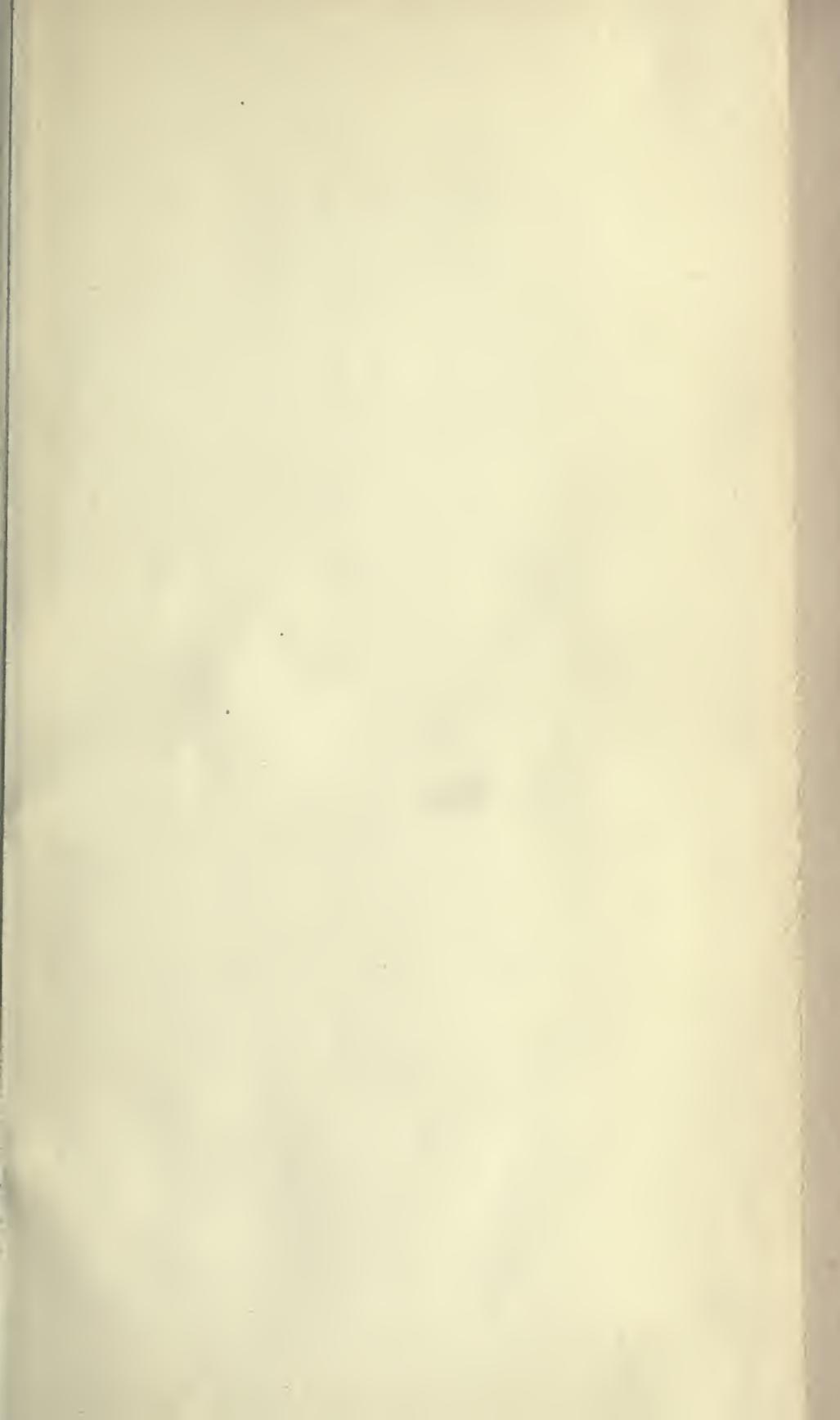


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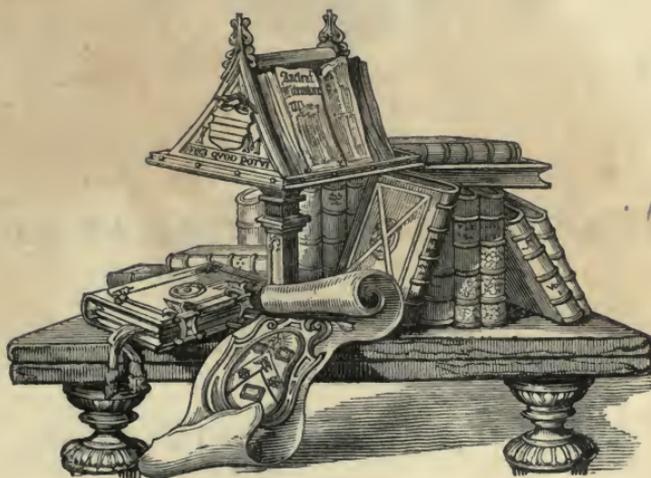
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A LITERARY LIFE;

BY THE REVEREND  
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FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT

BY

ADMIRAL LORD ALBERT AUBREY

OF THE BARRONS

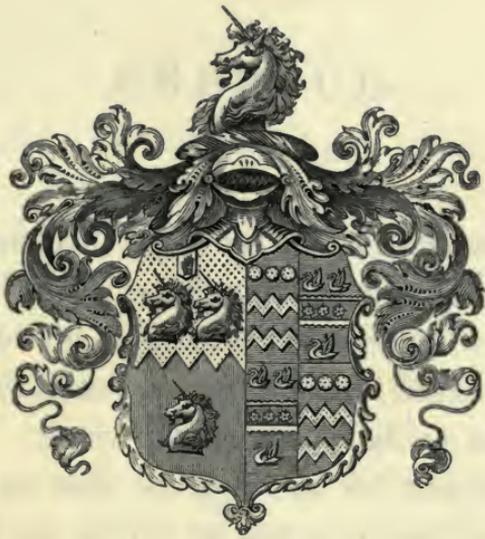
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APPENDICES

AND

A HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY

LONDON:

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SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART.

&c. &c. &c.

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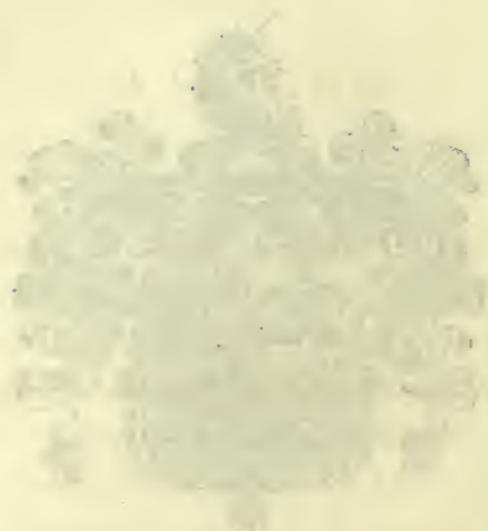
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AND

FAITHFUL SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

BY

JOHN H. VAN VAN NEST

PH.D.

1911

## PREFACE.

“KEEP to *Things* as much as possible, and leave *Persons* as much as possible alone.” “Do not over-feed us with Anecdotes of *Books*, but give us as much *Personal Anecdote* as you please.” Such was the conflicting advice, by Letter, as well as by word of mouth, under which I sat down to the composition of this Work. Recollecting however that an ancient Bard of high classical authority had said that “the *middle way* was the safest,” I resolved to abide by his advice; and to guide my adventurous “chariot” between objects too *passive* on the one hand, and too *active* on the other. It remains to be seen with what degree of failure or success.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere told us that *Auto-biographies*, even of the humblest individuals, are not written without some specific benefit derivable from their perusal. I will hope therefore that from a steady and impartial examination of the contents of these

pages, some profit may accrue to the Reader. It must not, however, be concealed, that the task of composition has been at times both of difficult and delicate execution. On the one hand, there has been such an excess of matter, or abundance of materials (from which to make a judicious selection), as to perplex me in the extreme; for a literary course of some thirty-five years is not one of ordinary occurrence. On the other hand, I have had to struggle with difficulties so as to avoid giving offence by the introduction of *some* names or circumstances in preference to *others*; and, above all, have my anxieties prevailed in bringing forward, by way of illustration, or evidence, the testimonies, in the form of letters, of the LIVING and the DEAD. But, if my heart have not greatly deceived me, I am willing to believe that I have, in no one instance, wounded the feelings of the former, or tarnished the memories of the latter.

The *suppression* of such evidence would have been childish, and unworthy of an individual who has mixed so long and so largely in the world as myself. I have lived in vain if I cannot boast something like such treasures as these: and if, by the introduction of

such "Testimonies," I have unwittingly contrived to throw my own narrative into comparative shade, I shall be to the full as well pleased if the reader derive additional gratification in consequence. To me, at this period of life, and under the operation of circumstances which have suddenly come upon me as in the hour of darkness and difficulty, I look upon this portion of my "Reminiscences" as upon the bright and beautiful part of life's picture. I estimate and treasure these "Testimonies" as my BEST—my ONLY wealth: binding them about me as "*ornaments of grace unto my head, and chains about my neck*.\*" I am also much deceived, if, in the perusal of some of these letters (for I will not institute the invidious task of comparison between them) the reader be not as agreeably *instructed* as *surprised*. It must not be concealed however that, in committing many of them to the press, I have been deeply sensible of what I have lost by the DECEASE of several of their Authors. Yet, in the length of period described,

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\* See page 300. The only *infidelity* of which I consider myself to have been guilty, has been, in some instances the *qualifying*, in others the *suppression*, of a portion of the commendation bestowed.

it were both unwise and unreasonable to suppose that ALL should have been preserved to witness this public evidence of the value of their communications.

In re-introducing, as it were, my former works—of which the ensuing pages may be said to give a sort of *apperçu*—I have endeavoured equally to avoid a prolixity which might be wearisome, and a brevity which might be superficial or obscure. But some latitude of recital may be tolerated in the account of those more costly and elaborate performances upon which the patronage of the Public has been so decidedly bestowed; and if that patronage have not led, in the end, to the enrichment of the author, it has cheered him in gloom and invigorated him in despondency\*. Upon *four* works alone† there has been an expenditure, and consequent risk, of TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS. Perhaps the personal history of literature exhibits not *many* instances of greater courage and daring. But I was never willing to believe that an unwearied industry in the production of works of a *good tendency* could ultimately be overlooked by my coun-

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\* See page 815, post.

† *The Spencer Library, Ædes Althorpianae, Bibliographical Decameron, and The Tour.*

try; whilst I felt, and yet strongly feel, that the quantity of *employment* it occasioned, in addition to my own, was a species of PATRIOTISM which might challenge the approbation of the wise and the good. Indeed, on the present occasion, the support which I have derived from so numerous and so respectable a *List of Subscribers* seems in some measure to be a confirmation of the truth of this position; except that, in many instances, the warmth of individual friendship may have been the *preponderating* motive of action.

It was my first intention to have incorporated in these pages one entire chapter designated as "*Flowers of the Olden Time;*" but my materials increased so abundantly, and appeared to be of such varied and edifying interest, that I resolved, rather than execute such a task superficially, to omit it altogether.

" Full many a FLOWER is born to bloom unseen,  
And waste its fragrance in the desert air."

One of the greatest Collectors, in times past, of these "*Flowers,*" was the celebrated ARCHBISHOP PARKER:—whose MSS., deposited in Corpus College, Cambridge, are *yet* to be made known. Here also are deposited

the Original THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, with the subscribing autographs of the respective bishops; of late rendered familiar to us by the very curious and instructive volume of Dr. Lamb\*. Considering that Nasmith was the first to break ground in this very extraordinary collection of MSS. collected by the Archbishop, and

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\* Dr. Lamb's work is a quarto volume, printed at the University Press of Cambridge in 1829, of which only 250 copies were struck off. It is "curious and instructive," as containing, 1. An Historical Account of the Thirty-Nine Articles, from the first promulgation of them in 1553, to their final establishment in 1571, *with two plates of fac similes*. 2. An exact copy of the Articles of Edward VI., in 1553, at the end of the little book entitled "*Catechismus Brevis Christianæ Religionis*." The parts printed in red ink were omitted in the Articles of 1562. 3. An exact copy of the Latin Manuscript of the Articles of 1562; each page, line, and word corresponding with the original, with *fac similes of the signatures of the Archbishops and Bishops*. 4. A facsimile of the "LITTLE BOOK," to which the Act of Parliament of 13 Elizabeth refers. 5. An exact copy of the English MS. of the Articles of 1571, each page, line, and word corresponding with the original; *with fac similes of the signatures of the Archbishops and Bishops*. 6. The Latin edition of Day, printed under the direction of Bishop Jewel in 1571. 7. The English edition of Jugg and Cawood, printed under the direction of Bishop Jewel in 1571. Each of these pieces has a distinct pagination. The reader can scarcely doubt of the importance of such a work in something beyond a merely *bibliographical* point of view.

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DESIGNED BY P. HARRADEN FROM THE ORIGINAL IN CORPUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

that his Catalogue\* professes to contain only the heads or titles of the several pieces examined, posterity is under no small obligation to him for his exertions †.

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\* His catalogue was published in the Latin language in 1777, 4to. with a copy, by Tyson, of Hogenberg's rare portrait of the Archbishop facing the title. It must not be supposed that the contents of this volume have an exclusive reference to theological subjects. Far from it: philology in every department will be found in it; and *poetry* and epistolography in English as well as in Latin. *Inter alia*, look at page 54, for a specimen of the "Romance of St. Grayl."

" *Thanne passeth forth this storye with al  
That is cleped of som men SEYNT GRAAL,  
Also the SANK RYAL icleped it is  
Of mochel peple with owten mys.*"

But, as a whole, this library is yet a sort of TERRA INCOGNITA.

† It had been a joyous day for me, some six years ago, to have been present at the commemoration of the close of the third centenary, or jubilee, celebrated at Corpus, of the election of their illustrious Archiepiscopal President to the Mastership of the College. On that *emphatic* occasion, all the plate left to the College by the Archbishop was exhibited upon the banqueting-table.

The OPPOSITE ENGRAVING of the *Salt-cellar* of the Archbishop is taken from a drawing by R. B. Harraden, Esq. of Cambridge, from the original plate—of silver and gold: being precisely one half the dimensions of the original. The drawing is now in the possession of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth; he being the NINETEENTH successor of Matthew Parker. It is most faithfully executed by the burin of M. Audinet.

But although the "*Flowers*" of which I had contemplated the gathering, might not have been of such ancient growth or pungent fragrance as those in the library of Archbishop Parker, yet, I think, from the subjoined specimen\*, the reader would not have ob-

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\* Of all men, living or dead, it strikes me that not ONE would have relished the ensuing "anecdote" more than the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.:—and I feel abundantly persuaded that he would have contrived to have brought the venerable EARL OF SHREWSBURY, or some similar character—for the sake of his *speech*—into one of his historical novels. I selected this "sparkling bit" from a very grave but wholesome treatise—supposed to have been written by our *Archbishop Himself*, and printed in the black letter by Jugge, without date, in the reign of Elizabeth—having for title, "*The Defence of Priestes Marriages*," 4to.

"It chanced that there came a French ambassador to the king's highness, King Henry the Eight (I trust God hath his soul) with letters, I trow, from the French king, not long before that sent to him from the holy father of Rome. This ambassador, sitting at the counsel table, began to set up a stout countenance, with a weak brain, and *carped* French exceedingly fast; which he thought should have been his only sufficient commendation of them all, that were at the table, that he could speak so readily. The matter of his talk was universal everywhere. But the substance was, partly, much noting the *gluttony of Englishmen*, which devoured so much victual in the land: partly, magnifying the great utility and necessity of the *French tongue*, which he noted to be almost throughout the world *frequented*. And in his conference, he marvelled of divers noblemen that were present, for that they could not keep

jected to a more general acquaintance with them.

him talk, or yet could not so much as understand him, to perceive his great wit.

“ Among the number of the lords, there sat the old honourable Captain, the Lord *Earl of Shrewsbury*, looking at his meat, and gave neither ear nor countenance to this *folie* man, but gave others leave to talk, and sat, as he might, shaking head, and hands, in his palsy, which was testimony enough, whether he were not in his days a warrior, lying abroad in the field, to take *air* (qu?) of the ground. This French ambassador was offended with him; and said, ‘ What an honour were it for yonder Old Nobleman, if he could speak the French tongue. Surely, it is a great lack to his nobility?’ One of the lords that kept him talk, asking first leave of this *monsire* to report part of the communication to the Lord Shrewsbury, made report thereof, yet in most courteous manner, with easy and favourable rehearsal, as might touch a truth.

“ When he heard it, where before his head, by the great age, was almost grovelling on the table, he roused himself up in such wise, that he appeared, in length of body, as much as he was thought ever in all his life before. And knitting his brows, he laid his hand on his dagger, and set his countenance in such sort, that the French *hardie* ambassador turned colour wonderfully. ‘ Saith the French whoreson so?’ saith he; ‘ marry, tell the French dog again, by sweet St. Cuthbert, if I knew that I had but one pestilent French word in all my body, I would take my dagger and dig it out—before I rose from the table. And tell that *tawnie* whoreson again, howsoever he have been hunger-starved himself at home in France, that if we should not eat our beasts, and make victual of them as fast as we do, they would so increase beyond measure, that they would make victual of *us*, and eat us up.’

“ When these words were reported again to the French

The principal, and indeed besetting, difficulty against which I have had to struggle, has been the constant introduction, if not obtrusion, of *Self*. I have been inevitably compelled to put that "Self" in the foreground, as it were, of every picture delineated; but not, I trust, at the expense of injuring the effect of the middle or background of the composition. The reader will perhaps admit the impracticability of rendering the matter otherwise; but to console, or to reconcile him, he may be assured that in most instances the middle or background will be found to be the *most picturesque* or *instructive* portion of the picture. To keep up the metaphor. TIME, which is of so much use in mellowing the colours and blending the tints of the *pencil*, seems to be not less occasionally serviceable in harmonising the productions of the *pen*. Much that may appear raw or glaring, in the following pages, may, in the course of a few revolving years,

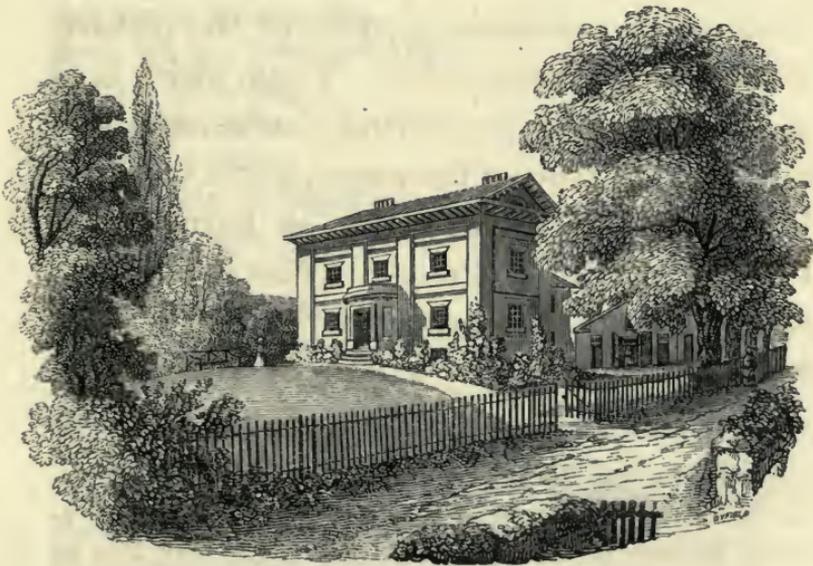
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guest, he spoiled no more victual at the dinner after that, but drank wondrous oft; which, whether it was his *convenance*, because he had left talking, or whether for that he was inwardly dry, the reporter of this tale could tell me no further; but said, that his eyes were never off him [the Earl of Shrewsbury] all that dinner while after!"—P. 128.

assume a milder and a more mellow tone. The hand, which has recorded the events or characters described therein, will have ceased to act; and we may be then induced to tolerate, for the sake of the *Dead*, what with reluctance we should concede to the claims of the *Living*. Posterity will hold with an even hand the balance of literary merit and literary claims; and in that balance I hope to be found among those writers "who," in the language of Johnson, "have given ARDOUR TO VIRTUE AND CONFIDENCE TO TRUTH."

T. F. D.

*Exning Vicarage, Dec. 1, 1835.*





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## CORRECTIONS.

- Page 18, line 3 from bottom, *for* occupy, *read* occupies.  
— 19, — 12, “(called a Snow,” &c.  
— 151, — 10 from bottom, *for* National, *read* Cabinet.  
— 235, — 11 from bottom, *for* in, *read* as.  
— 277, — 8 from bottom, *for* Langton, *read* Langdon.  
— 314, — 9 from bottom, *for* geniman, *read* gentleman.  
— 319, — 17 of note, *for* contiguities, *read* Antiquities.  
— — 26 of note, *for* know, *read* knew.  
— 324, — 5 of note, *for* have, *read* having.  
— 327, — 10 from bottom, *for* History of Durham, *read* History  
of the county of Durham.  
— 358, — last but one, *for* 18, *read* 81.  
— 375, — 8 of note, *for* Stedmere, *read* Sledmere.  
— 396, — 5 of note, *for* Niebührh, *read* Niebühr.  
— 397, — 6 of text, *for* loco, *read* foco.  
— 459, — 3 of note, *for* through, *read* throughout.  
— — 18 of note, *for* Roxburghe, *read* Buccleugh.  
— 595, *for* superveni, *read* supervenit.  
— 665, bottom line, *for* When, *read* Where.  
— 683, line 3 of note, *for* Doubtlessly, *read* Doubtless.

Page 195. The “Two Pilgrims in Grey” was published in one of Mr. Ackermann’s “Forget me not,” with a plate from a drawing by Westall.

Page 384. The anecdote here recorded of the death of Mr. James Boswell, was *not* communicated to me by Mr. Markland; but by a common friend of the deceased and myself.



# REMINISCENCES,

§c. §c. §c.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### PARENTAL HISTORY.

---

“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies !”

COWPER : *Verses on his Mother's Portrait.*

AFTER a good deal of anxious consideration, I have resolved to begin quite at the beginning. I have resolved, from a conscientious impulse which it were as difficult to describe as I find it to be impossible to resist,—to start, on these REMINISCENCES, with a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of my *Parents*. And yet, I have not the slightest remembrance of them. They both died when I had scarcely attained my fourth year ; but not without leaving behind those testimonies or memorials, of worth and excellence, mingled with too many evidences of misfortune and affliction, which render such memorials too permanently engraven on the mind of their offspring.

My father, Thomas Dibdin, was the TOM BOWLING of his younger brother, Charles Dibdin: a name, synonymous with all that is incomparable in the nautical ballad-poetry of our country. Charles Dibdin, my paternal uncle, made the Ocean the principal element of his muse. No poet before him had ever dwelt so much, and almost so exclusively, upon its characteristics and attributes. He peopled it with a set of human beings peculiarly his own. Whether its surface were rippled with the breeze, or its depths agitated by the storm, the sailor that was borne upon that surface was always the genuine Tar of Great Britain. Whether directing his course “under easy sail \*” into the harbour where parent, wife, or former messmate might dwell—whether rushing into the shock of battle, or braving the wild uproar of the elements †—still, the love of kindred

\* “ Sweet is the ship, that, under sail,  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale,  
 Sweet, oh! sweet, the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the labouring oar,  
 That tugs us to our native shore.  
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to man,  
 Sweet sailing in the favouring breeze;  
 But oh, much sweeter than all these,  
 Is Jack’s delight—his LOVELY NAN.”

† “ Blow high, blow low,  
 Let tempests tear the mainmast by the board!—”

In this wild ballad, which has ever struck me as one of the most spirited and tender of its class, and which was also the author’s *first sea-song*, the sailor solaces himself, in the very phrensy of the elements,

“ In hopes, on shore  
 To be once more ”

with *Her*, who divides with him the empire of his heart. The following

and of country was ever uppermost in that sailor's bosom. And how admirably was the ocean itself, under every varying breeze and climate, under every

---

is singularly sweet and tranquil, after the violence and bluster of the preceding.

“ And on that night, when all the crew  
 The memory of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweathearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee:  
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,  
 The burden of my song shall be,  
 Blow high, blow low !” &c.

The sentiment of Dibdin's Sailor is peculiarly his own. It is never degraded by vulgarity, nor enervated by that sort of mawkish sensibility which might be construed into cowardice. So felicitously, sometimes, is the tender passion described, that, in ordinary life, one would think it to be the sole inmate of a sailor's bosom. The Corydons and Damons, which cut such a figure in the days of “good Queen Anne,” seem, comparatively, to have been mere mechanical puppets—the vehicles of whining exclamation and artificial rapture. Let—but among thousands of beauties the task of selection is at once unnecessary and endless—only let the reader select *that* which begins

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,—

where, at the conclusion of each stanza, our honest tar solaces himself with “looking on the moon and thinking of his Nancy.” Can any thing exceed the natural tenderness of the conclusion of the second and third stanzas? The other sailors are indulging themselves in the clamorous mirth of the “grog,” when our tar is little disposed to sympathise with their merriment.

“ I, little to their mirth inclined,  
 While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy;  
 And my warm sighs increased the wind—  
 Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

“ Round went the can, the jest, the glee,  
 While tender wishes filled each fancy;  
 And when, in turn, it came to me,  
 I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.”

dark shadow and golden gleam, depicted by the same felicitous pencil!

I have said that my father was the Tom Bowling described in the well-known and justly-celebrated ballad of Charles Dibdin's beginning thus :

" Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor TOM BOWLING,  
The darling of our crew : " &c.

From what I have been able to learn, his figure was tall, robust, and proportionate ; in strict accordance with the words of the same ballad—

" His form was of the manliest beauty \*,  
His heart was kind and soft."

But, with reference to the " battle"—as alluded to in the text—what is there of ballad-composition that approaches, within many degrees, the "*Poor Jack*" of Charles Dibdin? How thoroughly wise, good, brave, gentle, and considerate, are the sentiments there uttered—and yet the whole ballad is so mixed up with frequent and quaint technical phrases, or expressions, as to render it perfectly characteristic and inimitable. I remember when this ballad was heard upon almost every hand-organ in the street ; as often with, as without, the words. From the town it quickly circulated into the country. In the uplands and lowlands—by plough-boy, or waggoner—among " hewers of wood and drawers of water,"—its cheering burden

" There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft  
To keep watch for the life of *Poor Jack*,"

seemed to smooth the brow of care and to soften the severity of toil. The religious complexion of the whole ballad is obviously striking and instructive. The author parted with his share or property in it too soon ; and the purchaser is said to have realised *five hundred pounds* by this INDIVIDUAL BALLAD !

\* The reader will probably smile at the following anecdote. So singularly were the days of my youth past, that I had never seen any one who had had personal knowledge of my father. But, towards my twenty-

It should seem that, from early youth the ruling passion in each brother quickly and powerfully developed itself. My father took to the sea; and with such zeal and success, that, at the age of twenty-five (1756) he commanded the "Eagle Gally," a sloop-of-war—in the chops of the Bristol Channel—carrying twenty-eight guns, with a complement of two hundred and twenty men. My uncle, after an education for the church, at Winchester school, became a candidate, at the age of fourteen, for the situation of organist to the cathedral. His youth alone, is said to have stood in the way of his success. At the precocious age of sixteen, he wrote and composed an opera, in two acts, called the *Shepherd's Artifice* \*."

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first year, being in company with an elderly gentleman who knew him well, some one asked "if I resembled my parent?" "Not at all,"—says the gentleman, "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow!" That "his heart was kind and soft," there are too powerful, and at the same time, too melancholy, evidences to prove. One, who knew him well, described him to me as "among the kindest-hearted men alive."

\* I have given but a brief and an unworthy outline of the talents of Charles Dibdin. He is supposed to have written about twelve hundred lyrical and dramatical pieces in the course of his career. His intellectual fecundity seems to have been inexhaustible. Of these pieces, the opera and farce of *Lionel and Clarissa*, and *The Padlock* will place him amongst the most successful contributors to the stage. The music is peculiarly his own; and his performance of *Mungo*, in the *Padlock*, has, I understand, been rarely equalled—and never surpassed. It received the warmest eulogies of Garrick. I had but a very slight knowledge of him—never having conversed with him but once; just before my coming of age. He was then in the plenitude of fame and wealth. The unrivalled excellence of his *Sans Souci* brought crowds to his theatre; and the publication and copyright of his Songs (which he seems to have

Of my father's subsequent destiny, up to the period of his union with my mother (his second wife), the slenderest possible materials survive. Whether, during Lord Chatham's glorious administration, he led these two hundred and twenty men into action—victory or defeat—is mere matter of idle conjecture: it is certain that he never could have continued inactive. Enough of the short history of him, after his union with my mother, proves that *his* was a mind which neither courted nor could endure mere animal repose. Within three years after his command of the Eagle, my father married his first wife, of whose maiden name I am wholly ignorant. He seems to have been at this time in pretty easy circumstances, for I find a letter from his sister Penelope to Mrs. Dibdin, in which the latter is at once congratulated and envied on account of her good fortune. This letter is in part so racy and characteristic, that I scruple not to assign a portion of it to a place in the subjoined note\*. A daughter and son were the fruits of this marriage.

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composed by inspiration) were a source of yet greater income. He lived, however, as many distinguished men have lived before him, to see public admiration abate, and the streams of prosperity to flow in contracted channels. He died in 1814, in his sixty-ninth year.

*Southton, [Southampton], Jan. 1759.*

\* DEAR SISTER,—I received your letter. A kind one, I won't call it: for I had prided myself on receiving a long letter from you—and at last comes a few lines, with hardly an account of your health, or of that of one of my friends. But, however, I must forgive you now, and flatter

There is too good reason to believe that this marriage was soon clouded by sinister events, totally unconnected with incompatibility of temper or disunion of principle. In the year 1772 he became a widower, his wife dying while he was abroad. What directed his views to India, is altogether undiscoverable; but finding no employment during the peace, he became a "Rover" upon the Indian Ocean, and in the year 1775, at Calcutta, married ELIZABETH COMPTON, my mother.

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myself with that pleasure in answer to this. Dear sister, oh how I envy your happiness!—Yes, let me say I envy you—because I can't partake of it: but, at the same time, I am sure you don't think I wish you less. No, may you abound in all the happiness this life can afford, till I wish it less—and then you will be completely happy! For my part, I am quite a dull stupid creature: know nothing of what's done in the world—or hardly partake of the social joys of company or conversation. I live in as much obscurity as if I lived in the remotest corner of the earth: as much a recluse as if I were a nun. My dear mother is all the company I have: who, to be sure, is the most indulgent mother that ever a child had. But you know, my dearest sister, that it is no good for a child to be always under a mother's wing: and I have lived one-and-twenty years under (I wont use so harsh an expression to say a tyrannical father, but) one, whose commands are a little too severe; and I don't know but I may turn out this summer and seek my fortune: so if you know ever an old lady who wants a companion (but not an old man who wants a nurse) or a young lady that wants a confidante, I am at their service. And now I have told you my mind, you will excuse me when I say, that I envy you, or any body, that lives in so much gaiety," &c.

To this sister of my father, my mother, immediately on her marriage, wrote an affectionate letter; disclosing the event, and challenging her to a correspondence which might be beneficial as well as comforting to both parties. On this letter, my father has endorsed, "No answer ever returned." In all probability it never reached her.

A word, with the reader's leave, respecting that same mother. To me, she lives only by report and in her letters: letters, so tender and touching, so characteristic of a pious, cheerful, active, resigned, and happy disposition, developing, at the same time, no uncultivated talents or disputable taste, that, had the casket which contained them, and in which I found them on taking possession of my trifling inheritance, been "rifled of its sweets—" and thousands of *pagodas* substituted in their place—I should have considered the exchange as a *robbery* of the cruellest description. The inimitable Cowper seems to have wrought his fancy to the most painful, and yet natural, pitch of ecstasy, on a contemplation of his mother's portrait by the hand of *Art*. His was a representation of the external features. The portrait which it is *my* good fortune to possess, of a parent "pass'd into the skies," is wholly of the features of the *mind* and *heart*; and it is a portrait of which the colours are perennial\*. It is also a

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\* And yet I am not wholly destitute of a notion of her form and face. She was of middle stature, with a clear complexion, hazel eyes, and light brown hair; possessed of a colour so bright and blooming, that my maternal uncle and guardian, Mr. William Compton, used to tell me that there was no countenance on which he gazed with such thorough delight. He accompanied her to India, and returned in the vessel which took her over. Her cousin, Miss Boone, afterwards Mrs. Duke—wishing to make the description of her as epigrammatic as possible—has often said that she had "the colour of a milk-maid!" I never heard of her portrait having been executed by any artist.

I might perhaps be here indulged in the venial vanity of family

speaking portrait. It describes incidents as vividly, as naturally; overshadowed, however, occasionally with that "pale and sickly cast of thought," which is too often the result of frustrated schemes and blighted hopes. It is, however, more than negative consolation to know, that the period of her sufferings, as a widow, was short; indeed, the career of her wedded life scarcely reached beyond its fifth year.

Never was a union more warm and cordial; although, perhaps, little anticipated by either party on quitting their native shores. My mother had arrived in India in 1770\*, having been taken out by her brother, Captain Compton, in his own vessel,

relationship by my mother's side; but, without wishing to push the point with heraldic pertinacity (what will not heralds accomplish?) or feeling the least disappointment if the conclusion be drawn from false premises, it may be permitted me to say, that she was not only a COMPTON, but her family bore, in crest and shield, precisely the same form and motto as those of the illustrious family of NORTHAMPTON.

\* Her chief employment on her voyage was the making of house-wives (then a fashionable exercise of the needle), and copying copiously from the works of Milton and Pope: occasionally, however, "invoking the muse—" as I find some verses by her, "On seeing a Man buried at Sea, on board the Verelst, Captain Compton, when the Author was going to India," beginning thus:

" A fine large ship, in weather fair,  
Glides on the sea as if in air."

I also find the following verses, descriptive of her passage, written shortly after her arrival, and beginning thus:

" From India's bright and burning climes,  
I send apologies for rhymes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Twas fate commanded I should come,  
A wanderer from my native home;

the "Verelst;" a vessel, doomed to be wrecked\* on its return. Of her situation, employment, or course

God bless'd our ship in wind and weather,  
 And all was favourable together:  
 Our passage short, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

My first arrival, much surprised;  
 Could not have such a sight devised.  
 Blacks without clothes, a numerous crew,  
 My first attention blushing drew.  
 I look'd with wonder all around,  
 To find myself on steady ground.  
 In palanquins we stately ride,  
 With slaves attending by our side."

\* \* \* \* \*

Her affectionate disposition thus develops itself at the conclusion of this poetical epistle:

"Then blame me not, my friends most dear,  
 But let me often from you hear.  
 I'll kiss the lines with heart-felt glee,  
 When first your letter blesses me."

It seems that this voyage was undertaken in a state of extreme mental agony, which arose from her determination *not* to marry a husband selected for her by her uncle, Captain Frognall, and to whom she had the most decided personal objection. She missed her "coach and four," but she maintained her independence. Sir Charles Raymond (whom I can just remember when a little boy, from his mulberry-coloured suit covered with snuff, and his giving me several gentle pats on the head, with a large diamond flaming on his little finger) was particularly kind and considerate to her on her departure: acting quite the part of a guardian. It is evident, from some part of the poetical address above quoted, that she quitted England with a heavy heart, and with a deeply-fixed presage that she should return to it no more.

\* This shipwreck took place off the island of Mauritius. At midnight the vessel struck upon a reef of hidden rocks, and broke her back right in two. My uncle, Mr. William Compton, who accompanied his brother, the Captain, told me, that so tremendous was the concussion, he was thrown bolt upright in his berth. A melancholy yet instructive lesson is to be learned from the conduct of one individual on board.

of life, from her arrival to her marriage, I have been unable to glean any materials ; except that she seems to have had many kind and respectable friends, to whom she now and then showed her gratitude by courting her muse, and sending them her poetical effusions \*. If these effusions do not always run on "all fours," they do not betray a hopelessly *limping* pace.

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The only means of safety for the crew was the construction of a raft ; which being completed, every body was importuned to jump overboard, or descend upon it as quickly and cleverly as they could—the breakers beating a-head with an astounding uproar. The individual in question had 1500 double gold moors, which he wished to be his *companions* on the raft. He entreated my uncle, the captain, to take them under his special protection, adding, that "he would not charge him any *interest!*" My uncle, spurning his offer, told him he had not a moment to lose. The unhappy man could not bear the thought of parting with his *mammon*. He strapped the bag, in which the moors were contained, to his waist ; and making a leap to reach the raft, the weight of the "*precious metal*" paralysed his efforts. He fell greatly short of the raft, and sunk to rise no more.

\* Among these effusions are some of her happiest efforts: they are brief and epigrammatic. That "To Mrs. Mapleloft (a family with whom she was very intimate) on presenting the Author with a plain Gold Ring," begins thus:

" A plain gold ring was such a sight,  
It flutter'd all my senses quite ;  
As thoughts of the connubial kind  
Had ceased to occupy my mind."

I give the whole of that "To the fair Diana Coles, on spraining her ankle shortly after her marriage."

" Will you never cease romping, my dear married friend,  
Though sorrow and sadness must come in the end ?  
The single fair damsel may foot it away,  
With romping, and gadding, and any thing gay ;  
But when she is wedded, such doings should cease,  
If she hopes to enjoy what is true married peace.

My father was a widower of forty-four when he was united to my mother ; whose description of him, on her marriage, may perhaps be endured in its place below\*. He was then in command of a vessel

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Methinks I behold you, just hopping around,  
 One foot is quite off, t' other scarce on the ground ;  
 With one finger held up, and a smile on your face,  
 Which all, to be sure, has an exquisite grace ;  
 When lo ! what avails such sad tricks in a wife,  
 Her poor ancle's sprain'd, and the plague of her life ;  
 As a punishment due, she sits crying with pain,  
 And vows and declares that she 'll ne'er romp again."

The verses " On the Birthday of Mrs. Wynne, after her Recovery from a dangerous Illness," are in a grave and affecting strain ; while those " On presenting Miss Pearson with a Cup," begin in this sprightly manner :

" This little cup is made for you,  
 Sweet prattling Sally—will it do ?"

Those " Intended for the Tomb of Mrs. H. Ross," commence thus :

" See, cruel Death, with his destroying hand,  
 Hath cropp'd the fairest flower in Asia's land ;  
 Nor youth, nor innocence could aught avail,  
 Nor suppliant prayers, nor ardent vows prevail."

But enough. The Rosses seem always to have been the affectionate and constant friends of the author.

\* This description is contained in a long and particular letter to her uncle and aunt, Captain and Mrs. Frognall, in England, to whom she first made known the important fact of her marriage, and on the former of whom she wholly depended for her future support. It runs thus :—

" I am sure, my dear sir and madam, were you to see my husband, you would be much pleased ; for without partiality he has a great deal of true genuine humour : and every one allows that my Captain is a most entertaining companion. For example, he plays on the fiddle, the flute, and the drum :—sings a number of diverting songs ; and has a particular knack of telling stories with so much humour, that he would make you laugh from morning till night. And I really think there is no end to them : for he brings out some new ones every day. Added

called the Diana, the size of a large Indiaman. My mother was in her thirty-first year. They were married at Calcutta by *the first marriage licence* ever granted in India; under the chief-justiceship of Sir Elijah Impey, Knight. The original document is in my possession. For the first two years—at the termination of the second of which I was born—my mother resided wholly at Calcutta, my father making coasting voyages from thence to Madras. Here she received the attentions, and even experienced the friendships, of many leading characters of the place\*—secretly, however, sighing for a per-

to all this, he is quite of an active temper, and seems to mind his business with great diligence—which is, indeed, a most material thing:—for without it, the pot would boil but very slowly indeed. In short, though I may, perhaps, be called partial, yet I both name him and think him my *Tom of ten millions!*—for ten *thousand* is not giving him his full value!"

\* To the names mentioned in a preceding page, as those of some of her best friends, may be added those of Mr. Carter, Mrs. Palk, Mr. Coles, Captain Patton, and others—which are humourously recorded in a poetical scrap called "The Medley." None of those friends shewed her, perhaps, quite so much affectionate attention as Mrs. Johanna Ross; whose "chit" to her, in my possession, (although her name only is attached—as that of an aged person, from its mode of scription) is as follows:—"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Dibdin? Why am I to be deprived of a sight which you know will give pleasure to your old friend and well-wisher? So many days in the river, and not to call at my home, is something strange! There is a saying, 'out of sight, out of mind.' Some truth in that saying, is there not, dear Mrs. D.? Why yes, says you. Pray come, therefore, and spend the day with me before you go down. Do so, sauce-box—and oblige yours, sincerely,

JOHANNA ROSS.

"N. B.—Remember me kindly to your lord and master."

A name, yet DEARER to both husband and wife, will be disclosed in a few pages onwards.

manent residence at Madras: for the expense of house-rent, and the frequency of separation, did not contribute to the tranquillity of her mind. Add to which, the intense heat of Calcutta (she is always complaining of the "prickly heat"—a symptom, however, of sound health) made her anxious for a residence where the breeze was less burning, and the adjacent country more picturesque; as well as more immediately connected with her husband's occupations\*.

The reader must now be more exclusively made acquainted with my Father; whose adventures, or rather misfortunes, assume, in some instances, almost the stirring character of those recorded in a novel. They are, however, too indissolubly and too sadly founded upon FACT. Some slight mention has

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\* Of the long and trying separations which these "occupations" necessarily occasioned, my mother's epistles bear frequent and affecting evidence. It should seem that worldly matters were soon beginning to wear rather a rough aspect; for about the anniversary of her wedding-day, my mother writes thus to her absent husband:—"After having partaken of a hearty dinner of curry, I have the pleasure to take up my pen to tell my dear husband that I am well, and as happy as can be expected, considering my *separation* from the one I most love in all the world. My happiness does not consist in any prospect of good fortune. No, my dear; it is owing to a resignation to the divine will—who, in his 'own good time,' will open to view, or bring to pass, more pleasing circumstances than I have lately experienced, or am likely to experience in time to come." She, however, describes with complacency, in other letters, "her never being idle—for what with working, and reading, and writing (in the intervals of receiving friendly visits), the day never passes away unproductively." And in one particular letter she talks of having "just risen from her curry dinner, serenaded the whole time by three sweet songsters in cages."

been made of his being in possession of a "fine large merchant vessel," called the *Diana*, at the time of his marriage. In the spring of the same year (April, 1775) this vessel was hired to carry a company of seapoys, belonging to Captain Kelly's battalion, on the Madras establishment, from the port of Tillicherry to the presidency of Bombay. The Mahratta fleet, supposed to be abroad, was at that time both active and hostile, if not formidable; and my father was appointed, "by a majority of country commanders," commodore of a large fleet of merchant vessels bound in the same direction. The *Diana* mounted sixteen carriage guns, having on board thirty European sailors, the same number of Lascars, and one hundred rank and file of seapoys, with an officer. The contract for freight was managed by a Mr. Boddam; and the remuneration was distinctly understood to come from the Governor and Council of Bombay, through the intervention of a Mr. Hornby. A more treacherous contract was never executed. Twice the number of troops were put on board to what was originally agreed upon; and on my father's mentioning the difficulty, if not impracticability, of supplying so large a company with water from his own casks, he was told "the chief would put on board water sufficient for the passage, and proper provisions for the voyage." However, after lingering two days, neither additional water nor provisions made their appearance. The monsoon season was

coming on, and another twenty-four hours delay might have been perilous.

Accordingly, my father sailed, making all possible dispatch for Bombay; "but the southerly currents prevailing, he was obliged to put in at several places for want of water, and did not arrive in Bombay until the 19th of May—in all thirty days; carrying into that port only one leaguer of water, being in a heavy gale of wind, with the loss of the foremast. On the 20th the troops were landed; and some days after, an application was made for payment by Captain David Scott, in the name of the whole." What followed was rather curious, and, I should hope, so singular as never to have been repeated. "The thanks of the Governor and Council were given, but they did not think any of the ships entitled to any *pay* or *profit* whatsoever; alledging, that the troops were a protection to the several ships: forgetting that the Mahratta fleet was at this time stripped and laid up at Geriah, for the monsoon season."

The passages in inverted commas are taken from my father's memorial to the Commander-in-Chief, which concludes thus: "And your memorialist, knowing your high station as Commander-in-Chief of the Honourable Company's forces in India, takes the liberty of laying before you these particulars for your inspection and indulgence; begging leave to mention, at the same time, that the *Louisa*, Captain Tasker, received 10,000 Bombay rupees for a pass-

age of some troops from Madras to Bombay, which ship belonged to Mr. Hornby."

This memorial, so far from being written or pressed with precipitancy, was actually not written or presented till a twelvemonth after the accomplishment of the voyage. It is dated "*Calcutta, May 3, 1776.*" It was wholly ineffectual. Of what materials Mr. Hornby's conscience must have been composed, or upon what data of logic or justice the Governor and Council of Bombay issued their edict, it were now idle to conjecture. The transaction is a disgrace to all pretensions to honourable government. But a heavier calamity speedily befel the memorialist. In some subsequent enterprise, of which I have never been able to ascertain the particulars, the *Diana* foundered. This was a terrible blow to my father. All the consolation derivable from intense sympathy in the bosom of an affectionate wife, it was his lot to experience. My mother wrote to him in a strain of the warmest attachment and most entire Christian fortitude\*; solacing herself with a more successful result from another employment, of far greater im-

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\* The commencement of this letter is thus:—"My more than ever dear husband—for, believe me, if possible, I have loved you better since your misfortune in losing the *Diana*, than ever I did before: and I cannot help being angry with myself for not taking up my pen directly to tell you the real sentiments of my heart. That I was shocked on thinking of the dreadful accident is certain, as I was sure you must have suffered acutely when it happened. But a moment's reflection made me thankful for your preservation, and unrepining at the accident, as no lives were lost. In a minute, hard as the stroke was, I was blessed

portance, which had been somewhat mysteriously disclosed to her in her husband's letter. Of *that* employment, the last in which he was concerned, a more particular detail may be acceptable.

In the autumn of the same year (1776) commenced my father's intimacy with George Stratton, Esq., Governor of Fort St. George, Madras; and, through him, with the Nabob of Arcot. Just at this time public affairs should seem to have worn rather a suspicious aspect in that quarter. Lord Pigot, the Governor of Madras, and his right-hand counsellor, Mr. Stratton, appear to have subjected themselves to the probability of a severe scrutiny at head-quar-

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with fortitude sufficient to say, that I was sure it would eventually turn out for the best." A little onward she writes thus: "I was at Mrs. Ross's when Mr. Denham brought me your letter; and I assure you the old lady (see p. 13) behaved very kindly on the occasion: doing all she could to keep up my spirits, and telling me that her house should be my home in the time of your absence, if you got another ship," &c. "Believe me, my Tom, by your frequent and affectionate letters you have endeared yourself greatly to your Betsy; but to answer them all now in particular would be needless, as I am in hopes you will not be in Madras when this arrives."

In the letter just alluded to, my father had hinted to her the probable engagement with the Nabob of Arcot and Mr. Stratton, governor of Fort St. George, though, doubtless, in indirect, if not obscure, terms: to which my mother thus replies: "But though I will not answer all your letters, yet I cannot help noticing *that* wherein you mention that you have a prospect in view which must not transpire till it takes place, as a premature disclosure might mar all. The thoughts of that prospect (I will not say more for fear of accidents to this letter) gave me such pleasure, that I cried for joy by myself." The "prospect" here alluded to occupy the above pages of the text. It was at this moment tinged with a golden hue. My poor mother had reason enough to shed tears of a different description on its realization!

ters in Leadenhall-street; and before any serious and final measures should be resorted to, *there*, it was peremptorily necessary to make an early and favourable impression in behalf of the Madras governor. An over-land dispatch appeared to be the only likely plan to accomplish this; and a navigator and negotiator of adroitness and experience was instantly required to carry that plan into effect—by a dispatch up the Red Sea, to the isthmus of Suez, and from thence to Grand Cairo, and so on to England. My Father was pitched upon as the man. He had just purchased a small trading vessel called a (*Snow* in that country), of 180 tons burthen, for 1800 star pagodas; and with this it was resolved that he should undertake the voyage, at the rate of 800 star pagodas per month. The vessel, named the *Expedition*, was then lying at Pondicherry; but it was ordered round immediately to Trincomalee bay, in the island of Ceylon, for the purpose of my father's joining her. Not relying upon the efficacy of the nabob's promise of remuneration, my father told Mr. Stratton that he must lean entirely upon *himself*. Mr. Stratton replied, that his word and honour were at issue in the final and satisfactory settlement of this important transaction. On the 14th of October, a written charter-party was drawn up, and its contents were approved by Mr. Stratton. The next day it was read to the Nabob of Arcot by a Mr. Macpherson. The nabob entirely approved; but said "it was beneath the dignity of a prince to sign it!" On men-

tioning this to Mr. Stratton, the latter said “never mind the nabob’s not signing it, I will see every thing settled to your satisfaction, according to my agreement.”

Upon the strength of these repeated assurances, my father prepared to get his officers and a select crew in readiness, and to wait the final instructions of his employers for departure. An unnecessary delay intervened. It was promised to advance 2000 star-pagodas on account; for immediate expenses were heavy, and the contingencies of a voyage up the Red Sea—at that time considered of precarious, if not perilous, achievement—demanded the utmost foresight, and a supply of every thing which might be obtainable, in case of sudden emergencies, by means of money. After a pretty palpable specimen of shuffling and prevarication, 1000 star-pagodas only were advanced; and not till December the 16th, towards midnight, did my father receive his final instructions—being “a large paper packet, directed to the Hon. Company of East India Directors, at India House, in Leadenhall-street.” But, as if the safety of the entire settlement depended upon the issue of this enterprise, he first received, from a Captain Wolley, the following pertinent note. “*To Captain Dibdin. You are to read this when you go on board, and not before.*” On getting on board he read as follows :

“Orders from the Nabob Wallajau, &c. *To Captain Thomas Dibdin. You are not to carry a single*

*letter except from Governor Stratton.*" With the "large paper packet" to the East India Directors, were delivered the final instructions from Governor Stratton, accompanied by the following letter.

"SIR—The accompanying packet will give you instructions for your future proceedings; and I can only add thereto, that no person whatsoever is to know your destination, and of course that your vessel is to be employed on no other service but for the dispatch of the packet. Enclosed are your written instructions, which are to be opened in a *certain latitude*: and you know that such is your agreement with His Highness the Nabob: and that your fulfilling the same in the strictest sense will alone entitle you to the freight he has engaged to pay you. This he requests I will communicate to you, and I advise you to be punctual in the performance. I am, Sir, &c. GEORGE STRATTON. *Fort St. George, Dec. 15, 1776:*" and sealed with the Company's seal.

"But there was yet another "note of preparation" before departure. It was necessary to have a passport from the Nabob\*; and Mr. Sullivan, the military secretary, delivered a notification that the packet was not to be broken open till my father had reached the latitude 09° 00' north. On the 23d January, 1777, on reaching this latitude, and "being to the

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\* The passport runs thus:—"In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Praise be to God, the Lord of Worlds: and prayer

eastward of Anjingo," he opened his instructions ; and read another yet more particular letter from Governor Stratton, which could leave no doubt as to the *importance* and *delicacy* of the mission entrusted to him. A letter, written in a more thorough spirit of diplomacy—more circumspect, particular, and imperative—could scarcely have been penned ; as the reader shall judge from a faithful transcript of it below \*. Owing to the delays and consequent tardiness of setting sail, my father did not leave the Malabar coast till very late ; and springing a leak, with other accidents, he did not get to Suez that

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and salutation to our Lord and Master Mahomet (who is the best of ancients and moderns) and to his descendants and friends in general.

“Whereas this dispatch from the sovereign of the Carnatic (where he governs) to the territories of the potentates, ameers, and nobility of Arabia (whom may God for ever preserve, and bless their mornings and evenings) imports, that his friend CAPTAIN DIBDIN, of the ship called *Expedition*, is sent to the famous port of Suez (belonging to the Grand Signor) with letters to the powers of Europe upon matters of importance to the welfare of Mussulmen ; he therefore hopes, from their goodness, that they will permit the said Captain Dibdin, with his ship, to pass through their dominions, and prevent their being impeded by their subjects or soldiers. ADIEU.” The foregoing is a literal translation by a Captain G. Mackay.

\* SIR—The Nabob has acquainted me that he has freighted your vessel for a certain time, and has requested of me to give you what instructions I thought necessary for the execution of the purposes for which your vessel is intended. In consequence of this request made to me by His Highness, and the instructions received from him, I am to desire you will, on the receipt hereof, make the best of your way to the *port of Suez* ; at which place you are to remain for a packet or packets of letters from the East India Company for this Presidency ; or from Col. Capper to the Nabob or myself ; which packets you will take charge of, and immediately return to this place ; taking particular care that neither yourself nor officers mention any news that may come to your

season. At Juddah, in the direct way thither, he had the misfortune to have his "thigh shivered by lightning." A sudden and severe illness ensued; but, preparing for the worst, and rousing all his energies to carry the mission into execution, (having made his Will) he dispatched his second officer, Mr. George Romaine, to the port of Suez, under very special instructions, enclosing the passport of the Nabob, to carry Governor Stratton's packet from thence to Grand Cairo, and to deliver it, at that place, into the hands of George Baldwin, Esq. Mr. Romaine was dispatched up the Red Sea in a large

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knowledge, or any circumstances whatever, to any person: for I must remark to you, that SECRECY is to be observed in every transaction now committed to your charge.

"The packets herewith delivered to you, being of the greatest importance, you will take the most particular care of them; and on your arrival at Suez, you will leave your vessel in charge of your first officer, and proceed immediately with them to Mr. Baldwin at Grand Cairo, to whom you will deliver them, and consult with him about the most expeditious and safe method with which these packets may be forwarded from thence to England. And that every precaution be taken, I am to desire you will direct Mr. Romaine (your second officer) to accompany you to Grand Cairo, that in case Mr. Baldwin should be at a loss for a trusty person to take charge of these packets from thence, that Mr. Romaine may proceed with them to England. The accompanying letter for Mr. Baldwin I put under a flying seal for your perusal, that you may receive every instruction on this subject which I can give you, relative to the service on which you are employed. I rely on diligence and attention in the execution thereof, and am to desire you will advise me, by every opportunity, of whatever occurrences may come to your knowledge, and that you send me what newspapers you can procure. I wish you a good passage, and am, Sir, your most obedient servant (Signed) GEORGE STRATTON." Sealed with the Company's seal.

boat, to the port of Suez ; my father lying at anchor in the Mocha road. From Suez the former pursued his journey across the desert, in caravans, to Grand Cairo, and reached that place on the 7th of June. He appears to have conducted himself throughout like an honest and intelligent person : and although uneducated, his letters and accounts current\* with my father prove the particularity and fidelity with which *his* part in the transaction was conducted. On his return from Grand Cairo to Suez, he charges only sixteen dollars “for the hire of four camels across the desert.”

On the 4th of July following, Mr. Baldwin wrote to my father, then at Mocha, the following very im-

\* One of the most curious of his letters is that dated from *Yamboo*, 30th April, 1777, in his way from Juddah to Suez, where the Vizier and Murbar of Juddah are described as being upon a pretty good understanding with each other on the score of cheating, and where Mr. Romaine was obliged to submit to almost any terms for the pilotage and provisioning of his boat up to Suez. When he thought all matters duly settled, he was obliged to pay “four dollars for a guard along the coast, part of the way, to prevent the *Burdore* from attacking them :” and this, in spite of the passport of his “Highness of the Carnatic !”

In his General “Account Current,” among the items charged during his residence at Grand Cairo, is one “for making up a country suit of clothes, forty-three dollars ;” another, “to a country dress, a present to the Sheriff *Tor*, for his assistance, forty-nine dollars.” This account was closed by the payment of 400 dollars by George Baldwin, Esq., on account of the Hon. George Stratton, being a letter of credit, for which he gave his receipt. It may just as well be observed, that the expense of hiring this boat, or small vessel, from Juddah to Suez, cost my father 1375 Arcot rupees ; for which he drew a set of bills on Governor Stratton, at fifteen days sight, but whether ever honoured, is unknown.

portant letter; from the conclusion of which the reader will observe that a *breeze* of no ordinary description was likely to be *stirring* at Madras.

“ TO CAPTAIN THOMAS DIBDIN, AT MOCHA.

“ *Cairo, 4th July, 1777.*

“ SIR,—I was favoured with your letter from Mr. Romaine, who arrived at Cairo on the 7th of June, in the afternoon; and the packet from the Honourable the President and Council of Madras for the Court of Directors, was consigned safe to me, and forwarded on the 8th following, per Alexandria. As the conveyance from hence to any part of Europe is as safe, and so much more expeditious by the ordinary couriers, than it possibly can be by a gentleman on purpose, I dissuaded Mr. Romaine from proceeding any further. I ordered my agent at Alexandria to freight a small vessel to take the packet to Smyrna, where it most probably would arrive in twelve days, and from thence it would require thirty-three days more to reach England. At this season of the year the passage to Marseilles is very uncertain. Mr. Romaine had a very dangerous and fatiguing voyage from Juddah, and merits the reward which was appointed for him, if he had been the conductor of the packet all the way. Had a person been necessary, I should most certainly have concurred with your recommendation in confiding this packet to his care. It seems, by the advices which accompany this from England, that *great vacancies must be made in the board of Madras, and that all parties will be required to plead their causes personally in England.*

“ I shall be very happy to oblige you in your particular commands, and am, with respect, Sir, your devoted humble servant, GEORGE BALDWIN.”

This letter was not received by my father till he had arrived at Madras; as his physicians had advised him to leave Mocha, on account of his uniformly bad health during his continuance in the Red Sea. He left Mocha on the 9th of June, giving charge of the “ Expedition ” to his first officer, Robert Rutherford; with a letter of very particular instructions, in which I find, for the first time, mention made of “ the return of *Lord Pigot's packet,*

sent to Europe at the same time with Governor Stratton's." Was it a race between the two for priority of claim or hearing?

The sequel is briefly narrated, involving a tale of a sufficiently melancholy complexion. On returning to Madras, July 23, 1777, my father waited upon Governor Stratton with his accounts, which were approved; and afterwards, waiting upon the Nabob, presented him with a letter from the Vizier of Juddah. He was requested to come again as soon as his health would permit him, and in the mean time to get ready his general account. He did so, and in September brought it in; by which it appeared that the hire of the vessel for ten months, at 800 star pagodas per month, amounted to 8000 star pagodas, from which was to be deducted the advance of 1000 star pagodas—leaving a balance due of 7000. This account, through the intervention of Mr. Stratton, was laid before the Nabob, and approved by him; and the former told my father that "he should in a little time receive the most part of the balance in money, and the remainder by a negotiable order." "This," adds my father, "Mr. Stratton firmly promised, on his word of honour, he would do for me; but when he went from Madras, he left the business ENTIRELY UNFINISHED." Meanwhile, Captain Rutherford pursued his voyage in the Expedition from Mocha to Madras; but (from the original document in my possession) he met with such terribly adverse weather, as to cripple the ves-

sel, and render her scarcely sea-worthy; so that he was obliged to go into Bombay to refit. As no assets were put into my father's hands from the Nabob to pay the officers and the crew, the latter necessarily became clamorous for indemnification. Mr. Romaine, the second officer, had agreed to accept the sum of 233*l.* on the faith of the Nabob's promised letter of credit or bond; but for the indemnification of Captain Rutherford and the ship's company, fifty in number, no resource was left but the *sale of the vessel*. This was a heart-breaking expedient; but necessity prompted it, and she was sold to one Lewis Baretto for 3500 rupees. Considering her damaged state, the result might have been more disastrous. This amount just about squared the claims of Captain Rutherford for himself personally (as chief mate and as commander), and for his disbursements. The sale took place in July, 1778.

There are *other* bosoms than those of a *Son* which would be moved at such a sequel as this. I know not the precise period of Mr. Stratton's departure; but I do know that, some thirty-seven years ago, I waited upon him—then, apparently, a very old man—and shewing him his own handwriting, asked him “how these things could be?” Soft words were all I got in reply. To return to the sufferer. My father's career was now rapidly verging to its close. He was in fact a broken-hearted man. There appeared to be only one resource left. Sir Thomas Rumbold, who had suc-

ceeded Mr. Stratton as President of Fort St. George, was a character of known humanity and generosity; and to *him* my father resolved to make a direct appeal, in a strain of equal simplicity, diffidence, and pathos. The reader will endure a portion of it, which commences by saying that “the all of a poor but honest man was involved in the issue of his transaction with the Nabob.” It continues thus: “embarrassed in his circumstances by the recent loss of a vessel, in which he had embarked the fruit of a whole life’s labour, he was but just beginning to emerge from his difficulties, and had a hope that the produce of this voyage, doubly secured (as he thought) by the promise of a prince and the undertaking of the governor of the settlement, would, ere now, have enabled him to make new efforts for an independence—which he now finds is only to be effected by the interposition of some gentleman, whose situation in the Presidency gives him a certain claim to attention at the durbar. Thus circumstanced, he knows not to whom he can with more propriety, or with a better prospect of supply, apply, than to YOURSELF: which he now presumes to do—hoping that your benevolent interposition will not be wanting at this crisis of his fortune.”

Luckily, at this crisis, the office of *Master Attendant at Nagore* became vacant; and I believe it was exclusively through Sir Thomas Rumbold’s instrumentality that my father was appointed to fill it. He entered upon its duties with alacrity and

steadiness. In his first letter from thence, (10th Aug. 1779,) to Henry Norris, Esq., he describes it as “a settlement, which, if properly attended to, might be one of the finest places in India—especially for shipping. It has a bay eighteen feet deep at low water; and the bar can, by a little trouble and expense, be made capable of admitting large ships over it.” In a second letter, to Col. Maclellan, of Tanjore, he adheres to his opinion that “it might be made one of the finest places in India;” and adds, in a P. S., that “he had surveyed the river, the island, the bay, and land adjacent; and sent the marine draught to the Board, which had been pleased to compliment him, and to ‘express their entire satisfaction thereupon.’” But the eligibility or advantage of the situation would necessarily depend upon its *salary*. Gen. (Sir Thomas) Munro, with Mr. Secretary Sullivan and Mr. Stanhope, supported by the promise of the governor, Sir Thomas Rumbold, were anxious that this salary should be seventy pagodas per month; but, to my father’s astonishment and chagrin, he received an order from Council \* that he “stood on the books

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\* In his last letter to Sir Thomas Rumbold, dated Oct. 6, 1779—and in which my father disclosed to him his final resolution to leave India, and return to England as soon as might be, in consequence of some little property left to my mother—he says, in allusion to this disappointment, “I thought you would have been able to fix the salary you were so obliging as to promise, but I am afraid it did not meet the approbation of the rest of the gentlemen; and should there be a salary now thought of, I fear it must come out of your private purse; a circum-

only as Master Attendant of Nagore, without salary." The proceeds, or perquisites of the place, depended entirely upon boats touching there; and these did not average eighteen pagodas per month. To be sure, a brisk trade might have been pushed on; but a brisk trade required something like a brisk capital to begin with; and of *that*, as the reader will necessarily infer, my father was wholly deprived. There was, therefore, but one alternative left—to make a resolute effort to get possession of the bond of the Nabob, upon which two years' interest were now due. And as both his health and prospects were daily diminishing, and as about this time intelligence had arrived of some little property having been left to my mother, by the death of her uncle, CAPTAIN FROGNALL, my father lost no time in placing his affairs in the hands of respectable agents; and, assigning to the trustees of Mr. DARKE, his principal creditor, the bond in question\*, he prepared

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stance which would hurt me much." After another recapitulation of the ruinous trip to Suez, and adverting to the Nabob's consolidated bond, upon which two years' interest then remained due, he observes thus: "But, as that undertaking has ruined both my health and pocket, was I so lucky as to have some friend to advance the *capital* of the bond, without the interest, it would make a whole family happy; as I could then settle all my business to my satisfaction in Madras—pay my passage to England—have some little matter left—and look joyously forward to the future." He then begs the interposition of Sir Thomas about securing him a passage in a Danish vessel which should sail from Tranquebar the approaching season.

\* Mr. Charles Darke was one of the principal, if not *the* principal trading merchants of Madras, but his concerns with the Nabob of Arcot had subjected him to immense embarrassment; indeed, that

for his departure homewards; observing, however, to his friend Mr. Sykes, of Madras, that "he might return again within three years, after waiting upon the East India Directors with his own plan or chart

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Nabob seems to have involved every one who came within the vortex of his engagements. I have heard that Mr. Darke was a creditor of the Nabob to the amount of 100,000*l*. I possess a copy of my father's letter to the trustees of Mr. Darke's estate, as well as the original accounts current between him and my father—by which it should seem, that on the satisfaction of my father's debt, about 4500 star pagodas would have been due to his representatives or heirs. The bond was taken up by this government, and paid off (I believe without interest) in 1788; but a tale belongs thereto, which shall be narrated in its proper place—towards the end of this parental memoir.

The family of Mr. Darke was well connected; and the union of his daughter with General Floyd, one of the bravest and most honourable officers in India, and colonel of a cavalry regiment, was an alliance of which the father's heart might justly swell with pride. From those who had a personal knowledge of her, I learn that she was a singularly vivacious and original character, at times full of merriment and "wittie conceits." The following is one of these "conceits." Some few months after becoming a mother, she took her infant in an open carriage to attend one of her husband's reviews, and calling him to her, begged he would take the child in his arms and caress it. The General was on horseback; and on receiving the child, the carriage drove off rapidly from a preconcerted signal, leaving him with the infant under his arm, galloping to replace it in the carriage. On returning to England, General Floyd was appointed commander-in-chief in Ireland. By Miss Darke he had a son and two daughters; one of the latter becoming the wife of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., the late premier. It was only the other day, by mere accident, that I heard a trait of the characteristic bravery of General Floyd when he was in India, and engaged in the war with Tippoo Saib.

At the head of only 350 cavalry, he came in contact with 2000 of Tippoo's body-guard—the *élite* of his troops. A contest was inevitable, and each party was resolved upon victory or defeat. The General made the attack, the enemy waiting in one solid, determined body to receive it. Instead of charging with his whole little handful of men, he divided the corps into seven companies of fifty each, and commanded only fifty to commence the charge. They moved *en échelon*, without the slightest

of Nagore ; which place, in his view of the subject, might become ultimately one of the most flourishing harbours in India." All my father's letters seem filled with this notion ; and it must be admitted that it was not the notion of an inexperienced man.

Among those friends and acquaintances whom my father would necessarily leave behind, there was one of the name of BACON (*Captain Nathaniel Bacon*), who seems, in all the trying vicissitudes of his fate, to have invariably adhered to him—to have soothed him under every possible form in which solace could be administered ; to have supported him in *deed* as well as by "word of promise ;" and to have proved to BOTH my parents that undeviating, uncompromising, unceasing friend, of which the value can ONLY be known and appreciated by those who *have stood in need of it*. Captain Bacon appears to have been a seafaring man, of an active turn of mind ; of a warm heart, and of a straightforward disposition and habits \*. I possess a small collection of

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murmur or hesitation ; but the odds were fearfully against them. In a few minutes they were desperately engaged with the enemy, and thinning fast in number. Then succeeded another fifty, and at a given signal, another. The enemy, thinking there was no end of them, fled in dismay—just as the last fifty were preparing to show themselves worthy of their victorious companions.

\* Between the interval of my father's return from his ill-fated expedition to Suez, and his obtaining possession of the master-attendantship at Nagore, the intercourse between these warm-hearted friends was incessant. Among the amusements to relieve the languor and diversify the monotony of an oriental life, was that of *acting* ; most officers, naval and military, partaking of this recreation, I remember to have heard the

his letters to my father and mother, written in all the *naïveté* of a brother officer; full of sweetness of temper combined with the most unflinching steadiness of purpose. His heart is always in his hand. He comforts my mother by telling her “to keep up her spirits, to trust in a gracious Providence, and to hope that the soil of Old England would set all things to rights.” Indeed, he himself and family were to have accompanied my father homewards; but this plan was never carried into effect, as Captain Bacon was left my father’s attorney in India to make a final settlement of his affairs. Whenever the moment of separation between these valued friends took place, it would necessarily be one of severe trial. They are all three now at rest in their “long homes.” To Captain Bacon, in particular this trifling tribute is due, from one whom he only knew in infancy—and who is in utter ignorance whether a single branch of his family be alive to bear evidence of the sincerity of this tribute.

“ His saltem accumulẽm donis, et fungar inani  
Munere!”

It was at length settled that my parents should go in a Danish ship from Tranquebar on the Coromandel coast, to the Cape of Good Hope, and from

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late Colonel Marshall, of Madras, say, that “he had often dressed my father for the part of *Serjeant Kitley*, than whom few played it better.” Captain Bacon was to have played *Commodore Trunnion* in some new piece, purposely written to develop his powers.

thence in a Dutch ship to England. This plan, both on account of the war between England and France, and the reasonableness of the charge, was indispensable. Before quitting Madras, my father wrote to his friend Mr. Petrie \*, a member of the council, for a letter of introduction to the Governor of the Cape. The letter, written

“ Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,”

was dispatched to him quickly. It breathed the very spirit of a finished gentleman and a tried friend. It is brief; but I shall select only one passage. “ Deceived by those who professed a friendship for you—deserted by those, who, from their promises were bound by the ties of honour to stand by you in the hour of need—and distressed in a very singular manner in your present situation, you become possessed of those claims to my assistance, against which, thank God, my heart has never been shut.

\* \* \* May you and Mrs. Dibdin recover your health, and experience many comfortable years in Old England.” From Colombo, and just before

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\* It is a pleasing rather than curious coincidence, that a NAME, so beloved and respected by the father, should be entitled to at least equal affection and respect by the son. In the ever-varying shiftings of life's scene, it is unspeakably gratifying to record the steady attachment and warm-hearted virtues of some few old friends; among whom none are entwined round the author's heart by *stronger* cords than THE INDIVIDUAL whose name is here incorporated.

“ nec \* \* gratior ulla est  
Quam sibi quæ PETRIE prescripsit pagina nomen.”

he sailed, (January 30, 1780,) my father received the following pleasing letter from Mr. Brohier, the Resident. “*Dear Sir. As your departure draws near, I take my last farewell of you, your dear lady and son, by a reiteration of my best wishes for your health and happiness; a prosperous voyage; with a joyful meeting of all your friends in Old England. May the blessings of God attend you always, is the sincere wish of, Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant and friend—S. BROHIER.*”

In the month of April, the vessel reached the Cape; but my father’s health was rapidly declining before he left the country. A complication of disorders, with a broken-down spirit, brought on an inflammation of the bowels. After a short but severe illness, borne with exemplary patience, he expired (according to the testimony of ONE whose truth was as undoubted as her affection) in “great resignation to the divine will\*.” As I have said in the open-

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\* The “testimony” above alluded to, is the letter written by my mother to her aunt, Mrs. Frognall, *herself* recently become a widow, immediately on the death of my father at the Cape. A more moving picture of mental desolation can scarcely be conceived. It is as follows: “Very great, indeed, my ever dear and kind Madam, are the trials of your poor Betsey, who is now left a disconsolate widow in a strange land, without a friend near her. Unfortunate as the married state has been, the great love the dear departed had for me, makes his *loss* an almost insupportable affliction. His great resignation to the divine will, and wish to be with his Saviour, is, therefore, now my greatest comfort; for never poor creature was more patient than he was under the most dreadful pains. The original cause of his death was a decay of nature or consumption, as he had laboured under many disorders a long time. To describe what I have undergone, and still feel, would be impossible.

ing of this parental memoir, I have no recollection whatever of the figures or countenances of those about whom I am speaking; but I have something *more* than an *indistinct* recollection of the moment, when, the boat nearing the side of the vessel, the coffin, which contained my father's body, was lowered into it—and the boat was rowed slowly and solemnly towards the shore. There *are* distinct remembrances in children of an earlier age than I then was, but this I do *distinctly* remember. No tomb ever marked the spot of his interment. The reader will readily imagine the feelings of HER who was left behind. Only three days elapsed between the death of my father and the necessity of my mother's departure from the Cape, in a Dutch company's vessel, called the *Hoysom*, of which a Mr. Endemans was the captain; and on board of which there was not one lady, or single person, that could speak English except herself and her female black servant. Her miser-

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Were it not for my child, and a black woman-servant (which I brought from India), I should really be quite stupid with grief. Oh! my dear Madam, if I should ever be so blessed as to be under your protection again, I shall never know how to be half thankful enough for such a happiness; as I may say with certainty that I have never known true bliss since I left you. And did I not, in this my great distress, have a firm reliance upon a merciful God, who heareth the prayer of the widow and the fatherless, I should be wretched indeed."

In a letter to my Uncle, written on board the ship *Hoysom*, about the same time, she says, "In my husband's will (which was made at Judda), I am left whole and sole executrix and possessor of every thing he died worth; and if it had been a *million*, I am sure he loved me so well that he would have done the same." Then follows an allusion to the ill-fated bond of the Nabob.

able, forlorn situation is sufficiently developed in the letter quoted in the last note ; but there are other letters from her which throw a yet more darkening gloom upon her sorrows.

The vessel was bound for Middleburg, in Zealand. When it arrived I know not, but from *that* spot my mother was doomed never to move. There may be an intensity of sympathy in a BROKEN HEART, from the effects of which the hardest temperament may not recover. With my mother, there seems to have been no spring of mind to counteract her bodily ailment, whatever it was. The BOND OF THE NABOB, which had precipitated her husband's departure, was ever uppermost in her thoughts\*, and haunted her

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\* This bond is expressly mentioned in her will, and in almost every letter which she wrote to her confidential friends. A "tale" (as referred to at the end of a preceding note, p. 31), is said to be connected with it. It shall be as briefly told as possible. Some sixteen or seventeen years after the death of my parents, a gentleman of the name of Latham was at an evening party in the city, when (as the fashion was in those days) some one was called upon to sing a song. He sang one of Charles Dibdin's sea-songs. Mr. Latham, who had but just returned to England after a long residence in India, immediately observed, "*that* is one of *Tom* Dibdin's songs: the words are precisely his." He was corrected in this error ; and then added, "there is a good slice of property for his son, or heir, if he have left any behind him, as a bond of the Nabob of Arcot is paid off, and the assets are lying in the hands of Mr. Darke, to be paid to the claimant."

By the merest accident this intelligence reached the ears of my uncle and guardian, Mr. William Compton. Not a moment was to be lost. We both waited upon Mr. Latham, and found him quite firm and confident of the fact. Letters of administration with probates of the wills of my father and mother annexed, were instantly taken out, and addressed to the house of Kindersley, Watts, and Co., of Fort St. George—appointing them agents or attornies to collect the assets due to me. At

hours of retirement. At length, nature gave way. A "wounded spirit," like hers, was glad perhaps to take shelter in the grave from a prolongation of bodily sufferings; and although the leaving her only child in a foreign country—without one friend, scarcely one acquaintance, to stand by her in her latter moments\*—might have torn the breast of *any* mother into a thousand pieces, yet she appears to have resigned her breath with that tranquillity and that consciousness of ultimate happiness which was to last for ever, which renders such a departure INSTRUCTIVE beyond every other earthly lesson. She says, in her will, dated Oct. 10, 1780, that "she

this time all was hope, if not ecstasy, in my own bosom. The sum due, with the accumulation of interest, was estimated at several thousand pounds. A college friend, more in earnest than in jest, asked me "if I would take 3500*l.* for the chances?" Upon *every* consideration, I declined this offer. At length came the answer from Messrs. Kindersley, merely acknowledging the receipt of the documents—which had cost, I think, about 30*l.* A second letter from the same quarter quickly succeeded. A "little cloud" was beginning to make its appearance in the horizon of my hopes. The third letter contained matter which wholly darkened the entire firmament; and from *that day to this* (some thirty-six years ago) the appropriation of the assets in question remains wholly unaccounted for. There can be no doubt, however, as I am compelled to believe, that the circumstances of the holder of the bond were too desperate to justify the indulgence even of a shadow of hope of success.

\* Let it be allowed me here to apply the beautiful and too apposite verses from Pope's *Elegy on an unfortunate Lady*.

" By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;  
 By foreign hands thy funeral rites adorned;  
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!"

should like to have a modest tombstone placed upon her grave, with a few lines to the purport of an unfortunate traveller being, through mercy, in the arms of Redeeming Love." She then adds, that "she dies in charity with all mankind\*." I believe, as in the case of my father, the spot of her interment was never indicated by a tombstone.

" With many a proof of recollected love  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THOMSON.

On a revision of what I have written, I feel that, whatever laudable motives might have induced the raising of THIS MONUMENT (in the absence of all others) to the memories of those so endeared to me, some apology seems nevertheless due for its extension, and, probably in part, wearisomeness of detail. But if the heart runs away with the head, it is difficult to attend to the observance of the "certain boundaries" prescribed by Horatian authority.

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\* Her will is in parts very quaint, but written with the utmost composure and self-possession. Among other things, she observes, in a codicil, thus: "I, Elizabeth Dibdin, have likewise by me a MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT of *twenty thousand rupees*, of which I never received a farthing, or laid any claim to, on the creditors, when my husband died." This settlement is in my possession, with the seals and signatures of my parents and the two trustees, "*Hercules Durham* and *James Urwin*." It seems that 10,000 rupees were *actually* vested in them, and 10,000 more *were to be* so vested: but what has become of the *absolute* property, and what was the result of the contingent property, are, I fear, EQUALLY UNRESOLVABLE. So dark, so impenetrable, seems to be the cloud which has set upon the earthly destinies of my Parents!

Should there, however, be any one *yet existing* (as I have reason to think there *may*) who might take more than an ordinary sympathy in this narrative, the time devoted to it will not have been devoted in vain—and the abuse of the reader's patience may be appeased by this confession.

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At page 9, I have intimated that by the *maternal* line, there may have been some former affinity between my family and that of the illustrious house of NORTHAMPTON. By my *father's* side I know of nothing particularly distinguishable, beyond that of my great grandfather, a successful if not eminent merchant, having built houses, and founded that village near Southampton which goes by his name, *Deepden*. There is, however, a *Debden* in Essex. It is certain that my father's family were established in Hampshire.

## CHAPTER II.

## SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

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“The tear forgot as soon as shed ;  
The sunshine of the breast.”

So says—or rather sings—the celebrated GRAY. It may be however a questionable dictum, whether in verse or in prose. In five out of eight parties in which I remember the truth of the above position to have been doubted and impugned, the decision was *against* the tear being quickly forgotten, and the sunshine being uniformly unclouded. It is a mere matter of personal experience, and is not worth the mootings. The sequel will at least prove that “sunshine” was paramount to *shower*.

It will be seen, from the conclusion of the preceding chapter, that, if I was not to be exactly considered as

“The child of misery, baptised with tears,”

yet my infancy was one of incessant solicitude to my parents ; a solicitude, not bereft however of many hours, and days, and months of unspeakable transport to sympathising and grateful bosoms. There is always *hope* where there is *offspring*. In essaying to lift up the veil of futurity, as to the probable des-

tiny of a child, wishes are reasons ; and reasons are too frequently as transparent and unsubstantial as the dews of the morning. My mother's letters are a striking exemplification of this truism. It is evident that, while her heart was half breaking from the gloomiest forebodings, her spirits assumed an artificial and even joyous tone. She calls the attention of her husband, when absent, to their only child—to what a comfort and blessing that child might one day be to them ; and yet, while hanging over his cradle, or caressing him in her arms, it is evident that she was secretly indulging a wish, or pouring forth a prayer, that the miseries of the parent might be for ever unknown to the offspring—

“ No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine !”

Never was a limited and united family broken up more speedily and more sadly. Indeed, I have frequently compared myself to a floating piece of timber, in a wreck, which has accidentally and luckily reached the shore. I was brought over from Middleburgh, very shortly after my mother's death, by a total stranger, one Captain Smith, who took care to charge enough for the voyage. If he had taken as good care of the *object* for which the charge was made, it had been a little more creditable to his character. My person was almost wholly neglected. Ardent spirits, (the potent *Schedam*, in some of its varieties!) however diluted, had made sad havoc with a young stomach ; and when I was landed, I have

been told that I presented a melancholy spectacle, with scarcely half a dozen hairs upon my head. I could walk with difficulty; and had no appetite. Most fortunate it was that I was consigned to ONE, who never ceased, from the moment I came under his roof, to make my wants, and wishes, and comforts, commensurate with all the means which he had in his power to gratify them: who, from my fourth to my twenty-first year, proved himself to be a GUARDIAN in deed as well as by name. That "one" was my mother's younger brother, MR. WILLIAM COMPTON; appointed in her Will to that office. On receiving me, it was necessary to adopt immediate measures for conveying me into the country, for the establishment of my health, and placing me in some small retired school; where, when that health was established, the common rudiments of education might be taught. But every thing necessarily depended on the kind feeling and constant care of those with whom I might be placed.

I was again fortunate. My mother's aunt, the widow of Captain Frognall (both of whom have been mentioned in the preceding pages) had quitted Plympton, in Devonshire, for Reading, the capital of Berkshire. Here she had a comfortable house in Castle-street, and lived very respectably on a handsome income. She was at this time in her seventy-sixth year;—and for the last five years was bed-ridden. Her temper was soured—probably from her long confinement; but she had an ever vigilant and rest-

less suspicion ; and loved sometimes to act the part of a tyrant with inflexible rigour. Her sister feared her, and her niece, about thirty-five, trembled under her threat of castigation. She never had the least personal affection for me : the only child of a niece, whom she affected sometimes to extol to the skies "for her talents and her virtues." Her delight was to thwart and tantalise me. But I believe the main spring of this conduct to have been a knowledge that a third of her income was to come to *me* at her decease. Add to which, my uncle had discovered that she was a debtor of some 150*l.* to my father's estate. In consequence, she undertook to get me clothed, educated, and boarded, at the least possible expense, in order that she might have a longer period for the payment of the debt. My clothing and education cost only 20*l.* per annum. I had but one suit of clothes a-year, all of the same colour, and of the stoutest cloth that could be procured ; and on the first day of wear, a sedan chair was always sent to convey me from school to spend the whole day at her house. It was in vain that I protested against this mode of conveyance, as a confinement wholly disagreeable and abhorrent to my feelings. She persisted in it, saying "it was the proper way to shew that I was come of genteel parents." I once broke a window to obtain a little air, and in consequence narrowly escaped the "extreme punishment" of domestic discipline. To this was added a determination to deduct the amount of the reparation of the

damage from my quarterly payment. I remember, there was a large cupboard, and a small beaufet, in the room in which she sat, or rather lived: a bedroom upon the first floor. These were well filled with *plate* and *china*; and my attention, especially as I got on towards my tenth year, was usually and perhaps naturally directed to them.

On taking now and then a sly peep, she used to observe it, and invariably to chide me for it: sometimes saying, "what! because you see a *Frog* for the crest, you think all these fine things will one day be *yours*: which they shall *never* be—" and then she would command me to leave her presence. It must in truth be confessed that she was a sad old tyrant\*.

It is now time to notice the school, and to make mention of SCHOOLBOY DAYS. I have said that I was "fortunate" in having been transplanted to Reading—in spite of the tyrannical worryings of an old aunt. I was eminently so: for had I been

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\* She died at the advanced age of eighty-three, in the year 1788. A handsome square stone monument, encircled by an iron railing, in St. Mary's churchyard, attests the place of her interment. She is there described as CLEMENTIA FROGNALL, widow of the late CAPTAIN FROGNALL, commander of the Duke of Dorset East Indiaman. The inscription concludes with the following quaint line: "What she *was*, the last day will shew." As to the "fine things" of plate and china above alluded to, I am in utter ignorance of their present destination. As my great uncle was a frequent trader to the East, it is probable that the china was of a superior description. But the crest of a *frog* seemed to be so naturally the property of a *Frognall*, that its *leaping* into other quarters may be fairly regretted without the slightest imputation of selfishness. For its *own* sake, I should have preferred it to the *plate*.

placed with the leading school of the town, at that time rising into considerable distinction under the magisterial hands of Dr. Valpy, I might not have been able, from my then extremely delicate state of health and tender age, to have braved the buffetings of a hundred boys, and endured the hardships, in whatever mitigated form, of fagging. I was placed, therefore, with a Mr. JOHN MAN, who lived in an obscure part of the town, called *Hosier's-lane*. His establishment was small, and his terms were proportionably moderate. He was a singular, naturally clever, and kind-hearted, man: had a mechanical turn; and could construct electrifying apparatuses, and carve a picture frame. His *studio*, of this description, was at the top of the house; and many an hour do I remember to have spent therein, gazing with surprise and delight upon the mysteries of turning, planing, and chisselling. He had married a Miss Baker, and succeeded to the school of his father-in-law. Old Mr. Baker lived in the house, occupying a study. He wore what was called a buzzwig, and usually appeared in a large, flowered, dark green camlet-gown. He would frequently admit me within his study; give me books; and once, seeing me very attentively engaged over a large family Bible, with cuts\*, came up to me with a solemn, measured

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\* Of these cuts, ONE almost scared me out of my wits: and what is rather curious, I do not remember to have seen another impression of the same plate, although (as the pages of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*

pace, and stooping down, and patting my head, thus addressed me : “ Mind your learning, my child, and you may become what you please.” I knew nothing of the import of these words at the time spoken ; but, although I do not think I was eight years of age, they made a very particular impression upon me. I thought much of them, wrote them down, and showing them to his daughter, my mistress, was told that they implied—“ mind and always get your lessons well, or else you will be sure to be whipped.” *This* was sufficiently intelligible.

The preceding is, perhaps, a little out of the order of time ; but having dispatched the father-in-law, let it be permitted me to indulge in fond remembrance of the daughter, and of her husband, my first schoolmaster, MR. JOHN MAN. Their unremitting attention and kindness perhaps saved my life. Often do I remember to have heard my mistress say, that on passing through the boys’ bed-rooms, the last thing at night, and seeing me asleep, (in the same bed with her eldest son\*) she would “ wonder

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and *Bibliographical Decameron* may attest) my researches in this particular department of art have not been very limited. The cut in question consisted of the *order or degrees of demons*, according to their horrible forms, and supposed power of working evil. Lucifer, with a crown upon his head, sitting, was marked No. 1 ; a huge and dreadfully convoluted serpent, with his mouth open, and an elongated sting, was No. 2——but enough.

\* His Christian name was HENRY. Our attachment was as that of brothers. It “ grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength.” We were also class-fellows : but, as he himself would often,

whether I should live to see the morning light?"—so weak and emaciated appeared to be my condition. But, when up and stirring, few could be more alive to what was passing around me; and the boys delighted to make me sing them a Dutch song\*. Mrs. Man had four small children. Hearing them address their parents by the familiar titles of father and mother, it seemed to me to be natural to do the same; and their tenderness fully justified the appellation. Here I remained six years, making little progress in anything but writing, arithmetic, and French.

But, so strangely are our habits formed, from *some* early impressions which take deeper root than others—so oddly do we appear to see, think, reason, and act, in this plastic state of existence, from sources which seem now to be wholly unintelligible, if not forgotten—that, in after-life, I know of few things

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in after-life, readily and cheerfully admit, we were unequally yoked; for I generally outstripped him in getting the lesson first, and he would cry dreadfully if I "went up to say" without him. In the month of January, 1808, I married him to a widow with a small family, and he survived his marriage only a few years. He had a fine manly spirit, with an affectionate heart, and had a sincere regard for me. He died prematurely of an erysipelas in the arm.

\* As I came over in a Dutch vessel from the Cape (see p. 42, *ante*), on board of which not a single creature of the crew could talk English—and as I remained some time in Middleburgh, where the Dutch language was necessarily the only one spoken—I became so familiarised to it that I spoke it almost as fluently as English. The lads, who always love something out of the ordinary course of things, were constantly putting me upon singing one of these songs—of which all traces of recollection both of words and tune have long ago perished.

which have had a more *decided* effect upon me than some of those which occurred during my "schoolboy days" at Reading. Towards my eighth year, my health became settled and strong and my constitution good; and any bodily exertion, for that season of life, could be successfully encountered. There were few big lads, and none exceeding their fifteenth or sixteenth year. If I was petted by the senior boys, I affected great superiority over my juniors—not so much in years, as from their being in an inferior grade in the school. As I reached my tenth year, I seem to have become enthusiastically enamoured of *Soldiery* and of *Letter-writing*. From my weekly allowance of threepence, I regularly deducted one halfpenny for a sheet of foolscap paper, and the ponderous residue was as regularly devoted to the purchase of laths, and scraps of deal, to make swords for my troops. These troops were wheeled, marched, and countermarched—in column and in line—to the number of about twenty-five, with incessant clatter and din, especially of a half-holiday. And when, by means of my weekly allowance, the hostile weapons were all completed, that sum was regularly devoted to the *commissariat* department, in the purchase of cakes for my faithful followers—nothing, however, preventing me from the weekly acquisition of the said folio sheet of foolscap. Upon *that* sheet, strange as it may appear, I was in the habit of writing accounts of the conquests of coun-

tries, by means of British valour, led on by the scribe himself; and when it came to the turns of France and Spain, I took care to make the subjugation of those countries sufficiently complete. I read this enormous mass of absurdity, which I had concocted, every Monday morning at the head of my regiment, with a loud voice, and it was received with three hurras. My reading, out of school-hours, was wholly of the same complexion. I was allowed to go into my master's private room whenever I pleased. It was sufficiently well filled with books. A large arm-chair was near the fire-place, with a set of Hume and Smollett's History of England, with cuts, close at hand. I was for ever taking down these volumes, and reading nothing but the battles of Henry V., Edward III., and John Duke of Marlborough. The engraved portraits of those illustrious warriors, with that of the Black Prince, seemed to rivet what I had read more strongly upon my memory. At this time of day, I ought to have been second only to WELLINGTON!

Let me not, however, quit the *sanctum sanctorum* of my indulgent master, without just mentioning that, it was *here*, for the first time, I caught, or fancied I caught, the electric spark of the BIBLIOMANIA. My master was now and then the purchaser of old books by the *sack-full*; these were tumbled out upon the floor, the arm-chair, or a table, just as it might happen. The work that first caught my

eye, and fixed my attention, (although I could not read a word of the text), was the small octavo edition of *Sandby's Horace*, with cuts \*. How

“ I long'd to call the sparkling treasure mine !”

There is sometimes stealing across one—it is stealing across me at this moment—a recollection of the pure, keen, exhilarating joyfulness, relished in early youth, by the participation of pleasures which are not only gone, never to return, but of which the *sources*, in after-life, seem to be scarcely credible. And yet what, in after-life, from sources however deemed more rational and permanent, has been equal to the rapture of those of early, unsuspecting, uncontaminated YOUTH? Where are now the soft, sweet, moonlight nights, when the whoop of “ *I spy high* †” re-echoed through their stillness,

\* I have mentioned this anecdote, with some trifling but most true *additamenta*, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 376. For an account of Sandby's *Horace*, see *Introduction to the Classics*, vol. ii. p. 109; fourth edition.

† It was the custom, at the time of which I am speaking, for young ladies—the children of respectable tradesmen in the immediate neighbourhood—to take evening lessons of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at boys' schools. There were several at the above school, and after our pedagogical task was at an end, the girls and boys would unite in bands, or circles, of a moonlight night, to partake of the above game, singing the well-known invitation, thus:—

“ Girls and boys come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day;  
Come with a whoop, come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or not at all.”

Then followed the game itself—carried on sometimes till nine o'clock. My late friend, Mr. Douce, once shewed me a most curious note upon these homely lines—which he loved to repeat emphatically.

and made the heart of the hearer throb with ecstasy?—the warm and golden sunsets, after bathing in the salient stream \*, and coursing each other along the adjacent meads?—the bright and beautiful mornings, when, after a night of tempest, the yellow pear and the ruddy apple, plentifully strewn upon the grass, invited the ready trespass, and repaid the hazard of the enterprise? And all this while, I speak nothing of the ordinary *Games* † of boyhood; which need not be particularised. And then came the *Holidays*—the approach to which was marked by the notched stick, by the formal letter of announcement, by the indulgence of hopes and schemes too wild even to take more than momentary possession of the most ardent youthful imagination.

\* This “salient stream” was a branch from Pope’s “*Kennett* swift, for silver eels renowned.” It divides the town of Reading into nearly two equal parts, and is soon lost in the Thames, just below. The place of bathing was called *Old Orchard*, not far from Coly Park.

† I am not sure whether there were not *some* amusements for which the *preparation* was as joyous as the participation. I speak of *kite-making*, and more particularly of slate, or *dump-melting*; the latter a dangerous, and always a doubtful, process. On leaving school, I had no rival in this art. My *cocks* and *dumps* used to come out from the melting process perfect and sparkling:—attested by the screams of joy of the bystanders. In anticipation of pleasure, what could exceed *that* of the fire and fireworks on the *fifth of November*? I have sat from morn till night, on a style, watching the progress of each rising cloud, from the apprehension of an unfavourable evening:—and then, on that same evening, whatever caused such heart-boundings, such shouts of delight, as the blazing tar-barrel, the crackling faggots, and the coruscations of the squib, cracker, catherine wheel, roman candle, and skyrocket—as the fire of the two latter intersected each other in their radiant but quickly perishable orbits!

I know not how it is, but, in hanging upon the remembrance (if I may so speak) of these rapturous days, it should seem as if the individual describing them could not have been *the same* human being with him who is described. It should seem as if, like the snake, we had slipped a slough, and come out a fundamentally altered creature. It is with the *mind* as with the *features*; the alteration is marvellous, and, in some countenances, traces of what the features were in early youth are scarcely discernible. Yet it is the *same heart* that has been beating; they are the same sinews and muscles that have been put in constant motion; the same eyes which have contemplated; the same hands which have grasped. Well is it for us, if changes, more serious than those which affect the *external* form, have not been wrought within us; well is it, if that heart's blood has not been dried up by sordid avarice—those hands not been active in the commission of irreparable mischief—those eyes not been prone to gaze only upon what is vicious and worthless. I apologise for this digression; but there are some, yet living, to whom it will not be altogether considered as a mere “flourish” of words.

Before quitting this scene of earliest youth, I cannot help noticing one or two more things which may at least be considered as important as those which have preceded them. My passion for *drawing* commenced before I had attained my ninth year; and that passion was much gratified, if, in

distributing *copy books*, my master happened to give me one which possessed (as it was then the fashion) a picture, or engraving, more *taking* than that of my comrades \*. I instantly set about copying it—but was too poor to have any thing beyond a slate pencil: though once, with a *pen*, I had the audacity to strive to grapple with the head of *Dilworth* or *Vyse* (I forget which) prefixed to the boys' spelling-books †. I remember to have mastered the velvet-cap quickly enough; but the solemn and sour visage of the sage defied my powers of imitation. My master's brother, a very original character, Mr. Henry Man ‡, Secretary of the South Sea House, came

\* By a curious coincidence, one of the pictures or prints which used to make a great impression upon me, was that of a grenadier, with the Cumberland-cap—beneath which was this ballad line:

“He would be a soldier, would sweet Willy O!”

In a book, with this very print, my mother wrote all her little poetical pieces; and in another book, with the *same* ornamented exterior, my father made copies of his correspondence in India.

† In these spelling-books was the well-known tale of *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*: a tale which I believe to have never been surpassed in its *hold* upon young minds. A wood-cut of the drowned youth (I now forget which it was) had always the strongest claim upon my attention, and called forth many a vain effort at copying.

‡ This “original character” lived in Fenchurch-street. He was rather a wag than a wit—but was very much above the ordinary inhabitants of his locality. He had a small, dark, brilliant eye—what Thomson calls a “roguish twinkling, in each eye”—and a dry, but droll tone of voice. His pen was in constant exercise, upon topics not always connected with matters of the “South Sea.” The speculators in lotteries—at a time when Bonaparte was elbowing all the neighbouring potentates—used to employ him to write lottery puffs, to be placarded in large letters in the streets. I remember *one*—singularly quaint and

now and then from London to pay us a visit. He used to notice me very much—knowing the peculiarity of my situation; and seeing me fond of drawing, asked me if I should like to have some *colours*? I jumped with joy at the proposal, and asked for blue, red, and yellow. The first use I made of them was to paint paper *flags for my soldiers!* But I did not always make this legitimate use of them; for a due portion of cunning and conceit frequently induced me to get sly possession of those books of my schoolfellows which contained *prints*, and unmercifully to daub and disguise them with the use of these primitive colours.

I totally forget what Latin grammar we made use of, but I think it was the *Westminster*; where there is a wood-cut of boys clambering up a tree and shaking the fruit down into the laps of their com-

original. Tickets were *sixteen guineas* each. The author makes sundry suppositions—supposing Bonaparte to defeat, or to be defeated? Again, supposing the Austrians to make an onward, or a retrograde movement? Again, supposing Prussia to be more or less influenced by this forward or backward operation? The reader, wondering what will be the result, is called upon to say “What *then* will be the price of the lottery ticket? Answer: *SIXTEEN GUINEAS.*”—Mr. Henry Man (who was the elder brother) wrote some amusing pieces of poetry, which will be found in two volumes of posthumous works, published in 1802. Among these, a parody upon the song of “*Jolly Dick the Lamplighter,*” contains a few good hits. It begins thus:

“ I’m Billy P—t, the minister, Lord Ch——m was my dad;  
Though both our views were sinister, yet mine were the more sad.”

At page 208 of vol. ii. there is a short poem upon “*Delicacy,*” which is, in parts, as original as it is sweet and tender.

panions \*. This was my *favourite* page ; but when I was told that it was a representation of the tree of knowledge, of which the fruit could not be obtained without cultivation and gathering, I seemed to gaze upon it with a yet more intense interest. In Latin authors, I reached *Cornelius Nepos* before my departure, with an occasional acquaintance with *Corderius*, *Esop*, and *Phædrus* ; authors, not the best calculated to smooth the ruggedness of classical literature to the understanding of early youth †. I have mentioned the word *Holidays* : but to me they were known only as a cessation from book-toil, and

\* Some notion of this print may be gathered from a fac simile of the same sort of subject in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. I. p. 101. I rather think the English original is in *Lilly's Grammar*.

† Surely, some more facile and successful method of instructing youth in the Latin tongue is yet a desideratum ? The dry compression of *Cornelius Nepos*, and the downright crabbedness of some parts of *Phædrus*, are not calculated to allure young minds to become enamoured of the Roman classics. Grammar, the *philosophy* of language, is a terribly spiked six-bar gate to scramble over at the very threshold of our efforts. What abstract notion has the sharpest youth of a *noun-substantive*, an *adjective*, a *gerund*, a *supine*, &c. ? But he must plunge chin-deep into them ere he turn over the pages of the first author. And in translating, might not easy literal versions of popular passages, of a graphic or dramatic description, in ENGLISH HISTORY, be made subservient to a quicker mastery of the language itself ? What does a lad of nine years of age care, or understand, about consuls, ædiles, lictors, and *Heathen Mythology* ? Of the latter, a quiet word, in sober sadness. Why are the names (but these are nothing compared with the recorded *actions*) of gods and goddesses transferred, in a body, to the end of *Latin Dictionaries* ? Why are youthful eyes suffered to glance over such details of absurd and vicious narratives !—such a compound of fraud, profligacy, and monstrosity ! Were I to narrate my own experience, in others as well as myself, these remarks might assume the sterner form of an unanswerable monitor.

not by locomotive change. I spent them uniformly *at school*; and had the *option* been granted me (which it was *not*) I should have made it my deliberate choice: for the society of my master's children, with the uniform kindness of their parents, was, to my habits and disposition, infinitely preferable to the strait-laced discipline and snappish severity of a great aunt. During those holidays I was occasionally taken on a visit to the family of one of my schoolfellows, of the name of SHEERWOOD, a farmer at Purley, about four miles off. The impression received on these visits, from the kindness and courtesy of the parents, together with a personal affection for one of the sons, of the name of JOHN, was never, for a moment, diverted or weakened during a course of forty years. Although I left Reading in my twelfth year, and never afterwards saw the father or mother, yet, so deeply was a sense of their kind conduct impressed upon me, together with my unceasing attachment to their son, that, in my fifteenth year, the worth of THAT family was made one of the subjects of my earliest hobbling muse\*.

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\* The kind-hearted reader, taking the will for the deed, will endure what follows, as the crude conceptions of a grateful heart. The "hobbling" verses, above alluded to, are comprised in a "PASTORAL" divided into two parts; and supported, after the fashion of our forefathers, by certain characters, hight *Damon*, *Thyrsis*, *Phyllis*, *Corydon*, and others. In the first part—the scene being laid altogether at Purley—Thyrsis thus descants upon the virtues of the worthy farmer.

He, that is bless'd with every generous art;  
Who acts the husband's and the parent's part:

There was also another schoolfellow, very much my senior, of the name of *Billinghurst*—a sharp, pro-

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He, who can see the helpless group appear,  
 And with relief bestow the pitying tear!  
 He, that is bless'd with an ennobled mind  
 To cheer the wretched, and the oppressor bind.  
 Assist me, swains, inspire me, every muse,  
 To sing for SHERWOOD, who shall dare refuse?  
 For whom do swains with early vigour rise,  
 Pour forth their prayers and vows with ardent eyes?  
 For whom do annual ploughshares cut the land,  
 And numerous rustics toil, a willing band?  
 For whom do cornfields wave their golden grain,  
 And herds and flocks stretch far along the plain?  
 For whom doth heaven refresh'ning show'rs distill,  
 Why roars the torrent, and why flows the rill?  
 For whom do sheep their grateful voices raise,  
 And faithful shepherds tune their sylvan lays?  
 For whom do sing the rustic nut-brown maids,  
 And deep-grown bow'rs, and thickets, from their shades?  
 All, all, for SHERWOOD. See the lark on high,  
 In praise of Sherwood, warbling mount the sky!  
 For him, the birds in airs melodious sing,  
 For him, doth bursting nature tell the spring:  
 For him, the rosy maids their garlands bind,  
 For him, the wreath is round their brow entwined:  
 For him, in praise of him, I've bent my way,  
 For him, to Phillis have I tuned my lay!

The second part of this motley effort opens with "SCENE, a Wood: Moonlight." Thyrsis is leaning on the tomb of Sherwood. He gives vent to his sorrows in a protracted strain, of which the following may be considered a sufficient specimen.

Ah Cynthia! now in luckless hour you rise,  
 In mournful time you mount your silver car;  
 Alas! you traverse through the enamell'd skies,  
 In Damon's woe, or Thyrsis' grief to share.  
 Thou wood, that strik'st with gloomy awe the mind,  
 Involved in deep and everlasting shade—  
 No comfort here my restless sorrows find,  
 For here, in your retreat, a SHERWOOD'S laid.

mising youth, and very partial to me. He preceded me in my removal to London, and closed a prema-

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Ah Philomel! begin your warbling strain,  
 Swell every note, and tune a sadder lay;  
 Our master's gone; has left the rural plain;  
 And silent sleeps, inanimated clay.

Ye nymphs, and swains, that used at noon-tide hour  
 To dance with jocund pipe, and heart-felt glee,  
 Leave, leave your rosy garlands in the bow'r,  
 View Sherwood's tomb, and sigh and weep with me!

Come then, and tread the consecrated ground,  
 And softly bring your fav'rite hooks and reeds;  
 Here swains and nymphs, now stand in order round,  
 And leave, for sadder rites, your flow'ry meads.

Or if ye wish, with downcast look, to strew  
 With fragrant flow'rs his tomb, ye nymphs advance;  
 For here, shall morn her choicest gifts renew,  
 And nightly fairies round his grave shall dance.

Ah why delay! Begin ye rustic maids,  
 Be present shepherds, tune a mournful lay;  
 Pour solemn music through the gloomy glades,  
 For Sherwood sleeps, inanimated clay.

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No more the village shall with joy abound,  
 Or peace and pleasure lead their jovial train;  
 No more shall vocal mirth and songs resound,  
 Or gay contentment laugh along the plain.

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But—"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata bibêrunt." Such, in after-life, continued to be the deep impression made from acts of kindness shewn to me in early youth, that, in the infatuated moment when I resolved upon the publication of a certain volume of poetry, I designed a vignette for the title-page, in which there is a tomb with the word *SHERWOOD* inscribed, and over which the branches of a tree are drooping. JOHN, the second son of the above lamented parent, died about four years ago, leaving behind substantial property, and a name worthy of all the virtues of his father. He was my particular crony—but I had not seen him for twenty years before his decease. His eldest brother,

ture career of ignominy and disgrace, in a foreign land, as a common malefactor \*. Such are sometimes our *beginnings*—who shall predict our *endings*? I cannot, at this moment, recollect any other

EDWARD, died several years previously. The youngest son, RICHARD, after being the most successful practitioner of surgery, for many years, at Reading, has now retired to the immediate neighbourhood of that town—in the full enjoyment of character, competency, health, and five hunters: his eye yet retaining the sparkling lustre and good humoured expression of his early youth.

\* He was apprenticed in London, with a Mr. Baker of Salisbury-square; a respectable apothecary, and the brother of Mrs. Man. He was sufficiently expert in Latin, and soon made himself useful to his master. He had also a very pretty patrimonial estate, and might have been about seventeen when he found me out at my second school, at Stockwell. We corresponded briskly together. One day I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a post-chaise at the door of the school, and by two gentlemen immediately leaping out, and inquiring for me. It was Mr. Baker with a friend. My letters (as it should seem) were left open in Billinghamurst's desk—Billinghamurst himself having *run away*. It was supposed that I might have been privy to his decamping, and I was asked what I knew about it?—and what was the purport of his *last* letter to me? I had then scarcely entered upon my fourteenth year; and replied, immediately, that I knew “nothing about his movements”—and that his last letter to me contained an earnest request that I would write for him “AN ESSAY UPON LOVE!” The words no sooner escaped me than Mr. Baker and his friend, laughing heartily, sought their post-chaise, and returned. I never saw my old schoolfellow again.

Poor fellow!—thorny and perilous as is sometimes the path of *love*, it had been well for him if he had chosen it in preference to *that* which he afterwards so pertinaciously pursued. He became embued with all the wild principles of the French revolution, in its maddest days; went over to America, I know not upon what account; attempted to disseminate the same principles there; and even assumed the character of a *spy* for that object. He was seized, tried, and hung up under the branch of an oak!

. . . . . quis talia fando  
Temperet a lacrimis?

favourites or cronies in this, the first, stage of my SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

At length came the moment of departure. It was necessary, in the opinion of my uncle, that an onward movement should be made; and that the insufficiency of the discipline of an obscure school should be exchanged for something near London, which might give an immediate polish to the young candidate for learning. The terms of a new school, at *Stockwell*, were brought down and read aloud by my uncle himself. They were minute and elaborate; and never was the well-known adage, "*omne ignotum pro magifico*," more strictly applicable than on this occasion. I seemed to stare with my understanding as well as with my eyes as I heard these terms. A new world of intelligence was opened to me; "Globes"—"lectures"—"a covered playground"—"merchant's accounts"—"the Spectator" and "dancing"—were as magical words, heard for the first time. I rubbed my hands with ecstasy, and longed for the day of departure. My uncle accompanied me to give my master the necessary previous quarter's notice: and on leaving me I sought my bed—but found not its repose. I was about to take leave of THOSE, who seemed to have supplied the place of *parents*; and the next morning my swollen eyes and dejected visage told a tale that could not be mistaken. I then began to *hate* the thought of departure; but the day and the hour came in due course—and I broke away with loud

sobs from those who, for upwards of six years, had performed the parts of faithful guardians and vigilant preceptors. My old aunt declared she would not see me on quitting, as she disliked "taking leave;" but magnanimously sent me *half a guinea* to mitigate the supposed agony of separation! Of *all* my earlier schoolfellows, THREE ONLY, to my knowledge, now survive\*.

I arrived at Stockwell; situate within three miles of London Bridge on the Surrey side—a flat and not very picturesque portion of the beautiful county at the foot of which it stands. It was *then* only a small village, with a small chapel. It is now almost merged in the densely inhabited neighbourhood of Kennington and Brixton; and two spacious churches may be said to attest at once the populousness and devotion of the inhabitants. In point of size and external respectability, my late school-residence shrunk into insignificance compared with that of my new one. The Master was assisted by his son, fast growing up to maturity; and a regular usher (as it is called,) who taught Latin and French. His "terms"

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\* These are, Messrs. Mark and James Morrell, brothers; now resident, the one a brewer, the other a banker, at Oxford: men of affluence and respectability. The third is the second son of my master, Mr. William Man, resident in the old town of his nativity. His sister, the only other surviving branch of their parents, lives in the same town. If friendliness of disposition, and amenity of temper, entitle any man to respect and esteem, my old schoolfellow is entitled to the largest possible share of it from myself. He loves science, and he loves books; and solaces the necessarily tedious hours of *bachelorship* by a due portion of reading and reflection, and ingenious-mechanical exercise.

were a piece of pompous inanity. You would have supposed that education was only to be obtained under his roof. He wrote a sort of stiff, copper-plate hand, and *that* was almost his only acquirement. His lectures upon geography were of the veriest common-place description, and they were "few and far between." He was a coxcomb in the dress of that day; although he must have been little short of fifty. His cocked hat, powdered queue-peruke, black satin breeches, and silk stockings, were objects of mingled admiration and respect with the boys. He was a great man for *effect*; making pauses, and clearing his voice before he commenced those monitory addresses which used to precede evening prayers. And of what common-place materials were those addresses composed! He loved to inspire awe; knowing that he could not generate affection. He was a tyrant, without being exactly cruel; but his manner of inflicting "the extreme penalty" for disobedience, ill-conduct, or rebellion, was provokingly and unnecessarily severe\*.

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\* The punishment, here obviously alluded to, took place in a private apartment: half a dozen of the upper boys—of which, to my horror, I was invariably selected as *one*—being called upon to be spectators. The senior boy preceded; holding upright, before him, the awful instrument of castigation. The culprit was in his immediate rear; and the other boys, followed by the master, closed the solemn procession. The culprit stript, and knelt by the side of a chair; and we stood with mixed fear and disgust around him. The master was a left handed man, and struck deliberately and heavily; and the *evidence* of his power was simultaneous with the stroke. But he had a sad method of torturing, by prolonging the punishment between each stroke with quata-

Meanwhile, whether the merits or demerits of my Master were the greater, I was conscious of a sudden and strong progress in intellectual attainments. My master's son took to me with great kindness, and never withdrew his affectionate and, as it were, patronizing attention. He taught me French and drawing. The Usher, educated at Westminster school (a yet better French scholar) was also exceedingly attentive; telling me he would never let me have any rest till I read Voltaire and Virgil with equal facility. I now began to buy paper and pens on a comparatively wholesale scale; and whenever the cupboard, containing new school-books, was opened, I usually contrived to take a peep at its miscellaneous contents:—Chambaud, Wanostrocht, and Perrin: my old friends Dilworth and Vyse: Phædrus, Selectæ, Ovid, and Virgil: Ainsworth and Young: Addison and Johnson: slates, slate-pencils, and copy-books: writing paper, drawing-paper, and black-lead pencils. All these seemed, to my inexperienced eyes, to be inexhaustible treasures of incalculable value. The accidental possession of an odd volume of Shakspeare, containing Macbeth, the Midsummer Night's Dream, and the

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tions of trite sentences from the Book of Proverbs—as, among others, “He that spareth his rod hateth his son,” &c. Once, on making this quotation, a spirited boy, in the agony of pain, turned his head round, and bellowed out, “Yes, sir, but YOU are not MY FATHER!” The weapon seemed to drop powerless from the operator's hand, and the punishment instantly ceased.

Merry Wives of Windsor, excited me almost to delirium:—and oh! yet more fatal result, to try my pen at a *drama*! I shunned the ordinary games of youth; rose early, sometimes at five, to pursue alternately drawing and dramatic composition; and, ere my fourteenth year, was the author of three exceedingly bloody tragedies. A simple but severe incident\* entirely cured me of this mania; but my love of *art* was, if possible, increasing every day. I cannot describe what I used to feel on looking over the engravings by Heath, from the pencil of Stothard, in the volumes of *Harrison's Novelist's Magazine*. Indeed they merit the closest attention and the warmest admiration of maturer life†. Among the

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\* It was this. I had brought these plays (of which I now recollect only the names of two—viz. *Jasmin* and *The Distressed Brothers*,) home to my aunt, Mrs. William Compton; a lively and sensible woman, and much disposed to humour my vagaries in many ways. I begged she would read them, and challenged her approbation. She *did* read them, or as much as she *liked* of them; but studiously pronounced no opinion. One evening, on retiring to rest, and receiving the bed-chamber candlestick from the servant, I found a piece of paper at the bottom of the candle, to keep it steady in the stick, upon which my hand-writing was but too visible. I stopped—and read “*Act III., scene V.,*” and found it to be a fragment of my beloved *Jasmin*! Retracing my steps with a precipitancy which may be well conceived, I enquired of the servant “*where she had got this?*” “*Sir,*” said she, “*my mistress gave it me as WASTE PAPER to light the fire.*”

† The designer and the engraver of these charming little specimens of their earlier efforts in art, have recently paid the debt of nature—each “*well stricken in years.*” Those who would lay the foundations, “*strong and deep,*” of a collection of the *British School of Art*, will do well to furnish themselves with choice proofs, when obtainable, of the above specimens. To commend the talents, or to declare the reputation of

latest occupations at my new school, connected with art, was the assisting my master's son in scene-painting, for the performance of little after-pieces on half-holidays. But this was sometimes a very severe operation; as I used frequently to be called up by him, in the depth of winter, at five, and even four, in the morning, that we might do a good stroke of work together before school-hours. Even at this very moment do I remember how often my knees trembled, my teeth chattered, and my whole frame "shook to its very centre," as I dressed myself—looking out upon a sky studded with a million stars, and feeling an atmosphere which seemed to convert my very marrow into ice\*. Perhaps the evidences of an early

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STOTHARD, our *domestic Raffaele*, were equally a waste of words and of time. Had his colouring even approached that of Watteau, his compositions had been invaluable. Loveliness, grace, and innocence, seem to be impressed on every female countenance and figure which he delineated. His productions are almost countless. My friend Mr. Masquerier possesses about 1000 engravings from his pencil. Mr. James Heath was, to Stothard, what Woollett was to Wilson, and Bartolozzi to Cipriani and Kauffman. He once told me that he rescued the two most precious pieces of his property from a devouring fire, in carrying off his child, and the plate of *The Death of Major Pearson*; while the late Mr. Duppa did his utmost to refrain him, from an apprehension of its proving fatal to himself—and tore his coat into two.

