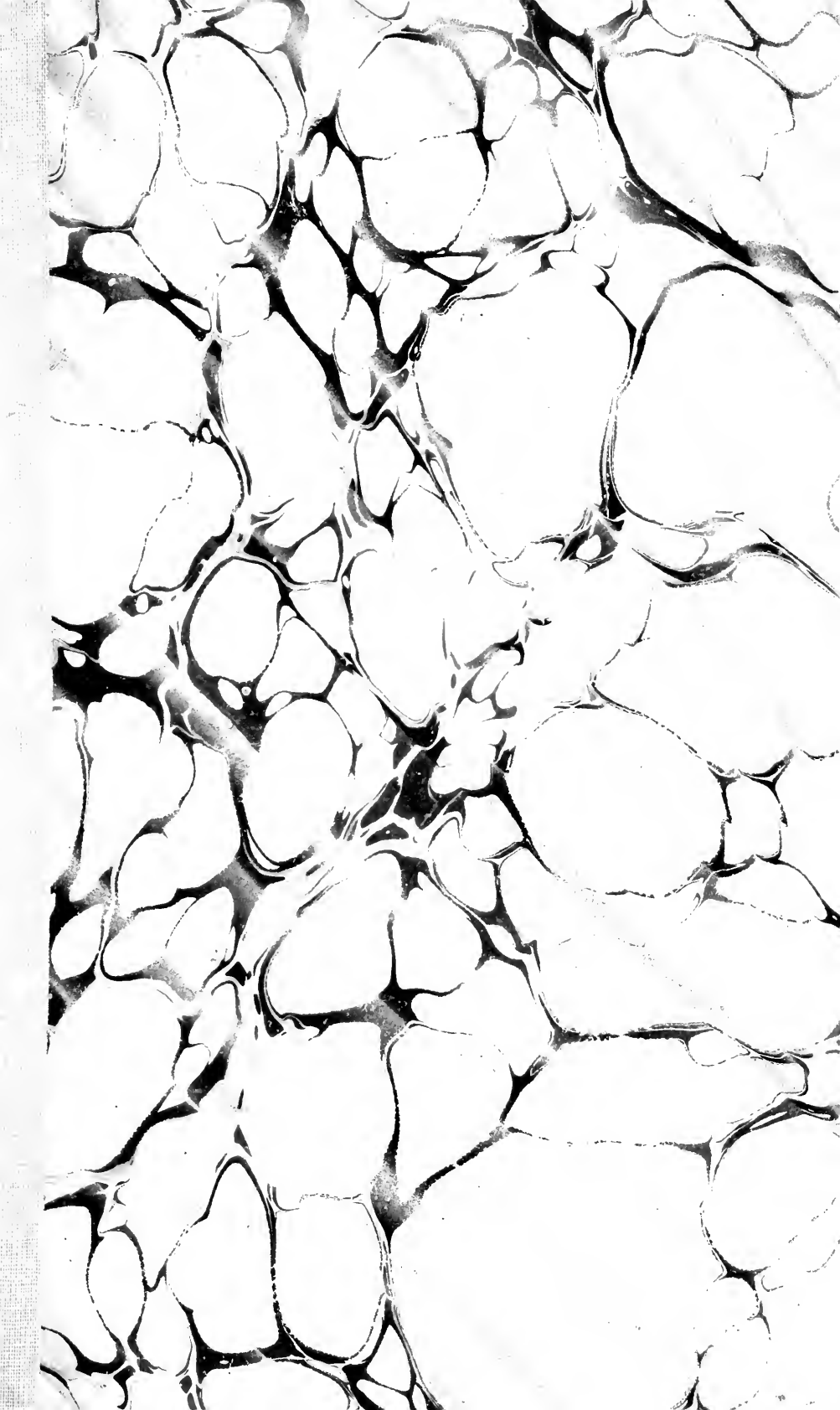






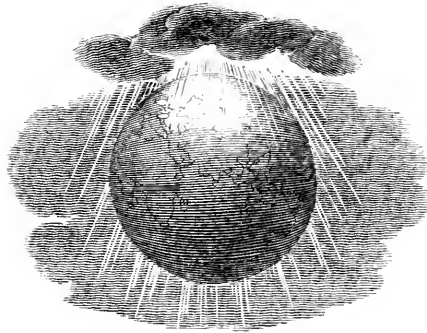
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A
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
Antiquarian
AND
PICTURESQUE TOUR
IN
FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE REV.
THO. FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.R.S. S.A.

VOLUME II.



DEI OMNIA PLENA.

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Bibliographical Tour.

LETTER XX.

DEPARTURE FROM VIRE. CONDÉ. PONT OUILLY. ARRIVAL AT FALAISE. HOTEL OF THE GRAND TURC. THE CASTLE OF FALAISE. BIBLIOMANICAL INTERVIEW.

Falaise.

HERE I am—or rather, here I have been—my most excellent friend, for the last four days—and from hence you will receive probably the last despatch from NORMANDY—from the “the land (as I told you in my first epistle*) of churches, castles, and ancient chivalry.” In no place could I *colophonise* with greater propriety and effect. An old, well-situated, respectably-inhabited, and even flourishing, town—the birth-place too of our renowned FIRST WILLIAM:—weather, the most serene and inviting—and hospitality, thoroughly hearty, and after the English fashion—these have all conspired to put me in tolerably good spirits;—and my health, thank God, has been of late a little improved. In other words, I have had two successive nights of

* See vol. i. p. 2.

uninterrupted slumber ; an event deserving of especial notification. You wish me to continue the thread of my narrative unbroken ; and I take it up therefore from the preparation for my departure from Vire.

I breakfasted, as I told you I was about to do, with my friend and guide Mons. De la Renaudiere ; who had prepared quite a sumptuous repast for our participation. Coffee, eggs, sweetmeats, cakes, and all the comfortable paraphernalia of an inviting breakfast-table, convinced us that we were both in well-furnished and respectable quarters. Madame did the honours of the meal in perfectly good taste ; and one of the loveliest children I ever saw—a lad, of about five or six years of age—with a profusion of hair of the most delicate texture and colour, (only that, in our own country, the maid-servant would have taken the liberty to wash the young gentleman's face !) gave a sort of joyous character to our last meal at Vire. The worthy host told me not to forget him, when I reached my own country ; and that, if ever business or pleasure brought me again into Normandy, to remember that the Maire de Tallevende-le-Petit would be always happy to renew his assurances of hospitality. At the same time, he entreated me to pay attention to a list of English books which he put into my hands ; and of which he stood considerably in need. We bade farewell in the true English fashion, by a hearty shake of the hands ; and, mounting our voiture, gave the signal for departure. “ *Au plaisir de vous revoir !* ”—’till a turning of the carriage deprived us of the sight of each other. It is not easy—and I trust it is not natural—for me to forget the last forty-eight hours spent in the interesting town of Vire !

Our route to this place was equally grand and experimental; grand, as to the width of the road, and beauty of the surrounding country—but experimental, inasmuch as a part of the *route royale* had been broken up, and rendered wholly impassable for carriages of any weight. Our own, of its kind, was sufficiently light; with a covering of close wicker-work, painted after the fashion of some of our bettermost tilted carts. One Norman horse, in full condition of flesh, with an equal portion of bone and muscle, was to convey us to this place, which cannot be less than twenty-two good long English miles from Vire. The carriage had no springs; and our seat (as noticed from Granville *) was merely suspended by pieces of leather fastened at each end. The horse trotted briskly the first half dozen miles; but our uncomfortableness increased in proportion to his efforts to get on. At *Condé*, about one-third of the distance, we baited, to let both man and horse breathe over their dinners; while, strolling about that prettily situated little town, we mingled with the inhabitants, and contemplated the various faces (it being market-day) with no ordinary degree of gratification. Amidst the bustle and variety of the scene, our ears were greeted by the air of an itinerant ballad-singer: nor will you be displeased if I send you a copy of it:—since it is gratifying to find any thing like a return to the good old times of the sixteenth century.

VIVE LE ROI, VIVE L'AMOUR.

FRANÇOIS Premier, nous dit l'histoire,
Etoit la fleur des Chevaliers,

* See vol. i. p. 420.

VIRE TO FALAISE.

Près d'Etampes aux champs de gloire
 Il recueillit myrtes et lauriers ;
 Sa maîtresse toujours fidèle,
 Le payant d'un tendre retour,
 Lui chantant cette ritournelle ;
 Vive le Roi, vive l'Amour.

HENRI, des princes le modèle,
 Ton souvenir est dans nos cœurs,
 Par la charmante Gabrielle
 Ton front fut couronné de fleurs ;
 De la Ligue domptant la rage,
 Tu sus triompher tour-à-tour,
 Par ta clémence et ton courage :
 Vive le Roi, vive l'Amour.

Amant chéri de la Vallière,
 Des ennemis noble vainqueur,
 LOUIS savoit combattre et plaire,
 Guidé par l'Amour et l'honneur ;
 A son retour de la Victoire,
 Entouré d'une aimable cour,
 Il entendoit ce cri de gloire :
 Vive le Roi, vive l'Amour.

Soldats Français, pleins de vaillance ;
 Chantez l'Amour et les combats,
 Servez le Roi, servez la France,
 L'honneur par-tout suivra vos pas ;
 Et si la trompette guerrière
 Au combat vous rappelle un jour,
 Ecrivez sur votre bannière :
 VIVE LE ROI, VIVE L'AMOUR.

There are numerous manufactures for *sabots* here : a most essential article of dress (as you must have already observed,) throughout Normandy ; and it was in one of these sabot shops that my graphic companion declared, that he was quite sure he saw by

much the most beautiful female countenance which this country had yet exhibited. Indeed, there was a freshness of tint, and a comeliness of appearance, among the bourgeois and common people, which were not to be eclipsed even by the belles of Coustances. Our garçon de poste and his able-bodied quadruped having each properly recruited themselves, we set forward—by preference—to walk up the very long and somewhat steep hill which rises on the other side of Condé towards *Pont Ouilly*—in the route hither. Perhaps this was the most considerable ascent we had mounted on foot, since we had left Rouen. The view from the summit richly repaid the toil of using our legs. It was extensive, fruitful, and variegated; but neither rock nor mountain scenery; nor castles, nor country seats; nor cattle, nor the passing traveller—served to mark or to animate it. It was still, pure nature, upon a vast and rich scale: and as the day was fine, and our spirits good, we were resolved to view and to admire.

Pont Ouilly lies in a hollow; with a vastly pretty winding river, which seems to run through its centre. The surrounding hills are gently undulating; and as we descended to the auberge, we observed, over the opposite side of the town, upon the summit of one of the hills, a long procession of men and women—headed by an ecclesiastic, elevating a cross—who were about to celebrate, at some little distance, one of their annual festivals. The effect—as the procession came in contact with a bright blue sky, softened by distance—was uncommonly picturesque. . . and Mr. L. entreated that the voiture might be stopped; but the day was get-

ting on fast, and we had yet a considerable distance to perform,—while, in addition, we had to encounter the most impassable part of the road. Besides, we had not yet eaten a morsel since we had left Vire. Upon holding a consultation, therefore, it was resolved to make for the inn, and dine there. A more sheltered, rural, spot cannot be conceived. It resembled very many of the snug scenes in South Wales. Indeed the whole country was of a character similar to many parts of Monmouthshire; though with a miserable draw-back in respect to the important feature of wood. Through the whole of Normandy, you miss those grand and overshadowing masses of oak, which give to Monmouthshire, and its neighbouring county of Gloucester, that rich and majestic appearance which so decidedly marks the character of those counties. However, we are now at the inn at Pont Ouilly. A dish of river fish, gudgeons, dace, and perch, was speedily put in requisition. Good wine, “than which France could boast no better!” and a roast fowl, which the daughter of the hostess “knew how to dress to admiration” . . . was all that this humble abode could afford us.” “But we were welcome:”—that is, upon condition that we paid our reckoning . . .

The dinner would be ready in a “short half hour.” Mr. Lewis, went to the bridge, to look around, for the purpose of exercising his pencil: while I sauntered more immediately about the house. Within five minutes a well-looking, and even handsome, young woman—of an extremely fair complexion—her hair cut close behind—her face almost smothered in a white cap which seemed of crape—and habited in a deep black

—passed quickly by me, and ascended a flight of steps, leading to the door of a very humble mansion. She smiled graciously at the *aubergiste* as she passed her, and quickly disappeared. On enquiry, I was told that she was a nun who, since the suppression of the convent to which she had belonged, earned her livelihood by teaching some of the more respectable children in the village. She had just completed her twentieth year. I was now addressed by a tall, bluff, shabby-looking man—who soon led me to understand that he was master of the inn where my “suite” was putting up;—that I had been egregiously deceived about the nature of the road—for that it was totally impossible for *one* horse—even the very best in Normandy—(and where will you find better? added he, parenthetically—as I here give it you) to perform the journey with such a voiture and such a weight of luggage behind.” I was struck equally with amazement and woe at this intelligence. The un pitying landlord saw my consternation. “Hark you, sir . . . if you *must* reach Falaise this evening, there is only one method of doing it. You must have another horse.” “Willingly,” I replied. “Yes, sir—but you can have it only upon *one* condition.” “What is that?” “I have some little business at Falaise myself. Allow me to strap about one hundred weight of loaf-sugar at the back of your conveyance, and I myself will be your *garçon de poste* thither.” I own I thought him about the most impudent fellow I had yet seen in Normandy: but there was no time for resistance or non-compliance. Necessity compelled acquiescence. Accordingly, the dinner being dispatched—which, though good, was

charged at six francs a-head—we prepared for our departure. But judge of my surprise and increased consternation, when the fellow ordered forth a little runt of a quadruped—in the shape of a horse—which was hardly higher than the lower part of the chest of the animal which brought us from Vire! I remonstrated. The landlord expatiated. I resisted—but the fellow said it was a bargain—and proceeded quietly to deposit at least *two* hundred weight of his refined sugar at the back of the carriage. This Lilliputian horse was made the leader. The landlord mounted on the front seat, with our Vire post-boy by the side of him; and sounding his whip, with a most ear-piercing whoop and hollow, we sprung forward for Falaise—which we were told we should reach before sun-set. You can hardly conceive the miseries of this cross-road journey. The route royale was, in fact, completely impassable; because they were repairing it. Alarmed at the ruggedness of the cross-road—where one wheel was in a rut of upwards of a foot deep, and the other elevated in proportion—we got out, and resolved to push on a-foot. We walked for nearly two leagues, before our conveyance overtook us—so harassing and so apparently insurmountable seemed to be the road. But the cunning aubergiste had now got rid of his leader. He said that it was only necessary to use it for the first two or three leagues—which was the most difficult part of the route—and that, for the remainder, about five English miles, our “fine Norman horse” was perfectly sufficient. This fine Norman horse was treated most unmercifully by him. He flogged, he halloed, he swore . . . the animal tript, stumbled, and

fell upon his knees—more than once—from sheer fatigue. The charioteer halloed and flogged again: and I thought we must have taken up our night quarters in the high-way;—when suddenly, to the left, I saw the fine warm glow of the sun, which had set about twenty minutes, lighting up one of the most perfect round towers, of an old castle, that I had yet seen in Normandy. *Voilà FALAISE!*—exclaimed the ruthless charioteer; . . . and in a quarter of an hour we trotted hard down a hill (after the horse had been twice again upon his knees) which terminated in this most interesting place.

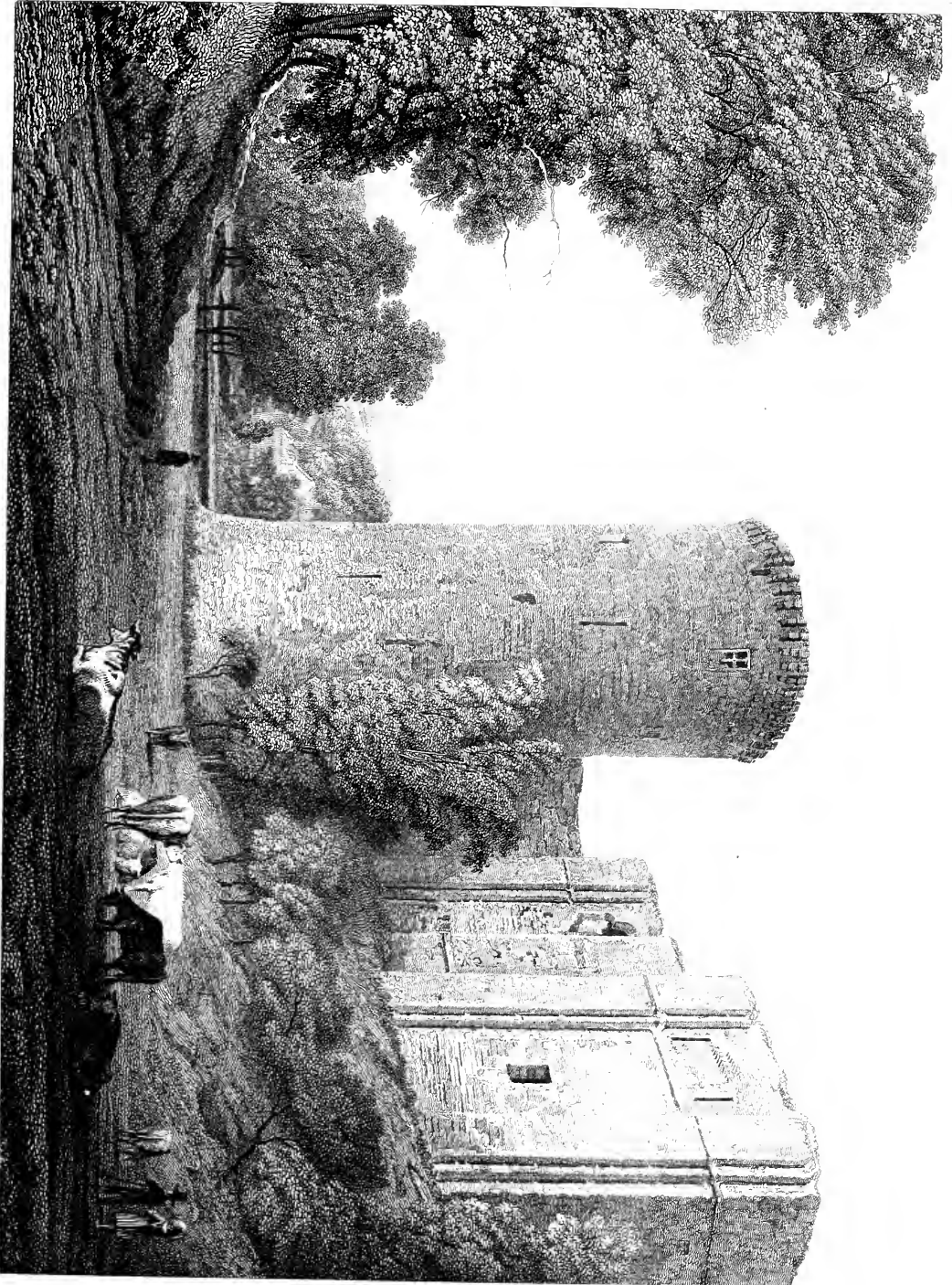
It will be difficult for me to forget—after such a long, wearisome, and in part desperate journey—our approach to Falaise:—and more especially the appearance of the castle just mentioned. The stone seemed as fresh, and as perfectly cemented, as if it had been the work of the preceding year. Moreover, the contiguous parts were so fine and so thoroughly picturesque—and the superadded tradition of its being, according to some, the birth place—and according to others, the usual residence—of *WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR*.. altogether threw a charm about the first glimpse of this venerable pile, which cannot be easily described. We had received instructions to put up at the “*Grand Turc*”—as the only hotel worth an Englishman’s notice. At the door of the *Grand Turk*, therefore, we were safely deposited: after having got rid of our incumbrances of two postillions, and two hundred weight of refined sugar. Our reception was gracious in the extreme. The inn appeared “*tout-à-fait à la mode Anglaise*”—and

no marvel . . for Madame the hostess was an English-woman. Her husband's name was *David*.

Bespeaking a late cup of tea, we strolled through the principal streets,—equally struck and delighted with the remarkably clear current of the water, which ran on each side from the numerous overcharged fountains. Day-light had wholly declined; when, sitting down to our *souchong*, we saw, with astonishment—a *pair of sugar-tongs* and a *salt-spoon*—the first of the kind we had beheld since we left England! Madame David enjoyed our surprise; adding, in a very droll phraseology, that she had “not forgotten good English customs.” Our beds and bed-rooms were perfectly comfortable, and even elegant.

By six on the following morning, Mr. Lewis was exercising his pencil in the moat which encircles that side of the castle which is invisible to the traveller who enters from Vire. The beautiful round tower, of which I have just made mention, had indeed haunted the imagination of my companion; and he went to rest with the fixed determination to explore its vicinity early on the following day. The moat which encircles, not only the castle, but the town—and which must have been once formidable from its depth and breadth, when filled with water—is now most pleasingly metamorphosed. Pasture lands, kitchen gardens, and orchards, occupy it entirely. Here the cattle quietly stray, and luxuriantly feed; as you cannot fail to observe in the subjoined view.* But the metamorphosis of the *castle* has been, in an

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

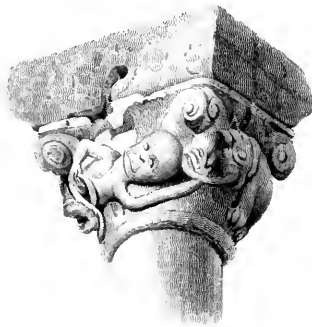


equal degré, unfortunate. The cannon balls, during the wars of the League—and the fury of the populace, with the cupidity or caprice of some individuals, during the late revolution—helped to produce this change. Look at it, as seen in one of Zeiler's prints, about a century and a half ago;—and then judge for yourself, by a comparison with the annexed view. I should however notice to you, that the church, below the castle, exists no longer: unless, by any possible rule of perspective, of which I have no idea, the artist could have intended that place of worship for the church of *La Sainte Trinité*.



After breakfast, the inspection of my companion's drawing only served to increase my desire to survey

carefully the scite and structure of the castle. It was a lovely day; and in five minutes we knocked for admission at a temporary outer gate. The first near view within the ramparts perfectly enchanted us. The situation is at once bold, commanding, and picturesque. But as the opposite, and very neighbouring ground, is perhaps yet a little higher, it should follow that a force, placed upon such eminence—as indeed was that of Henry the Fourth, during the wars of the League—would in the end subdue the garrison, or demolish the castle. We walked here and there amidst briars and brushwood, diversified with lilacs and laburnums; and by the aid of our guide soon got within an old room—of which the outer walls only remained—and which is distinguished by being called the *birth-place* of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. Mr. Lewis made the following drawing of one of the capitals of the very few remaining columns.



Certainly this capital has much of the style of the twelfth century architecture, and is very like what I remember to have seen in the church of *St. Georges de Bocherville*.* Between ourselves, the castle appears to be at least a century later than the time of William the Conqueror; and certainly the fine round tower, of which we were both so much enamoured, is rather of the fourteenth, if not of the beginning of the fifteenth century; but it is a noble piece of masonry. The stone is of a close grain and beautiful colour, and the component parts are put together with a hard cement, and with the smallest possible interstices. At the top of it, on the left side, facing the high road from Vire,—and constructed within the very walls themselves, is a *well*—which goes from the top, apparently to the very bottom of the foundation, quite to the bed of the moat. It is about three feet in diameter, measuring with the eye; perhaps four: but it is doubtless a very curious piece of workmanship. We viewed with an inquisitive eye what remained of the *Donjon*: sighed, as we surveyed the ruins of the *chapel*—a very interesting little piece of ecclesiastical antiquity: and shuddered as we contemplated the enormous and ponderous portcullis—which had a *drop of* full twenty feet . . . to keep out the invading foe. We were in truth delighted with this first reconnoissance of FALAISE—beneath one of the brightest and bluest skies of Normandy! and—within walls, which were

* M. Cotman has published a plate of several of the capitals above referred to; but they are perhaps hardly sufficiently made out for exact critical determination.

justly considered to be among the most perfect as well as the most ancient of those in Normandy.*

* *among the most perfect as well as the most ancient of those in Normandy.*]—The present may be a proper place to say a few words respecting the size, structure, and antiquity of these very fine castellated remains. My authority is perhaps the best upon the subject; inasmuch as the writer appears to have carefully examined, and judiciously appreciated, the greater number of the more respectable preceding authorities. I allude to the *Recherches Historiques sur Falaise, par P. G. LANGEVIN, Pretre, à Falaise, 1814, 8vo.* First, then, as to its size. It embraces within its walls, a space of two acres, one perch and three quarters, at twenty two feet the perch, French measurement. Secondly, as to its structure and antiquity, the preceding authority describes it as being “dans toutes les pièces exactement régulières; ses dehors très-bien fortifiés de bastions, cavaliers, fossés, glacis, basternes, remparts. Il domine sur la ville et sur tous les points qui l’entourent.” It continues in the following manner :

“Les murs, en dedans, étoient garnis de beaucoup de casernes, où l’on pouvoit loger un grand nombre de soldats de pied. Un vaste puits, très-profond, taillé dans le roc, y fournissoit autant d’eau qu’on en avoit besoin. Des souterrains qui répondoient à différentes portes dérobées, donnoient la facilité de sortir, en temps de siège, pour se procurer les alimens et les munitions nécessaires, et même pour surprendre l’ennemi lorsque la circonstance le permettoit. Enfin, si l’ennemi se fut emparé de la ville et du château, le donjon seroit de retraite à la garnison, qui pouvoit encore y tenir ferme quelque temps avant de capituler.

“A la tête de ce château, vers le couchant, est le donjon qui lui sert de proue, fondé sur un roc escarpé, élevé de plus de quarante coudées au dessus des vallons et chemins qui sont au pied. Ses murs, fort épais, s’élevoient autrefois presque à la hauteur de la grosse tour ronde dont on va parler, c’est-à dire à soixante coudées de leurs fondemens.

“Ce donjon, fossoyé tout à l’entour, afin d’en rendre l’accès plus difficile, est un grand carré de bâtiment fort ancien, tout découvert, en partie démoli, dont la face occidentale est fortifiée, du bas au haut, par cinq pilastres carrés qui y sont enclavés. C’est le plus ancien édifice de cette ville, et même il existe de temps immémorial.” p. 19, &c.

Leaving my companion to take a view of the upper part of this venerable building, I retreated towards the

The author a little onward remarks (with great justice) that the donjon is much older than the round tower; of which latter Mr. Lewis's drawing will give a very accurate notion: and I suspect that there may be portions of the donjon, yet existing, perhaps as old as the time of our Henry I. Monsieur Langevin thinks that Henry might have built the third floor of the donjon—but that the lower parts were anterior to his time. It appears that in 1105, he raised the siege of Falaise: but it also appears that this third floor was demolished, about 40 years ago—when it presented a façade, ornamented, towards the north-west, with three beautiful windows each with double arcades. This ruthless act was committed under the expectation of finding some hidden treasure; but M. Langevin says that the instigators of it were not even indemnified for the expenses of the demolition. The round tower, as seen in the drawing alluded to, is probably, as M. Langevin rather intimates, of the time of our Henry V:—who, on the completion of it, gave the command of the castle to the famous Lord Talbot; and this round tower is yet emphatically designated as **TALBOT'S TOWER**. About the middle of its elevation, the walls are twelve feet thick: at bottom they are much thicker. The clear diameter of its area is about twenty-one English feet. M. Langevin thus characteristically describes this beautiful monument of castellated art.

“ Il est facile de voir que l'architecture de cette tour est plus moderne que celle du donjon; les connoisseurs ne s'y méprennent pas: c'est un des plus beaux monumens de l'antiquité. La délicatesse de sa taille, les proportions de sa rondeur, son élévation et son étendue, la font admirer comme un chef d'œuvre complet d'architecture. On monte du bas au haut par des escaliers pratiqués dans son mur. On voit aussi, dans ce même mur, un puits qui communique, depuis les fondemens jusqu'au haut, dans toutes les chambres de cette tour.*” p. 31, &c.

The Comte de la Frésnyaye has supplied us with some very interesting particulars relating to the importance of this castle to William the Conqueror in its ancient state, against the predatory incursions of the Normans.

“ Dans une autre circonstance, la même ville fut encore un véritable

* “ Vers 1712, un prisonnier Anglais se précipita du haut de cette tour, et fut brisé sur le roc, qui se trouve au pied, sur la fossé du donjon.”

town—resolved to leave no church and no street unexplored. On descending, and quitting the gate by which I had entered, a fine, robust, and respectable figure, habited as an ecclesiastic, met and accosted me. I was most prompt to return the salutation. “ We are proud, Sir, of our castle, and I observe you have been visiting it. The English ought to take an interest

rempart pour *Duc Guillaume*; l'éclat de ses succès et de sa puissance lui ayant attiré des ennemis, parmi les principaux Seigneurs du Royaume.

“ Soit qu'on le redoutât, soit que ce fut l'effet de la jalousie, il se forma contre lui une coalition immense, dans laquelle entrèrent douze des grands Vassaux de la couronne, indépendamment de l'infatigable comte d'Anjou, que l'on y vit figurer en tête. Des nuées de troupes inondèrent la Normandie, vers 1060 ou 61 ; les vieux historiens en font monter le nombre à près de cent mille hommes. Le Duc, qui ne pouvoit tenir contre un pareil débordement, n'eut rien de plus pressé que de se jeter dans cette place, après avoir enlevé tous les vivres et fourrages des environs, d'en fermer les portes, et de s'y tenir sur un pied de défense respectable.—Cependant quand ce torrent fut à-peu-près passé, il envoya quelques détachemens escarmoucher l'ennemi en queue à dessein de l'inquiéter.—Toute cette immense armée, après avoir ravagé la plaine de Caen, se porta vers Bayeux, et, s'étant chargée de butin sur les rives de la Seule, elle retraversa Caen, pour passer la Dive au pont de Varaville, afin d'aller piller le pays d'Auge, et ensuite le Roumois.—C'est alors que le *Duc Guillaume* mit en jeu toutes les ruses de la guerre.—Instruit par ses espions du passage à Varaville, il sortit de *Falaise*, avec dix mille hommes, suivant *Nagerel*, avec quinze ou vingt mille, suivant le *Vicomte de Toustain*, et se porta toute la nuit vers la vallée de Pavent : là, instruit que la moitié de l'armée ennemie avoit passé le pont, il attaqua l'arrière-garde, qu'il trouva encombrée sur la chaussée qui y conduit, et la culbuta : l'alerte donnée à la queue fit engorger le pont, dont les vieilles planches rompirent sous le poids. L'ennemi étant ainsi séparé en deux, perdit la moitié de sa monde ; tout ce qui n'avoit pu passer la rivière fut tué ou pris, et la victoire du *duc Guillaume* fut complète.

in it, since it was the birth-place of William the Conqueror." I readily admitted it was well worth a minute

La description de cette bataille, par notre même trouverre normand, est assez curieuse :

Li Dus out sa gent à *Falaïse*,
 Noveles ot dont mult li peïze.
 Enprès la rote s'arota
 Od grant maisnies que il mena
 Par la vallée de Bavent
 Conduit sa gent seréement
 Par la contrée fist mander
 Et as vilains dire et crier
 Et od tels armes com il ont
 Viengent à lui com ainz porront.
 Lors veissiez hâster vilains
 Pels et maçues en lor mains.

Quant il entra en Garavile
 Sa gent enpres de vile en vile
 Franceis trova qui se tenoient
 Qui l'arrière-garde faisoient.

La, veissiez fiere assemblée
 Maint colp de lance et d'espée,
 De lances fierent chevaliers
 E od les arcs traient archiers
 E od les pels vilains lor donent
 Mult en confudent é estonent
 En la chaucie les enbatent
 Mult en tuient et abatent
 Mult en veissiez déroter
 E trébucher et fors voler
 Qui puis ne porent relever
 Né en la drette veie entrer
 Mult lor ennuie la chaucie
 Qu'il trovent longe é empeirie.
 Or il esteint encombré
 De ço qu'il aveint robé,
 E li Normanz tot tems cresseient
 Qui à grant torbes acoreient.

examination : but as readily turned the conversation to the subject of LIBRARIES. "The amiable stranger (for

Al pont passer fu grant la presse
 E la gent d'aller mult en gresse
 Viez fu li pont, grant fu li faiz
 Planches trébuchent, chaïent aiz
 La mer montoit, li flot fu grant
 Sur li pont fu li faiz pesanz
 Li pont trébucha é chaï
 E quant qui ont desus péri
 Mult veïssiez herneis flotter
 Homes plongiez e affondrer
 Nul ne s'en pout vif escaper
 S'il ne fu bien dou de noer.
 Normant derriere les vont pergnant
 Nil ne poent aler avant
 Par les rivages vont tastant
 Guez é passages quérant
 Armes et robes vont jetant
 Par les fossez vont trébuchant.
 E li Normanz d'iloc les traient
 Qui nez ésparnent, ne manaient,
 Tuit cil qui furent arestés
 Qui ne furent al pont passés
 Furent retenu e lié
 Ou ociz furent ou neié.

“ L'histoire ne fait plus mention de cette ville pendant la reste de la vie et des triomphes de *Guillaume le Conquerant*. Mais les détails qui précèdent suffisent pour faire connoître de quel secours elle lui fut contre ses ennemis, jusqu'à sa conquête de l'Angleterre en 1066, et combien elle contribua à affermir sa puissance.”

But as the art of war, by the use of gunpowder, became general, these bold and almost impregnable recesses crumbled beneath the shock of cannon-ball.

“ Depuis l'invention de la poudre à tirer, de la bombe, du canon, des

he was gaining upon me fast, by his unaffected manners and sensible remarks) answered, that “ their own public library existed no longer—having been made subservient to the inquisitorial visit of M. Moy-sant of Caen* : that he had himself procured for the Bishop of Bayeux the *Mentz Bible* of 1462—and that the Chapter-Library of Bayeux, before the Revolution, could not have contained fewer than 40,000 volumes. “ But you are doubtless acquainted, Sir, with the COMTE DE LA FRESNAYE, who resides in yonder large mansion ?”—pointing to a house upon an elevated spot on the other side of the town. I replied that I had not that honour ; and was indeed an utter stranger to every inhabitant of Falaise. I then stated, in as few and precise words as possible, the particular object of my visit to the Continent. “ Cela suffit”—resumed the unknown—“ nous irons faire visite à Monsieur le Comte après le diné ; à ce moment il s’occupe avec le pôtage — car c’est un jour maigre. Il sera charmé de vous recevoir. Il aime infiniment les Anglois, et

obus, on a négligé l’entretien et les réparations des murs de la ville, et de ceux du château, qui, dans l’assaut fulminant des Anglois, en 1417 et 1718, et celui de Henri IV, roi de France, en 1589 et 1599, a vu ses murs, quelques forts qu’ils fussent, crouler dans plusieurs endroits par la force et la violence de ces instrumens destructeurs.”

The citizen then took quiet possession of the ramparts and of the fosse: generation after generation planted the apple and the pear; and cultivated the fruits of the earth; and for the last two centuries, this magnificent pile—which once kept friend and foe at a measured and respectable distance—has reared its venerable head only as an object of curiosity to the antiquary, and of admiration to the artist.

* See vol. i. p. 330.

il a resté long-temps chez vous. C'est un brave homme —et même un grand antiquaire.”

My pulse and colour increased sensibly as the stranger uttered these latter words: and he concluded by telling me that he was himself the Curé of *Ste. Trinité*, one of the two principal churches of the town—and that his name was MOUTON. I own I thought this a very odd name for a gentleman full six feet high, and of proportionate breadth and bulk. But I must reserve my real budget of Falaise intelligence for another epistle. The present is sufficiently long—and I wish you to breathe a little before you encounter another, of probably equal prolixity, and devoted to an account of local antiquities and literary society. Be assured that I shall not lose sight of the Comte de la Fresnaye, and Monsieur Mouton.

LETTER XXI.

MONS. MOUTON. CHURCH OF STE. TRINITÉ. COMTE DE
 LA FRESNAYE. GUIBRAY CHURCH. SUPPOSED HEAD
 OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. M. LANGEVIN, HISTO-
 RIAN OF FALAISE. PRINTING OFFICES.

I LOSE no time in the fulfilment of my promise. The church of SAINTE TRINITÉ, of which Monsieur Mouton is the Curé, is the second place of worship in rank in the town. During the Revolution, Mons. Mouton was compelled, with too many of his professional brethren, to fly from the general persecution of his order. One solitary and most amiable creature only remained; of the name of LANGEVIN—of whom, by and bye. Monsieur Mouton did me the honour of shewing me the interior of his church. His stipend (as he told me) does not exceed 1500 francs per annum; and it is really surprising to observe to what apparent acts of generosity towards his flock, this income is made subservient. You shall hear. The altar consists of two angels of the size of life, kneeling very gracefully, in white glazed plaister: in the centre, somewhat raised above, is a figure of the Virgin, of the same materials; above which again, is a representation of the TRINITY—in a blaze of gilt. The massive circular columns surrounding the choir—probably of the fourteenth century—were just fresh painted, at the expense of the worthy Curé, in alternate colours of blue and yellow—imitative of marble;—that is to say, each column, alternately, was blue, and

yellow. It was impossible to behold any thing more glaring and more tasteless. I paid my little tribute of admiration at the simplicity and grace of the kneeling figure of the Virgin—but was stubbornly silent about every thing else. Monsieur Mouton replied that “he intended to grace the brows of the angels by putting a *garland* round each.” I felt a sort of twinge upon receiving this intelligence; but there is no persuading the French to reject, or to qualify, their excessive fondness for flower-ornaments. Projecting from the wall, behind the circular part of the choir, I observed a figure of *St. Sebastian*—precisely of that character which we remark in the printed missals of the fifteenth century,—and from which the engravers of that period copied them: namely, with the head large, the body meagre, and the limbs loose and muscular. It was plentifully covered, as was the whole surface of the wall, with recent whitewash. On observing this, my guide added: “oui, et je veux le faire couvrir d’une teinte encore plus blanche!” Here I felt a second twinge yet more powerful than the first. I noticed, towards the south-side door, a very fine crucifix, cut in wood, about three feet high; and apparently of the time of Goujon. It was by much the finest piece of sculpture, of its kind, which I had seen in Normandy; but it was rather in a decaying state. I wished to know whether such an object of art—apparently of no earthly importance, where it was situated—might be obtained for some honourable and adequate compensation. Monsieur Mouton replied that he desired to part with it—but that it must be replaced by another “full six feet high!” There was no meeting this proposition, and I ceased to say another word upon the subject.

Upon the whole, the church of the Holy Trinity is rather a fine and capacious, than a venerable edifice ; and although I cannot conscientiously approve of the beautifying and repairing which are going on therein, yet I will do the *planner* the justice to say, that a more gentlemanly, liberally-minded, and truly amiable clergyman is perhaps no where to be found,—within or without the diocese to which he belongs. Attached to the north transept or side door, parallel with the street, is a long pole. “ What might this mean ? ” “ Sir, this pole was crowned at the top by a garland, and by the white flag of *St. Louis*,*—which were hoisted to receive me on

* *white flag of St. Louis.*]—On the return of Louis the XVIII. the town of Falaise manifested its loyalty in the most unequivocal manner. I select one of the popular songs, from a collection of similar airs which I purchased at Falaise.

COUPLETS

Chantés par les Eleves du Collège de Falaise, en arborant le Drapeau Blanc.

Air : *Un Soldat par un coup funeste.*

LOIN de nous la sombre tristesse,

Mars a déposé sa fureur ;

Enfin la foudre vengeresse

Vient de terrasser l'opresseur,

L'aigle sanguinaire

Succombe à l'aspect de ces Lys.

Peuple français, tu vas revoir ton Père !

Vive le Roi ! Vive LOUIS !

Drapeau, que d'horribles tempêtes

Avoient éloigné de ces lieux,

Tu reviens embellir nos Fêtes,

Plus brillant et plus radieux !

Ta douce présence

Ramène les jeux et les ris ;

Sois à jamais l'Étendard de la France,

Vive le Roi ! vive LOUIS !

my return from my long expatriation”—and the eyes of the narrator were suffused with tears, as he made the answer! It is of no consequence how small the income of an unmarried minister may be, when he thus lives so entirely in the HEARTS OF HIS FLOCK. This church bears abundant evidence, within and without, of what is *called* the restoration of the Gothic order during the reign of Francis I.: although the most essential and the greater portion is evidently of the latter part of the fourteenth century.* Having expressed my admiration

* *the latter part of the fourteenth century.*]—The worthy historian of Falaise, so copiously quoted in the preceding pages, is rather anxious to make us believe that there are portions of this church—namely, four stones—in the eastern and western gable ends—which were used in the consecration of it, by Mathilda, the wife of our first William. Also, that at the gable end of the south transept, outside, an ancient grotto,—in which the Gallic priests of old purified themselves for the mysteries of their religion—is now converted into the sacristy, or vestry, or robing room. But these are surely mere antiquarian dreams. The same author more sagaciously informs us that the exact period of the commencement of the building of the nave, namely in 1438, is yet attested by an existing inscription, in gothic letters, towards the chief door of entrance. The inscription also testifies that in the same year, “there reigned DEATH, WAR, and FAMINE.” The *chancel of the choir*, with the principal doors of entrance, &c. were constructed between the years 1520, and 1540. It may be worth remarking that the stalls of the choir were brought from the Abbey of St. John—on the destruction of that monastic establishment in 1792; and that, according to the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. xi. p. 756, these stalls

O Dieu ! vengeur de l'innocence,
 Protège ces Lys glorieux !
 Conserve long-temps à la France
 LE ROI que tu rends à nos vœux !.
 Si la perfidie
 De nouveau troubloit ton bonheur
 Viens nous guider, ô Bannière chérie !
 Nous volerons au champ d'honneur.

of the manufacture of wax candles (for religious purposes) which I had frequently observed in the town, Monsieur Mouton, upon taking me into the sacristy (similar to our vestry-room) begged I would do him the honour to accept of any which might be lying upon the table. These candles are made of the purest white wax : of a spiral, or twisted, or square, or circular form ; of considerable length and width. They are also decorated with fillagree work, and tinsel of various colours. Upon that which I chose, there were little rosettes made of wax. The moderate price for which they are obtained, startles an Englishman who thinks of the high rate of this article of trade in his own country. You see frequently, against the walls and pillars of the choir, fragments of these larger wax candles, guttering down and begrimed from the uses made of them in time of worship. In this sacristy there were two little boys swinging *wooden* censers, by way of practice for the more perfect use of them, when charged with frankincense, at the altar. To manage these adroitly—as the traveller is in the constant habit of observing during divine worship—is a matter of no very quick or easy attainment.

From the Curé we proceed to the Comte DE LA FRESNAYE ; whose pleasantly situated mansion had been

were carved at the desire of Thomas H. de Mallebiche, abbot of that establishment in 1506—1516. In a double niche of the south buttress are the statues of HERPIN and his WIFE ; rich citizens of Falaise, who, by their wealth, greatly contributed to the building of the choir. (Their grandson, HERPIN LACHENAYE, together with his mistress, were killed, side by side, in fighting at one of the gates of Falaise to repel the successful troops of Henry IV.) The *Chapel of the Virgin*, behind the choir, was completed about the year 1631. LANGEVIN, p. 81—128—131.

pointed out to me, as you may remember, by the former. Monsieur Mouton was himself unable to accompany me, but begged that I would make use of his name, and that I might, in consequence, be assured of a friendly reception. I thanked him ; but I will frankly own that the natural reserve of my country got uppermost—and almost induced me to abstain from visiting the mansion of the Count. However, a second reflection corrected the coyness of the first ; and passing over one of the bridges, leading towards *Guibray*, and ascending a gentle eminence to the left, I approached the outer lodge of this large and respectable-looking mansion. The Count and family were at dinner : but at *three* they would rise from table. “ Meanwhile,” said the porter, it might give me pleasure to walk in the garden.” It was one of the loveliest days imaginable. Such a sky—blue, bright, and cloudless—I had scarcely before seen. The garden was almost suffocated with lilacs and laburnums, glittering in their respective liveries of white, purple and yellow. I stepped into a *berceau*—and sitting upon a bench, bethought me of the strange visit I was about to make—as well as of all the pleasing pastoral poetry and painting which I had read in the pages of De Lille, or viewed upon the canvas of Watteau. The clock of the church of *St. Gervais* struck three ; when, starting from my reverie, I knocked at the hall-door, and was announced to the family, (who had just risen from dinner) above stairs. A circle of five gentlemen would have alarmed a very nervous visitor ; but the Count, addressing me in a semi-British and semi-Gallic phraseology, immediately dissipated my fears. In five minutes he was made acquainted with the cause of this apparent intrusion.

Nothing could exceed his amiable frankness. The very choicest wine was circulated at his table ; of which I partook in a more decided manner on the following day—when he was so good as to invite me and my companion to dinner—promising, however, that I should pay him a visit that same evening, after my own dinner. When I touched upon his favourite theme of Norman Antiquities, he almost shouted aloud the name of *INGULPH*,—that “ cher ami de Guillaume le Conquérant !” I was unwilling to trespass long ; but I soon found the advantage of making use of the name of “ Monsieur Mouton—l’estimable Curé de la Sainte Trinité.” In the evening I was introduced to Madame la Comtesse and her two daughters : each of diminutive stature, but extremely pleasing and lady-like. We had scarcely conversed half an hour, ere I casually observed a letter, written in the English language, lying upon a work table. This letter happened to be written by a very intimate friend and correspondent of the family—and from a quarter which was perfectly well known to me in former times. I allude to the family of the W——n’s, at B——n :—of which the parents are now both dead, but the offspring are full of intellectual promise and goodness of disposition. This discovery naturally became the means of placing us immediately upon a more intimate footing. The result of this little incident made the dinner and entertainment of the following day extremely pleasant ; and which was concluded by a stroll to *Guibray* towards sun-set.

We passed through a considerable portion of the Count’s property, about 300 acres, chiefly of pasture

land, in our way to Guibray. The evening was really enchanting; and through the branches of the coppice wood the sun seemed to be setting in a bed of molten gold. Our conversation was animated and incessant. But the little village of Guibray, or rather its very singularly old and curious church, seemed to baffle all our enquiries and conjectures. The Count shewed us his family pew with the care and particularity of an old country squire. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis was making a hasty copy of one of the very singular ornaments—representing *Christ bearing his cross*—which was suspended against the walls of the altar of a side chapel. You have it here;—the original being of stone, and painted in imitation of life.



Its age scarcely exceeds the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is frightfully barbarous, and characteristic of the capricious style of art which frequently prevailed during that period: but the wonder is, how such a wretched performance could obtain admission into the sanctuary where it was deposited. It was however the pious gift of the vestry woman, who shewed us the interior, and who had religiously rescued it, during the Revolution, from the demolition of a neighbouring abbey. The eastern end of this church is perhaps as old as any ecclesiastical edifice in Normandy;*

* *as old as any ecclesiastical edifice in Normandy.*]—We have of course nothing to do with the first erection of a place of worship at Guibray in the VIIIth century. The story connected with the earliest erection is this. The faubourg of Guibray, distant about 900 paces from Falaise, was formerly covered with chestnut and oak trees. A sheep, scratching the earth, as if by natural instinct (I quote the words of M. Langevin) indicated, by its bleatings, that something was beneath. The shepherd approached, and hollowing out the earth with his crook, discovered a statue of the Virgin, with a child in its arms. The first church, dedicated to the Virgin, under the reign of Charles Martel, called the Victorious, was in consequence erected—on this very spot—in the centre of this widely spreading wood of chestnut and oak. I hasten to the construction of a second church, on the same site, under the auspices of Mathilda, the wife of the Conqueror: with the statue of a woman with a diadem upon her head—near one of the pillars: upon which statue Langevin discourses learnedly in a note. But neither this church nor the statue in question are now in existence. On the contrary, the oldest portions of the church of Guibray, now existing—according to the authors of the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. xi. p. 878, and an ancient MS. consulted by M. Langevin—are of about the date of 1222; when the church was consecrated by the Bishop of Coutances. The open space towards the south, now called *La Place aux Chevaux*, was the old burying ground of the church. There was also a chapel, dedicated to St. Gervais, which

and its exterior (to which we could only approach by wading through rank grass as high as our knees) is one of the most interesting of its kind, that can be seen. Yet I will not allow it to be more than seven centuries old;—and this, I fear, at the risk of getting my knuckles rapped by our friend * * * s. During our admiration of all that was curious in this venerable edifice, we were struck by our old friends, the *penitents*,—busy in making confession. In more than one confessional there were two penitents; and towards one of these, thus doubly attended, I saw a very large, athletic, hard-visaged priest hastening, just having slipt on his surplice in the vestry. Indeed I had been cursorily introduced to him by the Count. It was Saturday evening, and the ensuing Sunday was to be marked by some grand procession. The village-like town of Guibray presents a most singular sight to the eye of a stranger. There are numerous little narrow streets, with every window closed by wooden shutters, and

was pillaged and destroyed by the Hugonots in 1562. I should add, that the South-East exterior (behind the chancel) of this very curious old church at Guibray, resembles, upon a small scale, what M. Cotman has published of the same portion of St. Georges de Bocherville. *Recherches sur Falaise*. p. 49—53. Monsieur le Comte de la Fresnaye, in his *Note Historique sur Falaise*, 1816, 8vo. will have it, that “the porch of this church, the only unmutilated portion remaining of its ancient structure, demonstrates the epoch of the origin of Christianity among the Gauls.” At least, such is the decision of M. Deveze, draftsman for Laborde; the latter of whom now Secretary to the Count d’Artois, instituted a close examination of the whole fabric.” p. 5—6. I hope there are not many such conclusions to be found in the magnificent and meritorious productions of LABORDE.

every door fastened. It appears as if the plague had recently raged there, and that the inhabitants had quitted it for ever. Not a creature is visible: not a sound is heard: not a mouse seems to be stirring. And yet Guibray boasts of the **LARGEST FAIR** in France, save one!* This, my friend, precisely accounts for

* *the LARGEST FAIR IN FRANCE, save one.*—The anecdote, related in the preceding note, was the origin of holding this memorable fair at Guibray. Every year, both on the eve, and on the day, of the Assumption of the Virgin, namely on the 15th of August, the people flocked in crowds, from all parts, to Guibray, to observe her statue as discovered by the instinctive sagacity of the sheep, related in the note just referred to:—especially there came dealers in images, in pieces of sculpture, and other objects connected with the worship of the Saint in question. Among these there was necessarily an abundant supply of hawkers and pedlars. Their professed object was, to put themselves under the protection of the Virgin. At that time there was a fair held at *Montmartin-sur-Mer*, in the arrondissement of Coutances; but its situation exposing it to the predatory incursions of pirates, it was transferred to Guibray, in the faubourg of Falaise, and was united to a smaller fair which was used to be previously held there. Robert the Liberal, and more particularly his son, William the Conqueror—in consideration of Falaise being his native place—transported the fair in the immediate vicinity of the church or chapel of **NOTRE DAME**, where the earlier merchants were in the habit of assembling. He also granted the fair a privilege of exemption from all tolls and taxes. Every succeeding King of France confirmed the privileges of exemption granted by William. Hence this fair almost annually increased in numbers, extent, and celebrity; and has, for probably several centuries, maintained its rank next to that of **BEAUCAIRE**—considered to be the first.

This fair lasts full fifteen days. The first eight days are devoted to business of a more important nature—which they call the **GREAT WEEK**: that is to say, the greatest number of merchants attend during the earlier part of it; and contracts of greater extent necessarily take place.

the aspect of desolation just described. During the intervals of these *triennial* fairs, the greater part of the village is uninhabited: venders and purchasers flocking and crowding by hundreds when they take place. In a short, narrow street—where nothing animated was to be seen—the Count assured me that sometimes, in the course of one morning, several millions of francs were devoted to the purchase of different wares. We left this very strange place with our minds occupied by a variety of reflections: but at any rate highly pleased and gratified by the agreeable family which had performed the part of guides on the occasion. In the evening, a professor of music treated us with some pleasing tunes upon the guitar—which utterly astonished the Count—and it was quite night-fall when we returned homewards, towards our quarters at the *hôtel* of the *Grand Turc*.

The remaining seven days are called the LITTLE WEEK—in which they make arrangements to carry their previous bargains into effect, and to return home. Men and merchandise, from all quarters, and of all descriptions, are to be seen at this fair. Even Holland and Germany are not wanting in sending their commercial representatives. Jewellery and grocery seem to be the chief articles of commerce; but there is a prodigious display of silk, linen, and cotton, &c.: as well as of hides, raw and tanned; porcelaine and earthen ware. The live cattle market must not be forgotten. Langevin says that, of horses alone, they sometimes sell full four thousand. Thus much for the buyer and seller. But this fair is regularly enlivened by an immense confluence of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent country—to partake of the amusements, which, (as with the English,) form the invariable appendages of the scene. Langevin mentions the minor fairs of *Ste. Croix*, *St. Michel*, and *St. Gervais*, which help to bring wealth into the pockets of the inhabitants. *Recherches Historiques sur Falaise*; p. 199, &c.

A memorable incident occurred in our way homewards—which, when made known, will probably agitate the minds and shake the faith of two-thirds of the members of our Society of Antiquaries. You may remember that I told you, when at Caen, that the Abbé De La Rue had notified to me what were the objects more particularly deserving of attention in my further progress through Normandy. Among these, he particularly mentioned the STATUE, or the HEAD, of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR at Falaise—the spot where he was born. In the *Place St. Gervais* this wonderful head—only—existed: at the house of an aubergiste—a noted rendezvous for people of all descriptions on a market day. It is placed nearly at the top of a dark, narrow stair-case; and projects from the wall, to the right, just before you reach the first floor. I deferred however a leisurely survey of it till the evening of the same market day. Accordingly my companion and myself, on our return from the Count's, paid our respects to a Madame Rolle—the owner of the head, but not of the public house. Some sensation had been excited by the enquiries set on foot at the previous visit, and several people were collected to receive us on our second. Lights, warm water, towels, soap and brushes, were quickly put in requisition. I commenced my operations with a kitchen knife, by carefully scraping away all the layers of hardened white and ochre washes, with which each succeeding generation seemed to have embedded and almost obliterated every feature. By degrees the hair became manifest. Then followed the operation of soap and water:—which made it such as you will presently see. The same process was of course observed with

the remaining portions of the face—and when the eyes fully and distinctly appeared, the exclamations of “*mon Dieu*” were loud and unremitting. The nose had received a fatal injury by having its end broken off. Anon, stood forth the mouth; but when “the whiskered majesty” of the beard became evident, it was quite impossible to repress the simultaneous ejaculations of joy and astonishment . . . “*Voilà le vrai portrait de Guillaume le Conquérant!*” You shall now judge for yourself—from a most faithful drawing taken on the following morning by Mr. Lewis.



“ Any thing but the portrait of the person in question”—methinks I hear you exclaim ! Possibly it may be so. The whiskers apparently denote it to be rather *Saxon* than *Norman*. The head is nearly eleven inches in length, by seven and a half in width : is cut upon a very coarse, yet hard-grained stone—and rests upon a square, unconnected stone :—embedded within the wall. If it ever had shoulders and body, those shoulders and body were no part of the present appendages of the head. What then, is the Abbé de la Rue in error ? The more liberal inference will be, that the Abbé de La Rue had never seen it. Yet I cannot suppose that it had ever belonged to the exterior of a church—is one of those bizarre ornaments which we frequently see upon ancient buildings of the twelfth and later centuries. Coarse as it is, it is hardly bold and barbarous enough for such a purpose. As to its antiquity, I am prepared to admit it to be very great : even before the period of the loves of the father and mother of the character whom it is supposed to represent. In the morning, Madame Rolle seemed disposed to take ten louis (which I freely offered her) for her precious fragment : but the distinct collected view of whiskers, mouth, nose, eyes, and hair, instantaneously raised the quicksilver of her expectations to “ *quinze louis pour le moins.*” That was infinitely “ *trop fort*”—and we parted without coming to any terms. Perhaps you will laugh at me for the previous offer. I own, however, that I should like to see this head safely deposited in the Archives of the Antiquarian Society ; and am disposed to think that the aforesaid ten louis, with the kind offices of the Comte de la Fresnaye to boot, might yet accomplish this desirable object.

The house in which this barbarous head is deposited, is within a stone's throw of the church of **ST. GERVAIS**; and the square is called *Place St. Gervais*. It is airy and spacious. In this square the Conqueror is reported—and I believe with truth—to have been born; the offspring of the illicit loves of **ROBERT** and **ARLETTE**. His birth is yet the subject of popular airs among the Normans,* and especially among the inhabitants of

* *his birth is yet the subject of popular airs among the Normans.*—Even the gravity of the historian has been invaded by many such tales as the following . . . taken from the recent performance of one of the most amiable of men and irreproachable of writers. I must premise, however, that although it is agreed on all sides that William the Conqueror was born at Falaise, it seems a moot point whether the place of his nativity be the *Castle*, or in the *Place St. Gervais*. **M. Langevin** discourses as follows :

“ Au bout de ce donjon, sur une roche en précipice, est bâti un petit édifice carré, dont la fenêtre donne sur le faubourg de la Roche. On prétend que Robert, père de Guillaume le Conquérant, y faisoit sa résidence habituelle, et que, regardant un jour par cette fenêtre, il vit Arlette de Verprey, lavant du linge à une fontaine qui est audessous, et qu'épris des charmes de cette fille, il en eut le duc Guillaume, l'année . 027

“ D'autres assurent que Robert, au retour de la chasse, se promenant dans les rues de Falaise, vit Arlette de Verprey, fille d'un pelletier de cette ville, en devint amoureux, et en eut le duc Guillaume, qui nâquit vers Septembre 1027.*

* “ **M. l'abbé de Larue**, professeur d'Histoire à Caen, nous a rapporté qu'il a vu, à la tour de Londres, [no : in the British Museum] un exemplaire, le seul qui existe, des Œuvres poétiques, en vieil français, de **Benoit de Sainte-Maure**, qui vivoit vers. 1150, dans lesquelles sont décrites les amours d'Arlette de Falaise, avec **Robert le Libéral**, et dont il a extrait plusieurs morceaux.

“ Ce Poëte dit que **Robert le Libéral**, revenant de la chasse, vit Arlette, les jambes nues, près d'un étang, sous les murs du château de Falaise; qu'aussitôt il en devint amoureux, la demanda à Verprey son père et à Doda sa mère, pel-

Falaise ; but there are antiquaries who assert that he was born in the chamber of the tower, of which you

M. Le Comte de la Fresnaye thus marshals the authorities upon the same subject :

“ *Beneois de Ste.-More*, un des poètes de *Henri II*, roi d'Angleterre, et qui écrivit, à sa demande, une histoire des Ducs de Normandie en langue romane, pendant la seconde moitié du 12^e. siècle, chanta les amours d'*Arlette* et du *duc Robert*, en une pièce de plus de deux cents vers. Ce morceau, découvert à Londres, dans les manuscrits du roi, en 1792, est tout entier dans un Ouvrage nouveau.*

“ L'autre poète de *Henri II*, *Robert Wace*, fit aussi à la même époque, une Histoire des Ducs de Normandie, à la fin de laquelle il paroit démontrer un peu de jalousie envers son confrère ; n'ayant pas reçu la même demande du prince, il semble s'être dépêché de finir la sienne le premier, et vouloir narguer son rival. Il chante aussi les mêmes amours, mais avec moins d'élégance que *Beneois de Ste.-More*.—Voici ce qu'il dit :

A Falaise out li ducs hanté
Plusures faiz i out conversé.
Une meschine i out amée
Arlet out nun, de burgeois née.

letiers de cette ville, qui ne voulurent point consentir à sa demande, à moins qu'il ne l'épousât, et qu'Arlette n'y vouloit consentir qu'à cette condition. Cependant Arlette avoit un oncle ermite près Falaise, qui lui conseilla d'accepter la proposition de Robert. Elle suivit l'avis de son oncle, à condition qu'elle auroit les mêmes honneurs que si elle étoit réellement épouse de Robert ; ce qui fut accepté, mais à condition qu'elle seroit conduite au château, la nuit suivante, par la porte dérobée appelée poterne. Elle s'y opposa, et voulut y être conduite par la grande porte, en plein midi, par les chevaliers de Robert. Les chevaliers se présentèrent le lendemain, à pied ; mais elle exigea qu'ils vinsent montés sur leurs chevaux. Quand ils se furent conformés à sa volonté, elle traversa la ville au milieu d'eux, montée elle-même sur un beau cheval. Il fallut lui ouvrir la grande porte d'entrée de la ville au château, et baisser le pontlevis. Alors elle passa, entra au château, où elle fut reçue par Robert, qui lui fut toujours attaché et fidèle.”

* Voyez la nouvelle *Histoire de Normandie*, imprimée à Versailles, chez *Jalabert*, seconde édition.

have already had some graphic illustration. Be this as it may—the statue of William, and the house in which

Meschine ert encore é pucele
 Avenant li sembla é bele
 Menée li fu à sun lit
 Sun bon en fist, é sun délit.

“ Ces vers, en langue romane, se comprennent assez pour ne pas exiger d'explication, excepté le mot *meschine* qui signifie adolescente ou jeune fille, de même que *meschin* a la pareille signification au masculin.

“ A la suite de ce début, *Robert Wace* donne un détail qui occupe encore seize vers, mais qui semble purement imaginaire.” Page 8, &c. Here the Count repeats a story, remarkable for its absurdity, and for which I must beg my readers to examine (if they feel so disposed) the curious pages of *Wace* himself. The Count then continues thus :

“ Cette petite anecdote grivoise, qui semble être purement un conte imaginé par notre vieux poète normand, a été cependant plus citée qu'elle ne le mérite, et cela d'après la *Chronique de Nagerel*, qui l'a répétée en prose imprimée du 16^e. siècle, pour l'avoir prise dans le poème inédit de *Robert Wace*, qui en est l'inventeur, et dont les vers datent du 12^e.—*M. de Brás* l'a répétée aussi en 1588.

“ Quoiqu'il en soit de cette première nuit, il paroît constant qu'elle donna la première existence au *duc Guillaume*, ou plutôt *Guillaume-le-Conquérant*, si l'on en croit notre vieil historien des antiquités de Caen et de la Neustrie, *M. de Brás de Bourgueville*, dans ses détails sur *Arlette*, à la page 13 et 14.”

In the course of the ensuing pages one of the *most* popular of these national airs, upon the subject of William's birth, will be laid before the reader. Meanwhile the current opinion is—and with greater probability—that as William's father had his palace upon the Place St. Gervais, *there* his son was in all probability born. From ancient ms. extracts, taken from the Charter of the church of St. Gervais, it appears that William was born in a house which belonged to his father upon the site of the old market place of St. Gervais; and as there was, at that time, no parish church there, he was christened at the church of the Holy Trinity. See *LANGÉVIN*; p. 134.

he was born, are stoutly claimed by the inhabitants as the ancient ornaments of the *Place St. Gervais*. As to the auberge, where the head is now placed, I examined it on all sides ; and can hardly believe any portion to be older than the end of the sixteenth century.

The church is called the mother church of the town : and it is right that you should have some notion of it. It stands upon a finely elevated situation. Its interior is rather capacious : but it has no very grand effect arising from simplicity or breadth of architecture. The pillars to the right of the nave, on entering from the western extremity, are doubtless old ; perhaps of the latter end of the twelfth century. The arches are a flattened semi-circle ; while those on the opposite side are comparatively sharp, and of a considerably later period. The ornaments of the capitals of these older pillars are, some of them, sufficiently capricious and elaborate ; while others are of a more exceptionable character on the score of indelicacy. But this does not surprise a man who has been accustomed to examine ART, of the middle centuries, whether in sculpture or painting. The side aisles are comparatively modern.*

* *the side aisles are comparatively modern.*⁷—According to M. Lanzevin, the original of this church was the ducal chapel erected by William the Conqueror to St. Jacques and St. Christophe. It was afterwards dedicated, as the mother parish church, to St. Gervais and St. Protais. It was consecrated by J. de Neville, Bishop of Séez, about the year 1126 : and it is possible that the northern side of the nave (above mentioned) upon which Norman coats of arms are represented, may be of this latter period. The remaining portions are, comparatively, very modern. In 1562 the Calvinists set fire to the church, and entirely burnt the organ. The whole pile would have been destroyed but for the pious intervention of M. Dusaux, Sieur Desaussay,

The pillars of the choir have scarcely any capitals beyond a simple rim or fillet; and are surmounted by sharp low arches, like what are to be seen at St. Lo and Coutances. The roof of the left side aisle is perfectly green from damp: the result, as at Coutances, of the roof having been stripped for the sake of the lead to make bullets, &c. during the Revolution. I saw this large church completely filled on Sunday, at morning service—about eleven: and, in the congregation, I observed several faces and figures, of both sexes, which indicated great intelligence and respectability. Indeed there was a great deal of the air of a London congregation about the whole.

From the CHURCH, we may fairly make any thing but a digression—in discoursing of one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of Monsieur LANGEVIN:—a simple priest—as he styles himself in an octavo volume, which entitles him to the character of the best living HISTORIAN of FALAISE. He is a mere officiating minister in the church of Mons. Mouton; and his salary, as he led me to infer, could be scarcely twenty louis per annum! Surely this man is among the most amiable and excellent of God's creatures. But it is right that you should know the origin and progress of our ac-

the minister. Langevin quotes an old MS. and M. Chancel. The church was rebuilt in 1580. The south side of the nave was rebuilt about a century ago. Along the galleries of the choir there are some statues of headless saints. This act of demolition is reported to have been purposely committed by a bishop of Séez, in order to convince the Calvinists that the Catholics did not retain those figures for the purpose of adoration — but of admiration. *Recherches Historiques sur Falaise*, p. 131, &c.

quaintance. It was after dinner, on one of the most industriously spent of our days here—and the very second of our arrival,—that the waiter announced the arrival of the Abbé Langevin, in the passage, with a copy of his History beneath his arm. The door opened, and in walked the stranger—habited in his clerical garb—with a physiognomy so benign and expressive, and with manners so gentle and well-bred,—that we instinctively rose from our seats to give him the most cordial reception. He returned our civilities in a way which shewed at once that he was a man of the most interesting simplicity of character. “He was aware (he said) that he had intruded; but as he understood “Monsieur” was in pursuit of the antiquities of the place, he had presumed to offer for his acceptance a copy of a work upon that subject—of which he was the humble author.” This work was a good sized thick crown octavo, filling five hundred closely and well-printed pages; and of which the price was *fifty sous*! The worthy priest, seeing my surprise on his mentioning the price, supposed that I had considered it as rather extravagant. But this error was rectified in an instant. I ordered *three* copies of his historical labours, and told him my conscience would not allow me to pay him less than *three francs* per copy. He seemed to be electrified: rose from his seat—and lifting up one of the most expressive of countenances, with eyes apparently suffused with tears—raised both his hands, and exclaimed . . . “Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse—les Anglois sont vraiment généreux!”

For several seconds I sat stupidly motionless—rivetted to my seat. Such an unfeigned and warm

acknowledgment of what I had considered as a mere matter-of-course proposition, perfectly astounded me : the more so, as it was accompanied by a gesture and articulation which could not fail to move any bosom—not absolutely composed of granite. We each rallied, and resumed the conversation. In few but simple words he told us his history. He had contrived to weather out the Revolution, at Falaise. His former preferment had been wholly taken from him ; and he was now a simple assistant in the church of Mons. Mouton. He had yielded without resistance ; as even *remonstrance* would have been probably followed up by the guillotine. To solace himself in his afflictions, he had recourse to his old favourite studies of *medicine* and *music* ;—and had in fact practised the former.

“ But come, gentlemen, (says he) come and do me the honour of a call—when it shall suit you.” We settled it for the ensuing day. In breaking up and taking leave, the amiable stranger modestly spoke of his History. It had cost him three years’ toil ; and he seemed to mention, with an air of triumph, the frequent references in it to the *Gallia Christiana*, and to *Chartularies* and *Family Records* never before examined ! On the next day we carried our projected visit into execution,—towards seven in the evening. The lodgings of M. Langevin are on the second floor of a house belonging to a carpenter. The worthy priest received us on the landing-place, in the most cheerful and chatty manner. He has three small rooms on the same floor. In the first, his library is deposited. On my asking him to let me see what **old books** he possessed, he turned gaily round, and replied—“ Comment

donc, Monsieur, vous aimez les vieux livres? A ça, voyons!" Whereupon he pulled away certain strips or pieces of wainscot, and shewed me his book-treasures within the recesses. On my recognising a *Colinæus* and *Henry Stephen*, ere he had read the title of the volumes, he seemed to marvel exceedingly, and to gaze at me as a conjuror. He betrayed more than ordinary satisfaction on shewing his *Latin Galen* and *Hippocrates*; and the former, to the best of my recollection, contained Latin notes in the margin, written by himself. These tomes were followed up by a few upon alchymy and astrology; from which, and the consequent conversation, I was led to infer that the amiable possessor entertained due respect for those studies which had ravished our DEES and ASHMOLES of old.

In the second room stood an upright piano forte—the *manufacture*, as well as the property, of Monsieur Langevin. It bore the date of 1806; and was considered as the first of the kind introduced into Normandy. It was impossible not to be struck with the various rational sources of amusement, by means of which this estimable character had contrived to beguile the hours of his misfortunes. There was a calm, collected, serenity of manner about him—a most unfeigned and unqualified resignation to the divine will—which marked him as an object at once of admiration and esteem. There was no boast—no cant—no formal sermonising. You *saw* what religion had done for him. Her effects *spoke* in his discourse and in his life... Over his piano hung a portrait of himself; very indifferently executed—and not strongly resembling the original. "We can do

something more faithful than this, sir, if you will allow it"—said I, pointing to Mr. Lewis: and it was agreed that he should give the latter a sitting on the morrow. The next day M. Langevin came punctually to his appointment, for the purpose of having his portrait taken: and how well the artist has succeeded, need hardly be mentioned—when I inform you that in looking at this copy. you may form a perfect idea of the ORIGINAL.



On telling this original that the pencil drawing of Mr. Lewis (which by the bye was executed in about an hour and a half) should be *engraved*—inasmuch as he was the modern *Historian of Falaise*—he seemed absolutely astonished. He moved a few paces gently forwards, and turning round, with hands and eyes elevated, exclaimed, in a tremulous and heart-stricken tone of voice, “ Ah, mon Dieu !” I will not dissemble that I took leave of him with tears, which were with difficulty concealed. “ Adieu, pour toujours !”—were words which he uttered with all the sincerity, and with yet more pathos, than was even shewn by Pierre Aimé Lair, at Caen.* The landlord and landlady of this hotel are warm in their commendations of him : assuring me that his name is hardly ever pronounced without the mention of his virtues. He has just entered his sixty-second year.

It remains only to give an account of the progress of Printing and of Literature in this place : though the latter ought to precede the former. As a literary man, our worthy acquaintance the Comte de la Fresnaye takes the lead : yet he is rather an amateur than a professed critic. He has written upon the antiquities of the town ;† but his work is justly considered inferior

* See vol. i. p. 357.

† *He has written upon the antiquities of the town.*] His work is modestly styled, upon the outside cover, a “ *Note Historique sur Falaise*” —and the reader has had more than one opportunity of judging of its intrinsic worth. It consists of forty-two pages ; with a postscript of four pages, relating to the siege of Falaise by Henry IV.—translated from De Thou’s history. From the cover of this pamphlet, the Count appears to have been “ *Auteur de la Nouvelle Histoire de Normandie.*”

to that of Monsieur Langevin. He quotes *Wace* frequently, and with apparent satisfaction ; and he promises a French version of his beloved *Ingulph*. But for want of a public establishment, or collegiate

The pamphlet under description is dedicated to the National Guard of Falaise in the following style :

“ A QUI dédier les faits historiques et guerriers d'une Ville qui s'est montrée si ardemment pour son Roi, les 26 Juin et 8 Juillet 1815, si ce ne'st à l'élite de cette Ville même.

“ C'est donc à vous, brillante Garde nationale de Falaise, que l'Auteur ose adresser ce rapide écrit, résultat ou plutôt résumé de ses longues recherches.

“ Si les temps modernes ont vu se manifester dans vos murs l'amour du Souverain légitime, d'une manière éelatante et digne de remarque, dans l'antiquité, vos pères ne se sont pas montrés moins fidèles envers les Ducs de Normandie, ensuite envers les différens Rois de France.

“ Cette empreinte de fidélité qui caractérise votre Ville, se trouve démontrée par les faits recueillis dans ce foible Ouvrage, et en est le principal objet.—Tout ces faits sont authentiques.—Egalement puisés en Angleterre* et en France, aux premières sources, il eût été difficile à tout autre de les rassembler, peut-être même impossible.

“ En se livrant donc à la censure, l'Auteur ne peut que désirer sans doute de la désarmer ; mais possédant parmi vos Chefs un beau-frère, un fils, que n'a-t-il pas droit d'attendre de l'attachement de ses compatriotes et de leur indulgence.”

The truth is, the Count is a most thorough and consistent Royalist. He has had some hair-breadth 'scapes from the fangs of the Revolutionists ; but is now, I trust at rest, in his most comfortable chateau, for the remainder of his days. His attachment to the literature and antiquities of his country does him infinite honour ; and I sincerely hope the period is not very remote, when the public will be favoured with his French version of his beloved ABBOT of CROYLAND.

* “ Les citations en langue Romane ont été copiées à Londres, sur les manuscrits originaux ; celles en Latin ont été prises en France.”

school, or rather perhaps from its contiguity to Caen, (there being scarcely twenty-two English miles between them) the town of Falaise is a quiet, and dull place of resort—for those who form their notions of retirement as connected with such occasional bustle and animation as are to be found at Caen or Rouen. But the situation is pleasing. The skies are serene: the temperature is mild, and the fruits of the earth are equally abundant and reasonable. Many of the more respectable inhabitants expressed their surprise to me that there were so few English resident in the neighbourhood of Falaise—so much preferable, on many accounts, to that of Caen. But our countrymen, you know, are sometimes a little capricious in the objects of their choice. Just now, it is the *fashion* for the English to reside at Caen; yet when you consider that the major part of our countrymen reside there for the purpose of educating their children—and that Caen, from its numerous seminaries of education, contains masters of every description, whose lessons are sometimes as low as a frank for each—it is not surprising that Falaise is deserted for the former place. For myself—and for all those who love a select society, a sweet country, and rather a plentiful sprinkle of antiquarian art,—for such, in short, who would read the fabliaux of the old Norman bards in peace, comfort, and silence—there can be no question about the preference to be given to the spot from which I send this my last Norman despatch.

I have before made mention of the fountains in this place. They are equally numerous and clear. The inn in which we reside has not fewer than three

fountains—or rather of *jets d'eau*—constantly playing. Those in the *Place Ste. Trinité*, *Grand Rue*, and *Place St. Gervais*, are the largest; but every gutter trickles with water, as if dissolved from the purest crystal. The houses throughout the town, especially the more ancient, are chiefly built of chestnut or oak; the neighbouring forests having formerly abounded with those species of wood. It has been hot weather during the greater part of our stay; and the very sight of these translucent streams seems to cool one's oppressed frame. But I proceed chiefly to the productions of the PRESS. They do a good deal of business here in the way of ephemeral publications. Letellier, situated in the Grande Rue, is the chief printer of *chap books*: and if we judge from the general character of these, the *Falaisois* seem to be marvellously addicted to the effusions of the muse. Indeed, their ballads, of all kinds, are innumerable. Read a few—which are to be found in the very commonest publications. There is something rather original, and of a very pleasingly tender cast, in the first two:

LE BAISER D'ADIEUX.

PRES de toi l'heure du mystère
 Ne m'appellera plus demain,
 Vers ta demeure solitaire
 Mes pas me guideront en vain;
 J'ai respiré ta douce haleine,
 Et des pleurs ont mouillé mes yeux,
 J'ai tout senti, plaisir et peine, } *bis.*
 J'ai reçu ton baiser d'adieux.

Tu pars, et malgré ta promesse
 Rien ne m'assure de ta foi,

Nul souvenir de ta tendresse
Ne vient me dire : Pense à moi.
Ton amour qu'envain je réclame
Ne me laisse, en quittant ces lieux,
Que l'humide et brûlante flamme
De ton dernier baiser d'adieux.

Puisse au moins ton indifférence
Te garder d'un nouvel amour.
Et le veuvage de l'absence
Hâter ton fortuné retour !
Puisse alors l'amant qui t'adore,
Te revoyant aux mêmes lieux,
Sur tes lèvres vierges encore
Retrouver son baiser d'adieux !

L'IMAGE DE LA VIE.

Nous naissons et dans notre cœur,
A peine aux portes de la vie,
Tout au plaisir, tout au bonheur,
Et nous invite et nous convie ;
D'abord, simples amusement,
Savent contenter notre enfance ;
Mais bientôt aux jeux innocens,
L'amour nous prend . . . sans qu'on y pense.

Fillette à l'âge de quinze ans,
Offre l'image de la rose,
Qui dès l'approche du printemps,
Entr'ouvre sa feuille mi-close ;
Bientôt l'aiguillon du désir
Vient ouvrir fleur d'innocence,
Et sous la bouche du plaisir,
Elle s'éclôt . . . sans qu'elle y pense.

Vous, qui pendant vos jeunes ans,
Ne courtisez pas la folie,

Songez donc que cet heureux temps
 Ne dure pas toute la vie,
 Assez vite il nous faut quitter
 Tendres ardeurs, vives jouissances ;
 Et dans un cœur qui sait aimer,
 La raison vient . . . sans qu'on y pense.

Mais enfin, sur l'île du temps,
 On arrive au but du voyage,
 Et l'on voit la glace des ans,
 Couronner nos fronts à cet âge;
 S'il fut sensible à la pitié,
 S'il cultiva la bienfaisance,
 Entre les bras de l'amitié
 L'homme finit . . . sans qu'il y pense.

Judge however of my surprise, when I purchased the *second* of the following political airs—sung by a fine lad in the streets, of about fourteen years of age, who spared neither voice nor action upon the occasion.

LE TROUBADOUR PARISIEN.

Sur les bords fleuris de la Seine,
 Renaîs malheureux troubadour ;
 Sont passés cinq lustres de peine,
 Revois aurore d'un beau jour.

En ces temps prospères,
 Lors reprends flute et tambourin :

Puis comme nos pères,
 Entonne ce noble refrain :

Vive la France,
 Lieu de vaillance !
 Honneur aux lys !
 Vive Henri !
 Vive Louis !
 Vive Henri !
 Vive Louis !

Chaste Amours, troupe brillante,
 Pour Hymen préparez des fleurs :
 Avec les Bourbons se présente
 La paix, la paix et ses faveurs.

En ces temps prospères,
 Français, reprends ton tambourin,
 Et comme tes pères,
 Entonne ce noble refrain :
 Vive la France ! etc.
 etc. etc.

SAUVE QUI PEUT,

OU LES CAMPAGNES MÉMORABLES.

Air : *On n'aime bien que la première fois.*

D'UN conquérant cher, bien cher à la France,
 Je viens ici célébrer les exploits
 Dire comment sa prudente vaillance,
 L'a du péril sauvé jusqu'à six fois.

Près de *Memphis* porté par son courage,
 Il fut vainqueur presque durant un mois,
 Puis ses lauriers reçurent quelqu'outrage,
 Il se sauva . . . pour la première fois.

Aux champs fleuris de l'antique *Ibérie*,
 Il va porter ses armes et ses lois ;
 Forcé bientôt de quitter la partie,
 Il se sauva . . . pour la deuxième fois.

Son aigle affreuse, au carnage animée.
 Vole embrâser les villes et les bois ;
 Mais l'Aquilon dévorant son armée,
 Il se sauva . . . pour la troisième fois.

Chez les *Saxons*, il poursuit la victoire ;
 Elle étoit prête à courir à sa voix ;
 Un pont s'écroute ; hélas ! adieu la gloire,
 Il se sauva . . . pour la quatrième fois.

Vers la *Belgique* un matin il s'avance ;
 Le soir a vu terminer ses exploits,
 Et le héros, guidé par la prudence,
 Se sauve encor . . . pour la cinquième fois.

Paris entier, ravi de sa vaillance,
 Pour l'applaudir n'eut vraiment qu'une voix ;
 Ce jour enfin, il a sauvé la France,
 En se sauvant . . . pour la dernière fois.

You must know that they are here great lovers of royalty, and of course great supporters of the Bourbon Family. The King's printer is a Mons. BRÉE l'AINÉ. He is a very pleasant, well-bred man, and lives in the *Place Trinité*. I have paid him more than one visit, and always felt additional pleasure at every repetition of it. My first visit was marked with a somewhat ludicrous circumstance. On entering the compositors' room, I observed, pasted upon the walls, in large capital letters, the following well known words :

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Both Monsieur Brée l'Ainé and his workmen were equally gratified by my notice and commendation of this sentiment. "It is the favourite sentiment, Sir, of your country,"—remarked the master. To this I readily assented. "It is also, Sir, the favourite one of our own," replied M. Brée l'Ainé—and his men readily attested their concurrence in the same reply. "Ah, Sir, if you would only favour us by *singing the air*, to which these words belong, you would infinitely oblige us all" . . . said a shrewd and intelligent-looking compositor. "With all my heart"—rejoined I—"but I must frankly tell you, that I shall sing it rather with

heart than with voice—being neither a vocal nor an instrumental performer.” “No matter: give us only a notion of it.” They all stood round in a circle, and I got through two stanzas as hastily and as efficiently as I was able. The usual “charmant!” followed my exertions . . . while I could scarcely refrain from laughter, even in the midst of one of the most impressively laboured cadenzas of the tune. It was now my turn to ask a favour. “Sing to me your favourite national air of ROBERT and ARLETTE.” “Most willingly, Sir,” replied the forementioned “shrewd and intelligent-looking compositor.” “Tenez: un petit moment: je vais chercher mon violon. Ça ira mieux.” Upon his leaving the house to step home for his violin, M. Brée seized the opportunity of begging my acceptance of the *Cadeau des Muses**—a little annual alma-

* *Cadeau des Muses, ou Almanach Universel, Etrennes utiles et agréables.* A little 18mo, very neatly printed. Each nation has probably its characteristic singularities in productions the most trivial. At the end of the account of the different quarters of the globe, namely, on signature G, there are some very grave REFLECTIONS UPON THIS LOWER WORLD. From a portion, sufficiently sombre, I select the following:

“O toi qui decries la vie, ce beau présent qui t’a tiré du néant, n’as-tu donc jamais fait une belle action? N’as-tu jamais pardonné à ton ennemi, lorsque tu pouvois te venger? N’as-tu jamais été l’ange tutelaire d’un malheureux, ou bien un homme vertueux ne t’a-t-il jamais trouvé digne d’être le sien? Jamais un ami sincère, ne t’a-t-il pressé contre son cœur? Jamais une femme sensible ne t’a-t-elle dit; *Je t’aime*? Jamais d’innocens enfans ont-ils souri de plaisir, en te donnant le doux nom de père? Si tu as éprouvé un seul de ces biens, n’as-tu pas de honte de calomnier un monde où l’on peut obliger ses frères, pardonner à ses ennemis, sauver des malheureux, trouver des

nack, of which he was both the printer and publisher. This contained the words of the song in question; which I might read as his man fiddled and sung them. On his return, the following ballad was chanted in full chorus.

LA NAISSANCE DE GUILLAUME-LE-CONQUERANT.

RONDE.

Air: La Boulangère a des écus.

DE GUILLAUME-LE-CONQUERANT

Chantons l'histoirette :

Il nâquit, cette illustre Enfant,

D'une simple amourette :

Le hazard fait souvent les Grands . . .

Vive le fils d'Arlette,

Normands,

Vive le fils d'Arlette !

FILLE d'un simple pelletier,

Elle étoit gentilette ;

ROBERT,* en galant chevalier,

Vint lui conter fleurette :

L'Amour égale tous les rangs . . .

Vive le fils d'Arlette,

Normands,

Vive le fils d'Arlette !

FALAISE dans sa noble tour

Vit entrer la filette ;

bien faiseurs, être aimé d'un ami, être amant, époux et père ? Au lieu de te plaindre, sois bon, sois humain ; et déjà une partie du mal sera bannie de la terre, et tu trouveras qu'il valoit la peine de vivre."

* "ROBERT, alors Comte d'Hyèmes, devint ensuite Duc de Normandie, après la mort de son frère RICHARD III."

Et c'est là que le dieu d'amour
Finit l'historiette. . . .

ANGLAIS ! honorez ces amans :
Vive le fils d'Arlette,
Normands,
Vive le fils d'Arlette !

GUILLAUME assembla ses guerriers
Au son de la trompette :
L'olive embellit ses lauriers ;
Sa gloire fut complete.
Ah ! vivent de tels conquérans . . .
Vive le fils d'Arlette,
Normands,
Vive le fils d'Arlette.

The tune was both agreeable and lively : and upon the whole it was difficult to say which seemed to be the better pleased with the respective national airs. M. Brée shewed me his premises in detail. They had been formerly a portion of an old church ; and are situated on the edge of the great fosse which encircles the town. A garden, full of sweet blooming flowers, is behind them ; and the view backwards is cheerful and picturesque. There are generally five presses at work ; which, for a provincial printing office, shews business to be far from slack. Mons. B. sells a great number of almanacks, and prints all the leading publications connected with the town. In fact, his title, as *Imprimeur du Roi*, supposes him to take the principal lead as a printer. At my request, he was so obliging as to set up afresh the words GOD SAVE THE KING— in precisely the same characters as those stuck upon the sides of the office. It was pulled in my presence, and I shall treasure the impression among my

“Curiosities of Falaise” when I reach home. This agreeable man has a brother who is professor of rhetoric in the Collège Royale at Paris.

Of *Bouquinistes*, or dealers in old books, there are scarcely any. I spent three or four fruitless hours in my search after old chronicles and old poetry : and was compelled, almost from pure civility, to purchase of DUFOURS a *Petit's Virgil* of 1529, folio—which will be hardly worth the carriage. I tried hard for a fine copy of *Fauchet's Origines de la Poésie Française*, 1581, 4to. with the head of the author, but in vain ; yet endeavoured to console myself by an old blue morocco copy of *Les regrets et tristes lamentations du Comte de Montgomery*, by *Demorene*, Rouen, 1574, 8vo. as well as a clean, fresh, and almost crackling copy of “*Amoureuses occupations de la Taysonniere*, Lyon, 1555, 8vo.—for two francs each—and both destined for the rich and choice library of our friend * * * *.

Thus much for FALAISE : for a spot, which, from the uniform serenity of the weather since we have been here—from the comfort of the inn—from the extreme civility and attention of the townspeople—and from the yet more interesting society of the Comte de la Fresnaye, the Curés Mouton and Langevin—together with the amenity of the surrounding country, and the interesting and in part magnificent remains of antiquity—can never be erased from my recollection. It is here that the tourist and antiquary may find objects for admiration and materials for recording. I have done both : admired and recorded—happy, if the result of such occupations shall have contributed one instant to the substantial gratification of yourself and

of our common friends. And now, farewell; not only to Falaise, but to NORMANDY. I shall leave it, from this delightful spot, in the most thorough good humour, and with more than ordinary regret that my stay has necessarily been short. We have taken our places in the Diligence, direct for PARIS. “Il n’y a qu’UN Paris”—said the Comte de la Fresnaye to me the other day, when I told him I had never been there—to which I replied, “Are there then two Londons?” Thirty-six hours will settle all this. In the mean time, adieu.

LETTER XXII.

A SABBATH AT FALAISE. DEPARTURE. JOURNEY TO
PARIS. DREUX. HOUDAN. VERSAILLES. EN-
TRANCE INTO PARIS.

Paris, Rue Faubourg Poissonnière, May 30, 1819.

“TIME and the hour run through the roughest day.” They must be protracted miseries indeed which do not, at some period or other, have something like a termination. We are here, then, my good friend—safe and sound at last; comfortably situated in a boarding house, of which the mistress is an agreeable Englishwoman and the master an equally agreeable Swiss. We have sauntered, gazed, and wondered—and exchanged a thousand gracious civilities! I have delivered my epistolary credentials: have shaken hands with Monsieur VAN PRAET; have paced the suite of rooms in which the renowned BIBLIOTHEQUE DU ROI is deposited: have traversed the *Thuileries* and the *Louvre*; repeatedly reconnoitred the *Boulevards*; viewed the gilt dome of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and the white flag upon the bronze pillar in the *Place Vendôme*; seen shoals of our countrymen at *Meurice’s* and in the hotels about the *Rue de la Paix*; partaken of the RIVAL ICES of *Tortoni* and the *Caffè des Mille Colonne*s; bought old French poetry at a Bouquiniste’s:

and drank Chambertin and Champagne at the richly garnished table of our * * * * *. These be what you call good *foreground objects* in the composition of a Parisian picture. Now for the filling up of the canvas with appropriate and harmonizing detail.

A second reflection corrects however the precipitancy of such a proposal; for it cannot be, in this my *first* despatch, that you are to receive any thing like an adequate notion of the topics thus hastily thrown together on the first impulse of Parisian inspiration. Wait patiently, therefore: and at least admire the methodical precision of my narrative. My last letter left me on the eve of departure from Falaise; and it is precisely from that place that I take up the thread of my journal. We were to leave it, as I told you, in the diligence—on the evening of the Sunday, immediately following the date of the despatch transmitted. I shall have reason to remember that journey for many a day to come; but, “*post varios casus, &c.*” I am thankful to find myself safely settled in my present comfortable abode. The Sabbath, on the evening of which the diligence usually starts for Paris, happened to be a festival. Before dawn of day I heard incessant juvenile voices beneath the window of my bed-room at the Grand Turc; What might this mean? Between three and four, as the day began to break, I rose, and approaching the window, saw, from thence, a number of little boys and girls busied in making artificial flower-beds and sand-borders, &c. Their tongues and their bodily movements were equally unintermitting. It was impossible for a stranger to guess at the meaning of such a proceeding; but, opening the window, I

thought there could be no harm in asking a very simple question—which I will confess to you was put in rather an irritable manner on my part . . . for I had been annoyed by their labours for more than the last hour. “What are you about, there?” I exclaimed—“Ha, is it you, Sir?” replied a little arch boy—mistaking me for some one else. “Yes, (resumed I) it is me: tell me what you are about there?” “In truth, we are making *Réposoirs* for the Host, which will pass this way by and bye. Is it not a pretty thing, Sir?” exclaimed a sweetly modulated female voice. All my irritability was softened in a moment; and I was instantly convinced that Solomon never delivered a wiser sentiment than when he said—“A soft answer turneth away wrath!” I admitted the prettiness of the thing without comprehending a particle of it: and telling them to speak in a lower key, shut the window, and sought my bed. But sleep had ceased to seek me: and the little urchins, instead of lowering their voices, seemed to break forth in a more general and incessant vociferation. In consequence, I was almost feverish from restlessness—when the *fille de chambre* announced that “it was eight o’clock, and the morning most beautiful.”

These *réposoirs* are of more importance than you are aware of. They consist of little spots, or spaces in the streets, garnished with flowers, and intersected by walks, marked with fine gravel, in the centre of which the Host rests, on its passing to and from the several parishes. When I rose to dress, I observed the work of art—which had been in progress during the night—perfectly complete. Passengers were forbidden to tres-

pass, by pieces of string fastened to different parts by way of a fence—or, whoever chose to walk within, considered themselves bound to deposit a sous as the condition of gratifying their curiosity. Upon the whole, this *réposoir* might be about sixteen feet square. Towards eleven o'clock the different religious ceremonies began. On one side the noise of the drum and the march of the national guard, indicated that military mass was about to be performed ;* on the other, the procession of priests, robed and officiating—the elevation of banners—and the sonorous responses of both laity and clergy, put the whole town into agitation, and made every inmate of every mansion thrust his head out of window, to gaze at the passing spectacle. We were among the latter denomination of lookers on, and recognised, with no small gratification, our clerical friends Messieurs Mouton, Langevin, and the huge father confessor at Guibray—followed by a great number of respectable citizens, among whom the Comte de la Fresnaye and his amiable and intelligent son (recently married) made most respectable figures. They approached the *réposoir* in question. The priests, with the Host, took their station within it ; silence followed ; one officiating clergyman then knelt down ; shut, what seemed to be, the wooden covers of a book,—with considerable violence—rose—turned round, and the procession being again put in motion—the whole marched away to the church of the Holy Trinity ;—whither I followed it ; and where I witnessed what I was unable to comprehend, and what I should not feel much disposed to imitate. But let every country be allowed to

* See this ceremony mentioned in vol. i. p. 23.

reverence and respect its own particular religious ceremonies. We may endure what we cannot commend . . . and insult and disrespect are among the last actions which a well regulated mind will shew in its treatment of such matters. I should add, that these *réposoirs*, a few hours after the performance of the ceremony just described, are wantonly broken up: the flowers and the little sand banks falling equally a prey to the winds and the feet of the passenger.

Opposite to the inn was an hospital for the female sick. It had been formerly an establishment of very considerable extent and celebrity: but whether it was originally connected with the hospital of the *Léproserie de Saint Lazare*, (about which the Abbé Langevin's History of Falaise is rather curious) the *Hôtel-Dieu*, or the *Hôpital Général*, I cannot take upon me to pronounce. Certain it is, however, that this establishment does great credit to those who have the conduct of it. As foreigners, and particularly as Englishmen, we were permitted to see the whole without reserve. On my return from witnessing the ceremony at the church of the Trinity, I visited this hospital: my companion having resumed his graphic operations before the Castle. I shall not easily forget the face and figure of the matron. To a countenance of masculine feature, and masculine complexion—including no ordinary growth of beard, of a raven tint—she added a sturdy, squat, muscular figure—which, when put into action, moved in a most decided manner. A large bunch of massive keys was suspended from a girdle at her side; and her dress, which was black, was rendered more characteristic and striking, by the

appearance of, what are yet called, *bustles* above her hips. As she moved, the keys and the floor seemed equally to shake beneath her steps. The elder Smirke would have painted this severe Duenna-like looking matron with inimitable force and truth. But . . . she no sooner opened her mouth, than all traits of severity vanished. Her voice was even musical, and her "façon de parler" most gracious. She shewed me the whole establishment with equal good humour and alertness; and I don't know when I ever made such a number of bows (to the several female patients in the wards) within such limited time and space. The whole building has the air of a convent; and there were several architectural relics, perhaps of the end of the fifteenth century, which I only regretted were not of portable dimensions; as, upon making enquiry, little objection seemed to be made to the gratuitous disposal of them.

The hour for departure, after sun-set, having at length arrived, we were summoned to the Diligence—and bidding adieu to the very worthy host and hostess of the *Grand Turc*, (whom I strongly recommend all Englishmen to visit) made up our minds for a thirty-six hour's journey—as we were to reach Paris on Tuesday morning. The day had been excessively hot for the season of the year; and the night air was refreshing. But after a few snatches of sleep—greatly needed, on account of the formation of a certain *réposoir*!—there appeared manifest symptoms of decay and downfall in the gloomy and comfortless machine in which we took our departure. In other words, towards day-light, and just as we approached *L'Aigle*,

the left braces (which proved to be thoroughly rotted leather) broke in two: and down slid, rather than tumbled, the Falaise diligence! We had two French gentlemen, (one of whom had a man servant) and an elderly lady, besides ourselves in the coach. While we halted, in order to repair the machine, the Frenchmen found consolation in their misfortune by running to a *café*, (it was between four and five in the morning,) rousing the master and mistress, and, as I thought, peremptorily and impertinently, asking for coffee: while they amused themselves with billiards during its preparation. I was in no humour for eating, drinking, or playing: for here was a second sleepless night! Having repaired this crazy vehicle, we rumbled on for *Verneuil*; where it was exchanged for a diligence of more capacious dimensions. Here, about eleven o'clock, we had breakfast; and from henceforth let it not be said that the art of eating and drinking belongs exclusively to our country:—for such manifestations of appetite, and of attack upon substantials as well as fluids, I had scarcely ever before witnessed. Mr. Lewis and myself were contented with coffee, tea, eggs, and bread—as who might not well be? . . . but our companions, after taking these in flank, cut through the centre of a roast fowl and a dish of stewed veal: making diversions, in the mean while, upon sundry bottles of red and white wine: the fingers, during the meal, being as instrumental as the white metal forks.

We set off at a good round trot for *Dreux*; and, in the route thither, we ascended a long and steep hill, having *Nonancourt* to the left. Here we saw some

very pretty country houses, and the whole landscape had an air of English comfort and picturesque beauty about it. Here, too, for the first time, I saw A VINE-YARD. At this early season of the year it has a most stiff and unseemly look; presenting to the eye scarcely any thing but the brown sticks, obliquely put into the ground, against which the vine is trained. But the sloping banks, on each side of the ascending road, were covered with plantations of this precious tree; and I was told that, if the *autumn* should prove as auspicious as appeared the *spring*, there would be a season of equal gaiety and abundance. I wished it with all my heart. Indeed I felt particularly interested in the whole aspect of the country about *Nonancourt*. The sun was fast descending as we entered the town of *Dreux*—where I had resolved upon taking leave both of the diligence and of my companions; and of reaching Paris by post. At seven we dined; when my fellow travellers *sustained* their reputation for their powers of attack upon fish, flesh, and fowl. Indeed the dinner was equally plentiful and well cooked; and the charge moderate in proportion. But there is nothing, either on the score of provision or reasonableness of cost, like the *table d'hôte* throughout France; and he who cannot accommodate himself to the hour of dining (usually about one) must make up his mind to worse fare and treble charges.

After dinner we strolled in the town, and upon the heights near the castle. We visited the principal church, *St. Jean*, which is very spacious, and upon the whole is a fine piece of architecture. I speak more particularly of the interior—where I witnessed, however, some of the

most horrible devastations, arising from the Revolution, which I had yet seen. In one of the side chapels, there *had been* a magnificent monument : perhaps from sixteen to twenty feet in height—crowded with figures, as large as life, from the base to the summit. It appeared as if some trenchant instrument of an irresistible force, had shaved away many of the figures; but more especially the heads and the arms. This was only one, but the most striking, specimen of revolutionary Vandalism. There were plenty of similar proofs, on a reduced scale. In the midst of these traces of recent havoc, there was a pleasure mingled with melancholy, in looking up and viewing some vastly pretty specimens of old stained glass :—which had escaped the destruction committed in the lower regions, and had preserved all their original freshness. Here and there, in the side chapels, the priests were robing themselves to attend confession ; while the suppliants, in kneeling attitudes, were expecting them by the side of the confessionals. From the church I bent my steps to the principal bookseller of the place, while Mr. L. went immediately to the castle heights. I found the bookseller an intelligent, civil, and extremely good-natured tradesman. But his stock was too modern. “ *Donnez vous la peine de monter*”—exclaimed he precipitately ; begging me to follow him. But his up-stairs collection was scarcely of a more ancient character than that below. There were more copies of Voltaire and Rousseau than I should have supposed he could sell in six years—but “ *on the contrary*” (saith he) “ *in six months’ time, not a single copy will remain unsold !*” I marvelled and grieved at such

intelligence ; because the poison was not extracted from the nourishment contained in these works. To an enquiry about my old typographical friends *Verard*, *Pigouchet*, and *Eustace*, the worthy bibliopole replied “ qu'il n'avoit j'amaï entendu parler de ces gens-là ! ” Again I marvelled ; and having no temptation to purchase, civilly wished him good evening.

