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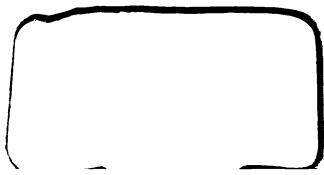
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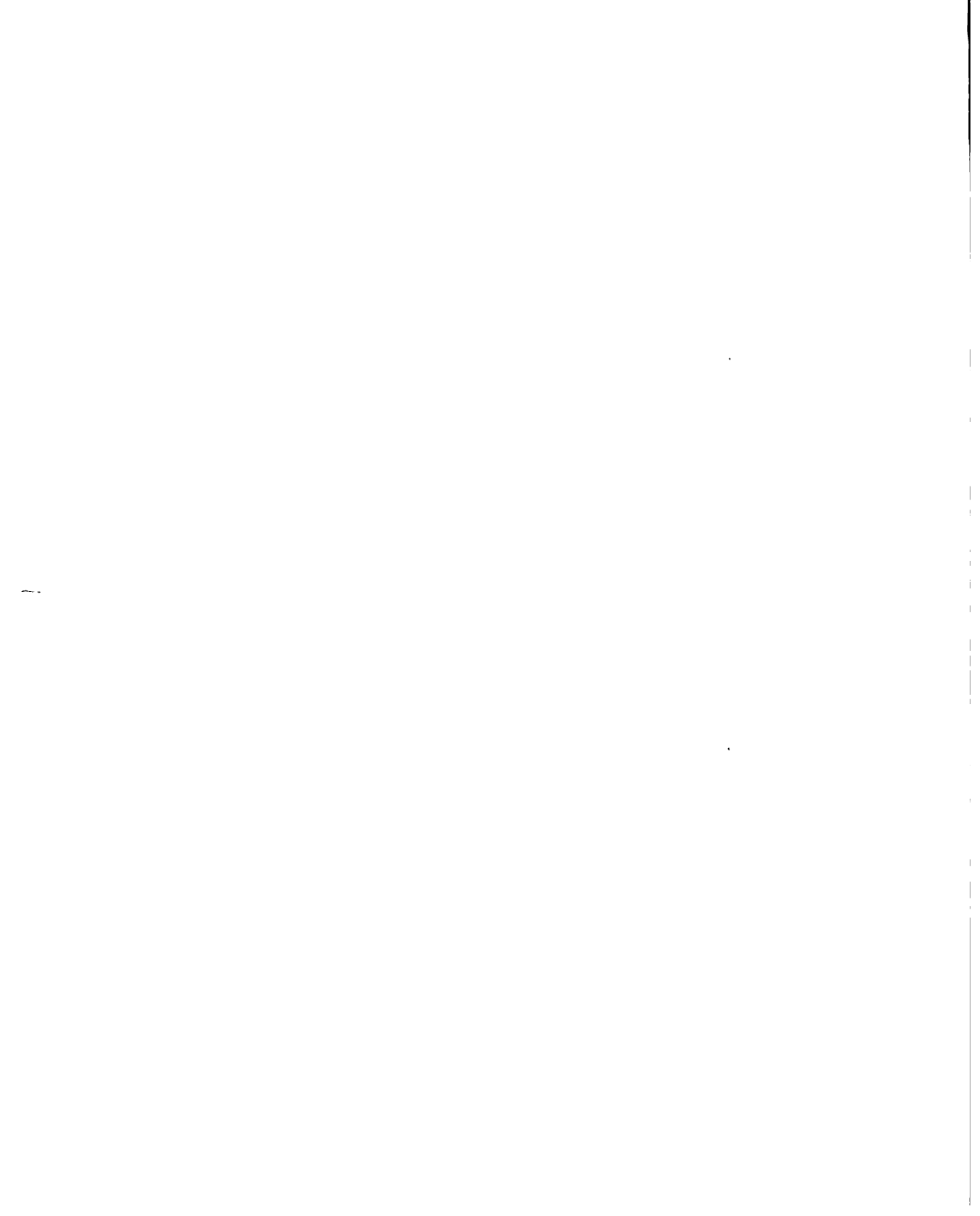




Fredder C. 120









DEPOSITIO

CORNUTI TYPOGRAPHICI.





AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
**German Morality-Play,**  
ENTITLED  
**Depositio Cornuti Typographici,**  
*As Performed in the 17th & 18th Centuries.*

WITH A RHYTHMICAL TRANSLATION OF THE GERMAN VERSION OF 1648.

---

By **WILLIAM BLADES,**  
*TYPOGRAPHER.*

Author of "The Life and Typography of William Caxton," etc., etc., etc.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED A LITERAL REPRINT OF THE UNIQUE ORIGINAL  
VERSION, WRITTEN PARTLY IN PLAAT-DEUTSCH BY PAUL DE VISE,  
AND PRINTED IN 1621.

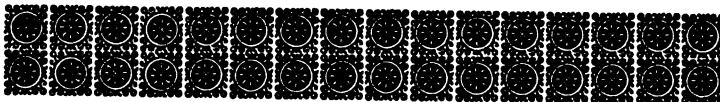
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LONDON:  
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.  
—  
1885.







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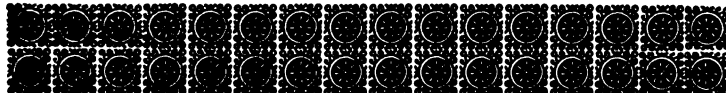
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## P R E F A C E.

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VERYBODY who has had occasion to consult German books of the 18th and 17th centuries will remember certain peculiarities of typography which they present. The old-fashioned faces of the German character are indeed very handsome, but when we find Roman and Italic, and Gothic all in one line, and the author as well as the printer (for both seem to have had a hand in it) parading their classical acquirements by putting every word derived from the Latin in Roman type, and even spelling many words, half in one character and half in another, the effect is very bizarre.

This for instance is from J. C. Klemm's "Dresden Jubel-Feste," Tübingen, 1740:—

"*Die Musique-Cantata*" — "Patronen" — "Auf der uralten Universität" — "Summa der 2000 fl." — "eine Mixtur des Metalls."

This is from J. D. Köhler's "Ehren-Rettung," 4to. Leipzig 1761:—

"keine *Dyphongos*" — "*sceptische Bücher*" — "*Grammaticken*" — "*Japonische.*"

Lesser's well-known "Typographia Jubilans" is full of examples :—

"Chevillier liess einen Tractat in 4. drucken" — "Constantinopolitanischen Bruckerey" — "einen Commerciën-Tractat" — "des Wormischen Edicts" — "mehrere Glossen"

So is Zeltner's "Bibel-Version" of Martin Luther, Nürnberg, 1727 :—

"Der erste Druck ist mit 2 Columnen" — "den horigen Exemplarien" — "Scrupuliten" — "Consenses" — "publicitten" — "Bibel-Correctur."

There are many such German books which, as academical exercises, or as practical handbooks, treat of the history and technicalities of the Art of Printing. Among such, several have come into my hands containing versions, more or less alike, of the "DEPOSITIO CORNUTI TYPOGRAPHICI," a play which used to be performed throughout Germany. This morality-play, for such it really was, strongly attracted my attention, and it occurred to me that what interested one Printer might also interest others, especially as the subject, I believe, is new to English literature, and unknown even to many conversant with ancient German lore. I make therefore no apology for issuing the present little volume ; to the few who care for such subjects it will not be unwelcome.

The original idea was to give a translation only of the German text, and with one or two explanatory notes such as a practical printer might supply, to let that speak for itself ; but the interest of the subject grew with the study of the text, and, as often happens in such cases, led on to other branches of research

quite unforeseen, and other by-paths of knowledge. Thus the subject of the Printers' *Depositio* induced on the one hand, enquiries about a similar ceremony at the German Universities; and, on the other about practices of a kindred character among German craft-gilds in general. The peculiar, and to modern ideas irreverent, use of the Christian formula of baptism, when the "Postulate" or apprentice was sprinkled with water, and so cleansed from his original state of brutal ignorance, and admitted by the "Pfaffe" or parson into the privileges and responsibilities attaching to every member of the Printers' community, suggested also an interesting connection with the old Miracle-plays, or perhaps with those impious festivals of the Romish Church, such as All Fool's day—the Boy-bishop—the Feast of Asses, in which coarse gibes and mockery of religious rites constituted the chief features.

In presenting the Play itself to the reader's notice it at once became evident that a prose translation would afford a poor and inadequate representation of the original. It was therefore determined to attempt an imitation of the German rhymes. In this part I received great assistance from my friend Mr. William Steinert.

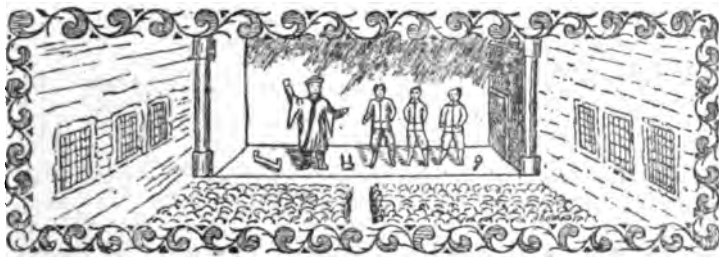
To Herr Meyer, of the Lüneburg Museum, I owe my best thanks for drawings of the curious tools, &c., used centuries ago in the Stern Printing-office, Lüneburg. Mr. White (of Ellis & White) kindly lent me the rare book from which the plate at page 56 has been taken.

To various Essays in the "Weimarisches Jahrbuch," attributed to the pen of Herr Oscar Schade; to Oskar Dolch's "Geschichte des Deutschen Studententhums," and to "Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas: a Historical Survey," by Dr. Karl Hase, translated from the German by A. W. Jackson, the author is indebted for much information.

W. B.

23, ABCHURCH LANE, LONDON.





## CHAPTER I.

### THE SOCIAL STATUS OF GERMAN PRINTERS IN OLDEN TIMES.



**WITHOUT** any flourish of trumpets to attract the crowd; without any Royal Proclamations to bear down opposition; but with a quiet invincible strength, like Nature's laws in their course, the Printing-press while yet in its infancy made steady progress from town to town, and from country to country. The books which after the birth of printing came first through the Press were naturally those which in the 15th century were most in demand; and thus the Church, as embracing nine-tenths of the educated classes, was first served. Hence the earliest books were large-sized editions of the Latin Bible and Psalter for use in the Church, Breviaries for private use, and numerous editions of the "Modus confitendi," in which the Priest learnt how to treat the most delicate questions of the Confessional. The standard works of the great classic authors, both Latin and Greek, soon followed, and then by degrees pamphlets and books in the vulgar tongue, of which romances of chivalry formed a large part.

So long as the produce of the Press was confined to these and similar subjects, the governing powers looked on with heedless eyes; but when the Printers grew bolder and education more common; when Latin gave way to the vulgar tongue and men began not only to talk, but to read about the burning questions of the day; when Governments were called to task for abuses in the



State, and the Church-creeds and Monkish morality were mistrusted; then the Rulers discovered that a mighty power had risen up unbidden in their midst, a power for evil as well as good, and the question how to treat the Press was debated in every country.

Two courses were open. The Government could either favour and protect the Printers, giving them monopolies and special privileges, or by intimidation and threats of suppression enchain and degrade the Art. In the former case it became the interest as well as the pleasure of the Printers to support the governing powers who protected them by refusing to print all works against good government and good manners, and thus, as in Germany, arose a noble race of men who were learned scholars as well as practical Printers, and who held an honourable position among their fellow-citizens, being mid-way between the erudite University professors and the unlearned town tradesmen. When on the other hand Governments used their power to enchain, intimidate and suppress, the Art became degraded, as it was in England, until the workmen grew incompetent and crafty, the Masters both cringing and tyrannical, and the printing-houses filthy and unwholesome, fully deserving the name of "holes," by which they were commonly known in this country.

The social status of a Printer in a German town was enviable. The numerous small States had each its Government or Court Printer, every University its sworn Printer, and every City its Stadt-printer. They were all "officials," who took the oath to be loyal and true to the Government under which they flourished, as well as to the body appointing them, and thus a close connection was maintained between the Court, the University, the Town Council and the Printers. The Printers, in University towns especially, were brought into constant and intimate association with the Professors and Students. All their essays and theses, which were written on every imaginary subject; all their tracts, sermons and dissertations, came through the University's Printer's hands. There was no haggling over the prices, and whatever the subject or language might be the proofs were sent in, carefully and competently read.

The books which were written by, and for the use of, German Printers about two centuries ago, are of the greatest interest to a sympathetic reader. The homely dignity which pervades them, the simple and fervent piety, the real love of the Art and consequent anxiety to transmit to the rising generation the same feelings, are to be found in the exercise of this profession in no other country. The sentiment that Printers were to a great extent responsible for the educational and religious means at their disposal, was cultivated from the moment a youth began his apprenticeship. Did a German compositor or pressman passing through a town, call in at the Printing-office, his common salutation was "Gott grüß die Kunst" (God bless the Art). Was a boy bound as an apprentice his first lesson was that honour and devotion were due to the heaven-born Art, and to God the giver. Even the "Format-Bücher," in which technical instructions were given, breathed a religious tone, as the following quaint prayer, translated from Ernesti, and dated the 281st year from the invention of Printing, will show:—

#### A DAILY PRAYER FOR PRINTERS.

**O** LORD, Almighty God, Printing is a glorious and a noble Art, a blessing thou hast reserved for Mankind in these latter days—an Art by which all Conditions of Men, and especially thy Holy Church, are greatly nourished. And since good Lord thou hast of thy free Grace given to me the Opportunity of exercising an Art and Craft so exalted, I pray thee to guide me by thy Holy Spirit in using the same to thy Honour. Thou knowest, dear Lord, that great Diligence, continual Care, and accurate Knowledge of the Characters of many languages are needful in this Art; therefore I call upon thee for Help that I may be earnest and careful both in the setting up of Types and in printing the same. Preserve my Soul in the constant Love of thy Holy Word and Truth, and my Body in Sobriety and Purity; that so, after a Life here befitting a Printer, I may hereafter, at the last coming of my most worthy Saviour Jesus Christ, be found a good Workman in his Sight, and wear the everlasting Crown in his Presence. Hear me, dearest God, for thy Honour and my Welfare. Amen.

The numerous Essays and Sermons published throughout Germany in 1740, when the Tercentenary of the invention of Printing was celebrated, show that the same feeling of respect towards the Art of Printing and Printers pervaded the Academical and Clerical Professions.

It is self-evident that the first Printers must have been men who could not only read and write, but who had a knowledge of various tongues. The earliest books were mostly in Latin, many in Hebrew, many in Greek, and not unfrequently in Syriac and the cognate languages,\* and the Printers were obliged to know and superintend the composition of these languages. It is therefore without surprise that we find very learned men, like Aldus Manutius of Venice, Henry Stephens of Paris (who allowed no language but Latin to be spoken in his house), the Elzeviers of Amsterdam, Christopher Plantin of Antwerp, John Froben of Basle, and many others devoting their lives and all their energies in the service of Printing. Such Printers commanded the friendship of men of letters throughout Europe, and held equal rank with the University professors, being not unfrequently of academical standing themselves. The Art being viewed in so honourable a light we need not wonder at the rich Burgher or Professor being glad to place his son with the Court or University Printer as an apprentice; and he would then naturally lend all the support he could to them. Even the Military, then the highest profession of all, did not disdain to honour the Printers with their friendship; and at the "deposition" of a Printer's son might often be seen Statesmen, Officers, Clergymen and Professors, as interested well-wishers, who added their congratulations and presents to those of the relatives when the ceremony was ended.

That ceremony meant a great deal to the young Printer, and it was the recognition of its great importance which gave meaning to the harlequinade of the actors, and induced the Cornute to submit to pains and indignities which otherwise

---

\* In all the early specimen books of type-founders we find a variety of Eastern tongues.

he would have fiercely resented. Without it there was no being a Printer at all, for even apprenticeship was nothing unless the apprentice was enrolled, and this was done only after deposition. The workman not duly received could find no work: every Printing-office in the land was closed to him.

The corporations in all trades were during the Middle Ages of great importance, and to be a member of one ensured participation in many benefits and privileges which otherwise were unobtainable. If oppressed or injured in trade, the gild took his part; if sick, he was succoured; and when dead, he was followed solemnly and respectfully to his last resting-place.

The trade unions of both masters and men were very strict in their rules, and although at times the men found themselves in strong opposition to the masters, as a rule they both adhered to the laws which were mutually acknowledged. In 1650 there was an agreement in Lower Saxony, in Hamburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Mayence and Hanau, "that no one that had not learned printing in the prescribed manner, and got his postulate (*i.e.*, gone through the ceremony of the Depositio), should be allowed to own a Printing-house, and that if any journeymen worked for such a master he was to be excluded from the gild." This was a great protection to the masters from interlopers, and the workmen too knew how to make their injunctions effective, better even than Emperor or Government. These might issue their prohibitions in vain, while the edict of the trade gild could close any Printing-house in the land; none of the gild members would enter it, and even the apprentices were enticed away. If a workman, tempted by gold, engaged himself to a "bungling," or, as it is now called, an "unfair" master, he was soon branded like Cain; the ban of the law was not so severe or certain; the travelling journeymen spread the culprit's name throughout the land, and everywhere the door was shut against him, and no magistrate could help him. The masters on their side restricted the number of apprentices, so as not to flood the trade with workmen; were careful as to the respectability of the boys they admitted, and paid the accepted rate of wages without attempting a reduction.

Sunday work was by general consent not on any account allowed, a law which many a hard-worked journeyman wishes were in force now in England.

Registers of all apprentices and workmen were accurately kept in every town where a Printing-office existed. Every apprentice had his name entered, with full particulars as to age, length of servitude and family descent. For this a small fee was paid. The period for which an apprentice was bound varied. An apprenticeship under four years was everywhere invalid, and therefore useless; five years was a common time, and sometimes six years. I imagine that, although no exact rule existed, the son of a rich man served the shorter, and the youth who could only look forward to being a journeyman, the longer period. In 1686 a rich burgher offered a handsome sum (200 thalers) if the gild would allow his son to be apprenticed for two years only, but it was sternly refused. The "Postulate" fees were, however, very heavy; and many a journeyman was crippled for years by the debts incurred to pay them. At the same time this very expense, which the sons of citizens bore willingly, tended to keep out the sons of poor people. In most towns it was about 16 to 20 thalers, which, reckoning the present depreciation of money as a buying power, may be calculated as £10 or £12. So great a hardship was this considered that an appeal made to the Civic authorities of Nuremberg by poor workmen resulted in an ordinance forbidding more than 12 thalers to be spent at the "Postulate." This was in 1704, but as the higher fees were levied 50 years later, we may safely assume that this regulation, as well as several similar, proved quite inoperative.



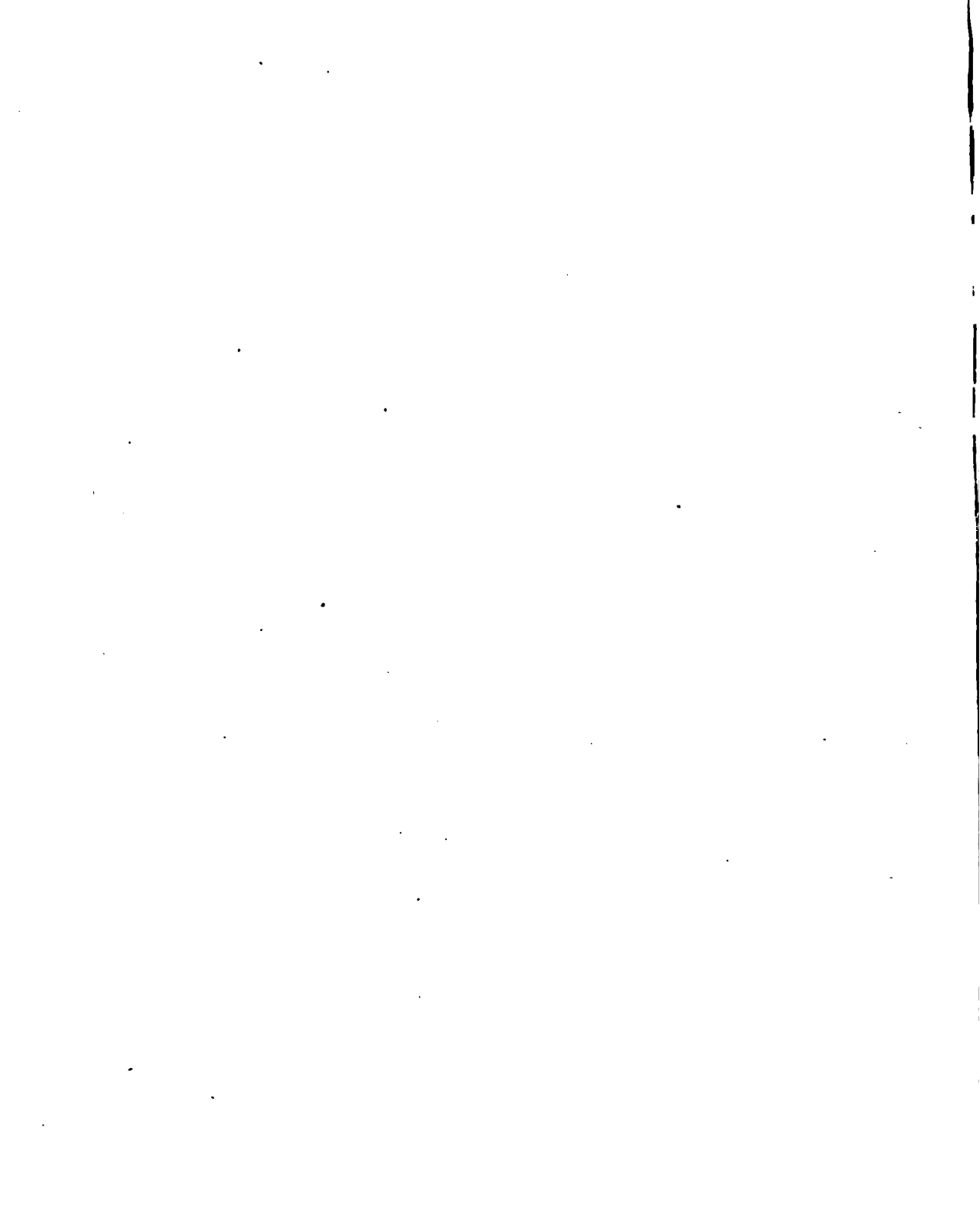




*Between pp 6 & 7*









## CHAPTER II.

### THE PRINTERS' DEPOSITIO DESCRIBED.



HE German Printers (unlike the English) were very particular as to the fitness of the youths who applied to them to be made apprentices. Before all things they had to prove the respectability of their parents. Legitimate birth, even back to their grand-parents, was enquired into, and even where there was no reason to doubt the mother's fair fame, a son "born before his time" if only by a few weeks, had a certain stigma attached to his name for life. Bastards were never taken as apprentices. If a youth who wished to be apprenticed, could show his own and parents' credentials, and had received a good education, he was taken for a few weeks on trial. Then in set form, and before six or seven printers of the town, he was duly apprenticed for four or five years, and his name entered on the fellowship Roll, a small fee being paid. When the apprenticeship was ended, the quondam apprentice did not at once take his place among the workmen, but was called a "Cornute"—an amphibious animal, neither apprentice nor workman, but a horned beast full of all kinds of wickedness, from which he could be freed only by the saving ceremony of the Depositio. This ceremony was often very expensive, as any amount of money could be spent upon the Play in decorations and dresses; but

if we take the different value of money three centuries ago, the lowest cost was about £10 to £12. In some towns, however, the custom obtained of the master retaining half or a quarter of the Postulate's wages, until a sufficient sum had accumulated to pay the expenses of his great day of freedom. When the Cornute's day was fixed, and the master had granted his request to be deposed, he was called a "Postulate," still however being a Cornute. To make the fees lighter, it was not uncommon for Postulates to wait a while, if Apprentices in their own or neighbouring towns were near the end of their term; so that frequently three or four Postulates were "deposed" at the same time, and thus not only were the expenses of the Play and the succeeding banquet much reduced, but the occasion received additional importance from the presence of masters and men from a distance.

On grand occasions, as when the son and successor of a wealthy Printer was to be initiated, a large Hall or School-room would be specially engaged; but as a rule, when all the preliminaries were arranged, the largest room in the Printing-office cleared, benches placed for the audience, a small stage erected at one end and green boughs hung about for ornamentation, the guests, mostly friends or relatives, took their places to see the proceedings and to laugh at, or sympathise with, the treatment of the Cornute.

In olden time, before the play became crystalised in print, a Prologue was a matter of arrangement—to be declaimed if there was any one clever enough to make one up—or to be omitted altogether. Paul de Vise wrote a short, and Rist a long Prologue. Its object was to tell the guests (what of course everyone already knew) the purpose for which they had met, and to apologise for any seeming rudeness and buffoonery in the play. This fact of itself shows that the Prologue was a later introduction, made only when the actors themselves felt that some apology was really needed for their adherence to the old customs. These are coarse enough in De Vise and Rist, but were very much worse a century earlier.

Upon the appointed day the room where the ceremony was to take place was decorated more or less expensively, and the com-

pany invited was more or less important, according to the social status of the Cornute. Frequently the Town band was hired to enliven the proceedings: Rist says before the Prologue, "Here let the Trumpets, the Trombones, the Clavicides, the Drums, Cymbals and other instruments play vigorously some lively music." It was quite common too for the whole of the employés in the Printing-office to sing part-songs.

"Prologus" having delivered his oration upon the importance and usefulness of the Printing Art, made his exit, and then some part-singing followed in which all who could, joined. If a grand occasion, the Band would again discourse sounds that were loud and vigorous, whatever they might lack in sweetness.

Then enters the important character, the "Depositor," dressed in comical and brilliant apparel, kept purposely for such occasions. With serious mien he walks slowly up and down, until at last noticing the audience he starts, and calling his servant Urian, demands the reason of all the decorations in the room, and why so many people have come together. Urian, also in a comic habit, professes ignorance, but holds his nose and complains of a dreadful smell. Going out, he soon returns dragging in by the snout the miserable Cornute, who is dressed most fantastically. His head is bedecked with a black and gilt pasteboard hat, on which are two horns, from which he is called "Cornutus" or the "horn-bearer."\* His garments are those of a Zany, and he has a big red nose, by which he is dragged in. Both the Depositor and Urian are horrified at his foul odour, and pretend not to know his quality or nature. They poke him and punch him until Urian declares he must be that unnatural horned beast, a Cornute. To see if he is human Urian shows him a piece of paper upon which is some writing, but the Cornute declares he cannot read, not having received any education. Searching his pockets they discover a love-letter couched in glowing terms, which Depositor reads aloud to

---

\* Herr Lorek in his excellent "Handbuch der Typographie" p. 165, says that the Cornute Hat, which was exhibited as a curiosity among the specimens of Printing, sent by Herr Faber to the Halle Exhibition of 1881, was made of black leather and came from Magdeburg.