\* Our scene of operations was in a back brick kitchen, with now and then scarcely any thing better than the semblance of a fire to warm and cheer us. The cook left some cold tea, the night before, to be warmed up, and we had a sufficient quantity of bread and butter: but we had only one wretched candle to work by. The scenes were almost entirely architectural. The afterpieces acted, were chiefly translations from *Berquin*. In rehearsals, I remember I was a most severe disciplinarian.

enthusiasm, in one particular pursuit, were never more strongly indicated.

My residence at Stockwell continued two years; and in spite of the shallow pretensions of my master, it was neither unprofitably nor unpleasantly spent: for I had perfected myself in writing, and hated "merchant's accounts" more lustily on leaving than on commencing them. Having just got enough of French and Latin to make me emulous of a more intimate acquaintance with them, it was deemed advisable to remove me to what was called a *Classical Academy*. There was, to be sure, a neighbouring school of that description at hand, called *Loughborough House*—but the very approach to that mansion of learning struck a timid man, like my uncle, with a sort of awe. On a board, shaped in the segment of a circle, and supported by two posts, was read this exceedingly emphatic inscription: "*Loughborough House: for the education of noblemen and gentlemen's sons.*" These were the quack days of education.

I almost forget now by whose instrumentality it was that I went to my third and last school—but I think it was through a Mr. Sutherland, a public notary, in Birchin-lane, that my uncle was persuaded to remove me to a Mr., afterwards Dr. GREENLAW: whose seminary was situated between Brentford and Isleworth; and, as a prelude, we were asked to meet him at dinner. He was a Scotchman, as was his

friend Mr. Sutherland. I was much pleased with him at the first interview; for he had a sort of manly, joyous air about him, so very opposite to the starch priggism of my late master, that, keeping my eyes and ears exclusively occupied with what he might do and say, I was resolved to bring home a pretty accurate remembrance of that day's symposium. It was then the fashion to drink lustily after dinner. At dinner, he spoke to me across the table, and challenged me to drink a glass of wine with him. It was for the first time I had been so challenged, and I thought it a solemn point of duty to fill my glass deliberately to the brim. He smiled, and said, he hoped we should always be good friends. We continued so throughout the whole of our connexion. When he told my uncle and myself, after dinner, apart, that he had lads of thirteen and fourteen who had mastered Horace and Virgil, and could write hexameters by the score, I could not help feeling secretly ashamed of my own backwardness.

I now approach that period of my youthful career, when, as the imaginative and reasoning faculties take a ready spring and a wide range, the passions begin to assume an intelligible, and sometimes a very formidable, aspect. Had these faculties and passions received a luckless bias, by indiscriminate indulgence on the one hand, or by irrepressible severity on the other, there is no saying whether a result, at least as fatal, although assuredly not so disgraceful, as that

recorded in a preceding page\*, might not have been the consequence with myself. I could trust my own heart thus far—as to be incapable of vindictive passion, and sordid, base desire—as well as of everything which had a tendency to meanness of spirit, sly suspicion, or insolent tyranny. I entered my new school with a determination to excel, and in the end to stand quite at its top. There were between threescore and seventy boys, many of whom were much my superior in size, age, and understanding. I had a long lea-way to make up, having been grounded scarcely in anything. For the first time, the *Greek* (Eton) *grammar* was put into my hand; and although I do not pretend to have looked at it with a secret assurance, like a *Brind*†, as if I should master it by inspiration, yet I got briskly on, and, in due course, was admitted to Homeric honours. It were difficult to describe the secret swellings of pride and gratification in my

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\* Page 60.

† My old schoolfellow, Mr. W. Man, mentioned at page 62, ante, writes to me thus, touching this extraordinary character: “Connected as you are with literary men, I should do wrong not to notice that we have here (at Reading) a *brewer’s drayman*, of the name of GEORGE BRIND, between thirty and forty years of age, who had never received other education than that of reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic, taught by a woman at a child’s school. A few months since, having seen a *Greek book*, of which the characters excited his attention and curiosity, he fancied he could instruct himself in that language; and, as he informs me, has since made so much progress, without any assistance, as to read and understand it pretty well, but finds the greatest difficulty in its pronunciation; or, as he calls it, in sounding it—from never having heard it spoken. He seems quite confident he shall completely master it. He likewise tells me, within the last month he has attempted *Hebrew*, and finds it

bosom when I was called up to receive a copy of *Clarke's Homer*\*.

By this time I was not only "well on" (as they say) in the school, but with my schoolfellows. I had not been a twelvemonth before I had *classes* to prepare for the upper usher, an exercise in which I particularly delighted. Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the kind attentions of those to whom the *ménage* was intrusted. The house itself had been a noble one; and had, both within and without, a most cheerful air. The dining-room was large and lofty†, and the sleeping-rooms were spacious and airy; but the play-ground was unworthy of its accessories; yet we always rambled far a-field when a great sport, such as cricket, prisoners' base, or football, was in view. How shall I describe the fluttering emotions of my heart, when, after parading through Twickenham meadows, I first reached the summit of Richmond Hill, and gazed from thence upon a landscape lighted

very easy—much more so than Greek—and does not doubt of succeeding. He thinks of attempting *Latin* next. He is quite a rough subject, such as draymen usually are; but his features remind me of those of Bonaparte." This anecdote is quite *a la Magliabecchi*!

\* It is the ONLY school-book which I now possess: sufficiently defaced by interlineations and marginal etymons. At the moment of possessing it, how little could I dream of describing the splendour and rarity of the *first edition* of that work, ON LARGE PAPER, of a quarto form, of which an account may be seen in the *Introduction to the Classics*, vol. ii., p. 55, *fourth edition*.

† On the ceiling of this dining-room was painted, delicately and prettily enough, some mythological subject of a marriage, where Venus was sprinkling flowers with a plentiful hand; and upon this painting I would gaze almost as frequently as upon the viands before me. It

up by an autumnal setting sun\*! Meanwhile, it may be quietly affirmed, that my academical progress

was once given out as a subject for twenty-four hexameter verses. Alas! the ceiling, the room, the verses, with the whole suite of apartments, have irrevocably perished.

\* It is not with an exclusive view of intruding any thing so puerile and imperfect as the strains of an unfledged muse, that, in support of the radiant picture above described, I venture here to state how it affected me—again and again—by a frequent repetition of the view, and as frequent an invocation of the muse. I had now become quite infected with the passion of versifying: “aut insanit homo, aut versus facit:” and there was nothing like RICHMOND or TWICKENHAM MEADOWS to give the vigour of inspiration to my numbers. What follows must therefore be endured—as “part and parcel” of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*. The poem of “Twickenham Meadows” is the third in a volume to be hereafter described. The motto is happy enough:

“*Quà pinus ingens, albaque populus  
Umbram hospitem consociare amant  
Ramis.*”                      HOR. lib. ii. Ode. 3.

Having Denham’s *Cooper’s Hill* in “my mind’s eye,” the following is the attempt to describe the view from that of Richmond Hill.

Lead me, my Muse, to Richmond’s tow’ring Hill,  
Where endless plains the mind with transport fill.  
“Heavens, what a goodly prospect spreads around!”  
With trees, and lawns, and bow’rs, and winding rivulets crown’d.  
Yon distant hills aspiring to the skies—  
And the whole view in glowing grandeur lies.  
The copious THAMES still vindicates his reign,  
Now lost, now found, now hid, now seen again.  
The num’rous flocks that bleat along the meads,  
The lowing herds, and loudly-neighing steeds;  
The echoing chant of birds that fill the grove,  
Transport my mind with Nature’s bounteous love.  
How bright and varied smiles the boundless view!  
What glowing tints of carmine’s richest hue  
Warm the whole scene! Oh! here my thoughts could stray,  
And mark with rapture the departing day.

was decisive, if not rapid. Horace, Virgil, Livy, and Tacitus, Herodotus and Homer, were becoming

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From the Hill, the Muse makes a sort of natural digression to Richmond Park ; and there she gives vent to rather an impassioned tone of feeling.

Now bear me to some shadowy deep-brown grove,  
 Where pale-eyed Contemplation loves to rove ;  
 Where hooded Silence stalks with measured pace,  
 And Meditation shews her solemn face.  
 'Tis RICHMOND'S PARK affords this much-loved scene—  
 To lie reclined 'midst bow'rs of richest green ;  
 Where towering elms their beauteous foliage spread,  
 And oaks majestic rear their ancient head.  
 The well-shaped firs, and deep'ning chesnuts rise,  
 The ash, the beech, the poplars seek the skies ;  
 While the brown nut, and spreading shrub below,  
 In firmer beauty, and rich order grow.

Here, wrapt in thought, Philosophy retires,  
 And pale-eyed Study feels her native fires ;  
 Here Peace delights, Contentment holds her seats,  
 Wisdom here dwells, and Solitude retreats.

A sort of retrograde movement is then made to TWICKENHAM ; and POPE being a kind of poetical synonyme with that place, the bard is thus approached and appreciated.

But haste, and bring me to yon sloping mead,  
 Where Twit'nam's self displays her beauteous head.  
 Pleased as I pass the winding shore along,  
 And cull each flow'r to decorate my song,  
 POPE'S peaceful mansion brings my willing mind  
 To explore his garden and his grot to find.  
 With softest step I'll tread the hallow'd ground,  
 Where with immortal bays the Nine their fav'rite crown'd.  
 'The fairest flowers around the spot shall grow,  
 The daisy redden, and the violet blow :  
 The rose, the pink, the hyacinth adorn,  
 And the rich laurel consecrate his urn.  
 Ambrosial fragrance fill the sacred place,  
 And lavish Nature pour her happiest grace.

Oh NAME for ever loved ! oh bard admired !  
 Whom Phœbus warm'd, and all the Nine inspired !

familiar to me ; but nothing took such entire possession of the very strongholds of imagination and reason as the glorious ILLIAD ! My little Reading

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To whom the sister Graces lent their aid,  
 And rural elves fantastic homage paid ;  
 For whom the Naiads left their wat'ry bed,  
 And Thames, spontaneous, rear'd his hoary head ;  
 For whom each swain in sprightliest form advanced,  
 And buxom maids in rustic order danced ;  
 For whom the Muse hath pour'd her genuine fire,  
 Enhanced each theme, and struck her choicest lyre ;  
 While ELOISA, in her awful cells,  
 Religion's dictates, and Love's passion tells ;  
 While airy sylphs around Belinda fly,  
 And guard the Lock that's destined ne'er to die ;  
 The critic in thy ESSAY wond'ring sees  
 Rules so concise, and maxims sure to please :  
 In thee MORALITY assumes her power,  
 And Satire stings the breast that never felt before.  
 HORACE to thee his classic tribute pays,  
 And finds his temples crown'd with British bays.  
 O'er unknown-vulgar flight inspired to soar,  
 HOMER invites thee to his welcome shore ;  
 To thee his harp in generous triumph gives ;  
 Adorn'd in British strains, each bard transcendant lives.

No more, ye trees, no more his lay shall sound !  
 No more, ye bowers, his swelling note rebound !  
 No more, ye winding paths, ye deep-grown shades,  
 Ye grots umbrageous, and ye mossy glades,  
 No more, responsive to each well-wrought tale—  
 In sadness now with drooping head bewail !  
 Mute is his strain, his once-loved lyre unstrung,  
 Fate stops his voice, and Silence seals his tongue.  
 Here, as I tread, with solemn pace, the ground,  
 A deathlike awe and stillness breathe around ;

&c. &c. &c.

It is just possible that these verses, the production of a lad of little more than fifteen, may possess some other claim to attention than that of having been taken from a very rare volume.

regiment\* seemed to be resuscitated, and marshalled in array before me as I flew with Héctor, or shouted with Diomed, for the battle. I could with difficulty resist the impulse of bespeaking a δολιχόσκιος ἔγχος, and seven-bull-hided shield, of a neighbouring artificer. But these incipient notions cooled in due course; and when I had mastered the first twelve books of that immortal poem, the version of Pope was put into my hands. It filled me with an admiration which I am unable to express; and yet its "Ovidian graces" did not altogether escape my notice and observation. I was for ever "trying my hand" at a rival translation†, which my master would good humouredly endure.

However, a more rational source of rivalry was in *themes*, a didactic English prose composition, every Saturday afternoon (sad inroad upon a half holiday!) upon a given subject, specified by a trite Latin motto; as, "*Carpe diem*"—" *Principiis obsta*"—" *Quo semel*

\* See page, 49, ante.

† Especially in the pitched battle between Hector and Ajax; the parting of Hector and Andromache; the storming of the Grecian ships by Hector, and the battle of the Gods. The way in which Homer makes all these fierce conflicting deities take part with their favourite mortals, while the thunders of Jupiter are rolling over their heads in a canopy of dense black clouds, is truly magnificent and sublime. But of mortal heroes, Hector was my favourite—and will always be the favourite of every gallant-hearted schoolboy. I remember reading, long before I got through Homer, *Fitzosborne's Letters* (which awakened many pleasing, and I may add elegant, thoughts), where the comparative merits of the versions of Homer by Dryden, by Addison, and Pope are estimated; and also the *Monthly Review* of Cowper's version, which raised the merits of Pope in a tenfold degree in my humble estimation.

*est imbuta recens*”—“*Pallida mors equo pulsat,*” &c., and divers others of the like quality. To see, in the upper classes, the solemn, woe-begone countenances with which some lads—indeed, most lads—sat down to master the obvious difficulties of such a task\*; the hunt in Addison or Johnson for a successful *crib*; the scratchings out and scratchings in; the feverish restlessness, ending sometimes in tears of absolute despair—were a sad but not uncommon sight. For myself, I generally contrived to illustrate the moral propounded by some *tale* dressed up in the oriental style of fiction, by which I got rid of a great deal of dry, difficult, commonplace remark, and stiffness of diction. Meanwhile, I had so mastered the French language as to carry about me, alternately, *Telemachus* and *Gil Blas*, as pocket companions: and if there be *one* period of these “SCHOOLBOY DAYS” upon which I look back with the consciousness of

\* The “difficulties” are not only obvious, but with some boys necessarily insurmountable. Experience and reflection are the basis of ethical composition, upon which reason is to be exercised; but how are these three requisites obtainable in a lad of from fourteen to sixteen? I have known instances where hours have been spent in the construction of the first sentence. Some few boys, however, had a resolute fancy, and ready diction, to

“advance

Some desperate doctrines, and be right by chance;”

but in secret they had an abhorrence of the task. POETRY, whether in Latin or English, was always a favourite topic of rivalry: especially with those who had a knack at *hexameterising*. I still preserve a Latin prize-poem upon Gold, in which certain hobbling hexameters are eked out to the extent of two hundred lines.

having been more thoroughly happy than another, it is *that*, when, in the last six months of my residence, being a parlour-boarder, and the captain of the school, I used to sit in the branches of the mulberry tree, in my master's garden, alternately plucking the ripe fruit and reading the last-named authors. Never, surely, did the sun, before or since, appear to go down with so golden a hue, or orchard trees to be canopied by so ultramarine a sky!

And yet, although, both with master and boys, nothing could go on more smoothly—and although I was confident, in a short time, of being quite at the top of the first class—I began to be weary of school discipline, and impatient of school confinement. Long walks always brought me back again to the same point whence I *started*. Mulberries were only ripe in September. The clang of the up-rising, ringing-in, school-bell, fixed in an elm tree, became insupportable; and dancing and fencing were miserable afternoon substitutes for fishing, bathing, and cricket. The ploughboy “whistling o’er the lea,” the solemn flight of the crow, or the rapid volition of the pigeon, were absolutely objects of deeply-fixed envy\*. But

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\* It seems absurd, and scarcely credible, that for a schoolboy—never shrinking from getting a task, and having a decided love of learning—such a feeling should possess me, but it *did*. I would sometimes have given anything and everything for a stroll, on a sunny afternoon, to Osterley Park, within the distance of two miles. I loved to look upon its antiquated red-brick exterior—but far more did I enjoy the *aviary*, filled with exotic birds, and situated in a sort of coppice wood, with a small lake of water, into which a fountain sent forth a gushing stream.

the latter months of my residence were rendered more endurable by the establishment of a *debating club* in the upper school-room, of which I had the honour to be elected the first president. My principal adversary in debate, as well as in classical lore, was a youth of the name of KING\*. It was now time to think of looking forward to the *line of life* in which my future destinies were to be concentrated: when, after divers anxious consultations between Dr. Greenlaw and my uncle, it was resolved that I should be sent to COLLEGE—a resolution, which, at the time, filled me with something approaching to awe and dread.

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This place had an indescribably magic charm for me; and when a parlour-boarder, I was constantly strolling thither, reclining on the grass, and devouring the pages of Thomson, Pope, and Shakspeare. On revisiting this spot some three years ago, I found an entire metamorphosis. The aviary had disappeared: the lake was dried up: the trees were cut down. But, as an antidote to this misery, Lord Jersey, its owner, had given me permission to examine the LIBRARY of the mansion, where *two* volumes (the *Morte d'Arthur* printed by Caxton, and the only thoroughly complete copy of *Coverdale's Bible* of 1535), entirely reconciled me to the disappearance of the feathered tribe. Two such volumes cannot fail, in every vicissitude of the BIBLIOMANIA, to hold their heads as high as ever.

\* Now a respectable clergyman, and eminent teacher of youth. He was always a well-grounded scholar for his years, and very much my superior in grammatical accuracy.

## CHAPTER III.

## COLLEGE LIFE.

“ I never hear the sound of thy glad bells,  
 OXFORD, and chime harmonious, but I say,  
 (Sighing to think how time has worn away),  
 Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,  
 Heard, after years of absence, from the vale  
 Where *Charwell* winds.”

BOWLES.

How sweetly and how truly do these “speaking” verses describe the exact emotions of my heart! Forty-two years have passed away since I put on the freshman’s gown—yet on every revisiting of ALMA MATER, there should seem to be some secretly-stirring spirit, which, if it gently chide me for hours neglected, and studies shunned, still assures me that I have not lived altogether an unworthy or unprofitable Son. There is, and ever will be, an unspeakable pleasure, as well as a defensible pride, in this declaration. Peace to the spirits of such, who have revisited the ivied walls and grey battlements of EITHER university with emotions less honourable and consoling! I was matriculated an independent member and commoner of St. John’s College during the vice-chancellorship of *Dr. Wills*; a name that merits to be enrolled among those of the later

WORTHIES \* of the University. Dr. Dennis was the then president of the college. I had the slightest possible knowledge of him; as, in those days, the distance between an independent freshman and the head of the college was great, unless an immediate approach was to be obtained through the medium of a letter of introduction. I had nothing of the sort; and why St. John's College was selected for me, neither my late master nor myself were ever able to ascertain †. The introduction to the tutor, the Rev. Michael Marlowe, was one that afforded me the

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\* Dr. WILLS died in 1806, leaving to the value of about 15,000*l.* to the college of Wadham, of which he was the president; and procuring the rescinding of an old and barbarous statute, by which that headship was to be always filled by a *Bachelor*. He was succeeded by Dr. Tournay, also a bachelor; and Dr. Tournay having resigned the headship in favour of Dr. Symons, in 1831, this latter now warms the Warden's lodge by all those hospitable rites and makings-welcome, which are only to be thoroughly and joyously accomplished by means of the "PLACENS UXOR," as well as the "DOMUS." Of Dr. Tournay I had scarcely more than a slight knowledge, during the very few latter years of his life; but I saw and found enough in him to account for the estimation in which he was held by the university, and especially by the high Tories. His heart was warm and liberal; his understanding strong and acute. If you only granted him his *premises*, he would build such a *superstructure* upon them as it would be very difficult to shake or pull down. He was a very *Cornish wrestler* in argument—wary, powerful, decisive: while the asperity of his invective was frequently softened, or accompanied, by a sort of heart's chuckle, which appeared to disarm their terror. His table was always an abundant one, and his *puns* would sometimes circulate as briskly as his *hock*. At one of his symposia, I was proud to receive his hearty concurrence in commendation of that most marvellously-described *night battle*, in Mr. Gleig's account of the campaign in New Orleans; and for his good taste in this behalf (as *I told him*), "I could almost forgive his outrageous Toryism!"

† The scholars and fellows are elected chiefly from Merchant Tailors'

sincerest pleasure\*. He was a gentleman and a scholar, uniting great diffidence with undoubted attainments. His conduct towards me, from first to last, was uniformly that of a sensible and kind-hearted man. In the third year of my residence, he succeeded to the presidentship, on the death of Dr. Dennis, by the unanimous votes of the Fellows. I regretted that, as a commoner, I had no vote to bestow, or he should have had a dozen from me, had I the means of giving them. On his election, the whole college (dependent and independent members) went *en trein* to do homage to Christ Church. I thought this a very humbling piece of vassalage†.

I had scarcely entered upon my studies, or joined my class, before I began to be conscious of my com-

School, in Suffolk-lane, London. Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London, was founder of the college in 1557. There is a whole-length portrait of him at the upper end of the college dining-hall. It is a hard, brown, ochery picture, but genuine—and, I dare say, a faithful resemblance. The History of Merchant Tailors' School has been written by the Rev. H. B. Wilson, 1812-14, 4to.

\* The first interview with Dr., then Mr. Marlowe, was short; but civil and decisive. One thing has ever since struck me. Dr. M. told Dr. Greenlaw that he thought I might maintain myself very respectably as a commoner for 120*l.* per annum. To be sure, in those days port wine was to be had of Mr. Sims for 1*l.* 5*s.* per dozen. Claret was utterly unknown at any table.

† We were received by the dean and chapter, as I supposed it to be, in full costume and formality. Dr. Cyril Jackson (than whom few men could dress themselves in the robes of authority with greater dignity and effect) was the Dean. What took place I know not; but we returned in rank and file, as we had issued out. In due course, the whole college was regaled with a sumptuous dinner by the newly-elected president, who came to our several common-rooms for drinking wine, to pledge us, and to receive in return the heartiest attestations of

parative backwardness ; or rather of my premature entrance upon COLLEGE LIFE. Two years of stiff and steady discipline with a private tutor should have preceded it. The want, too, of an education at a *public school* was fancied to be felt ; but my tutor, often seeing my misgivings and anxieties, spared me as much as possible. I always took pains before going up, and fancied I could master Herodotus and Xenophon with comparative ease ; Demosthenes and Longinus required closer grappling with. Still all these lectures had only the air of schoolboy proceedings : nothing lofty, stirring, or instructive was propounded to us. There were no college prizes ; and lecture and chapel were all that we seemed to be called upon to attend to. After lecture, the day was our own ; and oh ! what days were these.

Boating, hunting, shooting, fishing—these formed, in times of yore, the chief amusements of the OXFORD SCHOLAR. They form them now, and will ever form them ; being good, and true, and lawful amusements in their several ways, when partaken of in modera-

our esteem and respect for him—the masters by themselves, the bachelors by themselves, and scholars and commoners each in their particular banqueting-room. I remember one forward freshman shouting aloud on this memorable occasion, as the new president retreated,

“ Nunc est bibendum ; nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus !”

The stars of midnight twinkled upon our orgies : but this was a day NEVER TO COME AGAIN. Dr. Marlowe sat thirty-three years in the president's chair of St. John's College.

tion. But who shall describe the inward glow of delight with which that same scholar first sees the furniture of his rooms as his own—and his rooms, a sort of castle, impervious, if he pleases, to the intruding foot! Everything about him begets a spirit of independence. He reads—he writes—he reposes—he carouses, as that spirit induces. All that he puts his hand upon, is his own. The fragrant bohea, the sparkling port; the friends, few or many, which encircle him; while the occupations of the past, and the schemes for the coming day, furnish themes which alternately soothe and animate the enthusiastic coterie. The anticipations of the morrow keep the forehead as smooth and the heart as warm as when the day of sport and of pastime has closed. There can be no let or hindrance. A lecture, which occupies a class only one hour, is as an intellectual plaything. It is over, and half the college is abroad; some few to wend their solitary steps “where the harebells and violets blow,” and to return upon the bosom of Isis beneath the trembling radiance of the moon:—after having visited the ruins of Godstow, or entered the sacred antiquity of Iffley\*.

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\* The ruins of Godstow Nunnery are almost ideal, so scanty are the materials left. The history attached to them, whether real or feigned, is quite of a romantic cast of character; but the reader may see as much gossip as he pleases connected with this nunnery in Hearne's *Historia Gulielmi Neubrigensis*. The dwelling upon Godstow, brings *Wolvercote*, an adjoining village, to my recollection; where once lived one of the most excellent of men, and kind-hearted of friends—Mr. CHARLES SWANN, a paper-maker. He died some twenty years ago,

But I am dealing in generals, when, to be instructive, I ought perhaps to particularise. It was

and has been very recently followed to the grave by his only son, a barrister full of promise.

The church of IFFLEY has always struck me as being among the most compact, perfect, and interesting specimens of what is vulgarly called *Saxon* (but correctly *Norman*) architecture in the kingdom. Its western entrance, and the zigzag ornamented arches within, upon which the stunted tower is built, are full of attractions, which the thoroughly initiated only know how sufficiently to appreciate. The style of its architecture is, in almost all respects, similar to that of St. Peter's in the East, at Oxford; of which some notion may be formed by looking at the plates, and especially of that of "the doorway under the porch," in one of the numbers of Dr. Ingram's popular work, entitled "Memorials of Oxford."

Of the village as well as of the church of Iffley, thus called to remembrance, let me be indulged in expressions to which that remembrance gives birth. That spot had often been the scene of many a pleasant and many an innocent recreation. Early and late have I been an inmate in the house of one of its most respectable inhabitants, now, peradventure, numbered with the silent dead. Often, as the eleventh hour of night was striking by GREAT TOM, have I unmoored my little bark, at the extremity of the garden, "washed by the reflux wave," and made onwards for home ere the midnight bell marked the certainty of an imposition. Some twenty-three or four years ago, all the events or imagery, imparted in these few pages, rushed upon my recollection—to which I gave vent in the following would-be poetical attempt—referring to the earlier period of a *freshman*.

As thus enthusiastic he pursues  
 His varying round, his destiny at length  
 Leads him to enter, as a student free,  
 Thy cloister's pale, and academic bowers,  
 BELOVED OXFORD! There he thrives. There shines  
 And glitters in his own conceit. His days  
 To learning little, and his nights to mirth  
 Much, are devoted for a while. And yet  
 Th' instructive volume oft times duly spread,  
 Is seen upon his desk. 'Tis History  
 Of Ancient Greece or England, from thy pen,  
 Mitford or Henry; or from his who late

some time, and not till after keeping two or three terms, that I began to adopt what is called a system-

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Hath writ of Italy's illustrious sons,  
 Immortal *Roscoe*. Next, 'tis sweet romance—  
 How *Amadis* or *Arthur* through the fields  
 Of war, triumphant, shook their blood-stain'd lance,  
 And, like the stubble by the whistling wind,  
 Drove recreant knights before them. Then his breast  
 Feels the full glow accordant—then by turns  
 He'd legislate like Solon, or would fight  
 Like *Fier-Bras*. To mathematic skill  
 Indifferent; but of ancient classic lore  
 (Transmitted in the everlasting page  
 Of grave Thucydides, or Livy eloquent)  
 Enamour'd much. And thus the first two years  
 His studies (if a name so lofty may  
 Be fix'd to such pursuits) are mark'd. But oh!  
 His pleasures, how transcendent! Down the stream  
 Of Isis, on whose banks the flowrets blow  
 For aye in song, he guides the rapid skiff;  
 And like an Indian, freed from vassalage,  
 Sniffs oft the gale delicious: while his heart  
 Is lost in transport unalloy'd with care.

His vigorous hands the ashen sculls apply,  
 And soft beneath the yielding waters play.  
 Then on he glides towards his favourite spot:  
 Makes fast his little bark, secure from surge  
 And tempest sudden; and on shore he leaps  
 Triumphant, at his skill delighted. If  
 Thy blooming meads, and art-instructive church,  
 O *IFFLEY*! fail to tempt him, forward he  
 To neighbouring *Sandford* bends his hast'ning step,  
 By curiosity or hunger driven.

The silver eel is dress'd; the sparkling ale  
 From choicest flagon, mantled with brown dust,  
 Nutmeg 'yclept, is brought in meet array  
 And studied form. His hunger thus appeased,  
 And slaked his thirst, he quits the lowly roof  
 With joy unspeakable, of place and time  
 Regardless; till from Botley's Hill the sun,

atic course of reading; the love of liberty, or rather of unrestrained recreation, having kept me previously very much out of college. Abingdon, Blenheim, Newnham—in short, a new world, with a new set of ideas! But I had usually a pocket companion in the shape of a volume of English poetry or the drama. I had purchased Bishop Newton's Milton, Warburton's Pope, and Theobald's Shakspeare: but none took a stronger hold of me, in those days, than THOMSON; and I loved his *Castle of Indolence* beyond measure\*. Of his Seasons, *Spring* was my

Slow moving to his western bed, makes broad  
 The shades of coming eve: and down the stream  
 The gently-stirring zephyr wafts thy sound,  
 GREAT TOM! like cannon heard at Dover cliff  
 From Calais' shore, and dreaded more. Anon  
 He hurries with quick step, and pulse increased,  
 'Till his moor'd bark he loosens. Now the tug  
 Of skill and strength against th' opposing stream  
 In vain!

*Bibliography, p. 5.*

\* The above were my *first* book purchases, at a Mr. Collins's, in Change-alley, near my uncle's residence, in Walbrook. They were put up in the window at marked prices, and I think I was upwards of a week fluttering about that same window, in the agonising hesitation of purchasing or not. I disdained to let the shopman carry them home, but took them triumphantly under my arm, and deposited them in a trunk. Collins was the most diminutive man I ever had business with; but he knew business well. His shrill pipe and twinkling little dark eyes (especially when looking at you over the rim of his spectacles) cannot be easily forgotten. His shop was absolutely choked, and his windows were darkened, with books. He used to get his flying dinner-meal behind a *stack* of books, from which he darted with great alertness when a customer entered his shop. He died some years ago, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Wardour. But the book-shop exists no longer—and boots and shoes now occupy the place of quartos and octavos.

favourite—and how natural the preference! How many “summer suns” have “rolled unperceived away” while, in the deepening glooms of Bagley Wood, or near the magnificent expanse of water at Blenheim, I have been seated with some one of the above authors in my lap! The *future* had nothing, then, so entirely rapturous as the *present*.

At length a sort of literary ambition began to be stirring within me. It was in the power of every one to row, sail, hunt, shoot, and fish; but to “build the lofty rhyme,” to store the memory with deeds of other days, to think, speak, and write well, were objects which seemed to me to be of a more exalted and commanding cast of character. Still I was thrown upon myself and my own resources: there was no common link of sympathy. In my fellow-collegians, with some very few exceptions, I discovered no very obvious sparks or indications of a desire to strike out of the ordinary routine. But if I sought solitude, I found instruction in the society of those “who speak without opening their mouths, and who chastise without the infliction of stripes\*.” Two works, at this

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\* The expression is in Richard De Bury's *Philobiblon*; a work, about which there is mention made, almost to raving, in the *Bibliomania*, p. 245-7; *Bibl. Decameron*, vol. iii. pp. 229, 230; and *Biblioth. Spenseriana*, vol. iii. p. 237. Some two or three years since there was published a literal English version of the quaint and curious original Latin text. To this version are subjoined notes, apparently destined only to be the channel of unprovoked and unjustifiable abuse of the ENGLISH CHURCH and her MINISTERS. It is as difficult to divine, as it is to justify, the motive of such vituperation.

crisis, contributed, instantly and most effectually, to fasten me to my seat, and to make me a constant inmate of college. These were *Boswell's Life of Johnson* and *D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*. Although composed of wholly opposite materials, they affected me in nearly the same degree. With Johnson and Boswell I used to sit hour after hour, and day after day, in our *groves* or *gardens*—a very paradise of their kind\*. I seemed to be one, however insignificant, of the circle described; and never knew how to admire sufficiently the masculine understanding, the vigorous reasoning, and colloquial eloquence, of the great sage of Litchfield†. D'Israeli was the companion of my evening hours and lone musings beyond midnight. I once saw the gothic battlements‡ outside my window streaked with the

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\* These are the work of BROWN; and if ever Cowper's precept of giving "ample space to narrow bounds" were realised, it has been in these delightful gardens. It was said, that when George III. paid his first visit to Oxford, he declared that his dominions did not contain such a specimen of gardening skill—and yet they are comprised within a boundary of *four acres!*

† There is now in circulation a pocket edition, under the editorship of Mr. Croker, of this delightful and matchless piece of biography, forming part of an edition of Johnson's entire works. This edition will run upon all fours through every civilised country in the world. May I express my regret, or perhaps disappointment, at the autobiography of the Great Seer in his very earlier years? To be sure, anything coming from *such* a man has a distinct and peculiar zest; but the record of puling infancy and diseased childhood, together with an imperfect statement of youthful studies and pursuits, has not much hold upon the imagination or the memory.

‡ Upon one of these "battlements" there used regularly to perch, as the darkness of night came on, a grave, large, and apparently well-fed OWL. He commenced his hootings almost as regularly, but in a more

dapple light of the morning, as I retired to rest closing "the *Curiosities of Literature*." I was always equally surprised and delighted to see from what sources the "curious" intelligence contained in this work was derived. Never was truth attired in more attractive garments than in these volumes; and to *them* I owe my early passion for ENGLISH PHILOLOGY—a passion, which can only cease with my existence.

I loved history exceedingly; and, strange to say, took a violent affection for *Rushworth's Collections*, as a portion of that of our own country. Beyond measure was I pleased with that historian's account of the reign of James I\*, and the developement of

subdued tone, as the nights became moonlight. On one of these occasions I was seized with a fit to compose an ode, published in my Poems, entitled, "*Ode to the Moon, with my College Window open*." It was precisely at one of these *D'Israelite* studies that I composed the lines in question, which begin thus:

"Solemn, serene, congenial, hush'd in peace!

All nature in reposing grandeur lies.

Through the thin tranquil air,

The owl pours forth her hollow tone;

Whilst melancholy, thoughtful, and alone,

I view with cheerless eye her progress through the skies."

\* Upon what exact data, I know not, but Mr. D'Israeli, whose instructive "*Curiosities*" has always been appreciated by me as they deserve to be, is smitten with a most uncommon attachment towards the memory of James I., upon whom he writes an express volume in laudatory strains. He was at once encouraged and hardened in this predilection by his friend the late W. Gifford, the well-known and much-dreaded editor of the *Quarterly Review*. I am more than surprised, being well nigh astounded, at such a partiality. He, who has attentively perused a celebrated little volume, entitled "*Truth brought to Light by Time*" (common and cheap enough), 1651, 4to., may see and be con-

the intrigues of Gondomar and Buckingham, in negotiating the marriage of Charles with the Infanta

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vinced of the infamy of the protection given by James to Carre, Earl of Somerset, and the Countess of Essex, at the very moment when the hands of that abandoned couple were stained with the blood of Sir Thomas Overbury, whom they had caused to be murdered in the Tower. James must in his *heart* have known them to have been privy to that murder, and yet he forgave and caressed them! So true is the remark of Lord Clarendon, that he "could not resist the influence of fine clothes and a handsome person." His *predecessor* would have taken especial good care to have elevated the couple in question to an *Haman*-like altitude. And then, the decapitation, the murder, of Sir Walter Raleigh, during the *peaceful* reign of the same James!

Good Mr. D'Israeli, reconsider your judgment. And yet I have no hopes of its reversion; for, in the recent edition of his *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. p. 322, the author refers us to this very "Enquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.," and tells us that he is perfectly satisfied with the view which he had at first, in these "Curiosities," taken of the Scoto-Anglican monarch. It seems that the chief ground of his inference, or eulogy, is, that James had "preserved for us a peace of more than twenty years." But surely this is not a correct logical datum for such a conclusion. The peace of a country is not strictly a personal, or a national question, *per se*; it must depend in a great measure upon the disposition of *other* countries. A man may be among the most peaceful of citizens or of farmers, but he may have a very quarrelsome *neighbour*. His windows may be repeatedly broken, or his fields as repeatedly trespassed upon. He must then *defend* that aggression. Thus, feuds in ordinary life are engendered, and *national* feuds arise frequently from causes comparatively as sure yet as trivial. When James I. ascended the throne, there was a disposition to peace *abroad*. France was wearied and exhausted with the wars of the league; and Spain, not able to trespass upon England by land, had the wings of her fleet so thoroughly clipped by the destruction of her Armada (the *Trafalgar* action of that day), that she was in no wise able to make the slightest hostile effort. But the real secret may be supposed to lie in the consummate address of CECIL, the prime minister, upon whose shoulders the mantle of his uncle seems to have been so gracefully cast. Let any man study the "Memorials" of Sir Robert Winwood, Cecil's secretary, and he may not only be convinced of this fact, but in other respects have the toil of perusal abundantly rewarded by the fruits to be gathered from a solid and instructive work.

of Spain. But Henry's history was the sort of "*Hortus Adonidis*" from which I strove to gather ripe and unperishing fruit. He was always on my table; and when I could, his authorities were by the side of him. Hume was my *sofa* companion; but his reign of Elizabeth (which I believe to have read through four times at the least) has always struck me as a piece of composition scarcely to be equalled. It is also very carefully got up on the score of authorities; while all the author's *Tudorian* propensities and attachments are most adroitly interwoven in the narrative and reasonings of the text\*. Strange as may seem the juxta-position, yet *Burton* and *Gibbon* were frequently lying upon the same sofa or table. From causes utterly remote from each other, I loved these authors alike in respect to steadiness of attachment—although *Gibbon* always commanded a more consecutive attention and a more frequent reflection. The latter, in his "Account of his Life and Writings," was among the most winning of authors; and in his "Decline and Fall" seemed to be the most dignified and instructive of historians†. I read him, in the

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\* Take, for example, the reasonings on both sides of the question for liberating or executing Mary, Queen of Scots, as urged upon Elizabeth by Cecil and Walsingham. You become, by turns, the advocate of each measure; so nicely, ingeniously, and cogently do the arguments seem to run. For *PATHOS*, what, in the whole compass of English history, is comparable to Hume's account of the execution of the unfortunate queen—from the moment of her rising from her early bed to that of laying her head upon the block?

† Time was, some thirty years ago (see *More's Utopia*, 2 vols. 1806), that I made much of *BURTON's Anatomy of Melancholy*, from the

last mentioned work, with such authorities as I could muster together; but what was a lad of eighteen to do with the "Body of the Byzantine Historians?" The shelves of the college library afforded, I believe, about one half of their number,

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cubical quarto of 1621 to the tapering folio of 1678, being in possession of these, and of all the intermediate editions. My copies were tall, clean, and goodly in all respects; and to that of the last was prefixed an impression, bright as silver, of Albert Durer's grand print of "Melancholia," being a female personification of Melancholy. These copies were all bound in picked russia, by Faulkener; for then, Charles Lewis "was not." What an extraordinary book it is, and what a most extraordinary portion of it is the chapter upon "Love Melancholy!" I was grateful for the octavo reprint of it, which has gone through two editions: but Burton has not yet been clothed in the editorial garb which ought to encircle his shoulders.

Of GIBBON it were idle now to speak, as criticism has been drawn to its very dregs concerning him; and we look to receive from the Rev. Mr. Milman an edition of his great historical work (for "great," questionless it is) in which the subtle ore of infidelity will be extracted from the stratum of the text, and innuendoes met and encountered with the courage of a Christian scholar and critic. To my judgment, in later life, Gibbon has, what Johnson describes Gray as having, "a sort of strutting dignity, loving always to walk on tiptoe." He tires sooner than any other historian, from his narrative being too often clogged and encumbered by the drapery of words. But his mind had a capacious grasp, and he was perhaps the most ambitious of all historians ancient or modern. His way lay through thorns and brambles, in the midst of bog, and sometimes of darkness; but he seemed to glory in mastering them. From the second century of the Christian era to the middle of the fifteenth, on the capture of Constantinople, he chose a path for himself; and in that path no successor can walk without borrowing largely of the light which the volumes of the "*Decline and Fall*" cannot fail to supply him.

I have, however, something like "a crow to pick" with the conclusion of Gibbon's Account of his Life and Writings. It is not only hypochondriacal, but it is almost cowardly. At least, a brave Christian would not so express himself. The author talks of the "abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, always tinging with a browner shade the evening

but who could encounter such a phalanx as a matter of mere amusement\*?

Still there was something wanting, as I mellowed down towards the third year of my standing, to render a COLLEGE LIFE thoroughly congenial and satisfactory. College exercises were trite, dull, and uninteresting. The University partook of this distressing somnolency. There seemed to be no spur to emulation and to excellence. Whatever was done, was to be done only by means of private energy and enthusiasm. The STATUTES were at that time a sort of *caput mortuum*; and yet the members of the University were taught to view and to estimate them as

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of life:" as if THIS life were to lead to NO OTHER: as if the grave were for ever to hold both the body and spirit of man. Well might the most brilliant of all *Pagan* lyrical poets exclaim,

" O beate Sexti,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,

. Et domus exilis plutonia," &c.

but, for a man like Gibbon, born and writing in the eighteenth century, to close such an "Account" in a strain so querulous and unphilosophical (to say the least) is altogether as pitiable as surprising. How fine is the burst of YOUNG:

" Life's a debtor to the grave.

Dark lattice, letting in ETERNAL DAY!

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost."

Even the homely couplet sung in the evening hymn of our metropolitan churches is infinitely preferable to the Gibbonian philosophy:—

" Teach me to live that I may dread

The GRAVE as little as my BED."

\* This "phalanx" consists of about 50 folio volumes, published at Paris between the years 1645-1819. They may now be had for about thirty pounds, but were once not purchasable under threescore and ten guineas. I remember Mr. Heber telling me, that, on procuring a set abroad (I think in the Low Countries), he was obliged to take them about with him, loose, in a travelling carriage, upwards of fifty miles, tumbling

the ancient Roman was taught to look upon the Rubicon, the sacred boundary of his confine—beyond which it was sacrilege to pass. The beadles paraded in rustling silks and glittering maces to St. Mary's, to the Divinity School, and to the Theatre. Sermons were preached, degrees conferred, commemorations celebrated; gaudies, or college anniversary festivals\*, went their joyous and spirit-stirring rounds; and dinners and deserts were at once plentiful and expensive. But, taking one day and one term with another, there was a sort of “dull, aching void,” which, with young men of aspiring notions and ardent imaginations, nothing could thoroughly compensate or reconcile. The laws of the university were as the heavy sedge, or sea-weed, which only

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about in all directions, and “threatening to bury him beneath the ruins of the Lower Empire.” This magnificent, and to the historical collector indispensable, set of volumes, together with the publications of the *Councils, Fathers, and Ancient Classics*, reflects immortal honour upon the PRESS OF FRANCE.

\* Each college has its PATRON SAINT. St. John the Baptist was ours. On that day, June 24th, the hall was set out with flowers and garlands, and the dinner consisted of every luxury in season. The larger grace-cups were ranged upon the high table, for the senior fellows and visiting dons; the sideboard glittered and groaned beneath the weight of other old and massive plate—plate, which had been concealed during the civil wars, and not melted down to serve the royal cause, as that of many other colleges had been. Altogether, the sight and the festival were joyous and grand. In ancient times, however, the day was ushered in with pious solemnity; and even thirty-five years ago, the junior members were expected to take the sacrament in the morning—a most startling and unfit prelude to the *Saturnalia* of the day. This custom is wisely now “more honoured in the breach than in the observance.”

encumbered exertion and darkened hope\*. Talents like those of Canning or of Copleston would doubtless have burst every "scarment;" but the aliment of an ordinary understanding required treatment of a more intelligible and invigorating nature. There was, as before intimated, plenty of private or individual energy, which only wanted sympathy or encouragement to break forth into public distinction; but the arms of *Alma Mater* dared not then embrace or cherish the hopes of her offspring. She might have commended the zeal, but she had neither the wisdom nor the spirit to "move one finger" in giving it a right direction.

At length an experiment was made to break through all this miserable thralldom and melancholy state of things. Several members of several colleges (in the number of whom I was as proud as happy to be enlisted) met frequently at each other's rooms, to talk over and to concoct a code of laws, or of regulations, for the establishment of a society to be called a "*Society for Scientific and Literary Disquisition.*" It comprehended a debate and an essay, to be prepared by each member in succession, stu-

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\* Suppose any sensible man, or half a dozen sensible men, had at *this time* set themselves to the task of remodelling these statutes, and had perfected the very plan which, about a dozen years afterwards, should seem to have been *adopted* by acclamation—would that remodelling have been *then* approved? Or would the remodellers have been called LUNATICS? So true is it, that, in legislation as in education, there seems to be "A TIME TO SOW AND A TIME TO REAP."

diously avoiding, in both, all topics of religious and political controversy. There was not the slightest attempt to beat down any one barrier of university law or regulation throughout our whole code. We were to meet in a hired room, at a private house, and were to indulge in our favourite themes in the most unrestrained manner, without giving ingress to a single stranger. Over, and over again, was each law revised, corrected, and endeavoured to be rendered as little objectionable as possible. At length, after the final touches, we demanded an interview with the vice-chancellor and proctors; and our founder, WILLIAM GEORGE MATON \*, of Queen's College, Messrs. STODDART, WHITELOCK, FALCONER, (of Christ Church, Queen's, and Corpus colleges) were deputed to meet the great men in office, and to report accordingly.

Dr. Wills was then vice-chancellor, of whom some

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\* When the first sheet of this work was printed off, this excellent man, and early and undeviating friend, was LIVING—an ornament to his (medical) profession, and an honour to human nature. He was the first gownsman to whom I had a letter of introduction on my entrance at St. John's. Our acquaintance soon mellowed into friendship, and that friendship "grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength." In life's bitterest moments—when those whom we love with an intensity of parental affection are about to be taken from us—the sympathy and skill of my departed friend were alike manifested. And what an ENTRANCE was HIS into his profession! How much of the honourable profit of years of toil was first devoted to the discharge of those debts which his high sense of honour told him to be due to the memory of a Father! Dr. Maton died a bachelor, in his sixty-first year, leaving the bulk of his fortune to an elder niece.

slight mention has been already made\*. He received the deputation in the most courteous manner, and requested that our laws might be left with him, as much for his own particular and careful examination as for that of other heads of houses or officers whom he might choose to consult. His request was readily and as courteously complied with; and a day was appointed when the answer of the oracle might be obtained. In about a week, according to agreement, the same deputation was received within the library of the vice-chancellor, who, after solemnly returning the volume (containing the laws) into the hands of our worthy founder, addressed them pretty nearly in the following word. “ *Gentlemen, there does not appear to be anything in these laws subversive of academic discipline, or contrary to the statutes of the university—but (ah, that ill-omened ‘BUT!’) as it is impossible to predict how they may operate, and as innovations of this sort, and in these times†, may*

\* See page 79, ante.

† It was during the full swing of the French Revolution, and Oxford was at the time tenanted by numerous EMIGRANTS. Many of these emigrants (clergymen) were of the most meritorious character; civil, unobtrusive, diligent, and well-educated. I was intimate with several, and too happy, on all occasions, to shew them every civility without doors and within. I have walked with them at one time to Blenheim, and at another to Abingdon; and they have again and again “broken my bread and tasted my salt.” Round the groves of St. John, or at sunset from Headington Hill, how often have we perambulated! And well do I remember, on the Abbé \* \* \* and myself assisting each

*have a tendency which may be as little anticipated as it may be distressing to the framers of such laws, I am compelled, in the exercise of my magisterial authority, as vice-chancellor, to interdict your meeting in the manner proposed.*" The deputation was not altogether unprepared for such a reply; as there had been previously frequent conferences between the dean of Christ Church and Dr. Wills, and the former was somewhat prone to consider *innovation* and *revolution* as synonymous\*.

other's memories through the first eclogue of Virgil, and coming to the following passage,

" Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?  
Barbarus has segetes? En quò discordia cives  
Perduxit miseros."

the Abbé burst into tears, exclaiming—"C'EST LA MA PATRIE!" While upon this theme, let it be allowed me to pay a short but sincere tribute of respect to the attainments (perhaps to the *memory*) of ONE emigrant, of the name of LE BARRIERE, who had the superintendence of a young gentleman of great fortune and connexions, and who resided at my last school with his pupil. Our personal intercourse was succeeded by an unintermitting correspondence during the whole time I was at college. His letters (upon which I am unable, in a mass of forty years' correspondence, to lay my hand at this moment) were uniformly in the *English* language, and I do not remember to have ever seen SUCH specimens of it by the hand of a foreigner. They were, perhaps, not exceeded by those of Walpole and Gibbon in the French language.

\* Yet no man more anxious about all the histories bearing upon the French revolution, than Dr. CYRIL JACKSON. But the work of all others which, at that time, was supposed to be secretly doing most mischief, and preparing the intellectual soil for the reception of revolutionary seed, was *Godwin's Political Justice*; then just issued into the world in two stately quarto volumes. Nor can it be denied that, in common with many other enquiring spirits, some of the members of our proposed club were a little imbued with the principles of Mr. Godwin's book. The novelty, the hardihood, the generalising spirit of these principles, con-

There was, therefore, but one result to adopt— one choice left: and that was, to carry the object, so dear to our hearts, into effect within our private apartments, in rotation. *There* we might discuss, debate, and hear essays read, *ad infinitum*; and, accordingly, our first meeting took place in Queen's College, at the rooms of our founder, afterwards so long and so well known in the medical world as Dr. MATON\*. Our society was quickly enlarged; and the present BISHOP of LLANDAFF, then a student of Corpus College, and the Rev. JOHN HORSEMAN, afterwards a tutor in the same college, were enrolled members †. The two MONCRIEFS of Baliol were

veyed in language at once lucid and strong, struck the minds of many with admiration of the author as well as of the work. It was attacked, on its appearance, with combined vigour, adroitness, and success: and who now reads or remembers the "Political Justice" of Mr. Godwin? Yet is its Author a mighty master in his way. *Falkland* and *St. Leon* are among our most philosophical and spirit-moving novels.

\* Dr. Maton (see page 95, ante) commenced his literary, before his medical, career, by a topographical publication entitled *Observations upon the Western Counties* (Dorsetshire and Somersetshire) and by a *Life of Linnæus*. The former in 2 vols. 8vo. 1797, the latter in one volume 4to. The latter was reviewed (I think by the author's friend, the editor), in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. viii. p. 422.

† I heard the bishop recite both his prizes; the one, in 1793, a Latin poem, upon "Caius Marius Coriolanus midst the ruins of Carthage;" the other, in 1796, an English prose essay upon *Agriculture*. University distinction could not carry a young man beyond these honours. I remember, in our society, that this distinguished prize-gainer once made a most ingenious and eloquent speech upon CHIVALRY, which was the theme of the evening's debate. Of my old and particular and kind friend, the Rev. JOHN HORSEMAN, thus brought to my mind, "let me be indulged in the remembrance." He is now, after a separation of some twenty-five years, become a comparatively near neighbour, and rector

also among our earlier acquisitions; and some gentleman commoner of Trinity College (whose name I have forgotten) together with my oldest, and among my most valued friends, Mr. BARWIS of Queen's, Mr. Gibson (afterwards called Riddell) of Worcester,

of Heydon, near Royston in Cambridgeshire. His scholarship, ready and various, was always admitted; while few could turn over the leaves of Plato with a more thorough knowledge of their contents. But the sweetness of his temper, and the playfulness of his muse, were necessarily the more endearing and attractive objects with his college friends. After the silence of a dozen years (and when he had given up the tutorship of the college) his unsubdued fondness for familiar verse, spurred him on to address me in the following lines.

Though \* \* \* \* \*  
 And Horseman's be unknown to fame,  
 And years have past since last we met,  
*True* friends can ne'er *old* friends forget.

How, then, at Cambridge could you be  
 So near, and yet not come to me?  
 Or, were your time not quite your own,  
 If summon'd, I to you had flown.

Often I muse on OXFORD DAYS,  
 And different friends gone different ways:  
 Some dead, some *worse than dead*, estranged  
 In principle, and heart, too, changed.

But could I judge from pictured look,  
 Or from that printed self, your book\*,  
 Though somewhat modified, you are,  
 In all essentials, what you were.

Such likewise I, though modified,  
 And such for ever may abide;  
 Possibly not so great a prig,  
 But—bear with me, old friend—a *WHIG*.

About ten years after this effusion, and on taking up my residence at Exning, within about eighteen miles of his own, he writes thus, in that

\* The Tour.

and George F \* \* \* of Lincoln—all united to give strength and respectability to our association. Our meetings were frequent and full. The essays, after having been read, were entered in a book; and I am not sure whether, at this very day, such book be not in existence. The subjects of debate usually were, as of old they ever have been, whether the merits or demerits of such a character (Cæsar or Queen Elizabeth, for instance) were the greater? Or whether the good or evil of such a measure, in legislation or in politics, be the more predominant? Of our speakers, the elder Moncrieff, and George F \* \* of Lincoln were doubtless the most fluent and effective; especially the latter, who had a fervency of utterance which was at times surprising. But the younger Moncrieff, in course of time, followed his brother, "*passibus æquis*\*." Taking the art of

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softened and pensive strain which the recurrence of a birth-day, at a certain time of life, will often induce.

Oct. 17, 1834.

This is my birth-day, and may be my last;  
 What ought I to expect at *fifty-nine*?  
 Thankful to God for many blessings past,  
 Without a sigh I could this life resign,  
 Were there not some, to me most justly dear,  
 For whom—not for myself—for whom I fear.  
 Yet, though I lean on God as our best friend,  
 (A friend is HE, and Father, all in ONE)!  
 And Christian hope illumine my latter end,  
 I feel as they will feel when I am gone:  
 But, with this truth, I calm my natural fear;  
 Though dear to me, they are to GOD MORE DEAR.

\* Baliol College has reason to be proud of the name of MONCRIEFF.

speaking and the composition of an essay, together, I think Mr. (now Sir John) STODDART of Christ

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The two members of it here introduced, were sons of the late Rev. Sir Henry Welwood Moncrieff, D.D. Bart., an able, upright, and exemplary character, "gathered to his fathers," in 1827, in the fullness of years. The eldest son, William, who, on going out to Malta and becoming his majesty's attorney-general, was knighted, and who died there in 1813, was one of our most distinguished debaters; and, I think, the best *replier* in the club. He never left a point untouched; and was alike remarkably happy in covering the weaker parts of his own case or argument, and taking advantage of those of his adversary. No man required such little preparation. He seemed to know the chief bearings of his subject almost intuitively, and spoke with a surprising elasticity of spirit and unhesitating promptitude of utterance. But his periods were neither rounded nor ornate; and he neither shook the soul nor took the imagination captive. He was, however, altogether a very powerful debater, and a fearful opponent. His brother James, who succeeded to the baronetcy, and is now LORD MONCRIEFF (one of the lords of session in Scotland), was not less distinguished for acuteness of perception and fluency of speech. He was, in my time, a junior member of the society, but he became, in the end, one of its most distinguished members. His abilities and reputation are now so duly acknowledged in his own country, as to render further notice of them in this place a mere matter of supererogation.

Of all the singular and original characters belonging to our society, GEORGE F \* \*, of Lincoln College, was one of the most striking. His ambition for public speaking and public distinction was without bounds. Every thing bent to this one point in his ever-agitated mind. No authors but Demosthenes and Cicero, for him. On paying me a visit one morning, and seeing me busied with my pencil and brushes, and Mitford, Burton, and Gibbon lying, as usual, open upon my table, he coolly shut up these volumes, and, pointing to my drawing, exclaimed, "away with such baubles, if you think of attaining solid fame." We then took a turn together in the groves of St. John, and I listened, with amazement, to the outpourings of his ardent spirit, and to his hurried and declamatory eloquence. He was a Northumbrian by birth, and the constant object, at once of his admiration and envy, was Mr., now EARL GREY. He used to say, "I could have answered Pitt last night with infinitely more effect than did my countryman!" His countenance was sallow, his eye protruding and wild, and his physiognomical expression tart and

Church beat us all. He was always upon his legs, a fearless opponent; and in the use of a pen, the most unpremeditated and successful\*. There were other

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repulsive. In debating, it was curious to observe how he made us forget his *bur* in the blaze of his fancy and the splendour of his diction. All language would sometimes seem too feeble for giving utterance to those sentiments by which his very soul appeared to be shook. But this could not last for ever. Finding that Mr. Grey would not quit his prominent station in the House of Commons to make room for himself, his spirit cooled: a reaction was observable—a pensive, benevolent expression succeeded to that of the more fiery passions by which he had been agitated; and one stormy night, when the heavens were torn asunder by thunder and by lightning, he sallied from his home, and plunging into a perturbed river, was brought back a *corpse*!

\* With what mingled feelings of pleasure and regret do I call to mind the varied talents of this excellent man, who is now adorning the bench of supreme civil and admiralty judge at Malta:—pleasure, from a knowledge of his worth and attainments; regret, from an apprehension that we are parted, in all human probability, never to meet again in this world. SIR JOHN STODDART married the sister of Lord Moncrieff, some twenty-five years ago, by whom he has a goodly race of representatives; but, before his marriage, HE WAS THE MAN who wrote up *The Times newspaper* to its admitted pitch of distinction and superiority over every other contemporary journal. Mark, gentle reader, I speak of the *Times newspaper* during the eventful and appalling crisis of Bonaparte's invasion of Spain and destruction of Moscow. My friend fought with his *pen* as Wellington fought with his *sword*; but nothing like a tithe of the remuneration, which was justly meted out to the hero of Waterloo, befel the editor of the *Times*. Of course, I speak of remuneration in degree, and not in kind. The peace followed. Public curiosity lulled, and all great and stirring events having subsided, it was thought that a writer of less commanding talent (certainly not the *present editor*), and therefore procurable at a less premium, would answer the current purposes of the day; and the retirement of Dr. Stoddart (for he was at this time a civilian, and particularly noticed and patronised by Lord Stowell) from the old *Times*, and his establishment of the *New Times newspaper*, followed in consequence. But the latter, from the causes above specified, had only a short-lived existence. Sir John Stoddart had been his majesty's advocate, or attorney-general, at

members, of varying shades of merit, but I have forgotten their names. It is well to be able to particularise so much upon a subject brought to recollection after the lapse of upwards of forty years.

Meanwhile, the fame of our club, or society, began to be noised abroad; and those who felt no inclination to write essays\*, or to impose upon themselves the toil of reading and research for the purpose of making a speech, were pretty free in using sneering epithets, and in stigmatising by nick-names. There was, however, ONE nick-name which we instantly and courageously took to ourselves and adopted—and that was, the LUNATICS†. Mad, indeed, we were, and desired so to be called—if an occasional devia-

Malta, before he retired thither, a *second* time, to assume the office of Judge. He has lately published a speech upon the advantages of the introduction of trial by jury into the Maltese courts. As there could be nothing relating to my friend's career, connected with our club, so interesting as *these* particulars, the reader will dispense with the introduction of other topics.

\* Of these essays, one, on the comparative merits of *Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* with *Collins' Ode on the Passions*, and another on *Thomson's Seasons*, of both which I was the humble manufacturer, appeared in the *European Magazine* of 1795 or 1797, I forget which, nor is it worth while to ascertain.

† A very remnant of us, under this name, yet meet at each other's houses, once a month, during the London season: but the recent death of our FOUNDER has not only thinned but saddened our circle . . . .

“As those we love decay, we die in part;  
 String after string is severed from the heart.  
 Till loosen'd life, no more than breathing clay,  
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.  
 Unhappy he, who *latest* feels the blow!  
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,

tion from dull and hard drinking, frivolous gossip, and Bœotian uproar, could justify that appellation. But let us hold the scales with an even hand, and ask what *weight* is NOW attachable to the names of our opponents and our deriders? A seed was sown—small, indeed, in itself, and perhaps slightly covered with earth—which has since grown up and expanded into a goodly tree, bearing perennial fruit; and when the fame of the ACADEMICS is known and admitted in London, let it not be forgotten that it is a *graft* upon this LUNATIC Society of Oxford\*. Nor must we conceal the truth, that, remotely and indirectly,

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Still lingering on from partial death to death,  
Till, dying, ALL he can resign is BREATH."

These are sweet and touching lines, from Thomson; but they are too lugubrous and despondent for a CHRISTIAN POET. Even Horace, in the fourteenth and eighteenth odes of his second book, while equally moving, is scarcely less melancholy: but Virgil, in his apotheosis of Daphnis, has a verse which may be put alongside of any among the *Poetæ Christiani*, first published from the Aldine press, in volumes rare and tempting on every score, and which my friend the Archdeacon of \* \* \*, presses to his bosom at least once in the week. The beautiful line in question is this:

"Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis,"

Dr. Maton's death has made a *gap* in our society which neither surviving nor increasing members can adequately fill up.

\* I forget in what year this "*graft*" took place, but somewhere about thirty years ago. And when the reader learns, that with this graft were incorporated the names of HORNER, GIFFORD, BROUGHAM, and the two GRANTS, he will not be much disposed to undervalue a society to which SUCH MEMBERS were attached—or to overpraise that wisdom which, in the first instance, was opposed to its formation. Dr. Maton continued to sit as president of the Academics till the year 1814, when, his professional business greatly increasing, he found it necessary to resign.

the university *itself* was eventually benefited by the spirit engendered by such a society. I seem to trace the correction, and reconcoction, of those STATUTES, which were almost an insult to common sense, and a bar to progressive improvement—a very compound of monkish absurdity and puerile discipline—to the spirit awakened by the CONCLAVE OF LUNATICS. The same hand, “which adorned everything that it touched,” both in that society and in either rostrum of the theatre\*, became busied, some dozen years afterwards, in the remodelling of the statutes in question; and, yet later, in throwing a seven-bull-hided shield over the University, against missile weapons of attack of no common manufactory †.

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\* See page 98, ante.

† This literary contest, to which I can do little more here than allude, is a subject worthy of treatment by the masterly hand of the writer of the “*Quarrels of Authors*.” The university of Oxford had published an edition of Strabo, upon which a most severe and unsparing critique appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*: see vol. xiv. p. 429. The author of that criticism took an opportunity of more than indirectly attacking the whole system of studies pursued in the same university; and the late Richard Payne Knight was its reputed author. An anonymous reply to the “*Calumnies*” of this review, of which the then provost of Oriel, Dr. Copleston, was the presumed author, quickly made its appearance. This reply was in turn reviewed in the *Edinburgh*, by, it is said, the joint hands of a reverend divine and the late Professor Playfair. It was a very hail-storm of a rejoinder—sarcasm and invective rattling through every page of it. The spirit of the Provost of Oriel was naturally up “in arms.” He took down his choicest yew-bow, and drew forth his longest and sharpest-pointed arrow to its head:

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ’ ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

And although I will not pretend to say that

“The grey goose wing that was thereon,  
In their heart’s blood was wet,”

Oxford would be the most ungrateful of mothers if she did not bestow marks of peculiar favouritism upon this, her distinguished child. But may it be gently asked, and the question forgiven in asking,

“ Why did he quit the studious cloisters pale ? ”

Two public events, of a very different but equally stirring nature, occurred during my undergraduate-ship at Oxford, which it may not be irrelevant to notice. The one was, the *Encœnia* of the Duke of Portland (on the death of Lord North or the Earl of Guildford) as Chancellor of the University; the other, the illumination of the whole town and the colleges, on the victory obtained by Earl Howe over the French, at sea, on the 1st of June, 1794. The first of these events, to a freshman, was likely to be of a most attractive description, and will never be wholly forgotten; although its splendor has well nigh faded away in the remembrance of the recent and more magnificent *Encœnia* of the Duke of Wellington\*. London, in both instances, should seem

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yet that arrow went straight towards its mark, and penetrated a good deal beyond the cuticle of the assailants. In this second and greatly enlarged reply, the author had to prove himself not only an able scholar but a good mathematician and an acute metaphysician. He did so, and here the contest dropt. But the spirit thus awakened could not sleep till it had manifested itself in some most luminous and masterly reviews (in the *Quarterly*) upon the splendid metaphysical talents of the late DUGALD STEWART.

\* The history of the election, or selection (for there was no contest) of this illustrious chieftain for chancellor, is perhaps unprecedented of its kind. Some five years before, Sir Robert Peel, the member for the

to have emptied itself of its beauty and fashion. The brow of the tutor relaxed; the imposition no

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university, on introducing the bill for Roman catholic emancipation, in the House of Commons, vacated his seat before that measure was finally carried in both houses of parliament. Having, as he affirmed, *come in* as member for the university on a most distinct pledge given *against* the adoption of that measure, he conceived that he could not, *consistently* with that pledge, *retain* the same situation when a totally *opposite* line of conduct was about to be adopted by him in regard to this same question, unless his constituents were pleased to place him in *statu quo*. Accordingly he resigned; and Sir Robert Harry Inglis, bart., after a smart and keen contest, was elected in his room. The *ground* for the *opposition* to Sir Robert Peel was, that the measure which he was now about to advocate and carry through the house, in direct opposition to his former view of it, was SUBVERSIVE OF THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH, if not of the CHURCH ITSELF. Upon this ground, his opponents, the high church party, (naturally enough) strove, "*manibus pedibusque*," to displace their old member, and to bring in the very amiable and highly respectable Candidate, who eventually succeeded by a large majority.

All this was, and is, intelligible enough. Sir Robert Peel was and is the best judge of his own case, and the best appreciator of his own feelings; but I am not single in the avowal, not only that he allowed the matter to assume too chivalrous and fine-spun a form in his own mind, but that, had he waited the issue of the measure in question, a very different result had ensued; and, especially, had he waited till the dissolution of parliament upon the reform bill. Let us note well what has followed. Because Sir Robert Peel was instrumental to the passing of the act for the emancipation of the Roman catholics, he was REJECTED. Because his colleague, and the prime minister, the Duke of Wellington, carried that act triumphantly through the upper house, he was ELECTED CHANCELLOR. "No," say his abettors, "not precisely *because he did so*, but because he was a resolute and uncompromising Tory." Very well: but then what becomes of the great cardinal question of the SUBVERSION OF THE CHURCH, now the measure is carried? You must, to be consistent—to be honest—use the same measure of justice with one man as with another; and that which, *per se*, was objectionable with the *Baronet*, cannot be praiseworthy in the *Duke*, unless, indeed, the question of the subversion of the church be tacitly smothered, or allowed to die away! There are riddles in bodies cor-

longer issued from head-quarters; logic and lectures were non-entities; Dun Scotus and Ockham were

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porate, as well as in individual characters, which may not sometimes admit of an intelligible solution.

As to the conduct of the Duke, on the acceptance of the offer to become chancellor, it was entirely worthy of himself. It was manly, straightforward, and quite intelligible. Like another great warrior of antiquity, he seems at first to have "thrice refused" the diadem of distinction with which he was pressed to encircle his brows. He alledged his scholar-like unfitness, and that "arms should yield to the gown:"—in vain. A negative was not to be thought of, nor listened to: and if not borne upon the *caps* of those who encircled him, to subscribe his assent, that assent, though with renewed hesitation, was received with acclamation! and, in due course, he was enthroned Chancellor of the University in the Sheldonian Theatre. The days of that enthronisation will never be forgotten. Although the shouts of applause with which the admission to the usual honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, by Burke and Windham, at the Duke of Portland's installation, in 1793, might be said to be still faintly ringing in my ears—yet no applause which I ever heard, or witnessed, from a refined and splendid audience, ever equalled that which rang round the theatre, and made every spectator rise from his seat, when, in the English prize poem, an allusion was made to the military fame of THAT MAN—who had eclipsed the splendour of Hannibal and dimmed the glory of Cæsar!

The allusion, or rather direct mention, was in the following couplet;

"And the DARK SOUL a world could scarce subdue,  
Bent to thy genius—PRINCE OF WATERLOO!"

The "dark soul" was, of course, Bonaparte. It happened to be my good fortune, by the courtesy and kindness of the Rev. Dr. Rowley, Master of University College, and Vice-chancellor, to be allowed to take my place between himself and the Chancellor, a little behind. The rostrum from which the young man delivered the verses, was to the left of the duke, and unfortunately on his *deaf* side. He did not *hear* the couplet, but the effect was so marked and so marvellous, that he could not fail to be quickly acquainted with its import. Such spontaneous and electrifying shouting, with all the other accompaniments specified in the text, was really a thing to abide by one to one's grave. I shall conclude this unconscionable note by a very humble, yet, to me, very gratifying anecdote. On the day following the event just related, it was arranged, in

beaten with stripes, and Æschylus and Thucydides interdicted from opening their lips. It was all joy,

the program of the morning, that the duke should visit the *University Press*; when, imbued with the feeling of the "olden time," I was anxious to know whether that press would be previously occupied in the impression of some complimentary verses to receive him? On learning that it would *not*, there was no repressing the ardent desire I felt to whip and spur a jaded Muse to afford evidence of a feeling which could not be mistaken, and which was wholly remote from the slightest tincture of party feeling. I obtained permission that the efforts of my poor Muse should be printed at that press, but a *veto* was placed on the proposition that they should be *presented* to the illustrious visitor. They were never presented, but they are as follow: premising, that the interior of the building is very plain, and that the press was at that time occupied, as in fact it always is, with large impressions of the bible, and with a projected edition of Wicliffe's version of it, from two very valuable manuscripts.

To Arthur Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; on his Visit to the University Press, June 12, 1834.

Thou com'st, ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEFTAIN, to behold  
 Nor pictured walls, nor marble's breathing forms,  
 Nor "ivory, nor golden roofs," nor sights  
 Such as may take the fancy captive, and induce  
 The deafening shouts of YESTERDAY to be  
 Forgotten. No: simplicity is here,  
 And implements minute, and void of form  
 Attractive—but in power and solid worth  
 Beyond the price of rubies and of gold.  
 These, had they the gift of sound, should tell  
 How, e'en THY victories, without *their* aid,  
 Would in the lapse of ages be forgotten.  
 'Tis these, by which Rome's Warrior yet instructs  
 In form resplendent\*: these, by which the fire  
 Of pure religion warms the Christian's heart,  
 And points his hopes to heaven. The "storied urn"

\* A magnificent edition of CÆSAR's Commentaries, adorned with plates, was edited by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, and dedicated to John, Duke of Marlborough, in 1712, folio. Will a similar work ever adorn the Oxford press, and be dedicated to its present chancellor?

all festivity, all delirium. The heart as well as the body seemed to be abroad. The graceful drapery of damsels was seen to be gliding in those cloisters, or along those lawns, where, heretofore, the sable academic gown was trailing; while, through the gothic-arched windows, the radiant light of youth and beauty gleamed upon the gownsman and made him doubt the reality of the view. Meanwhile, the theatre is heavily besieged by the motley press of the young and the old—the countryman and the academic. Woe be to those with encumbered draperies! There is no deference—no distinction. The doors slowly open—the rush commences; screams, shrieks, laughter, shouts, intermingle their stunning sounds; and it is well if, on entrance, the visitor regain his recollection, and preserve his habiliments entire. Speeches, recitals, melodies, and choruses ensue. Degrees are conferred:—handkerchiefs wave, trencher-caps are beaten and split, and huzzas rend the roof!—as a popular candidate for these honours ascends to take his station among the “*Patres Conscripti*” of the assemblage.

The theatre ejects its suffocated occupants, but

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Shall crumble to decay: the pillar'd dome—  
 The Mausoleum, vast as Egypt's pile—  
 Shall sink beneath the withering touch of Time.  
 But *these* shall never die. The PRESS, to Thee,  
 Within these classic precincts, pays her due  
 And fitting homage: for thy name and deeds  
 Bespeak her occupation....

OXONIENSIS.

there is no exhaustion ; no diminution of excitement. In due course, a concert follows—and who would not be present to catch the spirit-stirring note of Braham, when he pours forth the sublime melody of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?* Evening approaches ; and without knowing whether they have breakfasted and dined, or *not* breakfasted and dined, a sally is made for the ball-room—where anything but *room* rewards the aspirant's toil. Dense is the crowd. The thermometer rushes up to ninety : no matter, the mercury continues to advance, and the crowd to increase. Rents, fractures, loss of ornaments—mimic anger and determined struggle ensue. Everybody bewails the pressure, and everybody is determined to add to it. The chords of Weipart's harp are hardly heard to respond to their master's touch. An attempt is made to astonish by the *waltz* or the *gallopade*. Vain effort ! As well strive to beat back the roaring sea ere the last surge is discharged upon the beach. Yet they are all joyous, all satisfied—deprecating the very pressure in which they seem to take delight. Encœnias are luckily not annual ; or no physical stamina could encounter them\*.

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\* I was not present at Lord Grenville's installation in 1809 ; but comparatively with that of the Duke of Portland's in 1793, matters were infinitely better arranged on the installation of last year. It may, however, be said on all these occasions, that both the university and the town are drunk with delight.

Of a very different cast of character from the foregoing, was the *Illumination*, of which I have made mention, in consequence of the victory of Earl Howe, on the first of June. The country had been in breathless expectation and anxiety about the probable result of that great approaching conflict. Reports of the most idle as well as contradictory nature had gone abroad. At one time, our gallant commander had been defeated; at another, he had twenty captured vessels in his wake. At length came *the truth*, and with it the most unbounded acclamation of a grateful country. The night of the illumination happened to be moonlight, but soft, calm, and unclouded; and the very paleness of "Cynthia's brow," in high summer, gave even additional picturesque effect to the grey battlements and minarets of the colleges. The candles were thickly placed outside, in fanciful groups, and unmolested by the slightest breeze; and those who remember the effect in the High-street, with its undulating sweep and gentle descent—of All Souls, University, and Queen's colleges—with the churches of All Saints and St. Mary's (which, after the Italian fashion, were also, I believe, illuminated on the outside) must admit that such a spectacle seemed to be altogether hardly terrestrial.

Meantime, a stir, of a very varying nature, soon began to betray itself. Many had sallied forth from foaming bowls (the expression is Virgil's) and shouted

aloud the names of HOWE and SPENCER\*! Others sung well-known national airs, as they passed along in hurrying groups. A rocket mounted here, a roman-candle blazed there. The roofs and parapet-walls were crowded by females of every description, who gazed with mixed wonder and delight upon the agitated scene below. The mails and the night coaches appeared at their usual hour. The "roaring boys of Elysium,"—for they were anything but disciples of Heraclitus—insisted upon taking on the carriages another stage with their own hands. Ribands (England's "true blue") were brought forth in immeasurable quantities, wherewith to decorate the horses. Some genuine sons of Comus and Bacchus leapt within, and others upon the roofs of, the mails, determined upon taking *charge of the letters!* There was alternate scuffle, and laughter, and delay; and more than one, or one dozen, of patriotic academicians were not exactly aware of the *status in quo* till they reached the barriers of the metropolis.

But in the midst of this maddening uproar, there were hearts bleeding, and hearts cut in twain. A brother, a father, a friend, or ONE, combining all these endearing qualities, had fallen in the victory. Then it was that silence and sadness induced a different movement—and yet, SUCH WAS THE VICTORY, and

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\* EARL SPENCER, K. G., was at this time the first Lord of the Admiralty; and perhaps he was the *very first*, in another sense, who ever held that most important situation: the English fleet seeming to rise, "like a giant refreshed," under his vigorous and successful administration.

such the irrepressible exultation of all classes of society, that

“Sorrow, smiling through her tears,”

could not wholly turn away from *some* participation of so unprecedented a spectacle\*.

But it is time to bid adieu to “the groves of Academus;” and to wish my beloved “ALMA MATER” farewell. Yet a gentle word at parting. I have generalised rather than particularised. I have not even alluded to many acquaintances, rather friends, of whom death hath cut off the career when every bud of promise was about to be opened; or, acting a more friendly part, when the next step about to be taken would have involved the individual in misery and ruin†. Others again, to one’s utter amazement,

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\* It was my lot, during that memorable evening of cloudless tranquillity in the heavens, and promiscuous hilarity upon the earth, to steal away, with some few friends, towards the water’s side, for a few minutes’ perambulation round Christ Church meadow. The scene I witnessed *there*, confirmative of what is said in the text, cannot easily be forgotten.

† A more horrible destiny has awaited others. My friend PHORMIO lost, in one evening, his ALL at a gaming table, in London. It was then a sort of fashion among the desperate, to play the part of highwaymen on Finchley and Wimbledon Commons, or on Hounslow Heath. Phormio betook himself to this occupation at the hazard of life or death. He had a father who still loved him, in spite of his unceasing efforts to break his heart: for, indeed, bating the diabolical habits of gambling, Phormio was among those who had the sweetest of tempers, the most cultivated of understandings, the most winning of manners, and most generous of hearts! On one dark and tempestuous evening of winter, Phormio was on horseback with two loaded pistols in his holsters;—the noise of a post-chaise was getting nearer and nearer;—on its approach, the travellers were roughly told to “stop and to deliver their monies.”

have figured away in parts for which it was hardly possible to have conceived them to have been qualified; and now, that they bear themselves stiffly and proudly, will scarcely vouchsafe to recognise those to whom professions of indelible obligation were once profusely tendered. But this is LIFE; and its *drama* may be said to have begun when the unsuspecting confidence of undergraduateship has worn away. Farewell, *then*, to the plans, and schemes, and associations of early manhood!—when every morning's dawn was bright, and the most lengthened day seemed to put on its wings of gold, and to fly too swiftly away! Of all the heads of colleges living, when I entered at Oxford, ONE only survives. “SERUS REDEAT IN CÆLUM\*.”

There is, however, or there *was*, a place, or street, in this university, “hight” *Paradise*; and when I add that my future destinies were in some measure

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But the travellers were also armed, a very common practice in those days—and one of them, discharging his pistol, shot Phormio through the heart. It was the hand of the FATHER which drew the trigger of that pistol!

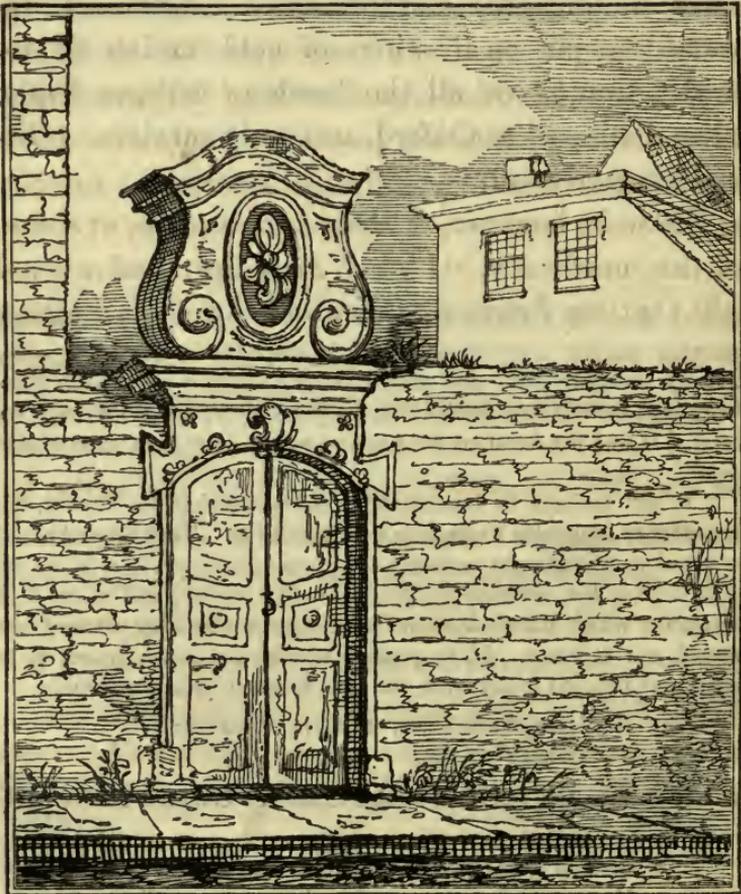
\* It will perhaps be immediately understood that Dr. ROUTH, the president of Magdalen College, is here alluded to. That venerable and excellent man, and most profound and pious scholar, yet lives in the full enjoyment of his extensive and well furnished library, and of the high reputation which his classical and theological works have secured him abroad and at home. If, in pensive anticipation of the future, he be sometimes induced to say, with the most finished lyrist of antiquity,

“Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor!”

he may also, in the confident strains of Rome's banished bard, equally exclaim:

“Jamque opus exegi: quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.”

regulated or fixed in this spot, the reader will be naturally prepared to *felicitate* me thereon. Sunshine and shade are alternately upon *all* the sons of men. I have felt the former with a grateful heart, but I have tarried longer in the latter; and yet, if I now trod a palace of marble I could scarcely feel such pure and bounding delight as when, in the time of life recorded, I saw those portals open to which my approach was announced by raising the knocker annexed.



Upon the whole, on a dispassionate and honest review of this tender, and, in many instances, trying period of human life, my conscience does not reproach me with the commission of the slightest act whereby, directly or indirectly, the character, comfort, or peace of mind, of any one individual acquaintance was injured or impaired. That I *quitted* college at a period of life when perhaps I ought to have *entered* it, may probably be admitted by many; but the die was cast, and the time is now gone by never to be recalled. Yet THAT TIME leaves no leaden weight upon the conscience for its abuse. With a limited income, and rather a large and miscellaneous acquaintance, I contrived not only to *buy* books, but to devote leisure to their *perusal*. I joined in the more manly and cheap exercises of the day, but studiously avoided those amusements which entailed a heavy expense, or tore up the constitution by the roots. If I could sometimes rise with the lark for a day's disporting upon the glassy surface of Isis, I could at others shut myself up in "my den" for a week's consecutive hard reading, diversified by drawing, and an evening's ramble to Headington.

If, since I have taken my part upon this great THEATRE OF LIFE I have not been distinguished as filling a prominent character, I cannot yet allow myself to be classed amongst those who have had a merely mechanical part to perform, or who have exhibited the ingratitude and wrong-headednesses of such sons of "Alma Mater" as are recorded in the

quaint verses of honest James Howell, the author of *Londinopolis*\*. As to the present scholastic dis-

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\* These appear, in a cluster of similar quaint verses, in a volume of CARTWRIGHT'S COMEDIES and POEMS, printed in 1651, 8vo. Cartwright was a student of Christ Church, and afterwards a proctor of the university. Among the authors of these complimentary strains are Ben Jonson, the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Edw. Dering, Sir Robert Staypleton, Bishop Fell (then a layman), Mayne, Lerigh, and Isaac Walton. Never did the stream of adulation set in more uniformly strong and resistless. Jasper Mayne speaks thus of "Master Cartwright:"

"For thou to nature hadst joined art and skill;  
In THEE Ben Jonson still held Shakspeare's quill."

Yet, who now records Cartwright? I guess Bishop Fell to have been a layman at this time, for he thus versifies:

"But I forbear this theme, denied to men  
Of common souls, of *lay* and *secular* pen;  
It is enough if our unhallowed laies  
Stand at the gate and threshold of his praise."

A little before, he thus speaks of Cartwright in no very cold or unimpassioned strain:

"When that his voice did charm the attentive throng,  
And every ear was link'd unto his tongue,  
The numerous press, closing their souls in one,  
Stood all transform'd into his passion."

The reader was probably not prepared for such verses from a character so well afterwards known as Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford. But it is time to introduce "honest JAMES HOWELL," with his very peculiar and characteristic lines—pregnant with all the conceit and antithetical disporting of the age. They are addressed to his "dear Mother, the University of Oxford."

"Many do suck thy breasts, but now in *som*  
Thy *milk* turns into *froth* and spumy *scum*;  
In *others* it converts to *rheum* and fleam,  
Or some poor *weyish* stuff instead of cream;  
In *som* it doth malignant humors heed,  
And make the head turn round as that side Tweced;

cipline of the university, I pretend not to say one word upon it; although, that it is capable of still greater extension and improvement, can scarcely be denied. The lectures of Dr. Buckland form an æra in that discipline; and those of Mr. Senior are not less entitled to notice and commendation. In the time of the "Lunatics," had such men sprung up to enlighten their brethren, the doors of all public buildings would have been shut upon their admission for so praiseworthy an object\*.

These humors vapor up unto the brains,  
 And so break forth to odd fanatic strains.  
 It makes them dote and rave, fret, fume, and foam,  
 And strangely from their texts in pulpits roam.  
 When they should speak of *Rheims*, they prate of *Rome*;  
 Their theam is *birch*, their preachment is of *broom*.  
 Nor 'mong the *forders* only such are found,  
 But they who pass the *bridge* are quite as round.  
 Som of thy *sons* prove bastards, sordid, base,  
 Who, having suck'd *thee*, throw dirt in thy face;  
 When they have squeezed thy nipples, and chast *papps*,  
 They dash thee on the *nose* with frumps and rapps;  
 They grumble at thy commons, buildings, rents,  
 And would thee bring to farthing *decrements*.  
 Few by thy *milk sound nutriment* now gain,  
 For want of good *concoction* of the brain;  
 But this choice *son* of thine is no such *brat*,  
 Thy milk in him did so coagulat  
 That it became *elixar*; as we see  
 In these mellifluous streams of poesie."

This extract is made from a copy in the Althorp library, enriched by some transcripts of poems of Cartwright in other editions not to be found in the present. These transcripts are by the hand of the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

\* I yet adhere to all that is so warmly and unpremeditatedly expressed in the pages of the *Bibliophobia* (pp. 84-88) respecting what may yet be successfully adopted in the course of a college education.

It remains only to say, although I had passed my examination (taking up Callimachus, Tacitus, and Juvenal) I left the university without taking my degree of B. A. till four years after I had quitted; and in 1825 took my present degree of D. D. per saltum.

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The great object is, to give wealth and leisure a right and profitable direction. Why are the *Arundel marbles* even unknown, because unvisited by half of the under graduates? What a platform would that room afford for lectures upon SCULPTURE and ARCHITECTURE! Above all things, may be desiderated lectures upon *modern LITERATURE*, chiefly *British*, from Chaucer to Cowper. What a volume of curious philology is that which embraces all the English works of Sir Thomas More, 1557, folio. I look back with pleasure, because with profit, to that period of my life when I sat down doggedly to its thorough perusal. See the affecting description of JANE SHORE, taken from it, in the edition of *More's Utopia*, vol. i. p. lxxxiii. 1808, 12mo. The unfortunate object described was *living* at the time of the description.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

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“O MORTAL man, that livest here by toil,  
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate:  
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;  
 And, certes, there is for it reason great:  
 For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late—  
 Withouten *that* would come on heavier bale,  
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.”

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

SUCH is the opening of one of the most enchanting and instructive poems in our language; a poem which, perhaps, in the end, will survive the remembrance of the *Seasons*, although the circle of its present reputation may not be so widely extended. The “CHOICE OF A PROFESSION” is probably, after all, generally speaking, rather the result of the arguments and admonitions of relations and friends, than of any extraordinary impulse or predilections of one’s own. There are doubtless numerous instances to the contrary; in which a ruling passion has so strongly developed itself in earlier years, that no subsequent reflection or experience can obliterate its traces or divert its tendency. Had my first feelings and earliest studies been vigorously followed up, I had probably

been at the *Bar* : although, even *then*, the passion of my earliest boyhood for *Arms* was by no means extinguished. The pages of Plutarch had filled my fancy with a galaxy of heroes and statesmen, such as Miltiades, Themistocles, Pericles, Scipio, and Cæsar.

During the vacations at school, including those of the first year of being at college, the residence of my uncle, in the city, afforded me every opportunity of attending the sittings after term, in Guildhall. Lord Kenyon was then chief-justice of the court of King's Bench ; and beneath him was marshalled the flower of the English bar—Bearcroft, Erskine, Mingay, Law, Dallas, and oftentimes Garrow. These were all king's counsel, with silk gowns. Bearcroft, as the senior, occupied the centre ; Erskine was at his right hand, and Mingay at his left. At this moment I have them all before me. The first was frequently crabbed and dictatorial ; the second witty and eloquent ; the third, playful and jocose. The chief business, then, lay with *them* : but I remember that Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough (and the successor of Lord Kenyon) would frequently come down with a powerful speech or address, sustained in a steady and manly tone of eloquence. Yet, on many occasions, no one, in my humble opinion, combined elegance and eloquence more felicitously than Mr. Dallas—afterwards chief-justice of the court of Common Pleas. Of all these illustrious chieftains of the law, ONE only (Baron Garrow) SURVIVES.

I never heard Erskine make any of his grand, set speeches \*—unless, in after-life, it be *that* in the prosecution of Paine's Age of Reason, at Westminster Hall. This was a fine display of real feeling and impassioned eloquence, and seemed to carry away the verdict of the jury as if by assault or storm; but in the ordinary cases at Guildhall, I was, from my earliest attendance, usually struck and delighted by his liveliness of expression and readiness and dexterity of reply. He had always, in a marked and especial manner, the ear of the court not less than of the bar; and when he knew his case to be dispossessed of all legal doubts and niceties, nothing could surpass the triumphant manner in which he pressed it home to the jury, and seemed to get at their hearts, as well as to convince their understandings. His voice was melody itself†,

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\* Of these, perhaps the *very finest* are the speeches in defence of Stockdale for a libel in 1789; in arrest of judgement in the case of the Dean of St. Asaph, upon the question of the jury being judges both of law and of fact; and in defence of Hardy for high treason. These speeches are very fine, as blending matter of law with splendour of declamation. In *nisi prius* cases, where, from the operation of *parole* evidence alone, conclusions were to be drawn, and appeals to be made, the cases of Parslow and Sykes, and Howard and Bingham have left nothing after them of their *kind* which approach the resistless eloquence of ERSKINE. I am now speaking only of the *English bar*; but there are those who think CURRAN to have been, in similar cases, more than the Erskine of the *Irish bar*.

† I may not, perhaps, be singular in the opinion that, in many respects, and on particular forensic occasions, I have thought the voice of Lord Brougham to be not much unlike that of Lord Erskine. In *forensic eloquence* a comparison may be more correctly instituted. Both possessed POWER, the main engine of persuasion; both had a rapid, un-

and his bright blue, penetrating eye, charmed with the power of the basilisk. Lord Eldon, then Mr. Scott, and attorney-general, came occasionally into court; and it was amusing to observe how his great antagonist (afterwards lord chancellor himself) seized every tempting opportunity to ridicule the courts of equity, in which Mr. Scott was confessedly the prime ornament. Although, necessarily, a very imperfect judge, I was in a particular manner struck with the terse, vigorous, and perspicuous charges of Lord Kenyon to the jury. They seem to me to have been just what such charges *ought* to be; and based, as they indisputably always were, upon the most inflexible integrity, they could not fail to produce a proper and beneficial result\*. Towards the even-

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hesitating utterance, and a fervid and beautiful fancy; but the latter was more terrible and unsparing. The first won, the second commanded, the verdict. The former was the "Jupiter Placens" (but still *Jupiter*), the latter the "Jupiter Tonans." This, *within* the courts of law; *out* of them, all comparison ceases. As *senatorial* debaters and orators, the voice of all parties by acclamation would unite in favour of the living ex-chancellor.

\* It was usually my good fortune (being very regular in my attendance) to obtain a standing-place just above Erskine and Mingay, who after a short time seemed to recognize and to nod to me. The chief-justice sat close by; one day, on retiring, he accosted me, and said, "Well, young gentleman, do you intend to become one of *us*?" I replied, unhesitatingly but respectfully, "I should like it very much." "TRY, THEN," was his immediate rejoinder. These words, which were always uppermost in my mind, directed me, in the first instance, to the choice of the *Bar*. I remember a great many odd but interesting causes which I used to hear determined before that sound and most unaffected judge. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, upon a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, "whether the shoes were well and soundly made, and with the best

ing, it was the fashion for the leading counsel to promenade, during the summer, in the Temple Gardens, and I usually formed one in the thronging mall of loungers and spectators\*.

In due course, I became admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn, and kept my terms by eating commons, or "messaging," with sufficient regularity. It seemed to be for a time, and as far as this object was concerned, "College Life" revived. The students had on commoners gowns. At the high table sat the dons or benchers, with Erskine frequently amongst them. The seneschal was called up to knock the table thrice with a mallet, when grace ensued—said invariably by the chaplain, at that time, and very many years afterwards, the Rev. Thomas Walker†—among the most amiable and re-

materials?" A number of witnesses was called up. One of them, admitted to be a first-rate character, and of great notoriety in "the gentle craft," upon being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the chief-justice observed, pointing to his *own* shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day—"were the shoes anything like *these*?" "No my lord (replied the evidence), they were a good deal *better* and *more genteeler*." The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the chief-justice heartily joined.

\* Cocked hats and ruffles, with satin small-clothes and silk stockings, at this time constituted the usual evening dress. Lord Erskine, though a good deal shorter than his brethren, somehow always seemed to take the lead both in pace and in discourse, and shouts of laughter would frequently follow his *dicta*. Among the surrounding promenaders, he and the one-armed Mingay seemed to be the main objects of attraction.

† This amiable and exemplary man was long, but slightly, known to me. Not Cowper and Mrs. Unwin appeared more faithfully and constantly together than did he and his better half—upon all occasions

spected of the profession to which he was an ornament. Grace ended, the din and clatter of knives, forks, and plates, put into pretty brisk requisition, together with the hum of the guests and vociferations of the waiters, ensued for usually some twenty or thirty minutes—when the hall became empty and silent. The “mess” consisted of four students, whose meeting together was purely accidental; and it was rarely, unless by previous agreement, that the same individuals found themselves a second time messmates\*. Mine, however, frequently were the Rev. William Powell, the present vicar of Abergavenny, Henry Hobhouse, Esq., afterwards under

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and every where—but especially when, in term time, it was essential the husband should personally attend to his chaplaincy duties. She would accompany him from their residence at Brompton as far as Lincoln’s Inn Fields. He was also the reader or under preacher of Lincoln’s Inn; and what is rather curious, he never obtained preferment of any kind during the whole chancellorship of Lord Eldon—although the benchers are said to have united, more than once, in an application for that object.

It happened to be my painful duty to supply his place, in the administration of the sacrament, within the chapel, on the second or third occasion of Bishop Heber’s doing duty there. Mr. Walker sunk down from faintness and weakness during the reading of the prayers, and the bishop (not *then* advanced to the prelacy of Calcutta) took his place in the desk. It was Sacrament Sunday, and I afterwards assisted with the cup. Poor Mr Walker did not long survive this attack. He had a sweet, social temper; deserting no friend in adversity, and scorning all assumed airs from the acquisition of fortune alone. The benchers loved, and the students respected him. Peace to his GENTLE SPIRIT!

\* I remember, in later youth, to have heard, that it was the custom at this inn for one of the servants, attired in his usual robes, to go to the threshold of the outer door about 12 or 1 o’clock, and exclaim three times, “VENEZ MANGER!”—when neither bread nor salt was upon the table.

secretary of state to Lord Sidmouth and Sir Robert Peel, and a Mr. Raithby, who afterwards became an editor of chancery reports.

These, however, were little better than mere technical formalities for the assumption of the wig and gown. It behoved a thoroughbred aspirant to "submit himself to the yoke"—to hard study—to grapple with Coke upon Littleton—to have Blackstone at his fingers' ends—to know Buller and Tidd by heart—to make Viner, and Bacon, and Comyns his very pillow, mattress, and coverlid. NICASSUS was a young man (and my especial good friend) of this very precise complexion. He was an only son. Nature had cast him in her choicest mould: fortune had showered down upon him her brightest favours. The carriage of his father, with a stud of horses of which the Osbaldiston of the day might not have been ashamed, were at his entire disposal. A country mansion upon the heights of Clapham Common, overlooking Wimbledon, Richmond, and a landscape of glorious richness beyond, might have tempted any young man, but Nicassus, to have visited such a spot twice or thrice in the week. To all this was added a garden, spacious, rich, and varied in exotics:

"Flowers of all hue, and without the thorn the rose."

The air was perfumed afar with their united odour; and the sense would sometimes sicken, even to languishment, with its intensity. There were also trickling fountains and "tinkling rills." To this was

added the society of “three sisters”—anything but “the weird”—who were always too happy to invite and to accompany him to the dance, the song, and the roundelay; loving, next to their parents, the society and sympathies of an only brother. But HE, that “only brother,” rarely indulged them in such sympathies. Ambition sat deeply at his heart—the ambition to be such as MANSFIELD and DUNNING had been. Accordingly, for quiet’s sake, his chambers were on the third floor in the Old Square of Lincoln’s Inn; for he had a vague, traditionary notion that the great Mansfield commenced his career by such a choice of rooms. There he dwelt, read, studied, composed. His idol of past times was LITTLETON; of present times, FEARNE. He used to think Coke sometimes tiresome, and Croke gossiping\*. He loved condensity, compression, perspi-

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\* This conclusion is at once crude and untenable. The text of Littleton and the commentary of Coke just mark the difference between a comparatively incipient and advanced state of society. Two centuries had intervened between the former and the latter. It is in his REPORTS that the marvellous, and as it were oracular, talents of Sir Edward Coke must be sought and admitted. They evince a mind which had travelled over, and recorded, every thing which, both in the law of personal and of landed property, was worthy of cognizance. They are as a vast mine, richly stored with all the varieties of lawstrata. But who can now grapple with them? or rather, how few? The very quaintness of expression, the perpetually recurring brevities, the interminable authorities, the subsequent alterations both of common and statute law, are alone a grievous drawback to their perusal and digestion. And yet, see how the grave, solemn, if not crabbed mind of this Chief-Justice could relax and divest itself!—as in his 4th Institute, among other proofs, doth manifestly appear. Who, like him, would talk about Queen Dido and a wounded stag, in a proheme to the

cuity. Of eminent, and then *living* characters (his turn of study leading wholly that way), he gave the preference to the late MR. CHARLES BUTLER, always quietly capping him as he passed, and roundly declaring “that Mr. Hargrave, although the king’s ancient serjeant, was not fit to hold a candle to him \*.”

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“Jurisdiction of the Courts of the Forest?” See the *Bibliomania*, p. 138.

Great as were the talents, and lofty and undoubted as was the reputation of this extraordinary lawyer, yet he desiderated that ONE THING, without which talents are secondary and reputation is unenviable. Sir Edward Coke wanted A HEART. In the time of Charles and James II. he would have been a Jeffreys. His fierceness of demeanour and arrogance of speech towards Raleigh (who had been his patron and friend) are horrible evidences of the worst part of our species. I remember both possessing and reading much of the Reports of CROKE, one of the judges of Common Pleas in the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles.

\* For about twenty or twenty-five years, I had the gratification of the acquaintance of this elegantly-minded man and profound lawyer, who lived to the advanced age of fourscore. It is, perhaps, unknown where such diversity of philological pursuit was blended with such consummate skill in his profession, as was evinced in the case of MR. CHARLES BUTLER. For many years he was in the full swing of practice, and quite at the head of his profession, as a landed property lawyer and a conveyancer. He had pupils without end, and amongst these, ONE who was worthy of his master, and is now an ornament to his profession—and whom I choose here to set apart as PETER BELLENGER BRODIE, Esq., and my kind, good friend, of somewhere about thirty years’ standing. The force of vigorous and almost exclusive application to one essential object, was never more strongly verified than in the instance of Mr. Butler. While he was drawing deeds, writing opinions, and delivering *dicta* to his pupils, he was editing (in conjunction with Mr. Hargrave) *Coke upon Littleton*; but then he would steal from his home, even in mid-winter, at four in the morning, bringing his lantern, lighting his fire, and setting doggedly to work till breakfast-time. The whole of the day afterwards was given to the ordinary routine of business.

Mr. Butler had a natural and a strong love of general literature, but

The reader will naturally ask, "And what has become of Nicassus?" He was as a bright and

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he had necessarily little leisure to produce anything much beyond a sketch. His *Horæ Biblicæ* led the way in these matters. I spoke of it as I thought and felt, in the second edition of my Classics, in 1804, and I seemed to gain his heart by the trifling eulogy I bestowed. We were ever after on the most amicable footing. Although exceedingly sensitive on the score of public praise, he was courteous, candid, and liberal in his bearings towards all sorts and conditions of men: a rigid Roman Catholic; an urbane and most cheerful member of society. His writings are rather numerous than elaborate; of these, all his tracts connected with *French Memoirs* and French literature are at once elegant and instructive. His *Lives of Erasmus and Grotius* are meagre and unworthy of him. His *Reminiscences* want variety and vitality. I reviewed them in a weekly paper called *The Museum*, of which hereafter. His works connected with *Catholicism*, including his "Book of the Roman Catholic Church," do honour, I think, to his head and heart. Widely different as are my own views and feelings on most of the essential points involved in these publications, I yet can respect and venerate an author like Mr. Butler, who is not only neither afraid nor ashamed to express his opinions, but who can clothe them in the language of courtesy, and differ from his opponent with the good-breeding of a gentleman.

I shall conclude this brief notice, or tribute of respect to the memory, of Mr. Butler, "τοῦ μακαρίτης," by the insertion of two letters from him to myself—of no great importance, except to shew the varied turn of his studies and his anxiety about public praise.

"Lincoln's Inn, 2d Feb., 1809.

"DEAR SIR,

"WHEN I had the pleasure of seeing you, I mentioned to you my surprise that, with the exception of the first vol. of the *Horæ Biblicæ*, none of my publications had ever been noticed by the British Critic. As they have all been favourably received, and, except the last (which begins to be scarce), are in the second impression, this appears to me singular; and connecting it with another circumstance, with which it is needless to trouble you, makes me wish to know to what it has been owing. I shall be obliged to you, if it should come in your way, to sound this matter for me.

"By the way, I have made an important discovery respecting *Walton's Polyglott*. I noticed in my last edition, that foreign writers as-

beautiful blossom, which, the petals falling away, shewed abundance of good and fixed fruit in the stamen. At thirty he was, as a lawyer, equal to Lord Gifford at that age, but beyond him in varied research and sound scholarship\*. His diffidence

served, and our own writers denied, the existence of a dedication, independently of the preface. Dr. Clarke has denied it with a good deal of ill-humour. But the existence of the preface is now ascertained: it is in the Bodleian copy—in one of the copies of the Museum—in two or three other copies. I have procured a written copy of it, which is very much at your service. This, and other circumstances, have convinced me that much still remains to be written concerning this important publication. I wish you would take it in hand.

“ I am, dear sir, your obedient, humble servant,

*Chas. Butler*

“ *Lin. Inn, 14th Feb., 1809.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ THE pasted paper in Walton’s Polyglott is noticed in the last edition of the *Horæ Biblicæ*. I intend to think of an account of the Polyglott; but, alas! we must first have peace, for there are several works upon it of great consequence, common in France, but almost unknown in this country.

“ I am, with great respect,

“ Your obliged, humble servant,

“ CHAS. BUTLER.”

\* LORD GIFFORD “should have died hereafter.” He was, in former times, I believe, a member of the Academics, a ready, acute, and closely-grappling speaker. Although conscious of the want of a classical education, he well knew that this alone was no bar to complete success as a lawyer; and to his PROFESSION he gave the whole bent and vigour of his understanding. In consequence, and with what is called a “natural genius” for the law, he was, at the age of thirty-five, fit for any situation

even made him shrink from himself. Cowper the poet had not a more thrilling sensibility and start-

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upon the bench. In a masterly argument before the judges with the late lamented Mr. Horner, upon the law of marine insurance, and in a subsequent one with Mr. Preston, upon a purely landed-property question, wherein he had the better of both his distinguished antagonists, he not only surprised the bench, but astonished his friends. Public honours quickly awaited him. Sir Vicary Gibbs was his fellow-countryman (a Devonshire man), and his earliest and best friend; but Lord Ellenborough was the sole channel of his being recommended to the Earl of Liverpool for the office of Solicitor-general.

On his acceptance of this office, he had very speedily to encounter a giant of an adversary, in the late Sir Samuel Romilly. The night before he was to meet him in the House of Commons, upon a very important debate, he told me that he had not slept one wink. There have been sleepless nights amongst senators from causes less weighty and honourable. Mr. Canning sat close to him as he rose, and cheered him as he went on; but at first he was scarcely conscious of being upon his legs, and did not know whether the Speaker was in the chair, or his opponent in the house—though he sat immediately opposite to him; but he shook up his intellectual energies, became warm, fluent, courageous, and convincing. Grant him a particular arena of debate, connected with his profession, and it were difficult indeed to drive him beyond its barriers.

Lord Gifford became Attorney-general, Chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and Master of the Rolls: he was also a peer, and very expert in matters of Scotch Appeals. At each step, honours, like flowers, seemed to spring up from his foot's pressure. But he was worthy of ALL that thickened and blossomed upon him; and although envy was worming its way in minds which ought never for an instant to have given it admission, much less to have allowed it to vent itself in bitter invective and groundless accusation, he allowed the whole to pass unheeded by as the idle wind. He had, when Attorney-general, the most arduous, if not awful charge ever confided to the hands of a public officer to execute—that of conducting a prosecution against the Queen of England within the walls of the House of Lords. If he failed in his *opening* speech, he was most triumphantly successful in his *Reply* upon the general bearing of the whole evidence of the case. It was that sort of acute, discerning, and cogent argument which tripped up every fallacy

ling bashfulness. But *nerve*, which is the great stimulant to success with a lawyer—with one, too, who shapes his course, as Nicassus proposed to do, upon the models of Mansfield and Dunning—was wanting to Nicassus. His father died before the “redolence” of early manhood may be said to have quite left him; and, listening to the voices of those who survived—and just in time to save an irreparable break-up of constitution—he retreated, and settled down into the plain country gentleman, still keeping his law-books. He cultivated his two thousand acres of matchless Burwell wheat—found one day a Lavinia gleaning in his fields—proposed

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by the heels, and swept away the webs of sophistry in which it was attempted to shroud them. John Hunter never anatomised a human being with more delicacy and skill than did the Attorney-general the enormous mass of conflicting evidence by which this extraordinary case was distinguished. His speech was a PERFECT display—of its kind. And all this while he was opposed, day by day, and hour by hour, to talents of the most gigantic description, rendered yet more formidable by the tide of popular opinion (“*Vox populi vox dei*”) which ran so strongly with his opponents! But this scene of thunder and lightning has long passed away—and Lord Gifford is in his GRAVE, dying at the premature age of forty-seven. I tear myself from a recollection of such an intellectual tempest, and love to consider the deceased as an early, a kind, and a generous friend. Till he shot up into such public distinction (whereby his whole time was engrossed by public duties), Lord Gifford was my frequent and joyous guest: a lover of music; of simple pleasures; of friendly fellowship. He was in fact, at heart, a NATURAL CHARACTER; and it would have taken a pretty large share of “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world” to have made him an artificial one. Not so with many *other* associates in common of *that* day—who will not leave the hundredth part of the shadow even of Lord Gifford’s fame behind them.

—was accepted—married, and, like their prototypes,

. . . “flourish’d long in tender bliss, and rear’d  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
And good ; the grace of all the country round.”

It now began to be time that my views should be fixed, and my position rendered intelligible. Accordingly, my guardian consulted a Mr. Thomson, a chancery barrister of eminence, and afterwards a king’s counsel, respecting the placing me with a pleader, or conveyancer, or equity draftsman ; but the Court of King’s Bench and Lord Kenyon’s reply\* would not allow me to think of anything but the *first* of these channels of introduction to the profession. Accordingly, through the instrumentality of a Mr. Spearing, I was placed with Mr. Basil Montagu, of Lincoln’s Inn, who had been a pupil of Judge Bailey, and with whom my friend Mr. Stoddart was also intimate. Mr. Montagu has of late not only attained the distinction of being considered as the *facile princeps* of bankrupt lawyers, but has added the honours of editorial toil, in the great field of literature, by his elaborate and beautiful edition of the works of Lord Bacon. Indeed, I am not sure whether the philosopher has not well nigh superseded the lawyer ; but, be this as it may, the *pupil* shall at least divide the quantity of ad-

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\* See page 124, ante.

miration with his ancient *master*, of the talents of that most marvellous man. I learn that Mr. Montagu pays an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of his beloved Lord Bacon, in the church of St. Michael, in the suburbs of St. Albans\*.

My law-master was abundantly kind to me, and

\* In the summer of 1833, while inhabiting a temporary residence at Elstree, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, I just missed my legal master in the performance of one of these acts of shrine-homage before the statue of his BELOVED, within the church of St. Michael. Of this statue, which seems to have been done to the very life and soul of the original, and was executed at Florence, there is a beautiful engraving in Mr. Clutterbuck's History of Hertfordshire, after a drawing by my late friend, Mr. Alexander. It is a pity that this statue is not brought down more to the level of the eye, by being placed *upon* the surface of the further end of the tomb, instead of being, as it now is, raised more than a foot *above* it, the tomb itself being five feet high. In consequence, you have a foreshortened view of the face, and look up the chancellor's nostrils. The inscription upon the slab denotes that the original used to sit and meditate just as the spectator views the statue to be seated, in the act of meditation.

To me, however, of equal attraction are the ruins of Lord Bacon's house—in the immediate vicinity of Gorbamby, the residence of the Earl of Verulam. If possible, I would not have a brick or tile of these ruins removed, nor suffer one branch of ivy to entwine its serpent-like arms around them. If the echo of the master's footstep along these corridors has ceased for ever to be heard, let us respect every mouldering mullion and every morsel of tessellated pavement. The name of Bacon is a MIGHTY one.

. . . . . “clarum et venerabile nomen  
Gentibus, et multum *nostræ* quod proderat *urbi*.”

In intellect it is, altogether, scarcely approached; in virtue, it has been frequently surpassed. Pope has designated both with a sort of terrible *curiosa felicitas*. Mr. Coleridge (*Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 216) thought “it would take many Newtons to make one Milton.” How many to make one Bacon?

within a few months we were as college companions. There was no other pupil. And here it was that the passion for *analysing* possessed me—a passion communicated to, or rather taught, me by my master. We were always at work with Blackstone, whose first three volumes were dissected and drawn out in such attenuated fibres, that, at this day, possessing as I do the original drafts, the words cannot be made out without the help of a glass\*. I took lodgings in the neighbourhood of Queen's-square; and, though with a slender establishment, began to look about me, and to consider myself an independent member of society, in the free choice of friends or foes. A few old school and college acquaintance rallied around me, and we made a little coterie, of which no one of us need have been ashamed. My love of art was, to say the truth, a good deal in the way of improvement in the law; and I used frequently to play truant at the Exhibition†, instead

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\* The plan was, to make the first ramifications with a *pencil*, that, in case of interference, they might be rubbed out. When perfected, the whole was written in with a *crow-pen*. This plan of study was peculiar to Mr. Montagu, who has pursued it, in kind, to this very day. The versos of the leaves of his briefs sometimes exhibit a curious exemplification of it.

† I possess, almost by chance, a fragment of a critique penned by me, from memoranda taken *at* the Exhibition in the year 1798, when the Coriolanus of Kemble, painted by Lawrence, and the Seven Ages of Shakspeare, by Smirke, were the great stars of that year's attraction; and when Kearsley's portrait of Miss Philipson gave promise of a luminary of no ordinary lustre. Why was it voluntarily withdrawn? Mr. Turner, now R. A., will have no reason to find fault with what was *then*

of attending the usual hours at chambers. However, "whipping days" were past; and my master

said of him, nor will he deny me the credit of a *true prophet*, on reading its conclusion. "Mr. Turner has this year some delightful drawings. He is an artist of distinguished eminence; his genius is grand and original. I hope he will confine himself, by and by, almost solely to *oil-painting*. His conception is too sublime, and his touch too broad and bold for *paper*. *Canvas* must immortalise his fame." This in the year 1798.

I also possess something, which the reader may think with me to be of more importance, in the catalogue of the first "Exhibition of the Royal Academy," in 1769, 4to.; motto—"Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo." *Virgil*.—Printed by William Bunce, printer to the Royal Academy. The "*Avant-propos*," or "Advertisement," is worth quoting. "As the present Exhibition is a part of the Institution of an Academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians, therefore, think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire, but they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled with *improper persons*, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended." This must have been a primitive epoch, when the payment of one shilling (as I presume it to have been) was presumed to be able to prevent the intrusion of "improper persons!" Of the number of pictures or articles sent, there was only *one hundred and thirty-six*. In these days, we may add a *thousand*. Of the *NAMES*, how few have survived remembrance—how many have passed into oblivion!

. . . . "illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte."

Not because they "wanted a poet" to make their works "live in description, and look green in song," but because their *works* defied the art of poetry to *do* so.

In this first year's exhibition, the president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had portraits of a "lady and her son, whole-lengths, in the character of Diana disarming Love; a lady in the character of Juno, receiving the cestus from Venus; two ladies, half-lengths, 'et in Arcadio ego;' and Hope nursing Love." West here first exhibited his immortal picture (for the burin of Valentine Green has given it a more ready and general

seemed to be as glad to hear my account of the pictures, as I was to give it. Yet I would sometimes

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passport to that distinction) of the Departure of Regulus from Rome, and Venus lamenting the death of Adonis. Wilson had two landscapes. Dance, two whole-lengths of the King and Queen, with three other portraits; and Gainsborough two whole-length portraits, a boy's head, and a large landscape. Here were also two grave, historical subjects of Samuel Wale, also an R. A., and the artist who made the charming designs for Sir John Hawkins' edition of Walton's Angler, in 1760. In this, and in similar undertakings, he greatly exceeded his immediate predecessor, Hayman.

In this first exhibition, the celebrated Sir W. Chalmers, "Comptroller-general of the Works to the King, Architect to the Queen and to H. R. H. the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Treasurer of the Royal Academy, Berners-street"—for *here* the first meetings took place—did not disdain to exhibit the "ceiling of her grace the Duchess of Buccleugh's dressing-room in Grosvenor-square," and the "ceiling of the Right Hon. the Countess of Gower's dressing-room at Whitehall." In this first exhibition, too, Edward Penny, R. A., the rival of West in the subject of the "Death of General Wolfe" (Penny's wretched original may be seen in the picture-gallery at Oxford), came forth with a picture, which, by the help of a good mezzotint, may possibly transmit his name to posterity. The subject is chosen from Shakspeare's King John, beginning "I saw a smith stand with his iron thus." The pictures are all placed under the names, alphabetically, and asterisks are subjoined to such as bespeak a purchaser. Of the one hundred and thirty-six pictures exhibited, only *three* have such a distinction.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that a "Society of Artists of Great Britain," which held their meetings, and exhibited their pictures "at the Great Room in Spring-gardens, Charing-cross," was the basis or germ of the establishment of the ROYAL ACADEMY. I possess the catalogue of the second exhibition there in 1761, which is graced, at head and tail, with an engraving by Grignon, from the pencil of Hogarth, each subject being allegorical and of common-place merit. In this second exhibition, Reynolds, not then knighted, produced his famous head of Sterne, with four other portraits, of which one was a "General on horseback." Here, too, Hogarth first exhibited his celebrated "Sigismunda mourning over the heart of Guiscardo, her murdered husband;" which elicited the well-known terrible tirade of unsparing criticism from Horace Walpole, who compares, but most

revenge myself, as it were, and redeem the time thus *mal à propos* devoted, by fagging nine hours a-day for a fortnight together. A severe fit of illness once followed, which taught me that extremes were both dangerous and absurd.

