Wynkyn De Worde. He considered the folios of the latter, in

the fifteenth century, to be miracles of typographical execution; and, being a poet himself, would have been in veritable ecstacies had he lived to see the UNIQUE CHAUCER of 1498, which it was my good luck to obtain for the library of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville. I will add but a few specimens of his library—

No.		£	*s.*	*d.*
26	Armony of Byrdes, printed by Wyght. 12mo., a poem, in six line stanzas. Mr. Heber's copy. A little volume of indescribable rarity	12	15	0

221	Arnold's Chronicle, 4to., printed at Antwerp, by Doesborch (1502)?	9	2	6
406	Boccus and Sydracke, printed by Godfray, at the wits and charge of Robert Saltousde, Monke of Canterbury, 4to.	5	8	6
1092	Cicero de Officiis, Ulric Zel	11	11	0

1156	Chaucer's Troylus and Cresseyde, printed by Pynson. (1526.) Folio. This volume had been successively in the libraries of Hubert, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Herbert. It was in parts imperfect	25	0	0

1255	Marston's Scourge of Villanie. (1598.) 12mo. First edition: of terrific rarity	18	5	0
1624	Glanville, de Proprietatibus Rerum. Printed by W. de Worde. Folio	17	0	0

1848	Holland's Heroologia Anglica. (1620.) Folio. So tall a copy that it had the appearance of large paper	8	2	6
2138	Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis. (1596.) 12mo. Third edition	91	0	0
2187	Shakspeare's Lucrece. First edition. 1594. Quarto	105	0	0

(This was the Lincoln-Chapter copy.)

The entire produce of the sale was £3019.

ULPIAN, the associate of Hortensius, was, and *is* (I rejoice to add) a Barrister-at-Law, and one of the six Clerks in Chancery. In the *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. —, he appears under the more euphonous as well as genial name of PALMERIN: but the "hermitage" there described has been long deserted by its master and mistress—who have transferred their treasures and curiosities to the sea-girt village, or rather town, of Ryde and its vicinity: where stained-glass windows and velvet bound tomes are seen to yet greater advantage. LEONTES, mentioned at page 133, was the late JAMES BINDLEY, Esq.—of whom a few interesting particulars will be found in the third volume of my *Bibliographical Decameron*. He died before the publication of this latter work. Sir TRISTREM was the late Sir WALTER SCOTT—then in the effulgence of poetical renown! PROSPERO was the late FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq. My Reminiscences make copious mention of these celebrated characters.

AURELIUS was intended as the representative of the late GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq.—the most learned and the most celebrated of all the Antiquarians and Historians of Scotland. His CALEDONIA is a triumphant proof of his giant-powers. Never before did an author encounter such vast and various difficulties: never was such thick darkness so satisfactorily dispersed. It is a marvellous work, in four large quarto volumes; but so indifferently printed, and upon such wretched paper, that within the next

century, perhaps, not six copies of it will be found entire. The less laborious works of Mr. Chalmers were statistical and philological. Of the latter, his tracts relating to *Shakspeare*, and his Life of *Mary Queen of Scots* may be considered the principal.

On the death of Mr. George Chalmers in 1823, his nephew became possessed of his library; and on the death of the nephew, in 1841, it was placed by the executors in the hands of Mr. Evans, who brought the first part to sale on the 27th of September, 1841. It consisted of 2292 articles, and produced the sum of £2190. The Second Part was brought to the same hammer, on February 27, 1842, and produced the sum of £1918 2*s.* 6*d.* It is on the *latter* part that I am disposed to dwell more particularly, because it was so eminently rich in Shakspearian lore; and because, at this present moment, the name of our immortal dramatist seems to be invested with a fresh halo of incomparable lustre. The first edition of his smaller works has acquired most extraordinary worth in the book-market. The second part of Mr. Chalmers's collection shews that the *Sonnets* of 1595 produced a hundred guineas; while the *Rape of Lucrece* (which, perhaps, no human being has ever had the perseverance to read through) produced £105 in a preceding sale: see page 591. The *Venus and Adonis* has kept close pace with its companions.

We may now revel among the rarities of the

fiRST PART of this extraordinary collection—

No.	£	*s.*	*d.*

123 Bale's
Comedy
concernynge
thre
Lawes
of
Nature,
Moses
and
Christ,
corrupted
by the
Sodomytes,
Pharisees
and
Papystes
most
wicked,
wants
the
title,
first
edition,
curious
portrait
of the
Author,
excessively
rare.
Inprented
per
Nicholaum
Bamburgensem,

	1538	10	0	0
488	Wilkins' Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ, 4 vols. 1737. Folio	25	0	0

[Such a price is one among the few *harmless* fruits of the Puseian Controversy!]

958	Churchyard's Worthiness of Wales, first edition, very rare, 1587. Quarto	24	0	0

[In my earlier days of Book-collecting, I obtained a copy of this most rare volume, in an *uncut state*, from a Mr. Keene, of Hammersmith, who asked me "if I thought *half-a-guinea* an extravagant price for it?" I unhesitatingly replied in the negative. Not long after, the late Mr. Sancho, who succeeded Mr. Payne, at the Mews Gate, went on his knees to me, to

purchase it for *two guineas*! His attitude was too humble and the tone of his voice too supplicatory to be resisted. He disposed of it to his patron-friend, the Hon. S. Elliott, for five pounds five shillings. Mr. Elliott had a very choice library; and was himself a most amiable and incomparable man. It is some twenty-five years since I first saw him at the late Earl Spencer's, at Althorp.]

960	Churchyard. The Firste of Churchyardes Chippes, containinge Twelue seuerall Labours, green morocco, gilt leaves, 1578	0	0	0

The Second Part of Churchyard's Chips was never published.

961	Churchyard's Generall Rehearsall of Warres, called Churchyardes Choise, imprinted by White, 1579	7	7	0

The latter part of this Work is in Verse, and some have supposed that Churchyard intended it to form the Second Part of his Chips.

1146	Gascoyne's Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes, excessively rare; only one other copy known, namely, that which was in the Libraries of G. Steevens and R. Heber. —See Heber's Catalogue, part iv. no. 771. Imprinted by Johnes, 1576	11	11	0

1182	—— Wolsey's Grammar. Rudimenta Grammatices et Docendi Methodus Scholæ Gypsuichianæ per Thomam Cardinalem Ebor, institutam, &c., rare, Antv. 1536	4	19	0

The Preface, containing directions for the Conduct of the School, is written by Cardinal Wolsey. The Grammar is by Dean Colet and Lilly.

1295	The Complete History of Cornwall, Part II., being the Parochial History, (by William Hals,) extremely rare	15	0	0

This is one of the rarest books in the class of British Topography. The first part was never printed, it has therefore no general title. A copy is in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

1314	Patrick Hannay's Nightingale, Sheretine, Happy Husband, Songs, Sonnets, &c., with the frontispiece, including the extremely rare Portrait of Patrick Hannay, an excessively rare volume when perfect, 1622	13	5	0

We believe only one other perfect copy is known, that which was successively in the Libraries of Bindley, Perry, Sykes, and Rice. No poetical volume in the libraries of these celebrated collectors excited a more lively

interest, or a keener competition. This was obtained by Mr. Chalmers at Pinkerton's sale in 1812. The Portrait of Hannay is a great desideratum to the Granger Collectors.

