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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Robert Proctor. By Alfred W. Pollard . 1
Recent Foreign Literature. By Elizabeth Lee 35, 210, 305, 359
Net Books. Why it is not Practicable to make a Reduction in their Price to Libraries. By Robert MacLehose 52
The Perceval Legend in Literature. By Jessie L. Weston 59
The Water-Marks in Paper. By Gilbert R. Redgrave 91
Public Utilization of Existing Libraries. By James Duff Brown 93
Notes on Books and Work . . 103, 223, 335
Tottel's Miscellany. By W. W. Greg . . 113
Notes from the First French Translation of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' By G. F. Barwick 134
A Simple and Economical Plan for founding a Cataloguing Bureau for Public Libraries. By L. Stanley Jast 140
A Cavalier's Library. By H. R. Plomer . 158
'From an Old Directory.' By John Rivers . 173
Cotton Des Houssayes on the Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian. By F. J. Peplow 182
Robert Proctor's Work. By Alfred W. Pollard 192
The Musée Dobrée at Nantes. By R. S. Faber 206

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Bad Books. By R. F. Cholmeley 225
Some Twentieth-Century Italian Chapbooks. By William E. A. Axon 239
The India Office Library. By F. H. Brown . 256
Letters of Henry Bradshaw to Officials of the British Museum 266, 432
Henslowe, Collier, and the latest German Criticism. By W. W. Greg 293
Some Recent Foreign Novels and Plays. By Elizabeth Lee 305
Sale Prices of Incunabula in 1903. By R. A. Peddie 318
What Fifteenth-Century Books are About. II. Divinity. By Robert Steele 337
Secret Printing during the Civil War. By H. R. Plomer 374
The Library Association Conference at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. By W. E. Doubleday . 404
Allibone's 'Critical Dictionary of English Literature.' By Archibald L. Clarke . 419
Index 443

Thorne, Oxford, photo. Walker & Cockerell Ph. Sc.

Robert Proctor

Second Series,
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THE LIBRARY.

ROBERT PROCTOR.

ROBERT GEORGE COLLIER PROCTOR, whose name will not lightly be forgotten by students of early printing, was born at Budleigh Salterton in Devonshire on May 13, 1868. In a sketch so slight as this much genealogy would be out of place, and I will therefore not try to trace his pedigree from the baby Proctor to whom Queen Anne, as his godmother, presented, by way of 'christening mug,' a silver tankard bearing the royal arms and of truly royal dimensions, which is still preserved in the family. It is more to our purpose to note the literary and intellectual influences among his immediate forebears. His grandfather, whom we may call Robert I., in 1825 published with Archibald Constable and Co. a 'Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes and of a Residence in Lima and other parts of Peru in the years 1823 and 1824' (pp. xx. 374). A note in the family copy of this work states that 'the Author was the second son of George Proctor of Clewer Lodge, Windsor, and was born there the 25th April, 1798. He entered the army and served in the 59th Regiment for a short time, until Peace put a stop to promotion,

during which time he was wrecked with his regiment on the coast of Ireland in the Lord Melville transport. He took the journey described as Agent for the Contractor of the Peruvian Loan. He died the 12th November, 1875." Apparently this was Robert I.'s only essay in authorship, though he lived to be seventy-seven, and had leisure enough to divide his life between Italy and England. He had, however, one very literary connection, having married a sister of the well-known scholar John Payne Collier, to whom he was already related through their fathers having married sisters. Of the marriage of Robert I. with Miss Collier, Robert II., our friend's father, was the elder of two sons, while of the two daughters one married George Street, R.A. the architect of the Law Courts. The second Mr. Robert Proctor was educated at Eton and Charterhouse, where he imbibed a strong love of the classics, but during one of his school-holidays a severe attack of rheumatic fever so crippled him that he was shut out not only from the University but from any active career in after life. The keen strong face which is seen in his photographs shows, however, that he was not in the ordinary sense an invalid, but able to take his full share in all intellectual interests. In 1867 he entered on thirteen years of a very happy married life with Miss Anne Tate, and of this marriage Robert George Collier Proctor, born the next year, was the only offspring.

When a father, himself a good classic and of strong literary instinct, is perforce at home all day, an only child soon acquires bookish tastes. It is thus not surprising to be told that no one knew

quite how the small Robert III. learnt to read, and that a book rather than a toy was always chosen when a present was offered. At some early age he went to a preparatory school (Daymond's) at Reading, and got on there only too quickly. At ten he was sent to Marlborough, but remained there less than a year, partly owing to trouble with his eyes, which made it desirable that they should be carefully watched. In the meantime his father had died, and mother and son now settled down at Bath, with a devotion to each other which ripened into a delightful comradeship. More than any other influence this friendship with his mother enriched and harmonized the whole of Robert Proctor's life, and though it is far too sacred a subject to be written of lightly, the warmth of the relation between them must be borne in mind by any one who would understand his character.

Bath College now became Proctor's school, and as to his life here the following notes have been kindly supplied by his headmaster, Mr. T. W. Dunn, to whom he dedicated in after years his monograph on 'Greek Printing in the Fifteenth Century.'

'Robert Proctor left Marlborough, where the climate was thought too severe for him, and came to Bath College in January, 1881, and remained there till he went to Oxford, October, 1886, after gaining an open scholarship at Corpus.

'I remember him better than I remember any boy of his time, for he had many claims to be remembered, though, as often in the case of men of the more gifted order, it is not easy to say in what those claims consisted.

He stood aloof from his fellows in an isolation that lost him no respect or goodwill of boys or masters, from whom he seemed to want little, though always willing to do or give anything that could be required of him.

'He had ways of his own to go, and was confident in his own resources. I can therefore well understand his wandering off alone without guide or companion on the dangerous road where he lost his life. It was what he might have been expected to do, and I must believe that those who knew him in later days must have found him often astray from the common ways in his choice of work, and his manner of doing that work. He was born for out-of-the-way scholarly pursuits and was early mature in classical learning, though I think he was not likely to continue long on a beaten track or to take trouble with what was commonplace or familiar.

'He was ever a lover of books, and he took up with him to Oxford a library unusually large for an undergraduate, and it grew much larger before he left the University, and must have continued to grow till the end.

'While at Oxford he translated and printed a translation of a play of Plautus, I think the Captivi, which was that year acted in Latin at the school.

'After his Oxford course I rarely saw him, but from time to time he knew how to remind his old master that he was always held in affectionate memory, nor was this feeling unreciprocated, for he was one of those sincere natures of whom, when once understood, we never change our estimate, nor would we lightly forfeit their confidence and goodwill.'

His shortness of sight probably handicapped Proctor for most school games, but I imagine that the aloofness of which Mr. Dunn writes was due less to this than to the fact that the feeling of absolute comradeship with his mother had already

begun, and that this intellectual intimacy gave just the touch of difference from the ordinary schoolboy which tends to keep that irresponsible person at a little distance. Mother and son were already tasting the delights of walking tours together in England, France and Switzerland, and when Robert won a scholarship at Corpus (at that time by far the most distinguished of the smaller colleges at Oxford), Mrs. Proctor took lodgings in Walton Street. There for lunch, and again after the afternoon's walk or row, Robert came every day, while at the same time he enjoyed all the delights of living in college for his first three years, and could take his full share in College life. How completely he did this the following delightful reminiscences by his chief friend of those days, Mr. J. G. Milne of the Education Office, will sufficiently show. If there had been aloofness in his schooldays there was clearly none now, and though, as Mr. Milne records, he did not add to his literary leadership the honour of coxing the Corpus Eight (which the year before he went up had been head of the river), he won at least two 'pewters' as cox. in College 'fours.' Mr. Milne writes:

'Proctor and I went up to Oxford in the same year, and were both on the same staircase in the New Buildings at Corpus. But I have few recollections of him in the first year, apart from his library: and it was as a bookman that he was mainly known in the College. He very soon got a footing in the literary group of the period, which was a strong one; but he was not physically fitted to take a vigorous part in the sports. By his second year the men had discovered enough of his interests to realize that they

had in him an ideal candidate for the post of Junior Librarian; and he was elected accordingly by the College meeting to this office, which he held for the remainder of his undergraduate career. This was, in a way, an exceptional honour; for the tradition was that the Junior Librarianship should be held by a fourth-year man. The breach in the tradition, however, was a very fortunate one, as it resulted in the production of an excellent catalogue of the library. He had by this time become one of the members of a College society which accounted itself somewhat exclusive—the Pelican Essay Club: and shortly afterwards he, with one or two others—E. K. Chambers, I think, was his leading associate—formed a still more select society, known as the Owlets, which was composed in equal proportions of dons and undergraduates, and met to read English plays or selections from English literature on alternate weeks. I have now a list of the authors read in the first year of the Club's existence, which was sent me by Mrs. Proctor, who found it among his papers: and the evidence it gives of his taste in reading at this time may be interesting. His selections were from Tennyson (2), M. Arnold, Wm. Morris, Ruskin (5), Longfellow (2), Swinburne (2), Robt. Buchanan, Jas. Thomson (the younger), R. L. Stevenson (2), John Fletcher, and Froude.

'I said above that he was physically unfitted to take much part in sports: but that did not mean that he neglected or despised this side of College life. Few were keener than he on the college boat, or more regular in their attendance at the riverside when there was any cheering to be done. He was very anxious to undertake the thankless duties of cox., and it was only after several trials that he reluctantly acknowledged that his shortness of sight prevented him from steering the boat to his satisfaction.

'He was deeply interested in every kind of antiquarian research. Archaeology was at that time only beginning to find a place in the lecture-list at Oxford: and more than

once he and I—for we went to every available lecture in this subject—formed the whole of the audience for a term. One of his special lines of research was brasses, and he accumulated a large collection of rubbings. Partly with a view to antiquities he tramped the country for miles round Oxford. It was one of the Corpus customs at that time to turn out for a long tramp on Sunday, starting immediately after breakfast and returning in time for evening chapel—and we sought out all the nooks and corners of the neighbourhood on these occasions. Our favourite companion was H. D. Leigh, then Junior Tutor, who, like Proctor, has just been taken from us by death: he was an enthusiastic volunteer and student of military tactics, and taught us how to observe the lie of the country and explained the motives of the various campaigns which were fought round Oxford. He introduced us to the Kriegspiel Club, where we pursued these studies, and waged mimic warfare on many an evening. I remember the last night we had together there: we were both commanding on the same side, and had been set a problem drawn from the Wars of the Roses: we, as the Lancastrian force, instead of hurrying to London and meeting our doom at Barnet, fell upon the Yorkists at Northampton and crushed them.

'One great occupation of our leisure time lay in the College library. We got leave to make a search through the old books, of which Corpus possesses a good collection, and see what we could find in the bindings. The result appeared in several hundreds of fragments, both manuscript and printed, including not a few of considerable interest. Proctor arranged them all, and at times we talked of preparing a catalogue: but unfortunately other work intervened; and, so far as I know, the only record of our finds is in a few stray notices which we published from time to time on points that specially took our fancy.

'There was one side of his character which came out more strongly after he left Oxford—at any rate, it im-

pressed me more. I have referred to his choice of readings in the Owlets Club, which, as will be seen above, showed his partiality for Ruskin and William Morris: and he was, in many ways, a disciple of these two men, on the social and economic side as well as the artistic and aesthetic. He had a real and deep interest in their practical socialism, which is often called academic by the socialist of the street corner, who is unable to understand the altruistic desire of the intellectual man to elevate his fellows as contrasted with his own wish to drag everyone down to his own level. Proctor was constantly thinking out schemes for the improvement of life and its conditions; he was always ready to hear and inquire about the circumstances of the "East-Enders" amongst whom I work, and to suggest solutions for the problems arising there. The enthusiasm of humanity was the real ruling force of his character.'

Mr. Milne's narrative was much too interesting to be interrupted, but it has carried us rather far ahead, and we must retrace our steps to supplement it with some further notes kindly supplied by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, the Fellow and Tutor by whom Proctor was prepared for Classical Moderations, in which he obtained an easy First. Mr. Sidgwick writes:

'When R. G. C. Proctor came into residence at Corpus in October, 1886, all that we knew of him was that he had done very good work in the Scholarship Examination some months before, and that he had been educated at Bath College, where his Headmaster, Mr. Dunn, had had a remarkable success in stimulating and developing the talents of his pupils. His work with me was from the first that of an unusually sound scholar: it was always regular, and most careful; and in particular was remarkably uniform in the high degree of excellence which it attained. His special talents always lay more in the love

of knowledge, and the persistent purpose and effort to make the best of the powers he possessed, than in the strictly literary aptitudes: and it was consequently all the more remarkable that he almost invariably reached a very high standard, not only in his mastery of the books which he read, but also in his classical composition, both prose and verse. I have an exact and complete record, as it happens, of all the work he did as my pupil, whether in the ordinary College course, or in the University examinations: and while there were others who surpassed him in natural literary gifts, Proctor was distinctly the best of his year in College, not only in the work he did for his tutors, but in the University examination of Honour Classical Moderations, in which he obtained a very good first class. He was also a most useful and energetic member of the College literary and discussion societies: and I have been present on more than one occasion when he showed a knowledge of subjects and books quite unusual in men of his age at the University. I have also been struck, as his friend and contemporary Mr. Milne has related, with the extent of the library which he had, even in his early days of residence at Oxford, collected in his rooms. And all his Oxford friends felt, when he was appointed to the post he held in the Museum, that his special talents had found their true scope. Though few may have anticipated the unique services which he rendered to learning in the special department which he studied, yet all agree in feeling that no success was ever more truly deserved, and in lamenting the deplorable fatality which cut short so valuable a life.'

For 'Greats' Proctor was prepared by Mr. H. D. Leigh, a distinguished scholar, whose premature death a little before that of his pupil prevents me from giving similar notes as to his work for that examination. This is a great loss, as part of the course of study for 'Greats' bears so directly on the

problems men have to face in after life that any information as to this stage of his development would have been peculiarly interesting. As a result of the examination Proctor was placed in the second class, but in at least one of his papers, that on his special subject, the 'topography of ancient Athens,' he greatly distinguished himself. The same unstinted liberality which had sent him up to Oxford with a library such as many dons might envy had provided the funds for a visit to Greece in which the topography of Athens was studied on the spot with all the eager enthusiasm subsequently transferred to far other themes, and the result was a paper on which the examiner was content to offer his respectful compliments. In the philosophical and historical part of the examination I can imagine that Proctor did not do so well. At least in after years whatever views he held on such subjects he expressed, if he expressed them at all, with considerable vehemence, and without much regard for the strong points of his opponent's case, and this mental attitude does not readily commend itself to examiners. Where some papers are strikingly good and others less so, the *vivâ voce* section of the Oxford examinations, ordinarily unimportant, becomes crucial, and an unfortunate mistake as to the day, which brought Proctor before the examiners fagged out by an all-night journey from the Lakes, may easily have cost him his First. If that would have brought him the very doubtful blessing of an Oxford Fellowship, he had no cause to regret the partial nature of his success. He had already in his College library found his true work, with which the rest of this paper will be oc-

cupied. Before passing to it, however, it must be noted that it is to this time, when he was just completing his University career, that the portrait belongs which forms the frontispiece to this memoir. This (with the leave of the original photographers, Messrs. Thorne of Oxford) has been enlarged by the skill of Mr. Emery Walker from a College group, in which, as President of the Owlets, Proctor was obliged to hold in his hand a small owl. The humorous look, with just a touch of defiance in it, is one which any of his more intimate friends must often have seen on his face, and makes the portrait delightfully characteristic, though his refusal, soon after this, to continue to be bothered with the trouble of shaving, gave him, in the eyes of casual observers, a very different appearance.

That two undergraduates should have had the freedom of the College library to the extent to which Proctor and his friend Mr. Milne enjoyed it at Corpus was doubtless in part due to the unusually happy relations between dons and undergraduates in that College, in part also to the zeal of the two workers. I gather that the responsible librarian was a little alarmed at the enthusiasm with which the fragments of printers' or binders' waste were extracted from the old bindings, and despite the extraordinarily interesting finds which have been made in book-covers there is much to be said on the librarian's side. Everything found at Corpus was carefully placed in boxes, and before Proctor left Oxford he had made for his college a complete list of its incunabula and also of its English books printed before the close of the sixteenth century.

It was apparently while Mr. Milne and Mr. Proctor were enjoying themselves at Corpus that the fame of their unusual pursuits reached the ears of Mr. Gordon Duff, who, the next time he passed through Oxford, asked them to dinner, and expounded bibliography to a doubtless devoutly impressed audience. To Proctor, who was anxious to take up some definite piece of bibliographical work, he suggested the press of John of Doesborgh, the Antwerp printer of several books for the English market, as a profitable subject for study, and the advice resulted in a paper in this magazine, and subsequently in the second of the illustrated monographs of the Bibliographical Society. It amuses the present writer now to remember that the paper for 'The Library' was sent to him by the editor for his opinion on it, and that he contributed a humble footnote to the first essay in bibliography of the man from whom afterwards he learnt so much.

When no more work remained to be done at Corpus Proctor naturally sought for fresh fields and found them at the Bodleian. As to this Mr. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, has kindly sent the following note:

'E. Gordon Duff had been doing for us a skeleton-catalogue of our incunabula, on slips, but had only got to the end of J when he left Oxford.

'Early in 1891 the Rev. C. Plummer, who was a Bodleian curator, mentioned Proctor as a suitable man to continue it. He was a don of Proctor's college, and that was doubtless how he came to know of Proctor's special bent.

'I thereon asked Proctor if he would care to do a little paid work of this sort for the library, and, finding his work so good, got him to undertake the completion of Duff's catalogue.

'The Duff-Proctor catalogue is of course arranged by counties, towns and presses, and is available for readers.

'Proctor also presented us with three volumes of note-books containing the matter described on the enclosed slips.

'He was also engaged for us in compiling from our general catalogue of printed books a rough list of British prae-1641 items. This is on the reference-shelves.

'The first and last days on which he worked for us were February 23, 1891, and some day in September, 1893, before Michaelmas.'

During the thirty-one months which separate the two dates Mr. Nicholson mentions Proctor must have catalogued upwards of three thousand incunabula on the fairly elaborate system of which we give a specimen in a note,[1] and written nearly ten thousand titles (including some cross references) for English books printed before 1641. He also found time to

[1] C. 1500. Paris. Alexander (Alyate) de Mediolano.
Auct. 6 Q. 6. 60.

Sulpitius (Jo.). De moribus puerorum c. commento.

fo. 1a: Carmen Inuenile de moribus menfe.|| ¶ Johannis Sulpitii Urulani viri difertiffimi de moribus puerorū pci||pue in menfa feruandis. Carmen iuuenile paucis explanatum incipitur.

End fo. 6a, last line: apicem noftrum adiunctum finet. 6b: Apex Afcenfianus de officio fcholaftici|| [Carmen: at end—] ¶ Finis|| (Alyate's mark. *Silvestre* 1.)

6 leaves. Sig. A^6. 1 column. Lines in col. irregular. 2 types (G 2 sizes) with headlines. fo. 2a 162 × 98 mm. (size of printed page). 4°. 7·2 × 4·7".

Woodcut initials. Printer's mark.

Half calf binding.

make lists, similar to those he had prepared for his own College, of the incunabula and earlier English books at New College, Brasenose, and All Souls' (incunabula only). At New College his explorations among bindings resulted in the discovery of some fragments on vellum of a previously unknown Caxton, the 'Donatus Melior' of Mancinellus. No doubt a little to his vexation at the time he did not identify these without the help of Mr. Hessels, a reminder that Rome is not built in a day, even when the builder has a special genius for his task. All these lists of incunabula were arranged in the chronological order of the countries, towns, presses and books, a plan the advantages of which were first shown by Henry Bradshaw, and of which he left specimens in his Lists of the Incunabula at the de Meyer, Culemann and Verzauwen sales. Proctor was thus already some way advanced towards the scheme of his great Index, while the contents of the three Note-Books, which, as mentioned by Mr. Nicholson, he presented to the Bodleian on finishing his work there, anticipate other of its features.

These three Note-Books are labelled as follows:

(1) The Printers of the Fifteenth Century: being a chronological clue to the arrangement of the Bodleian Catalogue of Incunabula. Showing also what printers are therein represented, and the reverse. With an alphabetical index of the Towns. 1893. (MS. Eng. Misc. E. 14.)

(2) A Brief Conspectus of the numbers of Ludwig Hain's Repertorium Bibliographicum which are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. May, 1893. (R. 13. 58^{b}. 2 vols.)

(3) A Conspectus of the numbers of the 'Annales Typo-

graphiques' of Campbell which are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. June, 1893. (R. 13. 58^b. Part of Vol. II.)

The 'chronological clue' of the first book answers of course to the lists of towns which come at the head of each country in the Index, and the lists of printers which come at the head of each town; while the second and third Note-Books practically cover the same ground as his second and third Tables.

During these years of work at Bodley, Mrs. Proctor and her son occupied a house at 10, St. Margaret's Road, Oxford. Their walking tours, which in Proctor's undergraduate days had taken them to Scotland, Belgium, and Norway, seem now to have been chiefly in the Eastern Alps.

Proctor entered the British Museum on October 16th, 1893, having obtained a nomination from Archbishop Benson, and competed successfully with the other nominees of the Principal Trustees. But though he entered thus in the ordinary way his reputation as a specialist had preceded him; and I remember asking Dr. Garnett rather dolefully as to whether he would absorb all the antiquarian work there was to do. As a matter of fact, though he escaped, I believe, the amusing drudgery of the copyright books, he took for some years his fair share of the general cataloguing; and recently, in helping to prepare for press the Supplement to the Catalogue, I have been struck by the very considerable number of titles written during the years 1894-1899, which are in his handwriting.

There was, however, no inclination at the Museum to allow his peculiar talents to remain unused.

Within quite a short time of his arrival it became the custom for the revisers of the General Catalogue, which had then reached the letter O, to bring him the old titles of fifteenth-century books to correct, and he was asked also himself to undertake the revision of any headings in which incunabula were especially numerous. It was on this ground that the very important heading 'Liturgies,' one of those which had been postponed on account of their complexity, was entrusted to him, and this remains the most notable of the strictly official tasks which he carried through. Numerous as are the fifteenth-century service-books in the British Museum they yet, of course, form but a small proportion of the whole; and the real difficulty of reforming the heading lay in the need for a greatly improved nomenclature and arrangement. In providing this he was greatly helped by Mr. Henry Jenner, who was thoroughly conversant with the books from their ecclesiastical side, and Mr. Jenner's sympathy with his new colleague's special gifts made Proctor, who had no love as a rule for working in collaboration, take a pleasure in seeking his help. During his last years at the Museum he took some part in preparing the Subject-Index of books acquired between 1881 and 1900; but by this time he was encouraged to devote himself almost entirely to his own special subject, with the results which are already well known. After Henry Bradshaw's death several of his letters to the official heads of the Museum were brought together for preservation; and in one of these there is a sentence (I quote from memory), as to how in bibliographi-

cal matters librarians all over the country looked up to the British Museum as their natural head. Coming from Henry Bradshaw, who was by far the greatest bibliographer England then possessed, the phrase seemed almost ironical, but as regards the first seventy years of the history of printing Proctor, from 1898 to his death, brought about its literal accomplishment. He gave it, in fact, an even wider range, since his help was sought, almost daily, by students in every part of Europe and also in the United States.

In the last sentence we have been looking at Proctor's position after he had published his Index; in 1893, when he came to the British Museum, he had published nothing save his article in 'The Library' on John of Doesborgh, and had still to make his name. Almost simultaneously with his appointment I had been elected honorary secretary of the Bibliographical Society, and was making plans for publishing 'Bibliographica'; and of course I was anxious to secure so promising a recruit.. Proctor had held aloof from the Bibliographical Society in the first instance, but he now joined it in January, 1894, and was soon busily engaged in helping Mr. Redgrave to enlarge and improve the list of books printed by Erhard Ratdolt; a service for which, as for many others which he rendered the Society, he refused absolutely to allow any acknowledgment to be made. In June, 1894, the Council accepted his offer of a monograph on his old favourite, John of Doesborgh, and this appeared later in the year, with much more hard work put into it than the productions of that by no means distinguished printer were

really worth. He also contributed to the first number of 'Bibliographica' an article on the different forms of a woodcut of a master and pupils, bearing the inscription 'Accipies tanti doctoris dogmata sancta,' which appears in numerous books printed in Germany about the end of the fifteenth century. Our friendship by this time was fully established, and henceforth we worked so much together that I shall have some difficulty in keeping myself out of this memoir. The friendship was of a kind less uncommon, perhaps, than it may sound. On almost every subject on which it is possible to argue we held diametrically opposite views; but we had so many tastes and interests in common that we had never any time for controversy, but accepted each other quite happily, with a little occasional chaff, and only a very rare explosion when we had unguardedly strayed on a dangerous subject,—after which we went back to books. Thus to be admitted to Proctor's friendship was no light privilege. Not that he was at all chary of making friends, but that he brought to his friendships an affection, a generosity of estimate, a whole-heartedness, equally delightful and rare. The greatest pleasure you could give him was to allow him to take some burden off your shoulders on to his own, and whatever he undertook he always carried through with prompt decision.

The reputation which Proctor won by his 'Index' might have been in some degree anticipated by several years if he had been allowed to publish his notes of the Bodleian incunabula separately, as he had at first intended. The notes were all written

out and I had found a publisher for them, when it was intimated that the authorities at Bodley regarded these notes as inseparable from the work for which he had been paid, and the publication was dropped. The question was undoubtedly complicated by the fact that Mr. Duff, as well as Proctor, had worked at the Bodleian incunabula; but anyone who knew Proctor will know also that in matters of bibliography he would not have taken the results of an archangel upon trust, and the work he had put into this proposed Oxford Index made it really his own.

It was so much to the interest of the Bodleian to get a hand-list of its incunabula published for nothing, that if Proctor had paid the Curators the compliment of asking their permission it is very unlikely that any objection would have been raised. But anything in the nature of official authority (even when he had a real respect, or even affection, for the individual bearer of it) always disconcerted him, and he was apt to go his own way without the little 'by your leave,' for lack of which he had in this instance to turn back. Naturally he was somewhat downcast at the rebuff, especially as it made him fear similar trouble on the completion of the index to the incunabula at the British Museum, work for which had already begun. A more sophisticated friend suggested to him, however, that opposition would probably be disarmed if instead of providing each institution with a separate unofficial catalogue, he were to combine the two, thereby also producing his materials in a much more economical form. He was so delighted at the

suggestion that he exclaimed joyously, 'It *would* get my name up if I could do that'; a pleasantly frank avowal of an ambition which went straight for the highest mark, while it cared little or nothing for minor successes.

The way in which Proctor set about the preparation of his Museum Index was eminently characteristic. His Bodleian notes applied mainly to the fifteenth century. For this period the titles of all the books in the Museum had for many years been carefully kept together. By using these titles he could have got straight to work. Instead of this he kept the period 1500-1520 steadily before him from the first, and made his own collection of titles by no less arduous a process than that of reading through the whole General Catalogue of the British Museum, of which hundreds of volumes at that time still remained in manuscript, while in the printed volumes he had to take account also of the accessions pasted on the other half of the page. Day after day, as soon as four o'clock came, he would go straight to the Catalogue-desk, and read one volume after another, until at last he had noted down on small cards the short titles, imprints and press-marks of all books attributed in the Catalogue to the period with which he was concerned. The cards were then sorted out according to countries, towns, and presses, with a large section of 'adespota,' and the work of comparison and description of types went steadily forward.

Proctor had been one of the earliest purchasers of the Kelmscott Press books, and in October, 1894, first at the Museum and afterwards at Kelmscott

House made the personal acquaintance of William Morris, who quickly appreciated his wide knowledge of the old books which they both loved. It was fortunate that by this time Morris (though keeping all his ideals) had found out that neither the Democratic Federation nor the Socialist League offered a royal road to progress, and was tired of 'bailing out' not always very reputable 'comrades.' Had Proctor known him in his militant period, he too would have taken his share in 'Bloody Sunday,' and for an official of the British Museum to have been had up for obstructing the police might have led to trouble. As it was, his admiration for Morris brought nothing but happiness into his life, which it increasingly influenced during these last ten years, leading him, as we shall see, to become an active committee member of the 'Anti-Scrape' (Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings), to take up the study of the Icelandic Sagas, and, finally, to start the Greek printing, of which the first fruits will appear within a few weeks of this memoir. For the present, however, he devoted himself solely to his incunabula, and in 1895 printed for private distribution two tracts on 'Early Printing,' followed by a third in 1897. In the first of these a 'List of the founts of type and woodcut devices used by the printers of the Southern Netherlands in the fifteenth century' (dedicated to Mr. Jenkinson) he did for the Belgian printers the same service as Bradshaw had rendered to the Dutch; the second, 'A Note on Eberhard Frommolt, of Basel, printer,' showed that Frommolt worked at Vienne and had relations with Johannes Solidi, while

the third provided a typographical index to the four supplements to Campbell's 'Annales de la Typographie Néerlandaise,' with descriptions of additional books not known to Campbell. In 1897 Proctor prepared for the Bibliographical Society at Dr. Garnett's suggestion, 'A Classified Index to the Serapeum,' and also gave yeoman's help with the bibliography attached to Dr. Haebler's monograph on 'The Early Printers of Spain and Portugal.' He was so interested, indeed, in Spanish printing that he wrote full descriptions of the hundred or more Spanish incunabula in the British Museum, subsequently making a present of his work to Dr. Haebler, who has utilized it in his 'Typographie Ibérique.' By 1898 he had at last, by the use of nearly all his leisure for more than four years, completed his great work, 'An Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum: from the invention of printing to the year MD, with notes of those in the Bodleian Library,' and this was published during 1898, in four parts, by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., in an edition of 350 copies. Of the merits of this Index there is no need to write at any length. I think it was Baer of Frankfurt who first gave the author the pleasure of seeing a 'Proctor number' quoted side by side with that of Hain, and by now the practice has become general in all important catalogues, and greatly facilitates the task of acquiring fresh incunabula for the British Museum. For a book of the kind, offering no attractions whatever either to the stockbroker or the dilettante, the sale was fairly rapid, about half the edition being disposed of by the end of the first

year, and the demand steadily continuing, though checked, as is often the case, by the belief that the book was already out of print. In the risk of the book Proctor had shared to the extent of £50, but this was never asked for, and after a little time he began to receive small annual cheques on account of royalties.

The appearance of the Index naturally stirred the Trustees of the British Museum to demand that their talented assistant should prepare for them a full-dress catalogue of their incunabula. From this he persistently shrank, having no great love, as he explained in his review of Dr. Voullième's book in our last volume, for bibliographical descriptions, which have really very little to do with the history of typography, wherein his own interests centred He gladly, however, undertook, as a preliminary to the Catalogue, a rearrangement on the same historical lines as his Index, of all the Museum incunabula, with the exception of those in the Grenville and King's Libraries, which cannot be separated from the collections to which they belong. On this rearrangement he was engaged up to his last day at the Museum, the progress of the work being very slow owing to the need for devising an elaborate system of press-marks into which accessions could be intercalated, to the number of tract volumes which had to be broken up and their component parts rebound in order that each might occupy its own place, to the innumerable reference boards which had to be written to keep the books available for readers, and to the physical difficulties of dealing with so many volumes of different sizes,

some of them immensely unwieldy. The American doctrine that a thousand-dollar man ought never to waste his time on a hundred-dollar job was not one which appealed to Proctor. He liked to do everything himself, carrying about the heavy books, and steering them skilfully on Museum barrows, and making all the necessary changes in the shelving with his own hands. He calculated that about another year would see the work ended, and it is hoped that this reckoning may still prove accurate, though in this, as in everything else, those who are trying to carry out his plans, find themselves obliged to proceed hesitatingly and cautiously, where he knew exactly what he meant to do and how he meant to do it.

As soon as his fifteenth-century index was complete Proctor set to work on the continuation to 1520, of which the German section was published within a few weeks of his death. He allowed me, however, to tempt him now and again to take up other smaller subjects, and to one of these in which we worked together for ten weeks in a constant excitement, we both always looked back with special pleasure. It was known during the course of 1898 that Dr. Garnett's long career at the British Museum was drawing to a close, and I had talked lazily with Proctor of how pleasant it would be to present him with some record of the many fine books he had secured for the Museum during his Keepership. On January 11th, 1899, I heard that for domestic reasons Dr. Garnett intended to retire on the 20th of the following March. In the intervening sixty-eight days, without any printed circular, two hundred

subscribers were obtained, the 'Three Hundred Notable Books' were picked out from the annual reports, described and annotated, sixty illustrations were made, Dr. Garnett was guilefully led to consent to sit to Mr. Strang for the etched portrait which forms the frontispiece, the book was set up and printed, and a copy specially bound by Zaehnsdorf was taken into the Keeper's Room at 11 a.m. on March 20th, by two very triumphant Assistants. Of course, when we told them why we were in a hurry, printer, photographer, artist and binder all flew round, but without Proctor's powers of amazingly rapid and yet accurate work, though the other partner by a miracle had doubled or even trebled his own rate of progress, the result would never have been achieved.

The next by-path to which Proctor was led during this period grew out of the valuable little note on 'An Incunabulum of Brescia hitherto ascribed to Florence,' contributed by Mr. R. C. Christie to the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society for 1898. The acquaintance which this showed with Greek printing led the Society's Secretary to beg Mr. Christie to write a monograph on the subject, and when that delightful scholar, after playing a little with the idea, was obliged to decline it on the score of ill-health, the burden was transferred to Proctor's shoulders, and resulted in the admirable monograph on 'The Printing of Greek in the Fifteenth Century,' published in December, 1900.

At the beginning of this year Proctor had started, with a carefully restricted membership of fifty, his

Type Facsimile Society for publishing collotype reproductions of pages in rare books printed in unusual founts. Mr. Duff first, and afterwards Mr. Sydney Cockerell acted as Treasurer of the Society, but save for the collection of members' subscriptions and paying bills with the proceeds, the whole work of the Society was in Proctor's hands, and with the enthusiastic help of Mr. Hart of the Clarendon Press he gave his subscribers a wonderful return for the £50 a year which they placed at his disposal.

In May of this same year Proctor had begun to attend the weekly committees of the 'Anti-Scrape,' rendered the more joyous by subsequent suppers at Gatti's, the good company at which he thoroughly enjoyed. A little later, on the regretted death of Mr. F. S. Ellis, he was honoured by the request to take his place as one of the trustees under the will of Morris, and though with some qualms as to his business qualifications, gladly accepted. As a matter of fact I believe that his business qualifications in this capacity proved excellent, while his judgment and knowledge of book-production were called into requisition in seeing through the press new editions of Morris's works, more especially the Golden Type supplementary edition of the books not printed by Morris himself.

It was about this time that Proctor began studying in the original the Icelandic Sagas, many of which Morris had helped to translate. This new interest resulted shortly before his death in the publication through the Chiswick Press of a version of the famous 'Laxdæla-Saga,' which is still purchasable (10*s.* 6*d.*). His first rendering from the Icelandic,

however, was 'The Tale of the Weaponfirthers,' which he caused Constable of Edinburgh to print for him in March, 1902, and presented to his friend Mr. Jenkinson in a charming binding, as a wedding gift, after the Italian fashion. Rightly or wrongly, I think Proctor's translations from the Icelandic only partly successful, but the Latin preface and the English verses in his wedding volume are both so admirably turned that (the book itself being inaccessible to most readers) I have obtained leave to quote them here.

'F. J. sponsalia agenti salutem ac felicitatem optat summam R. P.

'Audire te uideor, uir amicissime, libellulo tibi ante oculos posito, qui dicis: Quid mihi cum hoc? hoc nuptiarum quid interest, rei omnium suauissimae tenerrimaeque quid gesta boreali ex orbis terrarum regione quadam rapta, mortis plena, horrida dolore, ferorum adpetitus hominum enarrantia? ego uero quid respondeam ipse plane nescio; namque historia (ut fatear) nullo modo ὑμέναιος ni forte sit ἐριννύων: haec mihi tantum subit consolatio; nempe cum sit omnium humanissima res matrimonium, humani nihil a se alienum putare debeat; uitae uero hic uim adesse, immo circumfluere quis est qui neget? talis ergo defensionis prima acies. secundo contendam non sine utilitate fieri ut optima quaeque per contraria sua illustrentur. tertio denique considerandum aliquid me multo durius adferre potuisse. an iucundius foret exempla quaeuis artis libros elixe describendi impressos, quemadmodum Iacobus ille regius libris manu scriptis sese inuoluit profiteri? uel malles modo decertationem de systemate signaturae mentelinano, modo inuectiuam more gallico floribus uituperationis selectis ornatam in Appium Claudinum nostrum, qui bibliopola libros amat atque fouet, senex ingentia conflat uolumina? haud equidem credo: haec igitur tanquam

de horreo meo exiguo spicula pusilla licet et inuenusta deprompsi: quae tibi ut maiorem quam mihi praebeant uoluptatem identidem opto atque deprecor. sed haec hactenus; tu uero ut cum coniuge tua iure amantissima bene ualeas cura.

'Dabam Londini ipso die Valentini, episcopi et martyris, anno minoris computationis secundo.'

The sportive bibliographical allusions will probably puzzle many readers (to explain them in notes would spoil the jokes), but it is not many men who a dozen years after they had taken their degree could put so much humour and grace into a Latin letter, and yet, as far as I can remember, Proctor had had nothing to keep his Latin prose from rusting. His English verse strikes me as equally happy, the allusion in the opening couplet being to certain natural history pursuits, with which Mr. Jenkinson diversifies his classics and bibliography:

'Friend, whose acute yet unobtrusive eye
Rejoices to detect the two-winged fly,
And swift to pierce the book's disguises through
Ne'er fails to mark each blind elusive clue;
Can I be laggard, now that April's green,
In paying tribute to the Meadow's Queen,
Should it but lie unheeded at her feet.

'Jesting and grave words, bitter lines or sweet
Endlessly life engrosses page by page;
Nor might yon arctic island's bygone age
Know less than we the secret solacement,
Ill hap to soften and increase content:
No fainter gleam the colours wrought of old,
Spike-Helgi's pride, the lust of power and gold,
Or Halli's wailful glory o'er his dead
New-fallen when kin met kin by Eyvindstead.

'May we not hear it beat, the pulse of life,
As Bjarni still, through stratagem and strife,
Renounces victory gained by aught but love?
Great-hearted deeds that generous spirits move
Attuned to catch them through the mist of years;
Rough simple lives, so lightly lost and won;
Eld's dream-wrought visions boding clash of spears;
The long drear winter empty of the sun;

'Such fill the tale; its blended hopes and fears
Tread on the skirts of sorrow; then again
Eager springs pleasure from the cease of pain:
Wherefore to-day, that shall your joy fulfil,
Accept no less, in token of goodwill—
Rude though it be for fancy's following—
This hardy floweret of the northern spring.'

Proctor took no pleasure in writing English prose; it was a trouble to him, and he could not always make his points in it quite clearly. But I think these stanzas show that he possessed in no slight degree the power of using verse to express thoughts and feelings a little warmer and deeper than plain prose will easily bear. It is a very enviable gift, more especially when joined, as in his case, with a complete absence of any desire to be reckoned a candidate for even the smallest poetic honours.

These two Icelandic translations, as has already been noted, undoubtedly grew out of the admiration for the work of William Morris which was so powerful a factor in Proctor's later activities. To the same cause, with the added impulse derived from his own studies in the history of Greek printing, must be attributed the endeavour to improve Greek types which led him in the last year of his

life to adapt an early sixteenth-century Spanish fount to modern use. Though he fixed on it quite independently, the fount he chose was an old favourite of my own, on which, some time before I knew him, I had written an article in the Century Guild Hobby Horse, which had had something to do with Mr. Selwyn Image's earlier essay in Greek type making. Though first used, by way of trial, in a thin quarto, the original type was designed for the New Testament in the Complutensian Polyglot, and I have always believed that it was based on the handwriting of the ancient manuscript which, as mentioned in the preface, the Pope sent to Cardinal Ximenes to help him in the preparation of his text. As the manuscript itself (so it is said) was utilized in the eighteenth century for making rockets, this conjecture can never be verified, but the type undoubtedly goes back to the fine Greek writing of the tenth century, just as the best Roman types go back to the Carolingian minuscules as revived during the Italian renaissance. It is thus strongly distinguished from the unhappy cursive types popularized by Aldus, and possesses all the qualities of a book-hand in which those are so markedly lacking. Unfortunately in the type he designed for Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Image had introduced modifications and compromises which completely altered its character. Proctor, on the other hand, accepted it in its entirety, but as in its original form it possessed no upper-case letters, he was obliged to design these himself. In this he was, on the whole, remarkably successful, and certainly deserved to be so, as he spared himself no

trouble in the matter. He was equally zealous in facing the great difficulty of all Greek printing, the connection of accents and breathings with the letters to which they belong, and here also he succeeded very well. After much deliberation he asked his friend Mr. Jacobi, of the Chiswick Press, to be his printer, and on May 12th, 1903, a four-page fly-sheet, containing his device (an otter), an Athenian 'psephisma,' and a sportive colophon, was printed as a specimen of his majuscules. Among the papers on his table at the Museum which awaited his return were clean sheets of the greater part of the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus, with proofs for the beginning of the Choephoroi. These, with the Eumenides, all three in a text which he himself had revised, were to form the first book printed with his type. When all hope of his safety had to be given up, the supervision of the proofs was very kindly undertaken by Dr. F. G. Kenyon, and the book is now almost ready for issue. It is hoped that it may be followed by Homer's Odyssey and the Idylls of Theocritus, of both of which Proctor had made ready a text. His own intention was to accompany these with a Greek romance, a liturgical book, and a selection of modern Greek ballads and lyrics. But he had made less progress in the preparation of these, and the difficulty of finding editors, and perhaps also readers, for them, will probably prove insuperable.

When Mrs. Proctor and her son left Oxford, they rented a house for some years in Pelham Road, Wimbledon, moving thence in 1898 to Oxshott, some twelve miles further out, where they had built themselves a house. By subsequent purchases nearly

two acres of land were added to this, and the planting the little domain with trees, and otherwise cultivating it, proved a great source of pleasure, while Proctor's cleverness with his fingers found an outlet in making hangings for the house and doing other bits of carpentry and upholstery. Though Mrs. Proctor was now over seventy, the walking tours still continued, till in 1902 an unusually successful one decided them not to risk spoiling the memory of their long series of holidays by attempting another in the exact form. In the early summer of 1903 the two went together to Corsica and Florence. For the later walking tour in Tirol, Proctor started by himself on the evening of August 29th. I was in France at the time, and as usual had laid on him the burden of my whole correspondence, and just before leaving England he wrote me a long letter giving an account of his stewardship, and confessing to feeling a little tired. As soon as he reached Tirol, where they had previously walked together, he began writing daily to his mother, telling how he was getting on in their old haunts. On September 5th he posted from St. Leonhard in the Pitzthal a delightful tourist letter, with a touch of sadness in it because he had no longer his wonted companion, but otherwise buoyant and happy. He had sent on his bag to Steinach by rail, would sleep that night at the Taschach-hut, eight thousand feet up, and start walking from there. As he would be out of the reach of the post, he should not be able to write again for some days. His whole trip was planned to last only just three weeks, and he was due back at the British Museum

on September 22nd. He did not arrive that day, and I thought that he had prolonged his leave. On the 23rd I heard from Mrs. Proctor, saying that no letter had arrived from him since that of September 5th. Two days later his colleague, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, the best possible man for the task, started to search for him in the Taschach district, where at request of the Foreign Office the Austrian police had already ordered inquiries to be made. Mr. Streatfeild traced him to the Taschach-hut and found his name written there in the visitors' book. He had talked to the custodian about the further hut to which he was walking, but this second hut he never reached, nor could the most diligent inquiry hold out any hope of his having made his way to any other place instead.

Such are the bare facts, nor is there need for much commentary on them. Proctor's habit of moving on to a fresh place every day prevented him from being missed during the few hours when search might have been profitable. Long ere there was justification (in view of his warning that he should not be writing again for some days) for the slightest anxiety on the part of his friends in England, the weather had broken, snow had fallen, and all search had become impossible.

In starting by himself from the Taschach-hut Proctor broke the primary rule of Alpine climbing, that no snow glacier should ever be attempted save in parties of three, but we may not praise and blame a man for the self-same qualities, and the absolute disregard of difficulties and craving to meet them unaided in his own way which brought him to his

death at thirty-five on the Taschach, were precisely the same features in his character which had made him face undaunted the task of describing every fount of type used in Europe up to 1520, and read through the catalogue of the British Museum as a preliminary. Nor for him, though deeply for themselves, need those who loved him lament. His eager, untiring energies could not long have survived the rate at which they were burning away, and he himself had calmly faced the certainty that he could only hope for a few more years of effective eyesight. If the snow-mountains are rapacious of the victims whom their charm allures, they are also merciful, and the crevasses which kill so quickly and so painlessly offer almost the only grave on which the imagination can dwell without horror. Like Browning's Grammarian Proctor had spent his life in the investigation of *minutiae* for which the world cares nothing, certain that he was right in doing it, and that it was worth doing. To those who were in sympathy with him it is a real alleviation of their grief to know that he, too, found his last resting-place among the mountains.

In another article I hope to quote some of the appreciations of Proctor's work by M. Delisle and other foreign scholars, also to consider, as practically as may be, the possibility of completing the second section of his great Index. But here, for the present, I must stop.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

DURING the past three months a very large number of new French and German books have come under my notice. Some of them possess an interest of their own, others are useful aids to knowledge. But unwilling as I am to confess it, few, if any, of them show signs of genius, or give promise of future eminence in their authors. Industry and finished workmanship meet us at every turn, and in both France and Germany the taste for study of the past in history, in art, in pure literature produces much valuable work in preparing material for future historians and critics, and in making rich mines accessible in which future poets and novelists and dramatists will rejoice to dig. Yet to a lover of true literature the prospect is depressing: these things are no substitute for imagination and inspiration.

Certain books dealing with art and artists deserve high commendation. 'Die Attischen Grabreliefs,' published under the auspices of the Vienna Imperial Academy of Sciences, of which the twelfth part has just appeared, is a notable production. The plates are most beautiful; indeed it is impossible to imagine anything better of the kind. The examples illustrated are taken from collections all over the world, and are accompanied by a full and informing descriptive letterpress. Berthold Daun's 'Veit Stoss

und seine Schule in Deutschland, Polen, und Ungarn' is a welcome addition to our scanty knowledge of the sculptor of Nuremberg, the Donatello of German Art, as he is sometimes called. The book is chiefly a critical catalogue of Stoss's works with just the biographical details needed for the proper appreciation and comprehension of them. A monograph by the same author, dealing more exclusively with the sculptor's life is promised shortly. Visitors to Nuremberg and Cracow will remember Stoss's exquisite work. In 'Fra Bartolommeo della Porta und die Schule von San Marco' Fritz Knapp has produced an interesting volume about a painter who has so far had scant attention from writers on art, Leader Scott's monograph being the only English book on the great painter of San Marco. Knapp, whose book contains numerous and excellent illustrations, emphasizes the importance of Bartolommeo's artistic development for the Renaissance period in Florence, and thus the work is a considerable acquisition for students of the art of that particular era. It is to be regretted that, like so many German books dealing with art, it lacks a convenient table of contents. Books about Francesco de Goya, Spain's greatest modern painter, have mostly been more fiction than fact. Valerian von Loga, in a beautifully illustrated volume, succeeds in putting before us the actual facts of a very romantic career. In the critical portion of the work he shows the far-reaching influence that Goya has had on the development of modern art. The illustrations are placed at the end of the book and are prefaced by what is evidently an exhaustive catalogue of the

painter's works. Goya seems to be becoming more studied by students and amateurs of art. In a certain short period during last spring his etchings were asked for in the print room of the Berlin Museum twenty-one times. He came fourth, after Dürer, Klinger and Rembrandt. The eighth volume of the 'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité' deals with the sculpture of archaic Greece. Georges Perrot is the author. With its 14 plates and 352 engravings, it is an exhaustive account of the principles and general character of archaic Greek sculpture. The conditions of its development are carefully traced, so that we clearly see how the way was being gradually prepared for the great period of Athenian art, and how large a part the political and social history of the people played in it. As we read we are struck by the resemblance to the period of our own history and literature—we had no art—leading up to the Elizabethan age. A book that is in a way allied with art, and that makes delightful reading, is 'Les Membres de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts depuis la fondation d'Institut,' by Albert Soubies. This volume (others are to follow) goes from 1795 to 1816, and the idea is to relate briefly the history of the eminent men who as artists have made or are making part of the Institute—painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musicians are all there. No critical judgement is attempted.

A debt of gratitude is due to Hermann Büttner for his translation into modern German of Eckehart's 'Schriften und Predigten.' The first of the three volumes of which the work will consist is now ready. Eckehart's works are very rare, and this is

the first attempt to give them in modern German dress. Büttner's introduction is full and interesting, and embodies all that is known about the great mystic preacher of fourteenth-century Germany. Eckehart holds a place in German thought similar to that of Dante in Italian thought; like Dante, Eckehart's works are the documents of a religion that was soon to be shorn of its power, and, like him, he helped to create German prose. The 'Savigny-Stiftung für Rechtsgeschichte,' the great law society of Germany, has, with the assistance of the Munich Academy of Sciences, issued the first volume of 'Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen. Text und Uebersetzung.' The editor, Liebermann, is perhaps the greatest authority in Europe on the subject. This volume contains the laws of the kings of Kent from Alfred to Edward the Confessor. The thoroughness with which the work has been done is worthy of all admiration. The manuscripts were scattered through forty libraries in twenty-four towns, and all were seen and examined by the editor except two at Durham and York respectively. He expresses deep obligation to the many English scholars who rendered help, and especially to the late Bishop Stubbs. Another work involving research of a toilsome kind is the 'Histoire des Comtes de Poitou, 778-1204,' by Alfred Richard, who in the preface sets forth some of his difficulties in dealing with the material. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, for instance, to put a date to a letter, narrative, or charter was an exception, and as the Counts of Poitou were also Dukes of Aquitaine and of Gascony, and at one period Counts of Toulouse, and as a

Countess of Poitou became Queen of France and then Queen of England, to fill up the *lacunae* and make the narrative clear and consistent is no easy matter. So far only one volume (778-1126) is published, but it shows great thoroughness on the part of the compiler, and the work, when completed, will supply valuable aid to the historian. After an interval of twenty-five years, the Société de Bibliophiles François has issued two series of 'Mélanges,' beautifully printed as such things should be. They contain letters, memoirs and narratives carefully annotated by bibliophiles. Among the authors are Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Orleans, Louis XIII., Talleyrand, Royer-Collard and Florian. Students of old French will welcome a most complete critical text of 'Aliscans' by Erich Wienbeck, Wilhelm Hartnacke and Paul Rasch, and also Ernest Langlois's table of proper names contained in the printed copies of the 'Chansons de Geste,' undertaken at the suggestion of the late Gaston Paris.

Books about Shakespeare are never to seek in Germany. In Part XXIX. of the 'Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie' entitled 'Das Verhältnis Thomas Middleton's zu Shakspere,' Dr. Hugo Jung argues that though Middleton was greatly indebted to Shakespeare, Shakespeare owed nothing to Middleton. Rudolph Genée in 'A. W. Schlegel und Shakespeare. Ein Beitrag zur Würdigung der Schlegelschen Uebersetzungen,' gives a most interesting account of what has become the classical German translation of our great dramatist. Max J. Wolff issues a translation of Shakespeare's Sonnets which renders more or

less adequately the thought contained in them, but scarcely preserves their poetical essence, their beauty of form, or their charm of expression. Works like 'Shakespeare's Sonette und ihr Wert,' by Theodor Eichhoff, cannot be recommended. Indeed, they deserve that a strong protest should be made against them, especially as the series of which this volume forms a part proudly claims to further the scientific criticism of Shakespeare. A division of the sonnets into four classes entitled respectively, 'Immoral,' 'Absurd,' 'Trivial,' and 'Editorial,'—sixteen sonnets being printed apart as 'Precious Stones,' and not included in the general classification—does not strike us as either scientific or aesthetic criticism, and it is to be hoped that such methods will not find favour among the younger school of German Shakespearean commentators. Similarly, a life of Shakespeare by Robert Hessen is a mere piece of bookmaking, and is obviously based, though without any sort of acknowledgment, on a well-known English life of the dramatist of which there is an excellent German translation. In Parts XXIX. and XXXIV. of the excellent 'Palaestra' series will be found studies of English literature of great value. The first is an elaborate account of our Elizabethan song-books, with the text of all those accessible from 1520 to 1600. Two contemporary German translations of Morley's songs made in 1609 and 1624 are also printed. Nothing so complete in the way of editing, and containing so much useful information and comment exists in any one English book. The second deals with the Earl of Surrey's translation of Virgil and his importance in the history of

English literature. Dr. Lohff does much the same for Chapman in his 'George Chapman's Ilias-Uebersetzung,' a volume which seems to contain all a student needs to know about Chapman and his importance as a translator. Dr. Cecil Brodmeier's 'Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen' is a technical study of the mechanism of the Elizabethan stage, of its furniture and accessories illustrated by references to the stage directions and the words of the characters in the plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists.

A philosopher, who avows himself an optimist, is an unusual spectacle. But Dr. Ludwig Stein, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Berne, has published a book entitled 'Der Sinn des Daseins. Streifzüge eines Optimisten durch die Philosophie der Gegenwart.' Therein he argues that as the world and life are always showing new sides, and as philosophical systems are nothing more than soul-photographs, illustrations of the personality of their originators, there can be no definitive philosophy, and Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza and Kant have not said all there is to say on the subject. The book contains twenty essays, grouped in four divisions, 'The meaning of the world' (metaphysics); 'The meaning of knowledge' (theory of knowledge); 'The meaning of individual life' (ethics); and 'The meaning of social life' (sociology). It is the author's desire to present to young people a work which, instead of teaching the pessimism that is so crippling, shall incite to cheery action and hopeful energy. The keynote to the whole is that there can be no culture without ideals, that the

man who lacks enthusiasms, and regards ideals and illusions as dreams and folly is a cripple in soul and a sick man in feeling, and has already entered the grave. After eleven years a new edition (the third) of Wundt's 'Ethik' is appearing. The philosopher has thoroughly revised the whole, rewritten parts of it, and added somewhat to the section dealing with the development of the ethical view of the world. Thus it is indispensable, and will diminish the value and usefulness of the earlier editions. Such are the penalties and difficulties in keeping the science section of a library up to date. Theodor Lipp offers in his 'Grundlegung der Ästhetik' an extremely full treatise on general aesthetics. The work is to consist of two volumes, of which the first is now issued. Aesthetics represent here the psychology of the beautiful and of art, and the author treats of what he calls the aesthetics of form, space, rhythm, colour, tone and word. The second volume will deal especially with the aesthetic consideration of works of art. Dr. Wernick's 'Zur Psychologie des aesthetischen Genusses' is an attempt to find a basis for the science of aesthetics, to demonstrate how the aesthetic impression is created, and how it comes into being in accordance with the laws ruling the soul of man. It is very interesting, and not unhelpful to students of psychology.

The poems of Edward Mörike have gradually been increasing in favour, a fate they well deserve, and now his biographer, Karl Fischer, in collaboration with Rudolf Krauss, is issuing a selection from Mörike's letters, in two volumes. The first volume just published, contains letters to his family, his

fiancée, and the friends of his youth, written between 1816 and 1840, and give a vivid picture of the poet's development, of his manner of thinking, of his outlook on the world and on art. They show the man in a most lovable aspect, and help to enhance the charm of his poetic achievement.

Of books dealing with literary criticism we select three, two French and one German, as perhaps most representative of recent works of the kind. They are: 'Le mouvement poétique français de 1867 à 1900,' by Catulle Mendès; the seventh series of Brunetière's 'Études critiques sur l'histoire de la littérature française'; and Berthold Litzmann's 'Goethes Lyrik. Erläuterungen nach künstlerischen Gesichtspunkten. Ein Versuch.' Catulle Mendès, best known as a writer of immensely clever stories and poems, faultless in style, but guiltless of morals, was asked by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts to sketch the history of French poetry from 1867, in which year Théophile Gautier had presented a 'rapport' to the government. Mendès commences with reflections on the poetic spirit as evinced in France from a comparatively early period, and comments on it at particular moments of its development. He concludes by asking if since the magnificent romantic geniuses, since the glorious 'Parnassiens,' there has arisen a poet, 'très haut, très vaste, très puissant, dominateur des esprits et des cœurs et digne de l'universel triomphe?' 'Non, hélas,' is the answer. There are undoubtedly an extraordinary number of 'rêveurs singuliers, de penseurs originaux, d'âmes émues, d'artistes exquis ou violents,' but there is no

master. In drama, however, in the true romantic drama, as Victor Hugo understood it, 'où palpitent toutes les passions, où pleurent toutes les douleurs et rient toutes les joies, où planent tous les rêves,' there is the light of dawn in the beautiful work of Edmond Rostand, who has charmed and subdued France, 'par le romantisme théâtral, délicieux, joyeux, déchirant, tendre, éblouissant, tout-puissant. . . . L'Ode et L'Épopée, le XIXe Siècle, commencé en un poète tel que Victor Hugo, s'achevât par un poète tel qu' Edmond Rostand.' The so-called 'rapport' fills half the volume, the rest, 328 large octavo pages, consists of a bibliographical and critical dictionary of the greater number of French nineteenth-century poets.

Brunetière's essays cover a wide period—from Ronsard to the end of the nineteenth century. His criticism is as ever, illuminating and suggestive. We do not always agree with him, but we always want to know what he thinks. In 'La bibliothèque de Bossuet' he comments on a catalogue of the library of 'Messieurs Bossuet, anciens évêques de Meaux et de Troyes,' which was sold at Paris, December 3rd, 1742. It consisted of between five and six thousand volumes. The great Bossuet's nephew, 'le petit neveu d'un grand homme,' did not probably add much to his uncle's library; the booksellers may, of course, have put in lots of their own, but substantially the list may be taken to represent the working library of the great preacher. From its contents Brunetière draws certain conclusions as to Bossuet's tastes and method of working. 'Une bibliothèque est "un état d'esprit ou une forme

d'intelligence." Les livres que nous possédons, et la manière dont ils sont classés, sont révélateurs, non seulement de nos goûts, mais de notre profession, et de la manière dont nous la pratiquons.' If this is so, in Bossuet, the great orator, there existed also a veritable historian, a stern critic, a patient man of research, an accurate scholar. Of the other essays the most important, and certainly the most generally interesting, is that on 'La Littérature Européenne au XIXe siècle.' In it Brunetière pays the highest possible tribute to the part played by English influence in the formation of the European spirit of our own time. He declares that individualism in literature originated in England; that the emancipation of the *ego* of the writer was first consummated there; that literature was there first joined to a life of action, and that there did the man of letters first become a personage in the state. Out of this individualism arose naturalism and the desire of dramatists, poets, and novelists to produce by their works some ethical improvement in the social life around them. Drama and oratory he finds to be the two literary forms that have not flourished in the century. Newman is, he considers, the only orator who can be read with pleasure. Lyric poetry, history, criticism, have, on the other hand, flourished exceedingly; and beyond all, of course, the novel of manners—the realistic novel. The novel, no longer satisfied to be the history 'qui aurait pu être,' with Balzac, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant in France; with Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot in England; with Gogol, Turgénieff, Dos-

toïevsky and Tolstoy in Russia, is actual history. Closely allied with the naturalistic novel is the psychological novel, in which it is the motives of the acts rather than the acts themselves that are important. In conclusion, he finds that literature is no longer a 'divertissement' but a serious and responsible occupation, to which those who follow it must bring all knowledge, all experience. As time progresses imagination and inspiration will play a less prominent part in the production of literature than exact information on social conditions and problems. Possibly social modifications and changes are working in this way on our poets and novelists and dramatists; but some of us, quite foolishly, perhaps, continue to hope that if the world is not to see another Shakespeare, it may see again a Tennyson or a Thackeray. But all who take interest in such speculations (and what lover of literature does not?) should not fail to read Brunetière's clever 'aperçu.'

In 'Goethes Lyrik,' Berthold Litzmann, Professor of the History of German Literature at Bonn, attempts to elucidate and explain Goethe's 'lyrical' poems so as to increase the readers' artistic enjoyment of them. And so far as this can be done by any intermediary between a poet and his reader, Professor Litzmann entirely succeeds. We could not have a more competent or more inspiring guide. Yet, with it all, people cannot be argued into a love of poetry: some, who through dullness or laziness, fail to perceive its charm and beauty may be led by such means to find that after all there is something to be said in its favour; but the true

lovers of poetry will always remain those who perceive its charm and beauty from within themselves. The general criticism of Goethe as the born lyrist, just as Schiller was the born dramatist, dispersed through the volume is most valuable. Goodness transfigured in beauty was Goethe's life secret and life wisdom. Therein lies the strength, the perennial youth that breathes from every line of his verse. His philosophy of life is embodied in his 'Faust'; but its leading idea, the intermingling everywhere of goodness and beauty, exists in all his short lyrics.

Hermann Oldenberg, the greatest authority in Germany on Buddhism, has reprinted, as 'Die Literatur des alten Indien,' four articles that appeared in the 'Deutsche Rundschau,' 1899-1903. They deal with the poetry of the Veda, the literature of Buddhism, the two epics and the laws of Manu, and literary poetry (as opposed to popular poetry). While the book bears the impress of perfect scholarship, it appeals at the same time to the general reader as well as to the student.

One of the books that gave me most pleasure, among the many I have lately been reading, is Professor Harnack's 'Reden und Aufsätze.' In two well-got-up volumes he reprints some of the speeches and essays, delivered or published by him during the last twenty years. Harnack is a clear thinker, and therefore possesses naturally a delightful style. Although he is thus enabled to make the most abstruse theological subjects fascinating, many who are not perhaps specially drawn to theology will welcome the greater breadth of subject to be found here. He writes or discourses,

among other things, of Socrates and the ancient church, of Augustine's 'Confessions,' of monasticism, of Luther, of the importance of the modern striving after culture for ethics and sociology. I was most interested in the really beautiful lecture on Augustine's 'Confessions.' I had not before thought of Augustine as the first individualist, as the first man who had the courage to take the world into his confidence with regard to the state of his soul, and to do it with a success so complete as to win sympathy everywhere.

There is nothing of striking interest to record in history or memoirs. The second volume of Gabriel Hanotaux's 'Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu' is now available, and deals with the years 1617-24. So many general questions present themselves that the book is more a philosophic history of a whole era than the life history of an individual. A biography of Jules Ferry by Alfred Rambaud is fairly interesting. The second volume of Bielschovsky's 'Life and Works of Goethe' completes what is perhaps the best book on the subject that has yet seen the light, and one that should be speedily turned into English. A first attempt at an exhaustive biography of the greatest German chemist of the nineteenth century, Justus von Liebig, forms a pleasantly written volume by Dr. Adolph Kohut. Marquart's 'Osteuropäische und ostasiatische Streifzüge,' studies for the history of the ninth and tenth centuries, issued under the auspices of the Berlin Royal Academy of Sciences, describes an important period in the world's history, while Dr. Emil Löbl in 'Kultus und Presse,' attempts a systematical and critical

description of the conditions of the modern newspaper, and also to determine the place of the press in the civilized life of the present day. Dr. Löbl has produced a very readable volume, and concludes with the opinion that the press, like every other department of human activity, is ruled by motives both noble and ignoble. 'The Campaign of the Emperor Napoleon in Spain, 1808-9,' by Commandant Balagny, published under the direction of the historical section of the *État-Major de l'Armée*, is an important contribution to Napoleonic history, and aims at putting documents and facts in such a way as to enable the reader to form his own judgement. It is interesting to note that it contains the first French translation of the correspondence of Sir John Moore, published by his son in 1809. The latest addition to von Below's and Meinecke's excellent series of text-books of mediæval and modern history is 'Geschichte des Späteren Mittelalters von 1197 bis 1492,' by Dr. Johann Joserth, professor at Graz. Despite great fullness it is admirably arranged, and takes in all the countries of Europe, England included. Librarians may be glad to know that after an interval of eight years another volume of the 'Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges in den Zeiten des vorwaltenden Einflusses der Wittelsbacher,' has just appeared. The last, the sixth, went up to 1608. This one is the ninth, and goes from January, 1611, to October, 1612. Volumes seven and eight, with the documents for the intervening period, will follow shortly. Future historians of the Thirty Years' War will find this work indispensable, as will those

of the Seven Years' War, the hitherto unpublished correspondence of the Duc de Broglie, and Prince Xavier de Saxe, 1759-61, contained in the archives of the department of Aube. The first volume is now issued.

In fiction and drama nothing has appeared that heralds the approach of a new genius. Bourget's 'L'Eau Profonde' is another tragedy of the drawing-room, of which he has lately given us so many, and René Bazin in 'Récits de la Plaine et de la Montagne,' writes, as always, delightfully of the French peasantry he knows so well, and gives also some charming pictures of travel in the Rhône district and in Holland, but does not approach the two books which best reveal his peculiar genius, 'Les Oberlé,' and 'La Terre qui Meurt.' Germany has produced no novel that calls for special notice, except, perhaps, the excellent study of manners to be found in Ottomar Enking's 'Familie P. C. Behm,' but a big crop of new plays, of varying merit and interest, from the pens of her best-known dramatists, offers a wide field for criticism. We cannot here do more than indicate the central idea of the more important. Sudermann in 'Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates,' a comedy, seemingly mocks at the old ideals of liberty and government that still prevail among the supporters of the revolution of '48 in Germany, and their disciples. But whatever he may mean, and a certain vagueness of presentment makes it impossible for the spectator to determine whether the dramatist intends him to laugh or weep, it succeeds neither as a political demonstration, nor as a stage play, nor as a piece of literature. Hauptmann

in 'Rose Bernd,' brings forward another Silesian village tragedy, this time of child murder; but in interest and workmanship it falls below his 'Fuhrmann Henschel' of 1898. Fulda has again, and deservedly, scored a great success with his verse comedy, 'Novella d'Andrea,' an Italian story of the fourteenth century, the action taking place at Bologna, and centring round a lady professor at the University there, who fails to find in learning and fame a substitute for 'the crown of happy love.' Max Halbe in 'Der Strom' has produced a drama of passion worthy to stand beside his 'Jugend' which will ever rank as one of the finest of modern German plays in its particular *genre*. The passions of nature, the destructive action of winds and waves form the background to the human passions of love, hate, greed and fraud that sway the actors in the drama.

Here we must bring our survey to a close. If in its course we have met nothing that will give its author a foremost place in the Temple of Fame, let us remember that a wise man once declared: 'nullum esse librum tam malum ut non in aliqua parte prodesset.'

ELIZABETH LEE.

NET BOOKS. Why it is not practicable to make a Reduction in their Price to Libraries.

N article appeared in the July number of 'The Library' in which complaint is made that no discount off net books is allowed to libraries, and suggestions are offered as to what form of 'retaliation' should be advocated by librarians. In the April number a similar complaint is made in the 'Notes on Books and Work.' The July article is signed by 'Castor and Pollux,' and the 'notes' in the April number are signed by 'A. W. P.' 'Castor and Pollux' are presumably librarians, and Mr. Pollard says: 'I have put these points with some fervour, because being myself an author and editor in a small way, and mostly of bookish books to which librarians might feel favourably disposed, I feel that the refusal to them of a reasonable special discount is a personal wrong.' These complaints are thus made from the points of view of the librarian and the author. May I, as a publisher and bookseller, and as one who has been intimately associated with the negotiations which led to the adoption of what is known as the 'net system' be allowed to explain why I think the decision to refuse a special discount to the librarians was a wise decision?

At the outset let me say that I acknowledge that something may be said for the librarians. As large buyers with secure credit libraries might claim to be treated differently from the public. Librarians, though at times troublesome and unreasonable, generally know what they want, and the special knowledge which it is expensive for the bookseller to obtain is not as a rule so necessary for dealing with librarians as with the public.

But, while this is frankly admitted, the fact remains that to have made any concessions to librarians or to anyone else would have so endangered the whole 'net system' that it was felt to be impossible to grant librarians special treatment.

'Castor and Pollux' say: 'Librarians have no grudge against publishers or against net books, and it is not suggested that, as a body, publishers are inimical to libraries, but,' they add, 'in their desire to improve the condition of the booksellers they have inflicted a grievous injury upon libraries.'

'Castor and Pollux,' in putting their case in this way, have misunderstood the object of the 'net system.' Undoubtedly, the 'condition of the booksellers' was one of the points to be considered, but the interests of the author and the librarian were just as much at stake. The bookseller could look after himself. If he could not afford to keep those 'bookish' books which interest Mr. Pollard and librarians, he could do without them, and turn his attention to the sale of stationery, pictures, etc., and of those books—such as the popular six-shilling novel—on which he could get better profits, and for which no special knowledge was required. In

self-defence he was in many cases forced to do so, and in fact to cease to be a bookseller in the real sense of the term.

This decay of bookselling, which was rapidly spreading throughout the country, very materially affected the interests of authors, and the general public as well as of publishers and booksellers. It is universally recognized that the bookseller's counter is the best means by which new books can be introduced to the public: and if the bookseller could not afford to stock 'bookish' books what chance of sale could they have? To check this decay, and to make it possible for booksellers to stock these books was the object aimed at by the 'net system' and the fact that it has been so largely adopted by the publishers is proof enough that they find it to the interest of their authors and themselves to make books 'net.'

The conditions which affect the sale of books are different from those which affect the sale of anything else. Bookselling in the proper sense of the term requires a considerable amount of education in those connected with it, and this to the bookseller means expense. But the public forgets this. The public is quite willing to pay a higher price for what it buys in Bond Street than it would for precisely the same articles bought in a less fashionable part of London. But with books it is different. The public expects to buy books from the bookseller who spends money on his own education and that of his assistants at the same rate as from the bookseller who treats books as if they were on a level with 'patent medicines.' It was obvious,

therefore, that if education in bookselling was to count for anything, some scheme had to be devised to put a stop to the ruinous underselling so prevalent.

The 'net system' was the outcome of this, and the basis of that system is that no reduction off net books is to be allowed by any bookseller.

It may be urged that a special discount might have been allowed to libraries without endangering the system. But if once special discounts and exceptions are allowed, where is the line to be drawn? It is not the case, as 'Castor and Pollux' suggest, that it was agreed to allow discounts to schools. Several years ago, when the 'net system' was started, a meeting was held in London, which was largely attended by publishers and booksellers from all parts of the kingdom, and it was then unanimously agreed to make no exceptions whatever. From that day to this, so far as I know, this decision has not in any way been departed from. I repeat, if special discounts and exceptions are to be allowed, where can the line be drawn? If discounts are to be allowed to libraries, why not to schools, and if to schools, why not to scholars and students generally? Again, if libraries are to include institutions which may buy annually books amounting to anything from £500 to £5, why should the library which buys books to the extent of £5, and gives a great deal of trouble, be treated with more generosity than the private customer who buys twenty times as much and gives less trouble? If once exceptions are allowed there would be no end to them.

Another thing must not be forgotten. If by

granting exceptions and special discounts the 'net system' were to be broken down, as it almost certainly would be, what would be the result? 'Bookish' books would still be published, but as their means of circulation would have been paralysed, their price would inevitably have to be raised. Fiction and ephemeral literature would continue to be published at the same prices as at present, but the more serious and solid books would have to be much dearer. Such books, published at present at, say, 6*s.* net, would have to be published probably at 10*s.* 6*d.*; and even if a discount of 25 per cent. were allowed to libraries, the cost would still be 8*s.* If the agitation for a discount off net books to libraries were to prove successful, the almost inevitable result would be that the cost to the libraries of the books that are now published at net prices would be 20 to 25 per cent. more than they are at present.

'A. W. P.' says, 'The introduction of the net system has certainly raised the price of other books (other, that is, than novels) quite 10 per cent.' This statement is, I think, inaccurate. I believe, on the contrary, that books that are published at net prices are about 15 per cent. cheaper than they would have been if they had been discountable. Several publishers have changed many of their books from non-net to net, and in doing so have reduced the published price by about 15 to 20 per cent. As, further, libraries purchase not only books both net and discountable, but also newspapers, periodicals, the publications of learned societies, and many local and special books which have not been affected by the net system, the injury inflicted on the libraries by

the refusal to grant them a discount on net books cannot be reckoned at more than a very small percentage on their *total* purchases.

How is this loss to be met? One of the recommendations made by 'Castor and Pollux' cannot, I think, have been put forward in serious earnest. They add that some firms publish more net books than others, and they say, 'the librarian's first step should be to black-list these.' Now as the books that are published at net prices are as a rule of a less ephemeral nature than those that are not net, it is surely a strange recommendation for a librarian to make that the best books should be boycotted. It is supposed to be the interest and duty of a librarian to encourage the study of the best books, and surely it is better to spend a given sum in the purchase of ten good books than on that of eleven or even twelve inferior ones. Quality not quantity should be the librarian's motto.

Again, 'A. W. P.' says that the librarian is tempted to buy as much fiction and as little non-fiction as possible. One of the most thorough and talented of our librarians has suggested that librarians should be very guarded in their purchase of fiction, and should not buy novels when new, but wait until they had justified their existence. If the net system did nothing but lead librarians to buy little fiction, and much non-fiction, it would have served a useful purpose.