Zugabe etlicher ARIEN,

Welche

Zu Lob und Ehren

Der

Edlen Buchdrucker-Kunst

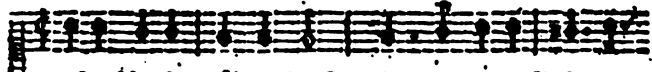
erdichtet und in die Music gebracht

von

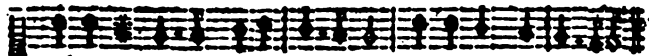
Einigen Gönnern und Liebhabern.

Erste.

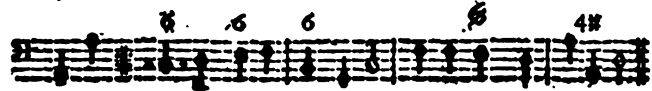
1.



Gehe / schwebe / güldne Kunst / Gott wird deinen Ruhm ver-  
Ja mit seiner Gnad und Günst Dich / trotz aller Neider



mehren :; Licht der Künste deiner Bier / Gehen gar kein andre für.  
ehren :;



2.

Preiset doch der Himmel dich /  
Gleichsam als ein Erden-Sonne /  
Nennet dich auch prächtiglich /  
Hoher Fürsten Freud und Wonne /  
Licht der Künste / deiner Bier /  
Gehen sonst kein' andre für.

ARIA IN PRAISE  
OF THE  
NOBLE ART OF BOOK-PRINTING,  
SUNG AT  
The "Depositio Cornuti,"

AND ON OTHER OCCASIONS.

*Transcribed from the Original by W. WESTBROOK, Mus. Doc. Cantab.*

*Rise and flourish golden Art, God will fill thy Glory's Measure;*

*Spite of Envy's venom'd Dart Thou art Mankind's highest Treasure.*

*First of Arts! without thy Light All the rest would sink in Night.*

2

*To the Heavens rings thy fame,  
As the Sun that lights Creation,  
All in splendour stands thy Name,  
Honour'd both by King and Nation.  
First of Arts! without thy Light  
All the rest would sink in Night.*

the great amusement of the audience. Thereupon Cornute gets knocks and blows for his deception and vanity, and a great deal of coarse abuse. Asked whether he has ever learnt anything by which to earn a honest living, he says he has learnt Printing. This they will not allow, as Printers are all well-bred. They ask him if he knows music, and then, with the addition of some of the workmen who have been standing as witnesses, they join together in a part-song. They now try whether the Cornute can play at dice, and as he is sitting down upset him and play tricks on him. At last Depositor says, it is time to show him they are not fools, but mean to give him something by which to remember the day. The servant then throws down on the floor a plane, a saw, an axe, a razor, a ham and other tools. These were made of some hard wood and often beautifully ornamented with carved handles. A very interesting set of these instruments is preserved in the Lüneburg Museum, engravings of which may be seen at pp. 39 to 42. They were given by Herr Stern, a descendant of the very family for whose Printing-office Pastor Rist wrote his version of the *Depositio* play, and doubtless many a young Cornute has suffered by their use. But to return to our story: The tools having been brought in, the Cornute is knocked down again and tumbled about—he is laid on a bench and pretence is made to plane off his excrescences—to chop off his bumps—to draw the fangs from his head—to shave him—in fact anything in the shape of horse-play that may suggest itself to their minds, or serve to raise a laugh among the audience.

Sometimes the Cornute, if he was not a favourite, was badly served, but if he had influential friends his treatment was more in show than reality. When the audience showed signs of weariness, the Cornute was asked to say what he really wanted. He begs to be made an honest journeyman. Depositor then knocks off his cap and horns, and makes him declare that he will bear no enmity for that day's treatment, and moreover, that he will never without resentment allow anyone in future to serve him so. The Depositor and Urian now retire, and the Master of the Apprentice, dressed as a Priest in full canonicals, with two of the Apprentice's fellow-workmen as Sponsors, come on the stage.

The Sponsors, who in the latter editions are called "Witnesses," address the Priest as follows :—

" Most reverend Sir, the youth now here  
Has undergone our tests severe,  
With patience and endurance ;  
We now entreat you set him free  
From Cornute bonds and let him be  
Of good hope and assurance.  
With water sprinkle him this night,  
And tell him how to live aright ;  
And guide his life in every part  
In true accordance with our Art."

The Cornute kneeling before his reverence, accuses himself of a number of sinful deeds, and confesses a whole lot of absurd offences and comical so-called sins, upon which the Priest absolves him and exhorts him to lead in future a good life, and so uphold the Printers' fame. A long Exhortation of a serio-comic character follows, in which the Cornute is advised to commit in future all manner of rudenesses, incivility and wickedness, and which ends by a strong injunction to do exactly the contrary of all he has been told. The Sponsors then bring forward the Cornute, and the Priest demands his name. Generally some short and pithy sentence is chosen, such as "Gloria Deo solo," or "Festina lente," or anything by which, as by a trade-mark, the future journeyman might be known. The Priest then from a bowl, sprinkles him with water in a most heathenish manner, baptizing him in the names of Venus, Ceres, and Bacchus (Love—Meat—Drink), after which, the Sponsor who holds the bowl empties what is left in the basin on the Cornute's head to make sure of his being baptized properly, saying :—

A second christening now you've got  
With the water that the Priest forgot.

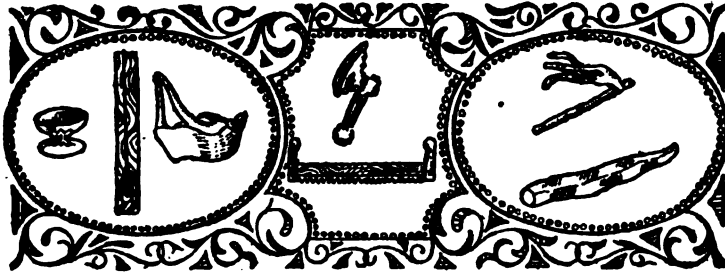
The Cornute, now turned into a workman, receives the congratulations and presents of his friends, has his name enrolled in the Society's records with the signatures of witnesses, and enters thenceforth upon his full rights. Much holiday-making and feasting both preceded and succeeded the ceremony, and not only all the friends and relatives, but all the brother-printers of



the town swelled the number of guests. Gifts to the newly-enfranchised poured in on all sides. It was like the coming of age of an heir to large estates who is the hero of the hour. The occasion was really one of great importance; the feasting sometimes lasted two or three days, and the very annoyance of the admittance-ceremonies tended to strongly impress the mind. That it was always so considered is seen by the frequency with which in old German histories of local Printing-Presses, the dates of the deposition of all the master Printers are most carefully registered.

In the next Chapter we give a Version of Rist's Text in English rhymes.





### CHAPTER III.

#### JOHN RIST'S VERSION OF THE GERMAN DEPOSITIO, OR MORALITY PLAY.



**HIS** was the most favourite version of the *Depositio*, and was in general use throughout Germany for nearly two centuries. The author, who employed the Stern Printing-office to a great extent, seems to have entered upon his task *con amore*. Not much can be said for the piece as poetry, but there are many very comical situations in it, and though it was coarse, the coarseness, which has been considerably toned down in the English version, was in keeping with the age and was doubtless, to many its chief attraction.

John Rist was born in 1607 at Pinneberg in Mecklenburg. He studied in the Universities of Germany and Holland and became Pastor of a Church in Mecklenburg. He is known rather as a prolific than an esteemed author, his writings numbering over 120, most of which were printed at the Stern office in Lüneburg. He wrote a long poem, entitled "*Hortus poeticus*," and another "*Theatrum poeticum*," and induced a number of rhyme-smitten youths to join a Society, of which he was founder, "*The Order of the Swan on the Elbe*," which however had but a short life. He died in 1667.

The Poet and his Printer appear to have been better friends than is often the case, as is proved by the following address, which reflects credit alike upon both. It is specially interesting here as showing why and when Herr Rist was induced to take so much

interest in the Printers' Depositio. We may be sure that he often assisted in the Lüneburg Printing-office, probably as "Parson," when his own play was performed.

"To the friendly, honourable, skilful and far-famed fellow printers of the admirable and world-renowned Printing-office of Messrs. Stern in the famous city of Lüneburg.

"Highly esteemed Gentlemen,

"It will doubtless be still in your remembrance how, a few weeks ago, through my true fellow-worker and *Reader*, my own and very dear friend, that inasmuch as you were preparing to depose, or deprive of his horns (as they term it in the High Schools as well as in Printing-offices), a young man who at your office has been learning the noble Art of Printing, and is now out of his apprenticeship, you begged me, previous to his becoming a journeyman, fully to explain to him the beginning and the end of our usual play made ages ago for that very purpose, which play you have sent me as originally printed in various places and in common rhymes; and still further to explain to him the excellent precepts which the Preceptor (the Pastor) addresses to the young journeyman, which precepts however are in the original mere nonsense, unless taken in exactly an opposite sense, as in the play called 'Grobianus.' You said that you would manage the other parts of the play as well as you could by yourselves. I have been therefore most anxious to meet the wishes of your Reader and yourselves in this matter, you being all my worthy co-workers in the above-named and highly-to-be-esteemed Printing-office of Messrs. Stern, and all likewise engaged in the undying and noble Art of Printing. Moreover, I entirely re-cast certain parts and sent back my poor play so altered for your approval. That so much pleased you that now again you have requested me to take my pen in hand and re-write the whole work from the beginning, so as to make of it a consistent whole, and not, as at present, nothing but piece- and patch-work.

"Although my time is very precious and my duties manifold; and altho' my innocent pen will, alas! be exposed to the perverse criticism of malignant and envious lampooners, I have done my best in this play to show to all Scholars and lovers of Typography

how highly and sincerely I esteem the most noble Art of Printing, the gift of God, notwithstanding certain boors who hold it in contempt. Let such senseless mockers, such unmannerly blockheads, fools and phantasts, grunt their worst. They only show the world how contemptible they are with their ass-like braying and that they know about as much of the magnificent Art they decry, as a stupid donkey does of the dulcet notes of the flute.

“And now I beg all the experienced artists and famous Readers of the said world-renowned Printing-office of Messrs. Stern kindly to accept this little play in all friendship. They may rest assured that I have written it most willingly, and that now and all my life I will do all I can to forward, to favour, and promote the honour and glory of all Printing-offices in this our German land as well as beyonds its limits; particularly that of the most honourable firm of Messrs. Stern, which has made my name known in many a land and country.

“I remain devoted for ever to my highly esteemed and very dear friends.

*Written the 4th August, 1654.*

RIST.

In addition to this address Herr Rist added to the version of *De Vise* a comicality headed “*Monsieur Sausewind*.” This is perhaps the weakest part of the whole, and was probably introduced to add to the number of the “*Dramatis personæ*,” and thus afford an opportunity to somebody to take a part in the performance. I have been unable to elucidate the connection between *Owlglass* and the Art of Printing occurring in the following lines:—

“And to honour our noble Art  
Which as you may read takes the part  
Of Mother and Conservatrix,  
And also of Propagatrix  
*As is shown in Owlglass' book,*  
If you choose for it to look.”

The book of Tyl Eulenspiegel, englished into *Owlglass*,\* with its wit and roguish cleverness, was a great favourite through-

---

\* The first English edition was printed by Copland, about 1560. *Owlglass* is mentioned by Ben Jonson in one of his plays.

out Europe. Like the *Depositio* it had its origin in Saxony, and first appeared in "plaat-deutsche." Rist's audience must have known the work well, but I cannot discover any reference to Printing or Printers in it.

Another feature added by Rist and found only in this version is the address to Hämmerling, who is a sneering mischievous sprite, supposed to be dogging the steps of the author. Rist's vanity and pedantry and good humour are very conspicuous in this. He does not like expressly to tell the reader, what at the same time he is anxious to make known to him, that he, Rist, is a man of great importance, crowns Poets Laureate, admits Masters of Arts, Imperial Notaries and other important officials: knows not only Classical lore, but Medicine and Chemistry. All this he puts into the mouth of Hämmerling, with most amusing naïveté. It is also curious to note that although he says "I have omitted in this merry play everything that might give offence to Christian ears or Christian hearts," he retains the baptismal mockery at the end, which drew forth, as shown in Chapter VI., the anger of the Lutheran Clergy.

Rist's Prologue is in the original long, windy, and to modern ears wearisome; in the following translation many of the platitudes have been omitted. He has however much improved the conduct and business of the play; has added some songs, together with the music, and finished up with an "Abdanckung," or "Thanks" to the audience for the pleasure of their company.

Throughout the whole it is not so much the merit of the piece as it is the genial and heartfelt love of the Printers' Art for which we admire Rist's "*Depositio*."

---

*We now present the Reader with our translation of Rist's version of the Play.*



# Depositio Cornuti Typographici:

THAT IS,

A COMICAL OR MIRTHFUL PLAY,

WHICH CAN BE PERFORMED, WITHOUT ANY OFFENCE,  
AT THE RECEPTION AND CONFIRMATION OF A JOURNEYMAN WHO HAS  
LEARNED HONESTLY THE NOBLE

## Art of Book-Printing,

AND BY MEANS OF WHICH ALSO IN FUTURE TIMES YOUNG MEN CAN  
BE NAMED, CONFIRMED, AND RECEIVED AS  
JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS, AT THE END OF THEIR APPRENTICESHIP.

---

*Written in good Faith in compliance with friendly Request and particular Desire:  
likewise to the imperishable Honour of the high and greatly renowned  
Art of Book-Printing.*

BY

### JOHN RIST.

First Printed at Lüneburg: Reprinted here with the addition of Speeches in  
High German, and augmented with lovely Songs.

---

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN:  
JOHN GEORGE DRULLMANN, PRINTER.  
ANNO CHRISTI, 1677.





*The Author, JOHN RIST, to his over-officious Attendant and lying Scamp, MASTER HÄMMERLING.\**

My Shadow ! as I shall call thee henceforth, for as much as the shadow constantly attends light and the sun ; even so thou, O envious Hämmerling ! dost follow me night and day with thy lies and calumnies. My Shadow, I say, here again wilt thou find cause and reason, as thy wont is, to defame me, innocent as I am, whispering behind my back poisonous words and foul insinuations, like unto these :—

See what that Rist is coming to ! Now he is posing as a superfine Depositor, who will play first fiddle in making Journeymen Printers. Doubtless he expects a Diploma from the Emperor, so that as Count Palatine or Count of the Empire he may create Doctors, Licentiates, Masters of Arts, Poets Laureate, etc. He has used himself up in Theology, Chemistry, History, Poetry, Mathematics, and other Sciences in which he used to exercise himself, and now forsooth he must demean himself by writing a farcical Play.

But now hear my reply, thou shallow-pated scandalmonger ; Rist will answer thee as an honourable man, even if it drives thee mad. Certainly I have much yet to learn in many sciences, and as certainly I have quite enough to occupy me in attending to my honourable duties. I sometimes crown and instal Poets Laureate ; I admit Imperial Notaries, Scriveners, and Judges ; I allot Coats of Arms and Crests ; I write books on various subjects, and besides these, I study Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences. But I do not occupy myself solely with these subjects, to the exclusion of all others. No ! my Shadow, I now propose to please many honest and art-loving people, and to exhibit before the world the splendour and the excellence of the most noble Art of Book-printing ; and I wish to God I could exalt this Queen of all Arts to the very skies. Verily, Master Hämmerling, thou good-for-

---

\* Hämmerling = Gnome, or Merry Andrew. This is entirely Rist's own composition, and does not seem meant to be spoken. It is really an apology of the author for his poor work.

nothing lout, I would not relinquish so good an object for all thou mightest say. Therefore, it is that in these melting dog-days, when people squander precious hours in drinking, pleasure-seeking, gaming, and other vanities, I, by the request and wish of those I am always pleased to serve, have determined to compose and write something merry, having had too much to do lately with serious and sorrowful matters.

O thou miserable, conceited, and mendacious Master Hämmerling, it is not about the Arcadian sackbearer, thy brother donkey, that I have written, as did the great Heinsius; nor have I written in praise of the Goat, like the learned Pirckhammer; nor praised the Emperor Nero, like Cardanus the Artist; nor sung songs to the venomous Spider, as did Aldsovandus; nor have I raised a monument to the timid Hare, thy cousin, as did the sage Strozza; nor apostrophized Dirt, like the rhetorician Majoragius; but I have raised my voice to a higher theme, to that most noble and excellent of all Arts—that gift from Heaven—the divine Art of Printing; and I have here omitted, in this merry Play, everything which might give offence to Christian ears or Christian hearts.

For which reason I warn thee, my Shadow, Master Hämmerling the liar, to stop thy calumnies and backbiting, and to keep out of sight, for thou wilt have to reckon here, not with me only, but with many excellent people and experienced professors; and rest assured, O Master Hämmerling, that if the Printers get thee once in their Press, they will so squeeze and squash thy venomous old viper-head, that thou wilt ever after leave both them and me in peace.

Take this as a warning. Meantime, remain as thou art, a hare-brained, loose slanderer and libeller, who, however we may wish him to amend, and turn to better ways, will never repent until the time shall come when a just Heaven will dreadfully punish his unmeasured villainy. Meantime I shall remain unto the end, the joy of the virtuous, and in spite of thee and thy fellows, and all other accursed reptiles, a constant lover of all good arts and glorious sciences.

DER RÜSTIGER.\*

---

\* The lusty-one; an alliterative play on the word Rist.





## Monsieur Sausewindt.\*

*Virtuous and honourable dear Masters and Friends, and  
Art-loving Matrons and Maidens.*

Though this is not in the way  
Of a Comedy or a Play,  
But is intended to show  
How justice and use, as we know,  
From old times both did labour  
To teach and eke to favour,  
And to honour our noble Art ;  
Which, as you may read, takes the part  
Of Mother and Conservatrix,  
And also of Propagatrix,  
As is shown in Owlglass' book,†  
If you choose for it to look.  
Much does he write with his hand  
Unknown in any land.  
Bacchus with his flings  
Also counsels these things ;  
He went at a merry pace  
Where guzzling and stuffing took place ;  
There Bacchus was valiant and brave,  
To him my approval I gave ;  
First fiddle he likes to play,  
Which likewise is my way ;

---

\* Sausewindt = blustering wind ; a common name for a saucy blustering fellow.

† Owlglass or Tyl Eulenspiegel. See remarks on p. 17.

He likes young maidens fine,  
Which is also a foible of mine ;  
Full oft he drains a cup,  
I, too, can take a sup ;  
Bacchus enjoys a good table,  
To do the same I am able.  
Such doings are all Bacchus' game,  
Monsieur Sausewindt is my name ;  
He constantly was in a bother,  
And truly I am just his brother.  
To the bath without delay  
Must I now wend my way ;  
There I shall be made fine,  
With my beard trimm'd to a line.  
When I from thence return,  
I'll ask you to adjourn  
To my table with many a dish,  
But neither flesh nor fish,  
For I forgot about treating,  
But with me you shall be eating.  
Would you like apples or plums,  
Or anything good that comes ?  
With sweetmeats, that are handy,  
Sugar-bread or candy.  
Then a muzzle you must wear,  
Or unbaked cakes will make you swear,  
Made of fish-blood, lard of flies,  
And Rosebutter, that's very nice ;  
A can without a drop of brandy,  
All together very handy.  
Your honours now have heard my call,  
So come straight to my dining-hall.





## Prologue.



Y worthy Masters all, whom we are glad to see ;  
 Matrons and Maidens fair, who fill our souls  
 with glee ;  
 God's blessing on you all ! May His kind care  
 and sway

Rest ever on your heads, and guide you on your way.  
 I ask of all now here, who honour us to-night,  
 And witness this our play, to understand it right ;  
 Only to act a Farce would be of little use,—  
 The *moral* of our Play must be our best excuse.  
 We wish to show you how by customs old we've stayed,  
 And how a 'prentice true a journeyman is made.  
 To praise the Noble Craft of Printing I intend  
 With all my heart and soul. Now, Clio, kindly lend  
 Your aid ! so shall I find the fitting word and phrase  
 To glorify our Art with well-deserved praise.

Ye lov'd and honour'd guests, come listen while I tell  
 How Rome and Athens never knew the craft we know so well ;  
 How Books are made by types, an Art which all men bless  
 As a great public boon. Now ! leave awhile your Press,  
 Ye noble Printers all, come listen to my lay,  
 And heed my words right well, for I will now and aye  
 Uphold our glorious Art, which from its origin  
 Has been your boast and pride, by which your bread you win :  
 An Art which by its power dispels the gloom of night,  
 And turns for all mankind their darkness into light.

---

NOTE.—The Original Prologue of De Vise consisting of 78 lines, is here the ground plan of one much longer by Rist.

My praise, however high, cannot be overwrought ;  
 Through all the German Realm it lives in speech and thought.  
 Now for our doings here, in this old town of ours,  
 Send me your puissant aid, ye everlasting powers.

When fourteen hundred years and forty more were gone,  
 Since Christ came upon earth, the Lord caused to be done  
 A work by which His Word would spread through every part,  
 And night give place to day, all through the Printer's Art.  
 That year our Albert's life, our Emperor's days were ended,  
 And the third Frederick the German throne ascended.  
 In that same year the Art of Printing to us came,  
 And as the Queen of Knowledge, began her glorious reign.  
 Thou mother of all Arts ! thou torch that lights our way ;  
 Thou polar star for all who else would go astray !  
 Thou enemy of wrong, upholder of all right,  
 Who can withstand thy sword—thy sword of fearful might.

Whence came to us this boon? Was it a Phidias bold,  
 Who carv'd Minerva's form in ivory and gold ?  
 Perhaps 'twas Praxiteles, whose Venus charm'd the sight ;  
 Or fearless Dædalus, who vied with birds in flight.  
 Did Printing come to us from Palamedes' field,  
 The first man who engrav'd initials on his shield ?  
 Was it Pyrgoteles, who graved on pearl and stone  
 Great Alexander's head ? Of all these it was none ;  
 Nor China, with her arts and learning of old time ;  
 Nor France, with all her schools and scholars in their prime ;  
 Nor Holland, who would fain extol her Coster's fame ;  
 Nor Italy herself, can the invention claim.  
 No ! 'twas a German knight, our Gutenberg the stout,  
 The man of noble blood, who work'd the problem out.  
 He liv'd in fair Mayence, of writers long the seat,  
 And there through trials long he made the Art complete.

With Fust and Schoeffer's help the printed arrow sped,  
 The Art soon grew apace, and through the nations spread.  
 Johannes Gutenberg much pain and trouble met,  
 Large were the types which he in words and lines first set ;

And then the little sheets came printed from the press,  
 A thousand thus were made in one short day, or less.  
 Such speed in Rome or Athens ne'er was seen or done  
 When they with reeds and pens their paper wrote upon.  
 How fared it with the works of Cicero, Lucan,  
 And Aristoteles, and the sweet Mantuan Swan?  
 How proud you ancients were, and not without good reason;  
 But great as once you were, you now are out of season.  
 Why, now a German writes as much in one short day  
 As you could in a year. You wrote at first in clay,  
 Till some one made for you papyrus and dress'd skin:  
 The rich alone had books—dear books, with little in.  
 How many manuscripts had Heidelberg, or books  
 Whose loss would now be mourned, or cause regretful looks?  
 Now German Printing spreads, and books grow more and more,  
 And Printers fill the world with all the ancient lore.

Indeed, great Princes now do so esteem our Art,  
 That their own thoughts to print is now a royal part.  
 Thus Frederick the Third in Printing was well skill'd;  
 A noble Printer he, and member of our Gild;  
 By him the Printers' Crest and Coat of Arms were made,  
 Where the Compositor by th' Eagle is display'd;  
 Because he soars aloft, with more than Eagle's flight,  
 Up to eternity, through Heaven's ethereal height.  
 The Griffin, born of fire,\* is made the Pressman's mark;  
 An inking-ball he holds, his beak is curv'd and dark:  
 This is our heraldry, which all men, young and old,  
 As symbols of our craft in highest honour hold.

The Printer's house from tax in all our towns is free,  
 With highly learned men he shares this liberty;  
 For so our Emperor did, two hundred years ago,  
 Ordain; and from that time it ever has been so.  
 And Frederick William he, of Saxony the lord,  
 A private Press maintain'd, with Printers round his board;

---

\* *Born of fire.* Printing Ink was composed of *burnt* oil and lamp-black, well ground together.

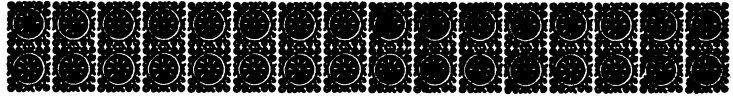
And magnates, many more, were curious to see  
 The Art of Gutenberg in full activity ;  
 And many more were struck with our new presses' sound,  
 And many frighten'd were to think their power had no bound.  
 O! happy, happy day our new Art was invented ;  
 O! happy, happy hours that Gutenberg expended.  
 Good books that were of yore quite lost to us and hidden,  
 Now preach with voices loud, and speak to us unbidden.  
 It needs must come to pass, for 'twas by GOD ordain'd,  
 His holy WORD should be to all the world proclaim'd.

As eagle in his flight towards the sunny height  
 Takes th' eaglets on his back to strengthen their young sight,  
 So does the Printer's Art lift weak minds to the skies,  
 Where purer light and air may strengthen men's weak eyes.  
 All honour, then, to those who work for us this way,  
 And bear us on through night and dawn to clearest day.  
 O! noble Gutenberg, where is thy monument?  
 No marble tomb records how thy great life was spent ;  
 Yet will thy mem'ry live and through thine Art shine forth  
 So long as seamen's needle keeps pointing to the north.  
 So long as men, with cares and troubles sore oppress'd,  
 Find solace in good books—by them thy name is bless'd.

Almighty GOD ! Thou spring of all and every grace,  
 We thank Thee for Thy gift, and from our lowly place  
 We praise Thy gracious work ! Thou gavest us this Art,  
 So that Thy Holy Word might spread through ev'ry part ;  
 Till all the world should dwell in peace and righteousness,  
 And Darkness turn to Light, all through the Printing Press.

