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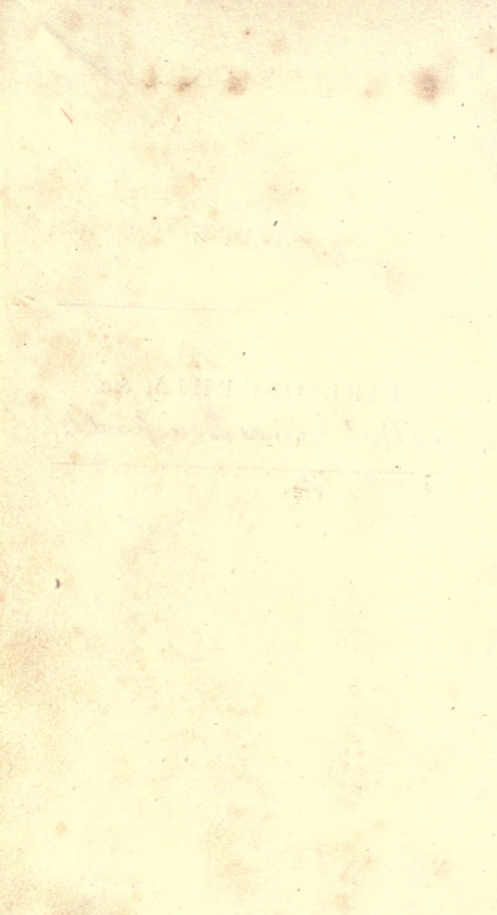


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BIBLIOSOPHIA, &c.

*By the Rev<sup>d</sup> James Beresford.*

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BIBLIOSOPHIA;

OR,

BOOK-WISDOM.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE  
PRIDE, PLEASURE, AND PRIVILEGES, OF THAT  
GLORIOUS VOCATION,  
BOOK-COLLECTING.

---

BY AN ASPIRANT.

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II.

THE TWELVE LABOURS OF  
AN EDITOR,

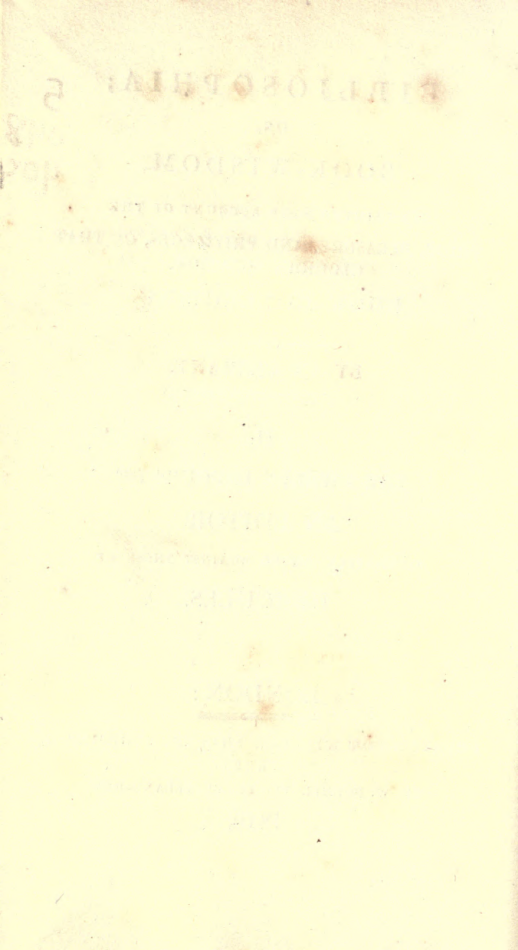
SEPARATELY PITTED AGAINST THOSE OF  
HERCULES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE-  
STREET.

BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1810.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE first of the two following Pieces contains a feeling Remonstrance against the *prose* work, lately published by the Reverend T. F. D. under the Title of

BIBLIOMANIA;

OR

BOOK - MADNESS.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE HISTORY, SYMPTOMS, AND CURE

OF THAT

FATAL DISEASE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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The list of the following titles con-  
tains a list of the titles of the books  
now in the hands of the Librarian  
of the University of Cambridge.

BIBLIOMANIA

OR

BOOK-MADNESS.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE HISTORY, SYMPTOMS, AND CURS

OF THAT

FATAL DISEASE.

## ADDRESS

FROM THE BOOK-COLLECTOR, TO THE  
BOOK-READER.

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Ye Pedants, burning to be known  
For literary blood, and bone,  
Though all your energies are shewn

In opening Authors, like dissectors,—  
Give room!—and, gulping your disgrace,  
Be taught to take the *second* place ;  
The *first* — I vaunt it to your face —

Belongs to . . . whom but US COLLECTORS ?

Book-worms, attend! — I'll make it good —  
(What Ye by halves have understood)—  
*Your* reading is unwholesome food,

And serves but to oppress the system :  
*Our* TITLE-PAGE is just enough ;—  
It does not starve— it does not stuff ;  
Presents the smooth, removes the rough,

And shews the fruits, where *you* have miss'd 'em.

Idolator of Greece, and Rome!  
 'That div'st into the deepening tome,  
 In quest of Sages far from home, - - -  
*Thou*, seeking others, drown'st thy self:—  
*Collectors* know a safer way;  
*We* skim the gulf in airy play,  
 And what we gather through the day,  
 Endangers nothing - - - but the shelf.

In pity of thy weary coil,  
 By morning dawn, and midnight oil,  
 I'll school thee how to cheat the toil,—  
 Blabbing the secrets of our Doing:—  
 FOUR RULES, AND FOUR!— *that* Spell contains  
 The mystery of our learned gains,—  
 The wealth, dis lumbered of the pains;—  
 Perpend the charmed words ensuing:

#### FIRST MAXIM.

Who slaves the monkish *Folio* through,  
 With lore, or science, in his view, —  
*Him* . . . Visions black, or Devils blue,  
 Shall haunt at his expiring taper:—  
 Yet, 'tis a weakness of the Wise,  
 To chuse the volume by the size,  
 And riot in the pond'rous prize, —  
 Dear *Copies* - - - “*printed on LARGE PAPER!*”

## SECOND MAXIM.

Who, with fantastic pruning-hook,  
*Dresses the borders* of his book,  
 Merely to ornament its look —

Amongst Philosophers a fop is:  
 What if, perchance, he thence discover  
 Facilities in turning over?  
 The *Virtuoso* is a Lover  
 Of coyer charms in “UNCUT COPIES.”

## THIRD MAXIM.

Who, swearing not a line to miss,  
 Doats on the leaf his fingers kiss,  
 Thanking the *Words* for all his bliss,—

Shall rue, at last, his passion frustrate:  
*We* love the page that draws its flavour  
 From Draftsman, Etcher, and Engraver,  
 And hint the Booby (by his favour)  
 His gloomy “*Copy*” to “ILLUSTRATE.”

## FOURTH MAXIM.

Who in *all* Copies finds delight—  
 The wrong not scenting from the right—  
 And, with a choiceless appetite,  
 Just comes to *feed*, . . . like Soph, or Templar,—  
 Out on his iron stomach! — *We*  
 Have rarities we merely see,  
 Nor *taste* our *Phoenix*, though it be . . .

Serv'd up in the “UNIQUE EXEMPLAR.”

## FIFTH MAXIM.

Who blindly take the Book display'd  
 By Pettifoggers in the Trade,  
 Nor ask of what the leaf was made,  
 That *seems* like *Paper*, — I can tell 'em,  
 That though 'tis possible to squint  
 Through any page with letters in't,  
 No Copy, though an Angel *print*,  
 Reads elegantly — but “ *on VELLUM.*”

## SIXTH MAXIM.

Who of *Editions* recks the least,  
 But, when that Hog, his Mind, would feast,  
 Fattens the intellectual Beast  
 With old, or new, without ambition, —  
 I'll teach the pig to soar on high,  
 (If pigs had pinions, by the bye); —  
 Howe'er the *last* may *satisfy*,  
 The *bonne bouche* is the “ *FIRST Edition.*”

## SEVENTH MAXIM.

Who dares to “ write me down an Ass,”  
 When, spying through the curious mass,  
 I rub my hands, and wipe my glass,  
 If, 'chance, an *Error* bless my notice, —  
 Will prize, when drill'd into his duty,  
 These lovely warts of ugly beauty;  
 For Books, when *false*, (it may be new t' ye,)  
 Are “ *TRUE Editions:*” — odd, - - but *so* 'tis.

## EIGHTH MAXIM.

Who dreams, the *Type* should please us all,  
That's not too thin, and not too tall,  
Nor much awry, nor over small,

And, if *but* ROMAN, asks no better - - -  
May die in darkness : — I, for one,  
Disdain to tell the barb'rous Hun,  
That Persians but adore the Sun,

Till taught to know *our* God . . . **Black Letter.**

LETTERS

Who knows the Year should please us all,  
 That's not too thin, and not too tall,  
 Not much awry, nor over small,  
 And, if the Roman, asks no better  
 May die in darkness: — I, for one,  
 Dadaim to tell the harp's tone,  
 That Persian but above the sun,  
 The light to show our God . . .  
 Black Letter.



# BIBLIOSOPHIA;

OR,

## BOOK-WISDOM.

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**BIBLIOMANIA**, Mr. D!— and is *this* the softest title which you can afford to the noble passion for literary accumulation — *that* passion, to which, throughout the very book in which it is thus stigmatized, you almost avow that you are, yourself, a voluntary, if not an exulting Victim?—But let me restrain the severity of reproach against one, who, whatever may have induced him to assume the guise of an enemy, has shewn himself so unwilling, or so unable, to conceal, that he is among the very warmest of our friends.—His enmity is, at worst, the enmity of a doating parent, towards the darling child

whom he gently tickles with those twigs, which he had prepared to exercise as a rod: —“ Bis conatus erat——bis patriæ cecidere manus.”

And *may* we hope that Mr. D. is really a friend to the pursuit which he has so treacherously treated as a *disease*?—which he would seem to represent as either originating in, or conducting to, the cells of Bedlam?—He is! He is!—Whence, on any other supposition, that fondly elaborate *catalogue* of the *catalogues*, which contain, and nourish, the very seeds of his pretended disease?—Why, else, that unwearied mention, and that ill-disguised admiration, of his more furious maniacs?—or why such ample, as well as minute, chronological details of those celebrated Libraries, which he denounces, at the same moment, as the very Pest-houses of literature?—Why, else, those tempting smiles of invitation, that flicker in his notes, and so sweetly disarm his text of its artificial, and reluctant frowns?—Why, else, in a word, is the great body of his work devoted to an enamouring display of the charms of that fatal disease, for which an handful of hopeless

nostrums are coldly held out, at the end of the volume, to Incurables of his own making? —As if *he*, any more than Ovid before him, could have sincerely entertained the wish, that his “*Remedium Amoris*” would ultimately operate a radical cure upon *him*, into whose hands he was delivering, in the same scroll, the most copious instructions “*De Arte Amandi*.”

In fine, then, boldly assuming it as proved, that our Author has been secretly labouring to stock with infection, the very regions which he was outwardly professing to fumigate, I shall openly congratulate Mr. D. upon his possession of the *true* literary taste, which he can no longer clandestinely enjoy.\*

\* I have thus stepped down from my text, for a few moments, for the purpose of intreating Mr. D. to accompany me into this private corner of the page, where I would say to him, in a low whisper — “To be sure, Sir, you have left us a little in the dark, as to the side you really mean to take between the two great parties of Book-hunters—*those who collect*, and *those who read*; and you may, perhaps, be regarded by the censorious, as a sort of literary Trimmer:—but, if you *are* a *Bat*, you have,

And now, before I enter into the minutiae of my business, let me indulge in a few prefatory and general commendations of that quality, or energy, or propensity, (I know not exactly how to denominate it,) which Mr. D. has been so cruelly pleased to malign, under the term, "*Bibliomania*."

I will begin, by designating the high, and dignified passion in question, by its true name — BIBLIOSOPHIA, — which I would define — *an appetite for COLLECTING Books, — care.*

on other occasions, as distinctly shewn the reading half of your partisans, that you can fly, as you have now convinced the collecting half, that you can creep. Even *I*, if I could find it in my heart to say any thing favorable on the wrong side of the question, am strongly tempted to squeeze out a compliment to your late Edition of the "*Utopia*." — But, whatever *I* may say, or not say, the *Student* will certainly consider it as affording sufficient evidence that, whatever it may best please you to hear yourself called, you well know how to read, what you may have laboriously collected; and, what is more still, that you have the rare faculty of skilfully imparting to others, the pleasure, and benefit, of your own studies.

*fully distinguished from, wholly unconnected with, nay absolutely repugnant to, all idea of* READING *them.*

Observe, then, with merited admiration, the several points of superiority, which distinguish the *Collector*, when brought into fair, and close comparison with the *Student*. As

First; the said *Collector* proceeds straight forward to his object, and, (with one only exception, which will hereafter be shewn,) under the most rational hopes of accomplishing it. There is but a certain, and limited, number of books, to which he, and his inquisitive fraternity, have agreed to consecrate the epithet "curious;" and all of these, — with the requisite allowance of cash, cunning, luck, patience, and time,—he is within the "potentiality" of drawing, sooner, or later, within his clutches:—whereas, the *Student*, granting him the wealth of a brewer, the cunning of a horse-dealer, the luck of a fool, the patience of Jerry Sneak, and the longevity of the Wandering Jew, can never hope even to *taste* an hundredth part of the volumes which he meditates to devour.

In the next place, the treasures of the

*Collector*, when once he has submitted to the pleasing toil of procuring them, are his own ; —his own, I mean, in the single sense in which he is desirous so to call them ; for he leaves them in the safe custody of his shelves, until the arrival of that proud moment, when he shall be dared by an envious rival, to prove that the Title-page of some forgotten (and thence remembered) volume, is perfect - - - or properly imperfect ; or that it enjoys the reputation of having been printed, long before the Art had approached towards any tolerable degree of improvement ; or, that it possesses some one, or more, of those curious advantages, upon which a fitter occasion for expatiating, will present itself by and bye :—and now, how stands the point of *possession*, with the *Student* ? — unprosperously indeed !—for, besides that, as already observed, he can never possibly possess, in *his* sense of that expression, more than a wretched modicum of his coveted treasures, he is doomed to a very precarious property even in those which he may have actually hoarded ; in as much as they are entrusted to the care of that most treacherous of all Librarians, *Memory*,—

which, at all times, and of necessity, treats the *Student's* collections, as the professed *Collector*, occasionally, and by choice only, is tempted to treat *his*,—by casting out a great part of them for want of room.

The mention of *Memory* directly leads to another advantage on the side of the *Collector*; viz. that this faculty, on his part, is wholly exercised upon what is delightfully easy of retention, when compared with the more burthensome recollections, which embarrass his opponent;—two or three words of title, for instance, instead of two or three thousand thoughts;—a Printer's name, instead of a Philosopher's System;—the chronology of an old Historian, with a single reference to the course of the editions, or of the hands, through which the Chronicle has passed;—and so in a multitude of other similar cases.

To proceed: the *Collector*, if liberally communicative of his volumes to those who *use* them, as it is called, (as if there were *no use* in possessing what one longs for!) has the generous consciousness that he is wasting his life, and fortune, in the accumulation of those materials, of which the *use*, in the above inso-

lent sense of the word, is exclusively enjoyed by the less opulent Student, to whom he makes them accessible; and whose poverty thus reduces him to the mortified state of a pensioner, while the other is revelling in the angelic delights of a benefactor!