'Castor and Pollux' suggest 'as a second line of defensive attack, the propriety of purchasing at second-hand every net book wanted for the library, so far as such a course can be managed.'

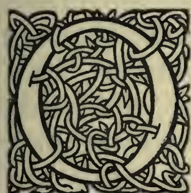
But there is no need to adopt such a drastic course.

If the librarian were to delay one tenth of the total purchases till he could obtain them second-hand, he would do all that was needed to meet his financial difficulties. And to such a course no reasonable bookseller could possibly object. On the contrary, he would be most willing to help the librarian to obtain such purchases to the best advantage.

The rapid growth of libraries is, I think, one of the best signs of the times. They are most valuable institutions, and librarians are among the best of our public servants. But as custodians of literature they ought to welcome the intelligent local bookseller as an ally. 'Castor and Pollux' say 'the booksellers on their part appear to have expected a pretty general distribution of library orders, but in few instances have their expectations been realized.' This is, I think, a pity. It would be a great thing for the education of the country if in all small towns there were booksellers whose shops attracted those who are interested in literature. At one time there were far more than there are now. The net system may do something to bring about a revival of the better state of things. Is it too much to hope that librarians should recognize this and welcome and, so far as they can, support the local bookseller?

Robert MacLehose.

THE PERCEVAL LEGEND IN LITERATURE.



F the various cycles into which the romantic literature of the Middle Ages groups itself, none, for the average English reader, can compare in charm and fascination with that devoted to the deeds of King Arthur and his knights. It is true that till within the last fifty years or so our knowledge has been mainly restricted to the extracts from the later prose romances compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, but the very scantiness of our knowledge has, by deepening the mystery, increased the charm which surrounds these semi-heroic, semi-mystical, tales.

Of late years attempts have been made in various directions to throw light upon the origin and growth of this perplexing body of literature, but so far we cannot be said to have done more than make manifest the extent and complexity of the problems involved; in no single direction is the ground as yet sufficiently clear to enable us to take more than a partial and preliminary survey of the question. Such data as we possess are liable at any moment to change their significance and value in the light thrown by some newly discovered text.

A complete bibliography of any one branch of the cycle is a boon which, however desirable, we dare not as yet expect. In the meantime students

of the literature may be glad to be put in possession of the best available data relative to the most charming, and at one time certainly the most popular, romance of the cycle, of which unfortunately no critical edition exists.

The main outlines of the story of Perceval have, through the use made by Wagner of the German version of the tale, become tolerably familiar. Few probably know the legend at first hand, but many have a general idea of its character—how the boy, brought up by his widowed mother far from the haunts of men, simple, untaught, almost a fool in his apparent lack of mental and spiritual development, gradually becomes a valiant knight, and passing successfully the tests imposed upon him, eventually wins the sacred talisman of the Grail and becomes lord of the Grail castle and kingdom. So much many of us know, but few have a closer knowledge of the details, of the characteristic touches by which the boy's ignorance of the world and simplicity of mind are revealed; his literal interpretation of his mother's counsels, and the difficulties in which he is thereby landed; his equal obedience to the letter of the worthy knight who gives him his first lesson in chivalry, an obedience which leads to his failure at the Grail castle; the doughty deeds by which he won his lady-love, and the long wandering, consequent on the curse of the Grail messenger, before he was deemed worthy to achieve the quest, and win the Grail kingdom. It is not my purpose here to record these deeds in detail, but rather to give such information as may aid those desirous of studying the story for themselves.

Our main authority for the tale I have sketched above is the poem of Chrétien de Troyes, written towards the end of the twelfth century, and, unfortunately, left unfinished by the author. The source of the poem was, he tells us, a book delivered to him by Count Philip of Flanders, at whose command he undertook to '*rimoier le meillor conte qui soit conté en cort roial.*' What were the contents of the book, and for how much of his material Chrétien was indebted to earlier writers, are questions the discussion of which lies outside the scope of this article. It may, however, safely be postulated that Perceval was already a well-known hero, and that his adventures had formed the theme both of popular *lais*, and more elaborate literary compositions.

The exact date of Chrétien's poem is not known. Philip, Count of Flanders, was guardian to the young king, Philip Augustus of France, and the allusion to the '*cort roial*' has led some critics to conclude that the commission was given while Philip was at the height of his power, acting as Regent for his ward. The late M. Gaston Paris, however, was inclined to suggest an earlier date, and considered that the work was composed towards the beginning of the decade 1170-1180. The popularity of Chrétien's theme is attested by the eagerness with which versifiers seized upon the unfinished poem; how many hands worked at it we cannot as yet definitely say, but three names in especial are associated with the romance in its present form, those of Gautier de Doulans, Dourdans, or Denet (the name is variously written),

Manessier and Gerbert, who is almost certainly identical with Gerbert de Montreuil, author of the 'Roman de la Violette.' Chrétien's work had reached the respectable length of some 11,000 lines, the sum total with all the continuations is over 60,000. This alarming figure is, however, only reached in one manuscript, the ordinary versions, which do not include 'Gerbert,' run to about 45,000 lines.

In comparison with such prose romances as 'Lancelot' and 'Tristan' manuscripts of the 'Perceval' are rare, but though limited in number they show considerable variation in incident and detail; even in the section due to Chrétien, where the incidents do not vary, the wording of the text differs remarkably. It is probably due to this that the long-promised critical edition is so slow in appearing; the reconstruction of the text will incontestably be a matter of considerable difficulty.

Of the extant manuscripts the 'Bibliothèque Nationale,' Paris, possesses the lion's share, six out of seventeen. These are: (1) 12576, thirteenth century, complete, numbering 260 leaves, and, moreover, the only manuscript which contains the section by Gerbert. Of this I propose later on to give an abstract, as it is practically unknown and of great interest. (2) 12577, fourteenth century, 272 leaves, with two lacunae, covering about 350 lines. This manuscript, which is the best written of the group, and finely illuminated, gives a series of adventures by Gawain only found elsewhere in the printed edition of 1530. (3) 794, thirteenth century, about 90 leaves, bound up with other

romances by Chrétien, is incomplete, breaking off suddenly in the middle of the adventure of the stag's head. This manuscript differs from the others in distinguishing Chrétien's work from that of his continuators by the insertion of the words, '*Explycyt Percevax le viel.*' (4) 1450, thirteenth century, incomplete both at beginning and end, Chrétien's introduction being absent, and the poem breaking off after the conclusion of the combat between Gawain and Giromelans. (5) 1429, thirteenth century. Here the first leaf, which was apparently written in a different hand, is missing all but a fragment, and the manuscript begins in the middle of Perceval's meeting with the knights in the forest; it is also incomplete at the end, the conclusion with Manessier's name being absent, but the bulk of the poem, 380 leaves, is given. (6) 1453, fourteenth century, covers the same ground, beginning about twelve lines earlier and ending about fifty later, and numbers 280 leaves.

The Berne Stadt-Bibliothek possesses two 'Perceval' manuscripts, No. 354, which contains Chrétien's poem only, ending at the line where B.N. 794 interpolates the rubric referred to above; and No. 113, containing a portion only of the first continuation, to which a few lines of somewhat vague introduction, and a conclusion based upon Borron's romance, have been added.

Besides these manuscripts, all of which I have personally examined, there is one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, which, though it has lost several pages, consists of 258 leaves, and must therefore contain a large proportion of the whole; one at Mons,

and one at Montpellier, these two last having been utilized by M. Potvin for his edition. This, which was published in 1866-71 gives the text of the Mons manuscript, with additions from that of Montpellier, and the first of the six volumes contains the prose romance of 'Perlesvaus' from the manuscript in the Brussels Library. The libraries of Clermont-Ferrand, 'Riccardi,' Florence, and Heralds' College, London, also possess Perceval manuscripts. Of these the first and third are incomplete. I have no information as regards the Florentine.

There is also extant a very good Low German translation of the latter part of the 'Perceval,' modified so as to make it harmonize, more or less, with the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach. Of this translation three manuscripts are known, one at Donaueschingen, which is the original, one at Strassburg, and one at Rome. A special point of interest in this version is that it contains the introduction referred to above, and only found in the Mons manuscript. This version is generally known as the 'Wisse-Collin,' from the names of the translators, and was edited from the Strassburg text in 1882.

A prose version of the complete poem, always excepting that portion due to Gerbert, was published in Paris by Longis, Sainct-Denis, and Galliot du Pré in 1530. There also exists a mediaeval Dutch translation of the latter part of Chrétien's work, and the first leaves of the continuation, this was published by M. Jonckbloet in 1850, in his 'Roman van Lanceloet,' of which the extract forms a part. This Dutch version differs in some notable points from any known French text.

We have thus seventeen manuscripts of the 'Perceval,' of which fourteen represent the original French text, and three a translation from that text. We have, moreover, five printed editions: two French (Paris, 1530, and Potvin, Mons, 1866-71), and three translations (Strassburg, 1882, Jonckbloet, 1850), and the Flemish fragments. None of these, however, save the 'Wisse-Collin' text, is easily available.

Before turning to the much more extensive bibliography of the German version, the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, I propose to give a somewhat detailed summary of the Gerbert continuation. As I have stated above, the poem exists in one manuscript only, and unfortunately M. Potvin, when printing his edition, instead of giving in full this practically unknown and unavailable section of the work, contented himself with a brief, and by no means correct, summary. Mr. Alfred Nutt, in his abstract of the romance, prefixed to his 'Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail,' followed this summary, with the result that the real extent and remarkable interest of Gerbert's work has hitherto been ignored by the critics. The following abstract is therefore absolutely the first full and detailed account of this unique version to appear in print.

The section commences after Perceval's failure to resolder the sword of the Grail castle, as related by Gautier. During the night he is awakened by a great light, and hears a voice bidding him hasten to the rescue of his sister, who is in sore need of aid. Leaving the castle at daybreak he comes to an enclosure, surrounded by a wall, parti-coloured, red

and white, within which he hears the sound of folk making merry, and of sweet music, harp, viol and organ. Desirous of entry he knocks loudly at the gate with his sword, and no one appearing repeats the summons so vigorously that the weapon breaks in his hand. An old man then appears and tells him that he has lengthened his penance by over seven years. He may not enter now, but should he ever return and achieve the quest he may do so. Perceval asks if his sword may be mended, and is told only by him who forged it, who will know how and where it was broken. The old man then gives Perceval a letter of such virtue that no man having it 'spread beneath his head' can be deceived by the devil or deprived of his senses. He tells the hero he has beheld the Earthly Paradise, which cannot be won by prowess, valour, or riches. Perceval rides off, but ere he has gone a bowshot there is naught to be seen, all has vanished. He finds the country through which he rides well tilled and marvels much; yestereven 'twas waste land. He sees a peasant sowing corn, and is bidden by him to go to a castle near by, where he will be well received. The folk of the castle come forth with cross and procession to meet him, telling him that they owe to him the restoration of their lands and the goods that they had lost. The lady of the castle, Escolasse, receives him courteously, greeting him 'en bel françois,' and explains that when he asked concerning the Lance and the Grail the land became fertile and the folk prosperous. As they sit together on the window-seat Perceval sees the flame of a forge 'more blue than azure,' and asks if there be a smith

in the castle. The maid replies there is one of great age, a king gave him his dwelling in reward for three swords which he forged; over the forging of the last he spent more than a year, and foretold that it should never be broken, save in one peril, which he alone knew, and that none but he might reforge it, but when that should come to pass he should have but a short time to live. The forge is now guarded by two serpents, and none save the servants of the smith may enter. Perceval asks the name of the castle, it is Cothoatre, and 'tis the 'manor' of King Frolac. That night Perceval sleeps on a couch, at each corner of which hangs a bell; no man, however sick, could lie on that bed but he would be made whole of his sickness. Escolasse offers herself to Perceval, and on his refusing, on the ground that it would be a sin to break his or her virginity, explains that she had felt bound to do so as the only return she could make for the benefits her land and folk had received through him.

Next morning Perceval arms himself with an axe, and accompanied by the maiden rides to the forge. After a fierce fight he slays the guardian serpents (clearly, from the description, dragons), and penetrates to the old smith, who knows at once what he seeks. He tells him the sword was broken at the gate of Paradise, and once mended shall never break again for any blow that a hero may smite. Perceval has braved many perils in search of the Grail, and passed many winters and summers in the quest, and shall pass many more, but he, the smith, has now but short while to live. Perceval rejoins the maiden, but in spite of her entreaties, and those of

her folk, will not remain at the castle. He rides off, but ere he has gone far he hears all the bells toll; the smith Trebuchet, who reforged his sword, is dead.

Riding on our hero finds two maidens tied by their hair to a tree, and two knights fighting desperately; Perceval asks the reason, and is told that they have been to Mount Dolorous, and failing to achieve the adventure have lost their reason—they are Segramor and Agravain. He tests the virtue of the old man's letter upon them, and they regain their senses. They all spend the night at a house near by, and the next morning Perceval departs, leaving the two knights, who are wounded, to the care of the host. After a week's riding he comes to the forest of Carlion, where he meets Arthur and his court, who are hunting the white stag. Perceval is warmly welcomed by King and Queen; but Kex mocks him, saying he will be old and bald-headed ere he find the Grail. They return to court, where a great feast is held. Perceval sees on the dais a chair wrought of gold and precious stones; he marvels that none sit in it, and thinks it is reserved for the King. Arthur bids him ask anything he will; he would know why none sit in the chair. All weep and curse the sender. Perceval asks the reason and is told a fairy sent it to the King, bidding him place it on the dais at every high feast; none but he who shall achieve the quest of the Grail, and win the world's honour, shall be worthy to sit in it. Six have already dared the adventure and been swallowed up by the earth. Perceval says he will test the Perilous Seat; and, in spite of the opposition of King and courtiers, carries

out his intention. As he seats himself the chair gives forth a loud 'brait,' and the earth cleaves asunder beneath his feet; but he gives no sign of fear. From the gulf thus made the six who have previously vanished come forth, whole and sound, and kneel before Perceval. The earth closes—'*ceste aventure est achievée.*' In the midst of general rejoicing Arthur asks the recovered knights how they fared in the earth; they say, but ill, and describe the punishment that awaits sinners, especially those who commit unnatural sins.

A maiden rides past the hall, weeping: Perceval, taking leave of King and Queen, follows her and asks her woe. She proves to be his cousin, who, having yielded under promise of marriage to the prayers of her lover, has been forsaken by him. He is now about to wed another, and has defiantly told her can she find a kinsman to avenge her she can send him on that errand. Her cousin she knows is valiant enough, but he is seeking Lance and Grail. Perceval, without revealing his identity promises to aid her. They arrive as the bridal procession is on its way to the minster. The priest '*crie le ban*,' and bids any who knows reason against the marriage speak. The maiden forbids the banns, on the ground that the bridegroom is betrothed to her. Her faithless lover bids her be silent, or he will have her flogged off the ground. Perceval rebukes him for his discourtesy, and repeats the accusation. The knight gives him the lie direct, and defies him to combat: the bride also threatens him; he shall be hanged, and she will look on. A fierce combat ensues, and Perceval, victorious, forces the

knight, Faradien, to keep his word to his cousin, Ysmaine. Having seen them married he sends them to Arthur's court, bidding Faradien say he has been overcome by the knight who sat in the Perilous Seat, whereby the former knows he has been vanquished by the best knight on earth, and is comforted. Perceval accepts the hospitality of the priest and is directed by him on his road.

Coming to a wayside chapel he enters and prays; then lies down to sleep beneath a tree outside. To him there appears the Devil, in the semblance of a fair maiden riding a black mule. She offers herself to him, telling him she is daughter to the Fisher-King, and if he will accept her love she will reveal to him all the secrets of the Grail. Perceval refuses scornfully, and the fiend departs in a mighty tempest. The knight draws a circle with his sword round himself and his steed and falls asleep. The next morning he rides off and comes, after a week, to his mother's house, where his sister receives him gladly. The two visit their uncle, the Hermit, where Perceval makes confession of his sins, and is told none may hope to win the favour of God by vain glory, but by penitence and confession; so will he have the sword with two edges—the one to defend Holy Church, the other to execute righteous judgement; now the one edge is blunted, and the other used for worldly purposes; and to one who bears such a sword the gate of Paradise is barred. Perceval listens meekly to his teaching, and departs with his sister. The next morning he rides away, taking the maiden with him, to the great grief of her household; they have guarded and

cherished her for ten years, when no kinsman took thought for her, and look upon her as a holy thing, '*une sainte chose.*'

On their way they met a knight who would carry off the maiden, but is overthrown by Perceval, who sends him prisoner to Arthur—he is Mordred. The hero and his sister come to the Castle of Maidens, where an old lady in white demands his name, and that of his parents, before she will grant him a lodging. Perceval tells his name: his father was Gales li Caus, but he knows not who was his mother; disinherited, she lived in '*martyre*,' and none knew her name, her land, or her lineage. The old lady says she was her kinswoman, and admits them to the castle. In the hall they find eighty ladies and maidens clad in black robes with white veils. (In Gautier's section the inhabitants of the castle are all of one age, golden-haired and clad in green. The fairy castle has here become a nunnery!)

Their hostess informs them that their mother's name was Philosofine; they two were cousins, and crossed the sea together, when, by the command of God, they brought the Grail into that country. Later, in punishment for the sins of the folk, it was borne by angels to the land of the Fisher-King, where Perceval had seen it. She bids him leave his sister in her care, which he does on his departure next day.

The story now relates the arrival of Faradien and Mordred at court, and their discovery of the name of their conqueror.

We have next an important section, amounting to upwards of 1,500 lines, devoted to Tristan, and

relating certain adventures of that hero not met with elsewhere. This, which is referred to later on as '*la luite Tristan*,' is clearly the working over of an earlier and independent poem. As an edition of this text is about to be published it will be unnecessary to summarize it here. Towards the end of this section Perceval appears on the scene, at a tournament, and, after overthrowing Lancelot and Tristan, reveals his name to Gawain.

The next day the knights separate, Perceval in quest of the Grail, Gawain going to Mont Esclaire, and the others returning to court. The story follows the adventures of Perceval.

After many days he comes forth from the forest, and sees before him a castle, and four knights leading a fifth, who is desperately wounded. Perceval salutes them, and is invited to lodge with them that night, no other dwelling being nigh at hand. The wounded knight is father to the four; on entering the hall he revives, and seeing Perceval, says he much resembles the lad he knighted. He is Gornumans de Grohaut. Perceval says he is indeed that boy, and asks how Gornumans and his sons come to be in such evil case. Gornumans tells him they must fight daily with forty knights, each evening they leave them dead on the field, each morning they find them alive and ready for fight. He is now too sorely wounded to renew the strife. Perceval promises to take his place on the morrow. He then tells of his failure to resolder the sword, and asks if it be on account of his omission to fulfil his promise of marriage to Blancheflor, Gornumans' niece? The old knight tells him that was the reason; he must

wed the maiden, hear mass devoutly, and he will achieve the quest.

Next morning Perceval aids the four brothers, and the forty foemen are slain, the last two, dying, tell Perceval he will have his pains for naught, they will be alive and whole on the morrow. The hero, binding up the wounds of his comrades, sends them back to the castle, he himself will keep watch all night, and, if possible, solve the mystery. It is bitterly cold, and he walks up and down to keep himself warm. Towards midnight the moon shines brightly, he sees a great light on a hill-side near at hand, and hears a terrible cry. He makes the sign of the cross and beholds the hillside open, and a hideous old hag issue forth. She bears two small barrels of ivory, hooped with gold and precious stones; from one of these she takes a drop of balsam, with which she anoints the lips of one of the slain, who forthwith comes to life. She does this to four before Perceval bethinks him he had best interfere ere matters go further. He mounts his steed and rides at the hag, who is much dismayed, recognizing him at once: she fears none save him, for he alone could achieve the adventure. She bids Perceval guard the barrels well, for so rich a relic never belonged to any of his lineage; 'tis the balsam with which our Lord was anointed when laid in the tomb: so long as she lives Perceval will never find the Grail. Perceval says she has lived too long already, but why make war on Gornumans? It is by command of the King of the Waste City, and in punishment for having knighted Perceval. While speaking, the hag brings another knight to life, and

Perceval, hesitating no longer, strikes off her head. He then fights with and slays the resuscitated knights, and tries the effect of the balsam on the most valiant. He would spare his life, would he ask for mercy, but he refuses, so Perceval slays him. At daylight he returns to the castle, where he is received with joy, and heals the wounds of father and sons. He expresses his intention of going at once to Belrepaire and wedding Blancheflor, as he is wishful to lead a chaste life. (Here follows a passage reflecting severely on the morals of monks and priests, showing plainly that the author of the poem Gerbert was following distinguished clearly between chastity and celibacy.)

The next day he departs, accompanied by Gornumans; they arrive at Belrepaire and are joyfully welcomed by its mistress. Perceval, in the presence of her 'men,' makes formal request for her hand. 'My lords,' he says, 'I come to ask your lady to wife in all good faith, as it behoveth me to do.' They assent gladly. That night Blancheflor comes to Perceval's bedside, and they spend the night together, yet in all innocence; they will not anticipate the moment when they can come together without shame. The next morning they are wedded in great state by the Archbishop of Landemeure, and the Bishops of Lumor and Lumeri. (Gerbert's names are often very perplexing.) We have then a long passage devoted to the wedding festivities, a contrast being drawn between the generosity that prevailed of old, when the minstrels came poor, and went away rich, and the meanness of the present day, when the robes promised to the minstrels are

ofttimes given in payment to the barbers. (All this has a personal note which is most curious and interesting as throwing light upon the character and social status of the writer, and the customs of the day.) After the feast the marriage couch is blessed by an imposing company of archbishops and bishops. Among the names given are Dinas Clamadas, Rodas, the already-named Lumor and Lumeri, S. Andrew 'en Escoche,' S. Pol de Lion, and S. Aaron 'en Gales.' When left alone Blancheflor speaks to Perceval, 'Virginity surpasses chastity, had they not better keep both?' He agrees, they arise and pray, and lie down again. Perceval is awakened by a voice which foretells that of his lineage shall be born a maiden who shall wed a rich king, but without blame on her part shall be in peril of death by burning. She shall be rescued by her son. She and her lord shall have other children, who shall conquer great lands, one above all shall have at first the form of a man, and be most fair to see, but later he shall become a bird, whereof father and mother shall be in great grief. To the elder brother shall befall a fair adventure, for he shall wed a maiden, whose lands he shall deliver by combat, and of them shall be born a daughter, whose offspring shall be pleasant to all folk, for of him shall come three sons who shall conquer Jerusalem and the true Cross.

(This prophecy clearly refers to the well-known story of the Swan Knight, and more especially to that version which is connected with the family of Godfrey de Bouillon, the conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre. As it stands, however, the promise is

meaningless. Perceval has but two relatives, a hermit uncle and a sister, both vowed to a life of celibacy. There can, I think, be little doubt that this passage, together with the previous detailed account of the marriage, belonged originally to a version in which the union was one in fact and not merely in form, and the Swan Knight Perceval's direct descendant. We have such a version in the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, where Parzival demands the maiden's hand from her barons, weds her, and though he leaves her maid on the marriage night, subsequently becomes the father of twin sons, of whom the younger, Loherangrin, is the Knight of the Swan. As evidence in favour of the existence of a French source for the 'Parzival,' other than Chrétien, this section of Gerbert's continuation is of the highest importance.)

The next morning, after hearing mass, Perceval receives the homage of the barons, commits his wife to the care of Gornumans, and rides off in quest of the Grail. Here the story breaks off, and in a long and often quoted passage Gerbert names himself or is named by the reciter. He tells how Chrétien left his poem unfinished at his death, and how he, Gerbert, continued it when all others had laid it aside, but now has he finished his *laisse*, according to the true history. May God grant him strength to attain to the end of the tale, which he began where Perceval resoldered the sword and asked concerning Grail and Lance. 'From that point Gerbert "selected" the tale I tell ye, but the *luite de Tristan* he arranged in its entirety, *amenda il tot a conpas*, nor did he miss aught of it.'

After this digression, the true significance of which has never been threshed out, but which appears to denote a change of source at this point, the tale relates how Perceval comes to a hermit, who gives him shelter for the night. There is but one castle near at hand, and the lord of that shames all comers. Next morning a knight rides up with a lady, whom he is cruelly ill-treating; he has slain her lover, and would marry her by force. The knight requests the hermit to wed them; he refuses to do so unless the lady is willing, which she is not. Perceval, interposing, tells the knight if a man marry a wife with her goodwill he oft has trouble and sorrow, how much more if he wed her without! The knight bids him not interfere; they fight, and Perceval is victor. The knight, Dragonel li cruels, is sent prisoner to Arthur. The lady remains at the hermitage and is much disturbed at the scanty fare offered to her. Perceval tells her, better fast and keep soul alive than feast and lose soul, to which she assents. Next morning they ride together in search of the lady's lover, whom they find not dead but badly wounded; Perceval sends him to Blancheflor, with a message bidding her heal him with the hag's balsam. The hero rides on, and meets a maid lamenting herself. The lord of the castle near by has an ill custom; all who pass that way must leave horse and armour or joust with him and his four sons; if overthrown he does them great shame. Her lover had been overthrown in the fourth encounter, and she would not remain to see his shame. Perceval rides on to the castle, and finds them about to harness the knight, who is stripped

to his shirt, to a cart, on which are the shields of his victors and a hideous dwarf. He is to draw the cart through the town. Perceval interposes, overthrows the five knights, and forces the lord to renounce the evil custom of the castle. Next day he continues his journey, with the rescued knight and his lady. They come to two roads, the right-hand one leads to 'durecestre' (Dorchester?), and folk may travel it safely, the left-hand one is *la voie aventureuse*, and beset with peril; they part, Perceval going to the left. For a week he rides through a waste and deserted land, then he meets two maidens making great lamentation over a litter, in which is a knight severely burnt. He asks them what has happened, but they give no answer. A little later he meets a squire weeping, and bearing a knight badly burnt about the head and neck. Perceval again asks an explanation, but, as before, receives no answer; he rides on, marvelling much.

Presently he comes to an open glade, in which stands a cross; at the cross are two hermits, the one beating it with rods, the other adoring with clasped hands. Perceval would fain know the reason, but can win no answer. As he looks on, the 'Bête Glatissante' comes forth from the forest; the knight pursues it till it can run no further, when the young issue from its belly, tear it in pieces, and falling on each other, fight till they too are killed. Night falling, Perceval sees a light, and goes toward it to seek shelter. He finds an enclosure within which are fourteen hermits, supping on bread and water. They receive him kindly, and make him welcome

to their fare. A maiden rides up, bearing round her neck a white shield with a red cross, within which is a piece of the true Cross; no man save the destined Grail winner can take the shield from the maiden's neck, and any save the most valiant of knights must perish if he attempt it. Perceval hastens to dismount the maiden, and takes the shield, whereon she hails him as the best of knights. The maiden bears with her wine and pasties, which she shares with Perceval; he would fain offer some to their hosts, but the servant tells him they eat no meat and drink no wine, and their King alone may speak at meals. They may talk freely to the King, and ask of him counsel, and the explanation of any marvel they have met with on their way. His name is Elyas Anias. Perceval asks of the hermits and cross—one smote the cross in vengeance for Our Lord's sufferings, the other adored in gratitude for Salvation. Then of the 'Bête Glatissante'—'tis a symbol of Holy Church destroyed by her children. The King tells Perceval he is his uncle, Perceval and his sister are of royal race, but folk think little of that if poor. Perceval assents, and says his sister is now in the Castle of Maidens with St. Isabel, whereat the King is rejoiced.

Next morning, after hearing Mass, the knight and the maiden depart, Perceval bearing the shield; turning to ask the maiden concerning it he finds she has vanished, and deems she was phantasm or faërie. Soon after he meets a car driven by a maiden with garments inside out. On the car lies a knight, burnt to the waist. Perceval salutes her, and she is rejoiced at beholding his shield, as she knows he will avenge her dead

lover. Perceval asks how he met his death, and learns that he and others were victims of the Knight of the Dragon, brother to King Maragon; a worshipper of the Devil, the Foul Fiend has given him a shield on which is a dragon's head, from the jaws issue flames which consume all who would fight with him. He is now besieging the Demoiselle du Cercle d'Or, on the Pui de Mont Esclaire; there her lover had been slain, and she has sworn to wear her clothes thus till he be avenged. Perceval promises to do his best to avenge him. They come first to an Abbey, where the Abbess and nuns are nearly starved, as they depended for food on Mont Esclaire. Next morning they meet horses laden with food belonging to the Dragon Knight; the servants, who hate their master, bid them take what they will. They come to Mont Esclaire, which is on the point of surrendering through famine. Perceval sounds the bell which challenges the Dragon Knight to combat, and he appears with his fiery shield. Perceval's steed is burnt, so also is his lance, all but the blade, but when the flame touches the shield wherein is the piece of the true Cross the enchantment ceases, and the Devil in the form of a black crow issues from the Dragon's mouth, shrieking horribly. The knight taunts Perceval with overcoming him by spells, not by valour, and challenges him to lay aside his shield, and meet him on equal ground. Perceval accepts and lays down his shield, a maiden rides up and carries it off. The two fight fiercely, and the Dragon Knight is vanquished; Perceval exhorts him to repent, and sending for a priest he makes an edifying end. There is great

rejoicing in the castle, and the lady of Mont Esclaire would fain wed her deliverer, but he refuses.

Perceval now starts in pursuit of the maiden who has carried off his shield, and meets the lady of the car; she thanks him for avenging her lover, whose body she takes to the castle for burial, betaking herself to a hermitage. After riding a week through the forest the hero comes to an Abbey, where he sees through a 'grille' an old man, crowned and covered with wounds, and hears the story of Evelac-Mordrach, as related in the 'Queste' (cf. Malory, Book XIV). After leaving the Abbey he comes out on to the open plain, and sees a strong castle; riding towards it he meets a lady and child accompanied by twenty knights; he salutes them and craves a lodging, which is granted. On entering the castle he sees in the middle of the hall a coffer of ivory, banded with gold and precious stones, and a key hanging from it. He asks his hostess what is inside, she tells him no man knows; ten years ago the coffer was brought thither in a barge drawn by a swan, with a letter in French in which was writ that none save the best of knights should open it. Since then they have watched the seven highways, and taken prisoner all the valiant knights who pass, but none can open the chest. Yesterday they had taken Sir Gawain captive, he had made a stout resistance till they sent ladies to take him, when he yielded himself prisoner! Since he failed to open the coffer they are keeping him captive. The lord and his brothers arrive, and bid Perceval test the adventure; he does so, and the coffer opens; within lies the embalmed body of a knight, with a letter

saying that he who opens the chest is the slayer. The host recognizes the body as that of his father, who had gone to Arthur's court and never returned; Perceval, on his part, knows the dead man for the Red Knight, whom he had slain on his first visit, as a mere boy, to court. The lord of the castle attacks Perceval, who seizes the child with one hand, and an axe with the other, and threatens to use the child as a shield. The host, whose name is Leander, allows him to arm, on condition that he fights with him and his three brothers in turn. Perceval accepts, and he and Leander fight fiercely till nightfall, when the combat is postponed till the morrow. The lady of the castle treats Perceval well, binding up his wounds, and bringing him food, his arms, and a light in case of need. A minstrel relates a tale to him till he falls asleep.

In the castle are four kinsmen of the lord, treacherous and cruel; they know themselves to be regarded with scant favour, as it was by their counsel that the Red Knight went to the court of King Arthur, where he met his death; they resolve to slay Perceval, arm themselves, take torches and proceed to break down the door. The minstrel, who is sleeping in the same chamber, rouses the knight, helps him to arm, and taking an axe himself aids him valiantly in the combat. The lady, wakened by the noise, warns her husband, who fearing that he will be shamed should Perceval, to whom he has promised a truce, be slain under his roof, arms his men and hastens to the rescue. The minstrel, after doing yeoman's service, has been slain on the threshold; the four traitors, though reinforced by four

serjeants, have failed to effect an entrance, Perceval having already slain three of their number. Leander seizes and binds the survivors, swearing to do justice on them for breaking his truce and slaying his minstrel. Next morning he hangs the traitors, burns their bodies, and banishes their heirs. The minstrel is buried with great honour in the church of St. Augustine, with an inscription on the tomb to the effect that all minstrels should hereafter be held in honour for his sake.

Perceval remains at the castle till his wounds are healed, when his host insists that he is bound in honour to avenge his father, and that the combat between them must take place. It does so, and Perceval is victor; peace is made with the other brothers, who recognize that Leander, who is the most valiant among them, being overcome, it would be folly on their part to fight. The prisoners are released, and ignorant of what has happened think they are going to their death. All make lamentation save Gawain, who, seeing Perceval, thinks he too is a prisoner; and is more concerned for his friend's fate than for his own; did he but know Perceval was safe, he swears by St. Laurence, '*le vrai martir, la mort sachez tot vraiement passerai plus legierement*,'—a charming touch, and one worthy of the best traditions of Gawain's character. Perceval tells him the truth, and all are set free.

Leander does great honour to Perceval and Gawain, and would fain have kept them with him; but Gawain says he must go to Mont Esclaire. His host tells him the siege is raised, and the Dragon Knight slain; but he knows not by whom. Perceval

holds his peace. The next morning all depart. They come to three roads; the centre, and best, leads to Bretagne; that on the left, to Mont Esclaire; that on the right is beset with perils—none who go that way return. Gawain goes to the left, Perceval to the right, while the remainder follow the main road to Arthur's court. The tale now concerns itself with Gawain.

He comes to a tent where he is well received by a maiden of surpassing beauty but treacherous disposition. Gawain makes advances, to which she responds, telling him he may share her couch that night. This is a ruse to compass his death; she has already slain twenty knights with a weapon concealed beneath the covering of the couch. Gawain, making the sign of the Cross, detects the trap, throws away the weapon, and forces the maiden to yield to his will: she admits she is rightly punished. Two cousins of the lady, foes of Gawain, appear and attack him; he slays one and the other flies. The lady binds up Gawain's wounds, and promises him her love. Her brothers have meanwhile been warned, and come in hot haste, followed by twenty knights; Gawain slays four of his assailants, and outrides the others. After escaping from his foes he comes to a castle where he is well received; the lord has a custom that all guests whom he harbours shall, after meat, recount all that has befallen them that day. Gawain tells his adventures truthfully, and his host, rising in great excitement, declares 'tis his daughter he has dishonoured, and his sons whom he has slain. At this moment the knights arrive with a bier, on which lie the dead bodies of the

sons; as they pass the doorway the wounds break out afresh, and all cry on the host to take vengeance on the slayer. The daughter urges her father not to break the custom of the castle, but to intrust Gawain to her care for the night; she will see he does not escape. The father, not knowing that her feelings towards Gawain have undergone a change, consents, and she takes the knight to her chamber, where the two have much joy of each other. In the morning the lady arranges a comedy for her father's delusion; giving Gawain a sword she bids him make feint to attack her, while her maidens cry for help, saying that the prisoner has escaped, and is about to slay their mistress. All play their parts so well that the father, deceived, allows Gawain to leave the castle on condition that he fights with him at a place he fixes near by. The lord of the castle is vanquished; Gawain spares his life at the request of the lady, and bids her go to Arthur's court, and await him there. He next comes to a hermitage, where he finds the maiden whose lover had been slain by the Dragon Knight, and learns that Perceval has achieved the adventure. He decides that it will now be useless to go to Mont Esclaire. Next morning he meets Arthur and Guinevere, with four thousand knights and as many ladies, on their way to demand his release from prison. After a joyful meeting all ride together to Nicole (Lincoln) where a great feast is held.

The story now returns to Perceval, who rides through a waste land till he comes to a hermitage, and asks if there be a lodging near at hand? The hermit counsels him to return, telling him all have

fled that land on account of the marvels therein; none who go that way ever return; he has been there a hundred years, so knows. Perceval sleeps there that night, and on the morrow, despite the hermit's warning, continues his journey. Presently he hears a hideous cry, thrice repeated, but can see nothing. Nigh at hand is a marble 'perron'; he seats himself upon it, and a voice from beneath prays for release. Perceval says he cannot lift the stone; but the voice bids him draw out an iron spike protruding from it. As he does this a small worm issues forth; thunder, smoke and flame follow, and the knight knows that the Devil has deceived him. A great serpent appears, with the head and face of a man, and reveals himself as the Old Serpent which tempted Eve: she saw but his head, had she seen his body she had not been deceived. Merlin had imprisoned him in that stone lest he lead the Grail questers astray; but he had previously wasted and destroyed all that land. Perceval professes to doubt that he can be the worm he saw; and the Devil, changing back into that shape, creeps into the hole; whereon the knight, seizing his opportunity, replaces the spike. Asked why he tempts good folk, the fiend explains that 'tis because God gives him sinners without labour on his part, but others he must win for himself: Perceval will be tempted many times ere he win the Grail—he will say no more. Perceval mounts and rides on through a land burnt and wasted. At even he comes to a meadow, wherein are a cross and the image of a maiden; an armed knight makes bitter lamentation before the figure. He challenges Per-

ceval to fight, but is overcome, and the victor demands the reason for his conduct. He explains that his mistress was murdered in that place a year ago by a knight who had besought her favours and been refused. He has buried her there, raising the image to her memory, and fights with all who come, hoping eventually to slay the murderer. Perceval asks his name and that of his lady, the knight, as he is about to name her, falls dead. Perceval is overcome by sleep, and when he awakes in the morning there is no corpse but a fair tomb, with an inscription bidding all pray for the soul of the knight, Lugarel.

Riding on his way, he next comes to a fountain, wherein is a maiden up to her neck in water. Her lover has put her there out of jealousy, because she said Perceval was the better knight; she shall stay there till he whom she has praised comes to take her out. The lover appears, they fight, and the jealous knight is slain. Perceval lifts the lady out of the water, she dresses herself, and they sit down together. The hero falls asleep, and as he slumbers a squire rides up and asks his name. The lady says he is a cowardly and treacherous knight who has slain her lover; if the squire will avenge her on him he shall have her love. He declines, on the ground that she would probably treat him in the same way, and wakes Perceval to tell him what she has proposed; the knight had already heard what passed, and when the maiden would excuse herself, he stops her, remarking, 'tis a pity her *bonté* does not equal her *beauté*, he will bid her Good-day. He rides off and meets a pilgrim, who shares his viands with

him. Coming to a valley he hears loud cries, a maiden runs up and beseeches his aid; she is the daughter of the King of Scotland, and has been carried off by two knights. Attacked by others she had fled on foot and has eaten nothing for three days. Believing her story, Perceval dismounts to lift her on his steed, when he is beset by five robbers, who have used the maiden as a decoy. Perceval slays the five, and rides on to the Black Manor, which is the stronghold of the band. A shepherd meets and warns him of the danger he runs, the band number two hundred, and the maiden belongs to them. Nothing daunted, the hero enters the house, slays three robbers and the maiden, who attack him, throws the body of the latter down a well, and sets fire to the hold.

After this he reaches the castle where he is well received, lord and lady being overjoyed to hear of the destruction of this nest of robbers. The next night he spends with a hermit, who counsels him rather to enter a monastery than to spend his life slaying folk. Next day he meets and fights with an unknown knight; after a sharp struggle Perceval gets the better of him, and bids him go to court and yield himself prisoner to Arthur. He proves to be the knight of the 'Cote mal taillie,' and both are alike rejoiced at the meeting. Perceval is next attacked by a giant, whose brother he has slain, and who proves a dangerous foe. The knight, remembering his ancient skill with the 'javelot' tries a cast with his lance, and pierces the giant through the head. That night he lies at the house of a vavassor, who presents him with new

shield and hauberk, as is his custom with all knights errant whom he lodges.

The tale now relates how the knight of the 'Cote mal taillie' comes to the court of the King of Ireland, where he finds Arthur and his knights, who have come thither for a tournament. All are rejoiced at hearing news of Perceval, and the next day set out in force to seek him. Kay and Gollains li chaus meet, but fail to recognize, him. They joust, and the two knights are overthrown. Perceval rides off, telling them he knows who they are, but they do not know him! Whereat the two are very wrathful. After a day and night in the forest, Perceval comes to a cross at the parting of three ways; taking the middle road he speedily arrives at a castle, which proves to be that of the Fisher-King. Here the version reverts abruptly to the account given by Gautier, with the sole difference that the resoldering of the sword is successfully accomplished, and the King declares Perceval to be lord of the castle. The passage is, however, very confused, whole lines being identical with those of the previous account. It is thus exceedingly difficult to say the exact point at which Gerbert's poem concludes. The fact that the writer does thus revert to the earlier account of the hero's visit to the Grail castle, must, I think, be taken as a proof that he was not aiming at an independent conclusion, but rather at a lengthening of the story. In other words Gerbert's poem is an interpolation to which no satisfactory ending has been attempted.

At the same time the fact that he manifestly drew from sources other than those followed by

Gautier and Manessier, and the character of those sources, gives his work a special value. He has certainly preserved for us a hitherto unknown 'Tristan' poem, he has most probably also preserved a fragment, and an important fragment, of the lost source of Wolfram von Eschenbach; for these reasons alone, apart from the intrinsic interest of his stories, often very high, the 15,000 lines contributed by Gerbert to the evolution of the 'Perceval' are among the most fascinating and important contributions made by any writer to the romantic literature of the Middle Ages.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

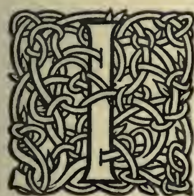
POSTSCRIPT.—While this article was in the press, a note by M. Paul Meyer appeared in the 'Romania' for October, 1903, in which that distinguished scholar expresses his opinion that the writer hitherto known as Gautier de Doulans (see p. 61) is identical with a certain Wauchier de Denain, known as the translator of various 'Lives' of Saints. MS. 12576 B. N., and the German translation, which closely agrees with it, give the name respectively as Denet and Dünsin, which appears to support M. Meyer's theory.

It may also be noted that the Mons manuscript (p. 63) contains two independent fragments, printed by M. Potvin as an introduction to Chrétien's poem. They are by different writers, and represent a varying tradition. The first is also contained in the Low-German translation, and, under the title 'Elucidation,' is included in certain copies of the 1530 edition. This edition appears to have been printed from a manuscript differing from any now extant, as it includes not only the 'Gawain' adventures of B. N., 12577, but also a small, and evidently interpolated, group of 'Perceval' incidents, which, so far, I have found only in 'Mons' and B. N. 1453.

The Perceval manuscript at Montpellier is No. 249 in the Bibliothèque de l'Ecole de Médecine. It is complete, and gives a text identical with B. N. 1429.

Two Flemish fragments of the 'Perceval' have been published by Von Veerdinghen. I have not yet examined these.

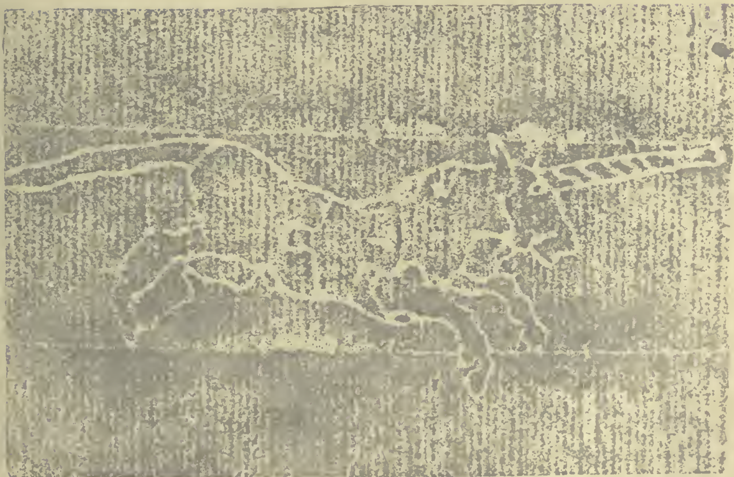
THE WATER-MARKS IN PAPER.


N connection with the history of early printing it is always a matter of interest, and sometimes a question ot great importance, to determine the nature of the paper employed in the case of any particular work, and to verify the water-mark. Many writers have studied the various forms of marks used by the paper-makers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and have placed on record very numerous tracings and reproductions of the emblems and devices employed upon the different descriptions of paper. It is no uncommon thing to find in an old book that the paper may contain three or four different kinds of water-marks, and the mark may often furnish an important clue to the identification of the press, when all other indications are wanting. So far as I am aware, no attempt has hitherto been made to obtain a self-printed record of the water-marks in paper, and as this is a perfectly simple and easy process, and as the sun-picture may with a little care and trouble be made to furnish, in the case of blank paper an absolutely perfect facsimile, not only ot the mark itself but also of all the other wire-marks, and even the imperfections of the paper, it seems to be a process worthy of mention and, perhaps, of a more extended trial than the author of this notice has been able to undertake. The method of pro-

cedure is simply as follows: the paper containing the mark is employed as a photographic negative, and bright light, either direct sunlight or reflected light, is caused to pass through the paper to a sheet of sensitive printing paper placed against it at the back. An exposure of from ten to fifteen minutes, in accordance with the thickness of the paper, suffices to obtain a print of the water-mark and wire-marking, which can then be developed, toned and fixed in the usual way, and by this means an absolutely perfect record is obtained of all the markings in the paper. It is convenient to place the page and the photographic printing paper between two sheets of glass to keep them quite flat.

I give here, as specimens of this process, fig. 1, the mark of the hand and star, found on the paper used by Ulrich Zell for the printing of the 'Sermons' of St. Chrysostom about 1470; fig. 2, the unicorn mark, used on thin paper, in a work printed at Paris by J. Badius, in 1532, 'De Philologia,' by Gulielmus Budæus. With the marks of this kind I have found the 'Paget prize' paper, which is self-toning, gives very good results, but in some cases the very rapid papers, such as the 'Velox' may be used with advantage, especially with artificial light. It is possible with a strong transmitted light to get on this latter paper by this means very good records of printers' marks, initial letters and various book ornaments, in white on black; printing them through the paper direct, and avoiding the necessity for making a negative. Of course the paper must be printed on one side only.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Self-printed Facsimiles of Water-marks.

PUBLIC UTILIZATION OF EXISTING LIBRARIES.

FTER about sixty years of stress and worry, inquiry and half-hearted legislation, the library system of the United Kingdom is as great a mystery to the man in the street as it was in the days when Edwards, Ewart and others tried to work up an interest in the subject. On one side we have Parliament offering a solid obstruction to the development and improvement of municipal libraries; and on the other we have educated University Extensionists, in alliance with 'Down-with-the-Rates' illiterates, denouncing them as dangerous institutions which are tending to undermine the morals of the poor. Then we have the spectacle, not to be seen even in our own colonies, of a Parliament which cannot recognize the educational value of libraries under any circumstances, unless they are connected with some department of State, or chance to be quondam-Royal institutions, which are enjoying a reversion of favour inherited from those dark ages when libraries were properly regarded as the principal elements in the apparatus of learning. The principle of state recognition of libraries of all kinds has never been seriously considered by the Legislature of the United Kingdom, and the public have been taught to look upon them as mere luxuries, not necessary in the

work of education or research. For this the feeble and permissive Acts of Parliament relating to municipal libraries are partly responsible, because it is quite conceivable that any intelligent community will regard with suspicion a power which is given with the suggestion that it may be used only if considered worth while, and which is subject to miserably hampering pecuniary restrictions.

It is not only in regard to municipal libraries that Parliament has shown itself unsympathetic. Every other variety of library is left to work out its own destiny unaided, with the result that there are enormous collections of books in every department of human knowledge, which cannot be utilized by the community at large, partly because the Government has not recognized the educational possibilities opened up by a system of subsidies to libraries conforming to certain regulations. The colonies offer an object lesson in this respect. Under certain legislative enactments, which need not now be recited, most of the British Colonial governments offer temptations and facilities to the corporate owners of semi-public libraries to give the public access to their collections of books for reference purposes, in return for an annual grant of money which is usually equal in amount to that raised by subscription. The effect of this is to place numerous libraries at the service of the citizens which would otherwise only be available to a few private members, while the funds so provided are of immense service in strengthening the stock of the institutions and improving their equipment. Other governments have recognized the utility of setting free as many

of the existing libraries as possible, and obtaining access to them for the public on terms which are mutually advantageous. The State Library Commissions of the United States have power to make arrangements akin to this, and all the collegiate, school and scientific libraries of France are aided and controlled by the State. Even without these foreign examples it is obvious that if the existing book wealth of Britain could be more effectively placed at the disposal of the public, a very powerful engine for the diffusion of knowledge would be set in action, and that at a comparatively small cost.

In the large towns of the country there are many good and valuable libraries of a general and special kind, languishing because they are neglected by their owners, and gradually becoming out of date for want of a little money with which to revise the stock and add modern books. Such libraries may represent the collections of years in some important class of literature, yet, in the majority of cases, it is quite well known, they are in a moribund condition, because neither rate-supported nor State-aided. They are, furthermore, lying idle, and thus we are confronted with the melancholy spectacle of much of the wisdom of the ages being locked up in a state of neglect for lack of the attention and oversight which a government grant could secure. The problem is how to make this great body of erudition available to the public without injustice to the interests and enjoyments of the small body of private owners. My proposal is, that in return for an annual government grant every scientific, technical, college, pro-

prietary and institutional library shall permit any reader to make reference use of its collections, on the request of any municipal, State or other subsidized library, under such conditions as may be fixed.

The effect of this simple reform would be the guidance of thousands of inquirers to the right centres for all kinds of special studies, and the utilization of library resources for the furtherance of education, which could only tend to the advancement of knowledge. For example, suppose a reader came to a municipal library wanting particular information about some obscure point in colonial history or geography which could not be afforded by the books on the subject stocked at that library. Why should not the librarian be able to give the reader a permit to visit the Colonial Office, or the Royal Colonial Institute, and there procure the information wanted? Again, a working optician wants to read up some point connected with the correction of defects of vision from the physiological point of view, or, perhaps, requires access to a large collection of different works on diseases of the eye not to be found in an ordinary municipal library. Why should he not, on the introduction of the librarian, be able to go to the library of the nearest medical or surgical society and get what he wants? There are hundreds of cases of this sort occurring daily, and if Parliament would grant a reasonable subsidy to these non-public libraries possessing special collections, there is no doubt many of them would welcome the chance of extending their usefulness, and at the same time improving and enlarging their collections

of books. The amount of subsidy I do not pretend to estimate. It might have to vary in different cases, but it seems reasonable to suppose that most of the law, medical, scientific, artistic and other special libraries would be only too glad to aid in the general work of education by throwing open their collections of books and periodicals, under the conditions already mentioned, for an annual grant of £100 or £200 towards the equipment of their libraries. Only those who have inquired for themselves can form any idea of how great is the popular ignorance of the functions and capabilities of libraries. The amateur coin collector, or photographer, or actor, or chemist, or billiard player, or botanist who indulges in ignorant declamation against municipal libraries probably never troubles to inquire if they keep books of a helpful sort dealing with his pet hobby. Such persons simply content themselves with an echo of the silly and never-ending cry about novel reading. Of the very existence of other libraries, especially those of a scientific or technical character, the average citizen is mostly ignorant, but he might become interested if he were taught that access was easy and that Parliament smiled rather than frowned on the library idea. No doubt also some indirect advantage would accrue to the collegiate and other institutions which threw open their libraries to the public, by attracting a certain proportion of the casual readers thus introduced, and so securing an entirely new recruiting ground for students.

I have prepared a brief classified list of a few of the most representative libraries of the various

kinds indicated, and have marked with an asterisk (*) those to which the public have a right of access with the minimum of trouble or preliminary formality. From this it will be seen what a large field still remains for occupation by students and readers of all kinds. The figures given are only approximations, and must not be regarded as representing the total number of volumes in any of the libraries at the latest count.

Classified List of Libraries.

* Libraries open to the public without any formality or special introduction.

Universal.

	Vols.
London, British Museum.	2,300,000
Oxford, Bodleian Lib.	631,000
Cambridge, University Lib.	580,000
Edinburgh, Advocates' Lib.	450,000
Dublin, Trinity College.	270,000

Large General (over 100,000 vols.).

*Manchester Public Lib.	290,000
*Birmingham Public.	283,000
*Leeds Public.	227,000
*Liverpool Public.	220,000
London Library.	200,000
Dublin, National Lib. of Ireland	150,000
*Glasgow, Mitchell Lib.	150,000
*Edinburgh, Public.	135,000
*Sheffield Public.	130,000
*Dundee Public.	122,000
*Newcastle Public.	122,000
*London, Guildhall.	120,000
*Bristol Public.	115,000
*Westminster Public.	107,000
*Bradford Public.	106,000
Liverpool Lyceum.	100,000
London Institution.	100,000
*Nottingham Public.	100,000
Edinburgh, Signet.	100,000
*Bolton Public.	100,000

Small General (under 100,000).

All municipal (about 400 in all), subscription, proprietary, and other libraries with fewer than 100,000 vols. of a general character, including special libraries like the Chetham and John Rylands of Manchester.

Collegiate and School.

General.

	Vols.
Aberdeen University.	140,000
Belfast, Queen's Coll.	46,000
Cambridge Colleges, excluding University Lib.	400,000
Cork, Queen's Coll.	10,000
Durham, University.	35,000
Edinburgh, University.	215,000
Galway, Queen's Coll.	40,000
Glasgow, University.	220,000
London Univ. Coll.	110,000
Oxford Colleges, excluding Bodleian.	600,000
St. Andrews Univ.	120,000

Special.

Aberystwith, Univ. Coll.	19,000
Birmingham, Mason Coll.	30,000
Cardiff, S. Wales Coll.	7,000
Cheltenham Coll.	10,000
Egham, Royal Holloway Coll.	6,000
Glasgow, Anderson's Coll.	16,000
Godalming, Charterhouse.	12,000
Harrow, Vaughan Lib.	12,000
Liverpool, Univ. Coll.	35,000
London, King's Coll.	30,000
Manchester, Owens' Coll.	60,000
Marlborough Coll.	8,500

Science.

General.

London, Royal Soc.	80,000

	Vols.
London, S. Kensington Science Lib.	50,000
Edinburgh, Museum.	19,000
—— Royal Society.	17,000
Glasgow, Philosophical Soc.	15,000

Anthropology.

London, Anthropological Inst.	4,500

Zoology.

London, British Museum, Natural History.	73,000
—— Zoological Soc.	23,000
—— Entomological Soc.	5,000

Botany.

London, Linnean Soc.	50,000
Kew, Royal Botanic Lib.	17,000

Geology.

London, Museum of Pract. Geol.	30,000
—— Geological Soc.	17,000
Edinburgh, Geological Soc.	2,500
Manchester, Geological Soc.	2,000

Chemistry.

London, Chemical Soc.	18,000
—— Pharmaceutical Soc.	15,000

Physics and Physiography.

London, Meteorological Office.	14,000
Edinburgh, Royal Physical Soc.	11,000

Astronomy.

London, Royal Astronomical Soc.	10,000
—— Royal Observatory, Greenwich.	7,000

USEFUL ARTS.

General.

*London, Patent Office.	90,000

Medicine and Surgery.

Aberdeen, Medico-Chirurgical Soc.	6,500
Birmingham, Medical Inst.	13,000
Dublin, Royal Coll. Physicians.	6,000
—— Royal Coll. of Surgeons.	30,000
Edinburgh, Royal Coll. of Physicians.	50,000
—— Roy. Coll. of Surgeons.	10,000
—— Royal Medical Soc.	30,000
Glasgow, Faculty of Physicians.	50,000
Liverpool, Medical Inst.	11,000
London, Guy's Hospital.	7,000
—— Medical Soc.	13,000
—— Obstetrical Soc.	5,300
—— Royal Coll. of Physicians.	20,000
—— Royal Coll. of Surgeons.	56,000
London, Roy. Med. and Chirg. Soc.	46,000
—— St. Bartholomew's Hosp.	13,000
Manchester, Medical Soc.	32,000

Engineering.

London, Inst. of Civil Eng.	40,000
—— Inst. of Electrical Eng.	100,000
—— Iron and Steel Inst.	4,000
—— Soc. of Telegraph Eng.	4,000

Naval and Military.

London, Admiralty Lib.	40,000
—— War Office.	26,000
—— Royal Military Academy.	14,000
—— Royal Naval Academy.	7,000
—— Royal United Service Inst.	26,000

Gardening.

London, Royal Horticultural Soc.	3,000

FINE ARTS.

Architecture.

London, Architectural Assoc.	2,000
—— Royal Inst. of Brit. Arch.	12,000

Painting, etc.

London, So. Kensington Art Lib.	95,000
—— Royal Acad. of Arts.	6,000
Edinburgh, Royal Scottish Acad.	2,000
London, Royal Acad. of Music.	4,000
—— Royal Coll. of Music.	7,000

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND LAW.

Law.

Aberdeen, Advocates.	8,000
Birmingham, Law Soc.	12,000
Bristol, Law Soc.	8,000
Dublin, King's Inns.	60,000
Edinburgh, Solicitors' Lib.	14,000
Glasgow, Faculty of Procurators.	18,000
Leicester, Law Soc.	2,000
Liverpool, Law Soc.	7,000
London, Gray's Inn.	16,000
—— Home Office Lib.	8,000
—— Incorporated Law Soc.	38,000
—— Inner Temple.	58,000
—— Inns of Court, Bar Lib.	15,000
—— Lincoln's Inn.	72,000
—— Middle Temple.	40,000
Manchester, Law Soc.	10,000

Friendly Societies.

London, Freemason's Lib.	7,000

Education.

London, Teachers' Guild.	9,000

Statistics.

	Vols.
London, Royal Statistical Soc.	30,000

Economics.

London, School of Economics.	15,000

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cathedral Libraries.

Durham.	20,000
Ely.	9,000
Exeter.	8,000
Lichfield.	6,000
Lincoln.	7,000
London, St. Paul's.	20,000
—— Westminster Abbey.	12,000
Ripon.	6,000
Salisbury.	5,200
Truro.	16,000
Winchester.	4,000
Worcester.	3,000
York.	20,000

Theological Colleges, etc.

	Vols.
Aberdeen, Free Church.	17,000
Bristol, Baptist Coll.	20,000
Cashel, Diocesan Lib.	16,000
Edinburgh, New Coll.	43,000
Oscott Coll.	36,000
Fort Augustus, St. Benedict's Abbey.	20,000
Glasgow, Free Church.	25,000
Hawarden, St. Deiniol's Lib.	33,000
London, Allan Lib.	18,000
—— Baptist Coll.	13,000
—— Brit. and For. Bible Soc.	11,000
—— Church House.	15,000
—— Congregational Lib.	14,000
London, Lambeth Palace.	40,000
—— New College.	40,000
—— Religious Tract Soc.	12,000
—— Sion Coll.	60,000
—— Soc. of Biblical Archæology.	2,500
—— Theological Soc.	5,000
—— Williams' Library.	40,000
Manchester, Lancashire Indep. Coll.	15,000
Maynooth Coll.	58,000
Stonyhurst Coll.	60,000

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

Edinburgh, Royal Scottish Geog. Soc.	7,000
Soc. of Antiquaries.	9,000
London, Colonial Office.	14,000
—— Foreign Office.	75,000
—— India Office.	60,000
—— Japan Soc.	2,000
—— Numismatic Soc.	2,500
—— Royal Archæological Inst.	4,000
—— Royal Asiatic Soc.	15,000
—— Royal Colonial Inst.	40,000
—— Royal Geographical Soc.	36,000
—— Royal Historical Society.	4,000
—— Soc. of Antiquaries.	42,000

LITERATURE AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Kilmarnock, Burns Lib.	1,000
London, Garrick Club.	—
—— Royal Soc. of Literature.	8,000
—— St. Bride Foundation Inst.	10,000
Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare Memorial Lib.	10,000

The five libraries in this list which I have complimented with the heading 'Universal' of course deserve the epithet only in virtue of (what should be) their ideals. Of these they fall short not only by some hundreds of thousands of volumes, but also in many points of administration. Even the British Museum, though it provides splendid accommodation for the comparatively small body of literary worthies who make daily use of it, is far less popularly useful than it would be were it more

liberally supplied with funds and furnished with additional reading-rooms for periodicals, reference books, etc., administered by a staff trained on municipal-library rather than Museum lines. What is true of the British Museum is yet more strikingly true of the other libraries which enjoy the privilege of obtaining gifts of books under the Copyright Acts, and give absolutely nothing in return, either to publishers or public. It is quite certain that none of the library resources of the United Kingdom will ever be effectively utilized till Parliament steps in and frees existing institutions from the disabilities under which most of them labour. We have State libraries which are understaffed and poorly financed; State-aided libraries which keep the general public at arm's length in the selfish interests of their private members; municipal libraries which are starved by the government which called them into being; and, as I have shown, a large and valuable array of private and semi-private libraries which could, in many cases, be utilized by the general public if Parliament gave the necessary assistance. Here then is a starting-point for the revision and utilization of the library service of the whole kingdom. Let those educationists whose ideal is the fusing of all existing educational facilities into one harmonious whole apply themselves to this problem, and devise a practicable method of utilizing *all* the libraries of the country to serve as the apparatus of education in all its branches. If books can be made to the general public what they are to the lawyer, the doctor and the clergyman, there will be little need to fear the industrial or literary invasions of

foreigners, or to bewail the growth of that spirit of vulgar and illiterate bounce which is said to exist because British education stops at the door of the Board School.

JAMES DUFF BROWN.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

R. MacLEHOSE'S article on the system of net prices for books as it affects libraries is a very welcome contribution to our pages, as all librarians will be glad to see their opponents' case so temperately and courteously stated. I cannot, however, see that Mr. MacLehose holds out any practical inducement to librarians to deal with the local bookseller, and I am sure that if he knew as much of the struggles of the small rate-supported library as he does of the small local bookseller, he would divide his sympathies more equally between the two. It seems to me that municipal librarians in claiming the right to special discounts as a matter of course, and publishers and booksellers in denying this right altogether, are both a little unreasonable. It is obvious that if the purchaser of a five shillings net book at Penzance could insist on having it sixpence cheaper on the ground that it was for a library in Caithness the net system would break down altogether. On the other hand will Mr. MacLehose, or anyone else, contend that the system would be in the least endangered if the Publishers' Association opened a register for contracts between libraries and booksellers for the supply of not less than one hundred pounds' worth of books in the ensuing year, subject to a discount on net books of not more than ten per

cent? Furthermore, if the Publishers' Association refused to sanction such contracts, except between libraries and the local booksellers of the districts in which they are situated, would not this do more for the local trade in one year than the present regulations effect in ten? Even so A. W. P. would hardly expect to see any of his own books in local shops, but he would know that a bibliographically minded librarian could get them a little cheaper if he chose to take the trouble of dealing locally, and this seems as much as authors of books of limited interest can expect.

Of course it is quite possible that booksellers, especially the large booksellers whom the present system favours at the expense of the smaller firms for whom Mr. MacLehose pleads, will argue that to allow ten per cent. discount to libraries on notified contracts for net books, would exactly to this extent diminish the gross profits of the trade, and that while admitting the hardship to libraries, they prefer to gain by it rather than to relieve it by however carefully guarded means. Not being myself a municipal librarian, I can hardly estimate to what extent the measures suggested by Messrs. 'Castor' and 'Pollux' would meet this contingency. But I know that the municipal librarians of this country are a very enterprising and longheaded set of men, and that among the members of their library committees in large towns are many persons of wealth and financial ability. If the present shortsighted restrictions are continued, I am quite sure that a Library Co-operative Book-Supply Association, or some institution with an equally high-

sounding title, will be formed, which will punctiliously obey all the rules of the Publishers' Association, and quietly circumvent them by returning to their members dividends in proportion to their purchases. Such a co-operative book-supply business would benefit libraries by being able to insist on quality of paper, sewing and binding to which casual book-buyers are serenely indifferent, but which are of serious importance where it is desirable that books should be able to stand hard wear and tear. But its institution would be a real blow to the retail trade, both in town and country, and booksellers would do well not to push librarians to the point at which such a project is certain to be started.[1]

Mr. Slater's record of 'Book-Prices Current' for 1903 (Elliot Stock) is as indispensable, as fascinating, and (to the antiquary) as irritating as its predecessors. The modest request which 'The Library' puts up year by year that it may be made a

[1] I am so much more anxious to help forward a reasonable compromise on this question than to defend anything I have myself written on it, that I relegate to a footnote two points on which I think Mr. MacLehose has misunderstood me. (i.) As to the effect of the change to the net system on prices it is possible that we are really at one. If, as I believe has sometimes been done, the price of a discount book has been changed from 6*s.* to 5*s.* net, this is nominally a decrease of 15 per cent., but as compared with the former actual cash price of 4*s.* 6*d.* it is an increase of rather over 10 per cent., and it was to this I referred. (ii.) As regards fiction and non-fiction, the 'temptation' to buy fiction of which I wrote was that which would come from its being procurable at discount prices. How the net system can lead librarians to buy 'little fiction and much non-fiction' passes my comprehension.

little more easy to discover what books have been sold that are of special interest on account of their printers or binders, has no effect in softening Mr. Slater's heart. He still leaves the book-lover interested in bookbinding or typography to make his own index, and the book-buyer of this class naturally resents it. At least nineteen shillings in every one of the three hundred and twenty pounds paid for the Pynson 'Doctrinale' were paid because this is the first dated book from Pynson's press, yet Mr. Slater enters it in his index only under Gallus, and makes no mention there of Pynson. As we have said before, Mr. Slater can afford to treat his readers like this, because his annual record is firmly established, but his policy seems to us short-sighted for all that. In most other respects the book is an excellent record, and is edited in a most business-like and efficient manner; but we must still hope that our annual grievance may be one day removed. In his preface, which is briefer and less interesting than usual, Mr. Slater gives the average price per lot during the season 1902-3, as £3 2*s.* 10*d.*, this being sixpence less than that of the previous year, and five shillings less than the record average of the year before. The total amount realized was nearly £140,000.

The last few weeks have been prolific of interesting bibliographical books. Mr. W. W. Greg has produced an excellent annotated 'Catalogue of the books presented by Edward Capell to the library of Trinity College in Cambridge,' or, as it is called more shortly on the cover, of 'Capell's Shake-

speariana' (Cambridge University Press, *7s. 6d.*). In his own manuscript list of his collection, Capell included some Shakespeare quartos, for which he intended (without doing so) to give references to other libraries, and his gift to Trinity College has thus perhaps been thought even richer than it was, but it is extraordinarily rich as it stands, alike in editions of Shakespeare, in the books he may have read, and in the works of his contemporaries. These are all fully catalogued by Mr. Greg, with collations and notes, which often, as in the case of that to the 1617 edition of Spenser, embody much research in a very compact and unpretentious form.

Another valuable work which may be claimed as belonging to the bibliography (or is it the 'higher bibliography'?) of Shakespeare, though written in English and by a Cape-of-Good-Hope man, Dr. H. R. D. Anders, forms the first volume of 'Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,' and is published by Georg Reimer of Berlin (7 marks in paper covers, 8 marks bound). It is entitled 'Shakespeare's Books: a Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading, and the immediate Sources of his Works.' Its seven chapters deal respectively with Shakespeare's references and debts to the classics, to modern Continental literature, to the non-dramatic and the dramatic literature of his own country, to the popular romances, ballads, songs and tunes, story and jest books, to the Bible and Prayer-Book, and the astronomy, geography and travel books of his own day. The treatise only came to hand just as these notes had to be written, or it should receive more critical

notice, but it is impossible, even in cutting the leaves, not to be impressed with the mass of information which it brings together, though it has to be owned that the apologies which Dr. Anders offers for his style are not unneeded.

From Shakespeare to the Bible is a natural transition, and a hearty welcome may be offered to the first volume of the 'Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, compiled by T. H. Darlow and H. F. Moule,' and appropriately dedicated to the memory of Francis Fry, through whom many of the earliest editions came into the Society's possession. This first volume contains the English Bible and its parts, and registers altogether 1,410 editions, of which no fewer than 239 (including one or two facsimile reprints, but excluding duplicates), are earlier than 1611. The transcripts of the titles are disfigured by the perverse transliteration of the majuscule V into the same letter in minuscules in positions where no English printer, except with a bibliographer standing over him, would ever have dreamt of using it. Mr. Greg, we need hardly say, is too experienced to have fallen into this trap, and perhaps to have one book free from it in a quarter is as much as we can expect. The notes and collations to the Bibles, mostly by Mr. Moule, are elaborate and careful, and in several cases possess some historical value. In one of them, indeed, readers are presented with a reprint of Michael Sparke's 'Scintilla, or a Light broken into dark Warehouses,' in which he so effectually ex-

posed the tricks in the Bible trade of the sixteenth century.

Another instalment (Volume III.) of Mr. Sayle's catalogue of the early English books at the Cambridge University Library is abundantly welcome, though the work has exceeded its anticipated bulk, so that we have still to wait for the promised index of authors. The most interesting section of this volume is taken up with the list of the books printed abroad for the English market. So far as I know, this is the most varied and extensive collection of such books which has yet been catalogued in such a way as to bring them together under their printers, and although Mr. Sayle neither attains nor claims finality in his results, he has certainly done much to clear the ground for future workers.

From Oxford there has come to hand Mr. Falconer Madan's 'Chart of Oxford Printing,' printed in an edition of one hundred copies for presentation only. It is interesting enough to deserve a far wider circulation, as not only does it show the fluctuations in the output of the Oxford Press, classical, theological and general, but it gives an epitome of the annals of printing at Oxford, and contains reproductions of the first Oxford Sheet Almanack (1674) and of pages of the first books printed at various typographical epochs at Oxford, and also an impression from a rather pretty little copperplate of the Clarendon Press. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Oxford seems to have maintained a comfortable output of thirty or forty

volumes a year, only shooting up to nearly one hundred and fifty when Charles I. made it his head-quarters on the outbreak of the Civil War. But throughout the nineteenth century the upward move, despite occasional dips, was very fairly continuous, an output of a hundred volumes being attained in 1830, when the Clarendon Press was opened, two hundred in the seventies, and three hundred in 1893, since when production seems to have fluctuated between that total and some fifty less.

M. Henri Pène du Bois, whose 'Four Private Libraries of New York' will be remembered agreeably by many book-lovers, has just compiled an interesting monograph of a similar character, describing the 'American Bookbindings in the Library of Henry William Poor.' M. Du Bois' descriptions are aided by upwards of forty illustrations 'in gold leaf and colours' by Edward Bierstadt, and as these are admirably executed and the book is printed only in a limited edition it is perhaps unreasonable to complain that it should not be obtainable at any smaller ransom than five pounds a copy. Yet, like Mr. Hoe's catalogue of his English books, published at four pounds a volume, this record of Mr. Poor's cabinet of bindings is interesting enough to make one regret that American collectors do not imitate in this matter the liberality of Mr. Huth, Mr. Locker Lampson, Sir Thomas Brooke, and other English owners, who have been content to allow book-lovers and students to buy their catalogues at prices a good deal below the cost of production.

No public library ever expects to make its catalogues pay for themselves, and it is a pity that private owners should be more anxious to recoup themselves.

The interest of M. Pène du Bois' volume lies in its evidence of the excellent work which is being done in several American binderies. The vogue of pretty cloth cases in the United States, as in England, has kept bookbinders from the pitfall of 'appropriate' designs by which so many French binders have been ensnared. The pictorial crudities, which we pass lightly enough when they are stamped on paper or cloth, are altogether unworthy of being preserved on so beautiful a material as leather. Mr. Poor, at any rate, has shown them little favour. The books he has had clothed for him at the Adams Bindery, the Club Bindery, or by Mr. William Matthews, are almost all dressed in excellent taste, and though there is no such absolute originality as may be found in the best work of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Douglas Cockerell, great skill has been shown in developing old Italian patterns on new and yet quite harmonious lines.

