THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON

WILLIAM ROBERTS

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Title: The Book-Hunter in London

Author: W. Roberts

Release date: September 15, 2007 [eBook #22607]
Most recently updated: January 3, 2021

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/22607

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THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON ***

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THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON.

'His soul was never so staked down as in a bookseller's shop.' Roger North.

THE

BOOK-HUNTER IN

LONDON

Historical and other Studies of Collectors and Collecting

WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

W. ROBERTS

Author of
'The Earlier History of English Bookselling,'
'Printers' Marks,' etc.

LONDON

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1895

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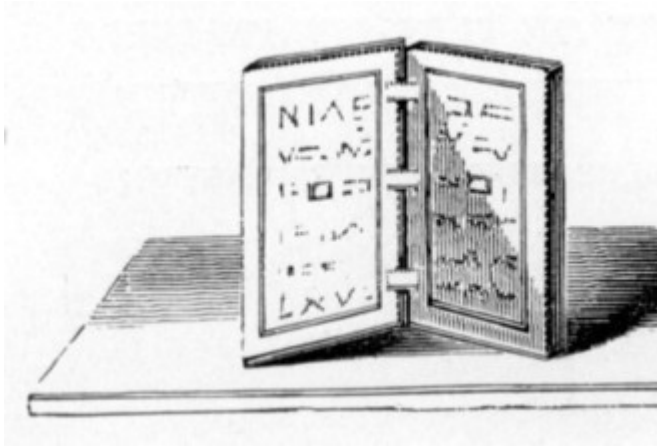

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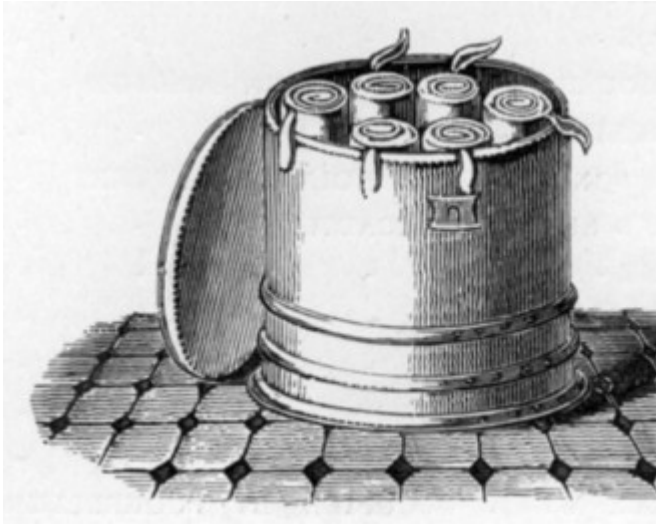


Roman Book-box.

PREFACE.

'*HE Book-hunter in London' is put forth as a contribution to the fascinating history of book-collecting in the metropolis; it does not pretend to be a complete record of a far-reaching subject, which a dozen volumes would not exhaust; the present work, however, is the*

first attempt to deal with it in anything like a comprehensive manner, but of how far or in what degree this attempt is successful the reader himself must decide.

The task itself has been an exceedingly pleasant one to the author, and it only remains for him to thank, collectively, the large number of friends and acquaintances who have so cordially favoured him with advice and information on so many points. In only a couple of quite unimportant instances has he experienced anything approaching churlishness. The geniality and courtesy of the book-collector are proverbial, but specimens of a different type are evidently to be found here and there.

As regards the chapter on Modern Collectors, the author's object has been to deal with a representative selection of the bibliophiles of to-day. To aim at anything like completeness in this section of the book would be highly undesirable, having regard to a proportionate representation of the subject as a whole. Completeness, moreover, would be an impossibility, even in a volume devoted entirely to modern men.

The greatest possible care has been taken to prevent inaccuracy of any kind, but whilst freedom from error is a consummation which every author desires, it is also one of which few can boast. The reader will be doing the author a favour by informing him of any mistake which may be detected in the following pages. An omission in the account of Stewart, the founder of Puttick's, may be here made good: he had the privilege of selling David Garrick's choice library in 1823. The author regrets to learn that Purcell (p. 165), a very intelligent bookseller, died some months ago.

'The Book-hunter in London' is the outcome not only of material which has been accumulating for many years

past, from published and unpublished sources, but also of a long and pleasant intercourse with the leading book-collectors and booksellers in London, not to mention a vigorous and constant prosecution of one of the most pleasant and instructive of hobbies. The author has freely availed himself of the information in the works of Dibdin, Nichols, and other writers on the subject, but their statements have been verified whenever possible, and acknowledgements have been made in the proper places to the authorities laid under contribution.

W. R.

86, GROSVENOR ROAD, S.W.

INTRODUCTION.

T would be quite as great a fallacy to assume that a rich man is also a wise one, as to take for granted that he who has accumulated a large library is necessarily a learned man. It is a very curious fact, but none the less a fact, that just as the greatest men have the shortest biographies, so have they been content with the smallest libraries. Shakespeare, Voltaire, Humboldt, Comte, Goethe had no collection of books to which the term library could fairly be

applied. But though each preferred to find in Nature and in Nature's handiworks the mental exercise which less gifted men obtain from books, that did not prevent them from being ardent book-lovers. Shakespeare—to mention one only—must have possessed a Plutarch, a Stowe, a Montaigne, and a Bible, and probably half a dozen other books of less moment. And yet, with this poor show, he was as genuine a book-lover as Ben Jonson or my Lord Verulam. Lord Burleigh, Grotius, and Bonaparte are said to have carried their libraries in their pockets, and doubtless Shakespeare could have carried his under his arm.

If all great men have not been book-collectors in the manner which is generally understood by the phrase, it is certain that they have, perhaps without a single exception, been book-lovers. They appear, for the most part, to have made a constant companion of some particularly favourite book; for instance, St. Jerome slept with a copy of Aristotle under his pillow; Lord Clarendon had a couple of favourites, Livy and Tacitus; Lord Chatham had a good classical library, with an especial fondness for Barrow; Leibnitz died in a chair with the 'Argenis' of Barclay in his hand; Kant, who never left his birthplace, Königsburg, had a weakness in the direction of books of travel. 'Were I to sell my library,' wrote Diderot, 'I would keep back Homer, Moses, and Richardson.' Sir W. Jones, like many other distinguished men, loved his Cæsar. Chesterfield, agreeing with Callimachus, that 'a great book is a great evil,' and with La Fontaine—

> 'Les longs ouvrages me font peur
> Loin j'épuiser une matière
> Il faut n'en prendre que la fleur'—

hated ponderous, prosy, pedantic tomes. Garrick had an extensive collection on the history of the stage, but Shakespeare was his only constant friend. Gibbon was a book-collector more in the sense of a man who collects books as literary tools than as a bibliophile. But it is scarcely necessary just now to enter more fully into the subject of great men who were also book-lovers. Sufficient it is, perhaps, to know that they have all felt the blessedness of books, for, as Washington Irving in one of his most lofty sentences has so well put it, 'When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these [the comforts of a well-stored library] only retain their steady value; when friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, *these* only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow.'

It is infinitely easier to name those who have collected books in this vast and unwieldy London of ours, than it is to classify them. To adopt botanical phraseology, the *genus* is defined in a word or two, but the species, the varieties, the hybrids, and the seedlings, how varied and impossible their classification! Most men have bought books, some have read a few, and others many; but beyond this rough grouping together we shall not attempt anything. One thing, however, the majority of book-collectors agree in, and that is in regarding their own generation as a revolution—they have, as Butler has described it in his picture of an antiquary, 'a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.'

Differing in many, and often material, points as one book-collector does from another, the entire passion

for collecting may be said to focus itself into two well-defined grooves. A man either collects books for his own intellectual profit, or out of pure ostentatious vanity. In the ensuing pages there will be found ample and material facts in regard to the former, so that we may say here all that we have to say regarding the latter. The second type of book-enthusiast has two of the most powerful factors in his apparently reckless career—his own book-greed, and the bookseller who supplies and profits by him.

'What do you think of my library?' the King of Spain once asked Bautru, the French wit, as he showed him the collection at the Escurial, at that time in the charge of a notoriously ignorant librarian.

'Your Majesty's library is very fine,' answered Bautru, bowing low; 'but your Majesty ought to make the man who has charge of it an officer of the Treasury.'

'And why?' queried the King.

'Because,' replied Bautru, 'the librarian of your Majesty seems to be a man who never touches that which is confided to him.'

There are many varieties of the ignorant collector type. The most fruitful source is the *nouveau riche*. Book-collecting is greatly a matter of fashion; and most of us will remember what Benjamin Franklin said of this prevailing vice: 'There are numbers that, perhaps, fear less the being in hell, than out of the fashion.' The enterprising individual who, on receipt of a catalogue of medical books, wired to the bookseller, 'What will you take for the lot?' and on a price being quoted, again telegraphed, 'Send them along,' was clearly a person who wished to be fashionable. Another characteristically amusing

illustration of this type of book-collector is related by an old-established second-hand bookseller, who had bought at a country sale some two or three hundred volumes in a fair condition. But they were principally old sermons, or, what is worse, theology and political economy. He placed a sample lot outside his shop, leaving the bulk of the stock untouched. The little parcel attracted the attention of a stylishly dressed man, who entered the shop and said, 'I'll take these books, and, say, have you any more of this kind with this shield onto them?' pointing to the bookplate attached, which bore the arms and name of a good old county family. 'That box, sir, is full of books from the same house, and probably every book has the same bookplate, but I have not yet had time to examine them.' 'What's yer figger for them, any way? See here, I start back to Chicago to-morrow, and I mean to take these books right back along. I'm goin' to start a libery thar, and these books will just fit me, name and all. Just you sort out all that have that shield and name, and send them round to the Langham at seven sharp. I'll be round to settle up; but see, now, don't you send any without that name-plate, for that's my name, too, and I reckon this old hoss with the daggers and roosters might have been related to me some way.'

'I remember,' says the Marquis d'Argenson, in his 'Mémoires,' 'once paying a visit to a well-known bibliomaniac, who had just purchased an extremely scarce volume, quoted at a fabulous price. Having been graciously permitted by its owner to inspect the treasure, I ventured innocently to remark that he had probably bought it with the philanthropic intention of having it reprinted. "Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed in a horrified tone; "how could you suppose me capable of such an act of folly! If I were, the book

would be no longer scarce, and would have no value whatever. Besides," he added, "I doubt, between ourselves, if it be worth reprinting." "In that case," said I, "its rarity appears to be its only attraction." "Just so," he complacently replied; "and that is quite enough for me."'

Another type which borders dangerously near to that which we have been describing is the collector who, not necessarily ignorant, collects for himself alone. The motto which Grolier adopted and acted upon —'Io Grolierii et amicorum'—might have been a very safe principle to go upon in the sixteenth century, but it would most certainly fail in the nineteenth, when one's dearest friends are the most unmitigated book-thieves. But perhaps even the too frequent loss of books is an evil to be preferred to the egoistical meanness of the selfish collector. Balzac gives in his 'Cousin Pons' a vivid delineation of such a person. The hero is a poor drudging music-teacher and orchestra-player, who has invested every franc of his hard-won earnings in the collecting of exquisite paintings, prints, bric-à-brac, and other rare mementoes of the eighteenth century. Despised by all, even by his kindred, trodden upon as a nobody, slow, patient, and ever courageous, he unites to a complete technical knowledge a marvellous intuition of the beautiful, and his treasures are for him pride, bliss, and life. There is no show in this case, no desire for show, no ambition of the despicable shoddy-genteel sort—a more than powerful creation of fiction. A strikingly opposite career of selfishness is suggested by the fairly well-known story of Don Vincente, the friar bookseller of Barcelona, who, in order to obtain a volume which a rival bookseller, Paxtot, had secured at an auction, set fire one night to Paxtot's shop, and stole the precious volume—a

supposed unique copy of the 'Furs e ordinacions fetes per los gloriosos reys de Arago als regnicoes del regne de Valencia,' printed by Lambert Palmart, 1482. When the friar was brought up for judgment, he stolidly maintained his innocence, asserting that Paxtot had sold it to him after the auction. Further inquiry resulted in the discovery that Don Vincente possessed a number of books which had been purchased from him by customers who were shortly afterwards found assassinated. It was only after receiving a formal promise that his library should not be dispersed, but preserved in its integrity, that he determined to make a clean breast of it, and confess the details of the crimes that he had committed. In cross-examination, Don Vincente spurned the suggestion that he was a thief, for had he not given back to his victims the money which they had paid him for the books?

'And it was solely for the sake of books that you committed these murders?' asked the judge.

'Books! yes, books! Books are the glory of God!'

Vincente's counsel, in defence of his client, in this desperate strait maintained that there might exist several copies of the books found in his possession, and that it was out of the question to condemn, on his own sham avowal, a man who appeared to be half cracked. The counsel for the prosecution said that that plea could not be urged in the case of the book printed by Lambert Palmart, as but one copy of that was in existence. But the prisoner's counsel retorted by putting in evidence attested affirmation that a second copy was in France.

Up to this moment Vincente had maintained an imperturbable calm; but on hearing his counsel's plea

he burst into tears. In the end, Don Vincente was condemned to be strangled, and when asked if he had anything more to urge, all he could utter, sobbing violently, was, 'Ah! your worship, *my copy was not unique*!'

Cousin Pons and Don Vincente are extreme instances of bibliomaniacs to whom the possession of a book was the supreme happiness of life. The man of Fiction and the man of Fact were at one in this passion of acquisitiveness. Don Vincente was compelled by hunger—*mala suada fames*—to become a book *seller*; and if it became a general rule for book-collectors to become booksellers there would, we venture to think, be a very material increase in police-court and, perhaps, criminal cases generally. Mr. G. A. Sala tells us an amusing story of the late Frederick Guest Tomlins, a historian and journalist of repute. In the autumn of his life Tomlins decided to set up as a bookseller. He purposed to deal chiefly in mediæval literature, in which he was profoundly versed. The venture was scarcely successful. A customer entered his shop one day and asked for a particular book, as marked in the catalogue. 'I had really no idea it was there,' meditatively remarked Mr. Tomlins, as he ascended a ladder to a very high shelf and pulled out a squabby little tome. Then he remained about five-and-twenty minutes on the ladder absorbed in the perusal of the volume, when the customer, growing impatient, began to rap on the counter with his stick. Thereupon Mr. Tomlins came down the ladder. 'If you think,' he remarked, with calm severity, to the intending purchaser, 'that any considerations of vile dross will induce me to part with this rare and precious little volume, you are very much mistaken. It is like your impudence. Be off with you!' A not altogether dissimilar anecdote is

related by Lord Lytton in that curious novel 'Zanoni,' in which one of the characters is an old bookseller who, after years of toil, succeeded in forming an almost perfect library of works on occult philosophy. Poor in everything but a genuine love for the mute companions of his old age, he was compelled to keep open his shop, and trade, as it were, in his own flesh. Let a customer enter, and his countenance fell; let him depart empty-handed, and he would smile gaily, oblivious for a time of bare cupboard and inward cravings.

À propos of a literary man turning bookseller, the experiment has often been tried, but it has generally failed. Second-hand bookselling seems to be a frequent experiment after the failures of other trades and callings. We have known grocers, greengrocers, coal-dealers, pianoforte-makers, printers, bookbinders, cheap-jacks, in London, adopt the selling of books as a means of livelihood. Sometimes —and several living examples might be cited—the experiment is a success, but frequently a failure. The knowledge of old books is not picked up in a month or a year. The misfortune which seems to dog the footsteps of many men in every move they make, does not fail to pursue them in bookselling. Some of them might almost say with Fulmer, in Cumberland's 'West Indian' (1771): 'I have beat through every quarter of the compass . . . I have blustered for prerogatives, I have bellowed for freedom, I have offered to serve my country, I have engaged to betray it . . . I have talked treason, writ treason. . . . And here I set up as a bookseller, but men leave off reading, and if I were to turn butcher I believe they'd leave off eating.'

There can be no doubt about the fact that

Englishmen as a rule do not attach sufficient importance to book-buying. If the better-class tradesman, or professional man, spends a few pounds at Christmas or on birthday occasions, he feels that he has become a patron of literature. How many men, who are getting £1,000 a year, spend £1 per month on books? The library of the average middle-class person is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the cruelest possible commentary on his intelligence, and, as a matter of fact, if it contains a couple of volumes worthy of the name of books, their presence is more often than not an accidental one. A few volumes of the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Cassell's Magazine*, or perhaps a few other monthly periodicals, carefully preserved during the twelve months of their issue, and bound up at the end of the year—with such stuff as this is the average Englishman's bookcase filled. Mark Pattison has gone so far as to declare that while the aggregate wealth of the United Kingdom is many times more than it was one hundred and fifty years ago, the circle of book-buyers, of the lovers of literature, is certainly not larger, if it be not absolutely smaller. It may be urged that a person with £1,000 per annum as income usually spends £100 in rent, and that the accommodation which can be got for that amount does not permit of one room being devoted to library purposes. This may be true, but this explanation is not a valid excuse, for a set of shelves, 13 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, placed against a wall will accommodate nearly one thousand octavo volumes—the genius of the world can be pressed into a hundred volumes. An American has advised his readers to 'own all the books you can, use all the books you own, and as many more as you can get.' The advice is good, and it is well to remember that

by far the majority of great book-collectors have lived to a ripe old age. The companionship of books is unquestionably one of the greatest antidotes to the ravages of time, and study is better than all medical formulas for the prolongation of life.

The man who has resolved upon getting together a collection of first-class books may not unreasonably be appalled at the difficulties which stand in the way. And what, indeed, it may be asked, will become of the hundreds and thousands of books which are now all the fashion? How many will survive the levelling process of the next half a score of years, and how few will be known, except to bibliographers, half a century hence? The lessons of the past would aid us in arriving at some sort of conclusion as regards the future, if we were inclined to indulge in speculation of this vain character. It will, however, be interesting to point out that of the 1,300 books printed before the beginning of the sixteenth century, not more than 300 are of any importance to the book-collector. Of the 50,000 published in the seventeenth century, not more than perhaps fifty are now held in estimation; and of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after.

In a curious little book, 'L'An 2440, rêvue s'il en fut jamais,' published in Paris a century ago, there is a very quaint description of the process by which, in an improved state of society, men would apply themselves not to multiply books, but to gather knowledge. The sages of the political millennium exhibited their stores of useful learning in a cabinet containing a few hundred volumes. All the lumber of letters had perished, or was preserved only in one or

two public libraries for the gratification of a few harmless dreamers that were tolerated in their laborious idleness. This pleasant little picture, drawn by M. L. S. Mercier, of the state of things five centuries hence, is in strong contrast to the painful plethora of books of the present day. Dr. Ingleby, the famous Shakespearian scholar, is credited with the idea of establishing a society for the purpose of procuring books which no one else would buy; but this society (the 'Syncretic Book-club') could not have had any success if the vast quantities of unsaleable rubbish which one meets with on every hand are to be taken into account. Doubtless Dr. Ingleby would have included in his scope such books as Lord Lonsdale's 'Memoir of the Reign of James II.,' 1803, which fifty years ago sold for 5-1/2 guineas, but which, within the past few months, has declined to two shillings!

There was a time when even old and unsaleable books had a commercial value. Before the cheapening of paper, a second-hand bookseller had always the paper-mill to fall back on, and the price then paid, £1 10s. per cwt., was one inducement to dispose of folios and quartos which remained year in and year out without a purchaser. The present price of waste-paper is half a crown a hundredweight, so that the bookseller is now practically shut out of this poor market. Indeed, an enterprising bibliopole was lately offering 'useful old books,' etc., at 3s. 6d. per cwt., free on the rails, provided not less than six hundredweight is bought. 'To young beginners,' he states, 'these lots are great bargains'; but whether he means young beginners in literature or young beginners in trade, is an open question. In either case, 'useful old books' at the price of waste-paper are a novelty. There is a certain amount of danger in

the wholesale destruction of books, for posterity may place a high value, literary and commercial, on the very works which are now consigned to the paper-mill. Unfortunately, posterity will not pay booksellers' rent of to-day. Just as those books which have the largest circulation are likely to become the rarest, so do those which were at one time most commonly met with often, after the lapse of a few decades, become difficult to obtain. In one of his 'Echoes' notes, Mr. G. A. Sala tells us that, in the course of forty years' bookstall-hunting, he has known a great number of books once common become scarce and costly—*e.g.*, Lawrence's 'Lectures on Man'; Walker's 'Analysis of Beauty'; Millingen's 'Curiosities of Medical Experience'; Beckford's 'Vathek' in French; Jeremy Bentham's works; and Harris's 'Hermes.' Possibly the disappearance of these and many other books may be attributed to certain definite causes. For example, in the early years of this century one of the commonest books at 1s. or 1s. 6d. was Theobald's 'Shakespeare Restored'; but fifty years later it was a very rare book. The interest in Shakespeare and his editors had become quite wide-spread in literary circles, and literature in any way bearing on the subject found ready purchasers.

Just as the disappearance of certain books sends their prices up considerably in the market, so the unexpected appearance of others has just the reverse effect. Until quite recently one of the scarcest of the first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens was a thin octavo pamphlet of seventy-one pages, entitled 'The Village Coquettes: a Comic Opera. In two Acts. London: Richard Bentley, 1836.' So rare was this book that very few collectors could boast the possession of it, and an uncut example might always be sold for £30 or £40. About a year before his

death, Dickens was asked by Mr. Locker-Lampson whether he had a copy; his reply was: 'No, and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was'—the words, no doubt, being spoken in jest. Not long since, a mass of waste-paper from a printer's warehouse was returned to the mills to be pulped, and would certainly have been destroyed had not one of the workmen employed upon the premises caught sight of the name of 'Charles Dickens' upon some of the sheets. The whole parcel was carefully examined, and the searchers were rewarded by the discovery of nearly a hundred copies of 'The Village Coquettes,' in quires, clean and unfolded. These were passed into the market, and the price at once fell to about £5. The most curious things turn up sometimes in a similar manner. A little sixpenny bazaar book ('Two Poems,' by Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, 1854) was for a long time extremely rare, as much as £3 or £4 being paid for it when it occurred for sale. Suddenly it appeared in a bookseller's catalogue at 2s., and as every applicant could have as many as he wanted, it then leaked out that the bookseller, Mr. Herbert, had purchased about 100 copies with books which he purposed sending to the mill. Even 'remainders' sometimes turn out to be little gold-mines. The late Mr. Stibbs bought the 'remainder' of Keats's 'Endymion' at 4d. per copy. We do not know what he realized by this investment, but their value for some years has been £4 and upwards.

The late Henry Stevens, of Vermont.

The subject of book-finds is one about which a volume might be written. Every 'special' collector has his fund of book-hunting anecdotes and incidents, for, where the rarity of a well-known book is common property, there is not usually much excitement in running it to earth. The fun may be said to begin when two or three people are known to be on the hunt after a rare and little-known volume, whose interest is of a special character. To take, as an illustration, one of the most successful book-hunters of modern times, the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont. Until Mr. Stevens created the taste for

Americana among his fellow-countrymen, very few collectors considered the subject worth notice. And yet, in the space of a quarter of a century, he unearthed more excessively rare and unique items than the wildest dreamer could have supposed to exist. Books and pamphlets which were to be had for the proverbial old song when he first came to this country quickly became the objects of the keenest competition in the saleroom, and invariably found buyers at extravagant prices. As an illustration, although not an American item, we may mention that when a copy of the Mazarin Bible was offered at Sotheby's in 1847, the competitors were an agent of Mr. James Lenox (Stevens' client) and Sir Thomas Phillipps in person; the latter went to £495, but the agent went £5 better, and secured the prize at the then unheard-of price of £500. At first Mr. Lenox declined to take the book, but eventually altered his mind, wisely as it proved, for although at long intervals copies are being unearthed, the present value of Mr. Lenox's copy cannot be much short of £4,000. During 1854 and 1855 Mr. Stevens bought books to the value of over 50,000 dollars for Mr. Lenox, and on reviewing the invoices of these two years, 'I am confident,' says Mr. Stevens, 'that, if the same works were now' (1887) 'to be collected, they would cost more than 250,000 dollars. But can so much and so many rare books ever be collected again in that space of time?' In December, 1855, Mr. Stevens offered Mr. Lenox in one lump about forty Shakespeare quartos, all in good condition, and some of them very fine, for £500, or, including a fair set of the four folios, £600, an offer which was accepted, and it may be doubted whether such a set could now be purchased for £6,000. Mr. Lenox was for over ten years desirous of obtaining a perfect copy of 'The Bay

Psalter,' printed by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, New England, 1640, the first book printed in what is now the United States, and had given Mr. Stevens a commission of £100 for it. After searching far and wide, the long-lost 'Benjamin' was discovered in a lot at the sale of Pickering's stock at Sotheby's in 1855. 'A cold-blooded coolness seized me, and advancing towards the table behind Mr. Lilly, I quietly bid, in a perfectly neutral tone, "Sixpence"; and so the bids went on, increasing by sixpences, until half a crown was reached and Mr. Lilly had loosened the string. Taking up this very volume, he turned to me and remarked, "This looks a rare edition, Mr. Stevens; don't you think so? I do not remember having seen it before," and raised the bid to 5s. I replied that I had little doubt of its rarity, though comparatively a late edition of the Psalms, and at the same time gave Mr. Wilkinson a sixpenny nod. Thenceforward a "spirited competition" arose between Mr. Lilly and myself, until finally the lot was knocked down to Stevens for 19s.' The volume had cost the late Mr. Pickering 3s. It became Mr. Lenox's property for £80. Twenty-three years later another copy was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for 1,200 dollars.

In a letter to Justin Windsor, the late J. Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps gave some very curious and interesting information respecting book-collecting in the earlier half of the present century. 'About the year 1836,' he wrote, 'when I first began hunting for old books at the various stalls in our famous London city, black-letter ones and rare prints were "plenty as blackberries," and I have often found such things in unlikely places and amidst a mass of commonplace rubbish, exposed for sale in boxes labelled, "These books and pamphlets 6d. or 1s. each," outside an old bookseller's window, where another notice informed

the passer-by that "Libraries were purchased or books bought;" and thus plainly showed how such now indeed rarities came into the possession of an ignorant bibliopole. It was not, however, till about 1840 that I turned my attention to the more special work of collecting Shakespeare quartos, in which, I may say, I have been very successful. It was at one of George Chalmers' sales that I first bought one or two, and after that I hunted for them in all parts of the country, and met with considerable success, often buying duplicates, and even triplicates, of the same edition and play. At one time I possessed no less than three copies of the very rare quarto edition of "Romeo and Juliet," 1609, and sometimes even had four copies of more than one of the other quartos. Not so very long before this period, old Jolley, the well-known collector, picked up a Caxton at Reading, and a "Venus and Adonis," 1594, at Manchester, in a volume of old tracts, for the ignoble sum of 1s. 3d. Jolley was a wealthy orange-merchant of Farringdon Street, London, and entertained me often with many stories of similar fortunate finds of rare books, which served to whet my appetite only the more. But I was soon stopped in my book-hunting career by the appearance all at once on the scene of a number of buyers with much longer purses than my own, and thus I was driven from a market I had derived so much pleasure from with great regret. Some time afterwards circumstances rendered it desirable that I should part with a large number of my book-treasures by auction and to the British Museum; but even then I retained enough to be instrumental in founding the first Shakespearian library in Scotland, by presenting to the University of Edinburgh, amongst other rarities, nearly fifty copies of original quartos of Shakespeare's plays, printed before the

Restoration, and to keep sufficient myself of the rarest and most valuable examples.'

Sometimes the notes of a former possessor have a considerable literary interest, as, for example, the copy of Stowe's 'Survey of London,' 1618, presented to the Penzance Library by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who has written, under date December 24, 1867, the following note: 'This is a favourite book of mine. I like to read of London as it was, with the bright Thames crowded with fish, and its picturesque architecture. . . . I should not have discarded this volume for any library, had I not this day picked up a beautiful *large paper* copy of it, the only one in that condition I ever saw or heard of.'

As an illustration of the enhanced value possessed by books having notes written in them by their owners, it may be mentioned that when the great Mr. Fox's furniture was sold by auction after his death in 1806, amongst the books there happened to be the first volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' which apparently had been given by the author to Fox, who wrote on the fly-leaf this note: 'The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country, until six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of "lord of trade" under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since.' This peculiarly nasty little note sent the value of the odd volume up to £3 3s. Gibbon, writing in his 'Autobiography' of Fox, says, 'I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child,' an opinion which he might have modified if he had lived to read the foregoing note. When Canning's books, for the most part of an exceedingly

commonplace and uninteresting character, came under the hammer at Christie's in 1828, the competition was extremely keen for all volumes which bore the great statesman's autograph, and as most of the books contained more or less elaborate indications of Canning's proprietorship, his executors received nearly double the sum which they could reasonably expect. Similar illustrations occur every year at book-auctions.

The idiosyncrasies of collectors might make quite as long a chapter as that of books which have belonged to famous persons, and it is for the same reason that we have to deal briefly with each. It is curious that almost as soon as book-collecting became at all general, the 'faddy' man came into existence. Dr. John Webster, of Clitheroe, who died June 18, 1682, aged seventy-two, for example, had a library which was rich in books of romance, and what was then termed 'the black art'; but Webster was the author of a rare volume on witchcraft, so that his books were his literary tools—just as, a century later, John Rennie, the distinguished civil engineer, made a speciality of mathematical books, of which he had a collection nearly complete in all languages. Dr. Benjamin Moseley's library, which was sold by Stewart in March, 1814, was composed for the most part of books on astrology, magic, and facetiæ. The Rev. F. J. Stainforth, whose library was sold at Sotheby's in 1867, collected practically nothing but books written by or relating to women; he aimed to secure not only every book, but every edition of such books. He was a most determined book-hunter, and when Holywell Street was at its lowest moral ebb, this eccentric gentleman used to visit all the bookshops almost daily, his inquiry being, 'Have you any women for me to-day?' Mr. Stainforth, who died

in September, 1866, was for many years curate of Camden Church, Camberwell, and was from 1851 incumbent of All Hallow's, Staining, the stipend of which was about £560, and the population about 400. 'Bless my books—all my Bible books, all my *hocus pocus*, and all my *leger-de-main* books, and all my other books, whether particularly mentioned at this time or not,' was the prayer of a Scotsman of about a century and a quarter ago, and so perhaps the Rev. Mr. Stainforth thought, if he did not utter occasionally some such petition.[xxix-A]

Half a century ago one of the most inveterate frequenters of book-auctions was a certain Dr. G., of diminutive stature, on account of an awkward deviation of the spine. At that time the appearance of a private purchaser at a sale was a very rare event, and one which, when it occurred, invariably met with a more or less hostile reception from the fraternity. Dr. G.'s first appearance produced a good deal of sensation. The hunchback, it is true, was rather shabbily dressed, but 'l'habit ne fait pas le moine,' and is certainly no trustworthy index to the pockets of the wearer. Excitement reached fever-heat when a Wynkyn de Worde was put up and persistently contested for by the doctor, who ran it up against the booksellers present (some of whom quickly desisted from the fun for fear of burning their fingers), one of whom, far exceeding his commission, obstinately refused to give in until the book was knocked down to him to his own dismay, and the delight and ironical compliments of his colleagues. After this *contretemps* the doctor had it pretty much his own way; his name was duly entered on the sale catalogue, and his address was known. The next day our bookseller, sobered by reflection, called on the doctor, confessed his sin of the previous

day, humbly asked for absolution, and offered him the book at an immense loss on the sale price. 'If you were,' replied the doctor, 'to bring the book at my door for nothing, I would take it with a pair of tongs and drop it into the gutter.' It was a puzzle to everyone what the little doctor did with all his purchases, which were limited chiefly to classical books. At his death, however, it transpired that he bought for the various Universities of the United Kingdom. The doctor's son, a poor curate, entered his late father's library for the first time, and found there a mass of books, which occupied nearly a month in selling, and realized, to his delight, a large sum of money.

The contempt with which Dr. G. received the bookseller's proposal is peculiarly typical of the book-collector. If he cannot obtain what he wants just exactly when he wants it, he does not care about it. The book-collector is doubtless too prone to despise everything which is not quite in his line, forgetting that all branches of literature contribute in some degree, greater or lesser, to the bulk of human knowledge. No man can be universal, even if he had the wealth of a dozen Rothschilds, or the mental vigour and versatility of a hundred Gladstones.

The book-hunter has, however, his good traits, which sometimes require a good deal of finding, it is true. We need not dwell at great length on his apparently unconquerable habit of beating down the prices, for the custom is too well known to require much explanation; but a view of the other side of the picture is only fair. A few years ago a well-known bookseller catalogued a copy of the 'Book of Job' at a very low figure. A wealthy collector, whose purchases were generally closed on the judgment of

a distinguished bookman, asked to have the copy sent on approval. It was despatched; but came back within a few days. No explanation was volunteered: when, however, the collector came into the shop a short time after, he was asked why he had returned the book. His answer was to the effect that he could not persuade himself that the illustrations were really by Blake, particularly as the price asked was so low. A week or so after this a distinguished art-critic, hearing of the whereabouts of this copy, asked to have it on approval: in sending it the bookseller enclosed a note to the effect that some doubt had been expressed as to the genuineness of the plates. In a few days came a cheque from the man of art for £10 over and above the catalogue price, and a note to the effect that the illustrations were not only unquestionably by Blake, but in the finest possible state.

Last summer a certain bookseller sold, after some considerable amount of haggling, a very fine Missal for £65, which was £5 less than its catalogue price. A few weeks after the purchaser called and paid the additional £5, explaining that a friend of his had taken a violent fancy to the book, and begged to be allowed to possess it at £70. Another honest book-collector, discovering that he had bought a book considerably cheaper than an example had been sold at Sotheby's, and £2 less than Mr. Quaritch had asked for a similar copy, sent his bookseller a present of a parcel of books to make up the difference in the two amounts.

With these few introductory and perhaps desultory pages, the reader is invited to the more solid feast provided for his delectation in the following pages.

FOOTNOTES:

[xxix-A] Mr. Stainforth's collection ranged over 300 years, and, amid much utter rubbish, there were a few things of considerable rarity, notably one of only three complete copies known of T. Bentley's 'Monument of Matrones,' 1582, formerly in the libraries of Herbert, Woodhouse, Heber and Bliss. It included two autograph letters of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and realized £63; Anne Bradstreet's 'Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America,' 1650, £12 10s.; and a copy of Dame Juliana Berners' 'Booke of Hauking,' etc., £13. Nearly fifty items appear under the name of Aphra Behn; whilst there are twenty-one editions of Jane Porter's 'Poems,' which realized the grand total of 14s. The library comprised 3,076 lots (representing, perhaps, twenty times that number of volumes), and realized the total of £792 5s.

THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON

EARLY BOOK-HUNTING.

HOSE who have studied the earlier phases of English history will readily understand that the terms book-hunting in England and book-hunting in London are by no means synonymous. The passion for books had manifested itself in various and remote parts of this country long before London had developed into a

place of importance; when, indeed, it was battling from without and within with conflicts which seemed to predict complete annihilation. But the growth of London is essentially typical of the growth of the nation, and of the formation of the national character. When it was laying the foundation of its future greatness London had no thought of intellectual pursuits, even if Londoners themselves had any conception of an intellectual life. For any trace of such unthought-of, and perhaps, indeed, unheard-of, articles as books, we must go to localities far remote from London—to spots where, happily, the strife and din of savage warfare scarcely made themselves heard. The monasteries were the sole repositories of literature; to the monk alone had the written book any kind of intelligence, any species of pleasure. To him it was as essential as the implements of destruction to the warrior, or the plough to the husbandman. The one had no sympathy, no connection, with the other, only in so far that the events which transpired in the battlefield had to be recorded in the *scriptorium*. Although London was a place of importance at a very early stage of the Roman occupation, it was not in any sense an intellectual centre for centuries after that period.

In a Scriptorium.

Indeed, it might be laid down as a general principle that the farther the seeker went from London the more likelihood there was of meeting with books. To Northumbria, from the end of the sixth to the end of the seventh century, we shall have to look for the record of book-buying, for during that period books were imported in very considerable quantities; abbeys arose all along the coast, and scholars proportionately increased. In a letter to Charlemagne, Alcuin speaks of certain 'exquisite books' which he studied under Egbert at York. At Wearmouth, Benedict Biscop (629-690) was

amassing books with all the fury of half a dozen ordinary bibliomaniacs. He collected everything, and spared no cost. At York, Egbert had a fine library in the minster. St. Boniface, the Saxon missionary, was a zealous collector. There were also collections—and consequently collectors—of books at places less remote from London—such as Canterbury, Salisbury, Glastonbury, and even St. Albans; but of London itself there is no mention.

Scarcely any such thing as book-hunting or book-selling could possibly have existed in London before the accession of Alfred, who, among the several ways in which he encouraged literature, is said to have given an estate to the author of a book on cosmography. Doubtless, it was after the rebuilding of the city by Alfred that, in the 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.' Bede describes London, even at the beginning of the eighth century, as a great market which traders frequented by land and sea; and from a passage in Gale we learn that books were brought into England for sale as early as 705. With the reconstruction of London, the wise government, and the enthusiastic love for letters which animated the great Saxon King, the commerce of the capital not only increased with great rapidity, but the commerce in books between England and other countries, particularly from such bibliopolic centres as Paris and Rome, began to assume very considerable proportions. If, as is undoubtedly the case, books were continually being imported, it follows that they found purchasers. By the beginning of the eleventh century there were many private and semi-private collections of books in or near London.

The English book-collectors of the seventh century include Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, and Bede; those of the eighth century, Ina, King of the West Saxons, and Alcuin, Abbot of Tours; whilst the tenth century included, in addition to Alfred, Scotus Erigena, Athelstan, and St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury.

But it cannot be said, with due regard to truth, that London was in any sense a seat of learning, or a popular resort for learned men, until well on into the thirteenth century. Doubtless many consignments of books passed through the city on the way to their respective destinations.

Edward I. may be regarded as the first English monarch who took any interest in collecting books; most of his, however, were service books. They are mentioned in the Wardrobe Accounts (1299-1300) of this King, and are only eleven in number. These he may have purchased in 1273 in France, through which he passed on his way home from Palestine. But it is much more probable that he had no thought of books when hurrying home to claim the crown of his father. Contemporary with Edward was another book-collector of a very different type, an abbot of Peterborough, Richard of London, who had a 'private library' of ten books, including the 'Consolation of Philosophy,' which he may have formed in London. But quite the most interesting book-collector (so far as we are concerned just now) of this period is Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. A minute catalogue of this collection is among the treasures of St. Paul's Cathedral, and has been privately printed. In this case, the price of each book is affixed to its entry; the total number of volumes is one hundred,

their aggregate value being £116 14s. 6d., representing, according to Milman's estimate, £1,760 of our present money. Twenty-one Bibles and parts of Bibles were valued at £19 5s. Twenty-two volumes in this collection deal with canon and civil law, four with ecclesiastical history, and about an equal number with what may be designated science and arts, the rest being of a theological character. The entries run thus:

'Tractatus fr'is Dertti'i de proprietatibus rerum.
Libellus instructionum.
Liber Avicennæ.
Liber naturalis.'

The two last-named are respectively the highest and lowest priced items in the list—for books of a single volume only—the 'Liber Avicennæ' being valued at the very high figure of £5, and the 'Liber Naturalis' at 3s. A Bible in thirteen volumes is valued at £10; and a 'little Bible' at £1. The total value of the property of this Bishop was scheduled at about £3,000.

In spite of civil strife and foreign complications, the taste for literature made great strides during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with the very natural consequence of an increased demand for, and supply of, books. And the curious thing is that book-collecting was gradually passing away from the monks, and becoming exceedingly popular with the laity. 'Flocks and fleeces, crops and herds, gardens and orchards, the wine of the winecup, are the only books and studies of the monks.' The Franciscans, who (like the Dominicans) came to England in 1224, were expressly forbidden 'the possession of books or the necessary materials for study.' When Roger Bacon

joined this order, he was deprived of his books. St. Francis himself, it seems, was once 'tempted to possess books'—by honest means, let us hope, although the point is not quite clear—and he almost yielded to the temptation, but finally decided that it would be sinful. The plague of books seems to have troubled this poor saint's soul, for he hoped that the day would come when men would throw their books out of the window as rubbish.

Lambeth Palace Library.

In proof of the theory that laymen at a very early period became book-collectors, the most interesting

example which we can quote is that of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1315, and who bequeathed his library to Bordesley Abbey, Worcestershire, where it had already been deposited during his lifetime. Beginning with this preamble, 'A tus iceux qe ceste lettre verront ou orrount. Guy de Beauchamp, Comte de Warr. Saluz en Deu. Nous avoir bayle e en lagarde le Abbé e le covent de Bordesleye, lesse a demorer a touz jours les Romaunces de souz nomes; ces est assaveyr,' the bequest recites, with great minuteness, a remarkably interesting list of books. This list ('escrites ou Bordesleye le premer jour de may, le an du regñ le Roy Edwd trentime quart') is in the Lambeth Library, but it is reprinted by Todd in his 'Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer,' pp. 161, 162. This list is of more than ordinary interest, chiefly because the collection formed by a layman gives us a very good insight into the class of books which the early nobility of England read, or, at all events, collected. Religious books, of course, formed the background of the library, but there were many romances, such, for instance, as those of King Arthur, of 'Josep alb Arimathie e deu Seint Grael,' of 'Troies,' etc. There was also a book 'De Phisik et de Surgie.'

This collection contained between forty and fifty volumes, in which was included pretty nearly the entire range of human knowledge as it then extended. It is well to remember in connection with this bequest that, at the same time, or, more correctly, in 1300, the academical library of Oxford consisted of a few tracts kept in chests under St. Mary's Church.

With the greatest book-collector of this period, Richard de Bury (1287-1345), the author of the

'Philobiblon,' unfortunately, we have little to do, as his book expeditions appear to have been confined almost entirely to foreign countries. He collected books from every source open to him, and wrote of his passion with a warmth of eloquence of which even Cicero might have been proud. His most important book transaction, which comes within the purview of the present volume, relates to the gift by an Abbot of St. Albans of four volumes to De Bury, then Clerk of the Privy Seal, viz., Terence, Virgil, Quintilian, and Hieronymus against Rufinus. In addition to these, the Abbot sold him thirty-two other books for fifty pounds of silver. When De Bury became Bishop this 'gift' troubled his conscience, and he restored several of the books which had come into his possession in a perfectly honest and legitimate manner, whilst others were secured from the Bishop's executors. One of the volumes acquired in the latter manner is now in the British Museum. It is a large folio MS. on the works of John of Salisbury, and bears upon it a note to the effect that it was written by Simon (Abbot of St. Albans, 1167-1183), and another to the following effect: 'Hunc librum venditum Domino Ricardo de Biry Episcopo Dunelmensi emit Michael Abbas Sancti Albani ab executoribus predicti episcopi anno Domini millesimo ccc^{o} xlv^{to} circa purificationem Beate Virginis.'

The catalogue of the library of the Benedictine monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, in the Cottonian Collection, British Museum, and printed for the first time at length in Edward's 'Memoirs of Libraries' (i. 122-235), is a remarkable list of the most extensive collection of books at that time in this country. It was formed at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. This library

was well furnished with works in science and history, and particularly so with the classics—Aristotle, Cicero, Lucan, Plato, Suetonius, Seneca, Terence, and Virgil. The extreme probability is that London was the highway through which the greater part of this and other early libraries passed. If, early in the fifteenth century, the book-hunter in London possessed few opportunities of purchasing books, he would have found several very good libraries which were open to his inspection. There was, for example, a very considerable collection in the Franciscan monastery, which once stood on the site now occupied by Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street. The first stone of this monastery was laid in October, 1421, amid much pomp, by the then Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington, who gave £400 in books. It was covered in before the winter of 1422, and completed in three years, and furnished with books. From Stow's 'Survey' we learn that one hundred marks were expended on the transcription of the works of Nicholas de Lira, to be chained in the library, and of which cost John Frensile remitted 20s. One of the chained books, 'The Lectures of Hostiensis,' cost five marks. From another source we learn that a Carmelite friar named John Wallden bequeathed to this library as many MSS. as were worth 2,000 pieces of gold.

Anthony à Wood refers to the oft-repeated charge of the book-covetousness of the mendicant friars, which, in fact, was carried to such an extreme 'that wise men looked upon it as an injury to laymen, who therefore found a difficulty to get any books.' Of the same period, there is a very curious anecdote in Rymer's 'Fœdera' 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.

Neither the book-hunger of the mendicant friars, nor the difficulties which surrounded the importation of books, appears to have militated greatly against the growing passion. We have the name, and only the name, of a very famous book-hunter—John of Boston—of the first decade of the fifteenth century, whose labours, however, have been completely blotted out of existence by the dispersed monasteries. But there were many other collectors whose memories have been handed down to us in a more tangible form, even if their collections of books are almost as abstract and indefinite as that of John of Boston. During the first quarter of the fifteenth century, we have quite a considerable little group of royal book-collectors—Henry IV., Henry V., and his brothers, John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. The last-named was undoubtedly the most enthusiastic bibliophile of the four, but whilst his extensive gifts of books to the University of Oxford may be said to have formed the foundation of the library there, they were in the following century destroyed by the mob. A few examples of his gifts are now preserved in the British Museum and at Oxford. His books were estimated at a very high figure, the value placed on 120 of them (out of the total of 600) being no less than £1,000. The memory of the Duke of Bedford's library is best perpetuated by the famous Bedford Missal, or Book of Hours, perhaps the most splendid example of fifteenth-century illustration. It is now in the British Museum, where it has been since 1852. The history of this missal, perhaps the most interesting in existence, is too well known to be dealt with here (see p. 109).

Henry V. was undoubtedly fond of books. Rymer refers to two petitions to the Council after the King's death for the return of valuable books of history, borrowed by him of the Countess of Westmoreland, and of the priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, and not returned, though one of them had been directed to be delivered to its owner by the King's last will. The elegantly illuminated copy of Lydgate's 'Hystory, Sege, and Destruccion of Troye,' 1513, in the Bodleian, is doubtless the copy which Lydgate gave to Henry V. At Cambridge there is the MS. of a French translation of Cardinal Bonaventure's 'Life of Christ,' with the note 'this wasse sumtyme Kinge Henri the fifeth his booke,' etc.

Henry VI. does not appear to have cared for books, and it is not surprising, what with wars abroad and excessive taxation, plague and famine at home, that literary tastes received a severe check. We get several glimpses of the dearth of books. In the MS. history of Eton College, in the British Museum, the Provost and Fellows of Eton and Cambridge are stated, 25 Henry VI., to have petitioned the King that 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 [for Divine service] may be found, paying a reasonable price for the same, and that the sayd men might have the choice of such 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.'

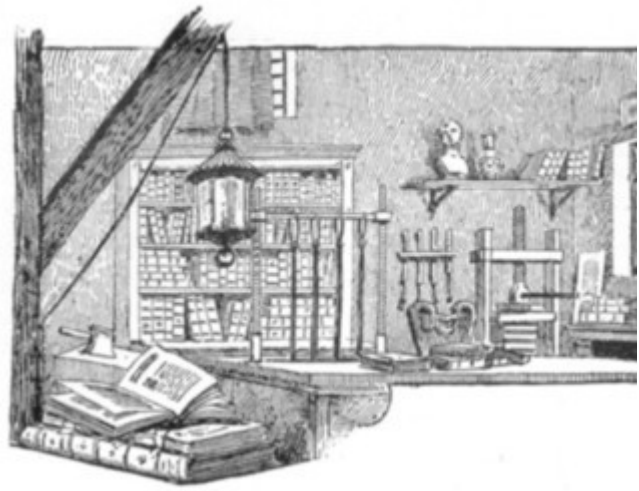
Book-importation by the galleys that brought the produce of the East to London and Southampton had assumed very considerable proportions during the

fifteenth century; but the uncertainties which attended it were not at all favourable to its full development. Book-production was still progressing in the immediate neighbourhood of London. At St. Albans, for example, over eighty were transcribed under Whethamstede during this reign, a number which is peculiarly interesting when the degeneracy of the monasteries is remembered. Neither Edward IV. nor Richard III. seems to have availed himself of the increasing plenty of books. The library of the former was a very unimportant affair. From the Wardrobe Account of this King (1480) we get a few highly interesting facts concerning book-binding, gildings, and garnishing: 'For vj unces and iij quarters of silk to the laces and tassels for garnysshing of diverse Bookes, price the unce xiiij*d.* —vij*s.* x*d.* ob.; for the making of xvj laces and xvj tassels made of the said vj unces and iij of silke, price in grete ij*s.* vii*d.*' These moneys were paid to Alice Claver, a 'sylk-woman.' And again 'to Piers Bauduyn, stacioner, for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Titus Livius," xx*s.*; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke of the Holy Trinitie, xvj*s.*; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Frossard," xvj*s.*; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called the Bible, xvj*s.*; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Le Gouvernement of Kinges and Princes," xvj*s.*; for bynding and dressing of the three smalle bookes of Franche, price in grete vj*s.* viiij*d.*; for the dressing of ij bookes whereof oon is called "La Forteresse de Foy" and the other called the "Book of Josephus," iij*s.* iiij*d.*; and for bynding, gilding and dressing a booke called the "Bible Historial," xx*s.*'

The only incident which calls for special mention in the two next short reigns is a law, 1 Richard III.,

1483, by which it was enacted that if any of the printers or sellers of printed books—the 'great plenty' of which came from 'beyond the sea'—'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, were to regulate the prices.

Roman Books and Writing Materials.



BOOK-HUNTING AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING.

I.

HE introduction of printing into this country by Caxton during the latter half of the fifteenth century had very little immediate effect on book-collecting. The operations of the press were slow, its patrons few, and its work controlled by one man. The reproduction of MSS. was essentially a slow process, but when these transcriptions were finished, they rarely failed to find a purchaser. Caxton, like Sweynheim and Pannartz at Subiaco, soon learned the seriousness of over-printing an edition. Collectors were few, and the introduction of printing did not very materially add to their number. London, however, soon became a recognised centre of the

trade in books, and Henry VII. patronized, in his curious fashion, the collecting of them. He read, according to Bacon, 'most books that were of any worth in the French tongue,' and one of the most commendable actions of this King was the purchase of the noble series of vellum copies of the works printed at Paris by Antoine Vérard, now in the British Museum—an act by which he may be said to have laid the foundation of our great national library. The value of books at this period is not without interest; but we must confine ourselves to one or two facts relating to Caxton's books. At his death in 1492, a copy of the 'Golden Legend' was valued at 6s. 8d. in the books of the Westminster churchwarden. From a note by Dibdin, it would seem that the price of Caxtons towards the end of the reign of Henry VII. was as follows:

'Godfray of Boulogne' (imperfect), ii*s.*
Virgil's '*Æneid*' (perfect), xij*d.*
'Fait of Arms and Chivalry' (perfect), ij*s.* viij*d.*
'Chastising of God's Children,' viij*d.*

Henry VIII. was undoubtedly a book-lover as well as a book-collector. He established a library at St. James's. But perhaps it is rather as a book-disperser that Henry is entitled to notice in this place. The dissolution of the monasteries is the genesis of book-collecting in London. The first move in this respect is entitled 'An Act that all religious houses under the yearly revenue of £200 shall be dissolved and given to the King and his heirs,' and is dated 1535 (27 Henry VIII., cap. 28, ii. 134). The second is dated 1539. Whatever advantages in a general way the dissolution of the monasteries may have had, its consequences, so far as regards the libraries, which the monks considered as among their most cherished

possessions, were disastrous beyond measure. Indeed, we have no conception of our losses. Addressing himself to Edward VI. in 1549, John Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, who had but little love for Popery of any description, writes in this strain: 'Avarice was the other dispatcher which hath made an end both of our libraries and books . . . to the no small decay of the commonwealth. A great number of them who purchased those superstitious mansions [monasteries], reserved of these Library-books, some . . . to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole shipsfull, to the wondering of the foreign nations. Yea, the universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with so ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchantman, 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 gray paper by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. . . . Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities, unless they be stayed in time.' Fuller, in his 'Church History of Britain,' quotes Bale's lamentation, and adds his own testimony on the same subject: 'As brokers in Long Lane, when they buy an old suit buy the linings together with the outside, so it was considered meet that such as purchased the buildings of monasteries should in the same grant have the Libraries (the stuffing thereof) conveyed unto them. And now these ignorant

owners, so long as they might keep a ledger-book or terrier by direction thereof to find such straggling acres as belonged unto them, they cared not to preserve any other monuments. The covers of books, with curious brass bosses and clasps, intended to protect, proved to betray them, being the baits of covetousness. And so many excellent authors, stripped out of their cases, were left naked, to be buried or thrown away. . . . What soul can be so frozen as not to melt into anger thereat? What heart, having the least spark of ingenuity, is not hot at this indignity offered to literature? I deny not but that in this heap of books there was much rubbish; legions of lying legends, good for nothing but fuel . . . volumes full fraught with superstition, which, notwithstanding, might be useful to learned men; except any will deny apothecaries the privilege of keeping poison in their shops, when they can make antidotes of them. But, beside these, what beautiful Bibles, rare Fathers, subtile Schoolmen, useful Historians—ancient, middle, modern; what painful Comments were here amongst them! What monuments of mathematics all massacred together; seeing every book with a cross was condemned for Popish; with circles for conjuring.'

The calamities bewailed in such picturesque language by Bale and Fuller would have been much more serious but for the labours of one of our earliest antiquaries and book-lovers, John Leland. 'The laboryouse Journey and serche of Johan Leylande for Englandes Antiquities geven of hym as a newe yeares gyfte to kynge Henry the viii in the xxxvij yeare of his Reygne,' 1549, is a remarkable publication, of great interest to the book-hunter and the antiquary.

But the fruits of Leland's researches cannot now be

fully known, for he was too intent on accumulating material to draw up an adequate inventory. Much that he preserved from destruction is now in the British Museum, and some is in the Bodleian at Oxford. Some of the fragments which he had saved from the general destruction had been placed in the King's own library in Westminster.

The dissolution of the monasteries had among its many effects the creation, so to speak, of a large number of collectors. One of the most famous of the early sixteenth-century collectors, Sir Thomas More, however, died (in 1535) before he could have availed himself of the many treasures scattered to all quarters of the earth.

Dibdin records a bibliomaniacal anecdote which is well worth repeating here, as it shows 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 weare bussie in trussinge upp his bookes, Mr. Riche, pretending,' etc., 'whereupon Mr. Palmer, on his deposition, said, that he was soe bussie ab^{t} the trussinge upp Sir Tho. Moore's bookes in a sacke, that he tooke no heed of there talke.'

Henry, Earl of Arundel, was not slow to seize upon the advantages which the dissolution placed before everyone. At Nonsuch, in Surrey, he formed a library, which is described in a biography of him, written shortly after his death, as 'righte worthye of remembrance.' Besides his numerous MSS. and printed books, he acquired a considerable portion of the library of Cranmer, which was dispersed at the death of the Archbishop. His books passed to his son-

in-law, Lord Lumley, at whose decease they were purchased by Henry, Prince of Wales, and are now in the British Museum. The Earl of Arundel's books are handsomely bound, and are known by his badge of the white horse and oak branch which generally occurs on the covers.

Earl o

Arundel's Badge.

In Jeremy Collier's 'Ecclesiastical History' (vol. ii. 307) we get a glimpse of book-matters in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. At the end of February, 1550, we learn that the Council book mentions the King's sending a letter for the purging of the library at Westminster. The persons are not

named, but the business was to cull out all superstitious books, as missals, legends, and such-like, and to deliver the garniture of the books, either gold or silver, to Sir Anthony Archer. These books were many of them plated with gold and silver and curiously embossed. This, as far as we can collect, was the superstition that destroyed them. 'Here avarice had a very thin disguise, and the courtiers discovered of what spirit they were to a remarkable degree.' Here is another picture of an almost contemporaneous event, equally vivid in its suggestiveness: 'John Tyndale, the translator's brother, and Thomas Patmore, merchants, were condemned to do penance by riding with their faces to their horses' tails, with their books fastened thick about them, pinned, or tacked, to their gowns or clokes, to the Standard in Cheap; and there with their own hands to fling them into the fire, kindled on purpose to burn them.'

As a book-collecting period the sixteenth century, from the accession of Henry VIII.—when books became the organs of the passions of mankind—to the death of Elizabeth, is full of intense interest. The old order had changed; the world itself had made an entirely fresh start. Men and events of the previous two or three centuries were almost as antique then as they are to-day, and perhaps in many respects they were infinitely less clearly understood. As the century grew in age, so the number of book-collectors increased. The hobby became first a passion with the few, and then the fashion with the many. Henry VIII. was perhaps a passive rather than an active collector, with a distinct leaning in favour of beautiful books. His three children, who followed him on the throne of England, were collectors of books, and the majority of their purchases must have

been made in London. Many of these books have, at some time or other, drifted from private hands into the sale-rooms, but perhaps the majority of those now existing are to be found within the walls of our public institutions. For example, at the sale of Dr. Askew's MSS., in 1775, a very interesting item was purchased by a Mr. Jackson, a Quaker, and a dealer in wine and spirits, with whom book-collecting was a passion. The MS. proved to be in the handwriting of Edward VI.; it was in French, and dealt with his opinion of his right to the title of Supreme Head of the Church. At Jackson's sale the MS. became the property of the British Museum. As another illustration, we may refer to the copy of the 'Flores Historiarum per Matthæum Westmonasteriensem,' etc., 1570, in the British Museum (Cracherode Collection) which is the identical one presented by Archbishop Parker (by whose authority it was published) to Queen Elizabeth. It afterwards fell into the hands of Francis, Earl of Bedford, who bequeathed it, with the furniture of a little study, to his secretary. It was subsequently in the possession of Ritson. And yet again, in the Eton College Library, there is a copy of the 'Missale Romanum,' printed at Paris by Hardouyn, 1530, which belonged to Mary, with a sentence in her handwriting; this volume afterwards came into the possession of Mary of Este, Queen of James II., and subsequently into the hands of a London bookseller, from whom it was purchased for fifty-three shillings by Bishop Fleetwood, and presented to the college library. Indeed, a large volume might be compiled on the Adventures of Some Famous Books.

Interesting and important as is the phase of book-collecting which relates to royal personages, it falls into insignificance beside that of men who have

achieved greatness through their own abilities. The books collected by Thomas Cranmer, for example, quite overshadow in interest anything which the whole reign of the Tudors could produce. It has been well said that his knowledge of books was wide, and his opportunities for acquiring them unrivalled. Cranmer was a generous collector, for his library was quite open for the use of learned men. Latimer spent 'many an hour' there, and has himself told us that he met with a copy of Dionysius 'in my Lord of Canterbury's library.' We have already seen that many of Cranmer's books passed into the possession of the Earl of Arundel, but many were 'conveyed and stolen awaie.' Cranmer's books have found an enthusiastic historian in Prebendary Burbidge, who has almost rehabilitated the great ecclesiastic's library in the first part of Mr. Quaritch's 'Dictionary of English Book-collectors.' Another book-collector of a very different type was amassing an extensive library at a somewhat later period than Cranmer: Dr. Dee, the famous necromancer, had collected '4,000 volumes, printed and unprinted, bound and unbound, valued at 2,000 lib.,' of which one Greek, two French and one High Dutch volumes of MSS. alone were 'worth 533 lib.' It occupied forty years to form this library. Most of his books passed into the possession of Elias Ashmole—who was another collector with an insatiable appetite—and now form a part of the Ashmolean Museum. Some of Dee's singular MSS. were found, long after his death, in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered. Reverting for a moment to Ashmole, he himself tells us that he gave 'five volumes of Mr. Dugdale's' works to the Temple Library. And further: 'My first boatful of books, which were carried to Mrs. Tradescant's, were

brought back to the Temple.' In May, 1667, he bought Mr. John Booker's study of books, and gave £140 for them. In 1681 he bought 'Mr. Lilly's library of books of his widow, for £50.'

A very distinguished book-collector of the Elizabethan period was Sir Francis Drake, the great Admiral. It did not seem to be at all known that the distinguished naval hero was also a bibliophile until 1883, when the collection of books was brought from the old residence of the Drakes, Nutwell Court, Lympstone, Devon, to Sotheby's. The sale comprised 1,660 lots, representing several thousand volumes, the total being £3,276 17s. 6d. It was especially rich in books and old tracts of the early seventeenth century relating to the English voyages to America, and some of these realized very high figures. Although the library was undoubtedly founded by Drake, it was evidently continued by his descendants. Bacon, Baron of Verulam, was a distinguished book-collector, as the shelves of his chambers in Gray's Inn would have testified. Archbishop Parker, than whom 'a more determined book-fancier never existed in Great Britain,' and Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, and the object of Tom Nash's withering scorn, were among the most inveterate book-collectors of Elizabethan London. Had Harvey—whose books usually contain his autograph on the title-page, and not a few of which were given him by Spenser—studied his books less, and the proper study of mankind a little more, he might have shown his talents off to a better advantage than in his conflicts with Nash. In the Bodleian there is a set of old tales and romances which Spenser lent Harvey, taking as a hostage, apparently, Harvey's copy of Lucian in four volumes.

Harvey had a very poor opinion of such 'foolish' books, but he does not seem to have returned them to their rightful owner. The fire which destroyed Ben Jonson's MSS. undoubtedly consumed many of his printed books, but examples from his library, with 'Sum Ben Jonson' inscribed, are sometimes met with. Shakespeare may have had a library, but we have no evidence that he possessed even a copy of his own plays in quarto. The Elizabethan poets and dramatists were prodigious contributors to the press, but very poor patrons of booksellers. From various sources we get some highly-coloured and unflattering pictures of the typical booksellers of the period. Tom Nash has limned for us a vivid little portrait in 'Pierce Penilesse' (1592), in which he declares that if he were to paint Sloth, 'I swear that I would draw it like a stationer that I know, with his thumb under his girdle, who, if ever a man come to his stall to ask him for a book, never stirs his head, or looks upon him, but stands stone still, and speaks not a word, only with his little finger points backward to his boy, who must be his interpreter; and so all day, gaping like a dumb image, he sits without motion, except at such times as he goes to dinner or supper, for then he is as quick as other three, eating six times every day.'

II.

From start to finish the Stuart dynasty ruled England for close on three-quarters of a century. That book-collecting should have existed at all under it is a marvel. But the hobby no longer depended upon the patronage of courts and courtiers. From the Wise Fool, James I., to the Foolish Fool, the second James, collectors pursued their hobby in London and out of

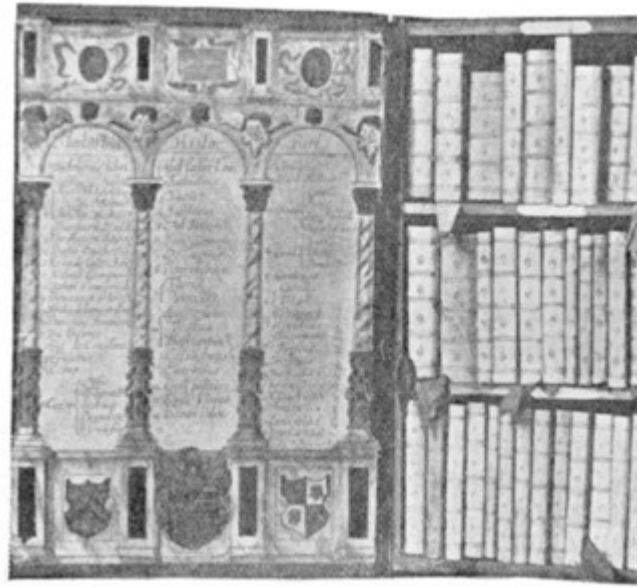
it. James I. began to collect books at a very early age, and a list of his library was published for the first time in the *Athenæum* in 1893. It has, however, but little interest to us in this place, for doubtless most of the books were imported into Scotland from the great book centre, Paris. The library which he acquired after his accession to the throne of England is of little consequence, for he was not the person to purchase books when he had the means, and doubtless many of his bookish possessions were gifts. In the library at Eton College there is his copy of Captain John Smith's 'History of Virginia,' 1624, which was rescued by Storer from a dirty bookseller's shop in Derby, and the existence of many others might be traced. It is certain that 'he gave them shabby coverings, and scribbled idle notes on their margins.' Had his son Henry lived, he might have developed into a respectable book-collector. We know for certain that he 'paid a Frenchman that presented a book, £4 10s.'; and that he paid 'Mr. Holyoak for writing a catalogue of the library which the Prince had of Lord Lumley, £8 13s. 4d.' Charles II., like his forbears, was not a book-buyer, and so far as he is concerned we must content ourselves with repeating a little anecdote after Dibdin, who refers to an 'old and not incurious library at Workingham, in Suffolk,' where there was a very fine ruled copy of Hayes's Bible, published at Cambridge, 1674, in two volumes folio; on the fly-leaf it contains the following memorandum: 'N.B.—This Bible belonged to K. Charles IId. and [was] given by him to Duke Lauderdale and sold by auction wth ye rest of his Books.' In a comparatively modern hand, below, is written in pencil:

'Hark ye, my friends, that on this Bible look,
Marvel not at the fairness of the Book;
No soil of fingers, nor such ugly things,
Expect to find, Sirs, for it *was the King's*.'

Sir Robert Cotton.

The most distinguished Metropolitan book-collector of the period was Sir Robert Cotton, who began as early as 1588, and who had assistance from such antiquaries as William Camden and Sir Henry

Spelman. This library, after being closed on account of the treasonable character of the documents contained in it, passed into the possession of Cotton's son, Sir Thomas, whose house was almost adjoining Westminster Hall. Anthony à Wood gives a curious account of a visit he paid it, when he found its owner practising on the lute. The key of the library was in the possession of one Pearson, who lodged with a bookseller in Little Britain. Wood was 'forced to walk thither, and much ado there was to find him.' This library was removed to Essex Street, and again back to Westminster to Ashburnham House in Little Dean's Yard, where it suffered greatly from a fire in 1731, and what remains of it is now in the British Museum. Sir Thomas Bodley was another collector, but few of his accumulations appear to have come from London. The extraordinary collection of pamphlets got together by Tomlinson, and now stored in the British Museum, is too well known to need more than a passing reference. It is not so generally known that Narcissus Luttrell was a very voracious collector of broadsides, tracts, and so forth. To nearly every one of the items he affixed the price he paid for it. In 1820, at the Bindley sale, this extraordinary collection, ranging in date from 1640 to 1688, and comprising twelve volumes, realized the then large amount of £781.



Sir Julius Cæsar's Travelling Library.

Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls under James I., was a book-collector of the right sort, and his box of charming little editions of the classics, with which he used to solace himself on a journey, is now in the safe keeping of the British Museum. Sir Julius was born in 1557, and died in April, 1636; he possessed a fine collection of highly interesting manuscripts, which had the narrowest possible escape from being destroyed at the latter part of the last century. The collection was rescued in time by Samuel Paterson, the auctioneer, and it is now in the British Museum.

Robert Burton (the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy') was, like Luttrell, also a great collector of tracts, and his library, now in the Bodleian, is peculiarly rich in historical, political, and poetical pamphlets, and in miscellaneous accounts of

murders, monsters, and accidents. He seems to have purchased and preserved a copy of everything that came out. 'There is no nation,' says Johnson, 'in which it is so necessary as in our own to assemble the small tracts and fugitive pieces.' 'The writers of these' frequently have opportunities 'of inquiring from living witnesses, and of copying their representations from the life, and preserve a multitude of particular incidents which are forgotten in a short time, or omitted in formal relations, and yet afford light in some of the darkest scenes of state.' 'From pamphlets,' says the same writer, 'are to be learned the progress of every debate, and of every opinion.' And he compares the impression produced on the mind of him who shall consult these tracts, and of another that refers merely to formal historians, to the *difference of him who hears of a victory, and him who sees the battle*. Archbishop Laud collected from far and wide. John Selden, like Laud, had a distinct weakness for learned books, and consequently could have found little to satisfy his cravings in London. Selden, when disturbed, put his spectacles into the book he was busy with by way of marking the place; and after his death numbers of volumes were found with these curious book-markers. John Felton, who murdered Buckingham, was also a book-collector in a small way. In Lilly's catalogue for 1863 there was a copy of Peacham's 'Compleat Gentleman,' 1622, with the following on the fly-leaf: 'John Felton, vicessimo secundo die Junii, 1622.'

A few glances, at this point, at the more material phases of book-collecting may not be without interest. The following is one of the earliest bookseller's statements of accounts with which we are acquainted. It was rendered to 'the Right

Honourable the Lord Conway,' on May 31, 1638, by Henry Seile, whose shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head, Fleet Street:

1 Nash's Ha' wee you to Saffron Walden		00 02 06
1 Greene's Arcadia 1 Farewell to Folly 1 Tullies' Love 1 Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale 1 Mamilia 1 Never too Late 1 Groatesworth of Wit 1 Mourning Garment 1 Peers pennylesse supplication	These nine Bookes were delivered to your Lordship at Xs.	00 10 0

In a letter addressed to Evelyn by Dr. Cosin (afterwards Bishop of Durham) during his exile, and dated July 18, 1651, we get a delightful glimpse of two book-lovers doing 'a deal.' Mr. Evelyn was apparently a man who could drive a bargain with Hebraic shrewdness. 'Truly, sir,' expostulated mildly the excited ecclesiastic, 'I thought I had prevented any further motion of abatement by the large offer that I made to you. . . . If you consider their number, I desire you would be pleased to consider likewise, that they are a choice number, and a company of the best selected books among them all. . . . There is in your note Pliny's "Natural History" in English, priced at 36s., which is worth £3; Camden's "Errors," priced at 5s. 6d., for which I have seen £1 given; Paulus Jovius at £1, which sells now in Paris at 4 pistoles; and Pol. Virgil at 10s., which sells here for £10;

William of Malmesbury at 15s., for which they demand here £30, and Asser Menev, etc., at 14s., which they will not part with here nor elsewhere abroad for £20.'

It is highly probable that the book-market was never so bad in London as during this period; for, in addition to the above illustration, and at about the same time, Isaac Vossius came over to this country with a quantity of literary property, some of which had belonged to his learned father, in the hopes of selling it; but he 'carried them back into Holland,' where 'a quicker mercate' was expected.

Archbishop Usher.

III.

Sic transit gloria mundi might well be the motto of a History of Book-Collectors, for in by far the majority of cases great private libraries have been formed in one generation by genuine bookworms, only to be scattered in the next by needy legatees or in consequence of impoverished estates. There can be no doubt that several famous libraries have derived their origin from the mere vanity of emulating a fashionable pursuit. Into this matter, however, it is

not necessary for us to enter, except to hazard the suggestion that if the money had not been spent in that direction it would doubtless have been squandered in some less worthy and enduring manner. One of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the history of private collections of the seventeenth century is embedded in the long and entertaining letter which John Evelyn addressed to Mr. Pepys in August, 1689. This letter is so accessible that it may seem superfluous to quote any part of it; but a few of the leading points are necessary to the proper sequence of our story. 'The Bishop of Ely has a very well-stored library, but the very best is what Dr. Stillingfleet has at Twickenham, ten miles out of town. . . . Our famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, purchased a very choice library of Greek and other MSS., which were sold him by Dr. Meric Casaubon, son of the learned Isaac; and these, together with his delicious villa, Durdens, came into the possession of the present Earl of Berkeley from his uncle, Sir Robert Cook. . . . I have heard that Sir Henry Savill was master of many precious MSS., and he is frequently celebrated for it by the learned Valesius, almost in every page of that learned man's Annotations on Eusebius, and the Ecclesiastical Historians published by him. The late Mr. Hales, of Eton, had likewise a very good library; and so had Dr. Cosin, late Bishop of Duresme [and afterwards of Durham], a considerable part of which I had agreed with him for myself during his exile abroad, as I can show under his own hand; but his late daughter, since my Lady Garret, thought I had not offered enough, and made difficulty in delivering them to me till near the time of his Majesty's restoration, and after that the Dean, her father, becoming Bishop of that opulent See, bestowed them on the library there.

But the Lord Primate Usher was inferior to none I have named among the clergy for rare MSS., a great part of which, being brought out of Ireland, and left his son-in-law, Sir Timothy Tyrill, was disposed of to give bread to that incomparable Prelate during the late fanatic war. Such as remained yet at Dublin were preserved, and by a public purse restored and placed in the college library of that city. . . . I forbear to name the late Earl of Bristol's and his kinsman's, Sir Kenelm Digby's, libraries, of more pompe than intrinsic value, as chiefly consisting of modern poets, romances, chymical, and astrological books. . . . As for those of Sir Kenelm, the catalogue was printed and most of them sold in Paris, as many better have lately been in London. The Duke of Lauderdale's[27:A] is yet entire, choicely bound, and to be sold by a friend of mine, to whom they are pawned; but it comes far short of his relation's, the Lord Maitland's, which was certainly the noblest, most substantial and accomplished library that ever passed under the speare, and heartily it grieved me to behold its limbs, like those of the chaste Hippolytus, separated and torn from that so well chosen and compacted a body. The Earl of Anglesey's, and several others since, by I know not what invidious fate, passed the same fortune, to whatever influence and constellation now reigning malevolent to books and libraries, which can portend no good to the future age.'

Wotton House in 1840.

It is interesting to note that of the several libraries enumerated by Evelyn three have become, partly or wholly, public property. That of Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Ely, was purchased after his death by George I. for £6,000, and presented to the University of Cambridge, where it now is.[27:B] Evelyn himself was, as will have been gathered, an ardent book-collector. He began forming a library very early in life, whilst that of his brother came to him by bequest. At the time of his death he had a very extensive collection of books at Wotton, which has been considerably augmented by his successors. In the early part of the present century William Upcott, of the London Institution, drew up a complete catalogue. Upcott's appearance on the scene synchronized with the disappearance of a number of volumes from the Evelyn Library; it has been suggested that Lady Evelyn presented them to him

'or something of that sort,' although the circumstance has never been officially explained. Certain it is that a large number of books formerly in the possession of the diarist have at times appeared in the auction-room. The most important which occurred during the last few years are two beautifully-written MSS., the work of Richard Hoare, one having the title 'Instructions Œconomiques,' 1648, with a dedication 'To the present mistress of my youth, the hopeful companion of my riper years, and the future nurse of my old age, Mrs. May Evelyn, my deare wife,' etc. The second was a book of Private Devotions, 1650. Evelyn was also unfortunate in his lifetime, inasmuch as the Duke of Lauderdale 'came to my house, under pretence of a visit,' but in reality to borrow 'for a few days' certain valuable MSS., which this aristocratic thief never returned. So, too, he lent Burnet a quantity of MS. material for his 'History of the Reformation,' which, like other borrowed books, never came back. A large number of first editions of the works of J. Evelyn, together with some books from his library, illustrated with his autograph notes, occurred in the sale of the library of the late Arthur Davis, of Deptford and East Farleigh, July, 1857, many of which were doubtless purloined at some time or other.

Magdalen College, Oxford.

Of all the seventeenth-century book-collectors, perhaps the most interesting is that other diarist, Samuel Pepys. Samuel was not a man of great learning, but his wit, his knowledge of the world, and his humanity were unbounded. He welcomed almost anything in the shape of a book, from a roguish French novel to a treatise on medals, from a loose Restoration play to a maritime pamphlet, and from lives of the saints to books on astrology or philosophy. Not a great man, perhaps, but one of the most delightful and entertaining that one could wish. The Secretary's 'Diary' is full of allusions to men and

events of bookish interest, and gives frequent illustrations of his amiable passion for book-collecting. Fortunately, we have not to grope in the dark to get an accurate portrait of the genial Samuel as a book-collector, for his entire library is preserved, almost in the same state as he left it, at Magdalen College, Oxford, 'as curious a medley of the grave and gay' as any person of catholic tastes could wish for. The library consists of almost 3,000 volumes, preserved in eleven mahogany bookcases. The books are all arranged in double rows, the small ones in front being sufficiently low to permit of the titles of the back row of larger ones being easily read. The library is a remarkably accurate reflection of the tastes of the founder. In addition to what is termed ordinary useful books, there are many rarities, including no less than nine Caxtons, and several from the press of Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson. The celebrated collection of ballads, commenced by Selden and continued by Pepys, is second only in importance to the famous Roxburghe collection now in the British Museum. The manuscripts of various kinds form a very valuable part of this celebrated collection.

Sir Hans Sloane's Monument.

John Bagford, the biblioclast (1675-1716), also finishes us, like Evelyn, with a list of book-collectors who were contemporaneous with him. Besides Bishop Moore, already mentioned, there were Sir Hans Sloane, Lords Carbery (Duke of Kent), Pembroke, Somers, Sunderland, and Halifax. Among the commoners who emulated their 'betters' were Messrs. Huckle, Chichely, Bridges, Walter Clavell, Rawlinson, Slaughter, Topham, Wanley, Captain Hatton, 'Right Hon. Secretary Harley,' and Dr. Salmon, whose collection is said to have consisted of 1,700 folios. Edwards, in his most valuable work on

libraries, mentions yet a third list, which is anonymous, and is apparently almost contemporaneous with Bagford's. The list is introduced with the remark that 'the laudable emulation which is daily increasing amongst the nobility of England, vying with each other in the curiosities and other rich furniture of their respective libraries, gives cheerful hope of having the long-hidden monuments of ancient times raised out of their present dust and rubbish,' and then makes special mention of the libraries of the Duke of Kent, Lords Derby, Denbigh, Longueville, Willoughby de Broke, Sunderland, Somers, and Halifax.

When good Mr. Evelyn described Sir Kenelm Digby's library as 'of more pomp than intrinsic value,' and as 'chiefly consisting of modern poets, romances, chemical and astrological books,' he did not contemplate the future possibility of such despised trifles becoming fashionable and in greater request than the accumulations of the collectors to whom the classics were daily food. As Edwards has pointed out, the portion which Digby gave to the Bodleian was in reality the fruit of the researches of his tutor, Thomas Allen. The portion which was of his own collecting, and consequently the only portion which accurately mirrored his own tastes, he took with him to France when driven into exile. When he died there, it apparently passed into the possession of Digby, Earl of Bristol, on whose account it was sold in London in 1680, fifteen years after its owner's death. The catalogue enumerated 3,878 items, of which 69 were manuscripts, the total of the sale being £904 4s.

Among the most famous of the seventeenth-century collectors were the two brothers Francis, Baron

Guilford, Lord Keeper (1637-1685), and Dr. John North, master of Trinity College (1645-1683). Of these two there are some very entertaining facts in Roger North's 'Lives of the Norths' (1742-44). Dr. John North, we are told, 'very early in his career began to look after books and to lay the foundation of a competent library . . . buying at one lift a whole set of Greek classics in folio, in best editions. This sunk his stock [of money] for the 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 courted, as a fond lover, all best editions, fairest characters, best-bound and preserved. . . . 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. . . . His soul was never so staked down as in an old bookseller's shop. . . . 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 in shops for many 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.' At his death the collection came to his brother, the Lord Keeper.

As with Dr. John North, book-hunting was the consuming passion of the life of a very different man

—Richard Smyth or Smith (of whom there is a very fine and rare engraving by W. Sherwin), one of the Secondaries or Under-Sheriffs from 1644 to 1655. Having sufficient wealth, he resigned his municipal appointment, which was worth £700 a year, in order to devote himself entirely to book-hunting. Anthony à Wood describes him as 'infinitely curious and inquisitive after books,' and states that 'he was constantly known every day to walk his rounds amongst the booksellers' shops (especially in Little Britain).' Richard Chiswell, the bookseller who drew up a catalogue of Smith's books, which subsequently came into his possession *en bloc*, tells us that his skill and experience enabled him 'to make choice of such books that were not obvious to every man's eye. . . . He lived in times which ministered peculiar opportunities of meeting with books that were not every day brought into public light, and few eminent libraries were bought where he had not the liberty to pick and choose. 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.' This collection was sold by auction in May, 1682, the catalogue of it occupying 404 closely-printed pages in large quarto. There were fourteen Caxtons, 'the aggregate produce' of which was £3 14s. 7d.; the 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' selling for 18s., 'being K. Edwarde the IVth's owne booke,' and the 'Booke of Good Manners,' for 2s.; the highest price in the entire sale being given for Holinshed's 'Chronicle,' 'with the addition of many sheets that were castrated, being . . . not allowed to be printed,' £7. Smith left an interesting and valuable obituary list of certain of his bibliopolic friends (which is reprinted in *Willis' Current Notes*, February, 1853), one of whom, according to him, was 'buried at St.

Bartholomew's, without wine or wafers, only gloves and rosemary.'

Little Britain in 1550.

Dr. Francis Bernard, chief physician to James II., was an indefatigable book-hunter; being 'a person who collected his books, 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 an inducement for him to buy. 'Twas sufficient for him that he had the book.' His library was sold in 1698, and realized the then enormous sum of £2,000. John Bridges, of Lincoln's Inn, the historian of Northamptonshire, was a collector who read as well as bought books; his collection was sold at auction in 1726, when 4,313 lots realized £4,001. Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was a collector with comprehensive tastes and almost unlimited means. His collection is now in the British Museum, and is computed to have numbered about 26,000 volumes, on the binding of only a portion of which he is said to have expended £18,000, besides a mass of 350,000 pamphlets. Thomas Baker (1625-1690) bequeathed a portion of his library to St. John's College, Cambridge,

notwithstanding the fact that he was ejected therefrom. He was an unceasing collector, but his finances were scanty, and, worst of all, he had to contend with collectors of greater wealth, or 'purse-ability' as Bodley calls it. Writing to Humfrey Wanley, he says: 'I begin to complain of the men of quality who lay out so much for books, and give such prices that there is nothing to be had for poor scholars, whereof I have found the effects. When I bid a fair price for an old book, I am answered, the "quality" will give twice as much, and so I have done. I have had much ado to pick up a few old books at tolerable prices, and despair of any more.' About 2,000 of his books went to St. John's College, and the others were sold by auction, many bearing the inscription 'Thomas Baker, socius ejectus,' etc. The library of another collector who, like Baker, had more of the kicks than of the ha'pence of this life, Thomas Hearne (1678-1735), may be mentioned briefly in this paragraph, for both were men of great learning. Hearne's collection was sold in February, 1736, by Osborne the bookseller, 'the lowest price being marked in each book.' On the title-page of the catalogue, and beneath a poor portrait of Hearne, is the well-known couplet:

'Quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
"Whatever I forget, you learn."'

Humphrey Dyson is another book-collector of this period, and is described by Hearne as 'a very curious man in collecting books.' The Wesleys were book-lovers and readers, but have perhaps but little claim to rank as collectors *pur sang*. However, it is interesting to point out that Lilly's catalogue for 1863 included a copy of Purcell's 'Orpheus Britannicus,' 1706, with an inscription on the fly-leaf: 'C. Wesley,

junior. The valuable gift of his much-honor'd Father.'

The Restoration poets, like those of the Elizabethan period, had a sufficiently hard fight to keep themselves in food; books were luxuries which they could only venture to enjoy at long and uncertain intervals. Dryden and Congreve, however, appear to have been addicted to the pleasant pastime.

An exceedingly interesting copy of Spenser's 'Works,' folio, 1679, was once in the possession of Mr. F. S. Ellis. On the fly-leaf occurred this note: 'The corrections made in this book are of Mr. Dryden's own handwriting. J. Tonson.' The volume occurred in an auction, where its value was not detected. The 'corrections,' Mr. Ellis states, extend through the whole of the volume, and bear witness to the care and diligence with which Dryden had studied Spenser's poems. Several of the notes are in explanation of the text, but for the most part are careful and curious corrections of the text and press. The pedigree of this volume is well established by its having in the cover the bookplate of Thomas Barrett, of Lee, celebrated by Dibdin as a 'bibliomaniacal and tasteful gentleman.' Though Barrett died in 1757, his library was not dispersed till a few years since. Izaak Walton was a collector, and took the wise precaution of writing his autograph in each volume, as the very interesting score of examples now at Salisbury prove. His friend, Charles Cotton, of cheerful memory, was much more of a book-collector, although from the 'Angler' it would seem that his whole library was contained in his hall window. Like Walton, Cotton wrote his autograph in most of his books, which occur in the auction-room at irregular intervals. The extent or variety of the Cotton correction may be gathered from the following 'epigram' which Sir

Aston Cokaine wrote (1658) 'To my Cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton the Younger':

'D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
And Machiavil, the subtle Florentine,
In their originals I have read through,
Thanks to your library, and unto you,
The prime historians of later times; at least
In the Italian tongue allow'd the best.
When you have more such books, I pray vouchsafe
Me their perusal, I'll return them safe.
Yet for the courtesy, the recompense
That I can make you will be only thanks.
But you are noble-soul'd, and had much rather
Bestow a benefit than receive a favour.'

Charles, Third Earl of Sunderland.

One of the most remarkable collections of books ever made by a private individual was that known as the Sunderland Library. It was formed, not only in the short space of twelve years, but at a time when many books, now of almost priceless value, and scarcely to be had at any price, were comparatively common, and certainly not costly. Neither money nor pains was spared, 'and the bibliographical ardour of the founder soon began to be talked of in the bookshops of the chief cities of Europe.' The founder, Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, lived at Althorp, his town house being in Piccadilly, on the site of which the

Albany now stands. At the latter place this library was lodged for several years. In Macky's 'Journey through England,' 1724, Sunderland House is there described as being separated from the street of Piccadilly 'by a wall with large grown trees before the gate. . . . The greatest beauty of this palace is the library, running from the house into the garden; and I must say is the finest in Europe, both for the disposition of the apartments, and of the books. The rooms, divided into five apartments, are fully 150 feet long, with two stories of windows, and a gallery runs round the whole in the second story for the taking down books. No nobleman in any nation hath taken greater care to make his collection complete, nor does he spare any cost for the most valuable and rare books. Besides, no bookseller in Europe hath so many editions of the same book as he, for he hath all, especially of the classicks.' The founder of this famous library died on April 19, 1722. Evelyn has left a few very interesting facts concerning this collection. Under the date March 10, 1695, we read: 'I din'd at the Earl of Sunderland's with Lord Spencer. My Lord shew'd me his library, now again improv'd by many books bought at the sale of Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent physician, which was the very best collection, especially of mathematical books, that was I believe in Europe, once design'd for the King's library at St. James's, but the Queen dying, who was the greate patroness of the designe, it was let fall, and the books were miserably dissipated.' Four years later, April, 1699, we have another entry, to the effect that Lord Spencer purchased 'an incomparable library,' until now the property of 'a very fine scholar, whom from a child I have known,' whose name does not transpire [? Hadrian Beverland], but in whose library were many 'rare

books . . . that were printed at the first invention of that wonderful art.' In reference to Macky's incidental allusion to the Earl of Sunderland's indifference to cost in forming his library, Wanley confirms this. Writing in December, 1721, the diarist observes that the books in Mr. Freebairn's library 'in general went low, or rather at vile rates, through a combination of the booksellers against the sale. Yet some books went for unaccountably high prices, which were bought by Mr. Vaillant, the bookseller, who had an unlimited commission from the Earl of Sunderland.' Among the items was an edition of Virgil, printed by Zarothus *circa* 1475: 'It was noted that when Mr. Vaillant had bought the printed Virgil at £46, he huzza'd out aloud, and threw up his hat, for joy that he had bought it so cheap.' When this famous book-collector died, Wanley observes that 'by reason of his decease some benefit may accrue to this library [Lord Oxford's], even in case his relations will part with none of his books. I mean, *by his raising the price of books no higher now*; so that, in probability, this commodity may fall in the market; and any gentleman be permitted to buy an uncommon old book for less than forty or fifty pounds.' The third son of this famous book-collector, Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, and second Duke of Marlborough, greatly enlarged the collection formed by his father; and it was removed to Blenheim probably in 1734. This famous library remained practically intact until it came under the hammer at Puttick and Simpson's, occupying fifty-one days in the dispersal at intervals from December 1, 1881, to March 22, 1883, the total being £55,581 6s. It is stated that the library originally cost about £30,000.

Dr. David Williams, who from 1688 to the end of his

life was minister of a Presbyterian congregation which met at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, was a contemporary book-collector and book-hunter. His special line was theology, and his library, which absorbed that of Dr. Bates, once Rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, is still preserved intact, and is now, to a certain degree, a free library. Archbishop Tenison was another great book-hunter of this period, and his library was preserved more or less intact until 1861, when it was dispersed at Sotheby's, under an order of the Charity Commissioners.

The brothers Thomas and Richard Rawlinson were, probably, the most omnivorous collectors of the earlier part of the last century. Everything in the shape of a book was welcomed. The former (1681-1725), whose 'C. & P.' (collated and perfect) appears on the frontispiece, title-page, or fly-leaf of books, when he lived in Gray's Inn, had so filled his set of four rooms with books that he was obliged to sleep in the passage. He is said to be the original study for the 158th *Tatler*, in which 'Tom Folio' and other *soi-disant* scholars are trounced. 'He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace.' It is very doubtful whether Addison (who wrote this particular *Tatler*) really had Thomas Rawlinson in mind, whom he describes as 'a learned idiot.' Swift has declared that some know books as they do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. But neither description is applicable to Rawlinson, who, for all that, may have known much more about Aldus or the Elzevirs than about Virgil or Horace. With a pretty taste for epithets, in which our forefathers sometimes indulged, Hearne has defended his friend from Addison's sarcasms by declaring that the mistake could only have been made by a 'shallow buffoon.'

That Rawlinson was a bibliomaniac there can be no question, for if he had a score copies of one book, he would purchase another for the mere gratification of possessing it. When he removed to the large mansion in Aldersgate Street, which had been the palace of the Bishops of London, and which he shared with his brother, 'the books still continued to be better lodged than their owner.' He died, at the comparatively early age of forty-four, as he had lived, among dust and cobwebs, 'in his bundles, piles and bulwarks of paper.' The catalogue of his huge mass of books was divided into nine parts; the sale of the MSS. alone occupied sixteen days. Richard Rawlinson (died 1755) survived his brother thirty years, and continued to collect books with all his brother's enthusiasm, but without his sheer book-greed. His MSS. are at Oxford, and the extent and richness of his accumulations may be gathered from the fact that the collector laid nearly thirty libraries under contribution. His printed books were sold in 1756 by Samuel Baker (now Sotheby's), the sale occupying forty-nine days, and the total amounting to £1,155 1s.; a second sale included 20,000 pamphlets, and a third sale consisted of prints.

London H

Aldersgate Street, 1808.

Among the wisest and most distinguished book-collectors of the first half of the last century is Dr. Richard Mead (1673-1754), a physician by profession, but a bibliophile by instinct, and whom Dr. Johnson described as having 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any other man.' As Dr. Mead's fine library was 'picked up at Rome,' it scarcely comes within our purview; but it may be mentioned that so long as this fine collection remained intact in London, it was *ipso facto* a free library; it was especially rich in the classics, sciences and history. The first part was sold by Samuel Baker

in 1754, and the second in the following year, the 6,592 lots occupying fifty-seven days, the total of the books being £5,496 15s. Dr. Mead's mantle descended to his great friend and pupil, Dr. Anthony Askew (1722-1774), who had an exceedingly fine library; his career as a collector began in Paris in 1749, and nearly all his choicest treasures appear to have been gathered on the Continent, and chiefly it seems by Joseph Smith, the English Consul at Venice. Askew's first library was purchased by George III. in 1762, and now forms an integral part of the British Museum. His subsequent accumulations were dispersed in two sections, the books in 1775, and the MSS. ten years later. We shall have occasion to refer again to the Askew sale. Dr. Richard Farmer appears to have imbibed his taste for book-collecting from Askew, and became an indefatigable haunter of the London and country bookstalls, his special line being Early English literature, then scarcely at all appreciated; it is stated that the collection, which cost him less than £500, realized, when sold by auction by King in 1798, upwards of £2,000. Dr. Farmer is better remembered by posterity as a Shakespearian critic or commentator. He was a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and appears to have had what Dibdin describes as 'his foragers, his jackalls, and his *avant-couriers*,' who picked up for him every item of interest in his particular lines. As becomes the true bibliophile, he was peculiarly indifferent to his dress, but he was a scholar of great abilities. A glance at a priced copy of his sale catalogue is enough to turn any book-lover green with envy. For example, his copy of Richard Barnfield's 'Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money' (1598), sold for 19s., Malone being the purchaser. That copy is now in the Bodleian. In

1882, the Ouvry copy of the same book realized 100 guineas! A copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' (1667), with the first title-page, sold for 11s.; a volume of twelve poems, chiefly printed by Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, realized 25 guineas. Each item would probably realize the amount paid for the whole, should they again occur for sale, which is most unlikely. Both his friends, George Steevens and Isaac Reed, were equally zealous collectors, and each had a strong weakness for the same groove of collecting. The library of Steevens was sold, also by King, in 1800, and the 1,943 items realized £2,740 15s.; whilst that of Reed, sold seven years later, contained 8,957 articles, and realized £4,387.

Both Steevens and Isaac Reed call for a much more extended notice than it is possible to give them here. Many of Steevens' books realized twenty times the amount which he paid for them. Steevens, who was born in 1736, resided in a retired house 'just on the rise of Hampstead Heath,' so Dibdin tells us, the house being formerly known as the Upper Flask Tavern, to which 'Richardson sends Clarissa in one of her escapes from Lovelace.' Here, as Dibdin further tells us, Steevens lived, embosomed in books, shrubs, and trees. '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 the cynic. His attachments were warm, but fickle, both in choice and duration.' Several of his letters are printed in Dibdin's 'Bibliomania' (edit. 1842), in which will also be found a long series of extracts from the sale catalogue of his library. There were nearly fifty copies of the first or early quartos of the Shakespearian plays, which were knocked down at prices varying from 5s. to, in a few instances, over £20. The first, second, third and

fourth folios realized £22, £18 18s., £8 8s., and £2 12s. 6d., respectively! Isaac Reed was in many ways a remarkable man. He was the son of a baker in the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. Born in 1742, he commenced professional life as a solicitor, which he soon abandoned for the more congenial pursuit of literature. His knowledge of English literature was unbounded, and the dispersal of his remarkable library was one of the wonders of the year 1807. He was for over forty years a diligent collector, and few days passed in that period which did not witness an addition to his library. He died at his chambers in Staple Inn. 'I have been almost daily at a book-auction,' writes Malone—'the library of the late Mr. Reed, the last Shakespearian, except myself, where my purse has been drained as usual. But what I have purchased are chiefly books of my own trade. There is hardly a library of this kind now left, except my own and Mr. Bindley's, neither of us having the least desire to succeed the other in his peculiar species of literary wealth.'

St. Bernard's Seal.

FOOTNOTES:

[27:A] In Hearne's 'Diary,' published by the Oxford Historical Society, there is a very quaint note about the Duke of Lauderdale, who is described as 'a Curious Collector of Books, and when in London would very often go to ye Booksellers shops and pick up w^{t} curious Books he could meet with; but y^{t} in his Elder years he lost much of his Learning by minding too much Politicks.'

[27:B] At the Cambridge University Library there are some very interesting diaries of this famous book-lover, styled 'Father of Black Letter Collectors,' chiefly relating to the purchases of books. All the more important facts have been published in the pages of the *Bibliographer*.

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW.

I.

N few phases of human action are the foibles and preferences of individuals more completely imbricated than in that of book-collecting. Widely

different as were the book-hunters' fancies at the beginning and at the end of the eighteenth century, yet it would not be possible to draw a hard and fast line. For the greater part of that time the classics of every description and of every degree of unimportance held their own. Reluctant, therefore, to abandon the chief stimulant of their earlier book-hunting careers, many collectors still took a keen interest in their *primi pensieri*. But their real passion found a vent in other and less beaten directions. In addition to this, during the eighteenth century a large number of small working libraries were formed by men who *used* books. Henry Fielding, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Smollett, Gibbon, Pope, and many others, are essentially figures in the history of book-hunting in London, but they had neither the means nor, so far as we are aware, the inclination to indulge in book-collecting as a mere fashionable hobby. Mr. Austin Dobson has lately published an interesting account of Fielding's library, in which he proves not only that Fielding had been a fervent student of the classics in his youth and that he remained a voracious reader through life, but that he made good use of a large collection of Greek and Latin authors, which was sold at his death.

Dobson.
From a photograph by E. C. Porter, Ealing

The eighteenth century may be regarded as the Augustan age so far as book-hunting in London is concerned. A large percentage of the most famous collections were either formed, or the collectors themselves were either born or died, in that period. The Beckford and Hamilton, the Heber, the Sunderland, the Althorp, and the King's Library, all had their origins prior to 1800.

Richard Heber (1773-1833), with all his vast knowledge, learning, and accomplishments, was a

bibliomaniac in the more unpleasant sense of the word. No confirmed drunkard, no incurable opium-eater, ever had less self-control than Heber had. To him, to see a book was to possess it. Cicero has said that the heart into which the love of gold has entered is shut to every other feeling. Heber was very wealthy, so that with him the love of books blinded him to almost everything else. He began to collect when at Oxford, chiefly classics for the purpose of study. He is said to have caught the disease from Bindley, the veteran collector, who began book-hunting early in the last century. Having one day accidentally met with a copy of Henry Peacham's 'Valley of Varietie,' 1638, which professed to give 'rare passages out of antiquity,' etc., he showed it to Bindley, who described it as 'rather a curious book.' Why such an incident should have set Heber on his terrible career history telleth not. Under the name of 'Atticus,' Dibdin, who knew Heber well, has described him in this fashion: 'Atticus unites all the activity of De Witt and Lomenie, with the retentiveness of Magliabechi, and the learning of Le Long. . . . 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 a triplicate collector. . . . But he atones for this by being liberal in the loan of his volumes. The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library.' Heber's own explanation of this plurality of purchase was cast somewhat in this fashion: 'Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without *three* copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house. Another he will require for his own

use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends.' The late Mr. Edward Solly was also a pluralist in the matter of books, and had even six or seven copies of a large number of works. He justified himself on the plea that he liked to have one to read, one to make notes in, another with notes by a previous owner, one in a choice binding, a 'tall' copy, a short ditto, and so forth. So far, however, as Heber is concerned, no one could be more generous than he in lending books. This might be proved from a dozen different sources, including the lengthy introduction 'To Richard Heber, Esq.,' to the sixth canto of Scott's 'Marmion':

> 'But why such instances to you,
> Who, in an instant, can renew
> Your treasured hoards of various lore,
> And furnish twenty thousand more?
> Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
> Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
> While gripple owners still refuse
> To others what they cannot use:
> Give them the priest's whole century,
> They shall not spell you letters three;
> Their pleasure in the books the same
> The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
> Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
> Delight, amusement, science, art,
> To every ear and eye impart;
> Yet who of all who thus employ them,
> Can, like their owner's self, enjoy them?'

In addition to this reference, Scott, in one of his letters, speaks of 'Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the

world.' Frequent mention is made of Heber in the notes to the Waverley novels. At one period of his life Heber was a Member of Parliament, and throughout his career it seems that he found recreation from the sport of collecting in the sport of the fields. He has been known to take a journey of four or five hundred miles to obtain a rare volume, 'fearful to trust to a mere commission.' He bought by all methods, in all places, and at all times, a single purchase on one occasion being an entire library of 30,000 volumes. Curiously enough, he disliked large-paper copies, on account of the space they filled. When he died, he had eight houses full of books—two in London, one in Oxford, and others at Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent, besides smaller collections in Germany. When sold, the number of lots was 52,000, and of volumes about 147,000, and the total amount realized £57,000, or about two-thirds of the original expenditure. The sale, which commenced in 1834, lasted over several years, and the catalogue alone comprises six thick octavo volumes. He is described as a tall, strong, well-made man.

Writing to Sir Egerton Brydges, the Rev. A. Dyce observes concerning Heber's death: 'Poor man! He expired at Pimlico,[47:A] in the midst of his rare property, without a friend to close his eyes, and from all I have heard I am led to believe that he died broken-hearted. He had been ailing some time, but took no care of himself, and seemed, indeed, to court death. Yet his ruling passion was strong to the last. The morning he died he wrote out some memoranda for Thorpe about books which he wished to be purchased for him' (Fitzgerald, 'The Book-Fancier,' p. 230).

In noticing Scott's edition of Dryden, and in alluding to the help which Scott obtained from Heber and Bindley, the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of the two as 'gentlemen in whom the love of collecting, which is an amusement to others, assumes the dignity of a virtue, because it gives ampler scope to the exercise of friendship, and of a generous sympathy with the common cause of literature.'

William Beckford, Book-collector.

William Beckford (1761-1844) and the tenth Duke of Hamilton (1767-1852), for several reasons, may be bracketed together as book-collectors. Each was a

remarkable man in several respects. William Beckford, the author of 'Vathek' and the owner of Fonthill, was a universal collector. No less enthusiastic in amassing pictures and objects of art than books, he never scrupled to sell anything and everything except his books, which he dearly loved. A man who could draw eulogy from Byron could not have been an ordinary person. Fonthill and its treasures were announced for sale in September, 1822, the auctioneer being James Christie, the catalogue being in quarto size, and comprising ninety-five pages. The auction, however, did not take place, but the collection was sold *en masse* to a Mr. John Farquhar for £330,000, Beckford reserving, however, some of his choicest books, pictures, and curiosities. In the following year the whole collection was dispersed by Phillips, the auctioneer, the sale occupying thirty-seven days. With the money he received from Farquhar, Beckford purchased annuities and land near Bath. He united two houses in the Royal Crescent by a flying gallery extending over the road, and his dwelling became one vast library. He added to his collection up to his last days, and obtained many books at Charles Nodier's sale. Beckford was one of the greatest book-enthusiasts that ever lived. His passion was more particularly for Aldines, and other early books bearing the insignia of celebrities, such as Frances I., Henri et Diane, and De Thou, and especially of choice old morocco bindings by Desseuil, Padeloup, and Derome. He was especially strong in old French and Italian books, generically classified as *facetiæ*. Beckford would read for days and weeks at a stretch, with no more recreation than an occasional ride. That he read his books there is ample testimony, for at his sale one lot comprised seven folio volumes of transcripts from

the autograph notes written by him on the fly-leaves of the various works in his library. For example, to the copy of Peter Beckford's 'Familiar Letters from Italy,' 1805, he concludes five pages of notes with, 'This book has at least some merit. The language is simple; an ill-natured person might add, and the thoughts not less so.' In Brasbridge's 'Fruits of Experience,' 1824, he writes: 'They who like hog-wash—and there are amateurs for anything—will not turn away disappointed or disgusted with this book, but relish the stale, trashy anecdotes it contains, and gobble them up with avidity.' After Beckford's death, Henry G. Bohn offered £30,000 for the whole library; but Beckford's second daughter, who married the Duke of Hamilton, refused to sanction the sale. It, however, came under the hammer at Sotheby's, 1881-1884, in four parts of twelve days each, the net result being £73,551 18s.

The tenth Duke of Hamilton was one of the most distinguished bibliophiles of his time, and commenced purchasing whilst yet Marquis of Douglas. A large portion of his library was collected in Italy and various parts of the Continent, whilst the collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts which he obtained when on a diplomatic mission to Russia formed an unrivalled series of monuments of early art. In 1810 he married Susanna Beckford, and at her father's death the whole of his splendid library came into his possession. The two collections, however, were kept quite distinct. The Hamilton collection of printed books was sold at Sotheby's in May, 1884, the eight days realizing £12,892 12s. 6d. The most important feature of the library, however, was the magnificent collection of MSS. which the Prussian Government secured by private treaty—through the intermediary, it is understood, of the Empress

Frederick—for £70,000. In May, 1889, those which the authorities decided not to retain for the Royal Museum at Berlin were transferred to Messrs. Sotheby's, and ninety-one lots realized the total of £15,189 15s. 6d. The gems of the collection were a magnificent volume of the Golden Gospels in Latin of the eighth century, formerly a gift to Henry VIII., which sold for £1,500—a London bookseller once offered £5,000 for this book—and a magnificent MS. of Boccaccio, 'Les Illustres Malheureux,' on vellum, 321 leaves, decorated with eighty-four exquisite miniatures, which sold for £1,700. It may be mentioned that a large number of the Beckford and Hamilton books were purchased through the late H. G. Bohn.

George John, Earl Spencer.

The Althorp Library, now in the possession of Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, was formed by George John, Earl Spencer (1758-1834), between 1790 and 1820. Until its recent removal from Althorp it was the finest private library in existence. In 1790 Lord Spencer acquired the very fine and select library of Count Rewiczki, the Emperor Joseph's Ambassador in London, for about £2,500, and for the next thirty years the Earl was continually hunting after books in the sale-rooms and booksellers' shops. The story of the Althorp Library has been so repeatedly told, from the time of its first librarian, the devil-hunting

Thomas Frognall Dibdin—whose flatulent and sycophantic records are not to be taken as mirroring the infinitely superior intellect and taste of his employer—down to the present day, that any further description is almost superfluous. Besides this, the library is one which will soon be open to all. We may, however, mention a point which is of great interest in the study of books as an investment. It may reasonably be doubted whether the Althorp Library cost its founder much over £100,000; it is generally understood that the price paid for it in 1892 was not far short of £250,000.

John, Duke of Roxburghe, Book-collector.

Contemporaneously with the formation of the Althorp Collection, the Duke of Roxburghe built a library, which was one of the finest and most perfect ever got together. The Duke turned book-hunter through a love affair, it is said. He was to have been married to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but when this lady's sister was selected as a wife for George III., the proposed marriage was deemed impolitic, and consequently the Duke remained single. The Duke himself is said to have traced his passion for books to the famous dinner given by his father, the second Duke, at which Lords Oxford and Sunderland were present, and at which the celebrated copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio was produced. The history of this incident is told in our chapter on Book-sales, and need not be here more specifically referred to. The Duke was a mighty hunter, not only of books, but of deer and wild swans. So far as books are concerned, his great specialities were Old English literature, Italian poetry, and romances of the Round Table; and as the first and last of these have increased in value as years have gone by, it will be seen that the Duke was wise in his generation. Indeed, we have it on the best authority that the aggregate outlay on the Roxburghe Library did not exceed £4,000, whilst in the course of little more than twenty years it produced over £23,397, the sale taking place in June, 1812. The Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Spencer were not averse to a little understanding of the nature of a 'knock-out,' for in one of the Althorp Caxtons Lord Spencer has written: 'The Duke and I had agreed not to oppose one another at the [George Mason] sale, but after the book [a Caxton] was bought, to toss up who should win it, when I lost it. I bought it at the

Roxburghe sale on the 17 of June, 1812, for £215 5s.'

A corner in the Althorp Library.

Yet another distinguished book-collector of the same period calls for notice. George III. formed a splendid library out of his own private purse and at a cost of £130,000. This library is now a part of the British Museum. A library such as that of George III. gives very little idea of a man's real tastes for books. The King availed himself of the accumulated wisdom, not only of Barnard (who was his librarian for nearly

half a century), but of three or four other experts, among whom was Dr. Johnson. The King's everyday tastes, however, may be gathered from the subjoined list of books, which he wished to have on his visit to Weymouth in 1795. He desired what he called 'a closet library' for a watering-place; he wrote to his bookseller for the following works: the Bible; the 'Whole Duty of Man'; the 'Annual Register,' 25 volumes; Rapin's 'History of England,' 21 volumes, 1757; Millot's 'Elémens de l'Histoire de France,' 1770; Voltaire's 'Siècles' of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' 4 volumes; R. Burn's 'Justice of Peace and Parish Officer,' 4 volumes; an abridgment of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; Boyer's 'Dictionnaire François et Anglais'; Johnson's 'Poets,' 68 volumes; Dodsley's 'Poems,' 11 volumes; Nichols' 'Poems,' 8 volumes; Steevens' 'Shakespeare'; 'Œuvres' of Destouches, 5 volumes; and the 'Works' of Sir William Temple, 4 volumes; of Addison, 4 volumes, and Swift, 24 volumes. These books can scarcely be regarded as light literature, and, if anything, calculated to add to the deadly dulness of a seaside retreat at the end of the last century. However, the selection is George III.'s, and must be respected as such.

The number of men who were prowling about London during the middle and latter part of the last century after books is only less great than the variety of tastes which they evinced. We have, for example, two such turbulent spirits as John Horne Tooke and John Wilkes, M.P. Parson Horne's (he subsequently assumed the name of his patron, William Tooke) collection did not, as Dibdin has observed, contain a single edition of the Bible; but it included seven examples of Wynkyn de Worde's press and many other rare books. Eight hundred and thirteen lots

realized the then high amount of £1,250 when sold at King and Lochée's in 1813. John Wilkes' books were sold at Sotheby's in 1802. If less notorious, many equally enthusiastic book-collectors were hunting the highways and byways of London. Here, for example, is a little anecdote relative to one of these:

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' by Clarke, published for the express purpose of being presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, came under the hammer at the sale (in 1781) of Topham Beauclerk's library for £44, it was accompanied by an anecdote relating to the method in which it had been acquired. Upon the death of an officer to whom the book belonged, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and, being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk (who is said to have but once departed from his inflexible rule of never lending a book) was a proper person to offer it to, she waited on him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it, and, being answered £4 4s., took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and inquired what he would give for such a book. The bookseller replied £17 17s. Mr. Beauclerk went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and, telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional 13 guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity on her. Few bargain-hunters would have felt called upon to act as Beauclerk[55:A] did. Here is another anecdote of a contemporary book-hunter:

Nichols states that Mr. David Papillon (who died in 1762), a gentleman of fortune and literary taste, as well as a good antiquary, contracted with Osborne to furnish him with £100 worth of books, at 3d. apiece. 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. Papillon 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 5s. apiece, and at last was forced to go and beg to be let off the contract. Eight thousand books would have been wanted!

An interesting collector, at once the type of a country gentleman and of a true bibliophile, was Sir John Englis Dolben (1750-1837), of Finedon Hall, Northamptonshire. He was educated at Westminster School, proceeding thence to Christ Church in 1768. Previously to his final retirement into the country, he lingered with much affection about the haunts of his youthful studies. He carried so many volumes about with him in his numerous and capacious pockets that he appeared like a walking library, and his memory, particularly in classical quotations, was equally richly stored. This is one side of the picture. This is the other side, in which we get a view of the man-about-town collector in the person of Alexander Dalrymple (1737-1808), the hydrographer to the Admiralty and to the East India Company: 'His yellow antiquarian chariot seemed to be immovably fixed in the street, just opposite the entrance-door of the long passage leading to the sale-room of Messrs. King and Lochée, in King Street, Covent Garden; and towards the bottom of the table, in the sale-room, Mr. Dalrymple used to sit, a cane in his hand, his hat

always upon his head, a thin, slightly-twisted queue, and silver hairs that hardly shaded his temple. . . . His biddings were usually silent, accompanied by the elevation and fall of his cane, or by an abrupt nod of the head.'

Book-collector.

The Osterley Park Library, sold by order of the seventh Earl of Jersey at Sotheby's in 1885, was commenced in the last century, the original founder being Bryan Fairfax, who died in 1747. His books came into the hands of Alderman Child, who was not only a book-collector, but inherited Lord Mavor Child's books. The fifth Earl of Jersey married Mr. Child's grand-daughter in 1804. Two mighty hunters of the old school may be here briefly mentioned—John Towneley and Michael Wodhull, the poet, both of whose collections were dispersed in several

portions, partly at the beginning of the present century, and partly within quite recent times. The founder of the 'Bibliotheca Towneleiana' was for a long period of years an ardent collector, his favourite studies being English history, topography, and portraits. The great gem of his collection was the splendid 'Vita Christi,' gorgeously ornamented with full-page paintings, and with miniatures superbly executed in colours, heightened with gold, by Giulio Clovio, in the finest style of Italian art. This MS. was executed for Alexander, Cardinal Farnese, and presented to Pope Paul III. It was purchased abroad by a Mr. Champernoun for an inconsiderable sum, and cost Mr. Towneley 400 guineas. At its sale in 1883 it realized £2,050. Two portions of the Towneley Library were dispersed by Evans in 1814-15 (seventeen days), and realized over £8,597, and other portions were sold in 1816 and 1817. Towneley himself died in May, 1813, aged eighty-two. The remainder of his extensive collection was sold at Sotheby's in 1883 (ten days). Wodhull, who died November 10, 1816, aged seventy-six, had two sales during his lifetime, first in 1801 (chiefly duplicates), and secondly in 1803 (chiefly Greek and Roman classics). He, however, reserved for himself a library of about 4,000, which, passing into the possession of Mr. F. E. Severne, M.P., was sold at Sotheby's in January, 1886, and realized a total of £11,973 4s. 6d. He is the Orlando of Dibdin's 'Bibliomania.' The Greek and Roman classics formed the chief attraction of this *post-mortem* sale, which is generally regarded as one of the most important of its kind held during recent years. Most of the prizes were picked up in France after 1803, and it was during one of his book-hunting expeditions in Paris that Wodhull was detained by Napoleon.

Two other 'fashionable' or titled collectors may be here grouped together. The fine library formed by William, Marquis of Lansdowne was dispersed by Leigh and Sotheby in thirty-one days, beginning with January 6, 1806, the 6,530 lots realizing £6,701 2s. 6d. The highest amount paid for a single lot was for a very rare collection of tracts, documents, and pamphlets, in over 280 volumes, illustrating the history of the French Revolution, together with forty-nine volumes relative to the transactions in the Low Countries between the years 1787 and 1792, and their separation from the House of Austria. Wynkyn de Worde's 'Rycharde Cure de Lyon,' 1528, sold for £47 5s.; and a curious collection of 'Masks' and 'Triumphs,' of the early seventeenth century, mostly by Ben Jonson, realized £40. As a book-collector Sir Mark Masterman Sykes is a much better remembered figure in the annals of book-hunting than that of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Sykes library contained a number of the *editiones principes* of the classics, some on vellum, and also a number of Aldines in the most perfect condition. There were also many highly curious and very rare pieces of early English poetry. The collection was sold at Evans's in 1824, and the gems of the collection were a copy of the Mazarin Bible, and the Latin Psalter, 1459, to which full reference is made in a subsequent chapter.

II.

The history of literature, it is said, teaches us to consider its decline only as the development of a great principle of succession by which the treasures of the mind are circulated and equalized; as shoots by which the stream of improvement is forcibly directed into new channels, to fertilize new soils and

awaken new capabilities. The history of book-collecting teaches us a similar lesson. The love which so often amounted to a positive passion for the exquisite productions of the Age of Illuminated Manuscripts, all but died with the introduction of the printing-press, which in reality was but a continuation of the old art in a new form. And so on, down through the successive decades and generations of the past four centuries, the decline—but not the death, for such a term cannot be applied to any phase of book-collecting—of one particular aspect of the hobby has synchronized with the birth of several others, sometimes more worthy, and at others less. An exhaustive inquiry into the various and manifold changes through which the human mind passed alone might account for these various developments, which it is not the intention of the present writer on this occasion to analyze.

The rise and progress of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls 'the black-letter mania' gave the death-blow to the long-cherished school of poetry of which Pope may be taken as the most distinguished exponent. 'Men of loftier taste and bolder fancy early remonstrated against this chilling confinement of the noblest, the most aspiring, and most expansive of all the Arts. . . . It was not till the commotion of Europe broke the chain of indolence and insipid effeminacy that the stronger passions of readers required again to be stimulated and exercised and soothed, and that the minor charms of correctness were sacrificed to the ardent efforts of uncontrolled and unfearing genius. The authors of this class began to look back for their materials to an age of hazardous freedom, and copious and untutored eloquence: an age in which the world of words and free and native ideas was not contracted and blighted by technical critics

and cold and fastidious scholars.' To abandon the abstract for the more matter-of-fact details of sober history, the mania to which Brydges alludes may be said to date itself from the spring of 1773. The occasion was the sale in London of the library of James West, President of the Royal Society. George Nicol, the bookseller, was an extensive purchaser at this sale for the King, for whom, indeed, he acted in a similar capacity up to the last. Nicol told Dibdin 'with his usual pleasantry and point, that he got abused in the public papers, by Almon and others, for 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.' The absurdity of this report was soon proved at subsequent sales. Dibdin adds, as a circumstance highly honourable to the King, that '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 progressive or literary pursuits; thus using the power of his purse in a manner at once merciful and wise.'

George Nicol, the King's Bookseller.

The impetus which book-collecting, and more particularly the section to which we have just referred, received by the dispersal of the West Library gathered in force as time went on, reaching its climax with the Roxburghe sale thirty-nine years afterwards. The enthusiasm culminated in a club—the Roxburghe, which still flourishes. The warfare (at Roxburghe House, St. James's Square), as Mr. Silvanus Urban has recorded, was equalled only by the courage and gallantry displayed on the plains of Salamanca about the same period. 'As a pillar, or other similar memorial, could not be conveniently

erected to mark the spot where so many bibliographical champions fought and conquered, another method was adopted to record their fame, and perpetuate this brilliant epoch in literary annals. Accordingly, a phalanx of the most hardy veterans has been enrolled under the banner of the far-famed Valdarfer's Boccaccio of 1471. . . . The first anniversary meeting of this noble band was celebrated at the St. Alban's Tavern [St. Alban's Street, now Waterloo Place] on Thursday, June 17, 1813, being the memorable day on which the before-mentioned Boccaccio was sold for £2,260. The chair was taken by Earl Spencer (perpetual president of the club), supported by Lords Morpeth and Gower, and the following gentlemen,[61:A] viz., Sir E. Brydges, Messrs. W. Bentham, W. Bolland, J. Dent, T. F. Dibdin (vice-president), Francis Freeling, Henry Freeling, Joseph Hazlewood, Richard Heber, Thomas C. Heber, G. Isted, R. Lang, J. H. Markland, J. D. Phelps, T. Ponton, junior, J. Towneley, E. V. Utterson, and R. Wilbraham. Upon the cloth being removed, the following appropriate toasts were delivered from the chair:

1. The cause of Bibliomania all over the world.

2. The immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer, the printer of the Boccaccio of 1471.

3. The immortal memory of William Caxton, first English printer.

4. The immortal memory of Wynkyn de Worde.

5. The immortal memory of Richard Pynson.

6. The immortal memory of Julian Notary.

7. The immortal memory of William Faques.

8. The immortal memory of the Aldine family.

9. The immortal memory of the Stephenses.

10. The immortal memory of John, Duke of Roxburghe.

'After these the health of the noble president was proposed, and received by the company standing, with three times three. Then followed the health of the worthy vice-president (proposed by Mr. Heber), which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was drunk with similar honours. . . . The president was succeeded in the chair by Lord Gower, who, at midnight, yielded to Mr. Dent; and that gentleman gave way to the Prince of Bibliomaniacs, Mr. Heber. Though the night, or rather the morning, wore apace, it was not likely that a seat so occupied would be speedily deserted; accordingly, the "regal purple stream" ceased not to flow till "Morning oped her golden gates," or, in plain terms, till past four o'clock.' Such is a brief account of the Roxburghe Club, which is limited to thirty-one members, one black ball being fatal to the candidate who offers

himself for a vacancy, and each member in his annual turn has to print a book or pamphlet, and to present to his fellow-members a copy. Before making any further reference to the *personnel* of the Roxburghe Club, we quote, from a literary journal of 1823, the following trenchant paragraph, *à propos* of a similar club in Scotland:

'BIBLIOMANIA.—This most ridiculous of all the affectations of the day has lately exhibited another instance of its diffusion, in the establishment of a *Roxburghe*[62:A] *Club* in Edinburgh. Its object, we are told, "is the republication of scarce and valuable tracts, especially poetry."—"Republication!" In what manner? Commonsense forbid that the system of the London Roxburghe Club be adopted. Of this there are some four-and-twenty members or so, who dine together a certain number of times in the year, and each member in his turn republishes some old tract at his own expense. There are just so many copies printed as there are members of the club, and one copy is presented to each. It is evident that no sort of good can be effected by this system, and, indeed, there has not yet resulted any benefit to the literature of the country from the Roxburghe Club. They have not published a single book of any conceivable merit. The truth is that the members, for the most part, are a set of persons of no true taste, of no proper notion of learning and its uses—very considerable persons in point of wealth, but very *so-so* in point of intellect.'

Thomas Frognall Dibdin, Bibliographer.

The primary aim and object of the Roxburghe Club were clearly enough indicated in the first list of members, for the association of men with kindred tastes is at all times a highly commendable one. The Roxburghe Club might have sustained its *raison d'être*, if it had drawn the line at such men as Thomas Frognall Dibdin and Joseph Hazlewood. The foregoing extract from the *Museum* of 1823 exactly indicates the position which the club at that time held in public estimation. It had degenerated into a mere drinking and gormandizing association, alike a disgrace to its more respectable members and an

insult to the nobleman whose name it was dragging through the mire. Those who have an opportunity of consulting the *Athenæum* for 1834 will find, in the first four issues of January, one of the most scathing exposures to which any institution has ever been subjected. Hazlewood had died, and his books came into the sale-room. Never had the adage of 'Dead men tell no tales' been more completely falsified. Hazlewood, who does not seem to have been unpleasantly particular in telling the truth when living, told it with a vengeance after his death; for among his papers there was a bundle entitled 'Roxburghe Revels,' which Thorpe purchased for £40, the editor of the *Athenæum* being the under-bidder. A few days afterwards, and for the weighty consideration of a £10 note profit, the lot passed into the hands of Mr. Dilke, and the articles to which we have referred followed.[64:A] If anything could have made the deceased Joseph turn in his grave, it would have been the attention which he received at the unsparing hands of Mr. Dilke. The excellent Mr. Dibdin survived the exposure several years. The castigation proved beneficial to the club; and if its revelries were no less boisterous than heretofore, it at all events circulated among its members books worthy of the name of Roxburghe, and edited in a scholarly manner. The club still flourishes, with the Marquis of Salisbury as its president, and the list of its members will be found in our chapter on 'Modern Collectors.'

Rev. C. Mordaunt Cracherode, M.A., Book-colle

One of the mighty book-hunters of the last century was the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode (whose father went out as a commander of marines in Anson's ship, and whose share in the prize-money made him a wealthy man), who died on April 6, 1799, in his seventieth year. His splendid library now forms a part of the British Museum. It contains the most choice copies in classical and Biblical literature, and many of these are on vellum. His collection of editions of the fifteenth century Mr. Cracherode used modestly to call a 'specimen' one; 'they form perhaps the most perfect *collana* or

necklace ever strung by one man.' Several of the books formerly belonged to Grolier. His library was valued at £10,000 at or about the time of his death; it would probably now realize considerably over ten times that amount if submitted to auction. The value of his prints was placed at £5,000. Cracherode was an excellent scholar, and an amiable; his passion for collecting was strong even in death, for whilst he was at the last extremity his agent was making purchases for him. He was one of the most constant habitués of Tom Payne's, and at his final visit he put an Edinburgh Terence in one pocket and a large-paper Cebes in the other. His house was in Queen Square, Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park.

Reverting once more to the change which had been effected in the fancies of book-collectors, James Bindley, whose library was sold after his decease in 1819, and James Perry, who died in 1821, may be regarded as typical collectors of the transition period. Both are essentially London book-hunters—the former was an official in the Stamp Office, and the latter was, *inter alia*, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Bindley, to whom John Nichols dedicated his 'Literary Anecdotes,' was a book-hunter who made very practical use of his scholarly tastes and ample means. He haunted the bookstalls and shops with the pertinacity of a tax-gatherer, and if his original expenditure were placed by the side of the total which his collection of books brought after his death, no more convincing arguments in favour of book-hunting could possibly be needed. Bindley is the 'Leontes' of Dibdin's 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and his collection of poetical rarities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was one of the most remarkable which had ever been got together. Not many of the items had cost him more than a few

shillings each, and they realized almost as many pounds as he had paid shillings. Perry was a journalist first and a book-collector afterwards, but in many respects there was a great similarity in the tastes of the two rival bibliophiles. Perry's was the more extensive collection—it was sold in four parts, 1822-23—and perhaps on the whole much more generally interesting. Evans, the auctioneer, described it as 'an extraordinary assemblage of curious books, Early English poetry, old tracts and miscellaneous literature.' The *cheval de bataille* of the fourth part consisted of 'a most Curious, Interesting and Extraordinarily Extensive Assemblage of Political and Historical Pamphlets of the Last and Present Century.' This collection was comprised in thirty-five bundles. Perry made a speciality of facetiæ, pamphlets on the French Revolution, and Defoe's works, but the two cornerstones of his library were a copy of the Mazarin Bible and a First Folio Shakespeare.

Among the many book-collectors whose careers link the past century with the present, few are more worthy of notice than Francis Douce, who died in the spring of 1834, aged seventy-seven. He was for a short time Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. His fortune was much increased by being left one of the residuary legatees of Nollekens, the sculptor—to the extent, in fact, of £50,000. Dibdin, who was for many years a near neighbour and intimate friend at Kensington, describes Douce's library as 'eminently rich and curious . . . not a book but what had its fly-leaf written upon. In short, no man ever lived so much with, and so entirely for, his books as did he.' Douce is the Prospero of the 'Bibliomania.' His books he bequeathed to the Bodleian, and his MSS. to the British Museum, the stipulation in the latter case

being that they are not to be opened until 1900! In manners and appearance Douce was singular and strange, rough to strangers, but gentle and kind to those who knew him intimately. He was of the old school as regards dress, wearing as he did a little flaxen wig, an old-fashioned square-cut coat, with what M. Jacob calls 'quarto pockets.' Several of his letters are printed in Dibdin's 'Literary Recollections.'

Two other distinguished book-collectors, contemporary with Douce, and, like him, benefactors to the Bodleian, may be mentioned here—Richard Gough (1739-1809), the antiquary; and Edmond Malone (1741-1812), the Shakespearian scholar. Gough's gift consisted of the topographical portion of his library; the remainder, comprising 4,373 lots, realizing the total of £3,552, came under the hammer at Leigh and Sotheby's in 1810, realizing what were then considered very fancy prices (a selection of which are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxxx., part ii.). The Malone collection, which became the property of the Bodleian through the influence of Lord Sunderlin in 1815, comprised what the collector himself describes as 'the most curious, valuable, and extensive collection ever assembled of ancient English plays and poetry.' It would probably be impossible now to form another such collection. Malone told Caldwell, who repeats the remarkable fact, that he had procured every dramatic piece mentioned by Langbaine, excepting four or five—the advantage, observes that gentleman, of living in London. The number of volumes amounts to about 3,200. As his biographer, Sir James Prior, has pointed out, his collection in the Bodleian remains distinct, and is creditable 'alike to the industry, taste, and patience by which it was brought together.' And further: 'None of his

predecessors have attempted what he accomplished. Few of his successors have, on most points, added materially to our knowledge.' Yet a third benefactor to the Bodleian may be conveniently mentioned here. Thomas Caldecott, who was born in 1744, and died in 1833, was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and afterwards a Bencher of the Middle Temple. He resided chiefly at Dartford, and formed a choice library of black-letter books, and the productions of the Elizabethan period. He attacked with considerable asperity and ability Shakespearian commentators, such as Steevens and Malone; and his rivals did not spare his edition of two of Shakespeare's plays when they came out. He presented the gems of his library, the Shakespeare quartos, to the Bodleian; but the remainder of his books, including many excessively rare and several unique pieces, came up for sale at Sotheby's in 1833, and realized a total of £1,210 6s. 6d.

The splendid library of John Dent, of Hertford Street, sold by Evans in 1827, producing the sum of £15,040, had a curious history. The nucleus of it was formed towards the close of the last century by Haughton James, who, in a moment of conviviality, and without a due consideration of its true value, transferred it to Robert Heathcote,[68:A] who made several additions, and from whose possession it passed about 1807 into that of John Dent. The sale of the Dent library is described by Dibdin as exhibiting the 'first grand melancholy symptoms of the decay of the Bibliomania.' The chief attraction was the Sweynheym and Pannartz Livy, 1469, on vellum, which fell (in more senses than one) under the hammer for £262, Dent having paid £903 for it at Sir Mark Sykes' sale. Both the purchasers, Payne and Foss, and Dibdin, made strenuous efforts to persuade

the Earl of Spencer to purchase it, but unsuccessfully; it subsequently became the property of Grenville, and passed with his collection into the British Museum. Dent is the Pontevallo of the 'Bibliomania,' and Baroccio of the 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and does not seem to have been an altogether amiable specimen of the fraternity. Canning used to say that he once found Dent deep in the study of an open book which was upside down!

A much more genial bibliomaniac, Sir William Bolland, calls for notice; he was one of the original members of the Roxburghe Club, which, in fact, was first suggested at a dinner-party at his house, June 4, 1812. He died May 14, 1840, aged sixty-eight, and his library, which comprised 2,940 lots, and realized £3,019, was sold by Evans, and included many choice books. One of the greatest bargains which this distinguished collector secured during his career became his property through the medium of Benjamin Wheatley, who purchased a bundle of poetical tracts from the Chapter Library at Lincoln for 80 guineas. When the inevitable sale came, one of these trifles, 'The Rape of Lucrece,' alone realized 100 guineas.

George Chalmers (1742-1825), who is described as 'the most learned and the most celebrated of all the antiquaries and historians of Scotland,' was also one of the giant book-collectors of the present century, and differed from the majority of collectors in being a prolific and versatile author. At his death his nephew became the possessor of his extensive library, but on the death of the nephew the books were placed in the hands of Evans, who sold them in two parts, September, 1841, and February, 1842, and realized over £4,100. The second part was very rich

in Shakespeariana, and included the 'Sonnets,' 1609, £105; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600 (second edition), £105; and many other important items. In the first part of the sale, Marlowe's 'Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,' 1595 (believed to be unique), sold for £131; and the only perfect copy then known of Patrick Hannay's 'Nightingale,' 1622, from the libraries of Bindley, Perry, Sykes and Rice, £13 5s. The third part of Chalmers' library, which consisted for the most part of works relative to Scotland, particularly in illustration of the History of Printing in that Country, was also sold by Evans in 1842. Among other book-collectors of this period we may mention particularly the Rev. Henry Joseph Thomas Drury, whose library was rich in classics, all for the most part finely bound; it came under the hammer at Evans's in 1827 (4,729 lots); Dr. Isaac Gosset, who died in 1812, in his sixty-eighth year, and whose library, comprising 5,740 lots, realized £3,141 7s. 6d. at Leigh and Sotheby's in 1813; the Rev. Jonathan Boucher (1738-1804), Vicar of Epsom, who, like George Chalmers, for many years resided in America, was, also like him, an inveterate book-collector to whom everything in the shape of a book was welcome: his sale occupied Leigh and Sotheby thirty-nine days, in 1806, the total being over £4,510.

III.

The history of the second and third quarters of the present century makes mention of very few collectors of the first rank. Among the more important of those whose libraries came under the hammer within that period, we may specially refer to the following: William Upcott, who started early in life as an

assistant to R. H. Evans, but who in 1806 became sub-librarian of the London Institution. He was one of the first to take up autograph-collecting, of which, indeed, he has been termed the pioneer. He certainly collected with great advantage and knowledge, and his vast accumulations were sold at Sotheby's in four batches during 1846, he having died in September, 1845; John Hugh Smyth Piggott, whose library, in three portions, was sold at the same place, 1847-54; W. Y. Ottley, the prolific writer of books on art, 1849; W. Holgate, of the Post Office, whose library included a number of Shakespeariana, June, 1846; Hanrott, 1857; Sir Thomas Bernard, 1855; Isaac D'Israeli, the author of 'Curiosities of Literature,' in 1849, and his unsparing critic, Bolton Corney, in 1871; S. W. Singer, in four parts, 1860; J. Orchard Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps), in 1856, 1857, and 1859; and the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, part of whose books were sold, far below their worth, in 1853, and the rest nine years later. Many of the foregoing were literary men, who aimed rather at getting together a useful library than one of rarities. The sale of all such libraries makes a very sorry show beside that of the more ostentatious collections. For instance, the books which Macaulay used with such brilliant effect, and including among them an extraordinary number of tracts, many excessively rare, only realized £426 15s. 6d., when sold in 1863 in 1,011 lots. Douglas Jerrold's little library, sold in August, 1859, in 307 lots, only fetched £173 3s. In very strong contrast to these is the remarkable little library, formed between 1820 and 1830 by Henry Perkins, of Hanworth Park, Feltham, a member of the brewing firm. This collection comprised only 865 lots, but when sold at Sotheby's in June, 1873, the total was found to be close on £26,000! There was a

copy each of the 42-line and 40-line Gutenberg Bible —the former is now in the Huth Library, and the latter in the Ashburnham Library; several other very early printed Bibles, including Coverdale's, Matthews', and Cranmer's, two works printed by Caxton, with many other important books were sold.

The late George Daniel (who was born about 1790) may be regarded as the connecting link between the collectors of the early part of the present century and those of to-day. When, for example, Perry and Bindley left off, Daniel commenced. There was no great rush after Shakespeare quartos in the earlier part of the present century, and book-collecting for a time ceased to be the pet hobby of wealthy members of the peerage. When George Daniel, a critic and bibliographer of exceptional abilities, began to collect, he soon made Shakespeare, as well as the earlier English poets, objects of solicitude. He resided for many years in the historic old red-brick tower at Canonbury.[72:A] The sale of Daniel's extraordinary collection was held at Sotheby's in July, 1864, when a First Folio, one of the finest in the world—now in the possession of Baroness Burdett-Coutts—sold for £716 2s., and when twenty of the Shakespeare quartos realized a total of about £3,000.

Canonbury Tower, George Daniel's Residence.

George Daniel is now remembered by but few book-collectors. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt knew him very well, and describes him as a retired accountant, whose idiosyncrasy consisted of *rares morçeaux*, *bonnes bouches*, uniques—copies of books with a *provenance*, or in jackets made for them by Roger Payne—nay, in the original parchment or paper wrapper, or in a bit of real mutton which certain men call sheep. He was a person of literary tastes, and had written books in his day. But his chief celebrity was as an acquirer of those of others, provided always that they were old enough or rare enough. An item never passed into

his possession without at once *ipso facto* gaining new attributes, almost invariably worded in a holograph memorandum on the fly-leaf. Daniel was in the market at a fortunate and peculiar juncture, just when prices were depressed, about the time of the great Heber sale. His marvellous gleanings came to the hammer precisely when the quarto Shakespeare, the black-letter romance, the unique book of Elizabethan verse, had grown worth ten times their weight in sovereigns. Sir William Tite, J. O. Halliwell, and Henry Huth were to the front. It was in 1864. What a wonderful sight it was! No living man had ever witnessed the like. Copies of Shakespeare, printed from the prompters' MSS. and published at fourpence, fetched £300 or £400. I remember old Joseph Lilly, when he had secured the famous Ballads, which came from the Tollemaches of Helmingham Hall, holding up the folio volume in which they were contained in triumph as someone whom he knew entered the room. Poor Daniel! he had no mean estimate of his treasures—what he had was always better than what you had. Books, prints, autographs—it was all the same. I met him one morning in Long Acre. I had bought a very fine copy of Taylor, the Water Poet. "Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I saw it; but not quite so fine as mine." He went up to Highgate to look through the engravings of Charles Matthews the elder. They were all duplicates—of course inferior ones. "Damn him, sir!" cried Matthews afterwards to a friend; "I should like him to have had a duplicate of my wooden leg."

J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

John Payne Collier, who was born a year before Daniel, but who lived until 1883, was a collector with very similar tastes. He had been a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, and in all probability imbibed some of his book-collecting zeal from Perry. His book-buying and literary career commenced, according to his own account, in 1804 or 1805, when his father took him into the shop of Thomas Rodd, senior, on which occasion he purchased his 'first Old English book of any value,' namely, Wilson's 'Art of Logic,' printed by Grafton, 1551; from this he ascertained that 'Ralf Roister Doister' was an older

play than 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' and also that it was by Nicholas Udal, Master of Eton School. When in Holland, in the winter of 1813-14, Collier purchased among other books an imperfect copy of Tyndale's 'Gospel of St. Matthew,' to which, as he says in his 'Diary,' 'the date of 1526 [1525] has been assigned, and which seems to be the very earliest translation into English of any portion of the New Testament. Many years afterwards—I think in the spring of 1832—I happened to show it to Rodd, the learned bookseller. I was at that time ignorant on the subject, and Rodd offered me books to the value of two or three pounds for it. I gladly accepted them.' This fragment, for which Collier paid a florin, was sold to Mr. Grenville by Rodd for £50, and is now in the British Museum. Writing in the *Athenæum*, January 31, 1852, he gives an account of the origin of events which led to one of the fiercest literary quarrels of modern times: 'A short time before the death of the late Mr. Rodd, of Newport Street [*i.e.* early in 1849], I happened to be in his shop when a considerable parcel of books arrived from the country. He told me that they had been bought for him at an auction—I think in Bedfordshire. . . . He unpacked them in my presence . . . and there were two which attracted my attention, one being a fine copy of Florio's "Italian Dictionary," of the edition of 1611, and the other a much-thumbed, abused, and imperfect copy of the Second Folio of Shakespeare, 1632. The first I did not possess, and the last I was willing to buy, inasmuch as I apprehended it would add some missing leaves to a copy of the same impression which I had had for some time on my shelves. As was his usual course, Mr. Rodd required a very reasonable price for both; for the first I remember I gave 12*s.* and for the last only £1

10s. . . . On the outside of one of the covers was inscribed, "Tho. Perkins, his booke.'" Collier was vexed at finding that the volume contained no leaves which would help him in completing the volume he already had. He had employed another person to do the collating, and it was not until some considerable time after, and on examining thoroughly the volume himself, that he discovered it to contain a large series of emendations, which Collier included in his 'Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1853, which set the whole town by the ears. Collier's library was dispersed at Sotheby's in 1884; it was an unusually interesting sale, and included many very rare and curious books.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
From the Portrait by G. Dawe, R.A., 1812.

Southey, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, and William Hazlitt were book-collectors of a type which deserves a niche to itself. Writing to Coleridge in 1797, Lamb says: 'I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am, rather, just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's "No Cross, no Crown." I like it immensely.' Lamb's ideas of book-marking are to be found in his correspondence with Coleridge, in which he states that a book reads the better when the topography of its plots and notes is

thoroughly mastered, and when we 'can trace the dirt in it, to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe.' Lamb's library consisted for the most part of tattered volumes in a dreadful state of repair. Lamb, like Young, the poet, dog-eared his books to such an extent that many of them would hardly close at all. From the correspondence of Bernard Barton we get a glimpse at Lamb's cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington—a white house with six good rooms. 'You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books.' Barton also writes: 'What chiefly attracted me was a large old book-case full of books. I could but think how many long walks must have been taken to bring them home, for there were but few that did not bear the mark of having been bought at many a bookstall—brown, dark-looking books, distinguished by those white tickets which told how much their owner had given for each.'

Lamb's Cottage at Colebrook Row, Islington

In an edition of Donne [? 1669] which belonged to Lamb, Coleridge scrawled: 'I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I have be-scribbled your book. S. T. C., 2nd May, 1811.' Lamb was too good-natured to be a book-collector. On one occasion William Hazlitt[77:A] sent Martin Burney to Lamb to borrow Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and Lamb being out, Burney took it, a high-handed proceeding which involved the borrower in a blowing-up. Coleridge at another time helped himself to Luther's 'Table-Talk,' and this also called forth a great outcry. A copy of Chapman's

Homer, which passed through the hands of Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge, eventually turned up in one of Lilly's catalogues. This identical copy is noticed in an account of Rydal Mount which appeared in the first volume of *Once a Week*. Coleridge, of course, has made a number of notes in it, and in one of these he describes the translation as 'an exquisite poem, spite of its frequent and perverse quaintness and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language.'

William Hazlitt.