It was at the chambers of Mr. Montagu that I was first introduced to the Rev. Francis, now Archdeacon Wrangham \*; these gentlemen being, and

saucily and unjustly compares, the expression of the face and figure of Sigismunda to that of a maudlin prostitute. With this picture there appeared his Gate of Calais; Picquet, or Virtue in danger; An Election Entertainment; and three Portraits.

\* Archdeacon Wrangham was, at this period of his life, flushed with academic honours from Cambridge: a wrangler, a medallist, and a poet, full of ardour and ambition—his figure tall, his countenance expressive, his general bearing animated and interesting. He was among the “crack young men” of the day, and his university and his friends had reason to be proud of him. At three strides and a half he would reach the chambers of his friend upon the second floor. His fancy had wings, as his body appeared to possess them. In the year 1795 he was “out” with a small volume of poems; and he is “YET” a poet. But he is apt at everything. Hendecasyllabics, Iambics, Alchaics, Sapphics, and all the other “ics” seem to start up “at his bid.” In prose composition he is facile and eloquent; being an historian, a sermonist, a chargist, and a controversialist of vigour and ability. Why will he not concentrate his “scattered forces,” and give us, even now, in this the “sere and yellow leaf” period of his being, a *A LIFE OF ERASMUS*, with notices of the REFORMATION running at the foot of the text? “*Ille si quis alius;*” and can the “otium cum dignitate” of life be better devoted? My friend the archdeacon at once solaces and diversifies the hours of clerical dignity and retirement by the composition of little fugitive pieces, few in number, but piquant in spirit, and of which, like a worthy Roxburgher, he is choice in the distribution. The reader may not be displeased to see this rough and rapid outline of the “Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire,” filled up by something like undeniable proofs of the classical elegance of his intellectual attainments.

It is now thirty-five years ago since he published “*The Holy Land,*” when he was a master of arts of Trinity College, Cambridge. I select

YET being, the closest of friends. What a period for friendship's trial! What a period for its con-

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a beautiful specimen towards its commencement, descriptive of the "Star in the East."

"Whence was that STAR, which through the blue profound  
 From eastern climes advancing, hung its lamp  
 O'er royal *Bethlehem*; not with comet-glare  
 Portending war to nations, but of ray  
 Pacific? 'Twas the harbinger of morn:  
 That Sun's glad herald, from whose living spring  
 Natures, scarce finite, in perennial stream  
 Draw floods of intellect, and bathe in light  
 Strong beyond human ken. In thickest cloud  
 Shrouding his native glories, lest the blaze  
 Of orient DEITY with mortal flash  
 Should blast the gazer's vision. He arose—  
 So darken'd, yet refulgent. Through the cell  
 Of maniac Guilt, exulting in his chain,  
 Darted the sudden dawn. Their rigid clasp  
 Instant his bonds remit: with night's foul train  
 His cherish'd frenzy flies: and freed he springs  
 On faith's firm wing, to liberty and heaven."

Mr. Wrangham was the intimate friend as well as college-companion of the learned and lamented TWEDDELL, a young man whose "Pro-lusionses Juveniles" not only gave promise of an intellectual harvest as rich as abundant, but whose Travels in the East were the theme of general admiration and praise. The introduction of the name and merits of this extraordinary young man is thus dextrously managed by the author of "The Holy Land:"

"There in his early bloom, 'mid classic dust  
 Once warm with grace and genius like his own,  
 Her favourite sleeps; whom far from *Granta's* bowers  
 To *Attic* fields the thirst of learning drew,  
 Studious to cull the wise, and fair, and good.  
 He could have taught the echoes of old *Greece*  
 (Silent, since Freedom fled) their ancient strains  
 Of liberty and virtue, to his soul  
 Strains most congenial! But high heaven forbade.

solidation and invulnerability against the efforts of petty artifice, base suspicion, and disgraceful ma-

Rest, youth beloved! most blest, if to thy shade  
 'Tis given to know, what mighty forms of chiefs,  
 Whose deathless deeds oft dwelt upon thy tongue;  
 Of patriots, bold like thee, with ardent tone  
 T' assert their country's cause; of bards, whose verse  
 Thy *Lesbian* lyre could emulate so well,  
 Repose in tombs contiguous! Rest, loved youth,  
 In thine own *Athens* laid! secure of fame,  
 While worth and science win the world's applause."

A note is here subjoined, containing some hendecasyllables, "whose exquisite beauty (says Mr. W.) will easily interpret the initials of their author." I present the reader with the beginning and end of these hendecasyllables:—

" Ulla si probitas vel ingenî vis,  
 Si frons ingenua aut rubens juvenus  
 Morbum flecteret improbosque manes;  
 Non me carmina mæsta postularet,  
 Qui nunc ante diem domos ad atras  
 It **TWENDELLIUS** omnibus videndas.

Frustrà Fama tuo sonat sepulchro;  
 Heu! frustrà, Juvenis, mea ac tuorum  
 Manat lacryma! Tu nequis redire;  
 Nec spes ulla dolorve tangit ultrà.  
 Felix, si tibi forsan inter umbras  
 Persentiscere fas sit, ossa tecum  
 Illo cespite quanta conquiescant;  
 Tuæ te quoque quòd tegant Athenæ!"—A. M., *Temple*.

I never saw Mr. Tweddell but once. "Virgilium tantum vidi." He was intimate with Mr. Montagu; and his younger brother, whom I knew well, had lodgings in his chambers. I was at the marriage of this younger brother ("is he yet alive?") and gave away his bride at the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand.

Once more, and for the last time. I shall conclude these extracts with the conclusion of the poem itself, which was a *Seatonian* prize-

chinations! Within such a period, how often have I seen, in others, the operation of all those bad

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poem. The compliment to Paley at its close is at once elegant and just.

“ Yes! rise it will, *Judæa*, that blest morn  
 In time’s full lapse (so rapt *Isaiah* sung)  
 Which to thy renovated plains shall give  
 Their ancient lords. Imperial fortune still,  
 If right the bard peruse the mystic strain,  
 Waits thee, and thousand years of sceptred joy.  
 With furtive step the fated hour steals on,  
 Like midnight thief, when from thy holy mount  
 Sorrow’s shrill cry, and labour’s needless toil,  
 And servitude, shall cease; when from above,  
 On living sapphire seated, and begirt  
 With clustering cherubim, whose blaze outvies  
 Meridian suns, through heaven’s disparting arch  
 Thy recognized MESSIAH shall descend;  
 In royal *Salem* fix his central throne,  
 And rule with golden sway the circling world.

Oh! come that day of glory, that bright speck  
 Far in the dim horizon’s utmost verge  
 By prophecy’s unerring finger mark’d  
 To faith’s strong eye—when, with th’ innumerable good  
 Of every age, the white-robed saint shall stray  
 Through groves of Paradise, and drink unquench’d  
 Th’ exhaustless stream of science! SEATON there,  
 Who bade to GOD the annual hymn ascend;  
 There NEWTON, whose quick glance, through farthest space  
 Darting, in every page of nature’s code  
 Saw DEITY inscribed; and PALEY there  
 (For why should praise, still lingering round the tomb,  
 Her torch sepulchral light but for the dead?)  
 From whose keen spear the atheist crew appall’d  
 Shrank to their native night; with all, whose voice  
 And harmonizing life in virtue’s cause  
 Their blended rhetoric pour’d, shall shine as stars;  
 Glowing in heaven’s eternal firmament  
 With beam unchanged, while suns and worlds decay.”

qualities which render human beings but as savage brutes, ready to spring upon, and to rip up, with the tusks of malice and detraction, all that is honourable and delightful between man and man! But a truce to such melancholy imagery . . .

“Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt!”

My own fireside comforts were much enhanced and benefited, about this time, by the society of two friends, among others, with one of whom I had been in habits of intimacy. Mr. Masquerier was the first, Mr., now Sir Robert Kerr Porter was the second, of these friends. They had each won their way, as students in the Royal Academy, to no common honours; but they were artists of very opposite qualities. There was in each a *precociousness* somewhat remarkable; especially with the latter, who, at the age of nineteen, produced a performance at once inconceivable and unparalleled. It will be readily supposed that I allude to the Panorama of the *Storming and Capture of Seringapatam*\*. It was

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\* In order that nothing may be wanting, on the score of accuracy, to make a proper impression upon the mind of the reader touching this most stupendous production, I have had recourse to the kind and ready aid of the accomplished sister of the artist, JANE PORTER (for she shall not have the common adjunct of “Miss” to her name), who, from contemporaneous and subsequent memoranda, and from her long and affectionate union with her brother, is, of all others, the best qualified for the task in question. And yet, a word before we come to the picture itself. When I first knew this amiable and united family, they resided in Great Newport-street, in the very house once occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It therefore *continued* to be the haunt of GENIUS. Sir

not the *very* first thing of its kind, because there had been a panorama of *London* exhibited in Lei-

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Robert, then a lad of seventeen, was busied on a picture of the *Death of Virginia*; the figures about one-third of the size of life, and painted, as I understood, for the late Earl of Bristol, the Bishop of Derry. It appeared to possess real merit. Captain Caulfield of the Guards, then in the bloom of early manhood, often sat for some of the younger figures. This canvas was subsequently painted over, as, indeed, were two portrait she executed of myself—one, a small whole-length, in the Oxford commoner's gown; the other, a half-length, as large as life. The painter hated portraits, and he had a right to hate mine as well as others. Let us now hasten to the siege of Seringapatam, and own that the description of the picture, representing that siege, by the pencil of the only surviving sister, is worthy both of the subject and its delineator; and I bespeak the reader's very especial attention to the anecdote with which it ends, touching Sir Robert's picture of the *Battle of Agincourt*.

“The historical picture of the *Taking of Seringapatam* was painted by my dear brother Robert, at the age of nineteen. It was two hundred and odd feet long; the proportioned height I have now forgotten. But I remember, when I first saw the vast expanse of vacant canvas stretched along, or rather in a semicircle, against the wall of the great room in the Lyceum, where he painted it, I was terrified at the daring of his undertaking. I could not conceive that he could cover that immense space with the subject he intended, under a year's time at least, but—and it is indeed marvellous!—he did it in **SIX WEEKS!** But he worked on it every day (except Sundays) during those weeks, from sunrise until dark. It was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were sitting at Somerset-house, respecting the hanging of the pictures there for that year's exhibition; therefore, it must have been towards the latter end of April. No artist had seen the painting of Seringapatam during its progress; but when it was completed, my brother invited his revered old friend Mr. West (the then President of the Royal Academy) to come and look at the picture, and give him his opinion of it, ere it should be opened to the public view. A gentleman, who well understood the peculiar value of the first fruits of genius, had persuaded my brother, young and enthusiastic as he was, to make this experiment. With his ardour for “the pencil and the sword,” and for the “good-will” of this advice (and with no other risk on his part than standing at half the rent of the necessary premises where the picture was to be exhibited), this person was to share equally the profits

cester-fields, by Mr. Barker—but it was *the* very first thing of its kind, if artist-like attainments be con-

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which might arise from the exhibition of the work. This gentleman was no artist himself, either professionally or as an amateur, but his taste was good; and the judgment that Mr. West passed on the picture when he saw it, proved it. He went over from the Lyceum, on the morning on which he had called to see my brother and his finished painting, to Somerset-house, where the Committee had been awaiting his presence above an hour. ‘What has detained our President so long?’ enquired Sir Thomas Lawrence of him, on his entrance. ‘A WONDER!’ returned he, ‘A WONDER OF THE WORLD!—I never saw anything like it!—a picture of two hundred feet dimensions, painted by that boy KER PORTER, in six weeks! and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical painter amongst us in as many months!’ You, my dear sir, need no description of this picture, you saw it; and at the time of its exhibition you also must have heard of, and probably also saw, some of the affecting effects the truth of its pictorial war-tale had on many of the female spectators.

“After its exhibition closed, it was deposited, rolled upon a roller, in a friend’s warehouse. Thence, some circumstances caused it to be removed successively to other places of supposed similar security, but in one of which I believe it finally perished by the accidental burning down of the premises. The original sketches of this ‘noble and stupendous effort of art,’ as you so truly call it, are now in my own possession; and you may believe I value them as the apple of my eye. I must not forget to mention, with regard to Seringapatam, that had our British government, at the time of my brother’s ardour for these paintings, possessed a building large enough for the purpose, he would have presented his country with that picture, and three others on British historical subjects, to form a perpetual exhibition for the benefit of its military and naval hospitals. Mr. Pitt lamented to him the impossibility then, of commanding such a building; so the project fell to the ground. The last of these intended four pictures was that of ‘*The Battle of Agincourt*,’ which my brother afterwards presented to the city of London, where it was hung up in the Egyptian-hall of the Mansion-house. Some alterations in the room occasioned its being taken down for a temporary purpose; but it never saw the light again until *last year*, when (after above a dozen years’ oblivion in—nobody knew where), it was accidentally found in one of the vaulted chambers under Guild-hall. When disintombed, it was hastily spread out against one of the

sidered. The learned were amazed, and the unlearned were enraptured. I can never forget its first impression upon my own mind. It was as a thing dropt down from the clouds—all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. You looked a second time, the figures moved, and were commingled in hot and bloody fight. You saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion. You longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird, who is hallooing his men on to victory! Then, again, you seemed to be listening to the groans of the wounded and the dying—and more than one female was carried out swooning. The oriental dress, the jewelled turban, the

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walls of the great hall itself, and announced, in the newspapers, as a picture of *unknown antiquity*, of some also unknown but evidently distinguished artist; and most probably it had been deposited in those vaults for security, at the *great fire of London*, and had remained there, unsuspected, ever since! The hall was thronged, day after day, to see it; and Sir Martin Shee told me, that so great was the mysterious valuation the discovery had put on it, that he heard he had been quoted as having passed his opinion on it, that ‘it was a picture worth 15,000*l*!’ Without proper safeguards behind the canvas, a long exposure on the wall would have injured the picture; and it was taken down again before I came to London, after having heard of the discovery of ‘*The Agincourt*—’ for I immediately recognised what, and whose, the picture was—and hastened to inform the present gentlemen of the city corporation accordingly. Owing to its long entombment, I understood it had sustained some injury from damp; and, as I also understood from one of the gentlemen of the corporation, that it was the intention of the corporation to give the picture a due place in the city, when it can be discussed and decided upon, I am anxious that it shall meet the sanction of my brother (I hope next year) when he might be present at the arrangement, and with his own master-pencil repair the damages in the picture himself.” Such is the interesting narrative from the pencil of the sister.

curved and ponderous scymitar—these were among the prime objects of favouritism with Sir Robert's pencil\* : and he touched and treated them to the very spirit and letter of the truth. The colouring, too, was good and sound throughout. The accessories were strikingly characteristic—rock, earth, and water, had its peculiar and happy touch ; and the accompaniments about the sally-port, half choked up with the bodies of the dead, made you look on with a shuddering awe, and retreat as you shuddered. The public poured in by hundreds and by thousands for even a transient gaze—for such a sight was altogether as marvellous as it was novel. You carried

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\* Sir Robert not only “well and truly” exercised his pencil upon these objects, but he introduced them upon figures and in situations where they could not fail to tell well. His imagination “ran riot” upon “deserts vast and antres idle,” peopled by misanthropes and banditti: “helm and hawberk's twisted mail,” “the whiskered pandoor and the fierce hussar—” these, and such like characters, he hit off as if by magic. The dark, rocky recess, where the coiled serpent might occupy its extremity—and of which the entrance was half overgrown with ivy and broom—where the Corsair of Byron and the Pirate of Scott might alike resort for meditation of more mischief—*here*, in *such* recesses, the freebooters of Sir Robert, armed cap-à-pie, were always sure to be found. Salvator Rosa himself could not exhibit countenances and attitudes denoting fiercer desperation of purpose : and had the former continued in “this line,” he might perhaps have equalled the great master of his adoration in the depths of his shadows, and the mysterious sublimity of his landscape. But having in a manner “touched the stars” with his pencil, he threw up, of a sudden, the professional pursuit of his art. He became a soldier—a traveller—a diplomatist—occupations in which his heart always palpitated with delight. He is also an author : his most important publication being *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, and Ancient Babylon, &c.* 1821-2, 4to. 2 vols., an excellent work, of which the embellishments, from his own pencil, are equalled by the interest of the materials. His sister tells me that his pencil is by no means allowed to grow rusty, or unruly, from habitual neglect.

it home, and did nothing but think of it, talk of it, and dream of it. And all this by a young man of NINETEEN!

But the merits of my other artist-friend, Mr. Masquerier, must not be forgotten in the record of the blaze of public admiration which followed the exhibition of the storming of Seringapatam, by Sir R. K. Porter. Having won the silver medal over and over again in the drawing of the Academic figure, my friend was naturally emulous of encountering the living figure, in a different attitude, and with a more intelligible and satisfactory result. As the groundwork of what might be his future fame as a painter of portraits, he chose his *own* portrait; and with such singular felicity, that the President of the Royal Academy put him to an unusual test as to its authenticity\*. In the year 1800, Mr. Masquerier had occasion to go to Paris on family affairs. His

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\* The test was, to lay his hand upon his heart and say that it was "*all painted by himself.*" Had my friend Mr. Masquerier gone on according to this *beginning*, we need not have bewailed the losses which the country has recently sustained in this department of art. But this was not to be. Increased business would not allow even of the leisure requisite for its execution. A large acquaintance, interesting manners and conversation, a uniform readiness to oblige, and, like his great master, Reynolds, as uniform an integrity in painting the countenance of the *poor* man, as well as of the rich man, to the best of his ability—these brought my friend into considerable practice and general esteem. I may, indeed, here be allowed to advert to *ONE* portrait executed by his pencil—of *HER*, who, for many a long year, has shared with me the toils and buffets of a troublesome world—with sensations of no ordinary gratification. It is, or rather *was* ("Eheu—fugaces labuntur anni!") as perfect a resemblance as it is, in all respects, a sweetly executed picture.

"Sic oculos, sic *ILLA* manus, sic ora ferebat."

father was a Frenchman, his mother an Englishwoman, and he was born in this country; yet his earlier years were spent abroad, at Paris, where he saw the first breakings out of the French Revolution in all its thickening horrors. I have heard him describe some of the public scenes of butchery of which he was a very young but most sensitive spectator; and of the hair-breadth scapes which befel him. Like a sensible man, who made all his pursuits available to the purposes of his profession, my friend conceived the happy thought of obtaining permission to make a portrait of Bonaparte (then First Consul), and afterwards, portraits of his generals—the whole of which was concentrated in one grand picture, of the size of life, and exhibited in this country as *Bonaparte reviewing the Consular Guard*\*. Its success was complete. The likenesses

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\* The origin of this picture was simply as follows:—premising that it was painted at the very height of public curiosity to see a portrait of the man who was preparing to subjugate all the world, and just after his proposals for peace, on his being made First Consul, had been rejected. My friend was painting a portrait of Captain (since Admiral) Schank, to whom he expressed a wish to see his mother, then resident at Paris. Admiral Schank, being a Commissioner of the Transport Board, kindly promised him a licence for that purpose. When at Paris, Mr. Masquerier, through the interest of a friend acquainted with Josephine, got permission to be at the Thuilleries—where he saw Bonaparte in the *grey great coat* which has since been so well known throughout Europe. My friend observes, that his appearance, in this costume, was so different from all the portraits of him which he had seen, that he resolved to fix him in his sketch-book in that identical surtout: the French thinking that the portrait of a great man must necessarily be tricked out in finery. He sketched him just as he saw him, and carried him to England; placing him upon a grey horse, his usual coloured charger, and

were admitted to be admirable; and the profits arising from upwards of twenty-five thousand visitors during the season of its exhibition, convinced the artist that his judgment had been equal to his powers of execution. It laid the foundation at once of his fame and his fortune.

While upon the subject of ART, I may as well notice my introduction, a year or two before, to the celebrated Mr. Copley, the father of the present Lord Lyndhurst. At the time of introduction, Mr. Copley was busied with his great picture of the relief afforded to the crew of the enemy's gun-boats on their taking fire at the Siege of Gibraltar\*.

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surrounding him with his staff. The picture told in all respects. The Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) and Tallien, then in London on his return from Egypt, were among the twenty-five or thirty thousand visitors who came to see it. Tallien left in the exhibition-room the following testimony to the likeness of the First Consul.

*"J'ai vu le portrait du General Buonaparte fait par Mr. Masquerier, et je l'ai trouvé tres ressemblant."* TALLIEN, *Londres ce 24 Mars, 1801.*

There is a print of this picture, but I believe it to be rather scarce. The original was afterwards sold for the purpose of going to America; but its present destination is unknown to me. My friend netted about 1000*l.* by this speculation, but the remuneration did not overpay the toil. Such was the reaction, from incessant application and anxiety, that the artist was confined to his room several weeks afterwards.

\* This grand picture is now more generally known through the medium of the engraving by Bartolozzi; an engraving, by the by, which disappointed the expectations of the knowing. Of the principal group standing on the bastion, one ONLY now survives—the historian of the siege—my good friend Colonel Drinkwater, who is seen to the right. It is a pity that the history of such a siege should not be reprinted; for as long as the country or the world stands, the glorious and successful bravery of the BESIEGED will live in the memory of every succeeding generation. When Copley's magnificent picture, now hang-

The picture was immense ; and it was managed by means of a roller, so that any portion of it, at any time, might be easily seen or executed. The artist himself was raised on a platform. I had the strongest inclination for this visit, as I had gazed again and again with admiration and delight on the *Death of the Earl of Chatham* and of *Major Pearson*\*. Mr. Copley received me kindly, and even warmly. For a short time we were well acquainted. His picture was at length completed, and a most signal mark of royal favour was granted him, by his receiving per-

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ing up in the Egyptian darkness of the Council-room in Guildhall, was first exhibited, I placed myself in front of it, and was sketching the portrait of Lord Heathfield with a pencil on the last blank page of the catalogue when some one to my right exclaimed, "pretty well, but you give too much *nose*." I turned round : it was the ARTIST HIMSELF—who smiled and commended my efforts.

\* The *Death of the Earl of Chatham* is now among the attractive ornaments of the National Gallery. I cannot help considering it a most highly wrought and thoroughly national picture, combining portraits, grouping, and harmonious light and shade. The resemblances are considered perfect. There is nothing throughout the whole but what is fairly met and successfully encountered. The subject-matter was worthy of the painter's best efforts, for Lord Chatham was a sort of *ultimus Romanorum* in his class and of his kind. The burin of Bartolozzi was successfully exercised upon it on a large scale, but that of Nicholson—of miniature dimensions—in Mr. Major's national gallery, is a perfect miracle of graphic art. Many is the time and oft that I have stolen, in privacy and in secret, to a contemplation of the *Death of Major Pearson*, when it was hung up in a back room on the second floor, in the late Alderman Boydell's repository in Cheapside. From latest boyhood I loved this picture—as the most perfect, on the score of picturesque treatment, of all its author's productions. Had the event commemorated been of sufficient *national* importance, its popularity would have been without bounds. No painter has subdued the staring glare of *scarlet* so successfully as Copley.

mission to erect a tent in the Green Park for its exhibition. It attracted thousands. Beneath the principal subject, in small, was painted Lord Howe's relief of the garrison of Gibraltar; and the portraits of Lords Heathfield and Howe \* (heads only) occupied each one side of this smaller subject.

Having about this time become a married man, it was necessary, at least, to assume the *semblance* of business, and a very humble set of chambers was

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\* The fame of Copley as a PORTRAIT PAINTER is comparatively limited. I can speak but of *four* of his portraits from "Reminiscence;" those of the late Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Colchester, and the late Richard Heber, Esq.—the latter when a boy of eight years, now in the dining-room at Hodnet Hall. These portraits, with the exception of the last, are all engraved. That of Earl Spencer, in his full robes as a Knight of the Garter, and in the prime of his manhood, now placed at the bottom of the great historical portrait gallery at Althorp, must have been a striking likeness; but, like almost all the portraits of the artist, it is too stiff and stately. The portrait of the young Heber has, I think, considerable merit on the score of art. There is a play of light and shadow, and the figure, with a fine flowing head of hair, mixes up well with its accessories. He is leaning on a cricket-bat, with a ball in one hand. The face is, to my eye, such as I could conceive the original to have *been*, when I first remember him a Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, full, plump, and athletic. In short, as Dean Swift expresses it, "if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of the glass, and in his manhood through the diminishing end, it would be impossible to spy any difference." The contemplation of *this* portrait has at times produced mixed emotions of admiration, regard, and pity.

Of all conceptions, as well as executions of portraits, that of Lord Heathfield by *Reynolds* is doubtless among the very finest and most characteristic. The veteran has a key, gently raised, in his right-hand, which he is about to place in his left. It is the key of the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar—and he seems to say, "wrest it from me at your peril!" Kneller, and even Vandyke, would have converted this key into a truncheon. What a bluff spirit of unbending intrepidity and integrity was the illustrious ELLIOTT! His country knows no braver warrior of his class than HE.

secured on the second floor in the smaller square of Gray's Inn. But no business came. I had no business-like connexions, and none, therefore, could be reasonably expected. To say the truth, I had no thorough love of my profession at heart—at least of its technical parts. Declarations, pleas, rejoinders, and surrejoinders had no hold either of my judgment or fancy. They seemed to me to be as a vast compound of wordy nothingness—as an effort to conceal the truth, and to substitute mysticism for plain matter of fact\*. The composition of these mechanical parts of a suit—the manufactory of this wardrobe of ponderous and ill-assorted drapery—is called *drawing*; and, on this score, I was a copyist, in constant occupation, having been taught to consider the *special pleadings* of Judges Wood, Thompson and Bailey (all then living, and the latter *still*) as classical models upon which to form my own style. But oh! how infinitely preferable to my ear and understanding was a vocal period of Erskine or a printed one of Blackstone!

I continued pretty regular in my attendance at chambers; but my *Academic* friends † found these

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\* Now-a-days, much of the circumlocutory verbiage of declarations and pleas are done away with, and *that*, it seems, without prejudice to law or to reason! How much more superfluous entanglement may yet be dispensed with? Swaddling clothes may be essential for the infant, but if you wish the child to run alone, they must be exchanged for lighter and shorter drapery. Some of the old counts, or forms of drawings, bordered closely upon profaneness.

† See p. 104, ante.

chambers a convenient place to call for an hour's gossip—when, instead of discussing the subtleties of a demurrer, or the incongruities of a plea, we frequently fought over again the subject of the last debate among the Academies—or the collisions between Pitt and Fox the evening before in the House of Commons. This would NEVER do; and he who wishes to attain eminence in the Law, must deny his presence or shut his ears on such occasions—or rather should imitate the example of the elder Aldus, the famous Venetian printer, by putting up an inscription over his door, saying, that “he has no leisure for gossiping, and that those only are admitted who come upon business, when they are especially requested to dispatch their business in as few words as possible\*.”

It will, of course, be remarked by the initiated in these matters, that the course of law here pursued was the *common law*; a very unfit legal education for the plan shortly afterwards adopted of removing with my family to Worcester, and establishing myself there as a *Provincial Counsel*. I had kept all my terms at Lincoln's Inn, and waited only a convenient opportunity to be called to the Bar; as I was told that nothing was so indiscreet, and so likely to drive away practice, as a premature calling to

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\* See the account of the ALDINE FAMILY in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, and particularly at vol. ii. p. 209, where the above inscription is referred to as being in *Roscoe's Life of Leo X.*, vol. i. pp. 169-70, 4to. edition.

the Bar\*. I acquiesced, and prepared to pack up my library, and to remove my *Penates*. I have

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\* This premature assumption of the wig and gown is easily accounted for, impolitic and unadvisable as in many instances it undoubtedly is. But who can sit, day after day, month after month, and year after year, with no ingress of *taped* papers to cheer his languid eye, and to stimulate his anxious desire to excel? Thus it was with one of my earliest acquaintances and kind-hearted friends, MARCOLPHUS. He got little or nothing as a pleader; he got less than nothing as a barrister. But he was abroad in the world every day; could thread all the courts, and see what was going on the most winning and instructive in each; and would criticise with acuteness and severity the speeches of the leading counsel within the bar. Marcolphus went the circuit—now in the civil now in the criminal court; saw human nature under many degrading and disgusting forms; witnesses brow-beaten, till all sense of recollection was beaten out of them; found truth suppressed, and many verdicts given in direct opposition to the charge of the judge and the justice of the case. He then became “vexed and disquieted;” for, abstractedly, and without being *mixed up* with such occupations and scenes, the whole becomes deadly dull and unprofitable. There is, perhaps, a certain point beyond which the patience of a briefless barrister becomes insupportable. Marcolphus, in one of his northern circuits, stopped, as if by instinct, at Lancaster, where indisposition detained him several days. On rallying, he went to the lakes; became a disciple of Isaac Walton; an angler of acknowledged dexterity; purchased a cottage, built a boat, and was ever loitering upon the bosom of the Lake of Windermere, where the sound of

. . . “the light dip of the suspended oar”

stole with more charm across his ear than the war-note of Catalani or the deep melodies of Grassini. He is at present, I believe, *laking* it in Switzerland.

A similar fate, in the *end*, befel my friend MURCIUS. He possessed talents, natural and acquired, and loved intellectual gladiatorship to the core of his heart. But he was an only son, and had a loving father, and all sorts of plans were laid to get that son introduced into what is equivocally called “bettermost society.” Murcius rented chambers—and what was worse, a cabriolet. The echos of the splashing fountain in Garden Court, Middle Temple, were less musical to his ear than the grinding noise of carriages in Hyde Park, from the hour of four till six. In the funereal roundabout of these carriages, the cabriolet of Murcius

now forgotten the particular inducement which led me to Worcester; but having taken a small house in a respectable situation (Bridge Street), I pitched and fixed my tent there, continuing an inhabitant of that city for two years. It is a beautiful provincial town, well placed by the banks of the Severn, with a race-ground; with the Malvern Hills, at seven miles distance, throwing their lofty and undulating masses from nine to twelve hundred feet in the air\*.

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was duly seen, and as duly wedged. At night, and at dawn of day, ("ante solis ortum, albescente die,"—as Paulus Manutius hath it in his Epistle to Muretus) it was also seen at the door of *Almack's*; and after the whirl of three hard-working, consecutive seasons, no heiress giving her heart with her hand, the courage of Murcius misgave him. He was conscious that he had made a false start, but it seemed to him that the retracing of his steps was impracticable: so he went forward, only putting on the wig and gown upon great and stirring occasions, when their appearance might get him admission within the court; but the words "Gentlemen of the jury" have never yet fallen from his lips. A young lady at *Almack's*, knowing him to be a barrister, once asked him what was the meaning of "granting a rule *nisi*?"—which she constantly saw in law reports. He answered, smartly enough, "if any gentleman 'proposes,' you need not say 'yes' *unless* you like it."

\* I am told that no country in Europe possesses a more perfect range or group of hills than those of Malvern. I have twice walked over their summits from one end to the other. They are beautiful and grand, both on a near approach and distant survey. For a near view, the road from Worcester, through Upton to Cheltenham; and at a distance, from Cheltenham to Gloucester. I rarely see these hills without calling to mind what is said by Uvedale Price in his Essay on the Picturesque, when he got on the highest point, in the spring time, to look at the pear-trees of Worcestershire and the apple-trees in Herefordshire in full blossom. He compared the sight to the white teeth of a grinning fool; a very odd and uncalled-for comparison. But how grand are the vallies of England! What cultivation! What natural beauty of verdure—what fructification! Among these vallies, Worcestershire may boast her Malvern and her Evesham.

The cathedral is a noble one, and the monument of BISHOP. HOUGH alone will repay a second and a third visit to its interior. The streets are generally broad and well paved, and there is an active and money-getting spirit abroad amongst its inhabitants. That portion of its environs which includes a stroll to Powick, with the Severn winding its sinuous course at your left, and the Malvern Hills becoming larger and larger to your right, is the very enchantment of rural scenery.

My first client was, at the time, the *humblest* of the legal fraternity residing there. He is now at the very *summit* of the profession. A question of *dowry* was the first upon which my humble attainments were exercised \*, and a case or two of commission of bankruptcy succeeded ; but the reward was little commensurate with the time devoted. I soon too began to perceive that *conveyancing* exclusively was the main source of business and of profit, and that I had in consequence taken up a false position. "To return were as tedious as go on." The accidental meeting of an old Reading schoolfellow of the name

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\* I yet possess a copy of the case and the opinion, together with many similar copies. I loved case-hunting and case-quoting ; not simply from the affectation of the *display*, but for the varying shades of evidence, and sometimes the varying dicta of the bench. Some *Reports* I read determinedly, and with great profit ; and at this moment may safely venture to recommend, among the materials of a well-chosen library, the Reports of *Raymond*, *Burrow*, and *Atkyns* ; the first incorporating the decisions of Lord Chief-Justice Holt, the second of Lord Mansfield, and the third of Lord Hardwicke : illustrious names, and long the leading lights of the profession !

of Pruen \*, contributed, with other things, to give my mind a different and a very decided direction—

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\* The late REV. THOMAS PRUEN—with whom, off and on, my acquaintance could have been scarcely less than forty-five years. He died in 1834, exemplifying, in his life, those vicissitudes (not of humiliating dependence or pinching distress) which arise from a capricious fancy and disordered judgment. He was naturally shrewd and intelligent, but there was an occasional *brusquerie* in his replies which offended strangers. He was integrity, and honour, and liberality to the very backbone; but his overweening confidence in others made him latterly a prey to the bitterest reflections. When we first renewed our acquaintance in 1800, my friend, who had been in the law, was a farmer of the post-horse duty, in full and prosperous employment, with a wife and rising family. He offered to take me to the lakes in his phaeton, sitting behind two beautiful and thorough-bred ponies, intending to unite business with pleasure. Within six weeks of our starting we returned, having sauntered upon the summit of Skiddaw, and stood entranced before the Falls of Scale Force and Lodore. It was a heavenly summer, and we wanted for nothing—young, healthful, and in *full pay*. Our acquaintance ripened into a warm and steady friendship, which, for twenty-five years, never knew decay or diminution. The latter years of my friend's life presented a sad subject of regret to his relations and friends, for he had *twisted* himself into notions connected with his clerical profession, utterly repugnant to commonsense, and subversive alike of scriptural doctrine and scriptural consolation. But peace to his ashes! In *his* society, with our mutual and illustrious friend, the late Dr. Jenner, I have passed some of the pleasantest and some of the most profitable hours of my existence. His spruce, modest mansion at Prestbury (near Cheltenham) at the foot of Clive Cloud or Winchcomb Hill, was the scene of much domestic happiness—and of which I was the frequent partaker at all seasons of the year; and to him I owe, in a good measure, my fixed passion for BIBLIOPHILISM. He had a choice library, with a sparing sprinkling of rare and early-printed books; and on many a winter's evening have we devoured booksellers' catalogues, just sent down, to pick out some choice article of acquisition from the stores of Payne, White, Egerton, Cuthell, or Faulder—now, ALL swept away from this living scene—

“ Truditur dies die,  
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ !”

BOOKS ONLY REMAIN.

and I could think and hear of nothing but *Literature* and the *Church*. To give myself only due justice, I had a thorough attachment to the character and good tendency of *that* profession, of which I have now been thirty years a humble but not slothful member—and at this time I turned an exclusive and eager attention to excel, in the end, in its *executive* part, in the church. I became a hearer of this and of that preacher; but whatever might be my opinion of the *doctrine* inculcated, the mode of its delivery too often chilled my heart\*. I thought—still think—and shall be ever disposed to think—that, of *all*

\* The late Mr. Coleridge (*Table Talk*, vol. i. p. 103, vol. ii. p. 353), seems to lay a great stress upon the “sermon.” In the former place, I do not think that he reasons with his usual acuteness about “emotions.” In the latter, even *his* subdued and pious feeling, on entering a church, appears to have been fretted by a discourse which he calls “common place,” and as if being “invidious in its tone towards the poor.” This, doubtless, is very foolish in itself, and in direct opposition to the authority of *HIM*, who hath said “Blessed are ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God.” Luke vi. 20.

It may, however, be safely as well as seriously asked, whether there ever *yet* was a sermon preached, to which, if we listened from beginning to end, and strove to put in practice what it enjoined, we might not retire from the church better as well as wiser men? With a man of Mr. Coleridge’s severe taste and wide range of reading, it were difficult to make a deep or lasting impression; but if the *key* to the production of that impression be inquired after, I should say it was to be found in the preacher’s *earnestness* of feeling and of expression—that sort of earnestness, in which heart, and mind, and soul mix up with the voice. This is the “action, action” of Demosthenes. Only throw yourself into the bosoms of your auditory, and the *quo modo*, as to style and reasoning, will be lost in that of the sincerity of feeling, and fervour of expression. Homely truths always stick deeper and last longer than rhetorical flourishes. Of “the prayers,” hereafter.

professions, the CHURCH was, and is, one, in which all the acquirements of education, of eloquence, and of delivery are called up to shew their mastery over the mind and heart of man; that the "conversion of a sinner from death unto life"—the eradication of vice and wickedness from the human breast—the path that leads to eternity—the glories of another, and the perishable vanities of this, world—form themes, and excite interests, in which every qualification from nature and art may be made especially effective. Cowper led me to consider a preacher as the St. Paul of Raffaele preaching at Athens—in which masterly picture every stage of the human mind, from sullen indifference to rapturous conviction, is exquisitely depicted. But there can be no parity of reasoning; inasmuch as a christian auditory comes with all its fixed principles to "hear and receive the word of God gladly, being, in general essentials, "of one heart and of one soul." On the contrary, the Greek and the Roman, the "Parthian, Mede, and Elamite" were a benighted and prejudiced auditory, requiring all the energies of talent to rouse them from their intellectual torpidity. To speak without the slightest disrespect or irreverence, I should say that St. Paul and St. Peter were necessarily *great* preachers both in *action* and in *word* \*.

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\* What might not the impassioned reader conceive to have been the attitude and power of expression of St. Paul, when he launched forth his thundering reply against Festus!—"I am not mad, most noble

I now, therefore, set myself seriously to work to accomplish the great object in view, of getting into holy orders. Thankful to the Great Disposer of all things, for "a sound mind in a sound body," I consulted older and wiser understandings upon the topic in question, and finding no absolute interest, and little profit, in "Indentures Tripartite," I disposed of my law books to one of my oldest friends (then just established in chambers in Brick-court), and, in due time, Mede, Chillingworth,

Festus," &c. What raising of the hand—what elevation of the voice! The whole area was in a manner occupied with his figure exclusively. The very judge upon the bench quailed and covered before the thunder and lightning of the prisoner's eloquence. And St. Peter, whose sermons, or addresses, in the Acts of the Apostles, are occasionally protracted, was evidently, throughout the whole of them, in a state of no common excitation. As his zeal for his master was without limits, so the evidences which he afforded of it in his Discourses teach us that if we set about our work earnestly, we shall accomplish it successfully.

I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-known Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper the poet) preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary Wolnoth, in Lombard-street. Newton was then well stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely, but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. It was as the "*mens agitans molem et magno se corpore miscens.*" In fact, the preacher was *one* with his discourse. To this day I have not forgotten his text. Hab. iii. 17-18. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Newton always preached extemporaneous.

Bingham, Hall, Hammond, and Wetsten, were the stately occupants, in folio, of my book-shelves. But Bishop Marsh's *Michaelis* made me a Christian upon conviction\*. For sermons, explanatory of the text, those of Sherlock and Jortin were my favourites; but Atterbury and Seed for elegance of style and closeness of reasoning. I was told to make much of South; but he seemed to me to prefer a pun or a witty point to weight of doctrine; and his odious, if not profane, flattery to Charles II., in the university pulpit of Oxford, absolutely disgusted me. Such characters are little better than actors, hired to play Cardinal Wolsey to-day and Sir John Falstaff

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\* Hear Bishop Marsh's commendation of a portion of this work: "In the chapter which relates to the *Authenticity of the New Testament*, the evidence, both external and internal, is arranged in so clear and intelligible a manner, as to afford conviction even to those who have *never engaged* in theological inquiries: and the *experienced critic* will find the subject discussed in so full and comprehensive a manner, that he will probably pronounce it the *most complete Essay* on the authenticity of the New Testament that ever was published." The palpable and irresistible conclusion is, that, if authentic, then must it be an *inspired* book: from the completion of its prophecies or predictions—and especially of *that* relating to the destruction of Jerusalem.

There are, however, two portions of the original work translated by the bishop, to which I regret that the learned translator, as in other instances, did not furnish *notes*, either in support of or in opposition to the original. These two portions are, the observations upon St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, and upon the Apocalypse: both of which are considered by *Michaelis* to be apocryphal. Mr. Coleridge, without being aware of the opinion of the German theologian, had the same notion of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the philological and critical departments, Bishop Marsh's helps are invaluable. The reader will find a more extended list of eminent divines in the *Library Companion*, pp. 53—71, second edition.

to-morrow. Doddridge and Bishop Horne unveiled to me all the loveliness of the Christian religion; and I rarely rose from their perusal without feeling an intense desire of living more and more, every day, "in CHARITY WITH ALL MEN." These amiable and exemplary men, and most invaluable writers, seemed, in my abstract moments, to be moving, as it were, with the wings of angels, upon that great intellectual and spiritual ladder which reaches from earth to heaven. Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History was a storehouse replenished with every thing necessary for attack and defence in the Christian's cause; while Macknight upon the Epistles seemed to have exhausted every debateable point, and to have cleared up every harassing doubt\*. In Greek Testaments my little library was rather richly stored. I revelled in choice copies of the first *Erasmus* and the first *Stephen*; and defied any neighbouring clergyman to match me in *Elzevirs* and in *Tonsons*. But Wetsten was always my great anchoring point in case of perplexity; especially where Bishop Pearce's Commentary failed to satisfy †.

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\* But I must in no-wise allow the student, as he grows older and makes his "Body of Divinity" more and more *impregnable*, to dispense with ESTIUS's invaluable *Commentary upon all the Apostolical Epistles*, published in 1709, 2 vols. folio. Will that same student forgive my referring him to so humble a quarter as to two notes at the end of the *second* volume of my Sermons, published in 1825, in confirmation of the value of that foreigner's labours?

† Gibbon's account of his "de die in diem" labour in his study, when at Lausanne, had quite warmed my heart, and stimulated me to

Thus I set forward upon a new road in the journey of life. My excellent neighbour and friend, Mr. Field (a medical practitioner in high repute), applauded my motives and seconded my views; and as I had not taken my Bachelor's degree, it was thought advisable to consult the Bishop of Worcester, the well-known DR. HURD, whether, in case of a title offering, he would ordain me without such a preliminary measure being carried into effect. I called upon that venerable prelate at Hartlebury, with a view of having this point settled one way or the other, and waited his appearance in an ante-room. I had read Gibbon's acute remarks upon his Letters on Romance and Chivalry, and upon the Art of Poetry by Horace—and seemed to feel a particular curiosity to see the friend and the editor of Warburton, then far advanced in the vale of

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follow, however feebly and imperfectly, in the steps of so voracious a student and so exquisite a critic. I read hard and regularly, and daily noted down my progress and my feelings. The more I went on my way, the pleasanter the prospect became; and if I commenced in doubt, I concluded in conviction. Thirty years have rendered that conclusion unshaken. My plan was, to interleave the quarto Greek edition of the New Testament by Baskerville, and write down all the minor and more puzzling points, with their solutions; referring only to—or rather giving copious extracts from—the authorities selected for such solutions. BISHOP PEARCE was one of the brightest ornaments of our bench. He was an elegant classical scholar, a judicious expounder of Holy Writ, and a most thoroughly exemplary man. His conduct about the resignation of his see (Rochester) when age and infirmity had rendered him incapable of performing its functions, reflects upon him immortal honour. With what BENEFIT to the Church might the occasional *repetition* of such an example be attended! Or why, when physical powers fail, may not a bishop, as well as a judge, have a *retiring pension*?

years. I shall never forget his appearance. It was as if some statue had

“Stepp’d from its pedestal to take the air.”

He was habited in a brocaded silk morning gown, with a full-dressed wig, stooping forward, and walking and leaning upon what appeared to be a gold-headed cane. His complexion had the transparency of marble, and his countenance was full of expression, indicative of the setting of that intellectual sun which, at its meridian height, had shone forth with no ordinary lustre. He was then, I think, in his eightieth year. His reception of me was bland and courteous; but he deemed the taking of the *degree* an absolutely essential preliminary measure. On asking me what was my then course of studies, and on receiving my reply, he added, “you cannot do better.”

There was, therefore, but one intelligible plan to be pursued. I bade adieu to the society and to the environs of Worcester; took my degree with as little delay as possible; and, in pursuit of a title, established my residence at Kensington, where I continued an inhabitant for the next twenty-one years of my life. Many inducements then operated to this establishment, which, long ere I left it, had ceased to operate; but *there* I pitched my tent, and *there* my destiny fixed me, for a succession of alternate pleasure and pain, such as is the usual lot of mortality. I was ordained a deacon by the Bi-

shop of Winchester (Dr. North) on the 24th of December, 1804, and cast about seriously to maintain, if not to improve, the little reputation I had acquired by the publication of the *Introduction to the Classics*, of which the second edition had just made its appearance. In other words, I determined upon commencing AUTHOR in right earnest.

## CHAPTER V.

## AUTHORSHIP.

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“ Oh, grant an HONEST FAME, or grant me none !”

POPE.

FROM the conclusion of the last chapter, the reader will be necessarily prepared for the subject of the present ; and yet I must trespass upon his patience some few minutes longer, ere I place him by the side of me in exploring the contents of my shelves and my desk\*. It may be just as well to *fix* myself in the professional niche which I occupied during the progress of those labours, which were unsweetened by preferment, and unrequited by anything approaching to adequate remuneration. For upwards of twenty consecutive years were those labours unremittingly continued. My neighbour and excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. King †, used to cheer

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\* Of a portion of that “ DESK,” upon which I am at this moment writing, and upon which all my lucubrations have been penned, a small vignette-view may be seen at the end of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 469. In how many seasons of sorrow and anxiety has it been my constant and comforting companion !

† This worthy man and sound scholar was, I believe, the senior fellow of New College, in possession of a fine living, the brother-in-law

and comfort me, by telling me, not long after I had been in orders, that "if a man got preferment at forty, he must think himself a lucky fellow." I own that this did not strike me as very logical or very encouraging; especially when I knew that I had *no friends* from whom I could expect preferment in the way of *claim*. I was resolved, however, to work on, and to hope on;—trusting to a gracious Providence to

of Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart., and the old and intimate friend of Dr. Huntingford, the late Bishop of Hereford, to whom the bishop dedicated the second volume of his Sermons—of which in due course. His later professional labours were devoted to a translation of portions of the earlier Fathers in support of the evidences of Christianity. Whatever he took in hand, he took *earnestly* in hand; and his friendship partook of this earnestness and warmth of feeling. Great as was the disparity of our years, he entered into all my professional and literary undertakings with the alacrity and zeal of a young man, and used to quote Homer's definition of friendship with an air of conscious triumph, in the amplified but vigorous couplet of Pope:—

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows;  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows."

He was a most ardent and zealous anti-Bonapartist, and allowed himself neither composure by day nor repose by night as that restless warrior went on in the career of victory. When I brought him the news of the victory of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaiming, "How I envy him his *EUTHANASIA!*"

Disheartening, however, as might have been my friend's prediction as to the time of life when I ought reasonably to expect preferment, another clerical and mutual friend sunk my spirits to a much lower pitch of despondency, when he told me that "if I preached like an angel, it would never get me a living!" How startling to an inexperienced and susceptible mind are such gratuitous observations!—and how failing in general application or truth!—at least, while we think of Dean Andrews in past days, and of the Master of the Temple in present.

dispense his favours and his blessings as to his infinite wisdom it might seem fit. At all events, I was thoroughly conscious of the rectitude of my intentions; and resolved in every way to exhibit, to the utmost of my power, "peace and good will towards men." The cares of a family threw at once increased responsibility and expense upon my situation, and nothing was left me but to set my shoulder resolutely and vigorously to the wheel. It was clear that, if I failed, the sin of *sloth* could not be attached to my door.

Within three months of taking orders, I was ordained a priest; my time of life and professional avocations appearing to justify a measure out of the ordinary routine\*. I was exceedingly anxious to

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\* I preserve the letter of the Bishop of Winchester (who ordained me a deacon at Farnham Castle) to me on this occasion, and make no apology for its insertion here. The bishop examined me in person for deacon's orders, and I was both struck and pleased with the amenity of his manners and the familiarity of his communication. Courteous, gentlemanly, and affable, all the candidates seemed to love and respect him. We afterwards dined with him. He was at that time old, and much stooping; but he performed the honours of the table with the air of a man accustomed to good breeding, and as one "GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY." He was very like the portraits of his brother, the famous Lord North, whom I had never seen; and happening to sit next to him at dinner, I was much amused by his playful reference (from some topic started, which I have forgotten) to those gladiatorial skirmishes in the House of Commons between his brother and Mr. Fox. The letter of the Bishop just alluded to is as follows:—

" *Chelsea, Feb. 10, 1805.*

" SIR,

" It is my usual practice to require more time than you have passed in preparation for priest's orders; but there are certainly some circum-

excel, and attended various churches and chapels for the sake of awakening emulation and obtaining a good taste. Above all, from earliest youth, was I susceptible of good reading\* ; and, in the lessons of

stances in your case very creditable to yourself not often occurring on these occasions. I shall, therefore, on your sending in your proper credentials, make no difficulty of admitting you at my ensuing ordination, to be held, should no impediment arise, on the 10th of March, at Winchester House, Chelsea.

“ I am, respected sir, your faithful,

“ Humble servant,

B. Winchester

On the day appointed I attended at Winchester House. My examination lasted three minutes. Mr. Poulter, the bishop's examining chaplain and brother-in-law, simply asked me “ if I felt quite satisfied that the *CODEx VATICANUS* (as I had stated it to be in my *Introduction to the Classics*) was of the fifth century?” I replied, that “ my opinion necessarily rested upon those of the authorities whom I had quoted.” He said he was quite satisfied.

\* When a schoolboy, just turned of fifteen, I was taken by a friend to hear the famous Septimus Hodgson do duty at the Asylum. As the chaplain, he did the whole duty. His reading seemed, to my ear and understanding, to be perfect. The second lesson of that morning's service happened to be perhaps the most touching, sublime, and in its *pure* sense, dramatic, of all the lessons or chapters in the Bible. It was the 26th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew—full of incident, dialogue, and feeling—over the whole of which our Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane shines forth with a peculiar and awe-inspiring lustre: being wholly unearthly and sublime. There is no pathos like unto it: but the reader approaches it with some peril—for too much sensibility, by choking or impairing the voice, will necessarily diminish the complete effect to be deduced. It seemed to me that Mr. Hodgson was eminently successful, and mine were not the *only* eyes in the congregation which were suffused with tears. His preaching, both then and afterwards, struck me as being very secondary. His advance towards the

the church, I have been long and abundantly convinced that it is one of the most essentially necessary parts of a clergyman's education and duty, to give to their perusal all the force and expression of which he is capable, and which the grandeur and beauty of those lessons so imperatively demand. Of course, I speak of the greater part of these lessons—of which, however, many in the afternoon-service might be judiciously displaced for others\*. An English auditory is not, I think, much roused even during the most animated and eloquent discourse. Some of the more pious and celebrated preachers upon the Continent would probably shock them †. A cer-

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pulpit, in a full suit of silk robes, with a *chapeau de bras* under his arm, was a piece of absurd affectation. In the pulpit he ceased to be natural, pronouncing his words mincingly, without breadth or power of expression. Both in voice and manner he appeared to me to resemble Holman the actor in many particulars.

\* Will my "REVEREND BRETHERN" forgive a suggestion? From the endless variety of the Bible, why are not lessons, both morning and afternoon, *selected* for the Sabbath-service? It may be answered, they *are* selected. I reply, they are and are *not* selected; that is, the second lesson, both morning and afternoon, is merely in accordance with the *day of the month*, which supposes the hearer to read his Bible on every day in the year. It is, therefore, almost merely accidental that, of *two* chapters, the more interesting and instructive one happens to be read. The illustrations are without end; and, what is to be deplored, some chapters in the epistles are read which, however congruously and fitly placed where they *are*, give rather *pain* than *gratification* on the perusal. Surely, in such *secondary* matters, the hand of reform may be wisely and safely exercised?

† Even Massillon, or Bossuet, or Bourdaloue—at this moment I forget which—when he made that celebrated apostrophe respecting the immediate presence of our Saviour, as passing judgment on a prostrate world—and as selecting the congregation before him as objects of that

tain grave and fixed attention is uniformly observed ; while, with very many, there is a sort of underground current of criticism to catch at venial errors, or to take offence at periods inharmoniously formed. In my younger days, I heard a very grave gentleman assert that he would not, knowingly, sit beneath a man the *second* time, who concluded a sentence with a *monosyllable* \*. All preaching, as to *manner*, is a mere subject of *individuality* ; and we ought no more to expect uniformity in preaching than uniformity in colour, form, and sound. As reasonable were it to expect preachers to have the same manner of preaching, as the same form or expression of countenance. The change of that manner, if it be *natural*, for one that is acquired by an exclusive *imitation* of another preacher, is equally absurd and ineffective. The late Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Andrews), and the late Vicar of Greenwich (Mr. Matthews), both preached in the same pulpit at St. James's—of which parish the Dean was also the

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judgment, causing their hearts to quake with very terror—would have comparatively, if not greatly, failed, had the temperament of his auditory been composed of British materials? This phlegm, however, belongs only to an *educated* congregation of a *particular* class ; as who, in the ordinary and *lower* classes of our countrymen, exhibit a more wild and frenzied zeal in some particular points of religious belief and adherence? How many *Peter the Hermits* have we had under a different name?

\* But such capricious criticism is not confined to *matter* : it is exercised sometimes against *manner*. I knew a person who left a place of worship “because the clergyman took too many liberties with his right hand!” And a fair critic has been heard to say, “she wondered how a clergyman could *presume* to preach beyond *twenty minutes*!”

rector. Their *manner* was as different as possible ; but the effect of their preaching was equally marked and powerful\*. If a man walk out of himself, in his pulpit, he is sure to go astray. His manner, doubtless, may be a bad one, and, as such, capable of improvement ; but I feel persuaded that the defect of voice, of attitude, and of physiognomical expression (all essentially requisite for what is called a *perfect* delivery of a discourse), are subordinate to, or greatly remedied by, a natural *earnestness*—and the throwing of one's self into the subject-matter of the *sermon*. Only let our congregations feel assured that we are in earnest, and that we have their temporal and eternal interests at heart, and, as far as preaching goes, the GREAT OBJECT is obtained. Fastidiousness, austerity, and prejudice will, in the end, become merged in gratification and approval. I am of course confining myself to clerical duty *within* the church. My own avocations were, for

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\* What a thoroughly good man and most effective preacher was the Dean. He was one of my earliest patrons, if, as he said, the preacher-ship of so obscure a chapel as that of the good Archbishop Tenyson's in Swallow, now Regent-street, could deserve the appellation. What power *in* the pulpit—what playfulness *out* of it—had HE! And when he had turned the mortal corner of "threescore years and ten," how enviable his spirits, how sweet his temper, and how conciliatory and encouraging his manners to the younger clergy! He had a full, strong voice, and is said never to have used it more sonorously and effectively than when, to the prime minister's question (I think it was Lord Liverpool's, though Mr. Perceval gave him the deanery) "whether he would be a BISHOP," he answered "NO!" The chief feature or point of attraction in Dean Andrews' preaching was, that "he spake as one having authority."

twenty years, precisely of that nature; having obtained two alternate morning-preacherships under the odious process of competition\*. As far as *personal* feeling goes, the foregoing cannot be digressive—however secondary and unimportant it may be to my readers.

I now commence in right earnest the HISTORY OF AUTHORSHIP; to be followed by that of PUB-

\* “Odious” in very many respects is this process of “competition;” but I see no remedy for the mischief, unless by the Bishop’s taking the jurisdiction of these chapels under his own immediate cognizance. Why session after session is allowed to glide away, and no one step taken in the upper house for the correction of this, and of other abuses in church discipline, does sometimes strike one as a melancholy and marvellous matter. A proprietor of a chapel reasons thus, or rather all his reasonings are based upon this hypothesis: “I have laid out a large sum of money in the purchase, repairs, and fittings-up of my chapel, and I must have a certain rent to square with the principal sunk. I cannot let my pews with indifferent preachers. They may be very good and very learned young men; but my congregation will be scanty if they do not *preach* well.” This, truly, may be an argument “ad hominem,” or rather, perhaps, ad “*rem*” (“quocunque modo *rem*”), but it is one of the most selfish and offensive that can be brought forward where SACRED INTERESTS are at issue. There is scarcely a consecrated proprietary chapel in London; and butts of beer and pipes of wine, as articles of trade, form the usual strata of their *crypts*. To say nothing how frequently an amiable and highly-gifted young man is subjected to the coarse caprices of a money-getting, unlettered proprietor, how revolting to all good taste is it to find public singers introduced into their orchestras—and a Bishop sometimes almost elbowing them in the pulpit! Is it *thus*, we may ask, that the fire of devotion is to be kindled, and “the songs of Jerusalem” to be sung in our places of public worship? Is the ORTHODOX FAITH of our ancestors to be thus compromised or neutralised? And is nothing to be heard in such chapels but a chant and a sermon? What becomes of those PRAYERS, of which Coleridge has so admirably observed, that “he never distinctly felt their heavenly superiority till he attended some kirks in the country

LICATIONS. But the first part requires a separate treatment, as being more essentially personal. The first engagement of a literary description into which I ever entered, was *that* in conjunction with Sir Robert Ker Porter, with the occasional aid (if I remember rightly) of his sisters\*, an old Reading schoolfellow of the name of Poole (long deceased), and a few others, of whom, at this period of time, my memory does not charge me with the names. This engagement related to the conduct of a weekly journal, called THE QUIZ, in which I undertook to furnish the pieces connected with Antiquity and Art.

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parts of Scotland?" *Table Talk*, vol. i. 215. Lord Bacon's observation is worth a place here. "Though the gift of preaching be far above that of reading, yet the action of the *Liturgy* is as high and holy as that of the *Sermon*. It appeareth that, as preaching is the more original, so prayer is the more final—as the difference is between the seed and the fruit."—*Pacification of the Church. Works*, vol. iii. p. 154, 4to. edit.

\* Jane and Anna Maria; the latter now in her "shrouded sheet." The former, yet living, and yet my "especial good friend," is the author of three works which have justly found their way into our standard novels; namely, 'Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Scottish Chiefs, and the Pastor's Fireside. I well remember their author, in the bloom of earlier years—pensive, meditative—and the portrait of her, by Kearsley, "her rapt soul sitting in her eye." We now meet and talk as if times past had not been; or admit that they seem to be enveloped in a halo, impassive to immediate touch, or indefinable to present comprehension. This united family had the merit, as well as the consolation, of long watching over the declining years of an aged mother, who died in her eighty-seventh year. My friend Sir Robert, the chieftain of the pencil (see p. 143, ante), has lately erected the *first Protestant Cemetery at Caraccas*, of which state he is the first accredited Consul by the British Government. The object and its execution do credit to his head and heart. A wood-cut representation of the cemetery may be seen in the Saturday's Magazine for Oct. 18, 1834.

There was no very definite or particular object in the establishment of this paper; and, it must be confessed, that its name was neither attractive nor classical. It was published once a-week, in the unassuming form of a crown octavo, at the moderate price of threepence; but its period of existence was short indeed—perhaps fortunately for the reputation of its contributors. A fire consumed the premises of the printer, and, with them, all the stock in hand the unfortunate QUIZ\*!

I now approach a more decided and critical moment of my literary career, in the mention of those "POEMS" from which such copious extracts have been made in the preceding pages†. Such extracts would imply their intrinsic worth; but when the reader is informed of the *unsparing* criticism passed upon them by the hand of their author, in the first edition of the *Bibliomania* (1809)‡, he will not be disposed to think that these "Poems" are introduced here for any other purpose than as a painter is obliged to represent, however delicately, a scar or any particular defect in the portrait which he is delineating. It belongs to the subject matter, and is a part of the *truth*. On the calmer revision of ma-

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\* I do not remember, for the last thirty-five years, to have ever seen a copy of "THE QUIZ." Most rare, doubtless it is, if not unfindable; and I confess, crude and jejune as it may be, I would not "stick for a trifle" to possess a copy—even of so ricketty a progeny of the brain.

† See page 37, &c.

‡ Which "criticism" is inserted, with a provokingly good effect, in Mr. Pickering's last catalogue, No. 1055, affixed to a copy of these poems, marked 1*l.* 4*s.*!!!

turer years, I am utterly surprised at the temerity of the attempt of the publication ; but as “part and parcel” of these “Reminiscences of a Literary Life,” I cannot, honestly speaking, blink their introduction—in no very slight or indirect manner, as the reader has already seen. That they abound with puerilities, with halting couplets, crude conceptions, and feeble execution, is possible, and natural enough, in the lucubrations of a lad from fifteen to nineteen years of age ; but that they offend against good feeling or good breeding, or contain portions in which the slightest infusion of slander, envy, or detraction, appear, is, I should hope, something better than mere negative commendation. Soberly speaking, I am not ashamed of the specimens which I have laid before the Reader ; and am emboldened again to bring the volume under his notice, in a brief extract or two from the poetry, and with the entire *Preface*.\*

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\* The poetical, or rhythmical, extract is as follows ; taken from the fifth piece, called “*The Pleasures of Intellectual Refinement*,” and dedicated to Mrs. William Compton, the wife of my uncle and guardian, Mr. William Compton ; a man, of whose sweetness of temper and integrity of heart, I shall love, to my dying day, to reflect upon. See page 43, ante. The lady is addressed by her Christian name.

Oh MELUSINA ! fav'rite of my song,  
 To whose just sense, such worthy themes belong,  
 Deign t' accept my lay : say, whence the cause,  
 What is Refinement, whence it claims its laws ?  
 Whence that fine polish in the human breast,  
 That makes true manly reason stand confest ?  
 That elevation breathing through the mind,  
 Expanding senses, and a soul refined ?

Of the latter I have scarcely a wish to alter a single word.

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That source which lifts the intellectual powers,  
 To rove delighted through meads, lawns, and bowers ;  
 That source that pours such ecstasy of soul,  
 Completes the man, and perfect makes the whole :  
 That dawning virtue which our breast inspires  
 To feel, and own at times, celestial fires :  
 Say, whence the cause?—for these are chiefly bought  
 By wisdom's rules, which distant ages sought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now when the various passions grow refined,  
 And blending virtues deck the liberal mind,  
 NATURE's the field—fair Nature courts the sight ;  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry charm that breathes delight,  
 She pours along the earth in loose attire,  
 And with her rosy hand she strikes th' accordant lyre :  
 With this she sings " how Chaos, dark and rude,  
 Sprang into life, with various forms endued :  
 How darkness held her frightful, lifeless reign,  
 And how herself droop'd at its pow'rful fane :  
 When at th' Almighty's nod the fetters brake,  
 Form'd was each void, the loose foundations shake :  
 Nature and order took their various stand,  
 Alternate water, and alternate land."   
 These, the great works of heav'n's omniscient Lord,  
 Nature resounds, and sweeps her echoing chord :  
 Her golden locks in careless ringlets flow,  
 And in her face love, truth, and beauty glow :  
 Her snowy breast, and blushing cheek, disclose  
 The virgin snowdrop and enamour'd rose :  
 Her azure robes with various gems inlaid,  
 The pansied mead and flow'ry bed display'd :  
 The radiant zone that bound her yielding waist,  
 Shew'd the pale ivy round the oak embraced :  
 The polish'd sandals that adorn'd her feet,  
 Told how the various leaves and blossoms meet.  
 In hills, woods, groves, meads, lawns, and every dale,  
 Deep bow'rs, shell'd grotts, green glades, and chequer'd vale,  
 She holds her seat—eternal source of joy !  
 Thou NATURE, thou, each aid, each art, employ !

So much for the volume itself, which is henceforward dismissed. A word about its author. It

Infuse each gift, enforce the truth so great,  
 "From Nature's mode, REFINEMENT shines complete."

\* \* \* \* \*

As, while some stone beneath a lofty row  
 Of rocks, that pour their splashing drops below,  
 Receives the trickling current on its head,  
 Moist'ning each weed around its oozy bed:  
 Incessant waters on its surface play,  
 Bored by succeeding drops, the crumbling stone gives way—  
 So all the pleasure, gaiety, and joy,  
 Of life debauch'd, the mind, and soul destroy.

I will inflict only one more torture on the reader, by requesting his attention to the specimen selected by the *Analytical Review* in commendation at least of the portion selected. It is an ode

TO A LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair flow'r! that bloom'st amidst an humbler shade,  
 Still breathing sweetness to the moss-crown'd side;  
 How shall each reptile plant decline the head,  
 Or gaudier raise their stems through pomp and pride!  
 Go, gentle flow'ret, and in Emma's breast  
 There add a modest grace, a blooming charm;  
 Secure reposing in that warmest nest,  
 What frost shall nip thee, and what wind shall harm?  
 And while thou rear'st thy little snowy face,  
 To catch the honey which her lips distil,  
 Say, shall not Emma own how sweet the grace,  
 How rich the transports that her bosom fill?  
 So, gentle flow'ret, may'st thou live thy day,  
 Claiming the tribute of her generous breast;  
 Time soon must wear the fairest form away...  
 Thy Emma too must fade—and sink to peace and rest.

PREFACE IN A LETTER TO ———.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE at length ventured to comply with your request: in doing which, I am aware that you have all along raised too favourable an idea of the merit of these poetical trifles; and have forced me, as it were,

is an odd, and perhaps a puzzling question, whether the joy on receiving a *first* proof-sheet, or the *last*

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through the mere impulse of friendship and good nature on your part, to commit myself, in a sort of precipitate way, before the formidable tribunal of the literary world. I thank you, my friend, for your kindness; and the hopes you entertain, and prayers you prefer, for the success of this very "delicate undertaking." Whether mankind may read with the same good will, and criticise with the same candour as you have done, it belongs to me to hope, rather than to assert. This I know, nothing shall induce me to offer a mean and mortifying conciliation, or to indulge myself in assertions little becoming the modesty and decorum of a young author.

In reading these pages, you will easily perceive, that the Poems have been, at various times, and progressively, composed. The Pastorals, and Laura to Cecilia, I wrote when I had just attained my sixteenth year; Twickenham Meadows, The Epistles, The Pleasures of Intellectual Refinement, and indeed all the rest, were finished within three years after them. As you well know the leisure which a college life affords, you may be sure my poetic moods became more frequent, and my opportunities of application more various, than amidst the perpetual bustle and perplexities of a school. I mention all this from motives which I am sure you will construe in the most obvious and liberal manner: and I make this communication to the world with the idea, that my youth will plead something by way of softening acrimony into forbearance, and severity into candour. Should I fail of obtaining any little share of praise at present, my time of life, perhaps, will not cut off all hope of amendment.

Do not think, my friend, this mode of reasoning savours any thing of arrogance; nor imagine that I am indirectly endeavouring to raise myself to an eminence at a merciless depreciation of many of my fellow-creatures. God forbid I should abuse what appears to me the highest happiness and satisfaction of a virtuous mind:—but I do say, that a retrospect similar to that in which I am at this moment indulging, affords a pleasure and consolation by no means derogatory to the dignity of human reason. Yes, my friend, I am confident, in spite of temporary unevennesses and disproportions among mankind—in spite of the momentary prosperity of "wicked men and fools"—a time will come, a period must arrive, when nothing shall save a man but integrity and intellect. These will flourish and gather strength, when what appears to a sensible soul undesirable and worthless, shall finally decay and perish.

proof-sheet, be the greater? Whatever be the answer, the *source* of the joy, in each case, is essentially different: and I incline to the joy-inspiring *first* proof-sheet. Hope is then most ardent—not a feather of her wings is plucked, or drooping: there are no after-thoughts, no misgivings; the tribunal of the public is yet at a picturesque distance. No palpitations, just now, as you *remotely* approach it; but as you *near* it—as you review and reconsider what is printed—and as the solemn tribunal of public opinion stands before you, clothed in all its terrifying forms, you become a little nervous, and start back a pace or two—till, summoning up your strength and courage, you resolve to push onward and to

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Digressive as these sentiments may appear to the immediate object of the present publication, yet as they are not wholly irrelevant to the dissemination of merit and truth, I trust, to a friend like yourself, they need not be accompanied with the least shadow of apology. To revert, however, once more, to “The Poems.” What I have principally aimed at, was a smoothness of metre and simplicity of incident. Unambitious of aspiring to “the sublime,” and undesirous of descending to the trivial, I have endeavoured to walk in the plain practical path of the Muses; to select subjects which rather demand a common conception, and which nevertheless afford, I hope, a satisfactory share of entertainment. Surely, all monuments of human genius need not be the same: there are orders—there are degrees. Some may be lasting, though not so durable as adamant; some may be lofty, though not so towering as the pyramid: peaceful and serene lie the heads of those secured and immortalised by such stupendous memorials! The laurels which blossom and thicken about *them*, need not cast others into a barren shade: and though there may be difference in luxuriance of verdure, I trust there may be a similarity in purity of growth.

Believe me, my friend,

St. John's College,  
Oxon, 1796.

Yours, very sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

brave it. After all, you think your book is very clever and instructive—and that in due time you will be registered and enrolled among the

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“ Immortal heirs, of universal praise,  
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.”

The printer subjoins the “*imprimatur* ;” and journals, magazines, and reviews, will quickly circulate the praises of the fortunate candidate for fame. To speak honestly, my own bosom fluttered a little with anticipations of this nature.

But a circumstance occurred which materially contributed to damp the ardour of hope, and to neutralise, at least, the expectations of fame and profit derivable from this first attempt at AUTHORSHIP\*.

In dining, one day, at a friend's chambers, where several distinguished and rising young men, both in literature and in their professions, were invited, there sat a gentleman—to me wholly unknown—of a middling time of life, with a sort of saturnine complexion and searching look, who was placed at the right hand of the master of the feast, and who dealt out his discourse with a sufficient mixture of positiveness and severity. He had dark eyes and yet darker whiskers ; and not only was his voice loud and pene-

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\* The Essays alluded to in a note at page 103, ante, were, in fact, my *very* earliest “*Authorship*” productions: but these, and, if I remember rightly, two others, on *War*, and on *Foreign Travel*, (also published in the *European Magazine*), were printed without my personal superintendence.

trating, but his *dicta* seemed to be listened to with something like reverential attention. My neighbour whispered in my ear that "he was an Editor of one of the *Reviews*." This intelligence rivetted my eye to his person and my ear to his conversation. At that moment there seemed to be no one in the room but HE. After dinner, we discoursed of the influence of *Reviews* \*. "Sir (said the unknown, turning to me, in reply to some observation which I had made) their influence is inconceivable. I am one of that *Corps Diplomatique*. I know a young man, at this moment, not quite of age, who has a *volume of poems* in the press. I know it will be sad trash; and I am whetting my critical knife to cut it to pieces the moment it sees daylight." Had I been made of yielding materials, I must of necessity have fainted away; but, contrariwise, I stood to the charge, and

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\* At this time, if there were not more, there certainly were only *four* *Reviews* of any public distinction; namely, the *Monthly*, the *British Critic*, the *Critical*, and the *Analytical*. A full account of these and of other literary journals has been published by Mr. Parkes; and a more compressed, but fair and candid one, may be seen in the "Preliminary Observations" prefixed to a work recently published under the title of *Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 1833*, 8vo., 4 vols.—volumes, which may and ought to find their way into every well-stored library. The account of the effect of the establishment of the *Review* itself, given at p. xxiv. of this preliminary piece, as if from the pen of the late Sir Walter Scott, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1809, strikes me as the production of a very different writer. Its style is too *trenchant*; and there is a sort of discourteous and saucy air about it, which is not the characteristic of that eminent and amiable writer. It is full of ability; but it is the ability of strong muscle and huge limbs which have just mastered its victim, and are striding, with Zanga-like fierceness, over its prostration in death.

promptly and gallantly replied, that "I could not comprehend how a man could be whetting his knife to cut to pieces *that* which he had not *seen*, and which, when seen, might possibly blunt the edge of his weapon." His rejoinder struck me as terrible; although I have long since learnt what commonplace stuff it is. "Poh! young man," said he, "I see clearly you know nothing of the world. There are at this moment six unfledged authors begging and praying for a good word from me."

I was petrified: horror-struck; not less at the insolence of this critical dictator, than at the meanness of those young spirits who could "beg and pray" for his commendation. I said little during the rest of the evening, but stole away somewhat earlier than was "my wont," and retired to my pillow, rather than to my rest, with the image of this "saturnine-complexioned" and savage-hearted critic before me. "How could HE know of my having a volume of poems in the press? Had my printer been faithless, and conveyed a copy to him surreptitiously?" A greater night of torture was never experienced by any malefactor on the evening preceding his execution. With mingled feelings of surprise, anger, disdain, and contempt, I was impatient till "the grey morn" had lifted

". . . her pale lustre on the paler wretch."

My fears, as to my printer, were entirely groundless; and all other fears were well nigh subdued, when my printer sagaciously remarked, that "there were

surely *other* young men with volumes of poems in the press besides *myself*;" and that "he could bring a Reviewer into the field to say *clever* things for me, to the full as effective as the unknown critic's *cutting* things." The whole affair now seemed to be so evenly poised, or perhaps to wear so ludicrous an aspect, that I desired nothing better than the arrival of the moment when the shell was to be broken, and its occupant admitted to daylight and air. That moment arrived in due course. But I had no particular or exclusive publisher; contenting myself with soliciting permission to leave copies at certain leading booksellers, *on return*. The very obtaining permission I thought a favour\*.

The humble tome had no sooner made its public appearance than an extraordinary, but I believe not unusual, re-action possessed me—even to agitation. The step taken was irrevocable; and public opinion might be as severe as irreversible. At that time I had necessarily but limited notions of its power, and

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\* Such is the infantine and humble state of Authorship. It stands at the very lowest step in the ladder of fame in the book-market. The topmost step, or its extreme contrast, may be considered as the tender of the leading booksellers of the day to become purchasers (and of course publishers) of Mr. Fox's Historical Work, when Mr. Miller was the fortunate adventurer at the price of FOUR THOUSAND GUINEAS. I cannot now recollect who were the receivers of my humble ware; but I left them on return, upon condition of their having a good position in the window; and I used frequently to walk by to see if they were still "on view." Alas, they always greeted my eye!—but when *one* bookseller told me that he had sold *five* copies (the book was published at 3*s.* 6*d.*), I fancied myself at once in the sure road to fortune and fame!

did not know that, even in the time of Elizabeth, one of the most popular poets of the day yet wooed its "GOOD OPINION\*." Still, on the other hand, I felt disposed to make use of no sinister or succumbing art, to ensure it even a meretricious notice, or a short-lived existence, by means of the "puff-direct," in newspapers and journals; and, upon the whole, I buckled myself up to the stiff attitude and stern air of defiance of Robert Heath—who, in one of his epigrams, boldly exclaims—

. . . . . "I'd have thee know  
Pride scorns to beg; modesty fears to woo †."

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\* The poet alluded to is John Marston; and the work in which that poet and satirist's address to the public's "Good Opinion" appears, is called "*The Metamorphosis of Pigmaleon's Image. And Certain Satyres.*" Printed by James Roberts, and sold at the signe of the Hand and Plough in Fleet-street, 1598, 8vo." The address itself is in verse; but the prefix to it runs thus: "To the Worlds Mightie Monarch, GOOD OPINION: Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall ruler of judgment, most famous Justice of Censures, onely giver of Honor, great procurer of Advancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the all of all, and all in all, by whom all things are that that they are. I humbly offer thys MY POEM." The reader may possibly not object to the first of the three stanzas by which this prefix is succeeded; premising, however, that the initials W. R. are subjoined.

Thou soule of pleasure, Honours only substance.  
Great Arbitrator, Umpire of the Earth,  
Whom fleshly Epicures call Vertues essence,  
Thou moving Orator, whose powerfull breath  
Swaies all mens judgements, Great OPINION!  
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection," &c.

Of the work itself, a further notice will be taken in the ensuing pages. A beautiful copy of this rare book is in the old Bridgewater Collection with Lord Francis Egerton.

† And yet, if a preceding note be duly considered, I cannot be reason-

The final result is well known. The stream of time quickly whisked it, from its slight weight, into

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ably supposed to have exhibited the least audacity. The entire passage, quoted from above, is as follows.

*To my BOOK-SELLER.*

“ I ’ave common made my book ; tis very true ;  
 But I’d not have thee prostitute it too ;  
 Nor show it barefaced on the open stall  
 To tempt the buyer : nor poast it on each wall  
 And corner poast close underneath the Play  
 That must be acted at *Black-Friers* that day :  
 Nor fee some Herring-cryer for a groat  
 To voice it up and down, with tearing throat ;  
 Nor bid thy ’prentice read it and admire,  
 That all i’ th shop may what he reads enquire :  
 No : profer’d wares do smel : I’d have thee know  
 Pride scorns to beg : Modestie fears to woee.”

It should seem, from this curious and *descriptive* extract, that the announcement of new *works* was frequently stuck up or placarded by the side of the *play bills* of the day. The above is taken from *Epigrams by Robert Heath, Esq.*, 1650, 12mo. p. 36, from a copy in the possession of the late Rev. J. M. Rice. Heath was the author of a popular poem called *Castarella* ; but among his miscellaneous pieces there is possibly not one which exhibits the peculiar quaintness of its author, together with the odd phantasies of the times, better than the ensuing.

SONG IN A SIEGE.

“ Fill, fill the goblet full with sack,  
 I mean our tall black-jerkin Jack,  
 Whose hide is prooffe ’gainst rabble-Rout ;  
 And will keep all ill weathers out.  
 What though our *plate* be coin’d and spent,  
 Our *faces* next we’l send to the mint :  
 And ’fore wee’l basely yield the town,  
 Sack it ourselves and drink it down.

“ Accurst be he doth talk or think  
 Of treating, or denies to drink,  
 Such drie hopsucking narrow souls  
 Taste not the freedome of our bowles ;

some nook or recess, in which it has been quietly permitted to rot and perish—if the question of celebrity only be considered. Another lesson this, if any were wanting, to add to those illustrative of the blight of early hopes, or, rather, of the infatuation of seeking to gather fruit where the seed is incorrigibly defective. And yet it is a curious feature in the history of the human mind, or in that of its attachment to poetry, that many men, even to the last, not only avow their unconquerable propensity to this “divine art,” but think the public have been perversely blind in not appreciating their excellence in it. From a conversation I once had with Sir Humphrey Davy at Althorp, in consequence of a passage in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, I felt quite persuaded that he considered himself to be a poet as well as a philosopher. He had a right to be conscious of strong feeling and good taste in the former; but he must have been yet more conscious of perpetuity of fame in the

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They onely are besieg’d, whilst we  
 By drinking purchase libertie.  
 Wine doth enlarge, and ease our minds,  
 Who freely drinks no thraldome finds.

“ Let’s drink, then, as we used to fight,  
 As long as we can stand, in spight  
 Of Foe or Fortune! Who can tel?  
 Shee with our cups again may swell;  
 Hee neither dares to die or fight,  
 Whom harmless fears from healths affright:  
 Then let us drink our sorrows down,  
 And ourselves up—to keep the town.”

*Occasional Poems*: 1652, 12mo. p. 22.

latter. On the other hand, of all instances on record of early failure in poetry being followed up by the most transcendent success, that of the late Lord Byron was perhaps the most remarkable\*.

To return. The year of the publication of my unfortunate volume of poetry was marked by the publicity of another work, of a very different complexion, and less likely, in all respects, to win attention and secure profit. The reader will be pleased to throw his eye upon a preceding page †, where

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\* I have read, more than once or twice, the *Hours of Idleness*, the first poetic attempt of the above illustrious writer; and with every possible effort and desire to discover in it a scintillation, however faint, of the approaching splendour of the author's reputation—but in vain. It was, however, with Lord Byron, as the apple falling on Newton's head. An accident produced a miracle. This "idle" poem was fiercely attacked in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xi. p. 285; and attacked as if a spirit of personal hostility had uniformly invaded the critic. The haughtiness of the peer could not brook the insult offered to his Muse, and forthwith came his memorable poetical reply, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It was evident that the head which had achieved the "Hours of Idleness" could achieve something of downright "pith and moment." Lord Byron's Muse here appeared clad in robes of terror, and with a scalping knife in her hand. The gashes were deep and painful; and when his first two cantos of *Childe Harold* came forth, the same critical journal which had heretofore shewn such unprovoked severity towards the author, was distinguished by a review of this latter work equally remarkable for the justness of its canons, the amenity of its style, and the warmth of its commendation. Mr. D'Israeli has here food both for digestion and nutrition, if he ever meditate a continuation of his "Quarrels of Authors." In after life, the Reviewers were sorry to have "cast the first stone," and the noble lord to have pelted so vigorously in return. He called in his "Bards and Reviewers," and it became so scarce, that although little more than some fourscore pages, a copy of it (till it was incorporated in the noble author's works) has been sold for as high as 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

† See page 136.

he will find some notice of my being employed in the chambers of a special pleader upon making *Analises of Blackstone*. I had finished the first volume of the *Rights of Persons* in this manner, and felt a disposition to publish it under a dedication to Lord (then Mr.) Erskine. Having requested the favour of an interview, that distinguished chieftain in his profession not only received me promptly, but graciously; and seemed to recognise me as the "young gentleman," mentioned at page 124, ante\*. I had several interviews, and several letters passed between us; and was strongly advised by him to do the *Criminal Law* after the same fashion. In high spirits, I bespoke my artist (whose name I have forgotten) to copy or cut the whole sheet upon one piece of copper, and to use his utmost skill and dispatch in bringing it before the public at the commencement of the ensuing term. It appeared about the middle of November. The Dedicatee expressed his admiration and satisfaction; and I had nothing but a similar result to anticipate from the public†. I was however cruelly mortified

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\* Lord Erskine received me at breakfast, before nine, attired in the smart dress of the times, a dark green coat, scarlet waistcoat, and silk breeches. He left his coffee, stood the whole time looking at the chart, and appeared much gratified. On leaving him, a carriage and four drew up to whirl him to some provincial town on a SPECIAL RETAINER. He was then coining money as fast as his chariot wheels rolled along.

† It was cut on one sheet of copper, measuring one yard in length by about two feet four inches in width; and was published on the 6th of Nov., 1797, by Ogilvy and Son, Clarke and Son, and Butterworth, all law booksellers. Some few copies had the more prominent divisions coloured: these sold for ten shillings, the plain for five. I

in that result ; and finding, that of two hundred and fifty copies struck off, not quite fifty were sold in the course of one year, nothing remained but to dispose of the copper, to call in the straggling impressions, and to put the best face I could upon this second failure of authorship\*. And yet, so far from being dismayed, or irrevocably knocked down in this first attempt at *professional* distinction, I published, when at Worcester, on a very small sheet, price 6*d.*, the *Law of the Poor Rate* ; at that time, and till of a very recent period†, the puzzle and the plague alike

do not think that I have met with a copy these last twenty years ; and I feel almost equally persuaded that there are many copies which have been lost in the trade without any “valuable consideration” to the author.

\* I sold the copper for 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, the value of the *material*. The *cutting* cost me forty guineas !

† If the *Poor Laws* be not *now* understood—and APPROVED as understood—(making allowances for the almost infinite and insurmountable difficulties of the subject) the fault is surely not at the door of our legislators ; and those who shrink from the effort to master the subject upon broad, constitutional, principles, or according to the interpretation of legal enactments, may, I think, have their knowledge enlarged and their judgment strengthened by an article which has lately appeared in the *Quarterly Review* under the running title of “English Charities.” So much information, such Teniers-like crispness and vigour of touch in the several pictures delineated, such proper and noble-heartedness of feeling “in the matter of the Deal boatmen,” together with such a range of intelligence upon all the points bearing or likely to bear upon the subject, that, extended and elaborate as the article is, it is really anything but the feeling of a *solemn duty* to go directly from one end of it to the other. I never read so long an article in so short a time—continuously, and without a single gape. Still, in some parts, the knightly author runs rather sharp and close to the wind. The story of the “black boy” is, however, altogether perfectly “*sui generis*”—of course, I mean as to powers of *narrative*, and not as a matter of *fact*.

of parish officers and legislators. To the best of my recollection, the sale just covered the expenses of publication. If this were not a point gained, it was certainly not a step lost.

But whatever might be the degree of discouragement, I was determined that it should not settle down into black and comfortless despair...

“He *would* be a Soldier, would sweet Willy, O!\*

I had resolved to beat the bush in search of other game; and if pheasants and woodcocks were not procurable, I might content myself with fieldfares and larks. About this time, or rather after I had been settled at Worcester as a conveyancer, the posthumous works of Gibbon, and especially his *Journal of his Studies*, got into my hands. This put me not only upon general reading, but upon making a Diary of what I read, and of the reflections which came across me during and after perusal. Then, too, it was, that Harwood's account of the best editions of Ancient Classical Authors first caught my attention; and, what with Gibbon's library already *formed*, and Harwood's instructions how to *form* one of a classical calibre, my fancy took to run strangely upon BOOKS...of all qualities and conditions. An *Editio Princeps*, a *vellum Aldus*, a *large paper copy* (terms, till then unknown and unappreciated) seemed to strike my mind's eye as something magical and mysterious—just as those arabic, or some sort of con-

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\* See page 54, note.

juration, figures upon chemists' bottles, strike the eye of the body. - I was all upon the look-out. A book-stall had irresistible charms; but the catalogues of Payne, Faulder, White, and Egerton, exhibited so many stars upon which I loved to gaze with an indescribable satisfaction. How often have I sighed, when not even an editio princeps of a second-rate classical author could be procured—from the scantiness of means of purchase! Of all fortunate book-collectors, I then considered Dr. W. Hunter and the Hon. Topham Beauclerk as the most so; the one, because he was the purchaser of the first Aldine Plato, upon vellum, at the sale of Dr. Askew's library; the other, because he was the possessor of a large paper copy of Dr. Clarke's Cæsar, at the price of 44*l.*\*

At length, I was resolved to approach the water's edge, to view its clearness, and to feel its coolness, if I could not take a bold and desperate plunge into the

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\* The highest sum ever given for this latter volume was, I should conceive, the 64*l.* which was given for the copy in the late Duke of Grafton's library, at the sale of it in 18—. But it is doubtful whether even *such* a copy would *now* bring half the sum. How capricious, how inexplicable is taste! The *Aldine vellum Plato* above-mentioned, for which Lord Oxford had given 105*l.*, and which was afterwards purchased by Dr. Askew at one-fifth the cost, became the property of Dr. Wm. Hunter, at the sale of Dr. Askew's library, for 52*l.* 10*s.* It is necessarily now at Glasgow, with Dr. Hunter's library and museum. On referring to a MS. note made by me with the copy, *sub oculis*, at London, some thirty years ago, I find it thus written: "a perfect copy; nothing can exceed its splendour: in blue morocco binding." THIS COPY, or SUCH a copy would *now* be worth *three hundred guineas* at the least—low as the bibliomaniacal mercury has fallen.

mid-river. I thought I could produce a *Manual*, or a guide to Editions of the Classics, which might supply useful intelligence since the time of Harwood: and after anxious days, and many sleepless nights, appeared my *Introduction to the Knowledge of Rare and Valuable Editions* of the GREEK and LATIN CLASSICS. I was living in the country when it made its appearance; but on my publisher (alas! poor Dwyer!\*) writing me word that it was selling rapidly, and that a *second* edition would be speedily called for, I felt as I suppose the gamester to feel when he throws doublets of sixes! I had in fact secured the “*δος πόν στω,*” and was resolved to turn my “standing room” to good account. The further history of this publication belongs to the next chapter.

And here, perhaps, I ought to notice the composition of those TALES, written just before the peace of Amiens, in 1801, which were the fruit of leisure from professional or severe literary occupations. *One* of these tales, LA BELLE MARIANNE,

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\* An honest, worthy, painstaking bookseller, the brother of the late Rev. Mr. Dwyer, well known to many in the vicinity of Cashiobury Park, and with whom, in early life, I have passed more than one pleasant and profitable hour. He always carried his heart in his hand; and when his brother, the bookseller, advised me to dispose of the *copyright* of the Classics to Messrs. Longmans, after the second edition was exhausted, the latter evinced a liberality practised by few of his brethren; for by so doing, he parted with his *own* profits as *vendor* of the work. When this book was first put into Mr. Dwyer's hands, it was little better than a tabulated arrangement of the subject-matter, and the fruit of little more than my own manuscript POCKET MANUAL: but it struck the eye at once, from its brevity and obvious utility.

has been privately printed; and the only copy of it which I know to have been brought to the hammer, was that of the late Mr. Haslewood \*. This tale is not purely ideal, although it was written to illustrate the *pathetic*. Others were written to illustrate other passions. SIR JOHN FALKLAND is even too dreadful to think upon. THE TWO PILGRIMS IN GREY was written to illustrate brotherly affection or constancy †. GUISCARDO THE PIRATE was the most elaborate, and might have been the most popular. It is the only one of which the MS. is preserved, and the reader, if he feel so disposed, may venture upon the experiment of enduring its open-

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\* It produced the sum of 2*l.* 16*s.* in russia binding. Only *thirty-six* copies were printed, every one of which has put on wings and flown out of the cage of the author. This pelican-like generosity or prodigality demands commiseration rather than admiration.

† The story was simple in its structure. A way-worn traveller enters the church of St. Genevieve just before night-fall. The sun's parting beams glance upon two recumbent monumental figures, habited like pilgrims. Their dresses and physiognomical expressions strike him with peculiar interest. He inquires of the attendant verger who they might be? The verger replies that their history is most affecting, but it is too long at that time of night to be entered upon. The traveller urges him to make the attempt, for at the break of the following day he has to set out on a far journey to the shrine of the *Lady Saint* whose name the church bears, adding, by way of further inducement, that it is now moonlight, and that the tale may be advantageously continued and concluded by means of such aid, and, peradventure, more in accordance with the melancholy cast of the history. The verger complies, and both sitting upon a near monument, he takes up the tale. Of its materials, scarcely the faintest outline dwells in my memory. I gave the manuscript many years ago to a friend, who requited my kindness by allowing it to be destroyed or lost. That is my *present* impression of the matter.

ing\*. All these tales were written in a very curious sort of dormitory, at the top of a small house at

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\* The commencement is as follows, preceded by the above title:—

“ Fair was the morning and smooth the ocean, when Count Siffredi and his attendants set sail from Loretto to Santiago, in Spain. It was on the 16th of July that this coasting voyage was undertaken; the count having resolved to visit the several ports on the eastern side of Italy, and so steer by Cape Passaro (the southernmost point of Sicily) in preference to going by land through Tuscany, and hiring a vessel at Leghorn. This latter route was strongly recommended to him the evening before he sailed by an English gentleman whom he casually met at the hotel. ‘I thank you,’ replied the count, ‘but I have plenty of time, and no dearth of money. I have, moreover, a wish to visit an old college friend at Otranto, and am in the humour for a coasting voyage.’ As the Count seemed absolutely bent upon it, there was no shaking his resolution. ‘To be sure,’ said the Englishman, ‘there is little danger of a tempest in the Mediterranean; I know not what you have to be terrified at.’ ‘I have no fears,’ returned the Count. Siffredi and the English gentleman shook hands most heartily. The next morning the count set sail.

“ Count Siffredi was a very extraordinary man. (While the vessel glides smoothly on a calm sea, and before it touches at Fermo, I will endeavour to entertain the reader with a short sketch of his history.) He was born and bred a gentleman. A very ample fortune secured to him every attention from without, and administered to him every luxury from within. His father was an Italian by birth, his mother was a native of Seville, in Spain; they had both high notions of family renown, and bringing with each other an ample fortune, they had every opportunity of keeping up the pomp and hospitality of their ancestors. Nine gentlemen, with purple velvet cloaks and silver hilted swords, with five valets waiting on each gentleman, attended the father of Siffredi on his marriage day. Nine virgins, with necklaces of coral and stomachers of wrought gold, with five females waiting on each virgin, moved in the train of Donna Ximena, the bride, and the mother of Siffredi.

“ That day was a jocund one, and the sole offspring of that union was THE COUNT SIFFREDI, who, at twenty-nine years of age, came into possession of all the property of his deceased parents. The mind of the Count was adorned with every accomplishment that can shed lustre on the human character. He was virtuous, he was generous, he was

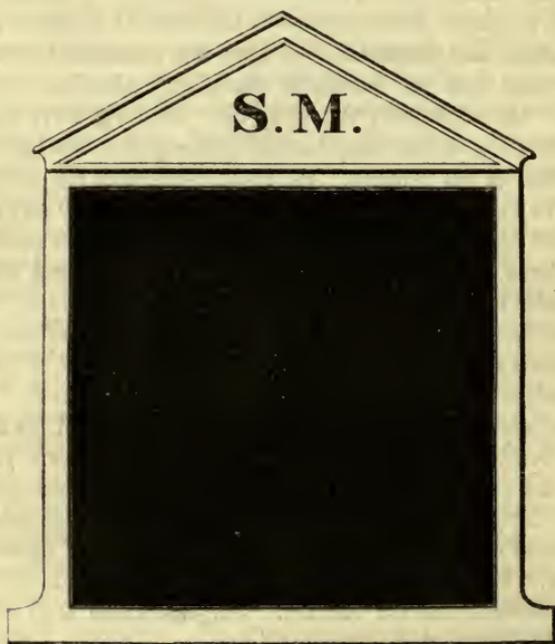
Wick, within a mile of Worcester; overlooking garden-grounds and orchards, with the sparkling course of the Severn in the distance. But this little rural retreat had other and more heart-entwining attractions for me. It was adjoining the residence of a friend of the name of Tyson, between whom and myself the strictest intimacy was maintained—alas! for the space of two years only. I believe that friend's end to have been hastened by filial ingratitude. Who could turn the heel upon *such* a parent? My last visit to him (some thirty-two years ago) was in the midst of a frightful thunderstorm—

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brave. His principles were engrafted on a religion which he believed to be divine; and his hours, whether of merriment or meditation, were devoted in a manner consistently with the tenets he professed. Deeply as the Italians and Spaniards love play, the character of Siffredi was never polluted with the passion of gambling. His chief exercise was the chace. He could dart the spear with unerring force against the strength of the wild-boar and the fury of the wolf. His hall was hung with trophies of his prowess. He could fence with the dexterity of a master. His passion for music, accompanied with a clear and expressive voice, made him excel on the guitar: but it was in his LIBRARY that Siffredi shone with unrivalled lustre. Twelve thousand volumes of choice works in every department and language, united to continued application and unabating research, gave the Count an ascendancy over every competitor that opposed him. It is not often that, in Spain, such literary ardour prevails in a man of the revenues of Siffredi.

“ Thus briefly have I spoken of his character. Said his steward to him, the evening before he sailed, ‘ Count Siffredi, you are young, unmarried, and your rental cannot be less than 36,000 pistoles per annum: these are things that require care and judicious management on your part. Excuse me, but’——‘ Shall I injure these things,’ replied sharply the Count, ‘ by a voyage along the eastern coast of Sicily?’ ‘ God forbid!’ answered the old steward. ‘ They embraced each other most affectionately before their departure,’ &c.

as night was coming on. I was on horseback, and the rain and the lightning, commingled, nearly deprived me of the power of vision. My friend rushed to the garden gate without his hat, commanding all his servants to follow him. He received me with the affectionate ardour of an elder brother. The "fatted calf" had been previously killed; but what could the banquet, in *any* shape, have been, compared with the overpourings of a warm heart, and the demonstrations of an hospitality which disdained to fix limits to its exercise? He had a wife who shared all this friendly feeling with him towards myself and my family. I stopped two days with them both—and NEVER saw them afterwards.



About this time I became acquainted with the celebrated DR. JENNER, a character and a name which England will do well always to cherish among those of her most illustrious sons of science. What a fight had he to encounter for the establishment of his beloved VACCINATION! What quackery, what prejudice, what malice and ignorance, were opposed to him! He lived in the end to triumph over his foes, and to acknowledge the remuneration of a grateful country. It is true that Russia led the way; and the *diamond ring of Catharine* was perhaps equal, as being an earlier demonstration of feeling, to the £20,000 of the treasury of Great Britain\*. I never knew a man of a simpler mind or of a warmer heart, than Dr. Jenner. I never knew a man who, being in the road, as he was, to incalculable wealth, despised it all for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and

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\* In pecuniary value, the present of the empress was doubtless far below that of the British exchequer; but Dr. Jenner was perhaps yet prouder of it as a trophy, or mark of respect, from a great foreign power. Its real pecuniary value was about 1500*l.* It consisted of a cluster of brilliants, with a very large one in the centre; the whole set in an oblong, and, to an English taste, old-fashioned way. We could never prevail upon its owner to wear it, except upon the birthday of one of his children. No man hated pomp and display more thoroughly than himself. His correspondence was latterly immense; and when, by the help of a secretary or a friend, he had got through his answers, and returned from paying his professional visits, so as to have the latter part of the day to himself, he would, when in the country, take his flute into the garden, play a number of simple tunes (of which "*The Blue Bells of Scotland*," was a particular favourite), saunter backwards and forwards, notice the flight of the bat and the owl; seeming to be absorbed in a sort of delightful reverie.

having seen his system established to his satisfaction, retired to his native village—to the enjoyment of his garden, his roses and honeysuckles, the hum of the evening beetle, the echoing note of the cuckoo, his flute and his cigar \* !

While the vaccine contest was at its height, Jenner availed himself successfully of the active zeal and acute discrimination of his friend, Mr. John Ring, a surgeon in Swallow, now Regent-street. A more devoted friend, and a more determined coadjutor he could not have possessed ; and between them both, with the importunity of Mr. Pruen † to boot, I was induced to attempt a poem, in blank verse, entitled VACCINIA. This was to be considered merely as a sort of peg to hang notes upon, and I set about reading the whole history of small-pox, resolving to make it out (which in reality it has been) the most frightful scourge of humanity. Woodville was my text-book, and the notes were

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\* Dr. Jenner was a profound naturalist: in whatever department he looked into, he looked into it earnestly and continuously. He had been the favourite pupil of the great JOHN HUNTER, who had taught him to consider all creation as one vast chain, of which every link had some particular cause in itself of sympathy or affinity. Hunter kept eagles; loving to look at them, to watch their motions, and to mark their characters. Hence, as Jenner himself once told me, the pupil caught his passion for ornithology; and that pupil's first essay in the ornithological department being "*Observations on the Natural History of the Cuckoo*," published in the Royal Society's Transactions for 1788, obtained him an instant and decided reputation throughout Europe. Buffon might have envied him such a distinction. In the year 1798 appeared his first treatise on the Cow-pox.

† See page 153, ante.

doubtless preferable to the versification \*. I had imagined this crude effort to be yet in existence,

\* I shall present the reader with the transcript of an original letter of Dr. Jenner (as if by a miracle yet in my possession), in which allusion is made to this meditated work under reference to the "Paper." It must also be premised, that at the time of its composition, the whole nation was in a state of excitement by the threatened invasion of Bonaparte, and by the system of volunteering then so generally prevailing. Indeed, I went through more than one drilling myself, by a Scotch serjeant in the Coldstream guards, and heroically resolved upon entering as a common soldier in the ranks of the Kensington Volunteers. Candidly speaking, whatever might have been my military ardour in earlier years (see p. 49), I thought drilling a very dull, mechanical piece of business—and generally got the serjeant to talk to me about the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, in preference to hearing his word of command; and, truth to say, my serjeant loved the *amendment* to the full as much as the original *motion*.

Dr. Jenner's letter also makes mention of the unfortunate EMMET; he, over whose hapless and premature grave the muse of Moore has poured forth one of the sweetest and most solemn of funereal dirges! The letter in question is literally as follows:—

" Cheltenham, 10th Oct., 1803.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" You will be somewhat surprised at being informed that the first intimation I received of your *papers* being at Cheltenham, was from your letter. I posted down to Pruen's and at once took possession of them, but have not yet had an opportunity of giving them that serious perusal they require. An infant of Lord Berkeley's has lately been so ill, as to take me repeatedly from Cheltenham to Berkeley Castle; and this has thrown my general concerns here into confusion. I hope that *no proof-sheet* has yet gone finally to the press without my inspection; if so, I am confident, from the nature of things, more must be cancelled. Pray satisfy me quickly upon this head by a line, and say what number of copies will be printed. Will the paper be thick enough for *cartridge-paper* for the soldiers of the invading *Corse*?

" It is almost a folly, at the present hour, to speculate in anything but swords and firelocks, drums and trumpets. The printer shall be paid for his paper as soon as I know whether my banker in town has cash enough to discharge the debt. Give Pruen a good trimming for

but on inquiry of the friend with whom I had supposed it to be deposited, I find all traces of it to be lost.

Just before returning to fix myself in London or its vicinity, I was induced to revise and enlarge a topographical octavo volume of the HISTORY OF CHELTENHAM; a place with which I was well acquainted, and of which the text of a Mr. Moreau's work formed not only the basis, but supplied the principal materials. It was undertaken chiefly to

his negligence. His late occupation has been that of erecting a billiard-table in his hall.

"How goes on *Volunteering*? By this time, I trust you are almost a General. Tell me how to address you. The volunteers of this place were marched into a meadow yesterday afternoon for the second time since their enrolment. I was struck with astonishment. They marched and performed a variety of pedestrian evolutions with as much adroitness as veterans. A young nobleman just come post from Ireland, tells me the sentiment of *Emmet* respecting the French is general there among the common people. Will Bonaparte be so rash as to show himself upon any of our shores? You know I have been a particular observer of the notes of *birds*. The crows, kites, and hawks at present have assumed a kind of note that is unusual. There is more of the *con spirito* and the *vivace*, than in their old common PASTORALES. When you see my good friend in *Swallow-street* (an ornithologist likes the term better than *New-street*), remember me kindly to him. I hope this very day to look over your sheets.

"Yours ever most truly,

Edw. Jenner

One of Dr. Jenner's happiest, and very characteristic sayings was, that he considered the *genuine* vaccine pustule as the dissection of a pearl on a rose-leaf!

oblige Mr. Ruff, the bookseller, who had so beautifully printed the first edition of the Classics, and who then conducted the principal establishment at Cheltenham. I now forget what was its sale, but I remember to have received £30 for the editorship. One copy only of this unpretending volume was printed upon *large paper*, of a quarto form, and that copy is now in the library at Althorp. I may therefore now be said to have fairly commenced AUTHOR, both "by trade" and by good will. I was in no condition to indulge large expectations, nor, on the other hand, to incur heavy expenses. A small, bay-windowed mansion, in the terrace at Kensington, then comparatively a *village*, sufficed to concentrate all my wishes, as to situation and the *ménage*; and in the commencement of this career I would frequently solace myself with *another stanza* from the same poem from which the quotation at the head of this chapter is taken.

" I care not, fortune, what you me deny ;  
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the *great children* leave—  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave !"

## CHAPTER VI.

## PUBLICATIONS.

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“Another and another still succeeds.”

SHAKSPEARE.

LET not the reader imagine that I am about to inflict upon him the punishment of wading through a dry detail or list of PUBLICATIONS of which I happen to be the humble Author, without the inter-spersion of ANECDOTE which may reconcile him in some measure to its persual. A mere “*Catalogue Raisonné*” of the *choicest* productions would now, perhaps, pall on the public taste; but, as in the present instance, the intermixture of “LITERARY REMINISCENCES” may give, even to secondary performances, a tone of interest of which otherwise they would be dispossessed. The field before me is wide and variegated. It shall be my object to make it amusing and productive\*.

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\* Will the reader endure that natural, if not pardonable, spirit of self-love, which, in the contemplation of the prospect above opened, solaces itself in the application of the following quaint lines?

“Tout le dehors ung paradis resemble,  
Le dedens n'est, ne trop cler, ne trop brun,  
Mais delectable a veoir, comme il me semble.”

*Illustrations de France*: 1513, 4to. sign. Cii, rev.

This extract is from a portion of the work, “*Epistle du Roy à Hector*,” usually added to these Illustrations.

Whether, as the conclusion of the last chapter may induce, I was now to consider myself an Author by *inspiration* or “by *trade*,” I certainly commenced my career in right earnest; and set about the second edition of the INTRODUCTION TO THE CLASSICS with a zeal and heartiness which have never since been surpassed. I was determined to face the thing manfully; and fortunately derived great aid and encouragement from the Rev. Dr. Gosset, my near neighbour, and one of the first bibliographers in the country\*. He used to smile on seeing me bring home *Maittaire* one day, *Panzer* the next, and *Clement* on the third. For *Fabricius* I felt a respect approaching to reverence; and *Harles* was ever at my right hand. But *Clement* was as my “Hortus Adonidis.” His seductive digressions—his interminable notes upon notes—his “rare”—“très rare”—“excessivement rare”—introuvable,” &c., delighted and distracted me by turns†. A “specimen” of this second edition (1804) preceded its appear-

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\* A tribute of respect to the memory of this intelligent scholar and bibliographer, will be found in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 5. I have very great and sincere pleasure in here recording the well-being and well-doing of his two sons, the Rev. Isaac, and the Rev. Thomas Gosset. We *may* meet again.

† The comparative merits of all these Bibliographers will be found stated in the third edition of the “*Introduction*,” 1808; and in the second part (“The Cabinet”) of the second edition of the “*Bibliomania*.” I remember giving nine guineas for *Clement*, in nine thin 4to. volumes; a work which is now rendered so thoroughly obsolete as to be unsaleable. This identical copy is still in the possession of Messrs. Payne and Foss.

ance. It promised so much comparatively with its precursor\*, that I was urged and flattered on all hands to prosecute it with zeal, and to doubt not of a favourable issue. Still I felt diffident about carrying it *to market*. I could command little attention and as little sale: and if such a man as Sterne came forward with hesitation and doubt about his Tris-

\* Slender and unobtrusive as was this "precursor" (see p. 194, ante), it nevertheless received the good opinion of the late Bishop of Ely. That most experienced bibliographer, as well as sound scholar, told me, not long before his death, that "although the work was superficial, and clearly the production of a very young and inexperienced author, yet it gave proof of a *tact* and spirit which would lead to more successful labour in the same line." In the preparation of the second, and greatly enlarged edition—and which, indeed, might be called a new work—I felt authorised to say, with Krause, in his preface to *Boecler's Bibliotheca Critica*, 1715, 8vo. "Quanquam enim non fugiat me, plures extare virorum doctorum lucubrationes, quibus idem est propositum, ut harum rerum cupidos manu quasi ducant ad parandam rei litterariæ cognitionem;—non tamen omnes *eundem attingere scopum*, aut eodem cum fructu legi, exploratissimum habeo." *Sign. e. 3.*

The first edition consisted of only 75 pages. It was beautifully printed, in a tabular form—as to editor, place, size, and date of a classic—with very brief notes at the bottom. In these notes I loved, as the reader will see—and which was natural enough—to dwell upon beautiful, large paper, and vellum, copies. At that time, I could have undertaken a "journey to Mecca" to see a first Homer, or a first Plato, printed UPON VELLUM: and when my neighbour and kind friend, Dr. Gosset, used to describe to me the first *Complutensian Polyglot Bible* of Cardinal Ximenes, printed in the same manner, and which was brought to him on a bed of sickness (during the Pinelli sale) to gaze upon, and to work a cure—clad, as it then was, in its original binding—nothing could exceed the eagerness and delight with which I listened to his "tale." That identical copy having, since the days of Pinelli, seen three masters or possessors, now reposes securely in the blue morocco coating of Charles Lewis, in the very choice and valuable collection of Frank Hall Standish, Esq.

tram Shandy\*, it seemed to me, after such an example, to be advisable to spare myself the mortifi-

\* By the favour of Mr. Singer, I am furnished with a transcript of Sterne's letter to Dodsley, the bookseller, touching the intended publication of this work. It will be read, I think, with no common interest.

“SIR,

“What you wrote to me in June last, in answer to my demand of 50*l.* for the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*—‘That it was too much to risk on a single volume, which, if it happened not to sell, would be hard upon your brother’—I think a most reasonable objection in him against giving me the price I thought my work deserved. You need not be told by me how much authors are inclined to over-rate their productions:—for my own part, I hope I am an exception; for if I could find out by any arcanum, the precise value of mine, I declare Mr. Dodsley should have it 20 per cent. below its value.

“I propose, therefore, to print a lean edition, in two small volumes, of the size of *Rasselas*, and on the same paper and type, at my own expense, merely to feel the pulse of the world, and that I may know what price to set upon the remaining volumes, from the reception of these. If my book sells and has the run our critics expect, I propose to free myself of all future troubles of this kind, and bargain with you, if possible, for the rest as they come out, which will be every six months. If my book fails of success, the loss falls where it ought to do. The same motives which inclined me first to offer you this trifle, incline me to give you the whole profits of the sale (except what Mr. Kirksman sells here, which will be a great many), and to have them sold only at your shop, upon the usual terms in these cases. The book shall be printed here, and the impression sent up to you; for as I live at York, and shall correct every proof myself, it shall go perfect into the world, and be printed in so creditable a way as to paper, type, &c., as to do no dishonour to you, who, I know, never chuse to print a book meanly. Will you patronise my book upon these terms, and be as kind a friend to it as if you had bought the copyright?

“Be so good as to favour me with a line by the return, and believe me,

“Sir,

“Your obliged and most humble servant,

(Signed)

“LAURENCE STERNE.

“P. S. All locality is taken out of the book—the satire general; notes are added where wanted, and the whole made more saleable—about a

cation of a refusal in annexing a price which would probably be withheld. And so I determined to risk the whole at my own cost and hazard. If, like its precursor, this edition succeeded, I was satisfied that the gain would be commensurate with the toil ; for, in early life, the labours both of body and mind are cheerily entered upon, and the world has not yet taught us to be capricious or exorbitant.

I therefore exerted every energy for its completion, and had worked myself up to a fixed determination to listen to no terms. To be free and unshackled, gave spurs to my industry. If unsuccessful, I should at least be spared the taunts of a mortified publisher ; and I looked again towards the faithful bookseller who had successfully introduced the first edition to the notice of the public. My printer was the late Mr. Gosnell, of Little Queen-street, Holborn. My residence, as before intimated, was at Kensington ; and I yet call to mind, with emotions which it were difficult to describe, those mornings, when, ankle-deep in snow, I used to hasten across the Park to deposit the last revise of the proof-sheet with the printer. Again ; when, after eight or ten hours of unintermitting labour during the day, I stood in need

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hundred and fifty pages added—and to conclude, a strong interest formed and forming in its behalf, which I hope will soon take off the few I shall print on this *coup d'essai*. I had desired Mr. Kirksman to write the purport of this to you by this post, but least he should omit it, or not sufficiently explain my intention, I thought best to trouble you with a letter myself.

“ Direct for me, *Prebendary of York*.”

of exercise ere I retired to rest—with what alacrity and readiness would I frequently sally forth, beneath the lustre of a January full-moon, and upon ground indurated by frost to marble, nearly as far as Chiswick, and back—revolving, with all the ardour of anticipated fame, upon the future fate of my labours and situation in life! That period of fond hope and eager toil has long ceased: but the remembrance of its existence, and of its application to an honourable object in an honourable profession, will always bring a consolation to me which I shall not fail to carry to the grave\*.

This edition was a thick octavo volume of some 600 pages, having an “Index Analyticus” at the end. There were fifty copies printed upon large paper, of a royal octavo form, with extra embellishments†; my first essay of the kind, and which,

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\* The above passage, beginning “and I yet call to mind,” was printed as a *note* in the *first* proof sheet of the preface of the fourth edition of 1827. *Why* it was afterwards withdrawn, I cannot now remember: but certainly it is better placed where it now stands. It is true to the very letter. And I may here add, that, more than thrice or four times, I have examined nearly *thirty* authorities for the establishment of *one* point. But my chief pride lay in the account of the GREEK BIBLES and TESTAMENTS. What in Harwood does not occupy six pages, was expanded by me into fifty.

† These *extra* embellishments were, 1. A portrait of Bishop Fell; 2. The arms of Cardinal Ximenes; 3. Devices of a few eminent early printers. There was a 4th plate, common to all the copies, which is a fac simile of the Greek and Latin texts of the New Testament of the Complutensian Polyglot Bible, than which nothing can be more accurate. The late Dr. Burney, in a note from him yet in my possession, complimented me upon this as well as upon my book. The other plates were all destroyed, after the given number had been struck off. These

giving an air of splendour to the book, seemed to render it worthy, in the estimation of its author, of being dedicated to a Nobleman of great literary and senatorial distinction. That nobleman was the late EARL SPENCER, who then declined the intended honour\*. At length the work made its appearance, and within a given reasonable time every copy of it was disposed of. I cannot now remember what were my *gains*; but I *can* remember that, when the first copy of it, upon large paper (bound by Herring, in morocco, with gilt leaves), was brought to me, I thought all my toil abundantly remunerated by the very appearance of the volume. No parent, on the birth of his offspring, could feel a more heart-swelling delight; or, rather, not even Cardinal Ximenes himself, when he received the first perfect copy of his Polyglot Bible at the hands of the younger Bro-

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large paper copies (till the publication of the third edition in 1808), have brought *5l. 5s.* a copy. In the library of St. John's College, Oxford, there is a copy of it bound in 2 vols., in blue morocco, containing duplicates of the plates, and a great number of drawings of illustrative portraits, by the Author of the work, deposited there as a "free-will offering" from himself.

