

Extracts from the diary of Roger Payne.

Contributors

Payne, Roger, 1739-1797.

Publication/Creation

New York : The Harbor press, 1928.

Persistent URL

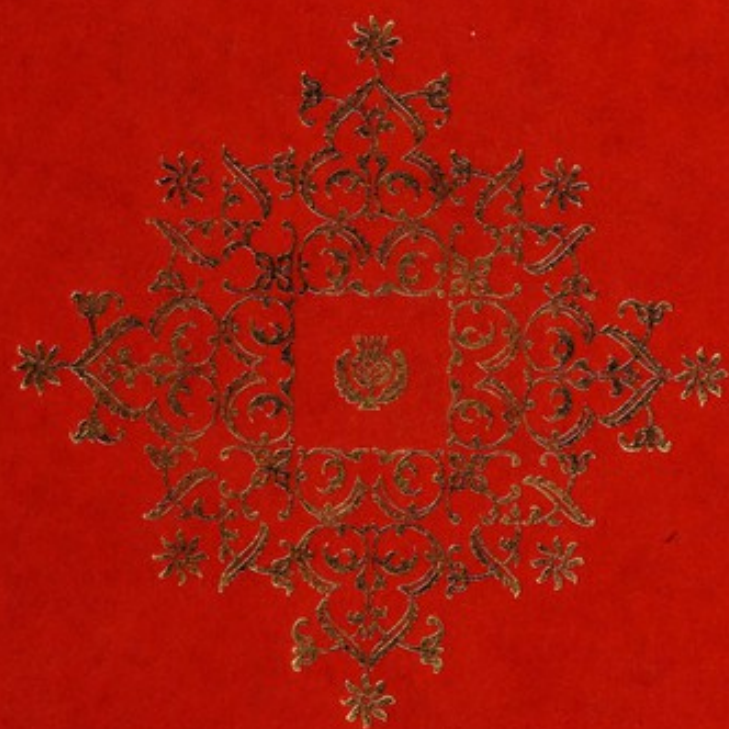
<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/zpbsm65m>

License and attribution

Conditions of use: it is possible this item is protected by copyright and/or related rights. You are free to use this item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s).