Lastly; the personal labour of gathering his volumes, which I have supposed the Collector to undergo, was conceded *ex abundantia*; for it is fully at his option to avoid it; and this without any sacrifice of those distinctions, which grace the name, and rights, of a Proprietary. The self-indulging Purchaser, who may consider even an unique, uncut Copy of *Purchas's Pilgrimage* as dear at the price of a short walk, though cheaper than dirt at that of 50 guineas, or who may happen to prefer the atmosphere of his own parlour, to that of a crowded sale-room, has merely to hire the nod of a deputy, or the hammer, and even the judgment, of the Auctioneer, — and the choicest flowers of the choicest Collections shall seem to shoot spontaneously from the shelves of the unconscious bidder. — Here, then, is at length discovered, in favour of the *Collector*, what has hitherto been re-



garded as the despair of learning——“ a royal road to Mathematics,” and to every other region of knowledge, human and divine: —From this Prince of the *Library*, I turn with compassion to the pallid, emaciated, Hypochondriac of the *Study*,—condemned to earn his laurels, by the sweat of *his own* brow, and to travel,—often without a guide, and always without a “ Deputy,”—over every inch of territory, which he aspires to conquer.—— “ Let us now be told no more,” of the superiority of the *Student* over the *Collector*.

In all my past allusions to the Museums of literary curiosities, I have thought principally of those well-stricken volumes, which pass under the familiar name of *Old Books*.—— But, although the worm-holes of oak-bound, and brazen-clasped antiquity, so justly sanctify the tome in the eyes of our virtuoso, and procure it a lodgement in the most hallowed recesses of the shrine,——yet is the magnificence of the *modern* press admitted by every impartial Collector, to its inferior share of his veneration. But, the distinction between *Buyer*, and *Reader*, is as strictly observed in this, as in the former case. Both inspect the costly

volume,—but with widely differing purposes, and satisfactions. While the plodding votary of *meaning*, is anxiously enquiring out the sense of the Oracle, his fellow-worshipper, remembering that our *eyes* were not given for nothing, is entranced in admiration of the stately form, or gorgeous vestment, of the Priest that utters it:—in plainer terms, he stands exploring, without end, the type, of jetty black, and dazzling cut, that seems to float amidst a satin sea of cream — (it is impossible to be watching after one's metaphors on such inspiring occasions)—roves, in gazing ecstasy, from page to page, till here and there arrested by the choice vignette, or richly tintured plate: at length, “*lassatus, necdum satiat*” with the beauties of the interior, he reverently closes the superbly plated leaves; and, turning to the sumptuous, silk-lined cover, marvels as he views the verdant, red, or purple, pride of Russia, Turkey, or Morocco, glittering, in every part, with the mazy flourishes of golden decoration!—“*Mirror, immò etiam stupeo!*” is the language of his heart,—if it cannot be of his tongue.

In one of those bursts of enthusiasm which

I have, myself, been accustomed to indulge, among these later wonders of the press, an idea flashed upon my fancy, (and I have since been feeding it into a blaze,) that I might electrify the world by exhibiting such a pageant of typographical splendour, as should throw all rival enterprizes, past, coeval, or to come, into the shade.

As it will necessarily be very long, before a project, of peerless grandeur, and extent, can be ready to march into execution, I can, at present, indulge the public no further, than by offering a transitory glimpse of its more prominent features to their admiration.— To this partial display I will immediately proceed.

In order that the delight, and astonishment, of the Spectators, may not be diverted from their proper channels, I have chosen for the basis of my edifice, a work which shall not *too* forcibly appeal to the *understanding*. And yet, if, on the one hand, the work in question should fail of elevating this noble faculty to the sublimest altitudes of which it may be capable, it is, on the other, a performance of such great celebrity, and has so long, and so

powerfully, swayed the passions of a very numerous, and interesting class of human beings, as effectually to preclude all possible danger of contempt. It is, in short, **THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, THE GREAT.**

In the prosecution of the magnificent object here promulgated, I cannot for a moment, allow myself to despair of encouragement literally without bounds; and in that undoubting confidence, shall submit to universal notice the following

#### PROPOSALS.

1st. With respect to **THE TYPE**,—in order to embrace the fullest advantage of competition, where the object is so highly momentous,—as well as to secure all conceivable perfection to this great branch of the design,—Messrs. **BULMER, BENSLEY, and BALLANTYNE**, will severally receive a requisition to task their founts in the rival construction of **A LETTER**, which shall be, if possible, worthy of its destination;—and He whose effort shall be pronounced victorious, by a body of infallible Inspectors, who will be convened as Umpires, shall be **THE PRINTER.**

2. The smaller, and less valuable Copies of the work will be taken off on Imperial, Super-royal, Atlas, or Columbia, papers. With respect to those

of higher value, and account, Mr. Fourdrinier, who has recently signalized himself by an engagement to manufacture paper of unlimited dimensions, as well as superlative quality, will be employed in creating sheets, of which the magnitude will remain at the discretion of the contending subscribers ;—with this solitary restriction, that one Exemplar, of ten feet in height, by six in breadth, will be reserved for the presumed commands of every Crown in Europe ; and, to secure characteristic superiority to these august Copies, it will be expected of every inferior competitor, that he restrain the measurement of his paper within the above maximum of bulk.

3. A very bounded number of impressions will be pulled away ON VELLUM ;—and here, the Publisher has deeply to regret, that Nature should have circumscribed the growth of the animal who furnishes that material, so much within the limits of his ambition with respect to *size* :—thus baffled in a most concerning particular, yet still disdaining to be disconsolate, he will dedicate his highest powers, with only the more ardent assiduity, to unheard-of excellence in the *quality* of the article. With this determination, he has already become the Purchaser, at an incalculable expense, of a breed of *Calves*, most anxiously selected from the stock of the late Mr. Bakewell ; and the surviving

feeders of that super-eminent Grazier, to whom this precious trust is committed, are instructed to regulate the nourishment, and habits, of the creature, with an undeviating, and paramount regard to the interests of the HIDE.

4. With respect to the *cost* of such inestimable things as the Publisher has had the honour of announcing, he is far more apprehensive of wounding the feelings of his Subscribers, by seeming to suspect their readiness to lay down their hundreds, and even thousands, for a single volume, than he is of drawing down discouragement upon his "Magnum Opus" by confessing that his price will unquestionably be found to emulate the magnificence of his Proposals. He has, therefore, only to solicit, at the present immature period of his project, that his Subscribers would restrain their impatience to outvie each other in the reach of their liberality, until his further advancement in that project, shall bring the princely disbursements which are hourly gathering around it, within the sphere of probable calculation.

Deferring less important details, till a riper moment for their disclosure, he impatiently proceeds to those branches of his daring speculation, in which, as an Englishman, consumed by the flames of his patriotism, he most proudly glories. To the splendour of paper, and of vellum, and to the seducements

of typography, will be superadded the classical, and still more potent auxiliaries of the pencil, and the graver; of which the former will have to boast that it has laid the perennial foundation of the

### TOM THUMB GALLERY,

a Structure, destined to be erected on the most imposing among the hitherto unoccupied seats of the Metropolis. The Painters who will immortalize the Undertaking, and themselves, by their consensaneous efforts on this awakening occasion, have not, as yet, received the outward formality of an application:—but it is not difficult to predict, with how little *resistance* that application is likely to be encountered. Assuming, then, with no hesitation, both the exulting assent of this enlightened Body in the general enterprize, and the prompt acquiescence of each individual in the particular task which I have already presumed to assign to him, I shall confidently speak, in the future tense, of the several subjects on which they will, respectively, have to compete, in this most glorious field of adventure.

A COLOSSAL STATUE OF TOM THUMB, of precisely equal bulk with that of the Farnesian Hercules at the Royal Academy, and intended, in like manner, to front the spectator, on his entrance to the Saloon of the TOM THUMB GALLERY, is destined to pro-

duce upon the general eye, and mind, impressions at least as awful, and petrific, as those which overpower us on our approach to that Stupendous Image of the Demigod of Greece. — WHAT CHISSEL will be canonized for the fabrication of this figure, is a question, of which a long and studious pre-consideration must hold Messrs. Flaxman, Rossi, Nollekens, Westmacott, and Bacon, in a state of the most tremulous suspense.

#### SUBJECT I.

This will be the celebrated, and truly calamitous *immersion of our Hero in the hasty pudding*—An event which will equally, and liberally, call into exertion the tender feelings, and tasteful execution, of MR. THOMPSON, whose qualifications for the treatment of such a subject, have been repeatedly, and amply, attested by his interesting representations of puerile forms.—To the inimitable WILKIE will be given, on the same canvas, the venerably rural figure of *Mrs. Thumb*, to be shewn under the maternal anxiety which must have been elicited on this moving occasion: the same hand will scatter, in picturesque confusion, the homely, but interesting utensils of the cottage, which was the scene of the catastrophe.—Mr. W. will excuse me for slightly hinting, that the public sentiment would probably



feel itself wounded, should he allow any indulgence whatever to his comic powers, on a subject of such unmingled sadness.

#### SUBJECT II.

We shall here be invited to vent our sensibilities on the second great affliction, in the earthly course of Tom Thumb; when, through the censurable negligence of his mother, he was inadvertently *drawn by the tongue of a cow, together with the dock-leaf in which he was enveloped, into her body.*—The animal, at this tragical moment, will appropriately call forth the vaccine capabilities of MR. WM. WARD.—The Hero himself, is, by the circumstances, to be represented as *invisible*—if this paradox of the pencil should happen not to defy the omnipotence of Art.

#### SUBJECT III.

*The Raven flying away with Tom Thumb.*—MR. NORTHCOTE, whose eminently spirited representations of the feathered race confers additional lustre even on his historical canvas, will here enjoy a proud opportunity of concentrating his versatile powers in one unique association of *Bird and Man.*

#### SUBJECT IV.

The Publisher is forward in becoming a guarantee for the avidity with which MR. LAWRENCE will

devote himself to the *Giant Grumbo*, in the horrible act of swallowing the orts of the cow, in the person of our Lilliputian Worthy. Mr. L. by his celebrated portrait of Satan, upon the noblest scale, has given an over-sufficient pledge of the peculiar adaptation of his powers to this gigantic subject; in his management of which, he will, doubtless, remove whatever regret we may, at present, feel, that it cannot exercise the pictorial prowess of *Michael Angelo*.

#### SUBJECT V.

*Tom Thumb, erected on the hand of King Arthur on horse-back.*—This striking scene will jointly employ the geniuses of Messrs. WEST, SARTORIUS, and ENGLEHEART:—the first gentleman to work upon the figure of the *Monarch*, a task for which he is more especially qualified, as having been so frequently distinguished by a similarly honourable employment at home;—the second, to exert himself on the *horse* of the Sovereign; and the third, on the *smaller of the united heroes*. This splendid piece will thus exhibit, what has never been before displayed, or attempted, a choice, captivating, and surprizing incorporation of the province miniature, with two rival departments of the pencil.

#### SUBJECT VI.

*Tom Thumb, at the cruel instant of becoming the*

victim of "a large Fish," will task the highest capacities of Mr. HEAPHY, who is already immortalized by his mackarel; and who, it is hoped, will, on this occasion, repeat a brilliant specimen of his favorite fish, which, although not strictly deserving to be considered as "large," may, yet, with reference to the minute proportions of its supposed prey, be indulgently allowed that epithet.—MR. POCKOCK will furnish the canvas with proper water, and will be earnestly solicited to visit the coast, for the express purpose of carefully studying the waves, as they are agitated by the gambols of a porpoise.

## SUBJECT VII.

*Tom Thumb engaged in the Tilts and Tournaments, at the Court of King Arthur.*—This magnificent subject falls, of itself, into the hands of MR. STOTHARD, whose accurate knowledge of costume, and the due arrangement of cavalcades, are so luminously set forth in his grand representation of *the progress of Chaucer's pilgrims to Canterbury*.

## SUBJECT VIII.

Tom Thumb, at the remarkable crisis of *springing down the throat of the Miller.*—MR. SMIRKE has abundantly evidenced, by his happy personification

of certain scenes, and characters, from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and from Gil Blas, that if, with becoming reverence towards our Hero, he can compel himself to draw, with discreet moderation, from the overflowing treasury of his fancy, he will present this unusual event to our eyes, in all its serio-comical richness.

#### SUBJECT IX.

*Tom Thumb's Battle with the Cat*, may be expected to be as triumphantly fought by the hand of the Artist last named, as it once was by that of the Hero himself.

#### SUBJECT X.

*Tom Thumb, supposed to have recently quitted the shelter of a snail-shell, mounting on the dangerous back of a butterfly.*—The eye of every Subscriber will here be instinctively turned upon MR. FUSELI, the enlightened delirium of whose pencil will revel over a field, comprehending in a single composition, a congenial assemblage of all that is wildly tiny, preternaturally quaint, and fantastically dire.\*

\* It is hoped, and believed, that the various excellent Artists above enumerated, and who are introduced expressly *because* they are greatly and deservedly celebrated, will at once perceive, that a distinguished compliment is *sincerely* intended, by the Author, in the use which he has made of their respective names.

The foregoing Performances will ultimately animate the copper-plates of those greater Luminaries of the *Burin*, whose names will hereafter be confronted with the subjects allotted to the genius of their respective tools.

MR. MARCHANT, "*Principal seal-engraver to his Majesty, and Sculptor of Gems to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales,*" will elaborate, in his most exquisite manner, A SEAL, representing *Tom Thumb in his chariot and six . . . . mice*. This GEM, will be presented to the fortunate finger, which shall be judged by an unconcerned council of Artists, to have produced the painting most worthy of the Hero to be celebrated, as well as of the splendour of this grand national Undertaking.

Leaving *such* a Project as that which I have now brought before the Public, to sound its own recommendations, I shall simply add, that more will be communicated, as its further advancement, aided by the expected influx of patronage, shall enable me to quiet the more boisterous clamours of curiosity, with fresh intelligence.

In the mean time, I proceed to fulfil my immediate engagements, as a *Writer*.

During the meditation in which I have just been buried, respecting the matter, and order, of my future observations, my eye was fortunately saluted by that page of Mr. D's. performance, in which he has most luminously arranged the ravings of his maniacs—or, in his own words, "*the Symptoms of the Disease,*" to which, after Dr. Ferriar, he has given the opprobrious name of BIBLIOMANIA. These symptoms, which he would have us believe that he regards as terrible, and as calling upon the Philanthrope to counteract their balefulness, I shall, on the direct contrary, consider as the very evidences for their sanity—I should rather have said, for their wisdom.—His Symptoms, aforesaid, are *eight* in number, and are thus exhibited:—"Symptoms of this disease," says Mr. D. "are instantly known by a *passion for*

- I. Large-Paper Copies.
- II. Uncut Copies.
- III. Illustrated Copies.
- IV. Unique Copies.
- V. Copies printed upon Vellum.

VI. First Editions.

VII. True Editions.

VIII. *A general Desire for the black letter.\**

These symptoms, or passions, which are enumerated by Mr. D. with a seeming mixture of censure, and commiseration, I shall now proceed to examine, severally, as they stand; and I despair not of irrefragably convincing every unbiassed understanding, that, under the above heads, are enumerated the highest prizes which Literature can propose to the ambition of her Children.—To begin, then, with

### LARGE-PAPER COPIES.

In treating of this first symptom, it might, perhaps, be sufficient, to ask whether we live

\* Mr. D. has contrived to indicate, in a very remarkable manner, the inveterate, and complicated strength of this last symptom; for, (as the reader, by attending to the construction of his words, will plainly perceive,) he describes the unhappy patient as influenced, not merely by “a general desire for the black letter,” but, by “*a passion for a general desire for the black letter!*” so dreadful an exacerbation of the disease as this is, must indeed be hopeless!

not in a world, wherein the proudest and most coveted distinction, is that of *wealth*, including the envied power of openly displaying it?— Now, who but the wealthy can presume to *touch* the LARGE-PAPER COPY?— So well aware, indeed, are Publishers, and Booksellers, of the value set by opulent Collectors on the privilege of paying an high price for excellence and rarity combined, that they good-naturedly run into *indulgence* towards these favoured Purchasers, by demanding for the Impression on *Large Paper*, a sum even *fancifully* over-proportioned to the intrinsic difference in worth, between that, and the *smaller* copy: and this indulgence has become a subject of bitter envy, and heart-burning, to the indigent book-collector, who is compelled to swallow the mortification of possessing the said small copy, at no more than its real value!—What consolation does it afford to *him*, as he carries away his diminutive impression, that the type,—and still less that the words and thoughts, are the same in *his* volume, and in that of his wealthy concurrent?