End of Prologue.





So **T**his is the **B**eginning of our **P**lay.

---

*A stage erected at one end of a large room and decorated with green boughs, garlands, etc.*

---

*Enter DEPOSITOR, who walks up and down, looking about with a serious mien and deportment.*

DEPOSITOR.

What is the reason, I would know,  
 This house is made so fine a show,  
 And with adornments grac'd?  
 Folks throng in here as to a dance;  
 They cannot come by simple chance  
 In such unwonted haste.  
 I fain would know what it may mean:  
 I'll call my knave, his wit is keen,  
 Perhaps he the cause can tell?  
 Come here, you rascal!—Urian!  
 Come here as quickly as you can,  
 And answer me right well.

URIAN.

Here, master! I come quick and brave  
 Out of my corner nest,  
 And as your ever faithful slave  
 I'll drink now with the best.

DEPOSITOR.

I am, indeed, quite well aware  
That drinking is your only care ;  
But now, I bid thee say,  
Whatever makes this house so trim ?  
Why are the walls so bright and prim ?  
Whence all these folks so gay ?

URIAN (*holding his nose*).

I cannot tell, but by the smell  
A carrion beast must be about ;  
Some carcase dead, or fiend from hell,  
Scents all the house throughout.

DEPOSITOR.

I think myself there's some wild beast  
That hereabouts is holding feast ;  
There is a nasty smell.  
But get thee gone ! Go to my field,  
See that their spades my lab'ers wield,  
And that they work right well.

URIAN.

Master ! your will shall soon be done ;  
Adieu, mein Herr, now I am gone.

[*Exit jumping.*]

DEPOSITOR (*to audience*).

There goes that fellow with a bound,  
Truly he is an odd compound ;  
I think he must be mad.



Now he is witty, now a fool,  
 Now he is wallowing in a pool;  
 His pranks are very bad.

[URIAN *re-appears, dragging in by the nose the  
 "CORNUTE"—i.e., the apprentice, who is dressed  
 in a most fantastic way, with a big red nose and  
 a pair of huge horns on his head.*

DEPOSITOR.

By heaven ! What beast have you got here?  
 'Tis not a goat, nor stag, nor steer !  
 Say how you captured him.  
 He is a strange and wondrous sight  
 As ever saw the Heaven's light:  
 How got he in such trim ?

URIAN.

Well ! Master, when I went away,  
 I met this beast careering ;  
 Thought I, 't won't do for me to stay,  
 He'll toss me, I am fearing :  
 So straight I seized him by the nose,  
 And tore his nostrils badly :  
 Lord ! what a stench from him arose,  
 It turned my stomach sadly.

DEPOSITOR.

Zounds ! I may well astonished be  
 At such a beast. What name has he ?  
 I wonder who's his master.  
 His head (*driving his knuckles into it*) is hard ;  
 his belly (*giving him a punch in it*) soft ;  
 Two monstrous horns he bears aloft :  
 Pray, Urian, bind him faster.

URIAN.

What ! don't you see at once his kind ?  
 His horns betray the brute ;  
 His misshap'd head, and lack of mind,  
 Declare him a *Cornute*.

DEPOSITOR.

A *Cornute* ! bless me ! what is that—  
 A pig, an ass, a mule, or what ?  
 How wild your speech does run.  
 But listen, Master Urian,  
 Suppose we think of some good plan  
 To make ~~of~~ him some fun.

URIAN.

The very thing ! Just give a glance,  
 His legs seem over long ;  
 I'll bet a florin he can dance  
 To any play or song.  
 Just like a ghost he soon shall prance,  
 Your ghosts are very strong.

*[Lashes him with a whip,  
 while the musick plays  
 loudly.]*

Hei ! Hei ! Hei ! Hei ! now jump around,  
 Thou wondrous beast, upon the ground !  
 Look at the rogue ; see how he sways,  
 As though he had the stomach-ache :  
 He does not like such dancing ways,  
 They make his heels too much awake.

*[After some more gibes and  
 lashes, Urian shows him  
 a piece of paper.]*

Now, gallows-bird ! how thou dost stare,  
 As if thou wast bereft of sense !  
 This writing read, or else take care  
 Your head's not crack'd ere you go hence.

CORNUTUS.

How should I read, you ugly fool ?  
 I, who was never sent to school.

URIAN (*astonished*).

Just listen to the rascal's speech—  
 He cannot read, and yet can preach.  
 In High Dutch too, as if the Devil  
 In Low Dutch couldn't be as civil.  
 You scamp ! at once these lines now read  
 Or else I'll spell them on your head.

CORNUTUS (*reading doggedly*).

A shameless rogue, a worthless wight,  
 A lying knave, I'm called aright.

DEPOSITOR.

That's right enough, we know it well,  
 Your character you truly spell.

URIAN.

These Cornute folk are all sad liars,—  
 He said just now he could not read ;  
 'Tis plain of falsehood he ne'er tires ;  
 A very cheat he is indeed.

## DEPOSITOR.

Forsooth, my knave, so sharp and true,  
His dull deceits will ne'er cheat you.  
Now feel his pocket on the right,  
While I the left expose to light.

URIAN (*pulling out a letter*).

The devil take thee ! ha ! ha ! ha !  
Thou canst not read, thou lubber slow,  
Thou Mat of Cappadocia,\*  
Thus do I give thy nose a blow. [Smites him.

DEPOSITOR (*reading the address on the letter*.)

"To be handed to the most honourable, much-esteemed, art-knowing  
young journeyman, Master N. N., who is my heart's love."

URIAN (*boxing the Cornute's ears*).

See, master mine ! this dullard here  
As a young journeyman would stalk,  
For which I now have boxed his ear,  
To stop his bumptious, bragging talk.

## DEPOSITOR.

In truth, he *is* a Cornute mean,  
Who is not fit one's boots to clean.  
Can any maid love one so rude ?  
This letter doubtless now will tell ;  
Outside it looks all very well,—  
The writing's pretty good.

*Reading*—Beloved of my heart, my hope, my life, my dove,  
To whom I always shall devote my utmost love,

---

\* *Mat of Cappadocia* means "a graceless fool." St. Mathurin was the patron Saint of idiots and fools. The Cappadocians were a people who had fallen into universal discredit ; so bad indeed were they that the Byzantine historian, Anna Commena, hurls against them the Epigram—"A Serpent bit a Cappadocian : that Serpent died."

A welcome thousandfold take from thy shepherdess,  
 Who loves her Lucidor\* with constant kindness.  
 My love to you I vow is far beyond all measure:  
 Have you forgot me quite, my only, dearest, treasure?  
 Think of the many times I by your love was blessed,  
 When lip was glued to lip, and heart to heart was pressed.  
 Alas! I hear to-day that you must be deposed,  
 And to indignities unnumbered be exposed;  
 I would upon myself with joy take all these harms,  
 If suffering for you could bring you to my arms.  
 I cannot bear to live without my only treasure,  
 For you alone can make my life a joy and pleasure.  
 You are my only prop—you make my bitter, sweet;  
 Oh! that the time had come when we again shall meet.  
 I sadly fear, my love, you'll be quite lost to me,  
 And leave me all alone when you deposed shall be.  
 A secret I've to tell, and do not doubt that you  
 Will hasten back † to me, my love sincere and true.

P.S.—For love's own sake  
 This ring pray take,  
 That you keep me  
 In memory.

She who sends this  
 Waits for a kiss,  
 But signs no name  
 For fear of shame.

URIAN (*in utter astonishment*).

A thousand plagues! I hardly know  
 What of this scrawl to think,  
 Thou thunderhead, thou carrion crow!  
 Dost thou at women wink?  
 Thou art for maids a pretty knight,  
 With red nose all aglow.

---

\* *Lucidor*.—Query *Lucidas*, a shepherd in Virgil's Third Eclogue.

† "*Will hasten back*." It is highly probable that when this play was originated, long before it took a written shape, the Maiden who here dotes on the Cornute and wishes him back was *Typographia*.

## DEPOSITOR.

And now, thou shuffling young blockhead,  
 Pray tell without demur :  
 Know'st thou a trade? Canst earn thy bread?  
 You dirty, mangy cur!

CORNUTUS (*humbly*).

Truly, I've learnt the Printing Art,  
 And by my fingers' skill  
 I hope in life to get a start  
 And keep myself from ill.

## URIAN.

Thou lying scamp, thou dirty swine,  
 Is this your ignorance of reading?  
 Just now you could not scan a line,  
 And now as Printer you are pleading.  
 There's not a devil in all Hell  
 So many shameful lies could tell.

## DEPOSITOR.

Printing's an art in good repute ;  
 Printers are learnèd and acute ;  
 In solving questions they're not slow—  
 If thou art thus we fain would know.

*[Here DEPOSITOR and URIAN ask the CORNUTE  
 a number of rare and comical questions.\**

## DEPOSITOR

We now must make a further trial.  
 Tell us, thou son of boorish peasant,  
 Before all friends that now are present,  
 Canst play the flute or finger viol?

---

\* As a poor sample: "How many hairs are there in a horse's tail?"  
 "How many Angels can sit on a Sunbeam?"

URIAN.

Well thought of, master. Now we've time,  
 We'll stand around all in a ring,  
 And while each from his book doth sing,  
 We'll chant a workman's rhyme.

*[Here all the workmen and others present  
 join in a chorus previously agreed  
 upon, but such an one as will not  
 give public offence.\**

URIAN.

This went off very well indeed.  
 Zounds, master, it did sound divinely!  
 I wish my wife were here to speed  
 The mirth, for she can trip it finely.

\* *Such a song as will not give public offence.* Many songs there were abounding in indecent allusions, and double meanings to technical words. Such songs were often sung at workmen's meetings generally, and were certainly not peculiar to one country more than another. Among English printers, at the end of the last and beginning of this century, there were several which, although happily disused, had been handed down through many generations. The following, to which no objection on the score of morality can be made, was one usually sung during the Deposition:—

Live and soar, O glorious Art,  
 May naught disturb thy fame and action;  
 Of God's good grace thou hast thy part  
 In spite of envy and detraction.  
 Of all other Arts the light,  
 First of all thou stand'st by right.

Let all creation sing thy fame,  
 Bright as the sun, in lay and story;  
 So resplendent is thy name,  
 Of great kings thou art the glory.  
 Of all other Arts the light,  
 First of all thou stand'st by right.

In the first edition by De Vise the following instruction comes in—  
 "Here they shall sing: 'Three Geese in the Oatstraw.'"

Now let us ask this Cornute tame  
 If to some play he now can treat us—  
 Cards, dice, or any other game ;  
 But we must mind he does not cheat us !  
 Here is the box, and here the dice,  
 A pot of beer shall be the prize ;  
 I'll bet that he can count the eyes.  
 Now, beast, a main and try your luck.

*[As CORNUTE is about to sit down URIAN tips  
 the bench and upsets him.]*

Will you sit quiet, restless buck !

DEPOSITOR.

Come now, and shake your elbows, friend.

CORNUTUS.

I wish this game was at an end.

URIAN (*knocking CORNUTUS over the fingers*).

Right valiantly the dice you throw,  
 'Tis plain there's not much green in you.  
 You'll empty soon my purse, I know ;  
 He must be clever you to "do."

DEPOSITOR.

As by thy tricks I plainly see  
 That you're as cunning as can be,  
 Another tack we'll try a bit.

*[To URIAN.]*

Bring here our scientific tools,  
 He takes us for a lot of fools !  
 But soon he'll see how we can hit.  
 Arrange the bench and set it right,  
 Our talents he shall try to-night.



URIAN.

At your command, my master good,  
I'll fetch you tools as you may want them.  
To cure his faults I'm in the mood ;  
'Twill be a rough task to unplant them.

[URIAN fetches an axe, a plane, a saw, a pair of compasses, a razor, a ham, and a forceps, all made very large of wood. He then throws down the CORNUTE on the bench, which upsets. After a lot of comic business, CORNUTE is stretched on the bench.

DEPOSITOR (to URIAN).

First, take the axe and hew him square,  
Each corner, bump, and angle pare,  
Then plane him well till all is straight,\*  
Nor for his cries one jot abate.  
Then with my compass, in good sooth,  
I soon will see if all be smooth.

[URIAN, punching him, kneading him, and chopping him and planing him, knocks him on to the ground again.

See how he falls now, all a-heap ;  
Get up, you Cornute ! Art asleep ?

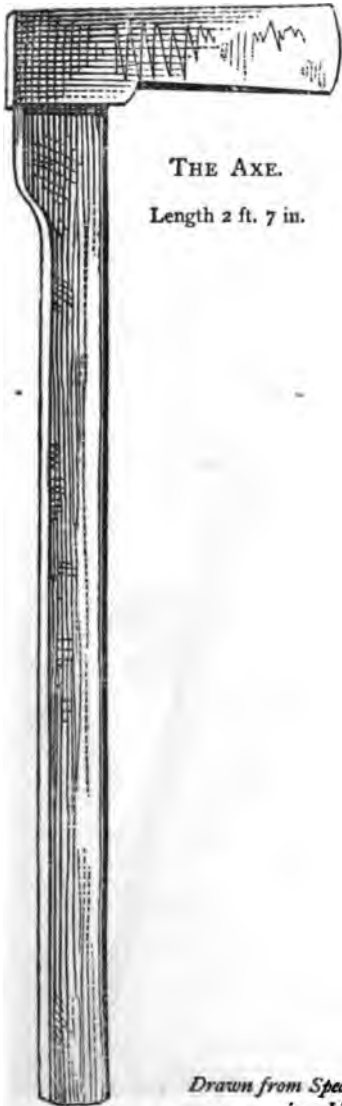
DEPOSITOR.

With compasses I'll test him now,  
Lie still ! or else you'll get a blow.

[Sticks the compasses into various parts of his body.

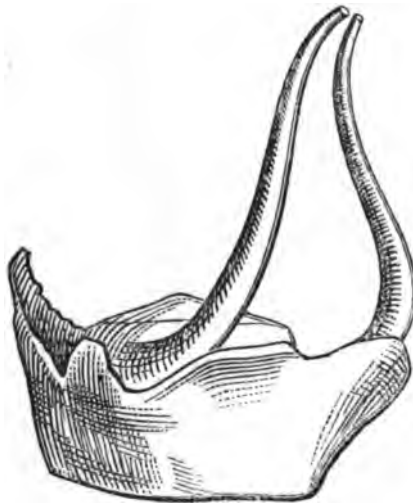
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\* De Vise's version makes the Cornute stand up here, when a line and plummet are used to test him from sole to crown.



THE AXE.

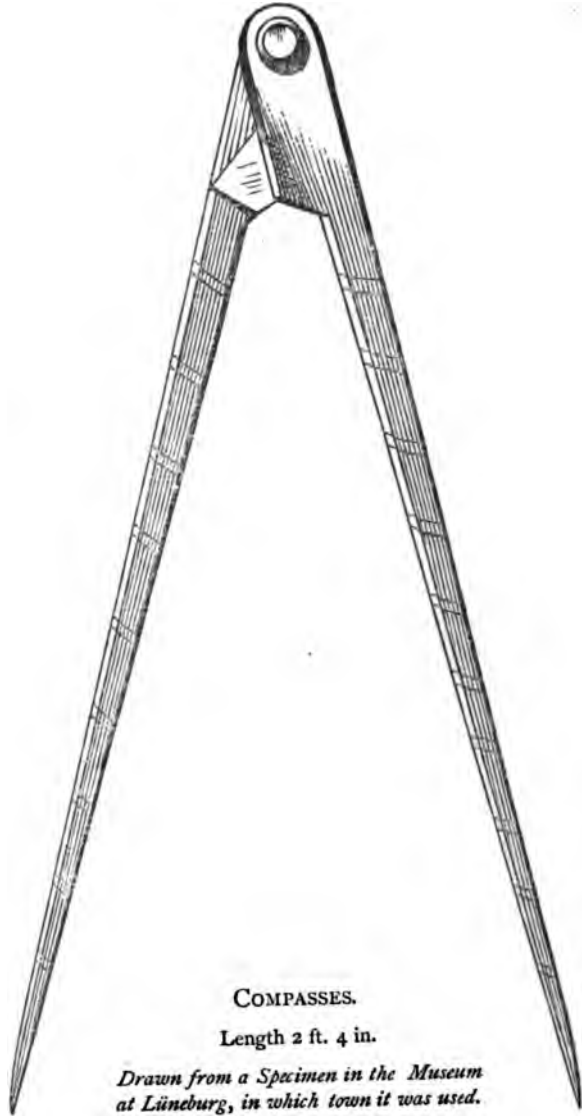
Length 2 ft. 7 in.



THE CORNUTE'S CAP AND HORNS.

Height 1 ft. 3 in.

*Drawn from Specimens preserved in the Museum at Lüneburg,  
in which town they were many years in use.*



COMPASSES.

Length 2 ft. 4 in.

*Drawn from a Specimen in the Museum  
at Lüneburg, in which town it was used.*



THE HAM.

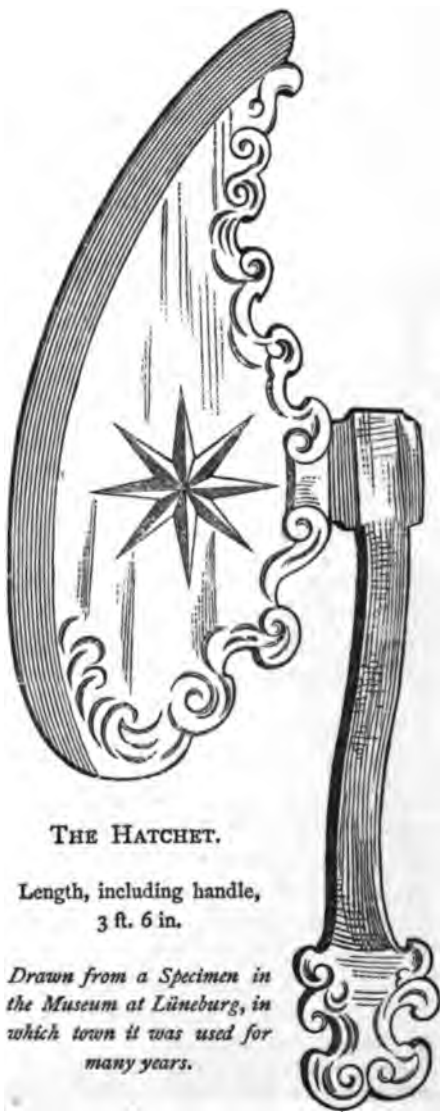
Length 2 ft.

*Drawn from Specimens preserved in the  
Museum at Lüneburg, in which town they  
were used for many years.*



THE SAW.

Length 4 ft. 4 in.



THE HATCHET.

Length, including handle,  
3 ft. 6 in.

*Drawn from a Specimen in  
the Museum at Lüneburg, in  
which town it was used for  
many years.*

Well done ! this pig so mannerless  
 You've planed right smooth, with much address. \*  
 His fingers, though, are still amiss,  
 But you know how to alter this ;  
 So shape them with the file,  
 And mind that none of them you miss ;  
 We'll make the rascal smile.

[URIAN rasps his fingers.

They're in trim now, so let him rise,  
 And fetch that Ham here in a trice ;  
 We'll see how he can carve.  
 These hornèd beasts can ne'er say No !  
 And as he must a-courting go,  
 'Twont do to let him starve.

[*A great Ham is placed before him, and as the  
 CORNUTE is about to help himself URIAN  
 raps him on the fingers.*

Thou uncouth lout ! what dost thou mean ?  
 Where are thy manners ? Not so speedy !  
 Would'st have first share of fat and lean ?  
 I'll teach thee not to be so greedy.

#### DEPOSITOR.

Now has the time arrived, I ween,  
 To trim him up all nice and clean ;  
 So shave his chin and scrape it.  
 And as he is to court a maid,  
 The scissors must come to our aid,  
 To cut his hair and shape it.

[*They daub his face with black soap-suds, then shave  
 him with the razor, and pretend to cut his hair*

---

\* De Vise here bores a hole in the Cornute's head with an augur, and fixes a hat-peg in it.

URIAN (*pulling open his jaws*).

His mouth with teeth is overstocked,  
Too many has he for his share ;  
Look at this tusk ! I am quite shocked ;  
It must come out, and so prepare.

DEPOSITOR.

A monstrous fang, in length a yard ;  
Reach me the forceps ; hold him hard.

[*He pretends to pull out a tooth.*]

URIAN (*showing a big piece of wood shaped like a tooth*).

In all my days I never saw  
A tusk like this in any jaw.

DEPOSITOR.

The tooth is out brave Urian,  
Give me pomatum now, my man,  
T' anoint his sheepish head ;  
Should he a maid from far give some ache,  
His nearer sight will turn her stomach ;  
And if he through the streets will go,  
The dogs will follow him I know.

[*They rub a lot of foul grease over his head.*]

URIAN.

Hear me you maidens ! Steel your hearts  
Against this brute of evil savour ;  
He has no manners, no good parts,  
And you'd be poison'd by his flavour.

DEPOSITOR.

Now lend a hand my trusty knave,  
And we his horse-hair head will shave ;  
While on his head this knife I'll wield  
I will to you the scissors yield.

Have done now, this is quite enough,  
So fine is he, that we seem rough.

URIAN (*knocking his hat over his eyes*).

A grand improvement : now let's see  
If we can sing another glee :  
And try him for the last time.  
Our games are nearly over now—  
The finis of our game is near ;  
Present will soon be past time.

[*Here a Volks-lied may be sung.*]

DEPOSITOR (*addressing CORNUTE*).\*

You've had what you deserv'd ; now say,  
Will you reform, and from this day ?

CORNUTUS.

To live henceforth I will endeavour  
In virtue and in honour ever.

DEPOSITOR.

Good ! man of horns ; now prythee say  
If more of me you want to-day.

CORNUTUS.

My great wish is, sir, if you can,  
Make me an honest journeyman.

URIAN.

For that you are as fit, I vow,  
As my grandmother's fat old sow.

---

\* De Vise here says: "After the Song the Wand may here come into play, if it please the audience. This Wand was an imitation of a long German Sausage, filled with bran, and the Cornute was chased about with blows from it. This is evidently referred to by the Depositor in the next sentence: 'You've had what you deserved,'" &c.



DEPOSITOR (*takes up the hatchet and knocks the hat and horns off the head of CORNUTUS*).

There fall your horns ; now take your oath  
That vengeance you will ne'er essay  
On either one of us or both  
For all the scorn you've had to-day.

[*CORNUTUS takes oath,\* repeating solemnly after*  
DEPOSITOR.

DEPOSITOR. I swear now at the end  
CORNUTUS. I swear now at the end  
DEPOSITOR. My own cash I can spend,  
CORNUTUS. My own cash I can spend,  
DEPOSITOR. And nought else I intend ;  
CORNUTUS. And nought else I intend ;  
DEPOSITOR. No vengeance will I seek,  
CORNUTUS. No vengeance will I seek,  
DEPOSITOR. But hold myself quite meek.  
CORNUTUS. But hold myself quite meek,  
And offer you my cheek.

\* The oath in De Vise's version runs thus:—

“ Now first of all you make your vow,  
And swear that nowhere and nohow  
You will divulge, whate'er it be,  
Of this day's doings, in any degree.  
Place the first finger of your right hand,  
And swear with it upon this wand.”

All that the Cornute swears is that he will spend his postulate money on a feast.

There is here an evident survival of some secret formalities no longer in use.

DEPOSITOR (*gives him a hard box on the ears*).  
 Your wages take thus from my hand,  
 Henceforth from no one you shall stand  
 Such treatment as to-day's;  
 And now confess each evil deed, \*  
 Take good advice to serve your need,  
 And then go on your way.

URIAN (*to the audience*).  
 Our merry play is nearly done,  
 The Parson will be now appearing  
 To do his office. I, for one,  
 Bid you good bye, and make a clearing. [Exit.

DEPOSITOR (*to the audience*). †  
 Amongst you all, if there be one  
 Who to our ancient gild would come,  
 Let him speak out, and with forms old  
 And all due rites we'll him enfold.  
 Let him appear and we with pain  
 Will go through this our play again. [Exit.

[*Here the two witnesses go out and re-enter,  
 conducting the Parson, who is in full  
 priest's canonicals.* ‡

\* "Confess to the priest your sins of old,  
 And he will shrive you when all are told."  
 —DE VISE.

† "If any one here should willing be,  
 To be shav'd and trimm'd, as you did see,  
 Let him come forth and lay him down,  
 And we'll make him tidy from foot to crown.  
 We'll treat him so lovingly, well he may  
 Wish himself many miles away."  
 —DE VISE.

‡ In De Vise's version two Sponsors come in with the Priest.

PARSON.

Good friends and masters all, I give you joy and greeting  
 What are your wishes, and for what this happy meeting?  
 I'm told you want me ; well, I'm here ;  
 If I can be of use, make it appear.

WITNESSES. \*

Most honour'd sir, this youngster here  
 Has undergone our proofs severe  
 With patience and endurance.  
 We now entreat you set him free  
 From Cornute bonds, and let him be  
 Of good hope and assurance.  
 With water sprinkle him this night,  
 And tell him how to live aright,  
 And guide his life in ev'ry part  
 In true accordance with our Art.

PARSON.

I will do this, but first of all  
 The Cornute on his knees must fall ;  
 Confession must be made.  
 And then afresh he shall be named,  
 Or by our gild I shall be blamed  
 For leaving part unsaid.

\* " Good Father ! we would kindly ask  
 That you would undertake the task  
 To shrive and absolve this Journeyman new  
 Who suffered has what was his due ;  
 And then baptize him, as is the way,  
 On these occasions for many a day ;  
 And afterwards teach him how to behave  
 If he would wish his soul to save."

—DR VISE.

*[Here the CORNUTE shall confess to the Priest as follows:*

Good master, please to hear what I am now confessing,  
 Acknowledging that I have spent in sin my days ;  
 To follow wicked men I never wanted pressing.  
 To vice and actions bad I always gave my praise.  
 To no one did I good—in doing wrong I revelled ;  
 In mischief I rejoiced—I was an idle thief ;  
 When everything went wrong, I laughed as if bedevilled,  
 When others were in luck my heart was filled with grief.  
 When of my 'prenticeship the term was gone and over  
 I was exceeding proud, as Grandee I would pose,  
 Who in his vain conceit could always live in clover ;  
 Altho' no man did more all goodness to oppose.  
 I loved to be called " Sir," or " Monsieur," or " Signore,"  
 And liked to make pretence I was a man of mark,  
 So lost in self-conceit was I, and in vain-glory,  
 That I was oft in broils, and did in strife embark,  
 I had no mind for art, for manners, nor for learning,  
 So that at last the horns of brutes grew on my head ;  
 But you, good sir, who have my warmest thanks been earning,  
 Have freed me from these horns, and made me " man " instead.  
 A Printer-journeyman I now am by your labour,  
 As plainly has been seen by all our honoured guests,  
 And now I mean to live so as to gain the favour  
 Of God, and all true men ; and here my purpose rests.

