

# **A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, Volume Three eBook**

## **A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, Volume Three by Thomas Frognall Dibdin**

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# Page 1

## LETTER I.

**STRASBOURG TO STUTTGART. BADEN. THE ELDER SCHWEIGHAEUSER. STUTTGART. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. THE ROYAL LIBRARY.**

*Stuttgart, Poste Royale, August 4, 1818.*

Within forty-eight hours of the conclusion of my last, I had passed the broad and rapidly-flowing Rhine. Having taken leave of all my hospitable acquaintances at Strasbourg, I left the *Hotel de l'Esprit* between five and six in the afternoon—when the heat of the day had a little subsided—with a pair of large, sleek, post horses; one of which was bestrode by the postilion, in the red and yellow livery of the duchy of Baden.

Our first halting place, to change horses, was *Kehl*; but we had not travelled a league on this side of the Rhine, ere we discovered a palpable difference in the general appearance of the country. There was more pasture-land. The houses were differently constructed, and were more generally surrounded by tall trees. Our horses carried us somewhat fleetly along a good, broad, and well-conditioned road. Nothing particularly arrested our attention till we reached *Bischoffsheim, a la haute monte*; where the general use of the German language soon taught us the value of our laquais; who, from henceforth, will be often called by his baptismal name of Charles. At Bischoffsheim, while fresh horses were being put to, I went to look at the church; an humble edifice—but rather picturesquely situated. In my way thither I passed, with surprise, a great number of *Jews* of both sexes; loitering in all directions. I learnt that this place was the prescribed *limits* of their peregrinations; and that they were not suffered, by law, to travel beyond it: but whether this law restricted them from entering Suabia, or Bavaria, I could not learn. I approached the church, and with the aid of a good-natured verger, who happened luckily to speak French, I was conducted all over the interior—which was sufficiently neat. But the object of my peculiar astonishment was, that Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, all flocked alike, and frequently, at the *same time*, to exercise their particular forms of worship within this church!—a circumstance, almost partaking of the felicity of an Utopian commonwealth. I observed, indeed, a small crucifix upon the altar, which confirmed me in the belief that the Lutheran worship, according to the form of the Augsburg confession, was practised here; and the verger told me there was no other place of worship in the village. His information might be deceitful or erroneous; but it is to the honour of his character that I add, that, on offering him a half florin for his trouble in shewing me the church, he seemed to think it a point of conscience *not* to receive it. His refusal was mild but firm—and he concluded by saying, gently repelling the hand which held the money, “*jamais, jamais!*” Is it thus, thought I to myself, that “they order things in” Germany?

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The sun had set, and the night was coming on apace, after we left *Bischoffsheim*, and turned from the high road on the left, leading to Rastadt to take the right, for *Baden*. For the advantage of a nearer cut, we again turned to the right—and passed through a forest of about a league in length. It was now quite dark and late: and if robbers were abroad, this surely was the hour and the place for a successful attack upon defenceless travellers. The postboy struck a light, to enjoy the comfort of his pipe, which he quickly put to his mouth, and of which the light and scent were equally cheering and pleasant. We were so completely hemmed in by trees, that their branches brushed strongly in our faces, as we rolled swiftly along. Every thing was enveloped in silence and darkness: but the age of banditti, as well as of chivalry—at least in Germany—appears to be “gone.” We sallied forth from the wood unmolested; gained again the high road; and after discerning some lights at a distance, which our valet told us (to our great joy) were the lights of *Baden*, we ascended and descended—till, at midnight, we entered the town. On passing a bridge, upon which I discerned a whole-length statue of *St. Francis*, (with the infant Christ in his arms) we stopped, to the right, at the principal hotel, of which I have forgotten the name; but of which, one Monsieur or Le Baron Cotta, a bookseller of this town, is said to be the proprietor.

The servants were yet stirring: but the hotel was so crowded that it was impossible to receive us. We pushed on quickly to another, of which I have also forgotten the name—and found the principal street almost entirely filled by the carriages of visitors. Here again we were told there was no room for us. Had it not been for our valet, we must have slept in the open street; but he recollected a third inn, whither we went immediately, and to our joy found just accommodation sufficient. We saw the carriage safely put into the remise, and retired to rest. The next morning, upon looking out of window, every thing seemed to be faery land. I had scarcely ever before viewed so beautiful a spot. I found the town of *Baden* perfectly surrounded by six or seven lofty, fir-clad hills, of tapering forms, and of luxuriant verdure. Thus, although compared with such an encircling belt of hills, *Baden* may be said to lie in a hollow—it is nevertheless, of itself, upon elevated ground; commanding views of lawns, intersected by gravel walks; of temples, rustic benches, and detached buildings of a variety of description. Every thing, in short, bespeaks nature improved by art; and every thing announced that I was in a place frequented by the rich, the fashionable, and the gay.

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I was not long in finding out the learned and venerable *Schweighaeuser*, who had retired here, for a few weeks, for the benefit of the waters—which flow from *hot* springs, and which are said to perform wonders. Rheumatism, debility, ague, and I know not what disorders, receive their respective and certain cures from bathing in these tepid waters. I found the Professor in a lodging house, attached to the second hotel which we had visited on our arrival. I sent up my name, with a letter of introduction which I had received from his Son. I was made most welcome. In this celebrated Greek scholar, and editor of some of the most difficult ancient Greek authors, I beheld a figure advanced in years—somewhere about seventy-five—tall, slim, but upright, and firm upon his legs: with a thin, and at first view, severe countenance—but, when animated by conversation, and accompanied by a clear and melodious voice, agreeable, and inviting to discourse. The Professor was accompanied by one of his daughters; strongly resembling her brother, who had shewn me so much kindness at Strasbourg. She told me her father was fast recovering strength; and the old gentleman, as well as his daughter, strongly invited us to dinner; an invitation which we were compelled to decline.

On leaving, I walked nearly all over the town, and its immediate environs: but my first object was the CHURCH, upon the top of the hill; from which the earliest (*Protestant*) congregation were about to depart—not before I arrived in time to hear some excellently good vocal and instrumental music, from the front seat of a transverse gallery. There was much in this church which had an English air about it: but my attention was chiefly directed to some bronze monuments towards the eastern extremity, near the altar; and fenced off, if I remember rightly, by some rails from the nave and side aisles. Of these monuments, the earliest is that of *Frederick, Bishop of Treves*. He died in 1517, in his 59th year. The figure of him is recumbent: with a mitre on his head, and a quilted mail for his apron. The body is also protected, in parts, with plate armour. He wears a ring upon each of the first three fingers of his right hand. It is an admirable piece of workmanship: bold, sharp, correct, and striking in all its parts. Near this episcopal monument is another, also of bronze, of a more imposing character; namely, of *Leopold William Margrave or Duke of Baden*, who died in 1671, and of the *Duchess*, his wife. The figure of Leopold, evidently a striking portrait, is large, heavy, and ungracious; but that of his wife makes ample amends—for a more beautifully expressive and interesting bronze figure, has surely never been reared upon a monumental pedestal. She is kneeling, and her hands are closed—in the act of prayer. The head is gently turned aside, as well as inclined: the mouth is very beautiful, and has an uncommon sweetness of expression: the hair, behind, is singular but

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not inelegant. The following is a part of the inscription: "*Vivit post funera virtus. Numinis hinc pietas conjugis inde trahit.*" I would give half a dozen ducats out of the supplemental supply of Madame Francs to have a fine and faithful copy of this very graceful and interesting monumental figure. As I left the church, the second (*Catholic*) congregation was entering for divine worship. Meanwhile the heavens were "black with clouds;" the morning till eleven o'clock, having been insufferably hot and a tremendous thunder storm—which threatened to deluge the whole place with rain—moved, in slow and sullen majesty, quite round and round the town, without producing any other effect than that of a few sharp flashes, and growling peals, at a distance. But the darkened and flitting shadows upon the fir trees, on the hills, during the slow wheeling of the threatening storm, had a magnificently picturesque appearance.

The walks, lawns, and rustic benches about Baden, are singularly pretty and convenient. Here was a play-house; there, a temple; yonder, a tavern, whither the *Badenois* resorted to enjoy their Sunday dinner. One of these taverns was unusually large and convenient. I entered, as a stranger, to look around me: and was instantly struck by the notes of the deepest-toned bass voice I had ever heard—accompanied by some rapidly executed passages upon the harp. These ceased—and the softer strains of a young female voice succeeded. Yonder was a *master singer*[1]—as I deemed him—somewhat stooping from age; with white hairs, but with a countenance strongly characteristic of intellectual energy of *some* kind. He was sitting in a chair. By the side of him stood the young female, about fourteen, from whose voice the strains, just heard, had proceeded. They sang alternately, and afterwards together: the man holding down his head as he struck the chords of his harp with a bold and vigorous hand. I learnt that they were uncle and niece. I shall not readily forget the effect of these figures, or of the songs which they sang; especially the sonorous notes of the mastersinger, or minstrel. He had a voice of most extraordinary compass. I quickly perceived that I was now in the land of music; but the guests seemed to be better pleased with their food than with the songs of this old bard, for he had scarcely received a half florin since I noticed him.

Professor Schweighaeuser came to visit me at the appointed hour of six, in order to have an evening stroll together to a convent, about two miles off, which is considered to be the fashionable evening walk and ride of the place. I shall long have reason to remember this walk; as well from the instructive discourse of my venerable and deeply learned guide, as from the beauty of the scenery and variety of the company. As the heat of the day subsided, the company quitted their tables in great crowds. The mall was full. Here was Eugene Beauharnois, drawn in a carriage by



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four black steeds, with traces of an unusual length between the leaders and wheel horses. A grand Duke was parading to the right: to the left, a Marchioness was laughing a *pleine gorge*. Here walked a Count, and there rode a General. Bavarians, Austrians, French, and English—intermixed with the tradesmen of Baden, and the rustics of the adjacent country—all, glittering in their gayest sabbath-attires, mingled in the throng, and appeared to vie with each other in gaiety and loudness of talk.

We gained a more private walk, within a long avenue of trees; where a small fountain, playing in the midst of a grove of elm and beech, attracted the attention both of the Professor and ourselves. “It is here,” observed the former—“where I love to come and read your favourite Thomson.” He then mentioned Pope, and quoted some verses from the opening of his *Essay on Man*—and also declared his particular attachment to Young and Akenside. “But our Shakspeare and Milton, Sir—what think you of these?” “They are doubtless very great and superior to either: but if I were to say that I understood them as well, I should say what would be an untruth: and nothing is more disgusting than an affectation of knowing what you have, comparatively, very little knowledge of.” We continued our route towards the convent, at a pretty brisk pace; with great surprise, on my part, at the firm and rapid movements of the Professor. Having reached the convent, we entered, and were admitted within the chapel. The nuns had just retired; but we were shewn the partition of wood which screens them most effectually from the inquisitive eyes of the rest of the congregation. We crossed a shallow, but rapidly running brook, over which was only one plank, of the ordinary width, to supply the place of a bridge. The venerable Professor led the way—tripping along so lightly, and yet so surely, as to excite our wonder. We then mounted the hill on the opposite side of the convent; where there are spiral, and neatly trimmed, gravel walks, which afford the means of an easy and pleasant ascent—but not altogether free from a few sharp and steep turnings. From the summit of this hill, the Professor bade me look around, and view a valley which was the pride of the neighbourhood, and which was considered to have no superior in Suabia. It was certainly very beautiful—luxuriant in pasture and woodland scenery, and surrounded by hills crowned with interminable firs.

As we descended, the clock of the convent struck eight, which was succeeded by the tolling of the convent bell. After a day of oppressive heat, with a lowering atmosphere threatening instant tempest, it was equally, grateful and refreshing to witness a calm blue sky, chequered by light fleecy clouds, which, as they seemed to be scarcely impelled along by the evening breeze, were fringed in succession by the hues of a golden sun-set. The darkening shadows of the trees added to the generally striking effect

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of the scene. As we neared the town, I perceived several of the common people, apparently female rustics, walking in couples, or in threes, with their arms round each others necks, joining in some of the popular airs of their country. The off-hand and dextrous manner in which they managed the *second parts*, surprised and delighted me exceedingly. I expressed my gratification to Mr. Schweighaeuser, who only smiled at my wondering simplicity. “If *these* delight you so much, what would you say to our *professors*?”—observed he. “Possibly, I might not like them quite so well,” replied I. The professor pardoned such apparent heresy; and we continued to approach the town. We were thirsty from our walk, and wished to enter the tea gardens to partake of refreshment. Our guide became here both our interpreter and best friend; for he insisted upon treating us. We retired into a bocage, and partook of one of the most delicious bottles of white wine which I ever remember to have tasted. He was urgent for a second bottle; but I told him we were very sober Englishmen.

In our way home, the discourse fell upon literature, and I was anxious to obtain from our venerable companion an account of his early studies, and partialities for the texts of such Greek authors as he had edited. He told me that he was first put upon collations of Greek MSS. by our *Dr. Musgrave*, for his edition of *Euripides*; and that he dated, from that circumstance, his first and early love of classical research. This attachment had increased upon him as he became older—had “grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength”—and had induced him to grapple with the unsettled, and in parts difficult, texts of *Appian*, *Epictetus*, and *Athenaeus*. He spoke with a modest confidence of his *Herodotus*—just published: said that he was even then meditating a *second* Latin version of it: and observed that, for the more perfect execution of the one now before the public, he had prepared himself by a diligent perusal of the texts of the purer Latin historians. We had now entered the town, and it was with regret that I was compelled to break off such interesting conversation. In spite of the lateness of the hour (ten o’clock) and the darkness of the evening, the worthy old Grecian would not suffer me to accompany him home—although the route to his house was devious, and in part precipitously steep, and the Professor’s sight was not remarkably good. When we parted, it was agreed that I should breakfast with him on the morrow, at eight o’clock, as we intended to quit Baden at nine.

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The next morning, I was true to the hour. The Professor's coffee, bread, butter, and eggs were excellent. Having requested our valet to settle every thing at the inn, and bring the carriage and horses to the door of M. Schweighaeuser by nine o'clock, I took a hearty leave of our amiable and venerable host, accompanied with mutual regrets at the shortness of the visit—and with a resolution to cultivate an acquaintance so heartily began. As we got into the carriage, I held up his portrait which Mr. Lewis had taken,[2] and told him "he would be neither out of *sight* nor out of *mind*" He smiled graciously—waved his right hand from the balcony upon which he stood—and by half-past nine we found the town of Baden in our rear. I must say that I never left a place, which had so many attractions, with keener regret, and a more fixed determination to revisit it. That "revisit" may possibly never arise; but I recommend all English travellers to spend a week, at the least, at Baden—called emphatically, *Baden-Baden*. The young may be gratified by the endless amusements of society, in many of its most polished forms. The old may be delighted by the contemplation of nature in one of her most picturesque aspects, as well as invigorated by the waters which gush in boiling streams from her rocky soil.

I shall not detain you a minute upon the road from Baden to this place; although we were nearly twenty-four hours so detained. *Rastadt* and *Karlsruhe* are the only towns worth mentioning in the route. The former is chiefly distinguished for its huge and tasteless castle or palace—a sort of Versailles in miniature; and the latter is singularly pleasing to an Englishman's eye, from the trim and neat appearance of the houses, walks, and streets; which latter have the footpaths almost approaching to our pavement. You enter and quit the town through an avenue of lofty and large stemmed poplars, at least a mile long. The effect, although formal, is pleasing. They were the loftiest poplars which I had ever beheld. The churches, public buildings, gardens, and streets (of which *latter* the principal is a mile long) have all an air of tidiness and comfort; although the very sight of them is sufficient to freeze the blood of an antiquary. There is nothing, apparently, more than ninety-nine years old! We dined at Karlsruhe, and slept at *Schweiberdingen*, one stage on this side of Stuttgart: but for two or three stages preceding Stuttgart, we were absolutely astonished at the multitude of apple-trees, laden, even to the breaking down of the branches, with goodly fruit, just beginning to ripen: and therefore glittering in alternate hues of red and yellow—all along the road-side as well as in private gardens. The vine too was equally fruitful, and equally promising of an abundant harvest.

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There was a drizzling rain when we entered THIS TOWN. We passed the long range of royal stables to the right, and the royal palace to the left; the latter, with the exception of a preposterously large gilt crown placed upon the central part of a gilt cushion, in every respect worthy of a royal residence. On, driving to the hotel of the *Roi d'Angleterre*, we found every room and every bed occupied; and were advised to go to the place from whence I now address you. But the *Roman Emperor* is considered to be more fashionable: that is to say, the charges are more extravagant. Another time, however, I will visit neither the one nor the other; but take up my quarters at the *King of Wirtemberg*—the neatest, cleanliest, and most comfortable hotel in Stuttgart. In *this* house there is too much noise and bustle for a traveller whose nerves are liable to be affected.

As a whole, Stuttgart is a thoroughly dull place. Its immediate environs are composed of vine-covered hills, which, at this season of the year, have an extremely picturesque appearance; but, in winter, when nothing but a fallow-like looking earth is visible, the effect must be very dreary. This town is large, and the streets—especially the *Koenings-strasse*, or King-Street,—are broad and generally well paved. The population may be about twenty-two thousand. He who looks for antiquities, will be cruelly disappointed; with the exception of the *Hotel de Ville*, which is placed near a church, and more particularly of a *Crucifix*—there is little or nothing to satisfy the hungry cravings of a thorough-bred English Antiquary. The latter is of stone, of a rough grain, and sombre tint: and the figures are of the size of life. They are partly mutilated; especially the right leg of our Saviour, and the nose of St. John. Yet you will not fail to distinguish, particularly from the folds of the drapery, that precise character of art which marked the productions both of the chisel and of the pencil in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Christ is, throughout, even including the drapery, finely marked; and the attitude of the Virgin, in looking up, has great expression. She embraces intensely the foot of the cross; while her eyes and very soul seem to be as intensely rivetted to her suffering and expiring Son.

I was not long in introducing myself to M. LE BRET, the head Librarian; for the purpose of gaining admission to the PUBLIC LIBRARY. That gentleman and myself have not only met, but met frequently and cordially. Each interview only increased the desire for a repetition of it: and the worthy and well-informed Head Librarian has partaken of a trout and veal dinner with me, and shared in one bottle of *Fremder Wein*, and in another of *Ordinaerer Wein*.<sup>[3]</sup> We have, in short, become quite sociable; and I will begin by affirming, that, a more thoroughly competent, active, and honourable officer, for the situation which he

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occupies, his Majesty the King of Wuerttemberg does not possess in any nook, corner, or portion of his Suabian dominions. I will prove what I say at the point of—my pen. Yet more extraordinary intelligence. A “deed of note” has been performed; and to make the mystery more mysterious, you are to know that I have paid my respects to the King, at his late levee; the first which has taken place since the accouchement of the Queen.[4] And what should be the *object* of this courtly visit? Truly, nothing more or less than to agitate a question respecting the possession of *two old editions of Virgil*, printed in the year 1471. But let me be methodical.

When I parted from Lord Spencer on this “Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour,” I was reminded by his Lordship of the second edition of the *Virgil* printed at Rome by *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*, and of another edition, *printed by Adam*, in 1471, both being in the public library of this place:—but, rather with a desire, than any seriously-grounded hope, on his part of possessing them. Now, when we were running down upon *Nancy*—as described in a recent despatch,[5] I said to Mr. Lewis, on obtaining a view of what I supposed might be the Vosges, that, “behind the Vosges was the *Rhine*, and on the other side of the Rhine was *Stuttgart!* and it was at Stuttgart that I should play my first trump-card in the bibliographical pack which I carried about me.” But all this seemed mystery, or methodised madness, to my companion. However, I always bore his Lordship’s words in mind—and something as constantly told me that I should gain possession of these long sought after treasures: but in fair and honourable combat: such as beseemeth a true bibliographical Knight.

