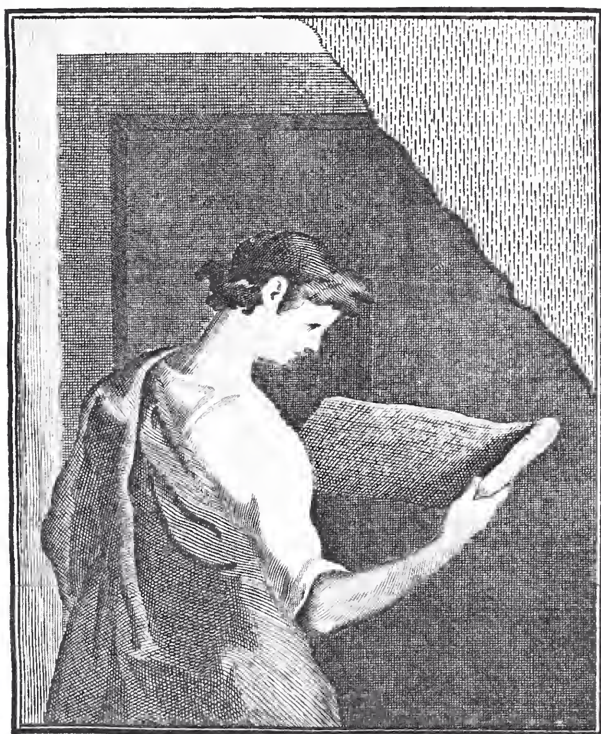

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A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF BIBLIOGRAPHY
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EDITED BY J. Y. W. MACALISTER AND
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IN COLLABORATION WITH

KONRAD BURGER
LÉOPOLD DELISLE MELVIL DEWEY
RICHARD GARNETT

S II

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RECENT ENGLISH PURCHASES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MONG the smaller innovations made by Dr. Garnett during his tenure of the Keepership of Printed Books at the British Museum, not the least happy was that of setting aside one of the show-cases in the King's Library for the exhibition for a few months at a time of the more interesting books recently acquired by purchase or presentation. Of late years one half of the case has usually been devoted to foreign books, mostly specimens of early printing, the other to English ones, mostly coming within the limits of the special catalogue of English books published before the end of the year 1640. The present contents of the English half of the show-case may serve as a text for an article dealing with the additions made to the Museum collection of books of this class during recent years.

Every collector, from the schoolboy who finds his first thousand postage-stamps so much more easy to gather than his second, has his own personal experience of that 'law of diminishing opportunity' which makes the difficulty of adding to it almost the

best test of the wealth of a collection. Among the 'Notable Books' acquired by the British Museum during Dr. Garnett's Keepership were no fewer than five Caxtons; since his retirement not a single book by that printer which the Museum lacked has come into the market. The only fifteenth century English purchases it has been possible to make have been those of one of Machlinia's editions of the Treatise against the Pestilence attributed to Canutus, Bishop of Aarhus, and of the 'Doctrinale' of Alexander Gallus printed by Pynson in November, 1492, now exhibited. With regard to this latter book I am glad of the chance of apologizing to Mr. H. R. Plomer and to the readers of his 'Short History of English Printing' for having misled him into stating in 1900 that it had been acquired by the John Rylands Library. As a matter of fact the negotiations for its purchase which had been opened by Mr. Gordon Duff had fallen through, owing to the trustees of the Appleby Grammar School finding that special legal sanction was needed for the sale. When at last all formalities had been fulfilled the trustees preferred to dispose of the book by auction rather than by private treaty, and were certainly justified in the course they took by the high price realized. The interest of the book lies solely in the fact that it is the first, not which Pynson printed (for his edition of the 'Canterbury Tales' is probably earlier), but in which he placed a date, an honour previously ascribed to his 1493 edition of 'Dives and Pauper.' That Pynson's first dated book should be in the national library is obviously right, but as the British Museum already possessed the

'Dives and Pauper,' the discovery of a still earlier book which had to be purchased at a high price might almost be regarded as a calamity.

The next book in point of date in the little exhibition is a fragment containing ninety-eight leaves of the 'Arte or crafte to liue well and to die well,' translated by Andrew Chertsey, the printing of which was finished by Wynkyn de Worde 21st January, 1505-6. The University Library, Cambridge, possesses a not very much larger fragment, but (as far as I know) no copy approaching completeness is in existence, and the two fragments extant are so much alike in their contents that they are of little use in supplementing each other. This misfortune is lightened by the book being a translation from the French 'Art de Bien vivre et de bien mourir,' published by Vérard in 1492, of which a fine copy was acquired at the Seillière sale in 1891 by the British Museum, which also possesses a much less imperfect copy of an earlier translation issued by Vérard himself. From the colophon of De Worde's edition we get a list of the different sections of which it was composed. This runs:

Here endeth the treatyse of the arte or crafte to liue well and to die well. With the nedyll of the fere diuyne. Of the paynes of hell and of purgatorye, and of the joys of paradyse. Of the vii. sacramentes of the holy chirch. Of the comynge of antecryst. And of the fyftene sygnes comynge before the grete jugement generall of God. xxi January in the year MCCCCV.

The pictures of the pains of hell and of purgatory, of the fifteen tokens of Judgement and of the administration of the sacraments provided abundant

themes for Vérard's artists, and most of De Worde's cuts are close, though rather clumsy, copies from the French. The book, moreover, is of interest not only for its own sake and for its illustrations, but as an instance of the reprisals by which both Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson defended their English market against the foreign competition to which the Act of Richard III, permitting the free importation and sale of books printed abroad, had given encouragement. In the final sentence of his last set of Sandars lectures Mr. Gordon Duff has treated this Act as the mainstay of the excellence of English printing, and its repeal by Henry VIII as responsible for a great falling off in the standard of craftsmanship, due to the removal of the spur of competition. For myself I approve the Act of Richard III only because books are the raw materials of scholarship, and as scholarship is of more importance than printing it was well that it was fostered, even though, as I believe, the effects of the Act on the English book trade were precisely the opposite of what Mr. Duff depicts. While it was in force, there was practically no learned printing of any kind in England, and the ideals of English printers were mostly limited to making a penny, where they could, by publishing popular books of devotion, domestic medicine and the like. Even in this field, however, they encountered foreign competition from Gerard Leeu, from John of Doesborch, and from that not too scrupulous French publisher, Antoine Vérard. Though I have given him this epithet it is only right to say that as regards the English market Vérard behaved more fairly than Leeu, who had

reprinted books of Caxton's, inasmuch as his three popular English books, the 'Art of good living and good dying,' the 'Kalendar of Shepherds,' and Barclay's 'Castle of Labour'[1] were all translations from the French, and illustrated with cuts made for his French editions. He was thus only attempting, in the modern phrase, to reserve the right of translation. Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde, both of them slow to take up novelties, may in this case as in others have simply reckoned a reprint of a successful book as a good investment, but it is at least possible that they thought that to bring out London editions of his English books was the best plan of cooling Vérard's enthusiasm for such ventures. At any rate Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde, and also Julyan Notary all brought out editions of the 'Kalendar of Shepherds'; Pynson and De Worde both reprinted the 'Castle of Labour,' and here we find De Worde bringing out a rival translation of the 'Art or Craft to live well and to die well.' Clearly under these circumstances no French publisher could hope for more than a temporary market for any English translations he might issue, and this particular form of competition seems to have been abandoned.

Another book recently acquired by the British Museum shows De Worde again attempting to make a hit with a translation of a popular foreign book. This time his choice seems to have been influenced by his patroness, 'the excellent prynces Margarette countesse of Rychemonde and Derby

[1] Our knowledge of Vérard's edition of the book is due to the discovery of a leaf of it among the Bagford fragments, by Mr. Gordon Duff.

and grandame vnto our moost naturall souerayne lorde Kynge Henry yᵉ viii.,' who appears either not to have known of Alexander Barclay's verse translation of Brant's 'Stultifera Navis,' or to have been dissatisfied with it. At any rate, at her 'entysement and exhortacyon' De Worde commissioned one of his odd men, Henry Watson, to make a new rendering. Watson having, as he tells us, 'consydered that the one delyteth hym in Latyn, the other in Frensshe, some in ryme and the other in prose' made his task easy for himself by giving it the form of a prose translation from the French, only prefixing a single stanza of verse to the character of each fool. The merit of Barclay's version is not extraordinarily high, but if the Lady Margaret preferred the rival rendering she had called into being, her literary taste was much at fault. Here, for instance, is the beginning of Watson's version of the famous character of the Book-Fool:

I am the fyrste in the shyppe vagaunte with the other fooles. I tourne and hyse the cordes of the shyppe saylynge ferre within the see. I am founded full euyll in wytte and in reason. I am a grete foole for to affye me in a grete multytude of bokes. I desyre alway and appetyteth newe inuencyons compyled mystycally, and newe bookes, in the whiche I can not comprehende the substanuce [*sic*], nor vnderstande no thynge. But I doo my besy cure for to kepe them honestly frome poudre & dust. I make my lectrons and my deskes clene rygh [*sic*] often. My mansyon is all repylnysshed [*sic*] with bokes. I solace me ryght often for to se them open without ony thynge compylynge out of them.

This is poor stuff, and indeed the interest of Wat-

son's book, over and above its offering some strange words for the Oxford English Dictionary, lies chiefly in the fact that such a rival rendering to Barclay's was possible. De Worde does not seem to have been proud of his venture, for the cuts with which he graced it are but feeble imitation of Brant's, and, as our short quotation shows, the book is very carelessly printed. Even in the colophon we find 'London' misprinted as 'Londod.' The year of issue was 1517.

With these books of Wynkyn de Worde's we may mention one both written and printed by his ally, Robert Copland—'The Hye Way to the Spyttell House'—which he 'emprynted at London in the Flete street at the Rose Garland' but without setting a date to it. The poem contains a talk between the porter of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Copland, who has sought refuge in its porch from a November storm. Much as a modern journalist might do, Copland began questioning the porter as to the sort of people who were admitted to the benefit of the hospital, and though a long account of the book is given by Herbert, one passage which he does not quote may be given here to show how eternal are the problems of Darkest London. Copland asks the porter:

> But syr, I pray you of your goodnes and fauour,
>   Tell me which ye leaue and which ye do socour?
> For I haue sene at sondry hospytalles
>   That many haue lyen dead without the walles,
> And for lacke of socour haue dyed wretchedly,
>   Vnto your foundacyon, I thynke contrary.
> Moche people resorte here and haue lodgyng,

But yet I maruell greatly of one thyng,
That in the nyght so many lodge without:
For in the watche whan that we go about,
Under the stalles, in porches and in doores—
I wot not whether they be theues or hoores,
But surely euery nyght there is found
One or other lyeng by the pound.
In the shepe cootes, or in the hey loft,
And at saynt Barthylmews chyrch doore full oft.
And euen here alway, by this brycke wall,
We do them fynd, that do both chyde and brall.
And lyke as beastes togyder they be throng,
Bothe lame and seke, and hole them among,
And in many corners where that we go.
Wherof I wondre greatly why they do so.
But oftymes whan that they us se,
They do renne a great deal faster than we.

Here we have apparently Copland's own experiences when taking his turn at the watch, and here, too, one of the earliest descriptions, certainly the earliest description of a literary kind, of the casual sleepers-out who still infest the streets in bitter weather as well as fine.

A fragment of two leaves of the 'Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde, may, perhaps, be mentioned here, as in the case of a tract of eight leaves, of which but a single copy is known, even a fragment becomes valuable. The only perfect copy, now in private ownership, once belonged to Heber, who possessed also the companion 'Compleynt of them that be to soone maryed,' which ends:

Fynysshed and done the yere of our lorde
A thousande . ccccc. and xxxv. at London

Enprynted also by Wynkyn de Worde
In Fletestrete at the sygne of the son.

The date 1535 here given is distinctly surprising as De Worde died in 1534, though we have an 'Aesop' of his dated the following year. The 'Complaint of the Too Late Married,' is undated, but the binding in which it was found (a volume of Italian tracts) contained also an English Prognostication for the year 1517, printed at Antwerp by 'Nicolas the graue,' and I should think that 1517 is a much better date for at least this 'Complaint' than 1535, though one would imagine that they were issued with no long interval between them. Who was the author of these English tracts is not known. We naturally suspect Copland of complicity in any stray verses printed by De Worde, and these seem neither too good nor too bad for him. The 'Too Late Married' is a translation of 'La complainte de trop tard marie faicte et composee par Pierre Gringore,' who was himself married in 1518, but it is too conventional to have any personal bearing.

Another fragment of considerable interest has lately been acquired from Germany. This is a portion of a ballad at the end of which is the mark of John Rastell. The fragment begins with part of the music of the ballad, the music type used being likely to cause some controversy among musical antiquaries, and beneath the notes are the words:

awey mornyng awey I am forsake Another ys take no lenger morne I may.

After this there follow these four stanzas, the metre of which will be at once recognized as similar to that of the 'Nut Brown Maid,' first printed in 'Arnold's Chronicle' about 1503.

Now she that I. Louyd trewly. Beryth a full fayre face
Hath chosen her. A new louer. God send her euyll grace.
Syth she ys gone. Remedye none. There ys that I can sey
Wherfore I synge. Away mornynge. All thought & care
awey.

I woyd her. In goode maner. Grete loue tyll her I had
This fayre woma*n*. She letyd tha*n*. As though she had be
glade.
But at the last. She pleyd a cast. And grauntyd vn to me
In wynd & wedder. To were a fether. Hyt wyll no
better be.

At your [*sic*] metige [*sic*]. And last partynge. She gaue
me a p*ro*ude skorne
And saeyd that I. was a semely. Persone to were an horne
Wherfore I sey. In ernyst & play. To mach with such a
make
A thousand fold. yet rather I wold. The deuyll had her
take.

I haue her lost. For all my cost. Yet for all that I trowe
I haue perchau*n*ce. A fayre ryddau*n*ce. And am quyt of
a shrew.
I sey no more. I can no more. The mone ys at the full
That all his lyfe. Hath a shrewde wyfe. He hath a crowe
to pull.

If anyone can give any help to identifying this ballad and its author I shall be very grateful.

I come now to a little English New Testament, of which nothing hitherto has been known, while

its interest is of quite a special kind. All students of the history of the English Bible have heard of the New Testament printed at Antwerp by the 'wydowe of Christoffel of Endhouen,' in August, 1534, which, while professing to be a 'diligently oversene and corrected' edition of Tindale's version, contained important innovations introduced without his consent or knowledge by George Joye. Of these innovations there was one, the substitution in certain places of the phrase 'the life after this life' for the word 'resurrection,' which infuriated Tindale, and not without reason, since it raised a doctrinal question of importance, which must have increased the difficulty already experienced in getting the book circulated in England. In the following November Tindale brought out his own revised edition, printed for him by 'Martin Emperour,' also at Antwerp, and in an additional preface headed 'Willyam Tindale yet once more to the christen reader,' he expressed his opinion of Joye's conduct.

'Thou shalt vnderstonde, moost dere reader,' so his protest begins, 'when I had taken in hande to looke ouer the new testament agayne and to compare it with ye greke, and to mende whatsoeuer I could fynde amysse and had almost fynesshed ye laboure; George Joye secretly toke in hand to correct it also, by what occasyon his conscyence knoweth: and prevented me, in so moche that his correccyon was prynted in great nombre, yer myne beganne.' He then goes on to say that at first he thought little of the matter, supposing (somewhat uncharitably) that 'a lytle spyse of couetousnes and vayne glorie (two blynde gydes) had bene ye onlye

cause that moued [Joye] so to do;' but that when he found these serious alterations, more especially that of the word Resurrection, in a book which appeared under his name, he felt a protest was needed. With unimpeachable justice he proceeds:

> But of this I chalenge George Joye, that he dyd not put his awne name thereto and call it rather his awne translacion: and that he playeth boo pepe and in some of his bookes putteth in his name and tytle, and in some kepeth it out. It is lawfull for who will to translate and shew his mynde, although a thousand had translated before him. But it is not lawfull (thynketh me) ner yet expedyent for edifienge of the vnitie of the fayth of Christ, that whosoeuer will shall by his awne auctoritie take another mannes translacion and put oute and in and chaunge at pleasure and call it a correction.

Up to the present our only knowledge of any attempt on Joye's part to reply to this onslaught has been derived from a tract of which, I believe, the only known copy is that preserved at the University Library, Cambridge, entitled:

> An Apologye made by George Joye to satisfye (if it maye be) w. tindale: to pourge and defende himself ageinst so many sclaunderouse lyes fayned vpon hime in Tindales vncharitable and vnsober Pystle so well worthye to be prefixed for the Reader to induce him into the vnderstanding of hys new Testament diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of oure lorde M. CCCCC. and xxxiiij. in Nouember.

In order to refute Tindale's aspersions on him, 'as one that abhorred the name of the resurrection,' this is followed by the sentence: '¶ I knowe and

beleue that the bodyes of euery dead man shall ryse agayne at domes day.' And this again, by way of controversial amenity, by a text: '¶ Psalme cxx. Lorde delyuer me from lyinge lyppes and from a deceatfull tongue. Amen.' The title-page ends with the date 1535, and the time of writing is marked more precisely at the end of the tract as 'the xxvii daye of Februarye.'

Against Tindale's main indictment Joye had no better defence than the familiar argument that if he had not behaved badly some one else would have behaved worse. Three editions of Tindale's Testament had been printed without his knowledge by printers ignorant of English, each more incorrectly than the last; a fourth edition was being begun, and Joye, who had hitherto refused to meddle, was induced by the printer to accept an offer of which his own account is as follows:

> After this (I saye) consydered, the printer came to me agen and offred me lj. stuuers and a halfe for the correcking of euery sheet of the copye, which folden contayneth xvj leaues, and for thre stuuers which is iiij. pense halpenny starling I promised to do it, so that in al I had for my labour but xiiij shylyngis flemesshe, which labour had not the goodnes of the deede and comon profyte and helpe to the readers compelled me more then the money I wolde not haue done yt for v. tymes so miche, the copie was so corrupt and especially the table: and yet saith T[indal] I did it of couetousnes: if this be couetousnes then was Tindal muche more couetouse, for he (as I her say) toke x. ponde for his correccion.

As to the changes he had made, Joye has nothing to plead except that he believed them to be

improvements, which clearly was no justification for introducing them surreptitiously into Tindale's version. But his defence here against Tindale's charge of avarice is not unsuccessful, and he succeeds also in making it appear that Tindale's anger had made him unreasonable and even shifty. Naturally so serious a quarrel had given much concern to the other reformers at Antwerp, and Joye tells us that it was arranged that each party should state his arguments and leave the matter 'vnto the jugement of the lerned in cristis chirche,' and that in the next edition of Tindale's Testament, instead of Tindale's 'vncharitable pistle,' the two men should 'salute the reders with one comon salutacion to testifye our concorde.' Upon this Joye and Tindale parted amicably; but when, after five or six days, Joye came to see Tindale's revised version of his preface, it had not been begun. After another five or six days he went again, and this time was told that the preface was so written that he could not read it, though Tindale's hand was familiar to him. On a third application Tindale raised the new point that he must have the last word, *i.e.*, that Joye must first show him his arguments, and that he was then to be allowed to deal with them, whereas Joye wished each to write what he had to say simultaneously. A fourth visit brought no change in Tindale's attitude, and the patched-up reconciliation came to an end, leaving Joye free to use some very strong expressions in his 'Apology' which he had finished on February 27th.

The foregoing explanation has been somewhat lengthy, but I hope it will enable my readers to

appreciate the interest of the facts that this newly-discovered Testament is edited by Joye, and contains besides a translation by him of the Epistles taken from the Old Testament, an address to the reader written immediately after the reconciliation between himself and Tindale, the colophon being dated January 9th, 1535, *i.e.*, just half way between Tindale's edition of November, 1534, with its indignant protest, and Joye's 'Apology' of February 27th, 1535, which marked the final stage of the quarrel.

To finish with this topic of personal interest, I will give the text of Joye's address at once, leaving other points to be dealt with later.

Unto the Reader.[1]

¶ Thus endeth the new Testamēt prynted after the copye corrected by George Joye: wherein for englisshyng thys worde Resurrectio/ the lyfe after this. W. Tindale was so sore offended that he wrote hys vncharitable pistle agenst me prefixed [*sic*] his newe corrected testament/ prynted 1534. in Nouēber/ entytled. W. T. yet once more to the Christen redere. Which pistle W. T. hath promysed before certayne men ꝛ me (or els I wolde my selfe haue defended my name ꝛ clered myselfe of those lyes ād sclaunders there writē of me) that he wolde calle agene his Pystle ād so correcte yt/ redresse yt/ ād reforme yt accordinge to my mynde that I shulde be therewyth cōtented/ ād vs bothe (as agreed) to salute the readers withe one salutacion in the same reformed pistle to be set before his testamēt now in printing. And that I/ for my parte shulde (a rekeninge and reson firste geuen of my translacion of the worde) permyt y^t vnto the iudgement of the lerned in christis chirche.

[1] [Sig. C 7 recto.]

Which thynge/ verely I do not onely gladly cõsent there to/ vpon the cõdicion on his parte/ but desyer them all to iuge expende and trye all that euer I haue or shall wryte/ by the scriptures.

[1] Let yt not therfore in the mean ceason offende the (good indifferẽt reder) nor yet auerte thy mynde nether from W. Tindale nor fro me: nor yet frõ redyng our bokis whiche teche ãd declare the very doctryne ãd Gospel of Christe/ because yt thus chaunceth vs to varye ãd cõtende for the trewe englisshing of this one worde Resurrectio in certayne places of the newe Testamẽt. For I doubt not but that God hathe so prouyded yt/ that our stryfe ãd dyssent shalbe vnto hys chirche the cause of a perfayter cõcorde ꝫ cõsent in thys mater/ Noman to thinke hence forth that the soulis departed slepe without heauen feling nether payne nor ioye vntill domes daye as the Anabaptistis dreame but to be a lyue in that lyfe after thys whithe[2]/ ãd in Christe in blysse ãd ioye in heuẽ/ as the scriptures clerely testifye. Whych verite ãd true doctrine off Christe ꝫ his apostles/ as yt is a swete ãd present cõsolacion vnto the pore afflicte persecuted and trowbled in thys worlde for Christis sake when they shall dye/ so doeth the tother false opinion and erroneouse doctryne/ that is to weit/ that they sleap out of heauen nether feling payn nor ioye/ minyster ãd geue perellous audacite ãd bolde suernes to the vngodly here to lyue styl ãd [3] continew in their wickednes/ sith they se ꝫ be so taught that after their departing there is no pynysshment but sleap ãd reste as wel as do the soulis of the good and ryghteous tyll domes daye. Which daye as some of thẽ beleue it to be very longe ere yt come/ so do many of them beleue that yt shal neuer come. Also to stryue for the knowlege of the trowth with a meke ãd godly cõtencion hathe happened vnto farre perfayter mẽ then we

---

[1] C 7 verso: with headline 'Vnto the Reader.'
[2] *Sic*, apparently for 'with.'
[3] C 8 recto: with headline as before.

be bothe/ Nether haue there bene euer any felowship so fewe and smal/ but some tyme syche breache and imperfeccion hath hapened emonge them for a lytle ceason (as I trust in god this shal not cōtinew longe betwene vs two) ye ād that euen emonge the apostles as betwene Paul ꝫ Peter/ and Paule and Bernabas.[1] This thing (I saye) may fall vpon vs also to lerne men that all men be but lyers ād maye erre/ and to warne vs that we depende not wholl vpon any mannis trāslacion nor hys doctryne nether to be sworne nor addicte to any mānis lerning/ make he neuer so holye and deuoute protestacions and prologs/ but to mesure all mennis wrytingis/ workis ād wordis wyth the infallible worde off God to whom be prayse and glory for euer.

Amen.

No doubt Joye thought this a highly conciliatory address, and it does indeed contain many excellent sentiments. But inasmuch as it also not only stigmatizes Tindale's address as 'uncharitable,' but also speaks of 'those lyes and sclaunders there writen,' it is hardly surprising that Tindale viewed it differently. The mere republication of Joye's edition taken by itself would probably have seemed to him a breach of the agreement, and when accompanied by these vigorous terms and the revival of the question of the intermediate state, his behaviour to Joye on his repeated visits seems much less unreasonable than that worthy's account of it in his 'Apology' makes out. Joye's disingenuousness, indeed, is very marked in his suppression in the 'Apology' of all mention of the fact that he had thus reprinted his offending edition, and used it also to continue the controversy while professedly seeking peace.

[1] Gala. ii: Acts, xv.

Turning now to the bibliographical description of the book, it is sad to have to record that its title-page is missing. Joye may have followed the curious wording he had used in his edition of August, 1534 ('The New Testament as it was written and caused to be written by them whiche herde yt'), but we should like to know if he made any use either of his own name or of Tindale's.

Besides the title-page, the back of which must have contained the beginning of the Almanack, ten other leaves are missing, the contents of which can be guessed with more or less certainty. With the exception of the last three sheets, which are entirely new, the book is set up page for page from the August edition, save that the printer spread his types between Pp 6 verso and Ss 7 so as to occupy an additional page, which was subsequently made up by the colophon being transferred from Bbb 1 verso to the new end of the book on C 8 verso. We can thus give the following full description:

Title missing.—Colophon: ¶ The ende of the hole new Testamēt | with the Pistles taken out of the olde | Testament/ to be red in the chirche | certayn dayes thorowt the year. | Prynted now agayne at Ant- | werpe by me Catharyn wy- | dowe/[1] in the yere of oure | lorde. M.ccccc, and | xxxv, the ix. daye of | Januarye.

472 leaves. Sigs.: ✠ a-z, A-H, Aa-Xx, Aaa-Ccc, A-C in eights. 32 lines to a page. 16°.

[Title ✠ 1a; Almanacke ✠ 1b;] Kalendar [✠ 2a]-✠ 7b; The Gospell of S. Matthew &c. to end of the Actes ✠ 8a-Xx8b; title to the Epistles of the Apostle of S. Paul, within

[1] The omission here of the words 'of Christoffel of Endhouen' is probably accidental.

a border containing the printer's mark, Aa 1^{a}, verso blank; The Epistles &c. Aa 2^{a}-[Bbb 1^{b}]; Table/ wherein you shall fynde/ the Pistelys to the Gospellys after the vse/ of Sarysbuery, Bbb ii-[Ccc 6^{b}], followed by Ccc 7 and 8, which may have been both blank; [? Title to the Pistles taken out of the olde Testament A 1;] heading to the Pistles and text A2^{a}-C6^{b}; Vnto the Reader, C7^{a}-C8^{a}; Colophon, C8^{b}.

The heading to the Epistles reads as follows:

¶ Here folow the pistles | taken out of the olde Testament/ to be | red in the chyrche certayn dayes tho: | rowt the year: trãslated by George Jo- | ye/ ꝛ cõpared with the Pistles pointed | forth ãd red in the messe boke/ and also | withe the chapiters alleged in the By- | ble: so that nowe here they may be fo- | unde easlyer then euer before. Whiche | thys my laboure in translatyng these | pistles in correcking ꝛ redressing them | to make them correspondent wyth the chapters alleged in the byble/ ãd with | the pistles red in the chirche/ whe- | ther yt be more diligent then | hathe ben shewd hitherto/ | let the indifferent re- | ders be iuges.

This copy wants sigs ✠ 1, 2, Ee 1, Bbb 1, Bbb 8-Ccc 2, Ccc 6-8, A 1.

The binding appears to be contemporary, but it must have been re-handled in the seventeenth century as there is a printed leaf at each end of much later date.

The acquisition of this hitherto unknown edition of Joye's 'corrected' version of Tindale's Testament is the more satisfactory inasmuch as the British Museum already possessed the unique copy of the edition of August, 1534, and also Tindale's edition of November of the same year, so that the newcomer completes the set. A much less satisfactory

purchase exhibited in the showcase[1] is a very imperfect copy of the first complete edition (1562) of Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, once in the possession of Francis Fry, and made up throughout with the bad 'facsimiles' beloved of that industrious bibliographer. All that can be said for it is that the copy is a tall one, and the book so rare, that the chance of getting a more perfect one was too small to be reckoned on.

The later sixteenth-century books recently acquired are of minor importance, but those of the seventeenth century open well with a very fine copy of the 1602 edition of Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedie,' 'newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new editions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted.' This is the fourth known edition of Kyd's tragedy, and the third now extant, the original impression, issued previous to that of 1594, which alludes to its 'grosse faults,' having apparently perished altogether. The 1602 edition is the first that contains the additions usually attributed to Ben Jonson, and was the more welcome as opportunities of adding to the splendid collection of old plays already in the Museum very rarely occur.

The next purchase in order of date to be recorded is that of the 'Articles of direction touching Alehouses. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie Anno 1608.' As a piece of printing it does credit to

[1] Joye's book was shown for a few weeks, but has now been removed, as its thickness made it difficult to show without straining the back.

Barker's press, and its acquisition in the middle of the discussion on the Licensing Act which has just come into force, made it seem the more interesting. There was really a temptation (happily resisted) to rush into print in an evening paper with extracts from it, such as the first and second, which run:

All licences for Alehouses not already graunted according to the last Instructions, shall be presently resumed.

All Licences newly to bee graunted, shalbe to continue vntill the Sessions next after Easter next, and no longer. And so to be renewed from yere to yeere, to continue till that Sessions, and then to end. And if any have beene made otherwise, they shall bee called in and resumed at or before Easter Sessions next, and so all Licences shal runne in one forme.

The articles which follow provide for all grants of licences to be made in Open Sessions or by two Justices of the Peace, and for the proper keeping of a register and accounts. At the foot of page 5 we find a clause which seems specially directed against 'tied houses,' since it enacts "That none bee Licenced or allowed to keepe an Alehouse, that is in Liuery or Retainer to any man.' Two pages later it is noted: "Also, that it be carefully looked into, that the number of Ale-houses be not increased but diminished,' showing that the need for their diminution is no new cry. Finally, we have an article apparently intended to prevent various special districts and outlying parishes, such as 'Chelsey' and 'Maribone' claiming to be treated as in the county.

More important than these alehouse articles, despite their present day relevance, was an acquisi-

tion of a 'unique' copy of a Scottish book of the following year, 'A Garden of Graue and Godlie Flowers,' by Alexander Gardyne, printed by Thomas Finlason of Edinburgh, 1609. Gardyne was a Scottish poet of some merit, and as his sonnets have only been reprinted in a Roxburghe Club edition, we may honour him by quoting one of them:

> The Perseans keept a custome with their King,
> To giue him gifts, mean or magnificent;
> Amongs those One did for Oblation bring,
> A water coup, and did his Prince present;
> He gratious Lord, as it had excellent
> And Royall bene, respected the Propine,
> As if there had bene from some sengzeour sent
> A Jemme or Jewell of the Isles of Inde,
> Remarking much the meaning and the minde
> Affected well, he in that fellow fand,
> More nor the worth, the qualitie and kinde,
> Of that he held into his Hienes hand:
> Then Gratious more proue nor the Persian Kings
> That made so much of light and little things.

This is not quite on a level with the little book of Sonnets, with that troublesome dedication to the 'onlie begetter Mr. W. H.,' which Thomas Thorpe issued in London in the same year, but it shows that Gardyne had caught the sonnet trick very successfully, and his book was well worth having. I must own, however, that I have taken almost as much pleasure in a much less expensive purchase, which has for its title:

A | President | for | Young Pen-Men. | Or | the Letter-Writer. | Containing | Letters of sundry sortes; with | their seuerall Answeres. | Full of Variety, Delight, and

Pleasure, | and most necessary for the instruction of | those that can write, but have | not the Guift of | enditing. [Line.] London, | Printed by G. Eld, for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold | at his shoppe at Grayes Inne | Gate. 1615.

The preface runs as follows:

To the Reader. | In these latter times euery Ballad-maker will be a Poet, as if euery Pedler would seeme a Merchant, and euery Pettifogger a Lawyer: so hee that can scarce endite a Letter, will take vpon him to be a Secretarie: For my selfe, I dare not be so sawcy as to put such a Title to my Booke; onely this I have heere written a few Letters, which, I hope, are so composed as will be presidents for yong pen men, and not displeasing to elder yeeres: such as they are, I put them out into the world to the censure of all: entreating the best to correct what is amisse, and the rest not to discommend that they cannot mend and rest as I haue reason. | Your well-willing friend | M.R.

Who M. R. was is not known, and as initials are attached, apparently at random, to all the model letters, we might imagine these also to be fictitious, were it not that they appear again at the foot of the dedicatory letter, headed: 'To the right worshipfull, and my most worthy esteemed Kinsman, Anthony Hobart, of Hales Hall in the County of Norffolke, Esquire, all happinesse on Earth, and the ioyes of Heaven hereafter.' To identify our complete letter-writer we thus need an M. R. who was a kinsman to Anthony Hobart, of Hales Hall, in Norfolk, and if any genealogist can supply such a person the information will be gratefully received.