*[This confession ended, the Parson bids him rise,  
 and thus addresses him :*

PARSON.

I'm very glad to find  
 You mean to bear in mind  
 Your own renown and fame,  
 And this, your trial, over,  
 As Printer you'll endeavour  
 To uphold the Printer's name.

You have now truly told—  
And fully did unfold  
    How you have sinn'd of yore ;  
Your tricks and their bad ending,  
And that you are intending  
    To cancel the old score.

Now, if you wish to labour  
For honour and for favour,  
    To Virtue's voice give heed.  
I'll call you then in gladness,  
When free from vice and badness,  
    A JOURNEYMAN indeed.

My good advice now take,  
It is no joke I make,  
    I speak for your good weal ;  
And first to find endeavour,  
A master kind and clever,  
    Who has with you to deal.

Beware of lies and slander,  
From truth you shall not wander,  
    Be mindful of your fame.  
With gamblers have no dealing,  
Their trade is fraud and stealing,  
    They bring to want and shame.

In speech and manner able,  
Be modest at the table  
    As an invited guest.  
Speak well to get a hearing,  
But be not over-bearing,  
    Talk less than all the rest.

If you'd gain approbation,  
Still keep in mind your station ;  
    Don't speak without sure proof.  
The absent never slander,  
In idleness ne'er wander,  
    From bad men keep aloof.

Do not retail each rumour,  
Such is an evil humour,  
    And often leads to woe.  
But when your fellows gabble,  
And joke, and idly babble,  
    Leave them alone to go.

Of scolding and of railing  
Beware,—it is a failing ;  
    To quarrel still be coy.  
Refrain from tender cooing,  
Matrons and maids pursuing  
    Will never bring you joy.

Hear much, but keep from telling,  
Tales are for ever swelling,  
    Much talk leads to disgrace.  
At work be ever steady,  
But be not over-ready  
    To take another's place.

Full many make pretence,  
With neither brains nor sense,  
    To play a Printer's part.  
Avoid their bad example,  
Their ignorance is ample—  
    Talking is all their art.

Work hard, but work with reason,  
Like bees work in the season ;  
    Make all the gain you may.  
He who depends for living  
On work, must still be giving  
    His mind to it alway.

Be proper in all matters,  
A man in rags and tatters  
    Is in no easy way ;  
Low is his place at table,  
Hardly will he be able  
    To find employ and pay.

Attend to proper teachers,  
And to the worthy preachers  
    Who show us what is good ;  
Go still to church to pray,  
On GOD look as your stay,  
    The BIBLE as your food.

Of right be the defender  
Against each wrong pretender.  
    Your promise never break.  
Keep clear of debt—'tis sorrow—  
Earn all, but never borrow :  
    Debts make the strong man weak.

Remember what I've said  
As through the paths you tread  
    Of our immortal Art.  
God's blessing now be on you ;  
Where'er your fate may lead you  
    Act like a man your part.

[*The PARSON then calls on the WITNESSES to come forward, and asks them to name the new journeyman. This done, he solemnly sprinkles him with water, but in such a manner that nobody shall be offended thereby, and pronounces over him these words:—*

I hereby confirm and incorporate thee, *B.B.*, in the name of our whole Companionship,

Veneris, Cereis, Bacchi,  
Per pocula poculorum,  
Amen.\*

**This is the end of our Play.**

[*The ceremony being now over, the friends come forward, and present gifts to the new journeyman, and wish him good luck. Sometimes a Ball is given by the new journeyman or his parents.*

\* Rist has varied considerably the ending of De Vise, who puts a long speech in the mouth of the Priest. The Cornute is told to act and behave himself in the most outrageous manner towards his master, his companions, and all with whom he comes in contact, but the Priest, at the very end, says:—

“This is my speech, and to mind it be wary,  
Of all I have said you must do the contrary.”

PRIEST TO SPONSORS.

Tell me, my friends, what the name shall be  
Of this hopeful child I have before me.

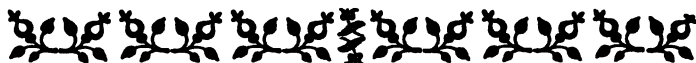
(*Here a name is given.*)

*The Priest then pours a glass of water over his head, and says:—*  
I baptise thee in the name of Venus, Ceres and Bacchus.  
Per pocula poculorum;  
Now all is done et consummatum.

*The Sponsor, who holds the basin, then pours the remainder of the water over the Cornute, and says:—*

A second christening now you've got,  
With the holy water the Priest forgot.





*Before the Company separates, a young workman, dressed as Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, or as a beautiful matron representing Typographia,\* comes forward, holding a book, or the model of a printing press, and thanks them for their presence in an*

## Epilogue.

Our Guests and Masters good, you Maidens and you Matrons,  
 Who of this Play of ours are pleas'd to be the patrons,  
 Receive our hearty thanks for your attractive presence ;  
 Your favour is of our content the sweetest essence.  
 True 'tis we have not shown to you the real old play,  
 Such as in olden times our workmen did portray  
 In this our ancient town ; such was not our intent,  
 But just to keep alive old customs we are bent :  
 We've only tried to prove how much our Art we love,  
 As our forefathers did—to do the like we strove.

The noble Printing Art that came from Heaven down  
 Has merited full well all credit and renown.  
 The world now follows fast the teaching of our Art,  
 And gets from her all joys for body, soul, and heart.  
 Nor say we this alone—our Emperor renown'd  
 For his magnificence, and with bright laurels crown'd,  
 Loves this our Art right well, and deems its glory true,  
 As though to his right hand had fall'n a kingdom new.  
 Our Sages and Divines, who at all errors strike,  
 Show to our Art their love and gratitude alike.

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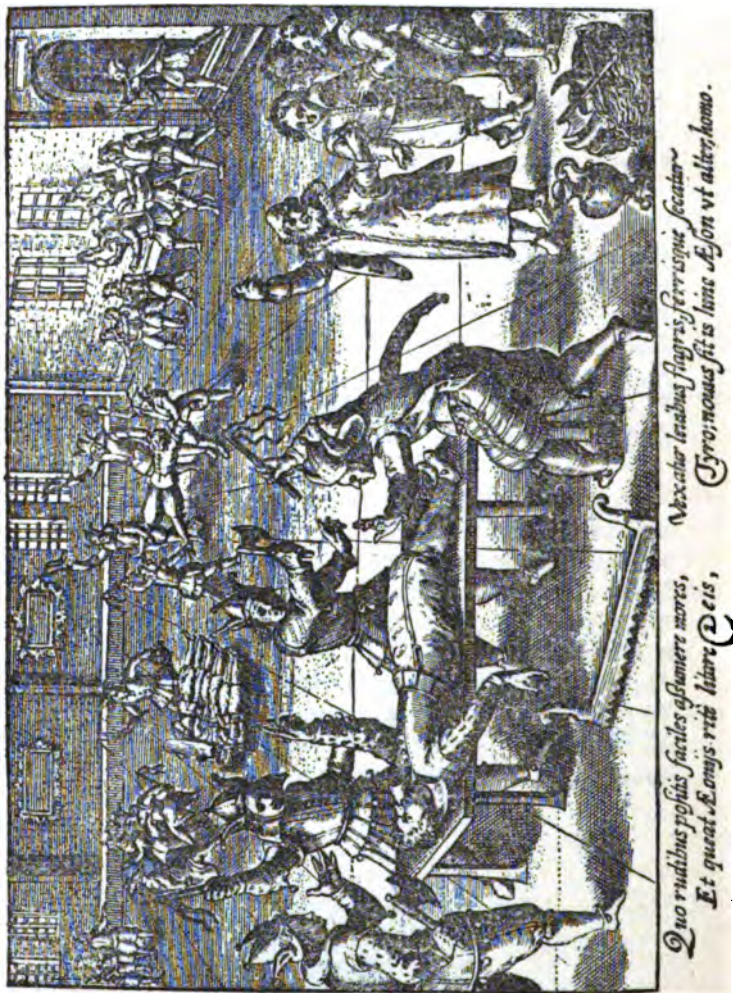
\* In Gessner's "Buchdruckerkunst," Typography is represented as a beautiful woman, her garments bearing a diamond pattern, and in each diamond a letter.

But pause ! why speak alone of men—they are but mortal,  
When GOD Almighty has our Art used as a portal ;  
From whence His holy word may issue and may spread,  
A solace for all souls, and of each life the bread.  
The BIBLE now makes bloom the arid Wilderness,  
Then let all men unite to bless the Printing-Press.

Creator ever good ! Great Father of all grace,  
We pray to Thee to spread our Art to every race.  
Our Master Printers good, and their relations all,  
We recommend to Thee—be with them, great and small ;  
And let Thy Holy Word be printed by their hands,  
And for the common good be spread throughout all lands.  
Protect our noble Art from all adversity,  
And we will praise Thy name to all eternity.

And now you Maidens fair, Matrons and Masters all,  
Who kindly have to-day responded to our call,  
We thank you from our hearts ; your presence at our labour  
Shows plainly to us all that we enjoy your favour.  
And if our Play to-night has not been good to see—  
Nothing is perfect quite—next time 'twill better be.  
At present fare you well, good wishes with us send,  
To please you all has been our only aim and end.  
All times and everywhere we are at your command,  
So long as worthy books find readers in our land.





From a rare Book of Plates entitled "Academia, sive Speculum Vita Scholastica," long 4to, Trajecti Batavorum. Ex officina chalcogr: Crispiani Passai. 1612.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DEPOSITIO AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

**T** may seem at first sight somewhat far-fetched when the subject is the Depositio of the Printers, to introduce a description of the ceremonies adopted at the German Universities when the "Foxes," or Freshmen, were admitted as students. But in truth the customs were so very similar, and the connection so evident, that any essay upon the Printers' Depositio would be incomplete which did not embrace also an account of the Universities' Depositio.

Most students in the 16th and 17th centuries went from school to the University at an early age, from 10 to 16; and from their youth and immaturity were nick-named "Bëans," a word apparently derived from the students' "langue verte" at Paris, where all the new comers were called "becs jaunes" or "yellow-beaks," young birds having that peculiarity in a conspicuous degree. In Latin it was "bejanus," and thence "beanus." The chief aim of a Bëan was to change his state, which could only be done by the ceremony of "deposition." This ceremony differed somewhat in the various Universities, both in action and in nomenclature. The observances were modified by national peculiarities, but not radically, and the Bëan (known later as a "Fox") was called "Bacchant" in some Universities, and "Brauer" in others. The Depositio was as free from plot as a modern pantomime. It consisted entirely of foolish jokes and horse-play, which however at their first institution were considered

anything but foolish. On the contrary, the performance was open to the public,\* and was looked upon as an important and serious matter, the object to be effected being the entrance of the youth into academical life. As a "Bacchant" he then left behind him all home-bred puerilities and country awkwardness, and became transformed into an educated and manly student.

It is much to be regretted that although references to the University Depositio are frequent in the writings of the 17th and 18th centuries, and it was indeed rather a favourite subject for the theses of the students, we yet have nowhere so good an account of it as we have of the Printers' play. Luther wrote in Latin, "De ritu Depositionis Academicæ," and M. Sehme published a dissertation having the same title, upholding its usefulness; and it is mentioned so far back as 1578 by Johann Dinckel who wrote "De origine, causis, typo, et ceremoniis illius ritus qui vulgo in Scholis Depositio appellatur;" yet many modern writers who have treated of University customs have omitted all notice of it. Howitt, † who spent some years as a student at Heidelberg, and has written the best English description of German University life, devotes two pages to the old Depositio, and these he borrowed from Arnold, who again had borrowed from Sehme. The custom gradually died out from the beginning of the last century, although a solitary instance of its revival occurred in 1753, when the father of a youth made special arrangements with the authorities to have his son "deposed," as a memorial of the ceremony through which he himself had gone before the abolition of the custom. This was at the University of Altdorf. ‡

In 1612 a curious series of plates, each with a few lines of text, was engraved by S. Passe, in which the various phases of University life were cleverly depicted. The 4th plate is given here in facsimile: it represents the Depositio. The scene is the great

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\* Arnold, however, in his *History of the High School of Königsberg* says, the spectators consisted of Students.

† *The Student-Life of Germany*, by William Howitt, 8vo. London, 1841. p. 104.

‡ Howitt, p. 106.

Hall, in which about a dozen Bêans are shown undergoing the ceremonies. The operators, fantastically dressed, are tormenting them with whips and other instruments; the figure in front is having the hatchet applied to him, a saw being on the ground close by. In the corner is a basket, containing a pair of horns, and some small instruments, with a pitcher of water by the side of it. It is however noticeable that, although we read that the public were freely admitted, we see no visitors present, unless three students in the top left-hand corner may be taken as spectators. This agrees with the account of Arnold already mentioned. The interest here is entirely confined to the pictorial treatment. The translation of the Latin verse appended to the engraving is as follows:—"That he may be able to assume courteous manners, laying aside such as are unpolished, and may with due religious rites sacrifice to the Æonian gods with favourable omens, the tyro is scourged with little whips and cut with knives, that Æson may henceforth become a different being."

The longest notice of the ceremony is by a boy named Wilhelm Weber, who wrote a crude poem\* in the year 1636 of how he wended his way to Altdorf to be deposed, which was accomplished with 12 "other boys." It is amusing to find that boys then were extremely like boys now, for the Depositor, searching Weber's pocket, drew forth "three pine cones, two musical pears, three pieces of string, a bundle of straw and a handkerchief." The boyhood of the University Bêan is here to be specially noted with reference, and in contradistinction to, the youth among Printers, where the Cornute, being deposed at the end of his apprenticeship, was always a young man. Weber describes the various processes in quite a boyish manner, but with little acuteness of observation: he was beaten, thrown down, planed, sawn, etc.; the Cornute hat, which was woollen, was fitted tight on his head with a crooked ramshorn hanging from it, and the final act was to knock his hat off with an axe. After the ceremony was over the boys went into a room, where they all knelt before "Magister Jacobus Tydaeus," who made a Latin speech and absolved them

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\* This poem is printed at length in the Weimarishes Jahrbuch, 1854.

all in the name of the Holy Trinity. Each had some salt, "sal sapientiae," put in his mouth, and then the "Magister" poured a glass of wine over each of their heads, pronouncing at the same time some Latin words on the blessing of Wine and its signification. The ceremony closed with a Latin speech from the Dean upon the significance of the rites, and the registration of their names by the appointed official. The day following a "Testimonium" was delivered to each, which in Weber's case was as follows: "Be it known hereby to every man that under the honourable and well-learned Magister Jacobus Bruno of the University of Altdorf, Professor of Ethics and the Greek Tongue, that the honoured owner of this, Wilhelm Weber of Nürenberg, lover of the work of German Poetry, at his own request completed his deposition at this place, and with others was freed from his Bëanismus. As a true document he receives here this Testimonium, with the honour of belonging to the University as attested by the Common Seal. He has also been confirmed according to ancient custom and has had his name inscribed by me the Notary of the University, as witness my hand. Given at Altdorf on SS. Peter's and Paul's day, the 29th July, 1636.—Conradus Ibever, Notarius Publicus."

The following description is given by Oscar Dolch :— \*

When a Bacchant wished to be deposed, he had first to apply to the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty. When a certain number had made application, a day was appointed on which the Depositor made his appearance, in a comical dress peculiar to the occasion, and similar to that worn by the actors in a pantomime. First he ordered the necessary tools and instruments to be displayed ready for use. The Bacchants were then all arrayed in the Bacchant-coat, which was an odd garment, made to excite laughter and derision. This was done as if to show that he was not a human being, but an unreasoning and horned animal, and in order that at the end he might appear again in human shape, as a token that he had laid aside all the foolishness of a Bacchant, and wished to be a reasonable man.

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\* Geschichte des Deutschen Studententhums, 1848.

The Depositor then decorated the Bacchants with beards, painted on with shoe-blackening, and delivered a Prologue in the presence of the Dean and other visitors. This commenced the Act of Deposition. The Prologue over, the Depositor put captious questions to the novices, or made them discourse on some subject. In his hand he carried a sausage, filled with sand and bran, and if the answers of the novices did not please him he beat them so as often to make them cry. This done the Bacchants were all laid down on the floor, so that their heads formed the circumference of a circle—a memento of meekness and submission. Lying on the ground the novices were then chipped with an axe to remove excrescences, the plane, saw, gimlet, etc., being also used upon them. Everything objectionable was thus supposed to be cut away and annihilated from soul and body. Thus renovated they rose up, when horns were placed on their heads and knocked off by the Depositor, to show that their former hardness and obstinacy were entirely eradicated and killed; then the hair of each was cut and powdered with sawdust, so that they might remember to keep it clean, and not let it grow to pride and abomination; and their ears were cleaned with an immense ear-scoop, so that they should listen and be attentive to the teaching of virtue and wisdom, and deaf to impure conversation and pernicious talk. Each had then a long tusk placed in his mouth, which was drawn out with a pair of tongs, the Bacchant all the time sitting on a one-legged stool, to signify that he should not be ferocious, nor gnaw at the good name of others with calumnious tooth. His hands and nails were then trimmed with a file, so that he should not use them as weapons with which to brawl and fight, to rob and steal, but for his books, for holding a pen, and for work suitable to a student. The beard painted on his chin was then shaved off, signifying that he should no longer occupy himself with childish play, but should govern himself as a bearded man. A red brick was used for soap; a wooden knife for a razor, and a piece of old coarse linen for a towel. Lastly, cards and dice were produced to see if the Bacchant still hankered after such pernicious things, as also a music-book, so that when tired with studying he should feel that in music was always to be found a source of refreshment and pleasure.



The Bacchants now went out, and re-appeared shortly in their ordinary dress; the Depositor then made a speech in Latin, in which he recommended them to the Dean, and requested in their name a Certificate of Deposition. The Dean replied, also in Latin, explained the meaning of the ceremony, and gave them good advice as to their future conduct. Salt and wine were then handed to each Bacchant, to intimate that they should season their words and deeds with wisdom and good-fellowship. The Bacchants were now Students, and each said to the Depositor—

“ Accipe, Depositor, pro munere munera grata  
Et sic quæso, mei sis manesque memor.”

Receive, O Depositor, for thy service my thankful gifts;  
And so I beg be now and ever mindful of me.

The regulations concerning the appointment of the Depositor, who was a regularly authorised and paid officer of the University, and the abuses of the ceremony, do not come within the scope of our enquiry.

It may be here noticed, that although the distinctive rite of baptism which was originally common to all these ceremonies is not prominent in the above description, there are plain traces of its old use. The ewer of water seen in the print has no meaning, except as a survival of baptism, which, although disused in deference to public opinion, was succeeded by the glass of wine, poured on the head of the candidate by the Dean. Long after the abolition of the Depositio, the first Drinking-supper at which freshmen were present was celebrated with practical jokes and song, and known as “The baptism of the Foxes.”





## CHAPTER V.

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### VARIOUS CEREMONIES SIMILAR TO THE DEPOSITIO.

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**T** would be a grave mistake to suppose that the Deposito was confined to the Universities and Printers: ceremonies similar in spirit, if not in name, were customary in all trades; and every craft-gild had its peculiar rites, corresponding with the Deposito, and intended to invest the entrance of their apprentices upon the full freedom of manhood with the importance and significance due to an event so memorable. We should remember that every tradesman was necessarily a member of some gild, and was obliged to serve an apprenticeship to entitle him to gild privileges, without which he could not carry on business, rent a shop, or engage others to work for him. Thus it will be seen that the day upon which a youth was first endowed with such privileges was indeed to him and his friends a most important occasion. The form of initiation adopted varied according to the nature and custom of each trade. The ceremonial and the speeches were often crude and coarse even to brutality, but the customs of the period allowed, and long use sanctioned, them. The play was indeed a sorry affair without them. The comical misfortunes of the Cornute excited roars of laughter, while the wittiest jokes and wisest saws which in the course of generations were formulated by the journey-men, became at last conventional favourites and looked-for features of the occasion.

The various trades had various names for their initiatory rites. The Coopers called them a "wetting;" the Locksmiths

a "beard-biting;" the Carpenters a "planing;" the Smiths the "fire-damping." All these ceremonies had many features in common, and are supposed by Herr Oscar Schade to be survivals of old mediæval festivities, such as "the Feast of Asses" and "the Boy-bishop." These saturnalia, indeed, had this feature in common with the *Depositio* and the trade rites—they ridiculed those very things to which at other times the greatest honour and reverence were rendered. The coarseness and profanity of "the Boy-bishop" ceremonies, which were celebrated through the greater part of Europe, went far beyond the early customs of the *Depositio* in extravagance, and had they not been chronicled by unimpeachable historians it would have been difficult to believe that such gross mockery of all that was holy was not only permitted, but encouraged by the Church, as well as the Civil authorities. On this festival, which took place on Innocents-day, the clergy of the cathedrals and parish churches resigned their offices and powers for a few days, while the choristers, the school-boys, and the lower clergy elected a Bishop from among themselves, who, dressed in full canonicals, performed all the church services, recited mass at the altar in the most absurd and irreverent manner, and went through the office not only with ribald gestures and profane words, but with frequent indecent allusions and boisterous laughter. "The Feast of Asses," an annual ceremony on the 14th January, was greatly enjoyed by the people throughout Germany. It seems to have been in commemoration of the flight into Egypt. A beautiful girl with an infant in her arms, seated on an ass, richly caparisoned, was brought into the church at the head of a grand procession. On reaching the altar Mass was sung, the priests he-hawing in imitation of braying, and singing in the most discordant manner possible hymns in praise of the Ass. The Archbishop of Sens (A.D. 1222) composed a service specially for this festival, the processional hymn of nine verses, commencing—

Orientis partibus  
Adventavit Asinus  
Pulcher et fortissimus  
Sarcinus aptissimus.  
Amen dicas Asine

This service was very long, and at the commencement of the anthem, "Conductus ad poculum," wine was brought into the chancel and distributed freely to all, the Ass also being provided with provender and drink.\* It requires the strongest evidence to make one believe that men at other times sober, discreet and reverent, could willingly bear a part in such devilish outbreaks. This spirit of mockery was not ecclesiastical only, D'Israeli gives a curious account in the "Curiosities of Literature" † of similar saturnalia among the grave students of the Inns of Court, presided over by the learned Dugdale, where the highest legal officers were held up to ridicule, and the most impressive legal ceremonies were parodied in the coarsest manner.

The Reformation did much, by spreading knowledge and culture, to eradicate such saturnalia, but it was only partially successful. The treatment of scriptural subjects by Hans Sachs, the famous Lutheran shoemaker-poet of Nüremberg, and the immense popularity his works obtained, show that the old humour was still strong. As an instance, take the following plot of one of his religious plays. St. Peter is asked by the Lord how he likes Heaven, his new abode. He answers that Heaven is well enough, but he regrets that before his crucifixion he had not had a good feast with some of his friends, and taken a long farewell of them; this he said because he knew that Carnival time on earth was near, and he wished to be present. The Lord gives him leave to revisit the earth, but makes him promise not to stay long. Peter then joins three of his friends and has a jovial time of it. On the ninth day, having a bad head-ache, he bethinks him of returning, and forthwith proceeds to Heaven to entreat pardon. The Lord meets him, and Peter is full of excuses, pleading the good company he has been in and the good cheer in mitigation of his anger. The Lord enquires if in the midst of so many good things, and so much feasting and enjoyment, they were not all full of thankfulness to

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\* Much worse than this may be read in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, in Turner's *History of England*, in Warton, and in Dr. Karl Hase's "Miracle-Plays," and many other writers.

† Ed. 1858, vol. ii, p. 259.

Him, the giver of all. Peter is fain to confess that no one said anything about God but an old woman, who, when her apple-stall was burnt, called so wildly on the Lord that they all laughed. Peter is re-instated, and when at the same time next year he makes the same request he is granted a month, the Lord saying, "Since sweet does no good, sour must help." This time, on reaching his friends, Peter finds nothing but blight, famine, war, and pestilence, and returns at once to heaven. The Lord asks again if he heard anyone asking for him. Peter replies—

"Oh yes, most gracious Lord ! for Thee  
Both young and old with fervour cry,"

and begs for pardon and mercy. The Lord then closes the play with a moral discourse on the benefit of adversity.\*

When Roman Catholic and Lutheran alike could reconcile so easily the ludicrous and the religious, comicalities in mere mundane matters come with no surprise upon us, and the coarseness of the *Depositio* fits in naturally with the customs of the period. We have already mentioned that all trades had their own ceremonies upon the admission of freemen, and we will now give as a parallel to the *Depositio* of the Printers, a short account of the "Wetting" of the Coopers. A late 18th century version is all that has descended to us, and therefore the gross elements which were doubtless in vogue some centuries earlier are here wanting. The full text is given in the *Weimarischen Jahrbuch*, 1845, from the original, which exists in MS. only.

The Cooper's "Wetting" is very long, and not of sufficient interest to be printed in full. The following are the chief points in it. The apprentice having obtained the consent of a journeyman to act as his Sponsor (in German, "Schleif-Pfaffe," or "Wetting-parson"), the masters and journeymen meet at the appointed time in a room, when the Sponsor brings in the apprentice, who among the Coopers was called a "Goatsapron," and says he brings before them a ne'er-do-well, a murderer of hoops, a spoiler of wood, an idle loon, a betrayer of masters

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\* See Hase's *Miracle-Plays*, p. 134.

and men, who promises after his "wetting" to be an honest journeyman. A great deal of ceremonious dialogue follows, and the Sponsor demands if anyone has ought to say against himself, or the Goatsapron. No one replying, the Sponsor puts a stool upon the table and makes the Goatsapron mount and sit upon it. The Sponsor stands also on the table by his side. Everyone present then in turn pulls away the stool and lets the Goatsapron fall down, who is immediately pulled up by his hair or his ear by the Sponsor and reseated, amidst the joking and jeers of the company. This over, the Goatsapron has to choose from the journeymen present two Godfathers, whose duty is to give him a new name which is comical, such as Jack Drinkall, Valentine Stophorn, Urban Warm-glue, or something appropriate to his personal character or appearance. The Sponsor then having certified that the proper "gift" has been made, pours on the Goatsapron some of the wine or beer provided for the occasion, and wets the Goatsapron thus:—

"Here, I, an honest journeyman N. N. now wet thee N. N. for the first time on the table and before the table to be an honest journeyman, in the name of the masters and journeymen in this open meeting." The Goatsapron then turns round three times saying, "Good luck! God favour our honest craft."