1436	Hutton's (Henry Dunelmensis) Follic's Anatomie, or Satyrs and Satyricall Epigrams, 1629. 12mo.	11	11	0

1461 De Foe. Review of the Affairs of France and of all Europe, as influenced by that Nation, with Historical Observations on Public Affairs, and an entertaining part in every sheet (by Defoe), 8 vols., excessively rare. The most perfect copy

known, 1705	41	0	0

This is the great desideratum of all the collectors of De Foe's works. It is the most perfect copy known; that which approaches it the nearest is the copy in the British Museum; but that only extends to 6 vols.

1508 Cronycle of Englonde wyth the Frute of Tymes, compyled by one somtyme Mayster of Saynt Albons. Newly enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1497. The Descrypcyon of Englonde (in Prose), also the Descrypcyon of the Londe of Wales,

in verse, emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, 1498, 2 vols. in 1. The first editions by Wynkyn de Worde, extremely rare	48	0	0

1738 Fulwell's (Ulpian) Flower of Fame, containing the bright renowne and most fortunate raigne of King Henry VIII., wherein is mentioned of matters, by the rest of our Cronographers ouerpassed, in verse and prose, extremely rare, imprinted by

Hoskins, 1575	9	2	0

See an account of this very curious work in the Censura Literaria, vol. 5, p. 164 to 168, written by Gilchrist. It was described from the late Mr. Neunberg's Copy, which was sold for £30. 9*s.*

1739	Fulwell (Ulpian). The First Parte of the Eighth Liberall Science: entituled Ars Adulandi, the Arte of Flatterie, first edition, excessively rare, title mended, a piece wanting in the centre. 4to. Imprinted by Jones, 1579	17	0	0

1877 (Marlowe)
the true
Tragedie
of
Richarde
Duke of
Yorke,
and the
Death
of
Good
King
Henrie
the
Sixt,
with
the
whole
contention
betweene
the two
Houses
Lancaster
and
Yorke,
as it
was
sundrie
times
acted
by the
Right
Honourable

the Earle of Pembroke, his servants, first edition, excessively rare, and believed to be unique, very fine copy, printed at London by P.S. 1595. 4to.	131	0	0

[I refer with pleasure to Mr. Evans' long, learned, and satisfactory note upon this most precious volume; which I had the satisfaction of seeing in the Bodleian Library, for which it was purchased by Mr. Rodd, the bookseller.]

1965	Greene in Conceipt. New raised from his grave to write the Tragique History of Faire Valeria of London, by J. D(ickenson), very rare. 4to. 1598	15	15	0
1983	Hake, of Gold's Kingdom, described in sundry poems, 1604, 12mo.	13	0	0

1984 Hakluyt. Divers Voyages touching the Discoverie of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Britons, with both the maps, excessively rare, only one

	other copy known to contain the two maps. Imprinted by Woodcocke, 1582. 4to.	25	0	0
2209	Hogarde (Myles)	19	5	0

"A Mirrour of Loue,
Which such light doth giue,
That all men may learne,
How to loue and liue."

Imprinted by Caly, 1555.

PART II.

163	Fraunce's (Abraham) Lamentations of Amintas for the death of Phillis, a Poem; excessively rare	20	10	0
164	Fyssher's (Jhon, Student of Oxford) Poems written in Dialogue, wants the title and part of a leaf, extremely rare. Imprinted by John Tisdale, 1558	9	9	0

171	Gascoigne's Whole Woorkes, with the Comedy of Supposes and the Steele Glasse, best edition, very fine copy, in Russia. Imprinted by Jesse, 1587	10	15	0

At the end of the Volume there is a Tract by Gascoigne, entitled "Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the Making of verses, or Rimes, in English." The Tract is not mentioned in the list of contents on the title, and the four leaves very rarely occur.

450	Marshall's (George) Compendious Treatise, in Metre, declaring the Firste Originall of Sacrifice, and of the buylding of Aultars and Churches, a Poem, extremely rare. Cawood, 1534	20	10	0

479	Harvey's (Gabriel) Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene and other Parties by him abused. Printed by Wolfe, 1592	10	10	0

Gabriel Harvey was the intimate friend of Spenser. The immediate occasion of Harvey's writing these letters was to resent Greene's attack on his Father; but the permanent value of the Volume is the very interesting notices Harvey gives of his literary contemporaries. The work concludes with a Sonnet of Spenser, addressed to Harvey.

470	Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes of Powles, very scarce, 1604. 12mo.	15	15	0

This scarce and curious little volume is not mentioned by Lowndes. The work commences with a Poetical Dialogue between Warre, Famine, and Pestilence. The Tales of my Landlord then follow, "Where the Fatte Host telles Tales at the upper ende of the Table." Mine host, however, does not have all the conversation to himself. The guests take a very fair share. One of the interlocutors, Gingle-Spur, alludes to one of Shakspeare's Plays. "This was a prettie Comedy of Errors, my round Host."

[I shall place all the SHAKSPEARIAN ARTICLES consecutively; that the Reader may observe in what a rapid ratio their pecuniary value has increased. Of the sonnets, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville possesses one copy, and Thomas Jolley, Esq., another. The History of the acquisition of the *latter* copy is one of singular

interest; almost sufficient to add *another* day to a Bibliographical Decameron. This copy is in pristine condition, and looks as if snatched from the press. Mr. Jolley also possesses a very fine and perfect copy of the first edition of Shakspeare's Works, in folio; but a similar copy, in the library of the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, will, perhaps, always continue UNRIVALLED.]

558	Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; unique. Edinburgh, by John Writtoun, and are to bee sold in his shop, a little beneath the Salt Trone, 1627	37	10	0

We are always extremely cautious in using the designation unique; but we think we may safely do so upon the present occasion. We have made very extensive inquiries on the subject, and

have recently written to David Laing, Esq., Keeper of the Library of the Writers to the Signet, from whom we have received a confirmation of our belief. Beloe, in describing this copy, says "it must be considered as an indubitable proof that at a very early period the Scotch knew, and admired, the genius of Shakspeare." He might have continued, its proceeding from the press of Writtoun, was an additional proof, as he only published small Popular Tracts. Beloe has erroneously given the date 1607, and Lowndes has copied his error. The first books printed by Writtoun were about 1624. His will is printed in the Bannatyne Miscellany. The second edition of this precious Poem, printed in 1596, produced the sum of £91, at the sale of Baron Bolland's library: see page 591, ante.

974	Shakespeare's Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories, first edition. The title a reprint, but the Portrait Original. With the Verses of Ben Jonson, original, but inlaid, blue morocco, 1623	41	0	0

935	Shake-Speares Sonnets, neuer before imprinted, extremely rare, most beautiful copy, in Russia. London, by G. Eld for T.T. and are to be solde by William Apsley, 1609	105	0	0

936	Shakspeare's Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreame Crueltie of Shylock the Jew, first edition, extremely rare, printed by J. R(oberts) for Thomas Heyes, 1600	10	0	0

937	Another Copy, second edition, very scarce, printed by J. Roberts, 1600	0	0	0
938	Another Copy, 1637	0	0	0
939	Shakspeare's Midsommer Nights Dreame, second edition, printed by James Roberts, 1600	105	0	0

940	Shakspeare's Most Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, second edition, very scarce, 1611	15	0	0

Only one perfect copy of the first edition is known.

941	Shakspeare, his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters, second edition, printed for N. Butter, 1608	14	14	0

942	Shakspeare's Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandoras Prince of Licia, first edition, extremely rare, imprinted by G. Eld, 1609	12	15	0

948	Shakspeare's Richard the Second, with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard	5	0	0

[There were many other early editions of the Plays of Shakspeare, but the preceding were the most prominent.]