It must be owned that M. R. was no ordinary

secretary. He deals by preference with great occasions or family crises. At first we have nothing more exciting than 'A letter of request for a kindnesse,' and 'A Letter of counsell to a friend in distresse,' both with their answers. Then comes 'A Letter from a Nephew to his Vncle from the Vniversitie.' The nephew has borrowed money and cannot repay it, and his uncle is merciful and leaves the poor debtor to take his own time for repayment, these imaginary letters being less highflown and in better taste than many real ones which have come down to us from a time when lads who spent their scanty allowance hastily at the beginning of a year, were often reduced to pitiful straits ere the slow-moving carrier brought them a scanty relief.

After this we have 'A Love Letter to a fair Gentlewoman,' and another 'of discontentment to a Gentlewoman suspected of Incontinency," which is most elaborately bitter. 'Babies [*i.e.* dolls] in gay coats are childrens sports and fooles idols," the young man is made to remark, to which his discarded mistress replies pointedly, 'As good be a painted Baby as a peevish Bowby,' and signs herself, "till I see you, which I hope to doe never, Yours, Asse you mine, M. T.'

'A Biting Letter to a Clamorous ungentlewoman,' would hardly have found its place in the collection had it been called 'A Polite Letter-Writer,' in fact, many of these models seem intended to teach the unlearned how to quarrel effectively. Uncle and nephew, however, manage their affairs better, for when the latter begs the

loan of a horse, the uncle, though he declines, on the ground that his horse, his wife and his sword, are the three things not to be lent, thoughtfully sends a gold-piece for the hire of a nag.

This article has already run to an unintended length, so I will not stop to speak of two editions of a curious book of Emblems, published by Thomas Jenner, under the title, 'The Soules Solace,' which were acquired within a few weeks of each other, or of an early book on shorthand, or other minor treasures. To complete my farrago I will only make one more quotation, that of a proclamation, which, as it is short enough to be given unabridged, will explain itself:

Whereas *Alexander Leighton*, a Scottish-man borne, who was lately Sentenced by the Honourable Court of Starre-Chamber, to pay a great Fine to His Maiestie, and to vndergoe corporall punishment, for Writing, Printing, and publishing a very Libellous and Scandalous Booke against the King and his gouernment, hath this 11th day of Nouember, escaped out of the Prison of the Fleete, where he was a prisoner: These are in His Maiesties name to require and command all Iustices of Peace, Maiors, Sheriffes, Bailiffes, Customers, Searchers, and Officers of the Ports, and all others His Maiesties louing Subiects, to vse all diligence for the Apprehending of the said *Alexander Leighton*, and being Apprehended, safely to keepe him in custody, vntill His Maiesty shall receiue notice thereof, and shall giue further direction concerning him: Hee is a man of a low stature, faire complexion; hee hath a yellowish Beard, a high Forehead, betweene forty and fifty yeeres of age.

Dated this eleuenth of Nouember, 1630.

Among the later English books recently acquired may be mentioned the first edition (1694) of Bishop

Ken's Morning Hymn and a Bible, presented by Lord Ronald Gower, in which Queen Victoria at his request wrote her favourite text, from 1 Cor. xiii, 'Love suffereth long and is kind. . . . Love endureth all things,' the quotation, besides its greater interest, having also the smaller one of showing that, conservative though she was, the Queen, at least in this instance, preferred the Revised Version to that of 1611. I had better, however, regard 1640 as my limit, not only because I have already written too much, but because the Museum Catalogue of Early English Books printed up to this date was published just twenty years ago, and as it was this fact which suggested the present article, I have still a few more words to say.

During the twenty years since 1884 rather over two thousand additions have been made to the Museum stock of early English books, the rate of progress having been naturally quickest at the outset when the newness of the Catalogue attracted booksellers to supply its deficiencies. The rate of addition, however, has been very fairly maintained, and the books mentioned in this article and those enumerated in the list of 'CCC Notable Books' purchased during Dr. Garnett's Keepership may be taken as showing that quality is kept up as well as quantity. The five Caxtons and the share of the Isham books, mostly Elizabethan verse, acquired during Dr. Garnett's reign, were the results of exceptional good fortune, and greatly raised the average level of the accessions. When Charles II came to his own, English literature became distinctly modern, more akin to that of our own day than to the verse or prose of the time of Shakespeare. From

the books of this modern period even the Library of the British Museum, no longer so affluent as it used to be, must be content to choose. But of the earlier literature, so much smaller in compass, it may reasonably desire to possess every specimen it can obtain, and this means the purchase of a great deal of undergrowth, sermons and treatises and school-books, dull enough, very often, when taken individually, but valuable material to the social historian who wants to know what was read by the unliterary as well as the literary. Some fifty or sixty minor books must thus be added to those already described, and the total seems a fairly satisfactory harvest for a single twelvemonth.

I have only one other point to make. We hear a great deal about the necessity for libraries nowadays being organized not as repositories but as literary workshops. As regards its early English books, I believe that the British Museum is one of the busiest literary workshops in the world. Books of no other class seem so often in request as these, and students of English literature come from all parts of the world to work at them. It is gratifying that this is so, but when a workshop is in full swing there is inevitable wear and tear, and the constant use made of Caxtons and old plays and other rarities has its dangerous side. Fortunately the readers of such books are mostly careful and clean-fingered, but even careful and clean-fingered people do not always understand how tenderly a book must be treated if, despite constant usage, it is to last, not for years, but for generations and centuries. Rich collectors often say that the wealth of the Museum

Library is so great that any private gift would merely be lost in it, and perhaps this feeling, more than anything else, is responsible for the fact that since the Grenville Library no collection, save Mr. Ashbee's Cervantes books, has been bequeathed to it. Yet at the present moment no need of the Library seems to me so urgent as that of another Grenville collection, formed on more modern lines, which should be used, as that is, only under restrictions, and should thus form a reserve library for the use of students of future generations. The Museum cannot begin buying duplicates of Caxtons and old plays and other rarities for the sake of readers of another century, but unless a reserve is built up betimes, the British Museum, where rare books are more easily accessible than in any other great library in the world, will hardly continue for all time to hold its pride of place.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

THE OXINDEN LETTERS.

LL who are familiar with the 'Ingoldsby Legends' will remember that the author places the ancestral home of the Ingoldsbys at a spot lying between Canterbury and Dover, reached by a walk through the Oxenden plantations, and the unpretending village of Denton. The name of the Oxenden plantations records the fact that for several centuries, the land lying in this district belonged to the ancient family of Oxinden or Oxenden. In the days of Edward the Second, a John de Oxinden was in the retinue of Queen Isabella, and in the following reign a Richard de Oxinden was prior of Canterbury. This circumstance lends additional interest to a collection of the Oxinden correspondence, which is preserved amongst the additional manuscripts at the British Museum. This collection of letters belonged to Henry Oxinden of Barham, who had the good or the ill fortune to live in one of the most stirring periods of English history. His grandfather was Sir Henry Oxinden of Dene in the parish of Wingham, who died in the year 1620, leaving two sons, James, afterwards Sir James Oxinden of Dene, and Richard, the father of Henry.

Henry Oxinden was born in Canterbury on the 22nd January, 1608-9. He passed from school into

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he became the pupil of Robert Hegge, whom Wood in his 'Athenae Oxonienses' described as being considered the best in the university for the mathematical faculty, history and antiquities.

Henry Oxinden matriculated on the 10th November, 1626, and took his Bachelor degree on the 1st April, 1627. It was his intention to have become Master of Arts, but the death of his father, which took place in 1629, interrupted his college career. In 1632 he married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Samuel Peyton, of Knolton, in the same county, by whom he had one son and two daughters. Her married life was a brief one, and in 1640 Henry Oxinden found himself a widower. Within two years he married again, his choice being Katherine, the youngest daughter of James Culling of South Barham. At this time he was leading the life of a country gentleman, and his days were spent in hawking, hunting, developing his estate, and planting fruit trees in the grounds of his house at Maydeken, varied with visits to his neighbours and an occasional holiday in London.

He spent much of his time in reading, and was interested in public affairs. While this was no more than might have been expected of a man of his position, the state of affairs in England at that time and during the greater part of his lifetime, was such that every Englishman, no matter what his station, must have felt anxious as to the progress of events.

Henry Oxinden appears to have steered his course through the troubled waters with consider-

able skill. At heart a Royalist, he threw in his lot with the Parliament at an early period of the struggle, was appointed a captain of the Militia in his district, was present with the Parliamentary forces at the siege of Arundel, and after a short absence abroad, returned to Barham, and appears to have devoted his energies to mitigating the miseries around him, while promoting his own interests among the Parliamentary party in London. Always of a literary turn of mind, it was at this time that he wrote and published the two Latin poems, 'Religionis Funus et Hypocritae Finis' (1647, 4to), and 'Jobus Triumphans' (1651, 4to), that have earned him a corner in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' He also spent much of his time in genealogical studies, and kept a diary of local and personal events, a part of which has been published in the sixth volume of the new series of the 'Genealogist.' After the Restoration he was appointed rector of Radnage in Bucks, which he held till his death in 1670.

Illustrating as it does the life of a country gentleman of the seventeenth century, and chronicling the events that preceded the civil war, the correspondence of Henry Oxinden contains much that is interesting. Broadly, it may be divided into two sections, biographical and historical.

Among the earlier letters is one from his tutor, Robert Hegge, to Mistress Katherine Oxinden, his pupil's mother, in which acknowledging a gift of a New Testament in an embroidered binding, he says, 'being so arrayed in a vesture of gold and needle work, [it] seems to challenge such reverence

as to touch it without devotion were a sinne against the covering, as well as against the booke. Suche a booke is able to make a young man (as my selfe) to turne a divine a yeare before his time, if it were but to shew it over a pulpit. I must needs say thus much of it, that it is the best commentaire that I ever saw writ with a womans needle, upon the text.' He adds that if she would see her son by a description, 'he is grown very taull of stature, but withall very slender.'

Another letter of the same writer's has a melancholy interest. It was a letter of condolence with his old pupil on the death of his father, in which he says:

> You are discreet enough (without my counsell) to digest these comon crosses of mortalitie. I had little thought when you lay so sicke at Oxford and allmost given up for dead, that you should [have] outliv'd your father. But in this world we are but tenants at will, and no man has a lease of his life for tearme of years.

Eight days after penning this letter, Robert Hegge was himself dead, at the early age of thirty.

There is also a series of letters to Henry Oxinden from a college friend, James Holt, giving some interesting notes on various incidents that had taken place within the college, and the attempts made by himself and his friends to procure a Kentish scholarship for Henry's younger brother, James, then a poor student of St. John's College, Cambridge. While writing hopefully of success James Holt says: 'I have examined him a little since his comming, but I find him verie raw in ye Greeke toung, however I thinke his opposites will be as raw.'

The attempt to obtain the scholarship was not successful, and James returned to Cambridge where for some years longer he continued to study and live in a constant want of money.

His letters are mostly piteous appeals to his elder brother for a larger allowance, and on one occasion his tutor was moved to write to Henry Oxinden as follows:

> The moneys you last sent, after a more than Spanish Inquisition made, was heard of, but so shatterdly and by peace meale payd him, it did him little or noe service. . . . I petition for him, you would furnish him with monyes, whereby decently he might apparrell himselfe. I hope the petition will be granted because it soly and wholly aimes at your brothers credditt and the credditt of his kindred and freinds. A college goune will cover a multitude of falts, which a country coate will discover to the eye of the world. He is well enough cloathed for a poore scholler in St. Johns College, but short of a Kentish gentleman.

Of love letters, written to either of the ladies whom Henry Oxinden afterwards married, there are none. In fact the first intimation given of his marriage to Anne Peyton, is a letter of congratulation from her mother, in which she counsels her daughter to be careful to love, honour, and obey her husband, and to let no respect be wanting to her husband, his mother and his friends, for she says 'in this you shall gain your selfe a good reput and show your selfe a vertuous wife whoes pris is not to be valued.'

Henry Oxinden's second marriage was not without its touch of romance. Katherine Culling was only seventeen when the courtship began, and there

is evidence in these letters that attempts were made to dissuade her from the match. The bridegroom's friends, notably Sir James Oxinden, were much opposed to it at first, so much so that Henry Oxinden sat down and wrote a long and earnest letter to Elizabeth Dallison, one of Sir James's daughters, in which he combated all the objections that had been offered, and declared that his re-marriage involved no disrespect to his first wife's family; that he meant to do what was right by them; that it had been his intention to remain a widower, but having by chance discovered the girl's feelings towards him, he 'could by no means avoyd loving her as a wife.' At any rate he played the ardent lover and wrote verses 'made to his mistress' eyebrow,' of which the following will serve as a specimen:

Kate, my deare Kate, thou art so faire, and wise
As only thee I love, and highly prize.
Thy bright browne haire, faire forehead, starlike eies
Have not their matches underneath the skies;
Ev'n Heaven it selfe thy beautie doth excell,
Renow'd to all who here on earth do dwell;
I never saw such damaske cheekes before,
Nor cherry lips, smooth chin, nor ever more
Expect the like, thee therefore I adore.

Can anie mortall man thy face espie
Unravish'd and not wonder till hee die;
Like one in some delightfull trance, or rather
Like one beholding of his heavenly father;
I'll say no more, but what I say is true
No soule in paradise more faire then you,
God ever placed, and so my Kate adu.

Many interesting lights are thrown upon the domestic life of those days in these letters. Here is a quaint invitation from his neighbour, Sir Basil Dixwell of Broome:

I request you, that you and your wife and the Captaine that is with you would be pleased to take the paynes to walke downe on Thursday next about two of the clocke in the afternoone to Broome House, wher you shall meet myself, and the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen which are of my house, that are very desirous to see you all there, and to eate a cake, and drinke a bottle of wine together and soe you are most friendly and respectively saluted.

The great terror of the country-side next to war was the smallpox. Henry's mother, who was but an indifferent scholar, and a shocking pen woman, writes thus to Sir P. Hayman:

21. Katherine Oxiden to Sir Peter Heyman.

Nobull Sur

i desire that you will doo mee the favefor to let mee have a chamber more for a time too lay a sick boddi in if i shold have ani visited with the smale pox. for it is to usse, that i looke everri day when one of us shale have it, an if it be Godes plesure that it must bee. So i wolde faine take the likellest corse to keepe the soune from the infackded, which i can by no menes doo But by your nobull cortisi. For it is at Broufes and wee fech water an bake together an when wee whash we have no remidie but too com together if they will intrud them selves into the kichen which roome if it bee your plesure i desire too have to my selfe for this time. It can be no hinderrance to Broufe nether do i thinke hee wolde denie mee if i sholde aske him, but they bee so puckly angri an there mines so changable that i am loth in so wateti a bissines

to venter the altering of there mines. This with my best respaxe to your kine selfe an ladi i rest your frende to doo you servis

KATHRIN OXINDEN

Augt. 3, 1634.

But the letters of the greatest interest are those which reflect the political state of the kingdom and the individual comments on passing events. News was eagerly sought for by those in the country, and Henry Oxinden had three or four correspondents in London, whose position and education entitled their opinions to be received with safety. First of these was his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Peyton, one who remained loyal to the Royal party throughout. He was one of the best letter-writers of Henry Oxinden's many correspondents, and it is a pity the number of his letters are so few. In one he thus describes the result of a visit to an ordinary:

I know where the last quarrell was and how they came off, I know where the best claret is, and the best sack, I know who fears the streete, for a sort of men that are sent abroad to carry captive soldiers. I know there never was such an age as this is and men had need of excellent vertues to live in it.

Sir Thomas was present at the opening of Parliament on April 13th, 1640, and, speaking of the King's progress to the House, declares that many of the bishops rode on 'bob-tayled horses,' which did not add to their dignity, and referring to the business before the House he continues:

Yesterday one Mr Rous . . . made a good but a confused speech, declaring the grievances of state. Upon

whose conclusion, presently arose Mr Pimme, an ancient and stout man of the Parliament that ever zealously affected the good of his country, who as yett only made the full complaint of the Comons, for hee left not anything untouched. Ship money, forrests, knighthood, recusants, monopolies, the present inclinations of our church to Popery, and more then my memory can suggest to me.

Later in the same letter he writes:

On Monday they cast bones one at another all the day, for soe Sir Peter Heyman's phrase was, which was I thinke contradictinge one another's opinions.

Of the sudden dissolution of that Parliament Sir Thomas wrote:

The Commons left the house full of heavinesse, and soe was this great council dissolved, because it was so long a resolving. And now some say, wee are where wee were; butt I thinke wee are worse, for what grievances soever the subjects thought themselves molested with and therefore would resist 'em, this striving with the king could bee thought butt the act of private men, till now in Parliament it is made the act of the third estate. And then I thinke the king suffers in the honor of his gouverment among neighbouring princes, who may privately rejoyce to see distractions breed in soe flourishing a kingdom, of which the whole world grewe jealous dayly; butt now will perhaps lay aside these feares, when itt is discovered att what disagreement hee is with his owne people, and for this cause it had been better the Parliament had never beene. . . . Butt as the case is, what is to bee done. Why this, since wee will not give the king must take, for if it bee lawfull for any man to save his life, to take of any others bread or meate, then I thinke the king may use the goods of his subjects, nolentibus volentibus, as

hee may their particular and private persons for the conservation of the more universal and general good.

James Oxinden was in London in November, 1640, and retails the gossip of Westminster Hall in a long letter to his brother. He notices first the stabbing of Justice Hayward, who was on his way to deliver the names of the popish recusants. He tells of rumours of a dissolution, that have ceased, the trial of the Lord Deputy, the committal of Dr. Cosens, and the release of the Bishop of Lincoln, who it was said had received an invitation to dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The writer adds, 'but I doe not perceive that invitations should bee much welcome to him whoe had before received so many bones to knawe.'

Another well-informed correspondent was Thomas Barrow, a mercer or haberdasher living at the sign of the Maidenhead in Cheapside, husband to Henry Oxinden's sister Katherine, and from one of his letters the following incident is taken.

Thomas Barrow to Henry Oxinden of Barham.

Lovinge brother

I have nowe sent those books you wrote for, onely one which is nott to be had. What news there is, I have here inclosed; onely there was a pritty passage which I thought nott amisse to write. Doctor Ducke, Chancellor for the Bishop of London, visited yesterday att St. Lawrence for some parte of the Citty, whether all the ministers, Churchwardens, and side men, were cited to sweare to those articles which the bishop of London sett forth, and when the Chancellor had a learnard speech, he demanded the churchwardens and side men to take the oath, butt

they all with one consentt cryed noe, upon which the paritor told them that soe many as denyed to take the oath were all puritan curs, which they tooke very ill, butt being in the Church, they gave noe ill answere butt fell all a hissinge, which made a great hubbub, in the midle of which hubbub, one wag amongst them cryed outt a madd oxe, upon which the whole company, the chancellor with the rest betooke them to their heeles, and gate into and over the pues, as if they themselves had been madd, and after they had bestired themselves a while, ther cries outt another that itt was not a madd ox, but a mad Bull, which words made such an uprore in the church, that made the Chancellor give over his enterprise and was forced to send for the sheriff off London, for his security, but the paritor for his sawcy speeches was sent to the Counter where I believe he still is; other newes I have nott. I cannott gett the Citty petion nor the ministers, but the[y] have bene graciously used by his Ma[jesty].

Another very interesting correspondent was Henry Oxinden's cousin and namesake, Henry Oxinden of Dene. The pen-picture which he draws of London in the weeks preceding the outbreak of civil war, in the following letter, is graphic enough, while his description of the results of recent events upon social life, is, we know, only too true a one.

Henry Oxinden of Dene to Henry Oxinden of Barham.

Honor'd Cozen,

I could have hartilie wisht your money were nott so short, butt that itt were as long, as would reach even from your house to Westminster, to that great phfaere [? sphere] of Activitie which now whirles about three

whole Kingdomes blisse, or destruction, and pray God, avert the latter, to human capacitie almost inesitable [*sic.*]; if division in a private house brings ruine, how more in a kingdome where itt is so great amongst the rulors of itt. I need nott bee tedious in relating how things have past of late, the petitions, diurnall[1] and Pyms speech,[2] which I have pray'd my father to send you, will save mee that labour. I have nott yett seene the speech, butt by report of them that did see, and heare him deliver itt, never anything was delivered with that modest confidence and herroick courage by any common of this Kingdome.

The languige you can judge of. Yesterday morning went a message to the king caried by many Lords and twelve commons, the preamble whereof was thanks for his letter, the desire is specified in the latter part of Harfordsheere petition, whereunto I referre you. This bill could not bee got to passe the major part of the Lords, there being six more of them, where uppon the minor protested against them, amongst whom Ile name some of the greatest, Northumberland, Pembrook, Warick, Newport, Say, Cymbolton, Salesbury, etc.

Upon the Lords refusall of the bill, Pym was sent by the House to make a speech to them, and itts printed by order. The great expectation that is now, is the King's answere which will produce some great effect one way or other. Trade being stopped the poore of [the] cittie are daylie feared to rise, as also of other parts of the Kingdome. I finde all heere full of feares, and almost voyd of hopes. Parents and children, brothers, kindred, I and deere

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[1] Diurnall Occurrences.

[2] 'Master Pym his speech in Parliament on the fifth of January, 1641, concerning the Vote of the House of Commons for his discharge upon the accusation of high treason, exhibited against himselfe and the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. John Hampden, Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Mr. Strowd, Mr. Hollis by His Majesty. For I.W. London, 1641. 4to.'

friends have the seed of difference and division abundantly sowed in them. Somtimes I meet with a cluster of Gentlemen equally divided in opinion and resolution, sometimes 3 to 2, somtimes more ods, butt never unanimous, Nay more, I have heard foule languig, and desperarat [*sic.*] quarelings even betweene old, and intire friends, and how wee can thus stand, and not fall, certainely God must needs worke a myracle paralelle to some of his great ones in the old time.

I am glad you have gott a horse, provide you of armes, itt is Mars, nott Venus, that now can helpe, shee is now so much outt of fashion that where shee herselfe here present, in all her best fashines, shee would be the gazeing stock of contempt, to all butt lasie and effeminat mindes. Were you butt heere to heare the drummes, see the warlik postures, and the glittering armour up and downe the towne, and behold our poor bleeding liberties at stake, itt would rouze your sperits, if you have any left, forow that deepe drousie lethergie you are now ore whelm'd in. I could say muche more, butt I feare I have gon alreadie too farre, pray pardon mee, yett I cannot keepe myselfe from telling you this one thing of my selfe, that were I not maried, I would not the fairest creature in this kingdome att this time, with ten thousand pounds. I am now in hast going about my busines. Excuse my abruptnes, and exept pray of hartie the affections of

Your most faithfull frend and servant

Henry Oxinden.

Jan ye 27
1641.

I could wish you heere were itt not to your preiudice.

There is greate talke heere of the Danes comming with a great Army.

The cittie petition is nott yett come out, neither is Pyms true on. A counterfeit on my father will send you, being bought.

More news of great consequence is now reported, butt I know nott how [to] writt it, beeing not assur'd of the truth.

My servis to all my frends as you see them.

This paper may fittingly close with a few notes on books. Writing in 1636, to his cousin, Henry Oxinden says, 'desire your father from mee to send mee my 2 bookes of the Sabbath, for I desire to read them before they bee as much out of request as the sabbath itself now is.'

The following note was apparently written to Lady Oxinden, the wife of his uncle, Sir James Oxinden:

Honored Madam, if you can tell where the booke intitled newes from Lypswich is, that my coz Oxinden brought to Deane pray send it by the bearer hereof to mee.

Henry Oxinden had evidently been misinformed or had misunderstood the title of the work he was asking for, which was, of course, the notorious pamphlet, 'News from Ipswich,' which was wrongly attributed to William Prynne, and for which he suffered a barbarous sentence of mutilation inflicted by the Court of Star Chamber.

Henry Oxinden frequently commissioned his brother-in-law, Thomas Barrow, to buy books for him in London, as is shown by the following abstract:

Thomas Barrow to his brother-in-law Henry Oxinden of Barham.

Lovinge brother

I have used the best art and skill I have in the procuringe of those bookes you writt for, such of them as

I could gett I have sentt, as King James his works which is not onely very scarce but very deare for itt cost 30/s. I have alsoe sent Cornelius Tacitus, and Justine, Dionysius Halicarnassus is not in English, neither could I gett itt in the Originall, but in Latin I could have had itt. Spendanus I had almost bargained for, but another bookseller told me that ther is another edition in twoe volumes, and I thought to give you notice of itt, before I bought itt. A Lexicon I could gett none of the last edition; and for a book of any of those books of the 8 Samuell, I cannot heare of any one, I was almost afrayd to aske for such a booke in these times.

Two of his correspondents refer to the great rush that took place for copies of the speeches of Sir E. Dering, and the rise that took place in the value of them, as soon as it became known, that they were condemned to the fire.

Henry Oxinden of Dene, writes:

Since I sealed my letter, I have certain information that Sir Edward Deering is to be sent to the Tower, his booke to bee burned and hee made uncapable ever to bee of this Parliament. The booke I could have bought for 14 pence last night, butt now a crowne cannot buy itt, wherefore I haue forborne to send itt, itt not being in my esteeme worth anything being so branded. You may easilie com to the sight of it by som about Canterbury.

In another letter we read:

My father was very loth to buy Sir Edward Deerings booke, because itt was so dear, but now the price is four times soe much as it was then.

If space permitted it would be interesting to notice the letters received by Henry Oxinden, on

the publication of his writings, notably the various letters he received from Alexander Ross. But for the present the reader must be content with this very superficial glance at the Oxinden correspondence.

HENRY R. PLOMER.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IT seems somewhat strange that the second volume of Jusserand's fine work, 'Histoire Littéraire du peuple anglais. De la renaissance à la Guerre Civile,' should have been so little noticed in the English press. Anything from the pen of this distinguished writer and delightful critic deserves attention. The volume deals with the epoch of the Renaissance and the Reformation; the subjects treated in the separate chapters are the Age of Elizabeth, Spenser, the Elizabethan novel, Shakespeare's predecessors, Shakespeare's life and work, Shakespeare's contemporaries and followers. Indeed, it might almost be called the Shakespeare volume.

The French critic is unable to appreciate Spenser. While recognizing Spenser's great qualities, and the glory he has acquired as the 'poets' poet,' Jusserand has little sympathy for his work, and especially for the point of view that 'it forms an armour for the soul':

Nous, infortunés, qui, pour nos démérites sans doute, n'avons pas été touché de la grâce, tout éblouis que nous sommes de ces merveilles, et ravis de la musique du vers, mais las de tant d'inconséquences, de ce mélange de bacchanales et de sermons, avec si peu de vrai tendresse humaine, il nous semble étouffer; et ce n'est pas assez d'ouvrir toute grande, au soir qui tombe, la fenêtre sur la

Tamise; il faut marcher vers le couchant, laver ces visions de notre esprit, et demander à notre ancien guide, à l'âme errante des collines de Malvern, d'autres règles de vie:—*Disce*, *doce*, *dilige*.—Dix vers des visions de Langland valent mieux que toute la morale des soixante douze chants de Spenser.

It is, however, a rare thing for a Frenchman to appreciate English poetry, or for an Englishman to grow enthusiastic over French verse.

In writing of Shakespeare, M. Jusserand has achieved the feat of finding something fresh to say. He introduces his delightfully interesting description of Shakespeare's dramatic work with a comparison between classical drama and Shakespearean drama: 'L'un simplifie, choisit, recherche des harmonies de nuances peu nombreuses; l'autre complique, entasse, se délecte aux bigarrures multicolores.' But one of the most striking pieces of criticism is where Jusserand speaks of the great dramatist as being more than any poet at any time

un distributeur de vie. A son souffle créateur, les morts sortent de leurs tombeaux, les héros gagnent leurs victoires, les amantes murmurent d'une voix si douce que Roméo doit prêter l'oreille pour l'entendre, en accents si pénétrants que notre cœur s'en émeut encore. Il tire de la poussière des chroniques, du magasin des accessoires, du pays des fées, de l'ombre des coulisses, le rien, l'idée abstraite, le gauche énoncé, le fantoche de bois, la grossière argile dont il fera son personnage; et voilà que l'individu saute hors de ses mains, vit, s'agite, parle. . . . Fantoche tout à l'heure, homme de chair et d'os maintenant dont l'œil brille et le cœur bat . . . marionette tout à l'heure, notre frère maintenant. . . .

Une nourrice, un portier, un colporteur, un patron de barque, un page apparaissent en leur réalité, spécialisés, ayant leurs intérêts à eux, qui ne se confondent pas avec ceux des héros, insistant pour nous entretenir de leurs affaires qui souvent n'ont rien à voir avec le drame. C'est que ce ne sont pas des personnages de théâtre, ce sont des personnages de vie réelle.

Perhaps the fact that Shakespeare's immense fame is an unique phenomenon in literature has never been better expressed than in this charming passage:

À parcourir les rues et les palais de Florence, regardant et se souvenant, l'impression gagne le voyageur que, dans cette ville de merveilles, tout a été senti, compris, exprimé. C'est ici que naquit Dante, c'est près de là que Petrarque vit le jour; voici le Palais Vieux avec ses hautes fenêtres et ses rudes mœllons en bossage, le Palais Strozzi carré comme un donjon avec ses portes immenses faites pour des géants, la *Loggia* avec le Persée de Cellini; et voici encore, au hasard des promenades, le printemps mouillé de rosée, éclairé de lueurs matinales de Botticelli; les Titans de marbre de Michel Ange, les dessins de Vinci, des héros et des madones, un clocher en marqueterie de marbre par Giotto, des bambins mélancoliques par Della Robbia; des princes et des empereurs, jeunes et heureux, traversant, pour aller adorer l'Enfant-Dieu, un parc où des anges aux ailes diaprées nourrissent des paons parmi les rosiers; des Vénus étendues sur leur lit de volupté, des gonfaloniers au regard dur, des moines austères, des saints d'Angelico priant incessament, sur la muraille, pour ces vivants qui ne les connaissent plus, et la fontaine de Neptune qui chante au soleil sur la place où fut le bucher de Savonarole. . . .

À distance, une fois retourné vers le Nord, le doute vient, et parfois l'on se demande si l'âme, l'esprit et le cœur demeurent aussi remplis que lorsqu'on quitte ce

musée des pensées qui ont ému les hommes, l'œuvre de Shakespeare.

* * * * *

It will have struck many persons when reading, some half-dozen years ago, the memoirs of Gabriele von Bülow, of which an English translation was published in 1897, that one of the most delightful things in the book was the letters it included from her mother, Karoline von Humboldt, wife of Wilhelm von Humboldt. My interest was therefore aroused when I came across, in a bookseller's shop in Düsseldorf, a just-published volume containing Karoline von Humboldt's letters to her friend, Alexander von Rennenkampff. They cover a period of ten years, 1819-1829. Mme. von Humboldt was a remarkable woman. Her knowledge of art won Goethe's praise, who considered her notes (never published) on Raphael's pictures a masterpiece of art criticism; he sent her his 'Wahlverwandschaften' and anxiously awaited her opinion. She was the wise critic and counsellor of painters and sculptors whenever she happened to meet them. She was, in fact, the type of all that is best not only in German womanhood, but in universal womanhood. The new letters are scarcely so interesting as those in the former volume, but they are well worth reading, and serve to fill out the portrait of one of the most cultured, lovable, and charming women Germany has produced.

'En écoutant Tolstoï,' by Georges Bourdon, contains an interesting account of the philosopher. Bourdon was the great man's guest for a day and night in March, 1904, and he includes in the vol-

ume ten pages of detached (unpublished) thoughts of Tolstoy, chiefly on religion. They are derived from familiar letters written to different persons, and from the journal in which Tolstoy notes down nearly every evening the thoughts aroused by the events of the day, a journal that will not see the light while Tolstoy lives. The first-hand personal description is valuable, and some characteristic talk is reported. For instance, Tolstoy praised work. 'What is there better in the world than work?' 'Work, yes,' said Bourdon, 'but not toil that turns men to brutes. The life of a miner, for instance, that's frightful slavery.' 'True,' replied Tolstoy, 'but such hard work responds to the violent needs of men. If men restrained their needs, a number of their fellows would be saved from brutish toil.'

It is a little odd to find Tolstoy a great admirer of Octave Mirbeau among contemporary French writers. We conclude that his opinion is based on 'Les Affaires sont les Affaires,' and not on the notorious 'Journal d'une Femme de Chambre.'

*** A general opinion seems to prevail that no one, nowadays, has the leisure or the taste to read poetry, be it new or old. But there still exist persons—although they scarcely confess it except to one or two intimates—who delight in fine verse wherever they happen to meet it. To these may be recommended the poems of the Comtesse de Noailles. They are contained in two volumes, entitled respectively 'Le Cœur Innombrable' and 'L'Ombre des Jours,' and consist for the most part of short lyrics of perfect form and alluring melody, dealing with man and nature. They testify to

poetical feeling, to appreciation of nature in her calmer moods, and to knowledge of the human heart. Let me quote a passage or two which give a taste of the charm and excellence of this poet's achievement. In a poem called 'Exaltation' occur the following stanzas:

> Accoutumer ses yeux, son vouloir et ses mains
> À tenter le bonheur que le risque accompagne;
> Habiter le sommet des sentiments humains
> Où l'air est âpre et vif comme sur la montagne.
>
> . . . . .
>
> La joie et la douleur sont de grands compagnons,
> Mon âme qui contient leurs battements farouches
> Est comme une pelouse où marchent les lions. . . .
> J'ai le goût de l'azur et du vent dans la bouche.