There is one circumstance relating to this point, which must by no means be forgotten;



I mean, the late, and still increasing advance on the *price of paper* — a source of expense which cannot fail of heightening the avidity, as well as flattering the pocket-pride, of the candidate for preposterous paper.

So much for the interest of *the Rich* in these stupendous Copies;—but their advantages end not here;—I have been credibly assured that there are actually now in existence, Book-collectors, who occasionally commit their thoughts to the margins of their volumes:—supposing, then, that such instances might be produced, shall the “ocean of margin” by which these copies are distinguished, be considered as nothing?—affording, as they do, a space of such extent, that, supposing them to be *filled* with the manuscript reflections of their owner, even in a spreading hand, the words of the commentary would very greatly out-number those of the text:—now, what reasonable man, with the fever of remark upon him, will permit himself to carp at that text, for shrinking so modestly into the centre, while, by so doing, it leaves such a desert of elbow-room for annotation?

In passing to the conclusion of this article,

I will barely *graze* one very obvious, yet very important consideration, serving to magnify the merit of LARGE-PAPER Copies, — viz. that, by this contrivance, the dwarf duodecimo can be erected, at pleasure, into the well-grown quarto; and the well-grown quarto, in its turn, into the gigantic folio; by which means, rank, and precedence, may be, at once, conferred upon the plebeian writer, who thus unexpectedly finds himself reposing upon a shelf of honour, by the side of his natural superiors—“*Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua.*”

After the foregoing tribute of respect to these bibliothecarian Patagonians, it would be insulting them to mention, in the same breath, certain *other* Copies, distantly related to them, which, by a sort of Irish courtesy, have received the Title of TALL Copies—although, in truth, they are actually no better, nor other, than SHORT Copies,—nay, Short Copies, which have been cut *still shorter*,—but only (through the humanity of the Binder, we will suppose) *not much shorter*! \*—After this, we may next

\* “Analagous to Large-Paper Copies,” says Mr.

expect to hear of **HEAVY guineas**, to be emphatically so called, because they have not been sweated into *immoderate lightness*. — To say the truth, I am a little vexed with my friends on this occasion, and take some credit to myself for my candour, and impartiality, in thus openly confessing it.

### UNCUT COPIES.

The honest avowal which appears in my Title-page, that I am but an “Aspirant” to the higher honours of a Collector, includes, of course, a further confession, that I am not *yet* privileged to penetrate into *all* “the secrets of his Doing.” The present article finds me in this humiliating state of ignorance.—Since, however, I am not forbidden to indulge conjecture, when certainty is hung out of my reach, I shall respectfully exercise this right, with regard to the special distinctions, and advantages, pertaining to **UNCUT COPIES**.

D. “are *Tall Copies*; that is, Copies of the work published on the *ordinary sized* paper, and *not much cut down by the binder*.”

I, at first, inclined to the supposal, that where the Binder is thus restrained from the use of his cutter, the prohibition is bottomed in a principle of economy:—but I was presently driven from this hypothesis, by the recollection of that boundless, and magnificent scorn of expense, by which the conduct of the Collector, in every other instance, is so eminently signalized.

But, although I am thrown out in my first supposition, I flatter myself that I shall be applauded for happier sagacity, in my two remaining surmises.

First, then, it is to be remembered, that such books only as have received the awful stamp of Time, are predestinated to remain *Uncut*; and the Collector, by leaving the edges of such a volume for ever horrent, and hirsute, may purpose to maintain (in the language of the painter,) a judicious *keeping* between the rudeness of the age in which the book was born, and that of its external appearance;—as, who would suffer the reverend mazard of a mummy to be desecrated by the barbarous hand of a modern tonsor?—Such is the first of my two favorite conjectures; but,

whatever be the fate of *this*, the *next* may be safely rested on as infallible:—

I fear not to pronounce, then, that the governing motive of the *Collector*, in saving his *Copy uncut*, is one which has been noticed on other occasions, as ever present to his mind—that of strongly discriminating his own “pursuits of literature,” from those of the *Student*, who invariably discovers a strange partiality for *CUT copies*. The former, by preserving perpetually inviolate the comfortless, and embarrassing roughness of the edges, (a torment which has been unaccountably overlooked by Messrs. Testy and Sensitive, among the “miserics” of the *Reader*;) significantly notifies, that his attachment to the volume is carefully, and effectually purified, from all that relates to its *interior*.

Thus confidently taking it for granted, that the leading allurements of his *rough-edged Copy*, in the eyes of the *Collector*, resides in the impediment with which it harasses the *Book-worm*, who may chance to meddle with it,—I feel myself irresistibly impelled to unveil before the world a most horrible imagination, which has just presented itself

to my thoughts, on the subject of these **UNCUT COPIES**.

Let us conceive, then, (as far as it is possible to conceive it,) what would be the sensations of a zealous Worshipper of **UNCUT COPIES**, if, on repairing, in the exultation of his Soul, to that shelf, which, but a week before, had had the honour of sustaining a lengthened line of the *raw* literature in question, he should find that some officious Goth, assuming the name of a friend, and plotting an agreeable surprize, had been secretly clawing away every volume of them to the Binder; who is found, by the distracted Collector, in the act of briskly setting them up in their places,—the once precious ruggedness of their edges *now* sprucely trimmed, and shaven away,—and those intractable leaves which had teized the impatient and impertinent finger of curiosity, from age to age - - - suddenly butchered out of their reserve,—and then, after so unparalleled an act of violation, turned loose upon the world, and, all at once, become as free, common, and accessible, as . . . . the Coffee-house volumes of a News-paper!

But let me look away from the “air-drawn

“dagger,” with which I know not why I have thus unnecessarily appalled myself, and others, —and rush at once to the *last* circumstance which confers upon the copy of which we are now treating, a proud superiority over every other:—this circumstance is, that, if the present rational rage for the *unclipped volume* should, unhappily, ever come to subside, it will be, at all times, in the option of its possessor, to convert it, in a second of time, into a CUT COPY—while the *contrary* transformation must for ever mock the hopes of the SMOOTH-EDGED *Exemplar*. — Concluding, however, more honourably for the Collector, that he is far too constant an admirer, to be capable of thus jilting his literary sweethearts, and, consequently, that the UNCUT COPY will never be *shorn* of its beauties, I will finish by observing upon a singular, and, even contradictory pre-eminence, belonging to the *Copy* in question — viz. that its owner, by simply saving himself the expense of causing it to be *cut*, is doubling, quadrupling, perhaps centupling, its marketable value; which is obviously increasing with the length of time

during which it has escaped the ever-impending profanation of the knife.

### ILLUSTRATED COPIES.

The very sight, and sound, of these two cabalistic words, prescribe a reverential pause, both to the Writer, and the Reader. We are now suddenly led into *the Presence*! — This is the *Majesty* of the Press, as in BLACK-LETTER we shall behold its *Deity*:—let us bend before it, arrayed, as it is, in all the pride, and pomp, of its regalia! — The ILLUSTRATED COPY exhibits a dazzling constellation of all the glories which I have already attempted to display in other instances—with an additional burst of splendour, from the graver and the needle! — Here, the Type-fount, and the Copper-plate, are beheld in a constant, though amicable, contest. Page, and plate — page, and plate—page, and plate, keep on together, in wedded harmony, (“*concordia discors*”) through a lengthening career of delight! — Shades of Shakspeare, Clarendon, Granger, Chatterton!—is it counted among your post-humous felicities to behold the wreaths of



ILLUSTRATION which have recently been woven around your literary remains?—Let the departed Author of these immortal volumes but speak, or motion, through the medium of the press, — and, in an instant, like Aladdin, unconsciously gifted with the wonderful Lamp, he starts at the sudden appearance of the *Graphic Genius* at his side, obediently conjuring between the leaves the form of man, or mansion, beast, or reptile, answering, as it were, in person, to the thought of him who named it! — Let the Historian but obliquely allude to a long-forgotten Name,—and, with stupendous alacrity, the POWER of ILLUSTRATION has dragged the world of curiosity for every *effigies*, genuine, or spurious, by every graver, of every age, from every country, in every degree of excellence, and in every stage of preservation, down to the last dregs of ruin:—*Io triumphe!*—*there* they are, and *in* they shoal, upon the groaning, bursting volume!—Let the writer but have innocently hinted that his Hero, or his Hero's cousin, had a house to live in, — and, while the press is working the intelligence, representation upon representation of the last rafter of every

dwelling, suspected to have been *once visited* by either, is ready to push into its place! — Did an illustrious (and accordingly illustrated) Personage, ever sit down?—*there* is his chair, —or, at least, a leg of it.—Did he ever write? —*There* are his pot-hooks, and hangers. — Did he, like a late venerable Prelate, occasionally relax from the toils of study, by watching the drolleries of his kitten?—*There* is Puss.—

But, of commemorating that scrupulous minuteness of homage which is offered by the Illustrator to his Author, there would be no end.—To estimate as it deserves, the value of the etched, or stippled information, thus benevolently poured upon us, let us only observe our own emotions, when we pass from *such* a volume as I have been faintly describing, to the common work, as it crudely comes to us from the general shelf.—What poverty! what nakedness! what baldness! — The traveller who passes, *de suite*, from the plains of Arabia Felix, to the sands of Arabia Deserta, can, alone, *illustrate* such a contrast. The yawnings, the stretchings of disgust!—the mountain of ennui under which we labour, as we

languidly turn from one sterile page to another, with the ever-baffled hope of treating the *eye* with at least one solitary morsel, as a short relief from the tedious, cloying surfeit of the *mind*! — We moil through the lucubrations of the Philosopher; — but where is that lively, and faithful image of his *beard*, or his *night-cap*, which, in the leaf of illustration, imparted such a zest to his lessons? — We follow the Warrior to the field; — to what purpose, while we have to *fancy* all his exploits, and, so far from contemplating the array of his battle, are not even solaced with the cut of his spur, or a pleasing *likeness of the bullet with which he was killed*. — Is it enough for the Historiographer to inform us that *some* of the nostril of a Generalissimo had been hacked off by a broad-sword, and so leave us to piece out the rest of it for ourselves, without even an authentic out-line of the stray scrap, accompanied by a diagram, with proper figures of reference, enabling us to dove-tail it, in idea, to the “sympathetic snout?” — Happily for the present generation, we now know, or are in the way to know, all that related, however faintly, to our Fore-fathers: — thanks to the

“Draftsman, Etcher, and Engraver,” even the most trivial appendages of their persons are laid before us: their tobacco-stoppers are no longer left to our imaginations; — their scratch-backs, tooth-picks, and tongue-scrappers, are safe in our memories; — their very turn-spits will never die:—and all this at the fiat of ILLUSTRATION!

It is difficult, and painful, for an ardent mind, with a glorious subject in hand, to descend into sobriety. But I am unwilling to leave unsaid, though in an humbler style, whatever may, in any degree, conduce to the honour, or augment the value, of such an “Arabian Bird,” as an ILLUSTRATED COPY. I shall, therefore, beg leave additionally to offer it the following detached tributes of applause.

My first remark shall be, that at a period when daily improving methods are devised for the instruction of children, a description of books more admirably adapted to their use, than that which I am now celebrating, can scarcely be figured in the mind; and when it is recollected that such writers as Watts, and Roscoe, have considered their abilities as

worthily employed in stooping to the weakness of childhood, I shall not, I trust, offend our *Copy-holder* by the suggestion.—If the Student in petticoats be successfully decoyed into literary pursuits, by the “pretty pictures” that smile through the frowns of his horn-book;—if the toddling scholar so eagerly employ its mind, and its mouth, at the same moment, upon the toothsome capitals which it nibbles off from its “Copy” of that gingerbread Edition of the A. B. C. which is baked for its benefit; how shall we doubt of the rapid improvement in historical, and other branches of knowledge, which would ensue, if an illustrated Granger, or Clarendon, were placed in its hands—or rather, propped against its cradle?—

Passing, in the next place, to certain *other* Children, the growth of whose limbs has considerably outstripped that of their intellects—who no longer draw a batch of education from the oven, and have entirely done with getting their cakes by heart, and then making a luncheon of their libraries,—how, let me ask, can *they* be more delightfully drawn to taste the writings, or emulate the achievements,

of Great Men, than by seeing these records confronted, on the opposite leaf, with the well-attested noses, jaws, ears, &c. or even with the caxons, and tweazer-cases, of these Godlike characters?—And if, after all their endeavours, they should still be obstinately indifferent to the plain pudding of the *page*, they can but turn, at last, to the opposite side, and feast on the plumb pudding on their *plates*.

But to return to the distinguished Possessor of these hallowed Copies,—or rather, more immediately, to their Constructor. *He* is a Collector indeed!—and this in a still more exalted sense than that under which we have hitherto employed the term: for, neglecting all that a sneering world may have chosen to term more useful, important, or honourable employments, with the patience of an - - - of a donkey, he consents, with the view of helping to celebrate the Great, and Good, to worm, and nuzzle, into every unthought-of recess of graphic litter;—moths, spiders, worms, and lizards, fly before him!—from the shop to the garret—  
—from the garret to the cellar—  
—from the cellar to the stall—in town—in country—and in country-town, he magnanimously scouts,

and rummages, for the last leavings of what *may* have been an head, to satisfy the patriotic cravings of his ravenous Repository. Should the orgies of his joy — the ecstatic *εὐφροσύνη*, which bursts from him at the sudden discovery of a treasure, encourage the wary vender to rise in his demands for the fragment, our impassioned Purchaser counts not by tens, or by hundreds, the guineas which he leaves in exchange; and bears away, at a leaping step, the tattered trophy of his lucky industry. — The fortune of his Youngest Child may suffer—but he has an *Albert Durer*, for which every other Illustrator has raked in every other sanctuary of rubbish -- all in vain!

His Philanthropy, however, is not dormant, even in the midst of his exultation; for he reflects that the sale of half a dozen etchings, at rates like these, are comfort and competence for life, to the pedling dealer, from amongst whose trash-holes the prizes had been grubbed.