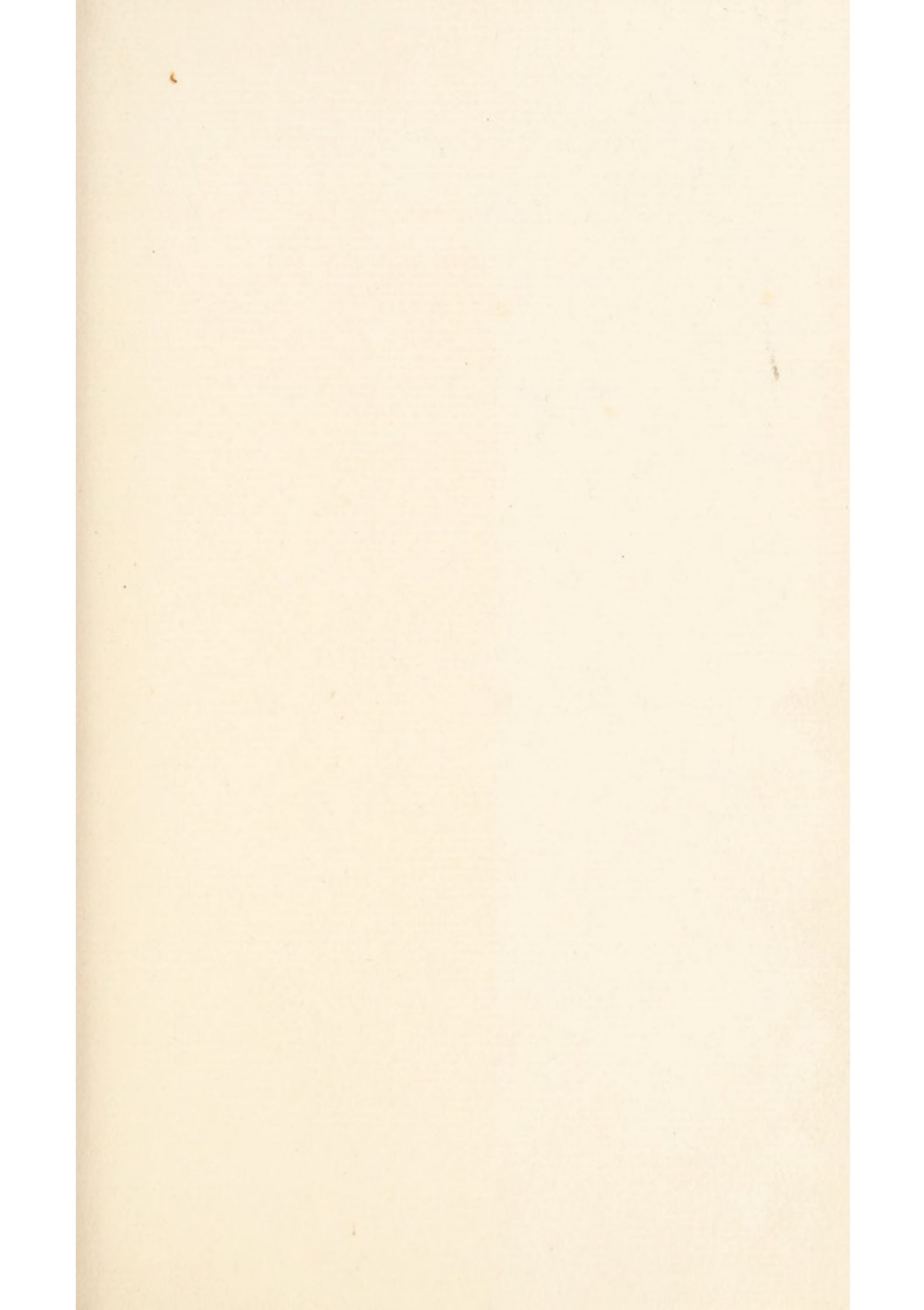



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



Conservation

22500219493



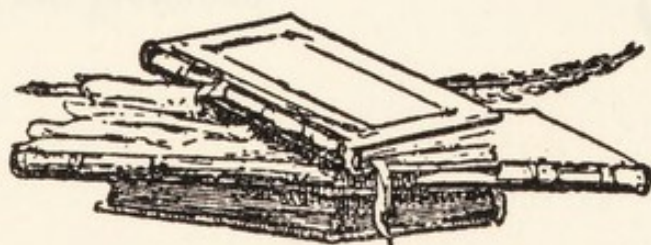


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/b30009376>

*Extracts from the Diary of
Roger Payne*

Extracts
FROM
THE DIARY
OF
Roger Payne



NEW YORK
THE HARBOR PRESS

1928

Extracts
FROM
THE DIARY

OF
Roger Payne



1907

NEW YORK
THE HARBOUR PRESS
1907

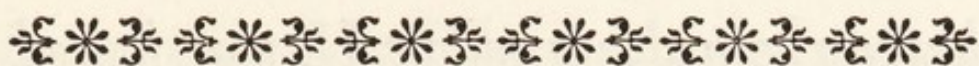
Conservation

NOTE

Roger Payne, in his Diary, "took note of time" only from Tuesday to Saturday: it does not appear that he ever took orders on a Monday. The late Mr. G. St—ns, with a friendly hand revised the Diary, and sometimes amused himself by suggesting humorous amendments to written orders of the customers of poor Roger; whose simplicity was proverbial.

NOTE

After 17 years in the "old" and "new" of the
from 17 years in the "old" and "new" of the
new and old of the "old" and "new" of the
with a few more years of the "old" and "new" of the
new and old of the "old" and "new" of the
new and old of the "old" and "new" of the
new and old of the "old" and "new" of the
new and old of the "old" and "new" of the



ROGER PAYNE

TO the late Roger Payne, foreign Bibliographers are constrained to yield the palm of excellence in the art of bookbinding. He worked alone in a small apartment, where every thing was huddled together; on the same shelf were seen old shoes and precious leaves—bread and cheese, with editions of the fifteenth century—so that it would seem next to impossible that superb binding should proceed from such a place, to decorate the library of a noble Lord, without being either soiled or spotted with grease.

