

"Bibliomania."

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ODDS AND ENDS.

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To John from Leonard
1934 November

"BIBLIOMANIA."

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Feb. 1864



'He had the scent of a slow-hound and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius.'—*The Antiquary*.

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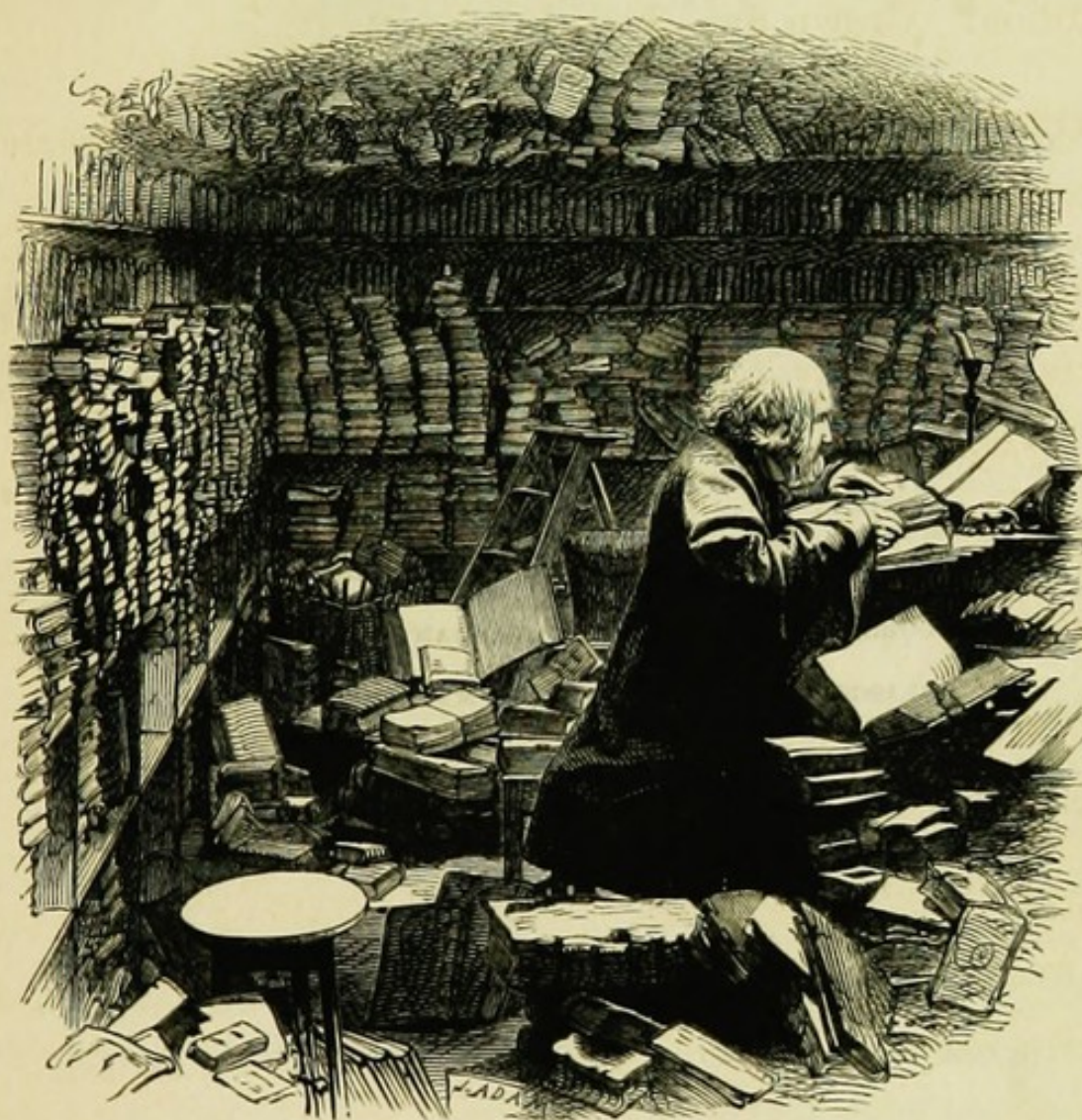
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"BIBLIOMANIA."

by
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“ BIBLIOMANIA.”

NOTHING, we suspect, is less intelligible to the uninitiated than the sort of pleasure which the inveterate book-collector derives from his peculiar pursuit, or than the intense eagerness which he often displays in it. One of the fraternity—a man of vast knowledge, and of great power as a thinker and a writer—after having followed the “business,” as he calls it, from early youth to well-nigh fourscore, lately declared that it “had never palled upon him for a single moment.”¹ Yet, to most persons, this amassing of literary treasures is simply a “mania;” even Mr. Burton, who ought to know better, has thought proper, in his very pleasant and witty *Book-Hunter*, to affect the satirical and depreciatory strain; and whether he intended it or not, the impression left on the minds of his readers is, that a collector is a poor lost creature who greatly needs to be taken care of by his friends; an office, by the way, which these same friends (particularly if they happen to belong to the female order) are always very ready to perform. The great Lord Bacon, too, once threatened Sir Thomas Bodley (the founder of the Bodleian), whom he found slow to appreciate his new philosophy, with “a Cogitation against Libraries,” to be added to the *Cogitata et Visa*. And we all remember Sir Walter’s quiet quizzing of the book-collecting race in the mock heroics which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Jonathan

¹ Preface to Catalogue of Books, the Property of a Political Economist [J. R. M’Culloch, Esq.], with Critical and Bibliographical Notices. Lond. (privately printed) 1862.

Oldbuck: "Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie; and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!"

But notwithstanding our having such high authorities against us, we are about to venture a word or two in defence of this much misunderstood and much calumniated class. And we shall attempt to show that even what are commonly regarded as the oddest and most fantastic of their proceedings, often possess a foundation of intelligent interest which the very dullest must comprehend as soon as it is pointed out to them. To most persons, for instance, the fastidiousness of a genuine book-lover about the editions which he admits into his library; his frequent preference of an old and dingy copy, to the finest modern reprint; and above all, his anxiety to have two or three different editions of the same work in his possession, are quite unaccountable. A great part of what are called the reading public have no sense of the difference between a Baskerville and a Bungay edition, and the only idea they have as to the superior intrinsic value of one edition over another is, that it should be "the latest." Hence, in buying a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, for example, they would probably turn with contempt from the finest old folio of 1668 or 1678, and select, with unhesitating preference, the smug octavo edition of Mr. Thomas Tegg, in which we lately noticed one of the noblest passages of the great preacher disfigured and rendered unintelligible by having "spritefulness of the morning" converted (no doubt after grave consultation among the collective wisdom of the printing-office, and much turning over of Johnson) into "spitefulness."

Charles Lamb declares that he could never read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio, and that he did not know a more heartless sight than the octavo reprints of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And, as generally happens with a saying of Lamb's, his remark, though given as mere matter of sentiment, has an excellent basis of common sense in it. What

do our readers think of the fact that, since Milton's own time, there has not been a single edition of the *Paradise Lost*, in which the text is given strictly as the author left it, and in which the language has not been tampered with in a way that would have given Milton himself (could he have become cognisant of it) the greatest annoyance and vexation? The author of *Paradise Lost*, let it be remembered, besides being a man of the loftiest genius, was also one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. From his earliest youth he had "applied himself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue."¹ And although he disavows, as "a toylsome vanity," making "verbal curiosities his end," it is evident that not only in the formation of his vocabulary, but even in the most minute points of orthography, he was singularly careful and solicitous. The minute lists of errata at the end of some of the original editions of his prose tracts furnish curious illustrations of this. And in several copies of the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (the edition of 1644), which lately came under our eye, we noticed that a number of mistakes in the printing had been carefully corrected with a pen. The corrections were the same in each copy, and the handwriting was also the same; so that there could hardly be any doubt that they were made under the immediate superintendence of the author himself; a striking instance, as it seemed to us, of his close and anxious attention to typographical exactness. We should be sorry to believe the reports of Milton's cruelty to his daughters, but we have a strong suspicion that he was a terrible torment to his printers.²

¹ *The Reason of Church Government*, Book second.