688	Ovid. The Flores of Ouide de Arte Amandi, with their Englysshe afore them and two Alphabete Tablys, extremely rare, very fine copy Wynandus de Worde, 1513	10	15	0

[This edition was wholly unknown to me.]

659	Newton's (T.) Atropeion Delion, or the Death of Delia, (Queen Elizabeth) with the Teares of her Funerall, very scarce, 1603	10	15	0

565	Hilarie (Hughe) The Resurrection of the Masse, with the Wonderful Vertues of the Same, a Poem, excessively rare, imprinted at Strasburgh in Elsas, 1554	18	0	0

This is a very bitter satire on the Ceremonies, Doctrines, and Ministers of the Roman Catholic Church.

567 Skelton.
Here
after
foloweth
certaine
Bokes
complyed
by
Mayster
Skeltō,
Poet
Laureat,
Speake
Parot,
Ware
the
Hawke,
Tunnynge
of
Eleanoure
Rummyne,
&c.,
Imprinted
by
Kynge
and
Marche.
Here
after
foloweth
a little
boke
called

Colyn
Clout,
by
Master
Skelton
Poete
Laureate,
imprynted
by
Veale.
Here
after
foloweth
a little
boke,
Why
come
ye not
to
Courte,
by
Mayster
Skelton,
Poet
Laureate.
This is
Skelton's
celebrated
Satire
against
Cardinal
Wolsey,
imprinted

by Veale. A little Boke of Philip Sparow, by Mayster Skelton, Poete Laureate, imprinted by Walley —a very curious collection of Poems by Skelton, each very rare, in Bussia	23	10	0

In D'Israeli's recent Work, the Amenities of Literature, there is an excellent article upon Skelton, which contains many acute and original observations. Speaking of the Skeltonical Verse, D'Israeli says, "In the quick-returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction,

and the pungency of New Words, usually ludicrous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit, which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like wild Coruscations." See vol. 2, p. 69 to 82. Octavo.

845	Pierce Plowman. Newes from the North, otherwise called the Conference between Simon Certain and Pierce Plowman, faithfully collected by T.F. Student, extremely rare. E. Allde, 1585	13	0	0

916 S. (R.) The Phœnix Nest, built up with the most rare and refined workes of noblemen, woorthy knightes, gallant gentlemen, masters of arts and braue schollers, full of varietie, excellent invention and singular delight, never before this time published,

set foorth by R.S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman, excessively rare. Imprinted by John Jackson, 1593	40	0	0

Mr. Heber had written in his Copy, "Mr. Malone has a copy bought at Dr. Farmer's Sale, (now in the Bodleian Library,) but I know of no other." We may add, those two copies, and the present, are the only perfect copies known.

1086	Sidney's (Sir Phillip) Apologie for Poetrie, first edition, excessively rare. Printed for Henry Olney, 1595	15	5	0

"Foure Sonnets written by Henrie Constable to Sir Philip Sidneys Soule" are prefixed. These have not been reprinted in the subsequent editions. Only three other copies of the first edition of this elegant and valuable Treatise are known. One of which is in the British Museum, and one in the Bridgewater Library.

The Third Part of Mr. Chalmers's library—abundantly rich in Scotch literature, and containing much valuable illustration of the HISTORY OF PRINTING IN SCOTLAND, will probably quickly succeed the publication of this Work. Mr. Chalmers had frequently expressed to me his intention as well as inclination to give a complete History of the SCOTISH PRESS; and if the materials collected by him find their way

into his native country, it is to be hoped that some enterprising spirit, like that which animates the present Librarian of the Signet Library, will find sufficient encouragement to bring them before the public. I bargain for a *Quarto*.

MENALCAS (whose fame expands more largely in the *Bibliographical Decameron* and *Reminiscences*) was my old and "very singular good friend" the Rev. HENRY JOSEPH THOMAS DRURY, Rector of Fingest, and Second Master of Harrow School; second, because he declined to become the *first*. His library, so rich and rare in classical lore—manuscript as well as printed—was sold by Mr. Evans in 1827. The catalogue contained not fewer than 4729 articles. The bindings, chiefly in Lewisian calf and morocco, were "de toute beauté;" and the "oblong cabinet" sparkled as the setting sun shot its slanting rays down the backs of the tomes. Of this catalogue there were 35 copies only printed upon writing paper, for presents.

This library was strikingly illustrative of the character of its LATE owner; for it is little more than a twelvemonth since he has been called away from that numerous and endearing circle, in the midst of which I saw him sitting, about a twelvemonth before his departure—the happiest of the happy—on the day of the nuptials of his youngest daughter but one, with Captain Beavan. His books were in fine condition throughout—gaily attired in

appropriate bindings of calf or morocco, as the character and condition might be. His love of old classical *Manuscripts* was properly and greatly beyond that of printed books: but each class was so marked and identified by his calligraphical MS. notes, that you were in a moment convinced his books were not purchased for the mere sake of gorgeous furniture. So entirely were his classical feelings mixed up with his Library, that he prefixed, over the entrance door of his oblong cabinet, in printed letters of gold, the following lines—of which the version is supplied from the "*Arundines Cami*," edited by his eldest son, the Rev. Henry Drury.

IN MUSEI MEI ADITU.

Pontificum videas penetralibus eruta lapsis
Antiquas Monachum vellera passa manus,
Et veteres puncto sine divisore Papyros,
Quæque fremit monstris litera picta suis:
Ætatis decimæ spectes Industria Quintæ:
Quam pulcra Archetypos imprimat arte
Duces
ALDINAS ædes ineuns et limina JUNTÆ
Quosque suos Stephanus vellet habere Lares.
H.I.T.D.

OVER THE THRESHOLD OF MY LIBRARY.

From mouldering Abbey's dark Scriptorium brought,
See vellum tomes by Monkish labour wrought;
Nor yet the comma born, Papyri see,
And uncial letters wizard grammary;
View my *fifteeners* in their rugged line;
What ink! what linen! only known long syne—
Entering where ALDUS might have fixed his throne,
Or Harry Stephens covetted his own.
H.D.

They were part and parcel of the *Owner* himself. His mind was traceable in many a fly leaf. His latinity was perspicuity and accuracy itself. He was, in all respects, a ripe and a good scholar; and the late Provost of Eton (The Rev. Dr. Goodall) told me, on an occasion which has been, perhaps, too *emphasised* in certain bibliographical pages,[476] that "England could not then produce a better Greek metrical scholar than his friend Henry Drury." What was remarkable, he never assumed an *ex Cathedrâ* position in society. In bringing forward or pressing quotations, whatever fell from him, came easily and naturally, but rarely. Accustomed for many years to be the favourite of the *Harrovians*, he never affected the airs of the pedagogue. How he *could* criticise, sufficiently appears in an article on the *Musæ Edinburgenses* in an early number of the Quarterly Review.

[476] *Bibliographical Decameron.* Dr. Goodall always appeared to me to *affect* irascibility upon the subject alluded to. The contents might have been published at Charing Cross.