Another, entitled 'À soi-même,' begins thus:

> Mon cœur, plein de douceur et plein d'étonnement,
> Cessez de vous mêler à la foule des hommes,
> Leurs cris passent vos sens et votre entendement;
> Demeurons l'être simple et tendre que nous sommes.

True, an air of melancholy pervades the verses, but it is rather the resigned melancholy of regret than the more active melancholy of despair.

The German poet Detlev von Liliencron, who is less read even in his own land than he deserves to be, is of a very different character. He is the singer of gladness and of joy. His most important poem is a sort of epic called 'Poggfred.' It appeared first in twelve cantos in 1896, enlarged to twenty-four in the recently-published edition of

1904. It is a great poem, greater than the poet himself; like all the great creations of art, it slays its creator and raises itself high above the mortality of men. It contains his philosophy of life, that notwithstanding strife and sorrow, self-control and love will in the end leave us on the top of happy hours. Poggfred is a little house situated in a quiet corner of Schleswig Holstein, inhabited by a few persons who have grown tired of the rush and noise of the world. The chief of the house is a lonely poet who fills his store-cupboard with memory, dreams, experience, and imagination: those materials conceal forces and a world of forms which can stir our hearts and awake poetry, and bring before us terror and peace, laughter and pity, timid questionings and jubilant consciousness of fulfilled desires, fear of the enigma of our existence and certainty of a human purity that can conquer all storm and stress through self-control. The form of the poem is the *ottava rima* which Liliencron uses with the greatest skill. As an example, I give the noble stanza in which he glorifies true marriage:

Nichts weiss ich heiliger in allen Landen
Als das Genügen einer treuen Ehe,
Wenn Mann und Frau mit immer sichern Banden,
Bis eines stirbt, durch Glück vereint und Wehe,
Nach schwerer Tagesfahrt am Bettchen landen
Des Lieblings, dass ihm nachts kein Leid geschehe:
  Ein Lustreich ist's, wo Kirchenkerzen brennen,
  Wenn Mann und Frau nichts stören kann und trennen.

The level of thought throughout is equally high, and when we have read the poem once we read it again and again, fully recognizing that Liliencron

possesses in the highest degree the gifts of humour, imagination, and artistic presentment.

*** There is little to record in French fiction. René Bazin's volume of tales, 'Contes de bonne Perrette,' offers nothing remarkable; Jeanne Marni's 'Le livre d'une amoureuse' turns on the old theme that men neither like nor desire sincerity in love; in 'Le Village endormi' George Riat pleasantly describes quiet country life; J.-H. Rosny, in 'La Fugitive,' reprints a number of short stories and sketches; and Guy Chantepleure, in 'Ames féminines,' tells as usual a pretty tale. The most considerable recent French novel is undoubtedly Marcel Prévost's 'La Princesse d'Erminge.' It is a story of fashionable Paris, in which all the characters are more or less depraved. The heroine, Arlette, Princesse d'Erminge, more sinned against than sinning, perhaps, confesses to her brutal husband that she is about to become a mother; he, knowing that the child cannot be his, turns her out of doors there and then. Her maid, a woman of the people who has known sorrow and has met it bravely, comes to her rescue. Arlette disappears from the world or fashion, earns her livelihood as a milliner, and we leave her happy with her child. The book has little or no artistic or literary merit. Its author probably intends it to conceal a sermon, and to inculcate the fact that religion and morality still dwell with the *bourgeoisie*.

Several German novels call for notice, and strike us by their variety of topic. 'Peter Camenzind,' by Hermann Hesse is a quiet, thoughtful record of a soul; the story of 'I. N. R. I. Frohe Botschaft eines

armen Sünders' forms the setting for a most beautiful and simple narration of the life of Christ; 'Morganatisch' by Dr. Max. Nordau, is a lively and penetrating study of the results of morganatic alliances, while Rudolf Herzog's 'Das Lebenslied' is a capital specimen of the music novel.

'Peter Camenzind' is a notable performance. Peter is a child of the mountains. His father owns a cottage and garden in a village perched solitarily beside a lake amid an opening in the mountains shut in by high snowy peaks. The boy thinks he would like to study, to write, and learns Latin at a neighbouring monastery. He lives for some years in Zürich, Bâle, and a little Italian village, wins a certain success with his writings, but is pursued throughout by a kind of ill luck that causes him in the end to renounce a literary career, to return to his native village and settle there in middle life as innkeeper. His best friend was drowned, his love affairs never came to anything, and a poor cripple whom he helped and who really gave him a keener zest in life, died of consumption. But all this served to educate his soul, to bring him nearer to nature and to God, and to simplify for him life and its needs. The book abounds in passages of great beauty, Hesse's pure, simple style lending itself to the description of mountain scenery and grand nature, as well as to the great facts of life. In two deathbed scenes he touches the high-water mark of poetical feeling. In the first, Peter, then a boy, describes his mother's death:

Early in the morning of a hot summer's day, I was very thirsty and got up to go to the kitchen where there

always stood a jug of fresh water. I had to pass through my parents' bedroom, and I was struck by my mother's strange groaning. I went up to the bed; she neither saw nor answered me, but continued to groan painfully, her eyelids fluttered, and her face was of a bluish colour. I was not particularly alarmed, although I felt anxious. Her hands lay on the sheet, motionless, like sleeping sisters. I saw by her hands that my mother was dying, for they looked so strangely tired and will-less, like the hands of no living person. I forgot my thirst, knelt by the couch, placed my hand on the sick woman's brow, and sought her glance. When it met mine it was kind, and free from pain, but nearly extinguished. It did not occur to me that I ought to wake my father who slept, breathing hard, by her side. I knelt there for two hours, and saw my mother die. She died calmly, earnestly, and bravely, as became her temperament, and set me a good example.

The little room was quiet, and was gradually filled with the brightness of the rising sun; house and village lay asleep, and I had leisure to follow in thought the soul of a dying woman over house and village and lake and snowy mountain summits, away into the cool freedom of a pure early morning sky. I felt little pain, for I was filled with wonder and reverence to see a great problem solved, and the circle of a life so gently closed up. The woman's uncomplaining courage was so noble that a cool, clear beam of her austere glory passed into my soul. It did not seem strange that my father still slept, that no priest was present, that neither sacrament nor prayer accompanied the departing soul. I only felt a shuddering breath of eternity pass into the twilight of the room and mingle with my being.

In the second he gives an account of the death in hospital of the poor cripple he had befriended:

Just before the end he had some better days. It was remarkable how the later part of his life vanished from his

memory, and how he lived entirely in the early years. For two days he talked of nothing but his mother. He could not speak for long at a time, but it was clear that he was thinking of her through the long silent hours.

'I've told you much too little about her,' he complained, 'you mustn't forget anything that relates to her, because soon there won't be any one else who knows about her and is grateful to her. It would be a good thing, Peter, if every one had such a mother. She didn't let me go to the poor-house although I could never do any work.'

He lay still, breathing with difficulty. An hour passed and he began again:

'She loved me best of all her children and kept me with her until she died. My brothers went away, and my sister married the joiner, and I stayed at home, but poor as she was, she never let me want for anything. You mustn't forget my mother, Peter. She was quite little, smaller than me. When she gave me her hand, it was just as if a tiny little bird nestled into mine. A child's coffin was big enough for her when she died, neighbour Rütimann said.'

When he ceased talking of his mother, it was my turn. He spoke of me as if I wasn't there.

'He's an unlucky dog, but it hasn't hurt him. His mother died too soon.'

'Do you recognize me, Boppi?' I asked.

'Very well, Herr Camenzind,' he said, jestingly, and laughed quietly.

'If only I could sing,' he said, in the same breath.

On the last day he asked, 'Tell me, does it cost a great deal, here in the hospital? Perhaps it's too dear.'

But he did not expect an answer. A beautiful red glow overspread his pale face, he closed his eyes and looked for a spell like an intensely happy man.

'It is the end,' said the Sister.

. . . . . .

'Are you all right, Boppi?' I asked. But his sufferings were over, and his hand grew cold in mine.

Rosegger has struck a new note in his 'I. N. R. I.,' an English translation of which is in preparation. Konrad Ferleitner a well disposed young fellow, was, somehow, persuaded to join a group of anarchists. The lot falls to him and he has to shoot the king's chancellor. Konrad is condemned to death: he asks for mercy, and is of course kept in prison while the authorities are considering his petition. He is allowed writing materials, and possessed by memories of his childhood, of his mother and her songs and words, and her tales of the Saviour, he proceeds to write a remarkable book. It is the glad tidings of Christ's dwelling on earth, the story of which he evolves from his childish memories, from what he had learned at school, from his scanty reading, and his mother's simple teaching.

> And he wrote and wrote. He did not ask whether it was the Saviour of the Books. It was *his* Saviour who lived in him, and who could save *him*.

When Konrad had finished, the order came for his execution, but too late. The gaoler finds his prisoner dead: 'God had laid his finger on the weary heart and bade it stop beating.' It is a beautiful piece of work which no other than Rosegger could have accomplished. The story holds us with an irresistible charm, and compels our attention. With it Rosegger will secure a big addition to his already numerous admirers.

Dr. Nordau in 'Morganatisch' gives us a very interesting study of the effect of morganatic marriage on the contractors of it, and on their children. Incidentally we see something of the seamy side of Par-

isian life, and of the life of petty German courts. The conclusion seems to be that if a husband and wife cannot live on the same *étage*, they had better not marry. One above, and the other below, does not make for happiness. The most original character in the book is Nicoline, the illegitimate daughter of a distinguished opera singer and a reigning Prince. She is an excellent specimen of the twentieth century girl at her best, and most amusing is the episode in which she brings about—a little late—the marriage of her parents. In many ways this is the best and most characteristic piece of work Dr. Nordau has done.

*** Two plays just produced in Paris rank as literature in every sense of the word. Alfred Capus was invited to write a play for the Comédie Française, and in 'Notre Jeunesse' he has produced a piece worthy of the house of Molière. Lucien Briand, a man of business in a provincial town, has always lived under the thumb of his narrow-minded father, and implicitly obeyed him in everything. Lucien is married to a charming wife, Hélène, who finds life under these circumstances dull, and the home is not exactly happy. They have no children. One summer, however, they all go to Trouville, and there the sins of Lucien's youth find him out. He discovers a natural daughter, Lucienne. The mother is dead, but has told the girl who her father is. Lucienne has never made, never means to make, any claim on her father; but he decides to allow her an income. Meanwhile Hélène gets to hear of the matter, and feels that her husband's neglect of the girl is wrong. There is a beautiful scene in

which Hélène interviews Lucienne without revealing herself; she finds the girl charming, and persuades her husband to let her live with them. 'Notre Jeunesse" has all the qualities that go to make a good play—picturesque characterization, emotion, and a sort of thesis. We should like to quote pages of it, but must content ourselves with two passages. 'La véritable indépendance, n'est-ce pas de vivre avec les êtres qui vous plaisent?' may well be added to our stock of maxims. There is an important truth in the following, said by Hélène after she has revealed her identity to Lucienne: 'Il n'est pas nécessaire pour s'aimer, d'avoir le même sang dans les veines, d'être de la même famille, et l'on voit des frères et de sœurs se haïr. Mais la nature crée parfois entre des êtres une famille mystérieuse dont les liens sont aussi puissants.'

In 'Le Bercail' Henry Bernstein depicts another household. A woman of good impulses and high aspirations is married to an honest, stolid sort of man, who does not feel it incumbent on him to do anything to make home attractive to his wife. She yields to her lover Jacques, a successful novelist, procures a divorce, and marries him. But she finds her new home no more satisfying than the old one. True she has escaped the *ennui*, but the somewhat shady society by which her husband is surrounded grates on her sense of refinement in a manner absolutely incomprehensible to Jacques. So she leaves him and becomes an actress, and then, through the agency of her little boy, is reconciled to her first husband. The play is well written, and convinces us by the truth and seriousness of its theme. It is

a notable piece of work, and will greatly enhance the young author's reputation.

Antoine's production of 'King Lear' in a new prose translation by Pierre Loti and Émile Vedel, is in some measure an event of cosmopolitan interest. The acting reached a high level, and the translation, if perhaps too literal for beauty, adequately reproduces Shakespeare's words and thoughts.

So many new plays of more or less interest have been produced this past autumn in Berlin that it is not possible to do justice to them here. Fulda's 'Maskerade' is, perhaps, the most important, though we venture to think that he has written better plays. The thesis of 'Maskerade' is, that people in society and in public show themselves quite different from what they really are, *i.e.*, under a mask. Gerda Hübner is the natural daughter of an ambassador. Since he basely deserted her mother, Gerda always refused to have anything to do with him, and made her own way independently in life. At length her father, old and lonely, desires nothing more than to legitimize and be reconciled with the daughter he has never seen. They meet, and in the course of the interview Gerda confesses to a *liaison* with a young assessor. The ambassador decides to arrange matters with the young man's father, whom he happens to know. But the old man refuses to consent to the marriage because such an alliance is not good enough for his son, not having the least idea that the ambassador's daughter and his son's mistress are one and the same person. Then follow the scenes of masquerade between Gerda and her lover,

in which she tests his faith. The whole composition, however, is less a piece of real life than a kind of fairy tale with a moral.

'Maria Friedhammer,' the work of a new author, Heinrich Lilienfein, is a strong play, showing great knowledge of stage-craft. Friedhammer, a Protestant village schoolmaster, married a Roman Catholic wife. Their daughter Maria is in love with a Protestant clergyman. She and her mother are both in the power of Ignaz Löfti, a fanatical Catholic priest and brother of Frau Friedhammer. He does his best to bring Maria into the cloister. Meanwhile her lover, hesitating between his religion and his love, drives Maria to despair, and she decides to take the veil. But her lover has once kissed her, her fanatical uncle considers her compromised, and refuses to receive her within the fold. Maria somehow gets lost in the snow on her way back and dies. It is the old story of the struggle between religion and the world. But it is sincere work, and Lilienfein will doubtless be heard of again.

Max Dreyer gives us a drama of youth in 'Die Siebzehnjährigen.' A cadet falls in love with his mother's adopted sister, only to find that she is his father's mistress. The father goes blind, the boy kills himself, the wife forgives her husband and her sister. This is of course the baldest outline of a not too promising plot, and what success the play had was due to the fine acting. The author of 'Der Probekandidat" will scarcely raise his reputation by his latest work, which is, in many ways, a poor echo of Halbe's 'Jugend.'

I have left no space to write of Björnson's 'Dagland,' or Heyerman's 'Kettenglieder,' or of the great success of the German translations of Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man' and 'The Devil's Disciple,' or of the performance in Hamburg of Dr. Max Meyerfeld's translation of Oscar Wilde's youthful dramatic effort, 'The Duchess of Padua,' a play that has never been either performed or printed in England—a few representations were given in America—or Ernst Rosmer's 'Johanna Herkner.' The activity and interest of the German theatre at the present moment are extraordinary; and any adequate description would require a whole article to itself.

I should like to draw attention to the following recently published books, all well worth reading, with which I have been unable to deal in detail in the course of my article:

'Reden und Aufsätze.' Von Theodor Mommsen.

'Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens.' Von M. Jastrow. Vol. I. New Edition.

'Studien zur Literatur der Gegenwart.' Von Adolf Stern. New series. Vol. II.

[It contains studies of modern writers of various nationalities. Among the Germans are Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Paul Heyse, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, Max Halbe, and Wilhelm von Polenz.]

'Die Lebenswunder. Gemeinständliche Studien über Biologische Philosophie. Ergänzungsband zu dem Buch über die Welträthsel.' Von Ernst Haeckel.

'Die Richtige Berliner in Wörten und Redensarten.' Von Hans Meyer.

'Deutsche Geschichte.' Von Carl Lamprecht. Vols. VI. and VII.

'Promenades Littéraires.' Remy de Gourmont.

'Chateaubriand. Études littéraires.' Victor Giraud.

'Variétés Littéraires.' Ferdinand Brunetière.

'La Logique des Sentiments.' T. A. Ribot.

'Études sur la sélection chez l'homme.' P. Jacoby.

'Les Malheurs d'une grande dame (Mme. de Montboissier) sous Louis XV.' Charles de Coynart.

'Bernardin de Saint-Pierre d'après ses manuscrits.' Maurice Souriau.

[Its author claims to give the first complete and authentic study of this great writer.]

'Les Nouvellistes.' F. Funck Brentano.

'Histoire de la France Contemporaine.' (1871-1900.) Vol. II. Gabriel Hanotaux.

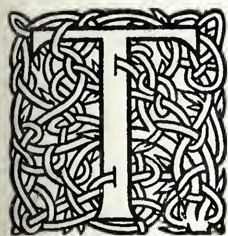
[M. Hanotaux here carries on his history to 1880. He deals with the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, and with the check to the monarchy. The last chapters describe what was done during the period in literature, art, and science.]

'Les impôts en France.' J. Caillaux.

[An important work by an ex-minister of finance.]

Elizabeth Lee.

THE LIBRARY CONFERENCE IN ST. LOUIS.



HE twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the American Library Association, held in the Hall of Congresses at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, occupied the week—October 17th-22nd. The keynote of the Conference was struck in the address in which D. R. Francis, President of the Exposition, welcomed the Association as members of a learned profession, especially fitted to illustrate the present status of civilization; whose activities, hitherto limited to a national field, might well be enlarged by coöperation and confederation with workers on the same lines in other countries. Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington, and President of the Association, emphasized this thought in his answering address, as did Mr. L. Stanley Jast, chief librarian of the Public Libraries of Croydon, England, and special delegate for the Library Association of the United Kingdom, in his response for England.

Mr. Putnam began the president's annual address by reference to the two great losses suffered by the Library profession in the death of Carl Dziatzko in Europe and Charles Ammi Cutter in America, paying a sincere and dignified tribute to the memory

of these eminent men. At a later session Professor Doctor Pietschmann, friend and successor to Dziatzko at Göttingen, made a touching address in honour of his predecessor.

Mr. Putnam's statement of the scope and purpose of the Conference of 1904 was expressed in terms so apt and concise that any condensation is loss. He said that in each of twenty-five years the American Library Association had met in conference, and in twenty-three of these its meetings have been in place and programme conventional. In two of these years the meetings had taken notice of an occasion of general concern, which the Association deemed fraught with interest to libraries or to offer special opportunity for the promotion of the cause of libraries. The first was the international exposition at Philadelphia; the second, the international exposition at Chicago. Each was an occasion when a great community had stopped for a moment to consider its relations with the still greater community of the world at large. He referred to the present occasion, when it was inevitable that the Association should meet in St. Louis. 'The Exposition,' he said, 'offered an appropriate opportunity for a review of the progress of the entire century just past. Such a review of libraries, a statement of the concepts fundamental and an estimate of their place as institutions in organized society, and of the library economy in a classification of the sciences, would have formed a theme for a programme eminently fitting and worthy of our best expression.'

In concluding his remarks President Putnam

said: 'We early sought to make this conference, like the Exposition itself, international, and we invited to it delegates and contributions from all countries of the globe where libraries are active—not omiting those where they may be said to be dormant. Supplementing the invitation of our Library Association to other associations of librarians, went invitations from our government to foreign governments.

'Many "were called"; if few were "chosen"—why, the choice did not lie with us. The present is still what Gladstone termed "an agitated and expectant age." It is an anxious time for the nations of the world. Political uncertainty, industrial uncertainty; a possibility of substantial changes in the boundaries in each. It is not to books or to other tranquil processes of education that men look in such crises. It is remarkable that at such a time the contributions to the Exposition itself have been so vast and so varied.

'That the representation at our conference should be complete was not reasonably to be expected. It is larger than we have secured at any previous meeting of our Association, and it includes members of our profession known and honoured wherever libraries are known and respected. We welcome you, gentlemen. You have traversed a vast and unaccustomed distance in order to be with us. You have left important and urgent interests. You have committed yourselves, your habits and perhaps your convictions to unknown perils. We appreciate this, we are honoured by it; we thank you and we welcome you right heartily. You and we are

in a fellowship which has scarce a parallel in any other profession; for we are handling an identical agent in the service of man—an agent which knows no geographical limit and no essential limit of race or language or time. We are seeking to promote the intercommunion of men, to advance the knowledge of, and respect for, antiquity and the people beyond our gates.'

The report of the Secretary showed that the actual membership of the American Library Association was about 1,200 out of a possible 6,000 persons, with an attendance at St. Louis of over 600. He also reported that the second revised edition of the American Library Association catalogue, prepared for the 1904 Exposition by librarians and experts, and containing about 8,000 selected titles, was ready for distribution. The first American Library Association catalogue, published in 1893 in connection with the Chicago Exposition, has proved so popular and valuable that much is hoped for the new compilation.

Before adjournment the following foreign delegates were unanimously elected honorary vice-presidents: M. Henri La Fontaine, International Institut de Bibliographie, Brussels, Belgium; Señor Joaquim Walker-Martinez, Chilian minister to the United States, Washington, D.C.; Señor Francisco J. Araya Benett, Santiago, Chili; Kimhao Yu-tchu Su, member of the Chinese legation, Washington, D.C.; Professor Dr. Richard Pietschmann, librarian University of Göttengen, Germany; Professor Dr. A. Wolfsteig, librarian, Bibliothek des Abgeordnetenhauses, Berlin, Germany; L. Stanley

Jast, chief librarian, Croydon, England, and special delegate of the Library Association of the United Kingdom; L. D. Kingsland, consul-general for Guatemala, St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. Attilio Brunialti, member of chamber of deputies, Italy; Professor Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian, Biblioteca Medico-Laurenziana, Florence, Italy; Señor Licenciado Emilio Velasco, City of Mexico, Mexico; Mr. J. G. Robbers, Amsterdam, Holland; Mr. H. Nyhuus, librarian, det Deichmanske Bibliothek Christiana, Norway; Dr. David Matto, Lima, Peru; Dr. Nils Gerhard Wilhelm Lagerstedt, Stockholm, Sweden; Dr. Aksel Andersson, vice-librarian, University of Upsala, Sweden.

At later sessions, the same honour was paid to representatives of France and Japan and other nations, as their credentials were presented.

A reception by a local committee to the Association on Monday evening was opened by a brief scholarly address by President F. W. Lehmann, of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Library, in which he congratulated the profession as a body which might feel that its efforts indubitably tended to the betterment of mankind, unless we reverted to the mediaeval belief that one half the race came into the world to be ridden, and the other half, booted and spurred to ride, and that study and reflection fomented discontent in the burden-bearers.

The second session, after rather discouraging reports from the committee on reduced postal and express rates, and that on relations of libraries to the book-trade, the latter reporting no progress in

the solution of the net book problem, began with a paper by Miss Gratia Countryman, Librarian of the Minneapolis Public Library, on state aid to libraries. Miss Countryman showed that twenty-two of the United States afford state aid in some form to public libraries, the prevailing methods being either a direct appropriation of money, or by provision for travelling libraries. The remainder of the session was devoted to a survey of library work in Great Britain, as illustrated by able and suggestive papers, contributed by British librarians. The Association regretted that these gentlemen were not there in person to appreciate the interest with which their statements were received.

Mr. Walter Powell's paper on the production of books revealed that librarians in England had as yet been as ineffectual as those in America in their protest against the net book system in its application to libraries. Mr. Ballinger of Cardiff presented an encouraging report of work with children.

The paper on recent library practice, by Mr. Henry Bond of Woolwich, was characterized by the chairman as 'comprehensive, lively, practical,' and was most interesting as showing wherein practice in England and America was parallel, and where it diverged. The use in England of the indicator practically unknown in American libraries, seemed the greatest point of difference. The revival of annotation seems more rapid in America than in England, though the need of discriminating selection by experts is felt in both countries. Supplying music by libraries is a step in which England is in advance. Mr. Bond spoke of the great increase in

the issue of bulletins, saying that 'to have its own bulletin gives a library a new lease of life.'

The effort made by the programme committee to close each session promptly, in order that the visitors might have their afternoons free to visit the exposition, threw Mr. Jast's paper on library extension over to the third session, which was to have been devoted to library work on the continent. Perhaps the most novel feature, to Americans, of extension work with adults as described by Mr. Jast, was the news-room lecture, or readings on special topics. It seems so attractive and feasible as it was presented by Mr. Jast, that its adoption in America appears inevitable.

'The State supported libraries of Norway,' by H. Nyhuus, was lucid, delightful, and charming in style, tracing an interesting story of a century's progress. The smallness of the funds at the disposal of the Norwegian libraries, has turned their attention to co-operation for economy's sake, with very good results to report for the 750 small co-operating libraries. A catalogue of 2,000 titles has been published, with a supplement issued yearly. Public men and scientists give their services in evaluating books, which were purchased and catalogued by a central bureau, and sent through the mails as public business. About 20,000 volumes are sent yearly. The State committee is very practical, and Mr. Nyhuus emphasized its determination, while doing all in its power for the active libraries, not to supply money or libraries that 'Don't do business.' To some of the audience Mr. Nyhuus presented in his account the best record of achievement heard at the

conference, and the chairman congratulated Norwegian libraries in that they had State support, central authority, central cataloguing, and were using the American Library Association catalogue.

The discussion of the proper limit of state aid, by Mr. Melvil Dewey, Director of the state library of Albany, N.Y., also deferred from an earlier session, was intensely vital and optimistic, and his conclusion seemed to be that there was no limit to be set, but several, such as postal, restrictions in the United States, to be removed. Mr. Dewey traced the development of the public library, one half the educational system of America, along precisely the same lines as the public schools followed two decades earlier. He defined as the two great functions of the state to develop material prosperity, and to build men, and asserted that the library was the corner stone under each. Among the activities proper to the state, he mentioned the development of home libraries, house libraries, and travelling libraries, the giving of books and funds outright and the giving of men, the travelling or field librarian being an office to be developed. He considered lending pictures, music, museum specimens, perforated sheets for mechanical pianos, and lantern slides all within the scope of this work, and, of course, aiding study clubs in making programmes as well as in supplying books and other materials.

Library work on the continent was taken up at the fourth general session, and was most interesting throughout. The chairman read a letter of regret from Signor Desidario Chilovi, of Florence, Italy, which contained some pertinent suggestions for in-

ternational work, such as defining the character of a book and its real subject by central cataloguing, compiling a combination list of abbreviations in various languages, encouraging the international exchange of rare and even ordinary manuscripts; and also that the librarian of one country should aid those of other countries in selecting from his national literature. Signor Chilovi's letter was followed by a charming address in English by Dr. Guido Biagi, also of Florence, on recent general progress in Italy. He spoke of the recent legislation looking to the better protection of the thirty valuable public and royal libraries of Italy, the result of the destruction by fire of the great library at Turin.

In the matter of public libraries, Italy is deficient; in some other things she seems to be in advance of America, as in the free loan of valuable books to students, and in the free transportation of such books by the government. Travelling libraries have found a patron in the Minister of Agriculture and Education, whose department sends selections of books to remote hamlets. This year an international library school is to be started at Florence. Dr. Biagi closed his paper with a recommendation for an international association of librarians and bibliographical societies, upon which action was taken later by the Association in appointing a committee to work for that end.

Dr. Aksel Andersson of Upsala, gave a short address on Swedish libraries, sketching some of the main points of difference with American practice. There is practically free access to the shelves, women are rarely employed, and a university degree is ne-

cessary for appointment as a supernumerary officer. There are no library schools in Sweden, and no provision for systematic training in library work. A librarian is retired at sixty-five years of age with a pension of two-thirds or three-fourths of his former salary.

When the subject of classification and its present tendencies was taken up, Dr. Richardson of Princeton read an abstract of the views of Professor Dr. Focke, of Posen, and of Charles Martel of the Library of Congress. Professor Focke recommended more use of alphabeting in divisions of classification, and hoped for a modified Dewey Decimal system of classification. In response to a question as to what modifications might be expected in the Decimal system, Mr. Melvil Dewey, its originator, said that for the sake of economy in the thousands of libraries already using the system, any future changes must be chiefly amplifications of the old system. Dr. La Fontaine, of Brussels, agreed with him that as little change as possible was advisable.

In his introductory remarks, Dr. Richardson, chairman of the session devoted to bibliographical undertakings of international concern, said that such undertakings should be international in scope, in method, and in co-operation. The librarians of the United States, he pointed out, had hitherto been more interested in applied than pure bibliography. The addresses given in this session were necessarily brief although describing important undertakings, and forming the most markedly international feature of the conference.

Dr. Cyrus Adler of the Smithsonian Institution gave the history and present state of progress of the international catalogue of scientific literature. Dr. Herbert H. Field's report of the work done by the Concilium Bibliographicum was a record of a surprising quantity of work done with a small expenditure of money and a tremendous expenditure of labour and self devotion from those engaged, but the lack of money was proving very hampering.

Professor La Fontaine read M. Paul Otlet's contribution on the Institut International de Bibliographie, and this also was a recital of a large work done with disproportionately small means and the need for financial support. Mr. J. D. Thompson of Washington gave an account of the Handbook of Learned Societies which he has in preparation, and promised that parts of it would be issued during the coming winter. Dr. Aksel Andersson read a report on the Swedish Union Accession Catalogue, in the publication of which twenty-nine university and association libraries participate, and which is distributed free to practically anyone who wishes it.

The paper of Miss Adelaide Hasse of the New York Public Library on a bibliography of official business, invested even public documents with an interest, her argument was so fresh and clear and her points so well taken. Miss Hasse considered an index the most immediately practical bibliography of current documents, to make available and accessible the 50,000 publications issued annually by various governments, covering every phase of governmental activity, and forming a medium of information and an indication of political administration

for all other countries. Such an index would presuppose a bibliography of titles.

Mr. W. I. Fletcher read a paper on annotation, which he defined as the addition to book-titles in a library catalogue or elsewhere, of notes intended to aid to a better understanding of the titles, a fuller knowledge of the contents of the books, or a more complete and ready appreciation of their value. Mr. Fletcher noted, as Mr. Bond had done, the greater readiness of American librarians to adopt annotation, and to assume the responsibility of guiding the reading of their patrons. He also referred to the common need of impartial and judicial appraisal as a guide in purchasing new books, and spoke of the work done in the Book selector department in the Library World.

He considered four forms of annotation valuable. (1) Lists of books in departments of literature exemplifying the idea of appraisal by selection and accompanied by notes containing descriptive information rather than judicial. (2) Introductory notes to such lists, which discuss the literature of the subject, especially sources. (3) Selected lists of best new books for guides to small libraries. (4) Cards for subject catalogues, giving under the subject names a summary guide to the best reading. This phase is admirably illustrated by Mr. W. D. Johnston's cards, issued by the Library of Congress. Simple unpretentious descriptive annotation Mr. Fletcher considered very helpful.

The paper on 'Cataloguing, present tendencies,' by Mr. Lane, of Harvard University library, was scientific and judicial. Mr. Lane thought progress

in cataloguing should be along the three lines of (1) enrichment, (2) simplicity, and (3) economy. The revival of annotation falls under the head of enrichment, as does the inclusion of magazine articles, although Poole renders the latter unnecessary for large libraries. The card catalogue is a step toward simplicity and uniformity, although its bulk is a cause for uneasiness. But, he added, the storing of the necessary cards, even the 200,000 printed cards issued last year by various agencies in addition to those made in each library was a small concern when compared to housing the added books which these cards represented. Economy is secured by uniformity, co-operation, and centralization. Mr. Lane proposed the formation of a central bureau to print and distribute catalogue cards, supplementary to the work done in that direction by the Library of Congress, which is proving of such service. Mr. Lane also suggested that such an organization in Europe, which could furnish the cards to be imported with foreign books, might be a profitable undertaking. He spoke of the renewed lease of life which the subject catalogue was showing, as did Mr. Andrews of Chicago in his comments on Mr. Lane's paper, which he called temperate, accurate, and complete. While noting many advances in cataloguing, Mr. Andrews regretted that the American practice still showed divergence in some particulars from accepted literary usage, notwithstanding the recommendation for closer conformity presented at the 1903 Conference. Mr. Andrews advocated a combination of subject and class catalogue as the best means of making the books accessible,

and also a chronological arrangement of titles in the class with the latest publication first in order.

At the last meeting of the Association Mr. W. D. Johnston presented the need for an annual review or year book of library science. The project was considered international in scope, and was referred to the Council.

An important subject brought before this meeting by Mr. L. Stanley Jast was the feasibility of a common code of cataloguing rules in connection with his remarks on the revision of the Library Association of the United Kingdom cataloguing rules, this seeming a more propitious time for agreement, when revision is under consideration in both countries, than any future period could possibly be. He was followed by Mr. Aksel Andersson, who spoke for an international cataloguing code, for which, in Mr. Jast's opinion, the time had not come. The matter was referred to the Executive Board of the American Library Association.

Mr. W. P. Cutter made a report on the condition of the Cutter classification, which he has taken up since the death of his uncle, C. A. Cutter, and promised its issue in three years.