A number of questions are then asked as to his future course of life, the Goatsapron always answering wrong, and receiving various hair-pullings. The following is the last:—

*Sponsor.*—"You will then come to a piece of water, across which is a narrow bridge, upon which are an old man, a maiden, and a he-goat, and the bridge so narrow that no one can pass the other. What will you do? Will you push them all three into the water and pass on?"

*Goatsapron.*—"Yes."

*Sponsor.*—"You shall not do so, but thus: Mount the goat, put the maiden in front and the old man behind you, and so all three cross together. You can then take the maid for your wife, the old man can deliver the wedding invitations, while the flesh of

the goat will make the feast, his skin a good apron, and his back a capital bench ; thus you can make good use of the maid, the man and the goat." The Goatsapron is then wetted again as before, and the Sponsor declares to him the customs of the craft, which

" Commenced with Noah, that pious man,  
Who first coopering began,"

and discovered the use of Wine. After a great deal of advice how to behave while travelling when entering a town, while in work, when at workmen's meetings, as to keeping the laws of the craft, etc., the Goatsapron is wetted for the third and last time ; he then gives him (suiting his actions to his word) "a screw into the right ear and out again from the left : a good plucking of the hair ; a box on the ear ; and a good glass of wine on the head." He is advised never again to submit to such treatment, but that if anyone gets hold of his hair, to return the compliment, if he can, and if not, to leave it alone. The Goatsapron then jumps over all the tables, and rushing out into the street, cries "Fire ! Fire !" the others follow and pour water on him, and the Sponsor having brought him back, they all wish him luck. The feast follows, at which he sits with a garland on his head, and all drink success to him in his future life.

Throughout the whole of the ceremony, which must have lasted at least two hours, there are allusions and phrases which evidently point to a period centuries earlier than the manuscript from which Herr Schade has taken his text.

In this play, too, we notice plain evidences of disused rites. Numerous cases of impropriety and immorality are mentioned in which the apprentice is asked how he will act. His reply is always on the devil's side. There is a general depreciation of the youth's character—a fixing upon him an ingrained natural turpitude, the "original sin" of theologians. And this sin or defect of nature can only be washed away by baptism, which is always the final act, after which the candidate is at once admitted into the gild as an honest workman entitled to the full rights of fellowship.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, DECADENCE AND EXTINCTION OF THE DEPOSITIO.



HE origin of the University as well as the Printers' Depositio can only be surmised, for both are lost in the gloom of antiquity. From the first institution of Universities there are traces of a mystical form of initiation for the novices, who had at times to submit to very rough usage, but these ceremonies were nowhere known as Depositio. This word, borrowed from the Romans, who called the laying out of a dead person "depositio," and applied the same word to burial rites, was probably first used in the 16th century, and has a certain appropriateness; for the whole meaning of the ceremony, whether in the University Hall or in the Printing-office, was just this:—a symbolical death unto sin, death to all the foolishness and brutal tendencies in man's nature, and through baptism a resurrection to wisdom and newness of life.

It should always be remembered that the purifying efficacy of water is an idea as old as any religion whatever, and was at all times and in all places an essential part of the cultus. Indians and Parsees alike baptized their children with water. The *mystæ* in the Eleusinian mysteries went to the sea in solemn procession for immersion. The High Priests of the Jews were consecrated first by baptism and then by unction. The Egyptian priests purified themselves with water thrice every day. Among the Carnatic and Kalmuk nations baptism of children by water prevailed, and even among the American Indians was found the same custom.



Traditional customs take deep root in the national mind and have extreme vitality, often outliving other conditions of national life, and will sometimes revive years after their supposed death. Thus when the Roman-Pagan and German-Pagan States became christianized, many old heathen ceremonies maintained their hold, so that it became politic on the part of their Christian teachers to adopt them and adapt them to their new creed. For these reasons we think it probable that both forms of the *Depositio* were not ceremonies introduced for the first time in this or that century, but survivals through many ages, of heathen rites modified by Christianity.

Herr Oscar Schade, however, in an interesting essay\* traces the origin of the Printers' *Depositio* to the *Depositio* at the Universities. He says :

"The Printers' *Depositio* was closely connected with the University *Depositions*. The reason why Printers, Compositors, etc., borrowed, and had a right to borrow, ceremonies from the Universities, is to be found in the fact, that their profession stood very high in public estimation, and that the Printers themselves were men of education, much superior to the mere craftsman."

No evidence is adduced in proof of this statement, which in fact is traceable no farther back than De Vise in 1621, whose opinion every succeeding writer has adopted as a matter of course. Had such rites existed only in the Universities and Printing-offices, it would be reasonable to infer that Printers as the younger, had borrowed from the Universities as the older institution. But in fact similar initiatory ceremonies existed from the earliest times in all trades. Just as the Universities enforced their ceremonies upon every youth before entering his name upon their roll in order to make him remember the occasion and prize his privileges, so did the masters and men in all trades agree that the entry of an apprentice into his full rights as a workman should be made as memorable an occasion as possible. A few Universities undoubtedly existed before the invention of Printing, and they all

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\* Weimarisches Jahrbuch, 1857.

appear to have had some form of initiatory rites, though not called *Depositio* ; but centuries before the foundation of Public Schools, and before the growing intelligence of the nation required a higher education than had sufficed their forefathers, the gilds had fully developed initiatory ceremonies, and nothing was more natural than that the new institutions of the schools (for the earliest Universities were only boys' schools), should adopt ceremonies adapted to their own use from the customs of the gilds, members of which were often the parents of the students, and sometimes even the founders of their schools. When Printers were, as at first, too few to form a separate gild, they naturally fraternised with some existing gild with which they had connection. Thus in Belgium, Printers at first became free of the St. Luke's gild of painters, the illumination and rubrics of old books, both manuscript and printed, being the connecting link. In France the Printers were for a time associated with the Stationers, but when sufficiently numerous became a separate corporation.

The case then seems thus: Trade gilds from the earliest times had initiation rites, and when, as was often the case, offshoot gilds were developed, they also adopted the same customs. As civilization advanced new trades rose up, but always from existing trades, and thus the old customs even then kept their ground. In a similar manner, when the Universities became of sufficient importance to adopt initiatory rites, they naturally imitated the example of the important corporate bodies around them and adopted their customs, suiting them to their own tastes and ideas. Of course Printing was invented (1440) long after the foundation of several European Universities, but the Printers were not drawn into close connection with the Universities until the Reformation, and long before that they had, in common with all trades, their peculiar initiatory rites, which from the character of the master-printers would take a higher flight than those of the mere handicrafts. Then, when the Universities became the patrons of Printers and Printing, they were brought into constant and friendly intercourse, and a mutual

action and re-action took place: hence the assimilation of their Deposition-customs.

We may just add that the great difference between the boyhood of the University "Bëan" and the young manhood of the Printers' "Cornute," is to some extent an argument against the derivation of the latter from the former, as the ceremonies performed on a boy would scarcely be taken as a model for those to be practised on a young man. The Printers' Depositio seems also to have had a far greater natural vitality than that of the Universities, which it survived by about a hundred years.

The decline of the Depositio was foreshadowed when about the middle of the 17th century several clergymen of Hamburg made a formal complaint to the Town Council of the harm done to religion by the manner in which the Sacraments of the Church were made a mock of by the Printers and others. No immediate change however seems to have been made. Again, early in the 18th century, in consequence of excesses and consequent quarrels during the performance, the Town Council of Leipzig passed an Ordinance that no Cornute should be forced to undergo deposition and its disreputable customs if he would pay a fine of 20 thalers. This well-meant Ordinance was however entirely inoperative; a fully qualified workman who had not gone through his Deposition was a detestable hybrid; and a Deposition without proper and old-time ceremonies was much the same as a marriage without any wedding or wedding-breakfast. The ceremony had however not much longer to live. In an interesting tract, entitled "Der löblichen Buchdrucker-Gesellschaft zu Dresden Jubel-Geschichte, Dresden, 1740," an account of a Deposition then held is given, in which its decadence is plainly seen.

This Jubilee of the third centenary of the Invention of Printing was held throughout all the German-speaking countries with great rejoicings, and at Dresden the opportunity was seized of three sons of three well-known Printers having completed their apprenticeship to pass them through their Deposition. Their names were Carl Friederich Schmidt, Christian Brauer, and John Schindicht. The day was 25th June, St. John's day, the Patron

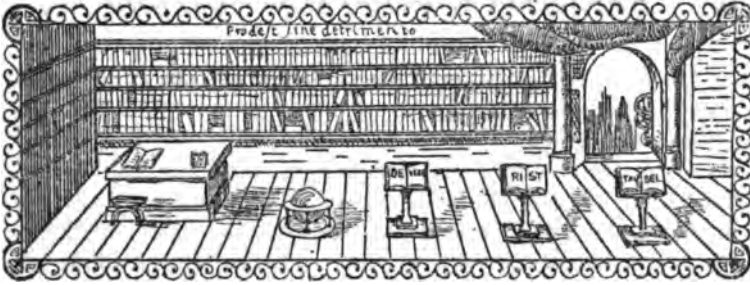
Saint of Printers. The ceremony took place in the Breyhahn-house, and began with some fine music, composed for the occasion by Mons. Johann Rölligen, and performed by the Town Musicians. The text of the Deposition was re-cast by "a well-known writer" in poetic strains, which unfortunately have been lost. The Prologue was delivered by John Zipffel, a companion in the Harpeter Printing-office, who appeared on the stage, roll of paper in his hand, in clerical attire. The Depositor was another companion from the Kraussen Printing-office, Mons. H. L. Noskio. The Knecht (or Urian), who appears to have had nothing to do but to look on, the horse-play being omitted, was Mons. Seidel. The Lehrmeister (or Parson), Mons. Hauschild, came on in a black coat, but the Depositor and Knecht were in white coats. The Lehrmeister gave the Cornutes some good advice, and the Depositor with a hatchet knocked off the hat with horns which adorned the heads of the Cornutes. The Lehrmeister then placed a gilt crown on each of their heads, declaring them, in the name of all the masters and men there present, to be companions, with full rights and privileges. At noon was a grand feast, with music and dancing afterwards, the three newly-enfranchised printers wearing their crowns and waiting on the chief guests.

In the earliest printed text of the *Depositio* there are plain signs that many people even then (1621) disapproved of its coarseness and mockery. The following lines end the Prologue of *De Vise* :—

“With this I will finish what I had to say,  
 If ought should be done or said while you stay,  
 In any one act, or speech, or jest,  
 Which any of you might not think to be best,  
 I pray you will not in such an event  
 Think badly of us or our intent;  
 For it would be only against our will  
 To give our friends reason to think of us ill.  
 We only want to keep up our right,  
 For all times to come unbroken and bright.  
 So please then to us grant your smiles and your favour,  
 Nor frown upon this our acting and labour ;  
 But give to us all your attention and grace,  
 For our *Deposition-play* now will take place.”

In 1743 Gessner printed a prose version which, however, was much too tame and much too sham-solemn to take root. The practice itself, too, was losing whatever attraction it once had, all the symbolical tools as well as the horned hat being omitted; and when in 1796 Täubel issued his version, the very meaning of Cornute seemed to have been lost, the youth being dubbed a "Cornelius," which is senseless; and the whole ceremony consisted of a short moral address from the Depositor, who omitted all the essentials of a Deposition. The reprint in 1804 of the same address, at the end of Täubel's Wörterbuch, is the last appearance in any practical form of the Depositio, which from that time was relegated to the domain of "Antiquities."





## CHAPTER VII.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY.



THE rarity and even the entire disappearance of books at one time quite common, has often been remarked upon by Bibliographers. "Books, like men, have their fates," and the dangerous period in the lives of books is when they have served their turn and become obsolete: if they once pass this critical period they enter upon a new life as curiosities or antiquities, and once having the magical word "rare" attached to their titles in the Booksellers' Sale Catalogues, are ever after well cared for. Early grammars and primers for boys, the A B C and spelling-books of two hundred or even one hundred years ago, after being thrown about, torn up, and otherwise destroyed, have in most cases vanished entirely, leaving not a wrack behind; and where by accident a copy has been preserved in clean condition it has become a bibliographical prize.

For the same reasons the various old "Format-bücher," or books of Instruction for Printers' apprentices, have become extremely scarce in Germany. Once common, and in the hands of every apprentice, they gradually became antiquated; and then the copies, for the most part dirty and torn from long usage, were looked upon as rubbish, and their destiny was fulfilled by lighting the stove or adorning the dust-heap. But lo! a century or two passes, and what was once rubbish becomes the treasure of the literary book-worm.

In pursuing the history of the published editions of the Depositio, the absence of materials has been greatly felt. That the editions and versions of the Printers' Play were much more numerous than are noted in this chapter is quite evident, and that all the known editions up to that of 1733 are very rare is also undoubted. For these reasons the survivors may claim a bibliographical and antiquarian value in addition to the interest which will always belong to them from a literary as well as a technical point of view.

In my endeavours to obtain information as to various editions of the Depositio, I addressed myself to the librarians of the chief German towns where it seemed probable that copies would be preserved. My questions were courteously answered with the following meagre result. The dates opposite some names refer to the various editions described further on. "None" means no edition of any date.

Basle - - - - - none.	Innsbruck - - - - - none.
Berlin - - 1621, 1677, 1684.	Kiel - - - - - none.
Berne - - - - - none.	Jena - - - - - none.
Bonn - - - - - none.	Königsberg - - - - - none.
Breslau - - - - - none.	Leipsig (Town) - - - none.
Dorpat - - - - - none.	„ (Börsenverein) - 1714.
Dresden - - - - - none.	Lübeck - - - - - none.
Darmstadt - - - - - none.	Lemberg - - - - - none.
Erlangen - - - - - none.	Mayence - - - - - none.
Frankfurt a/m (Tn. Lib.) none.	Marburg - - - - - none.
Freiburg - - - - - none.	München - - - - - none.
Giessen - - - - - none.	Münster - - - - - none.
Göttingen - - - - - 1743.	Prague - - - - - none.
Grätz - - - - - none.	Rostock - - - - - none.
Griefswald - - - - - 1743.	Strassburg - - - 1721, 1733.
Halle - - - - - none.	Tübingen - - - - - none.
Hamburg - 1655, 1684, 1714.	Weimar - - - 1672, 1721.
Heidelberg - - - - - none.	Wolfenbüttel - - - - none.
Helmstadt - - - - - none.	Würzburg - - - - - none.

The authority for the various editions is given in every case, and where the initials W. B. are added, the description is given from a book in the author's own collection.

The following facsimile title-pages, photographed from the originals, will, it is hoped, be found useful.

**DEPOSITIO CORNUTI,**

Zu Lob und Ehren\*

Der Edlen / Hochlöblichen vnd Weitber  
ehmbten Freyen Kunst

**Buchdruckerey /**

In kurze Reimen verfasst

Durch

**PAULUM de VISE** Gedanenssem  
Typothesam.

**LECTORI S:**

Günstiger Leser mein /  
Weil überall thut seyn  
Du wollst nach deiner gunst  
Welch ich der edlen Kunst /  
Sindst du das ich wo heft  
Etwas zu grob geteilt /  
Lass dir's gefallen auch /  
Für dich / dein sezt der brauch /

Es ist mein freundlich Pitt /  
Verachten der Welt Sitt /  
Lesen die Verflein klein /  
Zu dienst gemacht allein:  
(Wie leicht geschehen kan /)  
Nimb's nicht für vngut an.  
Oder was bessers dicht  
Niemand bleibt vngericht.

**PERSONÆ.**

- |                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Prologus qui & Epilogus; | 4. Cornutus.    |
| 2. Depositor.               | 5. Der Pfaff.   |
| 3. Knecht.                  | 6. Beyde Paten. |

*Chronodistischon.*

**WILLIG** Der Vorfahren selne Geseß  
Man stellf th Ve Vben legt la stete.



# DEPOSITIO CORNUTI TYPOGRAPHICI,

Das ist:

## Lust- oder Freuden- Spiel/

Welches bey Annehmung und Bestetigung  
eines Jungen Gesellen / der die Edle Kunst der Buch-  
druckerey redlich hat aufgelernt/ ohne einige Vergernüsse kan  
fürgestellt/vermittels/ welches auch künftiger Zeit/ Junge an-  
gehende Personen/ nach Verließung ihrer Lehr- Jahre / zu Buch-  
drucker-Gesellen können ernennet/ bestetiget/ an- und auff-  
genommen werden.

Auff freundliches Ansuchen und sonderbares  
Begehren/ wie denn auch der Hoch- und Weltgerühm-  
ten Buchdrucker-Kunst zu unvergänglichem Ehren/  
wolmeinentlich abgefasset

Von

Johann Rist.

Zum Erstemahl gedruckt in Lüneburg.  
Anjeko aber zu der Niedersächsischen Rede die Hoch-Laub-  
sche andey gesetzt ; und mit schönen Liedern vermehret/  
und also wiederumb zum Druck  
befördert.



Frankfurt am Mayn/  
Druckts Johann-Georg Drullmann.  
Im Jahr Ehrhristi 1677.

# DEPOSITIO CORNUTITY- POGRAPHICI.

Das ist:

## **K**ust- oder **K**reuz- den-Spiel /

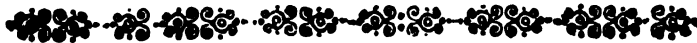
Welches bey Annehmung und Be-  
stätigung eines Jungen-Gesellen / der die  
" Edle Kunst Buchdruckerey redlich hat aus-  
gelernt / ohne einige Vergernüsse kan  
agiret und fürgestellt werden.

Zum erstenmal gedruckt zu Lüneburg in der  
Sternschen Druckerey.

Anjeho aber zusammen getragen / vermehret  
und nachgedruckt

VON

Daniel Michael Schmaßen / der Edlen  
Kunst Buchdruckerey Verwandter.



Sulzbach /

Gedruckt bey Johann Holstent  
ANNO M DC LXXXIV.

# DEPOSITIO CORNUTI TYPOGRAPHICI,

Das ist:

## Lust- oder Freuden- Spiel/

Vermittelt welches junge angehende Personen/  
so die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerey redlich angelernt/  
nach Verfließung ihres Lehr-Jahres / zu Buchdruckers-  
Gefellen bestätigt / an- und auffgenommen / und ohne  
einige Ergerniß dabey vorgestellt wer-  
den kan.

Auf freundliches Ansuchen / und sonderbahres  
Begehren / wie dann auch der Hoch- und weis-  
geühnten

### Buchdrucker - Kunst

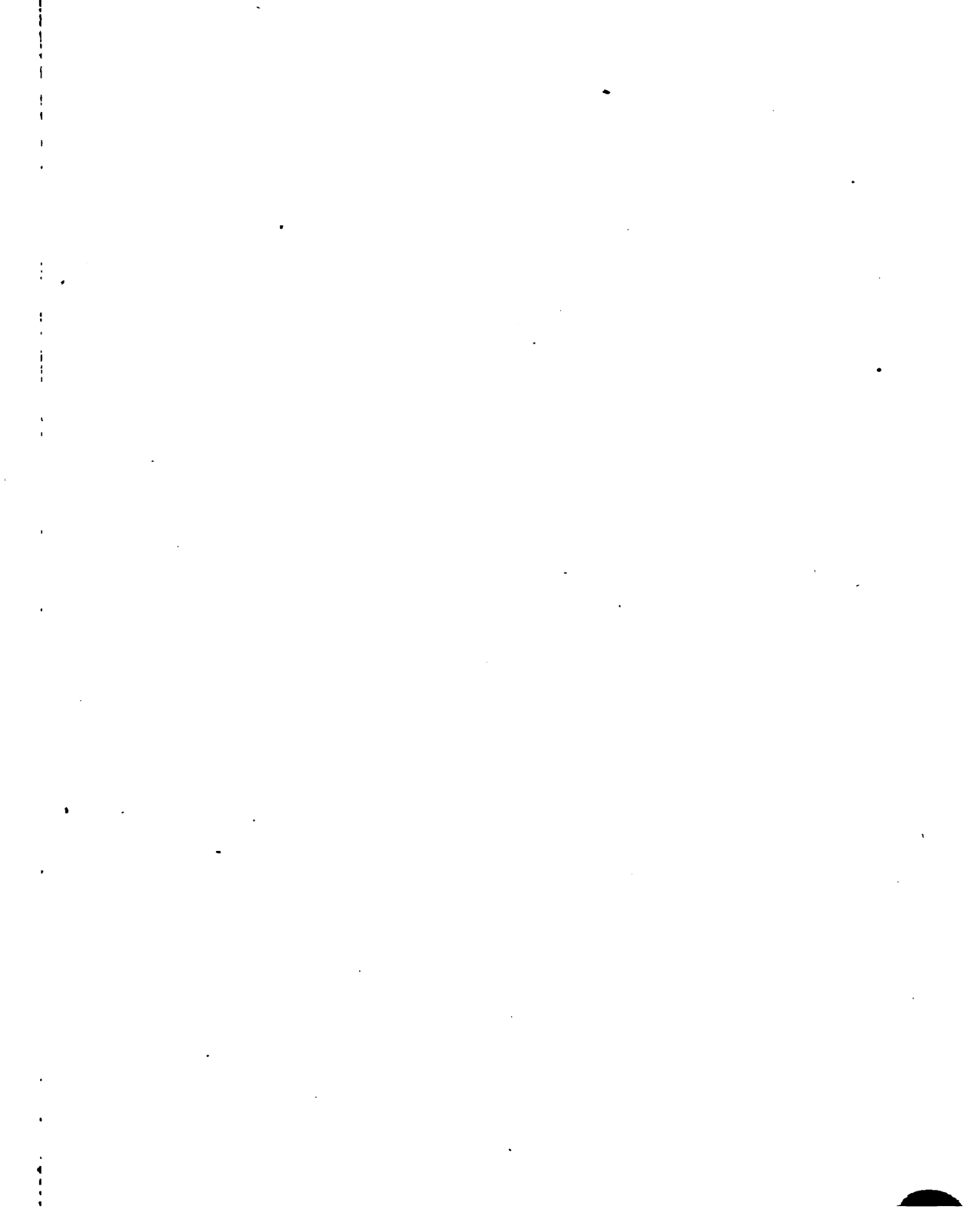
Zu untergänglichen Ehren / wohl- meyntlich abgefaßt  
von

Johann Rist.

Zum Erstenmahl gedruckt in Eüneburg.  
Nunho aber außs neue neben der Nieder-Sächsischen Rede  
die Hochtrutsche geset / und zum Druck  
bestätet.

---

P U B L I C A / bey Samuel Struck.  
Im Jahr Christi / 1714.



D E P O  
C O R N V T I T Y

Das  
Lust- und Su

vermitteltst welche

die Edle Bud

redlich

nach Verfließung ihrer Lehr-  
bestätiget und auf

Auf freundliches Ansuchen, und sonderbares Begehren, n  
zu unpergleichlichen Ehren,

Johan

Personen dieses

1. Monsieur Gausewind.
2. Der Prologus, oder Vorredner.
3. Der Herr Depositor.
4. Sein Knecht.

# SITIO POGRAPHICI.

ist:

**euden-Spiel,**

n junge Personen,

**Drucker-Kunst**

erlernet,

**abre, zu Buchdrucker-Gesellen**

genommen werden,

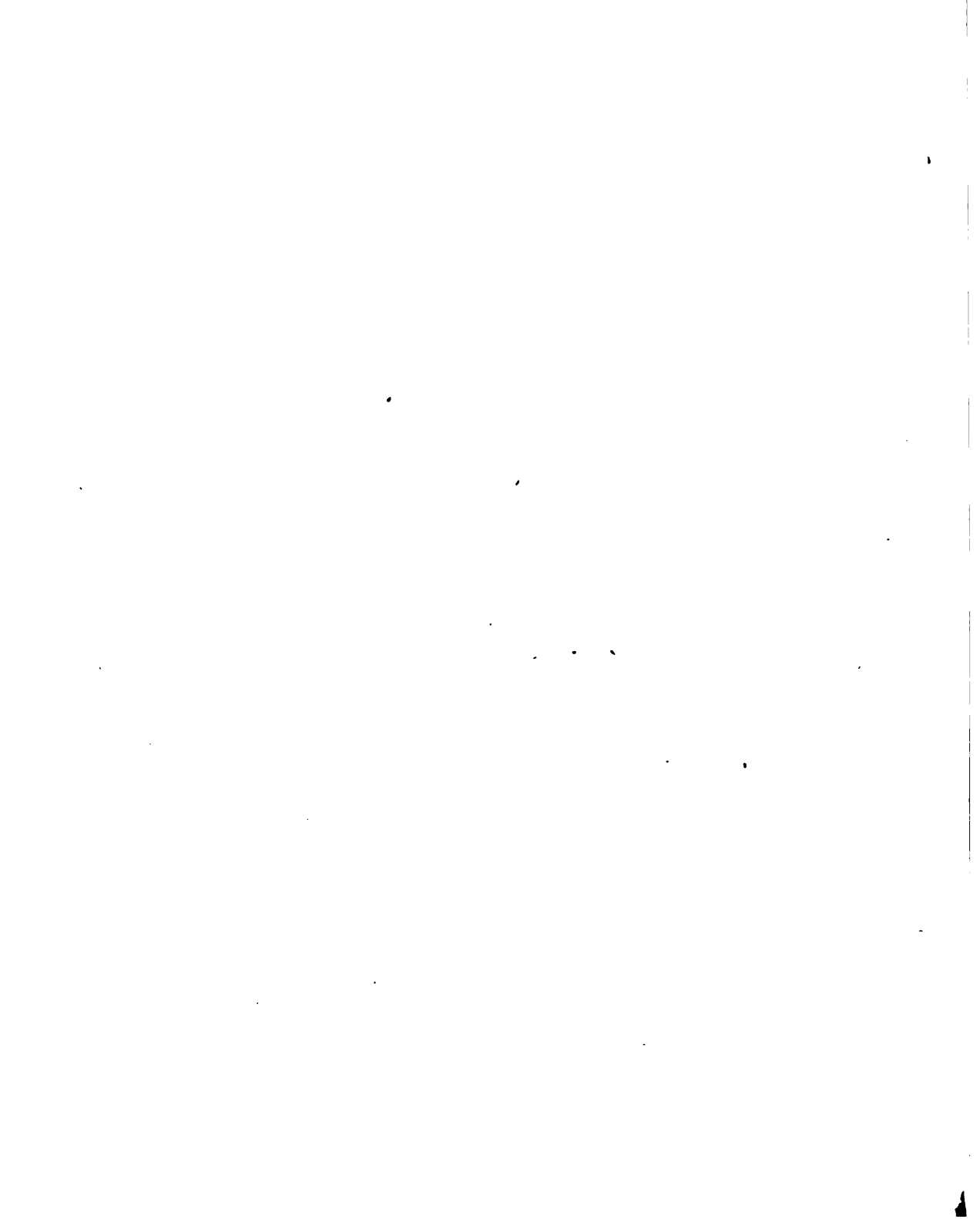
ie auch der hoch- und weitgerühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst  
l. 1654. wohlmeinend verabfasset

**1. Kist.**

---

**Lust-Spiels:**

5. Der Cornut, ober Hornträger.
6. Die Zeugen.
7. Der Lehrmeister.
8. Der Epilogus, ober Nachredner.



# DEPOSITIO CORNVTI TYPOGRAPHICI

---

Der  
**S**andlungen,

Welche mit denjenigen Personen, so die  
edle Kunst Buchdruckerey redlich gelernet, nach  
Verfliessung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Kunst-  
Gliedern bestätiget, an- und aufgenom-  
men werden,

in-gebundene und ungebundene Rede  
vor Augen gestellt.