The difference between a bibliophile and a bibliomaniac has been described as between one who adorns his mind, and the other his book-cases. Of the bibliomaniac as here characterized, we can suggest no better type than Thomas Hill, the original of Poole's 'Paul Pry,' and of Hull in Hook's novel, 'Gilbert Gurney.' Devoid as Hill was of intellectual endowments, he managed to obtain and secure the friendship of many eminent men—of Thomas Campbell, the poet, Matthews and Liston, the comedians, Hook, Dubois, John and Leigh Hunt, James and Horace Smith, John Taylor, editor of the *Sun*, Horace Twiss, Baron Field, Sir George Rose, Barnes, subsequently editor of the *Times*, Cyrus Redding, and many others. That he was kind-hearted and hospitable nearly everyone has testified, and his literary parties at his Sydenham Tusculum were quite important events, in spite of the ponderosity of his well-worn stories. During the more acute stages of bibliomania in this country at the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, 'when the Archaica, Heliconia, and Roxburghe Clubs were outbidding each other for old black-letter works . . . when books, in short, which had only become scarce because they were always worthless, were purchased upon the same principle as that costly and valueless coin, a Queen Anne's farthing,' Hill had been a constant collector of rare and other books which were in demand. That he knew nothing of the insides of his books is very certain; but he knew how much each copy would bring at an auction, and how much it had brought at all previous sales. When the bibliomania had reached its height, Messrs. Longman and Co. determined upon embarking in such a lucrative branch of the trade; they applied to Hill for advice and assistance, offering to begin by the

purchase of his entire collection, a proposition which he embraced with alacrity. He drew up a *catalogue raisonné* of his books, affixing his price for each volume. The collection was despatched in three or four trunks to Paternoster Row, and he received in payment the acceptances of the firm for as many thousand pounds. From some cause or other, the purchasers soon repented of their bargain, but the only terms which Horace Smith could obtain for the Longmans was an extension in the term of payment. Hill declared that the collection was worth double the price he had been paid for it. For many years Hill assisted Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, in making selections of rare books for his fine library at Tavistock House, particularly in the department of facetiæ. After leaving Sydenham, Hill took chambers in James Street, Adelphi, where he resided until his death. The walls of his rooms were completely hidden by books, and his couch was 'enclosed in a lofty circumvallation of volumes piled up from the carpet.' He was never married, had no relations, and even his age was a source of mystery to his friends. James Smith once said to him: 'The fact is, Hill, the register of your birth was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, and you take advantage of the accident to conceal your real age.' Hook went further by suggesting that he might originally have been one of the little hills recorded as skipping in the Psalms. Hill died in 1840, his age being placed at eighty-three years. Horace Smith said 'he could not believe that Hill was dead, and he could not insult a man he had known so long; Hill would reappear.'

Thomas Hill, after Maclise.

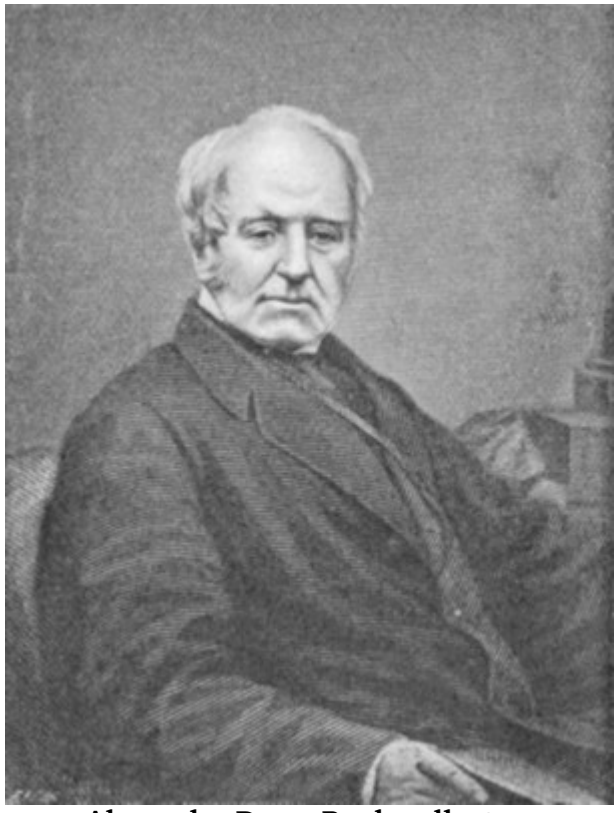
Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, was also a book-collector, but not in the sense of one who aims at number. His house at 22, St. James's Place, overlooking Green Park, was for over half a century —he had removed here from the Temple about 1803 —one of the most celebrated meeting-places of literature and art in London. Byron, in his 'Diary,' says, 'If you enter his house—his drawing-room, his library—you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book, thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious

elegance in the possessor.' A writer in the *Athenæum* of December 29, 1855, a few days after the poet's death, describes the library as 'lined with bookcases surmounted by Greek vases, each one remarkable for its exquisite beauty of form. Upon the gilt lattice-work of the bookcases are lightly hung in frames some of the finest original sketches by Raphael, Michelangelo, and Andrea del Sarto; and finished paintings by Angelico da Fiesole, and Fouquet of Tours.' Among the treasures of the library were the MSS. of Gray, in their perfect calligraphy, and the famous agreement between Milton and the publisher Simmonds, for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost.'

Samuel Rogers's House in St. James's Pla

Tom Moore the poet, and his friend and fellow-countryman, Thomas Crofton Croker, were both book-collectors. The library of the former was, in 1855, presented by his widow to the Royal Irish Academy, 'as a memorial of her husband's taste and erudition.' Croker's books, which were dispersed after his death, contain an exceedingly curious book-plate, either indicating the possessor's residence, 'Rosamond's Bower, Fulham,' or '3, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton,' the various learned societies to which he belonged, with the additional information that he was founder and president (1828-1848) of the

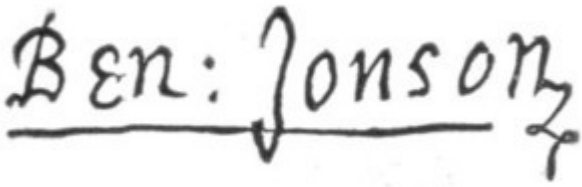
Society of Novimagus. Charles Dickens, Thackeray, W. Harrison Ainsworth (the collection of the last was sold at Sotheby's in 1882, and realized £469 19s. 6d.), and Charles Lever were not book-collectors in the usual sense of the word.

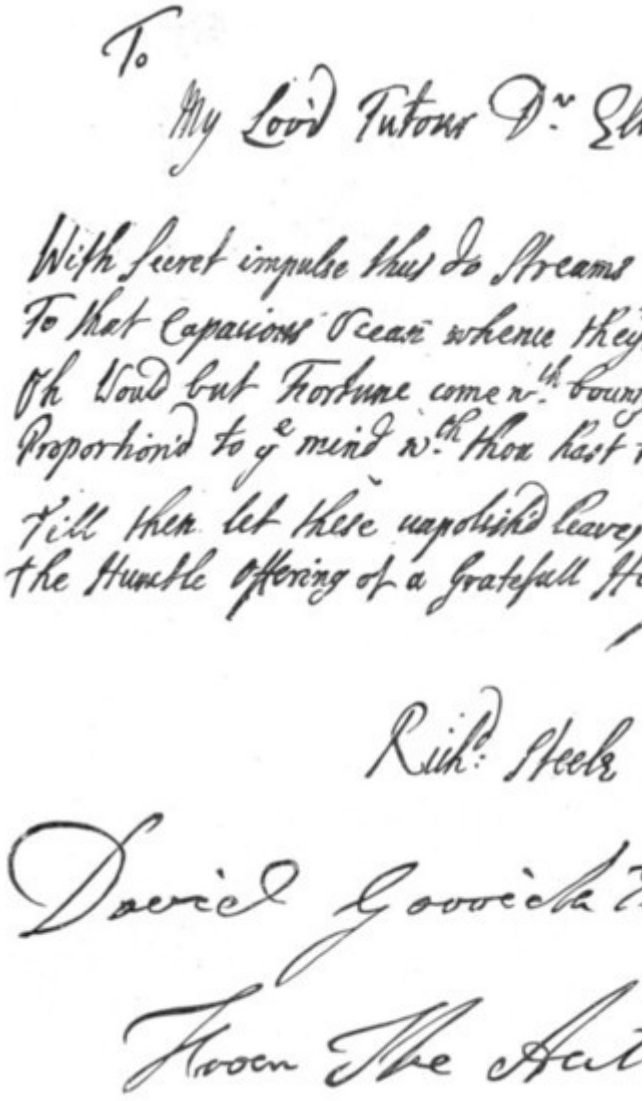


Alexander Dyce, Book-collector.

Among the more notable literary men who were also book-collectors of this period, whose libraries are still preserved intact, are Alexander Dyce and John Forster. Their collections, now at South Kensington, are perhaps more particularly notable for the extraordinary number of books which were once the

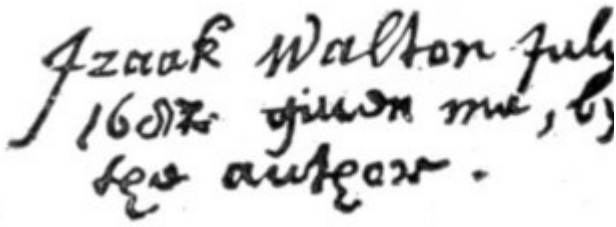
property of famous men. Mr. Dyce, who was born in Edinburgh, June, 1798, and died in 1869, bequeathed to the Museum 14,000 books, whilst the library of his friend and executor, John Forster (1812-1876), contained upwards of 18,000 books, in addition to a number of autographs, pictures, etc. The more interesting books of a 'personal' nature in these two libraries are the following: Drayton's 'Battaile of Agincourt,' 1627, a presentation copy to Sir Henry Willoughby, with inscription in Drayton's autograph; a French cookery-book, with Gray's autograph on the title; Ben Jonson's copy (with his autograph) of the first collected edition of Marston's plays, 1633; a copy of Steele's 'Christian Hero,' with some verses in his autograph addressed to Dr. Ellis, Head-master of the Charterhouse when Steele was at school. Sheridan's plays include a presentation copy of 'The Rivals,' with an inscription to David Garrick. The foregoing are all in the Dyce Collection.




To
My Lov'd Tutour Dr. Gl
With secret impulse thus do Streams
To that Capacious Ocean whence they
Oh Would but Fortune come wth bound
Proportion'd to ye mind wth thou hast
Till then let these unpolish'd leaves
the Humble offering of a Gratefull H
Rich'd Steele
David Garrick
From The Aut

That of John Forster includes a copy of Addison's 'Travels in Italy,' with an autograph inscription by the author: 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the

Greatest Genius of his age, this Book is presented by his most Humble Servant the Author.' Among the many books on America, there is one with John Locke's autograph. The copy of the fourth edition of Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' 1811, is that which was given by the author to Leigh Hunt, and contains the poet's autograph and many corrections; a presentation copy of Flatman's 'Poems and Songs,' 1682, to Izaak Walton, who has inscribed his autograph in it; Gay's copy of Horace; some proof-sheets of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets;' a copy of Keats's 'Lamia,' 1820, with an autograph inscription and a sonnet 'On the Grasshopper and the Cricket,' also in the poet's handwriting; Gray's copy of Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding,' a copy of the 'Dunciad,' 1729, with the inscription 'Jonath: Swift, 1729, amicissimi autoris donum'; and Isaac Newton's copy of Wheare's 'Method and Order of Reading Histories,' 1685.



Apropos of books of distinguished ownership, the collecting of them sometimes takes an eccentric turn; for example, the third Lord Holland brought together all the various copies (now at Holland House) upon which he could lay hands of Fox's 'History of the Reign of James II.,' which belonged to distinguished people, and amongst these former owners were Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Philip Francis, C. E. Jerningham, Rogers, and General Fitzpatrick; and as many of the copies contained MS. notes, the interest of the collection will be readily understood.

A brief review of the principal book-collectors whose libraries—formed for the most part by men who lived in London—have been dispersed during the past dozen years will not be without interest; those which have been already referred to are, of course, omitted here. James Comerford, F.S.A., by profession a notary public, who inherited from his father a love of books, and also a considerable collection, had an exceedingly fine library, which consisted for the most part of topographical works, many of them on large paper with proof-plates. He was in his seventy-sixth year when he died, and his books, which were sold at Sotheby's in November, 1882 (thirteen days), realized a total of £8,327 13s. Frederic Ouvry, who died in June, 1881, was partner in the firm of Farrer, Ouvry, and Co., of Lincoln's Inn; he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1848, and for twenty years was the society's treasurer, and succeeded Earl Stanhope as president. He was a man

of considerable means, and formed one of the most interesting and most choice of modern libraries. Many of his books fetched far higher sums than he had paid for them; for example, Drummond of Hawthornden's 'Forth Fasting,' 1617, cost him in 1858 £8 15s.—at his sale it fetched £60; and Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' 1598, advanced from £5 10s. to £63. Mr. Ouvry was an intimate friend of both Mr. Gladstone and Charles Dickens; a copy of the former's 'Gleanings of Past Years' was a presentation one from the author, and had the following inscription, 'Frederic Ouvry, Esq., from W. E. G., in memory of the work we have done together for fourteen years in full harmony of thought and act.' There were 177 autograph letters from Dickens, which sold for £150. The four folio Shakespeares sold for £420, £46, £116, £28; a copy of the first edition of Spenser's 'Faërie Queene,' 1590-96, £33; a copy of Daniel's 'Delia,' 1592, with corrections, supposed to be by the author, £88. The total of the six days' sale was £6,169 2s.

A very remarkable library came under the hammer at Sotheby's on March 21-25, 1884, when the unique collection of the late Francis Bedford, the eminent binder, was sold. The beauty of the bindings was naturally the most striking feature of the library, but there were many books which were rare or historically interesting apart from their coverings. For example, there was the identical Prayer-Book that was found in the pocket of Charles I. immediately after his execution; a copy of the Breeches Bible printed in Scotland, 1579; one of the Pearl Bible, 1653; a very fine copy of the 'Chronicon Nurembergense,' 1493. Bedford's own *chef d'œuvre*, a magnificent copy of Rogers' 'Italy' and 'Poems,' in olive morocco, super extra, realized £116, whilst the

total of the five days' sale was £4,867 6s. 6d.

Among the more notable collections sold during 1885-7, that of the late Leonard Laurie Hartley, at Puttick's, may be mentioned, containing as it did some important books. Mr. Hartley has been described as a voracious collector, and would buy almost anything the dealers offered him, and almost at any price; hence he speedily became known as a good client, and doubtless paid 'through the nose' for very many articles. The extraordinarily extensive collection of books and manuscripts formed by the late Sir Thomas Phillipps (who died in 1867), of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, and Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham, commenced selling at Sotheby's in 1886, and the supply is not yet by any means exhausted. Up to March, 1895, seven portions had been dispersed, the total being £15,766. Perhaps the most interesting item in this vast collection was the original autograph manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Swift,' which realized £230 in June, 1893.

During 1886 and 1887 the collections of two of the most genuine book-hunters that ever lived came under the hammer. Professor Edward Solly's extensive library of about 40,000 volumes, and comprising many rare books on Defoe, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Samuel Butler, Johnson, Gray, Cobbett, Paine, and also books of topography, biography, history, travel, antiquities, bibliography, etc., only realized the total of £1,544 13s. 6d. (November, 1886). The equally interesting library of the late W. J. Thoms, founder of *Notes and Queries*, and Deputy-Librarian of the House of Lords, realized two months after Mr. Solly's sale £1,094 9s. Mr. Thoms' library was considerably smaller than that of his friend Mr. Solly, but they ran on very similar lines, Mr. Thoms'

being particularly strong in quaint and out-of-the-way books relating to Pope, Junius, George IV., Queen Caroline, Princess Olive of Cumberland, Reynard the Fox, and Longevity. The first part of the library of another indefatigable book-hunter, Cornelius Walford, came under the hammer at the same place (Sotheby's) in February, 1887. Some interesting books were included in the four days' sale of the library of Sir William Hardy, F.S.A., late Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records (December, 1886), but the books were chiefly first editions of modern authors.

Book-collector.
Founder of Notes and Queries.

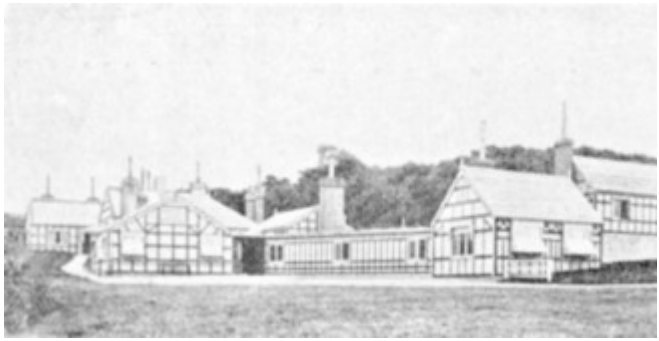
But the two great collections of books, equally celebrated in their way, with, however, little in common, which give to the year 1887 a most special importance, were those of the Earl of Crawford, and the first portion of the late James T. Gibson Craig's (of Edinburgh), both of which were dispersed in June, each occupying Messrs. Sotheby ten days in the

dispersal. The Crawford sale of 2,146 lots realized a total of £19,073 9s. 6d., or an average of over £8 17s. per lot, whilst the Gibson Craig sale of 2,927 lots produced only £6,803 8s., or an average of a little over £2 6s. The former included, however, a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, which realized £2,650, and a copy of Fust and Schoeffer's Bible, 1462, which sold for £1,025. Coverdale's Bible realized £226, and Tyndale's Bible £255, whilst Tyndale's New Testament, printed at Antwerp by Emperour, brought £230. The celebrated block-book, the Apocalypse of St. John, generally regarded as the second attempt in xylographic printing, realized £500. Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' 1590, first edition, sold for £93. (It may be here mentioned that the second portion of the Crawford library was sold in June, 1889, when 1,105 lots realized £7,324 4s. 6d.—three Caxtons produced a total of £588; Cicero, 'Old Age,' 1481, etc., £320; Higden's 'Policronicon,' 1482, £33; and 'Christine of Pisa,' 1489, £235.) The Gibson Craig collection was essentially a modern one, and included a number of finely illustrated books. One of the chief rarities was a copy of the first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' which fetched £50. There were also a number of autograph letters and MSS. of Sir Walter Scott, the most important of which was the MS. of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' £141. The second and third portions of the Gibson Craig library were sold in March and November, 1888, the total of the three sales being £15,509 4s. 6d. The library of the Earl of Aylesford was sold at Christie's, March 6-16, 1888; and in June and November of the same year, the extensive collection of the late R. S. Turner, of the Albany, occupied Messrs. Sotheby twenty-eight days, 7,568 lots realizing a total of over £16,000. A previous sale

of 774 items of his books occurred in France in 1878, and realized 319,100 francs. Turner's books included many exceedingly choice volumes bound by the most eminent craftsmen, such as Clovis Eve, Deseuil, Bozet, Derome, Padeloup, Capé, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Roger Payne, Bedford, and Rivière. Turner was born in 1819, and died in June, 1887. Perhaps the great book sensation of 1888 occurred in the sale at Christie's when a portion of the library of the late Lord Chancellor Hardwicke ('The Wimpole Library') was sold, and when a dozen tracts relating to America, bound together in a quarto volume, realized the unheard-of sum of £555. In the same sale also there were three Caxtons: the 'Game and Play of Chesse,' 1475-76, first edition, but not quite perfect, £260; and 'The Myrrour of the Worlde;' and Tullius 'De Amicitia,' both imperfect, in one volume, £60.

We can only briefly allude here to some of the more important collections which have been sold in London during the past six years. In the majority of instances they were the possession of deceased individuals, who for the most part lived out of London. In February, 1889, the Hopetoun House Library, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun, was sold at Sotheby's, 1,263 lots realizing £6,117 6s., the most important items in the sale being a copy of the Gutenberg-Fust Latin Bible, 1450-55, £2,000, and the *editio princeps* Virgil, 1469, £590. The library of Mr. John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, sold at the same place in the following March (2,368 lots = £7,072), was one of the most important collections dispersed in recent years; it was especially rich in first editions of modern writers, in *curious* books, and in literature relating to the drama; it included an exceedingly extensive

series of Cruikshankiana, many of which realized prices which have not since been maintained. The most important lots in the sale of a selection from the library of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Sotheby's, March 25-27, 1889, were five Caxtons, viz.: 'Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophirs,' 1477, first edition, £650; 'The Chronicles of England,' first edition, 1480, £470; the same, second edition, 1482, £45; Higden's 'Descripcion of Britayne,' 1480, £195; and the 'Royal Book, or Book for a King' (? 1487), £365.



Hollingbury Copse, the Residence of the late Mr. Hal

Many interesting items occurred in the sale (July, 1889) of the library of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (one of the most distinguished of London book-hunters), which occurred a few months after the venerable owner's death. The amount realized for 1,291 lots was £2,298 10s. 6d.; and among them were several Shakespeare quartos, in all instances slightly imperfect. By far the most important feature of the Shakespearian rarities, drawings and engravings, preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton—'that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which had the honour of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the great dramatist than are to be found in

any other of the world's libraries'—still remains intact, according to the late owner's direction. It was offered to the Corporation of Birmingham for £7,000, but without avail. The collection comprises early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, authentic personal relics, documentary evidences respecting his estates and individuals connected with his biography, and artistic illustrations of localities connected with his personal history. The most important of the several hundred items is perhaps the unique early proof of the famous Droeshout portrait, for which Halliwell-Phillipps gave £100, and for which an American collector offered him £1,000. A calendar of this extraordinary assembly was very carefully edited by Mr. E. E. Baker, F.S.A., in 1891, and the collection is still intact. Writing in June, 1887, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps himself tells us that for nearly half a century he had been an ardent Shakespearian collector, 'being most likely the only survivor of the little band who attended the sale of the library of George Chalmers somewhere about the year 1840. But for a long time, attempting too much in several directions with insufficient means, and harassed, moreover, by a succession of lawsuits, including two in the Court of Torture—I mean Chancery—I was unable to retain my accumulations; and thus it came to pass that bookcase full after bookcase full were disposed of, some by private contract, many under the vibrations of the auctioneer's hammer. This state of affairs continued till February, 1872, but since that period, by a strict limitation of my competitive resources to one subject —the Life of Shakespeare—I have managed to jog along without parting with a single article of any description.'

A much more important collection of Shakespeariana

than that which appeared in the Halliwell-Phillipps sale came under the hammer at the same place a few days afterwards, when the late Frederick Perkins's library was dispersed (2,086 lots realized £8,222 7s.). The sale, in fact, was the most important in this respect since that of George Daniel in 1864, to which, however, the Perkins Collection was considerably inferior. Mr. Perkins had spent many years of search and a large sum of money in collecting early editions of Shakespeare, but during the past thirty years not only has their value gone up in an appalling degree, but they are for the most part positively unprocurable. Under these depressing conditions, Mr. Perkins managed nevertheless to obtain eighteen first or very early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays; and poor as is this show when compared with that of George Daniel, it is doubtful whether a sale so extensive from the particular point of view under consideration as that of Mr. Perkins can be expected until well into the next century. The highest price was paid for 'The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth,' 1600, £225; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1599, fetched £164; the 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600 (printed by J. Roberts), £121; 'Henry V.,' 1608, third edition, £99. The First Folio fetched £415.

The dispersals of book-collections in 1890 included a few of considerable note. The exceedingly extensive one, for example, of the late Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was highly interesting as illustrating a phase of book-collecting which is now all but obsolete. It was rich in the classics, which three-quarters of a century ago would have created the greatest excitement. It occupied twenty-one days (May-June), when 6,919 lots realized a total of £10,982 3s.—a highly satisfactory result, when the general depreciation in the market

value of the classics is considered. The extensive library of Mr. Thomas Gaisford (2,218 lots, £9,182 15s. 6d.), which was sold in April, 1890, included not only some fine editions of the classics, but a remarkable series of Blake's works, first editions of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Swinburne, the four folio editions of Shakespeare, and a few quartos, notably the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1602, £385; 'Love's Labour Lost,' 1598, £140; and 'Much Adoe about Nothing,' 1600, £130, all first editions. Some very interesting and rare Shakespeare items occurred also in the sale of the library of the late Frederick William Cosens, 1890, *e.g.*, 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £270; and the 'Poems,' 1640, £61. The dramatic library of the late Frank Marshall (Sotheby's, June, 1890, £2,187 14s. 6d.), and the angling books of the late Francis Francis (Puttick's, July, 1890), were interesting collections in the way of special books.

The most noteworthy collections dispersed in 1891 included the Walton Hall library of the late Edward Hailstone, who was D.L. of the West Riding, Yorkshire (sold in February and April, 5,622 lots, £8,991 5s. 6d.), among which were many books of an exceedingly curious character; and the 'Lakelands' library of the late W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, co. Cork (3,428 lots, £21,255 19s. 6d.), remarkable on account of its copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio, 1471, £230; a copy (? unique) of Caviceo, 'Dialogue treselegant intitule le Peregrin,' 1527, on vellum, with the arms of France, £355; the Landino edition of Dante, 1481, with the engravings by Bacio Baldini from the designs by Botticelli, £360; Shakespeare's 'Lucrece,' 1594, £250, and 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £111; and the 'Legenda Aurea,' printed by Caxton, 1483, £465. The topographical and general library of the late Lord Brabourne was sold in May,

1891, also at Sotheby's; whilst the remainder of this library was sold at Puttick's in June, 1893. The collections scattered in 1892 included few of note, but we may mention those of the late Joshua H. Hutchinson, G. B. Anderson, and R. F. Cooke (a partner in the firm of John Murray, the eminent publisher) as including many first editions of modern authors; whilst those of John Wingfield Larking and Edwin Henry Lawrence, F.S.A., included a number of rare books, as may be gathered from the fact that the library of the former comprised 946 lots, which realized £3,925 13s., and that of the latter, 860 lots, £7,409 3s. The most interesting collection sold in 1893 was the selected portions from the books, MSS., and letters collected by William Hazlitt, his son, and his grandson; of the first importance in another direction was the sale of the Bateman heirlooms (books and MSS.).

The late Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, and late Rector of Middleton-Cheney, Banbury, and vice-president of the Roxburghe Club, was a veritable Heber in a small way. Besides the enormous quantity of books sold in two portions (twenty-two days in all) in February, 1893, and April, 1894, several vanloads were disposed of locally, as not being worth the cost of carriage to London. His library must have comprised nearly 100,000 volumes, of which only a small proportion had any commercial importance. He managed, however, in his long career, to pick up a few bargains, notably the Columbus 'Letter' ('Epistola Christofori Colom.,' four leaves, 1493, with which was bound up Vespucci, 'Mundus novus Albericus Vesputius,' etc., 1503, also four leaves), which cost him less than £5, and which realized £315; he also possessed a first edition of Goldsmith's

'Vicar of Wakefield,' 1766, £39 10s.; Keats's 'Poems,' first edition, 1817, in the original boards, £23 10s.; Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' 1749, first edition, uncut, in the original boards, £69. The two portions of the Buckley library sold at Sotheby's realized £9,420 9s. 6d. The smallest, as well as the choicest, library sold in 1894 (June 11) comprised the most select books from the collection of Mr. Birket Foster, the distinguished artist. The first, second, third, and fourth folio Shakespeares sold for £255, £56, £130, and £25 respectively; the quarto editions of the great dramatist included 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600, large copy, £122; 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £146; 'King Lear,' 1608, £100. Mr. Foster also possessed John Milton's copy of 'Lycophronis Alexandra,' which realized £90; an incomplete copy of Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' 1491, £77. The valuable and interesting dramatic and miscellaneous library of the late Frederick Burgess, of the Moore and Burgess minstrels, was sold at Sotheby's, in May-June, 1894, and included many choice editions of modern authors.

The late Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte was a giant among book-collectors, but his books were almost exclusively philological. Mr. Victor Collins, who has compiled an 'Attempt' at a catalogue, in which there are no less than 13,699 entries, states that 'as a young man the Prince was fond of chemistry, and on one occasion he was desirous of reading a chemical work that happened to exist only in Swedish. He learned Swedish for the purpose, and this gave him a taste for languages, very many of which he studied. His object in forming the library was to discover, rather perhaps to show, the relationship of all languages to each other. Nor was it only distinct languages he included in his plan, but their dialects,

their corruptions, even slang, thieves' slang—slang of all kinds. In carrying out his idea the Prince had of course the advantages of exceptional abilities, and, until the fall of the Empire, of unlimited money. Some of the bindings are very beautiful. As to the printing, the Prince for long had a fully-fitted printing-office on the basement floor of his house in Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater. The Prince being a Senator of France, a cousin of Louis Napoleon, and a well-known philologist, people brought him all sorts of interesting books. Therefore it is not surprising to find that the library includes rare works not present, for instance, in the British Museum. There are three early German Bibles which Mr. Gladstone, visiting the Prince once, thought should be presented to the British Museum. To the best of Mr. Gladstone's knowledge, one of the three did not exist anywhere else, and either of the three would be worth about £500. They are remarkable specimens of early German printing, and are profusely illustrated.' Mr. Collins calculates that there are at least 25,000 volumes in the collection, and that fully thirty alphabets are spread through them. This extraordinary collection, like the Shakespearian one formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, is still awaiting a purchaser (see the *Times*, July 25, 1895).

The collection, also a special one, of a recently-deceased book-collector may be mentioned here, and for the following particulars we are indebted to Mr. Elliot Stock: 'Edmund Waterton, the son of Charles Waterton, the naturalist, lived at first at Walton Hall, his father's residence. He sold this, and bought a house at Deeping, Waterton, where his ancestors formerly lived. He had a large old library, a great part of which he inherited from his father. His great pleasure was in his "Imitatio Christi" collection. He

succeeded in gathering together some 1,500 different editions, printed and MS. He had given commissions to booksellers all over Europe to send him any edition they might meet with, and one of the pleasures of his life was to see the foreign packets come by post. I sent him a seventeenth-century edition which I came across accidentally for his acceptance on "spec." It turned out it was one he had been looking for for a long time, and his letter describing his glee when it was brought up to his bedroom in the morning with his breakfast was very comic. He kept an oblong volume like a washing-book, with all the editions he knew of, some thousands in all, and his delight in ticking one more off the lengthy *desiderata* was like that of a schoolboy marking off the "days to the holidays." Edmund Waterton had a number of rare books besides those in his "Imitation" collection; notably a very tall First Folio Shakespeare, with contemporary comments made by some ancestor, who had also made good some of the missing pages in MS. He was a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More, on his mother's side, and possessed Sir T. More's clock, which still went when I stayed with him. It was apparently the same clock that hangs on the wall at the back of Holbein's celebrated picture of Sir Thomas More and his family. Waterton had one of the longest and clearest pedigrees in the country, tracing back to Saxon times without break; his family were Catholics, and seem to have lost most of their property in the troublous times of the Reformation. Anyone who was interested in the "Imitation," whether as a collector or not, always met with kindness, and almost affection, from him. The first time I met him—which arose from my making the facsimile of the Brussels MS.—he showed his confidence and goodwill by

lending me, for several days, his oblong record of editions to look over.'

Mr. Waterton's collection of the 'Imitation' came under the hammer at Sotheby's in January, 1895, in two lots. The first comprised six manuscripts and 762 printed editions, ancient and modern, in various languages, of this celebrated devotional work, arranged in languages in chronological order. It realized £101. The second lot comprised a collection of 437 printed editions, a few of which were not included in the former, and sold for the equally absurd amount of £43. The British Museum had the first pick of this collection, and the authorities were enabled to fill up a large number of gaps in their already extensive series of editions. The six MSS. and over 250 printed editions passed into the possession of Dr. Copinger, of Manchester, through Messrs. Sotheran, of the Strand, who, indeed, purchased the two 'lots' when offered at Sotheby's.

FOOTNOTES:

[47:A] 'In a small gloomy house within the gates of Elliot's Brewery, between Brewer Street, Pimlico, and York Street, Westminster.'—Wheatley's edition of Cunningham's 'London.'

[55:A] The library of Beauclerk (who is better remembered as an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson than as a book-collector) comprised 30,000 volumes, was sold by Paterson in 1781, and occupied fifty days. It was a good collection of classics, poetry, the drama, books of prints, voyages, travels, and history.

[61:A] Among the absentees were his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who was prevented attending the anniversary by indisposition, the Marquis of Blandford, and Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.

[62:A] The name really employed was Bannatyne.

[64:A] Thorpe suspected this, and secured the volume, thinking to do his friends of the Roxburghe Club a good turn. Writing to Dibdin, Thorpe said: 'I bought it for £40 against the editor of the *Athenæum*, who, if he got it, would have shown the club up finely larded.' But Dibdin did not jump at paying so heavy a price for silence, and Thorpe wisely consoled himself with Mr. Dilke's £50.

[68:A] Heathcote dispersed two portions of his books at Sotheby's, first in April, 1802, and secondly in May, 1808. Some of the books which Dent obtained for him, with additions, were sold at the same place in April, 1808.

[72:A] This famous old place possesses a

literary history which would fill a fairly long chapter. Among those who have lived here we may mention Ephraim Chambers, whose 'Cyclopædia' is the parent of a numerous offspring; John Newbery lived here for some time, and it was during his tenancy that Goldsmith found a refuge here from his creditors, and wrote 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield'; William Woodfall had lodgings in this historic tower; and Washington Irving, early in the present century, threw around it a halo of romance and interest which it had not previously possessed.

[77:A] Hazlitt was a good deal of a book-borrower. In his 'Conversations with Northcote' he speaks of having been obliged to pay five shillings for the loan of 'Woodstock' at a regular bookseller's shop, as he could not procure it at the circulating libraries.

BOOK-AUCTIONS AND SALES.

I.

T is perhaps to be regretted that the late Adam Smith did not make an inquiry into the subject of Books and their Prices. The result, if not as exhaustive as the 'Wealth of Nations,' would have been quite as important a contribution to the science of social economy. In a general way, books are subject, like other merchandise, to the laws of supply and demand. But, as with other luxuries, the demand fluctuates according to fashion rather than from any

real, tangible want. The want, for example, of the edition of Chaucer printed by Caxton, or of the Boccaccio by Valdarfer, is an arbitrary rather than a literary one, for the text of neither is without faults, or at all definitive. To take quite another class of books as an illustration: the demand for first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, and others, is perhaps greater than the supply; but we do not read these first editions any more than the Caxton Chaucer or the Valdarfer Boccaccio; we can get all the good we want out of the fiftieth edition. We do not, however, feel called upon to anticipate the labours and inquiries of the future Adam Smith; it must suffice us to indicate some of the more interesting prices and fashions in book-fancies which have prevailed during the last two centuries or so in London.

The sale of books by auction dates, in this country at all events, from the year 1676, when William Cooper, a bookseller of considerable learning, who lived at the sign of the Pelican, in Little Britain, introduced a custom which had for many years been practised on the Continent. The full title of this interesting catalogue is in Latin—a language long employed by subsequent book-auctioneers—and runs as follows:

CATALOGUS | VARIORUM ET INSIGNIUM | LIBRORUM | INSTRUCTISSIMÆ BIBLIOTHECA | CLARISSIMI DOCTISSIMIQ VIRI—LAZARI SEAMAN, S. T. D. | QUORUM AUCTIO HABEBITUR LONDINI | IN ÆDIBUS DEFUNCTI IN AREA ET VICULO | WARWICENSI. OCTOBRIS ULTIMO | CURA GULIELMI COOPER BIBLIOPOLÆ | LONDINI.

APUD [ED. BREWSTER & GUIL. COOPER.] AD INSIGNE [GRUIS IN CÆMETARIO PAULINO PELICANI IN VICO VULGARITER DICTO LITTLE BRITAIN.] 1676.

As will be seen from the foregoing, Cooper had no regular auction-rooms, for in this instance Dr. Seaman's books were sold at his own house in Warwick Court. Mr. John Lawler, in *Booklore*, December, 1885, points out an error first made by Gough (in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and extensively copied since), who states that the sale occurred at Cooper's house in Warwick Lane. In his preface 'To the Reader,' Cooper makes an interesting announcement, by way of apology. 'It hath not been,' he says, '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 of Buyers and Sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to

publish the sales of these books in this manner of way; and it is hoped that this will not be Unacceptable to Schollars; and therefore we thought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of Proceeding therein.' The second sale, comprising the library of Mr. Thomas Kidner, was held by Cooper three months after, *i.e.*, February 6, 1676-77. On February 18, 1677-78, the third sale by auction was held, and this, as Mr. Lawler has pointed out, is the first 'hammer'[100:A] auction, and was held at a coffee-house—'in vico vulgo dicto, Bread St. in Ædibus Ferdinandi stable coffipolæ ad insigne capitis Turcæ,' the auctioneer in this case being Zacharius Bourne, whilst the library was that of the Rev. W. Greenhill, author of a 'Commentary on Ezekiel,' and Rector of Stepney, Middlesex. The fourth sale was that of Dr. Thomas Manton's library, in March, 1678. From 1676 to 1682, no less than thirty sales were held, and these included, in addition to the four already mentioned, the libraries of Brooke, Lord Warwick, Sir Kenelm Digby (see p. 120), Dr. S. Charnock, Dr. Thomas Watson, John Dunton, the crack-brained bookseller, Dr. Castell, the author of the 'Heptaglotton,' Dr. Thomas Gataker, and others. The business of selling by auction was so successful that several other auctioneers adopted it, including such well-known booksellers as Richard Chiswell and Moses Pitt. At a very early period a suspicion got about that the books were 'run up' by those who had a special interest in them, and accordingly the vendors of Dr. Benjamin Worsley's sale, in May, 1678, emphatically denied this imputation, which they described as 'a groundless and malicious suggestion of some of our own trade envious of our undertaking.' In addition to this statement, they refused to accept any 'commissions' to buy at this

sale.

John

Book-auctioneer in 1698.

The dispersal of books by auction developed in many ways. It soon became, for example, one means of getting rid of the bookseller's heavy stock, of effecting what is now termed a 'rig.' Its popularity was extended to the provinces, for from 1684 and onwards Edward Millington[101:A] visited the provinces, selecting fair times for preference, taking with him large quantities of books, which he sold at auction, and this doubtless was another method of

distributing works which were more or less still-born. John Dunton (who, the Pretender said, was the first man he would hang when he became King) took a cargo of books to Ireland in 1698, and most of these he sold by auction in Dublin. This visit was not welcomed by the Irish booksellers, and one of its numerous results was 'The Dublin Scuffle,' which is still worth reading. Dunton's receipts amounted to £1,500. It was said that Dunton had 'done more service to learning by his three auctions than any single man that had come into Ireland for the previous three hundred years.'

It may be pointed out that the early auction catalogues are of the 'thinnest' possible nature. The books were usually arranged according to subjects, but each lot, irrespective of its importance, was confined to a single line. The sales were at first usually held from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve, and again from two o'clock till six, a day's sale therefore occupying eight hours. Mr. Lawler calculates that the average number of lots sold would be about sixty-six. The early hour at which the sales began was soon dropped, and eventually the time of starting became noon, and from that to one or even two o'clock. It is quite certain that, up to ten shillings, penny and twopenny bids were accepted. The sales were chiefly held at the more noteworthy coffee-houses. Dr. King, in his translation (?) of Sorbière's 'Journey to London,' 1698, says: 'I was at an auction of books at Tom's Coffee-house, near Ludgate, where were about fifty people. Books were sold with a great deal of trifling and delay, as with us, but very cheap. Those excellent authors, Mounsieur Maimbourg, Mounsieur Varillas, Monsieur le Grand, tho' they were all guilt on the back and would have made a very considerable figure in a

gentleman's study, yet, after much tediousness, were sold for such trifling sums that I am asham'd to name 'em.'

Samuel Baker, the Founder of Sotheby

It is curious to note the evolution of the book-auctioneer from the bookseller. Besides the names already quoted, John Whiston, Thomas Wilcox, Thomas and Edward Ballard, Sam Bathoe, Sam Paterson, Sam Baker, and George Leigh, were all booksellers as well as book-auctioneers. Of these the firm established by Samuel Baker in 1744 continues to flourish in Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The earlier auctioneers with whom books were a special feature, but who did not sell books except under the hammer, include Cock (under the Great Piazza, Covent Garden), Langford (who succeeded to Cock's business), Gerard, James Christie, Greenwood,

Compton, and Ansell.

Samuel Leigh Sotheby.

Mr. Hodge, of Sotheby's.

The firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge is, by nearly half a century, the *doyen* of London auctioneers. One hundred and fifty years is a long life for one firm, but Sotheby's can claim an unbroken record of that length of time. The founder of the house was Samuel Baker, who started as a bookseller and book-auctioneer in York Street, Covent Garden, in 1744. At the latter part of his career, Baker, who retired in 1777 and died in the following year, took into partnership George Leigh, and, at a later date, his nephew, John Sotheby, whose son Samuel also joined the firm. Writing in

1812, Richard Gough observes in reference to Leigh: 'This genuine disciple of the *elder Sam* [Baker] is still at the head of his profession, assisted by a *younger Sam* [Sotheby]; and of the Auctioneers of Books may not improperly be styled *facile princeps*. His pleasant disposition, his skill, and his integrity are as well known as his famous *snuff-box*, described by Mr. Dibdin as having a not less imposing air than the remarkable periwig of Sir Fopling of old, which, according to the piquant note of Dr. Warburton, usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan chair, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite satisfaction to the audience. When a high price book is balancing between £15 and £20, it is a fearful sign of its reaching an additional sum if Mr. Leigh should lay down his hammer and delve into this said crumple-horn-shaped snuff-box.' The style of the firm was for many years Leigh, Sotheby and Son. In 1803-4 a removal to 145, Strand, opposite Catherine Street, was made. John Sotheby died in 1807, and the name of Leigh disappeared from the catalogues in 1816. Samuel Sotheby removed to the present premises, No. 3 (now 13), Wellington Street, Strand, in 1818, not more than a few yards from either of the two former localities. The last of the race, Samuel Leigh Sotheby, joined his father in partnership in 1830, and is well and widely known as a scholar and author of considerable note. In 1843 John Wilkinson became a partner, and S. L. Sotheby died in 1861. The next alteration in the style of the firm was effected in 1864, when the present head and sole member, Mr. Edward Grose Hodge, was admitted into partnership. The first sale was the collection of books belonging to Thomas Pellet, M.D. Curiously enough, Baker's name does not occur anywhere in connection with this sale on the catalogue thereof.

The auction took place in the Great Room over Exeter 'Change, and lasted fifteen days, or rather nights, for the sale began at five o'clock in the evening on Monday, January 7, 1744. The octavos, quartos, and folios, of which a selection appeared in each evening's sale, were numbered separately, a process which must have been very confusing, and one which was soon dropped. The first day's sale of 123 lots realized £47 7s. 1d., whilst the fifteen nights produced a total of £859 11s. 1d. One of the highest prices was paid for Mrs. Blackwell's 'Herbal,' 1740, 'finely coloured and best paper, in blue Turkey,' £14. The catalogue of this sale contained the interesting announcement: 'That the publick may be assured this is the genuine collection of Dr. Pellet, without addition or diminution, the original catalogue may be seen by any gentleman at the place of sale.' In 1754-55 Dr. Mead's books occupied fifty days, and produced £5,518 10s. 11d.; and in 1756 forty days devoted to the library of Martin Folkes yielded no more than £3,091 odd. In February, 1755, Baker sold Fielding's library of 653 lots (£364 7s. 1d.). Gradually more important properties came to hand—the effects of Samuel Tyssen, 1802, thirty-eight days, £9,102 16s. 7d.; Prince Talleyrand (*Bibliotheca Splendidissima*), 1816, eighteen days, only £8,399; James Bindley, 1819, twenty-eight days, £7,692 6s. 6d.; the Dimsdales, 1824, seventeen days, £7,802 19s. Of course, very interesting days have been experienced where the financial result was not very striking, as when, in 1799, the firm disposed of the library of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, 'Author and Secretary of State,' for £533 4s. 4d.; and in 1833 of that of 'the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte' (*sic*), removed from St. Helena, for £450 9s. (his tortoiseshell walking-stick bringing £38 17s.); and,

once more, when the drawings of T. Rowlandson, the caricaturist, were sold in 1818 for £700. The libraries of the Marquis of Lansdowne, 1806; the Duke of Queensberry, 1805; Marquis of Townsend, 1812; Count McCarthy, 1789; H.R.H. the Duke of York, 1827; James Boswell, 1825; G. B. Inglis, 1826; Edmond Malone, 1818; Joseph Ritson, 1803; John Wilkes, 1802; and a large number of others, came under the hammer at Sotheby's from 1744 to 1828. But the portions—the first, second, third, ninth, and tenth—of the stupendous Heber Library, dispersed here in 1834, owing to the prevailing depression, and what Dibdin called the *bibliophobia*, nearly ruined the auctioneers. They rallied from the blow, however, and have never suffered any relapse to bad times, whatever account they may be pleased to give of the very piping ones which they have known pretty well ever since 1845, when Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright's important library was entrusted to their care. The secret of this steady and sustained progress is to be found in the general confidence secured by strict commercial integrity. The house receives business, but never solicits it. During the last half century nearly every important library has been sold at Sotheby's, including the Hamilton Palace and Beckford, the Thorold, the Osterley Park, the Seillière, and the Crawford libraries.

A Field-day at Sotheby's.
(Reduced, by kind permission, from a full-page engravi

Key to the Characters in the 'Field-day at So

But from 1812 to 1845 the most important libraries were almost invariably sold by R. H. Evans, who began with the famous Roxburghe Collection—this sale, it may be mentioned, was held at the Duke's house, now occupied by the Windham Club, 13, St. James's Square—in 1812, and finished with the sixth part of the library of the Duke of Sussex in 1845. We can only refer to a few of the more important of Evans's sales, in addition to the two foregoing: In 1813 he sold the fine collection of early-printed books collected by Stanesby Alchorne, Master of the Mint, Earl Spencer having previously bought Alchorne's Caxtons; in 1815 the Duke of Grafton's library; in 1818-19 two parts of James Bindley's collection; in 1819-20 the White Knights Library of the Marquis of Blandford; in 1832-33 John Broadley's collection of books, which included the celebrated 'Bedford Missal,' bought by Sir John Tobin for £1,100, and now in the British Museum; in 1833 Edmund Burke's books; Lord Byron's in 1827; T. F. Dibdin's, 1817; the Earl of Guilford's, in three parts, 1830-35; the fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and eleventh parts of the Heber Collection, 1834-36; the books of Thomas Hill ('Paul Pry'), 1841; Daniel and Samuel Lysons, 1820, 1828, 1834; G. and W. Nicol, booksellers, 1825; Colonel Stanley, 1813; Sir M. M. Sykes, three parts, 1824; and J. Towneley, 1814-45, 1828. A complete list of Evans's sales is contributed by Mr. Norgate to *The Library*, iii. 324-330. Of the auctioneer himself a few details will not be out of place. Robert Harding Evans was the son of Thomas Evans, a bookseller of the Strand, and served his apprenticeship with Tom Payne at the News Gate. Leaving here, he succeeded to the business of James Edwards, Pall Mall, and was induced by George Nicol to undertake the sale by auction of the Duke of

Roxburghe's library. The experiment was such a success that he became almost exclusively known as an auctioneer, and his business as a bookseller speedily declined. He was an admirable auctioneer, having an excellent memory and a vast fund of information; but he neglected the most important of all matters in commercial life, his ledgers. He had to give up selling books by auction, but restarted as a bookseller in Bond Street, with his two sons as partners; but his day was over, and here failure again followed him. He died in Edwards Street, Hampstead Road, April 25, 1857, aged eighty.

R. H. Evans, Book-auctioneer, 1812.

A few other firms of book-auctioneers, although, with one exception, they have ceased to exist, call for mention. Sam Paterson, than whom no more popular an auctioneer ever wielded a hammer, was, as we have already seen, first a bookseller. Sam—we employ the little familiarity by which he was universally known—was born in 1728 in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and lived on till 1802, his death being the result of an accident. He was not only a bookseller, but an author and a traveller, and it was during a tour in Holland and Flanders that he brought home a large collection of books, which he sold at auction. In 1757, Sam prevented the valuable collection of MSS. once belonging to Sir Julius Cæsar from being destroyed; they had actually been sold to a cheesemonger as waste-paper for £10. He rescued the whole collection, and drew up a masterly catalogue of it, and when sold by auction the result was £356. For some years he was librarian to the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne. Sam's great talents at 'cataloguizing' were unrivalled: he compiled those of James West, P.R.S. (whose library he sold at Langford's), 1773, the sale lasting twenty-four days, and including a fine series of books printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and on Old English literature and history, voyages and travels (see p. 179); the Rev. Thomas Crofts, forty-three days, in 1783; Topham Beauclerk, April 8, 1781, and following forty-nine days (the collection was dispersed by Sam himself 'opposite Beaufort Buildings, Strand'); of the Fagel Collection, now in Trinity College, Dublin, 1802, and others. Nichols states that the catalogues of the libraries of Maffei Pinelli, sold in London in fifty-four days, 1789-90; of Samuel Tyssen, 1801, thirteen days; and of John Strange, fifty-six days, 1801, were compiled

by the versatile Sam. The Pinelli catalogue most certainly was not his work, for although he commenced it, he threw it up at a very early stage. The Tyssen and Strange libraries were sold at Sotheby's, for whom Sam 'catalogued' for some time. The book-hunter in London will occasionally meet with a copy of the 'Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta' on the stalls for a few pence, and he is strongly recommended to buy this very admirable volume. It is a model catalogue in its way; the contents of this sale (which took place at Sam's Great Room in King Street, Covent Garden, on Monday, May 8, 1786, and the thirty-five following days) are carefully classified, whilst the index extends to nearly seventy pages. The volume is well interspersed with Sam's annotations, and the published price of it is 5s. 6d. The second condition of sale is extremely interesting; it says, 'No bidder shall advance less than THREEPENCE under ten shillings; above ten shillings, SIXPENCE; above one pound, ONE SHILLING.'

The chief rival of Leigh and Paterson was Thomas King, who from 1780 to 1796 had a shop in Lower Moorfields, but who towards the end of 1796 moved to King Street, Covent Garden, and set up as an auctioneer. At first it was King and Son, but the son, early in the present century, started for himself in Tavistock Street, when the elder King's son-in-law, Lochée, became a partner. The firm existed into the second decade of the present century, and sold many important libraries, notably Isaac Reed's, in 1807, which lasted thirty-nine days, and included a very extraordinary collection of works relating to the English drama and poetry; Dr. Richard Farmer's, in 1798, lasting thirty-six days; John Maddison's, of the Foreign Department in the Post Office, 1802, twenty-two days; George Steevens's, May 13, 1800, eleven

days; and John Horne Tooke's, May 26, 1813, four days. It is scarcely necessary to point out that either of the foregoing remarkable libraries would give 'tone' to the annals of any book-auction house. The collection of the Rev. John Brand (see p. 179), of the Society of Antiquaries, was sold by Stewart, the founder of Puttick's, of Piccadilly, in 1807-8, when 4,064 lots realized a total of £6,151 15s.; he also sold the libraries of Lord Thurlow, of W. Bryant, etc. Other auctioneers who occasionally sold books during the earlier part of the present century were Jeffrey, of Pall Mall, who in 1810 sold Dr. Benjamin Heath's library in thirty-two days, the 4,786 lots realizing £8,899; Cochrane, of Catherine Street, who in 1816 (twelve days) dispersed an exceedingly interesting library originally formed between 1610 and 1650 by Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of James I. and Charles I.; Compton, of Conduit Street, who in 1783-84 (fifteen days) sold Joseph Gulston's library; Robins, of Warwick Street; and T. and J. Egerton, of Scotland Yard.

John Walker, Book-auctioneer, 1776.

Mention may be here made of one who for many years occupied an important position in the fraternity. John Walker, brother-in-law of the elder George Robinson, was the book-auctioneer to the trade, and frequently knocked down from £10,000 to £40,000 worth of books in the course of an afternoon. In 1776 Walker was in partnership with J. Fielding, and in early life combined with the book-trade the office of one of the coal-meters of the City of London. He resigned the hammer to William Hone about 1812, and died at Camberwell in February, 1817. A sketch of his life and a portrait of him

appear in the fifth volume of the *Wonderful Magazine*.

Puttick and Simpson's.

After Sotheby's, the most important of the book-auctioneers of to-day are Messrs. Puttick and Simpson; Christie, Manson and Woods; and Hodgson and Co. The first-named have since December, 1858, occupied the greater portion of the house in Leicester Square in which Sir Joshua Reynolds lived throughout his brilliant career, and where he died in 1792. The auction-room was formerly the artist's studio; the office was his dining-room; the upper

portion of the house is occupied by Mr. H. Gray, the topographical bookseller. The place has been altered since the distinguished painter resided there, but in this age of iconoclasm it is pleasant to wander in the passages and rooms where all the wit, beauty, and intellect of the latter part of the last century congregated—where Johnson and Boswell, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Malone met in good fellowship. The founder of the firm was a Mr. Stewart (see p. 112), who started in Piccadilly in 1794, and who continued here until about 1825, when he took into partnership Benjamin Wheatley, who had been at Sotheby's, and a son of the printer, Adlard; for a while the firm was John and James Fletcher, but early in 1846, the two and only partners were Mr. Puttick and the present Mr. William Simpson; the former died in 1873, and the business is now in the hands of Mr. Simpson and his son. The most important sale held at Puttick's was that of the Sunderland Library from Blenheim Palace, which, commencing on December 1, 1881, occupied from that date up to March 22, 1883, fifty-one days, the 13,858 lots realizing the gross total of £56,581 6s. On April 21, 1884, and ten following days, the exceedingly fine topographical library of the Earl of Gosford was sold at Puttick's, the total of the sale being £11,318 5s. 6d.; the most remarkable item in the sale was a fine large copy of the first volume of the Mazarin Bible in the original binding, which was knocked down to Mr. Toovey for £500; and next in interest to this was a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623, measuring 12-7/8 inches by 8-3/8 inches, quite perfect, but with the title and verses mounted, and the margins of two leaves slightly mended, and this sold for £470. The extensive library of L. L. Hartley (see p. 87) was also

disposed of at Puttick's, 1885-87, and realized the total of £16,530; and other important libraries dispersed there during the last half-century include the Donnadieu books and MSS., 1847-58, £3,923; a portion of the Libri Collection, 1850-68, £8,929; Dawson Turner's books and MSS., 1859, £9,453; Edward Crowinshield's (of Boston, N.E.) books and MSS., 1860, £4,826; Sir Edward Dering's books and MSS., 1861, £7,259; the Emperor Maximilian's Mexican Library, 1869, £3,985; John Camden Hotten's stock, 1873, £3,751; Sir Edward Nichols' (Secretary to Charles I., whose state papers were sold privately to the British Museum) books, 1877, £977; the library of J. Duerdin, consigned from Australia, 1884, £1,140; books from William Penn's Library, 1872, £1,350; the library of Señor Don Jose Fernando Ramirez, 1880, £6,957; and many others. Literary property forms a comparatively small portion of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's business, a very important part of which consists in the sale and private dispersal of musical property of every description, as well as pictures, prints, porcelain and jewels.

The firm of Hodgson and Co. dates its origin from the twenties of the present century, the late Edmund Hodgson (who died in May, 1875, aged 81) starting in partnership with Robert Saunders at 39, Fleet Street, as an auctioneer of literary property, the premises having been originally the Mitre Tavern (see p. 222). In the interval the place had been christened the 'Poets' Gallery.' When the property passed into the hands of Messrs. Hoare, the partnership between Saunders and Hodgson terminated, and the latter removed to 192, Fleet Street, at the corner of Chancery Lane (on the site now occupied by Partridge and Cooper), where Mr.

Hodgson remained for many years. The march of improvement again overtook him, and the business was once more removed, this time to its present site at 115, Chancery Lane, which was specially erected for the peculiar requirements of a book-auction house. The late Mr. Hodgson for many years officiated in the rostrum of nearly all the chief trade dinner sales, and literary property to the value of some £50,000 would frequently be disposed of by him during an evening. His son, the present head of the firm, officiated in a similar capacity for some years, until, in fact, the pleasant custom of trade dinners became almost obsolete. The firm has dispersed, in its time, many important libraries and stocks of books, among which we may specially mention the valuable collection of books of the College of Advocates, Doctors' Commons, London, Monday, April 22, 1861, and seven following days (2,456 lots); the stocks or superfluous stocks of books of Charles Knight, Owen Jones, G. Cox, R. Bentley, 'Standard Novels'; Bradbury and Evans's, April, 1862 (eight days); Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., November, 1862; Darton and Hodge, 1863, 1866, and 1867; Lionel Booth, May, 1866; Day and Son, 1865, 1867, and 1868; Sampson Low and Co., in consequence of the death of Sampson Low, jun., 1871; Moxon and Co., October, 1871, when a four days' sale resulted in over £12,000; Cassell and Co., in consequence of the removal to Belle Sauvage Yard, September, 1875, five days' sale (4,400 lots); and very many others.

**Mr. James Christie, 'The Specious Orator.'
Engraved by R. Dighton, 1794.**

The firm of Christie, Manson and Woods dates its establishment from 1762, but its fame is almost exclusively built upon its picture-sales. During its existence, however, the firm has sold several more or less important libraries, such as those of James Edwards, the bookseller, 'the library of a gentleman of distinguished taste,' April, 1804; Rev. L. Dutens (four days), February, 1813; the Earl of Gainsborough, March, 1813; the Hon. C. F. Greville, 1809; Sir William Hamilton, C.B., and Viscount

Nelson, 1809; Sir James Pulteney (eight days), February, 1812; the Earl of Aylesford, 1879; Earl of Clarendon, 1877; C. Beckett-Denison, 1885; Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1785; J. P. Knight, R.A., 1881; Earl of Liverpool, 1829; W. Macready, 1873; Rev. W. Bentinck L. Hawkins, in three parts, 1895, and others.

II.

The step from book-auctioneers to book-prices is a very easy one to take, but the subject is far less easily disposed of. A book is worth just as much as its vendor can get for it, and no more. Rarity is not synonymous with high commercial value. There may be only four copies of a particular book in existence, but if the only three people in the world who want it have provided themselves with a copy each, the fourth example is not worth twopence. We have seen this kind of thing illustrated within the past few years. Very small poets are published in very small editions, but nobody buys them, and the books therefore have no market value—in fact, they are superfluous. Hundreds of rare books are superfluous. The auction-room is the great leveller of all manner of unmerited fame, and it may be taken, as a general rule, to be an infallible guide.

We have but little information concerning the prices paid for second-hand books during the seventeenth century. The retailer's safest possible guide, of course, would be the price at which he acquired a particular book, or, if more than one, by the very simple process of averaging. One of the earliest and fullest illustrations we can cite occurs in connection with some of the prices paid for books for the

Chetham Library of Manchester in 1663, and these are curious as well as interesting. Thus, Holland's 'Heröologia,' 1620, a good copy of which now realizes from £20 to £30, was purchased for 14s. Purchas's 'His Pilgrimes,' 1625-26, which now sells at auction, if in good condition, at about £50, was obtained for £3 15s. Dugdale's 'History of St. Paul's' cost 12s., and the same author's 'Antiquities of Worcestershire,' 1656, £1 7s. 6d.; the former now sells at prices varying from £5 to £10, and the latter, when in good condition, is not expensive at 18 guineas. In and about 1740 several book-sales occurred at or near Manchester, when a large number of rare items realized painfully small prices. For instance, the 'Treatise concernynge the fruytfull saynges of Davyd the Kynge and Prophete in the seven Penytencyall Psalms,' 1508, by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; the 'Nova Legenda Sanctorum Angliæ,' 1516, both printed by Wynkyn de Worde, were purchased together for 5s. 6d.! Parsons' 'Conference about the next succession to the Crowne of England,' 1594, cost 1s.; and the same Jesuit's 'Treatise of Three Conversions of England,' 1603-4, 15s. A few months ago these two publications realized close on £10 at auction. Tyndale's 'Practyse of Prelates,' 1530, was obtained for 1s. 6d.; and his 'Briefe Declaration of the Sacraments,' 1550, for 1s. 7d.; the former is now valued at 9 guineas, and the latter at 4 guineas. The English edition of Erasmus' 'Enchiridion Militis Christiani,' 1544, cost 6d., and is now worth perhaps as many pounds. The bargain of the period, however, occurred in connection with Sir Thomas Smyth's treatise 'De Republica et administratione Anglorum,' 1610; Raleigh's 'Prerogative of Parliaments' (?) 1628; and Burton's 'Protestation Protested,' which, together, realized 4d.! Each of these books is now extremely

rare.

Thirteen years after the above-mentioned books changed hands at prices which can now only be described as heartbreaking, the first auction-sale took place. It is noteworthy—as Mr. Lawler has pointed out—that 'the first libraries which were sold by auction were those of Puritan divines who had lived and worked under the Commonwealth Government; these libraries were consequently composed of books suited to their calling, consisting almost entirely of theological and historical books.' Life was too awful a thing with them to indulge in a 'roguish' French novel, a Shakespearian play, or one of the many dramatic works which seemed for a time to kill all religious activity. A few of the items dispersed in the first sales will not be without interest. Dr. Seaman's copy of the *editio princeps* Homer in Greek, 1488, sold for 9s.; the Crawford copy realized £135—true, the latter was bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet. In the former sale a copy of Dr. Eliot's Indian Bible sold for 19s.; if it occurred at auction now it might realize anything from £100 to £600. At the Restoration everything in the way of books of prayers was discarded, and sold for a few pence; they would now readily sell almost for their weight in gold. There is a startling uniformity about the prices realized for books at the early book-sales, and one feels almost inclined to suppose that our forbears were influenced chiefly by the size of the volumes. It is interesting to note that the great folio editions of the Fathers realized in the end of the seventeenth century pretty much the same prices as at the end of the nineteenth, and these, it need hardly be said, are very small indeed.

From the sale of the library of Sir Kenelm Digby at

the Golden Lion, in Paternoster Row, in April, 1680, we get a few highly interesting facts. This sale comprised 3,878 lots, and realized the total of £908 4s. Here are a few of the items:

	£	s.	d.
Æschylus, Stanley, London, 1664	1	0	0
Ascham's 'Toxophilus,' 1545	0	1	4
Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' 1570	0	4	4
Bible of the Douay Translation, with the Rhenish Testament, 3 vols., 4to., 1633	1	5	0
Chaucer's Works, folio, 1597	0	12	8
Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' 3 vols., 1655, etc.	6	6	0
Fabyan's 'Chronicle,' London, 1559	0	7	4
Hollinshed's 'Chronicle,' London, 1577	0	8	0
Homerus cum comment. Eustathii, 4 vols., folio, corio turcico et folio deaur. Romæ, 1542	7	0	0
Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' London, 1668	0	2	1

'P. Plowman's Vision,' London, 1550	0 1 7
Purchas's 'Pilgrims and Pilgrimage,' 5 vols., 1625-66	3 5 6
Shakespeare's Works, London, 1632 (second edition)	0 14 0

A comparison of the foregoing prices with those which the books would realize to-day will suggest some interesting conclusions; but as the means of doing this are in the hands of everyone, it is not necessary to discuss them here. In the Bodleian Library there is an exceedingly interesting letter from R. Scott, the bookseller, to Samuel Pepys, dated June 30, 1688. Scott writes: 'Having at length procured Campion, Hanmer and Spencer's Hist. of Ireland, fol. (which I think you formerly desired), I here send itt you, with 2 very scarce bookes besides, viz. Pricæi Defensio Hist. Britt. 4° and old Harding's Chronicle, as alsoe the Old Ship of Fooles in verse by Alex. Berkley, priest; which last, though nott scarce, yet so very fayre and perfect, that seldome comes such another; the Priceus you will find deare, yett I never sold it under 10s., and att this tyme can have it of a person of quality; butt without flattery, I love to find a rare book for you, and hope shortly to procure for you a perfect's Hall's Chronicle.' With the books Scott sent his statement of account as follows:

	£ s. d.
Campion, Hanmer and Spenser, fol.	0 12 0

Harding's 'Chronicle,' 4to.	0	6	0
'Pricæi Defens. Hist. Brit.'	0	8	0
'Shipp of Fooles,' fol.	0	8	0
	1	14	0

Whether Scott obtained these items at the Digby sale or not, we cannot say; it is by no means unlikely, and if so, his desire to do Mr. Pepys a good turn may be estimated by the fact that he made a profit of 3s. 8d. over the last item in the bill, and the profit on the others would doubtless be arranged on a similar scale. The second and the fourth items, however, would be now worth from 15 to 20 guineas. Both Sir John Price's 'Historiæ Britannicæ,' 1573, and the histories of Ireland by Hanmer, Campion and Spenser, 1633, are very rare and very important books, and would not be dear now at as many guineas as Scott has charged shillings.

Book-auctions were not, however, unmixed blessings, and, as a fact, they provoked a good many curses from the poorer collectors. Here is one phase which concerns the sale of the library of John Bridges, [121:A] the Northamptonshire historian, in 1726. This auction is interesting, not so much on account of the books which were knocked down, or of the prices which they realized, but as being the genesis of the knock-out system. We have, fortunately, a very vivid picture of this sale from the pen of Humfrey Wanley, who wished to obtain some of the items for the library of Lord Oxford. In his 'Diary,' under date February, 1726, we read: 'Went to Mr. Bridges' Chamber [No. 6, Lincoln's Inn] to see the three fine MSS. again, the doctor, his brother, having locked

them up. He openly bids for his own books, merely to enhance their price, and the auction proves to be, what I thought it would become, very knavish.' And again: 'Yesterday, at five, I met Mr. Noel, and tarried long with him; we settled then the whole affair touching his bidding for my Lord at the roguish sale of Mr. Bridges' books. The Rev. Doctor, one of the brothers, hath already displayed himself so remarkably as to be both hated and despised; and a combination amongst the booksellers will soon be against him and his brother the lawyer. They are men of the keenest avarice, and their very looks (according to what I am told) dart out harping irons. I have ordered Mr. Noel to drop every article in my Lord's Commission when they shall be hoisted up to too high a price.'

We get another interesting view of the subject a year later. Hearne, the antiquary, writing to Dr. R. Rawlinson, the well-known book-collector, November 27, 1727, observes: 'I wanted much to hear from yourself how matters went in your auctions, and was glad at last to have one [letter], though I am very sorry to find you have had such bad usage, when you act so honourably. But I am too sensible, that booksellers and others are in a combination against you. Booksellers have the least pretence of any to act so. Your brother (whom I shall always call my friend) did them unspeakable kindness. By his generous way of bidding, and by his constant buying, he raised the value of books incredibly, and there is hardly such another left. The booksellers (who go so much by him) owe him a statue, the least they can do. But instead of that, they neither speak well of him, nor do you (as I verily believe) common justice.' In a letter from Benjamin Heath, the well-known book-collector, to 'Mr. John

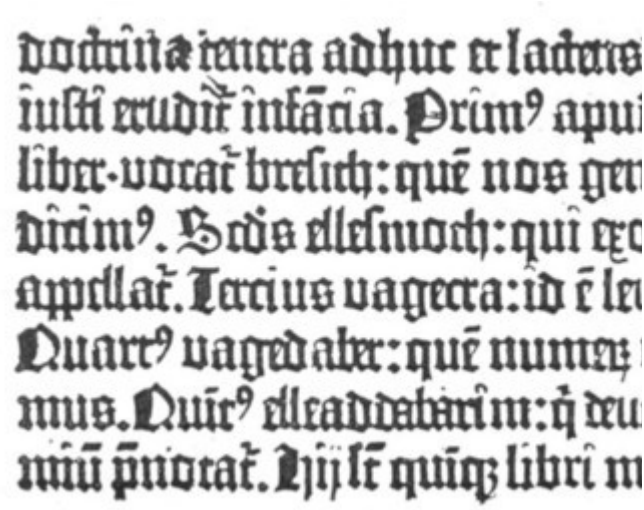
Mann, at the Hand in Hand Fire Office in Angel Court, on Snow Hill,' dated March 21, 1738, we get yet another glimpse of some phases of book-auctions in the earlier part of the last century. Fletcher Gyles, a bookseller of Holborn, published a catalogue of a book-auction which he purposed holding at his own place of business. 'Mr. Gyles,' writes Heath, 'has offered himself to act for me, but as I think 'tis too great a Trial to his Honesty to make him at the same time Buyer and Seller . . . I have been able to think of no Friend I could throw this trouble [of buying certain books] upon but you.' For this service, the collector 'would willingly allow 3 guineas, which, the Auction continuing 24 Days, is 3 shillings over and above half a Crown a Day.' 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.'

Heath, Book-collector, 1738.

A chronological account of the book-sales of London would be an important as well as an interesting contribution to the history of literature. But our space is limited, and only the chief features of such a history can be dealt with in this place. If one were asked to name the most famous book in the annals of book-sales, the answer would be at once forthcoming and emphatic—the Valdarfer Boccaccio, otherwise 'Il Decamerone di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio,' printed at Venice by Christopher Valdarfer in 1471, and published, it is thought, at about 10s. In stating that this book is the most famous one, it is almost

unnecessary to explain that the Roxburghe copy is understood. By what means it got into the hands of a London bookseller (about the middle of the last century) is not known. It is certain, however, that even at that period he knew of its excessive rarity, for he offered it to the two great contemporary book-collectors, Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, for 100 guineas, an amount which at that time must have 'appeared enormously extravagant.' Whilst these two collectors were deliberating, an ancestor of the Duke of Roxburghe saw and purchased it. Shortly after this event the two noble collectors were dining with the Duke, and the subject of Boccaccio was purposely broached. Both Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland began to talk of the particular copy which had been offered them. The Duke of Roxburghe told them that he thought he could show them a copy of this edition, which they doubted, but, to their mortification, the Duke produced the identical copy, over which both realized that he who hesitates is lost. Beloe, in relating this anecdote, which was told him by G. Nicol, the royal bookseller, predicted that if this copy came under the hammer it would produce 'not much less than £500.' As a matter of fact and of history, at the Roxburghe sale in 1812 it realized the then huge sum of £2,260, the buyer being the Marquis of Blandford, who, it is said, was prepared to go to £5,000. There were three noble candidates for this choice book, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, and the Marquis of Blandford, whilst an agent of Bonaparte was known to be present. The Rev. Mr. Dibdin has given a very highly-coloured and vivid account of this famous incident in his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and we need do no more than refer to the fact that 'the honour of making the first bid was due to a

gentleman from Shropshire, who seemed almost surprised at his own temerity in offering 100 guineas.' It is a curious commentary on even the fame of rare books that this copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio came again into the sale-room in 1819, when the Blandford library was sold, and when it became the property of Earl Spencer for £918. 'I will have it when you are dead,' was the savage retort of a defeated book-lover at an auction sale, and such perhaps was Earl Spencer's mental determination when his rival carried off the bargain—by waiting seven years he saved £1,242, as well as possessing himself of one of the greatest of bibliographical rarities.

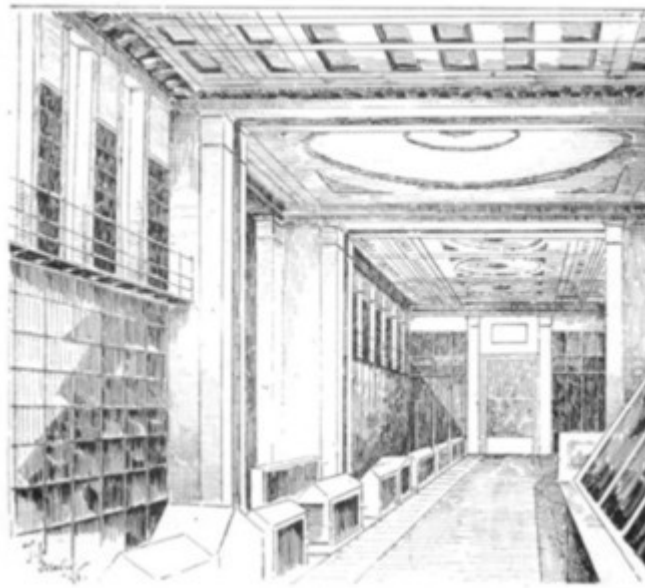


Specimen of type of the Mazarin Bible

Although far before the Valdarfer Boccaccio in every point except that of sensationalism, the first printed Bible, the Biblia Latina of Gutenberg, 1455, commonly known as the Mazarin, has had an exciting history in the way of prices. It is not only

the first, but one of the most magnificent books which ever issued from the press. It is not at all a rare book in the usual sense of the word, for there are in existence nineteen copies on paper, and five on vellum, the majority of which are in this country. The most celebrated example of this splendid book is now in the British Museum. The earliest record of this is its possession by M. L. J. Gaignat, at whose sale in 1768 it became the property of Count McCarthy for 1,200 francs; and from his sale, in Paris, in 1815, it passed into Mr. Grenville's library for 6,260 francs—in other words, it had advanced in value in forty-six years from £48 to close on £250. It subsequently passed into the British Museum. Early in the present century, Nicol, the King's bookseller, obtained the copy on vellum, formerly in the University of Mentz; at his sale in 1825 it was bought by H. Perkins, the book-collecting brewer (Barclay, Perkins and Co.), for £504, and at the sale of his library it fetched £3,400, Mr. Ellis purchasing it for Lord Ashburnham. In 1824 Mr. Perkins bought Sir M. M. Sykes' copy of the same book on paper for £199 10s., and this copy in 1873 fetched £2,960. James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, had a copy on paper, which, at his sale in 1822, the Duke of Sussex purchased for 160 guineas; and this copy, at the Duke's sale in 1844, brought £190. The record price for the 'Mazarin' Bible was not reached until December, 1884, when the Syston Park library of Sir John Thorold came under the hammer at Sotheby's, and this particular Bible on paper sold for £3,900 to Mr. Quaritch, or £500 more than the practically unique one on vellum. In June, 1887, the Earl of Crawford's copy, which was not a particularly good one, realized £2,000, Mr. Quaritch having purchased it about thirty years previously for rather more than

a quarter of the amount. In 1889 yet another copy turned up at Sotheby's—it came from the Earl of Hopetoun's library—and this sold at the same figure. We may also refer here to the second edition of the Bible, 1462, but the first printed book with a date. The Edwards copy on vellum of this sold in 1815 for £175; in 1823 a very fine example was sold for £215; in 1873 the Perkins copy, which had cost its owner £173, sold for £780; and eight years later the Sunderland example on vellum for £1,600.



A Corner in the British Museum.

The palm of the highest price ever paid for a single book must be awarded to the 'Psalmorum Codex,' printed, like the last, by Fust and Schœffer in 1459. By the side of this the Gutenberg Bible is a common book, and Sir John Thorold's example is the only one which has occurred in the market for almost a

century. This particular copy realized 3,350 francs in the McCarthy sale, and 130 guineas in that of Sir M. M. Sykes; but at the Thorold sale, in 1884, it fetched £4,950. Of the 'Codex' there are only nine copies known, all of which slightly differ from one another. We may also include here a mention of a copy of the Balbi 'Catholicon'—'Summa Quæ vocatur Catholicon, sive Grammatica et Linguæ Latina'—1460, for which Sir John Thorold paid £65 2s., and which at his sale fetched £400. The British Museum copy of this book belonged to Dr. Mead, at whose sale it was purchased for £25 for the French King; the copy subsequently became the property of West, at whose sale it became George III.'s for £35 3s. 6d. The Balbi 'Catholicon,' of 1460, is the fourth book printed with a date, and is one of the few indubitable productions of Gutenberg's press. It is an indispensable volume in a collection of books printed in the fifteenth century. Its literary merit is very considerable, and the London editor of 'Stephani Thesaurus Latinus' has pronounced it the best Dictionary for the Latin Fathers and Schoolmen. In addition to the copies just mentioned, a fine example, bound in russia-extra by Roger Payne, occurred in the Wodhull sale, January 12, 1886, and realized £310. This or a similar copy was priced in Quaritch's 'Catalogue of the Monuments of the Early Printers,' at £420.

The decline in the value of what may be termed ordinary editions of the classics during the present century has unquestionably been very great. Even the *editiones principes* have scarcely maintained their former values; whilst their appearance in the book-market does not call forth anything like the enthusiasm and excitement which at one time prevailed. The Askew sale in 1775 was the first at which really sensational prices were reached

throughout for the first editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Although some of these prices have been exceeded in many cases since that period, it is tantamount to a confession that they have gone down in value when it is stated that the Askew prices are as nearly as possible the same at which identical copies are now to be had. As we shall see presently, there are several exceptions to this rule; but these exceptions occur, not because they are the *editiones principes* of Homer or Virgil, as the case may be, but because they are the works of some eminent printer. And herein the change is a very striking one. The first edition of every classic has a literary or technical value almost equal to a manuscript, from which, of course, it is directly printed; but the first editions of the classics are not now collected because of their textual value, and not at all unless they are fine examples of typographical skill. The curious vicissitudes of these editions would alone occupy a fairly large volume; but we propose dealing briefly with the subject by comparing the prices at which good copies were sold in and about 1775, when Dr. Harwood published his useful little 'View of the Various Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics,' with those at which they may be now acquired.

contemporary Medal.

Beginning with the *editio princeps* Homer, 1488, the fine copy of this edition in the British Museum was purchased, Dr. Harwood tells us, for £17. A 'large, pure, and fine' copy of this exceedingly rare work is now priced at £150, whilst the Wodhull copy sold in 1886 for £200.[129:A] But whilst this edition has increased enormously in pecuniary value, 'one of the most splendid editions of Homer ever delivered to the world'—namely, that of the Foulis brothers, Glasgow, 1756-58—has only doubled its price, or has increased in value from two to four guineas. The

very beautifully-printed *editio princeps* of Anacreon, printed in Paris by Henri Stephan, 1554, remains stationary, for its value then, as now, is one guinea. Of the Aldine first edition of Sophocles, 1502, Lord Lisburne purchased 'a beautiful copy' in 1775 for 1-1/2 guineas; the present value of a similar example would range from 8 to 20 guineas, whilst a slightly imperfect copy sells for about £1. The first edition of Euripides, 1503, also printed at the Aldine Press, has advanced from £1 16s. to £3 10s. to 6 guineas, according to the eminence of the binder. A 'most beautiful' copy of the first Herodotus, Aldus, 1502, realized £2 15s. in 1775, but cannot now be had for less than twice that amount; whilst an example in a fine Derome binding of red morocco extra is priced at 12 guineas. The first Aristophanes, likewise from the press of Aldus, 1498, shows a slight advance from £4 to 5 guineas. The earliest issue of Isocrates, 1493, is one of the rarest of the *incunabula*, as it is one of the most beautiful when in perfect condition. The exceedingly fine example in the British Museum was bought by the authorities in 1775 for £11; copies may now be had for £15.

The first (Aldine) edition of Plato has advanced in value from 5 guineas to just twice that sum. The very beautiful copy of this *editio princeps* on vellum, and now in the British Museum, was purchased by the Museum authorities at Dr. Askew's sale in 1775 for 53 guineas. The commercial value of the very scarce and splendid first edition, in six volumes (Aldus, 1495-98), of Aristotle, shows a depreciation—from 17 to 15 guineas—although it has realized in comparatively recent years as much as £51. Dr. Harwood adds to his entry of this book: 'The finest copy of this first edition of Aristotle's works, perhaps in Europe, is in Dr. Hunter's Museum.' Dr. Hunter

gave £4 6s. for a 'most beautiful copy of the first edition of Theocritus,' Aldus, 1495—an edition which also includes Hesiod, Theognis, Phocylides, etc.,—the value of which is now placed at £10. A much more considerable advance is seen in connection with the *editio princeps* of Musæus, 1494, a choice and beautiful book, which is at once the first and rarest production of the Aldine Press. George III. gave in 1775 17 guineas for a fine copy, which would now realize twice that amount. An almost equally emphatic advance may be chronicled in connection with the 'Anthologia Græca,' Florence, 1494, printed throughout in capital letters, which, selling for 15 guineas a century and a quarter ago, is now worth nearly double; whilst the Sunderland copy in 1881 brought £51. The first impressions of Diodorus Siculus, 1539, and Stephanus Byzantius, Aldus, 1502, are stationary at about £2 each, and Lucian, Florence, 1496, now, as in 1776, sells for £20.

Passing over a whole host of minor names in the list of Greek authors, we may venture upon a few facts in connection with the Latin writers. Virgil would, of course, come at the head of this list; but the examples which came under Dr. Harwood's notice have no commercial value indicated. George III. gave £17 6s. 6d. for the very fine copy of the first Horace (about 1472) in Dr. Askew's sale—a fairly good example is now priced at £50—whilst the first commentated edition of this author, Milan, 1474, has advanced from 9-1/2 guineas to 30 guineas; it is exceedingly rare, particularly the first of the two volumes. The first Aldine Horace (1501) has gone up from £2 5s. to £15, and other editions from the same press have about quadrupled in value. Of the first edition of Ovid's 'Opera' (1471) only one copy is

known, and the second, Bologna, 1480, is scarcely less rare, and certainly not less valuable, than the first. Dr. Harwood prices a very fine copy at £10 5s., or about a third of its present value. The first dated edition of Valerius Maximus was printed by Schöffer at Mentz in 1471, but is apparently not a very popular book with collectors, for whereas in 1775 a beautiful copy was valued at £26, its present price is only £28. A much more popular book, Seneca's 'Tragœdiæ,' printed about 1475, has advanced from 4-1/2 guineas to £18, or, an exceptionally good copy bound by Bedford, £25.

Although for several centuries one of the most popular of books, some of the earlier editions of Pliny's 'Historia Naturalis' do not keep up their price. The second edition, Rome, 1470, which is rarer than the first—issued at Venice the year before—may now be had for 12 guineas. The British Museum copy of the first edition cost the nation £43 in 1775. The edition printed by Jenson at Venice in 1472 is, however, much sought after, for it is a very beautiful book, with a splendidly illuminated border on the first page of the text. The British Museum copy cost at Dr. Askew's sale £23, whilst Mr. Quaritch quotes an example at £140; but, then, the latter copy is printed on vellum, which makes all the difference. Silius Italicus is not by any means an author whose work is at present much studied, but the first edition of his 'Opera' (1471) is a book worth mentioning, because for beauty and grace it is unsurpassed by any of the works ever published by the first Italian printers, Sweynheim and Pannartz. The British Museum copy cost in 1775 £13 2s. 6d., whilst it is now worth about £25. The superb copy in the British Museum of the *editio princeps* Juvenal and Persius (printed at Rome about the year 1469) cost the

country 13 guineas; a first-class example is now valued at £12. On the other hand, the Aldine edition of Martial's 'Epigrammata' (1501) has gone up in value from 2 guineas to £10, or even £17 10s., according to condition. The first edition of Justin (printed at Venice, 1470) has declined, for the British Museum copy cost 13 guineas in 1775, whilst a fine copy may now be had for 10 guineas.

A very different story has to be told with reference to the books and pamphlets produced by the early English printers. Until the latter part of the last century, these items were the despised of the scholarly and aristocratic collector. A few antiquaries found them not without interest, but they had only a nominal commercial value. At the sale of Dr. Francis Bernard, at his 'late dwelling house in Little Britain,' in October, 1698, thirteen Caxtons were sold, as follows:

	£ s. d.
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483	0 3 0
Chastising of Goddes Chyldern'	0 1 10
'Doctrinal of Sapience,' 1489 'Chastising of Goddes Chyldern'	0 5 0
'Chronicle of England,' *very old*	0 4 0
'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' 1477	0 5 4
'Game and Playe of the Chesse,' 1474	0 1 6
'Godefroy of Boloyne,' 1481	0 4 0
'Historyes of Troy,' 1500	0 3 0

'Jason and the Golden Fleece'	0 3 6
'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,' 1502	0 3 0
Another copy	0 3 0
'Tullius of Olde Age'	0 4 2
	£2 1 4

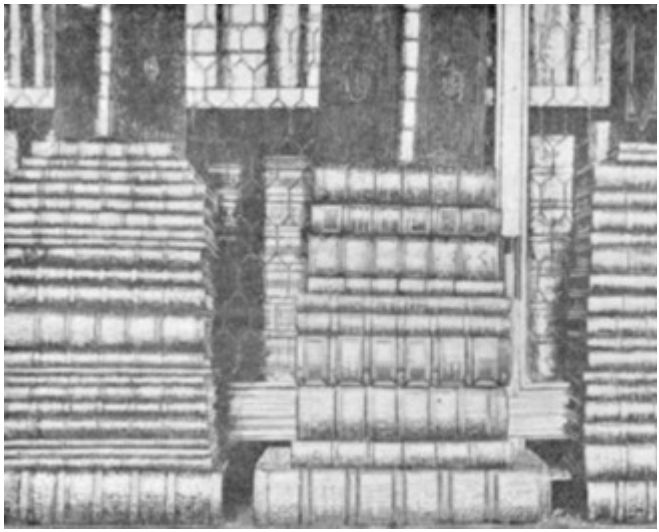
Eighty years later, when the library of John Ratcliffe[132:A] was sold at Christie's (March 27, 1776), a collection of upwards of thirty Caxtons came under the hammer, and of these we will only quote seven examples:

	£ s. d.
'Chronicles of Englande,' fine copy, 1480	5 5 0
'Doctrinal of Sapience,' 1489	8 8 0
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483	5 5 0
'The Polytique Book, named Tullius de Senectute,' 1481	14 0 0
'The Game and Playe of Chesse'	16 0 0
'The Boke of Jason'	5 10 0
'Legenda Aurea,'[133:A] 1483	9 15 0

At the Watson Taylor and Perry sales in 1823, four examples, nearly all fine copies, of Caxton's books realized a total of £239 5s., as follows:

	£ s. d.
'The Life of Jason,' 1476-77	95 11 0
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483	30 19 6

'Troylus and Creside,' 1484	66 0 0
Virgil's 'Eneidos,' 1490, very fine and perfect	46 14 6



The Fifty-seven Althorp Caxtons.

We do not think that the foregoing sets of figures call for any elaborate comment. The present value of each item may be averaged at from £250 to £300, but the majority are absolutely unprocurable at any price. The highest sum ever paid for a Caxton is £1,950, at which amount the only perfect copy known of 'King Arthur,' 1485, was knocked down at the sale of the Earl of Jersey's books in 1885. At the same sale the 'Histoires of Troy,' *circa* 1474, realized £1,820. In 1812 the Duke of Devonshire gave £1,060 12*s*. for a copy of this book, for which the Duke of Roxburghe had paid £50 a few years previously. The Syston Park copy of the 'Mirrour of the World,' 1481, sold in 1884 for £335; Higden's 'Polychronicon,

1482, is valued at £500; Lord Selsey's copy of Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' 1483, sold in 1872 for £670; and Lord Jersey's, in 1885, for £810. The 'Hystorye of Kynge Blanchardyn and Princes Eglantyne,' 1485, imperfect, but one of the rarest of this press, realized £21 at the Mason sale, 1798-99, the purchaser being John, Duke of Roxburghe, at whose sale in June, 1812, Lord Spencer gave £215 5s. for it. According to the latter's note in the copy, 'The Duke and I had agreed not to oppose one another at the [Mason] sale; but after the book was bought, to toss up who should win it; when I lost.' A tract of five leaves, by John Russell, 'Propositio ad illustriss. principem Karoleum ducem Burgundie,' etc. (printed probably at Bruges, 1475), of which no other copy is known, was purchased by a bookseller in the West End of London for £2 5s. He sold it to the Duke of Marlborough for 50 guineas, and at his sale in 1819 Earl Spencer purchased it for 120 guineas. There are about 560 examples of Caxton's books in existence. Of these, about one half are in the British Museum, the Althorp or Rylands library (57), at Cambridge, in the Bodleian, and in the Duke of Devonshire's library. Of this total thirty-one are unique, and seven exist only in a fragmentary form. The greater number are safely locked up in public or private libraries, and are not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to come into the market. A great quantity of romance has been written respecting Caxtons. In Scott's 'Antiquary,' 'Snuffy Davy' is stated to have bought a perfect copy of the 'Game of Chess,' the first book printed in England, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. This he sold to Osborne for £20; it became Dr. Askew's property for 60 guineas, and at the Askew sale it realized £170, the purchaser being George III. '"Could a copy now

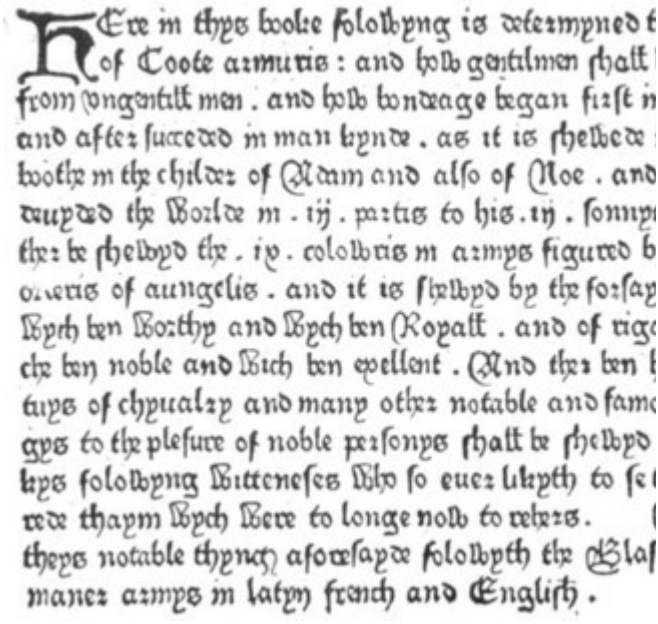
occur, Lord only knows," ejaculated Monkbarns, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows what would be its ransom"; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling.' It has been repeatedly stated that there is no foundation whatever for this anecdote; but Scott himself expressly states in a note that it is literally true, and that David Wilson 'was a real personage.' 'Snuffy Davy' has been identified with Clarke, the bookseller of New Bond Street, whose 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' is a most valuable book. However that may be, it is certain that the King did not give any such price at any such sale. The King's copy was purchased at West's sale in 1773 for £32 0s. 6d. At the Askew sale the King's purchases did not exceed £300, and the items were almost exclusively editions of the classics. It is certain, however, that Caxton's books have experienced many ups and downs. Mr. Blades tells us of an incident in which he was personally concerned. He happened on a copy of the 'Canterbury Tales' in a dirty pigeon-hole close to the grate in the vestry of the French Protestant Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand; it was fearfully mutilated, and was being used leaf by leaf—a book originally worth £800.

From 'Game and Play of Chesse,' by Caxt

Caxton's immediate successors met with a fate similar to his own. The most remarkable feature of Richard Rawlinson's[136:A] library (sold by Samuel Leigh in 1756), which contained nearly 25,000 volumes, consisted in the large quantity of Old English black-letter books, and these, of course, realized absurdly low figures, as the following list testifies:

	£	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 Toune 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 Booke 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. Albans,' by W. de Worde	1 1 0


Here in thys booke folowyng is determyned t
of Coote armuris: and how gentilmen shall
from vngentill men. and how bondeage began first i
and after succeded in man kynde. as it is shewede
boothe in the childer of Adam and also of Noe. and
deuyded the worlde in. iij. partis to his. iij. sonny
ther be shewyd the. ix. colowris in armys figured b
orleris of aungelis. and it is shewyd by the forsay
wych ben worthy and wych ben Royall. and of rig
che ben noble and wich ben exellent. And ther ben
tuys of chyualry and many other notable and fam
gys to the plesure of noble personys shall be shewyd
kys folowyng witteneses who so euer likyth to se
rede thaym wych were to longe now to rehers.
theys notable thyngh aforesayde folowyth the Blas
maner armys in latyn french and English.

Specimen of the type of 'The Boke of St. Al

The very high price paid for the 'Boke of St. Albans' is noteworthy, for nearly all the other items are equally rare. In 1844, a copy of this 'boke' was sold as waste-paper for 9d., and almost immediately passed into the possession of Mr. Grenville for £70 or guineas. Dr. Mead's copy—one of the only two known—of 'Rhetorica Nova Fratris Laurentii Gulielmi de Sacra,' printed at St. Albans, 1480, sold for 2s. At the Willett sale, in 1813, it brought £79 16s.

The rarity of the English translations of the Bible and New Testament arises from just the opposite cause which has operated in making the early productions of the English press so scarce. The latter were for the most part neglected out of existence, whilst the former were literally read out of it. A complete copy of the *editio princeps* Coverdale, 1535, is, we believe,

unknown. One illustration will sufficiently indicate the enhanced value of this book, and the illustration may be taken as a general one in respect to this class of book: The Perkins copy, which realized £400 in 1873, was purchased at the Dent sale in 1827 for £89 5s. The more perfect of the only two copies known of Tyndale's New Testament, first edition, 1526, in the Baptists' Library at Bristol, is of great interest, and well deserving of a mention in this place. It has no title-page. Underneath a portrait, pasted to the first leaf, 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.'

fo. cxciy.

The Epiſtle off the Apoſtle Paul / to the Romaynes.

The fyrſt Chapter.

PAul the ſervaunte off Jeſus Chriſt / called vnto the office off an apoſtle / putt a parte to preache the goſpell of God / which he promyſed afore by his prophetes / i the holy ſcriptures that make meſsion of his ſõne / the which was begotten of the ſeede of David / as pertaynynge to the fleſshe: and declared to be the ſonne of God with power of the holy goost / that ſanctifieth / ſence the tyme that Jeſus Chriſt oure lorde roſe agayne from deeth / by whom we have receaved grace and apoſtleſhippe / thatt all gentiles ſhulde obeye to the fayth which is in his name / of the which nombre are ye alſo / which are Jeſus Chriſtes by vocacion.

To all you of Rome beloved of God / ad ſanctes by callynge. Grace be with you and peace from God oure father / and from the lorde Jeſus Chriſt.

Fyrſt verely I thanke my god thorow Jeſus Chriſt for you all / becauſe youre faith is publiſshed through out all the worlde. For god is my

A a

Specimen page of Tyndale's Testament, 1526.

On the opposite leaf is a printed statement to this effect: 'On Tuesday evening (13 May, 1760) at Mr. Langford's sale of Mr. Ames's books, a copy of the translation of the New Testament by Tindall, and supposed to be the only one remaining which escaped the flames, was sold for fourteen guineas and a half. This very book was picked up by one of the late Lord Oxford's collectors ['John Murray' written in the margin], and was esteemed so valuable a purchase by his lordship, that he settled £20 a year for life upon the person who procured it.

His Lordship's library being afterwards purchased by Mr. Osborne, of Gray's Inn, he marked it at fifteen shillings, for which price Mr. Ames bought it.' (John Murray died in 1748.) On the other side of the leaf is another note, in manuscript: 'N.B. This choice book was purchased at Mr. Langford's sale, 13th May, 1760, by me John White [for £15 14s. 6d.], and on the 13th day of May, 1776, I sold it to the Rev. Dr. Gifford for 20 guineas.' Dr. Gifford was an assistant librarian at the British Museum, and left his library to the use of the Baptist Society at Bristol.

Jo

Sacomb, Book-hunter.

Before leaving the subject of Bibles, we may refer to one of the most interesting events of the book-sale season of 1836, when, at Evans's on April 27, the superb copy of St. Jerome's Bible, executed by Alcuin for Charlemagne, came up for sale. Commenced about the year 778, it was not completed till 800. When it was finished it was sent to Rome by his friend and disciple, Nathaniel, who presented it to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation; it was preserved by that monarch until his death. Its subsequent history is full of interest, and would form an entertaining chapter in the Adventures of Books. After its first owner's death, it is supposed to have been given to the monastery of Prum in Lorraine by Lothaire, the grandson of Charlemagne, who became a monk of that monastery. In 1576, this religious house was dissolved, but the monks preserved the manuscript, and carried it to Switzerland to the abbey of Grandis Vallis, near Basle, where it reposed till the year 1793, when, on the occupation of the episcopal territory of Basle by the French, all the property of the abbey was confiscated and sold, and the manuscript in question came into the possession of M. Bennot, from whom, in 1822, it was purchased by M. Speyr Passavant, who brought it into general notice, and offered it for sale to the French Government at the price of 60,000 francs; this was declined, when the proprietor knocked off nearly 20,000 francs from the original demand, but still without effecting a sale. M. Passavant subsequently brought it to England, and offered it to the Duke of Sussex, who, however, declined it. It was then offered to the British Museum for £12,000, then for £8,000, and at last for £6,500, which he declared an 'immense sacrifice.' Unsuccessful at every turn, he resolved to submit it to auction, and the precious

volume was entrusted to Evans. It was knocked down for £1,500, but to the proprietor himself. After a further lapse of time, Passavant sold the volume to the British Museum for £750. This splendid manuscript is a large folio in delicate and beautifully formed minuscule characters, with the beginnings of chapters in fine uncials, written in two columns on the purest vellum. If this magnificent manuscript were now offered for sale, it would probably realize at least £3,000.

The rise in the value of the First Folio Shakespeare only dates back for about a century. Beloe, writing in 1806, states that he remembers the time when a very fine copy could be purchased for five guineas. He further observes, 'I could once have purchased a superb one for 9 guineas'; and (apparently) this 'superb' example realized 13 guineas at Dr. Monro's sale in 1792. At the end of the last century it was thought to have realized the 'top' price with 36 guineas. Dr. Askew had a fine copy of the Second Folio, which realized at his sale, in 1775, £5 10s.—it had cost 2-1/2 guineas at Dr. Mead's sale—the purchaser being George Steevens. In this book Charles I. had written these words: 'DUM SPIRO, SPERO, C. R.,' and Sir Thomas Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, had also written: 'Ex dono serenissimi Regis Car. servo suo Humiliss. T. Herbert.' Steevens regarded the amount which he paid for it as 'enormous,' but at his sale it realized 18 guineas, and was purchased for the King's library, and is now, with some other books bought by George III., at Windsor. Steevens supposes that the original edition could not have exceeded 250 copies, and that £1 was the selling price. Its rarity ten or a dozen years after its first appearance may be gauged by the fact that Charles I. was

obliged to content himself with a copy of the Second Folio; its rarity at the present moment will be readily comprehended when it is stated that during the past ninety years only five or six irreproachable examples have occurred for sale. The copy for which the Duke of Roxburghe gave 34 guineas, realized at his sale £100, and passed into the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The example in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a very fine one; it was formerly George Daniel's copy, and realized 682 guineas at his sale in 1864. Height makes a great difference in the price of a book of this sort. For example, a good sound example measuring 12-1/4 inches by 8 inches is worth about £136; another one measuring 13-1/8 by 8-3/8 inches would be worth £300, and perhaps more. Dibdin, with his usual prophetic inaccuracy, described the amount (£121 6s.) at which Mr. Grenville obtained his copy as 'the highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for the volume.' As a matter of fact, the time must come when it will be no longer possible to obtain a perfect copy of this volume, which to English people is a thousand times more important than the Gutenberg Bible or the Psalmorum Codex.

The following list is believed to contain all the finest examples known at present:

FIRST FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, 1623.

	Inches High.	Inches Wide.	Present Possessor.
Loscombe	12	× 8	
Sotheby's	12-1/4	× 8	

Gardner	12-3/8	× 8	Mr. Huth.
Stowe	12-3/8	× 8-1/8	
Poynder	12-1/2	× 8-1/8	
Ellis	12-5/8	× 8-1/8	Earl of Crawford.
Quaritch's Catalogue	12-11/12	× 8	
Thomas Grenville	12-7/8	× 8-3/8	British Museum.
Holland	12-3/8	× 8-1/2	
Duke of Devonshire	13-1/8	× 8-1/8	Chatsworth.
George Daniel	13-1/8	× 8-1/4	Baroness Burdett-Coutts.
Beaufoy Library	13	× 8-3/8	
Locker-Lampson	13	× 8-3/8	Rowfant Library.
Gosford (Earl of)	12-7/8	× 8-3/8	
Lord Vernon	13-1/16	× 8-3/8	America.

Hartley	13-1/8	× 8-1/2	
John Murray	13	× 8-1/2	Albemarle Street.
Thorold	13-3/8	× 8-1/2	America.
Sir Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, with his arms on sides; original old calf, with lettering, full of rough leaves	13-3/8	× 8-3/4	Mr. C. J. Toovey.

The Second, 1632, Third, 1664, and Fourth, 1685, Folios have considerably advanced in value—the Second has risen from £15, at which the Roxburghe copy was sold in 1812, to nearly £200; George Daniel's copy, of the purest quality from beginning to end, and one of the largest known, sold for £148, but fairly good copies may be had for half that amount. The Third Folio, which is really the rarest, as most of the impression was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, has gone up from £20 or £30 to £200, or even more when the seven doubtful plays have the separate title-page; and the Fourth Folio from £5 to about ten times that amount. But the most remarkable feature in connection with Shakespeare,

so far as we are just now concerned, is the change which has taken place in the value of the quartos. We give below a tabulated list of first editions, in which this change will be seen at a glance:

		Former Price.			Recent Price.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1818		18	0	0	385	0	0
'Much Ado About Nothing,'	1797	7	10	0	267	10	0
	1818	17	17	0			
'Love's Labour Lost,' 1818		40	10	0	316	10	0
'A Midsummer Night's Dream'	1805	2	2	0	116	0	0
	1818	12	10	0			
'The Merchant of Venice'	1815	9	9	0	270	0	0
	1818	22	1	0			
'King Richard II.,' 1598, [143:A] 1800		4	14	6	108	3	0
'2 Henry IV.,' 1797 (one leaf MS.)		8	8	0	225	0	0
'Henry V.,' 1818		5	7	6	211	0	0
'1 Henry VI.,' 1801		38	7	0	50	0	0
'Richard III.,' 1818		33	0	0	351	15	0
'Troilus and Cressida,' 1800		5	10	0	110	0	0

'Romeo and Juliet,' 1800		6	0	0	160	0	0
'Hamlet,' 1812		4	13	0	36	0	0
'King Lear,' 1800		28	0	0	70	0	0
'Othello' (1622), 1818		56	14	0	155	0	0
'Pericles,' 1812		1	15	0	40	0	0
'Lucrece'		21	0	0	250	0	0
'Venus and Adonis' (Malone's copy) [143:B]		25	0	0	315	0	0
'Poems'					70	0	0
'Sonnets'	1800	3	10	0			
	1812	21	0	0	230	15	0

Title-page of the First Edition of 'The Compleat Angler.'

What is true of the Shakespeare quartos and folios is also true in a slightly less accentuated degree of the first editions of the sixteenth and seventeenth century poets and dramatists. Dibdin describes a Mr. Byng as having purchased the only known copy of Clement Robinson's 'Handefull of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, at a bookstall for 4d.; at his sale this 'Handefull' was sold for 25 guineas to the Duke of Marlborough, at whose sale, in 1819, it fetched £26 15s.

From the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part II.

Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589, and Gascoigne's 'Works,' are two other striking illustrations of the increase in the value of old English poetry, although the books themselves are of comparatively minor importance from a literary point of view. Isaac Reed well remembered when a good copy of either might have been had for 5s. In the first and second decades of this century the prices had gone up to about £5, but the present values would be nearer £20. Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' 1590-96, early in the century could have been had for £3 12s.; it now realizes ten times that

amount if in fine condition. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' has increased in the same ratio. Lovelace's 'Lucasta' has risen from 11 guineas to nearly £50. The market value of a first edition of Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1653, in 1816 was 4 guineas; in 1879 this book fetched £52; it has since realized £310. Rarer even than the first Walton is the first edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 1678; Southey, writing in 1830, declared that the date of the first publication of this work was at that time unknown, since no copy could be traced. Not long after this an example—still in possession of Capt. Holford, of Park Lane—turned up, and was valued at £50; during the last few years four more have been unearthed: three of these are in England, and the other is among the treasures of the Lenox Library, New York. The commercial value of a copy is probably not much less than of a first Walton. Although the first edition of the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' has always been considered so rare, the second part is even rarer; indeed, only three copies are known to exist: one (very imperfect) in the Astor Library in New York, one in the Rylands Library, and the other in the hands of a collector in London. Till some ten years since the two English copies were not known to exist; they were both bought in one bundle for a few shillings in Sotheby's sale-room. The imperfect American one was supposed to be unique till these came to light.

Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' sixty years ago was 'uncollected'; a quarter of a century ago it sold for £5; ten years ago it was worth £10; in 1891 a remarkably tall and clean copy, in the original calf as issued, sold at Sotheby's for £94. Gray's 'Elegy,' 1751, sold for £1 16s. in 1888, and for £70 since then. Apropos of this 'Elegy,' there are only three uncut copies known, and one of these was obtained by Mr.

Augustine Birrell, Q.C., a few years ago by a stroke of great good luck. He happened to be passing through Chancery Lane one day, and, having a little time at his disposal, dropped into Messrs. Hodgson's rooms, where a sale of books was in progress. At the moment of his entry some volumes of quarto tracts were being offered, and taking one of them in his hand, he opened it at random, and saw—a fine uncut copy of the famous 'Elegy'! He bought the lot for a few shillings. It may be mentioned that the original manuscript of Gray's 'Elegy' sold for £130 in 1854.

Such are a few of the excessively rare books, whose appearance in the market is at all times an event in the book-collecting world. Partly as an illustration of our forbears' wit, and partly as a list of curious and highly imaginary titles, the following article from the *London Magazine* of September, 1759, is well worth quoting here:

'*BOOKS selling by Auction, at the Britannia, near the Royal Exchange.*

By L. FUNNIBUS, *Auctioneer.*

"'Gratitude," a Poem, in twenty-four cantos, from the original German of Lady Mary Hapsburgh, published at Vienna in the year 1756.—"Machiavel the Second, or Murder no Sin," from the French of Monsieur le Diable, printed at Paris for le Sieur Dæmon, in la Rue d'Enfer, near the Louvre.—"Cruelty a Virtue," a Political Tract, in two volumes, fine imperial paper, by Count Soltikoff. —"The Joys of Sodom," a Sermon, preached in the Royal Chapel at Warsaw, by W. Hellsatanatius, Chaplain to his Excellency

Count Bruhl.—"The Art of Trimming," a Political Treatise, by the learned Van-Self, of Amsterdam.—"Self-Preservation," a Soliloquy, wrote extempore on an Aspen Leaf on the Plains of Minden; found in the pocket of an Officer who fell on the First of August.—"The Art of Flying," by Monsieur Contades; with a curious Frontispiece, representing Dismay with Eagle's Wings, and Glory with a pair of Crutches, following the French Army.—"The Reveries of a Superannuated Genius, on the Banks of Lake Liman, near Geneva," by M. Voltaire.—"The Spirit of Lying," from "L'Esprit Menteur" of Monsieur Maubert.—"Political Arithmetic," by the same Author; in which is proved to Demonstration that Two is more than Five, and that Three is less than One.—"The Knotty Question Discussed," wherein is proved that under certain circumstances, Wrong is Right, and Right is Wrong, by a Casuist of the Sorbonne.—"A New Plan of the English Possessions in America," with the Limits *properly* settled, by Jeffery Amherst, Geographer to his Britannick Majesty.—"The Theory of Sea-fighting reduced to Practice," by E. Boscawen, Mariner.—"A Treatise on the Construction of Bridges," by I. Will, and I. Willnot, Architects, near the Black-Friars, at Louvain.—"The Spirit of Treaties," a very Curious Tract, in which is fairly proved, that absolute Monarchs have a right to explain them in their own sense, and that limited Princes are tied down to a strict observance of the letter.—"The Conquest of Hanover by the French, in the year 1759," a tragi-comic

Farce, by a French officer.—"A Letter of Consolation from the Jesuits in the Shades, to their afflicted brethren at Lisbon," the second edition.—"The Fall of Fisher," an excellent new Ballad, by —— Harvey, Esq. —"The Travels of a Marshal of France, from the Weser to the Mayne"; shewing how he and 10,000 of his companions miraculously escaped from the hands of the savage Germans and English; and how, after inexpressible difficulties, several hundreds of them got safe to their own country. Interspersed with several Curious Anecdotes of Rapes, Murders, and other French Gallantries; by P. L. C., a Benedictine Monk, of the Order of Saint Bartholomew.'

FOOTNOTES:

[100:A] Cooper's hammer was of boxwood. Millington applies to his own the Homeric line, δεινὴ δὲκλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργνρέοιο βιοῖο, which anyone is quite at liberty to believe. James Christie's original hammer is still in the possession of the firm; Samuel Baker's belongs to Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

[101:A] In 1686 Millington was selling the library of the deceased Lord Anglesey. Putting up a copy of 'Eikon Basilike,' there were but few bidders, and those very low in their biddings. Casually turning over the pages before bringing the hammer on the rostrum, he read, with evident surprise, the following note

in Lord Anglesey's own handwriting: 'King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last session of parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the Lords' House, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections, written with the late King Charles the First's own hand) assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; which I here insert for the understanding of others on this point, by attesting so much under my own hand.—ANGLESEY.'

[121:A] There were 4,313 lots in this sale, the total of which was £4,001. The catalogue has a very curious engraved frontispiece of an oak-tree felled, and persons bearing away branches, with a Greek motto signifying that, the oak being felled, every man gets wood.

[129:A] This particular copy is regarded as the finest ever sold at auction; it is bound in blue morocco by Derome, and cost Mr. Wodhull 15 guineas in August, 1770.

[132:A] John Ratcliffe, who died in 1776, lived in East Lane, Bermondsey, and followed the prosaic calling of a chandler. He collected Caxtons and the works of other early English printers with great diligence and judgment for nearly thirty years. Many of these appear to have been brought to him as wastepaper, to be purchased at so much per pound. An interesting account of this very remarkable man is given in Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' iii., 621, 622.

[133:A] The original or Caxton's price for this book was about 5s. or 6s. per copy.

[136:A] The title-page of the catalogue contained the following whimsical motto from

Ebulus:

> ὀΚαι γαρ ὁ ταὼς διὰ τὸ σπάνίον
> θαῦμάζεταί.
>
> (The peacock is admired on account
> of its rarity.)

Hearne speaks of Richard Rawlinson as 'vir antiquis moribus ornatus, perque eam viam euns, quæ ad immortalem gloriam ducit.'

[143:A] The first edition of this play, 1597, sold in 1864 for £341 5s.; it is the only copy known.

[143:B] Thomas Jolley picked up a volume which contained a first edition of both 'Venus and Adonis' and the 'Sonnets,' for less than 3s. 6d. in Lancashire! The former alone realised £116 in 1844, and is now in the Grenville collection, British Museum. The copy of the former in the above list was purchased at Baron Bolland's sale in 1840 for £91; at Bright's sale for £91 10s., when it became Daniel's. The 'Sonnets,' also Daniel's copy, had belonged to Narcissus Luttrell, who gave 1s. for it.

BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSTALLING.

F the numerous ways and means of acquiring books open to the book-hunter in London, there is none more pleasant or popular than that of BOOKSTALLING. To the man with small means, and to the man with no means at all, the pastime is a very fascinating one. East, west, north, and south, there is, at all times and in all seasons, plenty of good hunting-ground for the sportsman, although the inveterate hunter will encounter a surfeit of Barmecides' feasts. Nearly every book-hunter has been more or less of a bookstaller, and the custom is more than tinctured with the odour of respectability by the fact that Roxburghe's famous Duke, Lord Macaulay the historian, and Mr. Gladstone the omnivorous, have been inveterate grubbers among the bookstalls. Macaulay was not very

communicative to booksellers, and when any of them would hold up a book, although at the other end of the shop, he could tell by the cover, or by intuition, what it was all about, and would say 'No,' or 'I have it already.' Leigh Hunt was a bookstaller, for he says: 'Nothing delights us more than to overhaul some dingy tome and read a chapter gratuitously. Occasionally, when we have opened some very attractive old book, we have stood reading for hours at the stall, lost in a brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and should probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vendor of published wisdom offered, in a satirically polite way, to bring us out a chair. "Take a chair, sir; you must be tired."' The first Lord Lytton had a fancy for these plebeian book-marts; whilst Southey had a mania for them almost: he could not pass one without 'just running his eye over for *one* minute, even if the coach which was to take him to see Coleridge at Hampstead was within the time of starting.'

The extreme variety of the bookstall is its great attraction, and the chances of netting a rare or interesting book lie, perhaps, not so much in the variety of books displayed as in their general shabbiness. Ten years ago an English journalist picked up a copy of the first edition of Mrs. Glasse's 'Art of Cookery,' in the New Kent Road, for a few pence. It is no longer a shabby folio, but, superbly bound, it was sold with Mr. Sala's books, July 23, 1895, for £10. A not too respectable copy of Charles Lamb's privately-printed volume, 'The Beauty and the Beast,' was secured for a few pence, its market-value being something like £20. A copy of Sir Walter Scott's 'Vision of Don Roderick,' 1816, first edition, in the original boards, was purchased, by Mr. J. H. Slater, in Farringdon Road, in January, 1895, for 2d.

—not a great catch, perhaps, but it is one of the rarest of Scott's works; and as the originals of this prolific author are rapidly rising in the market, there is no knowing what it may be worth in the immediate future.

Here is a curious illustration of the manner in which a 'find' is literally picked up. A man who sells books from a barrow in the streets was wheeling it on the way to open for the day, and passed close to a bookseller's assistant who was on his way to work. As the man passed, a small volume fell off into the road, which the assistant kindly picked up, with the intention of replacing it on the barrow. Before doing so, however, he looked at the volume. One glance was enough. 'Here, what do you want for this?' he asked. The dealer, taking a casual glance at the volume, said: 'Oh, thruppence, I suppose, will do.' The money was paid, and the assistant departed with the prize, which was a rare volume by Increase Mather, printed in 1698 at Boston, U.S.A., and worth from £8 to £12. A copy of Fuller's first work, and the only volume of poetry published by that quaint writer, the excessively rare 'David's Hainous Sinne,' 1631, was bought a few years ago for eighteenpence, probably worth half as many pounds.

The coincidences of the bookstall are sometimes very remarkable. Mr. G. L. Gomme relates one which is well worth recording, and we give it in his own words: 'My friend, Mr. James Britten, the well-known plant-lore scholar, has been collecting for some years the set of twenty-four volumes of that curious annual, *Time's Telescope*. He had two duplicates for 1825 and 1826, and these he gave to me. One day last January I was engaged to dine with him, and in the middle of the *same* day I passed a second-hand

bookshop, and picked out from the sixpenny box a volume of *Time's Telescope* for 1816. In the evening I showed my treasure with great contentment to my friend, expecting congratulations. But, to my surprise and discomfiture, a mysterious look passed over his face, then followed a quick migration to his bookshelves, then a loud hurrah, and an explanation that this very "find" of mine was the *one* volume he wanted to complete his set, the one volume he had been in search of for some time.' Another book-collector picked out of a rubbish-heap on a country bookseller's floor a little old book of poetry with the signature of 'A. Pope.' Subsequently he found a manuscript note in a book on the shelves of a public library referring to this very copy, which, the writer of the note stated, had been given him by the poet Pope.

Cornelius Walford, Book-collector.

The late Cornelius Walford related an interesting incident, the 'only one of any special significance which has occurred to me during thirty-five years of industrious book-hunting': 'When living at Enfield, I used generally to walk to the Temple by way of Finsbury, Moorgate, Cheapside, and Fleet Street. Every bookshop on the way I was familiar with. On one occasion I thought I would vary the route by way of Long Lane and Smithfield (as, indeed, I had occasionally done before). I was at the time sadly in want of a copy of "Weskett on Insurances," 1781, a folio work of some 600 pages. I had searched and

inquired for it for years; no bookseller had ever seen it. I had visited every bookshop in Dublin, in the hope of finding a copy of the pirated (octavo) edition printed there; and but for having seen a copy in a public library, should have come to the conclusion that the book never existed. Some temporary sheds had been erected over the Metropolitan Railway in Long Lane. One, devoted to a meagre stock of old books, *was opened that morning*. The first book I saw on the rough shelves was Weskett, original edition, price a few shillings. I need hardly say I carried it away. . . . I have never seen or heard of another of the original edition exposed or reported for sale.'

Mr. Shandy *père* was a bookstaller also, and if Bruscambille's 'Prologue upon Long Noses,' even when obtainable 'almost for nothing,' would fail to excite in every collector the enthusiasm experienced by Mr. Shandy, we can at all events sympathize with him. '"There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom," said the stall-man, who, like many stall-men of to-day, did not hesitate to make a leap in the dark, "except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious." My father flung down the money as quick as lightning, took Bruscambille into his bosom, hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Bruscambille all the way.'

The South Side of Holywell Street.

We have already seen that there were bookstalls as well as bookshops in and about the neighbourhood of Little Britain during the latter part of the seventeenth century. There were bookstalls or booths also in St. Paul's Churchyard long before this period; but books had scarcely become old in the time of Shakespeare, so that doubtless the volumes which were to be had within the shadow of the cathedral were new ones. Booksellers gradually migrated from the heart of London to a more westerly direction. The bookstall followed, not so much as a matter of course as because there was no room for it; land became extremely valuable, and narrow streets, which are also crowded, are not a congenial soil for the book-barrow. The Strand and Holborn and Fleet Street districts, both highways and byways, became a favourite spot for the book-barrow during the last century, and remained such up to quite modern

times—until, indeed, the iconoclastic wave of improvements swept everything before it. Holywell Street still remains intact.

Exeter 'Change in 1826.

One of the most famous bookstalling localities during the last century was Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, which occupied a large area of the roadway between the present Lyceum Theatre and Exeter Street, and has long since given place to Burleigh Street. The place was built towards the end of the seventeenth century, and the shops were at first occupied by sempsters, milliners, hosiers, and so forth. The place appears to have greatly degenerated, and soon included bookstalls among the standings of miscellaneous dealers. Writing on January 31, 1802, Robert Bloomfield observes: 'Last night, in passing

through Exeter 'Change, I stopt at a bookstall, and observed "The Farmer's Boy" laying there for sale, and the new book too, marked with very large writing, Bloomfield's "Rural Tales": a young man took it up, and I observed he read the whole through, and perhaps little thought that the author stood at his elbow.' This locality was also a famous one for 'pamphlet shops.' 'Sold at the Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster' is an imprint commonly seen on title-pages up to the middle of the last century. In addition to shops and stalls, book-auctions were also held here. The curious and valuable library of Dr. Thomas Pellet, Fellow of the College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society, was sold 'in the Great Room over Exeter 'Change,' during January, 1744, beginning at 5 p.m. (see p. 105).

A Barrow in Whitechapel.

Early in the eighteenth century, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, in his 'Miscellaneous Reflections,' 1714, refers to notable philosophers and divines 'who can

be contented to make sport, and write in learned Billingsgate, to divert the Coffeehouse, and entertain the assemblys at Booksellers' shops, or the more airy Stalls of inferior book-retailers.'

Bookstalls or barrows have been for nearly a century a feature of the East End of London, more particularly of Whitechapel Road and Shoreditch. The numbers of barrows have increased, but the locality is practically the same. Many useful libraries have been formed from off these stalls, and many very good bargains secured. Excellent collections may still be formed from them, but the chances of a noteworthy 'find' are indeed small. The book-hunter who goes to either of these places with the idea of bagging a whole bundle of rarities is likely to come away disappointed; but if he is in a buying humour the chances are ten to one in favour of his getting a good many useful books at very moderate figures. We have heard of a man who picked up a complete set of first editions of Mrs. Browning in Shoreditch, but no one ever seems to have met that lucky individual; and as the story is retailed chiefly by the owner of the barrow from which they were said to have been rescued—the said owner apparently not in the least minding the inevitable conclusion at which the listener will arrive—the story is not repeated as authentic. One of the last things which has come out of Shoreditch lately is a copy of the first edition of Gwillim's 'Display of Heraldry' (1610), in excellent condition, and which was purchased for a few pence. An East End book-hunter tells us that, among other rarities which he has rescued from stalls and cellars in that district, are a first folio Ben Jonson; a copy of the Froben Seneca (1515), with its fine bordered title-page, by Urs Graf; an early edition of Montaigne, with a curious frontispiece; the copy of

the *editio princeps* Statius (1483), which was purchased by Mr. Quaritch at the Sunderland sale; one or two Plantins, in spotless splendour; Henry Stephens' Herodotus, a book as beautiful as it is now valueless, but of which a copy is kept in a showcase at South Kensington, and others, all at merely nominal prices.

Many first-class libraries were formed by these *frequentationes orientales*. It is a great pity that Macaulay, for example, has not left on record a few of the very remarkable incidents which came under his observation during these pilgrimages. The late Mr. W. J. Thoms contributed a few of his to the *Nineteenth Century* thirteen years ago. One of Mr. Thoms' most striking 'East End' book-hunting anecdotes relates to a Defoe tract. When a collected edition of Defoe's works was contemplated some forty years ago, it was determined that the various pieces inserted in it should be reprinted from the editions of them superintended by Defoe himself. 'There was one tract which the editor had failed to find at the British Museum or any other public library, and which he had sought in vain for in "The Row" or any bookseller's within reach of ordinary West End mortals. Somebody suggested that he should make a pilgrimage to Old Street, St. Luke's, and perhaps Brown might have a copy. Old Brown, as he was familiarly called, had a great knowledge of books and book-rarities, although perhaps he was more widely known for the extensive stock of manuscript sermons which he kept indexed according to texts, and which he was ready to lend or sell as his customers desired. . . . The editor inquired of Brown whether he had a copy of Defoe's tract. "No," said Brown; "I have not, and I don't know where you are likely to find one. But if you do meet

with one, you will have to pay pretty handsomely for it." "I am prepared to pay a fair price for it," said the would-be customer, and left the shop. Now, Old Brown had a "sixpenny box" outside the door, and he had such a keen eye to business that I believe, if there was a box in London which would bear out Leigh Hunt's statement [that no one had ever found anything worth having in the sixpenny box at a bookstall], it was that box in Old Street. But as the customer left the shop his eye fell on the box, he turned over the rubbish in it, and at last selected a volume. "I'll pay you for this out of the box." "Thank you, sir," said Brown, taking the proffered sixpence. "But, by-the-by, what is it?" "It is *a* tract by Defoe," was the answer, to Old Brown's chagrin. For it was the very work of which the purchaser was in search.'

In the way of antiquity doubtless the New Cut—as what was once Lambeth Marsh is now termed—comes next to the two East End localities above mentioned as a bookstall locality. The place has certainly been a book-emporium for at least half a century. Mr. G. A. Sala declares that he has purchased for an old song many of his rarest books in this congested and unsavoury locality where Robert Buchanan and his ill-fated friend, David Gray, shared a bankrupt garret on their first coming up to London from Scotland. The present writer has picked up some rare and curious books in that locality during the past ten years, and others have doubtless done the same. Not so very long ago a volume with the autograph of Drayton was secured for one penny, certainly not an extravagant price.

A Book-barrow in Farringdon Road.

For some years Farringdon Road has enjoyed the distinction of being the best locality in London for bookstalling. Its stalls are far more numerous, and the quality of the books here exposed for sale is of a much higher class, than those which are to be met with in other places. There are between thirty and forty bookstalls or barrows here, and the place has what we may describe as a bibliopolic history, which goes back for a period of twenty years. The first person to start in the bookselling line was a coster of the name of Roberts, who died somewhat suddenly either in December of 1894 or early in January of the present year. Roberts appears to have been a fairly successful man at the trade, and had a fairly good knowledge of cheap books. The *doyen* of the Farringdon Road bibliopoles is named Dabbs—a very intelligent man, who started first in the hot-chestnut line. Mr. Dabbs has generally a fairly good stock of books, which varies between one and two thousand volumes, a selection of which are daily displayed on four or five barrows, and varying from two a penny

('You must take two') up to higher-priced volumes. Curiously enough, he finds that theological books pay the best, and it is of this class that his stock chiefly consists. Just as book-hunters have many 'finds' to gloat over, so perhaps booksellers have to bewail the many rarities which they have let slip through their fingers. It would be more than could be expected of human nature, as it is at present constituted, to expect booksellers to make a clean or even qualified confession in this respect. Our friend Dabbs, however, is not of this hypersensitive type, and he relates, with a certain amount of grim humour, that his greatest lost opportunity was the selling of a book for 1s. 6d. which a few days afterwards was sold in Paris for £50. He consoles himself with the reflection that at all events *he* made a fair profit out of this book. If we could all be as philosophical as this intelligent book-barrow-keeper, doubtless the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune would impress fewer wrinkles on our brows, and help us to think kindly of the friends who put us 'up' to good things in the way of gold-mines and generously left us to pay the piper.

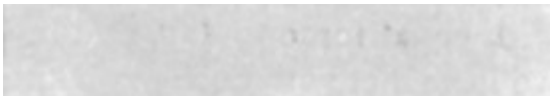
A few Types in Farringdon Road.

However picturesque may be the calling of the bookstall-keeper to the person who experiences a fiendish delight in getting a 6d. book out of him for 5-1/2d., the calling is on the whole a very hard one. Exposed to all weathers, these men have a veritable struggle for existence. Their actual profits rarely exceed 30s. or £2 weekly. They vary greatly, of course, according to weather, and a wet Saturday makes a very material difference to their takings. Many weeks throughout the year these takings do not average more than 8s. or 10s. We have made inquiries among most of the bookstall-keepers in the

Metropolis, and the above facts can be depended upon. When these men happen upon a rare book, they nearly invariably sell it to one of the better-class booksellers. By this means they make an immediate profit and effect a ready sale. There is beyond this a numerous class of what may be described as 'book-ghouls,' or men who make it a business to haunt the cheap bookstalls and bag the better-class or more saleable books and hawk them around to the shops, and so make a few shillings on which to support a precarious existence, in which beer and tobacco are the sole delights. We once met a man who did a roaring trade of this description, chiefly with the British Museum. He took notes of every book that struck him as being curious or out of the way, and those which he discovered to be absent from the Museum he would at once purchase. He was great in the matter of editions, such as Pope, Junius, Coleridge, and so forth. The Museum is naturally lacking in hundreds of editions of English authors; but as these editions, almost without exception, possess no literary value, their presence (or absence) was not a matter of importance. For some months the 'collector' referred to inundated the Museum with these unimportant editions. Our friend discovered that the Museum authorities, ignoring the prices which he placed on his wares, would only have them at their own figures—which showed a curious similarity to those at which the vendor had obtained them—and this, coupled with the fact that they refused to purchase many of the items offered at any price, led him to the conclusion that he was serving his country at too cheap a rate. It is scarcely necessary to add that he is now following a vocation which, if less agreeable, is certainly more profitable to himself. Occasionally one of these professional

bookstallers blossoms into a shopkeeper in some court or alley off Holborn; but more generally they are too far gone in drink and dilapidation to get out of the rut.

One of the most curious characters who ever owned a bookstall was Henry Lemoine, the son of a French Huguenot. He was born in 1756, and for many years kept a stall in Bishopsgate Churchyard. He wrote many books, and did much hack-work for various publishers, chiefly in the way of translations from the French. He gave up shopkeeping in 1795, and became a pedestrian bookseller or colporteur of pamphlets. In 1807 he again set up a small stand of books in Parliament Street, and died in April, 1812. He might have achieved success, and become a respectable member of society, but his great failing was an all-consuming thirst.



Henry Lemoine, Author and Bookseller.

Writing over forty years ago in 'London Labour and the London Poor,' 1851, Henry Mayhew remarked: 'There has been a change, and in some respects a considerable change, in the character or class of books sold at the street stalls, within the last forty or fifty years, as I have ascertained from the most experienced men in the trade. Now sermons, or rather the works of the old divines, are rarely seen at these stalls, or if seen, rarely purchased. Black-letter editions are very unfrequent at street bookstalls, and it is twenty times more difficult, I am assured, for street-sellers to pick up anything really rare and

curious, than it was in the early part of the century. One reason assigned for this change by an intelligent street-seller was, that black-letter or any ancient works were almost all purchased by the second-hand booksellers, who have shops and issue catalogues, as they have a prompt sale for them whenever they pick them up at book-auctions or elsewhere.' As we have already pointed out, the same rule which obtained forty years ago applies with equal force to-day, and in the chief instances in which we have met with books well known to be rare, on bookstalls, their condition has been so bad as to render them valueless, except, perhaps, for the purpose of helping to complete imperfect copies.

At one time the bookstall-keepers had fairly good opportunities of making a haul of a few rare books—that was when they were called in to clear out offices and old houses. As the world has grown wiser in respect to books as well as other things, executors, legatees, and so forth, have acquired unreasonable views as to the value of old books, and everything in the shape of a volume is sent to the regular book-auctioneers. When it is remembered that practically all the books which now occur on the various bookstalls of the Metropolis are purchased under the hammer at Hodgson's, the chances of obtaining anything rare are reduced to a minimum. These books are the refuse of the various bookshops, after, perhaps, having passed from one shop to another for several years without finding a purchaser outside the trade. At Hodgson's, of course, these books find their level, after repeated appearances; they are here sold, not quite by the cartload, but certainly in lots sufficiently large to fill a moderate sized wheelbarrow. The tastes of the bookbuying public are so infinite that there would seem to be a sale, at

some time or another, for every species of printed matter; but the habitual haunter of the bookstalls meets with the same water-soaked dog-eared volumes month after month, and year after year, so that he is forced to the conclusion that the right purchaser has not yet come along. These volumes appeal to the bookbuyer with a piteousness which is scarcely less than positively human. In the words of George Peele, written over three centuries ago, these books seem to say,

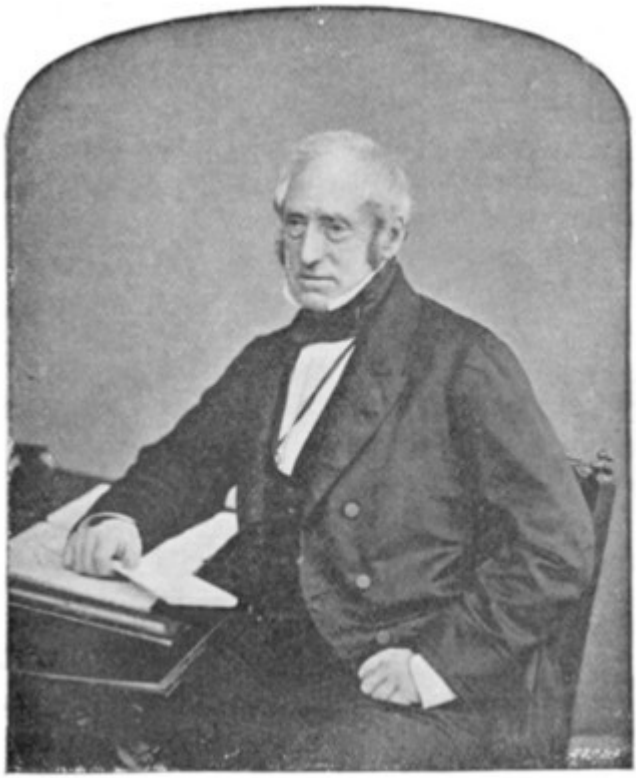
> 'Buy, read and judge,
> The price do not grudge;
> It will give thee more pleasure
> Than twice as much treasure;'

but no one seems to take the hint. Samuel Foote, in 'The Author,' makes Vamp say: 'Books are like women, Master Cape; to strike they must be well dressed; fine feathers make fine birds: a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise through three editions.' These adventitious aids may still possess a potent influence in selling a new book even to-day, but they have little effect on the sale of the books which gravitate towards the book-barrow.

The bookstall-keeper, it is true, has no rent to pay, except for the hire of his barrow, which amounts to one shilling per week each. Even this small charge is a considerable item where a man hires two or three barrows and does scarcely any trade. Then he has to pay someone to look after his goods during his absence. Further than this, the barrow-man has to pay cash down before he removes his purchase from the sale-room. On the other hand he gives no credit. The bookseller who enjoys the luxury of a shop, gets

credit from the auctioneer, and gives credit to his customers. He has to put as large a margin of profit as possible on his books, and an average of sixpence each has to be added to the original cost of every item catalogued. The bookstall-man is, naturally, handicapped in many ways, and if he finds the sweepings of his more aristocratic *confrères'* shops a long time on his hands, he, at all events, makes as large a profit with much fewer liabilities.

We have referred to Hodgson's as the centre from which nearly all the bookstalls are supplied. Occasionally, however, the barrow-man buys at Sotheby's, and frequently so at Puttick and Simpson's. Sometimes the more adventurous spirits attend auctions in private houses in the suburbs, and occasionally those held a few miles out of town. These expeditions are more often than not 'arranged,' and usually resolve themselves into 'knock-outs.' It is a by no means unknown contingency for two or three men to purchase, against all comers, the entire lot of books at figures which invariably put the auctioneer into an exceedingly good humour; neither is it an unknown event for these men to decamp without the books, and also without leaving their addresses or deposit! Such tricks, however, are not the work of the tradesmen who have a *locus standi*, but of the better class of book-jackals, who, failing to get the books for next to nothing, outbid everyone else, and leave the auctioneer to get out of the dilemma as he best can.



The late Edmund Hodgson, Book-auctioneer.

For many years the weekly cattle-market at Islington has been a happy hunting-ground of the bookstall-keeper. Books are among the hundred and one articles which are brought from every conceivable source, and many very good things have doubtless been picked up here. But it is always the early prowler who gets the rarities—the man who gets there at eight or nine o'clock in the morning. There is very little but absolute rubbish left for the post-prandial visitor. A few inveterate book-hunters have journeyed thither at various times and in a spasmodic manner, but the hope of anything worth

having has usually turned out to be a vain one: they have always been anticipated.

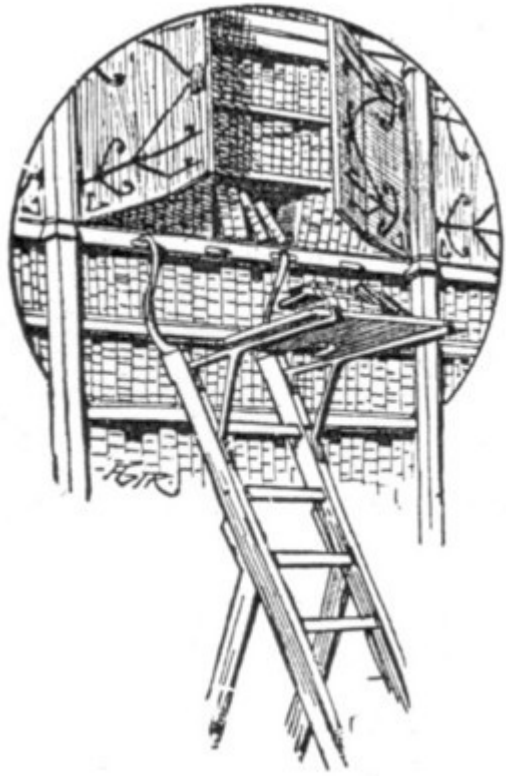
Between the more ambitious shop and the nondescript bookstall, there is a class or species of bookseller who deserves a niche in this place. We refer to men like Purcell, in Red Lion Passage, Red Lion Square, Holborn, who are almost as much printsellers as booksellers. They make one book by destroying many others. Grangerizing is the proper name of this practice; but as the Rev. Mr. Granger has been productive of more curses than a dozen John Bagfords—an evil genius of the same type—the process is now termed extra-illustrating. However much one may denounce the whole system, it is impossible, whatever a particular book-hunter's idiosyncrasy may be, not to feel interested in some of the collections which these enterprising and ruthless biblioclasts manage to get together. Mr. Purcell is an adept at this game, of which, doubtless, Mr. F. Harvey, of St. James's Street, is one of the most clever, as he is certainly the most eminent of professors. Mr. Purcell's collection of prints, engravings, press-cuttings, and so forth, cover an extraordinarily wide field. In fifty cases out of a hundred, booksellers who make grangerizing a speciality find it pays far better to break up an illustrated book than to sell it intact. When they purchase a book, it is obviously their own property, to preserve or destroy, as they find most agreeable. Personally, we regard the system as in many ways a pernicious one, but it is one upon which a vast amount of cant has been wasted.

But bookshops and stalls are obviously not the only places at which bargains in books are likely to be secured, as the following anecdote would seem to

prove: 'A writer and reader well versed in the works of the minor English writers recently entered a newspaper-shop at the East End and purchased a pennyworth of snuff. When he got home he found that the titillating substance was wrapped in a leaf of Sir Thomas Elyot's black-letter book, "The Castell of Helth." The next day the purchaser went in hot haste to the shop and made a bid for the remainder of the volume. "You are too late, sir," spoke the shopkeeper. "After you had gone last night, a liter*airy* gent as lives round the corner gave me two bob for the book. There was only one leaf torn out, which you got. The book was picked up at a stall for a penny by my son." The purchaser of the pennyworth at once produced the leaf, with instructions for it to be handed to his forestaller in the purchase of the volume, together with his name and address; and next day he received a courteous note of thanks from the "liter*airy* gent" aforesaid.' Nothing is so uncertain as one's luck in book-hunting, but, without entirely discrediting the foregoing story, we can only say that it is an old friend with a new face. We have heard the same thing before. Not so very long ago, a certain bookseller thought he had at last got a prize; it was one of the rarest Shakespeare quartos, and worth close on £100. He had purchased it among a lot of other dirty pamphlets. He looked the matter up, and everything seemed to point to the fact that his copy was genuine in every respect—a most uncommon stroke of luck indeed. The precious quarto was in due course sent to Puttick's, and the modest reserve of £70 was placed upon it. The quarto was genuine in every respect, but it was a *facsimile*!

It may be taken for granted that genuine Shakespeare quartos do not occur on bookstalls, and even a rare Americana tract only occurs in the wildest dreams of

the book-hunter. Nevertheless, 'finds' of more or less interest continue to be made by keen book-hunters. Dr. Garnett tells how a tradesman at Oswestry had in his possession books to which he attached no importance, but which, a lady informed him, must be very rare. They were submitted to the authorities of the British Museum, who gave a high price for them. One was Sir Anthony Sherley's 'Wits New Dyall,' published in 1604, of which only one other copy is known to be in existence. As a rule, offers of rare books come from booksellers, who do not always say how they become possessed of them. Among the private people who offer books to the Museum for sale are a large proportion who think that a book must necessarily be rare because it is a hundred years old or more. Before the great catalogue was made, finds were occasionally made in the Museum itself, and even now a volume will occasionally be found which has special interest and value on account of its binding. In other cases a book will be found to be in a binding made up of leaves of some rare work far more valuable than the book itself.



SOME BOOK-HUNTING LOCALITIES.

LITTLE BRITAIN AND MOORFIELDS.

HERE are few more attractive phases in the history of book-hunting in London than that of localities. Up to nearly the end of the last century, these localities were for the most part, and for close on 350 years, confined to within a narrow area. With the rapid expansion of London north, east, south, and west, the 'trade' has not only expanded, but its representatives have sprung up in every district, whilst many of the older ones have forsaken the limits of the City, and pitched their tents in Greater London. For centuries bookselling and publishing flourished side by side in St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and their

immediate neighbourhoods.

St. Paul's Churchyard, 1606. From the Crace C

Of all the old bookselling localities close to the heart of London, none were more famous than Little Britain and Moorfields. Three years before the Great Fire of London—in 1663—Sorbière, in his 'Journey to England,' made the following observation: 'I am not to forget the vast number of booksellers' shops I have observed in London: for besides those who are set up here and there in the City, they have their particular quarters, such as St. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain, where there is twice as many as in the Rue Saint Jacque in Paris, and who have each of them two or three warehouses.' The bookselling zenith of Little Britain was attained in the seventeenth century; it may almost be said to have commenced with the reign of Charles I., and to have begun a sort of retrogression with the Hanoverian succession. But there were printers and booksellers here at the latter part of the sixteenth century. From a newspaper published in this district in 1664, we learn that no less than 464 pamphlets were published

here during four years. It was a sort of seventeenth-century combination of the Paternoster Row and Fleet Street of the present day. It is the place where, according to a widely circulated statement, first made in Richardson's 'Remarks on Paradise Lost,' 1734, an Earl of Dorset accidentally discovered, when on a book-hunt in 1667, a work hitherto unknown to him, entitled 'Paradise Lost.' He is said to have bought a copy, and the bookseller begged him to recommend it to his friends, as the copies lay on his hand like so much wastepaper. The noble Earl showed his copy to Dryden, who is reported to have exclaimed: 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' Though this anecdote may be apocryphal, certain it is the poem is in a way connected with the neighbourhood, inasmuch as Simmons' shop was in Aldersgate Street. In addition to this fact, Richardson also tells us that Milton lodged for some time in Little Britain with Millington, the famous book-auctioneer, who had then quitted the rostrum and followed the more peaceful vocation of a dealer in old books.