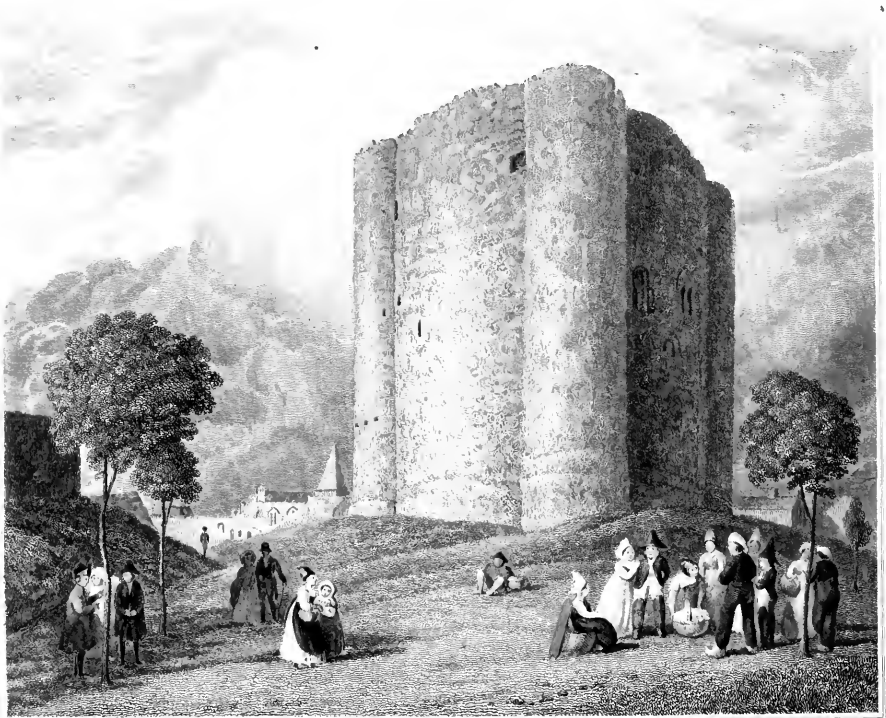
Meanwhile Mr. L. had attained the castle heights, and was lost in a sort of extacy at the surrounding scene. On entering the outer walls, and directing your steps towards the summit, you are enchanted with one of the most perfect remains—in the character of a zig-zag early Norman arch—which had originally belonged to a small church, recently taken down. The arch alone stands insulated . . beyond which, a new, and apparently a very handsome, church is erecting, chiefly under the care and at the expense of the present Duke of Orleans ;—as a mausoleum for his family—and in which, not many days before our arrival, the remains of one of his children had been deposited. I wished greatly for a perfect drawing of this arch . . but there was no time . . and my companion was exercising his pencil, on the summit, by a minute, bird's eye of the sweep of country to be seen from this elevated situation—through the greater part of which, indeed, the diligence from *Verneuil* had recently conducted us. I should add, that not a relic of that CASTLE, which had once kept the town and the adjacent country equally in awe, is now to be seen : but its outer walls enclose a space hardly less than twenty acres :—the most considerable area which I had witnessed. To give a more interesting character to the

scenery, the sun, broad and red, was just hiding the lower limb of his disk behind the edge of a purple hill. A quiet, mellow effect reigned throughout the landscape. I gazed on all sides ; and (wherefore, I cannot now say) as I sunk upon the grass, overwhelmed with fatigue and the lassitude of two sleepless nights, wished, in my heart, I could have seen the effect of that glorious sun set from the heights of Dover. Now and then, as when at school, one feels a little home-sick ; but the melancholy mood which then possessed me was purely a physical result from a physical cause. The shadows of evening began to succeed to the glow of sun-set—when, starting from my recumbent position, (in which sleep was beginning to surprise me) I hastened down the heights, and by a nearer direction sought the town and our hotel. We retired betimes to rest—but not until, from an opposite coach maker, we had secured a phaeton-like carriage to convey us with post horses, the next day, to Paris.

Excellent beds and undisturbed slumber put us in spirits for our grand entrée into the metropolis of France. But my companion had quitted his night quarters by six in the morning, and was busied in making a drawing of the situation of the Castle : of which the long, rambling, outer wall, nearest to the town, impresses us with a good notion of its extent. We breakfasted a little after nine ; and before ten, a pair of powerful black horses, one of which was surmounted by a sprucely-attired postillion—with the phaeton in the rear—were at the door of the hotel. Seeing all our baggage properly secured, we sprung into the conveyance and darted forward at a smart gallop. The ani-

mals seemed as if they could fly away with us—and the whip of the postillion made innumerable circular flourishes above their heads. The sky was beautifully clear: and a briskly-stirring, but not unpleasantly penetrating, south-east wind, played in our faces as we seemed scarcely to bound along the road. What a contrast to the heat, vexation, and general uncomfortableness of the two preceding days of our journey! We felt it sensibly, and enjoyed it in proportion. Our first place of halting, to change horses, was at HOUDAN; which may be about four leagues from Dreux; and I verily believe we reached it in an hour. The route thither is through a flat and uninteresting country; except that every feature of landscape (and more especially in our previous journeys through Normandy) seems to be thrown to a greater distance, than in England. This may account for the flatness of views, and the diminutiveness of objects. Houdan is a village-like town, containing a population of about 2000 inhabitants; but much business is done on market days; and of *corn*, in particular, I was told that they often sell several thousand sacks in a day. Its contiguity to Paris may account for the quantity of business done. In the outskirts of the town,—and flanked, rather than surrounded, by two or three rows of trees, of scarcely three years growth—the locale being dignified by the name of the *Boulevards*—stands the “stiff and stower” remains of the CASTLE OF HOUDAN. It is a very interesting relic, and to our eyes appeared of an unusual construction. The corner towers are small and circular; and the intermediate portion of the outer wall is constructed

with a swell, or a small curvature outwards. I paced the outside, but have forgotten the measurement. Certainly, it is not more than forty feet square. We tried to gain admittance into the interior, but without success, as the person possessing the key was not to be found. We saw enough, however, to convince us that the walls could not be less than twelve feet in thickness. But let Mr. Lewis's pencil supply these deficiencies of the foregoing description.



A. Encham. del.

The horses had been some time in readiness, and the fresh postillion seemed to be lost in amazement at the cause of our loitering so long at so insignificant a place. He seemed half disposed to ask permission to see the drawing; and my companion was too good-natured to thwart his wishes. On examining it, he pronounced the original to be a "villain ancien bâtiment." A tasteless Goth! The day warmed as we pushed on for the far-famed "proud Versailles." The approach, from Houdan, is perhaps not the most favourable; although we got peeps of the chateau, which gave us rather elevated notions of its enormous extent. We drove to the *Hôtel de Bourbon*; an excellent, clean mansion, close to the very façade of the palace, after passing the *Hôtel de Ville*; and from whence you have an undisturbed view of the broad, wide, direct road to Paris. We bespoke dinner, and prepared for a lounge. The palace—of which we purposely declined visiting the interior—reserving Versailles for a future and entire day's gratification—is doubtless an immense fabric—of which the façade just mentioned is composed of brick, and assumes any thing but a grand and imposing air: merely because it wants simplicity and uniformity of design. We observed some charming white stone houses, scattered on each side of this widely extended chaussée—or route royale—and, upon the whole, Versailles appeared to us to be a magnificent and rather interesting spot. Two or three rows of trees, some forty or fifty generations more ancient than those constituting the boulevards at Houdan, formed avenues on each side of this noble road; and all appeared life

and animation—savouring of the proximity of the metropolis. Carriages without number—chiefly upon hire—were going and returning; and the gaits and dresses of individuals were of a more studied and of a gayer aspect. In short, we became a little impatient for our dinner, and for the moment of our departure. We hired one of these carriages; which for nine francs, would convey us to the place of our destination. This appeared to me very reasonable; and after being extravagant enough to drink Champagne at dinner, as a compliment to the name of our hotel, and to commemorate our approach to the metropolis, we set forward between five and six o'clock, resolving to strain our eyes to the utmost, and to be astonished at every thing we saw!—especially as *this* is considered the most favourable approach to the capital.

The *Ecole Militaire*, to the left, of which Marshal Ney had once the chief command, struck us as a noble establishment. But it was on approaching *Sèvre* that all the bustle and population, attendant upon the immediate vicinity of a great metropolis, became evident. Single-horsed vehicles—in which not fewer than nine persons were pretty closely stowed—three upon a bench, and three benches under the roof—fiacres, barouches, and carriages of every description, among which we discovered a great number from our own country—did not fail to occupy our unremitting attentions. *Sèvre* is a long, rambling, and chiefly single-street town but picturesquely situated, on a slope, and ornamented to the left by the windings of the Seine. We were downright glad to renew our acquaintance with our old, and long-lost

friend, the river Seine; although it appeared to be sadly shorn of its majestic breadth since we had parted with it before the walls of Montmorenci castle, in our route to Havre. The new nine-arch bridge at Sèvre is a sort of Waterloo bridge in miniature. Upon the heights, above it, I learnt that there was a beautiful view of the river in the foreground with Paris in the distance. We passed over the old bridge, and saw *St. Cloud* to the left: which of course interested us as the late residence of Buonaparte, but which, in truth, has nothing beyond the air of a large respectable country gentleman's mansion in England. We pushed on, and began to have distinct perceptions of the great city. Of all the desirable places of retreat, whether for its elevated situation, or respectable appearance, or commodious neighbourhood, nothing struck me more forcibly than the village of *PASSY*, upon a commanding terrace, to the left; some three or four English miles from Paris—and having a noble view both of the river and of the city. It is also considered to be remarkably healthy; and carriages of every description, are constantly passing to and from Paris.

The dome of the *Pantheon*, and the gilded one of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, together with the stunted towers of *Notre Dame*, were among the chief objects to the right: while the Seine accompanying us, afforded a pleasing foreground to this architectural picture in the distance. But, my friend, I will frankly own to you, that I was disappointed . . . upon this first glimpse of the GREAT city. In the first place, the surrounding country is flat; with the exception of *Mount Calvary*,

to the left, which has nothing to do with the metropolitan view from this situation. In the second place, what are the *Pantheon* and *Notre Dame* compared to *St. Paul's* and *Westminster Abbey*!—to say nothing of the vicinity of London, as is connected with the beautifully undulating ground about Camberwell, Sydenham, Norwood, and Shooter's Hill—and, on the other side of the water, Hampstead, Highgate and Harrow : again, Wimbledon and Richmond ! . . . what lovely vicinities are these compared with *Mont Martre* ? And if you take river scenery into the account, what is the *Seine*, in the neighbourhood of Paris, compared with the *Thames* in that of London ? If the oft-times impenetrable smoke and filth from coal-fires were charmed away—shew me, I beseech you, any view of Paris, from this, or from any point of approach, which shall presume to bear the semblance of comparison with that of London, from the descent from *Shooter's Hill* ! The most bewitched Gallico-Englishman, in the perfect possession of his eye sight, will not have the temerity to institute such a comparison.

But—as you near the barriers, your admiration increases. Having got rid of all background of country—as you approach the capital—the foregoing objections vanish. Here the officers of police affected to search our luggage. They were heartily welcome, and so I told them. This disarmed all suspicion. Accordingly we entered Paris by one of the noblest and one of the most celebrated of its Boulevards—the *Champs Elysées*. As we gained the *Place Louis Quinze*, with the *Thuileries* in front, and the *Place de Concord*, with the *Hôtel des Invalides* (the gilded dome of which

latter reflected the strong rays of a setting sun) to the right—we were much struck with this combination of architectural splendour : indisputably much superior to any similar display on the entrance into our own capital. Turning to the left, the *Place Vendome* and the *Rue de la Paix*, with the extreme height of the houses, and the stone materials of their construction, completed our admiration. But the *Boulevards Italiens*—after passing the pillars of the proposed church of *Ste. Madeleine*, and turning to the right—helped to prolong our extreme gratification, till we reached the spot whence I am addressing you. Doubtless, at first glance, this is a most splendid and enchanting city. But my time and paper are equally exhausted : and I cannot, as I had intended, transmit you any thing further at present in the shape of a local sketch. It is sufficient that I have brought you with me to Paris ; prepared to enter into the detail of those topics which were mentioned in a hasty manner at the opening of this letter. This detail must be necessarily reserved for the next despatch. Meanwhile, you are to observe, that I shall not be very anxious to teaze you with common-place topics of description — which abound in almost every tour and journey that has been published relating to this city. But, while I shall be anxious to convince you that I am not insensible of those subjects, which may be well introduced as secondary considerations, I shall take the most pains to make you acquainted with the treasures of PAST TIMES—in the shape of **Manuscripts** and **printed Books**. The ROYAL LIBRARY has as much astonished me, as the CURATORS of it have charmed me by their extreme kindness and civility.

LETTER XXIII.

PARIS. THE BOULEVARDS. PUBLIC BUILDINGS. STREET-SCENERY. CHURCHES, &C. MUSÉE DES MONUMENS FRANÇOIS. FOUNTAINS.

Paris, June 18, 1818.

You are probably beginning to wonder at the tardiness of my promised second despatch, in which the minutæ of the *locale* of this city were to be more systematically described. But, as I told you towards the conclusion of the previous letter, it would answer little or no purpose to conduct you over every inch of ground which has been trodden and described by a host of tourists, and from which little of interest or of novelty can now be imparted; yet it is absolutely incumbent upon me—in order to complete my Parisian sketch—to say *something* by way of local description.

Perhaps the most interesting feature about Paris are the BOULEVARDS. I speak here only of the principal — those extending from *la Madeleine* to *St. Antoine*; which encircle nearly one-half the capital. Either on foot, or in a carriage, they afford you a singular gratification. A very broad road-way, flanked by three rows of trees on each side, within which the population of Paris seems to be in eternal agitation—lofty houses, splendid shops, occasionally a retired mansion, with a parterre of blooming flowers in front—all manner of merchandize exposed to the open air

—prints, muslins, *kaleidoscopes*, (they have just introduced them) trinkets, and especially watch chains and strings of beads, spread in gay colours upon the ground—the undulations of the *chaussée*—and a bright blue sky above the green trees—all these things irresistibly rivet the attention and extort the admiration of a stranger. You may have your boots cleaned, and your breakfast prepared, upon these same boulevards. As a confirmation, look only at what the rapid and faithful pencil of Mr. Lewis has produced* . . . in one morning's stroll before breakfast.

But the preceding is only a hasty sketch of what may be called a morning scene. AFTERNOON approaches : then, the innumerable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put into immediate requisition : then commences the “ high exchange ” of the loungers. One man hires two chairs, for which he pays two sous : he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a see-saw or slanting position, occupies the other. The places, where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee houses. Incessant reports from drawing the corks of beer bottles resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage ; and for four or six sous they get a bottle of pleasant, refreshing, small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a doze—in the open air. What is common, excites no surprise ; and the stream of population rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them : abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

the heavens above. Pure, idle, unproductive listlessness is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.

EVENING approaches: when the Boulevards put on their gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the ICE MART: in other words, then commences the general demand for ices: while the rival and neighbouring *caffés* of TORTONI and RICHE have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without, and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers, and the entrances to the *caffés*, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left: while, on the outside, upon the *chaussée*, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their closed morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless: but that of the *Vanille* is justly a general favourite: not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, punch, peach, almond, and in short every species of gratification of this kind; while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and some of them with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other coloured ice—like pieces from a Harlequin's jacket—are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him: in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water, poured therefrom, the

visitor usually concludes his repast. The most luxurious of these ices scarcely exceeds a shilling of our money; and the quantity is at least half as much again as you get at a certain well-known confectioners in Piccadilly.

It is getting towards MIDNIGHT; but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad-singers, tumblers, actors, conjurors, slight-of-hand professors, and raree-shew men, have each their distinct audiences. You advance: a little girl with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on) seems to have no mercy either upon her own voice or upon the hurdy-gurdy on which she plays: her father shews his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after "a flourish"—not of "trumpets"—but of these instruments—the tumblers commence their operations." But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man—apparently strangled: both arms are extended, and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely—and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint—but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in one hand, into which he expects you should drop a sous. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and, making his bow, seems to anticipate the plaudits which invariably follow. Or, he changes his plan of operations on the

following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other—and, thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and the applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the Boulevards to the other, for nearly two English miles, there is nought but animation, good humour, and, it is right to add, good order;—while, having strolled as far as the Boulevards *de Bondy*, and watched the moon-beams sparkling in the waters which play there within the beautiful fountain so called,—I retread my steps, and seek the quiet quarters in which this epistle is penned.

The next out-of-door sources of gratification, of importance, are the *Gardens of the Thuilleries*, the *Champs Elysées*, and the promenade within the *Palais Royal*; in which latter plays a small, but, in my humble opinion, the most beautifully constructed fountain which Paris can boast of. But of this, presently. The former of these spots is rather pretty than picturesque: rather limited than extensive: a raised terrace to the left, on looking from the front of the Thuilleries, is the only commanding situation—from which you observe the Seine, running with its green tint, and rapid current to the left—while on the right you leisurely examine the rows of orange trees and statuary which give an imposing air of grandeur to the scene. At this season of the year, the fragrance of the blossoms of the orange trees is most delicious. The statues are of a colossal, and rather superior kind . . . for garden decoration. There are pleasing vistas and wide gravel walks, and a fine evening usually fills them with crowds of Parisians. The palace is long, but rather too low and nar-

row ; yet there is an air of elegance about it, which, with the immediately surrounding scenery cannot fail to strike you very agreeably. The white flag of St. Louis floats upon the top of the central dome. The *Champs Elysées* consist of extensive wooded walks ; and a magnificent road divides them, which serves as the great attractive mall for carriages—especially on Sundays—while, upon the grass, between the trees, on that day, appear knots of male and female citizens enjoying the waltz or quadrille. It is doubtless a most singular, and animated scene: the utmost order and good humour prevailing. The *Place Louis Quinze*, running at right angles with the *Thuilleries*, and which is intersected in your route to the *Rue de la Paix*, is certainly a most magnificent front elevation ; containing large and splendid houses, of elaborate exterior ornament. When completed, to the right, it will present an almost matchless front of domestic architecture, built upon the Grecian model. It was in this place, facing his own regal residence of the *Thuilleries*, that the unfortunate Louis—surrounded by a ferocious and bloodthirsty mob—was butchered by the guillotine!! His martyrdom was yet more terrible than that of our unhappy Charles.

Come back with me now into the very heart of Paris, and let us stroll within the area of the *Palais Royal*. You may remember that I spoke of a fountain, which played within the centre of this popular resort. The different branches, or *jets d'eau*, spring from a low, central point ; and crossing each other in a variety of angles, and in the most pleasing

manner of intersection, produce, altogether, the appearance of the blossom of a large flower: so silvery and transparent is the water, and so gracefully are its glassy petals disposed. Meanwhile, the rays of the sun, streaming down from above, produce a sort of stationary rainbow: and, in the heat of the day, as you sit upon the chairs, or saunter beneath the trees, the effect is both grateful and refreshing. The little flower garden, in the centre of which this fountain seems to be for ever playing, is a perfect model of neatness and tasteful disposition: not a weed dare intrude: and the earth seems always fresh and moist from the spray of the fountain—while roses, jonquils, and hyacinths scatter their delicious fragrance around. For one minute only let us visit the *Caffé des Mille Colonnes*: so called (as you well know) from the number of upright mirrors and glasses which reflect the small columns by which the ceiling is supported. Brilliant and singular as is this effect, it is almost eclipsed by the appearance of the mistress of the house; who, decorated with rich and rare gems, and seated upon a sort of elevated throne—uniting great comeliness and (as some think) beauty of person—receives both the homage and (what is doubtless preferable to her) the *francs* of numerous customers and admirers. The “wealth of either Ind” sparkles upon her hand, or glitters upon her attire: and if the sun of her beauty be somewhat verging towards its declension, it sets with a glow which reminds her old acquaintance of the splendour of its noon-day power. It is yet a moot point whether the ice of this house be preferable to that of Tortoni: a point, too intricate

and momentous for my solution. “ Non nostrum est . . . tantas componere lites.”

Of the *Jardin des Plantes*, which I have once visited, but am not likely to revisit—owing to the extreme heat of the weather, and the distance of the spot from this place—scarcely too much can be said in commendation: whether we consider it as a *dépôt* for live or dead animals, or as a school of study and instruction for the cultivators of natural history. The wild animals are kept, in their respective cages, out of doors, which is equally salutary for themselves and agreeable to their visitors. I was much struck by the perpetual motion of a huge, restless, black bear, who has left the marks of his footsteps by a concavity in the floor:—as well as by the panting, and apparently painful, inaction of an equally huge white or gray bear—who, nurtured upon beds of Greenland ice, seemed to be dying beneath the oppressive heat of a Parisian atmosphere. The same misery appeared to beset the bears who are confined, in an open space, below. They searched every where for shade; while a scorching sun was darting its vertical rays upon their heads. In the Museum of dead, or stuffed animals, you have every thing that is minute or magnificent in nature, from the creeping lizard to the towering giraffe, arranged systematically, and in a manner the most obvious and intelligible: while Cuvier’s collection of fossil bones equally surprises and instructs you. It is worth all the *catacombs* of all the capitals in the world. If we turn to the softer and more beautiful parts of creation, we are dazzled and bewildered by the radiance and variety of the tribes of vegetables

—whether as fruits or flowers ; and, upon the whole, this is an establishment which, in no age or country, hath been surpassed.

It is not necessary to trouble you with much more of this strain. The out-of-door enjoyments in Paris are so well known, and have been so frequently described—and my objects of research being altogether of a very different complexion—you will not, I conclude, scold me if I cease to expatiate upon this topic, but direct your attention to others. Not however but that I think you may wish to know my sentiments about the principal ARCHITECTURAL BUILDINGS of Paris—as you are yourself not only a lover, but a judge, of these matters—and therefore the better qualified to criticise and correct the following remarks—which flow “ au bout de la plume ”—as Madame de Sévigné says. In the first place, then, let us stop a few minutes before the THUILERIES. It hath a beautiful front : beautiful, from its lightness and airiness of effect. The small central dome is the only raised part in the long horizontal line of this extended building : not but what the extremities are raised in the old fashioned sloping manner : but if there had been a similar dome at each end, and that in the centre had been just double its present height, the effect, in my humble opinion, would have harmonised better with the extreme length of the building. It is very narrow ; so much so, that the same room contains windows from which you may look on either side of the palace : upon the gardens to the west, or within the square to the east.

Adjoining to the Thuilleries is the LOUVRE : that is

to say, a long range of building to the south, parallel with the Seine, connects these magnificent residences : and it is precisely along this extensive range that the celebrated *Gallery of the Louvre* runs. The principal exterior front, or southern extremity, of the Louvre, faces the Seine ; and to my eye it is nearly faultless as a piece of architecture constructed upon Grecian and Roman models. But the interior is yet more splendid. I speak more particularly of the south and western fronts : that facing the north being more ancient, and containing female figure ornaments which are palpably of a disproportionate length. The Louvre quadrangle (if I may borrow our old college phrase) is assuredly the most splendid piece of ornamental architecture which Paris contains. The interior of the edifice itself is as yet in an unfinished condition ; but you must not conclude the examination of this glorious pile of building, without going round to visit the *eastern* exterior front—looking towards Notre-Dame. Of all sides of the square, within or without, this colonnade front is doubtless the most perfect of its kind. It is less rich and crowded with ornament than any side of the interior—but it assumes one of the most elegant, airy, and perfectly proportionate aspects, of any which I am just now able to recollect. Perhaps the basement story, upon which this double-columned colonnade of the Corinthian Order runs, is somewhat too plain—a sort of affectation of the rustic. The alto-relievo figures in the centre of the tympanum have a decisive and appropriate effect. The advantage both of the Thuilleries and Louvre is, that they are well seen from the principal thoroughfares of Paris :

that is to say, along the quays, and from the chief streets running from the more ancient parts on the south side of the Seine. The evil attending our own principal public edifices is, that they are generally constructed where they *cannot* be seen to advantage. Supposing one of the principal entrances or malls of London, both for carriages and foot, to be on the *south* side of the Thames, what could be more magnificent than the front of *Somerset House*, rising upon its hundred columns perpendicularly from the sides of a river... three times as broad as the Seine, with the majestic arches of *Waterloo bridge*!—before which, however, the stupendous elevation of *St. Paul's* and its correspondent bridge of *Black Friars*, could not fail to excite the wonder, and extort the praise of the most anti-anglican stranger. And to crown the whole, how would the venerable nave and the towers of *Westminster Abbey*—with its peculiar bridge of Westminster . . . give a finish to such a succession of architectural objects of metropolitan grandeur! Although in the very heart of Parisian wonder, I cannot help, you see, carrying my imagination towards our own capital; and suggesting that, if, instead of furnaces, forges, and flickering flames—and correspondent clouds of dense smoke—which give to the southern side of the Thames the appearance of its being the abode of legions of blacksmiths, and glass and shot makers—we introduced a little of the good taste and good sense of our neighbours—and if . . . But all this is mighty easily said—and not quite so easily put in practice. The truth however is, my dear friend, that we should *approximate* a little towards each other. Let the Pari-

sians attend somewhat more to our domestic comforts and commercial advantages—and let the Londoners sacrifice somewhat of their love of warehouses and manufactories—and then you will have hit the happy medium, which, in the metropolis of a great empire, would unite all the conveniences, with all the magnificence of situation.

Of other buildings, devoted to civil purposes, the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, the HÔTEL DES INVALIDES, with its gilded dome (a little too profusely adorned,) the INSTITUTE, and more particularly the MINT, are the chief ornaments on the south side of the Seine. In these I am not disposed to pick the least hole, by fastidious or hypercritical observations. Only I wish that they would contrive to let the lions, in front of the façade of the Institute, (sometimes called the Collège Mazarin or des Quatre Nations—upon the whole, a magnificent pile) discharge a good large mouthful of water—instead of the drivelling stream which is for ever trickling from their closed jaws. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the appearance of these meagre and unappropriate objects : the more to be condemned, because the French in general assume great credit for the management of their fountains. Of the four great buildings just noticed, that of the Mint, or rather its façade, pleases me most. It is a beautiful elevation, in pure good taste ; but the stone is unfortunately of a coarse grain and of a dingy colour. Of the BRIDGES thrown across the Seine, connecting all the fine objects on either side, it must be allowed that they are generally in good taste : light, yet firm ; but those, in iron, of Louis XVI. and *des Arts*, are per-

haps to be preferred. The *Pont Neuf*, where the ancient part of Paris begins, is a large, long, clumsy piece of stone work : communicating with the island upon which *Notre Dame* is built. But if you look eastward, towards old Paris, from the top of this bridge—or if you look in the same direction, a little towards the western side, or upon the quays,—you contemplate, in my humble opinion, one of the grandest views of street scenery that can be imagined ! The houses are very lofty—occasionally of six or eight stories—the material with which they are built is a fine cream-coloured stone : the two branches of the river, and the back ground afforded by *Notre Dame*, and a few other subordinate public buildings, altogether produce an effect—especially as you turn your back upon the sun, sinking low behind the *Barrière de Neuilly*—which would equally warm the hearts and exercise the pencils of the TURNERS and CALCOTTS of our own shores. Indeed, I learn that the former distinguished artist has actually made a drawing of this picture. But let me add, that my own unqualified admiration had preceded the knowledge of this latter fact. Among other buildings, I must put in a word of praise in behalf of the HALLE-AUX-BLÉS—built after the model of the Pantheon at Rome. It is 120 French feet in diameter ; has 25 covered arch ways, or arcades, of 10 feet in width ; of which six are open, as passages of ingress and egress—corresponding with the like number of opposite streets. The present cupola (preceded by one almost as large as that of the Pantheon at Rome) is built of iron and brass—of a curious, light, and yet sufficiently substantial construction—and is unassailable by fire.

I never passed through this building without seeing it well stocked with farinaceous provender; while its area was filled with farmers, who, like our own, assemble to make the best bargain. I wish, however, that we could boast of an equally comfortable, and creditably-looking place of resort. To think of *Mark Lane*, after such an elegant and commodious receptacle, makes one almost nervous. Yet let me observe that, owing to the height of the neighbouring houses, this building loses almost the whole of its appropriate effect.

Nor should the EXCHANGE, in the *Rue des Filles St. Thomas*, be dismissed without slight notice and commendation. It is equally simple, magnificent, and striking: composed of a single row, or peristyle, of Corinthian pillars, flanking a parallelogram of no mean dimensions, and presenting fourteen pillars in its principal front. At this present moment, it is not quite finished; but when completed, it promises to be among the most splendid and the most perfect specimens of public architecture in Paris. Beautiful as many may think our Exchange, in my humble opinion it has no pretensions to compete with that at Paris. The HÔTEL DE VILLE, near the *Place de Grève*, is rather in the character of the more ancient buildings in France: it is exceedingly picturesque, and presents a noble façade. Being situated amidst the older streets of Paris, nothing can harmonise better with the surrounding objects. Compared with the metropolis, on its present extended scale, it is hardly of sufficient importance for the consequence usually attached to this kind of building; but you

must remember that the greater part of it was built in the sixteenth century, when the capital had scarcely attained half its present size. The *Place de Grève* during the Revolution, was the spot in which the guillotine performed almost all its butcheries. I walked over it with a hurrying step: fancying the earth to be yet moist with the blood of so many immolated victims. Of other HÔTELS, I shall mention only those of DE SENS and DE SOUBISE. The entrance into the former yet exhibits a most picturesque specimen of the architecture of the early part of the xvith century. Its interior is devoted to every thing . . . which it ought *not* to be. The Hôtel de Soubise is still a consequential building. It was sufficiently notorious during the reigns of Charles V. and VI.: and it owes its present form to the enterprising spirit of Cardinal Rohan, who purchased it of the Guise family towards the end of the xvith century. There is now, neither pomp nor splendour, nor revelry, within this vast building. All its aristocratic magnificence is fled; but the antiquary and the man of curious research console themselves on its possessing treasures of a more substantial and covetable kind. You are to know that it contains the *Archives of State* and the *Royal Printing Office*.

Paris has doubtless good reason to be proud of her public buildings; for they are numerous, splendid, and commodious; and have the extraordinary advantage over our own of not being tinted with soot and smoke. Indeed, when one thinks of the sure invasion of every new stone or brick building in London, by these enemies of external beauty, one is almost sick at heart during the work of erection. The lower tier of windows

and columns round St. Paul's have been covered with the dirt and smoke of upwards of a century; and the fillagree-like embellishments which distinguish the recent restorations of Henry the VIIIth's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, are already beginning to lose their delicacy of appearance from a similar cause. But I check myself. I am at Paris—and not in the metropolis of our own country.

A word now for STREET SCENERY. Paris is perhaps here unrivalled: still I speak under correction—having never seen Edinburgh. But, although *portions* of that northern capital, from its undulating or hilly site, must necessarily present more picturesque appearances, yet, upon the whole, from the superior size of Paris, there must be more numerous examples of the kind of scenery of which I am speaking. The specimens are endless. I select only a few—the more familiar to me. In turning to the left, from the *Boulevard Montmartre* or *Poissonière*, and going towards the *Rue St. Marc*, or *Rue des Filles St. Thomas* (as I have been in the habit of doing, almost every morning, for the last ten days—in my way to the Royal Library) you leave the *Rue Montmartre* obliquely to the left. The houses here seem to run up to the sky; and appear to have been constructed (as Mr. Lewis remarked to me) with the same ease and facility as children build houses of cards. In every direction about this spot, the houses, built of stone, as they generally are, assume the most imposing and picturesque forms; and if a Canaletti resided here, who could condescend to paint without water and wherries, some really magnificent specimens of this species of com-

position might be executed — equally to the credit of the artist and the place.

If you want old fashioned houses, you must lounge in the long and parallel streets of *St. Denis* and *St. Martin* ; but be sure that you choose dry weather for the excursion. Two hours of heavy rain (as I once witnessed) would cause a little rushing rivulet in the centre of these streets—and you could only pass from one side to the other by means of a plank. The absence of *trottoirs*—or foot-pavement—is indeed here found to be a most grievous defect. With the exception of the *Place Vendome* and the *Rue de la Paix*, where something like this sort of pavement prevails, Paris presents you with hardly any thing of the kind ; so that, methinks, I hear you say, “ what though your Paris be gayer and more grand, our London is larger and more commodious.” Doubtless this is a fair criticism. But from the *Marché des Innocens*—a considerable space, where they sell chiefly fruit and vegetables,—(and which reminded me something of the market-places of Rouen) towards the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Hôtel de Soubise*, you will meet with many extremely curious and interesting specimens of house and street scenery : while, as I before observed to you, the view of the houses and streets in the *Isle St. Louis*, (where Notre-Dame is situated) from the *Pont des Arts*, the *Quai de Conti*, the *Pont Neuf*, or the *Quai des Augustins*—or, still better, the *Pont Royal*—is absolutely one of the grandest and completest specimens of metropolitan scenery which can be contemplated. Once more : go as far as the *Pont Louis XVI.*, cast your eye down the left ; and observe how magnifi-

cently the Seine is flanked by the Thuilleries and the Louvre. Surely, it is but a sense of justice and a love of truth which compels an impartial observer to say, that this is a view of regal and public splendor—without a parallel in our own country!

The *Rue de Richelieu* is called the Bond-street of Paris. Parallel with it, is the *Rue Vivienne*. They are both pleasant streets; especially the former, which is much longer, and is rendered more striking by containing some of the finest hotels in Paris. Hosiers, artificial flower makers, clock-makers and jewellers, are the principal tradesmen in the *Rue de Richelieu*; but it has no similarity with Bond street. The houses are of stone, and generally very lofty—while the *Academie de Musique* and the *Bibliothèque du Roi* are public buildings of such consequence and capacity (especially the former) that it is absurd to name the street in which they are situated with our own. The *Rue Vivienne* is comparatively short; but it is pleasing, from the number of flowers, shrubs, and fruits, brought thither from the public markets, for sale. No doubt the *Place Vendome* and the *Rue de la Paix* claim precedence, on the score of magnificence and comfort, to either of these, or to any other streets; but to my taste there is nothing (next to the Boulevards) which is so thoroughly gratifying as the *Rue de Richelieu*. Is it because some few hundred thousand **printed volumes** are deposited therein? But of all the streets, the *Rue St. Honoré*, with its faubourg so called, is doubtless the most distinguished and consequential. It seems to run from west to east entirely through Paris; and is considered, on the score of length, as more than a match

for our Oxford street. It may be so ; but if the houses are loftier, the street is much narrower; and where, again, is your foot-pavement — to protect you from the eternal movements of fiacre, cabriolet, voiture, and diligence? Besides, the undulating line of our Oxford-street presents, to the tasteful observer, a sight — perfectly unrivalled of its kind—especially if it be witnessed on a clear night, when its thousand lighted lamps below emulate the starry lustre of the heavens above! To an inexperienced eye, this has the effect of enchantment. Add to the houses but two stories, and the appearance of this street, in the day time, would be equally imposing: to which add—what can never be added—the atmosphere of Paris!

You will remark that, all this time, I have been wholly silent about the *Palais de Luxembourg*, with its beautiful though flat gardens—of tulips, jonquils, roses, wall flowers, lilac and orange trees—its broad and narrow walks—its terraces, and statues! The façade, in a line with the *Rue Vaugirard*, has a grand effect—in every point of view. But the south front, facing the gardens, is exceedingly beautiful and magnificent ; while across the gardens, and in front,—some short English mile—stands the OBSERVATORY. Yet fail not to visit the interior square of the palace, for it is well worth your notice and admiration. This building is now the *Chambre des Pairs*. Its most celebrated ornament was the famous suite of paintings, by Rubens, descriptive of the history of Henry IV. These now adorn the gallery of the Louvre. It is a pity that this very tasteful structure—which seems to be built of the choicest stone—should be so far

removed from what may be called the fashionable part of the city. It is in consequence reluctantly visited by our countrymen; although a lover of botany, or a florist, will not fail to procure two or three roots of the different species of *tulips*, which, it is allowed, blow here in uncommon luxuriance and splendor.

The preceding is, I am aware, but a feeble and partial sketch—compared with what a longer residence, and a temperature more favourable to exercise (for we are half scorched up with heat, positive and reflected)—would enable me to make. But “where are my favourite ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES?” methinks I hear you exclaim. Truly you shall know as much as I know myself; which is probably little enough. Of NOTRE-DAME, the west front, with its marygold window, is striking both from its antiquity and richness. It is almost black from age; but the alto-relievos, and especially those above the doors, stand out in almost perfect condition. These ornaments are rather fine of their kind. There is, throughout the whole of this west front, a beautiful keeping; and the towers are *here*, somewhat more endurable—and therefore somewhat in harmony. Over the north-transept door, on the outside, is a figure of the Virgin—once holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Of the latter, only the feet remain. The drapery of this figure is in perfectly good taste: a fine specimen of that excellent art which prevailed towards the end of the XIIIth century. Above, is an alto-relievo subject of the slaughter of the Innocents. The soldiers are in quilted armour. I entered the cathedral from the western door, during service-time. A sight of the different clergymen engaged in the office,

filled me with melancholy—and made me predict sad things of what was probably to come to pass! These clergymen were old, feeble, wretchedly attired in their respective vestments—and walked and sung in a tremulous and faltering manner. The architectural effect of the interior is not very imposing: although the solid circular pillars of the nave—the double aisles round the choir—and the old basso-relievo representations of the life of Christ, upon the exterior of the walls of the choir—cannot fail to afford an antiquary very singular satisfaction. The choir appeared to be not unlike that of St. Denis.

The next Gothic church, in size and importance, is that of St. GERVAIS—situated to the left, in the Rue de Monceau. It has a very lofty nave, but the interior is exceedingly flat and divested of ornament. The pillars have scarcely any capitals. The choir is totally destitute of effect. Some of the stained glass is rich and old, but a great deal has been stolen or demolished during the Revolution. There is a good large modern picture, in one of the side chapels to the right: and a yet more modern one, much inferior, on the opposite side. In almost every side chapel, and in the confessionals, the priests were busily engaged in the catechetical examination of young people previous to the first Communion on the following sabbath, which was the Fête-Dieu. The western front is wholly Grecian—perhaps about two hundred years old. It is too lofty for its width—but has a grand effect, and is justly much celebrated. Yet the *situation* of this fine old Gothic church is among the most wretched of those in Paris. It is preserved from suffocation, only by holding its head so

high. Next in importance to St. Gervais, is the Gothic church of St. EUSTACHE : a perfect specimen, throughout, of that adulterated style of Gothic architecture (called its *restoration* !) which prevailed at the commencement of the reign of Francis I. Faulty, and even meretricious, as is the whole of the interior, the choir will not fail to strike you with surprise and gratification. It is light, rich, and lofty. This church is very large, but not so capacious as St. Gervais—while its situation is, if possible, still more objectionable.

Let me not forget my two old favourite churches of ST. GERMAIN DES PRÈS and *Ste. Geneviève* ; although of the latter I hardly know whether a hasty glimpse, both of the exterior and interior, be not sufficient ; the greater part having been destroyed during the Revolution. The immediate vicinity of the former is sadly choaked by stalls and shops—and the west-front has been cruelly covered by modern appendages. It is the church dearest to antiquaries ; and with reason.* I first visited it on a Sunday, when that part of the Service was performed which required the fullest intonations of the organ. The effect altogether was very striking. The singular pillars—of which the capitals are equally massive and grotesque, being sometimes composed of human beings, and sometimes of birds and beasts, especially towards the choir—the rising up and sitting down of the congregation, and the yet more frequent movements of the priests—the

* The views of it, as it appeared in the xvth century, represent it nearly surrounded by a wall and a moat. It takes its name as having been originally situated *in the fields*.

swinging of the censers—and the parade of the vergers, dressed in bag wigs, with broad red sashes of silk, and silk stockings—but, above all, the most scientifically touched, as well as the deepest and loudest toned, organ I ever heard—perfectly bewildered and amazed me! Upon the dispersion of the congregation—which very shortly followed this religious excitation—I had ample leisure to survey every part of this curious old structure; which reminded me, although upon a much larger scale, of the peculiarities of St. Georges de Bocherville, and Notre Dame at Guibray.* Certainly, very much of this church is of the twelfth century—and as I am not writing to our friend N*** I will make bold to say that some portions of it yet “smack strongly” of the eleventh. I only regret—which indeed I do almost every day—that my residence is at such an inconvenient distance from this ancient division of Paris . . . especially as the heat of the weather renders even a trip to the Bibliothèque du Roi rather a serious undertaking.

Nearer to my residence, and of a kindred style of architecture, is the church of ST. GERMAIN AUX AUXERROIS. The west front or porch is yet sound and good. Nothing particularly strikes you on the entrance, but there are some interesting specimens of rich old stained glass in the windows of the transepts. The choir is completely and cruelly modernised. In the side chapels are, apparently, several good modern paintings; and over an altar of twisted columns, round which ivy leaves, apparently composed of ivory, are creeping, is a

* See vol. i. p. 189; and p. 29.

picture of three figures in the flames of purgatory. This side-chapel is consecrated to the offering up of orisons “**for the souls in purgatory.**” It is gloomy and repulsive. Death’s heads and thigh bones are painted, in white colours, upon the stained wall ; and in the midst of all these fearful devices, I saw three young ladies intensely occupied in their devotions at the railing facing the altar. Here again, I observed priests examining young people in their catechism ; and others in confessionals, receiving the confessions of the young of both sexes, previous to their taking the first sacrament on the approaching *Fête-Dieu*.

From the antique, let me conduct you to the modern style of art. To begin with the **SORBONNE CHURCH**. Within and without, it is among the more finished specimens of Grecian architecture ; especially the interior—where, however, I should in general have preferred pillars to pilasters. This building and establishment owe their existence to the famous **CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU**—whose mausoleum, in the chapel, considered as the chef d’oeuvre of Girardon, has been recently returned from the collection of monuments in the *Rue des Petits Augustins*—But, alas ! this establishment no longer betrays any symptom of its former celebrity. The once mighty reputation of a “**Doctor of the Sorbonne College**” lives only in the annals of past times. The building is now a mere hospital ; and unless put into a state of repair, will be a mass of ruins within a half century from hence.

Contiguous to the Sorbonne church, there stands, raising its neatly constructed dome aloft in air, the *Nouvelle Eglise Ste. Geneviève*, better known by the

name of the PANTHEON. The interior presents to my eye the most beautiful and perfect specimen of Grecian architecture with which I am acquainted. In the crypt are seen the tombs of French warriors; and upon the pavement above, is a white marble statue of one of the Marshals, (who died in the West Indies) rather too full of conceit and affectation both in attitude and expression. The interior of the building is about 370 English feet in length, by 270 in width; but it is said that the foundation is too weak. From the gallery, running along the bottom of the dome—the whole a miniature representation of our St. Paul's—you have a sort of panorama of Paris; but not, I think, a very favourable one. The absence of sea-coal fume strikes you very agreeably; but for picturesque effect, I could not help thinking of the superior beauty of the panorama of Rouen from the heights of Mont Ste. Catharine.* It appears to me that the small lantern on the top of the dome wants a finishing apex.

Yonder majestic portico forms the west front of the church called St. SULPICE . . . It is at once airy and grand. There are two tiers of pillars, of which this front is composed: the lower is Doric; the upper Ionic: and each row, as I am told, is nearly forty French feet in height, exclusively of their entablatures, each of ten feet. We have nothing like this, certainly, as the front of a parish church, in London. When I except St. Paul's, such exception is made in reference to the most majestic piece of architectural composition, which, to my eye, the wit of man hath yet ever devised. The architect of the magnificent front of St. Sulpice was

* See vol. i. p. 117.

SERVANDONI ; and a street hard by (in which Dom Brial, the father of French history, resides) takes its name from this architect. There are two towers—one at each end of this front,—about two hundred and twenty feet in height from the pavement : harmonising well with the general style of architecture, but of which, that to the south (to the best of my recollection) is left in an unaccountably, if not shamefully, unfinished state. These towers are said to be about one toise higher than those of Notre Dame. The interior of this church is hardly less imposing than its exterior. The vaulted roofs are exceedingly lofty ; but for the length of the nave, and more especially the choir, the transepts are disproportionably short. Nor are there sufficiently prominent ornaments to give relief to the massive appearance of the sides. These sides are decorated by fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order ; which, for so large and lofty a building, have a tame effect. There is nothing like the huge, single, insulated column, or the clustered slim pilasters, that separate the nave from the side aisles of the Gothic churches of the early and middle ages.

The principal altar between the nave and the choir is admired for its size, and grandeur of effect ; but it is certainly ill-placed, and is perhaps too ornamental, looking like a detached piece which does not harmonise with the surrounding objects. Indeed, most of the altars in French churches want simplicity and appropriate effect : and the whole of the interior of the choir is (to my fastidious eye only, you may add) destitute of that quiet solemn character, which ought always to belong to places of worship. Rich, minute, and elaborate as are

many of the Gothic choirs of our own country, they are yet in harmony ; and equally free from a frivolous or unappropriate effect. Behind the choir, is the Chapel of Our Lady : which is certainly both splendid and imposing. Upon the ceiling is represented the Assumption of the Virgin, and the walls are covered with a profusion of gilt ornament, which, upon the whole, has a very striking effect. In a recess, above the altar, is a sculptured representation of the Virgin and Infant Christ, in white marble, of a remarkably high polish : nor are the countenances of the mother and child divested of sweetness of expression. They are represented upon a large globe, or with the world at their feet : upon the top of which, slightly coiled, lies the “bruised” or dead serpent. The light, in front of the spectator, from a concealed window, (a contrivance to which the French seem partial) produces a sort of magical effect. I should add, that this is the largest parochial church in Paris ; and that its organ has been pronounced to be matchless.

This magnificent church is the production of several periods and of several artists. Anne of Austria laid the foundation stone in 1636, under the superintendance of Levau. Levau died shortly afterwards, and was succeeded by Gittard and Oppenord. The finish was reserved for Servandoni ; who, in the west front, or portico, left all his predecessors far behind him. The church was dedicated about the middle of the last century. The towers are the joint performances of Mac-laurin and Chalgrin ; but the latter has the credit of having rectified the blunder of the former. He began his labours in 1777 : but both the south tower, and the

Place, immediately before the west front, want their finishing decorations.

The rival churches of St. Sulpice—rival ones, rather from similarity of structure, than extent of dimensions—are the *ORATOIRE* and St. *ROCH*: both situated in the Rue St. Honoré. I heard the English service performed in the former—which is of a Grecian construction—but its extreme height, and the noise of the coaches, rendered my auditory faculties almost useless. I strained to hear, but with difficulty and ill-success. St. Roche is doubtless a very fine building—with a well-proportioned front—and a noble flight of steps; but the interior is too plain and severe for my taste. The walls are decorated by unfluted pilasters, with capitals scarcely conformable to any one order of architecture. The choir however is lofty, and behind it, in Our Lady's Chapel if I remember accurately, there is a striking piece of sculpture, of the Crucifixion, sunk into a rock, which receives the light from an invisible aperture, as at St. Sulpice. To the right, or rather behind this chapel, there is another—called the *Chapel of Calvary*,—in which you observe a celebrated piece of sculpture, of rather colossal dimensions, of the entombment of Christ. The dead Saviour is borne to the sepulchre by Joseph of Arimathea, St. John, and the three Maries. The name of the sculptor is *Deseine*. Certainly you cannot but be struck with the effect of such representations—which accounts for these two chapels being a great deal more attended, in general, than the choir, or the nave of the church. It is right however to add, that the pictures here are preferable to those at St. Sulpice; and the series of

bas-reliefs, descriptive of the principal events in the life of Christ, is among the very best specimens of art, of that species, which Paris can boast of. Before we quit the Rue St. Honoré, just step in with me to cast a critical eye over the church of the *Assumption*. It is a mere dome ; but of rather imposing dimensions. The outside is squat and heavy. Of the interior, the sides are bare and destitute of ornament ; but the ceiling is gilded, and rather elegant. The whole however stands in dreadful need of what English churchwardens are so fond of:—"repairing and beautifying."

Very different from either of these interiors is that of *St. Philippe du Roule* ; which presents you with a single insulated row of fluted Ionic pillars, on each side of the nave ; very airy, yet consequential, and even imposing. It is much to my taste ; and I wish such a plan were more generally adopted in the interiors of Grecian-constructed churches. The choir, the altar . . . the whole is extremely simple and elegant. Nor must the roof be omitted to be particularly mentioned. It is an arch, constructed of wood ; upon a plan originally invented by Philibert Delorine—so well known in the annals of art in the sixteenth century. The whole is painted in stone colour, and may deceive the most experienced eye. This beautiful church was built after the designs of Chalgrin, about the year 1700 ; and is considered to be a purer resemblance of the antique than any other in Paris. Perhaps the principal front may be thought to be too close or servile a copy. It was erected upon the site of an ancient Gothic chapel : of which latter, the author of the three quarto volumes of Parisian topography has given

a vignette from the only known design of it, in aquatint, but very indifferent. This church, well worth your examination, is situated in a quarter rarely visited by our countrymen—in the *Rue du Faubourg du Roule*, not far from the barriers.

Not very remotely connected with the topic of CHURCHES, is that of the SABBATHS . . . as spent in Paris. They are nearly the same throughout all France. As Buonaparte had no respect for religion itself, so he had less for the forms connected with the upholding of it. Parades, battles, and campaigns—were all that he cared about: and the Parisians, if they supplied him with men and money—the *materiel* for the execution of these objects—were left to pray, preach, dance, or work, just as they pleased on the Sabbath day. The present King, as you well know, attempted the introduction of something like an *English Sabbath*: but it would not do. When the French read and understand GRAHAME* as well as they do THOMSON, they will peradventure lend a ready and helping hand towards the completion of this laudable plan. At present, there is much which hurts the eye and ear of a well-educated and well-principled Englishman. There is a partial shutting up of the shops

* *read and understand GRAHAME.*]—Mr. Grahame is both a very readable and understandable author. He has reason to be proud of his poem called the SABBATH: for it is one of the sweetest and one of the purest of modern times. His *scene* however is laid in the country, and not in the metropolis. The very opening of this poem refreshes the heart—and prepares us for the more edifying portions of it, connected with the performance of the religious offices of our country. This beautiful work will LIVE as long as sensibility, and taste, and a virtuous feeling, shall possess the bosoms of a British Public.

before twelve; but after mid-day the shop-windows are uniformly closed throughout Paris. Meanwhile, the cart, the cabriolet, the crier of herbs and of other marketable produce—the sound of the whip or of the carpenter's saw and hammer—the shelling of peas in the open air, and the plentiful strewing of the pod hard by—together with sundry other offensive and littering accompaniments—all strike you as disagreeable deviations from what you have been accustomed to witness at home. Add to this, the half-dirty attire—the unshaven beard of the men, and the unkempt locks of the women—produce further revolting sensations. It is not till past mid-day that the noise of labour ceases, and that the toilette is put in a complete state for the captivation of the beholder. By four or five o'clock the streets become half thinned. On a Sunday, every body rushes into the country. The tradesman has his little villa, and the gentleman and man of fortune his more capacious rural domain; and those, who aspire not to the one or the other, resort to the *Bois de Boulogne* and the *Champs Elysées*, or to the *Beaujons*, or the *Jardin de Tivoli*—or to the yet more attractive magnificence of the palace and fountains of Versailles—where, in one or the other of these places, they carouse, or disport themselves—in promenades, or dancing groups—till

... majores . . cadunt de montibus umbræ.

This, generally and fairly speaking, is a summer Sabbath in the metropolis of France.

But I must carry you back into the old quarter of Paris, and take you with me to the celebrated collec-

tion of MONUMENTS, in the *Rue des Petits Augustins*—late under the direction of Monsieur Lenoir; whose excellent work, expressly upon the subject, is too copious and well known to render any elaborate detail here necessary. Indeed, this singular and precious collection is more than on the *eve* of dispersion: one half being already *restored* to the several quarters from whence it was taken. M. Millin gave me a letter of introduction to the Director—but he was from home, and I saw only “Madame, son épouse.” She told me, I thought with a pensive and dejected air (as she well might), that her husband had now no longer authority there—and that his Majesty had bestowed the guardianship of the monuments upon M. De La Folie. This re-bestowal was worth twice thinking upon; for M. Lenoir has executed his office in a manner not only highly honourable to himself, but truly advantageous to the public. His work relating to these monuments* is full of taste and erudition of its kind.

* *his work, relating to these monuments.*]—This work, from the ability with which it is executed, in every department, is likely to outlive every monument which it describes. This seems like unqualified praise; but it must not be received as such—for, like every human production, the monument erected by M. Lenoir for his own immortality, is not free from defects in some particulars. His work is entitled “*Musée des Monumens Français ou Description historique et chronologique des Statues en marbre et en bronze, bas-reliefs et tombeaux des Hommes et des Femmes célèbres, pour servir à la histoire de France et à celle de l’Art.*” 1800: in quarto and octavo—six volumes. Of all the publications, connected with the history or antiquities of Paris, this was, at the time, perhaps the most deservedly popular. The octavo impression rendered it accessible to the libraries of the ordinary

This collection, which it were superfluous minutely to describe, is within a walled space ; and as you enter

citizen ; while the quarto sizes—for there are two of that form—made it acceptable to the cabinets of the more wealthy. In our own country, also, there was a very considerable sale, in both forms of impression.

M. Lenoir is a fair, sound antiquary ; but he is to be critically considered rather as an artist—his antiquarian details being chiefly gathered from Montfaucon : compared with whom, he appears indeed of very diminutive dimensions. Such a concentration of old and modern art, as his pages display, is really one of the most gratifying of graphic achievements. If he be to be criticised fairly, he should also be criticised tenderly—as, in a work of such variety and extent, it must necessarily follow that he is occasionally found wanting in several very important details. The first objection seems to be, that all the subjects (with some slight exceptions, in the earlier part, of figures and compositions common indeed to other publications) are executed in the *outline* ; giving pretty generally the *same expression*, to subjects, which must necessarily, from the lapse of time that has taken place since the execution of the originals from which they are drawn, have been of a very *different* complexion. In the second place, both classical and purely Gothic subjects are treated in the same style or manner. The French are fond of the “ *touche spirituelle et hardie* ;” but it is quite impossible that a monument, erected in the time of Louis IX. (to go no further back) and Francis I., should, in a faithful copy, present the *same* manner of execution. Yet it is too frequently—if not generally so—in M. Lenoir’s work. Even in the ornaments from stained glass windows, of different periods, this uniformity of touch prevails ; as in the supposed arabesques of the *xiii*th century, (which certainly do not belong to that period) and those from the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers of the middle of the *xvii*th century. In the third and last place, the result, from this same method of treating subjects, different in themselves, and of different periods of execution, gives to the whole of the work rather a stiff, modernised air ; and in several instances, defects, or *lacunæ*, both from time, or subordinate talent in the original artist, have been *supplied* by the knowing pencils of MM.

the outer gates, you observe an arch, in stone, covered with arabesques and small figures—the whole of considerable dimensions—which belonged to the metropolitan palace of our old acquaintance the **CARDINAL AMBOISE**. There are parts of considerable beauty: but it

Lenoir and Percier—the artists who have usually made the drawings for the very skilful burin of Guyot. The engraver has done *his* part—supposing him to have faithfully copied what was put before him—in a very spirited and brilliant manner.

One word more only. The last, or vith volume, devoted to engravings from subjects of *stained glass windows*, contains the well-known history of **CUPID AND PSYCHE** from the pencil of Raffaele—put into requisition for the same object. When one sees, or even thinks upon, the engravings of *Marc Antonio* of the same subject, it is hardly possible to suppose that both copies are taken from the same originals: add to which, it may be fairly asked what business this *latter* subject has with the *Monumens Français*? The engravings of that subject, in the work under consideration, are, like the rest, in outline; but too frequently presenting the most palpable and gross violations of the purity of the original designs. These are the defects, as they strike my eye, of the work of M. Lenoir. But they are defects very powerfully counterbalanced by the noble design, and generally very brilliant, and always very interesting, manner of its execution. The performance does great credit to the history both of ancient and modern art.

There has recently appeared a work upon the same subject; materially larger in size, and with greater claims, in consequence, both upon the notice and the pockets of the public. Of this work only three *Livraisons* have hitherto appeared. It will be completed in five. It is in large folio, and is entitled “*Vues Pittoresques et Perspectives des Salles du Musée des Monumens Français*,” &c. The authors and artists are **REVILLE** and **LAVALLEE**. Critically speaking, I consider this work as a total failure. It is executed in the line manner, but the effect is too coarse and black. Nor is the drawing entitled to particular commendation. Lenoir's work, after all, will be the work. . . *to live*.

has a strange appearance in its present situation. There are several fragments of old French sculpture—sepulchral, and otherwise—placed in this garden—wherein you stroll for a pleasant walk, and from which you return impressed with a variety of sensations, of a mixed, flitting character, which it is absolutely impossible to describe. What will be the condition or destination of this place, some six years hence, I cannot take upon me to predict—but I was certainly glad to be introduced to such concentrated specimens of art—however, as a matter of pure taste, I should have rather preferred seeing them in the particular quarters from whence they were taken. M. Lenoir merits the gratitude of posterity for his patriotic and arduous efforts in having secured these precious relics from the vandalism of the Revolution.

Unconscionable as you may have deemed the length of this epistle, I must nevertheless extend it by the mention of what I conceive to be a very essential feature both of beauty and utility in the street scenery of Paris. It is of the FOUNTAINS that I am now about to speak ; and of some of which a slight mention has been already made. I yet adhere to the preference given to that in the *Palais Royal* ; considered with reference to the management of the water. It is indeed a purely aqueous exhibition, in which architecture and sculpture have nothing to do. Not so are the more imposing fountains of the MARCHÉ DES INNOCENS, DE GRENELLE, and du BOULEVARD DE BONDY. For the first of these, the celebrated *Lescot*, abbé de Clagny, was the designer of the general form ; and the more celebrated Jean Goujon the sculptor of the figures in bas-relief.

It was re-touched and perfected in 1551, and originally stood in the angle of the two streets, of *aux Fers* and *St. Denis*, presenting only two façades to the beholder. It was restored and beautified in 1708; and in 1788 it changed both its form and its position by being transported to the present spot—the *Marché des Innocens*—the market for vegetables. Two other similar sides were then added, making it a square: but the original performances of Goujon, which are considered almost as his master-piece, attract infinitely more admiration than the more recent ones of Pajou. Goujon's figures are doubtless very delicately and successfully executed. The water bubbles up in the centre of the square, beneath the arch, in small sheets, or masses; and its first and second subsequent falls, also in sheets, have a very beautiful effect. They are like pieces of thin, transparent ice, tumbling upon each other; but the *lead*, of which the lower half of the fountain is composed—as the reservoir of the water—might have been advantageously exchanged for *marble*. The lion at each corner of the pedestal, squirting water into a sarcophagus-shaped reservoir, has a vastly absurd appearance. Upon the whole, perhaps, this fountain is well deserving of particular attention. The inscription upon it is *FONTIVM NYMPHIS*; but perhaps, critically speaking, it is now in too exposed a situation for the character of its ornaments. A retired, rural, umbrageous recess, beneath larch and pine—whose boughs

Wave high and murmur in the hollow wind—

seems to be the kind of position fitted for the reception of a fountain of this character.

The FONTAINE DE GRENELLE is almost entirely architectural; and gives an idea of a public office, rather than of a conduit. You look above—to the right and the left—but no water appears. At last, almost by accident, you look down, quite at its base, and observe two insignificant streams spiriting from the head of an animal. The central figure in front is a representation of the city of Paris: the recumbent figures, on each side, represent, the one the Seine, the other the Marne. Above, the four figures represent the four Seasons. This fountain, the work of Bouchardon, was erected in 1739 upon the site of what formed a part of an old convent. A more simple, and a more striking fountain, to my taste, is that of the ECOLE DE CHIRURGIE; in which a comparatively large column of water rushes down precipitously between two Doric pillars—which form the central ones of four—in an elegant façade.

Yet more simple, more graceful, and more capacious, is the fountain of the BOULEVARD DE BONDY—which I first saw sparkling beneath the lustre of a full moon. This is, in every sense of the word, a fountain. A constant but gentle undulation of water, from three aqueous terraces, surmounted by three basins, gradually diminishing in size, strike you with peculiar gratification—view it from whatever quarter you will: but seen in the neighbourhood of *trees*, the effect, in weather like this, is absolutely heart-refreshing. The only objectionable part of this elegant structure, on the score of art, are, the lions, and their position. In the first place, it is difficult to comprehend why the mouth of a *lion* is introduced as a channel for the trans-

mission of water ; and, in the second place, these lions should have occupied the basement portion of the structure. This beautiful fountain, of which the water is supplied by the *Canal d'Ourcq*, was finished only about seven or eight years ago. Nor let the FOUNTAIN OF TRIUMPH OR VICTORY, in the *Place du Châtelet*, be forgotten. It is a column, surmounted by a gilt statue of Victory, with four figures towards its pedestal. The four jets-d'eau, from its base,—which are sufficiently insignificant—empty themselves into a circular basin ; but the shaft of the column, to my eye, is not free from affectation. The names of some of Buonaparte's principal victories are inscribed upon that part of the column which faces the Pont Notre Dame. There is a classical air of elegance about this fountain, which is fifty feet in height.

But where is the ELEPHANT Fountain?—methinks I hear you exclaim. It is yet little more than in embryo : that is to say, the plaister-cast of it only is visible—with the model, on a smaller scale, completed in all its parts, by the side of it. It is really a stupendous affair. On entering the temporary shed erected for its construction, on the site of the Bastille, I was almost breathless with astonishment for a moment. Imagine an enormous figure of the unwieldy elephant, *full fifty feet high!* You see it, in the front, foreshortened—as you enter ; and as the head is the bulkiest portion of the animal, you may imagine something of the probable resulting effect. Certainly it is most imposing. But again, I ask, why an *Elephant* for the distribution of water?—for you are to know that the water is to be transmitted

through his proboscis. If an *animal* be deemed absolutely necessary for this purpose, what think you of the *Whale*,

Wallowing unwieldy in his vasty length ?

What think you of that sea-monster, spouting the water up in the air ? Surely this were somewhat more appropriate. They have already completed the lower circular tiers of marble and stone for the basin. For effect, the situation of this fountain is admirable.

There are two distinct divisions of Paris, separated by the Seine, in the one or the other of which, the usual tribe of visitors, from our own country, will be found directing their steps and exercising their attentions. The gay, the fashionable, the lover of modern art and of splendid and varied sights, will be regularly found either loitering or lounging, between the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Louvre, inclusively. He knows no gratification but what is to be obtained within these limits ; that is to say, at the Place Vendome, the Rue de la Paix, the Boulevards, Rue de Richelieu, and Rue Vivienne. But the Louvre gallery, or the Palais Royal, or the Gardens of the Thuilleries, are his chief delight—and in these streets and places of resort he sees only, in regard to bustle and noise, precisely what he has already seen in the parks, and squares, and Bond-street of London. It is a second, but perhaps enlarged and more splendid, edition of the same work. On the other hand, the visitor, who wishes to make himself acquainted with the older, and more original, national character of the French—whether as respects manners, dresses, domestic occupations, and

public places of resort—will take up his residence in the Rue du Bac, or at the Hotel des Bourbons ; within twenty minutes walk of the more curious objects which are to be found in the Quartiers Saint André des Arcs, du Luxembourg, and Saint Germain des Près. Ere he commence his morning perambulations, he will look well at his map, and to what is described in the route which he is to take, in the works of Landon and of Legrand, or of other equally accurate topographers.* Two things he ought invari-

* *other equally accurate topographers.*]—I do not of course pretend to give any thing like a complete outline of the several topographical works relating to Paris—that task being sufficiently ably executed in Fontette's edition of the Historical Library of France by Father LeLong. But I may be permitted to observe that the foundation of the more recent productions, relating to the topography of Paris, was the ponderous work of two Benedictin historians of the names of FELIBIEN and LOBINEAU—in 1725, &c. in five folio volumes. The elevations of a great number of the buildings in the first two volumes (the remaining three being destitute of graphic embellishments) have been copied in aquatint by the author of a work in three quarto volumes, published in 1808. Reverting to Felibien's performance, it may be observed that the plan and the execution of it are equally sensible and satisfactory. The third, fourth, and fifth volumes are filled with "*Preuves et Pieces Justificatives*"—which contain, from authentic documents taken from public libraries and the archives, a chronological and full detail of all the political events connected with the city. The copious index at the end of the fifth volume relates entirely to these three latter volumes. The first two volumes contain a topographical account—or a description of the streets, public buildings, &c.—sufficiently particular ; and illustrated by plates in the line manner. These copies may be true, but they are occasionally of a very feeble and unartist-like execution. The representation of the west front of *Nôtre-Dame* (vol. i. p. 200.) bears a miserable comparison with what

ably to bear in mind: the first, not to undertake too much, for the sake of saying how *many* things he has

the pencil of BLORE and the burin of either of the LE KEUXS would have accomplished of the same highly picturesque object.

The second volume abounds with elevations, façades, ground-plans, and two or three picturesque views of the city along the banks of the river near the Pont-Neuf. But I cannot dismiss the first, without remarking, that, on opening the large ground-plan chart of the whole city and its suburbs, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful increase of Paris during the last century. To the north of the *Boulevards Italiens, Montmartre, Poissoniere, &c.* all is meadow and garden land; and, if I recollect rightly, there is an inscription upon a small square stone, let into a wall, on the side of a house, (about 1730) in which we are told that, the stranger may there observe the boundaries of the city north of the Seine. So that Paris, on the south side of that river, appears to have been one-third larger—than on the north side—whereas, at the present day, judging from the latest and most accurate charts, the preponderance, in point of magnitude, is rather on the northern side. Upon the whole, Felibien's performance—although scarcely entitled to favourable mention, on the score of art—is in every respect desirable to the collector of the more substantial topographical works relating to Paris. It is the result of great care, research, and judgment—executed in the STOW-STURPE like manner of our own most celebrated history of London. The second volume contains a copious index of the matter contained in the first two.

Of more recent times, the anonymous publication entitled “*Ta-bleau Historique et Pittoresque de Paris*” in three large quarto volumes, of the date of 1808—filled with views of streets, houses, public buildings, &c. in aquatint engravings—is generally considered as the best of modern publications. Of the accuracy of the text of this work, I am of course incompetent to speak critically; but the author, in many places, shews himself to be a polite and sensible writer. The plates, in aquatint, are, in general, very creditably executed—the points of view, however, are better taken, than the detail is filled up by the engraver: the skies being rather too black, and the dark shadows too coarse. Yet, when the subjects are architecturally pic-

seen:—and the second, to make himself thoroughly master of what he *does* see. All this is very easily accomplished: and a fare of thirty sous will take you, at starting, to almost any part of Paris, however remote: from whence you may shape your course homewards at leisure, and with little fatigue. Such a visitor will, however, sigh, ere he set out on his journey, on being told that the old Gothic church of ST. ANDRÉ-DES-ARCS — the Abbey of ST. VICTOR—the churches of the BERNARDINS, and of ST. ETIENNE DES PRÈS, the CLOISTERS OF

turesque, the execution is generally good. In the year 1813 was published a quarto volume of 344 pages, entitled “*Voyage Pittoresque de Paris*” par M. D.... accompanied by 180 plates. These plates are, in fact, the same as those in the preceding work; and in the copy of both, under my immediate attention, the volume of the plates is entitled “*Voyage Pittoresque de Paris*,” and bears the date of 1815. In this impression the plates are much more skilfully worked off.

But the prettiest, and the most serviceable publication, for common use, is the *Description de Paris et de ces Edifices*, &c. par Messrs. LEGRAND and LONDON, of which the second edition is just published by Treuttel and Würtz in two demy octavo volumes; with plates of buildings, plans, &c. executed in aquatint in a very pleasing and successful manner. Indeed, I hardly know a more creditable performance of its kind. The only two objections which I am able to urge against it are, that, the paper upon which the text is printed is too thin and coarse, and the price (2l. 12s. 6d.) demanded for it, in London, is somewhat excessive. Some few years ago, we had a *Picture of London*, in a small thick crown octavo volume; a very useful work—but deficient in embellishment. Upon the whole, the antiquary will search for older publications relating to Paris, than have been here mentioned—concluding with Felibien and Lobineau: the man of taste will not be satisfied without the anonymous publication in three quarto volumes—while the ordinary reader and purchaser may well rest contented (even on the score of taste) with the octavo volumes put forth by Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz.

the CORDELIERS, and the Convent of the CELESTINS . . . exist no longer . . . or, that their remains are mere shadows of shades! But in the three quarters of Paris, above mentioned, he will gather much curious information—in spite of the havoc and waste which the Revolution has made; and on his return to his own country he will survey, with pride and satisfaction, the result of his enterprise and perseverance.

Nor let me here—while upon the subject of perishing antiquities—omit putting in a word for the HÔTEL de CLUNY. It is situated close to Trajan's famous baths—or what is called the *Palais des Thermes*: the only remains of Roman art in Paris. Nothing is visible of these baths, but one large and lofty room, with an arched ceiling—which formerly, however, must have been intersected by corridors, and columns—as is quite evident from the sides. The gray, grave, and perfectly mellow tint of this interior, cannot fail to strike the eye of an artist, accustomed to contemplate the remains of past ages with a well-cultivated taste. But for this diminutive HOTEL. It is now almost the exclusive property of M. BÉLIN—a printer and publisher of tracts chiefly upon education. To the left, upon entrance, the exterior is more ornate—yet older than that which is in front, or rather to the right: and which is doubtless of the commencement of the sixteenth century.

The front is almost wholly modernised. M. Bélin was exceedingly civil, and anxious to shew me all in his power. Still there was somewhat of phlegm and gravity about him; and he commenced his observations by telling me he was a Norman and not a Parisian. “If I

would take the trouble of going into a court to the left, and ascending a small spiral stone staircase, I might see the chapel: of which however the complete view was obstructed by some *printed sheets* which were hanging up to dry." In two minutes I ascended the spiral staircase, and found myself in one of the most interesting interiors imaginable: a very bijou of Gothic art, of about three hundred and fifty years old. But it was not a *chapel*: it was a *chapter-house*. An octagonal pillar sprung up in the centre. There were twelve niches in the sides formerly destined for the twelve apostles. These niches, now partly filled up, had very elegant canopies. The ceiling seemed to be formed of four arches, concentrating in the central pillar which sustained it. The ornaments were in perfectly good taste; but I own I was compelled to take every means of peeping through the apertures which presented themselves along the rows of sheets. There was an ancient window: small and ornamental—but the lower part had been much changed from its original state. Upon the whole, I do not think that this room measured more than twenty two feet by eighteen. Perhaps so small a chapter-house is no where else to be seen. I could not help smiling to observe two or three young women quietly enjoying their dinner, in the interval of stitching books; for the whole interior was filled by books in their several stages from the printer to the binder. This hotel runs almost in a straight line with Trajan's baths, and was indeed built upon a portion of their foundation.

To my whimsically formed taste, OLD PARIS has in it very much to delight, and afford valuable information.

Not that I would decry the absolute splendor, gaiety, comfort, and interminable variety, which prevail in its more modern and fashionable quarters. And certainly one may fairly say, that, on either side the Seine, Paris is a city in which an Englishman,—who is resolved to be in good humour with all about him, and to shew that civility to others which he is sure to receive from the better educated classes of society here—cannot fail to find himself pleased, perfectly at ease, and well contented with his fare. Compared with the older part of London, the more ancient division of Paris is infinitely more interesting, and of a finer architectural construction. The conical roofs every now and then remind you of the times of Francis I.; and the clustered arabesques, upon pilasters, or running between the bolder projections of the façades, confirm you in the chronology of the buildings. But time, caprice, fashion, or poverty, will, in less than half a century, materially change both the substance and surfaces of things. It is here, as at Rouen—you bewail the work of destruction which has oftentimes converted cloisters into workshops, and consecrated edifices into warehouses of every description. Human nature and the fate of human works are every where the same. Let two more centuries revolve, and the THUILERIES and the LOUVRE may possibly be as the BASTILLE and the TEMPLE.

Such, to my feelings, is Paris—considered only with reference to its *locale*: for I have really done little more than perambulated its streets, and surveyed its house-tops—with the exceptions to be detailed in one or two more letters from hence. Of the treasures con-

tained *beneath* these “house tops”—more especially of such as are found in the shape of a book—whether as a ms. or a printed volume—prepare to receive some details in my next.

LETTER XXIV.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI.
THE LIBRARIANS.

Hôtel des Colonies, Rue de Richelieu.

THE moment is at length arrived when you are to receive from me an account of some of the principal treasures contained in the ROYAL LIBRARY of Paris. I say “*some*”—because, in an epistolary communication, consistently with my time, and general objects of research—it must be considered only as a slight selection, compared with what a longer residence, and a more general examination of the contents of such a collection, might furnish. Yet, limited as my view may have been, the objects of that view are at once rich and rare, and likely to afford all true sons of BIBLIOMANIA and VIRTÙ the most lively gratification. This is a bold avowal: but I fear not to make it, and the sequel shall be the test of its modesty and truth.

An old writer, of the name of Ioannes Annævillensis, thus discourseth, upwards of six centuries ago, of the enchanting capital which boasts of the library about to be partially described:

Exoritur tandem locus, altera regia phebi,
PARISIUS. cirrea viris, crisea metallis.
Greca libris. indea studijs, romana poetis,
Attica philosophis, mundi rosa, balsamus orbis

Sidonis ornatu sua mensis et sua potu.
 Dives agris, fecunda mero, mansueta colonis,
 Messe ferax, inoperta rubis, nemerosa racemis,
 Plena feris, piscosa lacu, volucrosa fluentis
 Munda domo, fortis domino, pia regibus, aura
 Dulcis, amena situ, bono quolibet omne venustum,
 Omne bonum, si sola bonis fortuna faueret.*

Now, as my previous letter treated of the streets and public buildings of this same city, and as this pre-

* These verses are to be found at the end of an edition of *Seneca, De Remediis Fortuitarum*, printed in the black letter, without date, in 4to. from the second book of the Architrenius of Joannes Annevillensis.

It may be worth while to pursue, in a note, the further early history of the architectural splendor and increase of population of the metropolis of France. At least, I feel quite persuaded that the following extracts from a rare little duodecimo volume—of which my old friend GILLES CORROZET appears to have been the author or compiler—entitled “*La Fleur des Antiquitez, Singularitez & Excellences de la Noble Ville Cite & Université de Paris*,” &c. 1543, will not be displeasing to the curious in old typographical lore: the rather, because they relate to a period—during the reign of FRANCIS I—when Paris began to assume that decided character in architectural splendor, of which numerous traces are yet visible—and which probably, when entire, exhibited nearly the same imposing air of magnificence which is now to be seen. What is curious, the population of the city appears to have been *greater* than at present. I shall pass over the short prosaic chronicle prefixed, which teems with the well-known absurdities about a Trojan hero being the founder of the city. The following poetical eulogy by Corrozet is rather more acceptable: as it describes Paris just as it stood at the date of publishing the work.

Nostre cite & ville tant exquise
 Dictes Paris de toutes gens requise
 Peut auoir loz & desseruir la gloire
 De tout honneur pour l'antique memoire
 &c. &c.

sent despatch will make some mention of its book-treasures, you can easily form a judgment of the truth, or

Or est Paris en tres bel aer assise
 Entour soy a la riuiere rassise
 Et fleuee doux que lon appelle Seine
 Ou leaue decourt clere plaisante & seine
 De lautre part sont les forestz trespleines
 De venoison, champaignes, boys & pleines
 Terres portans les vignes tresplaisantes
 Aultres aussi en tous bledz habondantes
 Laer y est doux, & la terre fertile
 Et en tous fructz trescommode & vtile
 En elle aussi sont grandz chasteaux & tours
 Plus quil nya dicy iusques a Tours
 Maisons dhonneur, voit on dedans Luthesse
 Maint bastillon, & riche forteresse
 Comme le Louure & la Bastille noble
 Dont telle na dedans Constantinoble
 Puis des seigneurs lei maisons de plaisance
 Les grans logis ou prennent ample aisance
 Comme lhostel de Bourbon, Villeroy
 Dist Chasteaupers, & la maison du Roy
 Pres le palais lequel palais a bruiet
 Destre le miculx en bel œuure construit
 Quon veit iamais en la Chrestiente
 Pour sa grandeur, puis on voit a plante
 Daultres logis plains de beaulx edifices
 Pour les bourgeois & Citoyens propices
 Ceste ville est de douze portes enclose
 Auec gros murs qui pas nest peu de chose
 Profondz fossez tout a lentour sestendent
 Ou maintes eaues de toutes pars se rendent
 Lequel enclos sept lieues hors contient
 Comme le bruiet tout commu le maintient.

 Semblablement marchantz de toutes guises,
 Viennent illec pour toutes marchandises
 Distribuer & tant de peuple habonde
 En cestuy lieu quil ny a ville au monde
 Qui soit autant a chascun gracieuse
 Quest cest cy, ny autant spacieuse.

otherwise, of the foregoing quaint specimen of ancient poetry. You observe, I have dated my letter from a

Blason des armes des de la ville de Paris.

La nef vagant dessus la mer galicque
 Porte dedens soy richesse inestimable
 Justice y est pour patron magnifique
 Raison y sert de Lieutenant notable,
 Gens de scauoir par œuure treslouable
 Sont galliotz qui lamenent a port,
 Marchans y ont tresasseure support.
 Prebstrs, Bourgeois, nobles, Clercz & gens-darmes.
 Icele nef de si fertile apport,
 Cest de Paris le beau blason des armes.

At folio lxx. is a curious estimate of the “ necessary daily consumption at Paris”—from which we learn that “ 200 oxen, 2000 sheep, 1000 calves, 7000 “ poussins et pigeons de vulture,” 260 muids of wine, without beer, ceruoyes and ciders”—were EACH DAY—supposed to be consumed. “ The walls of Paris enclosed a population of 872,000 housekeepers, besides priests, scholars, and other non-residents which were innumerable.” And this is mentioned as in the time of Charles VI.—a century before! What follows, is singular enough . . .

Je partis vng iour pour dix placque,
 En este quil estoit matin
 Dessoubz la porte saint Iacques.
 Apres que ieu beu vng tatin
 Iusques a la porte saint Martin,
 Apart moy comptay a vng tas
 Quatre mille cinq cens pour fin
 Auec douze de mes pas
 Puis men allay a saint Germain
 Ou est assise la tour de Neele
 Ou recontray en mon chemin
 Vne tres belle damoysele,
 Je croy bien quelle estoit pucelle,

different quarter. In fact, the distance of my former residence from the Bibliothèque du Roi— coupled with

Iauoye de la veoir grand plaisir
 Et la ie ne trouue pas, ie ne celle
 Quatre mille neuf cens faillir.
 Ce iour dequoy iay deuant diuise,
 Fuz iusques a la tour saint Bernard,
 Quant ieuz bien au tour aduise,
 Lendemain ie prins lautre part
 Ou ie comptay, fust tost ou tart,
 Seulement puis la tour du boys
 Tirant a la tour de billy
 Ou iay trouue, pour vne foy
 Six mille neuf cens, point nay failly.
 Le lendemain en vne voye me mis.
 Et men allay faire le tour
 Du boys de Vincennes, & puis
 Je mis bien la moytie dung iour :
 Car ie comptay la, sans sciour,
 De pas huyt mille neuf cens,
 Lon eust tandis bien faiet vng four.
 Tesmoing ceulx qui estoient presens.

The CRIES OF MERCHANDISE are too amusing to be withheld : with which I take leave of Gilles Corrozet :

Les cris des marchandises que lon crie parmy Paris.	Charbon charbon de ieune boys Treffort crier pour dire voir.
A Paris tout au plus matin	Après orrez sans nul arrest
Lon crie du laict pour les nourrices	Parmy Paris plusieurs gentz,
Souuent sans quelque auertin	Portans & crians les cotretz
Es enfans nourris sans obices.	Ou ilz gagnent de largent.
Après vng tas de chassieux	Puis vous orrez sans demouree
Sen vont criant parmy Paris	Parmy Paris a lestourdy,
Les vieulx soulliers tournant les yeulx	Fort bourree bourree
Dont souuent se font plusieurs ris	Pour verite cela vous dy.
Soit en destour ou en embusche	Puis vng tas de frians museaulx,
On y va criant semblablement	Parmy Paris crier orrez
A ieun ou yure busche busche	Le iour, pastez chaulx pastez chaulx,
Pour soy chauffer certainement.	Dont bien souuent nen mangerez.
Puis vous orrez a haulte voix	Puis après sans villennie
Par ses rues matin & soir	Parmy Paris crier on voit

the oppressive heat of the weather—rendered my morning excursions thither rather uncomfortable; and in-

Pour bon fourmage de Brye,
Tout chascun cela congnoist.

Puis pource ou tout allaigre
Parmy Paris on va criant
Tant comme on peult bon vinaigre,
Dont qui en veult si vienne auant.

Après par sens ou par folie
A paris on crye tres hault
Jeunes ou vieulx lye lye,
Ausquelz elle prouffite & vault.

Saus vous musser ne cacher
Crier orrez sans nulle faintise
A Paris vieulx fer & acier.
Ce que on ne faict pas a Venise.

Crier orrez tout a deux saulx
Parmy Paris tout de plein vol
Le vieil fer & les vieulx drappeaulx
A quelque vng le bissac au col.

Puis orrez crier sans quil tarde
Parmy Paris en plusieurs lieux
Pour chose certaine moustarde,
Qui a maint faict plourer les yeulx

Consequemment par entrefaictes
A gens de diuerses manieres
Orrez crier les allumettes,
Auquel mestier ne gaignent gueres.

Après orrez vng loricard
Qui est plus orgueilleux qung pet
Criant deux manequins pour vng liard,
Qui ne vallent pas vng nicquet.

Puis se vous auez appetit
Dentendre crier vng chascun
Tantost orrez gaigne petit,
Dont suis suppost sans nul desrun.

Après orrez sans nulle espace
Crier rubis & Turquie
Or de ce bassin en ceste place,
Et en espingles ie vous affie.

Et se crier vous entendez
Parmy Paris trestous les cris
Crier orrez les eschauldez,
Qui sont aux oeufz & au beurre
pestris.

Aussi on crye les tartelettes
A Paris pour enfans gastez,
Lesquelz sen vont par les ruettes
Pour les bouter dessoubz le nez.

On crye sans quelque obice.
De cela ne fault point doubter
Le pain qui est pestry despice,
Qui flumes faict delhors bouter.

A Paris on crye maintesfoys
Voyre des gens de paris,
Lesquelz ne sont pas de pris
Houssues amancheurs de boys,

Puis vous orrez vng bon hommeau
Qui faict merueilles dentrepandre
Qui va iusques a saint Marceau
Tousiours criant cassez a vendre.

Et après toutes les matinees
Vous orrez ces villageoys
Qui vont pour couvrir les buees
Criant couuertouez couuertouez.

Puis verrez parmy les rues
Sur cheualx a longues oreilles
Paniers plains dherbes & de lectues
Et filles criantes belles ozeilles.

Puis verrez des Piemontoys
Apeyne saillys de lescaille,
Crians ramona hault & bas
Voz cheminees sans escaille.

Dautres cris on faict plusieurs
Qui longs seroient a reciter,
Lon crie vin nouueau & vieulx
Duquel on donne a tatter.

stead of going to work with elastic spirits, and an untired frame, both Mr. Lewis and myself felt jaded and oppressed upon our arrival. We are now, on the contrary, scarcely fifty yards from the grand door of entrance into the library. This hotel, my good friend, is one of the most comfortable in Paris; and the mistress of it among the most civil and intelligent of her vocation. We have a pretty suite of apartments, on the second floor, looking luckily towards the east—with a grass plat and trees immediately behind the house—and nothing can be more convenient and pleasant than is our mode of living. The green blinds protect us from the rays of a hot morning sun. Bread and coffee, each perfect of its kind, enable us to make a potent repast as a strengthener against future graphic and bibliomaniacal toil—while the restaurateur, with his agile step, linen apron, and wire-drawn bill of fare, regularly salutes us, on the conclusion of breakfast, that we may bespeak our dinners at what hour, and in what manner, we think proper. Thus, having arranged our plans, we seek the library: the one, to copy a beautiful old illumination; the other, to describe the internal arrangement or contents of the works more particularly claiming his attention.

But this is only tantalizing you. To the LIBRARY, therefore, at once let us go. The exterior and interior, as to architectural appearance, are rather of a sorry description: heavy, comparatively low, without ornament, and of a dark and dingy tint. Towards the street, it has the melancholy air of a workhouse. But none of the apartments, in which the books are contained, look into

this street ; so that, consequently, little inconvenience is experienced from the incessant motion and rattling of carts and carriages—the Rue de Richlieu being probably the most frequented in Paris. Yet, repulsive as may be this exterior, it was observed to me—on my suggesting what a fine locale the quadrangle of the Louvre would make for the reception of the royal library—that, it might be questioned whether even *that* quadrangle were large enough to contain it;—and that this building, however heavy and ungracious of aspect, was better calculated for its present purpose than probably any other in Paris. In the centre of the edifice—for it is a square, or rather a parallelogram-shaped building—stands a bronze naked figure of Diana; stiff and meagre both in design and execution. It is of the size of life; but surely a statue of *Minerva* would have been a little more appropriate. On entering the principal door, in the street just mentioned, you turn to the right, and mount a large stone staircase—after attending to the request, printed in large characters, of “*Essayez vos Souliers*”—as fixed against the wall. This entrance goes directly to the collection of PRINTED BOOKS. A more private, and I must add, a very mean and incommodious staircase, conducts you both to the COLLECTION OF PRINTS and to that of the MANUSCRIPTS. But we will first describe the repository for printed books: as that is usually and almost necessarily, from its more attractive approach, made the chief resort of visitors. On reaching the first floor, you go straight forward, within folding doors; and the first room, of considerable extent, immediately receives you. The light is uniformly admitted

by large windows to the right ; looking into the quadrangle before-mentioned.

You pass through this room—where scarcely any body lingers—and enter the second ; wherein are placed the *EDITIONES PRINCIPES*, and other volumes printed in the fifteenth century. To an experienced eye, the first view of the contents of this second room is absolutely magical. Such copies of such rare, precious, magnificent, and long-sought after impressions!.. It is fairy-land throughout. There stands the *first Homer*, unshorn by the binder ; a little above, is the first *Roman edition of Eustathius's* Commentary upon that poet, in gorgeous red morocco, but printed UPON VELLUM. A Budaeus Greek Lexicon, Francis I.'s own copy, also upon vellum ! The *Virgils, Ovids, Plinies* . . .and, above all, the *Bibles*—But I check myself ; in order to conduct you through the apartments, ere you sit down with me before each volume which I may open. In this second room are two small tables, rarely occupied, but at one or the other of which I was stationed (by the kind offices of M. Van Praet) for fourteen days—with almost every thing that was exquisite and rare, in the old book-way, behind and before me ! Let us however gradually move onwards. You pass into the third room. Here is the grand rendez-vous of readers. Six circular or rather oval tables, each capable of accommodating twelve students, and each generally occupied by the full number, strike your eye in a very pleasing manner, in the centre of this apparently interminable visto of printed volumes. But I must call your particular attention to the *foreground* of this magical book-view. To the left of this

third room, on entering, you observe a well-dressed gentleman (of somewhat shorter stature than the author of this description) busied behind a table ; taking down and putting up volumes : inscribing names, and numbers, and titles, in a large folio volume ; giving orders on all sides ; and putting several pairs of legs into motion in consequence of those orders—while his own are perhaps the least spared of any ! This gentleman is no less a personage than the celebrated Monsieur VAN PRAET ; one of the chief librarians in the department of the printed books. His aspect is mild and pleasant ; while his smart attire frequently forms a striking contrast to habiliments and personal appearances of a very different, and less conciliating description, by which he is surrounded. M. Van Praet must be now approaching his sixtieth year ; but his age sits bravely upon him—for his step is rapid and firm, and his physiognomical expression indicative of a much less protracted period of existence. He is a Dutchman by birth ; and, even in shewing his first Eustathius, or first Pliny, each UPON VELLUM, you may observe the natural enthusiasm of a Frenchman tempered by the graver emotions of a Hollander. But, on the other hand, use, or the frequent habit of displaying these treasures, undoubtedly palls, and makes the exhibitor less vehement in his commendation.

This distinguished bibliographer (of whom, somewhat more in a future epistle) has now continued nearly forty years in his present situation ; and when infirmity, or other causes, shall compel him to quit it, France will never replace him by one possessing more

appropriate talents. He doats upon the objects committed to his trust. He lives almost entirely among his dear books . . . either on the first floor or on the ground floor—for when the hour of departure, two o'clock, arrives, M. Van Praet betakes him to the quieter book realms below—where, surrounded by Grolier, De Thou, and Diane de Poitiers copies, he disports him till his dinner hour of four or five—and ‘as the evening shades prevail,’ away hies he to his favourite ‘*Théâtre des Italiens*,’ and the scientific treat of Italian music! This I know, however—and this I will say—in regard to the amiable and excellent gentleman under description—that, if I were King of France, Mons. Van Praet should be desired to sit in a roomy, morocco-bottomed, mahogany arm chair—not to stir therefrom, but to issue out his edicts, for the delivery of books, to the several athletic myrmidons under his command. Of course there must be occasional exceptions to this rigid, but upon the whole salutary, “*Ordonnance du Roy*.” Indeed I have reason to mention a most flattering exception to it—in my own favour: for M. Van Praet would come into the second room, (just mentioned) and with his own hands supply me with half a score volumes at a time—of such as I wished to examine. But, generally speaking, this worthy and obliging creature is too lavish of his own personal exertions. He knows, to be sure, all the bye-passes, and abrupt ascents and descents; and if he be out of sight—in a moment, through some secret aperture, he returns as quickly through another equally unseen passage. Upon an average, I set his bibliomaniacal peregrinations down at the rate of a full French league per day. It is the absence of

all pretension and quackery—the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which he opens his well-charged battery of information upon you—but, more than all, the glorious honours which are due to him, for having rescued the book treasures of the Abbey of St. Germain des Près from destruction, during the horrors of the Revolution—that cannot fail to secure to him the esteem of the living and the gratitude of posterity.

We must now leave this well occupied and richly furnished chamber, and pass on to the fourth room—in the centre of which is a large raised bronze ornament, representing Apollo and the Muses—surrounded by the more eminent literary characters of France in the seventeenth century. It is raised to the glory of the grand monarque Louis XIV. and the figure of Apollo is intended for that of his Majesty. The whole is a palpable failure: a glaring exhibition of bad French taste. Pegasus, the Muses, rocks, streams, and temples are all scattered about in a very confused manner; without connection, and of course without effect. Even the French allow it to be “*mesquin, et de mauvais goût.*” But let me be methodical. As you enter this fourth room, you observe, opposite—before you turn to the right—a door, having the inscription of *CABINET DES MÉDAILLES*. This door however is open only twice in the week; when the cabinet is freely and most conveniently shewn. Of its contents—in part, precious beyond conception—this is the place to say only one little word or two: for really there would be no end of detail were I to describe even the most remarkable treasures which are contained beneath the same roof which encloses the

printed volumes. This collection, of medals and of antiquities of a variety of character, received some of its most precious acquisitions under the direction of Vaillant, (patronized by the great Colbert) Count Caylus, and the Abbé Barthelemy. Francis I. and his son Henry II. were however among its earliest patrons ; when the cabinet was deposited in the Louvre. The former enriched it with a series of valuable gold medals, and among them with one of Louis XII., his predecessor ; which has not only the distinction of being beautifully executed, but of being the largest, if not the first, of its kind in France. It is in the finest possible state of preservation, and the metal is of equal purity.*

The specimens of Greek art, in coins, and other small productions, are equally precious and select.

* In the year 1814, the late M. Millin published a dissertation upon this medal,* to which he prefixed an engraving of the figure of Louis. But he freely admitted, on my pointing out to him what I conceived to be rather glaring deviations from the original, that the copy was not very faithful. There can indeed be but one opinion that the Engraving is most deplorable.

* This dissertation seems to be a mere reprint of its precursor, in the *Magasin Encyclopédique*, tome IV. p. 1 : executed with more elegant types, and in a more imposing form. The courteous, or the wary author, thus concludes his advertisement. “ Quel François ne sentira pas l'à-propos de cette nouvelle publication ? Chacun répétera en voyant l'image d'un Prince dont la mémoire est si chère à tous les cœurs. *Le retour de Louis XVIII. rend à la France un autre Louis XII.*” Millin concludes his dissertation by observing that this precious medal or seal was struck after the possession of the Duchy of Milan by Louis, as the King is called in the inscription King of Naples. It belonged formerly to the Prince de Monaco. After his death, not many years ago, it came into the hands of an individual who sold it to be deposited in its present appropriate situation. It ought never to move from hence.

Vases, shields, gems, and cameos—the greater part of which are described in Caylus's well-known work—are perfectly enchanting. But the famous AGAT of the STE. CHAPELLE — supposed to be the largest in the world, and which has been engraved by Giradet in a manner perfectly unrivalled—will not fail to rivet your attention, and claim your most unqualified commendation. They say that the *Apotheosis of Augustus*, in the Cabinet of Medals at Vienna, is yet superior in execution. One “little month” from hence, with another “little month” added to it—will lay me alongside of the Vienna treasure—and you shall then be made acquainted with the result of the comparison. The sardonix, called the VASE of PTOLEMY, is another of the great objects of attraction in the room wherein we are now tarrying—and beautiful, and curious, and precious it undoubtedly is. Doubtless in such a chamber as this, the classical archaeologist will gaze with no ordinary emotions, and meditate with no ordinary satisfaction. But I think I hear the wish escape him—as he casts an attentive look over the whole—“ why do they not imitate *us* in a publication relating to them? Why do they not put forth something similar to what we have done for our MUSEUM MARBLES? Or rather, speaking more correctly, why are not the MARLBOROUGH GEMS considered as an object of rivalry, or of

Mr. Douce possesses a fine copper medal, of a larger size, of the same Monarch: undoubtedly of the time. Since her first essays in the medallic art, France, in the productions of ANDRIEU, has gone infinitely beyond what her most sanguine well-wishers had probably dared to hope for. Consult vol. i. p. 312.

eclipsement, by the curators of this exquisite cabinet ? Paris is not wanting both in artists who design, and engrave, with at least equal skill to our own.

Let us now return to the books. In the fourth book-room there is an opening in the centre, to the left, nearly facing the bronze ornament—through which as you enter, and look to the left, appear the upper halves of two enormous GLOBES—the floor cutting them nearly into two equal portions. The effect is, at first, inconceivably puzzling and even startling : but you advance, and looking down the huge aperture occasioned by these gigantic globes, you observe their bases resting on the ground floor : both the upper and ground floor having the wainscots entirely covered by books. These globes are the performance of Vincent Coronelli, a Venetian ; and were presented to Louis XIV. by the Cardinal d'Etrées, who had them made for his Majesty. They are now however—since the recent discoveries in geography and astronomy—necessarily objects of mere curiosity. You return back into the fourth room—pace on towards its extremity, and then, at right angles, view the fifth room—or, comprising the upper and lower globe rooms, a seventh room ; the whole admirably well lighted up from large side windows. Observe further—the whole corresponding suite of rooms, on the ground floor, is also nearly filled with printed books, comprising the unbound copies—and one chamber occupied by the more exquisite specimens of the presses of *Aldus*, the *Giunta*, the *Stephens*, &c. upon vellum, or on large paper. Another chamber is exclusively devoted to large paper copies of all descriptions, from the presses of all countries ; and in one or the

other of these chambers are deposited the Grolier and De Thou copies—which will probably be more particularly mentioned in a future letter. You should know, that the public do not visit this lower suite of rooms: they being open only to the particular friends of the several Librarians. The measurement of these rooms, from the entrance to the extremity of the fifth room, is upwards of 700 feet.

Now, my good friend, if you ask me whether the *locale* of this library (I speak of the interior, for the exterior is below criticism) be superior to that of our own dear BODLEIAN, I answer, at once, and without fear of contradiction—no; it is very much inferior. It represents an interminable range of homely and commodious apartments; but the Bodleian library, from beginning to end—from floor to ceiling—is grand, impressive, and entirely of a bookish appearance. In that spacious and lofty receptacle—of which the ceiling, in my humble opinion, is an unique and beautiful piece of workmanship—all is solemn, and grave, and inviting to study: yet echoing, as it were, to the footsteps of those who once meditated within the precincts of the place—the Bodleys, the Seldens, the Digbys, Lauds and Tanners, of other times! But I am dreaming: forgetting that, at this moment, you are impatient to enter the MS. department of the Royal Library at Paris. Be it so, therefore. And yet the very approach to this invaluable collection is difficult of discovery. Instead of a corresponding lofty stone stair-case, you cut across a corner of the square, and enter a passage, with an iron gate at the extremity—leading to the apartments of Messrs. Millin and Langlès. A narrow stair-case, to

the right, receives you : and this stair-case would appear to lead rather to an old armoury, in a corner-tower of some baronial castle, than to a suite of large modern apartments, containing probably, upon the whole, the finest collection of ENGRAVINGS and of MANUSCRIPTS, of all ages and characters, in Europe. Nevertheless, as we cannot mount by any other means, we will e'en set footing upon this stair-case, humble and obscure as it may be. You scarcely gain the height of some twenty steps, when you observe the magical inscription of CABINET DES ESTAMPES. Your spirits dance, and your eyes sparkle, as you pull the little wire—and hear the clink of a small corresponding bell. The door is opened by one of the attendants in livery—arrayed in blue and silver and red—very handsome, and rendered more attractive by the respectful behaviour of those who wear that royal costume. I forgot to say that the same kind of attendants are found in all the apartments attached to this magnificent collection—and, when not occupied in their particular vocation of carrying books to and fro, these attendants are engaged in reading, or sitting quietly with crossed legs, and peradventure dosing a little. But nothing can exceed their civility ; accompanied with a certain air of politeness, not altogether divested of a kind of gentlemanly deportment.

On entering the first of those rooms, where the prints are kept, you are immediately struck with the narrow dimensions of the place—for the succeeding room, though perhaps more than twice as large, is still inadequate to the reception of its numerous visitors. In this first room you observe a few of the very choicest

productions of the burin, from the earliest periods of the art, to the more recent performances of Desnoyer, displayed within glazed frames upon the wainscot. It really makes the heart of a connoisseur leap with ecstasy to see such *Finiguerras, Baldinis, Boticellis, Mantegnas, Pollaiuolos, Israel Van Meckens, Albert Durers, Marc Antonios, Rembrandts, Nanteuils, Edelincks, &c.*; while specimens of our own great master engravers, among whom are *Hollar, and Woollet, and Sharp*, maintain a conspicuous situation, and add to the gratification of the beholder. The idea is a good one; but to carry it into complete effect, there should be a gallery, fifty feet long, of a confined width, and lighted from above: whereas the present room is scarcely twenty feet square, with a disproportionably low ceiling. However, you cannot fail to be highly gratified — and onwards you go—diagonally, and find yourself in a comparatively long room — in the midst of which is a table, reaching from nearly one end to the other, and entirely filled (every day) with visitors, or rather students — busied each in their several pursuits. Some are quietly turning over the succeeding leaves, on which the prints are pasted: others are pausing upon each fine specimen, in silent ecstasy—checking themselves every instant lest they should break forth into rapturous exclamations! . . . silence being rigidly prescribed by the Curators — and, I must say, as rigidly maintained. Others again are busied in deep critical examination of some ancient ruin from the pages of Piranesi or of Montfaucon—now making notes, and now copying particular parts. Another class (chiefly young students) is occupied in merely copying prints, as an ex-

ercise of art—but to learn to draw, or to think of excelling as a draftsman, from the copying of prints, is surely a very waste of time. But these are young folk ; and they will grow wiser, it is hoped, as they grow older. Meanwhile, from the top to the bottom of the sides of the room, are huge volumes of prints, bound in red morocco ; which form indeed the materials for the occupations just described.

But, hanging upon a pillar, at the hither end of this second room, you observe a large old drawing of a head or portrait, in a glazed frame ; which strikes you in every respect as a great curiosity. M. Du Chesne, the obliging and able director of this department of the collection, attended me on my first visit. He saw me looking at this head with great eagerness. “ *Enfin, voilà quelque chose qui merite bien vôtre attention* ”—observed he. It was in fact the portrait of “ their good but unfortunate KING JOHN ”—as my guide designated him. “ Has it never been engraved ? ” replied I. “ Never, (rejoined he) as it *ought* to be.” “ That reproach (resumed I) shall no longer exist. Aid me with an artist who can faithfully copy it upon a reduced scale, and you shall see.” “ That can be easily done ”—he replied. In short, my friend, I have now the satisfaction of sending you a most faithful representation of this very curious and ancient head*—undoubtedly of the time of the person whom it is meant to represent. This performance comes from

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The original is somewhat larger than life. The drawing is about half the size of the original ; and the engraving half that of the drawing.

Jehan Roy de France



the pencil of M. Cœuré—a young artist of established merit, and of very pleasing and frank manners. I shall speak of him again. Mr. Lewis was too closely occupied with ANNE OF BRITTANY to enable him to undertake the task. All this is enigmatical—at present: but every thing in due order. Let me add, however, that the original is injured by pieces of the colour having given way in the cheek and about the eye; but these accidental defects need not be transmitted to the drawing—especially as they are but of comparatively recent date. The original is executed in a sort of thick body colour, upon fine linen: the back-ground is gold—now almost entirely tarnished—and there is a sort of frame, stamped or pricked out, upon the surface of the gold—as we see in the illuminations of books of that period. It should also seem as if the first layer, upon which the gold is placed, had been composed of the white of an egg—or some such glutinous substance. Upon the whole, it is an exceedingly curious and interesting relic of graphic art; and I will not conceal the emotions of satisfaction—even of honest pride—which I feel, in having been the first to make such a relic familiar to the eyes of our friends, and possibly to those of the public.

To examine minutely the treasures of such a collection of prints—whether in regard to ancient or modern art—would demand the unremitting attention of the better part of a month; and in consequence, a proportionate quantity of time and paper in embodying the fruits of that attention. There is only one other curiosity, just now, to which I shall call your atten-

tion. It is the old wood cut print of ST CHRISTOPHER—of which certain authors have discoursed largely.* They suppose they have an impression of it here—whereas that of Lord Spencer has been hitherto considered as unique. His Lordship's copy, as you well know, was obtained from the Buxheim monastery, and was first made public in the interesting work of Heineken.† The copy now under consideration is not pasted upon boards, as is Lord Spencer's—forming the interior linings in the cover or binding of an old MS.—but it is a loose leaf—and is therefore subject to the most minute examination, or to any conclusion respecting the date which may be drawn from the *water-mark*. Upon *such* a foundation I will never attempt to build an hypothesis, or to draw a conclusion; because the same water-mark of Bamberg and of Mentz, of Venice and of Rome, may be found within books printed both at the commencement and at the end of the fifteenth century. But for the print—as it is. I have not only examined it carefully, but have procured, from M. Cœuré, a fac-simile of the head only—the most essential part—and both the examination and the fac-simile convince me . . . that the St. Christopher in the Bibliothèque du Roi is NOT an impression from the same block which furnished the St.