Having proposed to visit the public library on the morrow—and to renew the visit as often and as long as I pleased—I found, on my arrival, the worthy Head Librarian, seriously occupied in a careful estimate of the value of the Virgils in question—and holding up *Brunet’s Manuel du Libraire* in his right hand—“Tenez, mon ami,” exclaimed he, “vous voyez que la seconde edition de Virgile, imprimee par vos amis Sweynheym et Pannartz, est encore plus rare que la premiere.” I replied that “c’etoit la fantaisie seule de l’auteur.” However, he expressed himself ready to receive preliminaries, which would be submitted to the Minister of the Interior, and by him—to the King; for that the library was the exclusive property of his Majesty. It was agreed, in the first instance, that the amount of the pecuniary value of the two books should be given in modern books of our own country; and I must do M. Le Bret the justice to say, that, having agreed upon the probable pecuniary worth, he submitted a list of books, to be received in exchange, which did equal honour to his liberality and judgment.

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I have said something about the *local* of this Public Library, and of its being situated in the market-place.[6] This market-place, or square, is in the centre of the town; and it is the only part, in the immediate vicinity of which the antiquarian's eye is cheered by a sight of the architecture of the sixteenth century. It is in this immediate vicinity, that the *Hotel de Ville* is situated; a building, full of curious and interesting relics of sculpture in wood and stone. Just before it, is a fountain of black marble, where the women come to fetch water, and the cattle to drink. Walking in a straight line with the front of the public library (which is at right angles with the Hotel de Ville) you gain the best view of this Hotel, in conjunction with the open space, or market place, and of the churches in the distance. About this spot, Mr. Lewis fixed himself, with his pencil and paper in hand, and produced a drawing from which I select the following felicitous portion.

[Illustration: Drawing]

But to return to the Public Library. You are to know therefore, that The Public Library of Stuttgart contains, in the whole, about 130,000 volumes. Of these, there are not fewer than 8200 volumes relating to the *Sacred Text*: exclusively of duplicates. This library has been indeed long celebrated for its immense collection of *Bibles*. The late King of Wuerttemberg, but more particularly his father, was chiefly instrumental to this extraordinary collection:—and yet, of the very earlier Latin impressions, they want the *Mazarine*, or the *Editio Princeps*; and the third volume of *Pfister's* edition. Indeed the first volume of their copy of the latter wants a leaf or two of prefatory matter. They have two copies of the first *German Bible*, by *Mentelin*[7]—of which *one* should be disposed of, for the sake of contributing to the purchase of the earliest edition of the Latin series. Each copy is in the original binding; but they boast of having a *complete series of German Bibles* before the time of Luther; and of Luther's earliest impression of 1524, printed by Peypus, they have a fine copy UPON VELLUM, like that in the Althorp Library; but I think taller. Of Fust's Bible of 1462, there is but an indifferent and cropt copy, upon paper; but of the *Polish Bible* of 1563, there is a very fine one, in the first oaken binding. Of *English Bibles*, there is no edition before that of 1541, of which the copy happens to be imperfect. They have a good large copy, in the original binding, of the *Sclavonian Bible* of 1581. Yet let me not dismiss this series of earlier Bibles, printed in different languages, without noticing the copies of *Italian versions* of August and October 1471. Of the August impression, there is unluckily only the second volume; but such *another* second volume will not probably be found in any public or private library in Europe.



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It is just as if it had come fresh from the press of *Vindelin de Spira*, its printer. Some of the capital letters are illuminated in the sweetest manner possible. The leaves are white, unstained, and crackling; and the binding is of wood. Of the *October* impression, the copy is unequal: that is to say, the first volume is cruelly cut, but the second is fine and tall. It is in blue morocco binding. I must however add, in this biblical department, that they possess a copy of our *Walton's Polyglott* with the *original dedication* to King Charles II.; of the extreme rarity of which M. Le Bret was ignorant.[8]

I now come to the CLASSICS. Of course the *two Virgils* of 1471 were the first objects of my examination. The *Roman* edition was badly bound in red morocco; that of *Adam* was in its original binding of wood. When I opened the *latter*, it was impossible to conceal my gratification. I turned to M. Le Bret, and then to the book—and to the Head Librarian, and to the book—again and again! “How now, *Mons. Le Bibliographe?*” (exclaimed the professor—for M. Le Bret is a Professor of belles-lettres), “I observe that you are perfectly enchanted with what is before you?” There was no denying the truth of the remark—and I could plainly discern that the worthy Head Librarian was secretly enjoying the attestations of my transport. “The more I look at these two volumes (replied I, very leisurely and gravely,) the more I am persuaded that they will become the property of Earl Spencer.” M. Le Bret laughed aloud at the strangeness of this reply. I proceeded to take a particular account of them.[9]

Here is an imperfect copy of an edition of *Terence*, by *Reisinger*, in folio; having only 130 leaves, and twenty-two lines in a full page.[10] It is the first copy of this edition which I ever saw; and I am much deceived if it be exceeded by any edition of the same author in rarity: and when I say this, I am not unmindful of the Editio Princeps of it by *Mentelin*—which happens *not* to be here. There is, however, a beautifully white copy of this latter printer's Editio Princeps of *Valerius Maximus*; but not so tall as the largest of the two copies of this same edition which I saw at Strasbourg. Of the *Offices of Cicero*, of 1466, there is rather a fine tall copy (within a quarter of an inch of ten inches high) UPON VELLUM; in the original wooden binding. The first two or three leaves have undergone a little martyrdom, by being scribbled upon. Of J. de Spira's edition of the *Epistles of Cicero*, of 1469—having the colophon on the recto of the last leaf—here is a fine, broad-margined copy, which however ought to be cleansed from the stains which disfigure it. I was grieved to see so indifferent a copy of the Edit. Prin. of *Tacitus*: but rejoiced at beholding so large and beautiful a one (in its original wooden binding) of the *Lucan* of 1475, with the Commentary of Omnibonus; printed as I conceive, by *I. de Colonia* and *M. de Gherretzem*. [11]

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But I had nearly forgotten to acquaint you with a remarkably fine, thick-leaved, crackling copy—yet perhaps somewhat cropt—of Cardinal *Bessarion's Epistles*, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz at Rome in 1469. It is in old gilt edges, in a sort of binding of wood.

I now come to the notice of a few choice and rare *Italian books*: and first, for *Dante*. Here is probably the rarest of all the earlier editions of this poet: that is to say, the edition printed at Naples by Tuppo, in two columns, having forty-two lines in a full column. At the end of the *Inferno*, we read “Gloria in excelsis Deo,” in the gothic letter; the text being uniformly roman. At the end of the *Purgatorio*:

SOLI       DEO       GLORIA.  
Erubescat   Judeus   Infelir.

At the end of the *Paradiso*: DEO GRATIAS—followed by Tuppo's address to Honofrius Carazolus of Naples. A register is on the recto of the following and last leaf. This copy is large, but in a dreadfully loose, shattered, and dingy state—in the original wooden binding. So precious an edition should be instantly rebound. Here is the Dante of 1478, with the *Commentary of Guido Terzago, printed at Milan in 1478, folio*. The text of the poet is in a fine, round, and legible roman type—that of the commentator, in a small and disagreeable gothic character.

*Petrarch* shall follow. The rarest edition of him, which I have been able to put my hand upon, is that printed at Bologna in 1476 with the commentary of Franciscus Philelphus. Each sonnet is followed by its particular comment. The type is a small roman, not very unlike the smallest of Ulric Han, or Reisinger's usual type, and a full page-contains forty-one lines.

Of *Boccaccio*, here is nothing which I could observe particularly worthy of description, save the very rare edition of the *Nimphale* of 1477, printed by *Bruno Valla of Piedmont*, and *Thomaso of Alexandria*. A full page has thirty-two lines.

I shall conclude the account of the rarer books, which it was my chance to examine in the Public Library of Stuttgart, with what ought perhaps, more correctly, to have formed the earliest articles in this partial catalogue:—I mean, the *Block Books*. Here is a remarkably beautiful, and uncoloured copy of the first Latin edition of the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*. It *has* been bound—although it be now unbound, and has been unmercifully cut. As far as I can trust to my memory, the impressions of the cuts in this copy are sharper and clearer than any which I have seen. Of the *Apocalypse*, there is a copy of the second edition, wanting a leaf. It is sound and clean, but coloured and cut. Unbound, but formerly bound. Here is a late German edition of the *Ars Moriendi*, having



thirty-four lines on the first page. Of the *Historia Beatae Virginis*, here is a copy of what I should consider to be the

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second Latin edition; precisely like a German edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, with the express date of 1470,—which is also here. The similarity is in the style of art and character of the type, which latter has much of a *Bamberg* cast about it. But of the *Latin Biblia Pauperum* here is a copy of the first edition, very imperfect, and in wretched condition. And thus much, or rather thus little, for *Block Books*.

A word or two now for the MANUSCRIPTS—which, indeed, according to the order usually observed in these Letters, should have preceded the description of the printed books. I will begin with a *Psalter*, in small folio, which I should have almost the hardihood to pronounce of the *tenth*—but certainly of the early part of the *eleventh*—century. The text is executed in lower-case roman letters, large and round. It abounds with illuminations, of about two inches in height, and six in length—running horizontally, and embedded as it were in the text. The figures are, therefore, necessarily small. Most of these illuminations, have a greenish back-ground. The armour is generally in the Roman fashion: the helmets being of a low conical form, and the shields having a large knob in the centre.

Next comes an *Evangelistarium* “seculo undecimo aut circa annum 1100:—pertinuit ad Monasterium Gengensbachense in Germania, ut legitur in margine primi folii.” The preceding memorandum is written at the beginning of the volume, but the inscription to which it alludes has been partly destroyed—owing to the tools of a modern book-binder. The scription of this old MS. is in a thick, lower case, roman letter. The illuminations are interesting: especially that of the Scribe, at the beginning, who is represented in a white and delicately ornamented gown, or roquelaure, with gold, red, and blue borders, and a broad black border at bottom. The robe should seem to be a monastic garment: but the figure is probably that of St. Jerom. It is standing before an opened book. The head is shaved at top; an azure glory is round the head. The back-ground of the whole is gold, with an arabesque border. I wish I could have spared time to make a facsimile of it. There are also figures of the four Evangelists, in the usual style of art of this period; the whole in fine preservation. The capital initials are capricious, but tasteful. We observe birds, beasts, dragons, &c. coiled up in a variety of whimsical forms. The L. at the beginning of the “Liber Generationis,” is, as usual in highly executed works of art of this period, peculiarly elaborate and striking.

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A *Psalter*, of probably a century later, next claims our attention. It is a small folio, executed in a large, bold, gothic character. The illuminations are entirely confined to the capital initials, which represent some very grotesque, and yet picturesque grouping of animals and human figures—all in a state of perfect preservation. The gold back-grounds are not much raised, but of a beautiful lustre. It is apparently imperfect at the end. The *binding* merits distinct notice. In the centre of one of the outside covers, is a figure of the Almighty, sitting; in that of the other, are the Virgin and Infant Christ, also sitting. Each subject is an illumination of the time of those in the volume itself; and each is surrounded by pencil-coloured ornaments, divided into squares, by pieces of tin, or lead soldered. A sheet of *horn* is placed over the whole of the exterior cover, to protect it from injury. This binding is uncommon, but I should apprehend it to be not earlier than the very commencement of the xvth century.

I have not yet travelled out of the twelfth century; and mean to give you some account of rather a splendid and precious MS. entitled *Vitae Sanctorum*—supposed to be of the same period. It is said to have been executed under the auspices of the *Emperor Conrad*, who was chosen in 1169 and died in 1193. It is an elegant folio volume. The illuminations are in outline; in red, brown, or blue—firmly and truly touched, with very fanciful inventions in the forms of the capital letters. The initial letter prefixed to the account of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, is abundantly clever and whimsical; while that prefixed to the Life of *St. Aurelius* has even an imposing air of magnificence, and is the most important in the volume.

Here is a curious *History of the Bible, in German verse*, as I learn, by Rudolph, Count of Hohen Embs. Whether “curious” or not, I cannot tell; but I can affirm that, since opening the famous MS. of the Roman d’Alexandre,[12] at Oxford, I have not met with a finer, or more genuine MS. than the present. It is a noble folio volume; highly, although in many places coarsely, adorned. The text is executed in a square, stiff, German letter, in double columns; and the work was written (as M. Le Bret informed me, and as warranted by the contents) “in obedience to the orders of the Emperor Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II: the greater part of it being composed after the chronicle of Geoffrey de Viterbe.” To specify the illuminations would be an endless task. At the end of the MS. are the following colophonic verses:

*Uf den fridag was sts Brictius Do nam diz buch ende alsus Nach godis geburten dusint jar Dar su ccc dni vnx achtzig als eyn har.*

the “ccc” are interlined, in red ink: but the whole inscription implies that the book was finished in 1381, on Friday, the day of St. Brictius. It follows therefore that it could not have been written during the life-time of Conrad IV. who was elected Emperor in 1250. This interesting MS. is in a most desirable condition.

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There are two or three *Missals* deserving only of brief notice. One, of the XIVth century, is executed in large gothic letter; having an exceedingly vivid and fresh illumination of a crucifixion, but in bad taste, opposite the well-known passage of “Te igitur clementissime,” &c. It is bound in red satin. Two missals of the xvth century—of which one presents only a few interesting prints connected with art. It is ornamented in a sort of bistre outline, preparatory to colouring—of which numerous examples may be seen in the Breviary of the Duke of Bedford in the Royal Library at Paris.[13] I examined half a dozen more Missals, which the kind activity of M. Le Bret had placed before me, and among them found nothing deserving of particular observation,—except a thick, short, octavo volume, in the German language, with characteristic and rather clever embellishments; especially in the borders.

There is a folio volume entitled “*La Vie, Mort, et Miracles de St. Jerome.*” The first large illumination, which is prettily composed, is unluckily much injured in some parts. It represents the author kneeling, with his cap in his right hand, and a book bound in black, with gold clasps and knobs, in the other. A lady appears to receive this presentation-volume very graciously; but unfortunately her countenance is obliterated. Two female attendants are behind her: the whole, gracefully composed. I take this MS. to be of the end of the xvth. century. There is a most desirable MS. of the *Roman de la Rose*—of the end of the xivth century; in double columns; with some of the illuminations, about two inches square, very sweet and interesting. That, on the recto of folio xiiij, is quite charming. The “testament” of the author, J. de Meun, follows; quietly decorated, within flowered borders. The last illumination but one, of our Saviour, sitting upon a rainbow is very singular. This MS. is in its old binding of wood.

A few *miscellaneous articles* may be here briefly noticed. First: a German metrical version of the Game of Chess, moralized, called *Der Schachzabel*. This is an extraordinary, and highly illuminated MS. upon paper; written in a sort of secretary gothic hand, in short rhyming verse, as I conceive about the year 1400, or 1450. The embellishments are large and droll, and in several of them we distinguish that thick, and shining, but cracked coat of paint which is upon the old print of St. Bridget, in Lord Spencer’s collection.[14] Among the more striking illuminations is the *Knight* on horseback, in silver armour, about nine inches high—a fine showy fellow! His horse has silver plates over his head. Many of the pieces in the game are represented in a highly interesting manner, and the whole is invaluable to the antiquary. This MS. is in boards. Second: a German version of *Maundeville*, of the date of 1471, with curious, large, and grotesque illuminations, of the coarsest

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execution. It is written in double columns, in a secretary gothic hand, upon paper. The heads of the Polypheme tribe are ludicrously horrible. Third:—*Herren Duke of Brunswick*, or the *Chevalier au Lion*,—a MS. relating to this hero, of the date of 1470. A lion accompanies him every where. Among the embellishments, there is a good one of this animal leaping upon a tomb and licking it—as containing the mortal remains of his master. Fourth: a series of German stanzas, sung by birds, each bird being represented, in outline, before the stanza appropriated to it. In the whole, only three leaves.

The “last and not least” of the MSS. which I deem it worthy to mention, is an highly illuminated one of *St. Austin upon the Psalms*. This was the *first* book which I remembered to have seen, upon the continent, from the library of the famous *Corvinus King of Hungary*, about which certain pages have discoursed largely. It was also an absolutely beautiful book: exhibiting one of the finest specimens of art of the latter end of the XVth century. The commentary of the Saint begins on the recto of the second leaf, within such a rich, lovely, and exquisitely executed border—as almost made me forget the embellishments in the *Sforziada* in the Royal Library of France.[15] The border in question is a union of pearls and arabesque ornaments quite standing out of the background ... which latter has the effect of velvet. The arms, below, are within a double border of pearls, each pair of pearls being within a gold circle upon an ultramarine ground. The heads and figures have not escaped injury, but other portions of this magical illumination have been rubbed or partly obliterated.

A ms. note, prefixed by M. Le Bret, informs us, in the opinion of its writer, that this illumination was the work of one “*Actavantes de Actavantibus of Florence*,—who lived towards the end of the XVth century,” and who really seems to have done a great deal for Corvinus. The initial letters, throughout this volume, delicately cross-barred in gold, with little flowers and arabesques, &c. precisely resemble those in the MS. of Mr. Hibbert.[16] Such a white, snowy page, as the one just in part described, can scarcely be imagined by the uninitiated in ancient illuminated MSS. The binding, in boards covered with leather, has the original ornaments, of the time of Corvinus, which are now much faded. The fore-edges of the leaves preserve their former gilt-stamped ornaments. Upon the whole—an ALMOST MATCHLESS book!

Such, my good friend, are the treasures, both in MS. and in print, which a couple of morning’s application, in the Public Library of Stuttgart, have enabled me to bring forward for your notice. A word or two, now, for the treasures of the ROYAL LIBRARY, and then for a little respite. The Library of his Majesty is in one of the side wings, or rather appurtenances, of the Palace: to the right, on looking at the

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front. It is on the first floor—where *all* libraries should be placed—and consists of a circular and a parallelogram-shaped room: divided by a screen of Ionic pillars. A similar screen is also at the further end of the latter room. The circular apartment has a very elegant appearance, and contains some beautiful books chiefly of modern art. A round table is in the centre, covered with fine cloth, and the sides and pillars of the screen are painted wholly in white—as well as the room connected with it. A gallery goes along the latter, or parallelogram-shaped apartment; and there are, in the centre, two rows of book-cases, very tall, and completely filled with books. These, as well as the book-cases along the sides, are painted white. An elaborately painted ceiling, chiefly composed of human figures, forms the graphic ornament of the long library; but, unluckily, the central book-cases are so high as to cover a great portion of the painting—viewed almost in any direction. At the further end of the long library, facing the circular extremity, is a bust of the late King of Wuertemberg, by Dannecker. It bears so strong a resemblance to that of our own venerable monarch, that I had considered it to be a representation of him—out of compliment to the Dowager Queen of Wuertemberg, his daughter. The ceiling of this Library is undoubtedly too low for its length. But the circular extremity has something in it exceedingly attractive, and inviting to study.

In noticing some of the contents of this Library, I shall correct the error committed in the account of the Public Library, by commencing here with the MANUSCRIPTS in preference to the Printed Books. The MSS. are by no means numerous, and are perhaps rather curious than intrinsically valuable. I shall begin with an account of a *Prayer-Book, or Psalter*, in a quarto form, undoubtedly of the latter end of the XIIth century. Its state of preservation, both for illumination and scription, is quite exquisite. It appears to have been expressly executed for Herman, and Sophia his wife, King and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia—who lived at the latter end of the twelfth century. The names of these royal patrons and owners of, the volume are introduced at the end of the volume, in a sort of litany: accompanied with embellishments of the Mother of Christ, Saints and Martyrs, &c.: as thus: “*Sophia Regina Vngariae, Regina Bohemiae*”—“*Herman Lantgravius Turingie, Rex Vngariae, Rex Bohemiae.*” In the Litany, we read (of the *latter*) in the address to the Deity, “*Vt famulu tuu HERMANNV in tua misericordia confidente, confortare et regere digner:*” so that there is no doubt about the age of the MS. In the representations of the episcopal dresses, the tops of the mitres are depressed—another confirmation of the date of the book.

The initial letters, and especially the B before the Psalms, are at once elegant and elaborate. Among the subjects described, the *Descent into Hell*, or rather the Place of Torment, is singularly striking and extraordinary. The text of the MS. is written in a large bold gothic letter. This volume has been recently bound in red morocco, and cruelly cut in the binding.