Roger North, in his 'Life of the Right Hon. Francis North,' has an oft-quoted reference to Little Britain. From this interesting account we learn that during the latter part of the seventeenth century it was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and that men went thither as to a market. The trade of the place was, in consequence, an important one, the shops being large, and much resorted to by literary personages, wits, men-about-town, and fashionable notabilities generally. The booksellers then were men of intellect. But referring, by way of contrast, to the place during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, he laments that 'this emporium is vanished, and the 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 the town, but all over England, ay, and beyond sea, too, and send abroad their circulators, and in this 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 the shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller, rather than a real one; but instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for; of whom each hath his book-factor, and, when wanting anything, writes to his bookseller and pays his bill. And it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work, with the 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 groat; and so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness; and there is six shillings current for an hour and 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, King, and one or two more, where are best choice, and better pennyworths. I might touch other abuses, as bad paper, incorrect printing, and false advertising; and all of which and worse are to be expected, if a careful author is not at the heels of them.'

We get an interesting glimpse of a meeting of two book-lovers in this locality from Izaak Walton. In his 'Life of Bishop Sanderson,' Walton writes that about the time Sanderson was printing this excellent preface ('before his last twenty Sermons,' 1655), 'I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from costly. The place

of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand.'

The house of Bateman is worthy of an important chapter in the bookselling annals of Little Britain, and the best-known member (Christopher) of the family is described in the usual sugared style of John Dunton: 'There are few booksellers in England (if any) that understand books better than Mr. Bateman, nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge. He is a man of great reputation and honesty.' Nichols states that Bateman would allow no person to look into books in his shop, and when asked a reason for this extraordinary rule, he answered: 'I suppose you may be a physician or an author, and want some recipe or quotation; and, if you buy it, I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after, as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned, to my very great loss and prejudice.' Bateman's shop was a favourite resort of Swift, who several times speaks of it in his 'Journal to Stella:' 'I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so' (January 6, 1710-11); and again: 'I was at Bateman's, to see a fine old library he has bought, and my fingers itched as yours would do at a china-shop' (July 9, 1711).

One of the most frequent visitors to Bateman's shop was Thomas Britton, 'the small-coal man,' who died in September, 1714. His knowledge of books, of music and chemistry was certainly extraordinary, having regard to his ostensible occupation. His collection of manuscripts and printed music and musical instruments was very large. Lord Somers

gave £500 for his collection of pamphlets, and Sir Hans Sloane was also a purchaser of many curious articles. He was a very well-known character, and 'was so much distinguished that, when passing through the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with the following expression: "There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen."' Saturday, when Parliament was not sitting during the winter, was the market day with the booksellers of Little Britain; and in the earlier part of the last century, the frequenters of this locality included such worthies as the Duke of Devonshire, Edward, Earl of Oxford, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea. After the 'hunt' they often adjourned to the Mourning Bush in Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

Thomas Britton, 'the small-coal man,' Collector of Musical Instruments and MSS.

Another famous Little Britain bookseller was Robert Scott whose sister was the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North's 'grandmother's woman.' Scott was a man of 'good parts,' and was in his time, says Roger North, the 'greatest librarian in Europe; for besides his stock in England, he had warehouses at Frankfort, Paris, and other places, and dealt by factors.' When an old man, Scott 'contracted with one Mills, of St. Paul's Churchyard, near £10,000 deep, and articled not to open his shop any more. But Mills, with his auctioneering, atlases, and projects, failed, whereby

poor Scott lost above half his means. . . . 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.'

The most celebrated family of booksellers, perhaps, who lived in Little Britain, was that of Ballard, or Bullard, as the original name appears by the auction catalogues. The family were connected with the trade for over a century, and were noted, says Nichols, 'for the soundness of their principles in Church and State.' One Henry Ballard lived at the sign of the Bear without Temple Bar, over against St. Clement's Church, in 1597, but whether he was an ancestor of the family in question is not certain. Thomas Ballard, the founder of the bookselling branch, was described by Dunton, in 1705, as 'a young bookseller in Little Britain, but grown man in body now, but more in mind:

> 'His looks are in his mother's beauty drest,
> And all the Father has inform'd the rest.'

Samuel Ballard, for many years Deputy of the Ward of Aldersgate Within, died August 27, 1761, and his only son, Edward, January 2, 1796, aged eighty-eight, in the same house in which he was born, having outlived his mental faculties. He was the last of the profession in Little Britain.

Among the scores of Little Britain men who combined publishing with second-hand bookselling, one of the more interesting is William Newton, who resided there during the earlier years of the last century. In 1712 he published Quincy's 'Medicina Statica,' at the end of which is this curious 'Advertisement' (minus the superfluity of capitals):

'Those persons who have any Librarys (*sic*) or small parcels of old books to dispose of, either in town or countrey, may have ready money for them of Will. Newton, Bookseller in Little Britain, London. Also all gentlemen, and schoolmasters, may be furnished with all sorts of classics, in usum Delphi, Variorum, etc. Likewise, he will exchange with any person, for any books they have read and done with.'

It was from the Dolphin, in Little Britain, that Samuel Buckley first issued the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, *et seq.* Tom Rawlinson resided here for some years, as did another and different kind of celebrity, Benjamin Franklin, who worked at Palmer's famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close. 'While I lodged in Little Britain,' says Franklin, in his 'Autobiography,' 'I made an acquaintance with one Wilcox, a bookseller, whose shop was at the next door. He had an immense collection of second-hand books. Circulating libraries were not then in use; but we agreed that, on certain reasonable terms, which I have now forgotten, I might take, read, and return any of the books. This I esteemed a great advantage, and made as much use of as I could.'

Duke Street, Little Britain, formerly called Du

But by Franklin's time the book trade of Little Britain had declined beyond any hope of recovery. In 1756 Maitland describes the place as 'very ruinous'; the part from 'the Pump to Duck Lane is well built, and though much inhabited formerly by booksellers, who dealt chiefly in old books, it is now much deserted and decayed.' A few years before Nichols published his 'Literary Anecdotes,' two booksellers used to sport their rubric posts close to each other here in Little Britain, and these rubric posts[176:A] were once as much the type of a bookseller's shop as the pole is of a barber's.

Nearly all the numerous lanes and alleys immediately contiguous to Little Britain were more or less inhabited by second-hand booksellers. The most important in every respect of these was Duck

Lane, subsequently rechristened Duke Street, and in 1885 as a part and parcel of Little Britain. It is the street which leads from West Smithfield to one end of Little Britain, and the change was a very foolish one. It was to this street that Swift conjectured that booksellers might send inquiries for his works.

> 'Some county squire to Lintot goes,
> Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
> Says Lintot, "I have heard the name,
> He died a year ago." "The same."
> He searches all the shops in vain:
> "Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane."'

And Garth tells how the learned Dr. Edward Tyson filled his library from the Duck Lane shops:

> 'Abandoned authors here a refuge meet,
> And from the world to dust and worms retreat
> Here dregs and sediments and authors reign,
> Refuse of fairs and gleanings of Duck Lane.'

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has noted the fact that a copy of Zach. Ursinus' 'Summe of Christian Religion,' translated by H. Parry (1617), contains on the first leaf this note: 'Mary Rous her Booke, bought in Duck Lane bey Smithfelde, this year, 1644.'

Not very far from Little Britain is the Barbican, which at the earlier part of the century contained several bookshops, but has since degenerated into forbidding warehouses. Charles Lamb, under date March 25, 1829, writes: 'I have just come from town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension,

and have brought home from stalls in Barbican the old "Pilgrim's Progress," with the prints—Vanity Fair, etc.—now scarce. Four shillings; cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is in sheepskin—"The Whole Theologic Works of Thomas Aquinas." My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas, or the lady to the lover in the old romance, who, having to carry her to the top of a high mountain (the price of obtaining her), clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue.'

Charle

after D. Maclise.

The district to which the name of Moorfields was once applied has no great historic interest. It remained moorfields until it was first drained in 1527. In the reign of James I. it was first laid out into walks, and during the time of Charles II. some portions of it were built upon. It soon became famous for its musters and pleasant walks, its laundresses and bleachers, its cudgel-players and popular amusements, its bookstalls and ballad-sellers. Writing at the beginning of the last century, that pungent critic of the world in general, Tom Brown, observes: 'Well, this thing called prosperity

makes a man strangely insolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a cutler looks at a poor grinder of knives; a physician in his coach at a farrier a-foot; and a well-grown Paul's Churchyard bookseller upon one of the trade that sells second-hand books under the trees in Moorfields!' In Thoresby's 'Diary' we have an entry under the year 1709 of a very rare edition of the New Testament in English, 1536, having been purchased in Moorfields.

By the middle of the last century Moorfields became an assemblage of small shops, particularly booksellers', and remained such until, in 1790, the handsome square of Finsbury arose on its site. That some of these booksellers of Moorfields had considerable stocks is seen by the fact that that of John King, of this place, occupied ten days in the dispersal at Samuel Baker's in 1760. Perhaps one of the most famous of the Moorfields booksellers was Thomas King, who published priced catalogues of books from 1780 to 1796, and who deserted Moorfields at about the latter date, to take premises in King Street, Covent Garden, as a book-auctioneer. Horace Walpole, referring to James West's sale in 1773, says: 'Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields.' This sale, which occupied twenty-four days, included, as we have said on a previous page, books by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and others, and also works on Old English literature, voyages and travels, not a few of which were undoubtedly picked up in Moorfields. The Rev. John Brand, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, who died in 1806, visited almost daily the bookstalls between Piccadilly and Mile End, and may be regarded as another Moorfields book-hunter; he generally returned from these excursions with his

deep and wide pockets well laden. His books were chiefly collected in this way, and for comparatively small sums. Brand cared little for the condition of his books, many of which were imperfect, the defects being supplied in neatly-written MS. (See p. 190.) John Keats, the poet, was born in Moorfields, and Tom Dibdin was apprenticed to an upholsterer in this district.

Old Houses in Moorfields.

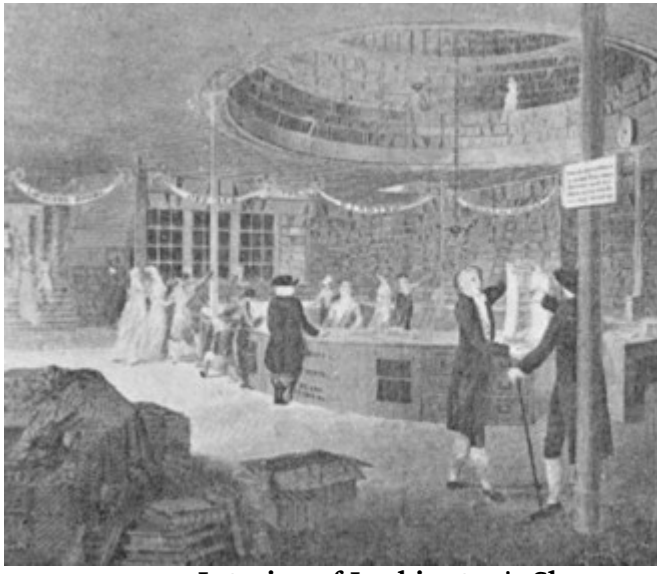
FINSBURY.

When Moorfields became improved into Finsbury Circus, the bookselling element was by no means extinguished. James Lackington (1746 to 1816), who

had established himself as a bookseller in Chiswell Street, was issuing catalogues from that address from 1779 to 1793. He first started selling books on Midsummer Day, 1774, in Featherstone Street, St. Luke's. It was from Chiswell Street that Lackington dated those rambling letters which he styles 'Memoirs of the Forty-five First Years' of his life. In twelve years he had progressed so rapidly, from the sack of old rubbish for which he paid a guinea and with which he began business as a bookseller, that a move to more commodious premises became necessary. In 1794 he transferred his stock to one of the corners of Finsbury Square—which had been then built about five years—and started his 'Temple of the Muses.' The original building was burnt down some years ago, but the late Charles Knight has left on record an interesting sketch of the place as it struck him in 1801: 'Over the principal entrance is inscribed, "Cheapest Booksellers in the World." It is the famous shop of Lackington, Allen and Co., "where above half a million of volumes are constantly on sale." We enter the vast area, whose dimensions are to be measured by the assertion that a coach and six might be driven round it. In the centre is an enormous circular counter, within which stand the dispensers of knowledge, ready to wait upon the county clergyman, in his wig and shovel hat; upon the fine ladies, in feathers and trains; or upon the bookseller's collector, with his dirty bag. If there is any chaffering about the cost of a work, the shopman points to the following inscription: "The lowest price is marked on every book, and no abatement made on any article." We ascend a broad staircase, which leads to "The Lounging Rooms" and to the first of a series of circular galleries, lighted from the lantern of the dome, which also lights the

ground-floor. Hundreds, even thousands, of volumes are displayed on the shelves running round their walls. As we mount higher and higher, we find commoner books in shabbier bindings; but there is still the same order preserved, each book being numbered according to a printed catalogue. . . . The formation of such an establishment as this assumes a remarkable power of organization, as well as a large command of capital.'

Jones and Co. (successors to Lackingto



Interior of Lackington's Shop.

Six years after he had started, Lackington, who had been joined by his friend, John Denis—a man of some capital—published his first catalogue (1779), the title of the firm being Lackington and Co., and the list enumerating some 12,000 volumes. Denis appears to have been a genuine book-collector and a man of some taste, with the very natural result that they soon parted company. Lackington was as vain and officious a charlatan as ever stepped in shoe-leather—a trade to which he had been brought up, by the way—but that he had organizing abilities of a very uncommon order there can be no question. He found the catalogue business a great success, and in due course issued one of 820 pages, with entries of nearly 30,000 volumes and sets of books, all classified under subjects as well as sizes. For thirteen years (after 1763) Lackington did all his own cataloguing. In 1798 the Temple of the Muses was made over to George Lackington, Allen and Co. The

former was a third cousin of the founder of the firm, and is described by John Nichols as 'well educated and gentlemanly.'

Lackington's Halfpenny.

When he retired from the business, Lackington enjoyed himself to the top of his bent, travelling all over the kingdom in his state coach and scribbling. His 'Confessions' appeared in 1804, and form a sequel to his 'Memoirs,' already mentioned. He died on November 22, 1815, and is buried at Budleigh Salterton, Devon. As a bookseller, he certainly was a success—perhaps, indeed, one of the most successful, all things considered, that ever lived in London. He is a hero in pretty much the same sense as James Boswell. He had, as a matter of course, his detractors. His contemporary booksellers loved him not, for his methods of quick sales and small profits were things unheard of until he appeared on the scene. Peter Pindar's 'Ode to the Hero of Finsbury Square, 1795,' is a choice specimen of this witty writer. It begins:

> 'Oh! thou whose mind, unfetter'd, undisguised,
> Soars like the lark into the empty air;

Whose arch exploits by subtlety devised,
Have stamped renown on Finsbury's New Square,
Great "hero" list! Whilst the sly muse repeats
Thy nuptial ode, thy prowess great *in sheets*.'

Accompanying this ode was a woodcut, which represents Lackington mounting his gorgeous carriage upon steps formed by Tillotson's 'Sermons,' a Common Prayer, and a Bible; from one of his pockets there protrudes a packet of papers, labelled 'Puffs and lies for my book,' and from the other 'My own memoirs.'

The 'Co.' of George Lackington, Allen and Co. was a Mr. Hughes. At the next shuffling of cards the firm consisted of Lackington, A. Kirkman, Mavor—a son of Dr. Mavor, of Woodstock—and Jones. In 1822 the firm consisted of Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, and Lepard, and subsequently of Harding and Lepard (who had absorbed the important business of Triphook, the Cunning Bookseller of Beloe, and it was this trio who published the second edition of Dibdin's 'Library Companion'), by whom the business was transferred to Pall Mall East. George Lackington died in March, 1844, aged seventy-six. In the *Bookseller* of December 16, 1886, there is an interesting memoir of Kames James Ford, 'the last of the Lackingtonians,' who died at Crouch Hill five days previously, aged ninety-four.

CENTRAL AND EAST LONDON.

Cheapside had never much attraction to the book-

collector, but the Poultry (which is in reality a continuation of the Cheapside thoroughfare) was for two and a half centuries a bookselling locality. In 1569, for example, John Alde was living at 'the long shop adjoining to St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry.' From the middle to the end of the seventeenth century the locality had become quite famous for its bookshops. Nat Ponder, who 'did time' for publishing a seditious pamphlet, was Bunyan's publisher. John Dunton's shop was at the sign of the Black Raven. No. 22 was the residence of the brothers Charles and Edward Dilly, and it was here, at a dinner, that Dr. Johnson's prejudices against Wilkes were entirely broken down by the latter's brilliant conversation. The Dillys were great entertainers, and all the more notable literary people of the period were to be met at their house. They amassed a very large fortune. Edward died in 1807, having relinquished the business some years previously to Joseph Mawman, who died in 1827. Mawman, it may be mentioned, wrote an 'Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland,' 1805, which the *Edinburgh* furiously assailed: 'This is past all enduring. Here is a tour, *travelled*, *written*, *published*, *sold*, and, for anything we know, *reviewed* by one and the same individual! We cannot submit patiently to this monstrous monopoly.' No. 31 was the shop of Vernor and Hood, booksellers. The latter was father of the facetious Tom Hood, who was born here in 1798. Spon, of 15, Queen Street, Cheapside, was issuing, half a century ago, his 'City of London Old Book Circulars,' which often contained excellent books at very moderate prices.

The Poultry in 1550.

The Old Mansion House, Cheapside.

The district more or less immediately contiguous to the Bank of England was for a long period a favourite bookselling locality, but heavy rents and crowded thoroughfares have completely killed the trade in the heart of commercial London. Early in the seventeenth century, Pope's Head Alley, a turning out of Cornhill, contained a number of booksellers' and publishers' shops. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Thomas Guy, with a capital of about £200, started selling books at 'the little corner house of Lombard Street and Cornhill'; but his wealth was not derived from this source. It is interesting to

note, however, that this little corner shop existed so recently as 1833 or 1834. Alexander Cruden, of 'Concordance' fame, settled in London in 1732, and opened a bookstall under the Royal Exchange, and it was whilst here that he compiled the 'Concordance' which ruined him in business and deranged his mind. William Collins, whose catalogues for many years 'furnished several curiosities to the literary collectors,' started selling books in Pope's Head Alley, in or about 1778, but was burnt out in the following year, when he removed to Exchange Alley, where he remained until the last decade of the last century. John Sewell, who died in 1802 (aged sixty-eight), was one of the last to sport the rubric posts, and his shop in Cornhill was a highly popular resort with book-buyers; he was succeeded by another original character in the person of James Asperne. J. and A. Arch were in Cornhill contemporaneously with Asperne, and it was to these kindly Quakers that Thomas Tegg turned, and not in vain, after being summarily dismissed from Lane's, in Leadenhall Street, and with whom he remained for some years. It was not until some time after he had started on his own account that Tegg commenced his nightly book-auctions at 111, Cheapside, an innovation which resulted in Tegg finding himself a fairly rich man. His next move was to the old Mansion House, once the residence of the Lord Mayor, and here he met with an increased prosperity and popularity. He was elected a Common Councillor of the ward of Cheap, and took a country house at Norwood. Up to the close of 1840, Tegg had issued 4,000 works on his own account (chiefly 'remainders'), and not 'more than twenty were failures.' The more noteworthy second-hand booksellers of this neighbourhood half a century ago were Charles Davis, whose shop was at

48, Coleman Street, and T. Bennett, of 4, Copthall Buildings, at the back of the Bank, each of whom published catalogues. A quarter of a century ago the last-named address was still in possession of second-hand booksellers—S. and T. Gilbert, and subsequently of Gilbert and Field. One of the oldest bookselling firms in the City is that of Sandell and Smith, of 136, City Road, which dates back to 1830. It was whilst exploring in some of the upper rooms of this shop that a well-known first-edition collector, Mr. Elliot Stock, came upon an incomparable array of the class of book for which he had an especial weakness. He obtained nearly a sackload at an average of tenpence or a shilling each, and as many of these are now not only very rare, but in great demand at fancy prices, it is scarcely necessary to say that the investment was a peculiarly good one. The 'haul' included works by Byron, Bernard Barton, Browning, Barry Cornwall, Lytton, Cowper, Dryden, Hogg, Moore, Rogers, Scott, Wordsworth, and a lot of eighteenth-century writers. Half a century ago Edwards' 'Cheap Random Catalogues' were being issued from 76, Bunhill Row.

Gilbert and Field's Shop in Copthall Cou

E. George's (late Gladding's) Shop, Whitechap

So far as the East End of London is concerned, there is not, perhaps, very much to say. The second-hand bookselling trade for the past half-century has been confined in a large measure to three firms—R. Gladding, an octogenarian, who dealt almost exclusively in theological books, whose shop was at 76, Whitechapel Road, and who retired at the end of 1893; E. George and Sons, who have been for many years established at 231, Whitechapel Road, and have lately acquired Gladding's shop; and Joseph Smith, 2, Oxford Street, Whitechapel. The two last-named firms are, in their respective ways, of more than usual interest. Mr. E. George, whose father, William George, was also a bookseller, started in

business on his own account between thirty and forty years ago, his stock-in-trade consisting of four shillings' worth of miscellaneous volumes, which he exposed for sale on a barrow close to the old Whitechapel workhouse, which occupied the ground on which one of Mr. George's shops now stands. Mr. George has built up one of the most remarkable and extensive business connections in existence. His stock may be roughly calculated at about 700,000 or 800,000 volumes or parts, two large houses and warehouses being literally crammed full from top to bottom. There is scarcely any periodical or transactions of any learned society which they are unable to complete, and in many instances—*Punch*, for example—they have at least a dozen complete sets, besides an infinity of odd numbers and parts. It is scarcely necessary to point out that Messrs. George's business has very little to do with the locality in which their shops are situated. They are the wholesale firm of the trade, and the larger part of their business is done in the United States and among the provincial booksellers of Great Britain, ten huge cases and a complete set of Hansard being on the eve of exportation to America at the time of our visit. It is a curious fact, and one well worth mentioning, that until last year (1894) this firm never issued a catalogue. It is also interesting to point out that their shop at 76, Whitechapel Road is one of the most admirably arranged bookstores in the country. It was specially constructed, and is not unlike a miniature British Museum Reading-room; there are two galleries, one above the other. The second East End worthy has a literary as well as a bibliopolic interest. Joseph Smith will be better remembered by posterity as the compiler of a 'Catalogue of Friends' Books,' and of the 'Bibliotheca Anti-Quakerana,' than as a

bookseller. He was twenty years compiling the former, and is perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the wisdom of the theory that the bookseller who wishes to be a success should never read! Joseph Smith is of the Society of Friends, and among his schoolfellows were John Bright and W. E. Forster.

Second-hand bookselling in the East End has declined during the past quarter of a century from several causes, the chief and most important being the almost complete withdrawal of moderately well-to-do people from the locality. The neighbourhood has become so exclusively inhabited by the poorest of the poor, and by the desolate immigrants from all countries, that the higher phases of bookselling have little chance of flourishing. Mr. E. George informs us that fifteen or twenty years ago he frequently sold in one day books to the value of £15 to genuine residents of the East End, but that he now does not sell fifteen shillings' worth. So far as local customers are concerned, he might just as well have nothing more elaborate than a warehouse.

Many interesting bookish events have, nevertheless, transpired in what is now the slummiest district of London, and if the best of these anecdotes were collected they would fill quite a big volume. They are very varied in character, and some of the stories have very different morals. Here is one related concerning the Rev. Mr. Brand, to whom we have already referred. He was a clergyman of that district, and, it is feared, sometimes neglected his religious duties for the more engrossing charms of the chase. One Friday afternoon he was roaming in the neighbourhood of his church, when his eye fell on the shop of a Jew bookseller which he had not before

noticed, and was astonished to see there a number of black-letter volumes exposed for sale. But the sun was rapidly going down, and the Jew, loath to be stoned by his neighbours for breaking the Sabbath, was hastily interposing the shutters between the eyes of the clergyman and the coveted books. 'Let me look at them inside,' said the Rev. Mr. Brand; 'I will not keep you long.' 'Impossible,' replied the Jew. 'Sabbath will begin in five minutes, and I absolutely cannot let myself be drawn into such a breach of Divine Law. But if you choose to come early on Sunday morning you may see them at your leisure.' The reverend gentleman accordingly turned up at eight a.m. on Sunday, intending to remain there till church-time, he having to do duty that day. He had provided himself with the overcoat which he wore on his book-hunting expeditions, and which had pockets large enough to swallow a good-sized folio. The literary treasures of the son of Israel were much more numerous than the Gentile expected. At this time there was not such a rush for Caxtons as we have witnessed since the Roxburghe sale. Mr. Brand found one of these precious relics in a very bad condition, although not past recovery, paid a trifling price for it, and pocketed it. Then he successively examined some rare productions of the presses of Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and so forth. The clergyman's purchases soon began to assume considerable proportions. Archimedes was not more fully absorbed in his geometrical problems when the Roman soldier killed him, than the East End clergyman in his careful collations. He was aroused, however, from his reveries by the Jewess calling out: 'Mike, dinner is ready.' 'Dinner!' exclaimed the parson. 'At what time do you dine?' 'At one o'clock,' she replied. He looked at his watch. It was too true.

He hastened home. In the meantime, the beadle had been to his house, and finding he had left it in his usual health, it was feared some accident had happened. The congregation then dispersed, much concerned at the absence of the worthy pastor, who, however, atoned in the evening, by unwonted eloquence, for his unpremeditated prank of the morning.

HOLBORN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

As a second-hand bookselling locality, Holborn is one of the oldest of those in which the trade is still carried on vigorously. As a bookselling locality it has a record of close on three centuries and a half. As early as 1558, a publisher was issuing cheap books in connection with John Tisdale, at the Saracen's Head, in Holborn, near to the Conduit, and in one of these booklets we are enjoined to

> 'Remember, man! both night and day,
> Thou needs must die, there is no Nay.'

Probably the earliest, and certainly one of the earliest, books published in Holborn was the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' 'now fyrst imprinted by Robert Crowley, dwellyng in Ely-rents in Holburne,' in 1550, which contains a very quaint address from the printer. In and about the year 1584, Roger Warde, a very prolific publisher, was dwelling near 'Holburne Conduit, at the sign of the "Talbot,"' and a still more noteworthy individual, Richard Jones, lived hard by, at the sign of the Rose and Crown.

Early in the seventeenth century, several members of the fraternity had established themselves in and around Gray's Inn Gate, then termed, more

appropriately, Lane. Henrie Tomes published 'The Commendation of Cocks and Cock-fighting' (1607), which, no doubt, the 'young bloods' of the period perused much more diligently than more instructive and edifying books with which Mr. Tomes also could have supplied them.

Its most famous bibliopolic resident, however, is Thomas Osborne, or Tom Osborne, as he was called in the trade and by posterity. Tom Osborne's fame began and ended with himself. Nobody knew whence he came, and probably nobody cared. His catalogues cover a period of thirty years—1738-1768—and include some very remarkable libraries of many famous men. In stature he is described as short and thick, so that Dr. Johnson's famous summary method of knocking him down[192:A] was not perhaps so difficult a feat as is generally supposed. To his inferiors—including, as he apparently but ruefully thought, Dr. Johnson—he generally spoke in an authoritative and insolent manner. As ignorant as Lackington, he was considerably less aware of the fact. Osborne's shop, like that of Jacob Tonson[192:B] at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, was at the Gray's Inn Road gate of, or entrance to, Gray's Inn. His greatest *coup* was the purchase of the Harleian Collection of books—the manuscripts were bought by the British Museum for £10,000—for £13,000, in 1743. It is said on good authority that the Earl of Oxford gave £18,000 for the binding of only a part of them. In 1743-44, the extent of this extraordinary collection was indicated by the 'Catalogus Bibliotheca Harleianæ,' in four volumes. The first two, in Latin, were compiled by Dr. Johnson at a daily wage, and the third and fourth (which are a repetition of the first two), in English, are by Oldys. A charge of 5s. was made for the first

two volumes, which caused a good deal of grumbling among the trade, and was resented 'as an avaricious innovation,' but Osborne replied that the volumes could be either returned in exchange for books or for the original purchase-money. He was also charged with rating his books at too high a price, but a glance through the catalogue will prove this to be an unjust accusation. The copy of the Aldine Plato, 1513, on vellum, for which Lord Oxford gave 100 guineas, is priced by Osborne at £21. The sale of the books appears to have been extremely slow, and Johnson assured Boswell that 'there was not much gained by the bargain.' Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' (iii. 649-654) gives a list of the libraries which Osborne absorbed into his stock at different times, but few of these are anything more than names at the present day. Osborne is satirized in the 'Dunciad,' but, according to Johnson, was so dull that he could not feel the poet's gross satire. Sir John Hawkins states that Osborne used to boast that he was worth £40,000, and doubtless this was true. His

> 'Bushy bob, well powder'd every day,
> Bloom'd whiter than a hawthorn hedge in May,'

was one of his acquired peculiarities. Nichols tells us that the expression 'rum books' arose from Osborne's sending unsaleable volumes to Jamaica in exchange for rum.

But whilst Tom Osborne was *the* bookseller of Holborn, there were many others well established here during the last century, and whose names have been handed down to us by the catalogues which they published. William Cater, for instance, was issuing catalogues from Holborn in 1767, when he

sold the libraries of Lord Willoughby, president of the Society of Antiquaries, and in 1774 of Cudworth Bruck, another antiquary. Cater was succeeded in 1786 by John Deighton, of Cambridge. In the person of Henry Dell we get a literary bookseller, who had established himself first in Tower Street, and in or about 1765 in Holborn, where, Nichols tells us, he died very poor. He wrote 'The Booksellers, a Poem,' 1766, which has been pronounced 'a wretched, rhyming list of booksellers in London, and Westminster, with silly commendations of some and stupid abuse of others.' Other Holborn booksellers were: William Fox, 1773-1777; John Hayes, who died November 12, 1811, aged seventy-four, and 'whose abilities were of no ordinary class, and his erudition very considerable'; John Anderson, of Holborn Hill, 1787-1792, who sold the library of the Hon. John Scott, of Gray's Inn; Francis Noble, who, besides being a bookseller, kept for many years an extensive circulating library in Holborn, but who, in consequence of his daughter's obtaining a share in the first £30,000 prize in the lottery, retired from business, and died at an advanced age in June, 1792; Joseph White, 1779-1791; and William Flexney, who died January 7, 1808, aged seventy-seven, and who was the original publisher of Churchill's 'Poems,' and is thus immortalized by that versatile 'poet':

> 'Let those who energy of diction prize,
> For Billingsgate, quit Flexney, and be wise.'

Percival Stockdale, in his 'Memoirs,' speaks highly of his 'old friend' Flexney, 'with whom I have passed many convivial and jovial hours.'

J. H. Prince, of Old North Street, Red Lion Square,

Holborn, who wrote and published his own eccentric 'Life' in 1806, and who, trying and failing in nearly everything else, took to bookselling and book-writing, evidently, like many other authors before and since, found soliciting subscriptions for his book 'a most painful undertaking to a susceptible mind.' His motto was, 'I evil ni etips,' or 'I live in spite.' A much more important bookseller of Holborn was John Petheram, who lived at 94, High Holborn in the fifties, and whose catalogues were styled 'The Bibliographical Miscellany'; for some time, with each of his catalogues he issued an eight-page supplement, which consisted of a reprint of some very rare tract; the selection of some of these was in the hands of Dr. E. F. Rimbault. A complete set of these catalogues would be extremely interesting; we have only seen half a dozen of them, and these are in the British Museum. A somewhat similar effort to give an extra interest to catalogues was made a few years ago by J. W. Jarvis and Son, of King William Street, and also by Pickering and Chatto, the Haymarket; but the experiment apparently did not succeed.

Middle Row, Holborn, 1865.

Apart from Holborn, properly so called, Middle Row, an insulated row of houses, abutting upon Holborn Bars, and nearly opposite Gray's Inn Road, claims a notice here, for it was long a book-hunting locality, and two bookshops, at least, existed there until the place was demolished in August, 1867. Perhaps its most famous bookseller was John Cuthell, who came to London from Scotland in 1771, and became assistant to Drew, of Middle Row, whom he succeeded. He was publishing catalogues here from 1787, and did a very large export business with America. He was noted for his stock of medical and scientific books. He was still at Middle Row in 1813, when John Nichols published his 'Literary Anecdotes,' to which he was a subscriber. Cuthell died at Turnham Green in 1828, aged eighty-five. He was succeeded by Francis Macpherson, who issued the thirtieth number of his catalogue in April, 1840,

from No. 4, Middle Row. The works offered comprised a selection of theological, classical, and historical books. One of the most curious entries relates to an extensive collection of books and pamphlets by and concerning the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, five volumes in quarto, and thirty-one more in octavo and duodecimo; the set (now, we believe, in the British Museum), doubtless the most complete ever offered for sale, was priced at £25, and was probably utilized in Dyce's editions of Bentley's 'Dissertations,' and in an edition of Bentley's 'Sermons at Boyle's Lecture,' both of which Macpherson published. This catalogue is interesting from the number of illustrations which it affords of the transition period of English book-collecting; the various editions of the classics are priced at very moderate figures, whilst English classics are offered at comparatively 'fancy' sums. For example, a very neat copy of the first edition of 'Tom Jones' is offered at 18s., and a fine copy of John Bale's 'Image of Both Churches,' without date, but printed by East at the latter part of the sixteenth century, at £1 7s. J. Coxhead is another Holborn bookseller who may be regarded as a link between the old and the new. He was at 249, High Holborn in 1840, and had been established forty years. His lists were apparently issued only once or twice a year; one of the notices in his catalogue may be quoted here, as showing the chief medium by which country book-collectors were supplied with their books: 'Gentlemen residing in the country had better apply direct to J. Coxhead for any articles from this list, or they can obtain them by giving the order to their country bookseller, and it will be sent in their weekly parcel from London.' At about the same time, and for nearly the same period, David Ogilby was selling second-hand books at the

same locality.

William Darton, Bookseller, The Founder of the House o Darton and Harvey.

One of the most interesting of the Holborn booksellers was William Darton, of 58, Holborn Hill, of whose shop we give an 'interior' view from a plate engraved by Darton himself. William was a son of William Darton, who founded the famous publishing house of Darton and Harvey, of 55, Gracechurch Street, in the latter part of the last century, their speciality being children's books, which had a fame almost as extensive as those of the great Mr.

Newbery himself. He was joined by his brother Thomas, and for two generations a successful business was carried on in this place; the three generations of Dartons were prominent members of the Society of Friends. The house chiefly devoted itself to publishing, but it had a fairly large trade in selling the books issued by other publishers. The firm ceased to exist about the time when the Holborn Valley improvements swept away so many of the old landmarks of that locality. Mr. Joseph W. Darton, the sole partner in Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., is a grandson of the founder of the Holborn Hill house and a great-grandson of the original William Darton. A history of the Dartons would form as interesting a volume as that on John Newbery.

Interior of Darton's Shop, Holborn Hill.

Holborn is an additionally interesting book-locality from the fact that it was from here that some of the first book-catalogues were issued. This important innovation owes much to Charles Davis, whose shop was 'against Gray's Inn.' The earliest of these catalogues which we have seen is a very interesting list of 168 pages octavo, and includes 'valuable libraries, lately purchased, containing near 12,000 volumes in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and English,' 'which will be sold very cheap, the lowest price fix'd in each book, on Thursday, May 7, 1747.' The list is in many respects very curious,

not the least of which is that not one of the items offered is priced. One of the facts which strike one most forcibly in this connection is the large capitals which must have been sunk in books even at this early period. Davis, like all the other booksellers—notably Tonson and Lintot—of that period, was a bookseller as well as publisher.

Moving further westward, we find records of bookselling for just a couple of centuries back. Robert Kettlewell was established at the Hand and Sceptre, King's Street, Bloomsbury, whence he issued his kinsman's apparently useful, and certainly very dull, pamphlet, entitled 'Death Made Comfortable; or, The Way to Die Well,' and sold a variety of other books besides. Making a leap of nearly a century, we meet with Samuel Hayes, of Oxford Street, and evidently a relative of John Hayes, to whom we have already referred. Samuel Hayes—when not in a French prison, for he was actually incarcerated by Napoleon when on a visit to France—was at this place of business for sixteen years, 1779 to 1795, and published several catalogues. Isaac Herbert, nephew of the editor of Ames' 'Typographical Antiquities,' was selling books in Great Russell Street in and about 1795; Joseph Bell was established as a bookseller in Oxford Street in the earlier part of the present century; Shepperson and Reynolds were in the same thoroughfare from 1784 to 1793, and sold several very good libraries within the period indicated. Writing in 1790, Pennant mentions that the chapel of Southampton, or Bedford House, Bloomsbury, was at that time rented by Lockyer Davis as a magazine of books. How long it had been in Davis's tenancy is not certain, but he died in 1791. William Davis, the author of several interesting bibliographical books, including two 'Journeys Round the Library of a

Bibliomaniac,' was at the Bedford Library, Southampton Row, Holborn, during the early part of the century. Name after name might be quoted if any useful purpose would be served.

114, Oxford Street.

There are many links which still connect the Holborn of to-day with the Holborn and immediate district of the past. Three have, however, passed away within recent years. Edward W. Stibbs, whose death occurred in the spring of 1891, at the age of eighty, and whose stock was sold at Sotheby's in the

following year, was one of the veterans of the trade, and was essentially of the old school—the school which confined itself almost exclusively to classics. The second removal is that of Mr. J. Brown, whose shop was nearly opposite the entrance to Chancery Lane, and was for nearly thirty years an exceedingly pleasant rendezvous of book-collectors, and whose proprietor was one of the most genial of bibliopoles. The third is Edward Truelove, of 256, High Holborn, the well-known agnostic bookseller, who removed here from the Strand, and who had been in business over forty years. Mr. Truelove retired two or three years since. Further up the road, in New Oxford Street, we find the shop of Mr. James Westell, whose career as a bookseller embraces a period of over half a century, having started in 1841. Mr. Westell first began in a small shop in Bozier's Court, Tottenham Court Road, and this shop has been immortalized by Lord Lytton in 'My Novel,' for it is here that Leonard Fairfield's friendly bookseller was situated.[201:A] Bozier's Court was a sort of eddy from the constant stream which passes in and out of Oxford Street, and many pleasant hours have been spent in the court by book-lovers. After Mr. Westell left, it passed into the hands of another bookseller, G. Mazzoni, and finally into that of Mr. E. Turnbull, who speaks very highly of it as a bookselling locality. Mr. Turnbull added another shop to the one which was occupied by Mr. Westell; but when the inevitable march of improvements overtook this quaint place three or four years ago, Mr. Turnbull had to leave, and he then took a large shop in New Oxford Street, where he now is. During Mr. Turnbull's tenancy in Bozier's Court several rivals started round about him; but one after another failed to make it pay, and retired, leaving him eventually in entire possession. Another

old Holborn bookseller, Mr. George Glashier, who started in 1841, still has a large shop in Southampton Row; not the shop which he occupied for very many years within a few yards of Holborn, but nearer Russell Square, a less crowded thoroughfare than the old place in the same street or row. The shop now occupied by Mr. A. Reader, in Orange Street, Red Lion Square, has been a bookseller's for over half a century, one of the most noted tenants of it being Mr. John Salkeld, who removed nearly twenty years since to Clapham Road, and whose charmingly rustic shop, 'Ivy House,' is quite one of the sights of bookish London.

Salkeld's Shop—'Ivy House'—in Clapham l

Indeed, nearly every by-street,[202:A] as well as the public highway in and around Holborn, has had its bookseller ever since the beginning of the century. Lord Macaulay, C. W. Dilke, W. J. Thoms, Edward Solly, John Forster, and the visions of many other mighty book-hunters, crowd on one's memory in grubbing about after old books in this ancient and attractive, if not always particularly savoury, locality. The two Turnstiles have always been favourites with bibliopoles. Writing in 1881, the late Mr. Thoms said: 'Many years ago I received one of the curious catalogues periodically issued by Crozier, then of Little Turnstile, Holborn. From a pressure of business or some other cause, I did not look through it until it had been in my possession for two or three days, and then I saw in it an edition of "Mist's Letters" in three volumes! In two volumes the book is common enough, but I had never heard of a third volume; neither does Bohn in his edition of Lowndes mention its existence. Of course, on this discovery, I lost no time in making my way to Little Turnstile; and on asking for the "Mist" in three volumes, found, as I had feared, that it was sold. "Who was the lucky purchaser?" I asked anxiously; adding, "Aut Dilke aut Diabolus!" "It was not Diabolus," was Crozier's reply; and I was reconciled when I found the book had fallen into such good hands, and not a little surprised when Crozier went on to say, "But he was not the first to apply for it. Mr. Forster sent for it, but would not keep it, because it was not a sufficiently nice copy."' Both the Great and the Little Turnstiles, Holborn, have always been, as we have said, famous as book-hunting localities, and they still preserve this reputation. In 1636 a publisher and bookseller, George Hutton, was at the 'Sign of the Sun, within

the Turning Stile in Holborne.' J. Bagford, the celebrated book-destroyer, was first a shoemaker in the Great Turnstile, a calling in which he was not successful. Then he became a bookseller at the same place, and still success was denied him. At Dulwich College is a library which includes a collection of plays formed by Cartwright, a bookseller of the Turnstile, who subsequently turned actor.

Joh

Shoemaker and Book-destroyer.

The chief and most enterprising firm of booksellers in Holborn proper is that of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis,

at No. 232, the corner of the New Turnstile. The house itself is full of interest, and is quite a couple of hundred years old. A century ago one of the most eventful scenes of David Garrick's career was enacted here, for it was from this house that the great actor was buried. Mrs. Tregaskis first started, as Mrs. Bennett, at the corner of Southampton Row, and some time after removing to her present shop, married Mr. James Tregaskis, and the two together have built up a business which is scarcely without a rival in London. The shop is literally crammed with rare and interesting books, whilst 'The Caxton Head Catalogues' are got up with every possible care. Almost next door to the shop for many years occupied by the late Edward Stibbs, Mr. Walter T. Spencer carries on a trade which is almost entirely confined to first editions of modern authors. From Mr. R. J. Parker's shop at 204, the present writer has picked up a very large number of rare and interesting books, including a first edition of Goldsmith—not, however, the 'Vicar'—at exceedingly moderate sums. Mr. E. Menken, of Bury Street, New Oxford Street, is one of the most successful booksellers of recent years, and his stock is both large and select. Mr. Menken first started in Gray's Inn Road, nearly opposite the Town Hall, five or six years ago, subsequently removing to Bury Street; but his business grew so rapidly that he had to take the adjoining shop into his service. Mr. Menken's model catalogues invariably contain something which every book collector feels it is absolutely necessary to have. He is a man of versatile abilities, literary and otherwise, and includes among his customers no less a person than Mr. Gladstone. Messrs. Bull and Auvache, of 35, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, are extensive dealers in editions of the classics and

Bibles. At one time there were no less than four second-hand booksellers in Hyde Street, New Oxford Street, but at present there is only one. Next door but one to Mudie's, we have the shop of Mr. James Roche, who is a link with the past, having started in 1850, and for many years carried on business in a little corner shop in Southampton Row, one door from the Holborn highway. Messrs. J. Rimell and Sons, noted for their extensive collection of works on the fine arts and architecture, are at 91, Oxford Street. Among the literary booksellers of the first quarter of the present century, William Goodhugh, of 155, Oxford Street, deserves a mention here. 'The English Gentleman's Library Manual,' 1827, is his best-known work, although from a literary standpoint it is a poor concern; he also wrote 'Gates' to the French, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac, 'unlocked by new and easy methods.' Goodhugh was conversant with several of the Oriental and many European languages. His knowledge of books was a very extensive and profound one, and as a literary bookseller he is an interesting figure in the annals of bibliopolic history. Fifty years ago many good books were picked up out of 'Miller's Catalogue of Cheap Books,' which appeared monthly from 404, Oxford Street, that for September, 1845, being numbered 127. A quarter of a century ago there were several booksellers in Oxford Street, *e.g.*, G. A. Davies, at 417; W. Heath, at 497; J. Kimpton, at 303; E. Lumley, at 514; J. Pettit, at 528; and Whittingham.

Mr. Tregaskis's Shop—'The Caxton Head'—in
(After a Drawing by E. J. Wheeler.)

The further west one goes, the less interesting do the annals of bookselling become, for Oxford Street is essentially a modern locality, and second-hand bookselling never has thrived much in new localities. It was, however, when rummaging over the contents of a stall in a Wardour Street alley that Charles Lamb lighted upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the delight of his infancy. The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner, himself a squab little duodecimo of a character, enforced with the asseverance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less, supplementing the assertion with

an oath and 'Now, I have put my soul to it.' The book was the 'Queen Like Closet,' which, it is scarcely necessary to say, Elia rescued from the man of profanity. Soho has long been more or less of a bookselling quarter. John Paul Manson, who was in King Street, Westminster, in 1786, and issued from thence 'A Summer Catalogue' in 1795, subsequently removed to Gerard Street, Soho, and died in 1812. He was especially well versed, not only in Caxtons, but in all the best works of the early printers, and many English black-letter books passed through his hands. Dibdin observes that Professor Heyne could not have exhibited greater signs of joy at the sight of the Towneley manuscript of Homer than did Manson on the discovery of Rastell's 'Pastyme of the People' among the books of Mr. Brand. Two sons of this Manson subsequently became partners in the firm of Christie, the art auctioneers. The first Sampson Low started as a bookseller in Berwick Street, Soho, in or about 1790.

Day's Circulating Library in Mount Stre

Day's Library, the second oldest existing circulating library in London (the oldest is that of Cawthorn and Hutt, established in 1744, Cockspur Street), has continued from the year 1776 within a few hundred yards of its present situation. In that year a Mr. Dangerfield established it on the north side of Berkeley Square, and it was purchased from him by Mr. Rice in 1810 or 1811, under whom it largely developed in extent and reputation. In 1818 he removed into the adjoining Mount Street at No. 123 (south side), where for about fifty years the library remained. Meanwhile it became the property of Mr. Hoby, and after one or two changes successively of Mr. John and Mr. Charles Day, father and son. In Mr. John Day's hands it crossed the road to No. 16 on the north side, and remained there about twenty-four years, till that part of Mount Street was cleared to make way for the present Carlos Place. Then in the

year 1890 it again crossed the road to No. 96, where Mr. Charles Day holds a long lease. An early catalogue of the institution shows that the eighteenth-century circulating libraries contained a portion of the weightier works, such as history, biography, travels, etc., a fact which is rarely realized in the face of the popular impression that it was left to the late Mr. C. E. Mudie to supply such works.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Paternoster Row on a Bank Holiday.

The bookselling and book-hunting annals of the district which starts with St. Paul's, and terminates at Charing Cross, might occupy a goodly-sized volume. We must of necessity be brief, chiefly because both Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard have been, for the most part, book-publishing rather than second-hand bookselling localities. As a literary highway, Paternoster Row is of considerable antiquity, for Robert Rikke, a paternoster-maker and citizen, had a shop here in the time of Henry IV., and there can be no question that its name originated from the fact that it was at a very early period the residence of the makers of paternosters, or prayer-beads. Before the Great Fire of 1666, Paternoster Row was not much of a bookselling centre, for it was inhabited chiefly by mercers, silkmen, and lacemen, whose shops were a fashionable resort of the gentry who resided at that time in the immediate vicinity. After the Fire, the Row gradually became famous for its booksellers, or rather publishers, who resided at first near the east end, and whose large warehouses were 'well situated for learned and studious men's access thither, being more retired and private.' Although the book-annals of Paternoster Row chiefly deal with matters subsequent to the Great Fire, there were many publishers and booksellers there over a hundred years before that calamity. In and about 1558 there were, for example, two of the fraternity here established—Richard Lant and Henry Sutton, the latter's shop being at the sign of the Black Morion. For over twenty years, 1565 to 1587, Henry Denham was at the Star in Paternoster Row, whence he issued, among a large number of other books, George Turberville's 'Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets' in 1570.

The last century, however, witnessed the rise of Paternoster Row as a publishing locality. From 1678 and onwards book-auctions were held at the Hen and Chickens at nine in the morning; at the Golden Lion over against the Queen's Head Tavern, Paternoster Row, at nine in the morning and two in the afternoon, and at other places both in the Row and in its numerous tributaries, such as Ivy Lane, Ave Maria Lane, etc. Although some of the earliest book-auctions held in this country took place in the immediate vicinity of Paternoster Row, and although it had attained a world-wide celebrity as a publishing centre, it has very few interesting records as a second-hand bookselling locality. Awnsham and John Churchill were located at the Black Swan in 1700; William Taylor, the publisher of 'Robinson Crusoe,' 1719, was here at the sign of the Ship early in the last century, and was succeeded by Thomas Longman in 1725, the present handsome pile of buildings, erected in 1863, being on the original spot occupied in part by the founder of the firm. The Longmans had a second-hand department attached to their house in the early part of the present century, as we have already seen. Others which may be here mentioned as being connected with the Row are Baldwin and Cradock; and Ralph Griffiths, of the 'Dunciad'—'those significant emblems, the owl and long-eared animal, which Mr. Griffiths so sagely displays for the mirth and information of mankind'—for whom Goldsmith wrote reviews in a miserable garret. The last firm of second-hand booksellers of note who thrived in Paternoster Row was that of William Baynes and Son; and the last of the race is still remembered by the older generation of book-collectors, with his old-time appearance in frills and gaiters. In 1826 Baynes published one of the most

remarkable catalogues (254 pages) of books printed in the fifteenth century which has ever appeared. It is full of extremely valuable bibliographical information. For many years John Wheldon, the natural history bookseller, had a shop, chiefly for the sale of back numbers of periodicals, at 4, Paternoster Row (as well as in Great Queen Street), and this little shop subsequently passed into the tenancy of Jesse Salisbury, who was there until six or seven years ago. The Chapter Coffee-house, where so many important publishing schemes have been mooted and carried out, still lingers in the Row, but modernized out of all recognition.

The chief interest of St. Paul's Churchyard as a book locality centres itself in the publishing rather than the second-hand bookselling phase. One of our earliest printer-publishers, Julian Notary, was 'dwellynge in powles chyrche yarde besyde ye weste dore by my lordes palyes' in 1515, his shop sign being the Three Kings. At the sign of the White Greyhound, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the first editions of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Rape of Lucrece' were published by John Harrison; at the Fleur de Luce and the Crown appeared the first edition of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'; at the Green Dragon the first edition of the 'Merchant of Venice'; at the Fox the first edition of 'Richard II.'; whilst the first editions of 'Richard III.,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and 'Lear' all bear Churchyard imprints.

John Evelyn, Book-collector.

Not only were there very many booksellers' shops around the Yard, but at the latter part of the sixteenth century bookstalls started up, first at the west, and subsequently at the other doors of the cathedral. From a letter addressed by Sir Clement Edmonds, March 28, 1620, to the Lord Mayor, we gather that two houses were erected at the west gate of St. Paul's without the sanction of the authorities, and these were ordered to be removed, as were also certain 'sheds or shops that were being erected near the same place.' A chief portion of the stock of these shops and stalls would naturally be devotional books

of various descriptions. That these books were not always to be relied on we infer from an amusing anecdote in the Harleian manuscripts, related by Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, to the effect that 'Dr. Us[s]her, Bishop of Armath, having to preach at Paules Crosse, and passing hastily by one of the stationers, called for a Bible, and had a little one of the London edition given him out, but when he came to looke for his text, that very verse was omitted in the print.'

Mr. Pepys' bookseller, Joshua Kirton, was at the sign of the King's Arms. Writing under date November 2, 1660, Pepys chronicles: 'In Paul's Churchyard I called at Kirton's, and there they had got a masse book for me, which I bought, and cost me 12s., and, when I come home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it.' Kirton was one of the most extensive sufferers of the bookselling fraternity in the Great Fire; from being a substantial tradesman with about £8,000 to the good, he was made £2,000 or £3,000 'worse than nothing.' The destruction of books and literary property generally, in and around St. Paul's, in this fire was enormous, Pepys calculating it at about £150,000, and Evelyn putting it at £200,000, or, in other words, about one million sterling as represented by our money of to-day. Evelyn tells us that soon after the fire had subsided the other trades went on as merrily as before, 'only the poor booksellers have been indeed ill-treated by Vulcan; so many noble impressions consumed by their trusting them to ye churches.'

St. Paul's Churchyard.
From an old woodcut.

One of the most considerable of the Churchyard booksellers after the Great Fire was Richard Chiswell, the father or progenitor of a numerous family of bibliopoles. John Dunton, indeed, describes him as well deserving of the title of 'Metropolitan Bookseller of England, if not of all the world.' He was born in 1639, and died in 1711. In 1678 he sold, in conjunction with John Dunmore, another bookseller, the libraries of Dr. Benjamin Worsley and two other eminent men. At St. Paul's Coffee-house, which stood at the corner of the entrance from St. Paul's Churchyard to Doctors' Commons, the library of Dr. Rawlinson was, in 1711, sold—'at a prodigious rate,' according to Thoresby—in the evening after dinner. Although not quite *à propos* of our subject, we can

scarcely help mentioning the name of so celebrated a Churchyard publisher as John Newbery, who lived at No. 65, the original site being now covered by the buildings of the R.T.S.; his successors, Griffith and Farran, were at No. 81 until the year 1889, when they moved westward. F. and C. Rivington were at No. 62 for many years, as Peter Pindar tells us:

> 'In Paul's churchyard, the Bible and the Key,
> This wondrous pair is always to be seen,—
> Somewhat the worse for wear—a little grey—
> One like a saint, and one with Cæsar's mien.'

A mere list of the Churchyard booksellers would fill a goodly-sized volume. In addition to those already mentioned, one of the most famous and successful families who resided here were the Knaptons, where, during the first three quarters of the last century, they built up an enormous trade, and were succeeded by Robert Horsfield, who carried on the business in Ludgate Street, and died in 1798. We possess one of the interesting catalogues of James and John Knapton, whose shop was at the sign of the Crown. It runs to twenty pages octavo, and enumerates an extraordinary variety of literature. The books written and sermons preached by right reverends and reverends occupy the first five pages, arranged according to the authors' names; and then follow the works of ordinary, commonplace mortals, sermons and Aphra Behn's romances, Mr. Dryden's plays and the 'Whole Duty of Man' appearing cheek-by-jowl.

The most important contribution to the earlier

history of bookselling appeared from St. Paul's Churchyard in the shape of Robert Clavell's 'General Catalogue of Books printed in England since the Dreadful Fire, 1666, to the End of Trinity Term, 1676.' This catalogue was continued every term till 1700, and includes an abstract of the bills of mortality. The books are classified under their respective headings of divinity, history, physic and surgery, miscellanies, chemistry, etc., the publisher's name in each case being given. Dunton describes Clavell as 'an eminent bookseller' and 'a great dealer,' whilst Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, distinguished him by the term of 'the honest bookseller.' Clavell's shop was at the sign of the Stag's Head, whilst his partner in many of his projects was Henry Brome, of the Sun, also in the Churchyard.

Joseph Johnson, the Dry Bookseller of Beloe, demands a short notice here. He was born at Liverpool in 1738, and after serving an apprenticeship with George Keith, Gracechurch Street, began business for himself on Fish Street Hill, which, being in the track of the medical students at the hospitals in the Borough, was a promising locality. After some years here, he removed to Paternoster Row, where he had as partners first a Mr. Davenport, and then John Payne; the house and stock were destroyed by fire in 1770, after which he removed to St. Paul's Churchyard, where he continued until his death in 1809, the father of the trade. He was a considerable publisher, and 'two poets of great modern celebrity were by him first introduced to the publick—Cowper and Darwin.' Whilst at Fish Street Hill he took over the stock of John Ward, of which he issued a catalogue.

Ludgate Hill to a certain degree not unnaturally

secured a little of the 'bookish' brilliancy which diffused itself round and about the Churchyard. The highway to the cathedral was naturally a good business quarter, and there can be very little doubt that some of the stalls or booths, which formed a sort of middle row in Ludgate, were occupied by stationers and booksellers, who are not usually indifferent to the advantages of a good thoroughfare. It never, however, came up to St. Paul's Churchyard, either as a publishing or as a bookselling locality; but many retailers were here during the latter part of the last century. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., is reported by Robert Huish to have said to Mrs. Delany: 'You cannot think what nice books I pick up at bookstalls, or how cheap I buy them.' The Rev. Dr. Croby, in his 'Life of George IV.,' tells us that Queen Charlotte was in the habit of paying visits, in company with some lady-in-waiting, to Holywell Street and Ludgate Hill, 'where second-hand books were exposed for sale during the last half of the eighteenth century.' During the earlier part of this period, among the booksellers of note in Ludgate Street were Robert Horsfield, William Johnston, and Richard Ware (who was a considerable adventurer in new publications). The business established at about the same period and in the same locality by Richard Manley, was considerably extended by John Pridden (1728-1807). The libraries of many eminent and distinguished characters passed through his hands, Nichols tells us. His offers in purchasing them were liberal, and, being content with small profits, 'he soon found himself supported by a numerous and respectable set of friends, not one of whom ever quitted him.'

Jonah Bowyer was at the Rose, in Ludgate Street, in

and about the year 1706, when he published the Lord Bishop of Oxford's 'Sermons preached before the Queen' at St. Paul's in May of that year; and it was either this Bowyer or William Bowyer—the two were not related—who established a bookselling department on the frozen Thames in 1716. William Johnston, who died at a very advanced age in 1804, was one of the most successful of Ludgate Hill booksellers, and his employées included George Robinson and Thomas Evans, each of whom became the founder of a very extensive business. George Conyers was at the Ring, Ludgate Hill, for some years during the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and prior to his removal to Little Britain. Conyers dealt chiefly in Grub Street compilations, which included cheap and handy guides to everything on earth, and it is likely that his shop was a literary or book-collecting resort. The most famous bibliopole who had a shop in Ludgate is perhaps William Hone, to whom the liberty of the press owes so much, and who removed here from his house at the corner of Ship Court, Old Bailey. Trübner and Co. left Ludgate Hill soon after they amalgamated with Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

FLEET STREET.

The Churchyard is, of course, the home of bookselling, but, as we have seen, as time went on, its children, so to speak, repudiated their birthplace. In the middle of the sixteenth century, for example, Fleet Street contained nearly as many bookshops as the parent locality. In addition to this, England's second printer, Wynkyn de Worde, abandoning the Westminster house of his master, William Caxton, took up his residence in Fleet Street in or about the

year 1500. The sign of his shop was the Sun, 'agaynste the Condyte,' and as the Conduit stood at the lower end of Fleet Street, a little eastward of Shoe Lane, we get some idea of the exact locality. He was buried in St. Bride's Churchyard in 1534. W. Griffith was busy at the sign of the Falcon, near St. Dunstan's Church, printing booklets about current events with 'flowery' titles, and these books he sold at his second shop, designated the Griffin, 'a little above the Conduit,' in Fleet Street. William Powell, at the George, was publishing religious books of various sorts, and a 'Description of the Countrey of Aphrique,' a translation of a French book on Africa, which was perhaps the very first on a topic now pretty nearly threadbare. Richard Tottell was dwelling at the Hand and Star, between the two temple gates, and just within Temple Bar,[217:A] whence he sent forth books by a score and more distinguished men, and whose name is worthily linked with those of Littleton, More, Tusser, Grafton, Boccaccio, and many others. In 1577 Elizabeth granted the same individual the privilege of printing 'all kinds of "Law bookes," which was common to all printers, who selleth the same bookes at excessive prices, to the hindrance of a greate nomber of pore students.' Other Fleet Street booksellers were William Copland, who issued a number of books, T. and W. Powell, and Henry Wykes.

Two of the earliest Fleet Street booksellers, Robert Redman and Richard Pynson, quickly got at loggerheads, the bone of contention being Pynson's device or mark, which his rival stole. These are the neighbourly terms which Pynson applies to Redman; they occur at the end of a new edition of Littleton's 'Tenures,' 1525: 'Behold I now give to thee, candid reader, a Lyttleton corrected (not deceitfully) of the

errors which occurred in him. I have been careful that not my printing only should be amended, but also that with a more elegant type it should go forth to the day: that which hath escaped from the hands of Robert Redman, but truly Rudeman, because he is the rudest out of a thousand men, is not easily understood. Truly I wonder now at last that he hath confessed it his own typography, unless it chanced that even as the Devil made a cobbler a mariner, he hath made him a Printer. Formerly this scoundrel did profess himself a Bookseller, as well skilled as if he had started forth from Utopia. He knows well that he is free who pretendeth to books, although it be nothing more.' This pretty little quarrel continued some time, and broke out with renewed vigour on one or two subsequent occasions; but the rivals ultimately became friends, and when Pynson retired from business, he made over his stock to 'this scoundrel' Redman, who then removed to Pynson's shop, next to St. Dunstan's Church.

The bibliopolic history of Fleet Street is almost synonymous with the literary history of this country. Anything like an exhaustive account, even so far as relates to the bookselling side of the question, would be quite out of place in a work of this description. A few points, therefore, must suffice. Apart from the booksellers already mentioned, the following are also worthy of notice. At the latter part of the sixteenth century Thomas Marsh, of the Prince's Arms, near St. Dunstan's, issued Stow's 'Chronicles,' and was the holder of several licenses for printing; for nearly half a century J. Smethwicke (who died in 1641) had a shop 'under the diall' of St. Dunstan's, whence he issued Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' 'Love's Labour Lost,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' as well as works by Henry Burton, Drayton, Greene, Lodge, and

others; Richard Marriot was in St. Dunstan's Churchyard early in the seventeenth century, and his ventures included Quarles' 'Emblems,' 1635, Dr. Downes' 'Sermons,' 1640, and Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1653, for which 1s. 6d. was asked, and for a good copy of which £310 has been recently paid; Marriot was also the sponsor of the first part of Butler's 'Hudibras,' 1663. Thomas Dring, of the George, near Clifford's Inn; John Starkey, of the Mitre, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar, the publisher of Shadwell's plays, and for some time an exile at Amsterdam; Abel Roper, of the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church, and publisher of the *Post Boy* newspaper; Thomas Bassett, with whom Jacob Tonson was apprenticed; Tonson himself, of the Judge's Head, near the Inner Temple Gate (he started in Chancery Lane), are Fleet Street booksellers of the latter half of the seventeenth century. Early in the following century we get such names as Benjamin Tooke, of the Middle Temple Gate; Edmund Curll, whose chaste publications appeared from the sign of the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church; Bernard Lintot, Tonson's great rival and Pope's publisher, of the Cross Keys, between the Temple Gates; Ben Motte, who succeeded Tooke; Andrew Millar, Samuel Highley, John Murray, and many others who might be mentioned, but who were publishers rather than second-hand booksellers.

One of the earliest, and perhaps the very first, of the Fleet Street contingent of booksellers who advertised their stock through the medium of priced catalogues was John Whiston, the younger son of the famous William Whiston. Whiston sold several important libraries, including those of such eighteenth-century celebrities as D'Oyly, Dr. Castell, Wasse, Chishull, Dr.

Banks, Prebendary John Wills, Adam Anderson (author of 'The History of Commerce'), and many others; he included a large number of literary men among his acquaintances. From 1756 to 1765 he appears to have been in partnership with Benjamin White, and the libraries which they sold during this period included those of the Rev. Stephen Duck; Thomas Potter, Esq., M.P., son of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Charles Delafaye, Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office; Dr. James Tunstall, Vicar of Rochdale, etc. Of all the second-hand booksellers of the latter half of the last century the most considerable was the Benjamin White above mentioned, whose shop was at the sign of Horace's Head, in Fleet Street, and whose bulky catalogues, often including over 10,000 lots, are now very rare and exceptionally interesting. The contents of these catalogues were classified, first into three divisions, folio, quarto, and octavo and duodecimo, and then again into numerous sections according to the subject-matter of the volumes. 'The sale will begin' on such and such a day, and 'catalogues may be had' at various stated booksellers' shops in London, and at Oxford, and 'the principal towns of England.' From 1716 to 1792 Benjamin White and his son and namesake issued catalogues of various collections of books, including the libraries (or selections from) of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury; Sir William Calvert, M.P. for London; Dr. Secker; Rev. Joseph Spence; Dr. Hutchinson, editor of Xenophon; Dr. William Borlase; Dr. Matthew Maty, Secretary of the Royal Society, and Principal Librarian, British Museum; Sir Richard Jebb; Rev. John Bowles, editor of 'Don Quixote'; Rev. John Lightfoot, chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Portland, and author of the 'Flora Scotica.'

One of White's best customers was the eccentric

George Steevens, who, however, discontinued his daily visits, after many years' regular attendance, for no real cause. He then transferred his attentions to Stockdale's, whom in turn he abruptly forsook. The elder Benjamin retired from business with 'a plentiful fortune,' and died at his house in South Lambeth in March, 1794, and Benjamin junior retired to Hampstead a few years after his father, leaving the business to a younger brother, John, who continued bookselling until the earlier part of the present century, when he, in his turn, gave up active work for the 'enjoyment of a country life' with 'an easy competence.' In one of the catalogues of this celebrated firm—our copy is minus the title-page, but it was evidently issued about 1790—four of the most interesting entries occur among the folios: Caxton's 'Lyfe of the Faders,' with 'curious old wooden plates, not quite perfect, in Russia,' is priced at £5 5s.; Caxton's 'Lyfe of our Lady,' by John Lydgate, is offered at 10s. 6d.; a *fair* copy of Caxton's 'Lyfe of St. Katherine of Senis' is figured at £10 10s., the price asked also for a 'fair, not quite perfect' example of the 'Golden Legende.' A Second Folio Shakespeare is priced at £4; a Fourth Folio at £1 7s. The same catalogue includes a copy of the famous 'Book of Hawking and Hunting,' printed at St. Albans in 1486, but unfortunately the price is omitted, as is the case with several other important rarities. The Whites published some fine natural history books, including those of Pennant, Latham, and White of Selborne; the last was a relative of the booksellers. Whiston was succeeded by Nathaniel Conant, who sold, *inter alia*, the library of Samuel Speed, 1776, and John White was succeeded by his partner, J. G. Cochrane. Sixty years ago Charles Tilt, afterwards Tilt and Bogue, occupied 85, Fleet Street, and a

charming view of this shop appears in Cruikshank's 'Almanack' for March, 1835.

Charles Tilt's Shop.
From Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanac.'

Although the bookselling history of Fleet Street did not cease with the general migration of booksellers, from the end of the last to the beginning of the present century much of its glory as such had departed. During the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century its bibliopolic annals are indeed few. One of its most interesting houses was situated at No. 39, upon part of the site of the present banking-house of Messrs. Hoare. Here formerly stood the famous Mitre Tavern; this place was much damaged during the Great Fire, and was partly rebuilt. In the last century it was a favourite resort of Wanley, Vertue, Dr. Stukeley, Hawkesworth, Percy, Johnson, Boswell, and many other celebrities. Johnson and Boswell first dined here in 1763. It was here that the 'Tour to the Hebrides' was planned; it was here also, at a supper given by Boswell to the Doctor, Goldsmith, Davies, the bookseller, Eccles,

and the Rev. John Ogilvie, that Johnson delivered himself of the theory that 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is in the highroad that leads to England.' From 1728 to 1753 the Society of Antiquaries met here, and for some time also the Royal Society held its meetings in this place. In 1788 the tavern ceased to exist, and the house became the 'Poets' Gallery' of Macklin, whose edition of the Bible is described as an unrivalled monument of his taste and energy. Thomas Macklin died in 1800, and the erstwhile Mitre gave place—possibly not at once, but certainly very soon after—to Saunders' Auction-rooms. The most important sale which occurred here, and of which we have discovered any record, was an anonymous one in February, 1818; the catalogue was entitled 'Bibliotheca Selecta: Library of an eminent Collector, removed from the North of England.' This sale occupied six days, and comprised a very fine series of books of old English poetry, history, topography, and illustrated books. For instance, a very fine copy in a genuine state of the First Folio Shakespeare realized the then high figure of £121 16s. A copy of Yates's 'Castell of Courtesie,' 1582, sold for £23 2s., Steevens' copy eighteen years previously going for £2 10s. A large number of other excessively rare books, several of which were unique, were sold here at the same time; but whose they were, or how they could have drifted into such an unimportant auction centre as Saunders', are questions which we are not able to answer. Fifty years ago there were at least three important firms of literary auctioneers in Fleet Street—Henry Southgate (who eventually turned author, and who died about three years ago), at No. 22; L. A. Lewis, at No. 125; and E. Hodgson, referred to on p. 116. At each of these three centres many extensive collections of

books came under the hammer. When the elder Southgate died or retired, in about 1837, two of his assistants, Grimston and Havers, left, and started on their own account at 30, Holborn Hill, making the auction of books a speciality; but their existence appears to have been brief.

The neighbourhood had, however, a book-auction repute long before the present century dawned, and the Rose Tavern, near Temple Bar, was a favourite locality for this method of selling books. Samuel Baker here sold the entire library ('Bibliotheca Elegans') of Alderman Sir Robert Baylis in 1749, and that of Conyers Middleton, Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge, March 4, 1750-51, and nine following days—by order and for the benefit of the widow, who in the preface 'takes this opportunity to assure the public that this catalogue contains the genuine library of Dr. Middleton, without any alteration, and is sold for my advantage'—there were 1,300 lots.

THE STRAND.

Butcher Row, 1798.

The modernization of the Strand, but more particularly the erection of the New Law Courts from Temple Bar to Clement's Inn, has destroyed very many book-hunting and literary localities. This project involved the obliteration of thirty-three streets, lanes and courts, and the levelling of 400 dwelling, lodging and ware houses, and so forth, sheltering over 4,000 individuals. It has entirely altered the aspect of the place; not perhaps before it was necessary, for the whole neighbourhood had degenerated into rookeries of the vilest description. Among the localities swept away, a brief reference

may be made to one which has a twofold interest—Butcher Row—first, because Clifton's Eating-house, one of Dr. Johnson's favourite resorts, was in this Row, and secondly because one of the earliest catalogues of second-hand books was issued from within a yard or two of Clifton's. J. Stephens' shop was at the sign of the Bible in Butcher Row, and towards the latter part of 1742 he published 'a catalogue of several libraries of books lately purchased, in several languages,' etc., the price of each book being, as usual, marked on the first leaf before the sale commenced, which sale was announced to begin 'on Tuesday, the 2nd of November, 1742,' and 'to continue till all are sold.' For a copy of this exceedingly rare and interesting catalogue we are indebted to Mr. Dobell, the bookseller. It comprises twenty-six pages octavo, and enumerates over 1,300 books, the majority of which are priced. There are very few volumes in this list which are now included in anyone's desiderata, but the list itself is a very good indication of the book-buying tastes of our forbears of a century and half ago. Butcher Row, it may be mentioned, was immediately beyond St. Clement's Church (on the northern side of the Strand), and by the end of the last century had degenerated into a number of wretched fabrics and narrow passages, the houses greatly overhanging their foundations; in or about 1802, this street was pulled down and gave place to Pickett Street, so named because the improvement was the scheme of Alderman Pickett.

Charles Hutt's House in Clement's Inn Pas

One of the last bookselling haunts to be pulled down was the quaint old shop occupied by the late Charles Hutt (who, by the way, was born in the vestry of the Clare Market chapel-of-ease) where many famous book-hunters had picked up bargains. Charles Hutt, had he lived, would have become one of the leading booksellers of the day. He was for some years at Hodgson's, and possessed a remarkable taste for, and knowledge of, books. He left Hodgson's and started on his own account in the old ramshackle house already referred to. This shop presented so unfavourable an exterior that even the Income-tax Fiend never 'called in,' although at one time there were several thousands of pounds' worth of books in it. Hutt did a very extensive trade, not only in this country, but in America. He had an especial aptitude at completing sets of particular authors—Landor, Leigh Hunt, Byron, Shelley—and contributed much to the prevailing taste for modern first editions. A younger brother, Mr. F. H. Hutt, has been for some

years established at 10, Clement's Inn Passage, within a few yards of the old shop. The associations of the past half-century of this neighbourhood include two other well-known firms of booksellers. Theophilus Noble, who had removed from 114, Chancery Lane, was at 79, Fleet Street for some years until his death in 1851, and a member of the same family is still a second-hand bookseller opposite St. Mary-le-Strand Church. Reeves and Turner removed from Noble's old house in Chancery Lane, to the house on the west side of Temple Bar and adjoining it on the north, erected on the site of the famous old bulk-shop, the last of its race, where at one time Crockford, 'Shell-fishmonger and gambler,' lived. When Temple Bar was removed, this shop came down, and Reeves and Turner (who for the second time had to bow to the necessities of 'improvements') opened their well-known place on the south side of the Strand, facing St. Clement's Church. Their spacious shop here for about a quarter of a century was a famous book-haunt, and one of the very few successful ones which have existed in a crowded thoroughfare. It always contained an immense variety of good and useful books, priced at exceedingly moderate amounts, and the poorer book-lover could always venture, generally successfully, on suggesting a small reduction in the prices marked without being trampled in the dust as a thief and a robber. A year or two ago, when the lease of the shop expired, Messrs. Reeves and Turner bibliopolically ceased to exist—there not being a Reeves or a Turner in the Chancery Lane firm of booksellers of that name—but Mr. David Reeves, a son of Mr. William Reeves, started in Wellington Street, Strand, the latter, the *doyen* of London booksellers, occupying a portion of the house as a

publisher and a dealer in remainders.

Mr. William D. Reeves, Bookseller.

The most famous bookselling locality in this district is Holywell Street, or, as it is now generally called, Booksellers' Row. This street has always been afflicted with a questionable repute, not without cause, and much of the ill-odour of its past career still clings to it. Even second-hand bookselling has not purged it entirely. Half a century ago its shops were almost entirely taken up with the vendors of second-hand clothes, and the offals of several other

more or less disreputable trades. Above these shops resided the Grub Street gentry of the period. 'It was,' says one who knew it well, 'famous for its houses of call for reporters, editors and literary adventurers generally, all of whom formed a large army of needy, clever disciples of the pen, who lived by their wits, if they had any, and in lieu of those estimable qualifications, by cool assurance, impudence, and the gift of their mother tongue in spontaneous and frothy eloquence.' It was also a famous and convenient place 'for literary gentlemen and others, who were desirous of evading bailiffs and sheriffs' officers who might be anxious of making their acquaintance,' for even if they were traced to the Holywell Street entrance of any particular house, they could easily escape into Wych Street, and so slip the myrmidons of the law. It next became the emporium of indecent literature (from which charge it is not yet quite free), but much of this peculiar trade was suppressed by Lord Campbell's Act. For nearly half a century the place has been growing in popularity as a *locus standi* of the reputable second-hand book trade. Every book-hunter of note has known, or knows, of its many shops. Macaulay, for example, obtained many of his books from Holywell Street. The late Mr. Thoms related, in the *Nineteenth Century*, a very curious incident which put the great historian in possession of some French *mémoires* of which he had long been endeavouring to secure a copy. Macaulay was once strolling down this street, when he saw in a bookseller's window a volume of Muggletonian tracts. 'Having gone in, examined the volume, and agreed to buy it, he tendered a sovereign in payment. The bookseller had not change, but said if he (Macaulay) would just keep an eye on the shop, he would step out and get it. His name, I think, was

Hearle, and he had some relatives of the same name who had shops in the same street. This shop was at the west end of the street, and backed on to Wych Street; and at the back was a small recess, lighted by a few panes of glass, generally somewhat obscured by the dust of ages. While Macaulay was looking round the shop, a ray of sunshine fell through this little window on four little duodecimo volumes bound in vellum. He pulled out one of these to see what the work was, and great was his surprise and delight at finding these were the very French *mémoires* of which he had been in search for many years.'

More rare and interesting books have been picked up in this street during the past forty years than in any other locality. Rumour, which sometimes tells the truth, says that Shelley's copy, with his autograph on the title-page, of Ossian's 'Poems' was picked up here for a few pence. A book with Shakespeare's autograph on the title-page was also said to have been rescued from among a lot of cheap books in this locality a few years ago. We are not certain, but we believe that the Shakespeare autograph has been proved to be a forgery. If that is so, then perhaps the honour of being the greatest 'find' ever discovered, about four years ago, in Holywell Street, pertains to a perfect copy of 'Le Pastissier François,' 1655, the most valuable of all the Elzevirs, its value being from about £60 to £100. The copy in question was bound up with a worthless tract, and history has not left on record what the bookseller thought when he discovered his ignorance. A copy of the first edition of Horne's 'Orion,' 1843, was purchased in this street for 2d. in 1886, its market value being about £2. It was originally issued at 1/4d., by way of sarcasm on the low estimation of epic poetry. The Holywell

Street bookseller did not appraise it at a much higher figure than the author. Scarcely a week passes without a volume possessing great personal or historic interest being 'bagged' in this narrow but delightful thoroughfare. Many of these finds, it is true, may not be of great commercial value, but they are oftentimes very desirable books in more respects than one. The present writer has been fortunate in this matter. No person would now rank James Boswell, for instance, among great men, but a book in two volumes, with the following inscription, 'James Boswell, From the Translator near Padua, 1765,' would not be reckoned costly at 1s., the book in question being a beautiful copy of Cesarotti's translation into Italian of Ossian's 'Poems.' David Hume's own copy of 'Histoire du Gouvernement de Venise,' par le Sieur Amelot de la Houssaie, 1677, was not dear at 6d., and at a similar price was obtained an excessively rare volume (for which a well-known book-collector had been on the look-out in vain for many years), whose contents are little indicated by the title of 'Roman Tablets,' 1826, but whose nature is at all events suggested by the sub-title of 'Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies and Government of Rome.' It is a terrific exposure (originally written in French), for which the author was prosecuted at the solicitation of the Pope's Nuncio at Paris. The late John Payne Collier has told of a Holywell Street 'find' as far back as January 20, 1823, when he picked up a very nice clean copy of Hughes' 'Calypso and Telemachus,' 1712, for which he paid 2s. 6d. It was not, however, until he reached home that he discovered the remarkable nature of his purchase, which had belonged to Pope, who had inscribed in his own autograph thirty-eight couplets, addressed

'To Mr. Hughes, On His Opera.' These are only a selection from an extensive series of more or less interesting 'finds,' of which every collector has a store.

Two of the earliest and best-known of the more important Holywell Street booksellers passed away some years ago. 'Tommy' Arthur, who made a respectable fortune out of the trade, and whose shop and connections are now in the possession of W. Ridler, who is a successful trader, and a man of considerable independence as regards the conventionalities of appearances. (Our artist's portrait of this celebrity in his brougham, indulging in the extravagance of a clay pipe, had not arrived at the time of going to press, so it must be held over until the next edition of this book.) Joseph Poole was another Holywell Street bookseller of an original type, with his quaint semi-clerical attire. This bibliopole's relatives still carry on business in this street, school-books being with them a speciality. The *doyen* of the street is Mr. Henry R. Hill, whose two shops are at the extreme east end of the street. Mr. Hill has been here for about forty years, and has seen many changes, not only in the general character of the street, but also of the tastes in book-fancies. Mr. Hill's shops, with Mrs. Lazarus's three hard by, are full of interesting books, priced at very moderate figures. The latter has been established here for about fifteen years. Messrs. Myers, who also occupy three bookshops in this street, were for some years with Mrs. Lazarus; and Mr. W. R. Hill acquired a great deal of his book-knowledge at Reeves and Turner's. Mr. Charles Hindley has been long established in this street.

Messrs. Hill and Son's Shop in Holywell S

The step from fifth-rate book-making to second-hand bookselling is not a great one, and just as Holywell Street sheltered the Grub-writers of half a century ago, so Drury Lane and its immediate vicinity was their recognised locality in the earlier part of the last century. It is impossible to associate respectability, to say nothing of fashion, with this evil-smelling, squalid thoroughfare. And yet there can be no question about its having been at one time an aristocratic quarter. Until within the last few years, the Lane itself, and its numerous tributaries, contained many second-hand bookshops. The most celebrated, and, indeed, almost the only one of any interest, was Andrew Jackson, who made a speciality of old and black-letter books. Nichols tells us that for more than forty years he kept a shop in Clare Market, and here, 'like another Magliabecchi, midst dust and cobwebs, he indulged his appetite for reading; legends and romances, history and poetry, were indiscriminately his favourite pursuits.' In 1740 he published the first book of 'Paradise Lost' in

rhyme, and ten years afterwards a number of modernizations from Chaucer. The contents of his catalogues of the years 1756, 1757, 1759, and one without date, were in rhyme. He retired in 1777, and died in July, 1778, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Charles Marsh, another literary bookseller, was for some time a friend and neighbour of Jackson's. Marsh (who afterwards removed to a shop now swallowed by the improvements in Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross) was situated at Cicero's Head, in New Round Court, off the Strand, and is described by one who knew him as being afflicted with 'a very unhappy temper, and withal very proud and insolent, with a plentiful share of conceit.' He wrote a poem entitled 'The Library, an Epistle from a Bookseller to a Gentleman, his Customer; desiring him to discharge his bill,' 1766. He was originally a church-clerk. The only catalogue of this celebrity which we have seen is a bulky one, over 100 pages octavo, enumerating 3,000 books, 'among which are included the libraries of the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Burnet, Minister of Clerkenwell, and an eminent apothecary, both lately deceased.' The date is May 7, 1747. Some of the prices in this catalogue can only be described as absurd; for example, Lydgate's 'Bochas; or, The Fall of Princes,' 1517, 5s.; a collection of old plays and poems, two volumes, 1592, 6s.; Tusser's 'Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,' 1574, 2s. 6d.; and black-letter books by the score are here offered at sums from one to three or four shillings each. The neighbourhood has for many years ceased to be a bookselling locality, for although book-hunters prefer side-streets and quiet thoroughfares for the prosecution of their hobby, the pestiferous vapours of Drury Lane would kill any bibliopolic growth more vigorous than a newsvendor's shop.

Messrs. Sotheran's Shop in Piccadilly

When, by slow degrees, the various trades moved in a direction west of Temple Bar, it was only natural that the trade in second-hand books should be similarly attracted. The Strand itself, which, at the end of the last century and beginning of the present, was a much narrower street than it is now, is not, and never has been, a great book-emporium, for a reason which we have more than once pointed out. But the immediate vicinity has been for over a century and a half, as it still continues to be, the favourite locality of some of the chief booksellers. To-day the Strand proper only contains three representatives, in Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., the finer of whose two shops is in Piccadilly, and Mr. David Nutt (both of whom are, however, vendors of

new books, and often act as publishers), and Messrs. Walford. Within a stone's-throw of the main thoroughfare we have John Galwey and Suckling and Galloway, Garrick Street; James Gunn and Nattali, Bedford Street; B. F. Stevens, Trafalgar Square; H. Fawcett, King Street; W. Wesley and Sons, Essex Street; and many others. One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the Strand relates to a house which stood between Arundel and Norfolk Streets, where, at the end of the seventeenth century, lived the father of Bishop Burnet. 'This house,' says Dr. Hughson, writing in 1810, 'continued in the Burnet family till within living memory, being possessed by a bookseller of the same name—a collateral descendant of the Bishop.' Of much more importance, however, is the fact that at 132, Strand a bookseller named Wright started, about 1730, the first circulating library in London. About ten years afterwards he was succeeded by William Bathoe ('a very intelligent bookseller' who died in October, 1768), who carried on the circulating library in addition to bookselling. Bathoe was a book-auctioneer as well as a retail vendor; he sold the books of 'William Hogarth, Esq., sergeant-painter,' under the hammer. In or about the year 1747 he had established himself 'in Church Lane, near St. Martin's Church in the Strand, almost opposite York Buildings,' whence he issued a thirty-eight-paged (octavo) catalogue, comprising the 'valuable library of the learned James Thompson Esq., deceased, with the collection of a gentleman lately gone abroad'; this list enumerates nearly 1,000 items, the prices, ranging from 6d. upwards, being uniformly low. Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1661, 'with neat cuts,' would not be long unsold at 3s. 6d.; and the same may be said of Purchas's 'Pilgrimage,' 1617, 2s. 6d.;

of Rochester's complete poems at 2s.; and very many others. At 'No. 18 in the Strand' lived J. Mathews, the bookseller, and father of Charles Mathews, the actor; and in this house the latter was born. Jacob Tonson was at 'Shakespeare's Head, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand,' now 141; the house, since rebuilt, was afterwards occupied by Andrew Millar, who deposed Shakespeare, and erected Buchanan's Head instead. Millar was succeeded by his friend and apprentice, Thomas Cadell (who became a partner in 1765), in 1767; he retired in 1793. Cadell's son then became head of the concern, and took William Davies into partnership. The firm of Cadell and Davies existed until the death of the latter in 1820, after which Cadell (the Opulent Bookseller of Beloe) continued it in his own name until his death in 1836. Samuel Bagster; Whitmore and Fenn; J. Walter (an apprentice of Robert Dodsley, and the founder of the *Times*); William Brown (an apprentice of Sandby), Essex Street, who died in 1797, and who was succeeded by Robert Bickerstaff; Henry Chapman, Chandos Street, 1790-1795; W. Lowndes; and Walter Wilson, of the Mews Gate, were Strand booksellers of more or less note during the latter part of the last, and the earlier part of the present, century.

CHARING CROSS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

John Millan was one of the most famous of Charing Cross or Whitehall booksellers, for he was located here for over half a century, dying in 1784, aged over eighty-one years. Richard Gough drew the following picture of Millan's shop in March, 1772: 'On my return from Westminster last night, I penetrated the utmost recesses of Millan's shop, which, if I may borrow an idea from natural history,

is incrusted with literature and curiosities like so many stalactitical exudations. Through a narrow alley, between piles of books, I reached a cell, or *adytum*, whose sides were so completely cased with the same *supellex* that the fireplace was literally *enchâsse dans la muraille*. In this cell sat the deity of the place, at the head of a whist party, which was interrupted by my inquiry after *Dillenius* in sheets. The answer was, he "had none in sheets or blankets." . . . I emerged from this shop, which I consider as a future Herculaneum, where we shall hereafter root out many scarce things now rotting on the floor, considerably sunk below the level of the new pavement.' Millan was succeeded by Thomas and John Egerton, the latter being 'a bookseller of great eminence'—the Black-letter Bookseller of Beloe—whose death occurred in 1795. 'It was in his time,' says Beloe, 'that Old English books, of a particular description both in prose and verse, were, for some cause or other—principally, perhaps, as they were of use in the illustration of Shakespeare—beginning to assume a new dignity and importance, and to increase in value at the rate of 500 per cent.' Another Charing Cross bookseller, Samuel Leacroft (who succeeded Charles Marsh), died in 1795, and it is rather curious that John Egerton was a son-in-law of Lockyer Davis, whilst his neighbour was an apprentice.

Of Samuel Baker, whose shop was in Russell Street, Covent Garden, we have already spoken in our account of book-auctioneers. One of his early—May, 1747—catalogues (not auction) comprises the libraries of Dr. Robert Uvedale, and of this divine's son and namesake, also a D.D., of Enfield; it enumerates over 3,000 items. Thomas Becket (an apprentice of Millar, and Sterne's first publisher) and

P. De Hondt were successful Strand booksellers; the former finally settled himself in Pall Mall, and was one of the first to make a speciality of foreign books, of which he imported large quantities between 1761 and 1766. C. Heydinger, of the Strand, was a German bookseller who issued catalogues from 1771 to 1773, and who died in distressed circumstances about 1778. Henry Lasher Gardner, who died at a very advanced age in 1808, was a venerable bookseller, whose shop was opposite St. Clement's Church, Strand; he published catalogues between 1786 and 1793. William Otridge, at first alone, and afterwards in partnership with his son, issued catalogues from the Strand during the last quarter of the last century. In 1796 Joseph Pote was selling books at the Golden Door, over against Suffolk Street, Charing Cross. John Nourse (died 1780), bookseller to his Majesty, was another celebrated bibliopole of the Strand, and is described by John Nichols as 'a man of science, particularly in the mathematical line.' Francis Wingrave succeeded Nourse.

One of the most celebrated booksellers of this neighbourhood during the last half of the eighteenth century was Tom Davies, who sported his rubric posts[237:A] in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and who was driven from his position as actor in Garrick's company by Churchill's killing satire:

'He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.'

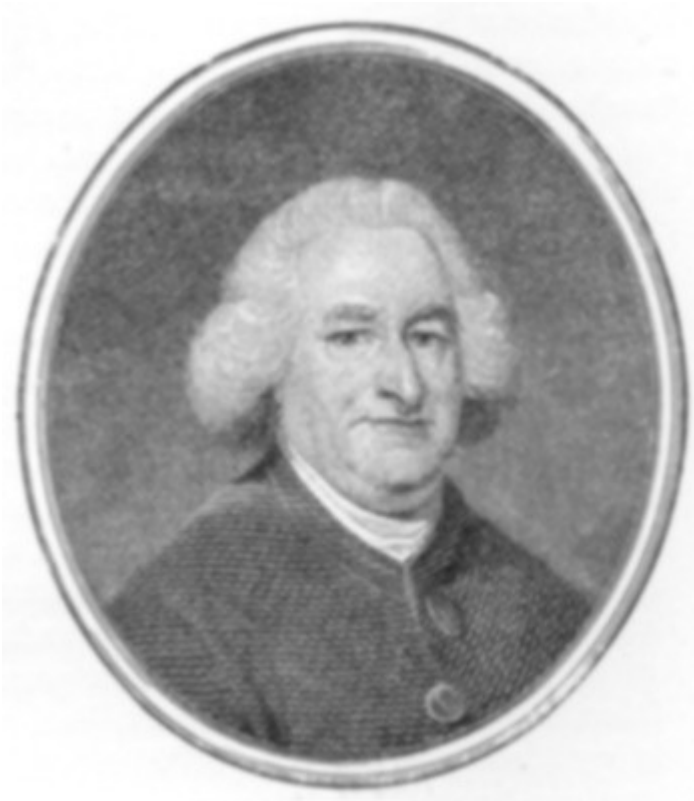
In spite of satirists, the verdict of his contemporaries is ratified, so to speak, in voting Tom Davies a good fellow. Dr. John Campbell described him as 'not a bookseller, but a gentleman dealing in books'; and the Rev. P. Stockdale described him as 'the most gentleman-like person of that trade whom I ever

knew.' Dr. Johnson said he was 'learned enough for a clergyman,' which was an equivocal compliment, for the clergymen of the period were not, as a rule, learned. Davies was generally talkative, but at times quite the reverse, and sometimes uttered pious ejaculations. Between 1764 and 1776 Davies sold a number of interesting and valuable libraries—those, for example, of William Shenstone and William Oldys. Davies, like many other contemporary booksellers, was fond of scribbling, and was the author of 'Memoirs of Garrick,' and other books.

Probably the most famous bookseller of the Strand is Thomas Payne, who for over half a century (1740-1794) was selling books in this locality. 'Honest Tom Payne' started business in or about 1740, for in February of that year he issued a catalogue of 'curious books in divinity, history, classics, medicine, voyages, natural history,' etc., from the 'Round Court,[237:B] in the Strand, opposite York Buildings.' About ten years later (January, 1750) he had removed to the Mews Gate to a shop shaped like the letter L, which became one of the most famous literary resorts of the period. Just before leaving Round Court, Tom Payne issued a sort of clearance catalogue, comprising 10,000 volumes, 'which will be sold very cheap.' The Mews Gate was near St. Martin's Church, and probably close to the bottom of the new thoroughfare, Charing Cross Road. It was at this shop that all the book-collectors of the day most congregated, for it was to Tom Payne's that the majority of libraries were consigned —*e.g.*, those of Ralph Thoresby, Sir John Barnard, Francis Grose, Rev. S. Whisson, and many others whose names are now nothing but names, but who were at the time well-known collectors. Tom Payne's customers included all the bibliophiles of the period.

'Must I,' asks Mathias in the 'Pursuits of Literature'—

> 'Must I, as a wit with learned air,
> Like Doctor Dewlap, to Tom Payne's repair,
> Meet Cyril Jackson and mild Cracherode,
> 'Mid literary gods myself a god?
> There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
> In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
> And then, to edify their learned souls,
> Quote pleasant sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*.'



Payne.

Mathias describes Tom Payne as 'that Trypho emeritus,' and as 'one of the honestest men living, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations.' Beloe, in his 'Sexagenarian,' states that at Tom Payne's and at Peter Elmsley's, in the Strand, 'a wandering scholar in search of pabulum might be almost certain of meeting Cracherode, George Steevens, Malone, Wyndham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, Thomas Grenville, Wakefield, Dean Dampier, King of Mansfield Street, Towneley, Colonel Stanley,' and others. Savage professed to

have picked up his 'Author to Let' at 'the Mews Gate on my way from Charing Cross to Hedge Lane.' Tom Payne (who was a native of Brackley) came into possession of his famous shop at the Mews' Gate through his marriage with Elizabeth Taylor, whose brother built and for some time occupied it. About 1776 Tom Payne ('Bookseller Extraordinary to the Prince Regent, and Bookseller to the University of Oxford') took his son into partnership, to whom fourteen years later he relinquished the business, and died in February, 1799, in his eighty-second year. Thomas Payne the younger (to whom Dibdin dedicated his 'Library Companion,' 1825) remained here until 1806, when he removed to Pall Mall; in 1813 he took Henry Foss, who had been his apprentice, into partnership. The former died in 1831, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Payne, and Henry Foss, who retired from the trade in 1850, when their stock came under the hammer at Sotheby's. In the preface to his 'Library Companion,' 1825, Dibdin speaks very highly of the catalogue of Payne and Foss: 'Since the commencement of this work, Messrs. Payne and Foss have published a catalogue of 10,051 articles. I have smiled, in common with many friends, to observe rare and curious volumes selling for large sums at auctions, when sometimes *better* copies of them may be obtained in that incomparable repository in Pall Mall at two-thirds of the price. Whoever wants a *classical fitting out* must betake themselves to this repository.'

The bibliopolic history of the Mews Gate did not terminate with the younger Tom Payne. When he removed to a more aristocratic quarter, the shop passed into the occupation of William Sancho, the negro bookseller, whose father, Ignatius, was born in 1729 on board a ship in the slave trade soon after it

had quitted the coast of Guinea. William Sancho died before 1817, and was succeeded at the Mews Gate by James Bain, who afterwards removed to No. 1, Haymarket, where the business is still carried on, 'in accordance with the best bookselling traditions, by his younger son, the second James Bain having died early in 1894.' The Mews was taken down in 1830, and was used in its latter days to shelter Cross's Menagerie from Exeter 'Change.

One of the oldest firms of Strand booksellers was that started in 1686 by Paul Vaillant, who, at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, escaped to England. His shop was opposite Southampton Street, and his chief dealings were in foreign books. He was succeeded by his sons Paul and Isaac, and then by his grandson, Paul III., the son of Paul II. The second Paul purchased a quantity of books at Freebairn's sale for the Earl of Sunderland, and his joy at securing the copy of Virgil's 'Opera,' printed 'per Zarothum,' 1472, is duly chronicled by Nichols; he was one of the booksellers employed by the Society for the Encouragement of Learning. He died in 1802, aged eighty-seven, and as both of his two sons had elected to follow other occupations, the business passed into the hands of Peter Elmsley, the great friend and companion of Gibbon, whose 'Decline and Fall,' however, he did not see his way to publish; he was a great linguist, and possessed 'an amount of general knowledge that fitted him for conversation and correspondence upon a familiar and equal footing with the most illustrious and accomplished of his day.' At the end of the last century he resigned the business to his shopman, David Bremner, 'whose anxiety for acquiring wealth rendered him wholly careless of indulging himself in the ordinary comforts of life, and hurried him prematurely to the grave.' He

was succeeded by James Payne (the youngest son of the famous Tom) and J. Mackinlay, both of whom also came to premature ends, the former through being long confined as a prisoner in France.

Among the most famous of the Strand booksellers of the earlier part of the present century were Rivington and Cochran, of No. 148 (near Somerset House), and Thomas Thorpe, of 38, Bedford Street. With these two firms it really seemed a question as to which could issue the most bulky catalogues. The earliest example which we have seen of the former is dated 1825; it extends to over 800 pages, and comprises nearly 18,000 items in various languages and in every department of literature. Thomas Thorpe was undoubtedly the giant bibliopole of the period. If anything striking or original occurred in the bookselling world, it was generally Thorpe who did it. Dibdin describes him as 'indeed a man of might.' His catalogues, continues the same writer, 'are of never-ceasing production, thronged with the treasures which he has gallantly borne off, at the point of his lance, in many a hard day's fight, in the Pall Mall and Waterloo Place arenas. But these conquests are no sooner obtained than the public receives an account of them, and during the last year only his catalogues, in three parts, now before me, comprise no fewer than 179,059 articles. What a scale of buying and selling does this fact alone evince! But in this present year two parts have already appeared, containing upwards of 12,000 articles. Nor is this all. On September 24, 1823, there appeared the most marvellous phenomenon ever witnessed in the annals of bibliopolism.[241:A] The *Times* had four of the five columns of its last page occupied by an advertisement of Mr. Thorpe, containing the third part of his catalogue for that

year. On a moderate computation, this advertisement comprised 1,120 lines. The effect was most extraordinary. Many wondered, and some remonstrated; but Mr. Thorpe was master of his own mint, and he never mentions the circumstance but with perfect confidence, and even gaiety of heart, at its success.' Thorpe issued catalogues from 1829 to 1851, and during one year alone, 1843, his lists comprised over 16,000 lots. In 1836 he removed from Bedford Street to 178, Piccadilly. Thorpe was the first *merchant* in autographs, and Sir Thomas Phillipps was one of the first *collectors* who flourished in the iniquity of the pursuit, and it was the latter who on one occasion purchased the entire contents of one of Thorpe's autograph catalogues.

Another distinguished bibliopole of this locality, or, more correctly, of Great Newport Street, was Thomas Rodd, who died in April, 1849, in his fifty-third year. The business was really started by his father and namesake, who was a man of considerable literary ability, and who abandoned his intention of entering the Church when he became possessed of a secret for making imitation diamonds, rubies, garnets, etc. In 1809 he added bookselling to that of manufacturing sham stones. After getting into trouble with the Excise on account of the latter accomplishment, he devoted himself entirely to the book-trade. The elder Rodd died in 1822, and his son, the more famous bibliopole, succeeded to the business, which he developed in an extraordinary manner within a few years. His memory and knowledge of books were almost limitless, and, like Thomas Thorpe, most of his schemes were on a scale to create a sensation. Rodd's catalogues are of great bibliographical value. In spite of his extensive connections, his stock at the time of his death was enormous. It was sold, in ten

different instalments, at Sotheby's, between November, 1849, and November, 1850.

Henry G. Bohn, Bookseller.

John H. Bohn.

Henry G. Bohn may be regarded as the connecting link between the old and the new school of booksellers. He was born in London on January 4, 1796, and died in August, 1884. His father was a bookbinder of Frith Street, Soho, but when he removed to Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, he added (in 1814) a business in second-hand books. Between this year and 1830, H. G. Bohn paid repeated visits to the Continent as his father's buyer. In 1831 he married a daughter of Mr. Simpkin, of Simpkin, Marshall and Co. He started in business for himself, and rapidly built up an extensive trade, far

exceeding any of his rivals. At about the same time his brother James also started on his own account, at 12, King William Street, Charing Cross, whilst the third brother, John Hutter Bohn, who has been for nearly forty years the cataloguer at Sotheby's and is still living, attended to the original business. Bohn's famous 'Guinea Catalogue' was deservedly regarded as a great triumph in its way, although it has been far surpassed by the splendid catalogues of his whilom apprentice, B. Quaritch. Bohn's fame now rests almost exclusively in his publishing ventures, which proved a veritable gold-mine to the originator, and are still highly lucrative investments in the hands of Messrs. George Bell and Sons. He 'edited' an edition of Lowndes' 'Bibliographer's Manual,' and his name occurs on the title-pages of a great many books dealing with an extensive variety of subjects. It is scarcely necessary to say that Bohn has very little claim to be regarded either as an editor or as an author, unless the cash purchase of the product of other men's brain and study conferred either of these titles upon him. He was, however, a remarkable person, with a very wide knowledge of books. While quite a young man he catalogued the books of Dr. Parr. The growing extent of his publishing business killed the second-hand trade, so far as he was concerned, and his stock was disposed of at Sotheby's in the years 1868, 1870, and 1872, occupying fifty days in selling, and realizing a total of over £13,300. Both Henry G. Bohn and his brother James dealt largely in remainders, and of this class of merchandise each issued catalogues early in the year 1840 (and at other times), and the difference in the extent of the trade done by the two brothers may be indicated by the fact that the catalogue of the former extends to 132 pages, whilst that of the latter is only

16 pages. In this, as in everything else which he undertook, H. G. Bohn was first and his rivals nowhere. One of Bohn's rivals in the 'forties' was Joseph Lilly, who once undertook to purchase everything important in the book line which was offered, but he soon gave up the idea. His shop was for some time at 19, King Street, Covent Garden, and his catalogues always contained a large number of select books. He had served a short time at Lackington's, and was distinguished for the zeal with which he purchased First Folio Shakespeares. Lilly died in 1870, and his vast stock came under the hammer at Sotheby's in six batches, 1871-73.

King William Street, Strand, until the last three or four years, had been for nearly a century a famous emporium of second-hand bookshops. Its most famous inhabitant in this respect was Charles John Stewart (whom Henry Stevens, of Vermont, described as the last of the learned old booksellers), who was born in Scotland at the beginning of the present century, and died on September 17, 1883. He was one of Lackington's pupils, and started as a second-hand bookseller with Howell, subsequently carrying on the business alone. His chief commodity was theological books, and when his stock—perhaps the largest of its kind known—came to be sold, it

realized close on £5,000. Joel Rowsell was another famous bibliopole who resided in this street, and he, like Stewart, retired in 1882. G. Bumstead (whose speciality was curious or eccentric books; he was distinctly an 'old' bookseller, for he rarely bought anything printed after 1800), Molini and Green, J. M. Stark, and J. W. Jarvis and Sons, were also, at one time or another, in this bookselling thoroughfare, which is now entirely deserted by the fraternity. Doubtless one of the most successful of modern bibliopoles who lived in the vicinity of the Strand is Mr. F. S. Ellis, who was an apprentice of James Toovey, and who in a comparatively few years built up a business second only to that of Quaritch. Mr. Ellis (who purchased the valuable freewill of T. and W. Boone's connection) compiled the greater portion of the catalogue of the celebrated Huth Library, and since he has retired to Torquay has taken up book-editing with all the zeal which characterized his earlier career as a bookseller. Mr. Ellis's shop was at 33, King Street, Covent Garden, and afterwards at 29, New Bond Street, and the prestige of his name is worthily maintained by his nephew, Mr. G. I. Ellis (with whom is Mr. Elvey), at the latter address. The whole neighbourhood of which Covent Garden may be taken as the centre, is full of a bibliopolic history, which dates back to the beginning of the last century. The time when Aldines were to be picked up at 1s. 6d. each, and when Shakespeare Folios were to be had for 30s. each round about the Piazza, has, it is true, long gone by; but a very large library, in almost any branch of literature, may be easily formed, at a very moderate cost, any day within a stone's-throw of London's great vegetable market. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that George Willis, the editor-publisher of *Willis's Current Notes*, was for

many years at the Great Piazza, Covent Garden. The firm subsequently became known as Willis and Sotheran, and is now Sotheran and Co.: this highly respectable house was established in Tower Street, E.C., as far back as 1816.

A Corner at Ellis and Elvey's.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Hall when occupied by Booksellers
From a Print by Gravelot.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole world, a more interesting bookselling locality than Westminster Hall. This place is redolent with historical associations, with parliaments, coronations, revelries, and impeachments. Stalls for books, as well as other small merchandise, were permitted in the hall of the palace of Westminster early in the sixteenth century. The poor scholars of Westminster also were employed in hawking books between school-hours. In the procession of sanctuary men who accompanied the Abbot of Westminster and his convent, December 6, 1556, was 'a boy that killed a big boy that sold papers and printed books, with hurling of a stone, and hit him under the ear in Westminster Hall.' In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, there is, under date 1498-1500, an entry: 'Item, Received for

another legende solde in Westmynster halle, v*s.* viij*d.*,' the 'legende' being one of the thirteen copies of 'The Golden Legend' bequeathed by Caxton to the 'behove' of the parish of St. Margaret's. Towards the end of the sixteenth century Tom Nash wrote: 'Looke to it, you booksellers and stationers, and let not your shop be infested with any such goose gyblets, or stinking garbadge as the jygs of newsmongers; and especially such of you as frequent Westminster Hall, let them be circumspect what dunghill papers they bring thether: for one bad pamphlet is inough to raise a dampe that may poyson a whole towne,' etc. At first the shops or stalls were ranged along the blank wall on the southern side of the hall. Subsequently they occupied not only the whole of the side, but such portion of the other as was not occupied by the Court of Common Pleas, which then sat within the hall itself, as did the Chancery and King's Bench at its farther end. Gravelot's print of the hall during term-time shows this arrangement. The stationers and other tradespeople in the hall were a privileged class, inasmuch as they were exempt from the pains and penalties relative to the license and regulation of the press. Here as elsewhere there were plenty of inferior books obtainable; Pepys, writing October 26, 1660, and referring to some purchases made in the hall, remarks: 'Among other books, one of the life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife, but it was so sillily writ that we did nothing but laugh over it.' The stalls were distinguished by signs. One of the early issues of 'Paradise Lost,' 1668, contains the name, among others, of Henry Mortlock, of the White Hart, Westminster Hall, but whose shop was at the Phœnix, St. Paul's Churchyard; Raleigh's 'Remains,' 1675, was printed for Mortlock. The majority of the hall booksellers had regular shops in

St. Paul's Churchyard or elsewhere, for it is scarcely likely that they would open these stalls during vacation. Matthew Gilliflower, of the Spread Eagle and Crown, was one of the most enterprising of his class during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. James Collins, of the King's Head, was here contemporaneously with Gilliflower. C. King and Stagg were also extensive partners in 'adventures' in new books, and were among the 'unprejudiced booksellers' who acted as agents for the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the first year of its existence. At about the same time also, B. Toovey and J. Renn, were selling books here. Early in the reign of George III. the traders were ousted from Westminster Hall; and in 1834 the dirty and mutilated vast parallelogram was thoroughly cleaned and repaired. Westminster Hall as a bookselling centre bears the same affinity to the trade proper as the sweetmeat stalls at a fair bear to confectionery. The books exposed for sale would only by a rare chance be choice or notable, and it was certainly not a likely place for folios or quartos.

BOND STREET AND PICCADILLY.

At the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, several booksellers had established themselves in Bond Street and Pall Mall. One of the best known is John Parker, 'an honest, good-natured man,' with whom was apprenticed, in 1713, Henry Baker, the antiquary, a friend of John Nichols. Parker's shop was in Pall Mall. At No. 29, New Bond Street, in 1730, we find J. Brindley, a reputable bookseller of his time, and who was one of a society formed in 1736 'for the encouragement of learning,' which had

a chequered and an undignified career. His shop was at the sign of the Feathers, and in 1747 he describes himself as 'Bookseller to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.' The only example of his catalogue which we have seen is dated 1747, and it includes 4,289 lots, among which were long selections of books at 1s. each, or 10s. per dozen, and of others at 6d. each or 5s. per dozen. Brindley was succeeded in 1759 by his apprentice, a much more celebrated bibliopole, James Robson, who built up a very extensive connection and died in 1806. In company with James Edwards and Peter Molini (the Exotic Bookseller of Beloe), Robson, in 1788, undertook a journey to Venice for the purpose of examining the famous Pinelli Library, which was purchased for about £7,000; it was safely transferred to London and sold by auction in Conduit Street, the total result being £9,356. A large number of more or less famous collections of books passed through Robson's hands, notably those of Sir John Evelyn; Edward Spelman, the translator of Xenophon; the Duke of Newcastle (1770); W. Mackworth Praed (1772); Joseph Smith, Consul at Venice; Dr. Samuel Musgrave; J. Murray, Ambassador at Constantinople. Messrs. Robson and Clark were succeeded early in this century by Nornaville and Fell, who in 1830 made way for T. and W. Boone, who were, as we have said, succeeded by Mr. F. S. Ellis; it is interesting to note that this house had been in the occupation of booksellers for over a century and a half.

The bookselling fraternity had, however, obtained no definite footing until shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century, when James Almon began to acquire notoriety, his political fearlessness more than once bringing him at loggerheads with the authorities. When he first came to London, he

worked as a printer at Watts', in Wild's Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he had the frame which had been occupied by Benjamin Franklin. His shop was opposite Burlington House, and for many years this was the meeting-place of the leading Whig politicians. He died in 1805, and was succeeded by J. Debrett, a name still associated with publishing.

During the last few years of the last century, and probably in consequence of the greatly improved condition of the place, Piccadilly and neighbourhood became favourite spots with booksellers, the more notable being James Ridgway, whose 'repository of loyalty' was in York Street, St. James's Square, who died in 1838, aged eighty-three years; T. Hookham, Old Bond Street; and Stockdale, whose name will be for ever associated with that of Erskine in connection with the liberty of the press. Stockdale's shop, No. 178, Piccadilly, was for a long time in the possession of Thomas Thorpe; the place has since been rebuilt. R. Faulder, of New Bond Street, also deserves mention as being one of forty booksellers against whom actions were brought for selling the 'Baviad and Mæviad.' He is the Cunning Bookseller of Beloe, and appears to have been one of the most assiduous frequenters of 'forced' sales of household furniture, etc., where he often happened on books of rarity and value. He 'accumulated a very large property and retired,' but the *auri sacra fames* pursued him to the end. William Clarke, of New Bond Street, best remembered as the compiler of that very valuable work, 'Repertorium Bibliographicum,' 1819, was established as a bookseller in 1793. During the second half of the last century Samuel Parker and Walter Shropshire were selling second-hand books in New Bond Street. Thomas Beet, who retired from business ten years ago, was a well-known bookseller

of Bond Street and Conduit Street, and was a considerable purchaser at the leading auction sales. He frequently had the honour of submitting various special old books for the inspection of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, whilst his shop in Conduit Street was a very popular resort of bookish men.

Robert Dodsley, of Tully's Head, is one of the most famous of the Pall Mall booksellers. His shop was next to the passage leading into King Street, and now known as Pall Mall Place. He is perhaps better remembered as an author and compiler than as a bookseller, and best of all as a friend of Dr. Johnson, Pope, Spence, and other literary celebrities; he it was who first urged Johnson to start the famous 'Dictionary.' Dodsley died in 1764, and his business was taken over by his brother James, who survived the founder thirty-three years. The celebrated firm of G. and W. Nicol, booksellers to his Majesty, for many years carried on in Pall Mall in Dodsley's shop, originated with David Wilson and his nephew George Nicol, who started in the Strand about 1773, and who sold, *inter alia*, the library of Dr. Henry Sacheverell. George Nicol married the niece of the first Alderman Boydell, and was one of the executors of James Dodsley, who left him a legacy of £1,000. He is described as 'a most agreeable companion,' as a member of many of the literary clubs of his day, and enjoyed the friendly confidence of the Duke of Roxburghe, Duke of Grafton, and other eminent book-lovers. He died in Pall Mall, 1829, aged eighty-eight years. Nicol's stock was sold by auction at Evans's in 1825.

John Hatchard (1768-1849).

The most ancient book-business in Piccadilly is that of Hatchard's, which dates back to 1797. It was started by John Hatchard, who had been an assistant at Tom Payne's. Hatchard was patronized by Queen Charlotte, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canning, and Dr. Keate. Hatchard is the Godly Bookseller of Beloe; he was a Conservative, dressed like a bishop, and published for Hannah More and the Evangelicals. Zachary Macaulay, Wilberforce, and the other opponents of slavery, once involved Hatchard in a libel action, in which he was found guilty. Hatchard published for Crabbe and for

Tupper, and, according to Mr. Humphreys' interesting 'Piccadilly Bookmen,' Liston, Charles Kemble, and other actors, frequented the shop. So did the Duke of Wellington, who, 'when the library of the Duke's brother was sold at Evans's Auction Rooms in Pall Mall, where now stands the Carlton Club . . . sent several open commissions for books which he wished secured. Among these was a shilling pamphlet by A. G. Stapleton, with the late owner's notes in pencil. This was put up at 2s. 6d., and ultimately knocked down for £93 to Hatchard, the under-bidder being Sir A. Alison. The Duke, though very much astonished at the price such a mere fragment had fetched, yet admired the obedience to his orders.' The Horticultural Society took its rise in a meeting at Hatchard's, and he also seems to have lent his premises to the 'Outinian Society,' a species of matrimonial agency, which did not last long; but the wonder is how so respectable and cautious a personage ever harboured it. Among his assistants were Fraser, afterwards noted for his magazine, and Tilt.

James Toovey, Bookseller.

The two great second-hand booksellers of the Piccadilly of the latter half of the present century are James Toovey and Bernard Quaritch. Toovey's shop at 177, Piccadilly (once occupied by William Pickering, the famous publisher), was for about forty years a favourite haunt of booksellers, for Toovey was a bibliophile as well as a bibliopole. His whole life was spent among books. He was apprenticed at fourteen to a bookseller, and for some time had a shop of his own in St. James's Street. He published Newman's 'Lives of the English Saints,' and other works by the leaders of the Tractarian movement, in

addition to a very fine reprint of the 'Aberdeen Breviary,' of the original of which only four imperfect copies exist. An obituary notice describes him as 'very particularly the great authority on bindings. He made a strong speciality in old French red morocco bindings, and during his frequent visits to France brought back large buyings of them. Toovey bought notable books, but unless they had the second qualification of being in a good state, and the bindings valuable, he was less anxious about them. Given a notable book in a notable binding, he would buy it at almost any cost. When the present Mr. James Toovey—James Toovey *fils*—came into the business, he made a feature of those quaint sport and pastime books which every stroller along the south side of Piccadilly has been wont to stay and look at in Toovey's window. Ten years before his death the old man retired from the business in favour of his son, but his devotion to rare books and rare bindings was his ruling passion to the last. Toovey's, during its career, has known all the prominent book-hunters and a legion of eminent people who have been more than book-collectors. In the leisured times, Toovey's, like Hatchard's further along the street, was something of a resort for literary folk generally, and many people we who are younger are familiar with have been accustomed to find their way across Toovey's doorstep. Mr. Gladstone has visited the shop, and so has Cardinal Manning, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and Henry Huth often.' Having acquired a considerable fortune in business, he was able to indulge in the luxury, rare amongst booksellers, of collecting a private library for his own entertainment. He retired from active business several years ago, and passed his remaining days in the ever-delightful society of his bibliographical

treasures. He died in September, 1893, in his eightieth year, and his stock of books came under the hammer at Sotheby's in March, 1894, when 3,200 lots realized just over £7,090. His very choice private library is still in the possession of his son, and among its chief cornerstones is the finest First Folio Shakespeare known. Toovey, like the elder Boone, secured many excessively rare books during his personal visits to the Continent. Pickering's son, Basil Montagu Pickering, remained with Toovey for a few years after his father retired, but eventually opened a shop on his own account at 196, Piccadilly, next to St. James's Church, and possessed at one time and another many exceedingly rare books. The name is still continued under the title of Pickering and Chatto, of 66, Haymarket, who continue to use the Aldine device employed both by William Pickering and his son. There is no Pickering in the present firm.

James Toovey's Shop, Piccadilly.

Bernard Quaritch, the Napoleon of Booksellers.

Of all second-hand booksellers, living or dead, Bernard Quaritch is generally conceded to be the king. Mr. Quaritch was born in 1819 at Worbis, Prussia, and after serving an apprenticeship to a bookseller came over to England in 1842, and obtained employment at H. G. Bohn's, with whom he remained (exclusive of two years in Paris) until 1847. He left Bohn's in April of that year, with the observation: 'Mr. Bohn, you are the first bookseller in England, but I mean to be the first bookseller in Europe.' Quaritch started with only his savings as capital, and his first catalogue was nothing more

than a broadside, with the titles of about 400 books, the average price of which ranged from 1s. 6d. to 2s. His first big move was made in 1858, when the Bishop of Cashel's library was sold, when he purchased a copy of the Mazarin Bible for £595. In the same year appeared his first large catalogue of books, which comprised nearly 5,000 articles; two years later his catalogue had increased from 182 to 408 pages, and included close on 7,000 articles; in 1868 his complete catalogue consisted of 1,080 pages, and 15,000 articles; in 1880 it had extended to 2,395 pages, describing 28,000 books; but seven years later his General Catalogue consisted of 4,500 pages, containing 40,000 articles. As a purchaser, Mr. Quaritch puts the whilom considered gigantic purchases of Thomas Thorpe entirely into the shade. In July, 1873, he purchased the non-scientific part of the Royal Society's Norfolk Library; a few weeks later at the Perkins sale he bought books and manuscripts to the extent of £11,000; at the sale of Sir W. Tite's books in 1874 the Quaritch purchases amounted to £9,500; at the two Didot sales in 1878 and 1879 his purchases exceeded £11,000 in value; at the Beckford sale in 1882 a little more than half of the total (£86,000) was secured by Mr. Quaritch; at the Sunderland sale, 1881-83, Mr. Quaritch's bill came to over £33,000; at all the other great sales of the past twenty years the largest buyer has invariably been 'B. Q.' In an announcement 'To Book Lovers in all Parts of the World,' the Napoleon of bibliophiles makes the following statement: 'I am desirous of becoming recognised as their London agent by all men outside of England who want books. The need of such an agent is frequently felt abroad by the heads of literary institutions, librarians, and book-lovers generally. They shrink from giving trouble to a

bookseller in matters which require more attention and effort than the mere furnishing of some specific article in his stock, and they must often wish that it were possible to have the services of a man of ability and experience at their constant command. Such services I freely offer to anyone who chooses to employ them; no fee is required to obtain them, and not a fraction will be added to the cost of the supplies. The friendly confidence which is necessarily extended to one's agent at a distance will undoubtedly in time bring an ample return for my labours, but so far as the present is concerned, I ask for nothing but the pleasure of attending to the wants of those who are as yet without an agent in London. Whether the books to be procured through my intervention be rare or common, single items or groups, the gems of literature and art or the popular books of the day, I shall be happy to work in every way for book-lovers of every degree. Commissions of any kind may be entrusted to me; I will venture to guarantee satisfaction in every case, even in the delicate matter of getting books appropriately bound. It may likewise be well to state that my offer of agency extends to the selling of foreign books here, as well as to the supply of English books hence.' There is not much that is architecturally beautiful about Mr. Quaritch's shop at 15, Piccadilly, but its interest to the book-lover needs but little emphasis after what has been said. Like all great men, Bernard Quaritch has his little eccentricities, into which we need not now enter. We apologize to him for publishing the following extract, which is, however, not our own, but comes (of course) from an American source: 'Bernard Quaritch's antiquated hat is a favourite theme with London and other bookmen. A committee of the Grolier Club once

made a marvellous collection of newspaper clippings about it, and a member of the Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains wrote a tragedy which was a parody of Æschylus. In this tragedy Power and Force and the god Hephaistos nail the hat on Mr. Quaritch's head, like the Titan on the summit of overhanging rocks. Divinities of the Strand and Piccadilly, in the guise of Oceanidæ, try to console the hat; but less fortunate than Prometheus, the hat knows it is for ever nailed, and not to be rescued by Herakles. However, *tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*, as Dumas said, for Mr. Quaritch has bought a new hat, and a journal of London announces that the epic hat is enshrined in glass in the bibliopole's drawing-room.'

One of the most modern of book-thoroughfares deserves a brief reference here. Charing Cross Road has for some years been a popular and successful resort of booksellers and book-hunters. It is within convenient reach of both the Strand and Holborn, and is only two or three minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus. The books offered for sale here are, for the most part, priced at exceedingly moderate rates. Mr. Bertram Dobell may be regarded as the chief of the trade here, possessing, as he does, two large shops well filled with books of all descriptions. Mr. Dobell's catalogues are very carefully compiled, and possess a literary flavour by no means common; his lists of privately-printed books form a most valuable contribution to the bibliography of the subject. Mr. John Lawler, for many years chief cataloguer at Puttick's, and more recently at Sotheby's, had a shop in Charing Cross Road, which he has just given up; and Mr. A. E. Cooper, who makes a speciality of first editions of modern authors and curious and out-of-the-way books, both French

and English.

FOOTNOTES:

[176:A] Sewell, Cornhill, and Becket and De Hondt, Strand, were among the last to use these curious trade signs.

[192:A] The identical book with which Johnson knocked down Osborne, 'Biblia Græca Septuaginta,' folio, 1594, Frankfort, was at Cambridge in February, 1812, in the possession of J. Thorpe, bookseller, who afterwards catalogued it.

[192:B] Timbs, writing in the *Gentleman's*

Magazine in 1868, identified the house at which Tonson probably lived, and this house was in Timbs's time a bookseller's. Gray's Inn Lane has become so thoroughly renovated and improved that it is no longer possible to point to any particular spot where any celebrity lived.

[201:A] 'One day [writes Lytton] three persons were standing before an old bookstall in a passage leading from Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road. Two were gentlemen; the third, of the class and appearance of those who more habitually halt at old bookstalls.

'"Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other; "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!"

'"Hush, Norreys," said the other, "and observe what is yet more worth your study;" and he pointed to the third bystander, whose face, sharp and attenuated, was bent with an absorbed, and, as it were, with a hungering attention over an old worm-eaten volume.

'"What is the book, my lord?" whispered Mr. Norreys.

'His companion smiled, and replied by another question: "What is the man who reads the book?"

'Mr. Norreys moved a few paces, and looked over the student's shoulder. '"Preston's Translation of Boethius,' 'The Consolations of Philosophy,'" he said, coming back to his friend.

'"He looks as if he wanted all the consolations

philosophy could give him, poor boy!"

'When Mr. Norreys had bought the Horace, and given an address where to send it, Harley (the second gentleman) asked the shopman if he knew the young man who had been reading Boethius.

"'Only by sight. He has come here every day the last week, and spends hours at the stall. When once he fastens on a book, he reads it through."

"'And never buys?" said Mr. Norreys.

"'Sir," said the shopman, with a good-natured smile, "they who buy seldom read. The poor boy pays me twopence a day to read as long as he pleases. I would not take it, but he is proud.'"

[202:A] It was in one of these alleys or tributaries that a lawyer's clerk, returning from his office, carried home in triumph to Camden Town a copy of Marlowe's 'Tragical History of Doctor Faustus,' 1663, which he bought for 1s.

[217:A] Concerning the Hande and Starre, Fleet Street, and the renowned Richard Tottell, 'printer by special Patentes of the bokes of the Common Lawe in the several Reigns of King Edw. VI. and of the quenes Marye and Elizabeth,' it may be pointed out that this house, 7, Fleet Street, exists as before, the only modern addition being the half-brick front which was placed there more than a hundred years ago. Jaggard, the bookseller, lived there after Tottell, and from thence he issued the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' actually printed in the rear (now Dick's

Coffee-house), and the possibility of Shakespeare having often called to correct the proof-sheets is conjured up. The house was in turn occupied by many eminent law publishers and booksellers, and of late years by the late Mr. Henry Butterworth, who became himself the Queen's law publisher.

[237:A] One of the reviewers of Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' says: 'How often have we seen him standing betwixt these, bidding "his friends good-morrow with a cheerful face," and pulling down his ruffles, already too long, till they covered his fingers. Davies had, even while in common conversation, as much of the old school of acting in his manner as his friend Gibson had upon the stage; though he is said not to have been so pompous as Berry, to whose parts he succeeded; and Berry, in this respect, was thought to have declined from Bridgewater.'

[237:B] Now covered by Charing Cross Hospital. At the commencement of the third quarter of the sixteenth century, Thomas Colwell, a bookseller, had a shop at the sign of 'St. John the Evangelist,' in St. Martin's parish, near Charing-Cross, and a shop with the same sign in Fleet Street, near the Conduit. It must be remembered that at this period Holborn and Charing Cross were quite suburban villages, the former noteworthy as the thoroughfare from Newgate to Tyburn, and the latter as a sort of halfway place of stoppage between the City and Westminster.

[241:A] Not quite so unprecedented as Mr. Dibdin thought. The *Grub Street Journal* of February 3, 1731, contained an entire page devoted to the books advertisement of Tom Osborne, a much more remarkable feat, all

things considered, than Thorpe's.

WOMEN AS BOOK-COLLECTORS.

T seems a curiously contradictory fact that, although Englishwomen are on the whole greater readers than men, they are, as book-collectors or bibliophiles, an almost unknown quantity. In France this is not the case, and several books have been published there on the subject of *les femmes bibliophiles*. An analysis of their book-possessions, however, leads one to the conclusion that with them their sumptuously-bound

volumes partake more of the nature of bijouterie than anything else. Many of the earlier of these bibliophiles were unendowed with any keen appreciation for intellectual pursuits, and they collected pretty books just as they would collect pretty articles of feminine decoration. They therefore form a little community which can scarcely be included in the higher category of intellectual book-collectors. It would be much easier to assert that Englishwomen differ from Frenchwomen in this respect than it would be to back up the assertion with material proof. Indeed, after all that could possibly be said in favour of our own countrywomen as book-collectors, we fear that it would not amount to very much. It is certain that our history does not afford any name of the first importance, certainly none which can be classed with Anne of Austria (wife of Louis XIII.), the Duchesse de Berry, Catherine de Médicis, Christina of Sweden, Diane de Poitiers, the Comtesse Du Barry, Marie Antoinette, the Marquise de Pompadour, or of at least a dozen others whose names immediately suggest themselves. The only English name, in fact, worthy to be classed with the foregoing is that of Queen Elizabeth, who, in addition to her passion for beautiful books, may also be regarded as a genuine book-lover and reader.

There were, however, Englishwomen who collected books long before Elizabeth's time. In the year 1355, Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady of Clare—the foundress of Clare Hall, Cambridge—bequeathed to her foundation 'Deux bons antiphoners chexun ove un grayel (Gradule) en mesme le volum, 1 bone legende, 1 bone messale, bien note, 1 autre messale coverte de blank quir, 1 bone bible coverte de noir quir, 1 hugueion [? Hugh de Voræillis on the Decretals], 1 legende sanctorum, 1 poire de decretals, 1 livre des

questions, et xxii quaires d'un livre appella, De causa Dei contra Pelagianos.'

About seventy years after Elizabeth de Burgh's bequest, we learn that in 1424 the Countess of Westmoreland presented a petition to the Privy Council representing that the late King Henry had borrowed from her a book containing the Chronicles of Jerusalem and the Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne, and praying that an order might be issued under the Privy Seal for the restoration of the said book. With much formality the petition was granted. But we might go back several hundred years prior to either of these dates, for the Abbess Eadburga not only transcribed books herself and kept several scholars for a similar purpose, but fed the bibliomaniacal zeal of Boniface, the Saxon missionary, by presenting him with a number of books. Appropriately enough, he presented the Abbess on one occasion with a silver pen.

Two historic illuminated manuscripts, formerly the property of distinguished women, were sold from the Fountaine Collection at Christie's, in July, 1894. The more interesting item was Henry VIII.'s own copy of the 'Psalmes or Prayers taken out of Holye Scripture,' printed on vellum, by Thomas Berthelet, 1544. This book is of great historic interest. Shortly before his death he gave it to his daughter, Princess Mary (afterwards Queen Mary), who subsequently presented it to Queen Catherine Parr, with the following inscription: 'Madame, I shall desyer yor grace most humbly to accepte thys ritde hande and unworthy whose harte and servyce unfaynedly you shall be seur of duryng my lyf contynually. Your most humble dowghter and servant, Marye.' On the

back of the leaf containing the foregoing inscription is written: 'Mors est ingressus quidam immortalis future quæ tamen est maxime horribilis carni Catherina Regina K. P.' On a small piece of vellum inside the cover the King has written: 'Myne owne good daughter I pray you remember me most hartely wen you in your prayers do shew for grace, to be attayned assurydly to yor lovyng fader. Henry R.' This book contains quite a number of other inscriptions by Henry, Catherine, and others, and is, on the whole, of peculiarly striking interest. It was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for 610 guineas. A beautiful companion to the foregoing is a manuscript 'Horæ' of the fifteenth century, on very pure vellum, consisting of 176 leaves (8-1/2 inches by 6 inches). This manuscript formerly belonged to Margaret, mother of King Henry VII., and has at the end this inscription, in her handwriting, addressed to Lady Shyrley, to whom she presented it:

'My good Lady Shyrley pray for
Me that gevythe you thys booke,
And hertely pray you (Margaret)
Modyr to the kynge.'

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, was the only daughter and heir of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and was not only distinguished for her piety and charity, but was a great patron of Caxton, whose successor, Wynkyn de Worde, styled himself 'Her printer.' This beautiful manuscript was probably written and illuminated by her command in the reign of her son, Henry VII. It realized £350.

Elizabeth's Golden Manual of Prayers. Front Cover.

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For all practical purposes, Queen Elizabeth may be regarded as the first distinguished *femme bibliophile*. Of this truculent and strong-minded personage much has been written, and it is scarcely likely that there is much unpublished material respecting her library. It is not necessary nor desirable to enter exhaustively into even so fascinating a topic. A few generalizations will not, however, be unwelcome. The books which she possessed before she ascended the throne are excessively rare, and even those owned by her after that event are by no means

common. Elizabeth herself embroidered several books with her own hands, the most beautiful example of her work being a copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, now at the Bodleian. The black silk binding is covered with devices embroidered by the Princess during her sequestration at Woodstock, representing the Judgment of Solomon and the Brazen Serpent, and these have been reproduced by Dibdin in 'Bibliomania.' From an inventory published in *Archæologia* we learn that, in the sixteenth year of her reign, the Queen possessed a book of the Evangelists, of which the covers were decorated with a crucifix and with her arms in silver, weighing, with the wood corners, 112 ounces. Among the books which the notorious Libri 'conveyed' were two which appear to have belonged to Elizabeth, first a volume containing Fenestella's 'De Magistratibus Sacerdotusque Romanorum' (1549), and another tract, which realized £5; and Jones's 'Arte and Science of Preserving Bodie and Soul in Healthe, Wisdome, and Catholicke Religion' (1579), beautifully bound 'à petit fers,' which realized close on £20.

Elizabeth's Golden Manual of Prayers. Back Cover.

Q

The British Museum contains several books, including one or two very beautiful ones, which were formerly the Queen's, and among these perhaps the most notable is an imperfect copy of Coverdale's New Testament (*circa* 1538). Upon the inside of the cover is the following manuscript note: 'This small book was once the property of Q. Elizabeth, and actually presented by her to A. Poynts, who was her maid of Honor. In it are a few lines of the Queen's own hand writing and signing. Likewise a small drawing of King Edward the 6th when very young [of Windsor

Castle] and one of the Knights in his robes.' The 'few lines' of the Queen's are as follows: 'Amonge good thinges | I prove and finde, the quiet | life dothe muche abounde | and sure to the contentid | mynde, ther is no riches | may be founde | your lovinge | mistress Elizabeth.' An interesting point is raised in the *Library* (ii. 65, 66), by Mr. W. G. Hardy, relative to the books of the Earl of Essex, which were believed to have become the property of Elizabeth after the unfortunate favourite's execution in 1601. The finest as well as the best known of the Queen's embroidered books, now in the British Museum, is Archbishop Parker's 'De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ,' 1572, presented by the author to Elizabeth, for whom also he had it specially bound. It is covered in green velvet. We give facsimiles of the two sides of the cover of the manual of prayers which the Queen is said to have carried about with her, attached by a gold chain to her girdle. It is bound in gold and enamelled, said to be the workmanship of George Heriot. The prayers were printed by A. Barker, 1574. The front side of the cover contains a representation of the raising of the serpent in the wilderness; whilst on the back is represented the judgment of Solomon. This book was for many years in the Duke of Sussex's collection; it was sold with the rest of the collection of the late George Field, at Christie's, June 13, 1893, for 1,220 guineas, to Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.

Elizabeth P.

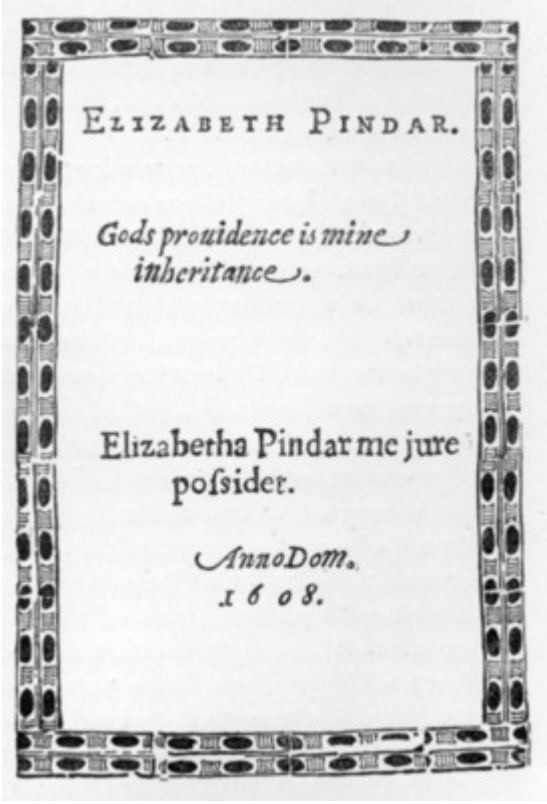
The Marquis of Salisbury's library at Hatfield contains a number of books which belonged to two distinguished ladies of the Elizabethan period. Lady M. Burghley's many book-treasures included a number of learned works which we do not usually associate with the women of the time. There were, for instance, Basil, 'Orationes,' 1556; Bodin, 'La République,' 1580; Erasmus, 'De Copia Verborum,' 1573; Fernelius, 'Medecina,' 1554; Hemming, 'Commentarius in Ephesios,' 1574; Haddon, 'Contra Osorium,' 1557; Jasparus, 'Encomium,' 1546; Valerius, 'Tabulæ Dialectices,' 1573; Velcurio, 'Commentarius in Aristotelis,' 1573; Whitgift's 'Answer to Cartwright,' 1574, and several others. A few of the books which were once possessed by Anne Cecil (sister of Sir Robert Cecil), Countess of Oxford, are also at Hatfield, notably a 'Grammaire Française,' 1559, and an edition of Cicero 'Epîtres Familières.'

The Frontispiece to 'The Ladies' Library' of Steele. Engraved by L. Du Guernier.

During the eighteenth century, the taste for books was by no means uncommon among women, although only a bold man would declare that that period produced a genuine *femme bibliophile*. The idea of a lady's library was first suggested by Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 37. In No. 79 Steele takes up the thread of the subject, to which Addison returns in No. 92, and Steele again in No. 140. These papers created a want which Richard Steele, with a doubly benevolent object, essayed to fill. 'The Ladies' Library,' ostensibly 'written by a lady,' and 'published

by Mr. Steele,' was issued by Jacob Tonson in 1714. It was in three volumes, each of which had a separate dedication; the first is addressed to the Countess of Burlington, the second to Mrs. Bovey, a learned and very beautiful widow, by some supposed to be identical with Sir Roger de Coverley's obdurate *veuve*, whilst the third, in a strain of loyal and affectionate eulogy, is to Steele's own wife, who may be supposed to be depicted in Du Guernier's frontispiece in the first volume. The 'Ladies' Library' and the *Spectator* papers assist us somewhat in forming an opinion as to the most popular books among the ladies of the earlier part of the last century. The library of the lady whom Addison visited is described as arranged in a very beautiful order. 'At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china, placed one above the other, in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea dishes of all shapes, colours and sizes. . . . That part of the library designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, and a thousand odd figures in chinaware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box fashioned in the shape of a little book.' On the upper shelves Addison noticed the presence of a number of other counterfeit volumes, all the classic authors, and a set of the Elzevir first editions in wood, only the titles meant to be read. Among the books Addison mentions are Virgil, Juvenal, Sir Isaac Newton's works, Locke on 'Human

Understanding,' a spelling-book, a dictionary for the explanation of hard words, Sherlock on 'Death,' 'The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony,' Father Malebranche's 'Search after Truth,' 'A Book of Novels' [? Mrs. Behn's], 'The Academy of Compliments,' 'Clelia,' 'Advice to a Daughter,' 'The New Atalantis' (with key), a Prayer-book (with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it), Dr. Sacheverel's speech, Fielding's Trial, Seneca's 'Morals,' Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and La Ferte's 'Instruction for Country Dances,' etc.


ELIZABETH PINDAR.

Gods prouidence is mine inheritance.

Elizabetha Pindar me jure poſsidet.

AnnoDom.
1608.

The list is a quaint bit of Addisonian satire, almost worthy to rank by the side of Sir Roger de Coverley. Addison had no very elevated opinion of the intellectual gifts of his women contemporaries, as the juxtaposition of the Prayer-book with the bottle of Hungary waters (a popular stimulating perfume of the day) shows. The books above named were at that time to be found in nearly every gentleman's library, and that they should be found in the possession of women is not surprising. Addison's 'intellectual lady' and her library are a fiction, but a charming fiction withal. In spite of the literary glories of her reign, 'Glorious Anna' can scarcely be regarded as a book-collector. Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., was an enthusiastic bibliophile. Her library was preserved until recently in a building adjoining the Green Park, called the Queen's Library, and subsequently the Duke of York's. An interior view of the building is given in Pyne's 'Royal Residences.' We give on page 267 a reproduction of one of the earliest English bookplates engraved for a lady. It was discovered a few years ago in a volume of title-pages collected by John Bagford, and now in the British Museum. Of Elizabeth Pindar as a book-collector, or, indeed, as anything else, we are without any record.

The present century has produced two of the most distinguished *femmes bibliophiles* which this country has ever known. The earlier collector, Miss Richardson Currer (1785-1861), of Eshton Hall, in the Deanery of Craven, York, was the owner of an exceedingly rich library of books. Of these, two catalogues were printed. The first, in 1820, under the superintendence of Robert Triphook, extended to 308 pages; the second was drawn up by C. J. Stewart in 1833. That of the latter included four steel

engravings of her library. This library was especially strong in British history, and it included a copy on vellum of the St. Albans reprint of Caxton's 'Chronicle' (wanting only the last leaf), which realized £365 at her sale; of Higden's 'Polychronicon,' printed by Caxton, 1482 (not quite perfect); one of the most perfect copies of Coverdale's Bible, 1535, which sold for £250; of Norden's 'Voyage d'Egypte,' on large paper, and many other fine books. It was also rich in natural science, topography, and antiquities. Dibdin describes her as 'at the head of all the female collectors of Europe.' Miss Currer, who suffered from deafness, was an intimate friend of Richard Heber, and it was rumoured at one time that this distinguished bibliomaniac was engaged to be married to Miss Currer, but the event did not transpire. Miss Currer's books were sold at Sotheby's in July and August, 1862, and realized nearly £6,000, the 2,681 lots occupying ten days in selling. Miss Currer was great-niece of Dr. Richardson, whose correspondence was edited by Dawson Turner in 1835. Two of the views of Miss Currer's fine library in Stewart's catalogue are reproduced by Dibdin in his 'Literary Reminiscences.'