Should it here be objected against the pursuits of the Illustrator, that they are interminable, since it is too much for the most fortunate forager to hope that he shall ultimately rally

together every head, or part of a head, that his occasions may require, — or seem to him to require, — I answer, so much the better : he feasts the longer upon the pleasures of expectation : — So directly is it the law of our very natures to trade upon hope, that complete fruition is downright bankruptcy. If then, I have happily proved, that it is the dearest interest of the Collector to be perpetually disappointed, he will surely thank me, with tears in his eyes, for the exhilarating prospect which I have held out to him, of fruitless labour for life. And fruitless (let me earnestly assure him for his consolation) it must necessarily be : for, what is the real, and definite extent of his desires, — or, at least, of his expectations ? — He knows it not himself ; nor is it, in truth, to be known. Having, with a noble wildness of ambition, left far behind him every recognised, and statutable rule, which formerly obtained in the common affair of ornamenting a book with plates, he is lost in the boundless uncertainty of his own wishes. In short, Sir, you may be considered, as a benighted Traveller ; — and by this image, I mean not to discourage you ; — quite otherwise, as my late



heartening discouragement will abundantly shew. I wish, merely as a matter of curious information, to shew you *why* you can never accomplish your object, upon your own excursive plan. You are quite conscious, without any occasion for being reminded of it by me, with what bias you peruse your *Granger*; (a particular instance is always clarifying;) — that you journey through him, line by line, and word by word, with a jealous watchfulness, altogether unknown to the mere reader for instruction. Your business is, if possible, to extract *something graphic* out of every sentence: — thus: — You find mention of a man; — if of a celebrated man, the better; if not, still of a man;

(————— “*rem*;

Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo, *rem*;) you proceed — a certain tree is noticed as having occasionally afforded shelter to your man: — a little further; — a magpie is reported to have haunted your tree: — enough for the present; you have taken in your lading of subjects for enquiry: your *Man*, obscure though he now be, may, once, have been

remarkable enough to set the engraver at work:—but his favorite *tree*?—it is not your fault that no representation of it has been discovered; for not a crevice of virtù has been left unsearched. Your Author, however, has fortunately been minute in his reference, and has dispatched you, with an Artist at your back, to the Shetland Isles, in one of which, the tree was perverse enough to grow; it is happily found, and accurately copied. The drawing is, in the next place, as carefully etched, as it was carefully sketched: it is modern, to be sure; but that objection is dazzled away, by the splendour of the means to which it owes its birth, and of which the full history is recorded by your own hand, in a MS. memorial behind. — But the *magpie*? — alas! alas! as the man, and the tree, flourished 750 years ago, the magpie *must* be no more; and - - - it never sat for its picture! But your principal security against the fear of ever arriving at the end of your task, is yet to come:—this lies in the last improvement which has been made upon the print-compelling system;—I speak of the new obligation which now lies heavily upon the shoulders

of every diligent illustrator—that of inoculating his tree with innumerable *slips*, not merely from the Engraver, but from the Printer, and even from the Penman.—What a glorious field of despair is here laid open to our hopes!—Eternity might do great things, there is no doubt; but my proselyte to the joys of uncertainty, (if I have been so lucky as to make one) may hug himself in the confidence that though his existence should be protracted to the last “syllable of recorded time,” he would have nothing to apprehend on the score of complete success, in *this* part of his undertaking: for, until he shall have had access to, and devoured with his eye, every line, of every page, of every book, in every language, of every library, public, and private, native, and foreign, as well as the contents of every shelf, closet, box, or stall, throughout the terraqueous globe—the cabin, and locker, of the voyager, from the Captain, and his passengers, down to the studious guinea pig, all included,—he will never be thunder-struck with the sudden discovery that he *has done*;—that not a sentence, or half-sentence, remains to be clipped from its native page, and

coaxed, or cramped, into subserviency to the calls of ILLUSTRATION.

With this most animating assurance, I leave him to revel undisturbed in the luxury I have laid out for him—consisting in the restless, and drudging prosecution of a darling object, altogether unalloyed by the dread of final success.

The reader will, assuredly, smile forgiveness on the vanity of a determined Illustrator, if he cannot take his leave of this article, without offering to notice a few precious morsels, now preparing for his own illustrated Copy of TOM THUMB; which, with all his boundless ardour of collection for an object so close to his heart, he still flatters himself will not transgress the limits of fifty Atlas Volumes.—

1st. By way of frontispiece, will be inserted an ETCHED THUMB, cut out of the only copy that was saved out of a whole impression (the rest having been consumed by fire) of a little collection of *Fabliaux*, ornamented by the hand of Hollar; there being many cogent reasons for supposing, that *this thumb* had immediate reference to *our Story*, as repre-

senting that digit on the hand of Gaffar Thumb, the Father of our Hero, in consequence of the capricious wish of his pregnant mother, that her child might prove exactly equal to it in stature.—

2d. The Editor is already master of an inestimable fragment of a Danish standard, still displaying a very lively figure (wanting only the bill) of the *Raven*, universally known to have been the military bearing of the Danes. This relick, when enshrined in the Publisher's unique tome, opposite to the third adventure (see my Proposals) will immediately explain its own connection with the work.—

3rd. An incomparably "scarce and curious" engraving of the *Miller* of Trumpington, almost too hastily torn out of a copy of the *Princeps Editio* of Chaucer, (purchased for this single purpose at a price which he is unwilling, though not ashamed, to confess,) will be pasted on the leaf which fronts the 7th adventure (which see, *ubi sup.*)—Let these serve for a prelibation of the sumptuous banquet *in prospectu*.

But it is more than time that I pay my respects, in due course, to

## UNIQUE COPIES.

AND, surely, a more savoury title never moistened the mouth of a literary Epicure!—But, unfortunately for its claims to the most detailed discussion, and the warmest panegyrick, the principal theme of its praises has already been exhausted in my notice of **LARGE-PAPER COPIES**, of which I have stated that monopoly is the leading charm.—Yet, I trust, I shall be liberally indulged in ridding myself of a few troublesome transports, with which I suddenly feel myself distended at the very mention of this article.

The *Unique Copy*, then, is (as Mr. D. has very carefully defined it,) “a book which has any peculiarity about it, by either, or both, of the foregoing methods of Illustration—or, which is remarkable for its size, beauty, and condition.”—The Reader, who is supposed to have gone through the preceding article, will immediately perceive, that I have at present, no concern but with the latter clause of the grave sentence above cited. Mr. D. indeed, subsequently celebrates the *Binder's* share in the honour of producing an **UNIQUE COPY**;

—but, in *this* department, also, I have anticipated myself; and my attention is undividedly riveted, by the definition above given, to the three-fold attractions of “Size,\* Beauty, and Condition.”

I naturally take them as they stand.

And, first, with regard to *unwieldiness*, as a winning feature in a book, I have terrible news to tell:—it is much to be apprehended by the present Owners, of Colossean Copies, in consequence of a threatening project now nearly ripe for execution, that unless, by a counter-invention, the stretching part of the process of Procrustes can be successfully applied to ready-made paper, these Giants will, by comparison, very suddenly dwindle into Pigmies;—pretty much in the same manner as Gulliver, who had enjoyed the advantage of being a Monster in Lilliput, was shortly afterwards reduced, at Brobdingnag, to pine

\* By the word *size*, as employed in this place, I do not apprehend that Mr. D. alludes to what is appropriately termed a *Large-Paper Copy*, (which we have already disposed of,) but, generally, to a *large volume*; and to this presumed sense my ensuing remarks will be accommodated.

in vain for the honour of ranking as a runt. —This alarming apprehension is founded on Mr. Fourdrinier's improvement, in the manufacture of paper, by which, as already stated, he undertakes to carry out the longitude, and latitude of sheets, ad infinitum. Now, when the practical benefits of this discovery shall come into the hands of the Bookseller, the sufferings of the *Large Copies*, of the *old school*, on seeing themselves thus suddenly overlooked by their towering neighbours, may be conceived, perhaps,—but that is all; nor could they even be conceived, in full perfection, unless Milton, in his account of the demoniacal Debates at Pandemonium, had accidentally led us to imagine the feelings of the full-sized Fiend, when, all in a moment, he found himself coolly cut down to an imp, merely by way of making a little more room for his betters, at the upper end of the council-table.

But, lest I should be taken to task, as an encourager of despondency, I shall suppose that the Grenadiers on the literary muster-roll will be grenadiers still, and that they will not have to stand the laugh of the drummer-



duodecimo, for degradation to the ranks. I would willingly congratulate their Captain, the Collector, on the joyful moment in which his "goodly rows and files," on being brought to the measuring-standard, shall come off victorious in the contests of procerity. May the deserving accumulator of burly books be never condemned to encounter the discovery, that he has given a place upon his shelf, to an Author, whose merit falls short, by the tenth part of an inch, of the merit of the same Author, in the happier hands of another! So far, in short, as "Size" is an indispensable recommendation of an **UNIQUE COPY**, may *he* be blessed with *one* specimen, at least, of such astounding dimensions, as may defy a porter to sustain it, a shelf to hold it, or a hand to open it!

With respect to the *second* attribute of an **UNIQUE COPY**, its *Beauty*,—here, too, many a loud commendation has been forestalled by my previous remarks; and I have little more to do than to reiterate my congratulations to the "fortunate holder of the *prize*," and to cast on him a benignant glance with the eye of fancy, whilst he, (with a glance, it must

be confessed, not quite equally benignant, is eagerly scrutinizing the beauties of his Author, in a contemptuous comparison of his own, with every rival copy.

Coming, now, to the last-named qualification of that "faultless Monster," an **UNIQUE COPY**, its *Condition*,—the greenest Collector, I presume, is not to be taught, that that term, in its application to a book, is to be strained as clear as possible from all allusion to the state of the text, with a view to its purity, or corruptness, and its consequent fitness, or unfitness, for the eye of a scholar, and a critic. "Non erat his locus:"—in pronouncing upon the *condition* of a book, we are simply saying that its cover, and its leaves, are nice, or filthy; tattered, or whole; that it has, or has not, the required number of pages; and, far above all, (to the surprise, perhaps, of the mere Reader, who will always be busying himself about the *contents* of books,) that the **TITLE-PAGE** is ready to shew its face, upon demand. *Here*, (if here only,) the Collector is indeed a Student!— "Stupet in *titulis!*—No word, nor figure, impressed upon this sacred Surface, is ever, for a single instant,

absent from his memory, or, scarcely, from his thoughts. “*Omnia in hoc est!*”—Here he “reigns, and revels!”—This is *his* Encyclopædia!—Over *these* leaves, he swells into a Critic; and finds, in these, his beginning, and his middle, and his end!—

I say, then, that when we have received answers to our interrogatories, as to the three great particulars above mentioned, we have learned all that is contained in the word *Condition*.—The foregoing precautions, (and especially *that* respecting the just complement of leaves,) will, I doubt not, be admitted, even by our adversaries, the Students, as rational enough;—and therefore, in the honesty of my nature, and in defiance of the scorn which the confession may provoke, I must make it distinctly understood, that the said precautions are still taken by us as Collectors, and not as Readers; for, supposing the volume which is rejected for imperfection, to have been as perfect as good usage could make it, we should equally have adhered to the principle by which we govern our conduct—that of abstaining from all participation in

the pleasures of a literary class, to which it does not seem good to us to belong.

Before I leave this article, I feel myself irresistibly impelled to give vent to an enthusiastic idea which has been growing upon me during the whole progress of my remarks upon the **UNIQUE COPY** :— whatever be its fate, the thanks, at least, if not the applause, of the Collector, will reward my effort to extend his triumphs.—My idea is, that the said Collector, if so unhappy as not to be possessed of such a treasure as an *Unique Copy*, may boldly, nobly, and originally, create one for himself, —and one that shall throw every other out of the ranks of competition ; that shall gloriously concentrate into one blazing focus, the lustre of all (or nearly all) those *eight* jewels which I am now engaged in shewing off, and which, in their present separate state, can dazzle us but with dissipated rays. — I explain the course I would recommend.—Let the Collector print (not publish) *two* beautiful, black-letter Editions, properly seasoned with typographical errors, and each consisting but of two copies, one on Large Paper, the other on Small,—

of whatever book he may first lay his hands on ; the circumstance of *merit* being a matter in which *his* anxiety is not at all concerned. Finally, let him *illustrate* his *Large Paper Copy*.—The grand object of his ambition is, already, nearly accomplished :—for, I. He has a **LARGE-PAPER COPY**.—II. He has an **UNCUT COPY**.—(for, here, he has nothing to do but just to let its edges alone.)—III. He has a **FIRST EDITION**.—(and it was solely with a view to securing this point, that I recommended *two* Editions, —*first* implying, and requiring, *second*.)—IV. He has a **TRUE EDITION** :—(this perfection of an impression, as the reader will be taught, when I come to the head so entitled, is to be conferred upon it by its *imperfections*, viz. the “*typographical errors*” ordered above.)—V. He has **BLACK-LETTER**.—VI. he has an **ILLUSTRATED COPY**.—and, VII. he has, or the deuce is in it, an **UNIQUE COPY**.—Only *one* desideratum remains ; for, (alas!) there is still wanting **A COPY PRINTED ON VELLUM**.—Envious Fates!—after having liberally granted seven parts of so illustrious a whole, to refuse the eighth!—Why will not paper be vellum . . .

or vellum, paper? — But since it does certainly seem to be impossible that a *Large Paper Copy* should be printed on *Vellum*, we must patiently wait, till Nature may be pleased to alter her laws in favor of Book-Collectors. *This* consolation, however, remains in fast hold; viz. that, although we cannot have . . . what cannot be had, we have still obtained, what we have been labouring for,—an **UNIQUE COPY**.

### COPIES PRINTED UPON VELLUM.

Here, again, I seem to hear the *reading Wits* at “their jests, and their gypes, and their knaseries, and their mocks,” pleasantly reminding me of the *calf* to whom we are indebted for our **VELLUM**. But, while the Collector enjoys the proud consciousness of having paid no less a sum than 15 guineas for a handful of Poems by Goldsmith, and Parnell, merely because they were stamped off upon the skin of one of these calves; and 15 guineas more, on the same account, for less than a handful of pages, composing a little book of nursery morality, under the title

of "The Economy of Human Life,"—I am, for once, provoked to bite the biters, and, retorting their supposed allusion, to

"—hang a calf's skin on *their* recreant limbs."

But as the only effectual way of getting rid of troublesome people, is, to run away from them, I shall suddenly quit the *Vellum Copy*,—and the less reluctantly, as, by an unusual agreement among the moderate, on both sides of our question, the elegant beauty, and chastened splendor, by which it captivates, have secured to it unanimous admiration,—though still with a wide variance of opinion, respecting the proper occasions for its introduction.

### FIRST EDITIONS.

It is sufficiently evident, (and here, again, we find both parties at accord,) that the FIRST EDITION of every book, may, *primâ facie*, be supposed to have the advantage of every subsequent impression; because, if printed during the life of the Author, we may be nearly certain that the business of the press has been supervised by himself; and (what is at least

as valuable a consideration) we may be *quite* certain that it has suffered no violation from that furious spirit of arbitrary improvement, by which Editors are accustomed to be possessed.—Here begins, and here ends, the partiality of the *mere Book-worm*, to FIRST EDITIONS.—Not so with the *Collector*, who is distinguished by no other mark so illustriously, as by daring deviation from all the tracks of the Student. I have, on various other occasions, said more than enough to evince, that, in the reasons which influence the former Gentleman in his attachment to these original Editions, the latter can have no part.

The Collector, indeed, goes far beyond his learned Rival, in the terms of eulogy with which he greets the FIRST EDITION; and a metaphor from (or at least a pointed allusion to) *sovereignty*, is alone thought worthy of distinguishing it:—“PRINCEPS EDITIO” is its lofty name. Leaving the *Student* to vary, and qualify, his expressions of respect, according to circumstances, the Collector, more loyally, acknowledges the PRINCEPS EDITIO, in all cases, and under every form, as

“A King indeed!”



Ye who are not *of us*, are here ready to ask, with your accustomed flippancy,—has he reasons to shew for this determined preference? or has he passed sentence in the lump, and in the dark, upon all the plebeian Editions, (as he seems to consider them) without even the formality of inquiring

“Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?”