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Of course, here are some specimens of illuminated *Hours*, both in manuscript and print. In the former, I must make you acquainted with a truly beautiful volume; upon the fly leaf of which we read as follows: "I 3 F, RT, lo *Fortitudo Eius Rhodum tenuit Amadeus Graff*<sup>{9}</sup> *Sauoia*." Below, "*Biblioth: Sem: Mergenth:*" then, a long German note, of which I understood not one word, and as M. Le Bret was not near me, I could not obtain the solution of it. But although I do not understand one word of this note, I do understand that this is one of the very prettiest, and most singularly illuminated Missals, which any library can possess: broad margins: vellum, white as snow in colour, and soft as that of Venice in touch! The text is written in a tall, close, gothic character—between, as I should conceive, the years 1460 and 1480. The *drolleries* are delightfully introduced and executed. The initial letters are large and singular; the subject being executed within compartments of gothic architecture. The figures, of which these subjects are composed, are very small; generally darkly shaded, and highly relieved. They are numerous. Of these initial letters, the fifth to the ninth, inclusively, are striking: the sixth being the most curious, and the ninth the most elaborate. The binding of this volume seems to be of the sixteenth century. This is as it should be.

But, more precious than either, or than both, or than three times as many of the preceding illuminated volumes—in the estimation of our friend \* \* \* would be a MS. of which the title runs thus: "*Libri Duo de Vita S. WILLIBROORDI Archiepiscopi autore humili de vita ALCUINI cum prefat. ad Beonradum Archiepiscopum. Liber secundus metrice scriptus est.*"[17] Then an old inscription, thus: "*Althwinus de vita Willibrordi Epi.*" There can be no doubt of this MS. being at least as old as the eleventh century.

The PRINTED BOOKS—at least the account of such as seemed to demand a more particular examination, will not occupy a very great share of your attention. I will begin with a pretty little VELLUM COPY of the well-known *Hortulus Animae*, of the date of 1498, in 12mo., printed by *Wilhelmus Schaffener de Ropperswiler*, at *Strasbourg*. The vellum is excellent; and the wood cuts, rather plentifully sprinkled through the volume, happen fortunately to be well-coloured. This copy appears to have come from the "*Weingarth Monastery*", with the date of 1617 upon it—as that of its having been then purchased for the monastery. It is in its original wooden binding: wanting repair. Here are a few *Roman Classics*, which are more choice than those in the Public Library: as *Reisinger's Suetonius*, in 4to. but cropt, and half bound in red morocco, with yellow sprinkled edges to the leaves—a woful specimen of the general style of binding in this library. *Lucretius*, 1486: *Manilius*, 1474: both in one



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volume, bound in wood—and sound and desirable copies. *Eutropius*, 1471; by Laver; a sound, desirable copy, in genuine condition. Of *Bibles*, here is the Greek Aldine folio of 1518, in frightful half binding, cropt to the quick: also an Hungarian impression of the two Books of Samuel and of Kings, of 1565, in folio—beginning: AZ KET SAMVEL: colophon: *Debreczenbe*, &c. MDLXV: in wretched half binding. The small paper of the *Latin Bibles* of 1592, 1603. And of *Greek Testaments* here are the first, second, fourth and fifth editions of Erasmus; the first, containing both parts, is in one volume, in original boards, or binding; a sound and clean copy: written upon, but not in a very unpicturesque manner. The second edition is but an indifferent copy.

The following may be considered *Miscellaneous Articles*. I will begin with the earliest. *St. Austin de Singularitate Clericorum*, printed in a small quarto volume by *Ulric Zel*, in 1467: a good, sound, but cropt copy, along with some opuscula of *Gerson* and *Chrysostom*, also printed by Zel: these, from the Schoenthal monastery. At the end of this dull collection of old theology, are a few ms. opuscula, and among them one of the *Gesta Romanorum*: I should think of the fourteenth century. The *Wurtzburg Synod*, supposed to be printed by Reyser, towards the end of the fifteenth century; and of which there is a copy in the Public Library, as well as another in that of Strasbourg. To the antiquary, this may be a curious book. I mention it again,[18] in order to notice the name and seal of “Iohannes Fabri,—clericus Maguntin diocesis publicus imperiali auctoritate notarius, &c. Scriba iuratus”—which occur at about one fourth part of the work: as I am desirous of knowing whether this man be the same, or related to the, printer so called, who published the *Ethics of Cato* in 1477?—of which book I omitted to mention a copy in the Public Library here.[19] Bound up with this volume is *Fyner’s* edition of *P. Niger contra perfidos Iudaeos*, 1475, folio. *Fyner* lived at Eislingen, in the neighbourhood of this place, and it is natural to find specimens of his press here. The *Stella Meschiah* of 1477, is here cruelly cropt, and bound in the usually barbarous manner, with a mustard-coloured sprinkling upon the edges of the leaves. *Historie von der Melusina*: a singular volume, in the German language, printed without date, in a thin folio. It is a book perfectly *a la Douce*; full of whimsical and interesting wood cuts, which I do not remember to have seen in any other ancient volume. From the conclusion of the text, it appears to have been composed or finished in 1446, but I suspect the date of its typographical execution to be that of 1480 at the earliest.



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I looked about sharply for fine, old, mellow-tinted *Alduses*:—but to no purpose. Yet I must notice a pretty little Aldine *Petrarch* of 1521, 12mo. bound with *Sannazarius de partu Virginis*, by the same printer, in 1527, 12mo.: in old stamped binding—but somewhat cropt. The leaves of both copies crackle lustily on turning them over. These, also, from the Weingarth monastery. I noticed a beautiful little *Petrarch* of 1546, 8vo. with the commentary of Velutellus; having a striking device of Neptune in the frontispiece: but no *membranaceous* articles, of this character and period, came across my survey.

I cannot, however, take leave of the Royal Library (a collection which I should think must contain 15,000 volumes) without expressing my obligations for the unrestricted privilege of examination afforded me by those who had the superintendence of it. But I begin to be wearied, and it is growing late. The account of the “court-levee,” and the winding up of other Stuttgart matters, must be reserved for to-morrow. The watchman has just commenced his rounds, by announcing, as usual, the hour of *ten*—which announce is succeeded by a long (and as I learn *metrical*) exhortation—for the good folks of Stuttgart to take care of their fires and candles. I obey his injunctions; and say good night.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 421.

[2] [Of this PORTRAIT, which may be truly said to enrich the pages of the previous edition of the Tour, a more *liberal* use has been made than I was prepared to grant. My worthy friends, Messrs. Treuttel, Wuertz, and Richter were welcome to its republication; but a *third edition* of it, by another hand, ought not to have been published without permission. The ORIGINAL of this Portrait has ceased to exist. After a laborious life of fourscore years, the learned Schweighaeuser has departed—in the fullest maturity of reputation arising from classical attainments; to which must be added, all the excellences of a mild, affable, christian-like disposition. As a husband, a father, and a friend, none went before him: no one displayed these domestic virtues in a more perfect and more pleasing form. As a Greek Scholar and Commentator, he may be said to rank with Hemsterhusius, Wytenbach, and Heyne. He was equally the boast of Strasbourg and the glory of his age. Never was profound learning more successfully united with “singleness of heart,” and general simplicity of character. He ought to have a splendid monument (if he have it not already?) among his Fellow Worthies in the church of St. Thomas at Strasbourg. PEACE TO HIS ASHES!]

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[3] For the first time, my bill (which I invariably called for, and settled, every day) was presented to me in a printed form, in the *black letter*, within an ornamented border. It was entitled Rechnung von Gottlob Ernst Teichmann, zum Waldhorn in Stuttgart. The printed articles, against which blanks are left, to be filled up according to the quantity and quality of the fare, were these: Fruhstuck, Mittag-Essen, Nacht Essen, Fremder Wein, Ordinarier Wein, Verschiedenes, Logis, Feuerung, Bediente. I must be allowed to add, that the head waiter of the Waldhorn, or *Hunting Horn*, was one of the most respectably looking, and well-mannered, of his species. He spoke French fluently, but with the usual German accent. The master of the inn was coarse and bluff, but bustling and civil. He frequently devoted one of the best rooms in his house to large, roaring, singing, parties—in which he took a decided lead, and kept it up till past midnight.

[4] [The late Duchess of OLDENBURG.]

[5] See vol. ii. p. 356.

[6] [This Public Library is now pulled down, and another erected on the site of it.]

[7] In one of these copies is an undoubtedly coeval memorandum in red ink, thus: "*Explicit liber iste Anno domini Millesio quadringentissimo sexagesimosexto* (1466) *format<sup>9</sup> arte impssoria p venerabilem viru Johane mentell in argentina,*" &c. I should add, that, previously to the words "*sexagesimosexto*" were those of "*quiquagesimosexto*"—which have been erased by the pen of the Scribe; but not so entirely as to be illegible. I am indebted to M. Le Bret for the information that this Bible by Mentelin is more ancient than the one, without date or place, &c. (see *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. i. p. 42, &c.) which has been usually considered to be anterior to it. M. Le Bret draws this conclusion from the comparative antiquity of the language of Mentelin's edition.

[8] This was the *second* copy, with the same original piece, which I had seen abroad; that in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris being the first. I have omitted to notice this, in my account of that Library, vol. ii. p. 156-7, &c.

[9] [Both volumes will be found particularly described in the *AEdes Althorpianae*, vol. ii. p. 285-290.]



[10] Lord Spencer has recently obtained a PERFECT COPY of this most rare edition—by the purchase of the library of the Duke di Cassano, at Naples. See the *Cassano Catalogue*, p. 116.

[11] A very particular description of this rare edition will be found in the *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. ii. p. 141.

[12] See the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. cxcviii.

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[13] See vol. ii. p. 73.

[14] See *Ottley's History of Engraving*, vol. i. p. 86; where a fac-simile of this cut is given—which, in the large paper copies, is coloured.

[15] See vol. ii. p. 134-5.

[16] The SFORZIADA: See the Catalogue of his Library, no. 7559.

[17] The prologue of this metrical life begins thus:

*Ecce tuis parui uotis uenerande sacerdos  
Cor quia de vro feruet amore mihi  
Pontificis magna wilbroodi et psulis almus  
Recurrans titulis inclyta gesta tuis  
Sit lux inferior strepitant cum murmure rauco  
illius egregi<sup>9</sup> sermo meus meritis*

This life consists of only 11 leaves, having 23 verses in a full page. It is printed in the *Lect. Antiq. of Canisius*, vol. ii. p. 463; and the prose life is printed by *Surius* and by *Mabillon*.

[18] Before described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. IV. p. 508.

[19] The book in question has the following colophon:

*Hoc opus exiguum perfecit rite iohannes Fabri: cui seruat lingonis alta lares. Ac uoluit formis ipsum fecisse casellis. M.cccc.lxxcii de mense maii.*

The s is very singular, being smaller than the other letters, and having a broken effect. This copy, in the Public Library at Stuttgart, is not bound, but in excellent condition.

## LETTER II.

### THE ROYAL PALACE. A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NEGOTIATION. DANNECKER THE SCULPTOR. ENVIRONS OF STUTTGART.

The morrow is come; and as the morning is too rainy to stir abroad, I sit down to fulfil the promise of last night. This will be done with the greater cheerfulness and alacrity, as the evenings have been comparatively cooler, and my slumbers, in consequence, more sound and refreshing. M. LE BRET—must be the first name mentioned upon this occasion. In other words, the negotiation about the *two Virgils*, through the zeal and

good management of that active Head-Librarian, began quickly to assume a most decided form; and I received an intimation from Mr. Hamilton, our Charge d’Affaires, that the King expected to see me upon the subject at the “circle”—last Sunday evening.

But before you go with me to court, I must make you acquainted with the place in which the Court is held: in other words, with the ROYAL PALACE of STUTTGART. Take away the gilt cushion and crown at the top of it, and the front facade has really the air of a royal residence. It is built of stone: massive and unpretending in its external decorations, and has two wings running at right angles with the principal front elevation. To my eye, it had, at first view, and still continues to have, more of a Palace-like look than the long but slender structure of the Tuilleries.

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To the left, on looking at it—or rather behind the left wing is a large, well-trimmed flower-garden, terminating in walks, and a carriage way. Just in front of this garden, before a large bason of water, and fixed upon a sort of parapet wall—is a very pleasing, colossal group of two female statues—*Pomona* and *Flora*, as I conceive—sculptured by Dannecker. Their forms are made to intertwine very gracefully; and they are cut in a coarse, but hard and pleasingly-tinted, stone. For out-of-door figures, they are much superior to the generality of unmeaning allegorical marble statues in the gardens of the Thuilleries.

The interior of the palace has portions, which may be said to verify what we have read, in boyish days, of the wonder-working powers of the lamp of Aladdin. Here are porphyry and granite, and rosewood, and satin-wood, porcelaine, and or-molu ornaments, in all their varieties of unsullied splendor. A magnificent vestibule, and marble staircase; a concert room; an assembly-room; and chamber of audience: each particularly brilliant and appropriate; while, in the latter, you observe a throne, or chair of state, of antique form, but entirely covered with curious gilt carvings—rich, without being gaudy—and striking without being misplaced. You pass on—room after room—from the ceilings of which, lustres of increasing brilliance depend; but are not disposed to make any halt till you enter a small apartment with a cupola roof—within a niche of which stands the small statue of *Cupid*; with his head inclined, and one hand raised to feel the supposed-blunted point of a dart which he holds in the other. This is called the Cupid-Room, out of compliment to DANNECKER the sculptor of the figure, who is much patronised by the Queen. A statue or two by Canova, with a tolerable portion of Gobeleine tapestry, form the principal remaining moveable pieces of furniture. A minuter description may not be necessary: the interiors of all palaces being pretty much alike—if we put pictures and statues out of the question.

From the Palace, I must now conduct you to the “circle” or Drawing Room—which I attended. Mr. Hamilton was so obliging as to convey me thither. The King paid his respects personally to each lady, and was followed by the Queen. The same order was observed with the circle of gentlemen. His Majesty was dressed in what seemed to be an English uniform, and wore the star of the Order of the Bath. His figure is perhaps under the middle size, but compact, well formed, and having a gentlemanly deportment. The Queen was, questionless, the most interesting female in the circle. To an Englishman, her long and popular residence in England, rendered her doubly an object of attraction. She was superbly dressed, and yet the whole had a simple, lady-like, appearance. She wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and large circular diamond ear rings: but it was her *necklace*, composed of the largest and choicest of the same kind

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of precious stones, which flashed a radiance on the eyes of the beholder, that could scarcely be exceeded even in the court-circles of St. Petersburg. Her hair was quietly and most becomingly dressed; and with a small white fan in her hand, which she occasionally opened and shut, she saluted, and discoursed with, each visitor, as gracefully and as naturally as if she had been accustomed to the ceremony from her earliest youth. Her dark eyes surveyed each figure, quickly, from head to foot—while ...

*“Favours to none, to all she smiles extends.”*

Among the gentlemen, I observed a young man of a very prepossessing form and manners—having seven orders, or marks of distinction hanging from his button-holes. Every body seemed anxious to exchange a word with him; and he might be at farthest in his thirtieth year. I could not learn his name, but I learnt that his *character* was quite in harmony with his *person*: that he was gay, brave, courteous and polite: that his courage knew no bounds: that he would storm a citadel, traverse a morass, or lead on to a charge, with equal coolness, courage, and intrepidity: that repose and inaction were painful to him—but that humanity to the unfortunate, and the most inflexible attachment to relations and friends, formed, equally, distinctive marks of his character. This intelligence quite won my heart in favour of the stranger, then standing and smiling immediately before me; and I rejoiced that the chivalrous race of the *Peterboroughs* was not yet extinct, but had taken root, and “borne branch and flower,” in the soil of Suabia.

When it came to my turn to be addressed, the king at once asked—“if I had not been much gratified with the books in the Public Library, and particularly with two *ancient editions* of Virgil?” I merely indicated an assent to the truth of this remark, waiting for the conclusion to be drawn from the premises. “There has been some mention made to me (resumed his Majesty) about a proposed exchange on the part of Lord Spencer, for these two ancient editions, which appear to be wanting in his Lordship’s magnificent collection. For my part, I see no objection to the final arrangement of this business—if it can be settled upon terms satisfactory to all parties.” This was the very point to which I was so anxious to bring the conference. I replied, coolly and unhesitatingly, “that it was precisely as his Majesty had observed; that his own Collection was strong in *Bibles*, but comparatively weak in *Ancient Classics*: and that a diminution of the *latter* would not be of material consequence, if, in lieu of it, there could be an increase of the *former*—so as to carry it well nigh towards perfection; that, in whatever way this exchange was effected, whether by money, or by books, in the first instance, it would doubtless be his Majesty’s desire to direct the application of the one or the other to the completion of his *Theological Collection*.”

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The King replied “he saw no objection whatever to the proposed exchange—and left the forms of carrying it into execution with his head librarian M. Le Bret.” Having gained my point, it only remained to make my bow. The King then passed on to the remainder of the circle, and was quickly followed by the Queen. I heard her Majesty distinctly tell General Allan,[20] in the English language, that “she could never forget her reception in England; that the days spent there were among the happiest of her life, and that she hoped, before she died, again to visit our country.” She even expressed “gratitude for the cordial manner in which she had been received, and, entertained in it.”[21]

The heat had now become almost insupportable; as, for the reason before assigned, every window and door was shut. However, this inconvenience, if it was severe, was luckily of short duration. A little after nine, their Majesties retired towards the door by which they had entered: and which, as it was reopened, presented, in the background, the attendants waiting to receive them. The King and Queen then saluted the circle, and retired. In ten minutes we had all retreated, and were breathing the pure air of heaven. I preferred walking home, and called upon M. Le Bret in my way. It was about half past nine only, but that philosophical bibliographer was about retiring to rest. He received me, however, with a joyous welcome: re-trimmed his lamp; complimented me upon the success of the negotiation, and told me that I might now depart in peace from Stuttgart—for that “the affair might be considered as settled.”[22]

I have mentioned to you, more than once, the name of DANNECKER the sculptor. It has been my good fortune to visit him, and to converse with him much at large, several times. He is one of the most unaffected of the living Phidias-tribe; resembling much, both in figure and conversation, and more especially in a pleasing simplicity of manners, our celebrated *Chantry*. Indeed I should call Dannecker, on the score of art as well as of person, rather the Chantry than the *Flaxman* or *Canova* of Suabia. He shewed me every part of his study; and every cast of such originals as he had executed, or which he had it in contemplation to execute. Of those that had left him, I was compelled to be satisfied with the plaster of his famous ARIADNE, reclining upon the back of a passant leopard, each of the size of life. The original belongs to a banker at Frankfort, for whom it was executed for the sum of about one thousand pounds sterling. It must be an exquisite production; for if the *plaster* be thus interesting what must be the effect of the *marble*? Dannecker told me that the most difficult parts of the group, as to detail, were the interior of the leopard’s feet, and the foot and retired drapery of the female figure—which has one leg tucked under the other. The whole composition has an harmonious, joyous effect; while health, animation, and beauty breathe in every limb and lineament of Ariadne.



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But it was my good fortune to witness *one* original of Dannecker's chisel—of transcendent merit. I mean, the colossal head of SCHILLER; who was the intimate friend, and a townsman of this able sculptor. I never stood before so expressive a modern countenance. The forehead is high and wide, and the projections, over the eye-brows, are boldly, but finely and gradually, marked. The eye is rather full, but retired. The cheeks are considerably shrunk. The mouth is full of expression, and the chin somewhat elongated. The hair flows behind in a broad mass, and ends in a wavy curl upon the shoulders: not very unlike the professional wigs of the French barristers which I had seen at Paris. Upon the whole, I prefer this latter—for breadth and harmony—to the eternal conceit of the wig *a la grecque*. “It was so (said Dannecker) that Schiller wore his hair; and it was precisely with this physiognomical expression that he came out to me, dressed *en roquelaure*, from his inner apartment, when I saw him for the last time. I thought to myself—on so seeing him—(added the sculptor) that it is thus that I will chisel your bust in marble.” Dannecker then requested me to draw my hand gently over the forehead—and to observe by what careful, and almost imperceptible gradations, this boldness of front had been accomplished; I listened to every word that he said about the extraordinary character then, as it were, before me, with an earnestness and pleasure which I can hardly describe; and walked round and round the bust with a gratification approaching to ecstasy. They may say what they please—at Rome or at London—but a *finer* specimen of art, in its very highest department, and of its particular kind, the chisel of *no living* Sculptor hath achieved. As a bust, it is perfect. It is the MAN; with all his MIND in his countenance; without the introduction of any sickly airs and graces, which are frequently the result of a predetermination to treat it—as *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* would have treated it! It is worth a host of such figures as that of Marshal Saxe at Strasbourg.