The evidence of good work offered by this volume is the more gratifying because both in America and in England the progress of bookbinding is threatened by a real danger from the crowd of half amateur binders who are in too great haste to make money to be content to serve a full seven years' apprenticeship, who often have been trained for hardly more than this number of months, and then hurry home, with one good bit of binding as a

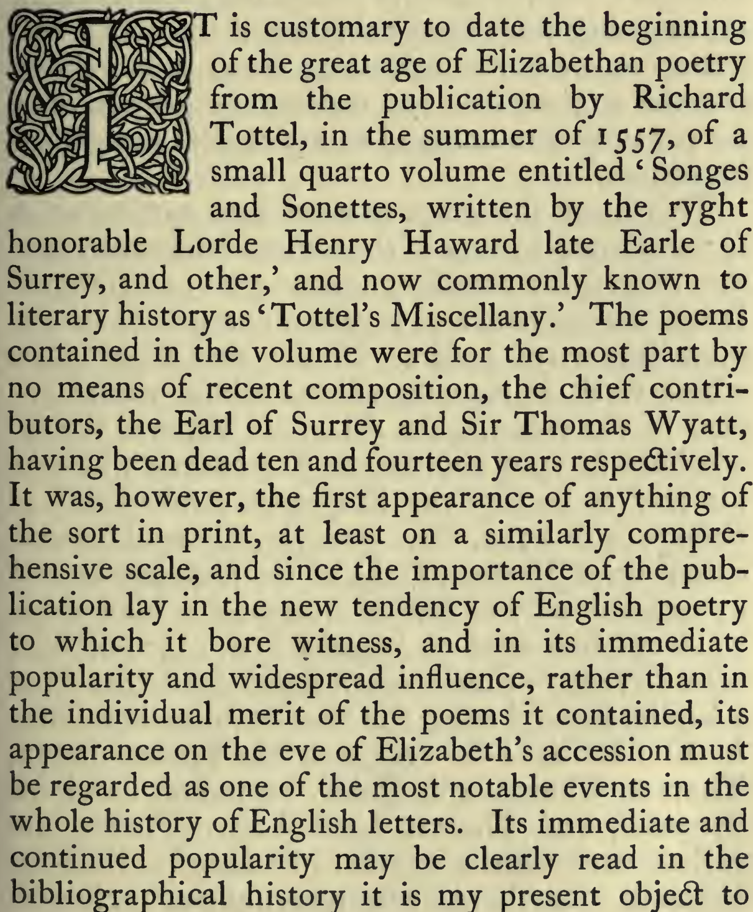
show-piece, which they have executed under their master's eye, and never do another to equal it. As a rule they begin at once to take pupils, and in superintending these lose all their little craftsmanship. Meanwhile book-lovers still find it hard to get their working books strongly and beautifully bound. Few of us can afford ten or fifteen guinea jackets even for our most precious possessions. What we want is a binder who will put really beautiful work into half-bindings, and slightly decorated whole ones. The firms who can do this are never at a loss for work, and there is room for many more of them. But the aspirations of the semi-amateur do not seem to lie in this direction.

A. W. P.

Second Series,
No 18, Vol. V. April, 1904.

THE LIBRARY.

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.



IT is customary to date the beginning of the great age of Elizabethan poetry from the publication by Richard Tottel, in the summer of 1557, of a small quarto volume entitled 'Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other,' and now commonly known to literary history as 'Tottel's Miscellany.' The poems contained in the volume were for the most part by no means of recent composition, the chief contributors, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, having been dead ten and fourteen years respectively. It was, however, the first appearance of anything of the sort in print, at least on a similarly comprehensive scale, and since the importance of the publication lay in the new tendency of English poetry to which it bore witness, and in its immediate popularity and widespread influence, rather than in the individual merit of the poems it contained, its appearance on the eve of Elizabeth's accession must be regarded as one of the most notable events in the whole history of English letters. Its immediate and continued popularity may be clearly read in the bibliographical history it is my present object to

trace, while its powerful influence on literary taste and poetic fashion is amply illustrated by the many similar collections which were put forth, under various and fantastic titles, by enterprising publishers during the second half of the sixteenth century. Readers will no doubt recall Master Slender's remark a generation later: 'I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.' He may well have been thinking of the actual collection we are now considering; if not, it only shows that the original title had become the generic term for any similar museum of dainty devices and gallant inventions.

This is not the place to enter into particulars as to the literary history of the famous Miscellany, nor into biographic details concerning its contributors. It will be sufficient to mention one or two of the more important points. Of the two chief poets whose work is represented and whose names appear in the volume, the elder, Sir Thomas Wyatt, was born in 1503 and died at Sherbourne while on his way to receive the Emperor's Ambassador at Falmouth in 1542. The younger, Henry Howard, eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and known by courtesy only as Earl of Surrey, was born about 1516 and beheaded on January 21st, 1547, six days before Henry's timely death saved his father from a similar fate. Among the 'uncertain authors' may in all likelihood be reckoned Sir Francis Bryan, Thomas Churchyard, John Heywood, Edward Somerset, and Thomas Lord Vaux. Finally the collection contains a number of poems by Nicholas Grimald, who, there is reason to suppose, discharged

the duties of editor. Those who desire further information regarding the literary history of the volume must be referred to the notes prefixed to Professor Arber's reprint, to which I shall have more than once occasion to refer in the course of the following pages. In the meantime we must consider the fortunes of the publication from a more strictly bibliographical point of view.

In 1557 the Stationers' Company had been but recently incorporated, and as yet no attempt had been made towards enforcing the regular entry of new publications on the Register. No trace of the present collection is there to be found. Indeed, no item of contemporary evidence survives concerning Tottel's venture prior to the appearance of an edition dated in the colophon 'the fift day of Iune. An. 1557,' of which a unique copy is preserved in the Bodleian. It should be noted that there is no definite evidence to show that this was actually the first edition, though various considerations, as we shall shortly see, concur to make that conclusion highly probable. The volume—which is preserved among the books bequeathed to the library by Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, on his death, December 14th, 1735—has always been described as an octavo, but is in reality a remarkably small quarto, much cut down and even slightly cropped in the headlines and front margin, measuring no more than $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches (146 by 98 mm.).

With regard to the date at which the compositors must have begun setting up the Miscellany, Professor Arber points out that on June 21st (*i.e.*, sixteen days later) there appeared a simi-

larly printed volume from Tottell's house, containing Surrey's translations from the 'Aeneid.'

SONGES AND SONETTES,
written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottel.
1557.
Cum priuilegio.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE EDITION OF JUNE, 1557.

Assuming that this was put in hand immediately after the completion of the Miscellany, he argues that at a similar rate of composition the latter must have been begun in April (on the 11th, to be pre-

cise). There is, however, no reason to suppose that work may not have been proceeding simultaneously on both books, while we shall shortly see that a much higher rate of composition must have been possible. Another point which should be borne in mind with regard to the earliest edition is that since a single copy alone survives, it is impossible to say what peculiarities it may have presented in the way of corrections while going through the press and the like.

The only point we can be sure of in connection

Imprinted at London in flete strete
within Temple barre, at the sygne of the
hand and starre, by Richard Tottel
the fift day of June.
An. 1557.

Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.

COLOPHON OF THE EDITION OF JUNE, 1557.

with the production of this June edition, is that within fifty-six days of the date mentioned in the colophon, the whole edition had been worked off, the type distributed, the need for a further edition become apparent, that edition prepared, composed, and made ready for press. This second edition has the colophon dated 'the .xxxi. day of Iuly. An. 1557.' The alterations in it are considerable, and of great interest. In the first edition the verso of the title-page was occupied by a prose address from 'The Printer to the Reader,' after which appeared thirty-six poems by Surrey, ninety by

Wyatt, forty by Grimald, and ninety-five by 'uncertain authors.' These were followed by four additional poems by Surrey and six by Wyatt. In the revised edition we find, after the printer's address 'To the reader,' first the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, including the ten additional ones, next those of uncertain authorship, together with thirty-nine not found in the earlier edition, and lastly ten only of Grimald's out of the forty previously published. It is also noticeable that in this edition Grimald's name was replaced by the bare initials 'N. G.' An alphabetical index of first lines was added at the end. Now this omitting of the majority of Grimald's work in order to make way for additional poems by 'uncertain authors,' and the replacing of his name by initials, together with the fact that he had previously had business relations with Tottel, have been not unnaturally taken to indicate that he stood in the position of editor towards the collection to which he also contributed his share as author. Be this as it may, no further editorial changes were made in the frequent reprints which issued from the press in the course of the next thirty years.

But the main bibliographical peculiarity of this so-called second edition yet remains to be mentioned. Professor Arber, in his introductory notes, remarks: 'The two known copies—one in the Grenville Collection, British Museum; and the other in the Capel Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge; vary in some *minutiæ* from each other: but it is incredible that there should be two *distinct* editions finished by the same printer, on the same

day. [Mr. W. A. Wright has collated the first impression of this reprint with the Capel copy. The variations from the Grenville copy in spelling are occasional in the bulk of the book, but very numerous in the thirty-nine additional poems. Nothing but a comparison of the five or six earliest editions can solve this riddle. Meanwhile we can but believe that one or other of these copies has either a wrong title page or colophon.[1]] ' The first part of this note appeared in the original issue of 1870, the portion within brackets being appended, I suppose, when the reprint was taken over by Constable in 1895. As early as 1867, however, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt had asserted that the two copies in question belonged to distinct editions (' Handbook,' p. 585), while four years before that even, Bohn's revision of Lowndes had drawn attention to specific variations. Nott, in his edition of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt in 1815, stated that four distinct issues appeared in 1557, but this, though by no means impossible, rests more probably upon a misapprehension. It is sufficiently evident that Professor Arber had never examined the question for himself, and that when differing from these authorities and pronouncing their statements ' incredible,' he was relying upon purely *à priori* considerations. Now, ' incredible ' as it may at first appear that there should be two distinct editions, bearing an identical date, and issuing from the same printing-house, such is nevertheless undoubtedly the case. The title-pages and colophons, here reproduced, will reveal at a

[1] This suggestion does not help us, since it overlooks the fact that variations occur in the title-pages and colophons themselves.

glance two distinct settings of the type, while the same may be observed in the case of the page of text (fol. 45, recto), though it is there less obvious,

SONGES AND SONETTES,
written by the right honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-
rey, and other.

Apud Ricardum Tottel.
Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.
·1557·

TITLE-PAGE OF THE GRENVILLE COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

the similarity in general appearance being remarkably close.

Two possible explanations suggest themselves. Either we have to do with two successive editions,

one a close reprint of the other, or else with a work set up in duplicate. The practice of reprinting im-

¶ *SONGES AND SONETTES written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other.*

Apud Richardum Tottell. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. 1557.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE CAPELL COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

prints was not unknown in the case of popular dramatic works a century later; and it is clear from Proctor's table of the Berthelet Statutes that instances occur as early as 1542 or thereabouts.

Nevertheless, in the case of a carefully printed literary work such as that with which we are concerned, it does not appear to me probable that such should have been the case. The suggestion of a pirated edition need not, I think, be entertained; with the regulations regarding copyright in such a chaotic state as during the early years of the Stationers' Company, there would have been little inducement for a daring adventurer to forego the

Imprinted at London in flete strete within Temple barre, at the sygne of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottell the.xxxi.day of July. An.1557.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

COLOPHON OF THE GRENVILLE COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

advertisement of placing his name upon a popular book, while the volumes bear internal evidence in the printing of their having issued from the same house. Duplicate setting, on the other hand, was a recognized custom where a large number of copies were required. Notable examples are the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. in 1549, and Erasmus' 'Paraphrase of the New Testament' in 1551; but a close examination would probably reveal its occurrence in a large number of works. The custom was

most likely due to some trades' union regulation for the benefit of compositors. It was not, so far as I am aware, till nearly thirty years later that an ordinance of the Company limited the number of copies to be printed from one setting to 1250 for ordinary works; but the ordinance very possibly did nothing more than give binding force to a generally recognized custom.[1] This would necessitate any work for which a large number of copies were required being set up several times over in

Imprinted at London in fletestrete within Temple barre, at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill, the.xxxi.day of July. Anno, 1557.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

COLOPHON OF THE CAPELL COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

rapid succession, and it would be quite likely that if sufficient type were available two settings might be worked off simultaneously. It is even possible that it might be set up in duplicate sheet by sheet and worked. That the second edition of Tottel's Miscellany is a case of duplicate setting I have no doubt. The two copies agree of course page for page, but not line for line in the prose address to

[1] The usual explanation that the copy was set up in duplicate to save time in the working off is unsatisfactory. If p is the number of presses available and s the number of sheets in the work, time would, as a rule, only be gained in the case in which $p-2s$ is positive—a very unlikely case when the work is of any size.

Of the mother that eat her childe at the seige of Ierusalem.

In doubtfull breast whiles motherly pity
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother sayth: O chyld vnhappy
Returne thy bloud where thou hadst milke of late
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate,
For one of body against all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate writen to Iohn Poins.

My mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne:
They sing a song made of the feldishe mouse:
That forbicause her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house,
She thought, her selfe endured to greuous paine,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore dyd sowse:
That when the furrowes swimmed with the raine:
She must lie colde, and wet in sory plight.
And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her, when she her house had dight:
Sometime a barly corne: sometime a beane:
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In haruest time, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode:
Then weleaway for she vndone was cleane.
Then was she faine to take in stede of fode,
Slepe if she might, her honger to begile.
My sister (quod she) hath a liuing good:
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry,
In bed of downe: the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I,

M.i. Richely

PAGE OF TEXT FROM THE GRENVILLE COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

Of the mother that eate her childe at the siege of Ierusalem.

In doutfull breast whiles motherly pity
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother saith: O child vnhappy
Returne thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And entre there where thou were generate.
For of one body against all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate written to Iohn Poins.

My mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne:
They sing a song made of the feldishe mouse:
That forbicause her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house,
She thought her selfe endured to greuous paine,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did sowse:
That when the furrowes swimmed with the raine:
She must lie colde, and wet in sory plight.
And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her when she her house had dight:
Sometime a barley corne: sometime a beane:
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In haruest time, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was cleane.
Then was she faine to take in stede of foode,
Slepe if she might, her honger to begile.
My sister (quod she) hath a liuing good:
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry,
In bed of downe: the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.

M.i. Richely

PAGE OF TEXT FROM THE CAPELL COPY OF THE EDITION OF JULY, 1557.

the reader. They differ, moreover, throughout, in minute points of spelling and punctuation. In many cases of duplicate composition the sheets printed from the two settings were bound up indiscriminately, so that it is possible that of a large edition, no two copies may be found to agree or to disagree throughout. This does not appear to be the case with the Miscellany. There is no single sheet common both to the Grenville and Capell copies.[1]

So far as I am aware no previous writer on the subject has pointed out that there is a third copy of the second edition of Tottel's Miscellany extant in the valuable library collected at Rowfant by the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. It had previously appeared as No. 3065 in Sir W. Tite's sale in 1874, but beyond this I am unaware of its history. Through the kindness of Mrs. Locker-Lampson I have been able to examine this volume, which presents some points of considerable interest. In so far as the majority of the sheets are concerned, it is evident from an inspection of the signatures that it is printed from the same setting up as the Grenville copy.[2] In a few cases, on the other hand, the signatures differ both from the Grenville and Capell copies. It is, however, significant that in all these cases the signature in the Rowfant copy is incorrect, and the variations can therefore be accounted for by supposing the latter to be an early impression from forms which

[1] In the case of most of the sheets an examination of the position of the signatures and catchwords is sufficient to reveal the difference; where this failed I have made photographs.

[2] The title-page, colophon and folio 45 recto, for which I have been able to use photographs, are identical.

underwent correction before the Grenville copy was printed. We are thus still left with our two different settings, the one represented by the Rowfant and Grenville copies, the other by the Capell. On the whole the correspondence between the two could be quite well accounted for by supposing that two compositors worked simultaneously from the same copy, or that the second setting was composed from the copy in which the compositor of the first had marked the page and sheet divisions in red chalk, as appears to have been customary at the time. The non-coincidence of the line divisions in the printer's 'Address,' and the difference between the two and three line headings in the two settings of fol. 45 recto, seem to suggest one of these methods. On the other hand, the occasional absolute identity of the portion of the signatures, as in sheet Z, would appear to necessitate the one being set up from a proof of the other. If this latter inference be correct a further deduction follows. The misprinted signatures of the Rowfant copy, namely, would be far more likely to occur in the original setting than in a mere reprint, and we should therefore be justified in supposing the setting represented by that and the Grenville copies to be earlier than that represented by the Capell. But I am wandering rather far in the region of conjecture.[1]

[1] If Professor Arber is correct in saying that the variations are distinctly more numerous in the additional poems, we should be forced to the conclusion that both settings were composed from the same copy and not one from the other, for it is evident that printing from an indistinct MS. the compositor would tend to

There are two points to be noticed in connection with the duplicate setting of the July edition. The first is that it affords strong presumptive evidence that the June edition was the first. It would appear that it was not until this edition was placed on the market that the printer realized what a demand there would be for the book, and had at once to make preparations for a large and rapid supply.[1] This could hardly have happened except in the case of a first edition; and it should further be noted that whereas the June edition was exhausted in less than two months, that of July met the demand so far as we are aware for about as many years. The other point is that since the type was set up twice over in the interval between June 5th and July 31st, the rate of composition possible in the office must have been double that supposed by Professor Arber in the case of the first edition.

No particular interest attaches to any of the later reprints. From the house of the original publisher we have editions dated 1559, the last in quarto, but sewn in eights (copy in the Grenville collection); 1565, the first in octavo (Bodleian); 1567 (Hunterian, John Rylands, and America), and 1574 (Grenville and Rowfant). Whether Tottel now parted with his interest in the publication, whether his term of exclusive right had expired, or whether other printers merely defied the authority of the

introduce more variations than in printing from a printed text. Especially, the number of important variations, modifying the sense, would be greater.

[1] Of course we do not *know* that the June edition was not likewise set up in duplicate.

Company, is a question which receives no elucidation from the Register. However, in 1585, appeared an edition printed by J. Windet (Grenville, Capel, Rowfant and America), and another in 1587 by R. Robinson (Bodleian, Bridgewater and Huth). This ends the list of early editions, and the work was not reprinted till 1717. It should, however, be borne in mind that, considering the very few copies that have survived of any one edition, it is in the absence of any external evidence to the contrary probable, or at least very possible, that one or more editions may have altogether disappeared. The gaps between 1559 and 1565, 1567 and 1574, 1574 and 1585 look somewhat suspicious by the side of the groups 1557 and 1559, 1565 and 1567, 1585 and 1587. Into the question of later reprints it is unnecessary to enter; a list is given by Professor Arber. I subjoin collations of the early editions with brief bibliographical notes.

First Edition. 1557, June 5.

SONGES AND SONETTES, | *written by the ryght honorable Lorde* | *Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-* | *rey, and other.* | Apud Richardum Tottel. | 1557. | *Cum priuilegio.*

Colophon.] Imprinted at London in flete strete | within Temple barre, at the sygne of the | hand and starre, by Richard Tottel | the fift day of June. | An. 1557. | *Cum priuilegio ad impri-* | *mendum solum.* [See facsimiles from Bodleian copy.]

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.* [N.B. In about half the leaves there is a period (.) after '*Songes.*' The portion containing the poems by Grimald, M3—P4, has the running-title 'Songes.' both on verso and recto.]

Collation: 4°. Sigs. A—Dd[4] unpaged. The only known copy wants Dd 4, presumably blank. The first leaf (A1, but unsigned) has the title on recto, and on verso, in black letter, the prose

address headed '*The Printer to the | Reader.*' The text of the poems begins on A2. The subscription '*SVRREY.*' occurs at the foot of D4; '*T. VVYATE the elder.*' on M2ᵛ, with the lower portion of the page blank. The heading '*Songes written by Nicolas Grimald.*' is at the top of M3, and the subscription '*N. G.*' on P4ᵛ, with the lower portion of the page blank. The heading '*Vncertain auctours.*' occurs at the top of Q1. Again the heading '*Other Songes and Sonettes written by | the earle of Surrey.*' occurs at the top of Cc3ᵛ, and '*Other Songes and sonettes written | by sir Thomas wiat the elder*' at the top of Dd2. The text ends on Dd3 and the colophon follows on Dd3ᵛ.

Second Edition. 1557, July 31. Setting A.

SONGES AND SONETTES, | *written by the right honorable Lorde | Henry Haward late Earle of Sur- | rey, and other. | Apud Ricardum Tottel. | Cum priuilegio ad impri- | mendum solum.* | .1557.

Colophon.] ❧ Imprinted at London in flete | strete within Temple barre, at the | sygne of the hand and starre, | by Richard Tottell | the .xxxi. day of July. | An. 1557. | *Cum priuilegio ad impri- | mendum solum.* [See facsimiles from Grenville copy.]

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.*

Collation: 4°. Sigs. A—Gg⁴, folios numbered, '*Fo.* 2.' on A2 to '*Fo.* 117.' on Gg1. The first leaf has title on recto, and on verso the prose address '*To the reder.*' '*SVRREY.*' at foot of E2ᵛ; '*T. VVYATE the elder.*' at foot of N1ᵛ. '*Songes and Sonnettes of | vncertain auctours.*' at top of N2; '¶ *Songes written by N. G.*' on Ff1, and subscription 'N. G.' at the end of the text on Gg1ᵛ. '*The table*' or alphabetical index of first lines, in black letter, begins on Gg2. Colophon on Gg4; verso blank.

Second Edition. 1557, July 31. Setting B.

¶ *SONGES AND SONETTES* | *written by the right honorable Lorde | Henry Howard late Earle of Sur- | rey, and other. | Apud Richardum Tottell. | Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum | solum.* 1557.

Colophon.] Imprinted at London in fletestrete | within Temple barre. at the signe of the | hand and starre, by Richard Tot- | till, the .xxxi. day of July. | Anno. 1557. |

Cum priuilegio ad impri- | mendum ſolum. [See facsimiles from Capell copy.]

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.*

Collation: 4°. Sigs. A—Gg⁴, folios numbered, '*Fo.* 2.' on A2 to '*Fo* 117.' on Gg1. Prose address 'To the reader.' on verso of title (A1). '*SVRREY.*' at foot of E2ᵛ; '*T. VVYATE the elder.*' at foot of N1ᵛ. '*Songes and Sonnettes of* | *vncertain auctours.*' at head of N2; '¶ *Songes written by N. G.*' on Ff1, and subscription 'N. G.' at the end of the text on Gg1ᵛ. '*The table.*' begins on Gg2. Colophon on Gg4; verso blank.

Third Edition. 1559.

¶ *SONGES AND SONETTES* | *written by the right honorable Lorde* | *Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-* | *rey, and other.* | *Apud Richardum Tottell.* | 1559. | *Cum priuilegio.*

Colophon.] ¶ IMPRINTED AT LON- | *DON IN FLETE-STRETE* | within Temple barre at the | *ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by* | *Richard Tottell.* | *Anno.* 1559. | Cum priuilegio.

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.*

Collation: 4°. Sigs. A—P⁸ (two sheets being sewn together in each quire), folios numbered, '*fo.* 2.' on A2 to '*fo.* 117' on P5. '*To the reader.*' on verso of title (A1). '*SVRREY.*' at the foot of C2ᵛ, '*S. T. wyate the elder.*' at the foot of G1ᵛ. '[*Songes*] | *and Sonuettes.* [sic] *of* | *vncertaiue* [sic] *auctours.*' (heading continuous with running title) at top of G2. '*Songes written by. N G.*' on P1, and subscription 'N G' at end of text on P5ᵛ. '*The table.*' begins on P6. Colophon on P8; verso blank.

Fourth Edition. 1565.

1565. | ¶ *SONGES AND SONETTES* | *written by the right honorable* | *Lord Henry Hawarde late* | *Earle of Surrey, and* | *other.* | *Apud Richardum Tottell.* | *Cum priuilegio.*

Colophon.] ¶ IMPRINTED AT LON- | *DON IN FLETE-STRETE* | within Temple barre at the | *ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by* | *Richard Tottell.* | *Anno.* 1565. | Cum priuilegio.

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.* [Occasionally '*ſonettes.*']

Collation: 8°. Sigs. A—P⁸, folios numbered '*Fo.* 2' on A2 to '*Fol.* 117' on P5. '*To the reader.*' on verso of title (A1). '*SVRREY.*' at foot of C2ᵛ; '*S. T. WYATE the elder.*' at foot

of G1^v^. '*vncertain auctours.*' at top of G2; '*Songes written by N. G.*' on P1, and 'N. G.' at end of text on P5^v^. '*The table* begins on P6. Colophon on P8; verso blank.

Fifth Edition. 1567.

¶ *SONGES AND SONETTES* | *written by the right honorable* | *Lord Henry Haward late* | *Earle of Surrey, and* | *others.* | *Apud Richardum Tottell.* | 1567 | *Cum priuilegio.*

Colophon.] ¶ IMPRINTED AT LON- | *DON IN FLETE-STRETE* | within Temple barre at the | *ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by* | *Richard Tottell,* | *Anno* 1567. | Cum priuilegio.

Running-title.] Songes | and Sonettes.

Collation: 8°. Sigs. A—P⁸, folios numbered '*fo* 2' on A2 to '*fo.* 117' on P5. '*To the reader.*' on verso of title (A1). '*SVRREY.*' at foot of C2^v^; '*S. T. VVYATE the elder.*' at foot of G1^v^. '*Vncertain auctours.*' at top of G2; '*Songes written by N. G.*' on P1, and 'N. G.' at end of text on P5^v^. '*The Table*' begins on P6. Colophon on P8; verso blank.

Note.—I have not seen this edition. The above is compiled from a photograph of title-page from the Hunterian copy kindly procured for me by the librarian, Mr. R. Macdonald, from tracings of the title-page and colophon from the John Rylands copy, which I owe to the courtesy of Mr. H. Guppy, and from notes of the American copy sent me by Miss Carolyn Shipman. The paragraph mark at the beginning of the colophon appears in the American copy, but not in the John Rylands. In the latter, however, the manner of the displaying suggests that something has dropt.

Sixth Edition. 1574.

¶ SONGES AND SONETS | *written by the right honorable* | Lorde Henry Haward late | Earle of Surrey, and | others. | *Apud Richardum Tottell* | 1574. | *Cum priuilegio.*

Colophon.] ¶ Imprinted at London in | *Fleteſtrete within Tem-* | ple Barre at the ſigne of | the Hand and Starre | by Richarde Tottell. | Anno. 1574. | *Cum priuilegio.*

Running-title.] *Songes* | *and Sonettes.*

Collation: 8°. Sigs. A—P⁸, folios numbered '*Fo.* 2.' on A2 to '*Fo.* 117.' on P5. '*To the Reader.*' on verso of title (A1).

'*SVRREY*' at foot of C2^{v}; '*S. T. WYAT the elder.*' at foot of G1^{v}. '*Vncertaine auctours.*' at top of G2; '*Songes written by N. G.*' on P1, and 'N. G.' at end of text on P5^{v}. '*The table.*' begins on P6. Colophon on P8; verso blank.

Seventh Edition. 1585.

[Ornament] SONGES | AND | SON-| *NETS, WRITTEN* | by the Right honourable | *Lord Henry Haward* | late Earle of Surrey, and | others, | [ornament] | Imprinted at London by Iohn VVin-| det. 1585.

Colophon.] Imprinted at London *Anno Domini* | 1585.
Running-title.] *Songes* | *and sonnettes.*
Collation: 8°. Sigs. A—P^{8}, folios numbered '*fo.* 2.' on A2 to '*fo.* 118' on P6. '*To the Reader*' on verso of title (A1). '*SVRREY.*' on C3; '*S. T. WYAT the elder.*' at foot of G1^{v}. '*Vncertaine Auctours.*' at top of G2; 'Songs written by N. G.' on P1, and 'N. G.' at end of text on P6. '*The Table*' begins on P6^{v}. Colophon at foot of P8; verso blank.

Eighth Edition. 1587.

SONGES AND | Sonnets, written by the | Right Honorable Lord Henrie | *Haward late Earle of Sur-* | *rey, and others.* | [device] | ¶ Imprinted at London by | *Robert Robinson, dwelling in Fetter* | *Lane nere Holborne.* | 1587.

No Colophon. Running-title.] Songes | and Sonets.
Collation: 8°. Sigs. A—O^{8}, folios numbered '*fol.* 3' on A3 to '*fol.* 110' on O6. Verso of title blank. The address 'To the Reader.' printed for the first time in roman letter on the second leaf (A2), the text beginning on the verso. '*SVRREY.*' at foot of C2; '*S. T. WYAT the elder.*' followed by the heading '*Vncertayne Authours.*' on F7. 'Songes written by N. G.' on O2^{v}, and 'N. G.' at end of text on O6^{v}. 'The Table' begins on O7 and is printed for the first time in roman letter.

W. W. GREG.

NOTES FROM THE FIRST FRENCH TRANSLATION OF 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.'

OLDSMITH'S masterpiece has always been a favourite in France, and has been translated again and again with increasing popularity. Nodier's version (1843) has gone through several editions, but without closing the market to other translators, such as Belloc and Gausseron. The first translation appeared in 1767, the year following the publication of the original; and, according to the custom of the day in France, suppressed the author's name, and gave no clue to that of the translator. The title-page reads: 'Le Ministre de Wakefield, histoire supposée écrite par lui-même. Sperate miseri, cavete felices. A Londres, et se trouve à Paris, chez Pissot, Libraire, Quai de Conti, Desaint, Libraire, rue du Foin, 1767.' The translation has been attributed to the Marquise de Montesson, but the best French authority, Barbier, says that it is far more probably dueto a certain Monsieur Rose, 'who was then in England, and sent the sheets to the Paris publisher as fast as they were translated.' It is literal and fairly accurate, but in the eighteenth century it was not easy to find the exact equivalent for botanical terms, and these are often glossed over. On the other hand

the idioms are adequately rendered. The translator was conversant with the customs and literature of the day, and added numerous notes reflecting upon the differences between men and letters in the two peoples. From these notes the following have been selected and translated.

The first is from page 14, where the Vicar is spoken of as 'a parson without pride.'

> 'The Clergy of the Anglican Church are a long way from being so estimable as ours in any respect. While reforming the pretended abuses of the Church of Rome, they retained an enormous one in their own, and one not found in the Church from which they separated, namely, the plurality of livings. Nothing is so common in England as to find a clergyman holding two or three parishes at once, which bring him in a considerable income, for which he does nothing but preach once a year in each. The heavy work, that is to say Divine Service, the teaching of the children, the visitation of the sick, etc., is relegated to a sort of valet, called a curate, to whom they give the smallest possible salary, and who on his part does the least possible amount of work. Indeed, with the exception of a few sermons larded with invectives against the Church of Rome (which they brand as the great whore of Babylon, and describe as idolatrous, etc.), and of which the sole aim seems to be to stir up fanatical hatred against all who are not fortunate enough to belong to their church, the people receive no kind of teaching whatever. There are

no catechisings for the children, no exhortations for the sick, none of our charitable visits to the poor, etc. The haughtiness of the Rectors is intolerable, just as the poverty of their deputies is extreme. The latter having the same liberty as their superiors with regard to marriage, but not having the same income, leave behind them wretched children, whom poverty, coupled with family pride, hurries into every kind of vice, and above all drives the girls into prostitution. It is said that at least half of the prostitutes of London are the daughters of the inferior clergy.'

This is a sad statement, and is, alas, well known to be true in the main. Massey, in his 'History of England during the Reign of George the Third' (ii., 31), speaking of the curate of this period, says: 'He was often obliged to eke a subsistence for his ragged and half-starved family by the labour of his hands; and his children were brought up to earn their bread by servile labour.' And Lecky ('History of the Eighteenth Century,' i., 75) draws a still darker picture. The period at which the 'Vicar of Wakefield' was written was remarkable for the number of pamphlets dealing with the miseries of the inferior clergy, who were feeling very keenly the effects of the general rise in prices. Among the many 'plans' suggested for ameliorating their condition none is more interesting than one by the 'Stipendiary Curate of Ash in Surrey,' printed in 1815. He quotes from the returns the fact that even then the average stipend of 2,742 curacies did not amount to £25, speaks of the 'very extensive

system of pluralities' and the 'immense increase of non-residents,' and also points out that the dissenting bodies take care to support their ministers, which 'leads to a continual increase in their adherents.'

The next note is on page 31, to the passage in Chapter III., 'I desired the Landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company':

> 'The hotel keepers in England are better mannered and are thought more of than in France, though they are neither less grasping nor less rascally. They come to the door to receive their visitors as they alight from their carriages, and conduct them personally to an apartment, thus saving them the trouble of running into the kitchen or yard in search of waiters or maids, to show them to their rooms; they receive orders, and respond to them with a politeness reaching to servility, but they make their guests pay dearly for it.
>
> 'Doctor Smollett, in an account just published of his travels in France and Italy, complains bitterly of the atrocious sharp practice he experienced from persons of this class on his way from London to Dover, and records that one of them demanded from one of our ambassadors the sum of forty guineas for a supper which was not worth forty shillings. It is to be remarked that in England generally politeness is only to be found in those who hope to dupe you, if the word politeness can be applied to courtesies based on such a motive.'

The reference in the French note to the am-

bassador who was charged forty guineas for a supper not worth forty shillings is to the Duc de Nivernais, who, on arriving at Dover in 1762 on his way to London, put up at the Red Lion. The landlord of this inn, according to Mr. Austin Dobson's charming essay on 'Nivernais in England' ('Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 2nd series), 'having suffered considerably during the war by the billeting of soldiers, conceived the brilliant idea of recouping himself at one blow for much unremunerative small beer by fleecing the French ambassador. For a night's lodging to twelve persons, and a modest supper, of which the solids were restricted to boiled mutton, fowls, poached eggs, fried whiting and a few oysters, he presented the Duke with a bill of £44 odd.' Nivernais, Mr. Dobson says, of course paid it *en grand seigneur*, 'merely remarking that business on such terms must be exceptionally profitable,' but it is satisfactory to learn that the extortionate landlord overreached himself, as so much indignation was felt in the county that the Red Lion was boycotted, and legend even says that it was only by the generosity of Nivernais himself that the man was saved from utter ruin. The allusion to the story here shows how widely it had spread.

As a fitting complement the following passage from Smollett's 'Travels,' 1766 (i., 83), may be quoted:

'I have one thing very extraordinary to observe of the French auberges, which seems to be a remarkable deviation from the general character of the nation. The landlords, hostesses and servants

of the inns upon the road have not the least dash of complaisance in their behaviour to strangers. Instead of coming to the door to receive you, as in England, they take no notice of you; but leave you to find or inquire your way into the kitchen, and there you must ask several times for a chamber before they seem willing to conduct you upstairs. In general, you are served with the appearance of the most mortifying indifference, at the very time that they are laying schemes for fleecing you of your money. It is a very odd contrast between France and England; in the former all the people are complaisant but the publicans; in the latter there is hardly any complaisance but among the publicans.'

The next note (page 55) is to a passage at the beginning of Chapter V.

> 'In nearly every household, even the poorer ones, tea is partaken of in England twice daily, in the morning and in the afternoon. But the tea in the afternoon [*le thé de l'après midi*] is the more important, for people go formally to each other's houses to partake of it. It is impossible for anyone unacquainted with this custom to imagine how many rules have to be observed, and how many graces displayed by the lady who makes the tea, and by those who drink it. This little meal not only affords an opportunity for displaying graces and breeding, but also serves as a stimulus to wit. It is at this time that the most entertaining conversations take place, about the new fashions, chinaware, the events of the day, scandal, etc.'

On page 67 occurs the following note to the mention of the ballads sung by Mr. Burchell to the children.

> 'They are usually tragic stories in verse, interwoven with meditations or ending with some moral deduction, and are sung in the streets. Nearly all tragic stories are also made into ballads. Several of them are exceedingly good. Mr. Addison, in the "Spectator," quotes with great praise "The Babes in the Wood" and "Chevy Chase." The ballad of "George Barnwell" has provided Lillo with material for a very good tragedy of everyday life. The English people, while they have the least musical genius and the worst voices in the universe, are great lovers of songs. I even think that they take the palm from us in this respect.'

Apropos of Lillo's play we may quote the following from Baker's 'Biographia Dramatica.' '"The London Merchant; or the History of George Barnwell," first acted in 1731 at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and it was so successful that the newspapers of the time report that on 2nd July, 1731, "the Queen sent to the playhouse in Drury Lane, for the manuscript of 'George Barnwell' to peruse it, which Mr. Wilks carried to Hampton Court."' As regards the musical quality of English voices, there is evidently some truth in Mr. Lunn's observation ('Philosophy of the Voice,' 1900, p. 66): 'That the English language is an *h*-producing one, anyone can readily see. . . . The letter *h* is the exact polar contrary to musical sound.'

The next note (page 77) is to the passage in Chapter VII.: 'After dinner, I began with my usual toast.'

> 'In order to understand this, it is necessary to be aware that during the repast the English drink little, usually beer, cider or water; but when the table has been cleared, decanters of wine are placed on the table, and then they begin to drink what they call toasts, that is to say healths. Each in turn proposes the health he wishes, and drinks to his mistresses, absent friends, the king, the princes, the navy, commerce, the ministers, etc. Such healths are never omitted at any important banquet, they are even a mark of party feeling, and the public papers usually report the different toasts at the Lord Mayor's functions, the elections of Members of Parliament, etc.'

The next note (page 190) is to the passage in Chapter XVI. about Thornhill teaching the Vicar's two little boys to box.

> 'It is a well-known custom in England to encourage rather than separate two men who are fighting with their fists; and even children are set to this sport to make them hardier, but this applies to the lower classes only.'

Even at the present day boys do not appear to need much setting-on, for a few months ago the present writer noticed two little boys who were playing at horses, and who, becoming tired of their game, stopped suddenly, whereupon one said to the other, 'Now let's you and me have a fight!'

On page 213 is the following, apropos of girls putting flowers in their hair:

> 'The women of England are not the least coquettish in the world, just as the men are not the greatest philosophers. They love to wear a great quantity of coloured glass in the form of earrings, chains, shoe buckles, etc.; and this, with gauze, constitutes the chief part of their adornment.'

As a counterblast to this criticism we may take Smollett's final remarks (i. 105) after his description of the bepainted and bepowdered ladies of France. 'The present fashion, therefore, of painting the face, and adorning the head, adopted by the beau-monde in France, is taken from those two polite nations the Chickesaws of America and the Hottentots of Afric. On the whole, when I see one of those fine creatures sailing along, in her tawdry robes of silk and gauze, frilled and flounced and furbelowed, with her false locks, her false jewels, her paint, her patches and perfumes, I cannot help looking upon her as the vilest piece of sophistication that art ever produced.'

The next note (page 215) refers to the mention of 'Old England' in Chapter XVII.; the explanation suggested by the translator is very ingenious, but the term occurs long before the foundation of New England.

> 'This epithet "Old" is an expression of affection and attachment which the English sometimes use when talking of their country, especially as

compared with other lands. It may have originated in the distinction they are often by way of making between their own country and New England in America.'

A note upon the discussion of plays in Chapter XVIII. is very graphic:

'The big plays in the London theatres are usually followed by a pantomime; and as the lower classes go much more to the play in England than they do in France, there is need for amusements within the comprehension of this class of audience; that is the reason why the plot of such pantomimes is nearly always a kind of fairy tale, full of action and tricks in the style of Italian plays. In order to render them more amusing they never omit to introduce a Frenchman, who comes to marry the daughter of Pantaloon, and is ridiculed and supplanted by Arlequin, whom she prefers. The Frenchman is represented thin, haggard, curled "à l'oiseau royal," with large cuffs reaching to the tips of his fingers, but without any shirt front, a little narrow galoon on a very threadbare suit, garters of galoon with a tassell hanging to the knees. When he takes out his pocket-handkerchief, one always sees, falling out of his pocket, some crusts of bread and a bit of chicken half gnawed, which he has saved from the last repast he has attended. The valet resembles the master, being always represented ragged and starving, receiving at the doors of the houses where his master visits, a few bits from the kitchen, which he devours greedily; or

> else he is made to contend with the dogs for the bones; he is usually longsuffering, for he allows himself to be cuffed, spat upon and kicked, all through the play, without showing any signs of offence. Such performances are given six times a week, as there is no play on Sundays, and they amuse the people greatly. The tastes of the managers sometimes lead them to try other things, for instance, Mr. Garrick has given in his theatre, the "Devin de Village," translated word for word from the French, but it does not take. The plot is considered too simple and the music too insipid.'

The reference to the coiffure of the Frenchman 'à l'oiseau royal' (*i.e.*, heron fashion), is perhaps best explained by a quotation from Voltaire's letter to Madame d'Argental, 18th June, 1759: "Mon Dieu que je fus aise quand j'appris que le théâtre était purgé de blancpoudrés, coiffés au rhinocéros et à l'oiseau royal.' The play, or rather the musical entertainment produced by Garrick is entitled, 'The Cunning Man,' and is translated by Dr. Burney, from Rousseau's 'Devin de Village.' It was acted at Drury Lane in 1776, about the time that Rousseau himself came to England. But although it was adapted to Rousseau's music, and the translation obtained the highest praise from the critics, it did not appeal to the public and ran for very few nights. As a further contemporary illustration we may take Smollett's description of the Drama in France ('Travels,' page 89). 'Their most famous dramatic pieces are almost without incident,

and the dialogue of their comedies consists of moral, insipid apophthegms, intirely destitute of wit or repartee.' While speaking of the stage the following note from page 256 may be inserted here; it refers to the occasion when the Vicar accompanied his family to the play. 'The clergy in London do not scruple to frequent the theatre, although the plays are a long way from being as pure or as decent as ours.'

Here the notes may be said to end, for there are none of interest in the second volume. This first translation was never reprinted and appears to have been completely forgotten both in France and England, probably because the edition was too small to serve for both countries.

G. F. BARWICK.

A SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL PLAN FOR FOUNDING A CATALOGUING BUREAU FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE demands now being made from many quarters upon the strength and time of public librarians and their staffs, and the opening up of fields of library activity unthought of (save perhaps by the prescient few) a decade ago, have placed certain questions of co-operation and centralization in some of the work performed in libraries in a rather different light than they were or might have been viewed in times but shortly passed. Changing conditions are beginning to thrust forward one or two of these questions from the leisured fields of academic consideration into the arena of pressing problems of the hour. This is the case in my opinion with the question of co-operative cataloguing, or of the establishment of a central cataloguing bureau. The subject is not by any means a novel one. It has been written about, and discussed at annual meetings of the Library Association, but only in an academic and half-hearted fashion. When the catalogue afforded the whole or main opportunity for exhibiting to an admiring if occasionally bewildered public the technical knowledge and skill of the librarian, when it was the only performance distinguishing him clearly in their

view from the classes' caretaker or clerk, it is easy to understand that nobody grew enthusiastic over a proposal, which, whatsoever might be urged in its favour on the grounds of economy and efficiency, had the one damning defect of taking out of the librarian's hands the very work which formed the bed-rock of his professional *raison d'être*. But if the librarian is to do and do well even a part of the things which various people at the dawn of the twentieth century are telling him he ought to do, it behoves him to look about and ask himself not so much what work he can retain but what he can rid himself of, by availing himself of the most powerful engine in the affairs of this modern world, co-operation. And the department above all others in which co-operation without any kind of question would be attended with the most immediate advantage is that of cataloguing. But is a central cataloguing bureau, which, with its single staff and its single centre, would do the work now done by some four hundred staffs in some four hundred centres, and do it better, practicable in this country? It is not only practicable, it is *easily* so, and the object of this article is to demonstrate that this is the case.

I have said, practicable in this country? It is hardly likely that our national library will do for the public libraries of our country what the Library of Congress is doing for American libraries in the matter of the distribution of printed catalogue cards. Thanks to its up-to-dateness, initiative, and the touch which it maintains with the library system of the whole country, the Library of Congress has brought the question of a cataloguing bureau for

the whole of the States into measurable distance of realization. But over here we must look for its realization, if we look at all, along other lines. There is, of course, Mr. Carnegie, and there is, perhaps, no benefit that could be conferred on libraries, on bibliography, and on learning greater than the foundation and endowment of an institute of bibliography in London, which might be this cataloguing bureau and much else. But the suggestion I have to offer is independent of possibilities of this sort, on which it profits little to speculate, though one may hazard the remark that if public libraries themselves would only combine together to establish such a bureau, with the limited object at first of cataloguing for the libraries, the chance of obtaining help from Mr. Carnegie, or some other rich well-wisher, to supplement and extend the work of an existing institution, would probably be brighter than when the precipitation of a project wholly in the air is asked. But how is this co-operation to be brought about? What about ways and means? The scheme outlined below is an endeavour to answer the last question, as a preliminary to discussing the first.

Briefly, my idea is to render the proposed bureau independent of any of the risks involved in a commercial venture by arranging for its support upon the basis of a subscription or tax levied upon the co-operating libraries. Each library would pay an annual sum proportionate to its income, and would *make a demand upon the bureau for all the material that it required.* This would vary of course in accordance with the size of each library or library

system, and the extent and character of its work; but approximately the demand made by a library on the resources of the bureau would be proportionate to its income, and therefore to its contribution towards the upkeep of the establishment. Such an arrangement disposes entirely of the bothering and niggling questions of payment on the orders filled; there would simply be one fixed annual subscription, and nothing more. For this a library would get as many printed cards as it wanted of every current book bought during the year, catalogued in the best manner, and adequately annotated. Besides being printed on cards the matter would be issued in galley slip form for pasting on cards or sheets. Such slips, when edited if need be, could be sent to the printer, and would form the copy for the library magazine or printed catalogue, just as full or as brief as was desired. Another and an admirable use for these slips would be as guides to librarians and committees in purchasing books. Here the annotations, brief, to the point, and absolutely without bias of any sort, would do away with the necessity for all that time-taking and unsatisfactory reading of reviews which at present have to be the main reliance of the librarian. The slips might be sent out fortnightly or monthly for just this purpose, and this single feature of the work of the bureau would almost justify its existence and its cost to each library. The bureau would probably have no difficulty in securing the voluntary advice and help of experts in various departments, such as professors in our universities and colleges. The Institut International at Brussels has secured

such an outside voluntary staff, who regard their work as done in the interests of science and as carrying its own reward. But a return for such help might be made in the shape of supplying cards of all works falling in the department of the specialist concerned.

The management of the bureau would be vested in a committee elected by the subscribing libraries, which would report annually on the work of the bureau, both in its bibliographical and financial aspects.

That, then, is the general idea; that is the suggestion which I make, and which I believe offers a simple, practical, and economical plan whereby the cataloguing of all the public libraries of the Kingdom could be centralized, and much money, time, and energy freed for expenditure in other channels of library effort, of which there is no lack. It remains to arrive at some rough estimate of what the cost of the proposed bureau is likely to be. We can then readily determine the amount which each library would have to pay to bring in this sum. It would be possible, by a careful examination of library reports, and by making detailed inquiries in the proper quarters, to obtain figures within a degree or two of absolute accuracy; this I have not attempted in the calculations which follow. The figures given make no pretence to being more than a rough and ready estimate, based on no particular research, but sufficient it is thought for the purpose of this article.

If the work done by the bureau is to be accurate, it is plain that this can only be attained by exami-

nation of the books themselves. The bureau must work from first-hand knowledge of the literature it describes. It is probable that when once established publishers would speedily recognize the desirability of sending review copies of all new works of any importance to the bureau; but for the purpose of this calculation I will suppose that the bureau buys every work it catalogues. That is to say it buys every new work published during the year that is worth adding to any public library, or that any public library is likely to think worth obtaining; practically everything of any consequence whatever would be bought, excluding reprints, school books, pamphlets, music, maps, and periodicals, etc. The number of works would probably not amount to more than about two thousand annually for English publications; to these we may add one thousand for American and foreign, making three thousand works in all. The purchase of these would cost the bureau, at an average of 5*s.* a work, £750; let us call it £800 for book buying.

But these books would not be permanently retained by the bureau. They would be shelved in classified order in a special room for six months or perhaps a year, where librarians could examine them, thus reviving the publishers' exhibition, which was attempted, as a commercial venture, many years ago under the auspices of the Library Bureau, though it was never a success. Yet the idea was excellent, and it is a great drawback at the present time that there is no place in London where all new books can be seen and handled. Every librarian knows the difficulty, in many cases the impossibility, of obtaining

accurate information about many new books—until the book is bought. This exhibit would be an incidental, but none the less valuable feature, of our cataloguing bureau. At the end of the six months or the year the books would be sold, and should fetch, let us say, £300. We may, therefore, regard the net cost of the year's book-buying as £500.

The next item to determine is the number of catalogue cards which the bureau would be called upon to furnish to the subscribing libraries. To get at this we want the total number of works added to the public libraries of the country by purchase in a year. Mr. Brown tells me that fourteen per cent. of a library's income is about the average proportion spent on books. Estimating the number of libraries in active operation as somewhere about four hundred, and their united income as £370,000, this will give us £51,800 as the sum disbursed in book-buying by public libraries every year. If the average price per work is set down at five shillings, this sum will be represented on the shelves of the various libraries by 207,200 works, call it 210,000 works, an average purchase per library of 525 works. A proportion of these will be duplicates and replacements, for which cards would not be needed, but ignoring these, and supposing that three cards are required for the cataloguing of each work—author, subject, and extra author and subject and continuation cards—we have 630,000 cards, an average of 1,575 cards per library, as the demand the bureau would have to meet during the year.

Let me put this result in another way. If all of our four hundred libraries fully catalogued their

year's accessions of new books on cards, and these cards were abstracted from the various cabinets and run together, we should have one large catalogue containing 630,000 cards more or less, probably less. Not more than 3,000 entries would be original, the rest would be duplicates. It is this catalogue which the bureau would compile and print and distribute among the libraries in the course of twelve months.

But we must allow for a certain number of printed cards to be kept on hand. I do not think that a large stock should be kept; the cost of further printing would be small, but the cost of material, of handling, and, above all, of storage, would be too great to make it worth while to exceed the current demand to any great extent. Say 100,000 for contingencies, making the total number of cards to be printed 730,000. The cost of the cards at seven shillings a thousand—for which a good linen card should be obtained—will be, disregarding the odd shillings, £256.

So much for material, in the shape of books and cards. The cost of printing next demands attention, and is rather difficult to estimate. There would be 3,000 entries to be set up; of some of these not even a dozen duplicates would be needed to meet the demand, of others a thousand would probably be insufficient. Taking an average of 250 copies of each entry (the actual figure is 233⅓) we are not likely to be very far wrong if we calculate that the printing of each entry and copies will work out at about two shillings, that is £300 for the whole.[1]

[1] I have ignored the printing of slips; some libraries would take them instead of cards, but see remark in next note.

The staff of the bureau can hardly be estimated at less than seven. This would include a director at a minimum salary of, let us say, £400 a year, two cataloguing assistants, a correspondence clerk, two girls for cutting leaves, handling the cards, and so on, and a porter. Call salaries, therefore, £1,000 a year.

The offices should be conveniently placed somewhere in central London, on a ground floor if possible, and should include a director's office, cataloguing room, book exhibition room, and a room for storing the cards and packing. Let us allow for rent and establishment charges £250, and throw in another hundred for postages and sundries, and we can now present our budget at a glance.

Here it is:

Purchase of books	£500
Cost of cards	256
Printing	300
Salaries	1,000
Rent, etc.	250
Postages and sundries . .	100
	2,406
To make up the round sum, say furnishing	94[1]
Total annual expenditure	£2,500

This is equal to a subscription or tax of a little over 13*s.* 6*d.* for every £100 of income (*i.e.*, income

[1] Not enough, but some of the other items are probably overestimated; the *total* expenditure for the first year is not likely to exceed the amount named.

from the rate). That is to say that if this were the precise basis of subscription, Leek would pay annually to the upkeep of the bureau £1 5*s.*; Penge would pay £4 2*s.* 7*d.*; Croydon, £23 1*s.* 8*d.*; and Manchester, £150 11*s.* 5*d.* If a minimum payment of, say, £2 were fixed, the larger libraries would of course pay less, and this would probably be the better and more equitable plan. But in any case for a subscription which to small and medium-sized public libraries would be a mere bagatelle, and which even in the case of large libraries like Manchester, would not amount to more than the salary of a single cataloguing assistant, a library would retain, practically as if it were a department of its own, a highly-trained staff of cataloguers, working on its current purchases, and supplying printed entries for all its catalogues in whichever form, card or slip, it may prefer. Moreover, in actual working it is extremely likely that the expenses would be materially reduced after the first year or so. As already stated, publishers would doubtless recognize the bureau as a valuable ally, and would send copies of most books free. That would be one source of reduction in expenditure. Another might be found in cards supplied by the bureau to non-subscribing libraries, various agencies, firms and individuals, in England, on the Continent, and in America, for which, of course, a charge would be made. That is a source of income which might easily result in a very considerable reduction in the amount the libraries would be called upon to contribute. Or better, it would enable the bureau, for the same subscription, to enlarge its field of useful-

ness in ways which will readily suggest themselves.

Putting out of sight these and other possibilities, and taking the proposal as it stands, I think it is shown that it is not merely practicable, but, as I said at the beginning, *easily* so. The four hundred odd public libraries of the country have only to say 'Done,' and it *is* done; the bureau could be an accomplished fact within six months. The real difficulty in the way might possibly prove to be the fear that if the bureau were materialized the cataloguer would be no longer wanted, staffs would be reduced, salaries lowered, in a word, Othello's occupation would be gone. Yet the fear is, of course, absolutely groundless. First, the bureau would deal only with current publications. Old books would have to be catalogued by the library, as now. Secondly, how many libraries have all their stock catalogued, or catalogued as fully and correctly as the librarian opines they ought to be? Very few, probably. Thirdly, relieved of the burden of current cataloguing, the librarian or staff could direct their energies and skill to much bibliographical work which calls loudly for the doing, but which present conditions oblige to be wholly ignored or just touched in the fringe, such as analytic cataloguing, indexes to contents, and reading lists. The truth is, no librarian need spend ten seconds in discovering as much cataloguing work—and valuable work—outside the field of the bureau as would fully employ whatever time and force he was able to devote to it. Fourthly, it would permit of several other alluring fields of library activity being occupied to

a greater extent than at present, such as personal help to readers, lectures and demonstrations, and other activities which either the growing demands of the public or the intelligent anticipation of the enthusiastic librarian have brought to the front.

But—'something too much of this.' I have written enough for the present. Should any of my fellow librarians deem the suggestion here put forward in a crude and tentative fashion so far worthy of their attention as to favour me with their opinion or criticism, I shall rest their very much obliged servant.

L. STANLEY JAST.

A CAVALIER'S LIBRARY.

OT the least of the troubles of the Civil War period in England, was the loss or destruction of many valuable libraries. The Parliamentary party had a keen scent for 'delinquents,' and swooped down in prompt and very energetic fashion on their belongings, so that many a man returned from the war to find his book-shelves cleared of their treasures. Amongst the records of that time still preserved to us, is a small folio volume containing the inventories of some eight or ten libraries, that had been seized by the Committee for Sequestrations, between the years 1643 and 1645. The largest of these is that dealing with the library of Edward, second Viscount Conway. This nobleman came of a very old Welsh family, and several of his ancestors had played distinguished parts in English history. His grandfather, Sir John Conway, was governor of Ostend in the days of Elizabeth, and was also the author of a devotional work; while his father, Sir Edward Conway, who died in 1631, was a soldier of note, the friend of the Duke of Buckingham, and successively Secretary of State and President of the Council in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. By the former monarch he was created Baron Conway of Ragley in the county of Warwick, and by the latter, Viscount Conway of Conway Castle,

and also Viscount Killultagh of county Antrim, Ireland.

His son, the second viscount, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he acquired a taste for classical and what, in those days, would have been termed polite literature, which meant a knowledge of what was most readable in the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. We gather that in his younger days he was somewhat effeminate in his dress and habits, much given to ladies' society, and when in London a conspicuous figure at the Court. But with a slightly frivolous nature he combined a student's love of books, was a man of good judgement in literary matters, and an ardent book hunter. His friends, amongst whom were Archbishop Laud, Sir Theodore de Mayerne the king's physician, John Selden, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Conyers and many other distinguished men, knowing the pleasure that he took in his library, kept him advised of what good books they heard of, sent him any work they thought would especially interest him, and gave him the benefit of their experience as to the best places on the Continent to procure second-hand books. He also had his agents in London and various continental cities, who kept him informed as to the new issues and the prices, and bought for him when desired. All this and a good deal more information is to be found scattered up and down amongst the correspondence and documents in the State Paper Office, and as it is not often that one can get so interesting a series of notes about a book-lover of a bygone age, I have ventured to bring them together with

such little skill as I have. I do not think I can do better than open with extracts from two letters written to Viscount Conway by Sir Kenelm Digby, one of the foremost literary men of the age, from Paris, during the year 1636. In the first he says:

'My good Lord

'Having very lately written unto yr lō: I would not have presumed to troble you againe so soone, but that it is to recommend vnto yr knowledge this bearer Monsieur Cottard; whose brother is the chiefe booke seller in Paris for curious bookes; and hath correspondence in Italy, Germany, Spaine, and everywhere; so that any bookes yr lo: would have, he will fitt you withall better then any man I know if you please to employ him . . . I expect yr lo: should com̄and me somewhat in y^r service in those affaires that I wrote to you I should be able to give you some reasonable account of, I meane in buying bookes, old or new, or in great paper etc.'

The second letter, dated the same month, reads:

'Mr Selden's booke hath bin seene here, and is both much esteemed and much envied; but (as I heare) he is not to expect any reply from Grotius to maintaine his former assertion, wch he wrote (he sayeth now) as a Hollander, and is exceeding glad to see the contrary proved; by reason of the advantage such a iurisdiction upon seas, will bring to the crowne he now serveth, in regard to their seas. I am promised "La conquest du sang real" for you, and the Legend of Sr Tristran, and can procure you an entire collection of all the bokes knowne here of that kind, and in particular a curious Amadis in 12 volumes; but least I should buy what you have already, I beseech y^r Lo: lett me know what you want and what is y^r store; (for these are the deerest bookes here) be pleased also to lett me

know if you would have such of them as are extraordinarily bound for curiosity and cost, or whither the vulgar meanest binding will serve . . . I have searched John Trundle his shoppe of Paris, and have found an Almanake and a Thesis of conclusions in the Sorbone, wch for the pictures sakes adorning them I make bold to send y^r^ Lo: etc.'

Whenever he was in London, Viscount Conway was a familiar figure in the bookshops, and not the least interesting of these documents is a portion of a book of expenses, kept by his steward during one of these visits, in which, amongst entries for gloves and scent, are the following:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
'Paid to Mr Bee for a great book . . .	1	5	0
For Books	0	14	6
More to Mr Huggens for his books . .	0	5	0
To a porter that brought books from "Bead-lúm"	0	1	0
For books in Westminster Hall . . .	0	1	6
For three books in Pauls Church Yard . .	0	1	8
Paid to the French bookbinder . . .	0	10	0
For three books at the Temple . . .	0	1	3
For five play books	0	4	0
For ballads & a play book	0	3	6
Paid to the book binder with withered hand .	2	11	0

In another place we find a bill of his for £16 2*s.* 10*d.* for certain Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish books, the titles of which are set out, bought at the Latin warehouse; but unfortunately the bookseller who receipted the bill omitted to put his name to it.

The Viscount's home was at Lisneygarvey, co.

Antrim, where he employed the village schoolmaster, Philip Tandy, and his chaplain, William Chambers, in making a catalogue of his library. On the 26th December, 1636, Tandy wrote as follows to George Rawdon, his lordship's secretary:

'I am setting Lord Conways books in alphabetical order, and give all the time to them that I can spare from my school. I classify them also by volumes and sciences. In the Christmas holidays I unchested the chested books and put them into the drawing room, where they are often aired by good fires.'

In another communication he sets out the titles, place of printing, date, and size of some books which by the Viscount's instructions he was sending him. Another and much larger list of books, probably by the same hand, is found a few months later. In this some three hundred works are mentioned, but most of them were duplicates, or, as the compiler termed them, 'double and imperfect books,' which no doubt the Viscount, who was then in London, proposed to sell or exchange; but amongst them is mentioned a copy of 'Shakespeare's workes,' which certainly is not found amongst the folios in the inventory of the library drawn up by the Parliament. This list also set out the titles of some of the plays that were in the consignment, among which we notice 'The Tragedye of Othello the Moor of Venice,' 'A Courtly Masque or the World Tost at Tennis'; and Dekker's play, 'If it be not good the Devil is in it.'

From time to time Viscount Conway was called away from his beloved books on public service.

He served, but without distinction, in the fleet sent out first in 1636, and again in 1637, to guard the English Channel from the French and Dutch navies; and it was, no doubt, in order to have something to pass away the tedious hours on shipboard, that he sent for the books detailed in the above lists. In connection with this an amusing mistake occurred. Lady Brilliana Harley, Conway's sister, wrote to his secretary, Rawdon, that she was sending his lordship 'a box of pies,' but Rawdon read it as 'a box of papers,' which brought the following letter from her ladyship:

'Good Mr Roydon.

'I adventure to trubell once more with the delivery of these inclosed letters. . . . I thanke you for your promised care to deliver the box I sent up to my lord, but shure I mistoake in writeing or you in readeing for I sent a box of Pyes and not Papers, but I think if I could a found out a Box of Boockes that has not yet bine seene, my lord would have bine as well pleased with them as with any other present.'

Another letter of that time shows that before quitting London, the Viscount had ordered a large paper copy of a work called 'Theophylacti Epistolae,' perhaps the Lyons quarto edition of 1617, and he begs his secretary to send him some gilt paper in large quarto 'to write to women.'

On his return to England in 1637, he was appointed a member of the Council of War, and in January, 1639, he received a summons from the King to join him at York on the 1st April, with a troop of horse. The assembly was, however, delayed

for nearly a twelvemonth, and meanwhile we may notice the following letter to his lordship, from a correspondent at Brussels:

'I have sent enclosed[1] the names of the books which are here to be had at present, but in ten days time I shall receive from the mart at Frankfort a printed catalogue of all books printed this year in all parts of the world, which I will send you . . . I have heard of a rare book, priced at ten patacoons, lately printed in France named, Les plans et profils de toutes les principales villes et lieus de France, par le sieur Tassin. 2 vols,[2] and I hope to procure it here very shortly, and if you like it I will present it to your Lordship.'

At length, in the spring of 1640, Viscount Conway quitted London for the north, and, with the title of Master of the Horse, occupied Newcastle. The army of the Scots under General Leslie was as yet within its own borders, but Conway's task was a sorry one, if we may judge from his own description of it in a letter to the Duchess of Devonshire:

'I am teaching cart horses to manage & men that are fit for Bedlam & Bridewell to keep the ten commandments: so that General Lesley and I keep two schools, he has scholars that profess to serve God, and he is instructing them how they may safely do injury and all impiety: mine to the utmost of their power never kept any law either of God or the King and they are to be made fit to make others keep them.'

It was small wonder therefore that, with an insufficient force, ill fed, ill clothed, and ill paid, he hesitated to attack the Scottish army. But at length by the remonstrances of his friends in London, he

[1] The enclosure is lost.

[2] Paris, 1636. Obl. 4to.

was goaded into making at least a show of attack. He attempted to dispute the passage of the Tyne, but his men fled at the first charge of the enemy, and he was forced to abandon Newcastle and retreat on Durham.

Yet in the midst of ceaseless anxiety and work, he found solace in his books, with which, as the following letter shows, he took care to keep himself supplied. The writer, Captain Edward Rossingham, was evidently at that time his agent in London, and sent him the latest news as well as books, as several lengthy newsletters from his pen are printed in the Calendars of State Papers.

'My good lord,

'I have receavd yr ldps letter, and as you have commanded I have obayed; all the books but one are procured, and this night to be packt up in a box, with 8 quier of Paper Royall, wch my ld. Generall commanded me to provide & send to yr ldp. for his use, to draw designes upon: I doe send them in some Newcastle man whose name & ship I doe not yet know, but I shall, to send yr łdp. by the next post: I doe direct the box to yr łdp: to bee left at yr łdps: lodgings in Newcastle, therefore I desire yr łdp would take some care to have them receaved, in case yr łdp should goe from Newcastle . . . but if there is a land carrier that goes weekly to Newcastle, I will follow my directions & send these books by land. Mr Martin's wife is not well & therefore I can rarely find him at home, yet by the next he tells mee he will provide mee[1] the list of such new books as bee . . . on the way for England.' [Dom. S. Papers, Ch. I., vol. 463. 32.]

[1] This sentence is badly put together, but its meaning clearly is that Mr. Martin had promised to send him on the list by the next mail.

A cessation of hostilities enabled Viscount Conway to return to London, and subsequently he was appointed Governor of Londonderry and Marshal of Ireland. Little is known of his movements between 1641 and 1643, but in that year he was declared a 'delinquent,' his books were seized and the inventory mentioned at the beginning of this article was made. It is in two handwritings, and there is strong evidence of its having been made very hastily. It covers eighty-nine closely written folio pages, and deals with some six thousand works. The books were entered according to sizes, and as briefly as possible under their titles. Sometimes, but very rarely, the date of publication is given. As for the valuation, it was a mere farce. The valuer was probably a bookseller of the stamp of Michael Sparke or Robert Bostock, who would not be likely to offer much for the books of a royalist. Another cause of the miserable prices affixed to these books was undoubtedly the glut of the market. At any rate, in the case of Viscount Conway's library, twenty or thirty books were frequently bracketed together and valued at a couple of shillings, and in other instances we come across the entry, '18 books scarce worth valewing,' and the total sum offered for the library was two hundred pounds. As regards its character, all that can be said is that it was rich in foreign literature, in the classics, works on history, military science, navigation and travels, heraldry and architecture, as well as in French, Italian and Spanish romances, novels, plays and poems. It was poorest in English literature, although the chief works of the day, the writings of Bacon, Camden, Hakluyt,

Selden and the chief controversial works were represented.

The loss of his library must have been very keenly felt by Viscount Conway. He had spent much time and money in getting it together, and as we gather from that brief sentence in Lady Brilliana Harley's letter, he looked upon his books as valued possessions. We suspect that this seizure had as much as anything to do with his early desertion of the royal cause. At any rate, in the spring of 1644 he made overtures to the Parliament through the Earl of Coventry, and finally, after much delay, he was allowed to have his books back, on paying a fine of twenty pounds for them. It is not quite clear, however, whether he recovered the whole of them, as amongst the papers of the year 1644 is a list of some dozen, bought by a certain Mr. Gillespie, who undertook to pay the Committee at Camden House in cash for them, or to return the books. There is also a reference in another letter to certain books belonging to the Viscount that were stolen. Such losses were only to be expected, and on the whole he must be considered lucky to have recovered any of them.

When matters were cleared up and he had made his peace with the Parliament, Viscount Conway settled at Petworth in Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Northumberland, where he passed a quiet life amongst his books. His friends had most of them fled to the Continent, and with them and members of his family he kept up a constant correspondence, in which his wide reading and love of books frequently show themselves. The following character-

istic letter was written to his daughter-in-law, Lady Anne Conway, in 1651:

'. . . bycause I see your iudgement is good I will tell you some conceptions of mine concerning new bookes, all being either written according to the rules of former writers in the same subject, or else being totally new or in part differing from former Rules. They live or dye according to theire complexion and spirit. Somme of those that are written according to old rules are thought worthy to live so long as the world lives; others never outlive theire first Impression. Those that are writt contrary to or beside the old Rules, have theire fates according to the affection of their readers or theire reall trueth, as it will be found upon experience. Lucan is found fault with for not writing according to the lawes of a Poeme, but he gaines so mutch vpon the affections of men that he will live so long as Latine or English. Strada is found faulty by the Cardinal Bentivoglio for writing rather like a Biographer than an Historian, but the trueth which he writes and his handsome delivery of it will make him ever esteemed. Our English Playes are not written according to the rules of Antient Comedies or Tragedies, but if the English language were understood by other nations they would certainly imitate them. Ramus hath had many followers in Cambridge but Aristotle hath prevailed against him. One of the Fathers was of opinion that it was Hæresy to say that there were Antipodes, which by the navigations of these latter time is plainly disproved. There is one a Jesuite and an Astronomer that hath changed all the figures of beasts and other things, which the Ancient Astronomers had made, into the shapes of Saints; but I beleave his booke will never be reprinted. Copernicus hath divers followers, not bycause his opinion is true, but bycause the opinion is different from what all men in all ages ever had. For he hath not proved that there is any ill consequence by holding that the Earth doth stand still and the heaven move, or

discover[ed] the least error in this Tenent; but only he hath very ingeniously shewed that it may be as well demonstrated that the heavens stand still as that the earth stands still. We shall know no more then we doe if we thinke as he doeth, but beleave otherwayes then we doe, and against the wordes of the Scripture directly, to which he makes an answeare seemingly faire but alltogether unwarrantable; My paper would faile me as I beleave your patience doth you, if I should reckon up the severall bookes and opinions which were new and never grew old and those which have bin receaved and live, as the notes in Musique, Printing, Gunpowder, and divers things both in Physicke and Anatomy; but it is good to try all things and to hold that which is best, and vntill experience have confirmed to suspend the assent. Allthough I have troubled you sufficiently yet I must give you a little more in making a request to you, that since you write like a man you would not seale your letters like a woman. Your last letter was sealed vpon the wrighting, and in the opening two or three wordes were torne out, allthough the letter was opened with providence that the wrighting was in danger of tearing; Daughter, an old man is an ill thing; he is full of diseases and troubled in himselfe and he is full of wordes, making himselfe a Schoole master that he is troblesome to others. Therefore thanke God I have no more paper then will serve to say that I am most hartily

'Yr most affectionate father

'CONWAY AND KILULTA.

'Petworth. July 8. 1651.'

Add. MSS. 23,213 f. 9.

In the same year he received two letters from the great physician, Sir Theodore de Mayerne, in which the following passages occur:

'Very often in the matter of books "parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus." Writing is a great disease with

which most people, especially in Germany, are smitten, and what is more "scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim." . . . You will oblige me by sending me "L'escole de Salerne," a burlesque in verse by the Ovid of fine humour; I have seen it already. If I feared death, I should be afraid, by reading it once more, of putting myself into a burlesque humour, which I am dissuaded from doing by the colour of my beard. The shortest follies are the best. But as for "L'escole de Salerne," that is in my line.' (State Papers, Dom. Ch. I., Vol. 16, 57.)

'Thanks for the burlesque poems you sent me; but they do not approach Lalli, who first parodied Virgil. It is easy to swell out books when half is the work of others, witness Merlin, Cocaje, and Bellay's macaronic verses. Rhyme is easy to all sprightly spirits like the Provençals. I send you some miserable burlesque verses to make you laugh. If you return me Lalli's Franceide, send me also his Vespasian and Octavian. As I have lived four lustres at the court of princes, I can witness that Lalli speaks the truth. . . . You will receive Fabri's nine volumes; I find as much shell as kernel.'

Here is another glimpse of the Viscount at this time. Writing to a correspondent whose name is not given, under date the 14th October, 1652, he says:

'Our troubles are not yet ended, as the land in Ireland is sequestered, and there are many other uneasinesses in this world, which are good documents, if one have a will and understanding to learn. I am often troubled with gravel, which is almost as bad as the stone, and I grow deaf, which, if it increases, will be very troublesome; for I have not delighted in anything so much as reading and discoursing, and if I lose my hearing, I lose the one half of the joy of my life, which, if I can bring myself to part

with without discontent, I shall be the fitter to make a visit to my father and mother.'

The 'visit' was not far off, but in spite of increasing infirmities of body, and anxiety of mind, he still called for books and more books. Between October, 1652, and October, 1653, the Conway papers include two letters to the Viscount from James Allestree the bookseller, who afterwards became publisher to the Royal Society and whose shop was the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard. In the first he writes:

'I have been at Oxford for the last fortnight. I have received the cuts and books, but the carrier would not pay the 45*s*., pretending he had not received any of you. As for the "Platina delle vite de' Pontefici,' you know very well the old edition can never honestly be sold, since there are so many additions to the new one, neither is there anything in it that should provoke gentlemen to buy it, but the lives of these late Popes, which not being in yours, it will be altogether unfit for my sale. Your "Lubini Antiquarius" is imperfect, as you know, and if I knew of whom it was bought, I would endeavour to get them make it perfect, or change it for some other book, but I have taken notice what leaves it wants, and in my next letters to Lyons, will desire my correspondents there to send them amongst the books to me, unless you can appoint any other course.

'There are two maps of the city of Venice, one in 6 large imperial sheets, by Albert Durer, which will cost 12*s*, and the other in 5 smaller sheets, 8*s*. the 5th tome of Atlas I expect by the next ship from Ostend.

'The arrest is not only taken off our books, but they are all shipped again, and will come with the first convoy . . . I have sent you Gataker's Cinnus, which is 4*s*. 6*d*.,

and Ireland's Husbandry 1*s.* 6*d.*; Ammianus Marcellinus Valesii is not at present to be procured.'

The second letter is dated July 18th, 1653:

'I perceive you have been at much pains to transcribe out of the Frankfort catalogue divers books you desire, and am sorry I cannot send them; but it is a very usual thing for the booksellers of Germany to send the titles of their books to be put in the catalogue before they are printed, so that at present they are not to be had. I now send you Altorfii Harmonia, 12*s.*; Grotius de Imperio, 3*s.*; and the French Gazettes. 1*s.*; and by the next carrier will forward the following which I could not get bound in time: Geterus in Proverbia et Ecclesiasten; Casulanus de Lingua, Shickardi Horologium, and Iohnstoni Historia Naturalis de Insectis et Serpentibus, fol., which are all I have of your notes, except Zwelferi Animadversiones, which is the same you have in octavo, and Languis de Annis Christi, which is an old book, printed in Holland five years since, which I think you have seen. We have a book entitled Bibliotheca Portabilis, sive Totius Theologiæ Nucleus et Systema Integrum 4to. 1653, 3 vols, which sells exceeding well and is much esteemed.'

This is the last echo we hear in the State Papers of Viscount Conway and his books. Late in the autumn of 1653, he went abroad, and was in Antwerp in the early part of 1654. After that nothing more is heard of him, but it is believed that his death took place at Lyons in June, 1655. He was succeeded by his son Edward, the third Viscount Conway.

H. R. PLOMER.

'FROM AN OLD DIRECTORY.'