The most difficult bindings were those in which Roger Payne excelled: this ingenious man introduced a style of binding, uniting elegance with durability, such as no person

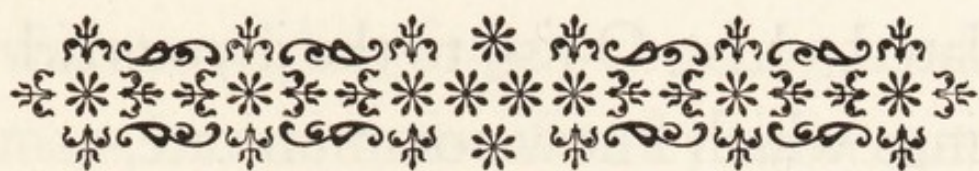
has ever been able to imitate. He may, indeed, be ranked among artists of the greatest merit: the ornaments he employed were chosen with classical taste, and were in many instances appropriated to the subject of the work, or the age and time of the author; and each book of his binding was accompanied by a written description of the ornaments in a most precise and curious style.

Those who are not accustomed to see book-binding executed in any other than the common manner, can have no idea of the merits of Roger Payne, who lived without a rival, and (we fear) died without a successor in 1797. His remains were decently interred at the expense of that respectable and upright bookseller, the late Mr. Thomas Payne; to whom (though in no degree related to the book-binder,) the admirers of this art may feel themselves indebted for the prolongation of

his existence; Mr. P. having for the last eight years of his life supplied him with regular pecuniary assistance, both for the support of his body and the performance of his work.

Horne's Introduction
to Bibliography, 1814.





A LETTER *from the Reverend T. S. Smug to a brother member of the Bibliomaniacal Club, giving an account how, where, and when he discovered the Diary of Roger Payne, of bibliopegistic memory.*

My dear Mundulus,

MAI, when he discovered the pattern-book of Nero's tailor, could not have rejoiced more than I did at rescuing from perdition the Diary of our deceased and dearly beloved *Roger*. You indeed witnessed our bibliomaniacal grief at the last anniversary, not of hope deferred, but of expectation absolutely annih-

lated.—List, O list, to the joyous tidings which I now communicate.

Passing one crisp frosty morning along the western terrace that leads from my humble abode to the great city, the mart of science graphical and typographical, my eye, wandering over the minute fragments of *literæ scriptæ* that lay scattered in the hollow ways, was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a small pacquet, squeezed flat in a rut, resembling a foul proof dropped from the oily fingers of a printer's devil, and which had apparently undergone the pressure of at least one thousand chaises, hacks, stage-coaches, and higler's carts, —well! exclaimed I to myself, what have we here? Unloosing the frozen and clotted string, and unfolding

with trembling fingers the congealed mass, I could with difficulty make out the words "*carefully sewed,*" "*fine real morocco,*" "*richly tooled,*" &c. Ah! thought I, this must be a bibliopegistic treasure indeed! At that moment my friend *Membranaceus* wheeling along (not in a tandem, tilbury, or tumble-down, but in a snug easy chariot), hailed me: holding exultingly up the precious scrap between my finger and my thumb, I desired that we should hasten with all speed, and deposit the frozen mass into the hands of the Wellington of Bibliopegists; who, immediately with coaxing care, ably, and most skilfully, loosened the icy chain; and unfolded to our surprised and delighted eyes — what think you? — even the Diary of that

hero of the needle, the shears, and the stamping-iron—the renowned Roger.

This valuable manuscript was found near the sign of the *Devil and Bag of Nails*, where *Roger*, a frequent inmate of the jolly host, was accustomed hebdomadally to solace himself by inhaling the fumes of *nicotian*, and luxuriating in copious libations of barley-broth. On his decease it appeared that his body wardrobe was sold by *Carbuncle* the said host of the “*Devil*,” who had probably some small claims on poor *Roger* for barley comforts, to *Solomon Levi*, a worthy and conscientious itinerant dealer in faded woollens; had there not fortunately been a small aperture in *Roger*’s pockets, or *Solomon*’s bag, or both, this invaluable Diary would inevitably

have been shredded into little fluttering paper windmills to amuse the young Israelites in the purlieus of Rag-fair—one starts with horror at the bare supposition of such a profanation!

Roger by his nuncupative will devised the said Manuscript to his protector and kind master *Benevolus*, who had occasionally granted him a license of free indulgence in *Carbuncle's* snug back parlour.

