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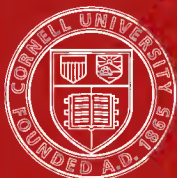
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**Bibliomania : An epistle to Richard Hebe**



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# **BIBLIOMANIA.**

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PHILADELPHIA, April, 1866.

I have had placed in my hands a small work, entitled  
"The Bibliomania; An Epistle to Richard Heber Esq., by  
John Ferriar, M. D."

It was printed by an Amateur, and contains twenty-five pages. It is on thick, tinted paper. The edition is limited to twenty-five copies, five copies of which were retained for private distribution. The balance of the edition (20 copies) are now offered for sale, at \$1.50 per copy.

JOHN CAMPBELL.











# BIBLIOMANIA.





THE  
BIBLIOMANIA.

AN EPISTLE  
TO RICHARD HEBER ESQ.

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BY  
JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
PRINTED ON THE HAWTHORNE PRESS.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

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JOHN FERRIAR, the author of the poetical epistle on *Bibliomania*, to which this sketch is subjoined, was born in the city of Chester, England, in the year 1764, and evinced at quite an early age a taste for reading and composition, which later in life, when added to the fruits of study and research, was to render him quite remarkable as a writer on science and polite literature. Deciding to embrace the medical profession, he pursued his studies with great credit and zeal at the University of Edinburgh, and after taking his degree, settled at Manchester, England. Of the first years of his practice we have little account, but presume it did not vary materially from the experience of nearly every one entering this difficult profession, where unrequited toil and perseverance of the highest order, united with constant study and observation, are necessary to attain even the first rounds of the medical ladder which leads to fame.

That he was more or less successful and gained the good opinion of his professional brethren is shown by his election to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Asylum, in which he took a great interest, and embodied the result of his studies and observations in his future writings. The Philosophical Society of Manchester also claimed his attention, and many valuable papers on science were contributed by him at different times to its proceedings, some of these being afterwards published separately; but it is of his principal work, entitled "Illustrations of Sterne," that we would speak, as exhibiting best the characteristics of the author. Sir Walter Scott thus writes of him: "If we propose to look closely at the style of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar, who with the most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his peculiar expressions." The old French novelists, the inimitable author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy,"—Robert Burton, Bacon, Montaigne, Bishop Hall, and other writers, are proved to have been largely drawn upon by Sterne, and used in the composition of those great works of genius which have immortalized their author. A second edition was published in 1812, to which were added many pieces in prose and verse. Of his "Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions," the Gentleman's Magazine, to which I am indebted for many of the above facts, thus remarks: "That without exhibiting any claims to absolute

novelty of opinion, it displays some acute and ingenious speculations on the probable origin of spectral appearances in mental hallucinations, and contains narratives adapted to illustrate the arguments of the essayist." We now come to perhaps the most charming of all the productions of Ferriar, his *Bibliomania*, addressed to his friend and fellow lover of books, Richard Heber, of whose wonderful collection of upwards of 100,000 volumes who has not heard! The success of the *Bibliomania* was so great as to suggest to Dr. Dibden his work of the same name. He thus speaks of Dr. Ferriar's work: "I will not, however disguise to you that I read it with uniform delight, and that I rose from the perusal with a keen appetite for 'The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold.'" Beloved by all who knew him, after a well spent life, Dr. Ferriar died in the year 1815 — aged fifty-one years. The following list of his works, taken from Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, will attest to his literary industry:

#### LIST OF WORKS BY DR. FERRIAR:

1. *The Prince of Angola*; a Tragedy, altered from the Play of *Oroonoko*. London, 1788, 8vo.
2. *Medical Histories and Reflections*, 1792-8, 3 vols. 8vo. 2nd edition, 1810, 3 vols. 8vo.
3. *Illustrations of Sterne*, with other Essays and

Verses. Manchester, 1798, 8vo. 2nd. edition, London, 1812, 2 vols. 12mo.

4. Foxglove. Manchester, 1799, 12mo.

5. Bibliomania, an Epistle to Richard Heber Esq., London, 1809, 8vo., and in 2nd. edition of "Illustrations of Sterne."

I. N.

1424 Walnut St.

THE BIBLIOMANIA ; AN EPISTLE,  
TO  
RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

---

WHAT wild desires, what restless torments seize  
The hapless man, who feels the book-disease,  
If niggard Fortune cramp his gen'rous mind,  
And Prudence quench the Spark by heaven assign'd!  
With wistful glance his aching eyes behold  
The Princeps-copy, clad in blue and gold,  
Where the tall Book-case, with partition thin,  
Displays, yet guards the tempting charms within:  
So great Facardin view'd, as sages tell,  
Fair Crystalline immur'd in lucid cell.