* *An enquiry into the History of Engraving upon Copper and in Wood*, 1816, 4to. 2 vols. by W. Y. Ottley. Mr. Ottley, in vol. i. p. 90, has given the whole of the original cut: while in the first volume p. iii. of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, only the figure and date are given.

† *Idée générale d'une Collection complete des Estampes*. Leips. 1771, 8vo.

Christopher now in the library of St. James's Place. For the fac-simile, you have it here; and after attentively comparing it with both the fac-similes just alluded to, you may draw your own conclusion.



One word more, respecting this stubbornly contested point. The general character of the figure, in the Royal Library here, is thin and feeble compared with that in Lord Spencer's collection; and I am quite persuaded that M. Du Chesne,—who fights his ground inch by inch, and reluctantly (to his honour, let me add) assents to any remarks which may make his own cherished St. Christopher of a comparatively modern date—will, in the end, admit that the Parisian impression is a *copy* of a later date—and that, had an opportunity presented itself of comparing the two impressions with each other, it would never have been received into the Library at the price at which it was obtained (I think about 620 francs).* However, although it be

* Since the above was written, the RIVAL ST. CHRISTOPHERS have been placed *side by side*. When Lord Spencer was at Paris, last year, on his return from Italy—he wrote to me, requesting I would

not THE St. Christopher, it is a graphic representation of the Saint which may possibly be as old as the year 1460.

visit him there, and bring St. Christopher with me. That Saint was therefore, in turn, carried across the water—and on being confronted with his name-sake, at the Royal Library . . . it was quite evident, at the first glance, as M. Du Chesne admitted—that they were impressions taken from *different blocks*. The question therefore, was, after a good deal of pertinacious argument on both sides—which of the two impressions was the MORE ANCIENT?

For the *English St. Christopher* I contended, that, as it was pasted within the covers of an old MS. of the unquestionable date of 1417, and of which there was every reason to think the wooden binding (covered with white, soiled leather) coeval—and as the worm, which had picreed the leaves of the MS., had also penetrated through the print, into the wooden binding itself, there could not be much reason to suppose the date of the print to be later than that which it bears . . . namely, 1423. Secondly, from the particular style of art, I apprehended *this* impression to be the more ancient of the two—inasmuch as the lines were more firmly marked, and the draperies squarer: that it was also in better taste:—in short, precisely like what we observe in the *Apocalypse* upon a larger, and in the *Speculum Hum. Salv.* and *Biblia Pauperum* upon a smaller scale: and thirdly, that the *subscription* bore the mark of a more ancient and determined hand—for that, however both compositions might be defective in good taste, yet it was the characteristic of productions of this period to have at least firmness, strength, and decision. Mr. Pinkerton has a notion that the “*vicesimo tertio*” should be read “*vicesimo terno*”—that is *sixty*—making the date 1460: but this is purely hypothetical.

Another circumstance was remarkable: suggested by M. Du Chesne. That intelligent observer remarked that, in Lord Spencer’s print, the *outline* only of the fruit of the palm tree was articulated—the demarcations of the fruit itself, as well as the points at the top of the ball which the infant Christ holds in his hand, having been *supplied by the pen*. This circumstance, I own, had before escaped me. The inference to be drawn from it is twofold: cutting both ways: but, in my

But we have tarried quite long enough, for the present, within the cabinet of Engravings. Let us return: ascend about a dozen more steps; and enter the LIBRARY OF MANUSCRIPTS. As before, you are struck with the smallness of the first room; which leads, however, to a second of much larger dimensions—then to a

mind, it is in favour of the antiquity of the *English Saint*—because the first idea would be the mere external shape of the fruit—a future hand having supplied the minutæ, by observing that improvement introduced in a subsequent effort of art. There can be no question but that *one* print is *not copied* from the other; although the dimensions, in height and width, are precisely the same. The *Parisian* copy is less full in lines and less powerful in expression. A glance of the above facsimile with what Mr. Otley and myself have before published, will satisfactorily prove this—as far as the head only is concerned. It is not necessary in the present place to be more particular: as a deviation in *one* part will prove as much as a deviation in one *hundred* parts.

The *Parisian* print is, unquestionably, less firm and decided. It bears evident marks of a feeble and hesitating hand. The subscription is very uneven—the letters are less square—and, upon the whole, looking very like an imitation—perhaps of the date of some twenty or thirty years later. One thing is too remarkable to be overlooked—and indeed well deserving of notice. DE MURR published a facsimile of what he *said* was the same print—at *Buxheim*—from whence Lord Spencer obtained his copy. Now, upon comparing De Murr's facsimile with the *Paris St. Christopher*, it was quite evident that the one and the other were precisely the *same thing*—and that, in the same degree, De Murr's copy entirely differed from Lord Spencer's. There seems, at first blush, something suspicious in all this. At least, it is quite clear that De Murr deliberately published a falsehood. Whether the *Paris* copy be one from De Murr's Plate, doctored by sundry rubbings, and moistening of the paper, to imitate an old print, is what I will not take upon me decidedly to affirm. But, for the reasons before given, I incline to the opinion in favour of the antiquity of the ENGLISH ST. CHRISTOPHER.

third, of a boudoir character : afterwards to a fourth and fifth, rather straitened—and sixthly, and lastly, to one of a noble length and elevation of ceiling—worthy in all respects of the glorious treasures which it contains. Let me, however, be more explicit. In the very first room you have an earnest of all the bibliomaniacal felicity which these MSS. hold out. Look to the left—upon entering—and view, perhaps lost in a very ecstasy of admiration—the **Romances** . . . of all sizes and character, which at first strike you ! What *Launcelot du Lacs*, *Tristans*, *Leonmois*, *Arturs*, *Ysaies*, and feats of the *Table Ronde*, stand closely wedged within the brass-wired doors that incircle this and every other apartment ! *Bibles*, *Rituals*, *Moralities*, . . . next claim your attention. You go on—*History*, *Philosophy*, *Arts and Sciences* . . . but it is useless to indulge in these rhapsodies. The fourth apartment, of which I spake, exhibits specimens of what are seen more plentifully, but not of more curious workmanship, in the larger room to which it leads. Here glitter, behind glazed doors, old volumes of devotion bound in ivory, or gilt, or brass, studded with cameos and precious stones ; and covered with figures of all characters and ages—some of the xith—and more of the immediately following centuries. Some of these bindings (among which I include *Diptychs*) may be as old as the eleventh—and they have been even carried up to the tenth century. But the latter is very problematical. However, as I know you to be learned in these matters, I send you a specimen or two :—*

* See the ANNEXED PLATES.







THE THREE FIGURES OF THE BOAT

that you may form your own conclusion. They are exceedingly curious and interesting, and are taken from the exteriors of two devotional volumes, from the drawings of M. Cœuré—which are particularly faithful. One of them may find a place immediately beneath your eye.* It relates to the games of the Circus, of which the old-fashioned gentleman, sitting upon a seat, had the direction.



* The original volume, from which the *first* of the ANNEXED PLATES is taken, measures fourteen inches and a quarter, by five and a quarter. At the top of the recto of the figure, on the first side of the diptych, is the following inscription :

ANASIASIVS PAVLVS PROBVS
SABINIAN̄ POMPEIVS ANASIASIVS.

Let us however return quickly back again ; and begin at the beginning. The first room, as I before

The interior presents us, in the first place, with a sort of introductory letter by a “ Monsieur Mercier, Clerc de la Chapelle de Madame, à M. Riglet, Chanoine de l’Eglise de Bourges, le 7. Juillet 1710, au sujet des diptyques de la dite Eglise.” In this letter, the writer thinks that these diptychs—which appear to be of solid ivory—are as old as the year of Christ 517, during the consulat of ANASTASIUS ; who had the names of Flavius Anastasius Paulus Probus Sabinianus Pompeius. It was at that time customary to have several names ; as may be seen in Father Simon’s preface prefixed to an edition of Sidonius Apollinaris. On the reverse of the second side of the diptych, is the following inscription—above a figure, of which the *first* of the ANNEXED PLATES is a fac-simile :

VIRIN̄L. CŌM. DOME S̄TI Ć. EQVIT
ET CONS. ORDĪN.

which inscription, the same letter writer illustrates as “ VIR ILLUSTRIS, COMES DOMESTICORUM EQUITUM, CONSUL ORDINARIUS.” The “ cōm. dom. equit.” indicates that he commanded the cavalry which attended the Emperor’s person : in other words, I suppose, he was colonel of the life guards. The piece of drapery, which the figure holds in his right hand, as a folded handkerchief, is the *Mappa Circensis* ; which the Consuls threw down to give the signal for the games of the Circus—whether consisting of combats with wild beasts, or other sports—to commence. The sceptre in his right hand is called the *stipio consularis* or *pedum consulare*. On this same reverse—instead of the contest with the wild beasts, as exhibited in the text of the preceding page, there are two men leading forth, each, a horse—preparatory perhaps to the chariot race. Below, these men are brought before the consul to receive the reward of victory.

The ms. contents of this highly interesting diptych are less deserving of notice—and are of a considerably posterior date. There are about thirty leaves in the whole ; of which the older portion contains a list of the Archbishops “ ECCLESIE BITURICENSIS,” beginning with the name of Ursinus, who appears to have been Archbishop twenty-seven years. The termination of his Archbishopric was in the year iij^c lxxij.

observed, has some of the most exquisitely illuminated, as well as some of the most ancient MSS., in the

The scription is in a large coarse Gothic hand. The last archiepiscopal entry is of the date of 1789.

The original binding, from which the *second* annexed plate of CHRIST SITTING is taken, merits also a very distinct notice. It encloses a MS. of the GOSPELS, numbered 543, of probably the latter end of the xivth century. The first cover, or rather the exterior side of it, *had* once a crucifix in the centre: which has been stolen. Of the surrounding coloured, or precious stones, about half have been also taken away. Among those that remain, there is rather a fine brown-coloured eagle standing out of a white ground: it being difficult to assign to either its specific character. The text of the MS. begins with “*In illo tempore Cum appropinquāsit ihesus,*” and ends with “*Feria Quarta scdm iohannem.*” This is followed by ten blank leaves. Then again “*In illo manifestavit,*” &c. : ending with

Explicit liber iste. in quo continentur oīa euangelia anni ad vsum et consuetudinem ecclēe parisiē.

This MS. is beautifully perfect of its kind. The writing is in a large lower case Gothic, with marginal decorations. The gilding is brilliant and fresh; but not very much raised above the general surface of the colours. On the reverse of the binding is the figure of CHRIST SITTING—from which the annexed plate is engraved, from a copy by M. Cœuré. It is in very good taste; and among the best of the kind, of the same period, which I remember to have seen. At each corner of the same side, within a square, is an Evangelist—draped in a superior manner. There have been here, also, coloured stones—which have been all stolen. This Manuscript came from the abbey of St. Victor.

In the third place, I am to notice the volume from the binding of which the THREE SOLDIERS are taken. This MS. is numbered 56. The binding is its chief curiosity. The sides are of prodigious thickness; that of the outer edge, cased in brass, and highly wrought, being not less than an inch and an half in width. The arabesques which are upon the sloping part, connecting the edge or square frame with the central or principal ground, are sharp and rather good. But the

whole library. A phalanx of Romances meets the eye ; which rather provokes the courage, than damps the ardor, of the bibliographical champion. Palmerin (I bethought me—as I first gazed upon such magnificent objects) would surrender his choicest gothic chair to be allowed to indulge, unreservedly, in the midst of such wonderful treasures. Nor are the illuminated Bibles of less interest to the graphic antiquary. In my next letter you shall see what use I have made of the unrestrained liberty granted me, by the kind-hearted Curators, to open what doors, and examine what volumes, I pleased. Meanwhile let me introduce you to the excellent MONSIEUR GAIL, who is sitting at yonder desk—examining a beautiful Greek MS. of Polybius, which once belonged to Henry II. and his favourite Diane de Poitiers. M. Gail is the chief Librarian presiding over the Greek and Latin MSS., and is himself Professor of those languages in the royal college of France. Of this gentleman I shall speak more particularly anon. At the present moment it

soldiers, supposed to be sleeping near the tomb of Christ, of which they were appointed to keep the guard, are the main object of attraction. They speak for themselves in the annexed plate—engraved also from the design of M. Cœuré in a faithful and masterly manner. In the compartment above the soldiers, is a figure of Christ, with an angel on each side of him, larger than the soldiers, and very clumsy. The same criticism applies to the crucifixion forming the central part of the reverse. The MS. consists of the Gospel of St. John : followed by scored music. Then again “ *Passio domini nri ihu xpi.*” In the whole, twenty-nine leaves. The scription and ornaments are of the same character with those of the preceding MS. of the Gospels : but both are inferior. This MS. may be also of the same period.

may suffice only to observe that he is thoroughly frank, amiable, and communicative, and dexterous in his particular vocation : and that he is, what we should both call, a hearty, good fellow—a natural character. M. Gail is accompanied by the assistant librarians MM. De l'ÉPINE, and MÉON :* gentlemen of equal ability in their particular department, and at all times willing to aid and abet the researches of those who come to examine and appreciate the treasures of which they are the joint Curators. Indeed I cannot speak too highly of these gentlemen—nor can I too much admire the system and the silence which uniformly prevail.

Another principal librarian is M. LANGLÈS : an author of equal reputation with Monsieur Gail—but his forte lies in Oriental literature ; and he presides more especially over the Persian, Arabic, and other Oriental MSS. To the naïveté of M. Gail, he adds the peculiar vivacity and enthusiasm of his countrymen. To see him presiding in his chair (for he and M. Gail take alternate turns) and occupied in reading, you would think that a book worm could scarcely creep between the tip of his nose and the surface of the *Codex Bombycinus* over which he is poring. He is among the most short-sighted of mortals—as to *ocular* vision. But he has a bravely furnished mind ; and such a store of spirits and of good humour—talking withal unintermittingly, but very pleasantly—that you find it difficult to get away from him. He is no indifferent speaker of our own language ; and, I must say, seems rather proud of

* The other librarians in the MS. department are Messrs. DACIER, GOSSELIN, and RAOUL ROCHETTE.

such an acquirement. Both he and M. Gail, and M. Van Praet, are men of rather small stature—triplicates, as it were, of the same work—but of which M. Gail is the tallest copy. One of the two head librarians, just mentioned, sits at a desk in the second room—and when any friends come to see, or to converse with him—the discussion is immediately adjourned to the contiguous boudoir-like apartment, wherein are deposited the rich old bindings of which you have just had a hasty description. Here the voices are elevated, and the flourishes of speech and of action freely indulged in. Both Mr. Lewis and myself confined our respective pursuits to the first entrance room—where, however, from its comparatively confined dimensions, the extreme heat of the weather, and the want of outward window shades—instead of the inward linen blinds which they draw down—we were scarcely able to breathe or to endure ourselves. The number of visitors, both foreign and native, which pass and repass here, in their way to the further apartments—although very few in comparison with those in the library of printed books—generally stop for an instant, to take a peep at Mr. Lewis's graphic labours—who has just finished the portrait of ANNE OF BRITTANY . . . to be particularly described on a future occasion. And I must honestly affirm, that to peep and to admire seemed to be a simultaneous operation.

In the way to the further apartment, from the boudoir so frequently mentioned, you pass a small room—in which there is a white marble bust of the King—and among the books, bound, as they almost all are,

in red morocco, you observe two volumes of tremendously thick dimensions ; the one entitled *Alexander Aphrodisæus, Hippocrates, &c.*—the other *Plutarchi Vitæ Parallelæ et Moralia, &c.* They contain nothing remarkable for ornament, or, what is more essential, for intrinsic worth. Nevertheless you pass on : and the last—but the most magnificent—of *all* the rooms, appropriated to the reception of books, whether in ms. or in print, now occupies a very considerable portion of your attention. It is replete with treasures of every description : in ancient art, antiquities, and both sacred and profane learning : in languages from all quarters, and almost of all ages, of the world. Here I opened, with indescribable delight, the ponderous and famous *Latin Bible of CHARLES THE BALD*—and the religious manual of his brother the EMPEROR *LOTHARIUS*—composed chiefly of transcripts from the Gospels. Here are ivory bindings, whether as diptychs, or attached to regular volumes. Here are all sorts and sizes of the uncial or capital-letter MSS—in portions, or as a whole. Here, too, are very precious old illuminations, and specimens—almost without number—admirably arranged, of every species of BIBLIOGRAPHICAL VIRTÙ, which cannot fail to fix the attention, enlarge the knowledge, and improve the judgment, of the curious in this department of research.

Such, my dear friend, is the necessarily rapid—and, I fear, consequently imperfect—sketch which I send you of the general character of the BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI ; both as respects its dead and its living treasures. Your own ardent mind, and unsubdued attachment to book curiosities, would doubtless have rendered this

sketch more spirited and more satisfactory. But patience, I beseech you. It remains to be seen how this outline will be FILLED UP—and I hereby give you notice, that my next letter will contain an account of a few of the more ancient, curious, and splendid MANUSCRIPTS—to be followed by a second letter, exclusively devoted to a similar account of the PRINTED BOOKS. If I execute this task according to my present inclinations—and with the disposition which I now feel, together with the opportunities which have been afforded me—it will not, I trust, be said that I have been an idle or unworthy visitor of this magnificent collection. Meanwhile you ought to know, that, before the “*restorations*” took place—that is to say, before France *restored* to the countries which she had conquered, the book-treasures which the right of conquest was supposed to have justified her in taking away—this royal collection could boast of about 300,000 printed books, and 70,000 manuscripts : a number, almost incredible, and certainly not exceeded in any other collection. A good round deduction must now be doubtless made ; yet I question if, upon the whole, both of printed books and of MSS.—that deduction exceed 5000 : although, in this number, you must not forget that some of the MOST PRECIOUS and the MOST VALUABLE are included.

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Paris, June 14, 1818.

As I promised at the conclusion of my last, you shall accompany me immediately to the ROYAL LIBRARY ; and taking down a few of the more ancient MANUSCRIPTS relating to *Theology*—especially those, which, from age, art, or intrinsic worth, demand a more particular examination—we will both sit down together to the enjoyment of what the librarians have placed before us. In other words, I shall proceed to fill up the outline (executed with a hurrying pencil) which was submitted to you in my previous letter. First, therefore, for

BIBLES, LITURGIES, RITUALS, LEGENDS, MORAL TREATISES, &c.

QUATUOR EVANGELIA. “ *Codex Membranaceus, Olim Abbatiae S. Medardi Suessionensis in uncialibus litteris et auricis scriptus. Sæc VI.*” The preceding is written in an old hand, inserted in the book. It is a folio volume of unquestionably great antiquity ; but I should apprehend that it is *antedated* by at least *two* centuries. It is full of embellishment, of a varied and splendid character. The title to each Gospel is in very large capital letters of gold, upon a purple

ground: both the initial letter and the border round the page being elaborately ornamented. The letter prefixed to St. Matthew's Gospel is highly adorned, and in very good taste. Each page consists of two columns, in capital letters of gold, throughout: within borders of a quiet purple, or lilac tint, edged with gold. It has been said* that no two borders are alike altogether. A portrait of each Evangelist is prefixed to the title; apparently coeval with the time: the composition is rather grotesque; the colours are without any glaze, and the perspective is bad. The vellum is thick, soft, and white; but the book has been unmercifully cropt at the top, and re-bound in calf. As this is probably among the very oldest volumes in the library, you may not be displeased with the accompanying fac-simile of a portion of an illumination, which presents rather a curious and not inelegant specimen of architecture.† It may be worth further noticing, that in some of the illuminations, of a similar character, we observe that form of twisted column of which Raffaelle has availed himself so successfully in his cartoon of the beautiful gate of the Temple.

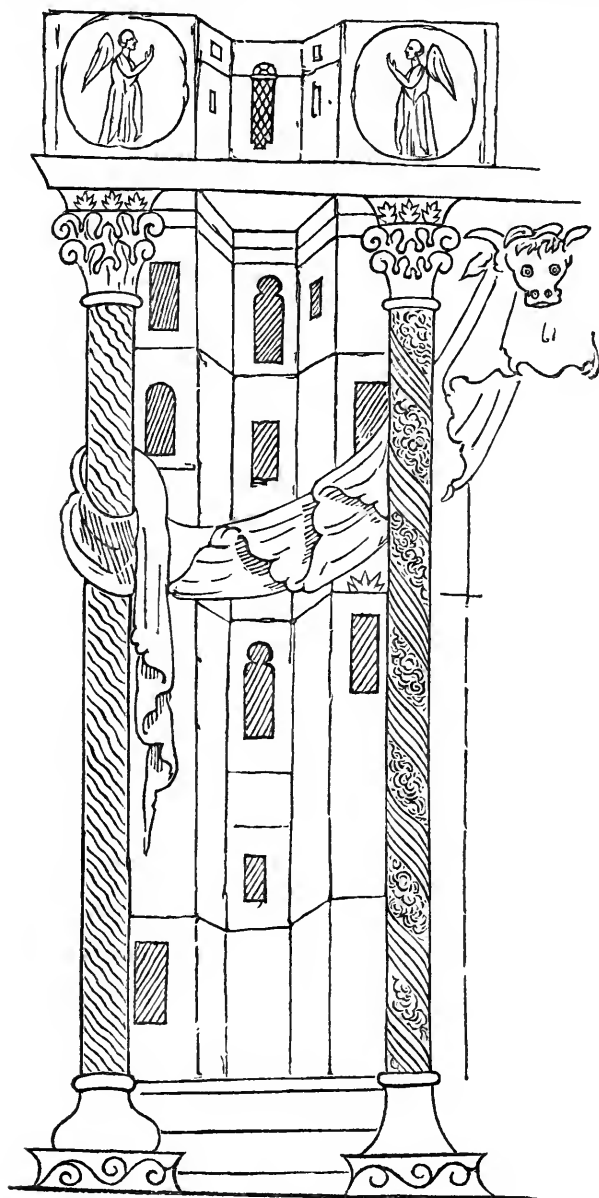
LATIN BIBLE OF CHARLES THE BALD. Folio. When

* Les PP. Martène & Durand, dans leur second voyage littéraire, p. 17, 18, parlent d'un texte des Evangiles d'une beauté parfaite, & dont l'Empereur Louis le Débonnaire fit présent à l'Abbaïe de Saint Médard de Soissons. Ce texte, disent-ils, est peint en lettres d'or onciales . . toutes les pages sont en deux colones, mais travaillées avec tant de soin, qu'il n'y en a pas deux de semblables."

Nouv. Traité de Diplomatie, vol. i. p. 544, note 2.

† See the OPPOSITE PAGE.

this volume was described by me, on a former occasion,*



* *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. i. p. xxxi.

from merely printed authorities, of course it was not in my power to do it, if I may so speak, “after the life,”—for although nearly ten centuries have elapsed since this Bible has been executed, yet, considering its remote age, it may be said to be fresh and in most desirable condition. The authority, just hinted at, notices that this magnificent volume was deposited in the library by BALUZE, the head librarian to Colbert; but a note in that eminent man’s hand writing, prefixed,—informs us that the Canons of the Cathedral church at Metz made Colbert a present of it. The note is thus:—“*Hunc Codicem Sacrorum Bibliorum, diu in Cathedrali Ecclesiæ Metensi serratum, Canonici Metenses Bibliothecæ Colbertinæ donarunt anno Christi M.DCLXXV. Stephanus Baluzius.*” Below, is the Latin memorandum from which we learn the history of its original donation to the Emperor Charles the Bald: “*Hunc ipsum Codicem Virianus Comes Rector Ecclesiæ S. Martini Turonensis, & ejusdem Monachi vndecim, obtulerunt CAROLO CALVO FRANCORUM REGI anno 850, dum Turonis in dicta Ecclesia versaretur.*” I now come to the contents. The first two leaves are in double columns of small gold capitals, written upon a purple ground. At the bottom of the first page, in rather an ancient hand, we read “*hic optim⁹ liber ē valde bon⁹.*”—a truism, it must be confessed: as that which is “the best” of books must doubtless be a “good” one.

On the third leaf, the recto is blank: the reverse contains a large illumination, in three compartments, representing the journey of St. Jerom from Rome, to obtain *accurate* copies of the Scriptures. The figures

are executed in the usual colours, of a thick and shining composition; and are from about two to nearly three inches in height. There is a good deal of red brick colour pervading the whole. Opposite to this illumination, is the title of St. Jerom's usual prefatory epistle, in large roman capitals, upon a purple ground—within a frame or border which may be said to exhibit nearly a perfect specimen of the arabesque. The F—the first capital letter—(belonging to Frater Ambrosius, &c.) is about ten inches high; of rather a slim form, harmonising well with the frame-work. On the recto of the fourth leaf, beyond, begins the preface itself of St. Jerom—in gold letters, upon a purple ground: an extremely magnificent page—while within the letter D the signs of the zodiac are ingeniously and elegantly exhibited. M. Willemin, in one of the Livraisons of his *Monumens Français Inédits*, has copied this letter; but unsuccessfully, compared with the generality of copies in the work of that meritorious artist. The heads of the chapters of the *Book of Genesis* follow upon the recto and reverse of the ensuing leaf, within frame-work, as before; but there are some pretty and pure Greek patterns contained in this ornament. Next comes the text of Genesis. Opposite the first chapter, is a large illumination, divided into three compartments as before: shewing the creation, fall, and culture of the earth by our first Parents—and having a good deal of coarse red intermixed with the colouring. The first chapter begins in capital letters, but the first three verses only are upon a purple ground. Both the initial letter and the frame-work are very elegant. The text is executed generally,

throughout, in a lower-case letter, of the height of about one-eighth part of an inch.

The illumination preceding the *Book of Exodus* is in two compartments. Moses is receiving the law upon Mount Sinai, at the top ; the mountain being all in a blaze of red : below, he is reading or delivering it to the people. In the whole, there are about seventeen figures, of nearly four inches in height. The folding of the draperies are strongly marked, a little in the style of late Greek art : of the figures, the heads and eyes are disproportionably large. As usual, the coarse red colour strongly predominates. The initial letter H, prefixed to the first chapter of *Leviticus*, has some small human figures as ornaments, which also remind us of later Grecian art. There seems to be no other large illumination till you reach the *Book of Psalms* ; although every book of the Old Testament has a capital initial more or less curiously ornamented. The illumination, facing the commencement of the Psalms, is contained within a large oval—which again is surrounded by frame-work. It represents King David in the middle, with six figures about him. An angel, holding a wreath, is seen at each corner of the frame : the ground of the oval (which is twelve inches by nine and a half) is purple. The title, on the reverse of the first leaf of the Psalms, is in purple : the initial B, about five inches in height, is neat and elegant. Nothing, particularly worthy of observation, follows, till the beginning of the prefatory epistle of St. Jerom to Pope Damasus, prefixed to the *New Testament*. This commencement exhibits one of the most elegant, and classically composed B's—six inches by three and

three quarters—which I remember to have seen. It is really in good Greek taste. The colours are pea-green, gold, red, lilac, and purple. The ensuing P and E are also full of the same classical taste in composition. They are followed by tables of concordance, a good deal ornamented, which relate to St. Matthew's Gospel. Then a large and splendid illumination, opposite the first chapter of St. Matthew, representing our Saviour in the centre, surrounded by the Evangelists and four prophets: the latter about eight inches high, the former about six inches high. The countenance of Christ is not void of expression; but the red colour, as usual, predominates unpleasantly. The initial capital letter, to the beginning of each Gospel, is executed in the same neat, pure, taste. I do not observe any other large illumination till *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*; where there appears one, in three compartments, representing the leading events of the Apostle's life, which is highly curious.

At the end of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* begins the *Apocalypse*—with a large illumination, in two compartments; the lower very curious. St. John is sitting, holding a white wand which is made to encircle him: an angel is blowing a horn before him, &c. &c. The title, prefixed, has really a very grand appearance. The text occupies only six leaves. The two concluding leaves are deserving of especial attention. The first has hexameter and pentameter verses, in capital letters of gold, upon a purple ground, in two columns, beginning

O DECUS O VENERANDA SALUS, &c.

The reverse of this leaf is occupied by similar matter, but it is almost wholly obliterated. At top, in

two lines, we make out—" *Contulit uiuian⁹ monachus scī martini, &c. hanc bibliam Karolo īpatorj,*" &c. But the second of these two leaves, and the last in the volume, is probably, in the eye of an antiquarian virtuoso, more precious than either of its decorative precursors. It exhibits, in the first place, the **PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE BALD**; of which my graphic companion has furnished me with the fac-simile here enclosed*—and which I beg of you to compare with a copy of the same subject in Baluze's *Capit. Franc. Reg. Francor.* and in Montfaucon's *Museum Italicum*. Mabillon in his *De Re Diplomatica* has given a fac-simile of the text of the Pentateuch. In the original, Charles is surrounded by four attendants, who are blended, as it were, with a group of twelve below—in the habits of priests—listening to the oration of one, who stands nearly in the centre.† This illumination, in the whole, measures about fourteen inches in height by nearly ten and a half in width: the purple ground being frequently faded into a greenish tint. The volume itself is about twenty inches in height by fifteen wide. It is consequently of no very meagre dimensions; and may in every respect be pronounced among the most precious, both on the score of art and antiquity, which this wonderful library contains. It will always, I trust, henceforward be deemed a public treasure as well as a particular regal heirloom. It is bound in red morocco, with the arms of Colbert, as usual, upon the sides.

* See the **OPPOSITE PLATE**.

† Earl Vivian, and eleven monks, in the act of presenting the volume to Charles.



CHARLEMAGNE SEATED.

PSALTER OF CHARLES THE BALD. This very precious volume was also in the library of the Great Colbert. It is a small quarto, bound in the most sumptuous manner. The exterior of the first side of the binding has an elaborate piece of sculpture, in ivory, consisting of small human figures, beasts, &c. ; and surrounded with oval and square coloured stones. The exterior of the other or corresponding side of the binding has the same species of sculpture, in ivory ; but no stones. The text of the volume is in gold capitals throughout ; but the ornaments, as well as the portrait of Charles, are much inferior to those in that just described. However, this is doubtless a valuable relic.

PRAYER BOOK OF CHARLES THE BALD; in small 4to. This is rather an Evangelistarium, or excerpts from the four Gospels. The writing is a small roman lower-case. The illuminations, like those in the preceding, are rubbed and faded, and they are smaller. The exterior ornament of the binding, in the middle, contains a group of ivory figures—taken from the *original covering*. All the books of the bald-headed Charles should seem to have been magnificently bound.

BOOK OF THE GOSPELS ; OF THE EMPEROR LOTHARIUS. Although it is very probable that this book may be of a somewhat earlier date than the MS. just described, yet as its original possessor was brother to **CHARLES THE BALD**, it is but courtesy to place him in the second rank after the French monarch ; and accordingly I have here inserted the volume in the order which I apprehend ought to be observed. An ancient ms. memorandum tells us that this book was executed

in the 855th year of the Christian era, and in the 15th of the Emperor's reign. On the reverse of the first leaf is the portrait of the Emperor—here enclosed:* an attendant is on each side. I cannot but fancy that this portrait has *some* resemblance to our celebrated tragedian Mr. Kemble; although I should inform you that more than *one* looker on, among the French, have observed that it is not wholly unlike the exiled Napoleon. Be this as it may, it is not void of physiognomical expression. The text commences on the recto of the second leaf. On the reverse of the same leaf, is a representation of the Creator. On the recto of the third leaf are these prefatory verses:

*Hic Damasi species rutilat formata beati
Hieronimi atque beati splendet forma sub illa
Huius apostolici parens iussis studiosis
Dū transferre laborat quod pater ipse precatur.*

On the reverse of the same leaf: “ INCPT PFATIO SCI HIERONIMI PRBI IN EUANGELIO. This prefix is executed in five lines of large Roman capitals, and one line of smaller capital letters: the whole within a border or frame-work of red and faded purple colours, relieved and enriched by gold—in perfectly beautiful arabesque taste. On the recto of folio 4, at top, we read “ *Beato Papæ Damaso:*” below, is an N, about six inches square, chiefly in gold, with touches or markings in red, having a flowered arabesque ornament in the centre. I consider this to be one of the most elegant and perfect specimens of ancient art, as observed in an illumination, with which I am

* See THE OPPOSITE PLATE.



THE IMPERIAL POTENTIAL

acquainted. It forms the first letter of the word "NOVVM" followed by "opvs facerem:" the o, v, v, m, and o being on the right side, in perpendicular succession, to the N. These two pages, facing each other, are, I think, of a very extraordinary character, for splendor and effect, and of equally rare occurrence in MSS. of this antiquity. The pages are filled with double columns, in the large lower-case roman letter, as far as folio 12, recto: from thence, to folio 17 inclusively, is a table of concordances, executed in the usual manner within ornaments of double arches; but with beautiful arabesques in gold, at top. On the recto and reverse of folio 18, are double columns, executed in gold capitals, about the seventh part of an inch in height. Three leaves of a table of the chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel follow: within compartments as before.

On the reverse of folio 22 is a *portrait of St. Matthew*; of which the execution is inferior to the conception. The Saint is looking up, as if catching the moment of inspiration. Opposite, his Gospel begins, in letters of gold, preceded by the letter L—of the same beautiful and tasteful composition as the N before mentioned. The other Evangelists follow—each preceded by a portrait executed much in the same manner as the preceding figure of St. Matthew. There is also an ornamented table prefixed to each, as well as an ornamented capital initial—less striking, but equally elegant with that last described. The text of *St. John* ends on the recto of folio 207; followed by "*Capitula Evangelicorum Lectionum de Circulo Anni*"—in smaller letters than the text of the Gospels,

ending on the recto of folio 221. This volume, from the proportions of its dimensions (being twelve inches and five-eighths in length, by nine and six-eighths in width) may be called a quarto; but the ancient ms. numerals at top of the last leaf, shew how shamefully it has been cropt—in the usual old style of French binding. Upon the whole, this book may be classed among the most precious specimens of early art in this library. It is indeed, in this point of view, perfectly inestimable. On the cover are the royal arms.

LATIN BIBLE. This MS. of the sacred text is in four folio volumes, and undoubtedly cannot be later than the xiith century. The text is written with three columns in each page. Of the illuminations, the figures are sketches, but freely executed: the colouring coarse and slightly put on: the wings of some of the angels reminded me of those in the curious *Hyde-Book*, belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham at Stowe; and of which, as you may remember, there are fac-similes in *the Bibliographical Decameron*.* The group of angels, (on the reverse of the fourth leaf of the first volume) attending the Almighty's commands, is cleverly managed as to the draperies. The soldiers have quilted or net armour. The initial letters are sometimes large, in the fashion of those in the Bible of Charles the Bald, but very inferior in execution. In this MS. we may trace something, I think, of the decline of art.

PSALTERIUM, *Latinè*, 8vo. If I were called upon to select any one volume, of given octavo dimen-

* Vol. i. p. lvi. vii.

sions, I do not know whether I should not put my hand upon the present — for you are hereby to know that this was the religious manual of ST. LOUIS :—his own choice copy—selected, I warrant, from a half score of performances of rival scribes, rubricators, and illuminators. Its condition is absolutely wonderful—nor is the history of its locomotiveness less surprising. First, for an account of its contents. On the reverse of the first fly-leaf, we read the following memorandum—in red : “ *Cest psaultier fu saint loys. Et le dōna la royne Iehanne deureux au roy Charles filz du roy Iehan, lan de nres' mil troys cens soissante et neuf. Et le roy charles pnt filz du dit Roy charles le donna a madame Marie de frāce sa fille religieuse a poissi. le iour saint michel lan mil iiij.*” This hand writing is undoubtedly of the time. On the recto of the second leaf, in black, we read “ *En ceste page est comment caym & abel offrent leur disme adieu.*” The illumination on the reverse represents the sacrifice in question. This, and every other illumination, throughout the volume, is in the most beautiful and entire condition. The gold back grounds are much raised, and perfectly resplendent. Each illumination, nearly five inches in length by about four in width, has a line or two, like the preceding, descriptive of its character ; and the last illumination, of this description, is thus entitled : “ *Enceste page est conmmēt lifill israhel coronent saul a roi & coument samuel sacrifie lengel adieu ontabnacle.*”

The preceding have no other accompaniment of text. The figures, in the illuminations, are tall and slim, and a good deal articulated in the outline—chiefly

of a blue tint. They have a freshness of appearance as if they had been almost the work of yesterday. A Calendar of six leaves follows; in which the page is much more fully occupied by text. Next follows the Psalter, in long lines, in a large, full-faced, lower Gothic character. The initial B is spiritedly executed: in the upper compartment are David and Bathsheba—in the lower, the former is upon his knees before the Almighty. The text of the Psalter is adorned with several very brilliant illuminations, let in—as it were. One of them, of two men wrestling, is very clever.

A word now, in the second and last place, about the history of this volume. As the preceding and first extract indicates, it was deposited in a monastery at Poissy. When this establishment broke up, the book was brought to M. Chardin, a bookseller and a bibliomane. He sold it, some twenty-five years ago, to a Russian gentleman, from whom it was obtained, at Moscow, by the Grand Duke Nicholas. The present King of France, through his ambassador, the Count de Noailles, obtained it from the Grand Duke—who received, in return, from his Majesty, a handsome present of two Sévre vases. It is now therefore (for aye, let us hope) safely and judiciously lodged in the Royal Library of France. It is in wooden covers, wrapped in red velvet. The vellum is singularly soft, and of its original pure tint.

HISTORICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE BIBLE. In two folio volumes. If any MS. of the sacred text were to be estimated according to the *number of the illuminations* contained therein, the present would unquestionably

claim precedence over every other. In short, this is the MS. of which Camus, in the *Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, vol. vi. p. 106, has given not only a pretty copious account, but has embellished that account with fac-similes: one large plate, and two others, each containing four subjects of the illuminations. After an attentive survey of the various styles of art observable in these decorations, I am not disposed to allow the antiquity of the MS. to go beyond the commencement of the xvth century. A sight of the very frontispiece causes a reaction of the blood in a lover of genuine large margins. The book is cropt—not *quite* to the quick! . . . but then this frontispiece displays a most delicate and interesting specimen of graphic art. It is executed in a tint between those of Indian ink and pencil: a sort of a gray tone:—totally destitute of other colour.

The subject represents St. Jerom sitting, meditating upon an open book, lying upon a magnificent reading desk, and a lion before him. It is within a Gothic construction; the upper part of which, divided into three sharply-pointed arches, and elaborately ornamented with figures and fret-work, &c. reminds us of the florid style of the time of our Henry VI. There are small figures among these ornaments, representing females playing upon musical instruments. They are a little too tall for correct drawing, but are delightfully executed—as are several figures of old men in the same piece of composition. But, if I remember rightly, Camus has given a fac-simile of this frontispiece also . . . not however with the strictest fidelity, and wholly inferior to what it *might* have been.

To the right, under this highly-wrought frontispiece, a Cardinal's hat is hanging up, near a desk. The whole measures eleven inches and a half by eight inches and three quarters.

The illuminations described by Camus, and of which he has given eight fac-similes, immediately follow. There are eight in a page: that is, the page consists of four columns—the first and third columns are wholly occupied by text: the second and fourth have, each, four illuminations. Those upon the first seven leaves are evidently the work of one and the same artist—the same who executed the frontispiece. They have decidedly much more merit than the generality of the rest. The outlines are firmly marked, and the shading is of a deep and mellow effect; especially in the representations of the Almighty and our Saviour in the first seven pages. There are some very extraordinary things to be observed in these illuminations. As far as folio xxxiii (numbered) the same style of composition and of drapery prevails; but the touch is more tender, reminding us of the illuminations in the BEDFORD BREVARY:—of which, in its proper place. From folio xxxiii as far as folio xlvii, another style of art prevails: more according with the usual style pervading the missals of the xvth century. We have here a good deal of body-colour, with less attention to delicacy and slimness of form. Numberless specimens of the dress of the men prove the illuminations to be of a date probably not older than the close of the fourteenth century. We observe among them the broad, padded shoulder, and the long peaked shoes. At folio

XLVII is the following costume of the back of a woman's head-dress.



On the reverse of folio XLVIII begins a *third* style of art: still body-colour, and yet more clumsy and disproportionate—whereas the previous, or second style, exhibited much that was beautiful in composition and harmonious in colouring. This third and last style prevails, generally speaking, throughout the forty-nine following leaves—when there is a blank reverse, succeeded by the *Psalter*. The border round the commencement of the *Psalter* betrays a style of art approaching even towards the middle of the xvth century; and is of a very common-place character. The first eight leaves of the *Psalter* are ornamented by a sufficiently gross pencil, exhibiting sometimes very strange representations. On the ninth leaf, a fresh style of art is observable: the figures being smaller, and the shadows darker. This style occupies about eight leaves: when the preceding coarse style is resumed, for sixteen leaves. From this latter place to the end of the volume, begins a series of unfinished illuminations—graduating into the merest outline, destitute of colour: all in the same style—short figures, of a sort of Gothic

composition. The scription throughout is a small, close, upright, Gothic character; decidedly of the xvth century. The ink is uniformly pale. According to Camus, there are upwards of 5000 illuminations; and a similar work, in his estimation, could not *now* be executed under 100,000 francs.

A SIMILAR MS. This consists but of one volume, of a larger size, of 321 leaves. It is also an historical Bible. The illuminations are arranged in a manner like those of the preceding; but in black and white only, delicately shaded. The figures are tall, and the females have small heads; just what we observe in those of the *Roman d'Alexandre*, in the Bodleian library. It is doubtless a manuscript of nearly the same age, although this may be somewhat more recent. At folio LXXIX. we observe some men in armour, of which I have sketched only this hasty copy; sufficient to establish something respecting the period of its execution.



The text, as in the preceding MS., is a small, close Gothic—executed in ink which has now become pale. Some busy but bungling hand has been inserting, as a supposed improvement, portions of blue colour for skies. But it was time and labour sadly mispent.

LIBER GENERATIONIS IHI XTI. Of all portions of the sacred text—not absolutely a consecutive series

of the Gospels, or of any of the books of the Old Testament—the present is probably, not only the oldest MS. in that particular department, but, with the exception of the well known CODEX CLAROMONTANUS, the most ancient volume in the Royal Library. It is a folio, having purple leaves throughout, upon which the text is executed in silver capitals. Both the purple and the silver are faded. On the exterior of the binding are carvings in ivory, exceedingly curious, but rather clumsy. The binding is probably coeval with the MS. They call it of the ixth century; but I should rather estimate it of the viiith. It is undoubtedly an interesting and uncommon volume.

EVANGELIUM STI. IOHANNIS. This is a small oblong folio, bound in red velvet. It is executed in a very large, lower-case, coarse gothic and roman letter, alternately:—in letters of gold throughout. The page is narrow, the margin is large, and the vellum soft and beautiful. There is a rude portrait of the Evangelist prefixed, on a ground entirely of gold. The capital initial letter is also rude. The date of this manuscript is pushed as high as the xith century: but I doubt this antiquity.

LIBER PRECUM: *Cum Notis, Canticis et Figuris.* I shall begin my account of PRAYER BOOKS, BREVIARIES, &c. with the present: in all probability the most ancient within these walls. The volume before me is an oblong folio, not much unlike a tradesman's day-book. A ms. note by Maugerard, correcting a previous one, assigns the composition of this book to a certain Monk, of the name of *Wickingus*, of the abbey of Prum, of the Benedictin order. It was

executed, as appears on the reverse of the forty-eighth leaf, “ *under the abbotships of Gilderius and Stephanus.*” It is full of illuminations, heavily and clumsily done, in colours which are now become very dull. I do not consider it as older than the XIIIth century, from the shield with a boss, and the depressed helmet. There are interlineary annotations in a fine state of preservation. In the whole, ninety-one leaves. It is bound in red morocco.

BREVIAIRE DE BELLEVILLE : Octavo. 2 volumes. Rich and rare as may be the graphic gems in this marvellous collection, I do assure you, my good friend, that it would be difficult to select two octavo volumes of greater intrinsic curiosity and artist-like execution, than are those to which I am now about to introduce you:—especially the first. They were latterly the property of Louis XIV. but had been originally a present from Charles VI to our Richard II. Thus you see a good deal of personal history is attached to them. They are written in a small, close, Gothic character, upon vellum of the most beautiful colour. Each page is surrounded by a border, (executed in the style of the age—perhaps not later than 1380) and very many pages are adorned by illuminations, especially in the first volume, which are, even now, as fresh and perfect as if just painted. The figures are small, but have more finish (to the best of my recollection) than those in our Roman d’Alexandre. However, I must be somewhat methodical in my description of these delightful volumes.

On the fly-leaf of the first volume are the two following inscriptions. 1. “ Ces belles legendes apar-

tiennent a seur Marie Innezes des Vismes religieuse en leglẽ de Monsieur Saint Loys de Poissy. Et les acheta du couuēt l'an mil cccc. cinquante quatre, la sōme de six vingtz escus dor. De laquelle sōme Monsieur le patriarche en paia Cent et la ditte fem en paya vingtz Et anegee a fait faire les fermans de ceste ptie des quelx la siete des ymages est de fin or." 2. " Lesquelles elles donna a ses nieces seurs Guionne et Michelle des vrsins qui les donna a ses nieces seurs Claude et Marie des vrsins, et la dicte seur Claude demurant la derniere delles toutes, les a donneez a son escoliere et belle niece seur Antoinette de Rauby apres le deces de laquelle sont demeurez pour estre mises en la memoire delles toutes a l'office de prieure faict le xxij^e. doctobre mil cinq cens cinquante neuf." At the end of the 1st volume is the following inscription : written in a stiff, gothic, or court-hand character—the capital letters being very tall and highly ornamented. "*Cest Breuiaire est a l'usaige des Jacobins. Et est en deux volumes Dont cest cy Le premier, et Est nomme Le Breuiaire de Belleville. Et le donna el Roy Charles le vj^e. Au roy Richart Dangleterre, quant il fut mort Le Roy Henry son successeur L'envoya a son oncle Le Duc de Berry, auquel il est a present.*" This memorandum has the signature of "Flamel : " who was Secretary to Charles VI. On the opposite page, in the same ancient Gothic character, we read : "*Lesquelz volumes mon dit Seigneur a donnez a ma Dame Seur Marie de France. Ma niepce.*" Signed by the same. The Abbé L'Epine informs me that Flamel was a very distinguished character among the French : and that the royal library contains several books which belonged to

him. It should be noticed that a prefix, of five pages, written in the same character as that of the text of the volume, gives “*Lexposicion des ymages des figures qui unt U Kalendier et U Sautier etest proprement l’acordance du ueil testament et du nouuel.*” The second volume has only border illuminations. In the binding, in red velvet, the fore edges present us with the old flowered armorial ornaments, upon a gilt ground of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. It is not possible to lay these volumes aside, without wishing that every **Roxburgher** could obtain a peep at them.

BREVIARY of JOHN DUKE of BEDFORD. Pursuing what I imagine to be a tolerably correct chronological order, I am now about to place before you this far-famed *Breviary*: companion to the *MISSAL* which originally belonged to the same eminent owner, and of which our countrymen* have had more frequent opportunities of appreciating the splendour and beauty than the Parisians; as it is not likely that the former will ever again become the property of an Englishman. Doubtless, at the sale of the Duchess of Portland’s effects in 1786, some gallant French nobleman, if not Louis XVI. himself, should have given an unlimited commission to purchase it, in order that both *Missal* and *Breviary* might have resumed that close and inti-

* A very minute and particular description of this *Missal*, together with a fac-simile of the DUKE OF BEDFORD kneeling before his tutelary SAINT GEORGE, will be found in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. cxxxvi—cxxxix. This *Missal* was bought by the late Mr. James Edwards, at the sale above alluded to; and at the sale of his own library, in turn, it was purchased by the present Duke of Marlborough—with whom it now remains.

mate acquaintance, which no doubt originally subsisted between them, when they lay side by side upon the oaken shelves of their first illustrious owner. But my business is with this Breviary and not with its ancient companion the Missal. Of the *two* performances, however, there can be no question but that the superiority lies decidedly with the Missal: on the score of splendour, variety, and skilfulness of execution. Yet I must further premise, that, upon the sight of it, I did not attempt to suppress or to qualify the gratification I felt—to M. Langlès—who gently laid the precious treasure in my hands. I told him I had heard much, and had read much,* about this magnificent volume; and that I would now commit to writing what struck me as among its more curious or interesting features. Accordingly you have, here, what was penned upon the spot: a sort of “ad vivum” performance.

On the recto of the first leaf is the following memorandum. “*Breviaire appartenant jadis a Monsieur de Moruilliers Garde des Seaux de France, doné a Messire Camille de Neufaille Abbé d’Ainé et Conte de Laigny par Monsieur de St. Germain le XV^e. decembre mil vj^e. xxv de l’hostel de villeroy a Paris.*” The calendar, without any ornament, occupies the six following leaves. On the seventh leaf begins the text of the Breviary, with the first Sunday in Advent, accompanied by an elaborate illumination of the Trinity at top, and the patriarchs, &c. below. This illumina-

* A minute and satisfactory account of it appears in the *Catalogue de la Valliere*, 1783, 8vo. vol. i. p. 85. no. 273. It was purchased for the Royal library, at the sale of the Duke’s collection, for 5000 livres.

tion is about five inches and one-third in height, by four in width. It is surrounded with ornament and has the arms of the Duke of Bedford at bottom. The next forty-eight leaves have on each side a profusion of ornaments of small flowers, in circular or square compartments: generally four illuminations to each page. On the reverse of the forty-ninth leaf is one of the largest illuminations—representing *the Nativity*. This is succeeded by forty-nine leaves, with the usual small ornaments, in beautiful preservation. Next appears the *Adoration of the Magi*; of the lower part of which Mr. Lewis has made one of the most exquisite of copies—as you will immediately perceive.



While your eye is fixed with a sort of ecstasy upon this *bijou* of ancient art—doubtless among the most perfect specimens which the volume contains—I must inform you that I am especially indebted to my friend M. Millin for the aid he lent towards its completion. The hours of attendance in the library are from ten till two; and had it not been for the kindness of M. Millin—added to the extreme liberality of the rules by which the library is regulated, in permitting volumes to be carried to the houses of the Librarians and Curators—it would not have been possible for Mr. Lewis to have got through the labour which he has here surmounted. That gentleman's house was open both to myself and my friend, either during or after the hours of library-fag: and there sat Mr. Lewis—beneath the sky-light of the renowned archæologist Millin—while the thermometer was somewhat upwards of eighty-five—pursuing

The patient touches of laborious art!

But the result has been in every respect successful; and M. Millin did nothing but wonder and applaud. You are to know, however, that the back ground or upper part of this illumination—not here copied—has infinite merit for the minuteness and brilliancy of its execution. It represents the eastern monarchs, &c. in grand procession, in their way to pay homage to the infant Christ: a label, at the further end, having this inscription: “*Alons en iherusalem & voyz le roy*” The surrounding circular ornaments have a peculiar finish. We have now travelled through about one hundred and five leaves of the Breviary.

Next follow seventy-seven leaves with square ornaments—by way of illumination. Some of these, as well indeed as a few of the preceding, are by different hands; but upon the whole they are prettily touched, and in the finest possible state of preservation. The seventy-eighth leaf, following this second series, presents us with the first example of the several *blanks* left, within the gilt frames, to be afterwards filled up by the illuminator. There are seven leaves with these gilded frames only. Then eight leaves, with the margins entirely blank—not having any indication of frames, or capital initials, which latter very frequently contain a head, possibly by way of portrait. Next, eight leaves, fully ornamented—as at first: with flowers and square frames. Then two more with square and circular ornaments, only slightly indicated in bistre. These are succeeded by a leaf fully ornamented, in square frames: two leaves, with squares and circles only slightly indicated, as before, in brown or bistre, Next one leaf very highly ornamented. On the reverse of this is one of the larger illuminations of *Christ's triumphant Entry into Jerusalem*—in the finest state of preservation. The flowers in the border are delightfully executed. The arms of the Regent, the Duke of Bedford, are below. Two leaves, of square ornaments, slightly indicated in brown, follow. Then eight leaves fully ornamented in squares, by an inferior hand, as I conceive; the flowered borders, however, are equally good: next, two leaves, with the slightest indications of illumination in brown: one leaf fully and delicately ornamented: two leaves, entirely destitute of ornament. Then one leaf fully ornamented; on the reverse is a

large illumination of the *Resurrection* ; or rather of the Angel at the Sepulchre, and Mary approaching it. The guards are asleep. There are brilliant circular ornaments below.

Next ensue nine leaves, wholly unornamented ; followed by four others, fully ornamented with some oval or diamond-shaped decorations. Then a fully ornamented leaf ; having, on the recto, *St. John writing the Apocalypse* : the sword, as usual is across the mouth of the attendant Spirit. Three leaves with circular ornaments, follow : eight leaves wholly unornamented : fifteen leaves fully illuminated with square ornaments. Then another, of which the recto contains marginal ornaments, without any writing on the second column. On the reverse of this leaf is a representation of the *Trinity*, and of two vessels, at top—two towers with the sea are at bottom : circular ornaments are below. Then eight leaves, fully illuminated : on the reverse of the eighth leaf, is a large illumination of the *Baptism of Our Saviour*. St. John, with a long beard, and a book in his lap, seems to be sitting down while he performs the office of baptism. The Almighty is near him ; angels, with linen, are on the opposite side of the river. The attitude of Our Saviour is at once delicate and appropriate. The borders of this piece are beautifully ornamented. Next, three leaves without ornament : two more ornamented : on the reverse of the second of these two leaves is the *Last Supper*, of which the architectural component parts are elaborate and beautifully touched. There are two figures to the left, kneeling, which I rather suspect to have been intended for the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. They are very

small—but in a perfect state of preservation. Eleven leaves, without ornament, follow: then eight leaves ornamented only with flowers, the *subjects* within the square frames *not being introduced*. These are followed by eight leaves, fully illuminated, in square frames, by an inferior hand. Next twenty-four leaves, ornamented only with flowers. The square gilt frames are merely indicated, without subjects.

These are succeeded by forty leaves, wholly unilluminated. There follows a leaf, upon the recto of which is a large illumination of a devotional figure praying to *St. Andrew*: at bottom, the arms seem to have been purposely obliterated. There are circular ornaments. We have, next, a leaf entirely illuminated, with square ornaments. Then, four leaves—with a very slight indication of ornament, in brown. An illumination, of the larger kind, follows: it is that of *St. Nicholas* preaching—accompanied by square ornaments. A clever composition is at the bottom, to the right. One leaf follows, in which the squares are left as blanks. Then three leaves, not ornamented: next an illuminated leaf, upon the reverse of which is a splendid representation of the *Temple of Jerusalem* on the reverse. The ensuing leaf displays a brilliant decoration, of which the subject is the death of *Ste. Lucie*. The coverlid to the bed made me forget all the coverlids which I had seen in Normandy. The physician, as usual, is examining the urinal, and raising his right hand at the same moment—indicative of despair! This interesting subject is followed by three leaves, without ornament. Then eight leaves, pretty fully ornamented—of which the first, relating to the

history of *St. Thomas*, contains a large, brilliant, and rather singular representation of that Saint, on the recto:—on the fourth of these leaves, is a splendid but somewhat more coarsely executed subject, of the figure of *St. Sebastian*: on the eighth, is a large illumination representing the acts of *St. Agnes*, apparently by the same hand—very curious and very splendid. Then two leaves without ornament.

Next follow seventy-two leaves, fully ornamented, in squares, with about twenty one or twenty-two of the larger ornaments; among which the death of our *King Edward the Martyr*, and *St. George and the Dragon*, are perhaps the most curious. These leaves however, absolutely form one series of dazzling splendor. Then eight leaves, not ornamented. These are succeeded by twenty-nine more, fully ornamented; one of the two larger ornaments displays a subject connected with *St. James*: beautifully minute and curious. Next, two leaves; without ornament. Then an ornamented leaf, of which the representation of *Elizabeth, Mary*, and the *Infant Christ* is the chief subject. Afterwards two leaves, destitute of ornament: followed by a leaf of circular ornaments. Then two leaves unornamented. We now commence a series of 120 leaves, fully ornamented with the small illuminations, but among which are only five principal or larger subjects: and, of these, the fifth is the last illumination in the volume. It is not only the last, but it is by much the most splendid for its execution and for its state of preservation. It is the favourite subject for which the artists of the middle age, and especially the old illuminators, seem to have reserved all their powers, and upon

which they lavished all their stock of gold, ultramarine, and carmine. You will readily anticipate that I am about to add—the *Assumption of the Virgin*. One's memory is generally fallacious in these matters, but of all the exquisite, and of all the minute, elaborate, and dazzling works of art, of the illuminatory kind, I am quite sure that I have not seen any which EXCEEDS this. To EQUAL it—there may be some few: but its superior, (of its own particular class of subject) I think it would be very difficult to discover. And yet—for general interest, for natural feeling, and picturesque effect,—I preferred the selection of the Nativity, as you have just been gazing at it. The Assumption being a purely ideal subject, it has not that fast hold of the feelings which usually results from a contemplation of the subject just mentioned. Nevertheless, most vehemently do I covet a Lewis-like facsimile of this same subject; but neither time nor opportunity allow of it—"non omnia possumus omnes." Originally, however—and as it came fresh from the last touches of the artist—this must have been absolutely enchanting. You see how I linger over it!

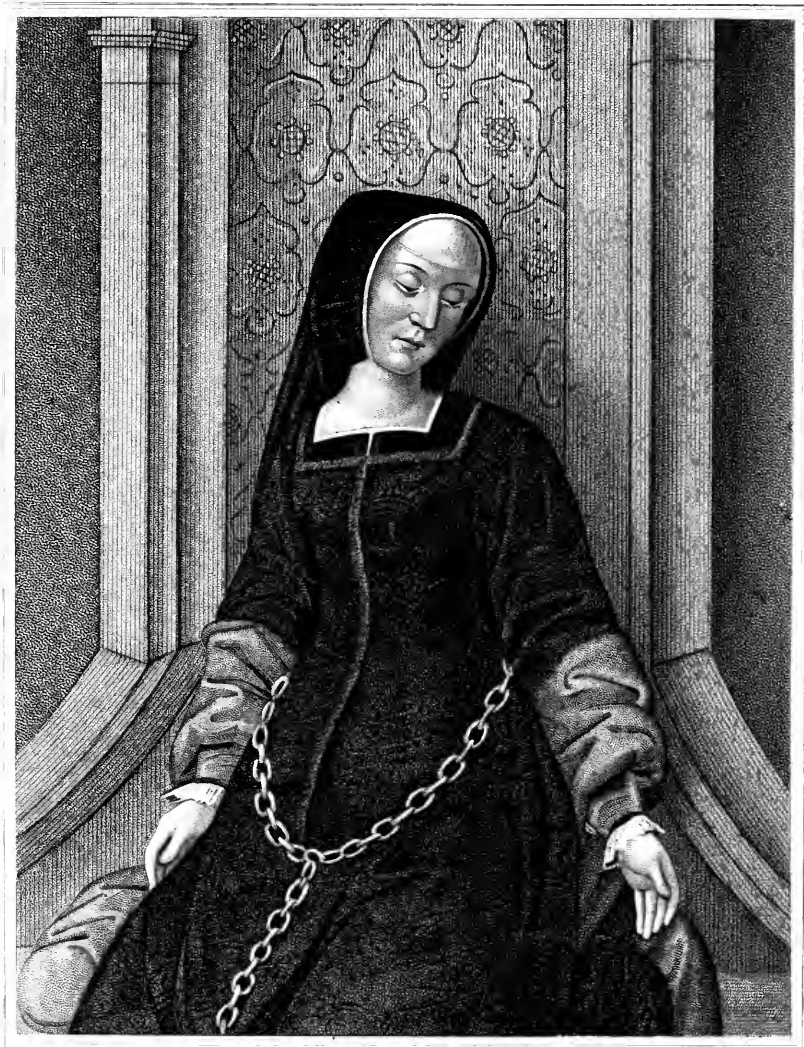
A dreary moor sometimes borders upon a luxuriant flower-garden. Adieu, now, to the magical hues and rainbow tints of the illuminator. We turn over sixty-eight leaves, destitute of ornament; except it be that some few of them have only the indications of gilt frames, without subjects: and two leaves are left entirely blank, with the exception of the ruled lines, for the Scribe to write the text. And thus, having gone through this celebrated volume, let me shut it up—and request the worthy Abbé L'Épine to put it away:

not however without turning round to make my bow to M. Millin, for the kindness of his attention in the accommodations offered to Mr. Lewis, beneath his warm sky-light, and in the midst of his richly furnished library. You cannot fail to have concluded, during the progress of reading the foregoing description, that the **BEDFORD BREVARY** was, in all probability, executed posterior to the **MISSAL** bearing the same name, and that it has been left in a state by no means finished or perfect: that several artists have tried their skill upon its pages: and that in consequence it exhibits various and unequal merit. Upon the whole; however, it deserves all that has been said of it, either by speech, by pen, or in print. Let me only further add, that the writing is not of a very first rate kind. The letter is a tall, close, gothic character; with a good deal of red intermixed: the black ink is generally pale. The book has been cruelly cropt in the binding, apparently by De Rome, measuring only ten inches in length—by not quite seven in width. It is in a red morocco coat.

HORÆ BEATÆ MARÆ VIRGINIS. This may be called either a large thick octavo, or a very small folio. Probably it was originally more decidedly of the latter kind. It is bound in fish skin; and a prefixed ms. note thus informs us. “*Manuscrit aqui du C^{en} Papillon au commencement du mois de Frimaire de lan XII. de la République.*” This is without doubt among the most superb and beautiful books, of its class, in the Royal Library. The title is ornamented in an unusual but splendid manner. Some of the larger illuminations are elaborately executed; espe-

cially the first—representing the *Annunciation*. The robe of the Angel, kneeling, is studded with small pearls, finished with the minutest touches. The character of ART, generally throughout, is that of the time and manner of the volume last described; but the present is very frequently inferior in merit to what may be observed in the Bedford Breviary. In regard to the number of decorations, this volume must also be considered as less interesting; but it possesses some very striking and very brilliant performances. Thus, *St. Michael and the Devil* is absolutely in a blaze of splendor; while the illumination on the reverse of the same leaf is not less remarkable for a different effect. A quiet, soft tone—from a profusion of tender touches of a grey tint, in the architectural parts of the ornaments—struck me as among the most pleasing specimens of the kind I had ever seen. The gilding, in many of the subjects, seems to have been retouched. The latter and larger illuminations have occasionally great power of effect, from their splendid style of execution—especially that in which the central compartment is occupied by *St. George and the Dragon*. Some of the smaller illuminations, in which an Angel is shewing the cruelties about to be inflicted on the wicked, by demons, are terrific little bits! As for the vellum, it is “de toute beauté.” This book affords evidence that they began to have something of a bibliomaniacal feeling after the fury of the Revolution had a little subsided.

HISTORIA BEATÆ MARIE VIRGINIS. Folio. This is briefly described in the printed catalogue, under number 6811. It is a large and splendid folio, in a very fine state of preservation; but of which the art is, upon



THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE PRISON OF CAESAR

the whole, of the ordinary and secondary class of merit. Yet it is doubtless a volume of great interest and curiosity. Even to English feelings, it will be gratifying to observe in it the portrait of *Louisa of Savoy*, mother of Francis I. That illustrious lady is sitting, in a chair, surrounded by her attendants; and is in all probability a copy from the life. I could not resist the impulse of getting a fac-simile of this representation of her made by M. Cœuré; who has really performed his task with equal felicity and effect. I am sure you will be pleased with it, and so I send it you.* The performance is a metrical composition, in stanzas of eleven verses. I select the opening lines, because they relate immediately to the portrait in question.

**Tres excellente illustre & magnifique
 fleur de noblesse exquise et redolente
 Dame dhonneur princesse pacifique
 Salut a ta maieste precellente
 Ces seruiteurs par voye raisonnable
 Tant iusticiers que le peuple ampable.
 De ampens cite dicte de amenite
 Recōmandant sont par humilite
 Leur bien publicque en ta grace & puissance
 Top confessant estre en realite
 Mere humble & franche au grant espoir de France.**

**Que ainsy soit dame scientifique
 Tu as porte Comme mere et regente
 Le royal sang le Corps honorifique
 Du roy francours qui les francours regente
 En leur Causant ung espoir admirable**

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

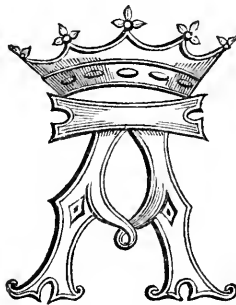
Dont quoi que la royne insuperable
 Marie Uierge en sa maternite
 Nous aporte quant a l'humanite
 Totalement du monde l'esperance
 Aussi Ce tu par aultre qualite
 Mere humble et franche au grant espoir de france.

Perhaps this extract may be quite sufficient as a sample of that flat, heavy species of composition (any thing but poetical, and just tolerably metrical) with which the devotional literature of this period abounded. The illuminations are large, being nearly of the entire size of the page. The text is accompanied by the common-place flower arabesques of the period.

HOURS OF ANNE OF BRITTANY. The order of this little catalogue of a few of the more splendid and curious ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, in the Royal Library of France, has at length, my worthy friend, brought me in contact with the magical and matchless volume usually known by the foregoing title. "Softly tread, 'tis hallowed ground"—are the words of a very sweet popular air:—"Gently touch, 'tis faery art"—says the inspired imagination of every bibliographer of taste and feeling—on turning over the leaves of this enchanting Ritual. My friend, you are to know—in the first place—that, of ALL the volumes in this most marvellous Library, the present is deemed THE MOST PRECIOUS. Not even the wishes and regulations of Royalty itself, allow of its migration beyond the walls of the public library. There it is kept: there it is opened, and shewn, and extolled beyond any limits fixed to the admiration of the beholder. It is a rare and bewitching piece of art, I do assure you—and

so, raising your expectations to their highest pitch, I will allow you to anticipate whatever is wonderful in FRANCESCO VERONESE and gorgeous in GIROLAMO DEI LIBRI.* Perhaps, however, this is not the most happy illustration of the art which it displays.

Let us “begin at the beginning.” You, who have at last become a most determined convert to the biblioepigraphic skill of CHARLES LEWIS — you, who almost feel a variety of contending twitches and pulsations, if a volume be not coated in the binding of that able artist — will be shocked, even to agony, on viewing the black fish skin cover, with lining of blotches of red, blue, and gilt paper (such as of old, in our infantine days, used to distinguish the butterfly-speckled little tomes that “came flying all abroad” from the manufactory of Dan Newbery, of St. Paul’s Church-yard celebrity) which protects this book. The first view of this magical volume is doubtless rather disheartening: but the sight of the original silver clasps (luckily still preserved) will operate by way of a comforter. Upon them you observe this ornament:



denoting, by the letter and the ducal crown, that the

* For an account of these ancient worthies in the art of illumination, consult the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. cxlii-cxliv.

book belonged to Anne, Duchess of Brittany. The stamp of its being national property — the yet unsuppressed badge of the foppery of the Revolution—is on the recto of the first leaf; while the initials L. A. and A. L. (denoting the union of Anne with Louis XII.) with the arms of Anne in the centre, are on the reverse of the same leaf. These clasps and these latter marks are original: the covers and the lining are modern. Now for the pleasing task of describing the illuminations. On the reverse of the second leaf we observe the *Dead Christ* and the *three Maries*. The figures are about six inches in height. They are executed with great delicacy, but in a style somewhat too feeble for their size. One or two of the heads, however, have rather a good expression. This illumination is injured in many places—a common fate attendant upon the first embellishments in books of this and of an earlier period.

Opposite to this illumination is the *truly invaluable* PORTRAIT OF ANNE herself: surrounded by two attendants, each crowned with a glory; one is displaying a banner, the other holds a cross in her hand. To the left of these attendants, is an old woman, hooded, with her head encircled by a glory. They are all three sweetly and delicately touched; but there are many evident marks of injury and ill usage about the surface of the colouring. Yet, as being *ideal* personages, my eye hastily glided off them to gaze upon the illustrious lady, by whose orders, and at whose expense these figures were executed. It is upon the DUCHESS that I fix my eye, and lavish my commendations. Look at her* as you here observe her. Her gown is brown

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



and gold, trimmed with dark brown fur. Her hair is brown. Her necklace is composed of coloured jewels. Her cheek has a fresh tint; and the missal, upon which her eyes are bent, displays highly ornamented art. The cloth upon the table is dark crimson. The original has a slight injury at the top of the forehead, which, being accidental, was not necessary to be copied by Mr. Lewis; but not a hair, not a tint, not a shadow is faithfully represented. All looks with the same meekness—all strikes with the same beauty—all glows with the same warmth—as the ORIGINAL. And yet, this is only a copy of a portion of it; that is to say, of the portrait of the Duchess without her attendants; for the limits of our time would not admit of the introduction of these accompaniments. In lieu thereof, you have a continuation of what Mr. Lewis supposes would be the landscape, if these figures were withdrawn. Not but that the distant mountains are faithful transcripts of the originals, as is also the nearer part of the river. It was upon this PORTAIT, for twelve successive days, that my graphic companion exercised all his patience and all his art: for, according to the rules before mentioned, it was barely possible for him to bestow upon it more than three hours and a half at a sitting. He received every attention from the servants in waiting, and much and deserved praise, both from the Curators and visitors—French and English—who were continually passing and repassing during the performance. Had I quitted England only to possess this graphic treasure, I had not quitted it in vain.

Let me only further remark, upon this interesting illumination, that the whole is enclosed within a frame

of gold, shaded by brown, (like the robes of the Duchess herself) which is again surrounded by black. Perhaps this latter is of a more recent date. Certainly it is not calculated to harmonise with the subject which it encloses. The *Calendar* follows; in which, in one of the winter months, we observe a very puerile imitation of flakes of snow falling over the figures and the landscape below. The calendar occupies a space of about six inches by four, completely enclosed by a coloured margin. Then begins a series of the most beautiful ornaments of FLOWERS, FRUITS, INSECTS &c. for which the illuminators of this period were often eminently distinguished. These ornaments are almost uniformly introduced in the fore-edges, or right-side margins, of the leaves; although occasionally, but rarely, they encircle the text. They are from five to six inches in length, or height; having the Latin name of the plant at top, and the French name at the bottom. Probably these titles were introduced by a later hand. It is really impossible to describe many of them in terms of adequate praise. The downy plum is almost bursting with ripeness: the butterfly's wings seem to be in tremulous motion, while they dazzle you by their varied lustre: the hairy insect puts every muscle and fibre into action, as he insinuates himself within the curling of the crisped leaves; while these leaves are sometimes glittering with dew, or coated with the finest down. The flowers and the vegetables are equally admirable, and equally true to nature. To particularise would be endless. Assuredly these efforts of art have no rival—of their kind.

Of the illuminations in the Calendar, those representing the customs observed in *February* and *April* are painted with the most characteristic effect. In many of the back-grounds I recognised the style of architecture, whether for castles or houses, which I had observed in my route through Normandy. The *Gospel of St. John* follows the Calendar. The figure of the Saint, who is sitting, faces the opening of the Gospel. It is about seven inches in height. The countenance is very expressive; but it has received considerable injury, from an apparently wanton smear. Next comes the figure of *St. Luke*. The Saint is sitting upon a stone seat, (of which the back is richly carved) and holding up, with his left hand, slightly supported by his right, a sort of medallion of the Virgin—of which the back ground is gold. This medallion is about two inches and a half in length. *St. Luke* is clothed in a green vest, with a crimson surcoat; of which the folds and shadows are happily managed. The countenance has great merit. It is in a sort of reflected light—perhaps in rather too low a tone—and the features appear rather flat and poor. Yet the general effect is excellent. I should add, that the Saints are dressed in a sort of Turkish turban, of a lilac tint. *St. Matthew* is the next attractive illumination, coming quickly after *St. Luke*. It is in good preservation, as is also an attendant female, with a glory: but the colouring of the whole is in a severe and harsh tone. It remains to notice the Evangelist *St. Mark*. In respect to countenance and composition, this Saint is executed in a manner superior to either of the preceding. His face, although it be a little too square and short, is full

of expression. The back ground is appropriate, and adds to the harmony of the whole. It is really a fine production.

I shall next describe the manner in which some of the more popular subjects of Scripture are executed. First, the *Annunciation*. The effect is generally rather feeble; but the countenance of Mary is very sweet. This illumination has in some places received a slight injury. A series of flowered margins ensues; some of them beautifully done. The gold back grounds, shaded with brown, are admirably managed. The *Visitation* or *Meeting of Elizabeth and Mary*, is rather indifferent. The opposite large illumination—"Roses de la Marque dancongne"—"*Species rosarum*"—must originally have been perfectly enchanting: on the reverse, the smaller illumination, entitled "*spēs tass' barbat' — Pāgze Jaulne,*" has infinite merit. But to particularise these smaller subjects would be endless: yet I am persuaded you would stop, for more than one moment, to gaze upon the "*Bec doyseau*"—and more especially upon the reverse of the leaf containing it, entitled *Que dieu march^a*—so beautiful and so brilliant are these flowered ornaments! We come next to the *Crucifixion*—an illumination full nine inches in height: but upon the whole it is a failure. So is the next large illumination of the *Descent of the Holy Spirit*. The *Nativity* has a singular effect: the manger is lighted from Joseph's lantern, which is absolutely in a blaze of gold—but the effect, as a whole, is bad. Admire the exquisite beauty of the flowers upon the reverse of the second leaf after this latter illumination! These flowers are called "*Goudestz.*"

The *Declaration of the Birth of Christ* is the next large illumination ; but it is a failure, considered as a piece of composition and colouring. The shepherds are warming themselves round a fire, of which the colour is sufficiently red. The flowers, in the margin opposite, are, almost as usual, deliciously touched. The *Adoration of the Magi* is the next principal illumination ; having considerable merit and great effect. The two male heads, one above the other, have a good deal of expression ; but the countenance of the Virgin has that insipidity of character by which it was frequently characterised by the artists of this period. The opposite illumination of the *Pommes de Paradis* is beyond all praise. Such fruit is worthy of the place by which they are called. The *Presentation* is the next ensuing large illumination : but, as usual, when the artist attempts to group, or to give historical expression, he is sure to fail. The preservation of the painting is perfect. Next comes the *Flight into Egypt* ; but it is an indifferent performance. On the ninth ensuing leaf, from this last illumination, there is one of the larger fruit and flower pieces of *cherries*, &c.—and I suspect that, originally, an historical subject faced it. We have next a fine large illumination of *David choosing one of the Evils* : he is kneeling, while the angel holds three darts above his head. It has great merit. The countenance of David is expressive, but rather too chubby : his flowered robe of gold, upon a blue ground, is admirable. A glorious fruit illumination of “ *wood-nuts* ” quickly follows : at the bottom of which, in the right corner, are two monkies quarrelling ; done to the very life. The marginal flowers which succeed, are, if

possible, more beautiful than those before : the ears of green wheat, oats, &c.—and, yet more, the dandelion—have absolutely nothing to surpass them, either upon the canvas of Van Huysum or De Heem !

The *Raising of Lazarus* is the next large illumination ; having, in parts, very considerable effect. The figure and expression of Christ are excellent, but perhaps it is deficient in majesty of expression. A tear is flowing down each cheek—touched in a peculiarly transparent manner. “ Jesus wept : ”—but I believe not at the *grave* of his departed friend. The figure of Lazarus has considerable merit. An illumination of plums is on the opposite page—of a particularly leaden tint. *Job* and his friends form the subject of the succeeding illumination. Each of the three accompanying figures seem to be touched with heart-felt sorrow ; and there is consequently no taunting. The opposite fruit piece, called “ Guernadee,” or *Pomegranate*, is however much preferable to this historical group. A representation of the *Trinity* next arrests our attention. On the head of the Almighty is a triple tiara ; around that of our Saviour is apparently a crown of thorns. The dove is between them. The back ground is gold. The robes of the figures just described exhibited beautiful touches of gold, but the whole wants effect. The bunches of small black grapes, opposite, are absolutely tantalising to the sight—from the truth and perfection of their finish. It is followed by a fruit-subject of equal beauty. *Joseph, Mary, and the Infant Christ* next ensue ; but, though these figures are in a good state of preservation, the effect is poor. A marvellously fine illumination of a *Group of Angels*

follows. In the centre of this group stands one, probably St. Michael, completely clad in golden armour, of beautiful workmanship, with a spear in his right hand, and his left hand resting upon a shield. The countenance is most tenderly touched; but, for a person, so armed, the expression seems too feminine. Probably this is the finest illumination of large figures in the volume; with the exception of that in which the portrait of Anne of Brittany is introduced. Some deliciously executed green gooseberries face this "*Oraison des Anges*."

There is yet a much finer piece of art in the head (well deserving of being copied) of the figure of the "*Bon Ange*" which follows: by no means unworthy even of the pencil of Raphael. The wings are crimson; the vestment is green; a sword is in the right hand; and a sort of casket, in blue, hangs to the left—suspended from the right shoulder. *Gabriel* is the next in succession. The vestment of the Saint is lilac, tenderly touched; but the face is comparatively mean. Some delicious "*melons*" cause the eye quickly to wander towards the opposite page. The *Twelve Apostles*, grouped, succeed: St. Peter and St. Paul are in front: but these figures are not equal to their precursors. The *Martyrs*, kneeling, form the ensuing subject of art. They are in much better taste than the preceding. The brown and gold ornament, on the side of a book, is cleverly understood. *SS. Cosme and Damian* are the next graphic subject: the former with an urinal, the latter with a *piv*, in his hand: in good preservation: the heads are well coloured, especially that of *St. Damian*. *St. Sebastian* succeeds; a very

meagre affair. The *ten thousand Martyrs* afterwards arrest our shuddering attention. Some of them are spiked; others are upon crosses — with the blood streaming on all sides. The colouring is horribly correct. A most extraordinary performance. Next comes *St. Peter the Martyr*: his head or skull is half cleft through with a sword; while another, up to the very hilt, is plunged through his heart. No hand directs either instrument. The blood follows copiously from each wound; yet the Saint is kneeling, and writing tranquilly upon the ground “*Credo in D—*.” Some admirably painted *apples*, on the opposite page, quickly divert the attention from this distressing subject. Both the Latin and French name of these apples is evidently erased.

Next come the *Confessors*: sufficiently gorgeous, but stiff and tame. The opposite apples are more to my taste. *St. Nicholas*, with the three boys in a basket, is in every respect a more desirable performance. These Saints are, generally, from seven to nine inches in height; and the present is of the latter dimensions. He makes indeed a very charming illumination: his head, both for colour and drawing, is almost perfect, and in an exceedingly fresh state of preservation. His white gloves, vestment, and deep blue robes, are all excellent of their kind. The three children are also good, upon the whole: they seem to be walking about in water, within the tub. There is an illumination of *hops* on the opposite page, which are called “*Luppilus—Hobelon*.” *St. Liphart and the Dragon* next command our attention: gorgeously coloured—with rather a fine whole length attitude of the

Saint—but inferior to the preceding illumination of St. Nicholas. *St. Anthony of Padua* is the following subject of graphic art. It is strikingly executed. The Saint is in a brown vestment, holding a wafer and a cup. A white horse is by his side. We have next *St. Martin*, giving his cloak to a beggar. The Saint is upon a white horse, in a most beautiful suit of golden armour, with a blue and gold breast plate. His countenance is mild and expressive. *St. Hubert and the Stag* succeed. The Saint is a good brown, stout, lusty fellow. His staff and dogs are near him. The figure of *St. Anthony* next claims our attention; but it is rather heavy, and of inferior execution. A group of *Virgins*—splendid, but stiff and uninteresting—is the succeeding subject of art. This is a sort of prelude to the female saints—individually detailed—which ensue.

Of these female Saints, first comes *Madame Ste. Anne*; a very formal and grave lady. Next *Madame Ste. Ursule*, very singular. She is kneeling, pierced with an arrow. A crown is on her head. Her hands are elevated. About her, are females—with their heads cut off, and the blood streaming on all sides. A group of soldiers is to the left. A vessel is in the distance, with the virgins suffering martyrdom—the whole evidently a representation of the well known tale of *St. Ursula*, and the eleven thousand Virgins.*

“The story of St. Ursula, and her eleven thousand Virgins, was thought in former times a sufficiently glorious army of martyrs; but Mr. Caxton assures us that there were also fifteen thousand men who suffered with them, and so the whole company consisted of no less than twenty-six thousand. This part of the history was vouched to

Mary Magdalene is the next female subject, upon which the eye generally delights to dwell. She has a melancholy expression of countenance, with a *pix* in her hand. The back-ground is solemn and impressive. As a contrast, comes *St. Catharine*; superb and beautiful. She is in a fine state of preservation, and is really worth copying; but—Her countenance and attitude unite timidity with elegance. *Madame Ste. Margaret* follows. She is kneeling in the midst of a large coiled serpent. Her countenance is tenderly coloured. *Madame Ste. Helene* is gay but rather stiff. *All Saints*; very superb, but stiff and gaudy. The upper part of this illumination shews what a cruel marginal amputation this lovely volume has undergone. Opposite, is a most brilliant representation of flowers—entitled “*Nasturci Aquatici.*” We have next *two Angels supporting a Font*: the usual graphic ornament at the commencement of printed volumes of devotion. In the work of art before me, there is a gorgeous but stiff effect. Then follows the *Nursing of*

him by the men of Cologne, who seem to have had some farther revelation since the days of Tynmouth and Capgrave. *Hist. Library*, p. 98.—Edit 1736. “But,” says Oldys, “after all the monstrous improbabilities of this story, how rationally the said twenty-six thousand may be reduced to two persons, may appear in a modern French historiographer; who is of Father Simon’s opinion about this legend, that those who first broached it, finding in some old martyrological MSS. “*ST. URSULA ET UNDECIMILLA V. M.* that is, *S. URSULA* and *UNDECIMILLA* martyrs—and imagining that *UNDECIMILLA* with the *V.* and *M.*, which followed, was an abbreviation for *UNDECIM MILLIA MARTYRUM VIRGINUM*—did thence, out of two *VIRGINS*, make *ELEVEN THOUSAND.*” *Biog. Brit.* vol. iii. 370. *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. i. 1810; p. 192.

the Infant Jesus: a very indifferent production. Joseph is asleep. We have next Joseph, Mary, Christ, and three female attendants: rather stiff and feeble. *Jesus returning to Nazareth*, after disputing with the Doctors: finely marked in gold—but tame and stiff. The reverse of the opposite leaf displays a most exquisite flower called "*Fagère bastarde*." The following, and last, large illumination, is *Judas betraying Christ*. It is full of figures: the gold is too spotty, and the effect is missed. Look for one minute only at the flower called "*Politrice*"—on the last leaf but three—and express your regret that you have at length come to the close of this enchanting series of EMBELLISHMENTS.

Such, my friend, is the volume of HOURS which once belonged to the celebrated ANNE OF BRITTANY! the wife of LOUIS XII. of France, who has been justly called the father of his people. I only wish you had been at my elbow during the whole time of my careful examination—although, by so doing, you would have been only the more sensible of the inadequate manner in which the decorations of this matchless book have been here described. Yet one word more, and I shut up the precious volume—possibly for ever. The recto of the last leaf has the initials L. A., &c. as at the beginning; but they are here shaded in lilac, with a back-ground; and in the centre, surrounded by a very tasteful fillet executed in ultramarine, just beneath a crown, is the letter A—singularly designed—within a black cord upon a gold ground. This volume measures very nearly twelve inches by seven inches and five-eighths. The clasps are *undoubtedly* original.

HOURS BELONGING TO POPE PAUL III. 8vo. The portrait of the Pope is at the bottom of the first ornament : which fixes the period of its execution to about the middle of the sixteenth century. Towards the end the pages are elaborately ornamented in the arabesque manner. There are some pleasing children : of that style of art which is seen in the Missal belonging to Sir. M. M. Sykes, of the time of Francis I. The scrip- tion is very beautiful. The volume afterwards be- longed to Pius VI., whose arms are worked in tambour on the outside. It is kept in a case, and is doubtless a fine book.

MISSALS : numbers 19—4650. Under this head I shall notice two pretty volumes of the devotional kind ; of which the subjects are executed in red, blue, &c.—and of which the one seems to be a copy of the other. The borders exhibit a style of art somewhat be- tween that of Julio Clovio and what is seen in the famous Missal just mentioned, and now in the posses- sion of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.

MISSAL OF HENRY IV. No. 1171. This book is of the end of the xvith century. The ground is gold, with a small brilliant roman letter for text. The subjects are executed in a pale chocolate tint, rather capricious than tasteful. It has been cropt in the binding. The name and arms of Henry are on the exterior. But was it in his life-time that the title of **PATER PATRIÆ** was impressed on one of the sides ?

Thus, much, my dear friend, for the **SACRED TEXT**—either in its original, uninterrupted state—or as partially embodied in *Missals*, *Hours*, or *Rituals*. I think it will be now but reasonable to give you, as

well as myself, some little respite from the toil of further examination ; especially as the next class of MSS. is so essentially different—and will require the investigation of a fresh pair of eyes. In the mean while, I leave you to carry the image of ANNE OF BRIT-TANY to your pillow ; and to let the vivid colours, with which her Prayer Book, and the other devotional volumes here described, are adorned, play before your imagination—to beguile the hours of languor or restlessness. In the mean time, a hearty adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

ARE you thoroughly awake, and disenchanted from the magic which the contents of the preceding letter may have probably thrown around you? Arouse—to scenes of a different aspect, but of a not less splendid and spirit-stirring character. Buckle on your helmet, . . . for the trumpet sounds to arms. The KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE call upon you, from their rock-hewn recesses, to be vigilant, faithful, enterprising, and undaunted. In language less elevated, and somewhat more intelligible, I am about to place before you a few illuminated MSS. relating to HISTORY and ROMANCE; not without, in the first place, making a digression into one or two volumes of MORALITIES, if they may be so called. Prepare, therefore, for the inspection of a couple of volumes—which, for size, splendor, and general state of preservation, have no superior in the Royal Library of France.

CITÉ DE DIEU: No. 6712: folio. 2 vols. These are doubtless among the most magnificent *shew-books* in this collection; somewhat similar, in size and style of art, to the MS. of VALERIUS MAXIMUS, in our British Museum—of which, should you not have forgotten it, some account may be read in the *Bibliogra-*

phical Decameron.* At the very first page we are almost disposed to exclaim at the magnificent illumination which presents itself! We observe an assemblage of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, with a King seated on his throne in the midst of them. The figures in the fore-ground are from four to five inches high; and so in gradation upwards. The illumination has received an injury to the left, but the colouring of some of the draperies is in a most delightful tone. The countenances have also a soft and quiet expression. The arms of *Graville* (qu. *Grāuille*?) are in the circular border.

Three leaves beyond, a still larger and more crowded illumination appears—in a surprising state of freshness and beauty; measuring nearly a foot and a half in height. It is prefixed to the *First Book*, and is divided into a group in the clouds, and various groups upon the earth below. These latter are representations of human beings in all situations and occupations of life — exhibiting the prevalence of both virtues and vices. They are encircled at bottom by a group of Demons. The figures do not exceed two inches in height. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and brilliancy of this specimen of art about the middle of the xvth century:—a ms. date of 1469 shewing the precise period of its execution. This latter is at the end of the first volume. Each book, into which the work is divided, has a large illumination prefixed, of nearly equal beauty and splendor. The illumination to the *Second Book* is divided into two compartments; of which the lower has great merit, both on the score

* Vol. i. p. ccxx-i.

of colouring and expression. A group of demons is dancing round the wall at bottom.

The illumination belonging to the *Third Book* is divided into three compartments. A king on horse-back, in each of the two upper compartments, is most magnificently executed. The black eagle upon the gold housings is very striking. In the third, and lowest compartment, there is a banquet of some kind ; in which the draperies of the guests are of a chocolate colour. The table-cloth is cleverly managed. Indeed it was one of those objects, upon which artists of this period, (whether upon canvas or upon vellum) loved to exhibit all their carefulness of observation—both in respect to the niceties of folds and of light and shade. Think of that piece of table-furniture in the famous *Last Supper* of LEONARDO DA VINCI. I will venture the wager of a ducat that the whole was stolen from such a work as that now before me. In the subject under description, there appears to be some royal personage, to the right ;—entering perhaps the master of the feast. His robes are finished with prodigious care and neatness. The illumination to the *Fourth Book* is in three compartments, in small figures. In the third compartment is a representation of Phaeton demanding the guidance of the chariot of the sun. He is kneeling before his father, with a glory round his head—like an old Jewish Monarch—in robes of ermine. To the right, appear the chariot and horses, of a most decidedly red colour, tumbling headlong into the river Po. The chariot, in the same flaming colour, appears below. There is a speech upon a label, from the mouth both of Phaeton and Apollo.

The illumination to the *Fifth Book* displays nothing very remarkable. The discovery of Romulus and Remus, in the third compartment, is very strangely handled. The *sixth book* is preceded by an embellishment divided only into two compartments. Cicero, Marcus Varro, and St. Austin, are in the upper one: while groups of figures, entreating demons to give them something to drink, fill the lower compartment. The *Seventh Book* has an illumination in three compartments: the whole being very splendid and curious. At the top is represented the destruction of Carthage: in the centre, the "festa terminalia" — in which there is a feast to the left: men are flogging each other in the centre, with marks of blood upon their arms and thighs—while a group of males and females, draped, and cleverly coloured, is dancing behind them. St. Austin appears with his pastoral staff, and tells them they are sacrificing to devils and not to God. There are some small flying angels, behind him, in very singular attitudes. In the third compartment you observe Jupiter and Juno, one at each side of the painting, giving suck to animals; while goats, boars, and groups of other beasts, with St. Austin, &c., are between them. It is rarely that old Jove has been so represented. The three remaining illuminations, to the three succeeding books, are pretty much of the same character for composition and colouring.

In the *Second Volume* of this MS. the illuminations are generally smaller and less brilliant. The thirteenth, representing the eating of the forbidden fruit, with a fountain and a skeleton, forms, altogether, a very singular and striking composition. The four-

teenth illumination exhibits the dragging of the disobedient into a pit, to be tormented by demons. The fifteenth—building of a town: the gems on the robes of the man in the fore ground, apparently superintending the work, are brilliantly touched: the sixteenth is the destruction of the tower of Babel: in the seventeenth, are smaller illuminations: the eighteenth and nineteenth are equally brilliant, especially the latter. The twentieth illumination represents the *Day of Judgment*. Isaiah, St. Paul, and Malachi are sitting below. Devils are rising up out of the ground: groups of them are also in the air. The Almighty is delineated at the top of the painting. The following, or twenty-first subject, displays the tortures of the damned. It is dreadfully interesting. You observe two cauldrons in which they are boiling. A pond of boiling water is in the fore-part of the picture, in which the tortured are floating, while dragons and fiends are tormenting them. Above, are a man and woman, facing each other, tied to a spit—which is turning round—the woman being uppermost. A devil is blowing the fire with a pair of bellows, while another devil turns the spit. The fire appears to be very hot and flaming. Above these, again, there are two devils pounding a man upon an anvil. The colouring of the figures, throughout, is in a fine, strong, and striking tint. The twenty-second and last subject exhibits a refreshing contrast to the foregoing scene of horror and torture. It is a representation of the Blessed in Paradise. The gilding is very brilliant. The Trinity and the Virgin are above. All the Saints, male and female, carry in their hands the particular instrument by which

death was inflicted upon them, so as to entitle them to be canonised as Martyrs. The colophon purports the work to have been *composed* in 1375. Upon the whole, these are volumes which cannot fail to arrest the attention, and excite the admiration, of the lovers of the ancient art of book-illumination.

There is another copy of the same work, in three folio volumes, not so large, with inferior illuminations.

VITA CHRISTI. This large folio MS. is worth noticing for its singularity. The text and the surrounding borders are all complete: but not a single *subject* is introduced, although void spaces are left for them. One may hence be induced to suppose, that the Scribe and the Rubricator first finished their labours, before the illuminator commenced his task. This, however, is a mere conjecture.

LES ECHECS AMOUREUX. Folio. No. 6808. The title does not savour of any moral application to be derived from the perusal of the work. Nevertheless, there are portions of it which were evidently written with this view—and, as I have no particular article for MISCELLANEOUS subjects, you must e'en receive this in its present place. Indeed it is so lovely, and I had almost said so matchless, a volume, that you ought to rejoice to have an account of it in any shape. On the score of delicate, fresh, carefully-executed art, this folio may challenge comparison with any similar treasure in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The subjects are not crowded, nor minute; nor of a very wonderful and intricate nature; but they are quietly composed, softly executed, and are, at this present moment, in a state of preservation perfectly beautiful and

entire. Let a portion of the first illumination—forming the *frontispiece* of the MS.—speak for itself in the subjoined fac-simile: the performance of Mr. Lewis. The colouring of the woman's countenance is quite perfect: but you must condemn the Gothic taste of making the head too large for the shoulders and body, while the latter is decidedly of a very meagre cast.



From the arms beneath, we perceive that this volume once belonged to a Dauphin of France; probably to Charles VIII. The *second illumination* displays two women, with distaves: with Death in the back-ground:—as fresh and perfect as if the artist had just bestowed upon it his final touches. A little onward we have a most extraordinary representation of the story of Saturn and Cœlus. The finish of the woman's countenance is absolutely surprising. To the right, is a figure of Saturn devouring his children. The *fourth illumination* exhibits a finely coloured head and drapery of a Monarch on his throne, striking a man dead with a feathered dart. The *fifth* subject displays three naked women dancing round a tree; with a man having a bow and arrow, and a harp, to the right. We have, *sixthly*, an admirably executed subject of a man in a chariot, drawn by a white horse. His countenance is full of ardour. He has a helmet upon his head, and carries a flail over his right shoulder. Next comes, as the *seventh* subject, of larger dimensions, a woman sitting — and playing upon a dulcimer. The seat upon which she sits is gracefully terminated at each end by a white swan. There is a delightful group sitting in the back-ground. We have, as the *eighth* subject, an extraordinary composition of a woman bathing; with her right hand beneath her left breast. She has long, flowing, golden hair. A surly old fellow is sitting in a chair by the side of her, with a glove in his left hand. There are three small naked women to the right, and a sort of winged Mercury above them—looking in a distorted, and odd manner.

The *ninth* illumination exhibits a woman in a forest, near a castle ; of which the owner carries a bow in his hand—in rather a fine attitude. Next comes an illumination in which are represented mermaids, fishes, with trumpets in their mouths—and an old man attacking a white horse. The *eleventh* subject is rather terrific. We observe Pluto and Proserpine, attended by devils, harpies, &c. : but the countenance and the head-dress of the Queen of Hell merits to be copied—from its peculiarity and force. The *twelfth* subject is of comparatively very large dimensions. Juno, Pallas, and Venus are in an enclosed garden. A female, with a beautifully-executed countenance, and a key in her hand, is about to open a door, over which the word “**Pature**” is inscribed. Paris, and an old man are in the foreground. Paris is most gaily attired, and seems to be anxious to enter the garden, wherein the rival goddesses stand. In short, this should seem to be the prologue or prelude to the well known subject of the Choice of Paris. The present is the last illumination. Indeed there are but few of them : although two or three of the smaller ones have not been noticed by me. I felt a strong inclination to procure a fac-simile of one of these smaller subjects—that of a woman presenting a flower. I cannot, however, my good friend, restore this lovely book to its resting place, without again taking a sort of “long and lingering look” at it—from a recollection of the very beautiful subjects of art which it contains.

BOCCACE ; DES CAS DES NOBLES HOMMES ET FEMMES. No. 6878. The present seems to be the fit place to notice this very beautiful folio volume of

one of the most popular works of Boccaccio. Copies of it, both in ms. and early print—are indeed common in foreign libraries. There is a date of 1409 at the very commencement of the volume ; but I take the liberty to question whether that be the date of its actual scription. On the contrary, I should say that fifty years at least might be added to this date—forming my judgment from the style of art displayed in the illuminations. However, I desire to stand open to correction and conviction ; and, if it please you better, will say that it is possibly of the date first mentioned. The illuminations in this manuscript exhibit a fine specimen of the commencement of that soft, and as some may think woolly, style of art which appears to so much advantage in the *Bedford Missal and Breviary* ; and of which, indeed, a choice specimen of circular ornaments is seen round the first large illumination of the creation and expulsion of Adam and Eve. What is rather remarkable, the text is a thick coarse gothic ; not much unlike that of the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis* : of which both Mr. Ottley and myself have given facsimiles to the public. The illuminations are not of the first rate, nor are they all by the same hand. There is a most singular representation of Pope Joan ; in which I have left a piece of paper to guide the attention of such old-fashioned observers of antiquity as ourselves. Indeed you may possibly recollect that a very curious representation of the same subject, from an old printed edition of the work, has been already published.*

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 586.

THE SAME WORK: with the same date—but the hand-writing is evidently more modern. Of the illuminations, it will be only necessary to mention the large one at fol. iij.c. (ccc.) in which the gray tints and the gold are very cleverly managed. At the end is seen, in a large sprawling character, the following inscription: “*Ce Livre est A Le Harne. Fille Et Seur de Roys de France, Duchesse de Bourbonnois et dauvergne. Contesse de Clermont et de Tourez. Dame de Beaujeu.*” This inscription bears the date of 1468; not very long before which I suspect the MS. to have been executed.

THE SAME: of the same date—which I am persuaded was copied by each succeeding scribe. The illuminations are here generally of a very inferior character: but the first has much merit, and is by a superior hand. The text is executed in a running secretary Gothic. There are two other MSS. of the same work which I examined; and in one of which the well known subject of the *wheel of fortune* is perhaps represented for the first time. It usually accompanied the printed editions, and may be seen in that of our Pynson, in 1494,* folio. I suspect, from one of the introductory prefaces, that the celebrated *Laurent le Premier Fait* was the principal scribe who gave a sort of fashion to this MS. in France. I happen to have only three articles in HISTORY to subjoin—which are as follow.

PTOLEMÆUS, *Latinè*. A magnificent MS.—if size and condition be alone considered. It is however precious in the estimation of the Collector of por-

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 421.



LOUIS THE TWELFTH.

traits, as it contains one of Louis XII ;—so apparently faithful that I cannot resist the transmission of it in this despatch.* This portrait is nearly in the centre of the frontispiece to the book ; facing a Latin address to Pope Alexander V. Behind the monarch stand two men ; one leaning upon his staff. A large gothic window is above. A crucifix and altar are beneath it. There is but one other similar illumination in the volume ; and each nearly occupies the whole of the page — which is almost twenty-three inches long by fourteen wide. The other illumination is hardly worth describing. The scription of the MS. is in a large lower-case gothic character ; and the maps at the end are coloured in the usual fashion of the day—in green and blue, representing water. This noble volume, which almost made the bearer stoop beneath its weight, is bound in wood :—covered with blue velvet, with a running yellow pattern, of the time of Louis—but now almost worn away. I should not imagine the book much older than the time of that monarch.

TITE-LIVE. A noble and magnificent MS. apparently of the beginning of the xvth. century. It seems to point out the precise period when the artists introduced those soft full-coloured, circular borders—just after the abandonment of the sharp outline, and thin coat of colour—discoverable in the illuminations of the xiiith and xivth centuries. The first grand illumination, with a circular border, is an interesting illustration of this remark. The backgrounds to the pictures are the well-known small bright squares of blue and gold.

* See the **OPPOSITE PLATE.** The drawing was made by M. CŒURE'.

The text is in a firm square and short gothic character : not altogether very unlike that of the *Speculum*, &c.

L'HISTOIRE ROMAINE : No. 6984 : Folio, 3 vols. written in the French language. These are among the *shew books* of the library. The exterior pattern of the binding is beautiful in the extreme. Such a play of lines, in all directions, but chiefly circular, I never before saw. The date, on the outside, is 1556. The writing and the illuminations are of the latter part of the xvth century ; and although they be gorgeous, and in a fine state of preservation, yet is the character of the art but secondary and rather common.