Our next Anniversary will be a memorable day—

Roger Payne's Diary is now printing under my direction on superfine grand-eagle, exclusively for the members of our enlightened club. Elucidative of the subject I intend to draw a parallel, in the manner of Plutarch,

between Phillatius, the father of book-binding, and Roger Payne; to which will be added, an Elaborate Dissertation, after the fashion of that grave and learned critic *Peter Burman*, on the old mode of currying horse-hides, and planing oak-boards, used in antique bindings; together with a *brilliant* engraved specimen of the *dim-tooling* of the ancients.

I am, my dear *Mundulus*, affectionately yours,

T. S. S.

Extracts from the Diary

Roger Pagnon

January. Took Sir John Franklin's
six folio volumes of *Imperial Gazetteer*
to his house in Green Street. These
are dated 1777 to 1779, bound in
the last volume marked each in-
land with a ruled border round each
separated true with the compasses. The
the duty does require several work-
ings to take out the dirt and grease



Extracts
FROM THE DIARY
OF
Roger Payne

¶ *Saturday.* Took Sir John Trusthold's six folio volumes of Turnpike Tickets to his house in C—— square, No. 1 to 3690 from 1757 to 1771: bound in the best Levant morocco, nicely inlaid, with a ruled border round each—squared true with the compasses—the dirty ones required several washings to take out the dirt and grease

—made them quite clean; sewed with the best silk; no false bands—made them open well—took a great deal of time finishing. Sir John's arms on the sides being obliged to be worked off plain first, and afterwards the gold laid on, and worked off again—carefully and honestly done.

¶ *Wednesday.* Sir John* gave me seventeen volumes of small outlandish books, *Elsevurs* he called them, for binding in plain morocco, single lines—ordered to be well beat to stretch them out, and with stilted boards to make them look tall. Sir John told me to be sure to put plenty of alum in my paste, and *bind* the worms, to prevent them from breeding.

* Sir John was a celebrated margin measurer, and was vastly proud of his regiment of grenadier Elzevirs. S.

¶ *Thursday.* Went to Miss *Sukey Tamarind** again, having been at her house seven times before, to take orders about her fine coloured copy of *Swamadam's* Insects—pattern-tools to be cut—gave me a drawing to cut by,

*Miss *Sukey Tamarind*, a great West Indian heiress, was married to young Mr. *Treddle*, son and heir to Mr. *Deputy Treddle* of the *Weaver's Company*. The *Deputy*, who is very rich, expects shortly to be created *Baron of Treddletown*. Young Mrs. T. or *Lady T.* that is to be, is supposed, among her female friends, to have the *sweetest* taste imaginable: her copy of *Swammerdam*, so sumptuously bound by *Roger*, is a galaxy of exterior decoration. Mr. *Brasson*, son of Sir *John Brasson*, Master of the *Brazier's Company*, who has an eye to the eldest daughter of Mr. *Deputy T.* suggested the beautiful scrolls on the sides, from having repeatedly contemplated the twisty lines upon a large brass warming-pan hung up in his father's counting house: the studdings consist of various species of *neuroptera* traversing their orbits; and give the whole an appearance of a planetary-tablet; the large *papilio aurus* appears of the natural size, in the centre. Mr. *Brasson* being reckoned a man of smart wit, says it looks like a map of the ten stages to the land of matrimony. S.

of small grubby snail-like creeping-things, a great many zig-zaggerys, and a large butterfly.

Miss T. said she had given me a great deal of trouble in calling so often. I said no, Madam, by no means—she ordered Jeremy to draw a tankard of strong ale, which I was very thankful for. Jeremy very civil, seeing I was rather a favourite—drank part of a second tankard with Jeremy—shall be very glad to attend so civil a lady at all times.

☞ *Friday.* Waited on Mr. *Gorge-Book*, a great collector of old songs, strange stories, and doleful ditties: he told me the week before that he had to the tune of some *tuns* to bind: before I reached the grass-plat, was fearful that he had mistakingly sent for me

instead of the cooper, seeing so many barrels about, which I could not help looking at and admiring: on entering, however, right glad was I to see heaps and piles of books from the threshold upwards; plenty of work here thought I; hundreds of weight and *tuns* indeed: rather fearful in going up stairs; thought I heard the timbers crack: wading through long alleys and rows of quires and bound, was shewn into a small room—did not see any person; concluded it was the upper waiting parlour. Presently a voice called out “this way;”—winding about, at last found Mr. *Gorge-Book* blocked up in a corner near the fire: he had just finished collating a little book called the “*Mousings of Tibby the Black Cat*,” which he told me he had

bought at the last Chumcheat sale for twenty-six pounds and fifteen shillings; and that it was a unuch.* It so happened, as I told him, that I had the week before bound a very fine copy of the same *unuch* for Miss *Felissa C.*—who has a very large collection in the Pussy line: this lady was a very good customer of mine, and I took great pains to make her *unuch* as beautiful as possible, by picking the best leaves out of three copies: this I reckoned one of my best performances; and as it gave great satisfaction to Miss *Felissa*, thought I could not better recommend myself to Mr. *Gorge-Book*, than by telling him how tastily