Not thus the few, by happier fortune grac'd,  
And blest, like you, with talents, wealth and taste,  
Who gather nobly, with judicious hand,  
The Muse's treasures from each letter'd strand.  
For you the Monk illum'd his pictur'd page,  
For you the press defies the Spoils of age;

Faustus for you infernal torments bore,  
 For you Erasmus starv'd on Adria's shore.  
 The Folio-Aldus loads your happy Shelves,  
 And dapper Elzevirs, like fairy elves,  
 Shew their light forms amidst the well-gilt Twelves:  
 In slender type the Giolitos shine,  
 And bold Bodoni stamps his Roman line.  
 For you the Louvre opens its regal doors,  
 And either Didot lends his brilliant stores:  
 With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright,  
 Ibarra's Quixote charms your ravish'd sight:  
 Laborde in splendid tablets shall explain  
 Thy beauties, glorious tho' unhappy Spain!  
 O, hallowed name, the theme of future years,  
 Embalm'd in Patriot blood, and England's tears,  
 Be thine fresh honours from the tuneful tongue,  
 By Isis' streams which mourning Zion sung!  
 But devious oft' from ev'ry classic Muse,  
 The keen Collector meaner paths will choose:  
 And first the Margin's breadth his soul employs,  
 Pure, snowy, broad, the type of nobler joys.  
 In vain might Homer roll the tide of song,  
 Or Horace smile, or Tully charm the throng;  
 If crost by Pallas' ire, the trenchant blade



Or too oblique, or near, the edge invade,  
The Bibliomane exclaims, with haggard eye,  
"No margin!" turns in haste, and scorns to buy.  
He turns to where Pybus rears his Atlas-head,  
Or Madoc's mass conceals its veins of lead.  
The glossy lines in polish'd order stand,  
While the vast margin spreads on either hand,  
Like Russian wastes, that edge the frozen deep,  
Chill with pale glare, and lull to mortal sleep.

Or English books, neglected and forgot,  
Excite his wish in many a dirty lot:  
Whatever trash Midwinter gave to day,  
Or Harper's rhiming sons, in paper grey.  
At ev'ry auction, bent on fresh supplies,  
He eons his Catalogue with anxious eyes:  
Where'er the slim Italics mark the page,  
"Curious and rare" his ardent mind engage.  
Unlike the Swans, in Tuscan song display'd,  
He hovers eager o'er Oblivion's Shade,  
To snatch obscurest names from endless night,  
And give Cokain or Fletcher back to light.  
In red morocco drest he loves to boast  
The bloody murder, or the yelling ghost;  
Or dismal ballads, sung to crowds of old,

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.  
Yet to th' unhonor'd dead be Satire just;  
Some flow'rs "smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."  
'Tis thus that ev'n Shirley boasts a golden line,  
And Lovelace strikes, by fits, a note divine.  
Th' unequal gleams like midnight-lightnings play,  
And deepen'd gloom succeeds, in place of day.

But human bliss still meets some envious storm;  
He droops to view his Paynter's mangled form:  
Presumptuous grief, while pensive Taste repines  
O'er the frail relics of her Attic Shrines!  
O for that power, for which magicians vye,  
To look through earth, and secret hoards descry!  
I'd spurn such gems as Marinel beheld,  
And all the wealth Alladin's cavern held,  
Might I divine in what mysterious gloom  
The rolls of sacred bards have found their tomb:  
Beneath what mould'ring tower, or waste champain,  
Is hid Menander, sweetest of the train;  
Where rests Antimachus' forgotten lyre,  
Where gentle Sappho's still seductive fire;  
Or he, whom chief the laughing Muses own,  
Yet skill'd with softest accents to bemoan  
Sweet Phiomel, in strains so like her own.

The menial train has prov'd the Scourge of wit,  
Ev'n Omar burnt less Science than the spit.  
Earthquakes and wars remit their deadly rage,  
But ev'ry feast demands some fated page.  
Ye Towers of Julius, ye alone remain  
Of all the piles that saw our nation's stain,  
When Harry's sway opprest the groaning realm,  
And Lust and Rapine seiz'd the wav'ring helm.  
Then ruffian-hands defaced the sacred fanes,  
Their saintly statues, and their storied panes;  
Then from the chest, with ancient art embost,  
The Penman's pious scrolls were rudely tost;  
Then richest manuscripts, profusely spread,  
The brawny Churl's devouring Oven fed:  
And thence Collectors date the heav'nly ire,  
That wrapt Augusta's domes in sheets of fire.