The Eshton Hall Library.

Before passing on to the second famous lady book-collector—Mrs. John Rylands—a few more or less important names may be mentioned in connection with the subject. In August, 1835, Evans sold the 'valuable' library of the late Dowager Lady Elcho, but as her books were mixed with other properties, it is not now possible to distinguish one from the other. Lady Mark Sykes' musical library was sold at Puttick's in March, 1847, and eleven months later Sotheby sold some valuable books and books of prints, the property of a Miss Hamlet. H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, and daughter of George III., was a confirmed book-collector, and her library, divided into 1,606 lots, came under the hammer at Sotheby's in April, 1863. It occupied four days in disposal, and realized £915 12s. 6d. The books, which were chiefly in elegant bindings, were for the most part illustrated works, illuminated manuscripts, and books dealing with a very wide variety of topics; whilst many of them had

an extraneous value from the fact that they contained signatures and interesting notes of the Princess and other members of the Royal Family. The libraries of the late Lady Francis Vernon Harcourt (August, 1873); of the late Mrs. Ellis, of Bernard Street, Russell Square (November, 1871); and of the late Miss Beckles (December, 1868), have been dispersed at Sotheby's. Lady Morgan's library, comprising the principal works in French, English, and Italian literature, and many scarce and curious books relating to Irish history—many of the books had the owner's autograph—was sold at the same place in April, 1863, but the 396 lots only realized £70. The library of another literary woman, Miss Agnes Strickland, the historian of the Queens of England, was dispersed at the same place in May, 1876, when a few hundred books realized £60. Some very choice books (many of them enriched with the notes of H. T. Buckle) were included in the portion of the library of the late Mrs. Benzon, of 10, Kensington Palace Gardens, sold at Sotheby's on June 14, 1880, when 379 lots realized over £775. Some books from Mrs. Jameson's library were sold at Puttick's in October, 1882, the more important items being annotated or extra-illustrated copies of her own books. The collection formed by Miss Drummond, of Berkeley Square, Bristol, and sold at Sotheby's in May, 1862 (1,339 lots realizing £1,316 6s.), was a remarkably choice library, the whole in elegant bindings, presenting a great variety of patterns, tooled in gold, with appropriate devices and other decorations. There were splendid 'Galleries,' and books of 'picturesque sceneries,' magnificent volumes on natural history, some beautiful Persian manuscripts, and the best works in standard literature. Mrs. Brassey, of Lower Seymour Street,

had some good books, which were sold by Bates on December 23, 1814, and included 'The Golden Legend,' by Caxton, which realized 93 guineas.

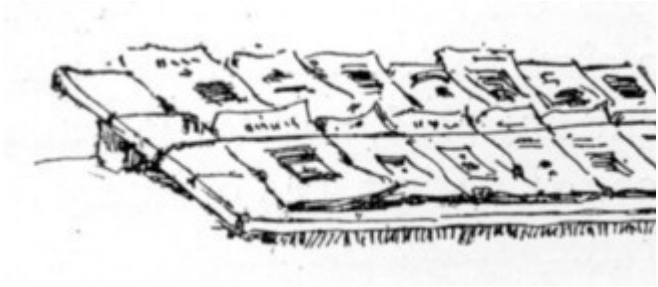
Mrs. John Rylands is the widow of the late Mr. John Rylands, of Longford Hall, near Manchester. Mrs. Rylands' career as a *femme bibliophile* may be briefly summarised thus: In 1889 this lady formed the plan of erecting in Manchester a memorial to her late husband, which should embody one main purpose of his life, as carried out by him very unostentatiously, but with great delight, during the greater part of his career. To make the highest literature accessible to the people was with him a cherished aim, and it was accordingly resolved by his widow that the memorial should be in the form of a library. To this end Mrs. Rylands took into her confidence four gentlemen whose names are well known, and for whom the late Mr. Rylands had the greatest respect and admiration, namely, the Rev. Dr. S. G. Green, of London; the late Rev. Dr. MacFadyen, of Manchester; Mr. W. Carnelly and Mr. W. Linnell, both also of Manchester, with whose aid the preliminaries for carrying out her purpose were speedily arranged. The site in Deansgate, lying between Wood Street and Spinningfield, was purchased, and after visits to several great libraries and other public buildings, Mrs. Rylands instructed the architect of Mansfield College, Oxford, Mr. Basil Champneys, of London, to execute plans for a suitable structure, to bear the name of the John Rylands Library. About the same time she commenced the purchase of books, being aided in this by her friend, Mr. J. Arnold Green, son of the Rev. Dr. Green, who, putting himself in communication with various agents, collected a large number of standard books in English and foreign literatures, including early Bibles, first editions, and

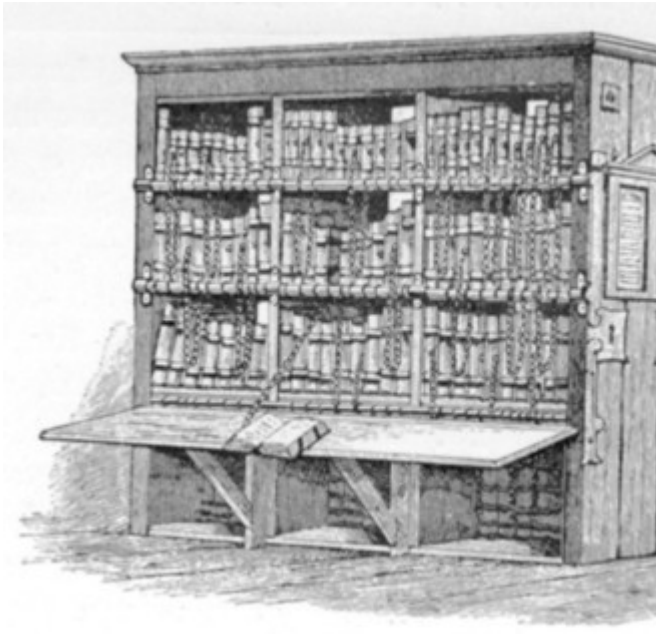
many other rare and valuable works, with several choice manuscripts and autographs. The number of volumes purchased reached many thousands, one of the acquisitions being the celebrated copy of the 'Biblia Pauperum,' once belonging to the Borghese Library in Rome, at the sale of which it fetched 15,800 francs. Up to this time a considerable amount had been spent. When the announcement was made in 1892 that Earl Spencer, the owner of the Althorp Library, was willing to dispose of that famous collection, Mrs. Rylands at once felt that its possession would be the crown of her whole scheme —accomplishing it with a completeness of which she never dreamed when first she formed her plans. Mr. Arnold Green accordingly at once communicated on her behalf with Mr. Railton, of Messrs. Sotheran and Co., a firm which had been largely employed by her in previous purchases of books. The result is that the Althorp Library passed into Mrs. Rylands' possession, the price paid being close on a quarter of a million sterling. The transaction is by far the largest of its kind which has ever taken place in this or any other country. It has been calculated that the Althorp Library cost its founder about £100,000, and that it should have more than doubled in value in less than a century is an extremely gratifying fact. It contains a large number of unique and excessively rare books, which nothing short of an upheaval in this country similar to the French Revolution could place on the market. Those who depend upon such a contingency to obtain a few of these splendid books are likely to wait for a very long time.

But even with the striking examples of Miss Currer and Mrs. Rylands before us, the conclusion still forces itself upon one that the *femme bibliophile* is an all but unknown quantity. The New Woman may

develop into a genuine book-lover; it is certain that the old one will not. The Chinese article of belief that women have no souls has, after all, something in its favour.

Bookstall-keepers have a deep contempt for women who patronize them by turning over their books without purchasing. It would not be possible to repeat all the hard things they say about the sex. In the words of one: 'They hang around and read the books, and though I have a man to watch them, while he is driving away one another is reading a chapter. They can read a chapter in a minute.' 'Does that not interest them in the book, so that they buy it?' asked an interlocutor. 'No, sir; it don't. It only makes them go to the other stall and read the last chapter there. Not once in a blue moon, sir, does womenfolk buy a book. A penny weekly is what they buy, and before they fix on one they read half a dozen. You take my word for it, sir, it takes a woman half an hour to spend a penny at a bookstall.' A characteristic incident once happened to an old judge's clerk who had a stall a few years ago in Gray's Inn Road. A lady, with whom there were two or three children, after waiting about the pavement, at length suddenly became interested in the humble bookstall. Several pretty picture-books attracted the attention of the children, and they became clamorous to possess them. The stall-keeper, in the politest possible manner, offered the books at her own price. The reply was: 'Oh no, thanks. We are only looking over the books to kill time.' 'Much obliged to you, ma'am, for your kindness and consideration,' was the prompt reply.





BOOK THIEVES, BORROWERS, AND KNOCK-OUTS.

'ACILIS descensus Averni' might well be the motto for any article or chapter dealing with the above comprehensive 'avocations.' Once started on his career, the book-thief may be regarded as entirely lost. At the Middlesex Sessions a few years ago a genius of the name of Terry was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for stealing books. On inquiry it was found that this same person had already been in prison six times, two terms of eighteen months each, one term of five years' penal servitude, and another of seven years, all for stealing books.

Each thief has his own special *modus operandi*, which he varies according to circumstances. There are those who do it without any adventitious aid, and those who cover their sin with various accessories. First, the ordinary book-thief, who watches his opportunity when the shopkeeper is not looking, and simply slips the book quickly under his coat and departs. This method is plain and simple in execution, but sometimes dangerous in practice. Then there is the man who wears an overcoat, the lining of the pocket of which he has previously removed, so that he can pass his hand right through while apparently only standing still looking on, with his hands quietly in his pocket, possibly with one hand openly touching something, whilst the other is earning his dinner.

'Earning his Dinner.'

An amusing incident was once the experience of a London bookseller. While sitting behind his counter inside the shop, he was amazed one day at seeing a man running at a tremendous rate, and, momentarily slackening his speed to seize a book off the stall, he had disappeared before the astounded bookseller was able to get to the door. And it is remarkable that, though many people were about, no one seems to have noticed the thief take the book, though they saw him running. Another favourite device is to carry a newspaper in the hand, and when no one is looking deposit the paper on a carefully-selected

book within the folds; or having an overcoat carried on the arm to quickly hide something under cover of it. This latter method requires, of course, a well-to-do-looking man, and obviously is chiefly confined to the stealers of the higher class of valuable books. It also requires, like every well-managed business, a certain amount of capital, for it is absolutely necessary—in order to lull suspicion—that small purchases should be made from time to time in the hunting-ground that has been chosen for the season.

Then there is the mean man who, having money, is yet lacking in the will to spend it. Such individuals in these days of disguising bad deeds under grand names are euphemistically designated kleptomaniacs. Most London booksellers have had experience of this class. It is a known fact that a literary man whose name is familiar to many readers was expelled from the reading-room of the British Museum for this sort of conduct, stealing small trifling things that could easily have been bought, and mutilating other books by cutting out passages which he was too lazy to transcribe, and too mean, although a well-to-do man, to employ an amanuensis.

The King's Library, British Museum.

'Steal?' quoth ancient Pistol. 'Foh! a fico for the phrase. Convey the wise it call.' Had Pistol lived in these days he would have said, 'Kleptomania the wise it call.' Some years ago there resided in the West End of London a Belgian gentleman well known in literary circles, and a man of good position to boot. He possessed a valuable library, and was a frequent visitor at shops where he could add to his collections. One dealer noticed that, whenever Monsieur Y. called upon him, one or two valuable books mysteriously disappeared, and he was not long before he arrived at the conclusion that his Belgian customer appropriated his wares without attending to the customary, but disagreeable, process of exchanging the coin of the realm for his bargains. Our friend the dealer, an honest but remarkably plain-spoken and fearless individual, made careful notes of all his losses and their prices.

One day he stopped Monsieur Y. just as he was leaving the shop, and remarked that he might as well pay for the little volumes he had stowed away in the pockets of the capacious overcoat he almost invariably wore. Great was the assumed indignation of the Belgian bibliophile, who asserted that he had no books on him but those he had already accounted for. 'Come, come,' said the dealer, 'that won't do; I left you alone in the room upstairs, but I watched you through the door, and saw you pocket the books, of which the price is so much. Unless you pay for them I shall send for a policeman; and whilst I am on the topic you may as well settle for those other books you have taken from my shelves at various times.' Here he produced his list, with the prices all affixed, and a certain small sum added by way of interest. Hereupon Monsieur Y. stormed and raved, swore it was an attempt to extort money from him, and threatened legal proceedings. 'If,' said the dealer, 'you can empty your pockets now without producing any book of mine, except those you have paid for, I will withdraw my claim and apologize, otherwise I shall at once send my man' (whom he then called) 'for a policeman.' Whereupon Monsieur Y. paid the full claim, walked out of the shop, and never entered it again. But the catalogues were regularly sent to him, and as the dealer constantly had books that he required, he ordered what he wanted by post, so that in the long-run the bookseller really lost little or nothing by his boldness. The same bookseller complained that people often ordered his books but neglected to pay for them, whilst intending purchasers who meant to pay ready money, and called at the shop for the books, had to be sent away disconsolate, sometimes after having come long distances to secure the long-wished-for volume. 'But

first come, first served, is my motto, and if six orders come for the same book, it goes to the man whose letter or card I first receive.' A sturdy John Bull sort of man this, with a great knowledge of books, who has had to fight a long uphill battle, and is perhaps one of the best-known men in the trade.

An awkward incident for the thief happened once. A bookseller, the proprietor of two or three shops, was in one of them, when a person entered and offered for sale a couple of books. The proprietor recognised one of them as being his property, he having that morning sent it to the other of his shops, from which it had been apparently almost immediately removed. When questioned, the intending vendor pretended to be much insulted, and asserted the book had been in his possession for some considerable time, and even threatened the bookseller, when he insisted on detaining the book, with the police. This was rather unfortunate, for at that moment a constable passing by was called in, and, in spite of a great deal of bluster and many threats, the thief was marched off to the nearest police-station. The other book, it was found, had also been stolen that morning from another shop, and the result was four months' imprisonment.

The remarkable fact is that book-thieves are nearly always well-to-do people; if hunger induced them to steal a book to get a dinner, they would come in the category of ordinary thieves. If they stole books because they wanted to read them, and were unable to pay for them, one might overlook their crime. One of the most remarkable illustrations of the past few years is that in which an ex-lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys was implicated. The books belonged to a lady who had let her house to the prisoner's father.

She left a number of books, which were in three bookcases. They were locked, and contained valuable books. She was informed (so runs the report) that several of the books were missing, and a few weeks after she saw a number of books, including Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' and 'Modern Painters,' which she identified as her property. The law was put into motion, and the case came into the courts. The value of the two books mentioned she estimated at £60, and the other books at £50. Mr. Reeves, bookseller, then of 196, Strand, deposed that he could identify the prisoner, and on June 21 he purchased five volumes of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' and gave a cheque for £16. He understood that the accused had come into possession of them through a death. On that occasion the prisoner asked the witness what he would give for three volumes of 'The Stones of Venice.' Witness offered him £9. On June 28 the prisoner brought the book, and finding it not to be in such good condition, witness offered him £7 10s. This was accepted, and witness handed a cheque to the prisoner for that amount. Witness bought other books from the prisoner for £3 2s. 6d. Mr. Reeves said that he sold 'Modern Painters' for £18, and 'The Stones of Venice' for £8 10s.

Here is another illustration, gleaned from the Greenwich Police Court: A person, forty-six, of ladylike appearance, and no occupation, was charged at Greenwich with stealing a book, valued 4d., from outside the shop of Charles Humphreys, 114, South Street. She was seen to take a book from a stall, place it in a novelette, and walk away. Prosecutor followed, stopped her, and said, 'I've got you now.' She cried out, 'Oh, for God's sake, don't, don't! Let me pay for it.' But he said, 'No, not for £5, as you are an old thief.' At her house he found over a hundred

books bearing his private mark, but he could not swear that they had not been bought. Once he bought some books from the prisoner which she had stolen from his shop, but he did not know that when he bought them. Prisoner pleaded guilty to stealing one book, and on her behalf a solicitor produced a certificate from a medical man, stating that she was suffering from general weakness of system, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and evident mental disorder. Those symptoms he attributed to causes which induced the magistrate to deal leniently, and a fine of £5 was imposed.

'Steals a

book, places it in a novelette, and walks away.'

About a couple of years ago, two maiden sisters, Grace and Blanche ——, were charged at Bow Street with theft. To all appearances they were highly respectable members of the community. Grace was seventy-four; Blanche had only seen sixty summers. They visited Shoolbred's, apparently wanting to buy some Prayer-books and Bibles. They looked at many, but none suited them. They left without purchasing anything, no suspicions being aroused on the part of the attendants. But Detective Butler and Constable 173 D, who had taken great interest in the old ladies' movements, saw Grace hand a Book of Common Prayer, a hymn-book, and ladies' companion to her sister. Shoolbred's manager identified the articles as the property of the firm, but declined to prosecute on account of the old ladies' ages. Grace admitted the theft, but said she did not know what she was doing. A small fine was inflicted.

Even so astute a tradesman as Bernard Quaritch has been victimized by the book-thief. These are his own words: 'A little dark man, of about forty-five years of age, with a sallow complexion, apparently a Dutch or German Jew, speaking in broken English in an undertone, introduced himself, showing me a business card, "Wunderlich and Co." The following day the pretended Wunderlich selected books from my stock to the amount of £270, and said he would come again and select more. At the same time the little dark, sallow man saw, but refused to buy, a very sweet little "Livre d'Heures," with lovely miniatures in *camaïeu-gris*, bound in black morocco, with silver clasp. The price of this lovely MS. was 50 guineas. Since then this mysterious little dark man has disappeared, and my very sweet little "Livre

d'Heures," with its lovely miniatures, has disappeared also.'

In 1891 Messrs. Sotheran and Co. discovered that a number of rare books had been abstracted from their Strand shop, including a first edition of Burns's 'Poems,' 1786; Shakespeare's 'Poems,' 1640, first edition, with portrait by Marshall, and eleven extra leaves at the end; Heywood's 'Thyestes of Seneca,' 1560; and Piers Plowman's 'Vision and Crede,' 1561—all choice volumes. The Burns was valued at £30, and this was traced a month or two after its sudden disappearance to a bookbinder, who offered it to Mrs. Groves, who, however, wisely declined to lend money on it. Subsequently the book was sent to Mr. Pearson, Exmouth, who, knowing it had been stolen, at once communicated with the prosecutors. Two of the other books were traced to New York, and were returned to the firm at cost price. The enterprising bookbinder received twelve months' hard.

Mr. Waller, the bookseller, formerly of Fleet Street, relates a rather amusing incident connected with Thackeray: 'I think it was a book of "Services" in four small volumes, two of which he already possessed, and one, completing the set, he saw in my window. He came in, said he wanted that book, and gleefully told how he had picked up the third a few minutes before in Holywell Street. He dived into his pocket to show me his precious "find." It was not there! Between Holywell Street and Fleet Street someone had relieved him of it, in the belief, apparently, that it was an ordinary pocket-book with valuables in it!'

'He had placed the book in his pocket. Someone had relieved him of it.'

A by no means uncommon person is what may be described as the conscientious thief, or the man who steals one book and replaces it by another, which he considers to be of equal value. But a much cleverer dodge was that of a wily villain who selected a book from the stock of a firm of booksellers in the Strand, asking one member of the firm to charge it to him, and then selling it to the other partner at the opposite end of the shop a few minutes later! This can scarcely be described as book-stealing, for there is no proof that the 'book-lover' did not intend paying

for the article ultimately. In this case the assumption was distinctly against his doing anything of the sort.

It will be seen from the foregoing facts that the book-thief hesitates at no class of book. But would he draw the line at stealing a book which deals with thieves? The late Charles Reade appears to have thought that he would not, for he has inscribed not only his name, but the following somewhat plaintive request, 'Please not to steal this book; I value it,' in a volume which Mr. Menken once possessed. The book in question is entitled 'Inventaire général de L'Histoire des Larrons,' Rouen, 1657. This singular work gives at length the stratagems, tricks, and artifices, the thefts of and assassinations by thieves, with a full account of their most memorable exploits in France. One cannot help wondering if a copy of this extraordinary book has ever been stolen from a book-collector, and of the remorse which must have overtaken the thief when he discovered the character of his prize. That indeed would be a strange irony!

But the book-thief is not by any means one of the numerous penalties of modern civilization. He has an antiquity which almost makes him respectable. Hearne, in his 'Johannes Glastoniensis,' states that Sir Henry Saville once wrote a warning letter to Sir Robert Cotton, who had offered some additions to the library of the founder of the Bodleian. An appointment had been made with Sir Robert to give Bodley an opportunity of inspecting the treasures on his shelves, and it was in anticipation of this that Saville thought it his duty to warn his friend in the following terms: 'And remember I give you faire warning that if you hold any booke so deare as that you would bee loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside beforehand.' On the authority of the

above extract, Gough has charged Bodley with being a suspicious character—or, in other words, a thief; but the complete letter puts a very different complexion on the extract. He tars with the same brush Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, Dr. Rawlinson, and his friend Umfreville. In connection with the first-named, Gough repeats an anecdote which crops up every now and then as authentic, for these half-truths have an extraordinary vitality. The anecdote runs as follows: 'A gentleman calling on a friend who had a choice library, found him unusually busy in putting his best books out of sight; upon asking his view in this, he answered, "Don't you know that the Bishop of Ely dines with me to-day?"' There can be only one inference, of course. As a matter of fact, we do not believe that there is any truth in either rumour. So far as Dr. Moore, 'the Father of Black-letter Collectors,' is concerned, there can be no doubt that he had a fairly elastic conscience in the matter of book-collecting. He is said to have collected his library by plundering those of the clergy of his diocese, justifying himself by the cynical remark, *Quid illiterati cum libris?* We do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, any more than for the graver charge, but probably there is some foundation for it. In the Harleian MSS. there is an interesting account of the several libraries, public and private, which existed in London during the earlier part of the last century. From this source we learn that 'in the days of Edward VI., in the chapel adjoining to the Guildhall, called my Lord Maiors Chapell, was a library well furnisht, being all MSS. Stow says the Duke of Somerset borrowed them, with a design never to return them, but furnisht his own study in his pompous house in the Strand; they were five cartloads.'

Horace Walpole expressed his opinion to the effect that virtuosi have been long remarked to have little conscience in their favourite pursuits. A man will steal a rarity, who would cut off his hand rather than take the money it is worth. Yet in fact the crime is the same. He tells us of a 'truly worthy clergyman, who collects coins and books. A friend of mine mentioning to him that he had several of the Strawberry Hill editions, this clergyman said, "Aye, but I can show you what it is not in Mr. Walpole's power to give you." He then produced a list of the pictures in the Devonshire, and other two collections in London, printed at my press. I was much surprised. It was, I think, about the year 1764, that, on reading the six volumes of "London and its Environs," I ordered my printer to throw off one copy for my own use. This printer was the very man who, after he had left my service, produced the noted copy of Wilkes's "Essay on Woman." He had stolen one copy of this list; and I must blame the reverend amateur for purchasing it of him, as it was like receiving stolen goods.'

The number of book-thieves has increased with the extension of public (or free) libraries. Here, the accumulated ingenuity of the literary thief has an ample scope, and he is not the man to let an opportunity escape. Some of the tribe have a mania for old directories; but novels are the most popular. The clerical thief with a thirst for sermons and theological literature is a by no means infrequent customer—and truly the indictment of a thief of this description ought to bear the fatal endorsement continued almost up to our own times, *sus. per coll.* —'let him be hanged by the neck.'

At one time nearly all the volumes in the very useful

Bohn's Library series were kept in the Reading-room of the British Museum, but they so frequently disappeared that the authorities decided upon their permanent sequestration to a less handy part of the building. Last year Mr. C. Trice Martin's new 'Record Interpreter' was so highly appreciated both at the Record Office and at the Reading-room, that the copy at each institution was stolen from the shelves within twenty-four hours of its being placed there.

Women more or less respectably dressed are often objects of suspicion to public librarians; they are also a class infinitely more difficult to deal with than men, for, whilst the receptivity of their cloaks is infinite, their 'feelings' have to be considered. Whether guilty or innocent, the suspected party is bound to create a 'scene,' probably hysterics—and what is a public librarian, or, indeed, any other man, to do under such circumstances?

Libri was unquestionably the most accomplished and wholesale book-thief that ever lived. As Inspector-General of French Libraries under Louis Philippe, he had special facilities for helping himself—his known thefts have been valued at £20,000. We mention him here because his collections were sold at Sotheby's in 1860. One of the most interesting illustrations of this man's depredations was exposed in 1868, when Lord Ashburnham issued a translation of the Pentateuch from a Latin MS. which had been purchased by a previous holder of the title from Libri, who sold it under the condition that it was not to be published for twenty years. It had been stolen in 1847 from the Lyons Library, and the clause in the agreement, therefore, is easily understood. Libri evidently was not one of those whom Jules Janin describes as 'people who don't think it thieving to steal a book

unless you sell it afterwards.'

Unfortunately, education has knocked all the virtue out of charms and incantation. Madame de Genlis is said to have fenced the greater part of her library with the following lines:

'Imparibus meritis pendent tria corpora
ramis;
Dismas, et Gesmas, media est Divina
Potestas;
Alta petit Dismas, infelix infima Gesmas.
Nos et res nostras conservet Summa
Potestas!—
Hos versus dicas, ne tu furto tua perdas.'

Quite a long chapter could be made up of the doggerel rhymes frequently made use of in bygone days in which the prospective thief was warned off under penalties of a prison, or even of a worse end. Here is one:

'Si quisquis furetur
This little Libellum
Per Phœbum, per Jovem,
I'll kill him—I'll fell him—
In ventrem illius
I'll stick my scalpellum,
And teach him to steal
My little Libellum.'

And here is another:

'Qui ce livre volera,
Pro suis criminibus
Au gibet il dansera,
Pedibus pendentibus.'

A curious and interesting chapter in the history of book-stealing is furnished us by Mr. F. S. Ellis. 'Some thirty years since I was talking with Mr. Hunt, for many years Town Clerk of Ipswich, who was an ardent book-collector, and in the course of

conversation he lamented how some ten years previously he had missed an opportunity of buying a first edition of "Paradise Lost" under the following circumstances. There was a sale in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, in which a number of books were included. These were all tied in bundles and catalogued simply as so many books in one lot. Going over one of these bundles, what was his surprise to find a first edition of "Paradise Lost," with the first title-page, and in the original sheepskin binding! He said nothing, but went round to the auctioneer's house and asked him if he would be willing to sell him a particular book out of the collection previous to auction. "Oh, by all means," said the auctioneer; "just point me out the volume and say what you are willing to give me for it, and you can take it out at once." What was Mr. Hunt's chagrin and disappointment, on again taking up the bundle, to find that the number of books was all right according to the catalogue, but Milton's "Paradise Lost" had disappeared. Someone with as keen an eye as the Town Clerk had also discovered the jewel, and had put in practice the theory that exchange is no robbery, and had substituted some other volume for the Milton without going through the formality of a consultation with the auctioneer. Not long after this, a "Paradise Lost," which I have every reason to believe was *the* "Paradise Lost" described above, in the original sheepskin binding, and having the "first" title-page, was offered for sale to Mr. Simpson, who carried on an old-book business for Mr. Skeat, in King William Street, Strand. He purchased it for what in those days was considered a high price; but how much it was below what is now esteemed its value is witnessed by the fact that he offered it to the late Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, and

after much haggling sold it to him for £12 12s. When Mr. Crossley had secured it, he quietly remarked, "And now let me tell you that if you find a dozen more copies in similar condition, I will give you the same price for every one." It remained in Mr. Crossley's library for many years, and at the sale of his books in 1884 realized what was considered the very high price of £25. Eight years after it had advanced to £120.'

The book-borrower is, perhaps, a greater curse than the thief, for he simulates a virtue to which the latter makes no pretension. The book-plate of a certain French collector bore this text from the parable of the Ten Virgins: 'Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.' 'Sir,' said a man of wit to an acquaintance who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he had lent them, 'Sir, your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them.' A certain wise physician took a gentle way of reminding the borrower who dog-eared or tore the pages of his books: pasted on the fly-leaf of each of his books is a printed tag, bearing this legend: 'Library of Galen, M.D. "And if a man borrow aught of his neighbour and it be hurt, he shall surely make it good," Exodus xxii. 14.' A much more effective plan is that described some time ago in the *Graphic* by Mr. Ashby Sterry. In all the books of a certain cunning bibliophile he had the price written in plain figures; when anyone asked him for the loan of a book he invariably replied, 'Yes, with pleasure,' and, looking in the volume, further added, 'I see the price of this work is £2 17s. 6d.'—or whatever the value might happen to be—'you may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume

is returned.' If a person really wished to read the volume he would of course be glad to leave this deposit; and if he did not return it he would not be altogether an unmitigated thief. Mr. John Ashton relates, in his volume on the 'Wit, Humour, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century,' a curious anecdote which may be here quoted: 'Master Mason, of Trinity Colledge, sent his pupil to another of the Fellows to borrow a Book of him, who told him, *I am loathe to lend my books out of my chamber, but if it please thy Tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will.*'

When Harrison Ainsworth was a youth and living at Manchester, he contracted an enthusiastic admiration for Elia, to whom he sent some curious books on loan. One of these was a black-letter volume entitled 'Syrinx or a sevenfold History, handled with a variety of pleasant and profitable both comical and tragical Arguments,' etc., by W. Warner, 1597. Lamb replied, December 9, 1823: 'I do not mean to keep the book, for I suspect you are forming a curious collection, and I do not pretend to anything of the kind. I have not a black-letter book among mine, old Chaucer excepted, and am not bibliomanist enough to like black-letter. It is painful to read; therefore I must insist on returning it, at opportunity, not from contumacy and reluctance to be obliged, but because it must suit you better than me.' The copy of Warner's 'Syrinx' Ainsworth had borrowed from Dr. Hibbert-Wade, and therefore it was not the future novelist's book to give. Ignoring, however, his expressed determination to return it, Elia lent the book to another friend, who shortly after went to New York, and may have taken the Warner with him, much to Dr. Hibbert-Wade's annoyance, of which he did not, it is said, fail to let

Harrison Ainsworth know. It appears, however, to have returned again—indeed, it is probable that the book never left England—for it is now in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington, with 'Mr. Charles Lamb' written on one of the fly-leaves, and Dyce's note, 'This rare book was given to me by Mr. Moxon after Lamb's death.'

The ranks of London book-borrowers, as those of book-thieves, have included a number of men eminent or distinguished in some particular way. The Duke of Lauderdale was one of these. Evelyn tells us that he was a dangerous borrower of other men's books, as the diarist knew to his cost. Coleridge was a wholesale book-borrower, and the manner in which he annotated the books of his friends caused much strong and deep lamentation at the time. These 'annotated' books have now acquired a very distinct commercial and literary value.

The *London Chronicle* of December 3-5, 1767, contains a curious advertisement, headed 'Book-Missing.' It goes on, 'Whereas there is missing out of the late Dr. Chandler's Library the *fifth Volume of Cardinal Pool's Letters*, and it is presumed that the said volume of Letters was borrowed by some friend of the Doctor's; it is earnestly requested by the Widow and Executrix of the said Dr. Chandler that whoever is in possession of the said volume would be so kind as immediately to send it to Mr. Buckland, Bookseller, Paternoster Row, and the favour will be gratefully acknowledged.'

When Sir Walter Scott lent a book, he put in its place a wooden block bearing the name of the borrower and the date of the loan. Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's

poems to his shelves, adding, 'For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to give you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow money they never fail to make use of it.'

Just as the difference between the book-thief and the book-borrower is of too slight a nature to warrant independent chapters, so the hero who indulges in the luxury of a 'knock-out' is more or less of a thief, and this company is, essentially, a very proper place in which to find him. A 'knock-out,' it may be briefly explained to the uninitiated, is a system by which two or more booksellers—or, for the matter of that, any other tradesmen—combine to procure certain books at a lower than normal auction value. An American paper stated, some time ago, and among many other remarkable things, that 'a private buyer cannot obtain a book by auction in London at any price.' The extreme foolishness of such a statement need not be enlarged upon in this place. That the knock-out system does exist in London no one but a fool would deny. That it does occur now and then at such places as Sotheby's, Christie's, Puttick and Simpson's and Hodgson's, is without any manner of doubt, but not to any extent worth mentioning. Where the system is in vogue is at sales held in private houses, and at auction-rooms where books are not generally sold. At such places books are usually knocked down at absurdly low figures, until the private person steps in, when the prices begin to go up with a bound; they then realize oftentimes figures far above those at which they may be acquired at the shops. After the private bidder has

been excited into paying an excessive price for his lots, he realizes that he is doing a foolish thing, and resigns the game into the hands of the trade, when the prices again begin to assume their former very low levels. The knock-out books are taken away by their nominal purchaser, and in a convenient back parlour of some handy 'pub' they are put up again for competition among the clique, when all profits realized are thrown into a pool, and afterwards equally divided.

'The two books you commissioned me to get were knocked down at £1 15s. and 10s. respectively,' said a bookseller to a well-known collector only the other day; 'and if you insist upon having them at these prices, plus the commission, you must have them. But as a matter of fact they cost me £1 over and above the total of £2 5s.' The reply to the collector's demand for an explanation was, 'Smith agreed to let me have these two books if I did not oppose his bidding for the Fielding.' It is scarcely necessary to say that the total cost, with the £1 thrown in, was much below the original commission, whilst the Fielding ran up to considerably over the price Smith intended to have given. By striking a balance, the two cronies each obtained what he wanted. An arrangement of this sort is nearly invariably the explanation of two extreme prices being paid for equally good copies of one book in a single season.

In 1781 a portion of the library formed by Ralph Sheldon, of Weston, Warwickshire, chiefly in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, was sold at Christie's, but the auctioneer throughout appears to have been victimized by the knock-out system. One of the lots, comprising a large collection of scarce old plays in fifty-six volumes, quarto, was knocked down

to one bookseller for £5 5s.; he then passed it on to another for £18, and the collection was sold on the spot to Henderson the actor for £31 10s. At this same sale the English Bible, 1537, realized 13s.; two copies of the Common Prayer Book, 1552, 8s.; the First Folio Shakespeare, with two other books, £2 4s.; the 'Legenda Aurea,' printed by Notary, 1503, 10s. 6d. It would not be difficult to extend this list of illustrations, but perhaps one example is as good as a hundred.

We may, appropriately enough, conclude this brief but sufficiently lengthy notice of the knock-out system with an anecdote which shows that, in this case, a 'knock-out' would have been justifiable. At a certain famous book-sale a few years ago, a volume of no particular interest, except that it contained the autograph of the Earl of Derwentwater, was possibly worth £5. But the bidding was brisk, two of the dealers being evidently bent on having the prize. To the astonishment of everybody, the price went up to about 120 guineas, when one of the dealers gave in. Taking the other man aside, he said, 'Who have you been bidding for?' 'Mr. So-and-So.' 'So have I.' Another illustration of the unexpected and incomprehensibly sudden rise in the auction value of books is explained in the following extract of a letter from Horace Walpole: 'I cannot conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had, at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's "Views of Audley End," which I concluded was a thin dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas; however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did

not know whether he had done right or very wrong; that he had gone as far as *nine and forty guineas*. I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had, luckily, as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty. I shall never give an unbounded commission again.'

SOME HUMOURS OF BOOK-CATALOGUES.

N interesting and curious pendant to Mr. H. B. Wheatley's 'Literary Blunders' might be made up of the errors which have occurred from time to time in booksellers' catalogues. These errors are sometimes grotesquely amusing, and are perhaps as often attributable to the ingenuity of the printer as to the ignorance of the cataloguer. Booksellers usually content themselves with seeing one proof of their catalogues, and as the variety of books dealt with is

so great, it would need at least half a dozen careful revisions to secure anything like correctness. As a general rule, the catalogues of London booksellers are exceptionally free of blunders, provincial compilers (notably one or two in Birmingham) being far behind their Metropolitan rivals. The example of

'Mill, John S., On Liberty,
" " On the Floss,'

is almost too well known to again bear repeating; the same may be said of the instance in which Ruskin's 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds' was catalogued as a book for farmers, and of that in which Swinburne's 'Under the Microscope' was classed among optical instruments. The cross-reference of

'God: *see* Fiske, J.,'

is a gem of absent-mindedness. Here are four more gems which appeared in the catalogue of a public library:

'Aristophanes: The Clouds of the Greek Text.'
'Boy's Own Annual: Magazine of Gymnastics.'
'Swedenborg: Conjugal Love and its Opposite.'
'Tiziano (Titian), Vicelli Da Cadore.'

The following is a good specimen of a bookseller's inspiration in reference to the entry 'Bible—2 vols., 12mo., *Edin.*, 1811' in his catalogue: 'Sir Brunet and Dibdin in praise of this beautiful edition. As most nearly approaching unimaculateness a better copy than the present one could not be found.' This example is on a par with that in which an early Missal is catalogued as an 'extremely rare old

printing and engraved work,' its author being 'Horæ B. V. Mariæ and usum Romanum,' whilst it is stated to be bound by 'Chamholfen Duru,' whoever he may be. Equally intelligent is another item from the same source, 'Newcastle (Marguis de Methode, etc.), œuvre auquel on apprende,' etc. Perhaps it was the cheapness—sixpence each—which prevented two items from having fuller descriptions:

'Horace, the Poems of, very interesting.'
'Jokely, very interesting, 12 months.'

Perhaps '12 months' is the term of imprisonment which any bookseller deserves for publishing such absurdities. Another gem in the way of blunders is the following:

'There's (Lord and Lady) Legends of the
Library at Lilies,
2 vols., 8vo., bds., 2s. 6d., 1832.'

The book catalogued in this puzzling manner is by Lord and Lady Nugent, and is entitled 'Legends of the Library at Lilies [the Nugents' residence], by the Lord and Lady thereof.' A similar carelessness resulted in Sir Astley Cooper's 'Treatise on Dislocations,' 1822, being catalogued as follows: 'Bart (C. A.), a Treatise on Discolourations and Fractures of the Joints,' etc., and also of books by Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., as by 'Bart (S.)' and 'Bart (J.).' The following entries speak for themselves:

'Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Pottery.'
'The New Wig Guide.'
'The Rose and the Ring by R. Browing.'
'Marryat's "Pirate and Three Butlers."'

Under 'Devil, The,' we find the following entry: 'Le

Deuil sou observation dans tous les Temps,' 1877; and under Numismatics the following delightful bull: 'Money, a comedy, a poor copy, 1s.'

As an instance of official cataloguing, it would be difficult to beat the following description of a familiar classic which appeared in a list issued a few years ago (according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*) in a certain presidency of India, 'by order of the Right Hon. the Governor in Council':

> 'Title—Commentarii (*sic*) De Bello Gallico in usum Scholarum,
> Liber Tirtius (*sic*).
> Author—Mr. C. J. Caesoris. Subject—Religion.'

Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes' (iv. 493), mentions that Dr. Taylor, who about the year 1732 was librarian at Cambridge, used to relate of himself that one day throwing books in heaps for the purpose of classing and arranging them, he put one among works on Mensuration, because his eye caught the word *height* in the title-page, and another which had the word *salt* conspicuous he threw among books on Chemistry or Cookery. But when he began a regular classification, it appeared that the former was 'Longinus on the Sublime,' and the other a 'Theological Discourse on the *Salt* of the World, that good Christians ought to be seasoned with.' Thus, in a catalogue published about eighty years ago the 'Flowers of Ancient Literature' are found among books on Gardening and Botany, and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is placed among works on Medicine and Surgery. Some blundering bibliographer has classed the 'Fuggerarum Imagines,' the account of the once mighty Italian family, among

botanical works, under the 'Resemblance of Ferns.' Dibdin states that he once saw the first Aldine Homer in a country bookseller's catalogue described as 'a beautiful copy of the *Koraun*.' The Rev. John Mitford sent to a Woodbridge bookseller for a copy of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,' and received the answer that no copy of 'Prometheus' *in sheets* could be obtained—a misconception which Bernard Barton promptly forwarded to London, to Charles Lamb's great content. We have heard of the following blunder, but have never actually seen it:

'SHELLEY — Prometheus, unbound,' etc.
' —— —— another copy, olive morocco,' etc.

The nearest approach to it occurred a few years ago in a Glasgow auctioneer's catalogue: 'Lot 282, Sir Noel Paton's Illustrations, Shelley's *Prometheus*, unbound, 12 plates, N.D.' As a matter of fact, the copy was bound in cloth. 'Please send the ax relating to a justus pease' is a phrase which will be remembered by readers of 'Guy Mannering.' Only recently a post-card reached Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. requesting the immediate despatch of a copy of 'Hard on Horace,' which was the inaccurate, or perhaps waggish, sender's rendering of the 'Hawarden Horace.' This will be remembered with the request for 'The Crockit Minister,' by Stickett, and 'Sheep that Pass in the Night.' Some of the foregoing budget can scarcely be placed to the discredit of the cataloguer, but they are sufficiently *apropos* to be included here.

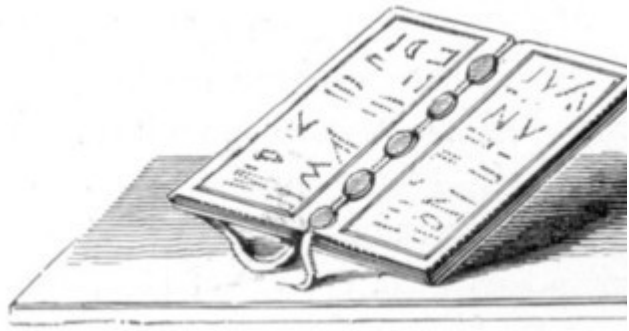
The following amusing entry occurs in the sale catalogue of the library of the late Mr. R. Montgomery, which was dispersed by auction at

Antwerp the other day: 'Plain or Ringlets? by Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, with illustrations by John Leech. London, s.d., 8º d. rel. dos et coins chagr. rouge, tête dorée, figg. coloriées et noires.' Messrs. Longmans had a letter a few weeks ago asking for a copy of 'Chips from a German Workshop,' by Max Müller, for review in a trade paper dealing with carpentering, etc.! This reminds one of the story of Edwardes, the Republican bookseller of a century ago, who put a Government spy to confusion by re-binding a Bible and giving it the seditious title, 'The Rights of Man.' Burke's 'Thoughts on the French Revolution' was advertised by him as 'The Gospel according to St. Burke.' Outside a certain bookseller's shop, Mr. R. C. Christie once saw a book in six duodecimo volumes, bound in dark antique calf, and lettered 'Calvini Opera.' Knowing of no edition of the works of Calvin in that form, Mr. Christie took down a volume, and found it was 'Faublas!' It was the original edition in thirteen parts, with the seventeen engravings, and was so lettered, no doubt, by its former owner to shelter it from indiscreet curiosity!

The practice of giving books of poetry, novels, etc., what may be described as floricultural titles, has landed cataloguers into an astonishing number and variety of errors, some of which have been pointed out by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson in the *Bibliographer*. The chief sinners have been foreign bibliographers, who, not being able to examine the books which they catalogue, depend entirely upon the titles. The same error occurs frequently here in this country. An English trade journal included Dr. Garnett's selection from Coventry Patmore's poems, 'Florilegium Amantis,' under 'Botany, Farming, and Gardening.' Two of Mayne Reid's novels, 'The Forest Exiles' and 'The Plant-Hunters,' have been included among

scientific books, but in these cases the errors seem to have arisen from the misleadingly translated titles, the former in Italian ('Gli esuli nella foresta; cognizioni di scienza fiscia e naturale'), and the latter in French, 'Le Chasseur de Plantes.' The learned Pritzel included among botanical treatises 'The Lotus, or Faery Flower of the Poets.' In the earlier part of the century a story was in circulation relative to an erudite collector who was accustomed to boast of his discoveries in Venetian history from the perusal of a rare quarto, 'De Re Venaticâ.' A brother bibliographer one day lowered his pretensions by gravely informing him that the historical discoveries to which he laid claim had been anticipated by Mr. Beckford, who, towards the close of the last century, published them to the world under the analogous title of 'Thoughts on Hunting.'

There is a good deal of amusement to be got sometimes out of even such an unpromising source as an auctioneer's catalogue, especially when it includes books. The list of a miscellaneous lot of things lately sold at a South London depository comes in this category. One of the items, for example, is entered as 'Dickin's works bound in half,' but who Mr. 'Dickin' is, or was, or what the 'half' indicates, the reader is left to find out. 'Goldsmith lover' also seems a trifle confusing, until the lot is hunted up and the discovery made that Goldsmith's 'Works' is intended. Lytton's 'King John' suggests a work hitherto unknown to readers of the author of 'My Novel,' until examination proves it to be 'King Arthur,' and 'McCauley's History of England' is rather suggestive of a scathing indictment of English misrule by an author from the 'distressful country' than of the picturesque prose of the whilom Whig statesman and book-collector.



SOME MODERN COLLECTORS.

E have already referred, in a preceding chapter, to the origin and early history of the Roxburghe Club, and also to the disrepute in which its too zealous members, Hazlewood and Dibdin, contrived to place it. The club still exists, and flourishes in a manner which renders it unique among book-clubs. A complete set of its privately-printed booklets is an almost impossible feat of book-collecting, and an expensive luxury in which but few can afford to indulge. The present constitution of the club, the members of which dine together once a year, is as follows: President: The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.; S.A.R. le Duc D'Aumale; the Duke of Buccleuch, K.T.; the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; the Marquis of Bute, K.T.; the Marquis of Lothian, K.T.; the Marquis of Bath; Earl Cowper, K.G.; Earl of Crawford; Earl of Powis; Earl of Rosebery; Earl of Cawdor; Lord Charles W. Brudenell Bruce; Lord Zouche; Lord Houghton; Lord Amherst of Hackney; the Lord Bishop of Peterborough; the Lord Bishop of

Salisbury; the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.; Sir William R. Anson, Bart.; Charles Butler, Esq.; Ingram Bywater, Esq.; Richard Copley Christie, Esq.; Charles I. Elton, Esq.; Sir John Evans, K.C.B.; George Briscoe Eyre, Esq.; Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks; Thomas Gaisford, Esq.; Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq. (vice-president); Alban George Henry Gibbs, Esq.; A. H. Huth, Esq. (treasurer); Andrew Lang, Esq.; J. Wingfield Malcolm, Esq.; John Murray, Esq.; Edward James Stanley, Esq.; Simon Watson Taylor, Esq.; Sir Edward Maunde Thompson (principal librarian of the British Museum); Rev. Edward Tindal Turner, Esq.; V. Bates Van de Weyer, Esq.; and W. Aldis Wright, Esq.

The late Henry Huth, Book-collector.

The finest and most select, and perhaps the most extensive, collection of books owned by any member of the Roxburghe Club is the noble library of Mr. Huth, whose father, the late Henry Huth, founded it. A very interesting account of this library, from two points of view—Mr. F. S. Ellis's and Mr. A. H. Huth's—appears in Part II. of Quaritch's 'Dictionary of English Book-collectors,' whilst the fullest account of all the rarities which it contains is comprised in the catalogue in five imperial octavo volumes. It is impossible to do justice to it in the brief space at our disposal. But a few rarities may be enumerated as

showing its extremely varied nature. Nearly all the early printers are represented in the Huth Library—there are the Gutenberg and Fust and Schœffer Bibles; the Balbi Catholicon, 1460; there are over seventy Aldines, including the rare Virgil of 1501, with the bookplate of Bilibald Pirkheimer. There are no less than a dozen fine examples of Caxton's press; the only known copy on vellum of the 'Fructus Temporum' of the St. Albans press; about fifty works from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, of which several are unique; and sixteen works printed by Richard Pynson. Of Shakespeare quartos the late Mr. Huth secured a very fine series at the Daniel sale in 1864, including 'Richard II.,' 1597; 'Henry V.,' 1600; 'Richard III.,' 1597; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1599; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600; 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600; 'Merrie Wives of Windsor,' 1602; 'Othello,' 1622; 'Titus Andronicus,' 1611; and 'Pericles,' 1609. The library is equally rich in the production of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, many of the items being either unique or very nearly so; it is especially rich in first editions of the English poets from the earliest times down to Goldsmith, Keats, Shelley, etc. Indeed, the collection seems to contain the first or best editions of every English work of note; there are many fine manuscripts, and some highly interesting autographs. Mr. Ellis tells us that Mr. Huth always bought on his own judgment, without consultation and without hesitation, 'and I believe it may be safely affirmed that it would be difficult to name any collector who made fewer errors in his selection. He was never known to bargain for a book or to endeavour to cheapen it. The price named, he would at once say 'Yea' or 'Nay' to it, and though it was supposed at the time that he paid high prices for his books, it may be confidently

asserted that as a whole they are worth very much more than he paid for them, which, I think, could not have been much less altogether than £120,000.' Joseph Lilly is said to have sold to or purchased for Mr. Huth books to the value of over £40,000. Mr. Huth was born in 1815, and died in 1878. The library is, as we have said, now the property of his son, Mr. Alfred H. Huth, who has made a number of important additions to it, and who is as ardent and as genuine a bibliophile as his father.

Mr. Henry H. Gibbs, Book-collector.

Without approaching either in size or interest to that of Mr. Huth, the choice collection of books formed by Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, and lodged at his town-house at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, is full of attraction to the student of English literature. Early in the present century St. Dunstan's was inhabited by the Lord Steyne of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' and it was here that the orgies took place which resulted in the sensational trial of Nicholas Suisse, the confidant of Lord Hertford. The library at St. Dunstan's is a lofty, well-lighted room of about 28 feet by 20 feet, and the bookcases are made of Thuya wood from Australia, a wood which is exceedingly beautiful when polished. Mr. Gibbs's first book of note was purchased at Bright's sale in 1845, and was St. Augustine's 'De Arte Predicandi,' a volume of twenty-two leaves, and of well-known interest to students of early typography. Of Bibles there are over fifty examples, including Coverdale's, 1535, Matthew's, 1537, Cromwell's, 1539, a very large copy, and Cranmer's, 1540. The fine series of Prayer-Books comprises forty-seven in English, from the time of Edward VI. (1549) to that of Queen Victoria, whilst thirty-five others are in foreign languages. There are nine Primers from the time of Henry VIII. to Elizabeth; and there are no fewer than thirty-one editions of the New Testament. Examples of some of the choicest known Books of Hours and Missals are also in this collection, whilst among the six editions of the 'Imitatio Christi' there is a sixteenth-century manuscript on two hundred and forty-seven folios of paper, written by Francis Montpoudie de Weert, for the use of Bruynix, Priest, Dean of Christianity. Among the *incunabula* there is a very large copy of the 'Chronicon Nurembergense,' 1495, and two Caxtons: first, the 'Polychronicon' of Ralph Higden,

1482; and, secondly, the 'Golden Legend,' 1483, which latter was successively in the Towneley and the Glendening collections. The other more notable articles include fine copies of the four Folio Shakespeares, first editions of Milton's 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' 'Eikonoklastes,' 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Paradise Regained,' several Spensers, and very complete sets of the privately-printed books edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Halliwell-Phillipps, H. Huth, E. Arber, and E. W. Ashbee. A very interesting *catalogue raisonné* of Mr. Gibbs's choice library has been printed, to which the reader is referred for further particulars.

Mr. R.

Copley Christie, Book-collector.

Just as the minds of no two men run in precisely similar grooves, so no two libraries are found to be identical. Many bear a very striking resemblance to one another, but in more than one respect they will be found to differ. The splendid library formed by Mr. R. Copley Christie, the president or past-president of quite a number of learned societies, is altogether unique, so far as this country is concerned, and his library in a garden—truly the *summum bonum* of human desires!—at Ribsden, near Bagshot, is certainly one of the most remarkable which it has been our privilege to examine. Mr. Christie has not endeavoured to collect everything, but he has no rival in the specialities to which he has devoted his particular attention. He is the author of the only complete monograph on Etienne Dolet, which has been translated into French, and of which M. Goblet, when Minister of Public Instruction, caused 250 copies to be purchased for distribution among the public libraries of France. Of the eighty-four books (many of which are now lost) printed by Dolet, there are three collections worthy of the name, and the relative value of these will be seen when we state that Mr. Christie possesses copies of forty-four, the Bibliothèque Nationale thirty, and the British Museum twenty-five. Mr. Christie's collection of the editions of Horace is probably the finest in existence outside one or two public libraries; he has about 800 volumes, and among these are translations into nearly every European language. He has upwards of 300 Aldines, nearly forty of which are *editiones principes*. The works of the early French printers generally are objects of special interest; he has, for example, about 400 volumes printed by

Sebastian Gryphius, at Lyons, from 1528 to 1556. Mr. Christie's library is also very rich in works of or relating to Pomponatius, Hortensio Landi, Postel, Ramus, J. Sturm, Scioppius, Giulio Camillo, and particularly Giordano Bruno.

A considerable number of the members of the Roxburghe Club come in the category of book-lovers rather than book-collectors. The Earl of Rosebery is understood to possess many valuable books and manuscripts relating to Scottish literature, particularly in reference to Robert Burns; but beyond this he has no fixed rule regarding additions to his library, 'except his course of reading for the moment.' The father of the present Lord Zouche formed a small but valuable library, which is now at Parham Park, Steyning, Sussex; it consists of some rare Syriac, Greek, Coptic, Bulgarian, and other manuscripts, of a Biblical nature, some of which are now on loan to the British Museum. In addition to these, there are a good many early printed books, first editions, and so forth, and also an extensive reference library, to which the present Lord Zouche has made some important additions. The extensive library of the Marquis of Bath, at Longleat, Warminster, has been formed at different times and by different persons; and what the present holder of the title has added has been bought without any method on various subjects in which his Grace happened to take an interest at the time. Sir John Evans's library is for the most part comprised of archæological, numismatical, and geological publications, with a certain number of old volumes 'which, though of intrinsic interest, cannot be regarded as bibliographical treasures.' Both Sir William Reynell Anson and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., possess good working libraries, but disclaim the possession of what are known as

'collector's' books. The present Marquis of Bute possesses several extensive libraries of books at his various seats, and chiefly composed of works relating to Scottish history, to liturgical, philological, and archæological subjects. The first Marquis of Bute formed an excellent collection of Spanish, Italian, and French classics, of books of memoirs, and of works relating to the English Reformation. The third Marquis formed another library, chiefly of a historical character, an exceedingly important portion of it being an extensive series of books and pamphlets relating to the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune. The Duke of Buccleuch has also several fine libraries at his various seats, the chief collections being at Dalkeith and Bowhill, Selkirk; his Grace keeps very few books in London. The books at Dalkeith have been catalogued by Mr. A. H. Bullen, who proposes to print some notes on the subject.

The Duke of Devonshire's library at Chatsworth is one of the most varied and extensive in the kingdom. An admirable catalogue of it was printed in four volumes in 1879, and its value as a bibliographical compilation may be estimated by the fact that the only copy which occurred in the market during the past eight years fetched £10. The library has been formed by the taste and learning of several generations of the Cavendish family, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day. The rarest book which it contains is the 'Liber Veritatis,' or collection of original designs of Claude Lorraine. The greatest additions were made to the library by William Spencer, sixth Duke, who, indeed, may be called its founder in its present form. This nobleman, on the advice of Tom Payne, offered £20,000 for the purchase of Count McCarthy's celebrated collection. The offer was declined, but the Duke was a

purchaser to the extent of £10,000 of the choicer portions of the library of Thomas Dampier, Bishop of Ely, composed, for the most part, of Greek and Latin classics. The Duke bought largely at the Stanley, Horn Tooke, Towneley, Edwards, and Roxburghe sales. The library possesses the unique collection of plays formed by John Philip Kemble, and for which £2,000 were paid in 1821. The chief features of the library comprise a fine series of the editions of the Bible and of Boccaccio; there are also twenty-three works of Caxton, the most extensive in private hands, now that the Althorp collection has, or is about to, become public property. There are two dozen books from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, and no less than 200 editions of Cicero, including a magnificent copy of the *editio princeps*.

The libraries of two members of the Roxburghe Club have been dispersed by auction during the last few years—the Earl of Crawford's, in 1887 and 1889, to which reference has already been made; and Mr. Thomas Gaisford's, in 1890. The former has still a considerable number of important books, to which he is constantly adding; whilst his eldest son is worthily sustaining the reputation of the family for its love of rare and beautiful books. Mr. Gaisford has also a very large library, but he himself describes the books as of no special interest.

The Marquis of Salisbury possesses, at Hatfield, a fine library, which, like that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, is rather the accumulation of centuries than the formation of any particular head of the house. Many of the oldest and rarest books were at one time the properties of either Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, or of some other distinguished member of the family. We may

mention a few of the *incunabula*: Æneas Silvius, 'Epistolæ,' 1496; St. Augustine, 'De Civitate Dei,' 1477; a copy of the magnificently-printed edition of Aulus Gellius, 'Noctes Atticæ,' Jenson, 1477, a very rare work; Cicero, 'Ad Atticum,' 1470, also printed by Jenson; an example of the *editio princeps* Homer, Florence, 1488; Juvenal, 'Satyræ,' 1474; the very rare second edition of Lactantius, 'Opera,' printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Parmartz, 1468; Livy, 'Historiarum Romanorum,' printed by Zarothus, 1480; Pomponius Mela, 'Cosmographia,' 1482; Ruffus, 'Opera,' 1472. Lord Salisbury's library includes several books which once belonged to Roger Ascham, notably a copy of Aristophanes, 'Comodiæ,' 1532; Aristotle, 'Opera,' 1531; Peter Martyr, 'Tractatio et Disputatio de Sacramento Eucharistiæ,' etc., 1549, one of the only two copies of which we have any record, the other example being in the Lambeth Library; and a large number of tracts of the time of Henry VIII. Of about 200 books which belonged to Sir Robert Cecil, we may mention two editions of Aristotle, 'Ethica,' 1572 and 1575; Baret, 'An Alvearie, or triple Dictionarie,' in English, Latin, and French, 1573; French Bible, 1546; Bodin, 'La Demonomanie des Sorciers,' 1580; Brache, 'Epistolarium Astronomicorum,' 1596; 'Astronomiæ Instauratæ,' 1602, and 'De Mundi Ætherei,' 1603; two editions of Cicero, 'Rhetorica,' 1552, 1562; Henning's 'Theatrum Genealogicum,' 1598; Galen, 'De Alimentis,' 1570; three editions of 'Natura Brevium,' one of 1566, and two of 1580; Ubaldino, 'Lo Stata Della Tre Corti,' 1594. The books of Lord Burghley include Aristotle, 'Ethica,' 1535; 'Opera,' 1539; 'Politica,' 1543; Ashley, 'Mariner's Mirror,' 1586; Basilius, 'Homiliæ,' 1528, and 'Opera,' 1551; Beda, 'Historia Ecclesiastica'; St. Chrysostom, 'Opera,' 1536;

Cyrillus, 'Opera,' 1528; Demosthenes, 'Orationes,' 1528. The edition of Dioscorides, 'Opera,' 1529, belonged, respectively, to Lord Burghley and Sir John Cheke.

The library of Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher, of Albemarle Street, is a small one, but every item is either excessively rare or unique. Its formation was begun by Mr. Murray's grandfather, whilst his father made considerable additions. Naturally, it is very strong in manuscripts and first editions of Byron. It contains, for example, not only the original manuscript of 'The Waltz,' but the several proof-sheets up to a very fine copy of the perfect book. There are also the manuscript of the four cantos of 'Childe Harold' and the various proof corrections. There are also first editions of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' 'The Haunch of Venison,' and 'The Captivity,' with the receipt for the ten guineas which Goldsmith received for it from Dodsley. Mr. Murray possesses the entire manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbot.' This was originally minus three leaves. One of these leaves occurred in the market a few years ago, and passed into the possession of an American collector for £17 10s.; a second was secured, also at an auction, for £6 by Mr. Murray, so that the manuscript is only now wanting two leaves. The very interesting commonplace book of Robert Burns was given by Mr. Murray's grandfather to J. G. Lockhart, who left it to his son-in-law, Mr. Hope-Scott, from whom it again passed into the possession of the late Mr. John Murray. The manuscript 'Journal' of Thomas Gray's travels in England, for the most part unpublished, is also in Albemarle Street, as is also the manuscript of Washington Irving's 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.' The first edition of Pope's 'Dunciad,'

successively in the possession of Malone, Elwin and Peter Cunningham; Pope's own copy of Sir Richard Blackmore's 'Paraphrase of Job,' 1700, with numerous suggested improved readings in Pope's own handwriting; the *Quarterly Review* article of Southey on Nelson, with the extensive elaborations from which the printed edition of the book was set up; a fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623; a very fine copy of the *editio princeps* St. Augustine, 'De Civitate Dei,' Rome, 1468; the *editio princeps* Homer, Florence, 1488; a good copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Midsummer-Night's Dreame,' James Roberts, 1600; a copy of the Prince Consort's 'Speeches,' presented to Mr. John Murray, with an autograph letter from the Queen—these are a few of the many notable books of which Mr. Murray is the fortunate owner. But among the more interesting of the manuscripts are the volumes of notes made at various times and on divers occasions by the late John Murray in his travels in North Germany, France, Switzerland, and South Germany, and from which the celebrated guide-books were printed—practically every word in the first and early editions of these widely-known books was written by the compiler.

New Lodge, Windsor Forest, the residence of Colonel Victor Bates Van de Weyer, contains a collection of books of a unique character, collected at vast trouble and expense by his father, the late M. Sylvain Van de Weyer, one of the founders of the Belgian monarchy, and for many years Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. M. S. Van de Weyer, who was born in 1802, and died in 1874, stood in the front rank of modern bibliophiles, and the magnitude of his collections may be estimated from the fact that, with town and country house full to overflowing, he had 30,000

volumes in the Pantechnicon when it was burnt down. He was an indefatigable and discriminating reader as well as a munificent purchaser. The library is rich in rare editions beautifully bound by men whose names rank first in the art of bibliopegy. There is a wonderful collection of fables, and a most complete library of *ana*. The presentation copies of books are numerous and interesting, bearing as they do the autographs of individuals famous in politics, literature, and art. The present owner, who succeeded his father as a member of the Roxburghe Club, has had the books in the library catalogued, and the welfare of this noble collection is well thought of.

Both Lord Houghton and Lord Amherst of Hackney possess fine libraries of rare and interesting books. That of the latter includes a Caxton, 'The Laste Siege and Conquest of Jherusalem,' 1481; Henry VIII.'s copy of Erasmus, 'Dialogi,' 1528; the same King's copy of Whytforde's 'The Boke called the Pype or Toune of the Lyfe of Perfection,' 1532; Grolier's copies of Stoplerinus, 'Elucidatio fabricæ usuque Astrolabii,' 1524, and of 'Prognosticatio Johannis Liechtenbergers,' 1526; Maioli's copy of 'Clitophonis Narratio Amatoria,' Lyons, 1544; books bound by Nicholas Eve; early English bindings; and many others. Mr. C. I. Elton, Q.C., M.P., has a fine library, of which a *catalogue raisonné* has been drawn up and printed. Mr. Charles Butler and Mr. Ingram Bywater possess a number of interesting and rare books. Many of the more notable specimens of the bindings in the libraries of the three last-mentioned gentlemen were exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891, and are described in the catalogue.

Mr. Andrew Lang is not only a distinguished

bibliophile, but a prolific writer on the subject of books. He is understood to have an extensive library of an exceedingly miscellaneous character. He has an especial liking for books which bear the traces of former distinguished owners. He himself has pointed out that, 'as a rule, tidy and self-respecting people do not even write their names on their fly-leaves, still less do they scribble marginalia. Collectors love a clean book, but a book scrawled on may have other merits. Thackeray's countless caricatures add a delight to his old school books; the comments of Scott are always to the purpose; but how few books once owned by great authors come into the general market. Where is Dr. Johnson's library, which must bear traces of his buttered toast? Sir Mark Sykes used to record the date and place of purchase, with the price—an excellent habit. The selling value of a book may be lowered even by a written owner's name, but many a book, otherwise worthless, is redeemed by an interesting note. Even the uninteresting notes gradually acquire an antiquarian value, if contemporary with the author. They represent the mind of a dead age, and perhaps the common scribbler is not unaware of this; otherwise he is, indeed, without excuse. For the great owners of the past, certainly, we regret that they were so sparing in marginalia. But this should hardly be considered as an excuse for the petty owners of the present, with "their most observing thumb.'" Mr. Lang is the lucky owner of a copy of Stoddart's poem, 'The Death Wake' (1831), that singular romantic or necromantic volume, which wise collectors will purchase when they can. It is of extreme rarity, and the poetry is no less rare, in the French manner of 1830. On this specimen Aytoun has written marginalia. Where the hero's love of arms and dread of death are

mentioned, Aytoun has written 'A rum cove for a Hussar,' and he has added designs of skeletons and a sonnet to the 'wormy author.' 'A curse! a curse!' shrieks the poet. 'Certainly, but why and wherefore?' says Aytoun. There is nothing very precious in his banter; still it is diverting to follow in the footsteps of the author of 'Ta Phairshon.' Mr. Lang also possesses John Wilkes' copy of the second edition of 'Theocritus, Bion and Moschus,' in French, with Eisen's plates; he has Leon Gambetta's copy of the 'Journée Chrétienne,' Collet's copy of his friend Crashaw's 'Steps to the Temple,' and a copy of Montaigne, with the autograph of Drummond of Hawthornden.

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson.
From a Portrait by Mr. Du Maurier.

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson, whose lamented death occurred whilst the earlier pages of this book —in which he took much interest—were passing through the press, was an ideal book-collector. He cared only for books which were in the most perfect condition. The unique character of the Rowfant library, its great literary and commercial value, and its wide interest, may be studied at length in its admirable catalogue, which of itself is a valuable work of reference. Mr. Locker, for it is by this name, and as the author of 'London Lyrics,' that he will be

best remembered, devoted his attention almost exclusively to English literature, although of late years he had devoted as much attention as his frail health would allow to the formation of a section of rare books in French literature. It would be impossible to describe in this place all the many book rarities at Rowfant; we must be content, therefore, with indicating a few of the more interesting ones: Alexander Pope's own copy of Chapman's translation of Homer, 1611; one of the largest known copies of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623; an extensive series of the first or early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, about fifty in number —including the spurious plays—many of which were at one time in the collections of Steevens, George Daniel, Tite, or Halliwell-Phillipps. The library is rich in other writers of the Elizabethan period—of Nash, Dekker, Greene, Gabriel Harvey. There are also a long series of the first editions of Dryden; the earliest issues of the first complete edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress'; of 'Robinson Crusoe' (the three parts); of 'Gulliver's Travels,' besides about a score of other *editiones principes* of Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Gay, Gray, Lamb, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Thackeray, Dickens and many others. The two early printed books of especial interest are the 'De Senectute,' printed by Caxton, 1481, and Barbour's 'Actis and Lyfe of the maist Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland,' printed at Edinburgh by Robert Lepruik in 1571. The room in which the books are kept is virtually a huge safe; it was at one time a small ordinary room, and it has been converted into a fireproof library, with brick walls within brick walls; the floor of concrete, nearly two feet thick, and a huge iron door, complete an ingenious and effective

protection against the most destructive of all enemies of books—fire.

Portrait Bookplate of Mr. Joseph Knigł

The library of Mr. Joseph Knight, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, more nearly resembles a select and orderly bookseller's premises than a private individual's. It seems almost impossible to believe that the comparatively small house in Camden Square could contain between 12,000 and 13,000 volumes, and yet such is undoubtedly the case. Every room is crowded, and all the sides of the staircases are crowded with books from top to bottom. Mr. Knight's library is essentially a working one, but it is

also something more. It is rich in editions of Froissart's 'Chronicles'; in editions of Rabelais—notably the excessively rare one printed by Michel le Noir, 1505; in Elzevir editions it includes a very extensive series; the series of the 'Restif de la Bretonne' includes about 200 volumes, being one of the few complete sets in London. A few of Mr. Knight's greatest rarities have come to him at very cheap rates—*e.g.*, the 'Apologie pour Herodote,' 1566, without any of the *cartons*, or cancels, upon which the Genevese authorities insisted. This little volume, of which there are very few copies known, cost Mr. Knight 16s., neither buyer nor seller knowing its value at the time of the transfer. Another 'bargain' is the fine copy of Baudelaire, 'Les Fleurs de Mal,' 1857, which was fished out of a fourpenny box in High Street, Marylebone! Mr. Knight's collection of French plays and of works relating to the French stage is, like that of the English dramatists—ancient and modern—exceedingly extensive. He possesses, also, a few good Aldines, a number of Bodonis, and some books of Le Gason.

Mr. Gladstone is, of course, a book-collector, as well as an omnivorous reader. The Grand Old Book-hunter's literary tastes cover almost every conceivable phase of intellectual study. His library contains about 30,000 volumes, to which theology contributes about one-fourth. The works are arranged by Mr. Gladstone himself into divisions and sections. For many years he was an inveterate bookstaller, a practice which of late years has brought with it a certain amount of inconvenience. After attending Mr. H. M. Stanley's wedding, for example, in 1890, Mr. Gladstone went on one of his second-hand book expeditions, this time to Garratt's, in Southampton Row. The right hon. gentleman

walked with his customary elasticity, and was followed to the shop by a large crowd of admirers, chiefly consisting of working men, whose enthusiasm was kept in order by three policemen. Outside the bookseller's several hundred people gathered, and they were not disappointed in their wish to see the Grand Old Man, for Mr. Garratt's shop does not boast of a back-door through which fame can escape its penalties. On coming out, Mr. Gladstone, looking, as a working man standing on the kerb expressed it, 'as straight as a new nail,' received quite an ovation, the people waving their hats and cheering vigorously as he drove away in a cab. Mr. Gladstone's marked catalogues are a familiar and a peculiarly welcome feature with second-hand booksellers, who proudly expose them in their windows. A bookseller who exhibited one of these catalogues before the Old Man retired from the Premiership was accosted by a strong Tory with the remark: 'I see you've got a list marked by Gladstone's initials in the window;' and then, whispering fiercely in the bookseller's ear, he added, 'Does he pay you?' We give a facsimile of one of Mr. Menken's catalogues with an order for books from Mr. Gladstone.

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Mr. Henry Spencer Ashbee, of Bedford Square, has a

small but charming library, nearly every volume being beautifully bound. The books are, for the most part, modern, and chiefly French. There are, for example, Sainte-Beuve's 'Livre d'Amour,' which was suppressed after a few copies were struck off, with the author's own corrections; the Fortsas 'Catalogue,' the cruel joke of M. Renier Chalon; first editions of 'The English Spy,' an exceptionally fine copy; Coryat's 'Crambe, or, his Colwork,' 1611; Roger's 'Poems' and 'Italy'; a number of books illustrated by Chodowiecki, the Cruikshank of Germany; practically all the books published by M. Octave Uzanne and Paul Lacroix in the finest possible states. Mr. Ashbee possesses several extra-illustrated or grangerized books of exceptional interest—the nine volumes of Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' are extended to thirty-four, there being upwards of 5,000 additional portraits, views, and so forth. Mr. Ashbee's library comprises several thousand volumes, the binding alone of which must have cost a small fortune.

Portrait Bookplate of Mr. H. S. Ashbee.

Mr. T. J. Wise, Book-collector.

The libraries of Mr. Thomas J. Wise and Mr. Walter Slater may be bracketed together, partly because they have been formed side by side. They differ in many respects, however. Mr. Wise's is a small but choice collection of books, autographs, and manuscripts of modern writers. He possesses, for the most part, in first editions of the finest quality, practically everything written by Matthew Arnold, William Blake, Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Landor, Meredith, William Morris, John Ruskin, Swinburne, and Tennyson. Of Shelley,

for example, Mr. Wise has a collection of 400 books and pamphlets by or concerning him. There is only one other collection comparable to it, and it is that possessed by Mr. Buxton Forman. Of Byron Mr. Wise has everything, including 'The Waltz,' 'Poems on Various Occasions,' and all the other excessively rare publications of this prolific poet, the only exception, indeed, being 'The Curse of Minerva,' 1812. Mr. Wise's collection of Ruskiniana is practically complete, and includes a number of privately-printed pamphlets issued to a few personal friends. Mr. Walter Slater's books and manuscripts include a unique series of both Dante G. Rossetti and Walter Savage Landor. Of the former, it contains the manuscript of three-fourths of the 'House of Life' series of sonnets, the manuscript of 'St. Agnes,' and the whole of the extant manuscript of 'The King's Tragedy'; these manuscripts usually include not only the 'copy' as it was sent to the printer, but usually the first and second drafts. The series of Landor books and pamphlets is quite complete, from his first book of poems, 'Moral Epistles,' issued in 1795, and the equally excessively rare 'Poems from the Arabic and Persian,' issued at Warwick in 1800, to 'Savonarola,' in Italian, 1860. Mr. Slater has a complete series of the first editions of the curious works of Mrs. Behn.

Mr. Clement Shorter's Bookplate.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and several other publications, is a book-collector who, like Mr. Wise and Mr. Slater, has pitched his 'tent' on the northern heights of London. Mr. Shorter has an unusually complete set of the works of Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Sir Walter Scott, Charlotte Brontë—besides the 'Cottage Poems' of old Mr. Brontë—and Matthew Arnold. Of the last named there are copies of the very limited editions of 'Geist's Grave,' 'St. Brandran,' 'Home Rule for Ireland,' and 'Alaric at Rome.' Mr. Shorter's Ruskin treasures include a volume of the

plates of 'Modern Painters,' on India paper, bound up in vellum. There are also several first editions of the earlier works of Carlyle, and William Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' on vellum, with the original manuscript bound up with it. Mr. Shorter has many interesting manuscripts and books by Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. L. Stevenson, and A. C. Swinburne, with autographs or notes by their respective authors. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, the well-known author, has for many years been a confirmed book-hunter, and has come across some rare and interesting finds. Mr. Henry Norman, the traveller and assistant editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, has a number of choice and rare books, chiefly first editions of American authors—J. Russell Lowell, Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, Emerson, Walt Whitman, and Whittier—nearly all of whom were personal friends of Mr. Norman's. Mr. Norman has gone to the extravagance of two sets of the first editions of Thomas Hardy's books, whilst of George Meredith there is one complete set.

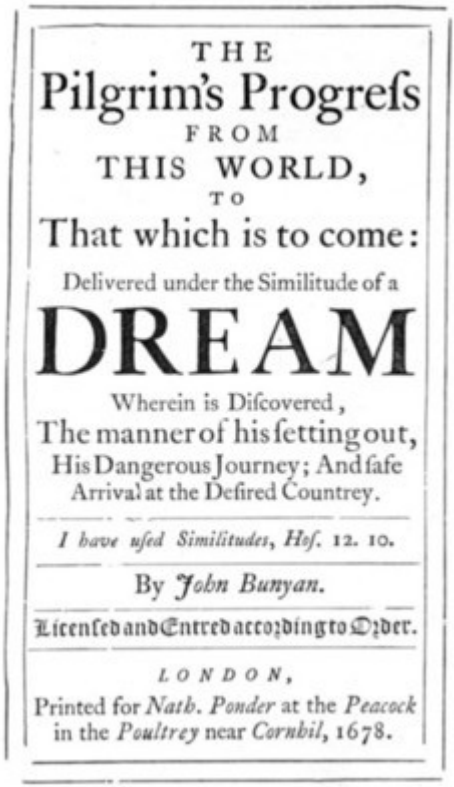
Mr. A. Birrell, Book-collector.

The House of Commons contains several men who have very excellent libraries and excellent judgments of books. Mr. Leonard Courtney has been guilty of bookstalling a good many times in his successful career, and is, perhaps, an exception to the general rule that good political economists usually make poor book-hunters. Mr. Courtney possesses a good many uncommon books, which he has picked up from time to time. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., the author of 'Obiter Dicta,' and son-in-law of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, has a good library of from 5,000 to 6,000 books. Among these may be

noticed the first edition of Gray's 'Elegy,' picked up at Hodgson's for 3s. 6d.; first edition of Keats' 'Endymion,' purchased off a stall in the Euston Road for 2s. 6d.; first edition of 'Wuthering Heights'; and an extensive series of books relating to or by Dryden, Pope, Swift, and others of that period, as well as a number of presentation copies of books by Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson, etc. Mr. T. R. Buchanan, M.P., who was for many years librarian of All Souls' College, Oxford, has a small but select library of books which are, for the most part, remarkable on account of the beauty or rarity of their bindings. It is especially strong in fine specimens of early English and Scotch bindings; there are a few examples from De Thou's library, and a few characteristic specimens of Italian and Flemish bindings of the best periods. The books themselves are principally editions of the classics; but the section of Bibles printed in England and Scotland is a full one. There are also many volumes with a personal interest; for example, the copy of Locke's 'Essay concerning the Human Understanding' was once Coleridge's, and contains a note by him to this effect: 'This is, perhaps, the most admirable of Locke's works; read it, Southey,' etc.; and the copy of the 'Libri Carolini,' 1549, was Scaliger's.

Captain R. S. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, has a choice library of beautiful and rare books, formed by his father, the late H. S. Holford. For many years its chief treasure was the only known first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 1678, which was valued at £50; during the last few years, however, four other copies have turned up, without, however, lessening the commercial value of the Holford copy, which would probably fetch two or three times the amount at which it was valued thirty years ago. The

facsimile of the first edition issued a few years ago was made from Mr. Holford's copy. A few other treasures of Captain Holford's library may be briefly mentioned as follows: A fifteenth-century manuscript of Livy's 'Historia,' on vellum, in a Venetian binding, with the arms of Aragon; Cardinal Hippolyto d'Este's copy of Rhinghier, 'Cento Giuochi Liberali, et d' Ingegno,' Bologna, 1551; Grolier's copy of Pliny, 'Epistolæ,' etc., Venice, 1518; of Valerius Maximus, Venice, 1534; and of 'Epitomes des Roys de France,' Lyons, 1546; the Maioli copy of Homer, 'Odyssea,' Paris, 1538; Du Bellay's 'Memoirs,' 1572, with the arms of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; and the copy of 'Liber Psalmorum Davidis,' 1546, bound by Nicholas Eve for De Thou.



THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs
FROM
THIS WORLD,
TO
That which is to come:
Delivered under the Similitude of a
DREAM
Wherein is Diſcovered,
The manner of his ſetting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And ſafe
Arrival at the Deſired Countrey.
I have uſed Similitudes, Hoſ. 12. 10.
By *John Bunyan.*
Licenſed and Entred accoꝛding to Oꝛder.
LONDON,
Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock*
in the *Poultrey* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

Facsimile of Title-page, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' First Edition.

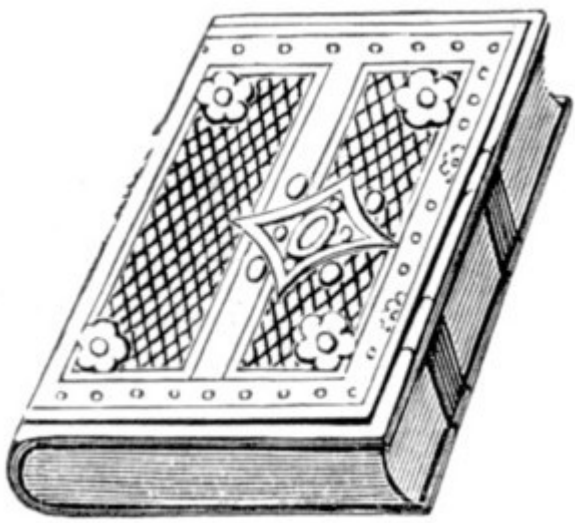
Dr. W. H. Corfield, Mr. C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey, Q.C., Sir Julian Goldsmid, M.P., Mr. C. F. Murray, Mr. George Salting, Mr. Samuel Sandars, Mr. H. Yates Thompson, Mr. H. Virtue Tebbs, and Mr. T. Foster Shattock, are understood to possess choice libraries of books noted chiefly for the beauty or rarity of their bindings. M. John Gennadius, late Greek Minister at the Court of St. James's, possessed one of the finest libraries formed during recent years. This collection was destined to supplement and ornament the National Library of Greece, founded at

Athens by his Excellency's father, on the very morrow of her liberation. Fate, however, ordered otherwise, and these beautiful books were, consequently, dispersed at Sotheby's, from March 28 to April 9, the eleven days' sale of 3,222 lots realizing £5,466. The library of Mr. W. Christie-Miller, of Britwell Court, Maidenhead, is understood to include many choice books, particularly early printed works, but no particulars of it are available.

Holland House Library is one of great historic value and interest. It is fully described by the Princess Marie Liechtenstein, in her monograph on the place. Macaulay has described the appearance of the library in his famous essay on Lord Holland. It is rather a collection formed by a statesman and a literary man than by a bibliophile; there are over 10,000 volumes, many of which are privately printed books, presentation copies; there is a large collection of historical works relating to Italy, Portugal, and France; Spanish literature, a memento of the taste of the third Lord Holland, is well represented; the collection of Elzevirs is very fine, as is also that of the Greek and Latin classics, and the highly curious collection of various copies of Charles James Fox's 'James II.,' which belonged to different celebrities, is housed here.

Mr. C. J. Toovey inherited from his father, the late James Toovey, a fine library of exceptionally choice books; it is rich in monuments of the Early English printers, one of its gems being a fine copy of the 'Boke of St. Albans'; Aldines probably form one of its largest sections, whilst in bindings by the great masters of the French school of bibliopegic art the library has very few equals. Many of these were purchased by the late Mr. Toovey in Paris, long

before the present rage for them had commenced, so that, as an investment, they will doubtless yield a handsome profit if they ever come into the market. The series of Walton's 'Angler' includes the first edition, with a presentation inscription by the author; there is also the largest known First Folio edition of Shakespeare, to which reference has already been made.



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TRANSCRIBER'S

NOTES:

Illustrations have been placed as close as possible to their textual descriptions. Pages 106 and 107 contain full-page illustrations. These page numbers follow page 108.

Variations in spelling have been left as in the original. Examples include the following:

Crede	Creede	
Creside	Cressida	
Faerie	Faërie	
Magliabecchi	Magliabechi	
Polychronicon	Policronicon	
Schoeffer's	Schoëffer	Schœffer
Sweynheim	Sweynheym	
Troilus	Troylus	
Zarothum	Zarothus	

The following words appear with and without hyphens. They have been left as in the original.

book-buyer	bookbuyer
book-buying	bookbuying
book-case	bookcase
book-plate	bookplate
book-selling	bookselling
Coffee-house	Coffeehouse
sale-room	saleroom

waste-paper wastepaper

The following corrections have been made to the text:

page xiv: Purcell (p. 165) [original has 164]

page xv: necessarily a learned man.[original is missing period]

page 24: 1 Peers pennylesse supplication[original has supplicatiō to indicate there wasn't room for the final n]

page 33: the '[opening quote is missing in original]Godfrey of Bulloigne' selling for 18s.

page 40: early age of forty-four[original has fourty-four]

page 74: duplicate of my wooden leg."[original has extraneous single quote]

page 81: the MSS. of Gray, in their perfect calligraphy[original has caligraphy]

page 142: Rowfant[original has Rowfont] Library

page 146: where a sale of books was in progress[original has progess]

page 147: on the Banks of Lake

Liman, near Geneva,"[ending quotation mark missing in original]

page 194: For Billingsgate, quit Flexney, and be wise.'[ending quotation mark missing in original]

page 232: like another Magliabecchi,[removed extraneous quotation mark after Magliabecchi]

page 260: Countess of Westmoreland[original has Westmorland]

page 264: We give facsimiles[original has facsimilies]

page 294: '[quotation mark missing in original]Jokely, very interesting

page 295: 'The Rose and the Ring by R. Browing.'[original has comma]

page 303: catalogue raisonné[original has raisonnée]

page 310: 'The Death Wake' (1831),[original has period]

page 322: Princess Marie Liechtenstein[original has Leichtenstein]

page 323: Arch, J. and A. [original has J.]

page 323: Bannatyne[original has Bannantyne] Club, the,

page 324: under Bibles and New Testaments entry:

Fust and Schoeffer (1462) was out of alphabetical order in the original

in the Gutenberg sub-entry, the pages numbers were out of order in the original

page 324: Brooke[original has Brook], Lord Warwick, 100

page 325: under Caxton—

'Book of Good Manners,'[comma missing in original]

Godfrey of Bulloigne[original has Bulloyne]

Higden's 'Polychronicon[original has Polycronicon]

History of Blanchardyn[original has Blanchardin]

'Troylus and

Creside,'[ending quote missing in original and spelling is Cressid]

Virgil's 'Æneid'[original has Ænid]

page 326: Drummond's 'Forth[original has Fourth] Fasting,' 86

page 327: Finsbury Square, 177, 179-183[removed extraneous period]

page 327: Glashier,[comma missing in original] George, 202

page 327: Guilford[original has Guildford], Earl of

page 327: Guilford[original has Guildford], Francis, Baron

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page 328: Johnston[original has Johnstone], William

page 328: Kempis, Thomas à[original has á]

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page 332: Tyndale[original has Tyndall], John, 16

page 332: Tyson, Dr. E., 176[out of alphabetical order in original]

page 333: Vérard[original has Verard], Antoine

page 333: entries for Walford, Cornelius, Walford, Mr. E., Walker, John, Warde, Roger, and Ward, Mr. W., were out of alphabetical order in the original

page 333: Weskett,[comma missing in original] 'On Insurances,' 151

In the index on page 328, there is an entry for Thomas à Kempis. His name is not mentioned in the book, but he is the author of "Imitatio Christi"

which is discussed in the text on the referenced pages.

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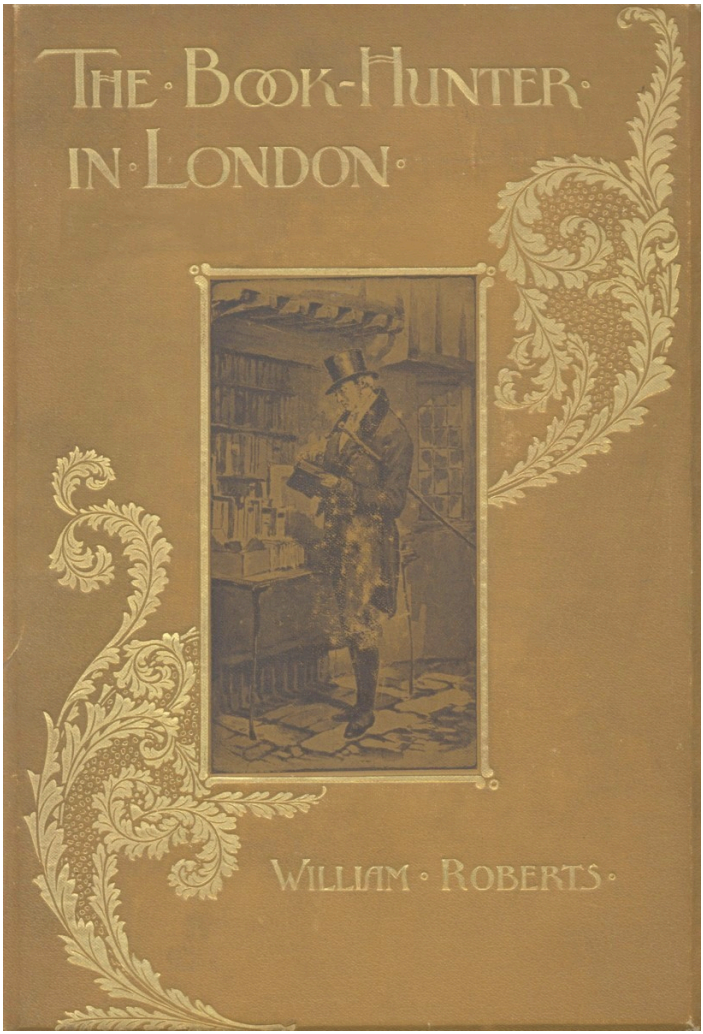

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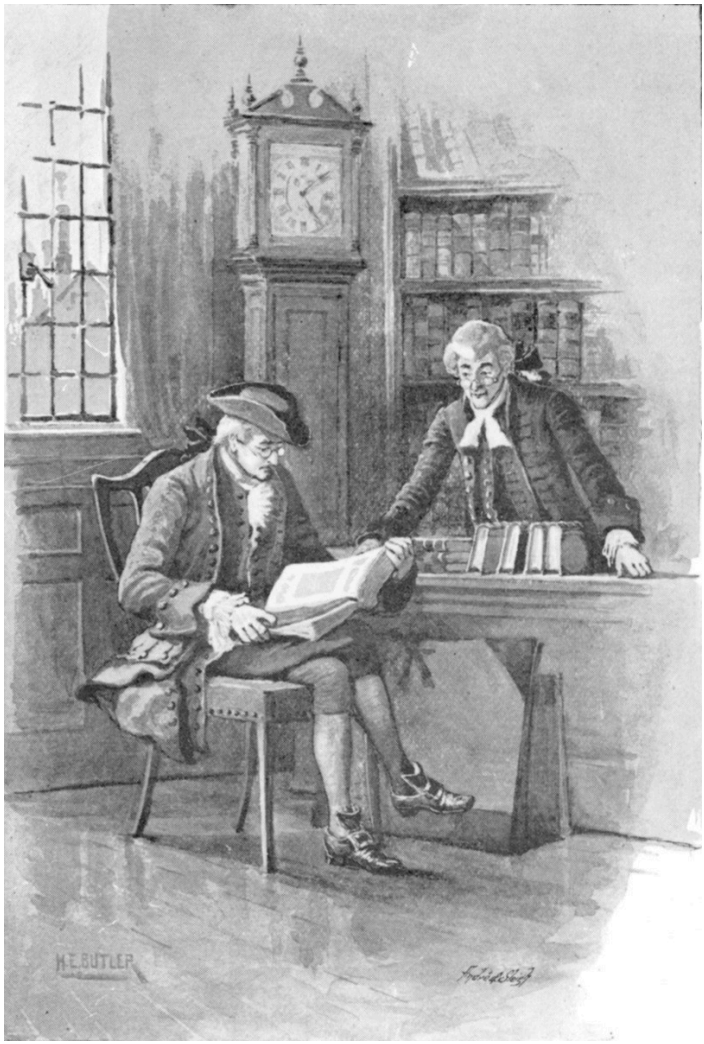

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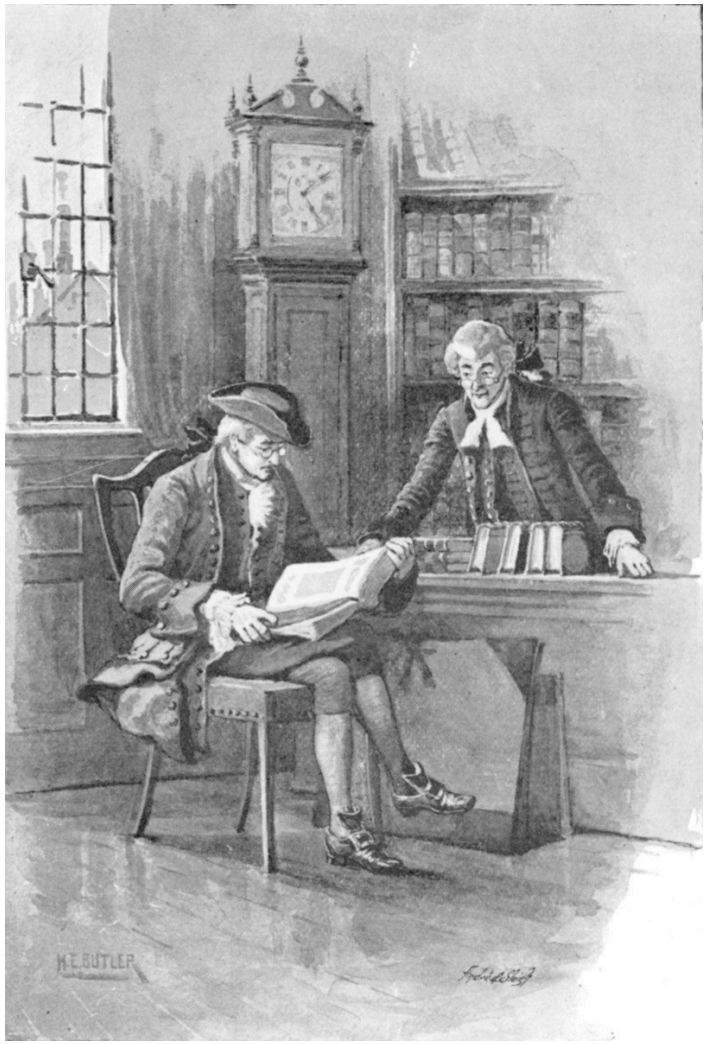

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THE

BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON

Historical and other Studies of Collectors and Collecting

5-39

WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

W. ROBERTS

Author of
'The Earlier History of English Bookselling,'
'Printers' Marks,' etc.

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1895

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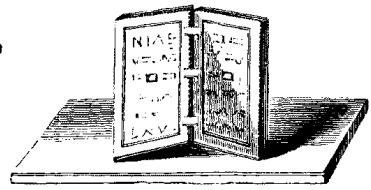

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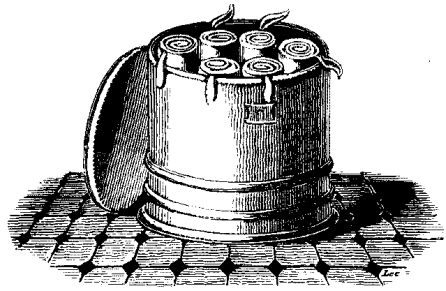

Roman Book-box.

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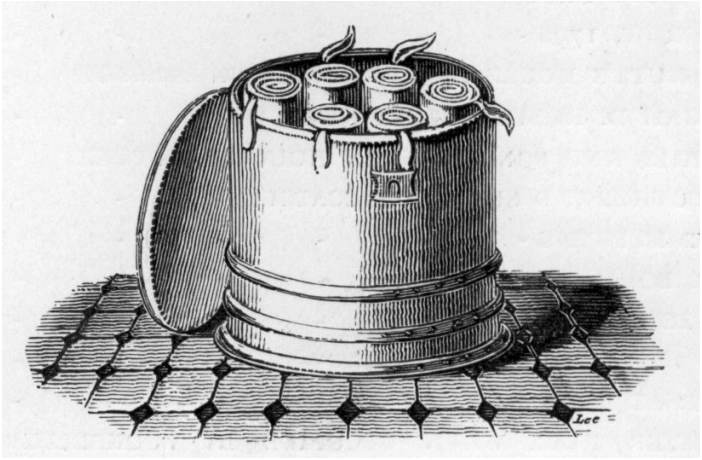

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PREFACE.

'THE Book-hunter in London' is put forth as a contribution to the fascinating history of book-collecting in the metropolis; it does not pretend to be a complete record of a far-reaching subject, which a dozen volumes would not exhaust; the present work, however, is the first attempt to deal with it in anything like a comprehensive manner, but of how far or in what degree this attempt is successful the reader himself must decide.

The task itself has been an exceedingly pleasant one to the author, and it only remains for him to thank, collectively, the large number of friends and acquaintances who have so cordially favoured him with advice and information on so many points. In only a couple of quite unimportant instances has he experienced anything approaching churlishness. The geniality and courtesy of the book-collector are proverbial, but specimens of a different type are evidently to be found here and there.

As regards the chapter on Modern Collectors, the author's object has been to deal with a representative selection of the bibliophiles of to-day. To aim at anything like completeness in this section of the book would be highly undesirable, having regard to a

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proportionate representation of the subject as a whole. Completeness, moreover, would be an impossibility, even in a volume devoted entirely to modern men.

The greatest possible care has been taken to prevent inaccuracy of any kind, but whilst freedom from error is a consummation which every author desires, it is also one of which few can boast. The reader will be doing the author a favour by informing him of any mistake which may be detected in the following pages. An omission in the account of Stewart, the founder of Puttick's, may be here made good: he had the privilege of selling David Garrick's choice library in 1823. *The author regrets to learn that Purcell (p.* 164), *a very intelligent bookseller, died some months ago.*

'The Book-hunter in London' is the outcome not only of material which has been accumulating for many years past, from published and unpublished sources, but also of a long and pleasant intercourse with the leading book-collectors and booksellers in London, not to mention a vigorous and constant prosecution of one of the most pleasant and instructive of hobbies. The author has freely availed himself of the information in the works of Dibdin, Nichols, and other writers on the subject, but their statements have been verified whenever possible, and acknowledgements have been made in the proper places to the authorities laid under contribution.

W. R.

86, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT would be quite as great a fallacy to assume that a rich man is also a wise one, as to take for granted that he who has accumulated a large library is necessarily a learned man It is a very curious fact, but none the less a fact, that just as the greatest men have the shortest biographies, so have they been content with the smallest libraries. Shakespeare, Voltaire, Humboldt, Comte, Goethe had no collection of books to which the term library could fairly be applied. But though each preferred to find in Nature and in Nature's handiworks the mental exercise which less gifted men obtain from books, that did not prevent them from being ardent book-lovers. Shakespeare—to mention one only—must have possessed a Plutarch, a Stowe, a Montaigne, and a Bible, and probably half a dozen other books of less moment. And yet, with this poor show, he was as genuine a book-lover as Ben Jonson or my Lord Verulam. Lord Burleigh, Grotius, and Bonaparte are said to have carried their libraries in their pockets, and doubtless Shakespeare could have carried his under his arm.

If all great men have not been book-collectors in the manner which is generally understood by the phrase, it is certain that they have, perhaps without a single exception, been book-lovers. They appear, for the most part, to have made a constant companion of some particularly favourite book; for instance, St. Jerome slept with a copy of Aristotle under his pillow; Lord Clarendon had a couple of favourites, Livy and Tacitus; Lord Chatham had a good classical library, with an especial fondness for Barrow; Leibnitz died in a chair with the 'Argenis' of Barclay in his hand; Kant, who never left his birthplace, Königs-

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burg, had a weakness in the direction of books of travel. 'Were I to sell my library,' wrote Diderot, 'I would keep back Homer, Moses, and Richardson.' Sir W. Jones, like many other distinguished men, loved his Cæsar. Chesterfield, agreeing with Callimachus, that 'a great book is a great evil,' and with La Fontaine—

> 'Les longs ouvrages me font peur
> Loin j'épuiser une matière
> Il faut n'en prendre que la fleur'—

hated ponderous, prosy, pedantic tomes. Garrick had an extensive collection on the history of the stage, but Shakespeare was his only constant friend. Gibbon was a book-collector more in the sense of a man who collects books as literary tools than as a bibliophile. But it is scarcely necessary just now to enter more fully into the subject of great men who were also book-lovers. Sufficient it is, perhaps, to know that they have all felt the blessedness of books, for, as Washington Irving in one of his most lofty sentences has so well put it, 'When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these [the comforts of a well-stored library] only retain their steady value; when friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, *these* only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow.'

It is infinitely easier to name those who have collected books in this vast and unwieldy London of ours, than it is to classify them. To adopt botanical phraseology, the *genus* is defined in a word or two, but the species, the varieties, the hybrids, and the seedlings, how varied and impossible their classification! Most men have bought books, some have read a few, and others many; but beyond this rough grouping together we shall not attempt anything. One thing, however, the majority of book-collectors agree in, and that is in regarding their own generation as a revolution—they have, as Butler has described it in his picture of an antiquary, 'a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.'

Differing in many, and often material, points as one book-collector does from another, the entire passion for collecting may be said to focus itself into two well-defined grooves. A

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man either collects books for his own intellectual profit, or out of pure ostentatious vanity. In the ensuing pages there will be found ample and material facts in regard to the former, so that we may say here all that we have to say regarding the latter. The second type of book-enthusiast has two of the most powerful factors in his apparently reckless career—his own book-greed, and the bookseller who supplies and profits by him.

'What do you think of my library?' the King of Spain once asked Bautru, the French wit, as he showed him the collection at the Escurial, at that time in the charge of a notoriously ignorant librarian.

'Your Majesty's library is very fine,' answered Bautru, bowing low; 'but your Majesty ought to make the man who has charge of it an officer of the Treasury.'

'And why?' queried the King.

'Because,' replied Bautru, 'the librarian of your Majesty seems to be a man who never touches that which is confided to him.'

There are many varieties of the ignorant collector type. The most fruitful source is the *nouveau riche*. Book-collecting is greatly a matter of fashion; and most of us will remember what Benjamin Franklin said of this prevailing vice: 'There are numbers that, perhaps, fear less the being in hell, than out of the fashion.' The enterprising individual who, on receipt of a catalogue of medical books, wired to the bookseller, 'What will you take for the lot?' and on a price being quoted, again telegraphed, 'Send them along,' was clearly a person who wished to be fashionable. Another characteristically amusing illustration of this type of book-collector is related by an old-established second-hand bookseller, who had bought at a country sale some two or three hundred volumes in a fair condition. But they were principally old sermons, or, what is worse, theology and political economy. He placed a sample lot outside his shop, leaving the bulk of the stock untouched. The little parcel attracted the attention of a stylishly dressed man, who entered the shop and said, 'I'll take these books, and, say, have you any more of this kind with this shield onto them?' pointing to the bookplate attached, which bore the arms and name of a good old county family. 'That box, sir, is full of books from the same house, and pro-

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bably every book has the same bookplate, but I have not yet had time to examine them.' 'What's yer figger for them, any way? See here, I start back to Chicago to-morrow, and I mean to take these books right back along. I'm goin' to start a libery thar, and these books will just fit me, name and all. Just you sort out all that have that shield and name, and send them round to the Langham at seven sharp. I'll be round to settle up; but see, now, don't you send any without that name-plate, for that's my name, too, and I reckon this old hoss with the daggers and roosters might have been related to me some way.'

'I remember,' says the Marquis d'Argenson, in his 'Mémoires,' 'once paying a visit to a well-known bibliomaniac, who had just purchased an extremely scarce volume, quoted at a fabulous price. Having been graciously permitted by its owner to inspect the treasure, I ventured innocently to remark that he had probably bought it with the philanthropic intention of having it reprinted. "Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed in a horrified tone; "how could you suppose me capable of such an act of folly! If I were, the book would be no longer scarce, and would have no value whatever. Besides," he added, "I doubt, between ourselves, if it be worth reprinting." "In that case," said I, "its rarity appears to be its only attraction." "Just so," he complacently replied; "and that is quite enough for me."'

Another type which borders dangerously near to that which we have been describing is the collector who, not necessarily ignorant, collects for himself alone. The motto which Grolier adopted and acted upon—'Io Grolierii et amicorum'—might have been a very safe principle to go upon in the sixteenth century, but it would most certainly fail in the nineteenth, when one's dearest friends are the most unmitigated book-thieves. But perhaps even the too frequent loss of books is an evil to be preferred to the egoistical meanness of the selfish collector. Balzac gives in his 'Cousin Pons' a vivid delineation of such a person. The hero is a poor drudging music-teacher and orchestra-player, who has invested every franc of his hard-won earnings in the collecting of exquisite paintings, prints, bric-à-brac, and other rare mementoes of the eighteenth century. Despised by all, even by his kindred, trodden upon as a nobody, slow, patient, and ever courageous,

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he unites to a complete technical knowledge a marvellous intuition of the beautiful, and his treasures are for him pride, bliss, and life. There is no show in this case, no desire for show, no ambition of the despicable shoddy-genteel sort—a more than powerful creation of fiction. A strikingly opposite career of selfishness is suggested by the fairly well-known story of Don Vincente, the friar bookseller of Barcelona, who, in order to obtain a volume which a rival bookseller, Paxtot, had secured at an auction, set fire one night to Paxtot's shop, and stole the precious volume—a supposed unique copy of the 'Furs e ordinacions fetes per los gloriosos reys de Arago als regnicoes del regne de Valencia,' printed by Lambert Palmart, 1482. When the friar was brought up for judgment, he stolidly maintained his innocence, asserting that Paxtot had sold it to him after the auction. Further inquiry resulted in the discovery that Don Vincente possessed a number of books which had been purchased from him by customers who were shortly afterwards found assassinated. It was only after receiving a formal promise that his library should not be dispersed, but preserved in its integrity, that he determined to make a clean breast of it, and confess the details of the crimes that he had committed. In cross-examination, Don Vincente spurned the suggestion that he was a thief, for had he not given back to his victims the money which they had paid him for the books?

'And it was solely for the sake of books that you committed these murders?' asked the judge.

'Books! yes, books! Books are the glory of God!'

Vincente's counsel, in defence of his client, in this desperate strait maintained that there might exist several copies of the books found in his possession, and that it was out of the question to condemn, on his own sham avowal, a man who appeared to be half cracked. The counsel for the prosecution said that that plea could not be urged in the case of the book printed by Lambert Palmart, as but one copy of that was in existence. But the prisoner's counsel retorted by putting in evidence attested affirmation that a second copy was in France.

Up to this moment Vincente had maintained an imperturbable calm; but on hearing his counsel's plea he burst into tears. In the end, Don Vincente was condemned to be strangled, and when asked if he had anything more to urge,

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all he could utter, sobbing violently, was, 'Ah! your worship, *my copy was not unique!*'

Cousin Pons and Don Vincente are extreme instances of bibliomaniacs to whom the possession of a book was the supreme happiness of life. The man of Fiction and the man of Fact were at one in this passion of acquisitiveness. Don Vincente was compelled by hunger—*mala suada fames*—to become a book *seller;* and if it became a general rule for book-collectors to become booksellers there would, we venture to think, be a very material increase in police-court and, perhaps, criminal cases generally. Mr. G. A. Sala tells us an amusing story of the late Frederick Guest Tomlins, a historian and journalist of repute. In the autumn of his life Tomlins decided to set up as a bookseller. He purposed to deal chiefly in mediæval literature, in which he was profoundly versed. The venture was scarcely successful. A customer entered his shop one day and asked for a particular book, as marked in the catalogue. 'I had really no idea it was there,' meditatively remarked Mr. Tomlins, as he ascended a ladder to a very high shelf and pulled out a squabby little tome. Then he remained about five-and-twenty minutes on the ladder absorbed in the perusal of the volume, when the customer, growing impatient, began to rap on the counter with his stick. Thereupon Mr. Tomlins came down the ladder. 'If you think,' he remarked, with calm severity, to the intending purchaser, 'that any considerations of vile dross will induce me to part with this rare and precious little volume, you are very much mistaken. It is like your impudence. Be off with you!' A not altogether dissimilar anecdote is related by Lord Lytton in that curious novel 'Zanoni,' in which one of the characters is an old bookseller who, after years of toil, succeeded in forming an almost perfect library of works on occult philosophy. Poor in everything but a genuine love for the mute companions of his old age, he was compelled to keep open his shop, and trade, as it were, in his own flesh. Let a customer enter, and his countenance fell; let him depart empty-handed, and he would smile gaily, oblivious for a time of bare cupboard and inward cravings.

À propos of a literary man turning bookseller, the experiment has often been tried, but it has generally failed. Second-hand bookselling seems to be a frequent experiment after the failures

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of other trades and callings. We have known grocers, greengrocers, coal-dealers, pianoforte-makers, printers, bookbinders, cheap-jacks, in London, adopt the selling of books as a means of livelihood. Sometimes—and several living examples might be cited—the experiment is a success, but frequently a failure. The knowledge of old books is not picked up in a month or a year. The misfortune which seems to dog the footsteps of many men in every move they make, does not fail to pursue them in bookselling. Some of them might almost say with Fulmer, in Cumberland's 'West Indian' (1771): 'I have beat through every quarter of the compass . . . I have blustered for prerogatives, I have bellowed for freedom, I have offered to serve my country, I have engaged to betray it . . . I have talked treason, writ treason. . . . And here I set up as a bookseller, but men leave off reading, and if I were to turn butcher I believe they'd leave off eating.'

There can be no doubt about the fact that Englishmen as a rule do not attach sufficient importance to book-buying. If the better-class tradesman, or professional man, spends a few pounds at Christmas or on birthday occasions, he feels that he has become a patron of literature. How many men, who are getting £1,000 a year, spend £1 per month on books? The library of the average middle-class person is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the cruelest possible commentary on his intelligence, and, as a matter of fact, if it contains a couple of volumes worthy of the name of books, their presence is more often than not an accidental one. A few volumes of the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Cassell's Magazine*, or perhaps a few other monthly periodicals, carefully preserved during the twelve months of their issue, and bound up at the end of the year—with such stuff as this is the average Englishman's bookcase filled. Mark Pattison has gone so far as to declare that while the aggregate wealth of the United Kingdom is many times more than it was one hundred and fifty years ago, the circle of book-buyers, of the lovers of literature, is certainly not larger, if it be not absolutely smaller. It may be urged that a person with £1,000 per annum as income usually spends £100 in rent, and that the accommodation which can be got for that amount does not permit of one room being devoted to library purposes. This may be true, but this explanation is not a valid excuse, for a set of shelves, 13 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, placed against a

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wall will accommodate nearly one thousand octavo volumes—the genius of the world can be pressed into a hundred volumes. An American has advised his readers to 'own all the books you can, use all the books you own, and as many more as you can get.' The advice is good, and it is well to remember that by far the majority of great book-collectors have lived to a ripe old age. The companionship of books is unquestionably one of the greatest antidotes to the ravages of time, and study is better than all medical formulas for the prolongation of life.

The man who has resolved upon getting together a collection of first-class books may not unreasonably be appalled at the difficulties which stand in the way. And what, indeed, it may be asked, will become of the hundreds and thousands of books which are now all the fashion? How many will survive the levelling process of the next half a score of years, and how few will be known, except to bibliographers, half a century hence? The lessons of the past would aid us in arriving at some sort of conclusion as regards the future, if we were inclined to indulge in speculation of this vain character. It will, however, be interesting to point out that of the 1,300 books printed before the beginning of the sixteenth century, not more than 300 are of any importance to the book-collector. Of the 50,000 published in the seventeenth century, not more than perhaps fifty are now held in estimation; and of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after.

In a curious little book, 'L'An 2440, rêvue s'il en fut jamais,' published in Paris a century ago, there is a very quaint description of the process by which, in an improved state of society, men would apply themselves not to multiply books, but to gather knowledge. The sages of the political millennium exhibited their stores of useful learning in a cabinet containing a few hundred volumes. All the lumber of letters had perished, or was preserved only in one or two public libraries for the gratification of a few harmless dreamers that were tolerated in their laborious idleness. This pleasant little picture, drawn by M. L. S. Mercier, of the state of things five centuries hence, is in strong contrast to the painful plethora of books of the present day. Dr. Ingleby, the famous Shakespearian scholar, is credited with the idea of establishing a society for the purpose of procuring books which no one else would buy; but this

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society (the 'Syncretic Book-club') could not have had any success if the vast quantities of unsaleable rubbish which one meets with on every hand are to be taken into account. Doubtless Dr. Ingleby would have included in his scope such books as Lord Lonsdale's 'Memoir of the Reign of James II.,' 1803, which fifty years ago sold for 5½ guineas, but which, within the past few months, has declined to two shillings!

There was a time when even old and unsaleable books had a commercial value. Before the cheapening of paper, a second-hand bookseller had always the paper-mill to fall back on, and the price then paid, £1 10s. per cwt., was one inducement to dispose of folios and quartos which remained year in and year out without a purchaser. The present price of waste-paper is half a crown a hundredweight, so that the bookseller is now practically shut out of this poor market. Indeed, an enterprising bibliopole was lately offering 'useful old books,' etc., at 3s. 6d. per cwt., free on the rails, provided not less than six hundredweight is bought. 'To young beginners,' he states, 'these lots are great bargains'; but whether he means young beginners in literature or young beginners in trade, is an open question. In either case, 'useful old books' at the price of waste-paper are a novelty. There is a certain amount of danger in the wholesale destruction of books, for posterity may place a high value, literary and commercial, on the very works which are now consigned to the paper-mill. Unfortunately, posterity will not pay booksellers' rent of to-day. Just as those books which have the largest circulation are likely to become the rarest, so do those which were at one time most commonly met with often, after the lapse of a few decades, become difficult to obtain. In one of his 'Echoes' notes, Mr. G. A. Sala tells us that, in the course of forty years' bookstall-hunting, he has known a great number of books once common become scarce and costly—*e.g.*, Lawrence's 'Lectures on Man'; Walker's 'Analysis of Beauty'; Millingen's 'Curiosities of Medical Experience'; Beckford's 'Vathek' in French; Jeremy Bentham's works; and Harris's 'Hermes.' Possibly the disappearance of these and many other books may be attributed to certain definite causes. For example, in the early years of this century one of the commonest books at 1s. or 1s. 6d. was Theobald's 'Shakespeare Restored'; but fifty years later it was a very rare book. The interest

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in Shakespeare and his editors had become quite wide-spread in literary circles, and literature in any way bearing on the subject found ready purchasers.

Just as the disappearance of certain books sends their prices up considerably in the market, so the unexpected appearance of others has just the reverse effect. Until quite recently one of the scarcest of the first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens was a thin octavo pamphlet of seventy-one pages, entitled 'The Village Coquettes: a Comic Opera. In two Acts. London: Richard Bentley, 1836.' So rare was this book that very few collectors could boast the possession of it, and an uncut example might always be sold for £30 or £40. About a year before his death, Dickens was asked by Mr. Locker-Lampson whether he had a copy; his reply was: 'No, and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was'—the words, no doubt, being spoken in jest. Not long since, a mass of waste-paper from a printer's warehouse was returned to the mills to be pulped, and would certainly have been destroyed had not one of the workmen employed upon the premises caught sight of the name of 'Charles Dickens' upon some of the sheets. The whole parcel was carefully examined, and the searchers were rewarded by the discovery of nearly a hundred copies of 'The Village Coquettes,' in quires, clean and unfolded. These were passed into the market, and the price at once fell to about £5. The most curious things turn up sometimes in a similar manner. A little sixpenny bazaar book ('Two Poems,' by Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, 1854) was for a long time extremely rare, as much as £3 or £4 being paid for it when it occurred for sale. Suddenly it appeared in a bookseller's catalogue at 2s., and as every applicant could have as many as he wanted, it then leaked out that the bookseller, Mr. Herbert, had purchased about 100 copies with books which he purposed sending to the mill. Even 'remainders' sometimes turn out to be little gold-mines. The late Mr. Stibbs bought the 'remainder' of Keats's 'Endymion' at 4d. per copy. We do not know what he realized by this investment, but their value for some years has been £4 and upwards.

The subject of book-finds is one about which a volume might be written. Every 'special' collector has his fund of book-hunting anecdotes and incidents, for, where the rarity of a well-

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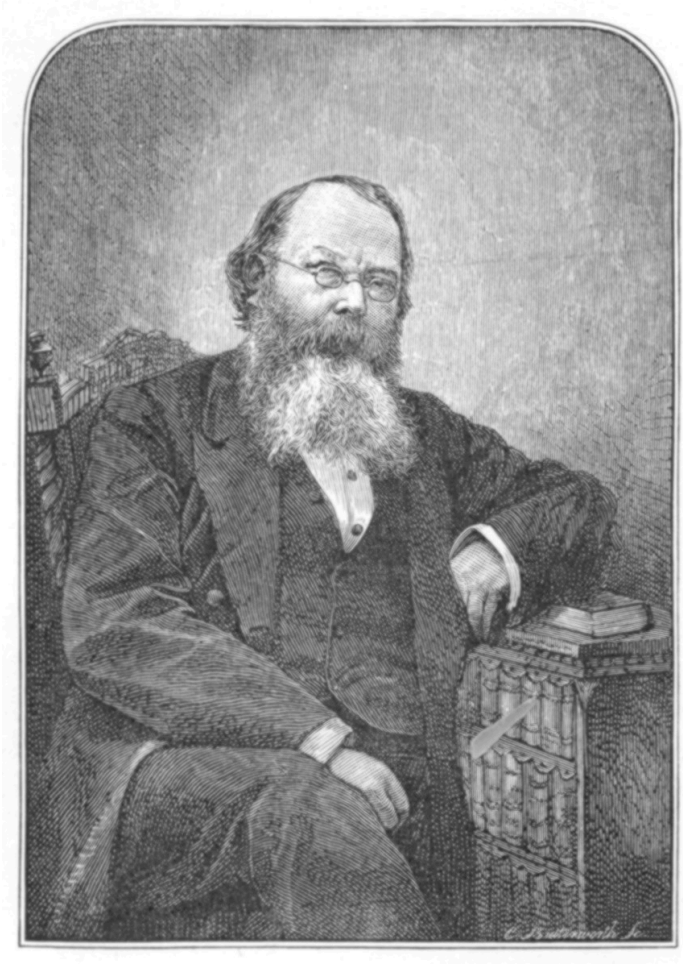

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known book is common property, there is not usually much excitement in running it to earth. The fun may be said to begin when two or three people are known to be on the hunt after a rare and little-known volume, whose interest is of a special character. To take, as an illustration, one of the most successful book-hunters of modern times, the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont. Until Mr. Stevens created the taste for Americana among his fellow-countrymen, very few collectors considered the subject worth notice. And yet, in the space of a quarter of a century, he unearthed more excessively rare and unique items than the wildest dreamer could have supposed to exist. Books and pamphlets which were to be had for the proverbial old song when he first came to this country quickly became the objects of the keenest competition in the saleroom, and invariably found buyers at extravagant prices. As an illustration, although not an American item, we may mention that when a copy of the Mazarin Bible was offered at Sotheby's in 1847, the competitors were an agent of Mr. James Lenox (Stevens' client) and Sir Thomas Phillipps in person; the latter went to £495, but the agent went £5 better, and secured the prize at the then unheard-of price of £500. At first Mr. Lenox declined to take the book, but eventually altered his mind, wisely as it proved, for although at long intervals copies are being unearthed, the present value of Mr. Lenox's copy cannot be much short of £4,000. During 1854 and 1855 Mr. Stevens bought books to the value of over 50,000 dollars for Mr. Lenox, and on reviewing the invoices of these two years, 'I am confident,' says Mr. Stevens, 'that, if the same works were now' (1887) 'to be collected, they would cost more than 250,000 dollars. But can so much and so many rare books ever be collected again in that space of time?' In December, 1855, Mr. Stevens offered Mr. Lenox in one lump about forty Shakespeare quartos, all in good condition, and some of them very fine, for £500, or, including a fair set of the four folios, £600, an offer which was accepted, and it may be doubted whether such a set could now be purchased for £6,000. Mr. Lenox was for over ten years desirous of obtaining a perfect copy of 'The Bay Psalter,' printed by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, New England, 1640, the first book printed in what is now the United States, and had given Mr. Stevens a commission of £100 for it. After searching far and wide, the long-lost 'Benjamin' was discovered in a lot

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at the sale of Pickering's stock at Sotheby's in 1855. 'A cold-blooded coolness seized me, and advancing towards the table behind Mr. Lilly, I quietly bid, in a perfectly neutral tone, "Sixpence"; and so the bids went on, increasing by sixpences, until half a crown was reached and Mr. Lilly had loosened the string. Taking up this very volume, he turned to me and remarked, "This looks a rare edition, Mr. Stevens; don't you think so? I do not remember having seen it before," and raised the bid to 5s. I replied that I had little doubt of its rarity, though comparatively a late edition of the Psalms, and at the same time gave Mr. Wilkinson a sixpenny nod. Thence-forward a "spirited competition" arose between Mr. Lilly and myself, until finally the lot was knocked down to Stevens for 19s.' The volume had cost the late Mr. Pickering 3s. It became Mr. Lenox's property for £80. Twenty-three years later another copy was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for 1,200 dollars.

In a letter to Justin Windsor, the late J. Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps gave some very curious and interesting information respecting book-collecting in the earlier half of the present century. 'About the year 1836,' he wrote, 'when I first began hunting for old books at the various stalls in our famous London city, black-letter ones and rare prints were "plenty as black-berries," and I have often found such things in unlikely places and amidst a mass of commonplace rubbish, exposed for sale in boxes labelled, "These books and pamphlets 6d. or 1s. each," outside an old bookseller's window, where another notice informed the passer-by that "Libraries were purchased or books bought;" and thus plainly showed how such now indeed rarities came into the possession of an ignorant bibliopole. It was not, however, till about 1840 that I turned my attention to the more special work of collecting Shakespeare quartos, in which, I may say, I have been very successful. It was at one of George Chalmers' sales that I first bought one or two, and after that I hunted for them in all parts of the country, and met with con-siderable success, often buying duplicates, and even triplicates, of the same edition and play. At one time I possessed no less than three copies of the very rare quarto edition of "Romeo and Juliet," 1609, and sometimes even had four copies of more than one of the other quartos. Not so very long before this period, old Jolley, the well-known collector, picked up a Caxton

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at Reading, and a "Venus and Adonis," 1594, at Manchester, in a volume of old tracts, for the ignoble sum of 1s. 3d. Jolley was a wealthy orange-merchant of Farringdon Street, London, and entertained me often with many stories of similar fortunate finds of rare books, which served to whet my appetite only the more. But I was soon stopped in my book-hunting career by the appearance all at once on the scene of a number of buyers with much longer purses than my own, and thus I was driven from a market I had derived so much pleasure from with great regret. Some time afterwards circumstances rendered it desirable that I should part with a large number of my book-treasures by auction and to the British Museum; but even then I retained enough to be instrumental in founding the first Shakespearian library in Scotland, by presenting to the University of Edinburgh, amongst other rarities, nearly fifty copies of original quartos of Shakespeare's plays, printed before the Restoration, and to keep sufficient myself of the rarest and most valuable examples.'

Sometimes the notes of a former possessor have a considerable literary interest, as, for example, the copy of Stowe's 'Survey of London,' 1618, presented to the Penzance Library by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who has written, under date December 24, 1867, the following note: 'This is a favourite book of mine. I like to read of London as it was, with the bright Thames crowded with fish, and its picturesque architecture. . . . I should not have discarded this volume for any library, had I not this day picked up a beautiful *large paper* copy of it, the only one in that condition I ever saw or heard of.'

As an illustration of the enhanced value possessed by books having notes written in them by their owners, it may be mentioned that when the great Mr. Fox's furniture was sold by auction after his death in 1806, amongst the books there happened to be the first volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' which apparently had been given by the author to Fox, who wrote on the fly-leaf this note: 'The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country, until six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of "lord of trade" under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since.' This peculiarly nasty little note sent the

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value of the odd volume up to £3 3s. Gibbon, writing in his 'Autobiography' of Fox, says, 'I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child,' an opinion which he might have modified if he had lived to read the foregoing note. When Canning's books, for the most part of an exceedingly commonplace and uninteresting character, came under the hammer at Christie's in 1828, the competition was extremely keen for all volumes which bore the great statesman's autograph, and as most of the books contained more or less elaborate indications of Canning's proprietorship, his executors received nearly double the sum which they could reasonably expect. Similar illustrations occur every year at book-auctions.

The idiosyncrasies of collectors might make quite as long a chapter as that of books which have belonged to famous persons, and it is for the same reason that we have to deal briefly with each. It is curious that almost as soon as book-collecting became at all general, the 'faddy' man came into existence. Dr. John Webster, of Clitheroe, who died June 18, 1682, aged seventy-two, for example, had a library which was rich in books of romance, and what was then termed 'the black art'; but Webster was the author of a rare volume on witchcraft, so that his books were his literary tools—just as, a century later, John Rennie, the distinguished civil engineer, made a speciality of mathematical books, of which he had a collection nearly complete in all languages. Dr. Benjamin Moseley's library, which was sold by Stewart in March, 1814, was composed for the most part of books on astrology, magic, and facetiæ. The Rev. F. J. Stainforth, whose library was sold at Sotheby's in 1867, collected practically nothing but books written by or relating to women; he aimed to secure not only every book, but every edition of such books. He was a most determined book-hunter, and when Holywell Street was at its lowest moral ebb, this eccentric gentleman used to visit all the bookshops almost daily, his inquiry being, 'Have you any women for me to-day?' Mr. Stainforth, who died in September, 1866, was for many years curate of Camden Church, Camberwell, and was from 1851 incumbent of All Hallow's, Staining, the stipend of which was about £560, and the population about 400. 'Bless my books—all my Bible books, all my *hocus pocus*, and all my *leger-de-main* books, and all my other books, whether par-

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ticularly mentioned at this time or not,' was the prayer of a Scotsman of about a century and a quarter ago, and so perhaps the Rev. Mr. Stainforth thought, if he did not utter occasionally some such petition.*

Half a century ago one of the most inveterate frequenters of book-auctions was a certain Dr. G., of diminutive stature, on account of an awkward deviation of the spine. At that time the appearance of a private purchaser at a sale was a very rare event, and one which, when it occurred, invariably met with a more or less hostile reception from the fraternity. Dr. G.'s first appearance produced a good deal of sensation. The hunchback, it is true, was rather shabbily dressed, but 'l'habit ne fait pas le moine,' and is certainly no trustworthy index to the pockets of the wearer. Excitement reached fever-heat when a Wynkyn de Worde was put up and persistently contested for by the doctor, who ran it up against the booksellers present (some of whom quickly desisted from the fun for fear of burning their fingers), one of whom, far exceeding his commission, obstinately refused to give in until the book was knocked down to him to his own dismay, and the delight and ironical compliments of his colleagues. After this *contre-temps* the doctor had it pretty much his own way; his name was duly entered on the sale catalogue, and his address was known. The next day our bookseller, sobered by reflection, called on the doctor, confessed his sin of the previous day, humbly asked for absolution, and offered him the book at an immense loss on the sale price. 'If you were,' replied the doctor, 'to bring the book at my door for nothing, I would take it with a pair of tongs and drop it into the gutter.' It was a puzzle to everyone what the little doctor did with all his purchases, which were limited chiefly to classical books. At

* Mr. Stainforth's collection ranged over 300 years, and, amid much utter rubbish, there were a few things of considerable rarity, notably one of only three complete copies known of T. Bentley's 'Monument of Matrones,' 1582, formerly in the libraries of Herbert, Woodhouse, Heber and Bliss. It included two autograph letters of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and realized £63; Anne Bradstreet's 'Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America,' 1650, £12 10s.; and a copy of Dame Juliana Berners' 'Booke of Hauking,' etc., £13. Nearly fifty items appear under the name of Aphra Behn; whilst there are twenty-one editions of Jane Porter's 'Poems,' which realized the grand total of 14s. The library comprised 3,076 lots (representing, perhaps, twenty times that number of volumes), and realized the total of £792 5s.

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his death, however, it transpired that he bought for the various Universities of the United Kingdom. The doctor's son, a poor curate, entered his late father's library for the first time, and found there a mass of books, which occupied nearly a month in selling, and realized, to his delight, a large sum of money.

The contempt with which Dr. G. received the bookseller's proposal is peculiarly typical of the book-collector. If he cannot obtain what he wants just exactly when he wants it, he does not care about it. The book-collector is doubtless too prone to despise everything which is not quite in his line, forgetting that all branches of literature contribute in some degree, greater or lesser, to the bulk of human knowledge. No man can be universal, even if he had the wealth of a dozen Rothschilds, or the mental vigour and versatility of a hundred Gladstones.

The book-hunter has, however, his good traits, which sometimes require a good deal of finding, it is true. We need not dwell at great length on his apparently unconquerable habit of beating down the prices, for the custom is too well known to require much explanation; but a view of the other side of the picture is only fair. A few years ago a well-known bookseller catalogued a copy of the 'Book of Job' at a very low figure. A wealthy collector, whose purchases were generally closed on the judgment of a distinguished bookman, asked to have the copy sent on approval. It was despatched; but came back within a few days. No explanation was volunteered: when, however, the collector came into the shop a short time after, he was asked why he had returned the book. His answer was to the effect that he could not persuade himself that the illustrations were really by Blake, particularly as the price asked was so low. A week or so after this a distinguished art-critic, hearing of the whereabouts of this copy, asked to have it on approval: in sending it the bookseller enclosed a note to the effect that some doubt had been expressed as to the genuineness of the plates. In a few days came a cheque from the man of art for £10 over and above the catalogue price, and a note to the effect that the illustrations were not only unquestionably by Blake, but in the finest possible state.

Last summer a certain bookseller sold, after some considerable amount of haggling, a very fine Missal for £65, which was £5 less than its catalogue price. A few weeks after the pur-

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chaser called and paid the additional £5, explaining that a friend of his had taken a violent fancy to the book, and begged to be allowed to possess it at £70. Another honest book-collector, discovering that he had bought a book considerably cheaper than an example had been sold at Sotheby's, and £2 less than Mr. Quaritch had asked for a similar copy, sent his bookseller a present of a parcel of books to make up the difference in the two amounts.

With these few introductory and perhaps desultory pages, the reader is invited to the more solid feast provided for his delectation in the following pages.

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THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON

EARLY BOOK-HUNTING.

THOSE who have studied the earlier phases of English history will readily understand that the terms book-hunting in England and book-hunting in London are by no means synonymous. The passion for books had manifested itself in various and remote parts of this country long before London had developed into a place of importance; when, indeed, it was battling from without and within with conflicts which seemed to predict complete annihilation. But the growth of London is essentially typical of the growth of the nation, and of the formation of the national character. When it was laying the foundation of its future greatness London had no thought of intellectual pursuits, even if Londoners themselves had any conception of an intellectual life. For any trace of such unthought-of, and perhaps, indeed, unheard-of, articles as books, we must go to localities far remote from London—to spots where, happily, the strife

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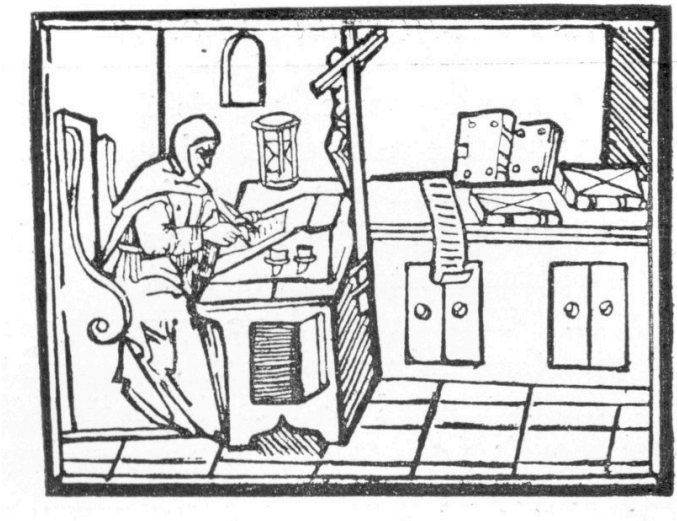

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and din of savage warfare scarcely made themselves heard. The monasteries were the sole repositories of literature; to the monk alone had the written book any kind of intelligence, any species of pleasure. To him it was as essential as the implements of destruction to the warrior, or the plough to the husbandman. The one had no sympathy, no connection, with the other, only in so far that the events which transpired in the battlefield had to be recorded in the *scriptorium*. Although London was a place of importance at a very early stage of the Roman occupation, it was not in any sense an intellectual centre for centuries after that period.

In a Scriptorium.

Indeed, it might be laid down as a general principle that the farther the seeker went from London the more likelihood there was of meeting with books. To Northumbria, from the end of the sixth to the end of the seventh century, we shall have to look for the record of book-buying, for during that period books were imported in very considerable quantities; abbeys arose all along the coast, and scholars proportionately increased. In a letter to Charlemagne, Alcuin speaks of certain 'exquisite books' which he studied under Egbert at York. At Wearmouth, Benedict Biscop (629-690) was amassing books with all the fury of half a dozen ordinary bibliomaniacs. He collected everything, and spared no cost. At York, Egbert had a fine library in the minster. St. Boniface, the Saxon missionary, was a zealous collector. There were also collections—and consequently collectors—of books at places less remote from London—such as Canterbury, Salisbury, Glastonbury, and even St. Albans; but of London itself there is no mention.

Scarcely any such thing as book-hunting or book-selling could possibly have existed in London before the accession of

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Alfred, who, among the several ways in which he encouraged literature, is said to have given an estate to the author of a book on cosmography. Doubtless, it was after the rebuilding of the city by Alfred that, in the 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.' Bede describes London, even at the beginning of the eighth century, as a great market which traders frequented by land and sea; and from a passage in Gale we learn that books were brought into England for sale as early as 705. With the reconstruction of London, the wise government, and the enthusiastic love for letters which animated the great Saxon King, the commerce of the capital not only increased with great rapidity, but the commerce in books between England and other countries, particularly from such bibliopolic centres as Paris and Rome, began to assume very considerable proportions. If, as is undoubtedly the case, books were continually being imported, it follows that they found purchasers. By the beginning of the eleventh century there were many private and semi-private collections of books in or near London. The English book-collectors of the seventh century include Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, and Bede; those of the eighth century, Ina, King of the West Saxons, and Alcuin, Abbot of Tours; whilst the tenth century included, in addition to Alfred, Scotus Erigena, Athelstan, and St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury.

But it cannot be said, with due regard to truth, that London was in any sense a seat of learning, or a popular resort for learned men, until well on into the thirteenth century. Doubtless many consignments of books passed through the city on the way to their respective destinations.

Edward I. may be regarded as the first English monarch who took any interest in collecting books; most of his, however, were service books. They are mentioned in the Wardrobe Accounts (1299-1300) of this King, and are only

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eleven in number. These he may have purchased in 1273 in France, through which he passed on his way home from Palestine. But it is much more probable that he had no thought of books when hurrying home to claim the crown of his father. Contemporary with Edward was another book-collector of a very different type, an abbot of Peterborough, Richard of London, who had a 'private library' of ten books, including the 'Consolation of Philosophy,' which he may have formed in London. But quite the most interesting book-collector (so far as we are concerned just now) of this period is Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. A minute catalogue of this collection is among the treasures of St. Paul's Cathedral, and has been privately printed. In this case, the price of each book is affixed to its entry; the total number of volumes is one hundred, their aggregate value being £116 14s. 6d., representing, according to Milman's estimate, £1,760 of our present money. Twenty-one Bibles and parts of Bibles were valued at £19 5s. Twenty-two volumes in this collection deal with canon and civil law, four with ecclesiastical history, and about an equal number with what may be designated science and arts, the rest being of a theological character. The entries run thus:

'Tractatus fr'is Dertti'i de proprietatibus rerum.
Libellus instructionum.
Liber Avicennæ.
Liber naturalis.'

The two last-named are respectively the highest and lowest priced items in the list—for books of a single volume only—the 'Liber Avicennæ' being valued at the very high figure of £5, and the 'Liber Naturalis' at 3s. A Bible in thirteen volumes is valued at £10; and a 'little Bible' at £1. The total value of the property of this Bishop was scheduled at about £3,000.

In spite of civil strife and foreign complications, the taste for literature made great strides during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with the very natural consequence of

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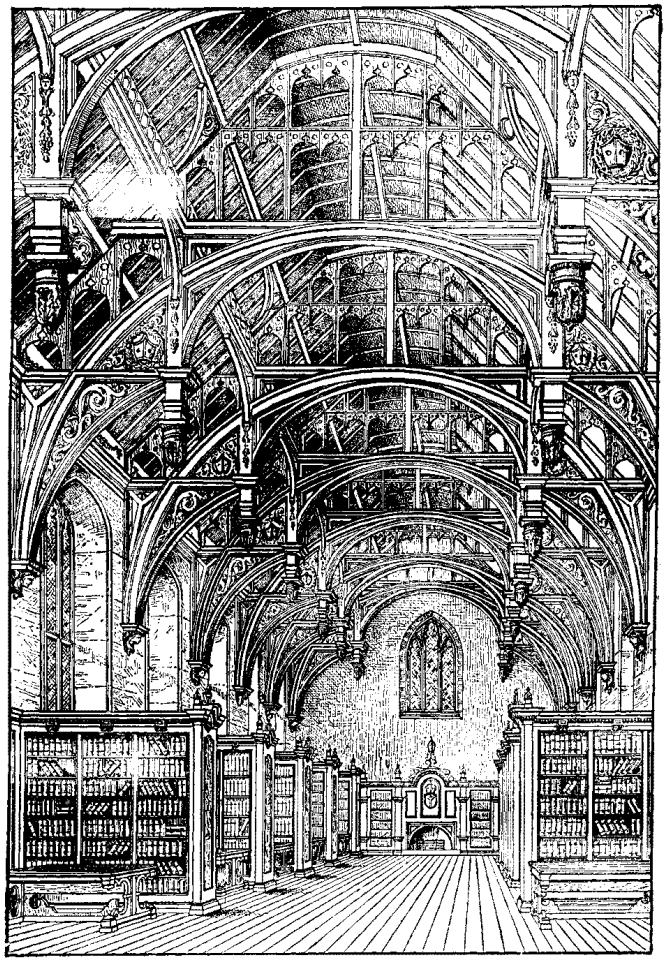

Lambeth Palace Library.

an increased demand for, and supply of, books. And the curious thing is that book-collecting was gradually passing away from the monks, and becoming exceedingly popular

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with the laity. 'Flocks and fleeces, crops and herds, gardens and orchards, the wine of the winecup, are the only books and studies of the monks.' The Franciscans, who (like the Dominicans) came to England in 1224, were expressly forbidden 'the possession of books or the necessary materials for study.' When Roger Bacon joined this order, he was deprived of his books. St. Francis himself, it seems, was once 'tempted to possess books'—by honest means, let us hope, although the point is not quite clear—and he almost yielded to the temptation, but finally decided that it would be sinful. The plague of books seems to have troubled this poor saint's soul, for he hoped that the day would come when men would throw their books out of the window as rubbish.

In proof of the theory that laymen at a very early period became book-collectors, the most interesting example which we can quote is that of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1315, and who bequeathed his library to Bordesley Abbey, Worcestershire, where it had already been deposited during his lifetime. Beginning with this preamble, 'A tus iceux qe ceste lettre verront ou orrount. Guy de Beauchamp, Comte de Warr. Saluz en Deu. Nous avoir bayle e en lagarde le Abbé e le covent de Bordesleye, lesse a demorer a touz jours les Romaunces de souz nomes; ces est assaveyr,' the bequest recites, with great minuteness, a remarkably interesting list of books. This list ('escrites ou Bordesleye le premer jour de may, le an du regñ le Roy Edwd trentime quart') is in the Lambeth Library, but it is reprinted by Todd in his 'Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer,' pp. 161, 162. This list is of more than ordinary interest, chiefly because the collection formed by a layman gives us a very good insight into the class of books which the early nobility of England read, or, at all events, collected. Religious books, of course, formed the background of the library, but there were many romances, such, for instance, as those of King Arthur, of 'Josep alb Arimathie e deu Seint Grael,' of 'Troies,' etc. There was also a book 'De Phisik et de Surgie.'