HÉOPHILE GAUTIER once remarked that the most interesting of all books is the dictionary. There is much to be said for the directory. Let it be that published for Mrs. Eliza Boyle in 1822, and an hour's turning over of its pages might have convinced the *Sultan de l'épithète* himself. It seems almost incredible that the ponderous tome of our own day, with its four thousand odd pages, is the outcome of this unpretentious hand-book of eighty years ago. The guide consists of some one hundred and fifty pott octavo pages, and the entries are arranged in double columns under the street-names; the latter being alphabetised in a somewhat happy-go-lucky fashion. Surely no volume better succeeds in carrying us back to the days of the 'first gentleman of Europe,' when a Bishop lived in Berners Street and a great noble was neighbour to a Royal Academician in Argyll Street; to the days when Soho was the abode of great wits, Bloomsbury of great lawyers, and the Western hinterland of the Tottenham Court Road was the haunt of famous painters. It must have been no uncommon occurrence to meet a great artist in Oxford Street, for the neighbourhood at the beginning of the century bristled with studios. In Newman Street—the Melbury Road of the period—lived Thomas Stothard, Copley Fielding,

Turnerelli, George Dawe, the two Slaters, and the eccentric Behnes. The still more eccentric Nollekens resided at No. 9 Mortimer Street. In Argyll Street James Northcote, the pupil and biographer of Reynolds (to whom Ruskin once sat as model), and John Craig were neighbours. Linnell was close at hand in Cirencester Place, and Peter de Wint's studio was in Percy Street. The great Flaxman lived in Buckingham Street, and Constable was within fair walking distance of his beloved Hampstead at Kepple Street. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the P.R.A. of the time, resided at 65 Russell Square, Sir William Beechey at 13 Harley Street, while Turner still occupied the well-known house in Queen Anne Street. The Royal Academy and the Royal Society were then installed at Somerset House, and the versatile Fuseli, who enjoyed the unofficial title of 'Principal Hobgoblin Painter to the Devil,' presumably lived upon the premises.

But it is to the historic streets and squares of Mayfair and the Inner West that one's fingers itch to turn, for there are to be found the most interesting of all the entries. At No. 1 Curzon Street lived Madame Vestris, who was described in her day as the most bewitching actress of the London Stage since the death of Mrs. Jordan. She was the granddaughter of Francesco Bartolozzi, and sometime spouse of Monsieur Armand Vestris, a famous Parisian ballet-dancer, who described himself and Napoleon as the only two really great men in Europe. Her first success was at the Haymarket Theatre in 'Paul Pry,' in which she sang 'Cherry Ripe' in such style that its words and tune were in every

mouth. After an adventurous and piquant career of forty-three years, she married Charles Mathews the younger; and the happy though not inexperienced couple, spent their honeymoon on tour in the United States. As she had ever been somewhat lavish of her favours, the wedding was the occasion of a fine display of verbal pyrotechnics. It was affirmed in a certain company that before accepting his offer, Madame had confessed to Mathews all her indiscretions; whereupon a wag exclaimed: 'What courage!'—and another: 'What a memory!'

At No. 7 in this same Curzon Street, of many other memories, resided the Earl of Yarmouth, who subsequently became the third Marquis of Hertford. He married George Selwyn's 'Mie Mie,' daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and heiress of Selwyn—and others. It is related that the noble Earl once had the privilege of blacking a pair of royal eyes, and the broadsides and caricatures of the time make rare fun of the incident. Lord Yarmouth, as Marquis of Hertford, is said to have been the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, and of Beaconsfield's Lord Monmouth.

No. 12 Clarges Street was the house of Edmund Kean, the son of Nance Carey, strolling player, hawker, and queer lot. Kean, after experiencing the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, became one of the greatest of all tragedians. In 1809 he acted in Hannah More's tragedy, 'Percy,' at Waterford, and after the performance was compelled to give an exhibition of tight-rope walking, and another of sparring with a professional pugilist. Hawkins, in his 'Life of Kean,' assures us that in his best days his act-

ing in the *rôle* of Sir Giles Overreach, in Massinger's ‘New Way to Pay Old Debts,’ was so terrifying that he drove women from the play-house in hysterics; and both Hawkins and Talfourd testify to the fact that in the same part he sent Lord Byron into a convulsive fit. Perhaps the most comprehensive criticism of Kean's art is Coleridge's phrase, ‘to see him is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning!’

At No. 5 Berkeley Square the Earl of Jersey lived. His wife was the termagant favourite of George IV., the reputation of whose consort she so nearly ruined. The first quadrille in England was in all probability held in this house, as Lady Jersey introduced the dance into this country.

Not far away, at No 5 Berkeley Place, resided the future Lord Brougham. At this time he had already made his mark, but success had not yet turned his head. When he became Lord Chancellor, some years later, O'Connell remarked that if he only knew a little law he would know a little of everything; and Samuel Rogers, in pointing him out to a friend, observed: “There goes Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a good many more, in one post-chaise.’ Whilst in his later years Macaulay made the melancholy reflection: ‘Strange fellow! His powers gone, his spite immortal; a dead nettle.’

No. 44 Grosvenor Place was in the occupation of Count Munster, whose name reminds us of the unhappy Mrs. Jordan, for he was the eldest of the ten children whom she bore to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The father ennobled the

son, but left the mother to die in poverty at St. Cloud.

As may be imagined, a reference to St. James's recalls an army of memories. The Square was certainly at this period the most aristocratic place of residence in London. Five Dukes, a Marquis, ten Earls, and less than half-a-dozen commoners, occupied houses there. At No. 8 lived Lord Blessington, who enjoys a sort of vicarious reputation as the husband of the 'most gorgeous Lady Blessington.' In many directories of the period the name is spelt Blesinton, but that a nobleman could not spell his own name was a small matter in those days, and as husband of his sprightly lady the noble Earl had doubtless other things to think about.

Sir Francis Burdett, of 25, St. James's Place, was an important politician of his day. He moved into this house from 80, Piccadilly, where he once barricaded himself against the police, who came to arrest him for some breach of the rules of the House of Commons. He was the father of Lady Burdett-Coutts.

Another famous resident in this street was Samuel Rogers, poet, wit, and dilettante. Macaulay relates in one of his letters that once when Sir Francis Chantrey dined with Rogers, he took particular notice of an antique vase and the table upon which it stood, and he asked Rogers who made the table.

'A common carpenter,' said Rogers.

'Do you remember the making of it?' said Chantrey.

'Certainly,' said Rogers, in some surprise; 'I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel,

and gave the workman directions about placing it.'

'Yes,' said Chantrey. 'I was the carpenter. I remember the room well, and all the circumstances!'

Chantrey himself resided at 30, Lower Belgrave Street, later numbered in the Buckingham Palace Road, and designated Chantrey House. It was he who asked Turner whether there was any truth in the report that he was painting a placard for the Sun Fire Office!

Clubland has but extended its frontiers: its centre remains where it did. The Albion Club, Boodle's, Graham's, Alfred's, Arthur's, the Colonial, the Guards', and lastly, the historic White's, were all in St. James's Street. The Travellers' and the United Service Clubs, the only other two of any importance at this date, were in Waterloo Place and Charles Street respectively. Of tales of White's Club and its gaming tables there is no end. It was there that Sir Edward Fawkner, one of the high officials of the Post Office, lost such great sums of money that George Selwyn said whoever played with him was robbing the mail.

The most exclusive of the coffee-houses—the York, the Gloucester, Grillon's, the St. Alban's—and almost all the more fashionable hotels, including the Royal, Jordan's, Long's, and many others, were in this neighbourhood, and it is not difficult to realise the triplet of Sheridan:

> 'The Campus Martius of St. James' Street,
> Where the Beaux' Cavalry pace to and fro
> Before they take the field in Rotten Row.'

In Piccadilly lived, of course, the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. But Byron in 1816 left the house No. 139, his last fixed residence in this country. It was here that he finally separated from his wife. No. 94, the residence of the Countess of Cholmondeley, was the scene of Beau Brummell's historic piece of impudence, for it was here at the Countess's ball that he met Lady Worcester and the Regent, and pretending not to recognize the Prince, turned to her ladyship with the inquiry: 'Who is your fat friend?' There has been much argument over the precise scene of this incident, but it is advisable to believe the declaration of Captain Gronow, who claims to have been present, and who is generally reliable. The Regent is said to have revenged himself by asking Brummell to dinner, and having the perfectly sober Beau ejected as drunk and unmannerly before a large company.

No. 43, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, was in the occupation of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington. He will be remembered as the Captain of the 'Orion' at Trafalgar, and commander-in-chief at Navarino. Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel were near neighbours at Nos. 9 and 12, Great Stanhope Street.

At the Admiralty the name of Mr. John Wilson Croker is encountered. Everyone will remember Macaulay's ferocious review of this gentleman's pretentious edition of 'Boswell's Johnson,' published in 1831, in which the work was compared to the great doctor's famous leg of mutton—'ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept and ill-dressed—as bad as could be.' Yet Mr. Croker survived the onslaught and lived

to be upon the most intimate terms with the Iron Duke, to whom, however, a literary reputation or the loss of one was probably of small account. Lord Melbourne said of Croker that he would dispute with the Archangel about his sins.

At No. 2 in the historic Albany dwelt Viscount Althorpe, of Reform Bill fame, whom Macaulay used very differently. He was the son of the great bibliophile whose library was sold in 1892 for over £200,000, and is now housed at the magnificent John Rylands Library at Manchester. Lord Althorpe had a habit of wearing his coat-collar turned up about his neck, which led O'Connell to doubt whether his Lordship ever wore a shirt.

No. 11, Old Burlington Street, was the home of the Duke of Wellington's comrade-in-arms, the Marquis of Anglesey, who was severely wounded at Waterloo. 'By G——, Duke!' he exclaimed upon that occasion, 'I've lost my leg!' 'Have you, by G——!' was the laconic reply of the imperturbable Duke. The gallant old soldier was no contemptible wit, for at the time of the queen's trial, it being known that he regarded her with no friendly feeling, a crowd stopped him in the street, and insisted upon his crying 'God save the queen!' 'Then, God save the Queen!' said the old general, 'and may all your wives be like her!'

Of John Abernethy, who practised at 14, Bedford Row, there are nearly as many good stories as there are of Sydney Smith, or of Dr. Johnson himself. It is related that Wellington on one occasion walked into Abernethy's consulting-room without being formally announced.

'How did you come here?' demanded the famous surgeon, who was no respecter of persons. 'By the door,' replied the Duke shortly. 'Then the door is your best exit!' retorted Abernethy, and the Duke left in a fury. Another great doctor, Sir Astley Cooper, lived at 2, New Street, Spring Gardens.

Portland Place, in the days of George IV., was the street of embassies. The Duc de Cazes held court for France at No. 34, now the Chinese Embassy, while the Chevalier De Onis and the Count de Moltke, the representatives of Spain and Denmark, resided at Nos. 14 and 17 respectively. The Austrian ambassador, an Esterhazy, lived in Chandos Street, and the Russian Embassy was at that period at 36, Harley Street. The American Minister, Richard Rush, was more modestly installed at No. 51, Baker Street.

One does not look for humour in a directory—the quality may have no fixed address; but upon the title-page of our Court Guide the advertisement announces that the handy volume contains the names and addresses of '*all* the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fashion to which are *added* the Inns of Court, etc. This is a nice distinction. One is reminded of the old keeper of the cocoanut-shy stall at the fair. 'Roll, bowl or pitch!' he shouted. 'Play up! noblemen's sons, gentlemen's sons, and *also* sons of the clergy!'

JOHN RIVERS.

ON THE DUTIES AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A LIBRARIAN. An Address delivered at the Sorbonne on 23 December, 1780, by J. B. Cotton Des Houssayes.

THE following discourse on the Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian was delivered in Latin before the Society of the Sorbonne, on 23rd December, 1780, and while taking the form of an address of thanks on the occasion of its Author's appointment a short time previously as Librarian to the Sorbonne, it contains much that reflects the views of the profession of librarianship at the end of the eighteenth century. It shows, moreover, the estimation in which the Library of the Sorbonne—then nearing the term of its existence after a duration of five hundred years—was held, and an appreciation of the importance of the position held by many learned men, whose recorded names form probably as long a roll as any in bibliographical history.

Founded in the last decade of the thirteenth century, the Library was the necessary appanage of the College of Theology which occupied during the Middle Ages so great a position in the world of Christian dialectics, and whose influence continued down to that upheaval in which so many similar institutions disappeared or were transformed. The

library, though not a public one, was probably readily accessible to the learned, and it was an object of interest to many visitors to the Sorbonne, and acquired considerable reputation throughout Europe. It contained, according to the Declaration made in 1790, 2,199 MSS. and 25,367 printed books. Accompanying the inventory then made was an inquiry into its administration, and early in 1791 the Comité d'Instruction ordered the opening of the Library to the public. This being resisted, in August of the same year possession was taken of the Library by the municipality. The Sorbonne itself was suppressed in 1792, but the Library remained intact until 1795, when it was dispersed; the manuscripts went to the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the books to various public libraries.

Jean Baptiste Cotton Des Houssayes, the last but one of the librarians of the Sorbonne, was born in 1727, and was a professor of theology at Rouen and Paris. His contributions to literature were not extensive, and consisted for the most part of eulogies and minor discourses. He seems, however, to have projected a more pretentious 'Eléments d'histoire littéraire universelle,' and left some manuscript, but the *quidquid superest aetatis* to which he refers in his address proved to be but short, for he died in 1783, within three years of his appointment.

The Oratio[1] was printed at Paris in 1781 for private circulation only, and is very rare, only

[1] Oratio habita in comitiis generalibus Societatis Sorbonicæ die vigesimâ-tertiâ Decembris 1780 à D.D. Joan. Bapt. Cotton Des-Houssayes, . . . Parisiis, Praelis Phillippi-Dionysii Pierres, Regis Typographi ordinarii. MDCCLXXXI. Pp. [i-iv] 1-8.

twenty-five copies, it is said, having been printed. It contains, beside the address, a short preface by the Printer, which is also here given. A French translation by P. A. Gratet-Duplessis was published in the 'Bulletin du Bouquiniste' in 1857, and reprinted in the same year.

[Prefatory note by the Printer.]

P. D. Pierres, Printer in ordinary to the King. L. S.

By happy chance it has been my privilege to publish the following address, in which the Author, on expressing his thanks to the Society of the Sorbonne, which had appointed him on 6th November, 1780, as its Librarian, briefly enumerated and explained the qualifications, duties and other matters pertaining to the office of those administering libraries.

Believing that it will not be unwelcome to lovers of literature that this address, which the Society itself, from its appreciation of the Author, has recorded in its memoirs, should be preserved, and moved furthermore by my own respect for the Author, I have had it printed.

I shall be happy if the renowned Society, of whose benefactions towards those early Parisian printers my mind is deeply sensitive, will receive this testimony of reverent appreciation and gratitude.

20th February, 1781.

[ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SORBONNE ON 23RD DECEMBER, 1780, BY J. B. COTTON DES HOUSSAYES.]

To receive a public testimony from eminent men, themselves above eulogy, is assuredly the highest encomium and distinction, and when, therefore, I was informed that you had selected me as the Director of your Library, I with difficulty suppressed a feeling of self-opiniation; but I soon found on reflection that it is not my successes—for there are none—which you have rewarded with this honour, but my endeavours, however insignificant they may have been.

When I consider the accomplishments which he who holds this position in your Library should possess, they seem so many and so distinguished, that, scarcely able to enumerate them, I can still less adequately describe them. For the Sorbonne, justly famed throughout Europe, indeed throughout the world, for its extensive learning, should present, as it always has presented, as its Librarian, one who, when required, could show himself capable of great range of literary production, whether of weighty theological studies or of the lighter and more elegant forms of literature. Your Librarian is, as it were, your official representative, who shall maintain your renown, and if possible further extend it, according to his abilities, should a visitor conspicuous by birth or learning arrive at the Sorbonne to view with learned or invidious eye the wealth of your theological and literary collections, and to derive profit from them.

I understand that it is incumbent upon your Librarian to be above all a profound theologian; but at the same time general literary erudition and knowledge of the sciences and arts are of equal value, and he should possess eloquence and urbanity, so that his personal charm may assist his learning. The custodian of your Library should, in fact, have surveyed every region of the republic of letters, that he may serve as an index to guide whoever may be exploring therein. And although I shall not place bibliography, which is a correct and discerning knowledge of books, first among the sciences, nevertheless it should be as it were a basis of them all, and hold a light to them all; and its position is much as that of a son, whose filial regard impels him to industry whereby his father's labours may be lightened.

No librarian should be a stranger to or unlearned in any of the sciences arts or letters. Assiduous in work and in devotion to literature, he will advance by all possible means the library under his charge. In such a library as yours, which is not ordinarily open to strangers, the librarian intrusted with the love of letters and the society in whose name he acts, will desire to extend their renown, and he should receive with such consideration any scholar or visitor, that it shall seem to him as if the library had been founded for him alone. Let not the librarian, hidden away in some secluded corner, plead either personal comfort or pressure of affairs, and deprive his visitors of a learned and agreeable coadjutor; but putting aside whatever may be occupying his attention, he will receive them affably,

delightedly introduce them to the open library, and accompany them throughout every part of it. Whatever it may contain that is rare or beautiful he will voluntarily show; should he hear any book discussed he will proffer its use with ready courtesy, and will bring others to serve for the fuller elucidation and to show the literary resources of the same subject. The visitor will be thanked on departing, and assured that the library will be greatly favoured if he would often honour it with his presence and his labours. Let the librarian of any library guard against that vicious state of mind which makes him, like the dragon in the fable, sit upon the treasures he guards, and deny for public use the literary wealth which has been gathered together for the greatest public benefit. For why, indeed, should these books be collected with such pains by the wise and the rich, except for the advancement, honour, and ornament of knowledge?

In order that the service of a library may be satisfactory, secure, and unrestrained, its librarian should possess sound judgement and a memory at once ready and tenacious. His knowledge of books should not be superficial, trivial or inchoate, nor biassed by personal preferences, nor that of a bibliomaniac, but skilled and accurate, and of solid utility to letters. He will discern the real and distinguished productions from the spurious and worthless. His books will not be acquired indiscriminately, but with prudence and economy, and will be only such as are desirable and serviceable, and he will give equal care to their arrangement. So great, indeed, is the necessity for an accurate and methodical arrange-

ment, that it is impossible to overrate it. For of what use is a wealth of books if their availability is not conceded? Of what use is that learned armory unless the arms be arranged so that when required they are at hand? And since books are 'mind's medicine,' of what use is that pharmacy, unless its remedies are ordered and described?

By reason of these exacting intellectual qualifications with which a librarian should be endowed, it is not remarkable that they should have been formerly held in the greatest honour, and that they should continue to be so held. Nor is it remarkable that there should preside over the Vatican Library at the present time a most eminent Cardinal, conspicuous for his merit and his wide erudition; or that at all times administrators of libraries have been found and are still found who have shed their lustre upon the great republic of letters. Those who have preceded me in this distinguished position at our Sorbonne, and he most particularly, whom infirmity, to your great regret, has removed from you, might be named; but, lest I be accused of adulation, though I might well pay eulogies wholly deserved, I will refrain. Nor will I attempt to compile, as Naudé has already done, a long and learned list of librarians; nevertheless I may name Quirini and Passionei, the eminent cardinals; Naudé himself, most illustrious in this profession; Muratori, that prodigy of learning, whose writings might in themselves form a library; Franck, the compiler of the Catalogue of the Bunau Library, which work has always seemed to me to bear off the palm from all of its kind.

And turning over in my mind the various duties of those placed in charge of libraries, and the honour they have always received, it might well, as indeed it does, seem strange that I should have been selected by you as the Librarian of your Library, the more so that for one single reason have I obtained your suffrages: that I have assiduously frequented your Library during varying seasons, in order that I might by innocent robbery steal from it something whereby I might complete my theological and literary labours, which will not have been unavailing should they have shown me worthy of the honour which it has been your pleasure to bestow upon me. I fully appreciate how honorable, but at the same time how heavy and how much beyond my abilities, is the burden which you have imposed upon my shoulders, whether from innate difficulties or from added circumstances and its present condition. But your consideration will make up for my deficiencies, and your counsels, which I shall always welcome, will support me. I shall have the advantage of your judgement and personal aid in the arrangement, embellishment, and care of your Library, and whatever may be left to me of a life which is speeding quickly to its close shall be so devoted that the honour with which you have laden me may redound to you not unworthily, and without regret or dissatisfaction, and that my study, industry, endeavours, and labours may show my appreciation of the favour received through your indulgence.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the opinions expressed in the address as a criterion of the librarianship of the day, since its author can only have had the knowledge gained by actual use of libraries, and his views must be rather of ideals than of experience in their administration; he seems, however, to have realized with considerable acuteness the *desiderata* of a librarian from the part of a visitor to the library—based, possibly, upon his acquaintance with the sins of omission in that capacity. The view that a librarian should be a well-read man of letters was consistent with the custom of the period, which often looked upon his office as a sinecure rendering possible a literary or studious career, though Des Houssayes himself insists upon that general purview of literature and bibliographical knowledge which should be of assistance to those who might need them. In a library like that of the Sorbonne, attached to a great institution which attracted many visitors, it was natural that the mere peregrinator should be common, and that the importance of the library, considered in its interest to him, should have somewhat overshadowed its reason of existence for study and research. The want of any reference to the importance of a catalogue and to other details of administration points undoubtedly to a time before such matters were held essential to library practice. Probably the most interesting passage is that which refers to the necessity for systematic arrangement, a subject which has always appealed to his countrymen, whose attention to classification is observable throughout their bibliographical literature.

The address was well worthy of preservation, and though the perspective of a hundred years renders naïvely bizarre much of its contents, it marks a stage in the condition of the profession which has, during that period, become wholly changed in its tendencies to development.

F. J. PEPLOW.

ROBERT PROCTOR'S WORK.

N the short memoir of Robert Proctor which appeared in the last number of 'The Library,' my main object was, with the help of some of his earlier friends, to give to those who knew and honoured him at one period of his life or in connection with some one of his interests, a more complete view of his career and character. The supplementary notes which are now to be put together will be concerned with the typographical studies with which his name will always be connected, with the recognition which his work received, more particularly abroad, with the bibliographical materials which he left behind him, and with the possibility of making any of these materials available for the use of other students.

Allusion has already been made to the international character of Proctor's correspondence after the publication, in 1898, of his 'Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum.' The Museum has always cast its nets wide, and though its collection of incunabula is far from being the largest in Europe, it is probably the most representative, just because it has been mainly brought together by purchase instead of having had swept into it large masses of early books in which the issues of native presses (*i.e.*, of French presses in France and Ger-

man in Germany) would naturally predominate. Be this as it may, and with all the gaps in it which have to be deplored, the collection was large enough, more especially when eked out with that at Bodley, to enable Proctor to make it the basis of a detailed typographical history, in which not only every fifteenth-century printing office, but in most cases all the material which it possessed, was minutely set forth. By a happy inspiration, Dr. Burger, a few years earlier, had given a great impetus to typographical study by his Register to Hain's Repertorium, a service since doubled by his contribution to Dr. Copinger's Supplement. But Proctor had the immense advantage of working from the books themselves, not merely from descriptions of them, and he used this advantage with a courageous and unflagging industry to which no words can do justice. Hence, save where the Museum collection failed him, he was able to offer to the students of the national or local history of printing in every country a synopsis, from authentic materials, of the output of each press and of the way in which it was made up. To complete this synopsis, additions had to be made of the books not in the Museum library, the lists of types had to be supplemented by some, but very seldom by many, of which Proctor had come across no trace, and allowance had to be made for the certainty that some errors must have crept into a work involving so enormous a mass of details. But the pioneer work was done, and students in every country in Europe suddenly found themselves presented with a map of the history of their printing-

presses, in which they had only to fill in additional details to get a complete survey.

Naturally, the foreign students who learnt to use Proctor's 'Index' were soon tempted to put themselves into communication with its author, and Proctor, who was willing to help anybody, took a special pleasure in answering these inquiries from abroad, and in giving collations and procuring photographs of the books at the Museum in which they were interested. His knowledge of fifteenth-century books was at once so wide and so detailed that he was able to throw new light on almost any problem which was being investigated; and the specialist in every field found that he had kept abreast with his discoveries. Thus his death was felt as a personal loss in every library in Europe and America in which old books are kept and cared for, and in private letters or printed notices heartfelt tributes to his memory were paid in Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, both east and west. Not only in the 'Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen' and 'Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel' were appreciative articles written, but in the 'Neue Freie Presse' of Vienna, and also in an Italian daily paper the nature of his work was carefully explained to the outside public who usually hear nothing of these things. More private testimonies, equally eloquent of respect and admiration, were written by M. Delisle, M. Claudin, M. Baudrier, Dr. Burger, Dr. Haebler, Dr. Anderson of Upsala, General Hawkins, and many others. 'Ce n'est pas seulement pour le Musée britannique que la disparition de Proctor

laissera un vide irréparable,' wrote the doyen of European bookmen, M. Léopold Delisle. 'M. Proctor seul pourra me tirer d'embarras,' M. Claudin had said with regard to a puzzling edition of the romance of Jason; and just before the news of his death arrived M. Delisle had caused two pages of the book to be photographed expressly for the sake of getting his opinion on them. Proctor was only thirty when he completed his Index of fifteenth-century books; only thirty-five when he died; but before death took him he was recognized, by the best possible judges, as the foremost student of his subject.

If anyone were to ask me how Proctor won this position so quickly, I think I should be inclined to answer that his courage was so determined, his industry so persevering, his general ability so great, that he was bound to come to the front in any subject he took up, and that chance and his bookish tastes decreed that his subject should be bibliography. Long before he was thirty he had indeed possessed himself of a special gift to a degree which seemed almost miraculous, for he had visualized his memory to such an extent that he seemed able to carry in his head the peculiarities of many hundreds of different founts of type. But although this development would have been impossible without some natural endowment, the evidence points to its being the result of strenuous cultivation rather than any abnormal original instinct. He was indeed an absolute glutton for work, so much so that I remember having more than once upbraided him, half in jest, half in earnest, with pursuing his

foxes with such determination that there would soon be no more foxes to hunt. To mention anything that wanted doing in his hearing fired his imagination at once, and it was an even chance that the thing would be begun within twenty-four hours and carried to a conclusion incredibly quickly. I remember once telling him how I had found that the contemporary demand for the French Books of Hours printed by Philippe Pigouchet was so great, that as each batch of new illustrations arrived from the cutters it was used at once for the edition then in the press, without waiting for the set to be completed. The fifteenth-century editions, which are mostly dated, placed this fact beyond a doubt, and I was sure that it could be applied to get the sixteenth-century editions, most of which are undated, into their true order. Proctor said it was interesting, and I thought of it lazily as a thing to be done when I 'had time.' Within a week, if I remember rightly, he produced a table showing all the cuts in all the sixteenth-century editions at the British Museum, in which book each cut appeared, and the resulting sequence of the editions. He would not have the table printed at the time,[1] on the ground that it was my subject and that I could use his results later on, for he was so scrupulous about poaching, that though he knew far more about many sections of early book-illustrations than I did he could seldom be persuaded to make any use of his knowledge.

[1] I have not seen this table since Proctor's death, but hope that it may be found and printed. He afterwards supplied Mr. Macfarlane with a similar one for the 'Horae' published by Antoine Vérard.

While I have been throwing together these supplementary notes about Proctor, I have had, for another purpose, to read once more Mr. Prothero's 'Memoir of Henry Bradshaw,' and the contrast between the two men, both of whom rendered such admirable service, is very striking. Perhaps, however, contrast is hardly the right word to use; it would be truer to say that Proctor, alike in his capacities and his work, was Bradshaw's complement. It was Bradshaw's great achievement that he invented a new bibliographical method, a method so simply and convincingly right that we may now easily be tempted to take it as a matter of course, though it revolutionized the whole study of the history of printing and the description of old books. Bradshaw himself did little more than show how his method should be worked. Partly from the incessant calls made on him by his official duties, still more perhaps from his natural temperament, detailed work on any large scale was impossible for him. He was essentially, not only in bibliography, but in Chaucer-studies and in every subject he took up, an originator, a master of method, a sketcher of outlines which he left other men to fill in. Proctor, on the other hand, had one of the brains which require some outside influence to kindle them into activity, and his enthusiastic nature caused him to receive these impulses mainly through the hero-worship of which he made first Bradshaw, afterwards Bradshaw and Morris conjointly, the object. Whatever they did he must do too, and the unfaltering, imperturbed industry, to which I have already alluded as his greatest natural

gift, made him attempt the largest tasks with a joyous zest. If he had been born twenty years earlier and gone to Cambridge instead of Oxford, and had thus come directly under Bradshaw's personal influence, I doubt if he would have carried out the latter's wishes and ideals more punctiliously than he did. As early as April, 1870, Bradshaw had tried to stir first the Bodleian and then the British Museum to take more interest in their incunabula. He had sent Dr. Coxe a classified list of the English ones at Bodley in the hope that he would print it, and had been told that it was superfluous. He had pleaded with his friend and early correspondent, Mr. Winter Jones, for 'encouragement to hope that some steps will be taken towards a systematic method of dealing with the vast treasures which the Museum contains in the way of fifteenth-century books,' that some one of the staff should be 'told off to this branch of work, some one whose *business* it should be to deal with this class of books'—to all which Mr. Jones seems to have replied that the Treasury was not likely to make any grant for the payment of such a specialist. In fulfilling Bradshaw's missionary aspirations at Oxford Proctor had a considerable share; at the Museum he did the work alone, and in both cases he left his records behind him in all the permanence of print. To the day of his death Proctor's attitude to Bradshaw was that of a pupil to his master, but he was one of those rare pupils from whom their masters receive back as much as they give. The real greatness of Bradshaw's method is nowhere else written so large as in Proctor's Index.

If Proctor seldom or never originated he could, and often did, better his instruction; and, as everyone knows, the scheme of his Index from the first included not merely incunabula but books printed in the first twenty years of the sixteenth century. One section of the continuation, embracing some 2,200 books in the British Museum printed in Germany during the later period, was issued shortly after his death. His slips for the books printed in other countries are stored in a number of little tin boxes into which they have been sorted. What remains to be done is to get out these books at the British Museum, to describe them briefly, noting the types, borders, devices and initials used in each; and from the occurrence of types, borders, woodcuts or initials in books in which the printer has given his name to identify the printers of those which are anonymous. Before he started for his holiday Proctor had got out all the books printed at Rome, and had made notes on slips as to most of those with full imprints; the anonymous books he had hardly touched. It seemed disloyal to his memory to send the books back to the shelves with the riddles unsolved, and at such odd times as I could spare and latterly with the help of my brother-in-law, Mr. George England, I have wrestled with them with some success. The proportion of anonymous books is unusually large, there being over 200 of these as against about ninety with imprints; but some of the types used are very distinctive, and though complications are introduced by borders changing hands and the use of the same type in different states, I think the number of un-

identified books will finally be small. Possibly these Roman books have been exceptionally easy; but as my own powers of distinguishing types are very limited, and Mr. England is new to the work, it is encouraging to find that so much can be done. Such success as has been achieved is due indeed solely to the persistent use of the millimetre-rule. Type, borders, initials and cuts have all been invariably measured, and the temporary notation adopted is based on these measurements. Thus G. 72, R. 55, R. 44 in the collation denotes that the title is printed in gothic type of which ten lines would measure 72 millimetres, the body of the text in roman letters, measuring 55 millimetres to ten lines, and subsidiary matter in a smaller roman measuring 44 millimetres to ten lines. I cannot visualize these types as Proctor did, but I can carry the figures in my head, and when another type is found with the same measurements it can be placed in juxtaposition with Silber's, and eventually with any others of the same size. When the same plan is applied to every kind of ornament the means of identification are proportionately increased, and the constant measuring is itself a great help to the eye. Of course it is slow work, but it is very interesting and seems reasonably sure; and I believe that no better training could possibly be devised for an apprentice in such matters, than to be set down before two or three hundred old books, presumably printed in the same town, and to have to sort them out by the aid of his measure. I believe that any man of good eyesight and intelligence could finish the Italian section in about a year, not with the

finish and perfection which Proctor gave to his list of German books,[1] but with substantial accuracy and completeness. To do this, however, I think he would need a very much larger number of facsimiles than Proctor provided in his German section, and these facsimiles would have to be available for reference while the book is in progress.

As regards other work on early specimens of printing, the only unprinted materials which Proctor left behind him are his catalogues of the incunabula in the libraries of Corpus Christi, New College, and Brasenose College, Oxford. To these in my first article I inadvertently added a similar catalogue of the incunabula at All Souls, which though in his handwriting is, I am informed, only a transcript from an original by Mr. Gordon Duff, who placed it at Proctor's disposal when the latter was hoping to be able to catalogue the incunabula in all the College Libraries, a work which I trust may some day be undertaken. A general catalogue, specifying all the books and naming the library or libraries in which each may be seen would, of course, be much more useful and much more economical than a number of separate lists; but if it be desired to separate off Proctor's own work from that of any successor, his three lists are in readiness, and could be sent off to the printer without delay. The same remarks apply to his lists of the English books printed before the close

[1] Mr. Proctor took five years over the German section and estimated that Italy would take him fully as long, but he was only able to work at the index (literally) in his odds and ends of time, and was at a great disadvantage compared to a continuous worker.

of the sixteenth century. The lists are excellent, and ready for the printer; but the collections are not individually of sufficient importance to allow a catalogue of them, arranged under printers with an author-index, to be at all exciting. Of two other English tasks at which Proctor toiled the case is exactly different, since, if carried to a completion, they would be of the utmost importance and value; but unfortunately the hardest part of the work remains to be done. The publication of a catalogue of the English books in the Bodleian printed to the close of 1640 is the most crying of all our bibliographical needs at the present time, and the raw materials for such a catalogue exist at Bodley, half of them (the last ten thousand titles), in Proctor's handwriting. Unfortunately this 'rough list of British prae-1641 items,' as Mr. Nicholson calls it, was compiled from the general catalogue of the Bodleian, and it would be grossly unfair to Proctor's memory (even if official consent could be obtained) to print it without revising and expanding the titles from the books themselves, and adding the names of their printers to those published from 1600 to 1640, from which at present they are omitted. This would be a very long business, and is one, I gather, for which no member of the Bodleian staff can at present be spared. That when completed there would be any difficulty in finding paper and print for it is not at all likely.

The second unfinished English venture belongs to the last days of Proctor's life, indeed, he only carried it to its present stage just before starting for Tyrol. This is a detailed Printer-Index to the

British Museum Catalogue of English Books to 1640, which we light-heartedly began to do together, some years ago, I contributing the slips for the accessions since 1883, and he cutting up and pasting on similar slips the entries in two copies of the printed catalogue itself. This cutting up process he had finished, and had begun roughly sorting the cards. What remains to be done is to complete the sorting, make very numerous cross-references for publishers and second members of printing firms, and then reduce the printed titles to the fewest possible words, as in the index to the John Rylands Catalogue of the same period. No doubt when the British Museum produces a second edition of Mr. Bullen's Catalogue, such an index of printers will form an essential feature in it; but Proctor's death has sadly weakened the bibliographical forces of the Museum, and there is so much other work in hand that a new edition of the '1640' English Catalogue is not likely to come about just yet, while a temporary index of printers would greatly facilitate it. Both at the Bodleian and at the British Museum what is needed is sure, of course, to be done eventually; but it would be pleasant if some enthusiast would make Proctor's materials immediately available.

Besides this venture still in manuscript and his larger books mentioned in my last article, Proctor wrote twelve papers and pamphlets, which, if it is desired, could be brought together into a satisfactory volume. They are as follows:

The Accipies Woodcut.
'Bibliographica,' vol. i., pp. 52-68. 1894.

List of the founts of type and woodcut devices used by the printers of the Southern Netherlands in the fifteenth century.
'Tracts on Early Printing,' I., pp. 48. 1895.

A note on Eberhard Frommolt of Basel, printer.
'Tracts on Early Printing,' II., pp. 23. 1895.

On Two Plates in Sotheby's 'Principia Typographica.'
'Bibliographica,' vol. iii., pp. 192-196. 1896.

Additions to Campbell's 'Annales de la typographie néerlandaise au 15e siècle.'
'Tracts on Early Printing,' III., p. 79. 1897.

Marcus Reinhard and Johann Grüninger.
'Transactions of the Bibliographical Society,' vol. v., pt. i., pp. 143-160. 1899.

Incunabula at Grenoble.
'The Library' (New Series), vol. i., pp. 215-220. 1900.

The Gutenberg Bible.
'The Library' (New Series), vol. ii., pp. 60-66. 1901.

A Short View of Berthelet's editions of the Statutes of Henry VIII.
'Transactions of the Bibliographical Society,' vol. v., pt. ii., pp. 255-262. 1901.

On Two Lyonnese editions of the Ars Moriendi.
'The Library' (New Series), vol. iii., pp. 339-348. 1902.

Ulrich von Ellenbog and the Press of S. Ulrich at Augsburg.
'The Library' (New Series), vol. iv., pp. 163-179. 1903.

The Early Printers at Köln.
'The Library' (New Series), vol. iv., pp. 392-402. 1903.

It will be noted that Proctor's twelve papers would have to be sought in only four sources: two in 'Bibliographica,' three in his 'Tracts on Early Printing,' two in the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society, and five in this magazine. A thirteenth paper, on the 'French Royal Greek Type and the Eton Chrysostom,' has been already set up for the Bibliographical Society's Transactions, but I do not think there is anything else to be hoped for, since Proctor had no love for writing miscellaneous papers, and seldom began one of his own accord. It may thus be surmized that nearly all of the contents of a volume of reprints would already be in the possession of most of those who would naturally subscribe for it, though it would be a convenience and a pleasure to have the papers brought together in a handy form. Lastly, the prospectus of the three books it is desired to print in the Otter Greek type can be obtained from the Chiswick Press, and there is thus no need for anything to be added on this subject to what was said in my former article. It will be seen, however, that there is plenty of bibliographical work in his materials to enable a whole school of 'Proctor students' to gain their training, and I think that no greater pleasure could have been given to him than by an assurance that others, after his death, would try, however haltingly and under whatever disadvantages, to carry on the work which was his own delight. I hope very much, therefore, that at least some of his unfinished tasks may be completed.

Alfred W. Pollard.

THE MUSÉE DOBRÉE AT NANTES.

SOME ten years ago there died at Nantes, at the advanced age of eighty-five, a man to whom that town, and indeed the whole department, owe a deep debt of gratitude for his magnificent bequest to them.

The son of a wealthy shipowner of Nantes, M. Thomas Dobrée, had been an ardent collector all through his long life, and his continual energy, fine judgement, and large fortune, enabled him to bring together a vast number of choice books, manuscripts, and objects of art of every kind.

In order to house his collections suitably, he acquired a fifteenth-century building at Nantes which had been the residence of John V., Duke of Brittany; but, finding it afforded all too limited a space for the proper display of his treasures, he commissioned the celebrated Viollet-le-Duc to furnish designs for an additional building. Death, however, prevented M. Dobrée from seeing these schemes carried out, but with rare public spirit he bequeathed to the department the whole of his collections and museum buildings, and also generously provided for the accommodation of the collections of the Société d'Archéologie de Nantes. The result is that Nantes has become the fortunate possessor of one of the finest provincial museums

and libraries in France, and under the zealous care of the Conservateur, M. de Lisle de Dreneuc, the arrangement of the various contents has been carried out with great skill and judgement.

To render his labours of still further utility, the governing body of the Musée has undertaken the publication of separate catalogues of the autographs, manuscripts, and printed books, and of the book-catalogue the first part has been lately issued. It has been compiled by M. Louis Polain, contains a portrait of M. Dobrée and several facsimiles of title-pages, printers' marks, etc., and treats of books printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, comprising works in theology, law, art, belles-lettres, and history.

Among the books recorded may be noted the 'Interpretationes Danielis,' printed at Alost by Thierry Martens before 1489, according to the late Mr. Proctor; and the 'Breviarium Augustanum,' Venice, Erhard Ratdolt, 1485, of neither of which is there a copy in any other public library in France. There are also many scarce works printed at, or relating to, Angers, while of still greater rarity is the only known copy of the 'Doctrinal des nouvelles mariées,' printed by Jean Cres at Lantenac in 1491, small quarto, formerly in the Duc de La Vallière's library and that of De Bure.

A choice little group of scarce editions of romances of chivalry forms one of the attractions of the Musée, and among later works of fiction is one of the four known copies of a remarkable work, 'Histoire des Amours du Grand Aleandre' (*i.e.*, Henri IV.), Paris, Veufue Jean Guillemot, 1652, 4°, and

the still more interesting earliest edition of the celebrated 'Heptaméron' of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre. This was printed at Paris in 1558 in quarto, but without the author's name, the title being 'Histoires des Amans Fortunez, Dediées à tresillustre Princesse Madame Marguerite de Bourbon, Duchesse de Niuernois.'

We may also note the 'Fiammetta' of Boccaccio printed at Venice by Philippo di Pietro, 1481, 4°, and the 'Historia de Flores y Blancaflor,' Alcala de Henares, Arnaldo Guillem de Brocar, 1512, small 4°.

The number of Voyages and Travels in the library is inconsiderable, and consists mostly of works relating to the early French expeditions to America. The most interesting of these is, perhaps, Jean de Léry's account of the voyage to Brazil undertaken in 1556 under the auspices of Villegagnon for the purpose of founding a settlement for the French Protestants, the story of which has been well told by the late Dr. Charles Washington Baird in his 'History of the Huguenot Emigration to America.'

There are extremely few English books in the Musée, so far at least as the present volume of the catalogue extends. Among these, however, is a copy, apparently not quite perfect, of the first edition of Ascham's 'Toxophilus,' while that of Stow's 'Annals,' London, 1615, seems to have had an eventful history. It was the copy given by James I. to Frederick V., Count Palatine and King of Bohemia, and after the capture of Heidelberg by Tilly in 1622, was carried off to Rome with

the rest of the Palatine Library and deposited in the Vatican. From there it managed to find its way to the Scottish Convent at Ratisbon, and eventually to its present resting-place.

We may close this brief account of the Musée Dobrée with the quaint lines which terminate the 'Summa Rosella' of Baptista Trovamala, the last book entered in M. Polain's volume:

> Vita hominis breuis est: eademqꝫ est lege regenda:
> Seruanda ꝛ nostri que voluere patres.
> At labor est ingens: multos percurrere libros.
> Pro multis nobis hic satis vnus erit.
> Est opus electum: nomenqꝫ Rosella: legenti
> Vtilis: ꝛ nullo frigore lesa vivet.
> Emptor habes: animam valeas quo pascere flore:
> E celo venit: quicquid odoris habet.

R. S. FABER.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

I

HERE appear at regular intervals in France certain series of books that add considerably to our stores of knowledge. In the 'Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de Rome, publiée sous les auspices du ministre de l'instruction publique,' the French approach nearest to German methods of research. All the volumes are of most careful workmanship, and are packed full of information and detail, and into the bargain are delightfully readable. The latest 'Fascicule' (No. 89) is an 'Essai sur le règne de l'Empereur Aurélien (270-275),' by Léon Homo. The sources and authorities are first examined with the minutest care, and accounts are given of the empire up to Aurelian's accession, and of his private life. We are made to recognize how his reconstitution of imperial unity, his scheme of military reorganization, his domestic reforms, and the rebuilding of the walls of Rome fully earned him the title of 'Restorer of the Roman Empire.'

The series known as the 'Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine' deserves wider recognition, for nothing like it exists in this country. It includes works on and by the most distinguished contemporary philosophers like Janet, Fouillée,

Guyau, Lévy-Brühl in France; Schopenhauer, Wundt, Nordau in Germany; and Mill, Spencer, Bain, Sully in England. Among the latest volumes are 'Pierre Leroux, sa vie, son œuvre, son doctrine, contribution à l'histoire des idées au XIXe siècle,' by P.-Felix Thomas; 'Combat pour l'individu,' by Georges Palante; 'Les Théories socialistes au XIXe siècle. De Babeuf à Proudhon,' by E. Fournière; and a revised edition of 'La Parole Intérieure: essai de psychologie descriptive,' by Victor Egger.

Thomas considers that no one has ever taken sufficient trouble to understand Leroux's mind. He left twenty volumes, of which some are masterpieces, and in which all the problems that disturb us to-day are stated and discussed. Leroux was mixed up in all the important events of French history between 1816 and 1871. He combats both the individualist and socialist doctrines, and in so doing perhaps comes nearest to finding the formula that will reconcile the two theories. It is instructive to compare with this point of view the account given by Taine in the second volume of his 'Vie et Correspondance,' of a luncheon with Leroux in January, 1862. At dessert the host read the preface to his last work to his guests. Taine characterizes him as 'un cerveau creux, qui nous lance à tête son Sensation—Sentiment—Connaissance,' as a man who has 'parfaite ignorance des méthodes et de la prudence critique, assez d'imagination et de l'esprit, mais de seconde qualité . . . nul sens pratique, mais courage, verve, force, physique indomptable.' Leroux purposely refrained from

educating his children because 'L'homme n'est pas fait pour jouir, mais pour lutter.'

Palante's 'Combat pour l'individu' is 'une critique des effets de l'esprit social ou grégaire sous les différentes formes et dans les différents cercles sociaux où il peut agir.' Palante attempts to extend the claim set forth by Herbert Spencer in 'The Man versus the State,' by applying it to the whole domain of social life. He argues that the State is only one aspect of society and forms only a small part of it. Social tyranny, under which he includes custom, opinion, clanship, class prejudice, family feeling, exercise as oppressive and debilitating a moral influence as the constraint of the State properly so-called. Indeed, he goes so far as to consider that the family is hostile towards the expansion of the individual. The family is made for the individual, and not the individual for the family, it is a purely private affair and is neither a social nor a State matter. Each individual has his own way of affirming his *ego*, and the only question of importance for society as a whole is how the individualist will stand in regard to the problem of action. Palante comes to the conclusion that the vital instinct in man is too strong ever to be destroyed by the instinct of knowledge and criticism.

Fournière's object is not to rewrite the history of socialism, nor to explain in detail its system, but to seek the origin and note the evolution of the ideas and concepts by which socialism is expressed. The result is a clear statement of the effect produced on the socialist thought of the time by the various exponents of the socialist theory.

Egger's book is perhaps the most fascinating of all. It opens thus: 'A tout instant, l'âme parle intérieurement sa pensée.' And everyone must admit that this 'parole intérieure, silencieuse, secrète que nous entendons seuls,' is one of the most important elements of our existence. The whole history of the question of the relations between words and thoughts is dealt with, and we learn what philosophers of all times have thought concerning it. The general conclusion seems to be that the word is both the servant and the herald of thought. Several kinds of 'interior words' are distinguished, the passionate, the dramatic, the inspired, which gives us the poet, and the moral, which is the voice of duty or conscience. When we cannot sleep we say that we experience a difficulty in 'silencing' our thoughts, and thus is proved the very close connection that exists between our words and our thoughts. It should be mentioned that while this series is of the greatest interest and use to the student of philosophy, the clear and simple style of its collaborators makes appeal to the general reader who likes to know what sort of work is being done in the subject.

II.

Students of French seventeenth century poetry will revel in Frédéric Lachèvre's 'Bibliographie des Recueils Collectifs de Poésies publiés de 1599 à 1700.' The work, which is remarkably full and careful and detailed, forms a documentary history of French poetry in the seventeenth century, and

a student will find in it everything he wants, and so save himself the trouble of going through the one hundred and fifty volumes of the collections published in France during that period. It is well known that, just as in England at the same date, poetical miscellanies were very popular, and that the most famous poets contributed to them.

The book, in three volumes, is planned on a great scale, but the editor's chief aim is to make consultation easy. The first volume extends from 1597 to 1635; it contains the collections of Du Petit Val, Bonfons, Du Breuil, Guillemot, Toussaint du Bray and others, and poems not included by the editors of Bertaut, de Brach, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Desportes, Des Yveteaux, Du Perron, Maynard, Racan, Rapin, Saint-Gelais and Théophile. The second volume, extending from 1636 to 1661, contains the collections of Cardin Besongne, of Louis Chamhoudry, of the Vve Loyson, of de Sercy, of de Sommaville, and poems not included by the editors of Chapelle, Charleval, Desportes, Gombauld, Lalane, Montplaisir, Saint-Amant, Saint-Pavin, Sarasin and Théophile. The third and concluding volume will extend from 1662 to 1700. There will also be a bibliographical supplement which will either form an appendix to the last volume or be published separately according to the space required. In each volume the editions are grouped by editors, and are described bibliographically, that is, they are classified by authors, and the poems are also divided into those appearing for the first time and those already published. The dedicatory epistles, and the editors'

addresses to the readers, are printed in each case. The poems are also classified under the authors' names and in the alphabetical order of first lines, with mention of the collection in which they appeared for the first time. This is accompanied with a bio-bibliographical notice of more or less extent according to the available information, and by appreciations by recognized critics. As far as possible the anonymous poems have been attributed to their rightful authors. Reprinted as an appendix will be found the pieces which have escaped the latest editors of those seventeenth century French poets, some of whose works are scattered in the collections. The labour involved in such an undertaking may best be illustrated by the fact that in the second volume we have the names of 400 authors, of about 5,000 poems, contained in 44 miscellanies forming 55 volumes. Of the poems 3,500 were anonymous or signed only with initials, and of these the editor has been able to find the author of at least 1,500. Indeed the work is a perfect tool for the study of French seventeenth century poetry, and may serve as a model for all future compilations of the kind.

Another book of the greatest use, and one involving careful research, is the 'Biographisch-Bibliographisches Quellen-Lexikon der Musiker und Musikgelehrten der Christlichen Zeitrechnung bis zur Mitte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts,' by Robert Eitner. Nine volumes are ready, extending to the name 'Tzwiefel.' It includes the musicians of all nations, and is the most complete thing of the kind ever yet published. Hitherto historians

of music have set scant value on bibliography, and in so doing are in error, since musical bibliography is really the basis of all knowledge of the history of music; it brings an author's works out of the obscurity of the past into the light of the present, and instructs us concerning the life of the author through the text of the title and the dedication. Eitner's plan is to take the bibliography as the starting-point, to base the biography on it, and to set down the results in lexicon form. He calls his book 'Quellen-Lexikon' (Dictionary of Sources) because he does not give a detailed biography of the authors, but supplies, as briefly as possible, the most important information that is available up to the present time through documentary and bibliographical research. The bibliography of music offers many difficulties. So little attention has been paid to it that down to the middle of the nineteenth century music texts were kept in damp places, or sold as waste paper or even burnt, and therefore students of musical history are often compelled to seek their material in the most widely separated libraries. Eitner's Dictionary is undoubtedly the most important contribution to the history of music that has as yet seen the light. He hopes to follow it with a special lexikon of German musicians of the nineteenth century.

We can also add to our stores of knowledge by the study of such books as 'Scarron Inconnu et les types des personnages du Roman Comique,' by Henri Chardon, and 'La Jeunesse de Balzac. Balzac Imprimeur, 1825-1828,' by Gabriel Hanotaux and Georges Vicaire. Chardon does not propose to

write a new biography of Scarron, but to show that the 'Roman Comique' is a 'roman à clef,' and that the characters are the people among whom Scarron lived in Mans, where he held a prebend. The author also claims to have discovered the identity of the friend of Scarron, the author of the third part of the 'Roman Comique,' hitherto said to be d'Offray. Chardon declares him to be one Jean Girault, author also of an anonymous work, the life of the famous Costar, a 'chanoine' of Mans and contemporary of Scarron. The two handsome volumes are adorned with portraits, photogravures, and a series of illustrations to the 'Roman Comique' after Jean de Coulon, the painter of Mans. The Balzac volume is based on documents that have lately come to light, by which its authors are enabled to give a detailed account of Balzac's disastrous attempt at printing and publishing in the Rue Marais-Saint-Germain between 1825 and 1828. The business failed, and Balzac was saddled with obligations which weighed on him during the whole of his life. He was perhaps the first publisher to issue compact editions of modern classics like La Fontaine and Molière. For the first time, too, there is traced here the history of Balzac's first love, Mme. de Berny, a woman twenty-two years his senior. The book, which comprises numerous documentary appendices, is beautifully printed from type specially made by the founders now in the occupation of Balzac's old establishment, and has a portrait of Mme. de Berny, and a reproduction of one of Balzac at twenty-two years of age, painted by Devéria, in which he appears as a handsome youth.

The two volumes of Taine's 'Life and Correspondence' are deeply interesting in their way, but must be regarded rather as a contribution to the study of literary methods than as a living picture of the man. For Taine had such a horror of the modern craving for personal revelations that he left the strictest injunctions that no 'lettres intimes ou privées' should be published. 'Les seules lettres ou correspondances qui pourront être publiées sont celles qui traitent des matières purement générales ou spéculative, par exemple, de philosophie, d'histoire, d'esthétique, d'art, de psychologie.' The method has its drawbacks, if too rigidly carried out, and we cannot help feeling that in this instance it has in great measure eliminated the man's personality.

Now and again we come upon a passage that goes home to our hearts, as when he says that he has a cold in his head and cannot get his fire to burn, or when, after spending a month in reading a great quantity of new books, he exclaims, 'Mais quel voyage il faut faire avant de rencontrer une idée!' or when he utters the sad truth, 'La littérature ne peut être qu'un luxe; il faut chercher ailleurs un gagne-pain.' The first volume, bearing the sub-title, 'Correspondance de Jeunesse,' 1847-1853, relates his childhood and education, his early struggles on £50 a year, and I confess to finding it the most interesting. The second volume, 'Le Critique et le Philosophe,' contains his correspondence from 1853 to 1870. Some excellent criticism of Germany and the Germans will be found in its pages.

Critics throughout Europe seem just now as greatly exercised in the attempt to reconcile science and literature as certain churchmen are to reconcile science and religion. They are perturbed by M. Berthelot's declaration that at the present juncture science is 'en mesure de revendiquer la direction morale et matérielle des sociétés.' They seen unable to recognize that M. Berthelot had no intention of including metaphysics. The most sensible utterance on the subject I have seen, though I cannot agree with all its conclusions, is in Camille Mauclair's 'Idées Vivantes,' under the title, 'L'Esprit scientifique devant les lettres actuelles.' It may be well to state briefly his arguments. Mauclair thinks that it is now the duty of men of letters to transpose the new ideas of scientific symbolism into the domain of expression. The organization of literature is as deplorable as that of science is careful and methodical. The influence of books is becoming every day more worthy of derision. It is terrible to see the quantity of execrable books that command an enormous sale to the detriment of books in which there is real worth. Books may be arranged in three classes: (1) Those written to please, which equal in worth the public which reads them; (2) mediocre books, yet written with sincerity; and (3) really good books which nobody reads. Criticism in the highest sense of the term has been ruined by the pseudo-literary press, which partially paralyzes the influence of the better class reviews and periodicals. Literature, Mauclair thinks, must reckon with the new scientific spirit sympathetically, and must regard science as her natural ally. The

novel, for instance, will still continue to relate a story, but it will also convey philosophical, psychological, or social ideas, and we should be worse than foolish not to go to meet the branch of knowledge which reconciles aesthetics, metaphysics, and ethics. In another essay in the same book he has some observations on the conditions of modern criticism that are much to the point. The ethics of modern journalism have caused criticism to fall to a trade advertisement. It still retains some dignity in the better-class magazines; but they appeal only to a limited public, and volumes of criticism only sell when they confirm reputations already consecrated by advertisement. Such a state of things is not altogether the fault of cheap journalism; the writers themselves are somewhat to blame, for they often confuse fame and popularity. We should aim at destroying the prejudice which regards the critic as inferior to the creator, and at making the public understand what the humanising mission of the highest criticism ought to be when separated from the semi-commercial criticism which satisfies them to-day. The true *rôle* of the critic is 'celui de l'alchimiste grave et patient, penché sur le corps simple du génie pour surprendre l'essence mystérieuse du don, isoler dans le creuset de l'analyse les éléments de la création, dire à l'humanité pourquoi et comment la perception des analogies mentales et naturelles est accordée à certains êtres, réduire le mystère du génie à une nouvelle loi psychologique—et ainsi créer, puisque créer c'est pour l'homme, transformer une chose révelée en vérité universellement perceptible.'

Fernand Baldensperger, the biographer of Gottfried Keller, has produced a book well worth reading and pondering in his 'Goethe en France. Etude de littérature comparée.' After stating very clearly the influence of Goethe's work and personality in France, he shows how Goethe himself owed much to French thought and French art. Near the end occurs a very striking passage. The author declares that interchange of ideas between nations is necessary to their intellectual life, and then proceeds to show what order of ideas is owed to each nation. Italy has been the revealer of beautiful forms, an incomparable workman in objects of art. Spain invariably represented 'Castilian honour,' incarnating monachal obscurantism and picturesque or picaresque poverty. England pushed the worship of 'facts' to extremes, and exalted independence of character to eccentricity. Switzerland in her typical authors signified the contented mediocrity of useful, humble destinies, while Sweden has been identified beyond all reason with the theology of Swedenborg, and Norway with the rough individualist teaching of Ibsen. Denmark and Holland attract by their good humour and geniality, as exemplified in Hans Andersen and Henri Conscience. North America, after presenting the world with the adventurous life of the prairies, now tends to a monopoly of the idea of an intense will-development. Russia sends forth messages of an utopian evangelism that move us to pity, and from the depths of Asia there come sometimes the reflections of a millenary wisdom and a resigned obedience to universal laws. France illustrates the reduction of things of the mind

to their social and human value, the application of ideas to facts; while Germany, with less skill and more sincerity, is eager for the ideal and for liberty in all manifestations of thought, more attentive than her neighbours to the notion of *fieri*, of development.

Among the more important recently published foreign books may be noted:

'Le Romancéro populaire de la France,' par George Doncieux.

'Histoire des Œuvres de Stendhal.' Par Adolphe Paupe.

'Englische Schauspieler und Englisches Schauspiel zur Zeit Shakespeares in Deutschland.' Von Dr. E. Herz.

'Ivan le Terrible. Les origines de la Russie moderne.' Par K. Waliszewski.

'Schiller und die neue Generation, ein Vortrag.' Von Ludwig Fulda.

'Armand de Pontmartin, sa vie et ses Œuvres, 1811-1890.' Par Edmond Biré.

'Hommage à Gaston Paris.' Par Joseph Bédier.

'Geschichte der Schweiz im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert.' Von Wilhelm Oechsli. Vol. I.

'Un Philanthropiste d'autrefois. La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, 1747-1827.' Par Ferdinand Dreyfus.

'Notes et Souvenirs de M. Thiers, 1870-1873.'

'La Conquête de Jérusalem. Roman Moderne.' Myriam Harry.

'La Vie Amoureuse de François Barbazanges.' Marcelle Tinayre.

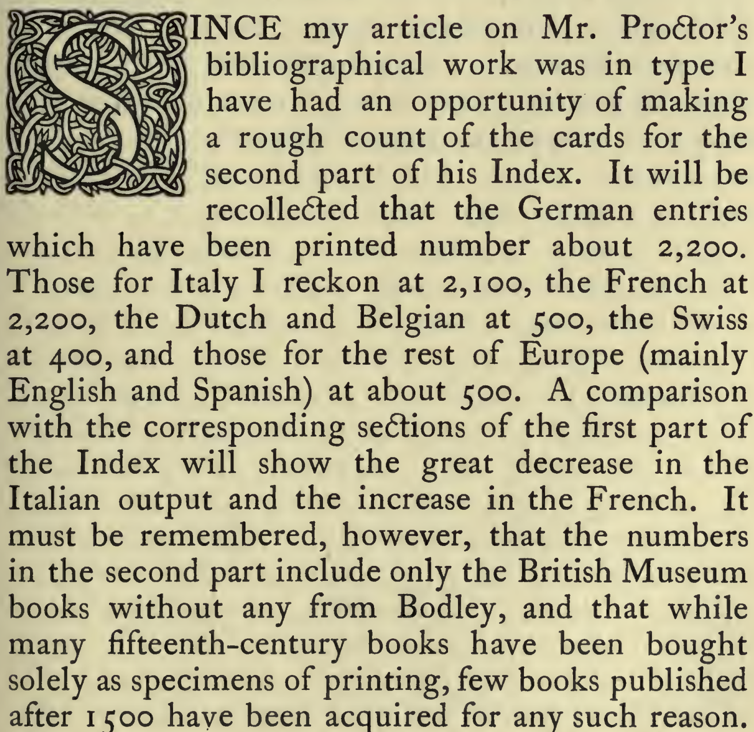
'Le Dédale. Pièce en cinq actes, en prose.' Par Paul Hervieu.

'Der einsame Weg.' Schauspiel. Von Arthur Schnitzler.

'Mutter Landstrasse. Das Ende einer Jugend.' Schauspiel. Von Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn.

ELIZABETH LEE.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.



SINCE my article on Mr. Proctor's bibliographical work was in type I have had an opportunity of making a rough count of the cards for the second part of his Index. It will be recollected that the German entries which have been printed number about 2,200. Those for Italy I reckon at 2,100, the French at 2,200, the Dutch and Belgian at 500, the Swiss at 400, and those for the rest of Europe (mainly English and Spanish) at about 500. A comparison with the corresponding sections of the first part of the Index will show the great decrease in the Italian output and the increase in the French. It must be remembered, however, that the numbers in the second part include only the British Museum books without any from Bodley, and that while many fifteenth-century books have been bought solely as specimens of printing, few books published after 1500 have been acquired for any such reason.

The proportion of books represented in the second part of the Index to the whole number printed is thus probably only about half as great as in the first part.

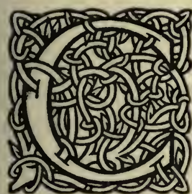
In the little corner of space that remains to be filled there is only room to note the arrangement at the British Museum of a small exhibition of Shakespeariana, comprising a selection of the quartos printed in Shakespeare's life, the four Folios, the chief eighteenth-century editions, the adaptations of his plays by various would-be improvers from Dryden to Cibber, some of the books published during his life containing references to him, and a few of the works he found useful in writing his plays. The exhibition is not pretty to look at, but may have some interest for those who can stop to read the pages displayed.

A. W. P.

Second Series,
No. 19, Vol. V. July, 1904.

THE LIBRARY.

BAD BOOKS.[1]



ONCERNING bad books and their writers, and the proper treatment of them, there is room for inquiry. For the words employed may be used in many senses; no one, for instance, would say that a book could be bad in the same sense as a harvest or a husband; but it might be disputed whether a bad book should give rise to the same sentiments as a bad egg or a bad sixpence. Again, in considering books it is perhaps necessary to make sure what kind of productions should be called books, and what not; and we may have to admit that some productions which are well printed on good paper, and have other attractive qualities, are yet not books in any sense which suits us at the present moment. Of this kind are some booksellers' catalogues, and books of sermons, of which one would hardly say that they were bad or good, but only that they were long or short. Yet since they might be blamed in respect of their length, it is difficult to exclude them altogether: but the application of blame would seem to be different in the two cases, for no one would find

[1] Written in the intervals of a perusal of the Ethics of Aristotle.

fault with a catalogue for being too long, unless it contained the names of books which were not in the bookseller's possession, nor with a sermon for being too short.

Evidently then the distinction of good and bad cannot be applied to everything that at first sight looks like a book; but it must be confined to such as aim at the proper excellence of a book, whatever that may be. Whether the aim of the book is necessarily also the aim of the writer looks like a superfluous question; yet perhaps it is not so; at any rate the excellence of many books of verse has been found to lie in the wrapping of parcels, and yet that was certainly not what the poet intended.

The merit of the writer, again, is not easy to determine. If a man write with a view to instruct, and the reader gain not instruction but amusement; though the amusement be good of its kind, can the writer fairly be praised? For praise would seem to be concerned with intention, and his intention was otherwise; in fact, if he were an honest man he would not wish to be praised for hitting that which he did not aim at, and it is hardly to be imagined that Mr. G. E. Buckle would like to be praised as a wag. But the converse perhaps does not hold good; for those who write to amuse, but actually succeed in instructing, sometimes take both kinds of praise, and no one objects. Probably the reason is that men may be instructive because they are amusing, whereas they are not amusing because of their instructiveness, but rather in spite of it. This however is a difficult question, and perhaps not to be solved without the help of Mr. H. G. Wells. It

will be enough for the present to say that the writer must burn with his book.

Now the burning of books, though not practised at the present day except by the Church of Rome and the Passive Resisters, affords some help to the clearing up of a doubt. Men and women have been burnt by those who disagreed with them, but without indignation, and even with a desire to save them if they would change their minds; as for example Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, is said to have doused the fire several times in which William Sawtree was being consumed. If Sawtree had avowed his error it would have been a splendid triumph both for the clemency of the Prince and for the truth of the Church's teaching; but a book once printed and read, if it is untrue, remains untrue so long as it exists, and thus men have burnt books with more rancour than they have shown in burning each other. The writer may recant, but the book cannot; and though a man may compose a palinode as Stesichorus did, it is probable that only those who differed from him at first will read it.

Surely then those who are indignant with bad books have right on their side, since a book is like a man who will not hold his peace, nor say anything different for the sake of his hearers, but goes on saying the same thing in the same way as long as anyone will pay attention to him. If a man of this habit were merely tedious, after a time no one would pay attention to him any longer; and perhaps it is a waste of time to be angry with a Member of Parliament, or the editor of a political review.

But just as it is said that no man is so degraded and base as to be unable to find a woman to share his baseness and misery, so there was never a book written so ill as to be not merely tedious in itself but unbearable to everyone who met with it; and even if we take the opinion of the best-educated, the same book is not always equally offensive to the same man, although perhaps it ought to be. It is said, for instance, that certain members of the Athenaeum read the 'Sporting Times' at Boodle's, or even at the Albemarle on Sundays.

Tediousness then ought not to save a book from condemnation if it be otherwise bad, for it is impossible to tell beforehand whether its badness will attract more readers than its tediousness will repel. Perhaps it is not altogether true to say as we did above, that a bad book has nothing in common with a bad husband; for a husband is a work of art, and a book may bring much unhappiness into a house. The truth is that we think of books in two ways. When we think of them as the finished product of the writer's art, we appraise them according to the fidelity with which that art has been followed and the ingenuity with which it has been applied to a desired end. We think less of the end than of the means; just as we praise a besotted rustic by Dégas more than Sant's 'Infant Samuel.' But when we think of the writer, and what he was trying to say, and why he wanted to say it, we begin at once to judge his work not merely by the rules of art but by the rules of morality, and to think of the end as well as of the means; so that if a book was plainly written with the object of corrupting the reader we

must not approve it, however skilfully it was composed. There are some excellent people who maintain that a work of art should always be judged without reference to anything but the skill of the artist or the beauty of the result; and if it were possible for an artist not to be a human being this might be done in the case of pictures and statues that were never exhibited, and perhaps in the case of books printed privately. But as the artist is a human being, and in most cases wishes his work to be seen by as many others as possible, and even to sell it when he can find a purchaser, it is hardly possible to judge art without thinking of morals, unless one is an artist oneself; and this was found to be the case even in Crotchet Castle.

However this may be—and it is admitted that there are many difficulties about pictures, since the painter is thinking about one thing, but the man, who looks at the picture, about another, or several others—we shall assert that books must be judged both as works of art and as the expression of thoughts by which the reader may be moved.

We shall now be better able to decide what is the peculiar excellence of a book, the attaining of which will entitle it to be called good, and the failing to attain it bad; and we shall be able to see with what kind of books it is reasonable to be angry, even to the point of wishing to have their authors severely punished.

Yet it is uncertain whether 'good' in this connection should mean good for everybody, or only for grown-up people, and perhaps only for the educated among these; for Rabelais is called good,

but not for the kitchenmaid, nor generally for the rural dean. And a mathematical treatise may be good or bad, but the distinction is, as Plato says, 'not for every pig to discover'; besides, it would be of no use to be angry with a mathematician, and the object of our inquiry is to find out with whom to be angry or pleased in accordance with what they have written.

We have assumed that the desire of an author is to be read by as many as possible of those able to understand what he writes; for no one wishes to be read by those who cannot understand him, though it is not necessary to pass an examination in 'Sordello' before buying Browning. A book must be judged as we should judge an orator, by the effect upon his audience, and not only by the effect produced, but by that effect in comparison with what he intended; and the better his intention the more should he be praised for getting near it. We look both to his intention and to his method, and neither praise him if he inflame the passions of his audience artistically, nor blame him altogether if his oratory be virtuous but uninspiring. There is however this difference between a book and a speech, that a book can be read at one's own pace, and the good in it gradually disentangled, while one foolish remark in a sermon will obscure for ever all the sense that the preacher may have uttered besides.

It may be said generally that there are two kinds of bad books, those which are ill adapted to a good end, and those which are well adapted to a bad end; to which a third kind may be added, those in which both the end and the means are bad. It is some-

times denied that any book, the end of which is good, ought to be condemned, since there is always the chance that it may suit some capacities; as a French writer has said that those who read La Croix would not read the 'Lettres Provinciales,' and in England Farrar's 'Life of Christ' is said to do some people more good than the Bible. But stupid books written with a good purpose may be injurious in more ways than one; if an intelligent person be compelled to read them he will end by hooting at the good purpose, and if a stupid person read them they will only increase his stupidity. It is better to starve than to eat some things; and it is certainly better not to read than to read 'The Wallypug of Why.' But the question who ought to read, if it could be answered, would make this clearer; for the What can hardly be determined without the Who, nor this again without the Why, and the popular belief that everyone ought to read is plainly wrong, but not easy to argue down.

Books of the kind just mentioned defeat their own purpose, like the man who aimed at the pigeon and hit the crow; and those who write them ought to be given something else to do, so that we might be instructed by those only who know how to instruct, and amused only by those who know how to amuse. But books of the second kind, in which the aim is bad but the means skilfully employed, deserve more condemnation than is usually expressed. A book, skilfully constructed to maintain a lie or to make evil attractive, is perhaps the worst thing that a man can produce; and even where he did not know that this was the tendency of his book

he ought to be blamed severely, as was the Ethiopian who shot his godfather: for the shot was undoubtedly a good one, but he ought to have known that it was his godfather, and not the cat. In these cases we must not only ask the writer whether he knew what he was doing, but also whether he ought to have known; and if a physiologist writes about the facts of life in a way that can easily be turned to the corruption of the young, he should be put on the same shelf with Ovid's 'Ars Amoris,' not for telling the facts, but for telling them in that way. Many very bad books are written out of mere vanity, not so much with a bad object as with no object at all, unless the wish to attract attention counts. The writers of these are like men who stand at street corners and shout obscene language at the sun, or talk filthily in railway carriages and other public places; but these belong mostly to the third class, except when it happens that a man of genius is a blackguard and likes to talk about it. In a well-educated society these books could not exist, because nobody would find them amusing; for perfect education aims at teaching everybody to be amused and to amuse in the right way, and that which is downright abominable cannot be really amusing. Yet it is a waste of time to talk of what would happen in a well-educated society; our own society is at least as well educated as any other; but it is not equally educated all the way through, nor is it free from the abnormal and degenerate elements to which this kind of bad book appeals. Hence, despite occasional raids by the police, such books are produced, and it is sometimes seriously con-

tended that it is the business of librarians to help to preserve them as documentary evidence of moral conditions. All printed or written matter, it is argued, may be of use for scientific inquiry, and if we once begin to pick and choose, on the ground that what is merely bad should not be kept, we shall be like doctors refusing the aid of pathology, or sanitary inspectors shrinking from a bad smell. But at least the ordinary citizen is allowed to run away from the sight of a gangrene or the smell of a dead rat, and it does not seem reasonable that the same librarians who enjoy the guardianship of what is noblest and most enchanting in literature should have to be poisoned by the examination of what neither they nor any sane man once in a hundred years would want to touch.

Whatever librarians may have to endure, it is certain that no one desires the existence of books of the third class, except those who have not in them the beginnings of a moral sense; they express thoughts or describe conduct by which human nature is made disgraceful, and they have no attraction except for those who wish to become worse themselves, or are curious to see the extremity of the loathsomeness of others. To permit them as human documents is as rational as to permit the vilest of crimes lest the anthropologist should not discover how bad a man can be. Yet the item "Curious" is meat and drink to the second-hand bookseller, and the catalogues of Montmartre do not even spare the country parsonage.

The bad book which is not a work of art will find but few open defenders; but the book of a

depraved genius, though it is in fact the more mischievous, is less universally condemned. For it possesses an excellence, like the burglar's tools; and the artist can forgive anything to a master of the craft. Yet it happens seldom that an artist does his best work when his aim is low: 'La Pucelle' is sorry stuff for anyone to have written, and 'The Dunciad' is as far below 'The Rape of the Lock' as scurrility is below wit. Literature is an art; and the choice of subject is an element in all artistic excellence. Many pictures are bad, in spite of the skill with which they are executed, because the subjects chosen are not the right subjects for men to look at, as may be observed in a certain gallery in Brussels. Thus many books are bad, however skilfully written, because their subjects are such as no man should entertain in his mind—unless it be maintained that no such subject can exist. Perhaps the difficulty about choice of subject can only be solved when we have determined whether all literature has one definable end, which the choice of some subjects makes unattainable.

Books of science have a definable end, for each aims at increasing or making clearer the knowledge of whatever truths it deals with. Moral treatises have a definable end, for they aim at making ethical truths clearer and more effective. Both scientific and moral treatises may be literature, though it is improbable that they will be, because they are intended for men only when in a scientific or a moral mood, and literature is concerned with men as human beings and nothing else in particular. Scientific books are literature when they please those

who do not care for science, as well as those who do, and moral treatises are literature if they please even the immoral, or still better, the man who does not care twopence.