\* I had presented his Lordship with a copy of the neat, little, unpretending precursor of 1802, which he was good enough to receive with "thanks," adding, that he should be "very happy, in the course of the next winter, when he was in London, to shew me his old editions before the year 1500." This note is dated Sept. 9, 1802. I feel proud on its being yet in my possession, for it was the foundation, more or less, of a correspondence which continued till within a fortnight of the death of its noble author. I ventured to solicit permission for the dedication of my second edition to him, when I sent a "specimen" of it in the year preceding its publication; for his lordship's reply is dated July 4, 1803.

cario\*, could have experienced more gratifying sensations than I did at the moment in question.

For the sake of juxta-position, and not to weary or distract the reader by recurring at a future period to this particular publication, it may be as well to say, that a third edition of this useful work (for such it was now generally admitted to be) appeared in 1808, in a greatly extended and improved form, and a fourth, and the last, in 1827; yet exhibiting improvements and additions. The distinctive differences and comparative merits, together with a few not unacceptable “ANA” connected therewith, are embodied in the subjoined note †.

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\* The anecdote, although a “twice told tale” by me, is in itself so pretty, as well as short, that it may not unopportunately find a place here. “I have often heard John Brocario (says Gomecius), son of Arnoldus Brocario, who printed the Polyglot, relate to his friends, that, when his father had put the finishing stroke to the last volume, he deputed him to carry it to the Cardinal. John Brocario was then a lad; and having dressed himself in a very elegant suit of clothes, he approached Ximenes, and delivered the volume into his hands. ‘I render thanks to thee, O God!’ exclaimed Ximenes, ‘that thou hast protracted my life to the completion of these biblical labours!’ And afterwards, conversing with his friends, the Cardinal would often observe, that ‘the surmounting of the various difficulties of his political situation afforded him not *half the solace* as that which arose from the finishing of his POLYGLOT.’ Ximenes died the same year (1517), not many weeks afterwards.” *Introd.* vol. i. p. 10, edit. 1827. Mallinkrot, Le Long, and Masch, seem all to have delighted in mentioning this anecdote, of which the origin will be found in the text of the first and most valuable biographer of the Cardinal, namely, “*Gomecius (Gomez) de rebus gestis a Francisco Ximenis Cisnerio Archiepiscopo Toletano. Complut. 1569,*” folio: a rare book, and deserving a place in all useful libraries. For an account of the Polyglot Bible, consult *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 72, &c.

† I have before (p. 194) mentioned the kind and liberal feeling of my first publisher, Mr. Dwyer, in advising me to part with the copyright of

I revert to the year 1805, and take up the thread of "Literary Reminiscences," as well as of the ac-

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the work, as it was quite certain the second edition, of 1804, would be shortly out of print. I did so, to Messrs. Longman, Rees, and Co., for 200*l*. In the year 1808, that house engaged me to correct and improve the work, which I believe was successfully done, by an addition of much matter, and by some brief biographies of Editors and Printers of certain celebrated impressions of classical writers; but I judged it advisable to omit the "Index Analyticus" peculiar to the previous edition of 1804. To the best of my recollection, I received 100*l*. for my editorial labours; and 1250 copies were printed of this third edition of 1808, without any copies upon large paper. Of course, such kind of works cannot have a rapid sale; but yet this third edition seemed to be getting on soberly and regularly. About three years after its publication (and after I had received many letters from numerous correspondents, known and unknown) I was offered the perusal of a small thin MS. memorandum, of some twenty leaves only, being a transcript of GIBBON'S notes upon certain editions of classical authors, for 2*l*. 2*s*. The sum was large for the very meagre object of temptation; but it was accompanied by a letter, so thoroughly racy and original, that the reader will probably be amused by its insertion here; and which, on *one* score, may not be without its use. From mercy to the author, I suppress his name.

"London, May 20th. 1811.

"SIR,

"I have in my Possession a Collection of of Notes, to Harwood on the Classics, written by E. Gibbon Esq: Authour of the Decline & fall of the Roman Empire, Copy<sup>1</sup> from a interleav<sup>1</sup> Copy of Harwood, on the Classics, formerly the Property of Mr. Gibbon himself. I am a Book-binder by Trade and served my Apprenticeship to that Trade at Cambridge, Where the above Book was sent to bind & Whare I took the Liberty of Copying it. The Gentleman that brought it to Bind said he had it sent to him to get it Bound by a Relation of Mr. Gibbon, & said likewise, that MSS. notes was very Valuable, I took the Liberty of Writing to you on the Subject, by seeing one of your books of the Classics, thing it might be a service to you in a future Edition of your book, I shall be Holladay making on Whitsuntide Monday if you wishs to se them, I would bring them to Kensington?"

"Yours, &c. \* \* \* \*"

To the fourth edition, a more particular "*avant propos*" belongs. The copyright was purchased of Messrs. Longmans, by Messrs. Harding

count of "Publications," from that to almost the present period. While the "Classics" were working their way, and before the ultimate result could pos-

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and Lepard, and Whittaker; and no less a sum than 500*l.* was given by them for the copyright. A further sum of 500*l.* was given me, by the publishers, upon condition of the enlargement of the work—to be returned, by me, to them, if the proceeds did not, within eighteen months, cover the expenditure of the publication. Two thousand copies were printed, at 2*l.* 2*s.* per copy; and 250 copies on large paper, at 6*l.* 6*s.* per copy. The *sale* by no means corresponded with the *expenses* incurred; and the money was, in due time, returned by me to the Publishers. Three palpable causes led to this failure. The price was too heavy, both upon the small and large—especially upon the latter; and the number of copies of the *latter* was *more* than twice too many. A most unnecessary and provoking delay occurred, after the work was entirely ready to meet the public eye, owing to some temporary disarrangement of Mr. Whittaker's affairs—and during that delay, Mr. Moss's *Manual of Classical Bibliography* supplied the wants, or rather satisfied the curiosity, of the public on this head. Of Mr. Moss's work, presently. This delay was as impolitic as unaccountable; and might have exempted me, in a court of equity, from the *repayment* of 500*l.* to the publishers—because, when that bonus or premium was given, it was most assuredly given on the understanding, *implied*, if not *expressed*, that all due diligence and ordinary methods of business should be observed on the part of the *Publishers* to bring the article *into the market* for the purchasers—who were almost clamorous for its acquisition.

While the field was thus infatuatedly left open and unwatched, an "Enemy" came and "sowed tares" in it. Fairly speaking, the public were not to be blamed. A work of the sort had been wanted, especially when the fourth edition of mine appeared to be so tediously delayed. And forthwith came Mr. Moss's book; not, however, till the article "Aristotle" in mine had been committed to press. Nothing can be more congenial to a kindred spirit (and such I trust the author of the work in question will give me credit for possessing) than to have a fellow-labourer in the vineyard in which he has himself so long toiled; and I hailed the appearance of Mr. Moss's performance as its being likely, in conjunction with my own, to promote the instructive study of bibliography. But the perusal of a very few pages served to damp my ardour, and to disappoint my expectations:—not so much from the regret experienced on finding so considerable a portion of what I choose

sibly be predicted, whether for “weal or woe,” it must not be concealed that I had frequent misgivings.

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to call extraneous matter\*, as from observing that such large demands had been made upon my own labours, with such sparing a vowals of obligation. Mr. Moss is the most liberal borrower, returning the smallest per centage for his loans, with whom I am acquainted. His descriptions of the *Editiones Principes* are, with very few exceptions, taken from the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*; varied, condensed, or amplified, as the subject invited. It is true that that work is mentioned by name at the end of the list of authorities quoted: but, if I mistake not, every such authority had been previously examined and supplied by myself†. Another objection may be reasonably urged, in which I can have no individual feeling whatever. Authorities of minor importance, and now well nigh obsolete, have been quoted at great length, and frequently in a foreign language, respecting editions of inferior consequence, and indeed scarcely deserving of the slightest notice.

However, Mr. Moss's book was eulogised in *one* particular journal, for the sake, apparently, of more than indirectly attacking the individual to whom that author was so largely indebted for his materials. These are among those “fantastic tricks,” at which an inferior tribunal to the one ordinarily referred to, may be reasonably said to laugh: but I believe and *know* it to have brought its “*bitters*,” on a retrospective reflection, with the author of the review. Of what under currents and shifting sands is the mind of man sometimes composed! A word only in addition. The fourth impression of the “Introduction” does not supersede the third; for although the addition to it of “*Hebrew Bibles*” is very important, yet it does not contain the account of “*Lexicons and Grammars*”—which were to have formed a third volume, as a work of itself. Why will not my amiable and competent friend, Mr. Edmund Henry Barker, carry this desirable object into effect? For myself, the cable is slipt for ever from bringing me back again into *this* harbour.

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\* I mean, the account of Translations, and of Latin editions of Greek authors; as well as of commentators on Aristotle and other writers. See a remark in vol. i. p. 327. I do not say that these are not legitimate, and it may be even added, beneficial subjects of bibliography; but they should have been rendered more perfect by being more copiously treated, and published in a separate form: as a companionable volume to their precursors.

† Among other specimens, confirmative of the above position, the

The “saturnine complexioned” gentleman of whom such express mention has been made in a preceding page\*, would now and then come across my imagination; and I used to open with trembling apprehensions the monthly journals and reviews. At length, an elaborate and commendatory review, with an extract of the entire article of “Pindar,” set me at rest. My heart danced with delight at this first gravely pronounced judgment on my rising bibliographical reputation. The booksellers used to quote me in their catalogues, and thus, at all events, gave publicity to my name. This, to a young adventurer, was more than half the battle; but, now and then, to vex me, on the other hand, I found my *authorities* only quoted, with a studied and ungrateful omission of the *source* whence those authorities were supplied. A little time not only reconciled me to this, but to many other vexations—the invariable attendant on the calling of an author.

In this same year I was solicited by Mr. Ruff, the printer of the first edition of the Classics, and the publisher of the History of Cheltenham†, to translate FENELON’S TREATISE ON THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS. The motive on the part of Mr. Ruff

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reader will be pleased to remark on that selected in a note at vol. i. p. 448. But why has Mr. Moss failed to consult the second volume of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, and the catalogue of the *Cassano library*?—which might have supplied him with many useful notices of rare and valuable early editions of the Classics.

\* See page 182, ante.

† See page 202.

was sufficiently honourable. He had received kind attentions from the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who had taken a house at Cheltenham—and having an unoccupied *font of letter*, he wished to put it into play by the publication of some small work which might with propriety be dedicated to the Duchess. By whose suggestion the work of Fenelon was selected, I have now forgotten; but as the Duchess of Bedford had been recently married, was then the mother of two children, and likely to have an increasing family, the choice of the work in question was rather happy than otherwise; and I had sincere pleasure in complying with the publisher's wishes. The pencil of my friend Mr. Masquerier was put into requisition for a frontispiece worthy of the intrinsic value of the work; and the Duchess was so obliging as to give him more than one sitting for the completion of that graceful composition which faces the title-page\*. In the summer of 1805 the volume appeared, with so short a preface, that the reader may tolerate its introduction in the subjoined note†.

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\* This frontispiece, for the figure and face of which the Duchess sat, consists of a mother or lady reading a book to a child of about five years of age. The attitude of the child is exceedingly natural, bespeaking its riveted attention to the matter read. The dress of both mother and child are of the day—and elegant.

† The whole of the Preface is as follows:—"The translation of the following work was undertaken at the request of Mr. RUFF, the publisher, who wished me to paraphrase what I thought might more particularly interest and edify the English reader.

"It is dedicated, by the publisher, to her Grace the DUCHESS OF

I yet think, as I then thought, that there are parts and passages of this work in all respects

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BEDFORD—and he is anxious that it may be found worthy of her patronage.

“The original French work was first published in 1688; and the earliest English translation appeared in 1707. This translation, which was by Dr. Hickes, I have never seen. In the year 1797, another [anonymous] English translation was printed at Hull, in a duodecimo volume. In this performance there is so close an adherence to the idiom of the French language, that almost every page abounds with gallicisms. It is not, however, entirely destitute of merit; but it appears, on the whole, to have been hastily executed for the purpose of ensuring a cheap and extensive sale.

“The present translation is offered to the public with a full conviction of its inadequacy to give a just idea of the beauty and force of the original. The author of ‘*Télémaque*’ and ‘*De l’Education des Filles,*’ appears, on a comparison of these two performances, very unlike the same writer. In the former, his periods are flowing and luxuriant; in the latter, they are sententious and logical; and nearly as difficult to clothe in an English dress as those of the philosophical Tacitus. It will be seen, therefore, that a literal translation has not been attempted; and a still greater deviation will be observable, from a wish to distinguish it from the translation of 1797. Whether this has always been done for the better, the reader will determine for himself. An *Original Chapter* ‘ON RELIGIOUS STUDIES’ has been submitted to those whose opinions, matured by experience, I have been anxious to obtain; and it has received the sanction of their approbation.

“If the work fail of success, it will not be from the want of spirit in the publisher; for it is accompanied with considerable beauty of type and paper, and elegance of ornament. The *frontispiece* is every way worthy of the ingenious artist by whom it was executed, and who has long been known to the world from the taste and fidelity of his pencil. The engraving, by Mr. Freeman, will convince the public that he requires only to be known to be more generally encouraged.

*Terrace, Kensington,*

“T. F. D.”

*May 2, 1805.*

Thirty years have elapsed (as the reader will notice) since the composition of this preface: but it is with pleasure that I call his attention to its concluding sentence—inasmuch as I have been enabled to shew

worthy of FENELON—than which France has no name more illustrious on record. I will select a few from the more important chapter (vii.) “*Of inculcating Principles of Religion in the Minds of Children.*”

“Shew children a house, and make them comprehend that this house did not build itself. The stones or bricks, say you, were not elevated without some one’s carrying them so high. It may be as well, too, to shew them the masons at work: then make them contemplate Heaven and Earth, and the principal things which God hath made for the use of man. Say to them, ‘how much more beautiful and better made is the world than a house! Was it made of itself?’ ‘No; assuredly it was made by the hands of the Almighty.’

“First follow the method of scripture. Strike their imaginations in as lively a manner as possible. Propose to them nothing which may not be clothed with sensible images. Represent God as seated on a throne: with eyes more brilliant than the rays of the sun, and more piercing than the lightning: represent him with ears that hear every thing; with hands that support the universe; with arms always stretched out to punish the wicked; and with a tender and paternal heart to make those happy who love him. The time will come when this information may be rendered more exact. Observe every opening of the mind which a child presents to you. Try her by different methods, so that you may discover how these great truths will best occupy her attention. Above all, talk of nothing new without familiarising her to it by some obvious comparison,” &c. &c.

“The most difficult truth for a child to comprehend is, that we have a SOUL more precious than our BODY. Children are at first accustomed to talk about the soul; and the custom is advantageous—for this language, which they do not understand, is perpetually exciting them to have a (confused) notion of the distinction of body and soul, until they are able really to conceive it. In proportion as early prejudices are

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my own sense of the merits of the artist by whom the frontispiece was engraved, by having paid him, on different occasions, at least ONE THOUSAND POUNDS “of lawful money of Great Britain.” Of this sum, upwards of 400*l.* was derivable from the *Tour* alone. But see post—in the order of “Publications.”

pernicious when they lead to *error*, so are they useful when they conduct the imagination to *truth*, until reason is gradually directed towards it by the force of principles. But, at length, we must fix a *true persuasion*—and how are we to set about it? Is it by plunging a young girl in philosophical subtleties? Nothing is worse calculated for it. We must confine ourselves to render clear and distinct to her *mind* what she hears and speaks every day. As to her *person*, she is perhaps too well instructed in the knowledge of *that*. Everything induces her to flatter, adorn, and idolise it. An essential point is gained, if you can inspire her with contempt for it, by observing something of greater value about her.

“Say, then, to a child who is capable of a little reasoning, ‘is it your soul that eats?’ If she answer absurdly, do not be harsh with her: but tell her mildly that the soul does not eat. It is the body that eats: the body, which resembles the brutes. ‘Have brutes intellect? Are they learned?’ ‘No,’ the child will answer. ‘But they eat,’ you will add, ‘although they have no intellect. You see, therefore, that it is not the soul which eats: it is the body which takes food to nourish it: it is *that* which walks, and which sleeps.’ ‘And what does the soul do?’ ‘It reasons: it knows every one: it loves certain things, and dislikes others,’” &c. &c.

“Never indulge yourself before children, in any railleries about things which have relation to RELIGION, or on the indiscretion of any pious persons. You may think all this innocent. You are mistaken: it will have its certain consequences. Never speak of God, or of what regards the worship of him, but with seriousness and respect, free from all levity. Observe decorum in every thing, but particularly on this head. People who are very nice observers of it in what regards the *world*, are frequently gross and negligent of it in respect to *religion*.

“When a child shall have made such necessary reflections as lead to a knowledge of herself and of God—add to them the historical facts in which she has already been instructed. This union will enable her to have a correct idea of the whole of religion; and she will remark with pleasure the connexion between such reflections and the history of mankind. She will have observed that man did not make himself; that his soul is the image of God; that his body has been formed with so many admirable resources, by an industry and power which can only be divine—and she will then recollect the *Creation*. Afterwards she will think that he is born with inclinations contrary to reason; that he has been deceived by pleasure; carried away by anger; and that his body hurries on his soul, contrary to reason, as a furious courser rushes forward with a horseman—instead of the soul governing the body.

She will perceive the cause of this disorder in the history of the sin of our first parents; and this history will lead her to that of the SAVIOUR, who reconciles man to God. Such is the foundation of religion," &c. &c.

But one more short extract upon the ordinary duties of women, and I conclude:—

“ In the education of a young woman, her condition ought to be regarded, and the situation and cast of life she will probably move in. Take care that her expectations do not exceed her fortune and rank; if they do, they will cost her many sorrows. What would have made her happy, will become disgusting to her, if she have cast a wistful eye on a superior condition. If a girl is to live in the country, turn her attention betimes to the occupations of the country. Keep her a stranger to the amusements of the town: shew her the blessings of a simple, active life. If her situation be among the middling ranks of life, let her not come near the people of the court. This intercourse will only serve to give her unbecoming and ridiculous airs. Confine her, on the contrary, within the bounds of her own station, and point out to her good examples among those of the same condition. Form her mind to what will be the business of her life: teach her the management of a tradesman’s family: the care that ought to be taken of his income, whether from returns out of the country, or rents of houses in town: what belongs to the education of her children: in short, the whole detail of business or of commerce, into which you foresee she may probably be thrown, when she is married,” &c. &c.

The intellectual machine being thus put into motion, it were perhaps difficult to stop it effectually for any length of time; and finding that

“ The labour we delight in physics pain,”

I was naturally anxious to add *literary* to *professional* occupations; the more so, as the latter only occupied me on the Sunday, producing a very stinted income—but in accordance with the usual stipends of the day. For nineteen years I continued my career as an alternate morning preacher, with

an evening lectureship, to which the salary of only 30*l.* was attached \*. It must be confessed that my professional gains could startle no one by their enormity; and that if it had not pleased a gracious Providence to grant me even robust health of body, with an unsubduable activity of mind, I must have over and over sunk beneath the pressure of the "*res angusta domi.*" I have before observed that at this time, Kensington was, comparatively with its present state, a *village*. Not one tenement even was built upon Camden Hill. All about and beyond Lord Holland's house was what is called *the country*; and in this immediate neighbourhood, as well as in the lower meadows, about Gloucester Lodge, it was equally my habit and delight to stroll, taking with me one day a volume of the letters of *Erasmus, Scaliger, Casaubon, and Lipsius*—an

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\* This was at Brompton. After the first year, the evening congregation made up a little purse of an additional 30*l.*, which was continued more or less during my whole stay. The duty was both reading and preaching. With the exception of *one* family, the individuals of this congregation whom I visited, have ALL paid the debt of nature. Some of them were not only civil and courteous, but encouraging and hospitable. Among the latter, was my amiable friend, PHILIP AINSLEY, Esq., a chancery barrister, who had a delightful little villa at Stanwell, in Middlesex, and where my family and self have passed many happy days. Of late years, fate threw us apart: he, to be the owner and cultivator of a fine domain in Hampshire; myself, to be the rector of a large parish in Marylebone. It was only last year that I read of his demise. A gentler-hearted, or a more thoroughly gentlemanly, man could scarcely be said to exist. How thoroughly did I esteem and respect him! It is the snapping of such cords as *these* which renders our walk along life's path comparatively unsteady and forlorn.

other day, a volume of old *English Divinity*, scoring the more striking passages—to be afterwards inserted in a common-place book \*. I may with truth say that I have seen many a

“ . . . summer sun roll unperceived away”

\* There are several editions of these Epistles, more or less portable; but my favourite was an Elzevir 8vo. volume, of the latter half of the seventeenth century. There is, however, a folio edition of 1709, where the letters are numbered; and in one of Casaubon's (Ep. DLXVI.) there is a very lively description, given by the author, of the progress of his famous edition of Polybius, finishing at the press a sheet per day; fagging resolutely all the morning, and spending the evening with his friends. In writing to Dom. Bandius (1607) about some copies of his verses, which the latter had sent to him, and to the chancellor at Paris, Casaubon says, “I am surprised that you sent no copy to the GREAT THUANUS; but probably that is gone through a different channel.” He adds, “I was not a little gratified with the account of your journey to England.” Edit. 1709, p. 302. Casaubon's first letter to DE THOU—and he wrote a great many—is quite delightful. He seeks the acquaintance, and even aspires to the friendship of that great man, in terms which remind one of a timid and trembling bird essaying to alight upon some favourite spot of cultivation. In the first letter, the author seems to hug himself in his BOOK-LUXURY: “itaque ἐγκαλιψάμενος involvo me in meos libros, et quando publicè minus possim, mihi certè quotidie conor prodesse.” It is (I think) in one of Scaliger's letters that the sad but too interesting account of LIPSIVS is given, which I incorporated in a biographical note about that author in the Introduction to the Classics, edit. 1808—and which re-appeared in one of the later numbers of the *Museum Criticum*, derived from the same source as my own.

In a letter from Gerard Vossius to Hugo Grotius, mention is made of the famous BLEAU, the Antwerp printer, who published the huge Atlas that goes under his name. Vossius wanted some particular work to be executed in a very smart type. Bleau, whose characteristic indolence was well known, waited for some “new and elegant types from Frankfort, before he could begin to print, and then he thought he could go to work and knock the business off in three weeks.” “Sed ubi id tempus advenit (growls Vossius) errorem suum animadvertit.” Ep. 234. Edit. 1690, Londini. There is, however, ONE anecdote connected with

in these occupations ; and would sometimes task myself to vigorous as well as long-continued studies.

my love of *Classical Epistolography*, which the fullness of my heart will not allow me to withhold. On my regular annual sojournings at Althorp, I was always in the habit, more or less, of seeking this department of reading—and always loving to fancy that I could hear Erasmus, Melancthon, Scaliger, Casaubon, Grotius, and Vossius *talk* in their respective letters. On the year following that (1819), when my eldest son went to India, I happened to stumble upon the following most moving, and too apposite, passage of a letter from Gerard J. Vossius to his son John—who had also departed to that country. “*Pluribus si monere, et hortari velim, metuo ne videar diffidere. Quamobrem finem faciam scribendi: sed non deum rogandi, ut te salvum, ac sospitem, et ad Indos ducat, et nobis reducat. Hoc orant quoque mecum, mater, [fratres], sorores: nec desistent orare, usquedum, vel te nobis iterum stiteris, vel meliores in sedes erimus relati. Vale, dilecte fili, atque iterum vale, et tertio vale.*”—*Amst.* 1634. What was the fate of John Vossius I know not:—what was the fate of HIM to whom the similitude applies, may be seen on the mural MONUMENT erected within the chancel of Exning Church!!

For the volumes of OLD ENGLISH DUTY, few were of a portable description; but I made up within doors for the out-of-door inconveniences. The following were among my extracts at this time. First, ARCHBISHOP USHER upon the *Sacrament*:—

P. 117.—“With what astonishment, then, may we behold our dust and ashes assumed into the undivided unity of God’s own person, and admitted to dwell here as an inmate under the same roof? and yet, in the midst of these everlasting burnings, the wish to remain unconsumed, and to continue fresh and green for evermore. Yea, how should not we with Abraham rejoice to see this day, wherein not only our nature, in the person of our Lord Jesus, is found to dwell for ever in those everlasting burnings; but, in and by him, our persons also are brought so nigh thereunto, that God doth set his sanctuary and tabernacle among us, and dwell with us; and, which is much more, maketh ourselves to be the house and the habitation wherein he is pleased to dwell by his spirit.”—*Body of Divinity*, 1678, folio, p. 429. Again, the same great man—upon *Trial by Affliction*, or *Conscientious Conflicts*:—“God raiseth a great storm, and when he intends to bring a man to some great work, or to a great deal of joy, he first humbleth him. The Prince of our Salvation was consecrated by *afflictions*, and we

About this time, too, it was that I fell upon *Warton's History of English Poetry*, which was at first

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must be conformable unto Christ our head. When the storms are past, the sea will continue raging for a while; and when you have turned the wheel round, if you take away your hand, it will go round itself for a time. So when you are justified by faith, the storm is over—yet the roaring of the waves will continue. It will be so with the children of God: though there be a calm, yet there will be some remainders of a storm," p. 275.

I was early taught to respect CHILLINGWORTH, who is rather a dexterous disputant than an eloquent doctrinist: but I felt the force of the following too sensibly not to give it a place among my extracts. It is upon "*Works, and not Faith only.*"

"Shall we, who have the oracles of God—nay, the whole perfect will of God, fully set down in the Holy Scriptures—shall we, I say, content ourselves any longer with *bare hearing* and *knowing* of the Word, and no more? God forbid! Rather let us utterly avoid this holy temple of God; let us rather cast his word behind our backs, and be as ignorant of his holy will as ever our forefathers were. Let us contrive any course to cut off all commerce and intercourse, all communion and acquaintance with our God, rather than, when we profess to know him, and willing to allow him all those glorious titles and attributes by which he hath made himself known unto us in his word—in our hearts to deny him, in our lives and practices to dishonour him, and use him despitefully.

"It were no hard matter, I think, to persuade any but resolved hardened minds, that *fruit* is necessary before any admission into heaven."—*Chillingworth's Sermons*, edit. 1742, p. 22.

In regard to "*Customs and Ceremonies commanded by the Church, when Scripture is silent,*" I felt great attention due to the strong good sense of JACKSON, in the following passage.

"For, in all cases of this nature, that is, in all cases where the thing itself or action is expressly commanded to be done, and the manner or circumstance of doing it not so expressly commanded, the *authority of superiors* must rule our affections or opinions, for the manner or circumstance of doing what is commanded. Whoever, in this case, heareth not his lawful pastor or governor, heareth not Christ. Whosoever, in this case, despiseth the canons and constitutions of the church wherein he liveth, despiseth Christ. Whosoever, in this case, wilfully offendeth against the canons of the church, is offended in Christ, and puts a

absolutely devoured. Ellis's *Specimens of English Poetry* formed a lighter or second course in the intellectual banquet; and I now renewed my acquaintance with *Henry's History of England*—so that, altogether, I was pretty severely occupied both abroad and at home.

An occasion soon presented itself for applying the fruits of this application to a good and profitable object. The ROYAL INSTITUTION was at this time in great vogue. The lectures of Sir Hum-

stumbling-block in his own way; yea, he bars himself out of the kingdom of grace, expressly promised here in my text, to all that are not offended in Christ, and in more special sort really exhibited to all that worthily receive this BLESSED SACRAMENT of his body and blood."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 559. London, 1673, folio.

Among SERMONS of *rather* the olden time (for the copious extracts from those of the *very* olden time, in the *Library Companion*, may satisfy the ordinary reader) I was much struck with the following passages from ALLESTREE; 1684, folio, part i. 148, and part ii. 6, 83. The first relates to the *Death-bed of the Wretched*. "And now should we behold a madman on his deathbed, spending his only one remaining minute in execrations; the paleness of a shroud upon his face, but blood and crimson sins upon his tongue; the frost of the grave over all his parts, but a lascivious heat in his discourse; in fine, one that had nothing left alive in him but his iniquity:—Would not an horror seize you at that sight? And the same frost possess you but to hear him? And yet his madness is his excuse, and his disease his innocence."

The second is illustrative of the text, "*Blessed are they that mourn.*" "Wee learn hence the unequitable mistake of those men, who expect and gape for all good things in both lives, *quadrigis cœlum petimus*—they would go to heaven in triumphal chariots, and in smooth and broad ways sleep themselves into bliss; have two Paradises; all ease here, and heaven hereafter. No, my brethren, the comfort is promised not to them that have it here, but to the *mourners*: take heed lest the blessings you receive in this life be called 'your good things, or your consolations.'"

phrey Davy and the Rev. Sydney Smith attracted large audiences, of which the first of rank and fashion formed a considerable portion. Albemarle-street was regularly crowded with carriages on the days of lecture. The whole had the character of a noon-day opera-house. There stood DAVY, every Saturday morning, as the mighty magician of nature—as one, to whom the hidden properties of the earth were developed by some Egerian priestess in her secret recess. Begirt by his immense voltaic battery—which was as so many huge cubical links of wood and metal, forming a vast mysterious chain, and giving to the whole a sort of picturesque and marvellous character—the lecturer called forth its powers with an air of authority, and in a tone of confident success. The hardest metals melted like wax beneath its operation. Copper, silver, gold, platina, became in an instant soluble. The diamond was pulverised into charcoal; and oh! incomparable art, had charcoal been re-resolved into the diamond! The tremendous force of such an agency struck the learned with delight, and the unlearned with mingled rapture and astonishment; and the theatre or lecture-room rung with applause as “the mighty master” made his retreating obeisance. I notice only one of the more prominent features of these lectures, which, from beginning to end, embraced a vast field of science, and became the nucleus of many of those subsequent discoveries which have ranked their author among the greatest philosophers of his time. But for the

lecturing-room in the Royal Institution, Sir Humphrey Davy had not sat in the chair of the President of the Royal Society\*.

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\* I was at Paris in the summer of 1820, when the news of the death of Sir Joseph Banks reached that capital, where Sir Humphrey Davy was then resident. The late Earl and Lady Spencer were then occupying the greater part of the Hotel de l'Empire, in the Rue d'Artois, on their return from Italy, when, in their presence, the subject of Sir Joseph's *successor* was discussed. Sir Humphrey himself was decided and urgent for the succession of LORD SPENCER; and had not, I verily believe, the slightest expectation, or even notion, that HE himself was eventually to be the honoured individual in question. Lord Spencer, both abroad and at home, frequently, in my hearing, disclaimed all pretensions to that distinction—on the ground of his not being a scientific man: observing that, “the chair ought to be occupied by Sir Humphrey, and no other.” The result is well known; or, such as desire to have information, have only to open the instructive pages of Dr. Paris' Life of that great philosopher—for SUCH Sir Humphrey Davy must undoubtedly be considered. When a member of the Royal Society, I used to make a point of attending the Bakerian anniversary oration, delivered by the president, partly in praise of defunct members of eminence; and I am free to confess that I have never heard more original and more beautiful ideas, clothed in more forcible language, than those which were delivered from the chair of the president; and this, more than once, or twice, or thrice.

Among those who were intimate with Sir Humphrey, and whose sympathising pursuits help to tie the knot of intimacy more tightly, it was said, that no man loved SCIENCE more intensely, and more affectionately, for its *own* sake, than did HE; and that his marriage with a widow of large income, and his introduction into the highest circles of society, never, for one moment, weakened his attachment or slackened his ardour in those pursuits upon which, exclusively, he must at heart have been convinced that his reputation would become as permanent as immovable. Wisely did he act under this persuasion, although, to indifferent observers it might sometimes seem that he affected the airs of a man of the *beau monde*, and would rather be considered fashionable than philosophical. I know, indeed, that among some of the scientific fraternity this was talked of, if not admitted. But it was as a vapour across the sun's disc: as you looked, it melted away. It was not for a mind like Davy's to seek gratification among the lispings fops and designing aspirants of the day. He would necessarily leave such a mon-

The effect produced by Sir Humphrey Davy, in the theatre or lecture-room of the Royal Institution, was equalled, both in the number of auditors and warmth of applause, by that produced by the Rev. Sydney Smith; at that time considered the most popular preacher in London, and one of the most powerful contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. He took for his subject MORAL PHILOSOPHY—a subject which, on first feeling, should seem to compose the muscles into unbending rigidity, and to forbid the exuberance of mirth. Paley had established a fame, which alike defied rivalry and diminution, by a work under that express title, and written, from beginning to end, in a strain of gravity and the closest reasoning. But under the plastic hands of Mr. Smith, this subject was gilded by endless varieties. The humours, caprices, and follies of mankind were touched and treated with infinite power and effect; and now and then the lecturer would come down with a magnificently eloquent passage, or period, which shewed the vigour

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grel breed to crawl on, in their chrysalis-state—while it was for HIM to fly upwards on his wings of gold, and disport in the sun-beam of heaven! Take him “for all in all,” he was our greatest philosopher since the time of NEWTON. There is no spot in the civilised world but what has rung with his praise. What attic DAYS as well as NIGHTS were those, during the Christmas recesses at Althorp, when Davy and Wollaston were enlightening the circle by science, as Burney and Elmsly were by classical, Mackintosh by literary, and \*\*\*\*\* by historical, information! And what ACCESSORIES, both living and mute, to render the picture complete!

of his conception, and the felicity of his style, and which could not fail to electrify the audience\*.

It is, however, due to ONE presiding or influential person, connected with the Royal Institution, to say, that it was mainly owing to *his* exertions and his judgment that the lecturers just mentioned came forward with such splendid success before the public. I necessarily allude to the late SIR THOMAS BERNARD, Bart., who, of all men with whom I was ever acquainted, had the happiest *tact* in the ma-

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\* I remember being present at a very diverting, shrewd, and eloquent lecture delivered by Mr. Sydney Smith on "Female Education," which, a few months afterwards, I read, *totidem verbis*, in one of the numbers of the Edinburgh Review; and it *read* as well as it was *heard*. A rare compliment—but which, I fear, will not induce its author to *resume* his pen in that popular critical journal. The pen, like the sword, may become rusty by quiescence; or is "Mr. Dyson's speech on the Reform Bill" to be considered as "the winding-up of the concern?" Mr. Smith always writes like a man of fearless independent spirit—of a moral courage, which disdains compromise, and will truckle to no hollow truce. He has evincéd consistency and principle, which are to be considered as cardinal virtues "in these degenerate days." Few men, however, have *hit* harder than the Rev. Mr. Smith in his time. Crichton himself could not have managed his rapier with greater dexterity—as his reviews upon *Methodism and Roman Catholic Emancipation*, in the journal just mentioned, unequivocally prove; and I am free to confess, that I think these reviews did good in their day: although, in regard to the *former* topic, now that the "albescens capillus" (of Horace) hath quieted the temperament, and caused the heart's blood to flow less hotly, I incline to believe, that if they were *rewritten*, they would be largely and advantageously *remodified*—

"Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;

Eripuère *jocos*," &c.

I am among those who consider Mr. Smith's sermons to be among the most original, terse, and in many places eloquent, in our language; and I felt equal pride and pleasure in embodying two of them in a work which will be noticed in its chronological order.

nagement of bodies corporate—divested of the mace and the fur gown. It is true, the honour of the establishment of the Institution itself may, by some, be supposed to be shared by COUNT RUMFORD \* ; but if these two gentlemen should both “divide the crown” on this point, it is certain that Sir Thomas (then Mr.) was the great stirring and influential member of the *committees*, and that no important measure was thought of being carried into effect without his concurrence and guidance. Under these circumstances, I became acquainted with Sir Thos. Bernard through the introduction of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. King †, who, in the warmth of

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\* The Earl of Winchilsea, the Bishop of Durham, and Mr. Bernard were, in fact, the founders of the *ROYAL Institution* in 1799, of which the *original* object was “for bettering the condition of the poor.” The charter was drawn up by Mr. Bernard in the month of April in the same year. See Mr. Baker’s *Sir T. Bernard*, 1819, 8vo. pp. 45, 46. But as Count Rumford left England for good in 1802, the whole machinery of the Institution may be said to have been under the direction of Sir Thomas Bernard, who did not become a baronet till 1810. The Earl of Winchilsea was the first president.

† See pp. 167-68, ante. Of SIR THOMAS BERNARD, a brief outline, even on the score of gratitude, may be here reasonably expected. He had very considerable attainments—was a very good, as well as a gentlemanly, man of business: clear-headed in conception, prompt in execution, and I believe that his heart was as benevolent as his head was strong. There are those who might have thought otherwise, and that his extraordinary efforts in behalf of the poor—for at one time he may be said to have had half of the poor in the metropolis nestling under the wings of his patronage—were the effect of mere personal vanity and unsubduable restlessness of spirit. And what then? “Personal vanity” should be made of “sterner stuff” than this. If Sir Thomas Bernard was hence a vain man, so was Pitt as a statesman and Howard as a philanthropist. Motives are always of a mixed nature; and there is

private friendship, thought that I might succeed as a lecturer at the Royal Institution. I made no hesi-

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only ONE POWER, "to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid," which knoweth the *prevalent* quality of such motives. Sir Thomas Bernard did much and great good as a philanthropist. In easy circumstances, bred up to the bar—from which profession he had the sense and happiness to retire, after twenty years' labour had netted him a sufficiency—he resolved to devote the approaching autumn of life to objects of real practical utility, and he made BETTERING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR one of those most essential objects. Howard explored dungeons. Sir Thomas visited drawing-rooms, to lay them under contribution for the support of his avowed darling object. In short, benevolence may be said to have become *fashionable* under his influence. Great efforts, on all sides, were made, and societies and establishments out of number sprung up to "bless our victuals with increase, and to satisfy our poor with bread." Seasons of rigorous severity were met, and in a manner vanquished. Rumford with his soup, and Bernard with his societies, kept the cold "out of doors" as much as possible, and furnished the "rich man's table" with abundance of "crums," which were largely distributed to the poor.

His publications connected with the societies were at once numerous and incessant. Nothing escaped his notice. A foe to irreligion and the slave-trade—the associate of Bishop Barrington and of Wilberforce—he strove heart and soul to disseminate the blessings of Christianity and of freedom. With a ready pen, his printed addresses, which might reach thousands to whom he could personally never be known—schools, chapels, hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries—to how MANY of these was he known by his exertions and his liberal patronage! The blind, the fevered, the destitute—all became objects of his care. And what he touched he improved. As treasurer of the *Foundling Hospital*, that institution attained a healthy tone and vigour such as it had never before experienced. Both preachers and household officers were under his regulation. I will give but one specimen of his powers as a writer on these topics, which I take from his address respecting the establishment of a *Free Chapel in West Street, St. Giles's*—in the heart of as much depravity and destitution as the "by-ways" of London contain. The address was published in 1801.

"It may appear to future ages an inexplicable enigma, that the social benevolence and religious energy of this country should have been entirely exhausted in missions to distant and unknown countries, while

tation about the choice of subject. ENGLISH LITERATURE had been, from earliest manhood, the para-

the centre of our metropolis remained uncultivated and forgotten; and the spring from which religion and virtue, or vice and iniquity, must flow through a peopled land, was neglected and deserted. Regarding the established Church of this country as the most pure and unmixed of all the existing sects of Christianity, and being really and conscientiously attached to it, it is my most anxious wish that every scandal and evil should be removed; and that, in this respect, the Church of England should not only have as much, but should possess more merit, in earnestly inviting the poor to hear the Gospel preached to them, than the Methodists, the Dissenters, or any other of our Christian and Protestant brethren.

“To those who view with a fixed and attentive eye the awful series of events which is now (1801) desolating—and, we may hope, at the same time reforming—the Christian world, much important observation will occur on the present subject. It is written in the recent History of Europe, it is inscribed in the summary of the preceding ten years, that there is no protection against the calamities which are now laying waste our quarter of the globe, except that purity of faith and integrity of life which are to be derived from the vivifying influence of religion; extending, like the solar ray, to every class of our fellow-subjects, and operating in the moral amendment of the great mass of the people.

“I venture to submit to those, from whom only such a measure can properly originate, the expediency of providing some remedy for this national evil. What I have to suggest may be considered as a *mission for the instruction and conversion of our neglected fellow-creatures, THE PAGAN INHABITANTS IN THE CENTRE OF LONDON*. I should be very far from soliciting subscriptions for the support of the petty Chapel of St. Giles’s, whatever its funds might be. I consider that as of little use or service, unless as the first in number and order of many such houses of prayer and instruction, which our duty to our fellow-subjects and the circumstances of the metropolis require. It may stand prior in time, but I flatter myself it will be the last in magnitude and consequence, of many Free Chapels, which will eventually be opened for the benefit of the poor of the metropolis.”

Enough upon these topics. Touch we now upon that of the LITERÆ HUMANIORES. Sir Thomas Bernard, as an author in the usual sense, will be known by a very ingenious Essay, called *An Historical View of Christianity*, 1807, 4to. and by the *Comforts of Old Age*,

mount object of my studies. What a wide and varied field did it comprehend! Divinity, poetry, ethics,

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of which latter work several editions have been published, and it is now, I believe, under the process of a fifth. The "Historical View" contained "*Select Passages from Scripture*," with a "*Commentary from Gibbon, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire*," in attestation of the worth and solidity of Christianity. The thought is ingenious enough; but the essay was somewhat roughly handled in the Edingburgh Review; said to be "done" by a friend. *The Director*, 1807, 8vo. 2 vols., was a collection of essays of his planning and part execution; but as I had a material share in this publication, I shall bring it under the reader's notice in a following page. The ARTS were also greatly indebted to Sir Thomas Bernard, for to him we owe the establishment of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, on a plan so entirely delightful and profitable (especially that part of it which makes us acquainted every spring with the productions of the ancient masters), that every tongue and pen must admit its value. The ALFRED is also another of his institutions for the assemblage of gentlemen, and the convenience of reasonable as well as excellent dinners. The Athenæum, the United Service, and the Travellers' Clubs have doubtless thrown the Alfred into comparative shade, but it could once boast of names amongst its members (and may still) of the highest celebrity.

Sir Thomas Bernard was one of the very warmest supporters, as well as founders, of the JENNERIAN SOCIETY. I have before (p. 199) made mention of his intimacy with the illustrious Jenner, with whom I was in the frequent habit of meeting him at dinner. His patronage of Dr. BELL is well known. The *Madras System of Education* was a hobby-horse which I thought he rode to excess; and no man, on the score of "*quantum meruit*," ever was more fortunate than the Scotch schoolmaster, who ended his days as prebendary of Westminster and master of Sherborne Hospital—leaving behind a fortune running closely upon £200,000. But his Aberdeen legacy was a noble one. I never scrupled the freely imparting my own sentiments to Sir T. Bernard upon the respective merits of the Lancaster and Bell systems. I then thought, as I have always since thought, that too little was done for the former, and too much for the latter—who, in fact, only transplanted the flower, growing wild upon the sands of Madras, to the more congenial soil of this country. Personally, Dr. Bell seemed to me to be "puffed up" with his knowledge, such as it was. In society he was dry and sometimes drowsy. His introduction to Sir Thomas Bernard

tales, romances, were all enclosed within its circle. I made a rough sketch of its leading features, and having submitted them to Sir Thomas, it was agreed that I was to be announced in the next bulletin from head-quarters. The terms were liberal; but had they been less advantageous, my zeal or ambition would have blinded me to their inadequacy.

I had thus time to collect and arrange my materials before the announcement took place. But all along I was fearful of the earlier or introductory Lectures—not knowing by what magical process I could make such names as *Gildas*, *Nennius*, the *Saxon Chronicle*, *Ingulf*, and *William of Malmesbury* (some of our earlier historians) acceptable to the ears of a polished and fashionable audience. However, I had great helps in many able works; and in poetry, Warton, Ellis, and Ritson, were my grand authorities. At length the day arrived—not without emotions which, for one short moment, assumed the character of perturbation. And this, not on account of a large audience, but from the occupation of an arena which had been filled by such Lecturers as the two just described. However, my materials were before me, and I was resolved to glue my attention to them, so as to commit as few errors

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was a fortunate one for him; it obtained him the notice and patronage of the Bishop of Durham, who rewarded him with the mastership of Sherborne Hospital. At this time, the names of Bell and Lancaster were absolutely as those of opposite feuds; but, as before, the *Lancastrians* got worsted in the end.

as possible. The clock told the hour of two—the little door was opened—and I made my obeisance to an audience of some five hundred ladies and gentlemen. The contrast, from a small dark room, to one of large size and splendour, produced a momentary hesitation. However, the building is well constructed for *sound*—and in a few minutes I got on with the perfect conviction of at least being *heard*. I delivered, in the whole, twenty-eight Lectures, at three different seasons; and if I might venture to fix, at this distance of time, upon those which seemed to have greater attractions than others, they were the three Lectures upon *Ballad-Poetry*, from the time of Chaucer to Cowper;—upon which I received many compliments from the late Lady Crewe, Sir Harry Englefield, and the late Bishop of Durham\*. There was, about this time, a sort of hue and cry (set agoing by the author of the Pursuits of Litera-

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\* Among the prime helps to the composition of these Lectures on Ballad Poetry, was the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," published under the fascinating editorship of the late Sir Walter Scott, first printed in 1802, 2 vols. 8vo., and much enlarged in 1803, 3 vols. 8vo. The first is both a rare and beautiful production; but the second furnishes more copious materials for the student and antiquary. Absorbed in the reputation of this delightful work, even on the score of its *notes*, has perhaps long been in the blaze of that resulting from the Editor's *original* productions, yet I know of no work of its kind which comes within the range of competition with it. Genius may be seen in notes as well as in text. I recommend every young man, of any pretension to cultivated taste, to assign to these volumes a choice place in his library. They will kindle not less the love of *country* than of *kind*. Some of the ballads are exquisite, and above all praise: but the Editor, whenever an opening serves, gives evidence of being endued with no small portion of the inspiration with which the originals are stamped.

ture) against *black-letter* reading; and the lovers and abettors of that species of reading were held up to something like public ridicule or contempt. As a pretty severe digger in such a soil, I felt bound to vindicate its value; and when the course of my Lectures brought me to the commencement of the sixteenth century, I addressed my audience in the following terms, as a preliminary portion of the lecture:

“Certainly no reflecting human being who has had the advantage of a classical education, and who is alive to the numberless intellectual beauties which mark the sixteenth century, will allow his enthusiasm to abate, or his judgment to be warped, by the shallow hypercriticisms which have been advanced against THIS SPECIES OF STUDY. On the contrary, if there be greater praise in forming a beautiful statue from brittle or untractable materials—or if greater ingenuity be shewn in laying a broad and safe foundation where the winds and the waves oppose—then, surely, more merit is due to that person who, from appearances so generally forbidding, moulds into shape, and kindles into life, what before had appeared deformed and inanimate. It is a feeling like this which has stimulated some of our best critics, and given rise to some of the ablest dissertations in our language, whether in poetry or in theology.

“But the *black-lettered Student*\*—if he *must* be so denominated—lays claim to merit of a higher class than that of being only the pioneer of learning—to cut away brambles and fences, and make room for a mere skirmishing body of troops. If he be not the discoverer of absolute and hitherto unknown merit, he oftentimes points out to us how a hint, or a sentiment, of one writer has been expanded into imagery, or strengthened into a maxim by another:—he shews us the slender and subtle materials of others, with which later poets and writers have built up a precarious reputation; who, coming forward in the world with the boasting pretensions of originality, have been detected in their chicaneries, and hurled from the throne which they had usurped. Or, if the reader of

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\* I am much pleased with the following passage of a letter from the late Bishop of Hereford to Mr. Dove the printer, who was kind enough to make me a present of the letter. The Bishop writes thus:—“Why the *old firm* and **BLACK LETTER** should be superseded, I know not: but that, within some few late years, every thing since 1762 is to be set aside.”—*Winton Coll. May 18, 1825.*

past ages meet not with instances of such *gross* deception, he shews us how later authors of celebrity have transplanted flowers from an ancient soil to expand and to bloom in the warmer rays of their own superior genius : how Shakspeare has borrowed from Chroniclers and Romancers, Spenser from Tasso, Milton from Du Bartas, Dryden from Chaucer, and Sterne from Burton.

“ These, and many other similar pursuits, occupy the lover of the ancient literature of his country—and, in truth, it is this feeling and these pursuits which are the parent of more than half the intellectual delights that we enjoy : as the historian is hence influenced to examine the records of former times, that his own pages may hereafter be read with that improvement which a love of truth can never fail to impart. Who is insensible to the advantages which are to be derived from the historical pages of Clarendon, Rapin, Carte, Tyrrel, Tindal, Robertson, and Hume? Shut up the volumes of Ingulph, M. Paris, W. Malmesbury, Froissart, Fabian, Hall, Holinshed, and Grafton, and you cut off at once the source of almost all the advantages derivable from these later writers. Then, again, in *poetry*:—why do we feel such frequent transport in the perusal of Spenser, of Shakspeare, and of Milton? It is because the minds of those great men had been stored by a perusal of some of the most celebrated productions of their *predecessors*. And even now, to what sources are we remotely indebted for that *certain charm* which we feel in the chivalrous language, gothic scenery, and romantic colouring, of the *two great modern* poems of the day. To the spirit of the ancient legends, chronicles, and romances, may in part be attributed the fire and fancy which seem to have so strongly animated the feelings and marked the diction of the author of *THE LAY* and *MARMION*.

“ Enough has probably been said upon the utility and importance of researches into ancient literature, and in commendation of a pursuit from which, it is sincerely to be hoped, no rational and spirited student will be deterred by any appellation, however technical or pointed. Virtuous industry will live down all the calumnies which assail it : and *he* must possess very airy and fantastic notions of human life who imagines that he can walk from the cradle to the grave unridiculed by ignorance, and unassailed by calumny. LITERATURE, like TRUTH, is GREAT, and WILL PREVAIL.”

I yet preserve, with the loss or misplacing of only two, the whole of the Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution ; of which one course, commencing with the Art of Printing, was redelivered at the

London Institution, in Finsbury-square, in the year 1823\*.

\* Ten, only, of the Lectures above specified, were delivered by me at the London Institution, in the spring of the year 1823. The first of these related to the "Origin and Influence of the Art of Printing upon the Literature of Europe." My excellent friend, Mr. George Hibbert, then resident in Portland-place, and in possession of a library than which very few finer could be boasted of in London, was so kind as to furnish me with a carriage full of his earlier printed volumes, to shew to my auditors, by way of illustration of the perfection of the art of early printing. A sight of the *interiors* of these volumes produced a great effect—which, indeed, it might well do upon an auditory of the gravest phlegm. I was always much struck with the number of *female Quakers* in those audiences; and still more so with the evident marks of satisfaction which the specimens of the ballad-poetry produced upon them. The lecture-room of the London Institution is a noble one, and the library is in all respects a worthy *pendant*. It is one hundred feet in length; and boasts, among the past curators of its treasurers, the names of PORSON and MALTBY. What a start or pulsation was there at the projecting of this establishment! How the shares flew about, with shuttlecock-like nimbleness, from one quarter to another—from *this* side to *that*! The *city* character was stamped upon every stage of the proceedings—and premium and per centage seemed to be engrained in its very nature. Will Mr. Thomson, one of the present librarians—an antiquary, a herald, and an illuminator—ever give us an account of the depredations and peculations of the library? Such a *furtive* history would not only be amusing, but might operate beneficially, by way of warning, to others who possess the organ of *furtivity*.

But I should be ungrateful to close this account, however brief, of the London Institution, without express mention made of one of its most active, intelligent, and commendable members, W. H. Pepys, Esq. To say that he "stood my special good friend" in the matter of the lectures, scarcely amounts to anything beyond the declaration of an interested party; but to add how much and ardently he always has the interest of this Institution at heart—how constant his attendance—how useful his exertions—and how salutary his counsel, is only to say what is the real truth of the case. And all this, perhaps, only the reflex of his exertions in higher quarters—in the council of the Royal Society, where he shone and shines as a lover and patron of science—as the friend of Davy, Hatchett, Children, Roget, Daniel, and Griffiths. Most delightful also

It may possibly be gratifying to the reader, or, at any rate, it cannot be considered irrelevant to the matter of these pages, if I submit the heads of the twenty-eight Lectures which were delivered "ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

LECTURE I.—Introductory. Dr. Johnson; Tytwhitt; Thomas Warton; Dr. Henry; Ellis and Ritson:—writers who have treated, more or less, of the subject under consideration.

LECTURE II.—Remarks on the Aboriginal Inhabitants, and state of civilization and literature, in this country, previously to the invasion of the Romans. Druidical Learning.

LECTURE III.—State of Learning in Great Britain from the Roman to the Saxon Invasion.

LECTURE IV.—Progress of Literature in Great

is it to see a man, as one sees Mr. Pepys, blending with these philosophic pursuits the lighter studies with which the volumes of *Isaac Walton* and others of this sort of reading furnish him. Pleasant it is to see him rising from the perusal of the experiments of *Cavendish*, to take *water* at the Old Swan stairs, and glide upon the scarcely ruffled bosom of the Thames, with an uncut *first Angler* in one hand, and a rod of exquisitely sensitive construction in the other. The last rays of a setting sun light him home to the enjoyment of his well-earned booty!...

"The bright eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;  
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;  
The yellow carp, in scales be-dropt with gold;  
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;  
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains."

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

But what "philosophy" can reconcile a man to the eating of a "PIKE?"

Britain during the government of the Saxons. Biographical account of Learned Men before the reign of Alfred.

LECTURE V.—Reign and Character of Alfred.

LECTURE VI.—Progress of Civilization and Literature in Great Britain from the death of Alfred to the invasion of William the Conqueror. Characters of Canute, Edward the Confessor, and Harold.

LECTURE VII.—The reign of William. Influence of Norman Literature. High Character of William. Eminent Literary Men in Great Britain during the Eleventh Century. Ingulf, Lanfrac, Anselm. The Saxon Chronicle.

LECTURE VIII.—Romance and Minstrelsy. Their origin, and effect upon the Literature of Europe and of Great Britain.

LECTURE IX.—Continuation of Remarks on Romance and Minstrelsy. Account of the more popular Romances of the 12th, 13th, and 14th Centuries, with specimens. Influence of the Welch and Scottish Languages during this period. Writers who have treated on Romance and Minstrelsy.

LECTURE X.—General Review of the Literature of Great Britain previously to the reign of Edw. III. Eminent Writers in the 12th and 13th Centuries. Progress of Poetry during that period.

LECTURE XI.—Literature of the 13th and 14th Centuries. Anecdotes and Specimens illustrative of this subject. Robert de Brunne, Adam Davie, Barbour, Hoccleve, Higden.

LECTURE XII.—Characters of Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Anecdotes from Froissart. The Black Prince. Froissart—his Life and Writings. Specimens of the latter. His Character as an Historian. Editions of his Works. Mr. Johnes's translation.

LECTURE XIII.—Continuation of Writers in the 14th Century. Richard Rolle—specimens of his principal poem, “the Pricke of Conscience.” Laurence Minot—specimens of his poetry. The Life and Writings of Sir John Maundeville—extracts from his Travels. Robert Langland—specimens of his celebrated poem, called “The Visions of Pierce Ploughman.” Originality and excellence of that work. “The Creed of Pierce Ploughman.” Author of this singular work unknown.

LECTURE XIV.—Chaucer. Specimens of his Poetry. His high character as a poet.

LECTURE XV.—John Lydgate—specimens of his poetry. List of his works.

LECTURE XVI.—The Poetry of Gower. Origin of Ballad Poetry. Its influence during the middle and later centuries. Specimens.

LECTURE XVII.—Ballad Poetry continued. Specimens of later Ballad Poetry.

LECTURE XVIII.—The Ballad Poetry of Scotland—with specimens.

LECTURE XIX.—John Wicliffe. His Life and Writings. Character. Specimens of his Translation

of the Bible\*. William of Wykeham. His public Institutions. Beneficial effects of them to the cause

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\* There are few things which have afforded me a more sincere gratification than the researches now set on foot in respect to the RELIQUÆ WYCLIFFIANÆ. That many things are received as his, of which assuredly he was not the author, is, I think, evident upon a dispassionate consideration. *His* was a sort of "*nomen receptum*" for all biblical and devotional pieces of the age. That he was a great, if not a wonderful man, considering the general darkness of the elements through which he piloted his tempest-beaten bark, is most certain. Had he lived a century later, the Press might have been the propagator at once of his doctrines and his fame; but in the prevailing "darkness" of which I speak, he held, vigorously and unflinchingly, the torch of truth in his hand, "to be a light to lighten" the benighted portions of this and other kingdoms. A great part of his history is necessarily involved in obscurity; but the biographical manual of Mr. Le Bas, and the more elaborate Biography of Mr. Vaughan, are delightful helps to instruct us in the more interesting parts of it.

Two things are most gratifying to subjoin. The one, a collation of the Wycliffe MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, by no mean or unpractised hand, which appears in a recent number of the *British Magazine*—to be continued; the other, a projected edition of WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE from two of the most ancient and valuable MSS. extant. These MSS. are printed side by side, as text, with running notes, exhibiting variations of other MSS. The editors are the Rev. I. Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden, both of the British Museum; names, which bespeak, and are sure to command, success. But will these gentlemen endure or forgive a suggestion from me? Is it *tanti* to print the text of two MSS. side by side only? To the public, this will be considered only as a matter of critical nicety, about which they will be generally indifferent. Might not this opportunity be seized, of printing what these learned editors conceive, upon the whole, to be the *better* of these two MSS. in *one* column—the version of Coverdale from the Bible of 1535, in *another* column; and that of the Bible of James I., in 1611, in a *third* column: and thus, you have the three parent streams of the sacred text in our own language, running in parallel lines. If Wycliffe's text be alone printed, it will be a sealed book "to the many." Associate it with the valuable texts above specified, and you make the volume at once popular and instructive. As an illustration of the progress of our language *alone*, such a book ought to be received with acclamation,

of Literature in Great Britain. Character of that eminent Prelate. Summary review of the progress of English Literature during the 14th century.

LECTURE XX.—Origin of Printing. Its influence on Literature and Religion. William Caxton, the first English printer. Specimens of his composition.

LECTURE XXI.—Reign of Henry VIII. Dean Colet, Cardinal Wolsey, Bishop Fisher. Influence of the Reformation upon Literature. Luther. Latimer.

LECTURE XXII.—Character of Sir Thomas More. Specimens of his works. John Leland.

LECTURE XXIII.—Poetry of the reign of Henry VIII. John Skelton. Sir Thomas Wyatt. Earl of Surrey. Specimens of their works. Rise of the English Drama.

LECTURE XXIV.—Importance of preserving National Literature. Publications of the Primer and the Book of Common Prayer. John Bale. Dr. Wilson's Treatise of Rhetoric. William Lilye, the Grammarian. Account of Roger Ascham. Specimens.

LECTURE XXV.—The reign of Elizabeth. Her character in a private and literary point of view. Her character as a Sovereign. Influence of both upon the Literature of the age. Anecdotes relating to the Queen.

LECTURE XXVI.—Poetry of the reign of Elizabeth. The Mirror for Magistrates. Paradise of Dainty Devices—with specimens. Sir Philip Sid-

ney. Gascoigne. Marlowe. Tuberville. Drayton. Harrington.

LECTURE XXVII.—John Fox. His Book of Martyrs.—Critical analysis of that celebrated work. Holinshed the historian.

LECTURE XXVIII.—English translations of Ancient Classical Authors. Sir Walter Raleigh. His character as a poet, author, and statesman. His martyrdom and high bearing on the scaffold.

Such is the outline of those Lectures which I delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1806, 1807, and 1808. It must be admitted that such an outline comprehends a great space or period of time in the annals of our indigenous literature; and that the putting together of the materials, to which the several heads of these Lectures point, could be a work of no very trivial or inconsiderate toil. Most certainly I “laboured hard in my vocation.” The extracts or specimens of the several authors referred to, helped to lighten my labour, and certainly relieved the didactic gravity of an hour’s address. The chief point which I hoped to carry, was this: to impress upon my audience a pretty correct notion of the progress of our literature both in *poetry* and in *prose*; and so far as my performance was of a *mixed* character, it had the advantage of the extensive works of Warton, Ellis, and Burnett, which are *exclusive*: the first two, to *poetry*—the second, to *prose*. All these Lectures, some in a less amputated state than others—and two or three yet missing—

are lying quietly by the side of me—possibly to be one day consolidated into a comely octavo volume\*, of which the superintendence may be (as the education of his children was to Gil Blas) “the occupation and amusement of later years;” when the leaves of autumn shall have all taken their departure, and each branch of the tree be rendered hoar by the frost of winter.

I must not conclude this account of the Lectures of the Royal Institution, or fold up the muster-roll of the eminent Lecturers who were there engaged, without due and honourable notice of PROFESSORS CROWE and CROTCH: the former of Public Oratory, the latter of Music, at the University of Oxford. The first lectured upon *Poetry*†, the second upon

\* Not very long ago I was induced to offer the MS. of these lectures to a great *calculating* bibliopolistic house in the city, on the speculation of its being likely to succeed in a printed form. Calculation replied “No.” The altered character of the times, and that of the present reading portion of the public, might have led to the anticipation of such a reply: but in *another* quarter, less *calculating*, there may be a response of a more encouraging nature.

† With Professor Crowe, of New College, I had the pleasure of a long rather than of an intimate acquaintance: but I saw and knew enough of him to assure me of the warmth of his heart and the attainments of his head, as well as of the extreme simplicity of his manners and address. Perhaps no man who wore the academic gown so long and so constantly, ever suffered so little of the rust of a rural life to be worn off. I used to think him at Oxford, especially in presenting to degrees, or in any rostrum exhibition, a fine old Roman in his way: the broad Winchester style of pronouncing the *a* giving great and good effect to his harangues. The Public Orator was a good Latinist; and some of his occasional sermons at St. Mary’s, in that language, had a decidedly popular effect. He was, of all men, one of the most *original*

*Music.* They each did honour to the Institution, and to the crowded audiences by which their courses of Lectures were attended. At this moment I see Dr. Crotch expatiating upon the beauties, while his "flying fingers" give a delightful practical proof of

in his habits and modes of expression; and of a spirit so meek and gentle, that he would not knowingly tread upon the meanest insect. But the Public Orator was a POET of no mean calibre. His poem on *Lewesdon Hill* can never be read but with admiration and delight. He had strong feelings and lofty conceptions about poetry; and his lectures upon that subject, at the Royal Institution, although many of them were too crudely planned and too hastily put together, shewed him to be a master of his subject. The first, upon Hebrew poetry, was admirably got up, and most effectively delivered.

The Public Orator had been a "Liberty Boy" in his way. When the tide of jacobinism, during the early stages of the French revolution, ran strong and high, William Crowe was now and then disposed to smite William Pitt in a very rude manner: and once said, "If he could get no one else to cut off his head, he'd try and *do't himself.*" He was much thought of, and sought after, about this time: but he hated *display* of any kind, and the "*digito monstrari*" was an abhorrence to him. Once, in a large circle, at New College, it was expected that he would shew off before some strangers who were tacitly invited "to meet the author of *Lewesdon Hill.*" Crowe sat silent a long time. It was in summer, and very hot. At last, unbuttoning nearly the whole of his waistcoat, and placing his arm within, and balancing himself in the see-saw action of his chair, the poet, looking out on the lawn, exclaimed, "*Lud, lud, how green the grass looks!*" These were the only words which escaped him during the symposium. In the early revolutionary war with France, and when things were looking dark and disastrous towards the allies, the Public Orator would often thunder forth his predictions of disaster; and once, it is said, he carried this feeling so far in the pulpit, as to quote the following verse of Virgil by way of a *pun*:

"*Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice CORNIX.*"

I remember the great delight manifested by the late Dean of Canterbury when I mentioned this anecdote at his table. William Crowe was Public Orator of the University forty-five years.

the effect, of the “harmonious blacksmith of Antwerp.” To mention the Lectures of Mr. WOOD *on Perspective* is only to say how a dry and apparently exclusive subject may be made generally intelligible and instructive to the meanest capacity. The Rev. Mr. HEWLETT’S Lectures on the *Belles Lettres* always evinced the correct taste and sound judgment of the lecturer. They were listened to with promptitude, and remembered with profit.

But one of the principal features attached to the Royal Institution Lectures in 1807, was the serious, and at one time perilous, illness of Sir Humphrey Davy, towards the latter end of the year. This illness, for the particulars of which I refer to Dr. Paris’s *Life of Sir Humphrey*, arose in consequence of excess of intellectual labour in the prosecution of his scientific researches. The mind had, after many vigorous and gallant efforts of resistance, sunk under bodily exhaustion; and a “little cloud” seemed to be gathering in the horizon to alarm the fondness of friends, and to darken the hopes of the country. Medical skill and unremitting medical attendance were called in to watch and to divert the progress of a disorder that threatened in a short time the life of the sufferer: and when the names of Baillie, Babington, and Franks, are mentioned, it will be necessarily conceded that more effectual aids could not have been resorted to.

Towards the close of the year, after many weeks of acute suffering, a favourable turn in the disorder

was manifest; and ultimate, although remote, convalescence was confidently calculated upon. At this crisis, early in December, it fell to my lot to make this announcement to the anxious circles which frequented the lecture-room; which was done in the following manner, as may be collected from Dr. Paris's biography\*.

“ Before I solicit your attention to the opening of those lectures which I shall have the honour of delivering in the course of the season, permit me to trespass upon it for a few minutes, by stating the peculiar circumstances under which this Institution is again opened, and how it comes to pass that it has fallen to me, rather than to a more deserving lecturer, to be the first to address you. The managers have requested me to impart to you that intelligence, which no one who is alive to the best feelings of human nature can hear without mixed emotions of sorrow and delight.

“ Mr. Davy, whose frequent and powerful addresses from this place, supported by his ingenious experiments, have been so long and so well known to you, has for these last five weeks been struggling between life and death. The effects of those experiments recently made in illustration of his splendid discoveries, added to consequent bodily weakness, brought on a fever so violent as to threaten the extinction of life. Over him, it might emphatically be said, in the language of our immortal Milton, that

. . . . . ‘ Death his dart  
Shook, but delay’d to strike.’

Had it pleased Providence to have deprived the world of any further benefit from his original talents and immense application, there certainly has been already enough effected by him, to entitle his name to a place amongst the brightest scientific luminaries of his country. That this may not appear an unfounded eulogium, I shall proceed, at the particular request of the managers, to give you an outline of the splendid

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\* Some few dozens of the address were printed for the sake of circulation among those who were not present at its delivery. I preserve no copy of it, and consider these *fitting pages* to be among the very rarest of those which trace their parentage to myself.

discoveries to which I have just alluded ; and I do so with the greater pleasure, as that outline has been drawn in a very masterly manner by a gentleman, of all others, perhaps the best qualified to do it effectually."

The lecturer then proceeded to take a general and rapid view of his labours, which it is unnecessary to introduce in this place, and concluded as follows:—

"This recital will be sufficient to convince those who have heard it, of the celebrity which the author of such discoveries has a right to attach to himself ; and yet no one, I am confident, has less inclination to *challenge* it. To us, and to every enlightened Englishman, it will be a matter of just congratulation that the country which has produced the two BACONS and BOYLE, has in these latter-days shown itself worthy of its former renown by the labours of CAVENDISH and DAVY. The illness of the latter, severe as it has been, is now abating ; and we may reasonably hope that the period of convalescence is not very remote."

Fortunately for the scientific world, and for a large circle of admiring friends, this prediction was verified ; and in the month of February Sir Humphrey was again before a crowded audience, which greeted his return in a manner overwhelmingly affecting.

The year 1807 was one marked with a great deal of literary occupation in my humble life. Besides the preparation of my lectures, I had the superintendence and editorship of a weekly journal or paper, entitled THE DIRECTOR ; of which, in fact, Sir Thomas Bernard was not only the projector, but the furnisher of "the sinews of war" for its support. This paper appeared in an octavo form, containing two sheets, or thirty-two pages, and was published every Saturday, from the 24th of January to the 4th of July inclusively, 1807. It ceased to appear at the close of the season. Its objects were, 1. *Essays*, on subjects of literature, the fine arts,

and manners; 2. *Bibliographiana*, or accounts of rare and curious books, and of book-sales in this country from the close of the seventeenth century; 3. *Royal Institution*, or analyses of the lectures delivered weekly; 4. *British Gallery*, or descriptions of the principal pictures exhibited for sale. The publishers were Messrs. Longman and Co., Hatchard, and Miller. The work was completed in two volumes. It is now, I believe, an uncommon book. A short account of it may not be unacceptable.

Of the writers of the essays, the first, on the "*State of English Art*," those on the "*Life of Thomas Proctor*," on "*The Drama*" (three essays), and on "*Good Living*," were written by Sir Thos. Bernard, who also wrote the concluding essay, being an "*Account of the Author of the Fly-Flap*.\*" The essays on the "*Causes which have impeded the progress of Ancient Art*," on "*The Gaelic Poems in*

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\* Sir Thomas's account of these Essays, of which he was himself the author, is whimsical and amusing enough. "As to these essays (says he) though I know the author as well as I know myself, and am in habits of intimacy with him, yet I shall say nothing about him. My affection for him is warm and permanent, and I am in his confidence. I cannot, therefore, persuade myself to reveal all I know of him. To caricature the *person* of an author, and to advertise his *foibles* and *imperfections*, would have too much the air of a *modern Editor*; and therefore, because he hath offences in him which thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, I shall let him *continue*, and reserve what I have to say upon this subject to a more convenient opportunity. In the meantime, I beg to subscribe myself, with unfeigned regard and respect, my dear Director, your sincere and affectionate friend, TRISMEGISTUS SECUNDUS."—Vol. ii. p. 381.

*Ireland,*” and “*Parallels between Art and Science,*” were written by the late Sir Humphrey Davy, and must now be considered as a curiosity. “I discover (says Sir Thomas Bernard in his *Fly-Flap*) that these essays are written by a person bearing, at an early period of life, the bloom, the flowers, and the fruits of genius; who, having been distinguished even in boyhood for superiority of science, was called to an elevated and honourable philosophical situation at an age when many begin their studies. Courted and beloved as he is in private life, and filling, with honour to himself, and benefit to the public, appointments which very few at any period of life might venture to aspire to, I perceive that he retains an undiminished attachment to science and literature, together with perfect simplicity and modesty of manners.” I cannot, with certainty, pronounce upon the parentage of all the other essays, but I think the late Sir Geo. Beaumont, Prince Hoare, the Rev. Mr. Crowe, and the Rev. Mr. Collison, were the principal. That upon the “*Statue of Achilles,*” in the vestibule of the British Institution, was by Mrs. Forster, the daughter of the great artist who achieved it. Those entitled “*Sketches of Modern Characters,*” “*The Walk in London,*” “*The Mirror of Truth\**,” and “*The Alarmist,*” were my own productions; as were all

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\* This paper or essay happening to receive much commendation, I reprinted it in the *Bibliomania*, p. 633, &c. second edition.

the strictures contained in the department of the "*British Gallery*." Perhaps it may be unnecessary formally to announce, that "*Bibliographiana*" was also the offspring of the same pen which had executed the four latter essays. Upon the whole, I may be said to have furnished the materials of at least two-thirds of THE DIRECTOR\*.

And here I commenced in right earnest to concentrate my scattered information upon *Bibliography*, and to give it all the point and force of which I was capable. An unrestrained opportunity presented itself, and I was resolved that it should not pass by uncultivated. These "*Bibliographiana*" may be considered as the germ of a work, under the title of THE BIBLIOMANIA, which at once established my reputation as a bibliographer. There is yet a good deal of information in these "*ANA*," with which, after a separation of twenty years, I am well pleased to renew my acquaintance. They begin with an account of the sales of the libraries of Sir Charles Scarborough and Archbishop Tillotson, at the close of the seventeenth century. The account of the Harleian Library is yet worth perusal. The work, however, met with a cold reception. A few squibs (as usual) were let off against it, which were answered by a few crackers from the opposite party.

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\* I trust that the hour may never arrive,—as it hitherto certainly has not,—when I may do anything to forfeit the good opinion expressed of myself and my labours which appears at vol. ii. p. 278, of this publication.

The numbers, as they came out, appeared to languish upon the tables of drawing-rooms; and on calling a council of war, it was judged wise and prudent to effect a timely retreat. Had the opposition been fierce and clamorous, we must have strapped on our bucklers, and maintained a tough fight.

It was during my constant and familiar intercourse with Sir T. Bernard, while "The Director" was going on, that I met the celebrated Mr. COLERIDGE—himself a Lecturer\* at the Royal Institution—at the table of the baronet. I shall never forget the effect his conversation made upon me at the first meeting. It struck me as something not only quite out of the ordinary course of things, but as an intellectual exhibition altogether matchless. The party was usually large, but the presence of Coleridge concentrated all attention towards himself. The viands were usually costly, and the banquet was at once rich and varied; but there seemed to be no dish like Coleridge's conversation to feed upon—and no information so varied and so instructive as his own. The orator rolled himself up, as it were, in his chair, and gave the most unrestrained indulgence to his speech—and how fraught with acuteness and originality was that

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\* He was not a *constant* Lecturer—not in constant harness, like others, for the business of the day. Indisposition was generally preying upon him, and habitual indolence would now and then frustrate the performance of his own better wishes. I once came from Kensington in a snow-storm to hear him lecture upon Shakspeare. I might have sat as wisely, and more comfortably, by my own fireside—for no Coleridge appeared. And this, I think, more than once.

speech, and in what copious and eloquent periods did it flow! The auditors seemed to be rapt in wonder and delight, as one observation, more profound or clothed in more forcible language than another, fell from his tongue. A great part of the subject discussed at the first time of my meeting Mr. Coleridge, was the connexion between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The speaker had been secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, governor of Malta—and a copious field was here afforded for the exercise of his colloquial eloquence. For nearly two hours he spoke with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency.

As I retired homewards (to Kensington) I thought a SECOND JOHNSON had visited the earth to make wise the sons of men; and regretted that I could not exercise the powers of a second BOSWELL, to record the wisdom and the eloquence which had that evening flown from the orator's lips. It haunted me as I retired to rest. It drove away slumber: or if I lapsed into sleep, there was Coleridge—his snuff-box and his 'kerchief before my eyes!—his mildly beaming looks—his occasionally deep tone of voice—the excited features of his physiognomy—the secret conviction that his auditors seemed to be entranced with his powers of discourse! The speaker, however, it must be fairly admitted, did not "give and take." His generosity was illimitable, for he would receive nothing in return. It was true, there were very few who could *give* as they had *received*; but

still, as an irritated hearer once observed by the side of me, "fair play was a jewel." The manner of Coleridge was rather *emphatic* than *dogmatic*, and thus he was generally and satisfactorily listened to. There was neither the *bow-wow* nor the *growl* which seemed usually to characterise Johnson's method of speaking; and his periods were more lengthened and continuous; but they were sometimes "richly dight" in splendid imagery and resistless argument:—not, however, betraying such a range of reading, or fraught with so much personal anecdote, as were those of Mackintosh. In fact, it might be said of Coleridge, as Cowper has so happily said of Sir P. Sidney, that he was

. . . . "the warbler of poetic prose\*."

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\* I speak in reference to Mr. Coleridge's conversation. A pretty correct notion may be formed of this conversation from the "*Specimens of Mr. Coleridge's Table Talk*," just published, in two very *taking* duodecimo volumes, with a portrait of the "Talker" prefixed. I saw Mr. Phillips in the execution, or rather, perhaps, finishing, of that portrait—and I thought it, and yet think it, abundantly resembling—"VIR IPSISSIMUS." Could sound have come from the lips, or action been imparted to the eye or hands of that painted portrait, there was COLERIDGE HIMSELF. The lithographised copy prefixed to the "*Specimens*" is unworthy of all parties concerned. The "*Table Talk*" itself has been copiously and vigorously reviewed in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Critical Journals*. I incline to give the latter Review the preference; simply because it is more close, pointed, and pertinent. The *Quarterly Reviewer* seems himself to be both a poet and a relation; and, in parts, has allowed his imagination to run away with his severer judgment, and his attachment to control the exercise of impartiality. This is natural and pardonable, *per se*. On the other hand, the *Magazines of Blackwood* and *Tait* have been yet more copious in their notices of the celebrated deceased. The *pro* and the *con* have been exhibited with

A love of truth, however, obliges me to remark that Coleridge was a *mannerist*. It was always the same tone—in the same style of expression—not quick and bounding enough to diffuse instant and general vivacity; and the *chair* would sometimes assume the solemn gravity of the *pulpit*. In consequence, when heard repeatedly, this would have, and *did* have, the effect of tiring. But there was such rhapsody, originality, and marked emphasis, in almost every thing which fell from him, that the hearer would, three times out of four, endure the manner for the matter. There was always *this* characteristic feature in his multifarious conversation—it was delicate, reverend, and courteous. The chastest ear could drink in no startling sound; the most serious believer never had his bosom ruffled by one

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more formidable powers of contrast in these respective Periodicals. The one dips its critical pencil into molten *gold*, and produces a picture *warm* enough for the admiration, if not imitation, of Turner: the other adumbrates in large masses, and the light is contrived to rest on few, but sparkling, points. Yet each critical artist gives us an interesting picture; and it is still a resemblance of the intellectual powers of Coleridge. If I might presume to offer a very humble opinion upon this "Table Talk" (to which the preceding pages have more than once or twice referred with satisfaction), I should bring forward the expression of regret that the subject of POLITICS (cameleon-like and fleeting!) had been introduced; or comparisons instituted of great departed philosophers. When Mr. Coleridge talks of its requiring "two Bacons to make one John Milton," or "two or three such men as Newton and Galileo to make one Kepler"—it surely does imply the possession of something like superhuman powers in the judge, to institute such a comparison! Was Coleridge deeply read in the *Calculus* of Newton? And upon *what* book, after the *Bible*, does INSPIRATION ITSELF seem to brood as upon the *Principia* of Newton?

sceptical or reckless assertion. Coleridge was eminently simple in his manner. Thinking and speaking were his delight; and he would sometimes seem, during the more fervid moments of discourse, to be abstracted from all and every thing around and about him, and to be basking in the sunny warmth of his own radiant imagination. As a POET, in the *large* sense of that word, I do not think that his fame will be deeply fixed in the annals of the rising generation; and yet, his very soul seemed to be imbued with all the stirring elements of that divine art\*.

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\* The name of Coleridge must however be written in large characters in the muster-roll of England's POETS; because, if not in some of the effusions of Coleridge, *where* is POETRY to be found? His "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are the brightest gems of his Muse; but even *these* are not divested of that occasional air of dreamy mysticism by which his usual efforts are characterised. His subjects were in a measure unearthly. If he chose a cottage girl at her spinning wheel, that wheel never went round, nor did that girl spin, in the ordinary routine of such an occupation. To rural characters he sometimes gave the colouring of philosophical abstraction. External nature seemed to have the impress of something very opposite to what was usually attached to it. To Coleridge's ear the roaring of the ocean's incoming tide, or the lifting up of its huge waves, spoke a language which HE only could understand, and imparted ideas which HE only could comprehend and appreciate. The pale blue sky—the conglomerated darkening clouds—the whistle of the rising storm—and the roar of the pealing thunder—were, to *his* mind, all objects of peculiar and intensely absorbing interest. Of all the criticisms upon his poetry, that which appeared in the Magazine of Blackwood for October, 1834, is the most extraordinary and elaborate: evincing, in the *Reviewer*, the outpourings of an imagination scarcely less poetical than that which is reviewed—being full of peculiarities, aphorisms, and conclusions, which evince a surprising daring. It is, however, too lengthened; so that the portrait of Coleridge should seem to be overlaid by the ponderous and splendid frame in which it is fixed.

The year 1807 was one of unusual occupation with me. At its close, I edited a small volume of great moral and devotional excellence, written by the well-known FRANCIS QUARLES, about the middle of the seventeenth century, under the title of "*Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls, or Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers*." It was edited under the feigned name of REGINALD WOLFE, Esq.—a king's printer in the reign of Henry VIII., and contained a biographical and critical introduction. There was also a copy of Quarles's portrait, engraved by Marshall, prefixed\*. Quarles had long been a favourite with me; and I fully agreed with the late lamented Headley, that had his "little piece" entitled "*Enchiridion*," been written at Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country†. In regard to the work first named,

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\* The copy of Marshall's engraving was by Freeman, who was now rapidly advancing his claims upon my humble patronage. There is a copy of this work somewhere abroad, bound in green morocco, with a broad border of gold, which contains three impressions of Mr. Freeman's engraving—one, on india paper, before the letter; another, an early proof; the third, the ordinary impression. The book was printed by Gosnell, upon miserable paper, having a black and red title-page; and is now so scarce, that I know not where a copy may be found. It might be advantageously reprinted in a more creditable manner. For a complete list of Quarles' pieces, consult Lowndes' *Bibliographical Manual*, vol. iii. p. 1525; and for Quarles' poetry, see Ellis, vol. iii. p. 121.

† See Headley's "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks," 1787, 8vo. A scarce volume, till its reprint in 1810, by the late Henry Kett, who has introduced an elegant and affecting tribute, together with a sweetly-turned sonnet, to the memory of HEADLEY; a young man, of Trinity College, Oxford, of splendid promise, who died midway between twenty and thirty. Headley's volume is full of in-

and of which, in a borrowed guise, I became the editor, it may be necessary to remark that the plan is briefly this. The author introduces a variety of immoral characters indulging in studied commendations (under the most specious modes of reasoning) of their particular and vicious habits of life. Thus; the drunkard, the liar, the profligate, the sabbath-

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genious and just sentiments about our old poets, whose merits he appreciated with a tact which Warton has rarely surpassed, and Ellis has rarely equalled. To the poetical world, Headley's loss was irreparable. And here, over the *grave* of his ENCOMIAST, who would not pause a short minute to meditate? In later life, I knew Mr. Kett intimately well; and I remembered him in early life, at Oxford, when he would stand in front of the iron gates of his College, with his master's gown puckered up behind him, and sniff, in a manner, the incense of the passing homage of his pupils. At that time, he was among the most distinguished tutors of Oxford. I will say nothing of his publications; except that his *Elements of General Knowledge* passed through seven editions, and his *HISTORY the Interpreter of Prophecy*, received the warm commendation of the late Bishop Tomline. His *Juvenile Poems*, 1793, were suppressed. The work first named received most undeserved treatment at the hands of those whose prominent stations should have taught them at least courtesy and civility over a falling antagonist. There is no saying what, in the after-rubs of life, may ensue to the *attacker* as well as to the *attacked*. The stoutest hearts may in the end quail for unmerited chastisement inflicted. How poor Kett, after being haunted by Oxford spirits, and living a restless and incomprehensible life, terminated his career, is too well known and too generally lamented. I call to mind the many pleasant days when we galloped together, on fiery steeds, in the vicinity of Ramsgate, shortly after the publication of my *Decameron*, and, when nearing the old Roman castle of Richborough, (the ancient RUTUPINUM) my companion would quote Juvenal, Virgil, and Horace, by scores of verses, and put Dryden's version of the second poet at the head of every translation of an ancient Classic. And then, at evening, when the hospitalities of the dining table had ceased, how my companion would enjoy his quiet rubber, and quote Cowley, Prior, and Pope, as he shuffled and dealt out the cards! Who but HE seemed, at that time, to be among the most rationally happy of the Sons of Men?

breaker, each pronounces a studied eulogium on his own particular pursuit. Immediately afterwards, the upbraiding voice of conscience begins to operate. Certain prohibitory texts of scripture come forward to his recollection. A SOLILOQUY ensues, in which the odiousness and the danger of the first mode of reasoning are strongly dwelt upon. Then follows a PRAYER, in which repentance is manifest, and pardon entreated. In the *second* part of the work, the same plan is adopted, except that, in the first instance, the character indulges in a strain of melancholy and despair: the soliloquy reproves, and the prayer administers consolation.

I subjoin a specimen of *each* part: but, before doing so, I must be allowed to indulge in expressions of approbation of the author's manner of *handling* his subject, and of the fervid, original, and frequently ingenious style of its execution. His periods are round and harmonious. His compound epithets rarely clog their flow. His fancy is fertile, and his mode of expression happy. Quarles is an author for all ages. I will now submit an illustration of the first part of this pious manual.

“THE SABBATH-BREAKER'S PROFANATION.

“The glittering prince that sits upon regal and imperial throne, and the ignoble peasant that sleeps within his sordid house of thatch, are both alike to God. An ivory temple and a church of clay are prized alike by Him. The flesh of bulls, and the perfumes of myrrh and cassia, smoke his altars with an equal pleasure. And does he make such dif-

ference of *days*? Is he, that was so weary of the new moons, so taken with the sun, to tie his Sabbath to that *only* day? The tenth in *tithes*, is any one in *ten*: and why the *seventh* day not any one in *seven*? We sanctify the day: the day not us. But are we Jews? Are we still bound to keep a legal Sabbath, in the strictness of the letter? Have the Gentiles no privilege by virtue of Messiah's coming, or has the Evangelical Sabbath no immunities? The service done, the day is discharged, my liberty restored; and if I meet my profits or my pleasures, then I will give them entertainment. If business call me to account, I *dare afford* a careful ear. Or if my sports invite me, I will entertain them with a cheerful heart. I will go to *matins* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I will make as low obeisance, and as just responds as any; but soon as the evening's ended, my church devotion and my psalter shall sanctify my pew till the next Sabbath call. Were it no more for an old custom sake, than for the good I find in Sabbaths, that ceremony might as well be *spared*. It is a day of rest; and what's a rest?—a relaxation from the toil of labour. And what is labour but a painful exertion of the frail body? But when the exercise admits no toil, their relaxation makes no rest. What labour is it for the worldly man to compass the sea and land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient lover to measure Hellespont with his widened arms, to hasten his delight? What labour for the youth to number music with their sprightly paces? Where pleasure is reconciled to labour, labour is but an active rest. Why should the Sabbath, then, a day of rest, divorce thee from those delights that make thy rest? Afflict their souls that please, *my* rest shall be what most conduces to my heart's delight. Two hours will vent more prayers than I shall need; the rest remains for pleasure.

“Conscience, why startest thou? A judgment strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

“*Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off.*—Exod. xxxi. 14.

“Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day; six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day, &c.—Exod. xx.

“Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.—Exod. xxxi. 14.

“Verily, my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign between me and you, throughout your generations.—Exod. xxxi. 13.

“And they returned and prepared spices, and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath day, according to the commandment.—Luke xxiii. 56.

“HIS SOLILOQUY.

“My soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified! How hast thou encroached on that which Heaven hath set apart! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve hours*, what happiness canst thou expect in a *perpetual Sabbath*? Is six days too little for thyself, and two hours too much for thy God! O, my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternal! Is it equal, that God, who gave thee a body, and six days to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be *denied* it? How liberal a receiver art thou, and how miserable a requiter! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the apple of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatened judgments to the breaker of it. The God of Mercy, that hath mitigated the rigour of it for charity’s sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness’ sake. Forget not, then, my soul, to remember his Sabbaths, and remember not to forget his judgments, lest he forget to remember thee in mercy. What thou hast neglected, bewail with contrition; and what thou hast repented, forsake with resolution; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with devotion.

“HIS PRAYER.

“O! eternal, just, and all-discerning Judge! in thyself, glorious; in thy Son, gracious; who triest without a wit-

ness, and condemnest without a jury. O! I confess my very actions have betrayed me; thy word hath brought in evidence against me; my own conscience hath witnessed against me; and thy judgment hath passed sentence against me. And what have I now to plead but my own misery? and whither should that misery flee but to the God of Mercy? And since, O Lord! the way to mercy is to leave myself, I here disclaim all interest in myself, and utterly renounce myself. I, that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy name. I, that was made for thy service, have profaned thy Sabbaths. I have slighted thy ordinances, and turned my back upon thy sanctuary. I have neglected thy sacraments, abused thy word, despised thy ministers, and despised their ministry. I have come into thy courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawn near with uncircumcised lips: and, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy rest. The glory of thy name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the apple of thine eye: but thou, O God! that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thyself the Lord of mercy. The constitution of thy Sabbath was a work of time; but, Lord, thy mercy is from all eternity. I, that have broke thy Sabbaths, do here present thee with a broken heart. Thy hand is not shortened, that thou canst not heal; nor thy ear deafened, that thou canst not hear. Stretch forth thy hand, O God! and heal my wounds. Bow down thine ear, O Lord! and hear my prayers. Alter the fabric of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory. Make me ambitious of thy service; and let thy Sabbaths be my whole delight. Give me a holy reverence of thy word, that it may prove a light to my steps, and a lantern to my feet. Endue my heart with charity and faith, that I may find a comfort in thy sacraments. Bless thou the ministers of thy sacred word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their doctrine, and laborious in their calling. Preserve the universal church in these distracted times. Give her

peace, unity, and uniformity; purge her of all schism, error, and superstition; let the king's daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty; that, being honoured here, to be a member of her *militant*, I may be glorified with her *triumphant*!"

A specimen from the *Second Part* is not the less likely to strike the reader's fancy and command his approbation.

“ THE WIDOW'S DISTRESS.

“ So vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that, what with the expectation that goes before it, and the cares that go with it, and the griefs that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it. The greatest of all worldly joys are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity; and but, and best, like Jonah's gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present, and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which, being transitory, and meeting with a transitory possessor, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday, in the blessedness of a full fruition, to-day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it was mine! The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have.

My sun is set; my glory is darkened; and not one star appears in the firmament of my little world. HE from whose loins I came, is taken from me. My blessings in the one, my comforts in the other, are taken from me: and what is left to me, but a poor third part of myself to bewail the loss of the other two! I, that was owned by the tender name of a *child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *orphan*; I, that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife*, am more rejected by the despicable name of a *widow*: I, that flourished like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am

now neglected and trodden under foot. He, that like a strong wall supported my tender branches, is fallen, and left my clusters to the spoil of a ravenous swine. The spring-tides of my plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The sonnets of my mirth are turned to elegies of mourning; my glory is put out; and my honour grovels on the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me: my beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

“But stay, my soul, plunge not too far. Shall not *He* take that gave? Cannot *He* that took, restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

*“I will be an husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.—Psal. lxxviii. 5.*

*“Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.—Exod. xxii. 22.*

*“If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.—Exod. xx. 23.*

*“And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.—Exod. xxii. 23.*

*“I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.—Mal. iii. 5.*

*“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.—James i. 27.*

“HER SOLILOQUY.

“How hath the sunshine of truth discovered what appeared not by the candlelight of nature! How many atoms in thy soul hath this light descried, which, in thy natural twilight, were not visible! Excessive sadness for so great a loss, can want no arguments from flesh and blood; which arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partial balance of nature. A husband is thyself, divided: thy children thyself, multiplied: for whom (when snatched

away) God allows some grains to thy affection: but when they exceed the allowance, they will not pass in Heaven's account, but must be coined again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a tear? and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spiritual grace not trouble thee, and shall a temporal loss so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted?—True symptoms of more flesh than spirit. Thy husband was the gift, thy God the giver; and wilt thou more despise the giver than the gift? Be wise, my soul: if thou hast lost a man, thou hast found a God. Having, therefore, wet thy wings in nature's shower, go and dry them in the God of nature's sunshine.

“ HER PRAYER.

“ O God! in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the comforts of this life momentary, that we may not over prize them; and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I, a late sharer in this worldly happiness, but a sad witness of its vanity, do here address myself to thee, the only crown of all my joys; in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of change. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me; but thou hast taken from me what thy goodness hath promised to supply. Thou hast given and thou hast taken—blessed be thy name for ever! Thou, then, O God, who art not less able to perform than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow than my misery is to beg, strengthen my faith, that I may believe thy promise. Encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou all in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the sun of thy glory. Seal in my heart

the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctify my actions with the spirit of meekness, that my conversation may testify that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my bridegroom, and let our marriage-chamber be my heart. Own me as thy bride, and purify me with the odours of thy spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings; protect me by thy grace. Preserve me for thyself; prepare me for thy kingdom! Be thou a father to bless me; be thou a husband to comfort me. In the midst of want, be thou my plenty: in the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall show forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flourish in the sunshine of thy grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy name.”

While my lectures at the Royal Institution were drawing to a close, and about the beginning of the year 1808, I was occupied in the preparation of a new edition of a work which, in its original form, and at the period of its first appearance, made a considerable noise throughout Europe. I mean the *UTOPIA* of SIR THOMAS MORE. In the thirst for *black letter literature* with which, about this time, I began to be violently seized, I stumbled upon the first English version of that celebrated work, by *Raphe Robinson*\*, and deemed it to be so very

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\* Robinson's title runs thus: *A most pleasant, fruitful, and witty work of the best state of a public Weal, and of the Isle called Utopia, written in Latin by the Right Worthy and Famous SIR THOMAS MORE, Knight, and translated into English by Raphe Robinson, A. D. 1551.*

curious and racy, that I resolved to make the public acquainted with its merits—bolstered up “*with Copious Notes (including the whole of Dr. Warner’s) and a Biographical and Literary Introduction\*.*” Mr. Miller the bookseller was then one of

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\* This introduction comprehended, 1. Some Account of the Family of Sir Thomas More. 2. The Biography of Sir Thomas More. 3. Account of his Works, with specimens; see his description of Jane Shore, vol. i. p. lxxxiii. 4. Engraved portraits of him. 5. Editions of the Utopia. This Introduction was preceded by the following Address to the Reader:—

“GENTLE READER,

“I here present unto thee a new edition of a celebrated work, which has not had the good fortune to be so much admired in our own as in foreign countries. Whether this may have arisen from the want of curiosity or discernment in our ancestors, is a point too delicate and weighty for my determination; certain it is, that almost all editors have complained of the backwardness of our countrymen to notice and commend the UTOPIA of SIR THOMAS MORE. The text of the present edition is taken from the *first English* one, which was translated by RAPHE ROBINSON, and printed by Abraham Veale, in 1551, 12mo.; a work of such scarcity, as to have escaped the notice of all editors of ancient English authors. Its intrinsic value † has appeared to me to be equal to its rarity. The notes which accompany the text, are exe-

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† “This first edition is particularly analysed at page lix, &c. post. As specimens of the purity of its style, the reader may, *in limine*, consult pp. 24-5, of the Prologue, and pp. 46-7, 124-5, of the first book. If I were to mention any contemporary work analogous to it in style, it would be Michael Wood’s translation of the famous treatise “*De Vera Obedientia*,” by the Bishop of Winchester, with Bonner’s preface, printed at Rome, 26th of Oct., 1553, 8vo; a work sufficiently known to, and coveted by, BLACK LETTER COLLECTORS. It is indeed curious. The reader will compare the following with the first half dozen lines of page 22, book i. (post). “But as touching this bishop’s worthy praises, there shall be nothing spoken of me at this time; not only because they are infinite, but because they are far better known to all Christendom, than becometh me here to make rehearsal.”—Fol. 1, rev.”

the leading publishers of the day; and his liberal spirit readily lent its aid to my wishes, by adding

cuted on the plan of a *variorum edition*; and without the affectation of antiquarian research, they are intended to throw some little light on the manners, customs, and sentiments of our ancestors in the sixteenth century.

“The ‘Supplemental Notes,’ while they may be thought to exhibit amusing specimens of the literature of the seventeenth century, connect, in some degree, the chain of research with the present times\*. Those notes which allude to *modern* customs and opinions, may probably, at first sight, be considered superficial; but it should be remembered that, at a future period (if the edition be permitted to live), they may in turn become interesting to the curious antiquary.

“The ‘BIOGRAPHICAL and LITERARY INTRODUCTION’ was intended to give additional interest to the subsequent pages; so that in reading the most celebrated performance of Sir Thomas More, a tolerably accurate idea might be formed of the family, the life, and the works of its author. In the present age of elegant and curious disquisition, the *Portraits of Sir Thomas More*, ‘and the *Editions of the Utopia*’ may not be thought the least acceptable part of this Introduction.

“In fine (following the example of ancient Lyndsay, and the author of the *Complaynt of Scotland*) I entreat the ‘gude redar to correct me familiarly and be charite, and til interpret my intencions favourably †;’ or in the language of another ancient wight, ‘the good reader is to be praised, for his own relief and the author’s, just to correct the errors of the print, and then to read and judge’ ‡. And thus heartily wishing thee farewell,

“*I am thine,*

“*T. F. D.*”

Kensington, June 21, 1808.

\* “I have adopted both the ancient and the modern orthography in the extracts from the authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The former, out of compliment to Dr. Johnson’s remark in *Hamlet* (*Reed’s Shakspeare*, vol. xviii. p. 284, note 5), the latter, from respect to the good sense evinced by Mr. G. Ellis, as noticed at p. 75, post.

† Dr. Leyden’s edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1801, 4to., p. 23 Prel. Dissert. and p. 27 of the text; a work of equal interest and erudition. The first 292 pages are devoted to a preliminary dissertation, the following 294 to a reprint of the text. A useful glossary of eighty pages concludes the volume.

‡ “*An Answer to a Supplicatorie Epistle of G. T.*” London, 8vo., no date. Printed for Tobie Smith.

an engraved portrait of More, in the stippling manner—and an outline copper-plate engraving of More's family, from the celebrated painting of Holbein, of which Vertue has made an engraving for Knight's *Life of Erasmus*—from the well-known *Tabellæ Patinianæ*, published at Padua in 1691, folio \*. This outline engraving accompanied only the large paper copies of the book, which were struck off in a small but elegantly-executed quarto volume †. I have now totally forgotten the quantum of remuneration “for work and labour done” touching these two unassuming volumes; but it had little support from public patronage, and it eventually found itself in a sort of Capulet family vault of a large trading bookseller, on Mr. Miller's retirement from business ‡. The “Supplemental Notes” at the end of the second volume may be yet read

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\* Is it not really surprising, that an original picture of such a family, and by such an artist as Holbein, in which all the portraits are whole-lengths, and said to be of the size of life, should not be known to the British public—when its destination is supposed to be in London? Where, but in the *British Institution* should such a picture have been long ago exhibited? The whisper once was, that it belonged to the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

† Of these large-paper copies (of which 150 were printed) I once received an urgent and unlimited request to ILLUSTRATE one, by the insertion of every portrait mentioned in the fourth section of my Introduction. I did so. The copy was bound by Faulkner in a splendid green morocco surtout, and was sold, on the death of its amiable and generous owner, for some threescore guineas, according to received instructions. Perhaps I ought to add, that there are some curious and pretty wood-cuts interspersed throughout this edition of the *Utopia*.

‡ To the best of my recollection, the late Mr. Stockdale, of Piccadilly (father of the present bookseller of that name) became the purchaser of several hundred copies at 2s. 6d. per copy.

with instruction \*; and the Analysis of More's English Works, published in 1557, folio, is at least creditable to the diligence of the analyser.

The remainder of this same year, 1808, was wholly absorbed in the preparation of a new edition of my "*Introduction to the Classics*," which now assumed a new form, and was greatly improved by corrections and additions. I refer to a preceding page for a more particular account of this second edition †.

In the ensuing year, 1809, there appeared a work from the pen of the well-known Dr. Ferriar, under the title of "*The Bibliomania, an Epistle to Rich. Helsing, Esq.*," in a thin 4to. brochure, which, from the bent of my then studies, made a very decided

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\* Among these "notes," is one embellished with a wood-cut of a hawker, in the act of carrying his hooded hawks upon a square-framed perch, which surrounds him. He holds a hawk upon his left hand or fist, and on his head is a feathered cap. This is taken from the *Devises Heroiques de Paradis*, 1563, 12mo., fol. 173. My delight was excessive, some seven years ago, to observe a figure thus identically attired in gay costume, in a hawking party belonging to Colonel Halls, in the neighbourhood of Newmarket. It was a sad rainy day, and frequent gusts of wind almost unsettled the birds from their perch. The late Mr. Haslewood was with me, who always seemed to be hawking mad. Great was that antiquary's delight on seeing the hood slipped from the hawk's eyes, on the putting up of a covey of birds, of which *one* became the victim to a beak strong enough to have upheld a hare. Then followed the process of the *ture*, whereat my friend's joy was redoubled; but one "*tone, ton-tavern, ton-tavern, ton-ton-taverne*," from the horn of the huntsman (as set forth in that most extraordinary production, *Randle Holmes's Accidence of Armoury*, 1688, folio,) seems to me to be worth a whole season's sport of hawking. This, however, may be the criticism of an ignoramus in either sport.

† Page 211, &c.

impression upon me, and induced me to try my hand at the same subject—but in prose: Dr. Ferriar's epistle being in heroic rhyming couplets. That epistle was doubtless a smart and clever performance, but was rather to be considered as a sort of *dessert* after dinner. I thought the subject might be more *substantially* treated; and so I told my friend, Mr. Heber, in the sale-room of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, on the very day on which the work came into my hands. As he had accepted a dedication in *verse*, I presumed he could not object to one in *prose*. It was accordingly settled that my performance should be addressed to the same individual, in a small octavo volume, of a moderate price. It was written "*calamo currentissimo*," within a lunar month, and had the effect of producing much innocent mirth, and exciting a general curiosity after rare and precious volumes. The profits of the sale about covered the expenses of a week's housekeeping\*. I reserve further notice of this work till I come, in chronological order, to treat of the *second* edition of it in 1811—a volume of an entirely different construction, and more full and satisfactory under every point of view.

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\* The publishers were Messrs. Longman and Co. The book was sold for 3*s.* 6*d.*; the author and publisher dividing the profits. The *advertisements* amounted to the astounding sum of 35*l.*! "un résultat qui faisoit reculer!" (I believe this was one of Mirabeau's observations.) The "*SPOLIA OPIMA*" were somewhat under 8*l.*!—of which I necessarily took possession of *half*. Here was AUTHORSHIP!

I now approach the notice of one of the most arduous, elaborate, and perhaps useful of all the publications to which my humble name is attached. The reader will perhaps anticipate the mention of the TYPOGRAPHICAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN. I have just said that the "bent of my studies" at this time connected me much with researches which had a reference to the illustration of the "Bibliomania." All the articles in the "Director," under the title of *Bibliographiana*, had somewhat initiated me into the mysteries of CAXTONIC LORE. I looked upon our venerable first printer, William Caxton, as a sort of hero in his way, to whom no common homage ought to be paid; and with the assistance of Lewis, Ames, and my immediate predecessor, Herbert \*, I thought that I might render him that justice which appeared to be only his due. My plan was upon the most enlarged scale, for I resolved to devote my first volume entirely to the productions of his press. I had been collecting materials for this work during the three preceding years, and felt disposed to make it a repertorium of *English Literature*, from the death of Chaucer to that of Shakspeare; for what is a his-

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\* Lewis's *Life of Caxton* was published in 1737, 8vo.; Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* in 1749; and Herbert's edition of the latter in 1785, 3 vols. 4to. I resolved upon skimming all the cream from the milky production of Lewis, and reprinting, with copious notes, the *Prefaces of Ames and Herbert*: to which, Memoirs of the two latter, with their portraits in mezzotint, were appended. These introductory pieces occupy ninety pages of my first volume.

tory of the press but that of literature? It embraced every department of human knowledge; and even the errors and crudities of *science* might be corrected by those discoveries which had marked the progress of later periods. It must be confessed that the plan was bold and grasping; and had it been carried into complete effect, scarcely nine volumes in quarto (a good companion, by the by, to the *Harleian Miscellany*) would have witnessed its conclusion. I also thought that the progress of the *Art of Engraving* might be exhibited in the same work, and did in fact compose a "*Preliminary Disquisition*" upon this subject, for the first volume\*. Mr. Harris, of the Royal Institution, was, to the best of my recollection, the first individual to whom my plan was communicated. It received his entire concurrence, and most ardent wishes for success †.

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\* The title is this: "*Preliminary Disquisition on the Early State of Engraving and Ornamental Printing in Great Britain.*" The treatise occupies lxxi pages, and contains about *forty-five* wood-cuts: many of them costly and curious. It is true that they are printed upon paper of an inferior quality, and have been abundantly eclipsed in beauty, singularity, and perfection of workmanship, by what appears of the same character in the pages of the *Bibliographical Decameron*; yet are these earlier and ruder efforts in the "*Typographical Antiquities*" well deserving the antiquary's close attention. William Savage was the printer; and the workings in *red* do him great credit. In the large paper copies, where the paper is of an excellent quality, the effect is most effulgent.

† This is not the first time that I have made mention of the merits of the late Mr. JAMES HARRIS, who was admirably fitted for his office as librarian to the Royal Institution. When he was appointed, I was a rival candidate for the same situation; and wrote expressly a "*Dissertation on Bibliography,*" with plans of a public library, to submit to

About this time I was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the Marquis of Bute (grandfather of the present marquis) at Petersham; and that nobleman was not only pleased to receive me kindly, but to stimulate my book-researches by begging that I would pay a visit to *Luton*, and examine the treasures of his library there. I wanted not a second invitation to carry so congenial a plan into effect. Mr. Machel Stace (the amiable, the upright, the intelligent Stace), his lordship's bookseller, was requested to accompany and attend me. I went—I saw—and was enraptured\*. What could possibly

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the managing committee—but unsuccessfully. This, I think, was somewhere in 1804. My victorious opponent was backed by Sir T. Bernard, and had been a most able and trustworthy sort of *henchman* to the late Mr. Egerton, the bookseller. He was in all respects worthy of his office, which he filled for twenty years. This "Dissertation" is yet in my possession. It is crude, as the work of a tyro; but there were *no* bibliographers on the committee. The library of the Royal Institution richly deserves all the commendation bestowed upon it in the *Bibliomania*, p. 132; and since that period (twenty-five years ago) it has been enlarged by valuable additions.

\* And who might *not* be, of a much maturer time of life than I then was, on his first visit at Luton? I speak of the pictures and books. A library of large dimensions and pleasing form, intersected by two divisions, in immediate communication with each other—with cooling Rysdaels, graceful Parmegianos, and glowing Reynoldses—enrich the spaces immediately above the books. And then, a library wherein very many of the copies were of the olden complexion and original marginal amplitude. I have now forgotten its chief characteristic; but incline to the belief that *Voyages and Travels*, *Antiquities and Topography*, bear a proud pre-eminence among the 25,000 volumes of which it may be composed. Who, however, "among the sons of men," shall venture adequately to describe some of the GRAPHIC TREASURES of Luton? Who can think upon a Raffaele, a Guido, a Velasquez, a Cuypp, and a Teniers, and *not* say that there is one of each master *HERE*,

follow, but the dedication of my Typographical Antiquities to the nobleman who had thus inflamed my fancy, and enlarged my knowledge, by this *Iter Lutoniense*? The marquis was pleased to accept the dedication, and a beautiful wood-cut engraving of his arms was placed at the head of it. During the progress of the printing, I used frequently to meet the present KING OF THE FRENCH at the Marquis's table, and always found him an interesting and well-informed guest. He appeared to have travelled considerably, and communicated his knowledge in a pleasing and unassuming manner. He spoke our language with so deceptive a fluency, that it would sometimes seem his vernacular tongue. The Marchioness, who was among the most amiable of her sex and rank, shewed him the most courteous attention and respect\*.

It was also during the early progress of printing the first volume of these Antiquities, at Mr. Savage's,

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which may bid defiance to competition in England? It is due to the present owner of this lordly mansion to say, that he has *completed* the building which had descended unfinished to his grandfather; but I yet desiderate the softly-chiming, and sweetly-striking clocks, which are now mute, and which were placed here by the *first* Earl Bute, the prime minister, and rival of his master, George III., in this branch of furniture.

\* During my visit to Luton, his majesty, then Duke of Orleans, had lost his younger brother, the Duke de Monpensier, and he came down there with his surviving brother to blunt the first pang of affliction on such a loss. I retreated precipitately, and a little prematurely, on his arrival, for I was then deeply immersed in *Bull's illustrated copy of Granger's Biographical History of England*.—Bitter, but inevitable separation!

in Bedfordbury, Covent Garden, that I used to see the sheets of Mr. Fox's *Historical Work* hanging up in every direction through the dwelling-house and adjacent yard. It will be naturally supposed that five thousand copies of a quarto volume, with five hundred more upon a larger paper, and yet another two hundred and fifty of an elephantine size \*, were not likely to be carried through the press, where the premises were small, without seeming to suffocate every passage and corridor of the building. At length, by the aid of one of the most zealous and intelligent correctors of the press—to whom I was often indebted for an ingenious hint and a judicious emendation during the progress of the printing of the “Director,” as well as of this volume †—my book became in all respects ripe for publication; and my preface was finally executed

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\* It was doubtless the boldest experiment ever made with a large paper speculation: but it succeeded. In due course, what at first came forth as a rapid and overboiling torrent, at a high price, subsided into a quiet channel, and became obtainable on very moderate terms. Yet, considering the extraordinary number of copies printed, I do not consider this book of the commonest possible occurrence. As the work of an AUTHOR whose name can never perish, it must necessarily form “part and parcel” of every well-ordered library. Why is it not dressed in “rank and file” with the *octavo* HUMES, ROBERTSONS, and GIBBONS?

† I allude to Mr. Joseph Langton; who, in his earlier days, had been initiated in typographic mysteries at the Clarendon press at Oxford. In later life, he has become more closely allied, by the filling of a station of no mean notoriety in the parish of St. Mary, St. Marylebone, with equal diligence, fidelity, and propriety. A bachelor himself, he has more to do with *children* than any man in the same parish; and although devoutly silent during the utterance of prayers, no “Amen” is heard but *his* at their conclusion.

towards the end of the year 1809. The ensuing year opened with its appearance before the formidable tribunal of the public. Cowper could not have been prouder of his list of subscribers to his Homer—nay, nor Pope himself—than I was of mine\*.

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\* His Majesty George III., and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Kent, together with eighteen public libraries, were at the head of the subscription. The names of two hundred and thirty private subscribers follow—of which one hundred and forty are, to my certain knowledge, *NO MORE*. Of the existence of about twenty, I am doubtful. Of those *DEAD*, beginning with the three first above-named, are, Col. Barry, Earl of Bridgewater, Marquis of Bute (to whom the work was dedicated), William Beloe, Dr. Andrews (Dean of Canterbury), Charles Butler, Rev. J. Conybeare, George Chalmers, Alexander Chalmers, John Dent, Samuel Dobree, Francis Douce, Octavius Gilchrist, Joseph Haslewood, Richard Heber, Dr. Jenner, Col. Johnes, Miss Fust Langley, Dr. Maton, Daniel Moore, Rev. R. Nares, Walter Scott, Earl Spencer, Marquis of Stafford, the first Duke of Sutherland—Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., Rev. Stephen Weston, and John Towneley, &c. Of the *LIVING*, I enumerate with peculiar gratification the following:—John Barwis, John Britton, Peter Brodie, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir S. E. Brydges, Rev. J. Collinson, Miss Currer, Col. Drinkwater, the Rev. H. Drury, the Earl of Essex, Rev. Dr. Goddard, Jeremiah Harman, Chas. Hatchett, Thos. Hill, Dr. Jamieson, Rev. N. Kerr, Earl of Leitrim, J. H. Markland, Rev. Dr. Marsh (now Bishop of Peterborough), Geo. Ormerod, Louis Hayes Petit, Rev. T. Rackett, Sam. Rogers, W. L. Rogers, Rob. Southey, Rev. H. J. Todd, C. K. Tynte, Rev. Dr. Valpy, J. V. Utterson, and Charles Whittingham, the *Elzevir* of his day.

The reader is not to infer that these names (of the *DEAD* and the *LIVING*) are here introduced by way of a pompous record of the author's patrons and friends; but he is rather to consider the matter in a serious, moralising, and instructive point of view. He will first balance the dead against the living, and reflect how soon (if his name be among the *latter*) his *own* departure may add to the preponderancy of the former—even how soon the spirit which records these facts may be called away to join those who have preceded him! I consider a large "*LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS*" as a sort of monumental tablet—which marks the contemporaneous existence of the wealth and intelligence—the public and private spirit of patronage—of our country at a particular period. It is, be-

Sixty-six copies (I know not *why* that number) of the work were executed upon large paper of an im-

sides, pleasing to find the name of an ancestor or a relation among the patrons of such a work as that of Pope or Cowper, which does honour to the country. The great BRIAN WALTON was among the first who recorded the names of "the more leading patrons"—the "Principes et Fautores eximii" of his Polyglott Bible; and it is a distinction as peculiar as flattering, that such names as CROMWELL and CHARLES II. are recorded as patrons to the *same* work—and in the *same* preface. Even to this day, my venerable friend \* \* \* rubs his silver spectacles with unusual energy and excitement, before he sits down to the perusal of the list of subscribers to Pope's Homer. "I live, as it were, (says he) in that identical period, as I read these names—and seem to shake hands by turns with Addison, Harley, Godolphin, and Sunderland." He might have shaken hands less clean than these. Pope may be said to have made his fortune by the subscription to his Homer:—but these "FORTUNE-MAKING" days have finally disappeared. And yet an honest pride may be indulged and avowed, when the author of these "Reminiscences" contemplates a roll of subscribers which at least attests him to be an "*accredited agent!*"

One word more. I have mentioned the names of individuals *not* in the bookselling trade, who supported the first volume of the "Typographical Antiquities." Of those dead, who did so, were Bliss of Oxford, Collins, Cuthell, Dulau, Ford, Lackington, Lunn, Manson, Nicol, Otridge, Sancho, and White. Of the living booksellers, the following are the names:—Baxter, six copies; Booker, six copies; Carpenter, two copies; Clarke, one large, and two small; Evans, one large, and two small; Hatchard, two small; Leigh and Sotheby, one large, and two small; Longman and Co., three large, twenty-five small; Miller, five large, twenty-five small. In the whole (for Manson, Sancho, and White had twenty-four copies between them) there were 164 copies bespoke in the trade; these, added to those of private subscribers, made the *total* number of small paper bespoke about 420 copies. If I remember rightly, there were 500 copies printed. I therefore, at starting, pledged the public in a cup well-nigh filled to the brim! *All* the LARGE PAPERS were engaged at 7*l.* 7*s.* per copy; and I may in sober truth affirm, that the public had not before gazed upon a volume of more singular embellishments, and more enchanting luxury of paper and printing. Still, in the latter department, it was eclipsed by the subsequent volumes.

perial size, and I might have “challenged all England” at the time to produce a more magnificent volume. The property also was entirely my own; nor could that property be considered very despicable when I cleared six hundred pounds by the speculation\*. I was as astonished as I was necessarily delighted by such a result. The toil, certainly, had been severe and long-continued; and the alternations of hope, anxiety, and doubt had previously much agitated my bosom†. But pain, and labour, and

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\* Such is my present impression; for no traces of an “account current” have survived. And yet I may over-rate it by a hundred pounds. The *gross* produce could scarcely have been much below £1800. At all events, I had abundance of assets to cover the expense, if not to redeem the error, of having purchased an interleaved copy of the first Ames—which had belonged to Ames and Herbert—for £42: a single, chubby quarto volume! My knowing friends laughed at my indiscretion, under the softer term of misplaced zeal; and Mr. Douce had the provoking cruelty to call the book a *sucked orange*. But I defended the purchase on every ground, and would not hear of having done amiss. It was made under early and strong impulses, when I started with a notion of my own similar work, and when the “*sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido*.” It seemed to me that such a “Deus,” in its way, should not be allowed to take up its quarters in any resting-place but my own library. It was purchased of Mr. Fiske, the bookseller, the corner of Marylebone-lane, Wigmore-street, and several years afterwards was sold by me to Mr. Pickering for one-fourth of its original cost.