This collection contained between forty and fifty volumes,

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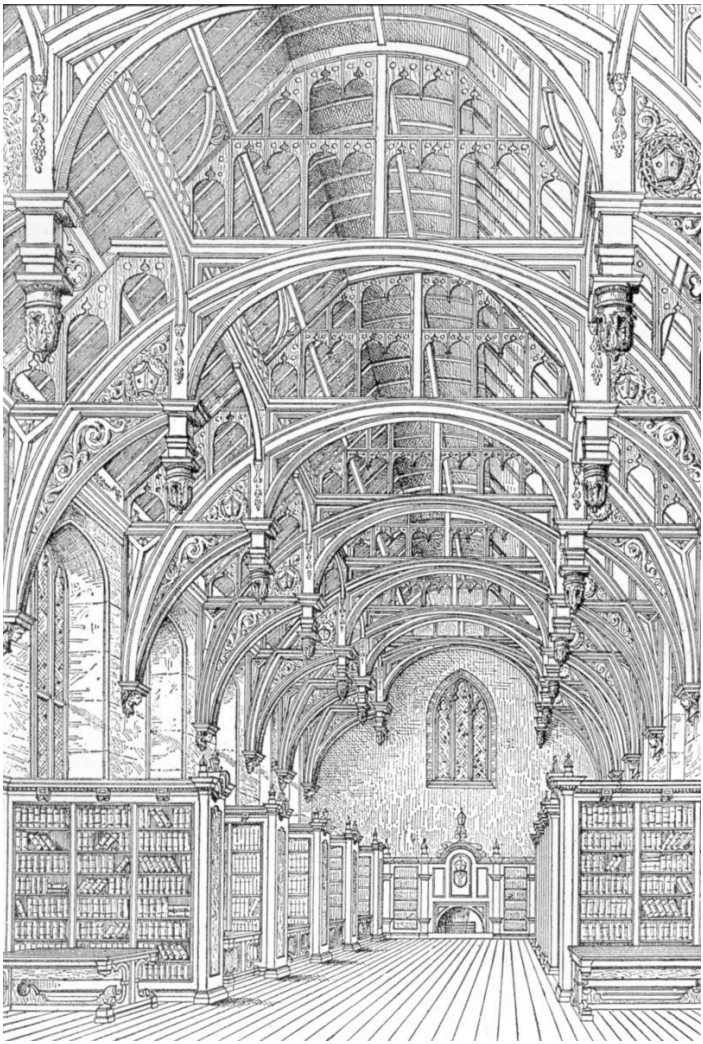

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in which was included pretty nearly the entire range of human knowledge as it then extended. It is well to remember in connection with this bequest that, at the same time, or, more correctly, in 1300, the academical library of Oxford consisted of a few tracts kept in chests under St. Mary's Church.

With the greatest book-collector of this period, Richard de Bury (1287-1345), the author of the 'Philobiblon,' unfortunately, we have little to do, as his book expeditions appear to have been confined almost entirely to foreign countries. He collected books from every source open to him, and wrote of his passion with a warmth of eloquence of which even Cicero might have been proud. His most important book transaction, which comes within the purview of the present volume, relates to the gift by an Abbot of St. Albans of four volumes to De Bury, then Clerk of the Privy Seal, viz., Terence, Virgil, Quintilian, and Hieronymus against Rufinus. In addition to these, the Abbot sold him thirty-two other books for fifty pounds of silver. When De Bury became Bishop this 'gift' troubled his conscience, and he restored several of the books which had come into his possession in a perfectly honest and legitimate manner, whilst others were secured from the Bishop's executors. One of the volumes acquired in the latter manner is now in the British Museum. It is a large folio MS. on the works of John of Salisbury, and bears upon it a note to the effect that it was written by Simon (Abbot of St. Albans, 1167-1183), and another to the following effect: 'Hunc librum venditum Domino Ricardo de Biry Episcopo Dunelmensi emit Michael Abbas Sancti Albani ab executoribus predicti episcopi anno Domini millesimo ccc° xlv^to^ circa purificationem Beate Virginis.'

The catalogue of the library of the Benedictine monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, in the Cottonian Collection, British Museum, and printed for the first time at length in Edward's 'Memoirs of Libraries' (i. 122-235), is a remarkable list of the most extensive collection of books at that time in this country. It was formed at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. This library was

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well furnished with works in science and history, and particularly so with the classics—Aristotle, Cicero, Lucan, Plato, Suetonius, Seneca, Terence, and Virgil. The extreme probability is that London was the highway through which the greater part of this and other early libraries passed. If, early in the fifteenth century, the book-hunter in London possessed few opportunities of purchasing books, he would have found several very good libraries which were open to his inspection. There was, for example, a very considerable collection in the Franciscan monastery, which once stood on the site now occupied by Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street. The first stone of this monastery was laid in October, 1421, amid much pomp, by the then Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington, who gave £400 in books. It was covered in before the winter of 1422, and completed in three years, and furnished with books. From Stow's 'Survey' we learn that one hundred marks were expended on the transcription of the works of Nicholas de Lira, to be chained in the library, and of which cost John Frensile remitted 20s. One of the chained books, 'The Lectures of Hostiensis,' cost five marks. From another source we learn that a Carmelite friar named John Wallden bequeathed to this library as many MSS. as were worth 2,000 pieces of gold.

Anthony à Wood refers to the oft-repeated charge of the book-covetousness of the mendicant friars, which, in fact, was carried to such an extreme 'that wise men looked upon it as an injury to laymen, who therefore found a difficulty to get any books.' Of the same period, there is a very curious anecdote in Rymer's 'Fœdera' 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.

Neither the book-hunger of the mendicant friars, nor the difficulties which surrounded the importation of books, appears to have militated greatly against the growing passion. We have the name, and only the name, of a very famous book-hunter—John of Boston—of the first decade of

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the fifteenth century, whose labours, however, have been completely blotted out of existence by the dispersed monasteries. But there were many other collectors whose memories have been handed down to us in a more tangible form, even if their collections of books are almost as abstract and indefinite as that of John of Boston. During the first quarter of the fifteenth century, we have quite a considerable little group of royal book-collectors—Henry IV., Henry V., and his brothers, John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. The last-named was undoubtedly the most enthusiastic bibliophile of the four, but whilst his extensive gifts of books to the University of Oxford may be said to have formed the foundation of the library there, they were in the following century destroyed by the mob. A few examples of his gifts are now preserved in the British Museum and at Oxford. His books were estimated at a very high figure, the value placed on 120 of them (out of the total of 600) being no less than £1,000. The memory of the Duke of Bedford's library is best perpetuated by the famous Bedford Missal, or Book of Hours, perhaps the most splendid example of fifteenth-century illustration. It is now in the British Museum, where it has been since 1852. The history of this missal, perhaps the most interesting in existence, is too well known to be dealt with here (see p. 109).

Henry V. was undoubtedly fond of books. Rymer refers to two petitions to the Council after the King's death for the return of valuable books of history, borrowed by him of the Countess of Westmoreland, and of the priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, and not returned, though one of them had been directed to be delivered to its owner by the King's last will. The elegantly illuminated copy of Lydgate's 'Hystory, Sege, and Destruccion of Troye,' 1513, in the Bodleian, is doubtless the copy which Lydgate gave to Henry V. At Cambridge there is the MS. of a French translation of Cardinal Bonaventure's 'Life of Christ,' with the note 'this wasse sumtyme Kinge Henri the fifeth his booke,' etc.

Henry VI. does not appear to have cared for books, and it is not surprising, what with wars abroad and excessive

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taxation, plague and famine at home, that literary tastes received a severe check. We get several glimpses of the dearth of books. In the MS. history of Eton College, in the British Museum, the Provost and Fellows of Eton and Cambridge are stated, 25 Henry VI., to have petitioned the King that 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 [for Divine service] may be found, paying a reasonable price for the same, and that the sayd men might have the choice of such 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.'

Book-importation by the galleys that brought the produce of the East to London and Southampton had assumed very considerable proportions during the fifteenth century; but the uncertainties which attended it were not at all favourable to its full development. Book-production was still progressing in the immediate neighbourhood of London. At St. Albans, for example, over eighty were transcribed under Whethamstede during this reign, a number which is peculiarly interesting when the degeneracy of the monasteries is remembered. Neither Edward IV. nor Richard III. seems to have availed himself of the increasing plenty of books. The library of the former was a very unimportant affair. From the Wardrobe Account of this King (1480) we get a few highly interesting facts concerning book-binding, gildings, and garnishing: 'For vj unces and iij quarters of silk to the laces and tassels for garnysshing of diverse Bookes, price the unce xiiij*d.*—vijs. x*d.* ob.; for the making of xvj laces and xvj tassels made of the said vj unces and iij of silke, price in grete ijs. vii*d.*' These moneys were paid to Alice Claver, a 'sylkwoman.' And again 'to Piers Bauduyn, stacioner, for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Titus Livius," xxs.; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke of the Holy Trinitie, xvjs.; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Frossard," xvjs.; for bynding, gilding and dressing of

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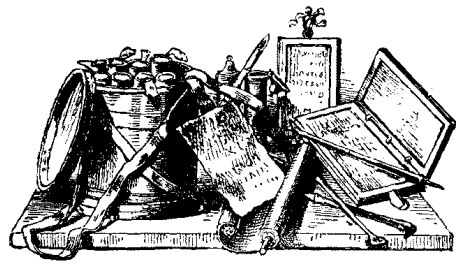
a booke called the Bible, xvjs.; for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called "Le Gouvernement of Kinges and Princes," xvjs.; for bynding and dressing of the three smalle bookes of Franche, price in grete vjs. viiij*d.*; for the dressing of ij bookes whereof oon is called "La Forteresse de Foy" and the other called the "Book of Josephus," iijs. iiij*d.*; and for bynding, gilding and dressing a booke called the "Bible Historial," xxs.'

The only incident which calls for special mention in the two next short reigns is a law, 1 Richard III., 1483, by which it was enacted that if any of the printers or sellers of printed books—the 'great plenty' of which came from 'beyond the sea'—'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, were to regulate the prices.



Roman Books and Writing Materials.

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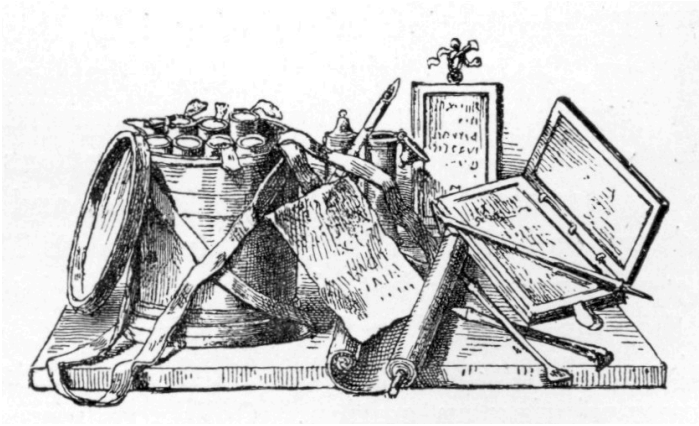

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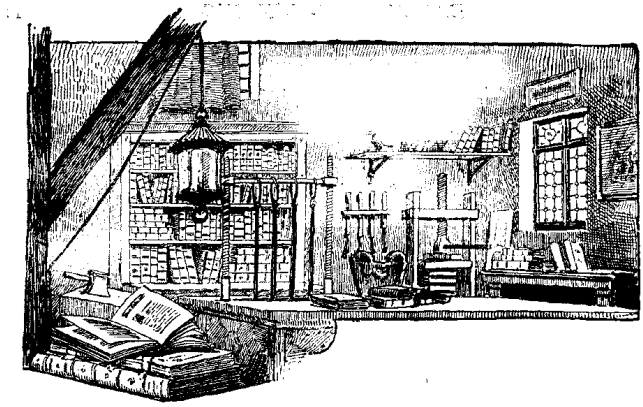

BOOK-HUNTING AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING.

I.

THE introduction of printing into this country by Caxton during the latter half of the fifteenth century had very little immediate effect on book-collecting. The operations of the press were slow, its patrons few, and its work controlled by one man. The reproduction of MSS. was essentially a slow process, but when these transcriptions were finished, they rarely failed to find a purchaser. Caxton, like Sweynheim and Pannartz at Subiaco, soon learned the seriousness of over-printing an edition. Collectors were few, and the introduction of printing did not very materially add to their number. London, however, soon became a recognised centre of the trade in books, and Henry VII. patronized, in his curious fashion, the collecting of them. He read, according to Bacon, 'most books that were of any worth in the French tongue,' and one of the most commendable actions of this King was the purchase of the noble series of

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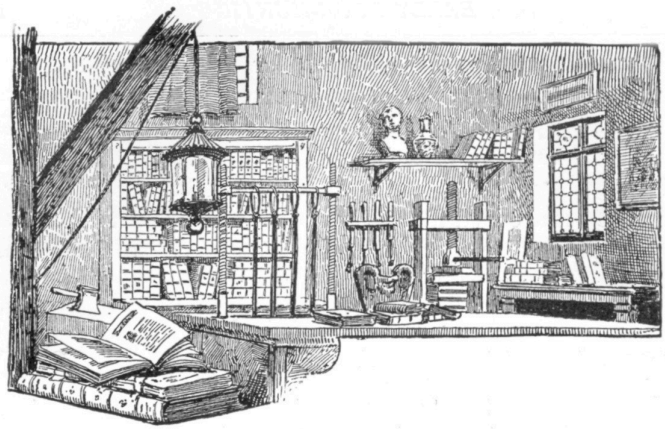

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vellum copies of the works printed at Paris by Antoine Vérard, now in the British Museum—an act by which he may be said to have laid the foundation of our great national library. The value of books at this period is not without interest; but we must confine ourselves to one or two facts relating to Caxton's books. At his death in 1492, a copy of the 'Golden Legend' was valued at 6s. 8d. in the books of the Westminster churchwarden. From a note by Dibdin, it would seem that the price of Caxtons towards the end of the reign of Henry VII. was as follows:

'Godfray of Boulogne' (imperfect), iis.
Virgil's 'Æneid' (perfect), xij*d*.
'Fait of Arms and Chivalry' (perfect), ij*s*. viij*d*.
'Chastising of God's Children,' viij*d*.

Henry VIII. was undoubtedly a book-lover as well as a book-collector. He established a library at St. James's. But perhaps it is rather as a book-disperser that Henry is entitled to notice in this place. The dissolution of the monasteries is the genesis of book-collecting in London. The first move in this respect is entitled 'An Act that all religious houses under the yearly revenue of £200 shall be dissolved and given to the King and his heirs,' and is dated 1535 (27 Henry VIII., cap. 28, ii. 134). The second is dated 1539. Whatever advantages in a general way the dissolution of the monasteries may have had, its consequences, so far as regards the libraries, which the monks considered as among their most cherished possessions, were disastrous beyond measure. Indeed, we have no conception of our losses. Addressing himself to Edward VI. in 1549, John Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, who had but little love for Popery of any description, writes in this strain: 'Avarice was the other dispatcher which hath made an end both of our libraries and books . . . to the no small decay of the commonwealth. A great number of them who purchased those superstitious mansions [monasteries], reserved of these Library-books, some . . . to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the book-

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binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole shipsfull, to the wondering of the foreign nations. Yea, the universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with so ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchantman, 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 gray paper by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. . . . Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities, unless they be stayed in time.' Fuller, in his 'Church History of Britain,' quotes Bale's lamentation, and adds his own testimony on the same subject: 'As brokers in Long Lane, when they buy an old suit buy the linings together with the outside, so it was considered meet that such as purchased the buildings of monasteries should in the same grant have the Libraries (the stuffing thereof) conveyed unto them. And now these ignorant owners, so long as they might keep a ledger-book or terrier by direction thereof to find such straggling acres as belonged unto them, they cared not to preserve any other monuments. The covers of books, with curious brass bosses and clasps, intended to protect, proved to betray them, being the baits of covetousness. And so many excellent authors, stripped out of their cases, were left naked, to be buried or thrown away. . . . What soul can be so frozen as not to melt into anger thereat? What heart, having the least spark of ingenuity, is not hot at this indignity offered to literature? I deny not but that in this heap of books there was much rubbish; legions of lying legends, good for nothing but fuel . . . volumes full fraught with superstition, which, notwithstanding, might be useful to learned men; except any will deny apothecaries the privilege of keeping poison in their shops, when they can make antidotes of them. But, beside these, what beautiful Bibles, rare Fathers, subtile Schoolmen, useful Historians—ancient, middle, modern; what painful Com-

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ments were here amongst them! What monuments of mathematics all massacred together; seeing every book with a cross was condemned for Popish; with circles for conjuring.'

The calamities bewailed in such picturesque language by Bale and Fuller would have been much more serious but for the labours of one of our earliest antiquaries and book-lovers, John Leland. 'The laboryouse Journey and serche of Johan Leylande for Englandes Antiquities geven of hym as a newe yeares gyfte to kynge Henry the viii in the xxxvij yeare of his Reygne,' 1549, is a remarkable publication, of great interest to the book-hunter and the antiquary.

But the fruits of Leland's researches cannot now be fully known, for he was too intent on accumulating material to draw up an adequate inventory. Much that he preserved from destruction is now in the British Museum, and some is in the Bodleian at Oxford. Some of the fragments which he had saved from the general destruction had been placed in the King's own library in Westminster.

The dissolution of the monasteries had among its many effects the creation, so to speak, of a large number of collectors. One of the most famous of the early sixteenth-century collectors, Sir Thomas More, however, died (in 1535) before he could have availed himself of the many treasures scattered to all quarters of the earth.

Dibdin records a bibliomaniacal anecdote which is well worth repeating here, as it shows 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 weare bussie in trussinge upp his bookes, Mr. Riche, pretending,' etc., 'whereupon Mr. Palmer, on his deposition, said, that he was soe bussie abt the trussinge upp Sir Tho. Moore's bookes in a sacke, that he tooke no heed of there talke.'

Henry, Earl of Arundel, was not slow to seize upon the advantages which the dissolution placed before everyone. At Nonsuch, in Surrey, he formed a library, which is described in a biography of him, written shortly after his

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death, as 'righte worthye of remembrance.' Besides his numerous MSS. and printed books, he acquired a considerable portion of the library of Cranmer, which was dispersed at the death of the Archbishop. His books passed to his son-in-law, Lord Lumley, at whose decease they were purchased by Henry, Prince of Wales, and are now in the British Museum. The Earl of Arundel's books are handsomely bound, and are known by his badge of the white horse and oak branch which generally occurs on the covers.

Earl of Arundel's Badge.

In Jeremy Collier's 'Ecclesiastical History' (vol. ii. 307) we get a glimpse of book-matters in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. At the end of February, 1550, we learn that the Council book mentions the King's sending a letter for the purging of the library at Westminster. The persons are not named, but the business was to cull out all superstitious books, as missals, legends, and such-like, and to deliver the garniture of the books, either gold or silver, to Sir Anthony Archer. These books were many of them plated with gold and silver and curiously embossed. This, as far as we can collect, was the superstition that destroyed them. 'Here avarice had a very thin disguise, and the courtiers discovered of what spirit they were to a remarkable degree.' Here is another picture of an almost contemporaneous event, equally vivid in its suggestiveness: 'John Tyndale, the translator's brother, and Thomas Patmore, merchants, were condemned to do penance by riding with their faces to their horses' tails, with their books fastened thick about them, pinned, or tacked, to their gowns or clokes, to the Standard in Cheap; and there with their own hands to fling them into the fire, kindled on purpose to burn them.'

As a book-collecting period the sixteenth century, from the accession of Henry VIII.—when books became the organs of the passions of mankind—to the death of Elizabeth, is full of intense interest. The old order had changed;

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the world itself had made an entirely fresh start. Men and events of the previous two or three centuries were almost as antique then as they are to-day, and perhaps in many respects they were infinitely less clearly understood. As the century grew in age, so the number of book-collectors increased. The hobby became first a passion with the few, and then the fashion with the many. Henry VIII. was perhaps a passive rather than an active collector, with a distinct leaning in favour of beautiful books. His three children, who followed him on the throne of England, were collectors of books, and the majority of their purchases must have been made in London. Many of these books have, at some time or other, drifted from private hands into the sale-rooms, but perhaps the majority of those now existing are to be found within the walls of our public institutions. For example, at the sale of Dr. Askew's MSS., in 1775, a very interesting item was purchased by a Mr. Jackson, a Quaker, and a dealer in wine and spirits, with whom book-collecting was a passion. The MS. proved to be in the handwriting of Edward VI.; it was in French, and dealt with his opinion of his right to the title of Supreme Head of the Church. At Jackson's sale the MS. became the property of the British Museum. As another illustration, we may refer to the copy of the 'Flores Historiarum per Matthæum Westmonasteriensem,' etc., 1570, in the British Museum (Cracherode Collection) which is the identical one presented by Archbishop Parker (by whose authority it was published) to Queen Elizabeth. It afterwards fell into the hands of Francis, Earl of Bedford, who bequeathed it, with the furniture of a little study, to his secretary. It was subsequently in the possession of Ritson. And yet again, in the Eton College Library, there is a copy of the 'Missale Romanum,' printed at Paris by Hardouyn, 1530, which belonged to Mary, with a sentence in her handwriting; this volume afterwards came into the possession of Mary of Este, Queen of James II., and subsequently into the hands of a London bookseller, from whom it was purchased for fifty-three shillings by Bishop Fleetwood, and presented to the college library.

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Indeed, a large volume might be compiled on the Adventures of Some Famous Books.

Interesting and important as is the phase of book-collecting which relates to royal personages, it falls into insignificance beside that of men who have achieved greatness through their own abilities. The books collected by Thomas Cranmer, for example, quite overshadow in interest anything which the whole reign of the Tudors could produce. It has been well said that his knowledge of books was wide, and his opportunities for acquiring them unrivalled. Cranmer was a generous collector, for his library was quite open for the use of learned men. Latimer spent 'many an hour' there, and has himself told us that he met with a copy of Dionysius 'in my Lord of Canterbury's library.' We have already seen that many of Cranmer's books passed into the possession of the Earl of Arundel, but many were 'conveyed and stolen awaie.' Cranmer's books have found an enthusiastic historian in Prebendary Burbidge, who has almost rehabilitated the great ecclesiastic's library in the first part of Mr. Quaritch's 'Dictionary of English Book-collectors.' Another book-collector of a very different type was amassing an extensive library at a somewhat later period than Cranmer: Dr. Dee, the famous necromancer, had collected '4,000 volumes, printed and unprinted, bound and unbound, valued at 2,000 lib.,' of which one Greek, two French and one High Dutch volumes of MSS. alone were 'worth 533 lib.' It occupied forty years to form this library. Most of his books passed into the possession of Elias Ashmole—who was another collector with an insatiable appetite—and now form a part of the Ashmolean Museum. Some of Dee's singular MSS. were found, long after his death, in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered. Reverting for a moment to Ashmole, he himself tells us that he gave 'five volumes of Mr. Dugdale's' works to the Temple Library. And further: 'My first boatful of books, which were carried to Mrs. Tradescant's, were brought back to the Temple.' In May, 1667, he bought Mr. John Booker's study of books, and gave £140 for them. In 1681 he bought 'Mr. Lilly's library of books of his widow, for £50.'

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A very distinguished book-collector of the Elizabethan period was Sir Francis Drake, the great Admiral. It did not seem to be at all known that the distinguished naval hero was also a bibliophile until 1883, when the collection of books was brought from the old residence of the Drakes, Nutwell Court, Lympstone, Devon, to Sotheby's. The sale comprised 1,660 lots, representing several thousand volumes, the total being £3,276 17s. 6d. It was especially rich in books and old tracts of the early seventeenth century relating to the English voyages to America, and some of these realized very high figures. Although the library was undoubtedly founded by Drake, it was evidently continued by his descendants. Bacon, Baron of Verulam, was a distinguished book-collector, as the shelves of his chambers in Gray's Inn would have testified. Archbishop Parker, than whom 'a more determined book-fancier never existed in Great Britain,' and Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, and the object of Tom Nash's withering scorn, were among the most inveterate book-collectors of Elizabethan London. Had Harvey—whose books usually contain his autograph on the title-page, and not a few of which were given him by Spenser —studied his books less, and the proper study of mankind a little more, he might have shown his talents off to a better advantage than in his conflicts with Nash. In the Bodleian there is a set of old tales and romances which Spenser lent Harvey, taking as a hostage, apparently, Harvey's copy of Lucian in four volumes. Harvey had a very poor opinion of such 'foolish' books, but he does not seem to have returned them to their rightful owner. The fire which destroyed Ben Jonson's MSS. undoubtedly consumed many of his printed books, but examples from his library, with 'Sum Ben Jonson' inscribed, are sometimes met with. Shakespeare may have had a library, but we have no evidence that he possessed even a copy of his own plays in quarto. The Elizabethan poets and dramatists were prodigious contributors to the press, but very poor patrons of booksellers. From various sources we get some highly-coloured and unflattering pictures of the typical booksellers of the period.

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Tom Nash has limned for us a vivid little portrait in 'Pierce Penilesse' (1592), in which he declares that if he were to paint Sloth, 'I swear that I would draw it like a stationer that I know, with his thumb under his girdle, who, if ever a man come to his stall to ask him for a book, never stirs his head, or looks upon him, but stands stone still, and speaks not a word, only with his little finger points backward to his boy, who must be his interpreter; and so all day, gaping like a dumb image, he sits without motion, except at such times as he goes to dinner or supper, for then he is as quick as other three, eating six times every day.'

II.

From start to finish the Stuart dynasty ruled England for close on three-quarters of a century. That book-collecting should have existed at all under it is a marvel. But the hobby no longer depended upon the patronage of courts and courtiers. From the Wise Fool, James I., to the Foolish Fool, the second James, collectors pursued their hobby in London and out of it. James I. began to collect books at a very early age, and a list of his library was published for the first time in the *Athenæum* in 1893. It has, however, but little interest to us in this place, for doubtless most of the books were imported into Scotland from the great book centre, Paris. The library which he acquired after his accession to the throne of England is of little consequence, for he was not the person to purchase books when he had the means, and doubtless many of his bookish possessions were gifts. In the library at Eton College there is his copy of Captain John Smith's 'History of Virginia,' 1624, which was rescued by Storer from a dirty bookseller's shop in Derby, and the existence of many others might be traced. It is certain that 'he gave them shabby coverings, and scribbled idle notes on their margins.' Had his son Henry lived, he might have developed into a respectable book-collector. We know for certain that he 'paid a Frenchman that presented a book, £4 10s.'; and that he

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paid 'Mr. Holyoak for writing a catalogue of the library which the Prince had of Lord Lumley, £8 13s. 4d.' Charles II., like his forbears, was not a book-buyer, and so far as he is concerned we must content ourselves with repeating a little anecdote after Dibdin, who refers to an 'old and not incurious library at Workingham, in Suffolk,' where there was a very fine ruled copy of Hayes's Bible, published at Cambridge, 1674, in two volumes folio; on the fly-leaf it contains the following memorandum: 'N.B.—This Bible belonged to K. Charles IId. and [was] given by him to Duke Lauderdale and sold by auction wth ye rest of his Books.' In a comparatively modern hand, below, is written in pencil:

> 'Hark ye, my friends, that on this Bible look,
> Marvel not at the fairness of the Book;
> No soil of fingers, nor such ugly things,
> Expect to find, Sirs, for it *was the King's*.'

The most distinguished Metropolitan book-collector of the period was Sir Robert Cotton, who began as early as 1588, and who had assistance from such antiquaries as William Camden and Sir Henry Spelman. This library, after being closed on account of the treasonable character of the documents contained in it, passed into the possession of Cotton's son, Sir Thomas, whose house was almost adjoining Westminster Hall. Anthony à Wood gives a curious account of a visit he paid it, when he found its owner practising on the lute. The key of the library was in the possession of one

Sir Robert Cotton.

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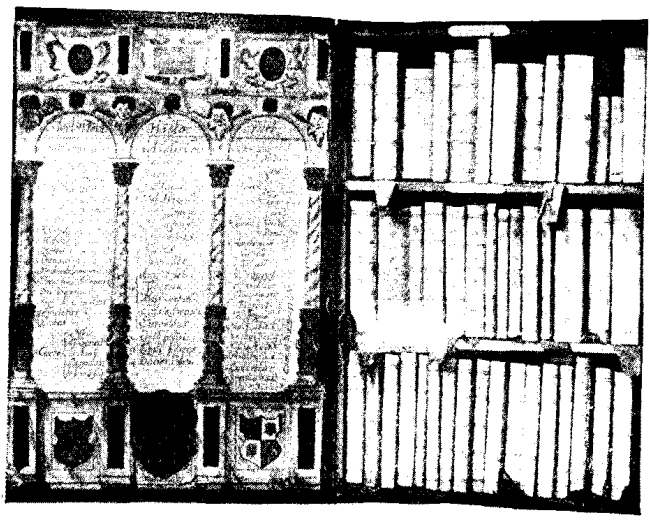
Pearson, who lodged with a bookseller in Little Britain. Wood was 'forced to walk thither, and much ado there was to find him.' This library was removed to Essex Street, and again back to Westminster to Ashburnham House in Little Dean's Yard, where it suffered greatly from a fire in 1731, and what remains of it is now in the British Museum. Sir Thomas Bodley was another collector, but few of his accumulations appear to have come from London.



Sir Julius Cæsar's Travelling Library.

The extraordinary collection of pamphlets got together by Tomlinson, and now stored in the British Museum, is too well known to need more than a passing reference. It is not so generally known that Narcissus Luttrell was a very voracious collector of broadsides, tracts, and so forth. To nearly every one of the items he affixed the price he paid for it. In 1820, at the Bindley sale, this extraordinary collection, ranging in date from 1640 to 1688, and comprising twelve volumes, realized the then large amount of £781.

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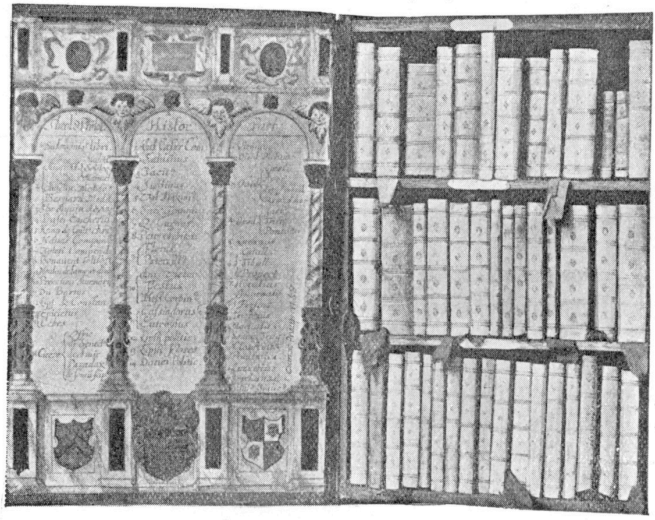

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Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls under James I., was a book-collector of the right sort, and his box of charming little editions of the classics, with which he used to solace himself on a journey, is now in the safe keeping of the British Museum. Sir Julius was born in 1557, and died in April, 1636; he possessed a fine collection of highly interesting manuscripts, which had the narrowest possible escape from being destroyed at the latter part of the last century. The collection was rescued in time by Samuel Paterson, the auctioneer, and it is now in the British Museum.

Robert Burton (the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy') was, like Luttrell, also a great collector of tracts, and his library, now in the Bodleian, is peculiarly rich in historical, political, and poetical pamphlets, and in miscellaneous accounts of murders, monsters, and accidents. He seems to have purchased and preserved a copy of everything that came out. 'There is no nation,' says Johnson, 'in which it is so necessary as in our own to assemble the small tracts and fugitive pieces.' 'The writers of these' frequently have opportunities 'of inquiring from living witnesses, and of copying their representations from the life, and preserve a multitude of particular incidents which are forgotten in a short time, or omitted in formal relations, and yet afford light in some of the darkest scenes of state.' 'From pamphlets,' says the same writer, 'are to be learned the progress of every debate, and of every opinion.' And he compares the impression produced on the mind of him who shall consult these tracts, and of another that refers merely to formal historians, to the *difference of him who hears of a victory, and him who sees the battle.* Archbishop Laud collected from far and wide. John Selden, like Laud, had a distinct weakness for learned books, and consequently could have found little to satisfy his cravings in London. Selden, when disturbed, put his spectacles into the book he was busy with by way of marking the place; and after his death numbers of volumes were found with these curious book-markers. John Felton, who murdered Buckingham, was also a book-collector in a small way. In Lilly's catalogue for

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1863 there was a copy of Peacham's 'Compleat Gentleman,' 1622, with the following on the fly-leaf: 'John Felton, vicessimo secundo die Junii, 1622.'

A few glances, at this point, at the more material phases of book-collecting may not be without interest. The following is one of the earliest bookseller's statements of accounts with which we are acquainted. It was rendered to 'the Right Honourable the Lord Conway,' on May 31, 1638, by Henry Seile, whose shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head, Fleet Street:

1 Nash's Ha' wee you to Saffron Walden -			00	02 06
1 Greene's Arcadia 1 Farewell to Folly 1 Tullies' Love 1 Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale 1 Mamilia 1 Never too Late 1 Groatesworth of Wit 1 Mourning Garment 1 Peers pennylesse supplicatiō	These nine Bookes were delivered to your Lordship at Xs.		00	10 0

In a letter addressed to Evelyn by Dr. Cosin (afterwards Bishop of Durham) during his exile, and dated July 18, 1651, we get a delightful glimpse of two book-lovers doing 'a deal.' Mr. Evelyn was apparently a man who could drive a bargain with Hebraic shrewdness. 'Truly, sir,' expostulated mildly the excited ecclesiastic, 'I thought I had prevented any further motion of abatement by the large offer that I made to you. . . . If you consider their number, I desire you would be pleased to consider likewise, that they are a choice number, and a company of the best selected books among them all. . . . There is in your note Pliny's "Natural History" in English, priced at 36s., which is worth £3; Camden's "Errors," priced at 5s. 6d., for which I have seen £1 given; Paulus Jovius at £1, which sells now in Paris at 4 pistoles; and Pol. Virgil at 10s., which sells here for £10; William of Malmesbury at 15s., for which they demand here £30, and Asser Menev, etc., at 14s., which they will not part with here nor elsewhere abroad for £20.'

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It is highly probable that the book-market was never so bad in London as during this period; for, in addition to the above illustration, and at about the same time, Isaac Vossius came over to this country with a quantity of literary property, some of which had belonged to his learned father, in the hopes of selling it; but he 'carried them back into Holland,' where 'a quicker mercate' was expected.

III.

Sic transit gloria mundi might well be the motto of a History of Book-Collectors, for in by far the majority of cases great private libraries have been formed in one generation by genuine bookworms, only to be scattered in the next by needy legatees or in consequence of impoverished estates. There can be no doubt that several famous libraries have derived their origin from the mere vanity of emulating a fashionable pursuit. Into this matter, however, it is not necessary for us to enter, except to hazard the suggestion that if the money had not been spent in that direction it would doubtless have been squandered in some less worthy and enduring manner. One of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the history of private collections of the seventeenth century is embedded in the long and entertaining letter which John Evelyn addressed to Mr. Pepys in August, 1689. This letter is so accessible that it may seem superfluous to quote any part of it; but a few of the leading points are necessary to the proper sequence of our story. 'The Bishop of Ely has a very well-stored library, but the very best is what Dr. Stillingfleet has at Twickenham, ten miles out of town. . . . Our famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, purchased a very choice library of Greek and other MSS., which were sold him by Dr. Meric Casaubon, son of the learned Isaac; and these, together with his delicious villa, Durdens, came into the possession of the present Earl of Berkeley from his uncle, Sir Robert Cook. . . . I have heard that Sir Henry Savill was master of many precious MSS., and he is frequently celebrated for it by the learned Valesius, almost in every page of that

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learned man's Annotations on Eusebius, and the Ecclesiastical Historians published by him. The late Mr. Hales, of Eton, had likewise a very good library; and so had Dr. Cosin, late Bishop of Duresme [and afterwards of Durham], a considerable part of which I had agreed with him for myself during his exile abroad, as I can show under his own hand; but his late daughter, since my Lady Garret, thought I had not offered enough, and made difficulty in delivering them to me till near the time of his Majesty's restoration, and after that the Dean, her father, becoming Bishop of that opulent See, bestowed them on the library there. But the Lord Primate Usher was inferior to none I have named among the clergy for rare MSS., a great part of which, being brought out of Ireland, and left his son-in-law, Sir Timothy Tyrill, was disposed of to give bread to that incomparable Prelate during the late fanatic war. Such as remained yet at Dublin were preserved, and by a public purse restored and placed in the college library of that city. . . . I forbear to name the late Earl of Bristol's and his kinsman's, Sir Kenelm Digby's, libraries, of more pompe than intrinsic value, as chiefly consisting of modern poets, romances, chymical, and astrological books. . . . As for those of Sir Kenelm, the catalogue was printed and most of them sold in Paris, as many better have lately been in London.

Archbishop Usher.

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The Duke of Lauderdale's* is yet entire, choicely bound, and to be sold by a friend of mine, to whom they are pawned; but it comes far short of his relation's, the Lord Maitland's, which was certainly the noblest, most substantial and accomplished library that ever passed under the speare, and heartily it grieved me to behold its limbs, like those of the chaste Hippolytus, separated and torn from that so well chosen and compacted a body. The Earl of Anglesey's, and several others since, by I know not what invidious fate, passed the same fortune, to whatever influence and constellation now reigning malevolent to books and libraries, which can portend no good to the future age.'

It is interesting to note that of the several libraries enumerated by Evelyn three have become, partly or wholly, public property. That of Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Ely, was purchased after his death by George I. for £6,000, and presented to the University of Cambridge, where it now is.† Evelyn himself was, as will have been gathered, an ardent book-collector. He began forming a library very early in life, whilst that of his brother came to him by bequest. At the time of his death he had a very extensive collection of books at Wotton, which has been considerably augmented by his successors. In the early part of the present century William Upcott, of the London Institution, drew up a complete catalogue. Upcott's appearance on the scene synchronized with the disappearance of a number of volumes from the Evelyn Library; it has been suggested that Lady Evelyn presented them to him 'or something of that sort,' although the circumstance has never been officially explained. Certain it is that

* In Hearne's 'Diary,' published by the Oxford Historical Society, there is a very quaint note about the Duke of Lauderdale, who is described as 'a Curious Collector of Books, and when in London would very often go to ye Booksellers shops and pick up w^t^ curious Books he could meet with; but y^t^ in his Elder years he lost much of his Learning by minding too much Politicks.'

† At the Cambridge University Library there are some very interesting diaries of this famous book-lover, styled 'Father of Black Letter Collectors,' chiefly relating to the purchases of books. All the more important facts have been published in the pages of the *Bibliographer*.

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a large number of books formerly in the possession of the diarist have at times appeared in the auction-room. The most important which occurred during the last few years are two beautifully-written MSS., the work of Richard Hoare, one having the title 'Instructions Œconomiques,' 1648, with a dedication 'To the present mistress of my youth, the hopeful companion of my riper years, and the future nurse of my old age, Mrs. May Evelyn, my deare wife,' etc. The second was a book of Private Devotions, 1650. Evelyn

Wotton House in 1840.

was also unfortunate in his lifetime, inasmuch as the Duke of Lauderdale 'came to my house, under pretence of a visit,' but in reality to borrow 'for a few days' certain valuable MSS., which this aristocratic thief never returned. So, too, he lent Burnet a quantity of MS. material for his 'History of the Reformation,' which, like other borrowed books, never came back. A large number of first editions of the works of J. Evelyn, together with some books from his library, illustrated with his autograph notes, occurred in the sale of the library of the late Arthur Davis, of Deptford and East Far-

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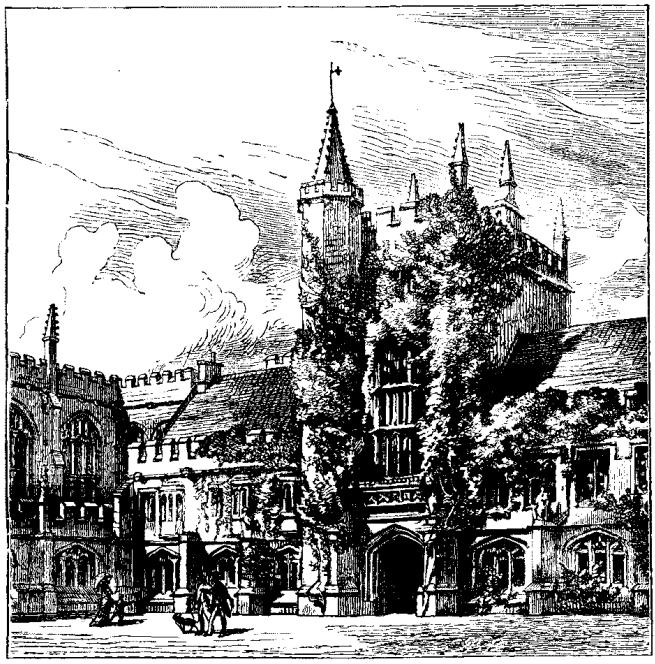
leigh, July, 1857, many of which were doubtless purloined at some time or other.

Of all the seventeenth-century book-collectors, perhaps the most interesting is that other diarist, Samuel Pepys. Samuel was not a man of great learning, but his wit, his knowledge of the world, and his humanity were unbounded. He



Magdalen College, Oxford.

welcomed almost anything in the shape of a book, from a roguish French novel to a treatise on medals, from a loose Restoration play to a maritime pamphlet, and from lives of the saints to books on astrology or philosophy. Not a great man, perhaps, but one of the most delightful and entertaining that one could wish. The Secretary's 'Diary' is full of allusions to men and events of bookish interest, and gives

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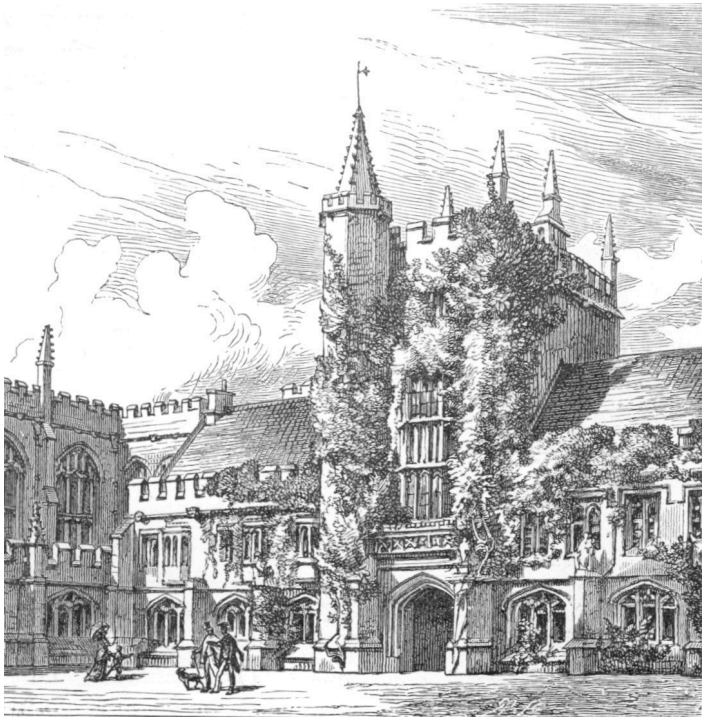

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frequent illustrations of his amiable passion for book-collecting. Fortunately, we have not to grope in the dark to get an accurate portrait of the genial Samuel as a book-collector, for his entire library is preserved, almost in the same state as he left it, at Magdalen College, Oxford, 'as curious a medley of the grave and gay' as any person of catholic tastes could wish for. The library consists of almost 3,000 volumes, preserved in eleven mahogany bookcases. The books are all arranged in double rows, the small ones in front being sufficiently low to permit of the titles of the back row of larger ones being easily read. The library is a remarkably accurate reflection of the tastes of the founder. In addition to what is termed ordinary useful books, there are many rarities, including no less than nine Caxtons, and several from the press of Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson. The celebrated collection of ballads, commenced by Selden and continued by Pepys, is second only in importance to the famous Roxburghe collection now in the British Museum. The manuscripts of various kinds form a very valuable part of this celebrated collection.

Sir Hans Sloane's Monument.

John Bagford, the biblioclast (1675-1716), also furnishes us, like Evelyn, with a list of book-collectors who were contemporaneous with him. Besides Bishop Moore, already mentioned, there were Sir Hans

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Sloane, Lords Carbery (Duke of Kent), Pembroke, Somers, Sunderland, and Halifax. Among the commoners who emulated their 'betters' were Messrs. Huckle, Chichely, Bridges, Walter Clavell, Rawlinson, Slaughter, Topham, Wanley, Captain Hatton, 'Right Hon. Secretary Harley,' and Dr. Salmon, whose collection is said to have consisted of 1,700 folios. Edwards, in his most valuable work on libraries, mentions yet a third list, which is anonymous, and is apparently almost contemporaneous with Bagford's. The list is introduced with the remark that 'the laudable emulation which is daily increasing amongst the nobility of England, vying with each other in the curiosities and other rich furniture of their respective libraries, gives cheerful hope of having the long-hidden monuments of ancient times raised out of their present dust and rubbish,' and then makes special mention of the libraries of the Duke of Kent, Lords Derby, Denbigh, Longueville, Willoughby de Broke, Sunderland, Somers, and Halifax.

When good Mr. Evelyn described Sir Kenelm Digby's library as 'of more pomp than intrinsic value,' and as 'chiefly consisting of modern poets, romances, chemical and astrological books,' he did not contemplate the future possibility of such despised trifles becoming fashionable and in greater request than the accumulations of the collectors to whom the classics were daily food. As Edwards has pointed out, the portion which Digby gave to the Bodleian was in reality the fruit of the researches of his tutor, Thomas Allen. The portion which was of his own collecting, and consequently the only portion which accurately mirrored his own tastes, he took with him to France when driven into exile. When he died there, it apparently passed into the possession of Digby, Earl of Bristol, on whose account it was sold in London in 1680, fifteen years after its owner's death. The catalogue enumerated 3,878 items, of which 69 were manuscripts, the total of the sale being £904 4s.

Among the most famous of the seventeenth-century collectors were the two brothers Francis, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper (1637-1685), and Dr. John North, master of

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Trinity College (1645-1683). Of these two there are some very entertaining facts in Roger North's 'Lives of the Norths' (1742-44). Dr. John North, we are told, 'very early in his career began to look after books and to lay the foundation of a competent library . . . buying at one lift a whole set of Greek classics in folio, in best editions. This sunk his stock [of money] for the 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 courted, as a fond lover, all best editions, fairest characters, best-bound and preserved. . . . 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. . . . His soul was never so staked down as in an old bookseller's shop. . . . 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 in shops for many 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.' At his death the collection came to his brother, the Lord Keeper.

As with Dr. John North, book-hunting was the consuming passion of the life of a very different man—Richard Smyth or Smith (of whom there is a very fine and rare engraving by W. Sherwin), one of the Secondaries or Under-Sheriffs from 1644 to 1655. Having sufficient wealth, he resigned his municipal appointment, which was worth £700 a year, in order to devote himself entirely to book-hunting. Anthony à Wood describes him as 'infinitely curious and inquisitive after books,' and states that 'he was constantly known every

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day to walk his rounds amongst the booksellers' shops (especially in Little Britain).' Richard Chiswell, the bookseller who drew up a catalogue of Smith's books, which subsequently came into his possession *en bloc*, tells us that his skill and experience enabled him 'to make choice of such books that were not obvious to every man's eye. . . . He lived in times which ministered peculiar opportunities of meeting with books that were not every day brought into public light, and few eminent libraries were bought where he had not the liberty to pick and choose. 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.' This collection was sold by auction in May,

Little Britain in 1550.

1682, the catalogue of it occupying 404 closely-printed pages in large quarto. There were fourteen Caxtons, 'the aggregate produce' of which was £3 14s. 7d.; the Godfrey of Bulloigne' selling for 18s., 'being K. Edwarde the IVth's owne booke,' and the 'Booke of Good Manners,' for 2s.; the highest price in the entire sale being given for Holinshed's 'Chronicle,' 'with the addition of many sheets that were castrated, being . . . not allowed to be printed,' £7. Smith left an interesting and valuable obituary list of certain of his bibliopolic friends (which is reprinted in *Willis' Current Notes*, February, 1853), one of whom, according to him, was 'buried at St. Bartholomew's, without wine or wafers, only gloves and rosemary.'

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Dr. Francis Bernard, chief physician to James II., was an indefatigable book-hunter; being 'a person who collected his books, 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 an inducement for him to buy. 'Twas sufficient for him that he had the book.' His library was sold in 1698, and realized the then enormous sum of £2,000. John Bridges, of Lincoln's Inn, the historian of Northamptonshire, was a collector who read as well as bought books; his collection was sold at auction in 1726, when 4,313 lots realized £4,001. Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was a collector with comprehensive tastes and almost unlimited means. His collection is now in the British Museum, and is computed to have numbered about 26,000 volumes, on the binding of only a portion of which he is said to have expended £18,000, besides a mass of 350,000 pamphlets. Thomas Baker (1625-1690) bequeathed a portion of his library to St. John's College, Cambridge, notwithstanding the fact that he was ejected therefrom. He was an unceasing collector, but his finances were scanty, and, worst of all, he had to contend with collectors of greater wealth, or 'purse-ability' as Bodley calls it. Writing to Humfrey Wanley, he says: 'I begin to complain of the men of quality who lay out so much for books, and give such prices that there is nothing to be had for poor scholars, whereof I have found the effects. When I bid a fair price for an old book, I am answered, the "quality" will give twice as much, and so I have done. I have had much ado to pick up a few old books at tolerable prices, and despair of any more.' About 2,000 of his books went to St. John's College, and the others were sold by auction, many bearing the inscription 'Thomas Baker, socius ejectus,' etc. The library of another collector who, like Baker, had more of the kicks than of the ha'pence of this life, Thomas Hearne (1678-1735), may be mentioned briefly in this paragraph, for both were men of great learning. Hearne's collection was sold in February, 1736, by Osborne the bookseller, 'the lowest price being marked in each book.' On the title-page

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of the catalogue, and beneath a poor portrait of Hearne, is the well-known couplet:

> 'Quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
> "Whatever I forget, you learn."'

Humphrey Dyson is another book-collector of this period, and is described by Hearne as 'a very curious man in collecting books.' The Wesleys were book-lovers and readers, but have perhaps but little claim to rank as collectors *pur sang*. However, it is interesting to point out that Lilly's catalogue for 1863 included a copy of Purcell's 'Orpheus Britannicus,' 1706, with an inscription on the fly-leaf: 'C. Wesley, junior. The valuable gift of his much-honor'd Father.'

The Restoration poets, like those of the Elizabethan period, had a sufficiently hard fight to keep themselves in food; books were luxuries which they could only venture to enjoy at long and uncertain intervals. Dryden and Congreve, however, appear to have been addicted to the pleasant pastime.

An exceedingly interesting copy of Spenser's 'Works,' folio, 1679, was once in the possession of Mr. F. S. Ellis. On the fly-leaf occurred this note: 'The corrections made in this book are of Mr. Dryden's own handwriting. J. Tonson.' The volume occurred in an auction, where its value was not detected. The 'corrections,' Mr. Ellis states, extend through the whole of the volume, and bear witness to the care and diligence with which Dryden had studied Spenser's poems. Several of the notes are in explanation of the text, but for the most part are careful and curious corrections of the text and press. The pedigree of this volume is well established by its having in the cover the bookplate of Thomas Barrett, of Lee, celebrated by Dibdin as a 'bibliomaniacal and tasteful gentleman.' Though Barrett died in 1757, his library was not dispersed till a few years since. Izaak Walton was a collector, and took the wise precaution of writing his autograph in each volume, as the very interesting score of examples now at Salisbury prove. His friend, Charles Cotton, of cheerful memory, was much more of a book-collector, although from the 'Angler' it would seem that his

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whole library was contained in his hall window. Like Walton, Cotton wrote his autograph in most of his books, which occur in the auction-room at irregular intervals. The extent or variety of the Cotton correction may be gathered from the following 'epigram' which Sir Aston Cokaine wrote (1658) 'To my Cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton the Younger':

> 'D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
> And Machiavil, the subtle Florentine,
> In their originals I have read through,
> Thanks to your library, and unto you,
> The prime historians of later times; at least
> In the Italian tongue allow'd the best.
> When you have more such books, I pray vouchsafe
> Me their perusal, I'll return them safe.
> Yet for the courtesy, the recompense
> That I can make you will be only thanks.
> But you are noble-soul'd, and had much rather
> Bestow a benefit than receive a favour.'

One of the most remarkable collections of books ever made by a private individual was that known as the Sunderland Library. It was formed, not only in the short space of twelve years, but at a time when many books, now of almost priceless value, and scarcely to be had at any price, were comparatively common, and certainly not costly. Neither money nor pains was spared, 'and the bibliographical ardour of the founder soon began to be talked of in the bookshops of the chief cities of Europe.' The founder, Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, lived at Althorp, his town house being in Piccadilly, on the site of which the Albany now stands. At the latter place this library was lodged for several years. In Macky's 'Journey through England,' 1724, Sunderland House is there described as being separated from the street of Piccadilly 'by a wall with large grown trees before the gate. . . . The greatest beauty of this palace is the library, running from the house into the garden; and I must say is the finest in Europe, both for the disposition of the apartments, and of the books. The rooms, divided into five apartments, are fully 150 feet long, with two

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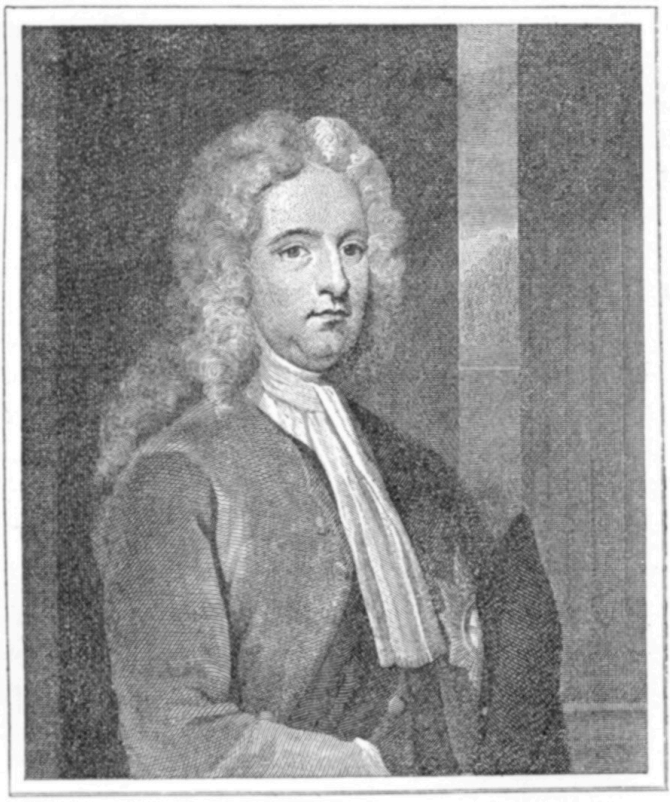

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stories of windows, and a gallery runs round the whole in the second story for the taking down books. No nobleman in any nation hath taken greater care to make his collection complete, nor does he spare any cost for the most valuable and rare books. Besides, no bookseller in Europe hath so many editions of the same book as he, for he hath all, especially of the classicks.' The founder of this famous

Charles, Third Earl of Sunderland.

library died on April 19, 1722. Evelyn has left a few very interesting facts concerning this collection. Under the date March 10, 1695, we read: 'I din'd at the Earl of Sunderland's with Lord Spencer. My Lord shew'd me his library, now again improv'd by many books bought at the sale of Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent physician, which was the very best collection, especially of mathematical books, that was I believe in Europe, once design'd for the King's

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library at St. James's, but the Queen dying, who was the greate patroness of the designe, it was let fall, and the books were miserably dissipated.' Four years later, April, 1699, we have another entry, to the effect that Lord Spencer purchased 'an incomparable library,' until now the property of 'a very fine scholar, whom from a child I have known,' whose name does not transpire [? Hadrian Beverland], but in whose library were many 'rare books . . . that were printed at the first invention of that wonderful art.' In reference to Macky's incidental allusion to the Earl of Sunderland's indifference to cost in forming his library, Wanley confirms this. Writing in December, 1721, the diarist observes that the books in Mr. Freebairn's library 'in general went low, or rather at vile rates, through a combination of the booksellers against the sale. Yet some books went for unaccountably high prices, which were bought by Mr. Vaillant, the bookseller, who had an unlimited commission from the Earl of Sunderland.' Among the items was an edition of Virgil, printed by Zarothus *circa* 1475: 'It was noted that when Mr. Vaillant had bought the printed Virgil at £46, he huzza'd out aloud, and threw up his hat, for joy that he had bought it so cheap.' When this famous book-collector died, Wanley observes that 'by reason of his decease some benefit may accrue to this library [Lord Oxford's], even in case his relations will part with none of his books. I mean, *by his raising the price of books no higher now;* so that, in probability, this commodity may fall in the market; and any gentleman be permitted to buy an uncommon old book for less than forty or fifty pounds.' The third son of this famous book-collector, Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, and second Duke of Marlborough, greatly enlarged the collection formed by his father; and it was removed to Blenheim probably in 1734. This famous library remained practically intact until it came under the hammer at Puttick and Simpson's, occupying fifty-one days in the dispersal at intervals from December 1, 1881, to March 22, 1883, the total being £55,581 6s. It is stated that the library originally cost about £30,000.

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Dr. David Williams, who from 1688 to the end of his life was minister of a Presbyterian congregation which met at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, was a contemporary book-collector and book-hunter. His special line was theology, and his library, which absorbed that of Dr. Bates, once Rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, is still preserved intact, and is now, to a certain degree, a free library. Archbishop Tenison was another great book-hunter of this period, and his library was preserved more or less intact until 1861, when it was dispersed at Sotheby's, under an order of the Charity Commissioners.

The brothers Thomas and Richard Rawlinson were, probably, the most omnivorous collectors of the earlier part of the last century. Everything in the shape of a book was welcomed. The former (1681-1725), whose 'C. & P.' (collated and perfect) appears on the frontispiece, title-page, or fly-leaf of books, when he lived in Gray's Inn, had so filled his set of four rooms with books that he was obliged to sleep in the passage. He is said to be the original study for the 158th *Tatler*, in which 'Tom Folio' and other *soi-disant* scholars are trounced. 'He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace.' It is very doubtful whether Addison (who wrote this particular *Tatler*) really had Thomas Rawlinson in mind, whom he describes as 'a learned idiot.' Swift has declared that some know books as they do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. But neither description is applicable to Rawlinson, who, for all that, may have known much more about Aldus or the Elzevirs than about Virgil or Horace. With a pretty taste for epithets, in which our forefathers sometimes indulged, Hearne has defended his friend from Addison's sarcasms by declaring that the mistake could only have been made by a 'shallow buffoon.' That Rawlinson was a bibliomaniac there can be no question, for if he had a score copies of one book, he would purchase another for the mere gratification of possessing it. When he removed to the large mansion in Aldersgate Street, which had been the palace of the Bishops

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of London, and which he shared with his brother, 'the books still continued to be better lodged than their owner.' He died, at the comparatively early age of fourty-four, as he had lived, among dust and cobwebs, 'in his bundles, piles and bulwarks of paper.' The catalogue of his huge mass of books was divided into nine parts; the sale of the MSS. alone occupied sixteen days. Richard Rawlinson (died 1755) survived his brother thirty years, and continued to collect books with all his brother's enthusiasm, but without his sheer book-greed. His MSS. are at Oxford, and the extent and richness of his accumulations may be gathered from the fact that the collector laid nearly thirty libraries under contribution. His printed books were sold in 1756 by Samuel Baker (now Sotheby's), the sale occupying forty-nine days, and the total amounting to £1,155 1s.; a second sale included 20,000 pamphlets, and a third sale consisted of prints.

London House, Aldersgate Street, 1808.

Among the wisest and most distinguished book-collectors of the first half of the last century is Dr. Richard Mead (1673-1754), a physician by profession, but a bibliophile by instinct, and whom Dr. Johnson described as having 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any other man.' As Dr. Mead's fine library was 'picked up at Rome,' it scarcely comes within our purview; but it may be mentioned that so long as this fine collection remained intact in London, it was *ipso facto* a free library; it was especially rich

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in the classics, sciences and history. The first part was sold by Samuel Baker in 1754, and the second in the following year, the 6,592 lots occupying fifty-seven days, the total of the books being £5,496 15s. Dr. Mead's mantle descended to his great friend and pupil, Dr. Anthony Askew (1722-1774), who had an exceedingly fine library; his career as a collector began in Paris in 1749, and nearly all his choicest treasures appear to have been gathered on the Continent, and chiefly it seems by Joseph Smith, the English Consul at Venice. Askew's first library was purchased by George III. in 1762, and now forms an integral part of the British Museum. His subsequent accumulations were dispersed in two sections, the books in 1775, and the MSS. ten years later. We shall have occasion to refer again to the Askew sale. Dr. Richard Farmer appears to have imbibed his taste for book-collecting from Askew, and became an indefatigable haunter of the London and country bookstalls, his special line being Early English literature, then scarcely at all appreciated; it is stated that the collection, which cost him less than £500, realized, when sold by auction by King in 1798, upwards of £2,000. Dr. Farmer is better remembered by posterity as a Shakespearian critic or commentator. He was a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and appears to have had what Dibdin describes as 'his foragers, his jackalls, and his *avant-couriers*,' who picked up for him every item of interest in his particular lines. As becomes the true bibliophile, he was peculiarly indifferent to his dress, but he was a scholar of great abilities. A glance at a priced copy of his sale catalogue is enough to turn any book-lover green with envy. For example, his copy of Richard Barnfield's 'Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money' (1598), sold for 19s., Malone being the purchaser. That copy is now in the Bodleian. In 1882, the Ouvry copy of the same book realized 100 guineas! A copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' (1667), with the first title-page, sold for 11s.; a volume of twelve poems, chiefly printed by Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, realized 25 guineas. Each item would probably realize

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the amount paid for the whole, should they again occur for sale, which is most unlikely. Both his friends, George Steevens and Isaac Reed, were equally zealous collectors, and each had a strong weakness for the same groove of collecting. The library of Steevens was sold, also by King, in 1800, and the 1,943 items realized £2,740 15s.; whilst that of Reed, sold seven years later, contained 8,957 articles, and realized £4,387.

Both Steevens and Isaac Reed call for a much more extended notice than it is possible to give them here. Many of Steevens' books realized twenty times the amount which he paid for them. Steevens, who was born in 1736, resided in a retired house 'just on the rise of Hampstead Heath,' so Dibdin tells us, the house being formerly known as the Upper Flask Tavern, to which 'Richardson sends Clarissa in one of her escapes from Lovelace.' Here, as Dibdin further tells us, Steevens lived, embosomed in books, shrubs, and trees. '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 the cynic. His attachments were warm, but fickle, both in choice and duration.' Several of his letters are printed in Dibdin's 'Bibliomania' (edit. 1842), in which will also be found a long series of extracts from the sale catalogue of his library. There were nearly fifty copies of the first or early quartos of the Shakespearian plays, which were knocked down at prices varying from 5s. to, in a few instances, over £20. The first, second, third and fourth folios realized £22, £18 18s., £8 8s., and £2 12s. 6d., respectively! Isaac Reed was in many ways a remarkable man. He was the son of a baker in the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. Born in 1742, he commenced professional life as a solicitor, which he soon abandoned for the more congenial pursuit of literature. His knowledge of English literature was unbounded, and the dispersal of his remarkable library was one of the wonders of the year 1807. He was for over forty years a diligent collector, and few days passed in that period which did not witness an addition to his library. He died at his chambers in Staple

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Inn. 'I have been almost daily at a book-auction,' writes Malone—'the library of the late Mr. Reed, the last Shakespearian, except myself, where my purse has been drained as usual. But what I have purchased are chiefly books of my own trade. There is hardly a library of this kind now left, except my own and Mr. Bindley's, neither of us having the least desire to succeed the other in his peculiar species of literary wealth.'

St. Bernard's Seal.

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FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW.

I.

IN few phases of human action are the foibles and preferences of individuals more completely imbricated than in that of book-collecting. Widely different as were the book-hunters' fancies at the beginning and at the end of the eighteenth century, yet it would not be possible to draw a hard and fast line. For the greater part of that time the classics of every description and of every degree of unimportance held their own. Reluctant, therefore, to abandon the chief stimulant of their earlier book-hunting careers, many collectors still took a keen interest in their *primi pensieri*. But their real passion found a vent in other and less beaten directions. In addition to this, during the eighteenth century a large number of small working libraries were formed by men who *used* books. Henry Fielding, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Smollett, Gibbon, Pope, and many others, are essentially figures in the history of book-hunting in London, but they had neither the means nor, so far as we are aware, the inclination to indulge in book-collecting as a

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mere fashionable hobby. Mr. Austin Dobson has lately published an interesting account of Fielding's library, in which he proves not only that Fielding had been a fervent student of the classics in his youth and that he remained a voracious reader through life, but that he made good use of a large collection of Greek and Latin authors, which was sold at his death.

Mr. Austin Dobson.
From a photograph by E. C. Porter, Ealing.

The eighteenth century may be regarded as the Augustan age so far as book-hunting in London is concerned. A large percentage of the most famous collections were either formed, or the collectors themselves were either born or died, in that period. The Beckford and Hamilton, the Heber, the Sunderland, the Althorp, and the King's Library, all had their origins prior to 1800.

Richard Heber (1773-1833), with all his vast knowledge, learning, and accomplishments, was a bibliomaniac in the more unpleasant sense of the word. No confirmed drunkard, no incurable opium-eater, ever had less self-control than Heber had. To him, to see a book was to possess it. Cicero has said that the heart into which the love of gold has entered is shut to every other feeling. Heber was very wealthy, so that with him the love of books blinded him to almost everything else. He began to collect when at Oxford, chiefly classics for the purpose of study. He is said to have caught the disease from Bindley, the veteran collector, who began book-hunting early in the last century. Having one day accidentally met with a copy of Henry Peacham's

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'Valley of Varietie,' 1638, which professed to give 'rare passages out of antiquity,' etc., he showed it to Bindley, who described it as 'rather a curious book.' Why such an incident should have set Heber on his terrible career history telleth not. Under the name of 'Atticus,' Dibdin, who knew Heber well, has described him in this fashion: 'Atticus unites all the activity of De Witt and Lomenie, with the retentiveness of Magliabechi, and the learning of Le Long. . . . 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 a triplicate collector. . . . But he atones for this by being liberal in the loan of his volumes. The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library.' Heber's own explanation of this plurality of purchase was cast somewhat in this fashion: 'Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without *three* copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house. Another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends.' The late Mr. Edward Solly was also a pluralist in the matter of books, and had even six or seven copies of a large number of works. He justified himself on the plea that he liked to have one to read, one to make notes in, another with notes by a previous owner, one in a choice binding, a 'tall' copy, a short ditto, and so forth. So far, however, as Heber is concerned, no one could be more generous than he in lending books. This might be proved from a dozen different sources, including the lengthy introduction 'To Richard Heber, Esq.,' to the sixth canto of Scott's 'Marmion':

> 'But why such instances to you,
> Who, in an instant, can renew
> Your treasured hoards of various lore,
> And furnish twenty thousand more?

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Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use :
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three ;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart ;
Yet who of all who thus employ them,
Can, like their owner's self, enjoy them ?'

In addition to this reference, Scott, in one of his letters, speaks of 'Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world.' Frequent mention is made of Heber in the notes to the Waverley novels. At one period of his life Heber was a Member of Parliament, and throughout his career it seems that he found recreation from the sport of collecting in the sport of the fields. He has been known to take a journey of four or five hundred miles to obtain a rare volume, 'fearful to trust to a mere commission.' He bought by all methods, in all places, and at all times, a single purchase on one occasion being an entire library of 30,000 volumes. Curiously enough, he disliked large-paper copies, on account of the space they filled. When he died, he had eight houses full of books—two in London, one in Oxford, and others at Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent, besides smaller collections in Germany. When sold, the number of lots was 52,000, and of volumes about 147,000, and the total amount realized £57,000, or about two-thirds of the original expenditure. The sale, which commenced in 1834, lasted over several years, and the catalogue alone comprises six thick octavo volumes. He is described as a tall, strong, well-made man.

Writing to Sir Egerton Brydges, the Rev. A. Dyce observes concerning Heber's death : 'Poor man ! He expired at Pimlico,* in the midst of his rare property, without

* 'In a small gloomy house within the gates of Elliot's Brewery, between Brewer Street, Pimlico, and York Street, Westminster.'—Wheatley's edition of Cunningham's 'London.'

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a friend to close his eyes, and from all I have heard I am led to believe that he died broken-hearted. He had been ailing some time, but took no care of himself, and seemed, indeed, to court death. Yet his ruling passion was strong to the last. The morning he died he wrote out some memoranda for Thorpe about books which he wished to be purchased for him' (Fitzgerald, 'The Book-Fancier,' p. 230).

In noticing Scott's edition of Dryden, and in alluding to the help which Scott obtained from Heber and Bindley, the

William Beckford, Book-collector.

Edinburgh Review speaks of the two as 'gentlemen in whom the love of collecting, which is an amusement to others, assumes the dignity of a virtue, because it gives ampler scope to the exercise of friendship, and of a generous sympathy with the common cause of literature.'

William Beckford (1761-1844) and the tenth Duke of Hamilton (1767-1852), for several reasons, may be bracketed together as book-collectors. Each was a remarkable man in several respects. William Beckford, the author of 'Vathek' and the owner of Fonthill, was a universal collector. No less

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enthusiastic in amassing pictures and objects of art than books, he never scrupled to sell anything and everything except his books, which he dearly loved. A man who could draw eulogy from Byron could not have been an ordinary person. Fonthill and its treasures were announced for sale in September, 1822, the auctioneer being James Christie, the catalogue being in quarto size, and comprising ninety-five pages. The auction, however, did not take place, but the collection was sold *en masse* to a Mr. John Farquhar for £330,000, Beckford reserving, however, some of his choicest books, pictures, and curiosities. In the following year the whole collection was dispersed by Phillips, the auctioneer, the sale occupying thirty-seven days. With the money he received from Farquhar, Beckford purchased annuities and land near Bath. He united two houses in the Royal Crescent by a flying gallery extending over the road, and his dwelling became one vast library. He added to his collection up to his last days, and obtained many books at Charles Nodier's sale. Beckford was one of the greatest book-enthusiasts that ever lived. His passion was more particularly for Aldines, and other early books bearing the insignia of celebrities, such as Frances I., Henri et Diane, and De Thou, and especially of choice old morocco bindings by Desseuil, Padeloup, and Derome. He was especially strong in old French and Italian books, generically classified as *facetiæ*. Beckford would read for days and weeks at a stretch, with no more recreation than an occasional ride. That he read his books there is ample testimony, for at his sale one lot comprised seven folio volumes of transcripts from the autograph notes written by him on the fly-leaves of the various works in his library. For example, to the copy of Peter Beckford's 'Familiar Letters from Italy,' 1805, he concludes five pages of notes with, 'This book has at least some merit. The language is simple; an ill-natured person might add, and the thoughts not less so.' In Brasbridge's 'Fruits of Experience,' 1824, he writes: 'They who like hog-wash—and there are amateurs for anything—will not turn away disappointed or disgusted with this book, but

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relish the stale, trashy anecdotes it contains, and gobble them up with avidity.' After Beckford's death, Henry G. Bohn offered £30,000 for the whole library; but Beckford's second daughter, who married the Duke of Hamilton, refused to sanction the sale. It, however, came under the hammer at Sotheby's, 1881-1884, in four parts of twelve days each, the net result being £73,551 18s.

The tenth Duke of Hamilton was one of the most distinguished bibliophiles of his time, and commenced purchasing whilst yet Marquis of Douglas. A large portion of his library was collected in Italy and various parts of the Continent, whilst the collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts which he obtained when on a diplomatic mission to Russia formed an unrivalled series of monuments of early art. In 1810 he married Susanna Beckford, and at her father's death the whole of his splendid library came into his possession. The two collections, however, were kept quite distinct. The Hamilton collection of printed books was sold at Sotheby's in May, 1884, the eight days realizing £12,892 12s. 6d. The most important feature of the library, however, was the magnificent collection of MSS. which the Prussian Government secured by private treaty—through the intermediary, it is understood, of the Empress Frederick—for £70,000. In May, 1889, those which the authorities decided not to retain for the Royal Museum at Berlin were transferred to Messrs. Sotheby's, and ninety-one lots realized the total of £15,189 15s. 6d. The gems of the collection were a magnificent volume of the Golden Gospels in Latin of the eighth century, formerly a gift to Henry VIII., which sold for £1,500—a London bookseller once offered £5,000 for this book—and a magnificent MS. of Boccaccio, 'Les Illustres Malheureux,' on vellum, 321 leaves, decorated with eighty-four exquisite miniatures, which sold for £1,700. It may be mentioned that a large number of the Beckford and Hamilton books were purchased through the late H. G. Bohn.

The Althorp Library, now in the possession of Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, was formed by George John, Earl Spencer

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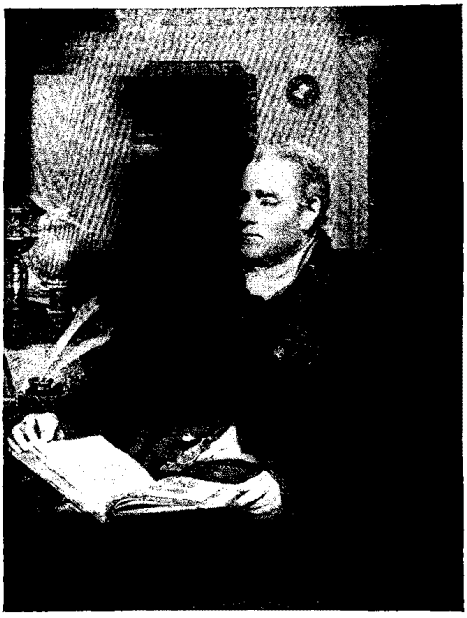
(1758-1834), between 1790 and 1820. Until its recent removal from Althorp it was the finest private library in existence. In 1790 Lord Spencer acquired the very fine and select library of Count Rewiczki, the Emperor Joseph's Ambassador in London, for about £2,500, and for the next thirty years the Earl was continually hunting after books in the sale-rooms and booksellers' shops. The story of the Althorp Library



George John, Earl Spencer.

has been so repeatedly told, from the time of its first librarian, the devil-hunting Thomas Frognall Dibdin—whose flatulent and sycophantic records are not to be taken as mirroring the infinitely superior intellect and taste of his employer—down to the present day, that any further description is almost superfluous. Besides this, the library is one which will soon be open to all. We may, however, mention a point which is

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of great interest in the study of books as an investment. It may reasonably be doubted whether the Althorp Library cost its founder much over £100,000; it is generally understood that the price paid for it in 1892 was not far short of £250,000.

Contemporaneously with the formation of the Althorp Collection, the Duke of Roxburghe built a library, which was one of the finest and most perfect ever got together. The Duke

John, Duke of Roxburghe, Book-collector.

turned book-hunter through a love affair, it is said. He was to have been married to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but when this lady's sister was selected as a wife for George III., the proposed marriage was deemed impolitic, and consequently the Duke remained single. The Duke himself is said to have traced his passion for books to the famous dinner given by his father, the second Duke, at which Lords Oxford and Sunderland were present, and at which the celebrated copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio was

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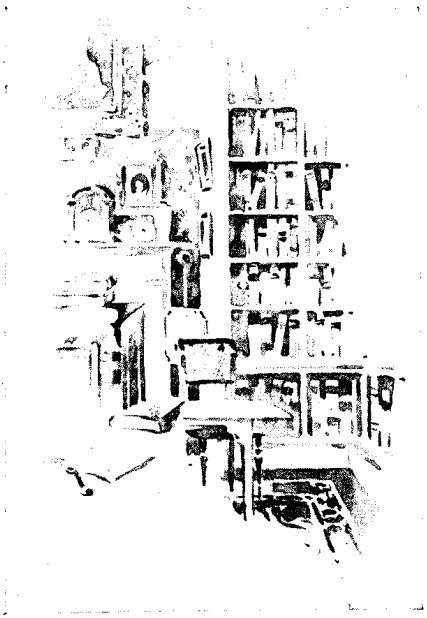
produced. The history of this incident is told in our chapter on Book-sales, and need not be here more specifically referred to. The Duke was a mighty hunter, not only of books, but of deer and wild swans. So far as books are concerned, his great specialities were Old English literature, Italian poetry, and romances of the Round Table; and as the first and last of these have increased in value as years have gone by, it will be seen that the Duke was wise in his generation. Indeed, we have it on the best authority that the aggregate outlay on the Roxburghe Library did not exceed £4,000, whilst in the course of little more than twenty years it produced over £23,397, the sale taking place in June, 1812. The Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Spencer were not averse to a little understanding of the nature of a 'knock-out,' for in one of the Althorp Caxtons Lord Spencer has written: 'The Duke and I had agreed not to oppose one another at the [George Mason] sale, but after the book [a Caxton] was bought, to toss up who should win it, when I lost it. I bought it at the Roxburghe sale on the 17 of June, 1812, for £215 5s.'



A corner in the Althorp Library.

Yet another distinguished book-collector of the same period calls for notice. George III. formed a splendid library out of his own private purse and at a cost of

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£130,000. This library is now a part of the British Museum. A library such as that of George III. gives very little idea of a man's real tastes for books. The King availed himself of the accumulated wisdom, not only of Barnard (who was his librarian for nearly half a century), but of three or four other experts, among whom was Dr. Johnson. The King's everyday tastes, however, may be gathered from the subjoined list of books, which he wished to have on his visit to Weymouth in 1795. He desired what he called 'a closet library' for a watering-place; he wrote to his bookseller for the following works: the Bible; the 'Whole Duty of Man'; the 'Annual Register,' 25 volumes; Rapin's 'History of England,' 21 volumes, 1757; Millot's 'Elémens de l'Histoire de France,' 1770; Voltaire's 'Siècles' of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' 4 volumes; R. Burn's 'Justice of Peace and Parish Officer,' 4 volumes; an abridgment of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; Boyer's 'Dictionnaire François et Anglais'; Johnson's 'Poets,' 68 volumes; Dodsley's 'Poems,' 11 volumes; Nichols' 'Poems,' 8 volumes; Steevens' 'Shakespeare'; 'Œuvres' of Destouches, 5 volumes; and the 'Works' of Sir William Temple, 4 volumes; of Addison, 4 volumes, and Swift, 24 volumes. These books can scarcely be regarded as light literature, and, if anything, calculated to add to the deadly dulness of a seaside retreat at the end of the last century. However, the selection is George III.'s, and must be respected as such.

The number of men who were prowling about London during the middle and latter part of the last century after books is only less great than the variety of tastes which they evinced. We have, for example, two such turbulent spirits as John Horne Tooke and John Wilkes, M.P. Parson Horne's (he subsequently assumed the name of his patron, William Tooke) collection did not, as Dibdin has observed, contain a single edition of the Bible; but it included seven examples of Wynkyn de Worde's press and many other rare books. Eight hundred and thirteen lots realized the then high amount of £1,250 when sold at King and Lochée's in

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1813. John Wilkes' books were sold at Sotheby's in 1802. If less notorious, many equally enthusiastic book-collectors were hunting the highways and byways of London. Here, for example, is a little anecdote relative to one of these:

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' by Clarke, published for the express purpose of being presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, came under the hammer at the sale (in 1781) of Topham Beauclerk's library for £44, it was accompanied by an anecdote relating to the method in which it had been acquired. Upon the death of an officer to whom the book belonged, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and, being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk (who is said to have but once departed from his inflexible rule of never lending a book) was a proper person to offer it to, she waited on him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it, and, being answered £4 4s., took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and inquired what he would give for such a book. The bookseller replied £17 17s. Mr. Beauclerk went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and, telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional 13 guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity on her. Few bargain-hunters would have felt called upon to act as Beauclerk* did. Here is another anecdote of a contemporary book-hunter:

Nichols states that Mr. David Papillon (who died in 1762), a gentleman of fortune and literary taste, as well as a good antiquary, contracted with Osborne to furnish him with £100 worth of books, at 3d. apiece. The only conditions were, that they should be perfect, and that there

* The library of Beauclerk (who is better remembered as an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson than as a book-collector) comprised 30,000 volumes, was sold by Paterson in 1781, and occupied fifty days. It was a good collection of classics, poetry, the drama, books of prints, voyages, travels, and history.

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should be no duplicate. Osborne was highly pleased with his bargain, and the first great purchase he made, he sent Mr. Papillon 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 5s. apiece, and at last was forced to go and beg to be let off the contract. Eight thousand books would have been wanted!

An interesting collector, at once the type of a country gentleman and of a true bibliophile, was Sir John Englis Dolben (1750-1837), of Finedon Hall, Northamptonshire. He was educated at Westminster School, proceeding thence to Christ Church in 1768. Previously to his final retirement into the country, he lingered with much affection about the haunts of his youthful studies. He carried so many volumes about with him in his numerous and capacious pockets that he appeared like a walking library, and his memory, particularly in classical quotations, was equally richly stored. This is one side of the picture. This is the other side, in which we get a view of the man-about-town collector in the person of Alexander Dalrymple (1737-1808), the hydrographer to the Admiralty and to the East India Company: 'His yellow antiquarian chariot seemed to be immovably fixed in the street, just opposite the entrance-door of the long passage leading to the sale-room of Messrs. King and Lochée, in King Street, Covent Garden; and towards the bottom of the table, in the sale-room, Mr. Dalrymple used to sit, a cane in his hand, his hat always upon his head, a thin, slightly-twisted queue, and silver hairs that hardly shaded his temple. . . . His biddings were usually silent, accompanied by the elevation and fall of his cane, or by an abrupt nod of the head.'

The Osterley Park Library, sold by order of the seventh Earl of Jersey at Sotheby's in 1885, was commenced in the last century, the original founder being Bryan Fairfax, who died in 1747. His books came into the hands of Alderman Child, who was not only a book-collector, but inherited Lord Mayor Child's books. The fifth Earl of Jersey married

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Mr. Child's grand-daughter in 1804. Two mighty hunters of the old school may be here briefly mentioned—John Towneley and Michael Wodhull, the poet, both of whose collections were dispersed in several portions, partly at the beginning of the present century, and partly within quite recent times. The founder of the 'Bibliotheca Towneleiana' was for a long period of years an ardent collector, his favourite studies being English history, topography, and portraits. The great gem of his collection was the splendid 'Vita Christi,' gorgeously ornamented with full-page paintings, and with miniatures superbly executed in colours, heightened with gold, by Giulio Clovio, in the finest style of Italian art. This MS. was executed for Alexander, Cardinal Farnese, and presented to Pope Paul III. It was purchased abroad by a Mr. Champernoun for an inconsiderable sum, and cost Mr. Towneley 400 guineas. At its sale in 1883 it realized £2,050. Two portions of the Towneley Library were dispersed by Evans in 1814-15 (seventeen days), and realized over £8,597, and other portions were sold in 1816 and 1817. Towneley himself died in May, 1813, aged eighty-two. The remainder of his extensive collection was sold at Sotheby's in 1883 (ten days). Wodhull, who died November 10, 1816, aged seventy-six, had two sales during his lifetime, first in 1801 (chiefly duplicates), and secondly in 1803 (chiefly Greek and Roman classics). He, however, reserved for himself a library of about 4,000, which, passing into the possession of Mr. F. E. Severne, M.P., was sold at Sotheby's in January, 1886, and realized a total of £11,973 4s. 6d. He is the Orlando of Dibdin's 'Bibliomania.' The Greek and Roman classics formed the chief

Michael Wodhull, Book-collector.

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attraction of this *post-mortem* sale, which is generally regarded as one of the most important of its kind held during recent years. Most of the prizes were picked up in France after 1803, and it was during one of his book-hunting expeditions in Paris that Wodhull was detained by Napoleon.

Two other 'fashionable' or titled collectors may be here grouped together. The fine library formed by William, Marquis of Lansdowne was dispersed by Leigh and Sotheby in thirty-one days, beginning with January 6, 1806, the 6,530 lots realizing £6,701 2s. 6d. The highest amount paid for a single lot was for a very rare collection of tracts, documents, and pamphlets, in over 280 volumes, illustrating the history of the French Revolution, together with forty-nine volumes relative to the transactions in the Low Countries between the years 1787 and 1792, and their separation from the House of Austria. Wynkyn de Worde's 'Rycharde Cure de Lyon,' 1528, sold for £47 5s.; and a curious collection of 'Masks' and 'Triumphs,' of the early seventeenth century, mostly by Ben Jonson, realized £40. As a book-collector Sir Mark Masterman Sykes is a much better remembered figure in the annals of book-hunting than that of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Sykes library contained a number of the *editiones principes* of the classics, some on vellum, and also a number of Aldines in the most perfect condition. There were also many highly curious and very rare pieces of early English poetry. The collection was sold at Evans's in 1824, and the gems of the collection were a copy of the Mazarin Bible, and the Latin Psalter, 1459, to which full reference is made in a subsequent chapter.

II.

The history of literature, it is said, teaches us to consider its decline only as the development of a great principle of succession by which the treasures of the mind are circulated and equalized; as shoots by which the stream of improvement is forcibly directed into new channels, to fertilize new soils and awaken new capabilities. The history of book-

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collecting teaches us a similar lesson. The love which so often amounted to a positive passion for the exquisite productions of the Age of Illuminated Manuscripts, all but died with the introduction of the printing-press, which in reality was but a continuation of the old art in a new form. And so on, down through the successive decades and generations of the past four centuries, the decline—but not the death, for such a term cannot be applied to any phase of book-collecting — of one particular aspect of the hobby has synchronized with the birth of several others, sometimes more worthy, and at others less. An exhaustive inquiry into the various and manifold changes through which the human mind passed alone might account for these various developments, which it is not the intention of the present writer on this occasion to analyze.

The rise and progress of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls 'the black-letter mania' gave the death-blow to the long-cherished school of poetry of which Pope may be taken as the most distinguished exponent. 'Men of loftier taste and bolder fancy early remonstrated against this chilling confinement of the noblest, the most aspiring, and most expansive of all the Arts. . . . It was not till the commotion of Europe broke the chain of indolence and insipid effeminacy that the stronger passions of readers required again to be stimulated and exercised and soothed, and that the minor charms of correctness were sacrificed to the ardent efforts of uncontrolled and unfearing genius. The authors of this class began to look back for their materials to an age of hazardous freedom, and copious and untutored eloquence: an age in which the world of words and free and native ideas was not contracted and blighted by technical critics and cold and fastidious scholars.' To abandon the abstract for the more matter-of-fact details of sober history, the mania to which Brydges alludes may be said to date itself from the spring of 1773. The occasion was the sale in London of the library of James West, President of the Royal Society. George Nicol, the bookseller, was an extensive purchaser at this sale for the King, for whom, indeed, he acted in a similar

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capacity up to the last. Nicol told Dibdin 'with his usual pleasantry and point, that he got abused in the public papers, by Almon and others, for 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.' The absurdity of this report was soon proved at subsequent sales. Dibdin adds, as a circumstance highly honourable to

George Nicol, the King's Bookseller.

the King, that '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 progressive or literary pursuits; thus using the power of his purse in a manner at once merciful and wise.'

The impetus which book-collecting, and more particularly the section to which we have just referred, received by the dispersal of the West Library gathered in force as time went on, reaching its climax with the Roxburghe sale thirty-nine

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years afterwards. The enthusiasm culminated in a club—the Roxburghe, which still flourishes. The warfare (at Roxburghe House, St. James's Square), as Mr. Silvanus Urban has recorded, was equalled only by the courage and gallantry displayed on the plains of Salamanca about the same period. 'As a pillar, or other similar memorial, could not be conveniently erected to mark the spot where so many bibliographical champions fought and conquered, another method was adopted to record their fame, and perpetuate this brilliant epoch in literary annals. Accordingly, a phalanx of the most hardy veterans has been enrolled under the banner of the far-famed Valdarfer's Boccaccio of 1471. . . . The first anniversary meeting of this noble band was celebrated at the St. Alban's Tavern [St. Alban's Street, now Waterloo Place] on Thursday, June 17, 1813, being the memorable day on which the before-mentioned Boccaccio was sold for £2,260. The chair was taken by Earl Spencer (perpetual president of the club), supported by Lords Morpeth and Gower, and the following gentlemen,* viz., Sir E. Brydges, Messrs. W. Bentham, W. Bolland, J. Dent, T. F. Dibdin (vice-president), Francis Freeling, Henry Freeling, Joseph Hazlewood, Richard Heber, Thomas C. Heber, G. Isted, R. Lang, J. H. Markland, J. D. Phelps, T. Ponton, junior, J. Towneley, E. V. Utterson, and R. Wilbraham. Upon the cloth being removed, the following appropriate toasts were delivered from the chair:

1. The cause of Bibliomania all over the world.
2. The immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer, the printer of the Boccaccio of 1471.
3. The immortal memory of William Caxton, first English printer.
4. The immortal memory of Wynkyn de Worde.
5. ,, ,, Richard Pynson.
6. ,, ,, Julian Notary.

* Among the absentees were his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who was prevented attending the anniversary by indisposition, the Marquis of Blandford, and Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.

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7. The immortal memory of William Faques.
8. ,, ,, the Aldine family.
9. ,, ,, the Stephenses.
10. ,, ,, John, Duke of Roxburghe.

'After these the health of the noble president was proposed, and received by the company standing, with three times three. Then followed the health of the worthy vice-president (proposed by Mr. Heber), which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was drunk with similar honours. . . . The president was succeeded in the chair by Lord Gower, who, at midnight, yielded to Mr. Dent; and that gentleman gave way to the Prince of Bibliomaniacs, Mr. Heber. Though the night, or rather the morning, wore apace, it was not likely that a seat so occupied would be speedily deserted; accordingly, the "regal purple stream" ceased not to flow till "Morning oped her golden gates," or, in plain terms, till past four o'clock.' Such is a brief account of the Roxburghe Club, which is limited to thirty-one members, one black ball being fatal to the candidate who offers himself for a vacancy, and each member in his annual turn has to print a book or pamphlet, and to present to his fellow-members a copy. Before making any further reference to the *personnel* of the Roxburghe Club, we quote, from a literary journal of 1823, the following trenchant paragraph, *à propos* of a similar club in Scotland:

'BIBLIOMANIA.—This most ridiculous of all the affectations of the day has lately exhibited another instance of its diffusion, in the establishment of a *Roxburghe* Club* in Edinburgh. Its object, we are told, "is the republication of scarce and valuable tracts, especially poetry."—"Republication!" In what manner? Commonsense forbid that the system of the London Roxburghe Club be adopted. Of this there are some four-and-twenty members or so, who dine together a certain number of times in the year, and each member in his turn republishes some old tract at his own expense. There are just so many copies printed as there are

* The name really employed was Bannatyne.

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members of the club, and one copy is presented to each. It is evident that no sort of good can be effected by this system, and, indeed, there has not yet resulted any benefit to the literature of the country from the Roxburghe Club. They have not published a single book of any conceivable merit. The truth is that the members, for the most part, are a set of persons of no true taste, of no proper notion of learning and its uses—very considerable persons in point of wealth, but very *so-so* in point of intellect.'

Thomas Frognall Dibdin, Bibliographer.

The primary aim and object of the Roxburghe Club were clearly enough indicated in the first list of members, for the association of men with kindred tastes is at all times a highly commendable one. The Roxburghe Club might have sustained its *raison d'être*, if it had drawn the line at such men as Thomas Frognall Dibdin and Joseph Hazlewood. The foregoing extract from the *Museum* of 1823 exactly indicates the position which the club at that time held in

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public estimation. It had degenerated into a mere drinking and gormandizing association, alike a disgrace to its more respectable members and an insult to the nobleman whose name it was dragging through the mire. Those who have an opportunity of consulting the *Athenæum* for 1834 will find, in the first four issues of January, one of the most scathing exposures to which any institution has ever been subjected. Hazlewood had died, and his books came into the sale-room. Never had the adage of 'Dead men tell no tales' been more completely falsified. Hazlewood, who does not seem to have been unpleasantly particular in telling the truth when living, told it with a vengeance after his death; for among his papers there was a bundle entitled 'Roxburghe Revels,' which Thorpe purchased for £40, the editor of the *Athenæum* being the under-bidder. A few days afterwards, and for the weighty consideration of a £10 note profit, the lot passed into the hands of Mr. Dilke, and the articles to which we have referred followed.* If anything could have made the deceased Joseph turn in his grave, it would have been the attention which he received at the unsparing hands of Mr. Dilke. The excellent Mr. Dibdin survived the exposure several years. The castigation proved beneficial to the club; and if its revelries were no less boisterous than heretofore, it at all events circulated among its members books worthy of the name of Roxburghe, and edited in a scholarly manner. The club still flourishes, with the Marquis of Salisbury as its president, and the list of its members will be found in our chapter on 'Modern Collectors.'

One of the mighty book-hunters of the last century was the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode (whose father went out as a commander of marines in Anson's ship, and whose share in the prize-money made him a wealthy man), who

* Thorpe suspected this, and secured the volume, thinking to do his friends of the Roxburghe Club a good turn. Writing to Dibdin, Thorpe said: 'I bought it for £40 against the editor of the *Athenæum*, who, if he got it, would have shown the club up finely larded.' But Dibdin did not jump at paying so heavy a price for silence, and Thorpe wisely consoled himself with Mr. Dilke's £50.

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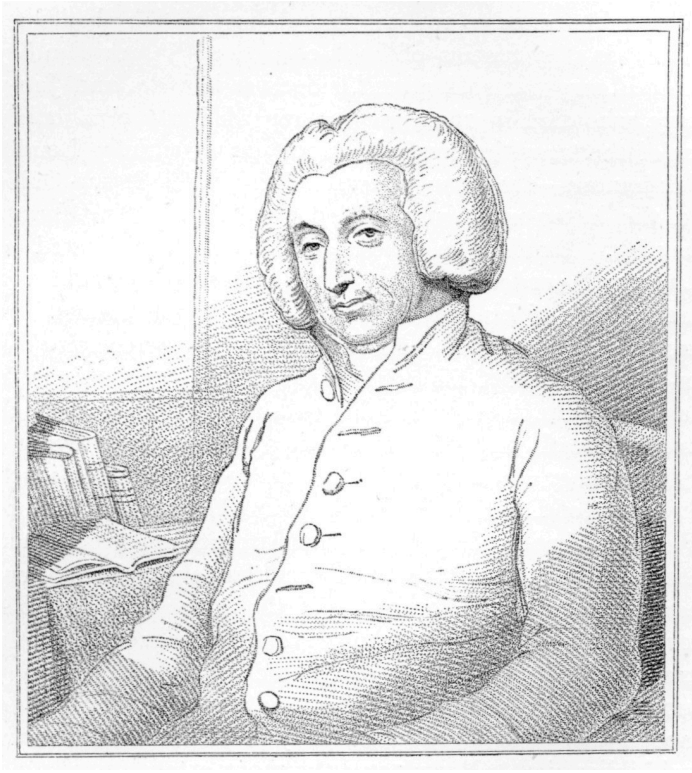

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died on April 6, 1799, in his seventieth year. His splendid library now forms a part of the British Museum. It contains the most choice copies in classical and Biblical literature, and many of these are on vellum. His collection of editions of the fifteenth century Mr. Cracherode used modestly to call a 'specimen' one; 'they form perhaps the most

Rev. C. Mordaunt Cracherode, M.A., Book-collector.

perfect *collana* or necklace ever strung by one man.' Several of the books formerly belonged to Grolier. His library was valued at £10,000 at or about the time of his death; it would probably now realize considerably over ten times that amount if submitted to auction. The value of his prints was placed at £5,000. Cracherode was an excellent scholar,

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and an amiable; his passion for collecting was strong even in death, for whilst he was at the last extremity his agent was making purchases for him. He was one of the most constant habitués of Tom Payne's, and at his final visit he put an Edinburgh Terence in one pocket and a large-paper Cebes in the other. His house was in Queen Square, Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park.

Reverting once more to the change which had been effected in the fancies of book-collectors, James Bindley, whose library was sold after his decease in 1819, and James Perry, who died in 1821, may be regarded as typical collectors of the transition period. Both are essentially London book-hunters—the former was an official in the Stamp Office, and the latter was, *inter alia*, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Bindley, to whom John Nichols dedicated his 'Literary Anecdotes,' was a book-hunter who made very practical use of his scholarly tastes and ample means. He haunted the bookstalls and shops with the pertinacity of a tax-gatherer, and if his original expenditure were placed by the side of the total which his collection of books brought after his death, no more convincing arguments in favour of book-hunting could possibly be needed. Bindley is the 'Leontes' of Dibdin's 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and his collection of poetical rarities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was one of the most remarkable which had ever been got together. Not many of the items had cost him more than a few shillings each, and they realized almost as many pounds as he had paid shillings. Perry was a journalist first and a book-collector afterwards, but in many respects there was a great similarity in the tastes of the two rival bibliophiles. Perry's was the more extensive collection —it was sold in four parts, 1822-23—and perhaps on the whole much more generally interesting. Evans, the auctioneer, described it as 'an extraordinary assemblage of curious books, Early English poetry, old tracts and miscellaneous literature.' The *cheval de bataille* of the fourth part consisted of 'a most Curious, Interesting and Extraordinarily Extensive Assemblage of Political and Historical Pamphlets

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of the Last and Present Century.' This collection was comprised in thirty-five bundles. Perry made a speciality of facetiæ, pamphlets on the French Revolution, and Defoe's works, but the two cornerstones of his library were a copy of the Mazarin Bible and a First Folio Shakespeare.

Among the many book-collectors whose careers link the past century with the present, few are more worthy of notice than Francis Douce, who died in the spring of 1834, aged seventy-seven. He was for a short time Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. His fortune was much increased by being left one of the residuary legatees of Nollekens, the sculptor—to the extent, in fact, of £50,000. Dibdin, who was for many years a near neighbour and intimate friend at Kensington, describes Douce's library as 'eminently rich and curious . . . not a book but what had its fly-leaf written upon. In short, no man ever lived so much with, and so entirely for, his books as did he.' Douce is the Prospero of the 'Bibliomania.' His books he bequeathed to the Bodleian, and his MSS. to the British Museum, the stipulation in the latter case being that they are not to be opened until 1900! In manners and appearance Douce was singular and strange, rough to strangers, but gentle and kind to those who knew him intimately. He was of the old school as regards dress, wearing as he did a little flaxen wig, an old-fashioned square-cut coat, with what M. Jacob calls 'quarto pockets.' Several of his letters are printed in Dibdin's 'Literary Recollections.'

Two other distinguished book-collectors, contemporary with Douce, and, like him, benefactors to the Bodleian, may be mentioned here—Richard Gough (1739-1809), the antiquary; and Edmond Malone (1741-1812), the Shakespearian scholar. Gough's gift consisted of the topographical portion of his library; the remainder, comprising 4,373 lots, realizing the total of £3,552, came under the hammer at Leigh and Sotheby's in 1810, realizing what were then considered very fancy prices (a selection of which are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxxx., part ii.). The Malone collection, which became the property of the Bodleian through the influence

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of Lord Sunderlin in 1815, comprised what the collector himself describes as 'the most curious, valuable, and extensive collection ever assembled of ancient English plays and poetry.' It would probably be impossible now to form another such collection. Malone told Caldwell, who repeats the remarkable fact, that he had procured every dramatic piece mentioned by Langbaine, excepting four or five—the advantage, observes that gentleman, of living in London. The number of volumes amounts to about 3,200. As his biographer, Sir James Prior, has pointed out, his collection in the Bodleian remains distinct, and is creditable 'alike to the industry, taste, and patience by which it was brought together.' And further: 'None of his predecessors have attempted what he accomplished. Few of his successors have, on most points, added materially to our knowledge.' Yet a third benefactor to the Bodleian may be conveniently mentioned here. Thomas Caldecott, who was born in 1744, and died in 1833, was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and afterwards a Bencher of the Middle Temple. He resided chiefly at Dartford, and formed a choice library of black-letter books, and the productions of the Elizabethan period. He attacked with considerable asperity and ability Shakespearian commentators, such as Steevens and Malone; and his rivals did not spare his edition of two of Shakespeare's plays when they came out. He presented the gems of his library, the Shakespeare quartos, to the Bodleian; but the remainder of his books, including many excessively rare and several unique pieces, came up for sale at Sotheby's in 1833, and realized a total of £1,210 6s. 6d.

The splendid library of John Dent, of Hertford Street, sold by Evans in 1827, producing the sum of £15,040, had a curious history. The nucleus of it was formed towards the close of the last century by Haughton James, who, in a moment of conviviality, and without a due consideration of its true value, transferred it to Robert Heathcote,* who

* Heathcote dispersed two portions of his books at Sotheby's, first in April, 1802, and secondly in May, 1808. Some of the books which Dent obtained for him, with additions, were sold at the same place in April, 1808.

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made several additions, and from whose possession it passed about 1807 into that of John Dent. The sale of the Dent library is described by Dibdin as exhibiting the 'first grand melancholy symptoms of the decay of the Bibliomania.' The chief attraction was the Sweynheym and Pannartz Livy, 1469, on vellum, which fell (in more senses than one) under the hammer for £262, Dent having paid £903 for it at Sir Mark Sykes' sale. Both the purchasers, Payne and Foss, and Dibdin, made strenuous efforts to persuade the Earl of Spencer to purchase it, but unsuccessfully; it subsequently became the property of Grenville, and passed with his collection into the British Museum. Dent is the Pontevallo of the 'Bibliomania,' and Baroccio of the 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and does not seem to have been an altogether amiable specimen of the fraternity. Canning used to say that he once found Dent deep in the study of an open book which was upside down!

A much more genial bibliomaniac, Sir William Bolland, calls for notice; he was one of the original members of the Roxburghe Club, which, in fact, was first suggested at a dinner-party at his house, June 4, 1812. He died May 14, 1840, aged sixty-eight, and his library, which comprised 2,940 lots, and realized £3,019, was sold by Evans, and included many choice books. One of the greatest bargains which this distinguished collector secured during his career became his property through the medium of Benjamin Wheatley, who purchased a bundle of poetical tracts from the Chapter Library at Lincoln for 80 guineas. When the inevitable sale came, one of these trifles, 'The Rape of Lucrece,' alone realized 100 guineas.

George Chalmers (1742-1825), who is described as 'the most learned and the most celebrated of all the antiquaries and historians of Scotland,' was also one of the giant book-collectors of the present century, and differed from the majority of collectors in being a prolific and versatile author. At his death his nephew became the possessor of his extensive library, but on the death of the nephew the books were placed in the hands of Evans, who sold them in two parts,

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September, 1841, and February, 1842, and realized over £4,100. The second part was very rich in Shakespeariana, and included the 'Sonnets,' 1609, £105; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600 (second edition), £105; and many other important items. In the first part of the sale, Marlowe's 'Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,' 1595 (believed to be unique), sold for £131; and the only perfect copy then known of Patrick Hannay's 'Nightingale,' 1622, from the libraries of Bindley, Perry, Sykes and Rice, £13 5s. The third part of Chalmers' library, which consisted for the most part of works relative to Scotland, particularly in illustration of the History of Printing in that Country, was also sold by Evans in 1842. Among other book-collectors of this period we may mention particularly the Rev. Henry Joseph Thomas Drury, whose library was rich in classics, all for the most part finely bound; it came under the hammer at Evans's in 1827 (4,729 lots); Dr. Isaac Gosset, who died in 1812, in his sixty-eighth year, and whose library, comprising 5,740 lots, realized £3,141 7s. 6d. at Leigh and Sotheby's in 1813; the Rev. Jonathan Boucher (1738-1804), Vicar of Epsom, who, like George Chalmers, for many years resided in America, was, also like him, an inveterate book-collector to whom everything in the shape of a book was welcome: his sale occupied Leigh and Sotheby thirty-nine days, in 1806, the total being over £4,510.

III.

The history of the second and third quarters of the present century makes mention of very few collectors of the first rank. Among the more important of those whose libraries came under the hammer within that period, we may specially refer to the following: William Upcott, who started early in life as an assistant to R. H. Evans, but who in 1806 became sub-librarian of the London Institution. He was one of the first to take up autograph-collecting, of which, indeed, he has been termed the pioneer. He certainly collected with great advantage and knowledge, and his vast accumulations were

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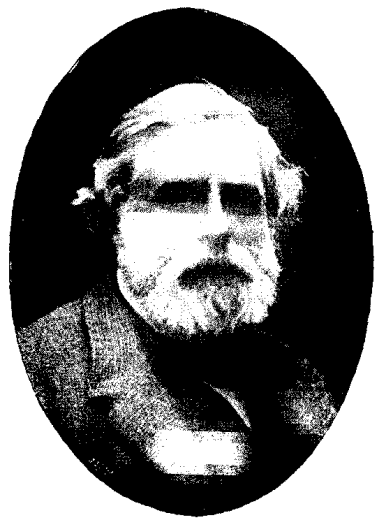
sold at Sotheby's in four batches during 1846, he having died in September, 1845; John Hugh Smyth Piggott, whose library, in three portions, was sold at the same place, 1847-54; W. Y. Ottley, the prolific writer of books on art, 1849; W. Holgate, of the Post Office, whose library included a number of Shakespeariana, June, 1846; Hanrott, 1857; Sir Thomas Bernard, 1855; Isaac D'Israeli, the author of 'Curiosities of Literature,' in 1849, and his unsparing critic, Bolton Corney, in 1871; S. W. Singer, in four parts, 1860; J. Orchard Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps), in 1856, 1857, and 1859; and the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, part of whose books were sold, far below their worth, in 1853, and the rest nine years later. Many of the foregoing were literary men, who aimed rather at getting together a useful library than one of rarities. The sale of all such libraries makes a very sorry show beside that of the more ostentatious collections. For instance, the books which Macaulay used with such brilliant effect, and including among them an extraordinary number of tracts, many excessively rare, only realized £426 15s. 6d., when sold in 1863 in 1,011 lots. Douglas Jerrold's little library, sold in August, 1859, in 307 lots, only fetched £173 3s. In very strong contrast to these is the remarkable little library, formed between 1820 and 1830 by Henry Perkins, of Hanworth Park, Feltham, a member of the brewing firm. This collection comprised only 865 lots, but when sold at Sotheby's in June, 1873, the total was found to be



J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

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close on £26,000! There was a copy each of the 42-line and 40-line Gutenberg Bible—the former is now in the Huth Library, and the latter in the Ashburnham Library; several other very early printed Bibles, including Coverdale's, Matthews', and Cranmer's, two works printed by Caxton, with many other important books were sold.

The late George Daniel (who was born about 1790) may be regarded as the connecting link between the collectors of the early part of the present century and those of to-day. When, for example, Perry and Bindley left off, Daniel commenced. There was no great rush after Shakespeare quartos in the earlier part of the present century, and book-collecting for a time ceased to be the pet hobby of wealthy members of the peerage. When George Daniel, a critic and bibliographer of exceptional abilities, began to collect, he soon made Shakespeare, as well as the earlier English poets, objects of solicitude. He resided for many years in the historic old red-brick tower at Canonbury.* The sale of Daniel's extraordinary collection was held at Sotheby's in July, 1864, when a First Folio, one of the finest in the world —now in the possession of Baroness Burdett-Coutts—sold for £716 2s., and when twenty of the Shakespeare quartos realized a total of about £3,000.

George Daniel is now remembered by but few book-collectors. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt knew him very well, and describes him as a 'retired accountant, whose idiosyncrasy consisted of *rares morçeaux, bonnes bouches,* uniques—copies of books with a *provenance,* or in jackets made for them by Roger Payne—nay, in the original parchment or paper wrapper, or in a bit of real mutton which certain men call

* This famous old place possesses a literary history which would fill a fairly long chapter. Among those who have lived here we may mention Ephraim Chambers, whose 'Cyclopædia' is the parent of a numerous offspring; John Newbery lived here for some time, and it was during his tenancy that Goldsmith found a refuge here from his creditors, and wrote 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield'; William Woodfall had lodgings in this historic tower; and Washington Irving, early in the present century, threw around it a halo of romance and interest which it had not previously possessed.

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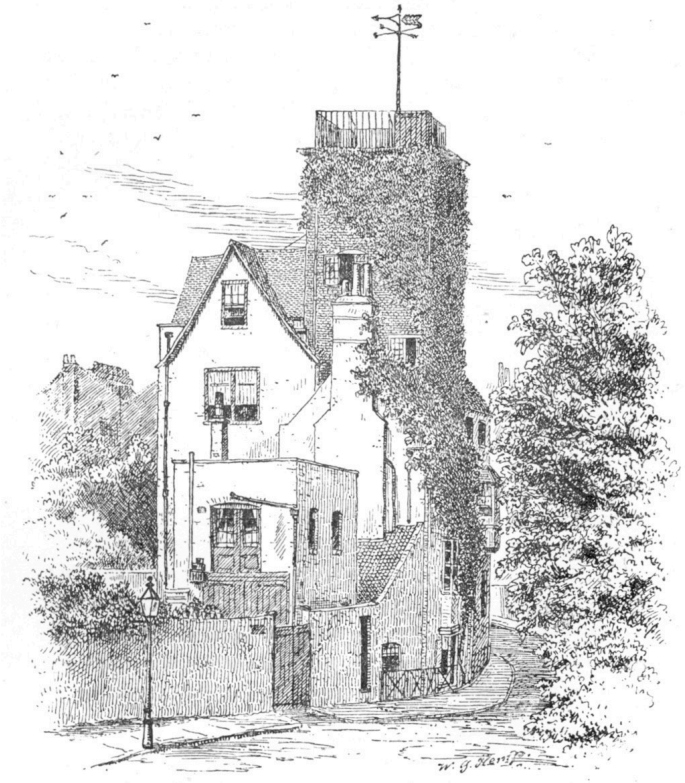

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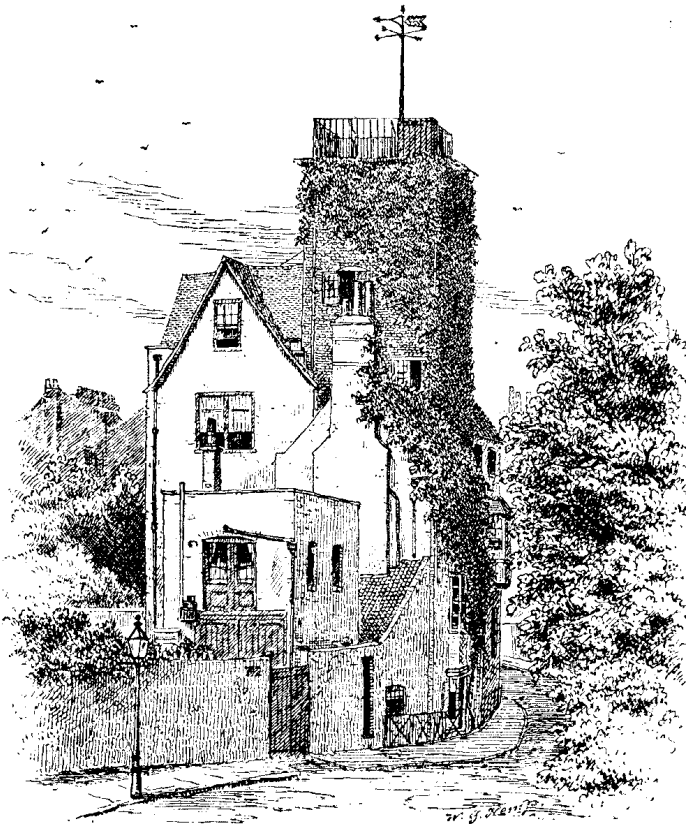
sheep. He was a person of literary tastes, and had written books in his day. But his chief celebrity was as an acquirer of those of others, provided always that they were old enough



Canonbury Tower, George Daniel's Residence.

or rare enough. An item never passed into his possession without at once *ipso facto* gaining new attributes, almost invariably worded in a holograph memorandum on the fly-leaf. Daniel was in the market at a fortunate and peculiar juncture, just

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when prices were depressed, about the time of the great Heber sale. His marvellous gleanings came to the hammer precisely when the quarto Shakespeare, the black-letter romance, the unique book of Elizabethan verse, had grown worth ten times their weight in sovereigns. Sir William Tite, J. O. Halliwell, and Henry Huth were to the front. It was in 1864. What a wonderful sight it was! No living man had ever witnessed the like. Copies of Shakespeare, printed from the prompters' MSS. and published at fourpence, fetched £300 or £400. I remember old Joseph Lilly, when he had secured the famous Ballads, which came from the Tollemaches of Helmingham Hall, holding up the folio volume in which they were contained in triumph as someone whom he knew entered the room. Poor Daniel! he had no mean estimate of his treasures—what he had was always better than what you had. Books, prints, autographs—it was all the same. I met him one morning in Long Acre. I had bought a very fine copy of Taylor, the Water Poet. "Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I saw it; but not quite so fine as mine." He went up to Highgate to look through the engravings of Charles Matthews the elder. They were all duplicates —of course inferior ones. "Damn him, sir!" cried Matthews afterwards to a friend; "I should like him to have had a duplicate of my wooden leg."'

John Payne Collier, who was born a year before Daniel, but who lived until 1883, was a collector with very similar tastes. He had been a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, and in all probability imbibed some of his book-collecting zeal from Perry. His book-buying and literary career commenced, according to his own account, in 1804 or 1805, when his father took him into the shop of Thomas Rodd, senior, on which occasion he purchased his 'first Old English book of any value,' namely, Wilson's 'Art of Logic,' printed by Grafton, 1551; from this he ascertained that 'Ralf Roister Doister' was an older play than 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' and also that it was by Nicholas Udal, Master of Eton School. When in Holland, in the winter of 1813-14, Collier purchased among other books an imperfect copy of Tyndale's

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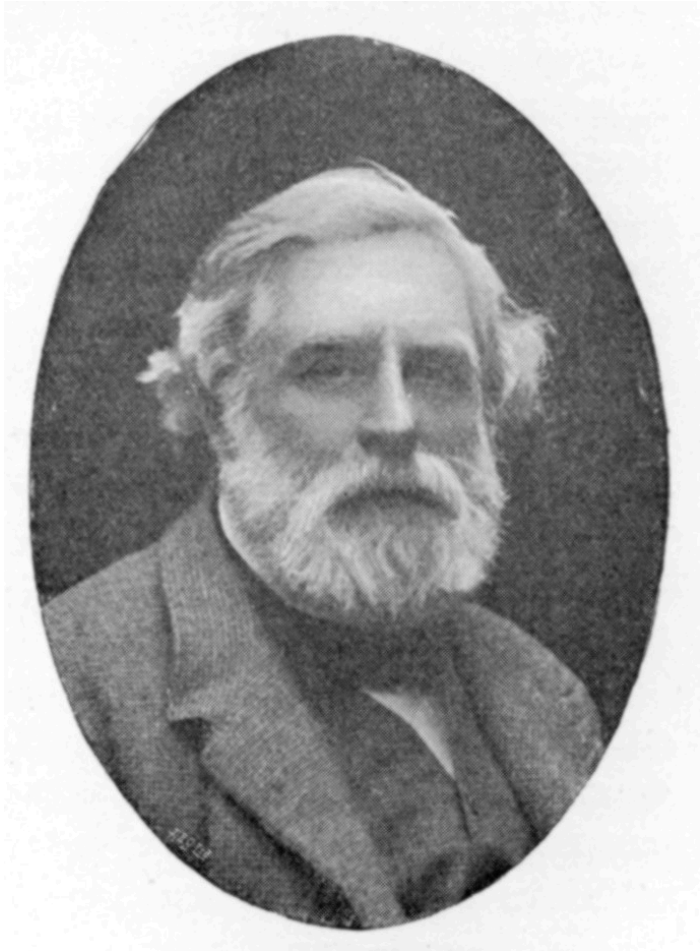

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'Gospel of St. Matthew,' to which, as he says in his 'Diary,' 'the date of 1526 [1525] has been assigned, and which seems to be the very earliest translation into English of any portion of the New Testament. Many years afterwards—I think in the spring of 1832—I happened to show it to Rodd, the learned bookseller. I was at that time ignorant on the subject, and Rodd offered me books to the value of two or three pounds for it. I gladly accepted them.' This fragment, for which Collier paid a florin, was sold to Mr. Grenville by Rodd for £50, and is now in the British Museum. Writing in the *Athenæum*, January 31, 1852, he gives an account of the origin of events which led to one of the fiercest literary quarrels of modern times: 'A short time before the death of the late Mr. Rodd, of Newport Street [*i.e.* early in 1849], I happened to be in his shop when a considerable parcel of books arrived from the country. He told me that they had been bought for him at an auction—I think in Bedfordshire. . . . He unpacked them in my presence . . . and there were two which attracted my attention, one being a fine copy of Florio's "Italian Dictionary," of the edition of 1611, and the other a much-thumbed, abused, and imperfect copy of the Second Folio of Shakespeare, 1632. The first I did not possess, and the last I was willing to buy, inasmuch as I apprehended it would add some missing leaves to a copy of the same impression which I had had for some time on my shelves. As was his usual course, Mr. Rodd required a very reasonable price for both; for the first I remember I gave 12s. and for the last only £1 10s. . . . On the outside of one of the covers was inscribed, "Tho. Perkins, his booke."' Collier was vexed at finding that the volume contained no leaves which would help him in completing the volume he already had. He had employed another person to do the collating, and it was not until some considerable time after, and on examining thoroughly the volume himself, that he discovered it to contain a large series of emendations, which Collier included in his 'Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1853, which set the whole town by the ears. Collier's library was

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dispersed at Sotheby's in 1884; it was an unusually interesting sale, and included many very rare and curious books.

Southey, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, and William Hazlitt were book-collectors of a type which deserves a niche to itself. Writing to Coleridge in 1797, Lamb says: 'I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am, rather, just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's "No Cross, no Crown." I like it immensely.' Lamb's ideas of book-marking are to be found in his correspondence with Coleridge, in which he states that a book reads the better when the topography of its plots and notes is thoroughly mastered, and when we 'can trace the dirt in it, to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe.' Lamb's library consisted for the most part of tattered volumes in a dreadful state of repair. Lamb, like Young, the poet, dog-eared his books to such an extent that many of them would hardly close at all. From the correspondence of Bernard Barton we get a glimpse at Lamb's cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington—a white house with six good rooms. 'You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books.' Barton also writes: 'What chiefly attracted me was a large old book-case full of books. I could but think how many long walks must have been taken

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
From the Portrait by G. Dawe, R.A., 1812.

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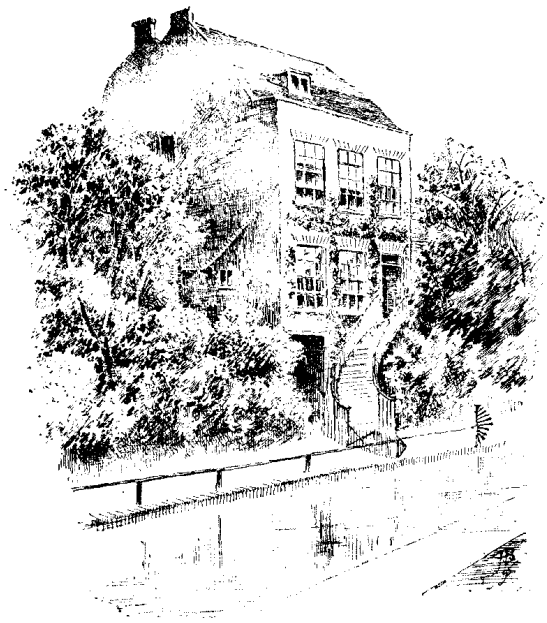
to bring them home, for there were but few that did not bear the mark of having been bought at many a bookstall—brown, dark-looking books, distinguished by those white tickets which told how much their owner had given for each.'

In an edition of Donne [? 1669] which belonged to Lamb, Coleridge scrawled: 'I shall die soon, my dear



Lamb's Cottage at Colebrook Row, Islington.

Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I have be-scribbled your book. S. T. C., 2nd May, 1811.' Lamb was too good-natured to be a book-collector. On one occasion William Hazlitt* sent Martin Burney to Lamb to borrow

* Hazlitt was a good deal of a book-borrower. In his 'Conversations with Northcote' he speaks of having been obliged to pay five shillings for the loan of 'Woodstock' at a regular bookseller's shop, as he could not procure it at the circulating libraries.

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Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and Lamb being out, Burney took it, a high-handed proceeding which involved the borrower in a blowing-up. Coleridge at another time helped himself to Luther's 'Table-Talk,' and this also called forth a great outcry. A copy of Chapman's Homer, which passed through the hands of Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge, eventually turned up in one of Lilly's catalogues. This identical copy is noticed in an account of Rydal Mount which appeared in the first volume of *Once a Week*. Coleridge, of course, has made a number of notes in it, and in one of these he describes the translation as 'an exquisite poem, spite of its frequent and perverse quaintness and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language.'

William Hazlitt.

The difference between a bibliophile and a bibliomaniac has been described as between one who adorns his mind, and the other his book-cases. Of the bibliomaniac as here characterized, we can suggest no better type than Thomas Hill, the original of Poole's 'Paul Pry,' and of Hull in Hook's novel, 'Gilbert Gurney.' Devoid as Hill was of intellectual endowments, he managed to obtain and secure the friendship of many eminent men—of Thomas Campbell, the poet, Matthews and Liston, the comedians, Hook, Dubois, John and Leigh Hunt, James and Horace Smith, John Taylor, editor of the *Sun*, Horace Twiss, Baron Field, Sir George Rose, Barnes, subsequently editor of the *Times*, Cyrus Redding, and many others. That he was kind-hearted and hospitable nearly everyone has testified, and his literary

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parties at his Sydenham Tusculum were quite important events, in spite of the ponderosity of his well-worn stories. During the more acute stages of bibliomania in this country at the latter part of the last century and the beginning of

Thomas Hill, after Maclise.

this, 'when the Archaica, Heliconia, and Roxburghe Clubs were outbidding each other for old black-letter works . . . when books, in short, which had only become scarce because they were always worthless, were purchased upon the same principle as that costly and valueless coin, a Queen Anne's

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farthing,' Hill had been a constant collector of rare and other books which were in demand. That he knew nothing of the insides of his books is very certain; but he knew how much each copy would bring at an auction, and how much it had brought at all previous sales. When the bibliomania had reached its height, Messrs. Longman and Co. determined upon embarking in such a lucrative branch of the trade; they applied to Hill for advice and assistance, offering to begin by the purchase of his entire collection, a proposition which he embraced with alacrity. He drew up a *catalogue raisonné* of his books, affixing his price for each volume. The collection was despatched in three or four trunks to Paternoster Row, and he received in payment the acceptances of the firm for as many thousand pounds. From some cause or other, the purchasers soon repented of their bargain, but the only terms which Horace Smith could obtain for the Longmans was an extension in the term of payment. Hill declared that the collection was worth double the price he had been paid for it. For many years Hill assisted Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, in making selections of rare books for his fine library at Tavistock House, particularly in the department of facetiæ. After leaving Sydenham, Hill took chambers in James Street, Adelphi, where he resided until his death. The walls of his rooms were completely hidden by books, and his couch was 'enclosed in a lofty circumvallation of volumes piled up from the carpet.' He was never married, had no relations, and even his age was a source of mystery to his friends. James Smith once said to him: 'The fact is, Hill, the register of your birth was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, and you take advantage of the accident to conceal your real age.' Hook went further by suggesting that he might originally have been one of the little hills recorded as skipping in the Psalms. Hill died in 1840, his age being placed at eighty-three years. Horace Smith said 'he could not believe that Hill was dead, and he could not insult a man he had known so long; Hill would reappear.'

Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, was also a book-collector, but not in the sense of one who aims at number. His house at 22, St. James's Place, overlooking Green Park, was

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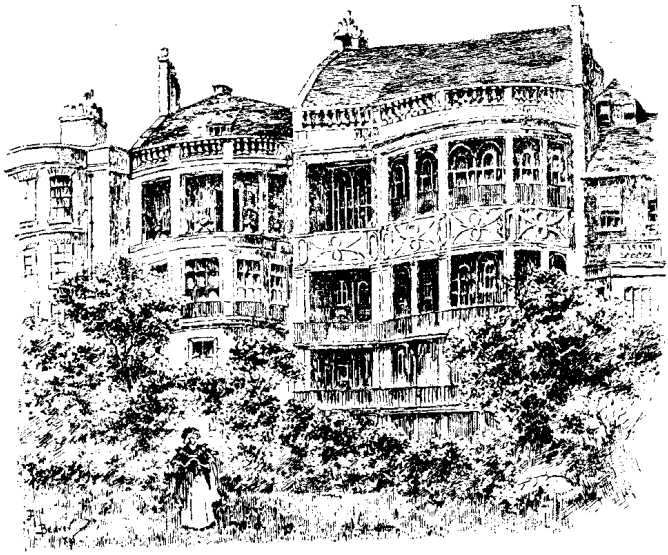
for over half a century—he had removed here from the Temple about 1803—one of the most celebrated meeting-places of literature and art in London. Byron, in his 'Diary,' says, 'If you enter his house—his drawing-room, his library—you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book, thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor.' A writer in the *Athenæum* of December 29, 1855, a few days after the



Samuel Rogers's House in St. James's Place.

poet's death, describes the library as 'lined with bookcases surmounted by Greek vases, each one remarkable for its exquisite beauty of form. Upon the gilt lattice-work of the bookcases are lightly hung in frames some of the finest original sketches by Raphael, Michelangelo, and Andrea del Sarto; and finished paintings by Angelico da Fiesole, and Fouquet of Tours.' Among the treasures of the library were the MSS. of Gray, in their perfect caligraphy, and the famous agreement between Milton and the publisher Simmonds, for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost.'

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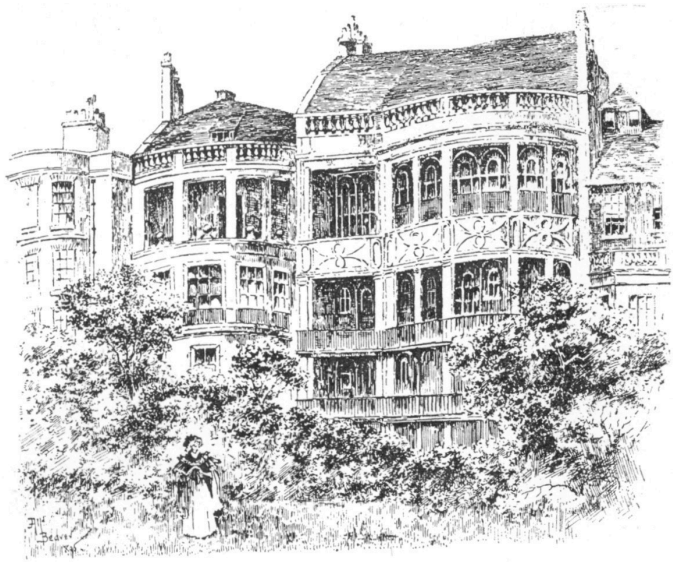

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Tom Moore the poet, and his friend and fellow-countryman, Thomas Crofton Croker, were both book-collectors. The library of the former was, in 1855, presented by his

widow to the Royal Irish Academy, 'as a memorial of her husband's taste and erudition.' Croker's books, which were dispersed after his death, contain an exceedingly curious book-plate, either indicating the possessor's residence,

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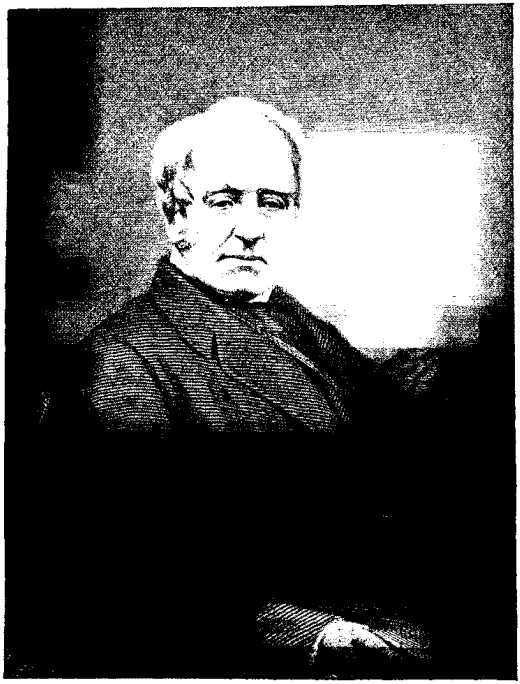
'Rosamond's Bower, Fulham,' or '3, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton,' the various learned societies to which he belonged, with the additional information that he was founder and president (1828-1848) of the Society of Novimagus. Charles Dickens, Thackeray, W. Harrison Ainsworth (the collection of the last was sold at Sotheby's



Alexander Dyce, Book-collector.

in 1882, and realized £469 19s. 6d.), and Charles Lever were not book-collectors in the usual sense of the word.

Among the more notable literary men who were also book-collectors of this period, whose libraries are still preserved intact, are Alexander Dyce and John Forster. Their collections, now at South Kensington, are perhaps more particularly notable for the extraordinary number of books which were once the property of famous men. Mr. Dyce, who was born

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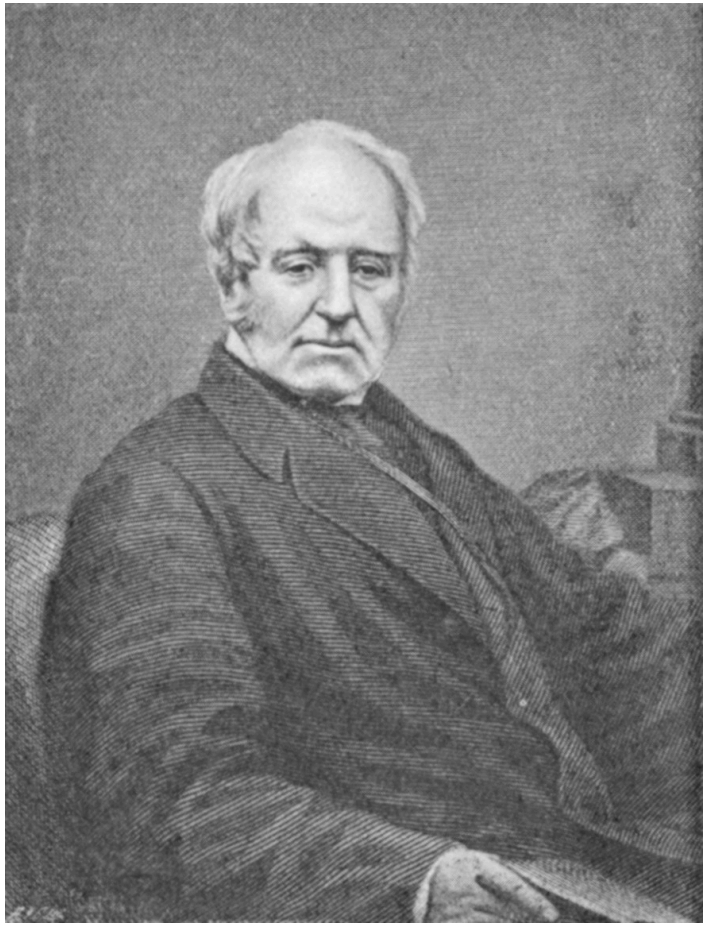

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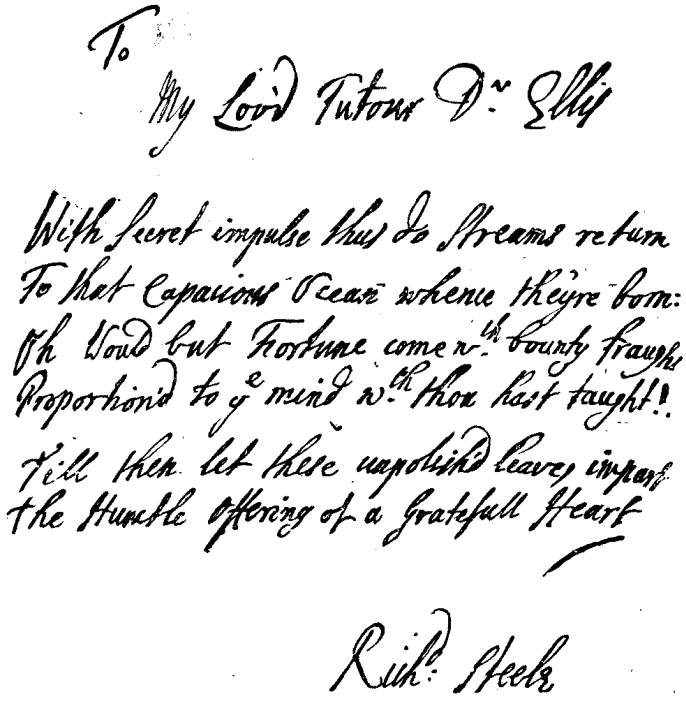
in Edinburgh, June, 1798, and died in 1869, bequeathed to the Museum 14,000 books, whilst the library of his friend and executor, John Forster (1812-1876), contained upwards of 18,000 books, in addition to a number of autographs, pictures, etc. The more interesting books of a 'personal' nature in these two libraries are the following: Drayton's 'Battaile of Agincourt,' 1627, a presentation copy to Sir Henry Willoughby, with inscription in Drayton's autograph; a French cookery-book, with Gray's autograph on the title; Ben: Jonson Ben Jonson's copy (with his autograph) of the first collected edition of Marston's plays, 1633; a copy of Steele's 'Christian Hero,' with some verses in his autograph addressed to


To
My Lord Tutour D.r Ellis

With secret impulse thus do Streams return
To that capacious Ocean whence they're born:
Oh Would but Fortune come w.th bounty fraught
Proportion'd to y.e mind w.ch thou hast taught!
Till then let these unpolish'd Leaves impart
The Humble offering of a Gratefull Heart

Rich.d Steele

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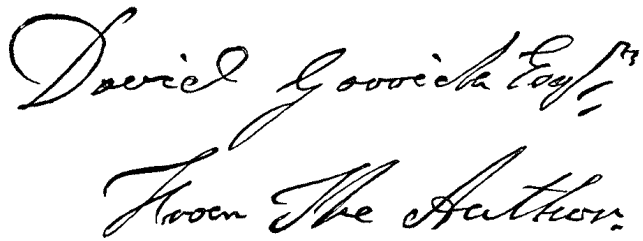
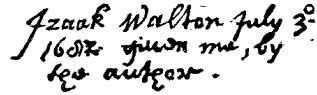
Dr. Ellis, Head-master of the Charterhouse when Steele was at school. Sheridan's plays include a presentation copy of 'The Rivals,' with an inscription to David Garrick. The foregoing are all in the Dyce Collection.



That of John Forster includes a copy of Addison's 'Travels in Italy,' with an autograph inscription by the author: 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his age, this Book is presented by his most Humble Servant the Author.' Among the many books on America, there is one with John Locke's autograph. The copy of the fourth edition of Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' 1811, is that which was given by the author to Leigh Hunt, and contains the poet's autograph and many corrections; a presentation copy of Flatman's 'Poems and Songs,' 1682, to Izaak Walton, who has inscribed his autograph in it; Gay's copy of Horace; some proof-sheets of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets;' a copy of Keats's 'Lamia,' 1820, with an autograph inscription and a sonnet 'On the Grasshopper and the Cricket,' also in the poet's handwriting; Gray's copy of Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding,' a copy of the 'Dunciad,' 1729, with the inscription 'Jonath: Swift, 1729, amicissimi autoris donum'; and Isaac Newton's copy of Wheare's 'Method and Order of Reading Histories,' 1685.



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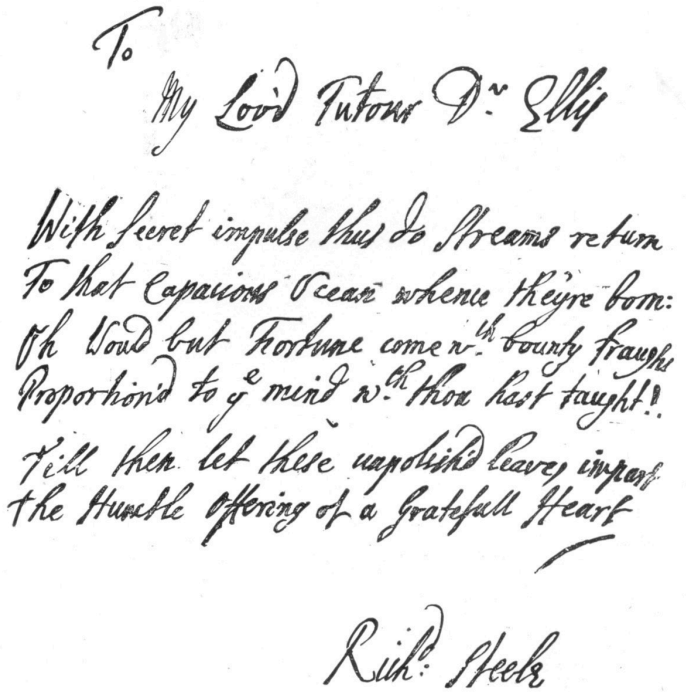
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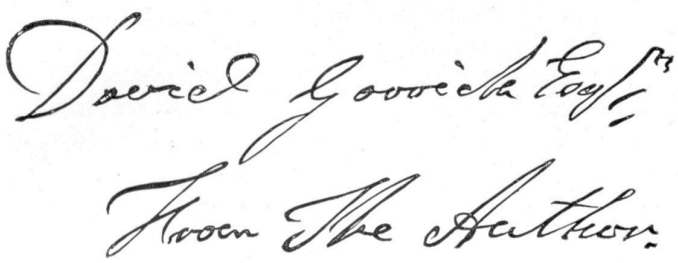

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Apropos of books of distinguished ownership, the collecting of them sometimes takes an eccentric turn; for example, the third Lord Holland brought together all the various copies (now at Holland House) upon which he could lay hands of Fox's 'History of the Reign of James II.,' which belonged to distinguished people, and amongst these former owners were Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Philip Francis, C. E. Jerningham, Rogers, and General Fitzpatrick; and as many of the copies contained MS. notes, the interest of the collection will be readily understood.

A brief review of the principal book-collectors whose libraries—formed for the most part by men who lived in London—have been dispersed during the past dozen years will not be without interest; those which have been already referred to are, of course, omitted here. James Comerford, F.S.A., by profession a notary public, who inherited from his father a love of books, and also a considerable collection, had an exceedingly fine library, which consisted for the most part of topographical works, many of them on large paper with proof-plates. He was in his seventy-sixth year when he died, and his books, which were sold at Sotheby's in November, 1882 (thirteen days), realized a total of £8,327 13s. Frederic Ouvry, who died in June, 1881, was partner in the firm of Farrer, Ouvry, and Co., of Lincoln's Inn; he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1848, and for twenty years was the society's treasurer, and succeeded Earl Stanhope as president. He was a man of considerable means, and formed one of the most interesting and most choice of modern libraries. Many of his books fetched far higher sums than he had paid for them; for example, Drummond of Hawthornden's 'Forth Fasting,' 1617, cost him in 1858 £8 15s.—at his sale it fetched £60; and Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' 1598, advanced from £5 10s. to £63. Mr. Ouvry was an intimate friend of both Mr. Gladstone and Charles Dickens; a copy of the former's 'Gleanings of Past Years' was a presentation one from the author, and had the following inscription, 'Frederic Ouvry, Esq., from W. E. G., in memory of the work we have done together for fourteen years in full harmony of thought and

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act.' There were 177 autograph letters from Dickens, which sold for £150. The four folio Shakespeares sold for £420, £46, £116, £28; a copy of the first edition of Spenser's 'Faërie Queene,' 1590-96, £33; a copy of Daniel's 'Delia,' 1592, with corrections, supposed to be by the author, £88. The total of the six days' sale was £6,169 2s.