ROYAL BIOGRAPHY OF FRANCE. This exquisite volume may be justly designated as the *nonpareil* of its kind. It is rather a book of PORTRAITS, than a MS. with intermixed illuminations. The scription, in a sort of cursive, secretary gothic character, merits not a moment's attention : the pencil of the artist having wholly eclipsed the efforts of the scribe. Such a series of exquisitely finished portraits, of all the Kings of France, (with the unaccountable omission, unless it has been taken out, of that of Louis XII.) is perhaps no where else to be seen. M. Cœuré, the French artist employed by me, stood in ecstasies before it ! These portraits are taken from old tombstones, missals, and other ancient and supposed authentic documents. They are here touched and finished in a manner the most surprisingly perfect. The book appears to have been executed expressly for CHARLES IX. —to whom it was in fact presented by *Dutillet*, (the

artist or the superintendent of the volume) in his proper person. The gilt stamp of the two reversed C's are on the sides of the binding. I should add that the portraits are surrounded by borders of gold, shaded in brown, in the arabesque manner. All the portraits are whole lengths; and if my time and pursuits had permitted it, I should, ere this, have caused M. Cœuré to have transfused a little of his enthusiasm into faithful fac-similes of those of Francis I.—my avowed favourite—of which one represents him in youth, and the other when old. Why do not the Noblesse of France devote some portion of that wealth, which may be applied to worse purposes, to obtaining a series of engravings executed from this matchless volume?!

Now then, my good friend, prepare for a brief, but neither cold nor inadequate, (I would hope) account of a few of the more ancient illuminated MSS. relating to your favourite class of

ROMANCES, BOOKS OF TOURNAMENT, &c.

LANCELOT DU LAC shall lead the way. He was always considered among the finest fellows who ever encircled the *Table Ronde*—and *such* a copy of his exploits, as is at this moment before me, it is probably not very easy for even yourself to conceive. If the height and bulk of the knight were in proportion to this written record of his achievements, the plume of his helmet must have brushed the clouds. This enormous volume (No. 6783) is divided into three books or parts: of which the first part is illuminated in the usual coarse style of the latter end of the xivth cen-

ture. The title to this first part, in red ink, is the most perfect resemblance of the earliest type used by Caxton, which I remember to have seen in an ancient manuscript. The other titles do not exhibit that similarity. The first part has ccxlvij. leaves. The second part has no illuminations; if we except a tenderly touched outline, in a brownish black, upon the third leaf—which is much superior to any specimen of art in the volume. This second part has ccej. leaves. At the end :—

Sensuit le liure du saint graal.

The spaces for illuminations are regularly preserved, but by what accident or design they were not filled up remains to be conjectured. The third part or book is fully illuminated like the first. There is a very droll illumination on folio vij. ^{xx}. xij. At the end of the volume, on folio ccxxxij., recto, is the following date : “ *Aujourduy iiij. Jour du Jullet lan mil ccc. soixante dix a este escript ce livre darmes par Micheaugatelet prestre demourant en la ville de Tournay.*” Just before the colophon, on the reverse of the preceding leaf, is a common-place illumination of the interment of a figure in a white sheet—with this inscription :

ICI : GIST. LECORS : GALAHAVT : SEIGNEVR

DES. LOINTENES. ILES. ET. AVECQVES. LVI. REPOVSE : MESIRE

LANCELOT. DVLAC. MELLIEVR. CHRL. DV. MÛDE. APRES. GVALEAT.

Huge as this volume is, it has unquestionably undergone the usual process of amputation in France. There are two or three more illuminated MSS. of our well-beloved Lancelot. One, in six volumes, has illu-

minations, but they are of the usual character of those of the xvth century.

LANCELOT DU LAC, &c. This MS. is in three volumes. The first contains only, as it were, an incipient illumination ; but there is preserved, on the reverse of the binding, and written in the same character with the text, the following three lines—of which the private history or particular application, is now forgotten—although we learn, from the word *bloys* being written at top, that this MS. came from the library of Catherine de Medici—when she resided at Blois. The lines are these.

*Des histoires et liures en francoys Pal.
Entre la premiere et Seconde croyseez
Contre la muraille vers les fosses.*

The second volume of this copy is in quite a different character and much older than the first. This indeed was palpable to me, before I had read the colophon, which assigns to it the date of 1344. The volume is full of illuminations, and the first leaf exhibits a fair good specimen of those drolleries which are so frequently seen in illuminated MSS. of this period. The third volume is in a still different hand-writing : perhaps a little more ancient. It has a few slight illuminations, only as capital initials. In the colophon, mention is made of Walter Mapes's history of Launcelot du Lac : “ *car bien a tout mene a fin solonc les choses ki en auindrent. e defne son liure si outreement ke apres ces nenpoureit nus raconter chose ki nen mentist.*” There are sixteen very dull French verses below.

LANCELOT DU LAC : No. 6782. This MS. is executed in a small gothic character, in ink which has now become much faded. From the character of the illuminations, I should consider it to be much more ancient than either of the preceding—even at the commencement of the XIIIth century. The only colophon is thus ;—

Explicit de la mort le roi artus.
EXPLICIT. CI FINE LE ROY
MANS DE LANCELOT DEL
LAC.

This MS. is in parts much injured. Among the illuminations there is a very curious one, with this prefix ;

*Vne dame venant a. c. chr. q̄ dort en son
 lit & ele le volt baisier. mais vne
 damoiselle li deffendi*

You will not fail to bear in mind that the history of Lancelot du Lac will be also found in those of Tristan and Arthur. I shall now therefore introduce you to a MS. or two relating to the former.

TRISTAN. No. 6957, 2 vols. *folio*. This is a very fine old MS. apparently of the middle of the XIVth century. The scription and the embellishments fairly justify this inference. The first glance of the top shews how cruelly it has been cut down in the binding. The first volume contains three hundred and fifty-one leaves. On the reverse of the last leaf but one, is the word “*anne*” in large lower-case letters ; but a ms. memorandum, in a later hand, at the end, tells us that this copy was once the property of “*the late Dame*

Agnes," &c. The second volume is written in more of the secretary gothic character—and is probably somewhat later than the first. It is executed in double columns. The illuminations are little more than outlines, prettily executed upon a white ground—or rather the vellum is uncoloured. This volume seems to want a leaf at the commencement, and yet it has a title at top, as if the text actually began there. The colophon is thus :

**Explicit le Romāt de. C. & de pseut
qui fut fait lan mille. iijc. iiijxx. & xix.
la veille de pasques grans.**

TRISTAN, Fils de MELIADUS, No. 6773. A folio of almost unparalleled breadth of back!—measuring more than six inches and a quarter, without the binding. A beautiful illumination once graced the first leaf, divided into four compartments, which is now almost effaced. In the third compartment, there are two men and two women playing at chess, in a vessel. What remains, only conveys an imperfect idea of its original beauty! The lady seems to have received check-mate, from the melancholy cast of her countenance, and her quiet attitude. The man is lifting up both hands, as if in the act of exultation upon his victory. The other two figures are attendants, who throw the dice. Upon the whole, this is among the prettiest bits I have yet seen. It is worth noticing that the yellow paint, like our Indian yellow, is here very much used; shaded with red. The generality of the illuminations are fresh; but there is none of equal beauty with that just described. From the scription, and the

style of art, I should judge this MS. to have been executed about the year 1400 or 1420 ; but a memorandum, apparently in a somewhat later hand, says it was finished in 1458 :—Par *Michean gonnot de la brouce p̄stre demeurant a croysant*. Some lines below have been scratched out. The colophon, just before, is on the recto of the last leaf :

**Explicit le rōmans de tristan et de la Royne
Uscult la blonde Royne de cornoalle.**

TRISTAN : No. 6774. *Folio* 2 vols. The illuminations are magnificent, but lightly coloured and shaded. The draperies are in good taste. The border to the first large illumination, in four parts, is equally elegant in composition and colouring, and a portion of it might be worth copying. There is a pretty illumination of two women sitting down. A table cloth, with dinner upon it, is spread upon the grass between them :—a bottle is plunged into a running stream from a fountain, with an ewer on one side in the foreground. One woman plays upon the guitar while the other eats her dinner. The second volume has a fine illumination divided into four parts, with a handsome border—not quite perhaps so rich as the preceding. Among the subjects, there is a singular one of Lancelot du Lac helping a lady out of a cauldron in a state of nudity : two gentlemen and a lady are quietly looking on. The text appertaining to this subject runs thus : “ *Et quant elle voit lancelot si lui dist hoia sire cheualiers pour dieu ostes moy de ceste aure ou il a eaue qui toute mait Et lancelot vint a la aure et prent la damoiselle par la main et lentrahit hors. Et quant elle se voit deliure*

elle luy chiet aux pies et lui baise la iambe et lui dist sire benoite soit leure que vous feustes oncques nes, &c."

The top of the last leaf is cut off; and the date has been probably destroyed. The colophon runs thus :

**Cy fenist le libre de tristan et de la
royne pseult de cornouaille et
le graal que plus nen ba.**

The present is a fine genuine old copy : in faded yellow morocco binding—and apparently not having been subjected to the torturing instruments of De Rome. Let me next introduce you to your beloved Arthur.

LE ROY ARTUS. No. 6963. Folio. I consider this to be the oldest illuminated MS. of the present Romance which I have yet seen. It is of the date of 1274, as its colophon imports. It is written in double columns, but the illuminations are heavy and sombre ;—about two inches in height, generally oblong. There are grotesques, attached to letters, in the margin. The backgrounds are thick, shining gold. At the end ;

Explicit de lanselot. del lac*
Ces Roumans fu par escriis. En lan
del Incarnation nostre Seigneur. mil
deus cens & sixante & quatorse le
semedi apres pour ce li ki lescrist.

It is in a fine state of preservation. Mons. Méon shewed me a manuscript of the ST. GRAAL, executed in a similar style, and written in treble columns.

* The words " del lac" are in a later hand.

LE MÊME. This is a metrical MS of the XIIIth century : executed in double columns. The illuminations are small but rather coarse. It is in fine preservation. Bound in green velvet. Formerly the outsides of this binding had silver gilt medallions ; five on each side. These have been latterly stolen. I also saw a fine **PERCEFOREST**, in four large folio volumes upon vellum, written in a comparatively modern Gothic hand. The illuminations were to be *supplied*—as spaces were left for them. There is also a paper MS. of the same Romance not illuminated.

Having thus given you a pretty fair specimen of some of the principal ms. treasures in this library connected with Romances of **KNIGHTS OF CHIVALRY**, let me conclude this division of my labours by the mention of an equally well-known romance, but of a totally different character. I mean, that entitled

ROMAN DE LA ROSE : No. 6983. I consider this to be the oldest MS. of its subject which I have seen. It is executed in a small Gothic character, in two columns, with ink which has become much faded : and from the character, both of the scription and the embellishments, I apprehend the date of it to be somewhere about the middle of the XIVth century. The illuminations are small, but pretty and perfect ; the backgrounds are generally square, diamond-wise, without gold ; but there are backgrounds of solid shining gold. The subjects are rather quaintly and whimsically, than elegantly, treated. In the whole, one hundred and sixty leaves. From Romances, of all and every kind, let us turn our eyes towards representations of subjects intimately connected with them. I mean



JOHN, DUKE OF BRITTANY.

BOOK OF TOURNAMENTS. No. 8351. Folio. This volume is in a perfect blaze of splendour. Hither let PROSPERO and PALMERIN resort—to choose their casques, their gauntlets, their cuirasses, and lances: yea, let more than one-half of the Roxburghers make an annual pilgrimage to visit this tome!—which developes, in thirteen minutes, more chivalrous intelligence than is contained even in the mystical leaves of the *ſtapt of Arms and Chyvalrye* of their beloved Caxton. Be my pulse calm, and my wits composed, as I essay the description of this *meruailous* volume. Beneath a large illumination of Louis XI. sitting upon his throne—but much injured—are the following verses:

*Pour exemple aulx nobles et gens darmes
 Qui appetent les faitz darmes hautes
 Le Sire de gremthumsé duyt es armes
 Volut au roy ce livre presenter*

Next ensue knights on horseback, heralds, &c.—with a profusion of coat-armours: each illumination occupying a full page. On the reverse of the ninth leaf, is a most interesting illumination, of a portion* of which I have obtained a fac-simile from the pencil of M. Cœuré. The figure which you here see represents JOHN Duke of BRITTANY. He is delivering a sword to a king at arms, to carry to his cousin, the Duke of Bourbon; as he learns, from general report, that he is among the bravest champions in Christendom, and in consequence wishes to break a lance with him. But listen, I pray you, to his chivalrous address to the

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

herald—which is seen on the recto of the ensuing leaf: “ Roy darmes tenez ceste espee et alez deuers mon cousin le duc de bourbon lui dire depart moy que pour sa vaillance preudhōmie et grant cheualerie qui est en sa persone ie lui enuoye ceste espee en signification que ie querelle et demande de frapper vng tournoy et bouhordis darmes contre lui en la presence de dames et de damoiselles et de tous autres au Jour nomme et temps deu et en lieu a ce faire ydoine et couuable duquel tournoy lui offre pour iuges discurs de huit cheualiere et escuiers les quatre Cest assavoir telz pō chlr^e et telz pō escuiers les quelz iuges discurs assigneront le temps et le lieu et feront faire ordonner la place.” There is something, methinks, delightfully characteristic of the “art and craft” of chivalry, in this message.

The illumination, where the Duke thus appears, is quite perfect and full of interest: and I make no doubt but the countenance of the herald, who is kneeling to receive the sword, is a faithful portrait. It is full of what may be called individuality of character. The next illumination represents the DUKE OF BOURBON *accepting the challenge*, by receiving the sword. His countenance is slightly injured. The group of figures, behind him, is very clever. The ensuing illumination exhibits the herald offering the Duke de Bourbon the choice of eight coats of armour, to put on upon the occasion. A still greater injury is here observable in the countenance of the Duke. The process of conducting the tournay, up to the moment of the meeting of the combatants, is next detailed; and several illuminations of the respective armours of the knights

and their attendants, next claim our attention. On the reverse of the xxxijnd, and on the recto of the xxxiijd leaf, the combat of the two Dukes is represented. The seats and benches of the spectators are then displayed: next, a very large illumination of the procession of knights and their attendants to the place of contest. Then follows an interesting one of banners, coat armours, &c. suspended from buildings—and another, yet larger and equally interesting, of the entry of the judges.

I am yet in the midst of the emblazoned throng. Look at yonder herald, with four banners in his hand. It is a curious and imposing sight. Next succeeds a formal procession — preparing for the combat. It is exceedingly interesting, and many of the countenances are full of natural expression. This is followed by a still more magnificent cavalcade, with judges in the fore-ground; and the “dames et damoiselles,” alluded to in the message of the Duke of Brittany, in fair array to the right. We have next a grand rencontre—of the knights attendant—carried on beneath a balcony of ladies

..... whose bright eyes
Reign influence, and decide the prize.

These ladies, thus comfortably seated in the raised balcony, wear what we should now call the *cauchoise* cap. A group of grave judges is in another balcony, with sundry mottos spread below. In the rencontre which takes place, the mace seems to be the general instrument of attack and defence. Splendid as are these illuminations, they yield to those which follow:

especially to that which immediately succeeds, and which displays the preparation for a tournament to be conducted upon a very large scale. We observe throngs of combatants, and of female spectators in boxes above. These are rather more delicately touched. Now comes . . . the mixed and stubborn fight of the combatants. They are desperately engaged with each other ; while their martial spirit is raised to the highest pitch by the sharp and reverberating blasts of the trumpet. The trumpeters blow their instruments with all their might. Every thing is in animation, bustle, energy, and confusion. A man's head is cut off, and extended by an arm, to which — in the position and of the size we behold — it would be difficult to attach a body. Blood flows copiously on all sides. The reward of victory is seen in the next and *last* illumination. The ladies bring the white mantle to throw over the shoulders of the conqueror. In the whole, there are only lxxiiiij. leaves. This is unquestionably a volume of equal interest and splendor ; and, when it was fresh from the pencil of the illuminator, its effect must have been exquisite.

What is rather singular, there is a duplicate of this book : a copy of every illumination, done towards the beginning of the xvith century ; but the text is copied in a smaller hand, so as to compress the volume into lxxviiij. leaves. Unluckily, the copies of the illuminations are not only comparatively coarse, but are absolutely faithless as to resemblances. There is a letter prefixed, from a person named *Le Hay*, of the date of 1707, in which the author tells some gentleman that he was in hopes to procure the volume for 100 crowns ;

but afterwards, the owner obstinately asking 200, *Le Hay* tells his friend to split the difference, and offer 150. This book once belonged to one "*Hector Le Breton Sievr de la Doynetrie*"—as the lettering upon the exterior of the binding implies—and as a letter to his son, of the date of 1660, within the volume, also shews. This letter is signed by Le Breton.

BOOK OF TOURNAMENTS: No. 8024. 8vo. We have here a sort of miniature exhibition of the chief circumstances displayed in the previous and larger MS. It is questionless a very precious book; but has been cruelly crompt. The first leaf, which is loose, presents us with a beautifully painted coat-armour of a fleur-de-lis, upon a blue ground, with a ducal coronet:—which is encircled by fleurs-de-lis, and mullets. Beneath, is the following inscription: "*Combas a outrance representez par beaucoup d'Enlumineures qui sont dans ce liure permis par des lettres patentes de Philippe Roy de france cy deuant transcrit donné paris lan mil trois cent six, Il y a des choses assez extraordinaires dans le contenu des d^s lettres. Il y a vne chose qui ne l'est pas moins; qui est, les confesseurs donner absolution aux combattants en presence du Roy auant qu'aller au combat.*" The text and ornaments are clearly of the end of the xvth century: perhaps about 1470. Nothing can well exceed the brilliancy and power of many of the illuminations, which are very small and very perfect. The knight, with a representation of the trefoil, (or what is called club, in card playing) upon a gold mantle, kills the other with a black star upon a white mantle. This mortal combat is the last in the book. Each of the knights,

praying before going to combat, is executed with considerable power of expression. The ladies have the high (cauchoise) cap or bonnet. The borders, of flowers, are but of secondary merit.

POLYBIUS, *Græcè*. Folio. Mr. Gail placed before me, in a sly manner—as if to draw off my attention from the volumes of chivalry just described,—the present beautiful MS. of Polybius. It is recent, being of the very commencement of the xvith century; but it exhibits a perfect specimen of that style or form of character which the Stephenses and Turnebus, &c. appear to have copied in their respective founts of the Greek letter. It has also other, and perhaps stronger, claims to notice. The volume belonged to Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers, and the decorations of the pencil are worthy of the library to which it was attached. The top ornament, and the initial letter,—at the beginning of the text—are each executed upon a blue ground, shaded in brown and gold, in the most exquisitely tasteful manner. This initial letter has been copied “ad amussim” by old Robert Stephen. Upon the whole, this is really an enchanting book, whether on the score of writing or of ornament.

The preceding, my dear friend, is surely a pretty copious, yet I admit far from complete, account of a few of the more select MSS. in this magnificent library—which are interesting from the antiquity, the character, and the development of the progress of art—which they display. I hope and trust that the period is not very remote when this subject will be spiritedly and successfully taken up among the French themselves; and when all their labours of this kind, whether

from the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatie*, the *Notices et Extraits des MSS.*, or the more brief account in the folio catalogue—will be consolidated and enlarged in one substantial work. Few bibliographical publications would be more acceptable to the tasteful antiquary. It remains, as the *concluding* part of this bibliographical communication, that I give you some account of what does not strictly belong to the foregoing class of MSS.—but what is nevertheless to be found in the LIBRARY of MSS. First then—as I have carried you with me through the greater part of NORMANDY—you may not object to open

THREE VOLUMES RELATING TO NORMANDY. The first volume contains *Art. 1.*—“Dissertation sur le lieu de la bataille de Quingtius titurinez Sabinuz”—a lieutenant of Julius Cæsar, as he is called: to prove that the battle was fought in the parish of Champrepuls, at the extremity of the diocese of Coutances—with a ground plan of the battle—very curious. *Art 2.* “Mémoires pour l’histoire des villes de Coutances et St. Lo, sur quelques particularités qui sont dans le Diocèse de Coutances; very copious. But the public library at Caen also contains a good deal upon the same subject.* *Art. 3.* “Chartulaire de L’Abbaye de Blanche Lande Ordre de Prémontré Diocèse de Coutances.” It begins with a Chartulary of the date of 1271; referring to titles of more ancient deeds—of which the first appears to be of the date of 1154. *Art. 4.*—“Monuments de L’Abbaye de Monteburg et Mémoires pour l’histoire de cette Abbaye: Diocèse de

* See vol. i. p. 335.

Coutances.” A good deal of matter; with some drawings of old tomb-stones by the usual hand—such as I saw in the volumes relating to Normandy in the Cabinet des Estampes.* *Art. 5.*—“ Abbaye de la

* *in the volumes relating to Normandy in the Cabinet des Estampes.*] The earliest mention of, or reference to, these volumes will be found at page 41 of vol. i. of the present publication. For the sake of juxtaposition, it may be as well briefly to state here what these volumes chiefly contain. But before they are entered upon, let me notice a few copies and prints of the BAYEUX TAPESTRY. There is a drawing slightly coloured, of the same size with the original; but not by any means what should be called a fac-simile. It extends only to that portion of the roll wherein we observe “ NVNTII WILLELMI HIC”—as appears in the lower copy from Montfaucon in vol. i. p. 380 of this work. In the Cabinet of Prints are also four different rolls of the whole of the Tapestry, in outline, upon brown-tinted paper; but by no means faithful. The countenances and even attitudes are changed. The touch is also too firm and artist-like; giving to the original the character of Grecian art. It is executed within a border of nearly four inches in height.

I now come to the THREE VOLUMES relating to other *antiquarian relics in Normandy*: preserved in the same cabinet. VOLUME 1.—A clever engraving, in the manner of Grignon, of the rose windows in the abbey of St. Ouen. Several views of Rouen—mentioned in my account of that city. A coloured drawing of *St. Georges de Bocherville* and the neighbouring convent, which are described in vol. i. p. 189. It is a back view; very feeble and very faithless. A view of the *Chateau de Blainville*; an interesting castle; drawn by the same pencil as the preceding. Another view of the same: larger and nearer. Several views and prints of Rouen, before described. A water-coloured drawing of the Abbey of *Nôtre Dame at Beaubec*, 1696:—now destroyed. By the same hand. Coloured view of the castle and village of Churmeney—by the same. Coloured drawing of the *Abbaye de St. Wandrille*, near Caudebec, with the adjacent modernised monastery: very interesting: by the same hand—of the date of 1702. A miserable view (coloured drawing) of *Dieppe*. Several old prints, very

Bloutiere, Diocese de Coutances." It begins with a short letter from an abbot of that establishment of the

unsatisfactory, of the same sea-port town. One large ground plan drawing of the harbour. Coloured drawing of the *Abbey de Jumieges*, 1702, with the adjacent walls: very interesting, but unsatisfactory to the critical antiquary. Another drawing, of the same date, of the *Castile of Bois Groult*: better executed. Another of the *Abbey of Bondeville*, two leagues from Rouen; very indifferent. View of the *Abbey of Nôtre Dame at Vallemont*, 1702; rather better. View of the *Castle and Village of Vallemont* — the castle tolerably done: an interesting bit. View of the *Church of St. Pierre D'Yvetot*, early Norman: in the usual poor style of art. View of the *Castle of Esneval*, four leagues from Rouen; very interesting remains.

VOLUME THE SECOND. This volume begins with some little prints, not very modern, of *Mont St. Michel*. Many interesting coloured drawings of the *Castle of Thorigny*, by the same hand as in the preceding volume. Some very clever prints, by I. Silvestre, &c. of the *Castle of Gallion*: the large print excessively clever. Some curious old small prints of *Lisieux* and *Evreux*. Coloured drawing of the *Cathedral of Evreux*; the best which I have yet seen. A very handsome west-front: the towers have different tops or spires. *Castle of Navarre*, near Evreux, by the same hand; interesting. *Castle of the Town of Evreux*; by the same hand. Both these castles are comparatively modern mansions. Bird's-eye view of the *Castle of Basleroy*, with the park: interesting, but formal. A wretched large print of *Bayeux*. Several small old prints of *Louvieres* and *Pont de Larche*. Coloured drawings of the *Abbey of St. Taurin-les-Evreux*; interesting, but unluckily executed by the same unartist-like hand: some ruins appear to the right: taken in 1702, as are most of these views. View of the *Castle of Lovye*, six leagues from Evreux. Interesting view of the *Abbey of Nôtre Dame de Breüil*: in 1702. Apparently, there was no tower whatever. Interesting old print of the *Castle of Anvers*: something very taking and pretty in the composition of this old mansion: probably built at the beginning of the xviith century. View of the *Abbey of St. Sauveur*: interesting. Some views of the *Abbaye de la Sainte Trinité*, and the *Cathedral at Caen*. The latter large and im-

name of Le Roy—to some nobleman—in which the former tells his correspondent that “as soon as he was able to find an artist in that country (so sterile in the productions of the pencil) fit to draw coat-armours

posing, but really faithless : etched in 1702. View of the *Abbaye de Nôtre Dame* at *Ardenne*; rather a view of the cloisters of the monastery, or hospital, attached thereto. Bird's-eye view of the town of *Vire*, with the ramparts entire : and the Capucin and Ursuline monasteries entire : 1706—now destroyed. It is a most childish performance, in Indian ink. A wretched view of the town of *Condé* and of the castle. View of the Priory of *Plessis*, five leagues from *Vire* : singular—not coloured. View of the Abbey of *Nôtre Dame de belle Estoile*, four leagues from *Vire* : very indifferent. *St. Sever*—with one or two others, also in India ink—scarcely worth notice. Several little prints of the town and church of *Alençon*. An old print of *Falaise*—from *Zeiller* : see the castle at page 10, &c. ante. An old description, in three pages of print, of *Caen* : as well as a very large print of *Caen*, by *Buache*, of the date of 1747 ; in which the trees are of more consequence than the houses. Bird's-eye view print of *Caen* : from *Gamboust*. Coloured drawing of the *Castle of Caen*, now destroyed : interesting : of the date of 1702.

VOLUME THE THIRD. This volume contains a good number of old prints of views in *Champagne* and *Picardy* as well as in *Normandy* ; but many of which have been cut out. Among a few worth noticing, are the ensuing. A large, extremely interesting, and well-executed print—being a bird's-eye view—of the *Fair at Guibray*, of the date of 1658, engraved by *Cochin*, from a painting by *Chauvel*. In this engraving there is a complete developement of the fair—the different departments for the sale of different goods. The figures in the foreground are extremely amusing. Men galloping in all directions on horseback : some with hawks on their fists. Salutations, quarrels, scuffles, duels—and all manner of étourderies. Here are also the halt, the lame, and the blind. Beggars, gentlemen, and noblemen, are all mingling in the throng, with apparently equal glee. For some account of the FAIR OF GUIBRAY, consult p. 31, ante.

and tombs, he set him immediately to work upon the task." He sends a specimen, executed in India ink upon vellum; which shews that, at last, he had got but a poor creature of an artist. The Nobleman's name is not mentioned. The letter is dated March 1707.

This letter is followed by the Foundation Charter of the abbey; of the date of 1169, upon vellum. This had been preserved in the trunk of the Treasurer of the Abbey. It is no doubt a precious relic. *Art. 6.*—"Monuments de la Monastère de la Perrine; diocèse de Coutances." Here are some curious monuments designed in red chalk. *Art. 7.*—"Monuments de L'Eglise Cathédrale de Coutances et Mémoires sur quelques Paroisses du Diocèse." It begins with a curious drawing in Indian ink (as usual, feebly executed) of seven figures: "tirées après des Statues de careau de Caen lesquelles sont placées au dehors de la Cathédrale de Coutances, du côté Septemptrion, lesquelles représentent les S^{rs}. Tancredes gentilhommes normands, de la paroisse de Hautuille La Guichard, distance de deux Lieux. Le premier des Garçons s'appelle DROGUES, le second OUFROY, le troisieme GUILLEAUME, quatriesme HERMAN, cinquiesme ROBERT, (après surnommé Wichard ou GUICHARD) sixiesme ROGER. Ils se rendirent Maitres de la Pouille, Calabre, Sicille, et Naples. Le septiesme TANCRED." I was not fortunate enough to see any of these sculptured gentlemen on the northern side of the cathedral of Coutances, when I visited that place. These seven worthies are said to have driven out the Saracens, beaten the Emperors of Constantinople, and subdued a

great part of Greece. They are also described as having “greatly contributed towards the erection of the cathedral of Coutances, in the state in which we now see it; having sent treasure and money for that purpose to the Good Geoffrey, the forty-first Bishop—who consecrated it to the honour of the Virgin in the presence of William the Conqueror and the Archbishop of Rouen, in the year 1056.” These figures in fact have been destroyed; but, from the copies of them, it is evident from their costume, and from the particular method of representing the hair—in a full circular curl at bottom—that the originals could not have been executed before the *thirteenth* century; at which period, undoubtedly, the cathedral may have been built. It seems to be a common and favourite, but not less faithful, tradition, that William the Conqueror superintended the dedication of almost every Cathedral in Normandy. Besides these figures, in this seventh and last article of the first volume, there are four emblazoned coat-armours, upon vellum; together with some curious particulars in a letter written by the Abbé de la Brosse. This is followed by two leaves of drawings of ancient monuments of D’Amfreville—with an original letter (perhaps to the Bishop of Coutances,) by De Saurier.

VOLUME THE SECOND. *Art. 1.*—Recueil de Pieces extraites de divers cartulaires des principales Eglises de Normandie”—beginning with “some curious pieces never printed.” Among the earlier of these extracts, is a “copy of the law of William the Conqueror, King of England, by which one may learn the Norman language of that time.” “Ces sont les leis et les custumes

que le Roy William grauntat a tut le peuple de Engleterre après le conquest de la terre icelles mesmes que le roy Edouuart son cosin tint deuant lui." *Art. 2.* relates to the establishment of a new parish at *St. Lo*, in the year 1174, "in honour of Thomas-a-Becket the martyr."— *Art. 3.* — Extraits d'un Antiphonaire de l'Eglise paroissale de Cerisy.

*Lan mil quatre cents soixante
Auecque dix pour faire comte
Fut ce liure bien accompli
de par tous les Clers de Cerisy,
Pour le temps estoit leur curé
Messire Pierre Reguier
Qui a iceux sest accorde
De uingt liures loyaument payer
Pour delivrer cestuy liure*

- - - - -
- - - - -

*Messire Joannes Richard
Fist du bien a Escriuain
Et luy donnoit matin et tard
De son bon cidre et de son pain
Jehan le Prouox Robin Pichard
Ils luy faisoient semblablement
&c. &c. &c.*

Thus the scribe appears to have fared well during the progress of his labours ; but whether the "good cider and good bread" of which he partook, hastened or retarded his operations, is not left upon record. It may be a moot point. *Art. 4.* "Vers qui sont brodez

au bas de chaque tente de la tapisserie de hautelisse donnée à l'Eglise de Coutances par Geoffroy Hubert son Euesque sur la fin du 16 siècle, en chacune desquelles est représenté un des travaux d'hercule." These verses consist of *eight stanzas*. (Does any of this tapestry now exist?) *Art. 5.* The public entry of Francis I. at Rouen, in 1523—and receiving the aid of 80,000 livres. *Art. 6.* The same monarch's public entry into Coutances, in 1532. It should seem, from a memorandum in this article, of the date of 1557, that the famous George Buchanan was a canon in the Cathedral of Coutances: having the living of De Mulleuille attached to his canonry. *Art. 7.* We have here some French verses in honour of "le bien heureux Thomas"—composed towards the end of the XIIIth century, in the reign of St. Louis:

**Nous deuons estre curions
Et loer les gens glorions
Ce nous dit un liure autentique
Qui a nom ecclesiastique
et. et.**

**En la Duchey de Normandie
fut ney le bon Thomas Elie
Ou il nut Boban ny uantanches
En diocese de Coutanches
En une assez petite ville
A St. Pierre de Bupuille
Son pere Elie fut nommey
Qui fut homme bien renomme,
et. et. et.**

Upwards of six hundred verses follow ; when, towards the end, we read thus ;

Mestre Thomas de Buieulle
 Qui estet nommey en la uille
 De plusieurs gens Thomas Elie
 Termina sa corporel uie
 Ou d'est bien bon chrestien
 Plein de jours uiel at ancien
 Qui O Dieu est et fut, et set
 Lan mil cc lviij.

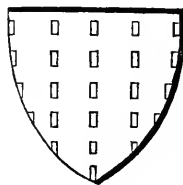
In the whole, perhaps seven hundred verses. “ Ces uers sont tirez d'un ancien registre en parchemin appartenant a l'église de Buieulle, trouvé chez M. Lallier official et curé de Fallongne. La premiere partie de ce registre contient les uers cy dessus ; l'autre, qui est en Latin, la vie et les miracles du mesme bien heureux Thomas. L'un et l'autre furent composez peu de temps après sa mort, par un écrivain qui exprime son nom par le dysticque suivante. Il y a auparavant—
 “ In istis duobus versibus est nomen autoris ”

*Nomen Baptistæ cognomen nominis iste
 Gessit qui dudum vestiuit frigore nudum.*

On estime que ce nom et surnom énigmatique est *Jean de St. Martin.*” The preceding seven articles, with a few other miscellaneous extracts, are contained in the first small portefeuille. Then *Art. 8.* “ Monuments de l'Abbaye de St. Sauveur Le Vicomte. Diocèse de Coutances.” These extracts are carefully written in the same hand as the preceding. They begin with

a charter of our Henry I. ; which is followed by some epitaphs and tombstones, of a folio size, executed by the hand I have already mentioned. The figures on the last tombstones are done wretchedly enough, with a pen. *Art. 9.* “ Titres et Monuments de Notre Dame de Silly, ordre de Premontré Diocèse de Seez.” There are two figures in pencil, perhaps sufficiently resembling ; but badly executed ;—followed by eight leaves of text. *Art. 10.* “ Epitaphes et Armoires de l’Eglise Collegiale de St. Malo de Vallongne et des Cordeliers de la mesme ville. Diocese de Coutances.” By the same pencil ; the first subject rather neatly executed : full of emblazoned arms, several tombs ; latterly, in outline. *Art. 11.* “ Chartrier du Grippon ; avec les monuments du Lieu.” Some curious and pretty pieces of art, in heraldry ; or rather, one large subject of blazonry. *Art. 12:* Monuments of the Churches of Savigny and Cherbourg ; too insignificant for a more ample notice. *Art. 13.* “ Chartulaire de L’Eglise de Langres :” a very elaborate and carefully executed MS. of thirty-nine leaves, in folio.

VOLUME THE THIRD. *Art. 1.* “ Abbaye de Barbery.” This article begins with the arms of ROBERT de MARMION, founder of the abbey. As the splendid poem, *hight Marmion*, of our celebrated Walter Scott, may probably have a few illustrating possessors—for the sake of such, as well as of yourself, I transmit a rough sketch of these arms.



The earliest date of benefactions to the abbey is 1181, by Richard Ude de Gouij: the latest date, here recorded, is 1239: which is followed by a list of the abbots, beginning thus: “ Labbaie de Barbery reconnaist pour ses legitimes et nobles fondateurs les Seigneurs **MI LORDS DE MARMION**, pere et fils, qui portoient tous deux le nom de Robert. Robert de Marmion le pere apres un voeu fait a Dieu de fonder vn monastere de lordre du Cisterche donna a ce dissein a l’Abbaie de Savigni Lan mil cent quarant huit, estant en Angleterre, vne ferme, apelée dans les anciens tiltres **Grangta**, qu’il auait a Barberi, mais estant prevenu de mort, et naiant pu executer son voeu, il en laissa l’accomplissement a son fils Robert, lequel sen acquitta, autant magnifiquement que piusement vingt et huit ans après, &c.” The first abbot was Radulphe, who appears to have been elected in 1176. This collection is doubtless very curious.

Art. 2.—“Monuments & Titres de l’Abbaye de Fonteney: Diocèse de Bayeux.” These are excerpts from titles or charters, followed by drawings of coat-armours and tombs, in Indian ink, in a much better style than before—and with which Dan Gough would have been in ecstasies. There is also a drawing, in a similar style, about three inches and a half high, from an old painting of the well known subject of three young men and three figures of death—seen in so many of the early printed volumes of devotion—which was executed upon the walls of the chapel of the abbey; and of which some of the figures were from three to four feet high. The same subject was painted upon the walls within the cloisters of the abbey, in relief; the

figures about one foot high. Upon the whole, this second article, or packet, may be said to comprise rather a precious set of papers. *Art. 3.*—“*Abbaye de la Luzerne, ordre de Prémontré, Diocèse d’Auranches. Manuscrit de la Passion de N. S. I. Crist par Nicodeme tiré de l’Abbaye de Saugny.*” It appears that this abbey was founded in 1143. There is a list of the abbots. Nicodemus’s Gospel (which, if you may remember, was printed by our famous **Wynkyn de Worde** of typographical renown)* is in Latin, in seven folio pages, and is sufficiently curious. *Art. 4.*—“*Revelatio Ecclesie S^{ci}. Michaelis Archangeli qui dicitur Tumba in occiduis, &c. sub Childeberto 2do Rege Francorum, et Autberto Episcopo.*”—This is a very curious collection; containing sundry papers, emblazoned arms, drawings of tombs, &c.: the latter, extremely well done. They are preceded by three letters to a certain Bishop. †

It might be worth while to obtain a copy of the drawing of the statue of “*Jean de Lamps, dernier abbé religieux, mort en 1523.*” The preceding and the

* See *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 144, edit. 1810.

† An extract from one of these letters, which is rather curious, may be acceptable. The writer’s name is De La Benserri, and his letter is dated from Coutances, 29th August, 1704. He says: “*M. Le Prieur et les autres Religieux nous receurent avec toute sorte d’honnestetés et se feront vn vray plaisir de vous donner ce que vous souhaiteries. Il y a vne infinité de beaux sceaux très curieux comme vous pourés remarquer dans les feuillets incluses. Toutes les chartres et anciens titres sont transcrits dans deux Cartulaires en velin: l’un appellé le liure noir de 123 feuillets et l’autre le liure blanc de 384 feuillets. Si ces Messieurs vouloient vous les confier ce seroit une belle curiosité de les bien faic transcrire. Je ne crois pas qu’ils vous en refusent temoignans avoir autant de deference que de respect pour vos ordres.*”

present article form one cahier, in a small port-feuille which contains forty-nine emblazoned coat-armours. *Art. 5.*—“ Statuts du Mestier de la Poesterce du Bourg de Ville Dieu.” *Art. 6.*—“ Monuments & Titres de l'Abbaye de Tronart ; diocèse de Bayeux”—beginning with another title thus: Recherches Curieuses, Faites et Extraites sur les Chartres et Cartulaires de l'Abbaye de Troarn, près Caen.” This abbey was founded by Roger Earl of Montgomery—and confirmed by William the Conqueror in 1068. The papers seem valuable. They are followed by a few indifferent drawings of tomb-stones. “ *Art. 7.*—Armes qui sont a l'Eglise paroissiale de Vire—diocèse de Bayeux.”* *Art. 8.*—“ Monuments de l'Abbaye d'Ardennes près Caen, diocèse de Bayeux.” Next follow several old monuments of the fourteenth century, rather curious: done with pen and ink.

So much for these volumes; which undoubtedly contain a good deal that is curious, and which may possibly be of use to some of our countrymen for the purpose of consultation or of illustration. No doubt, there is also a good deal which may be considered trivial or subordinate; but, upon the whole, as the Abbé de La Rue advised me to consult them, and as he has most probably availed himself of their contents in his meditated History of Caen, I thought you might like an account of the titles of these COLLECTANEA NORMANNICA. But *one* chord more will I touch: and then let us make our bow to Messrs. Langlès,

* Consult vol. i. p. 423: for an extract from these papers.

Gail, Meon, Lepine, &c. with many thanks for their kind and unremitting civilities.

You may remember that I made some mention, in my last Epistle but one, upon old IVORY AND METALLIC BINDINGS:—DIPTYCHS, &c. Let us take one more, and a farewell, glance at these venerable relics of the bibliopegistic art; for a complete catalogue of them would alone form a comely octavo volume. There is a very pretty MS. of the Bible, in a small gothic letter upon thin vellum, “the gift of Hugh Matthew one of the singing men,” in 1535. Perhaps this MS. may be of the thirteenth century. On one side of the binding is a beautiful arabesque composition of heads, medalion-wise, within a Greek border; and two heads (one of a man, the other of a woman) in the centre, upon a ground of fleur-de-lis. The second specimen consists of a volume containing selections from Scripture, written, I should apprehend, as early as the eleventh or even tenth century. On the fly-leaf of the MS.—is the following moderately composed republican inscription: “*Hoc Rationarium Antiquum litter. longobard. manuscript. et optimè conservatum. Bibliothecæ Nationalis Parisinæ in Mnemosynon dono dedit CIVIS IO. GUIL. AD. HUPSCH à LOUTZEN. Coloniae Ubiorum 25 Novemb. 1794.*” The ivory ornaments, on the first side of the binding, are let into the wooden original covers, and are prettily disposed. They consist of heads of our Saviour, the Virgin, and twelve Apostles, round a square central ornament, of elegant arabesque composition: a subsequent specimen of art—perhaps of the fifteenth century. Add these two notices to what has been

before detailed,* and you will perceive that I have not absolutely slighted these relics of the ANCIENT ART OF BOOK-BINDING. In spite of the blind and gilt tooling—the Grolier, De Thou, and Maioli patterns exhibited by Charles Lewis,—the time is not yet arrived when the morocco and russia coverings, sent forth from his celebrated work-shop, can be said to eclipse what the artists of old accomplished upon the outside covers of certain precious volumes—but then they had painters and carvers for their helpmates!

Farewell, now, therefore—to the *Collection of MSS.* in the BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI at Paris. Months and years may be spent therein, and the vicissitudes of seasons (provided fires were occasionally introduced!) hardly felt. I seem, for the last fortnight, to have lived entirely in the “olden time;” in a succession of ages from that of Charles the Bald to that of Henri Quatre; and my eyes have scarcely yet recovered from the dazzling effects of the illuminator’s pencil. “Il faut se reposer un peu.”

* Consult pages 146-7, &c. ante.

LETTER XXVII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF EARLY-PRINTED AND RARE BOOKS,
IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

As the ART of PRINTING rather suddenly, than gradually, checked the progress of that of writing and illuminating—and as the pressman in consequence pretty speedily tripped up the heels of the scribe—it will be a natural and necessary result . . . that I take you with me to the collection of PRINTED BOOKS. Accordingly, let us ascend the forementioned lofty flight of stone steps, and paying attention to the affiche of “wiping our shoes,” let us enter : go straight forward : make our obeisance to Monsieur Van Praet, and sit down doggedly but joyfully to the glorious volumes . . . many of them

. rough with barbaric gold,

which, through his polite directions, are placed before us. To come to plain matter of fact. Receive, my good friend, in right earnest and with the strictest adherence to truth, a list of some of those rarer and more magnificent productions of the ancient art of printing, which I have been so many years desirous of inspecting, and which now, for the first time, present themselves to my notice and admiration. After the re-

spectable example of M. Van Praet,* I shall generally add the sizes or measurement† of the respective books examined—not so much for the sake of making those unhappy whose copies are of less capacious dimensions, as for the consolation of those whose copies may lift their heads in a yet more aspiring attitude. One further preliminary remark. I send you this list precisely in the order in which chance, rather than a preconcerted plan, happened to present the books to me.

RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE. *Printed by Caxton.* Folio. The introductory history to the acquisition of this precious book, is bibliographically interesting. An unknown—and I may add an unknown person—bought this rarest of rare tomes, of Caxtonian execution, together with a very uncommon volume printed by Colard Mansion, (afterwards to be described) in the same ancient and original binding:—and brought them to the late M. De La Serna Santander, who was Head Librarian of the public Library at Brussels. He had bought them for a *louis d'or*—and asked M. La Serna Santander “if he thought *two louis* too much”? That bibliographer replied “I do not think it is”—and, with a true patriotic spirit, consigned them to M. Van Praet for their present place of destination. This copy is in the finest possible state

* In his meditated Catalogue raisonné of the books PRINTED UPON VELLUM in the Royal Library; of which several sheets are already printed.

† The measurement is necessarily confined to the leaves—*exclusively* of the binding.

of preservation ; and yet, if I call to mind Mr. Watson Taylor's *uncut copy* of the same extraordinary volume, methinks it is somewhat cropt. It measures ten inches and five eighths, by seven inches and six eighths. The 119th leaf, immediately following the first book, is blank. The 254th leaf is injured at top, to the left ; there being about one third of eight lines of text wanting. In the whole, two hundred and eighty-three leaves of text. This copy is bound in red morocco, with rather a tawdry lining of light blue water-tabby silk.

THE SAME WORK. *Printed by Verard, without date.* Folio. This copy is UPON VELLUM ; in the finest possible condition both for size and colour. It is printed in Verard's small gothic type, in long lines, with a very broad margin. The wood-cuts are coloured. The last leaf of the first book is ms. : containing only sixteen lines upon the recto of the leaf. This fine copy is bound in red morocco.

HORE BEATÆ VIRGINIS, Gr. *Printed by Aldus. 1497.* 12mo. Perhaps the rarest Aldine volume in the world :—when found in a perfect state. M. Renouard had not been able to discover a copy to enrich his instructive annals of the Aldine typography. The title is in Greek and Latin ; with a delicate wood-cut, in outline, upon the reverse. The signatures run from α to η in eights : but instead of ζ iiii it is ϵ iiii :— η has only five leaves. ξ α three leaves : θ to ν , inclusively, in eights ; then ξ with eight leaves ; the colophon being on the reverse of ξ eight. The text measures three inches by two. The paper, which is of a delicate texture, is not free from soil. The present copy is four

inches and five eighths, by three inches and a half. It is in its original clasp binding, with stamped leather-outsides. M. Van Praet is about to have this precious volume (for which very little short of eight hundred francs were given*) rebound; but I own, much as I may love appropriate *morocco vestments*, I should give the point a second consideration—even before I consigned it to the choicest book-binder in Paris or in London.

THE SHYPPE OF FOYLES. *Printed by Wynkyn de Worde*. 1509. 8vo. At length this far-famed and long-talked of volume has been examined. It is doubtless a prodigious curiosity, and unique—inasmuch as this copy is UPON VELLUM. The title, just given, is upon a label over the usual wood-cut of a vessel, in which a man is being plunged into the sea. The work is executed in prose, with the exception of short metrical prefixes over a wood cut to each chapter. The cuts are of the usual character. There are marginal references, in very small gothic letter, to passages in Scripture. On the recto of B. iii. ca. iii. is a curious description of the dresses then worn. The colophon is at top of the recto of the last leaf, in eight lines; of which the most essential are as follow:

printed at London in Flete Strete by Wynkyn de Worde

The yere of our lorde M.CCCCC. ix. The firste yere of the reygne of our souerayne lorde kynge Henry the viii. The vi. daye of Julii.

The printer's large tripartite device is on the back. The size of the text is six inches, by three inches and five

* See Vol. i. p. 159-160.

eighths. The vellum is stout but soft. I suspect this copy to be rather cropt. It is bound in red morocco, and is perfectly clean and sound throughout.

ROMAN DE JASON. In French. *Printed by Caxton.* Folio. Of excessively great rarity; but you may remember that the collection Anthony Storer, in the library of Eton College, also possesses this book—although Lord Spencer is yet without it. The present copy contains one hundred and thirty-two leaves, including a blank leaf; but its condition, to the best of my recollection, is not so pure and white as that of the Eton copy. Parts appear to be soiled from greasy fingers. The volume measures eleven inches and an eighth, by eight inches and a half. It is too gaily bound—in blue morocco—with inside joints, after a tawdry fashion. This was the book, of which, some five or six years ago, I published a brief account from the communication of M. Van Praet. It is a great treasure in its way.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffer.* 1457. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. This celebrated volume is a recent acquisition. It was formerly the copy of Girardot de Préfond, and latterly that of Count M'Carthy; at whose sale it was bought for 12,000 francs. It has one hundred and sixty nine pencil numbered leaves; is cruelly cropt, especially at the side margins; and is of too sombre and sallow a tint. Measurement—fourteen inches, by nine and a half. It is doubtless an absolutely necessary volume in the present collection.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by the Same.* 1459. Folio. *Editio Secunda.* The first six leaves have been evidently much thumbed; and the copy, from the ap-

pearance of the first leaf alone, is as evidently crompt. The larger text ends on the reverse of folio 118, and not on that of folio 119: as the collator forgot to mark fol. 70, but by mistake inserted that of 71. The small text follows, occupying eighteen leaves. The colophon is on the reverse of this eighteenth leaf. For the colophon, both of this and of the preceding edition, examine the catalogue of Lord Spencer's library.* Upon the whole, it strikes me, as far as recollection may serve, that his Lordship's copy of each edition is preferable to those under consideration. This copy measures sixteen inches and a quarter, by twelve and one-eighth. It may be as well to add, that the first initial letter B is in red—with the surrounding ornaments in blue. This is sometimes the reverse—as with the previous impression.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher.* 1490. Folio. A magnificent volume: and what renders it still more desirable, it is printed UPON VELLUM. Lord Spencer's copy is upon paper. The *previous* editions are *always* found upon vellum. Fine and imposing as is the copy before me, it is nevertheless evident—from the mutilated ancient numerals at top—that it has been somewhat crompt. The first initial is, as before, red, with blue ornaments: but in Lord Spencer's copy this initial is done with a camel-hair brush. Here it is stamped. The hundred and seventeenth leaf is rather soiled. On the hundred and fifty-ninth leaf the printed text seems to end abruptly with the word "tuus," or perhaps "tuos"—as, a little further, the four remaining lines are ms.: as are also eight lines on the reverse.

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 107, &c.

The larger type ends on this leaf. Then twenty-three leaves of smaller type. The colophon is on the recto of the last leaf, in the smaller letter. The vellum is cut off below the colophon, probably to get rid of the name of some former possessor. This fine book measures sixteen inches and five eighths, by eleven inches and seven eighths.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher. 1502.* Folio. This book (wanting in the cabinet at St. James's Place) is upon paper. As far as folio Cxxxvij. the leaves are numbered: afterwards, the printed numerals cease. A ms. note, in the first leaf, says, that the text of the first sixteen leaves precisely follows that of the first edition of 1457. The large type extends to the recto of folio 155—ending abruptly at the bottom, with the word “Qui.” The reverse is blank, and so is the whole of the next leaf. Then follow twenty one leaves of small text. The large initial B, at the beginning of the volume, and the small P—before the colophon—(**P**resens, &c.) are not inserted; which shews that these letters were introduced in a subsequent process. However, this may not be the case with all the copies. The present volume will be always held dear in the estimation of the typographical antiquary. It is THE LAST in which the name of *Peter Schoiffher*, the son-in-law of Fust, appears to have been introduced. That printer died probably a short time afterwards. The present copy, in yellow morocco binding, should seem to have been in the Gaignat collection. It is doubtless cropt—from some of the old marginal notes being partly cut away. It has also received a partial injury, and has a dingy appearance. It measures

fifteen inches and one eighth in height, by ten inches and seven eighths in width.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher's Son.* 1516. Folio. A fine and desirable copy, printed UPON VELLUM. It is throughout tolerably fair. It begins on signature *a* and extends to *v* in eights: *v* having six leaves. The signature *q ij* is here upon paper; followed by a paper leaf of ms. before you reach signature *q iij*. The initial B and its ornaments are all in red. The large text ends on the recto of *v. vj*: the reverse being blank. On A (*j*) the smaller type begins; comprising A and B in eights, and C. with seven leaves. The colophon is on the recto of C *vij*: the arabic figures of the date (1516) being large and barbarously printed—with the 5 much above the regular line of press-work. This copy measures fifteen inches, within an eighth, by ten inches and three quarters.

I have little hesitation in estimating these five copies, of the earlier editions of the Psalter, to be worth, at least, eight hundred pounds.

BIBLIA LATINA. (*Supposed to have been printed in 1455.*) Folio. This is the famous edition called the MAZARINE BIBLE, from the first known copy of it having been discovered in the library of that Cardinal, in the college founded by himself. Bibliography has nearly exhausted itself in disquisitions upon it. But this copy—which is upon paper—is THE COPY of *all copies*; insomuch as it contains the memorable inscription, or coeval ms. memorandum, of its having been illuminated in 1456* In the first volume, this inscription occurs

* Nine years ago I obtained a fac-simile of this memorandum; and published an Essay upon the antiquity of the date of the above

at the end of the printed text, in three short lines; but, to the best of my recollection, the memorandum resembles the printed text rather more than the facsimile of it formerly published by me. In the second volume, this inscription is in three long lines, and is well enough copied in the M'Carthy catalogue. It may be as well to give you a transcript of this celebrated memorandum, as it proves unquestionably the impression to have been executed before any known volume with a printed date. It is taken from the end of the second volume :

“ Iste liber illuminatus, ligatus & completus est per Henricum Cremer vicariū ecclesie sancti Stephani Maguntini sub anno dñi Millesimo quatringsesimo quinquagesimo sexto, festo Assumptionis gloriose virginis Marie. Deo gracias. Alleluja.”

In the preceding volume, the dominical date is put in letters, thus : *mcccclvj*. This copy, which is cropt, soiled, and torn, and cruelly injured, is preserved in a case. In a bibliographical point of view it is beyond all price.

THE SAME EDITION.—This is a sound and desirable copy, printed UPON VELLUM; but much inferior, in every respect, to another copy in the possession of Messrs. G. and W. Nicol, booksellers to his Majesty. It measures fifteen inches and three-fourths, by nearly eleven and six eighths. At this moment I cannot recollect whether the M'Carthy copy — also upon

Bible, in the *Classical Journal*, vol. iv. p. 471—484. of Mr. J. A. Valpy. But latterly, a more complete copy of it appeared in the Catalogue of Count M'Carthy's books.

vellum, and now in the collection of Mr. Grenville—be, or be not, superior.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Pfister, at Bamberg, Folio.* Three volumes. The rarest of all Latin Bibles, when found in a perfect state. This was Lord Oxford's copy, and is not to be equalled for its beauty and soundness of condition. What renders it precious and unique, is an undoubted coeval ms. date, in red ink, of 1461. Some of the leaves in the first volume are wholly uncut. It is in handsome, substantial russia binding.

DURANDI RATIONALE DIV. OFF. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher. 1459. Folio.* Here are not fewer than THREE copies of this early, and much coveted volume: all of course UPON VELLUM. The tallest of them has the first leaf of an uncomfortably dingy tint, and the copy is in all respects inferior to that in St. James's Place. It measures sixteen inches and a half, by twelve and one-eighth; and is in red morocco binding. But let me revert to BIBLES.

BIBLIA GERMANICA. *Printed by Mentelin. Without Date. Folio.* If we except the incipient leaves—of which the first is in ms., upon vellum, and the three succeeding, which are a little tender and soiled—this is a very fine copy; so large, as to have many bottom margins rough. At the end of the second volume an ancient ms. memorandum absurdly assigns the printing of this edition to Fust, and its date to 1472. The paper of this impression is certainly not very unlike that of the *Catholicon* of 1460.

BIBLIA PAUPERUM. A block book. This is a cropt, but clean and uncoloured copy. I suspect, however,

that it has been washed in some parts. It is in red morocco binding.

As I have touched the block-book subject—let me just notice an edition of the APOCALYPSE; apparently the first. It is clean and uncoloured, but crompt:—and no marvel, since the binding savours of the trenchant tools of De Rome. Here is also the SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS—indeed several impressions of it: but the one, just now before me, in the Latin language, and apparently of the earliest date, is crompt, and in parts tender. There are also too many scraps of old ms. inserted, but not later than the end of the xvth century: if so early. This latter is bound in blue morocco.

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1563. Folio. This is the famous Protestant Polish Bible, put forth under the patronage of Prince Radzivil; and concerning which a good deal has been already submitted to the public attention.* But the copy under consideration was a *presentation one*, from a descendant of Prince Radziwill—to the public Library of Sedan, to be there deposited through the intervention of JAMES RUSSELL; as the following memorandum, in the Prince's own hand writing, attests: “*Hoc sacrarum Literarum Veteris Nouique Testamenti opus, fidelissima Cura Maiorum meorum vetustis Typis Polonicis excusum, In Bibliothecam Sedanensem per Nobilem Virum Dominum Jacobum Russelium, Ill^{mi} Principis Friderici Mauritii Bullionei ad me exlegatum inferendum committo.*”

H. Radziwill.”

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. i. page 85—89.

It is nevertheless an imperfect copy, as it wants the title-page. M. Van Praet thinks it otherwise complete, but I suspect that it is not so; for, after the Apocalypse there is only one leaf (instead of seven leaves) of table—which ends abruptly at signature C. This copy has been evidently much crompt, from the appearance of the marginal notes in red chalk. It measures fifteen inches and a quarter, by ten inches and a half; and is bound in blue morocco, in a quiet good pattern.

BIBLIA SCLAVONICA; 1587. Folio. Of this exceedingly scarce volume—which M. Van Praet placed before me as almost unique—(forgetting the copy in the library at St. James's Place) the present is a fine and desirable copy: in its original binding—with a stamped ornament of the Crucifixion on each side. One of these ornaments is quite perfect: the other is somewhat injured. The clasps are torn. The copy measures twelve inches, by seven inches and three quarters.

BIBLIA BOHEMICA. *Printed in 1488*. Folio. Among the rarest of the early-printed versions of the sacred text: and this copy happens to be a most beautiful and desirable one. It is wanting in Lord Spencer's collection; which renders a minute description of it the more desirable. The first signature, *a i*, appears to be blank. On *a ii* begins a prologue or prefatory prohemie, ending on the reverse of *a vj*. It has a prefix, or title, in fifteen lines, printed in red. The text is uniformly printed in double columns, in a sharp secretary-gothic character, with ink sufficiently black, upon paper not remarkably stout, but well manufactured.

There are running titles, throughout. The signatures seem to be thus disposed: *a* to *g* inclusively, in tens: *h* 8: *i* to *z*, inclusively, in tens: (*t*, *v*, *x*, being thus arranged.) Then A 10; B 4; C to Z, inclusively, in tens. Next, A A, B B, in tens; C C 8; afterwards, *aa* to *mm* in tens: then, *mm* 8: and, lastly, *i* with 8 leaves. The last eight leaves upon signature *i* are printed in red and black lines alternately, and appear to be an index. The colophon, in nineteen lines, is at the bottom of the second column, on the reverse of *mm viij*. This book is thought to have been printed at *Prague*. The present copy is bound in blue morocco.

NEW TESTAMENT: *in the Dutch and Russian languages*. This volume, which is considered to be unique, and of which indeed I never saw, or heard of, another copy, bears the imprint of “*T Gravenhage—by Iohannes Van Duren, Boeckverkoper. MDCCXVII.*” Folio. The Dutch text is uniformly printed in capital letters; the Russian, in what I conceive to be lower-case, and about two-thirds the size of the Dutch. In a copy of this edition, which contained *only the Dutch* text—and which M. Van Praet gave up to the Library at the Hague—there was a note, of which the latter procured a transcript, as follows:

“Extrait d’une lettre de M. Langer, Bibliothécaire à Wolfenbittel, à M. de Lampsius à la Haye, du 11 Novembre, 1810—Quant au texte Russe du Nouveau Testament, dans la BIBLE, dite CZARIENNE, sur lequel vous me demandez des renseignements, il n’y a nul doute qu’il ne soit imprimé à *St. Petersbourg*. Notre exemplaire est relié en 2 volumes, dont chacun, outre le frontispice en Hollandois, a encore le sien en langue Russe. Voici ce que dit celui du 1er. volume, rendu mot pour mot: “LIVRE DES EVANGILES, traduits en “langue Russienne par ordre de sa Majesté Czarienne,” au bas de la page, “A la Typographie de St. Petersburg, l’an,” &c. [see above] Ce-

lui du second volume: "LIVRE DES ACTES & DES EPIITRES DES "SAINTS APÔTRES TRADUITS," &c.: et en bas, "A la Typographie de X. " & le 11. Mars." Pour ce qui est des types de l'Imprimerie, ce que sont la plupart des caractères *Slavons*; l'écriture Russe n'étant pas encore parvenue alors à cette élégance modernisée, avec laquelle on y imprime maintenant. L'exemplaire en question nous est venu d'une collection de Bibles, ramassées, il y aura bientôt un siècle, par une de nos pieuses Princesses. Le Catalogue se borne à dire là dessus, que c'a été le seul exemplaire qui de Russie ait passé en Hollande, d'où la dite Princesse avoit sçu se le procurer. Sans doute qu'après le décès de Pierre I. le Clergé Russe a trouvé moyen de supprimer toute l'édition, faite probablement sans son autorisation."

The cause of the scarcity of perfect copies is, that very nearly the whole of the impression was *lost at sea*. The present copy undoubtedly affords decided demonstration of a marine soaking: parts of it being in the most piteous condition. As far as the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, the Russian text regularly accompanies the Dutch: but from the tenth verse of the fifteenth, to the fifty-third verse of the twenty-second chapter, there is no Russian text. I find, however, upon revision, that other parts of the Gospels, and especially those of St. Matthew, have no Russian text. From the seventh chapter of St. Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians, to the sixth chapter of the same Apostle's Epistle to the Galatians, there is also a void in the Russian text;—as indeed appears a similar hiatus in the Russian text from the third chapter of the Thessalonians to the third chapter to the Epistle to Timothy. The remainder, to the end of the Apocalypse, seems to possess both the Dutch and Russian texts. The first volume contains 255 leaves; the second, 196 leaves. The copy is yet in boards, in the

most tender condition. M. Van Praet thinks it is *just* possible that there may be a *second* similar copy. The *third* (if there be a second) is known to have perished in the flames at Moscow.

THE PENTATEUCH: *in Hebrew. Printed in 1491. Folio.* A very fine copy, printed UPON VELLUM. The press work has a rich and black appearance; but the vellum is rather soiled. One leaf presents us with the recto covered by ms. of a brown tint—and the reverse covered by printed text. The last page is certainly ms. This however is a rare and costly tome.

So much for a few of the earlier and rarer impressions of the SACRED TEXT; by which you will perceive that I have not even vouchsafed to notice *Fust and Schoiffher's Bible of 1462*. As this account commenced with the earlier period of the typographical art, so, in striking off into a new direction, I may as well continue the congenial theme by topics of nearly a similar character. Pay attention, I beseech you, to the very first of the ensuing articles.

TRACTS PRINTED BY PFISTER, *at Bamberg*; Folio. This is really a matchless volume, on the score of rarity and curiosity. It begins with a tract or moral treatise, upon death. The wood cuts, five in number, are very large, filling nearly the whole page. One of them presents us with death upon a white horse; and the other was immediately recognised by me, as being the identical subject of which a fac-simile of a portion is given to the public in Lord Spencer's Catalogue*—but which, at that time, I was unable to appropriate.

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. i. p. 103-4; where there is also an ac-

This tract contains twenty-four leaves, having twenty-eight lines in a full page. In all probability it was the *first* of the tracts printed by Pfister in the present volume. The **FOUR HISTORIES**, so fully detailed in the work just referred to, immediately follows. This is of the date of 1462. Then the **BIBLIA PAUPERUM**, also fully described in the same work. This treatise is without date, and contains seventeen leaves; with a profusion of wood cuts, of which fac-similes have been given by me to the public. These three copies are in remarkably fine preservation; and this volume will be always highly treasured in the estimation of the typographical antiquary. The Latin Bible, by Pfister, has been just described to you.* There was a yet **MORE PRECIOUS** typographical gem . . in this very library; by the same printer—with very curious wood cuts,—of one of which Heineken has indulged us with a fac-simile. I mean the **FABLES** . . with the express date of 1461. But recent events have caused it to be restored to its original quarters.†

Taking leave of *Pfister*, and the early *Bamberg press*, you must allow me to introduce you within the precincts of the **SOUBIACO MONASTERY**—the first spot

count of the book itself—from the description of Camus. The work is entitled by Camus, **THE ALLEGORY OF DEATH**.

* See page 255 ante.

† This subject is briefly noticed in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. 371; and the book itself is somewhat particularly described there. I think I remember Lord Spencer to have once observed, that more than a slight hope was held out to him, by the late Duke of Brunswick, of obtaining this typographical treasure. This was before the French over-ran Prussia.

in which the art of printing was exercised in Italy. In other words, cast your eye upon the two following volumes.

LACTANTII INSTITUTIONES, &c. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. This was Lord Oxford's copy, and may be called almost uncut. Yet, large as it is, a minute inspection serves to shew that some of the ancient ms. numerals have been shorn. It is also slightly stained at the extremities of the leaves, and strict candour obliges me to confess that the copy is of too brown a hue. There are prefixes to the chapters in red ink, in ms., a good deal faded: nothing, however, methinks, but what Charles Lewis could repair—and produce, in consequence, a copy perhaps as magnificent as that belonging to Mr. Grenville—which is almost beyond praise. You are to learn that copies of this beautifully printed book are by no means very uncommon—although formerly, if I remember rightly, De Bure knew but of one copy in France—but copies in a fine state, and of such dimensions as are Mr. Grenville's and the one now before me, must be considered as of extremely rare occurrence. This copy measures thirteen inches, one-eighth, and one-sixteenth—by very nearly nine inches one-eighth. You will smile at this particularity; but depend upon it there are ruler-carrying collectors who will thank me heartily for such a rigidly minute measurement.

STS. AUGUSTINUS DE CIVITATE DEI. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1467. Folio. It always does the heart of a bibliographer good to gaze upon a fine copy of this resplendent volume. It is truly among the master-pieces of early printing:—but what

will be your notions of the copy now under description, when I tell you, not only that it once belonged to our beloved FRANCIS I., but that, for amplitude and condition, it rivals the copy in the library at *St. James's Place*? In short, it was precisely between this very copy, and that of my Lord Spencer, that M. Van Praet paused—(“*je m'étois balancé*” were the words used to me by that knowing bibliographer) and pondered and hesitated . . . again and again . . . ere he could decide upon which of the two was to be parted with! But, supposing the size and condition of each to be fairly “balanced” against the other, M. Van Praet could not, in honour and conscience, surrender the copy which had been formerly in the library of one of the greatest of the French monarchs . . . and so the spirit of Francis I. rests in peace . . . as far as the retention of this copy may contribute to its repose. It is doubtless more brilliant and more attractive than Lord Spencer's—which, however, has no equal on the *other* side of the channel: but it is more beaten, and, I suspect, somewhat more cropt. At the top of the first page of the table, we observe *only the tails* of the ancient numerals; and at the bottom, to the right, some few of the ancient ms. signatures exhibit decided proofs of the operation of the knife. A yet further testimony of the inroad of that fatal instrument is shewn in the following old inscription: “*Ce liure cy appartient Au Roy frencroys Premier De ce nom.*” At the end of the word “*frencroys,*” the *s* has been almost cut away. There's “matter of import” for you. But I interdict all sneers or smiles: for think of certain ruler-carrying bibliomaniacs! I forgot to say, that there are several

capital initials in this copy tolerably well illuminated; apparently of the time of Francis—who, I am persuaded, loved illuminators of books to his heart. The first page of the text perhaps exhibits the prettiest specimen of graphic decoration. Yet I'll bet my ancient Sicilian gold coin against your cameo ring—in other words, my *Ceres* against your *Sappho*—that Lord Spencer's copy towers above the present! The binding of this copy is in good old red morocco. The volume measures fifteen inches five eighths, by eleven inches.

I shall now continue literally as I began:—without any regard to dates, or places where printed.

CATHOLICON. Printed by Gutenberg: 1460. Folio. 2 vols. This copy is UPON VELLUM; but yet much inferior to the absolutely unrivalled membranaceous copy in Mr. Grenville's book-cabinet. The first leaf is cruelly cut at top and at bottom; so as to have destroyed some of the upper, but not lower, lines. A corner of the last leaf of the first volume is also cut, but no text is lost. The vellum is doubtless very pure, but of a somewhat yellowish tint. This copy measures fifteen inches one eighth, by eleven inches one eighth. It is bound in red morocco.

GRAMMATICA RHYTHMICA. Printed by Fust and Schoiffer; 1466. Folio. How you would start back with surprise—peradventure mingled with indignation—to be told that, for this very meagre little folio, somewhat cropt, consisting but of eleven leaves, cruelly scribbled upon . . . not fewer than *three thousand three hundred livres* were given—at the sale of Cardinal Lomenie's library, about thirty years ago!?

It is even so. And wherefore? Because only *one* other copy of it is known:—and that “other” is luckily reposing upon the mahogany shelves in St. James’s Place. The present measures ten inches seven eighths, by eight inches.

VOCABULARIUS. *Printed by Bechtermuntze; 1467.*
 Quarto. EDITIO PRINCEPS—one of the rarest books in the world. Indeed I apprehend this copy to be absolutely unique. Hence you will conclude that no copy adorns the shelves of the fore-mentioned library. Even so, my friend:—and I own it with more than an ordinary sigh . .

(And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow—

“as he turned over the leaves of this copy”—methinks I hear you add.) This is a Latin and German Vocabulary, of which a good notion may be formed by the account of the second edition of it, in 1469, in a certain descriptive catalogue.* To be perfect, there should be 215 leaves. A full page has thirty-five lines. It begins thus—at top of the recto of the first leaf:

[C] quo vocabularij varij autēfici videlicz.

The colophon, in twelve lines, is on the reverse of the last leaf, at bottom. It may be only necessary to select the following essential portion of it:

Presens hoc opusculum nō stili aut penne suf-

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. iii p. 129, vol. iv, p. 500.

inchoatum et demū sub anno dñi. M.CCCC.
 lxxij. ijo die leonardi confessoris qui fuit
 &c. & &c.

This copy is in as fine, clean, and crackling condition, as is that of Lord Spencer of the second impression; but a poring eye may discover, from the amputated state of some ancient ms. numerals, that this copy has been somewhat cropt. It is eight inches and a half in height, by five inches and five eighths in width.

HARTLIEB'S BOOK OF CHIROMANCY. *Supposed to have been printed with wooden blocks.* Folio. You may remember the amusement which you said was afforded you by the account of, and the fac-similes from, this very strange and bizarre production—in the *Bibliographical Decameron*. The copy before me is much larger and finer than that in my Lord Spencer's collection. The figure of the Doctor and of the Princess Anna are also much clearer in their respective impressions; and the latter has really no very remote resemblance to what is given in the *Bibl. Spenceriana** of one of the Queens of Hungary. If so, perhaps the period of its execution may not be quite so remote as is generally imagined: for the Hungarian Chronicle, from which that regal figure was taken, is of the date of 1485. Yet head-dresses might, in former times, not be quite so changeable as in these days.

HISTORIA BEATÆ VIRGINIS. *Without date.* This is doubtless rather an extraordinary volume. The text is printed only on one side of the leaf: so as to leave, alternately, the reverses and rectos blank—facing each other. But this *alone* is no proof of its antiquity;

* Vol. iii. p. 484.

for, from the character both of the wood cuts and the type, I am quite persuaded that this volume could not have been executed much before the year 1480. The *Saint Gregory, Jerome, Austin, and Ambrose*, are the first four wood-cuts. Afterwards, each page is divided into four compartments, with three or four lines of Latin text beneath each. It is not improbable that this book might have been printed at *Ulm*: at any rate, in Germany. It is a very beautiful copy, and bound in blue morocco.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. The enormous worth and rarity of this exceedingly precious volume may be estimated from this very copy having been purchased, at the sale of the Duke de la Valliere's library, in 1783, for 4101 livres. The first leaf of the *Bucolics*, of which the margin of the page is surrounded by an ancient illumination, gives unfortunate evidence of the binding of De Rome. In other words, this copy, although in other respects white and sound, has been too much crompt. It measures eleven inches and six eighths, by nearly seven inches and five eighths.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Vindelino de Spira.* 1470. Here are not fewer than *two* delicious copies of this exceedingly rare impression—and the most delicious happens to be UPON VELLUM. “O rare felicity! . . . (you exclaim) to spend so many hours within scarcely more than an arm's length of such cherished and long-sought after treasures!” But it is true nevertheless. The vellum copy demands our more immediate attention. It is very rarely, indeed, that this volume can be obtained in any state, whether upon

vellum or paper; but in the condition in which it is here found, it is a very precious acquisition. Some few leaves are a little tawny or foxy, and the top of the very first page makes it manifest that the volume has suffered a slight degree of amputation. But such defects are only as specks upon the sun's disk.* There is a pretty illumination at the commencement of the Georgics, and a few other trifling marginal illuminations, in good taste. There are some ms. observations, upon four leaves, of vellum, of the date of 1626. This copy, bound in old yellow morocco binding of the Gaignat period, measures very nearly twelve inches and three quarters, by eight inches and five eighths.

The SAME EDITION. A copy upon paper; in the most unusual condition. The pages are numbered with a pen, rather neatly: but these numerals had better been away. A frightful (gratuitous) ms. title—copied in a modern hand, from another of the date of 1474—strikes us, on opening the volume, in a very disagreeable manner. At top we read “*Ad usum H. D. Henrici E. C. M. C.*” The first page of the text is surrounded by an old illumination: and the title to the Bucolics is inserted, by the hand, in gold capital letters. From the impression appearing on the six following leaves, it should seem that this illuminated border

* Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz shewed me another VELLUM COPY—in their possession; but cut to the very quick, and of the most jaundiced complexion. It would have been dear at twenty louis d'or. Whereas a copy, like that above described, would have been cheap at two hundred. It were however curious to know by whose means, or under what circumstances, this latter copy has become so shorn of its original brilliancy.

had been stamped, after the book was bound. The condition of this classical treasure may be pronounced, upon the whole to be equally beautiful and desirable. Perhaps there has been the slightest possible cropping ; as the ancient ms. numerals are occasionally somewhat invisible. It is with regret that one observes, through about the last twenty leaves, indications of worm-hole stopping ; which, towards the latter part, has rather a variolous appearance. Upon the whole, however, this is a lovely book : measuring thirteen inches, one quarter, and one sixteenth in height, by nine inches and very nearly one quarter in width.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 1471. Folio. SECOND ROMAN EDITION ;* of yet greater scarcity than the first. This was Politian's own copy, and is so large as to be almost *uncut* : having the margins filled with Scholia, and critical observations, in almost the smallest hand-writing to be met with : supposed to be also from the pen of Politian. The autograph and subscription of that eminent scholar thus meet our eye at the top of the very first fly leaf :

Angeli Politiani et amicorum.

Ἀγγέλου τοῦ Πολιτιανοῦ καὶ τῶν φίλων

Virgilius

Of all ancient editions of Virgil, this is probably not only the most estimable, but is so scarce as to have been, till lately, perfectly unknown. According to the

ancient ms. numerals in this copy, there should be 225 leaves—to render the volume perfect. In our own country, it is—with a sigh I speak it!—only to be found in the library of Dr. Wm. Hunter at Glasgow.* At present, all I need tell you is, that, from the preface prefixed to this edition, by the famous Bishop of Aleria, the episcopal editor charges our old friends, Sweynheym and Pannartz, with having slept “rather more soundly than usual,” during the progress of the previous edition—just described to you; and that, in consequence, he had stimulated them to more successful efforts in the impression now submitted to the public. This may account for its having been speedily dispersed: and of course, in such request, as to be now almost unobtainable. But it is right that, as a bibliographer, you should know that this edition contains the *Priapeia* complete, for the first time. In the previous impression there is only an incomplete text of it. This invaluable volume is preserved in good, sound, characteristic old binding.

VIRGILIUS. Printed by Gering. 1478. Quarto. This impression is perhaps rather rare than valuable; although I am free to admit it is yet a desideratum in the Spencerian collection. It commences with an address by the famous Beroaldus to I. Francus, his pupil, on the reverse of the first leaf—in which the tutor expresses his admiration of Virgil in the following manner: “te amantissime mi Johannes hortor, te moneo,

* That sigh has at length ceased to rend my breast. It will be seen, from the sequel of this Tour, that a good, sound, perfect copy of it, now adorns the shelves of the *Spencerian Library*. The *VIRGILS* indeed, in that library, are perfectly unequalled throughout Europe.

et si pateris oro, ut VIRGILIUM lectites. Virgilio inhies : Illum colas ; illum dies noctesque decātes. Ille sit semper in manibus. Et ut præceptoris fungar officio, illud potissimum tibi ꝑecipiā et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo : ut humanitatis studia ac māsuetiores musas avidissime complectaris.” Next follows the Life of Virgil, in nine pages. Then the Bucolics, &c. The signatures run, after a in ten, to z inclusively in eight leaves : then A to F inclusively in eights : G six. On the recto of G vj is the colophon, following two pages of hexameter verses respecting the threatened combustion of the Æneid. This colophon is lozenge-wise, in ten lines ; “ *p. magistrum udalricum Gering. Anno Salutis M. cccc. lxxviii.*” This edition is executed in the printer’s second (handsome) fount of roman type, upon very thick paper. The present copy, although apparently cropt, is sound and desirable.

From early impressions of classical *poetry*, let me place before you a few equally precious ones of classical *prose*.

PLINII HIST. NATURALIS. *Printed by J. de Spira.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS :—but oh ! marvellous specimen—a copy UPON VELLUM. Fair is the colour and soft is the texture of this exquisite production—bound in two volumes. I examined both volumes thoroughly, and am not sure that I discovered what might be fairly called one discoloured leaf. Doubtless the Royal Library contains nothing, in the shape of a printed *Fifteener*, more beauteous and more covetable than is this specimen of the membranaceous luxury of former times. But this is mere bibliomaniacal rhapsody, you will exclaim. I will be more sober therefore.

The first page of the printed text is illuminated by a comparatively modern hand, close to the extremity of the border—which gives the margin the appearance of having been cropt. M. Van Praet, however, is strenuous in supporting that it exhibits its pristine state of magnitude. But I feel persuaded (looking with a severe and perhaps fastidious eye) that, from the closeness of the ancient and nearly coeval illumination, towards the top of the margin—at the commencement of the text of the author, on the conclusion of the table—that these volumes *have* been, however slightly, amputated. It is in a modern, red-morocco binding; but many of the old stamped edges remain; and the bottom margin, beneath the old illumination just mentioned, is sufficiently large. Yet, among other instances, look at the top of the beginning of the xviiith Book—where it is manifest that even the *previous* binding was faithless to the *original* dimensions of the book. With these trifling drawbacks—for so, in truth, they may be considered—this copy is beyond all praise; and, I had nearly said, all value. It is almost with equal pain and difficulty that one withdraws one's eyes from such beautiful book-gems. This copy measures fifteen inches and a half, by ten inches and three-eighths.

The SAME EDITION. Upon paper. A remarkably fine copy: well beaten however—and, I should be loth to assert positively, not free from some washing—for the ancient red numerals, introduced by the pencils of the rubricator, and designating the several books and chapters, seem to have faded and been retouched. I observe also, that some of the ancient illuminated letters, which had probably faded during the process of

washing or cleaning, have been retouched, and even painted afresh—especially in the blue back-grounds. The first page is prettily illuminated ; but there are slight indications of the worm at the end of the volume. Upon the whole, however, this is a magnificent book, and inferior only to Lord Spencer's unrivalled copy—upon paper. It measures sixteen inches and five eighths, by eleven inches and one sixteenth, and is handsomely bound in red morocco. Let me go on a little with the earlier **PLINIES**.

PLINII HISTORIA NATURALIS. *Printed by Jenson, 1472. Folio.* A copy UPON VELLUM: but, upon the whole, I was disappointed with the size and general condition of this book. The vellum has not had justice done to it in the binding, being in parts crumpled ; it is also, occasionally, of a dingy colour, and some pages of the text are rendered foggy. The first page is however beautifully illuminated : Within the cover of the book is the following memorandum : “ Reverendus Pater Franciscus de la Chaize, Soc. Jesu. Lud. XIV. Regi Christianissimo a Confessoribus, hoc munere ex regia munificentia Bibliothecam Lugdunensis Sanctiss. Trinitatis Societatis Jesu auxit.” This copy measures sixteen inches, by ten and three eighths.

PLINII HIST. NAT. *Italicè. Printed by Jenson. 1476. Folio.* A copy UPON VELLUM. About the first forty leaves are cruelly stained at top. The last eight or ten leaves are almost of a yellow tint. In other parts, where the vellum is white, (for it is of a remarkably fine quality) nothing can exceed the beauty of this book : but it has been, I suspect, very severely cropt—if an opinion may be formed from its companion upon

paper, about to be described. It is fifteen inches in height, by ten and a quarter in width.

THE SAME EDITION. *Printed by the same Printer.* I suspect this to be perhaps the finest paper copy in the world: as perfect as Lord Spencer's copy of the first edition of the same author. Every thing breathes of its pristine condition: the colour and the substance of the paper; the width of the margin, and the purity of the embellishments. This copy will also serve to convince the most obstinate, that, when one catches more than a glimpse of the ms. numerals at top, and ms. signatures at bottom, we are pretty certain of possessing the book in all the plenitude of its ancient size. I speak a little roundly—but really the sight of such a volume might dispel the head-ache or cure the heart-burn! On the first leaf we read “*Ex Bibliotheca Capituli Carnotensis.*” The condition is such as to indicate that the edges have been only scraped. It is fitting that I send you the measurement; but do not, in consequence, cause any of the **Roxburghers** to pass sleepless nights on discovering, from thence, the diminutiveness of their own copies. It is sixteen inches and three quarters in height, and perhaps one sixteenth of an inch more—by very nearly eleven inches and a quarter in width. It is bound in red morocco, by *Bradel l'Ainé*—in good taste, on the outside—but with the “Roger Payne, dark sugar-paper colour” within. Note, my good friend: if De Rome had exercised his instruments upon this lovely object, he would have cut off more than the hairs of its head!

LIVIVS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. A fine copy, in three thin volumes. The margins, however, are not free

from ms. notes, and there are palpable evidences of a slight truncation. Yet it is a fine copy: measuring fifteen inches and very nearly three quarters, by eleven inches one eighth. In red morocco binding. There is a duplicate copy, in two volumes; slightly wormed at the beginning, and not quite so large or sound; but it has the first page of the text illuminated very creditably in the old manner. This duplicate copy measures fifteen inches and a half, and is equally broad with the preceding.

LIVIOUS. *Printed by Ulric Han. Without Date.* Folio. In three thin volumes. A large copy, but evidently much washed, from the faint appearance of the marginal notes. Some leaves are very bad—especially the earlier ones of the preface and the text. The latter, however, have a vastly pretty ancient illumination. This copy measures fifteen inches five eighths, by ten seven eighths.

LIVIOUS. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira. 1470.* Folio. A magnificent copy, in two volumes: much preferable to either of the preceding. The first page of text has a fine old illumination. It is clean and sound throughout: measuring fifteen inches five eighths, by eleven inches—within an eighth.

THE SAME EDITION. *Printed UPON VELLUM.* This copy, if I remember rightly, is considered to be unique. It is that one which was formerly preserved in the public library at Lyons, and had been lent to the late Duke de la Vallière during his life only—to enrich his book-shelves—having been restored to its original place of destination upon the death of the Duke. It is both in an imperfect and lacerated condition: the

latter, owing to a cannon ball, which struck it during the siege of Lyons. I was glad to see this book, about which I had briefly written fourteen years ago*. The first volume begins abruptly thus: "ex parte altera ripe, &c." This first volume is a beautiful book; the vellum being of a uniform, but rather yellow tint. It measures fourteen inches five eighths, by nine and six eighths. The second volume makes a kind-hearted bibliographer shudder. The cannon ball took it obliquely, so as to leave the first part of the volume less lacerated than the latter. In the latter part, however, the direction of the destructive weapon went, capriciously enough, somehow across the page. This second volume yet exhibits a fine old illumination on the first page.

LIVIVS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1472. Folio. 2 vols. A fine copy, and larger than either of the preceding: but the beginning of the first volume and the conclusion of the second are slightly wormed. There is a duplicate leaf of the beginning of the text, which is rather brown, but illuminated in the ancient manner. This copy measures fifteen inches and a half, by eleven one eighth.

Let me now vary the bibliographical theme, by the mention of a few copies of works of a miscellaneous but not unamusing character. I shall return to the Classics, to colophonise. And first, for a small cluster of CAXTONS and MACHLINIAS.

TULLY OF OLD AGE, &c. *Printed by Caxton,* 1481. A cropt and soiled copy; whereas copies of this Caxto-

* *Introd. to the Greek and Latin Classics*; 1804. Octavo. p. 226.

nian production are usually in a clean and sound condition. The binding is infinitely too gaudy for the state of the interior. It appears to want the treatise upon Friendship. This book once belonged to William Burton, the Leicestershire historian; as we learn from this inscription below the colophon: "*Liber Willmi Burton Lindliaci Leicestrensis socij inter. Templi, ex dono amici mei singularis M^{ri}. Iohānis Price, socij Interioris Templi, 28 Jan. 1606. Anno regni regis Iacobi quarto.*" On the reverse is a fac-simile of the same subscription, beneath an exceedingly well executed head of Burton, in pen and ink.

ART AND CRAFTS TO KNOW WELL TO DYE. *Printed by Caxton. 1490. Folio.* This book was sold to the Royal Library of France, many years ago, by Mr. Payne, for the moderate sum of £10. 10s. It is among the rarest of the volumes from the press of Caxton, and is not yet to be found* in the library in St. James's Place. Every leaf of this copy exhibits proof of the skill and care of Roger Payne; for every leaf is inlaid and mounted, with four lines of red ink round each page—not in the very best taste. The copy is also cramped or choked in the back. Signature *A* appears to have eight leaves; but signature *B* is perplexing. After *A viij*, you notice *Bi*, *Bij*; then a leaf without signature: and then *Bij* again. On *Bijj*, and the following leaf, is the colophon—thus:

**Thus endeth the traxtpe abredged of the arte to
lerne well to depe, translated oute of frenshe in to**

* It has been since obtained—from the sale of the collection of the Duke of Marlborough:—A. D. 1819.

englysshe. by willm Caxton. the xv. day of Junn,
the yere of our lord a M iij C lxxx.

In the whole, thirteen leaves. The title, however, or head-pieces runs thus :

**Here begynneth a litll treatise shorte and abredged
spekyng of the arte & crafte to knowe well to dpe.**

A full page has thirty-one lines ; and it is executed in long lines. This copy is bound in russia.

STATUTES OF RICHARD III. *Printed by Machlinia.* Folio. *Without Date.* A perfect copy for size and condition ; but the binding is much too gay. I refer you to the *Typographical Antiquities** for an account of this edition.

NOVA STATUTA. *Printed by the Same.* Folio. You must examine the sober pages, last referred to, for a description of this elaborately executed volume ; printed upon paper of an admirable quality. The present is a sound, clean, and desirable copy : but why in such gay, red morocco, binding ?

LIBER MODORUM SIGNIFICANDI. *Printed at St. Alban's ; 1480.* Quarto. The only copy of this rare volume I have ever seen. It appears to be bound in what is called the old Oxford binding, and the text is preceded by a considerable quantity of old coeval ms. relating to the science of arithmetic. A full page has thirty-two lines. The type is small : smaller indeed than the smallest of Caxton, and the signatures are yet smaller than the text. The text begins on the recto

* Vol. ii. p. 11 : or to the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* ; vol. iv. p. 385.

of *a j*—a space being left for the introduction of the initial letter—without any prefix, thus :

**Uoniā autem itelligē & scire itigit ī oī scīa
ex cogēoe p̄icipioꝝ ut scribī p̄^o phisicorū :**
&c. &c. &c.

The signatures *a, b, c, d, e*, run in eights : *f* has six leaves. On the recto of *f vj* is the colophon, thus :

**Explicit liber modoꝝ sigūdi
Alberti ips̄s^o apd villam
sancti Albani a^o. m^o. cccc^o lxxx^o**

This copy had belonged successively to Tutet and Wodhull. A ms. treatise, in a later hand, concludes the volume. The present is a sound and desirable copy.

BOCCACCIO. IL DECAMERONE. *Printed by Valdarfer.*
1471. Folio This is the famous edition about which all the Journals of Europe have recently “ rung from side to side.” But it wants much in value of THE yet more famous COPY* which was sold at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe’s library ; inasmuch as it is defective in the first leaf of the text, and three leaves of the table. In the whole, according to the comparatively recent numerals, there are 265 leaves. It has been rather cruelly washed, and almost as cruelly cropt—for even these comparatively modern numerals have been, occasionally, nearly cut away. This copy measures eleven inches and a half, by seven inches and seven eighths. It is bound in red morocco, with inside marble leaves.

THE SAME WORK. *Printed by P. Adam de Michelibus.* Mantua, 1472. An edition of almost equal

* Now in Lord Spencer’s Collection. See vol. i. p. 236.

rarity with the preceding ; and of which, I suspect, there is only one perfect copy in our own country. Lord Spencer's is unluckily very imperfect. The colophon is in four lines, of which the last line is at some little distance from the third. It runs thus :

Io. Bocacii poetae lepidiss. decameron : opus facetū : Mantuae īpressū : Cum eius florētiss. urbis principatū foeliciss. ageret diuus Lodouicus gonzaga secundus. Anno ab origine christiana. M.cccc.lxxii.

Petrus adam dei michaelibus eiusdem Ciuis imprimēdi auctor.

The table contains seven leaves ; and the text, according to the numbers of this copy, has 256 leaves. A full page has forty-one lines. The present is a sound, genuine copy ; a little sombre in tint, but free from any thing like a serious injury. It is in old red morocco binding ; measuring, exclusively of the cover, twelve inches three eighths, by eight seven eighths.

BOCCACE. RUINES DES NOBLES HOMMES & FEMMES. *Printed by Colard Mansion, at Bruges. 1476. Folio.* This edition is printed in double columns, in Mansion's larger type, precisely similar to what has been published in the Bibliotheca Spenceriana.* The title is in red—with a considerable space below, before the commencement of the text, as if this vacuum were to be supplied by the pencil of the illuminator. The present is a remarkably fine copy—the paper being stout and crackling. The colophon is in six lines.

FAIT DE LA GUERRE. *Printed by Colard Mansion. Without Date. Folio.* This rare book was bound in the same volume which contained the supposed Caxton's

* Vol. i. p. 231-2.

impression of the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*.* It is printed in a very different type from that usually known as the type of Colard Mansion: being smaller and closer—but decidedly gothic. The author of this French version of the Art of War was the “defunct venerable discret et sage maistre alain chartier, &c. secretaire du roy Charles le septiesme.” The prologue commences on the reverse of the first leaf. The text, with six lines of prefix, begins on the recto of the opposite leaf. A full page has thirty-two lines. There are neither numerals, signatures, nor catchwords. On the recto of the twenty-ninth and last leaf, we read

Impressum brugis per Colardum Mansion.

The reverse is blank. This is a fine genuine copy, in red morocco binding. The paper is strong, but of a brownish tint. As this book was contained in the old binding which included also the work just mentioned, and as it is half an inch taller, and a full quarter of an inch wider, than the same, it follows that the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye* was, in all probability, as I suspected, cropt somewhat in the binding. Monsieur Van Praet told me that, for *this* and the *Recueil*, M. De La Serna Santander gave two louis d'or: the owner observing that “he *thought* it might be worth that sum?” It is quite clear that M. Van Praet thought so too!

LASCARIS GRAMMATICA GRÆCA. 1476. Quarto. The first book printed in the Greek language; and, as such, greatly sought after by the curious. This is a clean, neat copy, but I suspect a little washed and cropt. Nevertheless, it is a most desirable volume.

* See page 247, ante.

AULUS GELLIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pamartz.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. A sound and rather fine copy : almost the whole of the old ms. numerals at top remaining. It is very slightly wormed just at the beginning. This copy measures thirteen inches by nine.

CÆSAR. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pamartz.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps : with ms. notes by Victorius. A large sound copy, but the first few leaves are soiled or rather thumbed. The marginal edges are apparently uncut. It measures twelve inches seven eighths by nine inches one eighth.

APULEIUS *Printed by the Same.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. All these FIRST EDITIONS are of considerable rarity. The present copy is, upon the whole, large and sound ; though not free from marginal notes and slight stains. The first few leaves at top are slightly injured. It measures thirteen inches one eighth, by nine inches.

AUSONIUS. 1472. Folio : with all the accompanying pieces.* Editio Princeps ; and undoubtedly much rarer than either of the preceding volumes. Of the present copy, the first few leaves are wormed in the centre, and a little stained. The first illuminated leaf of the text is stained ; so is the second leaf, not illuminated. In the whole, eighty-six leaves. The latter leaves are wormed. This copy is evidently crompt.

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS & PROPERTIUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. Of equal, if not greater, rarity than even the Ausonius. This is a sound and very desirable copy—displaying the ancient ms. signatures. The

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana* ; vol. i. page 272.

edges of the leaves are rather of a foxy tint. After the Catullus, a blank leaf. This copy measures eleven inches one eighth, by very nearly seven inches five eighths.

I shall now vary the line of selection, by laying before you a few precious specimens of OLD ROMANCES : to which, I think, the mention of two editions of HOMER will not form a very unappropriate prelude.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. 1488. Folio. Editio Princeps. When you are informed that this copy is . . . UN CUT . . . you will necessarily figure to yourself a volume of magnificent, as well as pristine, dimensions. Yet, without putting on spectacles, one discovers occasionally a few foxy spots towards the edges ; and the first few leaves are perhaps somewhat tawny. Upon the whole, however, the condition is wonderful : and I am almost ashamed of myself at having talked about foxy spots and tawny tints. This copy is bound in red morocco, in a sensible, unassuming manner. For the comfort of such, whose copies aspire to the distinction of being almost uncut, I add—that this volume measures fourteen inches, by about nine inches and five eighths. It is kept in a case, upon the exterior of which is this emphatic lettering : NON ROGNÉ.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. 1808. *Printed by Bodoni.* Folio. 2 volumes. Another unique copy ; but of a different class. It is UPON VELLUM, and the presentation copy to Bonaparte—to whom this edition was dedicated by Bodoni. Splendid, large, and beautiful as is this typographical performance, I must candidly own that there is something about it which “ likes me not.” The

vellum, however choice, and culled by Bodoni's most experienced foragers, is, to my eye, too white—which arises perhaps from the text occupying so comparatively small a space in the page. Nor is the type pleasing to my taste. It is too cursive and sparkling; and the upper strokes are uniformly too thin. In short, the whole has a cold effect. However, this is unquestionless one of the most magnificent productions of the modern press. The volumes measure two feet in length. They are at present kept in a case, not quite worthy to receive such a treasure.

CRONIKES DE FRANCE. *Printed by Verard.* 1493. Folio. Three vols. A glorious copy—printed UPON VELLUM! The wood-cuts are coloured. It is bound in red morocco.

LAUNCELOT DU LAÇ. *Printed by Verard.* 1494. Folio. 3 vols. Also UPON VELLUM. In red morocco binding. There is another copy of the same date, upon paper, but with different illuminations: equally magnificent and covetable. In red morocco binding.

GYRON LE COURTOYS : auecques la devise des armes de tous les cheualiers de la table ronde. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. Printed UPON VELLUM. This was once a fine thumping fellow of a copy!—but it has lost somewhat of its stature by the tools of the binder—or rather from the destruction of the Library of St. Germain des Près: whence it was thrown into the streets, and found next day by M. Van Praet. Many of the books, from the same library, were thrown into cellars. It is evident, from the larger illuminations, and especially from the fourth, on the recto of *d vj*, that this volume has suffered from the tools of the binder. In old blue morocco binding.

ROMAN DE LA ROSE. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Small folio. In double columns, in prose. This superbly bound volume—once the property of H. Durfé, having his arms in the centre, and corner embellishments, in metal, on which are the entwined initials T. C—is but an indifferent copy. It is printed UPON VELLUM; and has been, as I suspect, rather cruelly cropt in the binding. Much of the vellum is also crumpled and tawny. There is a prettily written ms. note prefixed, and a very poor Indian ink portrait of Jean Clopinel. This book was once (1732) in the Library of Jean de Tulliot.

L'HORLOGE DE SAPIENCE. *Printed by Verard. 1493.* Folio. One of the loveliest books ever opened, and printed UPON VELLUM. Every thing is here perfect. The page is finely proportioned; the vellum is exceedingly beautiful, and the illuminations have a brilliance and delicacy of finish not usually seen in volumes of this kind. The borders are decorated by the pencil, and the second may be considered quite perfect of its kind. This book is bound by Bradel l'Ainé.

MILLES ET AMYS

ce romant est nomme

Lequel racompte les gestes et haulx fais

Du chevalier miles tres renomme

Et de amys qui furent si tres parfaits

Quilz ne peurent densemble estre defais

Tant saymerent feussent malades où sains

Par vraie amour si que par leur biensfais

En la fin furent et sont clamez pour saintcs.

Printed by Verard. Without Date. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. From the same library as the copy of the Roman De La Rose, just described; and in the

same style of binding. It is kept in the same case ; but, although crompt, it is a much finer book. The cuts are coloured, and the text is printed in double columns. I do not at this present moment remember to have seen another copy of this work.

IEU DES ESCHEZ. *Without name of Printer (but probably by Verard) or Date.* Folio. This is one of the numerous French originals from which Caxton printed his well known moralised work, under the title of the *Game and Play of the Chesse*. This fine copy is printed UPON VELLUM, in a large gothic letter, in double columns. The type has rather an uneven appearance, from the thickness of the vellum. There are several large prints, which, in this copy, are illuminated. The colophon is on the reverse of C ij :

*Cy finist le liure des eschez
et lordre De cheualerie transla-
te de latin en Francoys imprime
nouuellement a Paris.*

This copy is perhaps a little crompt, but it is in fine condition.

L'ARBRE DES BATAILLES. *Printed by Verard.* 1493. Folio. Another fine volume, printed UPON VELLUM. With the exception only of one or two crumpled or soiled leaves, this copy is as perfect as can be desired. Look, from *diiij.* to *e j.*, for a set of exquisitely printed leaves upon vellum, which cannot be surpassed. The cuts are here coloured in the usually bold and brilliant style.

LA CHASSE ET LE DEPART D'AMOURS. *Printed by Verard.* 1509. Folio. This volume of interesting old French poetry, which is printed in double columns,

UPON VELLUM, formerly belonged to the abbey of St. Germain des Près—as an inscription upon the title denotes. Above the title there is an impression, or rather indentation of a wood-cut, not covered with ink. This book abounds with very curious and very delectable old French poetry. Look amongst a hundred other similar things, at the “*Balade ioyeuse des taverniers*,” on the reverse Q. i: each stanza ending with

Les tauerniers qui brouillent nostre vin.

The third stanza is to the following effect :

Dung gros canon la teste escarbouillee
 Et de tonnerre, acablez en la rue
 Soient tous leurs corps, et leur chair deschiree
 De gros mastins bien garnye et pourueue
 De fort escler puissent perdre la veue
 Neige et gresil tousiours sur eulx dessoutte
 Auccques ce ilz aient la pluye toute
 Sans que sur eulx, ayent robbes ne manteaulx
 Leur corps trenchez, de dagues et couteaulx
 Et puis traisnez iusques en leau du Rin
 Desrompuz soient a quatre vings marteaulx
 Les tauerniers qui brouellent nostre vin

&c. &c. &c.

A little further, on the recto of R i, among many pleasing rondeaux, is a pretty one of

Rondel dung amy qui suruient deuât sa dame.

Bon iour, bon an, bon moys, bonne sepmaine
 Vous doint celluy qui tient tout en domaine
 Richesse, honneur, sante, ioye sans fin
 Plaisirs debuez prendre de cueur affin
 Pour maintenir la creature saine.

Après vous doint, quen ioye on vous demaine
 Et que lyesse, tantost on vous ameine
 Ainsi pourrez, auoir, soir et matin
 Bon iour, bon an.

This is a beautiful volume, in every respect : beneath the date, and forming part of the colophon, is the following privilege :

“ *Et a donne le Roy nostre sire audict verard lettres de preuileges et terme de troyz ans pour vendre et distribuer ses dictz liures affin de soy rembourser de ses fraiz et mises. Et deffend ledit seigneur a tous imprimeurs et libraires de ce royaulme de non imprimer ledit liure a troyz ans sur paine de confiscacion desditz liures.*”

LA NEF DES FOLZ DU MONDE. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. A most magnificent copy ; printed UPON VELLUM. Every page is highly illuminated, with ample margins. What is a little extraordinary, the reverse of the sixth leaf has ms. text above and below the large illumination ; while the recto of the same leaf has printed text. The present noble volume, which has the royal arms stamped on the exterior, is one of the few old books which has not suffered amputation by recent binding.

THE SAME WORK. *Printed by Marnef. 1497.* Folio. The poetry is in double columns, and the cuts are coloured. I apprehend this copy to be much crompt. It is UPON VELLUM ; rather tawny, but upon the whole exceedingly sound and desirable.

L'ART DE BIEN MOURIR. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. In Verard's large gothic type ; double columns : cuts coloured. There are two cuts of demons torturing people in a cauldron, such as may be seen in the second volume of my *Typographical Antiquities*.* Some of these cuts, in turn, may be taken

* At page 599, &c.

from the older ones in block books. The present copy is UPON VELLUM, rather tawny : but it is large and sound. In calf binding.

PARABOLES [de] MAISTRE ALAIN [Chartier] *Printed by Verard, 1492.* Folio. A magnificent volume, for size and condition. It is printed in Verard's large type, in long lines. The cuts are highly coloured. This copy is UPON VELLUM.

LES FAIS MAISTRE ALAIN CHARETIER. *Printed by Verard,* without date. Folio.