† These points are thus alluded to at the end of the “ADVERTISE-  
MENT,” prefixed by way of Preface; premising, that the “General Preface” is inevitably postponed to the “*Greek Kalends*.”

“In fine, the Editor can honestly assure his readers, that neither pains, labour, nor expense have been spared, in visiting the two Universities and other public repositories of books, and in the number and variety of plates (which have increased far beyond the original design), to render this volume deserving of their approbation, and of the auspices under which it is published. A great deal of curious and apposite matter has been thrown into the *notes*, in order to avoid swelling the

dread of want of success, were all lost sight of and forgotten, as "order upon order" poured in for execution. My little mansion assumed the appearance of an office of great business; and for the first three months, the postmaster-general had scarcely a more active and efficient supporter of his establishment than myself.

Thus, the opening of the year 1810 was one of peculiar promise and gratification. I had established something like a legitimate reputation as a severe and active student in classical researches and the literary antiquities of my country. I read early and late; and, like Casaubon\*, spent most of my evenings in the society of amiable and well-informed

book to an unnecessary size. If the letter of the text had been more generally adopted, and the work had been printed in the modern broad-margin style, the reader need not be told that two volumes would hardly have contained the matter which is here submitted to his consideration.

"In the 'GENERAL PREFACE,' to be published with the last volume, the Editor will not fail to express the particular obligations he has been under to those literary friends and acquaintances who have assisted him with information in the course of his arduous undertaking; an undertaking, the nature and end of which he has endeavoured fully to comprehend, and rationally to anticipate: towards the creditable completion of which much time, care, and labour are requisite, with no small portion of health and animal spirits. The latter are in the dispensation of PROVIDENCE: the former it is in human power to manage and apply. 'To worthy and impartial men in particular,' as Hearne has observed (Johan. de Trokelowe, præf. p. xvi.) this appeal, as well as this undertaking, is submitted. 'Nos (continues the same amiable antiquary) in studio veritatis ac antiquitatis horas colloceamus, nobiscumque præclare agi putemus, si in hujusmodi nostris conatibus utile quod sit invenerint eruditi.'

*Kensington, Dec. 23, 1809.*

"T. F. D."

\* See page 222, ante, note.

friends. The distance of London (only two miles) was no consideration in the way of declining the acceptance of invitations; and the hospitable tables of the rich and the eminent were not infrequently a source of improvement as well as of venial pride. At this moment, too, I was quietly planning the second edition of the *Bibliomania*. My two dear boys would be trundling their hoops, or playing at trap, in the green fields of North End, and contiguous to Gloucester Lodge, while I was seated upon a grass hillock, "under the beechen shade," with a volume of Baillet in one hand and of Schelhorn in another. Spizelius, Bauer, and De Bure\* would sometimes relieve guard with the foregoing instructive sentinels. So flattering and so full of prospective comfort was the opening of this memorable year.

It pleased, however, a gracious Providence to inflict upon me, about this time, a trial of the severest description. At the latter end of the month of January, my younger son—he who would be always "*making* ancient MSS." and manufacturing fanciful title-pages—fell seriously ill. I carried him in my arms to his bed, from which, within three weeks, he was borne down—a CORPSE. From being among the liveliest and most winning of his age, he sud-

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\* The reader will find the titles of the works of these authors, together with an estimate of their respective merits, fully detailed in the second part ("the Cabinet") of the second edition of the *Bibliomania*. At present, I fear that they must be pronounced old-fashioned or obsolete; but twenty-five or thirty years ago, their names were talismanic in lifting a volume off a bookseller's shelf.

denly collapsed into insensibility—except that his eye could not endure the light. The disease of *ydrokephalos* (or water in the head) was evidently making its fearful approaches. The usual remedies were applied; and the little sufferer, under torture which I will not attempt to describe, but which can never be forgotten, was sinking every day. Doctors Ainslie and Maton were in constant attendance, but held out not the slightest hope of amendment... and when they took their *final* leave; what agony could exceed THAT which tore the hearts of both parents asunder! We may be said to have never quitted his bedside; and it was my destiny to be hanging over him when his last breath escaped his lips. He died...as he had lived...with a SMILE! His image needed not the aid of art\* to be perpetuated in the memories of his parents; and though a *deeper* wound hath been more recently inflicted upon them, yet the voice and the action of “Little Tom” are still in their ears and before their eyes.

“QUALIS ES, SPES LOQUITUR;  
QUALIS ERAS, LACRYMÆ PARENTUM.”

This inscription on his tombstone † was furnished

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\* The portrait which, however, it is our good fortune to possess of him, was executed by my friend, Mr. Masquerier, from instructions which my memory enabled me to impart. It is a faithful resemblance, yet wanting that vigour and vivacity which the artist's eye only can bestow when the ORIGINAL is fixed before him. It is a small head-and-shoulders, in oil. A few years afterwards it was copied, in *sapia*, on a yet smaller scale, by Mr. Behnes, the well-known sculptor. I shall have occasion to mention this artist in a subsequent page.

† He was buried on the west side of Kensington churchyard, by the

by my old and sympathising friend, the Rev. H. J. Todd—a man, whose moral and social worth yet transcends his literary attainments.

Entreating the kind indulgence of the reader to endure this digression, I proceed with the detail of “Reminiscences” more in consonance with the professed character of this work; and resume the thread of my present TYPOGRAPHICAL narrative.

I have observed that the first volume of these

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side of a broad paved walk, with a flat stone upon his grave, denoting him to have died on the 10th of February, when he wanted about three months of completing his ninth year. I alone attended the funeral; little knowing what a part I should have to perform. I thought I must have sunk into the grave with him! I possess a small volume, put together, of scraps which the deceased was in the habit of executing—confirmative of what is above said of “*making* ancient MSS. and manufacturing fanciful title-pages.” He first exercised his pencil in his fifth year, on the memorable election of Byng, Burdett, and Mellish. The processions of the rival candidates used to pass our house on the Terrace, affording an inspiring moment for a predisposed genius. The kind-hearted reader need hardly be informed that I have uniformly considered this volume as the most precious of which I have ever been in possession. A word only, to draw the curtain yet closer down upon the departed. My friend, Sir Benjamin Brodie, opened the head, and found all the symptoms of the disease of which he had died, abundantly verified—a disease, which I understand yet baffles the power of skill, or which, if by chance removed, is likely to be succeeded by idiocy. Heaven in mercy allowed it to terminate, in my case, as it DID. Prolonged wretchedness is dying a thousand deaths. The sooner that which “is sown a natural body” is “raised a spiritual body,” the better; and if, after the inspiration of the preceding passage, I may avail myself of an earthly authority, I would add, in the impassioned language of ONE whose son sleeps not far distant from him whose loss is thus deplored...

“Mount, kindred spirit, to thy DESTINED REST!”

That “One” was the late Mr. Canning—and the verse here quoted is from his epitaph upon his eldest son.

Typographical Antiquities was eminently successful. It was, in fact, an attempt to awaken the love of the literature of past days; to set wealthy and well-educated men a-stirring to collect materials, which, but for such occasional excitement, might, in the end, moulder in oblivion. It had, undoubtedly, a very considerable effect; and the second edition of the *Bibliomania* in the following year (1811), helped to give this feeling a more general and glowing spread. In the year 1812, the second volume of these Antiquities appeared; devoted almost exclusively to the productions of *Wynkyn De Worde* and *Richard Pynson*\*. This volume was sold at once to Mr. Miller for two hundred guineas. In the year 1816 appeared

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\* It also contains an account of the publications of the presses of LETTOU, MACHLINIA, and JULIAN NOTARY; the latter profusely embellished with extraordinary, if not horror-striking, fac-similes. This volume was printed at the Shakspeare Press, by the late Mr. Bulmer, in a manner to be in all respects worthy of its precursor. I own it to have been a proud day in the chequered calendar of my life, when I saw a copy of these first two volumes, upon *large paper*, knocked down at the price of THIRTY GUINEAS, at the sale of the late Mr. Towneley's library, in 1814. The late Mr. Price of Bristol wrote me, that "Mr. Barnes, his neighbour, was disposed to give *any price* for a large paper copy, which I might think fit." These were BRAVE TIMES!

The conclusion of the Preface of this second volume (dated Kensington, Nov. 11, 1814,) gave the first public intimation of my comparatively intimate acquaintance with the library of EARL SPENCER. It had been preceded by a privately printed tract, entitled "*Book Rarities*." "The privilege of an easy access to the collection of Earl Spencer enables me to promise the reader a more abundant account of the treasures contained in it than will be found in the present volume. Indeed, the '*Book Rarities*' of this magnificent library, especially in works printed abroad, are reserved for a distinct publication." Behold here, gentle reader, the dawn of the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA.

the third volume, containing a wider range of information, and embellished with yet more striking fac-similes. Mr. Murray having succeeded Mr. Miller, on his retirement from business, and having removed his *Penates* from Fleet-street to Albemarle-street, became the purchaser of this third volume on the same terms as his predecessor had purchased the last. I believe that I am justified in saying that he did not repent his bargain; although it was evident that the general bibliomaniacal thirst was somewhat abating\*. Within three years afterwards, on my return from the Continent, the fourth and last vo-

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\* Before the publication of this third volume, the work mentioned at the close of the last note, had made its appearance before a most encouraging public. Such a work, in four ponderous and splendidly executed imperial octavo volumes, was no trifling *parentheses* between the second and third volumes of these *Typographical Antiquities*. And yet—so swiftly and hotly was the bibliomaniacal blood at this time rushing through my veins—that I more than intimated the publication of my *Bibliographical Decameron* before the appearance of the fourth volume! Of this *third* volume, the leading features of its contents are thus delineated in the Preface:—"The volume now put forth will be found, from its variety and richness, to possess a more general interest than either of those which have preceded it. There is scarcely a department in the whole range of early English literature, but what may be said to be illustrated in the following pages. The Romances of the *Coplands*, the Dramatic Pieces of the *Rastells* and others, the Poetry of *Godfray*, *Wyer*, &c.; the Philology of *Berthelet*, the Law publications of *Redman*, and the valuable body of Theology published by *Grafton* and *Whitchurch*, may render the present volume a valuable acquisition to the curious: especially as, in each of these departments, much additional matter has been introduced, and many corrections have been made. The *Embellishments*, also, it is hoped, will be found to keep pace with its intrinsic worth; but of those which face pages 40 and 462, I may confidently bespeak the warmest approbation of the skilful. Their accuracy and felicity of execution are alike admirable."

lume was published, on my *own* account, by the house of Longman and Co. Alas! this was the setting sun of the concern\*. Whether nine years was too long a period for keeping alive the public curiosity, or that fashion in *books* be as variable and short-lived as in dress, certain it is, that this fourth volume fell almost still-born from the press. It came out, however, with no lack of original splendour, and the copies on *large paper* towered as high, and luxuriated as proudly, as their predecessors†.

Perhaps, on a calm and impartial retrospection, the fault was my own. I might have watched and counteracted the shiftings and turnings of public taste. The experiment, which was innocently made by me, upon its patience, seemed to be trifling with the better feelings of well-disposed purchasers.

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Of these "embellishments," one (traced by my own pencil) is a facsimile of the frontispiece of Treveris's reprint of W. de Worde's edition of the Polychronicon; the other, of Henry VIII. and his Privy Council in full assemblage, was executed by the late Ebenezer Byfield, and is scarcely equalled for its united brilliancy and fidelity. It is taken from the wood-cut at the end of Hall's Chronicle of 1548, printed by Grafton. Surely, HANS HOLBEIN must have been the designer, and the group is a collection of *portraits*?

\* I lack present courage to attempt even the casting-up of the *ledger-page*, but the impression on my mind strongly is, that the publication just squared its own expenses.

† The remaining stock in hand of the large papers were sold to a large house in the Row for somewhere about 1*l.* 1*s.* each. They had hardly been sold, when my old friend, Mr. Snare, of Reading, the bookseller, expressed a readiness to give 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for one copy. Will Fortune never cease to play her slippery tricks with one who has, at least not abjectly, never yet courted her smiles, or dreaded her frowns? She should more justly and honestly estimate an independent spirit.

There might seem to be no end to the undertaking. Meanwhile, death would be busy with his dart, and representatives or executors might be indisposed to complete the fabric of which the deceased had laid the foundation. These are obvious and weighty points, and are only to be answered by the confession, that if they cannot be repelled, they may be softened: that the Sysiphus-like toil of rolling a stone up a hill only to recoil upon the roller, is evidently the work of a man in the last extremity of mental imbecility:—that “the labourer is worthy of his hire;” and that, if profit and patronage be withdrawn, it is a little too absurd to expect self-immolation in the pursuit of it. I feel quite persuaded that an institution similar only to the “Royal Society of Literature” can successfully complete such a work as that of the recent edition of THE TYPOGRAPHICAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN. By whatever means completed, it will be a repertory of valuable information.

I now revert to the second edition of the BIBLIOMANIA, which made its appearance in the spring of 1811. But the reader will not fail to observe, that, about this time, the preceding work had been started, and a third work (the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*) was, in fact, in contemplation. So that, just now, I seemed to be imbued with the very spirit or essence of Bibliography. I cast this second edition of the Bibliomania in a new mould, calling it a BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE, in six parts; and designated the Parts

thus:—1. *The Evening Walk*. 2. *The Cabinet*. 3. *The Auction Room*. 4. *The Library*. 5. *The Drawing Room*. 6. *The Alcove*\*. The whole romance is conducted by certain *Dramatis Personæ*, who are called Lysander, Philemon, and Lisardo, as the male; and Belinda and Almansa as the female characters. Numerous other characters are incidentally noticed—of whom hereafter. I flew to the execution or completion of this work, as to a refuge for distress of mind on the loss of my younger son; to which, indeed, a sufficiently pointed allusion is made in the Preface†. It may be called in all respects

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\* There were also three INDEXES: Chronological, Bibliographical, and General. Nineteen or twenty copies were printed upon *large paper*, at 10*l.* 10*s.* per copy—the price of those of this PRESENT WORK. The large paper copies of the Bibliomania have attained the price of thirty-five guineas, and are yet I believe hovering about twenty-five. Let me hope that they will have as *lucrative companions* in the “PRESENT.” There were also some few dozen copies of the small paper struck off with the word “Bibliomania” in the title-page printed in *red ink*. These are now classed among the *Libri Rarissimi*.

† In the following paragraph: “It remains only to add, that the present work was undertaken to relieve in a great measure the anguish of mind which arose from severe *domestic affliction*: and if the voice of those whom we tenderly loved, whether parent or CHILD, could be heard *beyond the grave*, I trust it would convey the sound of approbation for thus having filled up a portion of that time, which every hour brings nearer to those from whom we are separated.” The immediately following and concluding passage contains an extract from Vogt. (*Cat. Libror. Rarior.* ed. 1793, præf. p. ix.) which may not altogether be deemed infelicitous. “*Quis non AMABILEM eam laudabit INSANIAM, quæ universæ rei literariæ non obfuit sed profuit; historiæ literariæ doctrinam insigniter locupletavit; ingentemque exercitum voluminum, quibus aliàs aut in remotiora Bibliothecarum publicarum scrinia commigrandum erat, aut plane pereundum, a carceribus et interitu vindicavit, exoptatissimæque luci et eruditorum usui multiplici feliciter restituit?*” The preface is dated “*Kensington, March 25, 1811.*”

an original work. It was carefully elaborated; and the notes, which are exceedingly full, may be fairly said to abound with pleasing and curious information. From my earliest appearance as an author, I loved "an honest pennyworth," and thus resolved to throw the greater portion of intelligence into a small space. Yet the price of the volume (1*l.* 7*s.*) alarmed me on the day of publication; as, comparatively with the *present work*, on the score of paper, printing, and embellishment, it is infinitely inferior in merit.

My application was as incessant as severe. The cool summer evenings of 1810 were in part devoted to a reconsideration and correction of the labours of the day. My little study, or boudoir, was rather crammed than well stored with implements of work. There was scarcely a reference but what I could verify. Mr. Heber, at that time in the high and palmy state of his celebrity, would be my frequent guest\*, and his breakfasts were given in exchange for my dinners. At one of these breakfasts I read to him the character of ATTICUS†, intended for himself. I told

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\* And more than once, twice, or thrice, would I return with him, of moonlight nights, to London; and he go half back again with me to Kensington, discussing many curious points or characters which a fresh proof sheet might involve. I remember in particular the great satisfaction expressed by him on my bringing forward Strype's splendid eulogy upon Cranmer (*Bibliomania*, p. 328-9). "I did not think (said he) old Strype was up to such eloquence."

† That character is as follows.—It may now be read with a *deeper* interest than heretofore.

"Lis. I am quite impatient to see ATTICUS in this glorious group, of whom fame makes such loud report.

"Yonder see he comes, Lisardo! 'Like arrow from the hunter's

him, if he would have the courage to *hear*, I should not lack the courage to *read*. "Go on," was his

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bow' he darts into the hottest of the fight, and beats down all opposition. In vain Boscardo advances with his heavy artillery, sending forth occasionally a forty-eight pounder; in vain he shifts his mode of attack—now with dagger, and now with broadsword, now in plated, and now in quilted armour. Nought avails him. In every shape and at every onset he is discomfited. Such a champion as Atticus has perhaps never before appeared within the arena of book gladiators:

'Blest with talents, wealth, and taste,'

and gifted with no common powers of general scholarship, he can easily master a knotty passage in Eschylus or Aristotle; and quote Juvenal and Horace as readily as the junior lads at Eton quote their '*As in præsentî*.' Moreover, he can enter, with equal ardour, into a minute discussion about the romantic literature of the middle ages, and the dry though useful philology of the German school during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the pursuit after rare, curious, and valuable books, nothing daunts or depresses him. With a mental and bodily constitution such as few possess, and with a perpetual succession of new objects rising up before him, he seems hardly ever conscious of the vicissitudes of the seasons, and equally indifferent to petty changes in politics. The cutting blasts of Siberia, or the fainting heat of a Maltese sirocco, would not make him halt or divert his course in the pursuit of a favourite volume, whether in the Greek, Latin, Spanish, or Italian language. But as all human efforts, however powerful, if carried on without intermission, must have a period of cessation; and as the most active body cannot be at 'Thebes and at Athens' at the same moment; so it follows that Atticus cannot be at every auction, and carry away every prize. His rivals narrowly watch, and his enemies closely way-lay him; and his victories are rarely bloodless in consequence. If, like Darwin's whale, which swallows 'millions at a gulp,' Atticus should at one auction purchase from two to seven hundred volumes, he must retire, like the '*boa-constrictor*,' for digestion: and accordingly he does, for a short season, withdraw himself from 'the busy hum' of sale rooms, to collate, methodize, and class his newly acquired treasures—to repair what is defective, and to beautify what is deformed: thus rendering them 'companions meet' for their brethren in the rural shades of H—Hall; where, in gay succession, stands many a row heavily laden with rich and rare productions. In this rural retreat or academic bower, Atticus spends a due portion of the autumnal season

reply, "and fear nothing." I did so, unhesitatingly; and as I read with as much emphasis as might be,

of the year; now that the busy scenes of book auctions in the metropolis have changed their character—and dreary silence, and stagnant dirt, have succeeded to noise and flying particles of learned dust.

"Here, in his ancestral abode, Atticus can happily exchange the microscopic investigation of books for the charms and manly exercises of a rural life; eclipsing in this particular the celebrity of Cæsar Antoninus, who had not universality of talent sufficient to unite the love of hawking and hunting with the passion for book collecting.\* The sky is no sooner dappled o'er with the first morning sunbeams, than up starts our distinguished bibliomaniac either to shoot or to hunt; either to realize all the fine things which Pope has written about 'lifting the tube, and levelling the eye,' or to join the jolly troupe while they chant the hunting song of his poetical friend. †

"Meanwhile, his house is not wanting in needful garniture to render

\* This anecdote is given on the authority of Gesner's *Pandects*, fol. 29.

Ἄλλοι μὲν ἱππῶν (says the grave Antoninus), ἄλλοι δὲ οὐρέων, ἄλλοι θηρίων ἰρῶσιν : ἱμοὶ δὲ Βιβλίῳ κατῆσθως ἐκ παιδαριῶν δεινὸς ἐντετηκὲ πόθος.

† Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day ;  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear :  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling ;  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist hath left the mountains gray ;  
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
 Diamonds on the lake are gleaming,  
 And foresters have busy been,  
 To track the buck in thickest green :  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

WALTER SCOTT.

The remaining stanzas will be found in the *Edinb. Annual Register*, vol. i. p. 11, p. 28.

his cheeks were occasionally mantled with a blush—his frame a little agitated—and a “bravo!” at its

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a country residence most congenial. His cellars below vie with his library above. Besides the ‘brown October,’ ‘drawn from his dark retreat of thirty years,’ and the potent comforts of every species of ‘barley broth,’ there are the ruddier and more sparkling juices of the grape, ‘fresh of colour and of look lovely, smiling to the eyes of many,’ as Master Laneham hath it in his celebrated letter. *Whearin part of the entertainment unto the Queen Majesty at Killingworth Castle in Warwickshire, &c. 1575, is signified*, edit. 1784, p. 14. I shall leave you to finish the picture, which such a sketch may suggest, by referring you to your favourite Thomson.

“Lis. Your account of so extraordinary a bibliomaniac is quite amusing: but I suspect you exaggerate a little?”

“Nay, Lisardo, I speak nothing but the truth. In book reputation, Atticus unites all the activity of De Witt and Lomenie with the retentiveness of Magliabechi and the learning of Le Long; and yet he has his peccant part.

“Lis. Speak, I am anxious to know.

“Yes, Lisardo; although what Lechius hath said of the library attached to the senate-house of Leipsic be justly applicable to his own extraordinary collection,† yet Atticus doth sometimes sadly err. He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed or stamina to a plant. And therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or triplicate collector. His best friends scold—his most respectable rivals censure—and a whole ‘mob of gentlemen’ who ‘collect with ease,’ threaten vengeance against him for this despotic spirit which he evinces; and which I fear nothing can stay or modify, but an act of parliament that no gentleman shall purchase more than two copies of a work; one for his town, the other for his country residence.

“PHIL. But does he atone for this sad error by being liberal in the loan of his volumes?”

“Most completely so, Philemon. This is the parsmetior of every

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† Singularis eius ac propensi, in iuvandam eruditionem studii insigne imprimis monumentum exstat, Bibliotheca instructissima, sacrarium bonæ menti dicatum, in quo omne, quod transmitti ad posteritatem meretur, copiose reconditum est. *De Orig. et Increment. Typog. Lipsiens. Lips. An. Typog.* sec. iii. sign 3.

conclusion, told me that I had hit off my man successfully. There were numerous characters introduced into the work, under feigned names. Of these, the major part are now at rest in their graves. The veteran Bindley was designated as LEONTES\*. Mr.

book-collector, and it is indeed the better part with Atticus. The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library:—

‘ His volumes, open as his heart,  
Delight, amusement, science, art,  
To every ear and eye impart.’

*Marmion*, Introduction.

His books therefore are not a stagnant reservoir of unprofitable water, as are those of Pontenillos; but like a thousand rills which run down from the lake on Snowden’s summit, after a plentiful fall of rain, they serve to fertilize and adorn every thing to which they extend. In consequence he sees himself reflected in a thousand mirrors, and has a right to be vain of the numerous dedications to him, and of the richly ornamented robes in which he is attired by his grateful friends.”—P. 171, &c.

\* In reply to this delineation of his character, that venerable and respectable “Commissioner of Stamps” wrote to me in the following playful strain:

“June 5th, 1811.

“LEONTES, duly sensible of the kindness of the author of the *Bibliomania*, in the very obliging mention he has been pleased to make of him in the new and highly interesting edition of that work; after a contest between the fear of *vanity* in appropriating so pleasing a character as is there given of him; and the imputation of *inattention* and *want of respect* to the friendly though too partial intentions of the writer; trusts that his thanks may be thus indirectly conveyed, without subjecting him to the charge of presumption; a charge, however, which he would more willingly incur than that of being thought deficient in a due regard and proper sense of grateful acknowledgment for so unexpected a mark of Mr. Dibdin’s favourable opinion of him; an opinion, which Leontes will be happy to improve by a more frequent intercourse and more substantial services than he has yet had an opportunity of affording; and which he requests Mr. Dibdin to command, whenever and in whatever manner they may be thought most likely to be of use.

‘*Insanire docet certâ ratione modoque.*’

Douce as PROSPERO, Mr. Rennie as ARCHIMEDES, Mr. Baron Bolland as HORTENSIVS, Mr. G. Chalmers as AURELIUS, Dr. Gosset as LEPIDUS, Mr. Haslewood as BERNARDO\*. Malone was MARCELLUS. Orlando was meant for MICHAEL WOODHULL.

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\* On presenting my departed friend BERNARDO with a copy of the first edition of the *Bibliomania*, in which so severe a sentence is passed by me, on a certain volume of poetry mentioned therein, and also noticed in more than one page of this present work—and on sundry allusions in that same first edition to his collection of Chatterton's pieces,—I received from him the following letter in reply. The Arabic numerals at the beginning of certain lines relate to the same number of the page in the first edition of the work.

“ Dear Sir,

I hold like you, the deed of former times,  
 p. 10 Dabbling in verse, 'midst idling folly's crimes ;  
 Nor with Pindaric ode (though thro' each age  
 Some Colley Cibber, creeping, spoils a page)  
 Chaunt thanks, or sing of *Bibliomania's* praise,  
 And join the general voice your name to raise.  
 Yet why forsake the muse, whose friendly sway  
 Aids your distress? Return, and homage pay ;  
 For when old Hearne and Heber roughly rule,  
 p. 60 And both unite to 'push you from your stool ;'  
 She marks with scorn the half-inglorious feat,  
 Bids the 'boy bard' devise new magic cheat,  
 p. 65 And rivet you for ever to your seat.

“ To acknowledge the receipt of your very amusing work, which there is little doubt will not be confined to the black letter circle, and suggest if you grant aid to the forthcoming *Bibliographer*† in the first number; I could wish to have it about Tuesday or Wednesday. A wish to walk into the world, sanctioned by a host of friends, is the reason for again suggesting this by

“ Yours very truly,

“ J. HASLEWOOD.”

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† This was the *British Bibliographer*, of which the professed editor was Sir S. Egerton Brydges, but the real staff of its support was held by my deceased friend. The first number was published in June, 1810.

Sir Walter Scott—at that time blazing into extraordinary reputation, and the author of two poems, “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*” and “*Marmion*,” which can perish only with our language—was designated under the character of SIR TRISTREM\*. IN MENALCAS

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\* He was thus delineated: “Hence SIR TRISTREM, imbosomed in his forest retreat,

. . . . down the sleepy linn  
That hems his little garden in,

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I contributed towards it an account of a volume of some rare pieces of poetry found in the Selden collection in the Bodleian library. I afterwards contributed a portion of a *Catalogue Raisonné of Hearne's Pieces*. This latter was never completed. My materials are at any gentleman's beck who will promise its completion.

On the publication of the second edition of the *Bibliomania*, I presented my friend with a choice copy of it, accompanied by a note, of which the original remains, together with Mr. Haslewood's copy itself, in the possession of my amiable and excellent friend G. H. Freeling, Esq. I subjoin the answer of the Donee. The observing reader will notice in it “a smack” of that racy phraseology which, in after times, was so peculiarly the writer's own.

“June 5th, 1811.

“MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,

“Many apologies are due to you for my neglect to acknowledge your distinguished favour in the *Bibliomania*, to which I certainly paid more immediate respect by cutting every leaf within an hour after it came to hand, to duly examine its legitimacy by external embellishments; and certainly pronounced, with all the authority of an ancient nurse, the babe was well worthy of the father. Of the internal matter I must evade giving an opinion at present. First, my name obtains more consequence than merit entitles it to, through your pages; and, second, if you will compile a valuable volume *most absolutely crammed* with abundance of matter, you must have mercy on such a reader as myself, and give patience until he gets out of the hands of three printers' devils visiting him in daily succession, before he can duly scan your excellent materials, and not expect that, under the slippery word ROMANCE, you are to entirely delude the time of

“Yours, very truly,

“J. HASLEWOOD.

and ULPIAN were identified some of the leading book-traitors of my excellent friends, the Rev. Henry Drury and Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq., "good hearted men and true"—whose affections wane not with waning fortunes. But I desist from further mention of *living* names, as it is possible I may be walking

..... "per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso" . . . .

And yet, why not conclude these sketches with the introduction of the author himself under the character of ROSICRUSIUS\*? Has its resemblance now entirely faded away?

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is constantly increasing his stores of tales of genii, fairies, fays, ghosts, hobgoblins, magicians, highwaymen, and desperadoes—and equally acceptable to him is a copy of Castalio's elegant version of Homer, or of St. Dunstan's book, *de Occulta Philosophia*; concerning which latter Elias Ashmole is vehement in commendation. (*Theatr. Chem.* sign. A 4. rev.). From all these, after melting them down in his own incomparable poetical crucible, which hath charms as potent as the witch's cauldron in Macbeth, he gives the world many a wondrous sweet song. Who that has read those exquisite poems, of the fame of which all Britain 'rings from side to side,' shall deny to such ancient legends a power to charm and instruct?"—P. 179.

\* It is for the *knowing* reader to compare the original, *now*, with this representation of Him. TIME has doubtless cooled much of that ardour which once might have led to the "breaking of doublets, cracking elbows, and overflowing the room with a murmur," as described by Tom Coryiate; but, as long as he does not make the same incisions upon the *heart* as upon the *countenance*—and as far as a laudable enthusiasm yet impels that heart to beat—I am as keenly sensible as ever of the charms of *Caxtons*, *De Wordes*, *Hearnes*, *Guercinos*, and *Albert Durers*, &c. But for the character of Rosicrusius as it appeared twenty-five years ago . . . .

"LIS.—A truce to this moralising strain. Pass we on to a short gentleman, busily engaged yonder in looking at a number of volumes, and occasionally conversing with two or three gentlemen, from five to ten inches taller than himself. What is his name?"

But there were two characters, designated as **MUSTAPHA** and **QUISQUILIUS**, to which a somewhat

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“**ROSICRUSIUS** is his name; and an ardent and indefatigable book-forager he is. Although just now busily engaged in antiquarian researches relating to British Typography, he fancies himself, nevertheless, deeply interested in the discovery of every ancient book printed abroad. Examine his little collection of books, and you will find that, as Pope expresses it in his *Dunciad*,

‘There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,  
One clasp’d in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.’

and yet a beautiful volume, ‘printed at Basil or Heidelberg, makes him spinne; and at seeing the word Frankfort or Venice, though but on the title of a booke, he is readie to break doublet, cracke elbowes, and overflowe the room with his murmure.’ (*Coryate’s Crudities*, ed. 1776, vol. i. sign. l. 5.) Bibliography is his darling delight, ‘una voluptas et meditatio assidua’ (*Le Long’s Bibl. Sacra*, ed. 1788, p. xx.); and in defence of the same, he would quote you a score of old-fashioned authors, from Gesner to Harles, whose very names would excite scepticism about their existence. He is the author of various works, chiefly bibliographical, upon which the voice of the public (if we except a little wicked quizzing at his *black-letter* propensities in a celebrated North Briton Review) has been generally favourable †. Although the old-maidenish particularity of Tom Hearne’s genius be not much calculated to please a bibliomaniac of lively parts, yet Rosicrusius seems absolutely enamoured of that ancient wight, and to be in possession of the cream of all his pieces, if we may judge from what he has already published, and promises to publish, concerning the same. He once had the temerity to dabble in poetry; but he never could raise his head above the mists which infest the swampy ground at the foot of Parnassus. Still he loves ‘the divine art’ enthusiastically, and affects, forsooth, to have a taste in matters of engraving and painting! Converse with him about *Guercino* and *Albert Durer*, *Berghem* and *Woollett*, and tell him that you wish to have his opinion about the erection of a large library, and he will ‘give tongue’ to you from rise to set of sun. Wishing him prosperity in his projected works, and all good fellows to be his friends, proceed we in our descriptive survey.”—169, 170.

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† The “little wicked quizzing” here alluded to, related to the strictures which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* upon my edition of *More’s Utopia*.

melancholy tale may be said to belong. And yet I have ever doubted that a secret knowledge of the *latter*, before the day of publication, hastened the demise of Him for whom it was intended. Assuredly, that individual must have been composed of very tender or combustible materials, which could have broken down, or caught fire and have been consumed, from such a harmless strain of raillery as that which marks the pages in question\*! I cannot believe it. As to Mustapha, he returned the fire in right earnest, and shotted his guns to their very mouth†. He survived the contest scarcely three years. But peace to his Manes!

It is with feelings of a mixed, but not ungenial description, that, in dwelling upon the immediate results of the publication under consideration, I call to mind the various flattering TESTIMONIES which I received from the pens of eminent men, respecting its

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\* By Quisquilius, a Mr. GEO. BAKER, a wholesale dealer in lace, in St. Paul's Churchyard, was intended to be represented; a worthy, good sort of man in his way, but singularly thin-skinned and sensitive—even to irateness—in his beloved pursuit after engravings and priced catalogues, and crotchety copies of second-rate productions. His collection of *Woolletts* was, I believe, unrivalled; but he was also eminently rich in *Sharpes, Halls, and Browns*. And who has not heard of this TRIO?

† I am free to confess, that it was not, perhaps, in the very best taste to have revived this topic, as I have done, in the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, pp. 9, 10. And yet, who shall read the concluding paragraph, and view the sun (in the wood-cut) setting upon Gardiner's tomb, and deny to its author at least the merit of Christian sympathy? I had no "vengeance" to wreak; and if I had possessed it, it

"warred not with THE DEAD."

intrinsic worth, or its means of affording entertainment and instruction. I now regret that I did not preserve the *entire* correspondence upon this subject; for surely, what is more soothing in after-life than the remembrance of such testimonies, coupled with the conviction that nothing has been since done to forfeit all claim to their continuance? These are among the treasures which best adorn the cabinet of a studious man. Pictures, books, busts, gems, coins, engravings, may enrich the elongated corridor, or irradiate the well-proportioned dining-room. NARCOTTUS may enjoy all these to his heart's content; but it shall be the solace of ROSICRUSIUS, to his dying hour, that, in the *scrinia* of his limited reading-room, he possesses the "testimonies" of such heads and hearts as those with which the reader is about to be made acquainted. The imputation of *vanity* may be attached to their exhibition. Be it so. I am *proud* of such vanity.

I will begin with the effusion of a very old friend, attired in a poetical garb, to which the reader is not altogether a stranger. It is that of the Rev. John Horseman, rector of Heydon, near Royston, and dated August 29, 1811.

"D \* \* \* \* \*,"

    " How many years have past,  
    Since at *St. John's* and *Corpus* last,  
    At *Baliol* and at *Queen's* we met,  
    A learned, philosophic set?  
    Or, beauty smiling, danced with glee,  
    To tweedle dum and tweedle dee?"

“ Eccentric once, I ’m now a staid one ;  
 Married, and Rector hight of *Heydon* :  
 Of Little Chishill also rector.  
 Double preferment ! I might hector.  
 No pluralist however rated—  
 My livings are *consolidated*.

“ What changes both in men and things  
 Each quick revolving morning brings ?  
 Still I remain, and wish to be,  
 Addicted to philosophy.  
 Yet never cease to trust in God,  
 Though men and things seem often odd.

“ I, BIBLIOMANICAL,  
 Fancy my stock of books too small ;  
 My desperate case I state with sorrow,  
 I cannot beg, nor steal, nor borrow ;  
 But *Emma* more than once has said,  
 I ’ve books enough to turn my head.  
*Book-larning* hereabouts is rarish :  
 I ’m thought a *schollard* in my parish.  
 For in the village where I dwell,  
 Not one can read, and few can spell.

\* \* \* \* \*

If books you ’ll lend me, then your card  
 Direct in this way, ‘ By George Ward,  
 Catherine Wheel, Bishopsgate Street ;’  
 His cart is sure, though not so fleet :  
 And in a box, or in a sack,  
 Whate’er you lend, I ’ll send safe back.  
 And if at any time you ’ll come,  
 With Madam, to our humble home,  
 My wife and I will try our best  
 To entertain so rare a guest.  
 But you must lay your wisdom by,  
 Or you will be “ too much for I.”

Though I shall get up scraps of *larning*,  
 To suit a *gemman so discarning* ;  
 And talk as big as I am able,  
 When I've 'an author at my table\*.' ”

A common college friend and contemporary, of whose talents and reputation the preceding pages have made no slight mention—I mean the present Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Llandaff—was then pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a copy sent to him by way of the revival of an old acquaintanceship.

“ *Oriel College, 20th June, 1811.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ My best thanks are due for the kind manner in which you have called our former intercourse to remembrance, and for the valuable present which has been conveyed to me by the hands of your friend Mr. Heber. The subject is a curious one, and I have already read enough of your volume to promise myself much entertainment from it in a season of greater leisure. Your notes are always interesting wherever I have examined them, and I was particularly struck with your account of poor old A. Wood, whose zeal and services certainly entitled him to a better fate. How I wish you, or some one like you, could be prevailed on to continue his HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY †. If some

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\* See two pleasing specimens from the same pen at pp. 99, 100.

† It is not a little curious, that some *eighteen* years after this letter was written, I issued “Proposals” for publishing such a History of the University as that to which the Bishop, in the above letter, calls my attention, and about which the future pages of this work will disclose somewhat. Meanwhile, it is but justice to the kind and honourable feelings of the Bishop to annex a portion of his answer to my letter respecting the intended History of the University. It is dated *Lansanfraed, Aug. 26, 1829.* “My dear Sir—It will be a great misapprehension

one does not soon set about collecting for it, we shall know less of the state of things in the beginning of the eighteenth century than during many centuries before it.

“ I remain, dear sir,

“ Your faithful and obliged servant,

“ E. COPLESTON.”

In the order of time, perhaps I ought to have previously noticed the following short note, written by the late Colonel Johnes, the owner of Hafod, on receiving a copy of the *first edition* of the *Bibliomania*.

“ *Wimpole-street, June 19, 1809.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I beg you will accept of my best thanks for your kind remembrance in sending me *Bibliomania*, and for the great pleasure it has afforded me. It came to me late on Saturday night, and I could not resist breaking in on the Sabbath to read it. You have treated us *Maniacs* very

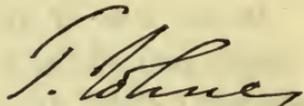
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of my motives if you should unfortunately think me deficient either in due attachment to Oxford or in respect and regard for yourself, when I say that I cannot appear in the character of PATRON to your projected work, although I shall be happy to add my name to the list of *5l. 5s.* subscribers. In doing this, I go as far as I can with prudence, having endless demands upon me in this poor diocese, and not being able to meet them all to the extent I could wish. I wish you a continuance of health, strength, and spirits to carry you through your arduous undertaking, and am, my dear sir, very truly yours, E. LLANDAFF.” I should add, that a “PATRON” was a subscriber to the amount of 100*l.* on certain conditions specified in the “Proposals.” And I may also, as in justice bound, remark, that my friend Dr. Bliss’s edition of Anthony à Wood’s *Athênæ Oxonienses* is a most satisfactory record of the personal history of learned men up to the death of its original author. What I have said of this work at the conclusion of the advertisement of the third volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*, may be most conscientiously repeated at this day. Will Dr. Bliss ever receive encouragement to continue that work to the close of the eighteenth century? NEVER.

tenderly indeed; but if you can believe a collector, I HAVE DONE. We set out this day s'ennight on our way north-about home, which I hope to reinhabit\* in October, and shall be very happy to have the pleasure of seeing you there.

“ I am, my dear sir,

“ Yours very truly,



As a brother bibliomaniacal writer, my courtesy or chivalry necessarily induced me to send a copy of the work to the distinguished individual (Dr. Ferriar) whose performance had been in a great measure the cause of my own. His reply was as follows:—

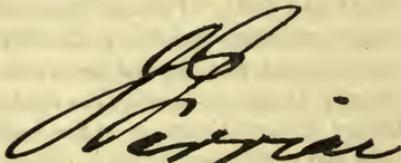
“ *Manchester, May 30th, 1811.*

“ SIR,

“ I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the present of your interesting work. It would be mere affectation to say that I have not derived much information from it, as far as I have had leisure to proceed; indeed your knowledge of bibliography has excited my surprise. You must also allow me to thank you for your kind notice of my slight poem, which was intended to touch a respectable foible with as much delicacy as possible.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your faithful and obedient servant,




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\* The word “reinhabit” alludes to the destruction of the previous building by fire.

The following, from the veteran and brother autobiographer, SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES, is characteristic in very many respects of the temper and frame of mind of its author. It is quite a *con amore* production.

“January 16, 1812.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Whatever discourages the passion for literature, is not only a sin against *taste*, but, in my opinion, against *morals*. There is no pleasure so pure in itself, nor so extensive in its virtuous influence. Whenever I am withdrawn from it, it is with regret and compunction. For my part, my passions are too much of tinder to find any thing but disquiet and perturbation in the world; and I fly to BOOKS as to company, among which every delightful affection—love, charity, content, and admiration—is cherished.

“The discovery of an old book always seems to me like the revival of some forgotten being from the grave; and I take it to be among the strongest traits of intellectual exertion, to feel an interest in the past that predominates over the present.

“Can wealth be more nobly employed than in collecting food for the MIND? And can erudition be more usefully directed than in exciting and directing that employment?

“To me, life would be a paradise did my fate permit me to pass my time at ease in the luxury of London literature, unrestrained in my passion for seeing and collecting books; but I have been tossed and buffeted about upon the waves of the world from the age of twenty-three.

“There is nothing which I hate like a cold, calculating, dissecting talent, which is sometimes called *philosophic*. We are not mere creatures of *reason*, we are intended also to be creatures of *sensation*. It is only an union of heart and head that come to right conclusions. Without the light of *fancy*, what are all the other faculties of the mind?

Your books are no dead letters—no mere dry transcripts; but while they furnish beautiful ornaments, set the senses all in motion; exhibit a happy talent of re-assembling and new-combining your wide-sought and infinite materials. To lead the dance of ideas, to race over such an immeasurable field of literature, can only be given to one of the most elastic and vigorous powers.

“And, there is no doubt, you will have your reward. You have it already in extended and honourable acquaintance in the doors and libraries that are opened to you; in esteem, respect, and admiration. Even I, humble as have been my services to literature, have experienced some small portion of these effects of late years. Among the friends I most prize, the consequence has acquired me some I should not otherwise have had; and I assure you, I shall return yours of that number; yet were it not querulous, (an epithet which has been applied to me), I could show that the measure I have had altogether is somewhat of the hardest.”

Nor less gratifying in all its bearings, is the ensuing letter from the distinguished author of the “*Curiosities of Literature*”—written in that amenity of style, and with that occasional sparkling point, which characterise the prompt and pleasant effusions of his pen.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Will you excuse an intrusion and an impertinence? My letter and my commendation; but as I have not yet recovered from the delightful delirium into which your ‘*Bibliomania*’ has completely thrown me, will you blame me for ‘having eaten of the insane root?’

“Your book, to my taste, is one of the most extraordinary gratifications I have enjoyed for many years. You have glued me down to two hundred pages at a sitting, and

I can repeat the pleasure without losing it. It has exceeded even my hopes, which were not moderate, after your former small tract. Your dialogue is always pleasant, and is something better than a mere frame to hold your canvass: your plan is perfectly original, and has been wonderfully contrived to give cohesion and unity to such curious, yet heterogeneous matter. You have done more, and of a higher nature. You have infused your feelings into the breast of your reader, who is in the slightest degree infected; and while with the most exquisite inebriation he revels among your *Book-Bacchæ*, you contrive to sober him by a touch of the *Thyrsus*—which I take to be in this case a *priced catalogue*.

“ You will make me return with ardour to a favourite bibliographical scheme, at which I have long been labouring: amidst the darkness and difficulties which occur in such subterraneous pursuits, you have thrown a beam of light in the mine.

“ Believe me, with great esteem,

“ My dear sir,

“ Yours truly,

“ I. D’ISRAELI.”

*King’s Road, Bedford-row,*

*May 27th, 1811.*

And here, let the effusions of a late common friend of Mr. D’Israeli and myself tell their tale, in displaying their author’s peculiar habits of thinking and feeling. Who that reads these pages will not be glad to peruse a letter or two from the pen of FRANCIS DOUCE, the “*Prospero*” of the *Bibliomania*?

“ *British Museum, June 19th, 1811.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You have put an additional ten per cent. on my gratitude for your friendship and kindness in all respects. I wish all other taxes were as light and pleasant. You have

given us another *Moriæ Encomium*, seasoned with a salt which that work has not—with the united flavour of gaiety and good humour. Yet I fear that you, like many other doctors, will only make the disease worse. I have more to tell you about the portrait of Pynson, that I trust will gratify you. I think you were kind enough to accede to my wish, that you would take a literally family repast here some day? I am vexatiously occupied this week; but of the ensuing one, you will greatly oblige me by choosing a day for the above purpose.

“ Ever yours, with great regard,

“ F. DOUCE.”

“ Again: the description of reviewers, at p. 18, is admirable. They are the very bane of learning—the perverters of knowledge. The *Catalogue raisonné* of catalogues is a most valuable article, and supplies a chasm in all the bibliographical works; but it will most certainly multiply the number of *Maniacs*.

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“ There is nothing calculated to offend the most fastidious critic, and I had almost said ‘cursed be he who wags his tongue against it.’ It will afford me inexhaustible amusement in the country. Whether it will perfect the cure of *my* disease (I mean that of the *brain*, not of the *bronchia*), I know not. I say *perfect*; for it had been almost cured by that grand ministerial antidote, the *income tax*. Your remedy, like many other people’s, will, I fear, prove to many of the patients rather inflammatory than sanative.

“ Adieu, my good friend, may you always prosper,

QUOD

“ F. DOUCE.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Your book has much amused me the last week, and transported me to scenes of imaginary pleasure, which is all I expect in this world, where there is very little in reality.

I fear you will think me too sparing of commendation in the enclosed paper \*, but you courted my censure; and as for my praise, take it in the wholesale; and I think you will receive it from the world—except from a few invidious spirits of the Zoilus tribe.

“Go on in all your enterprises and prosper;

“So wishes your affectionate friend,

“F. DOUCE.”

My friend having retreated into the country, wrote to me on his “*concentration*” (as he used to call it, for he was a long time *settling*) in the following manner—characteristic, in all respects, of his very singular modes of thinking and habits of life. I should add, that the first part, referring to the late Mr. Kerrich, related to my going to Cambridge to collect materials for the second volume of the “*Typographical Antiquities*,” and for the portrait of Dr. Askew in particular.

“*Hackbridge, 29th July, 1811.*”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You have herewith a certificate of your *good behaviour* to *pass* you to KERRICH, who is a friendly and worthy man, and likely to render you all the service you may need on the subject of the portrait. He is himself very capable of making a drawing of it, but as I know he does not now like these jobs, from the state of his eyesight, I have not ventured to ask him. Should he, however, in some happy moment make you such an offer, do not scruple to accept of it without hesitation, for he is accuracy itself.

“I am truly rejoiced to hear of the favourable reception

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\* Which contained two pages of *Corrigenda et Addenda*.

of the *Bibliomania*; which, in all respects, it most amply deserves. It is a most happy combination of good-humour, agreeable amusement, and solid information. There is an omission that I hope will be very soon supplied in a new edition. It is this—that the *Auction Maniacs* are very properly shut up, or rather *out*, during the very warm weather. It would be impossible that in the dog-days, at least in such as the present, Leigh's rooms could be approached with any degree of safety. The *rabies* (biblio-canina) would rage to such an extent, that the poor madmen would not only be snarling and barking, but absolutely biting each other, and whomsoever they met, whilst the chagrin at their disappointments continued. It were well that at *all times* Mr. Leigh had a tub of salt water wherein the bidders should be dipped on their departure.

“For myself, though my bibliomania is pretty well cured, thanks to Doctors *Pitt, Perceval*, and Co., I cannot say that I am at present much better in other respects than when I had the pleasure of seeing you. I begin to despair of ever recovering the unimpaired use of my voice, which, if it be better one day, is bad again on the least accession of cold (rheum), or after any exertion in talking. I am, moreover, so excessively relaxed, that I cannot stir out when the sun shines, nor can I at present keep myself cool indoors. I was going to write *at home*—but I recollected that I have *no home*. My cottage is but two stories high, and the upper rooms are so heated by the solar rays in the day-time, that even during the night I swelter with heat. I cry out with the psalmist, ‘O that I had wings like a dove!’ and then I would fly to the sea-coast—especially if I could meet you there, and get a few of such pleasant walks as I had to Dulwich College, opposite to which, at the old white wooden house, my friend D’ISRAELI is now dwelling, and gleaning the library for a new volume of ‘*Curiosities*.’

“I am here a sad, solitary prisoner, almost without any society. There is not, so far as I know, a book worth

10s. 6d. in the whole parish—whose inhabitants are the most illiterate of all others. I sent a very civil, humble, and modest request to a very opulent man, whose grounds are near me, that I might be indulged in the privilege of walking in a shady walk during his absence. To this I had no answer, and I sometime afterwards learned the reason, viz. that *he could not write*. I took the liberty of observing to my informant that he might at least have used his *tongue*, though he could not his *pen*. My neighbours, with the exception of two friendly quaker bleachers of great opulence, are generally *Saturday-to-Monday-men*—gig fellows, that consume half their time of recreation on the road, and the rest in *soaking* through the Sunday. There is, notwithstanding all this misery, no moving from this spot for a considerable time. I am spell-bound, and therefore I know not how to get my Pynson to you. There is no getting to London and back again on the same day, and I have at present no habitation or home to contain me for a week—which I must, however, spend in London before September; and then I will do what I can for you. It is quite impossible that anybody can get at anything in my absence, as the rooms are all locked against the *besiegers* and their *scaling ladders*. In the mean time, I will answer your queries to the best of my power.

“ 1. ‘ Is it Pynson’s edition of the Ship of Fools, 1509, on *vellum*, in the Bibl. Imperiale?’ What I saw was, to the best of my recollection, a quarto, and the edition by W. de Worde, 1517, translated into *prose* by Watson\*—the same as my copy lent you in the last parcel. I should be very positive about this, if you had not embarrassed me by speaking of this imperial copy in Bibliomania, p. 90, as

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\* Mr. Douce was under a mistake; as the copy upon vellum in the Royal Library of France was of the date of 1509. See the *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 103, second edition. His own copy, of 1517, is fully described in the *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 216.

printed by *Pynson*, 1509 (i. e. the first folio). I am very apt to confound Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson together when trusting to memory; but to be certain of the matter, I must look at my Parisian notes, if I chance to have made one of the said copy.

“ 2. My copy of *Reynard the Fox*, by Pynson, is very imperfect. It was Herbert who supposed it the only specimen extant. But it is not unlikely that a keen hound like yourself will unkennel such another. This you shall see as soon as I can get at it.

“ I have one *vellum* printed by Pynson.

“ Did I shew you the beautiful ‘*Orcharde of Syon?*’ (I think by Wynkyn, not Pynson). I should like to go with you to the *Sion Dames, at Walthowth*, with this book in our hands, and compare their *crowns* of thorns with the portrait of the abbess in the book. I have not many Pynsons, but they are all marked in my Herbert, which you will also want again.

“ 3. I have two or three Julian Notarys. One, a fine copy of the Golden Legend, afterwards made perfect in the life of Thomas à Becket, that had, as usual, been cut out; also a ‘*Liber Festivalis.*’

“ It is well there are no other queries at present—as I see that I have merely space left to say God bless you heartily, and prosper you in all your undertakings.

“ Most sincerely yours,

*F. Douce*

“ P. S. ELLIS promised to come down here. I wish you would come with him—giving a day’s notice, that I may not be absent. If either of you be a *gig-man*, it may be very easily and pleasantly accomplished, being one and a half hour’s drive; and remember that Tuesdays and Fridays are *always* fish-days—not Elizabethan, with nothing besides;



FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ. F. S. A.

*Born 1762 Died 1834*



but in augmentation, not diminution. The Carshalton port is very good. I could not get my own down, because when I sent to the Permit Office they said, ‘the gentleman’s *butler* (his footman won’t do!) must come and swear the duty is paid.’ This is liberty with a vengeance! I expect we shall be obliged, by and by,\* to keep a librarian to swear the duty is paid on our 1470’s, before we can use them at our *country houses*.”

But few of these gratulatory epistles afforded me a more lively pleasure than that from my friend the Rev. H. I. Todd—who seems to have put all the well-known warmth of his feelings into the following “Impromptu.”

“*Grosvenor-square, Thursday Morning.*

“DEAR D——,

“I came to town yesterday afternoon, and brought up with me (what herewith I return with sincere thanks), “*The pleasante, pithye, and delectable Romance of the renowned knight of the Rosie Crosse;*” (Do you know him?) I say *renowned*, which is the true reading; not *renowned*, as you applied the word to that mirror of literary knighthood, R. Heber, in your note to me last week. I intended reproving you in your own house for not using gentle Master Spenser’s (and others) ‘*renowned!*’ I am glad I did not; for time has softened my indignation. I made about half-a-dozen remarks on the romance, which I intended should have accompanied this letter; but I find I have left them in my library. You shall have them, (if it be only to laugh at me) next week, as I am to call on Beloe some morning early, and will knock at your door in my way. As to Mr. Douce’s notes, they have been read by me in the true spirit of *sub-rosa*; so, good friend *Rosi-crusius*, fare thee well.

“Yours ever faithfully,

“H. I. TODD.”

There was one communication which I received, particularly agreeable to me, from the late Mr. HAMPER of Birmingham; in which the writer noticed the palpable errors that had crept into, and defaced, the reprint of one of the most curious, original, and amusing volumes of other times. I allude to "*Master Laneham's* account of the Entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle;" a volume, which has evidently supplied the late illustrious author of the Novel of *Kenilworth*, with many appropriate materials, and with many a characteristic description. This curious book was first printed in 1575, and is introduced, in rather a lengthy note, at p. 349 of the *Bibliomania*. Hear, gentle reader, how the reprint of it, in 1784, is spoken of by one very competent to pass judgment upon the same.

"*Birmingham, September 17, 1811.*

"And now for a communication of great importance. The 'perturbed spirit' of Dr. Farmer has been effectually laid by your good humoured *amende* in the Gentleman's Magazine; but *know ye* that a certain 'sprightly figure,' 'clean trust, and gartered above the knee, and flourishing with his ton sword,' is calling loudly on you for satisfaction; 'and being very cunning in fens,' I shall advise you to appease the geniman without delay. His name is CAPTAIN Cox, and he lives in pp. 349-50 of your *Bibliomania*. The wrong he complains of, is, your representing him as possessor of only 'two more' ballads, besides *Broom, broom on hill, &c.*; whereas, his friend Laneham rightly tells us that they were a '*hundred more.*' The fact, my good Sir, is, that you have copied from the *vile reprint* of Laneham's letter (Warwick, 1784), one of the most incorrect publica-

tions that ever disgraced the press—where *two* is stupidly printed instead of the numerals 100, though the original contains the word *hundred* at full length. I have recently had an opportunity of correcting my copy by the first edition, a (12mo. of 87 pages) black letter, the title supplied in MS. by the late Rev. Josh. Greene, M. A., rector of Welford, county of Gloucester, formerly belonging to Mr. West, which (that is to say, my corrected reprint), shall be sent for your examination, if you wish it; and really I know not how otherwise to give you an idea of the numberless variations which the blurred pages exhibit. Your extracts may be corrected by it; for instance, the “*bye way to the Spitt howse,*” happens to be “*the hy wey* \*.”

In making some researches for the history of a neighbouring parish (*Aston juxta Birmingham*), I lately met with the will of Roger Holden, dated June 4th, 1488, wherein he bequeathes to his curate (*i. e.* the vicar of Aston) his ‘BEST BOOKS:’ thus—‘*y bequeath tho my curatt y<sup>e</sup> best bookkes that y have.*’ This information I have introduced, with the following remark, (*à la D—n*). ‘Imagination readily pictures this happy priest taking possession of his legacy, and hugging the dear delightful volumes to his heart with the ardour of a TRUE BIBLIOMANIAC; then, hastening to his half-timbered vicarage, and carefully depositing them in an iron-bound oak chest, though not till he has looked them all over, and selected one of the choicest for his amusement after vespers.’

“With every good wish for your health and success,

“I remain, dear sir,

“Your much obliged and obedient servant,

“WILLIAM HAMPER.”

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\* I presume this to be *Robert Copeland's* edition of the work in question, of which a particular account may be seen in the *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iii. p. 122, &c.

And, indeed, in reference to the quotation from Laneham's book, my friend Mr. UTTERSON, at that time occupied in fitting-up one of the most beautiful book-boudoirs in London (to which a reference had been made in the pages of my work) thus wrote to me upon the occasion.

“ June 17, 1811.

“ Many thanks for your acceptable present of the ‘ Bibliomania,’ which being once entered on, compelled me to become a ‘ borrower of the night for a dark hour or twain’ to finish it. I can truly say, that I was much amused and interested by it,” &c.

Again: “ From ‘ the Cabinet,’ of which the stained glass was furnished full two hundred and fifty years ago, ‘ with other appropriate embellishments, when the evening sunbeams throw a chequered light throughout the room, ‘tis pleasant’ to address thanks to a literary friend whose researches have informed, and whose lucubrations have amused, our thoughtful and our idle hours. ‘ Such, I may with truth assert, has been the effect of your ‘ Bibliomania’— of which I have read as far as the note on ‘ CAPT. COX.’ Would to heaven the Mason’s stores could appear at our friend’s (Lochie’s) in King-street!!! Even with Atticus I would strive for the possession of some (at least) of the Captain’s treasures. On such an occasion alone, I should say to him, in the words of Tibullus, ‘ Vos quoque abesse procul jubeo.’ I spoke, a long time since, to the master of Dulwich College, and have procured you a welcome to their library.

“ *Adieu*, yours sincerely,

“ E. V. U.”

My Harrow friends, MESSRS. DRURY, BUTLER, and EDWARDS, were also prompt in their expressions of congratulation on the appearance and certain suc-

cess of the work. The latter, an experienced judge in such matters, "congratulated me on the growing ardour of the public, as well as on the credit they gave to me on displaying the *Bibliomania*. *Ten guineas for a large paper copy* of an octavo volume was beyond all former history of large paper octavos at the first publication, and deserved to be recorded!"  
JAMES EDWARDS, *Harrow Grove*, 21 Nov. 1811.

Yet one more, and the last. It is from the late W. M. FORD, a bookseller of Manchester, of unabating enthusiasm and diligence in his vocation: a man, whose life had been chequered by many vicissitudes, and whose heart I have understood to have been ultimately broken down by their pressure. I spoke of him in my book as a sense of truth, justice, and obligation told me I ought to speak. Mr. Ford's letter is as follows.

" *Manchester*, June 16, 1811.

"I have to thank you for the handsome manner in which you speak of me as a bookseller; although it was my love of books, not of lucre, which first induced me to become one, and I was a collector many years before I was one of the honourable fraternity. However, then I had not the pleasure of knowing you, or we might have done each other more mutual kindnesses than it is now in my power, or indeed consistent—as making the book-trade my business.\*\*\* The sale of the work I should think must be very great. Pray give me some particulars, as well as of the characters you have introduced into it, many of which I am at a loss to make out.

"I have sold a good number of your '*Bibliomania*' here; though, to my sorrow, the disease does not exist in any great degree. But indeed it may be very readily accounted

for, from the prevalence of a *more fatal* disease, which has absorbed every other, and rages with a more extended influence than was ever known before; I mean POVERTY—if it may be allowable to call it a disease, and which no ranks are free from. I assure you that I feel the effects of it most lamentably; but it is useless pining, therefore I will conclude, but not without assuring you that I am most sincerely your

“ Faithful and obliged humble servant,  
“ W. FORD.”

Such are a few of the commendatory epistles which I received shortly after the publication of this original work\*. I might easily increase their number;

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\* I call it “original” simply as stating a very obvious truth. The plan is carried on by “*Dramatis Personæ*,” of whom the author must of necessity be one; and therefore he may as well slip on the guise of LYSANDER at once. Lorenzo was the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. The plan is slightly developed in the first three pages of the book. “It was on a fine autumnal evening, when the sun was setting serenely behind a thick copse upon a distant hill, and his warm tints were lighting up a magnificent and widely extended landscape, that, sauntering midst the fields, I was meditating upon the various methods of honourably filling up the measure of our existence, when I discovered, towards my left, a messenger running at full speed towards me. The abruptness of his appearance, and the velocity of his step, somewhat disconcerted me; but on his near approach my apprehensions were dissipated.

“I knew him to be the servant of my old college friend, whom I choose here to denominate LYSANDER. He came to inform me, in his blunt and honest manner, that his master had just arrived with PHILEMON, our common friend; and that, as they were too fatigued with their journey to come out to me, they begged I would quickly enter the house and, as usual, make them welcome. This intelligence afforded me the liveliest satisfaction. In fifteen minutes, after a hearty shaking of hands, I was seated with them in the parlour; all of us admiring the unusual splendour of the evening sky, and, in consequence, partaking of the common topics of conversation with a greater flow of spirits. ‘You are come, my friends,’ said I, (in the course of conversation) ‘to make some stay with me:—indeed, I cannot suffer you to depart with-

but the present is a sufficient portion of *parainetical* extract. A more pleasing result followed, in the

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out keeping you at least a week, in order, amongst other things, to view the beauty of our neighbour LORENZO'S grounds, the general splendour of his house, and the magnificence of his *Library*.' 'In regard to grounds and furniture,' replied Lysander, 'there is very little, in the most beautiful and costly, which can long excite my attention; but the library'—'Here,' exclaimed Philemon, 'here you have him in the toils.' 'I will frankly confess (rejoined Lysander) that I am an arrant BIBLIOMANIAC—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and more, the perusal'—'Hold, my friend, (again exclaimed Philemon) you have renounced your profession: you talk of *reading* books,—do Bibliomaniacs ever *read* books?' 'Nay (quoth Lysander), you shall not banter me thus with impunity. We will, if it please you,' said he (turning round to me), 'make our abode with you for a few days; and after seeing the library of your neighbour, I will throw down the gauntlet to Philemon, challenging him to answer certain questions which you may put to us, respecting the number, rarity, beauty, or utility of those works which relate to the history and contiguities of our own country. We shall then see who is able to return the readier answer.'

"'Forgive (rejoined Philemon) my bantering strain. I revoke my speech. You know that, with yourself, I heartily love books: more from their *contents* than their appearance.' Lysander returned a gracious smirk, and the hectic of irritability on his cheek was dissipated in an instant. The approach of night made us think of settling our plans. My friends begged their horses might be turned into the field, and that, while they stayed with me, the most simple fare and the plainest accommodation might be their lot. They know how little able I was to treat them as they were wont to be treated; and therefore, 'taking the will for the deed,' they resolved to be as happy as an humble roof could make them."—Page 1—3.

But Lysander had something else to do than to indulge in mere literary chit chat for the amusement of his guests. Dry and dusty authors were to be taken down and rummaged; and I think that I speak soberly when I say, that nearer *three* hundred than *two* hundred of such authors were pretty carefully examined. Including the various works of these authors consulted and referred to, not fewer than *four hundred* must be considered as the number. In regard to MORRIS in particular (him upon whom Johnson seems to lay a most emphatic stress) I might at that time be said to have had his *Polyhistor Literarius* at my fingers' end. Hard, dogged, fagging was the basis of all the vivacity of the Bibliomania.

consolidation of old, and in the formation of new, acquaintances and friendships. Among the former, the names of GUTCH and ELLIS\* are to be mentioned

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\* Mr. Gutch, who has of late years worked his way to such honourable distinction as the editor of one of the most flourishing provincial newspapers in the kingdom, was then a bookseller of eminence at Bristol. I knew him from early life; and knew and respected his excellent father, the late venerable Registrar of the University of Oxford. The son thus wrote to me, on the third of June, 1811, scarcely a fortnight after the publication of the work: "May I now request, that if the *large paper* copy have not left Longmans, you will desire them to send it off by the first mail, without waiting for any parcel. I have this day made them a remittance (10*l.* 10*s.*) to pay for it; and I trust the precious book will soon be in my possession. I have been devouring the contents of one of the small paper copies, of which I have ordered *ten* to be immediately forwarded—for I am sure it will take rapidly among my BIBLIOMANIACS here." May I ask, where be those "Bibliomaniacs" now? Let me add, that one of these identical "ten" copies, bound in yellow calf, with gilt leaves, by Lewis, was afterwards sold for 6*l.* 6*s.*, the highest price which the small paper ever reached. Mr. Lowndes is wrong in saying it has brought 8*l.* 8*s.* Mr. John Davies, a bookseller at Shrewsbury, now marks an uncut copy at 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* The original price was twenty-seven shillings! From Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ellis, the principal librarian of the British Museum, I received many friendly suggestions, and much valuable information, which I believe to be duly recorded. What days were those, when the writer could commence thus!—"Dear D., I have taken a long sheet of paper, in hopes to obtain your pardon for such a long neglect. My delay has been principally occasioned by my fruitless searches after the memorandum of the French book blotted and blurred by a princess. Where it is deposited, I cannot tell. H. E." Alas! between ourselves, good Sir Henry, these "long sheet of paper" days are irrevocably past. "Double, double toil and trouble," becomes the lot of that man, placed, as my friend now is, at the head of a large and everlastingly visited Establishment!

But shall we never see a continuation of his delightful "*Letters, illustrative of English History?*" Have we for ever ceased to walk into the boudoirs, banqueting rooms, and bedchambers of our illustrious ancestors?—to shake hands with the Henries, Elizabeths, Jameses, and Charleses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Retrim your lamp, most renowned protomagister, and let us dance another cabriolet with Hatton, and smoke another pipe with Raleigh. Let us untie

with no trifling gratification: among the latter, those of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Francis Freeling, and the Rev. Henry Drury\*. To these,

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another state-packet from Cecil, and see how Clarendon dips his pencil into the imperishable colours of his pallet. THIS, this is HISTORY—divested of sonorous periods and distorted views. Retrim the lamp. Where, but in the *British Museum*, is there an inexhaustible supply of proper sperm oil? And then, my friend threads his pearls so prettily and so dexterously! Does he want more coaxing? He will find it in the unanimous approbation of every intelligent reader, and of every right headed and right hearted patriot. So, to the lamp again!

\* It will be difficult—it will be impossible—for me ever to forget my first, and indeed many subsequent, sensations of delight, on entering the library, and examining the treasures of the distinguished individual FIRST above named. And, since that time, how have these treasures, both in number and intrinsic value, been increased! What can I add to the observations in the *Introduction to the Classics* and in the *Bibliophobia* respecting this most extraordinary library? And how beautifully placed and appropriately furnished! This perhaps were common praise, except that the OWNER of these treasures has a thorough acquaintance with their contents. “Intus et in cute” are they understood and appreciated by him; and I can conceive no more perfect catalogue of a collection of books than that which, in a ponderous green-coated volume, lies upon the table of its right honourable possessor, accompanied by the notes, written on slips of paper, which are inserted in each book. Long may that possessor YET retain his treasures, and long be in the occupation of his *Adversaria*!

I have said enough upon all occasions, in and out of print, to express my entire and affectionate respect for Sir M. M. SYKES, when “he was among us;” and now that he is “taken hence,” I reiterate those expressions of unmitigated attachment to his memory. He has left behind such a memorial of his ardour in the collection of BOOKS and PRINTS, considered conjointly, as has not been equalled. The amount of both sales was 36,436*l.*; add to these, his coins produced 1,462*l.*, and his pictures and bronzes 5,901*l.* Never did the owner of such treasures more thoroughly enjoy them! Never was one more keen in their acquisition! Sweynheym and Pannartz, and Hollar, were the gods of his idolatry! As to the THIRD individual above named, he wrote to me thus, immediately on the receipt of a copy of the *Bibliomania* of which

too, let it be allowed me to add that of my late honoured and illustrious Patron, EARL SPENCER. The

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I had begged his acceptance. "A thousand thanks, my dear sir, for your lively satire, from which I expect no small amusement in my northern journey, which I commence on Thursday. Wishing you every success in your laborious and useful undertakings, I remain, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, WALTER SCOTT. *Half-Moon-street, Tuesday.*" This illustrious character will be more particularly introduced to the reader in a subsequent page. Meanwhile, where is his BIOGRAPHY by his *Son-in-law*? Surely that intelligent writer is duly impressed with the necessity of catching the attentions and fixing the interests of the great mass of the public, before the *nap* of curiosity is allowed to be *rubbed off*, or the subject to become weaned from memory by a succession of *other* objects! "Oh, spring to life!—auspicious Book, be born!"

With what gratifying sensations do I dwell upon the name of Sir FRANCIS FREELING, Bart., the fourth individual above mentioned, when I compare his brief *note* sent to me, at this time, with his innumerable LETTERS since transmitted—letters, in which the good breeding of a gentleman and the kind-heartedness of a friend have been equally and uniformly evinced. Sir Francis, just after the publication, writes thus: "I have been revelling for the last two days in the delights of your new edition of the *Bibliomania*." And few readers could enjoy that species of revelling better; for its author was just now beginning to lay the foundation of that curious and select library of which the following pages will afford delectable evidence. The fifth name, and one of not the least calibre, above notified, is that of my excellent friend the Rev. HENRY DRURY, of Harrow; whose attachment has been unvarying, and whose friendship has ever shone with a polar-star-like fidelity. I was indebted to the late Mr. Edwards, of Harrow, for my introduction to this admirable scholar; and the half pint of true classical Falernian quaffed in his oblong cabinet was the commencement of our "taking sweet counsel together." Shortly after this introduction, having felt his pulse and exactly ascertained its bibliomaniacal pulsation, I sent him a beautiful copy of the Sermons of St. Chrysostom, printed in the Latin language by Laver, at Rome (see *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. i. p. 192), and was tempting him to do "a bold stroke of business" in the way of collecting Hearne's pieces. Moreover, I apprised him of my intention of introducing him in the auction-room of the *Bibliomania*, under the character of MENALCAS. His reply, dated Nov. 16, 1810, is

visit paid to Althorp, as described in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 388, took place shortly after the publication of the *Bibliomania*. My printer, Mr. Mc. Creery, partook of the general joy diffused around; and before the conclusion of his labours, indulged in many whimsical effusions and original conceits. Above all was he gratified at the struggle to obtain a copy of it upon *large paper*. I think, upon the whole, I netted about 200*l.*; but this was considered by me the least part of the remuneration; as in truth I had deserved it on the score of “delving and digging” only\*.

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as follows:—“The glossiness of the Chrysostom is beyond all praise. I am much obliged to you for the offer about the Hearnes: but though I sometimes take a leap headlong, it is only when the shore is in view, and Hearne is an interminable abyss. Besides, I am so very much bitten, that nothing but the *old genuine Hearnes* would now suit me. As for the apotheosis which you intend to give me in your auction-room, I fear I shall appear very ridiculous; not having sufficient confidence in me to think myself worthy to tie the latchet of Dr. Gosset’s shoe. Thanks, however, for the immortality you will confer. Whenever you, or you and Utterson, will come and see me, I will put on my best coat and waistcoat, and order the cradle spit to the fire. Ever truly yours, H. D.” About a twelvemonth afterwards, on my having presented the school library at Harrow with a copy of this *mischievous* volume, my excellent friend writes thus:—“Nothing have I to plead in defence of my not having answered your letter, but the idleness of a busy man. I have read *Bibliomania* through most religiously, and hope I have risen from the perusal ‘a wiser and a better man.’ There are, however, still some wards of the key which I do not understand. What pleases me much, Heber, though an enemy to large paper, has described to me the l. p. Ames, which I shall so soon possess; and B——d’s luck in being admitted to a copy.—H. D.”

\* See the conclusion of the note at page 272. John Mc. Creery was the printer. A few typographical *MACREERIANA* may not be un-

Its reception with the *Literati* (if the evidence of *Reviews* may be depended upon) was most en-

acceptable, if it be only as a votive offering at the shrine of their author, who was carried off in the cholera which raged at Paris about three years ago. After some twenty sheets had been worked off, he estimated the whole work at about 4*l.* per sheet. The corrections had then reached 17*l.* The next "missive" ran thus: a "fast day" have just preceded its issuing.

"Fast and pray,"  
Come in the way  
Of Bibliomania:  
No blame is mine  
In the faulty line;  
The deed is *thine*.  
H. swears he'll work  
Like any Turk.

And in reply to the observations of a young and impatient author, he writes thus: "I have done all in my power for the furtherance of your work; and if it were to prevent heaven and earth from coming together, I cannot do more than I am doing. For mercy's sake, have a day's, or at most an hour's patience, and all will be right. Your anxiety and distrust only serve to throw us into confusion, without at all furthering your work." His whole charge for a volume printed almost entirely in *nonpareil* notes, and containing nearly 800 pages, was 297*l.*, including the large paper copies; and he agreed to receive, and did receive, a promissory note for the amount, at twelve months after the date of bringing in his bill.

Poor Mc. Creery! Who *now* shall "turn *his* glass?" See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 410. He commenced a splendid career by the printing of the "Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo X." (after the Biography of Lorenzo de Medici), in four quarto volumes, under the auspices of its celebrated author, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool. He was a pet amongst his provincial brethren; and his movement to London was probably a questionable step.

I have mentioned his anxiety about the large paper copies of the *Bibliomania*. This was not confined to himself. Mr. Fry, a bookseller of Bristol—author of *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, 4*to.*, and much attached to bibliomaniacal mysteries—not having been apprised of these intended copies, wrote thus to me, in November, 1810, chiefly in consequence of being applied to by Mr. Elliston, the celebrated comedian, who

couraging. The *Bibliomania* was reviewed in the *Critical* by \* \* ; in the *British Critic*, kindly and

had fixed a son as a bookseller at Bristol. "Mr. Elliston informs me by a letter received this day, that on application to Messrs. Longman for the purpose of securing *two large paper copies* of the new edition of your *Bibliomania*, he learnt that they were all engaged. Now this is most unfortunate. When you informed me last August of its being about to be reprinted, you mentioned nothing of the l. p. copies ; and till I saw the notice in the *Gent. Mag.* I was completely in the dark. Do, if it be possible, save two for me ; if that be impracticable, one." And Mr. Elliston himself wrote as follows. "I will only add, that should you be induced to depart from your original intention (were it only to print *two copies more*), I hope you will consider the request of, dear sir, yours, &c."

I forget the issue ; but I perfectly remember that Rhadamanthus himself could not have been more inexorable than I was, in *not* printing *two more copies* to the *nineteen* resolved to be executed.

Mr. Lowndes observes that a copy of this work upon large paper has reached the sum of 5*l.* 10*s.* I question this ; but I know it to have attained 40*l.* The portrait of myself in canonicals, prefixed to these copies only, is of such rarity, that I doubt whether a stray impression of it ever found its way into the author's portfolio. I never possessed one but to give away. Let me close this note by an *illustrating* anecdote. In the town of Islington there dwelt a worthy wight, WILLIAM TURNER by name, a resident of Canonbury-square, within the said town. Of all lovers (I ought rather to say worshippers) of the *Bibliomania*, HE was the most ardent, the most constant, the most generous ; sparing nothing wherewith to decorate her person, or to add to the treasures of her wardrobe. Listen to his inventory :

"*Bibliomania*, small paper, in two parts, illustrated with 211 prints. The same, bound by Lewis, not illustrated." The first copy was sold, on the demise of its owner, to a Mr. Town, of New York, for sixty guineas ; but I believe I have seen a similar copy, on large paper, marked in a bookseller's catalogue at one hundred and twenty guineas. The same wight thus pursued his illustrating propensities :—

"*Decameron*, large paper, 400 prints.

*Tour*, large paper, in six parts, 961 prints.

The same, small paper, 517 prints.

The same, large paper, boards, uncut.

cleverly, by the late Mr. Beloe; and in the *Monthly*, smartly, saucily, elaborately, and, upon the whole, satisfactorily, by a reverend poet and translator of Juvenal. The general, concentrated effect of these, and of other *Magazines*, *Reviews*, and *Notices*\*,

*Biblioth. Spenceriana* and *Ædes Athorpianae*, large paper, 389 prints.

*Library Companion*, large paper, in four parts, 593 prints.

Now, casting-up the whole of these illustrations, we find that they amount to *three thousand and seventy-one* in number!

O RARE WILLIAM TURNER!

To talk of seeing "his like again" is mere visionary prattle:—and yet, in the *Decameron* he has been "beaten hollow!" Wait, gentle reader. All things in due course.

\* I must, however, be allowed to bring forward, in the first instance, the correction of an *hippopotamus* error of which I was guilty at p. 565 of my work, in respect to the author of the "Essay upon Demoniacs." This correction was conveyed to good old Sylvanus Urban in the following address:—

"GOOD MR. URBAN,

June 17, 1811.

"I hasten to acknowledge a most 'grievous and lamentable' error which has crept into the recent edition of the *Bibliomania*: an error which was detected immediately after the publication of the work, and the frequent mention of which by my friends, induces me, through the channel of your Magazine, to give its correction as much notoriety as possible.

"At page 565 I have made Dr. RICHARD FARMER the author of an *Essay upon Demoniacs*: and his perturbed spirit has not ceased to attack me, in the shape of the night-mare, ever since the publication of the volume. Be it known, therefore, sir, through the medium of your Magazine, that HUGH FARMER (concerning whom there is a long account in the 5th volume of the last edition of the *Biog. Britan.*) was the author of that heterodox, if 'ingenious,' essay. This public confession will, it is hoped, sooth the angry manes of the Doctor in particular, and compose the rising bile of reviewers in general. Moreover, it is especially due to yourself, Mr. Urban; for I have referred to your Magazine, and indirectly censured it for the paucity of information it contained respecting one of my favourite bibliomaniacal heroes. And so I bid thee farewell! Thine, with respect,

"T. F. D."

was, that I felt the earth firm and solid beneath my feet: the circumambient air was clear, buoyant, and

The account of JOHN RATCLIFFE, at p. 521 of the same work, was thus enlarged by an unknown correspondent:—

“MR. URBAN,

Feb. 12.

“Mr. John Ratcliffe, who is noticed as a collector of scarce books in page 55, was neither a man of science or learning. He lived in East-lane, Bermondsey; was a very corpulent man, and his legs were remarkably thick, probably from an anasaruous complaint. The writer of this remembers him perfectly well; he was a very stately man, and, when he walked, literally went a snail’s pace. He was a Dissenter, and every Sunday attended the meeting of Dr. Flaxman in the lower road to Deptford. He generally wore a fine coat, either red or brown, with gold lace buttons, and a fine silk embroidered waistcoat, of scarlet with gold lace, and a large and well-powdered wig. With his hat in one hand and a gold-headed cane in the other, he marched royally along, and not unfrequently followed by a parcel of children, wondering who the stately man could be. A few years before his death, a fire happened in the neighbourhood where he lived, and it became necessary to remove part of his household furniture and books. He was incapable of assisting himself; but he stood in the street lamenting and deploring the loss of his *Caxtons*, when a sailor, who lived within a door or two of him, attempted to console him: ‘Bless you, sir, I have got them perfectly safe!’ While Ratcliffe was expressing his thanks, the sailor produced two of his fine curled periwigs, which he had saved from the devouring element, and who had no idea that Ratcliffe could make such a fuss for a few books.

“G.”

Mr. Surtees, the well-known and deeply-lamented author of the “History of Durham,” made the following communication to the same authority:—

“MR. URBAN,

Mainsforth, Jan. 8.

“In the very amusing and instructive *Bibliomania*, mention is made, as being in Mr. Heber’s possession, of a volume of Eustace’s Froisart, which, it is presumed, from the arms, inscribed HENRICUS DUX RICHMUNDIÆ, has formerly belonged to Henry VII. May not this rare volume have been rather the property of *Henry Duke of Richmond*, natural son to Henry VIII.? A reference to the arms will at once determine the point; as those of the duke (viz. France and Eng-

bracing ; the sky blue, bright, and exhilarating. My "midnight watchings," and nightly perambulations in all seasons of the year, were forgotten. I had attained the summit, for which, for seven successive years I had unremittingly toiled ; and henceforward gave my fancy an unlimited range, which led to those productions to be now described in the chronological order of their appearance. I turned a deaf ear to all entreaties to reprint my book\*, although the

land, a Bordure quartered Ermine and compony Arg. and Az., a Batune sinister of the 2d ; an inescutcheon quarterly, Gules and Varry, Or and Vert, a Lion ramp. Arg. ; on a chief Az. a Castle between two Bucks' heads cabossed Argent) are very different from those of his royal grandfather either as *earl* or king.

"R. SURTEES."

\* Mr. Laing, the late highly-respected and well-instructed bookseller of Edinburgh, wrote me thus, in the April of 1813. "I wish you would *reprint* the *Bibliomania*. I set a high value on this work, and regret it is beyond the purchase of money. No library should want it." A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* thus treats the subject in a somewhat unceremonious, but on the whole sufficiently gratifying, manner :—

"MR. URBAN,

Dec. 2.

"In common with every lover of literature, I am willing to pay Mr. Dibdin that tribute to which his meritorious exertions in its service entitle him. The following remarks are dictated by the earnest desire that those exertions should stand free from any appearance of vanity.

"The unexampled patronage which the present age bestows upon the revival of ancient reliques has been acknowledged by all who have been engaged in that pursuit. Of this, editors appear to me to have taken an unfair advantage ; a number of copies are printed, but just sufficient for those subscribers who may have been fortunate enough to have transmitted their names to the publisher. The consequence of this is, that the reprint frequently becomes almost as difficult to be procured as the original ; and the unlucky wight who shall have omitted subscribing, must be prepared to pay an advanced price ; and even then

tempting douceur of two hundred guineas was once held out to me \*. A word, however, ere I enter upon

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perhaps be unable to procure a copy. Aware as I am of the expenses attendant on several undertakings of this nature, were but a small addition made to the original number, the great prices of many books might be reduced, and the cause of literature more effectually served.

“Mr. Dibdin mentions the little remuneration the labours of the bibliographer receive: this, no doubt, is true; but if Mr. Dibdin had indulged the public with a new edition of his ‘*Bibliomania*,’ those who are anxious to possess a copy of that entertaining work, would not be compelled to pay the present exorbitant price demanded for a copy, and the author would have received an additional recompense for his labour.

“If you honour these observations with a place in your Magazine, that author will, I hope, be able to refute a charge pretty generally circulated, namely, that the plates of the above-mentioned production were destroyed, by that means giving to the book a degree of scarcity it could not otherwise have attained; if this is the fact, it carries with it a charge of vanity, which will require all the ingenuity of the learned author to overcome. [How so?]

“We are informed, in your last Number, that there will be no second edition of the ‘*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*.’ May I be permitted to inquire the reason of this? I cannot understand why there should not, if the success which it will most probably deserve demands a fresh impression.

“These observations have arisen from the honest desire of seeing the labours of bibliography divested of all affectation, and with the earnest wish that Mr. Dibdin may continue to reap the reward due to his indefatigable diligence.

“AMATOR BIBLIOMANIE.”

\* It is, however, but due to truth to say, that some eight or ten years ago, there was a *setting-up* of pages 166-7, by way of an *experiment* as to bringing forth a *new edition* of the work in the same type as that of the *Decameron*. But the thing never went beyond this. Some very few impressions only of these pages were struck off, of which one was in Mr. Haslewood’s copy of the work, sold to G. H. Freeling, Esq. Not one remains with myself.

But of all my reviewers, few “shewed me up” more gallantly, spiritedly, and kind-heartedly, than OLD SYLVANUS himself; who, when he chose, could write a brisk and pungent article with admirable dexterity. HE, like the greater number of correspondents just mentioned, IS GONE. I have essayed to embalm him in the “*Museum*.” See post.

a wide and new field. It is but due to the memory of ONE, whose eyes have been but *very* recently closed upon all earthly scenes, to make honourable mention of the constant and valuable aid I received from him, my near neighbour as well as affectionate friend, during the whole progress of the work now under consideration. ROBERT WATSON WADE was that individual in question. He had seen other and brighter days; but in his secretaryship to the Stock Exchange he found something like a comfortable subsistence in his latter years, as well as an enlarged circle of generous friends. His mornings were necessarily devoted to the mysteries of *Cocker*. His evenings were as regularly devoted to *Petrarch*\*, and for a time to the proof sheets of the *Bibliomania*.

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\* His knowledge of the Italian language was, I have understood, minute and critical; and his attachment to Petrarch ardent and incessant. He was always at work upon the *Sonnets*; and yet scarcely ever satisfied with his translations, which were rhythmical. What he aimed at was, the strictest literal version. In consequence, the original, as is the case with Cowper's version of Homer, always appeared in a cold, drab-coloured, Quaker-dress; or it was the countenance of Petrarch without blood in his cheek or inspiration in his eye. And what a *Calligraphist* was my friend! How ingenious in perfecting copies, and how ready to render his services on such occasions. He once amused himself, and infinitely obliged me, by making perfect a miserably mutilated copy of "*Recreations for Ingenious Head Pieces, or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walk in*," 1667, 12mo., a curious and mirthful volume, from which may be seen some interesting extracts in *More's Utopia*, vol. ii. 266, 273-6; and where I have observed that "perhaps there is no clean copy of it in existence." The first of the extracts here referred to, contains a wood-cut of the morrice dancer, which marvellously pleased my late friend Mr. Douce. My friend, Mr. Wade, (who had been the bosom friend of *Italian WALKER*, of Dublin, as he was called) was also singularly happy in his fac-similes of the ornaments, love-knots, capriccios, &c. of the curious little volume here referred to.

But in the *German* language my friend was scarcely less versed than in the Italian; of which abundant proof is afforded in the third volume of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*\*. For thirty years our connexion was more or less strengthened; and during that period (and it is no *short* one) not one angry expression ever fell from his lips or was recorded by his pen. Old age (he was turned of *eighty* when he died) had latterly enfeebled his carriage and indented his countenance; but his heart's beat was yet as affectionate, his intellectual ardour as keen, and his judgment as unclouded as ever. His playful fancy, not long after the publication of the *Bibliomania*, concocted the following *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, for December, 1811.

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\* See vol. iii. p. 348—377, in the description of a curious German edition, with wood-cuts, of the HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS, 1483, 4to., where not fewer than sixty-three stanzas of the original (rather *Dutch*) text are metrically translated, line for line, and almost word for word. Another equally surprising specimen of the literal version of an old *German colophon* may be seen in the first volume of the work above referred to, p. 98. Concerning this latter, my friend thus expressed himself in one of his characteristic notes:—

“ MY DEAR D\*\*.

Nov. 20, 1813.

“ I have done all I could with this abominable piece of stuff, but can make nothing better of it than what you see, which, to say the truth, is bad enough. Surely you do not mean to publish it?—for heaven's sake, if you do, don't mention my name, as I should be sorry to be handed down to posterity as the writer of such nonsense. As I said before, from morning till night, I but write, write, and write.

“ Ever affectionately yours, R. W. W.

“ You have the precious morçeau enclosed.”

It was published without his name. My excellent friend fell as ripe fruit from the tree of life; passing into eternity, “in sure and certain hope” of the life which is to come, without a bodily pang or a mental reproach. “HAIL AND FAREWELL!”

To my ryghte worthie Maister the Reuerende MAY-  
 STER DYBDYN his trewe frende WYLLYM  
 CAXTON sendyth gretynge wysshynge him alle helthe  
 and prosperite.

FAYRE sonne grande mercy for the mickle paine  
 By the bestowed tauaunce my name  
 Whyche by the labour of thy pen shall gaine  
 Eternal recorde in the Boke of Fame  
 For folkis yet unborne enfourmd by the  
 Shall gaine a knowlege of my werkes and me.

Here in this happe region as I sitte  
 Fro alle my former yerthelye cares unbente  
 I ofte reuwe in myn entendement  
 The daies yspente belowe, and reken it  
 To me grete laude and hyghe renoume that I  
 In Englonde fyrste the prynters arte dede trye.

The werkis whyche by me enpryntid wer  
 Whan I recal vnto my remembraunce  
 And wel consydre my smal suffisaunce  
 Moche doth it me astounde my utmoste care  
 Shuld in these dayes whan menné ben growne so nice  
 By them be ualewed at soe haute a pryse.

And moche I mervayle that my typis rude  
 And homelie pourtraictes whyche my bokes adourne  
 And paper by the mothe and worme ytorne  
 Swyche lengthe of tyme have theyr assautes withstode  
 I coulde nat hope soe manye yeres ypast  
 One parfyte boke of myne til now shulde laste.

But yet I heare (for sothlye here perchaunce  
 By Goddis grace some of my brethrene com  
 Through Christis bloude redemyd fro the dome  
 Due to mannys sin and disobeisaunce)

That in your londe one ATTICUS doth dwelle  
Who pryseth moche my werkes as men me tell.

And others some ther ben who moche delyghte  
Myne werkis to collect and keepe wyth care  
Albeit thei ne fruytefulle ben ne rare  
Ne fro tymes blemysse fre ne yet parfyte  
Yet to purchase them alle theyr thoughtes they bend  
Ne reke thei of the coyne whyche they therin dyspende.

Here as wyth WYNKYN, PYNSONNE, MACHLINA  
In sote comunyon I trewe plesure taste  
Devysynge of oure yerthelye labours past  
We cal to mynde the dayes of yore and saye  
Ful lytell dede we thynke whylest yet on lyve  
That these oure werkis shuld so longe survive.

Wherfore to hym and theym we mekely praye  
That they accepte oure hartye thankye condygne  
For theyr gode wylle to us whych soe doeth shine  
And oure remercimentes they take in gre  
For sothe to saye to them we ben moche bounden  
For alle the faveur wēe fro them haue founden.

And moche thi labour do we take in gre  
Whyche hath fro darke forgetfulnesse reskewde  
Soe manie of oure auntyente werkis rude  
And thus comendyd to posterite  
Wherby oure fayre renome shal laste for aye  
Ne blemyshe be ne neuer knowe decaye.

Wyth these, here GUTENBERG and FUST<sup>\*</sup> unite  
In thankye ryghte herty unto the oure frende  
Besechynge me I theym to the commende  
Prayen we alle that heven maye the requyte  
For this thy trauaile and thy werke of loue  
And that we may embrace the here aboute  
Whan fro the lower worlde thou shalt remooue.

H. S. Sonne of my loue I praye the thou forgeue  
 The wordes uncouth in whyche to the I wryte  
 For coude I yet in beter style endyte  
 I wolde nat, to thentente thou mote perceiue  
 And fully knowe and sykerly entende  
 By this myne auncyente speche thy beray frende,

W. C.

A few, and but a few, more straggling anecdotes belong to this portion of the "Reminiscences." The work under consideration produced a most bulky *Corpus Epistolographicum*, from which I fear I have selected too freely for the reader's patience to endure a further specimen\*: and yet I must be indulged in one more extract. At page 293 of that work, I made a sort of call upon the late Mr. Roscoe to favour the public with a *Life of Erasmus*. Some three years afterwards, on the establishment of a correspondence between us, connected with the *Bibl. Spenceriana* (of which hereafter), Mr. Roscoe alluded to the circumstance thus:

"I am too well acquainted with your entertaining volume of the *Bibliomania* to be ignorant of your recommendation to me to undertake the *Life of Erasmus*. That such a work is much wanted, I admit; and I think it one of the finest subjects that could be undertaken: but you do me too much honour in thinking that I am competent to it. To execute

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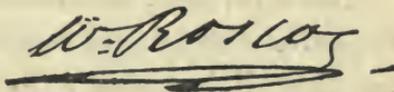
\* Among those specimens *previously* published, the reader may consult some interesting extracts from the letters of my late friend, Mr. Daniel Mc. Neille (of Edmonstown, Ireland), which appear in the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. 376-388.

it properly, a knowledge of the German language and of German literature, would be indispensable. Much, I believe, has been done in Germany in elucidating this important period of their literary history, and I trust it will not be long before some of our countrymen, fully qualified, will repair the defects of Knight and Jortin, and give us such a view of the subject as may gratify reasonable expectation, &c. Believe me, with real attachment and respect,

Dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

May 6, 1814.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. Byfield". The signature is written in a cursive style and is underlined with a double horizontal line.

There is *one* little circumstance connected with this work, which has ever given me the sincerest pleasure to think upon. It is, that of its having been the first public channel of making known the talents of a most ingenious and worthy family of the name of BYFIELD, of whose performances (as *Engravers on wood*) I have been ever since in the habit of availing myself. The present work yet bears evidences of them; but when I tell the reader that the wood-cut fac-simile of the portrait of John Bale, at page 327 of the BIBLIOMANIA, is the performance of an artist of the age of sixteen\*, he will scarcely

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\* It was, I believe, the sister, Mary Byfield, who executed this head; and in the second volume of the *Typographical Antiquities* will be seen a fac-simile of a large wood-cut portrait of Richard Pynson, King's printer, temp. Hen. VII., executed when the artist was only seventeen years of age. Ebenezer Byfield, who died many years ago, was the

venture to question the propriety of encouraging a family in which such merit was paramount. Since that period, the art of wood engraving has wonderfully increased and flourished amongst us; and latterly the *Penny* and *Saturday Magazines* have given birth to such specimens as, a few years back, the most sanguine could scarcely have ventured to anticipate\*.

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And now, with permission of the reader, we will somewhat digress and recreate ourselves; and yet it can scarcely be called a digression. In the chronological order of these "Reminiscences," we are brought to the period of the SALE OF THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY; and, with that, to the establishment of the ROXBURGHE CLUB. As there can be no doubt of the publication just dwelt upon† having been largely instrumental to the increase of the prices of this sale—by having fevered the blood and sharpened the weapons of the respective combatant-

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eldest brother. The only remaining brother, John Byfield, is an artist, whose gratitude is equal to his ability, and whose ability is strengthened by his care and integrity. I owe chiefly to him and to his sister all the wood embellishments in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, and *Tour*; and the greater part of those in the *Decameron*, and the whole of those in the present work, are from the same quarter.

\* A curious little history may be said to belong to the stupendous undertakings here alluded to; but not being quite sure of my ground, I do not venture upon its occupation; only that I learn that the wood cuts to the work first above named are to be borrowed or hired for the production of a similar work at Paris. What trunk, or rather covered cart, is large enough to contain them?

† This opinion is undisguisedly avowed in the *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 50.

purchasers—it may be as well to give an account (however “a thrice-told tale”) of that important event in the BIBLIOMANICAL WORLD—and thus diversify the dry detail of the “Publications” of the author. And yet, one word only in regard to a feature in the work just dismissed, which deserves somewhat to be dwelt upon. It is, that of an interior view of the *Library at Hafod*, at page 648, which was etched by the late Thomas Stothard, R.A. I am not acquainted with any other specimen of the *burin* of that incomparable artist. Yet it must be deemed a failure. It wants solidity and distinctness. It was etched for 5*l.* 5*s.*; and I believe the original receipt to be now in the possession of G. H. Freeling, Esq.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Behold me, gentle reader, at the close of the year 1811, with no mention made of two privately circulated brochures : the one called "*Specimen Bibliothecæ Britannicæ*," printed in 1808—the other, "*Specimen of an English De Bure*," printed in 1810. Of these performances, the latter is unquestionably in all respects the better. About fifty copies of each were printed; of which the united expenses were about 80*l.* They were distributed by me gratuitously, but have averaged nearly 2*l.* per copy at book-sales\*. Such was my zeal in THE CAUSE.

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\* I am free to confess that I had well nigh forgotten these slight productions, and it is only at the "eleventh hour," as it were, of this chapter that they are introduced. They have brought, however, as high prices as 3*l.* 3*s.* each—containing only some fourscore pages. Of the first, there were eight copies only struck off in a quarto form; and of these Mr. Pickering's last catalogue presents us with a very curious copy. See No. 1062. A copy of this sort brought 3*l.* 10*s.* at the sale of Mr. Brockett's library.

Concerning the latter, and by much the preferable work (although now rendered nearly useless by the *Library Companion*), I present the reader with a *not incurious* letter by the late John Fry, bookseller, of Bristol:—

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"My thanks are due unto you for the elegant and excellent '*Specimen of an English De Bure*,' which I perused with pleasure; it was a pleasure, however, mingled with much regret. Although I cannot avoid acknowledging that such a work may be very useful, and is doubtless much wanted, yet, Sir, does not it tend to make Bibliographic attainments too cheap? I myself am young in the science, and might therefore wish to ascend the rock by an easy path; but I must ever think that knowledge too easily procured is sure to be the less permanent in the recollection: at any rate, if such a work *must* appear, the nominal value of the books should never be mentioned. The ignorant and undiscerning bibliopolist who chances to see your work will most surely make the student smart ere he becomes possessed of a book which may be registered therein. To strengthen my position, I can assure you that *one* bookseller in particular, who has seen the specimen

Mr. COLERIDGE. See page 257. Mention is here made of what is considered to be the most brilliant gems of the late Mr. Coleridge's muse: the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*: and of these I am not sure whether the former be not the more generally received favourite. The first appearance (I ought to have said the *Editio Princeps*) of that wondrous production came forth in 1798, in a small volume, entitled "*Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems.*" The publishers were "*John and Arthur Arch, Gracechurch-street:*" and I am not sure whether this tiny yet substantial volume be not among the earliest of their publications. It is said in the short preface prefixed (it is presumed from the pen of Mr. Coleridge) "THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE was professedly written in imitation of the style, as well as of the spirit, of the elder poets; but, with a few exceptions, the author believes that the language adopted in it has been equally intelligible for these three last centuries." The "Argument" is thus:—"How a ship, having passed the line, was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; and how, from thence, she made her course to the tropical latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the

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&c., has in consequence added to the price of his quarto Froissart (Johnes's edit.) several pounds! whereby a friend of mine has been prevented from purchasing it, from the most enormous price asked.

"Quere.—I presume the department of POETRY forms a portion of your intended publication?"

"Is the second volume of your splendid '*opus magnum*' (*Typog. Antiq.*) yet committed to the press?—and when may we expect the new edition of the '*Bibliomania*'?"

"I was sorry to see the last number of the *Bibliographer* did not contain a continuation of your very useful *Cat. Raisonné* of 'honest Tom Hearne's editions.' (See p. 296, ante.)

"I will now conclude my rambling letter with requesting you to accept the assurances of my esteem,

"And remain your obliged servant,

"10, Gay-street, Bristol;

"JOHN FRY."

"Sept. 19, 1810."

strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own country." It occupies 46 pages of the volume.

The poem of CHRISTABEL was largely and fiercely, and I will add unjustifiably, criticised in the *Edinb. Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 58, by, it is said, a poet of no mean calibre, and with most vivaciously fanciful powers. But there was nothing in the poem to elicit that style of criticism, if *quizzing* be deemed a style. Coleridge complained in a reply to it, in his *Biographia Literaria*. The editor of the Review joined issue; adding, that HE was not the reviewer: and so the matter dropped. I know enough of the warm *Irish* heart of the reviewer to affirm, that, "were the thing to come over again," he would have reined in his prancing steed; divested himself of his spurs; and used a band of roses for a whip. Am I wrong in supposing that Coleridge had a hand in a periodical (octavo) publication called *the Watchman*? In this publication there were occasional pieces of poetry, of which he had the credit of being the author.

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Dr. JENNER. See page 109-202. When this brief account, and most inadequate tribute to the memory, of this illustrious character was written, it did not occur to me that I had drawn up a little memorial of him, on his death, in *The Museum* of February, 1823. I do not know that the recollection of that memorial would have done away the necessity of writing what is said in the pages above referred to; but I feel persuaded that the *addition* of what follows will not injure the effect of that which has preceded it, or be considered altogether as superfluous.

"DEATH OF DR. JENNER.—It is not fitting that such a man as JENNER should sink into the grave, without some general attestation of his merits and worth. Whatever be the feeling of the *public*, there is nothing which can, or shall, prevent the writer of this brief memorial from an un-

equivocal declaration of the virtues of the deceased. I hope his country will show a sense of his claims to immortality, by employing the chisel of Chantrey, or Westmacott, or Bailey; and that we may see the statue of JENNER in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of that of *Howard*, and other great benefactors to their country.

“ When all the prejudices, clamors, misconceptions, and absurdities, about the efficacy of VACCINATION shall cease, *then* will the pre-eminent and undisputed merits of Jenner be estimated as they ought to be. With a mind, the freest possible from quackery and every thing bordering on selfish views, he devoted the strength of that mind to an accumulation of FACTS, carefully ascertained, and carefully registered, from which he drew inferences, with all the confidence of an original and powerful intellect, that might operate to the benefit of mankind. He always lost sight of himself—of individual aggrandisement—in the prosecution of his celebrated studies on vaccination. He matured every thing—as far as his own experience enabled him—before he gave it to the public; and he thought exclusively of that public good. He did not, as too many clever men now living (with a little dash of selfishness and quackery in the composition of their character, nevertheless,) have done, think how *soon* and how *widely* his reputation might be spread abroad; but he thought, exclusively, how *safely* and how permanently that reputation might be secured.

“ Hence his very first publication on the Vaccine left hardly any thing to be added. The system was scarcely announced when it was perfected. His trials, his experience, his experiments,—all proved the mind and the hand of a master: and he told the author of this memorial that, on the night preceding his first trial of inoculating *one* human being with the vaccine virus from *another*, the least of the miseries he endured was the total privation of sleep. It was to make or to mar his whole system: but his triumph was complete. No one ever looked into nature, in all her

varieties and subtleties of form—in all her changes, gradations, or maturities—with a keener or more original eye. Naturally, Jenner loved seclusion, and a small circle of friends. He was singularly cheerful among those to whom he could freely unbosom himself; and was ‘a very boy’ (like Wyndham) at the age of sixty. He was fond of music—and when some one, in company with the writer of this article, urged him to be favoured with a sight of the magnificent diamond ring, which the Emperor of Russia’s late mother had given him—‘Come, come,’ replied Jenner, ‘let us take a stroll in the garden, and hear ‘the drowsy hum’ of the beetle.’ He did so, and played at the same time one of his favourite airs on the flute—which he blew with a singular felicity of *embouchure*. He was as philosophical an ornithologist as Buffon. His essay (yet in MS.) on the music of the birds is perfectly original; and his ‘*Dissertation on the Cuckoo*’ is one of the richest gems in the collection of the Philosophical Transactions.

“ While you were conversing with him, or staying in his house, you could not imagine that he was a MAN with whose fame ‘all Europe rang from side to side.’ He never talked of his success—of his reputation—of his numerous and great friends—of his correspondence or encomiastic letters; but would much rather converse on the fruits of the earth, or the properties of animals. He had the true test of greatness of character—inasmuch as he was SIMPLE and NATURAL.

“ He died, somewhat suddenly, on the 25th of January, and in the 74th year of his age; leaving a son and a daughter to inherit his name and fortune.”

I had omitted to notice Dr. Jenner’s passion for *poetising*; for so he would designate it. He wrote a number of little addresses, odes, and ballads; and if I mistake not there is ONE COPY in existence of these rare and original effusions, printed under the superintendence of our late common friend, the Rev. Thos. Pruen. I remember a very pretty

poetical address by him to his *cigar*; and his ballad of *Hannah Ball* may be seen in the pages of the Museum, vol. i. 255-6.

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REPRINT OF THE BIBLIOMANIA, p. 328. It did not occur to me, at this place, to annex the following warmly-penned epistle from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of this *Reprint*. It is rarely that an anonymous letter produces such satisfaction. The date is Dec. 3, 1832, and the post-mark is that of *Portsmouth*.

“REV. SIR,

“When I state that I have passed very many happy hours in the perusal and study of some of your interesting writings, I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you these few lines—which is, to ask one simple question only—why is not the literary world favoured with a *new edition of your BIBLIOMANIA*? From the frequent references in your writings to that work, I am so beset with the desire of obtaining or perusing it, that (to use an expression of your own) I am ‘unable to rest quietly in my bed.’ When in London, a few months since, I made enquiry from one end of the metropolis to the other, to endeavour to procure a copy at a moderate price; but every bookseller who had one (and they were but few) would not part with it under 5*l.* 5*s.* or 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, which was considerably beyond the strength of my purse. I believe it is now several years since this work of yours was first published, and I cannot but think that a new edition would prove highly acceptable to the literary world, and by no means a bad speculation. At page 179, vol. iii. of the last edition of your *Bibliographical Tour*, you say that you are ‘again haunted by a vision of publishing a third edition of your *Bibliomania*;’ and I am almost wicked enough to pray that this vision may continue to haunt you—and allow

you no rest by night or day until you have fulfilled its commands. I cannot for a moment suppose that you intend your writings for the wealthy only—and as the number of readers in all classes has increased of late years to so great an extent, you would most assuredly be conferring an essential service on hundreds of readers by a republication of the work referred to. If printed uniform with the last edition of your *Tour*, and sold at the same price, I am perfectly assured you would have no cause to complain.

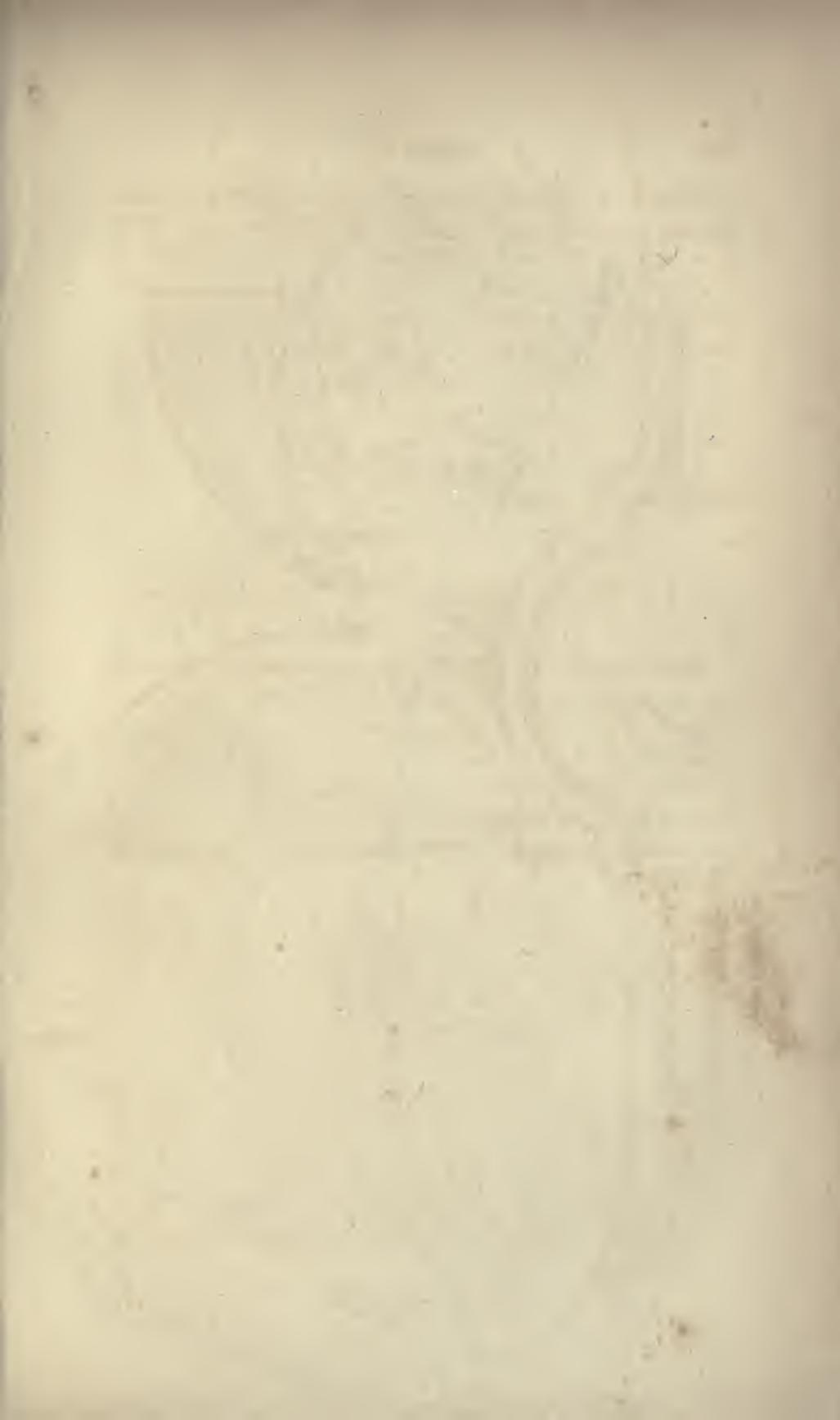
“Trusting shortly to see this work announced in the public literary journals,

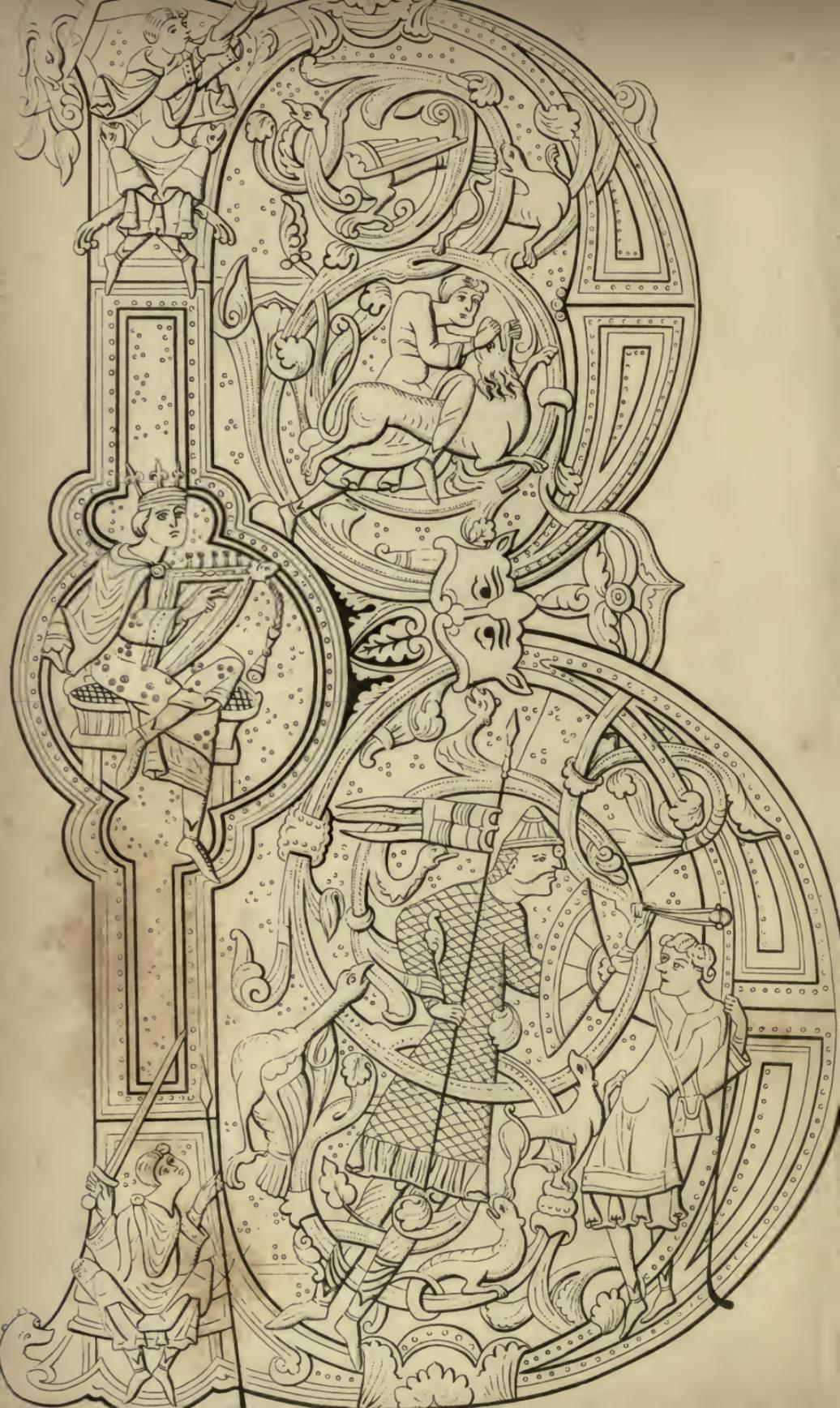
“I am, sir, with much respect,

“Your humble servant,

“A BIBLIOPHILE.”

Perhaps the only way to solve this momentous question, or untie this knotty point, will be to call a “counsel of elders” of the bibliopolistic fraternity; and to receive tenders in favour, or admonitions in disfavour, of the proposed measure. At all events, it is my *own* property; and trespassers shall be punished “as the law directs.” “Steel traps and spring guns” are not wanting in the preservation of the game.





## CHAPTER VII.

## ROXBURGHIANA.

. . . . "let it be said that JOHN, DUKE OF ROXBURGHE, hath deserved well of his country and of the *Book-Cause*."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, vol. iii. p. 69.