Taste, tho' misled, may yet some purpose gain,  
But Fashion guides a book-compelling train.  
Once, far apart from Learning's moping crew,  
The travell'd beau display'd his red-heel'd shoe,  
Till Orford rose, and told of rhyming Peers,  
Repeating noble words to polish'd ears;  
Taught the gay crowd to prize a flutt'ring name,  
In trifling toil'd, nor "blush'd to find it fame."

The letter'd fop now takes a larger scope,  
 With classic furniture, design'd by Hope.  
 Now warm'd by Orford, and by Granger school'd  
 In Paper books, superbly gilt and tool'd,  
 He pastes, from injur'd volumes snipt away,  
 His English Heads, in chronieled array.  
 Torn from their destin'd page, (unworthy meed  
 Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed,)  
 Not Faithorne's stroke, nor Field's own types can save  
 The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle brave.  
 Indignant readers seek the image fled,  
 And curse the fool who wants a head.

Proudly he shews, with many a smile elate,  
 The scrambling subjects of the private plate;  
 While Time their actions and their names bereaves,  
 They grin for ever in the guarded leaves.

Like Poets, born, in vain Collectors strive  
 To cross their Fate, and learn the art to thrive.  
 Like Cacus, bent to tame their struggling will,  
 The tyrant-passion drags them backward still:  
 Ev'n I debarr'd of ease, and studious hours,  
 Confess, mid anxious toil, its lurking pow'rs.  
 How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold  
 The small, rare volume, blaek with tarnish'd gold!

The Eye skims restless, like the roving bee,  
O'er flowers of wit, or song or repartee,  
While sweet as Springs, new-bubbling from the stone,  
Glides through the breast some pleasing theme unknown.  
Now dipt in Rossi's terse and classic style,  
His harmless tales awake a transient smile.  
Now Bouchet's motley stores my thoughts arrest,  
With wond'rous reading, and with learned jest.  
Bouchet whose tomes a grateful line demand,  
The valued gift of Stanley's lib'ral hand.  
Now sadly pleased, through faded Rome I stray,  
And mix regrets with gentle Du Bellay;  
Or turn, with keen delight, the curious page;  
Where hardy Pasquin braves the Pontiff's rage.

As in the fragrant garden blooms the rose,  
So my rich manuscript in crimson glows.  
"Sweet," cries the Sage, "to view the infant-dress,  
The first rude efforts of the dawning press!"  
But sweeter far to me these bright designs,  
Ere Caxton's blocks imprest their clumsy lines.  
"But oh! my muse," what madness would engage  
To sing the minature, and vellum-page?  
Steal from some happy bard a spark of fire,  
Whose never-check'd descriptions never tire!

“Pictures a score this curious work adorn,  
Of men esteem'd in learning's early morn.  
On vellum stands inscrib'd each sage's name,  
Their portraits rich with gold and minium flame;  
Some walk in gardens trim, or books peruse,  
Or white-rob'd bards address a Gothic muse,  
No brisk, deep-bosom'd, Attic maiden she,  
But starch and prim, and scarcely fair to see.  
Square beards, and long-ear'd caps, and furs abound,  
And decent robes depending sweep the ground;  
Nay, strange extreme of fashion's sov'reign rule,  
Some hold what belles have term'd a Ridicule.  
(The lovely triflers think not as they trip,  
Their bag was fashion'd from the Cynic's scrip.)

Then happy seats appear in beauteous dyes,  
The softest verdure, and the clearest skies;  
Stately and fair the porch and airy hall,  
And costly tapestry cloathes the naked wall.  
St. Gregory hard at study there I spy,  
His glory and tiara strike the eye;  
His books well-bound, with many a gilded spot,  
A clever reading-desk has Gregory got!  
Had the tenth Leo thus his leisure spent  
We yet had pray'd in Latin, and kept Lent.