Tout charetiers tāt parfaiz q̄ imparfaiz
 Qui charier veullēt droit sās mesprendre
 De maistre allain charetier les beaux faiz
 En ce liure mis au vray doyuent prendre.

The first twelve leaves are in rather exceptionable condition. The work is printed in Verard's smaller type, in double columns. The cuts are illuminated, with additional ornaments in borders. The present is a large copy ; but many of the leaves are soiled.

Suppose, now, I throw in a little variety from the preceding the mention of a rare *Italian* book or two ?

Let me place before you a choice copy of the

MONTE SANCTO DI DIO. *Printed in 1477.* Folio. This, you know, is the volume about which the collectors of early copper-plate engraving are never thoroughly happy until they possess a perfect copy of it : perhaps a copy of a more covetable description than that which is now before me. There is a duplicate of the first cut : of which one impression is faint, and miserably coloured, and the other is so much cut away to the left, as to deprive the man, looking up, of his left arm, There is an exceedingly well executed du-

plicate of the large Christ, drawn with a pen. In the genuine print there is too much of the bur. The impression of the Devil eating human beings, within the lake of fire, is a good bold one. This copy is bound in red morocco, but in a flaunting style of ornament.

LA SFORZIADA. *Printed in 1480.* Folio. It is just possible you may not have forgotten the description of a copy of this work—like the present, struck off UPON VELLUM—which appears in the Bibliographical Decameron. That copy, you may remember, adorns the choice collection of our friend Mr. George Hibbert. The book before me is doubtless a most exquisite one; and the copy is of large dimensions. The illuminated first page very strongly resembles that in the copy just mentioned. The portraits appear to be the same: but the Cardinal is differently habited, and his physiognomical expression is less characteristic here than in the same portrait in Mr. Hibbert's copy. The head of Duke Sforza, his brother, seems to be about the same.

The lower compartment of this splendidly illuminated page differs materially from that of Mr. Hibbert's copy. There are two figures kneeling, apparently portraits; with the sea in the distance. The figure of St. Louis appears in the horizon—very curious. To the right, there are rabbits within an enclosure, and human beings growing into trees. The touch and style of the whole are precisely similar to what we observe in the other copy so frequently mentioned. The capital initials are also very similar. It is a pity that, during the binding, (which is in red morocco) the vellum has been so very much crumpled. This copy measures thirteen inches and seven eighths, by nine inches and three eighths.

I must now lay before you a few more Classics, and conclude the whole with miscellaneous articles.

TERENTIUS. *Printed by Ulric Han. Folio. Without date.* In all probability the first edition of the author by Ulric Han, and perhaps the second in chronological order; that of Mentelin being considered the first. It is printed in Ulric Han's larger roman type. A full page has thirty-three lines. In this copy the fifty-seventh leaf is blank; the reverse of the fifty-sixth concludes with ad "illas," and the commencement of the fifty-eighth with "ibo," apparently nothing wanting. In the whole, ninety leaves. No colophon, nor signatures, nor catch-words. This may be considered a fine genuine copy—in old French binding, with the royal arms.

ARISTOTELIS OPERA. *Printed by Aldus. 1495, &c. 6 vols.* Would you believe it—here are absolutely two copies of this glorious effort of the Aldine Press, printed UPON VELLUM! One copy belonged to the famous Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, and is about an eighth of an inch taller and wider than the other; but the other has not met with fair play, from the unskilful manner in which it has been bound—in red morocco. Perhaps the interior of this second copy may be preferred to that of Henri II. The illuminations are ancient, and elegantly executed, and the vellum seems equally white and beautiful. Probably the tone of the vellum in the other copy may be a *little* more sombre, but there reigns throughout it such a sober, uniform, mellow and genuine air—that, brilliant and captivating as may be the red morocco copy—he ought to think more than once or twice

who should give it the preference. The arms of the morocco copy, in the first page of the *Life of Aristotle*, from *Diogenes Laertius*, have been cut out. This copy came from the monastery of *St. Salvador*; and the original, roughly stamped, edges of the leaves are judiciously preserved in the binding. Both copies have the *first* volume upon *paper*. Indeed it seems now clearly ascertained that it was never printed upon vellum. The copy of *Henri II.* measures twelve inches and a quarter, by eight and an eighth.

PLUTARCHI OPUSCULA MORALIA. *Printed by Aldus.* 1509. Folio. 2 vols. Another delicious MEMBRANACEOUS treasure from the fine library of *Henri II.* and *Diane de Poitiers*; in the good old original couverture, besprinkled with interlaced *D's* and *H's*. It is in truth a lovely book—measuring ten inches and five eighths, by seven inches and three eighths; but I suspect a little cropt. Some of the vellum is also rather tawny—especially the first and second leaves, and the first page of the text of *Plutarch*. These volumes reminded me of the first *Aldine Plato*, also UPON VELLUM, in the library of *Dr. W. Hunter*; but I question if the *Plato* be *quite* so beautiful a production. The second of these *Plutarch* volumes is really “*de toute beauté.*”

EUSTATHIUS IN HOMERUM. 1542. Folio. 4 vols. Printed UPON VELLUM—and probably unique. A set of matchless volumes—yet has the binder done them great injustice, by the manner in which the backs are cramped or choked. The exteriors, in blazing red morocco, are not in the very best taste. A good deal of the vellum is also of too yellow a tint, but it is of a most delicate quality.

ARISTOTELIS ETHICA NICHOMACHEA. Gr. This volume forms a part only of the first Aldine edition of the Nichomachean ethics of Aristotle. The margins are plentifully charged with the Scholia of Basil the Great, as we learn from an original letter of “Constantinus Palæocappa, grecus” to Henry the Second—whose book it was, and who shewed the high sense he entertained of the Scholia, by having the volume bound in a style of luxury and splendour beyond any thing which I remember to have seen—as coming from his library. The reverse of the first leaf exhibits a beautiful frame work, of silver ornaments upon a black ground—now faded; with the initials and devices of Henry and Diane de Poitiers. Their arms and supporters are at top. Within this frame work is the original and beautifully written letter of Constantine Palæocappa. On the opposite page the text begins—surrounded by the same brilliant kind of ornament; having an initial H of extraordinary beauty. The words, designating the Scholia, are thus:

ΜΕΤΑ ΣΧΟΛΙΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΥ ΤΟΥΤ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ.

These Scholia are written in a small, close, and yet free Greek character, with frequent contractions. Several other pages exhibit the peculiar devices of Henry and Diana—having silver crescents and arrow-filled quivers. This book is bound in boards, and covered with dark green velvet, now almost torn to threads. In its original condition, it must have been an equally precious and resplendent tome. It measures twelve inches and a quarter, by eight inches and three eighths.

EUCLIDES. *Printed by Ratdolt.* 1482. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. The address of Ratdolt, as it sometimes occurs, is printed in golden letters; but I was disappointed in the view of this book. Unluckily the first leaf of the text is ms. but of the time. At the bottom, in an ancient hand, we read “*Monasterii S. Saluatoris bonoñ. signatus In Inuentario numero 524.*” It is a large copy, but the vellum is rather tawny.

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. First edition, UPON VELLUM. This is a book, of which, as you may remember, some mention has been previously made;* and I own I was glad to turn over the membranaceous leaves of a volume which had given rise, at the period of its acquisition, to a good deal of festive mirth. At the first glance of it I recognised the cropping system. The very first page of the text has lost, if I may so speak, its head and shoulders: nor is such amputation to be wondered at, when we read, to the left, “*Relié par DEROME dit le Jeune.*” Would you believe it—nearly one half of the illumination at top, has been sliced away? The vellum is beautifully delicate, but unluckily not uniformly white. The fourth and fifth leaves appear to have been smudged by the paws of a blacksmith. Slight, but melancholy, indications of the worm are visible at the beginning—which do not, however, penetrate a great way. Yet, towards the end, the ravages of this book-devourer are renewed: and the six last leaves exhibit most terrific evidences of its power. This volume is bound in gay green morocco—with water-tabby pink lining. The copy upon paper is larger and preferable.

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. iii. p. 165.

BUDÆUS. COMMENT. GR. LING. 1529. Folio. Francis the First's own copy—and UPON VELLUM! You may remember that this book was slightly alluded to at the commencement of my last letter but one. It is indeed a perfect gem, and does one's heart good to look at it. Budæus was the tutor of Francis, and I warrant that he selected the very leaves, of which this copy is composed, for his gallant pupil. Old Ascensius was the printer: which completes the illustrious trio. The illuminations, upon the rectos of the first and second leaves, are as beautiful as they are sound. But one *Bradel l'Ainé*, a book binder, hath sadly crumpled the vellum in the binding. I should say that he had cropt it, did I not observe the red colour upon the edges of the leaves by a previous, and perhaps the second, binder. We have here therefore the third bibliopegistic attempt. What must the book have been in its original stamped-calf surtout! Upon the whole, this book may fairly rank with any volume in either of the vellum sets of the Aldine Aristotle. It is bound in red morocco; a little too gaudily.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. *Printed by Valdarfer.* 1471. Folio. Still revelling among VELLUM copies of the early classics. This is a fine book, but it is unluckily imperfect. I should say that it was of large and genuine dimensions, did not a little close cropping upon the first illuminated page tell a different tale. Nevertheless, I suspect it to be nearly as tall as Mons. Renouard's copy. It measures twelve inches and six-eighths, by eight inches and a half. Upon the whole, though there be a few uncomfortably looking perfora-

tions of the worm, this is a very charming copy. Its imperfections do not consist of more than the deficiency of one leaf, which contains the tables.

OVIDII OPERA OMNIA. *Printed by Azoguidi. 1471.* Folio. 3 vols. The supposed FIRST EDITION, and perhaps (when complete) the rarest first Classic in existence. The copy before me partakes of the imperfection of almost every thing earthly. It wants two leaves: but it is a magnificent, and I should think unrivalled copy—bating such imperfection. It measures very nearly thirteen inches and a quarter, by little more than eight inches three quarters. It is bound in red morocco.

I must now hasten to put the colophon to this most unconscionably long letter—which I shall do by the enumeration of a few early and curious editions of ÆSOP:—an author, to whom I have long known your very ardent attachment.

ÆSOPUS. Latinè. *Printed by Dom. de Vivaldis, &c. 1481.* Folio. A most singular volume—in hexameter and pentameter verses. To every fable is a wood cut, quite in the ballad style of execution, with a back-ground like coarse mosaic work. The text is printed in a large clumsy gothic letter. It begins with a metrical prologue or preface, thus:

phesus.

Est Inuet et profit: conatur pagina presens
Dulcius aridēt s'ia picta iocis. /

The fable of the “Cock and the Precious Stone” begins below. There are neither signatures nor catch-

words. The cut on the recto of the twenty-first leaf is very singular, and has even some good expression. In the whole, there are thirty leaves. At the bottom of the recto of the thirtieth, is the following colophon :

**Exp̄lect⁹ Æsop⁹ ꝑ dominicū deuualdis una ꝓ
filijs ī mōteregali octaua madij m⁹ cccclxxi.**

The reverse is blank. The present is a sound copy, but not free from stain or soil. Bound in blue morocco.

ÆSOPUS. Latinè. *Printed by Gerard De Leeu.* 1486. Folio. In Latin verse, with a prose commentary. Sharp wood cuts. The usual whole length figure of Æsop; defective in the lower part. A tolerable copy; in vellum binding.

———. Latinè. *Without Date, or name of Printer.*

Folio. A very fine copy; printed in rich black letter, not unlike the broad-faced gothic type of John Zeiner at Ulm. The wood cuts are also similar. It is in Latin verse, with a commentary. Although lettered at the back “*vetus editio*,” it can scarcely be older than the year 1480. The present copy is one of the finest conditioned books in the royal library.

ÆSOPUS. Italicè. *Edited by Tuppi.* 1485. Folio. A well known and highly coveted edition: but copies are very rare, especially when of goodly dimensions. This is a large and beautiful book; although I observe that the border, on the right margin of the first leaf, is somewhat cut away. The graphic art in this volume has a very imposing appearance.

———. Germanicè. *Without Date or Name of Printer.* Folio. This edition is printed in a fine

large open gothic type. There is the usual whole length cut of Æsop. The other cuts are spirited, after the fashion of those in Boccacio De Malis Mulier. Illust.—printed by John Zeiner at Ulm in 1473. The present is a fine, sound copy: in red morocco binding.

ÆSOPUS. Germanicè. *Without Date, &c.* Folio. This impression, which, like the preceding, is destitute of signatures and catchwords, is printed in a smaller gothic type. The wood cuts are spirited, with more of shadow. Some of the initial letters are pretty and curious. Some of the pages (see last but fifteen) contain as many as forty-five lines. The present is a fine, large copy.

————— Hispanicè. *Printed at Burgos.* 1496. Folio. This is a beautiful and interesting volume, full of wood cuts. The title is within a broad bold border, thus: “**Libro del ysopo famoso fabulador historiado en romāce.**” On the reverse is the usual large wood cut of Æsop, but his mouth is terribly diminished in size. The leaves are numbered in large roman numerals. On the recto of folio xcix is the following colophon: “*Aqui se acaba el libro del ysopete ystoriado aplicadas las fabulas en fin junto cōel principio a moralidad prouechosa a lu correcciō & auisamiēto de la vida humana: cō las fabulas de remicio: de auiano: doligamo de alfonso pagio: cō otras extrauagantes & añadidas. El qual fue emprētada la presente obra por Fadrique aleman de Basilea: enla muy noble & leal cibdad de Burgos. Año del nascimiēto de nuestro señor jesu xpo mill cccc, xcviij. a. xvij. de agosto.*” Five pages of table follow: then, on the recto of the ensuing and last leaf, is the printer’s device: a lion rampant

(not very like the animal) with his hind and fore paw on a shield, on which is a sort of oblique cross, with the letters f. b. (Fadrique de Basilea). The whole within a handsome wood-cut border. This is a fine clean copy, in blue morocco binding.

And now, my dear friend, let us both breathe a little, by way of cessation from labour: yourself from reading, and your correspondent from further immediate intrusion upon your attention. I own that I am fairly tired . . . but in a few days I shall resume the BOOK THEME with as much ardour as heretofore. Do I hear you say "so much the better?" Even so, I would hope. For the present, then, farewell.

LETTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL.

My last letter left me on the first floor of the Royal Library. I am now about to descend, and to take you with me to the ground floor—where, as you may remember I formerly remarked, are deposited the ALDINE VELLUMS and LARGE PAPERS, and choice and curious copies from the libraries of GROLIER, DIANE DE POICTIERS, and DE THOU. The banquet is equally delicious of its kind, although the dishes are of a date somewhat more remote from the time of Apicius.

Corresponding with the almost interminable suite of book-rooms above, is a similar suite below stairs: but the general appearance of the latter is comparatively cold, desolate, and sombre. The light comes in, to the right, less profusely; and, in the first two rooms, the garniture of the volumes is less brilliant and attractive. In short, these first two lower rooms may be considered rather as the depot for the cataloguing and forwarding of all modern books recently purchased. Yet I must not omit informing you that it was in the *second* of these rooms, that I was pretty severely occupied, for four successive days—after I had finished my bibliographical labours in the upper suite — in making extracts from the very

rarest DRAMATIC MORALITY, in print, which exists. It is just possible that you may have preserved one of the letters which I wrote to you from Rouen,* in which mention was made of a certain “lynx-eyed” Bibliomaniac, a poor curé in the vicinity of that city, who, for a few sous, had purchased a morality entitled *Les Blasphémateurs du Nom de Dieu*. The name of that clergyman is Barré; “curé de Monville,” in the “arrondissement de Rouen.” He purchased it with the avowed determination of selling it to the highest bidder. So gilded a bait drew forth all the competitors from their hiding holes. My friend Mr. Le Prevost of Rouen, bit freely—and Mr. Soleinne, who lives here, in the *Rue Plumet*—and who has perhaps the finest private dramatic library in Europe,—offered not less than twenty-five louis d’or for this slim and dingy little oblong duodecimo! But each was an unsuccessful competitor. For at length came forward M. Van Praet, armed with royal powers; and he carried off the tempting prize by the chivalrous offer of 900 francs. This was surely à la Roxburghe! In consequence, the said Morality reposes upon the shelves of his Majesty’s Library; and it is an inmate of these lower regions only till its original parchment vestment shall have been replaced by some choice robe of state from Russia or from Turkey.

Now I am as well convinced, at this moment, as if I were sitting within arm’s length of you—that, upon reading the foregoing, you will exclaim aloud—“be liberal, be copious in your account of these “*Blas-*

* See vol. i. p. 159.

phemateurs du Nom de Dieu": — a French morality, considered unique by Monsieur Van Praet, must be a morceau which the ROXBURGHE CLUB itself would be up in arms to obtain a reprint of! A little patience, my good friend, and you shall know all about it. In short, as it merits a kind of memoir of itself, I enclose you my very minute, and I trust equally faithful, account of it.* But, while we are upon the sub-

* *minute and equally faithful account of it.*]—What was sent to my correspondent, in a separate envelope, shall here speak for itself in a detached—though I fear somewhat unconscionably long—note. The whole is purely bibliographical; so that, I apprehend, none but the thoroughly bibliomaniacal “to the back-bone” will have the courage to wade through one half of it. Yet I will be free to observe, that few subjects, connected with ancient literature, display greater boldness of conception, glow of imagination, or hardihood of style—than some of these ancient DRAMATIC MYSTERIES. They have been frequently sought out, by bards of more modern celebrity, as fountain heads, whence the waters of pure and sparkling poetry run in copious streams. The title of this exceedingly curious and precious little performance, is thus :

MORALITE tres singuliere et tresbonne Des Blasphemateurs du nom de Dieu: Ou sont contens plusieurs exemples et enseignemens Alencontre des maux qui procedent a cause des grans inremens & blasphemes qui se cōmettent de iour en iour Et aussi que la coustumes nen vault riēs Et quilz finent et fineront tresmal silz ne sen abstinent. Et est ladiete moralite a dixsept personnages: Dont les noms sensuyent cy apres.

Et premicrement.

Dien.	Le blasphemateur.
Le crucifix.	Le negateur.
Marie.	Iniuriateur.
Seraphin.	Briette.
Cherubin.	Le Filz
Leglise.	De liniuriateur.
La mort.	Sathan.
Guerre.	Behemoth.
Famine.	Lucifer.

ject of MORALITIES, you may as well be told that there is lying, at this moment, by the side of that just mentioned, another similar production, entitled “*MORALITE DE LA VENDITION DE JOSEPH FILZ DU PA-*

Below are two side wood cuts, between which is a circular wood cut of a Dove ;—thus inscribed—“*SIGILLUM. INDULGENTIARVM. ORDINIS. SANCTI. SPIRITUS :*” Below the second wood-cut, xij F,—[thirteen leaves] in very large lower-case gothic, there is a smaller wood-cut ; and below again, in letters of the same character and size, we read *LA MORALITE DES BLASPHEMATEURS DE DIEU*. In the whole, twenty-six lines in this little page. Below the last line in ms. the word *Delamorliere*, in old hand writing. On the reverse, quite at top, the text commences with this prefix ; “*Sensuyt la moralite nouvelle tressinguliere Des Blasphemateurs du nom de Dieu.*”

Behemoth, Lucifer, and Satan, are frequent interlocutors The by-directions are in Latin ; thus, on the recto of the fourth leaf, “*Surgat statim [Briette] et recedant ambo stagio,*”

On the recto of B,i, (succeeding leaf) is the following dialogue :

Sathan.

Nous y allons dieu te maudie
Sans plus arrester tant ne quant
Faire iurer le filz marie
De iour en iour le blasphemant
Behemoth tire toy auant
Il nous conuient aller grant erre
Pour aller le peuple temptant
De blasphemer par toute terre.

Behemoth.

Pour oster paix et impetrer guerre
Entre les hommes et leur dieu
Nous ferons pecher a grant erre
Toute personne en chascun lieu
En parolles vaines et ieu
Férons iurer lhumain lignaige

Doneques viendront denfer en feu
Sans excepter ne fol ne saige.

Lucifer.

Allez allez que malle raige
Vous puisse tous aggraunter.

Sathan et Behemoth ensemble.

Nous parferons bien nostre empuraige

Lucifer.

Allez allez que malle raige.

Sathan et Behemoth ensemble.

Nous parferons bien nostre empuraige
Car tout le monde irons tempter.

Lucifer.

Allez allez que malle raige
Vous puisse tous aggraunter

On the reverse of Eii, there is a very singular dialogue between Briette, le Negateur, et le Blasphemeur.

TRIARCHE JACOBE, comment ses freres emuez par enuye, s'assemblerent pour le faire mourir," &c. The

Briette.

Mieux vaudroit a plain
 Nauoir point de pain
 Gache ne galette
 Et mourir de fain
 Ennuyet et demain
 Que ne frinquette
 Saige pucelle
 Belle et ioliette
 Son cueur me consolle
 Sel nest lettelette
 Et sel ne quaquette
 On dit quelle est folle
 Et sel se rigolle
 O vng clere descolle
 Ce nest que bien faict
 Son cueur de ioye volle
 Sel baise ou a cole
 Vng chacun le scait
 Sel le faict dehait
 Et a son souhait
 Pour son passetemps
 E en est sans plait
 Prisee en effaict
 Deuant toutes gens.
 Si les anciens
 En sont mal contens
 Ce nest que du moins
 Ils ont en leur temps
 Done : ilz sont dolens
 De marrison plains

Le blasphemateur.

Fy fy de vilains
 Dinfamie tous plains
 Il nest que mignons
 Les quelz sont haultains
 Par boys et par plains

Comme bons sossons
 Gentilz compaignons
 Vont par les bissons
 Au chant des oyseaulx
 Ou aux oysillons
 Mauluis et pigeons
 Chantant chantz nouveaulx
 Ils ont a leur taulx
 Ces vins bons et beaux
 Et boyent dautant
 Et par les hameaulx
 Faisans petits saulx
 Se vont esbatant
 En se rigollant
 Tousiours vont disant
 Leurs chanssons nouvelles
 En resiouyssant
 Par leur chant plaisant
 Ces belles pucelles

Le negateur.

Quant ces damoyelles
 Tant tendres et belles
 Sont en vne dance
 Bon faict estre o elles
 Torchant leurs mamelles
 Ce nest que plaisance
 Fy fy de meschance
 Ce nest pas la chance
 De viure gayement
 Quiconque en rouuance
 Je fais sans doubtaunce
 Tout a mon tallent
 Qui vit bauldement
 Vit plus longuement
 Et mains en viellist
 Qui vit tristement
 En dueil et tourment,
 &c. &c. &c.

Eii. rev. Eiii. rcct.

The title consists of twenty-two lines, of which however the first nine lines are ms. in the copy before me.

On the reverse of E iii, there begins a very singular dialogue, or scene, developing the *blasphemies* which result from excess in drinking : The various sorts of wine are here enumerated.

Le Blasphemateur.

Par dieu nous en sommes contens
Allons digner comme ientens
A ma maison car tout est prest
Ie vous donray vins excellens
Par dieu sil en a nulz dedens
Ceste ville sans plus darrest
Vin dicy vin de la forest
Vin de vanuez qui si doulx est
Vin de France vin muscadet
Vin bourguignon vin de conquest
Vin gastiinois par bon acquest
Vin dypocras et vin clairet.

Le negateur.

Vin dorleans est tant doulcet
Si le vin de baignollet
Vin daniou vin de la rochelle
Vin dangeli, vin de croisset
Ou la biere souvent se faict
Qui corrompt toute la fourcelle.

Linuriateur.

Bon vin de Florence la belle
Vin rommain de la chappelle
Vin gascoing : vin de vau saintet pere
Vin breton ; et vin de la celle
Vin blanc ; vin noir ; vin de tournelle
Doulx comme la tecte sa mere.

Briette.

Or auant faisons bonne chere
Voicy la nappe toute mise
Que grant chere soit entreprinse.

Pausa.

Sedeant.

Le blasphemateur.

Le sang dieu iay ma place prinse

Voicy moult de viande exquise
Maudit soit il qui se faindra

Le negateur.

Corps dieu qui est ce qui beura
Tout le premier : car iay grant soif
Sang dieu bien scay qui se sera
Les vertuz dieu se sera moy
Sus mon cousin ie boys a toy
Boys tu dautant se horion.

Bibat.

Linuriateur.

Je beuray autant sur ma foy
Sans en faire rebellion.

Bibat.

Le blasphemateur.

Par dieu tu as bon gauion
Je beuray autant se ie puis

Bibat.

Cest a toy mon beau valleton
En despitant le crucifix

Le filz.

Par les vertuz dieu grant mereye

Bibat.

Cest a vous que ie boys Briette.

Briette.

De boyre contente ie suis
Ou du dyable soys ie deffaicte

Le negateur.

Ne faictes poinct de la follette
Par le sang dieu vous beurez tout

Briette.

Par dieu ce seroys trop nicette
De boyre ainsi de bout en bout

The imprint is thus : “ *On les vèd a Paris en la rue neufue nostre dame a l'enseigne S. Nicolas.*” The sig-

Limuriateur.

Ie le rempliray tout de bout
Ou ie regny de dieu les plays
Scauons pas bien quon dit par tout
Qui met a terre boyt deux foy.

The Church speaks in a grave and admonitory strain : (twenty-three lines.) Then

Le Blasphemateur.

Qui es tu ? que maulgre iesus
Tu nous remplys le cul dabus
Qui tu a nous prescher commise
Or ten va : ou par les vertuz
Je te donray vng oremus
Comme as tu nom.

Leglise.

Iay nom leglise

Le negateur.

Dequoy sers tu ?

An horrible scene, and much brutal language, ensues. They all get drunk, and set the Church at defiance ; who, upon her knees, prays to heaven, and the Almighty speaks. Then the Crucifix speaks. After a pause, it goes on thus, on G i, recto,

Le filz.

Si ses membres nudz
Sont bien estenduz
Et au iolyct

*Capiant courgias.**Le blasphemateur.*

Par la mort dieu quant ie my met
Ie luy donray de ce fouet.

Percutit.

Si estroict : au trauers du corps

A dreadful scene of maiming, cutting, and piercing the Crucifix then follows ; and the whole party seem madly infuriate with drunkenness and swearing. Briette is still obdurate ; although some angels have struck Le negateur with blindness---who cries out thus ;

Ie ny voy goutte en bonne foy
Le dyable ayt part en cest arroy
Par dieu iay perdu les deux yeulx

Briette.

Par les dens dieu ie ne pourroys
Boyre tout : vous estes trop fins
Et aussi ie men yureroy
Et tumberoy par les chemins.

Leglise.

Ie vous baptize
Et en la foy vous auctorise
Dauoir de dieu pardon et grace.

Le negateur.

Vaten dicy et te suffise
Car tes parolles peu ie prise
Et si ny voy nulle efficace.

&c. &c. &c.

Que le sang en sauldra de fait
A chascun coup : parplus de sept
Places : car nous lauou amors

*Le negateur.**Percutit.*

Ie regny dieu le sang sault hors
De sa chair : ainsi qu'il fut lors
Que les iuifz si le bottoient,

&c. &c. &c.

Ha mort dieu mort dieu quel effroy
Pourquoy est ce que ie ny voy
&c. &c. &c.

natures run, A to V inclusively, in fours. At the bottom of the recto of Viiii, we read “ *Cy finist la mora-*

The gay and profligate Briette talks thus, a little further—at H ii. recto.

Briette.

Par la croix dieu ne par les yeux
 Je me tiendray gaye & fringuette
 En cest temps deste precieulx
 Lequel faict reuerdir herbette
 Et auray robbe nouuellette
 Par la croix dieu de bon fin vert
 De fine escarlate ou brunette
 Donc tout mon corps sera couuert
 Souliers neufz au pied descouuert
 Gorrieres chausses de mourguin
 Heureulx est a qui le sien sert
 Par la croix dieu iuc a la fin
 Iauroys bien robbe de satin
 Par la croix dieu ou de veloux
 Ou de damas couuert et fin.
 Pour faire enuye a ces geloux
 A la verdure soubz le houx
 Je diray quelque rigollet
 Escoutant en dangier des lousps
 Le doux chant du rossignollet

Sauleun amoureux me vouloit
 Par dieu ie feroyz bien la fine
 Le temps nest plus comme il souloit
 Je parleroyz de ma voisine
 Je feray tousiours bonne myne
 Si len me prie damourettes
 Pose que ientende le signe
 En disant peu de parolletes
 Semblant de dire mes heurettes
 En me tenant tousiours gorriere
 En portant roses et florettes
 Du temps present cest la maniere
 Dea ie ne suis pas la premiere
 Qui ay leue le gorrier port
 Souuent il aduiant par saint pere
 Que len esmeult le chat qui dort
 Il faut faindre de estre dacort
 Pour doubte dereproche ou blasme
 Ou cil a qui len est dacort
 Ou le grant diable emport mon ame
 &c. &c.

She is reprimanded by the Church ; when the whole tribe of blasphemers are given over to War, Famine, and Death ; represented by three swords put into the hands of Satan. The dying speech of *Le Negateur* is dreadfully touching and horribly dramatic ;

Le negateur. (L iiii. rev.)

Haro la fain sauf ma raison,
 Met en prison
 En sa maison
 Haro de forte fain ienraige
 Car il a trop longue saison
 Que de mouton,
 Ne de chapon
 Je ne menge : ne de potaige :

Haro la fain : harro la raige
 Sors tost de caige
 Beste sauluaige
 Venez dyables et dyableteaulx
 Pour me porter en vostre ostiage
 Car o mon couraige
 Par grant oultraige
 Ay commis et faict trop de maulx
 —Sathan tu auras mes boyaulx

*lite de la vendition de Joseph filz du patriarche Jacob
nouuellement imprimee a Paris pour Pierre sergent*

Bien gras et beaux
Si ie ne faulx
Et lucifer aura ma hure
Belzebuth aura mes houseaulx
Et mes drappeaulx
Tous ses appeaulx
Haro ie meurs a grant laydure
—Je regny dien et le conüire
Et le pariure
Par ma nature
Puis quil me faict mourir de fain
Dampne doibs estre par droicture
En peine dure
Par forfaiture
Haro que iays vng peu de pain
Ie me mengeray ceste main
Trestout soubdain
Sans faillir grain
Haro haro acoup de dens
Haro la fain la fain la fain
Ie suis haultain
Et tout mondain
—Venez a moy dyables pulens
—Haro haro ou est le temps
Quo mes parens
Tenoys les rens
Voyre dautant au long dung an
Et present tel fain ie soustiens
Sans nulz despens
Maulgre mon sens
Il me couient mourir dahan
Ou es tu grant diable Sathan

Leuiathan
Gourditalen
Juppin : Berith : et Behemoth :
Emportez moy avec Dathan
Droict comme vng tan
A vostre ban
Haro venez a moy le trot.
—Ie te pry grant dyable Astaroth
Metz moy le pot
Si tu nes sot
Pour me festoyer en enfer
Et me faictz payer mon escot
Gentil fallot
O sargallot
Car ie ne puis plus roumancer.
—Haro dyables il fault chanter
Et deschanter
Matin et soir
Dedans enfer pour ma venue
Faictes moy aumoins bien chauffer
Du grant brasier
Qui tout est noir
Quant a mon ame sera rendue.
—Haro maugre dieu de la nue
Sans attendue
Sans detenue
Enrager me fault maintenant
Sans plus present mon corps tresmue
La fain me tue
Le sang remue
A tous les dyables me commant
*Tunc exeant anime de corporibus
Finitur.*

Satan exults at their perdition. He then goes to hell, and thus brings the news to Lucifer.

Lucifer ouvre nous ta porte
Nous feras tu point bonne chiere
Or regarde que ie tapperote

Decy matiere singuliere
Pay inpetre de dien le pere
Que les traistres blasphemateurs

Demourant en la Rue neufue nostre Dame a l'enseigne saint Nicolas. On the reverse are the same wood-

Fussent pugniz la chose est clere
De leurs iurs et de leurs erreurs

—Haro ils ont eu les douleurs
De famine mort et guerre

After a speech from Behemoth, Lucifer thus invokes the devils to torment them. M ii. rect.

Lucifer.

Haro haro sont ilz venus
Me visiter en ma grant salle
Diables denfer gros et menus
Faictes leur vne chiere galle
Toute la maison infernalle
Aprestez leurs tost a disgner
Ilz sont venus en lheure malle
Prendre repos o Lucifer
Aprestez tost vos croz de fer
Vos tenailles voz instrumens
Pour les iecter au puy denfer
O crapaulx mourons et serpens
Diables dampnez ors et pulens
Faictes leur vne chiere lye
Puis quilz nont voulu en nul temps
Seruir iesus le filz marie
Haro diables je vous emprie
Tourmenter ces meschans chetis
De telz tourmens sans faillir mye

Que vous tourmentez les iuifz
Ymo diables faictes leur pis
&c. &c. &c.

Haro Sathan a moy entent
Mettez les premier en la chaudiere
Et te despesche vistemment
Faictz leur souffrir douleur amere
&c. &c. &c.

Behemoth pense de souffler
Fay du feu grant diable cornu
Car ie les voys dedans bouter
Trestous illec sans attendu

Ponant in cacabum.

Behemoth.

Le feu est par tout espandu
Regarde suys ie bon varlet
Il leur est bien maladuenu
Leau boit au dessus du collet
&c. &c. &c.

The wretched characters, before described, are now made to bewail their misery, as the *first*, *second* and *third soul*. It will be only necessary to give a specimen of the first lamentation; and then, drawing the curtain upon so frightful a picture, hasten to the colophon.

La premiere ame.

Maudit soit cil qui ma fait
Maulditz soyent : et tous mes parens
Qui me permindrent en effaict
Blasphemer iesus en tous temps
Haro quel grant ahan ie sens
Haro haro las quel douleur
Haro cestoit a moy non sens
Doffencer dieu mon createur

Helas mon las cueur
Vit en grant douleur
Et en grant tristesse
O quelle fureur
O quelle rigueur
O quelle angoisse
&c. &c. &c.

M iii. rect.

cuts as on the title page : namely, a figure of St. Nicholas, with three lilies, and an infant Christ beneath—offering an heart. This copy is bound in old red morocco ; and is of the same upright oblong dimensions as that of the preceding morality.

Let me now conduct you to the *third room* in this lower suite, which may probably have a more decided claim upon your attention. Here are deposited, as I just observed, the VELLUM ALDUSES and other curious and choice old printed volumes. I will first mention nearly the whole of the former.

The manner in which Satan exults over each of their several torments, is too horrible to lay before the reader. On the recto of *N iii*, the colophon is thus ;

¶ *Cy finist la Moralite tressinguliere
des Blasphemateurs du nom de Dieu :
Ou sont contenez plusieurs exemples :
Et enseigneonēs alencontre des maulx
qui procedent a cause des grās iuremēs
et blasphemés qui se commettēt de iour
en iour. Et aussi que la coustume nen
vault riens. Et quilz finent et fineront
tresmal silz ne sen abstinent.*

*Imprimee Nouuellement a Paris
pour Pierre sergent libraire demourant
en la rue neufue nostre dame a
lenseigne Saint Nicolas.*

On the reverse, are three wood cuts. A square one at top represents a man with a mitre on his head, carrying a cross ; qu. St. Nicholas ? In the centre, an oval, Virgin and Child, with an inscription, cut in wood, “*Sigillum indulgentiarum hospitalis bte M. depodio ;*” at bottom, a small square one of St. Bridget kneeling. The signatures run, A to N inclusively, in fours. This volume measures nine inches and one eighth, by very nearly three inches and a half.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. *Printed by Aldus. Without Date.* 8vo. 2 vols. A white and beautiful copy—with large, and genuine margins—printed UPON VELLUM. In its original binding, with the ornaments tolerably entire:—and what binding should this be, but that of Henry the Second and Diane de Poitiers? What a bibliomaniacal taste had that couple! For the comfort (or rather, the vexation—you may be disposed to add) of possessors of similar membranaceous copies, let me just notice that this copy measures six inches and a half, by three inches and six eighths.

EURIPIDIS OPERA. Gr. 1503. 8vo. 2 vols. A fair and desirable copy UPON VELLUM; but a little objectionable, as being ruled with red lines rather unskilfully. It is somewhat coarsely bound in red morocco, and preserved in a case. This vellum treasure is among the desiderata of Earl Spencer's library; and I sincerely wish his Lordship no worse luck than the possession of a copy like that before me.

HECUBA, ET IPHIGENIA IN AULIDE. Gr. and Lat. 1507. 8vo. A very rare book, and quite perfect, as far as it goes. This copy, also UPON VELLUM, is much taller than the preceding one of the entire works of Euripides; but the vellum is not of so white a tint. I presume that neither of these vellum copies were in the Royal Library when M. Renouard wrote his annals of the Aldine press, as he has omitted to notice them: see vol. i. pp. 70-85.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA. Gr. 1503. 8vo. A very fine genuine copy, upon excellent VELLUM. I suspect this copy to be a little broader, but by no means taller, than a similar copy in Lord Spencer's collection.

HORATIUS. 1501. 8vo. A good, sound copy; although inferior to Lord Spencer's.

MARTIALIS. 1502. 8vo. Would you believe it?—here are *two* copies UPON VELLUM, and *both* originally belonged to Grolier. They are differently illuminated, but the tallest—measuring six inches three eighths, by three inches six eighths—is the whitest, and the preferable copy, notwithstanding one may discern the effects of the nibbling of a worm at the bottom corner. It is, however, a beautiful book, in every respect. The initial letters are gold. In the other copy there are the arms of Grolier, with a pretty illumination in the first page of the text. It is also a sound copy.

LUCRETIVS. 1515. 8vo. This copy, UPON VELLUM, is considered to be unique. It is a fair, sound, and desirable one.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. *Without Date.* 8vo. This is but a moderate specimen of the Aldine VELLUM, if it be not a counterfeit—which I suspect.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. 1519. 8vo. UPON VELLUM. Only the first volume; which, however, is quite perfect and desirable—measuring six inches and a quarter, by very nearly four inches. But prepare for an account of a perfect, and still more magnificent, vellum copy of the Orations of Cicero!—when I introduce you to the library of St. Geneviève.

HIST. AUGUST. SCRIPTORES. 1521. 8vo. 2 vols. A sound and fair copy—of course UPON VELLUM—but too much cropt in the binding. The foregoing are all the *Aldine, Greek and Latin Classics*, printed UPON VELLUM, which the liberal kindness of M. Van Praet enabled me to lay my hand upon. But here follows another membranaceous gem of the Aldine species.

PETRARCHA. 1501. 8vo. A beautiful, white copy measuring six inches and a half, by three and three quarters. It is, however, somewhat choked in the binding, (in blue morocco) as too many of Bozeriain's performances usually are. Close to this book is the Giunta reprint of 1515—ALSO UPON VELLUM: but of a foxy and unpleasing tint. Now then for a few LARGE PAPER ALDUSES—of a variety of forms and of character. But I must premise that the ensuing list is very far indeed from being complete.

HORÆ. Gr. 1497. 12mo. A beautiful copy, among the very rarest—if not the MOST RARE—of books which have issued from the Aldine press. It is perfect and in its ancient binding—which I hope will never be wholly discarded.*

Here is also *one* volume of the Aldine ARISTOTLE, upon large paper: and only one. Did the *remaining* volumes ever so exist? It is certain that the *first* volume of the same edition never existed *upon vellum*. So says Monsieur Van Praet—and so thinks your humble servant, who has seen four membranaceous copies, wanting that said first volume. These are the little *Cruces* of bibliography—in order to exercise the ingenuity and try the patience of the more learned in that pursuit.

BIBLIA GRÆCA. 1518. Folio. Upon *thick paper*. Francis the First's own copy. A glorious and perhaps

* This hope has not been realised. The binding *has* been wholly discarded; and in the lieu thereof is a very common-place blue morocco coating, somewhat choked in the loins, with a clumsy head-piece. Why has it been so, good Monsieur Van Praet?

matchless copy. Yet it is rebacked, in modern binding, in a manner . . . almost shameful!

PLAUTUS. 1522. Small quarto. A very fine copy; in all appearance large paper, and formerly belonging to Grolier.

AUSONIUS. 1517. 8vo. Large paper; very fine; and belonging to the same.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. 1534. 8vo. The same—in *all* respects.

PRISCIANUS. 1527. 8vo. Every characteristic before mentioned.

SANNAZARII ARCADIA. *Ital.* 1514. 8vo. The same.

————— De Partu Virginis 1533. 8vo. An oblong, large paper Grolier, like most of the preceding.

ISOCRATES. Gr. 1534. Folio. EUSTRATIUS IN ARISTOT. Gr. 1536. Both upon *large paper*, of the largest possible dimensions, and in the finest possible condition; add to which — rich and rare old binding! Both these books, upon large paper, are wanting in Lord Spencer's collection; but then, as a pretty stiff set-off, his Lordship has the THEMISTIUS of 1534—which, for size and condition, may challenge either of the preceding—and which is here wanting.

GALENUS. 1525. Gr. Folio. 5 vols. A matchless set, upon large paper. The binding claims as much attention, before you open the volumes, as does a finely-proportioned Greek portico — ere you enter the temple or the mansion. The foregoing are all, doubtless, equally splendid and uncommon specimens of the beauty and magnificence of the press of the ALDUSES: and they are also, with very few exceptions, as intrinsically valuable as they are fine.

So much for ALDUSES; to which, however, more than double the quantity of matter might be added—perhaps with effect. And yet I would fain hope that I have strung together a few precious pearls in their way. I shall conclude my survey of these lower book-regions by noticing a few more uncommon books of their kind

CATHERINE DE SENIS. 1500. Folio. This volume is also a peculiarity in the Aldine department. It is, in the first place, a very fine copy—and formerly belonged to Anne of Brittany. In the second place, it has a wood-cut prefixed, and several introductory pieces, which, if I remember accurately, do not belong to Lord Spencer's copy of the same edition.

THEOCRITUS. Gr. *Printed at Milan.* 1493. Folio. Editio Princeps—as you know full well: but, what you do *not* “know full well” this is a copy upon LARGE PAPER! Even so; and I should apprehend it, as such, to be unique. What, however, is somewhat singular, it has a *posterior* title and imprint of the date of 1523 or 1524; in which the old Greek character of the body of the work is rather successfully imitated.

BIBLIA POLYGLOTTA COMPLUTENSIA. 1516-22. Folio. 6 vols. I doubt exceedingly whether this be not the largest and finest copy in existence. It may possibly be even *large paper*—but certainly, if otherwise, it is among the most ample and beautiful. The colour, throughout, is white and uniform; which is not the usual characteristic of copies of this work. It measures fourteen inches and three quarters in height, and belonged originally to Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers. It wanted only *this* to render it unrivalled; and it undoubtedly *is* so.

TESTAMENTUM NOVUM. Gr. *Printed by R. Stephen.* 1550. Folio. Another treasure from the same richly-fraught collection. It is quite a perfect copy; but some of the silver ornaments of the sides have been taken off. M. Van Praet observed to me, from a sight of this binding, that he thought the volumes in the library of Henry the Second and Diana of Poitiers, were laid *flat* upon their sides, on slanting shelves, in order to shew the binding; but I own this observation did not appear to me to be altogether well founded. Let me now place before you a few more testimonies of the brilliance of that library—which was originally probably placed in the *Chateau d'Anet*: rather than in the Louvre.

HERODOTUS. Gr. *Printed by Aldus,* 1502. Folio. I had long supposed Lord Spencer's copy—like this, upon LARGE PAPER—to be the finest first Aldine Herodotus in existence: but the first glimpse only of the present served to dissipate that belief. What must repeated glimpses have produced?

LUCIANUS. Gr. *Printed by the Same.* 1503. Folio. Equally beautiful—large, white, and crackling—with the preceding.

SUIDAS. Gr. *Printed by the Same.* 1514. Folio. The same praise belongs to this copy; which, like its precursors, is clothed in the first mellow and picturesque binding.

EUSTATHIUS IN HOMERUM. 1542. Folio. 3 vols. A noble copy—eclipsed perhaps, in amplitude only, by that in the collection of Mr. Grenville.

DION CASSIUS. 1548. Gr. Folio APPIANUS. Gr. 1551. Folio. DIONYSIUS HALICARNASSENSIS.

1546. Folio. These exquisitely well printed volumes are from the press of the Stephens. The present copies, clothed in their peculiar bindings, are perhaps the most beautiful that exist. Let it not henceforth be said that the taste of Henri II. was not *well* directed by the influence of Diane de Poitiers.

CICERONIS OPERA OMNIA. *Printed by the Giuntae*, 1534. Folio. 4 vols. I introduce this copy to your notice, because there are two leaves of *Various Readings*, at the end of the fourth volume, which M. Van Praet said he had never observed, nor heard of, in any other copy. I think also that there are two volumes of the same edition upon LARGE PAPER:—the rest being deficient. Does any perfect copy, of this kind, exist?

POETÆ GRÆCI HEROICI. 1556. *Printed by H. Stephen*. Folio. De Thou's own copy—and, upon the whole, perhaps matchless. Yet Lord Spencer's copy is an eighth of an inch taller, but not wider. The sight of this splendid volume would repay the toil of a pilgrimage of some fourscore miles, over Lapland snows. There is another fine copy of the same edition, which belonged to Diana and her royal slave; but it is much inferior to De Thou's.

The frequent mention of DE THOU reminds me of the extraordinary number of copies, which came from his library, and which are placed upon the shelves of the *fourth* or following room. Perhaps no other library can boast of such a numerous collection of similar copies. It was, while gazing upon these interesting volumes along with M. Van Praet, that the latter told me he remembered seeing the ENTIRE LIBRARY of DE THOU—before it was dispersed by the sale of the col-

lection of the Prince de Soubise in 1788—in which it had been wholly embodied, partly by descent, and partly by purchase. And now farewell . . . to the BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI. We have, I think, tarried in it a good long space of time, and recreated ourselves with a profusion of rich and rare gems in the book-way—whether as specimens of the pencil, or of the press. I can never regret the time so devoted—nor shall ever banish from my recollection the attention, civility, and kindness which I have received, from all quarters, in this magnificent library. It remains only to shake hands with the whole bibliographical corps, who preside over these regions of knowledge, and whose names have been so frequently mentioned—and, making our bow, to walk arm in arm with you to the

LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL.

The way thither is very interesting, although not very short. Whether your hackney coachman take you through the *Marché des Innocents*, or straight forward, along the banks of the Seine—passing two or three bridges—you will be almost equally amused. But reflections of a graver cast will arise, when you call to mind that it was in his way to THIS VERY LIBRARY—to have a little bibliographical, or rather perhaps political chat, with his beloved SULLY—that Henry IV. fell by the hand of an assassin.* They shew you, at the further end of the apartments—distinguished by

* It may not be generally known that one of the most minute and interesting accounts of this assassination is given in *Howell's Familiar Letters*. The author had it from a friend who was an eye-witness of the transaction.

its ornaments of gilt, and elaborate carvings—the *very boudoir* . . . where that monarch and his prime minister frequently retired to settle the affairs of the nation. Certainly, no man of education or of taste can enter such an apartment without a diversion of some kind being given to the current of his feelings. I will frankly own that I lost, for one little minute, the recollection of the hundreds and thousands of volumes—including even those which adorn the chamber wherein the head librarian sits—which I had surveyed in my route thither. However, my present object must be exclusively confined to an account of a very few choice articles of these hundreds and thousands of volumes.

As to both the exterior and interior of the building, there is nothing remarkable on the score of architectural beauty; although the open space in which it stands gives it a more quiet, comfortable, and cleanly appearance, than the building which we have just quitted. It is lower than the library of his Majesty, and the rooms are both fewer in number and less spacious in size. In short, you ascend to the first floor, and turning to the right or left, follow a succession of rooms—perhaps somewhere about a dozen—of which the floors are composed of glazed tiles, and of which the sides are entirely covered with books. It has throughout a comfortable and characteristic appearance, and affords every convenience for the prosecution of study—while the tranquillity of the place renders it more congenial with literary pursuits, than the everlasting noise and bustle of the Rue de Richelieu. The further room, straight forward on first turning to the right, contains the greater number of students. Indeed,

I generally found it entirely occupied by them. The windows, to the back of the building, look upon the Seine—on the opposite side of which you observe interminable piles of wood—for winter fuel. The building—running in a right line with that which you enter, and opposite the windows looking into the street—(having a few young trees in front of it) is also *attached* to this library. Indeed, if I remember rightly, the Abbé Grosier told me the HISTORICAL part of the Collection was chiefly placed there.

“And who is the ABBÉ GROSIER?” methinks I hear you exclaim. He is the PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN; and it is right that you should be introduced to him. First however, you ought to know, that this library is the exclusive property of MONSIEUR LE COMTE D’ARTOIS—the brother of his present Majesty. Successive purchases of entire collections (chiefly those of the Marquis de Paulmy and the Duke de la Valliere) have made it what it is: a rich and inestimable collection, both of MSS and printed books, to the number of about 120,000 volumes. Now then for the Abbé Grosier.—He is an ex-jesuit: well stricken in years, of which he has probably seen full “three score and ten.” I should call him a fine, personable figure, although of middle height—and possessing very much the air, as he certainly displays the manners, of a gentleman. His dress and his discourse equally partake of good taste. His principles are thoroughly loyal, and he has the good sense not to disguise them. You see in him a gentleman of the old school; and, what is more extraordinary, a great Chinese traveller—or rather a writer of travels in China—although he has never put

his foot on any but European ground.* But my present business is with the books : and as this obliging head-librarian has permitted me to take down and examine what I please, I shall first lay before you a brief list of a few—in the infancy of the art of printing—which, as I said before, adorn the chamber wherein he regularly sojourns.

BIBLIA LATINA. Printed by *Fust and Schoiffer*, 1462. 2 vols. There are not fewer than *three* copies of this edition, which I shall almost begin to think must be

* The “*DESCRIPTION GENERALE DE LA CHINE*,” by the Abbé Grosier, is an abridgment of the Memoirs of the Mission to Peking by the Jesuits. The seventh volume in 4to. renders the third and last edition, which has been revised and considerably augmented, complete. But in the year 1783 the Abbé had published his twelfth and last volume of the *Histoire Chinoise*, translated at Peking by P. de Mailla. Both works have been popular, and are doubtless very curious. Yet the testimonies of Jesuits should be received with more than “one grain of salt :”—notwithstanding the Abbé is pleased to say, in his Prospectus of his later work, that “the twenty volumes of travels in China, furnished by the English and Dutch in the years of 1793 and 1794, have not supplied us with even four pages of fresh information respecting China.” Speaking of his new edition of the “*Description Générale de la Chine*”—of which work he seems proud of the commendations of Messrs. Pinkerton and Grimm ; neither of whom (by the bye) had ever sniffed the air of Asia—he thus remarks—“*Cette nouvelle édition aura le mérite d’être enrichie d’un grand nombre de faits et d’observations qu’on chercherait vainement ailleurs. Je les dois à l’amitié de feu M. Delatour, ancien imprimeur du Roi, possesseur d’un cabinet très-riche en peintures, dessins, livres et raretés de la Chine, et qui, pendant trente ans, a entretenu une correspondance particulière avec les missionnaires français de Pé-kin. M. Delatour, dont j’étais depuis long-temps l’ami, a bien voulu me remettre et m’abandonner les fruits de cette correspondance. Les remarques nombreuses que j’y ai puisées n’étaient pas encore connues.*”

ranked among books of ordinary occurrence. Of these three, two are UPON VELLUM, and the third is upon paper. The latter, or paper copy, is cruelly cropt, and bad in every respect. Of the two upon vellum, one is in vellum binding, and a fair sound copy; except that it has a few initials cut out. The other vellum copy, which is bound in red morocco—and measures full fifteen inches and a half, by eleven inches and a quarter—affords the *comfortable* evidence of ancient ms. signatures at bottom. There are doubtless some exceptionable leaves; but, upon the whole, it is a very sound and desirable copy. It was obtained of the elder M. Brunet, father of the well-known author of the *Manuel du Libraire*. M. Brunet senior found it in the garret of a monastery, of which he had purchased the entire library; and he sold it to the father of the present Comte d'Artois for six hundred livres. . . only!

ROMAUNT DE JASON. *Supposed to be printed by Caxton. Folio. Without date.* This is a finer copy than the one in the Royal Library; but it is imperfect, wanting two leaves. I am not sure, however, that it is finer than the copy in the library of Eton College, which formerly belonged to Anthony Storer. There is a copy of a similar French version printed at Lyons in 1491, in double columns, with wood cuts.

Here is a copy of the very rare edition of the MORLINI NOVELLÆ COMÆDIÆ et FABULÆ, printed in 1520 in 4to. :—also of the TEATRO JESUITICO—*impresso en Coimbra*, 1634, 4to. :—and of the MISSA LATINA, printed by Mylius in 1557, 8vo. which latter is a satire upon the mass, and considered exceedingly rare. I regretted

to observe so very bad a copy of the original *Giunta* Edition of the BOCCACCIO of 1527, 4to.

MISSALE PARISENSE. 1 22. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. I do not think it possible for any library, in any part of the world, to produce a more lovely volume than that upon which, at this moment, I must be supposed to be gazing! In the illuminated initial letters, wood-cuts, tone and quality of the vellum, and extreme skilfulness of the printer—it surely cannot be surpassed. Nor is the taste of the binding inferior to its interior condition. It is habited in the richly-starred morocco livery of Claude d'Urfé: in other words it came from that distinguished man's library. Originally it appears to have been in the "*Bibliothèque de l'Eglise à Paris.*"

MOZARABIC MISSAL AND BREVIARY. 1500, 1502. Folio. *Original Editions.* These copies are rather cropt, but sound and perfect.

THE DELPHIN STATIUS. Two copies: of which that in calf is the whitest, and less beaten: the other is in dark morocco. The Abbé Grosier told me that De Bure had offered him forty louis for one of them: to which I replied, and now repeat the question, "where is the use of keeping *two*?" Rely upon it, that, within a dozen years from hence, it will turn out that these Delphin Statiuses have never been even *singed* by a fire! I begin to suspect that this story may be classed in the number of BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DELUSIONS—upon which subject our friend * * could publish a most interesting crown octavo volume: meet garniture for a Bibliomaniac's breakfast table.

Here is the ALDINE BIBLE of 1518, in Greek, upon

thick paper, bound in red morocco. Also a very fine copy of the ICELANDIC BIBLE of 1644, folio, bound in the same manner. Among the religious formularies, I observed a copy of the LITURGIA SVECANÆ ECCLESIE catholicæ et orthodoxæ conformis, in 1576, folio—which contains only LXXVI. leaves, besides the dedication and preface. It has a wood-cut frontispiece, and the text is printed in a very large gothic letter. The commentary is in a smaller type. This may be classed among the rarer books of its kind. But I must not forget

THE HOURS OF ST. LOUIS—considered as a contemporaneous MS.* It is a most beautiful small folio, or rather imperial octavo; and is in every respect brilliant and precious. The gold, raised greatly beyond what is usually seen in MSS. of this period, is as entire as it is splendid. The miniature paintings are all in a charming state of preservation, and few things of this kind can be considered more interesting. I wished exceedingly to extend my researches among MSS. of a different class—but my object was rather printed volumes.

This library has been long celebrated for its collection of FRENCH TOPOGRAPHY and of early FRENCH and SPANISH ROMANCES; a great portion of the latter having been obtained at the sale of the *Nyon Library*. I shall be forgiven, I trust, if I neglect the former for the latter. Prepare therefore for a list of some choice articles of this description—in every respect worthy of conspicuous places in all future *Roxburghe* and *Stanley* collections. The books now about to be described are, I think, almost all in that apartment which leads

* A MS. belonging to the same monarch is described at p. 166-7 ante.

immediately into Sully's boudoir I suppose, however, that the library of our friend ATTICUS possesses them . . . all : and duplicates of . . . most. They are presented to you just as I took them from the shelves.

RICHARD SANS PEUR. " Histoire dv Redovte Prince Richard Sans Peur, Dvc de Normandie : Lequel fut fils de Robert surnommé le Diable," &c. " *A Paris Par Nicolas et Pierre Bonfons,*" &c. *Without Date.* 4to. It is executed in a small roman type, in double columns. There is an imposing wood-cut of Richard upon horseback, in the frontispiece, and a very clumsy one of the same character on the reverse. In the absence of a positive date, I can only conjecture that this edition was printed between the years 1556 and 1580. The signatures run to E in fours. An excellent copy.

LE MÊME ROMANT. " Sensuit le rōmant de Richart sans paour duc de normādie, le q̄l fut filz de Robert le dyable & fut p sa prudence roy Dangleterre lequel fist plusieurs nobles cōquestes & vaillāces. *Imprime nouuelement a Paris.*" At the end, printed by " *Alain Lotrian et Denis Janot.*" 4to. *Without Date.* The title, just given, is printed in a large gothic letter, in red and black lines, alternately, over a rude-wood cut of Richard upon horseback. The signatures A, B, C, run in fours: D in eight, and E four. The text is executed in a small coarse gothic letter, in long lines. The present is a sound good copy.

ROBERT LE DYABLE. " La terrible Et merueilleuse vie de Robert Le Dyable iiii C." 4to. *Without Date.* The preceding is over a large wood-cut of Robert, with a club in his hand, forming the frontispiece. The sig-

natures run to D, in fours; with the exception of A, which has eight leaves. The work is printed in double columns, in a small gothic type. At the end we find that "*Denys ianot*" was the printer: which fixes the date of the book to probably between the years 1510 and 1525. Janot's device is on the reverse of the last leaf. This is a sound desirable copy.

SYPPERTS DE VINEUAULX. "Lhystoire plaisante et recreative faisant mētion des prouesses et vaillāces du noble Sypperts de Vineuaulx Et de ses dix septz filz Nouuellement imprime." This title is over a rude wood-cut of a man on horseback. Beneath: "On les vēd a Paris en la rue neufue nostre Dame a Lenseigne saint Nycolas vi C." The signatures A and B are in fours; C six; D, E, and F, each in four. At the end; printed for "*Claude veufue de feu Iehan saint denys*," 4to. *Without Date.* On the reverse of this leaf there is a huge figure of a man straddling, holding a spear and shield, and looking over his left shoulder. I think I have seen this figure before. This impression is executed in long lines, in a small gothic letter. A sound copy.

GUY DE VVARWICH. "Lhystoire de Guy de vvarwich Cheualier dāgleterre qui en son temps, fist plusieurs prouesses & combas, &c. et de la belle fille nommee Felixe samye surmontant la beaulte de toutes dames et damoyselles et les grandes auentures ou il* se trouuerent et des grandes trahysonz ou il se trouua xxxvi. C 4to." *No Date.* The preceding is over a wood-cut of the famous Guy and his fair Felixe. At bottom, we learn that it is printed for Bonfons at Paris. It is executed in a small gothic type, in double

* Thus.

columns, but the first four leaves of this copy are somewhat injured at top. The signatures, to E inclusively, run in fours; F has eight leaves: G, H, and I, each four; K eight; L four; M eight; N four; O eight; P and Q each four; R eight; S four; T eight; V six. The colophon is on the reverse of V six. The present copy is stained, but it is in a very *curable* condition.

MESSER NOBILE SOCIO. “Le Miserie de li Amanti di Messer Nobile Socio.” Colophon: “*Stampata in Vinegia per Maestro Bernardino de Vitali Veneciano MDXXXIII.*” 4to. This impression is executed in long lines, in a fair, good, italic letter. The signatures, from *a* to *y* inclusively, run in fours. The colophon, just given, is on the reverse of *z i*. Of this romance I freely avow my total ignorance. For the sake of the *poetry* (or rather, perhaps, *verses*) with which it abounds, I know those who would give more than five louis d’or for this uncommon volume!

CASTILLE ET ARTUS D’ALGARBE. “L’Histoire de Castille et D’Artus d’Algarbe preux et vaillans Chevaliers Auec les prouesses de Henry fils d’iceluy Oliuier, et de Helaine fille du Roy d’Angleterre.” 4to. This title is over what may be called rather a spirited woodcut. The date below is 1587. It is printed in double columns, in a small roman type. In the whole, forty-eight leaves. A desirable copy.

LA NEF DES DAMES. “La Nef des dames vertueuses cōposee par maistre simphoriene champier docteur en medecine contenant quatres liures. Le p̄mier est intitule la fleur des dames. Le secōd est du regime de mariage. Le tiers est des p̄pheties des sibilles. Et le quart est le liure de vraye amō.” 4to. *Without*

Date. This title is composed of one line, in large lower-case gothic, in black, (just as we see in some of the title pages of Gerard de Leeu) with the rest, in four lines, in a smaller gothic letter, printed in red. In this title-page is also seen a wood-cut of a ship, with the virgin and child beneath. On the reverse of the title is—"Double rondeau par maniere depigrāme sur la nef des dames:" three stanzas—dull enough. Opposite, on the recto of the second leaf, is the author's metrical prologue—beginning thus : in a manner somewhat pleasant and naïve.

Par vng matin ainsi quē mon estude
 Ie pposois en mō engin moult rude
 Quelque chose parfaire & acomplir
 Ou les humains et ne fut q̄ prolude
 Peussent mettre leurs espictz et estude
 Sans que ie peusse aulcunement complir
 Mon propose pour aux faultres souplir
 Se presenta deuant moy me supplir
 Une dame de si grande faconde
 Que ie neusse cuide quon sceust remplir
 De telle grace vng corps naussi lemplir
 De la beaulte quellauoit si grant fonde.

Ceste' dame estoit belle a merueille
 Tant que a la veoir ie mettois fort maveille
 Car elle estoit dabis si tresornee
 Et si riches qu'il nest point sa pareille
 En ce monde et si ie ne sommeille
 Des damoiselles auoit vne assemblee
 Chescune ayant beaulte in comparee
 Et faconde quen nul estre trouuee
 Fors a leur dame ne pourroit nullement
 Mais ceste la par propre destinee
 Sur toutes aultres a este condonnee

Dune beaulte moult singulierement
 Sept damoiselles estoient de nombre ou huyt
 Et si auoit chescune delles escript.
 &c. &c.

In the whole, fifteen stanzas. On the reverse of *biiij*, we learn that the author, "Simphorien Champier," was "desdye et enuoye a tresnoble et tresuertueuse princesse Anne de france dame et duchesse de bourbon et dauuergne." This book exhibits a fine specimen of rich gothic type, especially in the larger fount—with which the poetry is printed. There is rather an abundant sprinkling of wood cuts, with marginal annotations. The greater part of the work is in prose, in a grave moral strain. The signatures appear to run in fours, except the last, *x*, which has six leaves. On the reverse of *x vj*, are the colophon and device. The colophon is a recapitulation of the title, ending thus: "*Imprime a Lyon sur le rosne par Iaques arnollet.*" The device, rams rampant, supporting a shield with the monogram of the printer, is beneath. This is a sound but somewhat soiled copy. In torn parchment binding.

NOVELAS POR MARIA DE ZAYAS, &c. "Novelas Amorasas, y Exemplares. Composta por Doña Maria de Zayas y Sotomayor, natural de Madrid. *En Zaragoza, en el Hospital Real, &c. Año 1637.*" 4to. These novels are ten in number; some of them containing Spanish poetry. An apparently much enlarged edition appeared in 1729. 4to. "*Corregidas y enmendadas en esta ultima impression.*"

NOVELAS AMOROSAS. "Novelas Amorasas. Dirigidas al Ilus. y Excel. señor Ruy Gomez de Silua, &c. *Madrid,*

1624." 4to. Twelve novels, in prose: 192 leaves. Subjoined, in this copy, are the " Heroydas Belicas, y Amoras. Por Don Diego De Vera, y Ordenez de Villaguiran, &c. *En Barcelona, &c.* 1622. 4to. The whole of these latter are in three-line stanzas: 109 leaves.

SUCCESSOS Y PRODIGOS DE AMOR. " Sucessos y Prodigos de Amor. En ocho novelas Exemplares. Por el Doctor Ivan Perez de Montaluan, natural de Madrid. Dirigidas a diuersas personas. *En Madrid.* 1626. 4to. 166 leaves. At the end: " Orfeo, en lengva Castellana. A la decima Mvsa." By the same author: in four cantos: thirty-one leaves. Among the prefatory complimentary pieces, are some verses by Francisco Lopez de Zarate, and a prosaical and poetical piece—each by Lope de Vega Carpio. A fine copy, in red morocco binding. From the *Nyon Collection*; no. 10429.

EL CAVALLERO CID. " El Cid rvy Diez de Viuar." The preceding title is over a wood-cut of a man on horseback, trampling upon four human bodies. At bottom: Historia del valeroso y bien afortunado Cauallero Cid Ruy Diaz de Biuar. *Impresso con licencia en Salamanca, Año de 1627.*" 4to.: 103 pages. At the end are, the " SEYS ROMANCES DEL CID RUY DIAZ DE BIUAR." The preceding is on A (i). Only four leaves in the whole; quite perfect, and, as I should apprehend, of considerable rarity. In this last title are two men fighting—very rudely executed. This slender tract appears to have been printed at "*Valladolid por la viuda de Francisco de Cordoua, Año de 1627.*" 4to. It begins thus:

Romance del Cid.

*Crydando Diego Laynez
por las menguas de su casa
fidalga, noble, y antiga
antes de Yñigo Abarca.*

The last metrical composition is thus entitled :

Otro Romance.

*El vassalodes leal
El desterrado, el traydor
el que no cupo en Castilla.*

At the end: "Laus Deo." A good sound copy, in red morocco binding. From the same collection: no. 5907.

FIORIO E BIANCIFIORIO. "La Historia de Fiorio e Biancifiore." This impression is executed in double columns, in a small black letter. The stanzas are in eight lines each. At the end: "*Impressa ne la inclita et alma citta di bouogna per mi Bazaliero de bazalieri cittadino bolognese. Delanno delnostro signore m.cccclxxx. adi. xxiiii. di decembre. Laus deo.*" Doubtless this must be the PRIMA EDIZIONE of this long popular romance—and perhaps the present may be a unique copy of it. Caxton, as you may remember, published an English prosaic version of it in the year 1485; and no copy of *that* version is known, save the one in the cabinet at St. James's Place. To the book before me, there was probably never any title prefixed; but at the end is the above—preceded by the words "Questa sie." The edition has only eight leaves, and this copy hap-

pens unluckily to be in a dreadfully shattered and tender state. At the end:

**Finito e il libro del fidelissimo Amore
Che portorno insieme Fiorio e Biancifiore.**

Subjoined to the copy just described is another work, thus entitled :

SECRETO SOLO e in arma ben amaistrato
Sia qualunqua uole essere innamorato.
Got gebe ir eynen guten seligen mogen.

The preceding, line for line, is printed in a large gothic type: the rest of the work in a small close gothic letter. Both pieces, together, contain sixty-three leaves. This is also in a very tender condition.

COMMEDIA DE CELESTINA. “Segunda Comedia de Celestina En laqual se trata de los amores de vn cauallero llamado Felides. y de vna donzella de clara sangre llamada Polandria,” &c. “*Vendese la presente obra en la ciudad de Anuers,*” &c. 18mo. *Without Date.* I suspect however that this scarce little volume, of the relative and positive worth of which I candidly confess my utter ignorance, was *printed* as well as “sold” at Paris.

MILLES ET AMYS. “Histoire des Nobles et Vailans Chevaliers nommez Milles et Amis: lesquels en leur vivant furent plains de grandes prouesses. XXXV. F. *A Rouen chez la Veufue de Louys Costé.*” 4to. *Without Date.* The frontispiece has a wood-cut of no very extraordinary beauty, and the whole book exhibits a sort of ballad-style of printing. It is executed in a roman letter, in double columns.

OGIER LE DANOIS. “Ogier le Daunoys duc de dānemarche : qui fut lūg des douze pers de France,” &c. The title is in nine lines—above a wood-cut of a man on horseback. Below we read : “*On les vend a Lyon sur le rosne en la maison de Claude nourry dict le Prince : pres nostre dame de confort.*” Folio. At the end is the date of 1525, over the printer’s device of a lion couchant, and a heart and crown upon a shield. It is a small folio, printed in a neat and rather brilliant gothic type, with several wood-cuts.

GALIEN ET JAQUELINE. “Les nobles prouesses et vaillances de Galien restaure filz du noble Olivier le marquis, et de la belle Jaqueliue fille du roy Hugon empereur de Constantinople.” 1525, Folio. The preceding is over a large wood-cut of a man on horseback ; and this romance is printed by the same printer, in the same place, and, as you observe, in the same year—as was that just before described. The wood-cuts in it are also of a similar character to those in the previous romance, but they are more numerous, and generally of a more spirited touch. There is an interesting ms. notice in this book—which I had not time to copy. But I warrant that our friend Meliadus possesses a choice copy of the impression.

HUON DE BOURDEAUX. Here are four editions of this Romance :—to which I suspect fourscore more might be added. The first is printed at *Paris* for *Bonfons*, in double columns, black letter, with rude wood-cuts. A fine copy : from the Colbert Collection. The second edition is of the date of 1586, “*tout de nouveau reveu et corrigé a Lyon, par Benoist Rigaud :*” in long lines, roman letter, approaching the ballad-style of

printing. From *Cat. de Nyon* ; no. 8136. The third edition is “*A Troyes, Chez Nicolas Oudot, &c. 1634.*” 4to. in double columns, small roman letter. No cuts, but on the recto and reverse of the frontispiece. From the same collection : no. 8137. The fourth edition is also “*A Troyes Chez Pierre Garnier, 1726,*” 4to. in double columns, roman letter. A very ballad-like production. Will Bernardo therefore refuse it a place upon his closely wedged book shelves ? Methinks he will not.

LES QUATRE FILZ AYMON. Two editions. One “*à Lyon par Benoist Rigaud, 1583,*” 4to. This impression has the preceding title in a large, heavy ornamental gothic letter, such as we see towards the end of the xvth century. The text is executed in a small roman letter, in double columns, with a plentiful sprinkling of wood-cuts. The paper is of the ballad description. The other copy of this romance is printed “*A Troyes, Chez Nicolas Oudot :*” without date, 4to. but perhaps nearly a century later than the preceding. The printing is of the ballad kind, although there are some spirited wood-cuts, which have been wretchedly pulled. The generality are as bad as the type and paper.

MABRIAN. “*Les Proresses et Vaillances du Redovte Mabrian; lequel fvt Roy de Jerusalem,*” &c. “*A Troyes, Chez Oudot, 1625,*” 4to. A vastly clever wood-cut frontispiece, but wretched paper and printing. From the *Cat. de Nyon* ; no. 8135.

MORGANT LE GEANT. “*Histoire de Morgant le Geant, et de plusieurs autres Cheualiers et Pairs de France, &c. à Troyes, Chez Nicholas Oudot, 1650,*” 4to.” A pretty wood-cut frontispiece, and an extraordinary large cut of St. George and the Dragon on

the reverse. The helmet of the Saint is very like that of our light horsemen. The edition is printed in a small roman letter, in double columns, very much resembling the style of ballad publications. The second title designates the work as “Histoire de Robant et Morgant le geant.” There was a previous edition by the same printer at Rouen, in 1618, which contains the second book—wanting in this copy of the subsequent impression.

GERARD COMTE DE NEVERS, &c. “Histoire de tres noble et cheualreux prince Gerard Cōte de Neuers Et de Rethel et de la tres vertueuse et tres chaste princesse Euriant de Sauoye samye,” 1526, 4to. The title is over the arms of France, and the text is executed in a handsome gothic letter, in long lines. At the end, it appears to have been printed for Philip le Noir. It is a very small quarto, and the volume is of excessive rarity. The present is a fine copy, in red morocco binding.

CRONIQUE DE FLORIMONT. “L'hystoire et ancienne Cronicque de l'excellent roy Florimont, filz du noble Mataquas duc Dalbanie,” &c. At “*Lyons—par Olivier Arnoullet,*” 4to. At the end is the date of 1529. This impression is executed in a handsome gothic type, in long lines. Here is another and much later edition—put forth “*A Rouen, par Nicholas Mulot,*” 4to. Mere ballad printing, with ballad decorations. “Not a whit the worse, on that account”—says Bernardo. It may be so. But let me add that the type is roman, and that the text is in double columns.

TROYS FILZ DE ROYS. “Le liure des troys filz de Roys, cest assauoir de France Dangleterre et Descosse lesquelz en leur ieunesse pour la foy chrestienne eurent

de glorieuses victoires sur les turcz au service du roy de Cecille, lequel fut fait apres vn des lecteurs de l'empire." Printed for "*Nicolas Chrestien—en la Rue neufue nostre Dame,*" &c. Without date, 4to. The frontispiece displays a large rude wood cut; and the edition is printed in the black letter, in double columns. All the cuts are coarse. The book, however, is of uncommon occurrence.

PARIS ET VIENNE :—"*à Paris, Chez Simon Caluarin rue St. Jacques.*" Without date: in double columns; black letter, coarsely printed. A pretty wood-cut at the beginning is repeated at the end. This copy is from the Colbert Library.

PIERRE DE PROVENCE ET LA BELLE MAGUELONNE. "Cy commence listoyre du vaillant cheualier pierre de provence et de la belle Maguelonne fille du roy de naples." 1490. 4to. This title is over a large wood-cut of a man and woman, repeated on the reverse of the leaf. The impression is in the black letter, printed in long lines, with rather coarse wood-cuts. At the end we observe the preceding date. I apprehend this small quarto volume to be of extreme rarity.

JEHĀ DE SAINTRE—"*Paris, pour Jehan Bonfons,*" &c. 4to. *Without date.* A neatly printed book, in double columns, in the gothic character. There is no cut but in the frontispiece. A ms. note says, "This is the first and rarest edition, and was once worth twelve louis." The impression is probably full three centuries old.

BERINUS ET AYGRES DE LAYMANT "La description forme et l'histoire du noble cheualier Berinus et du vaillant et tres cheualereux champion Aygres de

Laymant son filz," etc. This—over a wood cut. At bottom : sold at "*Paris par Jehan de Bonfons*," 4to. *No date*. It is in double columns, black letter, with the device of the printer on the reverse of the last leaf. This copy came from the library of Guyon de Sardière. A rare book.

JEAN DE PARIS. "*Le Romât de Iehan de Paris, &c. à Paris, par Jehan Bonfons*," 4to. *Without date*. In black letter, long lines : with rather pretty wood-cuts. A ms. note at the end says : "Ce roman que j'ay lu tout entier est fort singulier et amusant—cest de luy douvient le proverbe "*train de Jean de Paris*" Voyes la notte que j'ay mise a vne autre edition que j'en ay in 8vo. Cest ici la plus ancienne edition. Elle est rare." The present is a sound copy. Here is also a copy of an edition printed at "*Paris, Chez Hubert Velut*," etc. 1600, 4to. in a neat roman type, double columns : coarse paper. There are some pleasing wood-cuts at the end.

CRONIQUE DE CLERIADUS, &c. "Cy comence la Cronique de Messire Cleriadus filz au conte Destue et de Meliadice fille au roy Dangleterre." This title is over a wood-cut of a group of men and women. At the bottom, in red : "*On les vend à Lyon au pres de nostre dame de confort cheulx Oliuier Arnouillet*." At the end ; 1529. 4to. This edition, which is very scarce, is executed in a handsome gothic type, in long lines. The present is a cropt but sound copy. It was formerly "ex biblioteca ferdinandi Lampiney De pugez 30. 11" Qu. stivers and guelders ? or florins and grötchen, or sous and pence ?

GUILLAUME DE PALERNE, &c. "*Lhystoire du*

noble et preulx vaillant cheualier Guillaume de Palerne et de la belle Melior, lequel Guillaume de Palerne fut filz du roy de Cecille," &c. 4to. At bottom—beneath a singular wood-cut of some wild animal (wolf or fox) running away with a child, and a group of affrighted people retreating—we read: “*On les vend a Lyon aupres nostre Dame de Confort chez Olivier Arnoullet.*” At the end is the date of 1552, preceded by the following verses.

Prenez en gre, mediocres de sens,
 Jeunes et vieulx, ce petit opusculé,
 Et vous seigneurs de scavoir tous passans
 Rien ne iugez par rigoureux scrupule
 Reallement ie confesse et consens
 Entre plusieurs estre de sens minime
 Dire ne puis aultrement que ie sens.
 Vng tel liure trop grant nest ou sublime
 Rusez sont ceux qui ont sens magnanime
 Ausquelz est deu le nom de los dorer
 Notez ce point, que homme ne vit sans crime
 Doneques ne quiers que en endurant livrer.

—————Another edition of the same romance, *printed at Rouen, without date, by the widow of Louis Costé, 4to.* A mere ballad-style of publication: perhaps not later than 1634—the date of our wretched and yet most popular impression of the knights of the Round Table.

DAIGREMONT ET VIVIAN. “*Sensuyt la tres plaisante hystoire de Maugis Daygremont et de Viuia son frere,*” &c. *Printed by Arnoullet, at Lyons, in 1538, 4to.* It is executed in a handsome gothic letter, in long lines. This copy is bound up with the *first* edition of the *Cronique de Florimont.*—for which turn to a

preceding page.* In the same volume is a third romance, entitled

LA BELLE HELAYNE, 1528, 4to. :—*Printed by the same printer*, with a singular wood-cut frontispiece; in a gothic character not quite so handsome as in the two preceding pieces. A precious volume, I make no doubt—to be coveted by all faithful observers of the festival of the 17th of June.

JOURDAIN DE BLAVE. “Les faitz et prouesses du noble et vaillāt cheualier Iourdain de Blaues filz de Girard de Blaues, lequel conquesta plusieurs royaulmes barbares, &c. *A Paris, par Nicolas Chrestien,*” 4to. *Without date.* Printed in double columns, in a small coarse gothic letter.

DOOLIN DE MAYENCE, “Histoire de la Fleur des Batailles Doolin de Mayence. *A Paris—N. Bonfons.*” *Without date*, 4to. Probably towards the end of the sixteenth century; in double columns, in the roman letter. From Cat. de Nyon, no. 8141. Here is another edition, *printed at Rouen*, by *Pierre Mullot*; in roman letter, in double columns. A coarse wretched performance.

MEURVIN FILS D’OGER, &c. “Histoire dv prevx et Vaillant cheualier Meuruin, filz d’Oger le Dānois, &c. *à Paris;—Nicolas Bonfons.*” 4to. *Without date.* In the roman letter, in double columns. From the Nyon collection; no. 8140. A fine copy.

MELUSINE. “Lhystoire de Melusine nouuellemēt imprimee,” 4to. *Without date or name of printer*; but evidently by *Philip le Noir*, from his device at the end. It is executed in a coarse small gothic letter; with a

* Page 335, ante

strange, barbarous frontispiece. Another edition, having a copy of the same frontispiece,—“*Nouvellement Imprimee a Troyes par Nicolas Oudot, 1649.*” 4to. Numerous wood-cuts. In long lines, in the roman letter.

TREBISOND. “*Sensuyt la conq̄ste du trespuissāt empire de tresbisōde,*” &c. The title is in red and black gothic letters, alternately. At the end: for “*Jehan Trepperel demourāt en la rue neufue nostre dame A lenseigne de lescu de frāc.*” Without date, 4to. The device of the printer is at the back of the colophon. This impression is executed in the black letter, in double columns, with divers wood-cuts. A cropt copy, in red morocco binding; having the usual heavy and coarse group of horsemen, which is also in the title-page.

HECTOR DE TROYE. “*Ci Commence lhystoire du noble preux et puissant Hector mirouer et exemplaire de toute cheualerie,*” 4to. This title is over a bold wood-cut frontispiece, and *Arnoullet* has the honour of being printer of the volume. It is executed in the black letter, in long lines. After the colophon, at the end, is a leaf containing a wood-cut of a man and woman, which I remember to have seen more than once before.

And now, methinks, you have had a pretty liberal assortment of ROMANCES placed before you, and may feel disposed to breathe the open air, and quit for a while this retired but interesting collection of ancient tomes. As the foregoing “braves et redoutables chevaliers” rise up to “give you a good day,” their spears glitter, and their helmets gleam; requesting you to make known, in your own country, and more particu-

larly in our more intimate book-circles, the themes which their achievements have furnished for the celebration of distant ages.

Nations unborn their mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud . . . that must not yet be found !

Here, then, let us make a general obeisance and withdraw ; especially as the official announce of “ *deux heures vient de sonner* ” dissipates the charm of chivalrous fiction, and warns us to shut up our volumes and begone.

LETTER XXIX.

LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIÈVE. THE ABBÉ MERCIER
ST. LÉGER. LIBRARY OF THE MAZARINE COLLEGE, OR
INSTITUTE. PRIVATE LIBRARY OF THE KING. MONS.
BARBIER, LIBRARIAN.

It is just possible that you may not have forgotten, in a previous letter,* the mention of STE. GENEVIÈVE—situated in the old quarter of Paris, on the other side of the Seine; and that, in opposition to the *ancient* place or church, so called, there was the *new* Ste. Geneviève—or the Pantheon. My present business is with the old establishment: or rather with the LIBRARY, hard by the old church of Ste. Geneviève, which library is at the top of one of the sides of the square of the COLLEGE DE HENRI QUATRE. Of all interiors of libraries, this is probably the most beautiful and striking; as you will be readily convinced on taking down a well-known folio volume, which contains a print of it.† But this print is in every respect an unworthy representation of the original; as would be instantly acknowledged if the pencil of Mr. Blore or Mr. Mackenzie should chance to be ever exercised upon the same subject. It is an absolute reproach to

* See p. 97-9 ante.

† The print is of the date of 1689, and represents the further half of the principal line beyond the cupola.

the state of antiquarian art in Paris, that so beautiful an interior has been so inadequately represented by the burin. There is surely spirit and taste enough in this magnificent capital to prevent such a reproach from being of a much longer continuance. But my business is with the *original*, and not with any copy of it—however successful. M. Flocon is the principal librarian, but he is just now from home. M. Le Chevalier is the next in succession: or rather, what is very common in Parisian institutions, the *first!*—in respect to consultation and assistance; as he is rarely from his bibliomaniacal station. I called upon him, on the second floor. He is a portly gentleman; unaffected, good-natured, and kind-hearted. He has lived much in England, and speaks our language fluently. His bodily movements are doubtless less agile than those of his head, or thoughts: but, catching my arm, and leaning upon it, he exclaimed, with a sort of heart's chuckle—in English “With all my soul I attend you to the library.”

We mounted to the topmost landing place, after passing a huge engraving, of the moon, to the left. M. Le Chevalier breathed somewhat heavily as we neared the folding doors; and on entering this singularly striking interior, he whispered gently in my ear “you shall be consigned to a clever attendant, who will bring you what you want, and I must then leave you to your occupations.” “You cannot confer upon me a greater favour,” I replied. “Bon, (rejoined he) je vois bien que vous aimez les livres. A ça, marchons.” I was consigned to a gentleman who sat at the beginning of the left rectangular compartment—

for the library is in the form of a cross — and making my bow to my worthy conductor, requested he would retire to his own more important concerns. He shook me by the hand, and added, in English—“ Good day, God bless you, Sir.” I was not wanting in returning a similar salutation.

The LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIÈVE exhibits a locale of a very imposing, as well as extensive, appearance. It is in the form of a cross ; but from its extreme length, —full 230 feet as I should conjecture—it looks rather low. Yet the ceiling being arched, and tolerably well ornamented, the whole has a very harmonious appearance. In the centre is a cupola ; of which the elder Restout—about ninety years ago—painted the ceiling. They talk much of this painting, but I was not disposed to look at it a second time. The charm of the whole arises, first, from the mellow tone of light which is admitted from the glazed top of this cupola ; and, secondly, from the numerous busts, arranged along the sides, which recal to your remembrance some of the most illustrious characters of France—for arts, for arms, for learning, and for public spirit. These busts are at the hither end, as you enter. Busts of foreigners continue the suite towards the other extremities. A good deal of white carved ornament obtrudes itself, but not unpleasantly : the principal ground colour being of a sombre tint, harmonising with that of the books. The floor is of glazed tile. It was one of the hottest of days when I first put my foot within this interior ; and my very heart seemed to be refreshed by the coolness—the tranquillity—the congeniality of character — of every thing around me ! In such a place,

“hours” (as Cowper somewhere expresses it) may be “thought down to moments.” A sort of soft, gently-stealing, echo accompanies every tread of the foot. You long to take your place among the studious, who come every day to read in the right compartment of the cross; and which compartment they as regularly *fill*. Meanwhile, scarcely a whisper escapes them. The whole is, indeed, singularly inviting to contemplation, research, and instruction.

But it was to the left of the cupola—and therefore opposite the studious corps just mentioned—that M. Le Chevalier consigned me to my bibliographical attendant. I am ignorant of his name, but cannot be forgetful of his kind offices. The MS. Catalogue (they have no printed one) was placed before me, and I was requested to cater for myself. Among the *Libri Desiderati* of the fifteenth century, I smiled to observe the *Naples Horace of 1474* but you wish to be informed of the *acquired*, and not of the *desiderated*, treasures. Prepare, therefore, for a treat: of its kind. At least, do not cry “pish!” ’till the whole of the ensuing list be carefully perused.

LACTANTIUS. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. This was Pope Pius the Sixth’s copy. Indeed the greater number of the more valuable early books belonged to that Pontiff; upon whom Audiffredi (as you may well remember) has passed so warm and so well merited a bibliographical eulogium.* The papal copy, however, has its margins scribbled upon, and is defective in the leaf which contains the errata.

* *Editiones Italicae*; 1793. *Præf.*

This book, you well know, was the **FIRST BOOK** printed in **ITALY** ; and it will ever be a *crux* for bibliographers, or rather antiquaries, to master, to ascertain what can have possibly become of the elegant types with which it is printed : there being only the *two following* known books which exhibit the same type.

AUGUSTINUS DE CIVITATE DEI. *Printed in the same Monastery.* 1467. Folio. The margins are broad, but occasionally much stained. The copy is also short. From the same papal collection.

CICERO DE ORATORE. *Printed in the same Monastery.* *Without Date.* Folio. A sound copy, but occasionally scribbled upon. The side margins are rather closely cropt.

BIBLIA LATINA. 1462. Folio. 2 vols. I saw only the first volume, which displays a well-proportioned length and breadth of margin. The illuminations appear to be nearly coeval, and are of a soft and pleasing style of execution. Yet the margins are rather deformed by the designation of the chapters, in large roman numerals, of a sprawling character.

BIBLIA ITALICA. *Kalend. de Octobrio.* 1471. Folio. 2 vols. A perfectly magnificent copy (measuring sixteen inches three eighths, by ten and six eighths) of this very rare edition ; of which a minute and particular account will be found in the Catalogue of Earl Spencer's Library.* After a careful inspection—rather than from actual comparison—I incline to think that these noble volumes came from the press of Valdarfer. The copy

* Vol. i. p. 63-7. It is there observed that “ there does not seem to be any reason for assigning this edition to a *Roman* press.”

under description is bound in brown calf, with red-speckled edges to the leaves. This is a copy of an impression of which the library may be justly proud.

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1599. Folio. In style of printing and embellishment like our Coverdale's Bible of 1535. Whether it be a reprint (which is most probable) of the famous Polish Bible of 1563, I am unable to ascertain.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* (1469.) Folio. **FIRST EDITION;** of the greatest rarity. Probably this is the finest copy (once belonging to Pius VI.) which is known to exist; but it must be considered as imperfect—wanting the Priapeia. And yet it may be doubted whether the latter were absolutely printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz for their *first* edition? This copy, bound in white calf, with the papal arms on the sides, measures twelve inches and a quarter in length, by eight inches and five eighths in width: but the state of the illumination, at the beginning of the *Bucolics*, shews the volume to have been cropt—however slightly. All the illuminations are quiet and pretty. Upon the whole, this is a very precious book; and superior in most respects to the copy in the Royal Library*.

PLINIUS SENIOR. 1469. Folio. **EDITIO PRINCEPS.** A copy from the same papal library; very fine, both as to length and width—and yet, from a portion of the arms (as an illumination) being cut away, it has been evidently cropt. However, you rarely meet with a finer copy. *The Jenson edition* of 1472 is here comparatively much inferior.

* See page 267, ante.

CICERO. RHETORICA VETUS. *Printed by Jenson.* 1470. Folio. A great curiosity: inasmuch as it is a copy UPON VELLUM. It has been cruelly cut down, but the vellum is beautiful. It is also choked in the back, in binding. From the collection of the same Pope.

SUETONIUS. *Printed by I. P. de Lignamine.* 1470. Folio. A magnificent copy; measuring thirteen inches and one eighth in height. The first leaf is, however, objectionable. From the same collection.

QUINTILIANUS. INSTITUTIONES. *By the same Printer.* 1470. Folio. This and the preceding book are FIRST EDITIONS. A copy of equal beauty and equal size with the Suetonius. From the same Collection.

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. First Edition. We have here a truly delicious copy —UPON VELLUM— and much superior to a similar copy in the Royal Library.* I ought slightly to notice that a few of the leaves, following the date, are some of them tawny and others mended. Upon the whole, however, this is a book which rejoices the eye and warms the heart of a classical bibliographer. It is bound in pale calf, with gilt stamped edges, and once belonged to the Pontiff from whose library almost every previously-described volume was obtained.

DANTE. *Printed by Petrus Adam [de Michaelibus.] Mantua.* 1472. Folio. A large and fair copy of an exceedingly rare edition. It appears to be quite perfect.

BOETIUS. *Printed by Frater Iohannes.* 1474. 4to. It is for the first time that I open the leaves of this scarce edition: of which Lord Spencer's library is not furnished with a copy. It is printed in a sharp and

* See page 294, ante.

rather handsome roman type, and this copy has sixty-three numbered leaves. At the end is the colophon, from part of which the following is taken :

Est Augustini Conuentus in urbe Saona
Et uitæ : & fidei religione sacer.
&c. &c. &c.

Hoc impressit ibi Frater bonus ære Iohannes.
MCCCCLXXIII.

The present cannot be called a very capital copy ; but it is nevertheless a volume of extreme rarity, and I apprehend, price.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA. 1498. 4to. We have here a most desirable copy—UPON VELLUM, which is equally soft and white. But it has been too much peppered by the ravages of the worm, at the beginning and end ; especially at the end. It is coated in a goodly sort of Gaignat binding.

CICERONIS OPERA OMNIA. *Milan.* 1498. Folio. 4 vols. This is the finest copy of this rare set of volumes which it has been my lot yet to examine ; but the dedication of the printer, Minutianus, to I. I. Trivulcius, on the reverse of the first leaf of the first volume, is unluckily wanting. There are, who would call this a *large paper* copy. But quere?

MARSILIUS FICINUS : IN DIONYSIUM AREOPAGITAM. *Printed by Laurentius, the Son of Franciscus a Venetian ; at Florence. Without Date.* Folio. This is certainly a very beautiful and genuine book, in this particular condition—UPON VELLUM—but the small gothic type, in which it is printed, is a good deal blurred.

The binding is in its first state : in a deep red-coloured leather, over boards. I should apprehend this impression to be chiefly valuable on the score of rarity and high price, when it is found upon vellum.

The foregoing are what I selected from the ~~Fifteeners~~ **ers**; after running an attentive eye over the shelves upon which the books, of that description, are placed. They have a great many more; among which there are doubtless several of curiosity and value. But they are better known, or the copies are not in the most inviting condition. I admit that, compared with what the two libraries previously, but partially, described, contain, the collection of printed books here is probably of less general interest; and yet they reckon upon upwards of *one hundred thousand* volumes. However, in the same case or division where the Fifteeners are lodged, there happen to be a few ALDUSES, UPON VELLUM, so beautiful, rare, and in such uncommon condition, that I question whether M. Van Praet doth not cast more than an ordinarily envious eye upon these membranaceous treasures—secretly, and perhaps commendably, wishing and sighing that some of them may one day find their way into the Royal Collection! . . . You shall judge for yourself—after I have faithfully described them.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. *Printed by Aldus. Without date.* 12mo. 2 vols. First Aldine impression;—and this copy perhaps yields only to the one in the Royal Library.* These volumes are differently bound; but of the two, that containing the *Iliad* gains in length

* See p. 311, ante.

what it loses in breadth—about a sixteenth of an inch. Minute measurement, you will say: but when you come to talk of VELLUM ALDUSES, the smallest division of dimension *tells*. In height, (six inches one eighth) this copy is just an eighth of an inch shorter than that in the collection just mentioned; but I am not sure whether the volume containing the *Odyssey* be not one eighth of an inch wider. The vellum is equally soft, white, and well-conditioned; and perhaps, altogether, the copy is only one small degree inferior to that in the Royal Library. The *Odyssey* is bound in old red morocco, with stamp gilt edges. This copy was purchased from the Salviati Library.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. *Printed at the Aldine Press.* 1519. 8vo. 3 vols. Surely this copy is the ne plus ultra of a vellum Aldus! In size, condition, and colour, nothing can surpass it. When I say this, I am not unmindful of the Royal copies here, and more particularly of the *Pindar and Ovid* in St. James's Place. But, in truth, there reigns throughout the rectos and reverses of each of these volumes, such a mellow, quiet, and genuine tone of colour, that the most knowing bibliographer and the most fastidious Collector cannot fail to express his astonishment on turning over the leaves. They are bound in old red morocco, with the arms of a Cardinal on the exterior. I observe, from a ms. note, that they were bought of "*Domenico Terres Negoziante di Libri, Napoli.*" O rare Dom. Terres—to have had the selling of such a copy as this! You may form some notion of the size of this copy, when I tell you that it measures (with the exception of the first volume, which is some *very* little

shorter) full six inches and a half, by four inches. Shew me its like—if you can. And what shall we say to Monsieur Renouard—who composed his *Aldine Annals** within a half mile of this spot—and yet omitted to notice the present copy? He must have had many a sleepless night in consequence of such omission.

I shall mention only three more volumes—neither of them *Aldine*, — and then take my leave of the library of Ste. Geneviève.

MISSALE MOZARABICUM. 1500. Folio. A fine copy for size and colour; but unluckily much wormed at the beginning, though a little less so at the end. It measures nearly thirteen inches one quarter, by nine three eighths. From the stamped arms of three stars and three lizards, this copy appears to have belonged to the *Cardinal Juigné*, Archbishop of Paris; who had a fine taste in early printed books.

VITRUVIUS. *Printed by the Giunta*. 1513. 8vo. A delicious copy; upon white, soft, spotless VELLUM. I question if it be not superior to Mr. Dent's; as it measures six inches and three-quarters, by four. A cruel worm, however, has perforated as far as folio 76—leaving one single hole behind him. The binding of this exquisite book is as gaudy as it is vulgar.

TEWERDANCKHS. *Printed in 1517*. Folio. First Edition. This is doubtless a fine copy—upon thick, but soft and white, VELLUM. Fortunately the plates are uncoloured, and the copy is quite complete in the table. It measures fifteen inches in length, by nine inches three quarters in width.

* See *L'Imp. des Alde*; vol. ii. p. 146.

Such appeared to me, on a tolerably careful examination of the titles of the volumes, to be among the chief treasures in the early and more curious department of books belonging to the STE. GENEVIÈVE LIBRARY. Without doubt, many more may be added; but I greatly suspect that the learned in bibliography would have made pretty nearly a similar selection. Not a *Caxton*, nor a *Wynkyn de Worde*, nor a *Julian Notary*: Mark that. However, I cannot easily forget the extreme gratification which this enchanting interior afforded me; and I am willing to hope that the fruits of two consecutive visits to such a spot will prove equally gratifying to my friend. Frequently, during the progress of my examinations, I looked out of window upon the square, or area, below—which was covered at times by numerous little parties of youths (from the College of Henri IV.) who were partaking of all manner of amusements characteristic of their ages and habits. With, and without, coats—walking, sitting, or running,—there they were! All gay, all occupied, all happy:—unconscious of the alternate miseries and luxuries of the **Bibliomania**!—unknowing in the nice distinctions of type from the presses of *George Laver*, *Schurener de Bopardia*, and *Adam Rot*: uninitiated in the agonising mysteries of rough edges, large margins, and original bindings! But..

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

This is soberly quoted — not meaning thereby to scratch the cuticle, or ruffle the temper, of a single Roxburgher. And now, my friend, as we are about to quit

this magnificent assemblage of books, I owe it to myself—but much more to your own inextinguishable love of bibliographical history—to say “one little word, or two”—ere we quit the threshold—respecting the Abbé MERCIER SAINT LÉGER . . . the head librarian, and great living ornament of the collection, some fifty years ago. I am enabled to do this with the greater propriety, as my friend M. Barbier is in possession of a number of literary anecdotes and notices respecting the Abbé—and has supplied me with a brochure, by Chardon De La Rochette, which contains a notice of the life and writings of the character in question. I am sure you will be interested by the account, limited and partial as it must necessarily be: especially as I have known those, to whose judgments I always defer with pleasure and profit, assert, that, of all BIBLIOGRAPHERS, the Abbé Mercier St. Léger was the FIRST which France possessed. I have said so myself a hundred times, and I repeat the asseveration. Yet we must not forget Nicéron.

Mercier Saint Léger was born on the 1st of April, 1734. At fifteen years of age, he began to consider what line of life he should follow. A love of knowledge, and a violent passion for study and retirement, inclined him to enter the congregation of the *Chanoines Réguliers*—distinguished for men of literature; and, agreeably to form, he went through a course of rhetoric and philosophy, before he passed into divinity, as a resident in the Abbey *de Chatrices* in the diocese of *Chalons sur Marne*. It was there that he laid the foundation of his future celebrity, as a literary bibliographer. He met there the venerable CAULET, who

had voluntarily resigned the bishopric of Grenoble, to pass the remainder of his days in the abbey in question — of which he was titular head—in the midst of books, solitude, and literary society. Mercier Saint Léger quickly caught the old man's eye, and entwined himself round his heart. Approaching blindness induced the ex-bishop to confide the care of his library to St. Léger — who was also instructed by him in the elements of bibliography and literary history. He taught him also that love of order and of method which are so distinguishable in the productions of the pupil. Death, however, in a little time separated the master from the scholar ; and the latter scarcely ever mentioned the name, or dwelt upon the virtues, of the former, without emotions which knew of no relief but in a flood of tears. The heart of Mercier St. Léger was yet more admirable than his head.

St. Léger, at twenty years of age, returned to Paris. The celebrated Pingré was chief librarian of the **STE. GENEVIÈVE COLLECTION** ; and St. Léger attached himself with ardour and affection to the society and instructions of the former. He became joint **SECOND LIBRARIAN** in 1759 ; when Pingré, eminent for astronomy, departing for India to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, St. Léger was appointed to succeed him as **CHIEF** — and kept the place till the year 1772. These twelve years were always considered by St. Léger as the happiest and most profitable of his life. During this period he lent a helping hand in abridging the *Journal de Trevoux*. In September, 1764, Louis XV. laid the foundation-stone, with great pomp and ceremony, of the new church of Ste. Geneviève.

After the ceremony, he desired to see the library of the old establishment—in which we have both been so long tarrying. Mercier spread all the more ancient and curious books upon the table, to catch the eye of the monarch : who, with sundry Lords of the bed-chamber, and his own librarian BIGNON, examined them with great attention, and received from Mercier certain information respecting their relative value and rarity. Every now and then Louis turned round, and said to Bignon, “ Bignon, have I got that book in my library ? ” The royal librarian . . . answered not a word — but hiding himself behind CHOISEUL, the prime minister, seemed to avoid the sight of his master. Mercier, however, had the courage and honesty to reply, “ No, Sire, that book is *not* in your library.” The king spent about an hour in examining the books, chatting with the librarian, (Mercier) and informing himself on those points in which he was ignorant. It was during this conversation, that the noble spirit of Mercier was manifested. The building of the library of St. Victor was in a very crazy state : it was necessary to repair it, but the public treasury could not support that expense. “ I will tell your Majesty, (said Mercier) how this may be managed without costing you a single crown. The headship of the Abbey of St. Victor is vacant : name a new Abbot ; upon condition, each year, of his ceding a portion of his revenue to the object in question.” If the king had had one spark of generous feeling, he would have replied by naming Mercier to the abbey in question, and by enjoining the strict fulfilment of his own proposition. But it was not so. Yet the scheme

was carried into effect, however others had the glory of it.

However, the king had not forgotten Mercier, nor the bibliographical lesson which he had received in the library of Ste. Geneviève. One of these lessons consisted in having the distinctive marks pointed out of the famous *Bible of Sixtus V.* published in 1590. A short time after, on returning from mass, along the great gallery of Versailles, Louis saw the head librarian of Ste. Geneviève among the spectators . . . and turning to his prime minister, exclaimed "Choiseul, how can one distinguish the *true Bible of Sixtus V.*?" "Sire, (replied the unsuspecting minister) I never was acquainted with that book." Then, addressing himself to Mercier, the king repeated to him—without the least hesitation or inaccuracy—the lesson which he had learnt in the library of Ste. Geneviève. There are few stories, I apprehend, which redound so much to this king's credit.