² Perhaps, however, this may be a failing common to the whole of the "irritable race." We have now before us a copy of the *Sibylline Leaves*, which formerly belonged to Mr. Evans, its printer. It is entitled

It is well known to all who have examined the early editions of the *Paradise Lost*, that Milton had made the attempt, altogether singular in his day, to introduce regularity and system into English orthography. He was the first Englishman, so far as we know, who did so. Many of his words and modes of spelling, too, are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated scholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense. Yet strange as it may seem, every trace of this phase of Milton's mind has been obliterated from his works. In every modern edition all specialty in his language has disappeared. The orthography is carefully toned down to the tameness of present usage, and from no edition published since his own time, is it possible to discover what were Milton's ideas on the subject referred to, or even that he had any ideas upon it at all.¹

"Waste Office Copy," and has a marginal note, rather strongly indicative of a row in the printing-office. On the poem called "The Nightingale," at the line "And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all," the insulted and indignant printer has written, "See the proof returned by Mr. Coleridge, for the justice of his charge of 'gratuitous emendation' on my part." "Gra-tu-i-tous e-men-da-tion!" what a fine, big, many-jointed missile (a sort of verbal chain-shot) to discharge at the head of a printer. Mr. Coleridge had evidently been a practised hand at this sort of work, and we do not wonder that Mr. Evans held his breath, and had to content himself with confiding his wrongs in silence to his "Waste Office Copy." The line complained of will be found altered in the later editions. In addition to the above, the volume before us contains several various readings, none of them, however, of any great importance.

¹ We are afraid that no exception can be made in favour of the beautiful edition of the whole works of Milton, published by the late Mr. Pickering in 1851, 8 vols. 8vo, and since reprinted by an American House. The editor, indeed, professes to have followed the author's own editions, and he has no doubt taken considerable care to preserve the original orthography, but as he does not seem to have been fully acquainted with the principles of spelling which Milton had adopted, even a slight examination of the book has discovered to us repeated aberrations from his author's

As an instance of the manner in which the language of the *Paradise Lost* has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, take the touching passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says—

“ But thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.”

Now, can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *sovrán* instead of sovereign, *perfet* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutsafst* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maistring*, *anow* for enough, etc. etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us—a mind so widely informed with learning and subtile thought,—and possess a value very different from that which belongs to those of the shallow and fantastic word-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an standard. We may add that our general experience of the late Mr. Pickering's editions has bred in us a great distrust of their accuracy, and on this ground also we must hesitate to guarantee his Milton. A beautiful duodecimo edition of the *Paradise Lost* was published by the Foulises of Glasgow in 1750 (reprinted in a smaller size, 1761), which bore on the title-page to be “According to the Author's last edition in the year 1672 (1674?).” But, though probably the best edition of the text of *Paradise Lost* printed in last century, we regret to say that neither can it be relied on for absolute accuracy.

earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and aforethought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to "verbal curiosities," attached considerable importance. At the end of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, for example, we meet with the following singular item among the errata:— "Lib. ii. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*." Even a tolerably attentive student of the early editions of Milton might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in the *Paradise Lost* quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that here referred to. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*, wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee*, *mee*, *hee*, *yee*. At the end of book ix., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions:—

" Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman ever trusting
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book x. line 1:—

" Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband, *Shee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137 :—

“ This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justifie the deed ;
Shee gave me of the tree, and I did eate.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied :—
Was *shee* thy God that her thou did'st obey
Before his voice, or was *shee* made thy guide
Superior,” etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind, that he was thus curiously ingenious and solicitous about orthographical minutiae. Yet no one could discover the fact without having the original editions of his works before him. And it would almost appear that, whether an author was, like Shakspeare, utterly careless about the accurate printing of his works, or, like Milton, painfully and laboriously attentive to the correction of the press, in either case he was equally sure of having his text depraved and mutilated by his ignorant and presumptuous commentators and editors.

Take another great author of the seventeenth century—Jeremy Taylor. There is no reason to think that the question of fixing English orthography had engaged his attention, and the later editions of his works which modernize his antique spelling, have therefore done him no wrong thereby. But any one who wishes to read the pure text of Taylor will find just as little reason to trust to the “latest edition” of any of his works, as we have shown he can do to the modern copies of Milton. If we wish to obtain any certainty as to what he really wrote, we must, quite as much as in Milton's case, have recourse to editions published in the author's lifetime. His singular phraseology (as odd often as that of Thomas Carlyle

in the present day), the unexpectedness of his turns of thought, and the not unfrequent obscurity of his language, are constantly apt to throw out the printers, and a fine muddle they occasionally make of him. In any ordinary copy of the *Holy Dying*, for example, on turning to chap. i. sect. 3, § 2, 3, we meet with the following passage :—

“And let us a while suppose what Dives would have done if he had been loosed from the pains of hell, and permitted to live on earth one year. Would all the pleasures of the world have kept him one hour from the temple? Would he not perpetually have been under the hands of priests, or at the feet of the Doctors, or by Moses’ chair, or attending as near the altar as he could, or relieving poor *Lazarus*,” etc.

Now, it might surely have occurred to any one that as *Lazarus* is represented in the Gospel narrative as having died *before* Dives, and as Taylor’s supposition does not include his coming to life again along with the latter, there is something like absurdity in the idea of one of the engagements of his renewed life being that of “relieving poor *Lazarus*.” But if we refer to the edition of 1652, we shall find that the absurdity in question does not belong to Taylor, and we shall also have the satisfaction of lighting on one of those quaint felicities of thought which are so characteristic of this divine, and which in all probability would never have occurred to any other writer but himself. The true reading is *Lazars*, not *Lazarus*. And yet in every edition we have happened to look into, ranging from about 1670 downwards to the present time, the absurd and nonsensical reading *Lazarus* occurs. Thus it is given in an exquisitely printed edition published some years ago by Parker of Oxford; thus also the late Mr. Pickering has given it in all his beautiful editions; and even in the copy of Taylor’s whole works, published by the Longmans a few years ago, with lofty pretensions of being founded on a careful collation of the early editions, the same stupid blunder is repeated. As a specimen of the careless way in which Taylor has been

reproduced for modern readers, we may give the following results of a comparison of a few pages taken quite at random, between the second edition of 1652, and Mr. Pickering's elegant reprint of 1840, which most of its possessors probably regard as all but immaculate. In chap. i. sect. iii. § 5, line 4, *casuality* is printed for *causality*; sect. iv. § 3, third last line, *infinities* for *infinites*; sect. v. § 1, a whole line left out; § 2, line 6, *nor* for *not*; *ib.*, ten lines from the end, *unable to eat* for *enabled to eat*; same place, *mariners* instead of *many mariners*. Chap. ii. sect. i. § 2, line 20, *resolved* for *revolved*; § 3, *Bonadventur* for *Bonaventure*; sect. ii. § 1, *signs and tangents* for *sines and tangents*. Now some of these may be mere trifles, others of them, however, seriously affect the sense of the passages in which they occur, and the whole of them together are more than enough to destroy all confidence in the accuracy of an edition in which they are to be found.