“Would any sum induce you to part with it?”—said I, in an under tone, to the unsuspecting artist ... bethinking me, at the same time, of offering somewhere about 250 louis d’or—“None:” replied Dannecker. “I loved the original too dearly to part with this copy of his countenance, in which I have done my utmost to render it worthy of my incomparable friend.” I think the artist said that the Queen had expressed a wish to possess it; but he was compelled to adhere religiously to his determination of keeping it for himself. Dannecker shewed me a plaster cast of his intended figure of CHRIST. It struck me as being of great simplicity of breadth, and majesty of expression; but perhaps the form wanted fulness—and the drapery might be a little too sparing. I then saw several other busts, and subjects, which have already escaped my recollection; but I could not but be struck with

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the quiet and unaffected manner in which this meritorious artist mentioned the approbation bestowed by CANOVA upon several of his performances. He is very much superior indeed to Ohmacht; but comparisons have long been considered as uncourteous and invidious—and so I will only add, that, if ever Dannecker visits England—which he half threatens to do—he shall be feted by a Commoner, and patronised by a Duke. Meanwhile, you have here his Autograph for contemplation.

[Illustration: Autograph of Dannecker]

[20] Afterwards Sir Alexander Allan, Bart. I met him and Captain C \* \* \*, of the Royal Navy, in their way to Inspruck. But Sir Alexander (than whom, I believe a worthier or a braver man never entered the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament) scarcely survived the excursion two years.

[21] The Queen of Wuerttemberg survived the levee, above described, only a few months. Her DEATH was in consequence of over-maternal anxiety about her children, who were ill with the measles. The queen was suddenly called from her bed on a cold night in the month of January to the chamber where her children were seriously indisposed. Forgetful of herself, of the hour, and of the season, she caught a severe cold: a violent erysipelatous affection, terminating in apoplexy, was the fatal result—and SHE, who, but a few short-lived months before, had shone as the brightest star in the hemisphere of her own court;—who was the patroness of art;—and of two or three national schools, building, when I was at Stuttgart, at her own expense—was doomed to become the subject of general lamentation and woe. She was admired, respected, and beloved. It was pleasing, as it was quite natural, to see her (as I had often done) and the King, riding out in the same carriage, or phaeton, without any royal guard; and all ranks of people heartily disposed to pay them the homage of their respect. In a letter from M. Le Bret, of the 8th of June 1819, I learnt that a magnificent chapel, built after the Grecian model, was to contain the monument to be erected to her memory. Her funeral was attended by six hundred students from Tubingen, by torch light.

[22] For the sake of juxta-position, I will here mention the SEQUEL, as briefly as may be. The “affair” was far from being at that time “settled.” But, on reaching Manheim, about to recross the Rhine, on my return to Paris—I found a long and circumstantial letter from my bibliographical correspondent at Stuttgart, which seemed to bring the matter to a final and desirable issue. “So many thousand francs had

been agreed upon—there only wanted a well bound copy of the *Bibliographical Decameron* to boot:—and the Virgils were to be

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considered as his Lordship's property." Mr. Hamilton, our Charge d'Affaires, had authority to pay the money—and I ... walked instantly to *Artaria's*—purchased a copy of the work in question, (which happened to be there, in blue morocco binding,) and desired my valet to get ready to start the next morning, by three or four o'clock, to travel post to Stuttgart: from whence he was not to return *without* bringing the VIRGILS, in the same carriage which would convey him and the Decameron volumes. Charles Rohfrisch immediately prepared to set out on his journey. He left Manheim at three in the morning; travelled without intermission to Stuttgart,—perhaps fourscore or ninety miles from Manheim—put up at his old quarters *zum Waldhorn* (see p. 17, ante.) waited upon M. Le Bret with a letter, and the morocco tomes—RECEIVED THE VIRGILS—and prepared for his return to Manheim—which place he reached by two on the following morning. I had told him that, at whatever hour he arrived, he was to make his way to my chamber. He did as he was desired. "LES VOILA!"—exclaimed he, on placing the two volumes hastily upon the table.—"Ma foi, Monsieur, c'est ceci une drole d'affaire; il y a je ne scai pas combien de lieues que j'ai traverse pour deux anciens livres qui ne valent pas a mes yeux le tiers d'un Napoleon!" I readily forgave him all this saucy heresy—and almost hugged the volumes ... on finding them upon my table. They were my constant travelling companions through France to Calais; and when I shewed the *Adam Virgil* to M. Van Praet, at Paris—"Enfin (remarked he, as he turned over the broad-margined and loud-crackling leaves) voila un livre dont j'ai beaucoup entendu parler, mais que je n'ai jamais vu!" These words sounded as sweet melody to mine ears. But I will unfeignedly declare, that the joy which crowned the whole, was, when I delivered *both* the books ... into the hands of their present NOBLE OWNER: with whom they will doubtless find their FINAL RESTING PLACE. [Such was my bibliographical history—eleven years ago. Since that period NO copy of EITHER edition has found its way into England. "Terque quaterque beatus!"]

### LETTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM STUTTGART. ULM. AUGSBOURG. THE PICTURE GALLERY AT AUGSBOURG.

*Augsbourg, Hotel des Trois Negres, Aug. 9, 1818.*

**MY DEAR FRIEND;**

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I have indeed been an active, as well as fortunate traveller, since I last addressed you; and I sit down to compose rather a long despatch, which, upon the whole, will be probably interesting; and which, moreover, is penned in one of the noblest hotels in Europe. The more I see of Germany, the more I like it. Behold me, then in *Bavaria*; within one of its most beautiful cities, and looking, from my window, upon a street called *Maximilian Street*—which, for picturesque beauty, is exceeded only by the High-street at Oxford. A noble fountain of bronze figures in the centre of it, is sending forth its clear and agitated waters into the air—only to fall, in pellucid drops, into a basin of capacious dimensions: again to be carried upwards, and again to descend. 'Tis a magnificent fountain; and I wish such an one were in the centre of the street above mentioned, or in that of Waterloo Place. But to proceed with my Journal from Stuttgart.

I left that capital of the kingdom of Wuerttemberg about five in the afternoon, accompanied by my excellent friend M. Le Bret, who took a seat in the carriage as far as the boundaries of the city.[23] His dry drollery, and frankness of communication, made me regret that he could not accompany us—at least as far as the first stage *Plochingen*;—especially as the weather was beautiful, and the road excellent. However, the novelty of each surrounding object—(but shall ... I whisper a secret in your ear?—the probably successful result of the negotiation about the two ancient editions of Virgil—yet more than each surrounding object) put me in perfect good humour, as we continued to roll pleasantly on towards our resting-place for the night—either *Goeppingen*, or *Geislingen*,—as time and inclination might serve. The sky was in a fine crimson glow with the approaching sun-set, which was reflected by a river of clear water, skirted in parts by poplar and birch, as we changed horses at *Plochingen*. It was, I think, *that* town, rather than *Goeppingen*, (the next stage) which struck us, en passant, to be singularly curious and picturesque on the score of antiquity and street scenery. It was with reluctance that I passed through it in so rapid a manner: but necessity alone was the excuse.

We slept, and slept comfortably, at *Goeppingen*. From thence to *Geislingen* are sweet views: in part luxuriant and cultivated, and in part bold and romantic. Here, were the humble and neatly-trimmed huts of cottagers; there, the lofty and castle-crowned domains of the Baron. It was all pleasing and heart-cheering; while the sky continued in one soft and silvery tint from the unusual transparency of the day. On entering *Geislingen*, our attention was quickly directed to other, and somewhat extraordinary, objects. In this town, there is a great manufactory of articles in *ivory*; and we had hardly stopped to change horses—in other words, the postilion

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had not yet dismounted—ere we were assailed by some half dozen ill-clad females, who crawled up the carriage, in all directions, with baskets of ivory toys in their hands, saluting us with loud screams and tones—which, of course, we understood to mean that their baskets might be lightened of their contents. Our valet here became the principal medium of explanation. Charles Rohfritsch raised himself up from his seat; extended, his hands, elevated his voice, stamped, seized upon one, and caught hold of another, assailant at the same time—threatening them with the vengeance of the police if they did not instantly desist from their rude assaults. It was indeed high time to be absolute; for Mr. Lewis was surrounded by two, and I was myself honoured by a visit of three, of this gipsy tribe of ivory-venders: who had crawled over the dicky, and up the hinder wheels, into the body of the carriage.

There seemed to be no alternative but to purchase *something*. We took two or three boxes, containing crucifixes, toothpicks, and apple-scoops; and set the best face we could upon this strange adventure. Meanwhile, fresh horses were put to; and the valet joked with the ivory venders—having desired the postilion, (as he afterwards informed me) as soon as he was mounted, to make some bold flourishes with his whip, to stick his spurs into the sides of his horses, and disentangle himself from the surrounding female throng as speedily as he could. The postilion did as he was commanded: and we darted off at almost a full gallop. A steep hill was before us, but the horses continued to keep their first pace, till a touch of humanity made our charioteer relax from his efforts. We had now left the town of Geislingen behind us, but yet saw the ivory venders pointing towards the route we had taken. “This has been a strange piece of business indeed, Sir,” (observed the valet). “These women are a set of mad-caps; but they are nevertheless women of character. They always act thus: especially when they see that the visitors are English—for they are vastly fond of your countrymen!”

We were now within about twenty English miles of ULM. Nothing particular occurred, either by way of anecdote or of scenery, till within almost the immediate approach, or descent to that city—the last in the Suabian territories, and which is separated from Bavaria by the river Danube. I caught the first glance of that celebrated river (here of comparatively trifling width) with no ordinary emotions of delight. It recalled to my memory the battle of *Blenheim*, or of *Hochstedt*; for you know that it was across this very river, and scarcely a score of miles from Ulm, that the victorious MARLBOROUGH chased the flying French and Bavarians—at the battle just mentioned. At the same moment, almost, I could not fail to contrast this glorious issue with the miserable surrender of the town before me—then filled by a large and well-disciplined army, and commanded

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by that non-pareil of generals, J.G. MACK!—into the power of Bonaparte... almost without pulling a trigger on either side—the place itself being considered, at the time, one of the strongest towns in Europe. These things, I say, rushed upon my memory, when, on the immediate descent into Ulm, I caught the first view of the tower of the MINSTER ... which quickly put Marlborough, and Mack, and Bonaparte out of my recollection.

I had never, since quitting the beach at Brighton, beheld such an *English-like* looking cathedral—as a whole; and particularly the tower. It is broad, bold, and lofty; but, like all edifices, seen from a neighbouring and perhaps loftier height, it loses, at first view, very much of the loftiness of its character. However, I looked with admiration, and longed to approach it. This object was accomplished in twenty minutes. We entered Ulm about two o'clock: drove to an excellent inn (the *White Stag*—which I strongly recommend to all fellow-travellers) and ordered our dinner to be got ready by five; which, as the house was within a stone's cast of the cathedral, gave us every opportunity of visiting it before hand. The day continued most beautiful: and we sallied forth in high spirits, to gaze at and to admire every object of antiquity which should present itself.

You may remember my mentioning, towards the close of my last despatch, that a letter was lying upon the table, directed to one of the Professors of the University, or *gymnase*, of this place. The name of that Professor was VEESENMEYER; a very respectable, learned, and kind-hearted gentleman. I sought his house (close to the cathedral) the very first thing on quitting the hotel. The Professor was at home. On receiving my letter, by the hands of a pretty little girl, one of his daughters, M. Veesenmeyer made his appearance at the top of a short stair case, arrayed in a sort of woollen, quilted jacket, with a green cloth cap on, and a pipe in his mouth—which latter seemed to be full as tall as himself. I should think that the Professor could not be taller than his pipe, which might be somewhere about five feet in length. His figure had an exceedingly droll appearance. His mode of pronouncing French was somewhat germanized; but I strained every nerve to understand him, as my valet was not with me, and as there would have been no alternative but to have talked Latin. I was desirous of seeing the library, attached to the cathedral. "Could the Professor facilitate that object?" "Most willingly—" was his reply—"I will write a note to \* \* the librarian: carry it to him, and he will shew you the library directly, if he be at home." I did as he desired me; but found the number of the house very difficult to discover—as the houses are numbered, consecutively, throughout the town—down one street and up another: so that, without knowing the order of the *streets* through which the numbers run, it is hardly possible for a stranger to proceed.



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Having sauntered round and round, and returned almost to the very spot whence I had set out, I at last found the residence of the librarian.—On being admitted, I was introduced to a tall, sharp-visaged, and melancholy-complexioned gentleman, who seemed to rise six feet from the ground on receiving me. He read the Professor's note: but alas! could not speak one word of French. "Placetne tibi, Domine, sermone latino uti?" I answered in the affirmative; but confessed that I was totally out of the habit of speaking it in England: and besides, that our *mode of pronunciation* was very different from that of other countries. The man of dark vestments and sombre countenance relaxed into a gentle smile, as I added the latter part of this remark: and I accompanied him quickly, but silently, to the library in question. Its situation is surely among the most whimsical in existence. It is placed up one pair of stairs, to the left of the choir; and you ascend up to it through a gloomy and narrow stone staircase. If I remember rightly, the outward door, connecting with the stairs, is in the cathedral yard. The library itself is very small; and a print, being a portrait of its Donor, hangs up against the shelves—facing as you enter. I had never seen this print before. It was an interesting portrait; and had, I think, a date of somewhere about 1584. The collection was chiefly theological; yet there were a few old classics, but of very secondary value. The only book that I absolutely coveted, was a folio, somewhat charged with writing in the margins, of which the title and colophon are as follow:—for I obtained permission to make a memorandum of them. "Gutheri Ligurini Poetae clarissimi diui Frid. pri Dece libri foeliciter editi: *impssi per industriu & ingeniosu Magistru Erhardu Oeglin ciuem augustesem Ano Sesquimillesimo & septimo mese Apprilio*" This edition contains M vj, in sixes. The preceding article is followed by six leaves, containing supplemental matter.

I asked my sable attendant, if this book could be parted with—either for money, or in exchange for other books? he replied, "that that point must be submitted to the consideration of a chapter: that the library was rarely or never visited; but that he considered it would not be proper to disturb its order, or to destroy its identity, since it was a *sacred legacy*." I told him that he reasoned well; but that, should the chapter change such a resolution, my address would be found at Vienna, poste restante, till the 20th of the following month. We parted in terms of formal politeness; being now and then a little checked in my discourse, by the reply, on his part, of "Non prorsus intelligo." I am glad, however, to have seen this secluded cabinet of books; which would have been the very place for the study of Anthony Wood or Thomas Hearne. It had quite an air of monastic seclusion, and it seemed as if scarcely six persons had trod the floor, or six volumes had been taken down from the shelves, since the day when the key was first turned upon the door which encloses the collection. After a few "*salves*," and one "*vale*," I returned to the White Stag.

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The CATHEDRAL of ULM is doubtless among the most respectable of those upon the continent. It is large and wide, and of a massive and imposing style of architecture. The buttresses are bold, and very much after the English fashion. The tower is the chief exterior beauty. Before we mounted it, we begged the guide, who attended us, to conduct us all over the interior. This interior is very noble: and even superior, as a piece of architecture, to that of Strasbourg. I should think it even longer and wider—for the truth is, that the tower of *Strasbourg* Cathedral is as much too *tall*, as that of *Ulm* cathedral is too *short*, for its nave and choir. Not very long ago, they had covered the interior by a white wash; and thus the mellow tint of probably about five centuries—in a spot where there are few immediately surrounding houses—and in a town of which the manufactories and population are comparatively small—the *latter* about 14,000—thus, I say, the mellow tint of these five centuries (for I suppose the cathedral to have been finished about the year 1320) has been cruelly changed for the staring and chilling effects of whitening.

The choir is interesting in a high degree. At the extremity of it, is an altar—indicative of the Lutheran form of worship[24] being carried on within the church—upon which are oil paintings upon wood, emblazoned with gilt backgrounds—of the time of *Hans Burgmair*, and of others at the revival of the art of painting in Germany. These pictures turn upon hinges, so as to shut up, or be thrown open; and are in the highest state of preservation. Their subjects are entirely scriptural; and perhaps old *John Holbein*, the father of the famous Hans Holbein, might have had a share in some of them. Perhaps they may come down to the time of *Lucas Cranach*. Whenever, or by whomsoever executed, this series of paintings, upon the high altar of the cathedral of Ulm, cannot be viewed without considerable satisfaction. They were the first choice specimens of early art which I had seen on this side of the Rhine; and I of course contemplated them with the hungry eye of an antiquary.

After a careful survey of the interior, the whole of which had quite the air of English cleanliness and order, we prepared to mount the famous tower. Our valet, Rohfritsch, led the way; counting the steps as he mounted, and finding them to be about three hundred and seventy-eight in number. He was succeeded by the guide. Mr. Lewis and myself followed in a more leisurely manner; peeping through the interstices which presented themselves in the open fretwork of the ornaments, and finding, as we continued to ascend, that the inhabitants and dwelling houses of Ulm diminished gradually in size. At length we gained the summit, which is surrounded by a parapet wall of some three or four feet in height. We paused a minute, to recover our breath, and to look at the prospect which

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surrounded us. The town, at our feet, looked like the metropolis of Laputa. Yet the high ground, by which we had descended into the town—and upon which Bonaparte's army was formerly encamped—seemed to be more lofty than the spot whereon we stood. On the opposite side flowed the *Danube*: not broad, nor, as I learnt very deep; but rapid, and in a serpentine direction. The river here begins to be navigable for larger boats; but there is little appearance of bustle or business upon the quays. Few or no white sails, floating down the stream, catch the morning or the evening sun-beam: no grove of masts: no shouts of mariners: no commercial rivalry. But what then? Close to the very spot where we stood, our attention was directed to a circumstance infinitely more interesting, to the whimsical fancy of an Antiquary, than a whole forest of masts. What might this be? Listen.

"Do you observe, here, gentlemen?" said the guide—pointing to the coping of the parapet wall, where the stone is a little rubbed, "I do"—(replied I) "What may this mean?" "Look below, Sir, (resumed he) how fearfully deep it is. You would not like to tumble down from hence?" This remark could admit but of one answer—in the *negative*; yet the man seemed to be preparing himself to announce some marvellous fact, and I continued mute. "Mark well, gentlemen; (continued he) it was here, on this identical spot, that our famous EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN stood upon one leg, and turned himself quite round, to the astonishment and trepidation of his attendants! He was a man of great bravery, and this was one of his pranks to shew his courage. This story, gentlemen, has descended to us for three centuries; and not long ago the example of the Emperor was attempted to be imitated by two officers,—one of whom failed, and the other succeeded. The first lost his balance, and was precipitated to the earth—dying the very instant he touched the ground; the second succeeded, and declared himself, in consequence, MAXIMILIAN the SECOND!" I should tell you, however, that these attempts were not made on the same day. The officers were Austrian.

The room in the middle of the platform, and surmounted by a small spire does not appear to be used for any particular purpose. Having satisfied our curiosity, and in particular stretched our eyes "as far (to borrow Caxton's language) as we well might"—in the direction of *Hochstedt*—we descended, extremely gratified; and sought the hotel and our dinner. Upon the whole, the cathedral of Ulm is a noble ecclesiastical edifice: uniting simplicity and purity with massiveness of composition. Few cathedrals are more uniform in the style of their architecture. It seems to be, to borrow technical language, all of a piece. Near it, forming the foreground of the Munich print, are a chapel and a house surrounded by trees. The chapel is very small, and, as I learnt, not used for religious purposes. The house (so Professor Veessenmeyer informed me) is supposed to have been the residence and offices of business of JOHN ZEINER, the well known *printer*, who commenced his typographical labours about the year 1470,[25] and who uniformly printed at Ulm; while his brother GUNTHER as uniformly exercised his art in

the city whence I am now addressing you. They were both natives of *Reutlingen*; a town of some note between Tübingen and Ulm.