Yet this may be considered secondary matter; and I hasten to record the qualities of his heart and disposition. They were truly Christian-like; inasmuch as a fond and large spirit of benevolence was always beating in his bosom, and mantling over a countenance of singular friendliness of expression. He had the *power* of saying sharp and caustic things, but he used his "giant-strength" with the gentleness of a child. His letters, of which many hundreds have fallen to my lot, are a perfect reflex of his joyous and elastic mind. There was not a pupil under his care who looked forward to a *holiday* with more unqualified delight than *he*; and when we strayed together beneath, or upon the heights of, the Dover Cliffs (where I *last* saw him, in the summer of 1840) he would expatiate, with equal warmth and felicity, upon the Abbey of St. Rhadagund, and the Keep of Dover Castle. Our visit to Barfreston Church, in the neighbourhood, can never be effaced from my mind. His mental enthusiasm and bodily activity could not have been exceeded by that of the Captain of Harrow School. He took up

my meditated "History of the Dover" as if it were his own work; and his success, in cause of subscription, in most instances, was complete.

And now, after an intimacy (minutely recorded in my *Reminiscences*) of thirty-three years, it has pleased God to deprive me of his genial and heart-stirring society. His last moments were of those of a Christian—"rooted and built up" in THAT belief, which alone sustains us in the struggle of parting from those whom we cherish as the most idolised objects upon earth! It was towards sun-set that I first paused upon his tomb, in the church-yard, near the summit of Harrow Hill. For a few moments I was breathless—but *not* from the steepness of the ascent. The inscription, I would submit, is too much in the "minor key." It was the production of his eldest son, who preferred to err from under-rating, rather than over-rating, the good qualities of his parent. For myself—

"As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is severed from the heart!"
&c. &c. &c.
THOMSON.

On the death of Mr. Drury, his small library, the remains of his former one, was sold by auction; and those classical books, interleaved, and enriched with his manuscript notes, brought large prices. One manuscript, of especial celebrity—*Childe Harold*—given him by the Author, his pupil, Lord Byron—became the

property of its publisher, Mr. Murray; who purchased it upon terms at once marking his high sense of the talents of the author, and his respect for the family where it had been placed. It may be doubtful whether the autograph of any poem, since Paradise Lost, would have obtained a larger sum—had it been submitted to public sale.

RINALDO.—Rinaldo was the late Mr. EDWARDS; of the sale of whose library an extended account will be found in my Decameron. It remains, briefly, but emphatically, to remark, that of all the book heroes, whose valorous achievements are here recorded, TWO only have survived the lapse of thirty years. Let *half* of another similar course of time roll on, and where will the SURVIVORS be? If not at rest in their graves, they will in all probability be "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything:"—at least, very far beyond "the lean and slippered pantaloon." Leaving my surviving friends to fight their own battles, I think I may here venture to say, in quiet simplicity and singleness of heart, that books, book-sales, and book-men, will then—if I am spared—pass before me as the faint reflex of "the light of OTHER DAYS!" ... when literary enterprise and literary fame found a proportionate reward; and when the sickly sentimentality of the novelist had not usurped the post of the instructive philologist. But enough of ROSICRUSIS.



PART IV.

THE LIBRARY.

THIS Part embraces the *History of Literature*, in the formation of Libraries, from the Conquest to the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., and undoubtedly contains much that is curious and instructive. Two new characters only are introduced: LORENZO and NARCOTTUS. The former was intended to represent the late Sir Masterman Mark Sykes, Bart.: the latter, a

William Templeman, Esq., of Hare Hatch, Berkshire. Sir Mark Sykes was not less known than respected for the suavity of his manners, the kindness of his disposition, and the liberality of his conduct on all matters connected with *books* and *prints*. A long and particular account of his library, and of many of his book-purchases, will be seen in the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*; and at pages 321, 373 of my *Literary Reminiscences*. His library and his prints brought, each, pretty much the same sum: together, £60,000—an astounding result! Sir Mark is the last great bibliomaniacal Sun that has shed its golden, as well as parting, rays, upon a terribly chap-fallen British public! Mr. Templeman, represented as Narcottus, was a great Chess-player: and although Caxton's "Game at Chess" is a mere dull morality, having nothing to do with the game strictly so called, yet he would have everything in his library where the word "Chess" was introduced. In the words of the old catch, he would "add the night unto the day" in the prosecution of his darling recreation, and boasted of having once given a signal defeat to the Rev. Mr. Bowdler, after having been defeated himself by Lord Henry Seymour, the renowned chess-champions of the Isle of Wight. He said he once sat upon Phillidor's knee, who patted his cheek, and told him "there was nothing like Chess and English roast beef."

The notice of poor George Faulkner at page 199

—one of the more celebrated book-binders of the day, is amplified at page 524 of the second volume of the Decameron; where the painful circumstances attending his death are slightly mentioned. He yet lives, and lives strongly, in my remembrance. Since then, indeed within a very few years, the famous CHARLES LEWIS—of whose bibliopegistic renown the Decameronic pages have expatiated fully—has ceased to be. He was carried off suddenly by an apoplectic seizure. His eldest son—a sort of "spes altera Romæ," in his way—very quickly followed the fate of his father. The name of LEWIS will be always held high in the estimation of bibliopegistic Virtuosi. But the art of Book-binding is not deteriorating: and I am not sure whether JOHN CLARKE, of Frith Street, Soho, be not as "mighty a man" in his way as any of his predecessors. There is a solidity, strength, and squareness of workmanship about his books, which seem to convince you that they may be tossed from the summit of Snowdon to that of Cader Idris without detriment or serious injury. His gilding is first rate; both for choice of ornament and splendour of gold. Nor is his coadjutor, WILLIAM BEDFORD, of less potent renown. He was the great adjunct of the late Charles Lewis—and imbibes the same taste and the same spirit of perseverance. Accident brought me one morning in contact with a set of the New Dugdale's Monasticon, bound in blue morocco, and most gorgeously bound and gilded, lying upon the table of Mr. James Bohn

—a mountain of bibliopegistic grandeur! A sort of irrepressible awe kept you back even from turning over the coats or covers! And what a WORK—deserving of pearls and precious stones in its outward garniture! "Who was the happy man to accomplish such a piece of binding?"[477] observed I. "Who BUT John Clarke?"—replied the Bibliopole.

[477] Good binding—even Roger-Payne-binding—is gadding abroad every where. At Oxford, they have "a spirit" of this description who loses a night's rest if he haplessly shave off the sixteenth part of an inch of a rough edge of an uncut Hearne. My friend, Dr. Bliss, has placed volumes before me, from the same mintage, which have staggered belief as an indigenous production of Academic soil. At Reading, also, some splendid leaves are taken from the same *Book*. Mr. Snare, the publisher, keeps one of the most talented bookbinders in the kingdom—from the school of Clarke; and feeds him upon something more substantial than rose leaves and jessamine blossoms. He is a great man for a halequin's jacket: and would have gone crazy at the sight of some of the specimens at Strawberry Hill. No man can put a varied-coloured morocco coat upon the back of a book with greater care, taste, and success, than our Reading Bibliopegist.

PART V.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THIS Part is a copious continuation of the History of Book Collectors and Collections up to the year 1810. There is nothing to add in the way of CHARACTER; and the subject itself is amply continued in the tenth day of the *Bibliographical Decameron*. In both works will be found, it is presumed, a fund of information and amusement, so that the Reader will scarcely demand an extension of the subject. Indeed, a little volume would hardly suffice to render it the justice which it merits; but I am bound to make special mention of the untameable perseverance, and highly refined taste, of B.G. Windus, Esq., one of my earliest and steadiest supporters; and yet, doth he not rather take up a sitting in the ALCOVE—amongst *Illustrators of fine Works*?



THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

Drawn by J. Thurston.—Engraved by Robert Branston.

PART VI.

THE ALCOVE.

A WORD only:—and that respecting *Illustrated Copies*. Leaving Mr. Windus in full possession of his Raphael Morghens, William Woollets, William Sharpes, &c.—and allowing him the undisturbed relish of gazing upon, and pressing to his heart's core, his *grey* TURNERS—let me only introduce to the reader's critical attention and admiration the opposite subject, executed by the late Mr. Branston, and exhibiting *The Cave of Despair* from Spenser's Fairy Queen. The figures were drawn on the blocks by the late J. Thurston, Esq.

Illustrated Copies.

UNDER the *Illustration*-Symptom of Bibliomania, a fund of amusing anecdote, as well as of instructive detail, presents itself. We may travel in a carriage and four—from morn 'till night—and sweep county after county, in pursuit of all that is exquisite, and rare, and precious, and

unattainable in other quarters: but I doubt if our horses' heads can be turned in a direction better calculated to answer all the ends in view than in front of

RAVENSBURY LODGE, LOWER MITCHAM,



the residence of the late proprietor of this work. There we once beheld such a copy of the best of all existing *Encyclopædias*—that of the late Dr. REES—as is no where else to be found. It was upon *large* and *fine* paper—bound in fourscore volumes—with separately executed title pages, in a style of pure art—and *illustrated* with not fewer than TEN THOUSAND EXTRA PLATES. The reader may, and will, naturally enough, judge of the wide, if not boundless, field for

illustration—comprehending in fact (as the title of the work denounces) the circle of all knowledge, arts and sciences; but he can have no idea of the *manner* in which this fertile and illimitable field is filled up, till he gazes upon the copy in question. Here then was not only a *reading*, but a *graphic*, LIBRARY IN ITSELF. Whatever other works *profusely* dilate upon was here *concentrated*—and deeply impressed upon the mind by the charm, as well as the intelligence, of graphical ornament. You seemed to want nothing, as, upon the turning over of every leaf, the prodigality of art ennobled, while it adorned, the solidity of the text. You have kept your horses already waiting three hours—and they are neighing and snorting for food: and you must turn them into the stable for suitable provender—for the owner of this production would tell you that you had scarcely traversed through one-third of the contents of the volumes. He orders an additional fowl to be placed on the spit, and an extra flagon of Combe and Delafield's brightest ale to be forth-coming: while his orchard supplies the requisite addenda of mulberries, pears, and apples, to flank the veritable Lafitte. You drink and are merry. Then comes the Argand Lamp; and down with the Encyclopedistic volumes. The plates look brighter and more beautiful. There is no end of them—nor limits to your admiration. Be it summer or winter, there is food for sustenance, and for the gratification of the most exquisite

palate. To contemplate SUCH a performance, the thorough-bred book-votary would travel by torch-light through forty-eight hours of successive darkness!...: But the horses are again neighing—for their homes. You must rouse the slumbering post-boy: for "The bell of the church-clock strikes ONE."

P.S.—The late Mr. WALMSLEY—who employed me to print this present edition—narrowly watched all our movements, and was much gratified by the appearance of the work, so far as it had gone before his death—frequently urged me to append a short account of the progress of our art during the last thirty years—i.e. since the publication of the former edition of *Bibliomania*.

The subject is too diffuse for a mere note: and during the life-time of so many able printers as now exercise their calling in the metropolis, it would be invidious to particularize eminence in our profession (whereas among our immediate predecessors it is, perhaps just to say that there were only *two* printers of great celebrity, the late *Mr. Bulmer* and my late father). I shall therefore merely mention some events which have had such influence on our art as that the case is now very different to what it was thirty years ago, when the good execution of printing

at once testified to the skill and industry of the printer—as he could command neither good *presses*, *types*, nor *ink*, &c.—paper being then almost the only matter to be had in perfection.

We have *now* excellent and powerful iron presses—Stanhopes, Columbians, Imperials, &c. *Then* the celebrated specimens of typography were produced by *miserable* wooden presses. We have *now* ink of splendid lustre, at a fourth of the cost of fabrication *then*—for both Mr. Bulmer and my father were perpetually trying expensive experiments—and not always succeeding: our ink is now to be depended on for *standing*, it works freely, and can be had at reasonable prices at the extensive factory of Messrs. SHACKELL and LYONS, Clerkenwell, who made the ink used for this work.

There are several eminent engineers who make the best of presses. Our *letter* may safely be pronounced, if not perfect, as near perfection as it will ever reach—and while the celebrated type-foundries of Messrs. CASLON, Chiswell Street, and Messrs. FIGGINS, West Street, are within the reach of the metropolitan printers, there can be no excuse for failing to execute good printing on the score of inferior type.

The substitution of the *inking roller*, instead of the cumbrous and inconvenient old balls, has much eased the labours of the pressman and facilitated the regularity of colour. The inking roller at the hand press was adopted, and

offered to the printers generally, by my friend, Mr. APPLEGATH, shortly after *steam-printing* was introduced by my father—about which so much has been said in periodical publications, &c., that it is needless here to enlarge on the subject —more especially as it is principally applicable to work of inferior character, newspapers, reviews, magazines, &c.; and, further, it is not a very tempting subject to the son of him who was led to devote the energies of the latter years of his active life, and the well-earned fortune which his great typographical celebrity had secured, to the adoption of a mode of printing which, how much soever it may benefit newspaper proprietors and others—certainly has done any thing but benefit his family; and has thus added another instance to the many on record of the ill success attending the patronage of inventors.

B. BENSLEY.

Woking, Surrey, June 18, 1842.

FINIS.