Personen sind,  
Der Vorredner, || Der Cornut,  
Der Depositor, || Zwen Zeugen,  
Sein Knecht, || Lehrmeister,  
und Nachredner.

---

Leipzig, 1743.



No. 1.—VISE, PAUL DE. *Depositio Cornuti, Zu Lob und Ehren der Edlen, Hochlöblichen und Weitberkümpten Freyen Kunst Buchdruckerey. In kurtze Reimen verfasst durch Paulum de Vise Gedanensem Typhotetam.* 16 pp. 4to. Lüneburg, 1621.

This was a distinct publication and not like most of the later editions, a part only of some larger work. A facsimile of the title-page is shown at page 77.

Paul de Vise was a well-known Printer at Danzig, and is mentioned by Herr Christian Schöttgen in his "Jubel-Geschichte" (4to. Dresden, 1740). He is also named by W. Clessen in his "Jubel-Fest" (8vo. Gotha, 1740) page 139. No particulars of his life or works seem to have been preserved. That he was attached to his art and its old customs this work proves. His "Depositio" is partly written in "plaat-deutsch" verse, and except for the curious orthography does not deserve much notice. A literal reprint will be found in the Appendix.

The only copy of this, the "editio princeps," is preserved in the Royal Library Berlin, and appears to be unique.

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No. 2.—FÜRSTENAU, PHIL. CÆSAR VON. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici.* 8vo. Hamburg, 1642.

This edition is known to me only by the notice in "Drittes Jubel-Fest der Buchdruckerkunst," by Wilhelm Jeremias Jacob Clessen (8vo. Gotha, 1740), where at page 139 the author says that P. C. v. Fürstenuau reprinted Paul de Vise's version, with a Preface of his own. This Preface might be useful and interesting if a copy of the book could be found. In all probability it still exists, and should any one meet with a copy they would confer a great favour by communicating with the author at 23, Abchurch Lane, London. Like the original of Paul de Vise it did not form part of a larger work, but was a distinct publication.

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No. 3.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici. Das ist Lust und Freudenspiel welches bei Annehmung und Bestettigung*

*eines Jungen Gesellen, der die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerey redlich hat aussgelernt kann hingestellet werden. Von J. B. zum Erstenmahl gedruckt zu Lüneburg. 4to. Lüneburg, 1654.*

The above title is copied from Faulmann, page 773, who quotes from a paper attached to the Deposito-tools in the Lüneburg Museum. It is also referred to on the title-page of "Ernesti" (see No. 10); but I am unable to mention a library where a copy may be seen.

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No. 4.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti, das ist, Lust- oder Freudenspiel, welches bei Annehmung und Bestätigung eines Jungen Gesellen, der die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerei redlich hat aussgelernt, ohne einige Aergernisse, kann fürgestellt, vermittelt, welches auch künftiger Zeit, Junge angehende Personen, nach Verfließung ihrer Lehrjahre, zu BUCHDRUCKER-GESELLEN können ernennet, bestätigt und aufgenommen werden. Auff freundliches Ansuchen und sonderliches Begehren, wie denn auch der hoch- und weitgerühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst zu unvergänglicher Ehren, wolmeinentlich abgefasst von JOHANN RIST, und von einer gantzen Kunst- und Ehrliebenden Lüneburgischen Gesellschaft zum Druck befördert. Im Jahr MDCLV.*

At the end:—

*Wer das was wohlgemeint zum Aergsten deuten wil  
Der bleib ein Narr für sich, wir lachen in der Still.*

8vo. 32 pp. No place. 1655.

Kindly transcribed by the Librarian of the Town Library of Hamburg, where a copy is preserved. This edition, which is referred to on some of the Titlepages of the later issues, was doubtless printed in the Stern Printing-office at Lüneburg, where it was first used.

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No. 5.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici, Das ist: Lust- oder Freuden-Spiel, welche bey Annehmung und Bestätigung eines jungen Gesellen, der die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerey redlich hat aussgelernt, ohne einige Aergernisse kan agiret und for-*

gestellt werden. Zum erstenmahl gedruckt in Lüneburg in der Sternischen Druckerey. Anjetzo aber von elichen Kunst-liebenden vermehret und nachgedruckt. Ynsbrugg, Im Jahr Christi 1672. 8vo. 48 pages.

A copy of this rare book is preserved in the "Grossh. Bibliothek" Weimar. Kindly transcribed by the Librarian.

In Goedeke's "Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung," I. 454, this edition and that of 1677 are mentioned but no others. Gottschied also notices this issue in "Nöthiger Vorrath zur Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtkunst," I. 231.

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No. 6.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici, Das ist: Lust- oder Freuden-Spiel, welches by Annehmung und Bestetigung eines Jungen Gesellen, der die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerey redlich hat aussgelernt ohne einige Aergernüsse kan fürgestellt, vermittelst, welches auch kunfftiger Zeit, Junge angehende Personen, nach Verfließung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Buchdrucker-Gesellen können ernennet, bestetiget, an- und auffgenommen werden. Auff freundliches Ansuchen und sonderbares Begehren, wie denn auch der Hoch- und Weitgerühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst zu unvergänglichen Ehren, wolmeinentlich abgefasset von JOHANN RIST. Zum Erstenmahl gedruckt in Lüneburg. Anjetzo aber zu der Niedersächsischen Rede die Hoch-Teutsche anbey gesetzt; und mit schönen Liedern vermehret, und also wiederumb zum Druck befördert. Franckfurt am Mayn, Druckts Johann-Georg Drullmann. Im Jahr Christi 1677. [W. B.]*  
8vo. 64 pages. (4 signatures.)

The title is on sig. *a* 1 recto with Printer's Arms on the reverse. Address of John Rist on sig. *a* 2 recto and on *a* 3 verso the verses of "Meister Hämmerling." The "Prologus" is on sig. *a* 7 verso. Song with Music on sig. *b* 2 verso and the Play begins *b* 4 recto ending with the word "beschlossen" on sig. *d* 2 recto. The "Abdanckung" and the "Zugabe" end the whole on sig. *d* 8 verso. A facsimile of the Title page is given at page 78.

In all probability this edition was a separate issue, although the only copy I have seen is bound up with the "Neu-auffgesetztes

Format-Buchlein" of Johann L. Viotor and Jacob Redinger, who mention it on the title-page. But then Redinger's book is dated 1679, which is two years later than the *Depositio*; and Redinger evidently meant them to be bound together, as the frontispiece to the "Format-Buchlein" is an engraved scene from the *Depositio* (See Plate opposite Chapter II, *ante*).

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No. 7.—SCHMATZEN, DANIEL MICHAEL. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici. Das ist: Lust- oder Freuden-Spiel, welches bey Annehmung und Bestätigung eines Jungen Gesellen, der die Edle Kunst Buchdruckerey redlich hat ausgelernt, ohne einige Aergernüsse kan agiret und fürgestellt werden. Zum erstenmal gedruckt zu Lüneburg in der Sternischen Druckerey. Anjetzo aber zusammengetragen, vermehret und nachgedruckt von Daniel Michael Schmatzen, der Edlen Kunst Buchdruckerey Verwandter. Sultzbach, Gedruckt bey Johann Holsten, Anno M DC LXXXIV. 8vo. 40 pages. [W. B.]*

This edition is sometimes found alone; but although it has a separate pagination, it was originally published at the end of "Neu vorgestelltes auf der löblichen Kunst Buchdruckerey gebrauchliches Format-Buch. Uebersehen und verbessert durch Daniel Michael Schmatzen von Wittenberg." 8vo. Sultzbach, 1684.

This purports to be a revised and improved edition from the Lüneburg version of Rist; the only difference, however, is the addition of a Second Prologue, and an Address at the end. There are also a few unimportant variations in the text, and the baptismal form at the end is omitted. For a facsimile of the Title-page of this rare edition, see page 79. A copy is in the Hamburg Town Library.

Sulzbach, a town in Bavaria. John Holst seems to be the only Printer of note there. He was born in 1648. His Printer's mark and engraved portrait are given by Gessner, Vol. III, 361. Several important works issued from his press.

No. 8.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici, Das ist: Lust- oder Freuden-Spiel, Vermittelt welches junge angehende Personen, so die Edle Kunst der Buchdruckerey redlich ausgelernt, nach Verfiessung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Buchdrucker-Gesellen bestätigt, an- und aufgenommen, und ohne eine Ärgerniss dabey vorgestellt werden kan. Auf freundliches Ansuchen, und sonderbares Begehren, wie dann auch der Hoch- und weit-gerühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst zu unvergänglichen Ehren, wohl-meynentlich abgefasset von Johann Rist. Zum Erstenmahl gedruckt in Lüneburg. Anitso aber aufs neue neben der Nieder-Sächsischen Rede die Hochteutsche gesetzt und zum Druck befördert. Lübeck, bey Samuel Struck. Im Jahr Christi, 1714. 8vo. 48 pages. [W. B.]*

This edition, from the appearance of the copy in my possession, appears to have been issued separately. A fac-simile of the title page is given at page 80. After the title, and beginning on the back of it is the address of Rist to the Printers of the Stern Printing-office, at Lüneburg. On page 5 is the comical speech of Monsieur Sausewindt. The usual "Prologues" on page 8, followed by another for alternate use, ending on page 16. Then a song "Wie reich und glücklich," with musical notes, occupying two pages. On page 18 the Play begins, following the text of Rist, the part of Knecht or Urian being given in both Platt- und Hoch-Deutsch. On page 41 is the "Epilogue," and on page 43 begin three Songs, or Arias, the first of which is reprinted here in Chap. III; the others beginning—

"Wir wollen nicht der andern Künsten lachen,  
Die sich berühmt im edlen Teutschland machen."

And:—

"Gerne lass ich andre zancken,  
Wer der edlen Druckerey"

the whole ending on page 48. A copy is in the Hamburg Town Library.

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No. 9.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici, das ist: Lust- und Freuden-Spiel vermittelt welchem junge Personen, so*

*die Edle Buchdrucker-Kunst redlich erlernt, nach Verfliessung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Buchdrucker-Gesellen bestätigt und aufgenommen werden. Auf freundliches Ansuchen, etc., etc. A. 1654 wolmeinend etc., etc., von Johann Rist. Nürnberg. Long 4to. 1721.*

A copy is in the Town Library at Strassburg, to the Librarian of which collection I am indebted for the above transcript.

No. 10.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici. Das ist: Lust- und Freuden-Spiel, vermittelt welchem junge Personen so die edle Buchdrucker-Kunst redlich erlernt, nach Verfliessung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Buchdrucker-Gesellen bestätigt und aufgenommen werden, Auf freundliches Ansuchen, und sonderbares Begehren, wie auch der hoch- und weitgerühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst zu unvergleichlichen Ehren, A. 1654, wolmeinend verabfasset von Johann Rist. Long 4to. (Nürnberg, 1733.) 16 pages. [W. B.]*

This edition, which consists of 16 pp., sometimes in two, and sometimes in three columns on a page, is a reprint of Rist. The part of Sausewindt is re-written, but certainly not improved. The usual Prologue of M. Phil. Caesar follows, together with a second in prose, and a third in ten verses of eight lines each, probably by the printer Ernesti. Then the Play begins, followed by Epilogues, "eine andere Abdankung" and "noch eine andere Abdankung," the last in prose.

This appears sometimes alone, but was printed at the end of "Die wol-eingerichtete Buchdruckerey" of J. H. G. Ernesti, of which indeed it forms a part.

No. 11.—RIST, JOHANN. *Depositio Cornuti Typographici Oder Handlungen, Welche mit denjenigen Personen, so die edle Kunst Buchdruckerey redlich gelernet, nach Verfliessung ihrer Lehr-Jahre, zu Kunst-Gliedern bestätigt, an- und aufgenommen werden, in gebundener und ungebundener Rede vor Augen gestellt. 8vo. Leipzig, 1743. 112 pages. [W.B.]*

This is found at the end of Gessner's "Der in der Buchdruckerei wohl unterrichtete Lehr-Junge." It begins with a

separate pagination, and at page 63 is followed by some "Ehrendedichte," or poetical effusions in honour of Typography, composed by H. A. Wildenhayn, and Caspar Schreiber, the whole ending on page 112.

The Depositio part begins with the comic rhymes of Mr. Sausewindt, which however are here erroneously given to the Knecht. Then follows the Prologue as in Rist, and another of 8 verses, probably by Gessner. The text throughout is that of Rist. At the end the Lehrmeister receives the Cornute in the name of the whole body of Printers, and the ceremony ends with the congratulations of all present.

Then follows a prose Depositio to the same intent as the rhymes, but very tame and uninteresting. No mention is made of any spectators being present, and the whole ends with some good advice by the Lehrmeister, who does not even refer to the admission of the Cornute to the position and privileges of a journeyman.

---

No. 12.—TÄUBEL, C. G. *Rede bey der Aufnahme eines neuen Mitgliedes in die Buchdrucker-Gesellschaft.*

This occupies pp. 87-101 in Vol. II. of Täubel's "Praktisches Handbuch der Buchdruckerkunst," 8vo. Leipzig, 1791, and begins with a short Address of the Depositor. The Depositor's "assistant" then brings forward the "Aufzunehmende" the Recipient, who is several times called the "Cornelius," an evident corruption of "Cornutus." The Depositor then delivers a moral discourse of 5 pages, very uninteresting and dry, at the conclusion of which he hands the Cornelius over to "Herr Lehrmeister," who preaches through three more pages, and then before several witnesses places a crown upon the head of Cornelius, and bids him remember always the ceremony. The Cornelius returns a few words of thanks and the company separates.

This was reprinted in the same author's "Allgemeines theoretisch-praktisches Wörterbuch der Buchdruckerkunst." 2 Bände. 4to. Wien, 1805.

## ANA.

The following are titles of Books in which the Printers' Depositio is partially given or described.

STRUCK, SAMUEL.—*Format-Buch*. 8vo. *Lübeck und Leipzig*, 1715.

This is a Printer's Instruction Book, consisting principally of schemes of Imposition. At pages 63-64 a short account is given of the Depositio.

WERTHER, J. D.—*Warhafftige Nachrichten der so alt- als berühmten Buchdrucker-Kunst*. 4to. *Franckfurth*, 1721.

Throughout this work will be found many important laws and regulations concerning German Printers, bearing upon the position and rights of Apprentices and Companions. The laws in force concerning "Postulates" and the Depositio are also laid down, together with the cases which originated them.

GESSNER, CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH.—*Die so nöthig als nützliche Buchdruckerkunst*, 4 Vols. 8vo. *Leipzig*, 1740-44.

There is no work in any language of greater interest than this to the student who loves the early history of Typography, and the biography of celebrated Printers. It is full of portraits, illustrations and out-of-the-way information.

In Vol. I. pp. 182-190 an account, with quotations, of the Depositio is given, and in Vol. III. p. 155 a short account of a Deposition which was performed at Dresden in 1740.

NEUBÜRGER, H.—*Encyklopädie der Buchdruckerkunst*. 8vo. *Leipzig*, 1844.

This is a dictionary of all matters pertaining to Typography, arranged alphabetically. At pages 167-171 is an account of the Depositio under the head "Postulat."

FAULMANN, CARL.—*Illustrierte Geschichte der Buchdruckerkunst*. 8vo. *Wien*. 1882.

In Chapter XIII. the author has a great deal to say on the trade customs of German Printers, giving special attention to the



customs of Apprenticeship, Trade Union regulations, the Deposito, etc. At page 400 the title of Rist's Lustspiel in reduced facsimile from Ernesti (No. 10) is given.

LORCK, CARL B.—*Handbuch der Geschichte der Buchdrucker-kunst*. 8vo. *Leipzig*, 1882.

At page 165 is a short notice of the Deposition and its accompanying ceremonies.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### DEPOSITIO TYPOGRAPHI ANGLICANI.



NE might here almost adopt the celebrated formula of the Irish historian, who, after heading his 68th chapter "Concerning Snakes in Ireland," simply added "There are no Snakes in all Ireland." So we might say "there is no Depositio in England." But hark! what noise and uproar comes down from that London Printing-office. Even the passers-by throw up a glance of enquiry to the top windows. What is it? Simply a crude survival even in this latter half of the 19th century of ceremonies which were in use for a century or two after Caxton's death. A few words of explanation will suffice.

One does not now-a-days hear a Printer's apprentice talk of "burying his wife," but half a century ago it was a common expression. The "wife" was his seven years' apprenticeship, from which he was delivered as the clock struck noon on the last day of his seventh year, and then

"His buried wife could harass him no more,"

as the poet-compositor, Brimmer, has sung. The "burial" took place on the same day, when the quondam apprentice was received and welcomed by the "father," in presence of a full chapel. Then the "stone" was cleared and brushed down, clean sheets of paper being laid all over to do duty for a table-cloth. The boys were despatched to the favourite public-house for beer and beef, for ham

and bread. A dutch cheese made an attractive centre-piece, and then with mirth and jollity, with wit, if not with wisdom, the "father" admitted the neophyte into the full privileges of the "Chapel." Nor was the master forgotten; his position forbad him taking part in the feast, but unless greatly disliked, he, as well as the overseer, had a portion of the good cheer offered them, which they politely accepted. But previous to all this the youth, who for a short time was "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl," his new birth into the "Chapel" not having been effected, had to submit to certain indignities, originally inflicted to impress the youthful mind with the degradation and dishonour of the man, who though a printer, was neither an apprentice nor an accepted member of the craft, and also to impress strongly upon his mind the value of the social status into which he was seeking admittance. Imagine the last day of his apprenticeship to have arrived, and the youth stands one minute before noon, a bondsman, "bound" to serve his master, but the clock strikes, and as the last stroke dies away, his chains fall off. Out he flies from his "frame," knowing full well the reception he will have. His object is to pass the ordeal scathless, and to report himself to his late master as "out of his time," and perhaps to beg to be re-instated as a fully blown workman. To do this he was expected to pass through composing and press-rooms to the master's sanctum. Now was the men's opportunity, for which all preparations had been previously made. Some had old shoes, or their working slippers, a ragged apron tied up in a ball, or anything else that would serve the purpose of a missile; and as the freed man dives and ducks to avoid the storm, his ears are greeted with all the discordant noises which compositors know well how to make: a reglet drawn with force and speed over an empty upper-case—the violent shaking of a half-empty quoin-drawer—a mallet struck against a letter-board—an iron chase for a bell, and a "cross" for a clapper—a dustman's bell—shovel and poker—harsh whistles and discordant yells—while if the chase led through the press-room the "bar-handles" clattered, and the "ball-stocks" were beaten together—the "horse" was jerked up and down—and some sonorous place found upon which the "sheep's foot" might be hammered. This ordeal passed, it was

necessary to pay a visit to the "father," through whom all the "comps" were summoned to a "wet chapel," meaning plenty of beer, etc., and sometimes, if the new journeyman could afford it, to a supper at night. This over, the quondam apprentice was entitled to claim the pay, and to benefit by the privileges of a free and accepted journeyman. A graphic account of the ceremony in 1846, from the pen of Mr. H. Gough, appeared in "Paper and Print," January 3, 1880.

The following lines from G. Brimmer's poem, "The Composing-room,"\* give an account of the writer's own experience:—

" 'Tis twelve o'clock—and now, with loud acclaim,  
 Lo ! the freed 'prentice issues from the frame.  
 His seven years' servitude at length is o'er ;  
 His *buried wife* can harass him no more.  
 At him as slippers fly from ev'ry hand,  
 He also flies—'twere dangerous to stand !  
 And, as he marks from whence those gifts are thrown,  
 He runs around or bobs behind the *stone*.  
 Nor slippers only—in the hot pursuit  
 One *free* translator delegates a boot.  
 T' express with *force*, in its peculiar way,  
 Congratulation on this happy day.  
 The youth, perplexed—hemmed in on ev'ry side—  
 Seeks for a shield, and snatches—a *broadside!*  
 Alas ! the riot robs him of his sense :  
 How can a sheet of paper yield defence ?  
 Now comes the *wash*—the *cross* attacks the *chase*,  
 While mallets beat the boards in many a place,  
 And quoin-drawers play confusion's double bass.  
 At length, exhausted with their *strains*, the band  
 Forego their labours, and quiescent stand,  
 When forth steps one, who bears above his brains  
 A vessel to receive their hard-earn'd gains.  
 The hint is ta'en—the new-loos'd 'prentice *stands*  
 A *crown*—and drops of brandy cheer all hands.  
 He drinks their health—and then, with air polite,  
 Invites them all to bon-souper at night."

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\* "The Composing Room. A serio-comico-satirico-poetico production. By George Brimmer, M.L.U.C., Imposer, Corrector, Locker-up, Layer-up, and Distributer of Types at some of the principal offices of the Metropolis of Great Britain." 8vo. London, 1835.

The customs here described were always used in the large towns of England in the first half of the present century. How far they differed from those of previous centuries, or from those adopted by the earliest printers it is difficult to say; for while matters of much less interest were noted and transmitted to posterity, these workmen's ceremonies, used only by themselves, and among themselves, escaped all notice. Moxon in his curious work, \* "Mechanick Exercises," mentions a great many trade customs, but leaves the ceremonies used when an apprentice was out of his time quite unnoticed. Had Moxon been a practical Printer who had himself served his seven years, he would probably have given us a full description; but it is evident that his account of "The customs of the Chappel" were derived from others, and not from personal experience. A little later, about 1714, Thos. Gent, the well-known historian and Printer of York, thus describes his entry into the printing-house of Mr. Mears, of Blackfriars:—†

"On my entrance, besides paying what is called Ben-money, † I found, soon after, I was, as it were, to be dubbed as great a cuz as the famous Don Quixote \* \* though the insipid folly thereof, agreeably to their strange harangues in praise of the protecting charmes of cuzship \* \* was not very agreeable to my hearing. Yet when the master himself insisted it must be done I was obliged to submit to that immemorial custom, the origin of which they could not then explain to me. It commenced by walking round the Chapel \* \* singing an alphabetical anthem, tuned literally to the vowels; striking me, kneeling, with a broadsword; and pouring ale upon my head: my titles were exhibited much to this effect, 'Thomas Gent baron of College Green, earl of Fingall, with power to the limits of Dublin bar, captain general of the Teagues and lord high admiral over all the bogs in Ireland.' To confirm which, and that I might not pay over again for the same

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\* "Mechanick Exercises; or, the Doctrine of Handy-works applied to Printing," etc., 1683.

† "The Life of Mr. Thomas Gent, Printer of York; written by himself." 8vo. 1832.

‡ *Ben-money*, called by Moxon *Benvenue*, was the money paid as a fee to the Chapel when a workman first entered a Printing-office.

ceremony they allowed me godfathers, the first I had ever had, because the Presbyterian minister at my christening allowed none ; and these my new pious fathers were the unreverend Mr. Holt & Mr. Palmer. Nay, there were witnesses also, such as Mr. Fleming, Mr. Gibbins & Mr. Cocket, staunch Journeymen Printers."

Gent is quite right in calling this an "immemorial custom," and it is worth notice that in several particulars it has a direct relationship to the German *Depositio*. The striking him with a broadsword, kneeling, seems a survival of the knocking off of the horns, just as the pouring ale on his head was in direct descent from the baptismal ceremony, while the naming of the godfathers and the witnesses all point to a time when a prolonged formal and serious ceremony was gone through.

That these customs became so shorn and so silly was due to the low social rank to which in this country working printers had been degraded by the oppressive laws passed against them.

The Star Chamber in 1637, on the assumption that Printing was a Royal monopoly, ordered the suppression of all Type foundries except four; and these were to be placed under the strictest supervision and most oppressive regulations. The effect soon became apparent; the Type founders succumbed, and in 1672 Timperley says that no Type foundry existed in England. The hours of work and the number of men and apprentices to be employed by each Printer were dictated by the same Decree, and at the same time the number of Printing-offices was to be reduced. The Stationers' Company was made responsible for the carrying out of these orders, with extreme powers of search and confiscation. The effect of all this tyranny was not that expected nor intended. The ownership of a printing-press became an hazardous thing, and instead of being themselves printers, the stationers and others who had any monopoly in popular books, put their work out to poor men to whom they lent capital, taking all the profit to themselves, while the actual printer was beaten down to the lowest possible price. Subject to all kinds of annoyance from the Stationers' Company, who were his legal inspectors and licensers, he was obliged to submit to any oppression his superiors chose to exercise, and

often became the scape-goat for their sins. Oppressed, abused, and often imprisoned, the printers lost all social position, and the Art which, if properly encouraged, as it was in France and Germany, should have had honoured names on its roll, could only be carried on in dirty garrets in the poorest localities, where glass was too good for the windows, oiled paper being in general use. The following instance I borrow from Timperley : \*

On Feb. 20th, 1663, at the Sessions Old Bailey, John Twyn Printer was indicted for high treason, for printing a seditious and scandalous book, entitled "*A treatise of the execution of Justice, which is as well the People's as the Magistrate's duty; and if the Magistrates prevent judgment, then the people are bound by the Law of God to execute judgment without them and upon them.*" Twyn was found guilty and then the following awful sentence was pronounced upon him and immediately after carried into effect: "That you be led back to the place whence you came and from thence that you be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; and there to be hanged by the neck, and *being alive* to be cut down, and your privy members cut off, your entrails to be taken out of your body, and you living, the same to be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, your body to be divided into four quarters and your head and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the King's majesty. And this is the judgment of the Court"

For some centuries there were no good printers in England, except perhaps the Government and University Printers; many of our best books were printed abroad, and all the best type was imported from Holland. An old writer says, "The Stationers have subjected the Printers to be absolutely their slaves by so increasing the number that the one half must either play the knave or starve."