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Let no man, from henceforth, assert that all culinary refinement ceases when you cross the Rhine; at least, let him not do so till he has tasted the raspberry-flavoured soufflet of the *White Stag of Ulm*. It came on the table like unto a mountain of cream and eggs, spreading its extremities to the very confines of the dish; but, when touched by the magic-working spoon, it collapsed, and concentrated into a dish of moderate and seemly dimensions. In other words, this very soufflet—considered by some as the *crux* of refined cookery—was an exemplification of all the essential requisites of the culinary art: but without the *cotelette*, it would not have satisfied appetites which had been sharpened by the air of the summit of the tower of the cathedral. The inn itself is both comfortable and spacious. We dined at one corner of a ball-room, upon the first floor, looking upon a very pleasant garden. After dinner, I hastened to pay my respects to Professor Veesenmeyer, according to appointment. I found him, where all Professors rejoice to be found, in the centre of his library. He had doffed the first dress in which I had seen him; and the long pipe was reposing horizontally upon a table covered with green baize. We began a bibliographical conversation immediately; and he shewed me, with the exultation of a man who is conscious of possessing treasures for which few, comparatively, have any relish—his *early printed* volumes, upon the lower shelf of his collection.

Evening was coming on, and the daylight began to be treacherous for a critical examination into the condition of old volumes. The Professor told me he would send me a note, the next morning, of what further he possessed in the department of early printing,[26] and begged, in the mean time, that he might take a walk with me in the town. I accepted his friendly offer willingly, and we strolled about together. There is nothing very interesting, on the score of antiquities, except it be the *Rath Haus*, or Town Hall; of which the greater part may be, within a century, as old as the Cathedral.[27]

On the following morning I left Ulm, well pleased to have visited the city; and, had the time allowed, much disposed to spend another twenty-four hours within its walls. But I had not quitted my bed (and it was between six and seven o'clock in the morning) before my good friend the Professor was announced: and in half a second was standing at the foot of it. He pulled off his green cloth cap, in which I had first seen him—and I pulled off my night cap, to return his salutation—raising myself in bed. He apologised for such an early intrusion, but said “the duties of his situation led him to be an early riser; and that, at seven, his business of instructing youth was to begin.” I thanked him heartily for his polite attentions—little expecting the honour of so early a visit. He then assumed a graver expression of countenance, and a

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deeper tone of voice; and added, in the Latin language—"May it please Providence, worthy Sir, to restore you safely, (after you shall have examined the treasures in the imperial library of Vienna) to your wife and family. It will always gratify me to hear of your welfare." The Professor then bowed: shut the door quickly, and I saw him no more. I mention this little anecdote, merely to give you an idea of the extreme simplicity, and friendliness of disposition, (which I have already observed in more than this one instance) of the German character.

The day of my departure was market-day at Ulm. Having ordered the horses at ten o'clock, I took a stroll in the market-place, and saw the several sights which are exhibited on such occasions. Poultry, meat, vegetables, butter, eggs, and—about three stalls of modern books. These books were, necessarily, almost wholly, published in the German language; but as I am fond of reading the popular manuals of instruction of every country—whether these instructions be moral, historical, or facetious—I purchased a couple of copies of the *Almanac Historique nomme Le Messenger Boiteux*, &c: a quarto publication, printed in the sorriest chap-book manner, at Colmar, and of which the fictitious name of *Antoine Souci, Astronome et Hist.* stands in the title-page as the author. A wood-cut of an old fellow with a wooden leg, and a letter in his right hand, is intended to grace this title-page. "Do you believe (said I to the young woman, who sold me the book, and who could luckily stammer forth a few words of French) what the author of this work says?" "Yes, Sir, I believe even *more* than what he says—" was the instant reply of the credulous vender of the tome. Every body around seemed to be in good health and good spirits; and a more cheerful opening of a market-day could not have been witnessed. Perhaps, to a stranger, there is no sight which makes him more solicitous to become acquainted with new faces, in a new country, than such a scene as this. All was hilarity and good humour: while, above, was a sky as bright and blue as ever was introduced into an illuminated copy of the devotional volumes printed by the father of the ULM PRESS; to wit, *John Zeiner of Reutlingen*.

We crossed the Danube a little after ten o'clock, and entered the territories of the King of BAVARIA. Fresh liveries to the postilion—light blue, with white facings—a horn slung across the shoulders, to which the postilion applied his lips to blow a merry blast[28]all animated us: as, upon paying the tax at the barriers, we sprung forward at a sharp trot towards *Augsbourg*. The morning continued fine, but the country was rather flat; which enabled us, however, as we turned a frequent look behind, to keep the tower of the cathedral of Ulm in view even for some half dozen miles. The distance before us now became a little more hilly: and we began to have the first glimpse of those *forests*

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of *firs* which abound throughout Bavaria. They seem at times interminable. Meanwhile, the churches, thinly scattered here and there; had a sort of mosque or globular shaped summit, crowned by a short and slender spire; while the villages appeared very humble, but with few or no beggars assailing you upon changing horses. We had scarcely reached *Guenzburg*, the first stage, and about fourteen miles from Ulm, when we obtained a glimpse of what appeared to be some lofty mountains at the distance of forty or fifty miles. Upon enquiry, I found that they were a part of a chain of mountains connected with those in the Tyrol.

It was about five o'clock when we reached AUGSBOURG; and, on entering it, we could not but be struck with the *painted exteriors*, and elaborate style of architecture, of the houses. We noticed, with surprise not wholly divested of admiration, shepherds and shepherdesses, heroes and heroines, piazzas, palaces, cascades, and fountains—in colours rather gay than appropriate—depicted upon the exterior walls:—and it seemed as if the accidents of weather and of time had rarely visited these decorations. All was fresh, and gay, and imposing. But a word about our Inn, (*The Three Moors*) before I take you out of doors. It is very large; and, what is better, the owner of it is very civil. Your carriage drives into a covered gate way or vestibule, from whence the different stair-cases, or principal doors, lead to the several divisions of the house. The front of the house is rich and elegant. On admiring it, the waiter observed—"Yes, Sir, this front is worthy of the reputation which the *Hotel of the Three Moors* possesses throughout Europe." I admitted it was most respectable. Our bed rooms are superb—though, by preference, I always chose the upper suit of apartments. The *caffe* for dining, below, is large and commodious; and I had hardly bespoke my first dinner, when the head-waiter put the *travelling book* into my hands: that is, a book, or *album*, in which the names and qualities of all the guests at that inn, from all parts of Europe, are duly registered. I saw the names of several of my countrymen whom I well knew; and inscribed my own name, and that of my companion, with the simplest adjuncts that could be devised. In doing so, I acted only according to precedent. But the boast and glory of this Inn is its GALLERY OF PICTURES: for sale. The great ball-room, together with sundry corridors and cabinets adjoining, are full of these pictures; and, what renders the view of them more delectable, is, the *Catalogue*:—printed in the *English language*, and of which a German is the reputed author.



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My attention, upon first running over these pictures was, unluckily, much divided between them and the vehicle of their description. If I turned to the number, and to the description in the printed catalogue, the language of the latter was frequently so whimsical that I could not refrain from downright laughter.[29] However, the substance must not be neglected for the shadow; and it is right that you should know, in case you put your travelling scheme of visiting this country, next year, into execution, that the following observations may not be wholly without their use in directing your choice—as well as attention—should you be disposed to purchase. Here is *said* to be a portrait of *Arcolano Armafrodita*, a famous physician at Rome in the XVth century, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. Believe neither the one nor the other. There are some *Albert Durers*; one of the *Trinity*, of the date of 1523, and another of the *Doctors of the Church* dated 1494: the latter good, and a choice picture of the early time of the master. A portrait of an old man, kit-cat, *supposed* by *Murillo*. Two ancient pictures by *Holbein* (that is, the *Father* of Hans Holbein) of the *Fugger family*—containing nine figures, portraits, of the size of life: dated 1517 and deserving of notice. An old woman veiled, half-length, by *J. Levens*: very good. Here are two *Lucas Cranachs*, which I should like to purchase; but am fearful of dipping too deeply into Madame Francs's supplemental supply. One is a supposed portrait (it is a mere supposition) of *Erasmus* and his mistress; the other is an old man conversing with a girl. As specimens of colouring, they are fine—for the master; but I suspect they have had a few retouches. Here is what the catalogue calls "*A fuddling-bout. beautiful small piece, by Rembrandt.*" n<sup>o</sup>. 188: but it is any thing but a beautiful piece, and any thing but a Rembrandt.

There is a small picture, said to be by *Marchessini*, of "Christ dragged to the place of execution." It is full of spirit, and I think quite original. At first I mistook it for a *Rubens*; and if Marchessini, and not Otho Venius, had been his master, this mistake would have been natural. I think I could cull a nosegay of a few vivid and fragrant flowers, from this graphic garden of plants of all colours and qualities. But I shrewdly suspect that they are in general the off-scourings of public or private collections; and that a thick coat of varnish and a broad gilt frame will often lead the unwary astray.

While I am upon the subject of *paintings*, I must take you with me to the TOWN HALL ... a noble structure; of which the audience room, up one pair of stairs—and in which Charles V. received the deputies respecting the famous *Augsbourg Confession of Faith*, in 1530,—is, to my taste, the most perfectly handsome room which I have ever seen. The wainscot or sides are walnut and chestnut



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wood, relieved by beautiful gilt ornaments. The ceiling is also of the same materials; but marked and diversified by divisions of square, or parallelogram, or oval, or circular, forms. This ceiling is very lofty, for the size of the room: but it is a fault (if it be one) on the right side. I should say, that this were a chamber worthy of the cause—and of the actors—in the scene alluded to. It is thoroughly imperial: grave, grand, and yet not preposterously gorgeous.

Above this magnificent room is the PICTURE GALLERY. It is said to receive the overflowings of the gallery of Munich—which, in turn, has been indebted to the well known gallery of Dusseldorf for its principal treasures. However, as a receiver of cast-off apparel, this collection must be necessarily inferior to the parent wardrobe, yet I would strongly recommend every English Antiquary—at all desirous of increasing his knowledge, and improving his taste, in early German art—to pay due attention to this singular collection of pictures at Augsbourg. He will see here, for the first time in Bavaria—in his route from the capital of France—productions, quite new in character, and not less striking from boldness of conception and vigor of execution. Augsbourg may now be considered the soil of the *Elder Holbein*, *Hans Burgmair*, *Amberger*, and *Lucas Cranach*. Here are things, of which Richardson never dreamt, and which Walpole would have parted with three fourths of his graphic embellishments at Strawberry Hill to have possessed. Here are also portraits of some of the early Reformers, of which an excellent Divine (in the vicinity of Hackney church) would leap with transport to possess copies, wherewith to adorn his admirable collection of English ecclesiastical history. Here, too, are capricious drolleries, full of character and singularity—throwing light upon past manners and customs—which the excellent PROSPERO would view with ... an almost coveting eye!

But to be more particular; and to begin with the notice of a curious performance of John, or the ELDER HOLBEIN. It is divided, like many of the pictures of the old German masters, into three compartments. The *Nativity* occupies one; the *Assumption* another: and the decapitation of *St. Dorothy* the third. In the Assumption, the Trinity, composed of three male figures, is introduced as sanctifying the Virgin—who is in front. Below this group is the church of “*Maria Maior*,” having two bells in the steeple; upon one of which, in the act of being tolled, is the date of 1499: upon the other, in a quiescent state, are the words HANS HOLBEIN: with the initial L.B. to the right. To the left, at bottom, is the inscription HIE LITBE GRA; to the right, below, on a piece of stone, the initial H. The third piece in this composition, the death of *St. Dorothy*, exhibits a sweetly-drawn and sweetly coloured countenance in that of the devoted Saint. She is kneeling, about to receive the uplifted sword of the executioner; evincing a firmness, yet meekness of resignation, not unworthy the virgin martyrs of the pencils of Raphael and Guido. Her hair is long, and flows gracefully behind. A little boy, habited in a whimsical jacket, offers her a vase filled with flowers. The whole picture is rich and mellow in its colouring, and in a fine state of preservation.

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Another piece, by the same uncommon artist, may be also worth particular notice. It is a miscellaneous performance, divided into three compartments; having, in the upper part of the first, a representation of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Our Saviour is placed in a very singular situation, within a rock. The comforting angel appears just above him. Below is the Pope, in full costume, in the character of St. Peter, with a key in his left hand, and in his right a scroll; upon the latter of which is this inscription: "*Auctoritate aplica dimitto vob omnia pcta*"[30] The date of 1501 is below. This picture, which is exceedingly gorgeous, is in the purest state of preservation. Another compartment represents our Saviour and the Virgin surrounded by male and female martyrs. One man, with his arms over his head, and a nail driven through them into his skull, is very striking: the head being well drawn and coloured. To the left, are the Pope, Bishops, and a Cardinal between St. Christopher and a man in armour. One Bishop (*St. Erasmus*) carries a spit in his left hand, designating the instrument whereby he suffered death. This large picture is also in a very fine state of preservation.

A third display of the graphic talents of the Elder Holbein (as I should conceive, rather than of the son, when young—as is generally believed) claims especial notice. This picture is a representation of the leading events in the *Life of St. Paul*; having, like most other performances of this period, many episodes or digressions. It is also divided into three compartments; of which the central one, as usual, is the most elevated. The first compartment, to the left, represents the conversion of St. Paul above, with his baptism by Ananias below. In this baptism is represented a glory round the head of St. Paul—such as we see round that of Christ. Before them stands a boy, with a lighted torch and a box: an old man is to the left, and another, with two children, to the right. This second old man's head is rather fine. To the left of the baptism, a little above, is St. Paul in prison, giving a letter to a messenger. The whole piece is, throughout, richly and warmly coloured, and in a fine state of preservation. The central piece has, above, ["*Basilica Sancti Pauli*."] Christ crowned with thorns. The man, putting a sceptre in his hand, is most singularly and not inelegantly clothed; but one or two of the figures of the men behind, occupied in plating the crown of thorns, have a most extraordinary and original cast of countenance and of head-dress. They appear ferocious, but almost ludicrous, from bordering upon caricature; while the leaves; and bullrush-like ornaments of their head-dress, render them very singularly striking personages. To the right, Joseph of Arimathea is bargaining for the body of Jesus; the finger of one hand placed against the thumb of the other telling the nature of the action admirably.

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Below this subject, in the centre, is St. Paul preaching at Athens. One of the figures, listening to the orator with folded arms, might have given the hint to Raphael for one of *his* figures, in a similar attitude, introduced into the famous cartoon of the same subject. Before St. Paul, below, a woman is sitting—looking at him, and having her back turned to the spectator. The head-dress of this figure, which is white, is not ungraceful. I made a rude copy of it; but if I had even coloured like \* \* \* I could not have done justice to the neck and back; which exhibited a tone of colour that seemed to unite all the warmth of Titian with all the freshness of Rubens. In the foreground of this picture, to the right, St. Peter and St. Paul are being led to execution. There is great vigour of conception and of touch (perhaps bordering somewhat upon caricature) in the countenances of the soldiers. One of them is shewing his teeth, with a savage grin, whilst he is goading on the Apostles to execution. The headless trunk of St. Paul, with blood spouting from it, lies to the left; the executioner, having performed his office, is deliberately sheathing his sword. The colouring throughout may be considered perfect. We now come to the remaining, or third compartment. This exhibits the interment of St. Paul. There is a procession from a church, led on by the Pope, who carries the head of the Apostle upon a napkin. The same head is also represented as placed between the feet of the corpse, in the foreground. There is a clever figure, in profile, of a man kneeling in front: the colouring of the robe of a Bishop, also kneeling, is rich and harmonious. A man, with a glory round his head, is let down in a basket, as from prison, to witness the funeral. But let me not forget to notice the head of an old man, in the procession, (coming out of the church-door) and turning towards the left:—it is admirably well touched.

I shall now give you a notion of the talents of HANS BURGMAYER—a painter, as well as engraver, of first-rate abilities. I will begin with what I consider to be the most elaborate specimen of his pencil in this most curious gallery of pictures. The subject is serious, but miscellaneous: and of the date of 1501. It consists of Patriarchs, Evangelists, Martyrs, male and female, and Popes, &c. The Virgin and Christ are sitting, at top, in distinguished majesty. The countenances of the whole group are full of nature and expression: that of the Virgin is doubtless painted after a living subject. It exhibits the prevailing or favourite *mouth* of the artist; which happens however to be generally somewhat awry. The cherub, holding up a white crown, and thrusting his arm as it were towards the spot where it is to be fixed, is prettily conceived. Upon the whole, this picture contains some very fine heads.

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Another picture of Hans Burgmair, worth especial attention, is dated 1504. It is, as usual, divided, into three compartments; and the subject is that of *St. Ursula and her Virgins*. Although of less solid merit than the preceding, it is infinitely more striking; being most singularly conceived and executed. The gold ornaments, and gold grounds, are throughout managed with a freedom and minuteness of touch which distinguish many of the most beautiful early missals. In the first compartment, or division, are a group of women round "*Sibila Ancyra Phrygiae*." The dresses of these women, especially about the breast, are very curious. Some of their head dresses are not less striking, but more simple; having what may be called a cushion of gold at the back of them. In the second compartment is the *Crucifixion*—in the warmest and richest (says my memorandum, taken on the very spot) glow of colour. Beneath, there is a singular composition. Before a church, is a group of pilgrims with staves and hats on; a man, not in the attire of a pilgrim, heads them; he is habited in green, and points backwards towards a woman, who is retreating; a book is in his left hand. The attitudes of both are very natural. Further to the right, a man is retreating—going through an archway—with a badge (a pair of cross keys) upon his shoulder. The retreating woman has also the same badge. To the left, another pilgrim is sitting, apparently to watch; further up, is a house, towards which all the pilgrims seem to be directing their steps to enter. A man and woman come out of this house to receive them with open arms. The third division continues the History of St. Ursula. Her attire, sitting in a vessel by the side of her husband Gutherus, is sumptuous in the extreme. I would have given four ducats for a copy of it, but Mr. Lewis was otherwise engaged. A Pope and Cardinal are to the right of St. Ursula: the whole being in a perfect blaze of splendour. Below, they are dragging the female Saint and her virgin companions on shore, for the purpose of decapitation. An attitude of horror, in one of the virgins, is very striking.

There is a small picture by Burgmair of the *Virgin and Christ*, in the manner of the Italian masters, which is a palpable failure. The infant is wretchedly drawn, although, in other respects, prettily and tenderly coloured. Burgmair was out of his element in subjects of dignity, or rather of *repose*. Where the workings of the mind were not to be depicted by strong demarcations of countenance, he was generally unsuccessful. Hence it is, that in a subject of the greatest repose, but at the same time intensity of feeling—the *Crucifixion*—this master, in a picture here, of the date of 1519, has really outdone himself: and perhaps is not to be excelled by *any* artist of the same period. I could not take my eyes from this picture—of which the figures are about half the size of life.

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It is thus treated. Our Saviour has just breathed his dying exclamation—"it is finished." His head hangs down—cold, pale death being imprinted upon every feature of the face. It is perhaps a painfully-deadly countenance: copied, I make no doubt, from nature. St. Anne, Mary, and St. John, are the only attendants. The former is quite absorbed in agony—her head is lowly inclined, and her arms are above it. (The pattern of the drapery is rather singular). Mary exhibits a more quiet expression: her resignation is calm and fixed, while her heart seems to be broken. But it is in the figure and countenance of *St. John*, that the artist has reached all that an artist *could* reach in a delineation of the same subject. The beloved disciple simply looks upwards—upon the breathless corpse of his crucified master. In that look, the world appears to be for ever forgotten. His arms and hands are locked together, in the agony of his soul. There is the sublimest abstraction from every artificial and frivolous accompaniment—in the treatment of this subject—which you can possibly conceive. The background of the picture is worthy of its nobler parts. There is a sobriety of colouring about it which Annibal Caracci would not have disdained to own. I should add, that there is a folding compartment on each side of the principal subject, which, moving upon hinges, may be turned inwards, and shut the whole from view. Each of these compartments contains one of the two thieves who were crucified with Our Saviour. There is a figure of S. Lazarus below one of them, which is very fine for colour and drawing.