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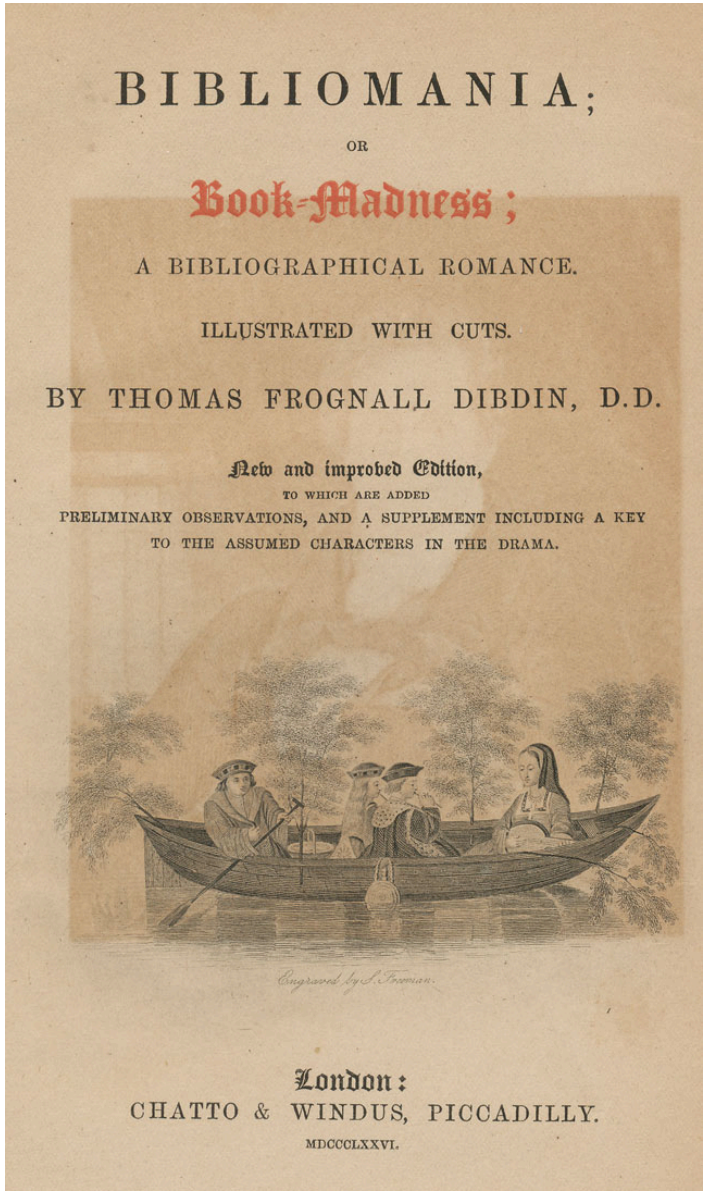
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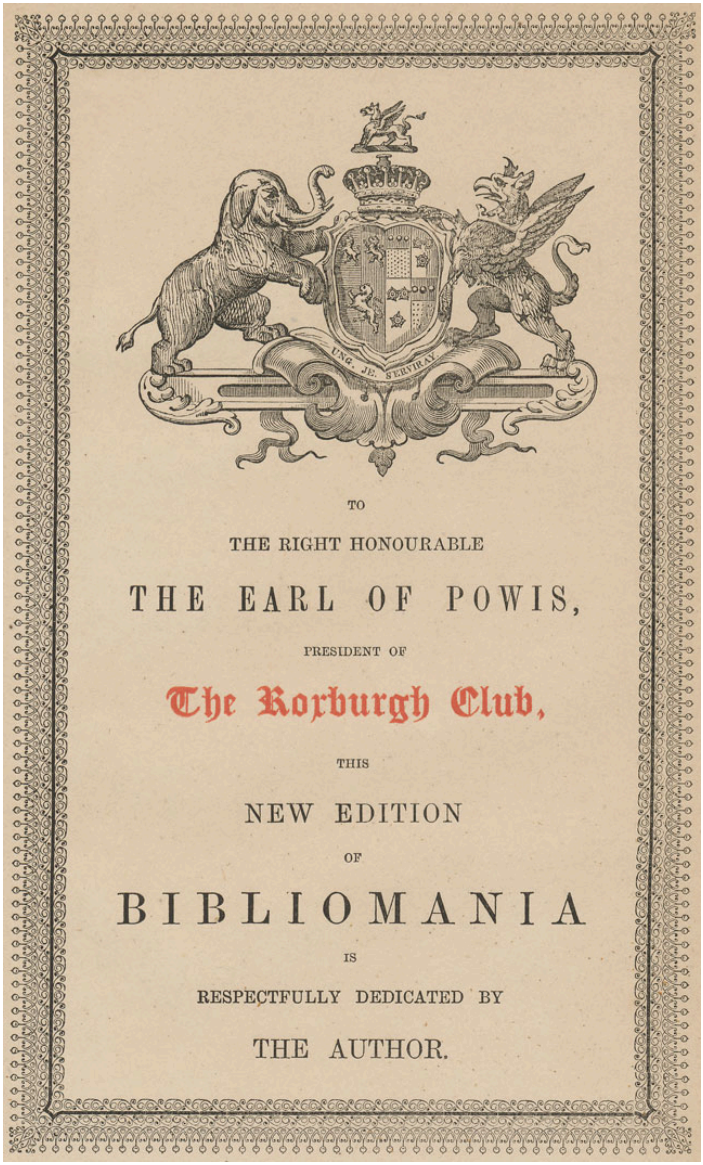
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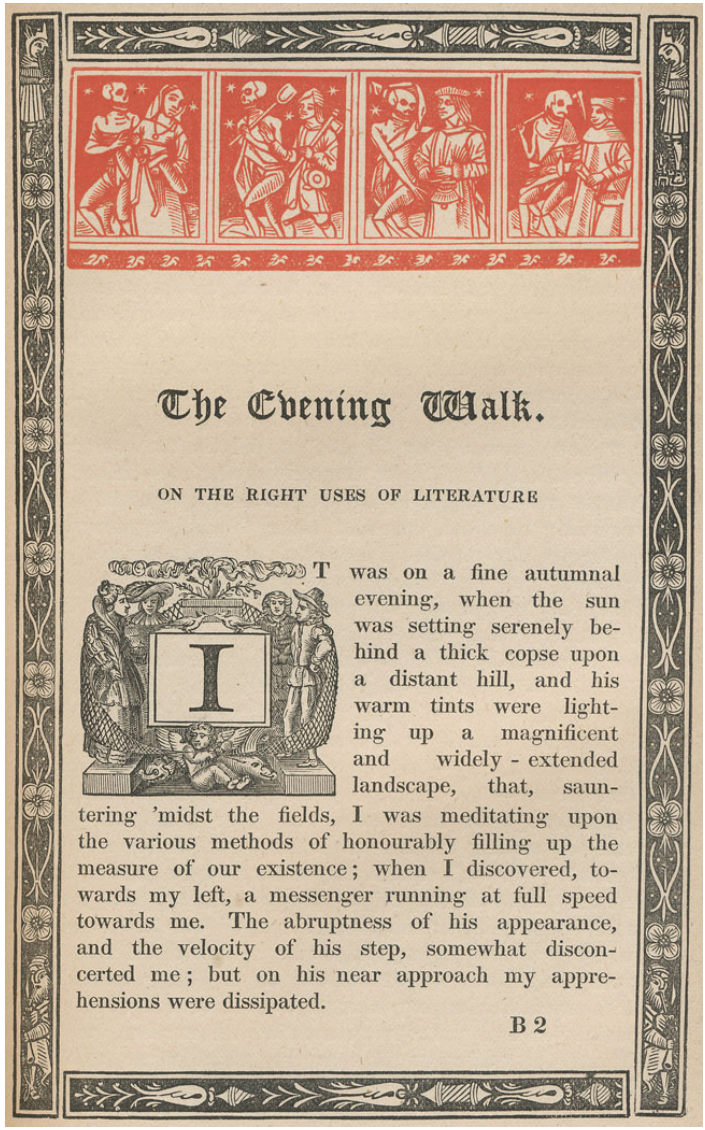
REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.S.A.

Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge,
For to have plenty it is a pleasaunt thynge
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in honde:
But what they mene I do nat understonde.

Pynson's Ship of Fools. Edit. 1509.