Gentlemen, hear him:—he tells you, and very truly, that he has been indefatigable in his inquiries after an answer to the only question that at all concerns him; viz. *which* is the PRINCEPS EDITIO, and which is not?—*You* are very eloquent,—and, to others, perhaps, very convincing,—in your rejoinder to this reply; but permit me, (who presume to consider myself as allied to the Collector) to ask *yourselves*—can you seriously entertain the supposition that any man would follow any object so strenuously, and so enthusiastically, as he is following his, unless he *had* the most cogent reasons for so following it - - - whether he may be pleased to assign those reasons, or not?—Or, let this be as it may—can it be possible that you have,

knowingly, been addressing these, or any other arguments, to one who sleeps, drinks, diets, physics, and exercises, for no one purpose whatsoever, except that of getting himself into strength, and wind, for running over the world in chase of FIRST EDITIONS?

### TRUE EDITIONS.

We are, here, invited, once more, to admire the “*curiosa felicitas*” in phraseology, by which the *Collector* has substituted, in the place of the obvious term, its direct opposite: the other instance, it will be recollected, is that of *Tall Copies*. In my mention of these, at the proper place, I added a gentle rebuke to the *Collector*, “though he is my friend,” as if he had been guilty of a slight solecism;—but I now humbly acknowledge my own hasty petulance; having since discovered what I have no doubt is the true ground of his having voluntarily fallen into this seeming absurdity:—thus:—I have repeatedly noticed the natural desire of the *Collector*, to be distinguished from the more studious, and critical classes of Literature;

and I would here observe, that, in furtherance of that object, he cannot more definitively lay down his line of demarkation, than by such little inaccuracies in the nomenclature of his own science.—But, to return;—the ignorant, by the kindness of Mr. D. are suffered to know, that the *TRUE Edition*, is essentially, and emphatically, the *false* one; being distinguished (and most greedily coveted on account of that distinction,) by at least one gross error, defect, redundancy, &c. &c. from every *inferior* Copy of the impression to which it belongs.—Some readers, who are sadly given to the vexatious scrupulosity of wondering and objecting all along, at whatever is not quite familiar to them, will be asking, (as in the case of the *Uncut Copies*, just now,) for the *reasons* upon which this plan of conferring *titles*, without *merit*, is founded.—But, lest the Collector of *True Copies*, who is here on his own --- throne, should, again, chuse to give no other reply than “*stet, pro ratione, voluntas,*” the querist may as well quietly grant the rationality of the proceeding,—just as he concedes to the mathematician, that a point occupies no

space,—and so suffer me, by way of diverting his attention, to conclude this article by laying before him a few of the mortifications which the *True* (i. e. false) *Copy-Hunter*, is in constant danger of undergoing. It is, for instance, not easy to imagine the degree of honest indignation to which his feelings must be mounted, when, having paid down the princely price of a copy *warranted unsound*, he discovers that he has been villainously fobbed off with one which is immaculately perfect in all its parts!—He examines, with eagerness, the *numbering of the pages*, which he had been faithfully promised that he should find all in confusion;—not a figure out of its most exact, and regular order!—He looks, with the eye of a hawk, for the invaluable blunder, consisting in *one* word bedevilled by the compositor into *two*; *post est*, for example, instead of *potest*;—he has been made a fool of! nothing can be more shamefully intelligible, and correct, than the whole sentence is found to be, from beginning to end!—*Where* is the precious passage inadvertently slapped off in *red-ink*?—NOWHERE!—He flies to the fraudulent vender, in a

paroxysm of just rage, and demands his money,—or, at least, some other good-for-nothing Copy, by way of making him a little amends;—but he is cheated and disappointed, to the last; there was, unhappily, no written engagement, on the part of the Trader, to act honourably, by giving him a volume abominably got up; and he has nothing left for it but to put off his bargain, at the best advantage he can, to some scholar, or critic, whose absurd estimate of the value of an impression, generally happens, very luckily for the ill used Collector, to be of a totally different kind from his own.

The order of my work has, at length, brought me to the last, and (what the last should always be) incalculably the most important, article on the list. The *Collector* instinctively knows, or rather feels, that I mean nothing less than

### BLACK LETTER.

Why does it befall me, at my entrance upon a theme which ought to stir up all the vitality within me, to be suddenly paralysed into

torpor? — Yet, well may I stumble, at the threshold of a Fane, which I am not yet privileged to enter, but in the humble character of an Aspirant. The mysteries of this, the *Penetrable*, the very *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Press, it is not for *me* to handle lightly, if to handle at all. Yet, such amongst its awful rituals as the *Αναθάρσις* may presume to know, and publish, I will reverently touch, — subsiding into the use of language as familiar as the sanctity of the subject will permit.

That Collector, then, who has reached the highest seats in the Temple of typographical Glory, is the votary of BLACK-LETTER. Why may I not honour him, as he deserves, by inventing, in his favour, an appropriate name, and procuring him to be henceforth called an ATRALITERARIAN? *His* are the choicest of those joys, and privileges, which reward, or stimulate, his humbler Brethren. Antiquity — their general, and most venerated Deity — showers all her rarest treasures on his head. — The *Black-Letter Copy* is nearly coeval with the very birth, and being, of the Printer's craft; and if the uncouthly angular configu-

ration -- the obsoletely stiff, grim, and bloated appearance, of its characters, "give pause" to the *modern* reader, — so much the happier for the *Collector*, to whom

———— "teque, et tua, solus amares,"

is the address he would most gladly hear from the *reading* gentleman, who thus leaves him in that undisturbed possession of his beloved rarities, which gives them all their value. Little knows the *Student*, that what affrights his ignorant vision from the volume, is the "dulce decus, et præsidium," of our learned *Virtuoso*. Yes,—let me inform him, from the mouth of one who knew how to describe the object of his worship, that it is "ipsa typorum ruditas, ipsa illa atra, crassaque literarum facies," that so "bellè tangit sensus." — If the eye of the *Atraliterarian* be not caressed by the sweet, smooth, sharp, and bold rotundity of letter, which endears the modern page to the modern reader, is there no pride in the reflection that, in rejecting these prettinesses, he rejects but that, which, if accepted, he would share with the most incurious; whilst the Letter in which *he* glories is his *peculiar*.

—And as for the gratification of seeing the names of *living* Printers at the foot of the Title-page, — how languidly, how deadly, must his eye repose upon *these*, when transferred from those of CAXTON, TOURNOUR, and WYNKYN DE WORDE!—thrice happy Typographers, whose departed Memories have been recalled to nobler life, *merely* by the ages that have gathered over your graves, — and, together with the Authors, whom your types *alone* eternize, have thus sociably rotted into freshness! — Hail, and welcome! venerable volumes, which are thus victoriously shaking off the sleep of a long enchantment!—which, though ye were lame, and crazy, and decrepit, ere our great-great-grandfathers were weaned, are now beheld to run, or fly, - - - the very larks, and centipedes, of the Press!

Should the Objector still insist upon the actual difficulty of making one's way through a type so impassable as that which we have described, I have only to remind him of the leading distinction, so often laid down, between the *Reader*, and the *Collector*, in their affairs with books; and to say, that as the latter takes but a bird's-eye view of a whole



field of page, though the former may be so inquisitive as to pore through every furrow, this formidable difficulty turns out to be a bug-bear,—as I am a little ashamed of having been at the pains of shewing. — But I have too long ventured my foot within these hallowed precincts: — I make my prostration, and retire.

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I HAVE NOW presented the offering of a zealous admirer, though a feeble Panegyrist, to the noble Body of Book-Collectors. — One other tribute, tending to the still higher advancement of their fame and felicity, remains. May the Idea which fills my imagination but be fostered into prosperous reality, — and the self-applauding “vixi!” will never have been more exultingly pronounced, than by him who was inspired to conceive it!

Perfect originality in any project for general, or particular benefit, it is now, perhaps, too late in the long history of man, to hope with reason. In the great object with which I now teem, I am, in part, forestalled. To the

active, and enlightened spirit of the present times, we are already indebted for four literary "INSTITUTIONS."—I am ready with Proposals for a fifth; — an INSTITUTION, for *Young* BOOK-COLLECTORS, whom, in their combined capacity, I would call THE COLLECTORIAT.—The scite, and dimensions, of the future Edifice, are points which it would be obviously needless to bring into view, until it be seen whether the great object to which they would have reference, shall be encouraged by the Parties concerned in it.

I, at present, restrict myself to the literary ends of my speculation; and these are, generally, that there be erected a Seminary, or College, for the instruction of those youths, who were blessed by Nature with the requisite rage for book-collecting, but cursed by fortune with the denial of fit opportunities for venting it.

Over this College, I, of course, propose, that well qualified, thorough-bred Collectors, be placed, who should attend at stated hours, for the purpose of giving lectures, theoretical, as well as practical, to the Students. I further propose, that they be empowered to grant

the *two first Degrees*, as they are termed at the Universities; — those who have thus graduated, to bear, as their literary Additions, the letter *B.* or *M.* (Bachelor, or Master,) prefixed to one, or more, of the letters, which will be shewn in the forms here following;— I will take *B.* as an example, and explain, as I proceed: — *B. L. P. C.* (Bachelor of *Large Paper Copies.*) — *B. U. C.* (Ditto of *Uncut Copies.*) — *B. I. C.* (Ditto of *Illustrated Copies.*) — *B. U.* — omitting the *C.* to prevent confusion with the second instance — (Ditto of *Unique Copies.*) — *B. V. C.* (Ditto of *Vellum Copies.*) — *B. F. E.* (Ditto of *First Editions.*) — *B. T. E.* (Ditto of *True Editions.*) — *B. B. L.* (Ditto of *Black Letter.*) — in which *last* faculty, (and in which alone,) the Students to proceed to the degree of *Doctor*.

The Students are here supposed, for the sake of perspicuity, to have followed some one of the above studies, exclusively of the rest: but, as so limited a measure of ambition is not, for a moment, to be really dreaded, I have only to notice, that such as shall have passed honourable examinations in any of the other branches, will be privileged to superadd

the characteristic Letters which belong to them.

In further exposition of my plan, I propose, that the Great Room in which the Students are to assemble, be portioned into eight Divisions, respectively appropriated to the study of the eight liberal Arts above enumerated, and conveniently furnished with shelves, for the reception of books, and other articles essential to a complete literary, or scientific apparatus, for the use of the several classes of scholars.

With respect to the shelves above-mentioned, they would be amply, and richly stocked by the Professors, with specimens, from their own collections, of all that is "curious,"—"rare,"—"precious,"—"unique,"—and, generally, inaccessible.

Such is my faint outline of a noble, though as yet uncreated, object:—such is the bare skeleton, which I trust it is reserved for me to see strutting with the halest flesh, and richest blood. In the painful interval between the conception, and the birth, of such an establishment, let me seem to transport myself, into my edifice, which, at present, alas! has

nothing more substantial than Fancy for its Founder; nor any richer Benefactors, than hopes, and wishes.—

Entering among my hopeful scholars, I delight myself with glancing around upon their various employments.—My attention is first arrested by the School of *Large Paper Copies*.—The diligence, and ingenuity, here required, must, confessedly, be exerted upon somewhat a confined scale. All that the youth can now, or ever, have to do, is carefully to apply his rule to the length, and breadth, of a *Large Copy*,—and then do the same thing with a *small one*,—repeating these two operations with attention, till his understanding shall have completely mastered the difference between one *Example*, and the other. The most backward lad, if he use indefatigable diligence, *must* come at this in time;—and when he shall have succeeded, he will have the proud reflection in his mind, that his master has no other advantage over him than that of *possessing* a *Copy*, of the larger of the two sizes.

I turn next to the *Uncut Copy Division*.—The Labour here imposed, is of a still more lenient character. A youth of the common

rate of abilities, and application, will tolerably soon detect the whole extent of the distinction between one book, of which the leaves are cut, and another, of which the leaves are not cut.—The only other mystery which he will have to learn, is that of never suffering himself to cut the aforesaid leaves, by which he would evidently nullify the very essence of the volume. Now, allowing the difficulties attending these two objects to be ever so formidable, and embarrassing, there will be but the higher glory in surmounting it; and philosophers have long ago decided, that trouble is the market-price of immortality.

But the vision,—as it is yet no more than a vision,—is too tantalizing to be pursued; and so, ardently looking forward to the hour when I may be destined to see the *posse* converted into an *esse*, I will leave my imaginary young friends at their studies.—*Studies* may, perhaps, be thought a word requiring some qualification:—there are those who will be ready enough to remind me of its particular reference to the *reading* Classes of the Learned; and they may be provoked to add, that, of all

the eight branches into which I have divided these "studies," there are but three, which require even the most learned of my Professors themselves, to have the slightest knowledge of the Alphabet;—viz. those of "Illustrated Copies" — "First Editions" — and "True Editions."—But perhaps I am over-candid in supposing them to allow even thus much; lest, therefore, they should be disposed to deny it, I will prove the affirmative in each of the three instances. For "*Illustrated Copies*," it is clear that he who employs himself upon them, must, at least, be able to spell through the volume, (whether he comprehend, the general drift of the writer, or not,) as well as to take down the names of persons, and places, as they come under his eye; this being, in truth, the only object, for which he concerns himself to peruse the book.—Next, as to "*First Editions*," the Collector of them could not have collected them at all, (*for himself*, I mean,) without having made so much progress in his reading as to be perfectly sure of those two words, wherever he finds them in a title-page;—just as the poorest Linguist, when he goes into

another country, takes good care to be able to ask for bread, and beer, in the language of that country, as fluently as if he had spoken it from his cradle.—And, lastly, with respect to “*True Editions*,”—he who selects them, by the strength of his own understanding, must positively be as well able to read,—I have not said, as able to read well,—as any man alive ;—nay, he must actually *understand* what he reads: how, otherwise, would he know, when he meets them, these true faults, or faulty truths, (or what are they ?) which he is so bent upon finding ?

Having said thus much in your defence, my fellow-Collectors, if I am yet intitled so to style you, I will entrust my project to your protection ; exciting you, at the same time, to do what I will call your duty, by a gentle fillip, (which word, I hope, will not be misprinted *Philippic*,—even though the error should be the means of making this a TRUE EDITION,) before I take my leave.—This I have to say.—It is not without a painful sense of shame, that I behold our lethargic rivals, with a sudden skip of activity, throwing open the doors of their literary Ware-houses, before



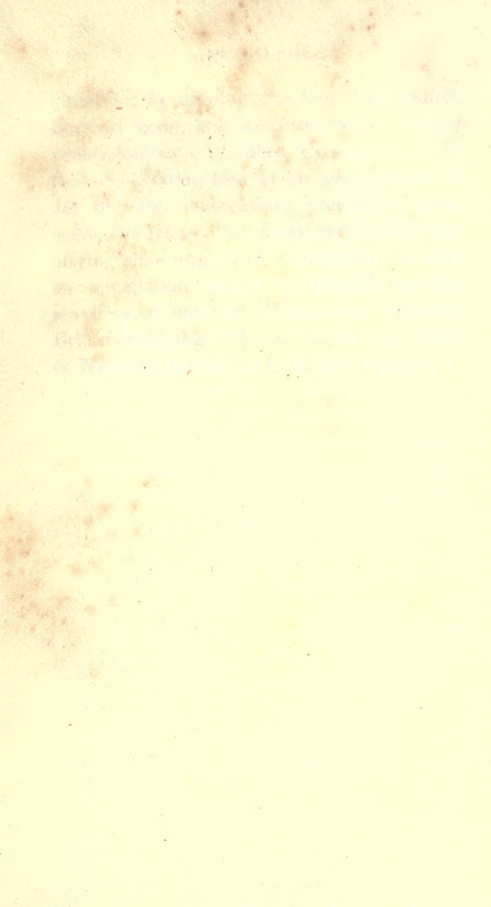
mentioned, to all the monied Ignorance in England; whilst *We*—the very Harlequins of Literature—idly leave our younger brethren to fish out their education for themselves, in the shops, and stalls, which are their only Schools,—under the tuition of Shop-boys, Catalogues, and Auctioneers, which are their only Professors!—

This, Sirs, must go on no longer:—*let us, too, have our Institution*;—and we may live to raise an offspring, who shall extend the conquests of the Collector over so wide a field, as, finally, not to leave the *Student* a book to study. At least, we may expect to see our Eaglets drive these mid-day Owls from out of their Palaces of Science, back to their native element in those monastic dungeons, their College-Libraries. Thence they ought never to have ventured forth,—and there they may again pursue their *reading*, amidst their fellow owls, and owlish fellows,—drowsing, side by side, over their studies, to the dismal clank of the chains, in which they hang their Authors.