Lord Bacon is a third great author whose fate it has been to suffer somewhat severely in the reprinting of his works. What are we to think of such an editor as Mr. Basil Montagu, and such a publisher as Mr. Pickering, setting forth a magnificent edition of his works, and in printing many of his letters, never taking the trouble to examine the only reliable copies of them, viz., those published in the *Resuscitatio* by his chaplain and literary executor, Dr. Rawley, but indolently contenting themselves with the inaccurate and worthless transcripts contained in the *Cabala*, in which not only many passages have been left out, but in which Bacon's memory has been insulted, by having attributed to his pen a rude and brutal letter to the illustrious Sir Edward Coke, upon the occasion of his falling into disgrace at Court, although it had been pointed out, years before Montagu's edition appeared, that the author of the *Novum Organon* had nothing whatever to do with its composition? Again, it is surely rather hard upon Bacon's fame, that though separate editions of his *Advancement of Learning* have been

reprinted times without number during the last two hundred years, it has only once occurred to any publisher that it would be desirable to incorporate the large additions which Lord Bacon made to the work shortly before his death. With this single exception, every edition published during that time contains nothing more than the two books published in 1605, and no one would discover from the common modern copies, that the work was afterwards extended to more than double its original size, and issued in the form of nine books in 1623.¹ It is true that Lord Bacon, in this final recast of the work, thought proper to adopt the Latin instead of the English tongue, but that need have been no obstacle in the way, as a fair enough translation by G. Wats had been published in 1640 (2d edition 1674). Nothing was more easy than to have incorporated the additional matter with Bacon's own original English. But for what reason no one can tell, the *Advancement of Learning* in its perfect state has been as carefully kept out of the hands of the English public as if, instead of containing some of the finest philosophical thought to be found in all literature, it had been filled with matter as perilous to the health of souls as David Hume's

¹ We are here, of course, speaking only of editions of the *Advancement of Learning*, apart from the collected works of Bacon, and the particular edition referred to is one published by Bohn in 1853. It ought, however, to be stated that an English version of the *Instauratio*, which had been introduced in the Philosophical Works of Bacon (3 vols. 4to), published by Dr. Shaw, was also, we believe, issued separately in two small volumes in 1803, but the value of this edition is entirely destroyed by the absurd alterations which have been made in Bacon's arrangement, and by the entire exclusion of many important portions of the book. The admirable edition of Bacon's whole works, still in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. Spedding, contains a translation of the *De Augmentis* (no doubt incomparably superior to any other that has appeared), and it is greatly to be desired that this version should be printed in a volume by itself. That published by Bohn cannot be spoken of with any commendation. We greatly prefer to it the old translation by Gilbert Wats.

long suppressed *Essay on Suicide*, and *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*.

So much, then, for the necessity of having recourse to editions published during an author's lifetime, if we wish to ascertain with absolute certainty what he really wrote.

In addition to this there is often great interest in ascertaining the gradual stages by which a great work has been brought to its ultimate form of perfection ; and a good deal is often to be learned on this point by comparing the earlier with the later editions issued by the author. Hence the eagerness with which intelligent book collectors seek to assemble these in their libraries. The later editions, for example, of Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ* differ most extensively from the first, and show the most minute and careful correction both of the thought and language. The various editions of Hume's *Essays* also vary most materially from each other. Large retrenchments have often been made from the earlier copies, curious changes of opinion, particularly on political questions, are manifested,¹ and the utmost diligence has been expended in the removal of careless or awkward expression, and in the modification of strong or exaggerated sentiment. In Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* the number of verbal changes made by the author, when he collected the separate papers into volumes, is said to have been not less than six thousand. Bacon's *Essays*,² Thomson's *Seasons*, Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and Burnet's *Own Times* (the curious suppressions in the earlier editions of the two last of which were brought to light a good many years ago by Dr. Bandinel and Dr. Routh), are works which will probably occur to every one as exhibiting the most remarkable varia-

¹ See Note at the end.

² See the valuable little edition, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright (Macmillan, 1863), in which the variations of all the early copies are exhibited with great care and minute accuracy.

tions between the earlier and later editions. It is difficult to conceive any exercise of greater practical utility to the student who aims at making himself a master of correct thought or of English style, than the minute study of the process, as exhibited in these variations, by which great authors have brought their works to their most finished and perfect state.

Another source of interest in books is that which frequently arises from their association with those in whose possession they have previously been. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect a fine passage in one of the late John Foster's Essays,¹ in which a train of reflection, founded upon associations of this kind, is pursued with that sort of gloomy intensity and earnestness which characterized this great master of meditative thought. The kind of interest, however, to which we are now referring, is generally founded upon indications of former possession considerably more special and overt than those which Foster had in his eye; indications which not merely impart a fanciful interest, but often add a palpable value to the volumes which contain them. Let us give a few examples of what we mean from a small pile of relics now lying before us.

The first is a copy of "*The Battaile of Agincourt, and some other poems. By Michael Drayton, Esq.*" London, 1627. Small folio. On the top of the fifth page we meet with the autograph "W^m. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount;" at page 117, where the poem "Nymphidia, the Court of Fayrie," begins, another poet, "Leigh Hunt," has written his name. And on one of the fly-leaves is a memorial of what must surely have been some pleasant social gathering. First, "Leigh Hunt" has inscribed his clear business-like autograph, and then follows, not immediately below his brother poet, but apart by himself, as if he disdained to concede precedence, "W^m.

¹ Prefixed to an edition of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress."

Wordsworth," who is succeeded by "R. H. Horne," "T. N. Talfourd," and "Southwood Smith." The volume has been carefully read, as the frequent pencil-marks on the margin indicate, and, oddly enough, the mode of notation adopted is precisely that described in *The Doctor* as having been practised by Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster. "My friend," says Southey, "has noted in it, as was his custom, every passage that seemed worthy of observation, with the initial of his own name [D]. Such of his books as I have been able to collect are full of these marks. These notations have been of much use to me in my perusal," etc. Whether this was really "the Doctor's" copy or not we don't know, but here at least is the "D" occurring over and over again.

Our second example is of somewhat higher interest. It is a copy of the first edition (in 4to) of "*Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem. By Robert Southey. Bristol, 1796.*" It had formerly belonged to S. T. Coleridge, and is, in fact, the identical copy mentioned in a note to the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 31. No notice, however, is there taken of the most material and curious part of its contents. It is, in fact, one of those volumes of which Lamb speaks, "enriched with S. T. C.'s annotations, tripling their value." Coleridge, like most men of genius, had caught the trick of speaking out exactly what he thought, without much regard to conventional proprieties, and he has here set down some rather hard truths about Southey's early poem, with a degree of plain-speaking which had evidently greatly shocked his own family, who have made an amiable attempt (though happily not a perfectly successful one) to obliterate his just, though unsparing criticisms on their uncle Southey. We shall give some extracts.

In the preface to the poem, Southey, speaking of Statius and Lucan, mentions that "the French court honoured the poet of liberty by excluding him from the edition *in usum*

Delphini ;" adding, "I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil ; his images are strongly conceived and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself." Against this Coleridge has written :—"The proper petulance of levelism in a youth of two-and-twenty. I will venture to assert Southey had never read, or more than merely looked through, Statius, or Virgil either, except in school lessons."

Again, "The lawless magic of Ariosto," says Southey, "and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render all rules of epic poetry inapplicable to these authors." On this Coleridge remarks :—"N.B.—It is an original discovery of Southey's that the excellence of an epic poem should render the rules of epic poetry inapplicable to it. The Yorkshire pudding [has] been made with consummate culinary art ; the art culinary is therefore inapplicable to the making thereof. There is just the same difference between a poet, the most thinking of human beings, and a mock poet, as between cooks in egg skill."