But greater bliss the charming picture fills,  
When golden sun-beams smile on verdant hills,  
Or soft retreats in flow'ry vales are made,  
Where the young forest rears its tender shade.  
Then at a safe distance pinnacles are seen,  
And glitt'ring towers surmount the swelling green;  
Gay belts of war! the city's specious pride,  
Which sullen cares, and quiv'ring anguish hide.  
For near the lofty fane or op'ning square,  
The sad blind alley teems with hopeless care.  
Dire, in those ancient times, the wretch's plight,  
Ere the dim pane transmitted scanty light:  
When ill-joined shutters barr'd the longing view,  
And where light flow'd, the winter enter'd too,  
As shiv'ring hands the wooden leaf withdrew.  
Their's was the shapeless bolt, the dunghill-floor,  
And blacken'd thatch the humble eaves peep'd o'er:  
Without, the putrid kennel chok'd the way,  
And all was filth, disgust, and deep dismay,  
No ballads then bedeck'd the lab'rer's cot,  
Nor Francis Moore foreboded cold or hot:  
Whose euts grotesque, and artless rhymes supply,  
(What ev'n the poor require) the poor man's library.  
More solid good the mystic church withheld;

Their eyes the sacred volume ne'er beheld,  
Save when at church the reader turn'd with care,  
The glitt'ring leaves, and spoke the foreign prayer:  
With doubtful hope the pauper's bosom beat,  
He left, unedified, his gloomy seat.

Or when the Freer, on some high festal day  
Would relies rare, and miracles display;  
And prate, as tell the sly Italian drolls,  
Of Gabriel's feather, or St. Lawrence's coals.  
In sin the wretch might live, in sin might die;  
Give money — money, was the preacher's cry.

Then light arose — the darkling cot was blest,  
When Tindal's volume came, a hoarded guest.  
Fierce; whisker'd guards that volume sought in vain,  
Enjoy'd by stealth, and hid with anxious pain,  
While all around was penury and gloom,  
It shew'd the boundless bliss beyond the tomb;  
Freed from the venal priest, the feudal rod,  
It led the suff'rer's weary steps to God;  
And when his painful course on earth was run,  
This, his sole wealth, descended to his son.

Now, when no tyrant-statutes cramp belief,  
When Smithfield's only martyrs are its beef,  
Amidst the crowds whom rarer books entice,



Still Tindal's Bible is a gem of price.  
True, the blest owner now no longer fears  
The bishop's summons thund'ring in his ears,  
No more he turns the leaves with trembling hope,  
Or dreads lest Satan come, in guise of Pope;  
On that stout shelf, where ev'n Polemics sleep,  
He shews its boards, inclosed in lasting shecp.  
There long untouch'd may Tindal's labours lie,  
For book-collectors read not what they buy."

Can I forget my Cassia's? fav'rite theme!  
Where truth exceeds Romance's boldest dream.  
In those rude wilds, by wand'ers scarcely trod,  
Before the pencil, Faney drops her rod;  
O'craw'd she sees transcendant nature reign,  
And trembling copies what she dar'd not feign.

But scarcer books had kept their station here,  
Had warning Cynthus touch'd my infant-ear,  
And shew'd the grave collector's toil employ'd,  
To gain the works my childish sport destroy'd.  
Parismus then had shone in decent pride,  
And bold St. George, with Sabra at his side:  
And Reynard's wiles, by learned clerks pourtray'd,  
Dame Partlet wrong'd, and Isgrim sore bewray'd:  
And eke that code, of wit the peerless store,

Where peruk'd beaux their hooded dames adore.  
These once were mine, till, reckless of their scope,  
I left their charms for Milton and for Pope.  
And who can say, what books, matur'd by age,  
May tempt, in future days, the reader's rage?  
How, flush'd with joy, the Bibliomane may shew  
His Carrs uncut and Cottles, fair in row;  
May point, with conscious pride, to env'ying throngs  
His Holcroft's dramas, and his Dimond's songs?  
So winter-apples, by the prudent Dame  
Are hoarded late, and wither into fame.  
So Antiquarians pierce the Barrow's soil,  
And loads of crockery pay their learned toil;  
The wond'rous fragments rich museums grace,  
And ev'ry Pipkin rises up a Vase.

With deep concern, the curious bid me tell,  
Why no Black-Letter dignifies my cell:  
No Caxton? Pynson? in defence I plead  
One simple fact; I only buy to read.  
I leave to those whom headstrong fashion rules,  
Dame Julian Berners, and the Ship of Fools;  
The cheapest page of wit, or genuine sense  
Outweighs the uncut copy's wild expense.  
What coxcomb would avow th' absurd excess,

To choose his friends, not for their parts, but dress?  
Yet the choice Bard becomes some ancient stains;  
I love, in Gothic type, my Chaucer's strains;  
And Spencer's dulcet song as deeply charms,  
When his light folio boasts Eliza's arms.  
Nay doubly fair the Aldine pages seem,  
Where, broadly gilt, illumin'd letters gleam.  
For stupid prose my fancy never throbs,  
In spite of vellum-leaves, or silver knobs.