“My Lords, (and Ladies) I have done.”——  
I have accomplished the exalted end of my

ambition, by offering the free, and cordial, however scant, and worthless, tribute of my veneration to . . . THE COLLECTOR. In thus designating him by his proper name, I use not the unnecessary prefixes of *wise, noble, illustrious*; &c. I say, with more dignifying plainness, THE COLLECTOR:—*such* an appellation scorns to twinkle in the jewellery of outward Titles;—just as every Briton feels, that “Lord,” before the Name of NELSON, serves but to dilute its glories.





THE TWELVE LABOURS OF  
HERCULES,

EXHIBITED IN A RUNNING PARALLEL WITH THOSE  
OF  
AN EDITOR.

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THE various duties, and qualities, of an *accomplished* EDITOR, having lately been presented to my mind, on a particular occasion, have ever since continued, I know not how, nor why, to trouble my meditations.

This intruding subject, in one of its late visits, very naturally brought in its hand that celebrated passage, respecting the office of an Editor, which occurs in Johnson's Preface to his own Edition of Shakspeare.

As the passage in question, considering its extraordinary fulness, is very short, and as I

persuade myself that even those who best remember it, will thank me for an opportunity of admiring it once more,—“ see here it is:”—

“ An Editor must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression :—such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that, which best suits with the state, opinions, and mode of language, prevailing in every age, and with his Author’s particular cast of thought, and turn of expression :—such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses; and he that exercises it with most praise, has frequent need of indulgence.”

After a long, and close, consideration of the above Oracle, I involuntarily exclaimed —“ If these averments be as just, and true, as the language that contains them is forcible, and terse, what an HERCULEAN task is that of an Editor!”—The expression which had thus escaped my lips, in a purely proverbial form, imperceptibly led on my reflections to

the Hero himself, whose arduous achievements gave it birth.—A general retrospect of his Twelve celebrated LABOURS was the consequence; and as Johnson's lofty description of the Labours of an Editor, was still floating on my fancy, there next ensued an insensible (though, as yet, but slight, and desultory) comparison between the corporeal, and the intellectual exertions, on which my thoughts were thus simultaneously employed.—To the credit of *Mind*, in this comparison, I found, at every glance, with growing pleasure, and surprize, that the *Scholar* was running abreast with the *Hero*, all the way; and that the powerful Writer, whose testimony I have cited, so far from having over-valued the heroism of the editorial character, has passed entirely unnoticed the larger, as well as more eminent and important, portion, of its toilsome glories.

No longer satisfied with a *general* survey of the Parallel, I took the resolution of submitting it to a close scrutiny.—The result of this novel species of collation, is now before the Reader—to whom I respectfully resign the office of awarding the palm of honourable fatigue.

## LABOUR I.

THE Exploit with which our heroic Series commences, was the celebrated drubbing inflicted on the *Nemæan Lion*, who had long been behaving extremely ill to every man, woman, and child, whom he chanced to meet with in his rambles. When so unneighbourly a line of conduct could be put up with no longer, Hercules, as usual in all such difficulties, was called in to the offender. He instantly obeyed the summons, and, having made himself master of the case, lost no time in waiting on the King of the woods, for the purpose of representing the improprieties of which he had been guilty; but, as neither spoke the other's language, the Hero immediately began his remonstrances with an argument universally intelligible, and one which no man, before, or after him, has had the art of urging with such irresistible force—the *argumentum baculinum*.

When, after a long, and troublesome tussel, he had *sufficiently* killed his enemy,—(for, so plaguily tough was the hide of the quadruped, that it stood the biped in a whole quiver of



arrows, club-blows without number, and a Cornish hug at parting, before he had done his work entirely to his mind,)—he *borrowed* the skin of the defunct, and wore it as a military uniform, ever after.

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PARALLEL. — A very formidable outset, against the EDITOR, it must be confessed! — *Mais, courage!*—the Editor is as little afraid of Hercules, as Hercules was of the Lion; for *he*, too, can boast of having manfully *beaten* his *Lion*, in the form of a *devouring Critic*, or *Brother-editor*, or *both in one*, who may happen to want killing; a business which, in imitation of his Model, he performs, either with the *arrows of wit*, the *club of argument*, or the *close hug of ironical panegyric*; nay sometimes, as in the *Labour* before us, with a *happy combination of all three*. As an example is generally thought to have a pretty effect, I shall barely remind the reader of *Hercules Johnson's* treatment of *Lion Pope*, when the latter had incautiously ventured to *roar* a little too loudly, about “the dull duty of an Editor.”

But there is another particular attending this inaugural *Labour*, which has not yet been mentioned; and this is, that the remarkably sturdy resistance of the *Lion*, was, probably, in some measure, owing to his *parentage*; for it appears, on inspecting his classical pedigree, that he had an *hundred-headed, fire-vomiting Monster*, for his *Papa*. The name of this gentleman was *Typhon*.—Now, as to the value of this little genealogical anecdote, for the purposes of my *PARALLEL*,—it would be very strange if, in reading it, we should not find our thoughts insensibly sliding off to a certain *OTHER many-headed, fire-breathing animal*, considerably posterior in date to this *Typhon*, and well-known among the moderns by the name of a *REVIEW*. As the *former* of these *Monsters* was the *natural* father of the *Lion*, the *latter* is not less obviously the *literary* parent of that *roaring, lacerating savage*, the *Critic*;—and *the one child* may be as easily supposed to have *morally emulated*, as the *other* to have *physically inherited*, the *intractable ferocity* of the *Sire*.

## LABOUR II.

## DESTROYING THE LERNÆAN HYDRA.

Before I enter upon a detailed account of this triumph, obtained by our Hero at the Hydra's expense, I may, perhaps, be indulged in expatiating somewhat at large upon a few singular traits in the manners, character, and { persons } of this *numerous individual*.

We have no Abortion on record, that ever contrived to get itself more frequently into scrapes with the swordsmen of its day, than the above; and it is, perhaps, to some secret consciousness of this untoward destiny, that we are to attribute the uncommonly large stock of heads, which our provident and calculating Pest appears to have laid in, against a rainy day;—a stock, which, moreover, it had found a knack of turning to the best possible advantage, by promptly producing two for one, from any given neck, which might have been topped, or pounded;—thus yielding a sudden and clear profit, in this essential article, of cent. per cent. per head,

upon the very *death* of every partner in the general firm of mischief!\* This formidable singularity in the habits of the Hydra, had, doubtless, a considerable share in occasioning the striking discordance, and perplexity, which prevail in the accounts of ancient naturalists respecting the real complement of heads, by which this thriving non-descript was distinguished, and which fluctuates, in their vague and unsatisfactory accounts, from seven, to an hundred. Yet let us not lose sight of candour, in our zeal for knowledge. We have just convinced ourselves, by unanswerable reasons, that in reality, there can have been no determinate complement at all. But, admitting, for a moment, that there was, and, consequently, that our laudable love of accuracy, *might* have been rewarded with the true number, there are sundry little particulars, in explanation of the above discrepancies,

\* It may, probably, become me in this place, to offer an apology to our Barings, Goldsmids, &c. for having unwarily led them to murmur at the Hydra, which has so cruelly suffered this invaluable secret to perish with it.

which, on closer reflection, could scarcely fail of occurring to our minds.—For *what*, let me ask, was the thing (or things) to be counted? —If we duly attend, first, to the numerosity of the object in question, as an argument by itself; — secondly, to the perpetual variations in the returns of killed, wounded, and missing, which necessarily resulted from its ingenious method of breeding extempore recruits—(an idea, by the bye, purely its own, though it has since been adopted, without acknowledgment, by Mr. Pitt in his scheme of a supplementary militia) — thirdly, to the subtle, and restless manœuvrings of so large a party, incessantly transposing themselves, at the respective caprice of each, into every embarrassing (however otherwise entertaining, and picturesque) variety of groups; — fourthly, to the disturbance given to the attention of our observers by the ungracious, and unamiable (not to say forbidding) turn of feature, and expression, which probably prevailed, without a single exception, through all the countenances of this hard-favoured family—

—————“ facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, quales decet esse Sororum; ” —

fifthly, to the difficulty of clearly distinguishing objects through the dubious atmosphere of smoke and fire, of which (with an added proportion of venom) their breath was composed;—and, “although the last, not least” — to the momentarily increasing probability that the Object of the calculation, either in an animated start of pique at the over-curious familiarity of its Tellers, or in compliance with an incentive still less sentimental in its proposed indulgences, would suddenly, and finally, close the account, by . . . . gorging the accomptants;—after dispassionately weighing all these considerations, I say, we cannot - - - we, surely, cannot, but allow, that, from the first dawn of arithmetic, down to the present moment, there never existed an operation to be performed by the rule of addition, in which the totals were so hard to be reconciled, or where a fairer claim might be put in to the commonly allowed salvo of “errors excepted.”

Having, thus far, confined myself to the securities with which the Hydra had so liberally, and so discreetly, provided its person, I have now to mention a draw-back upon these privileges, of which Hercules found

means to avail himself, to its disadvantage. It comes down to us, that the jugular stumps which knew how to make so good a market of decapitation, had not been equally circumspect in insuring themselves against *fire*.

Let us now attend our Hero to the field, and see in what manner he acquitted himself, in a species of service, which he had never before had an opportunity of seeing — At the opening of his interview with the Hydra, he observed, as well as the very adverse circumstances of the case would permit, the shifting positions, and complicated evolutions, of his compound adversary; when, finding himself no match for the Monster in tactics, (where even *two* heads, they say, are better than one,) he resolved to make what shift he could with strength, and courage — managing, also, by the great variety of his weapons, to put himself, in some sort, on an equality with his more versatile foe.

Thus prepared, and not yet aware of the disadvantages of success, as I have stated them, the human Combatant at once uplifted his noted two-handed bludgeon, and lustily laid about him among the enemy, in his old way,

and—as far as relates to execution—with his old success ; but we may easily imagine his astonishment, and vexation, as soon as he came to perceive the *reviving*, nay *propagating*, influence of his *death*-blows. Not being of a temper, however, to be disconcerted by trifles, and fully sensible that “ faint heart,” could never be expected to “ win ” so “ fair a lady,” he merely changed his mode of pressing her, and resorted, with better hopes, to the other means of persuasion which he had still in reserve ; till, finding that her ferocious coyness did but increase with every fresh accost, and wearied out, at last, by his disheartening victories, — whether by the force of native sagacity, or by the seasonable exercise of his memory, he suddenly fell upon the *searing* process to which I have already alluded.

At this juncture, his friend Iolas very seasonably comes in the way, and to him he deposes the office of burning away the proud flesh, when he should, himself, have removed the heads which he had found so obtrusive.

Iolas, patly lighting, at the moment, on a pretty bit of iron for his purpose, lost no time in warming it up to a most intemperate degree



of the thermometer, and then carefully applying the actual cautery to the proper places, as fast as the Hero had properly prepared the way for it, by amputation. The above severe operation on the patient, had its curiously customary effect, of immediately relieving the Surgeon—who thus critically stunted, (or caused to be stunted,) at every touch, the growth of those quickening twins, whose upstart elder brothers he had before so perversely, and unaccountably fathered.

The rapid increase of miscarriages thus brought on upon *Madam*, at once inclined the victory to the Man's side; and his plural Antagonist, irresistibly assailed in her headquarters, and giving up the battle, and the ghost, at the same instant, very quietly slept with her fathers,—or with whatever principle (or no principle) she had to thank for her existence.

In conclusion, the Conqueror, acting in the true spirit of that martial maxim — “*fas est et ab hoste doceri,*” — and not disdaining to take a hint from a Hydra, when he found it worth adopting, very laudably emulated his late opponent in the useful virtue of *fore-cast*;

ingeniously contriving to make one triumph the foundation of others, by transferring to the points of his arrows the convenient venom of its late proprietor, — whose occasion for it was now over.

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PARALLEL. — The *Editor* again marches, “*passibus æquis*,” by the side of the *Hero*. The *swarm* by which *he* is threatened, are the innumerable ERRORS that *spring out of the body of a single volume*, and thence *attack him from every side*. His *weapon* is the *goose-quill* with which he assails them. His *enemies*, are also endued with that *self-multiplying* power which gave Hercules so much trouble. When he has *decapitated a single Error*, with a *back-stroke*, (“*transverso calamo*,”) he is *assaulted by two*, which have *sprung out of it* in the *proof-sheet*; and when *each of these*, as he flatters himself, are *again destroyed*, and sent to the “*Devil*,” they *return upon him, multiplied into four*, in the *revise*. — But his motto is

“*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito* :”

like his great corival, he now resorts to the

infallibility of the *caustic* — a *cancel*. One “hallucination” after another, perishes under this exterminating process, till not a “serpent ERROR,” “shews its ugly head.” Finally, the Editor is ready to carry me triumphantly through the remaining part of my PARALLEL, by dipping his *literary arrows* in the *venom* with which the *provocations of his late enemies have supplied him*, and *successfully employing it against his other foes*.

### LABOUR III.

IN this *Labour*, it was the discouraging business of Hercules, to catch, and bring into the presence of Eurystheus, the STAG OF CENOË, which had long been renowned for throwing out the whole field of his pursuers, by the provoking quickness of his motions. Now, although the bulk and bone of the Hero, had stood him in great stead, when he had to do with the Lion, and the Hydra, they were evidently much in his way upon the present occasion:—“*ipsa sibi officit copia.*” In this unequal contest of speed, therefore, our

Human Hound had to make up in wit, what he wanted in foot, and in nose; and the more so as he was required by the express stipulation of Eurystheus, to produce the animal "alive, and unhurt." This latter condition of the pursuit is sufficient to stultify the story which represents him to have gradually won upon the Stag, by slightly wounding him at a distance; while it perfectly agrees with the more general account of the matter; viz. that, being prohibited from the use of weapons, he saved his heels by decoying *the chace* into a trap;—though, even with the help of this contrivance, we find him in full cry after the horned fugitive, during a hard and continued run, of not less than a whole year. When he had bagged his deer at last, something was still to happen between "the cup" of victory, and "the lip" of triumph; for Diana, in her twofold relation to the Stag, first as its particular friend and patroness, next as Lady of the Manor, and, herself, a keen sports-woman, was extremely nettled at the trick by which her four-footed protégè had been over-reached, —scolded Hercules soundly for his trespass,

as well as for breaking through the rules of fair hunting,—boldly snatched her favorite out of the hands of our heroic Poacher,—and then, as the Goddess of game, afforded sanctuary to her Venison.

Hercules, who was not less renowned for softness to Ladies, than for roughness to Gentlemen, and who is well known to have been as ready to sit down to spinning with the former, as to stand up to fighting with the latter, made his apologies in so insinuating a manner, and so effectually appeased the rural Virago, that, in token of her full forgiveness, she left him in undisputed possession of the Stag.