"So likewise," continues Southey, "with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight." "The marvellous egotism," subjoins Coleridge, "in the curt *ipse dixit* of this Epician !"

Coming to the poem itself, Coleridge sets down the following list of abbreviations, which he proposes to use in his marginal notes :—

N.B.—S. E. means Southey's English, *i.e.*, no English at all.

N. means nonsense.

J. means discordant jingle of sound—one word rhyming or half-rhyming to another, proving either utter want of ear, or else very long ones.

L. M. ludicrous metaphor.

I. M. incongruous metaphor.

S = pseudo-poetic slang, generally, too, not English.

Following this notation, Coleridge proceeds with his criticism on Book First. We print Southey's lines in the first column, and Coleridge's marginal notes in the second. The words in *italics* have been underlined by Coleridge:—

Line 5. Or slept in death, or <i>lingered</i> ^Λ <i>life</i> in chains.	S. E. ^Λ <i>out</i>
L. 6. I sing: nor wilt thou, Freedom, scorn the song.	I really can't promise that tho', quoth Freedom.
L. 7. Sunk was the Sun: o'er <i>all the ex-</i> <i>panse of air</i>	N.
The mists of Evening deepening as they rose	
<i>Chilled</i> the <i>still</i> scene; when thro' the forest gloom	J. ¹
<i>Rapt on</i> with lightning speed, in vain Dunois	S. E.

¹ Any jingle of this kind seems always to have struck offensively on Coleridge's quick ear. In a copy of Whistlecraft's (Hookham Frere's) "Prospectus and specimen of an intended national work," which formerly belonged to Mr. Gillman, we find a curious note, in Coleridge's handwriting, on the tenth stanza of the second canto.

"He found a valley closed on every side
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried:
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)," etc.

Over-against this Coleridge has written, "I have ever found an unpleasant effect where the consonances A, C, and E are assonant to the consonances B, D, and F." And the remark having probably long afterwards caught his eye, he then wrote below it in pencil, "What can I have meant by this?" The reader will perhaps be inclined at first to sympathize with his perplexity. Nevertheless, his words are both perfectly intelligible and perfectly well founded. The letters A, B, C, D, E, F are evidently intended to indicate the lines in their order as they stand in the verse. A, C, E and B, D, F severally rhyme together, and are therefore called by Coleridge "consonances." But they are also said to be "assonant" to each other, because the vowels in both series of rhymes are the same, as *side*, *describes*, *wide*, *tribes*, etc. And any one who attends to the effect of the final words upon the ear in reading the stanza, will at once be sensible of some confusion in the harmony, and will understand the nature of the "unpleasant effect" of which Coleridge complains.

New *checked* with weaker force the un-
heeded *rein*.

S. E.

Mercy on us, if I go on thus
I shall make the book what I
suppose it never was before,
*red*¹ *all thro'*.

N.B.—Puns are for the *ear*.
Punning by spelling are (*sic*)
natural enemies.

L. 22. The new-born Sun
Refulgent smiles around.

Why refulgent? A polished
mirror, if put in the sun, is re-
fulgent. The sun is fulgent,
if there be such a word.

L. 24. In dubious life Dunois *unseals* his
eyes,
And views a form with *mildly*
melting gaze.

L. M.

S.

L. 27. And on *her rubied* cheek
Hung Pity's crystal gem.

S.

L. 30. Silent he gazed,
And gazing wondered.

Gaze *versus* gaze.

Then follows a passage from line 34, "When soft as breeze," etc., to line 51, including also line 59, against which Coleridge has pencilled his own initials, indicating that its authorship belonged to him. It, however, did not reappear among the fragments contributed to the "Joan of Arc," which he afterwards printed in the collected edition of his poems, under the title of *The Destiny of Nations*. On this passage, at line 37, "His eye not slept," is corrected into "slept not;" line 39, "Volleys *red* thunder," is pronounced to be S. (pseudo-poetic slang); and line 46, "*Firm* thy young heart," is declared to be "not English."

Line 84. As down the steep descent *with*
many a step
They urge their way.

No doubt—unless they rolled
down.

L. 89. Softened her eye, and *all the woman*
reigned.

S.

L. 92. — and the rising smoke
Slow o'er the copse * that floated on
the breeze.

* A striking instance of the
utter unfitness for the English

¹ Coleridge writes his remarks with a *red* pencil.

- language, which has no *cases*, of this dislocation of words. Who would not suppose it was the copse that floated, but that it would be nonsense?
- L. 94. She *dried* the tear. S. E., to dry a cloth, to dry *up* the moisture on it.
- L. 95. — Where rolls the Seine An important epithet, proving that the Seine rolling seaward showed no partiality to any particular wave.
Full to the sea his *congregated* waves.
- L. 118. The mother's *anguished* shriek. Not English. A participle presupposes a verb. Now there is no such verb as "to anguish," *ergo*, there can be no such participle as "anguished." To guard with jealous care the purity of his native tongue, the sublime Dante declares to be the first duty of a poet. It is this conviction more than any other which actuates my severity towards Southey, W. Scott, etc.,—all miserable offenders.
- L. 124. For scarce four summers o'er my head had *beamed their radiance*. S.
- L. 127. Too fondly *wished*, too fondly deemed secure. Wished for.
- L. 129. Heedless of death that *rode the iron storm,*
Firebrands, and darts, and stones,
and javelins. S. E., N., L. M.
Verse!
- L. 133. — have not *effaced* the scene
From *bleeding* memory. I. M.
- L. 148. behold thine orphan child,
She goes to *fill* her destiny. S. E.

The following words, at line 221—

"The groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
Of new-born beings,"

are marked with the initials S. T. C. So also are the passages from l. 269, beginning, "Dispeopled hamlets," to

l. 280; and from l. 455, "From a dark lowering cloud," to l. 460. And against l. 485 to 496 on p. 33, beginning, "Down in the dingle's depth," Coleridge has written, "Suggested and in part worded by S. T. C."

The greater part of Book Second was written by Coleridge himself, and is marked on the margin as his composition. A long note on l. 34 has not been reprinted in *The Destiny of Nations*. At the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of Heaven," he has written—"These are very fine lines, tho' I say it that should not: but hang me if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' my own composition."

At the passage beginning l. 398—

"Guiding its course Oppression sat within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laughed at times,
Musing on Vengeance," etc.

he has written—"These images imageless—these small capitals constituting personifications I despised even at that time; but was forced to introduce them to preserve the connexion with the machinery of the poem previously adopted by Southey. S. T. C." The passage, we may mention, is left out in *The Destiny of Nations*.

At line 420—

"Shrieked Ambition's ghastly throng,
And with them those, the Locust Fiends that crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track,"

he writes—"If locusts, how could they *shriek!* I must have caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*." The lines are accordingly altered in *The Destiny of Nations*.

On the words $\sigma\pi\epsilon\upsilon\delta\omicron\iota\varsigma \ \acute{\upsilon}\pi\omicron\zeta\epsilon\upsilon\chi\theta\epsilon\nu$, in the quotation, in the notes, from the Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, he remarks: "ο before ζ ought to have been made long— $\delta\omicron\iota\varsigma \ \acute{\upsilon}\pi\omicron\zeta$ is an Amphimacer, not (as the metre here requires) a dactyle. S. T. C."