Nowhere were the trade gilds and their privileges stronger than in Flanders, and that Caxton brought some kind of initiation-ceremonies, together with his types and presses, over to England,

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\* Encyclopædia of the Literary and Typographical Anecdote. By C. H. Timperley. 8vo. London, 1842.

there can be no doubt. But how long these trade customs, which flourish only where freedom is, and are based upon the honourable position of the craftsmen, remained in force, no one knows. Under the oppression of the rulers they gradually dwindled and died; and with them died that self-respect and appreciation of knowledge, which at that very period were peculiarly characteristic of the German compositor. Even Moxon (1683), who from his own knowledge and tastes should have known better, enunciates the following low ideal of a compositor:—

“In a strict sence a good Compositer need be no more than an English Scholler, or indeed scarce so much; for if he knows but his letters and characters he shall meet with in his copy, and have otherwise a good natural capacity, he may be a better Compositer than another man whose education has adorn'd him with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other languages.”

In the infancy of our art there was no line drawn between compositors and pressmen; if anything, there were more skill and brains required to make a good pressman than a compositor, and the trade customs were common to each; but with the birth of steam-presses came “machine-minders,” always a class apart from the “pigs,” a nickname given to workmen at the old hand-presses. This makes it the more curious, that any custom peculiar to the one should have migrated to the other.

Only a few months ago, while talking to the manager of a Printing-office, I heard an unaccustomed noise in the machine-room, which lasted a few minutes. “Whatever is that row?” I enquired. “It's only young Jones out of his time,” was the reply, and I at once recognised in the feeble clatter the poor survival of an old custom. The machines stopped for five minutes, and everybody made a noise of some kind, and there it ended.





## *In Laudem Typographie.*



**P**RINTERS, upright and godly Typothetae et Pressores, are like unto the Servants of Isaac, who digged "a well of springing water" (Gen. xxvi, 18): like unto the Workmen of David and Solomon, who squared great Stones \* and builded the House of the Lord (I Reg. v, 18): like the Smiths in Israel who made Swords and Spears for the Lord's people (I Sam. xiii, 19): It is they who build the Walls of our Jerusalem (Neh. ii, 16): they are the seven Men of Wisdom and Knowledge appointed by the Apostles (Acts vi, 3): they are the swift Scribes chosen by Esdras who finished 204 Books in 40 days (I Esd. xiv, 44).

Likewise Typefounders, Wood and Copper-plate Engravers are like Hiram the Israelite, a Man cunning to work all manner of Metals, who made Borders in Cheque- and Chain-Work for the Walls of the Temple (I Reg. vii, 14).

CHRIS: BULAEUS.

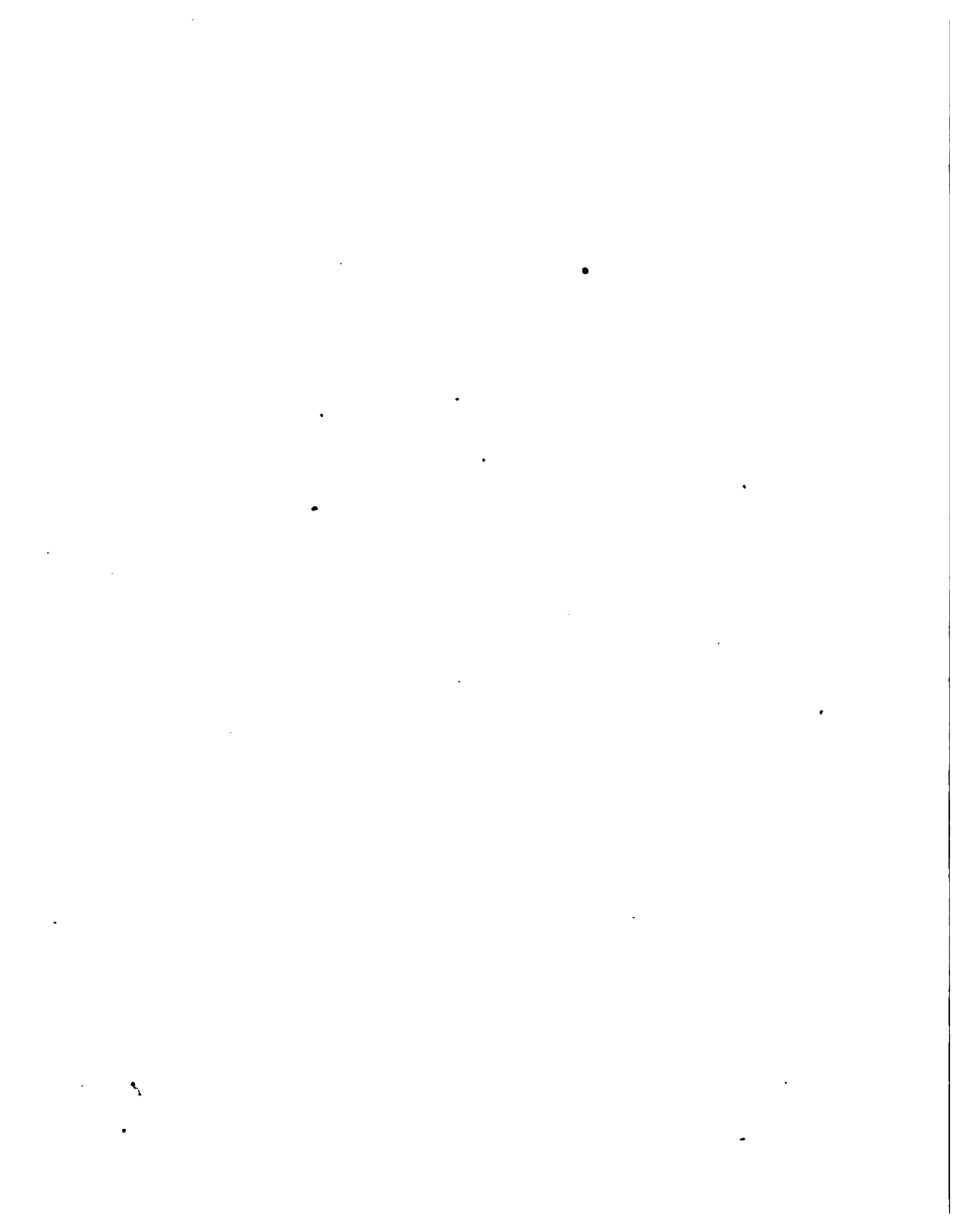
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\* A large square Stone, upon which the Types were placed, was an integral part of the old Presses.



# Appendix.





APPENDIX.

DEPOSITIO CORNUTI,

ZU LOB VND EHREN

*Der Edlen, Hochlöblichen und Weitberühmbten  
Freyen Kunst*

**Buchdruckerey,**

IN KURTZE REIMEN VERFASSET

DURCH

PAULUM DE VISE GEDANENSEM  
TYPOTHETAM.

---

LECTORI S,

Günstiger Leser mein,  
Weil vberall thut seyn  
Du wöllst nach deiner gunst  
Welch in der edlen Kunst  
Findstu dass ich wo hett  
Etwas zu grob geredt,  
Lass dirs gefallen auch,  
Für dich, deß jetzt der brauch,

Es ist mein freundlich Bitt,  
Verachten der Welt Sitt,  
Lesen die Verlein klein  
Zu dienst gemacht allein :  
(Wie leicht geschehen kan,)  
Nimbs nicht für vngut an.  
Oder was bessers dich  
Niemand bleibt vngericht.

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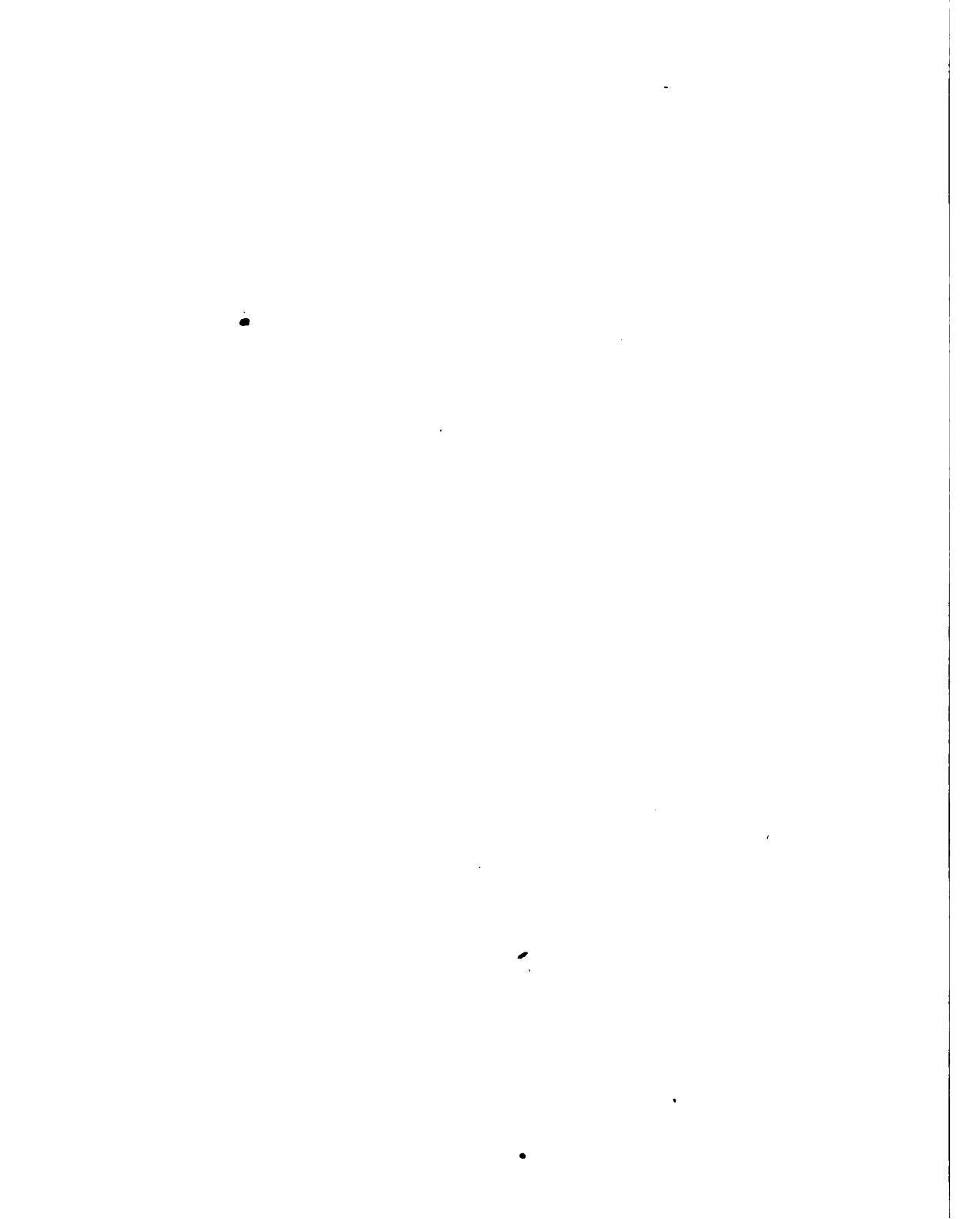
PERSONÆ

- |                                      |                 |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Prologus <i>q̄</i> ni & Epilogus. | 4. Cornutus.    |
| 2. Depositor.                        | 5. Der Pfaff.   |
| 3. Knecht.                           | 6. Beyde Paten. |

---

*Chronodistichon*

*BILLIG Der Vorfahrn feine Gsetz  
Man steiff thVt Vben Ietzt Ia stets.*





## PROLOGUS.

---

**E**Hrnvest, Achtbare, Wohlgelehrt,  
 Günstige Herrn uñ Freunde wert,  
 Frawen und Jungfrawen tugendreich,  
 Ich wünsch euch allensamt zugleich  
 Gottes Genad und milden Segn,  
 Der euch beywohn auff ewren Wegn,  
 Bitte jhr wollt uns nicht verkehrn  
 Was jhr hie werdet sehn und hörn,  
 Sondern in still nach ewrer gunst  
 Favorisirn uns und der Kunst.  
 Was nun anlanget den Inhalt  
 Dieser Sachen, gleicher gestalt  
 Ich euch kürztlich berichten wil,  
 Derhalben seydt ein wenig still :  
 Dieweil man hie auff dieser Erd,  
 Die freyen Künst billich helt wert,  
 Desgleichen auch dieselben dan  
 So jhn verwandt und zugethan,  
 So habn die lieben Alten auch  
 Gemacht einen feinen Gebrauch,  
 Dieweil der so da wil studirn,  
 Sich muss zuvor lahn deponirn :  
 Und nun ein Drucker uñ Student  
 Gehört unter ein Regiment,  
 Uñ sein Wandel stets bey jn fñrt,  
 Werd er billich auch deponirt ;  
 Denn durchaus keine Fakultet  
 Ohn jhre Bücher wol besthet,  
 Es sind Theologi, Juristn,  
 Medici oder Componistn,  
 Astrologi, Philosophi,  
 Poëten, Mathematici,  
 Uñ wie solch herrlich Gottes gabu  
 Iñermehr mögen Namen habn :  
 Darumb sie dann der Drucker Kunst  
 Stets geneigt sind mit jrer gunst,  
 Ich geschweig was ein Biederman  
 Mehr Nutz darin betrachten kan,  
 Welchs ich kürzt halben unterlass,  
 Damit die red nicht werd zu gross :  
 Denn Keiser, König, Fürsten, Herrn  
 Halten die Kunst in hohen Ehrn,

Sind jhr auch theils so zugethan,  
 Dass sie sie selbs getübet han.  
 Drumb denn Friedrich der dritt ein weisr  
 Gelehrter, hochlöblicher Keisr  
 Die Drucker Kunst privilegiert,  
 Und dieselbig nobilitirt,  
 Ziert sie mit gaben hoch uñ mildt,  
 Zu führen ofen Helm uñ Schildt,  
 Dass die Drucker im Römischn Reich  
 Sich halten möchtn dem Adel gleich :  
 Ferner zu reden mir nicht wil  
 Gebüren, schweig jetzt davon still,  
 Denn ich nicht der weitläufftigkeit  
 Gebrauchen wil zu dieser zeit,  
 Sondern zeige nur an hiemit,  
 Dass wir nach gewonheit und silt  
 Der Druckerey einen fürstellen  
 Wollen, uñ machen zum Geselln,  
 Welches, wie oben ist gedacht,  
 In der Depositz wird verbracht  
 Wo jemand wer allhie zur stett,  
 Der ein Einredt wider jhn hett,  
 Der bring es für, sey unbeschwert,  
 Dass jhm zurecht geholffen werd,  
 Hiemit beschliess ich meine Redt,  
 Und ob etwan hie an der stedt,  
 Etwas möcht bergehn uñ fürfalln  
 Das jemand missliel unter alln,  
 Der woll nicht alsbald solchs derwegn  
 Uns thun zum übelsten auslegn,  
 Deñ niemals unser meinung war  
 Jemand zu reden zur gefahr,  
 Sondern nur unsr GERECHTIGKEIT  
 Zu erhalten zu jederzeit.  
 Wollt derhalben grossgünstiglich  
 Dem Actu zusehn rühiglich  
 Befehl uns sämtlich eurer gunst,  
 Verhoff jhr seid geneigt der Kunst.  
 Drumb, bitt ich, seid ein wenig still,  
 Bald sich der Act anheben will.

---

*Der DEPOSITOR tritt ein, geht  
erstlich stillschweigends auf  
und wider spazieren, dar-  
nach spricht er :*

MICH wundert sehr, warumb die Leut  
sich hieher han versamlet heut,  
und alles hie in diesem Hauss  
so sauber ist gekehret auss,  
Es lesset sich fast so ansehn,  
als solt was lustigs hie angehn.  
Ich muss her rufen meinen knecht,  
Dass mich derselb berichte recht.

*(Er ruft dem Knecht :)*

Kom her zu mir mein Mit Compan  
Hör zu was ich dir zeige an.

KNECHT.

Ja, Ja Meister, nu kam ick, recht  
als ein gehorsam truwe Knecht.  
Wat will ghy mick nu seggen meer?  
Will wy wor supen ein kann beer?

DEPOSITOR.

Dir ists nur umbs sauffen zu thun.  
Aber du musts mir sagen nun,  
Warum die Leut allhie so gaffn?  
Weist etwan hie ein newen Affn?  
Denn alles hie ist angericht  
so fein, kan michts gnug wundern nicht.

KNECHT.

Dat wet ick nich, wo | dat leth smuck!  
Doch stincktet als wennr wor ein Buck  
hyr moste üpper naheit wesn,  
Pfy, he stincket dat ein mach gresn.

DEPOSITOR.

So geh bald hin auff unser Feld,  
Und sieh obs da sei recht bestellt.  
Ich wil die weil mit meiner Hawn  
mich ein wienig allhie umschawn.

KNECHT.

Ja, Ja Mestr, nu wilk strax hengahn  
Un sehn wo et dar mach toustahn.  
*(Geht ab.)*

DEPOSITOR *ad Spectatores.*

Nun mag ich sehen ob mein Knecht  
die Sachen thu aussrichten recht:  
Er ist ein seltsam Grillenvogt.

*(Der Knecht bringt den Cor-  
nuten, so stricken die Spiel-  
leut auff.)*

Huy zu, was is dort für ein Jagt!  
Was ist das für ein wunderthier  
das du jetzund herbringest mir?  
Sag wo hastu diss thier gefangn?  
Solchs zu wissen thut mich verlangn.

KNECHT.

Als ick hen uppat Feld wold ghan,  
Leep mick dit eitzig Deerte an.  
Do namk ball myne swep un stakn,  
un kreech et by synem Kanthakn,  
Nu habb eck et getömet op  
mit dissem Toem by synem Kop.  
Pfy dusent Knfñl, wo stinckt de Teue!  
Dat meck de Pawst de Sünne vorgese.  
Dat ysst datter so selssen roeck,  
als wemm wat dahn hae in de Broeck.

DEPOSITOR.

Potz Velten, ich gern wissen wolt,  
was es doch für ein thier sein solt,  
Es deucht mich wie diss Wunderthier  
dem Teuffel sey fast ehlich schier,  
Deff es hat Hörner lang uff gross,  
Sieh wohl zu dass es niemand stoss.

KNECHT.

Dat wert gewisse de Wulff syn,  
de us upfrith all Schaep und Swyn.  
Schuld he de stalen stüke habbn,  
Wo süht he uth umm syne flabbn,  
un hafft ock Hörne up dem Kop.  
(Süh, wo steist nu, du Dudendop!)

DEPOSITOR.

Weistu nicht wie diss Thier mag heissen?  
Tritt weg, Es möcht dich schlagen odr  
[beissen.]

KNECHT.

An synen Hörnen süht men wol,  
Datt et ein Cornut wesen schul.

DEPOSITOR.

Ein Cornut. Was ists für ein Thier?  
Dergleichen kam mir niemals für.  
Was wolln wir denn damit anhebn?  
Darzu mustu mir jetz rath gebn:  
deff mich deucht, ich sey zu der sach  
alleine gar zu schlecht und schwach.

## KNECHT.

Ick weth wol wat wy willen makn,  
He hafft tu ne grote lange Kuakn.  
Un ys geschicket rechte wol  
tho einer Krübb im Perdestall.  
De Kop schickt sick thor bossel fyn,  
De finger schóln de Kegel syn.

## DEPOSITOR.

Less sehn, wir wolln nu greiffen an  
das Thier und sehen was es kan :  
Mich deucht, es sey von Menschen art,  
Doch sind jhm die Bockshörner hart,  
Vielleicht ists der Waldgeister ein  
Die man fast also malet fein.

## KNECHT.

Wy móthn sehn efft he danssen kan,  
Wo em dat springent wert anstan,  
Ock shall he singen, speln un lesn,  
De geiste plegt süss wyss tho wesn.

DEPOSITOR *sum Cornutus.*

Wolan, so spring ein mal heruff.  
(*Die Spielleut streichen auff.*)

## KNECHT.

Wo that steith ock noch lyent dum  
Ick seh, he will yuw nich wol folgn,  
De kop wert em noch syn vorbolgn.  
Ick moth em eins dartho upsingn  
Mit myner swep, he wert wol  
Hei, hei, hei, hei, so, so, so, so, springn.  
Hei Meister nu geith he beth tho.

## DEPOSITOR.

Mich deucht wir habn getantz genug  
zum ersten mal mit gutem fug.

## KNECHT.

Meistr lath us nu besehn vordan  
efft dith Deerte mehr künste kan.  
He kun thodegen munter springn,  
Wenn he ock nu kun lesn un singn,  
Ick moth en erst eins recht begapn,  
He süht schier uth als de halfpapn,  
Haft lange Haar als use Hundt,  
de staht em lyent kunterbundt :  
Lath sein, nu less meck dissen breeff,  
da fule stanckvat, schelm un deeff.

## CORNUTUS.

Ich kan nicht lesn, Ich kan nit lesn.

## KNECHT.

Süh, dat machnk wol ein lossund wesn !  
Less dit droch, hyr ys noch mehr.

## CORNUTUS.

Ich kans nicht lesen, liss selber.

## KNECHT.

Harr, kanstu nu kuerv valsch sprekn ?  
Dar mach wol süss wat inne stekn.  
Meck dünk, he wert sick men so stelln,  
So plegn tho dohn sulcke Gselln.  
Süh less meck dith du Düel dum.  
Kanstu nich sprekn, bist echters stum.

CORNUTUS *legit.*

Ach wie bin ich ein loser schelm.

## DEPOSITOR.

Das seh ich wol an deinem Helm.

## KNECHT.

Ick denck, du werst syn ein Compan,  
de wor wil up de Boelschaep gahn,  
Meister, nu lath us fytich jo  
Bo em averall söken tho,  
Efft he ock wor hafft falsche Breue,  
als de Vorreer de lose Deeu,  
De seggt ock wol, Ick kan nich lesn,  
Un plegt doch wol scrifftwys tho wesn.

## DEPOSITOR.

Ja wol, nimb du eine seit war,  
Die ander ich auch durchsich gar.  
Sie da, hie find ich ein Briefflein,  
Das ist zumal geschrieben fein,  
Was nu darin wird sein enthalten,  
Solln bald erfahren Jung uff Altn.

## KNECHT.

Harr, harr du lose Bösewicht,  
Sechstu noch, Ick kan lesen nicht.  
Ick habbk all myn dag nich seen.  
Harr, dar wilckek de haar vör teen.

Der DEPOSITOR *list die Uberschrift  
des Brieffs, welche also laut :*

Dem Erbarh und Kunstreichen  
jungen Gesellen N. N. Meinem  
Hertzallerliebsten zu behendigen.



*KNECHT gibt ihm eine Maulschell,  
sprechend:*

Meister seht doch tho degen an  
dissen stinckenden Hörneman:  
De leth sick nōmn einen Geselln,  
Un ys doch ein recht stinckend schelm.

DEPOSITOR.

Ey sih, Bistu der schöne Gsell?

KNECHT.

Darvor willckek dicht teen dat fell.

*DEPOSITOR macht den Brieff auff,  
und list, wie folgt:*

Meinen freundlichen willigen  
Zu jederzeit gefliessenem,  
Von hertzengrund gewünschten gruss,  
Von der scheidel bis auff den fuss;  
Wenns euch, mein Schatz, noch wol  
thet gehn,

Möcht ichs hertzlich gern hörn und  
sehn:

Denn ich lieb euch in meinem Herten  
So sehr, dass ich kein stundt ohn  
Schmertz

Kan leben mehr in fröligkeit,  
Es sey denn dass jhr bey mir seidt.  
Ach wie wird mir die zeit so lang  
Und thut mein jungen Herten bang.  
Dass ich euch so lang nicht gesehn;  
Weiss nicht wie solchs doch mög zugehn,  
Ob jhr etwan mein wolt vergessn,  
(Welchs ich euch doch nicht wil zu-  
messen)

Und euch umb ein andre bewerb'n,  
So müsst ich für leid gewislich sterbn;  
Ihr wist ja wol, das jhr zu pfand  
Mir gabet eure rechte Hand,  
Als jhr das nechst mal bey mir wart,  
Und mir so druckt mein Brüstlein zart,  
Ich geschweig was sonst mehr geschach  
Bei finstrer nacht, welchs man nicht sach.  
Nun kömpt mir auch jetzund zu Ohrn,  
Welchs ich mit unmuth muss onhorn,  
Das jhr euch wollt lahn deponirn,  
(Ich fürcht man werd euch sehr vexirn);  
Welchs mir zwar bringt grossen verdruss,  
Jedoch ich solchs zugeben muss.  
Ach möcht ich doch jetzt bey euch sein,  
Mein Tausendschatz und Engelein!  
Wie wird mein herten doch so wol,  
Wenn ich nur von euch hören sol.

Ihr seyd's der mich erfreuen kan,  
Mein liebster hort so wonnesam,  
Ihr seids der wendet in Freud,  
All Unmuth und Trübseligkeit,  
Ihr seid mein tausendchönes lieb,  
Darumb ich euch manchen Kuss gieb.  
Wollt ja freundlich gebeten seyn,  
Dass jhr bei leib euch hütet fein,  
Damit jhr nicht kompt zu unfall,  
Und das so mich erfreuen sol,  
Etwan möcht stossen odr verliern,  
Wen man euch nu wird deponirn,  
Sondern euch mit müglichem fleiss  
Fürsehn nach bester art und weis.  
Wenns müglic wer, ich lieber wolt,  
Das ichs für euch erleiden solt:  
Doch bitt ich, jhr wollt kommen bald  
Widrumb zu mir, ð schöne gestalt,  
Damit so mir wo möcht geschehn  
Wies in dem fall pflegt zu ergehn,  
Das jhr denn könnt gefattem bittn,  
Nach aller Völcker art und sittn,  
Ihr werdt euch hoff ich, halten wol  
Wie ein ehrlich gEsell thun sol.  
Ein ander mal schreib ich euch mehr,  
Dieweil behüte euch der Herr,  
Er spar euch auch frisch und gesundt,  
Geb euch viel guter Tag und stund.  
Dis schreibe ich in grosser eil,  
Verwundet durch der Liebe Pfeil.