A very remarkable library came under the hammer at Sotheby's on March 21-25, 1884, when the unique collection of the late Francis Bedford, the eminent binder, was sold. The beauty of the bindings was naturally the most striking feature of the library, but there were many books which were rare or historically interesting apart from their coverings. For example, there was the identical Prayer-Book that was found in the pocket of Charles I. immediately after his execution; a copy of the Breeches Bible printed in Scotland, 1579; one of the Pearl Bible, 1653; a very fine copy of the 'Chronicon Nurembergense,' 1493. Bedford's own *chef d'œuvre*, a magnificent copy of Rogers' 'Italy' and 'Poems,' in olive morocco, super extra, realized £116, whilst the total of the five days' sale was £4,867 6s. 6d.

Among the more notable collections sold during 1885-7, that of the late Leonard Laurie Hartley, at Puttick's, may be mentioned, containing as it did some important books. Mr. Hartley has been described as a voracious collector, and would buy almost anything the dealers offered him, and almost at any price; hence he speedily became known as a good client, and doubtless paid 'through the nose' for very many articles. The extraordinarily extensive collection of books and manuscripts formed by the late Sir Thomas Phillipps (who died in 1867), of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, and Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham, commenced selling at Sotheby's in 1886, and the supply is not yet by any means exhausted. Up to March, 1895, seven portions had been dispersed, the total being £15,766. Perhaps the most interesting item in this vast collection was the original autograph manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Swift,' which realized £230 in June, 1893.

During 1886 and 1887 the collections of two of the most

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genuine book-hunters that ever lived came under the hammer. Professor Edward Solly's extensive library of about 40,000 volumes, and comprising many rare books on Defoe, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Samuel Butler, Johnson, Gray, Cobbett, Paine, and also books of topography, biography, history, travel, antiquities, bibliography, etc., only realized the total of £1,544 13s. 6d. (November, 1886). The equally interesting library of the late W. J. Thoms, founder of *Notes and Queries*, and Deputy-Librarian of the House of Lords, realized two months after Mr. Solly's sale £1,094 9s. Mr. Thoms' library was considerably smaller than that of his friend Mr. Solly, but they ran on very similar lines, Mr. Thoms' being particularly strong in quaint and out-of-the-way books relating to Pope, Junius, George IV., Queen Caroline, Princess Olive of Cumberland, Reynard the Fox, and Longevity. The first part of the library of another indefatigable book-hunter, Cornelius Walford, came under the hammer at the same place (Sotheby's) in February, 1887. Some interesting books were included in the four days' sale of the library of Sir William Hardy, F.S.A., late Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records (December, 1886), but the books were chiefly first editions of modern authors.

W. J. Thoms, Book-collector.
Founder of *Notes and Queries.*

But the two great collections of books, equally celebrated in their way, with, however, little in common, which give to the year 1887 a most special importance, were those of the Earl of Crawford, and the first portion of the late James T. Gibson Craig's (of Edinburgh), both of which were dispersed in June, each occupying Messrs. Sotheby ten days in the dispersal. The Crawford sale of 2,146 lots realized a total of £19,073 9s. 6d., or an average of over £8 17s. per lot, whilst the Gibson Craig sale of 2,927 lots produced only

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£6,803 8s., or an average of a little over £2 6s. The former included, however, a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, which realized £2,650, and a copy of Fust and Schoeffer's Bible, 1462, which sold for £1,025. Coverdale's Bible realized £226, and Tyndale's Bible £255, whilst Tyndale's New Testament, printed at Antwerp by Emperour, brought £230. The celebrated block-book, the Apocalypse of St. John, generally regarded as the second attempt in xylographic printing, realized £500. Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' 1590, first edition, sold for £93. (It may be here mentioned that the second portion of the Crawford library was sold in June, 1889, when 1,105 lots realized £7,324 4s. 6d. —three Caxtons produced a total of £588; Cicero, 'Old Age,' 1481, etc., £320; Higden's 'Policronicon,' 1482, £33; and 'Christine of Pisa,' 1489, £235.) The Gibson Craig collection was essentially a modern one, and included a number of finely illustrated books. One of the chief rarities was a copy of the first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' which fetched £50. There were also a number of autograph letters and MSS. of Sir Walter Scott, the most important of which was the MS. of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' £141. The second and third portions of the Gibson Craig library were sold in March and November, 1888, the total of the three sales being £15,509 4s. 6d. The library of the Earl of Aylesford was sold at Christie's, March 6-16, 1888; and in June and November of the same year, the extensive collection of the late R. S. Turner, of the Albany, occupied Messrs. Sotheby twenty-eight days, 7,568 lots realizing a total of over £16,000. A previous sale of 774 items of his books occurred in France in 1878, and realized 319,100 francs. Turner's books included many exceedingly choice volumes bound by the most eminent craftsmen, such as Clovis Eve, Deseuil, Bozet, Derome, Padeloup, Capé, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Roger Payne, Bedford, and Rivière. Turner was born in 1819, and died in June, 1887. Perhaps the great book sensation of 1888 occurred in the sale at Christie's when a portion of the library of the late Lord Chancellor Hardwicke ('The Wimpole Library') was sold, and when a dozen tracts

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relating to America, bound together in a quarto volume, realized the unheard-of sum of £555. In the same sale also there were three Caxtons: the 'Game and Play of Chesse,' 1475-76, first edition, but not quite perfect, £260; and 'The Myrrour of the Worlde;' and Tullius 'De Amicitia,' both imperfect, in one volume, £60.

We can only briefly allude here to some of the more important collections which have been sold in London during the past six years. In the majority of instances they were the possession of deceased individuals, who for the most part lived out of London. In February, 1889, the Hopetoun House Library, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun, was sold at Sotheby's, 1,263 lots realizing £6,117 6s., the most important items in the sale being a copy of the Gutenberg-Fust Latin Bible, 1450-55, £2,000, and the *editio princeps* Virgil, 1469, £590. The library of Mr. John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, sold at the same place in the following March (2,368 lots = £7,072), was one of the most important collections dispersed in recent years; it was especially rich in first editions of modern writers, in *curious* books, and in literature relating to the drama; it included an exceedingly extensive series of Cruikshankiana, many of which realized prices which have not since been maintained. The most important lots in the sale of a selection from the library of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Sotheby's, March 25-27, 1889, were five Caxtons, viz.: 'Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophirs,' 1477, first edition, £650; 'The Chronicles of England,' first edition, 1480, £470; the same, second edition, 1482, £45; Higden's 'Descripcion of Britayne,' 1480, £195; and the 'Royal Book, or Book for a King' (? 1487), £365.

Many interesting items occurred in the sale (July, 1889) of the library of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (one of the most distinguished of London book-hunters), which occurred a few months after the venerable owner's death. The amount realized for 1,291 lots was £2,298 10s. 6d.; and among them were several Shakespeare quartos, in all instances slightly imperfect. By far the most important feature of the Shake-

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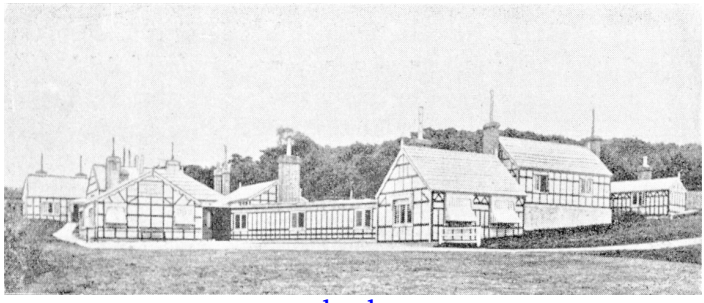

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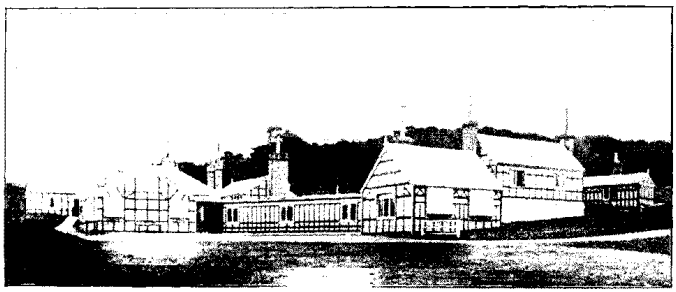
spearian rarities, drawings and engravings, preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton—'that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which had the honour of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the great dramatist than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries'—still remains intact, according to the late owner's direction. It was offered to the Corporation of Birmingham for £7,000, but without avail. The collection comprises early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, authentic personal relics, documentary evidences respecting his estates and individuals connected with his



Hollingbury Copse, the Residence of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

personal history. The most important of the several hundred items is perhaps the unique early proof of the famous Droeshout portrait, for which Halliwell-Phillipps gave £100, and for which an American collector offered him £1,000. A calendar of this extraordinary assembly was very carefully edited by Mr. E. E. Baker, F.S.A., in 1891, and the collection is still intact. Writing in June, 1887, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps himself tells us that for nearly half a century he had been an ardent Shakespearian collector, 'being most likely the only survivor of the little band who attended the sale of the library of George Chalmers somewhere about the year 1840. But for a long time, attempting too much in several

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directions with insufficient means, and harassed, moreover, by a succession of lawsuits, including two in the Court of Torture—I mean Chancery—I was unable to retain my accumulations; and thus it came to pass that bookcase full after bookcase full were disposed of, some by private contract, many under the vibrations of the auctioneer's hammer. This state of affairs continued till February, 1872, but since that period, by a strict limitation of my competitive resources to one subject—the Life of Shakespeare—I have managed to jog along without parting with a single article of any description.'

A much more important collection of Shakespeariana than that which appeared in the Halliwell-Phillipps sale came under the hammer at the same place a few days afterwards, when the late Frederick Perkins's library was dispersed (2,086 lots realized £8,222 7s.). The sale, in fact, was the most important in this respect since that of George Daniel in 1864, to which, however, the Perkins Collection was considerably inferior. Mr. Perkins had spent many years of search and a large sum of money in collecting early editions of Shakespeare, but during the past thirty years not only has their value gone up in an appalling degree, but they are for the most part positively unprocurable. Under these depressing conditions, Mr. Perkins managed nevertheless to obtain eighteen first or very early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays; and poor as is this show when compared with that of George Daniel, it is doubtful whether a sale so extensive from the particular point of view under consideration as that of Mr. Perkins can be expected until well into the next century. The highest price was paid for 'The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth,' 1600, £225; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1599, fetched £164; the 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600 (printed by J. Roberts), £121; 'Henry V.,' 1608, third edition, £99. The First Folio fetched £415.

The dispersals of book-collections in 1890 included a few of considerable note. The exceedingly extensive one, for example, of the late Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was highly interesting as illustrating a

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phase of book-collecting which is now all but obsolete. It was rich in the classics, which three-quarters of a century ago would have created the greatest excitement. It occupied twenty-one days (May-June), when 6,919 lots realized a total of £10,982 3s.—a highly satisfactory result, when the general depreciation in the market value of the classics is considered. The extensive library of Mr. Thomas Gaisford (2,218 lots, £9,182 15s. 6d.), which was sold in April, 1890, included not only some fine editions of the classics, but a remarkable series of Blake's works, first editions of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Swinburne, the four folio editions of Shakespeare, and a few quartos, notably the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1602, £385; 'Love's Labour Lost,' 1598, £140; and 'Much Adoe about Nothing,' 1600, £130, all first editions. Some very interesting and rare Shakespeare items occurred also in the sale of the library of the late Frederick William Cosens, 1890, *e.g.*, 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £270; and the 'Poems,' 1640, £61. The dramatic library of the late Frank Marshall (Sotheby's, June, 1890, £2,187 14s. 6d.), and the angling books of the late Francis Francis (Puttick's, July, 1890), were interesting collections in the way of special books.

The most noteworthy collections dispersed in 1891 included the Walton Hall library of the late Edward Hailstone, who was D.L. of the West Riding, Yorkshire (sold in February and April, 5,622 lots, £8,991 5s. 6d.), among which were many books of an exceedingly curious character; and the 'Lakelands' library of the late W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, co. Cork (3,428 lots, £21,255 19s. 6d.), remarkable on account of its copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio, 1471, £230; a copy (? unique) of Caviceo, 'Dialogue treselegant intitule le Peregrin,' 1527, on vellum, with the arms of France, £355; the Landino edition of Dante, 1481, with the engravings by Bacio Baldini from the designs by Botticelli, £360; Shakespeare's 'Lucrece,' 1594, £250, and 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £111; and the 'Legenda Aurea,' printed by Caxton, 1483, £465. The topographical and general library of the late Lord Brabourne was sold in May, 1891, also at Sotheby's; whilst the remainder of this library was sold at Puttick's in

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June, 1893. The collections scattered in 1892 included few of note, but we may mention those of the late Joshua H. Hutchinson, G. B. Anderson, and R. F. Cooke (a partner in the firm of John Murray, the eminent publisher) as including many first editions of modern authors; whilst those of John Wingfield Larking and Edwin Henry Lawrence, F.S.A., included a number of rare books, as may be gathered from the fact that the library of the former comprised 946 lots, which realized £3,925 13s., and that of the latter, 860 lots, £7,409 3s. The most interesting collection sold in 1893 was the selected portions from the books, MSS., and letters collected by William Hazlitt, his son, and his grandson; of the first importance in another direction was the sale of the Bateman heirlooms (books and MSS.).

The late Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, and late Rector of Middleton-Cheney, Banbury, and vice-president of the Roxburghe Club, was a veritable Heber in a small way. Besides the enormous quantity of books sold in two portions (twenty-two days in all) in February, 1893, and April, 1894, several vanloads were disposed of locally, as not being worth the cost of carriage to London. His library must have comprised nearly 100,000 volumes, of which only a small proportion had any commercial importance. He managed, however, in his long career, to pick up a few bargains, notably the Columbus 'Letter' ('Epistola Christofori Colom.,' four leaves, 1493, with which was bound up Vespucci, 'Mundus novus Albericus Vesputius,' etc., 1503, also four leaves), which cost him less than £5, and which realized £315; he also possessed a first edition of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 1766, £39 10s.; Keats's 'Poems,' first edition, 1817, in the original boards, £23 10s.; Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' 1749, first edition, uncut, in the original boards, £69. The two portions of the Buckley library sold at Sotheby's realized £9,420 9s. 6d. The smallest, as well as the choicest, library sold in 1894 (June 11) comprised the most select books from the collection of Mr. Birket Foster, the distinguished artist. The first, second, third, and fourth

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folio Shakespeares sold for £255, £56, £130, and £25 respectively; the quarto editions of the great dramatist included 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600, large copy, £122; 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600, £146; 'King Lear,' 1608, £100. Mr. Foster also possessed John Milton's copy of 'Lycophronis Alexandra,' which realized £90; an incomplete copy of Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' 1491, £77. The valuable and interesting dramatic and miscellaneous library of the late Frederick Burgess, of the Moore and Burgess minstrels, was sold at Sotheby's, in May-June, 1894, and included many choice editions of modern authors.

The late Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte was a giant among book-collectors, but his books were almost exclusively philological. Mr. Victor Collins, who has compiled an 'Attempt' at a catalogue, in which there are no less than 13,699 entries, states that 'as a young man the Prince was fond of chemistry, and on one occasion he was desirous of reading a chemical work that happened to exist only in Swedish. He learned Swedish for the purpose, and this gave him a taste for languages, very many of which he studied. His object in forming the library was to discover, rather perhaps to show, the relationship of all languages to each other. Nor was it only distinct languages he included in his plan, but their dialects, their corruptions, even slang, thieves' slang—slang of all kinds. In carrying out his idea the Prince had of course the advantages of exceptional abilities, and, until the fall of the Empire, of unlimited money. Some of the bindings are very beautiful. As to the printing, the Prince for long had a fully-fitted printing-office on the basement floor of his house in Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater. The Prince being a Senator of France, a cousin of Louis Napoleon, and a well-known philologist, people brought him all sorts of interesting books. Therefore it is not surprising to find that the library includes rare works not present, for instance, in the British Museum. There are three early German Bibles which Mr. Gladstone, visiting the Prince once, thought should be presented to the British Museum. To the best of Mr. Gladstone's knowledge, one of

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the three did not exist anywhere else, and either of the three would be worth about £500. They are remarkable specimens of early German printing, and are profusely illustrated.' Mr. Collins calculates that there are at least 25,000 volumes in the collection, and that fully thirty alphabets are spread through them. This extraordinary collection, like the Shakespearian one formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, is still awaiting a purchaser (see the *Times*, July 25, 1895).

The collection, also a special one, of a recently-deceased book-collector may be mentioned here, and for the following particulars we are indebted to Mr. Elliot Stock: 'Edmund Waterton, the son of Charles Waterton, the naturalist, lived at first at Walton Hall, his father's residence. He sold this, and bought a house at Deeping, Waterton, where his ancestors formerly lived. He had a large old library, a great part of which he inherited from his father. His great pleasure was in his "Imitatio Christi" collection. He succeeded in gathering together some 1,500 different editions, printed and MS. He had given commissions to booksellers all over Europe to send him any edition they might meet with, and one of the pleasures of his life was to see the foreign packets come by post. I sent him a seventeenth-century edition which I came across accidentally for his acceptance on "spec." It turned out it was one he had been looking for for a long time, and his letter describing his glee when it was brought up to his bedroom in the morning with his breakfast was very comic. He kept an oblong volume like a washing-book, with all the editions he knew of, some thousands in all, and his delight in ticking one more off the lengthy *desiderata* was like that of a schoolboy marking off the "days to the holidays." Edmund Waterton had a number of rare books besides those in his "Imitation" collection; notably a very tall First Folio Shakespeare, with contemporary comments made by some ancestor, who had also made good some of the missing pages in MS. He was a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More, on his mother's side, and possessed Sir T. More's clock, which still went when I stayed with him. It was apparently the same clock that hangs on the

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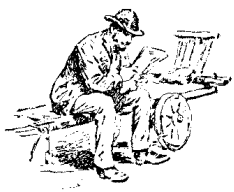
wall at the back of Holbein's celebrated picture of Sir Thomas More and his family. Waterton had one of the longest and clearest pedigrees in the country, tracing back to Saxon times without break; his family were Catholics, and seem to have lost most of their property in the troublous times of the Reformation. Anyone who was interested in the "Imitation," whether as a collector or not, always met with kindness, and almost affection, from him. The first time I met him—which arose from my making the facsimile of the Brussels MS.—he showed his confidence and goodwill by lending me, for several days, his oblong record of editions to look over.'

Mr. Waterton's collection of the 'Imitation' came under the hammer at Sotheby's in January, 1895, in two lots. The first comprised six manuscripts and 762 printed editions, ancient and modern, in various languages, of this celebrated devotional work, arranged in languages in chronological order. It realized £101. The second lot comprised a collection of 437 printed editions, a few of which were not included in the former, and sold for the equally absurd amount of £43. The British Museum had the first pick of this collection, and the authorities were enabled to fill up a large number of gaps in their already extensive series of editions. The six MSS. and over 250 printed editions passed into the possession of Dr. Copinger, of Manchester, through Messrs. Sotheran, of the Strand, who, indeed, purchased the two 'lots' when offered at Sotheby's.



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BOOK-AUCTIONS AND SALES.

I.

IT is perhaps to be regretted that the late Adam Smith did not make an inquiry into the subject of Books and their Prices. The result, if not as exhaustive as the 'Wealth of Nations,' would have been quite as important a contribution to the science of social economy. In a general way, books are subject, like other merchandise, to the laws of supply and demand. But, as with other luxuries, the demand fluctuates according to fashion rather than from any real, tangible want. The want, for example, of the edition of Chaucer printed by Caxton, or of the Boccaccio by Valdarfer, is an arbitrary rather than a literary one, for the text of neither is without faults, or at all definitive. To take quite another class of books as an illustration: the demand for first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, and others, is perhaps greater

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than the supply; but we do not read these first editions any more than the Caxton Chaucer or the Valdarfer Boccaccio; we can get all the good we want out of the fiftieth edition. We do not, however, feel called upon to anticipate the labours and inquiries of the future Adam Smith; it must suffice us to indicate some of the more interesting prices and fashions in book-fancies which have prevailed during the last two centuries or so in London.

The sale of books by auction dates, in this country at all events, from the year 1676, when William Cooper, a bookseller of considerable learning, who lived at the sign of the Pelican, in Little Britain, introduced a custom which had for many years been practised on the Continent. The full title of this interesting catalogue is in Latin—a language long employed by subsequent book-auctioneers—and runs as follows:

CATALOGUS | VARIORUM ET INSIGNIUM | LIBRORUM | INSTRUCTISSIMÆ BIBLIOTHECA | CLARISSIMI DOCTISSIMIQ VIRI—LAZARI SEAMAN, S. T. D. | QUORUM AUCTIO HABEBITUR LONDINI | IN ÆDIBUS DEFUNCTI IN AREA ET VICULO | WARWICENSI. OCTOBRIS ULTIMO | CURA GULIELMI COOPER BIBLIOPOLÆ | LONDINI.

APUD { ED. BREWSTER & GUIL. COOPER. } AD INSIGNE { GRUIS IN CÆMETARIO PAULINO PELICANI IN VICO VULGARITER DICTO LITTLE BRITAIN. } *1676.*

As will be seen from the foregoing, Cooper had no regular auction-rooms, for in this instance Dr. Seaman's books were sold at his own house in Warwick Court. Mr. John Lawler, in *Booklore*, December, 1885, points out an error first made by Gough (in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and extensively copied since), who states that the sale occurred at Cooper's house in Warwick Lane. In his preface 'To the Reader,' Cooper makes an interesting announcement, by way of apology. 'It hath not been,' he says, 'usual here in England to make sale of books by way of Auction, or who

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will give most for them ; but it having been practised in other Countreys to the advantage of Buyers and Sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sales of these books in this manner of way ; and it is hoped that this will not be Unacceptable to Schollars ; and therefore we thought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of Proceeding therein.' The second sale, comprising the library of Mr. Thomas Kidner, was held by Cooper three months after, *i.e.*, February 6, 1676-77. On February 18, 1677-78, the third sale by auction was held, and this, as Mr. Lawler has pointed out, is the first 'hammer'* auction, and was held at a coffee-house—'in vico vulgo dicto, Bread St. in Ædibus Ferdinandi stable coffipolæ ad insigne capitis Turcæ,' the auctioneer in this case being Zacharius Bourne, whilst the library was that of the Rev. W. Greenhill, author of a 'Commentary on Ezekiel,' and Rector of Stepney, Middlesex. The fourth sale was that of Dr. Thomas Manton's library, in March, 1678. From 1676 to 1682, no less than thirty sales were held, and these included, in addition to the four already mentioned, the libraries of Brooke, Lord Warwick, Sir Kenelm Digby (see p. 120), Dr. S. Charnock, Dr. Thomas Watson, John Dunton, the crack-brained bookseller, Dr. Castell, the author of the 'Heptaglotton,' Dr. Thomas Gataker, and others. The business of selling by auction was so successful that several other auctioneers adopted it, including such well-known booksellers as Richard Chiswell and Moses Pitt. At a very early period a suspicion got about that the books were 'run up' by those who had a special interest in them, and accordingly the vendors of Dr. Benjamin Worsley's sale, in May, 1678, emphatically denied this imputation, which they described as 'a groundless and malicious suggestion of some of our own trade envious of our undertaking.' In addition to this statement, they refused to accept any 'commissions' to buy at this sale.

* Cooper's hammer was of boxwood. Millington applies to his own the Homeric line, δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο, which anyone is quite at liberty to believe. James Christie's original hammer is still in the possession of the firm ; Samuel Baker's belongs to Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

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The dispersal of books by auction developed in many ways. It soon became, for example, one means of getting rid of the bookseller's heavy stock, of effecting what is now termed a 'rig.' Its popularity was extended to the provinces, for from 1684 and onwards Edward Millington* visited the provinces, selecting fair times for preference, taking with him large quantities of books, which he sold at auction, and this doubtless was another method of distributing works which were more or less still-born. John Dunton (who, the Pretender said, was the first man he would hang when he became King) took a cargo of books to Ireland in 1698, and most of these he sold by auction in Dublin. This visit was not welcomed by the Irish booksellers, and one of its numerous results was 'The Dublin Scuffle,' which is still worth reading. Dunton's

John Dunton, Book-auctioneer in 1698.

* In 1686 Millington was selling the library of the deceased Lord Anglesey. Putting up a copy of 'Eikon Basilike,' there were but few bidders, and those very low in their biddings. Casually turning over the pages before bringing the hammer on the rostrum, he read, with evident surprise, the following note in Lord Anglesey's own handwriting: 'King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last session of parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the Lords' House, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections, written with the late King Charles the First's own hand) assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; which I here insert for the understanding of others on this point, by attesting so much under my own hand.—ANGLESEY.'

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receipts amounted to £1,500. It was said that Dunton had 'done more service to learning by his three auctions than any single man that had come into Ireland for the previous three hundred years.'

It may be pointed out that the early auction catalogues are of the 'thinnest' possible nature. The books were usually arranged according to subjects, but each lot, irrespective of its importance, was confined to a single line. The sales were at first usually held from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve, and again from two o'clock till six, a day's sale therefore occupying eight hours. Mr. Lawler calculates that the

Samuel Baker, the Founder of Sotheby's.

average number of lots sold would be about sixty-six. The early hour at which the sales began was soon dropped, and eventually the time of starting became noon, and from that to one or even two o'clock. It is quite certain that, up to ten shillings, penny and twopenny bids were accepted. The sales were chiefly held at the more noteworthy coffee-houses. Dr. King, in his translation (?) of Sorbière's 'Journey to London,' 1698, says: 'I was at an auction of books at Tom's Coffee-house, near Ludgate, where were about fifty people. Books were sold with a great deal of trifling and delay, as with us, but very cheap. Those excellent authors, Mounsieur Maim-

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bourg, Mounsieur Varillas, Monsieur le Grand, tho' they were all guilt on the back and would have made a very considerable figure in a gentleman's study, yet, after much tediousness, were sold for such trifling sums that I am asham'd to name 'em.'

It is curious to note the evolution of the book-auctioneer from the bookseller. Besides the names already quoted, John Whiston, Thomas Wilcox, Thomas and Edward Ballard, Sam Bathoe, Sam Paterson, Sam Baker, and George Leigh, were all booksellers as well as book-auctioneers. Of these the firm established by Samuel Baker in 1744 continues to flourish in Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The earlier auctioneers with whom books were a special feature, but who did not sell books except under the hammer, include Cock (under the Great Piazza, Covent Garden), Langford (who succeeded to Cock's business), Gerard, James Christie, Greenwood, Compton, and Ansell.

The firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge is, by nearly half a century, the *doyen* of London auctioneers. One hundred and fifty years is a long life for one firm, but Sotheby's can claim an unbroken record of that length of time. The founder of the house was Samuel Baker, who started as a bookseller and book-auctioneer in York Street, Covent Garden, in 1744. At the latter part of his career, Baker, who retired in 1777 and died in the following year, took into partnership George Leigh, and, at a later date, his nephew, John Sotheby, whose son Samuel also joined the firm. Writing in 1812, Richard Gough observes in reference to Leigh: 'This genuine disciple of the *elder Sam* [Baker] is still at the head of his profession, assisted by a *younger Sam* [Sotheby]; and of the Auctioneers of Books may not improperly be styled *facile princeps*. His pleasant disposition, his skill, and his integrity are as well known as his famous *snuff-box*, described by Mr. Dibdin as having a not less imposing air than the remarkable periwig of Sir Fopling of old, which, according to the piquant note of Dr. Warburton, usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan chair, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite satisfaction to the

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audience. When a high price book is balancing between £15 and £20, it is a fearful sign of its reaching an additional sum if Mr. Leigh should lay down his hammer and delve into this said crumple-horn-shaped snuff-box.' The style of the firm was for many years Leigh, Sotheby and Son. In 1803-4 a removal to 145, Strand, opposite Catherine Street, was made.

Samuel Leigh Sotheby.

John Sotheby died in 1807, and the name of Leigh disappeared from the catalogues in 1816. Samuel Sotheby removed to the present premises, No. 3 (now 13), Wellington Street, Strand, in 1818, not more than a few yards from either of the two former localities. The last of the race, Samuel Leigh Sotheby, joined his father in partnership in 1830, and

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is well and widely known as a scholar and author of considerable note. In 1843 John Wilkinson became a partner, and S. L. Sotheby died in 1861. The next alteration in the style of the firm was effected in 1864, when the present head and sole member, Mr. Edward Grose Hodge, was admitted into partnership.

Mr. E. G. Hodge, of Sotheby's.

The first sale was the collection of books belonging to Thomas Pellet, M.D. Curiously enough, Baker's name does not occur anywhere in connection with this sale on the catalogue thereof. The auction took place in the Great Room over Exeter 'Change, and lasted fifteen days, or rather nights, for the sale began at five o'clock in the evening on Monday, January 7, 1744. The octavos, quartos, and folios, of which a selection appeared in each evening's sale, were numbered separately, a process which must have been very confusing, and one which was soon dropped. The first day's sale of 123 lots realized £47 7s. 1d., whilst the fifteen nights produced a total of £859 11s. 1d. One of the highest prices was paid for Mrs. Blackwell's 'Herbal,' 1740, 'finely coloured and best paper, in blue Turkey,' £14. The catalogue of this sale contained the interesting announcement: 'That the publick may be assured this is the genuine collection of Dr. Pellet, without addition or diminution, the original catalogue may be seen by any gentleman at the place of sale.' In 1754-55 Dr. Mead's books occupied fifty days, and produced £5,518 10s. 11d.; and in

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1756 forty days devoted to the library of Martin Folkes yielded no more than £3,091 odd. In February, 1755, Baker sold Fielding's library of 653 lots (£364 7s. 1d.). Gradually more important properties came to hand—the effects of Samuel Tyssen, 1802, thirty-eight days, £9,102 16s. 7d.; Prince Talleyrand (*Bibliotheca Splendidissima*), 1816, eighteen days, only £8,399; James Bindley, 1819, twenty-eight days, £7,692 6s. 6d.; the Dimsdales, 1824, seventeen days, £7,802 19s. Of course, very interesting days have been experienced where the financial result was not very striking, as when, in 1799, the firm disposed of the library of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, 'Author and Secretary of State,' for £533 4s. 4d.; and in 1833 of that of 'the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte' (*sic*), removed from St. Helena, for £450 9s. (his tortoiseshell walking-stick bringing £38 17s.); and, once more, when the drawings of T. Rowlandson, the caricaturist, were sold in 1818 for £700. The libraries of the Marquis of Lansdowne, 1806; the Duke of Queensberry, 1805; Marquis of Townsend, 1812; Count McCarthy, 1789; H.R.H. the Duke of York, 1827; James Boswell, 1825; G. B. Inglis, 1826; Edmond Malone, 1818; Joseph Ritson, 1803; John Wilkes, 1802; and a large number of others, came under the hammer at Sotheby's from 1744 to 1828. But the portions—the first, second, third, ninth, and tenth—of the stupendous Heber Library, dispersed here in 1834, owing to the prevailing depression, and what Dibdin called the *bibliophobia*, nearly ruined the auctioneers. They rallied from the blow, however, and have never suffered any relapse to bad times, whatever account they may be pleased to give of the very piping ones which they have known pretty well ever since 1845, when Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright's important library was entrusted to their care. The secret of this steady and sustained progress is to be found in the general confidence secured by strict commercial integrity. The house receives business, but never solicits it. During the last half century nearly every important library has been sold at Sotheby's, including the Hamilton Palace and Beckford, the Thorold, the Osterley Park, the Seillière, and the Crawford libraries.

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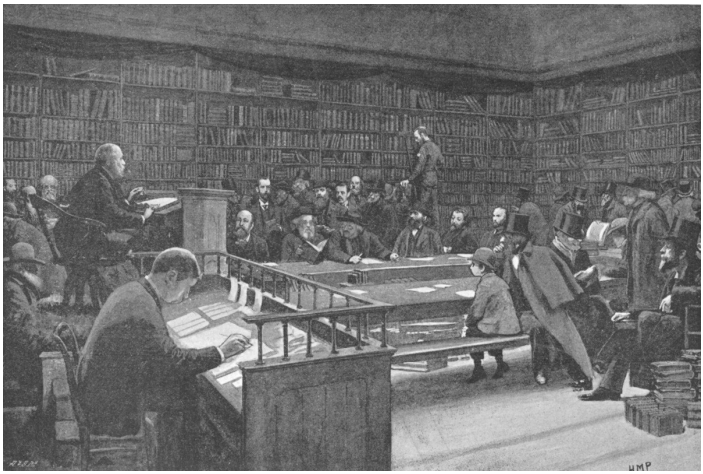

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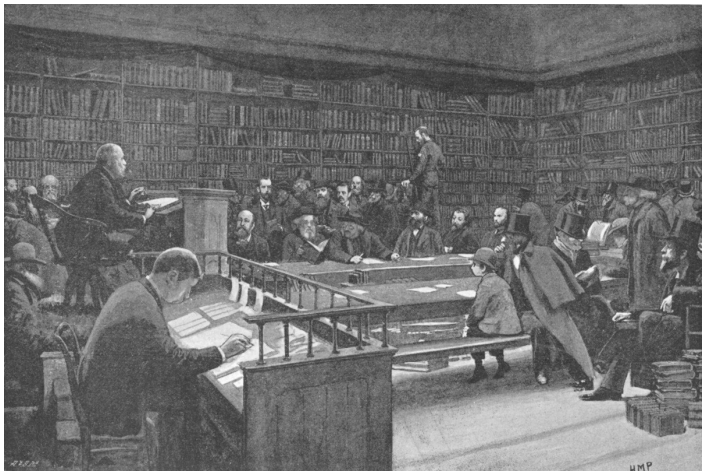

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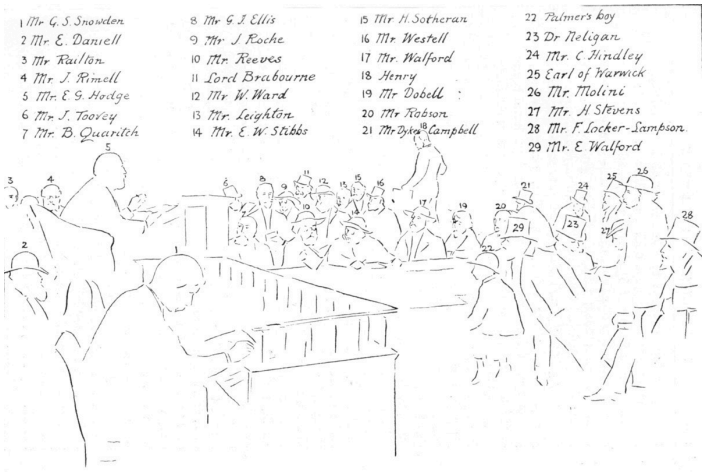
1 Mr G. S. Snowden
2 Mr E. Daniell
3 Mr Railton
4 Mr J. Rimell
5 Mr E. S. Hodge
6 Mr J. Toovey
7 Mr B. Quaritch
8 Mr G. J. Ellis
9 Mr J. Roche
10 Mr Reeves
11 Lord Brabourne
12 Mr W. Ward
13 Mr Leighton
14 Mr E. W. Stibbs
15 Mr H. Sotheran
16 Mr Westell
17 Mr Walford
18 Henry
19 Mr Dobell
20 Mr Robson
21 Mr Dyke Campbell
22 Palmer's boy
23 Dr Neligan
24 Mr C. Hindley
25 Earl of Warwick
26 Mr Molini
27 Mr H. Stevens
28 Mr F. Locker-Sampson
29 Mr E. Walford

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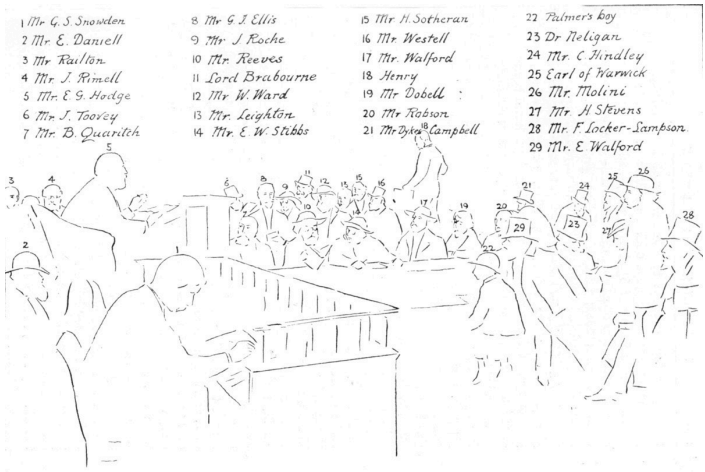
1 Mr G. S. Snowden
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3 Mr Raillon
4 Mr J. Rimell
5 Mr E. G. Hodge
6 Mr J. Toovey
7 Mr B. Quaritch
8 Mr G. J. Ellis
9 Mr J. Roche
10 Mr Reeves
11 Lord Brabourne
12 Mr W. Ward
13 Mr Leighton
14 Mr E. W. Stibbs
15 Mr H. Sotheran
16 Mr Westell
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18 Henry
19 Mr Dobell
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22 Palmer's boy
23 Dr Neligan
24 Mr C Hindley
25 Earl of Warwick
26 Mr Molini
27 Mr H Stevens
28 Mr F Locker-Sampson
29 Mr E Walford

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But from 1812 to 1845 the most important libraries were almost invariably sold by R. H. Evans, who began with the famous Roxburghe Collection—this sale, it may be mentioned, was held at the Duke's house, now occupied by the Windham Club, 13, St. James's Square—in 1812, and finished with the sixth part of the library of the Duke of Sussex in 1845. We can only refer to a few of the more important of Evans's sales, in addition to the two foregoing: In 1813 he sold the fine collection of early-printed books collected by Stanesby Alchorne, Master of the Mint, Earl Spencer having previ-

R. H. Evans, Book-auctioneer, 1812.

ously bought Alchorne's Caxtons; in 1815 the Duke of Grafton's library; in 1818-19 two parts of James Bindley's collection; in 1819-20 the White Knights Library of the Marquis of Blandford; in 1832-33 John Broadley's collection of books, which included the celebrated 'Bedford Missal,' bought by Sir John Tobin for £1,100, and now in the British Museum; in 1833 Edmund Burke's books; Lord Byron's in 1827; T. F. Dibdin's, 1817; the Earl of Guilford's, in three parts, 1830-35; the fourth, sixth, seventh,

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eighth, and eleventh parts of the Heber Collection, 1834-36; the books of Thomas Hill ('Paul Pry'), 1841; Daniel and Samuel Lysons, 1820, 1828, 1834; G. and W. Nicol, booksellers, 1825; Colonel Stanley, 1813; Sir M. M. Sykes, three parts, 1824; and J. Towneley, 1814-45, 1828. A complete list of Evans's sales is contributed by Mr. Norgate to *The Library*, iii. 324-330. Of the auctioneer himself a few details will not be out of place. Robert Harding Evans was the son of Thomas Evans, a bookseller of the Strand, and served his apprenticeship with Tom Payne at the News Gate. Leaving here, he succeeded to the business of James Edwards, Pall Mall, and was induced by George Nicol to undertake the sale by auction of the Duke of Roxburghe's library. The experiment was such a success that he became almost exclusively known as an auctioneer, and his business as a bookseller speedily declined. He was an admirable auctioneer, having an excellent memory and a vast fund of information; but he neglected the most important of all matters in commercial life, his ledgers. He had to give up selling books by auction, but restarted as a bookseller in Bond Street, with his two sons as partners; but his day was over, and here failure again followed him. He died in Edwards Street, Hampstead Road, April 25, 1857, aged eighty.

A few other firms of book-auctioneers, although, with one exception, they have ceased to exist, call for mention. Sam Paterson, than whom no more popular an auctioneer ever wielded a hammer, was, as we have already seen, first a bookseller. Sam—we employ the little familiarity by which he was universally known—was born in 1728 in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and lived on till 1802, his death being the result of an accident. He was not only a bookseller, but an author and a traveller, and it was during a tour in Holland and Flanders that he brought home a large collection of books, which he sold at auction. In 1757, Sam prevented the valuable collection of MSS. once belonging to Sir Julius Cæsar from being destroyed; they had actually been sold to a cheesemonger as waste-paper for £10. He rescued the whole collection, and drew up a masterly catalogue of

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it, and when sold by auction the result was £356. For some years he was librarian to the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne. Sam's great talents at 'cataloguizing' were unrivalled: he compiled those of James West, P.R.S. (whose library he sold at Langford's), 1773, the sale lasting twenty-four days, and including a fine series of books printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and on Old English literature and history, voyages and travels (see p. 179); the Rev. Thomas Crofts, forty-three days, in 1783; Topham Beauclerk, April 8, 1781, and following forty-nine days (the collection was dispersed by Sam himself 'opposite Beaufort Buildings, Strand'); of the Fagel Collection, now in Trinity College, Dublin, 1802, and others. Nichols states that the catalogues of the libraries of Maffei Pinelli, sold in London in fifty-four days, 1789-90; of Samuel Tyssen, 1801, thirteen days; and of John Strange, fifty-six days, 1801, were compiled by the versatile Sam. The Pinelli catalogue most certainly was not his work, for although he commenced it, he threw it up at a very early stage. The Tyssen and Strange libraries were sold at Sotheby's, for whom Sam 'catalogued' for some time. The book-hunter in London will occasionally meet with a copy of the 'Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta' on the stalls for a few pence, and he is strongly recommended to buy this very admirable volume. It is a model catalogue in its way; the contents of this sale (which took place at Sam's Great Room in King Street, Covent Garden, on Monday, May 8, 1786, and the thirty-five following days) are carefully classified, whilst the index extends to nearly seventy pages. The volume is well interspersed with Sam's annotations, and the published price of it is 5s. 6d. The second condition of sale is extremely interesting; it says, 'No bidder shall advance less than THREEPENCE under ten shillings; above ten shillings, SIXPENCE; above one pound, ONE SHILLING.'

The chief rival of Leigh and Paterson was Thomas King, who from 1780 to 1796 had a shop in Lower Moorfields, but who towards the end of 1796 moved to King Street, Covent Garden, and set up as an auctioneer. At first it was King and Son, but the son, early in the present century, started

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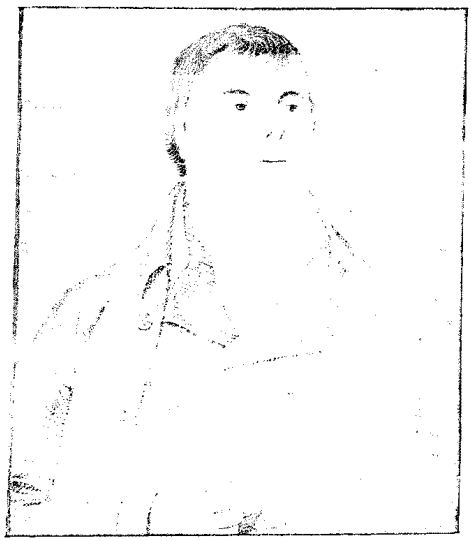
for himself in Tavistock Street, when the elder King's son-in-law, Lochée, became a partner. The firm existed into the second decade of the present century, and sold many important libraries, notably Isaac Reed's, in 1807, which lasted thirty-nine days, and included a very extraordinary collection of works relating to the English drama and poetry; Dr. Richard Farmer's, in 1798, lasting thirty-six days; John Maddison's, of the Foreign Department in the Post Office, 1802, twenty-



John Walker, Book-auctioneer, 1776.

two days; George Steevens's, May 13, 1800, eleven days; and John Horne Tooke's, May 26, 1813, four days. It is scarcely necessary to point out that either of the foregoing remarkable libraries would give 'tone' to the annals of any book-auction house. The collection of the Rev. John Brand (see p. 179), of the Society of Antiquaries, was sold by Stewart, the founder of Puttick's, of Piccadilly, in 1807-8, when 4,064 lots realized a total of £6,151 15s.; he also sold the libraries of Lord Thurlow, of W. Bryant, etc. Other

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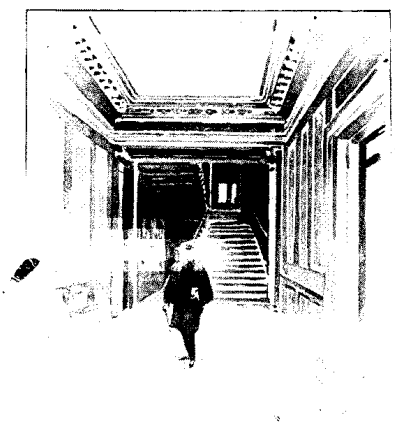
auctioneers who occasionally sold books during the earlier part of the present century were Jeffrey, of Pall Mall, who in 1810 sold Dr. Benjamin Heath's library in thirty-two days, the 4,786 lots realizing £8,899; Cochrane, of Catherine Street, who in 1816 (twelve days) dispersed an exceedingly interesting library originally formed between 1610 and 1650 by Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of James I. and Charles I.; Compton, of Conduit Street, who in 1783-84 (fifteen days) sold Joseph Gulston's library; Robins, of Warwick Street; and T. and J. Egerton, of Scotland Yard.

Mention may be here made of one who for many years occupied an important position in the fraternity. John Walker, brother-in-law of the elder George Robinson, was the book-auctioneer to the trade, and frequently knocked down from £10,000 to £40,000 worth of books in the course of an afternoon. In 1776 Walker was in partnership with J. Fielding, and in early life combined with the book-trade the office of one of the coal-meters of the City of London. He resigned the hammer to William Hone about 1812, and died at Camberwell in February, 1817. A sketch of his life and a portrait of him appear in the fifth volume of the *Wonderful Magazine*.



Staircase at Puttick and Simpson's.

After Sotheby's, the most important of the book-auctioneers of to-day are Messrs. Puttick and Simpson; Christie, Manson and Woods; and Hodgson and Co. The first-named have since December, 1858, occupied the greater portion of the house in Leicester Square in which Sir Joshua Reynolds lived

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throughout his brilliant career, and where he died in 1792. The auction-room was formerly the artist's studio; the office was his dining-room; the upper portion of the house is occupied by Mr. H. Gray, the topographical bookseller. The place has been altered since the distinguished painter resided there, but in this age of iconoclasm it is pleasant to wander in the passages and rooms where all the wit, beauty, and intellect of the latter part of the last century congregated—where Johnson and Boswell, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Malone met in good fellowship. The founder of the firm was a Mr. Stewart (see p. 112), who started in Piccadilly in 1794, and who continued here until about 1825, when he took into partnership Benjamin Wheatley, who had been at Sotheby's, and a son of the printer, Adlard; for a while the firm was John and James Fletcher, but early in 1846, the two and only partners were Mr. Puttick and the present Mr. William Simpson; the former died in 1873, and the business is now in the hands of Mr. Simpson and his son. The most important sale held at Puttick's was that of the Sunderland Library from Blenheim Palace, which, commencing on December 1, 1881, occupied from that date up to March 22, 1883, fifty-one days, the 13,858 lots realizing the gross total of £56,581 6s. On April 21, 1884, and ten following days, the exceedingly fine topographical library of the Earl of Gosford was sold at Puttick's, the total of the sale being £11,318 5s. 6d.; the most remarkable item in the sale was a fine large copy of the first volume of the Mazarin Bible in the original binding, which was knocked down to Mr. Toovey for £500; and next in interest to this was a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623, measuring 12⅞ inches by 8⅜ inches, quite perfect, but with the title and verses mounted, and the margins of two leaves slightly mended, and this sold for £470. The extensive library of L. L. Hartley (see p. 87) was also disposed of at Puttick's, 1885-87, and realized the total of £16,530; and other important libraries dispersed there during the last half-century include the Donnadieu books and MSS., 1847-58, £3,923; a portion of the Libri Collection, 1850-68, £8,929; Dawson Turner's books and MSS., 1859, £9,453;

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Edward Crowinshield's (of Boston, N.E.) books and MSS., 1860, £4,826; Sir Edward Dering's books and MSS., 1861, £7,259; the Emperor Maximilian's Mexican Library, 1869, £3,985; John Camden Hotten's stock, 1873, £3,751; Sir Edward Nichols' (Secretary to Charles I., whose state papers were sold privately to the British Museum) books, 1877,

The late Henry Stevens, of Vermont.

£977; the library of J. Duerdin, consigned from Australia, 1884, £1,140; books from William Penn's Library, 1872, £1,350; the library of Señor Don Jose Fernando Ramirez, 1880, £6,957; and many others. Literary property forms a comparatively small portion of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's business, a very important part of which consists in the sale

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and private dispersal of musical property of every description, as well as pictures, prints, porcelain and jewels.

The firm of Hodgson and Co. dates its origin from the twenties of the present century, the late Edmund Hodgson (who died in May, 1875, aged 81) starting in partnership with Robert Saunders at 39, Fleet Street, as an auctioneer of literary property, the premises having been originally the Mitre Tavern (see p. 222). In the interval the place had been christened the 'Poets' Gallery.' When the property passed into the hands of Messrs. Hoare, the partnership between Saunders and Hodgson terminated, and the latter removed to 192, Fleet Street, at the corner of Chancery Lane (on the site now occupied by Partridge and Cooper), where Mr. Hodgson remained for many years. The march of improvement again overtook him, and the business was once more removed, this time to its present site at 115, Chancery Lane, which was specially erected for the peculiar requirements of a book-auction house. The late Mr. Hodgson for many years officiated in the rostrum of nearly all the chief trade dinner sales, and literary property to the value of some £50,000 would frequently be disposed of by him during an evening. His son, the present head of the firm, officiated in a similar capacity for some years, until, in fact, the pleasant custom of trade dinners became almost obsolete. The firm has dispersed, in its time, many important libraries and stocks of books, among which we may specially mention the valuable collection of books of the College of Advocates, Doctors' Commons, London, Monday, April 22, 1861, and seven following days (2,456 lots); the stocks or superfluous stocks of books of Charles Knight, Owen Jones, G. Cox, R. Bentley, 'Standard Novels'; Bradbury and Evans's, April, 1862 (eight days); Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., November, 1862; Darton and Hodge, 1863, 1866, and 1867; Lionel Booth, May, 1866; Day and Son, 1865, 1867, and 1868; Sampson Low and Co., in consequence of the death of Sampson Low, jun., 1871; Moxon and Co., October, 1871, when a four days' sale resulted in over £12,000; Cassell and Co., in consequence of the removal to Belle Sauvage Yard, September, 1875, five days' sale (4,400 lots); and very many others.

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The firm of Christie, Manson and Woods dates its establishment from 1762, but its fame is almost exclusively built upon its picture-sales. During its existence, however, the firm has sold several more or less important libraries, such as those of James Edwards, the bookseller, 'the library of a gentleman of distinguished taste,' April, 1804; Rev. L. Dutens (four days), February, 1813; the Earl of Gainsborough,

Mr. James Christie, 'The Specious Orator.'
Engraved by R. Dighton, 1794.

March, 1813; the Hon. C. F. Greville, 1809; Sir William Hamilton, C.B., and Viscount Nelson, 1809; Sir James Pulteney (eight days), February, 1812; the Earl of Aylesford, 1879; Earl of Clarendon, 1877; C. Beckett-Denison, 1885; Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1785; J. P. Knight, R.A., 1881; Earl of Liverpool, 1829; W. Macready, 1873; Rev. W. Bentinck L. Hawkins, in three parts, 1895, and others.

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II.

The step from book-auctioneers to book-prices is a very easy one to take, but the subject is far less easily disposed of. A book is worth just as much as its vendor can get for it, and no more. Rarity is not synonymous with high commercial value. There may be only four copies of a particular book in existence, but if the only three people in the world who want it have provided themselves with a copy each, the fourth example is not worth twopence. We have seen this kind of thing illustrated within the past few years. Very small poets are published in very small editions, but nobody buys them, and the books therefore have no market value—in fact, they are superfluous. Hundreds of rare books are superfluous. The auction-room is the great leveller of all manner of unmerited fame, and it may be taken, as a general rule, to be an infallible guide.

We have but little information concerning the prices paid for second-hand books during the seventeenth century. The retailer's safest possible guide, of course, would be the price at which he acquired a particular book, or, if more than one, by the very simple process of averaging. One of the earliest and fullest illustrations we can cite occurs in connection with some of the prices paid for books for the Chetham Library of Manchester in 1663, and these are curious as well as interesting. Thus, Holland's 'Heröologia,' 1620, a good copy of which now realizes from £20 to £30, was purchased for 14s. Purchas's 'His Pilgrimes,' 1625-26, which now sells at auction, if in good condition, at about £50, was obtained for £3 15s. Dugdale's 'History of St. Paul's' cost 12s., and the same author's 'Antiquities of Worcestershire,' 1656, £1 7s. 6d.; the former now sells at prices varying from £5 to £10, and the latter, when in good condition, is not expensive at 18 guineas. In and about 1740 several book-sales occurred at or near Manchester, when a large number of rare items realized painfully small prices. For instance, the 'Treatise concernynge the fruytfull saynges of Davyd the Kynge and Prophete in the seven Penytencyall

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Psalms,' 1508, by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; the 'Nova Legenda Sanctorum Angliæ,' 1516, both printed by Wynkyn de Worde, were purchased together for 5s. 6d.! Parsons' 'Conference about the next succession to the Crowne of England,' 1594, cost 1s.; and the same Jesuit's 'Treatise of Three Conversions of England,' 1603-4, 15s. A few months ago these two publications realized close on £10 at auction. Tyndale's 'Practyse of Prelates,' 1530, was obtained for 1s. 6d.; and his 'Briefe Declaration of the Sacraments,' 1550, for 1s. 7d.; the former is now valued at 9 guineas, and the latter at 4 guineas. The English edition of Erasmus' 'Enchiridion Militis Christiani,' 1544, cost 6d., and is now worth perhaps as many pounds. The bargain of the period, however, occurred in connection with Sir Thomas Smyth's treatise 'De Republica et administratione Anglorum,' 1610; Raleigh's 'Prerogative of Parliaments' (?) 1628; and Burton's 'Protestation Protested,' which, together, realized 4d.! Each of these books is now extremely rare.

Thirteen years after the above-mentioned books changed hands at prices which can now only be described as heart-breaking, the first auction-sale took place. It is noteworthy —as Mr. Lawler has pointed out—that 'the first libraries which were sold by auction were those of Puritan divines who had lived and worked under the Commonwealth Government; these libraries were consequently composed of books suited to their calling, consisting almost entirely of theological and historical books.' Life was too awful a thing with them to indulge in a 'roguish' French novel, a Shakespearian play, or one of the many dramatic works which seemed for a time to kill all religious activity. A few of the items dispersed in the first sales will not be without interest. Dr. Seaman's copy of the *editio princeps* Homer in Greek, 1488, sold for 9s.; the Crawford copy realized £135—true, the latter was bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet. In the former sale a copy of Dr. Eliot's Indian Bible sold for 19s.; if it occurred at auction now it might realize anything from £100 to £600. At the Restoration everything in the way of books of prayers was discarded, and sold for a few pence;

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they would now readily sell almost for their weight in gold. There is a startling uniformity about the prices realized for books at the early book-sales, and one feels almost inclined to suppose that our forbears were influenced chiefly by the size of the volumes. It is interesting to note that the great folio editions of the Fathers realized in the end of the seventeenth century pretty much the same prices as at the end of the nineteenth, and these, it need hardly be said, are very small indeed.

From the sale of the library of Sir Kenelm Digby at the Golden Lion, in Paternoster Row, in April, 1680, we get a few highly interesting facts. This sale comprised 3,878 lots, and realized the total of £908 4s. Here are a few of the items:

	£	s.	d.
Æschylus, Stanley, London, 1664	1	0	0
Ascham's 'Toxophilus,' 1545	0	1	4
Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' 1570	0	4	4
Bible of the Douay Translation, with the Rhenish Testament, 3 vols., 4to., 1633	1	5	0
Chaucer's Works, folio, 1597	0	12	8
Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' 3 vols., 1655, etc.	6	6	0
Fabyan's 'Chronicle,' London, 1559	0	7	4
Hollinshed's 'Chronicle,' London, 1577	0	8	0
Homerus cum comment. Eustathii, 4 vols., folio, corio turcico et folio deaur. Romæ, 1542	7	0	0
Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' London, 1668	0	2	1
'P. Plowman's Vision,' London, 1550	0	1	7
Purchas's 'Pilgrims and Pilgrimage,' 5 vols., 1625-66	3	5	6
Shakespeare's Works, London, 1632 (second edition)	0	14	0

A comparison of the foregoing prices with those which the books would realize to-day will suggest some interesting conclusions; but as the means of doing this are in the hands of everyone, it is not necessary to discuss them here. In the Bodleian Library there is an exceedingly interesting letter from R. Scott, the bookseller, to Samuel Pepys, dated June 30, 1688. Scott writes: 'Having at length procured Campion, Hanmer and Spencer's Hist. of Ireland, fol. (which I think you formerly desired), I here send itt you, with 2 very scarce bookes besides, viz. Pricæi Defensio Hist. Britt.

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4° and old Harding's Chronicle, as alsoe the Old Ship of Fooles in verse by Alex. Berkley, priest; which last, though nott scarce, yet so very fayre and perfect, that seldome comes such another; the Priceus you will find deare, yett I never sold it under 10s., and att this tyme can have it of a person of quality; butt without flattery, I love to find a rare book for you, and hope shortly to procure for you a perfect's Hall's Chronicle.' With the books Scott sent his statement of account as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Campion, Hanmer and Spenser, fol. . .	0	12	0
Harding's 'Chronicle,' 4to. . . .	0	6	0
'Pricæi Defens. Hist. Brit.' . . .	0	8	0
'Shipp of Fooles,' fol.	0	8	0
	1	14	0

Whether Scott obtained these items at the Digby sale or not, we cannot say; it is by no means unlikely, and if so, his desire to do Mr. Pepys a good turn may be estimated by the fact that he made a profit of 3s. 8d. over the last item in the bill, and the profit on the others would doubtless be arranged on a similar scale. The second and the fourth items, however, would be now worth from 15 to 20 guineas. Both Sir John Price's 'Historiæ Britannicæ,' 1573, and the histories of Ireland by Hanmer, Campion and Spenser, 1633, are very rare and very important books, and would not be dear now at as many guineas as Scott has charged shillings.

Book-auctions were not, however, unmixed blessings, and, as a fact, they provoked a good many curses from the poorer collectors. Here is one phase which concerns the sale of the library of John Bridges,* the Northamptonshire historian, in 1726. This auction is interesting, not so much on account of the books which were knocked down, or of the prices which they realized, but as being the genesis of the knock-out

* There were 4,313 lots in this sale, the total of which was £4,001. The catalogue has a very curious engraved frontispiece of an oak-tree felled, and persons bearing away branches, with a Greek motto signifying that, the oak being felled, every man gets wood.

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system. We have, fortunately, a very vivid picture of this sale from the pen of Humfrey Wanley, who wished to obtain some of the items for the library of Lord Oxford. In his 'Diary,' under date February, 1726, we read: 'Went to Mr. Bridges' Chamber [No. 6, Lincoln's Inn] to see the three fine MSS. again, the doctor, his brother, having locked them up. He openly bids for his own books, merely to enhance their price, and the auction proves to be, what I thought it would become, very knavish.' And again: 'Yesterday, at five, I met Mr. Noel, and tarried long with him; we settled then the whole affair touching his bidding for my Lord at the roguish sale of Mr. Bridges' books. The Rev. Doctor, one of the brothers, hath already displayed himself so remarkably as to be both hated and despised; and a combination amongst the booksellers will soon be against him and his brother the lawyer. They are men of the keenest avarice, and their very looks (according to what I am told) dart out harping irons. I have ordered Mr. Noel to drop every article in my Lord's Commission when they shall be hoisted up to too high a price.'

We get another interesting view of the subject a year later. Hearne, the antiquary, writing to Dr. R. Rawlinson, the well-known book-collector, November 27, 1727, observes: 'I wanted much to hear from yourself how matters went in your auctions, and was glad at last to have one [letter], though I am very sorry to find you have had such bad usage, when you act so honourably. But I am too sensible, that booksellers and others are in a combination against you. Booksellers have the least pretence of any to act so. Your brother (whom I shall always call my friend) did them unspeakable kindness. By his generous way of bidding, and by his constant buying, he raised the value of books incredibly, and there is hardly such another left. The booksellers (who go so much by him) owe him a statue, the least they can do. But instead of that, they neither speak well of him, nor do you (as I verily believe) common justice.' In a letter from Benjamin Heath, the well-known book-collector, to 'Mr. John Mann, at the Hand in Hand Fire Office in

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Angel Court, on Snow Hill,' dated March 21, 1738, we get yet another glimpse of some phases of book-auctions in the earlier part of the last century. Fletcher Gyles, a bookseller of Holborn, published a catalogue of a book-auction which he purposed holding at his own place of business. 'Mr. Gyles,' writes Heath, 'has offered himself to act for me, but as I think 'tis too great a Trial to his Honesty to make him at the same time Buyer and Seller . . . I have been able to think of no Friend I could throw this trouble [of buying certain books] upon but you.' For this service, the collector 'would willingly allow 3 guineas, which, the Auction continuing 24 Days, is 3 shillings over and above half a Crown a Day.' 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.'

Benjamin Heath, Book-collector, 1738.

A chronological account of the book-sales of London would be an important as well as an interesting contribution to the history of literature. But our space is limited, and only the chief features of such a history can be dealt with in this place. If one were asked to name the most famous book in the annals of book-sales, the answer would be at once forthcoming and emphatic—the Valdarfer Boccaccio,

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otherwise 'Il Decamerone di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio,' printed at Venice by Christopher Valdarfer in 1471, and published, it is thought, at about 10s. In stating that this book is the most famous one, it is almost unnecessary to explain that the Roxburghe copy is understood. By what means it got into the hands of a London bookseller (about the middle of the last century) is not known. It is certain, however, that even at that period he knew of its excessive rarity, for he offered it to the two great contemporary book-collectors, Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, for 100 guineas, an amount which at that time must have 'appeared enormously extravagant.' Whilst these two collectors were deliberating, an ancestor of the Duke of Roxburghe saw and purchased it. Shortly after this event the two noble collectors were dining with the Duke, and the subject of Boccaccio was purposely broached. Both Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland began to talk of the particular copy which had been offered them. The Duke of Roxburghe told them that he thought he could show them a copy of this edition, which they doubted, but, to their mortification, the Duke produced the identical copy, over which both realized that he who hesitates is lost. Beloe, in relating this anecdote, which was told him by G. Nicol, the royal book-seller, predicted that if this copy came under the hammer it would produce 'not much less than £500.' As a matter of fact and of history, at the Roxburghe sale in 1812 it realized the then huge sum of £2,260, the buyer being the Marquis of Blandford, who, it is said, was prepared to go to £5,000. There were three noble candidates for this choice book, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, and the Marquis of Blandford, whilst an agent of Bonaparte was known to be present. The Rev. Mr. Dibdin has given a very highly-coloured and vivid account of this famous incident in his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and we need do no more than refer to the fact that 'the honour of making the first bid was due to a gentleman from Shropshire, who seemed almost surprised at his own temerity in offering 100 guineas.' It is a curious commentary on even the fame of rare books that this

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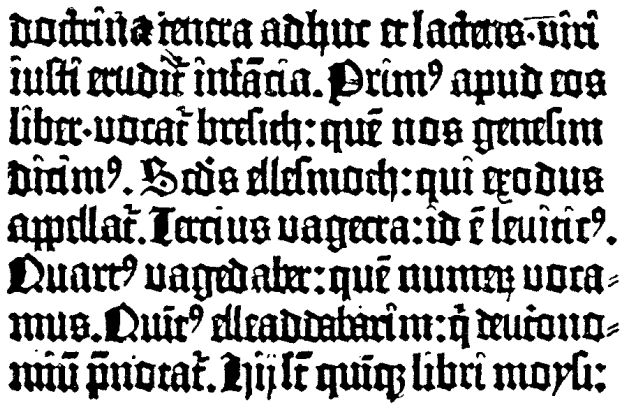
copy of the Valdarfer Boccaccio came again into the sale-room in 1819, when the Blandford library was sold, and when it became the property of Earl Spencer for £918. 'I will have it when you are dead,' was the savage retort of a defeated book-lover at an auction sale, and such perhaps was Earl Spencer's mental determination when his rival carried off the bargain—by waiting seven years he saved £1,242, as well as possessing himself of one of the greatest of bibliographical rarities.

Although far before the Valdarfer Boccaccio in every



Specimen of type of the Mazarin Bible.

point except that of sensationalism, the first printed Bible, the Biblia Latina of Gutenberg, 1455, commonly known as the Mazarin, has had an exciting history in the way of prices. It is not only the first, but one of the most magnificent books which ever issued from the press. It is not at all a rare book in the usual sense of the word, for there are in existence nineteen copies on paper, and five on vellum, the majority of which are in this country. The most celebrated example of this splendid book is now in the British Museum. The earliest record of this is its possession by M. L. J. Gaignat, at whose sale in 1768 it became the

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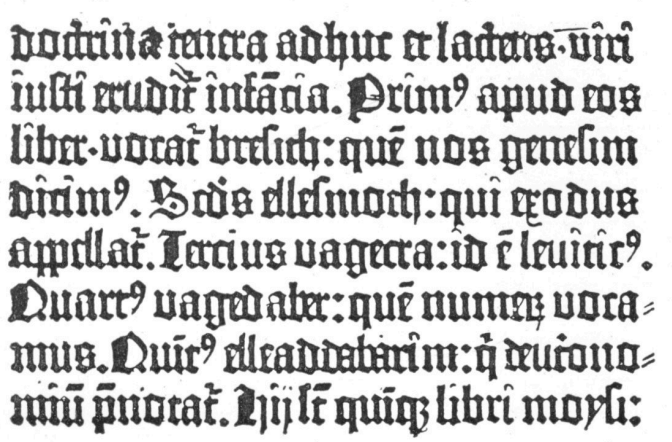

doctrina tenera adhuc et lactens. viri
iusti erudit infancia. Prim⁹ apud eos
liber. vocat bresich: quē nos genesim
dicim⁹. Scd's ellesmoch: qui exodus
appellat. Tercius vagecra: id ē leuitic⁹.
Quart⁹ vagedaber: quē numeꝝ voca=
mus. Quīc⁹ elleaddabarim: q̄ deuterono=
miū p̄notat. Hij sc̄ quīqꝫ libri moysi:

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property of Count McCarthy for 1,200 francs; and from his sale, in Paris, in 1815, it passed into Mr. Grenville's library for 6,260 francs—in other words, it had advanced in value in forty-six years from £48 to close on £250. It subsequently passed into the British Museum. Early in the present century, Nicol, the King's bookseller, obtained the copy on vellum, formerly in the University of Mentz; at his sale in 1825 it was bought by H. Perkins, the book-collecting brewer (Barclay, Perkins and Co.), for £504, and at the sale of his library it fetched £3,400, Mr. Ellis purchasing it for Lord Ashburnham. In 1824 Mr. Perkins bought Sir M. M. Sykes' copy of the same book on paper for £199 10s., and this copy in 1873 fetched £2,960. James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle,* had a copy on paper, which, at his sale in 1822, the Duke of Sussex purchased for 160 guineas; and this copy, at the Duke's sale in 1844, brought £190. The record price for the 'Mazarin' Bible was not reached until December, 1884, when the Syston Park library of Sir John Thorold came under the hammer at Sotheby's, and this particular Bible on paper sold for £3,900 to Mr. Quaritch, or £500 more than the practically unique one on vellum. In June, 1887, the Earl of Crawford's copy, which was not a particularly good one, realized £2,000, Mr. Quaritch having purchased it about thirty years previously for rather more than a quarter of the amount. In 1889 yet another copy turned up at Sotheby's—it came from the Earl of Hopetoun's library—and this sold at the same figure. We may also refer here to the second edition of the Bible, 1462, but the first printed book with a date. The Edwards copy on vellum of this sold in 1815 for £175; in 1823 a very fine example was sold for £215; in 1873 the Perkins copy, which had cost its owner £173, sold for £780; and eight years later the Sunderland example on vellum for £1,600.

The palm of the highest price ever paid for a single book must be awarded to the 'Psalmorum Codex,' printed, like the last, by Fust and Schœffer in 1459. By the side of this the Gutenberg Bible is a common book, and Sir John

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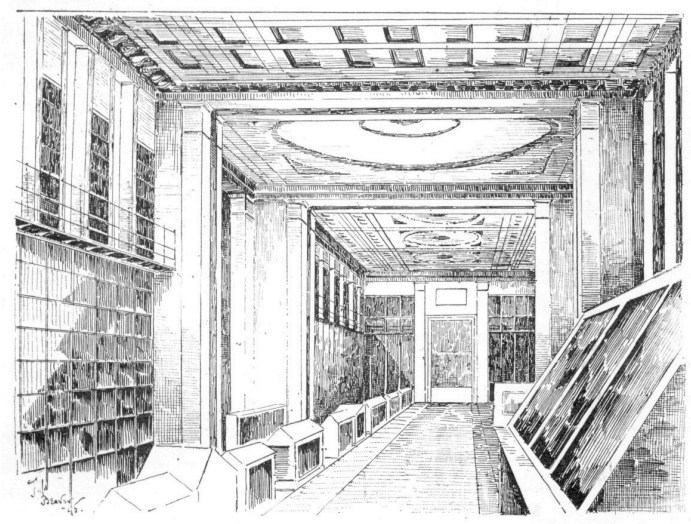

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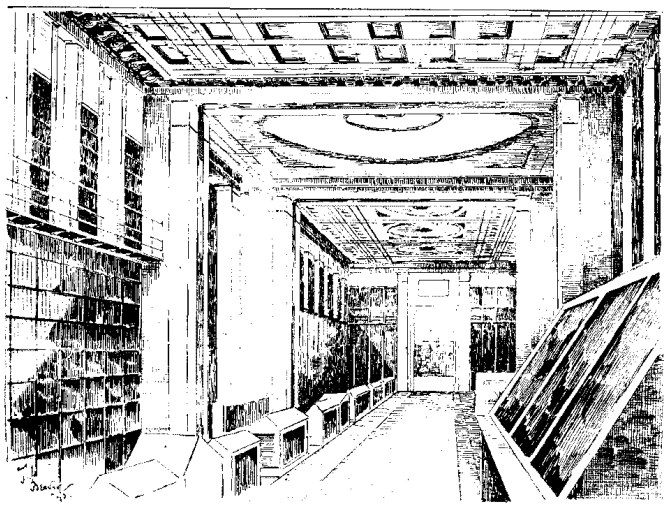
Thorold's example is the only one which has occurred in the market for almost a century. This particular copy realized 3,350 francs in the McCarthy sale, and 130 guineas in that of Sir M. M. Sykes; but at the Thorold sale, in 1884, it fetched £4,950. Of the 'Codex' there are only nine copies known, all of which slightly differ from one another. We may also include here a mention of a copy of the Balbi 'Catholicon'—'Summa Quæ vocatur Catholicon, sive Grammatica et Linguæ Latina'—1460, for which Sir John Thorold



A Corner in the British Museum.

paid £65 2s., and which at his sale fetched £400. The British Museum copy of this book belonged to Dr. Mead, at whose sale it was purchased for £25 for the French King; the copy subsequently became the property of West, at whose sale it became George III.'s for £35 3s. 6d. The Balbi 'Catholicon,' of 1460, is the fourth book printed with a date, and is one of the few indubitable productions of Gutenberg's press. It is an indispensable volume in a collection of books printed in the fifteenth century. Its literary merit

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is very considerable, and the London editor of 'Stephani Thesaurus Latinus' has pronounced it the best Dictionary for the Latin Fathers and Schoolmen. In addition to the copies just mentioned, a fine example, bound in russia-extra by Roger Payne, occurred in the Wodhull sale, January 12, 1886, and realized £310. This or a similar copy was priced in Quaritch's 'Catalogue of the Monuments of the Early Printers,' at £420.

The decline in the value of what may be termed ordinary editions of the classics during the present century has unquestionably been very great. Even the *editiones principes* have scarcely maintained their former values; whilst their appearance in the book-market does not call forth anything like the enthusiasm and excitement which at one time prevailed. The Askew sale in 1775 was the first at which really sensational prices were reached throughout for the first editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Although some of these prices have been exceeded in many cases since that period, it is tantamount to a confession that they have gone down in value when it is stated that the Askew prices are as nearly as possible the same at which identical copies are now to be had. As we shall see presently, there are several exceptions to this rule; but these exceptions occur, not because they are the *editiones principes* of Homer or Virgil, as the case may be, but because they are the works of some eminent printer. And herein the change is a very striking one. The first edition of every classic has a literary or technical value almost equal to a manuscript, from which, of course, it is directly printed; but the first editions of the classics are not now collected because of their textual value, and not at all unless they are fine examples of typographical skill. The curious vicissitudes of these editions would alone occupy a fairly large volume; but we propose dealing briefly with the subject by comparing the prices at which good copies were sold in and about 1775, when Dr. Harwood published his useful little 'View of the Various Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics,' with those at which they may be now acquired.

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Beginning with the *editio princeps* Homer, 1488, the fine copy of this edition in the British Museum was purchased, Dr. Harwood tells us, for £17. A 'large, pure, and fine' copy of this exceedingly rare work is now priced at £150, whilst the Wodhull copy sold in 1886 for £200.* But whilst this edition has increased enormously in pecuniary value, 'one of the most splendid editions of Homer ever delivered to the world'—namely, that of the Foulis brothers, Glasgow, 1756-58—has only doubled its price, or has increased in value from two to four guineas. The very beautifully-printed *editio princeps* of Anacreon, printed in Paris by Henri Stephan, 1554, remains stationary, for its value then, as now, is one guinea. Of the Aldine first edition of Sophocles, 1502, Lord Lisburne purchased 'a beautiful copy' in 1775 for 1½ guineas; the present value of a similar example would range from 8 to 20 guineas, whilst a slightly imperfect copy sells for about £1. The first edition of Euripides, 1503, also printed at the Aldine Press, has advanced from £1 16s. to £3 10s. to 6 guineas, according to the eminence of the binder. A 'most beautiful' copy of the first Herodotus, Aldus, 1502, realized £2 15s. in 1775, but cannot now be had for less than twice that amount; whilst an example in a fine Derome binding of red morocco extra is priced at 12 guineas. The first Aristophanes, likewise from the press of Aldus, 1498, shows a slight advance from £4 to 5 guineas. The earliest issue of Isocrates, 1493, is one of the rarest of the *incunabula*, as it is one of the most beautiful when in perfect condition. The exceedingly fine example

Aldus, from a contemporary Medal.

* This particular copy is regarded as the finest ever sold at auction; it is bound in blue morocco by Derome, and cost Mr. Wodhull 15 guineas in August, 1770.

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in the British Museum was bought by the authorities in 1775 for £11; copies may now be had for £15.

The first (Aldine) edition of Plato has advanced in value from 5 guineas to just twice that sum. The very beautiful copy of this *editio princeps* on vellum, and now in the British Museum, was purchased by the Museum authorities at Dr. Askew's sale in 1775 for 53 guineas. The commercial value of the very scarce and splendid first edition, in six volumes (Aldus, 1495-98), of Aristotle, shows a depreciation—from 17 to 15 guineas—although it has realized in comparatively recent years as much as £51. Dr. Harwood adds to his entry of this book: 'The finest copy of this first edition of Aristotle's works, perhaps in Europe, is in Dr. Hunter's Museum.' Dr. Hunter gave £4 6s. for a 'most beautiful copy of the first edition of Theocritus,' Aldus, 1495—an edition which also includes Hesiod, Theognis, Phocylides, etc.,—the value of which is now placed at £10. A much more considerable advance is seen in connection with the *editio princeps* of Musæus, 1494, a choice and beautiful book, which is at once the first and rarest production of the Aldine Press. George III. gave in 1775 17 guineas for a fine copy, which would now realize twice that amount. An almost equally emphatic advance may be chronicled in connection with the 'Anthologia Græca,' Florence, 1494, printed throughout in capital letters, which, selling for 15 guineas a century and a quarter ago, is now worth nearly double; whilst the Sunderland copy in 1881 brought £51. The first impressions of Diodorus Siculus, 1539, and Stephanus Byzantius, Aldus, 1502, are stationary at about £2 each, and Lucian, Florence, 1496, now, as in 1776, sells for £20.

Passing over a whole host of minor names in the list of Greek authors, we may venture upon a few facts in connection with the Latin writers. Virgil would, of course, come at the head of this list; but the examples which came under Dr. Harwood's notice have no commercial value indicated. George III. gave £17 6s. 6d. for the very fine copy of the first Horace (about 1472) in Dr. Askew's sale—a fairly good

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example is now priced at £50—whilst the first commentated edition of this author, Milan, 1474, has advanced from 9½ guineas to 30 guineas; it is exceedingly rare, particularly the first of the two volumes. The first Aldine Horace (1501) has gone up from £2 5s. to £15, and other editions from the same press have about quadrupled in value. Of the first edition of Ovid's 'Opera' (1471) only one copy is known, and the second, Bologna, 1480, is scarcely less rare, and certainly not less valuable, than the first. Dr. Harwood prices a very fine copy at £10 5s., or about a third of its present value. The first dated edition of Valerius Maximus was printed by Schöffer at Mentz in 1471, but is apparently not a very popular book with collectors, for whereas in 1775 a beautiful copy was valued at £26, its present price is only £28. A much more popular book, Seneca's 'Tragœdiæ,' printed about 1475, has advanced from 4½ guineas to £18, or, an exceptionally good copy bound by Bedford, £25.

Although for several centuries one of the most popular of books, some of the earlier editions of Pliny's 'Historia Naturalis' do not keep up their price. The second edition, Rome, 1470, which is rarer than the first—issued at Venice the year before—may now be had for 12 guineas. The British Museum copy of the first edition cost the nation £43 in 1775. The edition printed by Jenson at Venice in 1472 is, however, much sought after, for it is a very beautiful book, with a splendidly illuminated border on the first page of the text. The British Museum copy cost at Dr. Askew's sale £23, whilst Mr. Quaritch quotes an example at £140; but, then, the latter copy is printed on vellum, which makes all the difference. Silius Italicus is not by any means an author whose work is at present much studied, but the first edition of his 'Opera' (1471) is a book worth mentioning, because for beauty and grace it is unsurpassed by any of the works ever published by the first Italian printers, Sweynheim and Pannartz. The British Museum copy cost in 1775 £13 2s. 6d., whilst it is now worth about £25. The superb copy in the British Museum of the *editio princeps* Juvenal and Persius (printed at Rome about the year 1469) cost the country

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13 guineas; a first-class example is now valued at £12. On the other hand, the Aldine edition of Martial's 'Epigrammata' (1501) has gone up in value from 2 guineas to £10, or even £17 10s., according to condition. The first edition of Justin (printed at Venice, 1470) has declined, for the British Museum copy cost 13 guineas in 1775, whilst a fine copy may now be had for 10 guineas.

A very different story has to be told with reference to the books and pamphlets produced by the early English printers. Until the latter part of the last century, these items were the despised of the scholarly and aristocratic collector. A few antiquaries found them not without interest, but they had only a nominal commercial value. At the sale of Dr. Francis Bernard, at his 'late dwelling house in Little Britain,' in October, 1698, thirteen Caxtons were sold, as follows:

	£	s.	d.
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483	0	3	0
'Chastising of Goddes Chyldern'	0	1	10
'Doctrinal of Sapience,' 1489 } 'Chastising of Goddes Chyldern' }	0	5	0
'Chronicle of England,' *very old*	0	4	0
'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' 1477	0	5	4
'Game and Playe of the Chesse,' 1474	0	1	6
'Godefroy of Boloyne,' 1481	0	4	0
'Historyes of Troy,' 1500	0	3	0
'Jason and the Golden Fleece'	0	3	6
'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,' 1502	0	3	0
Another copy	0	3	0
'Tullius of Olde Age'	0	4	2
	£2	1	4

Eighty years later, when the library of John Ratcliffe* was sold at Christie's (March 27, 1776), a collection of upwards

* John Ratcliffe, who died in 1776, lived in East Lane, Bermondsey, and followed the prosaic calling of a chandler. He collected Caxtons and the works of other early English printers with great diligence and judgment for nearly thirty years. Many of these appear to have been brought to him as wastepaper, to be purchased at so much per pound. An interesting account of this very remarkable man is given in Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' iii., 621, 622.

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of thirty Caxtons came under the hammer, and of these we will only quote seven examples:

	£	s.	d.
'Chronicles of Englande,' fine copy, 1480 .	5	5	0
'Doctrinal of Sapience,' 1489 . . .	8	8	0
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483 . . .	5	5	0
'The Polytique Book, named Tullius de Senectute,' 1481	14	0	0
'The Game and Playe of Chesse' . .	16	0	0
'The Boke of Jason'	5	10	0
'Legenda Aurea,'* 1483	9	15	0

At the Watson Taylor and Perry sales in 1823, four examples, nearly all fine copies, of Caxton's books realized a total of £239 5s., as follows:

	£	s.	d.
'The Life of Jason,' 1476-77 . . .	95	11	0
'The Boke called Cathon,' 1483 . . .	30	19	6
'Troylus and Creside,' 1484 . . .	66	0	0
Virgil's 'Eneidos,' 1490, very fine and perfect .	46	14	6

We do not think that the foregoing sets of figures call for any elaborate comment. The present value of each item may be averaged at from £250 to £300, but the majority are absolutely unprocurable at any price. The highest sum ever paid for a Caxton is £1,950, at which amount the only perfect copy known of 'King Arthur,' 1485, was knocked down at the sale of the Earl of Jersey's books in 1885. At the same sale the 'Histoires of Troy,' *circa* 1474, realized £1,820. In 1812 the Duke of Devonshire gave £1,060 12s. for a copy of this book, for which the Duke of Roxburghe had paid £50 a few years previously. The Syston Park copy of the 'Mirrour of the World,' 1481, sold in 1884 for £335; Higden's 'Polychronicon, 1482, is valued at £500; Lord Selsey's copy of Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' 1483, sold in 1872 for £670; and Lord Jersey's, in 1885, for £810. The 'Hystorye of Kynge Blanchardyn and Princes Eglantyne,' 1485, imperfect, but one of the rarest of this press, realized £21 at the

* The original or Caxton's price for this book was about 5s. or 6s. per copy.

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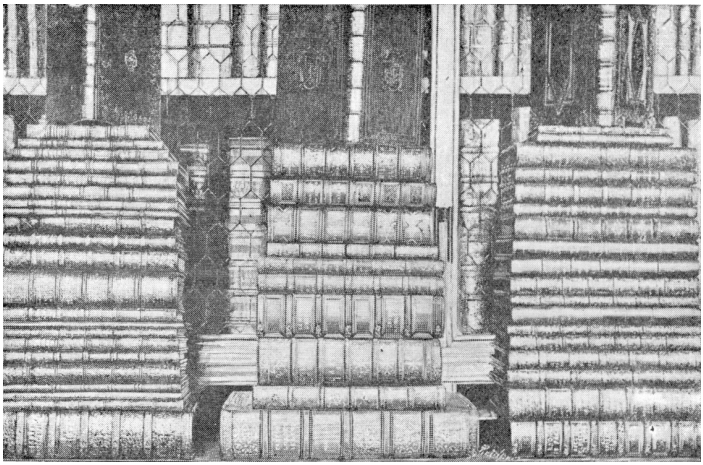

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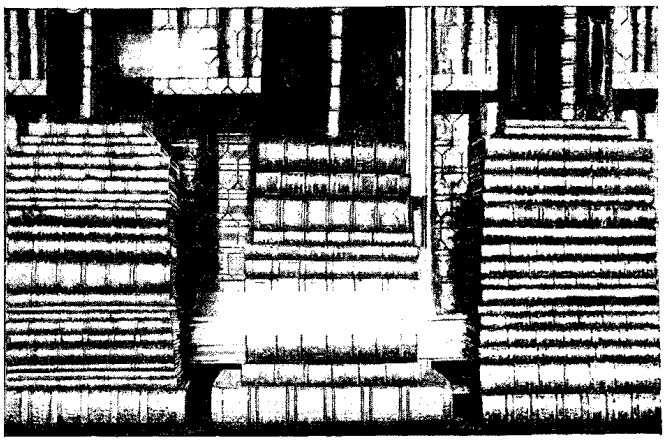
Mason sale, 1798-99, the purchaser being John, Duke of Roxburghe, at whose sale in June, 1812, Lord Spencer gave £215 5s. for it. According to the latter's note in the copy, 'The Duke and I had agreed not to oppose one another at the [Mason] sale; but after the book was bought, to toss up who should win it; when I lost.' A tract of five leaves, by John Russell, 'Propositio ad illustriss. principem Karoleum ducem Burgundie,' etc. (printed probably at Bruges, 1475), of which no other copy is known, was purchased by a book-



The Fifty-seven Althorp Caxtons.

seller in the West End of London for £2 5s. He sold it to the Duke of Marlborough for 50 guineas, and at his sale in 1819 Earl Spencer purchased it for 120 guineas. There are about 560 examples of Caxton's books in existence. Of these, about one half are in the British Museum, the Althorp or Rylands library (57), at Cambridge, in the Bodleian, and in the Duke of Devonshire's library. Of this total thirty-one are unique, and seven exist only in a fragmentary form. The greater number are safely locked up in public or private libraries, and are not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to come into the market. A great quantity of romance

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has been written respecting Caxtons. In Scott's 'Antiquary,' 'Snuffy Davy' is stated to have bought a perfect copy of the 'Game of Chess,' the first book printed in England, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. This he sold to Osborne for £20; it became Dr. Askew's property for 60 guineas, and at the Askew sale it realized £170, the purchaser being George III. '"Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows," ejaculated Monkbarns, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows

From 'Game and Play of Chesse,' by Caxton.

what would be its ransom"; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling.' It has been repeatedly stated that there is no foundation whatever for this anecdote; but Scott himself expressly states in a note that it is literally true, and that David Wilson 'was a real personage.' 'Snuffy Davy' has been identified with Clarke, the bookseller of New Bond Street, whose 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' is a most valuable book. However that may be, it is certain that the King did not give any such price at any such sale. The King's copy

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was purchased at West's sale in 1773 for £32 os. 6d. At the Askew sale the King's purchases did not exceed £300, and the items were almost exclusively editions of the classics. It is certain, however, that Caxton's books have experienced many ups and downs. Mr. Blades tells us of an incident in which he was personally concerned. He happened on a copy of the 'Canterbury Tales' in a dirty pigeon-hole close to the grate in the vestry of the French Protestant Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand; it was fearfully mutilated, and was being used leaf by leaf—a book originally worth £800.

Caxton's immediate successors met with a fate similar to his own. The most remarkable feature of Richard Rawlinson's* library (sold by Samuel Leigh in 1756), which contained nearly 25,000 volumes, consisted in the large quantity of Old English black-letter books, and these, of course, realized absurdly low figures, as the following list testifies:

	£	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 Toune 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 Booke 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. Albans,' by W. de Worde .	1	1	0

The very high price paid for the 'Boke of St. Albans' is noteworthy, for nearly all the other items are equally rare. In 1844, a copy of this 'boke' was sold as waste-paper for 9d., and almost immediately passed into the possession of

* The title-page of the catalogue contained the following whimsical motto from Ebulus:

Και γαρ ὁ ταὼς διὰ τὸ σπάνιον θαυμάζεται.

(The peacock is admired on account of its rarity.)

Hearne speaks of Richard Rawlinson as 'vir antiquis moribus ornatus, perque eam viam euns, quæ ad immortalem gloriam ducit.'

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HEre in thys booke folowyng is determyned the lynage of Coote armuris: and how gentilmen shall be knowyn from vngentill men. and how bondeage began first in aungell and after succeded in man kynde. as it is shewede in processe boothe in the childer of Adam and also of Noe. and how Noe deuyded the worlde in. iij. partis to his. iij. sonnys. Also ther be shewyd the. ix. colowris in armys figured by the. ix. orteris of aungelis. and it is shewyd by the forsayd colowris wych ben worthy and wych ben Royall. and of rigaliteis wiche ben noble and wich ben exellent. And ther ben here the vertuys of chyualry and many other notable and famowse thyngys to the plesure of noble personys shall be shewyd as the werkys folowyng witteneses who so euer likyth to se thaym and rede thaym wych were to longe now to rehers. And after theys notable thyngh aforesayde folowyth the Blasyng of all maner armys in latyn french and English.

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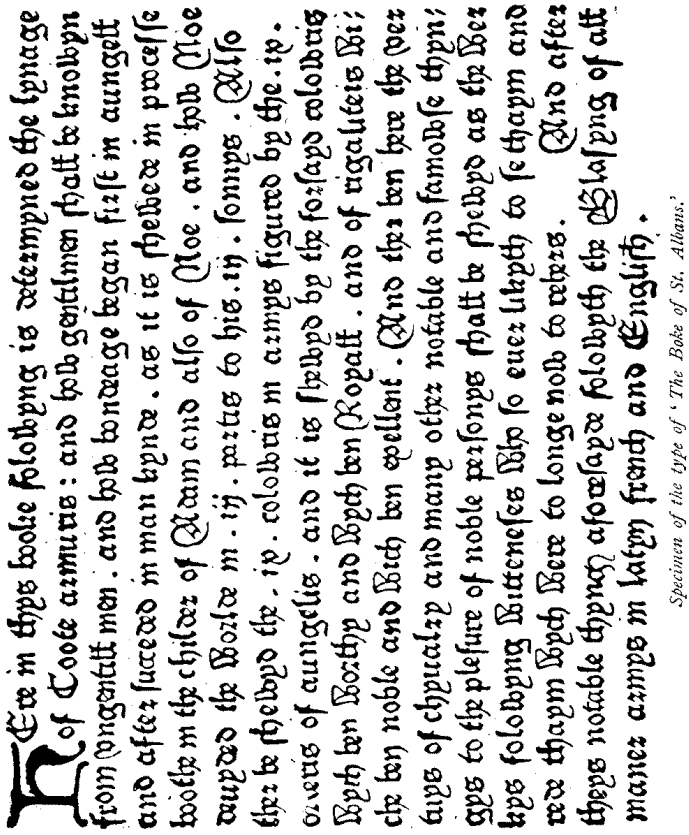
Mr. Grenville for £70 or guineas. Dr. Mead's copy—one of the only two known—of 'Rhetorica Nova Fratris Laurentii Gulielmi de Sacra,' printed at St. Albans, 1480, sold for 2s. At the Willett sale, in 1813, it brought £79 16s.



Specimen of the type of 'The Boke of St. Albans.'

The rarity of the English translations of the Bible and New Testament arises from just the opposite cause which has operated in making the early productions of the English press so scarce. The latter were for the most part neglected

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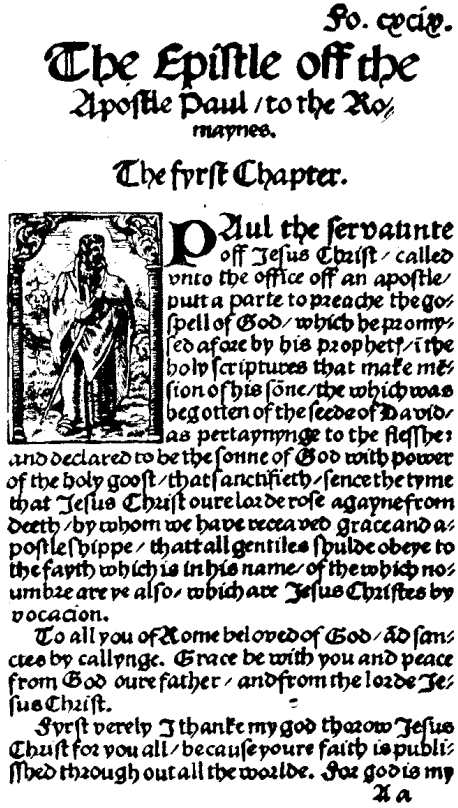
out of existence, whilst the former were literally read out of it. A complete copy of the *editio princeps* Coverdale, 1535, is, we believe, unknown. One illustration will sufficiently indicate the enhanced value of this book, and the illustration may be taken as a general one in respect to this class of book: The Perkins copy, which realized £400 in 1873, was purchased at the Dent sale in 1827 for £89 5s. The more perfect of the only two copies known of Tyndale's New Testament, first edition, 1526, in the Baptists' Library at Bristol, is of great interest, and well deserving of a mention in this place. It has no title-page.



No. cxcix.

The Epistle off the Apostle Paul / to the Romaynes.

The fyrst Chapter.

PAul the servaunte off Jesus Christ / called vnto the office off an apostle / putt a parte to preache the gospell of God / which he promysed afore by his prophetes / in the holy scriptures that make mencion of his sonne / the which was begotten of the seede of David / as pertaynynge to the flesshe: and declared to be the sonne of God with power of the holy goost / that sanctifieth / sence the tyme that Jesus Christ oure lorde rose agayne from deeth / by whom we have receaved grace and apostleshippe / that all gentiles shulde obeye to the fayth which is in his name / of the which noumbre are ye also / which are Jesus Christes by vocacion.

To all you of Rome beloved of God / and sanctes by callynge. Grace be with you and peace from God oure father / and from the lorde Jesus Christ.

Fyrst verely I thanke my god thorow Jesus Christ for you all / because youre faith is publisshed through out all the worlde. For god is my

A a

Specimen page of Tyndale's Testament, 1526.

Underneath a portrait, pasted to the first leaf, 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.'

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Fo. cxciv.

The Epistle off the Apostle Paul / to the Romaynes.

The fyrst Chapter.

PAul the servaunte off Jesus Christ / called vnto the office off an apostle / putt a parte to preache the gospell of God / which he promysed afore by his prophetes / in the holy scriptures that make mencion of his sōne / the which was begotten of the seede of David / as pertaynynge to the flesshe: and declared to be the sonne of God with power of the holy goost / that sanctifieth / sence the tyme that Jesus Christ oure lorde rose agayne from deeth / by whom we have receaved grace and apostlesshippe / that all gentiles shulde obeye to the fayth which is in his name / of the which noumbre are ye also / which are Jesus Christes by vocacion.

To all you of Rome beloved of God / ād sanctes by callynge. Grace be with you and peace from God oure father / and from the lorde Jesus Christ.

Fyrst verely I thanke my god thorow Jesus Christ for you all / because youre faith is publisshed through out all the worlde. For god is my

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On the opposite leaf is a printed statement to this effect: 'On Tuesday evening (13 May, 1760) at Mr. Langford's sale of Mr. Ames's books, a copy of the translation of the New Testament by Tindall, and supposed to be the only one remaining which escaped the flames, was sold for fourteen guineas and a half. This very book was picked up by one of the late Lord Oxford's collectors ['John Murray' written in the margin], and was esteemed so valuable a

John Murray, of Sacomb, Book-hunter.

purchase by his lordship, that he settled £20 a year for life upon the person who procured it. His Lordship's library being afterwards purchased by Mr. Osborne, of Gray's Inn, he marked it at fifteen shillings, for which price Mr. Ames bought it.' (John Murray died in 1748.) On the other side of the leaf is another note, in manuscript: 'N.B. This choice book was purchased at Mr. Langford's sale, 13th May, 1760, by me John White [for £15 14s. 6d.], and on the 13th day of May, 1776, I sold it to the Rev. Dr. Gifford for 20 guineas.'

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Dr. Gifford was an assistant librarian at the British Museum, and left his library to the use of the Baptist Society at Bristol.

Before leaving the subject of Bibles, we may refer to one of the most interesting events of the book-sale season of 1836, when, at Evans's on April 27, the superb copy of St. Jerome's Bible, executed by Alcuin for Charlemagne, came up for sale. Commenced about the year 778, it was not completed till 800. When it was finished it was sent to Rome by his friend and disciple, Nathaniel, who presented it to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation; it was preserved by that monarch until his death. Its subsequent history is full of interest, and would form an entertaining chapter in the Adventures of Books. After its first owner's death, it is supposed to have been given to the monastery of Prum in Lorraine by Lothaire, the grandson of Charlemagne, who became a monk of that monastery. In 1576, this religious house was dissolved, but the monks preserved the manuscript, and carried it to Switzerland to the abbey of Grandis Vallis, near Basle, where it reposed till the year 1793, when, on the occupation of the episcopal territory of Basle by the French, all the property of the abbey was confiscated and sold, and the manuscript in question came into the possession of M. Bennot, from whom, in 1822, it was purchased by M. Speyr Passavant, who brought it into general notice, and offered it for sale to the French Government at the price of 60,000 francs; this was declined, when the proprietor knocked off nearly 20,000 francs from the original demand, but still without effecting a sale. M. Passavant subsequently brought it to England, and offered it to the Duke of Sussex, who, however, declined it. It was then offered to the British Museum for £12,000, then for £8,000, and at last for £6,500, which he declared an 'immense sacrifice.' Unsuccessful at every turn, he resolved to submit it to auction, and the precious volume was entrusted to Evans. It was knocked down for £1,500, but to the proprietor himself. After a further lapse of time, Passavant sold the volume to the British Museum for £750. This splendid manuscript is a large folio in delicate and beautifully formed minuscule

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characters, with the beginnings of chapters in fine uncials, written in two columns on the purest vellum. If this magnificent manuscript were now offered for sale, it would probably realize at least £3,000.

The rise in the value of the First Folio Shakespeare only dates back for about a century. Beloe, writing in 1806, states that he remembers the time when a very fine copy could be purchased for five guineas. He further observes, 'I could once have purchased a superb one for 9 guineas'; and (apparently) this 'superb' example realized 13 guineas at Dr. Monro's sale in 1792. At the end of the last century it was thought to have realized the 'top' price with 36 guineas. Dr. Askew had a fine copy of the Second Folio, which realized at his sale, in 1775, £5 10s.—it had cost 2½ guineas at Dr. Mead's sale—the purchaser being George Steevens. In this book Charles I. had written these words: 'DUM SPIRO, SPERO, C. R.,' and Sir Thomas Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, had also written: 'Ex dono serenissimi Regis Car. servo suo Humiliss. T. Herbert.' Steevens regarded the amount which he paid for it as 'enormous,' but at his sale it realized 18 guineas, and was purchased for the King's library, and is now, with some other books bought by George III., at Windsor. Steevens supposes that the original edition could not have exceeded 250 copies, and that £1 was the selling price. Its rarity ten or a dozen years after its first appearance may be gauged by the fact that Charles I. was obliged to content himself with a copy of the Second Folio; its rarity at the present moment will be readily comprehended when it is stated that during the past ninety years only five or six irreproachable examples have occurred for sale. The copy for which the Duke of Roxburghe gave 34 guineas, realized at his sale £100, and passed into the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The example in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a very fine one; it was formerly George Daniel's copy, and realized 682 guineas at his sale in 1864. Height makes a great difference in the price of a book of this sort. For example, a good sound example measuring 12¼ inches by 8 inches is worth about

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£136; another one measuring 13⅛ by 8⅜ inches would be worth £300, and perhaps more. Dibdin, with his usual prophetic inaccuracy, described the amount (£121 6s.) at which Mr. Grenville obtained his copy as 'the highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for the volume.' As a matter of fact, the time must come when it will be no longer possible to obtain a perfect copy of this volume, which to English people is a thousand times more important than the Gutenberg Bible or the Psalmorum Codex.

The following list is believed to contain all the finest examples known at present:

FIRST FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, 1623.

	Inches High.		Inches Wide.	Present Possessor.
Loscombe	12	×	8	
Sotheby's	12¼	×	8	
Gardner	12⅜	×	8	Mr. Huth.
Stowe	12⅜	×	8¼	
Poynder	12½	×	8⅛	
Ellis	12⅝	×	8⅛	Earl of Crawford.
Quaritch's Catalogue	12 1/16	×	8	
Thomas Grenville	12⅞	×	8⅜	British Museum.
Holland	12⅜	×	8½	
Duke of Devonshire	13⅛	×	8⅛	Chatsworth.
George Daniel	13⅛	×	8¼	Baroness Burdett-Coutts.
Beaufoy Library	13	×	8⅜	
Locker-Lampson	13	×	8⅜	Rowfont Library.
Gosford (Earl of)	12⅞	×	8⅜	
Lord Vernon	13 1/16	×	8⅜	America.
Hartley	13⅛	×	8½	
John Murray	13	×	8½	Albemarle Street.
Thorold	13⅜	×	8½	America.
Sir Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, with his arms on sides; original old calf, with lettering, full of rough leaves	13⅜	×	8¾	Mr. C. J. Toovey.

The Second, 1632, Third, 1664, and Fourth, 1685, Folios have considerably advanced in value—the Second has risen

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from £15, at which the Roxburghe copy was sold in 1812, to nearly £200; George Daniel's copy, of the purest quality from beginning to end, and one of the largest known, sold for £148, but fairly good copies may be had for half that amount. The Third Folio, which is really the rarest, as most of the impression was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, has gone up from £20 or £30 to £200, or even more when the seven doubtful plays have the separate title-page; and the Fourth Folio from £5 to about ten times that amount. But the most remarkable feature in connection with Shakespeare, so far as we are just now concerned, is the change which has taken place in the value of the quartos. We give below a tabulated list of first editions, in which this change will be seen at a glance:

	Former Price.			Recent Price.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1818	18	0	0	385	0	0
'Much Ado About Nothing,' 1797	7	10	0	267	10	0
'Much Ado About Nothing,' 1818	17	17	0			
'Love's Labour Lost,' 1818	40	10	0	316	10	0
'A Midsummer Night's Dream' 1805	2	2	0	116	0	0
'A Midsummer Night's Dream' 1818	12	10	0			
'The Merchant of Venice,' 1815	9	9	0	270	0	0
'The Merchant of Venice,' 1818	22	1	0			
'King Richard II.,' 1598,* 1800	4	14	6	108	3	0
'2 Henry IV.,' 1797 (one leaf MS.)	8	8	0	225	0	0
'Henry V.,' 1818	5	7	6	211	0	0
'1 Henry VI.,' 1801	38	7	0	50	0	0
'Richard III.,' 1818	33	0	0	351	15	0
'Troilus and Cressida,' 1800	5	10	0	110	0	0
'Romeo and Juliet,' 1800	6	0	0	160	0	0
'Hamlet,' 1812	4	13	0	36	0	0
'King Lear,' 1800	28	0	0	70	0	0
'Othello' (1622), 1818	56	14	0	155	0	0
'Pericles,' 1812	1	15	0	40	0	0
'Lucrece'	21	0	0	250	0	0
'Venus and Adonis'† (Malone's copy)	25	0	0	315	0	0
'Poems'				70	0	0
'Sonnets' 1800	3	10	0	230	15	0
'Sonnets' 1812	21	0	0			

* The first edition of this play, 1597, sold in 1864 for £341 5s.; it is the only copy known.

† Thomas Jolley picked up a volume which contained a first edition of

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Title-page of the First Edition of 'The Compleat Angler.'

What is true of the Shakespeare quartos and folios is also true in a slightly less accentuated degree of the first editions of the sixteenth and seventeenth century poets and drama-

both 'Venus and Adonis' and the 'Sonnets,' for less than 3s. 6d. in Lancashire! The former alone realised £116 in 1844, and is now in the Grenville collection, British Museum. The copy of the former in the above list was purchased at Baron Bolland's sale in 1840 for £91; at Bright's sale for £91 10s., when it became Daniel's. The 'Sonnets,' also Daniel's copy, had belonged to Narcissus Luttrell, who gave 1s. for it.

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The
Compleat Angler
or the
Contemplative Mans
Recreation.
Being a Diſcourſe of
FISH and FISHING,
Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt Anglers.
Simon Peter ſaid, I go a fiſhing; and they ſaid, We
alſo wil go with thee. John 21. 3.
London, Printed by T. Maxey for Rich. MARRIOT, in
S. Dunſtans Church-Yard, Fleet ſtreet. 1653.

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tists. Dibdin describes a Mr. Byng as having purchased the only known copy of Clement Robinson's 'Handefull of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, at a bookstall for 4d.; at his sale this 'Handefull' was sold for 25 guineas to the Duke of Marlborough, at whose sale, in 1819, it fetched £26 15s.

Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589, and Gascoigne's 'Works,' are two other striking illustrations of the increase in the value of old English poetry, although the books themselves are of comparatively minor importance from a literary point of view. Isaac Reed well remembered when a good copy of either might have been had for 5s. In the first and second decades of this century the prices had gone up to about £5, but the present values would be nearer £20. Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' 1590-96, early in the century could have been had for £3 12s.; it now realizes ten times that amount if in fine condition. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' has increased in the same ratio. Lovelace's 'Lucasta' has risen from 11 guineas to nearly £50. The market value of a first edition of Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1653, in 1816 was 4 guineas; in 1879 this book fetched £52; it has

From the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part II.

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since realized £310. Rarer even than the first Walton is the first edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 1678; Southey, writing in 1830, declared that the date of the first publication of this work was at that time unknown, since no copy could be traced. Not long after this an example —still in possession of Capt. Holford, of Park Lane— turned up, and was valued at £50; during the last few years four more have been unearthed: three of these are in England, and the other is among the treasures of the Lenox Library, New York. The commercial value of a copy is probably not much less than of a first Walton. Although the first edition of the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' has always been considered so rare, the second part is even rarer; indeed, only three copies are known to exist: one (very imperfect) in the Astor Library in New York, one in the Rylands Library, and the other in the hands of a collector in London. Till some ten years since the two English copies were not known to exist; they were both bought in one bundle for a few shillings in Sotheby's sale-room. The imperfect American one was supposed to be unique till these came to light.

Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' sixty years ago was 'uncollected'; a quarter of a century ago it sold for £5; ten years ago it was worth £10; in 1891 a remarkably tall and clean copy, in the original calf as issued, sold at Sotheby's for £94. Gray's 'Elegy,' 1751, sold for £1 16s. in 1888, and for £70 since then. Apropos of this 'Elegy,' there are only three uncut copies known, and one of these was obtained by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., a few years ago by a stroke of great good luck. He happened to be passing through Chancery Lane one day, and, having a little time at his disposal, dropped into Messrs. Hodgson's rooms, where a sale of books was in progess. At the moment of his entry some volumes of quarto tracts were being offered, and taking one of them in his hand, he opened it at random, and saw—a fine uncut copy of the famous 'Elegy'! He bought the lot for a few shillings. It may be mentioned that the original manuscript of Gray's 'Elegy' sold for £130 in 1854.

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Such are a few of the excessively rare books, whose appearance in the market is at all times an event in the book-collecting world. Partly as an illustration of our forbears' wit, and partly as a list of curious and highly imaginary titles, the following article from the *London Magazine* of September, 1759, is well worth quoting here:

'*BOOKS selling by Auction, at the Britannia, near the Royal Exchange.*

By L. FUNNIBUS, *Auctioneer.*

'"Gratitude," a Poem, in twenty-four cantos, from the original German of Lady Mary Hapsburgh, published at Vienna in the year 1756.—"Machiavel the Second, or Murder no Sin," from the French of Monsieur le Diable, printed at Paris for le Sieur Dæmon, in la Rue d'Enfer, near the Louvre.—"Cruelty a Virtue," a Political Tract, in two volumes, fine imperial paper, by Count Soltikoff.—"The Joys of Sodom," a Sermon, preached in the Royal Chapel at Warsaw, by W. Hellsatanatius, Chaplain to his Excellency Count Bruhl.—"The Art of Trimming," a Political Treatise, by the learned Van-Self, of Amsterdam.—"Self-Preservation," a Soliloquy, wrote extempore on an Aspen Leaf on the Plains of Minden; found in the pocket of an Officer who fell on the First of August.—"The Art of Flying," by Monsieur Contades; with a curious Frontispiece, representing Dismay with Eagle's Wings, and Glory with a pair of Crutches, following the French Army.—"The Reveries of a Superannuated Genius, on the Banks of Lake Liman, near Geneva, by M. Voltaire.—"The Spirit of Lying," from "L'Esprit Menteur" of Monsieur Maubert.—"Political Arithmetic," by the same Author; in which is proved to Demonstration that Two is more than Five, and that Three is less than One.—"The Knotty Question Discussed," wherein is proved that under certain circumstances, Wrong is Right, and Right is Wrong, by a Casuist of the Sorbonne.—"A New Plan of the English Possessions in America," with the Limits *properly* settled, by Jeffery Amherst, Geographer to his Britannick

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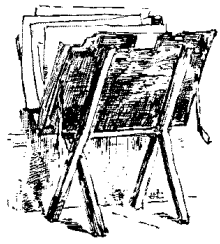
Majesty.—"The Theory of Sea-fighting reduced to Practice," by E. Boscawen, Mariner.—"A Treatise on the Construction of Bridges," by I. Will, and I. Willnot, Architects, near the Black-Friars, at Louvain.—"The Spirit of Treaties," a very Curious Tract, in which is fairly proved, that absolute Monarchs have a right to explain them in their own sense, and that limited Princes are tied down to a strict observance of the letter.—"The Conquest of Hanover by the French, in the year 1759," a tragi-comic Farce, by a French officer.—"A Letter of Consolation from the Jesuits in the Shades, to their afflicted brethren at Lisbon," the second edition.—"The Fall of Fisher," an excellent new Ballad, by —— Harvey, Esq.—"The Travels of a Marshal of France, from the Weser to the Mayne"; shewing how he and 10,000 of his companions miraculously escaped from the hands of the savage Germans and English; and how, after inexpressible difficulties, several hundreds of them got safe to their own country. Interspersed with several Curious Anecdotes of Rapes, Murders, and other French Gallantries; by P. L. C., a Benedictine Monk, of the Order of Saint Bartholomew.'



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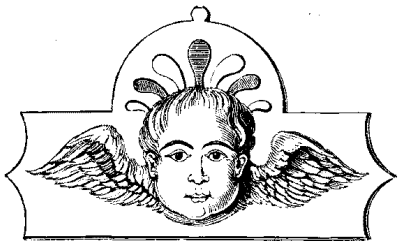

BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSTALLING.

OF the numerous ways and means of acquiring books open to the book-hunter in London, there is none more pleasant or popular than that of BOOKSTALLING. To the man with small means, and to the man with no means at all, the pastime is a very fascinating one. East, west, north, and south, there is, at all times and in all seasons, plenty of good hunting-ground for the sportsman, although the inveterate hunter will encounter a surfeit of Barmecides' feasts. Nearly every book-hunter has been more or less of a bookstaller, and the custom is more than tinctured with the odour of respectability by the fact that Roxburghe's famous Duke, Lord Macaulay the historian, and Mr. Gladstone the omnivorous, have been inveterate grubbers among the bookstalls. Macaulay was not very communicative to booksellers, and when any of them would hold up a book, although at the other end of the shop, he could tell by the cover, or by intuition, what it was all about, and would say 'No,' or 'I have it already.' Leigh Hunt was a bookstaller, for he says: 'Nothing delights us more than to overhaul some dingy tome and read a chapter gratuitously. Occasionally, when we have opened some very attractive old book, we have stood reading for hours at the stall, lost in a

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brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and should probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vendor of published wisdom offered, in a satirically polite way, to bring us out a chair. "Take a chair, sir; you must be tired."' The first Lord Lytton had a fancy for these plebeian book-marts; whilst Southey had a mania for them almost: he could not pass one without 'just running his eye over for *one* minute, even if the coach which was to take him to see Coleridge at Hampstead was within the time of starting.'

The extreme variety of the bookstall is its great attraction, and the chances of netting a rare or interesting book lie, perhaps, not so much in the variety of books displayed as in their general shabbiness. Ten years ago an English journalist picked up a copy of the first edition of Mrs. Glasse's 'Art of Cookery,' in the New Kent Road, for a few pence. It is no longer a shabby folio, but, superbly bound, it was sold with Mr. Sala's books, July 23, 1895, for £10. A not too respectable copy of Charles Lamb's privately-printed volume, 'The Beauty and the Beast,' was secured for a few pence, its market-value being something like £20. A copy of Sir Walter Scott's 'Vision of Don Roderick,' 1816, first edition, in the original boards, was purchased, by Mr. J. H. Slater, in Farringdon Road, in January, 1895, for 2d.—not a great catch, perhaps, but it is one of the rarest of Scott's works; and as the originals of this prolific author are rapidly rising in the market, there is no knowing what it may be worth in the immediate future.

Here is a curious illustration of the manner in which a 'find' is literally picked up. A man who sells books from a barrow in the streets was wheeling it on the way to open for the day, and passed close to a bookseller's assistant who was on his way to work. As the man passed, a small volume fell off into the road, which the assistant kindly picked up, with the intention of replacing it on the barrow. Before doing so, however, he looked at the volume. One glance was enough. 'Here, what do you want for this?' he asked. The dealer, taking a casual glance at the volume, said:

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'Oh, thruppence, I suppose, will do.' The money was paid, and the assistant departed with the prize, which was a rare volume by Increase Mather, printed in 1698 at Boston, U.S.A., and worth from £8 to £12. A copy of Fuller's first work, and the only volume of poetry published by that quaint writer, the excessively rare 'David's Hainous Sinne,' 1631, was bought a few years ago for eighteenpence, probably worth half as many pounds.

The coincidences of the bookstall are sometimes very remarkable. Mr. G. L. Gomme relates one which is well worth recording, and we give it in his own words: 'My friend, Mr. James Britten, the well-known plant-lore scholar, has been collecting for some years the set of twenty-four volumes of that curious annual, *Time's Telescope*. He had two duplicates for 1825 and 1826, and these he gave to me. One day last January I was engaged to dine with him, and in the middle of the *same* day I passed a second-hand book-shop, and picked out from the sixpenny box a volume of *Time's Telescope* for 1816. In the evening I showed my treasure with great contentment to my friend, expecting congratulations. But, to my surprise and discomfiture, a mysterious look passed over his face, then followed a quick migration to his bookshelves, then a loud hurrah, and an explanation that this very "find" of mine was the *one* volume he wanted to complete his set, the one volume he had been in search of for some time.' Another book-collector picked out of a rubbish-heap on a country bookseller's floor a little old book of poetry with the signature of 'A. Pope.' Subsequently he found a manuscript note in a book on the shelves of a public library referring to this very copy, which, the writer of the note stated, had been given him by the poet Pope.

The late Cornelius Walford related an interesting incident, the 'only one of any special significance which has occurred to me during thirty-five years of industrious book-hunting': 'When living at Enfield, I used generally to walk to the Temple by way of Finsbury, Moorgate, Cheapside, and Fleet Street. Every bookshop on the way I was familiar with.

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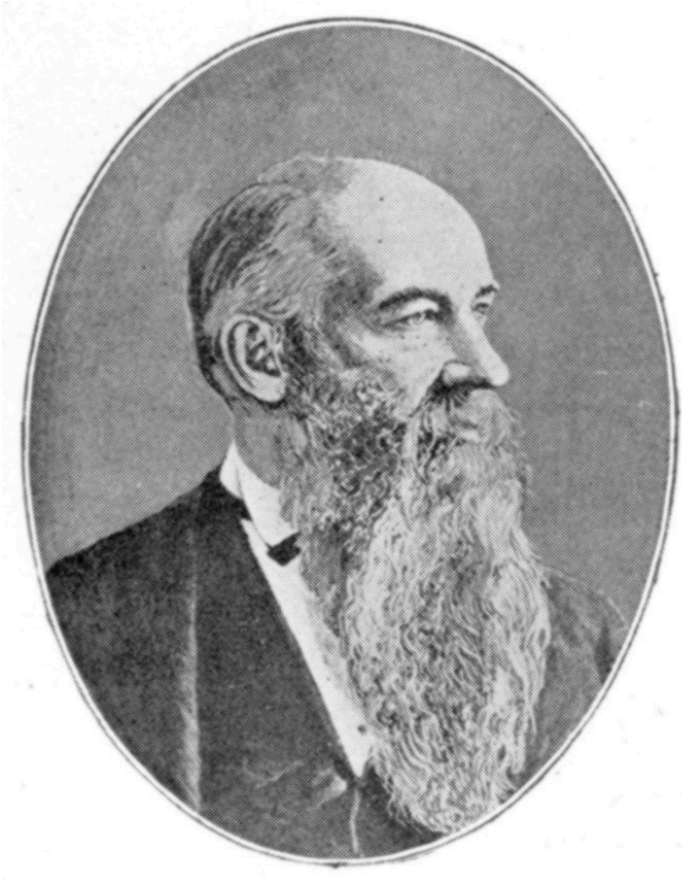

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On one occasion I thought I would vary the route by way of Long Lane and Smithfield (as, indeed, I had occasionally done before). I was at the time sadly in want of a copy of "Weskett on Insurances," 1781, a folio work of some 600 pages. I had searched and inquired for it for years; no bookseller had ever seen it. I had visited every bookshop in Dublin, in the hope of finding a copy of the pirated (octavo) edition printed there; and but for having seen a copy in a public library, should have come to the conclusion that the book never existed. Some temporary sheds had been erected over the Metropolitan Railway in Long Lane. One, devoted to a meagre stock of old books, *was opened that morning*. The first book I saw on the rough shelves was Weskett, original edition, price a few shillings. I need hardly say I carried it away. . . . I have never seen or heard of another of the original edition exposed or reported for sale.'

Cornelius Walford, Book-collector.

Mr. Shandy *père* was a bookstaller also, and if Bruscambille's 'Prologue upon Long Noses,' even when obtainable 'almost for nothing,' would fail to excite in every collector the enthusiasm experienced by Mr. Shandy, we can at all events sympathize with him. '"There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom," said the stall-man, who, like many stall-men of to-day, did not hesitate to make a leap in the dark, "except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious." My father flung down the money as quick as lightning, took Bruscambille into his bosom, hied home from

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Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Bruscambille all the way.'

We have already seen that there were bookstalls as well as bookshops in and about the neighbourhood of Little Britain during the latter part of the seventeenth century. There were bookstalls or booths also in St. Paul's Churchyard long before this period; but books had scarcely become old in the time of Shakespeare, so that doubtless the volumes which

The South Side of Holywell Street.

were to be had within the shadow of the cathedral were new ones. Booksellers gradually migrated from the heart of London to a more westerly direction. The bookstall followed, not so much as a matter of course as because there was no room for it; land became extremely valuable, and narrow streets, which are also crowded, are not a congenial soil for the book-barrow. The Strand and Holborn and Fleet Street districts, both highways and byways, became a favourite spot for the book-barrow during the last century, and remained such up to quite modern times—until, indeed,

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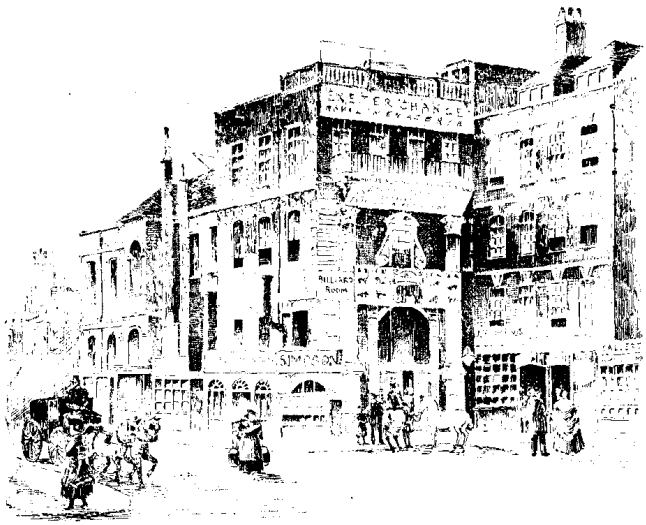
the iconoclastic wave of improvements swept everything before it. Holywell Street still remains intact.

One of the most famous bookstalling localities during the last century was Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, which occupied a large area of the roadway between the present Lyceum Theatre and Exeter Street, and has long since given place to Burleigh Street. The place was built towards the end of the seventeenth century, and the shops were at first occupied by sempsters, milliners, hosiers, and so forth. The place



Exeter 'Change in 1826.

appears to have greatly degenerated, and soon included bookstalls among the standings of miscellaneous dealers. Writing on January 31, 1802, Robert Bloomfield observes: 'Last night, in passing through Exeter 'Change, I stopt at a bookstall, and observed "The Farmer's Boy" laying there for sale, and the new book too, marked with very large writing, Bloomfield's "Rural Tales": a young man took it up, and I observed he read the whole through, and perhaps little thought that the author stood at his elbow.' This

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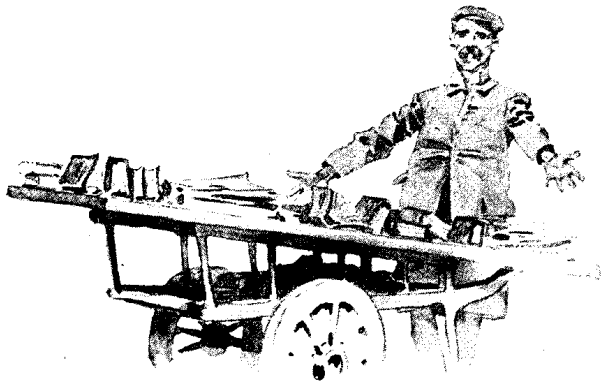
locality was also a famous one for 'pamphlet shops.' 'Sold at the Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster' is an imprint commonly seen on title-pages up to the middle of the last century. In addition to shops and stalls, book-auctions were also held here. The curious and valuable library of Dr. Thomas Pellet, Fellow of the College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society, was sold 'in the Great Room over Exeter 'Change,' during January, 1744, beginning at 5 p.m. (see p. 105).

Early in the eighteenth century, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, in his 'Miscellaneous Reflections,' 1714, refers to



A Barrow in Whitechapel.

notable philosophers and divines 'who can be contented to make sport, and write in learned Billingsgate, to divert the Coffeehouse, and entertain the assemblys at Booksellers' shops, or the more airy Stalls of inferior book-retailers.'

Bookstalls or barrows have been for nearly a century a feature of the East End of London, more particularly of Whitechapel Road and Shoreditch. The numbers of barrows have increased, but the locality is practically the same. Many useful libraries have been formed from off these stalls, and many very good bargains secured. Excellent collections may still be formed from them, but the

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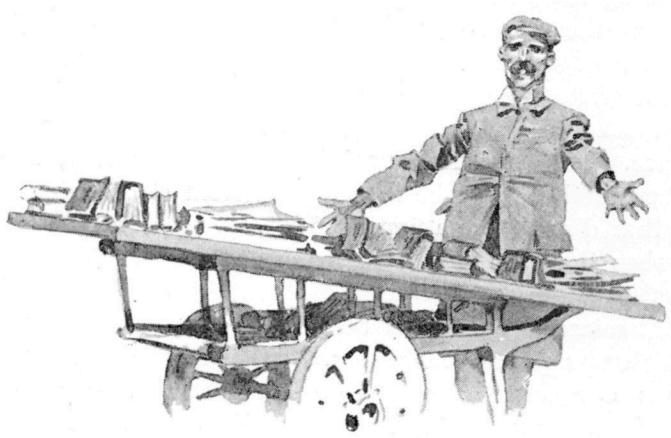

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chances of a noteworthy 'find' are indeed small. The book-hunter who goes to either of these places with the idea of bagging a whole bundle of rarities is likely to come away disappointed; but if he is in a buying humour the chances are ten to one in favour of his getting a good many useful books at very moderate figures. We have heard of a man who picked up a complete set of first editions of Mrs. Browning in Shoreditch, but no one ever seems to have met that lucky individual; and as the story is retailed chiefly by the owner of the barrow from which they were said to have been rescued—the said owner apparently not in the least minding the inevitable conclusion at which the listener will arrive—the story is not repeated as authentic. One of the last things which has come out of Shoreditch lately is a copy of the first edition of Gwillim's 'Display of Heraldry' (1610), in excellent condition, and which was purchased for a few pence. An East End book-hunter tells us that, among other rarities which he has rescued from stalls and cellars in that district, are a first folio Ben Jonson; a copy of the Froben Seneca (1515), with its fine bordered title-page, by Urs Graf; an early edition of Montaigne, with a curious frontispiece; the copy of the *editio princeps* Statius (1483), which was purchased by Mr. Quaritch at the Sunderland sale; one or two Plantins, in spotless splendour; Henry Stephens' Herodotus, a book as beautiful as it is now valueless, but of which a copy is kept in a showcase at South Kensington, and others, all at merely nominal prices.

Many first-class libraries were formed by these *frequentationes orientales*. It is a great pity that Macaulay, for example, has not left on record a few of the very remarkable incidents which came under his observation during these pilgrimages. The late Mr. W. J. Thoms contributed a few of his to the *Nineteenth Century* thirteen years ago. One of Mr. Thoms' most striking 'East End' book-hunting anecdotes relates to a Defoe tract. When a collected edition of Defoe's works was contemplated some forty years ago, it was determined that the various pieces inserted in it should be reprinted from the editions of them superintended by Defoe himself.

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'There was one tract which the editor had failed to find at the British Museum or any other public library, and which he had sought in vain for in "The Row" or any bookseller's within reach of ordinary West End mortals. Somebody suggested that he should make a pilgrimage to Old Street, St. Luke's, and perhaps Brown might have a copy. Old Brown, as he was familiarly called, had a great knowledge of books and book-rarities, although perhaps he was more widely known for the extensive stock of manuscript sermons which he kept indexed according to texts, and which he was ready to lend or sell as his customers desired. . . . The editor inquired of Brown whether he had a copy of Defoe's tract. "No," said Brown; "I have not, and I don't know where you are likely to find one. But if you do meet with one, you will have to pay pretty handsomely for it." "I am prepared to pay a fair price for it," said the would-be customer, and left the shop. Now, Old Brown had a "sixpenny box" outside the door, and he had such a keen eye to business that I believe, if there was a box in London which would bear out Leigh Hunt's statement [that no one had ever found anything worth having in the sixpenny box at a bookstall], it was that box in Old Street. But as the customer left the shop his eye fell on the box, he turned over the rubbish in it, and at last selected a volume. "I'll pay you for this out of the box." "Thank you, sir," said Brown, taking the proffered sixpence. "But, by-the-by, what is it?" "It is *a* tract by Defoe," was the answer, to Old Brown's chagrin. For it was the very work of which the purchaser was in search.'

In the way of antiquity doubtless the New Cut—as what was once Lambeth Marsh is now termed—comes next to the two East End localities above mentioned as a bookstall locality. The place has certainly been a book-emporium for at least half a century. Mr. G. A. Sala declares that he has purchased for an old song many of his rarest books in this congested and unsavoury locality where Robert Buchanan and his ill-fated friend, David Gray, shared a bankrupt garret on their first coming up to London from Scotland.

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The present writer has picked up some rare and curious books in that locality during the past ten years, and others have doubtless done the same. Not so very long ago a volume with the autograph of Drayton was secured for one penny, certainly not an extravagant price.

For some years Farringdon Road has enjoyed the distinction of being the best locality in London for bookstalling. Its stalls are far more numerous, and the quality of the books here exposed for sale is of a much higher class, than those which are to be met with in other places. There are between thirty and forty bookstalls or barrows here, and the

A Book-barrow in Farringdon Road.

place has what we may describe as a bibliopolic history, which goes back for a period of twenty years. The first person to start in the bookselling line was a coster of the name of Roberts, who died somewhat suddenly either in December of 1894 or early in January of the present year. Roberts appears to have been a fairly successful man at the trade, and had a fairly good knowledge of cheap books. The *doyen* of the Farringdon Road bibliopoles is named Dabbs—a very intelligent man, who started first in the hot-chestnut line. Mr. Dabbs has generally a fairly good stock of books, which varies between one and two thousand volumes, a selection of which are daily displayed on four or five

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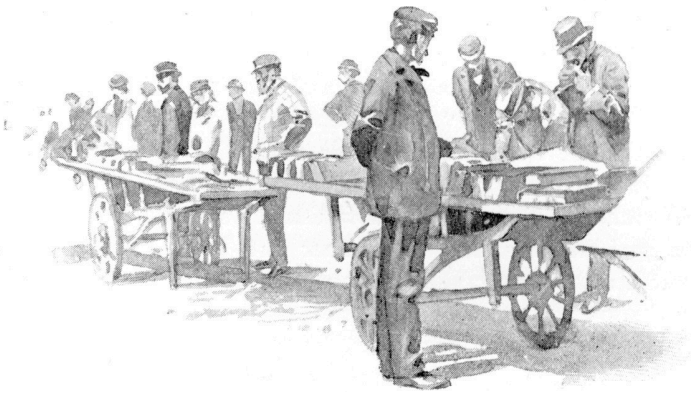

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barrows, and varying from two a penny ('You must take two') up to higher-priced volumes. Curiously enough, he finds that theological books pay the best, and it is of this class that his stock chiefly consists. Just as book-hunters have many 'finds' to gloat over, so perhaps booksellers have to bewail the many rarities which they have let slip through their fingers. It would be more than could be expected of human nature, as it is at present constituted, to expect booksellers to make a clean or even qualified confession in this respect. Our friend Dabbs, however, is not of this hyper-sensitive type, and he relates, with a certain amount of grim humour, that his greatest lost opportunity was the selling of a book for 1s. 6d. which a few days afterwards was sold in Paris for £50. He consoles himself with the reflection that at all events *he* made a fair profit out of this book. If we could all be as philosophical as this intelligent book-barrow-keeper, doubtless the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune would impress fewer wrinkles on our brows, and help us to think kindly of the friends who put us 'up' to good things in the way of gold-mines and generously left us to pay the piper.

A few Types in Farringdon Road.

However picturesque may be the calling of the bookstall-keeper to the person who experiences a fiendish delight in getting a 6d. book out of him for 5½d., the calling is on the

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whole a very hard one. Exposed to all weathers, these men have a veritable struggle for existence. Their actual profits rarely exceed 30s. or £2 weekly. They vary greatly, of course, according to weather, and a wet Saturday makes a very material difference to their takings. Many weeks throughout the year these takings do not average more than 8s. or 10s. We have made inquiries among most of the bookstall-keepers in the Metropolis, and the above facts can be depended upon. When these men happen upon a rare book, they nearly invariably sell it to one of the better-class booksellers. By this means they make an immediate profit and effect a ready sale. There is beyond this a numerous class of what may be described as 'book-ghouls,' or men who make it a business to haunt the cheap bookstalls and bag the better-class or more saleable books and hawk them around to the shops, and so make a few shillings on which to support a precarious existence, in which beer and tobacco are the sole delights. We once met a man who did a roaring trade of this description, chiefly with the British Museum. He took notes of every book that struck him as being curious or out of the way, and those which he discovered to be absent from the Museum he would at once purchase. He was great in the matter of editions, such as Pope, Junius, Coleridge, and so forth. The Museum is naturally lacking in hundreds of editions of English authors; but as these editions, almost without exception, possess no literary value, their presence (or absence) was not a matter of importance. For some months the 'collector' referred to inundated the Museum with these unimportant editions. Our friend discovered that the Museum authorities, ignoring the prices which he placed on his wares, would only have them at their own figures—which showed a curious similarity to those at which the vendor had obtained them—and this, coupled with the fact that they refused to purchase many of the items offered at any price, led him to the conclusion that he was serving his country at too cheap a rate. It is scarcely necessary to add that he is now following a vocation which, if less agreeable, is certainly more profitable to himself. Occasionally one of

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these professional bookstallers blossoms into a shopkeeper in some court or alley off Holborn; but more generally they are too far gone in drink and dilapidation to get out of the rut.

One of the most curious characters who ever owned a bookstall was Henry Lemoine, the son of a French Huguenot. He was born in 1756, and for many years kept a stall in Bishopsgate Churchyard. He wrote many books, and did much hack-work for various publishers, chiefly in the way of translations from the French. He gave up shopkeeping in 1795, and became a pedestrian bookseller or colporteur of pamphlets. In 1807 he again set up a small stand of books in Parliament Street, and died in April, 1812. He might have achieved success, and become a respectable member of society, but his great failing was an all-consuming thirst.

Henry Lemoine, Author and Bookseller.

Writing over forty years ago in 'London Labour and the London Poor,' 1851, Henry Mayhew remarked: 'There has been a change, and in some respects a considerable change, in the character or class of books sold at the street stalls, within the last forty or fifty years, as I have ascertained from the most experienced men in the trade. Now sermons, or rather the works of the old divines, are rarely seen at these stalls, or if seen, rarely purchased. Black-letter editions are very unfrequent at street bookstalls, and it is twenty times more difficult, I am assured, for street-sellers to pick up anything really rare and curious, than it was in the early part of

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the century. One reason assigned for this change by an intelligent street-seller was, that black-letter or any ancient works were almost all purchased by the second-hand booksellers, who have shops and issue catalogues, as they have a prompt sale for them whenever they pick them up at book-auctions or elsewhere.' As we have already pointed out, the same rule which obtained forty years ago applies with equal force to-day, and in the chief instances in which we have met with books well known to be rare, on bookstalls, their condition has been so bad as to render them valueless, except, perhaps, for the purpose of helping to complete imperfect copies.

At one time the bookstall-keepers had fairly good opportunities of making a haul of a few rare books—that was when they were called in to clear out offices and old houses. As the world has grown wiser in respect to books as well as other things, executors, legatees, and so forth, have acquired unreasonable views as to the value of old books, and everything in the shape of a volume is sent to the regular book-auctioneers. When it is remembered that practically all the books which now occur on the various bookstalls of the Metropolis are purchased under the hammer at Hodgson's, the chances of obtaining anything rare are reduced to a minimum. These books are the refuse of the various bookshops, after, perhaps, having passed from one shop to another for several years without finding a purchaser outside the trade. At Hodgson's, of course, these books find their level, after repeated appearances; they are here sold, not quite by the cartload, but certainly in lots sufficiently large to fill a moderate sized wheelbarrow. The tastes of the bookbuying public are so infinite that there would seem to be a sale, at some time or another, for every species of printed matter; but the habitual haunter of the bookstalls meets with the same water-soaked dog-eared volumes month after month, and year after year, so that he is forced to the conclusion that the right purchaser has not yet come along. These volumes appeal to the bookbuyer with a piteousness which is scarcely less than positively human. In the words of

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George Peele, written over three centuries ago, these books seem to say,

> 'Buy, read and judge,
> The price do not grudge;
> It will give thee more pleasure
> Than twice as much treasure;'

but no one seems to take the hint. Samuel Foote, in 'The Author,' makes Vamp say: 'Books are like women, Master Cape; to strike they must be well dressed; fine feathers make fine birds: a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise through three editions.' These adventitious aids may still possess a potent influence in selling a new book even to-day, but they have little effect on the sale of the books which gravitate towards the book-barrow.

The bookstall-keeper, it is true, has no rent to pay, except for the hire of his barrow, which amounts to one shilling per week each. Even this small charge is a considerable item where a man hires two or three barrows and does scarcely any trade. Then he has to pay someone to look after his goods during his absence. Further than this, the barrow-man has to pay cash down before he removes his purchase from the sale-room. On the other hand he gives no credit. The bookseller who enjoys the luxury of a shop, gets credit from the auctioneer, and gives credit to his customers. He has to put as large a margin of profit as possible on his books, and an average of sixpence each has to be added to the original cost of every item catalogued. The bookstall-man is, naturally, handicapped in many ways, and if he finds the sweepings of his more aristocratic *confrères*' shops a long time on his hands, he, at all events, makes as large a profit with much fewer liabilities.

We have referred to Hodgson's as the centre from which nearly all the bookstalls are supplied. Occasionally, however, the barrow-man buys at Sotheby's, and frequently so at Puttick and Simpson's. Sometimes the more adventurous spirits attend auctions in private houses in the suburbs, and occasionally those held a few miles out of town. These

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expeditions are more often than not 'arranged,' and usually resolve themselves into 'knock-outs.' It is a by no means unknown contingency for two or three men to purchase, against all comers, the entire lot of books at figures which invariably put the auctioneer into an exceedingly good humour; neither is it an unknown event for these men to decamp without the books, and also without leaving their

The late Edmund Hodgson, Book-auctioneer.

addresses or deposit! Such tricks, however, are not the work of the tradesmen who have a *locus standi*, but of the better class of book-jackals, who, failing to get the books for next to nothing, outbid everyone else, and leave the auctioneer to get out of the dilemma as he best can.

For many years the weekly cattle-market at Islington has been a happy hunting-ground of the bookstall-keeper. Books

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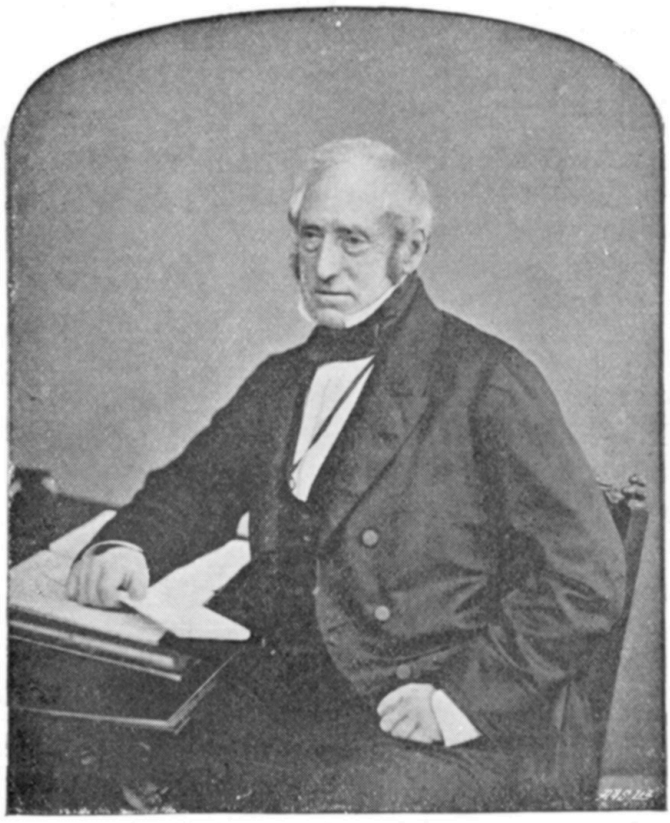

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are among the hundred and one articles which are brought from every conceivable source, and many very good things have doubtless been picked up here. But it is always the early prowler who gets the rarities—the man who gets there at eight or nine o'clock in the morning. There is very little but absolute rubbish left for the post-prandial visitor. A few inveterate book-hunters have journeyed thither at various times and in a spasmodic manner, but the hope of anything worth having has usually turned out to be a vain one: they have always been anticipated.

Between the more ambitious shop and the nondescript bookstall, there is a class or species of bookseller who deserves a niche in this place. We refer to men like Purcell, in Red Lion Passage, Red Lion Square, Holborn, who are almost as much printsellers as booksellers. They make one book by destroying many others. Grangerizing is the proper name of this practice; but as the Rev. Mr. Granger has been productive of more curses than a dozen John Bagfords—an evil genius of the same type—the process is now termed extra-illustrating. However much one may denounce the whole system, it is impossible, whatever a particular book-hunter's idiosyncrasy may be, not to feel interested in some of the collections which these enterprising and ruthless biblioclasts manage to get together. Mr. Purcell is an adept at this game, of which, doubtless, Mr. F. Harvey, of St. James's Street, is one of the most clever, as he is certainly the most eminent of professors. Mr. Purcell's collection of prints, engravings, press-cuttings, and so forth, cover an extraordinarily wide field. In fifty cases out of a hundred, booksellers who make grangerizing a speciality find it pays far better to break up an illustrated book than to sell it intact. When they purchase a book, it is obviously their own property, to preserve or destroy, as they find most agreeable. Personally, we regard the system as in many ways a pernicious one, but it is one upon which a vast amount of cant has been wasted.