To the following lines in the concluding paragraph of his contribution—

“Nature’s vast ever acting ENERGY!
In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all,”

he appends the following curious note:—“Tho’ these lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily, and more naturally interpretable into a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *mongrels*—the Josephedites [Josephides—the son of Joseph, a proper name of distinction from those who believe *in*, as well as believe, Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, before all time.]” The lines were allowed to stand as originally written, in *The Destiny of Nations*, the only change made being, that “Energy” and “Impulse” were not printed in capitals. In the line which immediately follows, “Whether thy *Law*,” was changed to *Love*.

In Book Third only two marginal remarks by Coleridge occur. On the following lines, at p. 107,—

“So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation,”—

Coleridge writes—“Borrowed from the *Sacontala*, a Drama translated from the Sanscrit by Sir Wm. Jones.”

And a little further on, at p. 110, in the maiden’s speech, beginning—

“Father,
In forest shade my infant years trained up,
Knew not devotion’s forms,” etc.,

Coleridge remarks—“How grossly unnatural an anachronism thus to transmogrify the fanatic votary of the Virgin into a Tom Paine in petticoats, a novel-palming (?) proselyte of the Age of Reason.”

Looking at the severity of these criticisms, it is a little

amusing to find Coleridge noting at the end of Book Fourth, "All the preceding I gave my best advice in correcting. From this time Southey and I parted.—S. T. C." Here, then, we suppose, he got weary of his work of annotation. Enough, however, has been done by him to show the remarkable soundness of his critical judgment, and his singularly quick insight into whatever was false in thought or impure in English diction. The slight appearance of petulance or ill-nature in some of the remarks, no one who really comprehends Coleridge's character will for a moment misunderstand. It was simply, we believe, the almost unconscious outcome of a perfectly natural person, not caring to put any restraint on the full and distinct utterance of the idea or impulse of the moment,—a characteristic not by any means peculiar to Coleridge,—but common to him with almost all men who think clearly, feel strongly, and are perfectly in earnest in the opinions or principles which they hold. A nature of this sort is almost always deficient in tact, and, in stating what it regards as truth, is ever apt to be betrayed into forgetfulness of how extraneous persons or things may be affected thereby. But all the while no law of kindness is violated, simply because all personal considerations are absolutely and entirely out of view. Coleridge's remarks on Southey's early work form, we think, a very good supplement to the first chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, and are throughout illustrative of the principles of composition there laid down. We do not think therefore that we overrate their value when we venture to commend them to the attentive study of any one who wishes to acquire good habits of thinking, or a sound and correct English style.

No. 3 is a copy of the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*. Paris, ex officina Roberti Stephani, 1543. In 2 vols. small 8vo. On the fly-leaf is the autograph "Wm. Wordsworth," and the

volumes throughout are extensively marked and annotated by his venerable hand. At first, one wonders a little what there could have been attractive to Wordsworth in these old writers on agriculture. Books of any kind were not exactly his specialty,—practical, matter-of-fact books, probably least so.

“A poet, one who loved the brooks
Far better than the sages’ books.”

And yet, from the traces which have been left by his pencil on these pages, there is reason to think that he had read every word of Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, and did not even omit the “*Enarrationes priscarum vocum per Georgium Alexandrinum*,” or the “*Philippi Beroaldi Annotationes in libros xiii. Columellæ*.” On second thoughts, however, it is easy to see that the fresh glimpses of ancient out-of-door life, and of the simple scenes, “tasting of Flora and the country green,” which these volumes bring before us, could not but have had a powerful interest for the author of “*The Excursion*.” His notes, as might be expected, are totally different in character from those of his friend Coleridge on the “*Joan of Arc*.” They show no critical acuteness—scarcely any attempt at criticism at all—no flashes of shrewd, biting, sarcastic wit. Taken individually and apart from the thought of who wrote them, they hardly, at first, give the impression of possessing interest or value of any kind. And it is only when, ceasing to expect anything marked or special in them, we are content to follow Wordsworth in his perusal of the book, “pausing where he had paused, observing what he had noted, and considering what to him seemed worthy of consideration,” that we begin to see the kind of interest which they possess. We then find that we have got completely upon the track of Wordsworth’s thoughts, as he read these singular old treatises, and upon the vein of feeling which they awakened within him. And in turning over the pages of this old book, we discover everywhere the character-

istic tendencies of his taste and genius with as much distinctness as we do in perusing his poetry. The points which he has chiefly noted are—anything peculiar, uncommon, or specially felicitous in word or phrase—anything beautiful, simple, tender, or poetical in thought or expression—strange or fantastic beliefs—curious out-of-the-way notions or observations of nature—or anything else, in fact, that helps to indicate the ways, customs, or modes of thinking prevalent in the ancient world. When Cato, for example, uses the expression *naves ambulans*, Wordsworth notes the oddness of the phrase, and remarks that "*hujus vocabuli* (his annotations are chiefly written in Latin) *usum notavit Gellius.*" When the same writer tells us that, in removing dung, it is of great importance that the work should be done *silenti luna* (when the moon is not shining), Wordsworth not only underlines the exquisite words, but carefully writes them out on the margin; such a pearl was too precious to be left upon the dunghill. When you are informed that if your wine contains too much water you should put the liquid into a vessel made of ivy wood, and that then the wine will flow away while the water will remain, *nam non continet vinum vas ederacæum*, the singular *fact* is noted with a cross. When you are told, in selecting your pigeons for slaughter, to drive those you wish to kill out of the dovecot into the *seclitorium*, and there put them to death secretly out of sight of the others, lest the latter, *si videant, despondeant animum*, the whole passage is underlined, and the delicious recognition of the capacity of doves for grief and sad foreboding, in the words *despondeant animum*, is written out on the margin. When Varro gives the remarkable reason for the greater longevity of those who live in the country than of people bred in towns, *quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes*, the singular felicity of the thought you may be sure does not escape him, and he quotes Cowper's version of the sentiment, "God made the country,

but man made the town," at the foot of the page. When Columella tells us that if a mouse or a serpent falls into the wine-vat, we must, in order to prevent it from affecting the flavour of the wine, burn the dead body, pour the ashes when cool into the wine, and stir the liquid well with a rake or ladle, and that *ea res erit remedio*, Wordsworth gravely remarks, that it is "*remedium Catone dignum*;" meaning, we suppose, that he expected something better from the more advanced intelligence of Columella, but that his *remedium* is no better than some of the absurdities to be found in the earlier treatise of Cato. When Varro tells us of his going to visit Appius Claudius, the augur, at his country place, and finding him seated at table along with Cornelius *Merula*, a man of good consular family, and Fircellius *Pavo*, on his left hand; and Munitius *Pica* and Marcus Petronius *Passer*, on his right; and how Axius Appius (who accompanied Varro) smiled (*subridens*), and said, "Why, you receive us in your aviary where you sit among the birds,"—Wordsworth, no doubt, thought how English-like the whole scene was,—the company the very same you might meet anywhere,—Mr. Merle, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Sparrow; and the thin jest, exactly the sort of thing that tells so well and goes so far in kindly English country-houses; and so he fondly underlines all the points of the story. We might go on for pages noticing Wordsworth's curiously characteristic markings, but our rapidly decreasing space warns us to forbear. The condition of the volumes is also characteristic of Wordsworth, at least it confirms Mr. De Quincey's account of his utter indifference about the misuse of books which came into his hands. The binding of both volumes is loose and broken, the body of the book separated from the back, many of the leaves torn out and lost, the whole of the pages pervaded by a deep yellow stain, and a large portion of the work so utterly rotten, that it can hardly be moved without scattering about mealy flakes, of what once was paper.

Horace speaks of the infamy of him *qui in patrios cineres minxerit*; we wonder what is to be thought of a poet who performed the same office upon one of his favourite books.