The meeting was closed by short farewell addresses by the representatives of participating foreign countries, Mr. Jast speaking for England, Mr. Roberts for the Netherlands, Dr. La Fontaine for Belgium, Dr. Kohn for Austria, Dr. Wolfsteig for Germany; Dr. Andersson spoke for Scandinavia, Dr. Kimhao Yu-tchu Su for China, and Dr. Biagi for Italy. As at least part of each address was in

the speaker's native language, it seemed a confusion of tongues, but the fraternal feeling and desire for co-operation and federation was heard and understood in whatever language it was expressed. Everyone participating in this memorable conference might well carry away with him the hopeful thought that the library profession the world over was beginning to see its way to obtaining the rich rewards that follow organization and community of interests.

SHAKESPEARE À LA FRANÇAISE.

T this day,' wrote Wordsworth in 1815, 'the French critics have abated nothing of their aversion to "this darling of our nation." "The English with their bouffon de Shakespeare" is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire.' And in spite of those periodical outbursts of a somewhat artificial enthusiasm, it is at least doubtful whether he is really more to the mind of the average Frenchman of to-day. Even M. Marcel Schwob's beautiful translation of 'Hamlet' failed to achieve more than a *succès d'estime*. Indeed, it would seem that Shakespeare, pure and unadulterated, is next to impossible on the French stage.

It was more than sixty years after his death that the first criticism on Shakespeare's works appeared in French. The author was Nicolas Clément, librarian of Louis XIV, who, whilst cataloguing the Royal Library, came across a copy of the Second Folio of 1632; the entry reads thus:

WILL. SHAKESPEARE,
Poeta anglicus.

Opera poetica, continentia tragœdias, comœdias et historiolas. Angl^{e}, Lond., Th. Cotes, 1632, fo.
Eædem Tragœdiæ et comœdiæ anglicæ. Lond., W. Leake, 1641, 4°.[1]

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[1] M. Jusserand, commenting on this entry, states that this second

After the entries the cataloguer placed on record his opinion in the following terms:

> Ce poète anglois a l'imagination assés belle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ces belles qualitez sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il méle dans ses Comedies.

Half a century after Clément, the sprightly author of 'Manon Lescaut' paid tribute to our great poet's strength in 'Le Pour et le Contre,' a periodical which entered on a brief and troubled existence in 1732. In his 'Lettres d'un Français' (1745), Leblanc, after censuring his grotesque extravagancies, gave whole-hearted praise to the sublimity of his style; and Voltaire, in his 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' declared himself an enthusiastic admirer of the poet. Thereupon the plays created such a stir in Paris that Voltaire grew jealous, and made a furious onslaught on the dramatist in which he referred to him as a barbarian and to his work as 'a huge dung-hill which concealed some pearls.'

A passage in William Holcroft's diary casts an interesting side-light on the French estimate of Shakespeare immediately before the Revolution. When on a visit to the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres in the summer of 1783, he was requested by his hosts to read some passages from Shakespeare. The company expressed themselves as highly delighted with the reading, but this did not prevent them from hotly urging the claims of the French poets to the prejudice of the English

volume contains not Shakespeare's works, but a selection of plays by Beaumont and Fletcher.

master; and they succeeded so well in keeping their enthusiasm for the latter in check, that on the 25th June Holcroft addressed the following letter on the subject to his friend the Comte de Catuelan, who had been present at the discussion:

SIR,

The conversation we had on Sunday morning concerning Rousseau, Voltaire, Shakespeare, etc., started an idea as I was returning home, which I immediately put into the form you see. I would not have you suppose, Sir, I mean to depreciate the talents of Voltaire; that is far from my intention; I would only vindicate the poet who of all others within my sphere of knowledge, and as far as my judgement extends, is infinitely the greatest. I should have sent you the verses before, because I know your reverence for my favourite bard, but that I kept them to see if after sleeping two or three nights I still thought them fit to be read. I am yet in doubt; for anything middling on such a subject is contemptible. However, I have not yet shown them to any person, except you, Sir, and Mr. Bonneville, at whose lodgings they were written.

Clad in the wealthy robes his genius wrought,
In happy dreams was gentle Shakespeare laid;
His pleas'd soul wand'ring through the realms of thought,
While all his elves and fairies round him play'd.

Voltaire approach'd—straight fled the quaint-eyed band,
For Envy's breath such sprites may not endure.
He pilfer'd many a gem with trembling hand,
Then stabb'd the bard to make the theft secure.

Ungrateful man! Vain was thy black design.
Th' attempt and not the deed thy hand defiled.
Preserv'd by his own charms and spells divine
Safely the gentle Shakespeare slept and smiled.

In a note on the above, Hazlitt wrote: 'With respect, however, to the enthusiasm with which Eng-

lishmen generally endeavour to persuade foreigners of the superlative excellence of our great dramatist, unless where it is taken up in self-defence, it is undoubtedly a species of quixotism, and of the most hopeless kind.'

But apart from these praiseworthy attempts at appreciation, it was Jean François Ducis who took in hand these crude and unpromising dramas—with all their barbarous incongruities, absurd anachronisms, and wild improbabilities—and, having purged them of the above-mentioned obscenities, shaped and rounded them off according to the unities, and arrayed them in all the pomp and circumstance of Alexandrine couplets. Yet an ungrateful British public remains deaf to the claims of the great Ducis, and his name is almost forgotten even in the land of his birth!

Ducis's services to Shakespeare have been admirably summed up by the editor of the Brussels edition of his works: 'Shakespeare,' remarked that gentleman in the preface, 'almost entirely debarred of education, writing among a still barbarous people, in a language scarcely formed, and for a stage utterly without order, was either ignorant of, or disdained those rules, and that dramatic affinity, the observance of which distinguishes our theatre; and what is perhaps more painful, he often allied the truest and most sublime beauties, now with the fault of indecency, now with the vice of affectation. Ducis . . . reduced to proportion and subdued to the established laws of our dramatic system, the gigantic and grotesque works of the English dramatist. He knew how to separate the pure and sublime traits

from the impure alloy which dishonoured them, and to render them with that force, that warmth, that truth of expression, which places imitative talent and creative genius almost on an equality. Indeed, how much of bold and profound thought, of touching and exalted sentiment, has he added to that furnished to him by his model!'

But no dead poet can reasonably be called to book for the rapturous indiscretions of his living editor. Moreover, there is abundant proof that Ducis was an exceedingly modest man, of lowly fortune if lofty ideals, who won the respect of all men, the great Napoleon included, to whom he was familiarly known as *Bonhomme Ducis*. The one ambition of his life was to make his countrymen appreciate Shakespeare, and to this end he cheerfully neglected his talent for original composition that he might devote his whole energies to the adaptation of the master's works for the French stage.

Ducis brought to his self-imposed task some aptitude for dramatic composition, a sincere admiration for Shakespeare, and a monumental ignorance of the language, manners, and customs of the English people. It was early in 1769 that the French poet discovered that the play of 'Hamlet' was 'out of joint,' and being, as we have seen, a modest man, he may have declaimed against the 'Cursed spite! that ever he was born to set it right.' He persevered, however, and in the same year his version was produced with great success at the Théatre Français. The play, according to Ducis and the unities, is simplicity itself. In the first place there is but one scene, 'the Palace of the Kings of Den-

mark, Elsineur,' and in the opening lines we are informed that, on the sudden death of his father, Hamlet has ascended the throne, and that Claudius, 'first prince of the blood,' and Polonius, 'a Danish nobleman,' are conspiring his overthrow. The reasons for this plot are not quite clear. But, according to the conspirators, Hamlet is 'sullen, unsociable, and full of rancour,' therefore half mad, and wholly unfit to reign. The late king had also in his black tyranny decreed that Ophelia, 'the sole and feeble scion of my race,' as Claudius calls her (for she is his, not Polonius' daughter), 'the light of Hymen's torch shall ne'er behold.' Here again we are left in darkness as to the cause of this decision. Whilst these two worthies are concocting their heavy villanies, the Queen-Mother, Gertrude, enters, and Polonius withdraws in order to give Claudius an opportunity of proposing to her. But the moment is inopportune. Gertrude, bitterly repenting of her share in the murder, will none of him. At this juncture, Norceste, the dearest friend of Hamlet, returns from England. This Norceste was in Shakespeare's time known as plain Horatio; but the name is apparently not in accordance with the unities. Hamlet unbosoms himself to his friend as to his suspicions of the 'infamous Claudius' and his 'perfidious mother'; suspicions which have been strengthened almost to certainty by his father's ghost appearing to him in a dream, and demanding vengeance on Claudius and Gertrude as his murderers. Although Norceste shares Hamlet's suspicions, he attributes the ghostly visitation to an overwrought imagination, acting on the news of

the timely murder of the King of England by his treacherous consort and her lover, who now reigned in his stead. It is hoped that the story of this crime will serve the purpose of Shakespeare's play within a play to make the murderers betray their guilt. The device, however, fails. Claudius refuses to be bluffed into confession, and even Gertrude manages to keep a cheerful countenance. Hamlet, in despair, turns to soliloquizing on self-slaughter, and here we get the first faint glimpse of Shakespeare:

Mourons. Que craindre encore quand on a cessé d'être?
La mort. . . . C'est le sommeil. . . . C'est un réveil peut-être?
Peut-être. . . . Ah! c'est ce mot qui glace épouvanté
L'homme au bord du cercueil par le doubte arrêté.
Devant ce vaste abîme il se jette en arrière,
Ressaisit l'existence, et s'attache à la terre. . . .

and so on to the end of the scene, Ducis follows Shakespeare—afar off!

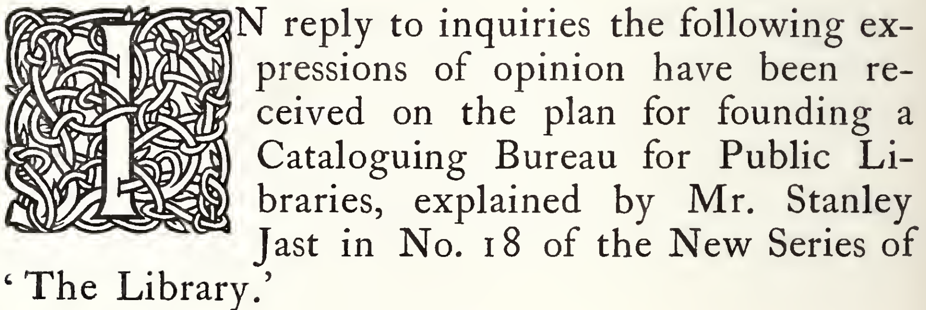
In the fifth act, Norceste enters, bearing in his arms the urn containing the 'deplorable ashes' of his late majesty, which he restores to the tears and embraces of the unhappy Hamlet. Norceste now gives place to Ophelia, who, amid much weeping, endeavours to soften the king's heart towards her father; but failing in her object, turns on him a column and a half of rhymed indignation. In the next scene, which is most impressive and worthier of a better cause, Hamlet, unable to satisfy himself as to his mother's complicity in the death of his father, attempts to make her swear over the

funereal urn, and the Queen faints in the act of declaring her innocence. The tragedy now reaches its climax. The conspirators attack the Royal Palace. Norceste and his friends place themselves before the King, who, after exchanging fierce words with Claudius, draws his sword and kills him. Thereupon, *exeunt* the rebels bearing the corpse of Claudius; Gertrude stabs herself; and Hamlet, having overcome all his troubles, lived happily ever after.

As for Ducis, he ended as he began, and when death overtook him in 1816, he was still busily adapting Shakespeare's tragedies.

JOHN RIVERS.

A CATALOGUING BUREAU FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.



IN reply to inquiries the following expressions of opinion have been received on the plan for founding a Cataloguing Bureau for Public Libraries, explained by Mr. Stanley Jast in No. 18 of the New Series of 'The Library.'

From Basil Anderton, *Public Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

I think co-operative work of that kind is very desirable, and I should be glad to see some such scheme in working order.

Probably I shall give to my committee, at its next meeting, some indication of the existence of such a scheme, and shall hope to tell you that they have given at least a general approval to it.

From John Ballinger, *Cardiff Free Libraries.*

The proposal to establish a Central Cataloguing Bureau for Public Libraries is one which I am prepared to encourage and support to the utmost of my power. The shocking waste of time and energy expended on the production of catalogues under

existing conditions is a great blot on twentieth-century librarianship. As a mere matter of business it should be swept aside at the earliest possible date in favour of some scheme of co-operation.

If a start could be made with a central organization for cataloguing on the lines suggested in Mr. Jast's valuable paper in 'The Library,' I believe the libraries would quickly fall into line and support the scheme, especially if some plan of cataloguing backwards, as well as current books, could be devised. Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's 'Best Books' and 'Readers' Guide' might be taken as a basis for the back work. These, however, are details which can be settled by the committee of management. The great thing is to get some plan which will do away with the present waste of time and energy.

If you can get the proposal put into form I shall be happy to bring it before my committee.

From FRANKLIN T. BARRETT, *Fulham Public Libraries.*

I was much interested in Mr. Jast's suggestions in 'The Library' for April towards the establishment of a Central Cataloguing Bureau. That such a bureau, administered upon liberal lines, might be of very great service to librarianship in this country does not admit of question. The matter resolves itself into one of method of administration and of financial consideration. Mr. Jast's scheme makes a nearer approach to practicability than any other which has come under my notice.

An important factor in the continued success of

the bureau would be that the director should be not merely a well-educated and well-trained librarian, but also a man of such uncommon common sense, if I may phrase it so, as would keep him in the safe middle path between the conservatism of the old school and the experimentalism of the new, especially in such matters as annotation. I assume that the director would, in matters of policy, lead his committee.

Probably some difficulty would be met in inducing some librarians to purchase catalogue entries in which are abandoned those cherished forms in respect of capitalization, punctuation, arrangement of symbols for sizes, pages, volumes, etc., or other trivialia which one is surprised to find still viewed as the essentials of good cataloguing: it would only be by some sacrifice of personal predilection that a wide enough market to command success could be obtained.

The bureau, by printing a classification symbol on the cards, might help very substantially towards the wider introduction of precise systematic arrangement of the books upon the shelves of public libraries.

From G. H. Elliott, *Belfast Public Library.*

Mr. Jast's plan, as outlined in the April number of 'The Library,' looks a workable one, but may remain 'wholly in the air' until the four hundred libraries have signified their intention of joining the combine.

A commendable point is the mention of slips, as

guides to librarians and committees in purchasing books. But much would depend upon the regular and prompt delivery of the slips as a rival to the timely reviews.

The bureau would not entirely free librarians of their cataloguing responsibilities, as the bureau cards would need checking. That would entail no small amount of time, besides the time for correspondence with the bureau, and the committee's direction of its management.

From Norris Mathews, *Bristol Public Libraries.*

I have read Mr. Jast's article in question, and while I sympathize with the spirit of his proposals in regard to co-operation am unable to see quite the practicability of his cataloguing scheme. Many difficulties occur to me, chiefly the probable lack of uniformity between the Library Bureau operations and one's own current methods. And then one fears some time would be lost between the order for cards and their despatch. The time allowed for the necessary printing would alone, it appears to me, cause an irksome delay.

On the whole I am inclined to the opinion, at the risk of being dubbed conservative, that every responsible workman should be allowed to use his own tools.

The idea of a permanent exhibition of current book publications, I think a particularly good and feasible one.

From THOMAS E. MAW, *Stanley Public Library, King's Lynn.*

The necessity for such a Cataloguing Bureau, as suggested by Mr. Jast in his article in the April 'Library,' will surely be acknowledged by every librarian in the kingdom. Mr. Jast very truly says that the cataloguing of current literature by a central staff would enable librarians to give time and energy to other work calling for attention. He might also have said that the cataloguing itself would in very many cases be done in a more satisfactory manner, and it would probably furnish a higher standard of work to library staffs. Mr. Jast opines that some libraries have not all their stock catalogued; I could tell him of one library—long established and by no means small—with *no* catalogue.

It would be difficult at this stage to criticise the scheme in detail. Mr. Jast makes one mistake, I think, in counting on probable gifts from publishers. The Bureau could not exist without new books, and the publishers would not give anything save dead stock to such a good customer.

The suggestion that the larger libraries should pay a smaller proportion is neither politic nor just. Mr. Jast knows, as do all who have been connected with small libraries, where the annual amount spent on books is anything from £20 to £100, that the loss of every shilling spent in other directions is proportionately greater than in the larger libraries.

Another point worth noting is that some arrangement should be made whereby provincial librarians would be able to examine new books in stock; this

advantage should not be confined to the comparatively few librarians in or near London. It should be possible for any subscriber to obtain a box of books for examination by paying carriage one way.

These criticisms are after all very trifling. The scheme deserves the hearty support of every librarian.

In my opinion the Library Association should take the matter up and bring into being this very necessary bibliographical institute.

From Butler Wood, *Bradford Public Free Library.*

I very willingly respond to your invitation to express an opinion on Mr. Jast's plan for founding a Cataloguing Bureau, because I have long felt that something should be done to obviate the senseless waste of energy which is taking place under the isolated conditions which prevail amongst our public libraries at the present time.

There can be no two opinions as to the desirability of some form of co-operative calaloguing, and, therefore, nothing remains to be said on the matter. I imagine that every sensible librarian is desirous of seeing it brought into the domain of 'practical politics.'

On first considering the question it occurred to me that the British Museum authorities might possibly be induced to issue cataloguing slips by arrangement with libraries willing to subscribe towards the cost of such an undertaking. If this could be done, I am inclined to think it would work better than a scheme which would be to some ex-

tent dependent on voluntary help. Another alternative which suggests itself is that publishers themselves might find it worth while to print a sufficient number of slips for distribution amongst the public libraries, at a slight charge. Probably these points have been considered by Mr. Jast; but as he has not referred to them in his paper, it would be interesting to have his views on the points named.

Coming to the details of Mr. Jast's scheme, I venture to make the following observations:

1st. *Voluntary help of Specialists.* No doubt the assistance of specialists could be obtained gratis for a time; but it is hardly to be expected that this would continue for long. If, however, the scheme were successfully carried out this very important work could be paid for out of the funds.

2nd. *Subscriptions*: I am afraid the larger libraries would hesitate to spend, say £150, on slips for one year. As Mr. Jast points out, the cataloguing staff will still have to be maintained for the purpose of dealing with books other than current publications, and of course the recently published books are dealt with at present along with the rest of the work. On the suggested basis the new books would cost a great deal more to catalogue than the rest of the stock, and on that account I feel that this portion of the scheme needs some modification. May I suggest instead of a subscription based on income, that the slip itself be the unit of calculation, and each library be charged with the number supplied?

3rd. *Assuming the Scheme to be an accomplished fact*: It is obvious that its usefulness would depend largely on the prompt and frequent supply of slips

to the subscribers, and I should s[illegible] that there should be at least one delivery a fortnight.

These are the only observations I wish to make, and if some such scheme is carried out, I am quite sure the librarians of this country will give it their cordial support. One important result is sure to follow its adoption, namely, an approach to something like uniformity in the structure of our public library catalogues, most of which present such a bewildering variety of form, and many of which appear to be compiled for the sole purpose of showing to an admiring world what geniuses the compilers are.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE 'ALPHABETUM NARRATIONUM.'

TUDENTS of mediaeval manners, thought and language owe much already to the zeal and enterprise of the Early English Text Society; and they will find their debt sensibly increased by Mrs. M. M. Banks's edition of the 'Alphabet of Tales,' Part I of which appeared in 1904. But while cordially recommending the inside of this volume, I must take exception to four words on the cover. The title runs as follows: 'An Alphabet of Tales. An English fifteenth century translation of the "Alphabetum Narrationum" of Etienne de Besançon.' It is this attribution of authorship which I hold to be erroneous. Before attempting, however, to prove my point, it may be well to give a brief account of the work itself, which I had occasion to study a few years ago, when preparing materials for the continuation of Mr. H. L. D. Ward's 'Catalogue of Romances in the Department of MSS. in the British Museum.'

About the beginning of the thirteenth century preachers began to see the importance of making their sermons appeal more directly and forcibly to their hearers; and the practice of using *exempla* to illustrate arguments, or to fix the attention of a drowsy audience, began to become general. This

tendency received a mighty impetus from the foundation of St. Dominic's order of Friars Preachers, but was not confined to them—among the foremost preachers of the new school were the canon Jacques de Vitry and the parish priest Odo of Cheriton, and the Friars Minor of St. Francis did not lag far behind their rivals. Popular preaching was, however, the special study of the Dominicans, and most of the books designed for the assistance of preachers emanated from them. The latter half of the thirteenth century was prolific in such works. The most noteworthy is the vast, though unfinished, 'Tractatus de diversis materiis praedicabilibus' of Etienne de Bourbon, who died about 1260 in the Dominican convent at Lyon. His huge book has never been printed *in extenso*, and probably never will be; but a most entertaining selection of 'Anecdotes, historiques, légendes et apologues,' extracted from it, was published in 1877 by the Société de l'histoire de France, edited by A. Lecoy de La Marche. Etienne travelled in various parts of France, preaching and inquiring into cases of alleged heresy, and his anecdotes throw a flood of light on the manners and superstitions of the time.

Towards the end of the century three large collections of *exempla* were formed by different compilers, arranged under subject-headings in alphabetical order, for the greater convenience of preachers consulting them. Probably the earliest of these is the 'Speculum Laicorum,' a most interesting work, as yet unedited, though some of the best tales were published in Haupt and Hoffmann's 'Altdeutsche Blätter,' vol. ii (Leipzig, 1840), and

reprinted by Thomas Wright in his 'Latin Stories' (Percy Society, 1843), from a Cambron MS. owned by W. J. Thoms (now Brit. Mus., Add. 11284). It has been ascribed on scanty evidence to John Hoveden, and is undoubtedly the work of an English cleric, though perhaps of slightly later date than Hoveden (who is said to have died in 1275: see 'Dict. of Nat. Biogr.'). There are several copies in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries, some containing one or two interpolated tales of later date. Its first subject-heading is *Abstinentia* and last *Usura*; it contains nearly six hundred *exempla.*

The second collection is much smaller, containing only about two hundred *exempla* under headings from *Accidia* to *Christi* (*Xpi*) *Ascensio.* It exists in many manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, usually with some such title as 'Tractatus exemplorum de abundantia adaptorum ad omnem materiam in sermonibus, secundum ordinem alphabeti.' The British Museum possesses one copy (Add. 18351, fourteenth century, which belonged in 1652 to the monastery of St. Georgenberg in the Tyrol); another is in All Souls' College, Oxford (No. 19 in Coxe's Catalogue); most of the rest are in French libraries, and the collection (which, though comparatively small, has many features of interest) is clearly of French origin.

The third and largest of these repertories is the 'Alphabetum Narrationum'; it contains over eight hundred *exempla*, the subject-headings ranging from *Abbas* to *Zelotipa.* The number and distribution of the extant manuscripts prove it to have been more widely known on the Continent than the 'Speculum

Laicorum,' and to have been almost as popular in this country—indeed, the existence of the fifteenth-century English translation (Brit. Mus., Add. 25719) suggests that English preachers held it in even greater esteem. The compiler contented himself, for the most part, with transcribing extracts from the stock authors (from Valerius Maximus down to Jacobus de Voragine), and gave us none of those out-of-the-way anecdotes of his own time and country which form so delightful a feature of the 'Speculum Laicorum.' Still, it is a document of undeniable value in the domain of *Culturgeschichte*; and the selection is well made—most of the stories are apposite, and quite a number are entertaining, even if they lack the charm of novelty for readers who happen to be familiar with this particular branch of literature. To do the compiler justice, he makes no pretence of originality, but almost invariably begins a story by naming the author or book whence he has derived it. This method has sometimes misled the English translator into confusing the author with his *dramatis personae*. For instance, under title *Absolutio* is a tale from the 'Liber de Dono Timoris' of Hubert or Humbert, telling how an abbot had the puzzling task of assigning penance to a dead monk. This begins, 'Hubertus. Quidam monachus,' etc; but the English translator, changing the full-stop into a comma, begins 'We rede of a monke that hight Hubertus.' A somewhat similar mistake was made by another fifteenth-century writer, the Dominican Johannes Herolt. Under the title *Judex* we have the story of Zaleucus (the judge whose son had incurred the penalty of losing

both eyes, and who plucked out one of his own eyes and sentenced the youth to lose one of his), from Valerius Maximus, beginning 'Valerius. Zaleucius, cum filius suus,' etc. Herolt has borrowed this for his 'Promptuarium Exemplorum' (tit. Judex), but begins unintelligently, 'Valerius Solentus cum filius suus.' It must be noted that here, as in many other cases where he seems to have used the 'Alphabetum Narrationum,' Herolt cites his authority as 'Arnoldus in narratorio.' The late Professor Crane conjectured that he meant the 'Gnotosolitos' of Arnoldus Geilhoven of Rotterdam (see 'Exempla of Jacques de Vitry,' Folk-lore Society, 1890, pp. 174, 175, 267), a book which I have not seen; but I have no doubt that he meant the 'Alphabetum Narrationum' itself, and will presently adduce further evidence to support this view.

To six tales our compiler has prefixed the word *Narrator*. Possibly he meant 'Some story-teller whose name I forget'; but more probably this was his way of claiming credit, not perhaps for inventing these stories (all the *exempla* purport, of course, to be authentic narratives!), but at any rate for giving them literary form. In one case, alas! he has been convicted of plagiarism from Jacques de Vitry (see Hauréau, 'Notices et extraits de quelques MSS. latins,' vol. ii, 1891, p. 74), but as regards the other five his claim is perhaps well-founded. One of these (tit. *Abbas*) tells how a monk taunted his richly-dressed abbot: 'I am your brother, but your tunic is not my tunic's sister.' Another (*Ballivus*) is of a bailiff before whom a dispute was brought; one of the parties bribes him

with an ox, but the other secures his wife's favour by giving her a cow; he gives judgement for the latter party, saying, 'The ox cannot speak, for the cow will not let him.' Another (*Verbum*) is the now familiar fable of the man and his son and the ass, who tried in vain to please all onlookers; and this is certainly one of its earliest appearances in Western Europe, though perhaps its source is to be looked for in the East (see P. Meyer, 'Les Contes moralisés de Nicole Bozon,' Soc. des anc. textes fr., 1889, pp. 284-287). A different setting occurs in Add. 18351, f. 50 b, under title, *Prudentia*, and that collection is probably of slightly earlier date than the 'Alphabetum Narrationum.'

There is also a tale (*Demon*) of a woman haunted by a demon-lover, until she showed his gifts to her confessor, to which the words '*Narrator Leodiensis*' are prefixed. This is to be noted, especially in conjunction with the fact that extracts are given under various titles from Jacques de Vitry's 'Life of St. Mary of Oignies' (printed in the Bollandist 'Acta Sanctorum,' 23rd June), including four from the Prologue on the saintly women of the diocese of Liége.

The weakness of the attribution to Etienne de Besançon (eighth General of the Dominicans, d. 1294), has been sufficiently exposed by Hauréau (' Not. et Extr.,' ii, pp. 68-75), though his remarks have not received the attention they deserve. The case for Etienne is briefly this: Laurence Pignon (d. 1449) says that he wrote a 'Liber de auctoritatibus sanctorum et philosophorum' (which neither Pignon nor any other bibliographer seems to have

seen); and the compiler of the "Alphabetum Narrationum' says in his prologue that he arranged a series of 'auctoritates sanctorum' in alphabetical order, 'in libello quem alphabetum auctoritatum appello.' To Hauréau's arguments against this flimsy case I wish to add (1) that the allusion to Louis IX as 'Sanctus Ludovicus' (under title *Mulier*) suggests that his canonization (1297) had already taken place; (2) that three of the extant manuscripts (Vendôme 181, Chartres 252, Bruges 555) have the date 15th January, 1308, and a fourth (St. John's Coll., Oxford 112) has the same year-date; raising a presumption that this is the date of the composition of the book. If these arguments are sound Etienne's claims vanish.

The extant manuscripts are anonymous; but many of them have a short epilogue, asking readers to pray for the compiler, 'cujus nomen in prologo continetur,' and in one (Balliol College, Oxford, No. 219) this is replaced by the direct statement, 'Nomen compilantis in litteris capitalibus hujus procemio continetur,' which enabled H. O. Coxe to read the author's name as Arnulphus ('Catalogus,' Oxonii, 1852). Hauréau, using two Paris manuscripts, read Arnuldus, and that agrees with the two British Museum manuscripts (Harl. 268 and Arund. 378), as well as with the Arnoldus of Herolt; and Miss Parker tells me the Balliol MS. actually gives Arn[ul]d[u]s. Now Leandro Alberti ('De Viris Illustribus Ord. Praed.', Bologna, 1517, f. 138 b) mentions 'Arnulphus Leodiensis,' as 'vir acris ingenii,' among the Dominicans who flourished in the first half of the fourteenth century; and Quétif

and Echard ('Script. Ord. Praed.', vol. i, 1719, p. 721) have identified him with 'Arnoldus Leodiensis,' who is said to have written 'Liber qui dicitur Narvaconi' (this puzzled Quétif and Echard, but I venture to suggest that it is a corruption of the 'Narratorium' of Herolt) and 'Liber de Mirabilibus Mundi' or 'Liber demonstrationum juxta seriem alphabeti de mirabilibus mundi.' This last-named work forms an important link, for the writer of the 'Alphabetum Narrationum' announces (under title *Signum*) his intention of compiling a book 'de mirabilibus rebus et eventibus.' And the 'Narrator Leodiensis,' referred to above, seems to complete the chain.

I venture to submit, therefore, that the 'Alphabetum Narrationum' was certainly not written by Etienne de Besançon, and that there are reasonable grounds for attributing it to the practically unknown Arnold of Liége.

J. A. Herbert.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

LORD ROSEBERY has given his opinion against the removal of the rate limit of a penny in the pound imposed by the Libraries Act, and, if correctly reported, he even thinks there is virtue in restricting the amount to a penny. How much depends upon the point of view! If Lord Rosebery were an assistant in a large public library, with a salary of eighty pounds per annum, he would probably take a different view of the question. He would know then how little attraction there is for good men in a service which has no prizes, very few tolerable salaries, and an exacting and critical public to satisfy.

This question of the rate limit needs to be looked into carefully in the public interest. Criticism of the work of libraries has been in fashion of late years. The shortcomings, or supposed shortcomings, have been the theme of newspapers and magazines. But in no instance that I have seen have the critics found out the root of the defects in the present public library system. Librarians are not graduates of universities, says one critic; you circulate too many cheap books which people ought to buy for themselves, says another; the average library employee is incapable of giving intelligent help to the

readers, says a third; you buy second-hand instead of new, says the publisher; and so it goes on.

Now what does this all come to but an admission that the amount of money available is insufficient to buy books, and to pay salaries which will attract more efficient officers. The marvel is that with such inadequate financial resources so much has been done. Indeed, were it not for liberal donations of money for books and buildings, and much gratuitous service given by friendly citizens, the story of the public libraries in England would be very different. This voluntary help has, however, given rise to an unfortunate error. The public library is looked upon as a kind of philanthropic effort, a place where books are supplied free, just as medicines are distributed to the out-patients of a hospital.

The basis of a rate-supported library is that of a co-operative effort on the part of a community to provide something which very few individuals, even if they have the inclination, are in a position to provide for themselves. It is not necessary that every contributor to the cost should directly make use of the library in order to benefit. A storehouse of ideas and learning from which supplies may be drawn by those engaged in informing the community, whether journalists, preachers, teachers, lecturers, or whatever else, is a benefit to all in the long run.

A writer in the 'Atlantic Monthly' for December, discussing the question of the excessive

circulation of fiction by public libraries suggests that libraries should make it a rule never to buy a novel until it is a year old. Nobody could complain, says the writer, for it is open to anybody to buy a book at once if he thinks it worth having. The plan here suggested is, I think, actually practised at the London Library, St. James's Square, and it was in practice, though not perhaps in theory, carried out by the public libraries of England and Wales in the days of the three volume novel. When new novels were published at 31*s.* 6*d.*, they were practically never bought by private individuals or by public libraries, and depended entirely for their sale upon the large subscription libraries. Public libraries only bought such novels as displayed sufficient life to be reprinted in single volume form. There was, in fact, under the old system an automatic weeding out of the unfit. The floods of new novels issued, now that the cost of production is comparatively small, makes it almost imperative that something should be done to prevent the loading up of our shelves with useless rubbish.

The proposal to limit the purchases to those novels which survive a year has many points in its favour. It practically means a return to the conditions of the three volume days. Those who want the newest books would have to purchase or hire them, the public funds being reserved for the purchase of less ephemeral books. Our shelves would be less occupied with dead stock in the shape of forgotten novels which had a vogue only so long as the publishers puffed them. The public libraries

would not be criticised for too much support of ephemeral fiction, nor would the publishers complain that libraries interfered with their sales—I don't think libraries do, but the publishers are always saying so, and it is probable that this grumble would only give place to some other; but let that happen as it may, the libraries would be better off without the bulk of the novels now rushed into the market by speculative publishers, or, too often, at their writers' risk.