The name of literature would seem, then, to belong to all that a man writes with the greatest respect both for his subject and for his readers simply as human beings. This is where literature differs from journalism; for the journalist has a great respect for his readers, but none at all, or very little, for his subject, which he regards only as material for a scoop. Many journalists have not much respect for their readers either; for it is impossible to respect a man who pays you for insulting his intelligence, or even for stealing information that will enable him to make a fortune.

If then the best literature is that in which the subject and the reader are treated with the most respect, the most general aim of literature may be said to be to please mankind. That which pleases only the scientific expert is not literature, however useful it may be, and that which pleases only a small party because of their opinions is not literature, however much they may like it. The existence of Anti-Vivisection literature has never been disproved; but it is improbable that there should be any.

This aim—to please mankind—is a very high aim. If the highest aim is to make men better, at any rate the next to that is to keep them so; and good literature is a perpetual feast for those who know how to live. Of a good book it may be said, as of Rosemary—*Cerebrum adjuvat, fulcit memoriam,*

capiti admodum salutaris est—and, what is still more important—*Aliud habet, quod cor afficit.*

This is the work of the good book. Of the indifferent, the Tomlinsons, they are in limbo almost as soon as born, nobody need be much concerned about them; they have neither blessed nor cursed anyone worth the cursing. The good book pleases those who know how to live; but not, or not so much, those who have not that knowledge; and the bad book displeases those who know how to live, but pleases, or is less unpleasant to, the others.

Thus all books written without a sense of proportion are bad; which is one reason why so few Roman Catholics can write novels, since the particular form of religion professed by their characters interests them more than it ought to. For the same reason 'Sir Richard Calmady' is bad, as well as nasty; a physical deformity is allowed, in an age of reason and science, to become as important as it could have been to a race possessing neither science nor sense. For this reason also 'Jude the Obscure' is bad, together with all books written on the assumption that because there is mud in man, therefore the only way to understand human nature is to spend threefourths of one's attention upon what is dirty. So Rabelais himself would be bad if he wrote to-day as he wrote then; and so Balzac, when he imitated Rabelais, was bad, feeding the nineteenth century on the garbage of the fifteenth in order, perhaps, to show how well he could cook. So, on the other hand, 'La Maison Tellier' is one of the best stories ever written, almost equally good for laughter and for tears.

This want of proportion is very destructive to humourists. If laughter is excited by a sudden dislocation of the true proportion of things, only those who are perfectly acquainted with true proportions should attempt to provoke us to it; they may do it without that acquaintance, but such men's humour is like the singing of one who has not learnt to produce his voice; it gives little pleasure either to hear or to remember, and its best quality is that it does not last. The unexpected, which sometimes gives pleasure and sometimes pain, depends for humour as well as for pathos upon the contrast between what is and what might be; and thus to be a humourist needs both knowledge and imagination of a high order. Any man can present a rustic grinning through a horse-collar; it takes George Meredith to make 'Ah could eat hog a solid hower' a never-failing source of enjoyment. It has been doubted whether the intention to be humorous is consistent with a sense of humour; and it is certain that nearly all books written with that intention only are bad Shakespeare's comedies contain as much serious truth as his tragedies, and if he had not been able to write the one kind, the other would have been equally out of his power; a man who understands life may write of it tragically when it saddens him, comically when it amuses him; but even tragedy is condemned if there is no comic interruption, and comedy with no underlying seriousness is a poor thing. The man who grubs about in life for ludicrous incidents is scarcely better than the nasty realist, and generally ends in finding the same materials. The art of Mr. Jerome K.

Jerome finds its fulfilment in the smoking-room anecdote.

Earnest men and women have made lists of the Hundred Best Books. A list of the Hundred Worst Books would be at least as useful, and could almost be completed from the same catalogues.

R. F. Cholmeley.

SOME TWENTIETH-CENTURY ITALIAN CHAPBOOKS.

THE travelling chapmen who disposed of story-books and song garlands, and the street ballad-sellers have vanished from the towns and villages of England, and the literature of which they disposed is obsolescent if not obsolete. In Italy 'the wares of Autolycus' are still in demand. I possess some hundreds of broadsides and booklets, all issued in the opening years of the present century from the printing office of Adriano Salani in Florence. He is a publisher of cheap literature generally and from him can be obtained a fourteenpenny 'Decamerone,' a sixpenny 'Mandragola,' a threepenny 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' a twopenny 'Novelle' of Casti, and a three-halfpenny translation of Hamlet. Whether it is an unmixed advantage for some of the works in Salani's catalogue to be scattered broadcast is an ethical question which need not detain us here. Chapbook literature is often crude and sometimes coarse, but it is mostly free from the licentiousness that so often marks the writings of the Renascence.

The religious element is strong in this popular literature. There are excerpts of biblical history from Adam and Eve in Paradise to the Last Judgement. The Passion of Christ is told in various ways. There are prayers and narratives of miracles

wrought by the Virgin and various saints. Loreto and La Salette find their chroniclers. A prayer addressed to the Virgin of Pompei as the protectress from typhus and throat disease bears a note stating that an indulgence of thirty days was allowed by Leo XIII. to those who had this paper in their house. On the other side of the leaf is an account of Clementina Buti—'la stessa che dispensa questa orazione'—who, having been miraculously cured by seeing the image of 'La Gran Madre del Rosario dei Pompei,' devoted herself to perpetual pilgrimage. Another broadside tells how a youth was saved from assassins by the Virgin of Boccadirio. Yet another shows the 'exact measure of the foot of the Blessed Mother of God, taken from her veritable shoe which is preserved with great devotion in a Spanish monastery.' There are accounts of Purgatory and of Hell, the Ten Commandments in *ottava rima*, hymns to the Sacred Heart, to the Trinity, to the Virgin, and to St. Francis.

The apocryphal and legendary elements in the early history of Christianity are not overlooked. Thus there is the dialogue of the Virgin with the gipsy woman encountered during the flight to Egypt. Still more curious are the letters purporting to have been written by Christ. One of these was sent by its angel custodian to a girl nine miles distant from 'San Marcello in Francia,' printed in letters of gold and found at the foot of a crucifix where a girl who had been dumb for seven years began to speak. Those who have a copy of this letter will escape some of the penalties of sin; moreover, they will not die unabsolved, and eight

days before death will have a vision of the Virgin. This is enforced in another version by a story that a certain captain found by the way a severed head, which begged that a confessor might be called. Three days had elapsed since the assassination, but the murdered man could not die unshriven, as a copy of this marvellous document was on his body. The form of this letter varies. One is evidently a very debased version of the 'Heavenly Letter' which has played so large a part in the Sabbath controversy. It is a *tendenz-schrift*, giving the direct authority of Christ to the strict observance of the Sunday as the Sabbath. In all ages of Christianity there have been those who assert that the First Day has no valid claim to supersede the Seventh Day, and the 'Heavenly Letter,' in its original form, was probably a pious fraud in the interests of the Sunday-Sabbath.

The strong religious feeling of the Italian, sometimes degenerating into what our colder northern temperament regards as gross superstition, does not prevent him from being keenly alive to priestly failings. This is an old feature in the literature of Italy, and Boccaccio has his modern disciples in the satirical portraiture of the clergy. Here is an account of a priest who, disguised as an angel, tried to obtain from a poor woman the money she had won by a lucky lottery ticket. The story of a priest who has changed his servant-girl twenty-eight times in the course of a year, and the nun discontented with her condition may also be mentioned. There is an edition of Giusti's poem, 'Le Creatore e il suo Mondo' and some other matters

in a similar vein. There is an anti-Semite flavour about the marvellous occurrence in Siena, where, we are told, a Jew threw his only son into a furnace because the boy wished to become a Christian. The new convert was rescued by the operation of the Virgin. To the same agency is attributed the rescue of a woman unjustly accused of murdering her son, who had in reality committed suicide.

The hagiographical tracts include Barlaam and Giosafat (the curious narrative in which the story of Buddha is transferred to the Lives of the Saints), the prophecies of Brandan, the legend of the Finding of the Cross by St. Helena, the legend of the Seven Sleepers, of Pellegrino, son of the King of Scotland, of St. Christopher, and many others. St. Peter appears in a humorous composition in which he refuses to open the gates of heaven to a Jesuit, an apothecary, and others. Three innkeepers are amongst those who cannot enter in:

> Chi non vive giusto e buon
> Non può entrare in salvazion.

To this practical complexion the popular theology of all countries comes at last. The same simple ethical spirit is to be found in the Wise Counsels of Guidone, and in the similar Advice given by a father, on the point of death, to his son, and in the little collection of proverbs which Salani publishes.

Some of the chapbooks have historical or topographical interest. Thus 'Giuseppe Moroni, detto il Niccheri (illeterato)' sings of the beauties of Florence and of the statues of the Uffizi. There are various patriotic verses, including lives of Gari-

baldi and other references to the red shirts. One ballad narrates the career of Ugo Bassi, Garibaldi's friar, who was shot by the Austrians in 1849. The more recent Italian troubles in Africa have also found their poets. The pathetic prayer of Queen Margherita for her murdered husband Umberto touched many hearts, and, with an account of the assassination, forms one of these popular booklets. Amongst other historical themes discussed by the popular poets are the deeds of Nero, the discoveries of Columbus, the defence of Vienna against the Turks, and the sorrows of Beatrice Cenci.

Many chapbooks are mere narratives of crimes and scandals. Thus we have the narrative of the murder of a priest in a wood, and of his servant on the steps of the altar at Basciano; the murder of a girl by her sweetheart; the story of an unnatural mother who throws her little daughter into an oven fire; an account of a Bella Rosina, killed at Rome from jealousy; the story of a girl who kills in succession three of her children born out of wedlock; a narrative of an old man who tries to seduce his son's wife, and, failing, murders her; the account of an incident at Macerata, where a woman killed her husband and two sons in order to be at ease with her lover; the unhappy end of a courtesan who is slain by the man she loves; the cruelty of a barbarous woman who poisoned twenty-three children; the horrible murder of a father, mother, and sister, and how the murderer burned the bodies; the history of Carlo Bertini, who beat his father to death with a stick; the murder of a girl who was cut into thirty-five pieces; the history of a decent

working-man who fell into bad company, became a thief and murderer, and with his companions was condemned to death; an account of two German soldiers who outraged and killed a little Italian girl; and other sordid tragedies which unhappily might be paralleled from the newspapers of every 'civilized' country. The fashion of recounting these horrors in verse which has disappeared from England is still used in Italy. In some cases the proud poet adds his name, but for the most part these doleful ditties are anonymous. Luigi Pergola's 'Storia di Marziale' is a curious narrative. The 'hero' seduces his sister, whom he afterwards kills together with his father, mother, brother, maid-servant and serving-man. He becomes a bandit, takes possession of a castle, and commits enormities of every kind. He ceases to attend mass and 'lives like a Lutheran,' to use the pious poet's expression. A friar who preaches repentance attracts many of Marziale's followers, and the astute brigand sends his mistress Beatrice to allure the holy man into unchastity. This plot fails, the woman becomes penitent, and Marziale determines to kill the friar. But he is himself converted by the reproofs and exhortations of the priest, and having confessed and received absolution, his heart breaks and he dies. A dove flies down from heaven bearing a golden letter which, when read with becoming solemnity by the friar, contains the gratifying intelligence that God has pardoned Marziale and taken him to heaven.

Many chapbooks are devoted to the biography of brigands. Here are the exploits of the ferocious Antonio Crocco, the terror of the province of

Naples, of David Biscarino, of Luciano Fioravanti (who was shot by a peasant), Marco Sciarra, Antonio Schiavone, the child stealer, and others. We can read of the terrible brigand Cirindello, of Ghino di Tacco, who became a bandit because of a vendetta and received the Pope's pardon by the intercession of a rich abbot; of the brigand of Marengo, his deeds against the French, his love for his wife and daughter, and how, when at last he was treacherously betrayed, he killed himself; of Giacomo Rusponi who was beheaded in Corsica in 1900; of Giovanni Maronne, a bandit whose exploits were performed in the Abruzzi; of Antonio Gasparone, who, with six companions, was liberated after forty-seven years of imprisonment; and of Giuseppe Mastrilli, who, owing to a disappointment in love, committed many misdeeds and was banished, and later condemned to death, but managed to escape and died in his own bed, making a penitent and edifying end of a stormy career. Those who are scandalized by the continuance of brigandage in Italy, and the more or less sympathetic attitude of the mass of the population, may do well to consider how in England we still cherish the memory of 'bold Robin Hood,' and chuckle over the fashion of his despoiling of wealthy prelates and rich but hardhearted lay persons of high degree.

Astrology also has its patrons in Italy—as in England—and one of the little books is devoted to an explanation of good and evil influences of the planets on the birth of men and women. A short paragraph in prose is devoted to each month. He who is born in January is, amongst other things,

in danger of losing his wife, but he will not lose her: 'Perchè le donne non si perdon mai!' Then follow verses in *ottava rima* about each day of the week. To explain judicial astrology in seventeen small pages is a task which only a chapbook author could hope to achieve, and it is only fair to say that he has succeeded as well as the compilers of some folios on the same subject.

A favourite form of the chapbook is the 'Contrasto,' dialogue or debate. These debates take a wide range of subject. Thus the respective claims of Pisa and Leghorn, of Venice and Naples, of Rome and Florence, are discussed; a poor man and a rich man try to find out which has the happier lot; an aristocratic lady and a peasant woman discuss the same theme, as also do a citizen and a countryman. There are dialogues between a poet and a usurer, a prior and a mercer; between Death and a miser; between a lovesick hunchback and the lady whom he admires; between a gambler and a drunkard; between a poor mother and her daughter whom she wants to marry a rich old man. There is another in which a mother explains all the inconveniences of matrimony to a daughter anxious to marry. There is a debate between a bachelor and a married man; between Rosina and Teresina, each claiming to be the prettiest and to have the greatest number of admirers; between an idle husband and his idle wife; between a jealous and a contented husband; and between two married men, one of whom is happy and the other unfortunate.

Love and marriage naturally receive much attention, and the eternal feminine—and also the eternal

masculine—are surveyed from different points of view. Side by side with Romeo and Juliet is the narrative of a thrashing given by five girls to a gay Lorenzuccio who had courted them all at the same time.

There is an account of young Constantino, who is in love with twelve different girls. As a counter-blast to this there is the story of the beautiful maiden who changed her lover thirty-six times in nine months. There are warnings to young men not to marry, and considerations as to the advantages and disadvantages which may come from the choice of a wife. A beautiful Florentine writes an alphabetical poem on the poison of men; one poet records ninety-nine, another one hundred, and a third one hundred and sixty-six defects or sins of womankind.

In one book we have the sad consequences of clandestine love; in another the story of a girl seduced by her betrothed and afterwards killed by him because her relations will not permit their marriage. There is the story of Pierina, who first pledges her love to Bastiano and then to Constantino; the jilted Bastiano kills her, cuts out her heart and serves it up in a dinner to Constantino, then Bastiano kills himself, and Constantino dies of grief:

> Che l'amore è una passione
> Che si lascia dominar;
> Ci conduce, all' occasione,
> Anche al pessimo operar.

In 'Teresina e Paolino' we have recorded the attempt of a mother to compel her daughter to be a nun—not a unique occurrence if we may trust

the evidence of the popular poet. Amongst these books are a guide for lovers, the lamentations of twenty-four damsels who cannot find husbands, and the story of an old man who married ten wives in succession. The marriages of May and December are duly satirised, as are also the vanishing charms of a lady with false hair, teeth, and other artificial aids to beauty. In one poem a jealous wife is cured with a stick, and the popular poet in various lays appears to approve of this method. The eight joys and the eight sorrows of young married people is a pessimistic production, and the same may be said of the faults of husbands as recounted by their wives. Amongst the booklets relating to marriage is the odd 'Storia di Baruccabà,' a Jew who is twice married. His first wife, Luna, dies; his second wife, Diana, runs away from him; he commits suicide, and the rabbi, who had arranged one of his marriages, is thrown into the river:

> Morto il Rabino,
> E morta Luna,
> Diana la fugge.
> Che disfortuna! . . .
> Ma quel che è peggio,
> E morto ancora
> Baruccabà!

The humorous and satirical element is not the strongest, but the sayings of Arlecchino; the lamentations of the tradesmen; the donkey of Pipone; the adventures of Marco; the wise ass who when stolen kicks the thief and goes back to his master's stable; a dialect poem on the Vendemmia de' Contadini; the servant-girls of Florence; and the foolish, the drunken, and the hypocritical wife may be

named. The cats' wedding, the moles' supper, the misfortunes of the dogs, are types of another class of composition. To these humorous pieces may be added the agreeable and pleasing testament of Bariccia of the red nose.

There are scores of song-books—'garlands' as they were called in this country—and the theme of most of them is love, which is treated from every point of view—serious, jocose, and sentimental. For the most part they more than fulfil the promise of the title-page. Thus, when we are only promised some verses about 'L'Amore d'Inverno,' we find the libretto also contains 'Beltà d'Amore,' 'Il Fiore,' 'I Maccheroni di Napoli,' 'Messaggio d'Amore,' 'Non ti so dir perchè . . .', and 'Mi si strugge il Cor.' Love songs of every kind and of all qualities are to be found. A Venetian serenade, with the lady's response; the complaint of a discarded lover; the sorrows of unfortunate lovers, the joys of happy ones; the soldier's letter to his sweetheart; the mariner's wife; Martin's adventures in courting in succession eighteen ladies, lover's treachery; the betrayed maiden, the young fisherman wooed by a water-nymph,—such are the themes of these minstrels. Perhaps the most characteristic are the collections of *stornelli*, those flowers of popular poetry. Here are two:

Fior di scarlatto!
Alle porte di Napoli c' è scritto:
'In Paradiso c' è il vostro ritratto.'

Fiore di felce!
Dove passato voi l'erba ci nasce,
E nel mese di Maggio ci florisce.

As people cannot always be singing there are aids to 'parlour games' (a phrase almost now obsolete), the conjuring-book of Bosco, and collections of riddles. One will perhaps suffice. To the question: 'Per che causa gli Asini ragliano assai nel mese di maggio?' the sufficing answer is, 'Perché non son morti in Aprile.'

Many of the Italian chapbooks of the twentieth century are echoes of the older literature, but the adventures of Pyramus and Thisbe are re-enforced by those of Paul and Virginie, and the Exiles of Siberia. A rhyming version of Dumas' great story bears as its title-page this excellent condensation of the famous romance: 'Il Conte di Montecristo dove s'intende che un marinajo per nome Edemondo, per vendetta di chi l'aveva fatto imprigionare si liberasse prodigiosamente del carcere e divenuto gran milionario si vendicasse di quelli che l'avevano condannato innocente.' The 'Difesa di uno Soldato Prussiano' is a version of the 'Soldier's Prayer-Book' in which a whole body of theological doctrine is based on a pack of cards by a warrior who is about to be punished for having them in church. There are popular versions of this story in at least a dozen languages, of which the most elaborate is the Welsh one of Dewi Fardd. The 'Funestissimo Caso di un' assassino che uccise il proprio figlio incognito' is very popular, and is the theme of a romance published by the same enterprising firm. Armando Dominicis calls his book 'L'Oste assassino del Proprio Figlio,' a historical narrative, and says that it happened in a wood three miles from Rome. The plot is the same as that of Lillo's 'Fatal Curi-

osity,' and has been told as happening in various places and different lands. An English street ballad, 'The Liverpool Tragedy,' is devoted to the same theme.[1] The sufferings of Ugolino are sung by 'Aurelio Angeloni, poeta,' who cannot truthfully be said to have improved upon Dante. The trials and patience of Queen Uliva, the daughter of the Emperor Julian, and the wife of the King of Castille, are sufficiently romantic. Thrice is she enclosed in a chest and committed to the mercy of the waves; but she survives all the troubles arising from a wicked father, a revengeful lover, and a treacherous mother-in-law, and lives happily with her royal husband. This bears some resemblance to the history of Queen Stella, who is falsely accused by Mattabruna, her mother-in-law; but after many sufferings is rescued and restored by her sons. The adventures of Stellante Costantina, the daughter of the Grand Turk, who was taken from her father by Christians and sold to young Bellafronte of Vicenza, of whom she became the wife, furnish a curious variation of the folk-tale of the Thankful Dead. Francesca da Rimini, Pia de' Tolomei, the Roman Daughter, Genoveva, Paris and Vienna are all remembered by our minstrels. Then there is the story of the proud Emperor, a variant of the legend of Robert of Sicily, so well known from Longfellow's beautiful poem. The history of a dispossessed monarch has taken many forms; one is told by the Rabbins of Solomon to explain the verse 'I, the preacher,

[1] This I have discussed in my 'Lancashire Gleanings' (Manchester, 1883, p. 357). See also Köhler's 'Kleinere Schriften,' iii. 185.

was King in Jerusalem.' Another chapbook tells how the Empress Flavia was accused of unfaithfulness, and how after much suffering her innocence was recognized. The tragical story of 'Cavalier Tiranno' shows how he killed two priests, his wife, and his two sons. In the marvellous adventures of the valiant Leonildo, the son of the King of Armenia, we have another echo of mediaeval romance. A courtier substitutes his own for the king's son, whom he throws into the river whence he is rescued by a lioness. He is found in a wood by a shepherd, who brings him up, and after many remarkable incidents he comes to his own again. There is an account of a great serpent which killed twenty-three children in Corsica. Guerrino, called Il Meschino, is another favourite. He was the son of a prince, was taken by corsairs and sold into slavery, and after many valiant deeds against the Turks, rescued his parents from their captivity in the city of Durazzo.

In a bizarre poem which begins

> In nome del Padre, Figliulo
> E spirito Santo
> Donato, il Bernardo cittadino,
> Fece l'istoria del Cavalier Turchino,

the hero in a conversation with Death vainly endeavours to postpone his end, and, whilst acknowledging many sins, is naturally slow to acknowledge that he is "damned." The story of Federico and Margherita is at once gruesome and grotesque. A merchant of Barcelona has a son and daughter. The daughter, when a child, is, with her nurse, taken by

Turkish pirates but ten years later is recaptured by her brother. Ignorant of their relationship they are in love, and after it is discovered that they are brother and sister they kill father, mother and nurse and take refuge in a bandit's cave, where they are assisted by a couple of monkeys. Margherita gives birth to twins, whom she kills and serves up at supper to Federico, but he hears a warning voice. A quarrel follows and Margharita kills Federico and prepares to kill herself, when a new lover appears and, being now effectually off with the old love, she is ready to be on with the new, when the monkeys, who are demons in disguise, bear her off to perdition! The histories of Liombruno, and of Giovanni Boccadoro, are also echoes of old romance. The poem in which the adventures of Leonzio are narrated is worth attention if only for the fact that the sorry hero is an Englishman. He is convinced that there is no life beyond the grave, and gives himself up to the desires of the eyes and the lusts of the flesh. He builds a lordly pleasure-house in which he resolves to give a grand banquet. Passing by a graveyard where he finds a skull, he jestingly invites it to the festival that he may know if there is a heaven and a hell. When the feast is at its height there comes a knocking at the door. It is the black shade of the dead man whom Leonzio had invited, and now vainly strives to bar out of the house. But the hour has come and the lamentations of Leonzio are heard as he is carried away through the air to his doom.

The story of Elisabetta Gagliari, who was "buried alive" for thirty years by her relations, is told in

ottava rima by Raffaelo Poggiali, who declares the incident to have occurred at Udine. The more moderate period of four years of subterranean captivity is given to 'La Sepolta Viva.'

Lastly may be named the 'Storia di Ginevra degli Almieri.' The heroine, married against her will, is supposed to be dead and is rescued from the grave by her lover. Elsewhere[1] I have tried to trace the story of the buried bride who comes to life again. It is found in forms, pathetic or grotesque, in France, Spain, Portugal, Germany and England as well as in Italy. It is to be found also in India and in China. It has furnished a theme for Boccaccio, for Shelley and for Tennyson.

The greater part of this literature is in verse. The structure of the language of Italy makes rhyming so easy that poetry is even more easily divorced from verse in that country than in less favoured climes. Some of our authors have felt this. One of them ends his seventeen stanzas on 'La Salvazione dell' Anima,' thus:

> Se qualche rima mia fosse mancante,
> Siete pregate, benigne persone;
> Sono il Giagnoni e di buon cuor zelante.
> Vi prego aver di me gran compassione.
> Non vidi mai nè calamaio, nè carte . . .
> Mi raccomando con buona intenzione.
> Legger non so, e mi son dichiarato,
> Son Antonio Giagnoni di Iolo di Prato.

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[1] See Tennyson's 'Lover's Tale; its Original and Analogues' ('Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' Second Series, vol. xxiv., p. 61).

Several of the chapbook authors humbly,—or is it ostentatiously?—declare themselves to be as illiterate as Giagnoni. The 'unlettered muse' is still an active force in Italy.

William E. A. Axon.

THE INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY.

HE executive charge of the India Office Library passed at the beginning of the year from Mr. Charles H. Tawney, who retired under the Civil Service age rules, to Mr. Frederick W. Thomas, Mr. T. W. Arnold, of the Government College, Lahore, being appointed to succeed the latter as assistant librarian. The Library has been in existence for more than a century, and Mr. Thomas has had eight predecessors. In 1798, the Court of Directors of the East India Company, moved thereto by their learned 'Historiographer,' Robert Orme, resolved to set apart a portion of the East India House in Leadenhall Street for the accommodation of a library and museum. In a sketch of Orme's life, preceding his posthumously published 'Historical Fragments of Indostan' (1805), we read that he frequently lamented the want of an Oriental collection of manuscripts and printed books in England 'for affording that information on Indian affairs, the expense and labour of obtaining which was oppressive in the extreme when undertaken by private individuals.' He asserted that 'a ship's cargo of original and valuable MSS. might be collected in the settlements between Delhi and Cape Comorin.' Orme pressed these views on John Roberts, his friend and executor, who was on several occasions chairman or deputy-chairman of

the Company, and they at last prevailed. Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Wilkins, the close associate of Sir William Jones, and who played the part of a pioneer in establishing printing-presses both in India and in this country for Oriental script, returned to England in middle life in consequence of a breakdown in health. The Royal Society gave him their medal as 'princeps litteraturae Sanscritae,' an honour intended to witness to the new field of study he had opened up as the first European to devote attention to Indian epigraphy. He was naturally selected to be the first librarian and curator of the suggested collections, and in 1799 he drew up 'A Plan for an Oriental Museum proposed to be established at the India House.' Wilkins put the Library in the forefront of the scheme, and proposed that it should consist of manuscripts and printed books: 'The manuscripts to include works in all the languages of Asia; but particularly in the Persian, Arabic and Sanskrita: and great care should be taken to make the collection very select, as well in correctness as subject. The printed books should consist generally of all such works as in any way relate to Oriental subjects, including all that has been published upon the languages of the East, and every work which has appeared under the patronage of the Company. Maps, charts, and views, with coins, medals, statues and inscriptions, may be included under this head.' The memorandum went on to suggest that the Museum should comprise specimens of natural and artificial productions, and miscellaneous articles, 'chiefly presents, and generally such things as cannot conveniently be classed under

any of the former heads.' Finally, Wilkins remarked 'how exceedingly useful to the cause of science in general' would be the formation of a Society 'similar to that now flourishing in Calcutta' —the Asiatic Society of Bengal—under the patronage of the Honourable Company, and with permission to hold their meetings in the Library. This suggestion was the germ from which some years later was evolved the Royal Asiatic Society, which, however, has not yet had the advantage of resort to a State-supported printing-office, 'furnished with types in the Oriental characters' such as Wilkins asked the Company to establish.

The scheme seems to have been considered in leisurely fashion, for it was not until the end of 1801 that 'a Committee for superintending the Library' held a meeting and resolved 'that all printed books at present dispersed about the House and warehouses, not in use in the several departments, be deposited in the Library, together with any articles of curiosity that can be collected within the House or warehouses.' A few months earlier Orme had passed away, leaving to the proposed Library many maps, printed books, manuscripts and other valuable historical material, and this example was followed in other quarters, members of the Services in India being invited to aid in the creation of the institution. There was, indeed, no systematic attempt to gather up the 'ship's load' of manuscripts declared by Orme to be available, but some valuable contributions were made, including Mr. Colebrooke's priceless collection of some 2,000 volumes of Sanskrit manuscripts, and the Hamilton collec-

tion of Oriental, Portuguese and Dutch papers. It was natural that an Oriental linguist of the stamp of Wilkins should devote his attention principally to the Library, and that, in consequence, the Museum should very slowly acquire a character suitable for its purpose. Within a few years, the curatorship was transferred to Dr. Horsfield, leaving Wilkins free for the work he most loved. The two institutions were worked harmoniously side by side, until the break-up of the East India Company after the Mutiny, when the Museum was temporarily accommodated in Fife House, Whitehall, and the Library found shelter in the offices of the expiring Board of Control in Cannon Row. Upon the opening of the India Office in 1867, the two institutions were again brought into close proximity, the top floor of the office being set apart for their accommodation. Business men soon complained of the inaccessibility of the Museum, then under the energetic curatorship of Dr. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the Products of India, who, recognizing the makeshift character of the arrangements, submitted to the Secretary of State an ambitious scheme of 'Measures Required for the Efficient Working of the India Museum and Library, with Suggestions for the Foundation, in connection with them, of an Indian Institute, for Enquiry, Lecture and Teaching.' This brilliant monograph was published as a Blue-book in 1874, and extends, with appendices, to sixty-four pages. Dr. Watson insisted on the importance of keeping the two institutions together under a single roof, urging that on almost every subject the resources of the Museum required to be

supplemented by those of the Library, while, on the other hand, the Museum collections frequently afforded very useful illustrations of the subjects to which the books in the Library referred. 'By uniting the two collections,' wrote the Reporter, 'we form an institution containing a full representation of every feature of India's present condition or past history, affording complete means of research on every Indian subject, and capable of exercising a much greater influence than the two could exercise if separated from each other.' These views commended themselves to the Secretary of State in Council, and while finding it necessary to lease temporarily the Eastern Exhibition galleries at South Kensington for housing the Museum, the Council formally resolved to erect a great Indian Institute on the vacant ground adjacent to the India Office, belonging to the Secretary of State, 'at an expenditure not exceeding £75,000, with such assistance as can be obtained from the Imperial Government.' But the Imperial Government refused to lend any assistance to the project, and the alternative course of relieving Indian revenues from chargeability for the Museum was ultimately adopted. The collections were taken over by the British Government, and were distributed between South Kensington, the Bethnal Green Museum, the Royal School of Mines, and Kew. The magnificent site abutting on Parliament Street, where the Indian Institute was to have formed a microcosm of the resources, history, antiquities and archaeology of the Eastern Empire, remained vacant for another quarter of a century, and now great Government offices are being slowly reared upon it.

Meanwhile the Library, unlike its twin sister, has had a career of steady, unchecked progress. Sir Charles Wilkins, whose salary was £1,000 a year, retained his appointment until his death in 1836, when he was not far short of ninety. Professor H. H. Wilson, who had been assistant to that great Orientalist, John Leyden, at the Calcutta Mint, and who had in 1819, completed the first Sanskrit-English dictionary, was appointed to succeed Wilkins. Wilson was then filling the Boden chair of Sanskrit at Oxford, and his dictionary, of which a second edition was published in 1832, had become the standard work of reference for all European scholars—a position it retained until the publication of the great German lexicon was completed in 1875. An untiring worker, Wilson spent his vacations from the India House in discharging the duties of his professorship, holding classes late into the night; but there was no lack of zeal and assiduity in the performance of his duties as Librarian. Under his direction the first catalogue of printed books was published. Issued in 1845, it covers 283 octavo pages, exclusive of the index, and a second volume, completing the work, brought out in 1851, comprises 189 pages. These figures may be contrasted with those for the general catalogue now in use, brought out in 1888, and the supplement issued in 1895, which between them cover with the indexes 1,058 pages, or rather more than double the space required for the earlier enumeration. The figures given are exclusive, of course, of the catalogues of Oriental books. Dr. Wilson lived to superintend the removal of the Library from the East India House to Cannon Row, and it was not until 1860

that the institution lost by death its second custodian. But the tenures of the two following Librarians did not last out the decade into which that of the second Librarian had extended. Wilson's successor, Dr. James R. Ballantyne, had for some years been in charge of the Government Sanskrit College at Benares, and had brought out a comprehensive series of works with the design of rendering the valuable elements in Hindu thought more acceptable to European students than they had so far been and *vice versa*. In 1864, within three years of taking over the duties of Librarian, he passed away, and was followed by Dr. Fitzedward Hall, another eminent Sanskritist. Prone to come into conflict with those about him, Hall resigned the coveted position after holding it only five years. He will be chiefly remembered for his laborious and gratuitous co-operation with Dr. Murray in the preparation of the Oxford-English Dictionary, to which work for many years he devoted four hours daily. Indeed, when he died in the early part of 1901, the 'Times' obituary did not so much as mention his brief official connection with the India Office or his contributions to Oriental learning. Much more widely known was his successor in the Librarianship, the erudite Dr. Reinhold Rost, who was then Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society. In the sketch of his career in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' Mr. A. N. Wollaston states that he found the Library 'a scattered mass of priceless, but unexamined and unarranged MSS., and left it to a large extent an organized and catalogued collection, second only to that of the British Museum.' The same authority

puts Rost second only to Sir William Jones as a universal linguist. There was scarcely a language spoken in the Eastern hemisphere with which Rost was not at least to some extent familiar. His mastery of Sanskrit was complete, and the breadth of his Oriental learning led scholars throughout the world to consult him repeatedly on points of difficulty and doubt. Great progress was made in cataloguing and arranging the manuscript collections during the twenty-four years of Rost's librarianship; and many matters which had formerly been left to chance were brought within the purview of definite rules and principles. Dr. Rost was retired under Civil Service rules in 1893, and died three years later. His successor, Mr. Charles H. Tawney, had had an eminent career in the Bengal Educational Service, and had also done creditable work as a Sanskritist. His decade of custodianship was chiefly noticeable for the progress made in printing the various catalogues of manuscript and collections of printed books.

What those collections comprise may be briefly indicated. The general, Bühler, Burnell, Mackenzie and Tagore collections of Sanskrit and allied Indian vernacular writings, comprise some 5,300 volumes. Of Arabic documents there are over a thousand volumes in a general collection, and nearly 3,000 taken from the Mogul archives upon the fall of Delhi, when some 2,600 Persian manuscripts were also taken. These literary treasures were roughly enumerated in Calcutta before being sent to this country, but a comprehensive *catalogue raisonné* is now in course of preparation by Syed Ali Bilgrami,

Reader in Marathi at Cambridge University. There are some 3,000 Persian manuscripts in a general collection. The Library also comprises Pali, Burmese, Sinhalese, Malay and Javanese paper and palm-leaf writings, and 336 volumes of Tibetan and 921 volumes of Chinese block-prints, besides many miscellaneous documents collected by Hodson and Wilson, and some 880 volumes of English and European manuscripts of historical value, severally collected by Orme, Mackenzie, Elliott, Buchanan-Hamilton, Wilks and others. In all, the Library contains some 12,000 manuscripts. The last number reached in Dr. Eggeling's Sanskrit catalogue is 4,201, while Ethé's Persian catalogue goes up to over 3,000. The other department of the Library—that of printed books—has two divisions, the 'Red' or Oriental side, comprising some 14,000 volumes in Eastern languages, or translations therefrom; and the 'Blue,' or European side, which contains no less than 42,000 volumes ranged in blocks corresponding approximately to the subject-divisions of the catalogues. To this rule there are necessary exceptions, as for instance in the case of magazine articles, pamphlets, etc., bound together as 'Tracts'; and of periodicals and 'pictorials.' From time to time useless books and duplicates have been disposed of, and it is expected that if these precedents are followed no question of inadequacy of space will arise for another twenty years, despite the constant additions made to the Library. In connection with the numbers given, it should be remembered that the very voluminous official literature of India, comprising the innumerable 'administrative reports' pouring

from the Government presses in a constant stream, is not included in the totals, excepting in the case of reports more generally consulted, which are, until replaced by later publications of the same series, located among the books of reference in the Library Reading-Room. The bulk of the reports are received and housed by the Record Department, whose occupied shelves if placed in single line would extend to a distance of five miles. Yet so admirable are the methods of classification and indexing that any file, paper or book required can be obtained in five or ten minutes. In the Library every facility is given to literary workers to refer to or take away on loan any books or manuscripts they may need. Of course the rules respecting the borrowing of manuscripts lay down stringent conditions to insure the safe return of these treasures. What Dr. Rost reported in 1877 still applies—the facilities afforded for the loan of manuscripts are never abused. On the contrary, there is in most cases a fair return —provided for in the rules—'in the shape of valuable publications on the literature and archaeology of India, many of which would not have seen the light but for the aid derived from our manuscripts.' Mr. Thomas, the new Librarian, is an enthusiastic Orientalist, and under his painstaking administration this great literary depository may be expected fully to maintain the reputation it has gained amongst scholars for general efficiency and relative importance as one of the very best and most highly organized collections of Oriental literature the world contains.

F. H. Brown.

LETTERS OF HENRY BRADSHAW TO OFFICIALS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

N allusion, in the first of my two articles on Robert Proctor to these letters, addressed by Henry Bradshaw to Winter Jones and other officials at the British Museum, reminded Dr. Garnett of their existence, and caused him to recommend that they should be printed in 'The Library.' I have tried to repay the pleasure I have found in reading them again by adding some notes and references, and a few others have been contributed by Mr. Jenkinson. For permission to print the letters 'The Library' is indebted to Mr. Bradshaw's relations, and to Mr. G. W. Prothero, who kindly put me into communication with them.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

Cambridge, 23rd November, 1859.

DEAR MR. JONES,

The Antiquaries refer me to you as knowing more about early English broadsides than any other man.

In my searches in the Public Library I have just

found a broadside,[1] 'Lamentation on the death of Henry 8,' in 15 or 16 7-line stanzas—'Imprinted at London in Paternoster Row by Ihone Turcke—Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.' No date, but of course about February 1546-47. It is as fresh as new, having served as a fly-leaf to Abp. Cranmer's copy of Cranz's *Metropolis* (Basil, 1548 fol.) which came into our library about 1590, and has rarely, I dare say, been seen since. Also an Oxford broadside[2] of *Prenostica* for the year 1518—'in celeberima [*sic*] Oxoniensi academia impressa,' in the type used by John Scholar in the books he printed at Oxford in that year.

Don't trouble yourself to write, as I dare say I shall be in town in a few weeks; but if you could have search made as to what you have of the kind, I should be much obliged.

In the little volume of Catechisms (1018. h. 10 I think) which I had brought down to your room the other day—the first is a copy—wanting the 1st and last leaves—of O'Daly's Catechism printed at Louvain in 1663, and not O'Hussey's as it stands entered in your Catalogues.[3] I think Prince Lucien Bonaparte has the Bp. of Cashel's perfect copy.

In your copy of French's Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall—1674, 8vo, the half sheet of approbations is wanting. It is signed †, and immediately follows *The Author to the Reader*. My copy has it—and they

[1] [See Sayle, No. 1018. 'Probably printed by R. Bankes' for Turcke.]

[2] [See Sayle, No. 5221.]

[3] This is still ascribed to O'Hussey in the British Museum Catalogue, if it be 1018. h. 10.

are of considerable importance—but I want a quarter sheet in the middle of the volume. I am writing now of the Grenville copy[1]—I don't know whether you have another. These defects in the Grenville copies are particularly unfortunate—as booksellers only care to have what the Grenville copies have—and they are made the Standard copies in the country—for collation.

Do you know anything of an edition of Stanbridge's Accidence,[2] 'printed at Canterbury by John Mychel'? in four sheets (A—D) in quarto? I found the outer half of sheet C, and the same of sheet D a few days ago—in the binding. The latter piece gives the imprint and the great cut underneath it very well. We have a perfect copy of John Skot's ed^{n} also—but even this last is not mentioned anywhere as far as I see—except by Tanner, who of course refers to our copy, then in the library of his uncle Bp. Moore. But I shall waste too much of your time if I raise your curiosity any further—and I shall only hope to see you sometime before the close of the year—and for the present—with many thanks for your kindness—remain

Yours most faithfully
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 21st December, 1859.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I find that £7 was the sum which we gave last January for the Zurich preliminary matter

[1] G. 5505: the only one in the British Museum.

[2] [Sayle 5877. This is not mentioned in Mr. Allnutt's list of Mychel's books, 'Bibliographica,' vol. ii., p. 43.]

of the quarto Bible of 1550,[1] while £4 10*s.* was given for some other fac-similes bought at the same time—I remember Mr. Fry saying that he had previously asked a higher price for it.

On Saturday last—the day after I was with you —I had the good fortune to discover in the contemporary English binding of a book printed by Day and Seres in 1550 (observe the date) two leaves,[2] the twelfth and thirteenth, of this very Zurich-printed Table of Contents which has been facsimiled! So it seems clear that the English publishers when the book came to England, cancelled the old preface and threw it into the waste paper basket for the binders to use. It was the natural inference to draw from what facts we knew, but I little expected to prove it so satisfactorily and so soon.

It struck me also about the French Testament of 1553, that in a 'Apology for the French Protestants in Ireland' Dubl. 1712, 4° I have seen an Abstract of Letters Patents granted by Edw. 6 to French Refugees in London. If so—and I have no doubt it is so—this volume would be one of the *very* few literary relics of French Protestantism in England of that date, and is therefore a thing for you to be on the look out for.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

[1] 'Prynted for Andrew Hester.' A set of these facsimile leaves is bound up with the British Museum copy, C. 24. 6. 20. Cp. note in British Museum Catalogue, and Sayle, p. 1411.

[2] So Mr. Sayle (p. 154, 1142) notes that Day printed in 1550 for Gwalter Lynne four preliminary leaves for an edition of 'The True Beliefe in Christ' of which the text was printed by Froschouer at Zurich.

King's College, Cambridge,
23rd January, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES

Can you give me any information about a quantity of reprints (made quite lately) which are advertised in Notes and Queries as to be sold at Sotheby's [1] on the 2nd of February?

I suppose they have already offered copies to you privately—and I have no notion what they are likely to bring, in case we are able to bid.

My examination of the Arundell copy of Parker's book *De Antiquitate Britannicae Ecclesiae* was very satisfactory, and I now believe I shall be able to make a proper collation of the book—I wanted to see the copy wh belonged to Queen Elizabeth,[2] but was not able to get to town, and I must leave it till I can run up from here.

You have the first three sheets of Coverdale's

[1] This was a sale of copies of twenty-eight 'Reprints and Facsimiles illustrative of Early English and Shakespearian Literature,' the impressions of which are mostly limited to twenty-six or thirty copies. A 'Notice' prefixed to the catalogue says: 'The present sale being somewhat of a peculiar character, it may be well to state that the *entire impressions* of the various pieces are now sold, with the exception of a single copy of each sent to the British Museum under the requirements of the Copyright Act, and another single copy of some of them reserved for the editor's use. They will be sold without any reserve, the present sale being merely an experiment to ascertain if such bibliographical curiosities can thus be made to meet their expenses without the trouble attendant on subscriptions.' The total realized was £415 6*s*. 6*d*., the prices per copy of different works varying from 4*s*. to 28*s*. The British Museum accepted its copies as donations, but the University Libraries were surely entitled to claim under the Copyright Act as soon as the sale was announced.

[2] Exhibited in the King's Library at the British Museum.

Catechism of 1550[1]—or rather I should say on closer inspection—the first quire containing the title and following seven leaves. If you think it could be safely sent through the Post, between two bits of mill-board, I would ask you to send it to me so: otherwise it may wait with you.

Yours very truly
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 1st February, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I will leave the Coverdale until I see you, which I hope will be at the beginning of the week.

The Catalogue of Halliwell's reprints, I received after I wrote to you, and from it I understood that copies had been deposited with you *in obedience to the Copyright Act*. If so I suppose we could claim them; if presented to the Museum as privately printed books, of course we could not claim them. It was at least a needless assertion on Halliwell's part, unless he meant them to be claimed by the other libraries.

I had made Gaselee's[2] acquaintance a week or two before I received your note. I took a great fancy to him when he first came up, but I had no opportunity of meeting him till quite lately. You will readily believe that I shall not take a *less* interest in

[1] Mr. Jenkinson refers me for this to Sayle, No. 6286, 'A shorte Catechism' assigned to E. Allen, printed in 1550, Mr. Sayle thinks, at Zurich. Bradshaw's identification of this with the Catechism which Bale is said to attribute to Coverdale was apparently erroneous.

[2] Rev. H. Gaselee of King's—a wrangler in 1864.

him from knowing that he is acquainted with you. I am off to Eton for two days to-morrow—and want to be back here by Monday night or Tuesday at latest. So I shall hope to see you one of these days. Meantime I am

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

King's, 21st March, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I must write one line to say how glad I am for your sake that Abbott[1] is Senior Classic, though he has cut out one of my own most intimate friends. Still it is no dishonour to be beaten by such a man. The first three were almost exactly equal, but they very wisely determined to avoid bracketing any two men together if they could possibly help it.

I wish you would oblige me by comparing the measurement on the opposite side with the page of the St. Albans '*Exempla Sacre Scripture*' which is in the show-case opposite the door of your room. I am convinced my fragments are English type, or something uncommonly like, and I cannot help thinking they are St. Alban's. When I am able to get away, I will bring them up to show you.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

[1] E. A. Abbott of St. John's, afterwards Headmaster of the City of London School. He was connected by marriage with Serjeant Parry, formerly of the British Museum, a great friend of Mr. Jones. The Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan of Trinity was second classic, and Mr. F. Warre Cornish (Vice-Provost of Eton) of King's, third.

King's, 25th March, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Thank you very much for your ready reply. I am very much pleased with the coincidence of the lines—and I will send you a tracing as soon as I can. The number of lines meant nothing, as the book I want to identify is a folio, in double columns, with 44 lines on a page.

This gives me *four* sizes of type used at St. Alban's. (1) Very small—in the 'Dacti Elegantiolae' without date, but without printed signatures, and probably the earliest book known as printed there. 4to. Unique, in our Public Library.[1]

(2) Next size. 'Exempla Sacre Scripture' in the British Museum.[2] (Is this 1481?)

Also, my fragment — apparently somebody's 'Formalitates' or 'De ente et essentia' or some such work.[3]

Also apparently, Albertus de modis significandi. 1480. 4°. Unique (as far as I know) in the Imperial Library at Paris. Mentioned by Ames.[4]

(3) Ordinary type of the Book of Hawking, &c. 1486 folio.[5]

(4) Black type used in the Book of Hawking

[1] Sayle 82. In his 'Early English Printing' Mr. Duff notes that 'this type was not used again, except for the signatures of some of the later books.

[2] Proctor 9826. In Mr. Duff's Type 3.

[3] See Sayle 85, 'Joannes Canonicus: Questiones super Physica Aristotelis.'

[4] Pellechet 269, where the reference to Duff should be to Plate XXXIII., not XIII.

[5] Mr. Duff, Type 2.

&c.[1] 1486. folio. Can you ascertain to which of these sizes the Laurentius de Saona[2] belongs? You have a copy (1480, 4°) in the King's Library. And also in which type the Chronicle[3] is (1483 or thereabouts in folio)?

We have specimens now of almost every English fifteenth century type. If you come across any fragments of Pynson's Canterbury Tales—the first edition—I should be very glad to secure them. We have a very fine copy, wanting only two or three leaves, in our own College Library—but that is not the same thing as having it in the Public Library.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 25th October, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

As you are the head-quarters of bibliographical knowledge—I write one line to let you know of the existence of a perfectly clean uncut (12 in. by 8¾) copy of the *Margarita eloquentie castigate*[4] of Fr. Laurentius de Saona printed by Caxton in the types used in the Dictes, Boethius, Mirror, and Cordial—I have no doubt in the latter part of the

[1] Mr. Duff's Type 4. He notes: 'This Type 4 seems to be identical with Caxton's Type 3.'

[2] Proctor 9824. Types 1 and 2.

[3] Proctor 9827. Type 2.

[4] For an account of Bradshaw's discovery of this Caxton in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, see Blades's 'William Caxton' (1882), p. 220.

year 1478—the spacing very uneven, and no printed signatures—It is a folio of 250 pages—and is no doubt the original from which your St. Alban's ed^{n} of 1480 was printed.

It is the more choice, because it is one of the very few Latin books which we have, printed by Caxton. I have no time to add more, but shall be most happy to show it you when you come.

It eclipses my three new St. Alban's and three new Oxford[1] books, which I used to think so much of.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 18th November, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Would you let me have a line to say whether the enclosed collation[2] corresponds at all with your copy of the Horae in Case 35?

I believe C.35.e. is how it is marked in the Catalogue. It is within borders—and has 22 lines on a page—The type[3] is that used by De Worde in the Scala Perfeccionis of 1494, and by Caxton or De Worde *for stray words* in the Festival ed. 2, Chastising of God's children, The Treatise of Love &c. and for the head-lines of the Golden Legend of 1493.

I want specially to know what the preliminary

[1] The three Oxford books identified by Bradshaw, are apparently the 'Anwykyll,' 'Swynesthede,' and 'Hampole,' the three of St. Alban's must be the 'Datus,' Antonius Andreae and another.

[2] The collation has not been preserved. The 'Horae' must be Proctor 9695.

[3] Blades's Type 7, now cited as Type 8.

quire contains—that is how many leaves—as I believe your copy is perfect so far.

I hope a day or two at home set you up after the racketing about of your visit here.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Mr. Blades has been down, and is well satisfied with the Caxton[1] at Corpus Christi College.

King's College, Cambridge,
29th January, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES

I wish you would kindly let one of your assistants let me know whether the Museum contains any[2] copies of the earliest editions of the Speculum (Naturale, Doctrinale, Morale, and Historiale) of Vincentius Beluacensis—I mean, of the editions printed and thought to be printed by Mentelin in 1473 and later by a few years—all without printed signatures. We have two volumes of one set and three of another, but all shockingly imperfect. They are minutely described by Van Praet in vol. 4 of the *Bibliothèque du Roi.* I do not see them in your 8° catalogue, nor the King's nor the Grenville—but you very likely bought Dr Kloss' copies. I do not like taking up your time or your assistants', but, as there

[1] The 'Margarita eloquentie castigate' of the previous letter.

[2] For Mentelin's editions see Proctor 212 and 214; for those of the R. Printer 252 and 255.

[3] The British Museum set—a hybrid, partly Mentelin's, partly the R. printer's—was acquired in 1845.

is no proper collation on record, a line from the Museum may just enable me to make one.

Ever yours
HENRY BRADSHAW.

I had hoped to come up this week, but Mr. Hobson has just lost his father—and I am acting deputy for him.

King's College, Cambridge,
18th February, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I will institute a search at Trinity tomorrow, for any old College prayer books wh there may possibly be containing the form in Mr. Lathbury's book, and let you know as soon as possible. I am very much obliged for your notice of the *Speculum* copies in the Museum. I have been over to Oxford to collate theirs,[1] and send you the results in my own form. It looks rather appalling at first, but it is so much the most convenient way of collating books —as you can see directly *where* the defect is in your copy, whereas when only the number of leaves is given, there is no clue. Ebert and Brunet blindly follow Van Praet's collation, misprints and all, 318 for 368 &c. Further, in the case of anonymous printers, the method of *quiring* often gives a clue. Just notice how extremely regular Mentelin's edn is, and how very irregular the dateless edition is.

I must come and collate yours next week. I take the broadside sheet as it comes from the mill, as my

[1] Proctor 253 and 254. The collation has not been preserved.

standard or unit, and where the size of the page is that of half a sheet $\frac{1}{2}$, we call it folio and I use the denominator 2;[1] where one fourth, *i.e.* quarto I use 4, and so on, so that $\frac{10}{2}$ means that the quire consists of 10 leaves or 5 sheets folded in folio, $\frac{8}{4}$ would mean that the quire or signature contained 8 leaves (or two sheets) *folded in quarto*, and so on, and it is always possible to see where the centre of a quire is by the sewing.

I only put a semicolon or some such mark, where there is a break in the volume, and the next quire begins a fresh book or some subdivision of the work, as I have frequently found the advantage of this.

I have just found two pieces of the German Boccaccio De claris mulieribus, Ulmae Jo. Zainer[2] 1473 (folio) *on vellum.* Have you any copy of the book at all? I shall be up next week.

Yours ever very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

King's College, Cambridge,
30th July, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Do you remember the fragments of an indulgence[3] printed on vellum by Caxton which were found by Mr. Blades at St. Alban's, and which

[1] These 'denominators' Bradshaw afterwards omitted, being content to describe the whole volume under consideration as f°, 4°, 8°, etc. [F. J.]

[2] Proctor 2496; two copies in British Museum.

[3] The fate of this indulgence (Proctor 9642) is one of the Three Sorrows of the British Museum Bindery. See Blades ('The Biography and Typography of William Caxton'), No. 43.

your binder so cruelly murdered by putting them into boiling water?

I was detained at Bedford the other day on my way from Ireland, and accordingly went to the Library to see their copy of the Royal Book printed by Caxton and described by Mr. Blades.

You may believe that I was well pleased at finding that it was still in its original wooden binding, and that the binder had used for a loose fly leaf *two* copies of an Indulgence for the Siege of Rhodes in Caxton's type (that used in the Chronicles) and printed on vellum.[1] I thought I had not seen any description of it—and so I copied it entire—and on coming home I find that it is the same Indulgence as that found at St. Alban's but a different impression, the one reprinted from the other as soon as the stock was consumed—but only about half is preserved in the St. Alban's fragments. One copy has lost three lines at the top, and the other ten or twelve letters down the righthand side, so that with the exception of the concluding letters of the first two lines you have the whole document.

It is singular that I sh[d] be allowed to discover them, seeing that Mr. Blades had the book in his hand, and they are in no way concealed.[2]

[1] These are the copies sold at Sotheby's in 1902 for £265 and £145 respectively (Slater, vol. xvi., Nos. 3060 and 3061).

[2] In his later book on Caxton (*op. cit*), Blades describes these under No. 44, and notes: 'A slip of parchment containing four lines of the same Indulgence was discovered by Mr. Bradshaw in the library of King's College, Cambridge.' Bradshaw returned to the subject of these Indulgences in a later letter to Mr. Bullen (20th October, 1878), which will be printed in the next number of 'The Library.'

The document occupies 24 lines.

As I told you before, I am bound to report to head-quarters anything I find.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

University Library, Cambridge,
3rd November, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

You know what the early Primers or Horae call an *Image of Pity*,[1] and you may remember that in the unique copy of the Directorium Sacerdotum by Caxton, now Case 10. b. 16 in the Museum and formerly stolen from this library, that there is a single leaf prefixed, containing one of these things in folio size, and with the Indulgence below. In the Maskell fragments of Horae (in Case 35 a) in the same type as the Directorium is another Image of Pity of the size of an octavo page of the period.

You will therefore be amused and interested to hear that I have just found another[2] in *quarto* size in this library, but done in a most singular way. It is not in printing ink, and not on a separate leaf, but struck off upside down on the blank page at the end of an Antwerp edⁿ of the Colloquium peccatoris printed in Goes's type of about 1487. The ink is a pale brown and very thin and sloppy, and it

[1] For Bradshaw's final working out of the subject of this letter see No. VI. of his 'Collected Papers" (1889).

[2] Sayle, No. 38.

looks as if it was a rough proof of one of those little sheets of Indulgence, done here before the ordinary copies were struck off. In the centre is a half-length figure of our Lord with his hands crossed—behind him the cross, and on either side the spear and the sponge, and the top and side borders are formed of little squares containing seventeen symbols or instruments of the passion—the lower left hand corner being occupied with a kneeling tonsured figure with a scroll. The *sill* contains 8 lines of letter-press in Caxton type used in the Royal Book, Directorium &c. as follows:

> To them that before
> this ymage of pyte de
> uoutely say .v. Pr̄ n̄r
> v. Auyes & a Credo py-
> teuously beholdyng these
> armes of xp̄s passiō ar
> graūted xxxij. M. vij. C
> & LV. yeres of pardon ⁘

The Indulgence is what you find in so many English Horae. I had seen this thing a long time ago, but omitted to take the mark of the book—and at that time I didn't know so much about Caxtons as I do now. It was only yesterday that it turned up again. You shall have a tracing of it as soon as I can get it done. I was sorry not to see you when last at the Museum, though glad to think you were taking a holiday.

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

University Library, Cambridge,
14th November, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Can you let one of your assistants send me one line to say whether you have a copy of Richard Sampson's Oratio (Lond. Berthelet 1546) printed *on vellum* in the British Museum Library ?[1]

Yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

University Library, Cambridge,
22nd September, 1864.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Can you tell me the *story* of your copy of the Cambridge verses on[2] Edward King which contain the first issue of Milton's Lycidas? I mean the copy containing the corrections by Milton wh Mr. Sotheby has given in his Milton Rambles.

Mr. Henry Stevens has just found another in this Library. He brought me yesterday a volume of pamphlets containing this, and said he thought the corrections must be by Milton himself, and on look-

[1] There is no such copy at the British Museum. In his 'English Printing on Vellum' (Bibliographical Society of Lancashire, Publications, No. 1, 1902), Mr. Duff writes: 'Another book relating to the King issued about this time [the last date mentioned being 1534] is an oration by Bishop Sampson. Like the last [Henry VIII.'s 'Opus eximium de vera differentia regiae potestatis et ecclesiasticae'] it also was printed by Berthelet. A copy on vellum was in the Bindley sale, but I am ignorant of its present whereabouts. Beriah Botfield quotes it as at Cambridge, but this is, I think, like so many of his statements, a mistake.'

[2] The copy referred to (C. 21. c. 42) contains the English verses only. It bears no evidence of its provenance, but is clearly a made-up copy, the last four leaves (which include 'Lycidas') have been taken from a smaller and much worn copy.

ing at Sotheby's book to-day, I find the writing is identical with that in your copy—only there are one or two other corrections, and where the whole line is added, ours has not been cut off by the binder as yours has—

Ever yours very much
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Paris, 22nd January, 1865.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I reached this at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. And after making myself comfortable I went straight to the Imperial Library. To my dismay I found that M. Richard was ill, and had not been at the Library for three months. Unfortunately my power of talking a foreign language is easy enough, if I find anyone interested in what I am doing—but to an official merely, I never can find a single word to say—and hardly am able even to say what is absolutely necessary. I started by asking for the Boccace[1] printed by Mansion. The *Conservateur* to whom I addressed myself asked whether I wished to see the copy on vellum or on paper!! Had I as yet mentioned Van Praet's *Notice sur Colard Mansion*, I should have looked upon it as a very pardonable confusion between Van Praet's *Notice* of Mansion's books, and his *List* of books printed on vellum. As it was, I could hardly keep my countenance, but said as gravely as I could that I was not aware that Colard Mansion had printed any books on vellum, and that the paper copy would answer all my purposes. It is all very well for Van Praet to call it

[1] Proctor 9316.

"magnifique exemplaire en grand papier" but the Glasgow copy[1] is much finer—though the Paris copy is doubly interesting from having been there since the time of Louis XII. There are said to be two *tirages* of the Boccace—this differs from the Glasgow copy *only in Leaf* 1—so I shall have to go to Bruges for the other points of difference which undoubtedly exist.

With nearly six hours' work on Saturday and the same to-day, I have only just been able to work off the *Boccace* and the *Ovide*.[2] The *Ovide* is extremely difficult to collate (as I found to my cost at the British Museum)—but I am thankful to say that I mastered it completely at five minutes to four this afternoon. The same thing occurs here that occurs in Caxton's Golden Legend. The *Ovide* consists

A of Preliminary matter, *five* quires.

B Part I. Further prologues and Books 1-8, *twenty-two* quires.

C Part 2 Books 9-15, *twenty-two* quires.

The last *thirteen* quires of Part I and the last *twelve* quires of Part 2 seem to have been destroyed, and in what I call *the second edition* are found reprinted page for page, with signatures a b c d e f g h i k l m n for the *thirteen* quires of Part 1, and signatures A B C D E F G H I K L M for the *twelve* quires of Part 2. Fortunately for me, the Imperial Library has copies of both these editions. The copy at the Hague is the original issue, yours is the second issue. The original issue has Mansion's device and is dated May 1484. In October 1484 Mansion had dis-

[1] In the Hunterian Museum. [2] Proctor 9324.

appeared from Bruges, and Jean Gossevin[1] (if I remember rightly) was installed in his house and had to pay his back-rent. Seeing that the later issue is without Mansion's device, it strikes me as quite possible that these reprinted quires may have been worked off by his successor who retained the old imprint, though he would not put the device. Also further most interesting points suggest themselves wh I must wait a little longer to verify. In the imprints of the two issues there are *nine* variations; Van Praet in copying the imprint has followed ed. 2 in the 1st, 4th, 7th and 8th and ed. 1 in the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th and 9th as you will see if you take the trouble to compare his *Notice* p. 41 with what I have copied on the other side of this half sheet of paper. His facsimile at the end is clearly taken from the Paris copy (Y. 1185) of what I have called the second issue. It is very difficult, but very necessary, to be tolerably accurate.

I hope to have a tolerable day to-morrow, and get through several more of the small books—but the prospect is not very encouraging.

Yours very sincerely
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Imprint in ed. 1:

Fait et imprime en la no
ble ville de Bruges en flan
dres par Colart Mansion
citoyen de jcelle ou Mois de
May lan de grace . M . qua-
trecens . iiij . xx . et iiij .
(1 blank line.)
Mansion's device 3 lines.

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[1] Gossin.

Imprint in ed. 2:

> Fait & jmprime en la no
> ble ville de Bruges en flan
> dres par Colart mansion
> citoien de j celle ou mois de
> May lan de grace mil qua-
> tre cens iiij . xx . iiij.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,
2nd January, 1866.

Dear Mr. Jones,

If you congratulated me the other day on identifying the fragments sent me by Mr. Stevens as a hitherto unknown Colard Mansion called *Lestrif de Fortune et de Vertu*, what will you say when I tell you that the *first result* of an hour's examination of the Hunterian Museum this aft[n] was to find a complete copy of the very book in question!

It is in a common old vellum binding, with the mark 10-10- in the beginning, and a long note in Dr. Askew's hand-writing, supposing it to be one of the earliest productions of the press between 1450 and 1460.

After travelling all night, and going about to one or two places with a young friend of mine who travelled with me as far as this place, I did not feel much inclined for a long spell of work in the Library, even if I could have had it; so it was tolerably refreshing to make such a discovery at starting.

The Catalogue is, as Mr. Blades told me, simply a list of the books as they stand on the shelves, the kind of catalogue which I always relish most; but —as in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge—there

is not an atom of classification, and the Caxtons and Mansions stand scattered about in the most delightfully absurd positions. I dare say I shall have more to tell you before I have done with the place, but I could not resist giving you my first results, especially as I was talking to you about the very book only so very lately.

Yours very sincerely
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,
6th January, 1866.

DEAR MR. JONES,

My suspicions, formed before I left Cambridge, are verified, and I now find that the *Lestrif de Fortune et Vertu* is one and the same with the *édition Lyonnaise* of the bibliographical books. Brunet has corrected his mistake in his last edition, which I had not by me when I was working at the matter at home. I saw he described the book as 24 lines on a page, and printed about 1478—and it at once struck me as very strange that a book written for a Duke at Burgundy living at Bruges should be first printed at Lyons, and then reprinted line for line at Bruges. I made a memorandum at the time, in my book: "Can it be *possible* that Brunet confused the Bruges and Lyons types?" I now see that he did, and makes his excuses for so doing in his new edition. I have long lost all faith in ordinary bibliographical works, but I confess I was not prepared for such ignorance in the patriarch of French bibliography.

I wish you could persuade some of your French friends to take up the subject from a *Natural History*

point of view. It is the only possible way of getting really accurate information. It is a great luxury to be able to work here with freedom. After studying here for a week or ten days, I shall be able to profit much more at Paris than I should otherwise.

I will give you an accurate collation of Colard Mansion's *Boccace* when I come. The copy here is absolutely perfect. I am afraid Mr. Blades's theories about the close connexion between Mansion and Caxton will hardly stand. Except the curious plan of printing in red, and the family likeness in the types, all similarity vanishes on a close *natural* examination. As for the theory that Mansion printed the two books[1] which you discovered in the Museum, I cannot see that there will be any ground left. But I must not make too hasty an induction. Do not trouble yourself to answer this. I hope to see you on my way through.

Yours
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,
8th January, 1866.

DEAR MR. JONES,

At the risk of bothering you I must write again—though I find my Saturday's letter was only sent to-day. However what I send are merely notes which you may put by for reference at any time.

[1] The Meditacions sur les Sept Pseaulmes Penitenciaulx' and 'Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses,' which Mr. Jones found in the British Museum in 1841, bound together, and wrote about in 'Archaeologia,' vol. xxxi., page 412. The two books are still assigned to Mansion.

I have found to-day two books which I have been wanting to see for some years—a *collateable* copy of the 2nd ed[n] of Caxton's Golden Legend; and a similar copy of the Catullus Tibullus Propertius and Statius printed (at Venice by Vind' de Spira) in 1472. You will remember, perhaps, my pointing out some time ago what I mean by the 2nd ed[n] of the Golden Legend. Caxton's compilation was finished 20th Nov. 1483, and the book was no doubt published in 1484—It has all the distinguishing marks of the books of that year—except the woodcut initials—from w[h] I should infer that he *began* to print it before the introduction of such things, and then did not care to insert them later on in the book. The type is what Blades calls 4[x], and the headings and running titles are in type 3 (that which appears first in the Boethius). I can only conjecture that a number of sheets of the stock must have been accidentally destroyed, and that these were reprinted some years later at a time when type N[o] 5 (that of the *Speculum vitae xp̄i*) had superseded N[o] 3 and accordingly a complete copy of the 2nd ed[n] contains sig. a-t, and A-E, of the first edition, and (1) the preliminary quire, (2) sig. u-9, (3) sig. F-X, (4) sig. aa-kk, of the 2nd edition. In fact the whole stock seems to have been destroyed except the first nineteen quires of the *first* alphabet, and the first five quires of the second alphabet. Until to-day I have never been able to trace the existence of either the *final* or the *preliminary* quire in the 2nd ed[n], and it was most unsatisfactory not to know whether they existed or not—for it was impossible to infer anything—and in D[r] Hunter's copy I have found both.

Blades says 'As no perfect copy of ed. 2 is known the preface and colophon cannot be given.'

Your copy[1] is a most uncomfortable one, being made up, to start with, of two separate copies, and each, even of these parts, being patched and doctored in the most merciless way. This will do for the present.

As for the other book,[2] it is a crux which has caused me some trouble; and it must be to persons who will not collate books by the quires even when the signatures are not printed.

The book really consists of three volumes in one. Here is the collation:

1. *Catullus*:
   A B C $\frac{8}{4}$ D E $\frac{6}{4}$; 36 leaves, 1-36.
2. *Tibullus and Propertius*:
   a b c d $\frac{8}{4}$; 32 leaves, 37-68.
   e f g h (1 cancelled) i k $\frac{8}{4}$ l m $\frac{6}{4}$; 59 leaves, 69-127.
3. *Statius*:
   aa $\frac{10}{4}$ bb cc dd ee ff $\frac{8}{4}$ gg hh $\frac{6}{4}$; 62 leaves, 128-189.

The Tibullus and Propertius form the basis of the volume, which would be strictly described thus:

Tibulli et Propertii Carmina. *Praeced.* Catulli Carmina; *Acc.* Statii Silvae. s.l., s.t.n. (Venetiis, Vind' de Spira,) 1472. In 4° maj.

You know it is not the *ed. pr.* of Tibullus and

[1] See Proctor 9655 and 9668.
[2] Proctor 4043; Hain* 4758.

Propertius, of which the small 4° ed^{ns} (wh. Lord Spencer has) are believed to be earlier—but the Catullus is added at the beginning and the Statius at the end, for the first time.

Each of these three *volumes* (as described above) begins with a blank page. The centre one has the life of *Propertius* only at the beginning, and the two Elegiac couplets (wanting one line) at the end concerning Tibullus and Propertius.

A simple description of the entire volume is this:—

1. Leaf 1^a blank; 1^b Life of Catullus; 2^a Hexastichum Guarini Veronensis; 2^a-35^a Text of Catullus; 35^b-36^b blank.

2. Leaf 37^a blank; 37^b Life of Propertius; 38^a-66^b Text of Tibullus; 66^b Life and Epitaph of Tibullus; 66^b-67^b Ovid's Epistle on the death of Tibullus; 68 blank. Leaf 69^a-127^b Text of Propertius; 127^b the verses (carmina quis potuit . . .) on Tibullus and Propertius.

3. Leaf 128 blank; 129^a-187^b Text of Statius; 187^b *Tabula librorum* and date; 188 and 189 blank.

In Dibdin, Hain, Brunet, and all the bibliographical books I have seen, leaf 37 which contains the Life of Propertius is removed to before leaf 69, because I suppose it was thought to be its right place; in Dr Hunter's copy, as well as in the two copies at Cambridge, it is in its right place, that is where it was printed; and I have no doubt my explanation is the right one. They did not think it worth while to remove the life of Tibullus from the end to the beginning of the volume, and the result is that the Life of Propertius has the appearance of being out of place. Dr Hunter's copy is in old French red

morocco by de Rome, as lovely a book as you could possibly wish to see or handle.

I suppose you have a copy in the Cracherode Collection?

Yours very sincerely
HENRY BRADSHAW.

(*To be completed in our next number.*)

HENSLOWE, COLLIER, AND THE LATEST GERMAN CRITICISM.

UNTIL recently German criticism in the field of Elizabethan literature has been content to find its materials in the labours of English scholars so far as original documents are concerned. No doubt these materials have not in all cases been as trustworthy as even an indulgent critic could have wished, and those who relied on them have been now and again misled into serious error. The first attempt, however, on the part of a German writer to inquire into the foundations of our historical knowledge of the English stage can hardly be regarded as happily inspired. Dr. Theodor Eichhoff[1] frankly tells us that we have got to wipe out from our memories everything we have so far learnt on the subject, to banish for ever into limbo all the work that has so far been done, and taking him for philosopher and guide, commence the painful and toilsome task of construction once again from the beginning. It is not my present purpose to follow Dr. Eichhoff through the length and breadth of his destructive argument nor to discuss the merits of the 'Versuch einer neueren Grundlegung,' which he offers at the close of his volume

[1] 'Der Weg zu Shakespeare.' Halle, Niemeyer, 1902. Kapitel I. Der Fälscher Collier.

to such faithful followers as shall have attended him so far. This latter is indeed an essay in philosophy rather than in criticism. Starting from the basis of an individualistic idealism, the author proceeds to evolve the conception 'Shakespeare' from his own inner consciousness. With regard to this it will be sufficient to remark that though the result may be the *vraie vérité*—for him—it does not follow that it need have much interest for anybody else. I shall therefore confine my remarks to Dr. Eichhoff's treatment of a single well-known and important document, Henslowe's so-called Diary (*i.e.*, the note-book in which he kept the accounts of his theatrical undertakings), and of the circumstances which have led to an unfortunately intimate association of that document with the name of J. P. Collier.

Upon the author's contentions of the dependence of modern criticism upon Collier's labours, and of the inherent worthlessness of Henslowe's Diary as historical evidence, I need not dwell at length. Suffice it to say with regard to the first that, however exaggerated, it rests upon a basis of truth, and that the insistence upon this truth may be not untimely. The work of revision, however, is not a superhuman one, and I for my part do not despair of seeing it carried through by a scholar who has already shown himself eminently fitted for the task. As to the second, most of those who are interested in the history of the drama are perfectly familiar with the contents of Henslowe's volume, and have long ago formed their own opinion as to the historical value of the evidence to be extracted from it. They are not likely to care much what either

Dr. Eichhoff or I may have to say upon the subject.

I come therefore to the point in Dr. Eichhoff's work which is likely to have most interest for students of English literature, the alleged discovery of a number of hitherto unsuspected forgeries in Henslowe's Diary. Against the occurrence of such unfortunate interpolations in any document known to have passed through Collier's hands students have of course long been on their guard. The able examination of Henslowe's Diary in Dr. G. F. Warner's Catalogue of the Dulwich manuscripts, as well as the same critic's authoritative summing up of the whole question in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' are familiar to all those interested in the subject. Dr. Eichhoff, however, claims to advance our knowledge of Collier's misdeeds in a truly sensational manner. Those familiar with the Diary will remember that in the receipt accounts a number of pieces are marked with the mysterious letters *ne*, which Collier interpreted as standing for the word *new*. It is these *ne*'s that Dr. Eichhoff maintains to be among Collier's forgeries, and he expends much sarcasm on those who have accepted the identification of *ne* as *new*, and attached weight to these supposed entries of 'first nights.' Into the precise meaning and importance to be attached to the *ne*'s I do not propose to enter in this place, for the reason that I have not yet myself come to a satisfactory conclusion on the subject; what I am here concerned with is the question of their genuineness, which is quite another story.