But book shops and stalls are obviously not the only places at which bargains in books are likely to be secured, as the

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following anecdote would seem to prove: 'A writer and reader well versed in the works of the minor English writers recently entered a newspaper-shop at the East End and purchased a pennyworth of snuff. When he got home he found that the titillating substance was wrapped in a leaf of Sir Thomas Elyot's black-letter book, "The Castell of Helth." The next day the purchaser went in hot haste to the shop and made a bid for the remainder of the volume. "You are too late, sir," spoke the shopkeeper. "After you had gone last night, a liter*airy* gent as lives round the corner gave me two bob for the book. There was only one leaf torn out, which you got. The book was picked up at a stall for a penny by my son." The purchaser of the pennyworth at once produced the leaf, with instructions for it to be handed to his forestaller in the purchase of the volume, together with his name and address; and next day he received a courteous note of thanks from the "liter*airy* gent" aforesaid.' Nothing is so uncertain as one's luck in book-hunting, but, without entirely discrediting the foregoing story, we can only say that it is an old friend with a new face. We have heard the same thing before. Not so very long ago, a certain bookseller thought he had at last got a prize; it was one of the rarest Shakespeare quartos, and worth close on £100. He had purchased it among a lot of other dirty pamphlets. He looked the matter up, and everything seemed to point to the fact that his copy was genuine in every respect—a most uncommon stroke of luck indeed. The precious quarto was in due course sent to Puttick's, and the modest reserve of £70 was placed upon it. The quarto was genuine in every respect, but it was a *facsimile!*

It may be taken for granted that genuine Shakespeare quartos do not occur on bookstalls, and even a rare Americana tract only occurs in the wildest dreams of the book-hunter. Nevertheless, 'finds' of more or less interest continue to be made by keen book-hunters. Dr. Garnett tells how a tradesman at Oswestry had in his possession books to which he attached no importance, but which, a lady informed him, must be very rare. They were submitted to the authorities

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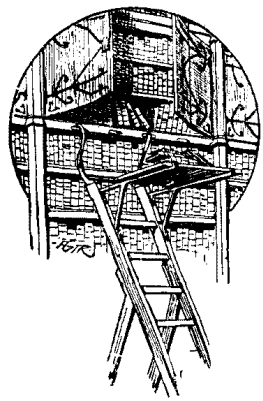
of the British Museum, who gave a high price for them. One was Sir Anthony Sherley's 'Wits New Dyall,' published in 1604, of which only one other copy is known to be in existence. As a rule, offers of rare books come from booksellers, who do not always say how they become possessed of them. Among the private people who offer books to the Museum for sale are a large proportion who think that a book must necessarily be rare because it is a hundred years old or more. Before the great catalogue was made, finds were occasionally made in the Museum itself, and even now a volume will occasionally be found which has special interest and value on account of its binding. In other cases a book will be found to be in a binding made up of leaves of some rare work far more valuable than the book itself.



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SOME BOOK-HUNTING LOCALITIES.

LITTLE BRITAIN AND MOORFIELDS.

THERE are few more attractive phases in the history of book-hunting in London than that of localities. Up to nearly the end of the last century, these localities were for the most part, and for close on 350 years, confined to within a narrow area. With the rapid expansion of London north, east, south, and west, the 'trade' has not only expanded, but its representatives have sprung up in every district, whilst many of the older ones have forsaken the limits of the City, and pitched their tents in Greater London. For centuries bookselling and publishing flourished side by side in St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and their immediate neighbourhoods.

Of all the old bookselling localities close to the heart of London, none were more famous than Little Britain and Moorfields. Three years before the Great Fire of London—in 1663—Sorbière, in his 'Journey to England,' made the following observation: 'I am not to forget the vast number of booksellers' shops I have observed in London: for besides those who are set up here and there in the City, they have their particular quarters, such as St. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain, where there is twice as many as in the Rue Saint

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Jacque in Paris, and who have each of them two or three warehouses.' The bookselling zenith of Little Britain was attained in the seventeenth century; it may almost be said to have commenced with the reign of Charles I., and to have begun a sort of retrogression with the Hanoverian succession. But there were printers and booksellers here at the latter part of the sixteenth century. From a newspaper published in this district in 1664, we learn that no less than 464 pamphlets were published here during four years. It was a sort of seventeenth-century combination of the Paternoster Row and Fleet Street of the present day. It is the place where, according to a widely circulated statement, first made in Richardson's 'Remarks on Paradise Lost,' 1734, an Earl of Dorset accidentally discovered, when on a book-hunt in 1667, a work hitherto unknown to him, entitled 'Paradise Lost.' He is said to have bought a copy, and the bookseller begged him to recommend it to his friends, as the copies lay on his hand like so much wastepaper. The noble Earl showed his copy to Dryden, who is reported to have exclaimed: 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' Though this anecdote may be apocryphal, certain it is the poem is in a way connected with the neighbourhood, inasmuch as Simmons' shop was in Aldersgate Street. In addition to this fact, Richardson also tells us that Milton lodged for some time in Little Britain with Millington, the famous book-auctioneer, who had then quitted the rostrum and followed the more peaceful vocation of a dealer in old books.

Roger North, in his 'Life of the Right Hon. Francis North,' has an oft-quoted reference to Little Britain. From this interesting account we learn that during the latter part of the seventeenth century it was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and that men went thither as to a market. The trade of the place was, in consequence, an important one, the shops being large, and much resorted to by literary personages, wits, men-about-town, and fashionable notabilities generally. The booksellers then were men of intellect. But referring, by way of contrast, to the place

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during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, he laments that 'this emporium is vanished, and the 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 the town, but all over England, ay, and beyond sea, too, and send abroad their circulators, and in this 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 the shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller, rather than a real one; but instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for; of whom each hath his book-factor, and, when wanting anything, writes to his bookseller and pays his bill. And it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work, with the 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 groat; and so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness; and there is six shillings current for an hour and 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, King, and one or two more, where are best choice, and better pennyworths. I might touch other abuses, as bad paper, incorrect printing, and false advertising; and all of which and worse are to be expected, if a careful author is not at the heels of them.'

We get an interesting glimpse of a meeting of two book-lovers in this locality from Izaak Walton. In his 'Life of Bishop Sanderson,' Walton writes that about the time Sanderson was printing this excellent preface ('before his last twenty Sermons,' 1655), 'I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand.'

The house of Bateman is worthy of an important chapter

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in the bookselling annals of Little Britain, and the best-known member (Christopher) of the family is described in the usual sugared style of John Dunton: 'There are few booksellers in England (if any) that understand books better than Mr. Bateman, nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge. He is a man of great reputation and honesty.' Nichols states that Bateman would allow no person to look into books in his shop, and when asked a reason for this extraordinary rule, he answered: 'I suppose you may be a physician or an author, and want some recipe or quotation; and, if you buy it, I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after, as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned, to my very great loss and prejudice.' Bateman's shop was a favourite resort of Swift, who several times speaks of it in his 'Journal to Stella:' 'I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so' (January 6, 1710-11); and again: 'I was at Bateman's, to see a fine old library he has bought, and my fingers itched as yours would do at a china-shop' (July 9, 1711).

One of the most frequent visitors to Bateman's shop was Thomas Britton, 'the small-coal man,' who died in September, 1714. His knowledge of books, of music and chemistry was certainly extraordinary, having regard to his ostensible occupation. His collection of manuscripts and printed music and musical instruments was very large. Lord Somers gave £500 for his collection of pamphlets, and Sir Hans Sloane was also a purchaser of many curious articles. He was a very well-known character, and 'was so much distinguished that, when passing through the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with the following expression: "There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen."' Saturday, when Parliament was not sitting during the winter, was the market day with the booksellers of Little Britain; and in the earlier part of

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the last century, the frequenters of this locality included such worthies as the Duke of Devonshire, Edward, Earl of Oxford, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea. After the 'hunt' they often adjourned to the Mourning Bush in Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

Another famous Little Britain bookseller was Robert Scott

Thomas Britton, 'the small-coal man,' Collector of Musical Instruments and MSS.

whose sister was the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North's 'grandmother's woman.' Scott was a man of 'good parts,' and was in his time, says Roger North, the 'greatest librarian in Europe; for besides his stock in England, he had warehouses at Frankfort, Paris, and other places, and dealt by factors.' When an old man, Scott 'contracted with one Mills, of St. Paul's Churchyard, near £10,000 deep, and articled not to

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open his shop any more. But Mills, with his auctioneering, atlases, and projects, failed, whereby poor Scott lost above half his means. . . . 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.'

The most celebrated family of booksellers, perhaps, who lived in Little Britain, was that of Ballard, or Bullard, as the original name appears by the auction catalogues. The family were connected with the trade for over a century, and were noted, says Nichols, 'for the soundness of their principles in Church and State.' One Henry Ballard lived at the sign of the Bear without Temple Bar, over against St. Clement's Church, in 1597, but whether he was an ancestor of the family in question is not certain. Thomas Ballard, the founder of the bookselling branch, was described by Dunton, in 1705, as 'a young bookseller in Little Britain, but grown man in body now, but more in mind:

> 'His looks are in his mother's beauty drest,
> And all the Father has inform'd the rest.'

Samuel Ballard, for many years Deputy of the Ward of Aldersgate Within, died August 27, 1761, and his only son, Edward, January 2, 1796, aged eighty-eight, in the same house in which he was born, having outlived his mental faculties. He was the last of the profession in Little Britain.

Among the scores of Little Britain men who combined publishing with second-hand bookselling, one of the more interesting is William Newton, who resided there during the earlier years of the last century. In 1712 he published Quincy's 'Medicina Statica,' at the end of which is this curious 'Advertisement' (minus the superfluity of capitals): 'Those persons who have any Librarys (*sic*) or small parcels of old books to dispose of, either in town or countrey, may have ready money for them of Will. Newton, Bookseller in Little Britain, London. Also all gentlemen, and schoolmasters, may be furnished with all sorts of classics, in usum Delphi, Variorum, etc. Likewise, he will exchange with any person, for any books they have read and done with.'

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It was from the Dolphin, in Little Britain, that Samuel Buckley first issued the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, *et seq.* Tom Rawlinson resided here for some years, as did another and different kind of celebrity, Benjamin Franklin, who worked at Palmer's famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close. 'While I lodged in Little Britain,' says Franklin, in his 'Autobiography,' 'I made an acquaintance with one Wilcox, a bookseller, whose shop was at the next door. He had an immense collection of second-hand books. Circulating

Duke Street, Little Britain, formerly called Duck Lane.

libraries were not then in use; but we agreed that, on certain reasonable terms, which I have now forgotten, I might take, read, and return any of the books. This I esteemed a great advantage, and made as much use of as I could.'

But by Franklin's time the book trade of Little Britain had declined beyond any hope of recovery. In 1756 Maitland describes the place as 'very ruinous'; the part from 'the Pump to Duck Lane is well built, and though much inhabited formerly by booksellers, who dealt chiefly in old books, it is

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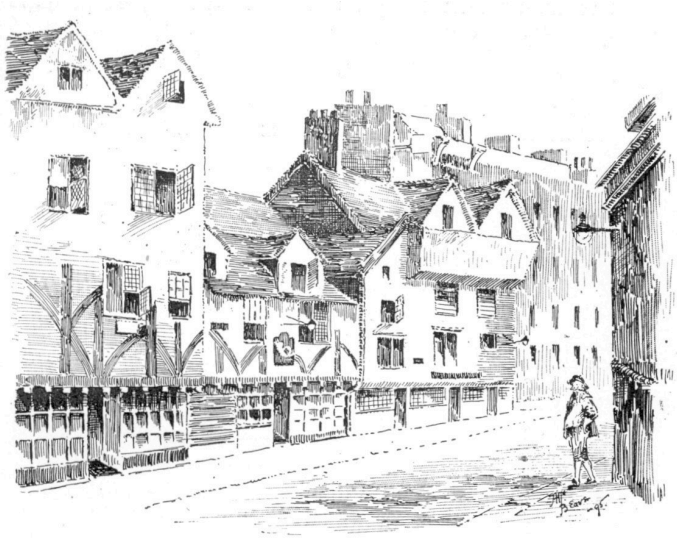

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now much deserted and decayed.' A few years before Nichols published his 'Literary Anecdotes,' two booksellers used to sport their rubric posts close to each other here in Little Britain, and these rubric posts* were once as much the type of a bookseller's shop as the pole is of a barber's.

Nearly all the numerous lanes and alleys immediately contiguous to Little Britain were more or less inhabited by second-hand booksellers. The most important in every respect of these was Duck Lane, subsequently rechristened Duke Street, and in 1885 as a part and parcel of Little Britain. It is the street which leads from West Smithfield to one end of Little Britain, and the change was a very foolish one. It was to this street that Swift conjectured that booksellers might send inquiries for his works.

> 'Some county squire to Lintot goes,
> Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
> Says Lintot, "I have heard the name,
> He died a year ago." "The same."
> He searches all the shops in vain:
> "Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane."'

And Garth tells how the learned Dr. Edward Tyson filled his library from the Duck Lane shops:

> 'Abandoned authors here a refuge meet,
> And from the world to dust and worms retreat
> Here dregs and sediments and authors reign,
> Refuse of fairs and gleanings of Duck Lane.'

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has noted the fact that a copy of *Zach.* Ursinus' 'Summe of Christian Religion,' translated by H. Parry (1617), contains on the first leaf this note: 'Mary Rous her Booke, bought in Duck Lane bey Smithfelde, this year, 1644.'

Not very far from Little Britain is the Barbican, which at the earlier part of the century contained several bookshops, but has since degenerated into forbidding warehouses. Charles Lamb, under date March 25, 1829, writes: 'I have

* Sewell, Cornhill, and Becket and De Hondt, Strand, were among the last to use these curious trade signs.

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just come from town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension, and have brought home from stalls in Barbican the old "Pilgrim's Progress," with the prints—Vanity Fair, etc.—now scarce. Four shillings; cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is in sheepskin—"The Whole Theologic Works of Thomas Aquinas." My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas, or the lady to the lover in the old romance, who, having to carry her to the top of a high mountain (the price of obtaining her), clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue.'

Charles Lamb, after D. Maclise.

The district to which the name of Moorfields was once applied has no great historic interest. It remained moorfields until it was first drained in 1527. In the reign of James I. it was first laid out into walks, and during the time of Charles II. some portions of it were built upon. It soon became famous for its musters and pleasant walks, its laundresses and bleachers, its cudgel-players and popular amusements, its bookstalls and ballad-sellers. Writing at the beginning of the last century, that pungent critic of the world in general, Tom Brown, observes: 'Well, this thing called prosperity makes a man strangely insolent and forget-

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ful. How contemptibly a cutler looks at a poor grinder of knives; a physician in his coach at a farrier a-foot; and a well-grown Paul's Churchyard bookseller upon one of the trade that sells second-hand books under the trees in Moorfields!' In Thoresby's 'Diary' we have an entry under the year 1709 of a very rare edition of the New Testament in English, 1536, having been purchased in Moorfields.

By the middle of the last century Moorfields became an

Old Houses in Moorfields.

assemblage of small shops, particularly booksellers', and remained such until, in 1790, the handsome square of Finsbury arose on its site. That some of these booksellers of Moorfields had considerable stocks is seen by the fact that that of John King, of this place, occupied ten days in the dispersal at Samuel Baker's in 1760. Perhaps one of the most famous of the Moorfields booksellers was Thomas King, who published priced catalogues of books from 1780

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to 1796, and who deserted Moorfields at about the latter date, to take premises in King Street, Covent Garden, as a book-auctioneer. Horace Walpole, referring to James West's sale in 1773, says: 'Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields.' This sale, which occupied twenty-four days, included, as we have said on a previous page, books by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and others, and also works on Old English literature, voyages and travels, not a few of which were undoubtedly picked up in Moorfields. The Rev. John Brand, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, who died in 1806, visited almost daily the bookstalls between Piccadilly and Mile End, and may be regarded as another Moorfields book-hunter; he generally returned from these excursions with his deep and wide pockets well laden. His books were chiefly collected in this way, and for comparatively small sums. Brand cared little for the condition of his books, many of which were imperfect, the defects being supplied in neatly-written MS. (See p. 190.) John Keats, the poet, was born in Moorfields, and Tom Dibdin was apprenticed to an upholsterer in this district.

FINSBURY.

When Moorfields became improved into Finsbury Circus, the bookselling element was by no means extinguished. James Lackington (1746 to 1816), who had established himself as a bookseller in Chiswell Street, was issuing catalogues from that address from 1779 to 1793. He first started selling books on Midsummer Day, 1774, in Featherstone Street, St. Luke's. It was from Chiswell Street that Lackington dated those rambling letters which he styles 'Memoirs of the Forty-five First Years' of his life. In twelve years he had progressed so rapidly, from the sack of old rubbish for which he paid a guinea and with which he began business as a bookseller, that a move to more commodious premises became necessary. In 1794 he transferred his stock to one of the corners of Finsbury Square—which had been then built about five years—and started his

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'Temple of the Muses.' The original building was burnt down some years ago, but the late Charles Knight has left on record an interesting sketch of the place as it struck him in 1801: 'Over the principal entrance is inscribed, "Cheapest Booksellers in the World." It is the famous shop of Lackington, Allen and Co., "where above half a million of volumes are constantly on sale." We enter the vast area, whose dimensions are to be measured by the assertion that a coach and six might be driven round it. In the centre is an enormous circular counter, within which

Jones and Co. (successors to Lackington).

stand the dispensers of knowledge, ready to wait upon the county clergyman, in his wig and shovel hat; upon the fine ladies, in feathers and trains; or upon the bookseller's collector, with his dirty bag. If there is any chaffering about the cost of a work, the shopman points to the following inscription: "The lowest price is marked on every book, and no abatement made on any article." We ascend a broad staircase, which leads to "The Lounging Rooms" and to the first of a series of circular galleries, lighted from the lantern of the dome, which also lights the ground-floor. Hundreds, even thousands, of volumes are displayed on the

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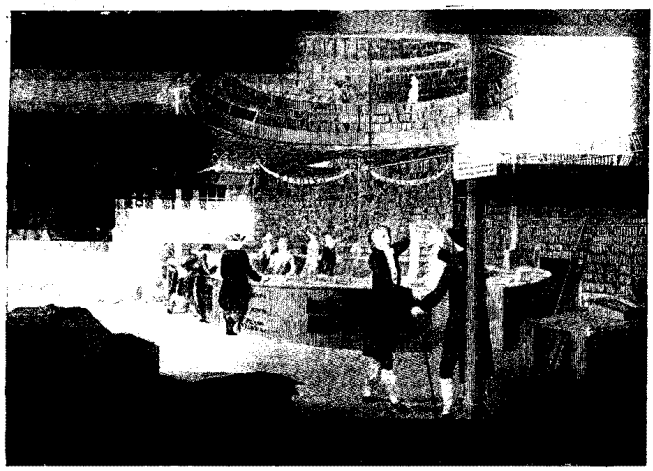
shelves running round their walls. As we mount higher and higher, we find commoner books in shabbier bindings; but there is still the same order preserved, each book being numbered according to a printed catalogue. . . . The formation of such an establishment as this assumes a remarkable power of organization, as well as a large command of capital.'

Six years after he had started, Lackington, who had been joined by his friend, John Denis—a man of some



Interior of Lackington's Shop.

capital—published his first catalogue (1779), the title of the firm being Lackington and Co., and the list enumerating some 12,000 volumes. Denis appears to have been a genuine book-collector and a man of some taste, with the very natural result that they soon parted company. Lackington was as vain and officious a charlatan as ever stepped in shoe-leather—a trade to which he had been brought up, by the way—but that he had organizing abilities of a very uncommon order there can be no question. He found the catalogue business a great success, and in due course

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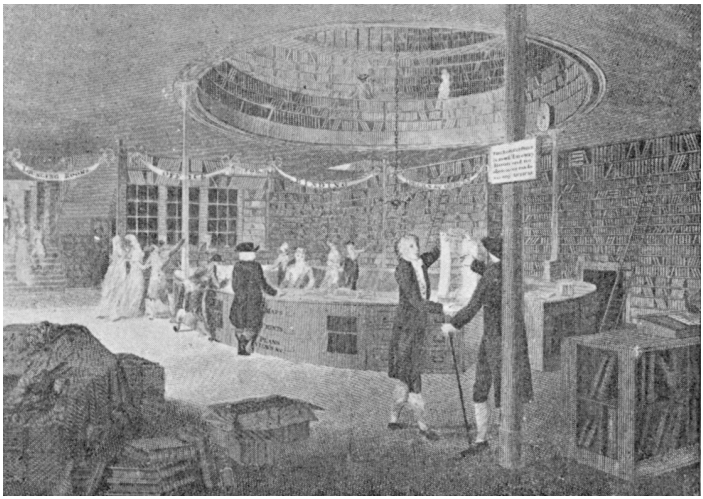

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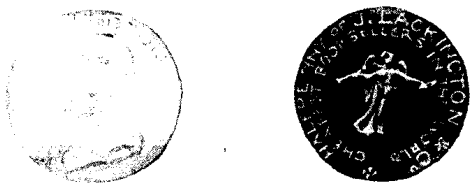
issued one of 820 pages, with entries of nearly 30,000 volumes and sets of books, all classified under subjects as well as sizes. For thirteen years (after 1763) Lackington did all his own cataloguing. In 1798 the Temple of the Muses was made over to George Lackington, Allen and Co. The former was a third cousin of the founder of the firm, and is described by John Nichols as 'well educated and gentlemanly.'

When he retired from the business, Lackington enjoyed himself to the top of his bent, travelling all over the kingdom in his state coach and scribbling. His 'Confessions' appeared in 1804, and form a sequel to his 'Memoirs,' already mentioned. He died on November 22, 1815, and is buried at Budleigh Salterton, Devon. As a bookseller, he certainly



Lackington's Halfpenny.

was a success—perhaps, indeed, one of the most successful, all things considered, that ever lived in London. He is a hero in pretty much the same sense as James Boswell. He had, as a matter of course, his detractors. His contemporary booksellers loved him not, for his methods of quick sales and small profits were things unheard of until he appeared on the scene. Peter Pindar's 'Ode to the Hero of Finsbury Square, 1795,' is a choice specimen of this witty writer. It begins:

'Oh! thou whose mind, unfetter'd, undisguised,
Soars like the lark into the empty air;
Whose arch exploits by subtlety devised,
Have stamped renown on Finsbury's New Square,
Great "hero" list! Whilst the sly muse repeats
Thy nuptial ode, thy prowess great *in sheets*.'

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J. LACKINGTON
1794

THE CHEAPEST BOOKSELLERS IN THE WORLD
A PENNY OF J. LACKINGTON & CO.

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Accompanying this ode was a woodcut, which represents Lackington mounting his gorgeous carriage upon steps formed by Tillotson's 'Sermons,' a Common Prayer, and a Bible; from one of his pockets there protrudes a packet of papers, labelled 'Puffs and lies for my book,' and from the other 'My own memoirs.'

The 'Co.' of George Lackington, Allen and Co. was a Mr. Hughes. At the next shuffling of cards the firm consisted of Lackington, A. Kirkman, Mavor—a son of Dr. Mavor, of Woodstock—and Jones. In 1822 the firm consisted of Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, and Lepard, and subsequently of Harding and Lepard (who had absorbed the important business of Triphook, the Cunning Bookseller of Beloe, and it was this trio who published the second edition of Dibdin's 'Library Companion'), by whom the business was transferred to Pall Mall East. George Lackington died in March, 1844, aged seventy-six. In the *Bookseller* of December 16, 1886, there is an interesting memoir of Kames James Ford, 'the last of the Lackingtonians,' who died at Crouch Hill five days previously, aged ninety-four.

CENTRAL AND EAST LONDON.

Cheapside had never much attraction to the book-collector, but the Poultry (which is in reality a continuation of the Cheapside thoroughfare) was for two and a half centuries a bookselling locality. In 1569, for example, John Alde was living at 'the long shop adjoining to St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry.' From the middle to the end of the seventeenth century the locality had become quite famous for its bookshops. Nat Ponder, who 'did time' for publishing a seditious pamphlet, was Bunyan's publisher. John Dunton's shop was at the sign of the Black Raven. No. 22 was the residence of the brothers Charles and Edward Dilly, and it was here, at a dinner, that Dr. Johnson's prejudices against Wilkes were entirely broken down by the latter's brilliant conversation. The Dillys were great entertainers, and all the more notable literary people of the period were to be met at their house. They amassed a very large

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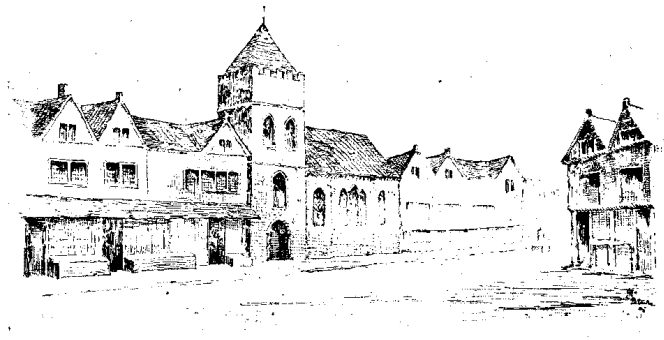
fortune. Edward died in 1807, having relinquished the business some years previously to Joseph Mawman, who died in 1827. Mawman, it may be mentioned, wrote an 'Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland,' 1805, which the *Edinburgh* furiously assailed: 'This is past all enduring. Here is a tour, *travelled*, *written*, *published*, *sold*, and, for anything we know, *reviewed* by one and the same individual! We cannot submit patiently to this monstrous monopoly.' No. 31 was the shop of Vernor and Hood, booksellers. The latter was father of the facetious Tom Hood, who was born here in 1798. Spon, of 15, Queen Street, Cheapside, was issuing,



The Poultry in 1550.

half a century ago, his 'City of London Old Book Circulars,' which often contained excellent books at very moderate prices.

The district more or less immediately contiguous to the Bank of England was for a long period a favourite bookselling locality, but heavy rents and crowded thoroughfares have completely killed the trade in the heart of commercial London. Early in the seventeenth century, Pope's Head Alley, a turning out of Cornhill, contained a number of booksellers' and publishers' shops. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Thomas Guy, with a capital of about £200, started selling books at 'the little corner house of Lombard Street and Cornhill'; but his wealth was not derived from this source. It is interesting to note, however,

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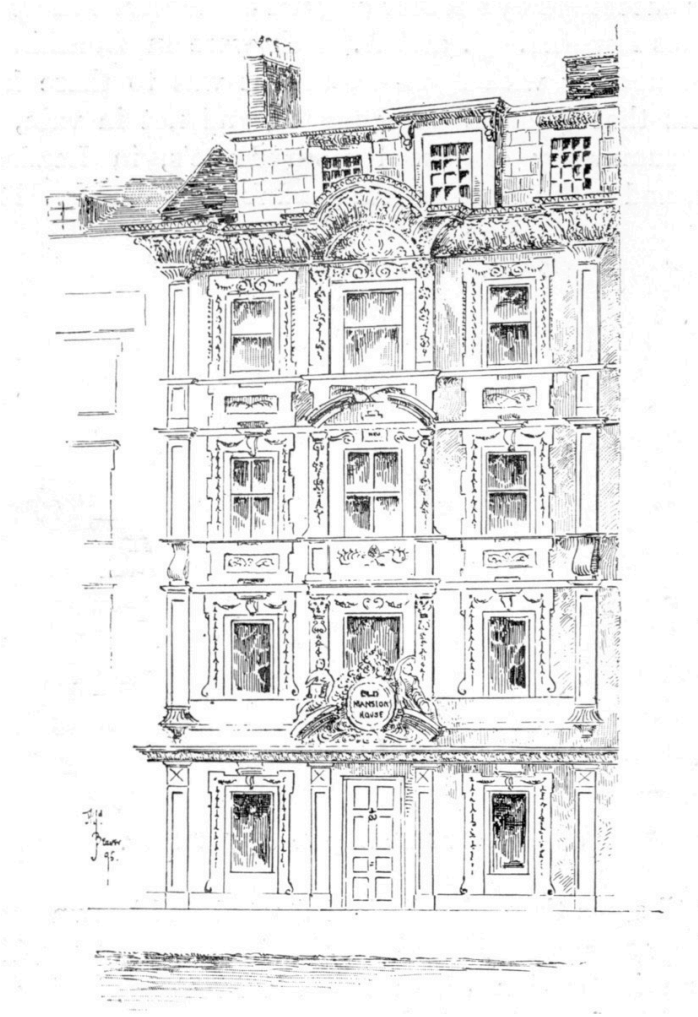

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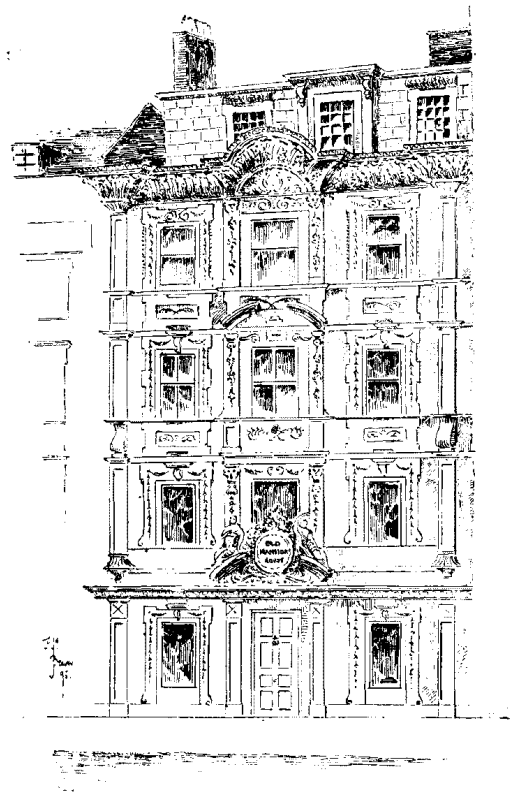
that this little corner shop existed so recently as 1833 or 1834. Alexander Cruden, of 'Concordance' fame, settled in London in 1732, and opened a bookstall under the Royal Exchange, and it was whilst here that he compiled the 'Concordance'



The Old Mansion House, Cheapside.

which ruined him in business and deranged his mind. William Collins, whose catalogues for many years 'furnished several curiosities to the literary collectors,' started selling books in Pope's Head Alley, in or about 1778, but was burnt out in the following year, when he removed to Exchange

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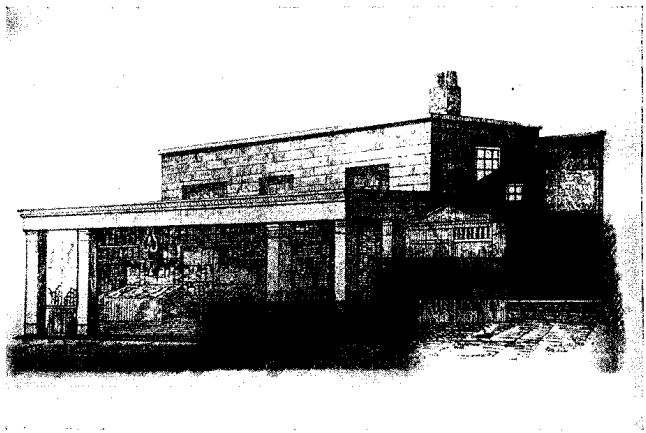
Alley, where he remained until the last decade of the last century. John Sewell, who died in 1802 (aged sixty-eight), was one of the last to sport the rubric posts, and his shop in Cornhill was a highly popular resort with book-buyers; he was succeeded by another original character in the person of James Asperne. J. and A. Arch were in Cornhill contemporaneously with Asperne, and it was to these kindly Quakers that Thomas Tegg turned, and not in vain, after being summarily dismissed from Lane's, in Leadenhall Street, and with whom he remained for some years. It was



Gilbert and Field's Shop in Copthall Court.

not until some time after he had started on his own account that Tegg commenced his nightly book-auctions at 111, Cheapside, an innovation which resulted in Tegg finding himself a fairly rich man. His next move was to the old Mansion House, once the residence of the Lord Mayor, and here he met with an increased prosperity and popularity. He was elected a Common Councillor of the ward of Cheap, and took a country house at Norwood. Up to the close of 1840, Tegg had issued 4,000 works on his own account (chiefly 'remainders'), and not 'more than twenty were

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failures.' The more noteworthy second-hand booksellers of this neighbourhood half a century ago were Charles Davis, whose shop was at 48, Coleman Street, and T. Bennett, of 4, Copthall Buildings, at the back of the Bank, each of whom published catalogues. A quarter of a century ago the last-named address was still in possession of second-hand booksellers—S. and T. Gilbert, and subsequently of Gilbert and Field. One of the oldest bookselling firms in the City is that of Sandell and Smith, of 136, City Road, which dates back to 1830. It was whilst exploring in some of the upper rooms of this shop that a well-known first-edition collector, Mr. Elliot Stock, came upon an incomparable array of the class of book for which he had an especial weakness. He obtained nearly a sackload at an average of tenpence or a shilling each, and as many of these are now not only very rare, but in great demand at fancy prices, it is scarcely necessary to say that the investment was a peculiarly good one. The 'haul' included works by Byron, Bernard Barton, Browning, Barry Cornwall, Lytton, Cowper, Dryden, Hogg, Moore, Rogers, Scott, Wordsworth, and a lot of eighteenth-century writers. Half a century ago Edwards' 'Cheap Random Catalogues' were being issued from 76, Bunhill Row.

So far as the East End of London is concerned, there is not, perhaps, very much to say. The second-hand bookselling trade for the past half-century has been confined in a large measure to three firms—R. Gladding, an octogenarian, who dealt almost exclusively in theological books, whose shop was at 76, Whitechapel Road, and who retired at the end of 1893; E. George and Sons, who have been for many years established at 231, Whitechapel Road, and have lately acquired Gladding's shop; and Joseph Smith, 2, Oxford Street, Whitechapel. The two last-named firms are, in their respective ways, of more than usual interest. Mr. E. George, whose father, William George, was also a bookseller, started in business on his own account between thirty and forty years ago, his stock-in-trade consisting of four shillings' worth of miscellaneous volumes, which he exposed for sale on a

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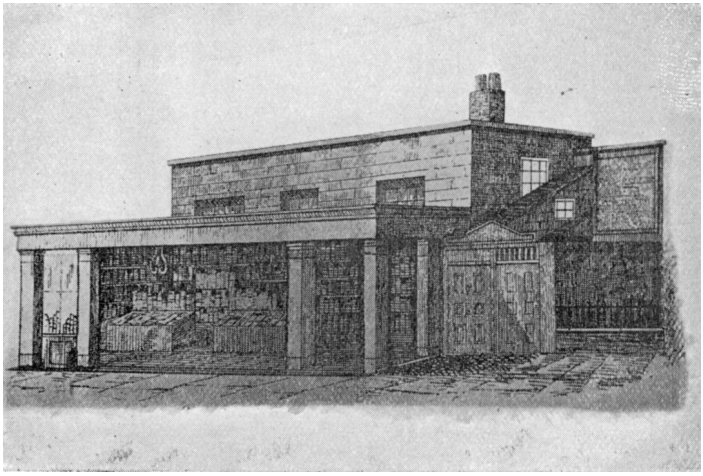

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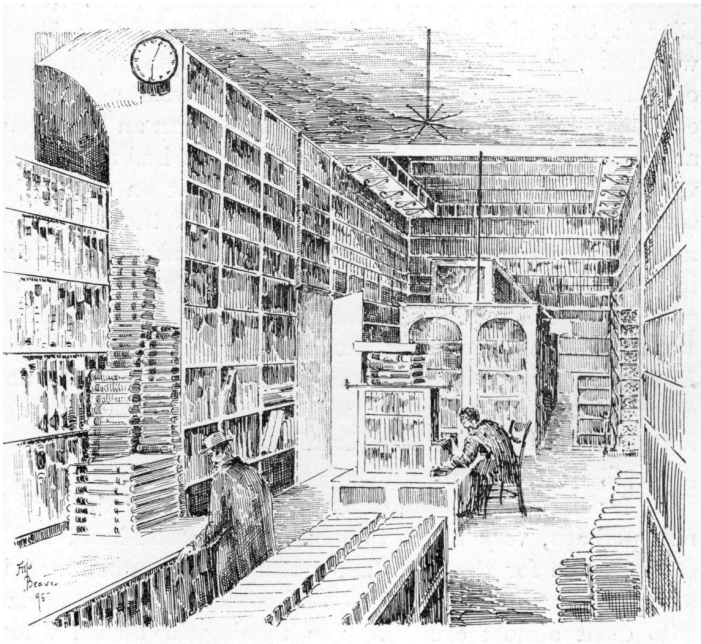

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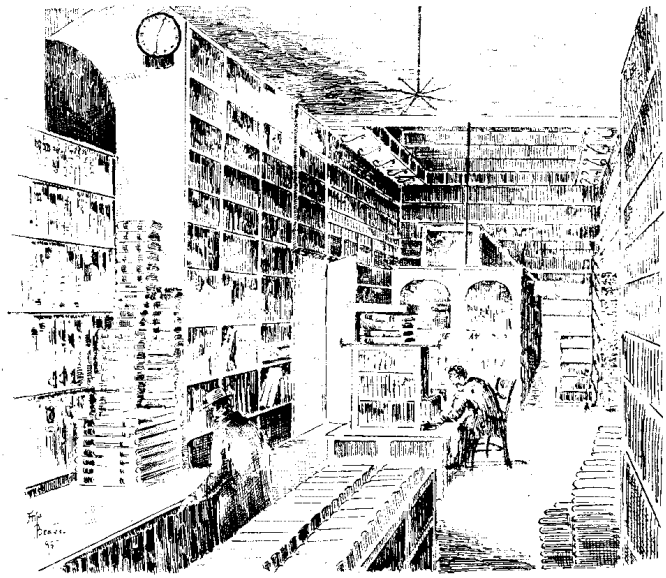
barrow close to the old Whitechapel workhouse, which occupied the ground on which one of Mr. George's shops now stands. Mr. George has built up one of the most remarkable and extensive business connections in existence. His stock may be roughly calculated at about 700,000 or 800,000 volumes or parts, two large houses and warehouses being literally crammed full from top to bottom. There is



E. George's (late Gladding's) Shop, Whitechapel Road.

scarcely any periodical or transactions of any learned society which they are unable to complete, and in many instances—*Punch*, for example—they have at least a dozen complete sets, besides an infinity of odd numbers and parts. It is scarcely necessary to point out that Messrs. George's business has very little to do with the locality in which their shops are situated. They are the wholesale firm of the trade, and the larger part of their business is done in the

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United States and among the provincial booksellers of Great Britain, ten huge cases and a complete set of Hansard being on the eve of exportation to America at the time of our visit. It is a curious fact, and one well worth mentioning, that until last year (1894) this firm never issued a catalogue. It is also interesting to point out that their shop at 76, Whitechapel Road is one of the most admirably arranged bookstores in the country. It was specially constructed, and is not unlike a miniature British Museum Reading-room; there are two galleries, one above the other. The second East End worthy has a literary as well as a bibliopolic interest. Joseph Smith will be better remembered by posterity as the compiler of a 'Catalogue of Friends' Books,' and of the 'Bibliotheca Anti-Quakerana,' than as a bookseller. He was twenty years compiling the former, and is perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the wisdom of the theory that the bookseller who wishes to be a success should never read! Joseph Smith is of the Society of Friends, and among his schoolfellows were John Bright and W. E. Forster.

Second-hand bookselling in the East End has declined during the past quarter of a century from several causes, the chief and most important being the almost complete withdrawal of moderately well-to-do people from the locality. The neighbourhood has become so exclusively inhabited by the poorest of the poor, and by the desolate immigrants from all countries, that the higher phases of bookselling have little chance of flourishing. Mr. E. George informs us that fifteen or twenty years ago he frequently sold in one day books to the value of £15 to genuine residents of the East End, but that he now does not sell fifteen shillings' worth. So far as local customers are concerned, he might just as well have nothing more elaborate than a warehouse.

Many interesting bookish events have, nevertheless, transpired in what is now the slummiest district of London, and if the best of these anecdotes were collected they would fill quite a big volume. They are very varied in character, and some of the stories have very different morals.

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Here is one related concerning the Rev. Mr. Brand, to whom we have already referred. He was a clergyman of that district, and, it is feared, sometimes neglected his religious duties for the more engrossing charms of the chase. One Friday afternoon he was roaming in the neighbourhood of his church, when his eye fell on the shop of a Jew bookseller which he had not before noticed, and was astonished to see there a number of black-letter volumes exposed for sale. But the sun was rapidly going down, and the Jew, loath to be stoned by his neighbours for breaking the Sabbath, was hastily interposing the shutters between the eyes of the clergyman and the coveted books. 'Let me look at them inside,' said the Rev. Mr. Brand; 'I will not keep you long.' 'Impossible,' replied the Jew. 'Sabbath will begin in five minutes, and I absolutely cannot let myself be drawn into such a breach of Divine Law. But if you choose to come early on Sunday morning you may see them at your leisure.' The reverend gentleman accordingly turned up at eight a.m. on Sunday, intending to remain there till church-time, he having to do duty that day. He had provided himself with the overcoat which he wore on his book-hunting expeditions, and which had pockets large enough to swallow a good-sized folio. The literary treasures of the son of Israel were much more numerous than the Gentile expected. At this time there was not such a rush for Caxtons as we have witnessed since the Roxburghe sale. Mr. Brand found one of these precious relics in a very bad condition, although not past recovery, paid a trifling price for it, and pocketed it. Then he successively examined some rare productions of the presses of Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and so forth. The clergyman's purchases soon began to assume considerable proportions. Archimedes was not more fully absorbed in his geometrical problems when the Roman soldier killed him, than the East End clergyman in his careful collations. He was aroused, however, from his reveries by the Jewess calling out: 'Mike, dinner is ready.' 'Dinner!' exclaimed the parson. 'At what time do you dine?' 'At one o'clock,' she replied. He looked at his watch. It was too true. He

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hastened home. In the meantime, the beadle had been to his house, and finding he had left it in his usual health, it was feared some accident had happened. The congregation then dispersed, much concerned at the absence of the worthy pastor, who, however, atoned in the evening, by unwonted eloquence, for his unpremeditated prank of the morning.

HOLBORN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

As a second-hand bookselling locality, Holborn is one of the oldest of those in which the trade is still carried on vigorously. As a bookselling locality it has a record of close on three centuries and a half. As early as 1558, a publisher was issuing cheap books in connection with John Tisdale, at the Saracen's Head, in Holborn, near to the Conduit, and in one of these booklets we are enjoined to

> 'Remember, man! both night and day,
> Thou needs must die, there is no Nay.'

Probably the earliest, and certainly one of the earliest, books published in Holborn was the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' 'now fyrst imprinted by Robert Crowley, dwellyng in Ely-rents in Holburne,' in 1550, which contains a very quaint address from the printer. In and about the year 1584, Roger Warde, a very prolific publisher, was dwelling near 'Holburne Conduit, at the sign of the "Talbot,"' and a still more noteworthy individual, Richard Jones, lived hard by, at the sign of the Rose and Crown.

Early in the seventeenth century, several members of the fraternity had established themselves in and around Gray's Inn Gate, then termed, more appropriately, Lane. Henrie Tomes published 'The Commendation of Cocks and Cock-fighting' (1607), which, no doubt, the 'young bloods' of the period perused much more diligently than more instructive and edifying books with which Mr. Tomes also could have supplied them.

Its most famous bibliopolic resident, however, is Thomas Osborne, or Tom Osborne, as he was called in the trade and by posterity. Tom Osborne's fame began and ended with

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himself. Nobody knew whence he came, and probably nobody cared. His catalogues cover a period of thirty years —1738-1768—and include some very remarkable libraries of many famous men. In stature he is described as short and thick, so that Dr. Johnson's famous summary method of knocking him down* was not perhaps so difficult a feat as is generally supposed. To his inferiors—including, as he apparently but ruefully thought, Dr. Johnson—he generally spoke in an authoritative and insolent manner. As ignorant as Lackington, he was considerably less aware of the fact. Osborne's shop, like that of Jacob Tonson† at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, was at the Gray's Inn Road gate of, or entrance to, Gray's Inn. His greatest *coup* was the purchase of the Harleian Collection of books—the manuscripts were bought by the British Museum for £10,000—for £13,000, in 1743. It is said on good authority that the Earl of Oxford gave £18,000 for the binding of only a part of them. In 1743-44, the extent of this extraordinary collection was indicated by the 'Catalogus Bibliotheca Harleianæ,' in four volumes. The first two, in Latin, were compiled by Dr. Johnson at a daily wage, and the third and fourth (which are a repetition of the first two), in English, are by Oldys. A charge of 5s. was made for the first two volumes, which caused a good deal of grumbling among the trade, and was resented 'as an avaricious innovation,' but Osborne replied that the volumes could be either returned in exchange for books or for the original purchase-money. He was also charged with rating his books at too high a price, but a glance through the catalogue will prove this to be an unjust accusation. The copy of the

* The identical book with which Johnson knocked down Osborne. 'Biblia Græca Septuaginta,' folio, 1594, Frankfort, was at Cambridge in February, 1812, in the possession of J. Thorpe, bookseller, who afterwards catalogued it.

† Timbs, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1868, identified the house at which Tonson probably lived, and this house was in Timbs's time a bookseller's. Gray's Inn Lane has become so thoroughly renovated and improved that it is no longer possible to point to any particular spot where any celebrity lived.

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Aldine Plato, 1513, on vellum, for which Lord Oxford gave 100 guineas, is priced by Osborne at £21. The sale of the books appears to have been extremely slow, and Johnson assured Boswell that 'there was not much gained by the bargain.' Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' (iii. 649-654) gives a list of the libraries which Osborne absorbed into his stock at different times, but few of these are anything more than names at the present day. Osborne is satirized in the 'Dunciad,' but, according to Johnson, was so dull that he could not feel the poet's gross satire. Sir John Hawkins states that Osborne used to boast that he was worth £40,000, and doubtless this was true. His

> 'Bushy bob, well powder'd every day,
> Bloom'd whiter than a hawthorn hedge in May,'

was one of his acquired peculiarities. Nichols tells us that the expression 'rum books' arose from Osborne's sending unsaleable volumes to Jamaica in exchange for rum.

But whilst Tom Osborne was *the* bookseller of Holborn, there were many others well established here during the last century, and whose names have been handed down to us by the catalogues which they published. William Cater, for instance, was issuing catalogues from Holborn in 1767, when he sold the libraries of Lord Willoughby, president of the Society of Antiquaries, and in 1774 of Cudworth Bruck, another antiquary. Cater was succeeded in 1786 by John Deighton, of Cambridge. In the person of Henry Dell we get a literary bookseller, who had established himself first in Tower Street, and in or about 1765 in Holborn, where, Nichols tells us, he died very poor. He wrote 'The Booksellers, a Poem,' 1766, which has been pronounced 'a wretched, rhyming list of booksellers in London and Westminster, with silly commendations of some and stupid abuse of others.' Other Holborn booksellers were: William Fox, 1773-1777; John Hayes, who died November 12, 1811, aged seventy-four, and 'whose abilities were of no ordinary class, and his erudition very considerable'; John Anderson, of Holborn Hill, 1787-1792, who sold the library of the Hon.

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John Scott, of Gray's Inn; Francis Noble, who, besides being a bookseller, kept for many years an extensive circulating library in Holborn, but who, in consequence of his daughter's obtaining a share in the first £30,000 prize in the lottery, retired from business, and died at an advanced age in June, 1792; Joseph White, 1779-1791; and William Flexney, who died January 7, 1808, aged seventy-seven, and who was the original publisher of Churchill's 'Poems,' and is thus immortalized by that versatile 'poet':

> 'Let those who energy of diction prize,
> For Billingsgate, quit Flexney, and be wise.

Percival Stockdale, in his 'Memoirs,' speaks highly of his 'old friend' Flexney, 'with whom I have passed many convivial and jovial hours.'

J. H. Prince, of Old North Street, Red Lion Square, Holborn, who wrote and published his own eccentric 'Life' in 1806, and who, trying and failing in nearly everything else, took to bookselling and book-writing, evidently, like many other authors before and since, found soliciting subscriptions for his book 'a most painful undertaking to a susceptible mind.' His motto was, 'I evil ni etips,' or 'I live in spite.' A much more important bookseller of Holborn was John Petheram, who lived at 94, High Holborn in the fifties, and whose catalogues were styled 'The Bibliographical Miscellany'; for some time, with each of his catalogues he issued an eight-page supplement, which consisted of a reprint of some very rare tract; the selection of some of these was in the hands of Dr. E. F. Rimbault. A complete set of these catalogues would be extremely interesting; we have only seen half a dozen of them, and these are in the British Museum. A somewhat similar effort to give an extra interest to catalogues was made a few years ago by J. W. Jarvis and Son, of King William Street, and also by Pickering and Chatto, the Haymarket; but the experiment apparently did not succeed.

Apart from Holborn, properly so called, Middle Row, an insulated row of houses, abutting upon Holborn Bars, and

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nearly opposite Gray's Inn Road, claims a notice here, for it was long a book-hunting locality, and two bookshops, at least, existed there until the place was demolished in August, 1867. Perhaps its most famous bookseller was John Cuthell, who came to London from Scotland in 1771, and became assistant to Drew, of Middle Row, whom he succeeded. He was publishing catalogues here from 1787, and did a very large export business with America. He was noted for his stock of medical and scientific books. He was

Middle Row, Holborn, 1865.

still at Middle Row in 1813, when John Nichols published his 'Literary Anecdotes,' to which he was a subscriber. Cuthell died at Turnham Green in 1828, aged eighty-five. He was succeeded by Francis Macpherson, who issued the thirtieth number of his catalogue in April, 1840, from No. 4, Middle Row. The works offered comprised a selection of theological, classical, and historical books. One of the most curious entries relates to an extensive collection of books and pamphlets by and concerning the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, five volumes in quarto, and thirty-one

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more in octavo and duodecimo; the set (now, we believe, in the British Museum), doubtless the most complete ever offered for sale, was priced at £25, and was probably utilized in Dyce's editions of Bentley's 'Dissertations,' and in an edition of Bentley's 'Sermons at Boyle's Lecture,' both of which Macpherson published. This catalogue is interesting from the number of illustrations which it affords of the transition period of English book-collecting; the various editions of the classics are priced at very moderate figures, whilst English classics are offered at comparatively 'fancy' sums. For example, a very neat copy of the first edition of 'Tom Jones' is offered at 18s., and a fine copy of John Bale's 'Image of Both Churches,' without date, but printed by East at the latter part of the sixteenth century, at £1 7s. J. Coxhead is another Holborn bookseller who may be regarded as a link between the old and the new. He was at 249, High Holborn in 1840, and had been established forty years. His lists were apparently issued only once or twice a year; one of the notices in his catalogue may be quoted here, as showing the chief medium by which country book-collectors were supplied with their books: 'Gentlemen residing in the country had better apply direct to J. Coxhead for any articles from this list, or they can obtain them by giving the order to their country bookseller, and it will be sent in their weekly parcel from London.' At about the same time, and for nearly the same period, David Ogilby was selling second-hand books at the same locality.

One of the most interesting of the Holborn booksellers was William Darton, of 58, Holborn Hill, of whose shop we give an 'interior' view from a plate engraved by Darton himself. William was a son of William Darton, who founded the famous publishing house of Darton and Harvey, of 55, Gracechurch Street, in the latter part of the last century, their speciality being children's books, which had a fame almost as extensive as those of the great Mr. Newbery himself. He was joined by his brother Thomas, and for two generations a successful business was carried on in this place;

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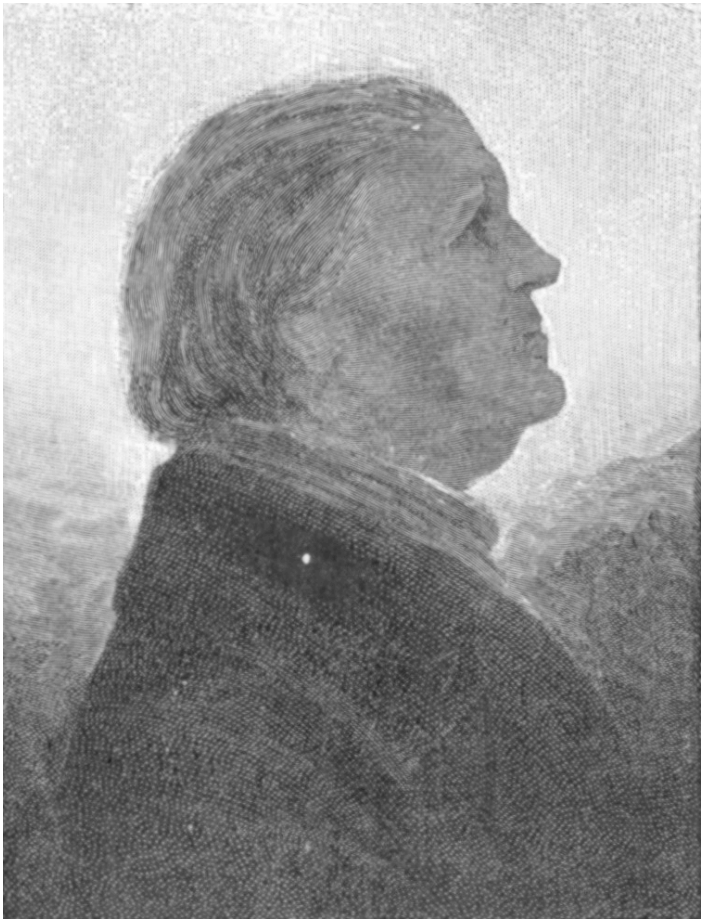

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the three generations of Dartons were prominent members of the Society of Friends. The house chiefly devoted itself to publishing, but it had a fairly large trade in selling the books issued by other publishers. The firm ceased to exist about the time when the Holborn Valley improvements swept away so many of the old landmarks of that locality. Mr. Joseph W. Darton, the sole partner in Wells Gardner,

William Darton, Bookseller,
The Founder of the House of Darton and Harvey.

Darton and Co., is a grandson of the founder of the Holborn Hill house and a great-grandson of the original William Darton. A history of the Dartons would form as interesting a volume as that on John Newbery.

Holborn is an additionally interesting book-locality from the fact that it was from here that some of the first book-catalogues were issued. This important innovation owes much to Charles Davis, whose shop was 'against Gray's

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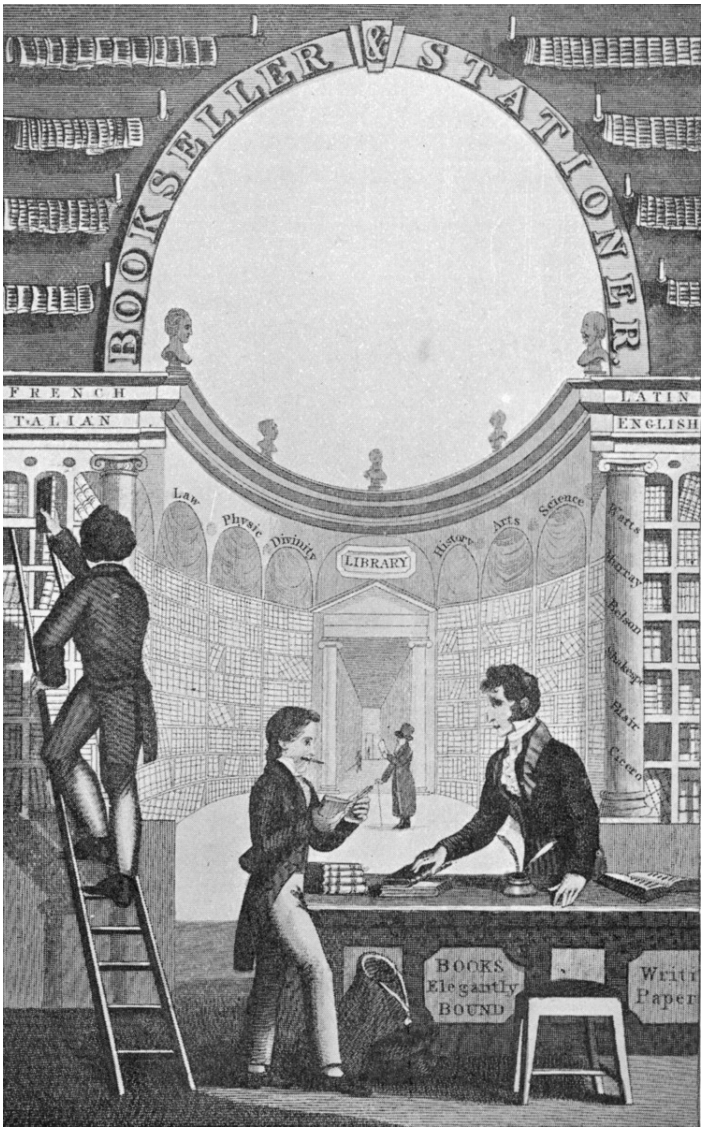
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER
FRENCH
TALIAN
LATIN
ENGLISH
Law
Physic
Divinity
LIBRARY
History
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Science
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Murray
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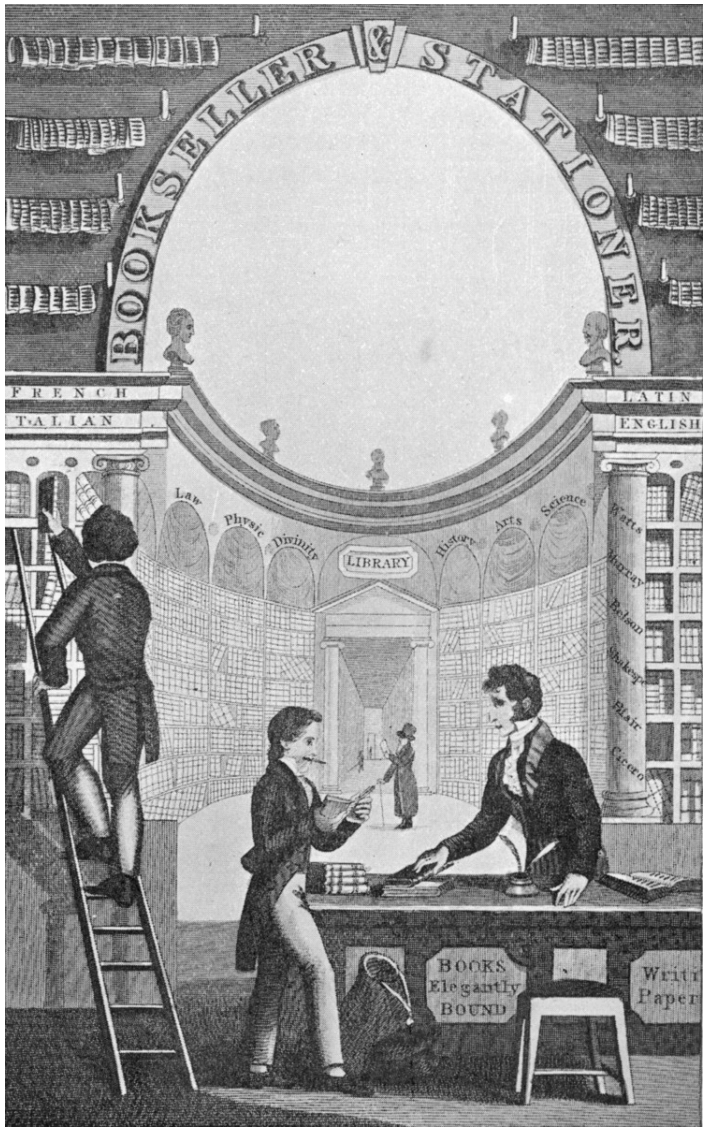
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Inn.' The earliest of these catalogues which we have seen is a very interesting list of 168 pages octavo, and includes 'valuable libraries, lately purchased, containing near 12,000 volumes in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and English,' 'which will be sold very cheap, the lowest price fix'd in each book, on Thursday, May 7, 1747.' The list is in many respects very curious, not the least of which is that not one of the items offered is priced. One of the facts which strike one most forcibly in this connection is the large capitals which must have been sunk in books even at this early period. Davis, like all the other booksellers—notably Tonson and Lintot—of that period, was a bookseller as well as publisher.

Moving further westward, we find records of bookselling for just a couple of centuries back. Robert Kettlewell was established at the Hand and Sceptre, King's Street, Bloomsbury, whence he issued his kinsman's apparently useful, and certainly very dull, pamphlet, entitled 'Death Made Comfortable; or, The Way to Die Well,' and sold a variety of other books besides. Making a leap of nearly a century, we meet with Samuel Hayes, of Oxford Street, and evidently a relative of John Hayes, to whom we have already referred. Samuel Hayes—when not in a French prison, for he was actually incarcerated by Napoleon when on a visit to France—was at this place of business for sixteen years, 1779 to 1795, and published several catalogues. Isaac Herbert, nephew of the editor of Ames' 'Typographical Antiquities,' was selling books in Great Russell Street in and about 1795; Joseph Bell was established as a bookseller in Oxford Street in the earlier part of the present century; Shepperson and Reynolds were in the same thoroughfare from 1784 to 1793, and sold several very good libraries within the period indicated. Writing in 1790, Pennant mentions that the chapel of Southampton, or Bedford House, Bloomsbury, was at that time rented by Lockyer Davis as a magazine of books. How long it had been in Davis's tenancy is not certain, but he died in 1791. William Davis, the author of several interesting bibliographical books, including two 'Journeys

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Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac,' was at the Bedford Library, Southampton Row, Holborn, during the early part of the century. Name after name might be quoted if any useful purpose would be served.

There are many links which still connect the Holborn of to-day with the Holborn and immediate district of the past. Three have, however, passed away within recent years. Edward W. Stibbs, whose death occurred in the spring of 1891, at the age of eighty, and whose stock was sold at Sotheby's in the following year, was one of the veterans of the trade, and was essentially of the old school —the school which confined itself almost exclusively to classics. The second removal is that of Mr. J. Brown, whose shop was nearly opposite the entrance to Chancery Lane, and was for nearly thirty years an exceedingly pleasant rendezvous of book-collectors, and whose proprietor was one of the most genial of bibliopoles. The third is Edward Truelove, of 256, High Holborn, the well-known agnostic bookseller, who removed here from the Strand, and who had been in business over forty years. Mr. Truelove retired two or three years since. Further up the road, in New Oxford Street, we find the shop of Mr. James Westell, whose career as a bookseller embraces a period of over half a century,

James Westell's, 114, *Oxford Street.*

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having started in 1841. Mr. Westell first began in a small shop in Bozier's Court, Tottenham Court Road, and this shop has been immortalized by Lord Lytton in 'My Novel,' for it is here that Leonard Fairfield's friendly bookseller was situated.* Bozier's Court was a sort of eddy from the constant stream which passes in and out of Oxford Street, and many pleasant hours have been spent in the court by book-lovers. After Mr. Westell left, it passed into the hands of another bookseller, G. Mazzoni, and finally into that of Mr. E. Turnbull, who speaks very highly of it as a bookselling locality. Mr. Turnbull added another shop to the one which was occupied by Mr. Westell; but when the

* 'One day [writes Lytton] three persons were standing before an old bookstall in a passage leading from Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road. Two were gentlemen; the third, of the class and appearance of those who more habitually halt at old bookstalls.

'"Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other; "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!"

'"Hush, Norreys," said the other, "and observe what is yet more worth your study;" and he pointed to the third bystander, whose face, sharp and attenuated, was bent with an absorbed, and, as it were, with a hungering attention over an old worm-eaten volume.

'"What is the book, my lord?" whispered Mr. Norreys.

'His companion smiled, and replied by another question: "What is the man who reads the book?"

'Mr. Norreys moved a few paces, and looked over the student's shoulder. "'Preston's Translation of Boethius,' 'The Consolations of Philosophy,'" he said, coming back to his friend.

'"He looks as if he wanted all the consolations philosophy could give him, poor boy!"

* * * * *

'When Mr. Norreys had bought the Horace, and given an address where to send it, Harley (the second gentleman) asked the shopman if he knew the young man who had been reading Boethius.

'"Only by sight. He has come here every day the last week, and spends hours at the stall. When once he fastens on a book, he reads it through."

'"And never buys?" said Mr. Norreys.

'"Sir," said the shopman, with a good-natured smile, "they who buy seldom read. The poor boy pays me twopence a day to read as long as he pleases. I would not take it, but he is proud."'

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inevitable march of improvements overtook this quaint place three or four years ago, Mr. Turnbull had to leave, and he then took a large shop in New Oxford Street, where he now is. During Mr. Turnbull's tenancy in Bozier's Court several rivals started round about him; but one after another failed to make it pay, and retired, leaving him eventually in entire possession. Another old Holborn bookseller, Mr. George Glashier, who started in 1841, still has a large shop in Southampton Row; not the shop which he occupied for very many years within a few yards of Holborn, but nearer Russell Square, a less crowded thoroughfare than the old place in the same street or row. The shop now occupied by Mr. A. Reader, in Orange Street, Red Lion Square, has been a bookseller's for over half a century, one of the most noted tenants of it being Mr. John Salkeld, who removed nearly twenty years since to Clapham Road, and whose charmingly rustic shop, 'Ivy House,' is quite one of the sights of bookish London.

Indeed, nearly every by-street,* as well as the public highway in and around Holborn, has had its bookseller ever since the beginning of the century. Lord Macaulay, C. W. Dilke, W. J. Thoms, Edward Solly, John Forster, and the visions of many other mighty book-hunters, crowd on one's memory in grubbing about after old books in this ancient and attractive, if not always particularly savoury, locality. The two Turnstiles have always been favourites with bibliopoles. Writing in 1881, the late Mr. Thoms said: 'Many years ago I received one of the curious catalogues periodically issued by Crozier, then of Little Turnstile, Holborn. From a pressure of business or some other cause, I did not look through it until it had been in my possession for two or three days, and then I saw in it an edition of "Mist's Letters" in three volumes! In two volumes the book is common enough, but I had never heard of a third volume; neither does Bohn in his edition

* It was in one of these alleys or tributaries that a lawyer's clerk, returning from his office, carried home in triumph to Camden Town a copy of Marlowe's 'Tragical History of Doctor Faustus,' 1663, which he bought for 1s.

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of Lowndes mention its existence. Of course, on this discovery, I lost no time in making my way to Little Turnstile; and on asking for the "Mist" in three volumes, found, as I had feared, that it was sold. "Who was the lucky purchaser?" I asked anxiously; adding, "Aut Dilke aut Diabolus!" "It was not Diabolus," was Crozier's reply;

Salkeld's Shop—'Ivy House'—in Clapham Road.

and I was reconciled when I found the book had fallen into such good hands, and not a little surprised when Crozier went on to say, "But he was not the first to apply for it. Mr. Forster sent for it, but would not keep it, because it was not a sufficiently nice copy."' Both the Great and the Little Turnstiles, Holborn, have always been, as we have said, famous as book-hunting localities, and they still preserve this

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reputation. In 1636 a publisher and bookseller, George Hutton, was at the 'Sign of the Sun, within the Turning Stile in Holborne.' J. Bagford, the celebrated book-destroyer, was first a shoemaker in the Great Turnstile, a calling in which he was not successful. Then he became a bookseller at the same place, and still success was denied him. At Dulwich College is a library which includes a collection of plays formed by Cartwright, a bookseller of the Turnstile, who subsequently turned actor.

John Bagford, Shoemaker and Book-destroyer.

The chief and most enterprising firm of booksellers in Holborn proper is that of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, at No. 232, the corner of the New Turnstile. The house itself is full of interest, and is quite a couple of hundred years old. A century ago one of the most eventful scenes of David Garrick's career was enacted here, for it was from this house that the great actor was buried. Mrs. Tregaskis first started, as Mrs. Bennett, at the corner of Southampton Row, and some time after removing to her present shop, married Mr. James Tregaskis, and the two together have built up a business which is scarcely without a rival in London. The shop is literally crammed with rare and interesting books, whilst 'The Caxton Head Catalogues' are got up with every possible care. Almost next door to the shop for

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many years occupied by the late Edward Stibbs, Mr. Walter T. Spencer carries on a trade which is almost entirely confined to first editions of modern authors. From Mr. R. J. Parker's shop at 204, the present writer has picked up a very large number of rare and interesting books, including a first edition of Goldsmith—not, however, the 'Vicar'—at exceedingly moderate sums. Mr. E. Menken, of Bury Street,

Mr. Tregaskis's Shop—'The Caxton Head'—in Holborn.
(After a Drawing by E. J. Wheeler.)

New Oxford Street, is one of the most successful booksellers of recent years, and his stock is both large and select. Mr. Menken first started in Gray's Inn Road, nearly opposite the Town Hall, five or six years ago, subsequently removing to Bury Street; but his business grew so rapidly that he had to take the adjoining shop into his service. Mr. Menken's model catalogues invariably contain something which every

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book collector feels it is absolutely necessary to have. He is a man of versatile abilities, literary and otherwise, and includes among his customers no less a person than Mr. Gladstone. Messrs. Bull and Auvache, of 35, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, are extensive dealers in editions of the classics and Bibles. At one time there were no less than four second-hand booksellers in Hyde Street, New Oxford Street, but at present there is only one. Next door but one to Mudie's, we have the shop of Mr. James Roche, who is a link with the past, having started in 1850, and for many years carried on business in a little corner shop in Southampton Row, one door from the Holborn highway. Messrs. J. Rimell and Sons, noted for their extensive collection of works on the fine arts and architecture, are at 91, Oxford Street. Among the literary booksellers of the first quarter of the present century, William Goodhugh, of 155, Oxford Street, deserves a mention here. 'The English Gentleman's Library Manual,' 1827, is his best-known work, although from a literary standpoint it is a poor concern; he also wrote 'Gates' to the French, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac, 'unlocked by new and easy methods.' Goodhugh was conversant with several of the Oriental and many European languages. His knowledge of books was a very extensive and profound one, and as a literary bookseller he is an interesting figure in the annals of bibliopolic history. Fifty years ago many good books were picked up out of 'Miller's Catalogue of Cheap Books,' which appeared monthly from 404, Oxford Street, that for September, 1845, being numbered 127. A quarter of a century ago there were several booksellers in Oxford Street, *e.g.*, G. A. Davies, at 417; W. Heath, at 497; J. Kimpton, at 303; E. Lumley, at 514; J. Pettit, at 528; and Whittingham.

The further west one goes, the less interesting do the annals of bookselling become, for Oxford Street is essentially a modern locality, and second-hand bookselling never has thrived much in new localities. It was, however, when rummaging over the contents of a stall in a Wardour Street alley

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that Charles Lamb lighted upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the delight of his infancy. The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner, himself a squab little duodecimo of a character, enforced with the asseverance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less, supplementing the assertion with an oath and 'Now, I have put my soul to it.' The book was the 'Queen Like Closet,' which, it is scarcely necessary to say, Elia rescued from the man of profanity. Soho has long been more or less of a bookselling quarter. John Paul Manson, who was in King

Day's Circulating Library in Mount Street.

Street, Westminster, in 1786, and issued from thence 'A Summer Catalogue' in 1795, subsequently removed to Gerard Street, Soho, and died in 1812. He was especially well versed, not only in Caxtons, but in all the best works of the early printers, and many English black-letter books passed through his hands. Dibdin observes that Professor Heyne could not have exhibited greater signs of joy at the sight of the Towneley manuscript of Homer than did Manson on the discovery of Rastell's 'Pastyme of the People' among the books of Mr. Brand. Two sons of this Manson sub-

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sequently became partners in the firm of Christie, the art auctioneers. The first Sampson Low started as a bookseller in Berwick Street, Soho, in or about 1790.

Day's Library, the second oldest existing circulating library in London (the oldest is that of Cawthorn and Hutt, established in 1744, Cockspur Street), has continued from the year 1776 within a few hundred yards of its present situation. In that year a Mr. Dangerfield established it on the north side of Berkeley Square, and it was purchased from him by Mr. Rice in 1810 or 1811, under whom it largely developed in extent and reputation. In 1818 he removed into the adjoining Mount Street at No. 123 (south side), where for about fifty years the library remained. Meanwhile it became the property of Mr. Hoby, and after one or two changes successively of Mr. John and Mr. Charles Day, father and son. In Mr. John Day's hands it crossed the road to No. 16 on the north side, and remained there about twenty-four years, till that part of Mount Street was cleared to make way for the present Carlos Place. Then in the year 1890 it again crossed the road to No. 96, where Mr. Charles Day holds a long lease. An early catalogue of the institution shows that the eighteenth-century circulating libraries contained a portion of the weightier works, such as history, biography, travels, etc., a fact which is rarely realized in the face of the popular impression that it was left to the late Mr. C. E. Mudie to supply such works.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The bookselling and book-hunting annals of the district which starts with St. Paul's, and terminates at Charing Cross, might occupy a goodly-sized volume. We must of necessity be brief, chiefly because both Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard have been, for the most part, book-publishing rather than second-hand bookselling localities. As a literary highway, Paternoster Row is of considerable antiquity, for Robert Rikke, a paternoster-maker and citizen, had a shop here in the time of Henry IV., and there can be no question that its name originated from

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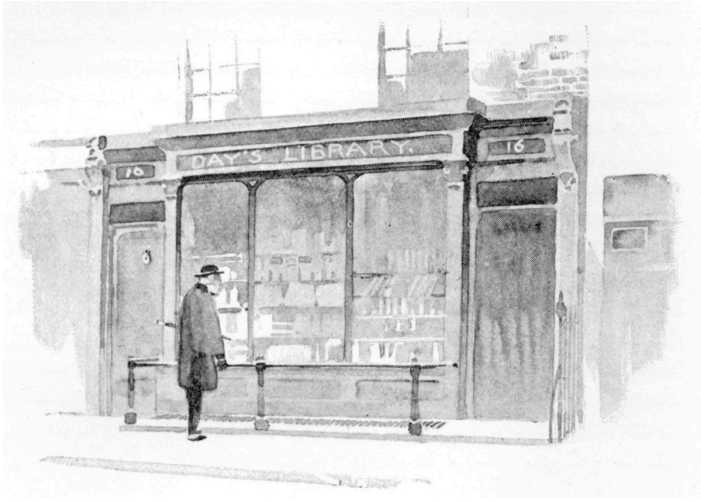

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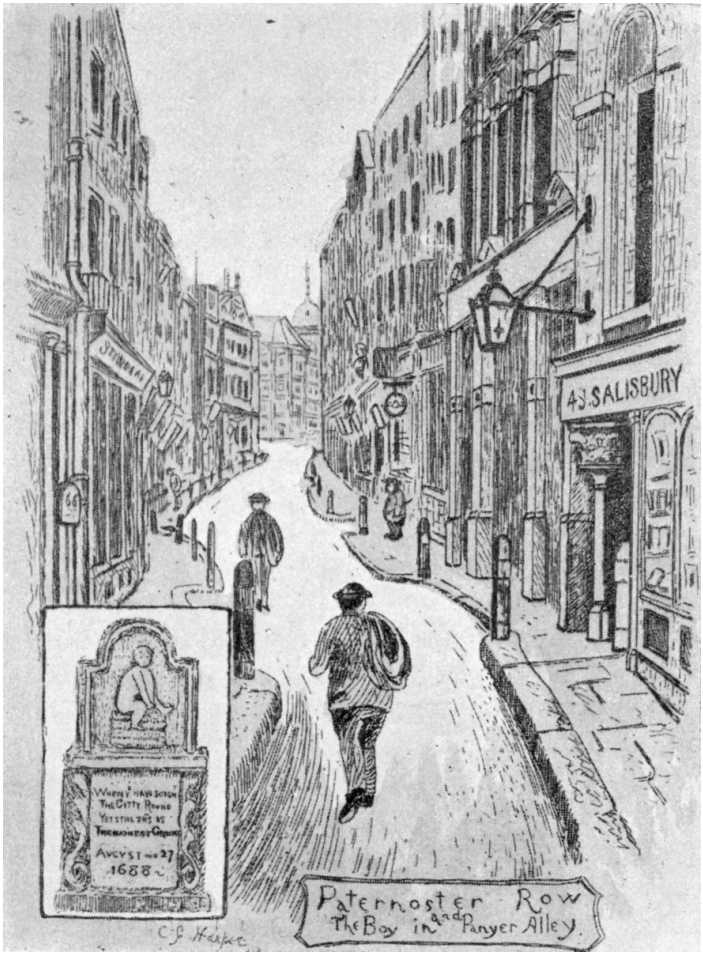

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the fact that it was at a very early period the residence of the makers of paternosters, or prayer-beads. Before the Great Fire of 1666, Paternoster Row was not much of a bookselling centre, for it was inhabited chiefly by mercers,

Paternoster Row on a Bank Holiday.

silkmen, and lacemen, whose shops were a fashionable resort of the gentry who resided at that time in the immediate vicinity. After the Fire, the Row gradually became famous for its booksellers, or rather publishers, who resided at first

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near the east end, and whose large warehouses were 'well situated for learned and studious men's access thither, being more retired and private.' Although the book-annals of Paternoster Row chiefly deal with matters subsequent to the Great Fire, there were many publishers and booksellers there over a hundred years before that calamity. In and about 1558 there were, for example, two of the fraternity here established—Richard Lant and Henry Sutton, the latter's shop being at the sign of the Black Morion. For over twenty years, 1565 to 1587, Henry Denham was at the Star in Paternoster Row, whence he issued, among a large number of other books, George Turberville's 'Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets' in 1570.

The last century, however, witnessed the rise of Paternoster Row as a publishing locality. From 1678 and onwards book-auctions were held at the Hen and Chickens at nine in the morning; at the Golden Lion over against the Queen's Head Tavern, Paternoster Row, at nine in the morning and two in the afternoon, and at other places both in the Row and in its numerous tributaries, such as Ivy Lane, Ave Maria Lane, etc. Although some of the earliest book-auctions held in this country took place in the immediate vicinity of Paternoster Row, and although it had attained a world-wide celebrity as a publishing centre, it has very few interesting records as a second-hand bookselling locality. Awnsham and John Churchill were located at the Black Swan in 1700; William Taylor, the publisher of 'Robinson Crusoe,' 1719, was here at the sign of the Ship early in the last century, and was succeeded by Thomas Longman in 1725, the present handsome pile of buildings, erected in 1863, being on the original spot occupied in part by the founder of the firm. The Longmans had a second-hand department attached to their house in the early part of the present century, as we have already seen. Others which may be here mentioned as being connected with the Row are Baldwin and Cradock; and Ralph Griffiths, of the 'Dunciad'—'those significant emblems, the owl and long-eared animal, which Mr. Griffiths

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so sagely displays for the mirth and information of mankind'—for whom Goldsmith wrote reviews in a miserable garret. The last firm of second-hand booksellers of note who thrived in Paternoster Row was that of William Baynes and Son; and the last of the race is still remembered by the older generation of book-collectors, with his old-time appearance in frills and gaiters. In 1826 Baynes published one of the most remarkable catalogues (254 pages) of books printed in the fifteenth century which has ever appeared. It is full of extremely valuable bibliographical information. For many years John Wheldon, the natural history bookseller, had a shop, chiefly for the sale of back numbers of periodicals, at 4, Paternoster Row (as well as in Great Queen Street), and this little shop subsequently passed into the tenancy of Jesse Salisbury, who was there until six or seven years ago. The Chapter Coffee-house, where so many important publishing schemes have been mooted and carried out, still lingers in the Row, but modernized out of all recognition.

The chief interest of St. Paul's Churchyard as a book locality centres itself in the publishing rather than the second-hand bookselling phase. One of our earliest printer-publishers, Julian Notary, was 'dwellynge in powles chyrche yarde besyde ye weste dore by my lordes palyes' in 1515, his shop sign being the Three Kings. At the sign of the White Greyhound, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the first editions of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Rape of Lucrece' were published by John Harrison; at the Fleur de Luce and the Crown appeared the first edition of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'; at the Green Dragon the first edition of the 'Merchant of Venice'; at the Fox the first edition of 'Richard II.'; whilst the first editions of 'Richard III.,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and 'Lear' all bear Churchyard imprints.

Not only were there very many booksellers' shops around the Yard, but at the latter part of the sixteenth century bookstalls started up, first at the west, and subsequently at the other doors of the cathedral. From a letter addressed by Sir Clement Edmonds, March 28, 1620, to the Lord

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Mayor, we gather that two houses were erected at the west gate of St. Paul's without the sanction of the authorities, and these were ordered to be removed, as were also certain 'sheds or shops that were being erected near the same place.' A chief portion of the stock of these shops and stalls would naturally be devotional books of various descriptions. That these books were not always to be relied on we infer from an amusing anecdote in the Harleian manuscripts, related by Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, to the effect that 'Dr. Us[s]her, Bishop of Armath, having to preach at Paules Crosse, and passing hastily by one of the stationers, called for a Bible, and had a little one of the London edition given him out, but when he came to looke for his text, that very verse was omitted in the print.'

Mr. Pepys' bookseller, Joshua Kirton, was at the sign of the King's Arms. Writing under date November 2, 1660, Pepys chronicles: 'In Paul's Churchyard I called at Kirton's, and there they had got a masse book for me, which I bought, and cost me 12s., and, when I come home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it.' Kirton was one of the most extensive sufferers of the bookselling fraternity in the Great Fire; from being a substantial tradesman with about £8,000 to the good, he was made £2,000 or £3,000 'worse than nothing.' The destruction of books and literary property generally, in and around St. Paul's, in this fire was enormous, Pepys calculating it at about £150,000, and Evelyn putting it at £200,000, or, in other words, about one million sterling as represented by our money of to-day.

John Evelyn, Book-collector.

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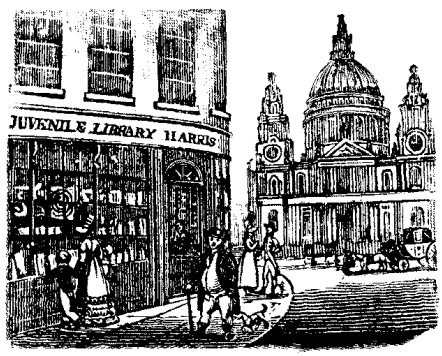
Evelyn tells us that soon after the fire had subsided the other trades went on as merrily as before, 'only the poor booksellers have been indeed ill-treated by Vulcan; so many noble impressions consumed by their trusting them to ye churches.'

One of the most considerable of the Churchyard booksellers after the Great Fire was Richard Chiswell, the father or progenitor of a numerous family of bibliopoles. John Dunton, indeed, describes him as well deserving of the title of 'Metropolitan Bookseller of England, if not of all the world.' He was born in 1639, and died in 1711. In 1678 he sold, in conjunction with John Dunmore, another bookseller, the libraries of Dr. Benjamin Worsley and two other eminent men. At St. Paul's Coffee-house, which stood at the corner of the entrance from St. Paul's Churchyard to Doctors' Commons, the library of Dr. Rawlinson was, in 1711, sold—'at a prodigious rate,' according to Thoresby—in the evening after dinner. Although not quite *à propos* of our subject, we can scarcely help mentioning the name of so celebrated a Churchyard publisher as John Newbery, who lived at No. 65, the original site being now covered by the buildings of the R.T.S.; his successors, Griffith and Farran, were at No. 81 until the year 1889, when they moved westward. F. and C. Rivington were at No. 62 for many years, as Peter Pindar tells us:



Newbery's Shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.
From an old woodcut.

> 'In Paul's churchyard, the Bible and the Key,
> This wondrous pair is always to be seen,—
> Somewhat the worse for wear—a little grey—
> One like a saint, and one with Cæsar's mien.'

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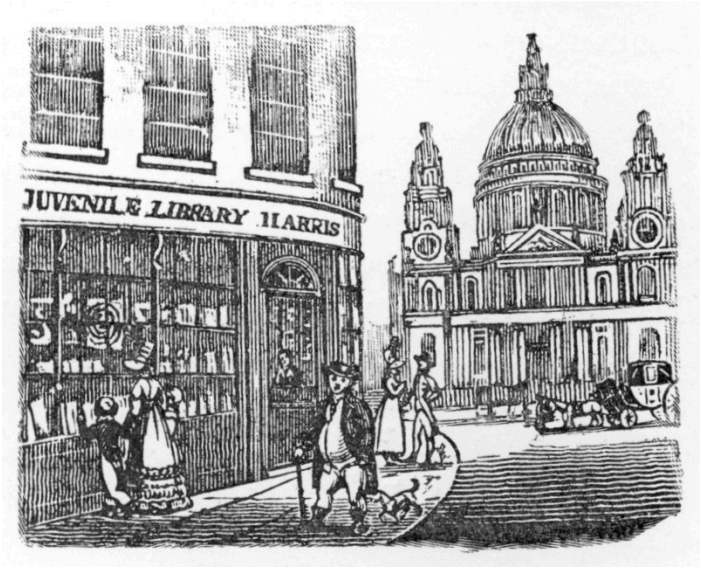

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A mere list of the Churchyard booksellers would fill a goodly-sized volume. In addition to those already mentioned, one of the most famous and successful families who resided here were the Knaptons, where, during the first three quarters of the last century, they built up an enormous trade, and were succeeded by Robert Horsfield, who carried on the business in Ludgate Street, and died in 1798. We possess one of the interesting catalogues of James and John Knapton, whose shop was at the sign of the Crown. It runs to twenty pages octavo, and enumerates an extraordinary variety of literature. The books written and sermons preached by right reverends and reverends occupy the first five pages, arranged according to the authors' names; and then follow the works of ordinary, commonplace mortals, sermons and Aphra Behn's romances, Mr. Dryden's plays and the 'Whole Duty of Man' appearing cheek-by-jowl.

The most important contribution to the earlier history of bookselling appeared from St. Paul's Churchyard in the shape of Robert Clavell's 'General Catalogue of Books printed in England since the Dreadful Fire, 1666, to the End of Trinity Term, 1676.' This catalogue was continued every term till 1700, and includes an abstract of the bills of mortality. The books are classified under their respective headings of divinity, history, physic and surgery, miscellanies, chemistry, etc., the publisher's name in each case being given. Dunton describes Clavell as 'an eminent bookseller' and 'a great dealer,' whilst Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, distinguished him by the term of 'the honest bookseller.' Clavell's shop was at the sign of the Stag's Head, whilst his partner in many of his projects was Henry Brome, of the Sun, also in the Churchyard.

Joseph Johnson, the Dry Bookseller of Beloe, demands a short notice here. He was born at Liverpool in 1738, and after serving an apprenticeship with George Keith, Gracechurch Street, began business for himself on Fish Street Hill, which, being in the track of the medical students at the hospitals in the Borough, was a promising locality. After some years here, he removed to Paternoster Row, where he

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had as partners first a Mr. Davenport, and then John Payne; the house and stock were destroyed by fire in 1770, after which he removed to St. Paul's Churchyard, where he continued until his death in 1809, the father of the trade. He was a considerable publisher, and 'two poets of great modern celebrity were by him first introduced to the publick—Cowper and Darwin.' Whilst at Fish Street Hill he took over the stock of John Ward, of which he issued a catalogue.

Ludgate Hill to a certain degree not unnaturally secured a little of the 'bookish' brilliancy which diffused itself round and about the Churchyard. The highway to the cathedral was naturally a good business quarter, and there can be very little doubt that some of the stalls or booths, which formed a sort of middle row in Ludgate, were occupied by stationers and booksellers, who are not usually indifferent to the advantages of a good thoroughfare. It never, however, came up to St. Paul's Churchyard, either as a publishing or as a bookselling locality; but many retailers were here during the latter part of the last century. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., is reported by Robert Huish to have said to Mrs. Delany: 'You cannot think what nice books I pick up at bookstalls, or how cheap I buy them.' The Rev. Dr. Croby, in his 'Life of George IV.,' tells us that Queen Charlotte was in the habit of paying visits, in company with some lady-in-waiting, to Holywell Street and Ludgate Hill, 'where second-hand books were exposed for sale during the last half of the eighteenth century.' During the earlier part of this period, among the booksellers of note in Ludgate Street were Robert Horsfield, William Johnston, and Richard Ware (who was a considerable adventurer in new publications). The business established at about the same period and in the same locality by Richard Manley, was considerably extended by John Pridden (1728-1807). The libraries of many eminent and distinguished characters passed through his hands, Nichols tells us. His offers in purchasing them were liberal, and, being content with small profits, 'he soon found himself supported by a numerous and respectable set of friends, not one of whom ever quitted him.'

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Jonah Bowyer was at the Rose, in Ludgate Street, in and about the year 1706, when he published the Lord Bishop of Oxford's 'Sermons preached before the Queen' at St. Paul's in May of that year; and it was either this Bowyer or William Bowyer—the two were not related—who established a bookselling department on the frozen Thames in 1716. William Johnston, who died at a very advanced age in 1804, was one of the most successful of Ludgate Hill booksellers, and his employées included George Robinson and Thomas Evans, each of whom became the founder of a very extensive business. George Conyers was at the Ring, Ludgate Hill, for some years during the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and prior to his removal to Little Britain. Conyers dealt chiefly in Grub Street compilations, which included cheap and handy guides to everything on earth, and it is likely that his shop was a literary or book-collecting resort. The most famous bibliopole who had a shop in Ludgate is perhaps William Hone, to whom the liberty of the press owes so much, and who removed here from his house at the corner of Ship Court, Old Bailey. Trübner and Co. left Ludgate Hill soon after they amalgamated with Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

FLEET STREET.

The Churchyard is, of course, the home of bookselling, but, as we have seen, as time went on, its children, so to speak, repudiated their birthplace. In the middle of the sixteenth century, for example, Fleet Street contained nearly as many bookshops as the parent locality. In addition to this, England's second printer, Wynkyn de Worde, abandoning the Westminster house of his master, William Caxton, took up his residence in Fleet Street in or about the year 1500. The sign of his shop was the Sun, 'agaynste the Condyte,' and as the Conduit stood at the lower end of Fleet Street, a little eastward of Shoe Lane, we get some idea of the exact locality. He was buried in St. Bride's Churchyard in 1534. W. Griffith was busy at the sign of the Falcon, near St. Dunstan's Church, printing booklets about current

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events with 'flowery' titles, and these books he sold at his second shop, designated the Griffin, 'a little above the Conduit,' in Fleet Street. William Powell, at the George, was publishing religious books of various sorts, and a 'Description of the Countrey of Aphrique,' a translation of a French book on Africa, which was perhaps the very first on a topic now pretty nearly threadbare. Richard Tottell was dwelling at the Hand and Star, between the two temple gates, and just within Temple Bar,* whence he sent forth books by a score and more distinguished men, and whose name is worthily linked with those of Littleton, More, Tusser, Grafton, Boccaccio, and many others. In 1577 Elizabeth granted the same individual the privilege of printing 'all kinds of "Law bookes," which was common to all printers, who selleth the same bookes at excessive prices, to the hindrance of a greate nomber of pore students.' Other Fleet Street booksellers were William Copland, who issued a number of books, T. and W. Powell, and Henry Wykes.

Two of the earliest Fleet Street booksellers, Robert Redman and Richard Pynson, quickly got at loggerheads, the bone of contention being Pynson's device or mark, which his rival stole. These are the neighbourly terms which Pynson applies to Redman; they occur at the end of a new edition of Littleton's 'Tenures,' 1525: 'Behold I now give to thee, candid reader, a Lyttleton corrected (not deceitfully) of the errors which occurred in him. I have been careful

* Concerning the Hande and Starre, Fleet Street, and the renowned Richard Tottell, 'printer by special Patentes of the bokes of the Common Lawe in the several Reigns of King Edw. VI. and of the quenes Marye and Elizabeth,' it may be pointed out that this house, 7, Fleet Street, exists as before, the only modern addition being the half-brick front which was placed there more than a hundred years ago. Jaggard, the bookseller, lived there after Tottell, and from thence he issued the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' actually printed in the rear (now Dick's Coffee-house), and the possibility of Shakespeare having often called to correct the proof-sheets is conjured up. The house was in turn occupied by many eminent law publishers and booksellers, and of late years by the late Mr. Henry Butterworth, who became himself the Queen's law publisher.

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that not my printing only should be amended, but also that with a more elegant type it should go forth to the day: that which hath escaped from the hands of Robert Redman, but truly Rudeman, because he is the rudest out of a thousand men, is not easily understood. Truly I wonder now at last that he hath confessed it his own typography, unless it chanced that even as the Devil made a cobbler a mariner, he hath made him a Printer. Formerly this scoundrel did profess himself a Bookseller, as well skilled as if he had started forth from Utopia. He knows well that he is free who pretendeth to books, although it be nothing more.' This pretty little quarrel continued some time, and broke out with renewed vigour on one or two subsequent occasions; but the rivals ultimately became friends, and when Pynson retired from business, he made over his stock to 'this scoundrel' Redman, who then removed to Pynson's shop, next to St. Dunstan's Church.

The bibliopolic history of Fleet Street is almost synonymous with the literary history of this country. Anything like an exhaustive account, even so far as relates to the bookselling side of the question, would be quite out of place in a work of this description. A few points, therefore, must suffice. Apart from the booksellers already mentioned, the following are also worthy of notice. At the latter part of the sixteenth century Thomas Marsh, of the Prince's Arms, near St. Dunstan's, issued Stow's 'Chronicles,' and was the holder of several licenses for printing; for nearly half a century J. Smethwicke (who died in 1641) had a shop 'under the diall' of St. Dunstan's, whence he issued Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' 'Love's Labour Lost,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' as well as works by Henry Burton, Drayton, Greene, Lodge, and others; Richard Marriot was in St. Dunstan's Churchyard early in the seventeenth century, and his ventures included Quarles' 'Emblems,' 1635, Dr. Downes' 'Sermons,' 1640, and Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1653, for which 1s. 6d. was asked, and for a good copy of which £310 has been recently paid; Marriot was also the sponsor of the first part of

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Butler's 'Hudibras,' 1663. Thomas Dring, of the George, near Clifford's Inn; John Starkey, of the Mitre, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar, the publisher of Shadwell's plays, and for some time an exile at Amsterdam; Abel Roper, of the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church, and publisher of the *Post Boy* newspaper; Thomas Bassett, with whom Jacob Tonson was apprenticed; Tonson himself, of the Judge's Head, near the Inner Temple Gate (he started in Chancery Lane), are Fleet Street booksellers of the latter half of the seventeenth century. Early in the following century we get such names as Benjamin Tooke, of the Middle Temple Gate; Edmund Curll, whose chaste publications appeared from the sign of the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church; Bernard Lintot, Tonson's great rival and Pope's publisher, of the Cross Keys, between the Temple Gates; Ben Motte, who succeeded Tooke; Andrew Millar, Samuel Highley, John Murray, and many others who might be mentioned, but who were publishers rather than second-hand booksellers.

One of the earliest, and perhaps the very first, of the Fleet Street contingent of booksellers who advertised their stock through the medium of priced catalogues was John Whiston, the younger son of the famous William Whiston. Whiston sold several important libraries, including those of such eighteenth-century celebrities as D'Oyly, Dr. Castell, Wasse, Chishull, Dr. Banks, Prebendary John Wills, Adam Anderson (author of 'The History of Commerce'), and many others; he included a large number of literary men among his acquaintances. From 1756 to 1765 he appears to have been in partnership with Benjamin White, and the libraries which they sold during this period included those of the Rev. Stephen Duck; Thomas Potter, Esq., M.P., son of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Charles Delafaye, Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office; Dr. James Tunstall, Vicar of Rochdale, etc. Of all the second-hand booksellers of the latter half of the last century the most considerable was the Benjamin White above mentioned, whose shop was at the sign of Horace's Head, in Fleet Street, and whose bulky

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catalogues, often including over 10,000 lots, are now very rare and exceptionally interesting. The contents of these catalogues were classified, first into three divisions, folio, quarto, and octavo and duodecimo, and then again into numerous sections according to the subject-matter of the volumes. 'The sale will begin' on such and such a day, and 'catalogues may be had' at various stated booksellers' shops in London, and at Oxford, and 'the principal towns of England.' From 1716 to 1792 Benjamin White and his son and namesake issued catalogues of various collections of books, including the libraries (or selections from) of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury; Sir William Calvert, M.P. for London; Dr. Secker; Rev. Joseph Spence; Dr. Hutchinson, editor of Xenophon; Dr. William Borlase; Dr. Matthew Maty, Secretary of the Royal Society, and Principal Librarian, British Museum; Sir Richard Jebb; Rev. John Bowles, editor of 'Don Quixote'; Rev. John Lightfoot, chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Portland, and author of the 'Flora Scotica.'

One of White's best customers was the eccentric George Steevens, who, however, discontinued his daily visits, after many years' regular attendance, for no real cause. He then transferred his attentions to Stockdale's, whom in turn he abruptly forsook. The elder Benjamin retired from business with 'a plentiful fortune,' and died at his house in South Lambeth in March, 1794, and Benjamin junior retired to Hampstead a few years after his father, leaving the business to a younger brother, John, who continued bookselling until the earlier part of the present century, when he, in his turn, gave up active work for the 'enjoyment of a country life' with 'an easy competence.' In one of the catalogues of this celebrated firm—our copy is minus the title-page, but it was evidently issued about 1790—four of the most interesting entries occur among the folios: Caxton's 'Lyfe of the Faders,' with 'curious old wooden plates, not quite perfect, in Russia,' is priced at £5 5s.; Caxton's 'Lyfe of our Lady,' by John Lydgate, is offered at 10s. 6d.; a *fair* copy of Caxton's 'Lyfe of St.

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Katherine of Senis' is figured at £10 10s., the price asked also for a 'fair, not quite perfect' example of the 'Golden Legende.' A Second Folio Shakespeare is priced at £4; a Fourth Folio at £1 7s. The same catalogue includes a copy of the famous 'Book of Hawking and Hunting,' printed at St. Albans in 1486, but unfortunately the price is omitted, as is the case with several other important rarities. The Whites published some fine natural history books, including those of Pennant, Latham, and White of Selborne; the last was a

Charles Tilt's Shop.
From Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanac.'

relative of the booksellers. Whiston was succeeded by Nathaniel Conant, who sold, *inter alia*, the library of Samuel Speed, 1776, and John White was succeeded by his partner, J. G. Cochrane. Sixty years ago Charles Tilt, afterwards Tilt and Bogue, occupied 85, Fleet Street, and a charming view of this shop appears in Cruikshank's 'Almanack' for March, 1835.

Although the bookselling history of Fleet Street did not cease with the general migration of booksellers, from the end of the last to the beginning of the present century much

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of its glory as such had departed. During the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century its bibliopolic annals are indeed few. One of its most interesting houses was situated at No. 39, upon part of the site of the present banking-house of Messrs. Hoare. Here formerly stood the famous Mitre Tavern; this place was much damaged during the Great Fire, and was partly rebuilt. In the last century it was a favourite resort of Wanley, Vertue, Dr. Stukeley, Hawkesworth, Percy, Johnson, Boswell, and many other celebrities. Johnson and Boswell first dined here in 1763. It was here that the 'Tour to the Hebrides' was planned; it was here also, at a supper given by Boswell to the Doctor, Goldsmith, Davies, the bookseller, Eccles, and the Rev. John Ogilvie, that Johnson delivered himself of the theory that 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is in the highroad that leads to England.' From 1728 to 1753 the Society of Antiquaries met here, and for some time also the Royal Society held its meetings in this place. In 1788 the tavern ceased to exist, and the house became the 'Poets' Gallery' of Macklin, whose edition of the Bible is described as an unrivalled monument of his taste and energy. Thomas Macklin died in 1800, and the erstwhile Mitre gave place —possibly not at once, but certainly very soon after—to Saunders' Auction-rooms. The most important sale which occurred here, and of which we have discovered any record, was an anonymous one in February, 1818; the catalogue was entitled 'Bibliotheca Selecta: Library of an eminent Collector, removed from the North of England.' This sale occupied six days, and comprised a very fine series of books of old English poetry, history, topography, and illustrated books. For instance, a very fine copy in a genuine state of the First Folio Shakespeare realized the then high figure of £121 16s. A copy of Yates's 'Castell of Courtesie,' 1582, sold for £23 2s., Steevens' copy eighteen years previously going for £2 10s. A large number of other excessively rare books, several of which were unique, were sold here at the same time; but whose they were, or how they could have drifted into such an unimportant auction centre as Saunders',

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are questions which we are not able to answer. Fifty years ago there were at least three important firms of literary auctioneers in Fleet Street—Henry Southgate (who eventually turned author, and who died about three years ago), at No. 22; L. A. Lewis, at No. 125; and E. Hodgson, referred to on p. 116. At each of these three centres many extensive collections of books came under the hammer. When the elder Southgate died or retired, in about 1837, two of his assistants, Grimston and Havers, left, and started on their own account at 30, Holborn Hill, making the auction of books a speciality; but their existence appears to have been brief.

The neighbourhood had, however, a book-auction repute long before the present century dawned, and the Rose Tavern, near Temple Bar, was a favourite locality for this method of selling books. Samuel Baker here sold the entire library ('Bibliotheca Elegans') of Alderman Sir Robert Baylis in 1749, and that of Conyers Middleton, Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge, March 4, 1750-51, and nine following days—by order and for the benefit of the widow, who in the preface 'takes this opportunity to assure the public that this catalogue contains the genuine library of Dr. Middleton, without any alteration, and is sold for my advantage'—there were 1,300 lots.

THE STRAND.

The modernization of the Strand, but more particularly the erection of the New Law Courts from Temple Bar to Clement's Inn, has destroyed very many book-hunting and literary localities. This project involved the obliteration of thirty-three streets, lanes and courts, and the levelling of 400 dwelling, lodging and ware houses, and so forth, sheltering over 4,000 individuals. It has entirely altered the aspect of the place; not perhaps before it was necessary, for the whole neighbourhood had degenerated into rookeries of the vilest description. Among the localities swept away, a brief reference may be made to one which has a twofold interest—Butcher Row—first, because Clifton's Eating-house, one of

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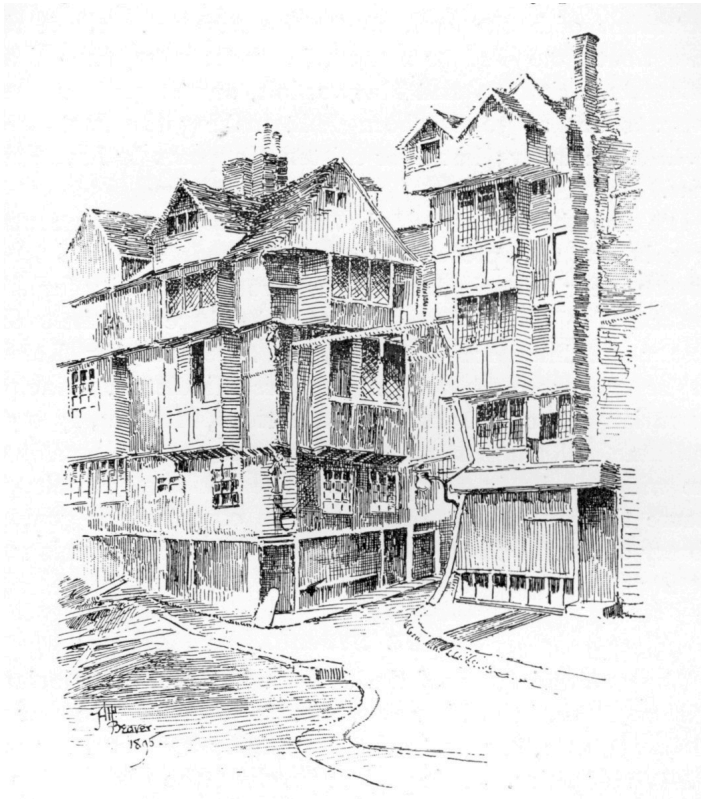

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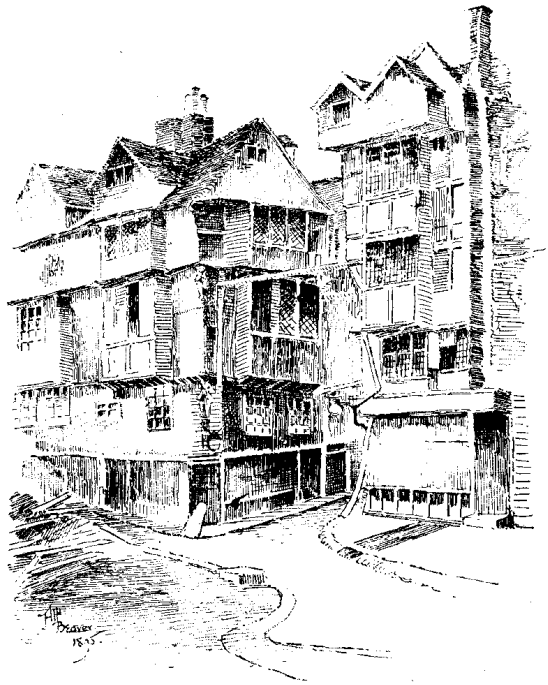
Dr. Johnson's favourite resorts, was in this Row, and secondly because one of the earliest catalogues of second-hand books was issued from within a yard or two of Clifton's. J. Stephens' shop was at the sign of the Bible in Butcher Row, and towards the latter part of 1742 he published 'a catalogue of several libraries of books lately purchased, in



Butcher Row, 1798.

several languages,' etc., the price of each book being, as usual, marked on the first leaf before the sale commenced, which sale was announced to begin 'on Tuesday, the 2nd of November, 1742,' and 'to continue till all are sold.' For a copy of this exceedingly rare and interesting catalogue we are indebted to Mr. Dobell, the bookseller. It comprises

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twenty-six pages octavo, and enumerates over 1,300 books, the majority of which are priced. There are very few volumes in this list which are now included in anyone's desiderata, but the list itself is a very good indication of the book-buying tastes of our forbears of a century and half ago. Butcher Row, it may be mentioned, was immediately beyond St. Clement's Church (on the northern side of the Strand), and by the end of the last century had degenerated into a number of wretched fabrics and narrow passages, the houses greatly overhanging their foundations; in or about 1802, this street was pulled down and gave place to Pickett Street, so named because the improvement was the scheme of Alderman Pickett.

One of the last bookselling haunts to be pulled down was the quaint old shop occupied by the late Charles Hutt (who, by the way, was born in the vestry of the Clare Market chapel-of-ease) where many famous book-hunters had picked up bargains. Charles Hutt, had he lived, would have become one of the leading booksellers of the day. He was for some years at Hodgson's, and possessed a remarkable taste for, and knowledge of, books. He left Hodgson's and started on his own account in the old ramshackle house already referred to. This shop presented so unfavourable an exterior that even the Income-tax Fiend never 'called in,' although at one time there were several thousands of pounds' worth of books in it. Hutt did a very extensive trade, not only in this country, but in America. He had an especial aptitude at completing sets of particular authors—Landor, Leigh Hunt, Byron, Shelley—and contributed much to the prevailing taste for modern first editions. A younger brother, Mr. F. H. Hutt, has been for some years established at 10, Clement's Inn Passage, within a few yards of the old shop. The associations of the past half-century of this neighbourhood include two other well-known firms of booksellers. Theophilus Noble, who had removed from 114, Chancery Lane, was at 79, Fleet Street for some years until his death in 1851, and a member of the same family is still a second-hand bookseller opposite St. Mary-le-Strand

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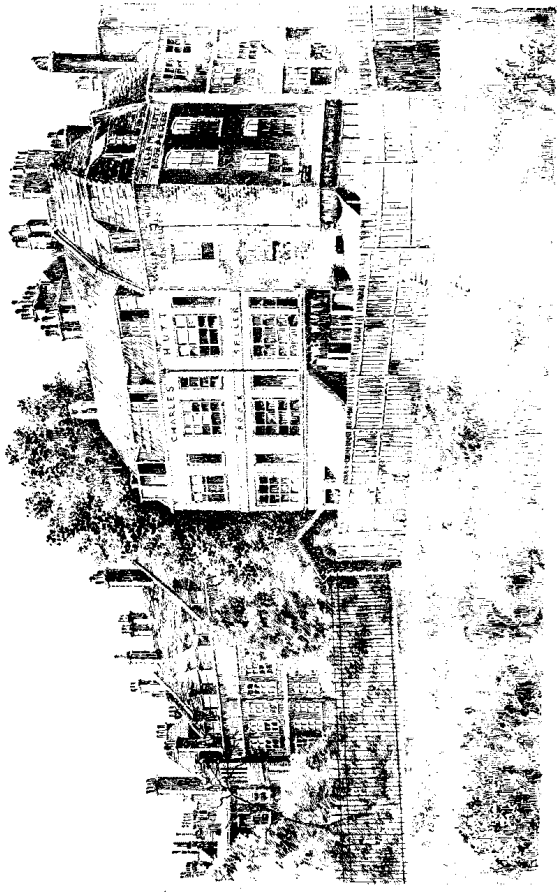
Church. Reeves and Turner removed from Noble's old house in Chancery Lane, to the house on the west side of Temple Bar and adjoining it on the north, erected on the site of the



Charles Hutt's House in Clement's Inn Passage.

famous old bulk-shop, the last of its race, where at one time Crockford, 'Shell-fishmonger and gambler,' lived. When Temple Bar was removed, this shop came down, and Reeves

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and Turner (who for the second time had to bow to the necessities of 'improvements') opened their well-known place on the south side of the Strand, facing St. Clement's Church. Their spacious shop here for about a quarter of a century was a famous book-haunt, and one of the very few successful ones which have existed in a crowded thoroughfare. It always contained an immense variety of good and useful books, priced at exceedingly moderate amounts, and the poorer book-lover could always venture, generally successfully, on suggesting a small reduction in the prices marked without being trampled in the dust as a thief and a robber. A year or two ago, when the lease of the shop expired, Messrs. Reeves and Turner bibliopolically ceased to exist—there not being a Reeves or a Turner in the Chancery Lane firm of booksellers of that name—but Mr. David Reeves, a son of Mr. William Reeves, started in Wellington Street, Strand, the latter, the *doyen* of London booksellers, occupying a portion of the house as a publisher and a dealer in remainders.

Mr. William D. Reeves, Bookseller.

The most famous bookselling locality in this district is Holywell Street, or, as it is now generally called, Booksellers' Row. This street has always been afflicted with a questionable repute, not without cause, and much of the ill-odour of its past career still clings to it. Even second-hand book-

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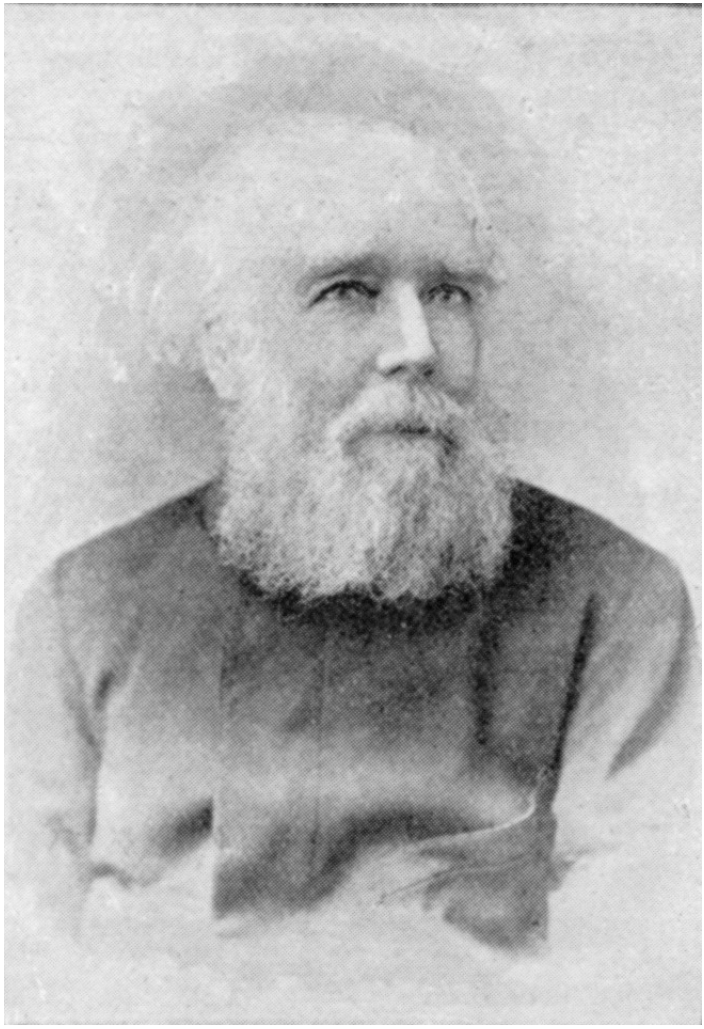

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selling has not purged it entirely. Half a century ago its shops were almost entirely taken up with the vendors of second-hand clothes, and the offals of several other more or less disreputable trades. Above these shops resided the Grub Street gentry of the period. 'It was,' says one who knew it well, 'famous for its houses of call for reporters, editors and literary adventurers generally, all of whom formed a large army of needy, clever disciples of the pen, who lived by their wits, if they had any, and in lieu of those estimable qualifications, by cool assurance, impudence, and the gift of their mother tongue in spontaneous and frothy eloquence.' It was also a famous and convenient place 'for literary gentlemen and others, who were desirous of evading bailiffs and sheriffs' officers who might be anxious of making their acquaintance,' for even if they were traced to the Holywell Street entrance of any particular house, they could easily escape into Wych Street, and so slip the myrmidons of the law. It next became the emporium of indecent literature (from which charge it is not yet quite free), but much of this peculiar trade was suppressed by Lord Campbell's Act. For nearly half a century the place has been growing in popularity as a *locus standi* of the reputable second-hand book trade. Every book-hunter of note has known, or knows, of its many shops. Macaulay, for example, obtained many of his books from Holywell Street. The late Mr. Thoms related, in the *Nineteenth Century*, a very curious incident which put the great historian in possession of some French *mémoires* of which he had long been endeavouring to secure a copy. Macaulay was once strolling down this street, when he saw in a bookseller's window a volume of Muggletonian tracts. 'Having gone in, examined the volume, and agreed to buy it, he tendered a sovereign in payment. The bookseller had not change, but said if he (Macaulay) would just keep an eye on the shop, he would step out and get it. His name, I think, was Hearle, and he had some relatives of the same name who had shops in the same street. This shop was at the west end of the street, and backed on to Wych Street; and at the back was a small recess, lighted by a few panes

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of glass, generally somewhat obscured by the dust of ages. While Macaulay was looking round the shop, a ray of sunshine fell through this little window on four little duodecimo volumes bound in vellum. He pulled out one of these to see what the work was, and great was his surprise and delight at finding these were the very French *mémoires* of which he had been in search for many years.'

More rare and interesting books have been picked up in this street during the past forty years than in any other locality. Rumour, which sometimes tells the truth, says that Shelley's copy, with his autograph on the title-page, of Ossian's 'Poems' was picked up here for a few pence. A book with Shakespeare's autograph on the title-page was also said to have been rescued from among a lot of cheap books in this locality a few years ago. We are not certain, but we believe that the Shakespeare autograph has been proved to be a forgery. If that is so, then perhaps the honour of being the greatest 'find' ever discovered, about four years ago, in Holywell Street, pertains to a perfect copy of 'Le Pastissier François,' 1655, the most valuable of all the Elzevirs, its value being from about £60 to £100. The copy in question was bound up with a worthless tract, and history has not left on record what the bookseller thought when he discovered his ignorance. A copy of the first edition of Horne's 'Orion,' 1843, was purchased in this street for 2d. in 1886, its market value being about £2. It was originally issued at ¼d., by way of sarcasm on the low estimation of epic poetry. The Holywell Street bookseller did not appraise it at a much higher figure than the author. Scarcely a week passes without a volume possessing great personal or historic interest being 'bagged' in this narrow but delightful thoroughfare. Many of these finds, it is true, may not be of great commercial value, but they are oftentimes very desirable books in more respects than one. The present writer has been fortunate in this matter. No person would now rank James Boswell, for instance, among great men, but a book in two volumes, with the following inscription, 'James Boswell, From the Translator near Padua,

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1765,' would not be reckoned costly at 1s., the book in question being a beautiful copy of Cesarotti's translation into Italian of Ossian's 'Poems.' David Hume's own copy of 'Histoire du Gouvernement de Venise,' par le Sieur Amelot de la Houssaie, 1677, was not dear at 6d., and at a similar price was obtained an excessively rare volume (for which a well-known book-collector had been on the look-out in vain for many years), whose contents are little indicated by the title of 'Roman Tablets,' 1826, but whose nature is at all events suggested by the sub-title of 'Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies and Government of Rome.' It is a terrific exposure (originally written in French), for which the author was prosecuted at the solicitation of the Pope's Nuncio at Paris. The late John Payne Collier has told of a Holywell Street 'find' as far back as January 20, 1823, when he picked up a very nice clean copy of Hughes' 'Calypso and Telemachus,' 1712, for which he paid 2s. 6d. It was not, however, until he reached home that he discovered the remarkable nature of his purchase, which had belonged to Pope, who had inscribed in his own autograph thirty-eight couplets, addressed 'To Mr. Hughes, On His Opera.' These are only a selection from an extensive series of more or less interesting 'finds,' of which every collector has a store.

Two of the earliest and best-known of the more important Holywell Street booksellers passed away some years ago. 'Tommy' Arthur, who made a respectable fortune out of the trade, and whose shop and connections are now in the possession of W. Ridler, who is a successful trader, and a man of considerable independence as regards the conventionalities of appearances. (Our artist's portrait of this celebrity in his brougham, indulging in the extravagance of a clay pipe, had not arrived at the time of going to press, so it must be held over until the next edition of this book.) Joseph Poole was another Holywell Street bookseller of an original type, with his quaint semi-clerical attire. This bibliopole's relatives still carry on business in this street, school-books being with them a speciality. The *doyen* of the street is Mr.

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Henry R. Hill, whose two shops are at the extreme east end of the street. Mr. Hill has been here for about forty years, and has seen many changes, not only in the general character of the street, but also of the tastes in book-fancies. Mr. Hill's shops, with Mrs. Lazarus's three hard by, are full of interesting books, priced at very moderate figures. The latter has been established here for about fifteen years. Messrs. Myers, who also occupy three bookshops in this street, were for some years with Mrs. Lazarus; and Mr. W. R. Hill acquired a great deal of his book-knowledge at Reeves and Turner's. Mr. Charles Hindley has been long established in this street.

Messrs. Hill and Son's Shop in Holywell Street.

The step from fifth-rate book-making to second-hand bookselling is not a great one, and just as Holywell Street sheltered the Grub-writers of half a century ago, so Drury Lane and its immediate vicinity was their recognised locality in the earlier part of the last century. It is impossible to associate respectability, to say nothing of fashion, with this evil-smelling, squalid thoroughfare. And yet there can be no question about its having been at one time an aristocratic quarter. Until within the last few years, the Lane itself, and its numerous tributaries, contained many second-hand

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bookshops. The most celebrated, and, indeed, almost the only one of any interest, was Andrew Jackson, who made a speciality of old and black-letter books. Nichols tells us that for more than forty years he kept a shop in Clare Market, and here, 'like another Magliabecchi,' midst dust and cobwebs, he indulged his appetite for reading; legends and romances, history and poetry, were indiscriminately his favourite pursuits.' In 1740 he published the first book of 'Paradise Lost' in rhyme, and ten years afterwards a number of modernizations from Chaucer. The contents of his catalogues of the years 1756, 1757, 1759, and one without date, were in rhyme. He retired in 1777, and died in July, 1778, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Charles Marsh, another literary bookseller, was for some time a friend and neighbour of Jackson's. Marsh (who afterwards removed to a shop now swallowed by the improvements in Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross) was situated at Cicero's Head, in New Round Court, off the Strand, and is described by one who knew him as being afflicted with 'a very unhappy temper, and withal very proud and insolent, with a plentiful share of conceit.' He wrote a poem entitled 'The Library, an Epistle from a Bookseller to a Gentleman, his Customer; desiring him to discharge his bill,' 1766. He was originally a church-clerk. The only catalogue of this celebrity which we have seen is a bulky one, over 100 pages octavo, enumerating 3,000 books, 'among which are included the libraries of the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Burnet, Minister of Clerkenwell, and an eminent apothecary, both lately deceased.' The date is May 7, 1747. Some of the prices in this catalogue can only be described as absurd; for example, Lydgate's 'Bochas; or, The Fall of Princes,' 1517, 5s.; a collection of old plays and poems, two volumes, 1592, 6s.; Tusser's 'Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,' 1574, 2s. 6d.; and black-letter books by the score are here offered at sums from one to three or four shillings each. The neighbourhood has for many years ceased to be a bookselling locality, for although book-hunters prefer side-streets and quiet thoroughfares for the prosecution of their hobby, the pestiferous vapours of Drury

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Lane would kill any bibliopolic growth more vigorous than a newsvendor's shop.

When, by slow degrees, the various trades moved in a direction west of Temple Bar, it was only natural that the trade in second-hand books should be similarly attracted. The Strand itself, which, at the end of the last century and beginning of the present, was a much narrower street than

Messrs. Sotheran's Shop in Piccadilly.

it is now, is not, and never has been, a great book-emporium, for a reason which we have more than once pointed out. But the immediate vicinity has been for over a century and a half, as it still continues to be, the favourite locality of some of the chief booksellers. To-day the Strand proper only contains three representatives, in Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., the finer of whose two shops is in Piccadilly, and Mr. David Nutt (both of whom are, however, vendors of new

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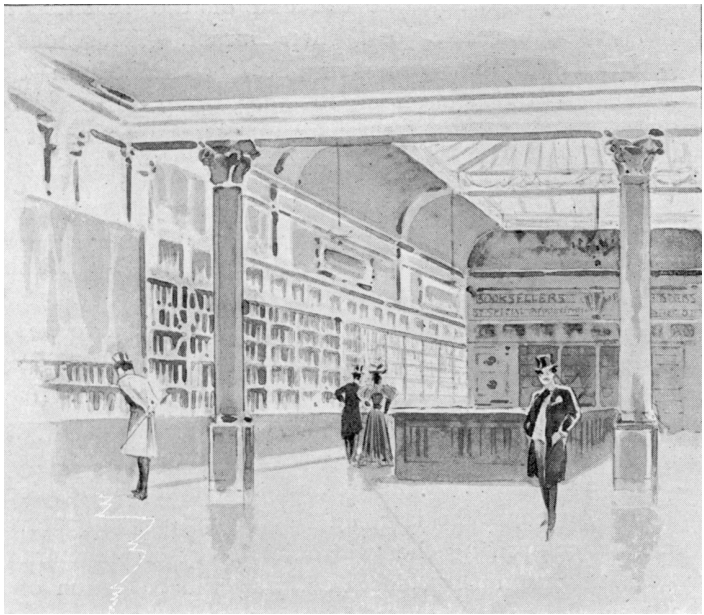

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books, and often act as publishers), and Messrs. Walford. Within a stone's-throw of the main thoroughfare we have John Galwey and Suckling and Galloway, Garrick Street; James Gunn and Nattali, Bedford Street; B. F. Stevens, Trafalgar Square; H. Fawcett, King Street; W. Wesley and Sons, Essex Street; and many others. One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the Strand relates to a house which stood between Arundel and Norfolk Streets, where, at the end of the seventeenth century, lived the father of Bishop Burnet. 'This house,' says Dr. Hughson, writing in 1810, 'continued in the Burnet family till within living memory, being possessed by a bookseller of the same name—a collateral descendant of the Bishop.' Of much more importance, however, is the fact that at 132, Strand a bookseller named Wright started, about 1730, the first circulating library in London. About ten years afterwards he was succeeded by William Bathoe ('a very intelligent bookseller' who died in October, 1768), who carried on the circulating library in addition to bookselling. Bathoe was a book-auctioneer as well as a retail vendor; he sold the books of 'William Hogarth, Esq., sergeant-painter,' under the hammer. In or about the year 1747 he had established himself 'in Church Lane, near St. Martin's Church in the Strand, almost opposite York Buildings,' whence he issued a thirty-eight-paged (octavo) catalogue, comprising the 'valuable library of the learned James Thompson Esq., deceased, with the collection of a gentleman lately gone abroad'; this list enumerates nearly 1,000 items, the prices, ranging from 6d. upwards, being uniformly low. Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 1661, 'with neat cuts,' would not be long unsold at 3s. 6d.; and the same may be said of Purchas's 'Pilgrimage,' 1617, 2s. 6d.; of Rochester's complete poems at 2s.; and very many others. At 'No. 18 in the Strand' lived J. Mathews, the bookseller, and father of Charles Mathews, the actor; and in this house the latter was born. Jacob Tonson was at 'Shakespeare's Head, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand,' now 141; the house, since rebuilt, was afterwards occupied by Andrew

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Millar, who deposed Shakespeare, and erected Buchanan's Head instead. Millar was succeeded by his friend and apprentice, Thomas Cadell (who became a partner in 1765), in 1767; he retired in 1793. Cadell's son then became head of the concern, and took William Davies into partnership. The firm of Cadell and Davies existed until the death of the latter in 1820, after which Cadell (the Opulent Bookseller of Beloe) continued it in his own name until his death in 1836. Samuel Bagster; Whitmore and Fenn; J. Walter (an apprentice of Robert Dodsley, and the founder of the *Times*); William Brown (an apprentice of Sandby), Essex Street, who died in 1797, and who was succeeded by Robert Bickerstaff; Henry Chapman, Chandos Street, 1790-1795; W. Lowndes; and Walter Wilson, of the Mews Gate, were Strand booksellers of more or less note during the latter part of the last, and the earlier part of the present, century.

CHARING CROSS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

John Millan was one of the most famous of Charing Cross or Whitehall booksellers, for he was located here for over half a century, dying in 1784, aged over eighty-one years. Richard Gough drew the following picture of Millan's shop in March, 1772: 'On my return from Westminster last night, I penetrated the utmost recesses of Millan's shop, which, if I may borrow an idea from natural history, is incrusted with literature and curiosities like so many stalactitical exudations. Through a narrow alley, between piles of books, I reached a cell, or *adytum*, whose sides were so completely cased with the same *supellex* that the fireplace was literally *enchâsse dans la muraille*. In this cell sat the deity of the place, at the head of a whist party, which was interrupted by my inquiry after *Dillenius* in sheets. The answer was, he "had none in sheets or blankets." . . . I emerged from this shop, which I consider as a future Herculaneum, where we shall hereafter root out many scarce things now rotting on the floor, considerably sunk below the level of the new pavement.' Millan was succeeded by Thomas and John

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Egerton, the latter being 'a bookseller of great eminence' —the Black-letter Bookseller of Beloe — whose death occurred in 1795. 'It was in his time,' says Beloe, 'that Old English books, of a particular description both in prose and verse, were, for some cause or other—principally, perhaps, as they were of use in the illustration of Shakespeare —beginning to assume a new dignity and importance, and to increase in value at the rate of 500 per cent.' Another Charing Cross bookseller, Samuel Leacroft (who succeeded Charles Marsh), died in 1795, and it is rather curious that John Egerton was a son-in-law of Lockyer Davis, whilst his neighbour was an apprentice.

Of Samuel Baker, whose shop was in Russell Street, Covent Garden, we have already spoken in our account of book-auctioneers. One of his early—May, 1747—catalogues (not auction) comprises the libraries of Dr. Robert Uvedale, and of this divine's son and namesake, also a D.D., of Enfield; it enumerates over 3,000 items. Thomas Becket (an apprentice of Millar, and Sterne's first publisher) and P. De Hondt were successful Strand booksellers; the former finally settled himself in Pall Mall, and was one of the first to make a speciality of foreign books, of which he imported large quantities between 1761 and 1766. C. Heydinger, of the Strand, was a German bookseller who issued catalogues from 1771 to 1773, and who died in distressed circumstances about 1778. Henry Lasher Gardner, who died at a very advanced age in 1808, was a venerable bookseller, whose shop was opposite St. Clement's Church, Strand; he published catalogues between 1786 and 1793. William Otridge, at first alone, and afterwards in partnership with his son, issued catalogues from the Strand during the last quarter of the last century. In 1796 Joseph Pote was selling books at the Golden Door, over against Suffolk Street, Charing Cross. John Nourse (died 1780), bookseller to his Majesty, was another celebrated bibliopole of the Strand, and is described by John Nichols as 'a man of science, particularly in the mathematical line.' Francis Wingrave succeeded Nourse.

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One of the most celebrated booksellers of this neighbourhood during the last half of the eighteenth century was Tom Davies, who sported his rubric posts* in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and who was driven from his position as actor in Garrick's company by Churchill's killing satire:

'He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.'

In spite of satirists, the verdict of his contemporaries is ratified, so to speak, in voting Tom Davies a good fellow. Dr. John Campbell described him as 'not a bookseller, but a gentleman dealing in books'; and the Rev. P. Stockdale described him as 'the most gentleman-like person of that trade whom I ever knew.' Dr. Johnson said he was 'learned enough for a clergyman,' which was an equivocal compliment, for the clergymen of the period were not, as a rule, learned. Davies was generally talkative, but at times quite the reverse, and sometimes uttered pious ejaculations. Between 1764 and 1776 Davies sold a number of interesting and valuable libraries—those, for example, of William Shenstone and William Oldys. Davies, like many other contemporary booksellers, was fond of scribbling, and was the author of 'Memoirs of Garrick,' and other books.

Probably the most famous bookseller of the Strand is Thomas Payne, who for over half a century (1740-1794) was selling books in this locality. 'Honest Tom Payne' started business in or about 1740, for in February of that year he issued a catalogue of 'curious books in divinity, history, classics, medicine, voyages, natural history,' etc., from the 'Round Court,† in the Strand, opposite York

* One of the reviewers of Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' says: 'How often have we seen him standing betwixt these, bidding "his friends good-morrow with a cheerful face," and pulling down his ruffles, already too long, till they covered his fingers. Davies had, even while in common conversation, as much of the old school of acting in his manner as his friend Gibson had upon the stage; though he is said not to have been so pompous as Berry, to whose parts he succeeded; and Berry, in this respect, was thought to have declined from Bridgewater.'

† Now covered by Charing Cross Hospital. At the commencement of the third quarter of the sixteenth century, Thomas Colwell, a bookseller,

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Buildings.' About ten years later (January, 1750) he had removed to the Mews Gate to a shop shaped like the letter L, which became one of the most famous literary resorts of the period. Just before leaving Round Court, Tom Payne issued a sort of clearance catalogue, comprising 10,000 volumes, 'which will be sold very cheap.' The Mews Gate was near St. Martin's Church, and probably close to the bottom of the new thoroughfare, Charing Cross Road. It was at this shop that all the book-collectors of the day most congregated, for it was to Tom Payne's that the majority of libraries were consigned—*e.g.*, those of Ralph Thoresby, Sir John Barnard, Francis Grose, Rev. S. Whisson, and many others whose names are now nothing but names, but who were at the time well-known collectors. Tom Payne's customers included all the bibliophiles of the period. 'Must I,' asks Mathias in the 'Pursuits of Literature'—

> 'Must I, as a wit with learned air,
> Like Doctor Dewlap, to Tom Payne's repair,
> Meet Cyril Jackson and mild Cracherode,
> 'Mid literary gods myself a god?
> There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
> In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
> And then, to edify their learned souls,
> Quote pleasant sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*.'

Mathias describes Tom Payne as 'that Trypho emeritus,' and as 'one of the honestest men living, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations.' Beloe, in his 'Sexagenarian,' states that at Tom Payne's and at Peter Elmsley's, in the Strand, 'a wandering scholar in search of pabulum might be almost certain of meeting Cracherode, George Steevens, Malone, Wyndham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, Thomas Grenville, Wakefield, Dean Dampier, King

had a shop at the sign of 'St. John the Evangelist,' in St. Martin's parish, near Charing Cross, and a shop with the same sign in Fleet Street, near the Conduit. It must be remembered that at this period Holborn and Charing Cross were quite suburban villages, the former noteworthy as the thoroughfare from Newgate to Tyburn, and the latter as a sort of half-way place of stoppage between the City and Westminster.

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of Mansfield Street, Towneley, Colonel Stanley,' and others. Savage professed to have picked up his 'Author to Let' at 'the Mews Gate on my way from Charing Cross to Hedge Lane.' Tom Payne (who was a native of Brackley) came into possession of his famous shop at the Mews' Gate through his marriage with Elizabeth Taylor, whose brother built and for some time occupied it. About 1776 Tom Payne ('Bookseller Extraordinary to the Prince Regent, and Bookseller to the University of Oxford') took his son into partnership, to whom fourteen years later he relinquished the business, and died in February, 1799, in his eighty-second year. Thomas Payne the younger (to whom Dibdin dedicated his 'Library Companion,' 1825) remained here until 1806, when he removed to Pall Mall; in 1813 he took Henry Foss, who had been his apprentice, into partnership. The former died in 1831, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Payne, and Henry Foss, who retired from the trade in 1850, when their stock came under the hammer at Sotheby's. In the preface to his 'Library Companion,' 1825, Dibdin speaks very highly of the catalogue of Payne and Foss: 'Since the commencement of this work, Messrs. Payne and Foss have published a catalogue of 10,051 articles. I have smiled, in common

Honest Tom Payne.

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with many friends, to observe rare and curious volumes selling for large sums at auctions, when sometimes *better* copies of them may be obtained in that incomparable repository in Pall Mall at two-thirds of the price. Whoever wants a *classical fitting out* must betake themselves to this repository.'

The bibliopolic history of the Mews Gate did not terminate with the younger Tom Payne. When he removed to a more aristocratic quarter, the shop passed into the occupation of William Sancho, the negro bookseller, whose father, Ignatius, was born in 1729 on board a ship in the slave trade soon after it had quitted the coast of Guinea. William Sancho died before 1817, and was succeeded at the Mews Gate by James Bain, who afterwards removed to No. 1, Haymarket, where the business is still carried on, 'in accordance with the best bookselling traditions, by his younger son, the second James Bain having died early in 1894.' The Mews was taken down in 1830, and was used in its latter days to shelter Cross's Menagerie from Exeter 'Change.

One of the oldest firms of Strand booksellers was that started in 1686 by Paul Vaillant, who, at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, escaped to England. His shop was opposite Southampton Street, and his chief dealings were in foreign books. He was succeeded by his sons Paul and Isaac, and then by his grandson, Paul III., the son of Paul II. The second Paul purchased a quantity of books at Freebairn's sale for the Earl of Sunderland, and his joy at securing the copy of Virgil's 'Opera,' printed 'per Zarothum,' 1472, is duly chronicled by Nichols; he was one of the booksellers employed by the Society for the Encouragement of Learning. He died in 1802, aged eighty-seven, and as both of his two sons had elected to follow other occupations, the business passed into the hands of Peter Elmsley, the great friend and companion of Gibbon, whose 'Decline and Fall,' however, he did not see his way to publish; he was a great linguist, and possessed 'an amount of general knowledge that fitted him for conversation and correspondence upon a familiar and equal footing with the most illustrious and accomplished of his day.' At the end of the

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last century he resigned the business to his shopman, David Bremner, 'whose anxiety for acquiring wealth rendered him wholly careless of indulging himself in the ordinary comforts of life, and hurried him prematurely to the grave.' He was succeeded by James Payne (the youngest son of the famous Tom) and J. Mackinlay, both of whom also came to premature ends, the former through being long confined as a prisoner in France.

Among the most famous of the Strand booksellers of the earlier part of the present century were Rivington and Cochran, of No. 148 (near Somerset House), and Thomas Thorpe, of 38, Bedford Street. With these two firms it really seemed a question as to which could issue the most bulky catalogues. The earliest example which we have seen of the former is dated 1825; it extends to over 800 pages, and comprises nearly 18,000 items in various languages and in every department of literature. Thomas Thorpe was undoubtedly the giant bibliopole of the period. If anything striking or original occurred in the bookselling world, it was generally Thorpe who did it. Dibdin describes him as 'indeed a man of might.' His catalogues, continues the same writer, 'are of never-ceasing production, thronged with the treasures which he has gallantly borne off, at the point of his lance, in many a hard day's fight, in the Pall Mall and Waterloo Place arenas. But these conquests are no sooner obtained than the public receives an account of them, and during the last year only his catalogues, in three parts, now before me, comprise no fewer than 179,059 articles. What a scale of buying and selling does this fact alone evince! But in this present year two parts have already appeared, containing upwards of 12,000 articles. Nor is this all. On September 24, 1823, there appeared the most marvellous phenomenon ever witnessed in the annals of bibliopolism.* The *Times* had four of the five

* Not quite so unprecedented as Mr. Dibdin thought. The *Grub Street Journal* of February 3, 1731, contained an entire page devoted to the books advertisement of Tom Osborne, a much more remarkable feat, all things considered, than Thorpe's.

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columns of its last page occupied by an advertisement of Mr. Thorpe, containing the third part of his catalogue for that year. On a moderate computation, this advertisement comprised 1,120 lines. The effect was most extraordinary. Many wondered, and some remonstrated; but Mr. Thorpe was master of his own mint, and he never mentions the circumstance but with perfect confidence, and even gaiety of heart, at its success.' Thorpe issued catalogues from 1829 to 1851, and during one year alone, 1843, his lists comprised over 16,000 lots. In 1836 he removed from Bedford Street to 178, Piccadilly. Thorpe was the first *merchant* in autographs, and Sir Thomas Phillipps was one of the first *collectors* who flourished in the iniquity of the pursuit, and it was the latter who on one occasion purchased the entire contents of one of Thorpe's autograph catalogues.

Another distinguished bibliopole of this locality, or, more correctly, of Great Newport Street, was Thomas Rodd, who died in April, 1849, in his fifty-third year. The business was really started by his father and namesake, who was a man of considerable literary ability, and who abandoned his intention of entering the Church when he became possessed of a secret for making imitation diamonds, rubies, garnets, etc. In 1809 he added bookselling to that of manufacturing sham stones. After getting into trouble with the Excise on account of the latter accomplishment, he devoted himself entirely to the book-trade. The elder Rodd died in 1822, and his son, the more famous bibliopole, succeeded to the business, which he developed in an extraordinary manner within a few years. His memory and knowledge of books were almost limitless, and, like Thomas Thorpe, most of his schemes were on a scale to create a sensation. Rodd's catalogues are of great bibliographical value. In spite of his extensive connections, his stock at the time of his death was enormous. It was sold, in ten different instalments, at Sotheby's, between November, 1849, and November, 1850.

Henry G. Bohn may be regarded as the connecting link between the old and the new school of booksellers. He was born in London on January 4, 1796, and died in August,

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1884. His father was a bookbinder of Frith Street, Soho, but when he removed to Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, he added (in 1814) a business in second-hand books. Between this year and 1830, H. G. Bohn paid repeated visits to the Continent as his father's buyer. In 1831 he married a daughter of Mr. Simpkin, of Simpkin, Marshall and Co. He started

Henry G. Bohn, Bookseller.

in business for himself, and rapidly built up an extensive trade, far exceeding any of his rivals. At about the same time his brother James also started on his own account, at 12, King William Street, Charing Cross, whilst the third brother, John Hutter Bohn, who has been for nearly forty years the cataloguer at Sotheby's and is still living, attended to the

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original business. Bohn's famous 'Guinea Catalogue' was deservedly regarded as a great triumph in its way, although it has been far surpassed by the splendid catalogues of his whilom apprentice, B. Quaritch. Bohn's fame now rests almost exclusively in his publishing ventures, which proved a veritable gold-mine to the originator, and are still highly lucrative investments in the hands of Messrs. George Bell and Sons. He 'edited' an edition of Lowndes' 'Bibliographer's Manual,' and his name occurs on the title-pages of a great many books dealing with an extensive variety of subjects. It is scarcely necessary to say that Bohn has very little claim to be regarded either as an editor or as an author, unless the cash purchase of the product of other men's brain and study conferred either of these titles upon him. He was, however, a remarkable person, with a very wide knowledge of books. While quite a young man he catalogued the books of Dr. Parr. The growing extent of his publishing business killed the second-hand trade, so far as he was concerned, and his stock was disposed of at Sotheby's in the years 1868, 1870, and 1872, occupying fifty days in selling, and realizing a total of over £13,300. Both Henry G. Bohn and his brother James dealt largely in remainders, and of this class of merchandise each issued catalogues early in the year 1840 (and at other times), and the difference in the extent of the trade done by the two brothers may be indicated by the fact that the catalogue of the former extends to 132 pages, whilst that of the latter is only 16 pages. In this, as in everything else which he undertook, H. G. Bohn was first and his rivals nowhere. One of Bohn's rivals in the 'forties' was Joseph Lilly, who once undertook to purchase everything important in the book line which was offered, but he soon

John H. Bohn.