No. 4 is a copy of Gilbert Wakefield's edition of Virgil, containing the autograph "Byron," and the following strange note in the same handwriting, on the fly-leaves. It is evidently an unpublished scrap from the grim, bitter diary given in Moore's *Life*:—

"Past midnight: invited to Lady Davy's; sent word 'could not come;' went after all for half an hour; home again; *hate society*; man has been designated a 'selfish' animal; now, what in the name of comfort should bring any *selfish* man here? Unless *self* prompt us to do nothing but what is agreeable to it, I do not see why it should have an *ish* tied to its tail. People going to a 'swarie' are not selfish; they sacrifice comfort, and *virtue*, if they possess that article. At Lady D.'s squeeze, I was condemned to listen to an old dowager and Lord C—— the old noodle. Swift says, 'every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them, but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences, from having never learned them.' . . . Took up Virgilius Maro. His is one of the books which give spring to the mind—especially if you call the assistance of a tumbler of gin and water: there is *genius* in *gin*."

No. 5 is a copy of Dr. Carlyle's translation of the Divine Comedy (out of sight, by the way, the best introduction to the knowledge of Dante in the language. Why has it never been completed?) The former possessor has carefully destroyed all trace of his identity. But the volume contains a note which we think ought to excite some curiosity as to its authorship, because it suggests, we believe, a perfectly original and, we are persuaded, a perfectly correct explanation of a very obscure passage in the *Inferno*, on which no commentator hitherto has been able to throw any satisfactory light.

In the third canto, Dante, speaking of those who lived without either blame or praise (*senza infamia e senza lodo*), says, "and I saw the shade of him who from cowardice made the great refusal:"

"E vidi l'ombra di colui
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto."

The common interpretation is, that Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the Papacy in 1294, is the person indicated. But we may safely conclude that Dante knew better than to consign a man to eternal pain for having declined the path of ambition. Our ms. annotator has written on the margin: "The reference is probably to Matt. xix. 22." And there cannot be the slightest doubt of it. A young man came asking our Lord, "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." It is the only instance recorded in the Gospels in which Jesus "looking on a man and loving him," asked him to become his friend and companion, but the glorious invitation was declined. Certainly nothing that ever happened in this world could so justly be called "the great refusal." And it is touchingly characteristic of the deep purity and spirituality of Dante's mind that he so regarded it.

No. 6 is the *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, 2 vols., 1847, with the autograph of "Sara Coleridge," on each of the volumes. It contains a considerable number of corrections for a new edition, and also several ms. notes by that admirable and accomplished woman; one or two of them to us of much interest. If our readers turn to p. 135-6 of the second volume of the *Biographia*, they will find a printed note, by Mrs. Coleridge, in reference to Wordsworth's *Blind*

Highland Boy, in which she expresses, what many besides herself have felt, considerable regret that Wordsworth should have destroyed the simplicity of the original incident, by substituting the foreign shell for the "household tub," as the vessel in which the Highland boy sailed away. The chief objection, she thinks, to the first form of the poem was, that Wordsworth had introduced the tub in a way so awkward as almost inevitably to suggest a feeling of the ridiculous—

"A household tub like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

And in her ms. note, she suggests that this should be altered into

"A tub of common form and size,
Such as each rustic home supplies."

adding, "Mr. W. might recast the whole stanza, so as to avoid the sudden jerk downwards into the mean and trivial, still keeping the original incident. The nine new stanzas might be preserved in an appendix. This I ventured to suggest to the venerable author at Bath, March 1847. He did not reject the notion altogether. S. C." Another note also refers to a poem of Mr. Wordsworth, "The Gipsies." It occurs at p. 154 of the same volume. In a printed note here, Mrs. Coleridge says: "I hope it is not mere *poetic* partiality, regardless of morality, that makes so many readers neglect the sublime conciseness of the original conclusion:—

"Oh better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds or evil than such life."

And at the foot of the page she has written as follows:—"Mr. Wordsworth promised me that this should be restored, at Bath, March 1847. He said that he had made the alteration against his own judgment, in deference to an objection of Charles Lamb's. S. C." Both of these are interesting little bits of literary history. The other notes are principally mere verbal

corrections of the text, and could scarcely be of much interest to the reader. They ought all, however, to be used in the event of a new edition of the book being called for.

No. 7 is a copy of Southey's *Doctor*, in 7 vols. 8vo, 1834-1847. Such of our readers as are old enough to remember the original publication of this book will recollect the mystery which for some time hung over its authorship. It would seem, however, that the writer of a note at p. 17 of vol. i. of this copy had penetrated that mystery, and had found out a secret mark which determined beyond the possibility of doubt that the writer of the book could be no other than Dr. Southey. In Chapter IV. A.-I., the author describes the effect of his announcement that he intended to compose "the History of Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster, and his Horse Nobs," upon the members of his own family, concluding his account as follows :

" 'Why, he is not in earnest,' said my wife's youngest sister. 'He never can be,' replied my wife. And yet, beginning to think that peradventure I was, she looked at me with a quick turn of the eye,—'a pretty subject indeed for you to employ your time upon ! You,—*vema whehaha yoku*¹ *almad otenba twandri athancod!*' I have thought proper to translate this part of my Commandante's speech into the Garamna tongue."

Now, our ms. annotator points out that "Garamna" is simply the word Anagram anagrammatised ; and taking this as the key to the interpretation of the queer gibberish given above, his wife's speech is found, on a transposition of the letters, to read thus :—"A pretty subject indeed for you to employ your time upon ! you—you who have written *Thalaba*, and *Kehama*, and *Madoc!*"²

¹ The word in *The Doctor* is *yohu*,—evidently a printer's blunder.

² This curious little discovery was communicated by the present writer to the *Examiner* newspaper more than twenty years ago. But as it will probably be new to most of the readers of these pages, it may be excusable to reprint it here.

No. 8 is a copy of the poems of the Rev. John Logan, which formerly belonged to John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Over-against the "Ode to the Cuckoo," Mr. Miller has inserted a slip of paper containing the following curious piece of information:—"The following note relative to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' was found among the papers of Dr. Grant, one of Logan's executors:—

'Alas, sweet bird ! not so my fate :
 Dark scowling skies I see,
 Fast gathering round and fraught with woe
 And wintry years to me.'

"I find that after the stanza 'sweet bird !' he had written the above, but as he did not express a wish to have it inserted, I have omitted it. And it is perhaps too solemn for the tone of the rest of the poem, but it is expressive of that predictive melancholy which was with him constitutional."