In 'The Library' for July, 1903, appeared a note on the difficulty of getting a fair amount of work out of the novels of to-day because of the poor paper used and the way in which everything is cut to reduce the cost of production. Things are even worse now than when that note was written. A new book by one of the most popular writers of the day, just published, is a glaring example. It comes from a different house to the writer's former books. As a book it is not up to the writer's form, and not nearly so good as his other books, all issued at three shillings and sixpence. To balance matters, I suppose, the new publisher prints it upon poor spongy paper, illustrates it in a feeble way, gives less reading to the page, and issues it at six shillings. Now this writer's public is a three and sixpenny public, and he writes three and sixpenny books. I think the publishing house referred to has over-reached itself, and I shall be very much surprised to hear that the book has been sold out and a reprint called for. Here, clearly, is a case where the libraries would do well to wait a year. By that time

the book will be off the market at six shillings, and copies will be going at about eighteen pence in second-hand lists, which is about the value for wear and tear and for reading of the book referred to. These short-measure books must be taken into account. The most casual reader would get through a modern novel in a couple of days—a much larger number of books must therefore be kept to supply the demand. There is a fine chance for a publisher who will bring out well printed editions upon good paper, of books which have run the gauntlet of the circulating libraries and survived. The series could be gradually extended to include a large number of books out of copyright, still sold steadily to libraries and to the public. There would be no need to cut the price. If for five shillings a librarian could procure a book which would stand the work of three or even two of the books now available he would invariably give the preference to the book with good paper, fair measure, and tried literature. For some time past I have steadily refused to buy novels printed on poor paper. The subscription libraries in the town have drawn off some of our readers in consequence—but what of that? We still have more work to do than we can get round satisfactorily, and if the ground is cleared a little for the more serious readers, well, we count that a gain.

The depreciation in the get-up of books is unfortunately spreading to works of reference, and is becoming, therefore, a serious matter. I have before me the first four volumes of a standard work

of reference, practically indispensable in every library, public or private. It is from one of the best publishing houses, a firm which has done much to support the modern revival in printing. Yet this book is turned out in anything but a creditable manner. The paper is wretched pulpy stuff, the binding is flimsy, the printing is not very good, and a large number of full-page illustrations in half tone have been introduced. The previous edition in two volumes was not illustrated, and to introduce such illustrations into a work of this calibre is offensive.

Another instance is also before me of a valuable work of reference in one volume, where the new edition is so bad that it feels like a book compounded of pressed sawdust, while the former edition is like holding a piece of polished mahogany.

J. B.

The new volume (the eighteenth) of Mr. Slater's 'Book-Prices Current' (Elliot Stock) is as interesting and indispensable as any of its predecessors. Mr. Slater still turns a deaf ear to our oft-repeated plea that when the prices of books are entirely or mainly determined by their printing or binding, the names of their printers or binders should be given in his index. It is clear that he cares very little for books of this class, and his notes on them are unimportant and mostly taken from the sale catalogues, from which they repeat mistakes. Of modern books, on the other hand, Mr. Slater has a very considerable knowledge, and what he writes about first editions of Burns or Scott, Keats or Shelley, Thackeray or Dickens, is always worth reading. From the book-

seller's standpoint these books are much more important than any incunables that come, except at rare intervals, into the English sale rooms. Four autograph manuscripts of Burns all fetched good prices: 'The Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots,' £71; 'The Whistle,' £155; 'The Brigs of Ayr,' 169; 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' £500. The last-named is, no doubt, exceptional, but there must be many more Burns manuscripts likely to come into the market than, let us say, Machlinias, and no doubt Mr. Slater has, what seems to him, good reasons for his neglect of the early books as compared with the later ones. Fortunately Mr. Peddie has come once more to our help, and an index to the incunables sold last year will be given in our next number. As far as we can see, there has been no noticeable shrinkage in the value of these, though fewer of them have come into the market. The general shrinkage, on the other hand, is very marked, both in totals and average price, as the following figures will show:

	No. of Lots	Sold for	Average
1904	41,639	£109,951	£2 12*s*. 10*d*.
1903	44,462	£139,842	£3 2*s*. 10*d*.
1902	51,513	£163,207	£3 3*s*. 4*d*.
1901	38,377	£130,275	£3 7*s*. 10*d*.

Thus there has been a progressive decline in values since 1901, and in numbers of lots sold and totals realized since 1902. We are, in fact, about back again to where we were in 1897, when 37,358 lots sold for £100,259, or an average of £2 13*s*. 9*d*. There is, of course, nothing to regret in this, as the

prices of the last few years have, by common consent, been excessive, while 1897 was itself the beginning of the boom, showing an increase of a pound a lot over the prices of the previous year, and of more than a hundred per cent. over those of 1893, when 49,671 lots sold for no more than £66,470, or £1 6*s*. 7*d*. apiece. At the end of a dozen years a bookseller's stock (of the right kind) would thus still be worth twice as much as it was in 1893, and though firms which plunged heavily in 1901 and 1902 are probably regretting it, the general condition of the trade should be sound enough, while for amateurs, and still more for libraries, the drop in prices is a real boon.

Under the title 'Bibliotheca Lincolniensis,' Mr. A. R. Corns, the city librarian, has compiled a valuable 'Catalogue of the books, pamphlets, etc., relating to the city and county of Lincoln, preserved in the Reference Department of the City of Lincoln Public Library.' Though published at the low price of half-a-crown, the catalogue is handsomely printed, almost too handsomely in fact, as when the collection grows it will be hardly possible to continue the excellent system of subject cross-references, unless they are more economically spaced. Whether 'works on general subjects by local authors' should be included in a county bibliography is another matter of which it is easier, as Mr. Corns has here done, to take a liberal view when a collection is in its early days than after many years. For myself I am inclined to think that liberality is here a mistake, as though the fact of an

author having been born in the county should be registered by its historian, his books, unless they are of local interest from their subject, have nothing to do with its bibliography. Where, as is the case of Lincolnshire, the habit of scribbling has not been very widely diffused, it is, of course, tempting to seek a completeness which would be impossible in the case of more literary neighbourhoods. Mr. Coins, however, while thus tender to the local author, has got together an excellent collection of works dealing with Lincolnshire and its villages, has set them out very clearly, and made all possible cross-references so as to make the books as useful as possible.

The catalogue of 'Mudie's Select Library,' which has also been sent us for review, possesses three obvious merits. It has come out punctually with the new year, it is excellently printed, and it is very cheap, offering its purchasers 665 pages (the compiler must have been in some alarm as he approached the forbidden number 666) for the modest sum of eighteen pence. Some of its headings approach too nearly to those of a class catalogue to be quite to our liking, though in the first that we noticed there is some appropriateness in finding 'On the Heels of De Wet' entered under 'Arts,' of which that redoubtable commander possessed many. But the mixed arrangement adopted has the great advantage of tempting the reader's appetite in every possible way, and the triple lists of fiction under titles, authors, and historical, topographical and topical headings is very fully and ingeniously carried out.

Cross references connect these fiction subject-headings with the corresponding entries in the 'non-fiction' section of the catalogue, so that the 'serious student' will be constantly tempted to turn to the imaginative treatment of his subject when he gets weary of its sterner aspects. In the catalogues of rate-supported libraries we may expect one day to find the reverse system applied, and cross-references inserted among the fiction subject-headings to beguile the frivolous reader to consult the works of professors of sociology in order to estimate more accurately the value of the novelists' portraits of social life. But the proprietors of circulating libraries are not yet tempted to grudge their subscribers any relaxation they choose to take in their reading, and here the tempting is all the other way. A paragraph at the end of the prefatory note informs us that the compiler of the catalogue is Mr. Henry G. Parsons.

The steady growth in the size of the catalogue of the typical Circulating Library is a natural accompaniment of the enormous increase in the output of the publishing trade. Whether because publishers had already made their arrangements, or because by now they are hardened in their recklessness, the commercial depression of 1904 availed nothing to stem the mad rush of books good, bad and indifferent, which went on with practically no intermission throughout the year. The booksellers in their turn seem to have taken them up boldly enough, but unless I am much misinformed they have found it unusually difficult during the last few months to

get in money from their customers, and have consequently themselves been unusually slow in paying the publishers. The promulgators of the Net System, which has pressed so hardly on libraries seem hardly to have taken into account the likelihood that, when money is scarce, bills for net books would be likely to be among the last to be paid. When a discount of 25 per cent. is allowed for cash or payment within a month, the book-buyer knows that if he lets his bill run on he is liable to forfeit his discount, and has the strongest inducement to pay promptly. But under the net system booksellers are likely to have to allow as long credit as the proverbially patient tailor, and if the demand for long credit is transferred to the publishers, and by them to the authors, the chorus of general satisfaction from which now only the poor librarian is excluded, is likely to be less loud.

A. W. P.

A POSSIBLE PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CAXTON

Second Series,
No. 24, Vol. VI. October, 1905.

THE LIBRARY.

RECENT CAXTONIANA.

EW lights upon Caxton and his work must always be of interest to English bookmen, and it is proposed here to draw attention, in the first place, to an article by Mr. Montagu Peartree in the August number of the 'Burlington Magazine,' on what may possibly be an authentic portrait of our first printer; and, secondly, to the considerable amount of new material about him contained in a book by Mr. E. Gordon Duff, recently published by the Caxton Club of Chicago. The possible portrait of Caxton is contained in an undoubtedly contemporary engraving of which the only known example is now to be seen in the Chatsworth copy of the first English printed book, the 'Recuyell of the Histories of Troye.' By the courtesy of the editors of the 'Burlington Magazine,' and with the kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire, the facsimile which illustrates Mr. Peartree's article is here reproduced. Attention was first drawn to the engraving in the early months of the present year by the Duke's librarian, Mrs. Arthur Strong, who very kindly showed me a rough tracing of it. Since

this article was in proof I have been permitted also to see the original, the book having been deposited for a few days at the British Museum.

As is well known, the Devonshire copy of the ‘Recuyell” was purchased at the Roxburghe sale in 1812 for £1,060 10*s*., and is famous for having bound at the end of it the remains of a parchment leaf bearing a note certifying the ownership by Elizabeth, widow of Edward IV, of a book, presumed to be this in which it is now preserved. According to Blades the copy had been purchased by the Duke of Roxburghe ‘a few years previously’ for £50. While it was in his possession it was bound and stamped with his arms; the style of the binding, an imitation of Roger Payne, suggesting that it was not executed before 1800. Probably at this same time, but possibly earlier, both the first blank leaf on which the engraving is pasted, and the first leaf of text, being in a dilapidated condition, were trimmed close and mounted. But there can be no doubt that the engraving was already pasted in the copy in 1812. In 1877 this copy was shown at the Caxton Exhibition, the Caxtons in which Blades himself catalogued. Mr. Peartree duly notes the strangeness that an engraving of such importance in so famous a copy of Caxton's first book should have been left unmentioned, despite the eagerness of Blades, and many other people, to find a portrait of Caxton more authentic than the head copied from that of the Italian poet Burchiello, which is sometimes still made to represent him. He suggests that the ignorance of early engravings, which obtained in England thirty years ago, accounts

for Blades's silence, and in default of any better explanation this excuse must be accepted.

To begin at the beginning: the genuineness of the engraving appears to raise no doubt. The initials CM, and the motto 'Bien en aviengne,' prove that it must represent a scene at the court of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and his Duchess Margaret, sister of Edward IV, and that it must have been executed after their marriage, 3rd July, 1468, and before the death of Charles at the battle of Nancy, 5th January, 1477. This gives it in any case a very high rank among early book-illustrations on copper, as the first of these which appear in all copies of an edition of a printed book are the three in the Florentine edition of Bettini's 'Monte Santo di Dio,' of 1477. Mr. Peartree, however, points out that the surprise which we might feel at a copper engraving in connection with a book printed at Bruges about 1475, is considerably lessened by the little known fact that in the Marquess of Lothian's copy of the edition of Boccaccio 'De la ruyne des nobles hommes' of 1476, there are nine engraved illustrations, where in other copies there are blank spaces. The spaces are generally supposed to have been left for an illuminator to fill, but they would presumably have been occupied by these engravings had not the difficulties of printing, or some other obstacle, caused the plan to be abandoned, as in the case of the Florentine Dante of 1481. This comparison with the Dante, it should be said, is my own. In the case, at least, of the 'Recuyell,' Mr. Peartree does not rely on the probability of any

technical obstacles, but puts forward another theory, namely, that the engraving was made solely for the copy presented by Caxton to the Duchess Margaret, and that this copy, having passed into the possession of her sister-in-law Elizabeth, is the Roxburghe-Devonshire copy, with which the engraving is at present connected. Mr. Peartree's words are as follows:

The non-appearance of the prints in other copies of the same book presents no difficulty. The representation was appropriate only to the volume destined for Margaret, and that this copy was at one time in the Duchess's possession is at least not made impossible by the inscription in it stating that it was the property of Queen Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV and sister-in-law of Margaret. The Queen died in 1492, the Duchess in 1503, and there is record of letters passing between them about 1478.

Thus there is, in face of the Chatsworth volume, a great probability that Caxton, on completion of his first printed work, caused this example of it, intended for his mistress, to be ornamented by the new process made known to him by his collaborator, Mansion, unless, indeed, he had been the first to learn it either in Bruges, or during his stay at Cologne in 1471, or elsewhere on the Rhine.

Caxton is so often spoken of as having learnt printing from Colard Mansion, to whom it is quite as likely as not that he taught it, that we are glad that Mr. Peartree allows us an alternative to the assumption that because Mansion used an art in 1476 which Caxton, *ex hypothesi*, used in 1475, therefore Caxton learnt it from Mansion. A much more important point is that Mr. Peartree's theory of presentation copies in general, and of this presentation copy in particular, does not appear to be

correct. As regards the general question, as Mr. Duff, in the book to which we shall soon have to turn, points out in another connection, it appears to have been the fashion that the dedication copy of a printed book should be presented to the patron in manuscript, unless indeed the printer was able to print it on vellum and have it handsomely decorated in the manuscript style. So far, moreover, from the picture of a dedication being appropriate only to the actual copy presented, such pictures are among the commonest of fifteenth-century woodcuts, being placed in the ordinary printed copies to advertise the fact that the noble patron had given his (or her) countenance to the book. As regards this particular case, moreover, Caxton tells us himself that his translation was finished in September, 1471, and as it was made at the command of the Duchess it is obvious that she must have had her dedication copy immediately after this, in manuscript. Afterwards, however, Caxton was so besieged with requests for transcripts, that he tells us 'because I have promysed to dyverce gentilmen and to my frendes to adresse to hem as hastely as I myght this sayd book, Therfore I have practysed and lerned at my grete charge and dispense to ordeyne this said book in prynte.' Its publication must have taken place some three, or three and a half, years after Margaret was given her dedication copy, to her acceptance of which Caxton alludes in his epilogue in the words 'whiche book I have presented to my sayd redoubted lady as afore is sayd. And she hath well accepted hit, and largely rewarded me,' words which occur in the

Devonshire copy, and decisively prove that it cannot be the one actually presented. When the printed book came out Caxton may have given the Duchess copies, or she may have bought them; but there is no reason to suppose that there would be a second dedication copy.

For these reasons it is difficult to accept Mr. Peartree's hypothesis in the precise form in which he states it; and personally, though with a difference as to the probable date, I fall back on an hypothesis which he rather scornfully rejects. After noting the presumption that the engraving was mounted at the same time as the first printed page was mended, he writes:

> Such mending is not likely to have taken place until the book was old enough to have been regarded as an antiquity of some value, and the possibility that a print not originally belonging to it, but so perfectly suited to its history, place of origin, and first recorded possessor, should have been at hand for insertion a couple of centuries later, may be regarded as too hypothetical to inconvenience us in our speculations.

A couple of centuries after the book was printed would only bring us to 1675, a date when Caxtons were worth but a few shillings a piece, and mending was very little understood. We can hardly suppose such an operation to have taken place till the eighteenth century; and if this be so, where is the unlikelihood of an engraving from any chance collection of prints having been inserted in a famous book to which it was so obviously suitable? Mr. Peartree has alluded to the case of Mansion's edition of the 'De la ruyne des nobles hommes.' While

only a single copy of this book has come down to us of which all nine illustrations form an original part, copies of single prints exist in several collections. The British Museum has two or three of them, and the British Museum has also an imperfect copy of the book. Public institutions fortunately do not indulge in the whims of the private collector; but there would be no difficulty in bringing book and prints together, if the Trustees so pleased, and the case of the 'Recuyell' is not very different.

Mr. Peartree, it is true, contends that the Chatsworth 'Recuyell' is the one copy to which the engraving would be suitable, thus intensifying the coincidence of their being brought together by a modern owner. To the reasons I have already advanced against this view, we may surely add the consideration that an illumination would have been much simpler, had only a single copy been required. To make an engraving almost postulates a desire for a number of copies. Finally a friend points out to me the absolutely decisive fact that the engraving was already torn and stained before it was pasted on the blank page.

For these reasons I cannot accept Mr. Peartree's theory in the exact form in which he has stated it, but I am very far indeed from rejecting as impossible his contention that we have here a genuine portrait of Caxton. The engraving illustrates the presentation of a book, apparently in two volumes, which in manuscript the 'Recuyell' would probably have filled, and the donor is a layman, not of high rank. Mr. Peartree has satisfied himself, by comparison with two painted portraits, that the

donor is not Colard Mansion. More especially if I am right in thinking that the engraving was intended for use in the whole of a printed edition, competitors with Caxton will not be easy to find. Moreover, the treatment of the subject is unlike that in any other picture of the kind I can call to mind. In other printed illustrations we see kings seated in state, surrounded by their councillors; here is a duchess, whose position fell little short of a queen, in the homely dress of a Burgundian lady, with no mark of dignity save the attendance of a few ladies in waiting. It may be whimsical, but I cannot help remembering that Caxton was secretary to the Duchess and would thus be received with far less ceremony than anyone occupying a less intimate position in her court, and in view of the extreme deference with which he writes of her, I cannot help wondering whether, had he commissioned an engraving from some Flemish artist, such a too-faithful representation of the actual scene would not have appeared to him disrespectful, and therefore not to be used. Grant that this were so, and few difficulties will remain, for, as with the Boccaccio illustrations, some independent impressions would be sure to have been made, and stranger things have happened than that one of these should have been placed by an 18th century collector in a copy of the book. Further investigation is needed, but I make this perhaps rash suggestion, in the desire to show that, even without accepting all Mr. Peartree's premises, it may yet be possible to reach a like conclusion. Meanwhile, much gratitude is due to him for bringing the engraving into notice

in the magazine in which it is most likely to attract the attention of art students in all parts of the world. It is much to be hoped that its appearance there will lead to some further light being thrown upon it.

* * * * *

Mr. Gordon Duff's authority on all questions concerning the early history of printing in England stands so high that a new book by him on Caxton [1] must be warmly welcomed, though, as it is printed in an edition of 252 copies, by the Caxton Club of Chicago, it will not be found very easy to obtain. Even Mr. Duff, in treating of Caxton, can hardly do otherwise than take (always with careful verification) the bulk of his material from Blades, and in his preface he expresses his aim as being only that of adding 'a few stones to the great monument' which Blades constructed. Passing over the ground common to both writers, I may point out here a few of the most interesting of these additions and corrections. It can hardly be reckoned as a new point that Mr. Duff objects to Blades's hasty dismissal of Wynkyn de Worde's statement that Caxton had printed a Latin edition of 'Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus rerum' 'at Coleyn hymself to auaunce.' In repeating, however, the objections he had already expressed in his handbook on 'Early Printed Books,' he makes a very interesting suggestion why Caxton's types show no resemblance to those used at Cologne. In the interval between Caxton's learning the art at Cologne and his begin-

[1] 'William Caxton.' By E. Gordon Duff. Chicago, the Caxton Club. 4to, pp. 118.

ning to practise it at Bruges, printers had begun to work in Utrecht, Alost, and Louvain.

If Caxton required any practical assistance in the cutting or casting of type, or the preparation of a press, he would naturally turn to the printers nearest to him—Thierry Martens with John of Westphalia at Alost, or to John Veldener or John of Westphalia (who had moved from Alost in 1474) at Louvain.

If Caxton was assisted by any outside printer in the preparation of his type, there can be little doubt that that printer was John Veldener of Louvain. Veldener was matriculated at Louvain in the faculty of medicine, July 30th, 1473. In August, 1474, in an edition of the 'Consolatio Peccatorum' of Jacobus de Theramo, printed by him, there is a prefatory letter, addressed 'Johanni Veldener, artis impressoriae magistro,' showing that he was at at that time a printer. He was also, as he himself tells us, a typefounder, and in 1475 he made use of a type in many respects identical with one used by Caxton. In body they are precisely the same, and in most of the letters they are to all appearance identical; and the fact of their making their appearance about the same time in the 'Lectura super institutionibus' of Angelus de Aretio, printed by Veldener at Louvain, and in the 'Quatre derrenieres Choses,' printed at Bruges by Caxton, would certainly appear to point to some connection between the two printers.

To prevent these extracts, taken apart from their context, being misunderstood, it is perhaps advisable to quote also Mr. Duff's next sentence: 'Furnished with a press and two founts of type, both of the West Flanders kind, and cut in imitation of the ordinary bookhand, William Caxton and Colard Mansion started on their career as printers.' It will thus be seen that it is not suggested that Veldener

in any way took the place in Caxton's house assigned by Blades to Mansion; but that Caxton and Mansion, who were both taking up a new craft, may very well have obtained some initial help from Veldener, more especially in the matter of type.

Like most of his contemporaries, Mr. Duff every now and then throws a stone at that 'well-known writer of romantic bibliography,' Thomas Frognall Dibdin. In regard, however, to the Spencer (now the Rylands) copy of the 'Game and Pleye of the Chesse,' he shows that Dibdin was guiltless of the rather shady transaction by which the Caxtons belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln were obtained for Althorpe. The purchase, it seems, was carried out by Edwards, the bookseller, and a letter from Lord Spencer to Dibdin is still in existence, in which he describes the new Caxtons he had acquired, but without informing him as to through whom or from what source they had come. Naturally, Dibdin set himself to find out, and soon after raided Lincoln on his own account, the catalogue of his purchases, entitled 'A Lincoln Nosegay,' being the result. But it was his noble patron who showed him the way to the larder, though it is but fair to own that at the beginning of the last century the sinfulness of persuading deans and canons thus to part with property left in their trust was very lightly regarded.

Mr. Duff raises another interesting point by quoting from the preface to Robert Copland's translation of 'King Apolyn of Tyre,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. Copland, who was an assistant of De Worde's, thus writes:

My worshipful master Wynken de Worde, having a little book of an ancient history of a kyng, sometyme reigning in the countree of Thyre called Appolyn, concernynge his malfortunes and peryllous adventures right espouventables, bryefly compyled and pyteous for to here, the which boke I Robert Coplande have me applyed for to translate out of the Frensshe language into our maternal Englysshe tongue at the exhortacion of my forsayd mayster accordynge dyrectly to myn auctor, gladly followynge the trace of my mayster Caxton, begynnynge with small storyes and pamfletes and so to other.

Copland's English is not very clear, but Mr. Duff construes this as a statement that Caxton had begun printing with 'small storyes and pamfletes,' and he recalls how the first Scottish printer, Andrew Myllar, while preparing for the publication of the Aberdeen Breviary, which was issued at Edinburgh in 1509-10, published in 1508 a series of small pamphlets, consisting of stories and poems by Dunbar, Chaucer, and others. In the same way, we may note, many foreign printers printed a Donatus or an Almanac substantially as an advertisement, before issuing any large book, and it is quite possible that the handful of little pamphlets of which the Cambridge University Library possesses the unique copies (some of which it is just now most commendably issuing in photographic facsimile) are really the earliest Caxtons printed in England. On the other hand Caxton had already printed three fairly large books at Bruges, and it is not easy to see how Copland's words can be applied to printing instead of to translating, despite the fact that while they may have been true as regards the former, with respect to translation we know that

they were erroneous. The present writer's belief has long been that Caxton, on taking possession of his premises at Westminster at Michaelmas, 1476, as soon as he got things shipshape, started the 'Dictes and Sayenges of the Philosophres' on one press and Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' on another, the little books now at Cambridge being printed as soon as the first press was free from the 'Dictes,' while the 'Canterbury Tales' (a much larger work) was still occupying the second. Mr. Duff would reverse the order of the small quartos and the 'Dictes,' and though we doubt if any confirmation of this hypothesis can be obtained from Copland's words, it is perhaps as likely to be right as the other.

As regards Caxton's now well-known advertisement, 'If it plese ony man spirituel or temporel to bye ony pyes of two and thre comemoracions of Salisburi use,' Mr. Duff tells a story which shows how even great scholars can err when they rashly attempt emendation, for it was no less a master than Henry Bradshaw who suggested in a letter to Blades that the word 'pyes' must really be 'copyes.' By a curious chance there was room after the word 'ony,' which comes at the end of the first line, for two letters, and the existence of the 'Sarum Ordinale' (otherwise called a Directorium, Pica, or Pye), was at that time unknown. But the suggestion will abide as one more warning against conjectural emendations, when they seem most easy and obvious. This is a lesson which everyone has to learn for himself, and as I have quoted Mr. Duff's story against Bradshaw it is perhaps only seemly to cap

it with the confession that in one of the first reviews in the old series of this magazine, that of Mr. F. S. Ellis's Kelmscott edition of the 'Golden Legend,' it was the present writer who made the rash suggestion that in the story of Judith a phrase about the 'myes' coming forth from their holes, was surely a misprint for 'enemyes.' As the Vulgate in Judith xiv, 12, reads, 'quoniam egressi mures de cavernis suis ausi sunt provocare nos ad proelium,' and 'myes' is the Middle-English spelling of 'mice' this was distinctly unlucky, but the revelation of the identity of the reviewer helped me to console Mr. Ellis himself when, a year or two later, I caught him out in making yet a third of these brilliant emendations in his Kelmscott 'Herrick,' and as this was detected before it was too late, I was rewarded with a copy of the book.

In his chapter on the books printed in the years 1480-1483, Mr. Duff has another useful note on the 'Servitium de Visitatione Beatae Mariae Virginis,' which he gives reasons for thinking to have been always wrongly described.

All that now remains of it are seven leaves in the British Museum, the last being blank, and the whole book was considered to have consisted of a quire of eight leaves, the first being wanting. The Servitium was a special service intended to be incorporated into the Breviary and Missal. The Pope had announced it in 1390, but it was not until 1480 that the Archbishop of Canterbury received from the Prolocutor a proposal to order the observance of July 2nd as a fixed feast of the Visitation, 'sub more duplicis festi secundum usum Sarum, cum pleno servitio.'

The book, Mr. Duff points out, would thus con-

tain the full service for the day itself, the special parts for the week-days following (except the fourth, which was the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul), and the service for the Octave. Almost the whole of the principal service, which would have occupied a considerable space, is wanting, so that it may be assumed that the book consisted originally of at least two quires, or sixteen leaves.

In dealing with Caxton's latest period (1487-1491), Mr. Duff suggests that besides the 'Sarum Missal' printed for him by Guillaume Maynial, in connection with which he first used his well-known device, Caxton may have employed the same Paris printer to print for him another Sarum service book, a 'Legenda.' Odd leaves of such a book, for the most part rescued from bindings, are preserved in different libraries, and as these agree in type, the number of lines and size of the page with the Missal printed by Maynial, they probably proceeded from the same press. Having thus added another to the books published by Caxton, Mr. Duff hazards the further suggestion that it was probably copies of this book rather than of his translation of the 'Aurea Legenda' of Jacobus de Voragine that Caxton bequeathed to his son-in-law, and to the churchwardens of Saint Margaret's. His reason for this is the very cogent one that if a considerable number of copies of Caxton's second edition of the 'Golden Legend' were still unsold as late as 1496, as we know was the case with these Legends, it is highly improbable that Wynkyn de Worde would have printed the third edition soon after Caxton's death. Even in 1498, when the fourth edition of

the 'Golden Legend' was produced, the 'Legends' had not yet been sold out, and it seems highly likely therefore that they should be identified with the 'Sarum Legenda,' presumably printed for Caxton by Maynial, instead of with the 'Golden Legend' which thus went on being reprinted.

The Committee of the Caxton Club has treated Mr. Duff liberally in the matter of illustrations, and his twenty-five plates are all well chosen and well reproduced. Among the most interesting of them are two leaves from the manuscript of Caxton's translation of the 'Metamorphoses of Ovid' which ends with the formal colophon:

> Translated and fynysshed by me William Caxton at Westmestre the xxij day of Apryll, the yere of our lord M. iiijc. iiijxx. and the xx yere of the Regne of Kyng Edward the fourth.

Pepys bought the manuscript at auction, and it is now preserved with the rest of his collection at Magdalene College Cambridge. It is alluded to in the introduction to the 'Golden Legend' as 'The xv bookes of Metamorphoses in whiche been conteyned the fablys of Ovyde,' and it may fairly be presumed that Caxton printed it and that the whole edition was thumbed to pieces, a fate which other of Caxton's popular books, such as the 'Charles the Great' and the 'Morte d'Arthur,' only narrowly escaped. The Pepys manuscript is carefully written, most probably for presentation, and possibly, Mr. Duff would persuade us, by Caxton himself. We can hardly imagine, however, that the translator himself would have been able to write so neatly as

this without a rough copy, and if a rough copy were made, so busy a man—who had already, some years earlier, complained 'my penne is worne, myn hand wery and not stedfast, myn eyen dimmed with overmoche lokyng on the whit paper'—would have had little temptation to betake himself once more to the work of a professional copyist.

Alfred W. Pollard.

RAPHAEL TRICHET.

O doubt as the result of the fashion set by the king, the later seventeenth century witnessed many advances in bibliography and catalogue making in France. Louis XIV augmented the Bibliothèque du Roi to an extent undreamed of by his predecessors, although some of those had bestowed numbers of priceless manuscripts, and, since the introduction of the press, many printed volumes upon it. The Royal Library, now known, after its many vicissitudes of fortune, as the Bibliothèque Nationale, was increased during this reign by many large and valuable collections, some purchased and others acquired by less costly but more questionable means. Amongst them was that of Raphael Trichet, better known as Dufresne. He appears to have been completely forgotten in the two and a half centuries that have elapsed since his death; nevertheless, and in spite of the calumnies to which he laid himself open, his services to bibliography were considerable.

He was the son of an 'avocat au parlement,' and was born in the April of 1611, in the troublous times that preceded the illustrious reign of the 'Grand Monarch.' Fortunately his father early perceived the capacities of the young Raphael, and after a careful training at home, sent him, in a lucky

hour, to Paris, where, in the society of savants and artists, he quickly acquired an extensive, and, as it afterwards proved, a very valuable knowledge of books and coins and medals.

It was not long before he was brought to the notice of Gaston d'Orleans; and the Duc attached him to his own service. In this capacity he was sent to all parts of the world in search of antiquities, curios, and the objects of art so dear to the heart of the connoisseur, to increase the collection of his noble patron. This was the favourite method with the 'fashionables' of the time, to augment a collection of any kind, and was still more largely followed by Colbert, with whom Raphael came later in contact.

Trichet was not long content with this, however; and at the age of twenty-nine we find him 'correcteur' of the royal press, under the direction of Sublet-Desnoyers. He does not appear to have been greatly in love with the work; and when, by the death of Naudé, the opening occurred, he embraced the opportunity of a return to his old work, and became 'bibliothécaire' to Christine, Queen of Sweden. The position seems to have combined the duties of librarian with those of general adviser in literature and art. It is unfortunate that while in the Queen's service he should have been accused of betraying the confidence she reposed in him. But the evidence appears to be far from conclusive, and at this late date it seems scarcely worth while to rake up discreditable rumours for the possible pleasure of disproving them. The employment was certainly more to his taste than his connection with

the King's press could have been. While in Christine's company he visited Rome and the chief cities of Italy for the first time; always on the outlook for curios of every description. He came back with many books 'rares et curieux.' In fact, there is rather more than a suspicion that he was more at home among his books than among 'objets d'art,' with perhaps the exception of medals and coins. Death surprised him at an unfinished labour of love. His 'Histoire de l'île de Crete, illustrée par les medailles,' was perhaps the largest and most important work he had undertaken: and in spite of the time and trouble expended upon it, he left it unfinished.

The catalogue he has left of his own personal library is sufficient to give him a place in a history of bibliography. The last years of his life were devoted to study, and it is to this same period that we owe the catalogue, although it does not appear to have been printed till after his death.

He was by no means unknown to his contemporaries as an author. His works embraced various topics, though most of them were on the kindred subjects of art and antiquities. One of the earliest of his efforts was a life of Leonard de Vinci, which, with a somewhat similar 'Vie de L. B. Alberti,' was included in the 'Trattato della Pittura.' Like many other *littérateurs* before him he translated Æsop and the other favourite fabulists; but unlike many of the others, Trichet's edition was remarkable for its illustrations. It was reprinted as late as 1743; but this issue was inferior to the *editio princeps* in its most important point. This by no

means completes the list of his works. A brief mention of some of the remainder will show the breadth of his taste: 'Epistola ad Petrum Sequinum,' reprinted in 1665; a work on Greek antiquities; and another, 'De rerum italicarum scriptoribus,' detached portions only of which were published.