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gave up the idea. His shop was for some time at 19, King Street, Covent Garden, and his catalogues always contained a large number of select books. He had served a short time at Lackington's, and was distinguished for the zeal with which he purchased First Folio Shakespeares. Lilly died in 1870, and his vast stock came under the hammer at Sotheby's in six batches, 1871-73.

King William Street, Strand, until the last three or four years, had been for nearly a century a famous emporium of second-hand bookshops. Its most famous inhabitant in this respect was Charles John Stewart (whom Henry Stevens, of Vermont, described as the last of the learned old booksellers), who was born in Scotland at the beginning of the present century, and died on September 17, 1883. He was one of Lackington's pupils, and started as a second-hand bookseller with Howell, subsequently carrying on the business alone. His chief commodity was theological books, and when his stock—perhaps the largest of its kind known—came to be sold, it realized close on £5,000. Joel Rowsell was another famous bibliopole who resided in this street, and he, like Stewart, retired in 1882. G. Bumstead (whose speciality was curious or eccentric books; he was distinctly an 'old' bookseller, for he rarely bought anything printed after 1800), Molini and Green, J. M. Stark, and J. W. Jarvis and Sons, were also, at one time or another, in this bookselling thoroughfare, which is now entirely deserted by the fraternity. Doubtless one of the most successful of modern bibliopoles who lived in the vicinity of the Strand is Mr. F. S. Ellis, who was an apprentice of James Toovey, and who

Mr. F. S. Ellis.

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in a comparatively few years built up a business second only to that of Quaritch. Mr. Ellis (who purchased the valuable freewill of T. and W. Boone's connection) compiled the greater portion of the catalogue of the celebrated Huth Library, and since he has retired to Torquay has taken up book-editing with all the zeal which characterized his earlier career as a bookseller. Mr. Ellis's shop was at 33, King Street, Covent Garden, and afterwards at 29, New Bond Street, and the prestige of his name is worthily maintained by his nephew, Mr. G. I. Ellis (with whom is Mr. Elvey), at the latter address. The whole neighbourhood of which Covent Garden may be taken as the centre, is full of a bibliopolic history, which dates back to the beginning of the last century. The time when Aldines were to be picked up at 1s. 6d. each, and when Shakespeare Folios were to be had for 30s. each round about the Piazza, has, it is true, long gone by; but a very large library, in almost any branch of literature, may be easily formed, at a very moderate cost, any day within a stone's-throw of London's great vegetable market. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that George Willis, the editor-publisher of *Willis's Current Notes*, was for many years at the Great Piazza, Covent Garden. The firm subsequently became known as Willis and Sotheran, and is now Sotheran and Co.: this highly respectable house was established in Tower Street, E.C., as far back as 1816.

A Corner at Ellis and Elvey's.

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WESTMINSTER HALL.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole world, a more interesting bookselling locality than Westminster Hall. This place is redolent with historical associations, with parliaments, coronations, revelries, and impeachments. Stalls for books, as well as other small merchandise, were permitted in the hall of the palace of Westminster early in the sixteenth century. The poor scholars of Westminster also were employed in hawking books between school-hours. In the

Westminster Hall when occupied by Booksellers and others.
From a Print by Gravelot.

procession of sanctuary men who accompanied the Abbot of Westminster and his convent, December 6, 1556, was 'a boy that killed a big boy that sold papers and printed books, with hurling of a stone, and hit him under the ear in Westminster Hall.' In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, there is, under date 1498-1500, an entry: 'Item, Received for another legende solde in Westmynster halle, vs. viij*d.*,' the 'legende' being

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one of the thirteen copies of 'The Golden Legend' bequeathed by Caxton to the 'behove' of the parish of St. Margaret's. Towards the end of the sixteenth century Tom Nash wrote: 'Looke to it, you booksellers and stationers, and let not your shop be infested with any such goose gyblets, or stinking garbadge as the jygs of newsmongers; and especially such of you as frequent Westminster Hall, let them be circumspect what dunghill papers they bring thether: for one bad pamphlet is inough to raise a dampe that may poyson a whole towne,' etc. At first the shops or stalls were ranged along the blank wall on the southern side of the hall. Subsequently they occupied not only the whole of the side, but such portion of the other as was not occupied by the Court of Common Pleas, which then sat within the hall itself, as did the Chancery and King's Bench at its farther end. Gravelot's print of the hall during term-time shows this arrangement. The stationers and other tradespeople in the hall were a privileged class, inasmuch as they were exempt from the pains and penalties relative to the license and regulation of the press. Here as elsewhere there were plenty of inferior books obtainable; Pepys, writing October 26, 1660, and referring to some purchases made in the hall, remarks: 'Among other books, one of the life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife, but it was so sillily writ that we did nothing but laugh over it.' The stalls were distinguished by signs. One of the early issues of 'Paradise Lost,' 1668, contains the name, among others, of Henry Mortlock, of the White Hart, Westminster Hall, but whose shop was at the Phœnix, St. Paul's Churchyard; Raleigh's 'Remains,' 1675, was printed for Mortlock. The majority of the hall booksellers had regular shops in St. Paul's Churchyard or elsewhere, for it is scarcely likely that they would open these stalls during vacation. Matthew Gilliflower, of the Spread Eagle and Crown, was one of the most enterprising of his class during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. James Collins, of the King's Head, was here contemporaneously with Gilliflower. C. King and Stagg were also extensive partners in 'adventures' in new books, and

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were among the 'unprejudiced booksellers' who acted as agents for the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the first year of its existence. At about the same time also, B. Toovey and J. Renn, were selling books here. Early in the reign of George III. the traders were ousted from Westminster Hall; and in 1834 the dirty and mutilated vast parallelogram was thoroughly cleaned and repaired. Westminster Hall as a bookselling centre bears the same affinity to the trade proper as the sweetmeat stalls at a fair bear to confectionery. The books exposed for sale would only by a rare chance be choice or notable, and it was certainly not a likely place for folios or quartos.

BOND STREET AND PICCADILLY.

At the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, several booksellers had established themselves in Bond Street and Pall Mall. One of the best known is John Parker, 'an honest, good-natured man,' with whom was apprenticed, in 1713, Henry Baker, the antiquary, a friend of John Nichols. Parker's shop was in Pall Mall. At No. 29, New Bond Street, in 1730, we find J. Brindley, a reputable bookseller of his time, and who was one of a society formed in 1736 'for the encouragement of learning,' which had a chequered and an undignified career. His shop was at the sign of the Feathers, and in 1747 he describes himself as 'Bookseller to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.' The only example of his catalogue which we have seen is dated 1747, and it includes 4,289 lots, among which were long selections of books at 1s. each, or 10s. per dozen, and of others at 6d. each or 5s. per dozen. Brindley was succeeded in 1759 by his apprentice, a much more celebrated bibliopole, James Robson, who built up a very extensive connection and died in 1806. In company with James Edwards and Peter Molini (the Exotic Bookseller of Beloe), Robson, in 1788, undertook a journey to Venice for the purpose of examining the famous Pinelli Library, which was purchased for about £7,000; it was safely transferred to London and sold by auction in Conduit Street, the total result being £9,356. A

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large number of more or less famous collections of books passed through Robson's hands, notably those of Sir John Evelyn; Edward Spelman, the translator of Xenophon; the Duke of Newcastle (1770); W. Mackworth Praed (1772); Joseph Smith, Consul at Venice; Dr. Samuel Musgrave; J. Murray, Ambassador at Constantinople. Messrs. Robson and Clark were succeeded early in this century by Nornaville and Fell, who in 1830 made way for T. and W. Boone, who were, as we have said, succeeded by Mr. F. S. Ellis; it is interesting to note that this house had been in the occupation of booksellers for over a century and a half.

The bookselling fraternity had, however, obtained no definite footing until shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century, when James Almon began to acquire notoriety, his political fearlessness more than once bringing him at loggerheads with the authorities. When he first came to London, he worked as a printer at Watts', in Wild's Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he had the frame which had been occupied by Benjamin Franklin. His shop was opposite Burlington House, and for many years this was the meeting-place of the leading Whig politicians. He died in 1805, and was succeeded by J. Debrett, a name still associated with publishing.

During the last few years of the last century, and probably in consequence of the greatly improved condition of the place, Piccadilly and neighbourhood became favourite spots with booksellers, the more notable being James Ridgway, whose 'repository of loyalty' was in York Street, St. James's Square, who died in 1838, aged eighty-three years; T. Hookham, Old Bond Street; and Stockdale, whose name will be for ever associated with that of Erskine in connection with the liberty of the press. Stockdale's shop, No. 178, Piccadilly, was for a long time in the possession of Thomas Thorpe; the place has since been rebuilt. R. Faulder, of New Bond Street, also deserves mention as being one of forty booksellers against whom actions were brought for selling the 'Baviad and Mæviad.' He is the Cunning Bookseller of Beloe, and appears to have been one

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of the most assiduous frequenters of 'forced' sales of household furniture, etc., where he often happened on books of rarity and value. He 'accumulated a very large property and retired,' but the *auri sacra fames* pursued him to the end. William Clarke, of New Bond Street, best remembered as the compiler of that very valuable work, 'Repertorium Bibliographicum,' 1819, was established as a bookseller in 1793. During the second half of the last century Samuel Parker and Walter Shropshire were selling second-hand books in New Bond Street. Thomas Beet, who retired from business ten years ago, was a well-known bookseller of Bond Street and Conduit Street, and was a considerable purchaser at the leading auction sales. He frequently had the honour of submitting various special old books for the inspection of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, whilst his shop in Conduit Street was a very popular resort of bookish men.

Robert Dodsley, of Tully's Head, is one of the most famous of the Pall Mall booksellers. His shop was next to the passage leading into King Street, and now known as Pall Mall Place. He is perhaps better remembered as an author and compiler than as a bookseller, and best of all as a friend of Dr. Johnson, Pope, Spence, and other literary celebrities; he it was who first urged Johnson to start the famous 'Dictionary.' Dodsley died in 1764, and his business was taken over by his brother James, who survived the founder thirty-three years. The celebrated firm of G. and W. Nicol, booksellers to his Majesty, for many years carried on in Pall Mall in Dodsley's shop, originated with David Wilson and his nephew George Nicol, who started in the Strand about 1773, and who sold, *inter alia*, the library of Dr. Henry Sacheverell. George Nicol married the niece of the first Alderman Boydell, and was one of the executors of James Dodsley, who left him a legacy of £1,000. He is described as 'a most agreeable companion,' as a member of many of the literary clubs of his day, and enjoyed the friendly confidence of the Duke of Roxburghe, Duke of Grafton, and other eminent book-lovers. He died in Pall

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Mall, 1829, aged eighty-eight years. Nicol's stock was sold by auction at Evans's in 1825.

The most ancient book-business in Piccadilly is that of Hatchard's, which dates back to 1797. It was started by John Hatchard, who had been an assistant at Tom Payne's. Hatchard was patronized by Queen Charlotte, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canning, and Dr. Keate. Hatchard is the Godly Bookseller of Beloe; he was a Conservative, dressed like a bishop, and published for Hannah More and the Evangelicals. Zachary Macaulay, Wilberforce, and the other opponents of slavery, once involved Hatchard in a libel action, in which he was found guilty. Hatchard published for Crabbe and for Tupper, and, according to Mr. Humphreys' interesting 'Piccadilly Bookmen,' Liston, Charles Kemble, and other actors, frequented the shop. So did the Duke of Wellington, who, 'when the library of the Duke's brother was sold at Evans's Auction Rooms in Pall Mall, where now stands the Carlton Club . . . sent several open commissions for books which he wished secured. Among these was a shilling pamphlet by A. G. Stapleton, with the late owner's notes in pencil. This was put up at 2s. 6d., and ultimately knocked down for £93 to Hatchard, the underbidder being Sir A. Alison. The Duke, though very much astonished at the price such a mere fragment had fetched, yet admired the obedience to his orders.' The Horticultural Society took its rise in a meeting at Hatchard's, and he

John Hatchard (1768-1849).

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also seems to have lent his premises to the 'Outinian Society,' a species of matrimonial agency, which did not last long; but the wonder is how so respectable and cautious a personage ever harboured it. Among his assistants were Fraser, afterwards noted for his magazine, and Tilt.

The two great second-hand booksellers of the Piccadilly of the latter half of the present century are James Toovey and Bernard Quaritch. Toovey's shop at 177, Piccadilly (once occupied by William Pickering, the famous publisher), was for about forty years a favourite haunt of booksellers, for Toovey was a bibliophile as well as a bibliopole. His whole life was spent among books. He was apprenticed at fourteen to a bookseller, and for some time had a shop of his own in St. James's Street. He published Newman's 'Lives of the English Saints,' and other works by the leaders of the Tractarian movement, in addition to a very fine reprint of the 'Aberdeen Breviary,' of the original of which only four imperfect copies exist. An obituary notice describes him as 'very particularly the great authority on bindings. He made a strong speciality in old French red morocco bindings, and during his frequent visits to France brought back large buyings of them. Toovey bought notable books, but unless they had the second qualification of being in a good state, and the bindings valuable, he was less anxious about them. Given a notable book in a notable binding, he would buy it at almost any cost. When the present Mr. James Toovey—James Toovey *fils*—came into the business, he made a feature of those quaint sport and pastime books which every stroller along the south side of Piccadilly has been wont to stay and look at in Toovey's window. Ten years before his death the old man retired from the business in favour of his son, but

James Toovey, Bookseller.

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his devotion to rare books and rare bindings was his ruling passion to the last. Toovey's, during its career, has known all the prominent book-hunters and a legion of eminent people who have been more than book-collectors. In the leisured times, Toovey's, like Hatchard's further along the street, was something of a resort for literary folk generally, and many people we who are younger are familiar with have been accustomed to find their way across Toovey's doorstep. Mr. Gladstone has visited the shop, and so has Cardinal

James Toovey's Shop, Piccadilly.

Manning, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and Henry Huth often.' Having acquired a considerable fortune in business, he was able to indulge in the luxury, rare amongst booksellers, of collecting a private library for his own entertainment. He retired from active business several years ago, and passed his remaining days in the ever-delightful society of his bibliographical treasures. He died in September, 1893, in his eightieth year, and his stock of books came under the hammer at Sotheby's in March, 1894, when 3,200 lots realized just over £7,090. His very choice private

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library is still in the possession of his son, and among its chief cornerstones is the finest First Folio Shakespeare known. Toovey, like the elder Boone, secured many excessively rare books during his personal visits to the Continent. Pickering's son, Basil Montagu Pickering, remained with Toovey for a few years after his father retired, but eventually opened a shop on his own account at 196, Piccadilly, next to St. James's Church, and possessed at one time and another many exceedingly rare books. The name is still continued under the title of Pickering and Chatto, of 66, Haymarket, who continue to use the Aldine device employed both by William Pickering and his son. There is no Pickering in the present firm.

Of all second-hand booksellers, living or dead, Bernard Quaritch is generally conceded to be the king. Mr. Quaritch was born in 1819 at Worbis, Prussia, and after serving an apprenticeship to a bookseller came over to England in 1842, and obtained employment at H. G. Bohn's, with whom he remained (exclusive of two years in Paris) until 1847. He left Bohn's in April of that year, with the observation: 'Mr. Bohn, you are the first bookseller in England, but I mean to be the first bookseller in Europe.' Quaritch started with only his savings as capital, and his first catalogue was nothing more than a broadside, with the titles of about 400 books, the average price of which ranged from 1s. 6d. to 2s. His first big move was made in 1858, when the Bishop of Cashel's library was sold, when he purchased a copy of the Mazarin Bible for £595. In the same year appeared his first large catalogue of books, which comprised nearly 5,000 articles; two years later his catalogue had increased from 182 to 408 pages, and included close on 7,000 articles; in 1868 his complete catalogue consisted of 1,080 pages, and 15,000 articles; in 1880 it had extended to 2,395 pages, describing 28,000 books; but seven years later his General Catalogue consisted of 4,500 pages, containing 40,000 articles. As a purchaser, Mr. Quaritch puts the whilom considered gigantic purchases of Thomas Thorpe entirely into the shade. In July, 1873, he purchased the

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non-scientific part of the Royal Society's Norfolk Library; a few weeks later at the Perkins sale he bought books and manuscripts to the extent of £11,000; at the sale of Sir W. Tite's books in 1874 the Quaritch purchases amounted to £9,500; at the two Didot sales in 1878 and 1879 his purchases exceeded £11,000 in value; at the Beckford sale

Bernard Quaritch, the Napoleon of Booksellers.

in 1882 a little more than half of the total (£86,000) was secured by Mr. Quaritch; at the Sunderland sale, 1881-83, Mr. Quaritch's bill came to over £33,000; at all the other great sales of the past twenty years the largest buyer has invariably been 'B. Q.' In an announcement 'To Book Lovers in all Parts of the World,' the Napoleon of bibliophiles makes the following statement: 'I am desirous of

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becoming recognised as their London agent by all men outside of England who want books. The need of such an agent is frequently felt abroad by the heads of literary institutions, librarians, and book-lovers generally. They shrink from giving trouble to a bookseller in matters which require more attention and effort than the mere furnishing of some specific article in his stock, and they must often wish that it were possible to have the services of a man of ability and experience at their constant command. Such services I freely offer to anyone who chooses to employ them; no fee is required to obtain them, and not a fraction will be added to the cost of the supplies. The friendly confidence which is necessarily extended to one's agent at a distance will undoubtedly in time bring an ample return for my labours, but so far as the present is concerned, I ask for nothing but the pleasure of attending to the wants of those who are as yet without an agent in London. Whether the books to be procured through my intervention be rare or common, single items or groups, the gems of literature and art or the popular books of the day, I shall be happy to work in every way for book-lovers of every degree. Commissions of any kind may be entrusted to me; I will venture to guarantee satisfaction in every case, even in the delicate matter of getting books appropriately bound. It may likewise be well to state that my offer of agency extends to the selling of foreign books here, as well as to the supply of English books hence.' There is not much that is architecturally beautiful about Mr. Quaritch's shop at 15, Piccadilly, but its interest to the book-lover needs but little emphasis after what has been said. Like all great men, Bernard Quaritch has his little eccentricities, into which we need not now enter. We apologize to him for publishing the following extract, which is, however, not our own, but comes (of course) from an American source: 'Bernard Quaritch's antiquated hat is a favourite theme with London and other bookmen. A committee of the Grolier Club once made a marvellous collection of newspaper clippings about it, and a member of the Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains wrote a tragedy

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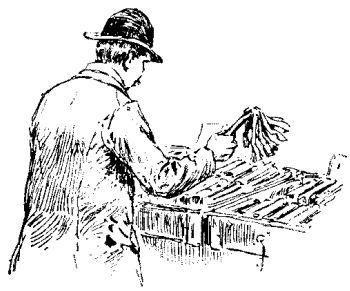
which was a parody of Æschylus. In this tragedy Power and Force and the god Hephaistos nail the hat on Mr. Quaritch's head, like the Titan on the summit of overhanging rocks. Divinities of the Strand and Piccadilly, in the guise of Oceanidæ, try to console the hat; but less fortunate than Prometheus, the hat knows it is for ever nailed, and not to be rescued by Herakles. However, *tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*, as Dumas said, for Mr. Quaritch has bought a new hat, and a journal of London announces that the epic hat is enshrined in glass in the bibliopole's drawing-room.'

One of the most modern of book-thoroughfares deserves a brief reference here. Charing Cross Road has for some years been a popular and successful resort of booksellers and book-hunters. It is within convenient reach of both the Strand and Holborn, and is only two or three minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus. The books offered for sale here are, for the most part, priced at exceedingly moderate rates. Mr. Bertram Dobell may be regarded as the chief of the trade here, possessing, as he does, two large shops well filled with books of all descriptions. Mr. Dobell's catalogues are very carefully compiled, and possess a literary flavour by no means common; his lists of privately-printed books form a most valuable contribution to the bibliography of the subject. Mr. John Lawler, for many years chief cataloguer at Puttick's, and more recently at Sotheby's, had a shop in Charing Cross Road, which he has just given up; and Mr. A. E. Cooper, who makes a speciality of first editions of modern authors and curious and out-of-the-way books, both French and English.



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WOMEN AS BOOK-COLLECTORS.

IT seems a curiously contradictory fact that, although Englishwomen are on the whole greater readers than men, they are, as book-collectors or bibliophiles, an almost unknown quantity. In France this is not the case, and several books have been published there on the subject of *les femmes bibliophiles*. An analysis of their book-possessions, however, leads one to the conclusion that with them their sumptuously-bound volumes partake more of the nature of bijouterie than anything else. Many of the earlier of these bibliophiles were unendowed with any keen appreciation for intellectual pursuits, and they collected pretty books just as they would collect pretty articles of feminine decoration. They therefore form a little community which can scarcely be included in the higher category of intellectual book-collectors. It would be much easier to assert that Englishwomen differ from Frenchwomen in this respect than it would be to back up the assertion with material proof. Indeed, after all that could possibly be said in favour of our own countrywomen as book-collectors, we

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fear that it would not amount to very much. It is certain that our history does not afford any name of the first importance, certainly none which can be classed with Anne of Austria (wife of Louis XIII.), the Duchesse de Berry, Catherine de Médicis, Christina of Sweden, Diane de Poitiers, the Comtesse Du Barry, Marie Antoinette, the Marquise de Pompadour, or of at least a dozen others whose names immediately suggest themselves. The only English name, in fact, worthy to be classed with the foregoing is that of Queen Elizabeth, who, in addition to her passion for beautiful books, may also be regarded as a genuine book-lover and reader.

There were, however, Englishwomen who collected books long before Elizabeth's time. In the year 1355, Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady of Clare—the foundress of Clare Hall, Cambridge—bequeathed to her foundation 'Deux bons antiphoners chexun ove un grayel (Gradule) en mesme le volum, 1 bone legende, 1 bone messale, bien note, 1 autre messale coverte de blank quir, 1 bone bible coverte de noir quir, 1 hugueion [? Hugh de Voræillis on the Decretals], 1 legende sanctorum, 1 poire de decretals, 1 livre des questions, et xxii quaires d'un livre appella, De causa Dei contra Pelagianos.'

About seventy years after Elizabeth de Burgh's bequest, we learn that in 1424 the Countess of Westmorland presented a petition to the Privy Council representing that the late King Henry had borrowed from her a book containing the Chronicles of Jerusalem and the Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne, and praying that an order might be issued under the Privy Seal for the restoration of the said book. With much formality the petition was granted. But we might go back several hundred years prior to either of these dates, for the Abbess Eadburga not only transcribed books herself and kept several scholars for a similar purpose, but fed the bibliomaniacal zeal of Boniface, the Saxon missionary, by presenting him with a number of books. Appropriately enough, he presented the Abbess on one occasion with a silver pen.

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Two historic illuminated manuscripts, formerly the property of distinguished women, were sold from the Fountaine Collection at Christie's, in July, 1894. The more interesting item was Henry VIII.'s own copy of the 'Psalmes or Prayers taken out of Holye Scripture,' printed on vellum, by Thomas Berthelet, 1544. This book is of great historic interest. Shortly before his death he gave it to his daughter, Princess Mary (afterwards Queen Mary), who subsequently presented it to Queen Catherine Parr, with the following inscription: 'Madame, I shall desyer yor grace most humbly to accepte thys ritde hande and unworthy whose harte and servyce unfaynedly you shall be seur of duryng my lyf contynually. Your most humble dowghter and servant, Marye.' On the back of the leaf containing the foregoing inscription is written: 'Mors est ingressus quidam immortalis future quæ tamen est maxime horribilis carni Catherina Regina K. P.' On a small piece of vellum inside the cover the King has written: 'Myne owne good daughter I pray you remember me most hartely wen you in your prayers do shew for grace, to be attayned assurydly to yor lovyng fader. Henry R.' This book contains quite a number of other inscriptions by Henry, Catherine, and others, and is, on the whole, of peculiarly striking interest. It was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for 610 guineas. A beautiful companion to the foregoing is a manuscript 'Horæ' of the fifteenth century, on very pure vellum, consisting of 176 leaves (8½ inches by 6 inches). This manuscript formerly belonged to Margaret, mother of King Henry VII., and has at the end this inscription, in her handwriting, addressed to Lady Shyrley, to whom she presented it:

'My good Lady Shyrley pray for
Me that gevythe you thys booke,
And hertely pray you (Margaret)
Modyr to the kynge.'

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, was the only daughter and heir of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and was not only distinguished for her piety and charity,

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but was a great patron of Caxton, whose successor, Wynkyn de Worde, styled himself 'Her printer.' This beautiful manuscript was probably written and illuminated by her command in the reign of her son, Henry VII. It realized £350.

For all practical purposes, Queen Elizabeth may be regarded as the first distinguished *femme bibliophile*. Of this truculent and strong-minded personage much has been written, and it is scarcely likely that there is much unpublished material respecting her library. It is not necessary nor desirable to enter exhaustively into even so fascinating a topic. A few generalizations will not, however, be unwelcome. The books which she possessed before she ascended the throne are excessively rare, and even those owned by her after that event are by no means common. Elizabeth herself embroidered several books with her own hands, the most beautiful example of her work being a copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, now at the Bodleian. The black silk binding is covered with devices embroidered by the Princess during her sequestration at Woodstock, representing the Judgment of Solomon and the Brazen Serpent, and these have been reproduced by Dibdin in 'Bibliomania.' From an inventory published in *Archæologia* we learn that, in the sixteenth year of her reign, the Queen possessed a book of the Evangelists, of which the covers were decorated with a crucifix and with

Queen Elizabeth's Golden Manual of Prayers.
Front Cover.

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her arms in silver, weighing, with the wood corners, 112 ounces. Among the books which the notorious Libri 'conveyed' were two which appear to have belonged to Elizabeth, first a volume containing Fenestella's 'De Magistratibus Sacerdotusque Romanorum' (1549), and another tract, which realized £5; and Jones's 'Arte and Science of Preserving Bodie and Soul in Healthe, Wisdome, and Catholicke Religion' (1579), beautifully bound 'à petit fers,' which realized close on £20.

Queen Elizabeth's Golden Manual of Prayers. Back Cover.

The British Museum contains several books, including one or two very beautiful ones, which were formerly the Queen's, and among these perhaps the most notable is an imperfect copy of Coverdale's New Testament (*circa* 1538). Upon the inside of the cover is the following manuscript note: 'This small book was once the prope ty of Q. Elizabeth, and actually presented by her to A. Poynts, who was her maid of Honor. In it are a few lines of the Queen's own hand writing and signing. Likewise a small drawing of King Edward the 6th when very young [of Windsor Castle] and one of the Knights in his robes.' The 'few lines' of the Queen's are as follows: 'Amonge good thinges | I prove and finde, the quiet | life dothe muche abounde | and sure to the contentid | mynde, ther is no riches | may be founde | your lovinge | mistress Elizabeth.' An interesting point is raised in the *Library* (ii. 65, 66), by Mr. W. G. Hardy, relative to the books of the

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Earl of Essex, which were believed to have become the property of Elizabeth after the unfortunate favourite's execution in 1601. The finest as well as the best known of the Queen's embroidered books, now in the British Museum, is Archbishop Parker's 'De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ,' 1572, presented by the author to Elizabeth, for whom also he had it specially bound. It is covered in green velvet. We give facsimilies of the two sides of the cover of the manual of prayers which the Queen is said to have carried about with her, attached by a gold chain to her girdle. It is bound in gold and enamelled, said to be the workmanship of George Heriot. The prayers were printed by A. Barker, 1574. The front side of the cover contains a representation

of the raising of the serpent in the wilderness; whilst on the back is represented the judgment of Solomon. This book was for many years in the Duke of Sussex's collection; it was sold with the rest of the collection of the late George Field, at Christie's, June 13, 1893, for 1,220 guineas, to Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.

The Marquis of Salisbury's library at Hatfield contains a number of books which belonged to two distinguished ladies of the Elizabethan period. Lady M. Burghley's many book-treasures included a number of learned works which we do not usually associate with the women of the time. There were, for instance, Basil, 'Orationes,' 1556; Bodin, 'La République,' 1580; Erasmus, 'De Copia Verborum,' 1573;

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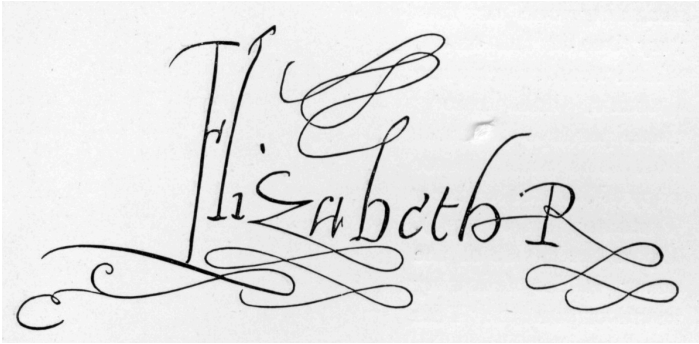

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Fernelius, 'Medecina,' 1554; Hemming, 'Commentarius in Ephesios,' 1574; Haddon, 'Contra Osorium,' 1557; Jasparus, 'Encomium,' 1546; Valerius, 'Tabulæ Dialectices,' 1573; Velcurio, 'Commentarius in Aristotelis,' 1573; Whitgift's 'Answer to Cartwright,' 1574, and several others. A few of the books which were once possessed by Anne Cecil (sister of Sir Robert Cecil), Countess of Oxford, are also at Hatfield, notably a 'Grammaire Française,' 1559, and an edition of Cicero 'Epîtres Familières.'

During the eighteenth century, the taste for books was by no means uncommon among women, although only a bold man would declare that that period produced a genuine *femme bibliophile*. The idea of a lady's library was first suggested by Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 37. In No. 79 Steele takes up the thread of the subject, to which Addison returns in No. 92, and Steele again in No. 140. These papers created a want which Richard Steele, with a doubly benevolent object, essayed to fill. 'The Ladies' Library,' ostensibly 'written by a lady,' and 'published by Mr. Steele,' was issued by Jacob Tonson in 1714. It was in three volumes, each of which had a separate dedication; the first is addressed to the Countess of Burlington, the second to Mrs. Bovey, a learned and very beautiful widow, by some supposed to be identical with Sir Roger de Coverley's obdurate *veuve*, whilst the third, in a strain of loyal and affectionate eulogy, is to Steele's own wife, who may be supposed to be depicted in Du Guernier's frontispiece in the first volume. The 'Ladies' Library' and the *Spectator* papers assist us somewhat in forming an opinion as to the most popular books among the ladies of the earlier part of the last century. The library of the lady whom Addison visited is described as arranged in a very beautiful order. 'At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china, placed one above the other, in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea dishes of all shapes, colours and sizes. . . . That part of the library

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designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scara-

The Frontispiece to 'The Ladies' Library' of Steele.
Engraved by L. Du Guernier.

mouches, lions, monkeys, and a thousand odd figures in chinaware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box fashioned in the shape of a little book.'

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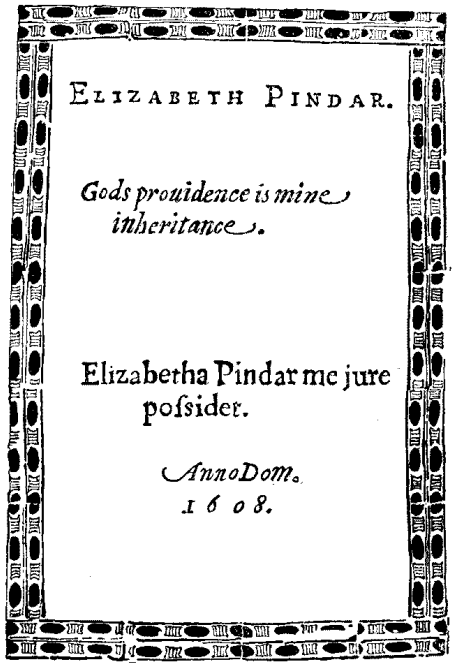
On the upper shelves Addison noticed the presence of a number of other counterfeit volumes, all the classic authors, and a set of the Elzevir first editions in wood, only the titles meant to be read. Among the books Addison mentions are Virgil, Juvenal, Sir Isaac Newton's works, Locke on 'Human Understanding,' a spelling-book, a dictionary for the explanation of hard words, Sherlock on 'Death,' 'The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony,' Father Malebranche's 'Search after Truth,' 'A Book of Novels' [? Mrs. Behn's], 'The Academy of Compliments,' 'Clelia,' 'Advice to a Daughter,' 'The New Atalantis' (with key), a Prayer-book (with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it), Dr. Sacheverel's speech, Fielding's Trial, Seneca's 'Morals,' Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and La Ferte's 'Instruction for Country Dances,' etc.


ELIZABETH PINDAR.

Gods prouidence is mine inheritance.

Elizabetha Pindar me jure posſider.

Anno Dom.
1608.

The list is a quaint bit of Addisonian satire, almost worthy to rank by the side of Sir Roger de Coverley. Addison had no very elevated opinion of the intellectual gifts of his women contemporaries, as the juxtaposition of the Prayer-book with the bottle of Hungary waters (a popular stimulating perfume of the day) shows. The books above named were at that time to be found in

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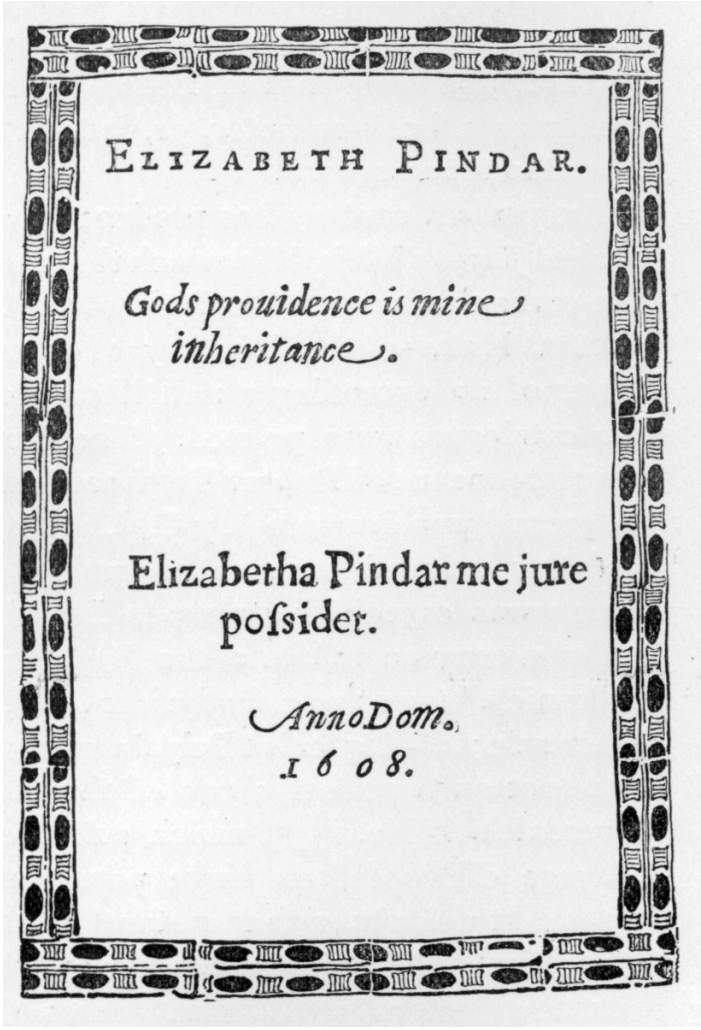
ELIZABETH PINDAR.
Gods prouidence is mine inheritance.
Elizabetha Pindar me jure poſsider.
AnnoDom.
1608.

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nearly every gentleman's library, and that they should be found in the possession of women is not surprising. Addison's 'intellectual lady' and her library are a fiction, but a charming fiction withal. In spite of the literary glories of her reign, 'Glorious Anna' can scarcely be regarded as a book-collector. Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., was an enthusiastic bibliophile. Her library was preserved until recently in a building adjoining the Green Park, called the Queen's Library, and subsequently the Duke of York's. An interior view of the building is given in Pyne's 'Royal Residences.' We give on page 267 a reproduction of one of the earliest English bookplates engraved for a lady. It was discovered a few years ago in a volume of title-pages collected by John Bagford, and now in the British Museum. Of Elizabeth Pindar as a book-collector, or, indeed, as anything else, we are without any record.

The present century has produced two of the most distinguished *femmes bibliophiles* which this country has ever known. The earlier collector, Miss Richardson Currer (1785-1861), of Eshton Hall, in the Deanery of Craven, York, was the owner of an exceedingly rich library of books. Of these, two catalogues were printed. The first, in 1820, under the superintendence of Robert Triphook, extended to 308 pages; the second was drawn up by C. J. Stewart in 1833. That of the latter included four steel engravings of her library. This library was especially strong in British history, and it included a copy on vellum of the St. Albans reprint of Caxton's 'Chronicle' (wanting only the last leaf), which realized £365 at her sale; of Higden's 'Polychronicon,' printed by Caxton, 1482 (not quite perfect); one of the most perfect copies of Coverdale's Bible, 1535, which sold for £250; of Norden's 'Voyage d'Egypte,' on large paper, and many other fine books. It was also rich in natural science, topography, and antiquities. Dibdin describes her as 'at the head of all the female collectors of Europe.' Miss Currer, who suffered from deafness, was an intimate friend of Richard Heber, and it was rumoured at one time that this distinguished bibliomaniac was engaged to be married to Miss Currer, but the

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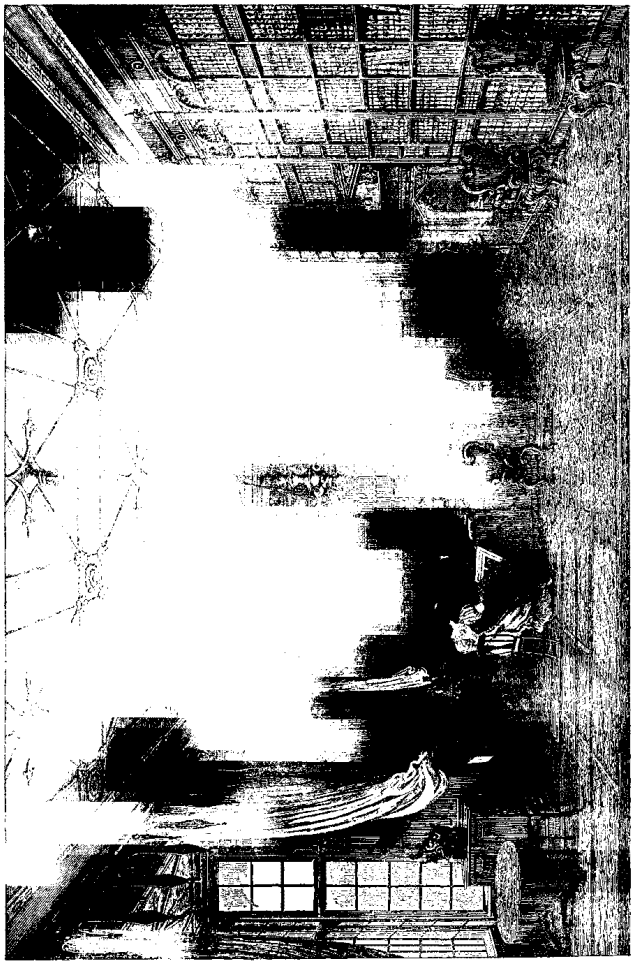
event did not transpire. Miss Currer's books were sold at Sotheby's in July and August, 1862, and realized nearly



The Eshton Hall Library.

£6,000, the 2,681 lots occupying ten days in selling. Miss Currer was great-niece of Dr. Richardson, whose correspon-

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dence was edited by Dawson Turner in 1835. Two of the views of Miss Currer's fine library in Stewart's catalogue are reproduced by Dibdin in his 'Literary Reminiscences.'

Before passing on to the second famous lady book-collector —Mrs. John Rylands—a few more or less important names may be mentioned in connection with the subject. In August, 1835, Evans sold the 'valuable' library of the late Dowager Lady Elcho, but as her books were mixed with other properties, it is not now possible to distinguish one from the other. Lady Mark Sykes' musical library was sold at Puttick's in March, 1847, and eleven months later Sotheby sold some valuable books and books of prints, the property of a Miss Hamlet. H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, and daughter of George III., was a confirmed book-collector, and her library, divided into 1,606 lots, came under the hammer at Sotheby's in April, 1863. It occupied four days in disposal, and realized £915 12s. 6d. The books, which were chiefly in elegant bindings, were for the most part illustrated works, illuminated manuscripts, and books dealing with a very wide variety of topics; whilst many of them had an extraneous value from the fact that they contained signatures and interesting notes of the Princess and other members of the Royal Family. The libraries of the late Lady Francis Vernon Harcourt (August, 1873); of the late Mrs. Ellis, of Bernard Street, Russell Square (November, 1871); and of the late Miss Beckles (December, 1868), have been dispersed at Sotheby's. Lady Morgan's library, comprising the principal works in French, English, and Italian literature, and many scarce and curious books relating to Irish history—many of the books had the owner's autograph—was sold at the same place in April, 1863, but the 396 lots only realized £70. The library of another literary woman, Miss Agnes Strickland, the historian of the Queens of England, was dispersed at the same place in May, 1876, when a few hundred books realized £60. Some very choice books (many of them enriched with the notes of H. T. Buckle) were included in the portion of the library of the late Mrs. Benzon, of 10, Kensington Palace

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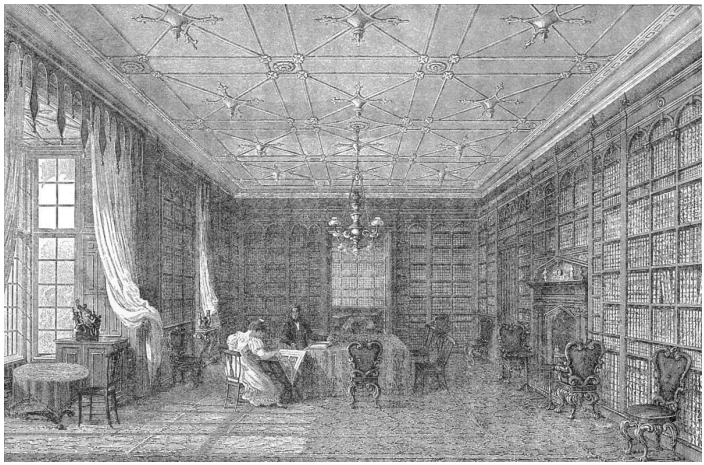

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Gardens, sold at Sotheby's on June 14, 1880, when 379 lots realized over £775. Some books from Mrs. Jameson's library were sold at Puttick's in October, 1882, the more important items being annotated or extra-illustrated copies of her own books. The collection formed by Miss Drummond, of Berkeley Square, Bristol, and sold at Sotheby's in May, 1862 (1,339 lots realizing £1,316 6s.), was a remarkably choice library, the whole in elegant bindings, presenting a great variety of patterns, tooled in gold, with appropriate devices and other decorations. There were splendid 'Galleries,' and books of 'picturesque sceneries,' magnificent volumes on natural history, some beautiful Persian manuscripts, and the best works in standard literature. Mrs. Brassey, of Lower Seymour Street, had some good books, which were sold by Bates on December 23, 1814, and included 'The Golden Legend,' by Caxton, which realized 93 guineas.

Mrs. John Rylands is the widow of the late Mr. John Rylands, of Longford Hall, near Manchester. Mrs. Rylands' career as a *femme bibliophile* may be briefly summarised thus: In 1889 this lady formed the plan of erecting in Manchester a memorial to her late husband, which should embody one main purpose of his life, as carried out by him very unostentatiously, but with great delight, during the greater part of his career. To make the highest literature accessible to the people was with him a cherished aim, and it was accordingly resolved by his widow that the memorial should be in the form of a library. To this end Mrs. Rylands took into her confidence four gentlemen whose names are well known, and for whom the late Mr. Rylands had the greatest respect and admiration, namely, the Rev. Dr. S. G. Green, of London; the late Rev. Dr. MacFadyen, of Manchester; Mr. W. Carnelly and Mr. W. Linnell, both also of Manchester, with whose aid the preliminaries for carrying out her purpose were speedily arranged. The site in Deansgate, lying between Wood Street and Spinningfield, was purchased, and after visits to several great libraries and other public buildings, Mrs. Rylands in-

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structed the architect of Mansfield College, Oxford, Mr. Basil Champneys, of London, to execute plans for a suitable structure, to bear the name of the John Rylands Library. About the same time she commenced the purchase of books, being aided in this by her friend, Mr. J. Arnold Green, son of the Rev. Dr. Green, who, putting himself in communication with various agents, collected a large number of standard books in English and foreign literatures, including early Bibles, first editions, and many other rare and valuable works, with several choice manuscripts and autographs. The number of volumes purchased reached many thousands, one of the acquisitions being the celebrated copy of the 'Biblia Pauperum,' once belonging to the Borghese Library in Rome, at the sale of which it fetched 15,800 francs. Up to this time a considerable amount had been spent. When the announcement was made in 1892 that Earl Spencer, the owner of the Althorp Library, was willing to dispose of that famous collection, Mrs. Rylands at once felt that its possession would be the crown of her whole scheme—accomplishing it with a completeness of which she never dreamed when first she formed her plans. Mr. Arnold Green accordingly at once communicated on her behalf with Mr. Railton, of Messrs. Sotheran and Co., a firm which had been largely employed by her in previous purchases of books. The result is that the Althorp Library passed into Mrs. Rylands' possession, the price paid being close on a quarter of a million sterling. The transaction is by far the largest of its kind which has ever taken place in this or any other country. It has been calculated that the Althorp Library cost its founder about £100,000, and that it should have more than doubled in value in less than a century is an extremely gratifying fact. It contains a large number of unique and excessively rare books, which nothing short of an upheaval in this country similar to the French Revolution could place on the market. Those who depend upon such a contingency to obtain a few of these splendid books are likely to wait for a very long time.

But even with the striking examples of Miss Currer and

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Mrs. Rylands before us, the conclusion still forces itself upon one that the *femme bibliophile* is an all but unknown quantity. The New Woman may develop into a genuine book-lover; it is certain that the old one will not. The Chinese article of belief that women have no souls has, after all, something in its favour.

Bookstall-keepers have a deep contempt for women who patronize them by turning over their books without purchasing. It would not be possible to repeat all the hard things they say about the sex. In the words of one: 'They hang around and read the books, and though I have a man to watch them, while he is driving away one another is reading a chapter. They can read a chapter in a minute.' 'Does that not interest them in the book, so that they buy it?' asked an interlocutor. 'No, sir; it don't. It only makes them go to the other stall and read the last chapter there. Not once in a blue moon, sir, does womenfolk buy a book. A penny weekly is what they buy, and before they fix on one they read half a dozen. You take my word for it, sir, it takes a woman half an hour to spend a penny at a bookstall.' A characteristic incident once happened to an old judge's clerk who had a stall a few years ago in Gray's Inn Road. A lady, with whom there were two or three children, after waiting about the pavement, at length suddenly became interested in the humble bookstall. Several pretty picture-books attracted the attention of the children, and they became clamorous to possess them. The stall-keeper, in the politest possible manner, offered the books at her own price. The reply was: 'Oh no, thanks. We are only looking over the books to kill time.' 'Much obliged to you, ma'am, for your kindness and consideration,' was the prompt reply.

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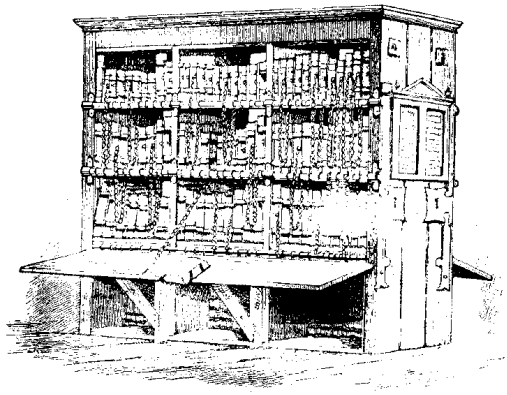

BOOK THIEVES, BORROWERS, AND KNOCK-OUTS.

'FACILIS descensus Averni' might well be the motto for any article or chapter dealing with the above comprehensive 'avocations.' Once started on his career, the book-thief may be regarded as entirely lost. At the Middlesex Sessions a few years ago a genius of the name of Terry was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for stealing books. On inquiry it was found that this same person had already been in prison six times, two terms of eighteen months each, one term of five years' penal servitude, and another of seven years, all for stealing books.

Each thief has his own special *modus operandi*, which he varies according to circumstances. There are those who do it without any adventitious aid, and those who cover their sin with various accessories. First, the ordinary book-thief, who watches his opportunity when the shopkeeper is not looking, and simply slips the book quickly under his coat and departs.

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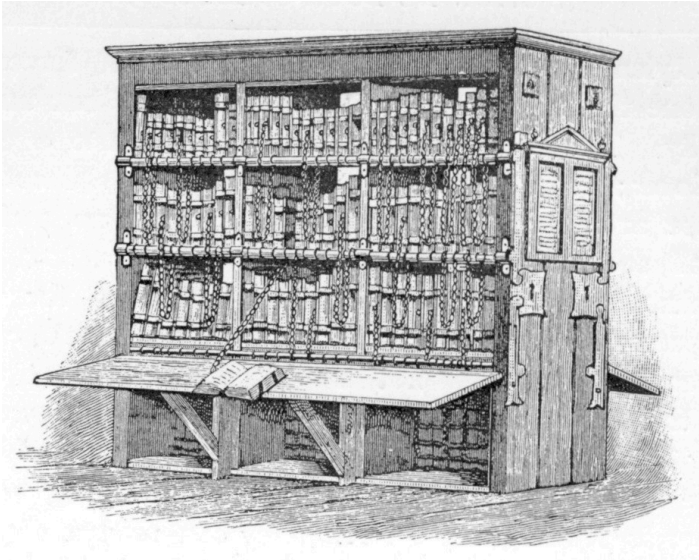

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This method is plain and simple in execution, but sometimes dangerous in practice. Then there is the man who wears an overcoat, the lining of the pocket of which he has previously removed, so that he can pass his hand right through while apparently only standing still looking on, with his hands quietly in his pocket, possibly with one hand openly touching something, whilst the other is earning his dinner.

'Earning his Dinner.'

An amusing incident was once the experience of a London bookseller. While sitting behind his counter inside the shop, he was amazed one day at seeing a man running at a tremendous rate, and, momentarily slackening his speed to seize a book off the stall, he had disappeared before the astounded bookseller was able to get to the door. And it is remarkable that, though many people were about, no one seems to have noticed the thief take the book, though they saw him running. Another favourite device is to carry a newspaper in the hand, and when no one is looking deposit the paper on a carefully-selected book within the folds; or having an overcoat carried on the arm to quickly hide something under cover of it. This latter method requires, of course, a well-to-do-looking man, and obviously is chiefly confined to the stealers of the higher class of valuable books. It also requires, like every well-managed business, a certain amount of

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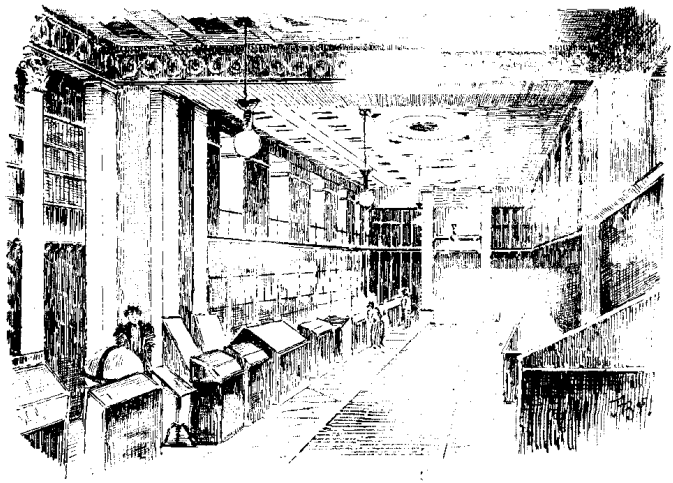
capital, for it is absolutely necessary—in order to lull suspicion—that small purchases should be made from time to time in the hunting-ground that has been chosen for the season.

Then there is the mean man who, having money, is yet lacking in the will to spend it. Such individuals in these days of disguising bad deeds under grand names are euphemistically designated kleptomaniacs. Most London booksellers have had experience of this class. It is a known



The King's Library, British Museum.

fact that a literary man whose name is familiar to many readers was expelled from the reading-room of the British Museum for this sort of conduct, stealing small trifling things that could easily have been bought, and mutilating other books by cutting out passages which he was too lazy to transcribe, and too mean, although a well-to-do man, to employ an amanuensis.

'Steal?' quoth ancient Pistol. 'Foh! a fico for the phrase. Convey the wise it call.' Had Pistol lived in these days he would have said, 'Kleptomania the wise it call.' Some

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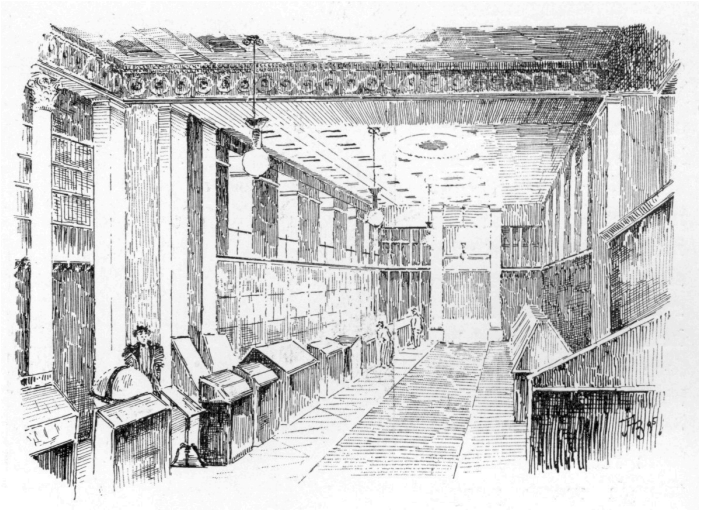

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years ago there resided in the West End of London a Belgian gentleman well known in literary circles, and a man of good position to boot. He possessed a valuable library, and was a frequent visitor at shops where he could add to his collections. One dealer noticed that, whenever Monsieur Y. called upon him, one or two valuable books mysteriously disappeared, and he was not long before he arrived at the conclusion that his Belgian customer appropriated his wares without attending to the customary, but disagreeable, process of exchanging the coin of the realm for his bargains. Our friend the dealer, an honest but remarkably plain-spoken and fearless individual, made careful notes of all his losses and their prices.

One day he stopped Monsieur Y. just as he was leaving the shop, and remarked that he might as well pay for the little volumes he had stowed away in the pockets of the capacious overcoat he almost invariably wore. Great was the assumed indignation of the Belgian bibliophile, who asserted that he had no books on him but those he had already accounted for. 'Come, come,' said the dealer, 'that won't do; I left you alone in the room upstairs, but I watched you through the door, and saw you pocket the books, of which the price is so much. Unless you pay for them I shall send for a policeman; and whilst I am on the topic you may as well settle for those other books you have taken from my shelves at various times.' Here he produced his list, with the prices all affixed, and a certain small sum added by way of interest. Hereupon Monsieur Y. stormed and raved, swore it was an attempt to extort money from him, and threatened legal proceedings. 'If,' said the dea'er, 'you can empty your pockets now without producing any book of mine, except those you have paid for, I will withdraw my claim and apologize, otherwise I shall at once send my man' (whom he then called) 'for a policeman.' Whereupon Monsieur Y. paid the full claim, walked out of the shop, and never entered it again. But the catalogues were regularly sent to him, and as the dealer constantly had books that he required, he ordered what he wanted by post, so

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that in the long-run the bookseller really lost little or nothing by his boldness. The same bookseller complained that people often ordered his books but neglected to pay for them, whilst intending purchasers who meant to pay ready money, and called at the shop for the books, had to be sent away disconsolate, sometimes after having come long distances to secure the long-wished-for volume. 'But first come, first served, is my motto, and if six orders come for the same book, it goes to the man whose letter or card I first receive.' A sturdy John Bull sort of man this, with a great knowledge of books, who has had to fight a long uphill battle, and is perhaps one of the best-known men in the trade.

An awkward incident for the thief happened once. A bookseller, the proprietor of two or three shops, was in one of them, when a person entered and offered for sale a couple of books. The proprietor recognised one of them as being his property, he having that morning sent it to the other of his shops, from which it had been apparently almost immediately removed. When questioned, the intending vendor pretended to be much insulted, and asserted the book had been in his possession for some considerable time, and even threatened the bookseller, when he insisted on detaining the book, with the police. This was rather unfortunate, for at that moment a constable passing by was called in, and, in spite of a great deal of bluster and many threats, the thief was marched off to the nearest police-station. The other book, it was found, had also been stolen that morning from another shop, and the result was four months' imprisonment.

The remarkable fact is that book-thieves are nearly always well-to-do people; if hunger induced them to steal a book to get a dinner, they would come in the category of ordinary thieves. If they stole books because they wanted to read them, and were unable to pay for them, one might overlook their crime. One of the most remarkable illustrations of the past few years is that in which an ex-lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys was implicated. The books belonged to a lady who had let her house to the prisoner's father. She

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left a number of books, which were in three bookcases. They were locked, and contained valuable books. She was informed (so runs the report) that several of the books were missing, and a few weeks after she saw a number of books, including Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' and 'Modern Painters,' which she identified as her property. The law was put into motion, and the case came into the courts. The value of the two books mentioned she estimated at £60, and the other books at £50. Mr. Reeves, bookseller, then of 196, Strand, deposed that he could identify the prisoner, and on June 21 he purchased five volumes of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' and gave a cheque for £16. He understood that the accused had come into possession of them through a death. On that occasion the prisoner asked the witness what he would give for three volumes of 'The Stones of Venice.' Witness offered him £9. On June 28 the prisoner brought the book, and finding it not to be in such good condition, witness offered him £7 10s. This was accepted, and witness handed a cheque to the prisoner for that amount. Witness bought other books from the prisoner for £3 2s. 6d. Mr. Reeves said that he sold 'Modern Painters' for £18, and 'The Stones of Venice' for £8 10s.

Here is another illustration, gleaned from the Greenwich Police Court: A person, forty-six, of ladylike appearance, and no occupation, was charged at Greenwich with stealing a book, valued 4d., from outside the shop of Charles Humphreys, 114, South Street. She was seen to take a book from a stall, place it in a novelette, and walk away. Prosecutor followed, stopped her, and said, 'I've got you now.' She cried out, 'Oh, for God's sake, don't, don't! Let me pay for it.' But he said, 'No, not for £5, as you are an old thief.' At her house he found over a hundred books bearing his private mark, but he could not swear that they had not been bought. Once he bought some books from the prisoner which she had stolen from his shop, but he did not know that when he bought them. Prisoner pleaded guilty to stealing one book, and on her behalf a solicitor produced a certificate from a medical man, stating that

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she was suffering from general weakness of system, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and evident mental disorder. Those symptoms he attributed to causes which induced the magistrate to deal leniently, and a fine of £5 was imposed.

'*Steals a book, places it in a novelette, and walks away.*'

About a couple of years ago, two maiden sisters, Grace and Blanche ——, were charged at Bow Street with theft. To all appearances they were highly respectable members of the community. Grace was seventy-four; Blanche had only seen sixty summers. They visited Shoolbred's, apparently wanting to buy some Prayer-books and Bibles. They looked at many, but none suited them. They left without purchasing anything, no suspicions being aroused on the part of the attendants. But Detective Butler and Constable 173 D, who had taken great interest in the old ladies' movements, saw Grace hand a Book of Common Prayer, a hymn-book, and ladies' companion to her sister. Shoolbred's manager identified the articles as the property of the firm, but declined to prosecute on account of the old ladies' ages. Grace admitted the theft, but said she did not know what she was doing. A small fine was inflicted.

Even so astute a tradesman as Bernard Quaritch has been victimized by the book-thief. These are his own words:

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'A little dark man, of about forty-five years of age, with a sallow complexion, apparently a Dutch or German Jew, speaking in broken English in an undertone, introduced himself, showing me a business card, "Wunderlich and Co." The following day the pretended Wunderlich selected books from my stock to the amount of £270, and said he would come again and select more. At the same time the little dark, sallow man saw, but refused to buy, a very sweet little "Livre d'Heures," with lovely miniatures in *camaïeu-gris*, bound in black morocco, with silver clasp. The price of this lovely MS. was 50 guineas. Since then this mysterious little dark man has disappeared, and my very sweet little "Livre d'Heures," with its lovely miniatures, has disappeared also.'

In 1891 Messrs. Sotheran and Co. discovered that a number of rare books had been abstracted from their Strand shop, including a first edition of Burns's 'Poems,' 1786; Shakespeare's 'Poems,' 1640, first edition, with portrait by Marshall, and eleven extra leaves at the end; Heywood's 'Thyestes of Seneca,' 1560; and Piers Plowman's 'Vision and Crede,' 1561—all choice volumes. The Burns was valued at £30, and this was traced a month or two after its sudden disappearance to a bookbinder, who offered it to Mrs. Groves, who, however, wisely declined to lend money on it. Subsequently the book was sent to Mr. Pearson, Exmouth, who, knowing it had been stolen, at once communicated with the prosecutors. Two of the other books were traced to New York, and were returned to the firm at cost price. The enterprising bookbinder received twelve months' hard.

Mr. Waller, the bookseller, formerly of Fleet Street, relates a rather amusing incident connected with Thackeray: 'I think it was a book of "Services" in four small volumes, two of which he already possessed, and one, completing the set, he saw in my window. He came in, said he wanted that book, and gleefully told how he had picked up the third a few minutes before in Holywell Street. He dived into his pocket to show me his precious "find." It was not there! Between Holywell Street and Fleet Street someone had

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relieved him of it, in the belief, apparently, that it was an ordinary pocket-book with valuables in it!'

'He had placed the book in his pocket. Someone had relieved him of it.'

A by no means uncommon person is what may be described as the conscientious thief, or the man who steals one book and replaces it by another, which he considers to be of equal value. But a much cleverer dodge was that of a wily villain who selected a book from the stock of a firm of booksellers in the Strand, asking one member of the firm to charge it to him, and then selling it to the other partner at the opposite end of the shop a few minutes later! This can scarcely be described as book-stealing, for there is no proof that the 'book-lover' did not intend paying for the article ultimately. In this case the assumption was distinctly against his doing anything of the sort.

It will be seen from the foregoing facts that the book-thief hesitates at no class of book. But would he draw the line at stealing a book which deals with thieves? The late Charles Reade appears to have thought that he would not, for he has inscribed not only his name, but the following somewhat plaintive request, 'Please not to steal this book; I value it,' in a volume which Mr. Menken once possessed. The book in question is entitled 'Inventaire général de L'Histoire des Larrons,' Rouen, 1657. This singular work

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gives at length the stratagems, tricks, and artifices, the thefts of and assassinations by thieves, with a full account of their most memorable exploits in France. One cannot help wondering if a copy of this extraordinary book has ever been stolen from a book-collector, and of the remorse which must have overtaken the thief when he discovered the character of his prize. That indeed would be a strange irony!

But the book-thief is not by any means one of the numerous penalties of modern civilization. He has an antiquity which almost makes him respectable. Hearne, in his 'Johannes Glastoniensis,' states that Sir Henry Saville once wrote a warning letter to Sir Robert Cotton, who had offered some additions to the library of the founder of the Bodleian. An appointment had been made with Sir Robert to give Bodley an opportunity of inspecting the treasures on his shelves, and it was in anticipation of this that Saville thought it his duty to warn his friend in the following terms: 'And remember I give you faire warning that if you hold any booke so deare as that you would bee loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside beforehand.' On the authority of the above extract, Gough has charged Bodley with being a suspicious character—or, in other words, a thief; but the complete letter puts a very different complexion on the extract. He tars with the same brush Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, Dr. Rawlinson, and his friend Umfreville. In connection with the first-named, Gough repeats an anecdote which crops up every now and then as authentic, for these half-truths have an extraordinary vitality. The anecdote runs as follows: 'A gentleman calling on a friend who had a choice library, found him unusually busy in putting his best books out of sight; upon asking his view in this, he answered, "Don't you know that the Bishop of Ely dines with me to-day?"' There can be only one inference, of course. As a matter of fact, we do not believe that there is any truth in either rumour. So far as Dr. Moore, 'the Father of Black-letter Collectors,' is concerned, there can be no doubt that he had a fairly elastic

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conscience in the matter of book-collecting. He is said to have collected his library by plundering those of the clergy of his diocese, justifying himself by the cynical remark, *Quid illiterati cum libris?* We do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, any more than for the graver charge, but probably there is some foundation for it. In the Harleian MSS. there is an interesting account of the several libraries, public and private, which existed in London during the earlier part of the last century. From this source we learn that 'in the days of Edward VI., in the chapel adjoining to the Guildhall, called my Lord Maiors Chapell, was a library well furnisht, being all MSS. Stow says the Duke of Somerset borrowed them, with a design never to return them, but furnisht his own study in his pompous house in the Strand; they were five cartloads.'

Horace Walpole expressed his opinion to the effect that virtuosi have been long remarked to have little conscience in their favourite pursuits. A man will steal a rarity, who would cut off his hand rather than take the money it is worth. Yet in fact the crime is the same. He tells us of a 'truly worthy clergyman, who collects coins and books. A friend of mine mentioning to him that he had several of the Strawberry Hill editions, this clergyman said, "Aye, but I can show you what it is not in Mr. Walpole's power to give you." He then produced a list of the pictures in the Devonshire, and other two collections in London, printed at my press. I was much surprised. It was, I think, about the year 1764, that, on reading the six volumes of "London and its Environs," I ordered my printer to throw off one copy for my own use. This printer was the very man who, after he had left my service, produced the noted copy of Wilkes's "Essay on Woman." He had stolen one copy of this list; and I must blame the reverend amateur for purchasing it of him, as it was like receiving stolen goods.'

The number of book-thieves has increased with the extension of public (or free) libraries. Here, the accumulated ingenuity of the literary thief has an ample scope, and he is

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not the man to let an opportunity escape. Some of the tribe have a mania for old directories; but novels are the most popular. The clerical thief with a thirst for sermons and theological literature is a by no means infrequent customer—and truly the indictment of a thief of this description ought to bear the fatal endorsement continued almost up to our own times, *sus. per coll.*—'let him be hanged by the neck.'

At one time nearly all the volumes in the very useful Bohn's Library series were kept in the Reading-room of the British Museum, but they so frequently disappeared that the authorities decided upon their permanent sequestration to a less handy part of the building. Last year Mr. C. Trice Martin's new 'Record Interpreter' was so highly appreciated both at the Record Office and at the Reading-room, that the copy at each institution was stolen from the shelves within twenty-four hours of its being placed there.

Women more or less respectably dressed are often objects of suspicion to public librarians; they are also a class infinitely more difficult to deal with than men, for, whilst the receptivity of their cloaks is infinite, their 'feelings' have to be considered. Whether guilty or innocent, the suspected party is bound to create a 'scene,' probably hysterics—and what is a public librarian, or, indeed, any other man, to do under such circumstances?

Libri was unquestionably the most accomplished and wholesale book-thief that ever lived. As Inspector-General of French Libraries under Louis Philippe, he had special facilities for helping himself—his known thefts have been valued at £20,000. We mention him here because his collections were sold at Sotheby's in 1860. One of the most interesting illustrations of this man's depredations was exposed in 1868, when Lord Ashburnham issued a translation of the Pentateuch from a Latin MS. which had been purchased by a previous holder of the title from Libri, who sold it under the condition that it was not to be published for twenty years. It had been stolen in 1847 from the Lyons Library, and the clause in the agreement, therefore,

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is easily understood. Libri evidently was not one of those whom Jules Janin describes as 'people who don't think it thieving to steal a book unless you sell it afterwards.'

Unfortunately, education has knocked all the virtue out of charms and incantation. Madame de Genlis is said to have fenced the greater part of her library with the following lines:

'Imparibus meritis pendent tria corpora ramis;
Dismas, et Gesmas, media est Divina Potestas;
Alta petit Dismas, infelix infima Gesmas.
Nos et res nostras conservet Summa Potestas!—
Hos versus dicas, ne tu furto tua perdas.'

Quite a long chapter could be made up of the doggerel rhymes frequently made use of in bygone days in which the prospective thief was warned off under penalties of a prison, or even of a worse end. Here is one:

'Si quisquis furetur
This little Libellum
Per Phœbum, per Jovem,
I'll kill him—I'll fell him—
In ventrem illius
I'll stick my scalpellum,
And teach him to steal
My little Libellum.'

And here is another:

'Qui ce livre volera,
Pro suis criminibus
Au gibet il dansera,
Pedibus pendentibus.'

A curious and interesting chapter in the history of book-stealing is furnished us by Mr. F. S. Ellis. 'Some thirty years since I was talking with Mr. Hunt, for many years Town Clerk of Ipswich, who was an ardent book-collector, and in the course of conversation he lamented how some ten years previously he had missed an opportunity of buying a first edition of "Paradise Lost" under the following circumstances. There was a sale in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, in which a number of books were included. These were all

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tied in bundles and catalogued simply as so many books in one lot. Going over one of these bundles, what was his surprise to find a first edition of "Paradise Lost," with the first title-page, and in the original sheepskin binding! He said nothing, but went round to the auctioneer's house and asked him if he would be willing to sell him a particular book out of the collection previous to auction. "Oh, by all means," said the auctioneer; "just point me out the volume and say what you are willing to give me for it, and you can take it out at once." What was Mr. Hunt's chagrin and disappointment, on again taking up the bundle, to find that the number of books was all right according to the catalogue, but Milton's "Paradise Lost" had disappeared. Someone with as keen an eye as the Town Clerk had also discovered the jewel, and had put in practice the theory that exchange is no robbery, and had substituted some other volume for the Milton without going through the formality of a consultation with the auctioneer. Not long after this, a "Paradise Lost," which I have every reason to believe was *the* "Paradise Lost" described above, in the original sheepskin binding, and having the "first" title-page, was offered for sale to Mr. Simpson, who carried on an old-book business for Mr. Skeat, in King William Street, Strand. He purchased it for what in those days was considered a high price; but how much it was below what is now esteemed its value is witnessed by the fact that he offered it to the late Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, and after much haggling sold it to him for £12 12s. When Mr. Crossley had secured it, he quietly remarked, "And now let me tell you that if you find a dozen more copies in similar condition, I will give you the same price for every one." It remained in Mr. Crossley's library for many years, and at the sale of his books in 1884 realized what was considered the very high price of £25. Eight years after it had advanced to £120.'

The book-borrower is, perhaps, a greater curse than the thief, for he simulates a virtue to which the latter makes no pretension. The book-plate of a certain French collector bore this text from the parable of the Ten Virgins: 'Go ye

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rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.' 'Sir,' said a man of wit to an acquaintance who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he had lent them, 'Sir, your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them.' A certain wise physician took a gentle way of reminding the borrower who dog-eared or tore the pages of his books: pasted on the fly-leaf of each of his books is a printed tag, bearing this legend: 'Library of Galen, M.D. "And if a man borrow aught of his neighbour and it be hurt, he shall surely make it good," Exodus xxii. 14.' A much more effective plan is that described some time ago in the *Graphic* by Mr. Ashby Sterry. In all the books of a certain cunning bibliophile he had the price written in plain figures; when anyone asked him for the loan of a book he invariably replied, 'Yes, with pleasure,' and, looking in the volume, further added, 'I see the price of this work is £2 17s. 6d.'—or whatever the value might happen to be—'you may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume is returned.' If a person really wished to read the volume he would of course be glad to leave this deposit; and if he did not return it he would not be altogether an unmitigated thief. Mr. John Ashton relates, in his volume on the 'Wit, Humour, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century,' a curious anecdote which may be here quoted: 'Master Mason, of Trinity Colledge, sent his pupil to another of the Fellows to borrow a Book of him, who told him, *I am loathe to lend my books out of my chamber, but if it please thy Tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will.*'

When Harrison Ainsworth was a youth and living at Manchester, he contracted an enthusiastic admiration for Elia, to whom he sent some curious books on loan. One of these was a black-letter volume entitled 'Syrinx or a seven-fold History, handled with a variety of pleasant and profitable both comical and tragical Arguments,' etc., by W. Warner, 1597. Lamb replied, December 9, 1823: 'I do not mean to keep the book, for I suspect you are forming a

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curious collection, and I do not pretend to anything of the kind. I have not a black-letter book among mine, old Chaucer excepted, and am not bibliomanist enough to like black-letter. It is painful to read; therefore I must insist on returning it, at opportunity, not from contumacy and reluctance to be obliged, but because it must suit you better than me.' The copy of Warner's 'Syrinx' Ainsworth had borrowed from Dr. Hibbert-Wade, and therefore it was not the future novelist's book to give. Ignoring, however, his expressed determination to return it, Elia lent the book to another friend, who shortly after went to New York, and may have taken the Warner with him, much to Dr. Hibbert-Wade's annoyance, of which he did not, it is said, fail to let Harrison Ainsworth know. It appears, however, to have returned again—indeed, it is probable that the book never left England—for it is now in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington, with 'Mr. Charles Lamb' written on one of the fly-leaves, and Dyce's note, 'This rare book was given to me by Mr. Moxon after Lamb's death.'

The ranks of London book-borrowers, as those of book-thieves, have included a number of men eminent or distinguished in some particular way. The Duke of Lauderdale was one of these. Evelyn tells us that he was a dangerous borrower of other men's books, as the diarist knew to his cost. Coleridge was a wholesale book-borrower, and the manner in which he annotated the books of his friends caused much strong and deep lamentation at the time. These 'annotated' books have now acquired a very distinct commercial and literary value.

The *London Chronicle* of December 3-5, 1767, contains a curious advertisement, headed 'Book-Missing.' It goes on, 'Whereas there is missing out of the late Dr. Chandler's Library the *fifth Volume of Cardinal Pool's Letters*, and it is presumed that the said volume of Letters was borrowed by some friend of the Doctor's; it is earnestly requested by the Widow and Executrix of the said Dr. Chandler that whoever is in possession of the said volume would be so kind as immediately to send it to Mr. Buckland, Bookseller,

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Paternoster Row, and the favour will be gratefully acknowledged.'

When Sir Walter Scott lent a book, he put in its place a wooden block bearing the name of the borrower and the date of the loan. Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves, adding, 'For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to give you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow money they never fail to make use of it.'

Just as the difference between the book-thief and the book-borrower is of too slight a nature to warrant independent chapters, so the hero who indulges in the luxury of a 'knock-out' is more or less of a thief, and this company is, essentially, a very proper place in which to find him. A 'knock-out,' it may be briefly explained to the uninitiated, is a system by which two or more booksellers—or, for the matter of that, any other tradesmen—combine to procure certain books at a lower than normal auction value. An American paper stated, some time ago, and among many other remarkable things, that 'a private buyer cannot obtain a book by auction in London at any price.' The extreme foolishness of such a statement need not be enlarged upon in this place. That the knock-out system does exist in London no one but a fool would deny. That it does occur now and then at such places as Sotheby's, Christie's, Puttick and Simpson's and Hodgson's, is without any manner of doubt, but not to any extent worth mentioning. Where the system is in vogue is at sales held in private houses, and at auction-rooms where books are not generally sold. At such places books are usually knocked down at absurdly low figures, until the private person steps in, when the prices begin to go up with a bound; they then realize oftentimes figures far above those at which they may be acquired at the shops. After the private bidder has been excited into paying an excessive price

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for his lots, he realizes that he is doing a foolish thing, and resigns the game into the hands of the trade, when the prices again begin to assume their former very low levels. The knock-out books are taken away by their nominal purchaser, and in a convenient back parlour of some handy 'pub' they are put up again for competition among the clique, when all profits realized are thrown into a pool, and afterwards equally divided.

'The two books you commissioned me to get were knocked down at £1 15s. and 10s. respectively,' said a bookseller to a well-known collector only the other day; 'and if you insist upon having them at these prices, plus the commission, you must have them. But as a matter of fact they cost me £1 over and above the total of £2 5s.' The reply to the collector's demand for an explanation was, 'Smith agreed to let me have these two books if I did not oppose his bidding for the Fielding.' It is scarcely necessary to say that the total cost, with the £1 thrown in, was much below the original commission, whilst the Fielding ran up to considerably over the price Smith intended to have given. By striking a balance, the two cronies each obtained what he wanted. An arrangement of this sort is nearly invariably the explanation of two extreme prices being paid for equally good copies of one book in a single season.

In 1781 a portion of the library formed by Ralph Sheldon, of Weston, Warwickshire, chiefly in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, was sold at Christie's, but the auctioneer throughout appears to have been victimized by the knock-out system. One of the lots, comprising a large collection of scarce old plays in fifty-six volumes, quarto, was knocked down to one bookseller for £5 5s.; he then passed it on to another for £18, and the collection was sold on the spot to Henderson the actor for £31 10s. At this same sale the English Bible, 1537, realized 13s.; two copies of the Common Prayer Book, 1552, 8s.; the First Folio Shakespeare, with two other books, £2 4s.; the 'Legenda Aurea,' printed by Notary, 1503, 10s. 6d. It would not be difficult to extend this list of illustrations, but perhaps one example is as good as a hundred.

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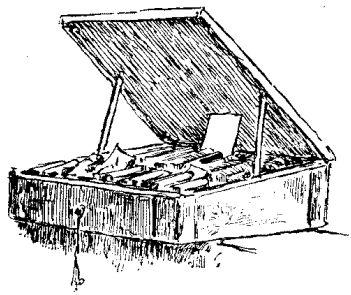
We may, appropriately enough, conclude this brief but sufficiently lengthy notice of the knock-out system with an anecdote which shows that, in this case, a 'knock-out' would have been justifiable. At a certain famous book-sale a few years ago, a volume of no particular interest, except that it contained the autograph of the Earl of Derwentwater, was possibly worth £5. But the bidding was brisk, two of the dealers being evidently bent on having the prize. To the astonishment of everybody, the price went up to about 120 guineas, when one of the dealers gave in. Taking the other man aside, he said, 'Who have you been bidding for?' 'Mr. So-and-So.' 'So have I.' Another illustration of the unexpected and incomprehensibly sudden rise in the auction value of books is explained in the following extract of a letter from Horace Walpole: 'I cannot conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had, at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's "Views of Audley End," which I concluded was a thin dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas; however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did not know whether he had done right or very wrong; that he had gone as far as *nine and forty guineas*. I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had, luckily, as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty. I shall never give an unbounded commission again.'



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SOME HUMOURS OF BOOK-CATALOGUES.

AN interesting and curious pendant to Mr. H. B. Wheatley's 'Literary Blunders' might be made up of the errors which have occurred from time to time in booksellers' catalogues. These errors are sometimes grotesquely amusing, and are perhaps as often attributable to the ingenuity of the printer as to the ignorance of the cataloguer. Booksellers usually content themselves with seeing one proof of their catalogues, and as the variety of books dealt with is so great, it would need at least half a dozen careful revisions to secure anything like correctness. As a general rule, the catalogues of London booksellers are exceptionally free of blunders, provincial compilers (notably one or two in Birmingham) being far behind their Metropolitan rivals. The example of

'Mill, John S., On Liberty,
„ „ On the Floss,'

is almost too well known to again bear repeating; the same may be said of the instance in which Ruskin's 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds' was catalogued as a book

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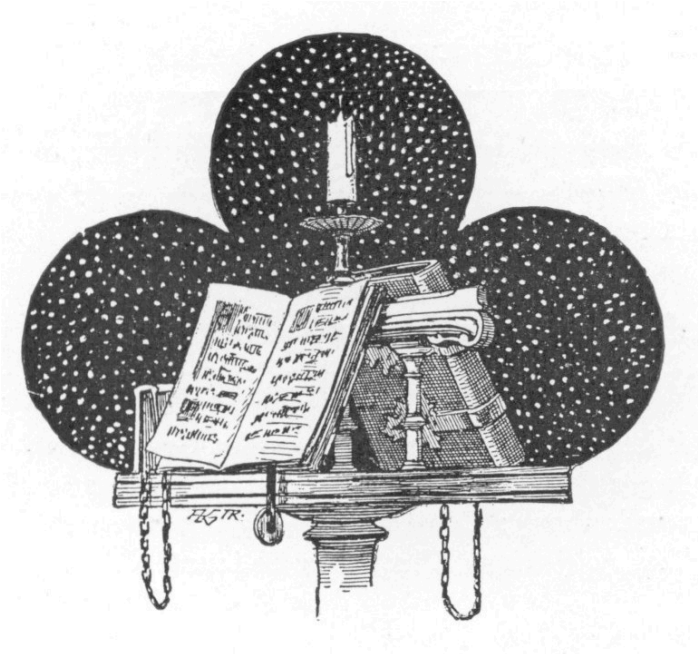

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for farmers, and of that in which Swinburne's 'Under the Microscope' was classed among optical instruments. The cross-reference of

'God : *see* Fiske, J.,'

is a gem of absent-mindedness. Here are four more gems which appeared in the catalogue of a public library:

'Aristophanes : The Clouds of the Greek Text.'
'Boy's Own Annual : Magazine of Gymnastics.'
'Swedenborg : Conjugal Love and its Opposite.'
'Tiziano (Titian), Vicelli Da Cadore.'

The following is a good specimen of a bookseller's inspiration in reference to the entry 'Bible—2 vols., 12mo., *Edin.*, 1811' in his catalogue: 'Sir Brunet and Dibdin in praise of this beautiful edition. As most nearly approaching unimaculateness a better copy than the present one could not be found.' This example is on a par with that in which an early Missal is catalogued as an 'extremely rare old printing and engraved work,' its author being 'Horæ B. V. Mariæ and usum Romanum,' whilst it is stated to be bound by 'Chamholfen Duru,' whoever he may be. Equally intelligent is another item from the same source, 'Newcastle (Marquis de Methode, etc.), œuvre auquel on apprende,' etc. Perhaps it was the cheapness—sixpence each—which prevented two items from having fuller descriptions:

'Horace, the Poems of, very interesting.'
Jokely, very interesting, 12 months.'

Perhaps '12 months' is the term of imprisonment which any bookseller deserves for publishing such absurdities. Another gem in the way of blunders is the following:

'There's (Lord and Lady) Legends of the Library at Lilies, 2 vols., 8vo., bds., 2s. 6d, 1832.'

The book catalogued in this puzzling manner is by Lord and Lady Nugent, and is entitled 'Legends of the Library at Lilies [the Nugents' residence], by the Lord and Lady thereof.' A similar carelessness resulted in Sir Astley Cooper's 'Treatise on Dislocations,' 1822, being catalogued

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as follows: 'Bart (C. A.), a Treatise on Discolourations and Fractures of the Joints,' etc., and also of books by Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., as by 'Bart (S.)' and 'Bart (J.).' The following entries speak for themselves:

'Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Pottery.'
'The New Wig Guide.'
'The Rose and the Ring by R. Browing,'
'Marryat's "Pirate and Three Butlers."'

Under 'Devil, The,' we find the following entry: 'Le Deuil sou observation dans tous les Temps,' 1877; and under Numismatics the following delightful bull: 'Money, a comedy, a poor copy, 1s.'

As an instance of official cataloguing, it would be difficult to beat the following description of a familiar classic which appeared in a list issued a few years ago (according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*) in a certain presidency of India, 'by order of the Right Hon. the Governor in Council':

'Title—Commentarii (*sic*) De Bello Gallico in usum Scholarum, Liber Tirtius (*sic*).
Author—Mr. C. J. Caesoris. Subject—Religion.'

Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes' (iv. 493), mentions that Dr. Taylor, who about the year 1732 was librarian at Cambridge, used to relate of himself that one day throwing books in heaps for the purpose of classing and arranging them, he put one among works on Mensuration, because his eye caught the word *height* in the title-page, and another which had the word *salt* conspicuous he threw among books on Chemistry or Cookery. But when he began a regular classification, it appeared that the former was 'Longinus on the Sublime,' and the other a 'Theological Discourse on the *Salt* of the World, that good Christians ought to be seasoned with.' Thus, in a catalogue published about eighty years ago the 'Flowers of Ancient Literature' are found among books on Gardening and Botany, and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is placed among works on Medicine and Surgery. Some blundering bibliographer has classed the 'Fuggerarum Imagines,' the account of the once mighty

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Italian family, among botanical works, under the 'Resemblance of Ferns.' Dibdin states that he once saw the first Aldine Homer in a country bookseller's catalogue described as 'a beautiful copy of the *Koraun*.' The Rev. John Mitford sent to a Woodbridge bookseller for a copy of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,' and received the answer that no copy of 'Prometheus' *in sheets* could be obtained—a misconception which Bernard Barton promptly forwarded to London, to Charles Lamb's great content. We have heard of the following blunder, but have never actually seen it:

'SHELLEY—Prometheus, unbound,' etc.
'——— ——— another copy, olive morocco,' etc.

The nearest approach to it occurred a few years ago in a Glasgow auctioneer's catalogue: 'Lot 282, Sir Noel Paton's Illustrations, Shelley's *Prometheus*, unbound, 12 plates, N.D.' As a matter of fact, the copy was bound in cloth. 'Please send the ax relating to a justus pease' is a phrase which will be remembered by readers of 'Guy Mannering.' Only recently a post-card reached Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. requesting the immediate despatch of a copy of 'Hard on Horace,' which was the inaccurate, or perhaps waggish, sender's rendering of the 'Hawarden Horace.' This will be remembered with the request for 'The Crockit Minister,' by Stickett, and 'Sheep that Pass in the Night.' Some of the foregoing budget can scarcely be placed to the discredit of the cataloguer, but they are sufficiently *apropos* to be included here.

The following amusing entry occurs in the sale catalogue of the library of the late Mr. R. Montgomery, which was dispersed by auction at Antwerp the other day: 'Plain or Ringlets? by Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, with illustrations by John Leech. London, s.d., 8° d. rel. dos et coins chagr. rouge, tête dorée, figg. coloriées et noires.' Messrs. Longmans had a letter a few weeks ago asking for a copy of 'Chips from a German Workshop,' by Max Müller, for review in a trade paper dealing with carpentering, etc.! This reminds one of the story of Edwardes, the Republican book-

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seller of a century ago, who put a Government spy to confusion by re-binding a Bible and giving it the seditious title, 'The Rights of Man.' Burke's 'Thoughts on the French Revolution' was advertised by him as 'The Gospel according to St. Burke.' Outside a certain bookseller's shop, Mr. R. C. Christie once saw a book in six duodecimo volumes, bound in dark antique calf, and lettered 'Calvini Opera.' Knowing of no edition of the works of Calvin in that form, Mr. Christie took down a volume, and found it was 'Faublas!' It was the original edition in thirteen parts, with the seventeen engravings, and was so lettered, no doubt, by its former owner to shelter it from indiscreet curiosity!

The practice of giving books of poetry, novels, etc., what may be described as floricultural titles, has landed cataloguers into an astonishing number and variety of errors, some of which have been pointed out by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson in the *Bibliographer*. The chief sinners have been foreign bibliographers, who, not being able to examine the books which they catalogue, depend entirely upon the titles. The same error occurs frequently here in this country. An English trade journal included Dr. Garnett's selection from Coventry Patmore's poems, 'Florilegium Amantis,' under 'Botany, Farming, and Gardening.' Two of Mayne Reid's novels, 'The Forest Exiles' and 'The Plant-Hunters,' have been included among scientific books, but in these cases the errors seem to have arisen from the misleadingly translated titles, the former in Italian ('Gli esuli nella foresta; cognizioni di scienza fiscia e naturale'), and the latter in French, 'Le Chasseur de Plantes.' The learned Pritzel included among botanical treatises 'The Lotus, or Faery Flower of the Poets.' In the earlier part of the century a story was in circulation relative to an erudite collector who was accustomed to boast of his discoveries in Venetian history from the perusal of a rare quarto, 'De Re Venaticâ.' A brother bibliographer one day lowered his pretensions by gravely informing him that the historical discoveries to which he laid claim had been anticipated by Mr. Beckford, who, towards the close of the last century, published them

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to the world under the analogous title of 'Thoughts on Hunting.'

There is a good deal of amusement to be got sometimes out of even such an unpromising source as an auctioneer's catalogue, especially when it includes books. The list of a miscellaneous lot of things lately sold at a South London depository comes in this category. One of the items, for example, is entered as 'Dickin's works bound in half,' but who Mr. 'Dickin' is, or was, or what the 'half' indicates, the reader is left to find out. 'Goldsmith lover' also seems a trifle confusing, until the lot is hunted up and the discovery made that Goldsmith's 'Works' is intended. Lytton's 'King John' suggests a work hitherto unknown to readers of the author of 'My Novel,' until examination proves it to be 'King Arthur,' and 'McCauley's History of England' is rather suggestive of a scathing indictment of English misrule by an author from the 'distressful country' than of the picturesque prose of the whilom Whig statesman and book-collector.

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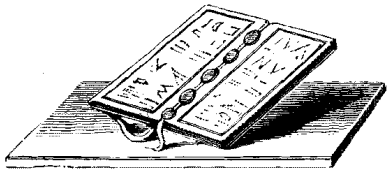

SOME MODERN COLLECTORS.

WE have already referred, in a preceding chapter, to the origin and early history of the Roxburghe Club, and also to the disrepute in which its too zealous members, Hazlewood and Dibdin, contrived to place it. The club still exists, and flourishes in a manner which renders it unique among book-clubs. A complete set of its privately-printed booklets is an almost impossible feat of book-collecting, and an expensive luxury in which but few can afford to indulge. The present constitution of the club, the members of which dine together once a year, is as follows: President: The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.; S.A.R. le Duc D'Aumale; the Duke of Buccleuch, K.T.; the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; the Marquis of Bute, K.T.; the Marquis of Lothian, K.T.; the Marquis of Bath; Earl Cowper, K.G.; Earl of Crawford; Earl of Powis; Earl of Rosebery; Earl of Cawdor; Lord Charles W. Brudenell Bruce; Lord Zouche; Lord Houghton; Lord Amherst of Hackney; the Lord Bishop of Peterborough; the Lord Bishop of Salisbury; the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.; Sir William R. Anson, Bart.; Charles Butler, Esq.; Ingram Bywater, Esq.; Richard Copley Christie, Esq.; Charles I. Elton, Esq.; Sir John Evans, K.C.B.; George Briscoe Eyre, Esq.; Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks; Thomas

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Gaisford, Esq.; Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq. (vice-president); Alban George Henry Gibbs, Esq.; A. H. Huth, Esq. (treasurer); Andrew Lang, Esq.; J. Wingfield Malcolm, Esq.; John Murray, Esq.; Edward James Stanley, Esq.; Simon Watson Taylor, Esq.; Sir Edward Maunde Thompson (principal librarian of the British Museum); Rev. Edward Tindal Turner, Esq.; V. Bates Van de Weyer, Esq.; and W. Aldis Wright, Esq.

The finest and most select, and perhaps the most extensive, collection of books owned by any member of the Roxburghe Club is the noble library of Mr. Huth, whose father, the late Henry Huth, founded it. A very interesting account of this library, from two points of view—Mr. F. S. Ellis's and Mr. A. H. Huth's—appears in Part II. of Quaritch's 'Dictionary of English Book-collectors,' whilst the fullest account of all the rarities which it contains is comprised in the catalogue in five imperial octavo volumes. It is impossible to do justice to it in the brief space at our disposal. But a few rarities may be enumerated as showing its extremely varied nature. Nearly all the early printers are represented in the Huth Library — there are the Gutenberg and Fust and Schœffer Bibles; the Balbi Catholicon, 1460; there are over seventy Aldines, including the rare Virgil of 1501, with the bookplate of Bilibald Pirkheimer. There are no less than a dozen fine examples of Caxton's press; the only known copy on vellum of the 'Fructus

The late Henry Huth, Book-collector.

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Temporum' of the St. Albans press; about fifty works from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, of which several are unique; and sixteen works printed by Richard Pynson. Of Shakespeare quartos the late Mr. Huth secured a very fine series at the Daniel sale in 1864, including 'Richard II.,' 1597; 'Henry V.,' 1600; 'Richard III.,' 1597; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1599; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600; 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600; 'Merrie Wives of Windsor,' 1602; 'Othello,' 1622; 'Titus Andronicus,' 1611; and 'Pericles,' 1609. The library is equally rich in the production of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, many of the items being either unique or very nearly so; it is especially rich in first editions of the English poets from the earliest times down to Goldsmith, Keats, Shelley, etc. Indeed, the collection seems to contain the first or best editions of every English work of note; there are many fine manuscripts, and some highly interesting autographs. Mr. Ellis tells us that Mr. Huth always bought on his own judgment, without consultation and without hesitation, 'and I believe it may be safely affirmed that it would be difficult to name any collector who made fewer errors in his selection. He was never known to bargain for a book or to endeavour to cheapen it. The price named, he would at once say 'Yea' or 'Nay' to it, and though it was supposed at the time that he paid high prices for his books, it may be confidently asserted that as a whole they are worth very much more than he paid for them, which, I think, could not have been much less altogether than £120,000.' Joseph Lilly is said to have sold to or purchased for Mr. Huth books to the value of over £40,000. Mr. Huth was born in 1815, and died in 1878. The library is, as we have said, now the property of his son, Mr. Alfred H. Huth, who has made a number of important additions to it, and who is as ardent and as genuine a bibliophile as his father.

Without approaching either in size or interest to that of Mr. Huth, the choice collection of books formed by Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, and lodged at his town-house at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, is full of attraction to the

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student of English literature. Early in the present century St. Dunstan's was inhabited by the Lord Steyne of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' and it was here that the orgies took place which resulted in the sensational trial of Nicholas Suisse, the confidant of Lord Hertford. The library at St. Dunstan's is a lofty, well-lighted room of about 28 feet by 20 feet, and the bookcases are made of Thuya wood from Australia, a wood which is exceedingly beautiful when polished. Mr. Gibbs's first book of note was purchased at Bright's sale in 1845, and was St. Augustine's 'De Arte Predicandi,' a volume of twenty-two leaves, and of well-known interest to students of early typography. Of Bibles there are over fifty examples, including Coverdale's, 1535, Matthew's, 1537, Cromwell's, 1539, a very large copy, and Cranmer's, 1540. The fine series of Prayer-Books comprises forty-seven in English, from the time of Edward VI. (1549) to that of Queen Victoria, whilst thirty-five others are in foreign languages. There are nine Primers from the time of Henry VIII. to Elizabeth; and there are no fewer than thirty-one editions of the New Testament. Examples of some of the choicest known Books of Hours and Missals are also in this collection, whilst among the six editions of the 'Imitatio Christi' there is a sixteenth-century manuscript on two hundred and forty-seven folios of paper, written by Francis Montpoudie de Weert, for the use of Bruynix, Priest, Dean of Christianity. Among the *incunabula* there

Mr. Henry H. Gibbs, Book-collector.

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is a very large copy of the 'Chronicon Nurembergense,' 1495, and two Caxtons: first, the 'Polychronicon' of Ralph Higden, 1482; and, secondly, the 'Golden Legend,' 1483, which latter was successively in the Towneley and the Glendening collections. The other more notable articles include fine copies of the four Folio Shakespeares, first editions of Milton's 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' 'Eikonoklastes,' 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Paradise Regained,' several Spensers, and very complete sets of the privately-printed books edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Halliwell-Phillipps, H. Huth, E. Arber, and E. W. Ashbee. A very interesting *catalogue raisonnée* of Mr. Gibbs's choice library has been printed, to which the reader is referred for further particulars.

Just as the minds of no two men run in precisely similar grooves, so no two libraries are found to be identical. Many bear a very striking resemblance to one another, but in more than one respect they will be found to differ. The splendid library formed by Mr. R. Copley Christie, the president or past-president of quite a number of learned societies, is altogether unique, so far as this country is concerned, and his library in a garden—truly the *summum bonum* of human desires! — at Ribsden, near Bagshot, is certainly one of the most remarkable which it has been our privilege to examine. Mr. Christie has not endeavoured to collect everything, but he has no rival in the specialities to which he has devoted his particular attention. He is the

Mr. R. Copley Christie, Book-collector.

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author of the only complete monograph on Etienne Dolet, which has been translated into French, and of which M. Goblet, when Minister of Public Instruction, caused 250 copies to be purchased for distribution among the public libraries of France. Of the eighty-four books (many of which are now lost) printed by Dolet, there are three collections worthy of the name, and the relative value of these will be seen when we state that Mr. Christie possesses copies of forty-four, the Bibliothèque Nationale thirty, and the British Museum twenty-five. Mr. Christie's collection of the editions of Horace is probably the finest in existence outside one or two public libraries; he has about 800 volumes, and among these are translations into nearly every European language. He has upwards of 300 Aldines, nearly forty of which are *editiones principes*. The works of the early French printers generally are objects of special interest; he has, for example, about 400 volumes printed by Sebastian Gryphius, at Lyons, from 1528 to 1556. Mr. Christie's library is also very rich in works of or relating to Pomponatius, Hortensio Landi, Postel, Ramus, J. Sturm, Scioppius, Giulio Camillo, and particularly Giordano Bruno.

A considerable number of the members of the Roxburghe Club come in the category of book-lovers rather than book-collectors. The Earl of Rosebery is understood to possess many valuable books and manuscripts relating to Scottish literature, particularly in reference to Robert Burns; but beyond this he has no fixed rule regarding additions to his library, 'except his course of reading for the moment.' The father of the present Lord Zouche formed a small but valuable library, which is now at Parham Park, Steyning, Sussex; it consists of some rare Syriac, Greek, Coptic, Bulgarian, and other manuscripts, of a Biblical nature, some of which are now on loan to the British Museum. In addition to these, there are a good many early printed books, first editions, and so forth, and also an extensive reference library, to which the present Lord Zouche has made some important additions. The extensive library of the Marquis of Bath,

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at Longleat, Warminster, has been formed at different times and by different persons; and what the present holder of the title has added has been bought without any method on various subjects in which his Grace happened to take an interest at the time. Sir John Evans's library is for the most part comprised of archæological, numismatical, and geological publications, with a certain number of old volumes 'which, though of intrinsic interest, cannot be regarded as bibliographical treasures.' Both Sir William Reynell Anson and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., possess good working libraries, but disclaim the possession of what are known as 'collector's' books. The present Marquis of Bute possesses several extensive libraries of books at his various seats, and chiefly composed of works relating to Scottish history, to liturgical, philological, and archæological subjects. The first Marquis of Bute formed an excellent collection of Spanish, Italian, and French classics, of books of memoirs, and of works relating to the English Reformation. The third Marquis formed another library, chiefly of a historical character, an exceedingly important portion of it being an extensive series of books and pamphlets relating to the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune. The Duke of Buccleuch has also several fine libraries at his various seats, the chief collections being at Dalkeith and Bowhill, Selkirk; his Grace keeps very few books in London. The books at Dalkeith have been catalogued by Mr. A. H. Bullen, who proposes to print some notes on the subject.

The Duke of Devonshire's library at Chatsworth is one of the most varied and extensive in the kingdom. An admirable catalogue of it was printed in four volumes in 1879, and its value as a bibliographical compilation may be estimated by the fact that the only copy which occurred in the market during the past eight years fetched £10. The library has been formed by the taste and learning of several generations of the Cavendish family, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day. The rarest book which it contains is the 'Liber Veritatis,' or collection

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of original designs of Claude Lorraine. The greatest additions were made to the library by William Spencer, sixth Duke, who, indeed, may be called its founder in its present form. This nobleman, on the advice of Tom Payne, offered £20,000 for the purchase of Count McCarthy's celebrated collection. The offer was declined, but the Duke was a purchaser to the extent of £10,000 of the choicer portions of the library of Thomas Dampier, Bishop of Ely, composed, for the most part, of Greek and Latin classics. The Duke bought largely at the Stanley, Horn Tooke, Towneley, Edwards, and Roxburghe sales. The library possesses the unique collection of plays formed by John Philip Kemble, and for which £2,000 were paid in 1821. The chief features of the library comprise a fine series of the editions of the Bible and of Boccaccio; there are also twenty-three works of Caxton, the most extensive in private hands, now that the Althorp collection has, or is about to, become public property. There are two dozen books from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, and no less than 200 editions of Cicero, including a magnificent copy of the *editio princeps*.

The libraries of two members of the Roxburghe Club have been dispersed by auction during the last few years —the Earl of Crawford's, in 1887 and 1889, to which reference has already been made; and Mr. Thomas Gaisford's, in 1890. The former has still a considerable number of important books, to which he is constantly adding; whilst his eldest son is worthily sustaining the reputation of the family for its love of rare and beautiful books. Mr. Gaisford has also a very large library, but he himself describes the books as of no special interest.

The Marquis of Salisbury possesses, at Hatfield, a fine library, which, like that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, is rather the accumulation of centuries than the formation of any particular head of the house. Many of the oldest and rarest books were at one time the properties of either Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, or of some other distinguished member of the family. We may mention a few of

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the *incunabula*: Æneas Silvius, 'Epistolæ,' 1496; St. Augustine, 'De Civitate Dei,' 1477; a copy of the magnificently-printed edition of Aulus Gellius, 'Noctes Atticæ,' Jenson, 1477, a very rare work; Cicero, 'Ad Atticum,' 1470, also printed by Jenson; an example of the *editio princeps* Homer, Florence, 1488; Juvenal, 'Satyræ,' 1474; the very rare second edition of Lactantius, 'Opera,' printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Parmartz, 1468; Livy, 'Historiarum Romanorum,' printed by Zarothus, 1480; Pomponius Mela, 'Cosmographia,' 1482; Ruffus, 'Opera,' 1472. Lord Salisbury's library includes several books which once belonged to Roger Ascham, notably a copy of Aristophanes, 'Comodiæ,' 1532; Aristotle, 'Opera,' 1531; Peter Martyr, 'Tractatio et Disputatio de Sacramento Eucharistiæ,' etc., 1549, one of the only two copies of which we have any record, the other example being in the Lambeth Library; and a large number of tracts of the time of Henry VIII. Of about 200 books which belonged to Sir Robert Cecil, we may mention two editions of Aristotle, 'Ethica,' 1572 and 1575; Baret, 'An Alvearie, or triple Dictionarie,' in English, Latin, and French, 1573; French Bible, 1546; Bodin, 'La Demonomanie des Sorciers,' 1580; Brache, 'Epistolarium Astronomicorum,' 1596; 'Astronomiæ Instauratæ,' 1602, and 'De Mundi Ætherei,' 1603; two editions of Cicero, 'Rhetorica,' 1552, 1562; Henning's 'Theatrum Genealogicum,' 1598; Galen, 'De Alimentis,' 1570; three editions of 'Natura Brevium,' one of 1566, and two of 1580; Ubaldino, 'Lo Stata Della Tre Corti,' 1594. The books of Lord Burghley include Aristotle, 'Ethica,' 1535; 'Opera,' 1539; 'Politica,' 1543; Ashley, 'Mariner's Mirror,' 1586; Basilius, 'Homiliæ,' 1528, and 'Opera,' 1551; Beda, 'Historia Ecclesiastica'; St. Chrysostom, 'Opera,' 1536; Cyrillus, 'Opera,' 1528; Demosthenes, 'Orationes,' 1528. The edition of Dioscorides, 'Opera,' 1529, belonged, respectively, to Lord Burghley and Sir John Cheke.

The library of Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher, of Albemarle Street, is a small one, but every item is either excessively rare or unique. Its formation was begun by

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Mr. Murray's grandfather, whilst his father made considerable additions. Naturally, it is very strong in manuscripts and first editions of Byron. It contains, for example, not only the original manuscript of 'The Waltz,' but the several proof-sheets up to a very fine copy of the perfect book. There are also the manuscript of the four cantos of 'Childe Harold' and the various proof corrections. There are also first editions of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' 'The Haunch of Venison,' and 'The Captivity,' with the receipt for the ten guineas which Goldsmith received for it from Dodsley. Mr. Murray possesses the entire manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbot.' This was originally minus three leaves. One of these leaves occurred in the market a few years ago, and passed into the possession of an American collector for £17 10s.; a second was secured, also at an auction, for £6 by Mr. Murray, so that the manuscript is only now wanting two leaves. The very interesting commonplace book of Robert Burns was given by Mr. Murray's grandfather to J. G. Lockhart, who left it to his son-in-law, Mr. Hope-Scott, from whom it again passed into the possession of the late Mr. John Murray. The manuscript 'Journal' of Thomas Gray's travels in England, for the most part unpublished, is also in Albemarle Street, as is also the manuscript of Washington Irving's 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.' The first edition of Pope's 'Dunciad,' successively in the possession of Malone, Elwin and Peter Cunningham; Pope's own copy of Sir Richard Blackmore's 'Paraphrase of Job,' 1700, with numerous suggested improved readings in Pope's own handwriting; the *Quarterly Review* article of Southey on Nelson, with the extensive elaborations from which the printed edition of the book was set up; a fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623; a very fine copy of the *editio princeps* St. Augustine, 'De Civitate Dei,' Rome, 1468; the *editio princeps* Homer, Florence, 1488; a good copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Midsummer-Night's Dreame,' James Roberts, 1600; a copy of the Prince Consort's 'Speeches,' presented to Mr. John Murray, with an autograph letter from the Queen—these are

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a few of the many notable books of which Mr. Murray is the fortunate owner. But among the more interesting of the manuscripts are the volumes of notes made at various times and on divers occasions by the late John Murray in his travels in North Germany, France, Switzerland, and South Germany, and from which the celebrated guide-books were printed—practically every word in the first and early editions of these widely-known books was written by the compiler.

New Lodge, Windsor Forest, the residence of Colonel Victor Bates Van de Weyer, contains a collection of books of a unique character, collected at vast trouble and expense by his father, the late M. Sylvain Van de Weyer, one of the founders of the Belgian monarchy, and for many years Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. M. S. Van de Weyer, who was born in 1802, and died in 1874, stood in the front rank of modern bibliophiles, and the magnitude of his collections may be estimated from the fact that, with town and country house full to overflowing, he had 30,000 volumes in the Pantechnicon when it was burnt down. He was an indefatigable and discriminating reader as well as a munificent purchaser. The library is rich in rare editions beautifully bound by men whose names rank first in the art of bibliopegy. There is a wonderful collection of fables, and a most complete library of *ana*. The presentation copies of books are numerous and interesting, bearing as they do the autographs of individuals famous in politics, literature, and art. The present owner, who succeeded his father as a member of the Roxburghe Club, has had the books in the library catalogued, and the welfare of this noble collection is well thought of.

Both Lord Houghton and Lord Amherst of Hackney possess fine libraries of rare and interesting books. That of the latter includes a Caxton, 'The Laste Siege and Conquest of Jherusalem,' 1481; Henry VIII.'s copy of Erasmus, 'Dialogi,' 1528; the same King's copy of Whytforde's 'The Boke called the Pype or Toune of the Lyfe of Perfection,' 1532; Grolier's copies of Stoplerinus, 'Elucidatio fabricæ usuque Astrolabii,' 1524, and of 'Prognosti-

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catio Johannis Liechtenbergers,' 1526; Maioli's copy of 'Clitophonis Narratio Amatoria,' Lyons, 1544; books bound by Nicholas Eve; early English bindings; and many others. Mr. C. I. Elton, Q.C., M.P., has a fine library, of which a *catalogue raisonné* has been drawn up and printed. Mr. Charles Butler and Mr. Ingram Bywater possess a number of interesting and rare books. Many of the more notable specimens of the bindings in the libraries of the three last-mentioned gentlemen were exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891, and are described in the catalogue.

Mr. Andrew Lang is not only a distinguished bibliophile, but a prolific writer on the subject of books. He is understood to have an extensive library of an exceedingly miscellaneous character. He has an especial liking for books which bear the traces of former distinguished owners. He himself has pointed out that, 'as a rule, tidy and self-respecting people do not even write their names on their fly-leaves, still less do they scribble marginalia. Collectors love a clean book, but a book scrawled on may have other merits. Thackeray's countless caricatures add a delight to his old school books; the comments of Scott are always to the purpose; but how few books once owned by great authors come into the general market. Where is Dr. Johnson's library, which must bear traces of his buttered toast? Sir Mark Sykes used to record the date and place of purchase, with the price—an excellent habit. The selling value of a book may be lowered even by a written owner's name, but many a book, otherwise worthless, is redeemed by an interesting note. Even the uninteresting notes gradually acquire an antiquarian value, if contemporary with the author. They represent the mind of a dead age, and perhaps the common scribbler is not unaware of this; otherwise he is, indeed, without excuse. For the great owners of the past, certainly, we regret that they were so sparing in marginalia. But this should hardly be considered as an excuse for the petty owners of the present, with "their most observing thumb."' Mr. Lang is the lucky owner of a copy of Stoddart's poem, 'The Death Wake' (1831).

back

that singular romantic or necromantic volume, which wise collectors will purchase when they can. It is of extreme rarity, and the poetry is no less rare, in the French manner of 1830. On this specimen Aytoun has written marginalia. Where the hero's love of arms and dread of death are mentioned, Aytoun has written 'A rum cove for a Hussar,' and he has added designs of skeletons and a sonnet to the 'wormy author.' 'A curse! a curse!' shrieks the poet. 'Certainly, but why and wherefore?' says Aytoun. There is nothing very precious in his banter; still it is diverting to follow in the footsteps of the author of 'Ta Phairshon.' Mr. Lang also possesses John Wilkes' copy of the second edition of 'Theocritus, Bion and Moschus,' in French, with Eisen's plates; he has Leon Gambetta's copy of the 'Journée Chrétienne,' Collet's copy of his friend Crashaw's 'Steps to the Temple,' and a copy of Montaigne, with the autograph of Drummond of Hawthornden.

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson, whose lamented death occurred whilst the earlier pages of this book—in which he took much interest—were passing through the press, was an ideal book-collector. He cared only for books which were in the most perfect condition. The unique character of the Rowfant library, its great literary and commercial value, and its wide interest, may be studied at length in its admirable catalogue, which of itself is a valuable work of reference. Mr. Locker, for it is by this name, and as the author of 'London Lyrics,' that he will be best remembered, devoted his attention almost exclusively to English literature, although of late years he had devoted as much attention as his frail health would allow to the formation of a section of rare books in French literature. It would be impossible to describe in this place all the many book rarities at Rowfant; we must be content, therefore, with indicating a few of the more interesting ones: Alexander Pope's own copy of Chapman's translation of Homer, 1611; one of the largest known copies of the First Folio Shakespeare, 1623; an extensive series of the first or early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, about fifty in

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number—including the spurious plays—many of which were at one time in the collections of Steevens, George Daniel, Tite, or Halliwell-Phillipps. The library is rich in other writers of the Elizabethan period—of Nash, Dekker, Greene, Gabriel Harvey. There are also a long series of the first

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson.
From a Portrait by Mr. Du Maurier.

editions of Dryden; the earliest issues of the first complete edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress'; of 'Robinson Crusoe' (the three parts); of 'Gulliver's Travels,' besides about a score of other *editiones principes* of Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Gay, Gray, Lamb, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Thackeray, Dickens and many

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others. The two early printed books of especial interest are the 'De Senectute,' printed by Caxton, 1481, and Barbour's 'Actis and Lyfe of the maist Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland,' printed at Edinburgh by Robert Lepruik in 1571. The room in which the books are kept is virtually a huge safe; it was at one time a small ordinary room, and it has been converted into a fireproof library, with brick walls within brick walls; the floor of concrete, nearly two feet thick, and a huge iron door, complete an ingenious and effective protection against the most destructive of all enemies of books—fire.

The library of Mr. Joseph Knight, the editor of *Notes and*

Portrait Bookplate of Mr. Joseph Knight.

Queries, more nearly resembles a select and orderly bookseller's premises than a private individual's. It seems almost impossible to believe that the comparatively small house in Camden Square could contain between 12,000 and 13,000 volumes, and yet such is undoubtedly the case. Every room is crowded, and all the sides of the stair-

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cases are crowded with books from top to bottom. Mr. Knight's library is essentially a working one, but it is also something more. It is rich in editions of Froissart's 'Chronicles'; in editions of Rabelais—notably the excessively rare one printed by Michel le Noir, 1505; in Elzevir editions it includes a very extensive series; the series of the 'Restif de la Bretonne' includes about 200 volumes, being one of the few complete sets in London. A few of Mr. Knight's greatest rarities have come to him at very cheap rates—*e.g.*, the 'Apologie pour Herodote,' 1566, without any of the *cartons*, or cancels, upon which the Genevese authorities insisted. This little volume, of which there are very few copies known, cost Mr. Knight 16s., neither buyer nor seller knowing its value at the time of the transfer. Another 'bargain' is the fine copy of Baudelaire, 'Les Fleurs de Mal,' 1857, which was fished out of a fourpenny box in High Street, Marylebone! Mr. Knight's collection of French plays and of works relating to the French stage is, like that of the English dramatists—ancient and modern—exceedingly extensive. He possesses, also, a few good Aldines, a number of Bodonis, and some books of Le Gason.

Mr. Gladstone is, of course, a book-collector, as well as an omnivorous reader. The Grand Old Book-hunter's literary tastes cover almost every conceivable phase of intellectual study. His library contains about 30,000 volumes, to which theology contributes about one-fourth. The works are arranged by Mr. Gladstone himself into divisions and sections. For many years he was an inveterate bookstaller, a practice which of late years has brought with it a certain amount of inconvenience. After attending Mr. H. M. Stanley's wedding, for example, in 1890, Mr. Gladstone went on one of his second-hand book expeditions, this time to Garratt's, in Southampton Row. The right hon. gentleman walked with his customary elasticity, and was followed to the shop by a large crowd of admirers, chiefly consisting of working men, whose enthusiasm was kept in order by three policemen. Outside the bookseller's several hundred people

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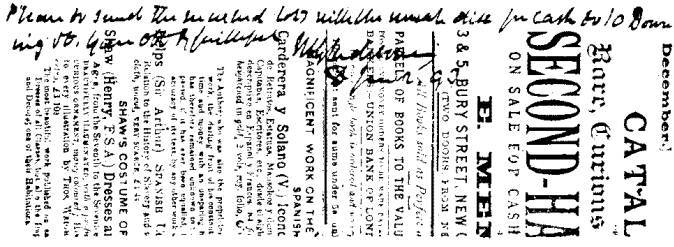
gathered, and they were not disappointed in their wish to see the Grand Old Man, for Mr. Garratt's shop does not boast of a back-door through which fame can escape its penalties. On coming out, Mr. Gladstone, looking, as a working man standing on the kerb expressed it, 'as straight as a new nail,' received quite an ovation, the people waving their hats and cheering vigorously as he drove away in a cab. Mr. Gladstone's marked catalogues are a familiar and a peculiarly welcome feature with second-hand booksellers, who proudly expose them in their windows. A bookseller who exhibited one of these catalogues before the Old Man retired from the Premiership was accosted by a strong Tory with the remark: 'I see you've got a list marked by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ON SALE FOR CASH
E. MEN
3 & 5 BURY STREET, NEW
MAGNIFICENT WORK ON THE SPANISH
SHAW'S COSTUME OF

'An Order from Mr. Gladstone.'

Gladstone's initials in the window;' and then, whispering fiercely in the bookseller's ear, he added, 'Does he pay you?' We give a facsimile of one of Mr. Menken's catalogues with an order for books from Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Henry Spencer Ashbee, of Bedford Square, has a small but charming library, nearly every volume being beautifully bound. The books are, for the most part, modern, and chiefly French. There are, for example, Sainte-Beuve's 'Livre d'Amour,' which was suppressed after a few copies were struck off, with the author's own corrections; the Fortsas 'Catalogue,' the cruel joke of M. Renier Chalon; first editions of 'The English Spy,' an exceptionally fine copy; Coryat's 'Crambe, or, his Colwork,' 1611; Roger's 'Poems' and 'Italy'; a number of books

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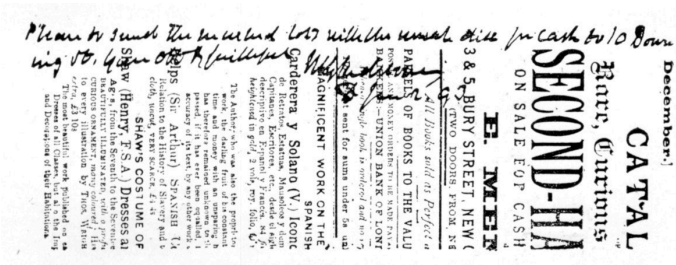

December.]

CATAL

Rare, Curious

SECOND-HA

ON SALE FOR CASH

E. MER

3 & 5, BURY STREET, NEW C

TWO DOORS FROM NE

All Books sold as Perfect a

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Carderera y Solano (V.) Icono

de Retratos, Estatuas, Mausoleos y dem

descriptivo en Español y Francés, sel

Ilustrado en gold, 2 vols. roy. folio, G

The Author (who was also the proprietor

work, the darling fruit of his constant

has therefore remained unknown to th

passed, if it has ever been equalled, i

accuracy of its text by any other work.

(Sir Arthur) SPANISH (

SHAW'S COSTUME OF

(Henry, F.S.A.) Dresses a

Ages, from the Seventh to the Sevenite

CHARACTERISTICS OF HISTORY, CUSTOMS, DRESS, AND

to every illustration by Frank Watson

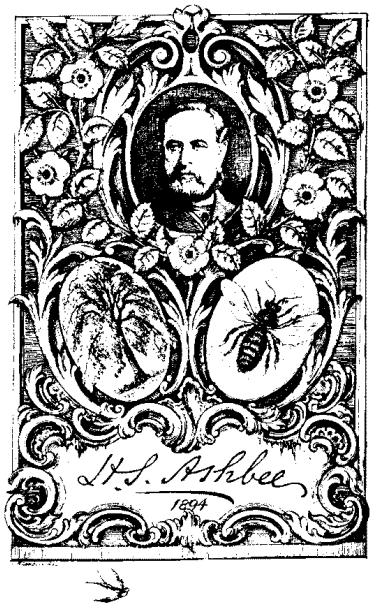
This most beautiful work published on a

Dresses of all Classes, but also the Hig

and Decorations of their Habitations

back

illustrated by Chodowiecki, the Cruikshank of Germany; practically all the books published by M. Octave Uzanne and Paul Lacroix in the finest possible states. Mr. Ashbee possesses several extra-illustrated or grangerized books of exceptional interest — the nine volumes of Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes' are extended to thirty-four, there being upwards of 5,000 additional portraits, views, and so forth. Mr. Ashbee's library comprises several thousand volumes, the binding alone of which must have cost a small fortune.



Portrait Bookplate of Mr. H. S. Ashbee.

The libraries of Mr. Thomas J. Wise and Mr. Walter Slater may be bracketed together, partly because they have been formed side by side. They differ in many respects, however. Mr. Wise's is a small but choice collection of books, autographs, and manuscripts of modern writers. He possesses, for the most part, in first editions of the finest quality, practically everything written by Matthew Arnold, William Blake, Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Landor, Meredith, William Morris, John Ruskin, Swinburne, and Tennyson. Of Shelley, for example, Mr. Wise has a collection of 400 books and pamphlets by or concerning him. There is only one other collection comparable to it, and it is that possessed by Mr. Buxton Forman. Of Byron Mr. Wise has everything, including 'The Waltz,' 'Poems on Various Occasions,' and

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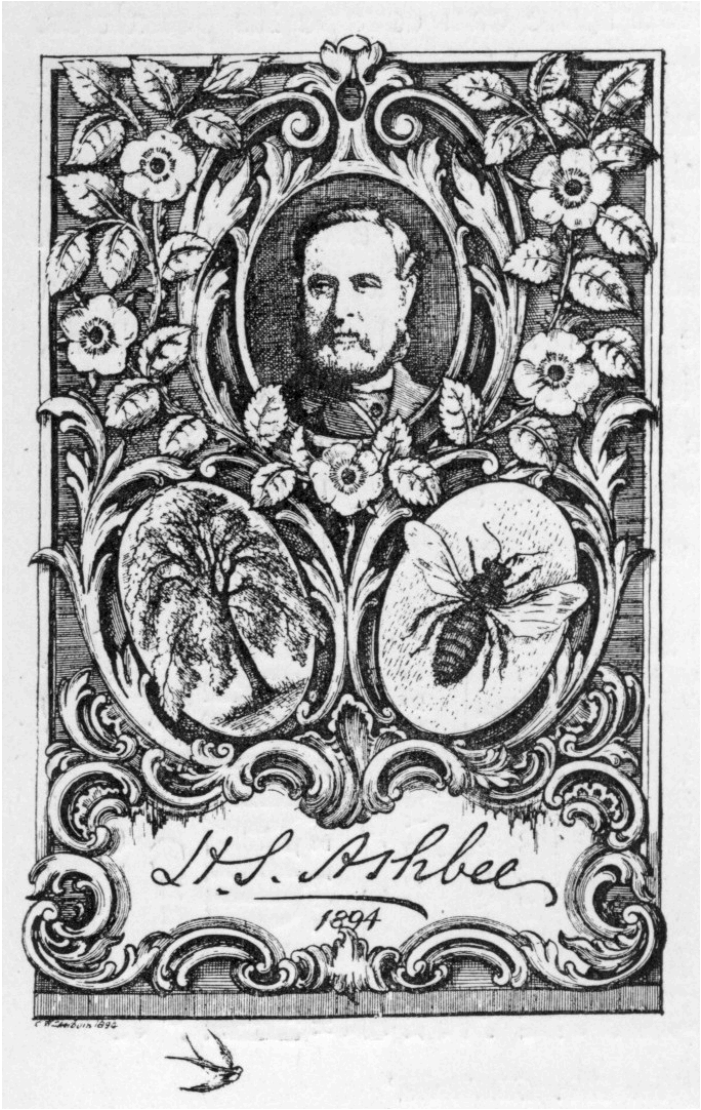

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all the other excessively rare publications of this prolific poet, the only exception, indeed, being 'The Curse of Minerva,' 1812. Mr. Wise's collection of Ruskiniana is practically complete, and includes a number of privately-printed pamphlets issued to a few personal friends. Mr. Walter Slater's books and manuscripts include a unique series of both Dante G. Rossetti and Walter Savage Landor. Of the former, it contains the manuscript of three-fourths of the 'House of Life' series of sonnets, the manuscript of 'St. Agnes,' and the whole of the extant manuscript of 'The King's Tragedy'; these manuscripts usually include not only the 'copy' as it was sent to the printer, but usually the first and second drafts. The series of Landor books and pamphlets is quite complete, from his first book of poems, 'Moral Epistles,' issued in 1795, and the equally excessively rare 'Poems from the Arabic and Persian,' issued at Warwick in 1800, to 'Savonarola,' in Italian, 1860. Mr. Slater has a complete series of the first editions of the curious works of Mrs. Behn.

Mr. T. J. Wise, Book-collector.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and several other publications, is a book-collector who, like Mr. Wise and Mr. Slater, has pitched his 'tent' on the northern heights of London. Mr. Shorter has an unusually complete set of the works of Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Sir Walter Scott, Charlotte Brontë—besides the 'Cottage Poems' of old Mr. Brontë—and Matthew Arnold. Of the last named there are

back

CLEMENT·K·
SHORTER
Yet Ah, that Spring
should vanish with
the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-
scented manuscript
should close!
The nightingale that
in the branches sang,
Ah whence, & whither flown
again, who
knows?
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
VITA BREVIS
ARS LONGA

back

copies of the very limited editions of 'Geist's Grave,' 'St. Brandran,' 'Home Rule for Ireland,' and 'Alaric at Rome.' Mr. Shorter's Ruskin treasures include a volume of the plates of 'Modern Painters,' on India paper, bound up in vellum. There are also several first editions of the earlier works of Carlyle, and William Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' on vellum, with the original manuscript bound up with it. Mr. Shorter has many interesting manuscripts and books by Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. L. Stevenson, and A. C. Swinburne, with autographs or notes by their respective authors. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, the well-known author, has for many years been a confirmed book-hunter, and has come across some rare and interesting finds. Mr. Henry Norman, the traveller and assistant editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, has a number of choice and rare books, chiefly first editions of American authors—J. Russell Lowell, Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, Emerson, Walt Whitman, and Whittier—nearly all of whom were personal friends of Mr. Norman's. Mr. Norman has gone to the extravagance of two sets of the first editions of Thomas Hardy's books, whilst of George Meredith there is one complete set.

Mr. Clement Shorter's Bookplate.

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The House of Commons contains several men who have very excellent libraries and excellent judgments of books. Mr. Leonard Courtney has been guilty of bookstalling a good many times in his successful career, and is, perhaps, an exception to the general rule that good political economists usually make poor book-hunters. Mr. Courtney possesses a good many uncommon books, which he has picked up from time to time. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., the author of 'Obiter Dicta,' and son-in-law of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, has a good library of from 5,000 to 6,000 books. Among these may be noticed the first edition of Gray's 'Elegy,' picked up at Hodgson's for 3s. 6d.; first edition of Keats' 'Endymion,' purchased off a stall in the Euston Road for 2s. 6d.; first edition of 'Wuthering Heights'; and an extensive series of books relating to or by Dryden, Pope, Swift, and others of that period, as well as a number of presentation copies of books by Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson, etc. Mr. T. R. Buchanan, M.P., who was for many years librarian of All Souls' College, Oxford, has a small but select library of books which are, for the most part, remarkable on account of the beauty or rarity of their bindings. It is especially strong in fine specimens of early English and Scotch bindings; there are a few examples from De Thou's library, and a few characteristic specimens of Italian and Flemish bindings of the best periods. The books themselves are principally editions

Mr. A. Birrell, Book-collector.

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of the classics; but the section of Bibles printed in England and Scotland is a full one. There are also many volumes with a personal interest; for example, the copy of Locke's 'Essay concerning the Human Understanding' was once Coleridge's, and contains a note by him to this effect: 'This is, perhaps, the most admirable of Locke's works; read it, Southey,' etc.; and the copy of the 'Libri Carolini,' 1549, was Scaliger's.

Captain R. S. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, has a choice library of beautiful and rare books, formed by his father, the late H. S. Holford. For many years its chief treasure was the only known first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 1678, which was valued at £50; during the last few years, however, four other copies have turned up, without, however, lessening the commercial value of the Holford copy, which would probably fetch two or three times the amount at which it was valued thirty years ago. The facsimile of the first edition issued a few years ago was made from Mr. Holford's copy. A few other treasures of Captain Holford's library may be briefly mentioned as follows: A fifteenth-century manuscript of Livy's 'Historia,' on vellum, in a Venetian binding, with the arms of Aragon; Cardinal Hippolyto d'Este's copy of Rhinghier, 'Cento Giuochi Liberali, et d' Ingegno,' Bologna, 1551; Grolier's copy of Pliny, 'Epistolæ,' etc., Venice, 1518; of Valerius Maximus, Venice, 1534; and of 'Epitomes des Roys de France,' Lyons, 1546; the Maioli copy of Homer, 'Odyssea,' Paris, 1538; Du Bellay's 'Memoirs,' 1572, with the arms of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; and the copy of 'Liber Psalmorum Davidis,' 1546, bound by Nicholas Eve for De Thou.

Dr. W. H. Corfield, Mr. C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey, Q.C., Sir Julian Goldsmid, M.P., Mr. C. F. Murray, Mr. George Salting, Mr. Samuel Sandars, Mr. H. Yates Thompson, Mr. H. Virtue Tebbs, and Mr. T. Foster Shattock, are understood to possess choice libraries of books noted chiefly for the beauty or rarity of their bindings. M. John Gennadius, late Greek Minister at the Court of

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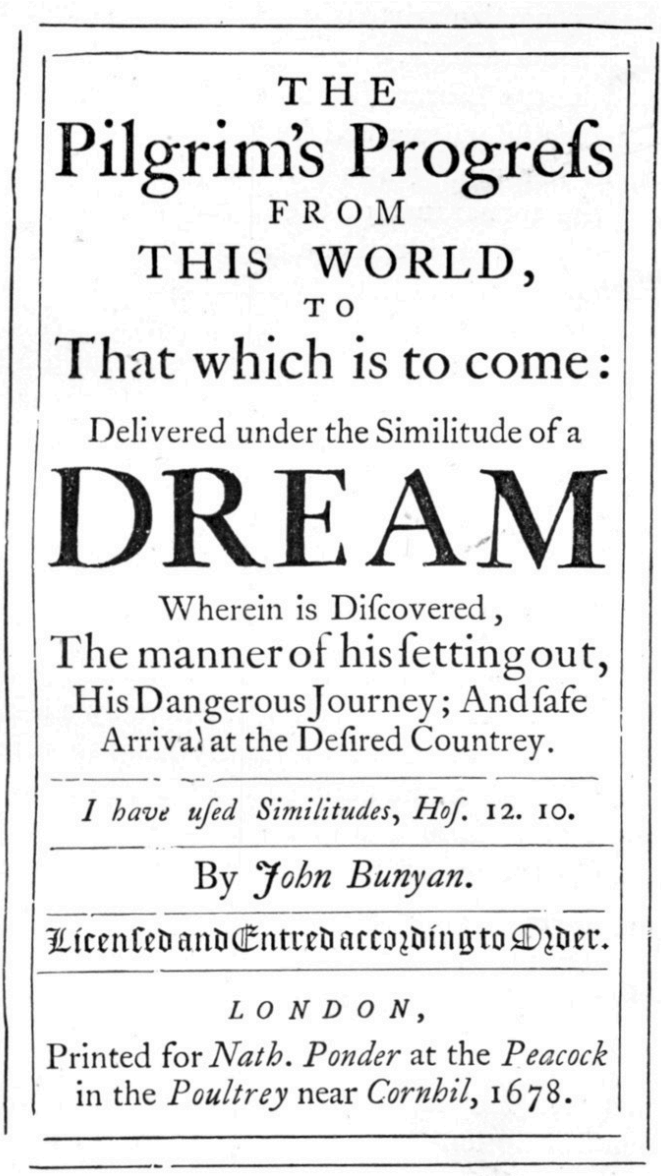

THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs
FROM
THIS WORLD,
TO
That which is to come:
Delivered under the Similitude of a
DREAM
Wherein is Diſcovered,
The manner of his ſetting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And ſafe
Arrival at the Deſired Countrey.

I have uſed Similitudes, Hoſ. 12. 10.

By *John Bunyan.*

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock*
in the *Poultrey* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

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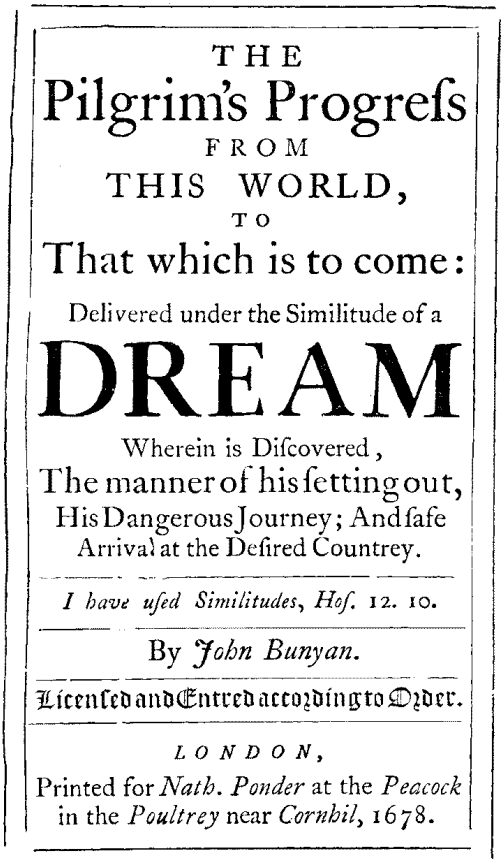
St. James's, possessed one of the finest libraries formed during recent years. This collection was destined to supplement and ornament the National Library of Greece, founded



THE
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in the *Poultrey* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

Facsimile of Title-page, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' First Edition.

at Athens by his Excellency's father, on the very morrow of her liberation. Fate, however, ordered otherwise, and these beautiful books were, consequently, dispersed at Sotheby's,

back

from March 28 to April 9, the eleven days' sale of 3,222 lots realizing £5,466. The library of Mr. W. Christie-Miller, of Britwell Court, Maidenhead, is understood to include many choice books, particularly early printed works, but no particulars of it are available.

Holland House Library is one of great historic value and interest. It is fully described by the Princess Marie Leichtenstein, in her monograph on the place. Macaulay has described the appearance of the library in his famous essay on Lord Holland. It is rather a collection formed by a statesman and a literary man than by a bibliophile; there are over 10,000 volumes, many of which are privately printed books, presentation copies; there is a large collection of historical works relating to Italy, Portugal, and France; Spanish literature, a memento of the taste of the third Lord Holland, is well represented; the collection of Elzevirs is very fine, as is also that of the Greek and Latin classics, and the highly curious collection of various copies of Charles James Fox's 'James II.,' which belonged to different celebrities, is housed here.

Mr. C. J. Toovey inherited from his father, the late James Toovey, a fine library of exceptionally choice books; it is rich in monuments of the Early English printers, one of its gems being a fine copy of the 'Boke of St. Albans'; Aldines probably form one of its largest sections, whilst in bindings by the great masters of the French school of bibliopegic art the library has very few equals. Many of these were purchased by the late Mr. Toovey in Paris, long before the present rage for them had commenced, so that, as an investment, they will doubtless yield a handsome profit if they ever come into the market. The series of Walton's 'Angler' includes the first edition, with a presentation inscription by the author; there is also the largest known First Folio edition of Shakespeare, to which reference has already been made.

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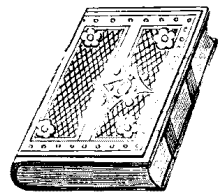

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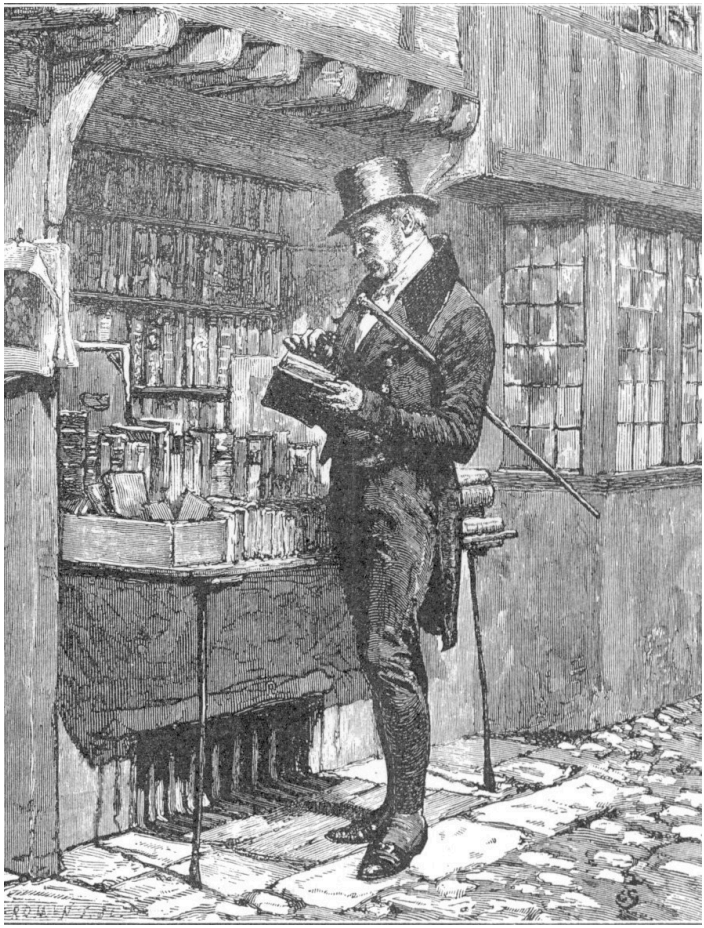

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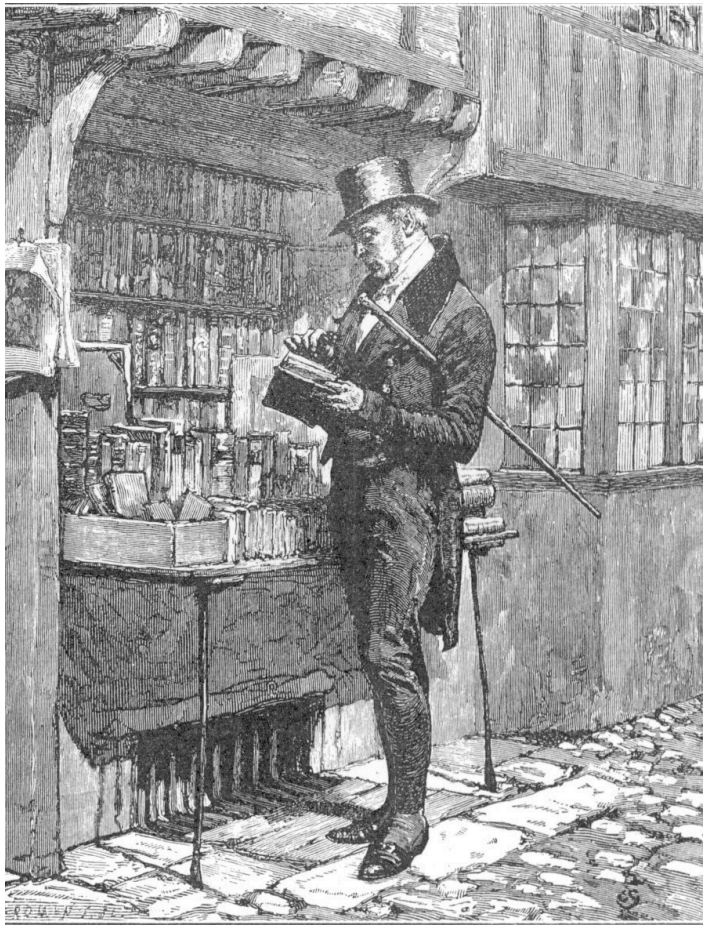

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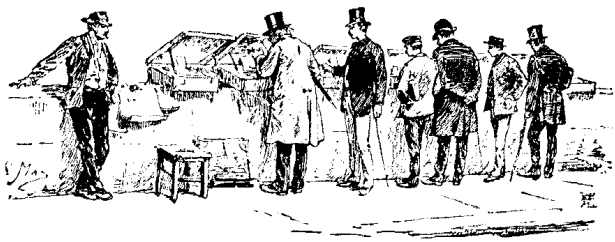

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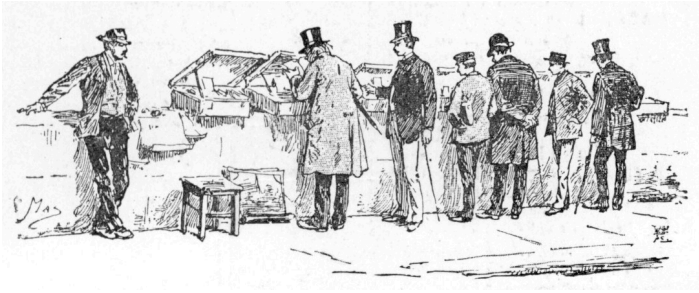

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