I MAKE no apology for availing myself of my own property in the way of *quotation*; simply because it may be asserted with strict truth that in no work does there appear so full and faithful an account of the *Sale*, and of the *Club*, about to be noticed, than in that to which a reference is above made. Yet I shall retread, as little as possible, the ground before trodden; reserving myself chiefly for such matters and anecdotes as are connected with those heroes who fought in the book-fight, or regaled themselves at the annual banquet. Of the guests at the *first* of these "banquets," more than ONE-THIRD (including very recently the illustrious President) have paid the DEBT OF NATURE.

And first comes the caterer of the first *book-dish*, or the manufacturer of the Catalogue of the Roxburghe Library, the late Mr. GEORGE NICOL: book-seller to His Majesty George III., and no trivial assistant in the formation of that Royal Library which

has been lately deposited within the walls of the British Museum\*. Mr. Nicol was a singular cha-

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\* The transportation of the library of George III. to the British Museum, by the eldest son of the father who had made the collection, struck the public with a mixed sensation of regret and admiration: regret, that a library so extensive and so precious—the result of the unwearied application of half a century in its formation—should leave its old and natural quarters, and become merged in a collection already filled to the brim; and admiration, that a gift of such stupendous magnitude should be made from a sovereign to his people! But the matter resolves itself into a very simple point. Was there, or was there not, *space* for the retention of that library within the alterations then projected at Buckingham Palace? Or was that space wanted for a *different* object? “*That*” seems to me to be “the question.” But, under no aspect, no view or consideration of the matter, should a volume of the PATERNAL LIBRARY have been *moved*. Had I been King of England, half of my EMPIRE should have been wrested from me ere I had parted with a BOOK of my sire. Nor is this exactly a question of *taste*. Somehow or the other, a moral feeling seems to be mixed with it, of which I shall not pretend either to determine the nature or to fix the amount.

The absurd reports of the day respecting the number of the volumes, were absolutely laughable. By some they were fixed at 150,000; by others at 90,000. The truth was, and is, the number is about 60,000. A most sumptuous catalogue of the library, in nine folio volumes, printed at the Shakspeare Press, accompanies the books. This was executed in imitation of the catalogue of the Royal Library of France. Surely, this plan might have been improved upon? A more inconvenient and uselessly extravagant one could not have been devised; but it was doubtless REGAL. And yet, if fame be true (how more frequently is it false?) there are SOME FEW PRECIOUS volumes remaining, which have not taken flight with their brethren—and these are the *Psalter* of 1457, the *Hebrew Bible* of 1488, the *Æsop* from Caxton's press, and the *Doctrinale Sacerdotum*, from the same press, upon vellum. As to the room itself where the royal library is now placed, it is at once splendid and appropriate; but I desiderate a statue of the ROYAL COLLECTOR in the centre—and the placing of two of those exquisite Scotch granite pillars at *right angles* with the sides, both for the purpose of breaking the continuity of a long straight line, and of giving the appearance at once of beauty and support on entering the room. As these pillars are at present placed, they escape the eye till you

racter, and his singularity is at once a theme of commendation and regret. In his long and close alliance with that Monarch, who, whatever were his failings, has the glorious distinction of having collected the finest and largest library of any monarch in Europe, he (Mr. Nicol) might, in the exercise of his vocation as a bookseller, have amassed what is called a FORTUNE. Had the "*dulcis odor lucri*" been as grateful to *his* nostrils as it was to sundry other biblioplists, he might have done anything

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come close to them, and are so near the wall, that they seem unnecessary as props to the ceiling. Why were not the capitals *gilt*? What! destroy the identity of the pillar, which is composed of one unbroken block of granite? Even so. EFFECT is what you want in these matters. It is not asked to knock off the capital. The unquity of the column is untouched: and he who has seen the effect of *gold ornament* in the libraries at M $\ddot{o}$ lck and Vienna, need not shrink from its introduction here. The gallery round this three hundred-foot-in-length room is delightful. I cannot choose but smile at the manner in which the gift of this library was noticed in the *Museum*, a weekly paper, of 1823, as thus—calling on the reader to admit the verification of the plan about the National Gallery. Of this notice I may as well confess myself the author. A part runs thus:—"But what is to be done with the gift? The sale of duplicates implies the sale of some portion of collections already bequeathed or purchased. Will a *Cracherode copy* be allowed to quit its hallowed precincts? Should a *Burney copy* be permitted to leave its receptacle—a copy, of which the margins may be probably charged with precious MS. notes? And, more imperative than either, can a *Royal copy* be allowed to go astray, and thus break the charm of such a truly regal donation? What, therefore, we would propose, with all due respect, is, that the Curators of the Museum should be permitted to select *every work* from the Royal Collection of which there is *no* copy in the Museum; and that the residue should be sold by auction, in order to furnish a fund for a NATIONAL GALLERY OF PICTURES, in the centre of which a statue of his present Majesty should be placed; and let the Mews be the site of this Gallery."

and everything in the way of business, so as to have realised a large capital. But his personal attachments led him to serve "two masters," and to overlook his own individual interests. Although *his* may be said to have been a divided allegiance between the King and the Duke of Roxburghe, yet, not only did he neglect *neither*, but won and secured the attachment of *both*. He always seemed to me to love his dusty retreat\* better than his boudoir-shop; and I am not sure whether the securing of a *Caxton* for his royal master, or a MS. volume of *Old Ballad Poetry*, or *Table Ronde* adventure, for his ducal master, were not more congenial to his feelings, than even a lusty order for some of the magnificent works of which he was the publisher †.

With the latter, Mr. Nicol may be well said to have maintained the most familiar intercourse. The Duke and his Bookseller "drolled it" very plea-

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\* Mr. Nicol had a sort of veneration for the DUST which had settled round about him, and upon his books, in this quiet back-retreat. He told me, he once caught the maid servant bringing in the whole apparatus for a *résolue* dusting bout: but enjoined her, on the penance of "*peine fort et dure*," not only to retreat, but never to think of entering the room again in her dusting accoutrements.

† Among these works were the *Shakspeare* and *Milton*, in folio, printed at the Shakspeare press by the late Mr. Bulmer. The latter is probably the most beautifully executed volume of the British press. *Flinders's Terra Australis* was also one of Mr. Nicol's publications; and he had more than a common share in the Voyages of Cook and Hawkesworth. Had he taken all the advantages which his prominent position might have enabled him to take, he had left a huge harvest of golden guineas to his family. He was, in this instance, a very marked exception to his northern fellow-countrymen.

santly together in their purchases of rare and precious volumes: the former evincing throughout a thorough-bred bibliomaniacal feeling—a right proper tact—the evidence of one who was ever “keen upon the scent,” and wretched when off it. Thus, on one occasion, the Duke writes as follows—in reference to a scarce old Romance, entitled *Le Chevalier Deliberé*.

“This seems to be an allegorical Romance. I cannot find it in the Valliere Catalogue; but you will see it mentioned in Debure, No. 2993; also in Gaignat’s Catalogue, No. 1787, which was sold for 270 livres; and No. 1788, which sold for 50 livres. *This* copy, however, does not seem to be either of those mentioned by Debure or in Gaignat. Nevertheless, I should like to have it at a fair price, provided it can be *soon decided* whether I am to have it or not. If I can call on you to-morrow at any early hour—I do not mean before you have eaten your breakfast, but before you sit down to dinner—I will settle all business relating to Crevenna’s sale. Looking over my memoranda, I read the following: *April 4, 1789, Hist. of Pr. Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Lond. 4to. bl. lett., left with Mr. Geo. Nicol to be bound. I have found an account of Buffon’s Birds, which I will bring with me, therefore you need not hunt among your papers to find it.*”

In the following note allusion is made to the thundering price at which a copy of the first folio Shakspeare had been obtained by Mr. Nicol for his Noble Employer\*. “After the pleasant trick you

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\* Of this celebrated purchase there are two versions extant; both in substance *true*, and both worthy of being again recorded; for I know

served me with regard to *Swinburne's Travels into the Two Sicilies*, I think that you cannot decently

of no achievement encircled by a brighter halo of Book GLORY. The first, which I received from the mouth of Mr. Nicol himself, is thus described in the *Bibliomania*, p. 701, note. "A singular story is extant about the purchase of the late Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the first edition of Shakspeare. A friend was bidding for Him in the sale room: his Grace had retired to one end of the room, coolly to view the issue of the contest. The biddings rose quickly to twenty guineas—a great sum in former times; but the Duke was not to be daunted or defeated. A slip of paper was handed to him, upon which the propriety of continuing the contest was suggested. His Grace took out his pencil, and with a coolness which would have done credit to Prince Eugene, he wrote, on the same slip of paper, by way of reply,

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

Such a spirit was irresistible, and bore down all opposition. The Duke was of course declared victor, and marched off triumphantly with the volume under his arm."

Mr. Martin, in his *Catalogue of Books privately printed*, 1834, 8vo., p. 460, thus describes the event in question. "The two following notes to Mr. George Nicol, printed from the original, in the possession of Mr. William Nicol (son of Mr. George Nicol), evince the ardour and anxiety of the Duke of Roxburghe as an indefatigable book-collector.

"Having slept upon Shakspeare, I feel more determined to have the two editions to be sold this day. If I am not present, I desire you will be excessively bold. And if I should be present, your courage need not fail you till you see me turn my back and walk out of the room."

Again: "Pray, rise early to-morrow. Reed's sale will be over a little after two o'clock. I have seen the Shakespears.

. . . . . 'lay on, Macduff!  
And damned be he that first cries hold, enough!

I wish you could write to Paterson for the catalogues. I am really in want of them. Yours, R."

I cannot charge my memory with the sum given by the Duke for this copy when obtained, but probably not exceeding 35*l*. At the sale of his own library it produced 100*l*., in opposition to a commission in my own pocket to go as far as 80 guineas, for Sir M. Sykes. Yet it was by no means a "first class copy." See the *Decameron*, vol. iii.

avoid doing one of three things : viz., either in person to attend the sale of books in the enclosed catalogue, on Saturday next, and purchase for me (not at a *Shakspearian price!*) lot 102; or to depute some trusty person to do it; or to return the catalogue to me, saying, ‘you are going out of town to keep holyday:—’ in which case, ‘rest you mercy.’ No. 119, Hawkesworth: if the plates are bound by themselves, I would not willingly miss it.” Once again, and for the last time.

“It is really wonderful how little some persons know of their own business. You told me that you meant to attend the first day’s sale of books in the enclosed catalogue. I take the liberty to inform you that it is the *second* day’s sale you are to be at. I have added some notes to the catalogue well worth your reading. I wish you would let me know if you purchased *Amadis de Grece*, No. 4280, on my account, at Pinelli’s sale. If you did, I need not purchase a copy which Edwards has sent to me. I wish, before you

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p. 61; and *Library Companion*, edit. 1825, p. 819. It was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire; and it measures  $13\frac{1}{8}$  inches in height, by  $8\frac{1}{8}$  inches in width. Of ALL copies of this most estimable volume (which is supposed to have been *published* “at the cost of” ONE POUND only), that in the library of the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville is unquestionably the finest. What the shepherd says of Rome in Virgil’s first Bucolic may be applied to this *Exemplar Grenvillianum*:

“Verùm hæc tantùm alias inter caput extulit urbes,  
Quantùm lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.”

But it was not obtained under the “thundering price” (vide supra) of ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ONE POUNDS sixteen shillings. Suppose the copy to attain the height of thirteen inches and *half*, and the width of eight inches and *half*, what THEN would be its cost? Let the Member for Newcastle, whose name begins with an M, answer this exceedingly difficult and important question.

go out, that you would answer this part of my letter, and I will send for your answer when I am at St. James's; or, if you are at home (which, if it is a fine day, you had better not be), I will call as I come from court."

It was to Mr. Nicol that his Majesty was in a great measure indebted for the acquisition of the PSALTER of 1457—the “*cheval de bataille*,” as it were, of the royal collection—and which I rejoice to understand has not yet quitted head-quarters\*. At the sale of West’s library in 1776, our biblioplist “laid it on heavily” in the purchase of *Caxtons* for his royal master†, and as late as the year 1812 (thirty-six years afterwards) this concentration of

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\* Upon this identical volume, in the earlier period of my bibliographical career, I wrote an essay, which was embellished with a woodcut, in a monthly magazine called the *Athenæum*, vol. ii. p. 369—400. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took me to task for this essay, and for the account of its binding. This was very natural; for he had scarcely “stirred one foot” himself in the composition of a catalogue of the collection under his care. The pith of this account, or essay, was re-published, together with a fac-simile of the text of the Psalter, in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 107, &c.

† The fact is thus recorded in the *Bibliomania*, p. 508. “Mr. George Nicol, his majesty’s bookseller, told me, with his usual pleasantry and point, that he got abused in the public papers by Almon and others, for having purchased nearly the whole of the *Caxtonian volumes* in this [West’s] collection, for his majesty’s library. It was said abroad that a Scotchman had lavished away the king’s money in buying old black-letter books.”

affection possessed him as ardently as ever; for he thus wrote to me, just before the publication of the second volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*: “I hope you do not forget a *large paper* copy of your magnificent work for my BELOVED MASTER’S LIBRARY, which I will with pleasure pay for when required \*” Such, too, was his love of scarce and fine books, and of the fascinating mysteries attached to the *History of Early Printing*, that he maintained a strict alliance and correspondence with Mr. Alexander Horn, the

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\* The whole of this letter may as well find its place at the foot of the above extract, for it affords “proof positive” of the writer’s thoroughbred bibliomaniacal taste and propensities.

“ *Pall Mall*; Nov. 11, 1812.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I can, without consulting the Royal Library, inform you that his Majesty’s copies of Ratdolt’s *Euclid*, 1482, is UPON VELLUM, and that the vellum is very beautiful. It came from the library of consul Smith at Venice, which his Majesty purchased entire. I have at present a beautiful copy of it upon paper, so large that some of the leaves are uncut. It has been always a favourite book of mine, though not so with the French connoisseurs. It is the most beautiful specimen of the semigothic typography which I know. The beautiful capital letters are a great ornament to the body; and the diagrams, executed on the margin of the book, are as useful as they are neat. I know of none earlier—do you?

“ Considering what a *good customer* you was at the ROXBURGHE SALE, I am quite ashamed you have not had a catalogue with the prices. This neglect has arisen entirely from the multiplicity of things that go through my miserable head; but I now can tell you it is in the hands of the bookbinder, and will of course be soon sent to you.”

(Then follows the passage in the text).

“ Believe me, my dear sir, with great regard, yours most sincerely,

*George Smith*

celebrated book-explorer upon the Continent, until the period of his death\*. Personally, I have no obligations to express to that bibliographer, who was undoubtedly a man of no common calibre in his way. Learned he was, most indisputably, in the cognizance of ancient types, and especially of those from the early German presses. He knew at first glance a *Ther-Hoernen* from an *Ulric Zel*—a *Bechtermuntze* from a *Gutenberg*—and an *Eggsteyn* from a *Ketelaer and De Lempt*; but he had no enthusiasm or rapture on a contemplation of the book itself. He had done wonders in his way; for to *him* the late Mr. Edwards was indebted for many a rare book-gem, and among others, for the first Virgil of 1469, now in the Spencer library. Mr. Horn

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\* It was through Mr. Horn's instrumentality that Mr. Nicol was enabled to place in Lord Spencer's library two of the very rarest, and among the most desirable, book-treasures which that nobleman had been so long anxious to possess. The one was the edition of the *Turrecremata* of 1467, so fully described with fac-similes in the *Ædes Althorpianae*, vol. ii. p. 272-6: the other, the early pieces of Cicero printed by Ulric Han, and collected into one (contemporaneously bound) volume, by the printer himself, and his own property—as the subscription at the end (of which a fac-simile appears in the *Bibliographical Decameron* vol. i. p. 388) abundantly testifies. Lord Spencer gave two hundred guineas for the first, (but "WHAT a copy!") and one hundred guineas for the second volume, although he had previously possessed every piece in the latter. But then, again, "WHAT a copy!" It is thus that a wise and a liberal collector should build a LIBRARY. Through the same channel, and along with the old books of Mr. Nicol, sold by auction in 1825, there appeared a copy of the Mazarine Bible of 1455, printed UPON VELLUM, of transcendent beauty and dimensions, which was purchased by Messrs. Arch, for Henry Perkins, Esq., for 504*l*. The Hon. Mr. Grenville is also in possession of the Psalter of 1457 (from the same quarter) made perfect by the incomparable skill of Mr. Harris.

always appeared to me to consider a scarce book as a mere piece of goods or article for sale—the sooner got rid of the better. He never parted from it, reluctantly. He never struggled a moment for its retention. No tear moistened his eye, no sigh convulsed his bosom, as he took leave of it for ever! He was copious but dry in his details, and would have described a Giulio Clovio and an Ulric Han with the same methodised *sang-froid*. He lived so long abroad, that his conversation and writing were latterly affected by a foreign idiom; and, what is curious, although he knew himself to be among the *facile principes* of living Bibliographers, he yet preferred discoursing upon politics to belles lettres, and was always sputtering short and tart tirades against Prince Metternich.

But what becomes of the ROXBURGHIANA all this while? Mr. Nicol is a fitter introduction than Mr. Horn, and the latter is thus finally dismissed. Sitting down at this comparatively remote period, not only from the ROXBURGHE SALE itself, but from the description of it in the third volume of the Decameron, I can scarcely refrain from the expression that “the whole looks like a dream,”—“seeing that is past as a watch in the night.” Were the same library to be now resold, undoubtedly the same *results* would not follow. For thus it was. The public appetite had not only been whetted for seven or eight preceding years, by the knowledge of Mr. Nicol’s well-digested catalogue of the library, and a

preface describing many of its more precious treasures, but the war was raging furiously upon the Continent, and there was no chance of getting such treasures from *abroad*. The stream of the *Bibliomania* had been also strongly setting in for the eighteen months preceding\*. It was well, therefore, for the interests of the property, and of all the parties concerned, that the lawsuit respecting the destination of the library, (and which had well nigh reached the period of the length of "Troy's siege") terminated at the moment that it *did*. Another circumstance is worth especial notice. The Duke of Devonshire, the most resolute, constant, and princely purchaser at the sale, had just then come of age, and in possession of a magnificent income. His book-propensities had been scarcely developed to the public knowledge, but his more intimate acquaintances were well aware of his zealous attachment to the pages of Debure, Renouard, and Herbert. How frequently he would turn his back upon the gaities of the "flaunting town," and consume the midnight oil in

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\* I must repeat that my own humble work, so designated, had materially contributed to the book-effervescence. If I am asked to what extent, the answer must be necessarily vague; but I am uttering what I conceive to be only a sober truth in asserting that I believe the sale to have been benefited to the amount of 5000*l.* by the publication here alluded to. A year or so before, the late Mr. Payne had purchased a very pretty collection, chiefly topographical, of a gentleman whose name I have forgotten. At the Roxburghe sale my person was pointed out to that gentleman. "Hang him, (he observed) why did he not publish his book in the year 1810? My books would have brought double the prices." This was amusing—but not to *him*.

making himself acquainted with such *libri desiderati* as might at once add to the splendour and value of the library left him by his ancestors! Upon so great a scale were his purchases at this sale, that it was at first surmised that Mr. Nornanville, (the bookseller who bid for him) was the deputed agent of *Bonaparte*; and that the clusters of Caxtons which were knocked down in the name of the former, were, in fact, to be shipped off for the imperial library at Paris. Nothing could exceed the dexterity and success of the concealment of the Duke's name on the occasion\*.

But it was also well known that other book-champions were sharpening their weapons for the expected contest. Lord Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough (then Marquis of Blandford) were the avowed rivals for the Boccaccio of 1471†. Sir Mark Masterman Sykes was sure to be a large purchaser

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\* The result of these purchases—or the mode of revealing the fact of their belonging to the Duke—is told in the *Bibl. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 68.

† Of all EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS, what could exceed that of the Boccaccio of 1471 coming eventually into the possession of the *former* nobleman, at a price less than one HALF of that for which he had originally contended with the latter, who had become its first purchaser at the above sale? Such, however, is the FACT. At the sale of the Marquis of Blandford's library in 1819, this volume was purchased by the house of Longman and Co. for 918*l.*, it having cost the Marquis 2260*l.* Lord Spencer was present at the sale, and bade frequently. Mr. Watson Taylor had a strong inclination to put in a bidding; but as he told me, "from respect to Lord Spencer, he desisted." On its being knocked down to "the House in the Row," amazement seized the bystanders. A new GIANT was supposed to be starting up in the country, for the book was professedly bought "for a gentleman in the country." It is only necessary to add that, in a few days, the precious volume became Lord Spencer's property for the very sum at which it was knocked down; and on the day of its acquisition, he carried it with

of the old English poetry and ancient classics ; and who could stand in the way of Mr. Heber in these and other departments\*? Nothing more strongly proves the unexpected turn which the biddings took, than that the exertions of the latter bidder were absolutely paralised at the first effort. His fire not only slackened, but was silenced—at the sale of the early English Romances. The noise of such a coming-on sale would necessarily spread far and wide; and thus other unknown combatants would, in all probability, be desirous of some share in the booty, and thus add to the fierce collision of the whole. A race of giants seemed to spring from the earth on the occasion.

As to the sale itself, I have no desire—because it would be wholly a work of supererogation—to enter upon further particulars. The reader will find it so elaborately and faithfully (and I hope spiritedly)

him triumphantly to a large dinner party at Mr. George Hibbert's, where the volume and its owner were received with acclamation. His Lordship afterwards clothed the book in a magnificent manner, by the skill of Charles Lewis—having the arms of the Duke of Roxburghe within, and his own without, the dark green morocco in which it is coated. For a particular account of the edition, see the *Supplement to the Bibl. Spencer.* p. 53, &c., published with the *Ædes Althorpianae*.

\* Sir Mark Sykes might have purchased to the amount of a thousand guineas. For one book, the first edition of the *Epistles of Cicero to Atticus*, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, in 1470, I gave for him 178*l.* 10*s.*! One day, on returning home in a hackney-coach, with some purchases to the amount of about 200*l.* for the same amiable baronet, I was apprehensive of having lost the *Pastyme of Pleasure*, printed by W. de Worde in 1517, in a small quarto volume, for which I had given 18*l.*! On that same day I held between my extended middle finger and thumb, about 400*l.* worth of SLIM QUARTOS!

detailed in a previous work, that I have only to refer to its pages—for a lounge, I should hope, to his heart's content. One thing is most remarkable. When Mr. Nicol invited me, the year preceding, to have a long morning's gossip with him in the library of the Duke\*, to examine some of the "Book Rarities" in the collection, and when he shewed me the inkstand which the Duke used—the table on which he read, wrote, and dined—and the bed in which he breathed his last—every thing seemed to me to be so simple, retired, and unobtruding, that I could not help feeling something like astonishment at the limited circle in which a Knight, at once of the *Garter* and of the *Thistle*, chose to move; and that all his "migrations," like those of the Vicar of Wakefield, seemed to be only "from the blue room to the brown." I could not help afterwards com-

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\* Mr. Nicol's note, in my possession, is dated July 6, 1810. It is in acknowledgment of a copy of the *Bibliomania*, of which I had begged his acceptance. He says in it, that he "professes himself a Bibliomaniac—promising himself much pleasure in the perusal of it, which his endless avocations have not yet permitted him to enjoy." This first visit to the ROXBURGH SHRINE was followed up by several more: and it may be said to have supplied the materials, or rather furnished the hints, of what appeared in the *Decameron*. But it was also carried to something like a substantial account, in the very minute and extended description of the Boccaccio which appeared in the brochure of the *BOOK RARITIES* (of which only thirty-six copies were printed), and which was reprinted in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 75—79. The late Earl Spencer was at one of these visits, and he paid a most marked attention to this Boccaccio—taking elaborate notes. That seemed to him, naturally enough, to be the great absorbing object of the Collection. Little could he anticipate the being *one day*, in the manner in which he *has* been, its POSSESSOR.

paring and contrasting the tranquillity then reigning around me, with the bustle and din which afterwards prevailed in the same apartment—and how perfectly opposite to each other had been the mode of *collecting* and of *dispersing* such a library. Not an individual but Mr. Nicol, and perhaps the King, seemed to have known the former—not a town in Europe but what, more or less, has had a knowledge of the latter.

Every man pretending to some information about books, was set a-hunting for the *Valdarfer Boccaccio*\*. From the half-ruined mansion on the summits of the *Vosges* to the castellated heights along the Rhine, a search for this indescribably rich treasure was immediately instituted. It might be even supposed to be the tenant of a Swiss cottage—and *Berne*, *Basle*, and *Zurich*, were examined with the sedulous pertinacity of an excise-officer. Italy was ransacked for this same jewel. All the towns where the art of printing had been exercised in its earlier stages, were explored. A stray copy might be still lurking in the *Soubiaco* monastery. *Perugia*, *Brescia*, and *Bologna*—places of comparatively rare visitation—were minutely examined, in vain. The copies in the Magliabechi and Vatican libraries †, were

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\* Some curious anecdotes connected with this subject are related in the *Bibl. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 75, note.

† I speak hesitatingly of *these* copies; but that in the Royal Library at Paris, wanting one leaf, has been described in my *Tour*; and of that in the Blenheim Collection, wanting five leaves, a good description is furnished by the Reverend Vaughan Thomas, as it appears in Mr.

public property, and could not be removed. The Book Knight sighed as he gazed upon them—and with a heavy heart turned his horse's head in a different direction. The *Valdarfer Boccaccio*, in a perfect state, is doubtless a most rare book; but the edition of 1472, in the same state, by *Adam de Michaelibus*, is, I think, a rarer one\*. From my own individual, as well as from national, feelings, I should have preferred the acquisition of the old Ballad Poetry, in three folio volumes †, in the Roxburghe Collection, to all the Boccaccios in the world! It cannot be denied that the Duke of Roxburghe well merited the possession of such a library. His exertions, although silent, were incessant. He knew how to estimate all the treasures over which his eye was in the constant habit of roving. His passion evinced all the warmth of a lover, and all the fidelity

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Martin's beautifully executed *Catalogue of Books privately printed*, 1834, 8vo. p. 405. Mons. Van Pract wrote me word "there were several copies besides that in the Royal Library at Paris." But WHERE?

\* There is no *perfect copy* of it in England, unless it be that in the Blenheim Collection. Will my friend Mr. Thomas exercise his skill by a comparison of *that* copy with my account of the *perfect* one at Paris? But what a MARVELLOUS COPY of this marvellously rare edition is that in the public library at Nuremberg! An anecdote of some little interest, touching this latter copy, may be seen in the *Tour*, vol. iii. p. 431, second edition.

† The volumes to which I allude are designated in No. 3210 of the catalogue, as being "*A curious Collection of some Thousand Ancient Ballads, bound in three large volumes.*" They produced the sum of 477l. 15s. at the sale. Of their present destination I am ignorant. Add to these, the two yet more extraordinary volumes, of like character, which were sold at the sale of Mr. Heber's library in 1834, and of which the contents of one volume are so delectably set forth in the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 200—and you have an entertainment of its kind through a score of wintry months.

of a husband. But, had he risen from his grave on the conclusion of the sale, and peeped over Mr. Evans's shoulder to examine the amount of its produce, he would scarcely have believed the evidence of his senses.

Many things, in addition to those before noticed, have operated to render it extremely improbable that there should ever again be that state of public feeling which should lead to such a result as that which marked the Sale of the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY. The English public were, within four years afterwards, glutted with book-sales\*. Collectors no sooner started up, than they seated themselves down—satiated in the chace. But the example of the Duke of Devonshire is one of the most singular and splendid upon record. His Grace was the largest purchaser at the Roxburghe sale, in regard to the *amount* of purchases. These volumes were hardly arranged upon his shelves, when the Bishop of Ely (DR. DAMPIER) died, and he became the PURCHASER OF THE LIBRARY OF THE DECEASED; a library, which had long been distinguished, from the skill, learning, and enthusiastic bibliomaniacism, of its collector. This purchase was made for a sum little short of £10,000. Lord Spencer was a competitor with his nephew, the Duke, for this prize. So closely was the race run, that the breath of one antagonist might be said to be felt upon the shoulders of the

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\* I allude to the Stanley, Alchorne, Willet, Towneley, Edwards, Duke of Grafton, and Macarthy sales; to say nothing of many others—and those of Talleyrand, Dent, Hibbert, North, and Sykes.

other. Twenty-four hours' hesitation on the part of the duke would have carried the BIBLIOTHECA DAMPIERIANA to Spencer House\*.

\* I speak on good authority. Lord Spencer's note to me, of the date of the 19th June, 1812, runs thus: "I am much obliged to you for your letter, and the kind anxiety you express on the subject of the Bishop of Ely's library, under the suggestion of its coming into my hands. I should have had little hesitation in agreeing to the terms which you hint at, but the duke wrote to me yesterday evening to say that he had determined to accept the offer." At this period I cannot take upon me to specify the *particular* articles of which his lordship stood in need; but I can safely vouch that there was not a *dozen* which he and Count Reviczky used to designate as "*de première nécessité*."

Of its COLLECTOR, another word may be here allowed me—plentiful as has been the notice of him in the *Biographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 345-353. As my acquaintance ripened into intimacy, the Bishop would show me his earlier memoranda books, when the PASSION was beginning to take fast hold of him, and he begged my acceptance of one (still in my possession), in which I find the following valuation of his Library, in his own hand, of the date of June, 1781—amounting, in the whole, to 1455*l.* 7*s.*—no mean collection for an *Etonian Master*, as the Bishop was at that time.

	£	s	d.		£	s	d.
Theologia . . . . .	173	0	0	Biographia . . . . .	28	4	0
Poet. Gr. . . . .	136	1	0	Libri. Misc. Lat. . . . .	14	8	0
Poet. Lat. . . . .	96	4	0	Miscell. English . . . . .	18	18	6
Poet. Lat. Mod. . . . .	34	9	6	Geograph. . . . .	23	19	6
Poet. Mod. . . . .	60	9	0	Epistolæ . . . . .	2	14	6
De Re Poet. Mythol. . . . .	14	18	0	Critici . . . . .	40	9	6
Hist. Univ. Chronol. . . . .	8	0	6	Bibliograph. . . . .	20	8	0
Hist. Lib. Misc. Gr. . . . .	72	1	0	Botany . . . . .	29	10	6
Hist. Lat. . . . .	62	3	0	Livres Franç. . . . .	32	6	0
Hist. Britann. . . . .	164	19	6	Libri Ital. . . . .	2	16	0
Hist. Mod. . . . .	30	5	0	Emblemata . . . . .	5	2	0
Orator. Gr. & Lat. . . . .	46	10	6	Physic, Law, &c. . . . .	15	4	6
Philosoph. Gr. Lat. &c. . . . .	71	8	0	De Re Typog., &c. . . . .	23	13	0
Voyages, Travels . . . . .	51	9	0	Lexicons, &c. . . . .	69	1	0
Antiquitates . . . . .	106	14	0				

This memorandum book is a curiosity of its kind, bearing evident marks of what its owner was pleased to say (see p. 206, ante) of my first edition of the Introduction to the Classics. It shews a keen curiosity, and a

Then came the sale of Colonel Stanley's books, in which, for *one* article alone—the *De Bry Voyages*—the Duke of Devonshire gave five hundred guineas. Who could resist the force of such a competitor?

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patient spirit of enquiry in its first possessor. There are lists of various books in various collections; and among them, one of the "*Editiones Primariæ*," in the library of the EARL OF PEMBROKE, in which family the Bishop had been once a tutor. This catalogue will be given in a subsequent page. There is also a very minutely written list of such books as are considered rare in the obsolete work of Vogt; but the Bishop wisely stopped when he reached the article "*Bartamantinus!*" I find, too, an account of the spurious (Corsellis) first Pliny Junior; of which Dr. Askew's copy was offered to the Bishop for 2*l.* 2*s.*; but he says "the forgery was so very manifest, that he would not purchase it." Osborne had marked this book at 15*l.* 15*s.* I also find lists of the Bishop's books, valued, on large paper, in which one now smiles to find the folio Hesiod of Robinson marked by him at 15*l.* 15*s.*—about one-sixth of its *present value!*

A concluding word touching these DAMPIERIANA. On the first visit, after my first residence at Exning Vicarage, which I paid to the Cathedral at Ely, I met a short gentleman, habited as a clergyman, and well advanced in years, approaching the western entrance. We saluted each other; when, taking a key out of his pocket, he offered to conduct me through the cathedral. I thanked him; and the first place which we stopped at was the LIBRARY. "Perhaps (says he) you are fond of books?" I replied, "*Rather so.*" "Let us enter," said he. On casting a quick eye over the shelves, I observed, "Here are not exactly the kind of books which the learned in these matters—the *helluones Librorum*—seek after. Ah, sir! you once had a Bishop who knew these matters as well, if not better, than any man in England; and his name was DAMPIER." My guide stood still: the tears gathered into his eyes; and, squeezing my hand, he exclaimed, "Sir, HIS BROTHER is before you." And, indeed, the resemblance was sufficiently manifest. Our colloquy then became brisk and confidential; and I told him, as indeed he knew, what was said of that brother in the *Bibliographical Decameron*. He invited me to meet an élite clerical party (with the Bishop at its head) of sixteen, at dinner; and on a subsequent visit, he had precisely the *same* party in kind and in number: but I could accept neither invitation. Mr. Dampier was a Prebendary of Ely, and died about seven years ago.

Who could not fail to admire such courage and well-applied zeal? And this, too, at a period of life, in the purchaser, when the passions are in full sway to be worked upon by every artifice to which high rank and great wealth in this country are always exposed\*. Not many years afterwards the library of his uncle, the illustrious CAVENDISH, was bequeathed to him; and *Chatsworth* at this day is the only rival of *Althorp*†. There is great delight in recording these things. These are among the evidences of TRUE NOBILITY. I have selected perhaps an ex-

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\* It should, however, be remembered, that, as by these repeated purchases the Duke would necessarily possess himself of Duplicates of great value, so it would behove him to part with the same; in order that the cistern might be regularly supplied by the water running in at the top as it ran out at the bottom. Accordingly, in the year 1815, his Grace had a sale of duplicates, many of them being in the finest condition, and fetching large prices: prices which, I fear, during the present generation of human beings, will never again be brought. The reader will see a plentiful sprinkling of these prices in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 127-131.

† The *whole* of the SPENCER LIBRARY is now at Althorp, measuring, I should think, "from stem to stern," about 250 feet. A Shetland pony might be conveniently kept, in ready caparison, to carry the more delicate visitor from one extremity to the other. It is a little journey of its kind. The *whole* of the DEVONSHIRE LIBRARY (with the exception of the *Drama*) is now concentrated at Chatsworth; and it is not a little singular that two *first cousins* should take the lead of the nobility of the land as possessors of fine libraries. The reserved dramatic portion of the Duke, in London, comprises the entire library of the late John Philip Kemble, Esq., the celebrated tragedian. It has also *one* volume of a most extraordinary character and rarity (the *Hamlet* of 1603), about which the reader may disport himself at his convenience, in the second edition of the *Library Companion*, p. 813. It may be doubted whether the dramatic portion of the MALONE COLLECTION, at Oxford, equals that of His Grace, who has lately materially enriched it by some purchases made at the *Caldecot Sale*.

treme case in the illustration of my position; but this very selection proves the general truth, by proving that there were *Rivals* and *Competitors* in the field. Add to this, the never-ceasing influx of rare and precious volumes from abroad; the emulation among booksellers to put forth elaborate and well garnished catalogues; to say nothing of *subsequent book sales*—and we can easily account for the present state of torpor and satiety in the BOOK-TRADE. Not fewer than *eighty thousand volumes* have been recently circulated by the seven different sales of the late Mr. Heber's library:—and *more* are to follow\*. In dismissing the notice of the Roxburghe Sale, it may be only necessary further to remark, that its total produce amounted to 23,000l.†.

\* The *Hodnet Library* and the *Manuscripts* (among the latter, some of a very choice and tempting description) are to be sold in the ensuing year. Of the *seven parts* already sold, consuming 144 days, the number of articles in each, with the amounts of the respective sales, stands thus:

	<i>No. of Articles.</i>	<i>Gross Amount.</i>
Part I. . . . .	7486	£5615
II. . . . .	6590	5958
III. . . . .	5055	2116
IV. . . . .	3067	7248
V. . . . .	5693	2623
VI. . . . .	4666	6771
VII. . . . .	6797	4035
	39,354	£34,366

Of all these "parts" separately considered, the fourth is doubtless the most attractive—both from the character of the books (chiefly poetry) and the copiousness of their description.

† There were copies of the Catalogue of the Roxburghe Library upon *large paper*. Of these I possessed one, PRICED, with the purchasers' names, by a young friend, in a manner so entirely beautiful and

It had not cost its owner one *fourth* of that sum. The cause or causes of such a surprising result have been sufficiently stated.

I am now to touch upon the second branch or division of these *Roxburghiana*, namely, the ROXBURGHE CLUB. Bear with me, ye uninitiated! And be present, “spirits of the departed!”—for the theme is neither ignoble nor uninteresting. The origin of this Club, or rather Symposium, has been already before the public\*, and may be repeated in few words. On the evening before the sale of the Boccaccio of 1471, which took place on the 17th of June, 1812, a few enthusiastic and resolute Biblio-

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matchless, as to have brought, at the sale of my own books, in 1822, the sum of 9*l.* 10*s.* If it be asked how I could have *parted* with such a treasure, I fear it must be answered, that, in “the pride and the naughtiness of my heart,” I consented so to do, in order that my collection might not be deprived of one of its most attractive ornaments. It was purchased at the sale by the late Mr. North of Acton; at the sale of whose library in 1819, it became the property of Lord Granville, for 11*l.* I had left a stiff commission in order to become its owner again—for it had no ordinary claims upon my affectionate respect. Its calligraphy, manifest and surpassing as it was, was a secondary cause of my regard for it. It had been the performance of female hands, attached to a heart as warm and tender as could beat in the human breast. It was the gift of ONE who always found a ready and cordial reception in the bosom of my family; whose worth was always duly estimated, and whose memory will be always embalmed in the tenderest recollections. Some twelve years ago, she passed to her “long account—” of which she need not fear the delivery into the hands of a merciful Judge. A sweeter spirit, united to a more cultivated understanding, could not pass from earth to HEAVEN! All that was left for her survivors to do, hath been done; and I may with truth say, that every sod of her grave has been moistened by a MOTHER’S and a SISTER’S tears.

\* See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 69-74, and Martin’s *Catalogue of Books, privately printed*, p. 462, &c.

maniacs (in the number of whom was the writer of these pages) dined with Mr. (now Mr. Baron) Bolland, at his house in the Adelphi Terrace. All was joy-  
 aunce, and as became possessors of fine copies of Robinson's *Auncient Order, Societie, and Unitie of Prince Arthur and the Knightly Armoury of the Round Table*, printed in 1583, 4to. : a book, which takes undisputed precedence of all the quartos \* upon this momentous subject. Among the guests, was my especial good friend, the late George Isted, Esq. who once had the temerity to dispute with me the PARENTAGE of the Club †. After dinner we

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\* Perhaps the finest (ought I not always to say *one* of the finest?) copy of this rare and curious book in existence belongs to my friend Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. In the preceding year was published another work by Robinson, called the "*True Assertion of the Life of Prince Arthur, &c.*" Of both these works a very full and particular account appears in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 109-135, from the pen of the late Mr. Haslewood. Never were the convexities and concavities of genealogical research and disquisition more strikingly exhibited than in these curious volumes; of which I have known a copy of the second sell for 15*l.* 15*s.* in smart trim. Of course, as I am not forgetful of, so am I not insensible to, the celebrated quarto of our old friend Arthur's feats, of the date of 1634; of which the finest copy I have ever seen was that in the library of the late Colonel Stanley, bound by Roger Payne in russia leather. It produced, I think, 13*l.* at the sale.

† Mr. GEORGE ISTED was originally a bencher of the Inner Temple, and died a bachelor. In later life he became a tenant of Earl Spencer, in St. James's Place. His intimacy with that nobleman, and more especially with Mr. Roger Wilbraham, was considerable. He was the younger brother of the late Samuel Isted, Esq., of Ecton Hall, in Northamptonshire; and at one time—in the "olden days"—it has been said, that the TWO BROTHERS had such influence at Boodles' club, that a candidate ran some risk of being black-balled if not previously introduced to, or recommended by, this *par nobile fratrum*. To me, uniformly, Mr. George Isted was kind and communicative; and both at Althorp

discoursed upon the eventful business of the morrow, for the Boccaccio was not the only article of "pith and moment" to be disposed of. It might be said to be embedded in a dense stratum of romantic lore.

As each day's sale was usually protracted to a late hour—owing to the vigour and pertinacity of the bidders—and as the Boccaccio was among the later lots of the day, it was resolved, at *my* suggestion, that, after witnessing the knocking down of that magical article, we should dine together, by way of commemoration of the event, at a neighbouring tavern, and the *St. Alban* tavern, on the site of the *first* Athenæum Club-house, was selected as the spot. Whereupon Mr. Baron Bolland ordered his butler to extricate an elongated bottle of burgundy from dank saw dust and cobwebs, in order therewith to celebrate the glories of the coming day. The time,

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and Ecton we have passed many a pleasant day together. He rather dabbled with, than took lustily to, the black-letter craft. He buzzed about, rather than settled upon, the object of his choice—the favourite flower in the book-parterre. He did me a kind service in negotiating with his late sister-in-law for the loan of the celebrated *MS. of old ballads*, and in the possession of that lady's father, the Bishop of Dro-more: concerning which there may be "enough and more than enough said," in the *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 336. Will no inducement withdraw it from its present retreat, for the benefit of the lovers of genuine old ballad poetry?

A great number of the romances which were sold on the memorable *BOCCACCIO DAY* are specified in pages 66-68 of the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron* just referred to. It has been said that the amount of that *one day's* sale equalled what had been given for the *ENTIRE COLLECTION*.

doubtless, was short, for the increase of our numbers; but I was not only fortunate enough to procure the attendance of several other choice bibliomaniacal spirits, but to find Lord Spencer disengaged, and disposed, at our united entreaty, to take the head of the table, and become President on the occasion. That day—that important day—from its commencement to its close, is now fully before me. I have a vivid recollection of all its material features. I was pretty well aware of the probable result of the Boccaccio bidding; for the Marquis of Blandford, now the Duke of Marlborough, meeting me in St. James's-street on the day preceding, asked me “if I thought *four thousand pounds* would fetch it?”—to which I answered, unpremeditatedly, “*half.*” A prophetic reply. It has been said that the Duke intended to have given only *sixteen hundred pounds* if Lord Spencer had not personally opposed him. It was also said that the Duke of Devonshire meant to have gone as far as *fifteen hundred pounds*\*. I believe there is no truth in either report.

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\* In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day appeared the following skit—not undeserving of repetition here—in reference to the two highest-priced volumes sold at the Roxburghe sale. I have forgotten the name of the author:—“Will my friend, Mr. Dibdin, allow me to hint the surprise of many of his readers, at his expressions in your last regarding the Roxburghe sale? we expected that he, whom we all saw a little while ago carrying a torch to the pyre, would have continued, by his good-humoured irony, to have fanned the flame, which he now seems so desirous to damp. I suppose, Mr. Urban, I am an incurable maniac, for I really can see nothing but good to literature in this *extra-*

. . . . . The morning lowered,  
 And heavily with clouds came on the day  
 Big with the fate of

the respective combatants. I had prevailed upon a few friends to breakfast with me, that we might talk over "the coming event," which seemed to "cast its shadow before." Mr. Lang of Portland-place was one of them: a gentleman, loving books, and possessing them in great store. His West India concerns usually took him daily into the city, but on such an occasion he "threw his bonnet into the air" and resolved to give himself a holiday or two\*.

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*vagance!* What if a book, which for a century has been the mark of all the bibliographers of Europe, has fetched upwards of 2,000*l.*! I cannot bring my mind quite to think that it will ruin the Marlborough fortune. I suppose if such a sum had been given for a *race-horse*, with a great many heavy engagements upon him besides, that fell lame the next hour, it would have been *NOTHING!* And what if Devonshire House or Chatsworth is to be adorned with *Queen Elizabeth's Woodville's* own splendid copy of Caxton's earliest and most interesting work at the price of 1060*l.*! Is it quite frightful for the princely property of Cavendish?—Away with these puling complaints of a generous emulation, which exalts the national character, and makes the fruits of intellectual industry the noble contest of the rich!

"Yours, &c.

"A BIBLIOMANIAC."

\* His letter, now in the possession of his son-in-law, Mr. Freeling, runs thus: "I shall with much pleasure breakfast with you on Wednesday next, at ten o'clock, or any other hour that suits you; and we can fix *that* when we meet, which no doubt we shall, in St. James's-square, on Monday and Tuesday. I shall keep myself *disengaged* on Tuesday and Wednesday from *all business* but the speculations in *St. James's-square*. Perhaps it will suit you to breakfast with us on Tuesday, at ten o'clock, and look over my books?—for when I get you and my friends together at a more *serious* time of the day, for eating and drinking, looking over the books, as we have experienced, is quite out

Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Freeling the younger  
(the latter just then beginning to open his biblio-

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of the case." I have always unfeigned pleasure in dwelling upon the memory of the writer of the above letter. "Would to heaven (says one intimately acquainted with him) that I had the ability to do justice to the memory of that good man. There was a simplicity and singleness of character about him such as I have never fallen in with, in any man mixing so largely with the world as himself. His mental powers were of the highest order, and to an extent beyond that for which credit was usually given him; and this, for the most part, from a natural indolence which prevented him from claiming that weight to which he was justly entitled, and which I have often seen arrogated to themselves by men immeasurably his inferiors in every respect, save presumption. Those only who knew him as I did, could justly appreciate him. He was a gentleman, in its most extended sense; and the blank which his loss has occasioned to me, never has been, and never can be, supplied." Mr. Lang had not only one of the most curious and beautiful libraries in the kingdom—thoroughly *sui generis*—but he was intimately conversant with their contents. He mastered with facility the old French, whether in print or in manuscript; and he would chuckle with delight over his unique *Mystery of St. CHRISTOPHER*.

Mr. Lang's earlier French poetry was matchless in quality and condition; and it is no small commendation of their owner to say, that Mr. Douce affirmed he had a more intimate knowledge of early French literature than any individual (not even excepting himself) with whom he was acquainted. Many of the volumes were as brilliantly clean as if they had just issued from the press: and Charles Lewis vehemently delighted in giving them a good suit of clothes. I purchased for him the *Ysaie*, at the Roxburghe sale, for 15*l.* 15*s.*. It was printed by Galliot du Pré. He was the MELIADUS of my Decameron: and what a manuscript romance, so ENTITLED, (from the Roxburghe collection) did he possess! What variety, what splendour of embellishment!—Damosels, knights, heralds, kings, queens!—and a world of thronging courtiers, prancing steeds, hawks, hounds, pages, and pursuivants! How often has the golden glow of his "well-trimmed argand lamps" (see *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 86) streamed upon the ivory-tinted vellum of this incomparable tome!—which is now the property of his Son-in-law, to whom it was bequeathed. His beautiful house and beautiful book-cases have witnessed many a scene of delightful conviviality, when the choicest wines had only a *secondary* flavour—in a society more especially formed to place

manical petals) met him. Mr. Utterson bewailed that as it was the last day of term, it would prevent his attendance at the breakfast. The carriage of Sir Egerton conveyed us to the scene of action, which need not be again described—as the pages of the Bibliographical Decameron have probably furnished a description to satiety.

I may, however, briefly recapitulate, that my *own* purchase at this memorable sale scarcely exceeded 26*l.*, while those for my friends amounted to 640*l.* Of this sum 470*l.* was furnished from the treasury of Sir M. M. Sykes\*. That amiable baronet was of all men among the most sensitive and anxious about his book acquisitions. Some of his notes to me are yet in existence; and they breathe of true bibliomaniacal ardour. The first is marked with a delicacy peculiar to himself†. The ROXBURGHE CLUB met,

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*Verard* above *Johannisberg*, and *Michel Le Noir* beyond Champagne. What happy hours—yea, days and nights—were spent by many a Roxburgher under the hospitable roof of MELIADUS! Never were the “*domus et placens Uxor*” more thoroughly calculated to delight the understanding and to charm the heart of every visitor! Mr. Lang’s library was sold by auction, by Mr. Evans, in 1828, and produced the sum of 2837*l.* The more intrinsically precious and curious articles were purchased for the Royal Library at Paris. There is a private print—a portrait of him—of the most surprising resemblance. Would it might have *faced* this page of the “Reminiscences!”

\* See page 321, ante. Sir Mark’s purchases might in the whole have reached the sum of a thousand guineas. For Lord Spencer I had purchased two books of the united amount of 83*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*. For Mr. Baron Bolland, the Thomas of Reading (the Baron was educated at Dr. Valpy’s school) for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; for my late friend Mr. Neunberg, about 13*l.* worth; for Mr. Gutch to the amount of 35*l.*; and for others about 30*l.*

† One of his earlier notes, evincing his great anxiety about a rare

for the first time, at the St. Albans' Tavern, on Wednesday, the 17th June, 1812, composed of the following members—

EARL SPENCER, K. G.

Earl Gower, now Duke of Sutherland,	Sir M. M. Syhes, Bart.
Mr. Baron Bolland,	Roger Wilbraham, Esq.
Sir S. E. Brydges, Bart.	Richard Heber, Esq.
Sir F. Freeling, Bart.	George Isted, Esq.
Edw. Vernon Utterson, Esq.	John Dent, Esq.
John Delafield Phelps, Esq.	Robert Lang, Esq.
William Bentham, Esq.	Rev. T. C. Heber,
George Henry Freeling, Esq.	Joseph Haslewood, Esq.

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classical volume, is as follows :—“ My dear Sir,—I was in hopes to have found you at home yesterday. I have sent my servant for the books. Perhaps you will send me the Aldus to look at, and if I already possess the volume I will return it. I am going amongst the lawyers this morning, but if possible I will call upon you on Thursday. I fear Lord Spencer was my opponent for the Atticus (*Epistolæ ad Atticum*, 1470), but it was such an object to me, I could not give way, though it always grieves me to oppose his lordship.” My friend need not have been thus anxious, for Lord Spencer was in possession of the volume, though not of so fine a copy of it; and at the sale of the Macarthy library he became the purchaser of it UPON VELLUM. In some of his subsequent notes to me, Sir Mark betrayed all the *agony* of a man keen upon the scent. He says, “ *The Paradise of Dainty Devises* and the *Pastyme of Pleasure* I would not lose at ANY PRICE.” Perhaps he was not singular in this avowal. Again: “ the *two Spensers* (earliest editions of the minor poems) I would on no account lose; and for *Shakspeare's Sonnets* go as high as 20l.” The third note (they were all written from his country house, at Sledmere) runs thus:—“ As I have not heard from you, I fear you have not been successful. May I thank you to purchase for me the first folio edition of *Shakspeare*? I would go as far as 70 or 80 guineas for it. I hope the day will be more propitious to you, and that you will have purchased for me the few articles I have SET MY HEART UPON. (Sic!) I am happy to find by a note from Lord Spencer this

with myself at the bottom of the table, as Vice-president. Those members, with the names to the right, printed in the italic letter, have CEASED TO BE. To these may be added our illustrious President: by which it will appear that death hath robbed us of the better half of those who sat down to the *first* symposium. Our object in this meeting was not so much for convivial, as for belles-lettres, or, if the reader pleases, bibliomaniacal, purposes. Most of the members were in possession of fine libraries; and the TOASTS\*, which seemed as hieroglyphical characters to the public, were all understood and cordially greeted both by those who gave, and those who received, them. The *οἱ πολλοί*

morning, that the book arrived safe, and was the one which he wanted. Pray let me hear the event of Wednesday—the sale of the Boccaccio.”

Sir Mark obtained all the articles which he wanted, with the exception of the folio Shakspeare, in which he was distanced by the Duke of Devonshire. See page 351. But the prices at which they *were* obtained was something frightful, as it is *now*, to think upon. The year following this memorable sale I visited him, at his earnest and repeated request, at Stedmore, and there renewed my acquaintance with the Roxburghe gems, and rioted and revelled for awhile in Faithornes, Hollars, and Woolletts. See the *Decameron*, vol. iii. 405, &c.

\* The toasts are usually as follow: 1. The immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer, printer of the Boccaccio of 1471. 2. The immortal memory of John Duke of Roxburghe. 3. The same of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoiffher, fathers of the art of printing. 4. The same of William Caxton, founder of the British press. 5. Of Dame Juliana Barnes and the St. Albans press. 6. Of Messrs. Wynkyn De Worde, Pynson, and Notary, the successors of Caxton. 7. The Aldine family at Venice. 8. The Giunti family at Florence. 9. The Society of the *Bibliophiles Français* at Paris. 10. The prosperity of the Roxburghe Club: and, in all cases, as the last toast, THE CAUSE OF BIBLIOMANIA ALL OVER THE WORLD.

had nothing to do with our "sittings" whether they were short or protracted. The indulgence of a social feeling, and of pleasant conversation respecting rare and curious and valuable books, might surely have escaped the severest inquisitorial visitation, and set both ridicule and censure at defiance.

On our *second* meeting, or first anniversary dinner, the Club was enlarged to the number of *twenty-four* members; and the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford (now Duke of Marlborough), Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle), Thomas Ponton, Esq., Peregrine Towneley, Esq., and James Heywood Markland, Esq., constituted the additional members. On the third annual meeting\* a further

\* By this time the public journals had "caught hold" of us; and specimens of their mode of handling us may be seen in the Decameron: but among them, none was so full and veracious as that in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, signed *TEMPLARIUS*, which is also reprinted in the authority here first mentioned. I cannot, however, resist finding a place for the following original and humorous effusion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1813, which has ever since been embedded in a huge pile of papers and memoranda touching these *ROXBURGHIANA*. I am ignorant of the author.

" *To Bibliomaniacks in general, and to their Lordships and Worships the Members of the ROXBURGHE CLUB in particular.*

" 'P— on 't,' quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,  
 'Whatever I forget, you learn;'  
 How blest the BIBLIOMANIAC'S lot!  
*He learns what even Hearne forgot.*

" MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

" Permit me, without loss of time in ceremonious preface, to lay before your Honours my pretensions, my services, and my misfortunes. I am descended from a very ancient family. My ancestors of both sexes have, from the earliest ages of literature (even long before the invention

increase took place by the addition of Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer), Mr. Justice Littledale, Edward

of the art of printing) been renowned in every magnificent library for their *attachment to books*; and numbers of our race have greatly distinguished themselves, so lately as within these last hundred years, by their assiduous and truly indefatigable labours in all kinds of works on the abstruser parts of general science, in ponderous *folios*, bulky *quartos*, and solid *octavos*, on Polemical Divinity, the Mathematicks, Algebraic computations, the Hebrew, and the higher order of Greek and Roman, of French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English classics. Their critical acumen in numberless tomes of grave controversial treatises, has, at all times, been publicly acknowledged and attested; although never adequately rewarded. And yet it cannot be denied by their bitterest adversaries, that their silent toil—like the powerful ‘still small voice’ of Truth itself—has conduced more to *suppress* dull Tracts, and to *compel* new editions of good ones, than all the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews put together.

‘Sed genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,’

my Lords and Gentlemen, I beg leave to assure you, in the words of a Grecian warrior,—*translated into blank verse by Ovid for the amusement of school-boys*—‘*vix ea nostra voco.*’

“I, too, am a Critic! To my strong powers of argumentation, far more than to the reasonings of any Bishop on or off the Reverend Bench, is imputable the hopeless state of oblivion into which Priestly, Tom Paine, Horne Tooke, Brothers, Huntingdon, and Joanna Southcott, have fallen. I have fairly *EATEN* them *out of the field*, and *out of house and home* in any valuable Library. Such are among my services and pretensions. Let me, now, alas! turn to my misfortunes.

“How shall I begin? As a certain trusty Trojan is by Virgil made beautifully to sing or say, ‘*Quis talia fando*’ . . . ah! my tears! my tears! ‘*temperet a lacrymis?*’ Cruel, barbarous ‘*Bibliomania!*’

“Ever since the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin’s elegant publication under this all-imposing title has appeared, *like a Comet*, blazing and illuminating the regions of occult studies, *my hopes are sunk*, *my occupation’s gone!* Had I a thousand mouths, arrayed with ten thousand double and single teeth, I could not regain the ‘*spolia opima*’ that gentleman (with a head under his hat) has triumphantly taken from me and mine, for ever!!!

“*The British Museum,*  
“*Attic Story.*

“A BOOK-WORM,  
“W. B\*\*R.”

Littledale, Esq., the Rev. William Holwell Carr, James Boswell, Esq., and the Rev. James William Dodd. This acquisition fixed the number of members, irrevocably, at THIRTY-ONE. There have been many attempts to enlarge it, but unsuccessfully. These three Symposia were held at the St. Albans' tavern (chiefly, it was thought, from an affectionate respect to the memory of the ST. ALBANS' PRESS\*), and Mr. Richolds, the master of the hotel, always filled up his printed circular by inviting us "to dine with the Roxburghe dinner†."

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\* When resident in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's, in 1833, I strove in all ways to satisfy myself about the probable *identity* of the spot, in this once magnificent abbey, where THE PRESS might have been erected; but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. Doubtless, I should say, within a side chapel, or the monastery itself—more probably the latter. Of the books which have issued from the early St. Albans press, a particular description will be found in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 368—382. Of these the *Chronicles of England* (1483), and the *Book of Hawking and Hunting* (1486), are considered the "great guns." The latter is so excessively rare, that I know but ONE PERFECT copy of it, which is in the Spencer Library. That copy was purchased at the sale of the library of George Mason, the poet, in 1796, for 75*l.*—an astounding sum in those days: but had it been purchased by the Duke of Roxburghe, and sold at the sale of his library, it MUST have brought 500*l.* I say this deliberately. There is one thing which strikes me about these early St. Albans' books, which may be worth slightly noticing. I have doubts of the *Rhetorica Nova* of my old friend *Lau-rentius Guilelmus de Saona*, of 1480, being printed *in* or *at* the *Abbey*; and for three reasons.—1. The type (though of the same *family*) is so much more beautifully *cut* and *printed*.—2. The colophon says, "*apud Villam Sancti Albani*."—3. The distance of time between the date of this book and that of Juliana Barnes's upon *Hawking and Hunting*. But then, *where* in the *village* was it printed? It is a puzzle.

† A sort of pardonable pleonasm on the part of the master of the hotel, which has given occasion to an anonymous writer in the *Athenæum*

At this third meeting, Mr. Baron Bolland produced the first *Roxburghe Club Boke*, it being a reprint of Lord Surrey's poetical version of the second *Book of the Æneid*: a book, which has almost the scarcity of a manuscript. In the prefix, the names of the members were alphabetically printed; and that of the individual, to whom the copy belonged, was uniformly printed in *red ink*:—so that his identical copy was immediately ascertained:—an ingenious thought, which has been always since acted upon. In this first Roxburghe publication, the names of the members stood thus:—

EARL SPENCER, K. G. PRESIDENT.

The Duke of Devonshire,	Sir Francis Freeling,
The Marquis of Blandford,	George H. Freeling, Esq.
Earl Gower,	Joseph Haslewood, Esq.
Viscount Morpeth,	Richard Heber, Esq.
Viscount Althorp,	George Hibbert, Esq.
Sir M. Masterman Sykes, Bt.	George Isted, Esq.
Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.	Robert Lang, Esq.
William Bentham, Esq.	Joseph Littledale, Esq.
William Bolland, Esq.	Edward Littledale, Esq.
James Boswell, Esq.	James H. Markland, Esq.
Rev. William H. Carr,	John Delafield Phelps, Esq.
John Dent, Esq.	Thomas Pouton, Jun. Esq.
Rev. T. F. Dibdin, V. P.	Peregrine Towneley, Esq.
Rev. James William Dodd,	Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq.
Rev. Henry Drury,	Roger Wilbraham, Esq.

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(of whom in due course) to flounder in certain mirthful vagaries, and to fasten it upon the late Mr. Haslewood, who was as innocent of it as the writer himself. Poor Haslewood!—he need not have *this* "sin" heaped upon the mountain of those which that cold-blooded and trenchant writer has piled upon his grave.

The first vacancy in the club was occasioned by the death of the Rev. Thomas Cuthbert Heber, whose place was filled by that "right singular, and much approved good" member, GEORGE HIBBERT, Esq. This vacancy occurred before the fourth anniversary meeting. The next vacancy occasioned by the death of the Rev. Mr. Dodd, a "right merrie," but somewhat heterodox member, who once took it into his head to carol Robin Hood "ballades" at a late hour of the meeting, when the wine had done either its best or its worst.\* This midnight chaunting has never been repeated.

As death continued to thin our ranks, the gaps made by his unerring dart were regularly filled up by those who were in all respects worthy, from situation, talent, and taste, to fill them effectually. But *one* wide gap, made by the deaths of two brothers—and to be filled at the same time—merits more than a passing notice. I speak of the TWO BOSWELLS—Sir Alexander and James. It is but too well known

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\* The Rev. Mr. Dodd was one of the Masters of Westminster School, and son of the celebrated actor of that name, who had amassed a very curious dramatic collection, of which mention is made in the *Bibliomania*, p. 536; and where we learn that "Mr. George Nicol (for the Duke of Roxburghe) kept up a tremendous fire at this sale." Mr. Dodd was well versed in the "Robin-Hood Garland," and I was once privy to a brisk "set-to" between him and the late Mr. Haslewood, touching the mysterious lore connected with this Nottingham outlaw. Haslewood was right in his *premises*, but his adversary drew a conclusion which appeared to foil him sadly, and which indeed was radically fallacious. It is one thing to have a well-stored *armoury*, and another to possess the knowledge or art of using your *weapons* dexterously.

how the former found his end. Political heat had got the ascendancy of bibliomaniacal fervour. Sir Alexander, with all his passion for, and love of, literature, books, and printing\*, happened to be an

\* Sufficient evidence of the deceased's attachment to these objects will be found in the *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 453, &c., where may be seen a copper-plate vignette of his press—the *Auchinleck Press*—in Ayrshire, where his privately printed books were executed. Sir Alexander's own account of it may be also seen in a letter addressed to me, of the date of 1817. By the favour of my friend, Mr. Markland, I am enabled here to add another letter, from the same quarter, of the date of Feb. 20, 1822, within a very short period of the writer's premature decease, written at Auchinleck. The conclusion of it refers to his meditated contribution to the Roxburghe Club.

“MY DEAR SIR,

\* \* \* \* \*

“As to agriculture, there is no spot in his majesty's dominions more distressed than this county, as it has been the will of Providence that we should have three successive failures of crop, with all the common evils of low prices. The “transition from war to peace” had its effect, but that was quadrupled by the importation. Farming stock in this country fell above 50 per cent. Then the bullionists at a most happy moment had their triumph, and all obligations were by their own shewing raised 30 per cent., and the source from which they were to have been liquidated was reduced as much.

“In short, there is, comparatively speaking, now neither capital nor credit. I see some men, whom I have seen going to church at the head of their families in decent attire—comfortable sort of people—breaking stones in the high roads. And you know we are political economists enough to have no rates to help them.

“I expect no relief from parliament—the disease is beyond their skill. Although the *time* was ill chosen for the cash payment resumption, we cannot retrace our steps. It could only do evil, and no good. The efforts of the humane society could not revive our drowned men. The prospect is for another generation. I am waiting with curiosity, but without hope, for Lord Castlereagh's motion. There is a rumour of a loan to the agriculturists: who would borrow that could avoid it?—and what must be the amount to give such a relief? It is too absurd to be true. Prospectively, something may be done, by rendering the present corn-bill more secure in its operation. The present system of exclusion,

“out and out” Tory; and was one of those who helped to establish a most determined Tory paper, called *The Warder*. This paper was to Scotland as the *John Bull* is to England. It should seem to be with politics, as with gastronomy; that there are some palates which can never endure any but hot and high-seasoned dishes. Kyan and capsicum only for them! A wise man, be he Whig, or be he Tory, will prefer a cooler regimen; for in a few years this *Apician lava*\* will destroy every duct and

up to a given point, and a fraction more the signal for inundation, and coupled with the warehousing system, which renders it an object to overtop at considerable *apparent* loss the flood mark may surely be amended. I, situated as I am, would wish a more strict surveillance on Ireland; for I am almost converted to the belief that we receive more grain than Ireland can afford. We had capital oats—‘the food of man in Scotland, in England of horses’—from Ireland last year to an immense amount, at twelve shillings per quarter.

“If, under all this pressure, I must go to press, my respected friends of the ROXBURGHE must accept of a *composition* of a shilling in the pound of the debt I owe, and one per cent. of my inclination.

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Your’s sincerely,

“ALEXANDER BOSWELL.”

\* The Ancients peppered everything. The roofs of their mouths were doubtless in due course “fire proof.” The gentle reader will turn his eye for one minute towards as *peppery* a specimen as need be selected; from the editio princeps of APICIUS in *Re Coquinaria*—as given in the *Bibli Spencer*, vol. i. p. 244: or rather from the second edition of that fiery author. It is doubtless in every edition. But the marked difference between natural and artificial (whether political or polemical) pepper, is, that the former preys only upon the Individual himself: the latter may fire thousands.

Dulce et decorum est pro PATRIA mori.

But let us keep to our “Country:” nor

... to *party* give up what was meant for *mankind*.

integument of the abdomen. So fares it with the mind—from party excitement. To such an extent had this paramount feeling prevailed with our deceased Baronet, that, perhaps unwittingly to himself, and with the best possible dispositions towards his native country, he was giving vent to his feelings by *personal vituperation*. He was in fact unconsciously sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder, and igniting the fuse which was to blow him up into the air. Wife—little ones—property—all seem to have been lost sight of! He had unquestionably insulted an individual—who “*called him out :*” and although, as it is said, that individual had never before pulled the trigger of a pistol, yet death winged the bullet.\*

I shall never cease to think that his Brother, my more particular friend, James Boswell, was carried off from sheer neglect in timely application for medical assistance, and yet more from improper nursing—or rather, from no nursing at all. He lived and died in chambers, surrounded by the library of his late friend Malone.† His illness, which was an

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\* I have heard that, on being struck, Sir Alexander turned quite round with a frightful velocity. The ball struck and shattered the shoulder, and afterwards lodged in the spine. He died within twenty-four hours.

† This library was bequeathed to the Bodleian on the death of Mr James Boswell. What it *must* be, may be judged from an analysis of some of its treasures in the *Library Companion*, p. 791, &c. (second edition) furnished me by my friend the Rev. Dr. Bliss. What it *is*, the public vehemently desire to know; as seven years have run their course since it was deposited on the Bodleian shelves. Good Dr. Ban-

ulcerated sore throat, was short, but severe. My friend Mr. Markland tells me, that, after making an effort to spring from his bed and shut the outer door of his chamber, he retreated precipitately, and burying his head within his pillow, expired. He lived to see his edition of his friend Malone's Shakspeare rising gradually into distinction; but was always a little peevish at no notice being taken of it in either of the two leading Reviews. If you spoke to him of any criticism upon it in the other reviews, or in magazines, he used to say—"Ay! but what are they about in the *Quarterly*?" He seemed to have always had a presentiment that "some mischief was brewing in that *quarter*,"—such was his very expression. The fact was, the late Mr. Gifford, its Editor, was his personal friend; but Mr. Malone, the editor of Shakspeare, happened *not* to be the personal friend of Mr. Gifford; who, in his very able and almost perfect edition of Ben Jonson's Works, seems to have travelled out of his way in order to bestow castigation upon Malone for every

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dinel will doubtless soon give motion to the machinery whereby all good and true Bibliomaniacs may revel in a knowledge of such treasures. Only judge—gentle reader—from the tone of my friend Dr. Bliss's letter, just referred to, and now before me! "I feared tiring you or your Readers, or I could have sent double the quantity. As to the Poetry, I dared not touch it—or every other collection you have noticed must have been thrown into the back ground. When I came to look through them, I was perfectly astonished. There is hardly a single poem printed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, not to be found here: and the *Greens*, *Nashes*, *Dekkers*, *Richs*, *Braithwaits*, *Rowlands*, and *Bretons*, exceed belief!"

trifling slip and venial error. Gifford's jealousy of every one who presumed to measure the height of Old Ben, by instituting comparisons between him and Shakspeare, assumed at last quite a frantic air; and Boswell's reply, in which he nobly vindicated the memory of his departed friend, was to the full as able as the attack\*. His death in all probability prevented a meditated explosion; for it was under-

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\* It is thus—"But since his death, a work has come forth of such acknowledged excellence in other respects, and proceeding from a writer of such literary eminence, containing remarks of such a nature, that I cannot feel myself justified in passing them over in total silence. Mr. Malone entertained a very high regard for Mr. Gifford, he admired his talents, but he respected him still more for the principles congenial with his own, which directed him in their application: it was with singular satisfaction, that he availed himself of an opportunity of affording him literary assistance, when he had certainly no reason to complain of the terms in which his courtesy was acknowledged; and during his intercourse with that Gentleman, I know he flattered himself that they viewed each other with sentiments of mutual esteem. How then would he have been mortified and chagrined, if he had lived to peruse the last edition of Ben Jonson, in which not only his critical opinions are frequently treated with contempt, but even language (I trust hastily) employed, which might seem to cast an imputation on his moral character. It is to this point I speak: and Mr. Gifford, who, himself knows no cold medium in his attachments, would probably despise me, I should certainly despise myself, if I did not come forward, and attempt, at least, to show that such charges are altogether unfounded."—xxx-i. p. 30, &c. If there be any one passage in his own writings to which, more than any other, he can look back with unmingled delight, I will venture to point out his high, but not more high than merited, eulogium on the present very excellent DEAN OF WESTMINSTER. Let him recall to his recollection the feelings with which *that* tribute was penned, and he will know what I also must feel in defending the character of ONE, whom I have loved and honoured from my infancy—MINE OWN and MY FATHER'S FRIEND.

stood that the late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist was regularly furnishing the Editor of the Review with ball-cartridges, whereby to render the explosion more terrible and deadly\*.

I pass "to the order of the day:" in other words, to the *Roxburghe Club* OBITUARY. And yet it is precisely in "the order of the day" to make some mention (which in strict chronological order ought to have been earlier) of the MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF CAXTON, which the Club caused to be erected within the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. The original intention was to have fixed it within the *Abbey*, from the fact of Caxton having erected the FIRST

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\* The late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, was doubtless, considering his education and limited society, a very extraordinary literary character. He was a Grocer, on a large scale of business, and always appeared to me to love books very much better than the *material* of his trade. He had a good library, and some curious volumes. Among the latter, was Caxton's edition of Lydgate's wretched metrical "*Life of our Lady*"—of which I was instrumental to its being placed in Lord Spencer's library for the sum of 100*l.* Mr. Gilchrist was a great ally of Mr. Gifford's, whom he appeared to me at once to fear and to respect. He had furnished materials, if he did not concoct entire articles for the Quarterly Review—although at total variance with that publication in political principles. He was a quick, sharp sighted, critic—with a real love of poetry; and, if I remember, contributed an article to, if he were not the Editor of, a periodical Magazine called the *Registrar*—in which there was a brilliant comparison between Thomson and Cowper as delineators of rural scenery and country life. Mr. Gilchrist's fault lay in an affectation of classical knowledge—in an ambition of quoting Greek where its introduction was manifestly inapposite. But his "great horse" to ride upon, was Shakspeare; and I had good reason to know that he was sedulously employed in furnishing the "raw material" for Mr. Gifford's intended review of Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare.

PRESS in ENGLAND within those walls. At a meeting convened on the occasion, Mr. Markland, and one other Member (whose name I have forgotten), with myself, were deputed to look out, and to fix upon, an unoccupied spot within the abbey, for the purpose of such erection. We found the dead not only thickly bestowed below us, but their monuments so closely elbowing each other above, that, to the best of my recollection, no space whatever presented itself except in the immediate vicinity of the monument of Mrs. Pritchard and the grave of Geoffrey Chaucer. Our venerable friend, William Caxton, could not have disliked such neighbours; but we found the fees of admission for our humble mural monument within the Abbey so heavy, that it amounted to an inhibition to have it placed there: and accordingly we looked out for an eligible situation within St. Margaret's church, where, in fact, Caxton and his relations were buried. Very much to the honour of the Vicar and Churchwardens of that parish, the monument was admitted to be erected FREE of all charges. All that I choose further to say upon this subject is, that if *any* monument might have been allowed a *gratuitous* entrance within the walls of the Abbey, it was surely that of the FATHER OF THE BRITISH PRESS—who first exercised his art *there*. There could be but ONE Caxton.

A neat vignette wood-cut engraving of this monument, inclosing the inscription, will be found within Mr. Martin's *Catalogue of Privately Printed Books*,

together with the inscription itself. The latter is as follows :

TO THE MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM CAXTON,  
WHO FIRST INTRODUCED INTO GREAT BRITAIN  
THE ART OF PRINTING,  
AND WHO, A. D. 1477, OR EARLIER,  
EXERCISED THAT ART  
IN THE ABBEY OF WESTMINSTER,  
THIS TABLET  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF ONE  
TO WHOM  
THE LITERATURE OF HIS COUNTRY  
IS SO LARGELY INDEBTED  
WAS RAISED  
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXX,  
BY THE ROXBURGHE CLUB.  
EARL SPENCER, K. G. PRESIDENT.

The idea of the thing itself, and the execution of the monument, doubtless did credit to the Club. It was executed by the younger Westmacott, of Vauxhall Road; and was exhibited at one of our dinners at the Clarendon Hotel, previously to its erection. The circumstance is probably unique—of the introduction of a *monument* to give zest to a convivial meeting; but so it was. Poor Boswell (the younger) was not a little happy in his jests and gibes upon the occasion\*.

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\* The younger Boswell had a happy vein of the broadest humour; in which, to the best of my recollection, nothing like *vilipending* ever

The gap occasioned in our society by this *double stroke* of death, in the demise of the two Boswells,

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mingled itself. He was a fair good classical scholar—and was usually smart and happy in his repartees. He loved good society, and he kept it: and for a man who was constantly embedded in the magical tomes of Malones' library, he must perforce become a BIBLIOMANIAC. I refer the reader to a well-penned account of him, by one who was equally his neighbour and his friend, in the first part of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1822. Here, by permission of the author of that memoir, I am empowered to present the reader with the LAST NOTE ever penned by him, and only two days before his death; written in fact, as my friend says, "upon the bed of sickness and of death." It related to a meeting to be held at the Clarendon Hotel on the 23d February, 1822, to elect a new member on the demise of Mr. George Isted—when George Watson Taylor Esq., M. P., was chosen. The note is as follows—pre-mising, that under the word "Polyglot," is designated George Hibbert, Esq., who had purchased the Complutensian "Polyglot," UPON VELLUM, at the sale of the Macarthy Library, for sixteen thousand one hundred francs—a price comparatively less than that given for it at the sale of the Pinelli library. But for the note:—

"MY DEAR MARKLAND,

"Make my apology at the Roxburghe to-morrow, as I am so ill with a sore throat I cannot go out. Shew the accompanying book with its frontispiece† to POLYGLOT. I had a query from Cohen, which I cannot at least at present, answer. Let me know the Roxburghe result.

"J. BOSWELL."

But the harmless sportiveness of Boswell's fancy, as connected with our Club, was best evinced in a pretty little volume, by way of *jeu d'esprit*, which he presented to each member, and in which was exemplified the *Boswellian* love of a generous glass and a social feeling. It bears for title A ROXBURGHE GARLAND, and was printed by Bensley in 1817. Three fourths of it (and the whole are but sixteen pages) are

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† Viz.—The frontispiece to an Edition of Joe Miller's Jests of the Oxonian, who has metamorphozed himself into the Countryman's Ass. Mr. B., when here referring to it, alludes to the "Tales of The Cordelier metamorphozed;" translated by Mr. Hibbert, and presented by that Gentleman to his friends in a beautiful 4to. vol. with plates.

M.

I may add, that I believe, in this rare volume, the extraordinary graphic powers of CRUIKSHANK were first developed.

was filled up by the election of two members who were in all respects worthy to be the successors of

extracts; one, entitled "*A Pleasant Pint of Poetical Sherry*," from Pasquins' *Palinodia*, of which poem I possess the entire transcript. The other, the *Coronation of Canary*, from Jordan's *Fancy's Festivals*. His own contribution is as follows—entitled

## L'ENVOY.

To Boccacio in Heaven, as he chatted one day,  
 With' Chaucer and Caxton, and two or three more,  
 The news of our Meeting went up, as they say,  
 And it set the Celestial Bard in a roar:  
     Says he, "well I wean  
     When these fellows convene,  
 My laurels look fresher, more lively their green;  
 So myself from this hour, I exultingly dub,  
 The Patron and friend of the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

But since they of *me* as their origin boast,  
 I shall storm, like King 'Herode,' as drawn by Ihan Parfre\*;  
 Unless, as their first Anniversary toast,  
 They drink in a bumper, my printer *Valdarfer*:"  
     Quoth *Wynken de Worde*,  
     'Twill be vastly absurd,  
 Unless *Caxton's* their second, and I am their third;  
 Then the whole will go smoothly, unchecked by a rub,  
 And we all shall be pleased at the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

Let the poor plodding pedant our revels despise,  
 Who would cover this dulness with gravity's cloak;  
 Cui bono? What brings them together? he cries—  
 Why to eat and to drink, and to laugh, and to joke:  
     With the joys of old wine  
     From France or the Rhine,  
 Old friends, and old books, at our wassail combine;  
 While the butterfly fop, and the miserly grub,  
 Are excluded alike from the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

That our social enjoyment of rational mirth,  
 Is an evening well spent, e'en a cynick might own;

† See Candlemas Day; or, the Killing of the Children of Israel, by Ihan Parfre.

the deceased: I mean, the venerable Archdeacon Wrangham and John Arthur Lloyd, Esq. The former was proposed by the present Earl of Carlisle, and the latter by his tutor, the Rev. Henry Drury of Harrow. Of the former, the preceding pages have borne testimony to talents of no ordinary calibre. That notice of them was confined rather to the earlier effusions of his manhood. It is pleasant to observe a certain gaiety of heart and elasticity of spirits still accompanying his later lucu-

If Diogenes' self could revisit the earth,  
 He would soften his manners, and alter his tone:  
 Alexander the Great  
 He contemned, and his State ;  
 But on D\*\*\*\*\* I'm sure he would civilly wait ;  
 And beg that he'd try to make room for his Tub.  
 As he longed for a frisk † with the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

But it is not alone, that good humour'd and hearty  
 Mirths Goddess admits us to join in her crew ;  
 That we shine, both distinguished *Mercurio et Marte*,  
 To our Chief and our Founder the honor is due :  
 Old SPENCER, a name  
 That for ever shall claim  
 The loftiest place in the Temple of Fame ;  
 And MARLBOROUGH, who France could, like Wellington, drub,  
 Are emblazoned at once in the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

From your humble Servant,

June 17, 1817.

A MEMBER.

Is it necessary for me to add, that *both* the Boswells were Sons of THE Boswell? And will the reader allow me to recommend him to a perusal of the Review of the Biography of Johnson by the Father, in a number of the *Edinburgh Review* of 1833? of which Mr. Ma-cauley is the reputed author?—a review, which abounds with all the strength, daring, originality, and power of thought and expression of that extraordinary writer.

† You dogs, "I'll have a *frisk* with you."—JOHNSON.

See *Boswell's Life*.

brations ; for there is, methinks, an enviable youthfulness of mind, as well as of body, as we approach life's extremest confines. The Archdeacon yet continues to woo his muse\* in his miscellaneous and

\* "Ecce Signum:" premising, that the first of these specimens is taken from his poems published in 1795. It is as chaste as it is beautiful ; and in both languages his skill is equally felicitous.

## SONG.

In times so long past (though I still am but young)

That I scarcely their transports can trace,  
Enraptured I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue,  
And totter'd—for then I but totter'd—along,  
To clasp thee in *childish* embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,  
With feelings unkindled before,  
Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd ;  
For, *boy* as I was, from these beauties withheld  
My heart :—could I offer thee more ?

Even now, when the fever of *youth* is gone by,  
And I glow with more temperate fire,  
Delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye ;  
And, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,  
Survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh ! come then and give me, dear maiden, thy charms ;  
For life is, alas ! on the wing :  
Our summer ere long will be fled ; in these arms  
Let me shield thee, my Fair One, from winter's alarms ;  
Oh ! listen to love, while 'tis spring.

## IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Sim modò adhuc juvenis, vix vix tamen ipse recordeo  
Quæ lux prima mihi te, mea Mira, dedit—  
Infantem infanti : at, memini, te verba trahentem  
Dulce audire, ulnis dulce tenere fuit.

Utque unà sensim concrevimus, et tibi pinxit  
Gratia quotidie pulcrior ora, genas ;  
Cor totum tibi ego—potui quid plura ?—vovebam :  
Scilicet et parvos parvulus urit amor.

wide-spreading library. He is yet as rapturous as ever over the charms of BIBLIOMANIA; and stretch-

Atqui ardor nimius, defervescente juventâ,  
 Fugit, et Incendit mitior ossa calor:—  
 Sed tamen usque tuis nimis hæres tractus ocellis!  
 Suspiro temerè sed tamen usque nimis!  
 Ah! tandem, mea Mira, veni! properantibus alis  
 Vitæ mox æstas est abitura; simul  
 Bruma aderit. Possunt, en! quæ defendere frigus  
 Brachia! Dum floret ver, mea Mira, veni!

With a Muse so pliant, Mr. Wrangham needed not have recourse to the poetical effusions of others: but since he has lately thought fit so to do, I subjoin two beautiful specimens—the first, of his powers of translation, from Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq.; the other from the classical pen of the Archdeacon himself.

SONNET ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,  
 And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,  
 As 'mid wild scenes I chanc'd the Muse to woo  
 Thro' glens untrod and woods that frown'd on high;

Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute, I spy:—  
 And lo; she's gone—in robe of dark-green hue,  
 'Twas ECHO from her sister SILENCE flew,  
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky:

In shade affrighted SILENCE melts away,  
 Not so her Sister—hark! For onward still  
 With far-heard step she takes her hasty way,

Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill—  
 Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play  
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

SIR S. E. BRYDGES.

*Translation.*

ECHO ET TACITURNITAS.

Hæc arborum atque illæc ferebantur comæ  
 Autumnus et fruges sinu collegerat:

ing himself at length in his Elizabethan chair, in the midst of his *Plantins* and *Elzevirs*—as he sees the

Sylvestribus Musam in locis per devios  
 Calles vagus nemorumque noctem dum sequor,  
 Somno graves Nymphas stupens video duas—  
 Enque avolavit!—viridi amicta tegmine,  
 ECHO soror TACITURNITATEM deserit:  
 Venantium namque ivit ad cœlum fragor,  
 Umbrisque territa liquefit TACITURNITAS—  
 Secùs ac soror, properantibus quæ saltibus  
 Rupesque per collesque pernix emicat,  
 Audita longè, celere præcipitans iter.  
 Jocosa jamque virgo voces millies  
 Imitata lætum replicat, audin' per nemus.

F. W.

THE ROSE.

Round my own pretty Rose I have hover'd all day ;  
 I have seen its sweet leaves, one by one fall away :  
 They are gone—they are gone—but I go not with them  
 No, I linger to weep o'er the desolate stem.  
 They say—" If I rove to the South, I shall meet  
 With hundreds of Roses more fair and more sweet :"  
 But my heart, when I'm tempted to wander, replies ;  
 " Here my first love—my last love—my only love lies."

When I sprang from the home where my plumage was nurst,  
 'Twas my own pretty Rose that attracted me first.  
 We have loved all the summer ; and now that the chill  
 Of the winter comes o'er us, I'm true to thee still.  
 When the last leaf is wither'd, and falls to the earth,  
 The false one to southerly climes may fly forth :  
 But Truth cannot fly from his sorrow ; he dies,  
 Where his FIRST LOVE—his LAST LOVE—his ONLY LOVE lies.

T. H. BAYLEY.

IDEM LATINI REDDITUM.

Bellulam meam rosam circumvolito  
 Totum diem, et folia sparsa gemo :  
 Abière—abièrè—ast ego non unà ;  
 Flens cauli nudato assideo :—" Eia,

last glimmer of day tipping the Cheviot-hill-tops—  
he exclaims, with his beloved Horace,

“Sit BONA LIBRORUM et provisæ frugis in annum  
COPIA, ne flitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.”

He must not, however, pass off the disk of my

“Ad austrum volitato ; ibi pulciores  
“Rosasque, et roseta centena cernes :—”  
Incassum monentibus cor respondet,  
“Hic amata prima, ultima, sola jacet.”

Creverunt ubi nascenti mi alæ,  
Percussit ibi mea bellula me :  
Vidit æstas amantes ; nunc bruma riget,  
At haud meus amor brumalè friget.  
Sparsis foliis, fugax amasiæ  
Ad austrum volitarit oblitus suæ—  
Fides mea vel moribunda quæret,  
Ubi amata prima, ultima, sola jacet.

F. W.

One more, and the last.

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

This little garden little Jowett made,  
And fenced it with a little palisade.  
A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett :  
This little garden doth a little shew it.

Exiguum hunc hortum fecit Jowettulus iste  
Exiguus, vallo et muriit exiguo :  
Exiguo hoc horto forsan Jowettulus iste  
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguum.

But a word at parting. The Archdeacon hath graver achievements to boast of. “Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.” He has republished Langhorne’s translation of Plutarch’s Lives, with notes and corrections. If he will not undertake the Life of Erasmus (“Ille si quis alius,” see page 139), now that Mr. Roscoe has gone from us, let him give us a BRITISH PLUTARCH—although there *be* a work with that title extant—upon a comprehensive scale, and involving sound con-

mirror without receiving something like a smart admonition. His contribution to the Club (“*The Garden Plot*”) was unworthy of the “Elizabethan chair” and its adjuncts.

The “hiatus valde deflendus” occasioned (as before intimated) by the death of James Boswell, was filled up by the election of JOHN ARTHUR LLOYD, Esq., of Leaton Knolles, near Shrewsbury\*; a gentleman in all respects qualified by his scholarship and attainments—and, above all, by his unwarpd and unwarpable attachment to the *Bibliomania*—to fill the seat which he occupies at the Clarendonian Anniversary. I scarcely know, for its limits, so choice and so enviable a collection† as his;

stitutional principles. What work, to BRITISH YOUTH, could be at once more attractive and beneficial? Only conceive what a portion of fiction—‘ad captandum vulgus—’ is mixed up in the pages of Plutarch!—while we positively HAVE our Solons, Miltiades, Scipios, and Cæsars. The mighty wand of Niebührh as disenchantd the first four centuries of the Roman History of all its previously received FICTIONS for—*facts!*

\* The mansion of Mr. Lloyd, recently erected on his own plan (for he is his own *Vitruvius*), and situated some three miles distant from Shrewsbury, overlooks the rushing Severn, which may be said to wash its base. It has a *Tusculum*-like look, which accords well with the possessor of it; who considers his *Elzevir Cicero* as among the finest set of volumes of that description in his library.

† These are not idle or merely complimentary words. They are based upon truth: for thus stands the account. Mr. Lloyd may well boast of the following, among other, scarce and precious books. *The Mazarine Latin Bible*, 1455—Larcher’s copy. *The Bible of 1642*, upon vellum: made up out of two copies by the late Mr. Edwards. *The Aldine Bible of 1518*, thick paper. *The Constitutions of Pope Clement V.* 1467, upon vellum. *The first Homer of 1488*, large, in original boards and clasps; with two leaves of the *Odyssey* upon vellum. *The Lactantius of 1465*. *The Apollonius Rhodius of 1496*. *The Thomas Aquinas of*

and when the day lowers, and the outlines of the distant Merionethshire mountains become more and more dim and indistinct—and at length the rain falls, and all is damp and misty without—then trimmeth Mr. Lloyd his wood fire...

..... “ligna super loco  
Large reponens!”

and regaleth and revelleth one hour midst his bibles, another midst his Aldine classics, and a third midst his *Table Ronde* lore. That Prince “ARTHUR” should hold the first place in his chivalrous affections, is exceedingly natural.

Mr. Lloyd’s book-contribution to the Club was a somewhat quaintly devised volume; entitled as below\*.

I am now to record a very singular event. The death of one of our members, and among the most amiable of men and splendid of Bibliomaniacs (Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.), caused a vacancy which was filled up by the election of the most distinguished writer and author of his day, and in Europe. It

1467. And the Aldine Editiones Principes of *Herodotus*; *Thucydides*, and *Pausanius*: to which add, the Aldine *Theocritus* of 1495. But enough: I will continue the ALDINE THEME in a future page.

\* “*The Cuck-Queans and Cukolds Errants*; or, The bearing down the Inne, a Comedy. *The Faery Pastorall, or Forrest of Elms*, by W. P. Esq. From a manuscript folio volume containing six dramatic pieces; formerly in the library of the Duke of Roxburghe. The author is supposed to have been William Percy, third son of Henry the eighth Earl of Northumberland, who died 1648. Thirty-seven copies were printed, of which two were UPON VELLUM. The reprint was superintended by Mr. Haslewood, in whose possession the manuscript latterly was—and which was sold at the sale of his library in 1834.

will be supposed that I can allude to no other person than SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.—who, albeit, was not to be elected in his own name, but under the *cognomen* of the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY. The circumstances are few and simple which led to this election.

In the month of February, 1823, at my own suggestion, but with the concurrence of our Noble President, and of several influential Members, I wrote to Sir Walter Scott to know if he would make known our *electioneering* wishes to the Author of Waverley? This was not the first time I had adopted the same *ruse*. I had done so on the publication of my TOUR in the preceding year. I had sent him a *copy* of that work, expressly to place it, “with the author’s respects,” on the shelves of that unknown Gentleman’s library. His answer to my letter (which will be found in the ensuing pages) is perhaps one of the most curious on record. I now resumed my correspondence on something like the same basis, by requesting Sir Walter to tell me whether he thought the Author of Waverley would like to become a Member of the Roxburghe Club? His answer was as follows :—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I was duly favoured with your letter, which proves one point against the Unknown Author of Waverley, namely, that he is certainly a Scotsman, since no other nation pretends to the advantage of the Second Sight. Be He who or where he may, he must certainly feel the very high honour which has selected him (*Nominis Umbra*) to a situation so worthy of envy.

“ As his personal appearance in the fraternity is not like to be a speedy event, one may presume he may be desirous of offering some test of his gratitude in the shape of a reprint, or such like kickshaw; and for that purpose you had better send him the Statutes of your learned body which I will engage shall reach him in safety.

“ It will follow as a characteristic circumstance, that the Table of the Roxburghe like that of King Arthur will have a vacant chair like that of Banquo at MacBeths Banquet. But if this author who ‘ hath fern-seed and walketh invisible’ should not appear to claim it before I come to London, (should I ever be there again) with permission of the Club, I, who have something of adventure in me although ‘ a knight like Sir Andrew Aguecheek dubbd with unhackd rapier and on carpet consideration would, rather than lose the chance of a dinner with the Roxburghe Club, take upon me the adventure of the *siege perilous*, and reap some amends for perils and scandals into which the Invisible champion has drawn me by being his Locum tenens on so distinguishd an occasion.

“ It will be not uninteresting to you to know that a fraternity is about to be established here something on the plan of the Roxburghe Club but having Scottish antiquities chiefly in view. It is to be called the *Bannatyne Club* from the celebrated Antiquary George Bannatyne who compiled by far the greatest manuscript record of old Scottish poetry. Their first meeting is to be held on Thursday, when the health of the Roxburghe Club will not fail to be drank

“ I am always my dear Sir,

“ Your most faithful humble Servant

“ Edinr. 25 Feb<sup>y</sup>. 1823”

“ WALTER SCOTT”

Accordingly, on the 19th of April, in the same year, the election of the Author of Waverly took place; and as Vice-President, and a previous Cor-

respondent upon the subject, I considered myself "in duty bound" to apprise Sir Walter of the result. His answer is sufficiently characteristic.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am duly honoured with your very interesting and flattering communication. Our highlanders have a proverbial saying founded on the traditional renown of Fingal's dog. 'If it is not Bran' they say 'it is Bran's brother.' Now this is always taken as a compliment of the first class, whether applied to an actual cur or parabolically to a biped, and upon the same principle it is with no small pride and gratification that the Roxburghe Club have been so very flatteringly disposed to accept me as a *locum tenens* for the unknown author whom they have made the child of their adoption. As sponsor I will play my part as well as I can; and should the Real Simon Pure make his appearance, to push me from my stool, why I shall have at least the satisfaction of having enjoyed it.

They cannot say but what I *had* the crown.

Besides, I hope the Devil does not owe me such a shame. Mad Tom tells us that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and this mysterious personage will I hope partake as much of his honourable feelings as of his invisibility, and resuming his incognito permit me to enjoy in his stead an honour which I value more than I do that which has been bestowed on me by the credit of having written any of his novels.

"I regret deeply I cannot soon avail myself of my new privileges, but Courts which I am under the necessity of attending officially set down in a few days and *hei mihi* do not arise for vacation until July. But I hope to be in Town next Spring, and certainly I have one strong additional reason for a London Journey furnished by the pleasure of meeting the Roxburghe Club. Make my most respectful

compliments to the Members at their next merry meeting and express in the warmest manner my sense of obligation.

“ I am always, my dear Sir,

“ Very much your most obedient Servant

“ *Abbotsford, 1st May, 1823*

“ WALTER SCOTT.

“ *Rev. Dr. Dibdin, Kensington, London.*”

It will be seen that the worthy Baronet, as in the preface to his *Quentin Durward*, has doctored me; at a time when I had not the slightest possible notion of—because there was no reasonable ground for—such a distinction. On our first meeting at the Club in 1828, which he never afterwards attended, Sir Walter observed to me, “ You see, I had the gift of second sight.” In regard to these Letters, an anonymous writer in a weekly Journal infers that “ one fell to the lot” of the late Mr. Haslewood, and the other to myself. I hardly know what is meant by this inference; but I *do* know that both letters were rightfully my property, as being addressed to, and received by, myself:—and as such, that I had the rightful disposal of them. One was given by me to Mr. Haslewood—not for the dishonourable purpose to which that writer has thought fit to apply it; and the other was placed by me in a quarter whence I am sure it can never be withdrawn from any sinister or mercenary motive. A copy of this second letter was, I think, taken by Mr. Haslewood—and hence found its way into his too memorable “Revels.” Sir Walter Scott’s book-contribution as a member of the Club is, strangely enough, among the least in-

teresting and valuable in our GARLAND\*. It may be as well to add, as the concluding sentence connected with Sir Walter Scott's admission into our Club, that in the preface to his *Peveiril of the Peak*—and after he had thrown off the mask of his disguise—he says, that “he has pride in recording, that he had the honour of being elected a Member of the Roxburghe Club merely as the author of *Waverley*, without any other designation; and it was an additional inducement to throw off the mask of an anonymous author, when it gave him a right to occupy the vacant seat at that festive board.” In his book-contribution, his *own* name first appears in the list of members: before it was inserted as “*the Author of Waverley.*” On his death in 1833, Benjamin Barnard, Esq., was elected as his successor.

As the work of death went on amongst our Roxburghers, it was necessarily the wish of the surviving members to fill up vacancies by the election of fitting successors. The demise of Mr. LANG is the next to be recorded; and as I have devoted some space to the mention of his worth in a preceding page†, it may be here only necessary to add,

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\* What I mean by the word “GARLAND,” is the Collection of the Roxburghe Pieces—or of the Book-Contributions of the respective Members. Sir Walter Scott's contribution was entitled, “Proceedings in the Court Martial held upon John Master, of Sinclair, Captain-Lieutenant in Preston's Regiment, for the Murder of Ensign Schaw of the same regiment, and Captain Schaw of the Royals, 17th October, 1708. With Correspondence respecting that Transaction.” 1828. 4to.

† See page 371.

that his book-contribution to the Club was *Le Livre du Faucon*; reprinted from a scarce black letter tract in his own library, originally printed by Verard. This contribution was hardly in accordance with the calibre of his library, and a better thing might perhaps have been expected from him. The vacancy occasioned by his death was filled by the election of VISCOUNT CLIVE, the heir apparent of the Earl of Powis. Lord Clive, putting his rank apart, was in all respects worthy of our choice. His amiable manners, and his quick *Aldine* sensibility, pointed him out to be "*tali dignus honore*;" and this feeling, upon the recent death of our incomparable President, has led to his succeeding to Earl Spencer's chair. Lord Clive is the rural neighbour and the intimate friend of Mr. Lloyd; and these Roxburghers, in their castellated retreats, compare copies, and revel over their rival Alduses with a sort of enthusiasm which none but thoroughbred Roxburghers can comprehend or appreciate. One thing may be considered as somewhat remarkable. It has been only in this present year—seven years after his election—that Lord Clive has favoured the Club with his book-contribution. It is, however, a most valuable and curious one, being English metrical *Lives of the Saints*, by a Monk of Clare, in Suffolk, written in 1443—and first printed from a MS. in the British Museum. It has been edited with great care, and is doubtless a substantial acquisition.

I am next to record the demise of no common member of the Club—the late ROGER WILBRAHAM, Esq. Mr. Wilbraham (as will be seen) was among our earliest as he was among our most constant associates. He loved books—and with reason; for not only had he a very curious and valuable library, but he was a good scholar—and “understood what he read.” In the Italian language, few Englishmen went before him; and what rare and capricious, but instructive and valuable volumes, did he possess in that department of literature! Mazzuchelli and Tiraboschi were considered by him, and rightly considered, as sheet anchors of bibliographical erudition. Not that he despised Haym, or disdained Paitoni. He was the SEMPRONIUS of my Decameron; and the character and *complexion* of his well-stored library, together with the mention of his hospitality, will be more than once found in the pages of that work\*. I have met society at Mr. Wilbraham’s table, such as I cannot hope to meet again; and Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Harry Englefield, Mr. Payne Knight, Richard Heber, and Foscolo, were of the number. The latter was the petted and spoiled marmozet of the upper circles in London. He had undoubted genius, but he had as undoubted vanity—which at times bordered on insolence. I have seen him return a rude *Yaes* or *No* to a question very civilly put to him, from one, to whom, in the earlier

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\* See the note, vol. ii. 530; and vol. iii. 38.

part of his sojourn amongst us, he exhausted the eloquence of his native tongue in expressions of the deepest gratitude; while, upon others, I have seen him turn his back, and scarcely vouchsafe an answer, as he was complacently contemplating his physiognomy in the glass, and elongating his fiery whiskers\*. Dandled by Duchesses, and caressed by Countesses, he at last became giddy, and lost both his balance and position in society. I fear he added ingratitude to his other more than peccadillos†.

It is time to return to my departed friend. To

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\* His personal vanity was intense and immeasurable. His portrait to the *Letters of Ortiz* (a very strange and wild publication—put forth under that assumed name, but in reality Foscolo's), was a very flattering resemblance—but the Original could not endure it.

† The example of Foscolo, if any such were wanting, is another proof of that prompt and generous credulity in the English to bestow lavish patronage upon a foreigner, when native talents, to the full as obvious and commanding, are pining at the outer gate, and demanding only the shelter of the *vestibule*—where the foreigner is regaling himself upon the *ottomans* of the interior. It was the fashion to make much of Foscolo. His very oddities, which in a native are sometimes hardly endured, were considered tests of originality and genius. His *brusquerie*, and I will add, his *gaucherie*, were even set down to the account of superior talents. Of the interior of the man, few took the pains to examine for themselves, or to inquire of others. A general acquaintance is easily obtained in London. No one thinks of perforating the cuticle of character. The same facility which secures a young man with a decent exterior, smart dress, and fluent prattle, into half the drawing-rooms of “distinguished fashionables,” will secure a lettered foreigner into circles of a graver import. And thus it was with Foscolo; but happening to be *trod* upon, he turned his tail upwards, and that tail proved to be armed with a penetrating sting. His contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*—upon the early Italian Poets and Writers—were doubtless masterpieces of their kind, and cannot be too frequently read, and too gravely reflected upon. *O si sic omnia!*

few literary characters was Mr. Wilbraham more attached than to our common friend, Mr. Douce; and at no other table than *his* (except three or four times at my own) was I in the habit of meeting the latter. The connecting book-link between them was lexicography—in which department of a library our Roxburgher was as eminently rich as he was confessedly learned. It was pleasant to see these two champions, each sensitive, and at times rough of speech\*, battling it away over *Palgrave's Eclaircissements de la Langue Française, 1535, folio*; a book, as remarkable for its intrinsic worth as for its

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\* And indeed so were Mr. Wilbraham and Foscolo. I once witnessed a skirmish between these resolute champions of Italian literature, which had well nigh ended in a pitched battle—when the former observed, with admirable presence of mind, and good breeding, “Mr. Foscolo, this is my house. I cannot insult any one while he is in it; but to-morrow we may speak our minds a little more freely *without it*.” Meanwhile, be pleased to fill your glass, and pass the bottle.” Foscolo sulkily pushed on the bottle without filling his glass. “Why (says Mr. Wilbraham), I thought you were fond of this wine? It is my best Burgundy. At any rate, you will allow me to drink your health in it?” Instead of *brimming* his glass—which a warm-hearted and well-bred gentleman would have done—the Italian sloped himself into an inclined plane posture—twirled his whiskers—gave one grunt, and afterwards maintained a dogged silence. I never saw the eye of “mine host” light up with a more kindling fire. It emitted scintillations! And yet, within twenty minutes Foscolo had risen from the table (leaving the other guests sitting), stood with his back to the fire, and seemed to treat the company as if they were only so many drivers of *viterines*. All that the host said the next day, when I called upon him, was, “Foscolo is an extraordinary man—but he sadly wants judgment; nor is he overburdened with courage.” “I hope you have not heard from him, Sir?” “Poh,—poh—Foscolo knows *me* and *himself* too well to risk a duel. Our combats must be confined to Dante and Machiavelli dissertations.”

extreme rarity\*. But I should say that the strength of Mr. Wilbraham's library lay in his *Voyages and Travels*. In these he had some very rare pieces; and upon the Geography of *Berlinghieri* I have seen him hold forth as a lecturer, while a forest of green bottles and glasses, upon his thoroughly hospitable table, were suffered to be immoveable for some twenty or twenty-five minutes. There was one thing eminently distinguishable about him. He was, in his general bearing, the gentleman—of the old school—to every guest at his table†. The humblest

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\* A very particular account of it, with copious specimens, will be seen in the fourth volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*. I do not pretend to know its present pecuniary value; but no good library can be perfect without it. I think I have seen nearly a dozen copies of it—and all in good condition. What is rather extraordinary, the printer of it (Henry Hawkins) is not yet known to have executed any other work.

† Especially at his country house at Twickenham—of which I remember the first taking—about twenty-three years ago. Here the most constant inmate was my old friend the late George Isted, Esq., of whom see page 368. But Mr. Wilbraham had a keen relish in Horticultural pursuits. I see him at this moment in his broad straw hat, with his *spud* in his hand, now superintending the management of a cranberry bed, and now the pruning of a pear tree. His dinners, which always bore evidence of a culinary *artiste*, were usually succeeded by a tasteful desert; in which he liked to outvie his neighbours in the size, fineness, and flavour of his fruits—and while the table was richly garnished with pears, plums, peaches, and nectarines. I have heard him “discourse most eloquently” in praise of the *first* named fruit—urging his guests to partake of it. His guests did not quarrel either with the premises or conclusion of his speech; but regularly left the pears untouched, and reduced the numbers of the peaches and nectarines, which generally were indeed of extraordinary size and flavour. He loved society, and kept much. His constitution was that of adamant. In the pleasures of the table he was temperate; in those of social colloquy, and generous

or comparatively unknown, received as much attention from him as the most distinguished. No *star* pleased him more than that of *rising genius*. Mr. Wilbraham, in early life, had been a member of parliament, and the associate and friend of Mr. Fox. As he approached his "threescore years and ten," his political excitements cooled, and Dante and Ariosto made him forget the Regency and the French revolution. His admiration, however, of his old leader, continued unabated to the last. He died a bachelor, at his house in Stratton-street, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; being, with the exception of the late Rev. Mr. Norris, the oldest member of Trinity College, Cambridge. He left his library to his nephew, his brother's eldest son, one of the present members of Cheshire; who, with his uncle's fine fortune, inherits his unadulterated principles of whiggism.

The successor to Mr. Wilbraham in our Club, was the EARL CAWDOR: a nobleman of high taste and literary attainments, and a member who soon

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entertainment, he was liberal to excess. He was the kindest and most generous of masters. His servants, indeed, "had a fine time of it;" for his establishment was liberal, and his hours, when in the country, were almost primitive. A portion of his library was sold by auction by Mr. Evans in 1829, and produced 1000*l.* It may be as well to add, that his book-contribution to the Roxburghe Club, was called *DAIPHANTUS*, or *the Passions of Love*; being a reprint from an original which could not have been published before 1604, as an allusion is made in it to Shakespeare's Hamlet—of which the first *legitimate* edition was of *that date*. What led a half-way Septuagenarian and Octogenarian to the production of *such* a work as "*Daiphantus*," it were difficult to conjecture.



*J. Possewhite sc.*

ROBERT WILBRAHAM, ESQ<sup>RS</sup>



gave substantial proof of his zeal in "the cause," by the contribution of a *Book* called *William and the Werwolf*—it being an ancient English Romance, from an unique MS. in the library of King's College, Cambridge; and put forth under the editorial care of Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Madden, of the British Museum. It is printed with singular fidelity to the original text; and the able Introduction by Sir Frederick is succeeded by two letters upon the subject of *Werwolves*, written by the Hon. Augustus Herbert. The subject is indeed inexhaustible; for a Werwolf is a *Man-wolf*; one, who will break down fences and destroy property where the *quadruped* is unable to make an entrance. The death of Mr. Dent followed that of Mr. Wilbraham; and the Hon. and Rev. NEVIL GRENVILLE became his successor\*. Mr. Grenville's contribution was an heroic

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\* The library of Mr. Dent (the *BAROCIO* of the *Bibliomania* and the *Decameron*) was sold by Mr. Evans in 1827, and produced the sum of 15,040*l.* The *GREAT GUN* in the library was the first *Livy* of 1469, upon vellum—which had been successively in the libraries of Mr. Edwards and Sir Mark Sykes—and when the hammer fell upon *that* book, how fell its *price* too! It had been obtained by Mr. Dent at the sale of Sir Mark's library for about the half of its original cost to that Baronet—namely, 903*l.*; and it was sold for little more than one *quarter*. On its sale—the purchasers being Messrs. Payne and Foss—it was offered to the late Earl Spencer at a moderate premium; but that Nobleman declined the purchase—for reasons which I endeavoured anxiously to counteract, and which I have never since ceased to deplore. In *his* library it would have been in its proper element, as a companion to the *Pliny* of 1470, by the *same* printers, also upon *vellum*. But who shall say it is not *now* "metely reposing" in the splendid cabinet of the Hon. Tho. Grenville?

Latin poem (from a MS. in the Cotton Collection) by Geoffrey Arthur, Archdeacon of Monmouth, and afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, on the Life and Prophecies of the Welch Merlin; and was printed in 1830. The transcription was made by Mr. Black, who wrote a preface of some twenty pages, which was afterwards cancelled; and an analysis of the poem by Ellis was substituted\*.

The knell of our Club continued to be tolled with no very long intervals between the strokes of the bell, for in 1833 died the Rev. WILLIAM HOLWELL CARR—who has left a name behind which entitles him to be ranked among the most liberal of his country's benefactors†. His place was supplied by the Rev.

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\* In Mr. Haslewood's copy of this book there also appeared a copy of this cancelled preface, which he says "was never delivered to Lewis the binder." What occasioned the suppression he had never been able to ascertain.

† I allude to his donation or bequest of his fine collection of pictures to the NATIONAL GALLERY; among which his Leonardo da Vinci shines forth with an unrivalled lustre. It was purchased by Mr. Carr of the Earl of Northwick; and I met him on the very day of the purchase. It was in Bond-street. After the usual salutations, and on enquiring about his health, he answered, "as well as a man can be, who has just put his hand to a *three thousand five hundred pounds cheque* for a PICTURE." It was for the "Christ among the Doctors," by the above artist. "On ne peut pas disputer pour les goûts;" but in my humble judgment—at least in my estimation—(and I had the cruelty to say so to him) the St. Catharine by Raffaele, in the same nobleman's collection, was the finer performance—was a gem of a purer and more ethereal touch and composition. My brother Roxburgher laughed at my graphical heresy, and sought his home in apparently the highest spirits. "Another such victory," said he, "and I am undone." "Obtain the Raffaele," I replied, "and you are richer than before." This Raffaele is now in the collection of Mr. Beckford, and, in my apprehension, it was a much cheaper purchase at 2000 guineas, than the Da Vinci at 3500*l*.

EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY, now Dr. Hawtrey, and Head Master of Eton School. A more judicious choice could not have been made; for I know of few libraries which compete with that of our newly elected member\*. It is at once choice and copious, learned and resplendent; and I am well pleased to hear (as indeed I anticipated) that its owner has recently enriched the *Biblical* department of it by the purchase of a few desirable volumes at the *Kloss Sale*, rendered valuable by the MS. notes of Melanthon†. Dr. Hawtrey's book-contribution to

\* That library has been in part, and sketchedly, described in the *Bibliophabia*, where its owner is introduced under the appellation of PRISCIAN. As that description is short, a repetition of it may be endured. "Priscian, the classical and the accomplished. Books are his 'dear delight:' and Bibles, among those books, the primary object of attraction. The owner has a rare set of them—such as, in a private collection, are eclipsed only by those at Kensington and Althorp. There are also belles-lettres in abundance, in the German, Spanish, and Italian, as well as in the French and English, languages. But oh! that splendid MS. of OVID!—approached with delicacy, unlocked with care, and surveyed with ecstasy!—" Δος δ' οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι—" exclaimed I, as, on turning my eyes in an opposite direction, I essayed to see the numerous folios and quartos—some of which were impervious to the glorious sunbeam." P. 59. Since this feeble and inadequate description of Dr. Hawtrey's book-treasures has been penned, their owner has attained the dignity above mentioned in the text: and long may he wield THE SCEPTRE of such a dominion! Multiplied as his cares and anxieties, and absorbed as his whole time must doubtless be, in consequence, I will yet hope he thinks much and often of his library, and will lose no opportunity of a judicious addition to its treasures.

† The Bible purchased by Dr. Hawtrey at the sale of Dr. Kloss's library was that of the date of 1557, enriched by numerous MS. notes of Melanthon. What an extraordinary collection was the BIBLIOTHECA KLOSSIANA! and with what admirable talent and success has the catalogue of that collection been ushered into the world by Mr.

the Club is entitled the *Private Diary of William first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England*: it being an early transcript of the original Diary in the possession of the late Earl of Hardwicke, 1833, 4to. The supplementary notes are to follow: and I can only say, in common with my brother Roxburghers, "the sooner the better."

The next funereal stroke struck upon the bell, was one which sent forth a dismal sound—not only among the members of the Roxburghe Club, but throughout Europe at large. I mean the death of

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Sotheby the Younger. When I take the introductory matter of this catalogue into consideration, I may conscientiously say that I scarcely know such a *début*; which does equal credit to the author's acumen, diligence, and gallantry of spirit—for the PLATES accompanying the catalogue are at once curious and abundant. I consider the Melanthon POINT as fairly and fully established by the framer of the catalogue: throwing, thereby, a new light upon the marvellous talents of that most learned, most amiable, and most enviable of the Protestant Reformers. Dr. Kloss, in addition to the remuneration in the shape of "argent comptant," should send over the handsomest gold snuff-box the town of Francfort can produce, to be deposited in the Sotheby Archives. Had such a collection been sold twenty years ago, the produce had been threefold. It amounted to 2261*l.* It had escaped Mr. Sotheby to notice the extraordinary rarity of the Editio Princeps of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, No. 655, which appeared to be printed by Eggesteyn, about 1473; and which was well and wisely bought by my friend Dr. Bandinel, for the Bodleian Library, at the stiff price of 20*l.* My learned friend Mr. Petrie is vehement about the rarity and importance of this book. How the British Museum missed No. 4637, in the same collection, is painfully incomprehensible! And how that National Library, attached to the most knowing and the richest set of human beings upon earth, can let so many opportunities slip of essential aggrandisement to their book-treasures, is as unaccountable as lamentable. Can an establishment like *that* plead poverty? Forbid it, every succeeding Prime Minister. Reverting to Dr. Kloss, I anticipate with confidence the "GOLD SNUFF-BOX."

Sir Walter Scott—of whom, at this present moment, I will say no more than what has been advanced in a preceding page. My *Scottiana* will appear in more correct chronological order in the pages to come. Indeed, Sir Walter may be said to have been the common property of thousands; for, in one sense, he was eminently distinguished for the patriotic motto—*non sibi sed toto*.

The order of these memoranda of defunct members of the ROXBURGHE CLUB has at length brought us to the notice of another *Double Vacancy* occasioned by the deaths of two Members, whose names, although upon very different grounds, are not likely to be speedily forgotten. I mean JOSEPH HASLEWOOD and RICHARD HEBER, Esquires. It is a melancholy truth to state, that they lay in their coffins at the *same time*, before burial. I wrote to Mr. Heber, conceiving him to be at Hodnet, announcing to him the death of our common friend Haslewood. That letter was returned to him at Pimlico, but on reaching him he had *himself* paid the debt of nature. The first object that presented itself to me, on visiting the mansion of my departed friend at Pimlico, was, the letter in question—which I necessarily claimed as my property. How little can human foresight calculate upon contingencies! In that letter, of the date of Sept. 27, 1833, I described our common friend as being “above ground, in his winding-sheet, and as having died on the preceding Saturday, in his sixty-fourth year.” I afterwards added, “the

Chronicler of the Club is no more\*." In a letter from our Noble President, on my having announced to him the *double* vacancy, his lordship replied thus: "Death has been rather busy among the Roxburghers of late; and if I am not mistaken, I think we have now *four* vacancies; but as I am not sure that I am correct, I inclose a list of the Club as I suppose it now to stand; and shall be obliged by any corrections you may afford." His lordship *was* mistaken—for we had only *three* vacancies at the time—that of Sir Walter Scott's making the third. But the *next* vacancy which occurred, was occasioned by the demise of our Noble President HIMSELF!! I proceed in the order before laid down.