*Without adverting to the gender of the cat, it is conjectured Roger misspelled the word, which probably means *unique*. S.

it was bound—when I talked of the three copies, I observed him to make a wry face, but could not guess why: after a little shaking of the under lip, all was smooth again—being always very careful not to offend, I concluded he was not displeased with my behaviour, but that something unpleasant at that moment came across him. Desired his Cat-Book to be bound exactly in the same way, that is in gray tortoise shell, with a great variety of *cats-eye* tooling on the back and sides, and the inside lined with *water-tabby*—promised me “*Wits’ Bedlam*” and nineteen more *unuchs*, as he called them, when I had finished the Cat.

☞ *Thursday*. Carried home the Cat-Book—Mr. *Gorge-Book* called me a noddy, for mislettering *Mousings*

Musings. I defended myself by telling him, Mr. S. said that mousings was wrong, and that it ought to be as I lettered it: Miss Felissa's copy was done the same way.

Mr. *Gorge-Book* could not find the *unuchs* he promised; had been searching all the morning, from pile No. 1 to 97 without success—ordered me to call again.

On going out, saw in the window-seat a great curiosity placed under a magnifying-glass, labelled in large letters, "A BOOK WORM;" near it was a short printed account: I had leave to take a copy, and here it is, in *A Letter from Tubal Typo, Clerk, giving an account of a voracious creature, &c. &c.*

"This worm was caught alive and hearty in a saleroom, near Covent

Garden, in the very act of Book Murder:—by feasting on good *black letter*, served on stout paper, he became, as you see, a fine fat fellow. This insatiable cormorant is not a bipedical but a polypedical animal; it has a small blunt head furnished on either side with a cluster of eyes, and two long horns before, curiously ringed or knobbed, and bristled like the weed called cat's-tail; the hinder part of the creature terminates with three tails resembling the long horns on the head. Mercy on us! horns before and horns behind! It is really blood-curdling to think of the ravages committed by so formidable an animal, among our most precious rarities. This same vermicular personage in the summer is often observed very nimbly to

scud and pack away to some lurking cranney, to protect itself from danger. Would that we could invent a *black-letter trap* to ensnare these destructive *feræ naturæ*.

"My friend *Dr. Grub* once detected one, not only in the shape of a fly, but *in the act of flying*, and appeared to have put on his wings for the sake of some desperate predatory excursion—probably to deposit its *larva* within the morocco joints of a Roger Payne bound Clarke's *Cæsar Chart Max!*

"Another species, called *eruditus*, directs its attacks to the printed part only—one may say this is indeed sucking out the very heart's blood of a book. *Horresco referens!*

"It is melancholy sometimes to see the small shot pepperings in old black-

letter volumes that have been attacked by these devouring Polypeds—they nibble at Hebrew, eat largely of Greek, riot upon Latin, and satiate themselves with Italian: in short these terrible Book-dragons play old gooseberry wherever they get a footing.”

¶ *Tuesday.* *Mrs. Spinbrain* sent her Dedication copy of “*Henrietta Clementina Hazletop; or the Fair Maniac of the Wood,*” printed on fine hot-pressed paper, to be bound in a splendid way, as it was intended to be presented to *Lady Juliana Tinsel*. *Mrs. S.* had consulted with her publisher, *Mr. Prate*, who brought the book; he is a clever man, and a learned Latinist—the following is a copy of his directions. *Mr. Prate* presents his compliments to *Mrs. Spinbrain*, conceives that

the Dedication copy of "Henrietta Hazletop" to be presented to *Lady Juliana Tinsel*, should be bound in the brightest scarlet morocco that can be got; nicely inlaid with yellow and green compartments, scalloped, and richly tooled: the inside, bright yellow silk with a broad mazarine blue border; and tied in the front with a tassel, richly tagged: *Mr. Prate* begs leave to say that he is much indebted for some hints on the subject to a curious little volume pointed out to him by *Dr. Blundus*, entitled "*De Caliga aurea Neronis*," in which there is a folding cut representing the embroidery on *Nero's* waistcoat. The author informs us that the Emperor wore spangles, or tassels, to his small-clothes. *Mr. Prate* therefore is of opinion a tas-

sel in the front would add greatly to the rich appearance of the book, and consequently be much approved of by Lady Juliana.