Louis gave yet more substantial proofs of his respect for his bibliographical master, by appointing him, at the age of thirty-two, to the headship of the abbey of *St. Léger de Soissons*—and hence our hero derives his name. In 1772 Mercier surrendered the Ste. Geneviève library to Pingré, on his return from abroad—and in the privacy of his own society, set about composing his celebrated *Supplément à l'Histoire de l'Imprimerie par Prosper Marchand*—of which the second edition, in 1775, was not only more copious but more correct. The Abbé Rive, who loved to fasten his teeth in every thing that had credit with the world, endeavoured to shake the reputation of this performance . . .

but in vain. Mercier now travelled abroad ; was received every where with banquetting and caresses ; a distinction due to his bibliographical merits—and was particularly made welcome by Meerman and Crevenna. M. Ocheda, Lord Spencer's late librarian—and formerly librarian to Crevenna—has often told me how pleased he used to be with Mercier's society and conversation during his visit to the latter. On his return, Mercier continued his work, too long suspended, upon the *LATIN POETS OF THE MIDDLE AGE*. His object was, to give a brief biography of each ; an analysis of their works, with little brilliant extracts and piquant anecdotes ; traits of history little known ; which, say Chardon De La Rochette* and M. Barbier,

* Let me be allowed here to add the part immediately following of the narrative of this gentleman :

“ On sent combien un pareil travail demandoit de patience, de recherches et de sagacité. Les bibliothèques publiques et particulières étoient mises à contribution : ses amis se faisoient un plaisir de lui communiquer tous les livres qui pouvoient lui être utiles ; car, quelques ouvrages de bibliographie, d'histoire littéraire, quelques journaux et quelques livres de présent, composoient sa modeste bibliothèque. L'immensité de celle à laquelle il avoit présidé, lui avoit sans doute oté le courage d'en former une plus volumineuse.

“ Son travail sur les poètes latins du moyen âge, n'étoit pas le seul qui l'occupât ; tous les journaux littéraires du temps étoient enrichis de ses lettres ou des ses dissertations. Il avoit de la gaieté dans l'esprit, de la facilité dans le style, un fond inépuisable d'anecdotes, de traits inconnus ; ainsi ses articles étoient toujours ceux que les amateurs lisoient les premiers. Il étoit d'ailleurs consulté de toutes parts, et par écrit et de vive voix ; ceux qui formoient des bibliothèques, ceux qui dressoient des catalogues, ceux qui s'occupoient de quelque partie de l'histoire littéraire, s'adressoient à lui comme à un oracle qui ne les trompoit jamais. La célèbre bibliothèque du duc de La Vallière lui

who have read a great part of the original MS. "are as amusing as they are instructive."

But the Revolution was now fast approaching, and the meek spirit of Mercier could ill sustain the shock of such a frightful calamity. Besides, he loved his country yet dearer than his books. His property became involved: his income regularly diminished—and even his privacy was invaded. In 1792 a decree passed the convention for issuing a "Commission for the examination of monuments." Mercier was appointed one of the thirty-three members of which the commission was composed, and the famous Barrère was also of the number. Barrère, fertile in projects however visionary and destructive, proposed to Mercier, as a *bright thought*, "to make a short extract from every book in the national library; to have these extracts superbly printed by Didot;—and to . . . BURN ALL THE BOOKS FROM WHICH THEY WERE TAKEN!" It never occurred to this revolutionising idiot that there might be a *thousand* copies of the *same work*, and that some hundreds of these copies might be out of the national library! Of course Mercier laughed at the

doit en partie son existence : lié avec le duc, il dirigeoit les choix, les acquisitions, l'ordre à établir dans cette riche collection : on a cru même longtems qu'il recevoit un traitement du duc, mais la vérité est qu'il ne voulut jamais accepter ni traitement ni présent. Il s'occupait de la bibliothèque Soubise, avec le même zèle et le même désintéressement. Ces travaux littéraires, ces distractions si douces pour lui, la visite de tous les savans étrangers qui venoient à Paris, la société de tout ce qu'il y avoit d'hommes instruits dans le capitale, un tempérament excellent, semèrent sa vie de fleurs jusqu'au moment où la révolution renversa deux ordres, dont le premier, surtout, se croyoit assis sur des bases inébranlables.

project, and made the projector ashamed of it. Robespierre, rather fiend than man, now ruled the destinies of France. On the 7th of July, 1794, Mercier happened to be passing along the streets when he saw *sixty-seven human beings* about to undergo the butchery of the guillotine. Every avenue was crowded by spectators—who were hurrying towards the horrid spectacle. Mercier was carried along by the torrent; but, having just strength enough to raise his head, he looked up . . . and beheld his old and intimate friend the ex-abbé ROGER . . . in the number of DEVOTED VICTIMS! That sight cost him his life. A sudden horror . . . followed by alternate shiverings, and flushings of heat, immediately seized him. A cold perspiration hung upon his brow. He was carried into the house of a stranger. His utterance became feeble and indistinct, and it seemed as if the hand of death were already upon him.

Yet he rallied awhile. His friends came to soothe him. Hopes were entertained of a rapid and perfect recovery. He even made a few little visits to his friends in the vicinity of Paris. But . . . his fine, full figure, gradually shrunk: the colour as gradually deserted his cheek — and his eye sensibly lacked that lustre which it used to shed upon all around. His limbs became feeble, and his step was both tremulous and slow. He lingered five years . . . and died at ten at night, on the 13th of May 1799, just upon the completion of his jubilee of bibliographical toil. What he left behind, as annotations, both in separate papers, and on the margins of books, is prodigious. M. Barbier shewed me his projected *third* edition of the *Supplément to Marchand*, and a copy of

the *Bibliothèque Française of De La Croix du Maine*, &c. covered, from one end to the other, with marginal notes by him. That amiable bibliographer also gave me one of his little bibliographical notices, as a specimen of his hand writing and of his manner of pursuing his enquiries. I enclose you a copy of it.* It now remains, my dear friend, only to put the finishing stroke to this sketchy account of Mercier—by placing before you HIS PORTRAIT . . . on a reduced scale, from a very scarce print supplied me by M. Barbier.



* It is on a small piece of paper, addressed to M. Barbier: “ Cherchez dans les dépôts bien soigneusement, tous les ouvrages d’ANDRE CIRINE: entr’autres ses *De Venatione libri ii: Messanæ* 1650. 8vo. *De natura et solertia Canum; Panormi*, 1653. 4to. *De Venatione et Natura Animalium Libri V. ibid*, 1653. 3 vol. in 4to.—tous avec

Such are the feelings, and such the gratifications, connected with a view of the LIBRARY of STE. GENEVIÈVE. Whenever I visit it, I imagine that the gentle spirit of MERCIER yet presides there; and that, as it is among the most ancient, so is it among the most interesting, of BOOK LOCALES in Paris.

Come away with me, now, to a rival collection of books—in the MAZARINE COLLEGE, or Institute. Of the magnificence of the exterior of this building I have made mention in a previous letter. My immediate business is with the interior; and more especially with that portion of it which relates to *paper* and *print*. You are to know, however, that this establishment contains TWO LIBRARIES: one, peculiar to the Institute, and running at right angles with the room in which the members of that learned body assemble: the other, belonging to the College, to the left, on entering the first square—from the principal front.

The latter is the *old* collection, of the time of Cardinal Mazarine, and with *that* I shall begin. It is deposited chiefly on the first floor; in two rooms running at right angles with each other: the two, about 140 feet long. These rooms may be considered very lofty; certainly somewhat more elevated than those in the Royal Library. The gallery is supported by slender columns, of polished oak, with Corinthian capitals. The general appearance is airy and imposing. A huge globe, eight feet in diameter, is in the centre of the

figures gravées en bois. Peut être dans la *Bibl. des Théâtres* y étoient-ils. Je me recommande toujours à M. Barbier pour la *Scala Cæli*, in folio, pour les *lettres de Rangouge*, et pour les autres livres qu'il a bien voulu se charger de rechercher pour moy." ST. LEGER.

angle where the two rooms meet. The students read in either apartment: and, as usual, the greatest order and silence prevail. But not a *Fust and Schoiffer*—nor a *Sweynheym and Pannartz*—nor an *Ulric Han*—in this lower region . . . although they say the collection contains about 90,000 volumes. What therefore is to be done? The attendant sees your misery, and approaches: “*Que desirez vous, Monsieur?*” That question was balm to my agitated spirits. “Are the old and more curious books deposited here?” “Be seated, Sir. You shall know in an instant.” Away goes this obliging creature, and pulls a bell by the side of a small door. In a minute, a gentleman, clothed in black—the true bibliographical attire—descends. The attendant points to me: we approach each other: “*A la bonne heure — je suis charmé*” You will readily guess the remainder. “*Donnez vous la peine de monter.*” I follow my guide up a small winding stair-case, and reach the topmost landing place. A succession of small rooms—(I think *ten* in number) lined with the *true* furniture, strikes my astonished eye and makes warm my palpitating heart. “This is charming”—exclaimed I, to my guide, Monsieur Thiebaut—“this is as it should be.” M. Thiebaut bowed graciously.

The floors are all composed of octagonal red tiles: a little too highly glazed, as usual; but cool, of a good picturesque tint, and perfectly harmonising with the backs of the books. The first little room which you gain, contains a plaister-bust of the late Abbé HOOKE;* who lived sometime in England with the

* The Abbé Hooke preceded the abbé Le Blond; the late head li-

good Cardinal ————. His bust faces another of Palissot. You turn to the right, and obtain the first foreshortened view of the “ten little chambers” of which I just spake. As you pass through them, you cannot fail to be struck, on the left, with the small white curtains which canopy each window—and between which and the windows there is a space, garnished with goodly tomes, wherein you may linger and read some **Roncesvalles** tale to your heart’s content. I continued to accompany my guide: when, reaching the *first* of the last *three* rooms, he turned round, and bade me remark that these last three rooms were devoted exclusively to “books printed in the FIFTEENTH CENTURY: of which they possessed about fifteen hundred.” This intelligence recruited my spirits; and I began to look around with eagerness. But alas! although the crop was plentiful, a deadly blight had prevailed. In other words, there was number without choice: quantity rather than quality. Yet I will not be ill-natured; for, on reaching the third of these rooms, and the last in the suite, Monsieur Thiebaut placed before me the following select articles.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher: Without Date, but supposed to be in the year 1455 or*

brarian. The present head librarian, M. PETIT RADEL, has given a good account of the Mazarine Library in his *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques*, &c. 1819, 8vo.; but he has been reproached with a sort of studied omission of the name of Hooke—who, according to a safe and skilful writer, may be well considered the SECOND FOUNDER of the Mazarine Library. The Abbé Hooke died at St. Cloud in 1796. In M. Renouard’s Catalogue of his own books, vol. ii. p. 253, an amusing story is told about Hooke’s successor, the Abbé Le Blond, and Renouard himself.

1456. Folio. 2 vols. For the last dozen years of my life, I had earnestly wished to see this copy : not because I had heard much of its beauty, but because it is the *identical* copy which gave rise to the calling of this impression the MAZARINE BIBLE. In other words, till the formation of this library, by the famous Cardinal Mazarin, no one had seen, or at least no bibliographer had described, this edition :—about which you may read (as much, or as little, as you please) in the first volume of the Spencerian Catalogue*—and about which something has been already communicated in my letter respecting a similar copy in the Royal Library.† Certainly, all those copies which I had previously seen—and they cannot be fewer than ten or twelve—were generally superior ; nor must this edition be henceforth designated as “ of the very first degree of rarity.” However, it is the *earliest* impression of the Sacred Text : and such a copy may be well worth some fourscore louis d’or.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by the Same*, 1462. Folio. 2 vols. A fair, sound, large copy : UPON VELLUM. The date is printed in red, at the end of each volume—a variety, which is not always observable. This copy is in red morocco binding.

BIBLIA ITALICA. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira, Kalend. August. 1471*. Folio. 2 vols. A fine copy of an extremely rare edition ; perhaps the rarest of all those of the early Italian versions of the Bible. It is in calf binding, but cropt a little.

LEGENDA SANCTORUM. Italicè. “ *Impresse per*

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 3, &c.

† See page 253, ante.

Maestro Nicolo ienson, &c. Without Date. Folio. The author of the version is MANERBI : and the present is the FIRST IMPRESSION of it. It is executed in double columns, in the usually delicate style of printing by Jenson : and this volume is doubtless among the rarest productions of the printer. Lord Spencer does not at this moment possess it.

SERVIUS IN VIRGILIUM. *Printed by Ulric Han. Without date. Folio.* This is a volume of the most unquestionable rarity : and *such* a copy of it as the one now before me, is yet of three times greater scarceness!* Can this be surprising, when I tell you that it once belonged to HENRI II. and DIANE DE POICTIERS !? Their own favourite binding envelopes it—yet leaving palpable traces of its previous, original vestment. The leaves absolutely talk to you, as you turn them over. Were Mr. Cracherode now living, he would, old as he must have been, have made a pilgrimage to hear such sounds. Yet why do I find it in my heart to tell you that, towards the middle, many leaves are stained at the top of the right margin ?—which stain is indeed rather visible at the very commencement of the volume. There are also two worm holes towards the end. But what then ? The sun has its spots—and every thing earthly, whether in the shape of a book or of a human being, must be subject to decay and imperfection. So be it with this copy ; which hath never had its compeer.

* When Lord Spencer was at Paris last year, he told MM. Petit Radel and Thiebaut, who attended him, that it was “ the finest copy he had ever seen.” Whereupon, one of these gentlemen wrote with a pencil, in the fly-leaf, “ Lord Spencer dit que c’est le plus bel exemplaire qu’il ait vu.” And well might his Lordship say so.

PLAUTUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. Here is a confirmation of the foregoing remark. Although *this* volume came also from the collection of the ILLUSTRIOUS PAIR to whom the previous one belonged, yet is it unworthy of such owners. I suspect it has been cropt in its second binding. It is stained all through, at top, and the three introductory leaves are cruelly repellent.

CÆSAR. 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. A very fine, genuine copy ; in the original binding—such as all Sweynheym and Pannartz's *ought* to be. It is tall and broad ; but has been unluckily too much written upon.

LACTANTIUS. 1470. *By the same Printers.* Perhaps, upon the whole, the finest copy of this impression which exists. Yet a love of truth compels me to observe—only in a very slight tone, approaching to a whisper—that there are indications of the ravages of the worm, both at the beginning and end ; but very, very trivial. It is bound like the preceding volume ; and measures thirteen inches and nearly three quarters, by about nine inches and one-eighth.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. 1466. 4to. Second Edition, upon paper ; and therefore rare. But this copy is sadly stained and wormed.

CICERO DE NATURA DEORUM, &c. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira, 1471.* Folio. A fine sound copy, in the original binding.

SILIUS ITALICUS. *Printed by Laver. 1471.* Folio. A good, sound copy ; and among the very rarest books from the press of Laver.

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, ET PROPERTIUS. 1472.

Folio. The knowing, in early classical bibliography, are aware that this *EDITIO PRINCEPS* is perhaps to be considered as *one* degree only below the first impressions of Lucretius and Virgil in rarity. The longest life may pass away, without an opportunity occurring of becoming the purchaser of such a treasure. The present is a tall, fair copy ; quite perfect. In red morocco binding.

DANTE. *Printed by Numeister. 1472. Folio.* Considered to be the earliest impression. This is rather a broad than a tall copy ; and not free from stain and the worm. But it is among the very best which I have seen.

It will not be necessary to select more flowers from this choice corner of the tenth and last room of the upper suite of apartments : nor am I sure that, upon further investigation, the toil would be attended with any very productive result. Yet I ought not to omit observing to you that this Library owes its chief celebrity to the care, skill, and enthusiasm of the famous GABRIEL NAUDÉ, the first librarian under the Cardinal its founder. Of Naudé, you may have before read somewhat in certain publications ;* wherein his praises are set forth with no sparing hand. He was perhaps never excelled in activity, bibliographical *diplomacy*, or zeal for his master ; and his expressive countenance affords the best index of his ardent mind. He purchased every where, and of all kinds, of bodies corporate and of individuals. But you must not imagine that

* *Bibliomania*, p. 50. *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 493.

the *Mazarine Library*, as you now behold it, is precisely of the same dimensions, or contains the same books, as formerly. If many rare and precious volumes have been disposed of, or are missing, or lost, many have been also procured. The late librarian was **LUCAS JOSEPH HOOKE**, and the present is **Mons. PETIT RADEL*** We will descend, therefore, from these quiet and congenial regions, and passing through the lower rooms, seek the *other* collection of books attached to this establishment.

* Mons. Petit-Radel has lately (1819) published an interesting octavo volume, entitled “ *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes,*” &c. with a “ *Notice Historique sur la Bibliothèque Mazarine* : to which latter is prefixed a plate, containing portraits in outline, of Mazarin, Colbert, Naudé and Hooke. At the end, is a list of the number of volumes in the several public libraries at Paris : from which the following is selected.

ROYAL LIBRARY	-	Printed Volumes,	about	350,000
		<i>Ditto, as brochures Pamphlets, &c.</i>		350,000
		Manuscripts.	-	50,000
LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL		Printed Volumes	-	150,000
		Manuscripts	-	5,000
LIBRARY OF ST. GENEVIEVE		Printed Volumes	-	110,000
		Manuscripts	-	2,000
MAZARINE LIBRARY		Printed Volumes	-	90,000
		Manuscripts	-	3,500
LIBRARY OF THE PREFEC- TURE (Hotel de la Ville)		Printed Volumes	-	15,000
———— INSTITUTE		Printed Volumes	-	50,000
		&c. &c. &c.		

This last calculation I should think very incorrect. M. Petit Radel concludes his statement by making the **WHOLE NUMBER OF ACCESSIBLE VOLUMES IN PARIS** amount to *One Million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven*. In the several **DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE**, collectively, there is *more* than that number.

The Library, which is more immediately appropriated to the INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, may consist of 20,000 volumes, and is contained in a long room—perhaps of one hundred feet—of which the further extremity is supposed to be *adorned* by a statue of VOLTAIRE. This statue is raised within a recess, and the light is thrown upon it from a concealed window. Of all deviations from good taste, this said statue exhibits one of the most palpable. Voltaire, who was as thin as a hurdle, and a mere bag of bones, is here represented as an almost *naked* figure, sitting: a slight mantle over his left arm being the only piece of drapery which the statue exhibits. The poet is slightly raising his head, to the left, and holding a pen in his right hand; in an attitude of affectation—as it strikes me. He is sculptured with a somewhat handsomer face than usual, but the countenance has neither the fire, force, nor truth, which Denon's terra-cotta head of the poet seems to display. The extremities are meagre and offensive. In short, the whole has an air approaching the burlesque; for who would put a figure, totally divested of dignity, in an attitude which requires beauty and fulness of form? Opposite to this statue are the colossal busts of LAGRANGE and MALESHERBES; while those of PEIRESC and FRANKLIN are nearly of the size of nature. They are all in white marble. That of Peiresc has considerable expression.

This may be called a collection of *Books of Business*; in other words, of books of almost very day's reference—which every one may consult—and from which an equally considerable portion of information may be derived. It is particularly strong in *Antiquities* and

History ; and for the latter, it is chiefly indebted to Dom. Brial—the living father of French history—that excellent and able man (who is also one of the Secretaries of the Institute) having recommended full two-thirds of the *long sets* (as they are called) which relate to ancient history. The written catalogue is contained in fourteen folio volumes, interleaved ; there being generally only four articles written in a page, and those four always upon the recto of each leaf. This is a good plan : for you may insert your acquisitions, with the greatest convenience, for a full dozen years to come. No *printed* catalogue of either of these libraries, or of those of the Arsenal and Ste. Geneviève, exists : which I consider to be a *stain*—much more frightful than that which marks the copy of the “*Servius in Virgilium*,” just before described !

It remains now to make mention of a *third* Collection of Books—which may be considered in the light both of a public and private Library. I mean, the Collection belonging more particularly to the KING'S OWN PRIVATE USE, and which is deposited beneath the long gallery of the Louvre. Its locale is as charming as it is peculiar. You walk by the banks of the Seine, in a line with the south side of the Louvre, and gain admittance beneath an archway, which is defended by an iron grating. An attendant, in the royal livery, opens the door of the library—just after you have ascended above the entresol. You enquire “whether Monsieur BARBIER, the chief Librarian, be within ?” “Sir, he is never absent. Be pleased to go straight forward, as far as you can see.” What a sight is before me ! Nothing less than *thirteen* rooms, with a small

arched door in the centre, through which I gaze—as if looking through a tube. Each of these rooms is filled with books; and in one or the other of them are assembled the several visitors who come to read. The whole is perfectly magical. Meanwhile the son or the nephew of M. Barbier walks quickly, but softly, from one room to another, to take down the several volumes enquired after. At length, having paced along upwards of 200 feet of glazed red tile, and wondering when this apparently interminable suite of apartments will end, I view my estimable friend, the HEAD LIBRARIAN, deeply occupied in some correction of Bayle or Moreri—sitting at the further extremity. His reception of me is more than kind. It is hearty and enthusiastic.

“Now that I am in this magical region, my good friend, allow me to inspect the famous PRAYER BOOK of CHARLEMAGNE?”—was my first solicitation to Mons. Barbier. “Gently,”—said my guide. “You are almost asking to partake of forbidden fruit. But I suppose you must not be disappointed.” This was only sharpening the edge of my curiosity—for “wherefore this mystery, good M. Barbier?” “*That* you may know another time. The book is here: and you shall immediately inspect it.”—was his reply. Well . . . it *has* been inspected—and you shall forthwith be made acquainted with the result of such inspection. First of all, however, I must tell you, that—after I had fairly and minutely examined it—it was impossible not to feel persuaded (as I undisguisedly told M. Barbier) that this was, in every respect, perhaps the MOST PRECIOUS volume, of its kind, which France possessed: for





it is not only of the time, but it had been the property of Charlemagne himself. M. Barbier unlocked the recess in which it is religiously preserved ; took off the crimson velvet in which it is enveloped ; and springing backward only two feet and a half, exclaimed, on presenting it, “ Le voilà—dans toute sa beauté pristine.” I own that I even forgot *Charles the Bald*—and eke his imperial brother *Lotharius*,*—as I gazed upon the contents of it. With these contents it is now high time that you should be made acquainted.

EVANGELISTARIUM, or PRAYER BOOK—once belonging to CHARLEMAGNE. Folio. The subject-matter of this most precious book is thus arranged. In the first place, there are five large illuminations, of the entire size of the page, which are much discoloured. The first four represent the *Evangelists* : each sitting upon a cushion, not unlike a bolster. The fifth is the figure of our SAVIOUR ; and of this I was resolved to obtain a fac-simile—if it were possible to be procured. In short, M. Barbier undertook to select an artist who he thought would give me entire satisfaction : and I must say, that, on looking at the enclosed copy you have a very perfect notion of the ORIGINAL.† The back ground is purple : the pillow-like seat, upon which Christ sits, is scarlet, relieved by white and gold. The upper garment of the figure is dark green : the lower, purple, bordered in part with gold. The foot-stool is gold : the book, in the left hand, is red and gold : the arabesque ornaments, in the border, are blue, red, and gold. The hair of our Saviour is intended to be flaxen.

* See pages 156—163 ante.

† See the ANNEXED PLATE.

On the reverse of this extraordinary figure, is an illumination of a temple: of which the top, in the shape of a tent, is supported by eight columns. A variety of birds and beasts decorates the upper part. Above, we read "IN VIGILIA NATALIS DOMINI." Opposite, the text begins, in capital letters: the initials being about three eighths of an inch, the others about one-eighth. This text is in double columns, upon a purple ground, within an arabesque border of red, purple, yellow, and bluish green. The text is uniformly executed in letters of gold, of which the surface is occasionally rather splendid. This text consists of a series of gospel extracts, for the whole year, amounting to about two hundred and forty-two. These extracts terminate with "ET EGO RESUSCITABO EUM IN NOVISSIMO DIE. AMEN." But I should observe that, before "the Passion of our Lord Jesus according to St. Matthew," there is a sort of arabesque ornament, of a bird, with flowers, not badly grouped. I do not discover any other particular ornament within the borders.

Next comes a christian Calendar, from the dominical year Dccclxxv. to Dccxcvii. On casting the eye down these years, and resting it on that of Dccclxxxi, you observe, in the columns of the opposite leaf, this very important entry, or memorandum—in the undoubted writing of the time: "*In isto Anno ivit Dominus, REX KAROLUS, ad sc̄m Petrum et baptisatus est filius eius PIPPINUS a Domino Apostolico;*" from which I think it is evident (as is observed in the account of this precious volume in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*, vol. iii. p. 378) that this very book was commanded to be written chiefly to perpetuate a notice

of the baptism, by Pope Adrian, of the emperor's son PIPPIN. There is no appearance whatever of fabrication, in this memorandum. The whole is coeval, and doubtless of the time when it is professed to have been executed. The last two pages are occupied by Latin verses, written in a lower-case, cursive hand; but contemporaneous, and upon a purple ground. From these verses we learn that the scribe, or copyist, of this splendid volume, was one GODESCALE, or GODSCHALCUS, a German. The verses are reprinted in the *Décades Philosophiques*.

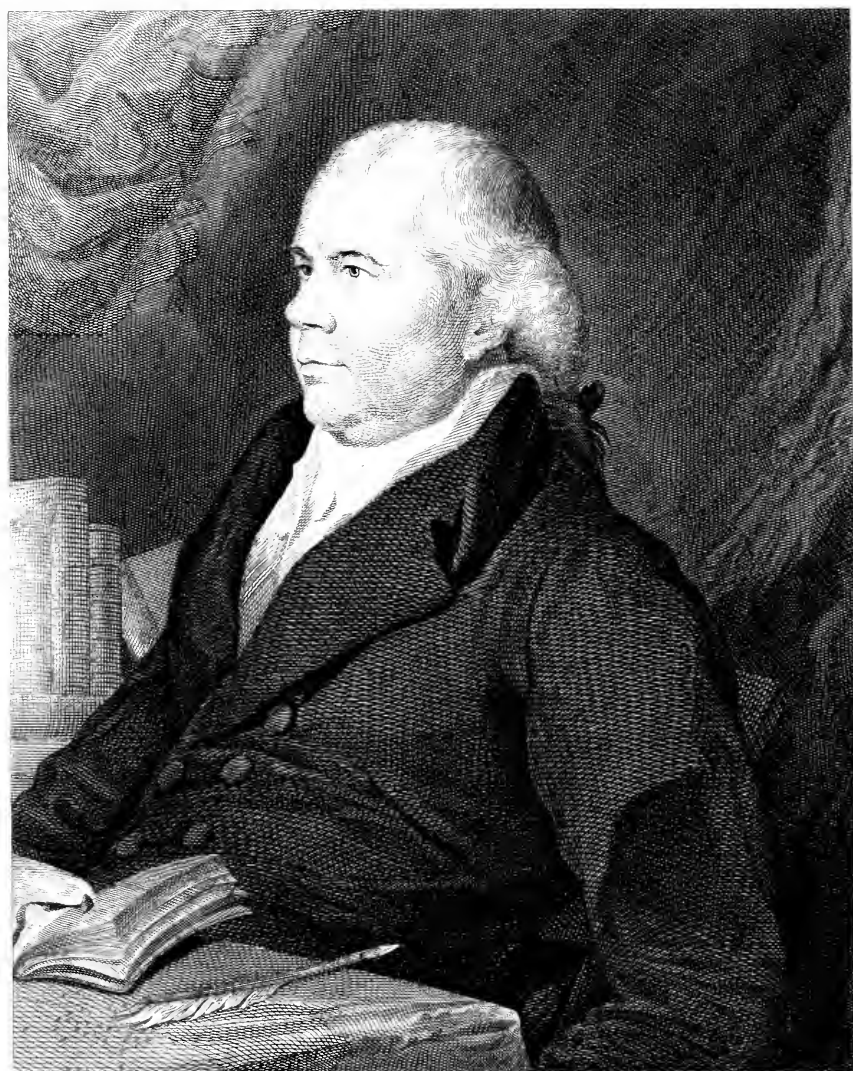
A word now about its fate or history. This MS. was given to the *Abbey of St. Servin*, at Toulouse, by Charlemagne, when his Son LOUIS was king of Aquitaine, of which Toulouse was the capital. It was most religiously preserved in that abbey, in a case of massive silver, richly sculptured, till the year 1793; when the silver was stolen, and the book carried off, with several precious relics of antiquity, by order of the President of the Administration, (Le Sieur S * * * * *) and thrown into a magazine, in which were many other vellum MSS. destined. . . TO BE BURNT! One's blood curdles at the narrative. There it lay—expecting its melancholy fate; till a Monsieur de Puymaurin, then detained as a prisoner in the magazine, happened to throw his eye upon the precious volume; and, writing a certain letter about it, to a certain quarter—(which letter is preserved in the fly leaves, but of which I was denied the transcription, from motives of delicacy—) an order was issued by government for the conveyance of the MS. to the place which it now occupies; and from which place I trust it will never depart.

This restoration was effected in May, 1811. I think you must admit, that, in every point of view, THIS MS. ranks among the most interesting and curious, as well as the most ancient, of those in the several libraries of Paris.

But this is the *only* piece of antiquity, of the book kind, in the Library. Of modern performances, I ought to mention a French version of OSSIÂN, in quarto, which was the favourite reading book of the ex-Emperor; and to which Isabey, at his express command, prefixed a frontispiece designed by himself. This frontispiece is beautifully and tenderly executed: a group of heroes, veiled in a mist, forms the back-ground. The only other modern curiosity, in this way, which I deem it necessary to notice, is a collection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS of flowers, in water colours, by RÉDOUTÉ, upon vellum: in seven folio volumes; and which cost 24,000 francs. Nothing can exceed—and very few efforts of the pencil can equal—this wonderful performance. Such a collection were reasonable at the fore-mentioned price.

And now, my good friend, suppose I furnish you with an outline of the worthy head-librarian himself? A. A. BARBIER has perhaps not long “turned the corner” of his fiftieth year. Peradventure he may be fifty three. In stature, he is above the middle height, but not very tall. In form, he is robust; and his countenance—but pray view the enclosed fac-simile* of this said figure and face, as executed after the original by Mr. Lewis, in pencil; and while that said original was ever and anon broken in upon by literary gossipers,

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



... B P I ...

and transporters of proof-sheets. I can assure you it is a most faithful resemblance. There is a dash of the "old school" about the attire of M. Barbier, which I am Goth enough to admire : while his ardour of conversation, and rapidity of utterance, relieved by frequent and expressive smiles, make his society equally agreeable and instructive. He is a literary bibliographer to the very back bone ; and talks of what he has done, and of what he purposes to do, with a "gaieté de cœur" which is quite delightful. He is now engaged in an *Examen Critique et Complément des Dictionnaires Historiques les plus repandus* ;* while his *Dictionnaire des Auteurs Anonymes et Pseudonymes*, in 4 vols. 8vo., and his *Bibliothèque d'un Homme de gout*," in five similar volumes, have already placed him in the foremost rank of French bibliographers. Such is his attention to the duties of his situation, as Librarian, that from one year's end to the other, with the exception of Sundays, he has *no holiday*. His home-occupations, after the hours of public employment

* It was published last year. In one of his recent letters to me, the author thus observes—thereby giving a true portraiture of himself—"Je sais, Monsieur, quelle est votre ardeur pour le travail : je sais aussi que c'est le moyen d'être heureux : ainsi je vous félicite d'être constamment occupé." M. Barbier is also one of the contributors to the *Biographie Universelle*, and has written largely in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*. Among his contributions to the latter, is a very interesting "Notice des principaux écrits relatifs à la personne et aux ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau." His "Catalogue des livres dans la Bibliothèque du Conseil d'Etat, transported to Fontainebleau in 1807, and which was executed in a handsome folio volume, in 1802, is a correct and useful publication. I boast with justice of a copy of it, on fine paper, of which the author several years ago was so obliging as to beg my acceptance.

(from twelve to four) are over, are not less unintermitting—in the pursuits of literary bibliography.

It was at this home, that M. Barbier shewed me, in his library, some of the fruits of his long and vigorously pursued “ travail.” He possesses Mercier Saint Léger’s own copy of his intended *third* edition of the *Supplement to Marchand’s History of Printing*. It is, in short, the second edition, covered with ms. notes in the hand-writing of Mercier himself. He also possesses (but as the property of the Royal Library) the same eminent bibliographer’s copy of the *Bibliothèque Française De La Croix du Maine*, in six volumes, covered in like manner with ms. notes by the same hand. To a man of M. Barbier’s keen literary appetite, this latter must prove an inexhaustible feast. I was shewn, in this same well-garnished, but unostentatious collection, GOUJET’s own catalogue of his own library. It is in six folio volumes ; well written ; with a ruled frame work round each page, and an ornamental frontispiece to the first volume. Every book in the catalogue has a note subjoined ; and the index is at once full and complete. M. Barbier has rather a high notion, and with justice, of Goujet : observing to me, that *five* volumes, out of the *ten*, of the last edition of Moreri’s Dictionary—which were edited by Goujet—as well as his *Bibliothèque Française*, in eighteen duodecimo volumes—entitled him to the lasting gratitude of posterity. On my remarking that the want of an index, to this *latter* work, was a great draw-back to the use which might otherwise be derived from it, M. B. readily coincided with me—and hoped that a projected new edition would remedy this defect. M. B. told me

that Goujet was the editor of the *Dictionnaire de Rich-lieu*, of 1758, in three folio volumes—which had escaped my recollection: “But here — (added he) since you appear to be so partial to Goujet, pray accept a copy of his engraved portrait from me. It is scarce.” I thanked him heartily for his kindness, and told him that I then saw it for the *first time*. It is doubtless a physiognomy full of expression.



But probably the most highly prized literary treasure of this kind, in the collection and estimation of M. Barbier, is a copy, in six thick quarto volumes, of a *Supplement to Moreri's last Dictionary* of 1759, written by the “Abbé du Masbaret, ancien curé de St. Michel de la ville de St. Léonard en Limousin”—who died in 1782: so that the additions comprise a period of twenty-two years. No man knows how to

make a better use of these materials than does their present worthy owner. They are indeed most extraordinary as to quantity. My first visit to M. Barbier was concluded by his begging my acceptance of a copy of the *first edition of Phædrus*, in 1596, 12mo. ; which contained, bound up with it, a copy of the *second edition* of 1600 ; with various readings to the *latter*, from a MS. which was burnt in 1774. This gift was expressly intended for Lord Spencer's library, and in a few months from hence (as I have previously apprized his Lordship) it shall "repose upon the shelves" of his Collection.

It is now high time to relieve you ; as you must begin to be almost wearied with BIBLIOGRAPHY. You have indeed, from the tenor of these five last letters, been made acquainted with some of the chief treasures in the principal libraries of Paris. You have wandered with me through a world of books ; and have been equally, with myself, astonished and delighted with what has been placed before you. Here, then, I drop the subject of bibliography—only to be resumed as connected with an account of book-men. Meanwhile, as a sample of the future, you may meditate upon what has been said in this way of MOYSANT at Caen,* and of MERCIER ST. LÉGER and BARBIER in the present despatch. Fare you well.

* See vol. i. page 328.

LETTER XXX.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE ABBÉ RIVE. BOOKSELLERS. PRINTERS. BOOK-BINDERS.

I MAKE no doubt that the conclusion of my last letter has led you to expect a renewal of the **BOOK THEME** ; but rather, I should hope, as connected with those bibliographers, booksellers, and printers, who have for so many years shed a sort of lustre upon **PARISIAN LITERATURE**. It will therefore be no unappropriate continuation of this subject, if I commence by furnishing you with some particulars respecting a bibliographer who was considered, in his life time, as the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron ; and who seems to have never walked abroad, or sat at home, without a scourge in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other. Droll combination !—you will exclaim. But it is of the **ABBÉ RIVE** of whom I now speak ; the very *Ajax flagellifer* of the bibliographical tribe, and at the same time the vainest and most self-sufficient. He seems, amidst all the controversy in which he delighted to be involved, to have always had *one* never-failing source of consolation left :—that of seeing himself favourably reflected—from the recollection of his past performances—in the mirror of his own conceit ! I have before* descanted somewhat

* *Bibliomania* ; p. 79. *Bibliographical Decameron* ; vol. i. p. xxii.

upon probably the most splendid of his projected performances, and now hasten to a more particular account of the man himself.

It was early one morning—before I had even commenced my breakfast—that a stranger was announced to me. And who, think you, should that stranger turn out to be? Nothing less than the *Nephew* of the late Abbé Rive. His name was MORENAS. His countenance was somewhat like that which Sir Thomas More describes the hero of his *Utopia* to have had.* It was hard, swarthy, and severe. He seemed in every respect to be “a travelled man.” But his manners and voice were mild and conciliating. “Some one had told him that I had written about the Abbé Rive, and that I was partial to his work. Would I do him the favour of a visit? when I might see, at his own house, (*Rue du Vieux Colombier, près St. Sulpice*) the whole of the Abbé’s MSS. and all his projected works for the press. They were for sale. Possibly I might wish to possess them?” I thanked the stranger for his intelligence, and promised I would call that same morning.

M. Morenas has been indeed a great traveller. When I called, I found him living up two pair of stairs, preparing for another voyage to Senegal. He was surrounded by *trunks* . . . in which were deposited the literary remains of his uncle. In other words, these remains consisted of innumerable *cards*, closely packed, upon which the Abbé had written all his memoranda relating to . . . I scarcely know what. But the whole, from the nephew’s statement, seemed to be an encyclo-

* Edit. 1808 ; vol. i. p. 25—26.

pædia of knowledge. In one trunk, were about *six thousand* notices of MSS. of all ages ; and of editions in the fifteenth century. In another trunk, were wedged about *twelve thousand* descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian, from the sixteenth century to the present period : these were professed to be accompanied with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Troubadours* ; in a fourth, was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches connected with the invention of Arts and Sciences, with Antiquities, Dictionaries, and pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between *two and three thousand* cards, written upon on each side, respecting a collection of prints ; describing the ranks, degrees, and dignities of all nations—of which eleven folio *cahiers* were published, in 1779—without the letter-press—but in a manner to make the Abbé extremely dissatisfied with the engraver. In a sixth trunk were contained his papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects : so that, you see, the Abbé Rive at least fancied himself a man of tolerably universal attainments. It was of course impossible to calculate the number, or to appreciate the merits, of such a multifarious collection ; but on asking M. Morenas if he had made up his mind respecting the *price* to be put upon it, he answered, that he thought he might safely demand 6000 francs for such a body of miscellaneous information. I told him that this was a sum much beyond my means to adventure ; but that it was at least an object worthy of the consideration of the “ higher powers” of his own government. He

replied, that he had little hopes of success in those quarters : that he was anxious to resume his travels ; talked of another trip to Senegal ; and that, after so locomotive a life, a sedentary one was wearisome to him. . .

“ trahit sua quemque voluptas !”

Over the chimney-piece was a portrait, in pencil, of his late uncle : done from the life. It was the only one extant. It struck me indeed as singularly indicative of the keen, lively, penetrating talents of the original. “ Might I obtain a copy of it ?” “ If I would detain it only twenty-four hours.” I instantly agreed so to do : carried it home ; and put the pencil of Mr. Lewis into immediate requisition—whose copy, as you here behold it, does ample justice to the original. On the back of the portrait were the lines which are here subjoined :



*Dès sa plus tendre enfance aux études livré,
 La soif de la science l'a toujours dévoré.
 Une immense lecture enrichit ses écrits,
 Et la critique sure en augmente le prix.*

These lines are copied from the *Journal des Sçavans* for October 1779. Iean Ioseph Rive was born at Apt, in 1730, and died at Marseilles in 1791. He had doubtless great parts, natural and acquired: a retentive memory, a quick perception, and a vast and varied reading. He probably commenced amassing his literary treasures as early as his fourteenth year; and to his latest breath pursued his researches with unabated ardour. But his career was embittered by broils and controversies; while the frequent acts of kindness, and the general warmth of heart, evinced in his conduct, hardly sufficed to soften the asperity, or to mitigate the wrath, of a host of enemies—which assailed him to the very last. But Cadmus-like, he sowed the seeds from which these combatants sprung. Whatever were his defects as a public character, he is said to have been, in private, a kind parent, a warm friend, and an excellent master. The only servant which he ever had, and who remained with him twenty-four years, mourned his loss as that of a father. Peace to his ashes!

From bibliography let me gently, and naturally, as it were, conduct you towards BIBLIOPOLISM. In other words, allow me to give you a sketch of a few of the principal Booksellers in this gay metropolis; who strive, by the sale of grave and curious tomes, sometimes printed in the black letter of **Gourmont** and **Marnef**,

to stem the torrent of those trivial or mischievous productions which swarm about the avenues of the Palais Royal. In ancient times, the neighbourhood of the SORBONNE was the great mart for books. When I dined in this neighbourhood, with my friend M. Gail, the Greek and Latin Professor at the College Royale, I took an opportunity of leisurely examining this once-renowned quarter. I felt even proud and happy to walk the streets, or rather tread the earth, which had been once trodden by *Gering*, *Crantz*, and *Fiburger*.* Their spirits seemed yet to haunt the spot:—but no volume, nor even traces of one—executed at their press—could be discovered. To have found a perfect copy of *Terence*, printed in their first Roman character, would have been a *trouvaille* sufficiently lucky to have compensated for all previous toil, and to have franked me as far as Strasbourg. But no such good fortune was held out to me. I verily believe that I sauntered through each avenue, court, and recess—as well as the main streets—poring over innumerable books, both in doors and out of doors—to no one earthly purpose. I returned with an undiminished purse, and, consequently, without a single volume in my pocket.

The principal mart for booksellers, of old and second hand books, is now nearer the Seine; and especially in the *Quai des Augustins*. MESSRS. TREUTTEL and WÜRTZ, PANKOUKE, RENOARD, and BRUNET, live within a quarter of a mile of each other: about a couple of hundred yards from the *Quai des*

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. ii. p. 20.

Augustins. Further to the south, and not far from the Hotel de Clugny, in the *Rue Serpente*, live the celebrated DEBURES. These are doubtless the principal booksellers, (if a *knowledge of books* be chiefly considered,) in Paris. As to Mons. Pankouke, he is rather rich than learned—but much at his ease—in consequence, chiefly, of being bookseller to the Institute. The Debures are booksellers to the King, and to the Royal Library; and a more respectable house, or a more ancient firm, is probably not to be found in Europe. Messrs. Debure are as straight-forward, obliging, and correct, in their transactions, as they are knowing in the value, and upright in the sale, of their stock in trade. No bookseller in Paris possesses a more judicious stock, or can point to so many rare and curious books. A young collector might rely with perfect safety upon them; and accumulate, for a few hundred pounds, a very respectable stock of *Editiones principes* or *rarissimæ*. I do not say that such young collector would find them cheaper *there* than in *Pall-Mall*; but I do say that he may rest assured that Messieurs Debure would never, knowingly, sell him an imperfect book. I endeavoured to make some amends for what was considered to be a lively paragraph or two in my Decameron, by purchasing very nearly five thousand francs worth of books of them; some of very considerable value and scarcity. Of the Debure, there are two brothers: the elder probably more knowing in books than the younger: but that same junior branch hath a most gallant propensity to portrait-collecting—and is even rich in portraits relating to *our* history.

Of course the chief strength lies in French history ; and I should think that Monsieur Debure le jeune shewed me almost as many portraits of Louis XIV. as there are editions of the various works of Cicero in the fifteenth century. But my attention was more particularly directed to a certain boudoir, up one pair of stairs, in which Madame Debure, their venerable and excellent mother, chooses to deposit some few very choice copies of works in almost every department of knowledge. There was about *one* of the *best* editions in each department : and whether it were the Bible, or the History of the Bucaineers — whether a lyrical poet of the reign of Louis XIV. or the ballad metres of that of François Premier . . there you found it!—bound by Padaloup, or Deseuille, or De Rome. What think you, among these “ choice copies,” of the **Romancero Generale** in the black letter, double columned, in folio? Enough to madden even our poet-laureat—for life. I should add, that these books are not thus carefully kept together for the sake of *shew*: for their owner is a fair good linguist, and can read the Spanish with tolerable fluency. Long may she yet read it.

It must be also observed that, between this respectable firm and Monsieur Van Praet, the closest intimacy is maintained. Indeed the latter gentleman may be considered as possessing the most unbounded influence . . in all matters relating particularly to the Royal Library. Nor must I omit to notice the affectionate zeal, and invincible perseverance, with which these “ Booksellers to his Majesty” pursue every scheme connected with the enrichment of the Royal

Library. Their house has been now established for nearly two-thirds of a century, and is equally known and respected throughout the Continent. There is only one *heresy*, to my knowledge, attached to it : an heresy, prevalent throughout nearly the whole of the bibliopolistic fraternity in Paris. The Debures will never publish a *catalogue* of their treasures ; so that you are for ever “ beating about the bush ” to know what they possess. They had the selling, by auction, of the M'CARTHY LIBRARY ; and I saw upon their shelves, up stairs, a few of the remains of that splendid membranaceous collection. Indeed I bought several desirable specimens of it. Like their leading brethren in the neighbourhood, Messieurs Debure keep their country house, and there pass the Sabbath.

The house of TREUTTEL and WÜRTZ is one of the richest and one of the most respectable in Europe. Their commerce is chiefly in the wholesale way ; and they are, in particular, the publishers and proprietors of all the great classical works put forth at *Strasburgh*. Indeed, it was at this *latter* place where the family first took root : but the branches of their prosperity have spread to Paris and to London with nearly equal luxuriance. They have a noble house in the *Rue de Bourbon*, no. 17 : like unto an hotel ; where each day's post brings them despatches from the chief towns in Europe. Their business is regulated with care, civility, and dispatch ; and their manners are at once courteous and frank. Nothing would satisfy them but I must spend a Sabbath with them, at their country house at *Groslay* ; hard by the village and vale of

Montmorenci. I assented willingly. On the following Sunday, their capacious family coach, and pair of sleek, round, fat black horses, arrived at my lodgings by ten o'clock ; and an hour and three quarters brought me to Groslay. The cherries were ripe, and the trees were well laden with fruit : for Montmorenci cherries, as you may have heard, are proverbial for their excellence. I spent a very agreeable day with mine hosts. Their house is large and pleasantly situated, and the view of Paris from thence is rather picturesque. But I was most struck with the conversation and conduct of Madame Treuttel. She is a thoroughly good woman. She has raised, at her own expense, an almshouse in the village for twelve poor men ; and built a national school for the instruction of the poor and ignorant of both sexes. She is herself a Lutheran Protestant ; as are her husband and her son-in-law M. Würtz. At first, she had some difficulties to encounter respecting the *school* ; and sundry conferences with the village curé, and some of the head clergy of Paris, were in consequence held. At length all difficulties were surmounted by the promise given, on the part of Madame Treuttel, to introduce only the French version of the Bible by *De Sacy*. Hence the school was built, and the children of the village flocked in numbers to it for instruction. I visited both the almshouse and the school, and could not withhold my tribute of hearty commendation at the generosity, and thoroughly christian spirit, of the foundress of such establishments. There is more good sense, and more private and public virtue, in the application of

superfluous wealth in this manner, than in the erection of a hundred palaces like that at *Versailles*!

A different, and a more touching object, presented itself to my view in the garden. Walking with Madame, we came, through various détours, into a retired and wooded part; where, on opening a sort of wicket gate, I found myself in a small square space, with hillocks in the shape of *tumuli* before me. A bench was at the extremity. It was a resting place for the living, and a depository of the dead. Flowers, now a good deal faded, were growing upon these little mounds — beneath which the dead seemed to sleep in peace. “What might this mean?” “Sir,” replied Madame Treuttel, “this is consecrated ground. My son-in-law sleeps here—and his only and beloved child lies by the side of him. You will meet my daughter, his wife, at dinner. She, with myself, visits this spot at stated seasons—when we renew and indulge our sorrows on the recollection of those who sleep beneath. These are losses which the world can never repair. We all mean to be interred within the same little fenced space. I have obtained a long lease of it — for some fifty years: at the expiration of which time, the work of dissolution will be sufficiently complete with us all.” So spake my amiable and enlightened guide. The remainder of the day—during which we took a stroll to Montmorenci, and saw the house and gardens where Rousseau wrote his *Emile*—was spent in a mixed but not irrational manner: much accordant with my own feelings, and most congenial with a languid state of body which had endured the heats of Paris for a month, without scarcely feeling a breath of air the whole time.

ANTOINE-AUGUSTIN RENOARD, living in the *Rue St. André des Arts*, is the next bibliopolist whom I shall introduce to your attention. He is among the most lynx-eyed of his fraternity: has a great knowledge of books; a delightful ALDINE LIBRARY;—from which his *Annals of the Aldine Press* were chiefly composed—and is withal a man in a great and successful line of business. I should say he is a rich man; not because he has five hundred bottles of Burgundy in his cellar, which some may think to be of a more piquant quality than the like number of his *Alduses*—but because he has published some very beautiful and expensive editions of the Latin and French Classics, with equal credit to himself and advantage to his finances. He *debuted* with a fine edition of *Lucan* in 1795, folio; and the first catalogue of his books was put forth the following year. From that moment to the present, he has never slackened head, hand, or foot, in the prosecution of his business; while the publication of his *Annals of the Aldine Press* places him among the most skilful and most instructive booksellers in Europe. It is indeed a masterly performance; and as useful as it is elegantly printed. M. Renouard is now occupied in an improved edition of *Voltaire*, which he means to adorn with engravings; and of which he shewed me the original drawings by Moreau, with many of the plates. He seems in high spirits about the success of it, and leans with confidence upon the strength of a host of subscribers. Nor does a rival edition, just struggling into day, cause him to entertain less sanguine expectations of final success. This enterprising bookseller is now also busily occu-

pied about a *descriptive catalogue of his own library*, in which he means to indulge himself in sundry gossiping notes, critical disquisitions, and piquant anecdotes. I look forward with pleasure to its appearance; and turn a deaf ear to the whispers which have reached me of an intended *brush* at the *Decameron*!*

* *an intended brush at the Decameron*—The year following the above description, the Catalogue, alluded to, made its appearance under the title of “*Catalogue de la Bibliothèque d'un Amateur*,” in four not very capacious octavo volumes: printed by CRAPELET, who finds it impossible to print—*ill*. I am very glad such a catalogue has been published; and I hope it will be at once a stimulus and a model for other booksellers, with large and curious stocks in hand, to do the same thing. But I think M. Renouard might have conveniently got the essentials of his bibliographical gossiping into *two* volumes; particularly as, in reading such a work, one must necessarily turn rapidly over many leaves which contain articles of comparatively common occurrence, and of scarcely common interest. It is more especially in regard to *modern* French books, of which he seems to rejoice and revel in the description—(see, among other references, vol. iii. p. 286—310) that we may be allowed to regret such dilated statements; the more so, as, to the fastidious taste of the English, the engravings, in the work described, have not the beauty and merit which are attached to them by the French. Yet does M. Renouard narrate pleasantly, and write elegantly.

In regard to the “brush at the *Decameron*,” above alluded to, I read it with surprise and pleasure—on the score of the moderate tone of criticism which it displays—and shall wear it in my hat with as much triumph as a sportsman does a “brush” of a different description! Was it *originally* more *piquant*? Be this as it may, I should never, in the first place, have been backward in returning all home thrusts upon the aggressor—and, in the second place, I am perfectly disposed that my work may stand by the test of such criticism. It is, upon the whole, fair and just; and *justice* always implies the mention of *defects* as well as of excellencies. It may, however, be

M. Renouard has allowed me free access to his Aldine library ; which also contains some very beautiful copies of books printed in the fifteenth century. Among these latter, his VELLUM VALDARFER is of course considered, by himself and his friends, as the keimelion of the collection. It is the edition of the *Orationes of Cicero*, printed by Valdarfer, at Venice, in 1471, folio : a most exquisite book—which may be fairly considered as perfect throughout. It is in its second binding, but that may be as old as the time of Francis I. : perhaps about the middle of the sixteenth century. This copy

material to remark, that the *third* volume of the Decameron is hardly amenable to the tribunal of French criticism ; inasmuch as the information which it contains is almost entirely national—and therefore partial in its application. I can forgive M. Renouard's "capering and curvetting" about the vellum copy of the Aldine edition of *Cicero's Familiar Epistles*, of the date of 1502 : see vol. ii. 86. "Ne pouvant me procurer le nécessaire, je me suis donné le superflu ; n'ayant encore pu rencontrer cette édition sur papier, j'ai saisi l'occasion qui m'en a présenté un exemplaire SUR VELIN." But the copy is almost *third* rate, as a membranaceous article. It should seem, from the lists at the end of vol. iv. of his Catalogue, that M. Renouard has about 230 articles printed in the xvth. CENTURY, and about 170 articles UPON VELLUM. Of the former, there may be a couple of dozen of very choice books : of the latter, more than seven eighths are *modern* productions. . . of the pecuniary value of which, the sale of Junot's vellum library has unfortunately given the English but a moderate notion : notwithstanding the wreath which M. Renouard dexterously puts round the brows of Messieurs Didot, Causse, Crapelet, and Bodoni, in the xvjth page of his preface — and the strictures upon the *barbarous* taste of the English, in this respect, in the same page ! In the vijth page of this preface, the author deprecates severe criticism upon his performance in an ingenious and apparently diffident manner. But if he whispers *here*, he sometimes talks aloud in the *body of his work*.

measures thirteen inches in height, by eight inches and seven eighths in width :—almost, I conceive, in its original state of amplitude—did not indications of slicing away old ms. signatures present themselves to a fastidious observer. I will frankly own that I turned over the leaves of this precious book, again and again—“sighed and looked, &c.” “But would no price tempt the owner to part with it?” “None. It is reserved as the bijou of my catalogue, and departs not from hence.” Severe, but just decree! There is only one other known copy of it upon vellum, which is in the Royal Library—but which wants a leaf of the table; an imperfection, not belonging to the present copy.

The other “great guns,” as VELLUM BOOKS, in the collection of M. Renouard, are, what is called the *Familiar Epistles of Cicero* printed by *Aldus* in 1502, 12mo : and the *Petrarch* of 1514, 8vo. also printed by *Aldus*. Of these, the *latter* is by much the preferable volume. It is almost as large as it can well be : but badly bound in red morocco. The *Cicero* is short and sallow-looking. It was on the occasion of his son starting for the first time on a bibliographical tour, and finding this *Cicero* and the almost equally rare *Aldine Virgil* of 1505, that M. Renouard invoked his muse in some few verses, which he printed and gave to me. These are little “plaisanteries” which give a relish to our favourite pursuits; and which may at some future day make the son transcend the father in bibliographical renown. Perhaps the father has already preferred a prayer upon the subject, as thus :

Ζεῦ, ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι

Παῖδ' ἐμὸν, ὡς καὶ ἐγώ περ,

There are some few noble volumes, from the press of *Sweynheym and Pannartz*, in this collection ; and the finest copy of the FIRST LUCIAN, in Greek, which perhaps any where exists. It was obtained at a recent sale, (where it was coated in a lapping-over vellum surtout) at a pretty smart price ; and has been recently clothed in blue morocco. M. Renouard has also some beautiful copies from the library of *De Thou*, and a partly uncut *Aldine Theophrastus* of 1497, which belonged to Henry the Second and Diane de Poitiers ; as well as a completely uncut copy of the first *Aldine Aristotle*. Few men probably have been luckier in obtaining several of their choice articles ; and the little anecdotes which he related to me, are such as I make no doubt will appear in the projected catalogue raisonné of his library. He is just now briskly engaged in the pursuit of *uncut Elzevirs* . . and coming to breakfast with me, the other morning, he must needs pick up a beautiful copy of this kind, in two small volumes, neatly half bound, (of which I have forgotten the title,) and of which he had been for some time in the pursuit. M. Renouard also took occasion to tell me that, in his way to my chambers, he had sold, or subscribed, of a forthcoming work to be published by him—just *nine hundred and ninety-nine copies* ! Of course, after such a *trouvaille* and such a subscription, he—relished his breakfast exceedingly. He is a man of quick movements, of acute perceptions, of unremitting ardour and activity of mind and body—constantly engaged in his business ; managing a very extensive correspondence ; and is personally known to the most distinguished Collectors

of Italy ; among whom the names of TRIVULCIO, MELZI, and REINA (at Milan) stand prominent in the foremost list. Like his neighbours, he has his country-house, or rather farm, in Picardy—whither he retires, occasionally, to superintend the gathering in of the vintage ; or to view the condition and growing strength of that species of animal, from the backs of which his beloved Aldus, of old, obtained the *materiel* for his membranaceous book wares. But whether in Paris, or in Picardy, it is high time to wish M. Renouard a good morning, and to take you with me to his neighbour—

MONS. BRUNET, THE YOUNGER. This distinguished bibliographer, rather than bookseller, lives hard by—in the *Rue Git-Le-Cœur*. He lives with his father, who superintends the business of the shop. The Rue Git-Le-Cœur is a sorry street — very diminutive, and a sort of cropt copy—to what it should have been, or what it might have been. However, there lives JACQ. CH. BRUNET, FILS ; a writer, who will be known to the latest times in the bibliographical world. He will be also thanked as well as known ; for his *Manuel du Libraire* is a performance of incomparable utility to all classes of readers and collectors. You mount up one pair of stairs :—the way is gloomy, and might well lead to a chamber in the monastery of La Trappe. You then read an inscription, which tells you that “ in turning the button you pull the bell.” The bell sounds, and MONS. BRUNET, PÈRE, receives you—with, or without, a silken cap upon his head. He sits in a small room, sufficiently well filled with books. “ Is the Son at home ? ” “ Open that door, Sir, you will

find him in the next room." The door is immediately opened—and there sits the son, surrounded by and almost imprisoned in papers and books. His pen is in his hand : his spectacles are upon his nose : and he is transcribing or re-casting some precious little bit of bibliographical intelligence ; while, on looking up and receiving you, he seems to be " full of the labouring God !"—In short, he is just now deeply and unintermittingly engaged in a new and *third* edition of his *Manuel*. The shelves of his room almost groan beneath the weight of those writers from whom he gathers his principal materials. " Vous voilà, Mons. Brunet, bien occupé !" " Oui, Monsieur, cela me fait autant de plaisir que de peine."

This is a very picture of the man . . . "The labour we delight in physics pain,"—said Lady Macbeth of old ; and of a most extraordinary kind must the labour of Mons. Brunet be considered, when the pleasure in the prosecution of it balances the pain. He thinks of being *out* by the latter end of next year :—but no APPENDIX ! I betrayed something like a *start* on receiving this intelligence. " No Sir, (replied M. Brunet, Fils) there will be no appendix. But this need not molest you. It will cost you *nothing*." I relaxed into a gentle smile : but quickly resumed.—" Were it *otherwise*, unfeignedly speaking, I should not care a single sous. But you will have the *critics* and the *niggards* upon you." " That gives me no sort of apprehension. My plan is fixed, and I am resolved to act upon it." Certainly if DECISION be a virtue, Mons. Brunet, Fils, is among the most virtuous of his fraternity. We talked much and variously at our first

interview : having previously interchanged many civilities by letter, and myself having been benefitted by such correspondence, in the possession of a *large paper* copy of his last edition—of which he was pleased to make me a present, and of which only twenty copies were struck off. I told him that I had given Charles Lewis *carte blanche* for the binding of it, and that I would back his skill—the result of such an order—against any binding at that time visible in any quarter of Paris ! Mons. B. could not, in his heart, have considered any other binding superior.

He told me, somewhat to my astonishment, and much to my gratification, that, of the last edition of his *Manuel*, he had printed and sold *two thousand* copies. This could never have been done in our own country : because, doubting whether it would have been so accurately printed, it could never have been published, in the same elegant manner, for the same price. The charges of our own printers would have been at least double. In the typographical execution of it, M. CRAPELET has almost outdone himself. Reverting to the author, I must honestly declare that he has well merited all he has gained, and will well merit all the gains which are in store for him. His application is severe, constant, and of long continuance. He discards all ornament, whether graphic or literary. He is never therefore digressive ; having only a simple tale to tell, and that tale being almost always *well* and *truly* told. In his opinions, he is firm and rational, and sometimes a little pugnacious in the upholding of them. But he loves only to breathe in a bibliographical element, and is never happier than when he has detected some

error, or acquired some new information : especially if it relate to an *EDITIO PRINCEPS*.* There is also something very naïve and characteristic in his manner and conversation. He copies no one; and may be said to be a citizen of the world. In short, he has as little *nationality* in his opinions and conversation, as any Frenchman with whom I have yet conversed.

Thus much for the leading booksellers of Paris on the south side of the Seine: or, indeed, I may say in the whole city. But, because the south is a warm and genial aspect in the bringing forth of all species of productions, it does not necessarily follow that . . . there should be *no* bibliopolistic vegetation on the *north* side of the Seine. Prepare therefore to be introduced to *MONS. CHARDIN*, in the *Rue St. Anne*, no. 19; running nearly at right angles with the *Rue St. Honoré*, not far from the *Eglise St. Roq.* M. Chardin is the last surviving remains of the *OLD SCHOOL* of booksellers in Paris; and as I love antiquities of almost all kinds, I love to have a little occasional gossip with M. Chardin. A finer old man, with a more characteristic physiognomy, hath not appeared in France from the time of Gering downwards. M. Chardin is above the mean height; is usually attired in a *rocquelaure*; and his fine flowing grey locks are usually surmounted by a small black silk cap. His features . . . but I enclose you the man “to the life;” † from two sittings afforded by him

* When he waited upon Lord Spencer at Paris, last year, and was shewn by his Lordship the *Ulric Han Juvenal* (in the smallest character of the printer) and the *Horace* of 1474, by *Arnoldus de Bruxella* . . . his voice, eyes, arms, and entire action . . . gave manifest proofs how he *FELT* upon the occasion!

† See the *OPPOSITE PLATE*.



MONSIEUR CHERRIN LIBRAIRE.

to Mr. G. Lewis. From this you will remark that his expression of countenance is penetrating, but mild: and that he has a certain air of the "Old School" about him, which is always, to my old-fashioned taste, interesting and pleasing.

I may be scolded for all this fuss and detail about an old and fast-wearing out bookseller; but "say it is my fancy—" and moreover, where is the harm in seizing upon these characteristic traits, which cannot fail to be interesting to a very large body of collectors—some of whom may yet remember Chardin when he was "a pretty fellow in his day"—and divided his time between his books and the society of the ladies. In his youth he must have been handsome, and his complexion is yet delicate. But good old M. Chardin is an oddity in his way. He physics "according to the book"—that is, according to the Almanack; and yet I should think he had scarcely one spare ounce of blood in his veins. Phlebotomy is his "dear delight." He is always complaining, and yet looks to be always free from complaint. But MADAME will have it so, and Monsieur is consenting. He lives on the floor just above the entresol, and his two or three small apartments are gaily furnished with books. The interior is very interesting; for his chief treasures are locked up within glazed *armoires*, which display many a rich and rare article. These *armoires* are beautifully ornamented: and I do assure you that it is but justice to their owner to say, that they contain many an article which does credit to his taste.

This taste consists principally in a love of ornamented MSS and printed books UPON VELLUM, in ge-

neral very richly bound.* It is scarcely seven years ago since M. Chardin published an octavo catalogue, of nearly two hundred pages of MSS. and printed books . . . all upon vellum. He has been long noted for rarities of this kind. "Il n'y a que des livres rares" is his constant exclamation—as you open his glazed doors, and stretch forth your hand to take down his treasures. He is the EDWARDS of France, but upon a smaller scale of action. Nor does he *push* his wares, although he does his *prices*. You may buy or not, but you must *pay* for what you *do* buy. There is another oddity about this courteous and venerable bibliopolist. He has a great passion for making his *Alduses* perfect by means of *manuscript*; and I must say, that supposing this plan to be a good one, he has carried it into execution in a surprisingly perfect manner: for you can scarcely, by candle-light, detect the difference between what is printed and what is executed with a pen. I think it was the whole of the *Scholia* attached to the Aldine *Dioscorides*, in folio, and a great number of leaves in the *Grammatical Institutes of Urbanus*,

• Chardin passe surtout parmi les amateurs
 Pour le plus vétéilleux de tous les connaisseurs ;
 Il fait naître, encourage, anime l'industrie ;
 Les BEAUX LIVRES font seul le CHARME DE SA VIE.
 Chez lui la moindre chose est curiosité.
 Sa bibliothèque est d'une telle beauté,
 Qu'on en compte très-peu comme la sienne en France.
 De l'embellir sans cesse il fait sa jouissance ;
 Et tout artiste enfin doit envier l'honneur
 De pouvoir travailler pour un tel amateur.

LA RELIURE, poème didactique.

Par LESNE'. 1820, 8vo. p. 31.

of 1497, 4to. with several other smaller volumes, which I saw thus rendered perfect :—How any scribe can be sufficiently *paid* for such toil, is to me inconceivable : and how it can answer the purpose of any bookseller so to complete his copies, is also equally unaccountable: for be it known, that good M. Chardin leaves you to make the discovery of the MS. portion ; and when you have made it,—he innocently subjoins —“ Oui, Monsieur, n'est il pas beau ?” In a sort of passage, between his principal shew-room and his bed room, is contained a very large collection of tracts and printed volumes relating to the FAIR SEX : being, in fact, nothing less than a prodigious heap of publications “ FOR and AGAINST” the ladies. M. Chardin will not separate them—adding that the “ bane and antidote must always go together.”

This singular character is also vehemently attached to antiquarian *nick-knackery*. Old china, old drawings, old paintings, old carvings, and old relics—of whatever kind—are surveyed by him with a curious eye, and purchased with a well-laden purse. He never speaks of GOUJON but in raptures. We made an exchange the other day. M. Chardin hath no small variety of walking canes. He visited me at the HÔTEL one morning, leaning upon a fine dark bamboo stick, which was *headed* by an elaborately carved piece of ivory—the performance of the said Goujon. It consisted of a recumbent female, (with a large flapped hat on) of which the head was supported by a shield of coat armour. We struck a bargain in five minutes. He presented me the *stick*, on condition of my presenting him with a choice copy of the *Ædes Althorpianae*.

We parted well satisfied with each other; but I suspect that the purchase of about four-score pounds worth of books, added much to the satisfaction on his part. Like all his brethren of the same craft, M. Chardin disports himself on Saturdays and Sundays at his little “ferme ornée,” within some four miles of Paris—having, as he gaily told me, “nothing now to do but to make posies for the fair sex.”

With Chardin I close my bibliopolistic narrative; not meaning thereby to throw other booksellers into the least degree of shade, but simply to transmit to you an account of such as I have seen and have transacted business with. And now, prepare for some account of PRINTERS . . . or rather of *three presses* only—certainly the most distinguished in Paris. I mean those of the DIDOTS and that of M. CRAPELET. The name of Didot will last as long as learning and taste shall last in any quarter of the globe: nor am I sure, after all, that what BODONI, BENSLEY, and BULMER have done, collectively, has redounded *more* to the credit of their countries than what Didot has achieved for France. In ancient classical literature, however, Bodoni has a right to claim an exception and a superiority. The elder, PIERRE, DIDOT, conducts the Royal Press; of the fount of letter of which I am not a very unqualified admirer. You see this fount in the *Mémoires de l'Institut* or the *Notices et Extraits des MSS.* &c. and in the enormous volumes which contain an account of the recent Discoveries in Egypt, since the time of Denon's work. It is precisely in this latter work, that you are convinced of the “mince et maigre” form of letter introduced. But when Pierre

Didot l'ainé chose to adopt his *own* fount of letter—how exquisitely doth that fount appear in the folio *Virgil* of 1798, and yet more, perhaps, in the folio *Horace* of 1799! ? These are books which never have been, and never *can* be, exceeded. Yet I own that the *Horace*—from the enchanting vignettes of *Percier*, engraved by Girardais — is to my taste the preferable volume. But Pierre Didot l'ainé had, as you may well remember, his full share of admiration in our own country, when, in the sale of certain *vellum books*, (from Marshal Junot's* library) of his own execution, he proved himself to be so decidedly superior to Bodoni in the membranaceous department of printing. Whether in duodecimos or octavos, it was DIDOT who “bore the bell.”

FIRMIN DIDOT now manages the press in the *Rue Jacob*; and if he had never executed any thing but the *Lusiad* of *Camoens*, his name would be worthy to go down to posterity by the side of that of his uncle. The number of books printed and published by the Didots is almost incredible; especially of publications in the Latin and French languages. Of course I include the *Stereotype* productions: which are very neat and very commodious—but perhaps the page has rather too dazzling an effect. I paid a visit the other day to the office of Firmin Didot; who is a letter-founder as well as a printer. To a question which I asked the nephew, (I think) respecting the number of copies and sizes, of the famous *Lusiad* just mentioned, he answered, that there were only *two hundred*

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. iii. p. 136.

copies, and only *one size*. Let that suffice to comfort those who are in terror of having only the small paper, and to silence such as try to depreciate the value of the book, from the supposed additional number of copies struck off. The younger Didot next conducted me over the premises, which are indeed what may be truly called noble. They are of more than double the extent of those of Messrs. Bensley and Bulmer united: and so commodious withal, that it is really a pleasure to survey them.

Below, in front, is the shop for selling the stereotype productions: above, is the dwelling house of M. Didot, of which the apartments and the furniture are equally gay and well chosen. In the centre of the premises is a small square or area. On the ground floor of the back part, is the letter foundry. I saw eight *pica* letters cast in half a minute. I wished to know the costs and charges of *printing*, &c.—from which the comparative price of labour in the two countries, might be estimated. M. Didot told me that the entire charges for printing, and pulling, one thousand copies of a full octavo size volume—containing thirty lines in a page, in a middle-size-letter—including *every thing* but *paper*—was thirty-five francs per sheet! I am persuaded that such a thing could not be done at home under very little short of double the price:—whether it be that our printers, including the most respectable, are absolutely more extravagant in their charges, or that the wages of the compositors are double to those which are given in France.

After Didot, comes CRAPELET*—in business, skill,

* *After Didot comes CRAPELET.*]—M. Crapelet is also an author;

and celebrity. He is himself a very pleasant, unaffected man; scarcely thirty-six; and likely, in conse-

and I am favoured with a copy —“ *ex dono Auctoris*” — of his performance. It is entitled “ *Souvenirs de Londres en 1814 et 1816,*” and is published without his name. During his first stay amongst us, the famous visit of the foreign Sovereigns took place; and he has managed this delicate subject with sufficient candour and address. At page 79 he describes their visit to Covent Garden Theatre. At page 64 is a smart reply to Lady Morgan’s supposed attack upon Racine and Voltaire. At pages 70, 71, is a very pleasing account of celebrating the King’s birth-day at St. James’s. M. Crapelet was equally surprised and gratified by the procession of our mail-coaches: “ *toutes attelées de quatre superbes chevaux; les cochers et les conducteurs habillés à neuf, en grande livrée du roi, rouge et galons d’or.*” A foreigner’s account of our manners, customs, and spectacles, is generally amusing. In the immediately following sentence he thus renders justice to our domestic comforts:—

“ *Nous avons été dîner ensuite chez M. N * * *, dont nous avons accepté l’invitation. Français, il s’est fixé en Angleterre depuis plus de vingt ans, et s’est marié à une Anglaise d’un caractère aimable, et qui fait son bonheur. Sa famille, quoique très-nombreuse, vit dans l’union la plus parfaite; ce qui n’est pas rare en Angleterre, parce que les enfans y sont élevés, dès l’âge le plus tendre, dans un grand respect de leurs parens. Combien l’oubli de ce premier principe de l’éducation n’a-t-il pas causé de désordres et de chagrins dans les familles!*”

And speaking of our ladies, a little before, he thus notices their intrinsic and extrinsic attractions:

“ *Cependant la conversation favorite des sociétés de Londres roule sur la politique. Les actes des ministres, les discussions parlementaires, les réformes, le budget, les élections sont des sujets d’entretiens interminables. Les dames même placent leur mot dans l’occasion, et c’est presque toujours avec beaucoup de sens et de finesse. Ce n’est pas là cependant leur principal mérite; elles sont bonnes épouses, excellentes mères, entendent parfaitement les soins du ménage, et*

quence, to become the richest printer in Paris. I have visited him frequently, and dined with him once

gouvernent bien leurs maisons ; à quelques exceptions près, c'est dans l'ordre. Il faut le dire encore, elles sont généralement jolies ; mais leurs habillemens écourtés et serrés, leur coiffure singulière, leur démarche balancée, les privent de ces grâces et de cette élégance qui prêtent tant de charme aux Parisiennes. Ici les chapeaux des femmes sont aplatis sur leur tête ; à Paris ils avaient deux pieds de haut, et montaient encore à notre départ. Quelle est la plus bizarre de ces deux formes ? Je n'admettrais pas le berger du mont Ida à décider la question, car le chapeau des Anglaises ressemble beaucoup au bonnet phrygien." p. 37.

I could quote a good deal more, much to the credit of M. Crapelet, and to the amusement of the reader. Eton was performing his task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, during the author's stay with us. He hence takes occasion to make the following smart and not unpointed remark upon the propensity of the English to *betting*, in a subjoined note :

" John et Patrick dinaient ensemble dans une taverne. En parlant d'affaires et de politique, leurs yeux se tournent vers une fenêtre dont les vitres étaient couvertes d'eau, par l'effet de la chaleur interne. John parie qu'une goutte d'eau descendra avant une autre au bas de la vitre ! La gageure est tenue, et Patrick gagne 10 guinées à son ami." p. 121.

M. Crapelet's description of *Epsom Races*, p. 98-103, is very lively and interesting ; but it is too long for transcription, and will suffer by an abridgement. No sober-minded Englishman can refuse his cordial assent to the following concluding sentence of M. Crapelet's "*Souvenirs de Londres*."

" Espérons que la longue rivalité des deux pays, qu'on s'était efforcé de convertir en haine réciproque des individus, ne sera plus animée que par de généreux sentimens, tous dirigés vers le bonheur des deux peuples ! Après de si longs orages politiques, l'industrie, vraie richesse des nations, prendra bientôt un nouvel essor ; et l'Europe peut attendre de ses Souverains qu'ils maintiendront la paix avec

—when he was pleased to invite some agreeable, well-informed, and gentlemanly guests to meet me. Among them was a M. REY, who has written “*Essais Historiques et Critiques sur Richard III. Roi d’Angleterre*,” just printed in a handsome octavo volume by our Host. Our conversation, upon the whole, was mixed, agreeable, and instructive. Madame Crapelet, who is at this moment (as I should conjecture) perhaps pretty equally divided between her twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth year, and who may be classed among the prettier ladies of Paris, did the honours of the fête in a very agreeable manner: nor can it be a matter of surprise that the choicest Chambertin and Champagne sparkled upon the table of ONE—who, during the libations of his guests, had the tympan and friskets of TWENTY-TWO PRESSES in full play! We retired, after dinner, into a spacious drawing room, to coffee and liqueurs: and anon, to a further room, wherein was a BOOK-CASE filled by some of the choicest specimens of the press of its owner, as well as of other celebrated printers. I have forgotten what we took down or what we especially admired: but, to a question respecting the *present* state of business, as connected with *literature* and *printing*, at Paris, M. Crapelet replied (as indeed, if I remember rightly, M. Didot did also) that “matters never went on better.” Reprints

une constance égale aux efforts qu’ils ont employés pour la défense de leurs trônes.”

I should add that there is a supplement to M. Crapelet’s little work, printed in a smaller character, which, in his advertisement, he calls extracts from the best old English writers upon the antiquities of the City.

even of old authors were in agitation; and two editions of MONTAIGNE were at that moment going on in his own house. I complimented M. Crapelet — and with equal sincerity and justice—upon the typographical execution of M. Brunet's *Manuel du Libraire*. No printer, in our own country, could have executed it more perfectly. “What might have been the charge per sheet?” My host received the compliment very soberly and properly; and gave me a general item about the expense of printing and paper, &c. which really surprised me. I am very sure that more than *one* printer of our acquaintance would have doubled the charges. My host returned the compliment with a warm eulogy upon the paper and press-work of a recent publication from the *Shakspeare press*—which, said he, “I despair of excelling.” “And then (added he), your prettily executed vignettes, and larger prints! In France this branch of the art is absolutely not understood—and besides, we cannot publish books at *your* prices!”

It is a little singular—but I have generally met with the warmest commendations, from experienced men of business, upon our BEAU PAPIER VÉLIN: whereas, you well know that we are, on the contrary, quite in a state of despair at not equalling that of the French. The observation cuts both ways. Our paper is, and is not, as good as that of France: but the decision, upon a sweeping view of the subject, must be given directly and strongly against us. The truth is, that the materials of our common paper are infinitely the worse. We cannot afford to make use of *linen* rags, without adding a very considerable charge from the high rate of duty,

&c. : and even, when the consumer gives a price in proportion to the expected excellence of the paper, there is generally a good share of *et ceteras* mixed up in the manufactory : such as plaister of Paris, muriatic acid, salt, &c. Doubtless there are very many, and very creditable, exceptions to this line of conduct : but I cannot help observing that our *common* printing paper, in England, is almost execrable ! Every thing with us, in this shape, is composed of cotton. I could mention books, published with this sort of paper, which must perish much sooner than their authors or their publishers either wish or are aware of. In this particular, the common French paper is greatly to be preferred. It is obtained at a most reasonable price, and *prints* (as they call it) with admirable facility and effect. When we come to speak of *bettermost* paper—such as that of WHATMAN with us, and of ANGOULÊME with them — perhaps one may be on a par with the other. But in regard to paper for *copper-plate* printing, there can be no question but that the superiority lies wholly with our neighbours. Indeed our own copper-plate printers always use French paper for the choicest impressions of their plates.

We must now bid adieu to the types of M. Crapelet below stairs, and to his “good cheer” above ; and with him take our leave of Parisian booksellers and printers. What then remains, in the book way, worthy of especial notice ? Do you ask this question ? I will answer it in a trice — BOOK-BINDING. Yes . . . some few hours of my residence in this metropolis have been devoted to an examination of this *seductive* branch of book commerce. And yet I have not seen

—nor am I likely to see—one single binder: either THOUVENIN, or SIMIER, or BRAIDEL, or LESNÉ. I am not sure whether Courteval, or either of the Bozérians, be living; but their *handy works* live and are lauded in every quarter of Paris. A preliminary observation or two may be forgiven me. “The Decline and Fall” of Empires is a theme sufficiently notorious to us from early youth; but the decline and fall of BOOK-BINDING, at PARIS, is a theme . . . which perhaps may not be of quite such familiar occurrence—even to the more celebrated of our own collectors. Nevertheless, so it is. There has been a great “*decline*” — of the BIBLIOPEGISTIC ART among the Parisians; but the present book-binders indulge a hope, and even promulgate a boast, that there will be no absolute “*fall*”—or helpless prostration—of that same art. They are right in so doing: nor, with a little care—and a less indulgence of national vanity—need they look forward to such a decay. Formerly, the French eclipsed all the world in book-binding. The copies in the *Préfond*, *De Boze*, *Gaignat*, and even *De la Valliere*, collections, confirm this observation. Our *Johnsons*, *Montagues*, and *Baumgartens* are not to be mentioned in the same breath with their *Desseuil*, *Pasdeloup*, *Delorme*, and *Derome*, &c. — as to taste and finishing in the ornaments. And if you choose to carry the history of the art three centuries back, who have we to put in competition with GASCON* — the supposed

* *in competition with GASCON*]—Monsieur Lesné, a modern *inspired* book binder—and whose muse has been quoted at page 402 ante, has thought proper to imitate the celebrated couplet of Boileau in his

binder of Grolier's books—and even perhaps of some of those of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers ?

mention of *Malherbe*, (see vol. i. p. 313 of this work) in the following account of Gascon :

Gascon parut alors, et des premiers en France
Sut mettre en sa reliure une noble élégance. p. 26.

At page 112, he subjoins this note : “ Je pense que c'est cet ouvrier qui relia une partie de la bibliothèque de Henri II. et de celle de Grolier, qui se plaisait à le diriger dans la bonne confection de ces reliures et des compartimens ingénieux qu'il y faisait exécuter.” This, however, is but a lame account of the excellence of the bindings in question. It is no small satisfaction to me that a better account may be perused—elsewhere. I shall here continue the poetical strains (accompanied by the note) of Lesné, in the mention of the other older bookbinders of France, briefly noticed above :

Une solidité que *Desseuil* imita,
Et que de surpasser personne ne tenta.
Pasdeloup le suivit, puis le fameux *Derome*,
Pasdeloup si connu que partout on renomme,
Et dont l'ouvrage encor aujourd'hui si vanté,
Par les grands amateurs, sera toujours cité.

“*Desseuil* fut celui qui, après Gascon, ajouta beaucoup à la solidité de la reliure et à son embellissement. Il mettait assez fréquemment à ses reliures soignées, des gardes en maroquin de la même couleur que celui qui couvrait le livre ; et à l'élasticité près, ses reliures valaient bien nos belles reliures modernes.

“*Pasdeloup* et *Derome* étaient contemporains : ils travaillaient très-solidement et très-élégamment dans le goût de leur temps. On cite encore souvent leurs ouvrages dans les ventes publiques, et on les citera probablement encore long-temps ; car les livres qu'ils ont établis semblent l'être pour durer des siècles ; aussi le rédacteur de la notice sur Goutard s'explique ainsi : *Les livres décrits dans ce catalogue sont en partie reliés par le célèbre Derome, le phénix des relieurs.* Mais je ne puis me dispenser de dire un mot ici sur l'admiration que l'on a pour les ouvrages de ces célèbres anciens : quand les amateurs rencontrent des livres reliés par ces mains savantes, ils s'extasiaient et disent : “*On ne travaille plus comme cela.*” Non sans doute, on ne travaille plus comme cela ; eh pourquoi ? Parce que les amateurs eux-mêmes ne veulent plus que

The restorer, or the Father, (if you prefer this latter appellative) of MODERN BOOK-BINDING in France, was the ELDER BOZÉRIAN : of whose productions the book-amateurs of Paris are enthusiastically fond. Lord Spencer possesses, in the *Latin Polybius* of 1473, printed by *Sweynheym and Pannartz*, one of the most splendid specimens of the tools of Bozérian; but I verily believe that same distinguished collector would cheerfully part with the copy, if he could obtain another of equally large dimensions and in equally good condition, but bound in the more correct taste of the English school. Bozérian undoubtedly had his merits;* but

Pon travaille ainsi. Ils ne veulent pas prendre la peine de tenir leur livre en lisant; il leur faut des livres à dos brisés, des livres qui se tiennent ouverts sur la table. Peu de relieurs ont trouvé le moyen de réunir la solidité à cette élasticité, tant estimée aujourd'hui. Les Courteval, Bozérian, Lefebvre, Simier, Thouvenin, et un très-petit nombre avec eux, ont assez bien réuni ces deux extrêmes; mais le plus grand nombre ne s'attache qu'à l'embellissement souvent mal entendu, et à donner de l'ouverture à leur livre. De là est venue la mode presque universelle des reliures à la grecque, méthode pernicieuse, qui gâte presque autant de livres qu'on en relie." p. 112-3.

* *Bozérian undoubtedly had his merits.*]—Lcsné has been singularly lively in describing the character of Bozérian's binding. In the verse . . .

Il dit, et secouant le joug de la manie . . .

of the following extract—he appears to have been emulous of rivalling the strains of the Epic Muse; recalling, as it were, a sort of Homeric scene to our recollection: as thus---of Achilles rushing to fight, after having addressed his horses:

Ἡ ῥά, καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μωνυχας ἴππους.

But he shall speak for himself . . both in verse and prose:

Les amateurs, outrés de tant d'insouciance,
Firent relier long-temps leurs livres hors de France,

he was fond of gilt tooling to excess. His ornaments are too minute and too profuse; and moreover, occasionally, very unskilfully worked. His choice of morocco is not always to my taste; while his joints are neither carefully measured, nor do they play easily; and his linings are often gaudy to excess. He is, how-

Et chez nous ce bel art retombait au néant,
 Alors que s'établit le fameux Bozérien-,
 Cet artiste amateur détruisit la folie
 De regarder l'ANGLAIS avec idolâtrie.
 Eh quoi ! se disait-il exprimant ses regrets,
 Nous n'avons jusqu'ici que singé les Anglais !
 Dans la reliure encore nous sommes leurs émules !
 Ne quitterons-nous pas nos gothiques formules !
 Verra-t-on les Français pouvant les surpasser,
 Demeurer en chemin sans oser avancer ?
 Il dit, et secouant le joug de la manie,
 Asservissant dès-lors son art à son génie,
 Il lui sut adapter des procédés nouveaux,
 Et l'amateur français oublia nos rivaux.
 Oui, Bozérien l'aîné, seul osa les combattre ;
 Son frère en l'imitant sut presque les abattre ;
 En marchant sur ses pas, Lefèvre, son neveu,
 Entre les deux parens tient en juste milieu.
 Au gré des amateurs, il est simple, il est riche ;
 Tous les trois ont très-peu laissé de terre en friche ;
 Tous trois seraient long-temps demeurés sans rival.

‘ C'en était fait de l'art, si Bozérien l'aîné n'eût ramené le bon goût en France. Dès qu'il fut connu, les amateurs cessèrent de faire relier leurs livres en Angleterre ; peu à peu sa méthode s'est répandue ; peu de relieurs cependant adoptèrent d'abord ses principes ; il n'y en a même encore aujourd'hui que très-peu qui les suivent ponctuellement. Courteval, qui s'établit presque dans le même temps, fut celui qui les sut le mieux apprécier, il n'y a même pas de doute qu'il s'en est fait qu'il serait précieux de connaître ; ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que très-peu d'ouvriers ont su réunir comme lui la solidité, l'élégance, la grace, la justesse que l'on trouve presque toujours dans ses ouvrages ; il est bien rare d'y trouver quelques défauts essentiels. On voit que cet artiste n'existe que pour son art.

ever, hailed as the legitimate restorer of that taste in binding, which delighted the purchasers in the Augustan age of book-collecting. One merit must not be denied him : his boards are usually square, and well measured. His volumes open well, and are beaten . . . too unmercifully. It is the reigning error of French binders. They think they can never beat a book sufficiently. They exercise a tyranny over the leaves, as bad as that of an eastern despot over a prostrate slave. Let them look a little into the bindings of those volumes before described by me, in the lower regions of the Royal Library*—and hence learn, that, to hear the leaves crackle as they are turned over, produces *nearly* as much comfort to the thorough-bred collector, as does the prattling of the first infant to the doating parent.

THOUVENIN and SIMIER† are now the morning and

* See pp. 311-318 ante. Some account of French book-binders may be also found in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p.496-8.

† THOUVENIN and SIMIER.]—These, and the YOUNGER BOZE'RIAN, are thus introduced by the muse of Lesné. But they are preceded by warm commendations upon COURTEVAL; who, like a conjurer, loves to work alone. The mode of mentioning THOUVENIN, in the note, will excite more than a usual smile :

S'il n'était survenu le soigneux *Courteval* ;
 Sur son genre aujourd'hui c'est en vain qu'on murmure,
 Courteval épura le goût de la reliure :
 Ses ouvrages seront recherchés en tout temps,
 Des fameux amateurs, des riches et des grands ;
 Long-temps ils en feront leurs plus chères délices ;
 Mais des grands ouvriers admirez les caprices :
 Courteval de son art se montre si jaloux,
 Qu'au dire des relieurs c'est le plus grand des fous.

evening star in the bibliopegistic hemisphere. Of these, Thouvenin makes a higher circle in the heavens ;

Il travaille tout seul, et de peur de malfaire,
 Prend très-peu d'ouvriers et jamais d'ouvrière,
 Par la difficulté de les bien mettre au fait.
 Et pour être par-là plus sur de ce qu'il fait.
 Simier parut ensuite, et cet habile artiste,
 Des ouvriers fameux semblait fermer la liste ;
 On eût dit que jamais nul relieur l'eût atteint,
 Quand pour l'honneur de l'art s'établit Thouvenin ;
 Thouvenin, qu'on pourrait surnommer le rigide :
 On dirait que Minerve et l'instruit et le guide,
 Et que pour le former dans l'art qu'il ennoblit,
 Elle se fit relieur alors qu'il s'établit.
 De Bozérian le jeune et l'élève et l'émule,
 En naissant, ses travaux sont des travaux d'Hercule :
 S'il n'est pas de lui-même en admiration,
 Il peut guider son art à la perfection.
 Nous retrouvons en lui les Desseuil, les Derome,
 Tous les anciens relieurs qu'à bon titre on renomme ;
 Il est rare qu'un livre, en sortant de sa main,
 Ne puisse supporter le plus strict examen.
 Il est riche, pompeux, superbe, magnifique,
 Ses fers semblent poussés par l'art typographique,
 Et toujours élégant dans sa simplicité,
 Sait joindre la souplesse à la solidité. p. 27, &c.

“ Ce n'est, pour l'ordinaire, que progressivement qu'un ouvrier parvient à se faire un nom. En faisant de mieux en mieux, il acquiert de la célébrité. Thouvenin, au contraire, est devenu célèbre en s'établissant ; ses premiers ouvrages valaient presque ceux qu'il fait aujourd'hui ; élève de Bozérian le jeune, les amateurs distingués lui confièrent des livres précieux, il ne trompa pas leur attente, et Thouvenin fait autant d'honneur à Bozérian que ses propres ouvrages lui en font à lui-même, mais on ne peut se dissimuler que, si les Bozérian n'eussent ouvert le chemin, les bons ouvriers, tant renommés aujourd'hui, n'existeraient probablement pas.

Cependant Thouvenin est un de ces hommes extraordinaires qui, semblables à ces *corps lumineux* que l'on est convenu d'appeler *comètes*, paraissent une fois en un siècle. Si, plus ambitieux de gloire que de fortune, il continue à se surveiller ; si, moins ouvrier qu'artiste, il s'occupe sans relâche

but Simier shines with no very despicable lustre. Their work is good, substantial, and pretty nearly in the same taste. The folio Psalter of 1502, (I think) in the Royal Library, is considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of modern book-binding at Paris; and, if I mistake not, Thouvenin is the artist in whose charcoal furnace, the tools, which produced this *échantillon*, were heated. I have no hesitation in saying, that, considered as an extraordinary specimen of art, it is a failure. The ornaments are common place; the lining is decidedly bad; and there is a clumsiness of finish throughout the whole. The head-bands—as indeed are those of Bozérian—are clumsily managed: and I may say that it exhibits a manifest inferiority even to the productions of Mackinlay, Hering, Clarke, and Fairbairn. Indeed either of these artists would greatly eclipse it. I learn that Thouvenin keeps books in his possession as long as does a *certain* binder with us—who just now shall be nameless. Of course Charles Lewis would smile complacently, if you talked to *him*—about rivalling such a performance!

There is a book-binder of the name of LESNÉ—just now occupied, as I learn, in writing a poem upon his Art*—who is also talked of as an artist of respectable

du perfectionnement de la reliure, il fera époque dans son art comme ces grands hommes que nous admirons font époque dans la littérature.” p. 117.

* LESNÉ'—*just now occupied in writing a poem upon his art.*] This poem appeared early in the year 1820, under the following title. “*La Reliure, poëme didactique en six chants; précédé d’une idée analytique de cet art, suivi de notes historiques et critiques, et d’un*

skill. They say, however, that he *writes* better than he *binds*. So much the worse for his little ones, if he be

Mémoire soumis à la Société d'Encouragement, ainsi qu'au Jury d'exposition de 1819, relatif à des moyens de perfectionnement, propres à retarder le renouvellement des reliures. PAR LESNE'. Paris, 1820, 8vo. pp. 246. The motto, chosen by the author, is happy enough.

Hâtez-vous lentement, et sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage ;
Polissez-le sans cesse et le repolissez.

Boileau Art. Poët. ch. 1.

This curious production is dedicated “ TO HIS SON : his first workman ; seventeen years of age ; and as knowing in his business at that early period of life as his father was at the age of twenty-seven.” The dedication is followed by a preface, and an advertisement, or “ *Idée analytique de la Reliure.*” In the preface, the author deprecates both precipitate and severe criticism. “ He is himself but a book-binder —and what can be expected from a muse so cultivated ? He doubts whether it will be read all through ; but his aim and object have been to fix, upon a solid basis, the fundamental principles of his art. The subject, as treated in the Dictionary of Arts and Trades by the French Academy, is equally scanty and inaccurate. The author wishes that all arts were described by artists, as the reader would gain in information what he would lose in style. “ I here repeat (says he) what I have elsewhere said in bad verse. There are amateur-collectors who know more about book-binding than even certain good workmen ; but there are also others, of a capricious taste, who are rather likely to lead half-instructed workmen astray, than to put them in the proper road.” In the poetical epistle which concludes the preface, he tells us that he had almost observed the Horatian precept : his poem having cost eight years previous labour. The opening of it—together with those extracts which have been before selected—may probably be quite sufficient to give the reader a proper notion of its character and merits.

Je célèbre mon art ; je dirai dans mes vers,
Combien il éprouva de changemens divers ;

married. Indeed several very sensible and impartial collectors, with whom I have discoursed, also seem to

Je dirai ce que fut cet art en sa naissance ;
 Je dirai ses progrès, et, de sa décadence,
 Je nommerai sans fard les ineptes auteurs :
 Oui, je vais dérouler aux yeux des amateurs
 Des mauvais procédés la déplorable liste.
 Je nommerai le bon et le mauvais artiste ;
 Je chanterai les noms de ces hommes fameux
 Qui seront révévés de nos derniers neveux.
 Je vais, en m'éloignant de la route vulgaire,
 Dire comment on peut parvenir à bien faire :
 Comment on dresse un livre à l'équerre, au niveau
 Et de mon art enfin décrire le vrai beau.
 Filles de Mnémosyne, et vous, sage Minerve,
 Présidez à mes chants et soutenez ma verve :
 Je dois vous l'avouer, ma voix, ma faible voix,
 Est peu propre à chanter les héros et les rois.
 Entonne qui voudra la trompette guerrière,
 Et marche sur les pas de Virgile et d'Homère ;
 Pour moi, pauvre rimeur, renié d'Apollon,
 Qui n'entre qu'en tremblant dans le sacré vallon,
 Dont le seul attirail* effraye les neuf Muses,
 Je ne puis, je le sens, dans mes rimes confuses,
 Que célébrer un art qui seul m'a su charmer,
 Sans chercher par mes vers à me faire estimer.
 Vous qui vous destinez, par pure préférence,
 A cet utile état, dès votre tendre enfance,
 Essayez de former, de nourrir votre goût,
 Des ouvrages divins des Gascon, Padeloup,
 Des Desseuil, Courteval, des Bozérian, Deromes.
 Pour être un jour placés au rang de ces grands hommes,
 Consultez, comparez ces ouvrages sans prix,
 Dont les grands amateurs seront toujours épris. p. 23.

Yet, as a specimen of the technical part, I may be excused for shewing with what difficulties his muse had to contend in giving instructions for that important part of binding—"dorure sur tranche."

* Allusion aux nombreux outils que nécessite l'art du relieur.

think that the art of book-binding in France is, just now, if not retrograding, at least stationary—and apparently incapable of being carried to a higher pitch of excellence. I doubt this very much. They can do what they have done before. And no such “great conjuration” is required in going even far beyond it. Something like a whisper has reached me, that Charles Lewis might come over for a while, and establish a SCHOOL OF BINDING upon principles of English taste. But this is surely chimerical, for it never could be carried into effect; or, if established, its existence must be very short-lived. Let Thouvenin and Simier, and even the POET himself, examine carefully the choice of tools, and manner of gilding, used by our more celebrated binders, and they need not despair of rivalling them. Above all, let them look well to the management of the backs of their books, and especially to the head-bands. The latter are in general heavy and inelegant. Let them also avoid too much choking and beating, (I use technical words—which you understand as well as any French or English bookbinder) and es-

La dorure sur tranche exige peu d'apprêts ;
 L'assiette à coucher l'or peut être très-légère.
 Un seul blanc d'œuf battu dans deux verres d'eau claire
 Peut suffire à coucher cent tranches, même plus,
 Et le bol d'Arménie à présent ne sert plus.
 Jadis on employait le savon, la sanguine,
 Joints au sucre Candi, le sang de bœuf, l'urine,
 Cent drogues qui vraiment ne signifiaient rien,
 Et rarement encore on réussissait bien.
 L'or souvent s'en allait par petites parcelles.
 Les tranches maintenant restent plus long-tems belles,
 Vous pourrez réussir au gré de vos souhaits,
 En assujettissant le livre entre deux ais,

&c. &c. &c.

p. 61, &c.

pecially to be square, even, and delicate in the bands; and the "Saturnia regna" of book-binding in France may speedily return.

And now, methinks, it is high time to change this subject, and to send you some intelligence more intimately connected with men of learning and of taste. But my letter is long enough to admonish me that such a subject had better be reserved for a distinct dispatch; and so farewell for the present.

LETTER XXXI.

MEN OF LETTERS. DOM BRIAL. THE ABBÉ BÉTENCOURT.
 MESSRS. GAIL, MILLIN, AND LANGLÈS. A ROXBURGHE
 BANQUET.

Paris, June 20, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE have had of late the hottest weather in the memory of the oldest Parisian; but we have also had a few flying thunder showers, which have helped to cool the air, and to refresh both the earth and its inhabitants. In consequence, I have made more frequent visits; and have followed up my morning occupations among Books, by the evening society of those who are so capable, from their talents, of adding successfully to their number. Among the most eminent, as well as most venerable of historical antiquaries, is the celebrated DOM BRIAL, an ex Benedictin. He lives in the *Rue Servandoni*, on the second floor, in the very bosom, as it were, of his library, and of city solitude. My first visit to him, about three weeks ago, was fortified by an introductory letter from our friend * * *. The old gentleman (for he is about seventy four) was busily occupied at his dinner—about one o'clock; and wearing a silk night cap, and habited en rocquelaure, had his back turned as his servant announced me. He is very deaf; but on receiving the letter, and recognising the hand-writing of our friend,—he made me heartily welcome, and begged that I would partake of his

humble fare. This I declined ; begging, on the other hand, that he would pursue his present occupation, and allow me to examine his library. “ With the greatest pleasure (replied he) ; but you will find it a very common-place one.”

His books occupy each of the four rooms which form the suite of his dwelling. Of course I include the bed room. They are admirably selected : chiefly historical, and including a very considerable number in the ecclesiastical department. He has all the historians relating to our own country. In short, it is with tools like these, and from original MSS. lent him from the Royal Library—which his official situation authorizes—that he carries on the herculean labour of the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules, &c.* commenced by BOUQUET and other editors, and of which he shewed me a great portion of the xviiith volume—as well as the commencement of the xviiith—already printed. Providence may be graciously pleased to prolong the life of this learned and excellent old man till the *latter* volume be completed ; but *beyond* that period, it is hardly reasonable or desirable to wish it ; for if he die, he will then have been gathered to his fathers in a good old age. But the labours of Dom Brial are not confined to the “ Recueil,” just mentioned. They shine conspicuous in the “ *Histoire Littéraire de la France,*” of which fifteen goodly quarto volumes are already printed ; and they may be also traced in the famous work entitled *L’Art de Verifier les Dates*, in three large folio volumes, published in 1783, &c. “ Quand il est mort, il n’a point son élève”—says his old and intimate friend the ABBÉ BÉTENCOURT ; an observation,

which, when I heard it, filled me with mingled regret and surprise—for why is this valuable, and most *patriotic* of all departments of literature, neglected *abroad* as well as *at home*? It is worth all the *digamma* disquisitions in the world; and France, as well as Italy, was once rich in historical literati.

Dom Brial is very little above the mean height. He stoops somewhat from age; but, considering his years, and incessantly sedentary labours, it is rather marvellous that he does not exhibit more striking proofs of infirmity. His voice is full and strong; his memory is yet retentive, and his judgment sound. His hand-writing is extremely firm and legible. No man ever lived, or ever will, or can live, more completely devoted to his labours. They are his meat and drink—as much as his “bouilli et petites pois:”—of which I saw him partaking on my first visit. Occupied from morning till night in the prosecution of his studies—in a quarter of Paris extremely secluded—he appears to be almost unconscious of passing occurrences without; except it be of the sittings of the *Institute*, which he constantly attends, on Fridays, as one of the Secretaries. Even the late Revolution seems to have passed by

. . . as the sound

Of thunder, heard remote . . .

although few, I understand, have suffered more severely from its effects in the deprivation of property. His guileless character luckily rendered him unsuspected; and, as luckily, the *Rue Servandoni* was a “petite lieue” from the *Place de Grève*. So lives and so labors the venerable Dom Brial. I have twice dined

with him ; and, each time, in company with the Abbé Bétencourt, his brother Secretary at the Institute ; and his old, long-trying, and most intimate friend.