The last, in the series of old pictures by German masters, which I have time to notice, is an exceedingly curious and valuable one by CHRISTOPHER AMBERGER. It represents *the Adoration of the Magi*. There are throughout very successful attempts at reflected light; but what should set this picture above all price, in my humble estimation, is a portrait—and the finest which I remember to have seen—of MELANCTHON:—executed when he was in the vigour of life, and in the full possession of physiognomical expression. He is introduced in the stable just over those near the Virgin, who are coming to pay their homage to the infant Christ: and is habited in black, with a black cap on. Mr. Lewis made the following rough copy of the head in pencil. To the best of my recollection, there is *no engraving* of it—so that you will preserve the enclosed for me, for the purpose of having it executed upon copper, when I reach England. It is a countenance full of intellectual expression.

[Illustration]

Of the supposed *Titians*, *Caraccis*, *Guidos*, *Cignanis*, and *Paolo Veroneses*, I will not presume to say one word; because I have great doubts about their genuineness, or, at any rate, integrity of condition. I looked about for *Albert Durer*, and *Lucas Cranach*, and saw with pleasure the portraits of my old friends *Maximilian I.* and *Charles V.* by the former—and a *Samson and Dalila* by the latter: but neither, I think, in the very first rate style of the artist.

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There was a frightful, but expressive and well coloured, head of a Dwarf, or Fool, of which Mr. Lewis took a pencil-copy; but it is not of sufficient importance to enclose in this despatch. It is the EARLY GERMAN SCHOOL of Art which is here the grand and almost exclusive feature of attraction—speaking in an antiquarian point of view. Relchard estimates the number of these pictures at *twelve hundred*, but I should rather say *seven hundred*.

I find, however, that it will be impossible to compress all my *Augsbourg* intelligence in one epistle; and so I reserve the remainder for another opportunity.

[23] [Several years have elapsed since I have received a letter from *Mons. Le Bret*. Is he alive? If he be living, let him be assured of my unalterable and respectful attachment: and that I have unfeigned pleasure in annexing a fac-simile of his AUTOGRAPH—from a letter to me of the date of June 8th 1819: a letter, which I received on the 17th of the same month following—the very day of our *Roxburghe Anniversary Dinner*. Singularly enough, this letter begins in the following strain of bibliographical jocoseness: “*Monsieur, et tres reverend Frere de Boocace l’Immortel!*”]

[Illustration: Signature—f.c. Lebret]

[24] The predominant religion is the Protestant. Indeed I may say that the number of Catholics is exceedingly limited: perhaps, not an eighth part of the population of the town.

[25] I presume this to be the earliest date which any of his books exhibit. His brother GUNTHER, or GINTHER (for the name is spelt both ways in his colophons) began to print in 1468. Lord Spencer possesses a beautiful copy (which I obtained from the library of St. Peter’s Monastery, at Salzburg) of *Bonaventure’s Meditations upon the Life of Christ*, of the date of 1468, printed by G. Zainer, or (Zeiner) at Augsbourg; and considered to be the first effort of his press.

[26] The note, above mentioned, was written in Latin: the Professor telling me that he preferred that language to the French, as he thought he could write it more grammatically. A *Latin note* must be rather a curiosity to my readers: which, as it is purely bibliographical, and in other respects highly characteristic of the *bon-homme* of the writer, shall receive a place here. After mentioning the books above specified, the Professor goes on thus:

“Haec paucula e pluribus notare libuit, quae reliqua temporis angustia ostendere non permisit. Habeo enim alias, quas vocant, editiones principes, e.g. Diogenis Laertii,

Bas. 1533-4. Josephi, Bas. 1544. fol. Jo. Chrysostomi [Greek: *peri pronoias*] 1526-8.  
Ej. [Greek: *peri hierosunes*], ib 1525-8. Aliorum Graecorum



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et Patrum. Calpurnii et Nemesiani Eclogarum editionem, ab. do. Alex. Brassicano curatam editionem ad MS. antiquum factam et Argent. 1519-4. impressam. Praeterea aliquot Aldinas et Juntinas editiones, aliquot a Mich. Vascosano, Paris. factas, in quibus Thucydidis Libri III. priores, Paris. 1548. 4. cujus margini Lectt. Varr. e MSto adscriptae sunt, non memoratae in editione Bipontina. AEschylus, ex edit. Franc. Robortelli, Venet. 1552. 8. Idem ex ed. Henr. Stephani, ex offic. Henr. Stephani, 1557. 4. Dionysii Halic. Opera Rhet. ex. ed. Rob. Stephani, Par. 1547. Fol. Diodor. Sicul. ex edit. Henr. Stephani, 1559. Fol. "Pauculos Codd. MSS. e. gr. Ciceronis de Officiis, Aratoris in Acta App. Fragmenta Liuii et Terentii ostendere tempus non concessit: praeter eos habeo aliquot Ciceronis Orationes, Excerpta ex Liuiio, duos Historiae Griseldis, et alios minoris pretii." Maximam collectionis, Bibliothecam appellare non fas est, meae partem efficit magnus librorum et libellorum numerus ab Ao. 1500. usque ad 1550. editorum a Reformatoribus eorumque aduersariis, qui numerum sex millium superant, in quibus adsunt Serueti de Trinitatis erroribus, eiusdemque Dialogi, Tomi Pasquillorum, Henr. Corn. Agrippae aliquot opera, Lemnii Epigrammata, aliquot libelli, Lutheri et Melancthonis manu ornati; praeterea alia Collectio Documentorum, quorum antiquissimum est ab. A. 1181 et Epistolarum [Greek: *autographon*], a viris doctis Saeculorum XV. XVI. XVII. XVIII. conscriptarum, in quibus Henr. Steinhoevelii, Raym. Peraudi, Lutheri, Melancthonis, Zwinglii, Gruteri, Casauboni, Ludolfi, Camerarii, Patris, Rittershusiorum, Piccarti, aliorumque.

"Sed nolo longiore enarratione molestus esse, ne vanus esse uidear, a quo vitio nemo me alienior est. Vt divina providentia iter prosperum esse iubeat, est, quod ex animo TIBI, VIR—precatur

Vlmae,  
Aug.  
MDCCCXVIII.

[Illustration: Signature]

P.S. Et TIBI praesenti, et superiora heri nocte et somno ingruente scribens referre omiseram, esse mihi ex XXII. libris *ab Academia Veneta, della Fama dicta*, editis XV. Omnes adeo sunt rari, ut vel instructissimae bibliothecae vix aliquot eorum habeant. Addo *germanicam Sixti Papae Bullae datae 1474 versionem*, sine dubio Vlmae eodem anno impressam, et quinque foliis constantem; quam apud me vidisti." The Professor, with the above note, was also so obliging as to present me with a copy of his "*Specimen Historico-Litterarium de Academia Veneta*. Qua Scholarchae et Vniversum Gymnasii quod Ulmae floret Consilium Maecenates Patronos Fautores ejusdem Gymnasii ad Orationem aditalem A.D. XXIV. Febr. A. 1794, habendam officiose atque decenter invitant."—A Latin brochure of twelve pages: "*Ulmae ex Officina Wagneri, Patris*."



[27] [There is an excellent lithographic print of this Rath Haus, which I possess.]

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[28] The postboys in the Duchy of Baden, and in the territories of Wuerttemberg, have also horns; but I never could get any thing, in the character of a tune, performed by either of them. The moment you enter BAVARIA, you observe a greater elasticity of character. [The ARMS of Bavaria head the first page of this third volume of my Tour.]

[29] The reader may try the effect of perusing the following articles (taken from this printed catalogue) upon his own muscles. The performance, as I suspect, is by a native of Augsbourg.

75. *Portrait of Justus Lipsius by Rembrand.* This head of a singular verity shews of draughts of a man of science: the treatement of Clothing is most perfectful, the respiring of life, the hands all wunder-worthy to be admired. 208. *A hunting-piece* of great beauty by Schneyders, the dogs seem to be alife, the wild-fowls, a hare, toils, just as in nature. 341. *Queen Marie Christine of Sweden* represented in a very noble situation of body and tranquility of mind, of a fine verity and a high effect of clair-obscure. By Rembrand. 376. *Cromwell Olivier*, kit-cat the size of life, a Portrait of the finest carnation, who shews of a perfect likeness and verity, school of Vandyk, perhaps by himself. 398. *Portrait of Charles the first king of England* (so many Portraits of famous persons by Classick painters will very seldom be found into a privat collection) good picture by Janson van Miereveld. 399. A large and precious battle piece representing a scene of the famous *victory by Blindheim wonen by Marleborough* over the frensh 1704. We see here the portrait of this hero very resembling, he in a graceful attitude on horsebak, is just to order a movement: a many generals and attendance are arround him. The leaguer, the landscape, the groups, the fighting all with the greatest thruth, there is nothing that does not contribute to embellish this very remarcable picture, painted by a contemporary of the evenement and famous artist in battle pieces, George Philipp Rugendas.

[30] This was no uncommon representation in the early period of art. "In the church of St. Peter the Younger, at Strasbourg, about the year 1515, there was a kind of large printed placard, with figures on each side of it, suspended near a confessional. On one side, was a naked Christ, removing the fire of purgatory with his cross, and sending all those, who came out of the fire, to the Pope—who was seated in his pontifical robes, having letters of indulgence before him. Before him, also, knelt emperors, kings, cardinals, bishops and others: behind him was a sack of silver, with many captives delivered from Mahometan slavery—thanking the supreme Pontiff, and followed by clergymen paying the ransom money to the Turks. There might also be seen

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captives, at the bottom of a deep well, shut down by bars of iron; and men, women, and children, making all manner of horrible contortions. "Those, says the chronicler Wencker, "who saw such a piteous sight, wept, and gave money liberally—for the possession of indulgences;—of which the money, raised by the sale, was supposed to be applied towards the ransom of Christian captives." HERMANN; *Notices Historiques, &c. de Strasbourg*: vol. ii. p. 434.

### LETTER IV.

#### AUGSBOURG. CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. POPULATION. TRADE. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

In ancient times—that is to say, upwards of three centuries ago—the CITY OF AUGSBOURG was probably the most populous and consequential in the kingdom of Bavaria. It was the principal residence of the noblesse, and the great mart of commerce. Dukes, barons, nobles of every rank and degree, became domiciled here. A thousand blue and white flags streamed from the tops of castellated mansions, and fluttered along the then almost impregnable ramparts. It was also not less remarkable for the number and splendour of its religious establishments. Here was a cathedral, containing twenty-four chapels; and an abbey or monastery (of *Saints Ulric and Afra*) which had no rival in Bavaria for the size of its structure and the wealth of its possessions. This latter contained a LIBRARY, both of MSS. and printed books, of which the recent work of Braun has luckily preserved a record;[31] and which, but for such record, would have been unknown to after ages. The treasures of this Library are now entirely dispersed; and Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the grand repository of them. Augsbourg, in the first instance, was enriched by the dilapidations of numerous monasteries; especially upon the suppression of the order of the Jesuits. The paintings, books, and relics, of every description, of such monasteries as were in the immediate vicinity of this city, were taken away to adorn the town hall, churches, capitals and libraries. Of this collection, (of which no inconsiderable portion, both for number and intrinsic value, came from the neighbouring monastery of Eichstadt,[32]) there has of course been a pruning; and many flowers have been transplanted to Munich. Yet there are *graphic* treasures in Augsbourg well deserving the diligent search and critical examination of the English Antiquary. The church of the *Recollets* has an organ which is considered among the noblest in Europe: nor must I forget to notice the pulpit, by Eichlen, and some old pictures in the church of St. Anne.

[Illustration: MONASTERY OF SAINTS ULRIC & AFRA, AUGSBURG.]

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The TOWN HALL in this city, which I mentioned in my last letter, is thought to be the finest in Germany. It was yet exceeded, as I learn, by the old EPISCOPAL PALACE, now dismembered of its ancient dimensions, and divided into public offices of government. The principal church, at the end of the *Maximilian Street*, is that which once formed the chief ornament of the famous Abbey of Sts. Ulric and Afra.[33] I should think that there is no portion of the present building older than the fourteenth century; while it is evident that the upper part of the tower is of the middle of the sixteenth. It has a nearly globular or mosque-shaped termination—so common in the greater number of the Bavarian churches. It is frequented by congregations both of the Catholic and Protestant persuasion; and it was highly gratifying to see, as I saw, human beings assembled under the same roof, equally occupied in their different forms of adoration, in doing homage to their common Creator. It was also pleasing, the other day, to witness, upon some high religious festival, the crowds of respectable and well-dressed people (chiefly females) who were issuing from the Church just above mentioned. It had quite an English Sunday appearance. I have said that these females were “well dressed”—I should, rather have said superbly dressed: for their head-ornaments—consisting of a cap, depressed at top, but terminating behind in a broad bow—are usually silk, of different colours, entirely covered with gold or silver gauze, and spangles. The hair appeared to be carefully combed and plaited, either turned up in a broad mass behind, or terminating in ringlets. I asked the price of one of the simplest of these caps—worn by the common order of servants—and found it to be little less than a guinea. But they last long, and the owners attach some importance to them.

Augsbourg was once distinguished for great learning and piety, as well as for political consequence; and she boasts of a very splendid *martyrological roll*. [34] At the present day, all is comparatively dull and quiet; but you cannot fail to be struck with the magnificence of many of the houses, and the air of importance hence given to the streets; while the paintings upon the outer walls add much to the splendid effect of the whole. The population of Augsbourg is supposed to amount to about thirty thousand. In the time of Maximilian, and Charles V. it was, I make no doubt, twice as numerous.

Of the TRADE of Augsbourg, I am not enabled to transmit any very flattering details. Silks, stuffs, dimity, (made here for the first time) and jewellery, are the chief commodities; but for the *latter*, connected with articles of dress, there is rather a brisk demand. The reputation of the manufactory of *Seethaler*, is deserving of mention. In the repository of this respectable tradesman you will find varieties of every description: rings, buckles, clasps, bracelets, and images of Saints, of peculiar and interesting

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forms. Yet they complain here of stagnation of commerce in almost every one of its branches: although they admit that the continuance of peace will bring things comfortably round again. The late war exhausted both the population and the treasury of Bavaria. They do a good stroke of business in the concerns of the bank: and this is considered rather a famous place for the management of letters and bills of exchange. With respect to the *latter*, some singular customs and privileges are, I understand, observed here: among others, if a bill become due on a *Wednesday*, eight days of grace are invariably allowed.

It was the thoughts of the PUBLIC LIBRARY alone that afforded the chief comfort to the depressed state of my spirits, from the excessive heat of the day. What I might *do*, and at last, what I had *done*, within the precincts of that same library, was sure to be my greatest solace during the evening rambles near the ramparts. The good fortune which attended me at Stuttgart, has followed to this place. Within two yards' length of me repose, at this present instant, the first *Horace*, and the finest copy imaginable of the *Polish Protestant Bible* of Prince Radzivil—together with a *Latin Bible* of 1475, by *Frisner and Sensenschmidt*, in two enormous folio volumes, of an execution of almost unparalleled magnificence. These are no common stimulants to provoke appetite. It remains to see whether the banquet itself be composed of proportionably palatable ingredients.

On leaving Stuttgart, M. Le Bret told me that Messrs. BEYSCHLAG and MAY were the principal librarians or curators of the Public Library of this place; and that I should find them intelligent and pleasant gentlemen. Professor Veesenmeyer at Ulm confirmed this statement. I had a letter from the latter, to the Rector Beyschlag, which procured me an immediate entrance into the library. The Rector's coadjutor, Professor May, was also most prompt to shew me every rarity. In the countenance of the *latter*, I saw, what you could not fail to call that of a handsome-looking English gentleman. I had never before so vehemently desired to speak the German language, or for my new acquaintance to speak my own. However, the French tongue was the happy medium of imparting my ideas and propositions to both the gentlemen in question; and we had hardly exchanged half a dozen sentences, when I opened what I considered (and what eventually turned out to be) a well directed fire upon the ancient volumes by which I was at the time surrounded.

The exterior of this library has a monastic form. The building is low and unpretending, having an octangular tower, up the staircase of which you mount to the library. It is situated within a stone's throw of the High Street. The interior of the library is not less unpretending than its exterior: but in a closet, at the hither end, (to the left on entering) are preserved the more ancient, choice,

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and curious volumes. In one compartment of this cabinet-like retreat are contained the *books printed at Augsburg* in the infancy of the press of this town:[35] a collection, extremely creditable in itself and in its object; and from which, no consideration, whether of money, or of exchange for other books, would induce the curators to withdraw a volume. Of course I speak not of *duplicates* of the early Augsburg press. Two comparatively long rooms, running in parallel lines, contain the greater part of the volumes of the public library; and amongst them I witnessed so many genuine, fair, and original conditioned copies of literary works, of the early period of the Reformation, that I almost sighed to possess them—except that I knew they could not possibly pay the expenses of conveyance.

But for the “well directed fire” above alluded to. It produced a *capitulation* respecting the following articles—which were selected by myself from the boudoir just mentioned, and about which neither mystery was observed nor secrecy enjoined. In fact, the contract, of the venders was to be submitted to, and sanctioned by, the supreme magistracy of the place. The Rector Beyschlag hath much of merriment and of wit in his composition. “Now, Sir,”—observed he—“bring those treasures forward which we can spare, and let us afterwards settle about their value: ourselves affixing a price.” I desired nothing better. In consequence forth came the *first* (quarto) *Horace*, without date or place, fair, sound, and perfect: the *Familiar Epistles of Cicero* of the date of 1469, by S. and Pannartz, in a condition perfectly unparalleled in every respect; the *Latin Bible* of *Frisner and Sensenschmidt* of 1475, in an equally desirable and pristine condition:[36] the *Polish Protestant Bible* of 1563, with its first rough-edged margins and in wooden binding; *St. Jerom’s Epistles*, printed at *Parma*, by *A. de Portilia*—most captivating to the eye; with a curious black-letter broadside, in Latin sapphics, pasted in the interior of the cover; the *History of Bohemia*, by *Pope Pius II*, of 1475, as fresh and crackling as if it had just come from the printer: *Schuzler’s edition of the Hexameron of Ambrosius*, 1472: the *Hungarian Chronicle* of 1485.... “Ohe jam satis est....” for one bargain, at least,—methinks I hear you remark.

It may be so; but the measure must be fuller. Accordingly, after having shot off my great guns, I brought my howitzers into play. Then commenced a pleasant and not unprofitable parley respecting little grammatical tracts, devotional manuals, travels, philology, &c. When lo!—up sprung a delightful crop of *Lilies*, *Donatuses*, *Mandevilles*, *Turrecrematas*, *Brandts*, *Matthews of Cracow*—in vellum surcoats, white in colour, firm in substance, and most talkative in turning over their leaves! These were mere

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*florin* acquisitions: the preceding were paid for in heavy metal of a *golden* hue. It is not fair to betray all that took place upon this Cockerian transaction; but there may be no harm in mentioning that my purse was lightened by upwards of 100 louis d'or. My spirits were lightened in the same proportion. Neither venders nor vendee grieved at the result. Professor May was most joyous; and although the Rector Beyschlag was sonorous in voice, restless in action, and determined in manner—about fixing an alarmingly high price upon the *first Horace*—yet, by degrees, he subsided into a softer note, and into a calmer action—and the *Horace* became *mine* by a sort of contre-projet proposition.

Nothing would please Professor May but that I must go home with him, and try my luck in purchasing a few similar rarities out of his *own* collection. I did so. Madame Francs' supplemental supply became gradually diminished, and I began to think that if I went on in this manner I should not only never reach *Vienna*, but not even *Munich*. This doubt was frankly stated to my book-guardians; and my *ducats* were immediately commuted into *paper*. The result will doubtless prove the honour of the purchaser; for I have drawn upon a quarter which I had exclusively in view when I made the bargain, and which was never known to fail me. "Surely," thought I to myself as I returned to my hotel, "Messrs. Beyschlag and May are among the most obliging and the most enlightened of their fraternity."