Trichet died on the 14th of June, 1661, at the age of fifty years, and in the following year his library, consisting of about 10,000 works of the most diverse character, the result of the life-time search of a man of liberal mind, was acquired by Colbert for the rapidly increasing library of the King.

Although Trichet's was not by any means the first classified catalogue, it was so much an improvement on many previous attempts of private individuals that it deserves careful attention; at all events, such appears to have been the general impression produced by its publication. Many features that have been introduced as new in modern catalogues were foreshadowed in it; and it is, as an authority of much later date states, 'curieux et mérite d'être conservé.' This critic, who wrote with the experience of another century, declares that the classes are badly arranged, and the number of printer's errors very large. But much of this criticism may be credited to the improved and more enlightened methods of classification of that date; and some of this increased enlightenment may even be the outcome of Trichet's own experiments. There is no question about the typographical errors. They are astounding, when the author's connection with the *imprimerie royale* is remembered. The only way in which the phenomenon can be explained,

is by supposing that the catalogue was not prepared for the press before Trichet died.

The first catalogue of the Bibliothèque du Roi, the 'star of fashion,' of any note, was completed in 1622, and contained entries of some 6,000 volumes, many of which were manuscript. Some twenty years after the publication of the catalogue of Trichet, when the King's library numbered some 70,000 volumes, Clement produced a catalogue that has remained the base-model ever since. Shortly afterwards great improvements took place in the catalogues of less important collections, a striking example being that of the 'Bibliothecae Bentesianae.' The arrangement of Dufresne's catalogue, which in point of time came between the earlier and later catalogues of the King's library, shows something of the inexperience of the amateur, and the numberless errors of the press militate against its usefulness and historic value. Roughly there are ten classes with a clumsy attempt to introduce numerous sub-divisions. In addition, there appears to have been a vague idea of arranging some of the books according to size on the shelves; but without knowing the exigencies of the space it is impossible to say how far this was successful.

The first class may be described as 'Theology.' There is no system of lettering, but as a matter of convenience it may be designated 'A.' 'B' is Greek and Roman history. 'C' is Philosophy, including Natural History. Bibliography, Essays and Portraits are all included in 'D.' 'E' embraces Triumphs and Funeral Orations, etc. 'F' is described as Rerum Gallicarum, etc. 'G' as His-

panicarum scriptores. Then follow other classes on India and Italy, and one on Mathematics, with a copious appendix.

It will be seen at once that the classification is a scheme devised for a particular collection of books, and is not in any way a system of classification of knowledge or of literature in general. But it is of considerable interest as the embodiment of a practical man's idea of a practical catalogue in the year 1660.

A. J. Philip.

MR. SPECTATOR AND SHAKESPEARE.

MUCH to the wrath of Coleridge, no less a person than Wordsworth, in at least one passage of his writings, lent his authority to the myth, so devoutly believed by Teutonic professors, that Shakespeare, if not made in Germany, was certainly discovered there. In the 'Essay Supplementary to the Preface' of the Poems of 1815, he writes:

The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the poet; for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion that Shakespeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be 'a wild irregular genius in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties.' How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakespeare in the selection of his materials and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human nature.

Like Wordsworth's similar dictum that 'the poems of Milton were little heard of till more than one hundred and fifty years after their publication,' this passage is not particularly well-informed. It

may be granted that for upwards of a century from the publication of Rymer's 'Short View of Tragedy,' insistence on 'Shakespeare's wildness and irregularity' was a critical commonplace, which the greater critics rather evaded than directly attacked. The golden dream of the Elizabethan era had faded, and while the reaction was at its height, it was impossible that even Shakespeare could be praised without some reference to his neglect of the canons of art then fashionable. But the great men, like Dryden and Pope, had already contrived to praise Shakespeare as splendidly as he has ever been praised since. As the romantic revival gathered force with the progress of the century, there was a whole-hearted appreciation of his art, till with the dawn of the nineteenth century, before Schlegel had begun to lecture, allusions to the 'wild irregular genius' had gone out of fashion. Wordsworth condemned the English critics by contrasting German appreciation under the influences of the Romantic movement with English 'Augustan' cavilling. Not merely had Coleridge anticipated Schlegel, according to the testimony of Hazlitt (a by no means over-partial witness), but in the famous essay of William Farmer on the 'Learning of Shakespeare,' published in 1767, and in Maurice Morgann's study of Falstaff ten years later, English criticism had already shelved the apologies which weary the modern reader so often in the older criticisms.

All this, of course, is well known. The object of the present paper is to furnish a small contribution in proof that however the lesser Augustan critics may have belittled Shakespeare, English readers

showed their appreciation of his greatness by steadily reading him, whereas it was not until 1762 that his works were accessible in a German translation. The point, no doubt, has been brought out bibliographically. It is often said that both Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher were as popular as Shakespeare, yet there were four folio editions of Shakespeare printed in the seventeenth century against two each of the others. In the eighteenth century one great edition of Shakespeare followed closely in the wake of another. He was edited in turn by all the leading men of letters. By the time the first German translation appeared in 1762 (it had been preceded in 1746 by a French version of ten of the plays) textual criticism in England had become an established thing. Johnson, with his admiration of the First Folio, and Capell, with his appreciation of the Quartos, were already preparing their texts. Excellent as is the work done in the 'Century of Praise' and Shakespeare Allusion Books, it is far outweighed by this practical, concrete testimony of the printed editions.

Moreover, these editions were not only published; they were also read. And this is the point which it is here hoped to bring out more thoroughly than has yet been done. The writers of the 'Spectator' were too much under the influence of their time to anticipate Schlegel, or his much greater contemporary Coleridge, in purely aesthetic criticism, though their miniatures of Malvolio, Falstaff, and Caliban are perfect delineations. It may be easily shown, however, that not only were they steeped in Shakespeare, but that they could allude

freely to his plays in the certainty that the educated, though not necessarily learned, audience to which they appealed would appreciate their allusions without trouble or difficulty. It is impossible to look through the eight volumes of the 'Spectator' without being struck with the many references to him. There is no essay dealing with any one play like the essays on Milton and 'Paradise Lost.' But Shakespeare lives in every page relating to the drama, to art, imagination, and poetry. Such papers, together with the correspondence, teem with quotations from his works. Let us see how they are introduced.

The old maid, who had happily arrived at 'that state of tranquility which few people envy,' reads the 'Railleries' upon the sex without provocation. She can say with Hamlet: 'Man delights not me, nor woman neither.' (217.)

In No. 245 Mr. Spectator indulges in a little self praise on the ground that

> The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or as Shakespear expresses it, 'hackney'd in the Ways of Men,' may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagancies. (245.)

A correspondent writes:

> Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakespear calls: 'A fellow of no Mark or Likelihood;' which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular Methods of making Friends and a fortune by the mere Force of a Profession is so very slow and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable Opportunities, by enlarging a good Acquaintance, to court that Time and Chance which is said to happen to every man. (360.)

No. 395 begins

'Beware of the Ides of March,' said the Roman Augur to Julius Caesar: Beware of the Month of May, says the British Spectator to his fair Countrywoman. The Caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Caesar's Confidence cost him his life.

Mr. Spectator complains that:

The most irksom Conversation of all others I have met in the Neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your Travellers, who have overlooked Men and Manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same Observation that the Carriers and Stage-coachmen do through Great Britain: that is, their Stops and Stages have been regulated according to the Liquor they have met with in their Passage. They indeed remember the Names of abundance of Places, with the particular Fineries of certain Churches: But their distinguishing Mark is certain Prettinesses of certain Foreign Languages, the meaning of which they could have better express'd in their own. The Entertainment of these fine Observers, Shakespeare has described to consist

'In talking of the Alps and Apennines.
The Pyrenean, and the River Po.'

And then concludes with a sigh :

'Now this is worshipful Society.' (474.)

To the man who could give no reliable information, yet believed he knew everything because he was on the spot, Mr. Spectator listens with the same greediness as Shakespeare describes in the following lines:

I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus
With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News. (521.)

For the Set of genteel, good-natured Youths who could form a little Academy, he suggests the recitation of a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration, or the acting of a Scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakespear. The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favourable Judges, Caesar a second time be taught to tremble, and another race of Athenians be afresh enraged at the Ambition of another Philip (230).

In speaking of puns, he writes:

> The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Puns. The Sermons of Bishop Andrews. and the Tragedies of Shakespear, are full of them. The sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together. (61.)

In No. 40, Mr. Spectator finds himself obliged to protest against the alterations and adaptations which the actor and manager thought fit to put on the stage.

> King Lear is an admirable Tragedy of the kind, as Shakespear wrote it: but as it is reformed according to the chimerical Notion of Poetical Justice, in my humble Opinion, it has lost half its Beauty.

In his description of the new trappings for the play-house, he says they have:

> A violent Storm locked up in a great Chest, that is designed for 'The Tempest.' Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in Snow at the next acting of 'King Lear,' in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate the Distress of that unfortunate Prince: and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against. (592.)

Had the surprising Mr. L——y been content with the Employment of refining upon Shakespear's Points and Quibbles (for which he must be allowed to have a superlative Genius) and now and then penning a Catch or a Ditty, instead of inditing Odes, and Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *Bon Gout* in the Pit would never have been put to all that Grimace in damning the Frippery of State, the Poverty and Languor of Thought, the unnatural Wit, and inartificial Structure of his Dramas. (396.)

A correspondent hears a young divine using one of Archbishop Tillotson's sermons:

In short, he added and curtailed in such a manner that he vexed me: inasmuch that I could not forbear thinking (what, I confess, I ought not to have thought of in so holy a Place) that this young Spark was as justly blameable as Bullock or Penkethman when they mend a noble Play of Shakespear or Johnson. Pray, Sir, take this unto your Consideration: and if we must be entertained with the works of any of these men, desire these Gentlemen to give them us as they find them. (539.)

The criticisms upon Shakespeare are but few: it is curious to find in one of them Shakespeare and Lee associated together as leading dramatists, since the latter is a forgotten name in this day.

The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extreme. Among the Greeks, Aeschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this Fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakespear and Lee. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Stile, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness. (285.)

I must in the next place observe, that when our Thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding Phrases, hard Metaphors, and forced Expressions in which they are clothed. Shakespear is often very faulty in this particular. (39.)

In a paper on Hamlet we read:

It may not be inacceptable to the Reader to see how Sophocles has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same Condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken Possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with the Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking for the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the scenes. (44.)

This criticism is somewhat wide of the mark. Shakespeare does not make the queen-mother the murderer of her husband, or even an accessory to the crime. In anothet paper we are told:

I do not remember to have seen any Ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a letter of Ann of Bologne, Wife to King Henry the Eighth, and Mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton Library as written by her own Hand. Shakespear himself could not have made her talk in a Strain so suitable to her Condition and Character. (397.)

The beautiful description of Shakespeare in the paper dealing with critics is unequalled:

Our inimitable Shakespear is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid Criticks. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single Rule of the Stage observed than any Production of a modern

Critick, where there is not one of them violated. Shakespear was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in Pyrrhus's Ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the Nine Muses in the Veins of it, produced by the spontaneous Hand of Nature without any Help from Art. (592.)

In the doings of the 'Ugly Club' I find a reference to Falstaff:

When there happens to be anything ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Rallery. The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakespear, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called Woolsack, Bed-presser, and Hill of Flesh: Harry, a Starveling, an Elves-skin, a Sheath, a Bow-case, and a Tuck. There is, in several Incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. (17.)

He is also regarded as a hero among butts:

The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a Butt, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous Side of his Character. A stupid Butt is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A Butt with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh on his Side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a Butt, after the following Manner: 'Men of all Sorts [says that merry Knight] take a Pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent anything that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in myself, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.' (47.)

There are other references to be quoted from the Comedies. The haughty George Powell, who has been applauded in Timon and Lear, hazards his heroic glory when he appears in 'the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff.' (346.)

The English composer may copy out of the Italian Recitative all the lulling softness and dying falls, as Shakespeare calls them. (29.)

Sir Roger de Coverley matches his hounds in order to obtain a complete consort.

Could I believe my Friend had ever read Shakespear, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream. (116.)

One correspondent watches a country girl making so many odd grimaces, and distorting her whole body in so strange a manner, that it makes him desirous of knowing the meaning of it. He finds her small sweetheart is wrestling with a huge, brawny fellow

who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I daresay, like Coelia in Shakespear on the same occasion, could have *Wished herself invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg!* (161.)

Mrs. Porter obliged another correspondent so much 'in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione,' that she promises to 'appear in her behalf at a comedy.' (364.)

The criticism on Caliban should become proverbial:

It shows a greater Genius in Shakespear to have drawn his Calyban than his Hotspur or Julius Caesar. The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History, and Observation. (279.)

The analysis of Malvolio is perfect:

He [Malvolio] has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but tempered with an allay of Envy, Self-love, and Detraction: Malvolio turns pale at the Mirth and Good-humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of. (238.)

Mr. Spectator considers the English the best writers of what Mr. Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing'—the writing which deals with 'Fairies, Witches, Magicians, Demons, and departed Spirits.'

Among the English, Shakespear has incomparably excelled all others. That noble Extravagance of Fancy, which he had in so great Perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious Part of his Reader's Imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own Genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the Speeches of his Ghosts, Fairies, and Witches, and the like Imaginary Persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no Rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such Beings in the

World it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he had represented them. (419.)

But Mr. Spectator regards Shakespeare more in the light of the dramatist than the poet. His tragedies are evidently considered as his highest work. He allows that many of Shakespeare's and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, have ended happily. But 'more of our English Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience sink under their Calamities than those in which they recover themselves out of them.' Othello is quoted among the examples. (40.)

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of an Army or a Battle in a Description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confusion of a Fight. Our Minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious Sentiments, by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero give Brutus half that Pomp and Majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespear? (42.)

When Will Honeycombe sees the portrait of Dr. Titus Oates on Mrs. Truelove's handkerchief, he assures her he should be 'made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever Othello was.' (57.)

A traveller recounts his conquest of a very pretty young lady, who is fascinated by the story of his various perils.

The young Thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the World so well, and talked so fine: with Desdemona, all her Lover said affected her; *It was strange, 'twas wondrous strange.* (154.)

'The strongest Things are in danger even from the weakest.' Mr. Spectator, commenting on this Frontispiece, observes:

Into what tragical Extravagancies does Shakespear hurry Othello upon the loss of an Handkerchief only? and what Barbarities does Desdemona suffer from a slight Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Trifle? (485.)

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me that he had a mighty Mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted so very solid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no other Part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a Mute in a Funeral. (599.)

In one paper he considers 'great genius's':

Among great Genius's those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the mere Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Art or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times and the Wonder of Prosperity. Our Countryman Shakespear was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Genius's. (160.)

His plays are 'noble,' while he is 'the admirable,' 'the illimitable.' One correspondent criticises the mad scene in 'The Pilgrims,' but speaks with strong approval of similar scenes in Shakespeare:

As to Scenes of Madness, you know, Sir, there are noble Instances of this kind in Shakespear but then it is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from generous and Humane Resentments: It is like that Grief which we have from the Decease of our Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Re-

commendation of Human Nature, that in such Incidents Passion gets the better of Reason; and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent against what we feel. (22.)

In the essays dealing with the emotions and the actions of the orator, the historical plays and the tragedies are largely quoted. 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' and 'King Lear' were great favourites with Mr. Spectator and his friends:

The Wretch who has degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his Pretentions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

The admirable Shakespear has given us a strong Image of the unsupported Condition of such a Person in his last Minutes in the second Part of King Henry the Sixth, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the Murder of the good Duke Humphrey, is represented on his Death-bed. After some short confused Speeches which shew an Imagination disturbed with Guilt, just as he was expiring, King Henry standing by him full of Compassion, says,

'Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss,
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
He dies, and makes no sign. . . .'

The Despair which is here shewn without a Word of Action on the Part of the dying Person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible Expressions whatever. (210.)

Nature hereself has assign'd, to every emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Cast of Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture: and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice, answer, like Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made upon them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various kinds of Tones, as the

Gentle, the Rough, the Contracted, the Diffuse, the Continued, the Intermitted, the Broken, Abrupt, Winding, Softened, or Elevated. Every one of these may be employed with Art and Judgment: and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an Expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised and hurrying Sound. The passionate Character of King Lear, as it is admirably drawn by Shakespear, abounds with the strongest Instances of this Kind.

'. . . Death! Confusion!
Fiery!—what Quality?—why Gloster! Gloster
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his Wife.
Are they inform'd of this? my Breath and Blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke?' etc.

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone: as in that pathetic Soliloquy of Cardinal Wolsey on his Fall:

'Farewel—a long farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the state of Man!—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of Hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His Greatness is a-ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.'

Fear expresses itself in a low, Hesitating and abject Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of Lady Macbeth, while her Husband is about the Murder of Duncan and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice while she is speaking it.

'Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' Attempt, and not the Deed,

Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the Daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had done it.'

And Perplexity is different from all these: grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform Sound of Voices: as in that celebrated Speech of Hamlet.

'To be, or not to be?—that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep:
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—
To sleep; perchance to dream; Ay, there's the Rub,
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
Must give us pause—There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay.
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather choose those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.' (541.)

Among the several Artifices which are put into Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of an Audience with Terror,

the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, or the Rising of a Ghost. . . .

The Appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet is a Masterpiece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances that can either create Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance strike the Imagination very strongly; but every Time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which the young Hamlet accosts him, without trembling? (Then follows the speech.)

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices above mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing. (44.)

The death of an actor conjures to his mind the Grave-digger's scene:

He had the Knack to raise up a pensive Temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable Skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd to my Memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the Skull which the Grave-digger threw to him, with an Account that it was the Head of the King's Jester, falls into very pleasing Reflections, and cries out to his companion, 'Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy.' (468.)

The description of the 'Trunk-maker' is very amusing:

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Play-house, who when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the

Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard all over the whole theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery.*

There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from time to time makes those strange Noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of Hamlet appears. . . . He has broken half a dozen Oaken Planks upon Dogget, and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of Shakespear, without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered. (235.)

But perhaps 'Macbeth' was the favourite play:

I remember the last Time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, 'He bore his Faculties so meekly': and justly inferred from thence, That all divine and human Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made such an abstinent Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is so much laid against the Day of Distress: and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity. (206.)

Mr. Spectator records the receipt of several letters lamenting the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. He adds:

It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in Shakespear; nay it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an audience. . . . It is a

melancholy Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of Macbeth, the other night, when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of Murdering the King seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it: instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud laugh. (208.)

Mr. Spectator defends his frequent references to the stage on the ground that when he commends Wilks for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in 'Macbeth,' and the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, he really talks to the whole world who are engaged in either of those circumstances. (370.)

He waxes satirical over the witchcraft of the author of 'The Lancashire Witches':

The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable Shakespear. The Incantations in Macbeth have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides, that the Witches are a Part of the Story itself, as we find it very particularly related in Hector Boetius, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid and bloody: but is extremely foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing through an Imagination like Shakespear's to form them: for which Reason Mr. Dryden would not allow even Beaumont and Fletcher capable of imitating him.

'But Shakespear's Magick cou'd not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but He.' (141.)

Lastly he reverts to Macbeth again in his entertaining description of the lady who has been to France and adopted French fopperies:

To speak loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things what should only be mentioned in Private or in Whispers, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. A Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more illbred than anything that can be spoken.

Some years ago, I was at the Tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead: who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliliquy, 'When will the Witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far as on her Left-hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's Wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a-talking of the Ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a Mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit. (45.)

MARY CHILD.

WESTMINSTER HALL AND ITS BOOKSELLERS.

BUILT originally by William Rufus, and rebuilt in 1397 by Richard II, Westminster Hall for something like eight centuries played a great part in the national life. There were held the banquets after the coronation of our kings and queens, and there, except when driven away by the plague, the chief courts of law held their sittings either within its walls or in buildings immediately adjoining. The Houses of Parliament met either in St. Stephens or in the King's Palace, and the Speaker and members were wont to pass through Westminster Hall on their way to it. Hence it became from its foundation the most popular place of resort in the kingdom. During term time it was thronged with barristers, lawyers, their clients and witnesses; while the sitting of Parliament attracted all those who were eager to hear the latest news. Lydgate has left us a glimpse of the Hall in his 'London Lyckpenny'; Dekker in the 'Belman of London, 1608,' tells us that it was the haunt of pickpockets; and Ben Jonson, in his 'Staple of News, 1625,' set it down as one of the four cardinal quarters from whence news was collected.

Almost from its opening, stalls and booths for the sale of all kinds of wares appear to have been

set up within Westminster Hall, and it seems probable that stationers were amongst the first to avail themselves of this privilege. Parchment, paper, sealing-wax, red tape, and pens, were articles of which the law stood constantly in need, and we may well believe that the lawyers and their clerks were not left to send into the street for any of these things which they either forgot to take with them into the Hall, or ran out of in the course of the day. The stationers, as we know, soon began to trade in books, and so in course of time stalls for the sale of new and second-hand books became a feature of Westminster Hall.

Unfortunately the materials for a history of the booksellers who traded there before the seventeenth century is altogether wanting. A writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1853 gave a 'rental' of the stall-holders, and the sums paid by them in the year 1460, but he omitted to say where this 'rental' was to be seen. Nor did it give the trades of those whose names were mentioned in it, and we can only surmise that some of them were booksellers. That there must be similar documents hidden away somewhere appears probable from the discovery of this one, but in spite of diligent and persistent search no documentary evidence relating to the booksellers of Westminster Hall has been discovered earlier than the year 1640.

The reason may perhaps be found in the fact that the rents of these stalls were granted to the Warden of the Fleet Prison, who also held the office of Keeper of the King's Palace at Westminster. These offices were generally held by a person of high rank

who farmed them out, and their deputies would have no motives for care in preserving records. Nor do the letters patent or Inquisitions of these Wardens help to clear the matter up, as in them the stalls at Westminster Hall are only mentioned in general terms.

At last in 1640 Westminster Hall is found in the imprint of a book, Richard Brome's play, 'The Sparagus Garden,' a comedy acted in 1635 by the Company of Revels at Salisbury Court, and published by Francis Constable 'at his shops in King Street at the signe of the Goat and in Westminster Hall.'

It is probable that Francis Constable had rented a stall in the Hall many years earlier than this imprint might lead us to suppose. It will be found that the leading men in the bookselling trade made a practice of renting a stall there during term time in addition to their other places of business, an evidence in itself of the great number of people who frequented it. And as Constable had been publishing ever since 1614, his connection with the Hall may have begun long before 1640.

Constable's career was nearly over at this time, the last we hear of him being in 1643; but a few years later we come upon a second bookseller carrying on business at Westminster Hall. This was Thomas Banks, whose chief place was in Blackfriars, on the top of Bridewell Stairs. Nothing much is known about him; but in 1647 he published one of the Rev. John Cotton's numerous writings, 'Severall Questions of serious and necessary consequence, etc.,' and this was to be sold not

only at his Blackfriars address but in 'Westminster Hall at the sign of the Seale.'

This imprint proves that these stalls were distinguished by signs which were perhaps fixed on some kind of projecting board from the top. Occasionally, but very rarely, the position of the stall is also indicated. On the other hand, especially in later times, there is often no mention of a sign.

Banks was also associated with another bookseller in the Hall, Mistress Breach, in the publication of another of Cotton's tracts, 'A controversie concerning libertie of conscience, 1649,' in which, by a misprint, his sign in Westminster Hall is altered to the 'Soule.' Of Mistress Breach we learn more from some interesting notes in the journals of the House of Lords for the year 1675 respecting the publication of a 'scandalous and seditious libel,' which was found in her shop. Seeing that she had been there ever since 1649, Mistress Breach must have been a familiar figure to the frequenters of the Hall during the Commonwealth and Restoration periods, and we should like to think that it was at her stall that Pepys picked up that 'Life of our Queen' which he describes as being 'so sillily writ that we did nothing but laugh at it.' The position of her stall was definitely given by one witness as 'at the foot of the stone stairs going up to the Court of Requests.' That court was held in a building situated at some distance in the rear of the Hall, approached by a long passage leading out of it. Another witness described Mrs. Breach's stall as being 'at the stair foot *in* Westminster Hall,' so that it would appear to have been in the

south-west corner of the building. She is further described by the same witness as being 'a fat woman.'

Another bookseller of some importance in the Hall during this Commonwealth period was William Sheares, a publisher of many noted books, amongst others Quarles' 'Divine Fancies,' Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Maxims of State,' and John Earle's 'Microcosmographie.' He began publishing in 1624, and the last heard of him is in 1662. Between these dates he appears to have had shops in all parts of London and Westminster. In 1631 he is found at the 'Great South dore of Paul's,' a somewhat unusual position, most of the bookselling shops being on the north side of the Churchyard. In 1635 he was at 'Britain's Bursse'; in 1642 at the sign of the Bible in Covent Garden; in 1655 he carried this sign back to St. Paul's Churchyard, 'near the little North door,' and in 1659 he was at the 'New Exchange.' Some of these shops, in fact all of them, may have been held simultaneously. Sheares was one of those suspected of having had a hand in producing that notorious book, 'Leicester's Commonwealth.' The volume that bears his Westminster Hall imprint is Sir Robert Cotton's 'Warrs with Forregin [*sic*] Princes dangerous to our Common-Wealth: or, Reasons for Forreign wars answered . . . London, Printed for William Shears in Westminster-Hall, 1657.' The misprint in the title was corrected before the whole impression was worked off.

The sign of the Gilt Cup, found in Westminster Hall between 1658 and 1660, was held by John

Bartlett, a man of strong Puritanical tendencies. As far back as 1619 he was trading under this same sign in Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside, where he dealt chiefly in sermons and other theological literature. Bartlett was one of the earliest victims of Laud's persecutions, being accused in 1637 of having given William Prynne's servant some of the writings of Dr. Bastwick and Mr. Burton to be copied. He was ordered by the Privy Council to shut up his shop, and as he did not obey at once, was imprisoned until he had entered into a bond of £100 not to use his trade in Cheapside, to quit his house within six months, and not to let it to any but a goldsmith. In 1641 he is found near St. Austen's Gate, still under the sign of the Gilt-Cup.

The following book, showing Bartlett's Westminster imprint, is interesting only from its association with the philanthropist and educationalist Samuel Hartlib:

'Olbia. The New Iland lately discovered. With its religion and rites of worship; laws, customs, and government; characters and language; With education of their children in their sciences, arts and manufactures with other things remarkable. By a Christian pilgrim, driven by tempest from Civita Vecchia, or some other parts about Rome; through the straits into the Atlantick Ocean. The First Part. From the Original.

'For Samuel Hartlib, in Ax-yard Westminster, and John Bartlet at the Guilt-Cup near Austin's Gate London: and in Westminster-Hall. 1660.'

From the 'Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Worthington,' vol. i., p. 251, etc., it appears that

Hartlib's name was put on the title-page without his consent. John Sadler, its reputed author, was a religious fanatic and visionary.

With the Restoration came a great revival of trade, and during the next forty years the following booksellers had stalls in the Hall:

M. Mitchel. At the first shop in Westminster Hall, 1663.

Henry Mortlock. White Hart. 1667-1702.

James Collins. King's Head. 1669-1671.

Thomas Palmer. Crown. 1671-1673.

Thomas Basset. George (?). 1673.

William Hensman. King's Head. 1671-1690. Successor to James Collins.

Henry Rogers. Bible or Crown. 1678-1684.

Mrs. Whitwood. Sign not known. 1678.

Thomas Fox. Angel. 1680-1684.

J. Bird. Sun. 1689.

Philip Lee. Near Common Pleas. 1690.

Anthony Feltham. Sign not known. 1691-1695.

Matthew Gilliflower. Sun. 1684-1700.

Matthew Gilliflower. Spread Eagle. 1684-1700.

Matthew Gilliflower. Spread Eagle and Crown. 1684-1700.

Matthew Gilliflower. Black Spread Eagle. 1684-1700.

Joseph Moxon. Right against the Parliament Stairs. 1694.

Henry Mortlock's principal place of business was the Phoenix in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was an extensive publisher of theological literature, and issued the sermons and discourses of Bishop Stillingfleet. He was also the publisher of Phineas

Fletcher's 'A Father's Testament,' a devotional work in prose with translations from Boethius and other verse intermixed. It bears the Westminster Hall imprint, and is further bibliographically interesting as one of the few books which have come down to us having the title printed in large, bold type perpendicularly on an outer wrapper. This appears to have been a custom of the trade at that time, if indeed it did not have a much earlier origin. Books referred to as 'stitch'd' were, I believe, always issued in such wrappers, though, being the outer leaves and thus especially exposed to wear and tear, few of them have survived.

Thomas Basset was a publisher of law books, in Fleet Street, and in 1673 he issued a sheet list of this class of literature. Sir E. Sandys' 'Europa Speculum,' issued by him in the same year, bears the Hall imprint.

William Hensman seems to have made the King's Head, in Westminster Hall, his principal place of business, and to have succeeded James Collins there. He had a share in most of the large ventures of the time, notably a folio edition of Chaucer, and Cotton's edition of Montaigne. But the chief bookseller at the Hall during this period was undoubtedly Matthew Gilliflower.

The following advertisements relating to books published by him are culled from Mr. Arber's invaluable reprint of the Term Catalogues.

Mich. [Nov. 20] 1761. Cottoni Posthuma. Divers choice pieces of that Renowned Antiquary, Sir Robert Cotton, Knight and Baronet; preserved from the injury of time, and exposed to publick light for the benefit of Posterity. By J. H. Esquire. Printed for Richard Lowndes at

the White Lion in Duck Lane and Matthew Gilliflower at the Sun in Westminster Hall. In Octavo. Price, bound, 3*s*.

Mich. [Nov. 21] 1672. The Anatomical Exercises of Dr William Harvey, Professor of Physick, and Physician to King Charles the First, concerning the motion of the Heart and Blood. With the Preface of Zachariah Wood, Physician of Rotterdam. In Octavo. Price, bound, 3*s*. Printed for R. Lowndes at the White Lion in Duck Lane, and Matthew Gilliflower in Westminster Hall.

Mich. [Decr 6] 1678. The Refined Courtier, or a Correction of several Indecencies crept into civil conversation. In Twelves. Price 2*s*. Printed for R. Royston, and sold by M. Gilliflower and W. Hensman in Westminster Hall.

Mich. [Nov.] 1683. Of the Law terms, or A Discourse written by the Learned Antiquary Sir Henry Spelman, wherein the laws of the Jews, Grecians, Romans, Saxons, Normans, relating to this subject are fully explained. Octavo. Printed for Matthew Gilliflower in Westminster Hall.

Hil. [Feb.] 1685. The Essays of Michael, Seigneur de Montaigne. In three Books. With an account of the author's Life. Made English by Charles Cotton, Esq. The First Volume, octavo. Printed for T. Basset at the George in Fleet Street, and M. Gilliflower and W. Hensman in Westminster Hall.

The Second Book appeared in Michaelmas, 1685, and the Third in Easter and Trin., 1686.

Trin. [June] 1687. Angliæ Notitia, or the present State of England compleat; together with divers Reflections upon the ancient State thereof. By Ed. Chamberlayne, Doctor of Laws. The Sixteenth Edition, with Additions and alterations down to this present time. Twelves. Sold by M. Gilliflower at the Spread Eagle in Westminster Hall; and J. Partridge at the Post Office, near Charing-Cross.

It is interesting to find that the second edition of Joseph Moxon's 'Mechanick Exercises,' which was

issued in parts, has the following title-page to the third part:

> Mechanick Exercises: or, the doctrine of Handy-Works. Applied to the Art of House-Carpentry. . . . London, Printed and Sold by I. Moxon, at the Atlas in Warwick-Lane, and at his shop in Westminster-hall right against the Parliament Stairs, 1694.

It is possible that the 'Atlas' was the stall once occupied by Mistress Breach. Allowing for some latitude in description the 'Parliament stairs' and the 'stone stairs leading to the Court of Requests' may easily refer to the same place.

In addition to the above a few more of the publications on sale in the Hall at this period are worth brief mention:

> Oxford Drollery, being new poems and songs. The first part composed by W. H. The second and third parts being upon several occasions, made by the most eminent wits of the said university, and collected by the same author. Oxford, Printed for J. C. and sold by Tho. Palmer at the Crown in Westminster Hall. In octavo. Price 1*s*.
>
> Tunbridge Wells: or a Day's Courtship. A comedy as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, written by a person of quality . . . and are to be sold by Henry Rogers at the Crown in Westminster Hall, 1678.
>
> Survey of Essex by John Ogilby, published by Mrs. Whitwood in Westminster Hall 1678.
>
> Esquemelin. History of the Bucaniers of America. London, printed by William Whitwood, and sold by Anthony Feltham in Westminster Hall, 1695. 4to.

During the days of Queen Anne and throughout the eighteenth century, the booksellers in Westminster Hall continued to flourish, and in the columns of the newspapers, which were becoming more nu-

merous every year, many advertisements are found in which they figure. The old signs, however, seem to have been discarded, the only one we have met with being the Half Moon and Seven Stars, which in 1736 was in the occupation of J. and J. Fox. Their imprint is found in Father Paul's 'Treatise of Ecclesiastical Benefices,' which also contained at the end a catalogue of publications issued by them. Messrs. Fox also had a shop in Tunbridge Wells during the season.