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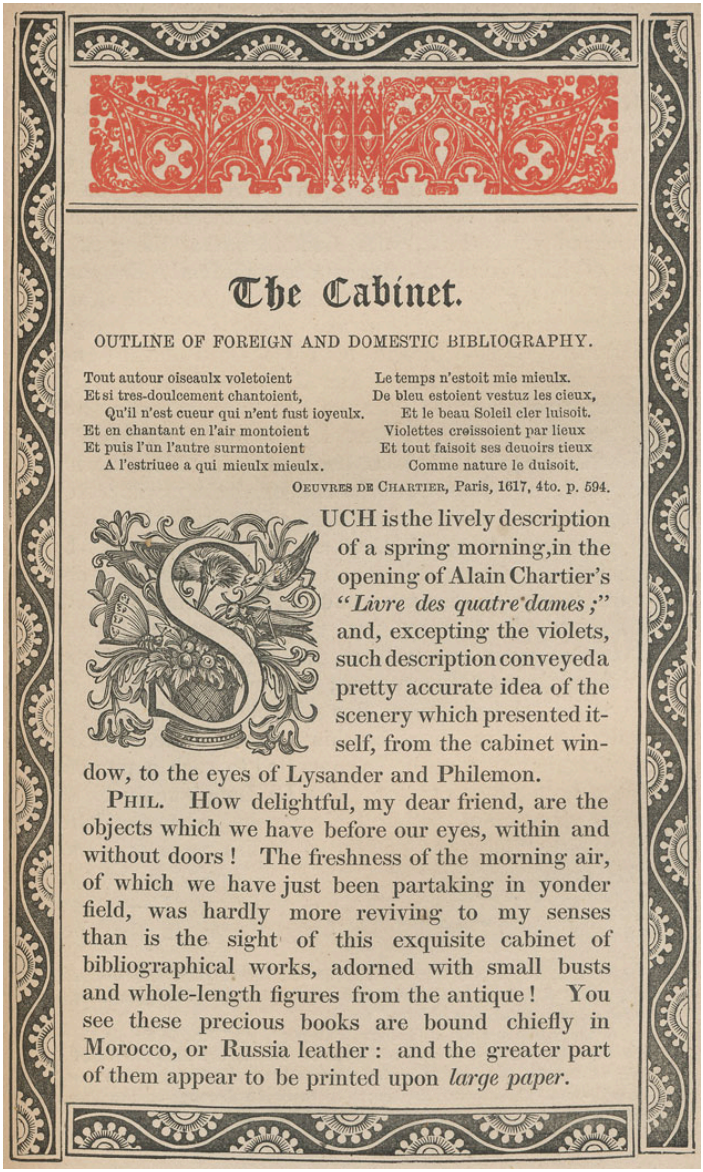


The Evening Walk.

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE

IT was on a fine autumnal evening, when the sun was setting serenely behind a thick copse upon a distant hill, and his warm tints were lighting up a magnificent and widely-extended landscape, that, sauntering 'midst the fields, I was meditating upon the various methods of honourably filling up the measure of our existence; when I discovered, towards my left, a messenger running at full speed towards me. The abruptness of his appearance, and the velocity of his step, somewhat disconcerted me; but on his near approach my apprehensions were dissipated.

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The Cabinet.

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Tout autour oiseaulx voletoient
Et si tres-doulcement chantoient,
Qu'il n'est cueur qui n'ent fust ioyeulx.
Et en chantant en l'air montoient
Et puis l'un l'autre surmontoient
A l'estriuee a qui mieulx mieulx.

Le temps n'estoit mie mieulx.
De bleu estoient vestuz les cieux,
Et le beau Soleil cler luisoit.
Violettes creissoient par lieux
Et tout faisoit ses deuoirs tieux
Comme nature le duisoit.

OEUVRES DE CHARTIER, Paris, 1617, 4to. p. 594.

SUCH is the lively description of a spring morning, in the opening of Alain Chartier's "*Livre des quatre dames;*" and, excepting the violets, such description conveyed a pretty accurate idea of the scenery which presented itself, from the cabinet window, to the eyes of Lysander and Philemon.

PHIL. How delightful, my dear friend, are the objects which we have before our eyes, within and without doors! The freshness of the morning air, of which we have just been partaking in yonder field, was hardly more reviving to my senses than is the sight of this exquisite cabinet of bibliographical works, adorned with small busts and whole-length figures from the antique! You see these precious books are bound chiefly in Morocco, or Russia leather: and the greater part of them appear to be printed upon *large paper*.

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The Auction Room.

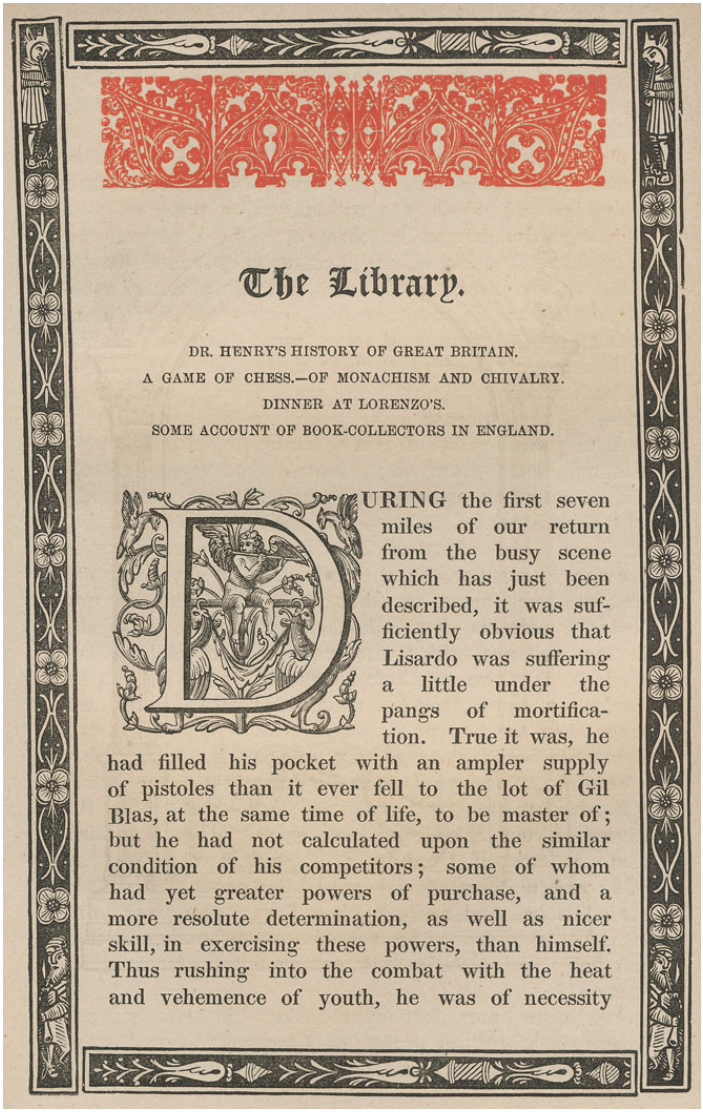
CHARACTER OF ORLANDO.
OF ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS, AND BOOK-BINDING.
BOOK AUCTION BIBLIOMANIACS.

NEVER, surely, did two mortals set off upon any expedition with greater glee and alacrity than did Lisardo and Philemon for the sale, by auction, of GONZALVO'S bibliographical library. The great pains which Lysander had taken in enumerating the various foreign and domestic writers upon Bibliography, with his occasionally animated eulogies upon some favourite author had quite inflamed the sanguine mind of Lisardo; who had already, in anticipation, fancied himself in possession of every book which he had heard described. Like Homer's high-bred courser, who

—ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost—

our young bibliomaniac began to count up his volumes, arrange his shelves, bespeak his binder,

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The Library.

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.
A GAME OF CHESS.—OF MONACHISM AND CHIVALRY.
DINNER AT LORENZO'S.
SOME ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS IN ENGLAND.