I returned to the Public Library the next morning, as well to conclude a bargain for an exchange of books for certain recent bibliographical publications, as to take a list of a few of the more rare, fine, and curious volumes, in their own collection, which were destined *always* to retain their situations.

They have, very properly, the FIRST BOOK PRINTED AT AUGSBOURG: namely, *Aurbach's Meditations upon the Life of Christ*, of the date of 1468, printed by *Gunther Zainer*. But one of the most uncommon books examined by me was "*Augustinus Ypponensis Episcopus De Consensu Evangelistarum: In ciuitate Langingen. Impressus. anno a partu virginis salutifero.*"

*Millesimoquadringentesimoseptuagesimotercio. Pridie Idus. Aprilis.*" The type is very singular; half gothic and half roman. Of the printer and place I know nothing; except that I learnt from the librarians that "*Langingen*" is situated about ten leagues from Augsbourg, upon the Danube. I made every effort—as well by the *ducat* as by the *exchange* method—to prevail upon them to part with this book; but to no purpose. The blood-freezing reply of Professor Veesenmeyer was here repeated—"ca reste, a ... Augsbourg." This book is unbound. Another volume, of the same equivocal but tempting description, was called "*Alcuinus de Trinitate:—IMPRESSUM IN UTTIPURRHA Monasterio Sacto<sup>4</sup> marty<sup>4</sup>, Alexadri et Theodri.*"



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*Ordiis Scti Bndicti. Anno Sesquimillesimo KL. septembris* [Hebrew].” It is printed in a rude gothic letter; and a kind of fly leaf contains a wood-cut portrait of Alcuin. The monastery, where this volume was printed, is now suppressed. A pretty little volume—“as fresh as a daisy” (so says my ms. note taken upon the spot) of the “*Hortulus Rosarium de valle lachrymarum*” (to which a Latin ode by S. Brandt is prefixed), printed by I. de Olpe, in 1499, in the original wooden binding—closed my researches among the volumes executed in the fifteenth century.

As I descended into the sixteenth century, the choice was less, although the variety was doubtless greater. A fine genuine copy of *Geyler’s Navicula Fatuorum*, 1511, 4to. in its original binding, was quickly noted down, and as quickly secured. It was a duplicate, and a ducat made it my own. It is one of the commonest books upon the continent—although there was a time when certain bibliomaniacal madcaps, with us, pushed the bidding for this volume up to the monstrously insane sum of L42:[37]—and all, because it was coated in a Grolier binding! Among the theological books, of especial curiosity, my guides directed my attention to the following: “*Altera haec pars Testam<sup>ti</sup>. veteris emendata est iuxta censuras Inquisitionis Hispanicae an<sup>o</sup> 79. Nouu testam. recusandu omnino est; rejicienduq. propter plurimos errores qui illius scholiis sunt inserti.*” This was nothing else than the younger R. Stephen’s edition of the vulgate Bible of 1556, folio, of which the *New Testament* was absolutely SEALED UP. It had belonged to the library of the Jesuits. There was a copy of Erasmus, “*Expurgatus iuxta censuram Academiae Louaniae an<sup>o</sup> 79.*” The name of the printer—which in the preceding Bible had been tried to be *cancelled*—was here uniformly *erased*: but it was doubtless the Basil edition of Erasmus by good old honest Froben and his sons-in-law. [38]

What think you of undoubted proofs of STEREOTYPE PRINTING in the middle of the sixteenth century? It is even so. What adds to the whimsical puzzle is, that these pieces of metal, of which the surface is composed of types, fixed and immoveable, are sometimes inserted in wooden blocks, and introduced as titles, mottoes, or descriptions of the subjects cut upon the blocks. Professor May begged my acceptance of a specimen or two of the types, thus fixed upon plates of the same metal. They rarely exceeded the height of four or five lines of text, by about four or five inches in length. I carried away, with his permission, two proofs (not long ago pulled) of the same block containing this intermixture of stereotype and block-wood printing.



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I believe I have now told you all that appears worthy of being told, (as far as my own opportunities of observation have led me) of the CITY OF AUGSBOURG. I shall leave it (to-morrow) with regret; since a longer residence would, I am persuaded, have introduced me to very pleasant society, and made me acquainted with antiquities, of all kinds, well deserving of *some* record, however trivial. As it is, I must be content with what the shortness of my time, and the more immediately pressing nature of my pursuits, have brought me in contact. A sight of the *Crucifixion by Hans Burgmair*, and the possession of the most genuine copy of the *editio princeps of Horace*, have richly repaid all the toil and expense of the journey from Stuttgart. The Horace, and the Protestant Polish Bible of 1563, will be my travelling companions—at least as far as *Munich*—from whence my next despatch will be dated.[39] I hope, indeed, to dine at that renowned city ere “the set of to-morrow’s sun.” In the mean while, adieu.

[31] His account of the PRINTED BOOKS in the XVth century, in the monastery above mentioned, was published in 1786, in 2 vols. 4to. That of the MANUSCRIPTS, in the same monastic library, was published in 1791, in 2 vols. or rather perhaps, six parts, 4to.

[32] Among the books in this monastery was an uncut copy of the famous edition of the *Meditationes J. de Turrecremata*, of the date of 1467, which is now in the Library of Earl Spencer. In Hartmann Schedel’s *Chronicon Norimbergense*, 1493, fol. CLXII, are portraits of the Founders of the Town and Monastery of Eichstadt, or EISTETT; together with a large wood-cut view of the town. This monastery appears to have been situated on a commanding eminence.

[33] [This Abbey was questionless one of the most celebrated and wealthy in Europe. The antiquarian reader will be pleased with the OPPOSITE PLATE—presenting a bird’s eye view of it, in the year 1619—(when it stood in its pristine splendour) from the *Monasteriologia*, attached to the *Imagines Sanctorum*.]

[34] In the BAVARIA SANCTA of RADERUS, 1615-27, 3 vols. folio, will be found a succession of martyrological details—adorned by a series of beautiful engravings by *Ralph Sadeler*. The text is in Latin, and the author has apparently availed himself of all the accessible authorities, in manuscript and print, which were likely to give interest and weight to his narrative. But it seems to have been composed rather for the sake of the ENGRAVINGS—which are generally most admirably executed. Great delicacy and truth of drawing, as well as elegance of grouping, are frequently discernible in them; and throughout the whole of the compositions there is much of the air of *Parmegiano*’s pencil; especially in the females. Sadeler makes his monks and abbots quite *gentlemen* in their figures and

deportment; and some of his miracles are described with great singularity and force of effect.

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[35] Such is ZAPF'S work, entitled *Annales Typographiae Augustanae*, 1778; 4to. republished with copious additions in 1786, two volumes, 4to. The text of the latter is (unfortunately, for the unlearned) printed in the German language.

[36] [This Latin Bible came from the Eichstadt Monastery.]

[37] *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 115.

[38] See the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 170. &c.

[39] [The first Horace, the Cicero Epist. ad Familiares, 1469, the Latin Bible by Frisner and Sensenschmidt, 1475 and the Polish Bible of 1563, (all so warmly and so justly eulogised in the above pages) have been reposing these last ten years in the library of Earl Spencer: and magnificent and matchless as is that library, it contains no FINER volumes than the four preceding. I conclude this detail by subjoining the Autographs of the two BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORTHIES who have cut such a conspicuous figure in the scene above described. The latter is now NO MORE.]

[Autographs]

## LETTER V.

**MUNICH. CHURCHES. ROYAL PALACE. PICTURE GALLERY. PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

*Munich; Hotel of the Black Eagle; Aug. 16, 1818.*

## MY DEAR FRIEND;

Behold me, now, in the capital of Bavaria: in a city remarkable for its bustle, compared with the other German cities which I have visited, and distinguished rather for the general creditable appearance of the houses and public buildings, than for any peculiar and commanding remains of antiquity. But ere I speak of the city, let me detain you for a few seconds only with an account of my journey thither; and of some few particulars which preceded my departure from Augsbourg.

It turned out as I predicted. "Ere the set of sun," ensuing my last despatch, I drove to the principal front of this large, comfortless, and dirty inn; and partook of a dinner, in the *caffe*, interrupted by the incessant vociferations of merchants and traders who had attended the market (it being market day when I arrived), and annoyed beyond measure by the countless swarms of flies, which chose to share my cutlet with me.

On taking a farewell look of Augsburg, my eyes seemed to leave unwillingly those objects upon which I gazed. The Paintings, the Town Hall, the old monastery of Saints Ulric and Afra, all—as I turned round to catch a parting glance—seemed to have stronger claims than ever upon my attention, and to reproach me for the shortness of my visit. However, my fate was fixed—and I now only looked steadily forward to Munich; my imagination being warmed (you will say “inflamed”) with the thoughts of the countless folios, in manuscript and in print—including *block-books*, unheard and undreamt of—which

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had been described to me as reposing upon the shelves of the Royal or PUBLIC LIBRARY. In consequence, Hans Burgmair, Albert Durer, and the Elder Holbein were perfectly forgotten—after we had reached the first stage, and changed horses at *Merching*. From Augsburg to Munich is but a pleasant and easy drive of about forty-five English miles. The last stage, from *Fuerstenfelbruck* to this place, is chiefly interesting; while the two tall brick towers of the cathedral church of Notre Dame keep constantly in view for the last seven or eight miles. A chaussee, bordered on each side by willows, poplars, and limes, brings you—in a tediously straight line of four or five miles—up to the very gates of MUNICH.

At first view, Munich looks like a modern city. The streets are tolerably spacious, the houses are architectural, and the different little squares, *or places*, are pleasant and commodious. It is a city of business and bustle. Externally, there is not much grandeur of appearance, even in the palaces or public buildings, but the interiors of many of these edifices are rich in the productions of ancient art;—whether of sculpture, of painting, of sainted relics, or of mechanical wonders. Every body just now is from home; and I learn that the bronzes of the Prince Royal—which are considered to be the finest in Europe—are both out of order and out of view. This gallant Prince loves also pictures and books: and, of the latter, those more especially which were printed by the *Family of Aldus*.

Upon the whole, there is something very anglicised in the appearance both of this city and of its inhabitants. Of the latter, I have reason to speak in a manner the most favourable:—as you shall hear by and by. But let me now discourse (which I must do very briefly) of inanimate objects—or works of art—before I come to touch upon human beings ... here in constant motion: and, as it should seem—alternately animated by hope and influenced by curiosity. The population of Munich is estimated at about 50,000. Of course, as before, I paid my first visit to the CATHEDRAL, or mother church of NOTRE DAME, upon the towers of which I had fixed my eyes for a whole hour on the approach to the city. Both the nave and towers, which are of red brick, are frightful in the extreme; without ornament: without general design: without either meaning or expression of any kind. The towers cannot be less than 350 feet in height: but the tops are mere pepper-boxes. No part of this church, or cathedral, either within or without, can be older than the middle of the fifteenth century.[40]

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The interior has really nothing deserving of particular description. But I check myself in an instant: It *has* something—eminently worthy of distinct notice and the most unqualified praise. It has a monument of the EMPEROR Louis IV. which was erected by his great-grandson Maximilian I. Duke of Bavaria, in 1603-12. The designer of this superb mausoleum was *Candit*: the figures are in black marble, the ornaments are in bronze; the latter executed by the famous *Krumpper*, of Weilheim. I am ignorant of the name of the sculptor. This monument stands in the centre of the choir, of which it occupies a great portion. It is of a square form, having, at each corner, a soldier, of the size of life, bending on one knee and weeping: supporting, at the same time, a small flag between his body and arm. These soldiers are supposed to guard the ashes of the dead. Between them are three figures, of which two stand back to back. Between these two, somewhat more elevated, is raised the figure of the Emperor Louis IV.—dressed in his full imperial costume. But the two figures, just mentioned, are absolutely incomparable. One of them is *Albert V.* in armour, in his ducal attire:[41] the other is *William V.* habited in the order of the golden fleece. This habit consists of a simple broad heavy garment, up to the neck. The wearer holds a drawn sword in his right hand, which is turned a little to the right. This figure may be full six feet and a half high. The head is uncovered; and the breadth of the drapery, together with the erect position of the figure, and the extension of the sword, gives it one of the most commanding, and even appalling, airs imaginable. I stood before it, till I almost felt inclined to kneel and make obeisance. The entire monument is a noble and consummate specimen of art: and can hardly have any superior, of its kind, throughout Europe.

Perhaps I should add that the interior of this Church contains twenty-four large octagonal pillars, dividing the nave from the side aisles: and that around these latter and the choir, there are not fewer than twenty-four chapels, ornamented with the tombs of ancient families of distinction. This interior is about 350 English feet in length, by about 145 in width.

Of the other Churches, that of St. MICHAEL, attached to the *late College of the Jesuits*,—now forming the Public Academy or University, and containing the Public Library—is probably the most beautiful for its simplicity of ornament and breadth of parts. Indeed at this moment I can recollect nothing to be put in competition with it, as a comparatively modern edifice. This interior is, as to *Roman* architecture, what that of St. Ouen is as to *Gothic*: although the latter be of considerably greater extent. It is indeed the very charm of interior architecture: where all the parts, rendered visible by an equal distribution of light, meet the eye at the same time,

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and tell their own tale. The vaulted roof, full 300 English feet in length, has not a single column to support it. Pilasters of the Corinthian order run along each side of the interior, beneath slightly projecting galleries; which latter are again surmounted by rows of pilasters of the Doric order, terminating beneath the spring of the arched roof. The windows are below the galleries. Statues of prophets, apostles, and evangelists, grace the upper part of the choir—executed from the characteristic designs of Cauditi. The pulpit and the seats are beautifully carved. Opposite the former, are oratories sustained by columns of red marble; and the approach to the royal oratory is rendered more impressive by a flight of ten marble steps. The founder of this church was William V., who lies buried in a square vault below: near which is an altar, where they shew, on All Saints Day, the brass coffins containing the ashes of the Princes of Bavaria. The period of the completion of this church is quite at the end of the sixteenth century.[42] But ere I quit it, I must not fail to direct your attention to a bronze crucifix in the interior—which is in truth a masterpiece of art. My eye ran over the whole of this interior with increased delight at every survey; and while the ceremony of high mass was performing—and the censers emitted their clouds of frankincense—and the vocal and instrumental sounds of a large congregation pervaded every portion of the edifice—it was with reluctance (but from necessity) that I sought the outward door, to close it upon such a combination of attractions!

Of the nine or ten remaining churches, it will not be necessary to notice any other than that of St. CAETAN, built by the Electress Adelaide, and finished about the year 1670. It was built in the accomplishment of a vow. The pious and liberal Adelaide endowed it with all the relics of art, and all the treasures of wealth which she could accumulate. It is doubtless one of the most beautiful churches in Bavaria:—quite of the Italian school of art, and seems to be a St. Peter's at Rome in miniature. The architect was Agostino Barelli, of Bologna. This church is in the form of a cross. In the centre is a cupola, sustained by pillars of the Corinthian order. The light comes down from the windows of this cupola in a very mellow manner; but there was, when I saw it, rather a want of light. The nave is vaulted: and the principal altar is beneath the dome, separating the nave from the choir. The facade, or west front, is a building of yesterday, as it were: namely, of 1767; but it is beautiful and striking. This church is considered to be the richest in Munich for its collection of pictures; but nothing that I saw there made me forget, for one moment, the Crucifixion by Hans Burgmair.[43] I should say that the interior of this church is equally distinguished for the justness of its proportions, the propriety of its ornaments, and the neatness of its condition. It is an honour to the city of Munich.

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There were, some half century ago, about a dozen more churches;—but they have been since either destroyed or *desecrated*. From the Churches, I must conduct you, but in a very rapid manner, to some of the public buildings; reserving, as usual, my last and more leisurely description for the PUBLIC LIBRARY. Of these buildings, the *Hotel de Ville*, *Theatres*, and *Royal Residence*, are necessarily the most imposing in size, and most attractive from their objects of public utility or amusement. The Royal Palace was built by Maximilian I.—a name as great in the annals of Bavaria, as the same name was in those of Austria about a century before. This palace is of about two centuries standing: and its eastern facade measures 550 English feet in length. It abounds, within and without, with specimens of bronze ornaments: and two bronze lions (the work of Krumpper, after the designs of Caudit) which support the shields of the Electoral houses of Bavaria and Lorraine, have been considered superior to the Lion in the Place of St. Mark at Venice. This immense pile of building contains three courts. In that of “the Fountain,” to the left, under an arch, is a huge black pebble stone, weighing nearly 400 Bavarian pounds. An old German inscription, of the date of 1489, tells you that a certain Bavarian Duke, called *Christopher the Leaper*, threw this same pebble stone to a considerable distance. Near it, you observe three large nails driven into the wall. The highest of them may be about twelve feet from the ground:—the mark which Christopher the Leaper reached in one of his frolicksome jumps. I find they are lovers of marvellous attainments, in Bavaria:—witness, the supposed feat of the great Emperor Maximilian upon the parapet wall at the top of the cathedral of Ulm.[44]

To describe the fountains and bronze figures, in these three courts, would be endless; but they strike you with a powerful degree of admiration—and a survey of every thing about you, is a convincing proof that you have entered a country where they shrink not from solidity and vastness in their architectural achievements: while the lighter, or ornamental parts, are not less distinguished by the grace of their design and the vigour of their execution. Will you believe it—I have not visited, nor shall I have an opportunity of visiting, the *Interior*? An interior, in which I am told that there are such gems, jewels, and varieties—such miracles of nature and of art, as equally baffle description and set competition at defiance. As thus:—a chapel, of which the pavement is mosaic work, composed of amethysts, jaspers, and lapis lazuli: of which the interior of its cupola is composed of lapis lazuli, adorned with gilt bronze: wherein is to be seen a statue of the Virgin, in a drapery of solid gold, with a crown upon her head, composed of diamonds:—a massive golden crucifix, adorned with precious stones—and upon which there is an inscription cut upon an emerald an inch square: again, small altars, supported by columns of transparent amethyst, &c.



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I will say nothing of two little caskets, studded with cameos and turquoises, in this chapel of fairy land—(built by Maximilian I.) of which one contains two precious pictures by Jean d'Aix la Chapelle—and the other (of massive gold, weighing twenty-four pounds) a painting of the resurrection and of paradise, in enamel. Even the very organ is constructed of gold, silver, ebony, turquois and lapis lazuli ornaments; of pearls and of coral. As to the huge altar of massive silver—adorned with cariatides, candelabra, statues, vases, and bouquets of the same metal—and especially the *pix*, lined with diamonds, rubies, and pearls—what shall I say of these—ALL the fruit of the munificent spirit of MAXIMILIAN? Truly, I would pass over the whole with an indifferent eye, to gaze upon a simple altar of pure gold—the sole ornament of the prison of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; which Pope Leo XI. gave to William V. Elector of Bavaria—and which bears the following inscription:

EXILII COMES ET CARCERIS IMAGO  
HAEC MARIAE STUARDAE, SCOT. REG.  
FUIT, FUISSET ET CAEDIS, SI VIXISSET.

Not less marvellous things are told of the *Jewellery* in this palace of wonders:—among which the BLUE DIAMOND ... attached to the order of the Golden Fleece—which is set open, and which, opposed to the sun, emits rays of the most dazzling lustre,—is said to be the nonpareil of coloured precious stones. It weighs 36 carats and 144 grains. Of the *Pearls*, that called the PALATINAT, half white and half black, is considered the greatest curiosity; but in a cabinet is preserved the choicest of all choice specimens of precious art and precious metals. It is a statue of *St. George and the Dragon*, of the height of about a foot and a half, in pure and solid gold: the horse is agate: the shield is of enamelled gold: the dragon is jasper: the whole being thickly studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls—to the number of at least two thousand! Another cabinet contains the crowns of emperors, dukes and.... But you are already dazzled and bewildered; and I must break off the description of this ENCHANTED PALACE.