The coronation of George II in 1727 caused the publication of 'A complete account of the ceremonies observed at the coronations of the kings and queens of England,' possibly an abridgement of Sanford's work. The fourth edition has the imprint, 'London: Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick Lane; J. Stagg in Westminster Hall and D. Browne without Temple Bar 1727.'

Pope's bookseller, Lawton Gilliver, and his partner, J. Clarke, also had a stall in Westminster Hall in 1737, as we learn from an advertisement in 'The Craftsman' of the work entitled 'England's heroical Epistles.' In addition to these the following booksellers are found in the Hall during the eighteenth century: B. Barker, 1707; Richard Standfast, 1711-1725; Charles King, 1707-1723; J. Brett, 1738; A. Henderson and B. Tovey in 1750.

From a print entitled the 'First Day of Term,' issued in 1797, and reproduced in Walford's 'Old and New London,' we learn that bookstalls were still in the Hall at that time. Perhaps some one can tell me the date of their abolition.

HENRY R. PLOMER.

A BOOK OF SNOBS.

JOB, we are told, wished that his adversary had written a book; and certainly a stupid opinion ought to be more easily confuted when it has been printed and published than while it is merely talked about. For this reason it is permissible to be glad at the publication of 'The Hill,'[1] and even at the wide circulation that it has obtained and the interest with which it has been welcomed; for it represents a very stupid opinion. Mr. Vachell has written an amusing story to prove that education is nonsense. It is true that he nowhere declares that to be his intention, but it must be what he means. If a man wrote a novel about politics, and described with enthusiasm a society governed entirely by younger sons, it would be a fair inference that he thought little of the law of primogeniture; and since Mr. Vachell, like Mr. Turley and pretty nearly every one else who writes school stories, has described with enthusiasm a school society without any government at all, it is a fair inference that none of these gentlemen believe that schools ought to be governed.

It may be said that a novelist does not necessarily admire what he writes about—that a man may write charmingly about brigands without implying

[1] 'The Hill.' Horace Annesley Vachell (John Murray).

approval of their ways, and that to bring a drunkard on the stage may be worthy of a Temperance reformer. Probably nine-tenths of those who write school stories do it in all innocence, knowing as little of boys as they do of brigands, and ready to supply 'The Boy's Own Paper' with so many chapters a year about either, or both combined; but the tenth writes 'Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy,' or 'The Hill.' These books are written seriously, by people who profess to know what they are writing about; 'Godfrey Marten' was written by an old Cheltonian; Mr. Vachell is an old Harrovian. Each says in effect to us: 'Here, ladies and gentlemen—for there's no reason why ladies shouldn't read me, though of course they don't know much about boys—here, ladies and gentlemen, is a little sketch of the school that I love and admire; this is public school life, these are public school masters, and public school boys, and this, speaking generally, is the way we all behave. Isn't it charming? and can you any longer be surprised—if you ever were surprised—at the superiority of the English public school boy to every other kind of boy, of the public school man to every other kind of Englishman, and by a natural consequence, of the Englishman to all the rest of mankind?' And these books go for review; and they fall into the hands of—well, it has always been a most perplexing thing to guess whose hands they do fall into. For instance, there was a most appreciative review of 'Godfrey Marten' in a very great newspaper, full of all the right adjectives—'manly,' 'fresh,' 'invigorating,' 'wholesome,' and the rest, and yet the reviewer was so

painfully ignorant of recent slang that if his verdict had been the other way some one might have said that he was writing of what he did not understand.

However, after all, reviews do not matter very much; what does matter very much is the impression made upon the general reader, upon fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, as to the proper characteristics of public school education. What is the kind of training to be obtained at a public school, how is it obtained, and from whom? Mr. Vachell's is the most recent answer,[1] and also the most enthusiastic; let us see what he says. To begin with, the glory of Harrow is that it cultivates 'strenuousness' and 'sentiment'—both qualities in which that charming hero, Hadji Stavros, peculiarly excelled, but a rather insufficient ideal for a place of education. It must be granted, however, that so far as concerns the absence of any conscious striving after anything more, Mr. Vachell's story bears out his opening statement. The delusion that boys go to school for the sake of their minds was never more thoroughly exposed. It is true that a Balliol scholarship is once mentioned, in a context which prevents its looking too important, as a kind of make-weight among the athletic distinctions by which the model housemaster proposes to reform his house; but we are not introduced to a single boy who would have got into Balliol on his hands and knees, and the general view of learning inculcated is that it is part of a game between boys and masters, in which the superior combination of the

[1] Since this was written, Mr. Portman has answered the same question in 'Hugh Rendal'(Alston Rivers), a less intemperate story.

boys usually enables them to score. John Verney does get a Shakespeare prize; but that is the nearest approach to a suggestion that intellectual work can be respectable, and he has to become a rather distinguished person before he is allowed to do it. If he had tried any games of the sort in his first year, we feel sure that Mr. Vachell would have had no further use for him. Plainly the strenuousness which we are asked to admire is not connected with learning, except so far as some thought is needed to carry out the combination mentioned above, and to defeat the ill-laid schemes of the teacher. The most strenuous person in the book is undoubtedly Scaife, the most sentimental probably Beaumont-Greene, though he may not be meant so. Scaife is a villain in the grand style, clearly modelled upon Ouida's immortals; it is useless for Mr. Vachell to say that his grandfather was a bricklayer; be his putative ancestry what you will, he is brim full of the blood of the Strathmores. Why does Mr. Vachell say that his father was a bricklayer, or a navvy, or whatever he was? Is it that he can conceive no other way of accounting for his naughtiness? Or is it simply that the love of a lord, which breathes in every page of the book, must have a victim?

> Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobility!

What a cry for a school! Scaife's grandfather was a working man; Beaumont-Greene's case was even worse, for his father was a tradesman; consequently Beaumont-Greene is not even allowed to be a picturesque villain; when he attempts fashionable vice,

not being an athlete, public opinion is against him, and he ends in a strong smell of brimstone, unpitied by anyone, having committed forgery to pay a gambling debt to the Mephistophelian Scaife and the somewhat colourless Lovell. Lovell comes to a bad end in connection with this same gambling debt; but he evidently has some heroic qualities, and his father was probably nothing worse than a stockjobber. It is a remarkable fact that Duff, who is the son of a poor parson, is quite respectable and even popular; but then his father's devotion to cricket—to say nothing of his lineage—is something quite extraordinary. Is it a volume of the 'Book of Snobs' that we are reading? 'Dukes and dukes' sons come to Harrow,' says Scaife. Scaife has his own reasons for knowing about the aristocracy, no doubt; but Mr. Vachell must tell us in a footnote that he was right; and we learn that it is one of the glories of Harrow that a Duke of Dorset blacked Byron's boots. Blood and 'Bloods' —that is the right combination; by a respect for these two the children of the great and good are educated, as Egerton—whose father was 'almost as great a buck as himself'—says, for 'big things,' and taught, not Latin and Greek (which is obvious) but 'manners, what?' And what manners! Chapter III is headed 'Kraipale'; they say these things better in Greek, it seems, and a reference to Liddell and Scott gives an educational flavour to the scene that follows, which it might otherwise seem to lack. There is nothing remarkable in the scene, not even the imbecility of every one concerned; if you put a number of boys to look after

themselves, with a great deal more money than they know how to spend, and a tradition that most of it is to be spent in over-eating at the Creameries, it is only natural that whisky and soda in the studies should follow, and that the grandson of a labourer should get drunk and the sons of Dukes and other respectable persons should help him to escape the consequences, while housemaster, doctor, and matron are comfortably duped. As for the housemaster, and every other kind of master, they serve the same purpose in this and in all other school stories that the marquises of Louis XIV's court did to Molière. 'Le Marquis est le plastron de Molière,' and the schoolmaster is the butt of every school story. The difference is that Molière professes to be laughing at the Marquis, whereas Mr. Vachell professes to be drawing the schoolmaster to the life.

Let us contemplate for a while Mr. Vachell's schoolmasters, to whose care, as they seem to suppose, dukes and prime ministers, colonels and clergymen, to say nothing of the Sultan of the Sahara—be sure that no foreigner below the rank of Sultan is admitted—intrust their sons. The headmaster—not a Harrow man, but, as Mr. Vachell dimly sees, none the worse for that—finds himself with a not uncommon problem to hand. The Manor, once the best house in Harrow, is in the hands of an eminent scholar who is also a self-indulgent toady of the aristocracy. Therefore the house is a sink of iniquity. The headmaster knows it, but is too much afraid of public opinion to dismiss the housemaster; he therefore conceives and executes the wickedest

plan, surely, that ever entered into the head of a blameless gentleman seeking to evade his duty. He persuades two or three of the best men he knows to send their young sons into this sink of iniquity, in the hope that they may purify it. Did those fathers, one wonders, consult their wives before they did this abominable thing? Well, the boys go to the Manor; before they have been there long enough for three boys of fourteen to reform the morals of forty seniors, 'Dirty Dick' gets a Scotch professorship, and is succeeded by the man who is presumably Mr. Vachell's idea of what a house-master ought to be. Mr. Warde is an Alpine climber, who has accomplished the singular feat of ascending a mountain with one eye fixed on the peak above his head and the other on the crevasse at his feet: so at any rate he tells the boys in the speech in which he introduces himself to them. This speech is one of the most heartrending things in the book. It opens pretty well: it contains one or two really sensible remarks: but the conclusion! 'Cock House at cricket and football, Balliol scholarship, rackets'—in that order—, and now Dumbleton will bring in a little champagne.' *And now Dumbleton will bring in a little champagne! Vos plaudite!* Here is a man taking over the charge of a house that he knows to be full of vices, not the least of which is secret drinking; he knows, and the boys know, that he is expected to make it clean, sober, and industrious; and he thinks it necessary to catch their applause with 'a little champagne.' No wonder that he slips easily into the part of a distracted Olympian: that he is indebted to a

frightened tradesman for the discovery of systematic gambling in the Manor, and that when he finds out for himself that boys are in the habit of going up to London by night he almost weeps on the hero's neck at the prospect of catching them at it. He says that 'he is in love with his job'; he refuses a lucrative post in order to stick to his job; but what he conceives his job to be, besides talking epigrammatically, coaching small boys at cricket in his park, and in a surreptitious, Nicodemian way inducing John Verney to do some work, it is difficult to say. He talks of having 'rid the house of its grosser vices,' but thinks it enough to 'know all about your precious system of co-operation,' without stirring a finger to check that ingenious plan of cheating the form master. This conception of a schoolmaster's duty helps one to understand why the world thinks so meanly of schoolmasters. If they are all expected to behave in this way, if they are really expected to treat all the conditions which any other kind of man who cared for a boy would hate and destroy, as some sort of great natural obstacle that must be dodged and circumvented, but on no account openly attacked and swept away, if they are continually to pretend not to know what they do know, and not to see what they do see, if they are to conciliate with 'a little champagne,' and educate with cricket practice and fine phrases about honour—why, the wonder is, not that schoolmasters are held in light esteem, but that any self-respecting man should ever become a schoolmaster.

But is 'The Hill' a true picture? Or has Mr. Vachell been so carried away by his desire to make

a story that he has forgotten what he is writing about? Stories about children are proverbially the most difficult to write; children are not wont to be dramatic except in circumstances where no man who loves them would like to see them; and the attempt to make a school story sensational enough to please always results in making the school appear unfit to live in. 'Stalky and Co.' is still fresh in our minds: there we had a man of genius trying his hand, not, so far as could be seen, with any prejudice against English schools; and yet, while opinions may differ about the merits of the boys, there cannot be two opinions about the masters; they were all intolerable. If we could make up our minds that Mr. Vachell's book bears no more relation to real school life than the sixpenny shocker does to life in general, there would be less to trouble about. Even so, it would be necessary to remember that, whereas a sixpenny shocker deludes nobody into supposing that he has only to step out of doors in order to be involved in a web of mystery and crime, 'The Hill' and books of its type do create the impression that all public school life is as they describe it, and so long as that impression is allowed to go unchallenged, books of that type will continue to do a great deal of mischief. Not only do they deceive the general reader, the middle-aged gentleman who, as Mr. Vachell's model housemaster says with a transient flash of commonsense, lies freely if unconsciously about the happiness of his school days, and the schoolboy who finds his natural foolishness about games and other things treated as high and holy mysteries; they

react upon the schoolmaster and accustom him to low ideals and scandalous compromises. It is only necessary to turn to what schoolmasters themselves say on the same subject. The headmaster of Dulwich published a little book the other day, called 'A Day at Dulwich.' The day was that on which Dulwich played Tonbridge at football; and the book is chiefly taken up with describing the shifts to which the masters were reduced in order to get their pupils to attend to them during morning school. The most striking, if not perhaps the most improving, device was that of a man who enticed a recalcitrant member of his form, by means of a Socratic dialogue, into admitting that he acquired knowledge in order to become more like the Holy Ghost. After enlarging upon this theme, 'Mr. James,' we are told, 'settled into a condition of wondering whether he had said anything which would do the boys good or not.' Mr. Smith was another Socratic; he was in charge of a Cicero lesson; after confounding the wits of the rebellious in the manner which drove the Athenians to murder Socrates, he set his form an essay on 'Cicero and Mr. Gladstone, and went down the stairs fairly happy.' Mr. Rubeley, the German master, was less fortunate; he had been a distinguished football player thirty years before, but the boys did not know it, and gave him superfluous information during school as to the size and shape and other peculiarities of a football, so that he sent in his resignation five minutes after the lesson was over. After this we have thirty pages of football, more Socratics and a very neo-Platonic prayer from Mr.

James, and an Epilogue. Truly these things must be seen to be believed.

Is everybody in a conspiracy to make nonsense of education?

Mr. Benson—now, alas! no longer at school—wrote 'The Schoolmaster' like a man who, beginning a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, discovers a few gray hairs in it and ends faintly in a dirge. To him enters Sir Oliver Lodge with a scalpel and no sympathy for anything that Mr. Benson admires, and presently Mr. Benson's poetry is in pieces. Mr. Benson makes a half-hearted attempt to put it together again, and leaves Eton, as it appears, for ever; Mr. Fletcher, now headmaster of Marlborough, then an assistant master at Rugby, writes pleasantly to prove that they do these things better at Rugby (readers of the 'Nineteenth Century' will remember the controversy), and we all go on as before. Do we all go on as before? At any rate Mr. Vachell, and to all appearance Mr. Vachell's readers, think so. They would say that a boy who went to the Manor, even as John Verney went, was being better educated than, for instance, Crossjay Patterne as Vernon Whitford's pupil; and not only so, but that John Verney's education is just what every sensible parent would wish to put his son through; and so long as that is the opinion of ninety per cent. of those who can afford what training they please for their sons, there is very little chance of anything different. Only let it be thoroughly understood what that opinion means. If 'The Hill' is a picture of what is normal and desirable, we have made up our minds that boys can

educate each other better than men can educate them, and that the best way of securing the right result is that we should pay men to be in the neighbourhood while they do it, and to interfere with them as little as possible.

'*And now Dumbleton will bring in a little champagne.*'

R. F. Cholmeley.

BIBLIOGRAPHY IN CANADA.

BIBLIOGRAPHY is as yet only in its infancy in Canada. A few tentative efforts have been made at different times to render the stores of Canadian literature more accessible, through the publication of general or special bibliographies, but the effort has always been a labour of love, unrewarded, and generally unrecognized. However, there are signs of an awakening. Canadian students and investigators are beginning to find that even the rare and imperfect bibliographies at present in existence save an astonishing amount of time and labour in hunting up material on the subjects covered. It is probable that the spread of the library movement in Canada, and the influence of such scholarly librarians as Mr. Gould of McGill University, Dr. Bain of the Toronto public library, and Mr. Langton of the University of Toronto, will in time make possible the preparation and publication of bibliographies covering every branch of Canadian literature, and of real service to students both at home and abroad.

One of the first bibliographies that is required —and urgently required—is one devoted to the historical literature of Canada. Larned's 'Literature of American history, with Wells' Supplement,' include much Canadian material, prepared by Canadian contributors; but there are many im-

portant gaps in the list, and the scope of the work, so far as Canadian material is concerned, is not sufficiently broad to be of the highest possible service to students of Canadian history. What is needed is an exhaustive bibliography, covering not merely the well-known books, but everything of importance in book form bearing on Canadian history, as well as historical pamphlets and magazine articles where these have not been subsequently reprinted in book form; it should also include manuscripts which are often of supreme importance. In the Archives Office at Ottawa, in the Library of Parliament, in the Department of State, and other departments of the Dominion Government, in various departments of the Provincial Governments, in the libraries of Laval University, McGill University, St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal, the University of Toronto, the Toronto public library, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and the Manitoba Historical Society, to mention no others, Canadians possess manuscripts of the greatest historical value, but which at present are for the most part inaccessible and unknown to all but a few students who have had the time and courage to dig out the information for themselves, and even these are familiar with but a small portion of the manuscript material in existence in Canadian libraries.

It may be worth while to give here a brief account of the Canadian bibliographies and bibliographical material at present available—an account which of course does not profess to be anything like exhaustive.

By far the most interesting Canadian bibliography is Philéas Gagnon's 'Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne,' published in 1895. This is a remarkable bibliography of a very remarkable private library—his own—enriched with notes, facsimiles of title-pages, ex-libris, etc. It covers not only books, but maps, plans, portraits, plates, and a very important collection of Canadian manuscripts and letters. There are letters and historical documents in this collection signed with such famous Canadian names as Montcalm, and his great military antagonist, Wolfe; Frontenac; Cadillac, the founder of Detroit; Bigot, the famous, or infamous, Intendant of New France; de Vaudreuil, and many of the other Governors of New France, as well as most of the British Governors after the conquest of Quebec; all the French kings who ruled during the period of French rule in Canada; Cardinal Richelieu; Father Lafitau, the historian; Father Lalemant, the Jesuit martyr; Laval, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec; Le Loutre, the Acadian missionary, whose venomous hatred of British rule was largely instrumental in bringing about the expulsion of the Acadians; Charlevoix, the early Canadian historian; Lord Durham; Benjamin Franklin, who, it will be remembered, visited Montreal in the unsuccessful effort to win the French-Canadians to the support of the Thirteen Colonies; Thomas Chandler Haliburton, and many other early Canadian writers; John Galt, the Scottish novelist, who was for some years connected with the Canada Company; Alexander Henry, western fur-trader and traveller; Francis Parkman; Papineau, leader

of the French-Canadian rebellion of 1837; and many others.

A beginning has been made in the preparation of Canadian bibliographies covering the various sciences. In the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada,' vol. xi (1894), there is an elaborate bibliography of the members of the society, compiled by the late Sir John Bourinot, and arranged after the plan of the bibliographies of the American Historical Association. This covers practically all the published work, whether in book form or periodicals, of every member of the Royal Society, up to that date, and of course includes both the scientific and literary sections of the society. Sir John Bourinot had planned a continuation of the bibliography, but did not live to carry it out. Possibly some other member of the society may be persuaded to undertake the task—though it is no light undertaking.

Within the last few years the several scientific sections of the Royal Society have published in the annual 'Transactions' bibliographies of all the important material published during the previous year, in their respective departments. These bibliographies are, fortunately, not confined to fellows of the Royal Society, but cover all Canadian work.

There are also to be found, scattered through the numbers of scientific periodicals, Canadian, American, and English, a number of valuable individual bibliographies, such as Mr. B. E. Walker's 'List of writings of the late Elkanah Billings' (the well-known Canadian botanist), in the Canadian Record of Science, viii, 266-387. The chief desideratum

here is a bibliography of these individual bibliographies, which under existing conditions are practically inaccessible.

Mr. David Boyle, of Toronto, has from time to time published in the 'Archaeological Report' issued annually by the Ontario Government, a bibliography of Canadian archaeology. The value of this bibliography would be immensely enhanced if the several parts were brought together in one alphabet, and published in separate form.

In general bibliographies not much has yet been done in Canada. The late Dr. Kingsford, author of the 'History of Canada,' published in 1892 a small volume on the 'Early Bibliography of Ontario.' This covers most of the early publications of Upper Canada and Ontario. W. G. MacFarlane's 'New Brunswick Bibliography' does the same for that province.

Dr. Henry J. Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' of which a new edition is in preparation, covers fairly well the larger field of Canadian literature, though of course it does not pretend to be anything like exhaustive.

Mr. W. R. Haight, of Toronto, published in 1896 a Canadian 'Catalogue of Books, 1791-1895.' The intention is to cover this period gradually, in a series of parts, of which this is the first, and doubtless eventually the several parts will be thrown into a single alphabet. The main catalogue is also being supplemented by annual supplements, of which two have been issued. As the second, covering the year 1897, was only issued this year, the supplements are woefully in arrears. The useful-

ness of the catalogue for purposes of reference is also very much marred by the plan adopted of including not merely Canadian books, or books on Canada, but also Canadian editions of English and American books which have not the remotest connection with Canada, and which are, of course, already included in the United States or English catalogues.

A few years ago Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Toronto, prepared a 'Bibliography of Canadian Verse,' which was issued as one of the publications of Victoria College, Toronto. M. P. G. Roy, of Quebec, has also issued a 'Bibliographie de la poésie Franco-Canadienne.' Mr. James's bibliography, it may be noted, covers only English-Canadian poetry.

This year Victoria College brought out a second bibliography, devoted to Canadian fiction, compiled by Professor L. E. Horning and the present writer.

Not much has yet been done in the way of individual bibliographies in Canadian literature, and as a matter of fact there is not much necessity for individual bibliographies, except for scientific works, as very few Canadian writers have as yet been prolific or important enough to demand a separate bibliography. The most important exception has fortunately already been covered, and exceedingly well covered. I refer to Thomas Chandler Haliburton ('Sam Slick'), an authoritative bibliography of whose writings, by Mr. John Parker Anderson of the British Museum, is included in the memorial volume entitled, 'Haliburton: A Centenary Chaplet,' published for the Haliburton

Club of King's College, Windsor, N.S. This bibliography was the more necessary as most of the existing lists of Haliburton's works, such as those in Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' and Allibone's Dictionary, are both incomplete and inaccurate.

Two years ago, at the request of the late Sir John Bourinot, I prepared for the Royal Society a general Canadian bibliography of the year 1901, which will be found in the transactions of the Society for the following year. The idea was that it might serve as an example—however inadequate—of what might be accomplished by the Society, if the bibliography were continued annually. As it stands the specimen is, of course, comparatively useless, covering as it does only a single year. It includes also a great deal of unimportant material which perhaps only served to give a false impression of the importance of Canadian contemporary literature. What is most required is an annual Canadian bibliography covering all that is of real value or importance published during the year, whether in book form or in periodicals or pamphlets, and in every department of human knowledge. To do this adequately it would be essential that several men, having special knowledge, should each take charge of a specific subject, and the resulting material should then be turned over to a general editor who would put it into proper bibliographic shape. This suggestion was made to the Royal Society, but there did not seem to be sufficient interest in the matter to make it a success.

There is a good deal of what may be called bib-

liographic material available in Canada; that is to say, bibliographies, more or less fragmentary, in books of reference, histories, etc. Among these may be mentioned a number of partial lists in Mr. J. Castell Hopkins' 'Canada: An Encyclopaedia of the Country'; a bibliography of printed and manuscript literature relating to the Hudson's Bay Company, in Dr. Bryce's 'History of the Hudson's Bay Company'; a series of bibliographic notes appended to Sir John Bourinot's 'Canada under British Rule'; and a carefully selected list of books relating to Canada, in a volume entitled, 'Canadian Life in Town and Country,' by Dr. Henry J. Morgan and the writer, now in press.

Other incidental material of a bibliographic nature will be found in the annual Archives Reports, published by the Canadian Government. Last year's report, particularly, contains a list of the books in the Archives library. The entire series of Archives Reports cover all the manuscript material in the Archives, arranged in the form of calendars. If the Canadian Government could only be induced to publish a complete bibliography of the manuscripts in the Archives, they would earn the gratitude of every student of early Canadian history.

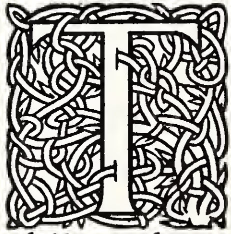
The catalogue of works relating to America in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, is of some importance; as are also the subject-catalogue of books in the Toronto Reference Library; the Nova Scotia catalogue of manuscript documents, 1710-1867; the list of lectures, papers, and historical documents published by the Literary and

Historical Society of Quebec; and the Bibliography of the Canadian Society of Authors.

In addition to all these, there is, of course, a good deal of Canadian bibliographic material in such American and British publications as Poole's and Fletcher's Indexes, the United States and English Catalogues, Sonnenschein's Best Books, and the Supplement, the Reader's Guide to periodical literature and the Cumulative Index (now combined), the Cumulative Book Index, Allibone's 'Dictionary of Authors,' Winsor's 'Narrative and Critical History of America,' Harrisse's historical bibliographies, Sabin's 'Dictionary of Books relating to America,' the published bibliographies of the American Historical Association, and other works of a like nature.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.


HE roving critics, whose duty it is to draw up the literary bill of fare for the general reader, are constantly warned that that rather timorous person will not read philosophy. But philosophy, if he would only believe it, is, as a French writer of contemporary fame, echoing Milton, has it, not only not dull, but 'beaucoup plus émouvante que tous les drames et tous les romans.' He further points out that philosophy, to-day, is not, as ordinary men suppose, written in a special language, obscure and pretentious. 'Depuis Schopenhauer, qui reprit la tradition de Montaigne, les philosophes, quand ils ont des idées et du talent, écrivent en un style simple et clair, quelquefois même spirituel.' This well applies to the whole of Jules de Gaultier's work. His latest production is 'Nietzsche et la Réforme philosophique.' A French disciple of Schopenhauer, his lucid thought and the bold originality of his philosophic spirit give him a high place among contemporary philosophers. He sets forth Nietzsche's ideas in the clearest fashion; shows how he demolishes the notion of the past that philosophy was the science of wisdom; that wisdom was something superior to life, so that it must be discovered in order to improve life; and insists that there is nothing above or outside life;

that life ‘s’invente à elle-même sa valeur, ses buts, et ses lois: . . . c’est le goût et le désir qui inventent les formes du réel.’ Gaultier deals in very interesting fashion with Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, showing the analogy and divergence of the two philosophies. He also declares that Nietzsche owes much to France; that he was influenced by La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, Montesquieu and Guyau; that he in his turn influenced Renan. Nietzsche’s admiration for French art is well known; he used to say that it came nearer the perfection of the Greeks than the art of any other modern nation.[1]

Camille Mauclair is a critic always worthy of attention. In his new book ‘De Watteau à Whistler,’ he inveighs as of old against the academic spirit in painting (l’esprit d’Ecole). He argues that there is no such thing as a canonical beauty: ‘la beauté évolve, mêlée à la vie; elle est partout, elle est en nous, elle attend qu’on la dégage. L’amour et le désir sincère la découvrent.’ Our attitude towards the dead should be: ‘Admirons, ne refaisons pas.’ The point of view admits of argument, but all the dialectics in the world cannot hide the truth that no great artist is wholly uninfluenced either by the great traditions of the past or by the ten-

[1] By an odd chance I am writing this article in Weimar, where Nietzsche died in 1900. His manuscripts are preserved in the Villa Silberblick, the house he occupied there, and the rooms allotted to them are known as the ‘Nietzsche-Archiv.’ When we contemplate the 300 items of the collection (this does not include the Correspondence), we cannot help a feeling of amazement at the amount of work he accomplished in the short fifteen years during which his faculties availed him.

dencies of his own age. One portion of the book is entitled 'Tempéraments d'Artistes,' *e.g.*, 'Un analyste: Ricard. Un vibrant: Fortuny. Un subtil: Helleu. Un heureux: Chéret,' and so on. Three essays on Whistler—'Whistler et le mystère dans la peinture, Le Caractère de Whistler, L'Exposition posthume de Whistler,'—conclude the volume; and these criticisms of Whistler are the justest and ablest that have yet been written.

* * * * *

The Comtesse de Noailles is a poet before everything, and when she writes novels, it is only the passages which reveal the poet that we care to read. In her new novel, 'La Domination,' she attempts to depict in her hero, Antoine Arnault, a man who desires to dominate; whose attitude to life may be summed up in the phrase: 'César pleurait lorsqu'il vit la statue d'Alexandre.' Happiness for Arnault meant power over men. Even as a schoolboy his desire was:

> Etre le maître, et le maître des plus forts et des meilleurs; être celui qui commande et qui flatte, et qui, retiré le soir dans la solitude de son cœur, pense: Hommes, qu'y a-t-il de commun entre vous et moi? être celui enfin en qui chantent le plus fortement les légendes mortes et le fier avenir, voilà ce qui souhaitait ce jeune David, qui, debout devant l'immense force, appelait et provoquait la vie.

He tries to find this domination in his relations with his mistresses, who are many and various; in political life, in literature, where he is a successful writer, but nothing satisfies him. He tries marriage

—without love, and is content: 'mais le contentement serre le cœur de ceux qui ont connu le plaisir.' Catastrophe comes in the shape of a young sister-in-law, with whom he falls in love:

> Ces deux cœurs se réunissaient comme rejoint l'eau libre enfin, qu'un obstacle divisait, nulle différence ne leur enseignait l'éternel isolement; plus ils avançaient dans le cœur l'un de l'autre par les douces conversations, plus l'écho de cristal des deux côtés résonnait. Ils habitèrent ensemble, dès qu'ils en causaient les palais de l'orient, les oasis d'un désert d'or, un temple de la Sicile: leurs souhaits se confondaient; chacun avec l'autre échangea leur fleur préférée, Elisabeth enseignait à Antoine la centaurée rose des champs, tandis qu'elle recevait de lui la tubéreuse au parfum de musc.

We have quoted this last passage in order to show what beautiful prose Mme. de Noailles can write. Yet we can but deplore that she should waste her gift on such flimsy, unreal subjects, a thing she never does in her verse. For us, the only really satisfactory parts of this novel are the 'Sensations de Venise,' and the journey in Holland and Belgium. Nowhere do we remember to have read such beautiful descriptions of the old Flemish towns of Ypres and Bruges.

It is not often that we can have the pleasure of criticising a French novel that is amusing, brightly written, full of wit, and one that, while finding favour with the older folk, may yet be read by our young daughters. Such is, however, Henry Bordeaux's 'Le Petite Mademoiselle.' The hero, an ardent motorist, is in love with 'la petite made-

moiselle,' and having her father's consent, he proceeds to ask her to marry him.

Elle attendait la déclaration dont l'avait prévenue son père. Mais la forme en fut nouvelle.

'Eh bien! eh bien, suis-je vraiment si monstrueux?'

'Comment?'

'Vous m'avez appelé monstre, et depuis ce jour-là je suis bien malheureux.'

'Ah! vous vous souvenez? Vous êtes vilain sur votre machine, mais à terre——'

'A terre?'

'A terre, beaucoup moins.'

'Alors, Mademoiselle, acceptez de devenir ma femme.'

Il jetait sa requête comme un projectile. . . . Comme elle ne répondait pas tout de suite, il se depêcha de souffri.

. . . . . .

Il s'inclinait et se disposait à partir lorsqu'elle leva sur lui ses yeux foncés, impérieux et doux ensemble:

'Attendez, Monsieur,' dit-elle. 'Vous êtes bien pressé.'

Et d'une voix suave qu'il ne lui connaissait point, elle lui demande:

'Vous n'avez jamais été condamné?'

Il crut avoir mal compris.

'Vous dites?'

Mais le plus tranquillement de monde elle répéta: 'Je vous demande si vous n'avez jamais été condamné.'

Effaré de cette injurieux question, il se redressa de toute sa taille. Sans doute on l'avait calomnié, sali, compromis, déshonoré. 'Par exemple!' repliqua-t-il presque avec colère. Je suis un honnête homme.'

Elle allongea les lèvres dans une moue d'ironie: 'Ce n'est pas une raison, et vraiment je le regrette pour vous.'

'Vous le regrettez?'

'Oui, parceque je n'épouserai pas qu'un homme sorti de prison.'

'Sorti de prison? Mais c'est de la folie. Vous avez des goûts étranges, Mademoiselle; je ne l'aurais pas cru.' . . .

Elle reprit très sérieusement: 'Alors, pas la plus petite condamnation?'

Il pensa qu'elle plaisantait: 'Pas la moindre. Je vous le jure.'

'Tant pis. Moi, je suis plus favorisée. J'ai un cahier judiciaire.'

'Vous?'

'Huit jours de prison.'

'C'est impossible.'

Un peu surprise de ces dénégations, elle le sonda du regard: 'Comment! Vous l'ignorez?'

'Mais oui.'

'C'est étonnant. Eh bien, je vous l'apprends.'

'Vous avez été condamnée, vous?'

'Parfaitement. A huit jours de prison. Alors je ne veux pas d'un mari qui n'aurait pas de cahier judiciaire: il pourrait me reprocher mon passé.'

'Est-ce indiscret de vous demander le motif de votre condamnation?'