Eur Ungenandt,

Doch, wol bekandt.

Denn: Aus fürcht darf ich mich nicht  
nennen,

Sonst möchten die Leute mich kenna.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Mein Tausendschatz und Engelein  
Hie send ich euch ein Ringlein,  
Mit bitt, wollt mein darbey gedencn,  
Und euch zu keiner andern lencken.

*KNECHT verwundert sich  
und spricht:*

Y dusent suk, wo wunr ick mick!  
Kamk doch schyr heel uth mynem  
schick,  
Dat dacht ick wol in mynem sinn,  
Dat dar suss wat möst sticken inn,  
Bistu de smucke Junffern Knecht?  
So mot men dy begapan recht.

Ey, ey du smucke Engel fyn !  
So plecht by us de Düvl to syn.

DEPOSITOR *fragt ihn* :

Sag an, wo bistu kommen her ?  
Darzu zu wissen ich begehre,  
Was du habest gelernt sunst,  
Und was da sey dein gwerb und kunst ?

CORNUTUS.

Ich hab gelernt Buchdruckerey  
Die edle werte Kunst so frey.

KNECHT.

Y sedst doch erst. Ick kan nicht lesn,  
Un wult nu ein Druck Esel wesn.  
So môte dick doch dicht un degent  
Dat weer netten went dreck regent.

DEPOSITOR.

Die Drucker helt man weiss und klug,  
So wirstu auch geschickt genug,  
Und in der Schrift seyn wol erfahrn,  
Drum must mir alssbald offenbarn  
Was ich dich jetzt allhie thu fragn,  
Uñ mir darauff halt antwort sagn.

KNECHT.

Wann suk, so warw jo alltho leert,  
Un schriftwyss als us Karkhern Pert.

*(Hie mag man ihn fragn,  
Wie viel Haar einem Pferd  
in Schwanz gewachsen, oder  
dergleichen.)*

DEPOSITOR.

Nun müssen wir ihn weiter probirn,  
Vielleicht kan er auch musicirn.

KNECHT.

Ey ja, dat machk so gerne hörn :  
Wenn de Halfpapn so klapperern,  
So habben se ein veerkant Brett  
Darup stath streke als ein Nett,  
Ein hupen lange krumme hahn,  
Welcke sind schyr als de speit stahn.  
Ein hafft inr Hand ein langen stock,  
Darmit flet He klap klap upt boeck.  
Nu fang eins an mit us tou singn,  
Lat us eins hörn, wo wil et klingn ?

*(Sie singen :)*

Drey Gänss im Haberstroh, etc.

*Darnach spricht der KNECHT :*

Dusent suk dat kan dapper klingn,  
Use Greit schuller fin na springn.  
Lat sein efft ock de Hörneman  
Mit Tarl un karten spelen kan.  
Kum spel met us umm ein pott beer,  
Du eitzige stinckende Deer.

DEPOSITOR.

Du Knecht schlag nur geschwinde auss.

*(Knecht gibt dem Cornuten  
eine Maulschelle.)*

DEPOSITOR *sum Cornuten* :

Nimbs weg, du stachests mit eim Daus.

*(Cornut greift zu, so schlägt ihn der  
KNECHT auff die Finger sprechend :)*

He winnt, ick lôu he mot falss speln.

DEPOSITOR.

Das dünckt mich auch, es kan nicht fehn,  
Lass sehn, bring die würfel herfür,  
Damit wolln wir spielen zu vier.  
Wirff auss, Knecht, eilends in der hast.

*(KNECHT wirfft den Cornuten mit  
der bank umb, sprechend :)*

Kanstu nich sitten, du knadast  
Hej Meistr, he kan de Tarlen knippen.

DEPOSITOR *sum Knecht* :

Spiel, hernach wolln wir Pfennig wippen.

DEPOSITOR *sum Cornuten* :

Wirff fort, so kommen wir davon.  
Nims hin, du wirst gewoßen hon.

*(Er greift zu, der KNECHT schlägt  
jn auff die Finger, spricht :)*

Dat spelent haffstu leret wol,  
So mostu werden dull un vull.

DEPOSITOR.

Weil du mit schalckheit thust umbgahn,  
Müssen wirs anders fahen an.  
Knecht bring bald her die Instrument,  
Damit ich mein Arbeit vollendt.

Du wirst dich auch wol also stelln,  
Wie ansteht ein fleissigen Geselln,  
Denn er ist gar ein grober Knoll,  
Und stecket aller schalckheit voll.  
Die Banck fein zu recht stellen thu,  
Dass wir die Krippe richten zu.

KNECHT.

Ja Meistr, dat wilck mit flyt angan,  
Lat sein. Nu wewe fangen an.  
(*Sie legen ihn auff die Banck,  
werffen ihn damit umb.*)

DEPOSITOR.

Hau mit der Bindart vor hinweg  
Die gröbsten Est, knollen uff zweck.  
Mit dem Schlichtbeil ich bald hernach  
Was höckricht ist vollends glat mach.  
Thu auch der Richtschnur nicht vergessen,  
Dass wir alles vor recht abmessn.

KNECHT.

Hej, hyr mot men noch wat affanydn  
Mit der sagen van beyen sydn,  
Gy seen mick vanr Bossel jo,  
De Kop schickt sick recht fin darto.

DEPOSITOR.

Thu mir geschwind den Circkel her!  
Fass an, er ligt gar krumb uff quer.

KNECHT *wirfft ihn mit der  
Banck umb, und spricht:*

Suh dar, nu fallt de graue knull  
Vanr bank, lyck als wer he full.

DEPOSITOR.

Nun wolln wir jn behobeln schnell.  
Denn er ist gar ein grober gEsell.

KNECHT.

Ick moth yuw helpen theen den Höul,  
Hej dat ismk jo ein recht gross Kneul.  
(*Er wirfft ihn umb.*)

DEPOSITOR.

Mit dem schlichthobel ich jetzt wil  
Ihm noch abstossn der Späne vil.

KNECHT.

Meister. De Bossel habb wy jo.  
Wor kricht me nu de Kegl darto!

DEPOSITOR.

Die wolln wir aus den Fingern machn,  
Welche sich wol schicken zur sachn.  
Mit der Raspel man ohn verdross,  
Ihm die Nägel ansputzen muss.  
(*Sie befeilen ihm die Finger.*)

KNECHT.

Mick dunckt me mot hyr nedden noch  
Mitm groten bare barn ein loch,  
So willen wyr ein Nagl inslan,  
Dar kamm wat sunnerks hengen an.

DEPOSITOR.

(\*Ich meint, Ich wolt ein Loch hie born,  
So steigt herauss ein seltzam horn,  
Was ist diss für ein hesslich Ast?  
Dergleich ich nie gesehen fast.

KNECHT.

\*Wummen Clais, dat süt byster ut,  
Dat dinck steit meck schyr up de snut.  
Dat wertet denckek wesen wol  
Dat he so fytich waren scholl:  
Schull he de Pleterje krjgn.  
Pfu, dat dick jo de hunn bemjgn.

DEPOSITOR.

\*Gib mir den durchschlag her in eil  
Und auch ein Schlägel oder Beil,  
Damit man diesen groben knast  
Hinweg mög hauen in der hast.

KNECHT.

\*Holt still, Meister, ick wil erst fragn,  
Efftet de Lüe ock könt vordragn,  
Eddre efftet yemand bruken will?  
Sü, nu swjgen se alle still.  
Wo! will dit nemand bruken meer?  
Wo ist? Schem gj juw nu so seer?

DEPOSITOR.

\*Ey Knecht, du must das beste nun  
Allhie bey diesem Aste thun,  
Er sitzt gewaltig fest und hart,  
Der Durchschlag krigt ein grosse schart.

KNECHT.

Wann allen stück, nu mustu recht  
Mit dijem Höw heraffer stecht.  
Y, y, wo wunnr ick mick so seer.  
Pfu dick an, datck de plönie rör.\*

## DEPOSITOR.

Nun woll wir ja auffrichten widr,  
 Er ist lang gaug gelegen nidr.  
 Gib her, lass uns essen vom schinckn.  
 So können wir dann eins drauff trinckn.  
 Er wirts am besten wissen wol  
 Wo er den Schinckn anschneiden sol,  
 Weil er doch thut auff Bulschaft ghan.  
 Cornut schneid du den schincken an.

(Cornut greiffst zu.)

KNECHT *schlägt jhn auff die  
 Finger, und spricht:*

Süh, gripstu thom ersten int fat,  
 So mot ickeck affwennen dat.

## DEPOSITOR.

Jetzt wolln wir jhn wacker aussputzn,  
 Die Welsche Kolb, und den Bart stutzn,  
 Denn man muss jhn balbiren recht,  
 Den säuberlichen Jungfernknecht.

## KNECHT.

Staln sik, wat, hafft he inner slabbn!  
 He mot jo böse Teene habbn!

## DEPOSITOR.

Thu auff das Maul, was shadt dir dran?  
 Vielleicht ich dir auch helffen kann.

(*Er thut den Mund auff*)

Schaut doch, wie ist der Zahn so lang!  
 Knecht thu her eilend die Kneipzang.

KNECHT *wundert sich, spricht:*

Y habbk doch all mÿn dag nich seen  
 Ein solck schrecklike grote Teen,  
 Meister, ick will juw helfen rÿtn,  
 Wenn us de stanckbuck nich woll bytn.

## DEPOSITOR.

Jetzt ist heraus der böse Zahn.  
 Nu streich du jm den bart wol an,  
 Dass man ja mög besehen fein  
 Das wackere Jungfernknechtlein.

## KNECHT.

Eÿ leuen Lde seht doch an  
 Dissen smucken Junffern Compan?  
 Seggt mick doch nu, gÿ Junffern zart,  
 Steit em nich smuck de kneuelbart?

DEPOSITOR *fengt an zu balbiren  
 und spricht:*

Nun fah ich zu balbiren an,  
 Wir werden gut Trinckgeldt empfahn,  
 Gib mir bald das Schermesser her,  
 Und du selbs brauch mit fleiss die Scher.

KNECHT *reibt und kemmet jhm  
 die Haar, sprechend:*

Mick dunkt in mÿnem sinne jo,  
 Dat de Haar sÿn so hart als stro.  
 Ick mot sem erst mitm warmen doeck  
 Hübs ryuen un upkemmen ock  
 Darna mot mem wasschen den kop  
 Un maken em ein langen Top.  
 De Teen motck em ock stakern fÿn.  
 Un makn em rein de Ohren sÿn.

## DEPOSITOR.

Lass nun anstahn das putzen drat,  
 Er möcht sonst werden gar zu glat,  
 Und uns andern die laug abstechn,  
 Wie man im Sprichwort pflegt zu

KNECHT. sprechn.

De Haar motck em erst püffen wol,

(*Knecht setzt jhm den Hut wieder  
 auff, und steckt jm die Ringe an:*)

Darna he sick ock spegeln schol,  
 We em anstha de smucke zier  
 Up dÿs kuderwalsch Manier.  
 Un kloppn em an de Ringelÿn  
 De em hafft sendt de Leefiste sÿn,  
 To lest will wÿm de Pritzsche singn,  
 Lat hören wo us dat will klingn.

## DEPOSITOR.

(\*Nun, so fahn wir zu singen an:  
 Wolln jhm zur letzt die Pritzsche schlan,  
 Und solchs verrichten fleissiglich,  
 Wie solches denn gebüret sich,  
 Drauff man wie billig sey bedacht,  
 Damit die Endschaft werd gemacht.

(*Nach gelegenheit mag man jm  
 jetzt die Pritsch schlagen, so  
 es der Gesellschaft gefällig.*)

## KNECHT.

Haffst nu eins kregen dÿn lohn?  
 Harr wultu et ock noch meer dohn?

## CORNUT.

Nein, hiemit wil ichs loben an,  
 Und halten solchs auff best ich kan.

## DEPOSITOR.

Sag an, Was ist dann dein beger?

## CORN.

Gern ich ein ehrlich Gaele wer.

## KNECHT.

Darho bistu geschickt so fyn,  
Alse thom danse ein mestet swyn.

DEPOSITOR *schlägt jhm mit dem  
Beil den Hut ab, und spricht:*)

Da leit dein schelmisch zier uff kron.  
Wiltus nicht widr aufsetzen thun?

KNECHT *setzt jhm den Hut  
wiedr auff, sprechend:*

Wo wult nich wadder setzen op  
Den smucken Hodt up dyänen kop?

DEPOSITOR *schlägt jhm den  
Hut ab, spricht:*

Nu hast dein Recht fast aussgestan,  
Welchs ich dir hiemit zeige an,  
Doch mustu vor anloben mir,  
Und schweren wie ich fürhalt dir,  
Dass du niñer an einigm Ort  
Was dir geschehn, wollst rechen fort.  
Zween finger auff die Pritsch thu legn,  
Und lass dirs gar nit seyn entgegen.

DEPOSITOR *spricht jhm vor, und  
er jhm nach wie folgt:*

Hier schwer ich :/:

Mein Geld verzehr ich :/:

Im Wirtshauss :/: etc.

DEPOSITOR *gibt jhm eine Maul-  
schell, und spricht:*

Leld diss von mir und keinem sunst,  
So lieb dir ist Ehr, Kunst uff gunst,  
Und wer gleich noch so stoltz der Man,  
Das wil ich dir befohlen han.  
Nu beicht dem Pfaffen dein unthat  
Der wird dich absolviren drat,  
Und geben dir viel guter Lehr:  
Hab nichts mit dir zu schaffen mehr.

## KNECHT.

Nu will ick ropen use Papn,  
Dat se en ock eins schöln begapn.  
Wy habben dat use gedahn.  
De Pap schalt syn erst heuen an.

DEPOSITOR *rufft auss:*

Wer jemand mehr allhie zur stett,  
Der solchs balbierens nötig hett,  
Der koñ bald und leg sich hieher,  
Dass wir jhn putzn nach seim begehrt,  
Wir wollens jhm machen so gut,  
Dass ers viel liebr entbehren thut.

*Gehen beyd ab.*

*Die Paten tretten zu, und wincken dem  
PFAFFEN, der kompt und spricht:*

GUNSTIGE gute liebe Freund,  
So viel eur hie zusahen seynd.  
Ich wünsch euch allen glück und segn,  
Wollt mich berichten jetzt weswegen  
Ihr mich beruffen habt hieher?  
Sagt an, was ist euer beschwer?

*Die PATEN sprechen:*

Lieber Priester, wir thun euch bitten  
Das ihr nach der Kunst brauch und sitten  
Wollt absolvirn diesen Compan,  
Weil er sein Recht aussgestahn,  
Uff jn alsbald drauff tauffen sein,  
Wie solchs thut ein gewonheit sein,  
Hernach jhn unterrichten wol,  
Wie er hinfort sich halten sol.

*Der PFAFF antwortet:*

Er muss zuvor allhie zur stundt  
Seine Gebrechen mir thun kundt,  
Waß ich die beicht nun hab gehort  
Wil ich jhn absolviren fort.

*Er beichtet, wie folgt:*

NUUn so hört lieber Priester mein,  
Jetzt wil ich euch erzehlen sein,  
Was ich zuvor gefangen an,  
Und womit ich stets thet umbgan,  
Drumb ich must tragen diese zier,  
Die man wol hat gesehn allhier.  
Erstlich hab ich fast keinem Man,  
Die zeit meins Lebens gut gethan.  
Desgleichen war auch stetiglich  
Den Leuten gantz zuwidern ich,  
Wo ich ein Unfug kundt anrichtn,  
Schlieff ich darüber gar mitnichtn,

War genäschig, tölpisch und faul,  
 Und hat ein ungezognes Maul.  
 Wie ich nun ward der Lehrjar los,  
 Daucht ich mich seyn ein Meister gros,  
 Vermeint, ich wer allein der Man,  
 Dem all seine Sach wol stünd an.  
 Gieng tapffer auff die Löffley,  
 Gedacht, es wer mir alles frey.  
 Wie solches kürztlich klar uñ rund  
 Aus meinem Brieff ist worde kund.  
 Hat meine heimliche Katzensteg,  
 Uñ gieng jüherfort den holtzweg,  
 Lies mir insonderheit für alln  
 In meinem sinn gar wol gefallen,  
 So man mich einen Herren nandt,  
 Ffür Hoffart ich mich selbst kaum kandt,  
 Dacht nicht, es wer Vexirerey,  
 Dass mich die Leut äfften so frey,  
 Verthet mein gelt fast unnützlich  
 An Ortn da es nicht ziemet sich,  
 Achtet gar keiner ehr noch zucht,  
 Sondern lebt hin heillos, verrucht ;  
 Davon mir denn wuchsen zuhand  
 Die Hörner so man an mir fandt.  
 Nun hab ich einen Meister fundn,  
 Der mich der Hörner hat entbundn  
 Und mich macht zum ehrlichen Geselln :  
 Forthin wil ich mich also stelln,  
 Das man solch nicht mehr hör von mir,  
 Welchs ich euch thu anloben hir.

*Der PFAFF antwortet :*

Ich hab jetzund verstanden fast,  
 Dass du dein Recht erlitten hast,  
 Und dich hast lahn examinirn,  
 Folgends hernach auch deponirn,  
 Uñ bin, so bald ich solchs vernomn,  
 Auff dein begeren zu dir kommn,  
 Hab auch dein Beicht gehöret an,  
 Und thu gänztlich darauss verstahn,  
 Dass du mit Schalckheit bist umgangn,  
 Uñ drißten gänztlich warst gefangn,  
 Dass du von wegen solcher Thatn,  
 Möchst in gross Unglück seyn gerathn :  
 Aber jetzt durch rath guter Freundt,  
 Die es treulich mit dir gemeynt,  
 Darauss nun bist errettet wordn,  
 Und angelobt ein andern Ordn ;  
 So wil ich dich jetzt absolvirn,  
 Und in dein Orden confirmirn,  
 Auch dich unterrichten mit mehr  
 Guten Sprüchen und schöner Lehr.

Erstlich, so soltu mercken das,  
 Damit man dich ehr desto bas,  
 Dass du alsbald denselben Herrn,  
 Dabey du arbeitst, thust beschwern,  
 Dass er dir thu aussnehmen bald,  
 Köstliche Kleider, schöner gestalt :  
 Und so du die daß hast empfangn,  
 Ueber alle mass damit thun prangn.  
 Niemand so gut achten als dich,  
 Jeden verachten gar spöttlich,  
 Der nicht so ist geputzt als du,  
 Nicht achten, dass dirs nicht steh zu,  
 Sondern jeden hinter seim Rückn,  
 Die Federn frey hönisch abpflickn,  
 All Gastrey und Pancket besuchn,  
 Bey frembden Leutn stets schnarchen,  
 puchn,

Dich rümen kunst uñ weissheit frey  
 Da es doch ist lauter Narrey,  
 Und pralen hoch auff gelt und gut,  
 Ob es gleich ist eitel Armut.  
 Auch üben Würffl uñ Kartenspiel,  
 Liegen und triegn ohn mass uñ ziel.  
 Der verkehrten Tischzucht du dich,  
 Befeissign wollest stetiglich.

\*Wañ du wo wirst zu gast gebetn,  
 So soltu allsbald dahin tretn,  
 Und dich gschwind setzen oben an,  
 Solchs wird auff benglish dir anstahn.  
 So man deß trägt die speiss zu tisch,  
 Zum ersten in die Schüssel wisch,  
 Mit ungewaschener Hand unrein  
 Und friss das beste gar allein.  
 Sauff daß aus krieg uñ gläser voll,  
 So wirstu bald nährisch und toll.  
 Das Wort im glach sey dein allein,  
 Lass dir von niemand reden ein :  
 So jemand sonst was reden thut,  
 Heias jhn liegen auss frevelm Mut,  
 Wil denn dasselbig helfen nicht,  
 Schilt, schmeh uñ schlag jhn ins ge-  
 sicht,

So wird dir endlich solcher dank,  
 Dass du dran denckst dein lebenlang.  
 Sind wo geladn Jungfrau und Frau,  
 So soltu dich fleissig umbschaun,  
 Uñ dich allsbald zutäppisch machn,  
 Thut dich etwan jhr ein anlachn,  
 Mustu du dir gänztlich bilden ein,  
 Dass du werdest der Liebste seyn,  
 In summa, Aller Tölpeley  
 Befeissign dich mutwillig frey.\*

Nimb auch mehr auff, als du verdienst,  
So hastu gewiss kleinen gewinst.  
Waß hernach an ein zahlen geht,  
Das Thor dir sperrweit offen steht.  
Was du zu Abends kanst versorgen  
Mit sauffn uff spielen, spar nicht bis  
morn.

Hat wo der Herr ein schöne Magd,  
Frau oder Tochtr so dir behagt,  
So mach dich listiglich daran,  
Dass dir werd günstig jederman.  
Mach uneinigkeit, und verhetz  
Printz und Frau mit deinem Geschwetz,  
Und so was reden die Geselln,  
So soltu es also anstellen,  
Dass der Printz von dir alls erfahr  
Was ein Gsell redt hie oder dar.  
Sprich diss und das hat der geredt,  
Obs gleich nicht war ist an der stet.  
Bring ferner mit plaudrey zuhauff  
Die Bursch, dass sie sich schlag und  
rauff,

Zum feyren willig sey bereit,  
Und reitz andre von der Arbeit.  
Waß auch ein Gsell in arbeit staht,  
Davon er nutz zu hoffen hat,  
So thu jhn listiglich ausshebn,  
Solchs wird dir Rhum und Ehre gebn,  
Wird dir dann etwas fürgehaltn,  
So schilt, schmeh, schlag beyd Jung  
und Altn,

Solches wird dich befördern sehr,  
Dass dich dein beutel nicht beschwer.  
Befeiss dich auch ohn alle scheu  
Der Hudley uff Fuchsschwänzerey.  
Trifft wo gute Besoldung an,  
So sprich, Man könnß wol näher han.  
All gute Bräuch thu bringen ab,  
Dass man dir deß zu danken hab.  
Beheng ich daß hernach geschwind  
Mit allerley Lumpengesind,

Dadurch erlangst gross lob uff preiss  
Wie das jederman gar wol weiss.  
In keine Kirch bei leib auch kumb,  
Sondern leb hin wild, frech und thumb.  
Dem Rechten darfst nit stehen bey,  
Dein stimm beym grosten Hauffen sey.  
Viel zusag, und thu wenig haltn,  
So wirst gelobt von Jung uff Altn.

Mach überall schuld wo du magst,  
Hüt dich auch, damit du nicht tragst  
Wenn du solt wandern, Kleider viel,  
Sondern verhur, versauff, verspiel  
Alles was du hast umb und an,  
So kanstu desto bass fortgahn:  
Dann: Alls verthan für seinem Endt,  
Das macht ein richtigs Testament:  
Kompstu dann etwa an ein Ort:  
So zeugstu auff nach dem Sprichwort:  
Dass die Haar gehen durch den Hut,  
Kein Erml dein Wammes haben thut,  
Die Hosen auch in gleichem fall  
Zerrissen seyn uberall,  
Die Strümpff über die Füße hangn,  
Die Zeh zun Schuhen heraus prangn,  
Uff an denselben sein kein sohn,  
Das lass dir seyn ernstlich befohn.  
Zur letzt die Lehr dir geben wil:  
Du must verstehn das Widerspiel.

*Der PFAFF zu den Paten:*

Ihr guten Freund sagt an zuhandt,  
Wie sol das Kindt werden genandt?

*(Locus Nominis.)*

*(Der Pfaff geusst jhm ein Glass Wassers  
auff den Kopff, und spricht:)*

So tauff ich dich im Namen hie  
*Veneris, Cereris, Bachi,  
Per pocula poculorum.*  
Nun ist es fast consummatum.

*(Der so das Becken helt geusst jm das  
ubrig auff den Kopff, spricht:)*

Der Pfaff hat noch vergessen was,  
Ich muss jhn tauffen desto bass.

*(Hie wird jhm das Patengeldt zuge-  
stellt, und von der anwesenden  
sämtlichen Gesellschaft Glück  
gewünscht, und spricht der Epi-  
logus zu den Zuschern:)*

Ihr Herrn und Freund nempt so für gut,  
Der Actus ein End haben thut.

## Beschluss.

**A**chtbar, Ehrvest  
 Herrn Freund und Gest,  
 Jungfrawn, desgleich  
 Frawn tugendreich,  
 Wollt was geschehn  
 Auff's best verstehn.  
 Es ist zwar nicht  
 Darauff gericht,  
 Dass wir hie wölln  
 Comoedi spielen :  
 Sondern wie gesagt,  
 Die wol betagt  
 Gerechtigkeit  
 Und Gewonheit  
 Gestelt von Altn  
 Hiemit erhalten,  
 Der Edlen Kunst  
 Zu ehr und gunst,  
 Welch, wie man list,  
 Ein Mutter ist  
 Und Conservatrix  
 Auch Propagatrix  
 Der Freyen Künst,  
 Den sie viel dienst  
 Prästirt und leist,  
 Wie solchs beweist  
 Der Augenschein  
 Klärlich und fein,

Drumb dann jhr Lob  
 Billich schwebt ob.  
 Dem Scöpffer weiss  
 Sey Lob und Preiss,  
 Zu aller zeit  
 In ewigkeit,  
 Der die schön Gab  
 Von oben rab  
 Dem Menschen bschert,  
 Ihn mit verehrt :  
 Der Keyser frey  
 Lobens werth sey,  
 Der diese Gabn  
 So hoch erhahn,  
 Ihr war geneigt,  
 Und guts erzeigt,  
 Bewiess viel gunst.  
 Der Edlen Kunst.  
 Gott geb allzeit  
 Gedeyligkeit,  
 Dass die Kunst blüh  
 Beyd spat und früh  
 Auff dass mit macht  
 An tag werd bracht  
 Durch sie sein Wort  
 An allem Ort,  
 Daraus entspriesse,  
 Und stets herfliesse  
 Gott ehr, uns nutz, wünscht  
 PAUL DE VISE.



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— CLXXXI. —



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