I have had occasion of late to bestow some attention upon the manuscript in question, and I am in

a position to assert that there are in that manuscript certain forged entries which have not hitherto been recognized as such.[1] These Dr. Eichhoff might have had the credit of detecting had he been content to subject the manuscript to a minute and rigorous examination from the palæographic point of view, instead of allowing himself to be misled by the *ignis fatuus* of *a priori* conjecture. Not one of these has roused his suspicion, and in seeking to condemn others he has begun at the wrong end. In asserting any particular entry to be a modern fabrication it is doubtless well to be able to point to the motive that led the forger to make it; but this is at most collateral evidence supporting that obtained from a minute and expert examination of the actual entry itself. No amount of argument as to the unlikelihood of an entry being genuine, or as to the obvious temptations and opportunities of a forger to perpetrate a particular fabrication, can be allowed to invalidate an entry unless it can on internal and technical grounds be shown to be spurious; no amount of argument as to the unlikelihood of fraudulent manipulation can serve to rehabilitate a manifest forgery. The question is one for those who have the most intimate acquaintance with the document in question coupled with the soundest expert knowledge in palæography as a whole. To the latter of these qualifications my pretensions are small, but I think that after some eighteen months of work at the Diary I could make out a claim to the former, and since Dr. Eichhoff

[1] For all details I must refer the curious to my edition of Henslowe's Diary to be published shortly by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

rests his case almost exclusively on *a priori* arguments, I may as well begin with an emphatic *a posteriori* statement. I believe, namely, that no competent person can, after due investigation, for one moment doubt the genuineness of the *ne*'s in Henslowe's Diary, however great may be the presumptive evidence against them. To state all the minute points upon which this conviction rests would require an article by itself, and then only a comparatively small proportion could find definite expression. But one point is so obvious, and at the same time so cogent, that I am tempted to dwell upon it here. I should premise that the receipt accounts in which the *ne*'s occur consist of daily entries of one line each, made at the time with any ink that happened to be handy—and Henslowe must have kept a most remarkable assortment. The result is that hardly any two consecutive entries are of exactly the same colour; they range from jet black to bright yellow. Now the point with which the forger had the greatest difficulty was to get his ink remotely to resemble that of the genuine entries. Though in a few cases he was more successful—whence the fact of some of his fabrications having been hitherto overlooked—he used as a rule a dirty gray ink which can be detected at a glance. And yet we are asked to believe that he was responsible for the *ne*'s which in every case agree to the minutest shade with the ink used in the rest of the entry.

But I am not concerned merely to maintain that Dr. Eichhoff is mistaken. Although I hope incidentally to prove in a particularly unanswerable

manner that the *ne*'s were not inserted in the Diary by Collier, I wish further to maintain that the arguments upon which Dr. Eichhoff bases his contention are in themselves unworthy of serious consideration, and that he has consequently proved himself at the outset an untrustworthy guide in his self-imposed mission of reforming the basis of our dramatic history.

The first argument advanced for regarding the *ne*'s as forgeries is that Malone, in printing his extracts from the Diary in 1790, makes no mention of them. 'Malone soll, als er seine Auszüge machte, diese auffälligen *ne* nicht gesehen haben?! . . . Diese *ne* sind sehr gross und sehr deutlich!! Malone machte Auszüge, er war vor allem für die Titel der Stücke interessiert—und er sollte sich nicht diese deutlich hervorgehobenen Stücke näher augesehen haben?!' One may perhaps be forgiven for suspecting that a writer who has need of such punctuation as this to express his feelings must be rather at a loss for arguments of intrinsic cogency. Malone was merely making extracts, or rather giving a *résumé* of the contents of the Diary, which in no way purported to be complete; he was not concerned to reprint the entries as they stood. What more natural than that he should pass over in silence certain signs the meaning of which was at best conjectural?

In the second place Dr. Eichhoff argues that whereas Henslowe can have had no inducement to mark first performances, Collier's alleged forgery would, if genuine, have lent great importance to the document in which they are found. Now, I am prepared to maintain, on the contrary, that

Collier can have had no motive whatever to perpetrate this particular forgery, while for Henslowe the entry of these signs would have a real business significance. What evidence, indeed, not otherwise deducible from the entries themselves, could Collier expect to attain by the discovery of a sign or symbol, the precise meaning of which must necessarily remain more or less a matter of speculation? The fact of a particular entry being the first occurrence of a title in the accounts, if coupled with the considerably larger receipts due to the higher prices charged for a first performance, supplies us with all the evidence that can be legitimately deduced from the piece being marked by Henslowe as a new play. This Collier, who was no fool, must have clearly perceived, and he would therefore have been most unlikely to incur the additional risk of detection attending each fresh fabrication. On the other hand, in spite of Dr. Eichhoff's authoritative assurance that no one can possibly discover any motive for Henslowe's marking first performances, I venture to think that two obvious ones should at once suggest themselves. In the first place Henslowe would want to know how the receipts from the various plays were running as a measure of their popularity. He would, consequently, for convenience of reference, need some indication of the point in the accounts at which each new piece began its career. The second motive is suggested by the occurrence at irregular intervals of another incidental note, of which Dr. Eichhoff makes no mention, namely, the contraction *m^r pd*, signifying payments made to the Master of the Revels. Each new piece had

to pay toll to that functionary, and the number of *ne*'s occurring between any two dates would represent the number of payments, of seven shillings each, due to the Master for that period.

Little weight, it appears to me, can be attached to the objection that Collier has now and again overlooked a *ne*. To say that Collier cannot have missed them accidentally, is to make a dogmatic assertion utterly at variance with the capabilities of the imperfect human machine. Had Dr. Eichhoff had the chastening experience of copying out the whole of Henslowe's accounts with his own hand, he might have known more of the strange vagaries of which the weary mind and eye are at times capable. The fact of his reproducing the entry 'ne—℞ at barnardo & phvlameta—xxxxij^{s}' in the form 'ne R^{d} at Barnardo and pheameta 42 s' does not suggest that he is himself endowed with any extraordinary powers of accuracy. Nor do we find evidence of any such powers where he treats of minute points of palæographic observation. In more than one instance indeed his statements amount to an absolute misrepresentation of the facts. Thus he informs us that the *ne* in the entry of January 27th, 1597, 'macht übrigens auch hier für den Laien die Fälschung äuszerlich ganz klar.' The stroke, he says, connecting the *ne* with the *R* is carefully drawn up to the ruled column, is there broken off and continued again on the other side of the broad line, not drawn through. Surely without crediting lay readers with any very profound insight, one may expect them to see through such nonsense as this. Of course the vertical columns

were ruled first, before the entries were made, and consequently any strokes of those entries must go over the ruling. No forger, who was not a born idiot—which can assuredly not be imputed to Collier—would make it appear as though the stroke of a forged entry went under the ruling. But besides this the patent facts of the case have been mis-stated. The letter after the vertical ruling is not in this case an *R* at all, but a *tt* (probably standing for 'Total'), and the cross stroke has of course been made after the two down strokes, so that in no case could it be continuous with the tail of the *ne*. Moreover both tail and cross stroke can be plainly seen to go over the ruling, though the ink has not marked so darkly where the pores of the paper were filled up with the previous inking.

The same misrepresentation, which charity and courtesy bid one ascribe to mere incompetence, characterizes Dr. Eichhoff's remarks on the subject of an interesting lacuna occurring on folio 12. A small rectangular piece has been cut out of the centre of this leaf, which bears on the recto a bond of John Griggs', and on the verso some receipt accounts of Henslowe's. Collier merely noted that the seal to the bond had been cut away, and considering that Griggs, in the course of the bond, states that he has set there to his 'hand and seale,' and that a small drop of old wax is still found adhering to the paper just to the right of the hole, the explanation is, on the face of it, plausible enough. Dr. Eichhoff will have none of it. Collier must have made an unsuccessful attempt at a forged *ne* on the verso, and have cut out the piece to save

himself. 'Of a seal there can be no question in this place, indeed none occurs in the volume.[1] On the contrary, the excision has only removed the greater portion of Griggs' name, of which the two first letters alone now appear.' This, I beg to say flatly, is not the case. The bond is not signed, as Dr. Eichhoff asserts, by various Griggs. It is signed by John Griggs, and by him alone, the repetitions of the signature being attempts on Henslowe's part to imitate his creditor's hand. Griggs' signature is intact; it is the lower of these copies by Henslowe that has the appearance of being mutilated. More than this. We find Dr. Eichhoff walking straight into the trap which the careless neglect of available evidence ever prepares for the weaver of ingenious conjecture. It so happens, namely, that the cutting out of the seal can be proved to have been anterior to the entry of the accounts on the verso, and these in their turn anterior to Henslowe's copies of Griggs' signature. The hole can be proved to have been there very nearly two centuries and a half before the time at which Collier is alleged to have attempted a forgery upon the missing portion! The date of the bond is 1592, that of the receipt accounts 1595. The three outer edges of the hole are cut sharp with a knife, the inner edge alone being torn and ragged. Now a glance at the verso will show that Collier was wrong in supposing that the 'date of the year' has been cut away from three successive entries along with the seal. Had the '1595' been written similarly as in the other entries, the first

[1] True; but neither does the phrase 'hand and seal' occur, so far as I remember, in any of the other bonds.

figure at least must have still been visible. Further, some of the strokes in the entries near the hole have passed the edge and have left marks at corresponding points on folio 11 verso. On the other hand, the tearing of the inner edge has damaged all three R7's. It follows that when the entries were made in 1595 the three sharp edges had already been cut, while the inner edge was yet intact. Again, in Henslowe's lower copy of Griggs' signature the top loop of the *J* has passed this ragged edge (intact in 1595), and may be distinctly traced on folio 13. So much for the elaboration of *a priori* reasoning whereby it is sought to saddle the unfortunate Collier with a fresh load of forgeries.

I hope I have said enough to show the absolute worthlessness of Dr. Eichhoff's arguments. There is no ground whatever for questioning the genuineness of the entries he attacks, but by a happy chance we actually possess positive evidence touching the point. Dr. Eichhoff, by basing his contentions upon mere conjecture, placed himself at the mercy of the first new fact that might turn up, and it happens that in the present instance the fates have played him a particularly unpleasant trick. The authorities of Dulwich College, namely, have recently acquired the transcript of portions of Henslowe's Diary which Malone had made for him towards the end of the eighteenth century. In this volume not only do the *ne*'s appear, but Malone has appended in his own hand his conjecture as to their significance: 'By NE, I believe, is meant *New Enterlude*. M.' Upon the importance of this evidence it is needless to enlarge, but I may draw

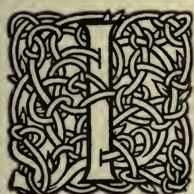
attention to an interesting point which the transcript brings to light in connection with Collier's interpretation of the mysterious *ne*'s. In support of his theory that they represented new productions, he adduced an entry in which, after the title of the piece, was interlined the note '1 day.' This of course is at once set down by Dr. Eichhoff as a shameless forgery. Any competent observer can satisfy himself at a glance of the genuineness of the entry, and Malone's transcript is there to place the matter beyond doubt. In the transcript, however, the interlineation reads not '1 day' but '10 day,' and if the original be carefully examined the traces of an erased 'o' can yet be discerned. Collier, in order to bear out his theory, did not forge this note into the manuscript, but gave the desired meaning to an authentic entry by a skilful use of the knife.[1]

Dr. Eichhoff exhausts his vocabulary to express his scorn and virtuous indignation at Collier. To defend Collier is impossible. But in point of knowledge of his subject and general competence in the handling of historical evidence his German critic will do well not to seek comparison with the object of his diatribe.

W. W. Greg.

[1] Dr. Eichhoff represents Collier as saying that the note '1 day' is underlined (unterstrichen), a statement he characterizes as 'eine gemeine Lüge.' Collier never said that it was *under*lined, which it is not, but that it was *inter*lined, which it is. A reviewer who was inclined to be severe would have little difficulty in turning many of the author's most unmeasured terms against himself.

SOME RECENT FOREIGN NOVELS AND PLAYS.



I HAVE been asked to deal in this number with recent French and German fiction and drama.

The output of novels in both countries is large, but although the average quality of the work is high, it falls far short, with a few, a very few, exceptions, of excellence. The custom of *feuilletons* in the daily papers increases the vogue of the short story whereby art and literature are the losers since the short story writer is born and not made. And many novels are still pamphlets in very thin disguise.

I

In France, within a brief period, such well-known authors as Bourget, J.-H. Rosny, Loti, Daniel Lesueur, Myriam Harry, P. et V. Margueritte, René Bazin, Anatole France, Ohnet, and Marcelle Tinayre have all published volumes, but with the possible exception of Myriam Harry and Mme. Tinayre, it would be difficult to affirm that any one of them has added to the reputation already possessed.

Bourget's volume of stories, 'L'Eau Profonde,' is called after the longest and most important of

them. 'Still Waters' is a 'tragédie de salon' in his usual manner, one of those 'complications sentimentales' so dear to his heart. Valentine, the much-tried heroine, is 'une âme silencieuse,' a temperament seldom understood by the average human being. Her most ardent desire is to preserve all whom she loves from trouble and worry, and to prevent her husband learning the secret of his birth which has come to her knowledge, she is ready to sacrifice herself and her reputation. But the novelist finds a way out for both husband and wife. The rest of the volume contains six moral tragedies that might well be described generically as 'on revient toujours à ses premières amours.' One of them 'Fausse Manœuvre' has the same motive as Henry James's 'The Two Faces,' but is less subtle in workmanship. There is a certain glamour about Bourget's style, and his psychological insight always arrests attention. But we sometimes find ourselves wishing that he would put living men and women before us instead of mere nervous organisms.

Mme. Tinayre in 'La Vie Amoureuse de François Barbazanges' has not produced so great a book in the popular sense as her 'Maison du Péché.' But in the artistic and romantic sense it is far greater. A young man, a boy, for he is only twenty when he dies, follows the quest of his ideal mistress, and finds her, only to die. The scene is laid in the Limousin in the seventeenth century, and thus an air of romance, admirably sustained, pervades the whole. The artistic beauty of the book is, however, somewhat marred by the introduction of certain erotic passages that are perfectly unneces-

sary, and seem only there to show the French reading public that 'I, a woman, can do that sort of thing as well as any of my brother novelists.'

'Vers Ispahan,' by Pierre Loti, is a volume of descriptive travel rather than a novel. There is no human interest in it whatever. As Loti could naturally never get a sight of a Persian woman, much less an interview of the briefest description with one, humanity in Persia ceased to interest him. The charm of the book, for it has the very greatest charm, resides, then, chiefly in the journeys often made by night along the caravan routes from Bender-Bouchir on the Persian Gulf to the high table-lands on which Ispahan and its rose gardens are situated. 'Qui veut venir avec moi voir à Ispahan la saison des roses, prenne son parti, de cheminer lentement à mes côtés, par étapes, ainsi qu'au moyen âge.' And gladly do we accompany him 'à de longues marches, au brûlant soleil dans le vent âpre et froid des altitudes extrêmes, à travers ces plateaux d'Asie, les plus élevés et les plus vastes du monde, qui furent le berceau des humanités, mais sont devenus aujourd'hui des déserts.' Loti has an unique gift of describing places little traversed by Europeans, and when he does it he succeeds in making us long to follow in his footsteps; but would a less gifted mortal see all that he sees? I fear not.

A writer less known to fame, but not the less delightful, Myriam Harry, is doing work in 'exotisme' as the French critic Deschamps calls it, akin to that of Loti. Her latest, and I venture to think, the most notable work she has yet produced,

'La Conquête de Jérusalem: roman moderne,' describes the Holy City under its very unholy modern conditions. Hélie Jamain, the hero, goes to Jerusalem in expectation of finding there the peace of the soul he is unable to acquire in Paris, but a few weeks' sojourn is sufficient to dispel that illusion. The spot which had given birth to a doctrine of charity and peace had become a hotbed of intolerance and dissension. Everywhere the people prayed but everywhere they disputed, and the Turkish soldiers crouching at the doors of the sanctuaries were often compelled to recall the Christians to a sense of respect for their Church. Discouraged, Jamain is drawn towards the ancient Moabite religion; his researches and excavations render him famous, and he begins to write a great book on the 'Resurrection of Paganism.' Finally he is denounced by the Christians of Jerusalem, and having found happiness nowhere, neither in human love nor in divine faith, he takes his own life. A mystic as he was, he expected too much of frail humanity. It is a remarkable book, and one that must appeal to all lovers of literature. The style is simple and clear, but rising occasionally, as in the passage describing the advent of spring in Palestine, to great rhetorical charm and power.

On the 28th of April last, René Bazin was received into the French Academy. He took Legouvé's chair, and pronounced in his 'Discours de Réception' a critical eulogy on his predecessor, to which Ferdinand Brunetière, the director of the Academy, made reply in a speech criticising in detail Bazin's work as novelist. 'Vous vous êtes jeté

dans la province et dans le peuple,' Brunetière exclaimed, and then proceeded to point out how Bazin's novels contain scarcely any intrigues or adventures, the characters develop under the influence of circumstances, familiar incidents occur which give the persons of the story an opportunity of proving their quality, and the reader that of seeing clearly into their hearts. His characters are mostly persons of delicate conscience who do not take life lightly, for whom the great question is to know how one ought to live. He has helped, too, 'à préciser les caractères du "roman social."' Love does not occupy the sole place on Bazin's stage. Other sentiments cause the complications of life, other sufferings are not less worthy of pity. External nature plays a large part in these novels, many of which might be called 'études de plein air.' All these qualities are illustrated in Bazin's latest volume, 'Le guide de l'Empereur.' There are fourteen other stories in it, but the one that furnishes the title is the longest and most important. It is a frontier story like 'Les Oberlé,' Bazin's masterpiece. The scene is Lorraine at the present day, and its pathos lies in the history of a young soldier, a native of Lorraine, whose parents practically deserted him when an infant, and allowed him to be brought up and cared for by an unmarried woman and her father, now an old man, who had fought for France in 1870, only to claim the lad again when he was old enough to serve the Kaiser. In doing his duty during a surprise call of the army at Strassburg one winter's day, he meets his death. The description of the German Emperor is interesting enough to be quoted

in full, and is, I think, more telling and dignified than that contained in Mrs. Atherton's 'Rulers of Kings.'

'Tout à coup, par la porte du milieu, un homme de taille moyenne, un officier, s'est avancé rapidement, énergiquement jusqu'au plus beau des chevaux l'alezan doré. Aidé par un employé de la gare, il monte à cheval; il ramène les plis de son grand manteau gris sur ses cuisses; il jette un coup d'œil par dessus son épaule pour voir si le manteau s'étale bien, en arrière, sur la croupe de l'alezan, et prend alors sa physionomie de parade, son masque de grand chef songeur et sacré, le menton levé, la tête droite entre les deux épaules, les yeux rapprochés par l'effort et comme absorbés par la lecture du livre de la destinée, qui volerait, tout ouvert, devant lui. Les moustaches jeunes, cassées en leur milieu, coudées à angle droit, montent du coin des lèvres qui ne rient pas au coin des paupières qui sont tendues. Il dit vivement mais sans volume de voix, comme ceux qui sont assurés de leur puissance: "Faites sonner l'alarme! J'attendrai les troupes au polygone" . . . Le soleil enveloppe l'Empereur, achève la statue en marche.'

The rest of the volume consists of short sketches, of which the most interesting are 'Le nouveau bail,' and 'Le petit de treize ans.'

Anatole France has published a volume of sketches which make good reading. The first, 'Crainquebille,' has been dramatized, and with M. Guitry in the title part achieved a great success on the stage. Crainquebille is a costermonger who is sent to prison for a fortnight for an alleged insult to a policeman. When he is set free, his old customers

refuse to deal with him any more, and it is not long before he is homeless and starving. Then in desperation he really does insult a policeman in order that he may secure at least prison food and lodging. But that minion of the law sees no matter for arrest in the affair, and Crainquebille slinks away in the rain and darkness. The whole is told in that spirit of delicate irony we are accustomed to associate with this writer, an irony that perhaps reached its culminating point in a little story written some years ago, entitled, 'Le Procurateur de Judée.' A friend, meeting Pontius Pilate after the lapse of years, says to him: '"Il se nommait Jésus; il était de Nazareth, et il fut mis en croix pour je ne sais quel crime. Pontius, te souvient-il de cet homme?" Pontius Pilatus fronça les sourcils et porta la main à son front comme quelqu'un qui cherche dans sa mémoire. Puis, après quelques instants de silence: "Jésus," murmura-t-il, "Jésus, de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas."'

The French novel-reading and play-going public prefer as a rule psychology to action in their fiction and drama. Readers who desire more excitement than is to be found in psychological analysis may turn to J.-H. Rosny's 'Le Docteur Harambur," and Daniel Lesueur's 'Le Marquis de Valcor,' and 'Madame de Ferneuse.' The first is a story of crime aided by a knowledge of science, the second and third describe a melodramatic but surpassingly clever imposture. A commonplace treatment of the somewhat worn theme that luxury destroys the artist's soul forms the material of Ohnet's latest novel, 'Le Chemin de la Gloire.'

The brothers Margueritte continue in 'La Commune' their prose epic of the war of 1870, of which 'Le Désastre' still remains the finest portion. The military history in these books is so complete that we constantly find ourselves regretting the fiction.

The two most striking recent plays from the point of view of the literary historian are Hervieu's 'Le Dédale,' and Prévost's 'La Plus Faible.' The first deals with the psychology of divorce, the second with that of the free union. Hervieu is nothing if not didactic, and the thesis he sets out to prove, is, that where there is a child of the marriage divorce is futile, because a woman never entirely ceases to love the father of her child. But despite its literary quality, its artistic expression of profound thought, the play does not touch us deeply, it too nearly resembles an ordinary 'drame de passion,' and the nerves of the characters concerned are all the time too much strained. Marcel Prévost has of late taken up the cudgels for 'La plus faible,' who of course is woman. His novels, 'Frédérique,' and 'Léa,' it will be remembered, dealt with woman's position in modern society. In this play, performed for the first time at the 'Comédie Française' last April, Germaine having been provided by her parents and guardians through a *mariage de convenance* with a brute of a husband, falls in love with Jacques Nerval, a bachelor, and goes to live with him. In so doing, as her lover's friend puts it, she renounces 'toute existence sociale, on ignore dans son monde ce qu'elle est devenue, elle n'a plus de domicile officiel, plus de nom!' After certain complications which lead to the separation of the lovers for a time through the

machinations of Jacques's outwardly highly respectable family, and after the death of the husband, the pair determine to marry; for, says Jacques, 'Quand l'homme a trouvé sa compagne, qu'avec elle il s'est créé un foyer, il n'a pas le droit d'accepter qu'elle assume les devoirs de l'épouse, et ne soit pas l'épouse. Le monde s'insurge contre de telles abnégations; il juge dangereux pour l'ordre que la vertu conjugale fleurisse hors du mariage régulier . . . Aucune théorie ne permet à l'homme de faire de sa compagne, parmi toutes ces faibles qui sont les femmes dans la société moderne, la plus desarmée, la plus faible.'

II

Germany possesses one woman novelist whose work should rank almost as high as that of George Eliot. The large variety of Clara Viebig's subject matter, her gift of powerful characterization, her admirable style, mark her out as one of the first among German contemporary novelists, male or female. Her latest, and in some ways her most striking book, 'Das Schlafende Heer' (sleeping armies) deals with German Poland as it is to-day, with the struggle between the native Polish population and the German settlers. As a Pole states it: 'A German rabble who couldn't get on at home has overrun our land and fattened on it. Isn't it heartrending for our peasants to see the land they have tilled for generations in the sweat of their brow, their mother earth, sold for a mere song, indeed almost given away to foreign labourers?' But the superstitious old shepherd declares that Poland is not dead but sleeping,

that her sleeping armies will soon arise and drive out the intruder. As in Ireland we find here the instinctive dislike of the conquered for the conqueror. Irreconcilable differences prevail in religion, in language, in nationality. The priests exercise unbounded influence over the people, and are the worst enemies of the German spirit, playing much the same part as George Moore and Filson Young tell us they do in contemporary Ireland.

Clara Viebig's political background resembles a huge fresco painting in which the figures that make the action of the tale occupy the foreground. She takes no side, but impartially relates the facts as they have impressed her. There is no single hero, it is rather the 'people' who is the hero. Despite the broad treatment each person is characterized and individualized with perfect sureness of touch. The old shepherd, the Jew, the German lord of the manor, the Rhenish settler, and his frivolous Polish wife, each is portrayed with absolute truth to life, and by their own actions render the tragedy of the end inevitable. It is strange that such fine work as that of Clara Viebig should be so little known in England. Her novel 'Die Wacht am Rhein' has in its own line scarcely its equal in modern fiction. The time covered is from 1830 to 1870, the scene is Düsseldorf. The contrast between the stern Prussian soldiery and the laughter-loving and joy-loving Rhinelanders who certainly had a secret sympathy for Napoleon and the French, is wonderfully brought out. There are rumours that an English publisher contemplates issuing a translation of one of Clara Viebig's books. Let us hope he will choose as his

translator one who is competent to write literary English. Modern German novelists have suffered severely at the hands of their English translators.

Another recent German novel that seems to me a distinguished piece of work is 'Die Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten,' also from the pen of a woman, the Baroness Elisabeth von Heyking. A poor English version, made, I believe by the German authoress herself, has drawn forth some curious appreciations and condemnations from English critics. Some declare it to be an imitation of 'An Englishwoman's Love-letters,' others characterize it as a travel book. Acquainted with it as I am only in the German original it seems to me neither of those things. The letters are written from various places by a woman, tied to a lunatic husband, to a man whom she undoubtedly loves, and who as undoubtedly returns her love, but being of those finer spirits, in the existence of whom the novel-reading public seem unable to believe, their love is not confessed. It is only when she learns that her husband is dead that the letters grow warmer in tone, but alas! he to whom they are addressed never received them, for he was killed in the Pekin massacres before they could be delivered. The book deserves the highest praise both for its literary skill and for its lofty tone. The pathetic love-story is indicated rather than related. Whether, as some have tried to hint, it is a real experience, matters not at all. There is such a thing as sympathetic imagination, the possession of which enables a man or woman to understand what human beings may feel under certain circumstances. And here is described with fidelity

and art what a high-souled woman would feel under similar conditions. The quiet dignity of the heroine compares well with the noisy clamour usually indulged in by the woman in love (*sic*) in latter-day novels.

With the exception of these two books, scarcely any of the German novels that I have lately read rise above mediocrity. Rudolf Herzog, leaving the cheerful inhabitants of the Rhine district, whom he depicted so delightfully in 'Die vom Unterrhein,' for fashionable society in Berlin, has produced in 'Der Graf von Gleichen,' an entirely commonplace story, meant seemingly as a plea for free love. But not every woman who is unhappily married conveniently falls in love with a man who is a sort of princely landlord in some South Sea isle, and can carry her off there to live with him in luxury and without fear of social condemnation. Adolf Wilbrandt in 'Grosse Zeiten' has only produced a volume of mediocre stories that serve to fill an idle hour.

New plays in Germany are reserved for the autumn. Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn has, however, published two little dramas that call for notice on account of their literary and poetical charm rather than for their dramatic value. His 'Mutter Landstrasse' pictures a prodigal son who finds no welcome on returning to his father's house, and takes again perforce to wandering under the free sky along the open road. In the new effort from his pen, 'Die Goldene Tür,' the action passes at a little town on the banks of the Rhine. A light-headed girl allured by promises of ease and luxury is falling an easy prey to her employer, when the illness

of his little boy puts her out of his head. Her fiancé, Baum, a high-minded working-man, with a vein of poetry in him, recognizing her worthlessness, compasses her death, for he deems it better to die than to live in sin. When the usual excuse is made that youth needs to live and have a good time, Baum replies wisely: 'That 's not youth, you are not youth. You are weakness and cowardice. If you represent youth, then strength resides with us, the old. . . . You lack the strength of hope, the strength of patience, you see your goal only in your pleasure, you throw yourselves away only to seize something brilliant and unstable.' The author's psychology is stronger than in his former effort, the lyrical vein is mingled with a grasp of the things of everyday life in a very striking fashion. I shall look eagerly for future work from this author.

The great novelist, the great dramatist is still to seek, on the continent, as in Great Britain. Meanwhile the novel and the play continue to reflect in some degree phases of contemporary life, and the critic cannot therefore afford to neglect those divisions of literature. He must await in patience the advent of the great artist, and meanwhile content himself with indicating those works that rise above mediocrity.

ELIZABETH LEE.

SALE PRICES OF INCUNABULA IN 1903.

WO years ago, with the aid of Mr. Proctor, 'The Library' printed a classified list of the incunabula sold by auction in London during the previous year, with the prices paid for them. The list was compiled less for its own sake than in the hope of inducing Mr. Slater to include special references to early printers in the indexes to his very valuable, if at times irritating compilation, 'Book Prices Current.' It seems natural that the index-reference in the case of any book should be made with some regard to what it is that gives the book its value, from Bindings and Binders when not the inside of the volume but its jacket attracts the book-lover, from Illustrations or Woodcuts when the book is bought for the sake of its pictures, from Printing, with the name of the printer as a subheading, when the predominant interest is typographical. Mr. Slater, unhappily, does not seem to accept this view, but it is pleasant to find that some one else shares it with sufficient enthusiasm to carry him through the tedious task of repeating our experiment. Mr. Peddie has kindly put his list for 1903 at our disposal, and though it comes a little belatedly it is gladly here printed. The interest of the information it gives is by no

means confined to its pecuniary details. On these indeed it would be possible to moralize at any length required, though perhaps the sum of the whole matter would amount to no more than the fairly obvious remark that while the prices of ordinary fifteenth-century books are about at a standstill, the increase in those which it is possible to 'write up,' so as to attract not merely the specialist, but the rich collector, continues very marked. The difference again in the sums fetched by the two copies of the Florentine 'Dante' is one more illustration of the supreme importance of 'condition,' which outsiders are so slow to understand. Of the larger issues raised by Mr. Peddie's list the most interesting is that of the possible range of purchases offered by the English auction-sales. Of the books he registers more than half are from Italian presses, and more than a quarter from the single city of Venice. Germany supplies another quarter, and the poor remnant has to be divided among all the other countries of Europe. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that if a bookseller gets hold of a good French, Low-Country, Spanish or English book, he is so sure of finding a ready purchaser for it that he is under no temptation to put it into a sale. On the other hand the great collectors of the last century specially affected Italian books, and next to these, German ones, and there having been no great number of rich Italian or German collectors these books have all remained in England, and keep coming up at auctions. How thoroughly they have been picked over may be illustrated by the fact that out of over eighty Venetian books only two were not already

in the British Museum. Of French and Low-Country books, on the other hand, far fewer have ever been imported, and of those which were at one time in England it is probable that a considerable number have been bought back, the French and Dutch collectors being well able to pay for them. With Spanish books the case is still worse, for the only large purchasers of them in the last century were Mr. Grenville, Mr. Heber, and Mr. Huth. Mr. Grenville's books are in the British Museum, Mr. Huth's remain in his son's possession, and of Mr. Heber's it is probable that a good many went to Paris and elsewhere before English collectors woke up to the charms of Spanish printing. When all is said, however, it remains surprising that all the interest in incunabula which has been taken in England of recent years has left so few traces in the auction-rooms in the way of imported novelties.

It will be seen that Mr. Peddie's list is arranged in the order of Mr. Proctor's 'Index,' and that he has added Mr. Proctor's number to all the books he has been able to trace. The second numbers, immediately preceding the price, refer to Vol. XVII of Mr. Slater's 'Book Prices Current.'

A. W. P.

GERMANY.

Mainz.

Schoeffer. 1473. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 102. [1269.] £25.

Schoeffer. 1478. Bartholomaeus de Chaimis: Confessionale. P. 116. [344.] £9 15*s*.

Schoeffer. n.d. Joannes de Tambaco. Consolatio Theologicae. P. 136. [1028.] £5 5*s*.

Schoeffer. n.d. Augustinus. De vera vitae cognitione. P. 138. [1267.] £14.
Schoeffer. n.d. Grammatellus pro juvenum eruditione. P. 144. [1336.] £22.
Meydenbach. 1491. Hortus Sanitatis. P. 160. [1325.] £33.

STRASSBURG.

Mentelin. [n.a. 1470.] Augustinus: Confessiones. P. 205. [1268.] £50.
Mentelin. [n.a. 1470.] Astesanus: Summa. P. 207. [1193.] £8 5*s*. [5623.] £6 2*s*. 6*d*.
Mentelin. 1473. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Speculum historiale. P. 212. [4435.] £11 10*s*.
Mentelin. n.d. Aristotle: Ethica. P. 224. [1262.] £11.
Mentelin. n.d. Isidorus: Etymologiae. P. 227. [1330.] £14 10*s*. [2417.] £11 15*s*.
R-Printer. n.d. Caracciolus: Sermones per Adventum. P. 236. [3149.] £5 15*s*.
R-Printer. n.d. Dionysius de Burgo: Comment. super Valerium Maximum. P. 237. [1578.] £8.
R-Printer. n.d. Donatus: Comment. super Terentium. P. 238. [1302.] £12 5*s*.
Eggestein. n.d. Bonifacius VIII.: Liber VI decretalium. P. 271. [4125.] £5 15*s*.
Eggestein. n.d. Beda: Historia Ecclesiastica. P. 284. [4796.] £5 5*s*.
Eggestein. n.d. Eusebius: Historia Ecclesiastica. P. 289. [1128.] £7.
Eggestein. n.d. Ludolphus de Suchen: Iter ad terram sanctam. P. 291. [665.] £12 5*s*.
Schott. [1482?] Arnaldus de Villa nova: Von Bereitung und Brauchung der Weine. Not in H. Now P. 392A. [1264.] £16.
Reinhard. 1497. Locher: Panegyrici ad Maximilianum. P. 483. [4779.] £1 12*s*.
Eber. 1483. Joh. Gobius: Scala coeli. H. 9407. Not in P. (before 509). [1333.] £25.
[Knoblouch?] 1499. Lichtenberger: Prognosticatio. P. 775. [1337.] £8 10*s*.

KÖLN.

[Zel?][1] n.d. Nider: Manuale Confessorum. P. 846. [1054.] £3.

[1] This might also be P. 1153 (Barth. of Unkel).

Zel. n.d. Pius II.: Bulla retractationum. P. 847. [263.] £5 2*s*. 6*d*.
Zel. 1473. Caracciolus: Quadragesimale de paenitentia. P. 880. [453.] £10 10*s*.
Zel. 1473. Leonardus de Utino: Sermones de Sanctis. P. †881. [1948.] £4 14*s*.
Zel. n.d. Bernardus: Speculum de honestate vitae. P. 885. [355.] £5 10*s*.
Zel. 1483. Jac. de Voragine: Legenda Aurea. P. †905. [2636.] £11.
Zel. n.d. Tho. Aquinas: De articulis fidei. H. *1423. Not in P. (after 924). [838.] £4 10*s*.
ter Hoernen. 1472. Burlaeus: De vita et moribus philosophorum. P. †931. [430.] £5 2*s*. 6*d*.
ter Hoernen. 1474. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum. P. 935. [1575.] £16.
[Anon.] n.d. Gesta Romanorum. P. 1103. [4140.] £8 10*s*.
Winters. 1476. Marchesinus: Mammotrectus. P. 1162. [1138.] £5 7*s*. 6*d*.
Guldenschaff. n.d. Albertus Magnus: Postilla in evang. Iohannis. P. 1215. [1101.] £5.
Quentell. 1470. Astesanus: Summa. P. 1236-37. [1087.] £7.
Quentell. n.d. Hortus Sanitatis. P. 1448? [1324.] £77. [2886.] £19 10*s*.
Cornelis of Zierikzee. n.d. Albertus Magnus: Liber aggregationis. P. 1494. [1968.] £3.
Cornelis of Zierikzee? n.d. Mandeville: Itinerarius. P. 1498? [669.] £7.

Augsburg.

G. Zainer. 1469. Joh. de Aurbach: Summa de Sacramentis. P. 1522. [1271.] £40.
G. Zainer. 1471. Rodericus Zamorensis: Speculum vitae humanae. P. 1525. [1365.] £13.
G. Zainer. 1472. Isidorus: Etymologiae. P. 1532. [1329.] £21 10*s*.
G. Zainer. n.d. Gregorius: Epistulae. P. †1553. [1314.] £12.
G. Zainer. n.d. Biblia germanica. P. 1577. [1276.] £51.
Schüssler. 1472. Cassiodorus: Historia tripartita. P. 1594. [1291.] £14 5*s*.
Schüssler. 1472. Ambrose: Hexameron. P. 1595. [3136.] £2 17*s*.
Bämler. 1473. Gregorius: Dialogi. [Printed at SS. Ulrich and Afra.] P. 1605. [1313.] £67.

SS. Ulrich and Afra. 1474. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Speculum historiale. P. 1639. [1579.] £11.
Sorg. n.d. Nider: Formicarius. P. 1696. [1348.] £11 10*s*.
Blaubirer. 1481. Kalender. P. 1741. [1290.] £40.
Schoensperger. 1497. Jacobus de Theramo. Belial. Not in H. Not in P. (after 1794). [4101.] £19 5*s*.
Ratdolt. 1499. Psalterium cum apparatu vulgari. P. 1914. [2001.] £5 17*s*. 6*d*.

NÜRNBERG.

Sensenschmid. 1470. Fran. de Retza: Comestorium vitiorum. P. 1942. [1363.] £17 5*s*.
Koberger. 1477. Biblia Latina. P. 1980. [1089.] £4 15*s*. [4427.] £8 15*s*. [6055.] £20.
Koberger. 1485. Breviarium ord. S. Dominici. P. 2045. [1286.] £8.
Koberger. 1493. Schedel. Liber Chronicarum. P. 2084. [1295.] £45. [2372.] £14. [3454.] £22. [4635.] £19 5*s*. [4924.] £15 10*s*.
Joh. Regiomontanus. n.d. Manilius. Astronomicon libri. P. 2209. [67.] £13 10*s*.
Stuchs. 1484. Missale Romanum. P. 2259. [1343.] £8 16*s*.
Stuchs. 1499. Missale Hildensemenses. Not in P. (after 2283). [2598.] £21.

SPEIER.

Drach. 1477. Antoninus: Summa. H. *1256. Not in P. (after 2329). [1261.] £30.

ESSLINGEN.

Fyner. 1477. Petrus Niger: Der Stern Meschiah. P. 2464. [1349.] £26.

ULM.

J. Zainer. 1473. Boccaccio: De claris mulieribus. P. 2496. [1278.] £74.
J. Zainer. n.d. Cato: Disticha cum Commento. P. 2505. [1292.] £14.
J. Zainer. 1475. Rampegollis: Aurea biblia. P. 2508. [371.] £10 15*s*.

LAUINGEN.

[Anon.] 1473. Augustinus: De consensu evangelistarum. P. 2599. [1270.] £12 10*s*.

LÜBECK.

Ghotan. 1492. Brigitta: Revelationes. P. 2625. [1288.] £38.

Brandiss. 1489. Dat boek van der navolghinge Jhesu Cristi. P. 2629. [1327.] £102.
Arndes. 1487. Joannes Friburgensis: Summa confessionum. *Germ.* H. 7372. Now P. 2644A. [1332.] £23.
Arndes. 1493. De sacramento altaris mundo et transformato. *Ital.* P. †7424, now 2644. [511.] £5 15*s*.

Leipzig.

Kachelofen. n.d. Ars moriendi. P. 2924. [1265.] £49.

Eichstätt.

Reyser. n.d. Bruno: Super psalterium. P. 3123. [1359.] £33.

ITALY.

Roma.

Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1468. Lactantius: Opera. P. 3291. [2583.] £30 10*s*.
Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1469. Apuleius: Opera. P. 3297. [1547.] £61.
Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1469. Bessarion: Adversus Platonis Calumniatorem. P. 3300. [1274.] £97.
Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1470. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 3310. [5681.] £24 10*s*.
Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1471. Nicolaus de Lyra: Postilla super bibliam. Vol. I. P. 3321. [1115.] £7 5*s*.
Han, with Chardella. 1472. Bonifacius VIII.: Liber VI decretalium. P. 3354. [4648.] £3.
Han. 1475. Albertus de Eybe: Margarita poetica. P. 3364. [4138.] £4.
Lauer. 1471. Eutropius: Historia. P. 3406. [1556.] £20 10*s*.
Plannck. a. 26 Dec. 1496. Monsaureus: Sermo de visione dei. P. 3720. [1344.] £9.
Lignamine. 1481. Phil. de Barberiis: Opuscula. P. 3961. [183.] £13 10*s*.

Venezia.

Wendelin of Speier. 1471. Cyprianus: Epistulae. P. 4032. [1299.] £13 15*s*.
Wendelin of Speier for Johann of Köln. 1471. Terentius: Comoediae. P. 4037. [1567] £30.

Wendelin of Speier. n.d. Donatus: Commentarius in Terentium. P. 4056. [1566.] £6.
Jenson. 1470. Eusebius: De praeparatione evangelica. P. 4066. [1554.] £75. [2407.] £29.
Jenson. 1471. Suetonius: Vitae Caesarum. P. 4070. [1370.] £50.
Jenson. 1471. Quintilianus: Institutiones Oratoriae. P. 4073. [4480.] £24.
Jenson. 1471. Caesar: Commentarii. P. 4074. [1123.] £18 10*s*.
Jenson. n.d. [1471.] Gloria mulierum. *Ital.* P. 4079. [5025.] £1 10*s*.
Jenson. n.d. Aurelius Victor: De viris illustribus. P. 4082. [1355.] £15 15*s*.
Jenson. 1475. Cicero: Epistulae ad familiares. P. 4093. [4926.] £5 12*s*. 6*d*.
Jenson. 1475. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 4096. [3140.] £3 14*s*.
Jenson. 1476. Nonius Marcellus: De proprietate latini sermonis. P. 4098. [1350.] £42.
Jenson. 1476. Biblia latina. P. 4100. [1116.] £3 10*s*.
Jenson. 1477. Gratianus: Decretum. P. 4101. [3158.] £3 16*s*.
Jenson. 1478. Plutarchi Vitae. P. 4113. [2426.] £24.
Jenson. 1479. Biblia latina. P. 4119. [1570.]. £9 15*s*.
Adam, of Ammergau. 1471. Lactantius: Opera. P. 4144. [2418.] £11.
Gabriele di Pietro (with Filippo). 1473. Petrarca: Canzoniere. P. 4187. [2161.] £5 10*s*.
Gabriele di Pietro. 1475. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 4193. [2222.] £5 5*s*.
Gabriele di Pietro. 1475. Jerome. Le vite dei santi padri. P. 4194. [2153.] £2 4*s*.
Christoph Arnold. [n.a. 1478.] Thomas Aquinas: Quaestiones de potentia dei. P. 4217. [3139.] £2 11*s*.
Leonhard Aurl. 1473. Eusebius: De praeparatione evangelica. P. 4220. [1306.] £26.
Jacques Le Rouge. 1474. Herodotus: Historiae. P. 4236. [1557.] £10 15*s*.
Jacques Le Rouge. 1475. Juvenalis: Saturae. P. 4239. [5091.] £1 1*s*.
Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Priscianus: Opera. P. 4306. [1358.] £23 10*s*. [466.] £2 10*s*.
Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Caracciolus: Quadragesimale de paenitentia. P. 4309. [3150.] £3.

Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Aristoteles: Libri de animalibus. P. 4312. [1263.] £16. [2386.] £7 10*s*.
Ratdolt, with Maler and Löslein. 1476. Joh. Regiomontanus: Calendario. P. 4366. [1345.] £41.
Ratdolt, with Maler and Löslein. 1477. Appianus: De bello civilibus. P. 4368. [2141]. £4 4*s*.
Ratdolt. 1482. Euclidis Elementa. P. 4383. [1553.] £30. [2408.] £31. [3153.] £16 10*s*. [4697.] £19 10*s*.
Ratdolt. 1482. Pomponius Mela: Cosmographia. P. 4385. [991.] £7.
Wendelin of Speier. 1477. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4414. [2787.] £66.
Renaldus, of Nijmegen, with Theodor of Rendsburg. 1478. Biblia latina. P. 4431. [4872.] £5.
Renaldus, of Nijmegen. 1488. Albertus Magnus: De meteoris. P. 4450. [1100.] £4 6*s*.
Petrus de Piasiis. 1490. Petrarca: Canzoniere. P. 4481. [5198.] £1 13*s*.
Petrus de Piasiis. 1491. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4482. [2791.] £25.
Luca, di Domenico. 1482. Aegidius Romanus. Super secundo sententiarum. P. 4494. [4112.] £2 14*s*.
J. and G. de Gregoriis. 1483. Horatius: Opera cum commento Landini. P. 4502. [1321.] £16.
J. and G. de Gregoriis. 1491-92. Boethius: Opera. P. 4517. [3147.] £2.
Oct. Scotus. 1481. Biblia italica. P. 4568. [1114.] £7.
Oct. Scotus. 1484. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4581. [2789.] £15 10*s*.
J. Herbort. 1482. Expositio Petri de Abano in problemata Aristotelis. P. 4686. [261.] £10.
And. Torresanus. 1488. Hieronymus: Epistulae. P. 4717. [607.] £4 10.
G. de Grassis. 1485. Albertus Magnus: Compendium theologicae veritatis. H. *441. Not in P. (after 4808.) [1099.] £1 9*s*.
P. Pasquale. 1494. Leonardus Aretinus: Aquila volante. P. 4864. [1109.] £8 5*s*.
B. Benalius, with M. Capcasa. 1491. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4877. [2792.] £23.
G. Arrivabenus. 1492. Angelus de Clavasio: Summa angelica. P. 4922. [317.] £2 6*s*.
Matheo Capcasa. 1493. Joh. Bapt. Cantalycius: Epigrammata. P. 4993. [4787.] £9 9*s*.

Capcasa. 1493. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4996. [2793.] £14 10*s*.
B. Locatellus. 1493. Alex. Sermoneta: Commentariolum in Consequentias Strodi. Not in P. (after 5051.) [1152.] £6 5*s*.
Gulielmus of Piancerreto, called Anima mia. [n.a. 1485?.] Bartolommeo dei Sonetti: Isolario. P. 5107. [1272.] £40.
Joh. Rubeus. 1487. Biblia italica. P. 5122. [3146.] £1 8*s*.
Joh. Rubeus. 1488. Imitatio Christi. *Ital.* P. 5124. [3157.] £3.
P. de Paganinis. 1494. Lucas de Burgo: Summa de arithmetica. P. 5168. [1148.] £4 18*s*.
P. de Paganinis. 1495. Biblia latina. P. 5170. [1117.] £7 5*s*.
Bernardino di Cuori, with Simon of Lovere. 1491. Plato: Opera. P. 5216. [1145.] £3 5*s*.
P. Pincius. 1492. Horatius: Opera. [For B. Rasina.] P. 5291. [5071.] £2 10*s*.
P. Pincius. 1495. Livius: Decades [For L. A. Giunta.] P. 5308. [174.] £13 15*s*.
Barth. de Zanis. 1493. Martialis: Epigrammata. P. 5330. [5122.] £1.
Bart. de Zanis. 1497. Petrarca: Trionfi, (Sonetti e canzoni.) P. 5338-9. [733.] £12.
G. Ragazzo. 1490. Fiore di virtù. P. 5350. [1310.] £47.
N. de Ferrariis. 1491. Pietro di Borgo: Arithmetica. P. 5371. [1120.] £5 2*s*. 6*d*.
S. Bevilaqua. 1497. Julius Firmicus: De nativitatibus. P. 5402. [1092.] £3 3*s*.
S. Bevilaqua. 1498. Biblia latina. P. 5406. [3144.] £1 1*s*.
P. de Quarengiis. 1497. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 5482. [2146.] £6 17*s*. 6*d*.
Aldus Manutius. 1495. Gaza: Introductio grammaticae P. 5548. [3666.] £4 18*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 149$\frac{5}{6}$. Theocritus: Eclogae, *etc*. *Gr*. P. 5549. [5362.] £5.
Aldus Manutius. 1496. Thesaurus, *etc*. *Gr*. P. 5551. [5363.] £5 5*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 1497. Iamblichus: De mysteriis, *etc*. P. 5559. [3159.] £3.
Aldus Manutius. [c. 1497.] Psalterion. *Gr*. P. 5564. [750.] £8 10*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 1498. Aristophanes: Comoediae. *Gr*. P. 5566 [10.] £21 10*s*. [1702.] £15 5*s*. [1548.] £13 10*s*. [5302.] £10 5*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 1498. Politianus: Opera. P. 5567. [1563.] £12 15*s*.

Aldus Manutius. 1499. Franciscus Colonna: Poliphili hypnerotomachia. P. 5574. [1356.] £77. [2778.] £120. [3082.] £38. [4428.] £25 10*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 1500. Catherina Senensis: Epistulae. P. 5575. [464.] £5 17*s*. 6*d*.; £6 5*s*.
Aldus Manutius. 1500. Lucretius: De rerum natura. P. 5576. [5334.] £1 18*s*.
G. B. Sessa. n.d. Albumasar: Flores astrologiae. P. 5598. [270.] £3 3*s*.
Z. Kallierges. 1499. Simplicius: Hypomnemata. *Gr*. P. 5645. [1367.] £13.
[Anon.] 1477. Mela: Cosmographia. P. 5658. [3171.] £2 15*s*.
[Anon.] 1494. Laur. Justinianus: Della vita religiosa. P. 5669. [2149.] £9 2*s*. 6*d*. [639.] £8 5*s*.
[Anon.] n.d. 1491? Vitas patrum. [3186.] £11.

FULIGNO.

Neumeister. 1472. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 5723. [2785.] £252.

FERRARA.

Rossi. 1497. Jac. Phil. Bergomensis: De claris mulieribus. P. 5762. [1273.] £45. [2370.] £30 10*s*. [3090.] £35.
Rossi. 1497. Hieronymus: Epistulae. P. 5765. [1605.] £19 5*s*.

MILANO.

Zarotus. 1477. Caesar: Commentarii. P. 5799. [1122.] £3 3*s*.
Valdarfer. 1474. Barth. de Chaimis: Confessionale. P. 5875. [3141.] £2 18*s*.
Bonus Accursius. 1481. Psalterium. P. 5966. [1361.] £34 10*s*.
Paulus de Suardis. 1480. Statuta Mediolani. P. 5971. [3174.] £2 12*s*.
Scinzenzeler. 1498. Sidonius Apollinaris: Poema aureum et epistulae. P. 6038. [5234.] £1 7*s*.

FIRENZE.

Nic. Laurentii. 1477. Alphonsus archiepiscopus Toletanus: Quaestiones super libros de anima. P. 6113. [1103.] £13.
Nic. Laurentii. 1478. Celsus: De medicina. P. 6116. [1293.] £12.
Nic. Laurentii. n.d. Chr. Landino: Quaestiones Camaldulenses. P. 6119. [1135.] £3 17*s*. 6*d*. [3162.] £3.

Nic. Laurentii. 1481. Dante: La divina Commedia. P. 6120. [2788.] £1,000. [4623.] £14 5*s*.
Nic. Laurentii. 1485. Leo Bapt. Albertus: De re aedificatoria. P. 6131. [2250.] £9 7*s*. 6*d*.
Nic. Laurentii. 1486. Gregorius: Moralia in Job. P. 6132. [2151.] £2 14*s*.
Miscomini. 1485. Leo Magnus: Sermoni. P. 6147. [2157.] £2 10*s*.
Libri. 1488. Homerus: Ilias, *etc*. *Gr*. P. 6194. [1576.] £187.
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: Trattato dell' amore di Gesù. P. 6269. [2954.] £10.
Libri [?] n.d. Savonarola: Trattato dell' umiltà. ? P. 6272: 6294: 6447. [2956.] £12 10*s*.
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: Trattato contra gli astrologi. P. 6274. [2952.] £26 10*s*.
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: Esposizione del Paternoster. P. 6290. [2953.] £11 10*s*.
Buonaccorsi. 1490. Dante: Convito. P. 6309. [2807.] £12 10*s*.
Lor. di Alopa. 1496. [Apollonius Rhodius: Argonautica.] *Gr*. P. 6407. [4.] £5 12*s*. 6*d*. [1108.] £6 2*s*. 6*d*.
Lor. di Alopa. 1496. [Lucian: Opera omnia.] *Gr*. P. 6408. [1560.] £14.

TREVISO.

Ger. Lisa. 1475. Aeneas Sylvius: Epistula ad Mahumetem. P. 6464. [1255.] £6 6*s*.
Paolo, of Ferrara. 1481. Terentius: Comoediae. P. 6501. [5254.] £1 9*s*.

BOLOGNA.

Azzoguidi. 1473. Petrus de Bergamo: Tabula operum Thomae Aquinatis. P. 6518. [1149.] £6 10*s*.

SAVIGLIANO.

Christophorus Beyamus. n.d. Rodericus Zamorensis: Speculum humanae vitae. P. 6753. [1364.] £51.

PADOVA.

Bart. de Valdezoccho, with Mart. de Septem Arboribus. 1472. Jac. de Zocchis: Repetitio c. Omnis utriusque sexus. P. 6758. [1156.] £6.

Leon. Achates. 1473. Franc. de Platea: Opus restitutionum. P. 6776. [3168.] £4.

MANTOVA.

Georg and Paul, Germans. 1472. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 6882. [2786.] £245.

VERONA.

Bon. de Boninis. 1483. Valturius: Opera dell' arte militare. P. 6922. [1373.] £60.

BRESCIA.

Printer for Pietro Villa. n.d. Blondus: Roma triumphans. P. 6942. [3448.] £3 12*s*.
Bon. de Boninis. 1487. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 6973. [2790.] £54.
[Anon.] n.d. Pylades Brixiensis: Genealogiae deorum. P. 7049. [1013.] £1 10*s*.

PAVIA.

Antonius Carcanus. 1477. Ang. de Aretio: Tractatus maleficiorum. H. 1625. Not in P. (before 7051). [1110.] £8 15*s*.
Girardengus. 1494. Breviarium romanum. H. 3917. Not in P. (before 7078). [1121.] £6 6*s*.

SANTORSO.

Giovanno of Reno. 1473. Joh. Duns Scotus: Super tertio libro sententiarum. H. *6427. Not in P. [Now 6934A.] [1303.] £7 7*s*.

VICENZA.

Leon. Achates, with Gulielmus of Pavia. 1491. Euclidis: Elementa. P. 7130. [3154.] £4 12*s*.
Lichtenstein. 1476. Ant. de Butrio: Speculum de confessione. P. 7142. [3148.] £2 2*s*.
Lichtenstein with Nic. Petri. 1477. Ant. Andreae: Quaestiones super metaphysica Aristotelis. H. *975. Not in P. (after 7144). [1953.] £13 10*s*.
Bertochus. 1483. Crastonus: Lexicon. P. 7177. [1296.] £13 5*s*.

GENOVA.

Matthias, of Olmütz. 1474. Nicolaus de Ausmo: Supplementum. P. 7185. [1088.] £30.

Modena.

Dom. Rocociola with Miscomini. 1487. Statuta civitatis Mutine. H. 15013. Not in P. (before 7194). [1151.] £6 5*s*.

Torino.

Joh. Fabri. 1477. Decreta Sabaudiae ducalia. P. 7217. [1126.] £19 15*s*.
Jac. Suigus, with Nic. de Benedictis. 1494. Juvenal: Saturae. P. 7223. [1134.] £6 15*s*.

Bergamo.

Giov. Lion. Longo. 1478. Joh. Climacus: Scala spirituale. P. 7240. [1125.] £19 15*s*.

Colle.

Bonus, Gallus. 1478. Oppianus: Halieutica. P. 7242. [1094.] £20.

Cividale.

Ger. Lisa. 1480. Platina: De honesta voluptate. P. 7266. [1354.] £7 10*s*.

Aquila.

Adam, of Rottweil. 1486. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum. Not in H. Not in P. (after 7278). [4993]. £2 6*s*.

Pescia.

Printer of Ant. de Canario, de excusatore. 1492. Dinus de Mugello: Consilia et lecturae. P. 7321. [1127.] £5 5*s*.

SWITZERLAND.

Basel.

Wenssler. 1479. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 7489. [1266.] £10.
Wenssler. 1488. Missale Treverense. P. 7518. [1141.] £19 5*s*.
Richel. n.d. Biblia latina. ? P. 7526 or 7531. [1571.] £18 10*s*.
Flach. n.d. Albertanus: De doctrina dicendi et tacendi. P. †7541. [1098.] £2 4*s*.

Joh. of Amorbach. 1491. Armandus de Bellovisu: Declaratio difficilium terminorum. [For M. Wenssler.] P. 7588, 7589. [5986.] £9.

Joh. of Amorbach. 1493. Augustinus: Epistulae. P. 7599. [330.] £2 8*s*.

Joh. of Amorbach. n.d. Bertoldus: Horologium devotionis. P. 7635. [623.] [With 7636. £17.]

Joh. of Amorbach. n.d. De vita et beneficiis salvatoris. P. 7636. [623.] [With 7635. £17.]

Furter. 1496. Passio S. Meinhradi. P. 7731. [1282.] £54.

Furter. 1498. Methodius: Revelationes. P. 7738. [5148.] £3 14*s*.

Bergmann. 1494. Verardus: Bethicae et Granatae obsidio, victoria et triumphus. P. 7770. [4033.] £59.

Bergmann. 1497. Brant: Stultifera navis. P. 7775, 7776. [1283.] £12 10*s*.

[Bergmann.] n.d. Brant: Varia carmina. H. *3733 Not in P. (after 7788.) [1281.] £14.

Geneve.

[Anon.] n.d. Arcana medicinae. P. 7822. [6061.] £5 10*s*.

FRANCE.

Paris.

Gering, Kranz and Friburger. 1475. Rod. Zamorensis: Speculum vitae humanae. P. 7842. [766.] £17.

Marchand. 1498. Gasparinus Pergamensis: Epistulae. Not in H. Not in P. (before 8006). [4048.] £5.

Levet. 1488. Boutillier: Somme rural. P. 8057. [5694.] £2 5*s*.

Le Rouge. 148 7/8. Gulielmus de Ockam: Quotlibeta. P. 8091. [1319.] £14.

Pigouchet. 1498. Heures à l'usage de Rome. [For S. Vostre.] P. 8197. [2268.] Vellum, £100.

Gering, with Rembolt. 149 8/9. Gregorius: Expositio super cantica. P. 8309. [583.] £7 15*s*.

For Verard. 1495-96. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Le miroir historial. P. 8436. [1708.] £230.

Lyon.

Nic. Philippi and M. Reinhard. 1478. Jac. de Alvarottis: De feudis. P. 8523. [881.] £7 5*s*.

Matthias Huss. n.d. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum. P. 8570. [4620.] £3 3s.

[Anon.] 1482. Joh. Balbus: Catholicon. Not in H. Not in P. (after 8713). [5751.] £2.

Vienne.

Frommolt. 1481. Joh. de Turrecremata: Quaestiones evangeliorum. H. *15716. Not in P. (before 8737). [1153.] £8 5s.

Dijon.

Metlinger. 1491. Joannes de Cireyo: Privilegia ordinis Cisterciensis. P. 8795. [1331.] £33 10s.

[? North France.]

Printer of the Oraison du S. Espierit. n.d. Guido de Monte Rocherii: Manipulus curatorum. Not in H. Not in P. (after 8817). [1131.] £12 5s.

HOLLAND.

Utrecht.

Nicolaus Ketelaer and Gerardus Leempt. n.d. Thomas Aquinas: De divinis moribus. C. 1669. Now P. 8849[B]. [839.] £11.

Delft.

J. Jacobszoen and M. Yemantszoen. 1477. Bible in duytsche. P. 8862. [569.] £18.

Gouda.

Leeu. 1480. Boec vanden leven der heiligher vaderen. P. 8923. [606.] £7 5s.

Deventer.

Pafraet. 1497. Baptista Mantuanus: De vita Ludovici Morbioli. C. *234. Not in P. (after 9015). [343.] £16 10s.

Zwolle.

Pieter van Os, of Breda. [c. 1488.] Psalterium V. Mariae devotis meditationibus exornatum. Not in P. (a. 9132.) [1360.] £13 15s.

Pieter van Os. 1495. Bernardus. Sermones in duytssche. P. 9145. [354.] £10 10*s*.

Pieter van Os. 1495. Ludolphus de Saxonia: Dat boeck vanden leven ons liefs heren. P. 9146. [664.] £23.

BELGIUM.

Louvain.

[? Jan Veldener.] n.d. Cicero: Epistulae ad familiares. C. 441. Not in P. (after 9207.) [4927.] £3 5*s*.

Johann, of Paderborn. 1474. Petrus de Crescentiis: Liber ruralium commodorum. P. 9208. [1297.] £16.

Anvers.

Leeu. 1486. Dialogus creaturarum moralisatus. P. 9363. [1304.] £40.

Leeu. 1487. Mich. Francisci: Speculum sermonum super salutatione angelica. P. 9366. [678.] £3 12*s*. 6*d*.

Leeu. 1491. Jordanus de Quedlinburg: Meditationes de vita et passione Jesu Christi. C.* 1050. Not in P. (after 9399.) [638.] £11 15*s*.

Gand.

Arend de Keysere. 1485. Boethius: De consolatione philosophiae. P. 9461. [392.] £22 10*s*.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Winterberg.

Johann Alakraw. 1484. Augustinus: Soliloquia. P. 9492. [891.] £6 2*s*. 6*d*.

ENGLAND.

Westminster.

Caxton. a. Nov. 1483. Jac. de Voragine: The golden legend. P. 9655. [465.] £6 15*s*. (one leaf).

Wynkyn de Worde. n.d. Bartholomaeus Anglicus: De proprietatibus rerum. P. 9725. [4142.] £55.

OXFORD.

Theodoricus Rood, of Köln. 1482. Latteburius: Super threnos Hieremiae. P. 9749. [1335.] £270.

LONDON.

Pynson. 1492. Alexander Gallus: Doctrinale. Now P. 9778A. [4598.] £320.

DOUBTFUL.

n.d. Savonarola: Expositio in psalmum Miserere. H. *14419. Not in P. [2955.] £5.
n.d. Savonarola: Predica fatta la Mattina della Ascensione. 1497. [2957.] £5 5s.
n.d. Xenophon: De tyrannide. H. 16228. Not in P. [1045.] £3 18s.

R. A. PEDDIE.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

SPACE for this heading is again so limited this month that we can only note with the briefest expression of satisfaction that the Proctor Memorial Fund has made a good start, and that it seems probable that it will be able to carry out both its stated objects, the publication of his scattered essays and the completion of his 'Index of Early Printed Books.' We must be equally brief in our regrets at the threatened discontinuance of Miss Hetherington's 'Annual Index to Periodicals,' a very useful piece of work excellently carried out, the cessation of which would be much regretted in many libraries, and perhaps cause some librarians to wonder whether they could

not have legitimately bought more copies of it. The arrival of some new numbers of Dr. Jellinek's 'Internationale Bibliographie der Kunstwissenschaft' reminds us that there also we have an excellent work which large libraries will do well to support more liberally than by the purchase of a single copy, if they wish it to continue to maintain its present high standard. Few libraries have the power under their constitution to make donations for the support of the technical books by which their own usefulness may be so greatly increased: it is therefore all the more incumbent on them to purchase as many copies as they can make useful, rather than to see with how few they can manage to work.

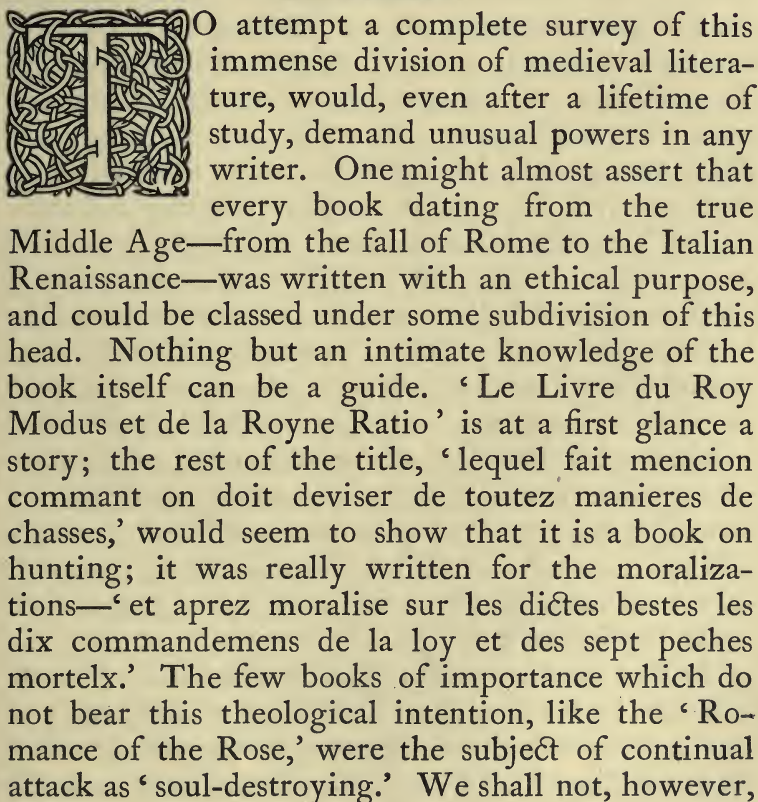
Mr. Greg asks us to point out with reference to his remarks in the last number of 'The Library,' p. 128, that the explanation of the editions of Tottel's Miscellany issued in 1585 and 1587 bearing the names of other printers (the first that of J. Windet, the second that of R. Robinson) lies in the fact that Tottel had 'yeilded into the hands and dispocion of the Master &c. of the Stacioners, for the reliefe of the saide companie' on January 8th, $158\frac{3}{4}$, this and six other books for which he had special privileges (Arber, ii. 786 *sq.*). Tottel had registered these as the last seven of thirty-six works, mostly covered by his patent for law books, as recently as February 18th, $158\frac{2}{3}$. But in common with Barker, Daye, Newbery, Bynnemann, and Denham he now thought it advisable to make some sacrifices to appease the growing discontent of the unprivileged printers.

Second Series,
No. 20, Vol. V. October, 1904.

THE LIBRARY.

WHAT FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKS ARE ABOUT.

II. Divinity.



TO attempt a complete survey of this immense division of medieval literature, would, even after a lifetime of study, demand unusual powers in any writer. One might almost assert that every book dating from the true Middle Age—from the fall of Rome to the Italian Renaissance—was written with an ethical purpose, and could be classed under some subdivision of this head. Nothing but an intimate knowledge of the book itself can be a guide. 'Le Livre du Roy Modus et de la Royne Ratio' is at a first glance a story; the rest of the title, 'lequel fait mencion commant on doit deviser de toutez manieres de chasses,' would seem to show that it is a book on hunting; it was really written for the moralizations—'et aprez moralise sur les dictes bestes les dix commandemens de la loy et des sept peches mortelx.' The few books of importance which do not bear this theological intention, like the 'Romance of the Rose,' were the subject of continual attack as 'soul-destroying.' We shall not, however,

stretch our nets so wide as to include books whose main interest is of another kind, but limit our attention to works really theological in character.

A somewhat simple main classification of divinity books presents itself, though secondary divisions are very difficult, and those we have adopted have very loose boundaries. The first class would comprise Bibles and Service Books; the second, Patristic Divinity, including everything which can be certainly attributed to the time of St. Bernard, or to take a round date, 1160, a year or two after his death; the third, works of Scholastic Divinity, written between the rise of Scholasticism under the influence of the medieval University and the invention of Printing; the fourth, Contemporary Divinity, books printed during the lives of their authors, and often written with printing in view. It is obvious that the number of books in each of these three classes will not give a just idea either of the original bulk of the literature represented or of its importance. Only those works of the Fathers would be printed which were found necessary in the fifteenth century; only those Scholastic treatises which had firmly fixed themselves in the curriculum of its education. In selecting books for publication the fifteenth-century printers and their patrons judged the older ones almost entirely from the standpoint of strict utility, and little was printed then from any other motive.

Before dealing with printed books it may be convenient to remind the reader that the majority of the early block-books deal with religious subjects in a popular way. Their favourite subjects are Bible

History, the Immaculate Conception, the Apocalypse, Antichrist, and The Way to Die Well. Over two-thirds of those described by Proctor are of this class, the remainder being Calendars, Fortune-telling books, etc. The early history of these block-books and their relation to the invention of printing are still matters for speculation.

The Bible holds pride of place among early printed books, both by the number of editions and by the magnificence of their printing. If not the first complete book printed (which is most unlikely, considering its size and the time it would take to print), it is the oldest which survives in a complete form. A whole literature has been written about the 42-line and the 36-line editions, to which nothing can be profitably added here. Hain enumerates 111 Latin Bibles (Copinger 124, some of them doubtful), 13 of which contain the glosses (or explanatory notes) of Walafridus Strabo, from Rabanus Maurus, and Alcuin, etc. (the *glossa ordinaria*), that of Anselm, of Laon (the *glossa interlinearis*), and the commentary of Nicholas de Lyra. The first Bible was printed at Mainz before August, 1456, the second at Mainz or Bamberg, the third at Strassburg before 1460; Augsburg, Basel, and Köln printed editions about 1470; Sweynheym and Pannartz at Rome in 1471; Venice editions date from about the same year; and it was printed at Naples and at Paris in 1476. If we could argue from the experience of William Morris in printing 'The Golden Legend,' the least possible space of time necessary for the production of any of the proto-editions of the Bible must have been con-

siderably over two years; but the possibility of work being carried on simultaneously at several different presses, and on the other hand the slow rate at which the old screw presses could be worked, makes such calculations very hazardous. The number of fifteenth-century editions shows that there was no lack of purchasers for them, though their price must have been considerable. There are 32 printed in Germany, 22 in Italy, 16 in Switzerland, and 6 in France, in Proctor's list alone. The ordinary reader, accustomed to think of the Bible in the vernacular as the fruit of the Reformation, will be surprised to hear of the existence of twelve editions of the German Bible, three in Saxon, four in French, eleven in Italian (of two or three different versions), a Spanish, a Dutch, and two Bohemian editions. Hebrew printing is represented by three Bibles, eight Pentateuchs, three editions of the Prophets, two of the Proverbs, and six of the Psalter, nearly all with commentaries. Of parts of the Bible we have to add two editions of the Apocalypse, a translation of Job, and 55 Latin, two Greek, and 22 vernacular versions in seven languages of the Psalms.

Of Service Books, the principal varieties are Breviaries, Horae, Missals, Minor Offices and Directories, and Psalters. Some account of these books may be found in Battifol's 'History of the Roman Breviary,' and, in Mr. Jenner's article in 'The Library,' New Series, Vol. IV. The 'Breviary' contains the proper lessons and collects for the daily offices of the Church which are read by all clerks and religious throughout the year. In the fifteenth century every province might have, and every Re-

ligious Order (with the exception of the Franciscans or Friars Minors who used the Roman 'Breviary') had, a 'Use' of its own, while the 'Breviarium Romanum' was in its origin only the 'Breviary' in use at the Court of Rome. The Missal contains the proper collects and lessons for use at Mass during the year, and varied (to a slighter extent) similarly with diocese and Order. The 'Hours of the Virgin' were a form of the Offices more popular in origin, and suited for use by the laity. Over 200 editions of the 'Breviary' (87 in Proctor) are known, the Uses of some 50 dioceses and Monastic Orders. About the same number of Missals are known. The printed Missals and Breviaries in English are of the York and Sarum (or Salisbury) Uses: a Hereford Missal was printed in 1502. In France the chief Uses were those of Paris, Rouen, and Lyons: in Italy, those of Rome and Milan: in Germany, owing to the multiplication of sovereign powers, the number of Uses was very great. About 118 editions of the 'Horae' are known, with special Uses for several French-speaking dioceses, Anjou, Liége, Paris, Toulouse, Rouen, etc. The Sarum Use was followed in England. A number of special Psalters for monastic use were printed separately, although they form part of an ordinary 'Breviary.' The 'occasional' services were printed in Ordinals, Obsequials, and Ceremonials, etc., but in small number; a list of them will be found on p. 356. The Hymns formed part of the 'Breviary' or Missal, but are sometimes printed separately (about eight editions).

Among the Fathers the favourites were Jerome,

Lactantius, Augustine, and Chrysostom. The demand for Lactantius was almost entirely Italian. Of the 13 editions of his complete works, only one was printed in Germany (at Rostock in 1476), while it was the second of the books (now extant) printed in Italy if not the first. Jerome, too, was an Italian taste as regards his complete Epistles: Proctor gives nine editions in Italy (it is the first dated book printed at Rome), to four in Germany and three in Switzerland. Augustine and Chrysostom were printed a treatise at a time, the latter only in translation. Hain gives 166 entries under Augustine, of which more than half are German-printed, though his 'City of God' was printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz at Subiaco and at Rome, and was only twice printed in Germany: its attraction for Italian readers was the mass of Classical legend embodied in it. Chrysostom is also a German taste, the proportion being 5 Italian editions to 20 German. A very favourite book was the 'Lives of the Fathers,' by St. Jerome, of which Proctor describes 38 editions not only in Latin, but in German, Italian, French, and English. Anselm was a German favourite—no editions being printed in Italy or France; other works which failed to arouse interest elsewhere than in Germany were the 'Martyrologium,' 'The Prophecies of Methodius,' and the 'Life of Barlaam and Josapat,' in which the Buddha became a Christian saint. The works of Leo the Great were printed five times in Italy and once in Switzerland and in Germany, while those of St. Gregory were more equally distributed, over one-third the total num-

ber being printed in Germany, and one-fourth in Italy. About the same proportions hold for the works of St. Bernard. The works of St. Denis the Areopagite were very naturally printed at Paris, near the abbey of which he was the titular patron. As an approximation to the proportion Patristic literature bears to the mass of Incunabula, we may estimate that 470 of the 9,900 books described by Proctor fall under this head, or about 5 per cent.