'Ce qui serait indiscret, ce serait de ne pas me le demander. Outrages envers un depositaire de l'autorité et de la force publique.'

'Vous avez été la victime d'une erreur, d'une infamie.'

'Pas du tout.'

'Vous avez outragé un agent de la force publique?'

'Parfaitement.'

'Par menaces, gestes ou paroles?'

'Paroles, gestes et menaces.'

'Peste! Et quel agent?'

'Un commissaire de police.'

'Pour quelle raison?'

'Il expulsait mes voisines.'

'Vos voisines?'

'Oui, les Carmélites de l'avenue Marie-Antoinette.'

'N'était-elles pas chez elles?'

'La maison leur appartient. Elle sont très pauvres, et vivent en commun péniblement. On les a jetées sans pain à la rue.'

'Et pourquoi?'

'Elles se croyaient en règle avec la loi; elles ne l'étaient pas. Les lois, personne ne les connaît, et chacun doit les connaître.'

'Et qu'avez-vous dit à votre commissaire?'

'Toutes les bonnes femmes de Fontaine manifestaient pour les sœurs. Quand la plus vieille est sortie, le commissaire l'a poussée. Alors j'ai bousculé cet agent de la force publique dans l'exercice de ses fonctions en lui criant: "Lâche!" et j'ai pris le bras de la religieuse. Aussitôt je fus arrêtée.'

Well, there seemed nothing for it; the lover, if he wished to marry his lady, must undergo a brief imprisonment. To discover the suitable crime or misdemeanour, to commit it, and to get convicted, for 'aux rentiers la loi est douce,' and Pierre was rich, is apparently far more difficult than killing the legendary dragon. 'Pour la seconde fois, Pierre eut la honte d'être acquitté.' A third attempt is equally futile. 'On le rejetait de toutes les juridictions comme un chien étranger qu'on poursuit de chambre en chambre pour le rendre aux grands chemins.' At last he does manage to get sent to prison for a day or two, and then Jacqueline consents. Oddly enough, in making her surrender, she uses the story told by Mrs. Browning in her 'Romance of the Swan's Nest.'

Is it to be taken as a sign of the times, or is it merely a coincidence, that there should have appeared this summer almost simultaneously in France

and Germany, novels dealing with the Alsace-Lorraine question: 'Au service de l'Allemagne,' by Maurice Barrès, and 'Daniel Junt,' by Hermann Stegemann. Barrès has not, strictly speaking, written a novel. It is rather a picture of contemporary manners, bringing out the views of the Alsatians towards the old and the new country. Barrès has a fine style, unimpeachable taste, and a feeling for landscape rare in its intensity and sympathy. This, combined with the presence in the story of a pretty, vivacious woman, and the excitement of a duel will give the book many readers for whom the political question has scant interest. The political illustration here chosen is the young man who, French at heart, has to serve Germany. The military service is greatly detested, and there would seem to be no real mingling of the two races, yet out of evil cometh good:

Préférer la France et servir l'Allemagne, cela semblait malsain, dissolvant, une vraie ruine intérieure, un profond avilissement. Les plus sages pensaient que cette contradiction engendrerait le machinisme, l'hypocrisie, et tous les défauts de l'esclave.

But such is by no means the case, for

Une nouvelle vertu alsacienne apparaît sous notre regarde. D'une équivoque est sortie une fière discipline, sans charme peut-être, ni gloire évidente, mais grave et qui réserve la force du passé avec l'espoir de l'avenir.

While, however, the conquest as a material conquest is an accomplished fact, the spiritual conquest is not yet made. The people are still French at

heart, and Barrès thinks that the true Alsatian will always form the advanced guard of French culture in German lands although he submits, as of course he must, to the exigencies of official 'Germanism.'

Although German novelists are fond of confining themselves to locality, they have, as a rule, since 1870, left Alsace severely alone. Stegemann would seem to be the first, at any rate, to write a novel the main events of which rest on the consequences of the great war. Daniel Junt inherited a farm close to the French frontier not far from Colmar. To farming he added inn-keeping, a very usual circumstance in those regions. He comes into conflict with the authorities about the tenure and rebuilding of his property. As is to be expected, he is worsted: he is a German subject, and must obey the German laws. In his anger he sets fire to his farm himself, thinking that then they will be compelled to rebuild; but forgetting the fate of an incendiary if his crime is discovered. When he is accused, he shoots himself to avoid the disgrace of a public trial. The time of the story is 1874. The village community is impoverished by the war, and there is no legitimate outlet for the energies of a strong man like Junt. Acts of physical violence occur whenever his temper is roused, and the author describes such scenes with much power. But he is perhaps at his best in dialogue, which is here made more piquant by the French dialect that is freely introduced.

Assez, Lalie. Ich weiss alles. Wie der Fermier dich vom comptoir de Couronne geholt und geheiratet hat. Und messieurs les chasseurs, die Fabrikherren und die dragons

de Colmar, die bei der belle fermière un 'Rebstöckle' in La Motte Fuchs, Reh und Rebhühner vergessen haben—je sais tout cela!

That was how they talked in Alsace in 1874.

But there is poetry and charm and love in the book besides violence and hatred. Poetry in Floflo (Florence), the little girl who believes in fairies and witches, and whose love for her adopted father perseveres and wins despite his rough ways; charm in the maidenly shyness of Berthe, Daniel's promised bride; and in the mountain landscape of the Vosges, both in its winter and summer aspects. 'Daniel Junt' will undoubtedly rank with 'Les Oberlé,' of René Bazin in the literature of Alsace-Lorraine since 1870.

* * * * *

The most delightful record of a childhood I ever remember to have read may be found in 'Asmus Sempers Jugendland. Der Roman einer Kindheit,' by Otto Ernst. The book has had, and deservedly, a very great success in Germany. Ernst, whose real name is Otto Ernst Schmidt, is an elementary schoolmaster, and is best known by his play, first produced in 1902, 'Flachsmann als Erzieher.' Undoubtedly Asmus Semper is Otto Ernst himself, who here relates his own childish thoughts and experiences. No mere criticism or description can do justice to the book. The only way in which its charm, its beauty, its fascinating hold over the reader can be properly appreciated is to read it through from first page to last. One thing stands out from the very beginning, the portrait of the

elder Semper, and the boy's adoring love of his father. As a rule, the love of a very young child is wholly given to the mother; but here we have one of those rare cases in which the child cared more for his father than for his mother; and probably, like Schiller, inherited his literary and poetical gifts from his father. Ludwig Semper, who was a cigar maker, and all his life in very poor circumstances, met with a slight accident. To the boy, Asmus, this was incredible, terrible. How could anyone or any thing hurt his father, for

His father was exactly like the beloved God whom he had seen in a picture. The same broad forehead with its crown of splendid thick gray hair ('he was gray at thirty,' said his wife), the same strong nose, the same long beard, which did not hide the mouth, the mouth whence came all the goodness and beauty Asmus had so far experienced. It came from the mouth and also from the eyes. When the eyes laughed, rays of light beamed from them as from the candles on a Christmas tree.

Every Saturday, when the father was paid for his work, he would bring Asmus apples or sweets. But one day Asmus saw the soldiers ride past the house, and he formed a great resolution.

'Father!' he shouted, rushing breathless into the room, 'the next time you are paid, don't bring me apples, but bring me a horse.' Ludwig Semper did not repeat in wonderment, 'A horse!' for he knew that in the heart of a little child there were infinite pasture grounds. He promised without ado, and his shoulders heaved up and down. Then Asmus spoke and dreamed of nothing but horses and riding.

Although there was no horse about, the house was filled

with the sound of hoofs and of neighing. The horse should feed down in the meadow, and sleep in the loft. The next Saturday Asmus waited outside the house for his father, who would of course come galloping home on the horse.

'Wiebke!' he shouted—for the lodger's little daughter and his playfellow was called Wiebke—'Wiebke, get out of the way, or father will knock you down when he comes!' And they went on to the footpath, leaving the roadway clear. But Ludwig Semper came home to dinner just as usual on his own legs.

'Where's the horse?' shouted Asmus.

'The bones are not quite finished,' said Ludwig Semper, apologetically.

Asmus was completely satisfied. A horse without bones—he saw quite well—that would never do. And Ludwig Semper was right in making such an excuse; for his son had another whole week of riding and hunting, of neighing and mounting. The next Saturday Asmus again waited, and called to Wiebke, 'Take care!' But his father walked home as usual. 'Where's the horse?' asked the son. 'The hide is not quite ready,' replied the father, 'but I've brought you something else.' And then he took out a sheet on which were drawn twenty horses with red-coated hussars riding them. That indeed surpassed the boldest expectations. At that moment the living horse was dead for ever, and the twenty assumed life.

The boy's first visit to the theatre—at Hamburg—is delightfully told. The little fellow was so excited that he could eat nothing all day. The walk with his brothers to Hamburg, they lived some way from the city, the crowded and brilliantly lighted streets, that in itself would have been a sufficient experience for one day. Then the hour's wait at the theatre doors, the storming into the house, and

the joy of finding themselves in the first row of the gallery. We are forcibly reminded of Charles Lamb's description of a similar event. The father, when he could not get employment at one of the large cigar factories, worked at home; and Asmus, like his older brothers, was made to help. At first he was very proud of being promoted to the honour, but when the spring sunshine came in at the little window, he had a clearer idea of what being tied to indoor and sedentary work meant.

Sunshine! It gilds the gold of the rich man; it forms all a poor man's gold; it is the revelation of happiness to the happy, it is the happiness of the unhappy. But the rich and the happy do not really know what sunshine is; they do not know that to the starving man who has not even a crumb of bread, it is food, clothing, and dwelling-house, that it is friendship and love. The sunshine lies warm against the face of the man tired by life's struggle, and says to him: 'You are not forgotten: the world-spirit knows you too.' Sunshine is the last remaining happiness, the happiness that can never be lost, of the poor and forsaken whom life has bereft of everything else. It is the poor's finest banquet.

The war of 1870 did not strike the Semper family so hard as might have been the case if Ludwig had not been too old to serve, and his sons too young. At first Asmus imagined that the enemy's soldiers would come to every town, every village and every house; take away everything, burn everything, and kill everything that was alive. But when he saw that in spite of the war, the baker and the milkman went their rounds as usual, the children played their games as usual, his

anxiety was allayed; and his seven-year-old heart paid no further attention to the great national political question. But after the victory of Sedan, Asmus, to his great joy, was sent to school. His school days are perhaps less interesting than the earlier time, but the author represents with rare insight and sympathy the thoughts and feelings of a sensitive, clever boy thrown among comrades and teachers, in most cases too dense and too indifferent to recognize the beautiful, exceptional boy-nature that had come among them. Ernst leaves his hero at his entrance into the Hamburg Teachers' Training College, telling his father, to whom it is some sacrifice with his poverty and large family to spare the time and cost for his son's training, the good news of the result of the entrance examination: he is put in the upper class and has gained a bursary. The charm and naturalness of the narrative, its genial humour and the spirit of love and content that shines throughout fascinate and enthral us as we begin to read the volume; and when we have finished it we lay it down full of gratitude to the author who has procured us so much pleasure.

* * * * *

The following recently published books are worth attention.

'Weltgeschichte,' von Dr. Hans F. Helmolt. Vol. V. 'Südost und Osteuropa.'

This fills a gap in the already published volumes of Dr. Helmolt's excellent undertaking, and is a difficult piece of work admirably done. The sources have been so little or so superficially

worked that it is the first time the Balkan states, as well as such races as the Magyars, Bohemians, Moravians, etc., have been properly treated in an universal history. It is also the first book in which the political and social tendencies of Russia and Poland in their intercourse with western civilization have been fully dealt with. That part of the book should be especially useful and interesting at present while Russia and her relations with other nations, loom so large in the public eye.

'Science et Libre Pensée,' par M. Berthelot.

This is a fourth volume of essays, letters, and speeches by the great French scientist, written or delivered between 1899 and 1905. The speeches include those made on the occasions of the unveiling of the monument to Renan at Tréguier, and of the Kant centenary. The book is divided into three divisions: (1) 'Libre Pensée'; (2) 'Paix et Arbitrage internationale'; (3) 'Science.' The two most interesting essays in the last division deal with pathology in history and with the scientific method in politics.

'L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme,' par Victor Bérard.

An enumeration of some of the chapter headings will serve to show the nature of the book, which is well worth reading: 'Chamberlain'; 'Impérialisme'; 'Protectionisme'; 'Libre-échange'; 'Pan-Britannisme'; 'Rationalisme Allemande'; 'Empirisme Anglais.'

'Histoire Economique de l'Imprimerie. Vol. I. L'imprimerie sous l'ancien régime, 1439-1789,' par Paul Mellottée.

This is the first economic history of printing that has ever been written. We are first shown the relations of the printers with the royal power; then the guild of printers and its work, its members, and its constitution are dealt with; in later volumes we shall learn about the organization of the work, the duration of the working day, night work, salaries, strikes and coalititions, cost of printing, workshops, presses, and type. In his own words, the author's aim

is 'pénétrer dans les établissements typographiques, étudier le mécanisme de la production, la répartition des tâches et des profits, faire l'inventaire des machines, des caractères, se mêler aux détails de l'existence des maîtres et des ouvriers, étudier leurs rapports entre eux, leurs mœurs, leurs habitudes, leurs tendances, et leurs espoirs.'

Elizabeth Lee.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

AFTER an interval of twenty-three years the Library Association met this year for the second time at Cambridge, on the joint invitation of the university and the municipal authorities. The Mayor, in a capital address, welcomed the Association on behalf of the municipality, while Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing, acting as the authorized deputy of the Vice-Chancellor, performed the same office on behalf of the university. The Public Libraries Committee also very fittingly joined in the invitation and the welcome—fittingly, because the present year is the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Cambridge Public Library, and what is even more notable, the genial librarian, Mr. John Pink, has completed fifty years of service as the public librarian, having been appointed to the office in April, 1855.

The celebration of the jubilee of the library and its librarian formed therefore a most interesting part of the Conference proceedings, and a capital brochure, 'After Fifty Years,' giving an account of the work of the Cambridge Public Library, was prepared by the librarian, and a copy given to each member of the Conference.

The history of the Cambridge Public Library is an instructive one. For the first three years of its existence only a halfpenny rate could be levied for its support; the first Libraries Act limited the amount to that sum, and no portion of the rate could be spent upon the purchase of literature. The books therefore had to be given, or purchased with money voluntarily subscribed. The citizens of Cambridge were disappointed with their library, and who can wonder at it?

The Libraries Act of 1857 came as a relief. The rate limit was extended to a penny in the pound, and could be spent in the purchase of literature. The opening of a small Lending Library changed the situation. The people began to feel the advantages of a library, and complaints of the uselessness of it ceased, loud clamours for a wider range of reading taking their place. This led to the admission of six monthly magazines, not a very extravagant provision; and it is little wonder that a petition sixteen feet in length was forthcoming from the indignant ratepayers to force the unwilling Town Council into admitting newspapers to the reading room. From that time, Mr. Pink tells us, 'life was infused into an almost lifeless institution, a large public quickly availed themselves of the privileges provided, and from that starting-point public opinion in Cambridge has steadily grown in its favour.'

That the people love their library was forced upon me before I had been in Cambridge two hours. Strolling near the Central Library I was accosted by a native: 'Have you been in to see our

library, sir? It's a bonny one, and we're proud on it!' He was no braggart, but a man with a full heart and native pride.

A return visit to such an important centre as Cambridge after an interval of twenty-three years naturally tempts some comparison between things then and now. Looking over the list of those present in 1882, we read with keen regret the names of Bradshaw, Blades, Bullen, Christie, Harrison, Mullins, Henry Stevens, Timmins, Tonks and others who did great work for the Library Association while they lived, and whose memories are warmly cherished by those who knew them. Indeed, the address of the President, Dr. Jenkinson, was largely devoted to appreciation of the work of his great predecessor in the university librarianship.

A comparison of the subjects discussed in 1882 and at the recent conferences reflects the changed character of the Association due to the great increase in the number of public libraries. The Bibliographical Society has also had some influence in another direction, by providing an improved medium for discussions and publications on subjects which, before that society was instituted, formed an important part of the work of the Library Association. On the other hand, there are subjects which may be said to be perennial, Bookbinding and Catalogue rules, for example. Both were dealt with twenty-three years ago, and both came up again this year. The wail about bad leather, which found expression so long ago, has led at last to very practical steps to remedy the evil, through the

labours of the Sound Leather Committee and its able chairman, Mr. Hulme, librarian to the Patent Office Library. The volume containing the result of the investigations was issued in time for the meeting,[1] and Mr. Hulme also dealt with the subject in a convincing and practical way at one of the meetings. It remains to be seen whether librarians, and Library Committees throughout the country, will make use of this valuable information by insisting upon only properly prepared leathers being used for the bindings of books, especially those which form part of the permanent collection. The information now made available ought to become known to everyone who has the care of valuable books, few or many, and the fact that the volume can be purchased for eighteenpence leaves no excuse for ignorance as to the proper leathers to be used for binding.

The historical side of bookbinding was dealt with by Mr. Cyril Davenport of the British Museum in a lecture illustrated by a beautiful series of lantern slides. The use of the lantern at the meetings is a new departure, justified in this case by results. The excellent lecture by Mr. J. Willis Clark on the 'Evolution of the Bookcase' was similarly illustrated.

Practical librarianship was further dealt with in an afternoon session on Library Planning, and in a carefully-prepared paper by Mr. Aldis on the Organization and Methods of the Cambridge University Library. An exhibition of Library Appliances, arranged in the Corn Exchange, included

[1] 'Leather for Libraries,' Library Supply Co., 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

the principal appliances used in library work, some of them novelties, and a selection of the best books of the year made by experts in each subject. The lists of the selected books will be published in the official journal of the Association.

Thus far nothing has been recorded to show that Library ideas, as expressed at the Annual Conferences, have changed since 1882. Indeed, amongst the discussions not yet named there are two which seem to indicate progression in a circle;—the old vexed question of 'Sunday opening of Libraries,' which is not a matter for the Library Association; and, again, 'News-rooms, are they desirable'? a substitute for the worn-out theme, fiction reading in rate-supported libraries. The experiences of the Cambridge Public Library in its early years provides an answer on the news-room question from the people's side. The difficulties encountered in controlling reading rooms in some districts are administrative. An efficient Reading Room attendant, to superintend the reader, direct inquirers, and see that the newspapers and periodicals are delivered promptly and made available, overcomes all difficulties. But in many libraries this is not at present possible for want of funds. The reading rooms are left to take care of themselves, with an occasional peep from an overworked assistant in the lending department, who has to change the papers, cut the magazines, and attend to a crowd of borrowers waiting to exchange books. When the finances of such libraries are improved, the news-room will undergo a transformation.

There is, however, one direction in which the

Cambridge conference of 1905 may stand out from all the twenty-seven meetings which have preceded it. The report of the Committee on Public Education and Public Libraries presented by its chairman, Mr. Tedder, may mark an epoch in the history of public libraries in this country. The Committee was appointed at the Leeds conference two years ago, and was referred to in these pages as the time.[1] Shortly, the facts are these. In 1902 the Council of the Association agreed to invite to the next Conference representatives of other educational associations to discuss the relations between public education and public libraries. The invitation was cordially accepted, and all the principal educational societies sent representatives. A committee was then appointed to consider all questions relating to the co-operation of public libraries with educational bodies of every description. A vast amount of work has been done in collecting and collating information, and in preparing a scheme. The result of the committee's labours was submitted, in the form of a series of resolutions, by Mr. Tedder, who said that never before had such weighty resolutions been laid before the Association. The recommendations were:

1. In order that children from an early age may become accustomed to the use of a collection of books, it is desirable (*a*) that special libraries for children should be established in all public libraries, and (*b*) that collections of books should be formed in all elementary and secondary schools.

[1] 'The Library,' No. 16, October, 1903.

2. That the principal text-books and auxiliaries recommended by the various teaching bodies, including those directing technical studies, as well as University Extension centres, the National Home Reading Union, etc., be provided and kept up to date in the public library.
3. That the public librarian should keep in touch with the chief educational work in his area.
4. That conferences between teachers and librarians be held from time to time.
5. That there should be some interchange of representation between the Library and Education Committees.
6. That the public library should be recognized as forming part of the national educational machinery.

Mr. T. C. Abbott, of the Manchester Libraries Committee, seconded the proposal to adopt the recommendations. He thought that they formed an introduction to the great question of the work which the public libraries will be expected to perform in the near future. Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing, President of the Home Reading Union, who took an important part in the discussion of this subject at Leeds, expressed the opinion that no subject of greater importance had come before the Association during the twenty-eight years of its existence. He pleaded for the 'stiffening' of the resolutions by including two other points, viz., the provision in every library of a room for lectures and discussions, and a recommendation that every library authority should enrol their librarian as a member of the National Home Reading Union.

The resolutions were thoroughly discussed and finally adopted unanimously, with the addition of the two points raised by the Master of Downing.

I have said that the adoption of this programme of educational work may mark an epoch in the history of public libraries in this country. Whether it will do so or not, depends upon the steps taken to put the resolutions into practice. If, having recorded a series of pious opinions, the Association quietly goes to sleep, the effect of the resolutions will be practically nothing. The flutter of a conference week will not be felt by the administrators of education and libraries throughout the British Isles. Some step must be taken to bring the resolutions and their meaning before the people who can act. As was said in a subsequent paper on 'Library Politics,' the Association 'must now go to the committees engaged in administering the Education Act and the Libraries Acts, and put them in possession of the conclusions arrived at, the work already accomplished in this direction, and invite them to co-operate.'

The writer of the paper on 'Library Politics,' and Mr. Inkster, who contributed a paper on 'Library Grouping,' both pleaded for more unity of aim in library work. What are the aims and ideals of public libraries? Have they been defined? Is a well thought out scheme of library progress available, or is each unit floundering? The Association has an opportunity of guiding library policy such as it has never yet had; and (if the favourable moment slips away) such as it may never have again. It is suggested that before the next Annual Conference,

during the next few months, meetings be held at three provincial centres, to which the Education Committees and Library Committees within the area shall be asked to send representatives to discuss such questions as the co-operation between school and library, the limit on the library rate, the extension of the Libraries Acts to counties, and whether some reforms are necessary to better adapt the libraries to the requirements of the public.

The proposal to hold these special conferences was warmly approved by the members, and it only remains for the Council of the Association to put the proposal into practice. The why and the wherefore of the public library is causing some searchings of heart in many quarters. The school library question, and the best means of providing reading for children, are being debated far and wide. If the Library Association fails to get into touch with the needs of the present time, its claim to represent the best spirit of the library movement passes away, and it will become, as our friends across the Atlantic say, a 'back number.'

The visit to Cambridge was in every way enjoyable. Dr. Jenkinson made a most genial and effective president. The ex-president, Dr. Hodgkin, was warmly welcomed and made two or three of his cheery and wise speeches. The social functions in the Guildhall, at Downing and Trinity, were delightful. Many of the members were lodged in the Colleges. Dr. Jackson, of Trinity, played the host with great success; while the Mayor, Mr. Clark, the University Registrary, Mr. Bowes, the Chairman of the Public Library, and Mr. Pink, the

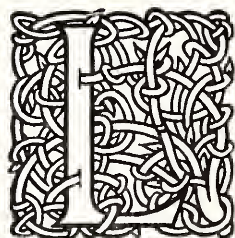
veteran Librarian, did everything they could to add to the comfort of the members. On the last day there was an excursion to Ely, where the Dean, and a number of other residents, entertained the Association.

In response to a warm invitation, Bradford was chosen as the place for the next conference.

JOHN BALLINGER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Works of Lucian of Samosata.[1]



UCIAN'S last translators are to be heartily congratulated on their quite excellent work. These four dainty volumes of infinitely varied wit and humour ought to do much to remove the Syrian satirist from the list of authors who are praised, written about, but never read. It is not easy to account satisfactorily for the neglect of Lucian in these days. Perhaps it is in the main the fault of the schools which succeed in planting the idea that only the Greek of a certain narrow period B.C. is worth a scholar's attention. The pupil becomes in his turn the teacher, and carries on the blind tradition of devotion to a small band of classical authors. So the schoolboy yawns over 'parasangs,' and knots his brow over Thucydidean arguments, when he might possibly be deriving a little real interest and amusement from Lucian.

We can, therefore, commend this translation to the classic who is unlikely to have read more than a few selections of our author, as well as to the 'general reader,' to whom the original Greek is a closed book. There is perhaps no single classical author who can give a truer or more varied general

[1] Translated by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler. In four volumes. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1905. 14*s.* net.

impression of Hellenism. Here is a complete picture of every-day life and thought in the cities of the Mediterranean sea-board during the second century of the Christian era. If we want to know what the world was like when Christianity came to it, we cannot afford to neglect Lucian. He had the advantages of intimate knowledge of the social and intellectual life of his time; he had travelled widely and was a thorough cosmopolitan; and he had from our point of view the advantage of being from his extraction a disinterested observer. Thoroughly Hellenized though he was, the Syrian could yet see the world of Hellenism in a drier light than any Greek or Roman. He had the temper of the perfect satirist, an amused interest, a kindly contempt. He had little or none of Swift's tremendous power, but his pictures were not darkened by Swift's fierce bitterness.

The work of the translators leaves no room for fault-finding. Their introduction is excellently arranged and full of lucid detail. It is precisely the fore-word that is wanted, and it is inspired by a pleasant enthusiasm for their author. The section entitled 'Circumstances of the Time,' is especially interesting. Each volume contains an alphabetical index of contents, and the ample explanatory notes are reserved for the end of the last volume, where they spare us the feeling that we are reading a classical 'text.'

A certain measure of expurgation and omission was necessary, and need not be regretted. The quality of the condemned matter has varied little between Lucian's day and ours; but, as the trans-

lators remark, 'the waters of decency have risen since his time, and submerged some things which were then visible.'

The translation is of a uniformly high standard and represents a considerable achievement. In prose translation nothing is so difficult as an ordinary colloquial style. This 'Lucian' may well take its place beside that slowly increasing body of English translations of the classics which are opening up the 'realms of gold' to non-classical readers.

'The Printers' Handbook of trade recipes, hints, and suggestions relating to letterpress and lithographic printing, bookbinding, stationery, process work, etc.' Compiled by Chas. T. Jacobi. Third edition. London. C. T. Jacobi, 20, Tooks Court: 1905. 8°, pp. 464. Price 5*s*. net.

Mr. Jacobi's excellent manual, being intended as technical notes for the craft, is full of mysteries, to which the mere bibliographer may not attain. That it fulfils its main purpose is proved by its having reached its third edition; but any bookish person into whose hands it may fall, will miss an opportunity if he does not turn over its leaves to make what profit he can of them. The antiquarian notes are few, and one or two of them not quite so good as they might be, but even here there is plenty to learn. Take, for instance, the paragraph on 'Early Printing Inks':

> Printing ink—which, in reality, is not an ink at all, but simply a jet-black oil paint—is shrouded as to its origin in no little obscurity. One thing is certain: the first printers must have realized at the outset that the thin-bodied inks

made use of by the block-printers and printers with wooden type was utterly useless in the manipulation of metal type, cut or cast. Who first conceived the idea of making use of a black paint in conjunction with metal type is not recorded, but whoever he was his idea was no less valuable than the discovery of moveable metal types, for without this ink that discovery would have remained a mere mechanical curiosity. . . . In Gutenberg's Bibles and in the books of Fust and Schoeffer carbon oil paint or 'printing ink' strikes the reader's gaze with a seeming depth and intensity of blackness unknown even in our day—a fact, however, due to the great quantity rather than quality carried to the paper by the heavy-faced gothic type. With the incunabula as with the modern books, the press-work shows great inequality, running a gamut of colour from a gray smeary black, with so slight a hold upon the paper that it may be readily sponged off with a little soap and water, to the rich glossy black of the Aldine Classics, as unchangeable to-day as it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Examined under a microscope, the ink of many incunabula presents a mottled appearance, due to imperfect incorporation of carbon and oil. In others there is a yellow discoloration surrounding the printed line, a result of insufficient boiling in reducing the raw oil to a varnish or to the presence of adulterated ingredients.

The last two sentences are very interesting. It might be wished that that about 'printers with wooden type' had been omitted, despite Mr. Hodgkin's experiments. But three very important points are here duly insisted on which writers on early printing often overlook or misrepresent: (1) The supreme importance of the discovery of a suitable ink; (2) the difference between quantity of ink and quality; (3) the extreme badness of the press-work in many incunabula. As to these two last points, however,

we should greatly like to know if Mr. Jacobi has considered whether the ink used by the early printers in Italy in printing with roman types was the same as they used for gothic. The difference may be only one of quantity; but it is so striking that they may have deliberately imitated the effect of a more fluid ink used for cursive writing, instead of the stronger ink of the monastic book-hand. In many Italian fifteenth-century manuscripts the ink is now a light brown. Was this originally of the same quality as that used in the thirteenth-century Latin bibles?

'Printing at Brescia in the Fifteenth Century. A list of the issues.' By R. A. Peddie. London: Williams and Norgate. 1905. Large 8°, pp. 30. Price 5*s*.

Mr. Peddie's list of all the books 'known or believed' to have been printed at Brescia in the fifteenth century is a very useful and opportune publication. Two important bibliographies of Brescia books were printed in the last century, Gussago's 'Memorie storico-critiche sulla tipografia Bresciana' (1811), and Lechi's 'Della tipografia Bresciana nel secolo xv' (1854). From these, from the Catalogue of the John Ryland's Library, so rich in early classical editions, and from a variety of miscellaneous sources explored with praiseworthy zeal, Mr. Peddie has been able to make very striking additions to the Brescia books registered in Dr. Burger's Index, the most complete list hitherto known. Some of the additions are satisfactorily accompanied by notes of extant copies, others are

well authenticated; but a considerable number have no dates or printers' name, and may easily be ghosts of imperfect descriptions of known editions. With the careful references provided by Mr. Peddie, any one can see for himself the degree of authenticity of each entry, and all future investigations of fifteenth-century printing at Brescia must take his list as their starting point. Why we call its publication at the present moment opportune is because projects for a new edition of Hain's 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' are being discussed in Germany, and the work which Mr. Peddie has here done for Bologna is a good example, in a limited field, of the work which must be done for the whole subject before a new edition of Hain can profitably be undertaken. Mr. Peddie's list has been printed so as to range with Mr. Proctor's Index, to which it forms a very useful appendix.

'Book-Auction Records. A priced and annotated record of London Book-Auctions.' Edited by Frank Karslake. Vol. ii. October 1, 1904—September 30, 1905. Karslake and Co., pp. 672. One guinea.

Every one who has to do with the buying or selling of books has cause to be grateful to Mr. Slater for having started his 'Book-Prices Current,' and carried it on year after year in a business-like, and, on its own lines, efficient way. The bibliographer's gratitude is more mixed. He knows what Mr. Slater has done for him, but he knows how much more he might have done at the expense of a very slight amount of extra trouble and space. The 'Library' has reminded Mr. Slater year after

year that while most books are bought for their literary or informational value, a goodly few, and these especially affected by collectors, are bought as specimens of printing or bookbinding, or for the owners to whom they have belonged. Clearly these should be taken out of the alphabetical reference of the author index, and put under headings by themselves—Early Printing, Bookbinding, etc.—as is done by every sensible bookseller in his monthly catalogue. As it is, they are hopelessly buried, and no one can find what books printed by Wynkyn de Worde, or bound by Berthelet or Mearne, or owned by interesting collectors, have been sold in any given year save by reading through the whole volume of 'Book Prices Current' for the twelvemonth. Having failed to convert Mr. Slater, it is grievous to find that Mr. Karslake has apparently settled his arrangement on equally unreasonable lines, and with less justification, since Mr. Slater follows the order of the book-sales, and could only give the information we want in his index, while Mr. Karslake's alphabetical arrangement could easily have permitted the introduction of these special headings.

While neither record gives us the special information we desire, it is only fair to say that Mr. Karslake has improved in many respects on the model he is trying to supplant. His quarterly sections can be used by themselves and made very interesting reading, while Mr. Slater's are of little help till completed by the Index. Mr. Karslake also apparently catalogues more books, and he appears to us to catalogue them rather more intelli-

gently. We hope sincerely that he and Mr. Slater may spur each other on, until at last book-lovers and bibliographers, as well as booksellers, are given what they want.

Books printed at the Eragny Press. E. and L. Pissarro, the Brook, Hammersmith.

Rather belatedly we have received from the Eragny Press four little volumes, published during 1903 and 1904. As regards type and press-work all four are excellent. On the smallest of the four, 'The Descent of Ishtar,' by Diana White, both the decoration (or undecoration) border and the woodcut seem to us failures, nor are we able to admire by any means all of the specimen illustrations in the very interesting 'Brief Account of the Origin of the Eragny Press,' modelled on that by Mr. Cockerell of Morris's. But the book tells an interesting story, and is worth buying by every one who cares for modern experiments in printing. The Eragny Press edition of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' 'Kubla Khan,' and other poems, despite the staring little initials, may also be recommended as a very pleasant possession, while "The Little School: a posy of rhymes,' by T. Sturge Moore, is a really charming little book.

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