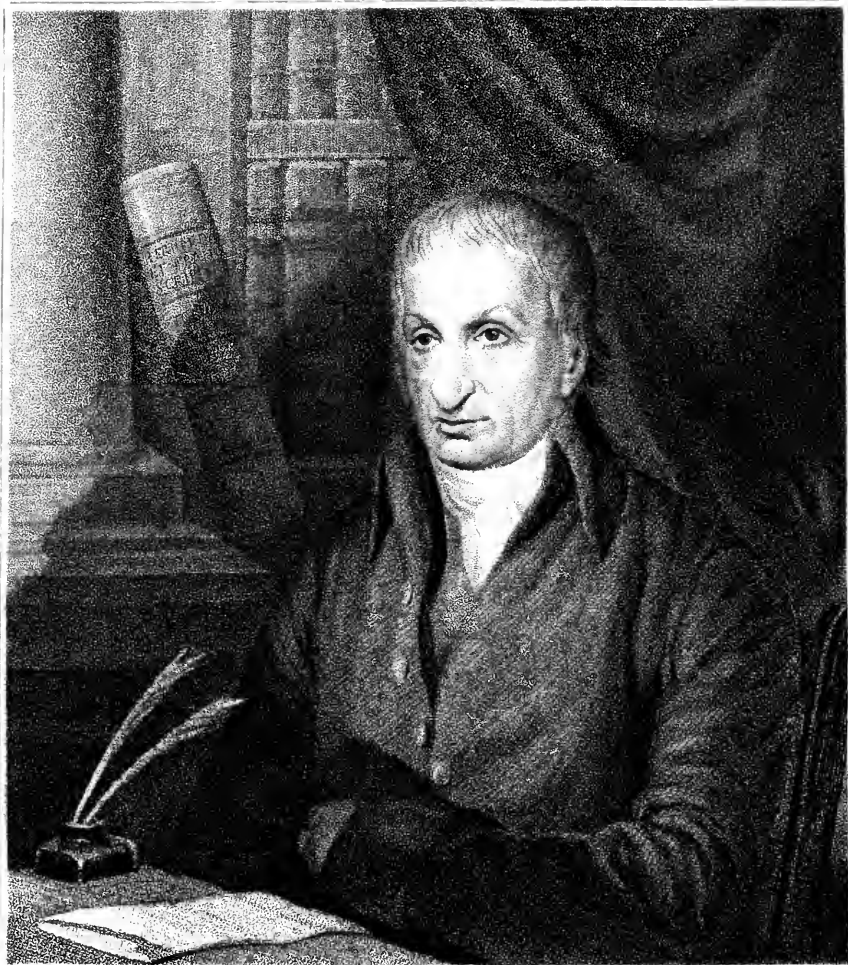
The Abbé Bétencourt was not unknown to me during his late residence in England, as an Emigré : but he is still better known to our common friend * * *, who gave me the letter of introduction to D. Brial. That mutual knowledge brought us quickly together, and made us as quickly intimate. The Abbé is above the middle height ; wears his own grey hair ; has an expressive countenance, with a nose of not *quite* such capacious dimensions as that of his colleague : talks much, and well, and at times drolly. Yet his wit or mirth is well attuned to his years. His manner of *rallying* his venerable friend is very amusing ; for Dom Brial, from his deafness, (like most deaf men) drops at times into silence and abstraction. On each of my dinner-visits, it was difficult to say which was the hotter day. But Dom Brial's residence, at the hour of dinner, (which was four—for my own accommodation) happened luckily to be in the *shade*. We sat down, three, to a small circular table, (in the further or fourth room) on the tiled floor of which was some very ancient wine, within the immediate grasp of the right hand of the host. An elderly female servant attended in the neighbouring room. The dinner was equally simple, relishing, and abundant ; and the virtues of the “ old wine ” were quickly put into circulation by the Benedictine founder of the feast. If (thought I to myself) certain of our friends could have witnessed me, from the opposite side of the rooms, thus sitting down to dainty fare between these

two venerable Benedictins — in a small apartment, lined from top to bottom with books—the effect must have been somewhat odd!

At six we rose from table, and walked in the Luxembourg gardens, hard by. The air had become somewhat cooler. The sun was partially concealed by thin, speckled clouds: a gentle wind was rising; and the fragrance of innumerable flowers, from terraces crowded with rose-trees, was altogether so genial and refreshing, that my venerable companions — between whom I walked arm in arm — declared that “they hardly knew when the gardens had smelt so sweetly.” We went straight onward — towards the *Observatoire*, the residence of the Astronomer Royal. In our way thither we could not avoid crossing the *Rue d'Enfer*, where Marshal Ney was shot. The spot, which had been stained with his blood, was at this moment covered by skittles, and groups of stout lads were enjoying themselves in all directions. It should seem that nothing but youthful sports and pastimes had ever prevailed there: so insensibly do succeeding occupations wear away all traces of the past. I paused for half a minute, casting a thoughtful eye towards the spot. The Abbé Bétencourt moralised aloud, and Dom Brial seemed inwardly to meditate. We now reached the Observatory. The Sub-Principal was at home, and was overjoyed to receive his venerable visitors. He was a fellow-townsmen of Dom Brial, and we were shewn every thing deserving of notice. It was nearly night-fall, when, on reaching the Rue Servandoni, I wished my amiable companions adieu, till we met again.

After such an account of such a man, you—who can never be thoroughly easy till you have *seen* the person so described—are already beginning to exclaim “Why did not Mr. Lewis accompany you, to take his portrait?” Patience my friend. Mr. Lewis did not accompany me, but he has taken the portrait of Dom Brial—for which favour, I believe, I am almost exclusively indebted to the influence and arguments of the Abbé Bétencourt. “Why was his portrait to be taken?”—exclaimed the venerable Brial, preceded by something like a “pish.” “No matter, (rejoined the not less venerable Bétencourt) Monsieur wishes to shew his respect to you by so doing:”—to which I added—“you will only be imitating your great predecessors, Mabillon and Montfaucon — by consenting.” “A la bonne heure, qu’il vienne donc . . . ce Monsieur Lewis—et qu’il fasse ce que lui plaira,” replied my consenting host . . . while I was charmed by the gracious smile with which the assent was accompanied. Mr. Lewis visited him twice, and entreated him to put on his *cap* in preference to his *wig*—which is a short, unseemly scratch—and most unmeet garniture for the scull of a learned Benedictin. However, he would not consent. “If M. D. wants to have me en pleine costume, I must put on my *cowl* — as he will find it in Mabillon’s portrait,” observed Dom Brial. But this was not to be endured; and Mr. Lewis finished the portrait here enclosed,* with his pencil; having some little difficulty, occasionally, to keep the sitter’s eyes open—and describing, in the back-ground,

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



DOM BRIAT

the circular flue by which his room is heated, with a volume of the "Recueil," &c. lying against it. It is considered to be a perfect likeness; but I really think the *nose* of the venerable Benedictin has been a *little* outraged in size. Such as it is, however, it cannot fail to be acceptable to all who know and love the man; and to "know and love" are almost simultaneous operations.

I must not quit the mention of the respectable names of Messrs. BIAL and BÉTENCOURT, without informing you of a visit which I made, at their suggestion, at one of the sittings of the Institute. These servants are joint Secretaries, and take their places at right angles with the President, and immediately opposite the "chairs of honour" destined for the Visitors. On taking my seat, as the *séance* commenced, I could not help contemplating the two venerable characters thus placed before me; considering them, equally for their intelligence and erudition, among the very highest ornaments of the learned body which surrounded me. Nothing seemed to shake their nerves, or discompose their gravity. Amidst the frequent and flashing replies which were made on all sides of the assembly—(for they debate, as well as listen to, the subjects discussed in the Essays) these venerable compeers preserved a most dignified silence and gravity. The Essay read, was, in part, respecting a certain Greek inscription, in which I heard the name of Mr. Payne Knight frequently mentioned, and his authority deferred to—and from which I chiefly learnt that the *omega* was originally two *omicrons*. Meanwhile, Messrs. Gail and Langlès made their appearance in the assem-

bly, with their best coats on ; and with these coats all in á blaze, from certain stars, or badges, designating them to be Members of the Legion of Honour. They were dressed out in the fullest plumage of their order ; which excited a good deal of joking and merriment among their brethren. The fact was, they had just returned from attending MONSIEUR in his view of the drawings, prints, manuscripts, and printed books of the Royal Library ; and I happen just at this moment to remember, that it was in consequence of such intended royal visit that Mr. Lewis was obliged to abandon his beloved ANNE OF BRITTANY two hours before the usual time. Undoubtedly I am not sorry to have attended a sitting of the *Institute*, but am not anxious for a repetition of that honour. To all foreigners, such visits are generally dull and uninteresting. What would Millin say to one of the meetings, or readings, of our *Antiquarian Society* ?

I have just mentioned the name of M. GAIL. Let me devote a little more time and attention to him. Indeed you may remember that he has been already,* —and somewhat favourably, I should hope— introduced to your notice. He is, as you have been also previously told, the curator of the Greek and Latin MSS. in the Royal Library, and a Greek and Latin Professor in the Collège Royale. There is no man, at all alive to a generous and hearty feeling, who can deny M. Gail the merit of a kind, conciliating, frank and benevolent disposition. His Greek and Latin studies, for the last thirty-five years, have neither given

* See page 150, ante.

a severe bias to his judgment, nor repressed the ebullitions of an ardent and active imagination. His heart is yet all warmth and kindness. His fulfilment of the duties of his chair, has been exemplary and beneficial; and it is impossible for the most zealous and grateful of her sons, to have the prosperity of the Collège Royale more constantly in view, than my friend I. B. Gail has that of the University of Paris. His labours, as a scholar, have been rather *useful* than critical. He has edited *Anacreon* more than once; and to the duodecimo edition of 1794, is prefixed a small portrait—medallion-wise—of the editor; which, from the costume of dress and juvenility of expression, does not much remind me of the Editor as he now is. M. Gail's great scholastic work is his Greek, Latin, and French editions of *Xenophon* and *Thucydides*, in twenty-four quarto volumes; but in the execution of this performance he suffered himself to be rather led astray by the attractions of the Bibliomania. In other words, he chose to indulge in *membranaceous* propensities; and nothing would serve M. Gail's turn but he must have a unique COPY UPON VELLUM! in a quarto form.*

* *a copy upon vellum, in a quarto form.*]—The *Thucydides* was published first; in twelve volumes 8vo. 1807; with various readings, for the first time, from thirteen MSS. not before submitted to the public eye. The French version, in four volumes, with the critical notes of the Editor, may be had separately. The vellum (quarto) copy of the *Thucydides* consists of fourteen volumes; but as the volumes are less bulky than those of the *Xenophon*, they may be reduced to seven. The *Xenophon* was published in 1809, in seven volumes, 4to. The Latin version is that of Leunclavius; the French version and critical notes are those of M. Gail. The vellum copy, above alluded to, is divided into ten volumes; the tenth being an

Twenty-four quarto volumes upon vellum! . . . enough to chill the ardour, and drain the purse, of the most resolute and opulent publisher!

He seems to set his heart upon Lord Spencer's purchasing this magnificent set of books, and demands *fifty thousand* francs for it—the sum, which he declares it to have cost him. I tell him that his Lordship never purchases *modern* books upon vellum; and that, moreover, it would rather be a reflection upon his country were such a treasure suffered to *go out* of it. When I dined with the Editor, the other day, I was shewn these superb volumes with all due

Atlas of fifty-four maps. Some of these volumes are very bulky, from the thickness of the vellum.

Upon this unique copy, M. Gail submitted to me, in writing, the following remarks. “Of the Xenophon, two vellum copies were printed; but of these, one was sent to the father of the present King of Spain, and received by him in an incomplete state—as the Spanish Ambassador told M. Gail: only six volumes having reached the place of their destination. The Editor undertakes to give authenticated attestations of this fact. “If,” say M. Gail's written observations, “one considers that each sheet of vellum, consisting of eight pages, cost five francs ten sous, and three more sous in working off—and that skins of vellum were frequently obliged to be had from foreign countries, owing to the dearth of them at Paris—whereby the most extravagant demands were sometimes obliged to be complied with—add to which, that fifteen years have passed away since these sums were paid down in hard cash,—the amount of the original expenses is doubled.” The volumes are in stout boards, and preserved in cases. In one of his letters to me, respecting the sale of his vellum copy—the worthy Professor thus pleasantly remarks: “Je ne veux pas m'enrichir avec ce livre qui, lorsque je serai cendres, aura un bien grand prix. Je n'ai que le desir de me débarrasser d'une richesse qui m'est à charge, et ne convient nullement à un modeste et obscur particulier, comme moi.”

form and solemnity ; and I must say that they do very great credit to the press of the Elder Didot. Yet I fear that it will be a long time before the worthy M. Gail is remunerated for his enterprising and speculative spirit. In all the duties attached to his situation in the Royal Library, this worthy character is equally correct and commendable. He is never so fully occupied with old Greek and Latin MSS., but that he will immediately attend to your wants ; and, as much as depends upon himself, satisfy them most completely. Anacreon has left behind some little deposit of good-humour and urbanity, which has continued to nourish the heart of his Translator ; for M. Gail is yet jocose, and mirth-loving ; fond of a lively repartee, whether in conversation or in writing. He may count some sixty-two years.

But it is high time to introduce you to another of these “ *Confrères* ” at the *Bibliothèque du Roi* ; of whom indeed, hitherto, I have made but a slight mention. You will readily guess that this must be the well-known AUBIN LOUIS MILLIN — the Head of the department of Antiquities ; or the principal *Archæologist* of the establishment. My friend Mr. Dawson Turner having furnished me with introductory credentials, I called upon M. Millin within twenty-four hours of my arrival at Paris. In consequence, from that time to this, I have had frequent intercourse with him. Indeed I am willing to hope that our acquaintance has well nigh mellowed into friendship. He is a short, spare, man ; with a countenance lighted up by intelligence rather than moulded by beauty. But he is evidently just now (and indeed, as

I learn, has been for some time past) labouring under severe indisposition. He is the thorough Frenchman both in figure and manners : light, cheerful, active, diligent, and exceedingly good natured and communicative. His apartments are admirably furnished ; and his LIBRARY such, as does him infinite honour—considering the limited means by which it has been got together. His abode is the constant resort of foreigners, from all countries, and of all denominations ; and his library is the common property of his friends, (*MILLINI ET AMICORUM*) and even of strangers—when they are well recommended to him. It was very agreeable for me to observe, whenever I visited the owner, so many young people, of both sexes, busied in some curious archæological pursuit. Nor were there wanting old as well as young readers.

Millin has been a great traveller ; but, if the reports which have reached me prove true, his second voyage to Italy, recently accomplished, have sown the seeds of incurable disease in his constitution. Indeed when I look at him, at times, I fancy that I discover *that* in his countenance . . which I wish were not so palpable to my observation. His collection of drawings, of fac-similes of all descriptions — of prints and of atlases—is immense. They are freely laid open to the inspection of any curious observer : and I have already told you, in a former letter, how heartily M. Millin begged that Mr. Lewis would consider his house as his *home*—for the prosecution of his drawings from the illuminated MSS. in the Royal Library, when the regular time of attendance in that place was closed. The other day, we had a superb *déjeuné à la*

fourchette at M. Millin's—about three o'clock. It was attended by two Marchionesses, of the *bas bleu* order; and by the whole corps of the confreres bibliographiques of the Royal Library. Several other literary *distingués* were of the party: and we sat down, a very agreeable mélange, both to gossip and to eat and drink. M. Langlès was all animation and all intelligence; and M. Van Praet seemed for a time to have forgotten VELLUM ARISTOTLES and VIRGILS in alternate libations of champagne and noyau. Meanwhile the worthy Gail, by his playful sallies and repartees, afforded a striking contrast to the balanced attitude and grave remarks of the respectable Caperonnier, the senior Librarian. Poor Millin himself had no appetite, but picked a little here and there. We sat down about fourteen: rose at six—to coffee and conversazione; and retired shortly after: some to the theatre, and others to their country houses. This is pretty nearly a correct picture of the bettermost society of Paris at this time of the year.

I have not yet done with Millin; for he merits, in every respect, a more extended detail. The principal work which at this season chiefly occupies his attention, is the *Magasin Encyclopédique, ou Journal des Sciences*; to which he is one of the most active if not most copious contributors. Up to the year 1816, it consisted of one hundred and twenty-eight volumes. It is now known by the name of *Annales Encyclopédiques*. Millin reviews liberally for it. I found Mr. S. Lysons's large work upon *British-Roman Antiquities*, in four folio volumes, lying by the side of him; upon which he was about to try his critical talents—and

I must say—although I know nothing of the character of the review itself—that he is capable of executing this task very creditably : for his *forte* lies in works of that description. Of his *numismatic* attainments I am unable to say a word : but doubtless, on the score of art, he is in every respect greatly inferior to his predecessor VISCONTI. It is as a *general* archæologist that his merits must be estimated : and the *miscellaneous* nature of his publications proves exactly the particular character of their author. He has not the scrupulous nicety, or fidelity, of some of our English antiquaries ; for, on my telling him that, in his *Antiquités Nationales*,* &c. (published during most of the horrors of the revolution) I had observed many of the plates to be either superficial or incorrect—on a comparison with the originals, during my stay in Normandy—he replied, good-naturedly but smartly, “ My

* The full title is this. “ Antiquités nationales, ou Recueil de Monumens pour servir à l’Histoire Générale et particulière de l’Empire françois, tels que tombeaux, inscriptions, statues, vitraux, fresques, tirés des abbayes, monastères, châteaux, et autres lieux devenus domaines nationaux.” 1790-7 ; five vols. in folio and quarto. Of a similar character, are the following publications by the same author. “ Monumens antiques inédits,” 1802-4 ; 2 vols. 4to. “ Dissertation sur l’Eglise octogone de Montmorillon, que l’on a cru être un temple de Druïdes,” 1805, 4to. “ Voyage dans les départemens du midi de la France ; 1807, 4 vols 8vo. et un Atlas de plus de 100 pl.” “ Histoire Métallique de la Révolution françoise, ou Recueil des Médailles et des Monnoies qui ont été frappés pendant cette époque, 1808, 4to. “ Pierres gravées inédites, tirées des plus célèbres cabinets de l’Europe,” 8vo. 2 vols. 1817, avec 200 pl. These are works (with several more, which may be added) to which, upon the whole, the tasteful antiquary will do well to give a place upon his shelves ; however well stored with similar productions from other countries.

friend—one can't do every thing oneself." Yet I will be free to say, that the work just mentioned, is, as far as it goes, one of the most creditable that any country has produced—considering the moderate price at which it was sold. It is very far indeed from being complete or profound ; but, when one thinks how little of the kind had been done before, since the time of Montfaucon, one is disposed to wonder and applaud rather than to censure and condemn.

I well know, my dear friend, that, in England, it is rather the fashion to sneer at MILLIN: but this sneer may proceed as often from ignorance, as from superiority of information :

“ Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss.”

The truth is, M. Millin does *too much* to do every thing *well*. At one moment, he is busied with a diptych: at another, he is examining a coin or medal: during the third, he is lost in admiration over a drawing of a tomb or statue:—his attendant enters with a proof-sheet to engage his fourth moment—and so it goes on—from sunrise to sunset ; with pen in hand, or blank or printed paper before him, he is constantly occupied in the pursuit of some archæological enquiry or other. THIS praise, however—and no mean or unperishable praise it is—most indisputably belongs to him. He was almost the ONLY ONE in France, who, during the reign of terror, bloodshed, and despotism—cherished and kept alive a taste for NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES. But for *his* perseverance, and the artists employed by *him*, we should not now have had those *graphic* representations of many buildings, and relics

of art, which have since perished irretrievably. Another praise also belongs to him ; of no very insignificant description. He is among the most obliging and communicative of literary Parisians ; and does not suffer his good nature to be soured, or his activity to abate, from the influence of *national* prejudice. He has a large acquaintance among foreigners ; and I really think that he loves the English next best to his own countrymen. But whoever applies to him with civility, is sure to be as civilly received. So much for Millin : and yet I must not conclude this sketch of him without informing you that I hope very shortly to possess his Portrait—as it was executed some ten years ago. The original is in oil ; but it was executed at a time when that Original had twice as much flesh upon his bones as you at present behold upon them.

This group of literary *whole lengths* would however be imperfect without the introduction of Monsieur LANGLÈS ; of whom you may remember some slight mention in a previous letter. † Messrs. Millin and Langlès live as it were upon the same floor, or suite of rooms : and the one may visit the other without descending a step of the staircase, or breathing the external air. The *forte* of M. Langlès consists in his cultivation of, and enthusiastic ardor for, *oriental literature*.‡ He presides, in fact, over the Persian, Arabic,

* See page 151, ante.

† M. SILVESTRE DE SACY is considered an Orientalist “comme il y en a peu.” I saw him but once. His countenance is full of intelligence, and I learn that his manners and character are equally attractive with his erudition.

and other Oriental MSS. and he performs the duties of his office, as a public librarian, with equal punctuality and credit. He has also published much upon the languages of the East,* but is considered less profound than DE SACY: although both his conversation and his library attest his predilection for his particular studies. M. Langlès is eclipsed by no one for that “gaieté de cœur” which, when joined with good manners and honourable principles, renders a well-bred Frenchman an exceedingly desirable companion. He loves also the arts; as well of sculpture as of painting and engraving. His further room affords unquestionable evidence of his attachment to *English Prints*. Wilson, West, and Wilkie—from the burins of Woollett and Raimbach—struck my eye very forcibly and pleasingly. M. Langlès admires and speaks our language. “Your charming Wilkie (says he) pleases me more and more. Why does he not visit us? He will at least find here some *good proofs* of my respect for his talents.” Of course he could not mean to pun. I was then told to admire his impression of the *Battle of La Hogue*; and indeed I must allow that it is one of the very best which I have seen. He who possesses *that*, need not distress himself about any

* Besides his philological works, connected with the Eastern languages, M. Langlès once meditated an “*Histoire Chronologique de l'Art du Dessin d'après les MSS. de la Bibliothèque Imperiale.*” Of this interesting work, only a small portion—devoted to an account of the VATICAN MS. of VIRGIL—was printed; and that not published. It is in quarto, and the author presented me with the first sixteen pages. A fac-simile in outline, upon copper, of Eneas in the tempest—from the first Book of the *Æneid*—is prefixed; but I suspect too sharply and squarely touched.

of the impressions of the *Death of Wolfe*: which is also in the collection of Langlès.

His library is probably less extensive than Millin's; but it is not less choice and valuable. His collection of books (in which are a great number of our best Voyages and Travels) relating to Asia—and particularly his philological volumes, as connected with the different languages of that country, cannot be too much commended. I saw Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* lying upon his table. "How do you like that work, M. Langlès?" "Sir (replied he) I more than like it,—I love it: because I love the author." In fact, I knew that Sir John and he were well acquainted with each other, and I believe that the copy in question bore the distinctive mark of being "ex dono auctoris." I have had a good deal of interesting conversation with M. Langlès about the history of books during the Revolution; or rather about that of the ROYAL LIBRARY. He told me he was appointed one of the commissioners to attend to the distribution of those countless volumes which were piled up in different warehouses, as the produce of the *ransacked monasteries*. I am not sure, whether, within the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Library, he did not say that there were at least *half a million of books*. At that time, every public meeting of Parisians—whatever might be the professed object—was agitated, and often furious. One of the red-hot demagogues got up in the assembly, and advised "mangling, maiming, or burning the books: they were only fit for cartridges, wadding, or fuel: they were replete with marks of feudalism and royalty—for they had arms or embellishments in them, which

denoted them to belong to Aristocrats." This speech made some impression: his comrades were for carrying the motion immediately into execution, by sword and faggot . . . But M. Langlès rose . . . calm, collected, and actuated by feelings a little more accordant with the true spirit of patriotism. "Citizens, (said the Orientalist) we must not do mischief, in the desire of doing good. Let the books remain where they are. If you set fire to them, can you say how far the flames shall extend? Our own great national library (so renowned and celebrated throughout Europe!) may become the prey of the devouring element, and *then* how will you be reproached by posterity! Again—if you convert them to *other* purposes of destruction, how can you hope to prevent the same example from being followed in other places? The madness of the multitude will make no distinction; and as many pikes and swords may be carried within the great library, as within the various depositories of the monastic books. Pause awhile. Respect those collections of books, and you will both respect yourselves and preserve the great national library. In due time, we shall make a proper selection from them, and enrich the book stores of the capital!" So spake M. Langlès; and the Assembly assented to his contre-projet—luckily for Paris and themselves.

But nearly all these worthy characters, of whom I have just made mention, had an opportunity of exhibiting their social qualities, of whatever description, at a sort of FESTIVAL which I gave the other day (last Wednesday) in honour of the **Roeburgh Club**—which met on that same day, I presume, at the Clarendon

Hotel. This Parisian Roxburghe Banquet went off upon the whole with flying colours. You shall know as much about it as is likely to interest you. Having secured my guests, (MESSRS. DENON, GAIL, LANGLÈS, VAN PRAET and MILLIN) and fixed both the place and hour of repast, I endeavoured to dress out a little bill of fare of a *bibliomaniacal* description—to rival, in its way, that of *Mons. Grignon*, in the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, (within two minutes walk of the Royal Library) where we were to assemble, at five o'clock. I knew that Millin would put my toasts or sentiments into good French, and so I took courage against the hour of meeting. I had secured a ground-floor apartment, looking upon a lawn, with which it communicated by open doors. The day was unusually hot and oppressive. After finishing my labours at the Royal Library, I returned to my hotel, arranged my little matters connected with the by-play of the festival—dressed—and resorted to Grignon's. Every thing looked well and auspiciously. Our room was in the shade; and a few lingering breezes seemed to play beneath the branches of an acacia. The dark green bottles, of various tapering shapes, were embedded in pails of ice, upon the table: and napkins and other goodly garniture graced the curiously woven cloth. I hung up, in the simplicity of my heart—over the seat which I was to occupy,—the portrait of *John King of France*, which M. Cœuré had just finished;—not considering that this said John had been beaten and taken prisoner, at the battle of Poitiers by our Black Prince! Never was a step more injudicious, or an ornament more unappropriate. However, there it hung

throughout the day. A dinner of the very best description, exclusively of the wine, was to be served up for *twelve francs* a head. I make no doubt but the Club paid a *little* more where they assembled in London!

At length came the hour of dinner, and with the hour the guests. I requested Brother Van Praet to be deputy chairman; and taking my seat beneath the unfortunate John King of France, gave the signal for a general attack—upon whatever was placed before the guests. Monsieur Denon, however, did not arrive till after the first course. He had been detained by a visit from the Duke of Bedford. M. Millin sat at my right hand, and M. Gail at my left. The first course consisted chiefly of fruit, and slices of anchovy, crossed. A large paper copy of a *melon* cut a magnificent appearance in the centre; but all this quickly gave way to fish, flesh, and fowl of a various but substantial description. Poor Millin had no appetite, and would only carve. He looked particularly ill. The rest ate, drank, and were merry. The desert was of the very best quality: and this was succeeded by the introduction of a little of English fashion and manners. We drank toasts, connected with the object of the day's festival; and never were a set of guests more disposed to relish both the wine and the sentiment which accompanied each glass. They even insisted upon a "three times three" for "Lord Spencer and the Club!" But if we were merry, we were wise. Shortly after dinner, M. Gail rose, as if in a moment of inspiration, from his seat—and recited the Latin verses which are here

enclosed.* They will at least make you admire the good humour of the poet. He afterwards chanted a song;

* *verses which are here enclosed.*]—Monsieur Millin had been before hand in his description of this day's festival, but his description was in prose. It appeared in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*, for the ensuing month, July, 1818, and was preceded by a slight historical sketch of the Club, taken chiefly from the *Bibliographical Decameron*. His account of the festival may amuse some of my readers, who have not been accustomed to peruse *English toasts* clothed in French language. It is briefly thus :

“ Pendant que les membres du Roxburghe Club célébroient le 17 juin 1818 la mémoire des premiers imprimeurs de Boccace, à Venise et en Angleterre, sous la présidence de sa grâce lord Spencer; M. Dibdin, vice-président, s'unissoit à ce banquet bibliographique par une répétition qu'il en faisoit à Paris. Il avoit appelé à ce banquet M. DENON, à qui la France doit encore une grande partie des manuscrits et des éditions rares dont elle s'est enrichie, et plusieurs conservateurs de la bibliothèque royale, MM. VANPRAET, LANGLE'S, GAIL, et MILLIN. On pense bien que l'histoire littéraire, la bibliographie, devinrent un inépuisable sujet pour la conversation. L'entretien offrit un mélange de gaieté et de gravité qui convient aux banquets des muses; et selon l'adage antique, les convives étoient plus que trois et moins que neuf. M. Gail lut sur cette réunion des vers latins, dont les toasts bruyans ne permirent pas de savourer d'abord tout le sel et l'esprit. Ils doivent être imprimés dans *l'Hermès Romanus*.

“ M. D., amphitryon et président du festin, porta, comme il convenoit, les premiers toasts :

1°. A la santé de milord Spencer et des honorables membres du Roxburghe-Club. 2°. A la mémoire de Christophe Valdarfer, imprimeur du Boccace de 1471; livre dont l'acquisition faite par le duc de Marlborough, fut l'occasion de la fondation du Roxburghe Club. 3°. A la mémoire immortelle de Guillaume Caxton, premier imprimeur anglois. 4°. A la gloire de la France. 5°. A l'union perpétuelle de la France et de l'Angleterre. 6°. A la prospérité de la bibliothèque royale de France. 7°. A la santé de ses dignes conservateurs, dont le

his own literal version of the XIXth ode of Anacreon, beginning ‘ Η γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,

savoir est inépuisable, et dont l’obligeance ne se lasse jamais. 8°. A la propagation des sciences, des arts, des lettres, et de la bibliomanie. 9°. Au désir de se revoir le même jour chaque année.

“ Les convives ont rendu ces toasts par un autre qu’ils ont porté, avec les hurras et les trois fois trois d’usage en Angleterre, au vice-président du Roxburghe-Club, qui leur avoit fait l’honneur de les rassembler.

“ La Séance a fini à l’heure où le président du Roxburghe-Club lève celle de Londres ;* et le vice-président, M. Dibdin, a soigneusement réuni les bouchons, pour les porter en Angleterre comme un signe commémoratif de cet agréable banquet.”

The verses of Monsieur Gail were as follow :—but I should premise that he recited them with zest and animation.

Auspice jam Phæbo, SPENCEROQUE AUSPICE, vestrum
 Illa renascentis celebravit gaudia lucis
 Concilium, stupuit quondam quâ talibus emptus
 Boccacius cunctorum animis, miratus honores
 Ipse suos, atque ipsa superbiit umbra triumpho.
 Magna quidem lux illa, omni lux tempore digna.
 Cui redivivus honos et gloria longa supersit
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestræque fuissem
 Lætitiæ comes, et doctæ conviva trapezæ.
 Sed nunc invitorque epulis, interque volentes
 Gallus Apollineâ sedeo quasi lege Britannos.
 Arridet D*** : habet nos una voluptas.
 Me quoque librorum meministis amore teneri,
 Atque virûm studiis, quos Gallia jactat alumnos :
 Nam si *Caxtonio* felix nunc Anglia gaudet,
 Non minus ipsa etiam *Stephanorum* nomina laudat.
 Hic nonnulla manent prisæ vestigia famæ.
 Nobis Thucydides, Xenophon quoque pumice et auro,

* This may be a doubtful point—for the solution of history : but the most faithful historian will be my friend Mr. Haslewood.

The guests declared that they had never sat so long at table, or were more happy. I proposed a stroll or a

Quem poliit non parca manus;* felicior ille
 Si possit * melius conjungere Musas!
 Κοινὰ τὰ πάντα φίλων_ perhibent: at semper amici
 Quidquid doctorum est: tantis ego lætor amicis.
 Æternum hæc vigeat concordia pocula firment
 Artesque et libri, quæ nectant fœdera reges,
 Utramque et socient simul omnia vincula gentem.

CECINIT JOAN. B. GAIL,

lector regius, in biblioth. regiâ codd. gr. et lat. præfectus.

While one of the London morning newspapers (which shall be here nameless) chose to convert this harmless scene of festive mirth into a coarse and contemptible attack upon its author, the well-bred Bibliomanes of Paris viewed it with a different feeling, and drew from it a more rational inference. It was supposed, by several gentlemen of education and fortune, that a RIVAL SOCIETY might be established among themselves—partaking in some degree of the nature of that of the ROXBURGHE, though necessarily regulated by a few different laws. More than a twelvemonth had elapsed, when a certain gentleman (whom I choose here to call ATTICUS) visited the metropolis of France. It was then the winter season; but a sale, by auction, of the library of M. Courtois, was about to take place; and who could be sensible of falling snows or howling blasts, when interminable collections of authors of the middle age (chiefly *poetical*) were about to be disposed of? It chanced that, during this sale, the MARQUIS DE CHATEAUGIRON and ATTICUS often sat upon the same bench, and bade for the same article. The contest was occasionally sharp between them. Who might this UNKNOWN be? He bids boldly—and always obtains what he bids for.

The mystery was solved in due time; and Atticus was recognised, caressed, and fêted. In concert with a few leading book-collectors at Paris—and taking the regulations of the ROXBURGHE CLUB (as laid down in the *Ninth Day of the Decameron*) as the basis—they put

* The word here in the original is not clear.

† Consult p. 431. ante.

seat upon the lawn. Chairs and benches were at hand ; and we requested that the coffee might be brought

together a code of laws for the regulation of a similar Society which they chose, very aptly, to call *LES BIBLIOPHILES*. Behold then, under a new name, a *Parisian Roxburghe Society*. When I visited Paris, in the summer of last year, (of which visit, a special memorial is recorded at page 143-4) I got speedily introduced to the leading Members of the club ; and obtained, from M. DURAND DE LANÇON, (one of the most devoted and most efficient of the members) that information—which is here submitted to the public : from a persuasion that it cannot be deemed wholly uninteresting, or out of order, even by the most violent enemies of the *cauz*. The *object* of this Society of the *BIBLIOPHILES* must be expressed in the proper language of the country. It is “ *pour nourrir, reléver, et faire naître même la passion de la Bibliomanie.*” I put it to the conscience of the most sober-minded observer of men and things—if any earthly object can be more orthodox and legitimate? The Society meet, as a corporate body, twice in the year : once in April, the second time in December ; and date the foundation of their Club from the 1st of January 1820. Whatever they print, bears the general title of “ *Mélanges* ;” but whether this word will be executed in the black-letter, lower-case, or in roman capitals, is not yet determined upon. One or two things, however, at starting, cannot fail to be premised ; and indeed has been already observed upon—as a species of *heresy*. The Society assemble to a “ *déjeuné à la fourchette*,” about twelve o’clock : instead of to a “ *seven o’clock dinner*,” as do the London Roxburghers : whereby their constitutions and pockets are less affected. The other thing, to observe upon, is, that they do not print (and publish among themselves) such very strange, and out-of-the way productions, as do the London Roxburghers. For truly, of *some* of the latter, it may be said with the anonymous poet in the *Adversaria* of Barthius,

Verum hæc nec puer edidici, nec tradita patre
 Accepi, nec Aristotelis de moribus unquam
 Librum, aut divini Platonis dogmata legi.

Edit. Fabri. 1624, col. 345, vol. i.

And why is it thus ? Because these reprints are occasionally taken

to us out of doors. It was now after sun-set; and a lurid sky was above our heads. Our conversation

(quoting Caspar Barthius himself, in the xxth chapter of his iid book of *Adversaria*, *Edit. Ead.*) “ex libro egregiè obscuro et a blattis tineisque fere confecto.” But, on the other hand, they are perfectly harmless :

Sweet without soure, and honny without gall :

as Spenser observes in his *Colin Clout's come home again : edit. 1595* : sign. E. F. Or, as is observed in *Les Illustrations de France*, *edit. 1513*, 4to. litt. goth :

Le dedens nest, ne trop cler, ne trop brun,
Mais delectable a veoir . . . comme il me semble. *Sign. C ii. rev.*

A genuine disciple of the London Roxburghe Club will always exclaim “delectable a veoir” let the contents of the book be “cler,” or “brun.” Nor will such enthusiastic Member allow of the epithets of “hodg-podge, gallimaufry, rhapsody,” &c. which are to be found in the “*Transdentals General*,” of Bishop Wilkins’s famous “*Essay towards a real character and a philosophical language* :” *edit. 1668*, fol. p. 28—as applicable to his beloved reprints !

THE PARISIAN BIBLIOPHILES, on the contrary, have it in contemplation to print, as the first essay of their Club, “*Some inedited Letters of Leibnitz : an inedited piece of Diderot : a very curious letter of Voltaire : and an ancient pastoral French Game, taken from one of the MSS. in the Royal Library.*” This will be executed upon the most beautiful vellum paper, in a large octavo form, and in a style of very superior typographical execution. Only twenty-four copies will be printed; that being the number of the Members of the Club. If the book, however, be from an inedited MS. they strike off one extra number for the acceptance of the tender of the MS. ; and if the contents of the MS. appear to the Society to be likely to interest the public (ἀγαθὸν τὸ καλὸν—oh, barbarous thought !) they allow a distinct impression ; but upon paper, and with press work, much inferior to the EDITIO PRINCEPS. The expenses of the printing are from the common funds of the Society. One book is to be printed each year ; and if any copy come to public auction, by the demise of the owner, the

was desultory as to topics, but animated as to manner. I had never witnessed M. Van Praet more

Society shall go as far as 100 francs, to buy it for themselves. Whether the Parisian Roxburghers (if I may so speak) mean to say of their publications that both the old and young

(πάντες μὲν τιμῶσιν ὁμῶς νέοι, ἢ δὲ παλαιοὶ.)

Stobai Sententiæ : Edit. Gesner. 1559, p. 354.

will equally strive to possess this precious copy, by the offer of *thrice* such a sum . . . remains indubitably to be ascertained ; but I approve their principle, and laud their spirit.

It remains to add the NAMES OF THE MEMBERS of the Bibliophiles of Paris ; as they have been transmitted to me by Monsieur Durand de Lançon.

1. Le Marquis de Chateaugiron, *Président*. 2. Guilbert de Pixérécours, *Secrétaire*. 3. Le Chevalier Walckenaer, *Membre de l'Institut, Trésorier*. 4. Alph. de Malartic, *Maitre des Requêtes*. 5. Durand de Lançon. 6. Edouard de Chabrol. 7. Berard, *Maitre des Requêtes*. 8. Le Vete. de Morel-Vindé, *Pair de France*. 9. Madame la Duchesse de Raguse, (*par courtoise.*) 10. Pensier. 11. Comte. Juste de Noailles. 12. Le Baron Hely d'Oisel, *Conseiller d'état*. 13. Le Marquis Scipion du Nocere, *Officier Supérieur du Garde du Corps*. 14. Hippolyte de la Porte. 15. De Monmerqué, *Conseiller à la Cour Royale*. 16. Coulon, à *Lyon*. 17. Le Duc de Crussol. 18. Le Comte d'Ourches, à *Nancy*. 19. Le Chevalier Langlès, *Membre de l'Institut*. 20. Duriez, à *Lille*. 21. Le Marquis Germain Garnier, *Pair de France*. 22. Monsieur le Chevalier Artaud, *Secrétaire d'Am-bass. à Rome*.

From this list, it appears that *two* vacant seats are yet to be filled up. Whether these are to be occupied by Duchesses or Marchionesses, is not yet ascertained—in spite of the half-suppressed whispers which have gained currency through the scandalous chronicle.

It now remains to conclude this note, as the above letter is concluded, with the mention of a BANQUET. The banquet alluded to was given by the Bibliophiles to the NOBLE PRESIDENT of the Roxburgh Club, when the latter was at Paris in the Spring of the year

alive to social disquisition. We talked of books, of pictures, and antiquities . . . and I happened, with the same witless simplicity which had pinned the portrait of King John over my seat at dinner, to mention that volume, of almost unparalleled rarity, yeilded *the Fables of Pfister, printed at Bamberg* in 1461:— which they had recently RESTORED to the Wolfenbützel Library. It was “more than enough” for the acute feelings of the devoted head-librarian. M. Van Praet talked with legs and arms, as well as with tongue, in reply to my observations upon the extraor-

1820. The Vice-President of the Roxburghe Club who happened at the same time to be at Paris, also received the honour of an invitation. The festival took place at *Beauvilliers'*, the modern Apicius of Parisian restorateurs. About twelve guests sat down to table. The Marquis de Chateaugiron was in the chair. They assembled at six, and separated at half-past nine. All that refinement and luxury could produce, was produced on the occasion. Champagnes of different tints, and different qualities—*lively* like M. Langlès, or *still* like Monsieur * * * *; fish, dressed as they dress it à la Rocher de Cancale—poultry, and pastry—varied in form, and piquant in taste—but better, and more palatable than either, conversation—well regulated and instructive—mingled with the most respectful attention to the ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST for whom the banquet had been prepared—gave a charm and a “joyaunce” to the character of that festival—which will not be easily effaced from the tablets of the narrator's memory. Where all shine pretty equally, it seems invidious to particularise. Yet I may be allowed to notice the hearty urbanity of the Marquis, the thorough good humour and bibliomaniacal experience of the Comte d'Ourches, (who, ever and anon, would talk about an edition of *Village Pastorals printed by Eggesteyn*) the vivacious sallies of the Chevalier Langlès, the keen yet circumspect remarks of the Comte Noailles, the vigilant attention and toast-stirring propensities of M. D. de Lançon, the *Elzeverian* enthusiasm of M. Berard, the But enough . . . “Claudite jam rivos pueri—sat prata biberunt.”

dinary worth and rarity of that singular volume. “Alas, Sir, nothing pained me more. Truly—” Here a smart flash of lightning came across us—which illumined our countenances with due effect: for it had been sometime past almost wholly dark, and we had been talking to each other without perceiving a feature in our respective faces. M. Langlès joined in M. Van Praet’s lamentation; and the Baron Denon, who (as I learnt) had been the means of obtaining that identical precious volume, united his tones of commiseration to those of his brethren. The lightning now became more frequent, and in larger flashes—but neither sharp nor very dazzling. Meanwhile the notes of a skilfully touched harp were heard from one of the windows of a neighbouring house, with a mingled effect which it was difficult to describe. Pfister, books, busts, and music, now wholly engrossed our attention—and we were absolutely enveloped in blue lightning. We had continued our discourse till towards midnight, had not the rain come down in a manner equally sudden and severe. It was one of the heaviest showers which I remember to have witnessed. The storm was directly in the centre of Paris, and over our heads. We retreated precipitately to the deserted banqueting room; and had a reinforcement of coffee. After such a series of melting hot weather, I shall not easily forget the refreshing sweetness emitted from every shrub upon the lawn. About ten o’clock, we thought of our respective homes. I went into another room to pay the reckoning; liberated King John from his second confinement; shook hands very heartily with my guests—and returned to my lodgings by no

means out of humour or out of heart with the day's entertainment. Whether they have been more rational, or more *economical*, in the celebration of the same festival, AT HOME, is a point, which I have some curiosity, but no right to discuss. Certainly they could not have been happier.

Having come to the conclusion of my account of the ROXBURGHE BANQUET, and it being just now hard upon the hour of midnight, I must relinquish my correspondent for my pillow. A good night.

LETTER XXXII.

THE COLLECTIONS OF DENON, M. QUINTIN CRAUFURD,
AND THE MARQUIS DE SOMMARIVA.

ALL the world has heard of the famous DENON, the Egyptian traveller, and editor of the great work of the *Antiquities of Egypt*, published in 1802, in two sumptuous folio volumes. As you possess a copy of the French work,* with choice impressions of the plates, I need say nothing further upon the subject—except that I believe it to be one of the very finest works of the kind, which has ever appeared . . . on the score of art. But the author has other claims to attention and popularity. He was the intimate friend—and certainly the confidential adviser, of Bonaparte, in all public schemes connected with the acquisition of pictures and statues : and undoubtedly he executed the task confided to him with *ability*. Of course, I wish to avoid all questions of *right*. He was hovering over his sixtieth year, when he started with his master upon the Egyptian expedition—a proof at least of energy, as well as of good disposition, in the cause. But Denon has been a great European traveller: he

* It was translated into English, and published in this country on a reduced scale, both as to text and engravings---but a reprint of it, with a folio volume o plates, &c. had appeared also in 1802. At the time, few publications had such a run ; or received more unqualified commendation.

has had access to private, as well as to public, cabinets : and has brought home some rich fruits of his enterprise and taste.

His house, on the *Quai Malaquais*, is the rendezvous of all the English of any taste—who have respectable letters of introduction ; and I must do him the justice to say, that, never did a man endure the *inconveniences* which must frequently result from keeping such open house, with greater adroitness and good humour than does the Baron Denon. I have sometimes found his principal rooms entirely filled by my countrymen and countrywomen ; and I once, from the purest accident, headed a party of *twenty-two* . . . in which were three British officers, and more than that number of members of either University. I will fairly own that, on receiving us, he drew me quietly aside, and observed : —“ Mon ami, quand vous viendrez une autre fois, ne commandez pas, je vous prie, une armée si nombreuse. Je m’imagine encore en Egypte.” What was still more perplexing, we found there a party of English as numerous as ourselves. It was thus, however, that he rebuked my indiscretion.

We had twice exchanged visits and cards before we met. The card of Denon was worth possessing, from the simple, unaffected modesty which it evinced. You merely read the word DENON upon it . . . ; from which it might be inferred, that, “ Il n’y a QU’UN DENON !” The owner of the collection which I am about to describe, is certainly “ un peu passé” as to years ; but he has a cheerful countenance, with the tint of health upon it ; small, gray, sparkling eyes, and teeth both regular and white. He is generally dressed in black,

and always as a gentleman.—His figure, not above the middle height, is well formed; and his step is at once light and firm. There is doubtless a good deal which is very prepossessing in his manners. As he understands nothing of the English language, he can of course neither read nor speak it. A friend had brought an English letter to him from Mr. S * R * ; which was read, off hand, by a lady belonging to our party: and Denon (who always expresses an affectionate respect for the author of that letter) attached himself more particularly to that lady during the whole of the visit. She shewed also, it must be confessed, a great deal of good sense in her remarks upon the collection.

It is now high time to give you some idea of this curious collection. You ascend a lofty and commodious stone staircase (not very common in Paris) and stop at the *first* floor:—another comfort, very rare in Paris—for “*donnez-vous la peine de monter au second*” or “*au troisième,*” or “*au quatrième*” . . . is more frequently the reply of Monsieur le Concierge to the question of residence. This collection is contained in about half a dozen rooms; lofty, airy, and well furnished . . . as you will presently find. The greater number of these rooms face the Seine. The first contains a miscellaneous assemblage of bronze busts, and pictures of Teniers, Watteau, and of the more modern School of Paris. Of these, the Watteau is singular, rather than happy, from its size. The two Teniers are light, thin pictures; sketches of pigs and asses; but they are very covetable morsels of the artist. In a corner, stands the skeleton of a female mummy in a glass case,

of which the integuments are preserved in a basket. This is thought to be equally precious and uncommon. M. Denon shews the foot of the figure (which is mere bone and muscle) with amazing triumph and satisfaction. He thinks it as fine as that of the *Venus de Medicis*. But there is no accounting for tastes. Among the busts is one of West, of Neckar, and of Denon himself: which latter I choose here to call "*Denon the First*." The second room contains a very surprising collection of Phœnician, Egyptian, and other oriental curiosities: and in a corner, to the left, is a set of small drawers, filled with very interesting medals of eminent characters, of all descriptions, chiefly of the sixteenth century. Above them is a portrait of the owner of the collection—which I choose to call "*Denon the Second*." This room exhibits a very interesting mélange. Over the fire place are some busts; of which the most remarkable are those of *Petrarch* and *Voltaire*; the former in bronze, the latter in terra-cotta; each of the size of life. Petrarch looks such a very chuckle-headed fellow, that one cannot be surprised that Laura did not return his affection. Voltaire's bust strikes me as being the best representation of the original extant. It is full of character; a wonderful mixture of malignity, wit, and genius.

The third room is the largest, and the most splendidly hung with pictures. Of these, the circular little *Guercino*—a holy family—is, to my poor judgment, worth the whole. The *Rysdael* and *Both* are very second rate. As you approach the fire-place, your attention is somewhat powerfully directed to a small bronze whole length figure of Bonaparte—leaning

upon a table, with his right arm supporting his forehead. Some charts, with a pair of compasses, are upon the table; and I believe this represents him in his cabin, on his voyage to Egypt. Is there any representation of him, in the same situation, upon his *return*? However, it is an admirable piece of workmanship. In this room is also (if I remember rightly) the original colossal head of the ex-emperor, when a young man, (with comparatively hollow cheeks) in white marble, by CANOVA. The busts of Louis XVIII. and the Duke de Berri are also here, as if to balance the account; but then they are in *plaster*. But I must not omit informing you that here is also another portrait, in oil, of the owner of the collection—which, if you please, we will call “*Denon the Third*.” You next enter a narrow, boudoir-shaped apartment, which contains, to my taste, the most curious and precious morsels of art which the Baron Denon possesses. They are specimens of the earlier to the later schools of painting, commencing with what are called *Giottos* and *Cimabues*—down to a very striking modern picture of a group of children, by a late French artist, just before the time of our Reynolds. This latter you would really conceive to have been the production of Sir Joshua himself. Of the specimens of the earlier schools, I was most struck with the head of PISANI, the inventor of medals—of the xvth century—painted by *Antonello da Messina*, a pupil of John Van Eyk. It is full of nature and of character. I could not get away from it. “Is it possible to obtain a copy of this picture?”—said I to its owner. “I understand you (replied Denon), you wish to carry that copy to your own country.” “And to have

it engraved there?" . . . "Most unquestionably" — resumed I. "It is at your service (he rejoined); Laurent will copy it admirably." I hardly knew how to thank Mons. Denon sufficiently.*

There was another head . . . but "non omnia possumus omnes." I mean, one of a female in profile, by MASACCIO. It was full of expression. "What, said its owner) must you have an engraving of *that* head also? It is bespoke; by myself. In short, every thing which you behold in these rooms (including even your favourite Pisani) will be *lithographised* for the publication of my own collection." Of course, after this declaration, I was careful of what I did or said. "But there was yet *one* thing in this collection—of which, as I saw such a variety, he could not refuse me a copy." "What might that be?" "A portrait of HIMSELF: from marble, from oil, or from enamel." "Take your choice: he replied: "faites ce que vous voulez,"—and it was agreed that M. Laguiche should make a drawing of the bust, in white marble, (I think

* THE OPPOSITE PLATE will best attest the truth of the above remark. It exhibits a specimen of that precise period of art, when a taste for the gothic was beginning somewhat to subside. The countenance is yet hard and severely marked; but the expression is easy and natural, and the *likeness* I should conceive to be perfect. As such, the picture is invaluable. M. Denon, amongst several specimens of the medallie talents of PISANI, possesses one of the head of "P. CANDIDUS, STUDIORUM HUMANITATIS DECUS." It is in bronze, and the head is in profile. On the reverse, round an opened book, with several tassels hanging down, we read, OPVS PISANI, PICTORIS . . . Was this the P. Candidus who translated the Greek historian Appian, of which Vindelin de Spira published the first Latin version in 1472, in folio? It strikes me to be the same.



FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IN THREE VOLUMES

the sculptor's name is Bosio) which is indeed very like him.* There is also a large and beautiful enamel of Denon, full dressed with all his orders, by AUGUSTIN; perhaps the most perfect specimen of that artist which France possesses. It is the work of several years past, when Denon had more flesh upon his cheek, and more fire in his eye. We may therefore say that this room contains "*Denon the Fourth, and Denon the Fifth!*"

In the same room you observe a very complete specimen of a papyrus inscription; brought from Egypt. Indeed the curiosities brought from that country (as

* The subjoined print by AGAR (from the drawing by Laguiche above mentioned) is a sufficient confirmation of the above remark. Both the Drawing and Engraving are equally exquisite.



might naturally be supposed) are numerous and valuable. But my attention was directed to more *understandable* objects of art. Opposite to the bust of Denon, is one of his late master, the ex-Emperor, in bronze: and above this latter, is a small picture, by *Lucas Cranach*, of a mendicant begging alms of a woman: full of character, and singularly striking. This room—or the one adjoining, I have forgotten which—contains M. Denon's collection of the prints of *MARC ANTONIO* or of *REMBRANDT*—or of both; a collection, which is said to be *unequaled*. Whether the former be more precious than the latter, or whether both be superior to what our British Museum contains of the same masters, is a point which has not yet been fairly determined. But I asked, one morning, for a glimpse of the Rembrandts. We were alone; just after we had breakfasted together. M. Denon commenced by shewing me two different states of the *Coach Landscape*, and two *great Coppinols* with *white grounds*—each varying somewhat!!! “Enough,” cried I—holding up both hands,—“you beat all in England and all in France!”

From hence you pass into a fourth room, which is M. Denon's bed-chamber. About the fire-place are numerous little choice bits of the graphic art. Two small *Watteaus*, in particular, are perfectly delicious; but they are yet eclipsed, in my estimation, by a very small *Sebastian Bourdon*; of a holy family. In a corner, too much darkened, is a fine small portrait of *Parmegiano* in profile: full of expression.—and, to the best of my recollection, never engraved. 'These

are, I think, the chief bijoux in the bed-room ; except that I might notice some ancient little bronzes, and an enamel or two by Pettitot. You now retrace your steps, and go into a fifth room, which has many fair good pictures, of a comparatively modern date ; and where, if I mistake not, you observe at least *one* portrait in oil of the master of the premises. This therefore gives us "*Denon the Seventh!*" It is here that master chiefly sits : and he calls it his workshop. His drawers and portfolios are, I think, filled with prints and old drawings : innumerable, and in the estimation of the owner, invaluable. You yet continue your route into a further room,—somewhat bereft of furniture, or en dishabille. Here, among other prints, I was struck with seeing that of *the late Mr. Pitt* ; from Edridge's small whole length. The story attached to it is rather singular. It was found on board the first naval prize (a frigate) which the French made during the late war ; and the Captain begged Monsieur Denon's acceptance of it. Here were also, if I remember rightly, prints of Mr. Fox and Lord Nelson ; but, as objects of *art*, I could not help looking with admiration—approaching to incredulity—upon three or four large prints, after Rembrandt and Paul Potter, which M. Denon assured me were the production of his *own burin*. I could scarcely believe it : but it was nevertheless true. Whatever be the merits of Denon, as a critical judge of art, ancient or modern, there is no person, not wholly blinded by prejudice, or soured by national antipathies, that can deny him great zeal, great talent, and great feeling . . . in the several pur-

suits of art, of which his apartments furnish such splendid evidence.

Thus cursorily have I conducted you through the chambers which contain the multifarious, but, upon the whole, very valuable collection of pictures, busts, bronzes, antiquities, drawings, and prints—which are the property . . . not only of M. DENON . . . but, I had almost said, of the public at large. The freedom of access, and the urbanity of reception, render a visit to these treasures at all times most acceptable. But, you may be disposed to add, “has this celebrated man no collection of Books?—no LIBRARY? At least he must have a *missal* or two?” ’Tis even so, my friend. Library, he has none: for as “one swallow does not make a summer,” so three or four pretty little illuminated volumes do not constitute a library. However, what he has of this kind, has been freely exhibited to me; and I here send you a transcript of some notes taken upon the spot.

I was first shewn a small missal, prettily executed in a gothic type, of the Italian form, after the models of those of Jenson and Hailbrun. The calendar has the paintings injured. On the reverse of the last leaf of the Calendar, we read, in roman capitals, the following impressive annotation: **DEUM TIME, PAUPERES SUSTINE, MEMENTO FINIS.** On the reverse of the ensuing leaf, is a large head of Christ, highly coloured: but with the lower part of the face disproportionately short: not unlike a figure of a similar kind, in the Duke of Devonshire’s Missal, described on a former occasion.*

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. i. p. clvii. &c.

The crucifixion, on the next leaf but one, is full of spirit and effect. Then commence the *Drolleries*: or a series of subjects most whimsically conceived, but most sweetly touched and finished. You cannot conceive any thing more perfect of their kind, and for their size, than are the beasts, birds, insects, fruits, and flowers. The vellum harmonises admirably, from its colour and quality. There are several comparatively large illuminations: some with very small figures; and two (one of St. John the Baptist, and the other of Christ mocked) are of great beauty in respect to force of colour. The initial capitals are executed with equal attention to taste in composition, and delicacy in colouring. This diminutive volume is only four inches high, by about two inches and three quarters wide. It is bound in red velvet, and mounted with silver knobs, with heads of cherubim upon them. It is fastened by a silver clasp; upon which is painted, and glazed, a head of Christ — of the time, as I conceive. M. Denon told me he bought this little gem of a bookseller in Italy, for 400 francs.

He has another Missal, about half an inch wider and taller, in the binding of the time, with stamped ornaments. This exhibits flowers, fruits, and birds, in the margins; touched with great delicacy and truth. Some of the borders have a gold ground, shaded with brown, upon which the fruit is richly brought out in relief: others have human figures; and the border, encircling the temptation of our first Parents, has nothing superior to it—and is really worth an engraved fac-simile: but not in *lithography*! It is on the forty-fifth leaf. One of the heads, in the border, is

like that of our Edward VI. The third illuminated ms. volume, in M. Denon's possession, is probably the most valuable. It is a quarto, written in the Spanish language, and bearing the date of 1553. The script is in red and black letters, alternately. This book contains several large illuminations, and coloured borders; and I was told, by its owner, that it was the *very book* upon which the OATHS OF INITIATION INTO THE SPANISH INQUISITION were administered. Its condition is most perfect. The first large illumination represents a Saint, with his scull divided by a sword, and blood streaming copiously therefrom: a palm, with three crowns, is in his right hand; a book is in his left: at top we read "*Exurge Domine, et judice Causam tuam.*" The Saint is surrounded by a border of fruits and flowers. It is the principal embellishment in the volume. This book is in its original, black leather, stamped binding, with knobs and clasps. A marginal note thus remarks: "*y noscan obligados asseruier cargomē off'º. de ella salbo si de su voluntad loquisier en servi.*"

The foregoing are only some of Baron Denon's book-treasures; but they are in all probability the best samples of his collection of illuminated volumes. With the opportunities which he must have had in foreign parts, both as a man of taste,—and as acting in a public capacity—it is perhaps not *very* surprising that his collection of curiosities, of all kinds, is such as we perceive it. But let us not withhold praise, where praise is justly due. Denon might have devoted both his time and his money to less commendable pursuits; and he might have equally prostituted his taste and

character in mere wanton acts of spoliation and rapacity. What he has done, has been, upon the whole, well done; and the urbanity and thorough good humour with which he unlocks his cabinets, and displays his stores of virtù, entitle him to the heartiest commendations of every visitor, whether a native or a foreigner. He has lately executed a whimsical thing. It is a representation of himself in sixteen different stages of life, from infancy to old age. These representations are described upon what appears to be a sheet, or piece of canvas, fastened to a pole, which is upheld by Time, with outstretched wings. An infant is seizing his hour glass. Below, is himself about to clip the wings of Cupid. A landscape covered with snow is in the back-ground. Denon has lithographised this subject, and presented me with a copy of it upon a warm-tinted paper, retouched by himself with black crayon. The whole performance is a sort of *capriccio* which you can neither censure nor commend. In the majority of the portraits of himself, he has been any thing but a flatterer.

In my last visit to Denon, I met with ANDRIEU; a name which reflects lustre upon the Fine Arts. As a MEDALLIST, he has no equal, nor perhaps ever had any, among the French. Our own SIMON enables us to oppose to him a rival of great and unquestionable talents; but we have slept soundly, both in the *medallic* and *numismatic* art, since the time of Cromwell; except that we were shook a little out of our slumbers during the reigns of Anne and George I. Andrieu has more of the pure Greek feeling about him, than Simon ever evinced: and prefers executing his

hair more in masses than in detail. He is therefore, on this head, a copyist; but he transfuses into the *countenance* that soul and intelligence which we delight to contemplate, and which we are prompt to own, in the countenances upon Greek coins. The series of *Bonaparte-Medals* are, almost entirely, I believe, the work of his hand: a work, altogether, far above successful competition. But *every* head is *safe* with Andrieu. He had just brought a medal of the present King (LOUIS XVIII.) to shew Denon. It was about the size of our half crown, in bronze. The countenance was in profile:—an admirable, and a very strong resemblance. The reverse was the equestrian statue of Henri IV., upon the Pont-Neuf.* Upon the whole, quite as good, as an effort of *art*, as what has been done for Bonaparte. The artist had well nigh succeeded in drawing me into a sort of half temptation to bespeak an impression of the medal *in gold*. “It was but a trifling sum—some twenty louis, or thereabouts. It would look so sharp and splendid in gold! . and . . .” “I thank you much, Sir, (replied I) but twenty louis will carry me almost to *Strasbourg*, whither I am to proceed in about a week or ten days.” M. Andrieu could not deny the truth of this remark; and so I wished him good day, well pleased to have been introduced to such an eminent artist. One thing, how-

* There has been recently struck (I think, last year) a medal with the same obverse and reverse, of about the size between an English farthing and halfpenny. The statue of Henry is perhaps the MIRACLE OF ART: but it requires a microscopic glass to appreciate its wonders. Correctly speaking, probably, such efforts are not in the purest good taste. Simplicity is the soul of numismatic beauty.

ever, I must add; much to his good sense and pure patriotic feeling. He had been indirectly solicited to strike some medals, commemorative of the illustrious achievements of our WELLINGTON: but this he pointedly declined. "It was not, Sir, for *me* to perpetuate the name of a man who had humbled the power, and rivalled the military glory, of my *own country*." Such was his remark to me. What is commendable in MUDIE,* would have been ill-timed, if not disgraceful, in Andrieu.

So much for DENON; and yet I must not close this account of him without transmitting you a copy of his PORTRAIT—the performance of *Laguiche*—from the marble bust mentioned in a previous part of my letter.† I hardly expected to have received it so soon.

Paris, like London, abounds with fine collections of pictures; but these pictures are rather of the modern, than of the ancient, school. The collection of the Marquis of Stafford, or of Earl Grosvenor, or of Mr. Angerstein, or even of Mr. Watson Taylor, would, alone, outweigh, in absolute value, any three private collections in Paris. Of public collections, the LOUVRE stands alone. It is yet rich, magnificent, and full of interest and wonder. It has been recently shorn, it is true, of much of its splendor; but *Rafaelle* and *Titian*, and *Rembrandt* and *Rubens*, still delight and astonish the well-instructed beholder. Need I

* The Artist who struck the series of medals to commemorate the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, from his landing in Portugal, to the battle of Waterloo.

† See page 458 ante, and the OPPOSITE PLATE.

dwell upon that “marvel of the world” the Marriage in Cana, by *Paolo Veronese*? Yes: it must be noticed—if it be only to lay the whip across the shoulders of * * * . . . restorateur, ex-officio, of faded Guidos and injured Veroneses! That mischievously active artist has left the marks of his *improving touches* upon the canvas of this immortal picture: but it yet is, and ever will be, the miracle of the Venetian school, and the admiration of the world. However, I will not say another word about a collection—which has been described “usque ad nauseam.”

Come with me to a very different exhibition of painting: to a unique collection, of its kind: to a collection, not frequently visited; as little known; but undoubtedly well deserving both of being often visited and described. It is of the COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS belonging to MR. QUINTIN CRAUFURD, living in the *Rue d'Anjou*, no. 21, that I am about to speak:—the fruits of a long residence (upwards of thirty years) in France, during the alternate commotions of republicanism and despotism. Mr. Craufurd is himself an old man. Madame is nothing nigh so much “passée,” and is the mother of the Duchesse de Guiche by a former husband. A letter of introduction from the Countess * * and the Earl of E * * procured me every facility of access to make repeated examinations of these treasures; and during my sojournings I fancied myself holding converse alternately with some of the grandees of the time of Francis I. and Louis XIV. Such a collection of *French portraits*—almost entirely of characters who have cut a figure in *history*—is nowhere else to be seen in Paris. In my estimation, it is

beyond all price ; and I trust that if, on the death of their present owner, they are destined for public sale,* the present King will not let slip so favourable an opportunity of increasing what may be well called the national wealth, by becoming the purchaser of the more distinguished performances. Many pictures doubtless must be duplicates ; but most are equally original and precious. Several are absolutely unique.

Let me begin at the beginning. Mr. Craufurd's house, situated in an excellent street, in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, is, to my taste, one of the most enchanting in Paris. Having "spoken to the Swiss," you cross the court-yard ; mount rather a lofty flight of steps ; enter the vestibule, and are ushered into the hall, or first room. Here, you look on all sides—with rapture. A green silk curtain, to the right, veils the famous *Danaë of Titian*. But can it be so?—and is not the *original* again in the palace of the King of Naples ? Or did Titian himself paint it *twice* ? He did, he did : and this is the *second original*. A picture more mellow, more glowing, and more perfect, you shall not see within thirteen stone's throw of the spot—and this "stone's throw" may include the Louvre. We will let fall the curtain, and proceed. Facing you, as you enter, stands—firmly upon his legs, and looking you manfully in the face—the gallant and faithful *Comte De Brienne, Grand Master of the Ceremonies to Francis I. and Henry II.* A fine picture : and quite perfect. To the left, is a charming whole length portrait by *Velasquez* ; a tender and exquisitely careful specimen of art. Of other whole lengths, but sub-

* Which is now (1820) the fact. The owner died in 1819.

ordinately executed, you should notice one of *Christine, Duchesse de Savoie*, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis; very curious, and in perfect preservation. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Louvre. A much more curious picture is a whole length, supposed to be of *Agnes Sorel*, mistress of Charles VII. One minute's reflection will correct this designation of the portrait. In the time of Agnes Sorel, portrait painting, in oil, was unknown — at least in France. The costume betrays the misnomer: for it is palpably not of the time of Agnes Sorel. Here is also a whole length of *Isabella, daughter of Philip II.* and Governess of the Low Countries. There are several small fancy pictures; among which I was chiefly, and indeed greatly struck, with a woman and two children by *Stella*. 'Tis a gem of its kind.

Leaving this room, you turn to the left — into a small room, but obscurely lighted. Here is a *Virgin and Child*, by *Sasso Ferrato*, that cannot be surpassed. There is a freedom of design, a crispness of touch, and a mellowness of colouring, in this picture, that render it a performance very much above the usual representations of this subject. In the same room is a spirited, but somewhat singular, picture of the *birth of Venus*. It exhibits the conception and touch of a master. The colouring is very sober. The name of the artist is not upon the frame, and as I was generally alone when I made my memoranda, I had no one to instruct me. Moreover it is just *possible* that the good Swiss valet might have given me a wrong name. You leave this room, and pass on—catching a glimpse of a lawn richly bedecked with flowers and shrubs—into a long and lofty room, which unites the two enviable distinc-

tions of LIBRARY and GALLERY. Here you are bewildered for an instant: that is to say, you are divided in your attention between the admiration of the proportion and structure of the room, and the alternate captivation of books, busts, and pictures. But as you have had enough of *paper* and *print* in former despatches, I shall confine myself here exclusively to the *pencil* and the *chissel*.

Let us first walk leisurely about the ground floor, ere we mount the gallery. To begin with the busts. That of the late *Abbé Barthelemi*, in white marble, immediately strikes you. It is full of nature and of character; and the hair has just enough of the antique gusto about it to render the toute ensemble equally classical and individualised — if you will allow this latter expression. Here is a terra-cotta head of *Corneille*, of very indifferent workmanship; and much inferior to a similar representation of him at Rouen.* The terra-cotta head of *Rousseau* is considerably better. But the marble bust of *Voltaire*, by Houdon, throws every thing about it into tameness. It is as fine as is the terra-cotta bust of the same person which Denon possesses.† Here, however, the poet is in a peruque, or dress-wig. His eyes sparkle with animation. Every feature and every muscle seems to be in action: and yet it is perfectly free from caricature or affectation. A surprising performance! This head and that of *Barthelemi* are quite perfect of their kind. And yet I am not sure whether I should not have preferred the fine bronze bust of *Henri II.*, somewhat larger than life, to

* See vol. i. p. 163.

† See p. 456, ante.

either of the preceding. But I must not forget the colossal head of *Bonaparte*, when a young man, by Canova. It is of white marble : considered to be the original. And yet Denon has the same head, by the same artist? I am not sure if I do not prefer Mr. Craufurd's. Of paintings, on this floor, the head of *Francis I.* by Titian—(which may be called rather a finished sketch, and which is retouched in parts) is a very desirable performance; but it is inferior to the same head, by the same artist, in the Louvre. Here is a charming portrait of a Lady in the time of Louis XV., who chose to lead the life of a *Religieuse*: sweetly and naturally touched. A fine portrait of *Grotius* is also here; well deserving a conspicuous place in any cabinet of learning. As a curiosity, I should notice a small head of *Louis XI.* “*avant la peinture à l'huile,*” —and yet Agnes Sorel is thought to be a contemporaneous production! It is in profile; very small, measuring only fourteen inches by nine. If the original character had not been such an horrible fellow, I should have had a copy of it—having obtained permission to that effect.

We will now walk up stairs to the gallery. Of course, in the confined space between the balustrade and the wainscot (not much more than three feet), it is barely possible to appreciate the full effect of the paintings; but I here send you a list of the greater part of them, with brief remarks, upon the general accuracy of which you may rely.

Madame Scarron, with the *Duc du Maine*; apparently by Mignard: in a very fresh and perfect state.

A fine head of *Racine*, and similar one of *De La Motte*.

Mademoiselle de Guiche, Princesse de Monaco ; in all probability by Mignard. Good.

Mademoiselle Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont ; by Mignard. If the Comte de Grammont chose to fall in love only with beautiful women, he could scarcely, upon his own principles, (which indeed were any thing but moral!) have found any one so lovely as was his wife. Yet I have seen handsomer portraits of her than this.

Anne de Gonzague. She was Princess Palatine, and daughter of Charles Duke of Nevers. This is a half length portrait. A garland is in her right hand. A gay and pleasing picture.

Le Chancelier d'Aguesseau. By Rigaud. A fine mellow portrait.

Louis XI. A whole length ; supposed to be by Leonardo da Vinci. Not very credible. It is a fine, bold, horribly-looking portrait : not in the very best state of preservation.

Blaise Pascal Very fine. The artist's name is not inscribed ; but there is a Murillio-like effect about this portrait, which is very striking. Pascal holds a letter in his hand.

Next to Pascal is a prodigiously fine oval portrait (is it of *Fontaine* ?) by Rigaud. No name is subjoined.

Comtesse de la Fayette. A fine countenance : hands apparently recoloured. In yellow drapery.

Julie-Lucie d'Augennes, Duchesse de Montausier. She died in 1671. The portrait is by Mignard. It represents this celebrated female, when young, enca-

dred by flowers. The carnation tints of the flesh, and the blue lustre of the eye, have nothing finer in the whole circle of Mignard's performances. This is a picture from which the eye is withdrawn with no common reluctance. It is clear, bright, fresh, and speaking.

The *Wife of P. de Champagne*. She holds a small oval portrait of the mother of her husband, the famous painter, in her lap. The picture is by P. de Champagne himself. The head of the mother is very clever: but the flesh has perhaps too predominant a tint of pinkish-purple throughout.

Madame de la Sabliere. Oval: very clever.

Madame Deshoulieres. Similar, in both respects.

Madame Cornuel. Oval: a stiff performance.

Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans. She is represented as Hebe. A pretty picture; but, as we English goths say, "too frenchified."

Madame de Staal. Oval. Beautiful and perfect.

Madame la Marquise de Rambouillet. A° 1646. A most beautiful picture. The head and shoulders are worthy of Vandyke. The curtain, in the background, is flowered; and perhaps too hard.

Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere, mère du dernier duc de ce nom. She was the mother of the Duke de la Valliere who had the celebrated library; and died in 1782, within three months of reaching her hundredth year! She was an old woman, but yet very handsome, when this portrait was painted. Her colour is yet tender, and her features are small and regular. The eyes have unusual intelligence, for so protracted a period of life. It is a half length, and I should think

by Rigaud. She is sitting in a chair, holding a tea spoon in her right hand, and a tea cup in her left. This may have some allusion, of which I am ignorant. The whole picture is full of nature, and in a fine tone of colour.

The *Duke of Monmouth*. He is sitting: holding a truncheon in his right hand. A helmet and plume are before him. He wears a white sash. This is a dark, but may be called a finely painted picture. Yet the Duke is not represented as a handsome man.

Turenne. By P. de Champagne. Fine.

Bossuet. By Rigaud. This is not only considered as the chef-d'oeuvre of Rigaud, but it has been pronounced to be the finest portrait ever executed within the last century of the French School. It is a whole length; and is well known to you from the wonderful print of it by Drevet. The representation is worthy of the original; for Bossuet was one of the last of the really great men of France. He had a fine capacity and fine scholarship; and was as adroit in polemics as Richelieu was in politics. He resembled somewhat our Horsley in his pulpit eloquence,—and was almost as pugnacious and overbearing in controversy. He excelled in quickness of perception, strength of argument, and vehemence of invective; yet his sermons are gradually becoming neglected—while those of Fenelon, Masillon, and Saurin are constantly resorted to . . . for the fine taste, pure feeling, and Christianlike consolation which breathe throughout them. One thing, in this fine whole length portrait of Bossuet, cannot fail to be noticed by the curious. The head seems to have been separately painted, on a small square piece of canvass;

and *let into* the picture. There is certainly a *rifacimento* of some kind or other; which should denote the head to have been twice painted.

C. Paulin. By Champagne. Paulin was first confessor to Louis XIV.; and had therefore, I should apprehend, enough upon his hands. This is a fine portrait.

William III. Harsh and stiff. It is a performance (as most of those of William seem to be) for the model of a head of a ship.

Colbert, Evêque de Montpellier. A fine head.

Fléchier, Evêque de Nismes. A very fine portrait. The name of the painter does not appear.

A fine half length portrait of a *Marshal of France*, with a truncheon in his hand. Both the hands are beautifully drawn and coloured.

Maréchal Duc d'Harcourt. By Rigaud.

Eliz. Angélique de Montmorenci, Duchesse de Chatillon. She died in 1695, in her 69th year. This is a fine picture, but injured and retouched. The left hand rests upon a lion's head.

F. Marie de Bourbon, fille de Madame de Montespan, et femme du Régent. A stiffish picture; but the countenance is pleasing.

Madame la Duchesse de Nevers, fille de Madame de Thianges, et nièce de Madame de Montespan. A bow is in her right hand, and a dog in her left. The countenance is beautiful and well painted. The eyes and mouth in particular have great sweetness of expression.

Duc de Montausier; in a hat and red feather. By Rigaud.

Madame la Duchesse de Sforce: fille cadette de Madame de Thianges. A small whole length, sitting: with two greyhounds in her lap, and a third at her side.

Le Ministre Colbert. By Mignard. A fine picture.

Marie Leezinska, femme de Louis XV. A cleverly painted head.

Le Cardinal Mazarin. By P. de Champagne. Whole length. A fine portrait — which I never contemplate without thinking of the poor unfortunate “man in an iron mask!” A whole length of *Anne of Austria* ought to be facing this portrait!

Madame de Motteville. She died in her 74th year, in 1689. This is merely the head and shoulders; but in the Vandyke style of execution.

Charles Paris d'Orleans, dernier Duc de Longueville. He was killed in the famous passage of the Rhine, at Tollhuys, in 1672,

Charles I. By Vandyke. A beautiful half length portrait. Perhaps too highly varnished.

Le Marquis de Cinq-Mars. He was beheaded at the age of twenty-two, in September 1642. This is also a whole length of him, in a rich, white, flowered dress. A genuine and interesting picture.

Mary Queen of Scots. Whole length: in a white dress. A copy; or, if an old picture, repainted all over.

Don Carlos, the unfortunate son of Philip II. of Spain. A beautiful youth; but this picture, alleged to have been painted by Alfonso Sanchez Coello, must be a copy.

The foregoing are the principal decorations along

the gallery of this handsome and interesting room. In an adjoining closet, where were once two or three portraits of Bonaparte, is a beautiful and highly finished small whole length of *Philip Duke of Orleans*, Regent of France. Also a whole length of *Marmontel*, sitting; executed in crayon. The curiously carved frame, in a brown-coloured wood, in which this latter drawing is contained, is justly an object of admiration with visitors. I have scarcely seen a more appropriate ornament, for a choice cabinet, than this estimable portrait of Marmontel. Here are portraits of *Neckar*, and *Clement Marot*, in crayons: the latter a copy. Here is, too, a cleverly painted portrait of *L. de Boulogne*.

We descend—to a fourth room, or rather to a richly furnished cabinet—below stairs. Every thing here is “en petit.” Whether whole lengths, or half lengths, they are representations in miniature. What is this singular portrait, which strikes one to the left, on entering? Can it be so? Yes... *DIANE DE POICTIERS* again! She yet lives every where in France. ’Tis a strange performance; but I have no hesitation in calling it *AN ORIGINAL*. . . although in parts it has been palpably retouched. But the features—and especially the eyes—(those “glasses of the soul,” as old Boiastuau calls them*) seem to retain their former lustre and

* *As old Boiastuau calls them*] The above quotation is incomplete; for the passage alluded to runs thus. “Where is the painter so well sorting his colours, that could paint these faire eyes that are the *windows of the body, and glasses of the soul.*” The continuation is in a very picturesque style. See the *Theatre or Rule of the World*, p. 236-7, quoted in a recent (1808) edition of *More’s Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 143.

expression. This highly curious portrait is a half length, measuring only ten inches by about eight. It represents the original without any drapery, except a crimson mantle thrown over her back. She is leaning upon her left arm, which is supported by a bank. A sort of tiara is upon her head. Her hair is braided. Above her, within a frame, is the following inscription, in capital roman letters: “*Comme le Cerf brait après le discours des Eaux : ainsi brait mon Ame, après Toy, ó Dieu.*” PS. XLII. Upon the whole, this is perhaps the most legitimate representation of the original which France possesses.

In the same boudoir is a small and beautifully coloured head of *Francis I.* Here is also a portrait of the famous *Duchess of Portsmouth*, on horseback, in red; and another of the *Duchess of Nevers*, in a blue riding jacket. But much more estimable, and highly to be prized—as works of art—are the two MURILLIOS: one, apparently of St. Francis, which was always religiously preserved in the bed-chamber of Madame de Maintenon, having been given to her by Louis XIV: The other, although fine, has less general interest. I could hardly sufficiently admire the whole length of *Jacques Callot*, painted by himself. It is delicious, of its kind. There is a very curious and probably coeval picture representing whole length portraits of the *Cardinals of Guise and Lorraine*, and the *Dukes of Guise and Mayenne*. The figures are very small, but appear to be faithful representations. An old portrait of *Louis Roi de Sicile, Père de René*,—a small head, supposed

But *Primaudaye's French Academy*, Lond. 1605, 4to. runs very much in the same strain.

to be of the xvth century—is sufficiently singular, but I take this to be a copy. Yet the likeness may be correct. A whole length of *Washington*, with a black servant holding his horse, did not escape my attention. Nor, as an antiquary, could I refuse bestowing several minutes attention upon the curious old portrait (supposed to be by *Jean de Bruges*) of *Charlotte, wife of Louis XI*. It is much in the style of the old illuminations. In one of the lower rooms, I forget which, is a portrait of Bonaparte; the upper part of the same representation of him which appeared in London from the pencil of David. He is placed by the side of a portrait (of the same dimensions) of his conqueror Wellington: but I am not much disposed to admire the style of execution of our hero. It is a stiff, formal, and hardly-executed picture. The features look as if the head had been put into a vice. Assuredly the present school of French portrait painters is most egregiously defective in expression; while ours, since the days of Reynolds, has maintained a most decided superiority. I believe I have now noticed every thing that is more particularly deserving of attention in the COLLECTION of Mr. QUINTIN CRAUFURD . . . But I cannot retrace my steps without again expressing my admiration of the locale of this little domain. The garden, offices, and neighbourhood, render it one of the most desirable residences in Paris.

As I happen to be just now in the humour for gossiping about the fine arts, suppose I take you with me to the collection of paintings of the MARQUIS DE SOMMARIVA, in the *Rue du Bas Rempart*? It is among the most distinguished, and the most celebrated, in Paris; but I should say it is rather eminent for sculp-

ture than for painting. It is here that CANOVA reigns without a rival. The early acquaintance and long tried friend of the Marquis, that unrivalled sculptor has deposited here what he considers to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of his art, as a single figure. Of course, I speak of his *Magdalen*. But let me be methodical. The open day for the inspection of his treasures is *Friday*. Luckily last Friday happened to be a very fine one for the occasion. A bright sun, with a slight breeze that collected only soft fleecy clouds, which passed away almost as soon as they appeared, put me in spirits for the occasion. I knocked . . . but "the Marquis had suddenly and unexpectedly, the preceding evening, returned from Italy—and his house was not open to strangers, in consequence. In short, he was yet abed, and could not be disturbed."

"What was to be done? In all probability I should never have another opportunity, as I meditated leaving Paris within a week or ten days. I loved art so much, that I should be miserable if I went away without examining the treasures of the Marquis." Such was my logic, to a respectable looking valet—considerably advanced beyond the middle time of life. He appeared to be a little *touched* with the reply. He paused for a few seconds, and then calmly replied: "be so good as to call about three or four: the Marquis will then be rising, and the rooms will be unoccupied. You shall then have your wishes gratified." This was spoken in a business-like manner; as if, anticipating my reply, he had got an answer cut and dried for the occasion.

I was punctual to the time; and called exactly be-

tween the hours mentioned. Not a creature was in the rooms. I found the general effect very splendid and imposing ; and a whole length portrait of the owner of the collection, which faced me on entering, seemed to call upon me, in a very particular manner, to admire the liberality and respect the privilege conceded to me by the ORIGINAL. The two principal rooms, which communicate with each other by a transparent division of plate glass, have a striking and interesting effect. I took out my memorandum-book, and went directly to work ; noticing only those subjects which appeared, on one account or other, to be more particularly deserving of attention. There is a pretty picture of CUPID AND PSYCHE, by *Carlo Cignani* ; the simple and quiet effect of which is much heightened by being contrasted with the very worst representation of the *same subject*, which I ever saw, by *David* : painted last year at Brussels. How the Marquis can afford so many square yards of his walls for the reception of such a performance, is almost marvellous. It is throughout, in the worst possible taste. The countenance of Cupid, who is sitting on the bed or couch with the vacant grin of an ideot, is that of a negro. It is dark, squat-featured, and of an utterly inane expression. Psyche is lying upon the couch, divested of drapery, with the bones and muscles of her limbs marked with almost anatomical severity. The colouring is also too ruddy throughout—even to the extremities. Near to this really heartless picture, is one of a woman flying ; well drawn, and rather tenderly coloured. Opposite, is a picture of Venus supported in the air by a group of Cupids. The artist is Prudhon ; and I rather suspect

that, in his colouring, he strives to imitate Coreggio. I will go further, and say he is by no means an unsuccessful imitator. In the general glare of colour, which distinguishes the French school, it is absolutely refreshing to have the eye soothed by something like an attempt at a mellow chiaro-oscuro. This picture has undoubted merit. It is, upon the whole, finely coloured; but the countenance of Venus is so pale as to have almost a deathly effect. Is it intended to represent her as snatched away from the sight of her dead Adonis? This may account for such pallidness of colour. I saw, the other day, a very pleasing little picture of a zephyr—a winged boy balancing himself by a bough, and seesawing in the air—executed by the same artist. It was really a charming cabinet picture, and belonged also (I think) to the Marquis.*

In common courtesy I must make but brief mention of a very clumsy, and ill-drawn child, by De Broisefremont; and hasten, in the next room, to the magnificent picture of *Diana and Endymion*, painted by Guerin in 1810, and lately engraved. This picture is a very fair illustration of the merits and demerits of the **FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING**. The drawing of Endymion is, upon the whole, good; but a palpable copy of the antique. This necessarily gives it somewhat an air of affectation. The shepherd lies upon a bed of clouds, (terminated by an horizon which is warmed by the rays of a setting sun) very gracefully and perhaps naturally. He seems to sleep soundly. His whole

* This picture was last year at M. Laugier's the engraver; and it will lose nothing of its warm and pleasing effect from the burin of that artist.

figure and countenance glow with the warmth of beauty and youth. I will not disturb his slumbers by finding the least fault—even with the disposition of the extremities. But his nightly visitor—the enamoured goddess—is, of all female figures which I have ever seen within a drawing room, or upon canvass, one of the most affected, meagre, and uninteresting. Diana has been exchanged for an opera dancer. The waist is pinched in, the attitude is full of conceit, and there is a dark shadow about the neck, as if she had been trying some previous experiment with a *rope* ! Endymion could never open his eyes to gaze upon a figure so utterly unworthy of the representation of an enamoured deity. The Cupids must also be condemned ; for they are poor in form, and indifferent in execution. The back ground has considerable merit : but I fear the picture is too highly glazed. In this room also is the famous picture of *Belisarius*, engraved with so much *éclat* by Desnoyers. I own that I like the engraving better than the painting ; for I see no occasion for such a disproportionate quantity of warm colouring as this picture exhibits. With what infinitely greater force and pathos has Salvator Rosa treated the same subject ? !

Pope (in his Epistle to Jarvis, I think) says of artists, that, “ to paint the naked is their dear delight.” No artists ever delighted so much in this branch of painting as the French. The Luxembourg Gallery, from one end to the other, is nearly filled with sprawling, and oft-times disgusting, pictures of this description. Does not all this argue a want—not only of respect, but of feeling ? It was therefore pleasing to me, my

dear friend, to turn my attention from the studied display of naked goddesses, in the collection of the worthy Marquis of Sommariva, towards objects a little more qualified to gratify the higher feelings connected with art :—and the first thing which soothed me, when I *had* so turned my attention, was, the *Terpsichore* of *Canova*. You know it from the print by *Morghen*. The countenance, to my eye, is the perfection of female beauty :—yet it is a countenance which seems to be the abstract—the result of study, and of combination—rather than of beauty as seen “in mortal race which walks the earth.” The drapery seems to be studiously neglected—giving it the appearance of the antique, which had been battered and bruised by the casualties of some two thousand years. By this, I mean that the folds are not only numerous, but the intermediate parts are not marked by that degree of precision and finish, which, in my opinion, they ought to have received. Yet the whole has an enchantingly simple air : at once classical, pure, and impressive. The Marquis has indeed great reason to be proud of it.

But if I pat the right cheek of *Canova* with one hand, I must cuff his left cheek with the other. Here is a *Cupid* by him, executed in 1787. It is evidently the production of a mind not ripened to its fullest powers. In other words, I should call it “a poor, flat thing.” The *Magdalen* . . . bye and bye. To return to the pencil. Here is a fine head, with the word *De Pontormo* beneath, of the date 1536. It is a rare and interesting specimen of art ; and I know *who* would mightily desire such a portrait to be placed over his ebony and gilt-relieved bookcases?! You cannot

avoid being struck and delighted with a very fine old head of *Moroni Bergamo* ; that of a young person by *Rembrandt*, of the date of 1632 ; a musical piece by *Paolo Veronese*, dated 1576 ; a *Giorgione*, 1506 ; woman washing, by *Vandyke*, 1626— a fine and unusual picture of the master. Here is a woman looking up in religious rapture, by *Carlo Dolce* ; the head is rather poor as to expression, but the whole is sweetly managed, and the hands are the best pair of hands which I ever saw of the master. The date is 1666. A small Holy Family, by *Titian*, cannot fail to interest you ; as well as a fine Magdalen, by *Guercino*, of the date of 1620. *Guido's* Roman Charity (the Father and Daughter) is better than a bad *Albano*, contiguous to it. But an *Annibal Caracci*, of Venus, with a Cupid and mirror, exhibits great powers of drawing and colouring. The back of the goddess is presented to you. There is rather a fine Roman Charity, by Carlo Cignani, of the date of 1700. But a boudoir, in the right hand corner of this room, contains probably the choicest specimens of the old school of Italian painting. There is preserved, in a case, a very fine head by *Coreggio* ; but in another case, there is, to my judgment, a still finer head—that of *Christ bearing the Cross*, by *Titian*. It is much smaller than life ; but full of all the powers of the master. The colouring and expression cannot be exceeded. Almost equal to either, is a very fine head by *Giorgione* ; much superior to what is seen of the same master in the contiguous room—where I forgot to notice a *supposed* Leonardo da Vinci, of Jupiter and Leda. This ought to be . . . elsewhere.

We approach the far-famed MAGDALEN. Imme-

diately opposite the boudoir, where the last mentioned treasures are deposited, you observe a door, or aperture, half covered with silken drapery of a greyish brown tint. There was something mysterious in the appearance, and equally so in the approach. I had no intimation of what it led to; for, as I told you, not a creature besides myself was in the rooms. With a gently raised hand I drew the drapery aside, entered . . . and looked before me. There stood the **MAGDALEN**. There she was, (more correctly speaking) kneeling; in anguish and wretchedness of soul—her head hanging down—contemplating a scull and cross, which were supported by her knees. Her dishevelled hair flowed profusely over her back and shoulders. Her cheeks were sunk. Her eyes were hollow. Her attitude was lowly and submissive. You could not look at her without feeling pity and compassion.

Such, in few words, is the Magdalen of Canova. For the first five minutes I was lost in surprise and admiration. The windows are hid by white curtains; and the interior is hung all over with the same grey silk drapery, before noticed. A glass, placed behind the figure; affords you a view of the back while you are contemplating the front. This is very ingenious; but it is probably too artificial. The effect of the room, however—from the silken drapery with which it is entirely covered—is, although studied, upon the whole excellent. Of course the minutes flew away quickly in such a place, and before such an object; and I think I viewed the figure, in every possible direction, for full three quarters of an hour. The result of that view—after the first feelings of admiration had subsided—I

proceed forthwith to impart: and shall be most happy to be set right if I have erred in the conclusion which I draw. In truth, there can be only one or two little supposed impeachments of the artist's judgment, in the contemplation of this extraordinary figure. The Magdalen has probably too much of the abject expression of *mendicity* in her attitude; and, for a creature thus poor and prostrate, one is surprised to find her gazing upon a *golden* cross. This is also an anachronism; for in her time it may be doubted whether the art of *gilding* were known—and we cannot suppose her to be contemplating a cross of gold. Besides, it is a piece of finery ill placed in the midst of such wretchedness. But Canova is fond of gilt; yet what is appropriate in *Hebe* may be discordant in the *Magdalen*. This penitent creature, here so touchingly expressed, is deeply wrapt in meditation upon her crucified Master. She has forsaken the world . . . to follow the cross!—but surely this idea would have been more powerfully expressed, if the cross had not been *visible*? Was this object necessary to tell the tale?—or, rather, did not the sculptor deem it necessary to *balance* (as it is called) the figure? Nor am I over well satisfied with the scull. It is common-place. At any rate, if scull and cross must be there, I wish the cross had been simply of stone—as is the scull.

My next objection relates to a somewhat more important point. I think the *face* and *figure* do not seem to belong to the *same* human being: the former is shrunken, ghastly, and indicative of extreme constitutional debility: the latter is plump, well formed, and bespeaks a subject in the enjoyment of full health.

Can such an union, therefore, be quite correct? In the different views of this figure, especially in profile, or behind, you cannot fail to be struck with the general beauty of the form; but this beauty arises from its fullness and just proportion. In gazing upon it, in front, you are pained by the view of a countenance shrunk almost to emaciation! Can this be in nature? And do not mental affliction and bodily debility generally go together? The old painters, even as far back as the time of illuminators of books, used to represent the Magdalen as plump, even to fatness,—and stout in all respects; but her *countenance* usually partook of this vigour of stamina. It was full, rosy, and healthful. The older artists sometimes placed the Magdalen in very awkward, and perhaps impossible, situations; and she was even made to be buried up to the bosom in earth—still exercising her devotions. Canova has doubtless displayed great pathos in the wretched aspect, and humiliated attitude, of his Magdalen; but he has, at the same time, not been inattentive to beauty of form. I only wish she appeared to be in as good condition as the *torso* indicates. A fastidious observer might say the figure was not *quite balanced*, and that she must fall backward— if she retained such an attitude for a quarter of an hour. But this is hyper-criticism. The date of the execution of this figure is 1796; and parts of it clearly indicate that, if the sculptor were now to re-execute it, he would have paid even yet more attention to the finishing of the hair. Upon the whole, however, it is a masterly effort of modern art.

Having now examined all that seemed to be deserving of particular attention, I descended the stair-case by which I had mounted—still alone, and with not a creature in view. However, at the entrance-door I met the respectable porter, of whom mention has been made—requited him for the liberal means of access which he had afforded me,—(but which he said was “not at all necessary”) and coming out into the open air, and hearing the noise of active life—the immediate effect was altogether rather extraordinary. I have much wished to see the very curious and miscellaneous collection of MONSIEUR DURAND, who lives near the *Hôtel de Soubise*; but fear my stay in this fascinating metropolis is now too short to allow of it. At any rate, I think you have quite a sufficient quantity of GRAPHIC disquisition for one epistle; and may desire to breathe a little ere you hear the same subject resumed. It is almost fixed that we leave Paris within a week or ten days from hence:—and then, for green fields, yellow corn, running streams, ripened fruit, and all the rural evidences of a matured summer. Since the thunder storm noticed in my last, the weather has become cooler: but in a very trifling degree. Do not calculate upon more than another despatch from these metropolitan head-quarters. Ever yours.

LETTER XXXIII.

NOTICE OF M. WILLEMIN'S MONUMENS FRANÇAIS INÉDITS. MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS. GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

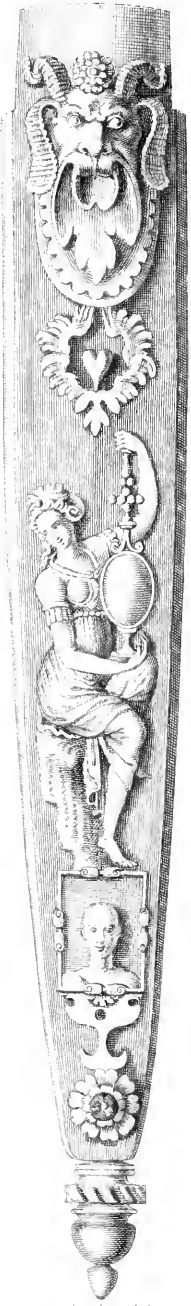
July 8, 1818.

I REJOICE that it is in my power once more — but certainly for the last time, from hence—to address you upon a few subjects, which, from your earlier replies to my Paris letters, you seem to think that I have lost sight of. These subjects, it appears, relate chiefly to MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. Be assured that I have never been, for one moment, indifferent to them ; but in the vast bibliographical field of variety which the public libraries of this place held out to me, it was impossible, in the first instance, not to take advantage of the curious, and probably useful information, to be derived from thence.

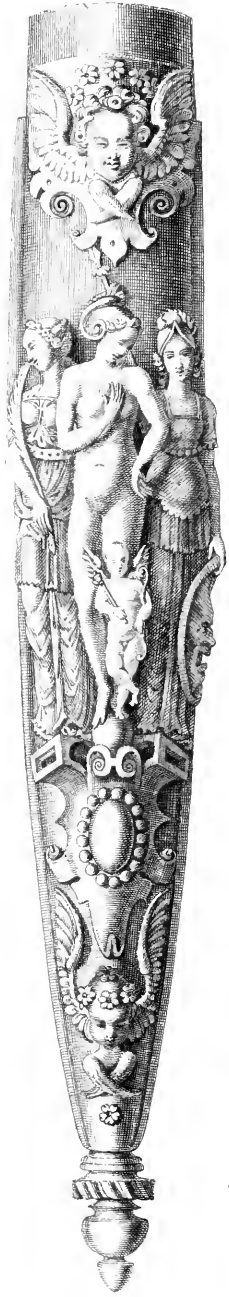
I must begin therefore by telling you that I had often heard of the unassuming and assiduous author of the *Monumens Français Inédits*, and was resolved to pay him a visit. I found him in the *Rue Babile*, towards the eastern end of the Rue St. Honoré, living on the third floor. Several young females were in the ante-room, colouring the plates of that work ; which are chiefly in outline and in aqua-tint. Each livraison contains six plates, at twelve francs the livraison. The form is

folio, and about twenty-eight numbers are printed. The fault of the work is, that it is *too* miscellaneous. Too many specimens of the same period are exhibited, and these specimens seem to have been frequently too hastily selected. There is something of every thing : furniture, dresses, houses, castles, churches, stained glass, paintings, and sculpture. Illuminated MSS. are as freely laid under contribution as are the outsides and insides of buildings, of whatsoever description. Indeed I hardly ever visited the Public Library without finding M. Willemin busied, with his pencil and tracing paper, with some ancient illuminated MS. The style of art in the publication here noticed, is, upon the whole, feeble ; but as the price of the work is moderate, no purchaser can reasonably complain. The subjects seem to be sufficiently faithful copies of the originals ; and the variety and quantity of the embellishments will always render M. Willemin's work an acceptable inmate with every well-chosen library. I recommend it to you strongly ; premising, that the author professedly discards all pretension to profound or very critical antiquarian learning.

For himself, M. Willemin is among the most enthusiastic, but most modest, of his antiquarian brethren. He has seen better days. His abode and manners afford evidence that he was once surrounded by comparative affluence and respectability. A picture of his deceased wife hung over the chimney-piece. The back-ground evinced a gaily furnished apartment. " Yes, Sir, (said Mr. W.—on observing that I noticed it) such was *once* my room, and its *chief ornament*."—Of course I construed the latter to be his late wife.



Pl. 1. 1.



Pl. 1. 2.

THE KNIFE AND CASE OF DIANA OF POICTIERS.

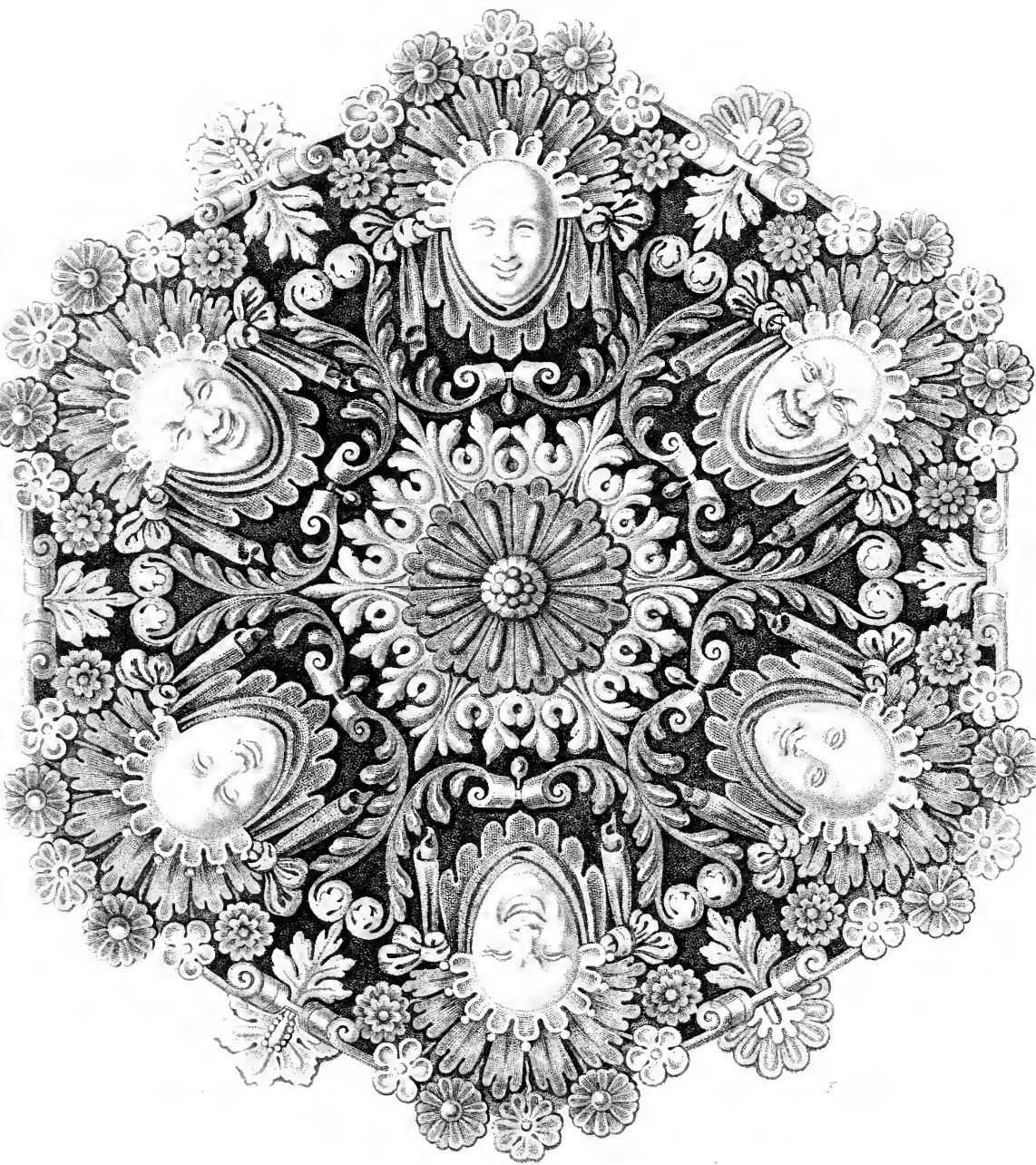
“ Alas ! (resumed he) in better days, I had six splendid cabinets filled with curiosities. I have now — not a single one ! Such is life.” He admitted that his publication brought him a very trifling profit ; and that, out of his own country, he considered the *London* market as the most advantageous to him. A large broken phial, containing water and a fleur-de-lis in full bloom, was the only ornament of his mantle piece “ Have you no curiosities of any kind — (said I to him) for sale ? ” “ None— ” replied he ; but he had *drawings* of a few. “ Have the kindness to shew me some of these drawings ”—and forthwith appeared the performance which I here transmit for your admiration as well as inspection.* It is the case or *pocket-knife of Diane de Poitiers*, drawn from the original by Langlois. “ Where is the original ? ” observed I, hastily. “ Ha, Sir, you are not singular in your question. A nobleman of your country was almost losing his wits because he could not purchase it :—and yet, this original was once to be obtained for *twenty louis!* ” I confess I was right glad to obtain the drawing of Langlois for two napoleons. It is minutely and prettily executed, and apparently with great fidelity. Indeed the artist LANGLOIS merits a very different fate. He is at once the “ pride and the shame of France.” What he has done for *Rouen*, ought to make him free of the table of every restaurateur in Normandy ; and his allowance, both of meat and drink, should be served up to him upon silver. His small

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The view gives *each side* of the handle, which is ivory. The blade is silver.

groups of figures are admirable ; but they are probably a little too tall.