And first, of "*the Chronicler of the Club.*" Mr. Haslewood had been known to me from the time of Reed's sale, in 1808, when we used to meet under the smiling countenance of poor Lochée, and

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\* I concluded thus:—"I suppose Sotheby will dispose of his books in December, and that you will have the *final* fingering of the rarer comicalities of his whimsical collection. Again I say, peace to his spirit." Mr. Sotheby did *not* have the disposal of my friend's books: but it is justice to Mr. Evans, who *did* have the disposal of them, to say, that it came into his possession not only without his *knowledge* (for he was at Paris at the time) but without the slightest intervention of what may be considered the efforts only of a fair and admitted rivalry. *How* and *why* the Haslewood Collection did go to Mr. Evans, is quite another question. It were enough to have brought the owner from his grave—if he was serious in what I have often heard him say upon this subject. Mr. Sotheby was his very old and confidential friend—and "what will Sam Sotheby make of *this*, and of *that*, after I am gone?" was constantly in his mouth. But, as is above remarked, "how little can human foresight calculate upon contingencies!"

when I found that he was an occasional—indeed the principal—contributor to the *Censura Literaria*, of which Sir S. E. Brydges was the nominal editor. I am not sure whether we had not before exchanged notes of a common literary gossiping nature; but in 1809, when the first edition of my *Bibliomania* appeared, I found myself justified not only in begging his acceptance of a copy of that slight performance, but in introducing him into the work itself, as one of those bibliomaniacal worthies who, assembling all the known pieces upon CHATTERTON, and collecting works upon *Hawking* and *Rural Sports*, evinced at least a book-passion which could not be considered contemptible. His poetical reply, on accepting the copy in question, appears in a preceding page\*. In my second edition of the *Bibliomania*, after our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy, I introduced him into the “*Auction Room*” of that *Bibliographical Romance*, under the character of BERNARDO†; and at this distance of time (for twenty-

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\* See page 295.

† That character is precisely in the following words.

“Lis. Who is that gentleman standing towards the right of the Auctioneer, and looking so intently upon his catalogue?”

“You point to my friend Bernardo. He is thus anxious because an original fragment of the fair lady’s work which you have just mentioned, is coming under the hammer, and powerful indeed must be the object to draw his attention another way. The demure Prioress of Sopewell Abbey is his ancient sweetheart, and he is about introducing her to his friends, by a union with her as close and as honourable as that of wedlock. Engaged in a laborious profession (the duties of which are faithfully performed by him) Bernardo devotes his few leisure hours to the

five years have elapsed since the composition of that work) I look back upon the character there given of my departed friend with the most entire satisfaction: for it was based upon truth. I presented him with one of the very earliest copies of this *second* edition also, and his answer to a note of mine, accompanying the book \*, will be seen in the page im-

investigation of old works, thinking, with the ancient poet quoted by Ashmole, that

. . . ‘out of olde fields, as men saythe,  
Cometh all this new come fro yeare to yeare,  
And out of OLDE BOKES in good faythe  
Cometh all this seyence that mene leare.’

Or, with Ashmole himself, ‘old words have strong emphasis; others may look upon them as rubbish or trifles, but they are grossly mistaken; for what some light braines may esteem as foolish toys, deeper judgments can and will value as sound and serious matter.’

“If you ask me whether Bernardo be always successful in his labours, I should answer you as I have told him, No: for the profit and applause attendant upon them are not commensurate with his exertions. Moreover, I do verily think, that, in some few instances, he sacrifices his judgment to another whim, by a reluctance to put out the strength of his own powers. He is also, I had almost said, the admiring slave of Ritsonian fastidiousness; and will cry pish! if a *u* be put for a *v*, or a *single e* for a *double one*; but take him fairly as he is, and place him firmly in the bibliographical scales, and you will acknowledge that his weight is far from being inconsiderable. He is a respectable and every way a praiseworthy man: and although he is continually walking in a thick forest of black letter, and would prefer a book printed before the year 1550 to a turtle dressed accordingly to the rules of Mr. Farley, yet he can ever and anon sally forth to enjoy a stroll along the river side with Isaac Walton in his hand, when ‘he hath his wholesome walk and merry, at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers, that maketh him hungry.’” P. 165. His collection of WALTON’S brought 70*l.* at the sale of his library in 1833.

\* My friend Mr. Freeling happening to purchase this copy for (5*l.* 18*s.*) at the sale of Mr. Haslewood’s library, I find the note in question (which I had never seen since it was written) to be thus: and I give it

mediately following that referred to at page 295. I think that I may add, from this period till within some few months of his death, Mr. Haslewood found at my house not only the heartiest reception on the score of hospitality, but on that of a warm and sympathising friend, in many extremities. At no one season was my door even half-shut against him. He never looked upon my table-cloth without finding a knife and fork placed there for himself. He had seen my family grow up from childhood to maturity. He had caressed them when living—he had mourned for those who had taken their departures. He may be said to have had *no home* for himself; which only served the more to press him to make my house, at all times, his resort: and at Exning as well as in London, he invariably found such a reception as induced him often and often to number the hours and days spent there as “among the eider-down ones of his existence.” These were his

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publicity, not so much as a test of early and cordial attachment, as of a different destiny, to that indirectly anticipated in it, having awaited its author.

“Kensington, May 11, 1811.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The child is just born; and I throw it, with all its swaddling clothes, into your lap. May you find it rather smiling than frowning. Cut open the leaves carefully, as they are yet damp. I need hardly add that this is a *pick'd copy*, for so choice a bibliomaniacal wight as yourself. If you survive me in this troublesome world, fail not to think, when you open the volume, that the author was one who subscribed himself cordially yours,

“T. F. D.”

E E

own words. Unfortunately, there was nothing "in common" between him and his Uncle with whom he lived, and who was graciously pleased to allot to his nephew two rooms (of the size of a housekeeper's china-closet), on the second and third floors, at the back of his house, and to which the occupant ascended by a back staircase, precipitous and circular enough to destroy the equilibrium of any visitor.

But all this discomfort only endeared Haslewood the more to his books, when he got among them, and which were attempted to be set-off by the most capricious nick-nackery (in the way of *furniture ornament*) that ever presented itself to a critical eye. Of the harmony of colour, my deceased friend had no notion. His stained glass windows exhibited nothing but flaunting yellow and flaming red. His *book-illustrations* partook of this glaring discrepancy; the prints being too often "lugged in neck and shoulders"—with a very slight attention to size, subject, and condition. But all this seemed perfectly natural in its way, and was as a sort of *reflex* only of the character of the owner—about whom there was neither guile, nor presumption, nor insolence, nor ill-nature. To see him sit doggedly down to "a batch of quartos and octavos," as they came from Charles Lewis's manufactory, was a treat of no common kind. He seemed to hug the volumes as his eye sparkled upon their exterior splendour; and he was sure to grumble at the charges, while he exulted and expatiated upon the skill of that re-

nowned Biblioepigist\*, as he placed the tomes upon his shelves. Had the *ménage* of his Uncle's house corresponded with the comfort of his book-closets, Joseph Haslewood had been comparatively a happy man. It was more than negative pleasure for me to present him occasionally with proof impressions of book-plates, curiosities, and a picture or two. How often has he returned home from Kensington, or Wyndham Place, with some extra subject, wherewith to embellish the *Tour*, the *Decameron*, or the *Ædes Althorpiantæ*! I speak not these things vauntingly; but it is necessary that they *should* be

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\* "Confound that extravagant chap, L——, if he were not so capital a binder, he should never receive a stiver of my money"—was his frequent expression. I have known him return home prematurely from an evening party (and he was a pretty good *sitter*) when he expected one of the "batches" above alluded to. Latterly he had given up the theatre; but he may be said to have brought the theatres to *himself* in that strange and interminable farrago, entitled "COLLECTANEA DRAMATICA"—which brought 24*l.* 10*s.* at the sale of his library. He affected great indifference to Kean, being attached to the Kemble school—although he was as noisy as any man, against that renowned tragedian, in the memorable O. P. row. What he did, he usually did upon a sort of principle. He was a great *Robin Hood* man, and an indefatigable explorer of old ballads and dramatic fragments. When he accompanied me, some six years ago, to the public library at Cambridge, there was no getting him out of Bishop More's black-letter closet. I thought Mr. Lodge, the public librarian, must have had recourse to "the strong man" to pull him away from the editio princeps of "*The blind beggar of Bethnal Green.*" And at Althorp, when I set him down to that unique tract called *Gamaliel Ratsey*, it was quite evident that his bosom was labouring with heavings such as could not be exceeded in force and frequency by those of a Sibylline prophetess!! Of what importance this tract is, may be seen from Mr. Collier's extract from what Mr. Haslewood has given of it, in his very recent and most interesting little pamphlet, entitled, *New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare*, 1835, p. 30-31.

spoken: and if his collection of my humble works "were well sold" at the sale of his library, it is only common justice to add, that these gratuitous contributions were greatly instrumental to such a sale. He received all my "privately printed" tracts as a matter of course, without even the trouble of asking for them\*. I have said, that our intimacy continued till "within a few months of his death." Had he not lived latterly a good deal under the influence

\* These tracts were, 1. *Specimen of an English Debure*; 2. *Specimen Bibliothecæ Britannicæ*; 3. *Book Rarities*; 4. *Bibliography, a Poem*; 5. *The Lincolne Nosegay*; 6. *La Belle Marianne*; with presents of many single volumes of publications, besides my own: among these, was the scarce pamphlet by the late Mr. Malone, privately printed, upon the *Tempest of Shakspeare*. Not to have given him these things, would have been depriving myself of a positive gratification; and therefore I assume no extra merit upon the occasion. Many of our common friends can attest the truth of this remark. His collection of my works, including private pieces, and the Malone pamphlet, produced, I think, about 70*l*. They were all upon small paper. The last present which he received from me (knowing his passionate attachment to books of sports) was an English translation, by a Graduate of Medicine, of the Greek of *Arrian upon Coursing*, &c., 1821, with 24 embellishments from the antique—on India paper; a book, so sweetly adorned, and so admirably executed in its literary department, that I see with delight my own brief commendation of it (from the *Bibliophobia*), selected by Mr. James Bohn, in the most seductively printed, and well laid-out catalogue, which I have seen a long time from a bibliopolistic tyro. My friend Haslewood's reply on receiving the volume is so characteristic of a kindly feeling, and of his own peculiar vocabulary, that I hesitate not one moment to lay it before the reader. If I am not mistaken, it was the LAST LETTER which I ever received from him.

"Conduit Street, July 2, 1832.

"MY DEAR D\*\*\*,

"I am certainly alive; but from the time of losing an excellent well-wisher and good client in Sir J. Harington, I have been fighting with the severest spasmodic attack of rheumatism I have ever had; and was wrapt in flannel when your splendid, heart-cheering present arrived—

of one vulgar, domineering spirit, it had continued to his dying hour. I am free to confess that I yet miss my departed friend—in many a solitary moment, and on many a social occasion. But we shall meet again.

The foregoing—from the indulgence of mere personal feeling—is the manifestation of a sincere desire to scatter at least one unsullied flower upon the tomb of my departed friend.

“ His saltem accumulẽm donis, et fungar inani  
Munere.”

Something more, however—and perhaps of greater weight—may be expected from me in reference to the Deceased with THE CLUB. In consequence of a public attack, by an anonymous writer, upon the

which absolutely revived my spirits. To ME, the acquisition is invaluable. I do not know, of my *two hundred* volumes on the sports, *one to compete* with it. The chaste and spirited embellishments prove the author no trifling amateur in the arts; and for the subject, poor Sir James Mansfield, the most noted and enthusiastic courser and breeder of long-tails I recollect, would have doffed gown and wig to make him judge of the leash. Had I seen the book by chance, and found it unpurchaseable, I believe the parish bell might have tolled my funeral knell. In venturing to treat myself with a volume of *Ridinger's Animals*, out of younger Bohn's catalogue last week—after several twitches from my poverty-struck conscience—to add to my collection, I fancied it was adding something of value; but it is a cypher to your article. I hope it will not keep me from church to-morrow, as I do not mean to bend to the spasms, if resolution can rebut the same. Accept my very best thanks, which is too trite an acknowledgment; and I therefore wish I had another pen for five minutes to speak more encomiastically.

“ Yours truly,

“ J. HASLEWOOD.”

memory of the former—combining, in that attack, something stronger than *indirect* censure of the latter for its admission of him as a Member of their Society—it may be expected that I should offer a few remarks—at least in behalf of ONE whom the silence of the grave has cut off from all means of reply. There cannot be the slightest wish or desire of justifying the Club—which can only treat such an imputation with the contempt that it merits. Mr. Haslewood was a solicitor, and an honest one into the bargain. As his business was limited, his gains were small. His education had been exceedingly contracted, which only rendered his attachment to books, and to antiquarian research, the more surprising and commendable. His contributions to the *Censura Literaria*, and to the *British Bibliographer*, shewed that he had “the proper stuff” within him—to which must be added, the splendid and most accurate reprint of Dame Juliana Berner’s Book of *Hawking and Hunting*, published in 1811, of which he had the editorial superintendence—and to which an “Introduction” was written, proving at least the very singular and patient spirit of investigation of its Editor. To these qualifications was added a moral and upright character, with manners, which, although a little blunt and unpolished, were never calculated in the slightest degree to wound the feelings of the most fastidious. His own particular vocabulary might be called *Haslewoodian*—but it was neither vulgar nor offensive.

With these qualifications, I considered my departed friend as no unfit Associate for the Roxburghe Club; and Lord Spencer, Mr. Baron Bolland, and others, confirmed the recommendation:—

“ Me, me! adsum, qui feci! in me convertite ferrum.”

If there were impropriety or disgrace in the nomination of such a man, I desire to take it exclusively upon myself. His admission to this Society, or Club, proved one of the greatest comforts of his existence. He felt elevated by the circumstance. It was a feather (a small red one, perhaps) in his bonnet; and his zeal, diligence, and enthusiasm were alike kindled to pursue his favourite bibliographical studies to their utmost extent. Hence, in the following year, 1813, came out his most admirable reprint, with a preface, of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 2 vols., 4to. This was rapidly followed by Baldwin's *Mirror for Magistrates*, a reprint of equal accuracy and elaboration, in the same form and number of volumes. These were, in all respects, not only excellent works in themselves, but the rarity and value of the original impressions had rendered such reprints of absolute importance to the Student of early English Literature. They were accompanied by accounts and analyses of all the known previous editions. I remember the late Mr. Gifford to have said of these publications, “ these are something *like*; this is bringing your black-letter pursuits to some intelligible and useful issue.” But

the crowning result of my worthy friend's bibliographical labours (for I do not pretend to enumerate them all) was, the discovery of the *Author of Drunken Barnaby*—and who should that author be but RICHARD BRATHWAIT? Mr. Haslewood's edition of this humorous, and of its kind classical production, gave unqualified approbation to the knowing in these matters. The discovery, of itself, was not of much importance; but the *key* which led to it was very ingeniously and successfully introduced within all the wards of the lock\*. But enough. This tribute of respect to departed friendship may not be without its use, if it convince the liberal and the kind-hearted that accusation is at all times easier than proof; and, as on this occasion, that the apparently meditated suppression of truth assumes the cowardly aspect of falsehood. According to the inferences drawn by the anonymous writer in question, it should seem as if my departed friend had been introduced into the Roxburghe Club as a driveller and a dolt. I hope to have successfully

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\* What more particularly led to the discovery was, that in Brathwait's avowed pieces, the errata were usually designated thus: *on the Errata*. The same designation appearing to the errata of the first edition of the "*Drunken Barnaby*," led the Editor to the discovery in question—which was abundantly confirmed by collateral evidence. Mr. Haslewood's reprint of that first edition was one of the prettiest and happiest efforts of his editorial labours. Of Brathwait's numerous pieces, Mr. Haslewood had nearly a perfect collection. Some of them well merit republication. The author was a most extraordinary man in poetry and in prose, and yet we scarcely know any thing about him.

proved that he was as remote from, as he was undeserving of, the application of either of these opprobrious terms\*.

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\* I might here leave my departed friend to fight his own battle with posterity, did not a sense of duty enjoin me, as well for the sake of others as myself, to trespass upon the reader's patience for a few further minutes, in the notice of what has been alluded to at the foot of page 379, &c.

Ἄλγεινὰ μὲν μοι καὶ ΛΕΓΕΙΝ ἔστιν τὰδε

Ἄλγος δὲ ΣΙΓΑΝ.

*Prom. Vincit.*

Lest "*silence*," however, should be construed into impotence, or an inability to meet the charges, direct or implied, which are contained in four successive articles upon the late Mr. HASLEWOOD and the ROXBURGH CLUB, written in the Athenæum of January, 1834—and in which articles the characters of others, as well as of my own, may be supposed to be more or less impugned—I will take leave to submit a few remarks in the shape of a REPLY to the articles in question. But first, I beg to say a few words upon the transaction itself, which led to the communications in the Athenæum. I agree with the writer of those articles in thinking that such a MS. volume as that intitled the ROXBURGH REVELS should never have seen the public light. As there was nothing to call for—so there was nothing to justify—such an exposure. Mr. Haslewood died a bachelor, in comparatively easy circumstances. The whole produce of his library, whatever that might be, was to go, unburdened, to his heirs, relations, or legatees. He had often told me, in the earlier part of our acquaintance, that he would refuse a *thousand guinea cheque* for his books. They produced at his death about 2,500*l.*: the WHOLE being so much more than any person or persons could reasonably expect for *themselves*, as their owner might have sold his books in his lifetime, and put the amount of the sale into his pocket, without there being the shadow of a *right* to call him to an account for such a proceeding. This point is, I think, as clear as the sun at noon-day.

However, it is too well known that Mr. Haslewood did *not* do so; but dying, he left two executors—one of whom, who was his brother, declined to act. The acting executor, an old and intimate friend of the deceased, resolved to shew his *affectionate respect* for his memory, by *selling* this volume with the whole of the library. There is no accounting for tastes: and one has heard of being "defended from friends, and taking care of one's self against enemies." Poor Haslewood was in no condition to do the latter; and accordingly THIS VOLUME—the concoction of

It is now in course that I should say something of the OTHER deceased member of the Roxburghe

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one in his gayer and unsuspecting moments—the repository of private, confidential communications—a mere memorandum book of what had passed at convivial meetings, and in which “winged words” and flying notes of many gentlemen and friends were *obviously* incorporated—this volume it was resolved to SELL. Something like an unctuous balm to something like a misgiving conscience was also resolved, in the first place, to be administered, by *putting in* the book at such a price as it was supposed would beat down all opposition; and I have reason to believe that TWENTY GUINEAS was the sum in contemplation. The mode adopted to accomplish that end was singular enough. It was as if pouring oil into a fire should extinguish the flames.

Long before the sale, the book became almost public property. It was allowed to travel eastwardly and westwardly. Not only was the substance of the greater part of its “C. Mery tales” noised abroad, but it became stripped of portions of its contents. Never did spoliation assume a more praiseworthy character. Never was an act of robbery more to be commended. The only subject of lamentation is, that it did not go FURTHER. If the executor, in the just exercise of what he thought to be a discretionary power, suffered A, B, C; to receive back *their* contributions, why, I ask, did he not extend the exercise of that power to D? If the genuineness of the *entirety* of the volume be invaded, upon what principle is the trespasser to stop? Of ALL the contributors to that unparalleled *olla podrida*, I think that the writer of these pages had as great a right as any one to receive back his *own*. Above all, should I have desired the letter of Sir Walter Scott—which was given to the deceased as a document *per se*, and not for his family to enjoy its *proceeds*. As to the letter of Lord Althorp to me, and my note to the deceased, which have served the purpose of indiscreet, if not indecent remark, it was, perhaps, not to be expected that an executor, so wholly absorbed in doing JUSTICE to the memory of his departed friend, should think of restoring either. The volume was bought at the sale by Mr. Thorpe for 40*l.*, and by him offered, through me, to the purchase of the Roxburghe Club. Of course, no gentleman would think of putting his hand into his pocket with a view, as it might have been said, of hushing up any strictures advanced upon SUCH an association. The characters and rank in life of the members placed them far above it.

In consequence, the ROXBURGHE REVELS became the property of one who “resolved to purchase it at any price, that he might gratify curiosity, and give the readers [of the Athenæum] its principal contents.” And

Club—who was lying, at the same time with my friend Haslewood, in his coffin. That I should

further, he “hoped and believed he should execute his task without giving offence in any quarter.” The *proof* of this friendliness of disposition is remarkably verified in his fourth and last communication, when he hopes to be able “to give the Roxburghe Club its *COUP DE GRACE* ;” and that he “shall be happy to have done *with*, as well as done *for*, both Mr. Haslewood and the Club.” To be sure, there is no “giving offence” to people when they are *DEAD*. Again, in the same communication :—“the Club is *extinct*, and Haslewood has *extinguished* it.” A little further: “the anniversary dinner of 1833 is the *last* it will ever celebrate.” And the concluding sentence runs thus :—“We have now finished the Roxburghe Revels and finished the Roxburghe Club. Mr. Haslewood has finished himself.” I place these points in front of this reply, to shew the *quo animo* of the writer ; and how very strange and startling it is, to see a man going about with a drawn sword or bludgeon in his hand, in order to transfix or knock down individuals as he meets them, by way of gratifying curiosity, and “not giving offence in any quarter.”

Renewing the expression of my entire accordance with this writer in the unpardonably bad taste—to give it no *harsher* name—which could have sanctioned the sale of the “Roxburghe Revels,” I must be allowed to ask the censurer of such a measure, upon what plea or principle HE could have contributed to give a *more extensive publicity* to the contents of the volume in question? To have been instrumental to the gibes and jeers of a sale-room, were sufficiently indefensible ; but, with this *conviction* of the gross impropriety of *such* conduct in the writer’s mind, to have *deliberately* spread *far and wide*, by means of an ably-conducted hebdomadal journal, the whimsicalities and harmless absurdities of the book now under consideration, is utterly irreconcilable to reason and honest dealing. It is quite evident from the beginning, that the anonymous writer was determined upon the measure of exposure : he was resolved to have the book, *coute qu’il coute*—and gave the purchaser at the sale five guineas for his bargain. He seems to have rushed forward as a vulture upon his prey. The dead body of poor Haslewood is mangled with his talons—and yet all this is undertaken, as he complacently tells us, “to gratify curiosity,” and with the hope of being “able to execute his task without giving offence to any one.” If the deceased had been the weak, harmless, ignorant, and puzzle-headed creature described by this anonymous libeller, why take so much pains to

“ . . . draw his frailties from their drear abode? ”

approach the subject with *mingled* sensations, will be sufficiently intelligible to those who, with myself,

And why, on *dramatic* points, betray such unusual sensitiveness and acrimony of feeling and expression? There seems throughout the whole to be something like an under current of rivalry in the *histrionic* department.

To descend to a few particulars: The spirit or *principle* of this attack upon the memory of my departed friend, is to me sufficiently revolting. To kick a man when he is *down*—to kick him when he is lying upon his back IN HIS COFFIN—is so thoroughly unenglishman and unchristianlike, that I have no words to express my mingled contempt and abhorrence of such a proceeding. Mr. Haslewood is no sooner at rest in his grave, than this writer tells us *who* and *what* he was:—where and how he was *born*. What does it matter “*where* and *how*” a man is BORN?

“Honour and Shame from no *condition* rise:

ACT WELL YOUR PART—*there* all the honour lies.”

In what sort of homes were Shakspeare, and Milton, and Newton born? To be sure, my friend must not be mentioned in the same sentence with these illustrious names: but the principle or *position* is confirmed by such an illustration. Horace tells Mæcenas, that when he comes to pay him a visit, he must not expect to find “ivory ornaments or a gilded ceiling under his roof:” nor anything but (what might be translated into) the *vin ordinaire*, or *vin du pays*, when he comes to dine with him\*. When I call to mind what I have heard, and *believe*, of the early manhood of the deceased, the wonder may be that he lived to the protracted period of his life (sixty-four years), and was allowed, through a merciful Providence, to attain the little comfort and comparative distinction which latterly awaited him. Is a man to be pointed at, or hooted at, because, late in life, he has associated with gentlemen—when his evil stars, at an earlier period, had driven him in an opposite direction? Throughout the whole of this writer’s strictures he boldly affirms, although necessarily he was never present, that the Members of

\* “Non ebur neque aureum  
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.”

Lib. ii. Ode 18.

“Vile potabis modicis Sabinum  
Cantharis.

Lib. i. Ode 20.

knew RICHARD HEBER, in "the high and palmy state" of other days; when his constitution was un-

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the Roxburghe Club were shocked and disgusted with the conversation of the deceased. The assertion is CONTRARY TO TRUTH. Never was speech more harmless than that which fell from his lips. As above observed, it was only *Haslewoodian*.

As to the allusions to, or express mention made of, myself, I desire not to receive the standard of good breeding at the hands of this writer. In other respects he may as well be informed that I am not the Secretary—that I receive no emolument—that the office of Vice-President is one of no trouble and of no indignity: further, that I have no Journal, or RIVAL book of REVELS, to bequeath for the benefit of such as, like himself, "hope to give no offence" by trampling upon the dead and indirectly traducing the living. So short-sighted were this writer's views, or rather so consummate his vanity, and audacious his prediction of the extinction of the Roxburghe Club in consequence of *his* anathemas, that, on the vacancies occasioned by the deaths of Mr. Haslewood and Mr. Heber, and after the Athenæum articles had appeared, our venerable President, although in indifferent health, came to town expressly to fill those vacancies: when the elections of Mr. ARCHDEACON BUTLER and Sir STEPHEN GLYNN, Bart., M. P., gave no signs of *morbidity* in any portion of the body corporate of ROXBURGHERS! So much for a little too much confidence in the exercise of unrestrained scurrility.

It is necessary to correct a few ERRORS in this memorable attack. I wish I could call them, in the language of Quintilian, "*dulcia vitia*." On the death of Mr. Dodd, it is said that application was made to "Mr. Bliss, son of a bookseller at Oxford," to become his successor. Application *was* made to Mr. Bliss; and I felt as anxious as my departed friend for his election:—for his talents (evinced by his edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*) would have done credit to the choice. But the application was made to the Rev. Philip Bliss, of St. John's College, and now Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University of Oxford. The father of Dr. Bliss was a *clergyman*, and not a *bookseller*. But what if he *had* been? The late Rev. Peter Elmsly, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, was the nephew of a bookseller of that name in the Strand: and when did Oxford boast a more perfect ATTIC-GREEK SCHOLAR than that excellent man? The writer further says, that application was made by Mr. Haslewood, on the death of Sir Mark Sykes, for the admission of an individual into the Club, whom he chooses to designate as a sort of literary *Paul Pry*—and whose admission, he implies, would have disgraced it. I can only say, that, leaving the individual here *knotted*, to fight his own

impaired, and his intellectual vigour undiminished. But, remembering this brightness of his *meridian*

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battle, which I presume him to be capable of doing, I do not *believe* the statement. It was most likely to have come to my knowledge; but it did *not*. The amount of the contribution to raise a monument to the memory of Caxton, is so loosely stated by him, that one would think it was only 2*l.* 2*s.* The members *never* objected, for one moment, to advance this sum per head, with equal readiness, as their quotas for the anniversary dinners. What they *did* object to, was *this*:—to contribute towards the payment of 120*l.* for the *fees* of erection of the monument. As above intimated, the parochial officers of St. Margaret, much to their honour, allowed this *Roxburghian* tribute of respect to the memory of our first English printer to be placed upon the walls of the church, or rather over the vestry-door, in the vestibule, as you ascend the staircase, FREE OF ALL CHARGES: forming, in this instance, a striking and honourable contrast to their neighbours.

It is time to make an end. In what has been here advanced, I have had neither selfish nor sinister views to gratify. There is a *dead* as well as a living reputation both to defend and to substantiate; and I trust that I have effected this for my departed friend. In so doing I have not held him up as the mirror of literary or antiquarian knighthood. Far from it: but there is a difference between the charge of almost drivelling idiocy and an uneducated understanding; especially, too, as in this instance, the former seems to be accompanied with an imputation of disgusting vulgarity. As to the factitious titles attached by my friend to certain volumes of minor poetry, such as "*Garlands of Gravity—Eleemosynary Emporium—Noddy's Nuncheon—Poverty's Pot-Pourri—Mumper's Medley—Nutmegs for Nightingales,*" &c. which brings down the terrible wrath of the critic, I see nothing so formidably repulsive in these titles. A man has surely a right to call his books, as to call his dogs, by what titles and names he pleases; and we should no more quarrel with Mr. Haslewood for the former, than we should for having called one dog *Pincher*, another *Boxer*, and a third *Blucher*: with this difference, that *Blucher* was at times a very troublesome, if not dangerous, animal; whereas "*Nutmegs for Nightingales*" might have continued harmless, as well as untasted and untouched, upon the shelf, for centuries. Mr. Evans has well and sensibly designated the "*Roxburghie Revels,*" as "*a very curious and whimsical record.*" It is nothing more.

I admit, freely admit, that my friend's style was, in short, *sui generis*; delectably original; and at times irresistibly laughter-provoking. Yet he

sun, let us contemplate with a deeper sympathy its *declension*—in the emaciated frame, flurried discourse, and uncertain movements of his later years. Under this impulse, it will be no unworthy exercise of an honourable feeling to bear in mind, when, at the ROXBURGHE, as well as at all *other* tables, he was one of the charms of society—and the rallying point when conversation flagged: or rather, wherever *he* was, conversation never became stagnant. And then—how varied that conversation! He would moot Greek metres with my friend Mr. Drury, and fight over derivatives and etymons with Roger Wilbraham. With the Boswells he would quote long passages of their father's biography of Dr. Johnson; and with Dodd or Haslewood ring changes upon *Robin Hood Garlands*. His memory was only exceeded by that of Porson; which I have often heard him call “almost divine.” To a thorough facility in quotations from the *ancient* classics, I have heard him at once

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often seemed to be “near a good thing.” He went “about it and about it,” and was within “an ace” of its discovery. Then, all at once, he would strike off in a wild and unsearchable path. But enough. The deceased was capable of something like “good stuff:” and had he been allowed to concentrate his COLLECTIONS with a view to a new edition of *Warton's History of English Poetry*, with its enlargement to the present time—and of which it was in contemplation, some dozen years ago, to propose the *Editorship* to Mr. SOUTHEY—we had received an invaluable acquisition to our national literature. Moreover, had Mr. *Haslewood* found encouragement to give us a new edition of *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica* (to which his additions were very considerable), and which I believe he would have done with a very slender remuneration, we should have sincerely thanked him for his toil, and considered him in any light but that “of a driveller or a dolt.”

ready and copious in long quotations from those of the *middle-ages*—such as Politian, Sannazarius, and Vida: and bringing this passion down to later times, my friend Mr. Drury and myself once heard him repeat Canning's *Iter ad Meccam* from beginning to end, apparently without a single trip. He was also much attached to the lower school of the old Latin poets, such as Lucan, Claudian, and Silius Italicus. Of the latter, he published a small edition when he was only twenty years of age. Of Claudian, a new edition, very nearly perfected—some twenty-two years ago—was discovered on his decease\*. It should be remembered that, in all his conversations, not one vulgar word—nor passionate expression—would escape his lips during the most animated discussion.

It is foreign to my feelings and habits to gainsay what, in this and other works, I have deliberately and conscientiously said of THE DECEASED. He merited all the commendation which it was in my power to bestow. His love of BIBLIOMANIA was strictly his “ruling passion strong in death.” He had visited Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, but the evening before; and on the next morning (that of his expiration) had sent his servant to him to come and receive additional instructions in regard to some book-commissions to be executed abroad.

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\* This impression, of which one copy only appears to have been printed upon VELLUM, is hinted at in 384, vol. ii. of the *Decameron*. Might it not be *perfected* with advantage?

My knowledge of his death was purely accidental, and obtained of our common friend, Mr. Douce ; now also among the departed ! On hearing it, I thought that my friend had committed a mistake—and as poor Haslewood was lying dead at the moment, I observed, “ You mean Haslewood ? ” “ No : ” emphatically rejoined Mr. Douce, “ I mean HEBER ! ” It is anything but affectation to affirm, that for a brief minute I lost my consciousness of every thing around me. My friend perceived my distress ; and after the opening of a window had let in air, and restored recollection, I retired abruptly. Within half an hour of this communication, I stood by the side of the coffin of RICHARD HEBER. I gazed upon that countenance, marked with the waxen rigidity of death, which had never been turned upon me but with serenity and in smiles. I was not prepared for such an alteration.

“ Hei mihi, QUALIS ERAT !—quantum MUTATUS AB ILLO ”

whom I remembered, flushed with his OXFORD CONQUEST—surrounded by congratulatory friends—and the envied object of admiration and applause\* !

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\* Among the letters of congratulation received by Mr. Heber on his having gained the election as Member for the University of Oxford against Sir John Nichols (both candidates being of the same political principles) was one from his then intimate, and always powerful, friend, Dr. Copleston, at that time Provost of Oriel College, and now Bishop of Llandaff. Mr. Heber shewed it to me, with a conscious triumph on receiving so admirable a letter from so respected a quarter. I have a perfect remembrance of the ability of its execution. Shortly after my

Hector could scarcely have appeared less changed to Æneas than was the countenance of my departed friend to myself. And then—the room in which he had breathed his last! It had been that of his *birth*. The mystic veil, which for twenty-five years had separated me from this chamber, and which the

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friend's election, on having paid his Oxford visit of thanks, I received a letter from him, written at Shrewsbury, full of exuberance of spirits, felicitous expression, and cordiality of sentiment. It was also written in the height of his *Shrievalty*, or being high sheriff for the county of Salop.

“*Shrewsbury, Lion Inn. Nov. 21, 1821.*”

“MY DEAR D \* \*,”

“I thank you heartily for your nice, chatty, and gossiping letter; which caught me at this place, where I have been passing the day partly for the purpose of shrievalty-business, and partly to superintend the embarkation (by the coach) of a *Cheshire cheese*, from a certain senatorial dairy in Shropshire, addressed to a certain bibliographical friend at Kensington. As it weighs about 60lbs., I wish you would divide it with our common friend PETRIE, as it will then have a better chance of being consumed when in good order. And if you think this shabby, remember the adage of Hesiod—“*οσω πλεον ημιν παλιος*”—and call upon me again on a future occasion. Observe, the said cheese was on the road before the arrival of your letter; and shall be followed, before the close of the season, by a sample of Hodnet *birds and beasts*—free of all expense except portorage—concerning which you may consult your neighbour DOUCE, whom I wish well out of the jaws of the dog. [I now forget to what circumstance this alludes.] I lament to find you can give no better account of your profits on the *Tour*. You suffer yourself to be led away by your artists. I sincerely trust you may have better luck with your *Ædes Althorpiæ*.

“My Oxford visit of thanks went off remarkably well, as I flatter myself HARRY DRURY will vouch for: but you are under an entire delusion about a certain PRINCIPAL [Hodson of Brazen Nose—Mr. Heber's own college] and his disposition to you-ward. He himself assures me the whole must have originated in a mistake; as he is perfectly unconscious of any unfriendly or unfavourable opinion respecting you, and would at any time be most happy to see you. Nevertheless, he au-

deceased would never allow me, nor any one else, to enter, was now effectually drawn aside by the

thorises me to call you over the coals for being *overseen* in the post-chaise full of three voters, under convoy of *Hulk* (was it not?) of St. John's, who appear—at least he the said *Hulk*—to have taken a wrong bias on the journey. I think it was Mr. Barnet who was their sponsor\*. After my Oxford gaieties, I retired with Hodson to his parsonage at Ewelme, near Benson, where we made a Christian of his young son and heir, not without much of classical libation; and from thence I adjourned to Dropmore, and, during my stay there, drove over, with Hart and Baron Fagel, to Eton, and had a long gossip and *flyting* with that learned conchologist, PROVOST GOODAL, in the library. Since my return to Hodnet I have had a week of much provincial jollity and comotation, at Shrewsbury, where good cheer and Sneyd's claret abounded: to say nothing of parties of eighty, and healths "five fathom deep"—the whole crowned with a gay ball. HASLEWOOD never heard such carolling or such *madrigals* in his life, as those which were then and there produced. My subsequent employment has been chiefly among my woods and trees; BOOKS being at present quite in the back-ground.

"Thank you for your account of SCOTT'S *Pirate*, which I have not yet seen. Your correspondent's sketch† is interesting. I rejoice to learn that you have reason to think dear Frank [my son, then in India] is rising in his profession. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. D. and your daughters; and as to *Boxer* [my son's dog, left behind], I am commissioned by *Regent, Rector, Malpas, Dash, Jack, Fly, Friskey, Don*, and sundry other greyhounds, harriers, and spaniels ("quos nunc perscribere longum est")—all dogs of excellent worth—to offer him their *cynical* gratulations. Adieu, my dear D.; I still hope we shall meet both before and soon after Christmas. Remember the dictum of the

\* I cannot satisfactorily decypher the name of the *Johnian*: but I can satisfactorily vouch for the *Sponsorian* fidelity of my friend Mr. Barnet, then Member for Rochester.

† This sketch is from the able and ready pen of Dr. James Browne, of Edinburgh; a late correspondent of some years standing, whose letters it was always a pleasure to receive and a yet greater pleasure to peruse. I have never seen their Author. Our intercourse was established and continued from literary sympathies. The reader will thank me for the sketch in question, which is as follows:

"I have read the first two volumes of the "*PIRATE*," and 200 pages

iron hand of *Death*. I looked around me with amazement. I had never seen rooms, cupboards, passages, and corridors, so choked, so suffocated

Schola Salernitana : " Si vis te reddere sanum, curas tolle graves." Alas, poor GEORGE ISTD ! Ever affectionately yours,

*R. Heber*

The concluding expressions relate to the death of our common friend, of whom mention is made at page 368, ante. Those who have known the writer of this letter as long and as intimately as myself, will agree with me, that it is strongly characteristic of his ordinary style of conversation and epistolary composition ; while, to ME it is in many essentials most dear—as incorporating the names of those whom I cannot cease to love and to respect ; and of FOUR, passed, with their writer, to their "long account." It also marks my friend's career, when at the height of its distinction.

of vol. iii. The scene is laid in Shetland, and it is as unlike any of the predecessors as *Waverley* is unlike *Tom Jones*. The hero is *Cleveland*, the *beau-ideal* of a buccaneer of the first order : the heroine, Minna Troil, daughter of Magnus Troil, an old Norseman, and a sort of Zetland chief, who is drawn to the life, as well as an Angushire Scots-woman, called Mrs. Baby Yellowley, with her brother Triptolemus, an élève of St. Andrews, and a speculating idiotical farmer. An old sorceress (not a Meg Merrilies) called Norna of the Fitful Head, is a grand figurante in the drama of the piece, and quite a Rembrandt painting. The inferior characters shew an immense acquaintance with human nature in all its varieties and forms of existence. A scene between two pirates is perfectly unparalleled. You think you overhear their quarrel, and their language, as furious as that element on which they caught their prey and made their boisterous homes. I thought these particulars would amuse you, and I have scrolled them half blind from weak eyes. I may add, which I do from personal knowledge, that the localities of *ultima Thule* are given with a truth and effect perfectly wonderful. I do not think the *Pirate* will be so popular as some of its predecessors, but it will probably strike the judges as more remarkable than any of them. It is as unlike *Kenilworth* as *Kenilworth* is unlike *Old Mortality*."

with books. Treble rows were here, double rows were there. Hundreds of slim quartos—several upon each other—were longitudinally placed over thin and stunted duodecimos, reaching from one extremity of a shelf to another. Up to the very ceiling the piles of *volumes* extended; while the floor was strewed with them, in loose and numerous heaps. When I looked on all *this*, and thought what might be at *Hodnet*, and upon the *Continent*, it were difficult to describe my emotions. “Vox faucibus hæsit!” My friend Dr. Bliss had talked of the *Deckers*, and writers of that author’s time and description, which were in the *Malone* Collection\*—but here there were *two Deckers* and *three Deckers*

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\* See page 384, ante. By Mr. Heber’s bed-side, upon a small table, was several of *Green’s* Pieces. The first I opened was entitled *Greene’s Groat’s Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, 1592, 4to. With a profligate character, it might have been a curious coincidence to have found such a book, in such a place, on such an occasion. See a list of Greene’s innumerable pieces in the *Censura Literaria*, Beloe’s *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. ii., pp. 168. 196. 261; and *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. p. 380-391: the latter furnished by the late Mr. Haslewood. My friend Sir Francis Freeling (see *Library Companion*, p. 598, second edit.) possesses the largest collection I know of the very fanciful yet pungent and not uninstrucive pieces of ROBERT GREENE. I wish Mr. D’Israeli would take this author up, and “give him a good shaking.” There is more to be learnt of the EXPRESS CHARACTER of the times in the pieces of Greene, Harvey, Decker, and Nash, &c., than in the elaborate disquisitions of learned historians. And yet, after all—how singular!—in none of these contemporaneous productions is there the slightest mention of SHAKSPEARE—who was not only *living*, but in high repute. One would have thought that his very “hose, doublet, and jerkin,” would have been described by some of this vivacious and talkative tribe. Who would wish to “lose one drop of that IMMORTAL MAN?”

for every *Frigate* that floated in the Bodleian ocean of books!

I turn to more generally interesting topics. My first visit to this hermitage of death was rendered the more mournful and impressive by the presence and expressions of grief of an old and faithful servant, who had known the deceased from infancy; and when I mention the name of *John Newell* I shall obtain ready credence from all who know him, that his affectionate fidelity to his master was as unwavering as it was important. On my recovery of the first shock from the affecting and yet wondrous scene around me, I learnt, from this faithful servant, that the body of his master was to be forthwith conveyed to the resting place of his ancestors, at Hodnet. I had a sudden strong disposition to attend the funeral of my departed friend. It seemed to me, perhaps oddly enough, to be a debt even due to the extraordinary *Library* left behind, that its owner should be followed by me to his grave. I knew that by no possibility could I receive the slightest advantage in the shape of testamentary "Reminiscence;" and, while many older friends and closer connexions seemed to "leave the dead to bury their dead," I solicited and obtained a ready permission to accompany the last remains of Richard Heber to his "FAMILY VAULT." It was not a little singular that I went down to Shrewsbury in the same conveyance with Mr. Wrightson, the member for North Allerton, and cousin of the deceased; nor till within

the last stage did we communicate to each other the common object of our journey—to attend his funeral.

The day of interment was in all respects sad\*. It was a walking funeral. The sky lowered; the rain fell. The procession necessarily moved slowly, for the six men who carried the body (in a leaden coffin) were obliged to be frequently relieved; and the distance from the hall to the church was considerable. The bell tolled heavily. The church walls and the interior of the church were crowded with sobbing spectators. The pulpit, the reading-

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\* The account of this funeral in the *Salopian Journal*, of the date of Oct. 23, 1833, was as follows:—

“It was our mournful duty, in a late number of this journal, to notice the *decease* of the above distinguished gentleman. It is now our mournful duty to notice his *interment*. This event took place at Hodnet, on Wednesday, the 16th instant. It was strictly of the most private character, and a walking funeral from the hall to the church; a distance of some five hundred yards. The tenants, about thirty-six in number, preceded the rector and his two curates: then the body, immediately followed by the four Master Cholmondeleys, nephews of the deceased; the Messrs. Wrightson, his first cousins; the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, his old friend and literary associate; and Mr. Macauley, domestic tutor to the family; R. Fisher, Esq., solicitor; and John Newell and John France, each upwards of forty years the confidential servants of Mr. Heber. Notwithstanding the untowardness of the morning, the churchyard and the church were crowded with sympathising spectators. The service was read by the Rev. Oswald Leycester, the rector, with a most peculiar distinctness, power, and propriety. We notice this with the more surprise and gratification, as we are given to understand that the reverend and worthy gentleman is in his eighty-second year.

“By the death of Mr. Heber it may be truly said that the poor have lost an active and bounteous friend, his tenants a liberal and kind-hearted master, and the world a book-collector such as before had never entered upon the arena of the fascinating and intellectual pursuit of **BIBLIOPHILISM.**”

desk, and the altar, were hung with black. The service concluded, we all returned as we had left the mansion ; but the SPIRIT, which once gave that mansion vitality and animation, was LEFT BEHIND. Indeed, from sunrise till sunset it was “ a sad day.” But although the master-spirit had fled, it seemed yet to *speak* in the LIBRARY left behind—immense, widely scattered, unparalleled in variety and extent\*!

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\* A sketchy, and I hope spirited, account of this library appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, of which it would be affectation, as well as falsehood, to deny myself to be the author.

#### BIBLIOTHECA HEBERIANA.

“ If ever a library merited an ample detail in its description, it is that which belonged to the late RICHARD HEBER, Esq., of Hodnet Hall, Shrewsbury, and of Pimlico Lodge, Westminster ; and yet pages upon pages were scarcely sufficient for the adequate execution of such a task. But if we cannot be copious, we may be correct ; and if every feature may not be, just now, minutely described, the complexion or general character of the countenance may be spiritedly and faithfully impressed upon the attention and remembrance of the reader.

“ In the first place, it may be as well to correct a few flying errors, which the public is at all times sufficiently prone to adopt ; and which, in sober minds, may produce an impression that ought to be as speedily as possible modified or effaced. Vacant heads and flippant tongues think and talk of the number and value of books, as if there were no end to the first, and no limits to the second. We have heard very worthy folks declare, that Mr. Heber had a quarter of a million of books, which had cost him scarcely a less sum in pounds sterling. For madness like this, nothing short of a statute of lunacy ought to have been the corrective. It was not so with the deceased. He was, in truth, an early and a late collector ; but as his fortune was not boundless, so his repository was not illimitable. The great and strong passion of his life was to amass such a library as no individual before him had ever amassed. But such a passion, unless guided by judgment and tempered by prudence, might have led to the most ridiculous and deplorable results. Accordingly, that judgment and prudence were not only called in, but

*How* was it to be disposed of? Where was the WILL? For four successive days, every escrutoire,

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eminently exercised, in the stupendous collection left behind as an imperishable monument of his fame.

“ Mr. Heber’s early attachment to the lore of ancient Greece and Rome gave a tinge or bias to the character of his early spirit of book-collecting; and so strongly did he feel this, as well as evince his passion for purchasing at auctions, that, even in his tenth year, in one of his letters to his father, he suggests his purchasing for him a set of books at a certain sale, in which, as he is given to understand (so he expresses it), ‘ there would be the best editions of the classics.’ His private habits, or studies, partook of this characteristic; for, as early as his eighth year, the author of this article had seen a ‘ Catalogue of the books belonging to Richard Heber.’ In this catalogue, the prices of the books, as well as directions for the binding of several of them, are to be found. The history of his progressive attachment to books, illustrated by some curious anecdotes, must be reserved, with a great quantity of similar matter, for the ‘ literary memoir’ of him, which we hope may one day be given to the world\*. But those who imagine that this book-mania was composed of the ordinary elements of such a passion, are little aware of the transcendent taste and skill evinced in the lore itself, by which the pages of his beloved Delphins and Variorums were enriched. There are metrical versions of Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, by our Heber (in his eighth and ninth years), which would have tasked the courage and equalled the skill of some lads in their fourteenth year. He died in his fifty-ninth year.

“ But our immediate object is not the pursuance of this theme, however delightful and varied. Youth has merged into manhood—manhood has approximated to the grand climacteric—and the grave is now the depository of *Him* who once gave life and animation to the republic of literature. Our business is with the character and destination of THE LIBRARY which he has left behind. Of its character, not much must be expected within the necessarily confined limits of this article. It is perfectly *omnigenous*; but the predominance of some classes, according to the taste of the collector, must necessarily be anticipated. Of these classes, those of ancient philology (including all the brightest names of antiquity) and of modern poetry and romance, probably predominate. Wide, varied, and luxuriant as are the latter, there is nevertheless to be found an immense body of Grammatical and Critical learning, from the

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\* There is, *now*, NO HOPE of the kind.

drawer, cupboard, and recess, was diligently searched in the family mansion—but in vain. It must be in

pregnant brevity of the *Stagyrite*, to the pointed canons of the author of the *Diversions of Purley*. And this love of languages was evinced by our collector in almost all the ramifications in which it could be extended: in the Celtic, Breton, Spanish, Portuguese, Modern Greek, and other European dialects. From Suidas to Jamieson there is scarcely the deficiency of one link. In poetical lore, from the days of Homer to those of Byron, the same surprising continuity may be observed. In voyages and travels, and county history, it is more than probable that the palm may be conceded to the Hon. T. Grenville; while in theology and ancient classics, Lord Spencer's collection can never be even slightly shaded by a comparison with that of any private individual, past, present, or—we had almost said—to come! Comparisons are, to be sure, usually vague, and seldom establish any one point satisfactorily; but the object of Mr. Heber was that of a general library—and it has often been observed by him to the author of this article, that the catalogue of the Harleian library and that of Thomas Rawlinson (the Tom Folio of the Tatler) exhibited the most surprising collections of books at that time known. As to the number of volumes contained in the library under consideration, that may be safely estimated at 85,000 in England, and about half that number abroad. From the latter such a selection will be made as may probably swell the number for sale, in England, to an additional 5000 volumes. Let the reader pause for one moment upon such a stupendous mass of intelligence as these volumes must contain; and let him marvel, as he well may, at the unconquerable diligence, activity, and zeal, by which they have become the property of *one man*, whose life fell much short of the prescribed Scripture limits of mortality!

“As to the *Cost* at which so many thousands of volumes have been secured, it may be premature and unnecessary to give even a vague guess; but the sobriety of truth will not be much violated when it is placed at little short of 100,000*l.* A contemplation of the returns, from a public sale, may probably fill the minds of surviving friends with anxiety; but, comparatively sluggish as the public pulse may now beat in the cause of Bibliomania, an honourable and even a prosperous issue may be anticipated. It is no common event that now awakens the attention, and speaks to the heart of every spirited and discerning collector. An oak of no ordinary size has just fallen, to afford almost every man a faggot for his fire. Δύος πεισούσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλευεταιί. See

town, at the Pimlico Hermitage. In the Pimlico Hermitage the same diligent search was instituted. Drawers without number, and boxes without end, were emptied of their contents. Bills, notes, memoranda, letters, communications of every kind and description—but still NO WILL. It must be abroad, in some book-depôt of the deceased. An agent at Paris was appointed, and another in the Low Countries—to no purpose. A confidential solicitor next left the country expressly to search in those places for the will. He tarried abroad three weeks, and returned...as he went. The will was not to be found.

For myself, I had never but *one* idea about its *locality*. Although I had been almost interdicted from making researches amongst the *books* at Pimlico, I yet persevered; and one morning, when all hope,

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*Bibliomania*, p. 480. Let the timid take courage, and the experienced direct their energies to one laudable object—that of completing the several departments in which their libraries exhibit melancholy proofs of *hiatuses*. The veteran will not fail to be found grasping his spear in that day, when the spoils of such a library can be acquired only by the intrepid and persevering; and it may with confidence be predicted, that a new race of book-knights will be found, entering the lists at such a tournament, when the prize to be won will be often of unprecedented brightness and beauty.

“*Pimlico Lodge, January 8, 1834.*”

“D.”

I may here add, that the sum first considered in this communication as that of the cost of the library, was 150,000*l.* From the result of the sales of three-fourths (see p. 366, ante) I am disposed to cut down the original cost to 100,000*l.* But I know of nothing certain upon the subject beyond *this*—that whether it were 150,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* it was an IMMENSE SUM.

with those likely to be eventually benefited by its discovery, was about to take its departure, I FOUND THE WILL\*! And to reward me, as it were, for my

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\* An account of this "finding" . . . thus appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of January 18, 1834. "Few things, in what is called the republic of literature, have excited more attention than the supposed existence and discovery of the will of the late Richard Heber, Esq. To those who were intimately acquainted with the character of the deceased, and who had examined documents whereby his decided intentions as to the future destination of his property could be matter of not even the slightest doubt, the *existence* of such a will, with a knowledge of its material contents, was a matter as clear as the sun at noon-day. Its *discovery* could be left only to time and accident.

"On failure of finding it, after an extended search, in the first instance, at Pimlico, and after a very careful and elaborate one at Hodnet, the different rendezvous of Mr. Heber at Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Louvain, Leyden, the Hague, &c., were diligently examined; but with no fortunate result. At length, on the return of the sister of the deceased to Pimlico, for the purpose of taking out letters of administration, a more strict, particular, and extensive search was instituted; and Dr. Dibdin, the old and anxious friend of Mr. Heber, was so fortunate as to alight upon it, in the act of moving some duodecimos, on an upper shelf, for the purpose of re-arrangement of the library. A prognostic, of no very sinister complexion, was the precursor of the discovery. In removing a set of grammatical works, for the sake of classification, one bright, solitary sovereign dropped upon the floor! This was hailed as an auspicious omen; and about an hour afterwards, the WILL itself followed the course of the sovereign.

"It bore every mark of unquestionable authenticity upon its envelope; and its interior fully corroborated this external evidence. The whole wording of the will, strictly conformable to professional instructions previously received, was in the handwriting of the testator. The attestation, by three witnesses, was in all respects perfect. The date was Sept. 1, 1827. The will was so short as to occupy only one side of a common sheet of letter-paper. The curious will be probably disappointed. No mention whatever is made of the *library*; and of course its bequest to any particular corporate body is quite out of the question. The exigency of the case demands the bringing of the library in question, with all possible convenience, to the hammer. The property at stake, as we notified in the last number of our journal, is immense; and

perseverance—as well as yet to connect me with my departed friend—I found it lying behind some books within a few inches of my *Decameron* and *Tour*. On the 8th of January, in the year of our Lord, 1834, I FOUND THE WILL... by which property to the amount of upwards of 200,000*l.* was to be disposed of. I was necessarily both proud and happy at such a finding, and wrote immediately to those common friends whom I thought the more likely to be interested by a knowledge of the discovery; namely, to Earl Spencer, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Sir Francis Freeling, the Rev. H. Drury, Mr. Petrie, Dr. Bliss, and Mr. Foss. I preserve all their answers\*. For the individual who, in the end—that is, for her life—was to be benefited by the sale of the property, real and personal, (after the discharge of very heavy incumbrances), I felt as if she had been a near

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we wish the issue of the sale to be as prosperous as the most ardent admirer of the talents of the deceased, or the most interested of his relations in the distribution of his property, can desire.”

\* Although these answers are short, and are particularly characteristic of their authors, I will not even venture to transcribe the shortest, that of Mr. Foss. It might be stigmatised as bad taste. It is not necessary to prove, on the one hand, the sincerity of my joy on finding the will, nor, on the other, the sympathy of my friends on my being the instrument of its discovery. I remember, on the evening of that discovery, having a long and particular conversation with my neighbour and friend, Sir F. Freeling, about it. He said that “he knew of nothing, out of the pale of his family, which had given him a livelier satisfaction—were it only to put an end to the idle tales and absurd surmises which had gone abroad upon the subject.” He was quite right. The supposed non-entity of the will was a common topic of discussion at club-houses as well as private tables.

relation...my Sister. But enough. The sequel is  
 "MATTER OF HISTORY."

The Newspapers were full and particular in their notices of the deceased \*; and in the ensuing spring

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\* Among them was the following notice in the *Atlas*, (conducted with great ability), a weekly paper of *January 25*, 1834.

"Let not the reader be alarmed. We are not about to introduce him to the interminable mazes of Mr. HEBER's library, which sparkles, from one extremity to the other, with the richest lore of by-gone and of modern days. Our present object is rather the MAN than his books. Of him we would speak somewhat in the gentlest spirit of Christian charity—with sentiments at once warm, generous, and grateful. Altogether he was among the most singular and prominent of the literary characters of his day. In company, ready, cheerful, instructive, and winning, almost beyond any man. He was never sarcastic; never bearing down the weak, or crushing his victim when the victory was obtained. The captive seemed to be hardly conscious of the fetters imposed upon him.

"From circles of the first respectability, as well as splendour—for we by no means consider these substantives as synonyms—Mr. Heber shrunk into his privacy at Pimlico as if unconscious of the impression made by his colloquial powers. He betook himself to his first editions, his chronicles and romances, with an increased zest, as if there were nothing in life comparable with these treasures. To an active mind like his, and with such inexhaustible stores at his command, there was always something, and much, to do at home. His correspondence was necessarily great; because, having the book-means of assisting scholars and collectors, he possessed also the *inclination*—for his good-nature was equal to his ability. Accordingly, there was scarcely a scholar or author of distinction, in his own country, but what readily applied to him, and as readily found his wants supplied. Of the former class, his *escrutoires* bear evidence in the collection of letters from PORSON, MATTHEW RAINE, WAKEFIELD, GAISFORD, and ELMSLY. Of the latter, the names of SCOTT, SOUTHEY, MACKINTOSH, CAMPBELL, CRABBE, and especially LEYDEN, are constantly occurring. SCOTT had, indeed, truly, as well as felicitously observed—

‘His volumes, open as his heart,  
 Delight, instruction, science, art,  
 To every ear and eye impart!’

But it must not be supposed that these volumes were merely *printed*

it became necessary to fill up the gap in our Club by the election of two new Members. Our President, although in an infirm state of health, came up expressly from Althorp with a view to this election; being anxious, in so doing, to let the Members see in what thorough contempt he held the late attacks levelled at our fraternity. Accordingly, the election took place at an extra meeting, at the Clarendon Hotel, when the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BUTLER, D.D. (Head Master of Shrewsbury School), and SIR STEPHEN GLYNN, BART., M. P., became the successors of Mr. Heber and Mr. Haslewood. This election evidently gave general satisfaction, as I know it did to our President in particular. I now proceed to the notice of what may be considered the *heaviest* sound of the funeral bell of the Roxburghe Club.

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treasures. They were frequently MSS. of great cost, as well as antiquity. In the correspondence of Mr. Heber, some of the most illustrious names are also to be found—as those of SPENCER, GRENVILLE, HOLLAND, LIVERPOOL, and CANNING, &c. There was no circle, however choice, from rank or talent, in which the presence and conversation of the deceased might not have been considered in all respects an acquisition.

“In regard to the darling passion of his heart, we should say, Mr. Heber was BORN a bibliomaniac. There has been lately printed evidence that he commenced forming a library in his eighth year, and that he then wrote to his father to purchase classical volumes at a book sale in the country. After completing his seventeenth year, he entered Brazen-nose College, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner. Bishop CLEAVER was at that time the principal. The bishop received, on his entrance, that testimony of the talents and character of the Freshman, which might be considered only a repetition of what, on the completion of his schoolboy education, the father of HEBER had received at the hands of his son’s tutor, the well-known Dr. GLASSE. It was a character, of which the principal and the parent might have been equally proud. Mr. Heber’s

When our venerable President last dined with us, in 1833, it seemed to several of the Members that he took leave of us with a sort of presentiment that he might not meet us again. He retired early, and bade us adieu in few words, and in a low tone of voice. On retiring to Althorp, with increasing infirmity, and a fixed resolution to abide there\*, it was not expected that we should see him again at the head of our table.

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talents were immediately appreciated, and his society courted in consequence. In his stature he was tall, robust, active, and of a most pleasing countenance, with a highly-raised forehead."

\* It is not a little extraordinary that the *last* book which I saw the late Earl Spencer open during my last stay at Althorp, in the Christmas of 1833, was the *Funeral Sermon* upon the FIRST BARON SPENCER, preached at Brington church (called Braynton in the title-page of the book) in November, 1627. The preacher was Richard Parre, Rector of Brington, and a Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. The sermon was published in 1628, 4to., and is entitled, "The Ende of the Perfecte Man." Prefixed are some commendatory verses—of which His Lordship read the following with a marked emphasis. He might be said to have been in part reading his own epitaph: for, most assuredly, in many of the points here delineated, he might have discerned the reflex of his own bright character.

“ What warmth his beames of goodness did impart  
 To the distressed, sad both in face and heart ;  
 What an unwearied, large, and open hand  
 He stretched out to the Poor, and how his land  
 Was by their backs and bellies blest, while they  
 Like rounds in Jacob's ladder, sate each day  
 In troupes about his hospitable gate ;  
 Whence, laden with his alms, early and late  
 They parted to their coates, and timely fed  
 Their bedrid mates, and infants with their bread ;  
 What bounteous entertainment, and how free  
 And hearty welcome, every guest might see

His intellectual faculties continued undiminished to the last. His birth-day was on the 1st of September; and it was always with the sincerest pleasure, whenever I had occasion to write to him about that time, that I congratulated him upon its recurrence. On the last occasion, he happened to be on a visit to his son-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, at Hagley; and on receiving my letter (in which I took occasion to announce to his lordship the prosecution of the PRESENT WORK), his answer (Sept. 3, 1834) began thus: "In return for your kind letter of congratulation on my having been permitted to pass the formidably-sounding period of *three quarters of a century*, I send my good wishes that your projected

Both in his face and house; which for resort  
 And entertainment was a STANDING COURT  
 Where every honest man, though nere so plaine,  
 As welcome was, as if a scarlet-traine  
 Or silken sail had ushered him . . . \* \*  
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How just he was in all his actions,  
 How free from racking or oppressions;  
 How far from causing any poore man's grone,  
 How prone to hear, and right the meanest one;  
 What large rewards and means of livelyhood  
 His *servants* had from him, who understood  
 And loved the service: and how firm a friend  
 He was, how ready goodness to defend;  
 What *progeney* he left, how trained and bred  
TO SERVE and STAND THE COMMONWEALTH IN STEAD  
 In any course it steer'd, and how he shone  
 With Piety and true Devotion;  
 Which op'd and clos'd his each day," &c.

‘Reminiscences’ may, when concluded, contain as fair a proportion of satisfactory matter as mine might, were I disposed to record them ; for though the condition of mortality must necessarily be accompanied by a *checquered* aspect, the general result will of course depend on the comparative number of *white* and *black squares* on the board.” I anticipate the reader’s concurrence with me, that few points could have been more neatly touched.

Towards the middle of the following month a report was prevalent that his lordship was no more. Indeed few noblemen had been so frequently killed as the late Earl Spencer, by the conductors of newspapers. I read that report when at Cambridge, and was on the point of quitting the place for Northampton, when I was undeceived by a contradictory statement in a paper of one day’s later date : ...but to the end of my career I shall not cease to lament that I was not beyond the reach of that *counter* statement...for I should *then* have seen my excellent Patron...who, ’ere another month had passed, was “GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.” His last letter to me, noticing the misery and mischief oftentimes arising from these *false* reports, was of the date of Oct. 26, 1834\*. Within a fortnight of its being written, the writer of it was no more.

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\* I have above made mention of the date of a letter, which happened to be THE LAST I ever received from my noble and revered correspondent.

There could be but *one* feeling throughout the Empire upon the death of SUCH A MAN \*. In a thousand *other* bosoms besides my own, were excited the mingled emotions of respect, admiration, and regret. Mine were precisely of that description. Whatever they prompted me to do, I did it

“ Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires.”

My sincerity must have been beyond all suspicion. I had lost my best friend and earliest patron; and what was transmitted by me on the occasion to the amiable and able Editor of *The Bury and Norwich Post and East Anglian* (one of the best constitutional papers in the kingdom), was at least evidence of a fearless and honest appreciation of the public and private

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Its writing was as clear and legible as anything which I had ever received from him—as a fac-simile of its conclusion may testify.

*Yours ever sincerely*  
*Spencer*

\* I received the first intimation of Earl Spencer's decease from the pen of Mr. Appleyard, his secretary. His letter commenced with the announcement of the probably speedy approach of death, and concluded with that of its having actually taken place. He had “just seen him breathe his last,” at twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, on the 10th of November, 1834. Meanwhile, a *too* correct report of this sad event had reached London; for on the following day my excellent friend Sir F. Freeling wrote to me thus: “I fear it is too true that our dear Lord Spencer has left this world for a better. You may not hear this from any other quarter by this post, but I consider it a *duty* to you, who knew and loved him so well, to apprise you without delay of this afflicting and lamentable event.”

worth of THE DEPARTED. The Editor, on receiving my communication \*, emphatically remarked, "Alas! I fear Lord Spencer's departure will prove a *wider sorrow* than to his family and friends." The testimonies received by me, from private quarters, of his unsullied reputation...the high sense entertained of his unshaken integrity, as well as of the whole course of his incorruptible public life...may, in part, speak for themselves in the subjoined extracts †. His name

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\* My communication extended to about a column and a half, in *three* consecutive papers. To the best of my recollection, copies of these papers were sent by me to Sir F. Freeling, Dr. Bliss, Mr. G. Baker, and my heartily sympathising friend, Mr. Major, the bookseller. I possess only two spare copies of this communication.

† The historian of the county of Northampton, Mr. George Baker, to whom the deceased had, in so many instances, been a kind and patronising friend, led the way in this threnodiacal correspondence. His expressions of respect and admiration for the departed, were as warm as unqualified. Dr. Robertson, the leading physician of the town of Northampton, having occasion to write to me upon some topic of business, thus concludes, in reference to the deceased. "We are in a state of gloom and depression here from the death of your venerable friend, Earl Spencer. It is impossible for any one to be more generally lamented, or more deservedly; for *his* was worth of surpassing excellence." Nov. 15, 1834. Lord Spencer's neighbour, Beriah Botfield, Esq. (who a few years preceding had served the office of High Sheriff, and whose BOOK-SYMPATHIES were attested by his possession of a fine library and the interchange of visits) thus mentions the mournful subject in a letter from St. Leonard's, of the date of 12th Nov. 1834. "I write to thank you for your kind letter of the 7th inst., and to join my deep condolence to yours on the death of that truly noble and estimable man, and erudite bibliographer, THE EARL SPENCER. I shall never forgive myself for having allowed pressure of business to prevent my riding over to Althorp during the few days that I spent at Norton, [Mr. Botfield's residence, near Daventry]. His Lordship's uniform kindness and great consideration for so humble an individual as myself, will ever be by me most gratefully remembered." It may

will be mixed up in the records of some of the brightest periods of our country; and while *that* task is left to the pen of the historian, it may be permitted an humble individual, like myself, to notice his love of letters and patronage of learned men; his pure political principles as a constitutional whig; his unbending attachment to church and state; his love of order; of moral worth; and of all those endearing qualities which move in the train of CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Then, again, the very admirable manner in which he fulfilled all the duties of what may be called a Country Gentleman. As a *Magistrate*, he had few equals; having filled the office of chairman of the Quarter Sessions thirty years, with singular tact,

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be no trifling gratification to the writer of this epistle to know, that his Lordship's opinion of *his* collection and bibliographical labours was far from being inconsiderable. In a note of the 5th of May, 1832, Lord Spencer observes, "I paid a visit to my neighbour, Mr. Botfield, a few days ago, and was much pleased, as well as surprised, at the sight of his books, some of which—out of a very large collection, packed up in cases, and filling almost the whole of his house—he shewed me. He also shewed me the Catalogue Raisonné upon which he is employed, in describing them—a very extraordinary undertaking for so young an amateur."

Nor must the honest and warm ebullition of feeling of my friend Mr. Petrie—the Keeper of his Majesty's Records in the Tower of London—be withheld on this occasion. He writes thus on the 14th of November. "The shock occasioned by the unexpected death of our excellent friend brought on a slight attack of gout, which is still lingering in my ankle. How much I honoured him while living, and now cherish his memory, I need hardly tell *you*; nor how readily I should attend the last melancholy ceremony of his funeral—if I could suppose that there was the slightest wish on the part of the family that I should do so."

urbanity, and discretion. Whatever he undertook, he undertook zealously, conscientiously, and with a determination to be correct as well as punctual in the fulfilment of all its concomitant duties. At the *Northampton Hospital* (one of the largest and best conducted institutions in the kingdom) his attendance was as important as it was exemplary. He was the Chairman to *act* as well as to *preside*. Even in the minor department of the *Savings Bank*, he regularly took his turn of attendance, when at Althorp; and in London he was not less regular in attending the great similar establishment in Panton-street. He was also, till of late years, Colonel of the *Northamptonshire Yeomanry*; and I have seen him charge at the head of his troops with all the precision and energy of a commander of regulars. Among the last noble acts of his protracted life, was a most liberal donation towards the erection of an *Asylum for Lunatics*, in the same county. As a HUSBAND, PARENT, FRIEND...but no more.

His funeral, according to his expressly written instructions—found after his decease—was on the most *private scale*: none but those of the household, and relations and friends present at the time of his decease, together with the tenants, being allowed to attend\*. Had it been otherwise, *half the county*

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\* His FUNERAL SERMON was preached by the Rev. Henry Rose, A. M., Rector of Brington, and formerly Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. The sermon was preached in the parish church of Brington, on Sunday,

would have followed the Body to the grave. No party feelings, nor petty distinctions, would, I am

November 23, 1834, and printed by E. Dicey, Mercury Office, Northampton, in the same year. It bears for title, "THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED." It is dedicated to the Parishioners in the following affectionate address.

"DEAR PARISHIONERS,

"I known not to whom I could better dedicate the following Sermon than to you, who both heard it preached, and have since, in a manner so flattering to my feelings, desired to have it printed. Should the perusal of it by the blessing of God, cause any one to become wiser and better, I shall indeed be thankful and rejoice; for to promote your highest interest is not only the duty, but the chief desire and aim of

"Your appointed Minister,

"HENRY ROSE."

I feel persuaded that I should receive no excuse—as I *ought* to receive none—at the hands of the reader, if I withheld from him the concluding portion of this most unaffected and thoroughly christian-hearted discourse. And I also feel persuaded, that, there is not a point which it touches upon—or a feature which it develops—that finds not a responsive emotion in the breast of every one who was as thoroughly acquainted with THE DECEASED as myself.

"As to his CHARITIES in this place, I hope it is unnecessary to remind you, my *poorer* Brethren, that there is scarcely one among you who has not been entirely educated and nourished by his bounty, in sickness and in health, year by year, continually, from your cradles to the present time; and many of your fathers before you, from their cradles even to their graves. Neither did he forget to reward those faithful, aged, and infirm labourers, by weekly pensions, who had spent their best days in his service. Some of you, perhaps, have not known exactly who your benefactor, under God, was; but none of you, my Brethren, I trust, have been without gratitude; and with regard to those who have known him, perhaps some have never had an opportunity in person to return him thanks for his kindness. If, however, you have only wished to do so, it is enough; and remember that he was not anxious to be known, or to be thanked. He did you good, both out of good will to you, and a desire to please God; but he loved the praise of God more than the praise of men; and the praise of God will be his 'exceeding great reward.' As to the *richer* sort in this place, it would be difficult to find one who has not been benefited by him in some way or other, either

persuaded, have stood in the way of the collection of an assemblage of mourners, where pomp would

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directly or indirectly; and, with regard to *Myself*, I must pass over the many favours I have received, and the unceasing and undeserved kindness with which I have been always regarded by him, lest I should become unable to utter all that remains to be said on on this part of the subject.

“If then he was rich, he was also ‘rich in good works,’ ‘ready to give, glad to distribute.’ Of a truth, it may be said of him, ‘he hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness remaineth for ever, his horn shall be exalted with honour.’ Some of his reward he received in this life, for he lived to a good old age,—he saw much of the ‘goodness of the Lord in the land of the living’—‘he came to his grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in, in his season,’—he lived to see his children’s children; and peace upon our Israel. The rest and greatest part of his reward he will receive ‘at the resurrection of the Just.’

“Yet he had troubles, many and great; some of an ordinary, some of a more than ordinary, grievousness. ‘Great are the troubles of the righteous,’ says the Psalmist; but, then he adds, ‘the Lord delivers them out of all.’ Troubles are not to the righteous signs of God’s anger, but of his love; they are the trials of faith and patience, to perfect us in the fear and love of God, and are therefore good for the righteous.

“But I will not venture to particularise any of his troubles, lest, from this cause also, I should render myself unable to pay the remainder of this poor tribute of respect to the memory of my departed and highly valued Patron. On this head it will be sufficient to observe, that, I know, he bore his trials like a CHRISTIAN; and that he had troubles, which nothing but a religiously instructed mind, and a heart exercised in daily devotion to God, could have enabled him to endure. The things which have been already brought before you, Brethren, are enough to endear the memory of THE DEPARTED to us all, and to call such MEMORY BLESSED. How worthy then is he of our imitation in all these particulars of his duty to his fellow-creatures! As far as it may be in our power, let us be careful to follow his example.

“Let us now proceed to consider that example as regards our duty towards God. Constant in the use of *Private Prayer*, *Family Worship*, and of *Public Worship*, as far as health and other circumstances would permit; constant also in the practice of daily readings of the Scriptures, and a never-failing *guest at the Lord’s table*, to remember his love in

have merged into sympathy, and ceremony been forgotten in sorrow.

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dying for the sins of the whole world:—In all these things he is our example indeed, and in all these respects we may each follow that example to the fullest extent. With regard to the *last mentioned duty* to God and our Saviour, Christ, never shall I forget—never will they who had the happiness to be present at the same time, forget—his **LAST APPEARANCE** amongst us at that heavenly feast. It was a pleasing and a painful sight—painful on account of the difficulty with which he performed this duty, and pleasing to see one so resolved to do it notwithstanding that difficulty. Yes, Brethren, it was an edifying sight to see one, struggling with age and infirmity, and scarcely able with the assistance of two attendants to reach the spot where he desired once more to bend his feeble knees in humble adoration of the Lord of all Lords, and to receive the consecrated elements of bread and wine, as pledges of that Lord's love, and in remembrance of his death, to his own great and endless comfort. This happened only just three weeks before he was called by the same Lord to sit down at his table with 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' in the kingdom of heaven. Surely, if any believer in the Lord could make excuse for absence from his table without offence, he could have done so under these circumstances, especially when we consider that from youth to age, he lived in the habit of being present at it; but age and infirmity could not keep him back. I beseech you, Brethren, then to consider how their conduct must appear by the side of this, who from youth to age neglect this ordinance of the Lord without even the shadow of an excuse for such offensive behaviour.

“ But what are all his duties, however regularly performed, both to God and man—what are his unceasing prayers and alms—unless offered up, not only in the *faith* of Christ, but in the *spirit* of Christ? They are nothing; for 'if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' Now this spirit was manifest in everything which the departed said and did, and became more and more visible continually. It is this which endears his memory to us more than all the rest, and makes it truly blessed. And what is the Spirit of Christ? It is unfeigned love of one another, springing from the fear and love of God. In cultivating this spirit, we may all follow his example; and if we have nothing to give, we can love, and desire to give—we can sympathize with our brethren in their troubles, and so comfort and refresh a sufferer, when nothing else can—when silver and gold, if he had the world full of it, would be of no avail. This Christian spirit made him regard **ALL** with

The death of our venerable President may be said to have caused a *two-fold* vacancy in our Club: the

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equal love, however they might differ from him in opinion, in matters either of Church or State. Conscientiously and firmly attached to that form of Christ's religion established in this kingdom, he nevertheless viewed with respect and esteem some of the many different communions of Christians who dissent from us; and where he could not esteem, he would pity and compassionate. He felt that the *Christian religion*, under any form, however fanciful and scrupulous, was incalculably better than *no* Christian religion at all; and though he could not respect the scruples and fancies of some religionists, he *could and did respect their consciences*, when a quiet and peaceable life was the result. He felt that *opposition* was not consistent with the spirit of meekness and brotherly love enjoined by the GOSPEL. He knew that when it has been resorted to, it has always made matters worse, and can never promote that unity among Christians which should be their desire and their aim, and which is so strongly insisted upon by our Lord and his Apostles. If, therefore, any one denomination of *Dissenters* opposed themselves to any other, or to the *Established Church*, his respect for that denomination would cease; because the Spirit of Christ was evidently in that case gone from it, however correct their faith, and however correct their lives might be in other respects.

“THE CHURCH, then, brethren, cannot help being satisfied with *SUCH A MEMBER AS THIS*. And if a strong mind, highly cultivated by all manner of useful learning, well versed in the Bible, and daily exercised in devotion to God, is to be no guide to the consciences of others in matters of religion, it should at least cause all manner of persons to respect a church which can boast *such members as these*; and, if any still feel themselves bound in their consciences, notwithstanding such examples, to differ and to separate, to do so with modesty and regret, with humbleness of mind and charity—such charity towards the church, as the church and all good men in it feel towards them: and such, moreover, as HE had in an eminent degree, whose departure from us we do, with so much reason, lament.

“But he is gone to join the company of those, who, since the world began, have departed this life before him in the faith and fear of God. Let us prepare to follow him, for we know not how soon we may be called upon to give up our accounts to the great Judge of quick and dead,” &c. &c. &c.

The church of Brighton was thronged to excess on the memorable

one, to be filled up by the election of another *President*—the other, by the election of another *Member*. The choice of the former fell upon Viscount Clive, of whom it is but justice to say, that he had previously consulted the *present* Earl Spencer and the Duke of Devonshire, in regard to what might be *their* wishes or feelings as successors of the late Earl. The new Member was the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH AND QUEENSBURY, a young nobleman most especially qualified by his love of *Large Paper Hearnes* \*, and of *Greek and*

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day of the delivery of this discourse. The deepest silence, disturbed only by the sobs of those upon whose hearts these truths fell with a resistless force, attended its delivery; while the preacher seemed through the whole to be sustained by a peculiar energy. It must be admitted, I think, that few Discourses for the occasion, and for the congregation of a village church, could have been more judiciously and more effectively composed. Of ALL the baronial bodies which sleep beneath the monumental marbles at Brington, there is NOT ONE that merits a MORE SPLENDID CENOTAPH than that which has been recently entombed there.

\* The Duke of Buccleugh is now the possessor of the magnificent set of HEARNE'S PUBLICATIONS, printed upon *large paper*, and bound in red morocco, which had once been Dr. Mead's, and was purchased at his sale, by an ancestor of Meerman, for some fifty guineas. It continued at the Hague, with Meerman's library, till the sale of the latter in 1822, when it was purchased by some London booksellers for 200*l.* Mr. Pickering obtained possession of it, and sold it to Mr. Hanrott for 500*l.* At the sale of Mr. Hanrott's library in 1833, this set was purchased by the Duke of Roxburghe for 400*l.* Works and volumes like these are the very buttresses which adorn while they prop up the noblest collections. With all his whimsicalities, bitter and foolish prejudices, and arrant-mad credulity, it will be long before we look upon such a man as TOM HEARNE again. In the *Bibliomania* and *Library Companion* may be seen perhaps more than enough about him. The RELIQUÆ HEARNIANÆ of my friend Dr. Bliss have vanished like the morning dew. Wherefore?

*Roman Classics* in their most towering forms, to do ample justice to the election. I calculate upon the Club's receiving from His Grace a rich and rare book-contribution; he being now in *all* respects a *Roxburgher*—having become the purchaser of Mr. Heber's set of our GARLAND. And more—his contribution of the *Chartulary of Melrose* to the Bannatyne Club, may be considered only as a forerunner of a yet greater achievement in regard to ourselves.

And here I close these *Roxburghiana*—in respect to the Club which has induced me to adopt that title...adding, by way of corollary, an account—

1. Of the *Publications* of the Club—forming what I choose to designate as the ROXBURGHE GARLAND.
2. Of the Brother Clubs, or *Book-Fraternities*, which have sprung up from our own—and which may therefore be called GRAFTS.

I cannot however look back upon the last hundred pages of these *Reminiscences*, without perceiving myself unconsciously, as it were, to have performed the part of a *Necrologist*—in the obituary details with which these “ANA” abound. How soon, or how late it may be, before the whole of the present existing Members may be gathered to those who have preceded them, it belongs not to finite intelligence to pronounce; but that the period of tarrying among them, with ONE, who is advancing by swift strides towards what is called the grand climacteric of existence, cannot be very considerably

protracted, may be pronounced as sufficiently certain. In the mean time, let it be—as it is—some consolation to that “ONE,” to have stepped forward, unsolicited and unhired, in the achievement of a *Record* which can never be displeasing to the man of literature and taste : which makes known an association of gentlemen united by one common tie of book-ardour—in other words, of the Bibliomania\*—for the diffusion of at least interesting intelligence. That it has hitherto not held its meetings *in vain*, is palpable enough from what immediately follows ; and that it may accomplish yet higher and more desirable objects, is the fixed conviction of Him by whom this Record has been executed.

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\* Some idea may be formed of the BOOK WEALTH of a few of the Members of the Roxburghe Club when the Libraries of only *five* of them produced the sum of upwards of 100,000*l.*: as thus—

Mr. Heber's (not completed)	£34,366
Mr. Hibbert's . . . . .	21,700
Sir M. M. Sykes's . . . . .	18,700
Mr. Dent's . . . . .	15,000
Duke of Marlborough's . . . .	14,482

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£104,248

The residue of Mr. Heber's library may produce 10,000*l.*; although I speak from little better than vague conjecture. Now, to the foregoing, add the supposed value of the Libraries of EARL SPENCER and the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE alone, and you may then safely add (as I should conceive) TWICE THE ABOVE AMOUNT. It would be difficult throughout Europe to find *three times seven* individuals (the foregoing number being only seven) whose united book-property would produce the sum of a THIRD of a MILLION STERLING.

1. *THE ROXBURGHE GARLAND; or List of Books printed for private distribution by the Members of the Roxburghe Club.*

ALTHORP, VISCOUNT.—Interlude of the World and the Child (Mundus et Infans). From a unique copy printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Reprinted 1817, 4to. *Thirty-four copies: one upon vellum.*

BENTHAM, WILLIAM.—Ceremonial at the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the Dauphin of France. From the Original (1557, 4to.) in the British Museum. 1818, 4to. *Forty copies printed.*

BOLLAND, MR. BARON.—Certain Bokes of Virgile's *Ænæis* [only the second book] by the Earl of Surrey. 1814, 4to. *Sixty copies.* See page 379, ante.

BOSWELL, JAMES.—Poems by Richard Barnfield: including Remarks by the late Edmund Malone. 1816, 4to. *Thirty-four copies.*

———— JAMES.—A Roxburghe Garland. 1817, 12mo. See pp. 389, 390.

BRYDGES, SIR S. E. BART.—Hagthorpe Revived; or Select Specimens of a Forgotten Poet. 1817, 4to.

A beautiful volume, printed at the Lee Priory Press.

———— SIR S. E. BART.—Lælii Peregrini Oratio in obitum Torquati Tassi. Edit. Sec. Hurd. Allob. [Geneva] 1822, 4to. Second Contribution.

BUTLER, VEN. ARCHDEACON.—Sidneiana: being a collection of some very scarce, and in some instances unique Tracts, relative to SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. This contribution is now in the course of being printed. Sir Philip Sidney was educated at Shrewsbury School, of which Dr. Butler is the Head Master.

CARR, Rev. WILLIAM HOLWELL.—Istoria Novellamente Ritrovata di Duc Nobili Amanti da Lurgi Posto. The original of Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet. 1817, 4to.

CARLISLE, EARL OF.—An elegiacal Poem on the Death of Thomas Lord Grey of Wilton, by Robert Marston. From a MS. in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. 1822, 4to. *Thirty-six copies printed.*

CAWDOR, EARL.—The Ancient English Romance of William and the Wer Wolf. From a MS. in the library of King's College, Cambridge, of the fourteenth century, by one of the Earls of Hereford. Edited by Sir F. Madden. See page 409, ante. *Fifty-three copies printed.*

CLIVE, VISCOUNT.—Metrical Lives of the Saints. By a Monk of Clare, in Suffolk. From a MS. in the British Museum. Written in 1443. 1835, 4to. *Fifty-five copies: and two upon vellum.*

DENT, JOHN.—Solemnities and Triumphes doon and made at the Spousels and Marriage of the King's Daughter, the Ladye Marye, to the Prince of Castile, Archeduke of Autrige. 1818, 4to. From a unique Tract in the British Museum. *Thirty-six copies: and one upon vellum.* See the *Archæologia*, vol. xviii.; with observations by Sir Henry Ellis.

DEVONSHIRE, DUKE OF.—The Life of St. Ursula. Guiscard and Sigismund. 1818, 4to. From two exceedingly rare pieces of early English poetry, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. In the library of His Grace. *Thirty-two copies: two upon vellum.*

DIBDIN, THOMAS FROGNALL, V. P.—The Complaint of a Lover's Life. Controversy between a Lover and a Jay. 1818, 4to. *Thirty copies: and one upon vellum.*

DODD, REV. JAMES WILLIAM.—The Funerall of King Edward the Sixt. 1566. Reprinted 1817, 4to. *Forty copies.*

DRURY, REV. HENRY.—The Metrical Life of St. Robert of Knaresborough. 1824, 4to. From a MS. formerly in the library of the Rev. Mr. Drury, but now in that of the Duke of Newcastle. It was superintended by the late Mr. Hasle-

wood, and has received some annotations by the late Mr. Douce. St. Robert (or Robert Flower) was son of the Mayor of York, and lived as a hermit in his cell at Knaresborough, in the time of King John. *Thirty-five copies printed*; of which the extra four are now placed in public libraries.

DRURY REV. HENRY.—Cock Lorell's Boat. A Fragment from the original in the British Museum (Garrick's Collection): considered to be unique. *Thirty-four copies: two upon vellum.*

FREELING, SIR FRANCIS, BART.—Dolarney's Primrose. 1606, 4to. Reprinted 1816, 4to. From the original rare volume in Sir Francis's Collection. *Thirty-three copies.*

———— GEORGE HENRY.—Newes from Scotland. 1591, 4to. Reprinted 1816, 4to. *Thirty-six copies: one upon vellum.* Mr. Martin, in his somewhat particular account of this book, which is devoted to the "*Damnable Life of Dr. Fian*," notices an allusion to this unhappy man's fate (by having undergone the punishment of "*the Boot*") in Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Old Mortality*. He might have referred us to a *wood-cut representation* of this horrible torture given in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

———— GEORGE HENRY.—La Contenance de la Table. 1816, 12mo. *Thirty-six copies: one upon vellum.* This was not a regular *Roxburgher*—if I may so designate it. See a mirthful history relating to it, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 73; and a spiteful notice of it, irrelevantly introduced, in a number of the *Quarterly Review* for 1825.

———— GEORGE HENRY.—Information for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe. From a rare tract in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. 1824, 4to. *Thirty-five copies printed.* Second Contribution.

GOWER, EARL, now DUKE of SUTHERLAND.—Balades and other Poems, by John Gower. Printed from the

Original MS. in the library of the Duke of Sutherland at Trentham; in Staffordshire. 1818. 4to. The Original Book was presented by Gower the Poet, about the year 1400, to Henry IV., and came into the library of the Duke from having been presented by Lord Fairfax, one of Cromwell's Generals, *to his friend and kinsman*, Sir Thomas Gower, Knt. and Bart., in the year 1656. These ballads, in the French language, are here printed for the first time.

GRENVILLE, HON. AND REV. NEVILLE.—Gaufridi Arthuri Monemuthensis Archidiaconi postea vero Episcopi Asaphensis, De Vita et Vaticiniis Merlini Calidonii Carmen Heroicum. From a MS. in the British Museum. See page 410, ante. *Forty-four copies were printed, of which three were upon vellum.*

HASLEWOOD, JOSEPH.—Two Interludes; Jack Juggler and Thersytes. From a unique copy of each Interlude. 1820, 4to.

HAWTREY, REV. EDWARD CRAVEN, D. D.—The Private Diary of William, first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England—[Supplementary Notes to follow.] See page 412, ante. *Fifty copies printed.*

HÉBER, RICHARD.—Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, by T. Cutwode, Esq. 1815, 4to. *Thirty-two copies.*

\* A singular history attaches both to this Original and to its reprint. According to Ritson, the Original "was staid at the press by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London; and such copies as could be found, or were already taken, were to be presently brought to the Bishop of London to be burnt." The cause of the above reprint was this. A bet was laid (the winner of the bet to give the Roxburge Club a dinner) between Sir M. M. Sykes and Mr. Dent, whether the Anniversary Meeting of 1815 were the third or fourth of the Club? Mr. Dent was the loser; when Mr. Heber promised to present the Club with a reprint of the above poem at the extra dinner in contemplation. Only nine days intervened; but within that period the reprint was transcribed, superintended at the press by Mr. Haslewood (without a single error), bound by Charles Lewis, and presented to the Members on sitting down to dinner. Mr. Haslewood was reported to have walked in his sleep, with a pen in his hand, during the whole period of its preparation.

The original, 1599, 4to., from which this is printed, is now in the Collection of Sir F. Freeling, Bart.\*

HIBBERT, GEORGE.—Six Bookes of Metamorphoseos, in which ben conteyned the Fables of Ovyde. Translated out of Frensshe into Englysshe, by William Caxton. From a Manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. With a fac-simile of the original text, and a woodcut representing Orpheus. 1819, 4to. A curious and splendid donation to the Roxburghe Club\*. About forty copies were printed, of which *two were upon vellum*.

ISTED, GEORGE.—The New Notborune Mayd. The Boke of Mayd Emlyn. From copies in the collection of the late Thomas Caldecott, Esq. 1820, 4to. *Thirty-eight copies: one upon vellum*.

LANG, ROBERT.—Le Livre du Faulcon. A reprint of an exceedingly scarce tract in the black letter, printed by Verard without date, from a copy in Mr. Lang's own library. See p. 403, ante.

LITTLEDALE, MR. JUSTICE.—Magnyfycence, an Inter-

\* Six-and-twenty years have now elapsed since a notice of the very extraordinary ORIGINAL of the above *printed* volume was given by me—chiefly through the kind intervention of the present Bishop of Peterborough—to the public, in the first volume of my *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*, p. 83, together with a fac-simile of its inscription. It is a little singular, that this should not only be the *only* MS. with which I am acquainted, incorporating the name of Caxton as “Translator and Finisher,” but the only presumed performance of that venerable Printer of which *no printed* copy is known. How Casimir Oudin, in his Commentary upon the Ancient Writers of the Church, got intelligence of its existence, in any shape, is to me somewhat surprising. At the close of this account I had said thus:—“I cannot dismiss this curious article without indulging the hope that the labours of some more successful bibliographer may bring a *printed* copy of the book to light; none of the kind has hitherto, I believe, been seen or heard of.” Little could I have anticipated, at the period of making this remark, of the treat afforded to all lovers of curious literature by the publication of Mr. Hibbert—to which I must again have recourse in the ensuing pages.

lude. By John Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. (1553.) From a copy in the British Museum, and another in the University Library at Cambridge. 1821, 4to. *Fifty copies printed.*

LITLEDALE, EDWARD.—Diana, or The excellent Conceitful Sonnets of H. C. [Harry Constable.] 1818, 4to. *Fifty copies.*

LLOYD, JOHN ARTHUR. — The Cuck-Queanes, and Cuckolds Errants. The Faery Pastoral, or Forest of Elves. From a MS. in the Library of the late Mr. Haslewood, which had been previously in that of the Duke of Roxburghe\*. See page 397, ante. *Thirty-seven copies printed; one upon vellum.*

MARKLAND, JAMES HEYWOOD.—Chester Mysteries, De Deluvio Noe. De Occisione Innocentium. With a frontispiece representing the Abbey-Gate of Chester, drawn by Uwins, and engraved by Robinson; a beautiful specimen of united graphical elegance. *Fifty-three copies, and three upon large paper.* 1818, 4to. The introduction to this work upon our earliest dramas, and which does so much credit to Mr. Markland, was reprinted in Mr. Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare.

MARLBOROUGH, DUKE OF.—Selections from the Works of Thomas Ravenscroft, a Musical Composer of the time of King James I. 1822, 4to.

PHELPS, JOHN DELAFIELD.—The Glutton's Feaver, by Thomas Bancroft. 1633, 4to. Reprinted, 1817, 4to.

PONTON, THOMAS.—Le Morte Arthur. The Adventures of Sir Launcelot du Lake. 1819, 4to. First printed from a MS. in the Harleian Library; with a fac-simile of the original text by Mr. R. Thomson, by whom the work was superintended at the press. *Thirty-one copies printed.*

ROXBURGHE CLUB.—*Printed at the Joint Charges of* Havelok the Dane. 1828, 4to. *Sixty-two copies printed; of which Earl Spencer purchased six. Intrinsically con-*

\* This manuscript was sold at the sale of Mr. Haslewood's library for 12l. 12s.

sidered, this is perhaps the most valuable, as well as curious, volume among those of which the ROXBURGHE GARLAND is composed. A whisper is abroad, that, with permission of the Club, and of Earl Cawdor, it is the intention of Sir Frederick Madden, the able editor of this work and of the *Werwolf*, to reprint them, with notes and an index, in an octavo form, as a companion to his forthcoming edition of the *Brut of Wace*—a rare treat for the lovers of early English romance and history.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART.—Proceedings in the Court Martial held upon John Master, of Sinclair, &c. (See page 402, ante.) 1828, 4to. *Fifty-two copies printed.*

SPENCER, EARL, K. G. PR.—The First Three Books of Ovid de Tristibus, by Thomas Churchyard. 1535, 4to. Reprinted, 1816, 4to. *Thirty-six copies; one upon vellum.* From the Original in the Library at Althorp, and the only copy (which had been Farmer's) hitherto known.

———— EARL, K. G. PR.—La Rotta di Francciosi a Terroana Novamente facta. La Rotta di Scocesi. Reprinted from two rare Italian poems on the battles of Terrovane and Flodden Field. 1825, 4to. *Forty copies printed.* Second Contribution.

SYKES, SIR MARK MASTERMAN, BART.—The Chorle and the Birde. First printed by Caxton, and afterwards by Wynken de Worde. Reprinted in 1817, 4to.

———— SIR MARK MASTERMAN, BART.—The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos. From the presses of Caxton and Wynken de Worde. Of excessive rarity. 1822, 4to. Second Contribution. *Thirty-five copies.*

TAYLOR, GEORGE WATSON.—Poems written in English, by Charles Duke of Orleans, during his captivity in England after the Battle of Azincourt. From a MS. in the British Museum, and printed for the first time. 1827, 4to. *Forty-four copies printed, of which four were upon vellum.* Of these vellum copies, one, splendidly bound in morocco, was destined for Charles X. late King of France; a second is in the library of Earl Spencer; a third in the British

Museum; and the fourth, in the possession of the Contributor. A curious, singular, and most acceptable volume.

TOWNELEY, PEREGRINE.—Judicium, a Pageant. From the Towneley MS. of Ancient Mysteries. 1822, 4to. The preface was written by the late Mr. Douce. *Fifty copies printed.*

UTTERSON, EDWARD VERNON.—Chevelere Assigne. From a MS. in the Cotton Collection in the British Museum. [1820] 4to. *Fifty copies printed.*

WILBRAHAM, ROGER.—Daiphantus, or the Passions of Love. By Antony Scoloker. (1604.) 1818, 4to. See page 408, ante.

WRANGHAM, ARCHDEACON FRANCIS.—The Garden Plot. An Allegorical Poem, inscribed to Queen Elizabeth by Henry Goldingham. From a MS. in the British Museum. With a Reprint of the Author's Masque performed before the Queen at Norwich in 1598. 1825. 4to. See page 396 ante. *Thirty-nine copies printed.*

\* \* \* It ought to have been observed that, of the *copies printed upon vellum*, ONE was always reserved for our PRESIDENT.

Such are the *Flowers* of which I consider the ROXBURGHE GARLAND to be composed. These flowers doubtless vary both in colour and in quality; and the Garland is as doubtless more *picturesque* in consequence. But considering these FORTY-FOUR volumes as the production of a society of noblemen and gentlemen of only twenty-three years standing, put forth without the slightest probability of any *profit* but that of the satisfaction arising from adding to the Archæological Curiosities of their country, they ought to stand well in the estimation of all honourable minds. Whatever may be the ultimate

“sway” of fashion, the ROXBURGHE CLUB—if it rest only upon its *present* oars of distinction—will have deserved well of the Republic of Literature. There are yet a few volumes in arrear—and there is yet a strong feeling among several Members to redeem, by a second contribution, the comparative inferiority of the first; but after every Member has contributed his quota, I adhere to the opinion expressed in a previous page, that it will be better to contribute our respective quotas to the supply of some such other performance as that of HAVELOK. It will be observed, from the foregoing list, that during one year, 1818, not fewer than *six volumes* were contributed. Well might the guests at *that* annual symposium take little heed of the amount of the bill of fare, when such treasures were to be borne away to their homes\*!

I am now to make brief mention of what I choose to consider as *Grafts* from the *Parent Stock*; or other BOOK-SOCIETIES formed upon the plan of our

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\* The symposium in question took place at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate-street, during my absence on the Continent, on the day on which I gave a sort of brother-festival, or banquet, to eight distinguished literati at Paris; the *whole* of the expenses of which were considerably beneath the charge for *one* guest at the Albion festival. The reader may remember my notice of this piece of naughty extravagance in the second volume of the *Tour*; little supposing that the proceedings of that day, together with the items and charges of the dinner, were to be dragged to public view in the pages of a weekly journal, and afterwards in those of a newspaper. Poor Haslewood (whose skin, like that of John Ziska, is doomed to make more noise after death than during life) with his incautious “Revelry—” or rather the utterly incomprehensible conduct of his executors—has been the source of such unwarrantable exposure: although I have heard the deceased, more than once, say, that “for such a bumper of BOOKS he would cheerfully have paid double the costs of the bumpers of WINE.”

own. And first—in chronological order, if not in intrinsic importance—of THE BANNATYNE CLUB. It will be seen from a previous page (399), that in a letter addressed to me by the late Sir Walter Scott, this Club was then (1822) in contemplation—on the plan of our own. Sir Walter became the first President. On his decease, Thomas Thomson, Esq., before Vice-President, succeeded to the presiding chair. A fitter selection could not have been made. Mr. Thomson is a zealous and learned antiquary in matters relating to law as well as to manners and customs: to constitutional history, as well as to dusty records; and is alive, at all times, to the best interests of civil and religious liberty. A crumbling arch or a decayed charter is equally interesting to his feelings; and the song or the speech of other days, warmed by patriotism, or pointed by wit, is sure to meet at his hands with a ready and gracious reception. Many years have passed away since we met at the truly hospitable table of the great Caledonian Historian, the late GEORGE CHALMERS...of whom in a future page. Our conversation at that meeting cannot be easily forgotten.

... “manet altâ mente repostum”

To return to the Bannatyne Club. It derives its name from one GEORGE BANNATYNE, a worthy wight or gentleman, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, of whom, in fact, we know nothing. It should seem that, in his youth, this George Banna-

tyne led a sedentary and secluded life. Indeed, I feel persuaded that he was in possession of some intellectual *reservoir* which received the precious deposit of past wit and bygone genius, through a *filtering process* of which no particulars have survived. Equally persuaded I am that he was in the habit of receiving, in early youth, certain *dicteria*—perchance odd heads and tails of rhyming ballads—from some hoary headed sage who had been a carouser at the “merrie court” of James V. of Scotland. Bannatyne, in fact, appears to have done for the poetry of *his* age, what the unknown transcriber and compiler did for that of a *later* age, in the manuscript consulted by the Bishop of Dromore for his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* \*. He filled 800 folio pages with transcripts of Scottish poetry, during the sixteenth century. Some few of these transcripts have the value of originals, as their prototypes have never been found. Others are copies of what were considered to be exceedingly scarce pieces. The whole appears to have been carefully and neatly transcribed by Bannatyne for the purpose of publication. This truly precious NATIONAL RELIC, in two volumes, is now inlaid and splendidly bound in morocco, and deposited in the library of the Faculty of

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\* A very particular account of this curious manuscript, together with fac-similes of its scription, may be seen in the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*; while in a preceding page (369) a hint is thrown out that the manuscript may be yet made more substantially serviceable to the interests of OLD SONG by a more copious selection of its contents.

Advocates at Edinburgh\*. *That* Library is the first shrine at which I should kneel, if fate ever carried me to that most interesting capital. My friend David Laing, Esq., the erudite and able secretary, would, I feel persuaded, help me up in case I fell—or was taken with too long a swooning fit of delirious rapture.

I must refer the reader to the copious and instructive pages of Mr. Martin† for an account of all the publications of this most respectable *Graft*, or Brother Club. The number of impressions of whatsoever they print is limited to *one hundred and thirty-six*. The subjects chosen for publication are usually well chosen, from their being generally interesting. In diligence the *Bannatyners* have far outstripped the *Roxburghers*; for, considering their standing—only about a dozen years—they have already equalled the latter in the number of publications. This Fraternity is at present in high repute. All classes of society are incorporated as members; and each member pays a contribution of five guineas per annum. High and gallant names glitter in their muster-roll; and he who would enter the lists with

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\* The whole of the first volume, in two parts,—and the first part of the second volume, have been already published by the Club, under the editorial care of Mr. Laing, the secretary.

† Pages 358—378: with a beautiful wood-cut of the assumed arms of the Club. But of all the beautiful wood-cuts with which this beautiful volume abounds, not one reaches the lovely heraldic vignette by way of prefix to the books printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. On large paper, the effect is dazzling. I rejoice to see the name of *Byfield* as that of the artist by whom it was engraved.

a view of being a candidate, ought to look well to his *Glass*—especially if he be a *Sexagenarian*—lest increasing inroads upon the surface of the cuticle warn him that, at the probable period of his election, he may be

“ . . . sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.”

I now come, in the order of narative, to notice another vigorous shoot, or promising *Graft*, from the parent *Roxburghe Stem*—in the formation of the MAITLAND CLUB. But before I send my readers to the copious and instructive pages of Mr. Martin, whose book is a *sine quâ non* in every collection of elegant literature, I must be permitted to detail the origin and progress of this Book-Club in the language of its efficient Vice-President, John Kerr, Esq., of Glasgow; from whom I received the following account in a letter of the date of Nov. 16, 1829; and by which it will appear that SCOTLAND has caught the blaze of antiquarian lore kindled by the torch of the ROXBURGHERS.

“ 15, *Blythsward Place, Glasgow,*

“ 16th Nov. 1829.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I think it will be gratifying to you to know, if you are not already informed, that upwards of eighteen months ago a Club was formed here, on the model of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne Clubs, for printing works illustrative of the *History, Literature, and Antiquities* of SCOTLAND. As one of the founders of the Club, the members did me the honour of electing me their Vice-President; and in that capacity I have one copy of their first work at my disposal, of which

I request your acceptance. You will find it chiefly the composition of Sir RICHARD MAITLAND\*, whose name we chose for our Club, and whose MSS., therefore, became a fitting object of our *first* use of types. I trust the volume (at least in its external appearance) will please you. One hundred copies were thrown off for the *Bannatyne Club*, on their own paper, and another hundred were thrown off for the *Maitland Club*. Of the last, fifty copies were distributed among the members; one was retained for the Club library; thirty were laid aside in the event of an increase of members being resolved upon at a future period; and of the remaining nineteen, four were presented to Mr. C. K. Sharpe, (who presented the Club with two of the three plates which illustrate the volume), for the Marchioness of Stafford, himself, and two other friends. One was given to each of the Vice-Presidents and Secretary of the Bannatyne Club, and another Edinburgh gentleman for services rendered. One was given to the Earl of Eglintoun, the descendant of the Seton family; six were allotted to the Editor, Mr. Fullarton; one is now presented to you; and four still remain in the possession of the Club. That I may not tire you with

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\* It is entitled "the HISTORY of the HOUSE of SEYTOUN, to the year 1559. By Sir Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun, Knight. With the Continuation by Alexander, Viscount Kingston, to 1687. *Glasg.* 1829, 4to. This Richard Maitland was born at the end of the fifteenth century, and is the parent stem of the noble house of LAUDERDALE. He was an active, inquisitive, and industrious man; and seems to have stood alone, in the very interesting period in which he lived, in collecting literary, and especially POETICAL, RELICS. His daughter, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was his amanuensis in copying out his Collections of the early Scottish Poets—now in the Pepysian library at Cambridge. He was Keeper of the Privy Seal in the reign of Queen Mary; and died in his ninetieth year in 1586. He was in France when the unfortunate Mary Stuart was married to Francis II., then Dauphin:—perhaps a spectator of the ceremony. I wish he had given us his "REMINISCENCES." One might have parted with much antiquated lore for SUCH a work.

Maitland details, allow me to refer you to the regulations, of which you will find a copy sent herewith."

For a minute list of the pieces or volumes already put forth by this *Rival Club*, the reader must consult Mr. Martin's seductive volume. Only six years appear to have elapsed since their incorporation, and their diligence has been amazing. *Twenty-four* volumes have already appeared; and *eight* more are announced by Mr. Martin as in preparation. The general object of these volumes is admirable; and both the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs must be allowed to have outstripped our own, not less in the rapid succession, than in the instructive complexion, of their publications. We have been too indolent or careless. Where we have gathered a *flower*, they have brought home a *nosegay*. But competition is the very spur to excellence; and our Havelok and Werwolf may always raise their heads without the fear of being overtopped.

I now pass on to the notice of another graft from our parent stem, planted in a *foreign soil*. I allude to LA SOCIÉTÉ DES BIBLIOPHILES FRANÇAIS, established at Paris about fifteen years ago, chiefly through the influence and exertions of my friends the *Marquis de Chateaugiron* and *Durand Delançon*; gentlemen, of the true bibliomaniacal breed; keenly alive to all the glories that encircle the venerable heads of Aldus, the Giunti, Plantin, Elzevir, Barbou, Tonson, and Baskerville. The very motto

upon their banner shews of what proper materials the Bibliophiles are formed. They avow their object to be “*pour nourir, reléver, et faire naître même la passion de la BIBLIOMANIE.*” Thus recalled to recollection, it is impossible for me ever to forget the warm and generous manner in which the greater portion of this PARIS-ROXBURGHE CLUB fêted our venerable President and myself at Paris, in the year 1820. The respect of this Club for our late President induced them not only to elect him an *Honorary Member*, but to offer his vacant seat to his Son, the present Earl; an offer which was graciously and promptly accepted. And here I must take leave to make my best bow to the whole *Corps Bibliographique* of this Society for the honour conferred upon me also, in having elected me an Honorary Member of the same: the more so, as the books which they publish—in a royal octavo form—are very limited in number, and of the most beautiful description in regard to paper and printing; each volume having, in the title-page, an admirable wood-cut, in profile, of DE THOU, the ever-popular Collector of France under every shifting and changing of book-fashion. In point of *splendour*, the three English Clubs must doff their bonnets in readily admitting the superiority of the productions of the *Bibliophiles Français*. In some other respects that fraternity may also claim a superiority. Their pieces are usually taken from manuscripts: but the question is, are these manuscripts, or the portions which they select

A. Bernal  
le Chevalier  
de l'Institut

J. Feuillepepoches

Sommers  
de l'Institut

H. de Chateaugiron  
Wachmann

de l'Institut — le Marquis de Fontia d'Urban  
de l'Institut

L'abbé - J. Labouderie

from them, of importance? Doubtless they have erred more than once or twice in their selections\*. The literature of the ages of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. has been sucked to its very dregs. There is scarcely one more drop of its juice worth the suction. The Pompadours, the La Vallieres, the Montespan, and Maintenons—together with the Voltaires and Diderots—may now as well be left to an undisturbed dormitory. It is even questionable whether, of the enchanting Sévigné, one letter be now left deserving of publicity? But of Piron—let us have no more: he has had his day—and a long one it has been. The wit of one age is not the wit of another. Rabelais is beginning to be loathed; and no Englishman of a well-ordered mind can read a second time the filth of Swift, or the equivoques of Sterne. It is SHAKESPEARE alone that lives for all ages and all countries.

But the French Bibliophiles have done very much deserving of the most unmixed commendation. They have brought to renaissance, as it were, many a curious fragment in the shape of the drama, a morality, or a mystery. They have favoured us with old poetry, and with historical anecdotes, personal and local; and now that they have set themselves resolutely to embark upon an ocean of *black letter* lore, we may

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\* On the OPPOSITE PAGE appears a fac-simile of six AUTOGRAPHS of the Members of the Club of the Bibliophiles Français, who have done me the honour to become Subscribers to these "Reminiscences." Four of these Members, as will be seen, are of the French INSTITUTE. The names of all the Members of the Club in 1829, will be seen in the second edition of the *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 275.

expect great things in the natural order of time\*. They cannot be insensible how closely and intimately allied the destinies of BOTH COUNTRIES have been in times past—yea, are, in times present: and that any narratives connected with their Louis XII., Francis I., and Henri IV., must of necessity meet with a ready sympathy among ourselves. And then, what STORES these enterprising French Bibliophiles have to resort to! What a LIBRARY—be it regal, national, or both—immense, inexhaustible, and of endless variety! Long may these rivalries continue between two such countries as England and France:—between *all* countries! Without the slightest tinge of an irreverend feeling, be it permitted me to indulge the fond hope that spears may in due time be turned into printing presses, and swords into volumes of instruction; and that a desire to develope the literature of past ages, as a spur to that of the present, may

“Grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength” of ALL civilised countries, which have the “peace and good-will” of their fellow-creatures at heart.

But it is time to draw the curtain upon these ROXBURGHIANA—which have, I fear, been elongated

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\* They have now published six or seven volumes; and on any public sale of them, they unite vigorously in keeping them from the touch of vulgar hands: and so scarce is the *first* volume become, that at a sale in Paris, in 1829, a copy of it could not be procured under the sum of 20*l.* sterling. See a list of the contents of these volumes in Brunet's *Nouvelles Recherches*.

to an unconscionable extent. If, however, they serve no other purpose than a demonstration of right and honourable feeling towards the living—and of respect and attachment towards the memories of the greater number of the deceased—Members of the Club, they will not have been penned in vain. In whatever way—as the accidental Founder, and an anxious Vice-President, of this Association—I may have been mixed up with its labours, it is neither affectation nor insincerity to avow, that such intermixture has been productive of some of the most pleasurable, and, I will hope, not unprofitable, moments of my existence. Whatever be the ultimate destiny of that Vice-President, he can have but one straitforward and kind-hearted feeling for the prosperity of THE ROXBURGHE CLUB.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SPENCER LIBRARY.

"NOT all, that sit beneath a golden roof,  
 In rooms of cedar, O RENOWNED LORD!  
 Wise though they be, and put to highest proof,  
 To the sweet Muses do their grace afford;  
 Which, if they did, the like would them accord,  
 The mighty Poets to eternity,  
 And their wise acts in living verse record,  
 And build them up, great heirs of Memory;  
 Which else shall in oblivion fall and die.  
 But THOU—that like the Sun, with heav'nly beams  
 Shining on all, dost cheer abundantly  
 The learned heads, that drink Castalian streams—  
 Transcendant Lord, accept this verse from me,  
 Made for all time . . . but yet unfit for THEE."

LORD THURLLOW.

IF the late LORD THURLLOW, author of the above masculine sonnet—"To the Right Honourable THE EARL SPENCER, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter"—had not written one single verse in addition, he should have been gladly and gratefully included by me in the *Corpus Poetarum Anglicanorum*. It is some fifteen years ago, as I seem to think, that this very sonnet, incorporated with other pieces of poetry, by the same noble hand\*, and

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\* The above sonnet is taken from Lord Thurlow's "*Defence of Poesy*," p. 3. The noble author, who was the nephew of the first Lord,

beautifully printed in a slender duodecimo volume, was deposited by me as a sort of Christmas gift to the noble owner, in the library at Althorp.

“But my design.” I must now trespass upon the indulgence of the reader to go back with me some twenty-three years; namely, from the date of the demise of the above illustrious nobleman, to the year 1811, when my more familiar intercourse with him began, and when my first visit to Althorp took place. Ever since the publication of the first edition of the *Introduction to the Classics*, I had vehemently desired an acquaintance with THE SPENCER LIBRARY—in all its wonderful varieties; and more especially with that portion of it then deposited at Spencer House, in St. James’s Place. There could be no question of the most entire admiration on my part for the character of the Owner being mixed up with an attachment to his Book-Treasures. The pages of the *Bibliomania*\* bear decisive proofs of

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was passionately addicted to old books and to old English literature. Indeed, in many of his pieces he seems to have unnecessarily *trammelled* himself with the style of our old Masters—so as to have clogged his freedom of thought. Very many of his smaller poems were printed abroad; and very many are distinguished for delicacy of sentiment and purity of diction. His “*Althea*,” and his “*Moonlight*”—the former addressed to his Wife, and the latter, descriptive of his uncle—the first Lord Thurlow—are perhaps among the best of his productions.

† The lapse of twenty-four years has not tarnished one feature—one lineament—in the representation: and I envy not the pencils of *Reynolds*, *Copley*, *Phillips*, and *Clint*, in what the walls of Althorp display in *another* department of portrait painting—connected with the same distinguished character. The whole passage is as follows.

“We raise the column to the hero who has fought our battles by sea

this. Within a month of the publication of that work, I cast about me to accomplish a design of publishing an octavo volume of some 500 pages—under the title of BOOK RARITIES—which might contain a good descriptive “*Catalogue of curious, rare, and valuable Books of an early date,*” in the libraries of several eminent collectors, but chiefly in that of Earl Spencer; and it seemed to me that some Italian books, of great rarity and cost, stood in especial need of a careful and elaborate description.

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or land, and we teach our children to look up with admiration and reverence towards an object so well calculated to excite the best sympathies of the human heart. All this is well: and may it never be neglected! But there are other characters not less noble, and of equal glory to a great nation like our own; and they are those, who, to the adventitious splendour of hereditary rank, add all the worth and talent of a private condition, less exposed to temptation, and suited to the cultivation of peaceful and literary pursuits. Such a character is GEORGE JOHN, EARL SPENCER. A Nobleman, not less upright and weighty in the senate, than polished and amiable in private life: who, cool and respected amidst the violence of party, has filled two of the most important offices of state, in a manner at once popular and effective; and who, to his general love of the fine arts, and acquaintance with classical literature, has superadded the noble achievement of having collected the FINEST PRIVATE LIBRARY in EUROPE. The reader has already met with sufficient mention of this collection, to justify what is here said in commendation of it. . . . In the deepest recess of Althorp Park—where the larch and laurustinus throw their dark yet pleasing shade—and where

. . . . “pinus ingens, albaque populus  
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant  
Ramis—”

let the Doric temple be raised, with its white marble columns, sacred to the memory of this ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLEMAN! Let his bust, in basso-relievo, with appropriate embellishments, adorn the most conspicuous compartment within: and peace and virtue, and filial affection, will, I am sure, be the guardians of so cherished a spot!”—*Edit.* 1811, p. 702.