☞ *Friday*. A tall foreign gentleman brought, what he called a "tompting book,* to be bind in mine best morocco golded and ruled:"—this civil gentleman often called to see how I got on—was very sorry one day to see my Jack† make too free with his large powdered club, by untying the

*This was the identical temping Aldus which that arrant bibliomaniac *Count Reviczky* always carried in his pocket: at book-auctions he would oftentimes sily draw it out, and thereby seduce and ensnare young aspirants. *Nib. Bib.*

† Roger's favourite monkey.

Jack from his *nibbling* propensities doubtless was a bibliomaniac in his way. I have been credibly informed that he would often attentively pore over long primer, or large lower-case gothic, with peculiar gravity—who can say Jack was not duly qualified to be a M. N. C.? S.

ribbon, and daubing and greasing the gentleman's fine bottle-green coat all the way down, and making a sad dust in my workshop.

Jack had likely been *nibbling* some time at the pomatum, as the gentlemen sat near his stall on the shelf, and was not seen by us—went down to my next door neighbour the barber—soon brushed up the gentleman, and put all to rights again.

¶ *Wednesday*. Took home the “trompting book”—the gentleman well pleased, paid for the binding 5s. 6d.—promised to be a good customer—hoped I had not *belaver'd* the monkey.



Monument
TO THE MEMORY
OF

Roger Payne

THE Bibliomaniacal Club has it in contemplation to erect a monument to the memory of Roger Payne, on the scite of the ancient *Taberna Literaria* (now the Mew's-Gate), where in modern times "honest Tom Payne" fixed his standard.

In the venerable and classic shed, still erect amid the levelling hand of

“modern improvement,” bibliomaniacal and bibliopegistic lectures are to be delivered by the associate elders, and where the future meetings of the Club will be holden. The first toast to be given by the president, at the next anniversary, will be drunk in *barley-broth*, in honour of Roger. A copy of the monumental tablet is to be exhibited to the members, with the following inscription:

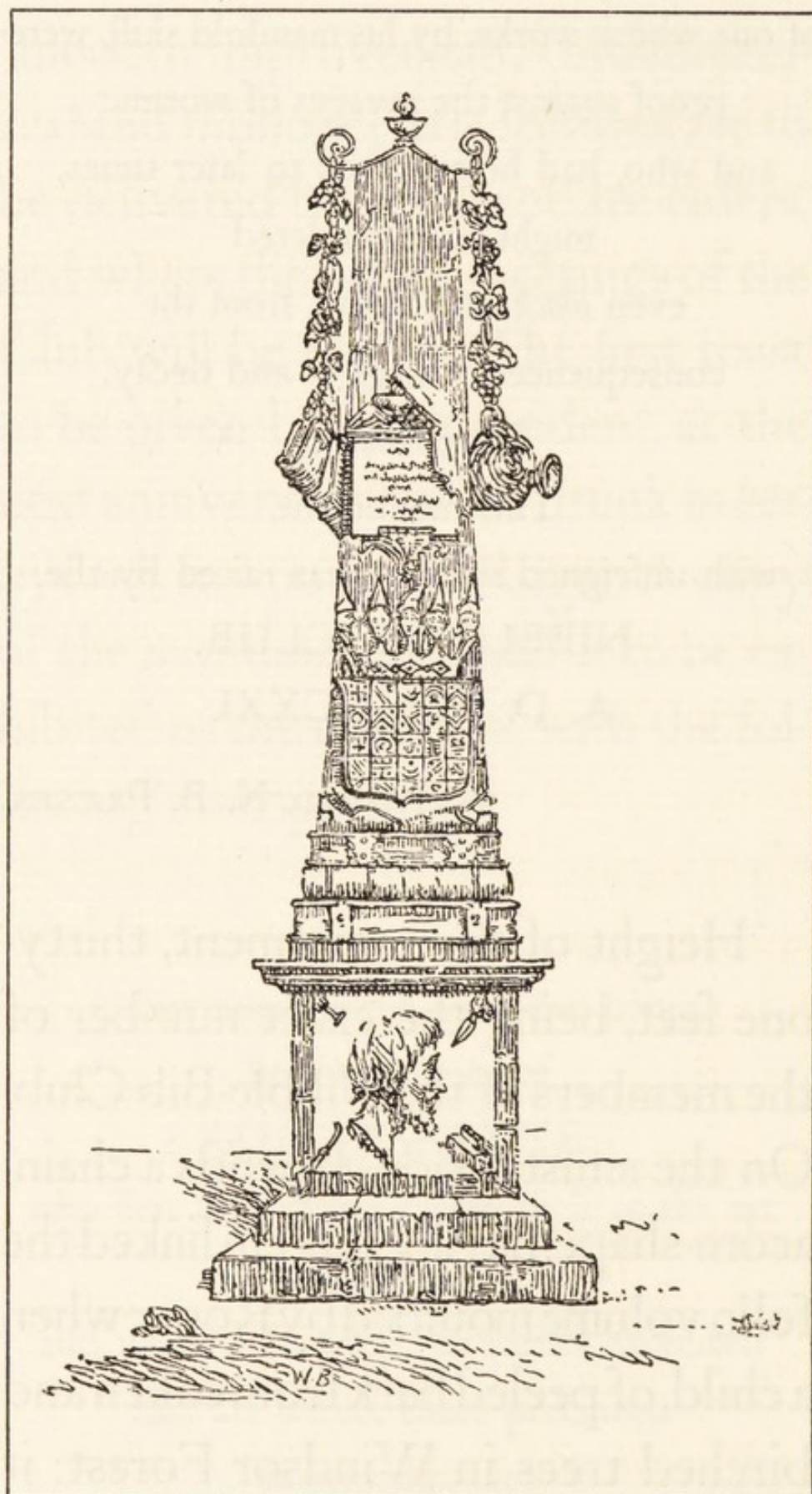
Underneath,
compressed within an oaken cover,
lie the remains of
ROGER PAYNE;
who first introduced a new style in the art
Bibliopegistic;
and who A. D. 1787, or earlier exercised
that art within these precincts.
In remembrance

of one whose works, by his manifold skill, were
proof against the ravages of worms;
and who, had he survived to later times,
might have rendered
even *black letter'd* lore, from the
consequences of neglect and decay,
Imperishable.

This monument,
with unfeigned sorrow, was raised by the
NIBBLE-BIB CLUB,
A. D. MDCCCXXI.

NATHANIEL N. B. PRÆSES.

Height of the monument, thirty-one feet, being the exact number of the members of the Nibble-Bib Club. On the sinister side depends a chain, acorn-shape, having therein linked the folio volume moulded by Roger when a child, of peeled bark from oaken and birched trees in Windsor Forest: it



is placed in a wooded surtout, carefully *glued*, and covered with lead in the form of the interior book; painted of a glowing scarlet, with imitation brass corners and clasps; the whole hermetically sealed, and locked with Bramah's best patent: and as secure as the books of *Homer*, deposited in olden time by *Alexander the Great*.

On the dexter side, also pending from a chain in the shape of vine-leaf tendrils, are two capacious *amphoræ*, inscribed in large German *black letter*, *Jusculum hordeaceum bis concoctum*, that is barley-broth twice brewed. Above the pedestal, or beating-stone, lie the following valuable works, "*The Cordyale*;" "*The Horse, the Sheepe and the Ghoos*;" "*A Tretyse of Love*," and "*History of Reynart the Foxe*," all by CAXTON,

and restored by the hands of the immortal Roger. Resting on these comely tomes appears the cote-armure of the Nibble-Bib Club, surmounted by an Earl's coronet; on the pyramidal points, for balls, are small bibliomaniacs' heads with calf-skin caps. On the base, in relief, is placed the head of Roger: the shears, the trenchant-blade, the press, and the stamping-iron, ornament the corners.

Behold, gentle reader, the monument here described in the preceding cut, drawn, with great precision, by that most able Artist, Mr. ———.

One hundred and seventy-five copies of this
edition have been printed on hand-made paper
of which this is No. 142









0/1-

9-10