It is not without reason that St. Bernard was named as the limit of Patristic theology. The greater part of his life was spent in conflict with the new spirit of inquiry fostered by the Aristotelian dialectic, and before his death the book was written which became the text book of Scholastic theology, the Sentences of Peter Lombard (d. 1160), Bishop of Paris. The 'Master of Sentences,' as he was universally called in the Middle Ages, collected the opinions of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church on all the points on which dispute was possible, and arranged them *pro* and *contra*. The small number of editions of the work (19) recorded by Hain is no test of its popularity. The works of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Alexander Ales, Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, and many more are simply commentaries on it. Duns Scotus is perhaps the most popular of the commentators, Ockham, and Richard de Mediavilla (Middleville), with those already named, coming after. Proctor's list of Incunabula contains about 140 volumes of their works. But large as this contribution was, it falls into nothingness when compared with the chief influence of the book, its imprint upon the methods of

discussion and literary workmanship in the Middle Age. Arguments were marshalled, objections were raised, and these in turn answered, until finally a determination was arrived at. The method of proceeding was the same, whether the subject were law, philosophy, or theology.

In Doctrinal Theology, though this period is distinguished by the teaching of the great theologians of the Middle Age, St. Thomas, Bonaventure, Gerson, Albertus, etc., their works, with the exception of those of St. Thomas, are not the ones most often printed. They were regarded as the mines from which the writers of handbooks and textbooks extracted the materials for books of a more manageable size, such as Nicholas de Blony 'de Sacramentis,' Alphabetical dictionaries like Nider's 'Preceptorium,' the 'Aurea Biblia' of Antonio Rampigollis, and the 'Compendium theologicae Veritatis,' the 'Pantheologia' of Raynerius de Pisis, the 'Stella Clericorum,' and a host of Smaller Manuals, 'Specula,' and so on. Works on Devotion and on Morals make up, as was to be expected, about one-fifth of the output of the period. The most important contribution of the Middle Age to the world's literature in this class is the 'Imitatio Christi.' About seventy fifteenth-century editions of the book are known to Hain and Proctor, of which the British Museum contains about forty. Commentaries on Scripture, and abridgements, etc., form a large class. The most famous commentary is that of Nicholas de Lyra, which is often printed with the Bible as the Glossa Magna, and the abridgement of Bible and Gloss best known is that of Peter Comestor, the

'Master of Histories,' in his 'Historia Scholastica,' the source, as far as popular literature is concerned, of many medieval myths. Volumes of sermons and homilies bulk very largely in this period. Preaching came into fashion with the growth of the friars in the thirteenth century. It had hitherto been in great measure restricted to the bishops and a few of the more instructed clergy; now the parish priests were forced by the competition of the travelling preachers to deliver regular sermons, which in many cases had to be obtained ready made, for it was recognized that the presence of the qualities desirable in a priest did not ensure that he was a good preacher. Even in Charlemagne's time a large collection of Homilies had been made for the use of unlettered preachers, and now volumes of sermons began to swarm. They are usually drawn up in series, of which the chief are 'de sanctis'—Sermons for the saints' days throughout the year 'de tempore'—for the Sundays and greater feasts, and 'Quadragesimale,' for Lent; and there are besides many courses on special subjects. Typical examples of these volumes are the 'Quadragesimale' of Johannes Gritsch, the 'Sermones de tempore et de sanctis' of Johannes Herolt, the 'Predigten' ot Johannes Tauler, and—fateful name—the 'Sermones dormi secure' of Johannes de Verdenne. Very often these sermons contain 'examples,' little anecdotes, popular stories, and the like, which throw much light on the conditions of the time. The Sermons of St. Bernardin of Sienna are, for example, among our earliest authorities on the history of medieval card games.

Another large class of books appealed to the parish priest in his quality of confessor. A number of these are anonymous, the names of their authors have been lost, and no one can say who wrote the 'Lavacrum Conscientiae' or the 'Manuale Confessorum,' or the 'Penitentionarius.' Andreas Escobar compiled the 'Modus Confitendi,' Johannes of Freiburg the 'Summa Confessorum,' reprinted many times in German, and Johannes Nider another 'Manuale Confessorum,' a very popular book. One little treatise is not unamusing: it is the 'Manuale Confessorum metricum,' a Handbook for Confessors put into rhyme for the sake of priests with bad memories. All these books are intensely practical, and the Casuistry which Pascal warred against can hardly be said to exist, despite the name of Escobar.

The most important part of a parish priest's work was his administration of the Seven Sacraments, particularly of the Mass, and the proper conduct of the other ceremonies in which he took part. William Durandus, who died a bishop at Rome in 1296 after having been Dean of Chartres, explains in his 'Rationale divinorum Officiorum' the signification of every ceremony, and the symbolism of every vessel and vestment used in them. The 'Rationale' ran through over forty-five editions in the century, of which Proctor enumerates thirty; it is the source of the so-called mysticism in Huysmann's 'La Cathedrale.' The books used by the clergy were not, however, as elaborate as this, and were much more practical in character. Henry of Hassia's 'Secreta Sacerdotum, que sibi placent vel displicent in Missa,' or a work of Guido de Monte Rocherii, the

'Manipulus Curatorum, Officia Sacerdotum secundum Ordinem Septem Sacramentorum' (thirty-five editions in Proctor) instructed them in the things that must be done, and those that must be avoided, in the celebration of the Sacraments, without embarrassing them with lengthy details, and besides these, there were a large number of smaller treatises in use.

The government of the church, apart from the Canon Law, which is a literature in itself, is responsible for a quite considerable number of volumes, dealing with the Constitutions of Councils and Synods, the privileges of the clergy, and of Monastic and other Orders. With these may be classed, for convenience, a number of works in praise of the monastic life. The controversy with the Jews was carried on at intervals throughout the period, the most popular work being an 'Epistola contra Judeos' by a certain Rabbi Samuel, which ran through a dozen editions and was translated into German and Italian. It purports to have been written *circa* 1000 A.D. from Fez to a Rabbi Isaac, Master of the Synagogue, and to have been translated into Latin from Arabic by a Dominican friar in 1339. It is generally accompanied by the supposititious letter of Pontius Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius, giving an account of the trial of Christ.

The cult of the Virgin Mary, and the assertion of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, prominently taught by the Franciscans or Friars Minor, and as eagerly combatted by the Dominicans or Friars Preachers, is represented by a fairly considerable literature, some of it popular in character, and some of it very doctrinal. The most curious product

of the cult is an adaptation of the Psalter by St. Bonaventure, the General Minister of the Franciscans, in which every Psalm is turned to the praise of the Virgin. The controversy about the Immaculate Conception was at its hottest in the early years of the fourteenth century, and a Festival in its honour was appointed in 1389, but the dispute, stilled by the Reformation, was only definitely closed by the pronouncement of Pius IX in 1854.

So far the literary product of the period considered has been mainly scholastic in character; we now come to what should more properly be called Mediaeval. It may be divided into three classes, Popular Moral Treatises, Lives of the Saints, and Moralizations. It is in many cases utterly impossible to affix more than an approximate date to these productions; some of them may have been called into existence by the facilities for their circulation, but the majority are undoubtedly older than the invention of Printing. In Popular Moral Treatises, I include not only such tracts as the 'Ars moriendi,' the 'Ars bene vivendi et moriendi,' 'Auslegung des Lebens Christi,' 'Büchlein vom Leben unseres Herrn,' 'Dialogus inter clericum et militem,' etc. etc., but also such works as the 'Antichrist,' 'Pilate's letter to Tiberius,' 'Signa quindecim horribilia de fine mundi,' 'Belial,' or 'Litigatio Satanae contra genus humanum,' and the 'Cordiale' or Four Last Things (Death, the Last Judgment, Hell, and Heaven). Many of these books are illustrated, some are block-books. The 'Antichrist' is one of the most interesting of them, it is founded on a mixture of early Christian, Mohammedan, and Gnostic superstitions, illustrated by a

number of fine German woodcuts representing the principal episodes of his future career. 'The Dance of Death' in its various forms, French, German, etc., is another book of the kind.

The Lives of the Saints is another important division of popular divinity. Proctor gives nearly two hundred volumes, of which seventy are editions in one form or another of Jacobus de Voragine's 'Golden Legend.' Of this important book, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and English versions were printed during the century. No other important collection of legends was printed except that of Peter de Natalibus, since the 'Vitas Patrum' of Jerome was in existence, but there are a great number of separate lives of Saints, the most important among them being St. Bonaventure's life of St. Francis. There are besides a quite considerable number of Religious plays, the earliest form of printed dramatic literature, founded on incidents in the life of Christ and the Saints, chief among them being the Florentine 'Rappresentazioni,' so famous for their beautiful woodcuts. St. Brandon's Book, a Celtic romance masquerading as the life of a Saint, was not unpopular in the period, together with some Visions of Purgatory and Hell, like Tunstall's, and the description of St. Patrick's Purgatory.

The last division, the Moralizations, is very characteristic of the medieval mind. All classes of men loved stories, but clerks felt it to be a sort of obligation that they should tend to edification in some way or other. The result is that many collections of stories had morals and explanations fitted to them, sometimes suitably, at others with a very strained

connection. Thus we have 'Æsop moralisatus,' 'Cato cum moralisatione,' 'Donatus moralisatus,' etc., in which the fables of the first, the moral distiches of the second, and the grammatical rules of the third are brought to a doctrinal interpretation without any very great distortion of sense. On the other hand, such a book as the 'Ovid moralised' sets out a spiritual explanation of the Metamorphoses which those interesting but thoroughly Pagan stories will hardly bear. Some of the Moralizations are Eastern story-books, as Johannes de Capua's 'Directorium vitæ humanæ' and the 'Baarlam and Josapat' already referred to; some are collections of anecdotes for preachers' use, and some are allegories. The 'Gesta Romanorum' is a collection which may be read as a favourable sample both of medieval stories and of the moralizations attached to them: it contains the 'casket' story of the 'Merchant of Venice.' The 'Physiologus' of Theobaldus is another famous collection of animal stories, which lies at the root of much medieval symbolism; it contains a popular natural history of certain selected beasts, birds, fishes, and stones, with an application of their properties to Christ and the Church. The 'Dialogus Creaturarum' was a collection very popular in the Low Countries. Another variety of Moralizations is found in the book of Jacobus de Cessolis on the Game of Chess, of which, besides the versions in Latin, German, French, Saxon, Italian, and Dutch, an English translation by Caxton was twice printed in the fifteenth century. Its title shows its scope: 'Incipit solacium ludi schaccorum, scilicet, regiminis ac morum hominum et officium virorum nobilium, quorum si quis formas

menti impresserit, bellum ipsum et ludi virtutem cordi faciliter poterit obtinere.' A similar work was the 'Kaetspel ghemoraliseert,' printed in 1498. The earliest mention of cards is in a similar work, which, however, remains in manuscript up to the present day. When printing was invented cards had got beyond being moralized. 'The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus' was another medieval favourite, of Eastern origin and great antiquity, which lies on the borderland of these moralizations. It contains many of the simple riddles which were held great wisdom by our forefathers. Guillaume de Deguilleville's 'Pilgrimage of the Soul' was rather an allegorical poem than a moralization, but it may be conveniently included with them. The first book treated of the life of man, the second of the soul separated from the body, the third of the life of Christ. A fourth book was subsequently added, and the whole turned into prose. Caxton translated it into English, and some see in it the germ of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

When we turn from the books dating from the Scholastic period to those of Contemporary Writers we are conscious of a complete change in character. Nor is this to be wondered at. The competition between the best of former writers on an exhausted subject and contemporary authors is not very keen. Thus we find 21 contemporary books on the Sentences against 140 old ones, 40 commentaries on Scripture against 167. There was, too, a change in the direction of public interest. Italy was given up to the Renaissance, its production was purely literary. Germany was more devotional, superstitious even, and the first clouds of the witchcraft mania

appear in the shape of books such as the 'Malleus Maleficarum' (nine editions in six years) and others like it. Doring's celebration of the Miracle, by which the Host was revealed as a human body when stolen by the Jews, is another sign of the times. Another use was found for the printing-press in the publication of official documents such as Bulls, Indulgences, and the Rules and Taxes of the Apostolic Chancery, of which the British Museum has nearly a hundred.

Devotional and moral treatises form about one-sixth of the contemporary production. Few great names are found amongst their authors. The 'Speculum vitae humanae' of Rodericus Zamorensis is perhaps the most notable book on Morals. It sets out to give directions for the duties incumbent on every state of life, spiritual and temporal, and incidentally throws some light on the social conditions of the day. The contemporary Doctrinal works contain no great names except that of St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, whose 'Summa,' in four large volumes, was several times reprinted. A glance at the titles of the minor works shows that the subject of Predestination was one much before the public mind. The activity of Savonarola led to the formation of a small literature of his works: the British Museum contains about a hundred of his tracts, besides a few by his followers. Cardinal Turrecremata was the only contemporary commentator on Scripture much esteemed by his time (22 editions).

On the Sacraments the principal writers were William of Gouda, whose 'Expositio Mysteriorum

Missae' ran through nearly a score editions, and Johannes de Lapide, a theologian of Paris, whose 'Resolutorium dubiorum' was a treatise of the defects of the Mass, of which Proctor quotes twelve editions. A number of shorter tracts were published, on this and similar subjects. Antoninus was also a very popular writer on the subject of Confession. His 'Confessionale' ran through fifty-five editions at least, either in the Latin, or one of its Italian forms. The only other work on Casuistry with anything like the same reputation was the 'Summa Angelica' of Angelus de Clavasio, of which Proctor cites seventeen editions. The cult of the Virgin Mary and the confraternities of the Rosary produced sixty-five editions of thirty-seven books, and the fourteen editions in Hain of a book by Joannes Tuberinus represent an old tradition, revived in Trent, of the sacrificial murder of Christian Children by Jews, of which two were in German.

In an age of declamation and oratory, sermons were naturally produced freely. Robert Caraccioli is responsible for a large proportion of them, nearly a quarter of those cited by Proctor. Though an Italian from the South, his fame extended into Germany, where at least fifteen volumes of his sermons were printed. Michael of Hungary was the most famous of German preachers, his three volumes of sermons ran through some twenty editions; while Oliver Maillard, the famous French preacher, was responsible for ten editions; and the 'Queen's Garden,' a collection of sermons for the ecclesiastical year by Meffreth, a Saxon priest, had

some merit. The sermons of Leonard de Utino ran through more than twenty editions, all printed after his death. A considerable number of separate sermons were printed, sometimes under the title of 'Orations.' Johannes Melber published an alphabetical preacher's guide, a 'Vocabularius predicantium,' a sort of commonplace book, which ran through a score of editions.

One of the subjects which threatened the peace of Europe was the growing power of the Turks, then, as it proved, approaching its maximum. The letters of Aeneas Sylvius (Pius II) and of the Emperor Mahomet were reprinted several times, and altogether there are thirty-three books bearing on the subject in the list before us. Books dealing with privileges, religious orders, etc., amount to about fifty. Lives of the Saints, even including Platina's Lives of the Popes, are less still. Taking the whole list of fifteenth century books in the British Museum the contemporary theological printing, that is, of works written by men who were alive after 1460, is about 12 per cent.

One feels on looking back over this summary account that its interest is as restricted as that of the Homeric Catalogue of the Ships. Some Greek of old, patiently waiting for the mention of his city, or some modern historian or archaeologist, may profess to be interested in the latter, but how shall one induce a reader of to-day to glance over this catalogue of a dead literature? How can one particularize Scholastic Theology to a generation which has not read the Sentences, to which St. Thomas and Albert are but names? How many, except a

few Roman Catholic theologians, have read a line of all this literature with the exception of the 'Imitation' and perhaps scraps of the 'Confessions of St. Augustine'? To those who have found in these centuries a congenial study, the few words of appreciation which one could have found it in one's power to append to their mention would have added nothing to the brilliant background of history which lies behind each one of them.

A fine taste in the titles of their books must at least be conceded medieval writers. We have already had occasion to remark that the title is no guide to the contents of the volume. Many of them have a vague odour of garden closes—'The Rose-garden of triple Flowers,' 'The little Rose-garden in the Vale of Tears,' 'The Queen's Garden,' 'The Rose-garden of Sermons,' 'The Rose-garden among Thorns,' 'The Bundle of Myrrh,' 'The Garden of the Soul,' 'The Flower of Flowers.' 'The Washing Bowl of Conscience,' 'The Pearl of the Decretals,' 'The Flower of Wills,' etc., recall some of the titles of Rabelais, which indeed owe their point to their close verisimilitude. Others are more warlike, as 'The Fortress of Faith,' or legal, as 'The Reprobation of Pilate's Sentence,' 'Satan's Action against the Human Race,' etc. There is a whole literature in the name 'Viola Animae' for a Martyrology.

One may close the article by an approximate analysis of the divinity books in Proctor's Index. As regard the subdivisions they are perhaps unscientific, but one is cheered to reflect that in a scientific classification by no less an authority than

Mlle. Pellechet, a dream-book was classed under 'Commentaries on Holy Scripture,' and that all systems have their faults. One hopes in future to have an opportunity of making it more searching.

I. Bibles and Service Books.

Bibles. Hebrew 3, Latin 92, German 11, Saxon 3, Italian 7, Bohem. 2, Holl. 1, Fr. 1		120
Parts. New Test. 3, Hebrew parts 11, Psalters 61, Apoc. 1		76
Service Books. Breviary (Diurnale, Nocturnale)	87	
Horae (Cursus, Officium B. V., Ghetidenbock)	97	
Missal	70	
Others — Cerimoniale, Graduale, Obsequiale, Special Offices, Ordinarius, Pontificale, Processionarium, Visitatio Infirmorum, Agenda Ecclesiæ, Benedictionale, Manuale, Rituale Ambros., Antiphonarium, Collectarius, Epistles and Gospels (Plenarium), Directorium Breviarii, Directorium Missæ, Ordo Missæ, Ordo Divinus, Registrum, Regulæ rituales, Collectura, Gebet bok	67	
Hymns and Sequences (some with Expositions)	37	358
		554

Theological Books.

	II. Patristic.	III. Scholastic.	IV. Contemporary.	
Devotional and Moral	165	426	183	
Commentaries on Scripture	28	167	42	
Sermons (vols.)	77	230	220	
Doctrinal	45	243	69	
Sacraments	—	76	37	
Ceremonies	—	132	37	
Confession	—	127	120	
Mary, cult of	7	69	65	
Saints, lives of	94[1]	198	46	
Councils, Privileges, Rel. Orders, etc.	—	65	59	
Letters	34	—	13	
Opuscula	20	—	92[2]	
Jews, Turks, Heretics, etc.	—	27	56	
Sentences and Com.	—	141	21	
Popular Moral Treatises	—	150	—	
Moralizations	—	111	—	
Witchcraft	—	—	27	
Savonarola	—	—	106	
	470	2162	1193	3825
				4379

We thus arrive at the rough result that about 45 per cent. of the books in Proctor's Index are theological in character, without taking into account the enormous literature of the Canon Law. It may be interesting to compare the result with that of the two libraries cited in my last article.

[1] 'Eccl. History,' 41.

[2] Bulls, etc.

The number of theological books in the St. Geneviève library at Paris, and their classification on the official French system is as follows:

Bibles	26
Commentaries	20
Liturgies	78
Councils, Privileges, etc.	27
Theologians to sixth century	42
" twelfth century	24
" thirteenth century	38
" fourteenth century	29
" fifteenth century	63
Sermons	29
Devotional	93
	469
Total Incunabula	1209
Proportion of Religious works	39°/。

In the case of the Royal Library at Copenhagen, where the total number of incunabula catalogued is 2,562, the number of theological books is 1,108 (Bibles 54, Service Books 57), or forty-three per cent. of the whole. It would seem then that as the number of incunabula in a library grows, the proportion of theological books tends to increase to nearly one half.

ROBERT STEELE.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE question whether genuine love-letters should be published was vehemently discussed when the Browning Letters appeared a few years ago. There is no need to re-open the controversy. Every one will admit that there are love-letters and love-letters, just as there are lovers and lovers. The student of human character and the student of literary expression distinctly gain by acquaintance with the love-letters of Dorothy Osborne, Dean Swift (the 'Journal to Stella'), Richard Steele, Prince Bismarck, the Brownings, Goethe (to Frau von Stein), Balzac, and Mérimée. But I cannot see that gain of any kind is to obtained by reading the recently published volume of letters of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. They were both great writers, but they were not great in their love-affairs. The one kind of greatness is by no means a corollary of the other, and I have sought in vain for passages in the letters that have a literary charm or illuminate character. They cover a period from 1833 to 1835. George Sand was heedless of the wise advice contained in the old adage 'to be off with the old love before you are on with the new'; and it is scarcely edifying to read in her letters to De Musset her justification of her relations with Signor Pagello,

his successor in her affections. De Musset, however, it is only fair to state, seems to have been ready and willing to be taken on again at any moment. If the persons concerned liked that kind of thing, it is their affair solely; nothing is gained by inviting the public to look on. In one place only does De Musset rise to what might be expected of him. He remarks that it is necessary to have faith in something, to have an end in view, a luminous triangle hung in the vault of the temple called the world, and continues:

Marcher librement dans le temple, et avoir à son côté un être capable de comprendre pourquoi une pensée, un livre, un mot, une fleur font que vous vous arrêtez, et que vous relevez la tête vers le triangle céleste. Exercer les nobles facultés de l'homme est un grand bien, voilà pourquoi la poésie est une belle chose, mais doubler ses facultés, avoir deux ailes pour monter au ciel, presser un cœur et une intelligence sur son intelligence et sur son cœur, c'est le bonheur suprême. Dieu n'en a pas fait plus pour l'homme; voilà pourquoi l'amour est plus beau que la poésie.

Voilà pourquoi aussi je tiens tant à l'intelligence dans la femme que j'aimerai.

As a corrective, the 'Correspondance entre George Sand et Gustave Flaubert,' recently united in one volume, should be read over again. Just as the De Musset correspondence reveals what *amour* was with George Sand, so do the Flaubert letters reveal what *amitié* was with her.

Akin to letters are personal memoirs, and the second instalment of those of Mme. Adam, en-

titled "Mes premières Armes. Littéraires et politiques," is full of interest. Almost everybody who was anybody in France between the years 1855 and 1863—statesmen, authors, musicians, painters, critics, figure in its pages, and the light hand of the French woman of charm and genius touches every sort of subject with inimitable grace. Even the reported conversations retain much of their original vivacity. Two instances of successful political prophecy are worth quoting. It seems clear that most intelligent persons, long before the breaking out of the war, had a very strong feeling that Prussia meant to take Alsace and Lorraine. At a dinner-party, while the Suez Canal was in the process of construction, some one remarked 'if it succeeds, England will buy it up.' There is a certain fascination in learning first hand that in the beginning Gounod's 'Faust' was a failure (Mme. Adam was present at the second performance), and in hearing in the same way of the earliest recognition at a *vernissage* at the Salon of the work of the painter Millet. We meet George Sand, About, Sarcey, Gounod, Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Hetzel, but perhaps the most attractive of them all is Mme. d'Agoult, who wrote under the name of 'Daniel Stern,' who was the *chère amie* of Liszt, to whom she bore three daughters, the third of whom became the wife of Wagner. Her advice about forming a salon is worth quoting:

> Il faut vingt amis et cinq amies pour fonder un salon.
>
> Le bonheur n'est fait que de renoncement et de sagesse. Pour grouper des hommes en nombre et quelques femmes intelligentes autour de soi, il faut avoir l'apparence sereine ou heureuse.

Créer une atmosphère impersonelle et paisible qui repose, est nécessaire pour retenir l'amitié autour de soi.

Another delightful acquaintance was Mme. de Pierreclos, a niece of Lamartine. She was an exquisite talker, and her method of telling a story was original and inimitable: she allowed her auditors to join in it, so that at the end they almost thought that they had told it. Here is an example:

Croiriez-vous que moi j'ai inspiré de l'amour à M. de Rambuteau?

A M. de Rambuteau? Mais il est très vieux.

Eh bien, il n'y a pas longtemps qu'il ressentit pour moi une passion désordonnée.

Contez-nous cela.

Oh! sa déclaration! Comment fait on d'ordinaire une déclaration?

Avec de belles paroles amoureuses.

Et puis, dans quelle pose?

A genoux.

Justement, voilà! M. de Rambuteau très péniblement se mit à genoux pour me déclarer son amour; il eut des expressions adorables comme, par exemple, celle-ci: 'Belle dame, mon cœur déchiré ne peut se recoudre que par vos mains.' C'est joli, n'est ce pas?

Oh! charmant!

Je laissai donc mon amoureux à mes genoux, s'y appuyant les mains jointes. Il parla, parla, s'échauffant. Devinez ma réponse.

Moi aussi, je vous aime!

Non.

Ma flamme répond à votre flamme.

C'est trop faible.

Bigre! quoi alors?

Je suis à vous!

Je me renverse dans mon fauteuil, lui retirant l'appui de mes genoux. M. de Rambuteau tombe à quatre pattes, gémit; je sonne ma femme de chambre pour le relever, ce qui fut tristement difficile.

'C'est l'une des plus dangereuses aventures de ma vie,' ajoutait gravement Mme. de Pierreclos.

In his new volume ot essays, 'Le Double Jardin,' Maeterlinck, whose titles have as little connection with the subjects of his books as Ruskin's titles have with his, has made a great advance in his art. There is here more simplicity, depth, sincere human feeling than in any of his previous writing; and the first essay, 'Sur la mort d'un petit chien,' is a little masterpiece in its kind. There is much humour, a quality with which Maeterlinck was scarcely to be credited, in the dog's view of men and their world. To those who know something of the joys of motoring, the essay 'En Automobile,' will give pleasure. He makes us recognize that the wonderful machine, which carries us if we wish 'à soixante l'heure,' has a soul, and brings us as near as we can get at present to the sensation of flying. Space and time are annihilated, hills are levelled; we feel veritable conquerors of the universe as we ride. Gambling at Monte Carlo, 'Le Temple du Hasard,' and the coming of the southern spring form the subjects of other delightful essays.

Students of comparative literature will do well to read Mr. John Martin Telleen's little book, 'Milton dans la Littérature Française.' The author is an American, but his nationality is not betrayed by his French. His object is to show how Milton was appreciated in France during the eighteenth century

and part of the nineteenth, and what was his influence on French poets. It is a pity that the criticisms of Voltaire and of Chateaubriand on Milton, each of excellence and interest in its way, are seldom alluded to by English critics. A capital summary will be found in Mr. Telleen's book. He also reminds us of the numerous French translations of Milton that exist. Besides that of Chateaubriand, which is too literal, and that of Delille, which is too free, there are a dozen or more not without merit. Milton strongly influenced De Vigny in such poems as 'Moïse,' and 'Eloa,' and appears as a character in his historical novel 'Cinq-Mars.' He appears likewise in Victor Hugo's drama 'Cromwell.' André Chénier imitated Milton in 'Suzanne.' Indeed Mr. Telleen's essay is a surprising revelation of the large place held by Milton in French literature.

Carl Busse has written a very interesting new short biography of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, 'Deutschlands grösste Dichterin,' the poetess who, although less great, occupies much the same position in Germany as Mrs. Browning does in England. Member of a noble Westphalian family, she was born in 1797 and died in 1848. The difficulties in the way of her career were very great. Even now women of the middle class in Germany do not find it easy to pursue a professional calling, and are often looked at askance by their friends if they persist in so doing. In the early years of the nineteenth century it was unheard of for a female member of the aristocracy to come before the public as a poet. She might write verse in an amateurish

way to please herself if she wished, but no well conducted young woman would dream of publishers and critics and a serious literary life. Annette's health was bad, and no lover or husband came to release her from the domestic martyrdom. The one bright spot in her somewhat arid life was her affection for Levin Schücking, the son of her greatest woman friend, and he had an extraordinary influence for good on her work. But a pseudo-maternal feeling for one seventeen years her junior could not be wholly satisfactory, and when he married the friendship ceased. Annette Droste-Hülshoff was undoubtedly a great poet, and might have been a greater one had she not suffered from the traditions and hindrances of her rank, and from the conventions of her time regarding women. Although she lacks Mrs. Browning's lyric inspiration, her appreciation of nature, her profound religious faith, and her sincere love of humanity give her a prominent place in the hierarchy of German poets. It is scarcely too much to say that she originated the poetic realism that has been carried in a direct line from her through Theodor Storm to Detlev von Liliencron. Her work, perhaps, is more interesting to psychologists than to lovers of fine poetry; but there exists always a certain class of mind that would be more interested by her, and by such a poet as Hebbel, than by Goethe. Although she was passionately fond of music, her verse lacks form and melody, and is at times incoherent. Here she may be compared with Robert Browning. It will be remembered in this connection that Heine, a master of melody in words, hated music.

Paul Bourget has given us in 'Un Divorce,' a very fine novel; although I will not go so far as some who maintain it to be the best thing he has ever done, it is certainly very good indeed. The question regarding divorce that he sets himself is whether the Roman Catholic Church is right in declaring marriage indissoluble. He answers it in the affirmative, and tries to prove his belief by the tale he tells. It is a drama of middle-class life. A woman divorced from her first husband, who was a drunkard, marries again. She has a son by the first marriage, a daughter by the second. The second marriage is of course not recognized by the Church. But she obtained from her second husband, who is a free-thinker, permission to bring up this daughter as a Catholic. When the girl is preparing for her first communion, her mother feels an ardent desire to communicate again herself, but it is forbidden her, since by her divorce she has put herself outside the Church. Her son Lucien falls in love with Berthe Planat, a medical student, who had a child by a young man in whom she trusted, but who turned out unworthy of her and cruelly deserted her. When his stepfather objects to his marriage with the girl, Lucien coolly says that his actual father, who is still alive, is the only person who has any right to forbid it, and that after all he is only acting towards Berthe as his stepfather had acted towards his mother; he desired to help her to reconstruct her life, and the civil marriage was only a concession so as to ensure the legal right to defend the woman. 'Je ne vous demande rien que de me permettre de faire ce que vous avez fait.' Berthe

is excellently drawn. She is an honourable girl who has been wickedly deceived. She believes that a man and woman in order to belong to each other, and to found a home together, need neither a priest to bless nor a magistrate to register their vow. A true marriage consists in the free union of two beings who associate their destinies from personal choice without other witnesses of the promise than their own consciences. A woman does not lose honour if she contracts such a bond and is deceived, any more than if she had been married in church to a wretch who afterwards deceived and deserted her. On the other hand, the view of marriage held by the Church is expressed by a priest thus: a drunken husband is a trial; when the Church blesses a woman's marriage, it does not promise her exemption from trials. If the trial becomes too hard, there is always separation. Bourget's tale is a veritable piece of life described with the perfect art of a great romancer who is also a sincere observer of human nature. His characters live and suffer as real persons would, but his point of view, though justified perhaps in this particular case, would not hold good in all. The end is a compromise that is scarcely likely to satisfy any one.

In 'Le Visage émerveillé,' the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles has added to those romances dealing with nuns which seem to have so great a fascination for some people. A young man falls in love with a young nun, and visits her every night in her convent cell. We do not know what kind of a convent it can be, but the lover seems to enter boldly by the front door. In the old French

fabliaux such adventures, full of the true *esprit gaulois*, are frankly humorous, and fully succeed in their object, which is to amuse. They are guiltless of mysticism or psychology. But the modern nun keeps a diary and notes her feelings in it. She returns her lover's affection, is even proud of winning his love; but when he very naturally suggests that she should go away with him, and that they should start life together, she refuses, and in the end elects to remain a nun! Such a book could only have originated in France, and it possesses a certain glamour of poetical mysticism, and a curious, unhealthy, unreal way of looking at life that unfortunately appeals to some minds, and the novel has received a large amount of praise. Its literary workmanship is admirable, and it seems a pity that so much real artistic skill should not have been exercised in some other direction.

There are some authors who seem only able to write one book. Mme. Lecomte du Nouy's first venture, 'Amitié Amoureuse,' was a delightful and penetrating study of the perils of platonic friendship, doubtless resting on a foundation of reality. Her latest production, 'La Joie d'Aimer . . .' like the other volumes published by her, is scarcely worthy of her *début*. The subject is disagreeable. A man is depicted as being in love with his mother-in-law and his wife at the same time, and the former becomes his mistress not altogether unwillingly, though she makes some sort of a struggle, and apparently loves her daughter. It is fair to state that the guilty woman repents in the end. The motto of the novel is Joubert's 'Les passions ne sont

que nature; c'est le non-repentir qui est corruption.' But Joubert hardly meant the condition of things described in the novel. The dialogue form is used, and is well managed. In her preface the author observes that the form should specially commend itself to lovers of the automobile and sixty miles an hour, for they will prefer the rapid development of the narrative to psychological subtleties.

Pierre de Coulevain's new novel, 'Sur la Branche,' is interesting, but is by no means up to the level of her 'Eve Victorieuse,' perhaps the best study of an American woman that exists. Here an elderly lady of fifty-seven goes over her past life, which, like most lives, had contained shadow and shine, and it becomes singularly mingled with people and events she meets after she had, as she thought, retired, so to speak, from active service. She endeavours, with some success, to formulate the philosophy of life that her own experiences and her observation or others have taught her. It is a philosophy of optimism, of reconciliation based on the Maeterlinckian proposition that evil is the good we do not understand. There is nothing very original in the subject of a husband's infidelity with his wife's best friend. The chief interest of the book lies, I venture to think, in the excellent appreciations of the men and women of different nationalities with whom the heroine comes in contact. She is delightfully quick to seize the good points in all of them.

In German literature nothing of great interest has lately come my way, either in serious or lighter

books. 'Hermann Osleb,' a novel by Gerhard Ouckama Knoop, a Russo-German chemist, though scarcely deserving the praise lately given it by an English critic, is an interesting and artistic piece of work. The scene is one of the old Hansa towns—probably Hamburg—about 1860. The chief characters are three young people, a man and two girls, who to reach freedom have to overcome tradition and environment, and to reconcile old ideas with new. The men are all in business, some are successful, others unsuccessful. Osleb has a little business of his own: he buys raw tobacco and sells it again to small dealers, and so needs capital or a somewhat extensive credit. A rich uncle, an ill-tempered despot, helps him. The character of Osleb is well drawn. He is an average person of no particular powers or decision, yet not wholly unattractive. He is fond of taking long, solitary rides in the country and allows himself the luxury of a horse, for whom he has a great affection. He cares nothing for books but is not averse from the conversation of educated and cultured people.

His cousin Rebecca is deeply religious. She is a Protestant, yet so far as she can, leads in her father's house (the mother is dead) the life of a nun. She is timid and reserved and hard on the failings of her fellow-creatures. Her friend Alida is a girl of very different temperament; she is cheery, courageous, enjoying to the full the pleasures and happinesses that come in her way, and tries, but with scant success, to bring Rebecca into a more natural frame of mind and way of life. Alida marries Osleb, but dies when her child is born. Rebecca develops

through contact with the realities and troubles of life: almost unacknowledged to herself, she had always loved her cousin, and after his young wife's death she takes charge of his motherless child. The two cousins marry, and we leave them reconciled with the world and their destiny.

The material of the story is simple enough: the main idea seems to be to show that the combined influences of a past and a modern time must have the best results for the present and future of the human race. And all the characters in the story at first influenced solely, either voluntarily or involuntarily, by the influences of past conditions, only work their way to contentment and usefulness when they yield also to contemporary influences.

A novel entitled, 'Götz Krafft. Die Geschichte einer Jugend,' by Edward Stilgebauer, has been attracting some attention in Germany. It is only the first part of the history; it passes in Frankfurt-on-the-Main and in Lausanne, and pictures the youth's last days at school, and his early student days at the University. He is a youth of good instincts, and we feel sorry for his disappointments and disillusions, though there is an air of unreality about his surroundings, for all his young companions of both sexes are so extremely objectionable. And yet there are so many nice people in Frankfurt and in Lausanne. The author promises in future volumes to take his hero to Berlin, 'in the stream of the world,' to Munich where he performs his military service, and to Marburg, where, so the publisher's note tells us, he undergoes the great and determining experience of his life. If Stilgebauer

will aim less at sensationalism, and make his hero's struggles to pose as a pattern of virtue proof against every temptation less painful and unnatural, his story will be better worth reading.

Three volumes of short stories possess merit. 'Unter dem starken Leben,' by August Friedrich Krause, contains sixteen sketches of Silesian life. The people in them are full of courage and hope, despite their sufferings under the strenuous life, and seldom allow themselves to be conquered by ill-fortune. The best of the tales is perhaps 'Schnucki,' a story of a poor old woman and her cat, full of pathos and sincerity. 'Every one knew the woman's history, no one knew her suffering.' Georg von Gabelentz's collection 'Das weisse Tier,' savours of Edgar Allan Poe. He deals with the abnormal, the mysterious, the connection between this world and the unseen. For sheer horror I do not remember anything in any language to equal 'Der Affe'—two men and an ape adrift at sea in a small boat. It is told with great art and restraint. In 'Katastrophen' Kurt Martens tells six instances of soul-catastrophes, treated sometimes seriously, sometimes humorously and lightly. 'Das Chephas Kuminski' is a capital sketch of a marriage in haste repented at leisure.

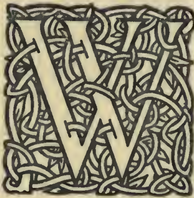
It is of some interest to follow the taste of the German public in English literature, taking as guide the works that are translated. Ruskin, Browning, Pater, and Oscar Wilde have been appearing for some time in German dress, and now we have to add to them George Moore and George Meredith. 'Esther Waters' has iust been published

under the title of 'Arbeite und Bete,' as the first of the series of Moore's 'Frauenromane,' and is to be quickly followed by 'Evelyn Innes' and 'Sister Teresa.' Dr. Max Meyerfeld contributes a laudatory appreciation of Moore, coupled with a brief sketch of the evolution of the servant-girl heroine in fiction, by way of introduction. Moore, he admits, is a realist, but a realist who deals with the realism of the idea; it is the 'winged realism' of a Balzac.

Two translations of Meredith's 'Ordeal of Richard Feverel' have been brought out almost simultaneously. The better of the two is by Julie Sotteck, and to it F. Sefton Delmer contributes an interesting introduction which concludes with the words, 'an author, so rich in thought, in humour, and in fancy, so grandly profound and sincere in the description of human destiny, must not have his influence confined within the boundaries of his native land.'

ELIZABETH LEE.

SECRET PRINTING DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



HEN, in 1644, the split took place between the Presbyterians and the Independents, among the leaders of the Independents were John Lilburne and Richard Overton, and they fought for liberty of conscience, as Prynne and Bastwick had fought for it only a few years before, by means of the secret press.

The whereabouts of those secret presses, and the literature that was printed at them, form an interesting though very thorny subject. Yet the task of the modern searcher is an easy one by comparison with that of the men of the Stationers' Company who were charged to track down pamphlets to their birthplace in garrets and cellars. All that they had to rely upon was the information of spies, and the letter or type used in the objectionable document, whereas the bibliographer has now the results of their labours to help him in fresh discoveries. But even with this assistance it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to pick out from the mass of sheets and pamphlets that poured from the press between 1640 and 1650, those that were secretly printed and say where and by whom. The following notes, culled from various out-of-the-way sources, concerning some of the secret presses of

that period, chiefly employed by Lilburne and Overton, are offered as an attempt, and an attempt only, to disentangle a number of pamphlets from the woof of mystery and uncertainty of which they form a part.

I. Coleman Street Press. 1643 (?)— 17th January, $164\frac{4}{5}$.

On Monday, 9th December, 1644, there was found scattered over the streets of the city, a slip of paper, bearing some very uncomplimentary remarks against two of the commanders of the Parliamentary army, Lord Essex and the Duke of Manchester. The slips were even thrust behind the stall boards of shops, and one witness deposed to finding quite a number of them in this way.

This piece of paper measured about five inches by four, and contained eighteen lines of printed matter in Roman type, with a two-line initial A. It had no heading, and needless to say, no signature. In the course of the day it was brought under the notice of the House of Lords, who at once ordered 'That the Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers shall attend this House at four of the clock this afternoon, to know of them whether they do know the print, and can discover the author of it' (Lords Journals, vol. vii, p. 91).

The Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers obeyed the summons, but begged for longer time in which to make inquiries, and promised to do their best to discover the printer of the slip. The House granted them two or three

days' grace, which, however, lengthened into nearly three weeks before the Lords were able to attend to the matter again. At last, on the 26th December, they sent a message to the Lord Mayor and the Company of Stationers, desiring to know what steps they had taken in the matter; and not getting a satisfactory reply, sent the Gentleman Usher of the House into the city on the 28th on the same errand. The Company of Stationers thereupon returned the curious answer: "That they have used their best endeavours to find out the Printer, and author of the scandalous libel; but they cannot yet make any discovery thereof, the letter [*i.e.*, the type] being so common a letter; and further complained of the frequent printing of scandalous books by divers, as Hezechia Woodward and Jo: Milton.'

The probable explanation of this extraordinary reply is, that those of the Company who happened to be present at the Hall, when the Parliament's messenger arrived, were of the Presbyterian section, for the Company, like the rest of the community, was at war within itself, and that these could not resist a fling at the man who was advocating a free press and his own peculiar views as to marriage.

So matters went on until the 17th January, $164\frac{4}{5}$, when it was reported to the House, 'That the Company of Stationers have found out a person, who had in his house divers scandalous books and pamphlets, and a letter for printing; the letter thereof is very like the letter of the libel against the peers' (Lords Journals, vol. vii).

The person upon whose premises this type had

been found, was Nicholas Tew, stationer, of Coleman Street, a favourite haunt of the Independents. A committee was appointed to examine him, but Tew refused to speak, so they committed him close prisoner to the Fleet, and referred his examination to two Justices of the Peace.

In the calendar of documents in the House of Lords, compiled by the Historical Manuscripts Commissioners (Sixth Report, App., p. 46 a), is noted, under date the 10th February, $164\frac{4}{5}$, the petition of Nicholas Tew for release, or, at least, freedom under bail. The House took the petition into consideration, and called for the certificate of the two justices, who had been ordered to examine him, and this document is attached to the petition. It is summarized in the following words:

'Examination of Nicholas Tew before the Justices. Confesses that a printing press was brought to his house in Coleman Street, and was used there by Robert Overton, who lodged there, and others, but who, he knows not; also confesses that a letter written by Mr. Lilburne to Mr. Prynne,[1] and a book of Mr. Lilburnes were printed there but from whom he received them or how much money he made by them he cannot tell. 17. Jan^{y} $164\frac{4}{5}$.'

Here, then, we have two important statements:

1. That of the experts of the Company that the type used to print the slip of paper concerning the

[1] A Copie of a Letter Written by John Lilburne, Leut. Collonell To Mr. William Prinne Esq." B.M. 4103, e. 45. This letter was dated the 7th January, but was not published till the 15th.

generals, was very like that found at Nicholas Tew's house and in books printed there.

2. The confession of Nicholas Tew that he had a printing press on his premises, and that Lilburne's letter to W. Prynne had been printed at it, besides another book of Lilburne's, the title of which he did not give.

As copies of both the slip and the 'Letter' are among the Thomason Tracts there is no difficulty in comparing them, and comparison shows that they are certainly very closely alike. The face of the type is the same in both cases, *viz.* pica making three lines (set close) to nine millimetres. It is a Dutch letter, very much worn and battered, and did not print well. On the whole, while we must remember that the officers of the Stationers' Company, who saw the type itself, hesitated to say positively that the slip was printed with the same fount, owing to the number of closely similar founts in use, I yet think that we may safely identify the two types. This being so, we can carry the investigation a step further, since, in addition to the 'Letter,' Tew confessed that the press had been used to print a book of Lilburne's. Now so far as we know, Lilburne had not printed any of his own writings up to this time, and the statement is a book *of* not *for* Mr. Lilburne. In those days it was quite usual to describe anything running to more than eight pages as a 'book,' though we should probably now term it a pamphlet. Such a pamphlet had just been published, in fact Thomason dated his copy the 17th January, the very day of Nicholas Tew's arrest, though it had possibly been issued some days earlier.

The title of this pamphlet was:

'An Answer to nine arguments: Written by T. B. . . . Written long since by . . . John Lilburne . . . London. Printed in the yeere of our Lord. 1645.' [British Museum E. 25(7).]

It forms a quarto of twenty-four leaves, the first two without pagination. It possessed a title-page, noticeable for a bold, badly cut set of great primer caps. It also has above the imprint two rows of printer's ornaments, the royal emblems of the thistle and fleur-de-lys crowned, an ornament used again on the next leaf, and again on the first page of text. This ornament, however, was an exceedingly common one. I believe it was manufactured in great quantities by the typefounders of this country, that it was a stock pattern and was supplied to all printers indifferently. At any rate examples of it, the same in size and pattern, can be found in the hands of a dozen different printers of this period. Thus no theory can safely be based upon its presence in any particular pamphlet. When, however, we find it occurring throughout a whole set of pamphlets, showing other points of resemblance, its presence certainly helps to strengthen the argument for their common origin.

The 'Answer' was further distinguished by a portrait of John Lilburne, engraved by G. Glover. This plate had appeared three years before as a frontispiece to a work called 'The Christian Mans Trial,' a kind of history of Lilburne's sufferings, published by a bookseller named William Larner, of whom more will be heard in connection with these secret presses.

There was then, in December 1644, a secret press in Coleman Street. How long had it been there and what other pamphlets were printed at it? Referring once more to Nicholas Tew's confession, it will be noticed that he says that a printing press was brought to his house, and was used there by Robert Overton and others. There were two men of the name of Overton with the initial R., who played a part in public affairs during the Civil War and Commonwealth period. Robert, a native of Yorkshire, who was a soldier and subsequently Governor of Hull, and Richard, who belonged to the Independent party and wrote several broadsides and pamphlets. About a year before the arrest of Nicholas Tew, there had appeared a remarkable pamphlet entitled, 'Mans Mortallitie. Or a Treatise Wherein 'tis proved, both Theologically and Phylosophically, that whole Man (as a rationall Creature) is a compound wholy mortal.' . . . By R. O. . . . Amsterdam. Printed by John Canne. Anno. Dom. 1643-4.' The theory which the author of this pamphlet put forward was so unorthodox that no publisher or printer in London, who valued his liberty, would have dared to put his name in the imprint, and accordingly a fictitious one was found for it. There is no evidence that the R. O. on the title-page stands for either Richard or Robert Overton; but the work is usually ascribed to Richard Overton. The imprint, however, certainly points in the other direction. John Canne, the supposed printer, was an Independent divine who had already written several books in support of his opinions, and had held the position of minister to the English Church in Amsterdam. How or when he came to

know Robert Overton is not clear, but upon becoming Governor of Hull in 1647, Robert Overton appointed John Canne as his chaplain, and this evidence of personal friendship is strengthened by the fact that Canne named one of his children Overton. With Richard Overton, Canne's name is not associated in any way, though in all probability they were known to each other by their writings. A glance at the book shows that it was printed in London, and not in Amsterdam, even if we had not Thomason's authority for the fact. When reinforced by Tew's statement, this justifies the inference that it was printed at the Coleman Street press in January, 1644, by Robert Overton, although the Roman type is a much newer letter, and the style of the running title and method of pagination differ from those in the other two books.

There are, it is true, two poetical satires by Richard Overton directed against the cross in Cheapside, and printed in 1642, but the type in which they were set up is entirely different to that used at the Coleman Street press, and the bulk of Richard Overton's work, as we shall see, is of a later date when, under the pseudonyms of Martin Mar-priest, Christopher Scale Sky, and the like, he attacked the Presbyterian party.

There is yet another book which came from this press in Coleman Street, a duodecimo entitled 'The Compassionate Samaratane,' published 5th January 1644. That these five books exhaust its output is very unlikely; but they are all that can be traced at present.

II. The Martin Mar-Priest Press.

On the 8th April, 1645, appeared the first of Richard Overton's pamphlets against the Presbyterian Assembly of Divines, which became known as the Martin Mar-Priest tracts. It was called 'The Arraignment of Mr. Persecution,' and its curious imprint will be found in the bibliography. The second of the series was called 'A Sacred Synodicall Decretall,' the title-page of this bearing a woodcut. The imprint, it will be seen, varied somewhat from that of the 'Arraignment.' In quick succession followed 'Martin's Eccho,' and 'The Nativity of Sir John Presbyter . . . Calculated by Christopher Scale-Sky.' A gap of nearly six months then occurs, during which time the press was hastily removed; but in December it was back again in its old quarters and issued another pamphlet: 'The Ordinance for Tythes Dismounted.' This was succeeded in January 164$\frac{5}{6}$ by 'Divine Observations upon the London-Ministers Letter against Toleration,' the last tract, as far as we know, in which Martin Mar-Priest made his appearance.

These pamphlets all bear such a strong typographical likeness, that there can be no doubt as to their having been printed at the one press. With the single exception of Martin's 'Echo,' they all have title-pages, in which the same founts of type are used. The text of all is printed in pica Roman and Italic. But it is in the compositors' work that the resemblance is most noticeable, these books showing a uniformity which leads to the conclusion that they

were set up by the same hands. With only one exception, the first capital was surrounded by a border of small fleur-de-lys. Four out of the six have the running title in italics, and in each of the four cases this running title commences on the second page.

The authorship of these tracts, and the press at which they were printed, proved two of the greatest mysteries of the time. The Company of the Stationers and the heads of the Presbyterian party were completely baffled. William Prynne, who worked himself into a white rage of passion over them, within three months ascribed the authorship to two different men. In his "Fresh Discovery of some prodigious new wandring blasing-stars, and firebrands,'[1] published on July 24th, he declares they were written by one Henry Robinson, a noted Independent, who, so he averred, kept a private printing-press in an alley off Bishopsgate Street, and sent for printers from Amsterdam.

Three months later in a fierce attack upon John Lilburne, bluntly called the 'Lyar confounded,'[2] he declared that these Mar-Priest tracts were printed with the same letter or type and at the same press as Lilburne's 'Letter' to him and the answer which Lilburne had handed in to the Committee of examinations.[3] In fact, he went so far as to declare that in Martyn's 'Echo' were to be found many of

[1] 'Fresh Discovery, etc.,' p. 9.

[2] 'Lyar Confounded,' p. 6.

[3] In this he was evidently wrong, as we now know the press in Coleman Street had printed the 'Letter' and been seized on January 17th of this year, so that it was impossible for Lilburne's 'Reasons,' which was not printed till June 13th, to have been printed with it, or any of the Mar-Priest tracts.

Lilburn's expressions and phrases. On the strength of this Lilburne was arrested on the 19th July, and thrown into prison, and not released till October 14th. But Prynne was as wide of the mark in this second guess, as he had been in the first; for some months later it became a matter of common knowledge that Martin Mar-priest was none other than Richard Overton.

In attempting to locate the press, Prynne was, we believe, very near the truth, thanks, no doubt, to the information he obtained from the Stationers' Company, whose officials kept a sort of Black Book in which they entered the names of all printers, booksellers and publishers, who printed or sold any literature that could by any possibility be called 'scandalous and seditious,' so that when anything more glaring than usual was put on the market, they first of all 'visited the suspects.' One of these was William Larner, the bookseller, already mentioned as the owner of the plate which had appeared as a frontispiece to Lilburne's 'Nine Arguments,' printed at Nicholas Tew's press. He was a pronounced Roundhead, and in the early days of the struggle between Charles and his people, had published several pamphlets in the popular cause. At that time he was living at the 'Golden Anchor' near Paul's Chain, that is, on the South side of St. Paul's Churchyard. At the beginning of the Civil War he served in the Parliamentary army, but was invalided, and then resumed his old trade of bookseller, at a shop in Bishopsgate Street, in which street John Lilburne was then living. At the time of the rupture in the Puritan ranks, Larner joined

with the Independents, so that it is more than probable that the premises in Bishopsgate Street, in which Prynne declared these Mar-Prelate tracts to have been printed, belonged to William Larner. His statement that Henry Robinson owned the press was probably founded on rumour, while the assertion that the printers came from Amsterdam, sounds like an echo of the John Canne incident already referred to.

In connection with the identity of this press, it is worth noting that after the publication of the 'Nativity of Sir John Presbyter' on 2nd July, 1645, nothing came from it for nearly six months. It looks as though Prynne's statement, published on 24th July, had caused the press to be secretly removed. Where it was and what was printed at it in the interval, have now to be considered.

III. The Goodman's Fields Press.

It was one of the features of the Civil War period, that if a man had a grievance either against his fellows or the State, he straightway put it into print. And so it comes about that amongst the tons of rubbish turned out by the presses of that period, may be found interesting biographical notes, that repay the weariness of many hours' searching.

One of these aggrieved people was Joseph Hunscot, stationer, and the story of his troubles is entitled: 'The humble petition and information of Joseph Hunscot, stationer, to both the honourable Houses of Parliament now assembled, against divers scandalous Libels, and treasonous Pamphlets against

Kingly Government and Parliament proceedings, as may appear by the very books herewith presented.' (E. 340(15). Thomason's date, 11th June, 1646.)

Joseph Hunscot was an Oxfordshire man, who set up as a bookseller in 1624 (Arber, vol. iv, p. 110). According to his own account he was for some time printer to the Long Parliament, and on the outbreak of the Civil War took a part in the fighting. During his absence his office as printer to the House of Commons was given to Edward Husbands, which galled him very much. But he stood well with the Company, especially as he had a very keen nose for smelling out secret presses, in which he had distinguished himself in the days of Prynne and Bastwick, and the Company at once set him on the old work. Needless to add, he was cordially hated by such men as Lilburne and Overton. The unkind things they had been saying about him wrung from Hunscot this petition, in which he called the attention of the Parliament to the fact that he had been supplanted by Husbands, that he had received no pay for his services with the army, and that since his return he had been shamefully abused for doing his duty as an officer of the Stationers' Company in seeking out secret presses and apprehending the owners of them. As an instance of his zeal he recites the following incident:

'The Petitioner further shewes, That being employed upon a Warrant from the Speaker of the House of Commons, for the seizing of a press in Goodmans Fields, which printed the book called "Englands Birthright": That your Petitioner, with

the Master and Wardens of the Company, endeavouring to put in execution the said Warrant, they were kept out by force, untill at last the doores of the house being by authority forced open, those that were at worke, got out at a window with a rope into a garden, and so escaped: But the said Presse was seized upon, which printed that and divers others books, as was at large proved before both Houses of Parliament at Larner's examination by divers honest men.'

Here again we have a definite statement by one of the actors in the scene, and once again we have William Larner's name associated with the press. Hunscot, no doubt, had very good reasons for coupling Larner's name with the printing of 'England's Birthright'; in fact, Larner may have been on the premises in Goodman's Fields, when the raid was made.

Goodman's Fields was at that time a lonely district in the East End of London without Aldgate. It obtained its name from a farm which in Stow's time was in the occupation of a man named Goodman, and the antiquary tells a pleasing little pastoral story, about how he used to fetch milk from the farm and never got less than three ale pints for a halfpenny. The land was afterwards let out for grazing horses and in garden plots, passing finally into the hands of the builder. It is quite possible that this secret press was set up in the old farmhouse, or some other building near at hand, which was thought to be safe from the prying eyes of Hunscot and his subordinates.

'England's Birthright' was a quarto pamphlet of

six sheets and a half. It bore no title-page, and at the head of the first page was a band of ornaments consisting of short rules and small fleurs-de-lys placed alternately. The text was printed in Roman and Italic; there were no running titles, and the pagination was inclosed within brackets. The initial letter to the Preamble on the verso of the first leaf and the initial letter to the first answer on page 1 are surrounded by fleur-de-lys ornament, as in the books of the Mar-Priest press. Thomason has written on his copy, 'Supposed to be Lilborne's or some friends of his,' and has added the date 'October 10th 1645.' By great good fortune an earlier example of the work of the Goodman's Fields Press has been discovered. Amongst the Thomason tracts (E. 296. [5]) is one entitled, 'The Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Colonell John Lilburne to a freind,' which was dated by Thomason 'Augt 9th 1645.' This is a quarto of ten sheets and a half. It has no title-page, and above the heading on page 1 is the same curious band of rules and fleurs-de-lys seen in 'England's Birthright.' The first initial is surrounded by fleurs-de-lys; there are no running titles, and the pagination is inclosed within brackets. A comparison of the type and press-work of these two pamphlets will confirm the judgement that they came from the same press.

There is no doubt that these two pamphlets are only a portion of the output of the Goodman's Fields press, but it will be noticed that the dates just fill the gap that occurred between the printing of 'The Nativity of Sir John Presbyter' and 'The Ordinance for Tythes dismounted,' and the ex-

planation seems to be that the printer being alarmed at the information that William Prynne had obtained as to the whereabouts of the press in Bishopsgate Street, it was hastily removed into Goodman's Fields.

It will also be noticed that Hunscot refers to Larner's examination, that is, his examination before the committee; but Larner's account of the matter[1] says nothing whatever about the Goodman's Fields press or 'England's Birthright.' The close resemblance which these pamphlets bear to those now coming under consideration will tell its own story.

IV. William Larner's Press (probably Bishopsgate Street). March, 1646—July 31st, 1646.

On the 22nd March, 164$\frac{5}{6}$, Joseph Hunscot and his officers, under warrant from the House of Commons and the Company of Stationers, entered and searched William Larner's premises in Bishopsgate Street and arrested the unfortunate bookseller, for having in his possession copies of a recently published pamphlet called, 'The Last Warning to all the Inhabitants of London.'

According to Larner and his friends, this duty was performed by Hunscot with great brutality, but a large allowance must be made for the excited feelings and partisan passions of both sides. Larner had been under suspicion for a good many years.

[1] 'A true relation of all the Remarkable Passages, and illegall Proceedings of some Sathanicall or Doeg-like Accusers of their Brethren against William Larner.'—E. 335 (7).

He was known to hold strong Independent views, and the Stationers' Company had evidently ample proof that he was actively interested in the various secret presses that had issued the writings of Henry Robinson, John Lilburne, and Richard Overton, and perhaps some others. Larner admitted[1] that his premises had been searched on seven previous occasions, and much of his goods taken away and broken in pieces. In connection with this last seizure, there is some interesting evidence among the manuscripts in the House of Lords,[2] illustrating the greed and jealousy of the Stationers' Company, and the methods pursued by them, besides being an authoritative record of some of the productions of this press of Larner's. This is a petition by the Company to the House of Lords, dated August 13th, 1646, in which it is stated that a certain Robert Eeles, who with his wife was 'a common printer and seller of unlicensed books,' had in his custody a printing-press lately used in printing scandalous books, and prayed that it might be delivered to the Company to be defaced.

Annexed to this petition are four other documents: the petition of Robert Eeles to the Speaker of the House of Lords, and three manuscripts.

Robert Eeles' petition is undated, but was, it must be presumed, an answer to that of the Stationers. In it Eeles stated that he was employed by a committee of the Lords to suppress seditious books, and that in the discharge of that duty he had, not without danger and expense, taken a press

[1] 'A true Relation.' E. 335 (7), p. 10.

[2] 'Hist. MSS. Comm.,' vol. vi, 130 b.

and letters that had been used in printing a pamphlet entitled 'Londons Last Warning,' another called 'A Remonstrance to the House of Commons,' and a third with the title, 'An Alarum to the House of Lords,' and all or most of Lilburne's books. Eeles further declared that he arrested Richard Overton, whom the Parliament had committed to Newgate only a few days earlier (*i.e.* 11th August, 1646).

Eeles then goes on to state that he has been set upon in the open street by the Independents, dragged before a justice and committed to prison, while the Stationers' Company, envying what he has done, and what they ought to have done had they been honest men, threaten that they will shortly order him well.

The effects of this petition and counter-petition were somewhat remarkable. The House of Lords on reading the Stationers' petition on the 13th August, ordered that the press and letters should be taken to Stationers' Hall to be defaced, but evidently on Robert Eeles presenting his answer, they looked at matters in a different light, and on the following day (14th August) made another order, that the press and letter which Eeles had yielded up, should remain in the custody of the Gentleman Usher of the House until further orders. Unfortunately, there, as far as Eeles is concerned, the story ends. But it is clear that for once, the Stationers' Company received a check, and there is evidence that they pursued this struggling little printer and his wife with a malevolence that knew no limit.

But for us the interest lies in Eeles' answer. If his statement was correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, he must have acted independently of Joseph Hunscot, and from private information. It also goes to show that Hunscot did not seize any press or letter on Larner's premises on the 22nd March, and that the same press was at work as late as July 31st, the date of the publication of the pamphlet called, 'An Alarum to the House of Lords,' when Eeles ran it to earth.

Nevertheless, Larner was charged with being the author, *printer*, and publisher of 'London's Last Warning,' and Nicholls, the letter-founder, was called to prove that Larner was the person who had bought the letter with which the pamphlet was printed. Larner, in his 'True Relation' (pp. 14, 15), endeavoured to put a different construction upon Nicholls' evidence, but it amounted to this, that if he did not buy the type himself, he supplied the money with which it was bought. But there is another equally strong piece of evidence that connects Larner's name with this press. The pamphlet called a 'Remonstrance to the House of Commons,' has as a frontispiece the identical copperplate portrait of John Lilburne which had been used in 'The Christian Man's Trail' in 1641, and in the 'Answer to Nine Arguments,' printed at the Coleman Street press in January, 1645. In the interval it had been touched up and altered by the addition of bars across the face, and two lines of verse to those already on it.

In addition to the three books recorded by Eeles, as having been printed at this press, the two

pamphlets published by Larner on his own behalf, the first entitled, 'A True Relation,' etc., and the second, 'Every Man's Case,' were unquestionably printed there, as well as three other pamphlets, 'The Afflicted Christian,' published on May 18th, the 'Interest of England,' published on June 8th, and a religious treatise entitled, 'Divine Light,' published on July 7th.

A careful comparison of six of these pamphlets, namely, the 'Warning to London,' 'True Relation,' 'Every Man's Case,' 'Afflicted Christian,' 'Interest of England,' and 'Alarum to the House of Lords,' shows them to possess the following characteristics in common. (1) All are quartos; (2) a band of royal emblems either between or above a row of fleurs-de-lys at the top of the first page of text; (3) initial letters surrounded by fleurs-de-lys; (4) text printed in roman and italic, thirty-eight lines to a full page; (5) pagination within brackets. The same features are also found in the 'Divine Observations,' the last of the Mar-Priest tracts, printed in January, 164$\frac{5}{6}$, and in both the books printed at the Goodman's Fields press.

To sum up the whole story. In 1643, several of the Independents, including Henry Robinson, Robert and Richard Overton, and John Lilburne, aided by William Larner, the bookseller, procured a printing-press which they lodged in Nicholas Tew's house in Coleman Street. The type they obtained either direct from abroad, or more probably, through Nicholls, the letter-founder, who, judging from his statement made in 1637,[1] was in no posi-

[1] See my 'Short History of English Printing,' p. 181.

tion to look too closely into the purposes for which the type was required. This press being seized, another was obtained, and lodged in premises in Bishopsgate Street, rented by or belonging to William Larner. Finding the hue and cry getting unpleasantly near in July, 1645, a new place of hiding was found in Goodman's Fields, where the work was carried on until some time between October 10th and December 29th in the same year, when Joseph Hunscot discovered it.

Nothing daunted, a fresh press and type were obtained, and work resumed in the old premises at Bishopsgate Street, and continued uninterruptedly until July 31st, 1646, shortly after which Eeles seized the press, and obtained the arrest of Richard Overton. With Lilburne, Overton, and Larner all in prison, it is probable that no further attempt was made at printing.

The statement by Eeles that 'all or most of Lilburne's books' were printed at this press, is one that requires more examination than can be given to it here. The books here noticed have features in common, while a great many of Lilburne's books were printed in a wholly different letter, and with different ornaments. They may have belonged to the same office, but in order to prove it a long and very difficult examination of the books would be necessary, and this paper has already run to inordinate lengths.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Coleman Street Press.

1. [Slip measuring 4 in. by 5, without heading, commencing 'Alas pore Parliament, how art thou betrai'd?' verso blank.] Eighteen lines in lower case roman, with a two-line initial A. Thomason has added this note:

'Decemb: 9th beinge Monday 1644 written by some Independant against Ld Gen Essex and Ld of Manchester, and scatred about ye streets in the night.'

Identified by the officers of the Co. of Stationers, as printed in a letter similar to that used at a press found in Nicholas Tew's house.

2. [A Copie of a Letter, Written by John Lilburne Leut. Collonell. To Mr. William Prinne Esq. (Upon the coming out of his last booke, intituled Truth triumphing over Falsehood, Antiquity over Novelty) In which he laies down five Propositions, which he desires to discusse with the said Mr. Prinne.]

Quarto. Sig. A. Eight leaves without title-page. Heading as above, below two rows of printer's ornaments, on sig. A. Types Roman and Italic, verso of A4 blank.

Nicholas Tew confessed that this pamphlet was printed at his house in Coleman Street. Printed about the 15th January, 164$\frac{4}{5}$. B. M., 4103, e. 45.

3. An Answer to nine arguments Written by T. B. . . . Written long since by . . . John Lilburne. . . . *London. Printed in the Yeare of our Lord*, 1645.

Sigs.: Frontispiece 1 leaf unsigned, + ¶ two leaves B—F in fours. G two leaves.

Dated by Thomason, 'Jany. 17 1644' [O. S.] B.M. E 25 (7).

Doubtful Books.

4. Mans Mortalitie. . . . By R. O. Amsterdam. Printed by John Canne. Anno Domini 1643. 4to. B. M., 698 f. 3 (2).

5. The Compassionate Samaritane. . . . The second edition corrected, and enlarged. Printed in the Yeare 1644. [Thomason's date Jan: 5th 164$\frac{4}{5}$.] Duodecimo. 1202 (1).

Larner's Press at Bishopsgate Street. The Mar-Priest Press.

1. The Araignement of Mr. Persecution: Presented to the consideration of the House of Commons, and to all the common people of England Wherein he is indicted, araigned, convicted, and condemned of enmity against God, and all goodnesse, of treasons, rebellions bloodshed, &c, and sent to the place of execution. In the prosecution whereof, the jesuitical designes, and secret encroachments of his Defendants, Sir Symon Synod, and the John of all Sir Johns, Sir John Presbiter, upon the liberty of the subject is detected, and laid open, By Yongue Martin Mar-Preist, Son to old Martin the Metrapolitane. This is Licenced, and printed according to Holy Order, but not Entered into the Stationers Monopole. Anglia Martinis disce favere tuis. *Europe. Printed by Martin Claw Clergie, Printer to the Reverend Assembly of Divines, and are to be sould at his Shop in Toleration Street, at the Signe of the Subjects Liberty, right opposite to Persecuting Court.* 1645.

Quarto. Sigs. A—G in fours, wanting first and last leaves. Pagination begins on sig. B, and running title within rules on the verso of sig. B. [Thomasons date, Aprill 8th.] E. 276 (23).

2. A Sacred Decretall, Or Hue and Cry. From his superlative Holinesse, Sir Symon Synod, for the Apprehen-

sion of Reverend Young Martin Mar-Priest. Wherein are displaied many witty Synodian Conceits, both pleasant and Commodious. [Woodcut.] *Europe, Printed by Martin Claw-Clergy, Printer to the Reverend Assembly of Divines, for Bartholomew Bang-Priest, and are to be sold at his Shop in Toleration-street, at the sign of the Subjects Liberty, right oposite to Persecuting Court.*

Quarto. Two leaves without signature, +B–D in fours. Pagination begins on sig. B, and running title within rules on verso of sig. B. [Thomason has omitted to date this, but it is known to have appeared on June 10th, 1645.] E. 286 (15).

3. [Martin's Echo: Or A Remonstrance, from His Holinesse reverend Young Martin Mar-Priest, responsorie to the late Sacred Synoddicall Decretall, in all humility presented to the reverend, pious, and grave consideration of the Right Reverend Father in God, the Universall Bishop of our soules, his superlative Holinesse Sir Symon Synod.]

Quarto. Without title-page. Ten leaves. A—B in fours; C 2 leaves. Pagination begins on sig. A, and the running title within rules on verso of sig. A. [Thomason's date June 27th, 1645.] E. 290 (2).

4. The Nativity of Sir John Presbyter. Compared with the Rhodulphine and Lansberges Table. Verified by his conception, From the Cyclops, Brontes, Steropes and Pyrackmon, as they were making Thunder and Lightning in Mount Aetna. Compared with the judgements of Ptolomey, Haly, Hermes, Albumayar, Sconor, Tasnier, Regiomontanus, Guido, Bonatus, Keplar, Galileus, with other learned Mathematicians as well Antient as Moderne. Calculated by Christopher Scale-Sky, Mathematician in chief to the Assembly of Divines. *Licensed by Rowland Rattle-Priest, a terrible Imprimatur and Entered according to Order. Printed on the back-side of the Cyclopian Mountaines,* 1645.

Quarto, six leaves. Sig. A four leaves, B two leaves.

Pagination begins on p. 5, and running titles on verso p. 6. E. 290 (17).

5. The Ordinance for Tythes Dismounted, From all Mosaicall, Evangelicall, and true Magesterial Right. By that valiant and most victorious Champion, the great Anti-Clergy of our times, his Superlative Holyness, Reverend Young Martin Mar-Priest, sonne to Old Martin the Metropolitane. Commended and presented to the Petitioners of Hertfordshire, for their further encouragement, and for Provocation of other Counties to become Petitionary with them against the unhallowed illegall Exaction of Tythes. [Quotn[s].] *Europe. Printed by Martin Claw Clergy, Printer to the Reverend Assembly of Divines, for Bartholomew Bang-Priest, and are to be sold at his shop in Toleration-street, at the signe of the Subiect's Liberty, right opposite to Persecuting Court.* 1646.

Quarto. Sigs. A two leaves. B—F in fours = twenty-two leaves. Pagination begins on sig. Bi, and running title between rules on verso of Bi. [E. 313 (27).]

6. Divine Observations Upon the London-Ministers Letter against Toleration: By his Synoddicall, Priest-byter-all, Nationall, Provinciall, Classicall, Congregationall, Superlative, Un-erring, Clericall Accademicall Holynesse, Reverend Yongue Martin Mar-Priest, Sonne and Heire to Old Martin the Metrapolitane. Wherein the Toleration of His Sacred Person with the whole Independent Fraternity (by what Name or Title soever dignify'd or distinguished whether Anabaptists, Brownists or the like) is justifyed by the Reasons of the London Ministers, which they urge against Toleration; and themselves, by their own Reasoning, condemned. [Quot[ns].] The Reverend Authour desires such as have received offence at the 6, 7, and 8 Pages in his Ordinance for Tythes Dismounted, to repaire for satisfaction to the last Clause hereof. *Europe, Printed by Martin Claw-Clergy, Printer to the Reverend Assembly of Divines, and are to be sold by Bartholomew Bang-Priest, at his shop in Toleration-street, at the signe of*

the Subjects Liberty, right opposite to Persecution-Court. 1646.

Sigs. A—B in fours, pp. 16. Pagination within brackets; no running titles. [E. 317 (15).]

7. [The Reasons of Lieu. Col: Lilbourne's sending his Letter to Mr Prin, humbly presented to the Honorable Committee of Examinations.] [1]

Quarto. Without title-page. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date June 13th.]. [E. 288 (12).]

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[1] William Prynne declared that this was printed with the same type and press as the Letter, but as this did not appear till June, 1645, and Nicholas Tew's press had been seized in January, it must have been printed at another secret press, and it is accordingly placed here, though the ornaments on page 1 and the presswork throw some doubt on it.

III. Larner's Press at Goodman's Fields.

1. [The Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Colonell John Lilburne, to a friend.]

Quarto. Without title-page. Sigs. A—B in fours, C two leaves. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date, Aug: 9th 1645.] E. 296 (5).

2. Englands Birth-Right Justified Against all Arbitrary Usurpation, whether Regall or Parliamentary, or under what Vigor soever. . . . By a well-wisher to the just cause for which Lieutenant Col. John Lilburne is unjustly imprisoned in New-gate.]

Quarto. Without title-page. Sigs. A—F in fours, and two leaves without signatures. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date, London 8ber 10th 1645.] E. 304 (17).

IV. Larner's Last Press.

1. [The Last Warning to all the Inhabitants Of London.]

Quarto. Without title-page or running titles. Sig. A, four leaves. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date, 20 March, 1645, *i.e.* 164$\frac{5}{6}$.]

2. A true Relation of all the remarkable Passages, and Illegall Proceedings of some Sathannicall or Doeg-like Accusers of their Brethren, against William Larner, A Free-Man of England, and one of the Merchant-Tailers Company of London, for selling Eight Printed Sheets of Paper (all of one matter), Intituled Londons last Warning; as also against John Larner, and Jane Hales his Servants.