DURING the first seven miles of our return from the busy scene which has just been described, it was sufficiently obvious that Lisardo was suffering a little under the pangs of mortification. True it was, he had filled his pocket with an ampler supply of pistoles than it ever fell to the lot of Gil Blas, at the same time of life, to be master of; but he had not calculated upon the similar condition of his competitors; some of whom had yet greater powers of purchase, and a more resolute determination, as well as nicer skill, in exercising these powers, than himself. Thus rushing into the combat with the heat and vehemence of youth, he was of necessity

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The Drawing Room.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLIOMANIA, OR ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS, CONTINUED.



VOLATILE as the reader may conceive the character of Lisardo to be, there were traits in it of marked goodness and merit. His enthusiasm so frequently made him violate the rules of severe politeness; and the quickness with which he flew from one subject to another, might have offended a narrator of the gravity, without the urbanity, of Lysander; had not the frankness with which he confessed his faults, and the warmth with which he always advocated the cause of literature, rendered him amiable in the eyes of those who thoroughly knew him. The friends, whose company he was now enjoying, were fully competent to appreciate his worth. They perceived that Lisardo's mind had been rather brilliantly cultivated; and that, as his heart had always beaten at the call of virtue, so,

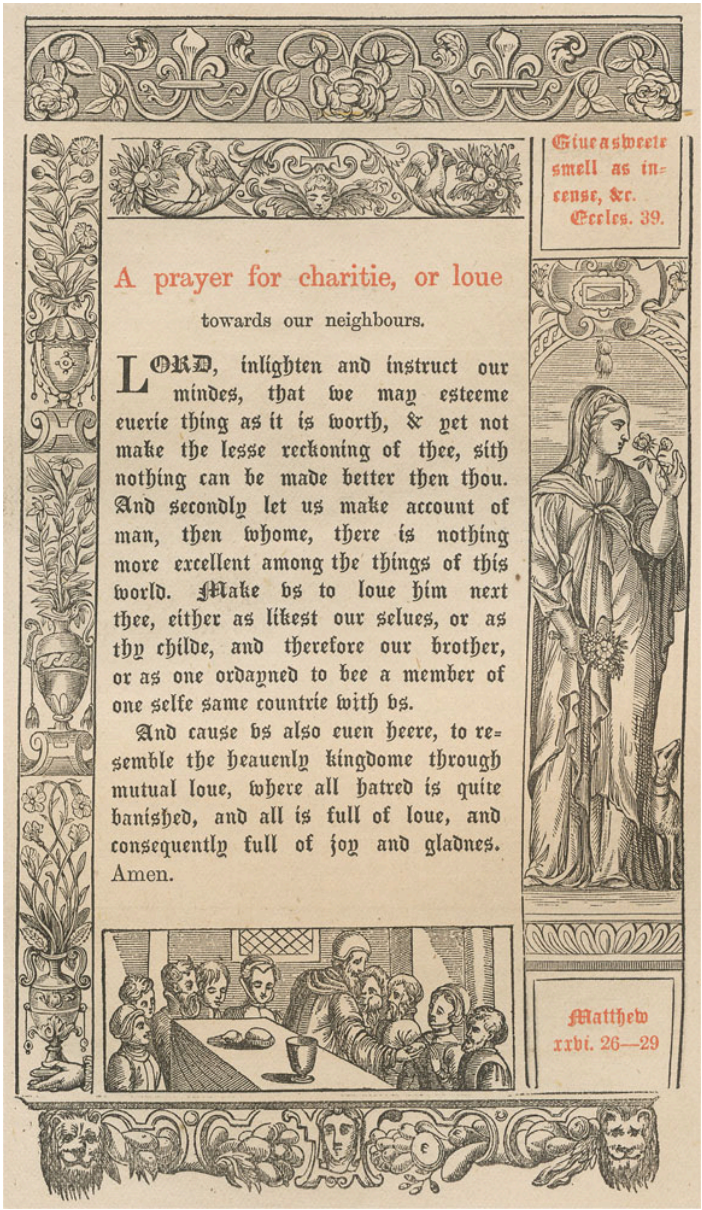
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Elizabeth Regina.
2 PARALIPOM 6.
Domine Deus Israel, non est similis tui Deus in coelo & in terra, qui pacta custodis & misericordiam cum seruis tuis, qui ambulant coram te in toto corde suo.

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Giue a sweete smell as incense, &c. Eccles. 39.

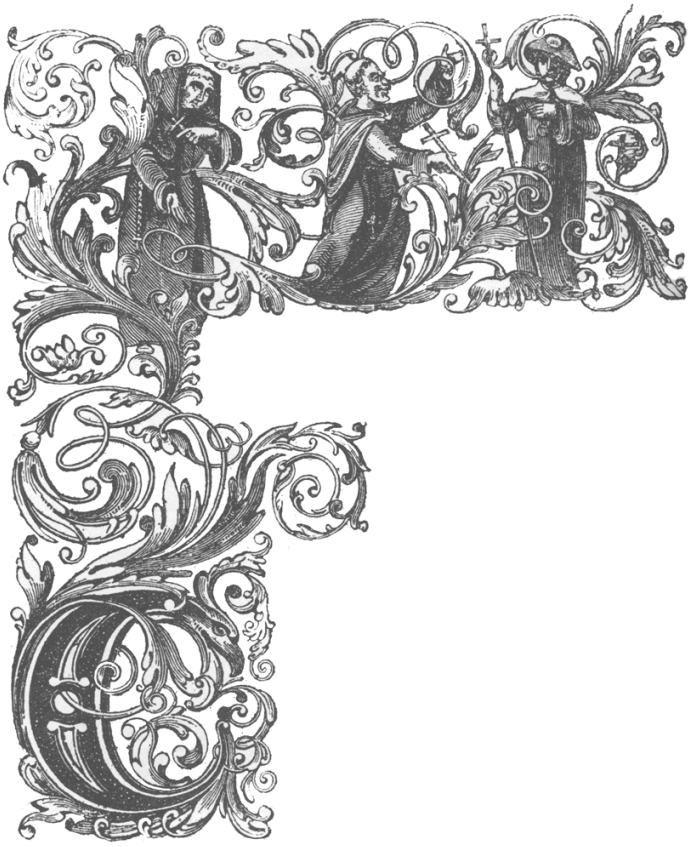
A prayer for charitie, or loue towards our neighbours.

LORD, inlighten and instruct our mindes, that we may esteeme euerie thing as it is worth, & yet not make the lesse reckoning of thee, sith nothing can be made better then thou. And secondly let us make account of man, then whome, there is nothing more excellent among the things of this world. Make bs to loue him next thee, either as likest our selues, or as thy childe, and therefore our brother, or as one ordayned to bee a member of one selfe same countrie with bs.

And cause bs also euen heere, to resemble the heauenly kingdome through mutual loue, where all hatred is quite banished, and all is full of loue, and consequently full of ioy and gladnes. Amen.

Matthew xxvi. 26—29

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The Alcove.

SYMPTOMS OF THE BIBLIOMANIA.—PROBABLE MEANS OF ITS CURE.



SOFTLY blew the breeze, and merrily sung the lark, when Lisardo quitted his bed-chamber at seven in the morning, and rang lustily at my outer gate for admission. So early a visitor put the whole house in commotion; nor was it without betraying some marks of peevishness and irritability that, on being informed of his arrival, I sent word by the servant to know what might be the cause of such an interruption. The reader will readily forgive this trait of harshness and precipitancy, on my part, when he is informed that I was then just enjoying the "honey dew" of sleep, after many wakeful and restless hours.

Lisardo's name was announced: and his voice, conveyed in the sound of song-singing, from the bottom of the garden, left the name of the visitor

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