Now, of course, Dr. Grant must have been much better qualified to judge than we are as to Logan's disposition to "predictive melancholy." But it is at least remarkable that the "Ode to the Cuckoo" should thus be ascertained to have included a stanza so strikingly characteristic of Michael Bruce, who is, on other grounds, strongly suspected to have been the real author of the poem. The singularly close parallelism of the above with the well-known lines—

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known," etc.,

must at once strike every one. The stanza we have now given has never, so far as we know, been printed before, and it is a little unaccountable that it should not have reached the hands of Dr. Mackelvie, who published a carefully edited edition of Bruce's poems about thirty years ago, and who, as we remember, mentions that he had applied to Mr. Miller of Lincoln's Inn for any information that might be in his posses-

sion, bearing upon the question as to the authorship of the several poems which have been variously attributed both to Bruce and Logan.¹

No. 9 is "Letters written by the late Right Honourable Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq. London, 1775." It has the book-plate of "Mr. Horatio Walpole," and is full of notes in his handwriting, indicating the most curiously minute acquaintance with all the small gossip of high society, during the whole period over which the letters

· In this and the previous instance (of the *Biographia Literaria*) we have examples of new and interesting information being sometimes obtainable from the ms. *notanda* of previous possessors of a volume. Another curious case of the same kind is given by Dr. John Brown in his letter to Dr. Cairns, published as a supplement to the Life of his father. A copy of Richard Baxter's *Life and Times*, belonging to the late Rev. Dr. Brown, contained the autograph of Anne Countess of Argyll, the widow of Archibald Earl of Argyll who died on the scaffold in 1685, together with a most affecting note by her, on that passage in Baxter (p. 220), where he brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest daughter who had unfortunately been perverted to Popery, and carried off to a convent in France by her spiritual advisers. The note, according to Dr. Brown, is written "in a hand tremulous with age and feeling." It is as follows:— "I can say w^t truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear her ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others suggested to hir, as y^t she wold embak on Wedensday. She believed she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuou person, and hed retined the living principels of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgon, as she was one it appired weel grunded." On the volume being shown to Lord Lindsay (whose ancestrix Lady Argyll was, by her previous marriage with the Earl of Balcarres), he wrote to say, that the information it contained was unknown to him at the time when he wrote the *Lives of the Lindsays*. "I had always been under the impression," he remarked, "that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696."

extend. We have scarcely room, nor would it be worth while, to give the whole of these odd annotations. One or two will be enough to give an idea of the sort of matter they contain. The handwriting, by the way, has a great resemblance to that of the late Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe; and in the following, which is written on the back of the title-page, you can almost fancy that you are listening to the shrieky treble of that confirmed old scandal-monger:—

“Henrietta St. John, daughter of Henry Viscount St. John, by his second wife (a Frenchwoman) and half-sister of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, was wife of Robert Knight (son of the cashier of the South Sea Company), by whom she had a son, who died, without issue, before his father, and a daughter, Henrietta, mentioned in these letters. Robert Knight was created Lord Luxborough, and after his wife’s death, Earl of Catherlogh. They had been parted many years, on her having an intrigue with Parson Dalton, the reviver of Comus, and tutor of Lord Beauchamp, only son of the Duchess of Somerset, mentioned in these letters.”

At p. 27 Lady Luxborough writes as follows:—“The late King George [the First] was fond of peaches stewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had tasted at my father’s; and ever after till his death my mamma furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round (*he* eating two every night). This little present he took kindly; but one season proved fatal to fruit trees, and she could present his Majesty with but half the usual quantity, desiring him to use economy, for they would barely serve him the year at *one* each night. Being thus forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat *two* every other night, and valued himself on having mortified himself less than if he had yielded to their regulation of *one* each night; which, I suppose, may be called a compromise between economy and epicurism.” To the words, “my mamma” in this paragraph, Horace Walpole appends the following information:—“Angelica

Magdalen, daughter of George Pillesary, Treas. Gen. of the Marine to Louis XIV. Besides Lady Luxborough, she had a son, Hollis St. John, a famous mimic and buffoon. He once dressed himself in his mother's cloaths, in London, and went into a balcony over the street, pretending to be drunk, and danced with a punch-bowl on his head, the mob taking him for Lady St. John."

At p. 217, on an allusion to "Mr. Meredith," Walpole writes:—"This Mr. Meredith, afterwards Sir William, was originally a Jacobite, then a great Whig, and patron of the Presbyterians; and then grew a courtier, and was made Comptroller of the House by the Tory Ministry in 1775."

At p. 325, Lady Luxborough speaks of her spirits being depressed by her "daughter's imprudence (to call it by no worse a name)." Walpole explains that this refers to her daughter, Henrietta; adding, "She was divorced from Mr. Wymondesell for an intrigue with Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney, and married him after her divorce."

At p. 334, Lady Luxborough says:—"I find your beauty, Lady Diana Egerton, is married, but not to the lover that I saw her with the last season that I was at Bath;" upon which Walpole notes that Lady Diana was "youngest daughter of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater; that she married Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore; and that 'the lover' was Henry Seymour," etc. etc.

One other example of the curious value and interest often attachable to books, in consequence of their association with some previous possessor, we must give from the *Mémoires d'un Bibliophile*, par M. Tenant de Latour, Paris, 1861. One day M. de Latour picked up at a stall in Paris a copy of Thomas A' Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, with the autograph of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the title-page. It contained

only two marginal notes, neither of them of much interest. But it had evidently been read with extraordinary care, and more than half the book was underlined with the pencil. It bore marks too of having been the constant pocket-companion of the unhappy misanthrope. It had been read in the evenings, for there were drops of grease from the candle upon its pages, and it had accompanied him in his country walks, for there were dried flowers stuck here and there between the leaves. It became of interest to ascertain at what period of Rousseau's life he had thus given himself up to the study of the *Imitatio*; and M. de Latour, after much unsuccessful inquiry, was at last able to get some light on the point. In a letter of Rousseau's to a Paris bookseller, written from Motiers de Travers, in January 1763, the following sentence was found: "Voici des articles que je vous prie de joindre à votre premier envoi: *Pensées de Pascal, Œuvres de La Bruyère, Imitation de Jésus Christ*, latin." The fact then was plain, that he had begun to make his acquaintance with A'Kempis shortly after he had finished his principal works, about the time he had received, through the kindness of Marshal Keith, a sort of temporary asylum in the Val de Travers in Neuchâtel, and when those outcries and persecutions against him had commenced, which by and by seem to have driven him into a state of mind little removed from insanity.

It is surely most curious and interesting thus to find (and this little volume is the sole record of the fact) that at such a time poor Rousseau sought such pure and elevated consolation from his sorrows as that which is to be found in the pages of Pascal and of A'Kempis, and that the latter of these authors at least he had studied with the most devoted attention. It throws a new and tender light on the character of Jean Jacques, and revives a feeling of sympathy and kindness towards him, which his own follies and perversities had nearly destroyed in all our minds. All this was enough to give the

greatest interest to the volume, but another curious mark of its old possessor was still to be discovered. In his "Confessions," Rousseau mentions the vivid delight which the finding of a flower of the periwinkle once gave him when ascending a hill near Crossier, in consequence of its recalling to him some interesting circumstance in his connexion with Mad. de Warens thirty years before, not having seen the plant during all that intervening period. His sentimental transport on the occasion forms the subject of a well-known passage in the "Confessions," and on turning over the leaves of the *Imitatio*, M. de Latour found a dried specimen of the periwinkle among the other flowers which, as we have mentioned, the volume contained. Well, the finding of the little flower at Crossier is stated in the "Confessions" to have been in 1764, while the purchase of the *Imitatio* is proved to have been in 1763, and as it had evidently been carried about in his pocket for a long time afterwards, there was no small probability that it was still his companion when at Crossier, and that this was the identical periwinkle which so powerfully affected him, and of which he makes so much.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and we must now have done. We submit, however, that though we have thus touched on but a very small corner of the subject, we have sufficiently made out our case—that book-collecting really has some solid basis of intelligent interest, that it may legitimately call forth some degree of fervour and enthusiasm, that it cannot altogether be regarded as the pursuit of a mind verging on fanaticism or insanity, and that it must be classed in a totally different category from the taste for old china, old snuff-boxes, old oak chairs, or old swords and daggers. Without such knowledge as the true book-collector generally possesses, and such care and solicitude as he is accustomed to exercise, it is evident from what we have shown, that we shall be pretty certain to miss something that is best in the works of great

authors of past times. And so also, the most curious information, the most solid instruction, and the most unexpected and interesting insight both into the character, habits, and tastes of men of genius, and into other matters not less important, will often be the reward of that quick scent and tact which the zealous book-collector seldom fails to acquire in the exercise of his pursuit.