But D——n's strains should tell the sad reverse,  
When Business calls, invet'rate foe to verse!  
Tell how "the Demon claps his iron hands,"  
"Waves his lank locks, and scours along the lands,"  
Through wintry blasts, or summer's fire I go,  
To scenes of danger, and to sights of woe.  
Ev'n when to Margate ev'ry cockney roves,  
And brainsick poets long for shelt'ring groves,  
Whose lofty shades exclude the noontide glow,  
While Zephyrs breathe, and waters trill below,  
Me rigid fate averts, by tasks like these,  
From heav'nly musings, and from letter'd ease.

Such wholesome checks the better Genius sends,  
From dire rehearsals to protect our friends:  
Else when the social rites our joys renew,

The stuff'd Portfolio would alarm your view,  
Whence volleying rhymes your patience would o'ercome,  
And, spite of kindness, drive you early home.  
So when the traveller's hasty footsteps glide  
Near smoking lava, on Vesuvio's side,  
Hoarse-mutt'ring thunders from the depths proceed,  
And spouting fires incite his eager speed.  
Appall'd he flies, while rattling show'rs invade,  
Invoking ev'ry Saint for instant aid:  
Breathless, amaz'd, he seeks the distant shore,  
And vows to tempt the dang'rous gulph no more.

Notes to "The Bibliomania."



## Notes to "The Bibliomania."

—Page 1, line 9. "Sages." Count Hamilton, in the *Quatre Facardins*, and Mr. M. Lewis, in his *Tales of Romance*.

—page 2, line 2. "For you Erasmus starv'd on Adria's shore." See the "*Opulentia Sordida*," in his *Colloquies*, where he complains so feelingly of the spare Venetian diet.

—page 3, line 9. It may be said that Quintilian recommends margins; but it is with a view to their being occasionally occupied: *Debet vacare etiam locus, in quo notentur quæ scribentibus solent extra ordinem, id est ex aliis quam qui sunt in manibus loci, occurrere. Irrumpunt enim optimi nonnunquam Sensus, quos neque inserere oportet, neque differre tutum est.*

Inst. Lib. x. C. 3.

He was therefore no Margin-man, in the modern sense.

—page 3, line 21. "Fletcher." A translator of *Martial*. A very bad Poet, but exceedingly scarce.

—page 4, line 3. The original of this quotation is as follows:

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

Perhaps Shirley had in view this passage of Persius:

Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla  
Nascentur Violæ?

Sat. 1, l. 37.

—page 4, line 14. "Marincl." See Faerie Queen.

—page 4, line 22. "Or he, whom chief the laughing Muses own." Aristophanes.

—page 4, line 24. "Sweet Philomel." See the exquisite hymn of Aristophanes to the Nightingale, in his "Birds." Brunck supposes these charming verses to have been intended as a parody on a passage in the *Helena* of Euripides. If Aristophanes designed his hymn as a burlesque, the effect of it is totally lost on a modern reader. He appears to have rivalled Euripides, in this instance, in his own style; and if, on other occasions, he has severely scrutinized the defects, he has here seized the peculiar beauties of that writer.

—page 5, line 5. "Ye Towers of Julius." Gray,



—page 5, line 16. “That wrapt Augusta’s domes in sheets of fire.” The fire of London.

—page 5, line 18. Cloud-compelling Jove. —Pope’s Iliad.

—page 5, line 22.

—————gaudent prænominē molles  
Auriculæ.

JUVENAL.

—page 6, line 10. “The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle brave.” Three fine heads, for the sake of which, the beautiful and interesting Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere have been mutilated by Collectors of English portraits.

—page 7, line 5. Generally known by the name of Janus Nicius Erythræus. The allusion is to his Pinacotheca.

—page 7, line 9. Les Serees de Guillaume Bouchet, a book of uncommon rarity. I possess a handsome copy, by the kindness of Colonel Stanley.

—page 7, line 12. Les Regrets, by Joachim du Bellay, contain a most amusing and instructive Account of Rome, in the 16th Century.

—page 7, line 14. Pasquillorum tomi duo.

—page 7, line 16. Les dicts Moraux des Philosophes, an illuminated manuscript; dated 1473. See Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, for an account of this work.

—page 7, line 21. This quotation is from Addison.

—page 11, line 10. *Voyage Pittoresque de l' Istrie et de la Dalmatie*.

—page 11, line 20. *History of Parismus and Parismenos*, once a child's book, now exceedingly scarce and dear.

—page 11, line 21. *History of the Seven Champions*.

—page 11, line 22. *History of Reynard the Fox*, very scarce and dear.

—page 11, line 24 *Academy of Compliments*, very curious and rare.

THE END.

