With this view I wrote to His Lordship to allow me to introduce myself to some of his rarer Italian books—imparting to him my design of instituting a close examination into the *Valdarfer Boccaccio* of 1471, then quietly reposing on the shelves of the Roxburghe Library. His Lordship observed in reply, that whenever I liked to call for the purpose of inspecting any of his books, Mr. Ocheda (his Lordship's Librarian) would with pleasure attend me. "If (continued he) you treat of the *early Dantes* in your proposed work, you must not omit the three editions printed in the year 1472, all of which you may see here; and all of which are extremely rare. My *Boccaccio* without date, and the Duke of Roxburghe's, by *Valdarfer*, in 1471, are, I suppose, the two to which you allude; and an accurate description of them, *taken from the books themselves*, will be a valuable Bibliographical document."

Accordingly, I availed myself of this privilege; and within a month from the date of His Lordship's letter, had completed my brochure of thirty-four printed pages, entirely devoted, with two exceptions, to an account of the early printed *Dantes and Petrarchs* at Spencer House. This brochure was entitled *Book Rarities*; and its object is best unfolded by a transcript of the brief and quaint "Address" prefixed to it\*.

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\* It may be as well to prefix the title at length. *Book Rarities; or a Descriptive Catalogue of some of the most curious, rare, and valuable*

It was no sooner printed, than, as in duty bound,

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*Books of early date, chiefly in the Collection of the Rt. Hon. GEORGE JOHN, EARL SPENCER, K. G., &c. &c. &c.* Thirty-six copies only were printed. The title-page is followed by the

“ ADDRESS,

“ THE preceding and subsequent pages will give my friends some general idea of the work, a specimen of which is here presented to them. With the exception of the first and last articles, all the editions described are in the library of the distinguished Nobleman whose name stands in the opposite leaf.

“ I have presumed to think that a volume of about 500 pages, devoted to a description of some of the rarest books of early typography, and of which no similar description has been yet published, may be considered an useful acquisition to the general stock of bibliographical knowledge: especially if such a work be executed from *actual inspection* of the volumes described. In the present instance this rule will be invariably followed; and I indulge the hope that the possessors of rare and precious books will have the kindness to permit me to add a description of their treasures to those in the collections at Spencer House and at Althorp.

“ The present work will be adorned with fac-similes of ancient cuts, printers’ devices, and other curious and beautiful ornaments; which relieve the dryness of catalogue composition, delight the eye of the reader, and impress upon his memory a more durable idea of the books described. No pains, as this specimen evinces, will be spared in rendering the typographical execution worthy of the celebrated press from which it issues.

“ Those who know the importance of describing rare and curious works with exactness, will not be offended with the minuteness of detail discoverable in the ensuing pages. Such have been my efforts to be correct, that I am almost inclined to hold detection of errata *at defiance*; at least, those of my friends who discover my vulnerable parts, will do me the kindness of pointing them out to me, *over a home-cooked beef-steak, lightly sprinkled with snow-white horse radish*, and flanked with the *best lettuce* my garden can bestow. More sumptuous fare may easily be procured; but a more cordial reception shall no where be experienced.

*Kensington, Aug. 19, 1811.*

T. F. D.

I now forget whether my “note of *defiance*” brought any combatants

I sent one of the very earliest copies of it to the Noble Owner whose library had furnished me with such copious and accurate descriptions. Lord Spencer's immediate reply to my letter was one of the most gratifying and interesting which I had ever received : partly, of course, from personal considerations,—and partly for the very curious intelligence with which it concluded.

“ *Wimbledon Park, Oct. 6th, 1811.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I RETURN you many thanks for the very beautiful specimen you were so good as to send me with your letter of the 1st inst., of your intended work, which if continued in the manner in which you have begun it, cannot fail to be an acceptable acquisition to the curious in Bibliography. I have looked over it with great pleasure, and as far as a perusal without verifying by a comparison with the articles described, can enable me to pronounce, I think it appears to be the best example of Bibliographical description I have ever seen. You do me great honour in annexing my name to it in the manner you have done ; and I beg you will believe me when I assure you, that so far from needing

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within the arena ; or how many “ beefsteaks ” were cooked to meet the self-invitations of critics and annotators ; but it may be as well to observe, that the first article, the Valdarfer Boccaccio of 1471, was incorporated into the *Supplement of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, 1822, p. 53, &c. ; it having become the property of the Noble Earl by a somewhat singular train of events briefly recorded at page 357, note. In this Supplement, the collation of the Valdarfer Boccaccio with that of *Deo Gratias* and the *Mantua* edition of 1472, occupies not fewer than twenty pages ; a perusal of which cannot fail to be interesting to the learned in Italian Bibliography.

any apology for so doing, I am much flattered with the compliment you have paid me.

“ I regret to hear that your health had suffered by your application to study, but I hope your excursion into the country has re-established it. I shall be glad to have the two books you mention at the price assigned for them, and am much obliged to you for pointing them out, as well as for sending me the thick paper *Rastell's Chronicle*\*.

“ I have had a great piece of black letter fortune within these few days, having added to my collection of Caxtons the three following, viz., the first edition of the *Game of Chess*, a perfect and very fine copy; the *History of Jason*, perfect and pretty good as to condition; and the *History of Reynart the foxe*, perfect and very fine. All acquired from the same quarter, and at the same time. I think you will allow this to have been a PROUD DAY for the library. The books are in Herring's hands at present, to be new bound, but I hope you will call in St. James's-place, and see them as soon as they come home.

“ I remain, dear Sir,

“ Yours truly,

“ SPENCER.”

Of course I could not long debar myself from the tempting gratification of examining such Caxtonian treasures, and within the same month of October I

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\* This was a reprint of the very rare and curious book published by JOHN RASTELL, the Printer, under the title of *The Pastyme of People: The Cronycles of Divers Realmys and most specyalls of the Realme of England*, &c. 1529, folio, of which a long account appears in the *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii. p. 91-97. Fac-similes of the large, coarse cuts of the Kings of England, were also given in the reprint—of which I was the Editor. There were (to the best of my recollection) *only six copies* upon fine or thick paper. See a curious anecdote about this book in the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. i. 205, note.

held the three volumes in my arms! They were, and are, most delectable copies of most rare impressions; and, as is now pretty generally known, were purchased, through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Edwards, of the Dean and Chapter Library of Lincoln Cathedral. It was an immense stride to have made in the Caxtonian arena; and had such copies of these books been sold in the Roxburghe Library, a thousand guineas had been the least sum they would have produced. Meanwhile, I continued sedulously to enlarge my "Book Rarities"—and on reporting my progress to His Lordship, he was pleased to observe, in a letter of the 3d November, 1811, dated from Holkham, that "he was delighted to find that his Library had afforded me so much occupation and amusement; and that he had no doubt he should be much gratified in seeing the result of my labours in it." The year 1812 was entered upon, and I still continued in the fixed resolution to make one volume of my work, under the title so frequently mentioned. Mr. Bulmer had printed the SPECIMEN in a style of surpassing beauty, and it was but fair that he should be consulted upon the VOLUME. His reply was as follows.

*"Cleveland Row, Fast Day, Feb. 1812.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE devoted an hour towards making a calculation of the probable expense of printing your BOOK RARITIES,

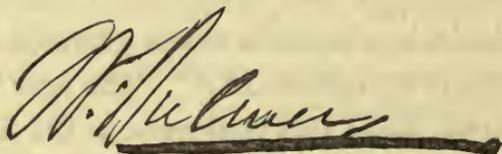
and the following conclusions present themselves; viz. supposing the 8vo. volume to make 450 pages, the

Printing and hot-pressing 500 copies will be	£168
Ditto, for 75 copies in 4to. . . . .	51
	<hr/>
	£219

But you must "*beware of steel traps and spring guns*;" for, in the above calculation, there is no reservation made either for alterations—printing in *red, blue, or yellow*—or indeed any extra or fanciful propensity which a gentleman of fertility of genius may be pleased to indulge in, by way of bothering the poor printer. That you may have further data to go upon, the paper for the 8vo. (supposing the quantity of pages above stated to be correct) will take twenty-eight reams, and the seventy-five copies of the 4to. will require about nine reams.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,



It should seem from Mr. Bulmer's estimate, that the work in view was still to assume the name first announced; or that, had it been otherwise, I had not imparted to him the altered title. I cannot, therefore, expressly say at what precise point of time it was that I had finally determined to concentrate *all* my researches within the Library of Earl Spencer, and to devote my intended work *exclusively* to the composition of a descriptive Catalogue of the trea-

tures of that matchless collection. Certain it is, that within a month after the receipt of his Lordship's letter, just laid before the reader, I was exceedingly busied in the library at Spencer House—amongst the theological books; and received some instructions from His Lordship as to the direction of my labours\*. And not less certain it is, that, within little more than a month after the date of Mr. Bulmer's estimate, it was finally determined between the noble owner of the Library and myself, that the work should assume *that* title under which it afterwards came forth before the world.

Accordingly I was not long in making the public

\* In a letter dated Althorp, Nov. 28, 1811, his lordship thus observes, "When I see you, I must talk to you about another Bible which I have, but which, as the copy is imperfect, it is probable that Mr. Ochéda did not show you; but in a list of my ancient Bibles it ought not to be passed over. It is in a larger Gothic character than that usually known by the *Mazarine Bible*, and the same as was used by *Albert Pfister*, at *Bamberg*. Another very curious book in my possession, containing the histories of Joseph, Daniel, Esther, and Judith, with wooden cuts, printed in 1462. As this latter book is a sort of extract from the Bible, it might, without impropriety, be included in the class you are now about; and when I return to town (if you have not already seen it), I shall be happy to show it to you, together with the *Letters of Indulgence of Pope Nicholas V.*, and the *Block Books*."

It is gratifying to be enabled to add, that, within a twelvemonth of the date of this letter, ALL these articles, added to many others, were described *in print* with a fidelity and minuteness—aided by numerous fac-similes—such as the Public had not before seen, and forming the earlier portion of the first volume of my work. At this time his Lordship's copy of the Pfister Bible was not complete; but it was afterwards perfected by means of a copy of the third volume in the library of the present Earl of Liverpool, which had been graciously conceded, in exchange for some other book, with this view.

announcement of it which will be found in the subjoined note\* ; and I devoted all my energies towards

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\* That announcement thus describes the nature of the work. "This Work is intended to be a *Catalogue Raisonné* of that portion of the EARL SPENCER'S LIBRARY which comprehends BOOKS PRINTED IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, and FIRST EDITIONS of many distinguished Authors. It will commence with an account of Books printed, from WOODEN BLOCKS, about the middle of the fifteenth century ; from which many extraordinary Specimens of Cuts will be given, as tending to illustrate the HISTORY OF ENGRAVING during the same period. This division will be followed by THEOLOGY : comprehending a list of some of the scarcest Latin, German, Italian, and Dutch BIBLES printed in the fifteenth century ; with notices of the first Editions of the Polyglott, French, English, Polish, and Sclavonian Bibles. These will be followed by an account of some celebrated PSALTERS, MISSALS, and BREVIARIES, executed within the same period. The INTERPRETERS OF SCRIPTURE, and many of THE FATHERS, will close the department of Theology.

"CLASSICAL LITERATURE will succeed. The Authors will be arranged alphabetically, from Æsop to Xenophon ; and the notices of rare and valuable editions, in this most extensive and most valuable department of his Lordship's Library, will be found more copious and interesting, it is presumed, than any with which the reader is yet acquainted.

"MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE, in the Latin Language, including Didactic and Moral Works, Writers upon the CANON and CIVIL Law, HISTORIES, and CHRONICLERS of the MIDDLE Ages, will form the fourth division.

"ITALIAN BOOKS, including some remarkably scarce early-printed volumes of Poetry, will compose the fifth division.

"ENGLISH BOOKS printed by CAXTON, WYNKYN DE WORDE, and PYNSON, as well as the ST. ALBANS BOOK of Hawking, Hunting, and Coat Armour (of which latter, the only known perfect copy is in this Collection) will form the sixth and concluding department.

"Neither pains nor expense will be spared in the execution of the Work. It will be printed with a new type in the Elzevir-form, and in the best manner, at the SHAKESPEARE PRESS, upon paper manufactured purposely for it ; and no difference will be made in the press-work, or quality of the ink and paper, between the Small and Large Paper Copies. In regard to the *intrinsic value* of these volumes, it is hoped

the execution of a plan, which, of its kind, seemed to me to be the most splendid and complete that had yet been devised. I had just then launched the second volume of my *Typographical Antiquities*; at the end of the preface of which (dated Nov. 1811) I had in a measure announced the probability of the

they will be found deserving of the approbation of the Public. Many rare and valuable ancient publications will, for the first time, be made generally known; and the deficiencies and errors of preceding bibliographers supplied and corrected where found necessary. By means of cuts, and fac-similes of types, a number of books will be more satisfactorily described than heretofore; and, consequently, will make a more lasting impression upon the memory of the reader. Of the extraordinary value of the Library here described, it is hardly necessary to apprise the classical Student and Collector. It is the wish of its Noble Owner, that a collection, which has been obtained, at a very great expense, during a series of twenty-two years, should be faithfully made known to the Public: and if either his Lordship, or the Public, experience any disappointment at the present attempt to carry such a wish into execution, the Author is exclusively responsible for such failure.

“Kensington, March 31, 1812.

T. F. D.

☞ “To be published in Three Volumes, Super-Royal Octavo. Price to Subscribers, 7l. 17s. 6d. Fifty-five Copies only will be printed upon Large Paper, at 18l. 18s. each Copy. The impression of the Small Paper will be limited to 550 Copies.” It should however be noticed, as a literary curiosity in its way, that the work was *first* announced as coming out in two volumes, as the following advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1812 proves.

BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA.—A Descriptive Catalogue of the early printed Books, and of many important First Editions of the Library of George John Earl Spencer, K. G. &c. &c. &c., accompanied with copious Notes, Plates of Fac-Similes, and numerous appropriate Embellishments. To be published in Two Volumes, super-royal 8vo., price to Subscribers, 5l. 5s. Fifty Copies only will be printed upon large paper, at 12l. 12s. each Copy; nearly the whole of which latter are already subscribed for. The impression of the small paper will be limited to 500 Copies.

appearance of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*\*. I now began to work in right earnest. Sleeping or waking, the library in St. James's Place was always before my eyes†. My visits there were daily. My occupations during those visits were severe and of long continuance. One part of the day I was *tracing* with my crow-pen, or camel-hair brush—feeling my way through crowds of demons, winged spirits, monsters, and non-descripts, with which the pages of the Block Books abounded‡: at another part of the same day, collating, transcribing, comparing—lost and at times bewildered in the wonderful varieties of editions of the same work... were it a *Bible* or a *Classic*. The very spirit of Bibliography seemed to be brooding within the walls of the room assigned

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\* "My dream at night" appertained to THIS LIBRARY. When intensely busied with the earlier Bibles, I contrived *so* to dream, that I fancied myself to be *Fust* at one time, and *Pfister* at another. For many months, sound sleep fled my pillow; and when I reached the article *CICERO*, among the "Ancient Classics," I seemed to be busied in dragging Cataline out of the senate-house at one time—and helping to seize Verres, to bring him to public justice, at another.

† To the best of my recollection, the *first* fac-simile which I executed was that at page 19, from the *Ars Moriendi*, among the block books: sufficiently appalling to unstring the most tightly set of nerves. The WHOLE of the embellishments in the first volume are from my own tracings; and, where the originals have been free from colour or stain, I think their general fidelity may be safely relied upon. Those of *St. Christopher* and *the Angel*, between pages 2 and 3, have scarcely one inaccuracy; and they are fine, as well as extraordinarily early, subjects into the bargain. In the whole, including those of types, there are NINETY *fac-similes* in this first volume. Some of those connected with the block books were of excessively toilsome execution.

‡ See page 285, ante.

to me for my operations. That room, which is backwards, and looking upon the stables, had been the Nursery. Not an echo of a child's foot was now heard in it. All that had ever trotted along its floor were occupied in traversing a larger and more perilous arena. Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, had not then very long taken his seat as a Member of the House of Commons. His lordship's two elder brothers, under the gallant Sir Benjamin Hallowell, were ploughing the salt seas. His youngest brother was in a junior form at Eton. A few pleasing little prints, such as both nurse and children love to gaze upon, yet maintained their original position on a large screen... but in other respects the room was divested of every living creature but myself, from sunrise till sunset. A few shelves, filled with books of ordinary reference, skirted the upper extremity of it; where, for three successive years, I was more or less in the habit of concentrating my operations: having ready access to all parts of the Library below\*, where I was in the frequent habit of pursuing my researches in the autumnal months—stealing a sidelong glance through the window, which opens upon the terrace†, upon that beautiful verdure

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\* The KEY, which opened all the book-cases, was given to me by the late Earl Spencer, when I began my researches in 1811, and it is YET in my possession. His ancestor, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, could not have been more reluctant to part with her *gold* key of Queen Anne's closet, than I should be to part with this very simple, and worn key of *iron*.

† A view through this window forms the copper-plate vignette at the end of vol. i. of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*.

which by day is covered with cattle, and towards evening is more plentifully sprinkled with human beings.

I have said that for three successive years, during the progress of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, I was in almost constant attendance at Spencer House. If the supplemental volumes of the *Ædes Althorpianae* and the *Cassano Catalogue* be taken into consideration, another year must be added to the foregoing. I cannot look back upon the years thus devoted, without the most unmixed satisfaction: not so much from their having brought me in contact with some of the choicest BOOK GEMS in the world, as from the necessarily frequent presence and conversation of HIM who called them his own. During those conversations, I derived as much instruction (especially in the *earlier* part of my career) as I did gratification in other respects; and more than once or twice, did I gather the noble owner's firm determination to possess himself of certain volumes, with a view to the *completion* of his library, at *any* price—should an opportunity present itself. Among these *Libri Desiderati*, I remember to have often heard him name the *first Hebrew Bible*, the *Mentelin German Bible*, the *Italian Bible of September 1471*, the *Greek Aldine Horæ* of 1498, the *Roman Virgil* and the *Adam Virgil*, each of the date of 1471; the *Boccaccio* of 1471; and above all Classics, the *HORACE* of 1474, printed at Naples by *Arnoldus de Bruxella*. Among CAXTON's, he desiderated chiefly the *second Chaucer*, perfect; the

*Morte D'Arthur*, and the *Æsop*\*. He lived to see three-fourths of these wants supplied; and it was

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\* Eventually he became possessed of the *Morte d'Arthur*, wanting eleven leaves, by the purchase of Mr. Lloyd's copy at the Wygfair sale, in 1816; but not under the sum of 320*l.* I have been insane enough, in the *Decameron*, vol. iii. pp. 140-2, to call this "a not inordinately extravagant sum;" I beg leave to retract that expression; and to say, that, considering four years had then elapsed since the sale of the Roxburgh library, it was a frightfully disproportionate sum; for an hiatus of eleven leaves, although now supplied by the unrivalled skill of Mr. Harris, is still a *huge* hiatus; nor could that supply have been yielded under an additional sum of fifty pounds sterling. This acquisition was made too late for its appearance till the fifth volume of the *Bib. Spencer.* (or the second of the *Ædes*) had been published. Of the second edition of Caxton's Chaucer a very smart correspondence ensued between his lordship and Mr. Hatchard, the bookseller, who possessed an imperfect copy which would have materially contributed to the perfection of Lord Spencer's. Mr. Hatchard sold it to Mr. Heber, but whether below the price offered by his lordship, I know *not*. It produced 79*l.* at the sale of Mr. Heber's books, and I *do* know that his lordship would have given 84*l.* It was in the year 1814, that Lord Spencer became the purchaser of the first edition of Caxton's Chaucer (described in the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 288), wanting only five leaves; but at a sum little below that given for the *Morte d'Arthur*. I believe two of these desiderated leaves have been since supplied by duplicates found in the copy of this rare book in the library of Merton College, Oxford. Of the *Æsop* his lordship was never fortunate enough to obtain even a fragment. How extraordinary, that the only known copy of this, doubtless once popular, and therefore, in consequence, abundantly scarce book, should be *entirely perfect!* It is in the private library of his majesty.

My noble patron's anxiety to increase the number of his CAXTONS was incessant. In a letter, of the date of Sept. 27, 1813, he thus observed to me, in reply to my notification as to the number of Caxtons which the famous Lord Oxford possessed:—"Your extract from Lord Oxford's letter is curious; I think (if you allow the *Siege of Rhodes* to be by Caxton) that I already beat his lordship; for I think, from memory alone, I can reckon up FORTY-THREE in my collection, and I have some little idea that one has escaped my recollection." This letter is dated from *Ryde*. But in *this* number must be included a *very recent*.

my happiness, as well as good fortune, during my Continental Tour, to be instrumental to the supply

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acquisition (indeed only a fortnight before) made by His Lordship of a Caxtonian volume, containing ANOTHER TRIO (see p. 88, ante), from the press of our venerable first typographer. His account of it from London to me, (when I was on a visit at Stamford), is exceedingly interesting; as betraying all that liveliness and satisfaction of feeling so perfectly characteristic of himself in all book-researches. It forms the latter part of a long letter, dated 11th Sept. 1813.—

“ Though I am a good deal pressed for time, I cannot conclude without acquainting you of a most valuable acquisition I have made this very day. Mr. Cochrane, of Fleet-street, brought me a volume, the contents of which surpass, by a good deal, that of the volume you mention to me in your last: no less than the *Curial of Alain Chartier*, by Caxton, the *Cato Parvus*, by the same Printer, and, what is still more extraordinary, the *Book for Travellers*—all bound together—with some other books of no value, printed in the 17th century. Unfortunately, these other books were in quarto, and the *Procrustes* of a binder has cut down all the Caxtons, to accompany them, so unmercifully, that the *Book for Travellers* is actually cut close to the bottom line of the page. The condition is also rather dirty; but upon the whole the leaves are sound. You will probably anticipate what I have done with this volume; but I must premise, that the *Alain Chartier* wants the first leaf; the *Cato* is perfect; and, alas! the *Book for Travellers*, on collating it with mine, appears to want the *five last* leaves, having twenty leaves only. The two first I have lodged safely in the *Bibliotheca Spenceraina*, the last I have offered to my nephew, the Duke of Devonshire, for one-third of the price I have given for the volume\*. Thus I have had the satisfaction of erasing *two* articles out of the little list of *Caxtonian desiderata*, which you once wrote out for me. This I look upon as a good morning's work in *BIBLIOMANIA*; and I hope it will encourage you to add to it, by getting Mr. Gilchrist's *Life of our Lady* for me†. I must also mention, that I have received the *Apocalypse* from Mr. Horne [see p. 353, n. ante], and, on comparison, find it perfectly

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\* His Grace readily assented to this proposition.

† See mention made of this book in a note at p. 386, ante. It eventually became His Lordship's, and was procured of Mr. Gilchrist during my visit at *Stamford*, his place of nativity and his residence.

of the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth of the wants here specified. How well do I remember—on quitting the boudoir, or inner apartment of the library, and taking leave of his Lordship—his farewell wishes and instructions as to the *Greek Horæ* and the two *Virgils*: and yet more vividly is impressed upon my memory his language in the correspondence which ensued when I was at Munich—upon this subject!

But it was not only from frequent personal discussions that my path—sometimes doubtful, and at all times hard at foot—was cheered and rendered more encouraging. The numerous letters that passed between his Lordship and myself—confined to Book subjects exclusively—proved the very deep interest which he was pleased to take in my pursuits connected with his library. Although he was usually

different from mine, which you have so accurately described in the *Bibl. Spencer*. I shall therefore keep it for an article in the Supplement.

“ I forgot to say that in this said volume above-mentioned, there is a *very curious MS.* note, apparently of a *very old* date. It appears to be a list of books; and if it means a list of books printed by Caxton, would be very interesting indeed to a typographical antiquarian. It is on the recto of the blank leaf, preceding the *Cato*, and I have copied it as well as I can make it out, on the inclosed piece of paper. You will immediately know how much might be inferred from this, provided it be genuine and cotemporary; of which, I cannot help thinking, there is every appearance; but, as I have no more time or paper, I will leave you to make your own reflections upon it, and am, dear sir, yours, &c.”

These Caxtons will be all found described in the 4th vol. of the *Bibl. Spencer*., where we may observe not fewer than FORTY-EIGHT CAXTONS; a number, never before possessed by any collector. To these must be added the *Four Sons of Aymon*, described in vol. vi. p. 298, mentioned in the very curious MS. memorandum noticed by His Lordship, and to which I shall call the reader's attention in a subsequent page.

seven months out of the twelve in London, yet, when away, not fewer than one hundred and fifty letters passed between us, from the year 1811 to the close of the year 1816, chiefly upon the same subject. One cause of frequent communication was, the transmission of packets of MS. copy of the work for his inspection and correction. This was a great source of advantageous help. His Lordship not only looked forward to the arrival of these packets with an apparently keen relish, but returned them quickly, delivering his opinions with frankness and delicacy; pointing out errors, and suggesting improvements, with equal regularity, zeal, and discrimination. Early, late—in his carriage, in his yacht—in his book-room, and in his bed-room—these packets were frequently received, and instantly perused\*. And

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\* I select a few specimens from the correspondence of his Lordship in proof of the above remarks, with which the reader cannot fail to be gratified.

“*Althorp, 1st Dec. 1812.*—That you may not be uneasy for a moment as to the safety of the valuable MSS. you send me, I trouble you with a line to inform you of the safe arrival of the packet, containing from Justin, without date, to Livy, 1478 [vol. ii. p. 109-28], which packet I hope to be able to return *speedily*, as the weather is at present better calculated for *bibliographical* than for *sporting* researches.”

Within four days of this letter came the following, also from Althorp.

“I have now to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday; but as no MS. packet has arrived, I suppose it was not sent in time for the post. I shall now not get it till Tuesday, or rather, as I shall be out on a visit all Tuesday, I shall not get it till Wednesday evening. I will *attack it as soon as I receive it*, and return it with as little delay as possible.” In a P.S. it is added, “You must not be alarmed if you do not receive an account of your *Lucretian* packet till Friday, when it is not improbable that I may be able to return the *packet itself*.” In the

when "the points at issue" between us were gone through, the noble writer would institute inquiries

letter immediately following, of the 10th inst., his Lordship says, "On my return hither [Althorp] last evening, I found the *Lucretian packet* and perused it *last night* with great pleasure and satisfaction."

On the 13th of January following, from the same place, "I hope you returned safe to town, and shall be very glad soon to receive another MS. packet from you. I am now confined to the house by a severe cold with rheumatism, so that I shall have leisure to peruse it."

I was but too happy to receive from him the following testimony, written accidentally on my birth-day:—"Ryde, 30th June, 1813. I enclose you by this day's post the last MS. packet: a most interesting and satisfactory one it is. I think this division of the *Bibliotheca* will make a capital feature of the work; and I am happy to see that you have buckled to it with such zeal and spirit, and (as it is needless to add) success, which invariably attends on works executed, like yours, *con amore*." But one more extract of *this* description:—"London, 11th Sept. 1813. I arrived here yesterday from Ryde, on my way towards Northamptonshire, and in the chaise I beguiled the *tædium viæ*\* very agreeably by going through your MS. packet, containing *Belial*, *Breydenbach*, &c. [see vol. iii. p. 181-228]. I have carefully sealed it up, and left it here in my room for you on your return to town." I was then at Stamford, as noticed in a preceding page; and the latter part of this very interesting bibliographical letter contained the intelligence imparted at page 498, ante.

It is now but due to the memory of my Noble Patron to afford evidence of his competency to impart useful instruction, of his retentive memory and his general acuteness, and of the interest taken in the points agitated between us. I begin with one of the most striking confirmations of this position.

"*Althorp, 3d Dec. 1813.*—In going through the manuscript packet

\* The travelling carriage of His Lordship was, however, occupied at times by reading matter of greater "pith and moment" than my MSS. In a letter of the 27th Sept., the noble writer says—"Mr. Walcot (late of Oundle) brought me a small volume of the *Homilies*, by Whitchurch (I think), which is in very pretty condition, and admirably printed (in the black letter) for the period. I brought the book with me in my post-chaise, and read part of the *Homilies* on the journey; and I never read in a pleasanter type."

respecting approaching book-sales; importations of rare books from the Continent; or, if there happened

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now in my hands, I perceive that you have fallen into an error, in which, it seems, by an observation in Brunct, you have not been singular; viz., that of taking the *Codex* of Justinian for his *Institutions*. They are, however, quite different works; and though I am not quite enough of a civilian to explain to you the exact nature of their difference, a very cursory look at them will convince you of the fact. The edition of the *Codex* by Schoeffer, 1475, is the first; and as this article will want recasting, I thought it best to send it you separate, which I do by this day's post, under another cover; and as the weather is not very favourable for out-of-door sports, I do not despair of being able to send you the rest of the packet by the same post; but, at any rate, it shall go by that of Monday next.

“P. S. I perceive in the Merley Catalogue, at No. 150, a copy of *St. Augustin de Civitate Dei*. Spira. 1470. I do not find that edition in my alphabetical catalogue; and I see that, in page 254, note of the Bib. Spencer., you say it is wanting in my collection. Yet I have some idea that I have a copy of it; and I think it was one of the few Latin *Alchornes* which were accessions to my series. If so, nothing need be done; but if I am mistaken in this, which you may easily ascertain, I think the circumstance of its colophon would make it advisable for me to get it, if I can at a price not too extravagant—say about 10*l.* or 12*l.* I mention this to-day, as it is in the first day's sale. The Duke of Devonshire has a copy of this edition of *St. Austin upon vellum*, and another upon paper; so he will not be a competitor for it.”

His Lordship was quite correct. He *possessed* it among the Alchorne books; and it is described at vol. iv. p. 447. In the immediately following letter, of the 5th inst., he again observes upon the *Codex Justinianus*:

“On the subject of the *Codex* of *Justinian*, you will find it described in sect. 3 of the introduction of Blackstone's Commentaries. The *Corpus juris civilis*, collected by Tribonius, by order of the Emperor Justinian, was composed of four parts. 1. The *Institutiones*, of which the edition of 1468 is the first; 2. The *Pandectæ*; 3. The *Codex*, or new Code, as Blackstone calls it—of which the edition 1475 is the princeps; and 4. The *Novellæ*, of which I possess the first edition in Greek, but I have it not in Latin.”

There are few of his Lordship's letters which afford a more correct

to be a fine library in the mansion whence he wrote, he seemed to take a pleasure not less in describing

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specimen of his bibliographical sensibility and good judgment, than the following, dated 13th *July*, 1813, from *Ryde*.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ By this day’s post I return the manuscript packet, containing the editions of *Lascaris*, &c. [See vol. iii. p. 76, &c.], which makes a very interesting class of the GRAMMARIANS. I have ventured a few remarks, more particularly relating to the *French* and *Bréton* Dictionary, to which I am inclined to think you have given more distinction to scarceness than it merits; and I believe you will find it in *Debure* and *Brunet*; most probably also in *Panzer*\*. I am not sure whether I am right about *Isidore*, as it is possible that the works I allude to are not in his *Etymologicon*; but if they are, their omission must have been of some consequence in this class.

“ I have lately been so much upon the water, that I have not had much time for writing, and have consequently delayed answering your last letter thus long. I will now avail myself of a few minutes *before bed-time*, to run over its contents, and notice what may occur upon them, as I go along. The *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis* has, if I mistake not, occurred once at least, if not oftener, since I have been a Collector; but till of late I was very indifferent as to the acquisition of *Block-Books*†; and even now I should be much more tempted by articles

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\* His Lordship afterwards retracted his doubts as to the supposed *non-rarity* of the volume under consideration. On reading my enlarged account of this most curious and intrinsically valuable book, in the *B. S.* vol. iii. p. 55-8, he admitted that its “scarceness” was indisputable, in fact, neither *Debure*, nor *Panzer*, nor *Brunet*, had ever *seen* a copy.

† But his Lordship afterwards became possessed of a famously rare block-book in the *Chiromancy of Dr. Hartlieb*—obtained by him at the cost of 100 guineas; and fully described in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 143-7. He afterwards obtained three block-books, bound in one volume, with the date of 1462 upon the exterior of the binding: a volume of extraordinary value in more senses than one—and of which the *early* date of its binding caused the noble owner to retract much of his former doubt as to the early period of the printing of these books.

the book rarities in that mansion, than in anticipating my gratification on reading his descriptions. He

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more in my genuine line of collection. I have some notion of there being a copy of it (or perhaps some other of the block-books) in Mr. Willet's Library." . . . "I had before had some intimation of the probable sale of Mr. Willet's books. I have not an exact recollection of the catalogue of them, but I know there are many curious ones. My duplicate Psalter of 1459 is among them, but it is a very indifferent copy\*. The *Orologium Sapientiæ*, if really printed by Caxton, is indeed a SURPRISE to me, as I do not remember having read anything about it. Whatever it is, I conclude it will follow —, as I despair of getting any more CAXTONS except by private contract.

" Believe me, dear Sir,

" Yours very faithfully,

" SPENCER."

There were few books, in any approaching sale, which excited so much "sensibility" with the noble lord as this *Orologium Sapientiæ*; the Duke of Devonshire having expressly made it known to him that he would certainly become a competitor. "As the day" of sale approached, (Dec. 1813) his Lordship observed, that "he really trembled for the *Orologium*; and wished much that Mr. Leigh's alphabetical arrangement had admitted of its coming on earlier in the sale, as he knew by experience how these high prices inflamed the ardour of the buyers, and what an accumulation of *mania* there was in the latter part of the conflict. He still, however, should adhere to his original price." The book was, in the end, purchased by me for his Lordship for 194*l.* 5*s.* How could it be otherwise? In the last letter received from his Lordship on this exciting subject, his request was peremptory. It is written from Holkham—"Since I wrote, I have looked into Herbert's Ames, which is in the library here, and on perusing his account of the *Orologium Sapientiæ*, I have determined in my own mind that not only 160*l.*, but not even 200*l.*, or still more, shall carry it *off from me*." Book-Chivalry like this must, and DID, necessarily bear DOWN ALL OPPOSITION. On acquainting his Lordship with the result, he observed, with his usual urbanity and disposition to be well satisfied with all his purchases, "that he was well-pleased to possess it, even at such a price." And in a letter from Althorp, soon after its acquisition, he said, "he

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\* It produced, however, 55*l.* at the sale of the Merley library.

has one or two notices of Mr. Coke's library which may find a place in the note below\*, to the certain entertainment of the reader. There was also one thing eminently distinguishable in my noble patron's manner of endeavouring to secure such rare and precious books as he seemed to stand in need of, and which might enrich the pages of the work then under execution. He would never miss the object

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felt very desirous to see this famous *Orologium* before anything was done to it, and therefore he should beg the favour of me to bring it down with the *Cato Parvus* (see p. 498, ante) when I came there, that we might then have a consultation upon its mode of binding," &c. It is a small quarto volume of some 300 pages, of most excessive rarity; and will be found fully described in the B. S. vol. iv. p. 329, &c., under the title of *DIVERS FRUYTFULL GHOSTLY MATERS*.

\* In especial was His Lordship so good as to describe to me the beautiful Pliny, of 1476, in the Italian language, printed by Jenson, UPON VELLUM, and decorated with coeval illuminations, of great beauty and propriety. This very book it was afterwards my good fortune to see and to handle, at Holkham, in 1832, when, in company with my late dear friend, Capt. Weltden, I spent an entire day there, with the venerable and hospitable owner of the mansion. Then too I saw the famous *Boccaccio MS.*, of which I hoped that a good use had been made in my Decameron; and upon the engravings from which, as I told Mr. Coke, upwards of 100 guineas had been expended by me. I also saw the famous vellum MS. of the *Chronicle of the Counts of Flanders*, justly described by Lord Spencer as having "most beautiful illuminations, exhibiting the costume of the times." "Its date (continues His Lordship) must be soon after 1477, at which time the preface to it mentions it to have been undertaken at the command of the Duchess of Burgundy, the same, I presume, who was the patroness of Caxton." See also Mr. Roscoe's brief account of it in the second part of the second volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, p. 374. Of the valuable copy of the famous book of Archbishop Parker, *De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ*, 1570, folio, in the library at Holkham, Lord Spencer was so good as to furnish me with one of the most particular accounts of that very curious book which I ever saw. It may appear in a subsequent page.

in view by giving a *stinted commission*. In many respects he was bold and generous to excess; for when I received my final instructions respecting such books as he was most desirous to possess from the sale of the Merley library\*, I was astonished at the bravery of his commissions—which could not fail, as it did not, to secure the treasures that he was so anxious to possess. And in the course of our correspondence (after, as he said, he had received a “most satisfactory,” as well as plentiful supply of MS., describing the early editions of *Horace*), he observed, “though these articles are as ample as to

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\* During the composition of the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA many important sales, abroad and at home, were going on: among the former, those of Macarthy and Larcher were the most prominent—among the latter, those of Mr. Willett (from his residence at Merley), Colonel Stanley, Mr. Towneley, Mr. Edwards, and the Duke of Grafton. Add to these, the acquisition of the *Lincoln Nosegay*. In all his commissions, as the reader may have been already induced to conclude, his Lordship was most liberal. Even for an imperfect copy of *Caxton's Royal Book*, of 1484, His Lordship says, in a letter, “I think I must allow you to go as far as 120*l.*—though it ought to be recollected how much the price of books is fallen since I gave that sum for the *Dictes and Sayinges*.” This in Dec. 1815. And his anxiety for the completion of his own library, from the breakings-up of such collections, was unintermitting. Not only on public occasions did this anxiety betray itself, but on all *private* occasions where there was an opening to become possessed of a desirable or costly book. His propositions to the late Mr. Heber, in the way of book-exchange, to obtain possession of his very imperfect copy of *Caxton's Pilgrimage of the Soul*, were liberal to faultiness. Nor, to his dying day, was this exchange ever *completely ratified* on the part of the owner of that Caxtonian volume. His purchase of the *pseudo-Oxford Book* of 1468, for 150*l.*, and of Mr. Wilbraham's *Dante* of 1481, for the same sum (through a private channel), are splendid evidences of his spirit and generosity in the acquisition of similar objects!

bibliographical research (strictly speaking) as can be wished, perhaps, in such an author as HORACE, a little more room might have been afforded, had there been more time, for the critical department; by which I mean notices of the existence of *disputed* or *doubtful passages* in these ancient editions—which would, in regard to the principal Classics, be a most interesting part of such a catalogue as that which you are making.” This is most true. The article “Horace,” however, has been subsequently fully investigated by the Rev. Mr. Babington, and a foreigner of the name of Hartsner\* ; but the execution of the work, upon the plan suggested by his Lordship, would scarcely have terminated at the present day.

Thus I continued my labours at Spencer House; and with such diligence, that, scarcely within a twelve-month of their commencement, I had completed the

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\* The reader may see the fruits of Mr. Babington's collations of the early editions of Horace, with that of Arnoldus de Bruxella, 1474, in my *Introduction to the Classics*, vol. ii. p. 75-84, edit. 1827. Of the fruits of the above mentioned German's collations (I fear I am inaccurate in his name) perhaps the following year may give us substantial evidence in the most elaborate edition of Horace ever likely to be concocted. I can never forget that foreigner's *rag* at Spencer House over the Horatian tomes. It was unceasing: it threatened to be illimitable: he seemed to devour all those *editiones primariae* as he spread them before him. Of the ponderous labours of Acro and Porphyrio—a tome which perhaps no single pair of eyes had ever *before* perused from beginning to end—he made absolutely nothing: running through the volume with the same delight as children devour “Robinson Crusoe with cuts.” Wherever there was an old edition of Horace, there was Mr. Hartsner. At Blenheim, at Oxford, at Cambridge, at Edinburgh, at Glasgow... but at SPENCER HOUSE his spade went deepest into the earth, and turned up the most abundant fruit.

printing of the first volume, and a portion of the second. My plan was this. To apply closely and vigorously to the old editions—to extract line by line what seemed to give a better notion of their contents—to count leaves and lines, and signatures, with scrupulous accuracy; and to note well the condition and size of every book which I examined. Then, bringing home my materials, I encountered a whole phalanx of bibliographical writers in my own library. I detected their errors, or confirmed their fidelity; expanded what appeared in them to be meagre, and compressed what seemed to be unnecessarily diffuse. But my health had undergone a severe shock in consequence of the severity of my application. My whole frame was, in a manner, shaken to pieces. The body had yielded to the mind. I could walk but a sort distance, and that in the most crabbed and snappish state of mind imaginable. I abhorred salutations, for to reply was a task. I was still dreaming of the printing presses at Mentz, Bamberg, Rome, and Venice; and once awoke with the thorough conviction that I was Prior of the *Monastery of Soubiaco*, and had at last got a copy of the *Donatus pro Puerulis*, which I was in the act of packing up for Spencer House...when the footsteps of my children on the staircase dissipated the delusion. It was evident that I could not long hold together in this state, and immediate *rustication* was peremptorily insisted upon by my friend Dr. Maton. I was too prompt to obey; for, in addition

to the foregoing miseries, I was suffering under an elongation of the uvula, which, for the fourteen following months, continued to impede my breathing, to wear down my spirits, and at times to render existence scarcely supportable. The article CICERO, at the end of the first volume, might have broken down stouter mental energies than mine\*.

In the month of September, 1812, I left home for the sea side. I had visited Ramsgate some dozen years preceding, and was resolved to renew my acquaintance with that most interesting of all watering places. I longed for a stroll upon its sands, and for the night breezes, by moonlight, upon its pier. But I was resolved not to leave London till I had corrected the last proof-sheet of the first volume at Spencer House, by a comparison with the originals—my usual plan of operation. This finished, I took my departure. But I was several weeks before I was conscious of returning strength. There had been such an unstringing—such a prostration, as it were, of mind and body—that it required much calm and quiet, with a cessation from all labour, to be even conscious of approaching convalescence. Idleness was my horror—*ennui* had been an entire stranger

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\* That article occupies fourscore pages of the volume in question ; and not fewer than thirteen Ciceronian articles are carried into the fourth, sixth and seventh volumes : some of them of excessive rarity. There are, in the whole, SEVENTY EDITIONS of CICERO described in the B. S. :—editions, of absolute rarity and value ; leaving nothing of choice or of scarcity to be desired. If a man set his heart upon having ALL the editions of Cicero printed in the fifteenth century, he may as well at once hire a house to receive them.

to me from boyhood. The weather was mild—the sky was blue and serene. I strolled abroad, now with Pope, now with Dryden, and now with Milton as my companion. I sometimes diversified this line of reading by the instructive page of Roscoe's *Medici*, and the dramas of our immortal Shakspeare. I would sit whole hours under an hawthorn tree; remembering how Burns had stamped the impress of his genius upon that humble, but picturesque shrub—and would gaze upon the near or distant vessel, pursuing its noiseless course on (what Prior has so prettily described)

“ the smooth surface of a summer's sea :—”

its white or ochery sails gleaming in the sun-beam ! This was very sweet—soothing—and refreshing ; and in due course I became conscious of increased strength.

I was resolved to put that increased strength to the test. Within a stone's throw of Pegwell Bay, the residence of Mr. Baron Garrow for the last forty years, I seated myself beneath my favourite thorn, and taking a blank copy-book and pencil with me, I achieved, in five morning-sittings, a certain poem—in a sort of mongrel blank verse—entitled *BIBLIOGRAPHY* ; comprising some five hundred and fifty verses, or rather lines. My plan was, to make these verses mere pegs for the hanging of notes upon. The reader will see a long extract from this poem in a preceding page, which describes much of

my early college life\*. It was afterwards printed alone, for the sake of private distribution, at the mere sum which it had cost; but I have known a copy of this original performance sell as high as 1*l.* 1*s.* Only fifty were printed†. Thus, even for

\* See page 83, &c., ante.

† I will merely introduce the "Advertisement," and the first six lines of the poem—as it is called—to the reader's attention. The original was throughout first written, as above intimated, in pencil.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"In the rough and rapidly executed sketch of PALERMO, the author has drawn a picture (partly from the life) which enables him, in five succeeding books, to lay down certain rules respecting *Bibliographical Literature*. Much of the matter here detailed, will be repeated in the ensuing books; but so completely modified and enlarged, that while the necessary connexion between these books is admitted, the reader will perceive that very few points relating to Bibliography have been left without illustration. The remainder of the work must necessarily, therefore, assume the character of a *Didactic Poem*. In regard to the versification, I am willing to admit that the ensuing pages contain anything but *Poetry*\*. The 554 lines here submitted to the frank criticism of a few friends, were composed with extreme facility, and are therefore, in all probability, very careless, meagre, and unpromising. Not such, I trust, will be the character of the NOTES. They will be the result of much pleasurable toil and research, and will disclose some facts and anecdotes productive both of utility and amusement. It was necessary to raise a *scaffold* to build the superstructure of these *Notes*; and when the reader has got within the latter, and is pleased with what he sees about him, he is at perfect liberty to knock away the materials by which they have been reared.

"Kensington, Nov. 1, 1812.

T. F. D."

The first six lines are these:

"Of Books I sing. Of all that greets the eye,  
And warms the fancy, and delights the heart,  
And touches, by a thousand secret springs,  
Congenial, the enraptured soul, in shape  
Of *folded leaves imprinted*, the coy Muse  
Willing, yet anxious, now essays to sing."

\* "I am ill at these *numbers*." HAMLET.

the purpose of mental relaxation, I considered BIBLIOGRAPHY as the only fitting occupation or amusement. Nor was this a singular instance of such occupation by the sea-side; for when I had retired to Brighton, in the year 1810, to diversify my pursuits, and renew my spirits on the loss of a younger son\*, I contrived to put together that long note of a “*Catalogue of Catalogues of Libraries*” which occupies forty-eight pages of the second edition of the *Bibliomania*. If idleness and *ennui* assume their frightfully legitimate forms in any one spot more than another, it is at a sea-side watering-place.

Having in a measure become reinstated in health, I returned to town; and re-assuming my Spencerian labours, I transmitted to His Lordship a fresh packet of manuscript or copy, beginning with the editions of “*Isocrates*.” His reply, on the completion of its perusal, was very gratifying to me†. Meanwhile, I

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\* See page 282, ante.

† On more accounts than *one* do I feel an extreme gratification in copying a portion of Lord Spencer’s letter to me of the date of Nov. 24, 1812: . . . “the packet of manuscript beginning with *Isocrates*, which I found to-day with great satisfaction. The articles contained in it are very interesting, and admirably drawn. I have ventured, as usual, to make a very few trifling suggestions; and in one place I have proposed the substitution of the word *subscription* for *imprint*, merely because the passage referred to, in that instance, does not mention when the book was printed, and therefore I conceive can hardly be correctly designated by the term “*imprint*,” which I look upon as a technical name for the *colophon* of any edition—designating the *printer* or *place* where printed, or both. I cannot, however, return this packet without expressing in strong terms the pleasure I derived from observing the refreshed vigour with which you have resumed your labours; for I do

had resolved upon having a very few copies of the first volume put into boards, that I might see how my progeny was likely to appear when in proper clothing. I will frankly—and perhaps foolishly as well as fondly—avow, that I had never before seen a book which so entirely possessed and delighted me from its typographical and graphical beauties of every description. It was also a grand octavo volume in point of size: being of an imperial form—and the paper was as good as the printing\*. Gay has observed,

“Where yet was ever found a Mother  
Who'd give her booby for another?”

It may be so: in fact, it *is* so. But as the Biblio-

not think you have sent me any articles more full and copious than those contained in the packet: and the ‘Josephus, sine anno,’ will be a fine addition to the *decorative* part of the volume.” The reader may see these articles in print, vol. ii. p. 96, &c. The fac-similes in the Josephus, p. 105-8, were executed by myself; and I believe they are most accurate.

\* What gave an occasional beauty, as well as brilliancy, to the book—giving to it also the impress of truth, by bringing the originals in a measure before the reader’s eye—was, the intermixture of RED INK; as in the Bibles of 1455, 1462, and the Greek Psalter of 1486, &c. &c. (see pages 4, 11, 70, 92, 127, 137, 139, 264, 281); and in the head pieces. Mr. Bulmer, the printer, and the Jenson of his day, thus triumphantly alludes to it, at the end of a note, in which he promises to take me in his carriage to dine with him in the country where he resided. “The red ink shows its brilliancy in a most beautiful manner. I have stepped out to look after your dirty brown.” This was for an impression of the original wood block (I believe in p. viii. and ix.) of an edition from the Apocalypse, and eminently happy it was. Of all the specimens of red ink printing in this first volume, that at p. 264 is the most striking and beautiful. The attempt to introduce the red and black in the great letter B, facing the Psalter of 1457, p. 107, after repeated trials, failed. Nor has it succeeded with the copper-plate printer. The “S” in that

graphical Decameron was not then *in esse*—although *in posse*—I would soberly and safely challenge any production, in the same department of literature, to equal this first volume for the qualities just enumerated. Of its intrinsic value, I had yet to collect the suffrages of the learned. Among the first to whom I sent a copy on loan, was the late Mr. EDWARDS, then living at Harrow-on-the-Hill \*, and well known as having been a bookseller in Pall Mall, of great tact and taste in his vocation. Few men had seen so many, and such lovely treasures, in the form and character of a Book, as he. He merited all the celebrity, and all the fortune, which he had acquired; for his daring was great, and of the true kind. He is said, on more than one occasion, to have followed in the rear of Bonaparte's armies—and leaving that renowned warrior to the capture of cities, and the discomfiture of armies, Mr. Edwards preferred a conquest over a *vellum Livy* and a *Capo di Monte Vase*.

The answer of that distinguished Collector and Bibliographer was most gratifying to me; and may probably be well received by the reader. It is as follows.

“ *Harrow, Dec. 12, 1812.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Your splendid volume of the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA arrived safe on Monday night. It is undoubtedly the

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fac-simile, and the whole of the text, was executed at the printing office, the other part by the copper-plate printer.

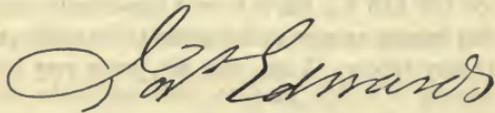
\* See *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. 14, 111, 127, 439, &c.

*ne plus ultra* of typography; and as far as I have yet seen it (for a family have been staying with me last week) you seem to have very judiciously referred to all extant authorities in the notes. Had it been less important I should have immediately returned you my most hearty congratulations on your success in producing such a monument; but when an object makes so near an approach to perfection, like a true Englishman, I am disposed to criticise microscopically—not for any *public or private display*—but merely out of friendship to yourself: that, if you thought any one observation worth attention, you might avail yourself of it before the book came before the public.

“ It may show you how trifling are some of my notices, when you hear that the print of the old man with ‘*Biblia Sacra*,’ and the other at page 220, would, in my opinion, be better left out. Before the end of the week I shall bring back the volume to Mr. Payne’s, and write you the few, and perhaps very trifling, observations I may have made upon it. Thus far, however, I must say—the Bibliographical and Bibliomaniacal World will owe you their best bow and grateful praise for this truly magnificent production.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Yours very sincerely,



I adopted the suggestion of my laudatory correspondent in the withdrawing of the first ornament, but adhered, author-like, to the insertion of the second: which, at the end of the article on Theology, represents Death as the stem of the tree from which our first parents are plucking the forbidden fruit. The conception, drawing, and composition,

are good; the execution is indifferent. Mr. Edwards's list of errata were accompanied by the subjoined letter\*. Within a month after this (perhaps premature) launch, I sent the volume to my friend Mr. WILBRAHAM, (of whom honourable mention has been made in a preceding page, 404), and to the Rev. WILLIAM HOLWEL CARR—just elected a Roxburgher, and whose collection of *Pictures* had given him a distinguished position as a Pictorial Amateur in the metropolis. I annex their answers below †.

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\* The note is without date, but it will be readily supposed that it was almost simultaneously with the above letter.

“DEAR SIR,

“From the adjoining list of trifling observations, you will see I have gone through the vol. of *Bib. Spenceriana*; and to your praise I must own, it is filled with the most careful investigation, and the further I proceeded, the more I was gratified. Your block leaf of the Apocalypse (p. viii.—ix.) is very curious, and well struck off as to colour, &c. &c. If you think that a plate from my original picture of Aldus Manutius, by Giovanni Bellino, would be a proper enrichment, you are welcome to the use of it. I suffered Mr. Roscoe to have one from it for his *Leo X.*, but it is very imperfectly executed. Pray let me have this volume as soon as it is given to the public, and the following volumes as they appear. I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

“J. E.”

† At the risk of the imputation of hardly pardonable vanity, I subjoin the short notes of these once well-known individuals; reserving the more particular “TESTIMONY” of commendation from Mr. Wilbraham for a future page.

“*Twickenham, Jan. 21, 1813.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Our friend Mr. Isted will come to me next week, and if you can spare me a day, for instance Friday, I shall be particularly happy in your company. I will endeavour to call for you, though am not quite certain; but will let you know in the interim. I am sorry to delay even for an hour the production of the *Spencer Catalogue* of books, which

But my greatest satisfaction arose from carrying a copy of this volume, and a portion of the second, down with me to Althorp, at my Christmas visit of 1812; when, on my return to town, I received a letter from the noble owner of the mansion containing this notice. "Dr. Charles Burney has been perusing the first volume, and a fragment of the second, of the *Bib. Spencer.*, which you left here in print; and has expressed very great satisfaction with the work." This was, indeed, the "*laudari a laudato viro*"—and I not only resolved to push on my operations with unabated vigour, but to live in a manner "*mihi carior*" in consequence.

Thus the year 1813 was one of the most intense interest and arduous occupation of any which I re-

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cannot fail of doing you great honor, as one of those few Writers who can enrich the dull matter of a catalogue with solid instruction and entertaining discourse.

" Yours truly,  
" R. WILBRAHAM."

" *Devonshire Place, March 4.*

" DEAR SIR,

" I return you the Book, which has more charms, and is of greater interest to me, than the one so called, and which is soon to be before the House of Commons\*. I must beg also to return with it my best thanks for the favor you have done me in lending it. All the *notes* that I could make on it would be notes of *admiration*. Lord Spencer's library will, I hope, be an antidote to the poison your two volumes have infused; and as there is no possibility of rivalling him, I shall content myself with being his superior in *another* department, and shall have great pleasure in shewing my PICTURES to you whenever you pass this way.

" I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,  
" W. H. CARR."

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\* In the matter of Mrs. Clark.

member to have entered upon. It was also full of hope and anxiety: for, strange to say, although I never delayed for a week the progress of my Spencerian labours, yet I was collaterally occupied in seeking embellishments for a work which at some future day I was resolved to bring forth under the title of "THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON;" and for three consecutive years was the preparation of the materials for *that* work silently, but sedulously, carried on. The greater part of my gains from the second volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*, was devoted to the payment of artists for wood-cuts for the Decameron; while the very high price at which large paper copies of the two volumes (all then extant) of the "Antiquities" were sold\*, served secretly and certainly to assure me that my future labours were not likely to be in vain. I now therefore set resolutely to work to make the *remainder* of the Spencer volumes worthy of that which had been submitted to the notice of a few private friends. I braved what the world might say, if I could only carry my intentions into effect. My printer went hand in hand, gallantly and vigorously, with me. He put all his "best men" upon the work; but "the man of men" to whom I was chiefly indebted for many an ingenious conjecture,

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\* I own it to have been a proud day in the chequered calendar of my life, when I saw a copy of these first two volumes, upon large paper, knocked down at the price of THIRTY GUINEAS. See page 285, ante.

as well as for the most careful correction of the text, was the late Mr. Thomas Turner\*—well known to,

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\* The late Mr. THOMAS TURNER, a native, like Mr. Bulmer, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was the principal corrector of the Shakspeare Press. He was a man admirably adapted for the office which he so ably filled, being a fair good linguist in the French, Italian, and even German languages; and by no means slightly informed in the Latin and Greek. I am doubtful whether there were two correctors of the press in London besides himself, who could have seen through the reprint of Richardson's *Persian Dictionary*. My friend Mr. RICHARD TAYLOR, "Typographus doctissimus," as Erasmus designates his friend Froben, (see Bibliog. Decameron, vol. ii. p. 170-5), shall yield to no living printer in a knowledge of the dead languages. He equally rejoices in Chartularies of crabbed Latin contractions, and periods of the full flowing eloquence of Livy. To return to my departed friend. There have been better furnished heads than mine, which have owed him much during the progress of their labours at press. My own obligations have been very considerable. Ever since the year 1808 (during the printing of More's *Utopia* at the Shakspeare press), my intercourse with him was as incessant as it was sincere and gratifying. But he had the most sorry lodgment or quarters, imaginable, at the office of his employers; which I believe in a great measure to have helped to hasten his departure.

He eat up one pair of stairs, in a cupboard-like room—"lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane." But in winter, these zephyrs were converted into whistling gusts which made his flesh creep; for there was no fireplace, and the holes in the panes were patched up with *proof-paper*. Then his table or desk was covered with proof-sheets, some wet and some dry; of which the fetid odour was enough to convert red blood into black. With what a calm temperament did he endure all this! How punctual, early and late, in the fulfilment of his duties! and what lovely books, in his time, had passed under his eye! Knowing so much as he did, and being perhaps in three instances out of five better informed than the "poor author," upon whose talents he was called mechanically to exercise his own, he was among the most modest men whom I ever knew. He was in fact, till the later years of his life, kept down in his situation. If any man—especially encumbered as he was with a large family—merited, from his talents and worth, a good 500*l.* per annum, with a four-story house to live in, it was my amiable and well-informed friend Mr. Turner. To be sure, his later days were soothed much by the friendly attentions, and the more liberal

and justly appreciated by, abler judges of his talents than myself. He answered all my queries satisfactorily, and endured all my sallies of impatience with the calm intrepidity of a philosopher. Froben could not have been more patient or better informed. Add to this, I rose in the summer months with the lark, to execute the fac-similes, so that the press might not be delayed for want of them; and Lord Spencer always permitted me to take home such volumes as were necessary for their execution. I had done with demons; and turned my attention almost exclusively to types, devices, and more interesting embellishments\*.

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remuneration, of Mr. Bulmer's successor. Nor since the grave has closed over him, have those attentions and assistance, from the same quarter, been withdrawn from his depending family. The deceased has left behind him ONE SON, at least, to my own knowledge, who will not suffer the name of his father to go down to later times with undiminished reputation. I preserve somewhere a note from this "deceased," touching one of the very heavy sheets of the *Decameron*, in which he says, "Pray, dear sir, send me no more such sheets, for they will break my heart as well as turn my head."

\* Among these embellishments in the second volume; the fac-similes from *Horace* and *Terence*, of 1496-8, are profuse to excess. They are, doubtless, too lavishly selected, especially in the *Terence*. What *prices* these editions brought about this time!—perhaps a good deal in consequence of this notice of them. I have known a dozen guineas *refused* for a copy. Now, a *fourth* of that sum will readily obtain one. In the third volume there is more variety, as well as a greater abundance of ornament, in the way of fac-similes, than in either of the two preceding; but, not corrected by the errors of the *Horace* and *Terence* in the second volume, I became yet more extravagantly lavish in the treatment of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, and called forth such an assembly of MONSTROSITY out of its rarely-opened leaves, as induced the curious to rush with avidity towards the acquisition of any copy of that most marvellous volume which presented itself for sale. To the best of my memory,

The manuscript copy continued to be regularly submitted to the Noble Owner of the volumes under description; and his anxiety to receive it, and alacrity in the dispatch of it, continued unabated. Every inch of canvas was now spread before the wind. The year was verging to its close, when the second volume being finished, the *third* was far gone into—and I thought myself justified in announcing the progress of my labours in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1813, in the subjoined manner\*. It will be seen that more than an oblique

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Mr. Grenville gave not less than sixteen guineas for his beautiful copy of it. Lord Spencer's copy is uncut, and so is his copy of the German text, with the same cuts, of the same work. Presently it seemed as if this book were brought upon our shores in herring-shoals. Copies, once rare, appeared everywhere:—and I will venture a trifling wager, that, at *this* moment, LONDON possesses more copies of it than *Nuremberg* did at the expiration of the first year after its publication. How my late worthy friend, Mr. Douce, loved to open its leaves, to read its arid text, to smile and growl alternately at the credulity of the historian, and to gaze, with unmixed satisfaction, upon its THOUSAND AND ONE grotesque embellishments! But the articles *Brant*, *Breydenbach*, *Hyginus*, and *Valturius*, in this same third volume of the B. S., are, questionless, very curiously treated, in the way of graphic illustration, in this third volume.

\* I will trust to the reader's kind patience to endure this notification of the work, altered and abridged, with a view of giving a tolerably fair notion of its contents. It will be seen, from its conclusion, that a *fourth volume* was pretty strongly hinted at, at the time. This "notification" appeared in the pages of my excellent old friend Sylvanus Urban, in November, 1813.

"BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA. The Rev. Mr. D. has finished the printing of the two first volumes of his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Early Printed Books, and of many Valuable First Editions, in the Library of Earl Spencer*; and is considerably advanced in the press with the third Volume. This Work is divided into the following heads.—I. *Block-Books*, or Works executed in the infancy of printing; which compartment comprises not fewer than *twenty-eight* fac-similes—and

hint was thrown out that the work might extend to a *fourth* volume. Indeed, in that same month,

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which may be considered both a supplement to, and correction of, Heineken's disquisitions upon the same subject. Among these fac-similes, is an impression, executed in bistre, from an *original block* of a portion of an edition of the Apocalypse.—II. *Theology*; comprising embellishments, or fac-similes, from most of all the scarcer Bibles, Psalters, Theological Disquisitions, and the Fathers. The Mazarine Bible of 1455-6, and the Psalter of 1457, are among the books thus illustrated.—III. *Ancient Classics*, in alphabetical order. This division comprises a portion of the first, and the whole of the second volume, and may be fairly said to contain the most copious descriptions, and curious embellishments, connected with the history of scarce and early printed books, which have yet been submitted to the Public.—IV. *Collections of Writers*, agricultural, military, &c.—V. *Grammar and Lexicography*; involving perhaps the most difficult, but not the least interesting and useful questions relating to bibliographical literature.—VI. *Miscellaneous Authors*, chiefly in the Latin language. This will probably be the most amusing department to the generality of readers; and is accordingly enriched with an unusual number of fac-similes. It comprehends, also, all the scarce and early-printed books in the canon and civil laws; and those who love splendid decoration, will be gratified by the embellishments bestowed upon the Translation of *Breydenbach*, the *Nuremberg and Cologne Chronicles*, the *Stultifera Navis of Brant*, and the earlier editions of *Hyginus*, *Turrecremata*, and *Valturius*. This sixth department (forming the third volume) is much more extensive than the fourth or fifth; which may render it doubtful whether the third volume may contain the *whole* of the ensuing divisions.—VII. *Books printed in the Italian Language*. Among these will be found the most copious descriptions yet extant, of the scarcer volumes printed in the fifteenth century; and the works of *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and *Boccaccio*, in particular, will not fail to be noticed with proportionate minuteness and accuracy. The decorative fac-similes bestowed upon the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilus* alone, renders the disquisition upon that curious and beautiful volume, a Commentary not less amusing than instructive.—VIII. The last, but not least in estimation, is this eighth department—devoted to the account of *Books printed by Caxton*, and to those executed by *Wynkyn de Worde* and *Pynson*, in the fifteenth century. *The St. Alban's and Tavistock presses* are also to be included in this division; which will receive additional illustration, both in the way of ornament and description, as the Collection here described is the most perfect in the king-

having imparted this hint to Lord Spencer, his Lordship observed in reply: "I am rather afraid of a fourth volume, but I suspected it might be so." The event, proved this fear to be but too well founded. However, the entire manuscript copy for the completion of the work, in three volumes, being now finished\*, and sent to head-quarters, at Althorp, I received a letter of the date of Jan. 9, 1814, in reply, in which was the following consoling paragraph. "I congratulate you sincerely on the completion of the 'MISCELLANIES,' which was a very tough job†; and make you my compliments on the estimation to which your book is already arrived.

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dom. The whole will be terminated by very copious and particular Indexes.

"The Work is executed in a delicate but clear type, having a full page and ample margin; and neither pains nor expense have been spared in the ink, workmanship, or paper. As it is, on no account, the Author's wish to hurry any article, or to give an hasty or superficial description of any volume which may merit an ample or a particular detail (especially as there will be *no second edition* of the Work) he does not pledge himself to *confine* the Work to *three* volumes—although the *three* volumes will certainly be published in the *ensuing Spring*. A fourth (if needful) will succeed, as other avocations may enable him to complete it."

\* His Lordship was thus pleased to express his opinion upon the subject. "The MANUSCRIPT of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* will be a valuable and interesting deposit in the Althorp Library, and forms a testimony, which cannot but be highly satisfactory to you, of the industry with which you occupy yourself. With the sincerest wishes for your continued success in such occupations, and for your being enabled to pursue them without injury to your health, I remain, dear sir," &c. The MS. of the fourth volume was subsequently deposited by the side of its companions; and ALL FOUR now take up their permanent residence at Althorp.

† The third volume concludes with the article "Miscellanies."

I do not see why you should be so vexed at it, as every one must of course know what the original price was." The fact was, that the original price, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, was obliged to be raised to 8*l.* 8*s.*: but the last 150 copies were all subscribed for at 9*l.* 9*s.* per copy; and on quitting Mr. Bulmer's printing-office, not one copy, large or small, remained unbespoke. The large paper were charged at 18*l.* 18*s.* per copy. The delivery took place in the second week in April, 1814.

But in the furtherance of perhaps this most important event in the literary annals of my humble life, it was essential to see that the whole of the introductory part, by way of Preface, was worthy of the materials of the work. I had at first meditated a sort of *Précis* of the library in London and at Althorp; but this plan was abandoned, partly because I seemed to have a presentiment that a day might come when more deliberate justice might be rendered the *latter*, and partly because such an "*avant propos*" might invade too much of the volume and of the reader's patience. I resolved, therefore, upon the composition of a short, terse, unostentatious Preface, such as the reader now sees prefixed to the work; and may fairly say that few compositions, of such limited extent, ever gave me half the trouble and anxiety in its execution. A portion of it (the four concluding paragraphs) may not unfitly be reprinted in the present place.

“Of a LIBRARY justly considered by one of the most celebrated of modern Bibliographers to be the richest private collection in Europe\*, it was proper that the *Catalogue* of so material a portion as that contained in these volumes, should be equally splendid and accurate. If I have failed in the attempt to render it justice, it has not been from a deficiency of zeal in the cause of Bibliography; since one-third of my life has been devoted to this congenial, and, I will add, useful, although laborious, pursuit. In the present instance, the Noble Owner of the collection has uniformly aided me by an examination of my manuscript, by suggesting many improvements, and by supplying many important corrections. The freest access to his library, and the most liberal use of the volumes described, have been always granted. The failures, therefore, are entirely my own.

“I have other obligations to acknowledge. The manuscript memoranda of the late COUNT REVICZKY, and those of the late BISHOP OF ELY, (the former supplied by Earl Spencer, and the latter by the late learned author of them), have been occasionally of material service to me. The observations of the Count, although less luminous and concise than those of the Bishop, are more extensive; and were intended, by their author, to form the chief materials of a new edition of the *Catalogue* of his own library.

“But I should be wanting in a due regard to the memory of a distinguished character, if I omitted this opportunity of paying a feeble tribute of respect to that of the late Dr. THOMAS DAMPIER, Bishop of Ely; a prelate not less beloved for his frank and affectionate disposition, than respected for his classical and philosophical attainments. In bibliographical knowledge he had few superiors: his discern-

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\* “Bibliothèque probablement la plus belle et la plus riche de toutes celles que possède actuellement aucun particulier.”—*Renouard: Annales de l'Imprimerie des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 8.

ment being quick and accurate, and his conclusions correct and instructive. His Lordship lived to examine only a few of the printed sheets of the present work; offering his friendly aid to superintend the whole of the remainder. What, therefore, has been lost to me, in this respect, by his decease, can be easily conceived; but the remembrance of his good opinion, and of his encouragement to proceed as I had begun, has constantly served to cheer me in the progress of my labours.

“ My acknowledgments are due to the ingenious *Artists*\* who have so effectually contributed towards the splendour of this publication; and still more so to the celebrated *Printer* in whose office it has been executed. Those who are able to appreciate the care and skill requisite to render volumes of this nature beautiful and accurate, will readily admit that the present are executed in a manner worthy of the high reputation of the SHAKSPEARE PRESS.”

Two splendid copperplate decorations accompanied this introductory part: one, the quarterings (one hundred and thirty-four in number) of the SPENCER SHIELD of Coat Armour; the other, the DEDICATION—within the *Collar of the Order of the Garter*—to the Noble Earl himself, in the following lines:

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\* Mary, Ebenezer, and John BYFIELD.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
GEORGE JOHN, EARL SPENCER,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER,  
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HON. PRIVY COUNCIL,  
A TRUSTEE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,  
A GOVERNOR OF THE CHARTER HOUSE,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,  
LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THIS WORK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
BY HIS FAITHFUL  
AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

The Spencer crest, cut in wood, is in the centre of the title-page, thus :



The day of publication, or rather of delivery, arrived in due course; and never did the bibliomanical pulse of the British public beat with a live-

lier throb. The Allies had just then, in a manner, taken possession of Paris. The bells had scarcely ceased to ring, and the guns to be fired. A dozen hackney coaches, in all directions, were filled with the Spencerian tomes. Even the young men at No. 39 in the Row seemed to be speculating in the concern. They gave their nine guineas, and would have given another to boot, readily and cheerfully, regretting that I had no more to dispose of. Before sunset on that same day, I have reason to *know* that a copy of this work—although obviously in an imperfect state—was sold for 12*l.* 12*s.*; and before that day three months a copy had reached the sum of 15*l.* 15*s.* As to the Large Paper, the price galloped up quickly to *Forty Guineas*; just double that of the publication. Had I listened to the suggestions of one individual—of all men among the most subtle and longheaded—I had realised a large profit\*. But I shut my ears upon the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;” being resolved to avoid everything which bore the semblance of mystification. I can with the solemn truth aver, that the most *profitable*, as well as the *proudest*, result to me was, that I had put forth such a Catalogue of such a LIBRARY.

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\* The expense of printing these three imperial octavo volumes, in large and small paper, was about twelve hundred pounds sterling.

The success of my three volumes was naturally the great spur to the commencement and completion of the fourth; and by the end of May, 1815, that volume was also ready to be launched upon the ocean of public opinion\*. It is the bulkiest, and ought to have been, to English feelings, the most acceptable of the whole. The first 60 pages are devoted to the completion of the *Miscellaneous Department*; the next 110 pages to the *Italian Books*; the following 260 pages to what may be called the *History of Printing in England during the fifteenth Century*, by such specimens of the presses of CAXTON and of others as were in his Lordship's library†. Then

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\* While this "launch" took place, the announcement of the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, on the yellow coat of old Sylvanus Urban, was made public in June 1815, in the following manner. The reader will observe that, as in the instance of the Spencer Library, my FIRST intention was to publish the work in *two* volumes.

To be printed in Two Volumes, Royal Octavo, in the first style of elegance, at the Shakspeare Press, price 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON; OR, TEN DAYS PLEASANT DISCOURSE upon the Early State of the Fine Arts, Antient and Modern Typography, and Bibliography. Embellished with numerous Engravings. The same Characters will be introduced as in the BIBLIOMANIA; and the Scene will be varied at the respective residences of the Parties. The impression will be limited to the same number of copies as were printed of that Work; and will also NEVER BE REPRINTED.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing are requested to advance *One Third* of the Subscription Money—to be paid into the hands of the Publishers, or of the Author, Kensington, free of expense of Postage.

† There is in fact almost every book of importance printed in this country, during that period, most particularly described. But while I admit the very copious extracts from the *Caxton* volumes to be singularly curious and interesting to the Antiquary, I am free to confess that it had been better had they occasionally suffered amputation.

ensue 150 pages of *Supplement, Additions, and Emendations*. Two copious *Indexes of Authors and Printers* close this elaborate volume\*. I have ventured to lay before the reader a good portion of the preface prefixed to the first volume. I will here take leave to lay before him the concluding sentence of that of the fourth volume.

“ I cannot terminate my present labours, or shut the door of the Library in which I have passed so many hours with equal instruction and delight, without addressing its Owner and chief Ornament in the language of a distinguished Bibliographer towards a Nobleman †, whose treasures were laid open to the grateful Eulogist with the same readiness and liberality as those of EARL SPENCER have been to myself.

“ Tu primùm (says the author to his Patron) stimulos addidisti; in frequentibus quæ tecum nunquam habui, quin instructor abirem, colloquiis sæpius me submonuisti, unde lucubrationibus meis plurimum momenti et lucis accederet: crebrò tua, quod nescio an in ullâ aliâ repererim, suggestit bibliotheca; ad TE, et ad HANC, facilis semper patuit aditus.”

The immediate *sequel* to the publication of this fourth volume, and thus to the completion of my Spencerian labours, is of a mixed nature; but perhaps

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\* The embellishments, by way of fac-similes, are very abundant; but those which, in the *Italian Books*, accompany the *Bértinghieri Dante*, 1481, *Monte Santo di Dio*, 1477, *Poliphilo*, and *Ptolemy of 1478*, are of essential importance in illustrating the volumes themselves.

† MATTAIRE to the EARL of PEMBROKE, in the Dedication of his *Annales Typographici*, 1719, 4to.

not the less interesting on that account. Pleasure and pain are amalgamated in all our pursuits. I will begin with the former. I had resolved to mark so important an era in my life, by the assembling together of a few *Roxburghers*, who had uniformly afforded the most indisputable proofs of their best wishes for success during the progress of my labours. They were summoned by an especial invitation to cluster round my limited table on the 6th of June, to commemorate the day of the publication. The invitation ran in the following strange language :

*Right trustye and mine herty  
goode Frende,*

*Ye shal knowe that sundrye choice Spirits and comon Frenedes intend to dine with me on Tuesday the 6th daye of June, at aboute 17 minutes after 6 of the Cloche:—to celebrate ye finishinge and publyshinge of a certain werk ycleped BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA. Ye are hereby requested and desired to find yourself in ye numbre of such dainty Frenedes—on paine of incurringe our wrath and sore displeasure : And so I do commende me right lovyngly vnto you : being,*

*Without feigning,*

*Thy Friende and Seruant,*

\* \*

*May, 1815.*

*Kensington ; the Top of  
Hornton-St. (North End thereof).*

*P. S. Ye shal finde homely fare, but a herty welcominge*

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*therwith: Dan Horace havinge described the nature and method of the drinke of our table in this following metre:*

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum

Cantharis: [Lib. i. Ode xx.]

*Yet a wiser and more aunciente Clerke than Horace hath said: 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled Ox and hatred therewith.'* [Prov. xv. 17.]

I cannot recollect to how many this invitation extended; but I am pretty sure that my kind and approved good friends, Sir Mark Sykes, Sir S. E. Brydges, Sir Francis Freeling, and Mr. Baron Bolland, were of the number—together with Mr. George Hibbert, Mr. I. D. Phelps, Mr. George Isted, Mr. Wilbraham, and Mr. Haslewood. I now possess a very few only of the *characteristic* Replies; of which the following *two* may afford amusing specimens. First, for that of Mr. Hibbert:

*My Singuler good and lernidd Friend.*

*After my most hertye comendac<sup>o</sup>ns, this shal be to adv<sup>o</sup>yse of the receipt of yo<sup>r</sup> right welcom l<sup>r</sup>e, the sight wherof, w<sup>o</sup> the adv<sup>o</sup>tisment therin—that you have finished that nobyll werke ycleped Bibliotheca Spenceriana—hath so co<sup>o</sup>ffortyd me, that I pray God to gyve mee sume occasyen to doo you s<sup>u</sup>me sich plesure as ye doo to othurs; and I shall wayte on you, God willing—the 6<sup>th</sup> of the moneth coming—and, until that daye, moost hartely fare you well! from Clapham this 28 of Maye.*

*Yor moost assury'd*

GEORGE HIBBERT.

*To my veray good Freind*

*The Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin.*

The second is that of the late Mr. Haslewood. It was *topped* by a wood-cut, representing two oxen looking back upon the countryman as he is about to unyoke them from the plough; and, like its *copy* here, was printed in the *black letter*.

### WORTHIE AND KYNDE FREND.

THE Husbandemann delytethe, as the oxeyne looke backe to be unpokedd, that hys labour eys at ende; He oppynnith hys wyne presse and callyth yn hys neyboures to be merve. So ryght wel dothe the Authoure of thatt moche faimyd wurke, hight BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA, nowe, on beholdynge the curyous colophoune of hys pryntere, to instytute hys reuels, therebye knowynge hys toyle ceacithe. Nor wyll anie trebe *Bibliomaniac* yncur wrathe and sore displesure bie not beyng readie for the banquet xxiih momentes ere the dyal poyntith xbiij minits after bi of the clocke upon the vij daie of June: Go to thenne, ande

See large in myrthe:—anonn, we'll drynke a mesure  
The table rovwnde.

Thyne faythfullie,

Wyttness thys iimpress,

xxx Waite,  
m̄dcccxb.

JOSEPH HASLEWOOD

The following, from the late ROGER WILBRAHAM, Esq., of whom so much has been said in a pre-

ceding page\*, although attired in the modern garb of phraseology, is not the less gratifying on that account; as it is directed to the general character of the work, and supported by his own very particular commendation.

“Stratton-street, May 29th, 1815.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“It is unfortunately not in my power to obey your very kind and friendly summons for the sixth of June. I am not the less sincere in congratulating you upon the occasion of your festivity, most heartily wishing that the termination of this labour of yours may be attended with as much solid advantage as it will do you real credit as a literary performance. If Lord Spencer’s Library may vie with any private library in the world, it is most certain that no Catalogue of any private or even public library, can at all compare with that which you have just published, in beauty and splendour of every kind. Here it is *facile princeps*; and I have no doubt it is equally so in useful information and correctness; but to judge accurately of these points would require the lynx’s beam of a Heber, and not the dull curtain of

“Your very faithful and obedient humble servant,

*Robert Wilbraham*

I believe we assembled to the number of some ten or twelve. It was a day throughout of heart-felt joyance; “*dies ille albo lapide notandus.*” There are few “REMINISCENCES” in life’s thorny path more

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\* See p. 404, ante.

gladsome, and let us hope more rational, to dwell upon, than those of the present description.

But of all the attestations to the creditable execution of my work, few—none—pleased me more than that of Mr. ROSCOE at home, and of COUNT D'ELCI, abroad. I seemed to be pretty fully impressed with a notion that the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* was not precisely that sort of dainty dish to furnish matter for Reviews—and especially for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. True it was, that Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, had furnished the *Times Newspaper* with rather a spicy, as well as eloquent notice of the work—commendatory to excess\*. But a thoroughly *raisonné* Review, in whatever journal, must necessarily have claimed great attention and exacted great labour. These volumes could not be dispatched as whip-syllabubs. They required *training* in the individual who would grapple

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\* I will extract only the commencement and conclusion of this notice; adding, that all the commendation bestowed upon the *late* Owner or Possessor of the SHAKSPEARE PRESS, may honestly be transferred to the *present*, Mr. WILLIAM NICOL. That I may not seem to “reckon without mine host,” in thus comparing the Successor with the Predecessor, of the Shakspeare Press, I refer my reader with infinite satisfaction to the typographical execution of the *Ædes Althorpiana*, and the Catalogue of the *Cassano Library*:—being supplemental volumes to the above—executed “NICOLA REGNANTE.” The Press in question has been recently grafted upon a soil which seems to be more congenial with its growth—I mean its immediate contiguity to what is now known as the *British Institution*, but formerly as the *Shakspeare Gallery*. The “*oratio paracinetica*” of Mr. Maurice begins and concludes thus:

“BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA.—A Phenomenon of a very curious and interesting kind has just made its appearance in the literary

with them. No off-hand touches; no strokes of wit; or flashes of merriment. And although the late

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world under this title, being a display of the rarest and richest portion of the treasures, of inestimable value, contained in the library of EARL SPENCER; a library certainly unrivalled by the collection of any individual, under the rank of a crowned head, in Europe. Whether we contemplate the lucid arrangement of this surprising work, the beautiful and spirited execution of the ornamental part, or the fidelity and accuracy of the historical narration, we are alike struck with admiration at the ingenuity that planned, and the patient perseverance that completed it. In a regular series of elegant illustrations in these elaborate volumes are exhibited all the wonders of the typographical art, from the rude letters and uncouth figures engraven by a barbarous age on wood, in the early period of the fifteenth century, to the richly finished and highly varied characters and designs, in METAL, of improved taste and skill in later periods, collected at an immense expense by the noble owner from every quarter of lettered Europe. The classical reader here delighted traces the gradual progress, in refinement, of that DIVINE ART, which has proved the means of preserving from oblivion all other arts, and of consigning to immortality the most illustrious names in every walk of science and fame, that, otherwise, might have perished amid the wreck of time, and the revolution of empires. From every quarter collected, we say—but principally gleaned from MONASTERIES, those august and venerable fabrics, erected in ancient times by pious zeal and princely munificence throughout Europe; but in this country desolated with such unsparing vengeance by the atrocious despot, HENRY VIII., under the plausible pretext of religious reformation, &c.

“We cannot conclude our strictures on these volumes without observing, that by a publication of such pre-eminent beauty and splendour, immortal honour is reflected on the SHAKSPEARE PRESS, whence it issued, and of which it may justly be denominated the CHEF D'ŒUVRE. It is equally honourable to our country, and gratifying to the learned, that in the metropolis of the kingdom a press exists, where works of unrivalled magnificence and expense, though attended in the execution with the greatest difficulty, yet can be brought to completion by the energy and spirit of him who presides over it. On this subject, however, it is wholly unnecessary to dilate, as Mr. BULMER's fame in typographical matters is so widely diffused, and as the highly finished specimens of the SHAKSPEARE PRESS have long been the admiration of book-collectors in every quarter of the world. M.

Bishop of Ely, in the early warmth of his encomiastic feelings, had pronounced the work to be in a manner a NATIONAL one, yet it was allowed to pass by without the slightest notice\*. I cherished, therefore, the opinion of Mr. ROSCŒ with redoubled delight. That opinion was communicated at the commencement of a long letter of ten pages—in which many interesting critical remarks and bibliographical quæres were embodied; and a most pleasant little controversy was in consequence superadded respecting the *Pazzi Conspiracy*, as noted by Politian in his *Miscellanies*, of 1478. Mr. Roscoe's good opinion is expressed in the following language.

“DEAR SIR,

“I had the pleasure of receiving, on Tuesday last, from Messrs. Arch, the three volumes of your *Bibliotheca Spen-*

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\* I am called upon in gratitude to except the lengthened, and really dissecting, review of the B. S. which appeared in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1814; of which it strikes me that my old friend Sylvanus Urban himself—attired in his favourite suit of “Lincoln-Green”—must have been the author. It was carried on (as I seem to remember) through three consecutive numbers of that *really* gentlemanly journal. I have unfeigned pleasure in transcribing the opening compliment to the late Noble Possessor of the Library. “It is a circumstance of proud exultation to this country that, in the person of *one Illustrious Peer* are united taste, wealth, hereditary honour, and, above all, old English probity and liberality. That such a Nobleman, with skill and discernment to appreciate their value, and generosity to give for them a liberal remuneration, should possess the most choice collection of early printed books that has hitherto fallen to the lot of any individual, is, we repeat, an honour to that country of which EARL SPENCER himself is so bright an ornament.”

*ceriana*; a pleasure for which I had waited for some time with the true bibliomaniacal anxiety. My expectations were at length amply gratified; and I have ever since had the work almost constantly in my hands. To say that it is the most splendid and most interesting work of the kind which the world has hitherto seen, is only a part of its commendation. Independent of the elegant arrangement of the volumes, the accuracy of the fac-similes, the beauty of the engravings, and the excellence of the paper and printing, it exhibits a diligence of research, an acquaintance with previous writers, an acuteness of observation, and a liveliness of style, which give it substantial and permanent value, and render legitimate those ornaments by which it is so highly decorated. Undoubtedly you have been peculiarly fortunate in having so *fine a subject* for your researches; but this could only be an advantage to one who was capable of availing himself of it. The descriptions of the rare and numerous books from wood-blocks are peculiarly interesting; and the original print of the Apocalypse is *inestimable, and stamps a great additional value on the work*. The short time that I have had to peruse the descriptions and references with the attention necessary on such a subject, prevents me from entering into very minute particulars; but I could not refrain, even at this early moment, from stating to you the general impression which the publication has made on my mind, and I have no doubt but similar sentiments will be communicated to you from other quarters of much greater authority, and in much warmer terms, &c.

“WM. ROSCOE\*.”

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\* The above criticism relates to the first *three* volumes. On the publication of the *fourth*, and on the announcement of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, Mr. Roscoe wrote thus:

“Allerton, 26th June, 1815.

“MY DEAR SIR,

I have been much gratified by the fourth volume of *Bibliotheca*

But great as my respect was, and ever has been, for the good opinion from *such* a quarter, yet my gratification was rendered still more complete by the transmission, from Earl Spencer, of the commendation of the *First Bibliographer* upon the Continent—in his Lordship's estimation—I mean, the late COUNT D'ELCI; who, in matters relating to the history of foreign printing, in the fifteenth century, had certainly no equal\*. That erudite and dis-

*Spenceriana*, which is not less beautiful, and is more interesting to me, than any of its predecessors. What spots it has, and there are no human productions without, are few in number, and of less importance, perhaps, than in the former volumes; and would scarcely deserve notice in a table of errata. On the whole, as you have had the FINEST SUBJECT, so you have certainly produced the finest and most interesting bibliographical work that the world has hitherto seen.

“What is yet wanting to bring us acquainted with the rest of the rare and splendid works of the fifteenth Century will, I presume, be found in your *Bibliographical Decameron*; to which I must beg you to put me down as a Subscriber for two Copies of the common paper: and inclosed is a *5l.* Bank Note, being as near as I can remit, one-third of my subscription. And I assure you I shall cheerfully comply with any further calls you may find it convenient to make on your Subscribers towards completing your work.”

\* Earl Spencer and the late COUNT D'ELCI were, for a series of years, pretty active correspondents on topics almost entirely bibliographical, carried on in the French language. Perhaps they were at the time the two first Bibliographers in Europe. Their respective resources, upon which they fell back in case of doubt and need, were always sure to supply them with abundant materials for a vigorous renewal of the contest. The Count, a Florentine by birth, lived a good deal at Vienna; and between Vienna and Florence his sojournings and routes were usually directed in the accomplishment of *one* particular object—the possession of the *parent-texts* of every classical author. He was indefatigable, and upon the whole fortunate. All his strictures, both in his letters to Count Reviczky and to the Noble Lord, were written with a close severity of research and fidelity of description which could not

tinguished foreigner had given great praise to the first three volumes ; but on the receipt of the *fourth*

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be surpassed. But, in the extent, variety, costliness, and splendour of a library of early printed books, *his* was not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of his Noble Correspondent. See an interesting letter of Count D'Elci to Lord Spencer, in the *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 197.

When Lord Spencer was in Italy, the Count unluckily happened to be at Vienna—but, apprised by His Lordship of his intended trip, the Count desired that the key of his Library might be put unreservedly into his Lordship's hands. Among the first uses made of that privilege was one, for which I was most unfeignedly thankful—it being nothing less than the transmission of a particular account, by the Noble Visitor, of some of the treasures of the collection visited. The reader will, I feel persuaded, be in a measure thankful, if I place before him a portion only of the banquet with which I was myself treated.

“ DEAR SIR,

Naples, Feb. 1, 1820.

“ I SHALL NOW proceed, according to my original plan, of extracting from my memorandum book, such intelligence as may be interesting to you ; but instead of keeping the regular order, as I at first proposed, I will go immediately to Count ELCI's collection—which unquestionably is that which to me appears the most interesting I have seen, although others may contain some few detached articles of greater beauty and magnificence. But as a collection of *Editiones Principes*—made with a perfect knowledge of the subject, with a sufficient degree of selection as to fine condition of copies, and with opportunities of acquiring what he wished to have such as no other collector can possess—the view of it is certainly one of the *highest treats* that a bibliographer, curious in that particular branch of the science, can enjoy.

“ It is not easy in the compass of a letter to describe his library. I was nearly four hours looking it over, but I had not time to see half enough of what I should have wished to do, being necessarily occupied in observing most particularly those articles which are wanting in my own collection. With regard, however, to the *Latin books*, the Duke of Cassano has furnished me with the means of being more minutely acquainted with them, as he is possessed of a MS. catalogue of them, given to him by D'Elci himself, and that recently. He was so good as to lend it to me, and I have extracted from it all those books which either were not in my collection, or which I was uncertain about. In *Greek, first editions*, I apprehend he is complete, as far as *Classics* go ; but the only book in that language which I noted in my memoranda

he writes thus to Lord Spencer, from Vienna, Nov. 4, 1815.

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was, the *Aldine Septuagint* of 1518, of which his copy is *uncut*, and, as I believe, on *large paper*. In the Latin classics his great strength lies in *TERENCE* and *JUVENAL* \*. In *Juvenals* I have nothing to envy D'Elci, except *one*, which is certainly most *enviable*. It is a small 4to., containing that poet alone, in the small character used by Ulric Han in his *Cicero de Oratore*. This is, without question, the *real* EDITIO PRINCEPS of *Juvenal*, and it is the only copy I have seen or heard of, except one in the Duke di Cassano's library here, which the duke bought under the idea that it was printed by *Sixtus Riessinger* at Naples; but, on possessing it, he ascertained that it was by *Ulric Han*—which fact D'Elci, who had it not, stoutly disputed; but having got a copy for his *own* collection, he now allows it to be so. I have no scruple in saying that I should much prefer this little volume even to the Naples *Horace* †.

“ His two *Virgils*, by *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*, have been a good deal doctored, and smell very strong of the *shop*. He has a most beautiful copy on vellum of the *Spira Virgil*, 1470, and another of the common paper, so large, that it would almost appear like large paper. His *Azzoguidi Ovid* is fine, as far as it goes, but it wants several leaves. Just before I heard from Mr. Grenville that he had bought one, I had received from D'Elci a letter, inviting me to join him in purchasing that very copy of *Tripolo*, at Venice, which he asserted would complete both our copies. Among other things, D'Elci has a most magnificent copy of the *Soncino Bible*, 1488, and a very fine *Complutensian Polyglott*. He has also a *Hebrew Testament*, without date, but which he says was printed in 1476, and esteems as the greatest rarity in his collection, and

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\* This is followed, in his Lordship's letter, by a list of fifteen editions of *Terence*, of an early date, but without any indication of year, and of the greatest rarity; among which there appears to be *only one*, that in the type of *J. P. de Lignamine*, which is not in his Lordship's collection. He describes the Count's copy of the *Mentelin* edition, “the real first edition of *Terence*,” as a very fine one.

† It will be seen, eventually, that his Lordship, by the PURCHASE of the *entire collection* of the Duke di Cassano, became necessarily in possession of both the *Juvenal* and the *Horace* here designated.

“*Enfin, étant retourné à Vienne, la première chose que j’ay faite a été de parcourir le Catalogue de vos livres. Je n’ay jamais vû rien de plus magnifique quant à l’exécution typographique ; rien de plus choisi et de plus riche quant aux articles qui y sont contenus ; et rien de plus savant et de plus instructif quant aux notices qui s’y trouvent.*”

*to Chev. D’Elci*

So much of the “*SEQUEL*,” just alluded to, of a *gratifying* result. I now come, in few words, to notice a very singular, if not *painful*, issue. The fourth volume of the B. S. had not been published many days, before symptoms of a refractory spirit

as quite unique. The condition of his books, as far as I had time to observe them, is wonderfully good ; and what most surprised me, when I saw them, was, I think I have no where seen so magnificent a suite of the books printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, both for soundness of paper and breadth of margin : many of them being as it were on large paper. They are all (with few exceptions) bound at Vienna, and in a better style than you would expect, but still *à allemande* ; and each volume has a pasteboard case of its own, in the shape of a book, lettered at the back, with all the particulars of the edition, as *editio princeps*, *editio forsan princeps*, *editio primaria*, *sine anni notâ*, &c. &c.

“ His plan is to have all the doubtful first editions, and all the first editions with a date, and he has carried it to a degree of detail and minuteness which is surprising ; and makes a morning, passed in his library, quite a study for a bibliographer. So much for D’Elci at present. I observed to you above, that he has had opportunities which never could occur to any other collector. Besides being constantly on the spot, during the dispersion of all the monastic libraries, he has, by means of his interest at the court of Vienna, procured orders to be allowed to make exchanges in all the public libraries of their dominions.”

betrayed themselves in a quarter whence anything but a mutinous disposition could be supposed to prevail. Orders were counter-ordered; the seal was essayed to be torn off the bond; and nothing remained for me but protestation—and submission\*. In consequence, very many copies, actually bespoke, were thrown back upon my hands. I summoned up all the courage of which I was master. Dreading the issue of law proceedings—as involving a terrible expense at every step taken—and resolving that my property should not be debased by a paltry sacrifice to a petty gain—I announced (I forget now in which paper or magazine) that certain copies of the *fourth volume* should be BURNT...by such a day, if not claimed. Count Rostopchin could not have been more determined on the burning of Moscow, than I was of some sixty or hundred copies of my favourite volume.

This announcement roused the spirit and kindled the generosity of ONE bookseller, who stepped boldly forward, as he informed me by letter, “to prevent this BURNING SHAME.” That spirited individual was Mr. JOHN MAJOR, then living under the gateway of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital—enamoured of a select collection of really sterling articles, which were always sure to meet a ready sale. His reply necessarily led to a personal conference. We were

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\* This subject is more than indirectly hinted at in the Decameron, and is again alluded to in a note attached to the Preface of the Cassano Catalogue.

not long either in discussing preliminaries or drawing conclusions. It was evident that two kindred spirits had met for the first time ; and a bargain was made on a basis so liberal and satisfactory, that Mr. Major became possessed of all the remaining copies of the fourth volume, with the determination of not selling one copy under the price of its publication. I believe that not more than half a dozen copies now survive this determination.

Thus, on the arrangement of this business, I saw my Spencerian labours fairly launched, as before observed, upon the ocean of public opinion ; and immediately turned my whole attention to the production of the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON ; a work which, for the next two years, engrossed all my time and attention, and absorbed all my "floating capital." But of *that* work, in an ensuing chapter. Yet, at the end of the year 1816, I contrived to bring out the third, and most generally interesting, volume of my *Typographical Antiquities* ; of which mention has been made in a preceding page\*. In the year 1818, I went abroad ; and there, having been nine months incessantly occupied in the examination of public and private libraries for the collection of materials for *another* publication, I returned home, resolving to bring forward that publication under the title of a *Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour*. While this work was in con-

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\* Page 286.

templation, Lord Spencer went abroad, with his Countess, to France and Italy\*. Meanwhile I had laid

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\* It should seem from His Lordship's first letter to me from Naples, Dec. 20, 1819, that the sound of his "chariot-wheels" had preceded his personal appearance in Italy. The "good folk" had not only imagined that everything which he wanted must be of excessive scarcity, but that his means of acquisition were inexhaustible. Nothing was more ridiculously absurd than, in some instances, the prices demanded and the conclusions drawn. It was, however, singular enough that, in the first bookseller's shop which his lordship entered at Rome, he found the *Swynheym* and *Pannartz Martial* of 1473—"a book not to be found in any of the libraries in Italy, with the exception of that of the Duke di Cassano, which Audiffredi had never seen, and which had been inquired after in vain at Paris and at Milan." I believe he gave £20 for the copy; but on its becoming a *duplicate*, on the acquisition of the duke's library, it was disposed of to Mr. Van Praet, on his return, in exchange for some *Libri Desiderati*. In this letter Lord Spencer speaks also of the acquisition of a few other subordinate articles; but in his last letter, after the purchase of the Cassano collection, he dwells with particular satisfaction on having got "a *Petrarch* by *Aldus*, of 1501, ON VELLUM; the very copy which I should find described by Renouard in his *Annales*, &c. as having belonged to Cardinal Bembo, with all the curious notes he mentions, and the epigrams in Bembo's handwriting at the end of it."

In one of these letters, I was much gratified by Lord Spencer's account of the library of Count MELZI, at Milan. He mentions having seen those of the Marquis de Trivulzio and Signor Reyna, at the same place, but dwells only upon the former, thus:—"Since I left Paris (says his lordship) nothing worthy of mention offered itself till I got to Milan. There I was much pleased with several fine and curious books in three private libraries [those of the individuals just mentioned.] In Count Melzi's I saw some very beautiful copies, but as a complete collection of the valuable editions of the fifteenth century, it is not to be spoken of. The only articles which I think I should have much coveted were, an edition of *Ovid's Epistles* in 4to., without date, in the character of *Laver* at Rome; and the owner very provokingly shewed me *two* copies of it, one of which had been very recently promised to Count D'Elci, otherwise I might have had it; *Claudian de Raptu Proserpinæ*, in the character of the Lucretius of Ferandus; *Juvenalis per Jacobum Fivizanum*; *Euripides, Litt. Majusculis, Florent. uncut*; *Livy, Vin-*

the foundation of the *Ædes Althorpianae*, and of a Supplemental volume to the *Bibl. Spenceriana*. I went over to France again in 1820, and met my Lord and Lady on their return, at the *Hôtel de l'Empire* at Paris. But, in the mean time, "A DEED OF NOTE" had been done by my Noble Patron. He had purchased, at Naples, the whole of the CASSANO COLLECTION. His correspondence with me upon that subject, is among the most particular, instructive, and gratifying of his letters.

*delin de Spira*, ON VELLUM; *Biblia Italica Mense Augusto*, ON VELLUM, magnificently illuminated; *Virgilius Aldi*, 1505, ON VELLUM; *Cicero Epist. Familiares Aldi*, 1540, ON VELLUM; *Boccaccio Decamerone*, genuine edition of 1527, *Large Paper*; *Dante*, 1481, twenty plates. He has also lately purchased the *first Virgil*, by Swynheym and Pannartz, a fine copy, with one leaf manuscript, and wanting the *Priapeia*; also a perfect copy of the *Brescia Lucretius*, printed by Ferandus. This last I did not see, as it had not yet come home. The Count has besides a great collection of very fine books in all classes, and a great many of the rarest large paper classics of the English, Dutch, and French editions, and many very rare Italian books which I had not time to examine."

It is pleasing to add, that Count Melzi's books (with the exception of all those printed in the *Italian language*) were purchased by the late Mr. Payne, the bookseller, and of him by Frank Hall Standish, Esq., of Duxbury Hall, Leicestershire. I had often the pleasure of examining this limited but precious collection when it was lodged at Mr. Payne's. The vellum *Livy* was indescribably beautiful and sound. Since this acquisition, Mr. Standish has become the owner of the *Complutensian Polyglot*, upon vellum, purchased at the sale of Mr. Hibbert's library. But of all the books above described by His Lordship, I feel persuaded that the *Italian Bible Mense Augusto*, 1471, was THE ONE of which he would mostly covet the possession. That edition is, indeed, necessary to render the early biblical series complete in the Spencer library. To be sure, the *Aldine Virgil* of 1505, upon vellum, would be a glorious addition to the *Aldine Vellums* in the same collection.

I mention thus briefly these important events in my life, that the reader may see that it is with the view of introducing *methodically* the subject-matter which immediately follows, as connected with the preceding. I therefore propose to myself to say a few words upon the *Supplemental volume* above alluded to, and upon the *Cassano Catalogue*, as being part and parcel of "THE SPENCER LIBRARY." Of the *Ædes Althorpianae*, in the ensuing chapter. It was during my preparation of the supplemental volume that Lord Spencer was at Naples; and it was first thought questionable whether the *Cassano Books* might not be incorporated in that volume. But there were peremptory reasons why this plan should be abandoned: and I heartily rejoice that it was so\*. As it appears to be somewhat difficult, if not im-

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\* His Lordship's words (Naples, 7 April, 1820,) are, "I think that your idea of making a supplement, entitled 'THE CASSANO CATALOGUE,' will be a good plan, particularly as it will enable you to postpone the completion of it till the last thing of all before your book goes to press; as I should very much wish that you could read with attention the duke's manuscript *Catalogue Raisonné* of his books, before you describe them. It is done with great care, and especially in the part which consists of books printed in the kingdom of the *Two Sicilies*, which contains a great deal of curious and interesting bibliographical erudition, much of which was before quite unknown to me, and will, I believe, be new to the generality of bibliographers. It is of course a little more laboured than is necessary, and puffs off the condition and rarity of the copies rather too much like a sale catalogue; but the real matter in it is very valuable, and makes an interesting branch of typographical history of the fifteenth century." In the formation of my Catalogue of the Duke of Cassano's collection, I did, of course, as I was requested to do; but found very little material assistance in the notes alluded to.

practicable, to notice any particulars connected with this Supplemental volume *separately* from that of the *Ædes*, with which it was published, I proceed at once to the account of

## THE CASSANO LIBRARY.

Of this Library, how little could the Noble Owner have entertained the idea of its possession, when, in a letter from Althorp, of the date of Dec. 11, 1814, he seemed fearful that his nephew, the Duke of Devonshire, might become the eventual possessor of it. It will be seen, in an extract from one of His Lordship's letters to me, in a preceding page\* (respecting Count D'Elci's collection), that he had at that time seen *two* of the most tempting classical volumes in the Duke di Cassano's Library. These were the *Juvenal*, printed in the first and small roman character of Ulric Han, without date, but published in 1468; and the far-famed *Horace* of 1474, printed by Arnoldus de Bruxella, at Naples. The first idea of Lord Spencer was, to obtain these two books *only*—for which, he says, he actually did offer the Duke 3000 ducats (equal to about 500*l.* sterling), which was declined. Of these two books it seems that the *first* had greater claims upon his attention, and upon his purse, than the second. This surprised me: as, of the second, no *other* copy is at present known; of the first, *two* other copies

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\* See page 541, ante.

are known\*. However, my surprise and my delight were equally indescribable, when, early in 1820, I received a letter from his Lordship, dated Naples, 4th Feb. 1820, beginning thus :

“ DEAR SIR,

“ THOUGH I think you will have considered my last letter of the 1st of this month rather interesting†, I cannot help flattering myself that the present will be *more so*. I promised you to appropriate it to a description of the *Quattrocentisti* (as they are called here) of the DUKE DI CASSANO'S LIBRARY, and I fully intended to keep my promise; but (whether fortunately or unfortunately I will leave you to judge) I am precluded from *literally* keeping it—for these, like all riches, are so liable to make themselves wings and fly away, that between the writing of my last letter and this present date, they have *ceased* to bear the above-mentioned denomination; and tired, I suppose, like the other residents of Naples, of the unpropitious weather we have had here this winter, they meditate an emigration to more northern skies—and before this letter reaches you, will, I hope, be on their way to England, on board of H. M. S. the Rochefort, of 80 guns, from which they will be landed at Portsmouth. But what is to be their *ULTIMATE* destination? You naturally anticipate it—and therefore, without preface, they are now *ALL mine !!!*”

The Noble Writer might well immediately add :  
“ I fancy I can see your astonishment when you read this; and conceive the eagerness with which

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\* Both volumes are particularly described in the *Cassano Catalogue*, pp. 55, 63.

† The latter descriptive of COUNT D'ELCI'S LIBRARY: see p. 540, ante.

you will be writing to impart this important fact in the history of the BIBLIOMANIA, to all your friends in London ; but I must desire of you to check your ardour, and must absolutely insist upon it that you will keep this intelligence within your own breast till I shall permit you to divulge it—or at least till the said Books are safely lodged in Spencer House\*.” Then follows a long list, in three pages, written in his Lordship’s smallest hand, descriptive of the GEMS in the Collection...and designated with a precision and accuracy peculiar to the writer. On the very next day of the date of this letter, his Lordship was so good as to continue the congenial subject by an enumeration of such *duplicates* as would necessarily occur in consequence of his purchase. He prefaces his letter of five pages by the following exordium. “Though I wrote so lately, I am anxious to pursue the interesting subject of my last letter ; and there-

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\* It was not a little singular that, on my first call at No. 81, Pall Mall, after the receipt of the above letter from Lord Spencer, I found Mr. Payne alone, and extremely disposed to ask many questions respecting Lord Spencer’s book acquisitions, actual and in prospect, during his stay in Italy. “I learn (added my amiable inquirer) that he has got scent of the Duke di Cassano’s library, and will certainly be the *purchaser* of it—at least they say so at Paris.” I felt the blood mantling upon my cheek, and just as I was about to stammer a vague answer, some gentleman entered the room, to whom Mr. Payne thought it necessary to pay immediate attention. This afforded me the opportunity of *sidling* out, and of making a shabby but timely retreat. When I was at last authorised to communicate the fact, Mr. Payne rose up, as if astounded, from his chair—dropped his snuff-box in the act of rising—and ejaculated, in a deep, but long-drawn tone, the emphatic monosyllable “Z—ds!”

fore avail myself of a leisure evening, between two royal shooting days\*, to complete my account, as far as appears at present to be necessary, of the Duke di Cassano's *late* Library, by enumerating the principal articles which will be Duplicates in consequence of the transfer, of which my letter of yesterday's date will have informed you."

In due time the CASSANO TREASURES arrived; and within a twelvemonth of their arrival a sale of the *Duplicates* took place at Mr. Evans's—containing volumes of such rarity and value, that a few of the more curious articles, with the sums which they brought, may be seen below†. In due time, also, my

\* This was at Casenta; a regal villa, a short distance from Naples. I remember hearing the late Countess Spencer describing a small Psalter, shewn her by the late King of Naples, from the royal collection, of which the embellishments or illustrations were *really* and *truly* by the hand of GIULIO CLOVIO. She observed, that nothing which she had ever seen (and her ladyship was no indifferent judge) could pretend to rival those exquisite embellishments for smallness of subject, minuteness of touch, and extraordinary lustre of colour.

† Before the coming on of the sale—indeed before the embarkation of the books on board the Rochefort—his Lordship was fully aware of their general condition, and induced to put a proper estimate accordingly upon their probable produce at Mr. Evans's. He observes, "I fear that, on their first appearance, they will look a little rough to eyes accustomed to the handiwork of Charles Lewis."

The sale took place on the 1st of March, 1821, occupying four days. A few of the rarer articles, above alluded to, together with the prices they brought, may be thus briefly noticed:—

<i>Ausonius</i> , 1472, editio princeps . . . . .	£ 54	12	0
<i>Biblia Latina</i> , 1462, Mogunt. folio, 2 vols., a most beautiful and magnificent copy, UPON VELLUM, with illuminations of the time. Purchased by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex . . . . .	94	10	0
—, 1476, printed by Jenson, folio, UPON VEL-			

*Catalogue of the Library* made its appearance—in one volume, to the full as beautifully executed as any

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LUM, slightly defective in the first and third leaves. A beautiful book . . . . .	21	0	0
<i>Boccaccio la Theseide</i> , Ferrara, 1475, folio, prima edizione. Of excessive rarity* . . . . .	117	12	0
<i>Catholicon</i> , 1460, folio, two leaves wanting . . . . .	15	15	0
<i>Cicero de Oratore</i> , Ulric Han, 1468, folio. A very fine copy of an exceedingly rare book . . . . .	27	6	0
——— <i>Tusculanæ Quæstiones</i> , 1469, folio . . . . .	22	1	0
<i>Dante, la Comædia</i> , 1472, folio, prim. edit. . . . .	19	8	6
———, <i>Col. Comment di Landino</i> , 1481, folio . . . . .	52	10	0
<i>Hist. August Scriptores</i> , 1475, folio, edit. prin. . . . .	12	17	0
<i>Horatius, edit. prim. sine anni notâ</i> , 4to. . . . .	49	17	0
<i>Juvenalis</i> , Ulric Han, litt. major, folio . . . . .	24	13	6
<i>Lucanus</i> , 1469, folio, edit. prin. . . . .	25	4	0
<i>Manilius</i> , Reioigmantus, Nuremberg, 4to. . . . .	12	12	0
<i>Martialis</i> , V. de Spira. folio, edit. prin. . . . .	18	18	0
———, Sw. and Pannartz, 1473, folio (see page 546, note, ante) . . . . .	10	5	0
<i>Monte Sancto di Dio</i> , 1477, folio. A fine and complete copy . . . . .	28	7	0
<i>Ovidii Opera</i> , Sw. and Pannartz, 1471, folio, editio secundo. Purchased by the Rt. Hon. Thos. Grenville. . . . .	73	10	0
——— <i>de Arte Amandi</i> , Zainer, 1471, folio . . . . .	14	0	0
<i>Plinius</i> , I. de Spira, 1469, folio, edit. prin. A fine and perfect copy . . . . .	39	18	0
———, Jenson, 1476, <i>Ital.</i> , UPON VELLUM, wanting one leaf . . . . .	32	6	0
<i>Silius Italicus</i> , Sw. and Pannartz, 1471, folio, edit. prin. . . . .	31	10	0

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\* This book was bought in by His Lordship, to present to Mr. Hibbert, in exchange for that very rare edition of the Boccaccio, without date or place, described in vol. ii. p. 299-301, of the *Ædes Athorpianæ*, which had been presented in turn to Lord Spencer by Mr. Hibbert. Mr. Hibbert had obtained it of Mr. Singer at the price of 100 guineas; but the above volume, which he received in exchange, produced, at the sale of his own library, the sum of 160*l.* It is of most tremendous rarity. See *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iv. 84.

of its precursors ; but destitute of all embellishment. It concludes with a copious Index of all the “ *Authors and Editions*” described in that and the six preceding volumes. It was published at the price of 1*l.* 1*s.* ; and Messrs. Payne and Foss and Mr. Evans were the publishers. A short preface of eight pages pointed out the leading features of this extraordinary Collection. The commencement and the conclusion of the Preface may not be irrelevantly introduced in the present place. The former is as follows.

“ For the fourth and last time, I present myself to the Public as connected with the MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY, the treasures of which are in part disclosed in the present and six preceding volumes. The Noble Owner of these treasures might have been well satisfied in setting all competition at defiance even before he had made himself master of the collection, which now, under the title of the CASSANO LIBRARY, for the first time claims the public attention. But his zeal, taste, and liberal spirit, in the prosecution of that pursuit to which he has devoted the last *thirty-five* years of

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<i>Suetonius</i> , I. P. de Lignamine, 1470, folio, edit. prin. . . . .	15	15	0
———, Sw. and Pannartz, 1470, folio . . . . .	15	15	0
<i>Tacitus</i> , sine anni notâ, folio, the supposed edit. prin. . . . .	10	10	0
<i>Valerius Flaccus</i> , 1474, folio, edit. prin. . . . .	25	10	0
<i>Valerius Maximus</i> , Mentelin, edit. prin. . . . .	12	16	0
<i>Virgilius</i> , Sw. and Pann., 1469, folio, edit. prin. four leaves wanting, with the whole of the priapeia. It was otherwise in a very <i>tender</i> condition. Purchased for the Bodleian Library . . . . .	63	0	0

Upon the whole, considering the drooping state of the market; these rare and valuable books brought fair round prices. Some of them, such as the Ausonius, Horace, the second Ovid, and Silius Italicus, were exceedingly well sold.

his life, forbade him to decline the acceptance of an offer, by which the riches of his collection might be said to be increased even to repletion."

The latter runs thus :—

“ On thus taking a final leave of these magnificent and truly precious productions, of which the description has occupied nearly *three thousand pages* (including the present or seventh volume), I might be allowed to indulge a feeling of no ordinary or irrational triumph, were not that feeling embittered, in some measure, by a consideration of the caprice of public taste, and of the poverty of public patronage. At the termination of *nine years labour* (more or less diversified or interrupted) upon ONE WORK—of which I will fearlessly predict its duration for the ordinary limits of human fame—the principal consolation left me, is, the conviction that my time and occupations have been honestly and usefully devoted. When the STUDY of BIBLIOGRAPHY shall be more generally cultivated, its uses will be more generally acknowledged. It will be found to rank among those branches of antiquarian research which are as conducive to correct taste and useful intelligence as any other; nor can *that* department of literature be considered as mean and unprofitable, which has been dignified by the publications of such men as MORHOF and FABRICIUS—names, that rank among the most eminent of those of foreign Bibliographers.

“ But mixed as may be my feelings on a reflection of *this* nature, they are, in *another* point of view, gratifying and pure. I have done everything in my power to establish, on a firm foundation, the celebrity of a LIBRARY of which the remembrance can only perish with every other record of individual fame. I will say nothing of the high and honourable character of its NOBLE OWNER, either in his public or private capacity; but I may be permitted to remark, that it is even possible for the names of COLBERT and HARLEY to be forgotten, as *Ministers*, while they will be for ever

remembered as COLLECTORS of MANUSCRIPTS and of PRINTED BOOKS.—*Kensington, May 1, 1823.*”

A note is subjoined, chiefly in observing upon the strange and groundless attack of a foreign bibliographer and critic, the late Mr. EBERT, upon the low state of Bibliography in Great Britain. Poor Ebert perished untimely; but in his vocation—and, as it were, “on the field of battle\*.” The cold phlegm of the German critic may be well contrasted with the warm eulogy of another foreigner—among the most diligent, exact, and distinguished of living Bibliographers †. That eulogy is in part as follows:—“Cet ouvrage, imprimé magnifiquement sur très beau papier vélin, est sans nul doute le Catalogue le plus curieux qu’on ait jamais publié.”...“Ainsi, que l’atteste ce Catalogue, la bibliothèque de LORD SPEN-

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\* He was mounted very high upon a ladder in the library, and stretching out his arm to replace a book, he lost his balance, and fell precipitously upon the floor, and, as I learn, scarcely breathed a second time. His death was undoubtedly a loss, in its way. Ebert came from Dresden to Wolfenbütel, where he was librarian of the public library. Here he must have often had within his hands the *Book of Fables*, with coarse wood cuts, printed by Pfister; of which most curious and uncommon book, replaced there, from Paris, by the victorious armies of the allies in 1815, no other copy was ever known to have existed. Ebert was of all gropers among books, rather than of bibliographers, the most incessantly diligent and active; but he was a snarler at heart; and may be classed among those doggedly and mechanically moving bipeds, among his countrymen, whose shoes are always hobnailed, and whose food is invariably sour-kroust.

† BRUNET: *Manuel du Libraire*.

CER, est *la plus riche*, peut-être, qu'ait jamais formée aucun Particulier\*.”

It remains to add, that the whole of the SPENCER LIBRARY is now concentrated at *Althorp*; and I can only, and most cordially, renew the expression—before committed to the public press<sup>2B</sup>

“ESTO PERPETUA!”

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