Before concluding, we may refer to one great difficulty in the way of the book-collector in Scotland, which seems to us too remarkable and characteristic of her people to be passed over. All our best old books have been read nearly out of existence. Printing was not introduced into Scotland till so recently as about 1507 or 1508, but the productions of the Scottish press are infinitely more rare than books printed at a much earlier period in England by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. One of the earliest books published in this country was a collection of the poems of some of the Scottish "Makars" of the time. But only one copy¹ has survived the tear and wear of ceaseless turning over of the leaves by entranced readers. During the later years of the same century, the numerous works of the reformer Knox and his coadjutors, the dramas and satires of Sir David Lyndsay, the grand old national epics of "The Bruce" and "The Wallace," and others, must have been circulated by thousands through the country. But the bibliomaniac is fortunate above his fellows who can light on any chance trace of them. In the succeeding century it is little better. Calderwood, Robert Bailie, Cowper, the Bishop of Galloway, Hugh Binning, Rutherford, Guthrie of Fenwick, Durham, Dickson, Brown of Wamphray, the authors of "Naphtali" and the "Hind let Loose," with Leighton,

¹ Even this is very imperfect. It is now in the Advocates' Library, which can boast of a noble collection of specimens of early Scottish typography, many of them beautifully executed, and in singularly fine preservation.

Henry Scougal, and many others, all published more or less extensively. But the form in which their works now generally present themselves to us is that of stained, worn, dirty, decayed fragments, one-half of the book having frequently disappeared, and often only a few disconnected leaves remaining. Even of the popular theological and other publications of the last century, nothing is more difficult than to obtain passably good copies. Thomas Boston's chief works, Willison of Dundee's, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine's, Hallyburton's of St. Andrews, John Brown of Haddington's, and the thousand and one reprints of earlier authors which the Edinburgh and Glasgow presses poured forth, have been read and re-read, thumbed, leant on, dog's-eared, and wept over, till the paper has been fretted almost to wool by black and horny hands, and till the original shape, binding, and colour of the volumes have almost entirely disappeared. Whatever may be the value of Scottish thought as expressed in its popular literature and theology, assuredly it cannot be said that the people of Scotland have not made the most of it. All this is in marked contrast to the state of things in England where works even of the seventeenth century, intended for popular instruction or entertainment, and thoroughly well adapted to their purpose, may easily be met with in perfect order, and with the leaves, to all appearance, never separated since they passed out of the hands of the old binder. Perhaps in nothing that we could adduce does the dissimilarity between the two nations more remarkably appear : the one having a peculiarly ignorant, untrained, and unprogressive peasantry ; the other a singularly well-educated, thoughtful, and religious one : the one with the mass of the people extremely indifferent to literature of any kind, and with a strong and ready spirit of empirical practicality characterizing almost all classes ; the other with a devotion to and belief in books rising sometimes very nearly to superstition.

NOTE referred to at page 13.

In the later editions of Mr. Hume's Essays, for example, there is a short disquisition on the question, "How it happens that Great Britain alone enjoys that liberty of the press which is not allowed in any other government, either republican or monarchical—in Holland or Venice more than in France or Spain?" And the Essay concludes rather abruptly with the following sentence: "It must, however, be allowed that the unbounded liberty of the press, though it be difficult, perhaps impossible, to propose a suitable remedy for it, is one of the evils attending mixed forms of government."

But if we turn to the edition of the little volume of "Essays, Moral and Political," published at Edinburgh in 1741, we find the author, instead of this harsh conclusion, going on in the following strain: "But I would fain go a step further, and assert, that such a liberty is attended with so few inconveniences, that it may be claimed as the common right of mankind, and ought to be indulged them almost in every government; *except the ecclesiastical, to which indeed it would be fatal.* We need not dread from this liberty any such ill consequences as followed from the harangues of the popular demagogues of Athens and tribunes of Rome. A man reads a book or pamphlet alone and coolly; there is none present from whom he can catch the passion by contagion. He is not hurried away by the force and energy of action. And should he be wrought up to never so seditious a humour, there is no violent resolution presented to him, by which he can immediately vent his passion. The liberty of the press, therefore, however abused, can scarce ever excite popular tumults or rebellion. And as to those murmurs or secret discontents it may occasion, 'tis better they should get vent in words, that they may come to the knowledge of the magistrate before it be too late, in order to his providing a remedy against them. Mankind, 'tis true, have always a greater propensity to believe what is said to the disadvantage of their governors than the contrary; but this inclination is inseparable from them, whether they have liberty or not. A whisper may fly as quick, and be as pernicious, as a pamphlet. Nay, it will be more pernicious, where men are not accustomed to think freely, or distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood.

"It has also been found, as the experience of mankind increases, that the people are no such dangerous monster as they have been represented, and that 'tis in every respect better to guide them like rational creatures, than to lead or drive them like brute beasts. Before the United Provinces set the example, toleration was deemed incompatible with good government, and 'twas thought impossible that a number of religious sects could live together in harmony and peace, and have all of them an equal affection to their common country and to each other. England has set a like example of civil liberty; and though this liberty seems to occasion some small ferment at present, it has not as yet produced any pernicious effects,

and it is to be hoped that men, being every day more accustomed to the free discussion of public affairs, will improve in their judgment of them, and be with greater difficulty seduced by every idle rumour and popular clamour.

“’Tis a very comfortable reflection to the lovers of liberty, that this peculiar privilege of Britain is of a kind that cannot easily be wrested from us, and must last as long as our Government remains in any degree free and independent. ’Tis seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once. Slavery has so frightful an aspect to men accustomed to freedom, that it must steal in upon them by degrees, and must disguise itself in a thousand shapes in order to be received. But if the liberty of the press ever be lost, it must be lost at once. The general laws against sedition and libelling are at present as strong as they possibly can be made. Nothing can impose a further restraint, but either the clapping an *Imprimatur* upon the press, or the giving very large discretionary powers to the court to punish whatever displeases them. But these concessions would be such a barefaced violation of liberty, that they will probably be the last efforts of a despotic government. We may conclude that the liberty of Britain is gone for ever when these attempts shall succeed.”

Such, then, were Hume’s sentiments at and before the age of thirty. It would be difficult to find anything more just and felicitous on the subject,—rather a contrast to the utterance of his later days. The whole passage is a fine illustration of the fact that the generous fervour of youth is sometimes more akin to wisdom than the so-called experience of age. The characteristic irony of the clause we have marked in italics must not be overlooked.

Another curious, and perhaps less known, instance of deteriorated feeling and belief in an author may be quoted from the *Christianæ Religionis Institutio* of John Calvin. This book, as is well known, was composed before Calvin quitted France, at the time when he lived the uneasy, insecure life of a persecuted fugitive at Angoulême; and in the earlier editions of it we find the following paragraph on the manner in which it becomes Christians to act towards sinners and heretics:—

“Familiarius versari aut interiorem consuetudinem habere non licet: debemus tamen contendere sive exhortatione, sive doctrina, sive clementia ac mansuetudine, sive nostris ad Deum precibus, ut ad meliorem frugem conversi in societatem ac unitatem ecclesiæ se recipiant. Neque ii modo sic tractandi sunt sed Turcæ quoque, ac Sarraceni, cæterique religionis hostes.”

Beautiful words! But consistency, we suppose, is also in its way beautiful. So at least Calvin seems to have thought. It was unfitting that the man who burned Servetus should continue to talk in such a strain. And so, we are told, in all the editions of the *Institutio* published after the horrid atrocious act of 27th October 1553, the above and every other passage of a similar tendency were carefully expunged.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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