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PARALLEL.—The qualities of *skill, and perseverance*, were not more signally displayed by the *Hero*, as above, than they are by the *Editor*, as below.—The *slippery animal* which he has undertaken to *hunt* through the *fields of literature*, and which is *incessantly flying before him*, is the *MEANING* of his *Author*, which, too often, *keeps him dancing after it for a whole year together*; — fortunate, if he

have produced it, — as *he*, too, is required to do, — ALIVE, and UNHURT, *before the eyes of his employers*, at last. Under the severe difficulties of this obligation, finding himself unable to *run down this subtle fugitive by native strength, and quickness*, he is reduced, like Hercules, to have recourse to a *trap*; and this *trap* is composed of the learned sagacity, and enlightened research, with which he *decoys the runaway signification into his possession*, — when he *triumphantly exhibits it*, neither wounded, nor lamed, nor distorted, nor in any way injured, or altered, by the violence of forced construction, during his long and arduous pursuit.

*As he is exultingly marching off, in triumph, with the prize he had so hardly won*, — another claimant, in the person of a rival Editor, shall indignantly come up, and snatch it from his grasp, with a severe rebuke to him for having presumed to follow a passage, upon his literary premises — a passage, too, which was previously sacred to himself, as the true Expositor. — Yet our Editor, if he have the fortune, as he has the skill, of Hercules, needs not, even yet, despair. The Reclaimant, indeed, refuses to

resemble Diana, by resigning his title to the prize;—but the justice, and discernment, of the Public, may eventually destroy that title, and award the *scut* to him who had really seized the object of pursuit.

#### LABOURS IV. VI. VII. VIII. AND X.

THESE several *Labours*, as their objects were so nearly of the same kind, I shall class, and dispose of, under one head. They consisted, in the order above observed, in destroying, or capturing, the *Erymanthean Boar*—the *Wild Bull of Crete*—the *carnivorous Birds of Stymphalis*—the *anthropophagous Mares of Diomedes*—and the *Monster Geryon*.

The above parties were all very great plagues in their way; and, in whatever they may have dissented, were unanimous in setting their faces against *Man*. Hercules, though a bit of a God, had, as we have seen, a strong fellow-feeling for mortals, in the worst half of his nature; and, in the cases before us, was indulged with ample opportunities of employing his usual summary methods of reform.

I. The *Boar*, like our late acquaintance, the Stag, was to be taken, and brought before Eurystheus, *alive*,—though we may not immediately perceive the ground of this tender consideration for his feelings, and shall presently have occasion to view it with even increased surprize. As for Hercules, he seems to have never troubled himself about his master's motives, but always went quietly to his work, like an honest servant as he was. He accordingly followed his Boar, without farther inquiry, and overtook him with the less difficulty . . . . first, through the fortunate shortness of the animal's legs,—secondly, by favour of a deep snow, (which, perplexing as it was to the feet even of the *rational* runner, was four to two against the other,)—and thirdly, because the Brute, when his strength failed him, could hit upon no better plan of concealment, than that of running his head into the snow, under an idea that, although it had refused him footing, it might grant him cover. Hercules, however, presently convinced him of his error; and, as resistance seems never to have occurred to him, he was, according to order, introduced, “leaping



alive," into the presence of Eurystheus, — that unmerciful, and tyrannical Task-master, whom Hercules had to thank for setting him at work, through the whole of these tiresome undertakings. Eurystheus, however, seems to have been more courageous in imposing tremendous tasks, than in witnessing the proofs of their accomplishment; for the unexpected entrance of the tusky forester instantaneously frightened him into a tub, that stood handy for the purpose, in which tub, he uninterruptedly passed his time, with a general order of "not at home to any body," for many following days.

II. A *wild Bull*, the subject of the ensuing Labour, is so like a *wild Boar*, the subject of the last, that we have the less reason to complain of the conciseness with which we are just told that he was taken, according to order, and brought (*alive, again,*) into Peloponnesus.

III. As for the *Birds of Stymphalis*, whose taste for man's flesh drew upon them the attention of Hercules, we simply learn that, having sprung this precious Covey of Cannibals, he found means to bring them all down;

but we have no account of his particular method of sporting.

IV. Our Hero was next summoned to the *wild Mares of Diomedes*, who had given general offence by indulging the same depraved appetite, with which he had before quarrelled in the Birds of Stymphalis. On arriving among them, he soon made them wish that they had contented themselves with common horse-meat, — but not before he had treated them, once more, with their favorite dish, by serving up *their Master*, who had thought proper to encourage their fancy for it; but before they could have time to digest him, they were, themselves, presented, as a dinner, to another party of wild beasts, who were as fond of Mare, as *they* had been of Man.

V. The last of the five Labours, which I have thus consolidated, was *the destruction of Geryon*, who was not the less a Monster, for being a King: to the former of these characters, few *men* have been able to shew a better title; for, beside choosing to have three heads to contrive with, and as many bodies to execute their orders, — beside, too, that he kept a dog, with but one head fewer than his

master,—we are assured that this confounded King actually pastured his sheep (whose prejudices against their new bite must have been peculiarly difficult to get over) upon us!

In a case of this most aggravated nature, it was thought high time for Hercules to interfere, and he never less required a spur. His triple-crowned Majesty, was, with very few formalities, deposed, and thrown on the same dunghill with his dog Janus, as he was (or might have been) called.

As for the poor, misguided *flocks*, — so equitable an Hero knew how to distinguish between choice and compulsion; and accordingly, he not only forgave them their involuntary sins of the palate, but kindly restored to them the long-forgotten comforts of a vegetable diet, in his own meadows at Tirynthus.

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PARALLEL.—“PAULO MAJORA CANEMUS.”

The Editor, as ranked with Hercules, in the five preceding *Labours*, is to be regarded as the Enemy, and Avenger, of the anti-social Passions, under their two main divisions —

those of *open, brutal, Fury*; and *deadly, poisonous malice*. In the execution of his office, he is, accordingly, to level his severity, either, in the former case, against the *exasperated Critic*, who has suffered himself, with whatever alleged provocation, to *foam into sanguinary satire* against his Author, — or, in the latter, against the *unhumanized, and more rancorous enemy* of that Author, (and of the Good, in general,) if he shall have *execrably fastened upon his honest, envied, fame*.

Such are the two distinct species of *rational Monsters*, which our Hercules, working after his great Pattern, has enterprized to *hunt down*. — For the opposite rules, and measures, by which he is to govern himself in the pursuit of his double object, let us study the corresponding particulars of our Story. —

We have there seen, that, in the ripened hour of avengement, the Hero could teach his anger discrimination. — If, among the victims of his noble rage, even the *goring Boar*, or the *tossing Bull*, were found to stand within the possibility of being *tamed, by forcible restraint*, he could *seize, without destroying them*, in the very storm of his assault: — but, for the

*Birds of Stymphalis — the mares of Diomedes the Monster Geryon—those fiercer, direr Savages, who had left their mild, and harmless instincts, that they might be bloody, out of course, - - - his blow was sudden, mortal, and unsparring.*

Imitating this procedure in both its parts, our moral Hercules, who rises against ferocity in Man, proportions the weight of his inflictions, to the quantity of the offence: if he perceive that, *by the coercion of severe rebuke, the keenly BITING SATIRIST, may be securely held from future mischief, he can temperately forbear the stroke that would have laid his victim in the death of disgrace: this lawless Desperado of the pen, may, generously, be saved alive:—but, for the literary Miscreant, who springs from the hold of the Charities, into the arms of the Furies, - - - for the Christian Cannibal, whose soul, with strange, and horrid longings, turns, disgusted, from the kindly nutriment of NATURE, that human reputation, may be his forbidden feast, - - - for HIM, there are to be no reserves of lenity—no falterings of compassion; for, where Abominations come to punishment, correctives are*

utterly out of hope :—let infamy like *this*, be told with a trumpet,—that *Man* may have his warning, whilst *a Monster* is abroad. — But, there is more.—Justice wants her sacrifice ; Virtue craves her Example ; Innocence lies bleeding without help :—it is enough :—where the calls for unmitigated rigour are thus collected into one clamorous cry,—to stint the torture, were to patronise the outrage ; and so, . . . . that Mercy may not darken into Cruelty,—*death, for death*, must be the law.

## LABOUR V.

I AM a little ashamed to find myself now required, by the severity of my duty as an Historian, to exhibit my Hero in a character, of which the disgrace is, at first view, rather more conspicuous than the glory—that of a *Stable-boy*. But not too fast !—it will presently be seen, that, like Virgil, as commended by Dryden, he could “toss about his dung with an air of dignity.” The *Augean Stables* were not for every common groom to take in hand. In the first place, they were the stables

of a Monarch — the “King’s Mews,” as it were, of antiquity; and in the second place, if any modern Leicestershire Nobleman, who may be disposed to look contemptuously on my friend Hercules on this occasion, will have the goodness to be (as Augeas had been) so very inattentive to his out-houses, as to suffer thousands upon thousands of unclean beasts to continue in their stalls for nearly half a century together, without the smallest obligation to the spade, the broom, or the pail, for the removal of their discomforts, during the whole of that vast period, — he may probably be of opinion, at the end of it, that, should his Majesty’s Master of the Horse undertake to help him, by being his . . . . Helper, it would scarcely, if at all, detract from the greatness of his rank, or office. — But, to my *Labour*.

After a grave, and comprehensive survey of the whole extent of the evil, (which was such as to lend the most powerful confirmation to Mr. Burke’s theory of *the Sublime*, where he partially derives it from a sudden temptation to wrinkle up one’s nose,) — Hercules embraced, with the mind of a Philosopher, as well as of

a Hero, the necessity of proportioning his power to his work.—Laughing at such puny subsidies of water, as could be raised from springs, and wells, our illustrious Scavenger at once boldly, and bodily, wrested from its course a noble River, as an Agent alone commensurate with the portentous magnitude of the distress.—Having brought his River, with all its tributary streams, under his grasp, he sent it thundering before him, at full tide, in a driving torrent of purification, through every quarter, and recess, of this grand Metropolis of Nastiness.

Although the unparalleled difficulty of effectuating this mighty mundification, rendered it almost worthy of the hand that was employed in it, we are left to suppose that the Hero was not insensible to the “*sublimity*,” of its annoyances; for, on this only occasion, did he stipulate for the hire of his Labour. The reward he demanded was perfectly appropriate to the nature of the service, — viz. a tythe of the beasts, whom he had re-instated in the comforts of a clean house. Augeas, however, whose mind was evidently as foul as his stalls, and who seems to have had more



satisfaction in contemplating the work, than in recompensing the workman, not only flatly refused the promised perquisite, but actually banished the Heir Apparent of his Kingdom, in the person of his own son, for having disrespectfully urged him, on this occasion, to practise so expensive a virtue as honesty.

Hercules, whose talent for redressing the grievances of others we have so often admired, was not likely to be an idle spectator of his own wrongs. As soon as he had "washed his hands" of an employment which so pressingly called for that operation, he took up his own cudgels, (we pretty well know of what sort they were,) and would, probably, have succeeded in beating a right sense of the business into his Majesty's head, if he had not, at the same time, unguardedly beaten out the brains which were necessary to the comprehension of his arguments.

As for the young Prince, whose pleas for justice had been as ill rewarded as the journey-work of his client, his troubles were of very short duration. Our Hero, having begun his dirty work by emptying a Stable for the Father, and finished it by clearing out a

Throne for the Sou, immediately beckoned the latter from his short banishment,—leaving the good people of Elis to thank him for a much better King than he had taken from them.

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PARALLEL.—It will be entirely the fault—and the very grievous fault—of our *Editor*, if having taken a *tainted* Author under his care, he riva! not his strenuous predecessor in the great, and necessary *Labour* of *purgation*. His STABLES are too frequently found to be polluted with *impurities*, far more various in their names, as well as pernicious in their natures, than those which Hercules was called to wash away;—*impurities*, accumulated, not by *goats*, and *oxen*, only, (which are exclusively named in the *Herculean Labour*,) but by *wolves*, *bears*, *foxes*, *apes*, *hogs*, *asses*, and every other bestial representative of the vices, and follies, of man. He is to *pour his river of reformation through every contaminated stall, and sty*; and, where he may not consider himself as authorized, like his Coun-

terpart, to *remove the nuisance altogether*, it is, at least, his urgent duty to warn the unwary foot against the foulness of the place. — In this arduous enterprize, he, like Hercules, may chance to be employed by a *King*;— but, lest he should be discouraged by an apprehension that he may too nearly resemble the Hero by labouring for a *thankless King*, he shall be reminded that there is a Monarch, who is so far from being capable of withholding from his servants the well-earned reward of a distasteful labour, that he places half his glory in assisting at *the work of moral purification* with his own royal hands; and desires not to rest from it, till he shall have *defecated all the seats of corruption, to their remotest corners*.

*He, too has a Son*: — but, again, my Parallel nobly fails me in its conclusion; for *never shall it be the task of any modern Hercules, to visit on the head of his, and England's Father, the crime of having sent his son to banishment, for moving him to be just*.

## LABOUR IX.

It is, already, once more, my painful task to shew my Hero at a disadvantage,—if I should not rather say, under actual shame. His gallantry, in both senses of that word, is in no less danger of degradation in the present Labour, than was his dignity in the last. — Though we should incline to connive at his having raised his arm against a Woman, and a Queen, inasmuch as this royal Lady was an *Amazon*, in what manner are we to cover his conduct, in having terminated his conquest over her, by *stripping her of her girdle*? — Would that I could plead in bar against his sentence, that he snatched it away in sportive fondness, vowing that he would for ever wear it at his throbbing heart,—and thus class it with many an other such flattering robbery, committed by the modern inamorato at a ball, or during the delicious moment of mutual *confessions*.—Alas! it will not do:—the sturdy caitiff seized it like a plunderer as he was,—and, like a slave, as he also was, laid it at the feet of his rigorous Master.—Well! I have,

at least, the consolation of knowing that I shall be believed in my several reports of his extraordinary merits on other occasions, in reward of the inflexible veracity with which I have thus painfully recorded his treatment of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons.

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PARALLEL. — Editor, take warning! — draw your goose-quill upon the *men*, and welcome; nor need you ever wipe the poison out of your pen, for want of victims to your noble rage: — but, for your life, — I mean for the life of your reputation, — *let THE LADIES alone!*

—————“ nullum memorabile nomen  
Fæmineâ in poenâ est, nec habet victoria laudem.”

Rudest of Editors, Johnson! — grim as, questionless, thy Shade must be, and rugged as, certainly, thy substance was, — where was the softening, humanizing memory of Molly Aston, when thou couldst lift thy ponderous club against that most feminine Queen of literary Amazons, Mrs. Montague, who feared not to meet thee on the critical (if not the

editorial) field of Shakspeare? — “*audetque viris concurrere virgo.*” — So furious was thy blow, that “with the wind and whiff of that fell” club, it took away the breath of *another* Amazonian Princess, though distant far from the scene of thy terrific onset; till at length this gentle Championess — thy friend — thy “*Thralia dulcis*” (yes, ’twas she herself,) regained enough of this suspended breath, to vow her innocence of the cruel charge which brought her to the ground.\*

To return, for a moment, to the former, and most rudely injured, of these literary Heroines, — I can only say, let Boswell (*Tour to the*

\* On the last leaf of her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, this fair Amazon publisheth a “Post-script,” of the followiug tenor: — “Since the foregoing went to the press, having seen a passage in Mr. Boswell’s *Tour to the Hebrides*, in which it is said that I *could not get through Mrs. Montague’s Essay on Shakspeare*, I do not delay a moment to declare that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern, than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence.”