Mr. Willemin proceeded to shew me a few more drawings for his national work, telling me precisely what he *meant*, and what he did *not* mean, to publish. His own drawings with a pen are, some of them, of a masterly execution ; and although of a less brilliant and less classical style than those of LE NOIR, M. Willemin is still an artist of whom his country will never have reason to be ashamed. I bought several drawings of him, and here enclose you a specimen or two. One represents the sculptured figures upon the outside of the *grand portal* of the *Cathedral of Chartres*.* These figures seem to be of the XIITH century. The copy is perhaps rather feebly (even to *woolliness*, as they term it) executed. It wants the bold, rough, touches which designate perishing stone. The other drawing is of a rich piece of *fayence*, or of painted and glazed earthen-ware dish, and about the middle of the sixteenth century : of which I remember to have seen some very curious specimens at Denon's. But nothing can be more singular, and at the same time more beautiful of its kind, than the present specimen—supposed to be the work of the famous Bernard Pallissy.† Paris abounds with such treasures. Look also at what I have picked up in the BOOK-BINDING WAY. What you here see, is a drawing, by M. Willemin, of a portion of the original folio cover in stamped leather, or with blind tooling. Charles Lewis himself must allow its extreme elegance and richness.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE, No. I. † OPPOSITE PLATE, No. II.



FAIENCE PLATE

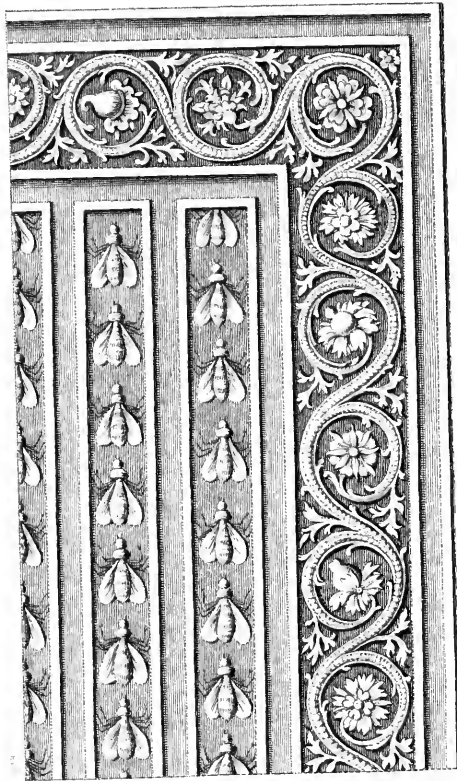
The Workmanship of the Plate

of the Fifteenth Century



OF THE CATHEDRAL AT CHANDEL





I think you will admit that I am making ample amends for apparently past negligence respecting MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. I have often told you that FRANCIS I. and HENRI IV. are the great *regal* objects of admiration with French antiquaries. In the cabinet or museum of antiquities, in the Royal Library, they preserve the bronze helmet and shield which were worn by Francis in battle. His head, in marble, adorns the Louvre. It is a thoroughly original countenance; bespeaking the naïveté, vivacity, wit, courage, and enterprise of the original. The plaister-

shops of Paris have casts of this head both with, and without, the helmet. I preferred it in the *former* state, and have recently bought one,—with which I know you will be delighted.*

* After this bust had reached England, it was drawn by Mr. CORBOULD in a style of equal brilliancy and fidelity; and has been thus exquisitely engraved by Mr. S. FREEMAN.



But this is not the only piece of extravagance, in the bust-way, of which I have been guilty. Be it known that the drawing of the pocket-knife of **DIANE DE POICTIERS** begat a sort of phrensy for the plaister cast of the Lady in question, from the original at the Louvre, presented by the present Duchess of Orleans.*

* This plaister-cast was also sent to England, and has been beautifully copied by Mr. CORBOULD; exhibiting all the interesting expression of countenance possessed by the original. The original is the workmanship of the famous **GOUJON**.



Of all cities, PARIS is probably that which abounds with rich and curious relics of ancient art. Its churches, its palaces, its public buildings—sometimes grotesque and sometimes magnificent—furnish alike subjects for admiration and materials for collection. But the genius of the French does not lie in this pursuit. From the commencement of the sixteenth century, the ANTIQUITIES OF PARIS might have supplied a critical antiquary with matter for a publication which could have been second only to the immortal work of Piranesi. But with the exception of Montfaucon, (which I admit to be a most splendid exception) and recently of MILLIN and LE NOIR, France hardly boasts of an indigenious Antiquary. In our own country, we have good reason to be proud of this department of literature. The names of Leland, Camden, Cotton, Dugdale, Gibson, Tanner, Gough, and Lysons, place us even upon a level with the antiquarians of Italy. It was only the other day that M. Willemin was urging me, on my return to England, to take *Beauvais* in my way, in order to pay a visit to Madame La Comtesse de G., living at a chateau about three leagues from that place. She possessed a collection of carved wood, in bas-reliefs, porches, stair-cases, &c. all from a neighbouring dilapidated abbey; and, among other things, one singular piece of sculpture, descriptive of the temptation of St. Anthony. He had reason to think that the Countess might be more successfully tempted than was the Saint just mentioned; in other words, that these things were to be had for “money” rather than for “love.”

For specimens of the costume of the lower classes of the *south* side of the Seine must be chiefly visited. The great streets which lead thither are those of *St. Victor*, *St. Jacques*, and *De La Harpe*. Mr. Lewis had frequently strolled to this quarter of Paris; and his attention was one morning particularly directed to a group of *Blanchisseuses* — who were halting beneath their burdens to have a little gossip with each other. Look at the manner in which he has treated this group by his magical pencil. It is full of character.



One of the causes of the want of encouragement in NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES, among the French, may arise from the natural love of the people for what is gay and gaudy, rather than for what is grave and instructive. And yet, when will nations learn that few things tend so strongly to keep alive a pure spirit of PATRIOTISM as *such* a study or pursuit? As we reverence the past, so do we anticipate the future. To love what our forefathers have done in arts, in arms, or in learning, is to lay the surest foundation for a proper respect for our own memories in after ages. But with Millin, I fear, the study of Archaeology will sleep soundly, if not expire, among the Parisians. VISCONTI has doubtless left a splendid name behind him here; but Visconti was an Italian. No; my friend—the ARTS have recently taken an exclusive turn for the admiration, even to adoration, of portrait and historical painters. No LYSONSES, no BLORES, no MACKENZIES are patronised either at Paris or in the other great cities of France. I must however make an honourable exception in favour of the direction given to the splendid talents of MADAME JAQUOTOT. And I cannot, in common justice, omit, on this occasion, paying a very sincere tribute of respect to the PRESENT KING—who has really been instrumental to this direction. I have lately paid this clever lady a morning visit, with a letter of introduction from our common friend M. Langlès. As I was very courteously received, I begged that I might only see such specimens of her art as would give her the least possible trouble, and afford me at the same time an opportunity of judging of her talents.

Madame Jaquotot was as liberal in the display of her productions, as she was agreeable and polite in her conversation. I saw all her performances. Her copies of Leonardo da Vinci and Guido, in black crayons, are beautiful of their kind; but her enamel copies, upon porcelaine, of the *Portraits of the more celebrated Characters of France*—executed at the desire and expense of his Majesty—perfectly delighted me. The plan is as excellent as its execution is perfect. But such performances have not been accomplished without a heavy previous expense, on the score of experiments. I was told that the artist had sunk a sum little short of five or six hundred pounds sterling, in the different processes for trying and fixing her colours. But she seems now to walk upon firm ground, and has nothing but an abundant harvest to look forward to. Indeed, for every portrait, square or oval, (although scarcely more than *three inches* in height) she receives a hundred louis d'or. This is a truly regal remuneration: but I do not consider it overpaid. Some of the earlier portraits are taken from illuminated manuscripts; and, among them, I quickly recognised that of my old friend *Anne of Brittany*—head and shoulders only: very brilliant and characteristic—but Mr. Lewis is “yet a painter.” As all these bijoux (amounting perhaps to twelve or fifteen in number) were displayed before me, I fancied I was conversing with the very Originals themselves. The whole length of *Henri IV.*, of the same size as the original in the Louvre, is probably the chef d'œuvre of Madame Jaquotot. It is exquisitely perfect. When she comes down to the reign of Louis XIV., she has necessarily recourse to the originals of PETITOT; of

which the Louvre contains a precious glazed case, enclosing about four or five dozen of them. Here again the copyist treads closely upon the heels of her predecessor; while her portrait of *Anne of Austria* comes fully up to every thing we discover in the original. Upon the whole, I spent a pleasant and most instructive hour with this accomplished lady; and sincerely wish that all talents, like hers, may receive a similar direction and meet with an equally liberal reward. You must not fail to bear in mind that, in my humble judgment, this department of art belongs strictly to NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

For *one*, who would turn his horse's head towards Madame Jaquotot's dwelling, in the *Rue Jacob*, fifty would fly with rapture to view a whole length by GERARD, or a group by DAVID. In portrait painting, and historical composition, these are the peculiar heroes. None dare walk within their circle: although I think GIRODET may sometimes venture to measure swords with the latter. Would you believe it? The other day, when dining with some smart, lively, young Parisians, I was compelled to defend RAFFAELLE against David? the latter being considered by them *superior* to the Italian artist in a *knowledge of drawing*! Proh pudor! This will remind you of Jervas's celebrated piece of nonsensical flattery to himself — when, on Pope's complimenting that artist upon one of his portraits, he compassionately exclaimed "*Poor little Tit!*" — Surely all these national prejudices are as unwise as they are disgusting. Of Gerard, I would wish to speak with respect: but an artist, who receives from fifteen to twenty thousand francs for the painting of

a whole length portrait, stands upon an eminence which exposes him to the observation of every man. In the same degree, also, does his elevation provoke the criticism of every man. But, however respectfully I may wish to speak of Gerard, I do not, in my conscience, consider him superior to what may be called the second rate class of our own portrait painters. His outline is often hard, and full of affectation of a knowledge of drawing: his colouring is as frequently severe and metallic, and there is rarely any expression of mind or soul in his faces. I saw, at Laugier's the other day, his portrait of Madame Stael—painted from *recollection*. He certainly had *forgotten* how to *colour* when he executed it. Forster (a very clever, sensible, and amiable young man) is busied, or rather has just finished, the engraving of a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by the same painter. What has depended upon *him*, has been charmingly done: but the figure of the great Original—instead of giving you the notion of the FIRST CAPTAIN OF HIS AGE—is a poor, trussed-up, unmeaning piece of composition: looking out of the canvas with a pair of eyes, which, instead of seeming to anticipate and frustrate (as they *have* done) the movements of his adversary, as if by magic—betray an almost torpidity or vacancy of expression! The attitude is equally unnatural and ungraceful. Another defect, to my eye, in Gerard's portraits, is, the quantity of flaunting colour and glare of varnish with which his canvass is covered.

The French cognoscenti swear by “the *swearing of the Horatii*” of David. I saw a reduced copy of the large picture at the Luxembourg, by the artist himself—at Didot's: and it was while discussing the compa-

rative merits and demerits of this famous production, that I ventured to observe that Raffaelle would have drawn the hands better. A simultaneous shout of opposition followed the remark. I could scarcely preserve common gravity or decorum: but as my antagonists were serious, I was also resolved to enact a serious part. It is not necessary to trouble you with a summary of my remarks; although I am persuaded I never talked so much French, without interruption, for so long a space of time. However, my opponents admitted, with a little reluctance, that, if the hands of the Horatii were not ill drawn, the *position* of them was sufficiently affected. I then drew their attention to the *Cupid and Psyche* of the same master, in the collection of the Marquis of Sommariva, (in the notice of which my last letter was pretty liberal) but I had here a less obstinate battle to encounter. It certainly appeared (they admitted) that David did not improve as he became older.

But if France cannot now boast her Mignard, Rigaud, or Poussins, she has reason to be proud of her present race of *Engravers*. Of these, DESNOYERS evidently takes the lead. He is just now in Italy, and I shall probably not see him—having twice called in vain. I own undisguisedly that I am charmed with all his performances; and especially with his sacred subjects from Raffaelle:—whom, it is just possible, he may consider to be a somewhat better draftsman than David. There is hardly any thing but what he adorns by his touch:—“*nihil tangit quod,*” &c. He may consider the whole length portrait of *Buonaparte* to be his chef-d'œuvre; but his *Vierge au Linge*, *Vierge dite la*

Belle Jardinière—and perhaps, still finer, that called *au Donataire*—are infinitely preferable, to my taste. The portrait has too much of detail. It is a combination of little parts; of flowered robes, with a cabinet-like background; every thing being almost mechanical, and the shield of the ex-Emperor having all the elaborate minutiae of Grignon. I am heretic enough to prefer the famous whole length of poor Louis XVI, by ——: there is such a flow of line and gracefulness of expression in this latter performance! But Desnoyers has uncommon force, as well as sweetness and tenderness, in the management of historical subjects: although I think that his recent production of *Eliezer and Rebecca*, from *Nicolo Poussin*, is unhappy—as to choice. His females have great elegance. His line never flows more freely than in the treatment of his female figures; yet he has nothing of the style of finishing of our STRANGE. His *Francis I.* and *Marguerite de Valois* is, to my eye, one of the most finished, successful, and interesting of his performances. It is throughout a charming picture, and should hang over half the mantle pieces in the kingdom. His portrait of *Talleyrand* is brilliant; but there are parts very much too black. It will bear no comparison with the glorious portrait of our *John Hunter*, by Sharpe—from Sir J. Reynolds. Desnoyers engraves only for himself: that is to say, he is the sole proprietor of his performances, and report speaks him to be in the receipt of some twenty-five thousand francs per annum. He deserves all he has gained—both in fortune and reputation.

MASSARD works in the same school with Desnoyers. He is harder in his style of outline as well as of finish-

ing; but he understands his subject thoroughly, and treats it with skill and effect. ANDOUIN is lately come out with a whole length portrait of the present king: a palpable copy, as to composition, of that of his late brother. There are parts of the detail most exquisitely managed, but the countenance is rather too severely marked. LIGNON is the prince of portrait-engravers. His head of *Mademoiselle Mars*—though, upon the whole, exhibiting an unmeaning countenance, when we consider that it represents the first comic actress in Europe—is a master-piece of graphic art. It is wrought with infinite care, brilliancy, and accuracy. The lace, over the lady's shoulder, may bid defiance even to what Drevet and Masson have effected of the like kind. The eyes and the gems of *Mademoiselle Mars* seem to sparkle with a rival lustre; but the countenance is too flat, and the nose wants elevation and beauty. For this latter, however, neither Gerard nor Lignon are amenable to criticism. Upon the whole, it is a very surprising performance. But allow me to say, that I have not yet seen a head by *Lignon* which is comparable to some of those of *Edelinck* that I could mention. Ah, my friend, it does one's heart good even to think upon a few of the portraits in "*Perrault's Hommes Illustres de la France!*" You will add *Houbraken*—but remember, I am in France. If I were called upon to notice *Lignon's* chef d'œuvre, I would mention the frontispiece to the magnificent impression of *Camoens' Lusiad*, containing the head of the author, surrounded by an arabesque border of the most surprising brilliancy of composition and execution. You must however remember, that it is in the splendid

work entitled *LE MUSÉE FRANÇAIS*, that many fine specimens of all the artists just mentioned are to be found. There is no occasion to be more particular in the present place.

I must not omit the notice of *FORSTER* and *LAUGIER*: both of whom I have visited more than once. At the same time, I beg it may be distinctly understood that the omission of the names of *other* engravers is no implication that they are passed over as being unworthy of regard. On the contrary, there are several whom I could mention who might take precedence even of the two last noticed. Some of Forster's academic figures, which gained him the prize, are very skilfully treated; both as to drawing and finishing. His print of *Titian's Mistress* exhibits, in the face and bosom of the female, a power and richness of effect which may contend with some of the best efforts of Desnoyers's burin. The reflex-light, in the mirror behind, is admirably managed; but the figure of Titian, and the lower parts of his *Mistress*—especially the arms and hands—are coarse, black, and inharmonious. His *Wellington* is a fine performance, as to mechanical skill. M. Bénéard, the well-known printseller to his Majesty, living on the *Boulevards Italiens*, laughed with me the other day at the rival *Wellington*—painted by Lawrence, and engraved by Bromley,—as a piece of very inferior art! But men may laugh on the wrong side of the face. I consider, however, that, what has depended upon Forster, has been done with equal ability and truth. Undoubtedly the great failing of the picture is, that it can hardly be said to have even a faint resemblance of the original.

M. Laugier has not yet reached his full powers of maturity ; but what he has done is remarkable for feeling and force. His *Daphne and Chloe* and *Hero and Leander* are early performances, but they are full of promise, and abound in excellences. Colour and feeling are their chief merit. The latter print has the shadows too dark. The former is more transparent, more tender, and in better keeping. The foreground has, in some parts, the crispness and richness of Woollett. They tell me that it is a rare print, and that only 250 copies were struck off—at the expense of the Society of Arts. Laugier has recently executed a very elaborate print of *Leander*, just in the act of reaching the shore—(where his mistress is trembling for his arrival in a lighted watch-tower) but about to be buried in the overwhelming waves. The composition of the figure is as replete with affectation, as its position is unnatural if not impossible. The waves seem to be suspended over him—on purpose to shew off his limbs to every degree of advantage. He is perfectly canopied by their “gracefully-curled tops.” The engraving itself is elaborate to excess : but too stiff, even to a metallic effect. It can never be popular with us ; and will, I fear, find but few purchasers in the richly garnished repertoire of the worthy Colnaghi. Indeed it is a painful, and almost repulsive, subject. Laugier’s portrait of *Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand* exhibits his prevailing error of giving blackness, rather than depth, to his shadows. Black hair, a black cravat, and black collar to the coat—with the lower part of the background almost “gloomy as night”—are not good accessories. This is in part the fault of Gerard, who painted the picture,

but Gerard committed a greater fault . . . in giving to the countenance of a man of brilliant fancy, impassioned eloquence, and high aristocratical feelings, the air of a cunning and almost desperate adventurer. There is something, to say the least, very slovenly and ungentlemanly in the look of this portrait. The worthy engraver, under consideration, lives at present with his wife, an agreeable and unaffected little woman, up four pair of stairs, in the *Rue de Paradis*. I told him—and as I thought with the true spirit of prediction—that, on a second visit to Paris I should find him descended—full two stories : in proportion as he was ascending in fortune and fame.

The French are either not fond of, or do not much patronise, engraving in the *stippling* manner : “ *au poinctilliet* ”—as they term it. Roger is their chief artist in this department. He is clever, undoubtedly ; but his shadows are too black, and the lighter parts of his subjects want brilliancy. What he does “ *en petit*,” is better than what he does upon a larger scale. In *mezzotint* the Parisians have not a single artist particularly deserving of commendation. They are perhaps as indifferent, as we are somewhat too extravagantly attached, to it. Speaking of the FRENCH SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING, in a general and summary manner—especially of the line engravers—one must admit that there is a great variety of talent ; combined with equal knowledge of drawing and of execution ; but the general effect is too frequently hard, glittering, and metallic. The draperies have sometimes the severity of armour ; and the accessories, of furniture or other objects, are frequently too highly and elaborately finished. Nor is

the flesh always free from the appearance of marble. But the names I have mentioned, although not entirely without some of these defects, have great and more than counter-balancing excellencies.

In the midst of all the graphic splendour of modern Paris, it was delightful music to my ears to hear WILKIE and RAIMBACH so highly extolled by M. Bénard. “ Ha, votre *Wilkie*—voilà un génie distingué !” Who could say “ nay ?” But let BURNET have his share of graphic praise ; for the *Blind Fiddler* owes its popularity throughout Europe to *his* burin. They have recently copied our friend Wilkie’s productions on a small scale, in aqua-tint ; cleverly enough—for three francs a piece. I told Bénard that the Duke of Wellington had recently bespoke a picture from Mr. Wilkie’s pencil. “ What is the subject to be ?”—demanded he, quickly. I replied, in the very simplicity of my heart, “ Soldiers regaling themselves, on receiving the news of the victory of Waterloo.” Mons. Bénard was paralysed for one little moment : but rallying quickly, he answered, with perfect truth, as I conceive “ *Comment donc, TOUT EST WATERLOO chez vous!*” * M. Bé-

* Among the cheap prints, in aqua-tint, upon the subject of the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, among the French—is *one*, sufficiently ingenious, but, indirectly, capable of receiving a construction the most flattering imaginable to the talents of the Great Commander under whom that matchless victory was obtained. It is this. To the right, on looking at it, there is a wounded soldier of the Imperial Guard. His left arm is in a sling ; his right hand holds a bayonet, pointing to the following inscription upon a rock : “ *Vingt-cinq ans de conquêtes. La France seule, contre l’Europe entière.*” To the right of this figure, on a stone slab, is written in capital letters, “ *La Garde meurt et ne se*

nard spoke very naturally, and I will not find fault with him for such a response ; for he is an obliging, knowing, and very pleasant tradesman to do business with. He admits, readily and warmly, that we have great artists, both as painters and engravers ; and pointing to Sharpe's *John Hunter* and *The Doctors of the Church*—which happened to be hanging just before us—he observed that “these efforts had never been surpassed by his own countrymen.” I told him (while conversing about the respective merits of the British and French Schools of Engraving) that it appeared to me, that in France, there was no fine feeling for LANDSCAPE ENGRAVING ; and that, as to ANTIQUARIAN art, what had been produced in the publications of Mr. Britton, and in the two fine topographical works—Mr. Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, and Mr. Surtees' Durham—exhibited such specimens of the burin, in that department, as could scarcely be hoped to be excelled.* M. Bé-

rend pas,” Opposite, stands the DUKE OF WELLINGTON (a little too young and handsome—as he might have been at thirty years of age) pointing with a drawn sword to the following inscription ; “*Waterloo, 1815, Invasion de la France, par cinq puissances alliés.*” The figure is, in other respects, wretchedly drawn. In the background, attached to a cross with a garland at top, are two inscriptions suspended to it : one, “*Immortalité,*” the other : “*Au Courage malheureux.*” Now, is it not fair to ask whether this production be not highly complimentary to the genius and talents of the Duke ? For what is it—but admitting that the splendour of “twenty-five years of uninterrupted victory,” has been effaced by the one DECISIVE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ! ? The print measures fifteen inches by eleven.

* When Desnoyers was over here, last year, he unequivocally expressed his rapture about our antiquarian engravings—especially of Gothic churches. Mr. Wild's *Lincoln Cathedral* produced a succession

nard did not very strenuously combat these observations.

The great mart for *Printselling* is the Boulevards ; and more especially those of the *Boulevards Italiens*. A stranger can have no conception of the gaiety and brilliance of the print-shops, and print-stalls, in this neighbourhood. Let him first visit it in the morning about nine o'clock ; with the sun-beams sparkling among the foliage of the trees, and the incessant movements of the populace below, who are about commencing another day's pilgrimage of human life. A pleasant air is stirring at this time ; and the freshness arising from the watering of the footpath—but more particularly the fragrance from innumerable bouquets, with mignonette, rose trees, and lilacs—extended in fair array—is altogether quite charming and singularly characteristic. But my present business is with prints. You see them, hanging in the open air—framed and not framed—for some quarter of a mile : with the intermediate space filled by piles of calf-bound volumes and sets of apparently countless folios. Here are *Moreri*, *Bayle*, the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, *Charpentier*, and the interminable *Encyclopédie* : all very tempting of their kind, and in price :—but all utterly unpurchasable—on account of the heavy duties of importation, arising from their *weight*.

However—again I say—my present business is with *Prints*. Generally speaking, these prints are pleasing in their manner of execution, reasonable in price, and

of ecstatic remarks. “ When your fine engravings of this kind come over to Paris, we get little committees to sit upon them”—observed Desnoyers to an engraver—who communicated the fact to the author.

of endless variety. But the perpetual intrusion of subjects of studied nudity is really at times quite disgusting. It is surprising (as I think I before remarked to you) with what utter indifference and apathy, even females, of respectable appearance and dress, will be gazing upon these subjects ; and now that the art of *lithography* is become fashionable, the print-shops of Paris will be deluged with an inundation of these odious representations, which threaten equally to debase the art and corrupt morals. This cheap and wholesale circulation of what is mischievous, and of really most miserable execution, is much to be deplored. Even in the better part of art, lithography will have a pernicious effect. Not only a well-educated and distinguished engraver will find, in the long run, his business slackening, from the reduced prices at which prints are sold, but a *bad taste* will necessarily be the result : for the generality of purchasers, not caring for comparative excellence in art, will be well pleased to give a *franc*, for what, before, they could not obtain under *three* or *five*. Hence we may date the decline and downfall of art itself. I was surprised, the other day, at hearing DENON talk so strongly in favour of lithography. I told him “ it was a bastard art ; and I rejoiced, in common with every man of taste or feeling, that *that* art had not made its appearance before the publication of his work upon Egypt.” It may do well for

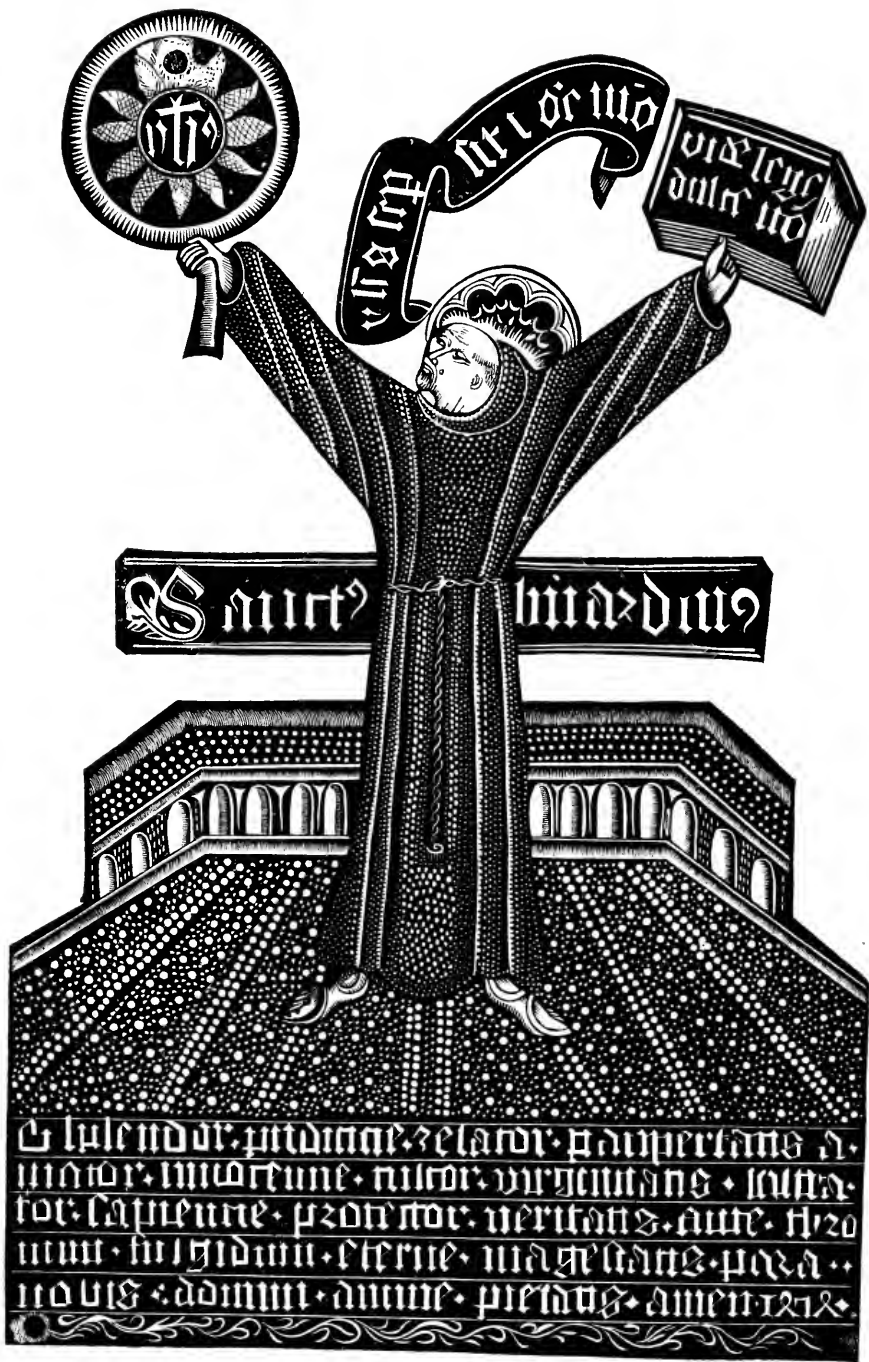
“ The whisker'd pandour and the fierce hussar”—

or it may, in the hands of such a clever artist as VERNET, be managed with good effect in representa

tions of skirmishes of horse and foot—groups of banditti—a ruined battlement, or mouldering tower—overhanging rocks—rushing torrents—or umbrageous trees—but, in the higher department of art, as connected with portrait and historical engraving, it cannot, I apprehend, attain to any marked excellence. Portraits however—of a particular description—*may* be treated with tolerable success ; but when you come to put lithographic engraving in opposition to that of *line*—the *latter* will always and necessarily be

. velut inter ignes
LUNA minores !

It was not therefore without extreme gratification that, on gossiping with M. Bénard upon the subject, the other morning, I heard him exclaim with a sort of screaming emphasis :—“ Comment donc, Monsieur, on veut dire que la nuit est plus claire que le jour !” But when I cross the Rhine, I shall see how they treat the subject at *Munich*—which is considered to be the cradle of that particular art. Enough of lithography for the present. The venders of OLD PRINTS are very rare. It is not as with us ; for there is no distinct class of printsellers who are almost exclusively devoted to collecting the performances of the old school of *Albert Durer* and *Marc Antonio*, &c. Yet M. Van Praet contrived not long ago, in his antiquarian perambulations, to pick up an old print . . which is a very extraordinary curiosity ; and certainly—with the exception of the *St. Christopher*—the oldest print with a date which I remember to have seen. It is a whole length of *St.*



BERNARDINUS, with the date of 1454 : wholly unknown to Heineken, Bartsch, and every other writer upon the subject of engravings. M. Van Praet has had some few (about twenty-five) copies of it lithographed, and of these I enclose one for your inspection.* It is singularly curious. Our friend Mr. Ottley would have rejoiced to have introduced a copy of such a *unique* production into his own masterly performance upon the History of the Art of Engraving.

With the preceding very summary, and perhaps very superficial, remarks upon the State of the FINE ARTS at Paris, I take my leave both of this Metropolis and of its inhabitants. It is upwards of six weeks since I fixed my tent here, and during that time you will allow that I have not been an idle or an indifferent spectator of what has presented itself to my notice. My pursuits have related chiefly to books, pictures, and miscellaneous antiquities. If I have not improved my taste, and enlarged my knowledge, in consequence, the fault will be entirely my own; for the civilities and attentions which I have experienced are beyond what I had even ventured to hope for.

I cannot therefore, my good friend, take leave of A CITY in which I have tarried so long, and with so much

* See the OPPOSITE WOOD-CUT. The original, as have indeed all the lithographed fac-similes, has a broad, rude, wavy border, within a square frame, surrounding the figure. The inscription below the figure is as follows :

O splendor. pudicicie. zelator. paupertatis. amator. innocencie. cultor. virginittatis. initiator. sapiencie. protector. veritatis. ante thronum fulgidum eterne. magestatis. para. nobis. donum. divine. pietatis. amen. 1454.
On the mirror at top : *yhesus. semper. sit in ore meo.* On the open book : *vide lege dulce nō[nomen].* In the middle : *Sanct⁹ bñardin⁹.*

advantage to myself, without saying one word about the manners, customs, and little peculiarities of character of those with whom I have been recently associating. Yet the national character is pretty nearly the same at Rouen and at Caen, as at Paris; except that you do not meet with those insults from the canaille which are but too frequent at these first-mentioned places. Every body here is busy and active, yet very few have any thing *to do*—in the way of what an Englishman would call *business*. The thoughtful brow, the abstracted look, the hurried step . . . which you see along Cheapside and Cornhill . . . are here of comparatively rare appearance. Yet every body is “sur le pavé.” Every body seems to live out of doors. How the *menage* goes on — and how domestic education is regulated—strikes the inexperienced eye of an Englishman as a thing quite inconceivable. The temperature of Paris is no doubt very fine, although it has been of late unprecedentedly hot; and a French workman, or labourer, enjoys, out of doors—from morning till night—those meals, which, with us, are usually partaken of within. The public places of entertainment are pretty sure to receive a prodigious portion of the population of Paris every evening. A mechanic, or artisan, will devote two thirds of his daily gains to the participation of this pleasure. His dinner will consist of the most meagre fare—at the lowest possible price — provided, in the evening, he can hear TALMA declaim, or MADAME ALBERT warble,* or see POL

* TALMA declaim or MADAME ALBERT warble.] — Talma was from Paris, on a professional tour in the country, during my stay; but I heard Madame Albert more than once. She is a very pleasing singer,

leap, or BIGOTINI entrance a wondering audience by the grace of her movements and the pathos of her dumb shew in *Nina*.

The preceding strikes me as the general complexion of character of three fourths of the Parisians : but then they are gay, and cheerful, and apparently happy. If they have not the phlegm of the German, or the thoughtfulness of ourselves, they are less cold, and less insensible to the passing occurrences of life. A little pleases them, and they give in return much more than they receive. One thing, however, cannot fail to strike and surprise an attentive observer of national character. With all their quickness, enthusiasm, and activity, the mass of French people want that admirable quality which I unfeignedly think is the particular

with rather a thin voice; and would be called, I think, with us, a second rate performer. She rarely or never shakes : but there is an expression and touching sweetness in some of her tones which cannot be exceeded—even by our favourite STEPHENS. The following—in *Zirphile et Fleur de Myrte*—was warbled in a manner which would have elicited the warmest applause . . . from an English audience : the French generally reserving their plaudits for bravura and noisy songs. It is the “air” by Zirphile ; which part was played by Madame Albert herself :

Dans une retraite profonde
 Je me plais à m'ensevelir ;
 J'y rêve, au sein d'un autre monde,
 Je ne sais quel autre plaisir.
 Dans une route solitaire,
 A travers les feux et les fleurs,
 Je suis un être imaginaire
 Dont l'absence cause mes pleurs.

Les charmes de l'étude
 Les douceurs du repos,
 De mon inquiétude
 Ne calment pas les maux.

characteristic of ourselves : — I mean, *common sense*. In the midst of their architectural splendor — while their rooms are refulgent with gilding and plate-glass ; while their mantle-pieces sparkle with or-molu clocks ; or their tables are decorated with vases, and artificial flowers of the most exquisite workmanship—and while their carpets and curtains betray occasionally all the voluptuousness of eastern pomp . . . you can scarcely obtain egress or ingress into the respective apartments, from the wretchedness of their *locks* and *keys* ! Mechanical studies or improvements should seem to be almost entirely uncultivated—for those who remember France nearly half a century ago, tell me that it is pretty much now as it was then. Another thing discomposes the sensitive nerves of the English : especially those of our notable housewives. I allude to the rubbishing appearance of their *grates*—and the dingy and sometimes disgusting aspect of carpets and flowered furniture ! A good mahogany dining table is a perfect rarity—and let him, who stands upon a chair, to take down a quarto or octavo, beware how he encounter a broken shin or bruised elbow, from the perpendicularity of the legs.

The same want of common sense cleanliness and convenience—is visible in nearly the whole of the French menage. Again, in the streets—their cabriolet drivers and hackney coachmen are sometimes the most furious of their tribe. I rescued, the other day, an old and respectable gentleman — with the cross of St. Louis appendant to his button-hole — from a situation, in which, but for such rescue, he must have been absolutely knocked down and rode over. He shook his cane at the offender ; and, thank-

ing me very heartily for my protection, observed, “these rascals improve daily in their studied insult of all good Frenchmen.” The want of *trottoirs* is a serious and even absurd want; as it might be so readily supplied. Their carts are obviously ill-constructed, and especially in the caps of the wheels; which, in a narrow street—as those of Paris usually are—unnecessarily occupy a *foot* of room, when scarcely an *inch* can be spared. The rubbish piled against the posts, in different parts of the street, is as disgusting as it is obviously inconvenient. A police “*ordonnance*” would obviate all this in twenty-four hours.*

Yet in many important respects the Parisian multitude read a lesson to ourselves. In their public places of resort, the French are wonderfully decorous; and along the streets, no lady is insulted by the impudence of either sex. You are sure to walk in peace, if you conduct yourself peaceably. I had intended to

* Among other instances of a most ludicrous deviation from common sense, is, their circulation of cards—or fixing up of notices of their trades or particular callings—both in their vernacular, and in our own, language. No Englishman could possibly have written such a piece of composition as this — which was put into my hands by the master of the shop. “At the Great Frederick, Richelieu Street, no. 101. Blanchard jun., successor of PETIPONT, Manufacturer and Merchant of Silk, Thread, Cotton and Wool Stoking. Keep a great assortment of all Kinds of Flannel, made or not made, like, upper or under-peticoats, waiscoats, drawers, soks, shirts, and bodices for man or woman; he sell likewise good Cotton for embroideries and knittings: he take too, all things made in Silk or Flannel to whiten, the all, at the most moderate prices.” Would an Englishman venture upon circulating a *French* card, without previously submitting it to the correction of a Frenchman?

say a word upon morals and religion ; but the subject, while it is of the highest moment, is beyond the reach of a traveller whose stay is necessarily short, and whose occupations, upon the whole, have been confined rather to the dead than the living.

Farewell, therefore, to PARIS. I have purchased a very commodious travelling carriage ; to which a pair of post-horses will be attached in a couple of days—and then, for upwards of three hundred miles of journey towards STRASBOURG ! To-day and to-morrow will be devoted to farewell visits. No schoolboy ever longed for a holiday more ardently than I do for the relaxation which this journey will afford me. A thousand hearty farewells.

P.S. Among the Painters of eminence I had forgotten to mention LAURENT. The French are not very fond of him, and certainly under-rate his talents. As a colourist, some of his satins may vie with those of Vanderwerf. He paints *portraits*, in small, as well as fancy-subjects. Of the former, that of his daughter is beautifully executed. Of the latter, his *Young Falconer* is a production of the most captivating kind. But it is his *Joan of Arc* which runs away with the prize of admiration. The Government have purchased the house in which that celebrated female was born,* and over the door of which an ancient statue of her is to be seen. Laurent's portrait is also purchased to be placed over the chimney-piece of the room ; and it is intended to supply furniture, of the character which it originally might have had.

* At Domremi, in Lorraine.

LETTER XXXIV.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO STRASBOURG.

Hôtel de l'Esprit, Strasbourg, July 20, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

I CAN hardly describe to you the gratification I felt on quitting the “*train-train*” of Paris for the long—and upon the whole interesting—journey to the place whence I date this despatch. My love of rural sights, and of rural enjoyments of almost every kind, during the journey, has been only equalled by my admiration of the stupendous Cathedral of this celebrated city. But not a word about the city of Strasbourg itself, for the present. My description, both of *that* and of its *curiosities*, will be properly reserved for another letter ; when I shall necessarily have had more leisure and fitter opportunities for the execution of the task. Come away with me now, therefore — from the Hôtel des Colonies, Rue de Richelieu—and let me take you (in imagination at least) from Paris to Strasbourg. In other words, it is my intention to epitomise the journal of that route as it now lies before me.

I told you, at the conclusion of my last, that I was about to pay farewell visits to my Parisian friends and acquaintances — on the day preceding my departure. Alas ! one of these visits was paid with rather an ach-

ing heart. Poor MILLIN! I am persuaded that I have seen him for the last time, and that he will not live till my return to Paris. Death was in his countenance: and a presage of his own dissolution seemed to agitate him as he gave me what he called his “farewell embrace and benediction!” Whatever be the event,* I trust I can never forget his many and kind-

* *whatever be the event.*] —The event was as serious as was anticipated. Millin died about the middle of the following month, ere I had reached Vienna. His library was sold by auction in May 1819, under the superintendence of Messrs. Debure, who compiled the sale catalogue. It produced 53,626 francs. The catalogue contained 2556 articles or numbers; of which several were very long sets. One article alone, n^o. 866, consisted of 326 volumes in folio, quarto, and octavo. It is thus designated, “*RECUEIL DE PIÈCES SUR LES ARTS, LA LITTÉRATURE, LES ANTIQUITÉS, en Latin, en Italien, et en François.* Cette collection précieuse sera vendue en un seul article. Elle a été formée à Rome, par M. l’Abbé Marini; et c’est dans cette ville que M. Millin l’a achetée. Chaque volume renferme un assez grand nombre de pièces que l’on n’a pu rassembler sans beaucoup de peines et de dépenses. Ce qui la rend encore plus curieuse pour ce pays-ci, c’est que les pièces qui la composent sont pour la plus grande partie imprimées en Italie.” This article produced 4501 francs, and was purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

His library was also singularly rich in DRAWINGS and PRINTS. He possessed six hundred of monuments, of the former kind, which had never been, or at least imperfectly, engraved before; and could boast of a hundred portfolios of engravings of archæological subjects: namely, of monuments, buildings, maps, and those relating to manners and customs. His collection of several thousand letters comprehended the correspondence of nearly half the literary men in Europe. In detached pieces, and dissertations on particular subjects, there was almost an uncountable pile. He had meditated, for many years, an extensive work upon the Mythology of the ancient world, upon diplomatic studies, and upon the earlier monuments of Christianity.

hearted attentions to me. The PORTRAIT of him, mentioned in my last letter, has been left with Forster—to be engraved by him. But for my departure.

But the fruits of this painful labour were all destroyed in the compass of ONE DAY.

Millin had brought up from boyhood, and rescued from poverty and obscurity, a lad of the name of *Mention*. This lad lived with him many years, in the capacity of a valet and private secretary. In his second and last voyage to Italy, Millin declined taking him with him, but left him at home, in his house, with a salary of fifty francs per month. Five months after his departure, in February, 1812, a great quantity of smoke was seen issuing from the windows of Millin's apartments. Several people rushed into the room. They found the drawings and loose papers taken from the portfolios, rolled up lightly, and the room on fire at the four corners! A lighted candle was placed in the middle of the room. Suspicion immediately fell upon *Mention*. They ran to his bed chamber: found the door fastened: burst it open—and saw the wretched valet weltering in his blood . . . yet holding, in his right hand, the razor with which he had cut his throat! He was entirely dead. The collection just described had perished in the flames.

This accident, which also deprived Millin of a fund of valuable materials that he was preparing for a *Dictionary of the Fine Arts*, and for a *Recueil des Pièces gravées Inédites*—might have also had an infinitely more fatal tendency: as it occurred *within* the walls which contain the ROYAL LIBRARY! Millin received the news of this misfortune, in Italy, with uncommon fortitude and resignation. But this second voyage, as has been already intimated, (see p. 434) hastened his dissolution. He planned and executed infinitely too much; and never thoroughly recovered the consequent state of exhaustion of body and mind. As he found his end approaching, he is reported to have said—“I should like to have lived longer, in order to have done more good—but God's will be done! I have lived fifty-nine years, the happiest of men—and should I not be ungrateful towards Providence, if I complained of its decrees?!” And when still nearer his last moments—he exclaimed: “I have always lived, and I die, a Frenchman: hating no one: complaining only of those who retard the cause of

On the eleventh of this month, precisely at ten o'clock, the rattling of the hoofs of two lusty post horses—together with the cracking of an *experimental* flourish or two of the postillion's whip—were heard in the court-yard of the Hôtel des Colonies. Nothing can exceed the punctuality of the Poste Royale in the attendance of the horses at the precise hour of ordering them. Travellers, and especially those from our *own* country, are not *quite* so punctual in availing themselves of this regularity; but if you keep the horses for the better part of an hour before you start, you must pay something extra for your tardiness. Of all people, the *English* are likely to receive the most useful lesson from this wholesome ordonnance. By a quarter past ten, Mr. Lewis and myself having mounted our voiture, and given the signal for departure, received the “*derniers adieux*” of Madame the hostess, and of the whole corps of attendants. On leaving the gates of the hotel, the postillion put forth all his energies in sundry loud smackings of his whip; and as we went at a cautious pace through the narrower streets, towards the *Barriers of St. Martin*, I could not but think, with inward satisfaction, that, on visiting and

reason and truth. I have never, intentionally, hurt a single creature. If I have injured any one, I ask pardon of him for the error of my understanding.” He died on the 18th of August, and his body was interred in the churchyard of Père la Chaise. His old friend and colleague, M. GAIL, pronounced a funeral discourse over his grave—in which, as may be well supposed, his feelings were most acutely excited. See the ANNEXED PLATE — for the PORTRAIT of the deceased, above alluded to. The price of labour will not be considered very cheap in France, when the reader is informed that this plate cost *sixty louis d'or*! The background is the only objectionable part.



*Engraved
Paris*

AUBIN-LOUIS MILLIN.

NE 1759, DIED 1813

London: Published for the Rev. J. T. DeBodens, Publisher, opposite St. Paul's Church, 1813.

1813

leaving a city, so renowned as Paris, for the first time, I had gleaned more intellectual fruit than I had presumed to hope for; and that I had made acquaintances which might probably ripen into a long and steady friendship. In short, my own memoranda, together with the drawings of Messrs. Lewis and Cœuré, were results, which convinced me that my time had not been wasted, and that my objects of research were not quite undeserving of being recorded. Few reflections give one so much pleasure, on leaving a city—where there are so many thousand temptations to misspend both time and money.

The day of our departure was very fine, tending rather to heat. In a little half hour we cleared the barrier of St. Martin, and found ourselves on the broad, open, route royale—bordered by poplars and limes. To the right, was the pretty village of *Belleville*: to the left, at the distance of some six or eight English miles, we observed *Montmorenci*, *St. Germain en Laye*, and, considerably nearer, *St. Denis*. All these places, together with *Versailles*, I had previously visited—*Montmorenci* and *St. Denis* twice—and intended to have given you an account of them; but you could have received from me scarcely any thing more than the pages of the commonest tour would have supplied you with. We first changed horses at *Bondy*; the forest of which was once very extensive and much celebrated. You now behold little more than a formal avenue of trees. The *Castle of Raincy*, situated in this forest, is to the right, well-wooded—and the property of the Duke of Orleans. *Ville-Paris* was the next prettiest spot, in our route to *Claye*, where we again changed

horses. Indeed the whole route, from Ville-Paris to *Meaux*, was exceedingly pleasing and even picturesque. At *Meaux* we dined, and have reason to remember the extravagant charges of the woman who kept the inn. The heat of the day was now becoming rather intense. While our veal-cutlet was preparing, we visited the church; which had frequently, and most picturesquely, peeped out upon us during our route. It is a large, cathedral-like looking church, without transepts. Only one tower (in the west front) is built—with the evident intention of raising another in the same aspect. They were repairing the west front, which is somewhat elaborately ornamented; but so intensely hot was the sun—on our coming out to examine it—that we were obliged to retreat into the interior, which seemed to contain the atmosphere of a different climate. A tall, well-dressed, elderly priest, in company with a middle-aged lady, were ascending the front steps to attend divine service. Hot as it was, the priest saluted us, and stood two minutes without his black cap — with the piercing rays of the sun upon a bald head. The bell tolled softly, and there was a quiet calm about the whole which almost invited us to *postpone* our attack upon the dinner we had ordered.

Ten francs for a miserable cutlet — and a yet more wretchedly-prepared fricandeau—with half boiled artichokes, and a bottle of undrinkable vin ordinaire—was a charge sufficiently monstrous to have excited the well known warmth of expostulation of an English traveller—but it was really too hot to talk aloud! The landlady pocketed my money, and I pocketed the affront which so shameful a charge may be considered as having put upon me. We now rolled leisurely on

towards *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre* ; about five French leagues from Meaux—not without stopping to change horses at *St. Jean*, &c. The heat would not even allow of the exercise of the postillion's whip. Every body and every thing seemed to be oppressed by it. The labourer was stretched out in the shade, and the husbandman slept within the porch of his cottage. But the sun was beginning to “walk low” (as Thomson expresses it) as we reached *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre* ; so that we had the power, as well as inclination, to view the country around us. It was a country well worth viewing : rich, varied, and full of undulating beauty. A rivulet or two, for the first time, lighted up a fertile valley ; and there was really, about the whole, something approaching to a romantic cast of character. We had no sooner entered the little town of *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre*, and driven to the post-house, when not fewer than four blacksmiths came rushing out of their respective forges, to examine every part of the carriage. “ A nail had started here : a screw was wanting there : and a fracture had taken place in another direction : even the perch was giving way in the centre ! ” “ Alas, for my *voiture de voyage* ! ” exclaimed I to my companion. Meanwhile, a man came forward with a red-hot piece of iron, in the shape of a cramp, to fix round the perch—which hissed as the application was made. And all this—before I could say wherefore, or open my mouth to express astonishment ! They were absolutely about to take off the wheels of the carriage ; to examine, and to grease them—but it was then, for the first time, that I opened a well-directed fire of expostulation ; from which I apprehend that they discovered I was not perfectly ignorant either of their language or of their

tricks. Mr. Lewis sat in mute astonishment. This gave the matter so ludicrous a turn, that it was with difficulty I suppressed smiling. However, the rogues had *four* francs for what they had the impudence to ask *six*; and considering my vehicle to be now proof against the probability of an accident, I was resolved to leave the town in the same good humour in which I had entered it.

On quitting this interesting place, we mounted slowly up a very high ascent, and saw from thence the village of *Jouarre*, on a neighbouring summit, smothered with trees. It seemed to consist of a collection of small and elegant country houses, each with a lawn and an orchard. At the foot of the summit winds the unostentatious little stream of *Le Petit Morin*. The whole of this scenery, including the village of *Montreuil-aux-Lions* — a little onwards — was perfectly charming, and after the English fashion: and as the sky became mellowed by the rays of the declining sun, the entire landscape assumed a hue and character which absolutely refreshed our spirits after the heat of the previous part of the journey. We had resolved to sleep at *Chateau-Thierry*, about seven leagues off, and the second posting-place from where we had last halted. Night was coming on, and the moon rose slowly through a somewhat dense horizon, as we approached our rendezvous for the evening. All was tranquil and sweet. We drove to the inn called the *Sirène*, situated in the worst possible part of the town: but we quickly changed our determination, and bespoke beds for the night, and horses for the following morning, at the *Poste Royale*. The landlady was a tartar — of her species. She knew how to talk

civilly, and, for her, a more agreeable occupation, how to charge! We had little rest, and less sleep. By a quarter past five we were in the carriage; intending to breakfast at *Epernay*, about twenty five miles off.

The first post-station is *Parois*. It is a beautiful drive thither, and the village itself is exceedingly picturesque. From *Parois* to *Dormans*, the next post village, the road continues equally interesting. We seemed to go each post like the wind; and reached *Epernay* by nine o'clock. The drive from *Dormans* to *Epernay* is charming; and as the sky got well nigh covered by soft fleecy clouds when we reached the latter place, our physical strength, as well as animal spirits, seemed benefited by the change. I was resolved to *bargain* for every future meal at an inn; and at *Epernay* I bespoke an excellent breakfast of fruit, eggs, coffee and tea, at three francs a head. This town is the great place in France for the manufacture of champagne wine. It is here where they make it in the greatest quantities; although *Sillery*, near *Rheims*, boasts of champagne of a more delicate quality. I learnt here that the Prussians, in their invasion of France in 1814, committed sad havoc with this tempting property. They had been insulted, and even partially fired upon—as they passed through the town,—and to revenge themselves they broke open the cellars of M * *, the principal wine merchant, and drank the contents of only — *one hundred thousand bottles of champagne!* “But,” said the owner of these cellars, (beyond the reach of the hearing of the Prussians, as you may be well assured!) “they did not break open

my *largest vault* . . where I had *half as much again!*" Indeed I was told that the wine vaults of Epernay were as well worth inspection (and rather better I should apprehend) as the catacombs of Paris.

I should observe to you that the river *Marne*, one of the second-rate rivers of France, accompanies you pretty closely all the way from Chateau Thierry to Chalons—designated as *Chalons-sur-Marne*. From Epernay to Chalons you pass through nothing but corn fields. It is a wide and vast ocean of corn—with hardly a tree, excepting those occasionally along the road, within a boundary of ten miles. Chalons is a very large and populous town; but the churches bear sad traces of revolutionary fury. Some of the porches, once covered with a profusion of rich, alto-relievo sculpture, are absolutely treated as if these ornaments had been shaved away to the very quick! Not a vestige of them—unless it be the indications from which they sprung—remain. It is in this town where the two great roads to STRASBOURG—one by *Metz*, and the other by *Nancy*—unite. The former is to the north, the latter to the south. I chose the latter; intending to return to Paris—after I have domesticated in Vienna—by the former. On leaving Chalons, we purposed halting to dine at *Vitry-sur-Marne*—distant two posts, of about four leagues each. *La Chaussée*, which we reached at a very smart trot, was the first post town, and is about half way to Vitry. From thence we had “to mount a huge hill”—as the postilion told us; but it was here as in Normandy—these huge hills only provoked our laughter. However the wheel was subjected to the drag-chain—and midst

clouds of white dust, which converted us into millers, we were compelled to descend slowly. Vitry was seen in the distance, which only excited our appetite and made us anxious to increase our pace.

On reaching Vitry, I made my terms for dinner with the landlady of the principal inn—who was literally as sharp as a razor. However, we had a comfortable room, a good plain dinner, with an excellent bottle of Vin de Beaune, for three francs each. “Could Monsieur refuse this trifling payment?” He could not. Before dinner I strolled to the principal church—which is indeed a structure of a most noble appearance—like that of St. Sulpice in form, and perhaps of more than half its size. It is the largest parish church which I have yet seen; but is comparatively modern. It was Sunday; and a pleasing spectacle presented itself on entering. A numerous group of young women, dressed almost entirely in white, with white caps and veils, were singing a sort of evening hymn—which I understood to be called the *Chaplet of the Virgin*. Their voices, unaccompanied by instrumental music, sounded sweetly from the loftiness of the roof; and every singer seemed to be touched with the deepest sense of devotion. They sang in an attitude with the body leaning forward, and the head gently inclined. The silence of the place—its distance from the metropolis—the grey aspect of the heavens—and the advanced hour of the day . . . all contributed to produce in our minds very pleasing and yet serious sensations. I shall not easily forget the hymn called THE CHAPLET OF THE VIRGIN, as it was sung in the church of Vitry.

After leaving this place we successively changed horses at *Longchamp* and at *St. Dizier*. To our great comfort, it began to threaten rain. While the horses were being changed at the former place, I sat down upon a rough piece of stone, in the high road, by the side of a well dressed paysanne, and asked her if she remembered the retreat of Bonaparte in the campaign of 1814—and whether he had passed there? She said she remembered it well. Bonaparte was on horseback, a little in advance of his troops—and ambled gently, within six paces of where we were sitting. His head was rather inclined, and he appeared to be very thoughtful. *St. Dizier* was the memorable place upon which Bonaparte made a rapid retrograde march, in order to get into the rear of the allied troops, and thus possess himself of their supplies. But this rash movement, you know, cost him his capital, and eventually his empire. *St. Dizier* is rather a large place, and the houses are almost uniformly white. Night and rain equally came on as we halted to change horses. But we were resolved upon another stage—to *Saudrupt*: and were now about entering the department of LORRAINE. The postillion was a lively, shrewd, talkative fellow. He had been a cavalry soldier in the campaign of 1814; and as we were gaining the height of a very considerable, fortified hill, which is the great pass into Lorraine—he told us that it was HERE that the French and Russians had a rencontre: but that the latter did little else than cross and recross the river, in order to make a diversion for the Prussians—who at once pushed forward upon Paris. He said,

but I cannot believe it, that Bonaparte, at that time, was at the head of 120,000 men. His abuse of the Russians was most unsparing.

The moon struggled through a murky sky, after the cessation of rain, as we entered *Saudrupt* : which is little better than a miserable village. Travellers seldom or never sleep there ; but we had gone a very considerable distance since five in the morning, and were glad of any thing in the shape of beds. Not an inn in Normandy which we had visited, either by day or by night, seemed to be more sorry and wretched than this, where we—stretched our limbs, rather than partook of slumber. At one in the morning, a young and ardent lover chose to serenade his mistress, who was in the next house, with a screaming tune upon a wretched violin—this, added to the never-ceasing smacking of whips of farmers, going to the next market town—the live-long night—completed our state of restlessness and misery. Yet, the next morning, we had a breakfast—so choice, clean, and refreshing—in a place of all others the least apparently likely to afford it—that we almost fancied our strength had been recruited by a good night's sleep. The new-laid eggs, fresh-churned butter, salt, and loaf sugar—each of a rival whiteness rarely exceeded—equally surprised and cheered us. The bread and coffee were alike excellent. The landlord could not help his miserable mansion, for he was very poor : so I paid him cheerfully and liberally for the accommodation he was capable of affording, and at nine o'clock left *Saudrupt* in the hope of a late dinner at *NANCY*—the capital of Lorraine.

The morning was fresh and fair. In the immediate

neighbourhood of Saudrupt is the pretty village of *Brillon*, where I noticed some stone crosses; and where I observed that particular species of domestic architecture, which, commencing almost at Longchamps, obtains till within nearly three stages of Strasbourg. It consists in having rather low or flat roofs, in the Italian manner, with all the beams projecting *outside* of the walls: which gives it a very unfinished and barbarous look. And here too I began to be more and more surprised at the meagreness of the population of the *country*. Even on quitting Epernay, I had noticed it to my companion. The human beings you see, are chiefly females—ill-featured, and ill complexioned—working hard beneath the rays of a scorching sun. As to that sabbath-attire of cleanliness, even to smartness, among our *own* country people—it is a thing very rarely to be seen in the villages of France. At Brillon, we bought fine cherries of a countrywoman for two sous the pound.

Bar-le-Duc is the next post-town. It is a place of considerable extent and population: and is divided into the upper and lower town. The approach to it, along hilly passes, covered with vineyards, is pleasant enough. The driver wished to take us to the upper town—to see the church of St. Peter, wherein is contained “a skeleton perforated with worm-holes, which was the admiration of the best connoisseurs.” We civilly declined such a sight, but had no objection to visit the church. It was a Saint’s day: and the interior of the church was crowded to excess by women and lads. An old priest was giving his admonition from the high altar, with great propriety and effect;

but we could not stay 'till the conclusion of the service. The carriage was at the door; and, reascending, we drove to the lower town, down a somewhat fearful descent, to change horses. It was impossible to avoid noticing the prodigious quantity of fruit—especially of currants and strawberries. *Ligny* was our next halting place, to change horses. The route thither was sufficiently pleasant. You leave the town through rather a consequential gateway, of chaste Tuscan architecture, and commence ascending a lofty hill. From hence you observe, to the left, an old castle in the outskirts of the town. The road is here broad and grand: and although a very lively breeze was playing in our faces, yet we were not insensible to the increasing heat of the day. We dined at *St. Aubin*. A hearty good-humoured landlady placed before us a very comfortable meal, with a bottle of rather highly-flavoured vin ordinaire. The inn was little better than a common ale house in England: but every thing was très propre. On leaving, we seemed to be approaching high hills, through flat meadows—where very poor cattle were feeding. A pretty drive towards *Void* and *Laye*, the next post-towns: but it was still prettier on approaching *Toul*, of which the church, at a distance, had rather a cathedral-like appearance. We drank tea at *Toul*—but first proceeded to the church, which we found to be greatly superior to that of *Meaux*. Its interior is indeed, in parts, very elegant: and one lancet-shaped window, in particular, of stained glass, may even vie with much of what the cathedral of this place affords.

At *Toul*, for the first time since quitting Paris, we

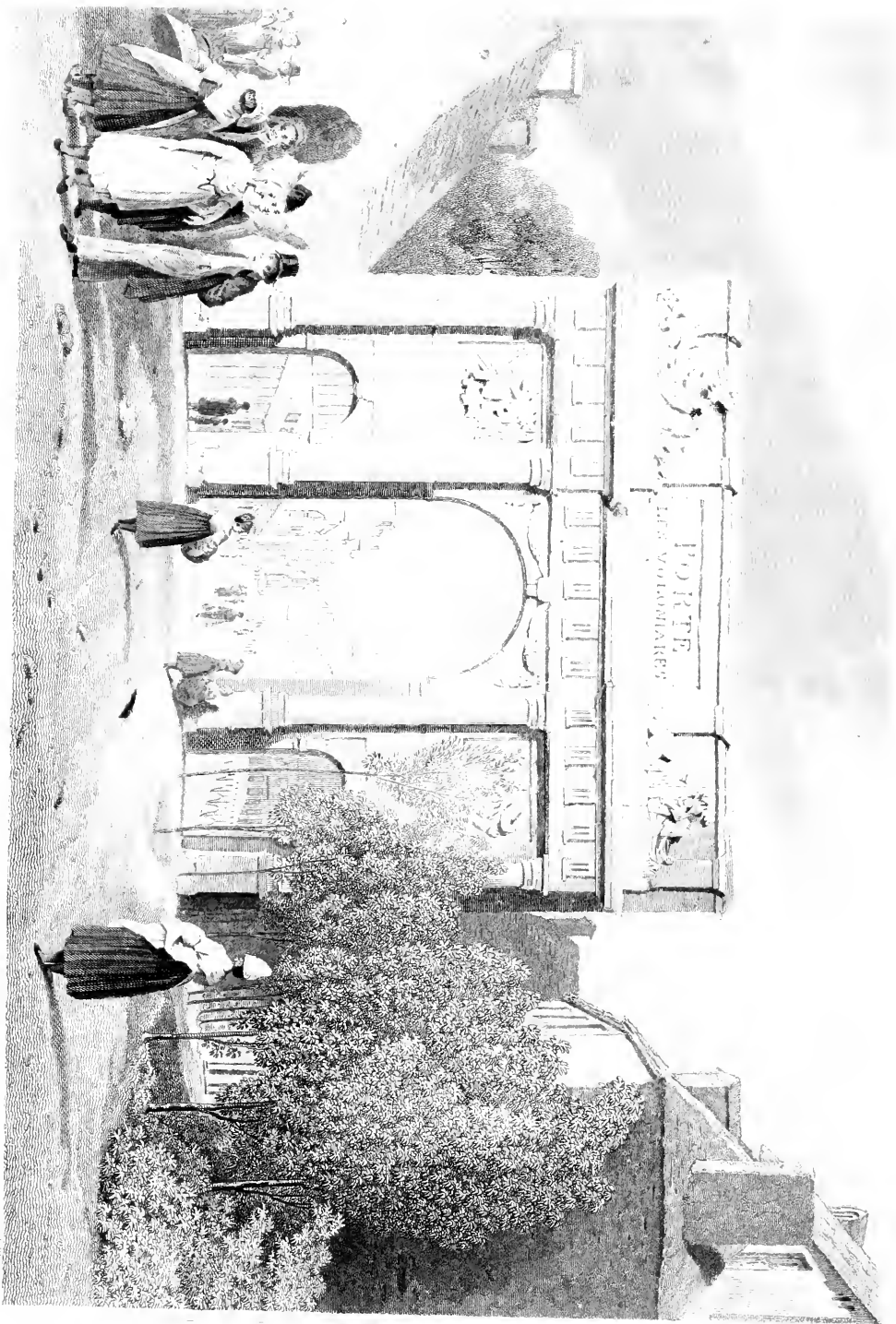
were asked for our passports ; it being a fortified town. Our next stage was *Dommartin* ; behind which appeared to be a fine hilly country, now purpled by the rays of a declining sun. The church of Toul, in our rear, assumed a more picturesque appearance than before. At *Velaine*, the following post-town, we had a pair of fine mettlesome Prussian horses harnessed to our voiture, and started at a full swing trot—through the forest of Hayes, about a French league in length. The shade and coolness of this drive, as the sun was getting low, were quite refreshing. The very postillion seemed to enjoy it, and awakened the echoes of each avenue by the unintermitting sounds of numberless flourishes of his whip. “ How tranquil and how grand ! ” would he occasionally exclaim. On clearing the forest, we obtained the first glimpse of something like a distant mountainous country : which led us to conclude that we were beginning to approach the VOSGES—or the great chain of mountains, which, running almost due north and south, separates France from ALSACE. Below, glittered the spires of *Nancy*—as the sun’s last rays rested upon them. A little distance beyond, shot up the two elegant towers of *St. Nicholas* ; but I am getting on a little too fast . . . The forest of Hayes (how I love to gaze upon interminable groups of elm, oak, lime, and beech !) can be scarcely less than a dozen English miles in breadth. I had never before seen so much wood in France. Yet the want of water is a great draw-back to the perfection of rural scenery in this country. We had hardly observed one rivulet since we had quitted the little glimmering stream at Chateau-Thierry.

We now gained fast upon NANCY, the capital of Lorraine. Descending a smart hill which terminates in the outskirts of the town, we drove, at a sharp trot, to the Hôtel Royal, the best inn in the place. I staid at Nancy nearly two days, as a sort of recruiting halt between Paris and Strasbourg; and had therefore sufficient leisure to examine the principal features of the town. It is doubtless among the handsomest provincial towns in Europe; and is chiefly indebted for its magnificence to Stanislaus, King of Poland, who spent the latter part of his life there, and whose daughter was married to Louis XV. The annexation of Lorraine to France has been considered the masterpiece of Louis's policy. Nancy may well boast of her broad and long streets: running chiefly at right angles with each other: well paved, and tolerably clean. The houses are built chiefly of stone. Here are churches, a theatre, a college, a public library—palace-like buildings—public gardens—hospitals, coffee houses, and barracks. In short, Nancy is another Caen; but more magnificent, although less fruitful in antiquities. The *Place de la Liberté et d'alliance et de la Carrière* may vie with the public buildings of Bath; but some of the sculptured ornaments of the *former*, exhibit miserable proofs of the fury of the Revolutionists. Indeed Nancy was particularly distinguished by a visit of the Marseillois gentry, who chose to leave behind pretty strong proofs of their detestation of what was at once elegant and harmless. The headless busts of men and women, round the house of the governor, prove the excesses of the mob; and the destruction of two places of worship was the close of their devastating labours.

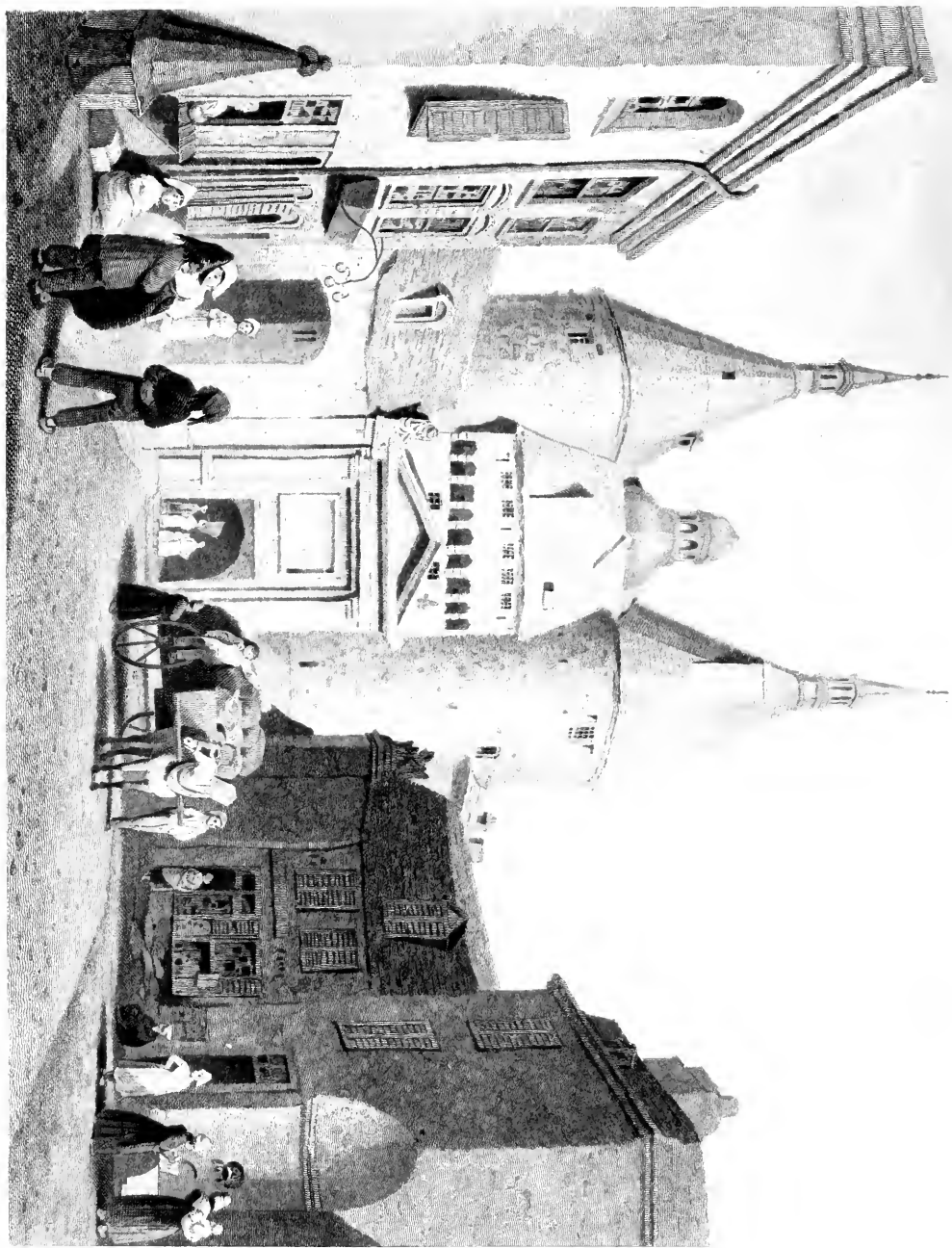
Nancy is divided into the OLD and the NEW TOWN. The four principal streets, dividing the *latter* nearly at right angles, are terminated by handsome, large, architectural arches, in the character of *gateways*. They have a noble appearance in every direction. I was particularly anxious that Mr. Lewis should make a drawing of one of them — as well as another of the only remaining *old gateway* — which is now a prison, but which, next year, is to be pulled down. In consequence, this *latter* will by and by be a curiosity. How he has executed the task, you will judge from the enclosed;* but I am much disposed to think that you will consider each of them very interesting of their kind. Such handsome accompaniments to provincial towns, as are the modern gateways—the work of STANISLAUS—make one wish that a few of our own cities, including even the Metropolis, were decorated by similar ornaments. It is palpable to every man—whose eyesight and intellect are not equally clouded by prejudice—that, of all places in the world, our *Hyde-Park Corner* is capable of affording the most admirable illustration of the truth of this remark. And—with such an ornament—it may yet retain all its purposes of the receipt of silver and copper. The principal entrance to THE FIRST CITY IN THE WORLD is, at this moment, one of the most insignificant that the wit of man hath yet devised. But I check myself—being at Nancy and not at London.

On the first evening of our arrival at Nancy, we walked, after a late cup of tea, into the public garden—at the further extremity of the town. It was broad

* See the ANNEXED PLATES.



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moon light ; and the appearance of the *Caffés*, and several *Places*, before mentioned, had quite a new and imposing effect ; they being somewhat after the Parisian fashion. After a day of dust, heat, and rapid motion, a seat upon one of the stone-benches of the garden—surrounded by dark green trees, of which the tops were tipt with silver by the moon beams — could not fail to refresh and delight us : especially as the tranquillity of the place was only disturbed by the sounds of two or three groups of *bourgeoises*, strolling arm in arm backwards and forwards, and singing what seemed to be a popular, national air—of which the tune was somewhat psalm-like. The broad walks abounded with bowers and open seats ; and the general effect was at once singular and pleasing. The Hotel-Royal is an excellent inn ; and the owners of it are very civil people. But our abode there was rendered the more agreeable by meeting with a Captain P * * an English naval officer, to us previously unknown. He appeared to unite all the hearty feeling with the good breeding of his profession ; and (contrary to the usual practice of Englishmen) we quickly coalesced in our plans—after the first ceremonies of salutation were over. We breakfasted, and dined, and saw sights, together.

My first visits were paid to churches and to bookseller's shops. Of churches, the *Cathedral* is necessarily the principal. It is large, lofty, and of an elegant roman construction : finished during the time of Stanislaus. The ornamental parts are too flaunting ; too profuse, and in bad taste. Were it not for this excess of decoration, the house of the Governor might

vie with that of Lord Burlington; which it is not unlike in general external appearance. In the Cathedral, the monument of Stanislaus, by Girardon, is *considered* to be a chef-d'œuvre. There was a Girardet — chief painter to Stanislaus, who is here called “the rival of Apelles,”—a rival with a vengeance! As the day was hot, and the doors of the church were open, I enjoyed the refreshing air which seemed to play on all sides of me. From thence I went to an old church—perhaps of the thirteenth, but certainly of the fourteenth, century. They call it, I think, *St. Epreuve*. In this church I was much struck with a curious old painting, executed in distemper, upon the walls of a side aisle, which seemed to be at least three hundred years old. It displayed the perils and afflictions of various Saints, on various emergencies, and how they were all eventually saved by the interposition of the Virgin. A fine swaggering figure, in the foreground, dressed out in black and yellow-striped hose, much delighted me. Parts of this curious old picture were worth copying: but Mr. Lewis could not be “at Thebes and Athens” at the same moment. Near to this curiosity seemed to be a fine, genuine painting, by Vandyke, of the Virgin and Child—the first exhibition of the kind which I had seen since leaving Paris. It formed a singular contrast to the picture before described. On quitting this old church, I could not help smiling to observe a bunch of flowers, in an old mustard pot—on which was inscribed “*Moutarde Fine de Nageon, à Dijon*—” placed at the feet of a statue of the Virgin as a sacred deposit!

On leaving the church, I visited two booksellers:

one of them rather distinguished for his collection of *Alduses*—as I was informed. I found him very chatty, very civil, but not very reasonable in his prices. He told me that he had plenty of old books—*Alduses* and *Elzevirs*, &c.—with lapping-over vellum-bindings. I desired nothing better; and followed him up stairs. Drawer after drawer was pulled out. These M. Renouard had seen: those the Comte d'Ourches had wished to purchase; and a third pile was destined for some nobleman in the neighbourhood. If I had had the *inclination*, I am persuaded I should also have had the *opportunity*, of sweeping away the whole cargo: but there was absolutely nothing in the shape of temptation—except a *Greek Herodian*, by Theodore Martin of Louvain, and a droll and rather rare little duodecimo volume, printed at Amsterdam in 1658, entitled *La Comédie de Proverbes*. The next bookseller I visited, was a printer. “Had he any thing old and curious?” He replied, with a sort of triumphant chuckle, that he “once had *such* a treasure of this kind!” “What might it have been?” “A superb missal—for which a goldsmith had offered him twelve sous for each initial letter upon a gold ground—but which he had parted with, for 100 francs, to the library of a Benedictin monastery—now destroyed. It had cost him twelve sous.” “But see, Sir, (continued he) is not this curious?” “It is a mere reprint, (replied I) of what was first published three hundred years ago.” “No matter—buy it, and read it—it will amuse you—and it costs only five sous.” I purchased two copies—for I thought the title would be something to provoke the perusal of the work, by our excellent friend Prospero. I send you here the

title and the frontispiece. "*Le Dragon Rouge, ou l'art de commander les Esprits Célestes, Aériens, Terrestres, Infernaux. Avec le vrai Secret de faire parler les Morts ; de gagner toutes les fois qu'on met aux Lotteries ; de découvrir les Trésors,*" &c.

The bookseller told me that he sold hundreds of copies of the work, and that the country people yet believed in the efficacy of its contents. Thus, you see, that human nature is the same every where. I was told that it was in this VERY TOWN, that a copy of the first Latin Bible, called THE MAZARINE, was picked up for some half dozen francs !— and conveyed to the public

library at Munich. I shall know the truth of this by and by.

Towards the evening, I visited the public library by appointment. Indeed I had casually met the public librarian at the first Bouquiniste's; and he fixed the hour of half-past six. Previously, however, without knowing each other, I heard my own name pronounced in a manner, from which, if I had been a lady, I should have drawn a veil over my face: but, as a gentleman, I pulled off my hat, and made obeisance. The stranger then spoke aloud, and even eloquently, in commendation of Lord Spencer's library—and said, “before he died, he hoped to make a pilgrimage to England to see it.” He concluded by adding that he should expect me with impatience at the time appointed. I was punctual almost to the minute; and on entering the library, found a sort of *BODLEY* in miniature: except that there was a great mass of books in the middle of the room—placed in a parallelogram form—which I thought must have a prodigiously heavy pressure upon the floor. I quickly began to look about for *EDITIONES PRINCIPES*; but, at starting, my guide placed before me two copies of the celebrated *LIBER NANCEIDOS* :* of which *one* might be fairly said

* A folio volume, printed at St. Nicolas, a neighbouring village, in 1518. It is a poem, written in Latin hexameter verse by P. Blaru [P. de Blarrovivo] — descriptive of the memorable siege of Nancy in 1476, by *CHARLES THE RASH*, Duke of Burgundy: who perished before the walls. His death is described in the sixth book, *sign. t iiij*: the passage relating to it, beginning

“ Est in Nanceijs aratro locus utilis aruis :”

A wood cut portrait of the commanding French general, Renet, is in

to be *large paper*. Such a copy ought to be the peculiar property of the place—which gave rise to the poem: yet it was in sad want of the morocco or russia of Charles Lewis. I continued my examination; and found civil and canon law — pandects, glosses, decretals, and commentaries—out of number: together with no small sprinkling of medical works. Among the latter was a curious, and *Mentelin*-like looking edition of *Avicenna*. But *Ludolphus's Life of Christ*, in Latin, printed in the smallest type of *Eggesteyn*, in 1474, a folio, was a volume really worth opening and worth coveting. It was in its original monastic binding — large, white, unsullied, and abounding with rough marginal edges.

I looked out sharply for the *Complutensian Polyglott Bible*, but no copy of it was to be found: although, as usual in public libraries in France, there was a good stately copy of *Le Jay's Polyglott*. Here I saw, for the first time, a complete copy of the second edition of the *Annales Hirsaugienses of Trithemius*, printed at the monastery of St. Gall, in 1690. Upon the whole, it is supposed that the library contains 25,000 volumes. To the library is attached a Museum of Natural History. But alas! since the revolution, it exhibits a frightful picture of decay, devastation, and confusion. To my eye, it was little better than the apothecary's shop described by Romeo. It contained a number of portraits in oil, of eminent Naturalists;

the frontispiece. A good copy of this handsomely printed, and rather interesting, work, should always grace the shelves of an historical or classical collector. Brunet notices a copy of it UPON VELLUM, in some monastic library in Lorraine.

which are palpable copies, by the same hand, of originals . . . that have probably perished. The museum had been gutted of almost every thing that was curious or precious. Indeed they want funds, both for the museum and the library. It was near night-fall when I quitted the library, and walked with the librarian in a pleasant, open space, near one of the chief gates or entrances before mentioned. The evening was uncommonly sweet and serene: and the moon, now nearly full, rose with more than her usual lustre . . . in a sky of the deepest blue which I had yet witnessed! I shall not readily forget the conversation of that walk. My companion spoke of his own country with the sincerity of a patriot, but with the good sense of an honest, observing, reflecting man. I had never listened to observations better founded, or which seemed calculated to produce more beneficial results. Of our country, he spoke with an animation approaching to rapture. It is only the exercise of a grateful feeling to record this — of a man—whose name I have forgotten, and whose person I may never see again. On quitting each other, I proceeded somewhat thoughtfully, to an avenue of shady trees, where groups of men and women were sitting or strolling—beneath the broad moon beam—and chanting the popular airs of their country.

The next morning we quitted Nancy, leaving Capt. P. * * behind—with the intention of meeting us again at Strasbourg. Our first place of halting was *St. Nicholas* — of which the elegant towers had struck us on the other side of Nancy. It was no post town: but we could not pass such an ecclesiastical edifice without

examining it with attention. The village itself is most miserable; yet it could once boast of a *press* which gave birth to the *Liber Nanceidos*.* The space before the west front of the church is absolutely choked by houses of the most squalid appearance—so that there is hardly getting a good general view of the towers. The interior struck us as exceedingly interesting. There are handsome transepts; in one of which is a large, circular, central pillar; in the other, an equally large one, but twisted in the manner of the spire of Chesterfield church in Derbyshire. In one of the transepts was a numerous group of country people—of men, women and children, praying at the foot of a Saint. The effect was very striking. One is astonished at finding such a large and beautiful building in such a situation; but formerly the place might have been large and flourishing. The west front of this church may rival two-thirds of similar edifices in France.

Domballe was the next post: the drive thither being somewhat picturesque. *Luneville* is the immediately following post town. It is a large and considerable place; looking however more picturesque at a distance than on its near approach: owing to the red tiles of which the roofs are composed. Here are handsome public buildings; a fountain, with eight jets d'eau—barracks, a theatre, and the castle of Prince Charles of Lorraine. A good deal of business is carried on in the earthenware and cotton trade—of both which there is a manufactory—together with that of porcelaine. This place is known in modern history from the *Treaty of Luneville* between the Austrians

* See page 543.

and French in 1801. From hence we went to *Béna-ménil*, the next stage ; and in our way thither, we saw, for the first time since leaving Paris, a *flock of geese!* Dined at *Blamont*—the succeeding post town. While our cutlets were preparing we strolled to the old castle, now in a state of dilapidation. It is not spacious, but is a picturesque relic. Within the exterior walls is a fine kitchen garden. From the top of what might have been the donjon, we surveyed the surrounding country—at that moment rendered hazy by an atmosphere of dense, heated, vapour. Indeed it was uncommonly hot. Upon the whole, both the village and CASTLE OF BLAMONT merit at least the leisurely survey of an entire day. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the viands and the wine of the inn where we stopped—the principal, if not the only one, in the village,—were excellent in quality, and reasonable in charge ; and that my companion was so delighted by the flavour of the *vin ordinaire*, that he preserved the cork of the bottle, of which he had partaken, as a memento of the place.

On starting for *Héming*, the next post, we were much pleased by the sight of a rich, verdant valley, fertilized by a meandering rivulet. The village of *Richeval* had particular attractions ; and the sight of alternate woods and meadows seemed to mitigate the severity of the heat of the day. At *Héming* we changed horses, opposite a large fountain where cattle were coming to drink. The effect was very picturesque ; but there was no time for the pencil of Mr. L. to be exercised. In less than five minutes we were off for *Sarrebourg*. Evening came on as we approached it.

Here I saw *hops* growing, for the first time ; and here, for the first time, I heard the *German language* spoken—and observed much of the German character in the countenances of the inhabitants. The postillion was a German, and could not speak one word of French. However, he knew the art of driving—for we seemed to fly like the wind towards *Hommarting*—which we reached in half an hour. It was just two leagues from Sarrebourg. We stopped to change horses close to what seemed to be a farm house ; and as the animals were being “ yoked to the car,” for another German phaeton, I walked into a very large room, which appeared to be a kitchen. Two long tables were covered with supper ; at each of which sat—as closely wedged as well could be—a great number of work-people of both sexes, and of all ages. Huge dogs were moving backwards and forwards, in the hope of receiving some charitable morsel ; and before the fire, on a littered hearth, lay stretched out two tremendous mastiffs. I walked with fear and trembling. The cooks were carrying the evening meal ; and the whole place afforded such an *interior*—as Jan Stein would have viewed with rapture, and our Wilkie have been delighted to copy. Meanwhile the postillion’s whip was sounded : the fresh horses were neighing : and I was told that every thing was ready. I mounted with alacrity. It was getting dark ; and I requested the good people of the house to tell the postilion that I did not wish him to *sleep* upon the road.

The hint was sufficient. This second German postillion seemed to have taken a leaf out of the book of his predecessor : for we exchanged a sharp trot for a full

swing canter—terminating in a gallop ; and found ourselves unexpectedly before the gates of *Phalsbourg*. Did you ever, my dear friend, approach a fortified town by the doubtful light of a clouded moon, towards eleven of the clock ? A mysterious gloom envelopes every thing. The drawbridge is up. The solitary centinel gives the pass-word upon the ramparts ; and every footstep, however slight, has its correspondent echo. Judge then of the noise made by our heavy-hoofed coursers, as we neared the draw-bridge. “ What want you there ? ” said a thundering voice, in the French language, from within. “ A night’s lodging,” replied I. “ We are English travellers, bound for Strasbourg.” “ You must wait till I speak with the sub-mayor.” “ Be it so.” We waited patiently ; but heard a great deal of parleying within the gates. I began to think we should be doomed to retrace our course—when, after a delay of full twenty minutes, we heard . . . to our extreme satisfaction . . . the creaking of the hinges (but not as “ harsh thunder”) of the ponderous portals—which opened slowly and stubbornly—and which was succeeded by the clanking of the huge chain, and the letting down of the drawbridge. This latter rebounded slightly as it reached its level : and I think I hear, at this moment, the hollow rumbling noise of our horses’ feet, as we passed over the deep yawning fosse below. Our passports were now demanded. We surrendered them willingly, on the assurance given of receiving them the following morning. The gates were now closed behind us, and we entered the town in high glee. “ You are a good fellow,” said I to the gatesman : (call him warder,

if you will) come to me at the inn, to-morrow morning, and you shall be thanked in the way you like best."

The landlord of the inn was not yet a-bed. As he heard our approach, he called all his myrmidons about him—and bade us heartily welcome. He was a good-looking, sleek, jolly-faced man: civilly spoken, with a ready utterance, which seemed prepared to touch upon all kinds of topics. After we had bespoken tea and beds, (you should know however that we travelled with a good canister of *souchong*, which was purchased at Paris) and as the boiling water was getting ready, he began after the following fashion: "Hé bien Mons. Le Comte . . comment vont les affaires en Angleterre? Et votre grand capitaine, le DUC DE WELLINGTON, comment se porte il? Ma foi, à ce moment, il joue un beau rôle." I answered that "matters were going on very well in England, and that our great captain was in perfectly good health." "Vous le connoissez parfaitement bien, sans doute?"—was his next remark. I told him I could not boast of that honour. "Neanmoins, (added he) il est connu par-tout." I readily admitted the truth of this observation. Our dialogue concluded by an assurance on his part, that we should find our beds excellent, our breakfast on the morrow delicious—and he would order such a pair of horses (though he strongly recommended *four*), to be put to our carriage, as should set all competition at defiance.

His prediction was verified in every particular. The beds were excellent: the breakfast, consisting of coffee

eggs, fruit, and bread and butter, (very superior to what is usually obtained in France) was delicious ; and the horses appeared to be perfect of their kind. The reckoning was, to be sure, a little severe : but I considered this as the payment or punishment of having received the title of *Count*. . without contradiction. They fell on my ear as words of course ; but they shall not deceive me a second time. We started a little after nine ; and on leaving the place I felt more than usual anxiety and curiosity to catch the first glimpse of the top of *Strasbourg Cathedral*,—a building, of which I had so long cherished even the most extravagant notions. The next post town was *Saverne* ; and our route thither was in every respect the most delightful and gratifying of any, and even of all the routes collectively, which we had yet experienced. As you approach it, you cross over a part of the famous chain of mountains which divided OLD FRANCE from Germany, and which we thought we had seen from the high ground on the other side of Nancy. The country so divided, was, and is yet called, ALSACE : and the mountains, just mentioned, are called the *Vosges*. They run almost due north and south : and form a commanding feature of the landscape in every point of view. But for Saverne. It lies, with its fine old castle, at the foot of the pass of these mountains ; but the descent to it—is glorious beyond all anticipation !

It has been comparatively only of late years that this road, or pass, has been completed. In former times, it was almost impracticable. As the descent is rapid and very considerable, the danger attending it is obviated by the high road having been cut into a cork-

screw shape ;* which presents, at every spiral turn (if I may so speak) something new, beautiful, and interesting. You continue descending, gazing on all sides. To the right, suspended almost in the air—over a beetling, perpendicular, rocky cliff—feathered half way up with nut and beech—stands, or rather nods, an old castle in ruins. It seems to shake with every breeze that blows : but there it stands, and has stood, for some half-score centuries : once the terror of the vassal, and now .. the admiration of the traveller ! This castle was, to my eye, of all castles which I have seen, the most elevated in its situation, and the most difficult of access. The clouds of heaven seemed to be resting upon its battlements. But what do I see yonder ? “ Is it the top of the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral ? ” “ It is, Sir,” replied the postillion. I pulled off my travelling cap, by way of doing homage ; and as I looked at my watch, to know the precise time, found it was just ten o’clock. It was worth making a minute of. Yet, owing to the hills before—or rather to those beyond, on the other side of the Rhine, which are very much loftier—the first impression gives no idea of the extraordinary height of the spire. There was only one *other* sight, worth striving to behold ; and that was—the RHINE. But such a sight was forbidden. The intervening hills rendered it invisible ; even all the way to Strasbourg. We continued to descend, slowly and cautiously, with *Saverne* before us in the bottom. To the left, close to

* *a cork-screw shape.*] When the ‘ *chaussée*,’ or route royale, was completed, it was so admired, that the ladies imitated its cork-screw shape, by pearls arranged spirally in their hair ; and this head dress was called *Coiffure à la Saverne*.

the roadside, stands an obelisk: on which is fixed, in gilt letters, this emphatic inscription:

ALSATIA.

Every thing, on reaching the level road, bespoke a distinct national character. It was clear that we had forsaken French costume, as well as the French language, among the common people: so obvious is it, as has been remarked to me by a Strasbourgeois, that "mountains, and not rivers, are the natural boundaries of countries." The women wore large, flat, straw hats, with a small rose at the bottom of a shallow crown; while their throats were covered, sometimes up to the mouth, with black silk cravats. Their hair was platted, hanging down in two equal divisions. The face appeared to be flat. The men wore a shovel hat, of which the front part projected to a considerable distance; and the perpetually recurring response of "*yaw yaw*"—left it beyond all doubt that we had taken leave of the language "of the polite nation." At length we reached Saverne, and changed horses. This town is large and bustling, and is said to contain upwards of four thousand inhabitants. We did not stop to examine any of its wonders or beauties; for we were becoming impatient for STRASBOURG. The next two intermediate post towns were *Wasselonne* and *Ittenheim*—and thence to Strasbourg: the three posts united being about ten leagues. From Ittenheim we darted along yet more swiftly than before. The postillion, speaking in a germanised French accent, told us, that "we were about to visit one of the most famous cities in the world—and *such* a CATHEDRAL!" The imme-

diate approach to Strasbourg is flat and uninteresting ; nor could I, in every possible view of the tower of the cathedral, bring myself to suppose it—what it is admitted to be—the *loftiest ecclesiastical edifice in the world !*

The fortifications about Strasbourg are said to afford one of the finest specimens of the skill of Vauban. They may do so ; but they are very flat, tame, and unpicturesque. We now neared the barriers : delivered our passports ; and darted under the first large brick arched way. A devious paved route brought us to the second gate ;—and thus we entered the town ; desiring the post-boy to drive to the *Hôtel de l'Esprit*. “ You judge wisely, Sir, (replied he) for there is no Hotel, either in France or Germany, like it.” So saying, he continued, without the least intermission, to make circular flourishes with his whip—accompanied by such ear-piercing sounds, as caused every inhabitant to gaze at us. I entreated him to desist ; but in vain. “ The English always enter in this manner,” said he—and having reached the hotel, he gave *one* super-eminent flourish—which threw him off his balance, and nearly brought him to the ground. When I paid him, he pleaded hard for an *extra five sous* for this concluding flourish !

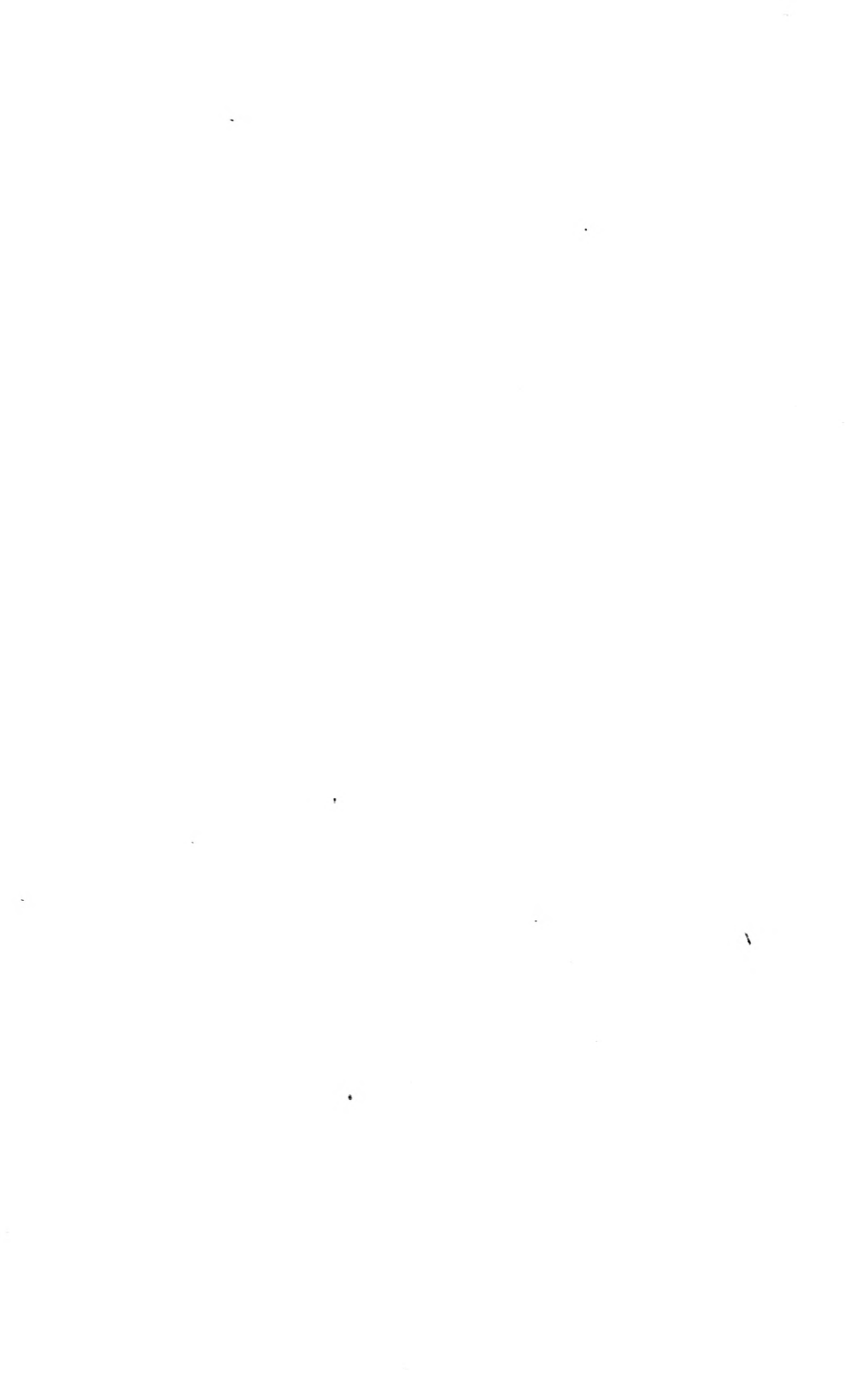
I am now therefore safely and comfortably lodged in this spacious hotel, by the side of the river *Ill*—of which it is pleasing to catch the lingering breezes as they stray into my chamber. God bless you.

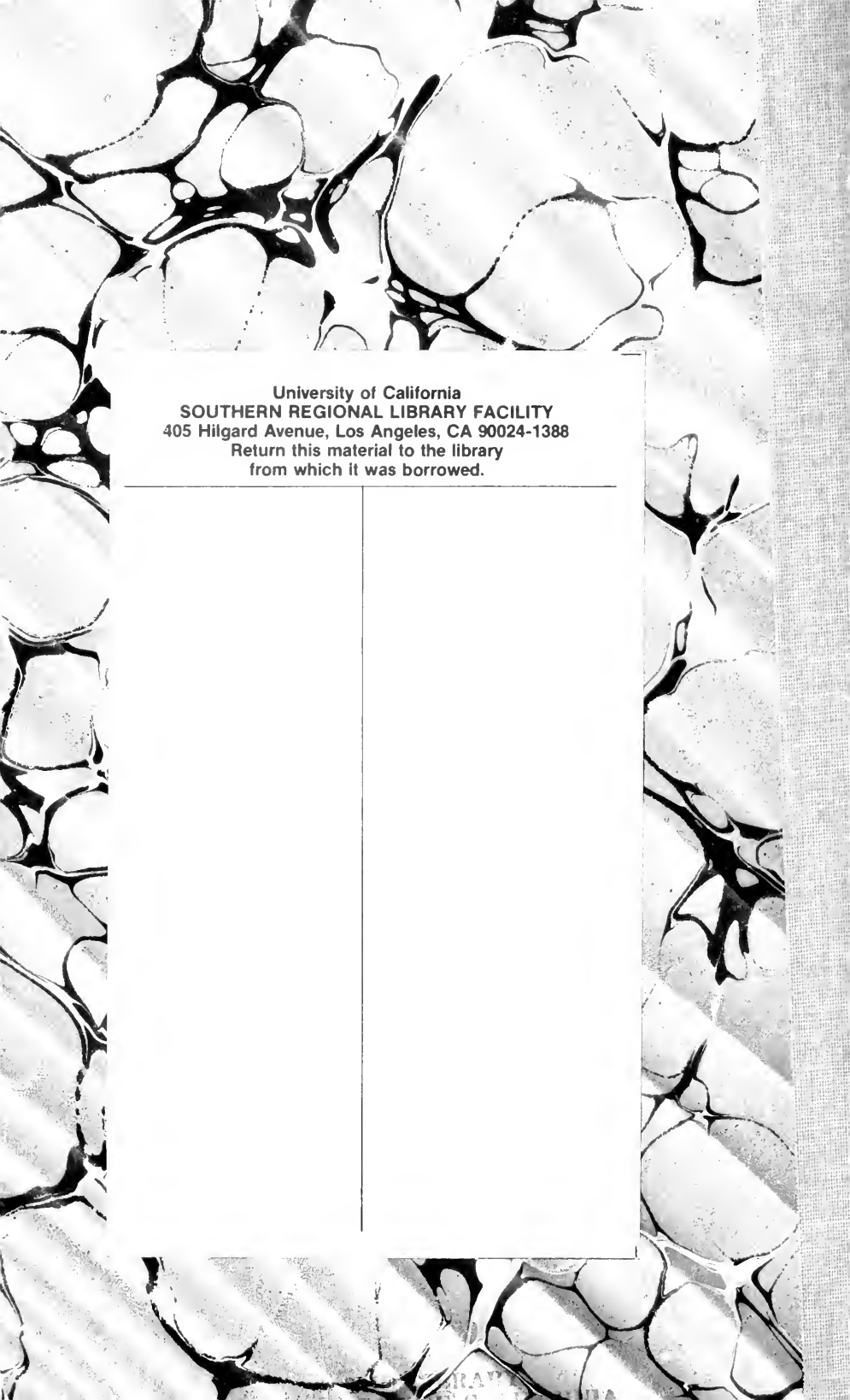
P. S. One thing I cannot help adding — perhaps hardly deserving of a postscript. All the way from

Paris to Strasbourg, I am persuaded that we did *not* meet *six* travelling equipages. The lumbering diligence and steady Poste Royale were almost the only vehicles in action besides our own. Nor were there either *villas* or *chateaux*; such as, in our own country, enliven the scene and put the traveller in spirits.

END OF VOL. II.







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