Hee first (according to his Liberty) refusing to be Examined upon Interrogatories, whereby to accuse himself or others; And then they (according to their refusing to take an Oath, whereby to entrap themselves, or betray their Master). Hee being carried first before the Lord Major of London, who committed him to the Counter-Prison, Next before the Committee of Examinations, who Committed him Close-Prisoner to Maiden-Lane (where now he hath the Liberty of the Prison,) and at last, Turned over to the House of Lords: From whom he appealed to the House of Commons, to be tryed by his Equalls (or Fellow-Commoners,) according to Law and Justice, who turned him backe again to the Lords; and by them were his servants committed to the Common Jayle of the Fleet, where they yet lie, being denyed of the Prison Liberty, which malefactors doe enjoy.

All which Passages, comming to the hands of some of his, and the Commonwealths friends, are Published by them to the view of the World, chiefly for the serious Observation of all the Free-Men of England, who cannot long enjoy their Freedoms, Lives nor Estates, if the Rule of Law be not truly followed, nor Justice duly Administred. [Quot^ns.]

Quarto. Sigs. A—B in fours, eight leaves. Without running titles. Verso of title-page blank. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date, May 2^d, London, 1646.]

3. [Every Mans Case, Or A brotherly Support to Mr. Will. Larner, Prisoner in the New-Prison in Mayden-lane, London. Also another Letter from a Prisoner, to Mr. Larner.]

Quarto. Without title-page or running titles. Sig. A, four leaves. Pagination within brackets. [Thomason's date, May 9th, 1646.] [E. 337 (5).]

4. The Afflicted Christian Justified. In a letter to Mr Thomas Hawes, An honest and Godly Man, and known freind to his country, now Prisoner for supposed Blasphemy in Winchester-House, in Southwarke. With a Letter from Mr. Thomas Hawes to Mr. Farthing; Wherein hee Remonstrates to the whole Kingdome the Arbitrary Insolencies, and High-Commission Proceedings of the said Farthing, together with his Confederates, against the Native Freedoms and Birth-rights of the whole Free-borne People of England. [Quotns.] London, Printed 18. May, 1646.

Quarto. Sigs. A, B in fours. C two leaves. Without running titles. Pagination within brackets. [E. 337 (26).]

5. The Interest of England maintained: The Honour of the Parliament vindicated: The Malignants Plott upon the Presbyters, to make them doe their worke Discovered. The Designe to destroy Common Freedome, and all just Government, is under the specious pretence of rooting out Sectaries, and Hereticks, evidenced: In Certaine Observations upon a Dangerous Remonstrance lately presented by the Lord Major, and Common Counsell of London, to the Honourable, the Commons of England, in Parliament Assembled. [Quotns.] Printed June the 8. 1646.

Quarto. A, B in fours. C, two leaves, *i.e.*, ten leaves. Without running titles. Verso of title-page and verso of last leaf blank. Pagination within brackets. [E. 340 (5).]

6. A Remonstrance of Many Thousand Citizens, and other Free-born People of England, To their owne House of Commons. Occasioned through the Illegall and Barbarous Imprisonment of that Famous and Worthy Sufferer

for his Countries Freedom, Lieutenant Col. John Lilburne. Wherein their just Demands in behalfe of themselves and the whole Kingdome, concerning their Publike Safety, Peace and Freedome, is Express'd; calling those their Commissioners in Parliament to an account, how they (since the beginning of their Session, to this present) have discharged their Duties to the Universallity of the People, their Soveraigne Lord, from whom their Power and Strength is derived, and by whom (ad bene placitum,) it is continued. [Ornament.] Printed in the Yeer. 1646.

Quarto. Sigs.: A, B in fours, C two leaves. Without running titles. Pagination within brackets. Title-pages preceded by one leaf containing portrait. [Thomason has added to the imprint, "London, July 7th."]

7. Divine Light, Manifesting the love of God unto the Whole world: With the True Church. Wherein the holy Spirit of Truth manifesteth the Glory of God in Christ, Exalting Christ, a spirituall Christ, and All-earing Jesus; shewing that Christ is a sure Foundation, and Chief Corner-Stone, for all Spirituall building, unto the raising up lively hopes for all People to proceed in Beleeving the great Mercies, and loving kindnesses of our God in Christ, in whom God hath Redeemed us his Saints, and All; having wrought all things for us, and all in Christ, wherein wee are made perfect. Sent forth by the Minister of the Lord Jesus, whom He hath Appointed his Servant for the Good of All: [Quotns.] Printed in the Yeer. 1646.

Quarto. Sigs. A—D in fours, E, two leaves. Running titles and pagination. [Thomason's date, July 7th.] [E. 343 (14).]

8. An Alarum to the House of Lords: Against their insolent Usurpation of the Common Liberties, and Rights of this Nation. Manifested by them, in their present Tyrannicall Attempts against that Worthy Commoner, Lieutenant Col. John Lilburne, Defendour of the Faith, And of his Countries Freedoms, both by his Words, Deeds and Sufferings, against all Tyrants in the Kingdome;

Whether Black-coats, Papists, Kings, Lords, &c. [Ornament.] Printed in the Yeer. 1646.

Quarto. Sigs. A, four leaves; B, two leaves. Without running titles. Pagination within brackets. [E. 346 (8).]

NOT FOUND.

9. Overton's pamphlet on baptism. (Hist. MSS. Commission.)

10. Propheticall Warning. (Hist. MSS. Commission.)

H. R. PLOMER.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

FTER a prolonged course of the South and Midlands, varied by an occasional dash into Lancashire and an excursion to Leeds, the Library Association has at length penetrated far into the North of England, its twenty-seventh annual conference being held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, commencing on August 30th and closing on September 1st.

To Dr. Hodgkin, whose ample qualifications it would be an impertinence to mention here, fell the difficult task of following Professor W. Macneile Dixon, and the Association will, no doubt, congratulate itself upon the fact that its distinguished roll of presidents is being so worthily maintained. The meetings were held in the handsome hall of the Durham College of Medicine, where the mayor extended a hearty welcome on behalf of the Corporation; Sir George Hare Philipson, in his own graceful way, offering a similar tribute from the University of Durham.

Preliminary matters being rapidly disposed of, the conference soon settled down to the crowded programme which had been arranged for the three days' sessions. At the outset the president struck

a good note, his main theme being the dignity of literature and the solace of books. First a few local references, then, with just pride, noting that if Mark Akenside was the chief classic of Newcastle proper, the immediate vicinity could point to the Venerable Bede, who lived and worked at Jarrow, and lies buried at Durham, he passed into more remote antiquity and peeped into a bookless world. How sad the lot of neolithic man, to whom the advantages of letters were unknown, and from whom even the culture of the past was hid! In his long winter evenings what *did* he do? Transferring his vision, the president drew attention to the splendid collection of inscribed bricks, preserved on shelves and classified in order, by the good Assur-bani-pal for the benefit of his people. Then the library of a Roman gentleman of the fifth century of the Christian era was described, the point being that amid the crashing and reeling of empires libraries were cherished and books collected and preserved. Against this background was depicted the present state of over production. A book-choked world was little less dismal to think upon than a bookless one, but this might be the librarian's opportunity:

In the new peril of the human intellect, works which should have taken their place among the world's classics might be lost to sight by the ever-growing accumulations of literary rubbish, and it seemed possible that they might have to look to the librarians as the literary high priests and pontiffs of their race. He did not suggest the composing of an 'Index Expurgatorius' of bad or futile books. Such an index would only provoke curiosity and quicken demand; but he did think that the librarian

of the future might have to take upon himself, even more than he did at present, the office of 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' and guide his flock of readers from the lower to the higher slopes on the hill of the muses. The ideal librarian might be a guide to really good fiction, if fiction were needed, and might lead his readers on from novels to history, from 'Westward Ho!' to Froude, from Froude to Brewer, from Brewer to Stubbs, and from Stubbs to the Rolls series of materials for English history. He spoke of history because that subject attracted him most. Others might be guided to the best and most trustworthy authorities of science, and so on. They would remember that in the early days of the Eleusinian mysteries candidates for initiation were met by the hierophant whose duty it was to reject the palpably unworthy and instruct the worthy ones in the ceremonial needed for their initiation. Even so, as literature increased in volume and science in complexity, and as the path into the sacred grove became ever more obstructed by the jungle-growth of worthless books, a new and more important office than that of arranging and cataloguing books would open before the librarian, and he would be able, with increasing success, to claim his lawful and honourable place as the hierophant of literature.

Mr. Basil Anderton's paper upon 'The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Public Libraries' having been taken as read, Alderman H. W. Newton, J.P., very fittingly followed the president, his topic being 'The Elevating Influence of Public Libraries.' In a comprehensive survey of his subject he treated of early views regarding public libraries, and characterized these institutions as evangelizers to the working classes. The growth of library administration and of public opinion respecting libraries was touched upon. Speaking, doubtless from his

experience as chairman of the Newcastle Public Library Committee for a quarter of a century, he had no hesitation in declaring that the work of public libraries was becoming more and more educational in character. The public showed an improving taste for good literature, and this was reflected in the library issues. It was pleasant to hear a frank declaration that it was as much the duty of public libraries to appeal to the rich as to the poor, and to the learned scholar no less than the ardent student; for in these days we yet meet the view that libraries—especially with the obnoxious 'Free' added to the title—save in so far as they are useful to betting men, are only for the sleepy poor. Sir William Bailey, in a characteristically humorous speech, alluded to the technical libraries of Paris and pointed out the advantages offered by libraries to those who were anxious to enlarge their knowledge.

Following on in similar lines Professor Mark Wright touched a practical issue in his paper on 'The Function of a Public Reference Library in relation to Secondary and Higher Education of a Community.' Ordinary students, said he, do not, and cannot, use the reference departments of public libraries. 'The definiteness of the work, the anxiety of the teachers, and the claims of examinations'—does this mean cramming?—'all tend to limit the number of books used, and the text-book is supreme.' Each teaching centre should regard its own working library as no less essential than its laboratory, but libraries might occasionally lend sets of books to students working by themselves. Special cata-

logues might also be published for students who might find it desirable to use the library for expensive works of reference, and the librarian might advise them both as to the use of the catalogue and as to the best books for the reader's purpose. 'English people did not suffer,' he said, 'when brought into competition with others, but the emptiness of the leisure of the people struck him as something appalling. It might conceivably lead to a revision of our educational methods, and a change from the strictly utilitarian to a more general standpoint would tend to lead to libraries.' At present students found 'all time employed, and none left for contemplating and thinking.' The discussion which ensued was not exclusively cognate to the subject; but it was soon evident that the somewhat depressing views contained in Professor Wright's paper, were by no means the last words to be said. Sir William Bailey immediately took up the statement as to the effect of foreign competition with Englishmen; and Mr. Archbold drew attention to points of contact between education authorities and libraries. There was a general feeling that Professor Wright had somewhat underrated the elasticity of public libraries as co-operators, and a hint was thrown out that inter-library loans would tend to enable libraries to lend sets of text-books for school and similar purposes. Incidentally Mr. J. C. Dana, of Newark, N.J., mentioned that in the United States it was by no means uncommon for libraries to provide quite a large number of text-books for class purposes; and if funds permitted English libraries could do the same. It is simply a question

of means. The Professor carried the entire Conference with him when he pleaded for good type, good paper, good illustrations, and good binding.

Mr. G. H. Elliott, in a thoughtful paper, discussed 'Methods of popularizing books other than Novels.' Not that novels were objectionable in themselves, but new avenues of knowledge should be opened out, and the librarian should, not too obtrusively, seek to develop the wider use of more serious works. The display of books, the two-ticket system, open-access and other devices were rapidly surveyed, and the writer drew attention to the high price at which many standard works were issued. It was, in his opinion, very doubtful whether the publishers knew their own interests best in charging so much; at all events, it resulted in limited editions, and made it difficult for libraries to purchase as many as they otherwise would do. After all, however, the novel was a great popularizer of the library, and librarians must seek to regard it as a pioneer. It was felt that if readers could be induced to pass from, say, 'Hypatia' to 'Theodoric the Goth,' and from that to 'Italy and her Invaders,' that the position of the novel in libraries was amply justified. A vigorous discussion was inaugurated by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, who particularly recommended short library lectures, while library bulletins, topical lists, school lists, and other methods were dilated upon in a suggestive manner.

At Leeds, last year, the chief item was the problem of co-operation between public libraries and public education authorities. This year was submitted the interim report of the large and influen-

tial committee which has the matter in hand. The committee presented nineteen suggestions with respect to co-operation with the local education authority. Among others they proposed the establishment of circulating school libraries in all elementary and secondary schools, such libraries to be financed by the education authority and administered by the librarian of the local library authority. Supplementing these should be travelling 'subject' libraries on questions of especial interest to the various schools; and, behind these, special reference collections 'at every place where education is carried on.' Special loans to schools, and a generous treatment of teachers and elder scholars; school-visits to libraries; the provision of up-to-date technical collections (including photographs), loans of pictures, and close and systematic co-operation, based upon frequent conferences, were submitted for consideration. In return for such assistance it was expected that the local education authority would make grants to the library authority.

The five suggestions for co-operation with University Extension Centres were — publicity, the preparation of lists based on lecturers' recommendations, the temporary withdrawal of books from ordinary circulation for the benefit of students, the provision of lecture hall accommodation at libraries, and the representation of the library on the extension lectures committee. The Home Reading Union interests were protected by proposals that books recommended by the Union should be placed upon the library shelves; that all library authorities enroll themselves as honorary members of the Union

so as to receive the publications of the society; and that the reading circles should be formed, if possible within the precincts of the library. In closing, the writers of the interim report expressed the opinion that every library should be classified on systematic lines, and that catalogues should be annotated; whilst the final paragraph (30) raised the important question 'whether the public library should not form an integral part of the national educational machinery.'

A lively discussion soon began, but it was obvious from the outset that until time for reflection had been allowed it would be impossible to pronounce with any appearance of finality upon the scheme. Nothing more than an indication of feeling on general policy was expected, but Mr. J. C. Dana, at the request of the President, favoured the Conference with his conclusions on school libraries in America. On his side of 'the water' permanent school circulating libraries had not been very successful. A growing practice in America was for the library to own and control all books in school libraries except a few retained as a small reference section. The local library catered liberally for children, and teachers were invited to select such books as they thought might be useful to their classes. No vexatious restrictions were imposed upon such loans, but the schools were regularly visited by a representative from the library, and the volumes were constantly overhauled and kept up to date. These school collections were changed from time to time. He advocated close co-operation with teachers rather than with headmasters or head-

mistresses, and expected great things from thus coming into touch with the rising generation. Mr. Dana's statements were warmly received, and will doubtless receive due consideration. Meanwhile it was resolved to print off copies of the tentative scheme as submitted, for the use of anyone desiring them, and the whole matter was referred back to the committee to be brought up again, presumably next year.

The afternoon session was devoted to the subject of Local Collections. Mr. W. H. K. Wright led off with a kind of general introduction, his paper bearing the title of 'What should be Collected, and How to obtain Material.' Mr. R. T. Richardson followed with 'The Classification and Arrangement of Local Collections.' Nothing very startling was revealed in either paper; probably because the subject has been considered before; but Mr. Wright insisted upon the necessity for comprehensiveness, indicating by way of example what he was doing at Plymouth, where the local collection has a more than local fame. Mr. Sidney Webb some years ago preached from the text of completeness, and drew attention to the fact that librarians were not always careful to collect ephemeral publications and minutiae of apparently small value. A third paper, on 'Local and County Photographic Surveys,' was submitted by Mr. T. Duckworth, who had no difficulty in persuading the Conference to recognize the value of photographic records. Methods of collecting such desirable material, and plans for dealing with it, when acquired, were dealt with in detail, and a fine collection of ecords, arranged in an adjoining room, afforded

eloquent proof of the correctness of Mr. Duckworth's contentions. His suggestions were quite in keeping with the prevalent note of co-operation, for he advocated the establishment of societies of photographers, amateur or professional, to secure pictures of existing and vanishing objects and aspects, and proposed that a complete set of such views should be preserved at the local public library.

The third morning session was concerned with the important questions of book selection and annotation. Mr. Septimus Pitt, of Glasgow, described a system of 'Practical Accession Work,' basing his observations upon the methods adopted by Mr. Barrett at Glasgow. Mr. E. A. Savage made a favourable impression with a practical paper upon the 'Principles of Annotation.' Annotation he defined as 'the art of giving expression to, or crystallizing, the individuality of books': it should be concise and descriptive, content to state the scope of the work, without attempting, except under special circumstances, to assume the doubtful virtue of criticism. He indicated sources of information likely to be useful to the annotator, and drew attention to the frequently valueless character of newspaper reviews, which had a tendency either to avoid the subject or to puff the book, regardless of its shortcomings. Co-operative annotated cataloguing had been tried in England but had not succeeded; there were not sufficient annotated catalogues yet in use. He regretted that the cards of the Library of Congress were not annotated, and prophesied their ultimate breakdown on that score. Mr. E. A. Baker, in opening what turned out to be one of the best discussions

of the meeting, defended critical annotations, but subsequent speakers failed to show anything approaching agreement in the matter, and English opinion seems to be just as divided upon it as American opinion was last year.

A conspicuous feature of the meetings was an exhibition of periodicals arranged in classified order, and displayed around the room in such a way that it was impossible to avoid seeing them. A catalogue[1] of these English and foreign publications had been prepared by Mr. J. D. Brown, who submitted the closing paper, on 'The Best Periodicals.' Drawing attention to the wideness of the scope from which librarians might choose, he remarked that examination of a number of library reports had convinced him that about 60 per cent. of the sum spent by municipal libraries upon periodicals went to ephemeral publications, whose chief, if not only claim, was their popularity. The balance of 40 per cent. was not sufficient for the purpose of providing scientific and otherwise serious current literature, and he would like to see the proportions reversed. It was a somewhat curious outcome of this exhibition and its accompanying paper that an opinion that newsrooms should be abolished from the libraries altogether should find favour. At all events the statement was made, and was not seriously challenged. In fact, it seemed to be well received; but perhaps the pressure of time hindered this view from being taken up and properly discussed. There is something

[1] This catalogue has now been issued as No. 8 of 'The Library Association Series,' and is obtainable at Whitcomb House, price sixpence.

to be said in favour of such a revolution; but a great deal may be said against such a drastic measure, and Mr. Brown's object was to mend rather than to end the existing condition of things. The immediate practical outcome of the debate was to pass a resolution expressing the regret felt by the Association at Mr. Stead's decision to discontinue the 'Review of Reviews' Index to Current Periodicals, on account of insufficient support, and the Council was requested to inquire what assistance would be required to ensure its continuance.

This concluded the programme of papers, but during the final afternoon session the Committee Section considered reports on the Limitation of the Library Rate and on the Education of Library Assistants. No legislative progress had been made with the Bill for the removal of the penny limit, but the committee hoped for better success during the next parliamentary session. The report of the Education Committee was most encouraging. The work had been systematized and extended; the arrangements for the forthcoming winter season were upon a wider scale than heretofore, and by way of novelty, correspondence classes were about to be started. It was hoped that the response would be such as to justify the arrangements, and an appeal was made to librarians to facilitate the attendance of assistants at classes.

In another part of the building, by a necessary—but unhappy—arrangement, the Catalogue Rules Revision Committee at the same hour submitted its draft of amended rules for author and title entries. Mr. F. Wyndham Hulme, in presenting his

report upon the work of the committee, drew attention to the fact that, as laid before the meeting, the rules were of merely provisional nature, but they indicated the lines upon which the committee were proceeding, and he invited criticism and suggestions. The draft was criticized in detail, but the discussion was not particularly illuminating, the members preferring to have time for testing and experimenting before committing themselves to any change of practice. Mr. Hulme submitted a resolution affirming the desirability of making the code of rules as uniform as possible with the code now under preparation by the American Library Association; and this—the best feature of the afternoon's work—was unanimously carried.

From what has been stated above, it will probably be conceded that it was not the fault of the programme if the Conference failed to reach the high level of last year. Yet it is difficult to resist the conviction that the proceedings fell somewhat flat. Exactly how or why this should have been it is not easy to say; but it will probably be found that the inconclusiveness of the business done was largely attributable to the fact that the two most important items on the programme were rather sprung upon the meeting, and were offered for preliminary consideration only. We refer, of course, to the reports of the interim report of the Committee on public education and public libraries, and to the provisional report of the Catalogue Committee. But although these somewhat overshadowed the other items, it must not be concluded that the Conference was by any means a failure. The work

done, and the new ideas started, cannot be measured off or weighed out with such precision as to specify the particular value of each; least of all is it possible to estimate the benefit of the private interchange of ideas upon schemes new, old, or as yet untried. The Newcastle Conference was at least as successful as many of its predecessors; and if the interim character of some portion of the programme detracted from immediate effectiveness, the papers were well up to the mark, and the discussions, if not brilliant, were useful.

On the score of hospitality Newcastle left nothing to be desired, and the evening at the 'Lit. and Phil.,' where knowledge and humour were so charmingly blended on the same evening by three distinguished Novocastrians, will long remain a pleasant recollection. Only in one particular did the Conference show a weakness. With no desire to be captious, and knowing something of the amount of trouble such meetings entail, we cannot but regret that the exhibition of 'Best Books' was not more representative. It was much smaller than at Leeds, and some of the books scarcely came within the limit of time as specified. This feature was so highly appreciated last year that we hope the Council will be encouraged to endeavour to extend it, and that librarians will avail themselves of its advantages freely enough to justify the publishers to forward their volumes for inspection. The lists of books, on the other hand, are more numerous than a year ago, and since circumstances prevented these lists from being laid before the meeting, we presume, and hope, that they will

appear in the 'Library Association Record' at an early date.

The last note shall not, however, be one of complaint but of congratulation. To the success of the Leeds meeting the address and remarks of Mrs. Fairchild contributed not a little. At Newcastle the observations of Mr. Dana were a conspicuous feature. Our American visitors have made hosts of friends, and have left such pleasant recollections behind them that, pending their return, we cannot but hope that the supply will be continued from year to year.

W. E. DOUBLEDAY.

ALLIBONE'S 'CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.'

SAMUEL AUSTIN ALLIBONE, the producer of 'A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors,' was born in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1816. He was thus (roughly) contemporary with Gladstone, Disraeli, and Darwin in this country, and with Longfellow in his own. Biographical details of Allibone are difficult to obtain, and the story of his life has not been well told. Biographers are either sympathetic or the reverse. Allibone did not receive that posthumous punishment which some writers mete out to those of their deceased fellow-beings whose deeds they are called upon to record. But I cannot think that the Reverend Mr. McConnell's[1] short account, though penned in a sympathetic strain, does the great bibliographer justice. It is a little too uncritical. Mr. McConnell has nothing but praise for his hero.

In his early and middle life Allibone was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In these he did not shine, and he appears to have been overburdened with that virtue of which a little goes a very long way in commerce—conscientiousness.

[1] McConnell: 'In Memoriam. . . . S. Austin Allibone.' Siddall Brothers, Philadelphia, 1891.

Comparatively early in life he started on his vast scheme of a 'Dictionary of Literature.' In the preface to the first volume he tells us what led to the idea. 'Of 650,000 books printed in the English language,' he says, 'about 50,000 would repay perusal. If a person read 100 pages a day or 100 volumes a year, it would require 500 years to exhaust such a library.' To circumvent this feat, impossible under the conditions of human life, he contended that it was just as important to have a dictionary of books and of authors as one of words. You go to a lexicon and in a very short time become acquainted with the history and meaning of a single word; why, therefore, should you not find in a similar compilation the history of every individual who has written, a short account of what he wrote, and the views in brief of other men upon his writings? Such was the task our author (for it is almost a libel to call him a compiler) set himself to accomplish, and how worthily he acquitted himself of it is shown throughout the three thousand pages of the three volumes. Of course, certain reservations must be made. It was impossible that errors should not occur in a work of that magnitude. But the spirit of true and just criticism overlooks such mistakes when the 'Dictionary' is regarded as a great whole.

The following anecdote very aptly shows how the laugh in the case of Allibone's 'Dictionary' was turned against the fault-finders: 'A great many years ago, when Thomas Hughes was visiting America, the head of the house of Lippincott showed him over the Philadelphia establishment,

the visit coming to an end with this *contretemps*: "Now, Mr. Hughes, I want to show you one of our greatest publications—Allibone's Dictionary. It contains some information about every author of any account in England and America. Now, let us see, for example, what it says about Mr. Thomas Hughes." So he turned to "H," and lo! the name of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" wasn't there.'[1] This amusing but malicious story is one of those half-truths that do a man more harm than an absolute lie. It was freely circulated in the American press soon after Allibone's death, but the then editor of the 'American Library Journal,' the late Mr. Charles A. Cutter, when quoting it in 1889, came forward with a vigorous defence of his friend. The 'Dictionary,' he said, only professed to include the first half of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Hughes' first book belonged to the second half; it was published in 1857, and published, moreover, anonymously, under the disguise of the words 'By an Old Boy,' so that unless anyone was in the secret it would have been very hard for the 'mere man' of the fifties to discover who the 'Old Boy' was, out of all the scholars that Rugby turned out.

So much for a cheap attempt to prove that Allibone's methods of compiling his dictionary were slipshod and haphazard. As a point of fact nothing could excel his general thoroughness.

It would have, of course, been impossible for him personally to inspect all the books and editions of books, the titles of which he gives. But Allibone's task was greatly lightened by the width of his own

[1] 'Library Journal,' 1889, vol. xiv, p. 486.

reading. From boyhood he had dwelt among books, until they had become part of his very being.

So far as the mere cataloguing of the books was concerned—though that in itself was a great work—he had access to the collections of the libraries, great and small, of the United States. Fifty years ago library administration and enterprise in America were far in advance of what they were at the same era in England and Europe generally. By that I mean to say that where you would find one man like Panizzi carrying out reforms, as he did at the British Museum, a dozen might be picked out here and there in the great American cities, who were striving according to their lights to make the libraries over which they had charge models of accessibility and usefulness. Allibone, therefore, had all in his favour as a catalogue compiler. This he considered, however, but a tithe of his work.

Annotation of the contents of books is a practice of very old standing. The Reverend Samuel Fancourt, whom I have already shown[1] to have probably been the founder of circulating libraries in London, padded out the Crane Court Catalogue very liberally in this fashion. But there are comments and comments, and there is all the difference in the world between the quaint, amusing, and instructive notes and anecdotes made in the catalogues of the late Mr. Quaritch, and the tame remarks made by some librarians, and publishers too, of the present day, after the books in the lists they issue.

[1] 'The Library,' New Series, vol. i.

Allibone's method was a very different one to that. In the case of every author of repute, and in that of many a writer whose merits are undoubted, but of whom the world at large knows little or nothing, he made it his first object to give correct biographical details. Next followed a character sketch and then a list of the author's works, and various editions of each book. To every important production will be found appended a group of criticisms if the name be a very well known one; a less number in the case of those who have never been fortunate enough to become 'household names.' But Allibone made it his object to give at least more than one critic's estimate, and if opinion varied, so much the better. The value of this method was explained by our bibliographer in his preface affixed to the first volume. After stating that the criticisms and comments upon the speeches and literary productions of Edmund Burke were found floating about in books and pamphlets, often difficult to procure and troublesome to examine, he continued: 'In the present work they will be found in the whole or in part, arranged in a few pages under the name of Burke. Such an article alone is well worth the price of the whole book.' In similar fashion he demonstrates the usefulness of his having collected a batch of notices commending the poems of his compatriot, William Cullen Bryant. Allibone had none of the mock modesty of the present-day writers of 'fore-words,' printed in delicate italic type. He boldly advocated the usefulness of the production he was giving to the public, and the literary public of that day thought none the worse

of him. Macaulay, Cardinal Wiseman, Prescott, Holmes, Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Bancroft, Brougham, Carlyle, Sir David Brewster, De Quincey, Disraeli, Dickens, and Lord John Russell are specially mentioned by Mr. McConnell as paying high personal tribute to the value of the 'Dictionary.'

Allibone's most extensively annotated article is, naturally and rightly, that devoted to Shakespeare. He first takes his biography—so far as it was then known. Perhaps the most amusing quotation he gives is Howitt's story of his encounter with the lineal descendant of Shakespeare's sister, in the shape of a poor schoolboy whom he stated he picked out from a row ot village scholars, because, as the schoolmaster said, 'the Shakespeare cast of countenance was there.' He also quotes a sarcastic comment in the 'Athenaeum' of 1857 on Landor's indignation at the poet's descendants, the Harts, being found in poor circumstances, and on his enthusiasm to get up a public subscription for them.

Next follows his list of editions of Shakespeare's works—the poems, the plays separately, and the collected editions of the plays, and plays and poems. There is a facsimile of the title-page of the First Folio. Incidentally, Allibone mentions that his friend and patron, Mr. J. Lenox, possessed one of the two copies bearing the date 1622, and that it was Lenox's opinion that the last '2' in the date had been altered from '3.' Horne Tooke's trenchant comment on Shakespearean commentators, which did not escape Allibone's attention, is worth reproducing:

'The first edition is the only one, in my opinion, worth regarding: and it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the first folio: for by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, who are forever cutting him down to their own size, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text, which that folio genuinely contains.' Tooke had the satisfaction of seeing his wish carried out, for the First Folio was reprinted in 1807, about five years before his death.

After a catalogue of one hundred and sixty-six modern English and American editions of the plays and poems and some fifty translations into various languages, follows a long list of quotations regarding the poet both in prose and verse, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Akenside, Johnson, Addison, Burke, Scott and von Schlegel being laid under contribution. And lastly comes a list of Shakespeariana no less than nine hundred and fifty-four in number.

Much the same arrangement is followed throughout the twenty-four pages devoted to Milton, and the fifteen which Allibone gives up to Sir Walter Scott. These combined biographies and bibliographies are full of interest, but to enlarge on their contents would be an act of injustice to other writers and out of proportion in a limited space that can be claimed for an article such as this.

It must be noted, however, that Allibone's biographer, Mr. McConnell, after the manner of injudicious critics, has selected for praise some of the sections of his author's works that are least worthy of it. Mr. McConnell, in referring to the

notice and bibliography of Darwin, states that Allibone possessed a wonderful power of estimating modern writers—Darwin among them. My impression, gained from reading this notice, is that Allibone knew very little about Darwin; as the date of his birth, place of education and home are all omitted. As in numerous other instances, Allibone obtained favourable reviews of Darwin's early productions, but without the full references, which in this case was unfortunate. Chapter and verse should be invariably given in matters of scientific interest, or the quotation loses half its value.[1]

The section on Franklin is called a 'dainty miniature of two-and-a-half pages,' rendering a faithful portrait of his life, ancestry, habits, and a close estimate of his personal, political, scientific and literary qualities. Here again the praise is misdirected. Allibone did as much as this for countless other English and American writers, giving in addition full lists of their productions—at least as full as he could make them. He also did more than this. Men who have had one paper published in the early 'Philosophical Transactions,' those whose sum total of literary production has been a single sermon or a funeral oration, have not been denied by Allibone the posthumous satisfaction of having their efforts displayed in full. Yet Benjamin Franklin's writings, whether books or pamphlets, were estimated to amount to upwards of three hundred. It

[1] This want of complete references is a general though by no means universal fault throughout the 'Dictionary.' In the purely literary articles it is of less consequence than in the historical and scientific.

seems curious, therefore, that his fellowcountryman, who took such evident pains over writers not only on his own but also on this side of the Atlantic, should not have set out Franklin's productions in at least some detail. Instead of this he merely discusses the question as to which was the most complete edition of his collected works.

It is not noticed by his biographer that Allibone, in common with other American writers, walked into the trap of a very curious literary error,[1] by treating as genuine certain letters which are assigned to Milton's pen in a novel published in 1852 by Mrs. Prothesia S. Elton, wife of Romeo Elton, formerly a professor in Brown University, entitled 'The Piedmontese Envoy; or the Men, Manners, and Religion of the Commonwealth: a Tale.' In one of these letters Milton was made to refer to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, as 'that noble confessor of religious liberty,' and Dr. Francis Vinton, in an appendix to his historical address, 'The Annals of Rhode Island,' delivered and published in 1863, quoted this and other extracts to prove the intimacy of Roger Williams with Milton. Allibone, accordingly, in his article on Roger Williams, quotes the passage referring to the patriot of Rhode Island, not as what Milton might have said, but as what he actually did say. It is pretty clear, therefore, that Allibone can never have read Mrs. Elton's book, but simply took Dr. Vinton's statement on trust. When historians and bibliographers go astray others will follow like

[1] See an interesting account in the 'Library Journal,' 1877-78 vol. ii, p. 80.

sheep through a gap in the hedge. The next, and it is be hoped the last, person to make this absurd mistake was the Rev. Dr. Schaff, another American writer, in his work on 'The Creeds of Christendom.'

Not even the fairest-minded historian or bibliographer is devoid of the shortcoming of prejudice. Allibone's special *bête-noire* was Warren Hastings, but it is only just to him to say that he shared this dislike with many of his age who had not learned to survey the memory of the empire-builder with the impartiality of more recent biographers. Hastings was in no sense an author at all, except in that of writing the ablest political and official despatches ever penned, but Allibone has a paragraph for him in which he labels him as a 'wicked and unscrupulous tyrant': no second opinion being here admitted. Elsewhere he pounds Dr. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, with a vigorous denunciation of his one-sided advocacy of Hastings. This he did with more justice, for it is certain that Gleig's partiality for his hero was not based on documentary evidence, but on blind conviction.

Under the article on Samuel Ayscough, author of the 'Catalogue of the MSS. preserved in the British Museum,' published in 1782, Allibone got together all the *pièces justicatifs* he could find on the subject of good indexing. The principal of these were passages from Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' Henry Rogers' 'Vanity and Glory of Literature,' Dr. Johnson's letter about a new edition of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and Fuller's 'Worthies.' He also cited Scaliger's epigram written after finishing

his index. After this one would have expected at the end of the third volume the most exhaustive subject-index in the world. But with all this 'much cry' there was very 'little wool.' All our author produced took the shape of lists of writers' names alphabetically arranged and grouped under forty of the widest classes of knowledge and forms of literature. He also made confusion worse confounded by publishing as a key a list of indexes and sub-indexes. In this list we find the entry 'Logic,' which refers us to Class 27, 'Moral and Mental Philosophy,' under which are grouped 1,412 names. Of course the searcher may happen to know the names of Mill and Whately, and he picks these out from among the 1412. But then he was just as wise before his search, and the index of names so far is superfluous. Suppose, however, he wishes to get at the names of writers he does *not* know, the *modus operandi* will be that of wading through the 'Dictionary,' and examining that thousand odd list of authors. An index of this sort could very well have been omitted.[1]

Allibone, however, refused to be convinced of his error, but his justification of himself was mainly based on the impossibility of carrying out the plan of his critics, owing to considerations of space and time, an excuse which ignored the fact that in the substitute for an Index actually printed, both space and time had been liberally wasted.

[1] For a detailed exposition of the vicious principle of poor Allibone's Index, see Mr. B. R. Wheatley's 'On an "evitandum" in index-making' ('Trans. and Proc. Conference of Librarians,' London, 1877, pp. 90, 91).

With this exception the 'Dictionary' must ever rank as the production of a master mind, and coupled with the name of its author must be that of his friend, Joshua Lippincott, who bore the cost of the book. Meanwhile Allibone's work had attracted the attention of James Lenox, the founder of one of the finest libraries in the world, now forming part of the Public Libraries of New York City. Henry Stevens has drawn a lifelike portrait of the millionaire bibliographer in his 'Recollections' of that quaint character read before the Liverpool Meeting of the Library Association in 1883. Lenox was as original in his appointment of a librarian as in his other dealings. He cast modern notions of superannuation to the winds, and appointed Allibone to the charge of the library at the mature age of sixty-three, in 1879. But he judged, and judged rightly, that the man for his service must be one whose knowledge of literature was encyclopaedic. Allibone held his post for ten years with high credit, and died at Lausanne in 1889.

Soon after Allibone's death, as is well known, a supplement to his 'Dictionary' was issued in two volumes by Mr. John Foster Kirk, the historian of 'Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.' I believe the supplement is found very useful, though it is clearly far less interesting than its predecessor. Mr. Kirk has very wisely attempted no index.

ARCHIBALD L. CLARKE.

LETTERS OF HENRY BRADSHAW TO OFFICIALS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.[1]

University Library, Cambridge,
18th January, 1868.

DEAR SIR,

BELIEVE the estimate for printing was originally 17*s.* a sheet (of two pages such as you have received); but the work has been done in such a random way that it is difficult to form an estimate of what it would amount to if done on a system. Sometimes *no old* books were put in, and the slips were confined to new copyrights and new foreign books. Sometimes old books newly bought were put in and sometimes they were entered in the Old Catalogue. Sometimes Mr. Major took a fancy to incorporate articles from the old catalogue into the new—so you have Porson, Gaisford, Tyrwhitt, and a few others done together. Sometimes each book had its own slip; sometimes, if the cataloguer happened to catalogue two or more books under the same head at one time, he put them all on one slip.

Any one of these processes (not to say all work-

[1] The first instalment of these letters will be found on pp. 266-292 of this volume. These new ones are addressed to Winter Jones' three successors in the keepership of the Department of Printed Books. Bradshaw himself was now librarian of the University Library, Cambridge.—A. W. P.

ing by fits and starts) would be quite enough to make it absolutely impossible to derive from them any statistics of value.

My object has been to put a little more method into the matter, and then gradually to open the way for improvement. For this purpose certain laws of our library afford a very good opportunity.

You know, of course, the leading features of our library.

(1) Every one has access to the books all over the place.

(2) It is a circulating library.

The first involves a certain amount of classification on the shelves. The second compels us to deal rapidly with our new literature, because the copyright books are of comparatively little use unless they can be obtained soon.

In order to prevent unfair proceedings, the rule is that all books before they go into circulation must be exhibited for nearly a week in a conspicuous part of the library. For this purpose a place is set apart and this is filled every Monday morning before the library is opened to the public—and it is cleared on Friday at 12, that is in the middle of the day, when everybody can see it. No books can be taken from this place, but if anyone is particularly anxious (sometimes several persons are anxious) for any particular book, it can only be taken from the shelf when the assistant has placed it there. This sometimes leads to an amusing scene.

It struck me accordingly that this excellent law might be made to serve the purposes of the catalogue, and form a basis of operation.

Accordingly as soon as the different cataloguers have catalogued their books (any books), and entered them in the catalogue of the compartment in which they are to stand, the book with its slip is sent down to the labelling room and labelled, and thence taken to another room. Hitherto the slips had been sent entirely at random to the printers. My method has been to let the books accumulate until the Saturday, and then go myself and place them in order (shelf-order) and go through the slips revising them for the press—and then to send a sheetfull to the press, about 64, never having more than one book on a slip—carefully separating from the rest those of which I had sent the slips to the press, and leaving them there until (after the proof and revises rec^{d} and corrected) the fair copy comes on the following Saturday morning.

On that Saturday aft^{n} the books are taken up (after the library is closed) to be ready for Monday morning. From Monday till Friday they remain on view. None but newly bought books in this way appear on my printed slips.

By the bye we print 12 or 14 copies only. This, for fear I forget it, is in answer to one of your questions. Here you have the biography of a book and its slips.

At present my object has been to learn as thoroughly as I can what the meaning of the present practice is, and not to alter where I can help it, until I know well what I am altering, and can alter at once. I feel so convinced that in making any change in cataloguing promptness is the only safe method.

I should very much like to have some conversation with you on the subject. I know it has long engaged your attention—but it is impossible to work such questions by letter.

Yours very truly,
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Thos Watts, Esqr.

University Library, Cambridge,
12th April, 1869.

DEAR MR. WATTS,

Will you kindly get one of your people to answer me a query?

Johes de Garlandia

Multorum vocabulorum equivocorum interpretatio.

Lond. W. de Worde, 1499. 4to.

Synonyma. Lond. W. de Worde, 1500. 4to.[1]

Lowndes says that copies of both are in the Museum.

I have always believed that W. de Worde lived in Caxton's House at *Westminster* until 1500 (his *Ortus vocabulorum* which we have, was printed at Westmr in that year) and that from 1501 and onwards he lived at the Sun in Fleet Street.

If you really have these two books, it would be very kind if you could let me have a transcript of that part of the colophon of each treatise which contains actually the *place*, *printer's name and date*, as it is of special importance, as you can readily see.

[1] The address of this book runs: 'in civitate Londoñ, apud Westmonasterium,' which explains how Lowndes's statement arose.

I look forward to seeing sometime your Museum catalogue of fifteen century books. I only wish I could induce you to employ my Dutchman Mr. Hessels[1] for the purpose. He has been working under me here, for more than a year past, in most minute typographical researches, and he has a wonderfully keen eye for discriminating kinds of type, and by his series of tracings, he has enabled us to settle all sorts of points which have not hitherto been settled, about the most puzzling German printers. I must thank you very much for your kindness to my boy the day he went. He was delighted with his visit to the Museum.

Yours most truly,

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Tho. Watts, Esqre.

University Library, Cambridge,
26th April, 1870.

DEAR MR. RYE,

Can you without much trouble tell me two things?

1. Have you in the Museum a copy of the 36-line Latin Bible attributed to Pfister of Bamberg,[2] and if so will you kindly let me know the press-mark that I may not waste the time of any one when I can find time to come to the Museum next? Dibdin mentions a copy on paper, perfect, as being in the King's Library, but his statements generally want confirmation.

[1] The learned author of 'Gutenberg: Was he the Inventor of Printing?'

[2] Proctor 60.

2. Have you in the Museum a copy of the 49-line Latin bible attributed to Mentelin,[1] and if so can you let me have the press-mark? I do not mean the 56-line Bible with the curious R, which is quite a different thing, but there may be a copy of the one I want to see, in the Grenville collection, only the catalogue is rather hazy on the matter.

There is a copy of it in the Spencer library, described as N°. 1042 in the *Supplement* to the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* (London, 1822, 8°. pp. 39, 40).

The facsimile there given, and the number of lines (49) will be quite sufficient to identify it.

I hope before long to be able to come and see you in your new room, for I have many things about which I want to consult you; but I find it so extremely difficult to get away from my work here.

I want very much to have some united action about fifteenth century books, but it is very hard for a small provincial library like ours to take the lead in such things, and yet your authorities cannot be persuaded that it is fairly to be expected from a great national library that one of the staff should be educated in this branch of bibliography.

I send you a pamphlet on the subject which I have just printed.[2] The thing itself is nothing, but the notes will let you see something of what I want done, if you can persuade yourself to read such dry stuff.

Yours most truly,

HENRY BRADSHAW.

[1] Proctor *196.

[2] 'A Classified Index of the Fifteenth-Century Books sold at Ghent, November, 1869.' It might fairly be said that from this unpretentious pamphlet all subsequent English work, of any importance, on incunabula took its start.

University Library, Cambridge,
29th April, 1870.

My Dear Sir,

Thank you for the information contained in your letter. The Mentelin Bible is one of the most singular books, speaking bibliographically, that I have ever met, and I can quite understand the Freiburg copy having the rubricator's date 1460. But of this I can tell you more when I have had an opportunity of examining your copies of the book.

You will receive, or perhaps have already received, the Museum copy of my pamphlet from Macmillan and Co. Nobody will ever *buy* it, but there was no need to keep it unpublished so far as that is concerned, and accordingly the very first copies I sent out were the copies for the Museum and the other Libraries.

Yours very truly,
Henry Bradshaw.

W. B. Rye, Esq.

King's College, Cambridge,
17th October, 1878.

Dear Mr. Bullen,

I wish you would kindly let one of your people look at the *Commune Sanctorum* in your Sarum Antiphoner and let me know which leaf in signature C begins with the words:

stituisti eum super opera

It must be either Cij or Ciij I presume.

Yours very truly,
Henry Bradshaw.

King's College, Cambridge,
19th October, 1878.

DEAR MR. BULLEN,

Best thanks for your prompt answer. Mr. Scott has found an Indulgence among the Harley Charters, as you know. Can you not get it put with your other documents of the kind in the Dept. of Printed Books.

You have Caxton's edition of the same—and this is a copy of one of two editions printed by John Lettou in the type used by him in London in 1480 and 1481. I found a lot of waste copies of both editions (which only differ in the composition) in the binding of a Latin Bible here printed at Cologne in 1480 and bound in London—no doubt by Lettou himself after the date at which the Indulgence ceased to be valid. There are two distinct editions by Lettou, and the Harleian copy is of the one which for convenience I have called *Ed.* 1.

Yours very truly,
HENRY BRADSHAW.

[P.S.] As apart from the two books of 1480 and 1481, nothing is known in this type except these two ed^{ns} of Kendale's Indulgence, it is very desirable that your Dep^{t} should possess what it can get.

King's College, Cambridge,
20th October, 1878.

DEAR MR. BULLEN,

I wrote yesterday about the Indulgence of Johannes Kendale found by Mr. Scott among the

Harley Charters. I wrote from memory, and I was consequently wrong. On looking at the two editions of the Indulgence printed by Lettou, which I mentioned to you, I find that the Museum copy is a third, different from both! I remembered that I had distinguished the two editions by the fact that in the one the superscription occupied the first four lines and that the *Litterae* themselves, beginning with the words *Prouenit ex* . . . began with line 5, while in the other edition there was a certain amount of compression, and the words *Prouenit ex* . . ., began at the end of line 4 after the close of the superscription. (Caxton's *Prouenit ex* . . . occurs in a similar way in the middle of line 5 at once after the close of the superscription.)

Now I noticed that the one in Cart. Harl. 75 E 4 began the fifth line of text with *Prouenit ex* . . . so without thinking, I identified it in my own mind with my *Ed.* 1. But fortunately as I had an hour to spare at the Museum on Saturday last, I copied the whole of the Harleian Indulgence line for line and letter for letter, and on looking at my papers last night, after I had written to you, I found out what was the real state of the case.

You must forgive my writing thus in detail to you, because I look upon you as my natural chief in these matters, as head of the Department of Printed Books in our National Library, so I feel bound to communicate such things to you. This is it. There seems to have been a practice of issuing *parallel editions* of these indulgences with different wordings according as they were to be sold to *one person* or *more than one*.

Prouenit ex *tue* devotionis affectu
Prouenit ex *vestre* devotionis affectu
reuereris—reueremini, and so on, *tibi* in one and *uobis et utrique uestrum* in the other, and so throughout. Caxton's edition of this particular Indulgence is the *singular* edition, *Prouenit ex tue* . . . though sold by mistake to two people. It is quite possible that he may have printed a parallel *plural* edn of this as he did of that of John de Giglis in 1481, the next year. In any case Lettou printed not only one but two *singular* editions of this one of John Kendale in 1480, of which I can show you complete transcripts when I am next in town. Lettou also printed a *plural* edition of which you have a copy Cart. Harl. 75. E. 4. It was only in January last that I discovered this practice of printing *parallel* editions.

You know the two shrunken slips of the Indulgence of John de Giglis which you got from the St. Alban's Grammar School. Well, when I discovered the two copies at Bedford in 1863 of a second edition of that Indulgence (they were exhibited at the Caxton exhn) I assumed until last January that they were merely differing editions of the same thing, because your slips were too fragmentary to supply anything more, and hitherto no complete copy of your slips has been found. But on finding at Durham last January a complete copy (or rather two almost complete copies) of an Indulgence in that type, and having no books of reference at hand, I took the precaution to copy them line for line and letter for letter. On coming home and comparing them with my line for line transcript of the Bedford copy wh I made there in August, 1863, I at once saw this curious

fact that one was a *singular* edition (to be sold to one person) and the other a *plural* edition (to be sold to more than one); and accordingly I have been on the look out for such things ever since. The Bedford copies and our fragment in King's College Library are of the *singular* edition, while the Durham copies and your fragment at the Museum are of the *plural* edition.

The following tabular statement (which I have written over leaf) will perhaps make the matter a little clearer than my letter.

Yours most truly,
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Johannis Kendale Litterae Indulgentiarum. 1480.

A. *For sale to one person:*
1. (Westminster, W. Caxton, 1480). Broadside folio. Copy in the British Museum. Case 18. e. 2.
2. (London, J. Lettou, 1480). Broadside folio. Ed. 1. Copy at Jesus College, Cambridge.
3. (London, J. Lettou, 1480). Broadside folio. Ed. 2. Copy at Jesus College, Cambridge.

B. *For sale to more than one person:*
1. (London, J. Lettou, 1480). Broadside folio. Copy in the British Museum, Cart. Harl. 75. E. 4.
2. No copy of Caxton's known, if any printed.

Johannis de Giglis Litterae Indulgentiarum. 1481.

A. *For sale to one person:*
1. (Westminster, W. Caxton, 1481). Broadside folio. Copies (2) in Bedfordshire General Library and King's College, Cambridge.

B. *For sale to more than one person:*
1. (Westminster, W. Caxton, 1481). Broadside folio. Copies at Durham and British Museum.

*** In addition to those here printed six other letters have been preserved (i) 30th April, 1870, inquiring as to Doctrinales and Donatuses sold at the Culemann Sale, (ii) 30th May, 1870, inquiring as to a Flemish Edition of Paris and Vienne (lot 1840, part viii in Heber Sale), containing fragments of an undescribed English Edition; (iii) 6th January, 1878, forwarding a copy of the 'Notice of a fragment of the Fifteen Oes'; (iv, v) 2nd August, 1882, inviting Mr. Bullen and Mr. Garnett to be his guests at the Library Association Meeting at Cambridge; (vi) 27th November, 1882, informing Mr. Garnett of the despatch of books on loan to the British Museum.

INDEX.

Abbot, Dr. E. A., Senior Classic in 1861, 272.
Allestree, James, bookseller, letters to Viscount Conway, 171 *sq.*
Allibone, S. A., his 'Dictionary of English Literature,' 419-431.
American Bookbindings, 110.
Anglican Clergy, French view of, 135.
Annotation of Catalogues, 413; Allibone's method of, 422 *sq.*
Astrology in Italian Chapbooks, 245.
Augustine, S., fifteenth century editions of the 'De Civitate Dei,' 342.
Axon, W. E. A., on 'Some Twentieth Century Italian Chapbooks,' 239-255.

Bad Books, R. F. Cholmeley on, 225-238.
Ballads, French views of English, 140.
Ballantyne, J. R., librarian to the India Office, 262.
Barwick, G. F., on the notes in the first French translation of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 134-145.
Bazin, René, criticism of his 'Le Guide de l'Empereur,' 309.
Bibles, notice of Catalogue of in Bible Society's library, 108; Bible printing in the fifteenth century, 339 *sq.*, 436 *sq.*
Bindings, printed leaves found in, 7, 11.
Bishopsgate Street, W. Larner's secret press at, 382 *sqq.*; list of books printed at, 396 *sqq.*
Bodleian Library, Robert Proctor's work at, 12 *sq.*, 18 *sq.*
Bookbindings, American, 110 *sq.*; danger from amateur binders, 111.
Book-Prices Current, review of volume for 1903, 105 *sq.*, 318 *sq.*
Bourget, Paul, criticism of his 'L'eau profonde,' 305 *sq.*; of his 'Un Divorce,' 366 *sq.*
Boyle, Eliza, article on a London Directory published by, 173 *sqq.*
Bradshaw, Henry, his influence on Robert Proctor, 14, 197 *sq.*; letters to officials at the British Museum, 16, 266-292, 432-442.
Brigands, in Italian chap-books, 244 *sq.*
British Museum, Robert Proctor's work at, 15 *sqq.*; suggestions for popularizing the library of, 100 *sq.*; Bradshaw's Letters to officials at, 266-292, 432-442.
Brown, H. F., on the India Office Library, 256-265.
Brown, James Duff, on Public Utilization of existing libraries, 93-102; his list of the best periodicals, 414.
Bullen, George, letters by Bradshaw to, 438 *sqq.*

Cambridge University Library, arrangements as to new books, 432-434.
Canne, John, Independent divine, 380 *sq.*
'Castor and Pollux,' criticism on views of as to net books, 52 *sq.*
Catalogues, printed accessions to that of University Library, Cambridge, 432.
Cataloguing, plan for a central bureau for, 146-157.
Cataloguing Rules, discussion on, 415 *sq.*

Caxtons, letters by Henry Bradshaw about, 274, 279, 289, 439-442.
Cholmeley, R. F., on Bad Books, 225-238.
Chrétien de Troyes, his version of the Perceval Legend, 61.
Christie, R. C., his interest in Greek printing, 25.
Civil War, secret printing during, 374-403.
Clarke, Archibald, on Allibone's 'Dictionary of English Literature,' 419-431.
Clergy, French view of the Anglican, 135.
Coleman Street, secret press at (1643-1645), 375 *sqq.*; list of books printed at, 395.
Collier, John Payne, related to Robert Proctor, 2; forged entries in Henslowe's Diary, 293-304.
Confessors, Manuals for, printed in fifteenth century, 346, 353.
Contrasti, survivals of in modern Italian chap-books, 246.
Conway, Edward, second Viscount, article on his library, 158-172.
Copyright Act, deposit of books under, 270 *n.*, 271.
Cotton Des Houssayes, J. B., his discourse on the Duties of a Librarian, 182-191.
'Coverdale's' Catechism, 270 *sq.*

Dana, J. C., speeches at L. A. Conferences, 408, 410, 418.
Deguilleville, G. de, his 'Pilgrimage of the Soul,' 351.
Digby, Sir Kenelm, letters to Viscount Conway, 160.
Directory, article on Mrs. Eliza Boyle's for 1822, 173-181.
Dobrée, Thomas, his Museum at Nantes, 206-209
Doubleday, W. E., on Library Association Conference, 404-418.
Doulans, Gautier de, identification of, 61, 90 *n.*
Droste-Hülshoff, Annette von, 'a German Mrs. Browning,' 364.
Du Bois, Henri Père, notice of his 'American Bookbindings in the library of H. W. Poor,' 100.
Dunn, T. W., note on R. Proctor's schooldays, 3.
Durandus, fifteenth-century editions of his 'Rationale,' 346.

Education, relations of Libraries with, 406 *sqq.*
Eeles, Robert, tracker of secret presses, 390 *sq.*
Eichhoff, Theodor, review of his attack on J. P. Collier, 293-304.
Elliott, G. H., on 'Methods of popularizing books other than novels,' 409.

Faber, R. S., note on the Musée Dobrée at Nantes, 206-209.
Foreign Literature, articles on, by Elizabeth Lee, 35-51, 210-222, 305-317, 360-373.
French characters in English plays, 143 *sq.*
French Literature, articles by Elizabeth Lee on recent French books, 35, 210, 305, 359 *sqq.*

Garnett, Richard, 'Three Hundred Notable Books,' acquired during his Keepership at the British Museum, 24 *sq.*
Gerbert's continuation of the Perceval romance, 62, 64 *sqq.*
German Literature, articles by Elizabeth Lee on recent German books, 35, 210, 305, 359 *sqq.*

Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' French notes to, 134-145.
Goodman's Fields, secret press at (1645), 385 *sqq.*
Greek Printing, Robert Proctor's work on, 25, 30 *sq.*
Greg, W. W., article on 'Tottel's Miscellany,' 113-133, 336; on Henslowe, Collier, and the latest German criticism, 293-304; note on his Catalogue of the Capell collection, 106.
Grimald, Nicholas, connection with 'Tottel's Miscellany,' 118.

Hall, Dr. Fitzedward, librarian to the India Office, 262.
Halliwell, J. O., sale of reprints by, 270 *sq.*
Harry, Myriam, criticism of her 'La Conquête de Jerusalem,' 307 *sq.*
Hastings, Warren, Allibone's dislike of, 428.
Health-drinking, French note on, 141.
Henry VIII, broadside 'Lamentation on the Death of,' 267.
Henslowe, Philip, his diary, 293-304.
Hessels, J. H., identifies Caxton fragment, 14; Bradshaw's praise of, 436.
Hetherington, Miss, her 'Index to Periodicals,' 335 *sq.*, 415.
Heyking, Baroness Elizabeth von, her 'Die Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten,' 315.
Hodgkin, Dr., Presidential Address at Library Association Conference, 404 *sq.*
Hotel Keepers in England, French views of, 137 *sqq.*
Hughes, Thomas, why not mentioned in 'Allibone,' 420 *sq.*
Huguenots in England, 269.
Hunscot, Joseph, stationer, tracker of secret presses, 385 *sqq.*; 389 *sq.*
Husbands, Edward, printer to the House of Commons, 386.

Image of Pity, proof of one described, 280 *sq.*
Immaculate Conception controversy, 347.
Incunabula, Bradshaw's wish for united action as to, 437; Robert Proctor's work on, 12 *sq.*, 19-24, 192 *sqq.*; sale prices of in 1903, 318-335; what Fifteenth Century Divinity Books are about, article by R. Steele, 337-358.
Independents, tracts secretly printed by during the Civil War, 374-403.
Indexing, Allibone's theory and practice of, 428.
India Office Library, account of, by, F. H. Brown, 256-265.
Indian Institute, Forbes Watson's scheme for, 259, *sq.*
Indulgences, notes by Henry Bradshaw on editions of, by Caxton and Lettou, 279, 439-442.
Italian Chapbooks, W. E. A. Axon on some of the twentieth century, 239-255.

Jast, Stanley, on a Central Cataloguing Bureau, 146-157.
Jenkinson, F., Robert Proctor's wedding present and verses to, 27 *sq.*; adds notes to Bradshaw's Letters, 266.
Jerome, S., fifteenth century editions of, 342.
Jews, fifteenth century books against, 347, 353.
Jones, Winter, letters of Henry Bradshaw to, 266-292.

Lactantius, fifteenth-century editions of, 342.
Larner, William, publisher of Independent books, 379, 384 *sq.*, 387; his press at Bishopsgate Street (1646), 389 *sqq.*; list of books printed by, 396 *sqq.*
Laxdæla Saga, Robert Proctor's translation of, 26 *sq.*
Lecomte de Nony, Mme., criticism of her novel 'La Joie d'Aimer,' 368 *sq.*
Lee, Elizabeth, articles on Recent Foreign Literature, 35-51, 210-222, 305-317, 360-373.
'Legenda Aurea,' fifteenth-century editions of, 349.
Leigh, H. D., Tutor at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 7, 9.
Lenox, James, his copies of first folio Shakespeare, 424; appoints Allibone his librarian, 430.
Lettou, Bradshaw's notes on Indulgences printed by, 436-442.
Librarians as guides of reading, 406; education of Library Assistants, 415.
Libraries, article by J. D. Brown, on means of making more useful, 93-102; plan for a central cataloguing bureau, 146-157; refusal of special discounts to, 52 *sqq.*, 103-105; H. W. Newton on their elevating influence, 406; connection with Education, paper on, 407; report on, 409 *sq.*; local collections in municipal libraries, 412; limitation of Library rate, 415.
Library Association, Conference at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 404-418.
Lilburne, John, books by, secretly printed, 377 *sqq.*, 388, 391, 394; Glover's engraved portrait of, 379, 392; arrested on account of 'Martin Mar-Priest Tracts,' 383 *sq.*
Loti, Pierre, criticism of his 'Vers Ispahan,' 307.
Love-letters, ethics of publishing, 359.

MacLehose, Robert, on refusal to libraries of discount on net books, 52-58.
Madan, F., his 'Chart of Oxford Printing,' 109.
'Manipulus Curatorum,' fifteenth century editions of, 347.
Mansion, Colard, Bradshaw's collation of his 'Boccace' and 'Ovide,' 283-285; identification of his 'Lestrif de Fortune et de Vertu,' 286 *sq.*
Martin Mar-Priest Press (1645), 382 *sqq.*; books printed at, 396 *sqq.*
Mary, the Blessed Virgin, fifteenth century books about, 347.
Mathieu de Noailles, Comtesse, criticism of her novel 'Le Visage Emerveillé,' 367 *sq.*
Milne, J. G., note on Robert Proctor, 5 *sqq.*
Milton, fictitious letters of, 427; French eighteenth century appreciation of, 363 *sq.*; Stationers' Company complain of his books, 376.
Moralizations, fifteenth century editions, 337, 349.
Morris, William, his influence on Robert Proctor, 20 *sq.*, 29.
Music and Poetry, 365.
Mychel, John, edition of Stanbridge's 'Accidence' printed at Canterbury by, 268.

Nantes, note on Museé Dobrée at, 206-209.
'Natural History method' in Bibliography, 287.

Net Books, question of Discount on, to libraries, 52-58.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Library Association Conference at, 404-418.
Newton, H. W., paper on Public Libraries at L. A. Conference, 406.

Nicholls, letter-founder, 363 *sq.*
Nicholson, E., note on Robert Proctor's work at Bodley, 13.

O'Daly's Catechism, 267.
Orme, Robert, share in founding India Office Library, 256, 258.
Overton, Richard, Independent pamphleteer, 380 *sq.*; his 'Martin Mar-Priest Tracts,' 382 *sq.*, 391 *sqq.*
Overton, Robert, secret printing by, 377, 380 *sqq.*, 393.
Oxford books, three, identified by Bradshaw, 275.
Oxford Printing, notice of Madan's Chart of, 109.

Patristic Literature, fifteenth-century editions of, 331 *sq.*
Peddie, R.A., on Sale Prices of Incunabula in 1903, 318-335.
Peplow, F. J., on 'Cotton Des Houssayes,' discourse on the duties of a librarian, 182-191.
Perceval Legend, article by Jessie Weston on, 59-90.
Pergola, Luigi, his chap-book 'Storia di Marziale,' 244.
Periodicals, J. D. Brown's list of, for Public Libraries, 414; Index to current, 335, 415.
Peter Lombard, fifteenth-century editions of his Sentences, 343.
Physiologus, of Theobaldus, its contents, 350.
Pigouchet, P., table of cuts used in his 'Horae,' 196.
Plomer, Henry R., articles by, on 'A Cavalier's Library,' 158-172; on 'Secret Printing during the Civil War,' 374-403.
Poetry and Music, 365.
Pollard, A. W., articles on Robert Proctor, 1-34, 192-205; Criticism on his views as to net books, 52 *sq.*; reply by, 102 *sq.*, Notes on Books and Work by, 103-112, 335 *sq.*; prefatory notes by, 266, 318-320.
Poor, H. W., American bookbinding in the library of, 110.
Prévost, Marcel, his 'La plus faible,' 312.
Printing, 'Secret printing during the Civil War,' by H. R. Plomer, 374-403.
Proctor, R. G. C., Memoir of, 1-34; estimate of his work, 192-205; classification of the divinity books in his Index, 355 *sqq.*
Prynne, William, attacked in the Martin Mar-Priest Tracts, 383.

Redgrave, G. R., note on the Water-marks in paper, 9 *sq.*
Rivers, John, article by, on An Old Directory, 173-181.
Robinson, Henry, 'Martin Mar-Priest Tracts' attributed to, 383, 385.
Rodericus Zamorensis, his 'Speculum humanae vitae,' 352.
Rost, Dr. Reinhold, librarian to the India Office, 262 *sq.*
Rye, W. B., letters by Bradshaw to, 436 *sqq.*

Sampson, R., vellum copy of his 'Oratio,' 282.
Sand, George, her letter to Alfred de Musset, 359.
Savage, E. A., on the Principles of Annotation, 413.
Scholastic Theology, fifteenth-century editions of, 343.

Sermons and Homilies, fifteenth-century editions of, 345, 353.
Service Books, printing of in the fifteenth century, 340 *sq.*
Shakespeare, Allibone's article on, 424; the Lenox copies of the First Folio, *ib.*
Shakespeare, recent German books on, 39 *sq.*, 107.
Sidgwick, Arthur, note on Robert Proctor, 8 *sq.*
Size notation, Bradshaw's method, 278.
St. Albans, types used at, 272 *sqq.*
Stationers' Company, employed to discover secret presses during the Civil War, 375 *sqq.*; 383 *sq.*
Steele, R., on what fifteenth century (Divinity) books are about, 337-359.

Tea, afternoon drinking of, in eighteenth century, 139.
Tew, Nicholas, examined on a charge of secret printing, 377, 393.
Tinayre, Mme., criticism of her 'La Vie Amoureuse de François Barbazanges,' 306.
Titles of medieval books, 337, 355.
Tottel's Miscellany, article on early editions of, by W. W. Greg, 113-133; Tottel's surrender of his rights in, 336.
Turks, fifteenth century, books about, 354.
Type Facsimile Society, foundation of, 25 *sq.*
Type-setting, reasons for duplicating in book-work, 122 *sq.*

Vellum, English books printed on, 282.
'Vicar of Wakefield,' French notes to, 134-145.
Viebig, Clara, criticism of her novels, 313 *sq.*
Vincent de Beauvais, the two Strassburg editions of his Speculum, 276.
Vindelinus de Spira, notes on his Catullus, Tibullus, etc., 290 *sq.*

Water-marks in paper, article on method of reproducing, by G. R. Redgrave, 91 *sq.*
Watson, Dr. Forbes, his report on the India Museum and Library, 259.
Watts, Thomas, letters of Henry Bradshaw to, 432 *sq.*
Weston, Jessie, article on the Perceval Legend, 59-90.
Wilkins, Sir C., first librarian at the India House, 257, 261.
Williams, Roger, allusions to, in fictitious letters ascribed to Milton, 427.
Wilson, H. H., librarian to the India Office, 261.
Woodward, Hezechia, Stationers' Company complain of his books, 376.
Worde, Wynkyn de, his addresses, 435.
Wright, Prof. Mark, paper on Reference Libraries and Education at Library Association Conference, 407.
Wright, W. H. K., on Local Collections in Municipal Libraries, 412.

Zurich, English books printed at, 268 *sq.*

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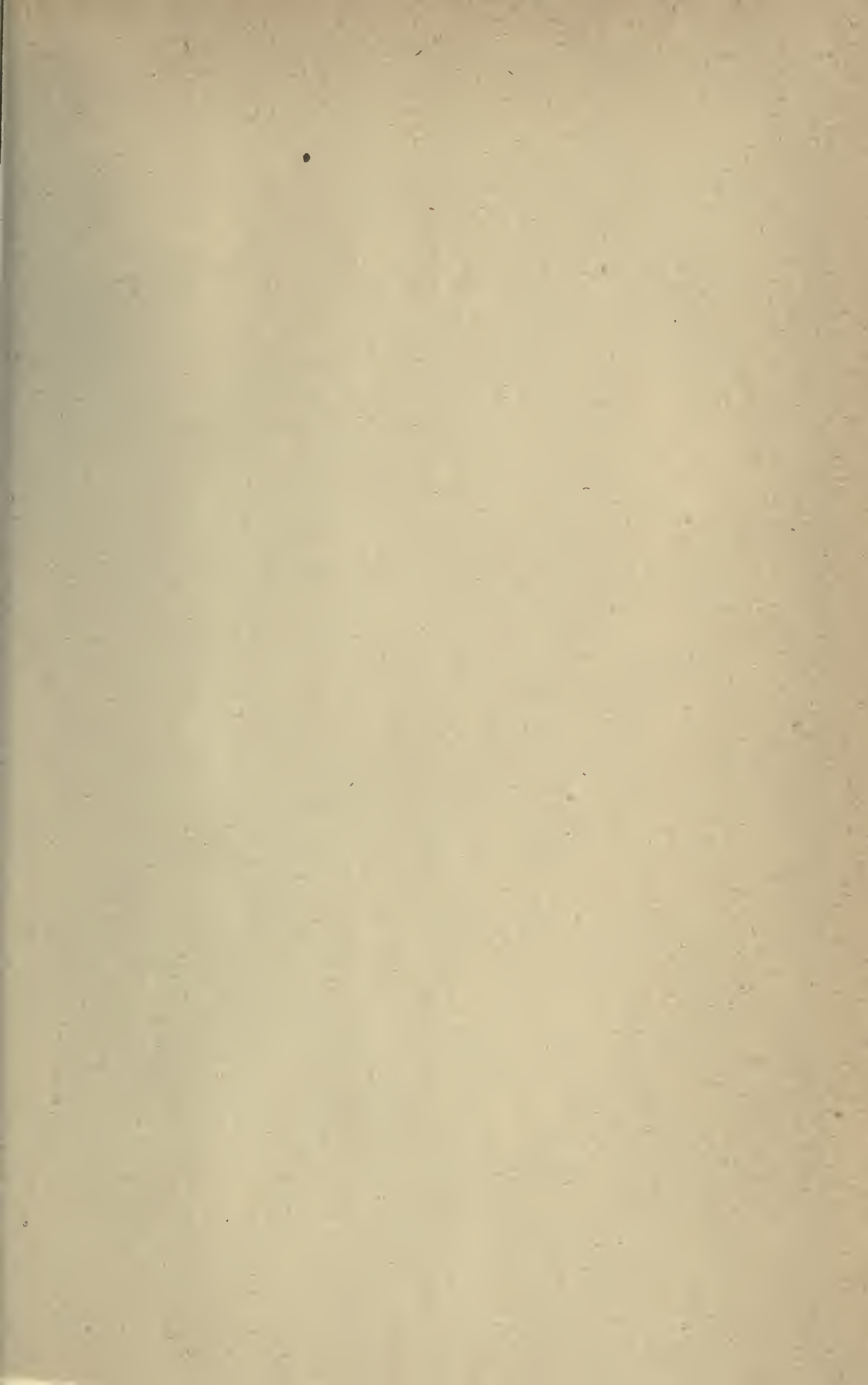

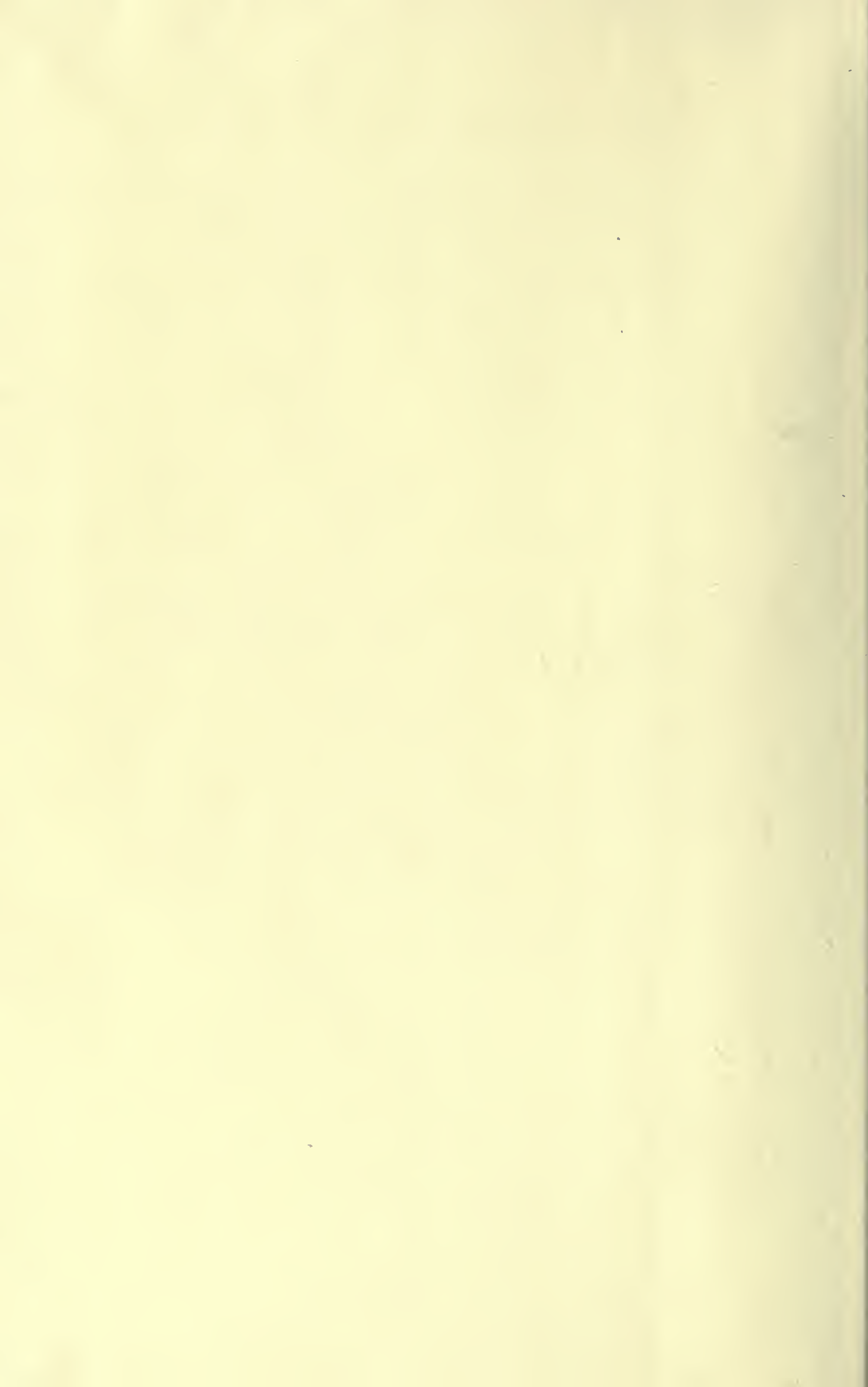

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37

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