*Hebrides*.—page 247.—3d Edit.) perform in my stead the hardy task of narrating the cruel story—a task from which *my* fingers drop, in powerless trepidation. — Reader, who possess not the volume to which I have referred thee, yet possess legs, and leisure, and curiosity, — walk into St. Paul's Church, — advance toward the marble image, of the marble man, whose Ghost I have indignantly arraigned, — and if thou canst behold, with stedfast eye, the scowling *Hercules* before thee, offer thine acknowledgments to the artist who hath made thee independent of the volume aforesaid, by chisseling out the mind, that conceived the sentiment, that dictated the language, that thundered at the head, that prompted the pen, that dared to write, “ An Essay on the Writings, and Genius of Shakspeare.”

In the remaining, and least glorious, part of this unmanly *Labour*, I have the pride of an Englishman, in saying, that the *Hercules of Bolt Court* rises infinitely above his *Rival*, of the *club*. For, whatever prying gossips may have chosen to say, or think, of his inclination to *take away the girdle* of one of our

Amazons, I am eager to proclaim that he is most honourably innocent of that offence—although, by giving this testimony, I am compelled to sacrifice that universal, and minute coincidence of circumstance, which some may consider as essential to a *Parallel*.

## LABOUR XI.

*Procuring the golden Apples of the Hesperides.*

But hold! — this is not an affair to be hastily slurred over in a syllabus, or insinuated by hints, and inuendos. The whole transaction has so little in it of the stale familiarity, or mawkish flatness, of common-life occurrences, that it will well reward the labour of pursuing it through all its particularities of detail. And I beg leave to assure my Readers, upon the honour of a Writer, that although I may relate things in my own language, and perhaps with a little of my own colouring, the great, and prominent facts, shall, here, as in every preceding instance, be truly, and faithfully reported, as they stand on the venerable authority of the Ancients.



We are instructed, then, that Juno, on her marriage day, had presented her thundering Bride-groom with an Apple-tree, of which the fruit was distinguished from every common species of eating apple, by being entirely of gold. Jupiter appears to have very wisely considered, that a tree which made such ample amends to his pocket, for the trick it played upon his palate, was well worth guarding. It was, accordingly, entrusted, *en chef*, to the Hesperian Nymphs, (or “Ladies of the Hesperides,” as Milton gallantly styles them,)—and, *en second*, to the more efficient custody of a sleepless dragon, remarkable for the crabbedness of his disposition.

Our sinewy Labour-monger was ordered by that hardest of all Masters, Eurystheus, to go and fetch him a sample or two of the metallic wind-falls in question. He obeyed, with his usual submission;—but, whether from a sentiment of delicacy towards the dragon, which was very unusual with him in such cases—, or (which is more probable) from feeling himself nearly knocked up by one set-to after another with Stables, Boars, Amazons, Hydras, three-headed Potentates, and other people of that

stamp,— he seems, for once, to have been all for peace and quiet, in his way of doing business. In this temper, he arrived at that remarkable orchard which produced the very choice fruit he came in search of; when, instead of boldly dashing up to the tree, in *his* manner, and perhaps making a spring into the midst of it from the back of the horrible dragon that watched it, he tranquilly looked round for Atlas, to whom he had obtained a letter of recommendation, and who seems to have been a sort of fellow-centinel with the dragon, over the branches— though, apparently, not altogether so free and disengaged for the more alert services of his occupation, as might be desired; for he was discovered crouching (well he might!) under the unconscionable burthen, celestial, and terrestrial, which it was his well-known office to stand under. Hercules immediately requested him to try his interest as an uncle (for such he was) with the Hesperian Damsels, and procure for him, if possible, a few out of the next gathering of these extraordinary apples. Honest Atlas complies at the first word; and, at once to lighten himself for running, and to shew

his great alacrity in obliging his new friend, — without more ado, very good-humouredly tumbles the whole weight of Heaven and Earth upon poor Hercules's shoulders, — simply desiring his astonished, and unfortunate substitute, to *hold fast* till his return, — and so scampers away to his neices, with a basket in his hand.—Mighty pretty stuff, this, one should really have thought, for working up a good, round *Labour*, by itself! — At all events, here was, surely, a business not *much* less onerous than that of *filching a woman's girdle*, which we have lately seen enrolled among the achievements of the Hero. At the very least, one might have expected to find a word or two, en passant, in the way of remark, — an admiration-point extraordinary, — or, somehow, a sort of *written stare*, at this marvellous part of the historical page: — But, no — nothing like it! — it looks as if, in those hardy times, a *pack*, of this nature, was considered as something quite of course; for the accounts pass it all over in the quietest way that can be,—just as if it had been an everyday story of any *other* Porter, who might have asked an idle stander-by to hold his

parcel for him, while *he*, too, stepped across the way, for a pen'north of apples, to *his* apple-woman! — Hercules himself, however, with all his general indifference about trouble, does not seem to have looked at the thing with exactly the same degree of *nonchalance*, with which his biographers have since related it: it should appear, on the contrary, that, in no very long time, he had had pretty nearly enough of wearing the Universe about his neck like a horse-collar; for we find that, as soon as ever Atlas came back with his apples, his involuntary *Locum-tenens* very humbly intreated,—(and really one cannot help saying that, all things considered, the request was not an extremely encroaching, or unreasonable one,)—he intreated - - - nothing more at all than that his abrupt employer would have the goodness to lend a hand, and relieve him from the uncomfortable chafing and pressure which he felt on the nape of his neck, by just easing off the solar system for a moment, while he ferreted about for something nice and soft, to slip, by way of pledget, between the said system, and the sore place it had made!

Atlas, who—if not squeamishly punctilious

as to the outward forms of etiquette, seems, however, to have been a man of a very supple and accommodating cast, immediately acquiesced in the very modest petition of his over-loaden Deputy.—The moderation of Hercules has, thus far, been truly exemplary, and surprising: at this point of the story, however, his natural independence of spirit, which appears to have been hitherto crushed down, together with his head, suddenly rises to its ordinary pitch; for no sooner has Atlas “fitted the saddle upon the right horse,” by taking all his worlds back again, than the other quietly leaves him to the uncontested honours of his weighty office, and marches off in triumph with the *golden pippins*.

The trick by which he so neatly contrived to get rid of the Spheres, cannot, perhaps, be denied to sit rather ungracefully upon an Hero of the very first class:—but, as Hercules has always been a prime favorite of mine, I will crave permission to offer a few pleas in his behalf.

With deference, then, — it appears to me, that we ought to make as charitable allowances as we can, for his trying circumstances, after

he had found himself so strangely hitched in this awkward affair. In the first place, there seems good reason for suspecting, that Atlas knew well enough what he was about, when he originally shifted his load; and in the second, that, from some little regulation about such matters, which does not appear,—both Hercules, when he had once so unwittingly received the load, and Atlas, when it was afterwards so adroitly returned upon his hands, were, each, under the obligation of keeping his bargain, unless he should have been voluntarily released from it by the other; for, had not this been the case, it is not easy to believe, that either of them would have had much scruple about throwing down the Goods upon the spot, and so leaving 'em to be picked up by any that might fancy 'em.

All this premised, and admitted,—there can, surely, be no great room for wonder, if Hercules, who, possibly, may not have considered a handful of apples as a fully adequate *douceur* for the inconvenience of standing still, with the Creation on his back, to all eternity,—nor, moreover, have felt himself much better reconciled to a Post, with so little

of the sinecure about it, by the very unceremonious manner in which he had been promoted to it, — I say, we are not to be greatly surprised, upon the whole, if the Demigod, finding himself made an ass of, in a double sense, and considerably puzzled how to act, in so very new a case, should, for once in his life, have seemed to lose sight of his character as a Gentleman, and determined on punishing the impudence of this lubberly Planet-Propper, by retaliating his *ruse* — with only a slight improvement upon it, in the article of finesse.

And now, let me triumphantly ask, what modern Vandal, who has attentively perused the above history, will dare, hereafter, to open his lips against the advantages of a classical education?

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PARALLEL.—The *Editor*, set at work by some unfeeling EURYSTHEUS of a Bookseller, follows his great, and indefatigable Prototype, in seeking the golden fruit of his Labour; but, desirous of avoiding the watchful Dragon of Criticism, who would scare him from the tree

of learning, and probably *pull him to pieces*, should he venture to approach it, he makes his appeal to the *Gentle Hesperides*, i. e. the *indulgent Public*, who are the *guardians in chief* of the meed of literary *enterprize*, and who are *ready to accord him the object of his honourable ambition*; but, during his diligent prosecution of that object, he has to sustain a *heavy load*, yea *worlds*, of malice, and envy, which are *cast upon his unsuspecting head*; and this, but too often, *by those very persons, who insidiously affect to assist him in his pursuit*. But he *returns their injuries where they ought properly to rest, upon their own heads*, and ultimately, *bears away the prize in triumph*.

## LABOUR XII. AND LAST.

The *Labours* of Hercules, of the Editor,—and of myself, are now drawing to their close, together. The most ticklish of all the undertakings of our Hero, is introduced, with becoming eclat, at the last—like a shower of rockets in the *finale* of a pyrotechnical exhi-



bition.—It was no joke for a man to descend, in full health, as Hercules was called upon to do, into the infernal regions; nor was there any thing at all more exhilarating in the nature, and conditions, of the errand on which he stepped down—viz. of seizing, with his weaponless, and even gloveless, hands - - - of seizing, I say, and dragging out of his deep retirement, into broad day light, that most ill-looking, snarling, snappish, lubberly tyke of a dog, that ever wore three heads,—called *Cerberus*; in every respect, as unpleasant a mongrel as ever was pupped, and good for nothing but to frighten live company from the doors,—or, in his softer moments, to be, as no doubt he was, a pet lap-dog for the Furies;—and very lucky it was, by the way, (considering how very *miffy* those Ladies are said to have been,) that their favourite pug so cleverly prevented all pulling of caps for him, by offering to each of the girls exactly one head a-piece, to be kissed and patted. As for an head or two, more or less, (even to the number of 50, which Hesiod liberally allows him,) I would not be understood to lay too much stress upon a circumstance so

trifling as this must have appeared in the eyes of one who had been accustomed to deal with this part of the body by wholesale ; but since, on this particular occasion, he was not, as heretofore, provided with proper tools for lopping such animal luxuriances, when he might find them in his way, he could scarcely have helped wishing that *one*, at least, of these well-armed super-numeraries, had been left out, at the making up of this Devil of a Dog,—or Dog of a Devil. Yet, savage to strangers as the cur generally was, we are told that *he*, (as has been said of a certain *other* less perfect animal, which comes into the world with but *two legs*, and *one head*,) “ had his price,” and *that* no very exorbitant one—a sop. We know, also, that his taste for music had already tempted him, in one instance, to betray his trust. But, as it was equally out of Hercules’ line either to strum or cram him out of his fidelity, it was necessary for him to think of other methods of managing him. Leaving others to draw their topics of persuasion from the fiddle-stick, or the dripping-pan, he finally resolved to depend upon that half-and-half mixture of strength, and stratagem,

which had availed him on some other occasions.

With this view he petitioned his Majesty of Tartarus, for a short leave of absence to his barking Porter; and obtained it, under an express recognition of the law originally imposed—that of dragging him up-stairs, by mere dint of muscle. The permission thus granted, to give it any value, must be supposed to have included the administration of a *mental sop*, as it were, to the feelings of this *cantankerous* whelp, during his forced excursion from home; otherwise, he would probably have given Hercules frequent, and pointed reasons for wishing the journey at an end, as he and his uncongenial fellow-traveller were jogging along together.

So general a change has taken place in the manners and fashions of the world, since Cerberus's time, that we should not indulge too freely in starts of astonishment at every circumstance which may strike us as a little out of the way, in the annals of that period; else, it would certainly appear rather odd to us, that *that* adventure of our hero, which made by much the largest demands upon him for

what "in the vulgar," is called *pluck*,\* should have been incomparably the most barren of ulterior benefit, either to his employers in particular, or to the world at large. The professed, and single object of the unpromising speculation now in hand, was to gratify the curiosity of Eurystheus with the sight of a dog who had certainly as few points of beauty to boast of, as most that one sees of his kind; and, as soon as this passing whim had been indulged, he was to be quietly, (or unquietly,) lugged by the Bearer (who, by the bye, was nothing less than a Demigod,) all the way back to his infernal kennel, in the heart of the earth. Allowing, however, this fancy of Eurystheus to be of a more rational sort than every one may immediately perceive, my readers, I fear, will not be able entirely to help wondering at it, when they recollect in what manner this same Eurystheus had formerly deported himself on the

\* This is too hastily said.—I ought certainly to have here excepted that least heroic, as well as least useful, of all his labours,—first, *beating a woman*, and then *stealing her clothes*.

too abrupt appearance of a far more personable, as well as orderly, Monster, than that which he had *now* ordered into his presence. But be this as it may, our Hero, who, as already observed, always did what he was bidden, without making impertinent inquiries, again performed, by command of his Majesty, his old part,—that of a Shower of wild beasts;—differing, however, from Mr. Pidcock (his present chief successor in the character,) in four essential particulars; first, that he caught his Savage with his own naked hands; secondly, that those hands were the only cage, in which he afterward confined it; thirdly, that he exhibited it but once, and *that* gratuitously; and lastly, that having so done, he very honestly carried back the borrowed Monster in his arms, from the sea-side, to the *very inland* Country from which he had brought it.

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PARALLEL.—It happens very unseasonably, at the conclusion of my task, where I am naturally ambitious of going off in a blaze,

that I suddenly find myself *out of an Editor*, for the purpose of carrying on my business of a *Parallelist* to the last. In default of an Editor, therefore, I must make out as well as I can, with a *Critic*; and my Reader will, perhaps, indulgently recollect in my behalf, not merely how close a resemblance the two characters bear to each other, but how frequently they are actually identified in the same Being. My Critic, then, shall be the late worthy, and learned, Bishop Douglas, who had the honour of successfully *dragging into the open sunshine* of exposure, a most *mischievous triumvirate*, in the persons of *Hume, the Atheist*, — *Bower, the Apostate*, — and *Lauder, the Liar*. — So far, good. — For what remains, I shall make a short turn in my road, and, after the example of my Master, Plutarch, “elevate and surprize” the reader, (who has, probably, by this time, had enough of *Parallels*) with a CONTRAST or two. My *first CONTRAST* shall be made out by pointing the observation of my reader to the *Place* from which the *earlier Monster* was *dragged up into day*; — leaving him to join me in the silent hope, that, in *this particular*, a *total*

*dissimilarity* prevailed between the two cases.

My second CONTRAST consists in this, — that, whereas in the *ancient Labour*, the *permission of Pluto* was a pre-requisite to success, — in the *modern one*, our *prelatical Hercules* would certainly have left his achievement unaccomplished, rather than have addressed a petition in a *similar quarter*.

Having thus dispatched my CONTRASTS, I will make my submission to such readers as may disapprove the change, by gracefully taking my leave, with a concluding

PARALLEL.—*Eurystheus* (though occasionally seized with a nervous panic on such occasions,) must be supposed to have viewed with *some kind of satisfaction* the Monster which he had taken the trouble of commanding Hercules to bring before him ; and which, when the inspection was over, was to be *carried back to perpetual darkness and oblivion*:—on the other side, *the Public*, for whom our right reverend Labourer undertook his triple task, must, doubtless, have experienced *that species of pleasure, with which all men contemplate monstrosities brought to*

*light* ; and, when the discovery had once been fully made, they must have been equally desirous with Eurystheus, that *such revolting objects might be quickly taken from their sight, into the unhallowed obscurity from which they had been dragged, and, there, be covered up for ever.*

THE END.

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