What is of easy access is rarely visited. I asked several of my acquaintance here, whether this spectacle were worth seeing?—and they as frequently replied in the negative as in the affirmative. But the PICTURE GALLERY I *have* seen, and seen with attention;—although I am not likely to pay it a second visit. I noted down what I saw: and paid particular attention to the progress of art in the early German school of painting. I knew that this collection had long enjoyed a great celebrity: that it had been the unceasing object of several of the old Dukes of Bavaria to enrich it; and that the famous Theodore, equally the admirer of books and of pictures, had united to it the gallery of paintings collected by him at Manheim. It moreover contained the united collections of Deux-Ponts

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and Dusseldorf. This magnificent collection is arranged in seven large rooms on the same floor. Every facility of access is afforded; and you observe, although not so frequently as at Paris, artists at work in copying the treasures before them. In the entrance-hall, where there is a good collection of books upon the fine arts, are specimens by *Masaccio*, *Garofalo*, *Ghirlandaio*, *Perugino*, *Lucas de Leyden*, *Amberger*, *Wohlgemuth*, *Baldonetti*, *Aldegrave*, *Quinten Matsys*—with several others, by masters of the same period, clearly denoting the order of time in which they are supposed to have been executed. I was well pleased, in this division of the old school, to recognise specimens of my old friends Hans Burgmair and the Elder Holbein; and wished for no individual at my elbow so much as our excellent friend W.Y. Ottley:—a profound critic in works of ancient art, but more particularly in the early Italian and German Schools.

To conduct you through all these apartments, or seven rooms, with the methodical precision of an experienced guide, is equally beyond my inclination and ability. Much as I may admire one or two *Titians*, one or two of the *Caracci* school, the same number of *Veroneses* and *Schidones*, and a partial sprinkling of indifferent *Raffaelles*, I should say that the boast of this collection are the pictures by *Rubens* and *Vandyke*. Of the former there are some excellent portraits; but his two easel pictures—the one, the *Fall of the Damned*, and the other the *Beatitude of the Good*—are marvellous specimens of art. The figures, extending from heaven to earth, in either picture, are linked, or grouped together, in that peculiarly bold and characteristic manner which distinguishes the pencil of the master.[45] The colouring throughout is fresh, but mellow and harmonious. Among the larger pictures by this renowned artist, are *Susanna and the Elders*, and *the Death of Seneca*; the latter considered as a distinguished production. But some of the whole length portraits, by the same hand, pleased me better. The pictures of Rubens occupy more particularly the fourth room. Vandyke shines in the second, sixth, and seventh rooms: in which are some charming whole length portraits—combining, almost, the dignity of Titian with the colouring of Rembrandt:—and yet, more natural in expression, more elegant in attitude, and more beautiful in drawing, than you will find in the productions of either of these latter artists.

If the art, whether of sculpture or of painting, take not deep root, and send forth lusty branches laden with goodly fruit, at Munich—the fault can never be in the *soil*, but in the waywardness of the *plant*. There is encouragement from every quarter; as far as the contemplation of art, in all its varieties, and all its magnificence, can be said to be a stimulus to exertion. When the

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re-action of a few dozen years of peace shall have nearly obliterated the ravages and the remembrance of war—when commerce and civil competition shall have entirely succeeded to exaction and tyranny from a foreign force—(which it now holds forth so auspicious a promise of accomplishing)—and when literature shall revert within its former fruitful channels of enlightening the ignorant, gratifying the learned, and illustrating what is obscure among the treasures of former times—then I think Munich will be a proud and a flourishing city indeed.[46] But more of this subject on a future occasion.

Let us take a walk abroad—in the fields, or in the immediate vicinity of the town—for methinks we have both had sufficient in-door occupation of late. One of the principal places of resort, in the immediate vicinity of Munich, is a garden—laid out after the English fashion—and of which the late Count Rumford had the principal direction. It is really a very pleasing, and to my taste, successful effort of art—or rather adaptation of nature. A rapid river, or rivulet (a branch of the *Iser*) of which the colour is a hazy or misty blue, very peculiar—runs under a small bridge which you pass. The bed of the river has a considerable descent, and the water runs so rapidly, as to give you the idea that it would empty itself in a few hours. Yet—“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.*” I strolled frequently in the shady walks, and across the verdant lawns, of this pleasant garden; wherein are also arbour-covered benches, and embowered retreats—haunts of meditation—where

... voices, through the void deep sounding, seize  
Th’enthusiastic ear!

But SKELL must not be deprived of his share of praise in the construction of this interesting pleasure ground. He was the principal active superintendant; and is considered to have had a thorough knowledge of *optical effect* in the construction of his vistas and lawns. A Chinese pagoda, a temple to Apollo—and a monument to Gessner, the pastoral poet—the two latter embosomed in a wood—are the chief objects of attraction on the score of art. But the whole is very beautiful, and much superior to any thing of the kind which I have seen since leaving England.

I told you, at the beginning of this letter, that it was market-day when we arrived here. Mr. Lewis, who loses no opportunity of adding to the stores of his sketch book, soon transferred a group of MARKET PEOPLE to his paper, of which you are here favoured with a highly finished copy. The countenances, as well as the dresses, are strongly indicative of the general character of the German women.

[Illustration]

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I was surprised to be told, the other day, that the city of Munich, although lying upon a flat, apparently of several miles in circumference, is nevertheless situated upon very lofty ground:—full twelve or thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea—and that the snow-charged blasts, from the Tyrolese mountains, towards the end of autumn, render it at times exceedingly cold and trying to the constitution. But I must now revert to the city, and proceed at once to an account of the most interesting of ALL the public edifices at Munich—in my very humble, and perhaps capricious, estimation. Of course you will instantly catch at what I mean. “What, BUT the edifice which contains THE PUBLIC LIBRARY?” ’Tis wisely conjectured; and to this boundless region of books, of almost every age and description, let us instantly resort: first paying our respects to the Directors and Librarians of the establishment.

Of the former, the BARON VON MOLL, and MR. FREDERIC SCHLICHTEGROLL are among the principal: of the latter, Messrs. SCHERER and BERNHARD have the chief superintendence: of all these gentlemen, more in my next.[47] At present, suffice it to say, that I was constantly and kindly attended during my researches by M. Bernhard—who proved himself in the frequent discussions, and sometimes little controversies, which we had together, to be one of the very best bibliographers I had met upon the continent. In the bibliographical lore of the fifteenth century, he has scarcely a superior: and I only regretted my utter ignorance of the German language, which prevented my making myself acquainted with his treatises, upon certain early Latin and German Bibles, written in that tongue. But it was his kindness—his diffidence—his affability, and unremitting attention—which called upon me for every demonstration of a sense of the obligations I was under. It will not be easy for me to forget, either the kind-hearted attentions or the bibliographical erudition of M. Bernhard ...

“Quae me cunque vocant terrae.”

Be it known to you therefore, my good friend, that the PUBLIC LIBRARY at MUNICH is attached to what was once the *College of Jesuits*; and to which the beautiful church, described in a few preceding pages, belonged. On the suppression of the order of Jesuits, the present building was devoted to it by Charles Theodore in 1784: a man, who, in more than this one sense, has deserved well of his country. Would you believe it? They tell me that there are at least *half a hundred* rooms filled by books and MSS. of one kind or other—including duplicates—and that they suppose the library contains nearer *four*, than *three hundred thousand volumes*! I scarcely know how to credit this; although I can never forget the apparently interminable succession of apartments—in straight lines, and in rectangular lines: floor upon floor: even to the very summit of the building, beneath the slanting roofs—such as I had seen at Stuttgart. But *here* it should seem as if every monastery throughout Bavaria had emptied itself of its book-treasures ... to be poured into this enormous reservoir.

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But I will now begin my labours in good earnest. An oblong, narrow, boudoir-sort of apartment, contains the more precious MSS., the block books, and works printed upon vellum. This room is connected with another, at right angles, (if I remember well) which receives the more valuable works of the fifteenth century—the number of which latter, alone, are said to amount to nearly *twenty thousand*. In such a farrago, there must necessarily be an abundance of trash. These, however, are how under a strict assortment, or classification; and I think that I saw not fewer than half a dozen assistants, under the direction of M. Bernhard, hard at work in the execution of this desirable task.

LATIN MS. OF THE GOSPELS; *in small folio*. I have no hesitation in ascribing this MS. to the ninth century. It is replete with evidences of this, or even of an earlier, period. It is executed in capital letters of silver and gold, about a quarter of an inch in height, upon a purple ground. Of course the MS. is upon vellum. The beginning of the text is entirely obliterated; but on the recto of the XVth leaf we read "*Explt Breuiarium*."

LATIN MS. of the GOSPELS; in *large folio*. This is a more superb, but more recent, MS. than the preceding. Yet I suspect it to be not much later than the very early part of the eleventh century. It is executed in a large, lower-case, roman letter: somewhat bordering upon the Gothic. But the binding, at the very outset, is too singular and too resplendent to be overlooked. The first side of it has the crucifixion, in a sort of parallelogram frame work—in the centre: surrounded by a double arabesque, or Greek border, of a most beautiful form. The whole is in ivory, of a minute and surprisingly curious workmanship. The draperies partake of the character of late Roman art. Round this central ivory piece of carving, is a square, brass border, with the following inscription; which, from the character of the capital letters, (for it is wholly composed of such) is comparatively quite modern:

GRAMMATA QVI QVERIT COGNOSCERE VERE  
HOC MATHESIS PLENE QVADRATVM PLAVDAT HABERE  
EN QUI VERACES SOPHIE FULSERE SEQUACES  
ORNAT PERFECTAM REX HEINRICH STEMMATE SECTAM.

In the outer border are precious stones, and portraits, with inscriptions in Greek capital letters. These portraits and inscriptions seem to me to be perfect, but barbarous, specimens of Byzantine art. Around the whole are the titles of the Four Gospels in coeval capital letters. The general effect of this first side of the book-cover, or binding, is perfect—for antiquarian genuineness and costliness. The other side of the binding contains representations of the cardinal virtues, in brass, with the lamb in the centre: but they are comparatively modern. The interior of this book does not quite accord with its exterior. It is in pure condition, in every respect; but the art is rather feeble and barbarous. The titles to the Gospels are executed upon a purple ground. The larger subjects, throughout the illuminations, are executed with freedom, but the touch is

heavy and the effect weak. The gold back grounds are rather sound than resplendent. Yet is this MS., upon the whole, a most costly and precious volume.

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LATIN PSALTER. Probably of the latter part of the twelfth century. The text is executed in a lower-case gothic. In the Calendar of Saints are found the names of Edward the Martyr, Cuthbert, Guthlac, Etheldrith, and Thomas a Becket. I think I am fully justified in calling this one of the richest, freshest, and most highly ornamented PSALTERS in existence. The illuminations are endless, and seem to comprise the whole history of the Bible. In the representations of armour, we observe the semicircular and slightly depressed helmet, and no nasels. I must now lay before you a MS. of a very different description—called

The ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTRANT;<sup>[48]</sup> in verse. This ms. is wholly in the German language; written in the XIIIth century, and containing fifteen illuminations. M. Scherer, the Head Librarian, was so obliging as to furnish me with an account of it; having himself translated, as literally as possible, the original text into our own language.

I shall now put together a few miscellaneous notices, taken, like all the preceding, from the articles themselves—and which you will find to relate chiefly to books of Missals and Offices, &c. I shall begin, however, with a highly illuminated MS. called

The TWELVE SIBYLS. This beautiful book is doubtless of the XVth century. It begins with a representation of the "*Sibila Persica*." The principal merit of these illuminations may, by some, be thought to consist in their *freshness*; but others will not fail to remark, that the accompaniments of these figures, such as the chairs on which they sit, and the pillars which form the frame work of the pieces, are designed and executed in a style of art worthy of the Florentine School of this period. Every Sibyl is succeeded by a scriptural subject. If the faces of these figures were a little more animated and intelligent, this book would be a charming specimen of art of the XVth century. The *Erythraean Sibyl* holds a white rose very prettily in her left hand. The *Agrippinian Sibyl* holds a whip in her left hand, and is said "to have prophesied XXX years concerning the flagellation of Christ." This volume is a thin quarto, in delightful condition; bound in yellow morocco, but a *sufferer* by the binding.

A CALENDAR. This is a pretty little duodecimo volume, containing also short prayers to Christ; and embellished by a representation of the several months in the calendar. Each illumination has a border, and its apposite characteristic subject attached to the month. Among the latter, those of October and November are vigorously touched and warmly finished. A picture of the Deluge follows December. The scription is in a neat roman character. This book is bound in lilac velvet, with silver clasps, and preserved in a yellow morocco case.



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OFFICE OF THE VIRGIN. An exquisite little octavo or rather duodecimo; bound in silver, with coloured ornaments inlaid. The writing, in small roman, shews an Italian calligraphist. The vellum is white, and of the most beautiful quality. The text is surrounded by flowers, fruits, insects, animals, &c. The initial letters are sparkling, and ornamented in the arabesque manner. But the compositions, or scriptural subjects, are the most striking. Among the more beautiful specimens of high finishing, is the figure of Joseph—with the Virgin and Child—after the subject of the Circumcision. Upon the whole, the colours are probably too vivid. The subjects seem to be copies of larger paintings; and there is a good deal of French feeling and French taste in their composition. The rogue of a binder has shewn his love of cropping in this exquisite little volume. The date of 1574 is upon the binding.

MISSAL: beginning with the *Oratio devota ad faciem dni nostri ihu xpi*—A most exquisite volume in 8vo.: bound in black fish skin, with silver clasps of an exceedingly graceful form, washed with gold, and studded with rubies, emeralds, and other coloured stones. The head of Christ, with a globe in his hand, faces the beginning of the text. This figure has a short chin, like many similar heads which I have seen: but the colours are radiant, and the border, in which our Saviour is bearing his cross, below, is admirably executed. The beginning of St. John's Gospel follows. The principal subjects have borders, upon a gray or gold ground, on which flowers are most beautifully painted: and some of the subjects themselves, although evidently of Flemish composition, are most brilliantly executed. There is great nature, and vigour of touch, in the priests chanting, while others are performing the offices of religion. The *Annunciation* is full of tenderness and richness; and, in the *Christ in the manger*—from whose countenance, while lying upon the straw, the light emanates and shines with such beauty upon the face of the Virgin—we see the origin perhaps of that effect which has conferred such celebrity upon the NOTTE of CORREGIO. What gives such a thorough charm to this book, is, the grace, airiness, and truth of the flowers—scattered, as it were, upon the margins by the hand of a faery. They have perhaps suffered somewhat by time: but they are truth and tenderness itself. The writing is a large handsome square gothic.

OFFICE OF THE VIRGIN: bound in massive silver—highly ornamented, in the arabesque manner, and washed with gold. The back is most ingeniously contrived. But if the exterior be so attractive, the interior is not less so—for such a sweetly, and minutely ornamented, book, is hardly to be seen. The margins are very large and the text is very small: only about fifteen lines, by about one inch and three quarters wide. Upon seeing the margins, M. Scherer, the head-librarian, exclaimed, "I hope that satisfies



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you!” But they are by no means disproportionate—and the extraordinary colour and quality of the vellum render them enchanting. We come now to the ornaments. These are clusters of small flowers, strung in a pearl-like manner, and formed or grouped into the most pleasing and tasteful shapes. The figures are small, with a well indicated outline. How pretty are the little subjects at the foot of each month of the Calendar! And how totally different from the common-place stiffness, and notorious dullness, of the generality of Flemish pieces of this character! This book has no superior of its kind in Europe; and is worthy, on a small scale, of what we see in the superb folios of Matthias Corvinus.[49]

A BOOK OF PRAYERS—almost entirely spoilt by damp and rottenness within. I should think, from the writing and illuminations, it was executed between the years 1450 and 1480. The outside is here the principal attraction. It is a very ancient massive binding, in silver. On each side is a sacred subject; but on that, where the Crucifixion is represented, the figure to the right has considerable expression. At the bottom of each compartment are the arms of Bavaria and of the Dukes of Milan. This is a precious treasure in its way.

The present is probably the proper place to notice the *principal gem*—in the department of illuminated books of devotion—preserved in the Royal Library at Munich:—I mean, what is called, ALBERT DURER’S PRAYER BOOK. This consists merely of a set of marginal embellishments in a small folio volume, of which the text, written in a very large lower-case gothic letter, forms the central part. These embellishments are said to be by the hand of ALBERT DURER: although, if I mistake not, there is a similar production, or continuation, by LUCAS CRANACH. They are executed in colours of bistre, green, purple, or pink; with a very small portion of shadow—and apparently with a reed pen. Nothing can exceed the spirit of their conception, the vigour of their touch, and the truth both of their drawing and execution. They consist chiefly of *capriccios*, accompanied by the figure or figures of four Saints, &c. They afford one addition to the very many proofs, which I have already seen, of the surprising talents of Albert Durer: and, if I remember rightly; this very volume has been lithographised at Munich, and published in our own country.[50]

Descending lower in the chronological order of my researches, I now come to the notice of four very splendid and remarkable folio volumes, comprising only the text of the SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS: and which exhibit extraordinary proofs of the united skill of the *Scribe*, the *Musician*, the *Painter*, and the *Book Binder*—all engaged in the execution of these volumes. Of each of these artists, there is a PORTRAIT; but among them, none please my fancy so much as that of GASPAR RITTER, the book-binder. All these portraits

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are executed in body colour, in a slight but bold manner, and appear to me to be much inferior to the general style of art in the smaller and historical compositions, illustrative of the text of the book. But Gaspar Ritter well merits a distinct notice; for these volumes display the most perfect style of binding, which I have yet seen, of the sixteenth century. They are in red morocco, variegated with colours, and secured by clasps. Every thing about them is firm, square, knowing and complete. The artist, or painter, to whom these volumes are indebted for their chief attraction, was John MIELICH; a name, of which I suspect very little is known in England. His portrait bears the date of 1570.

Looking fairly through these volumes—not for the sake of finding fault, or of detecting little lapses from accuracy of drawing, or harmony of composition—I do not hesitate one moment to pronounce the series of embellishments, which they contain, perfectly unrivalled—as the production of the same pencil. Their great merit consists in a prodigious freedom of touch and boldness of composition. The colouring seems to be purposely made subordinate. Figures the most minute, and actions the most difficult to express, are executed in a ready, off-hand manner, strongly indicative, of the masterly powers of the artist. The subjects are almost interminable in number, and endless in variety.

I shall now proceed at once to an account of the xylographical productions, or of BLOCK BOOKS in the public library of this place; and shall begin with a work, of which (according to my present recollection) no writer hath yet taken notice. It is a *Life of Christ*, in small quarto, measuring scarcely five inches by four. The character of the type is between that of Pfister and the Mazarine Bible, although rather more resembling the latter. Each side of the leaf has text, or wood cut embellishments. The first eight pages contain fifteen lines in a page: the succeeding two pages only thirteen lines; but the greater number of the pages have fourteen lines.

It is precisely the dotted ground, in the draperies, that impresses me with a notion of the antiquity of these cuts. Such a style of art is seen in all the earlier efforts of wood engraving, such as the *St. Bernardinus* belonging to M. Van-Praet, and the prints pasted within the covers of Mr. George Nicol's matchless copy of the Mazarine Bible, upon vellum, in its original binding.[51] M. Bernhard also shewed me, from his extraordinary collection of early prints, taken from the old MS. volumes in this library, several of this precise character; and to which we may, perhaps with safety, assign the date of 1460 at the latest. I have been particular in the account of this curious little volume, not so much because it is kept in a case, and considered to be *unique*, as because, to the best of my recollection, no account of it is to be found in any bibliographical publication.

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EXHORTATION AGAINST THE TURKS, &c.: of the supposed date of 1455. This is the singular tract, of which Baron Aretin (the late head librarian of this establishment) published an entire fac-simile; and which, from the date of M.cccc.lv appearing at the bottom line of the first page, was conceived to be of that period. M. Bernhard, however, —in an anonymous pamphlet—proved, from some local and political circumstances introduced, or referred to, in the month of *December*—in the Calendar attached to this exhortation—that the *genuine* date should rather be 1472. This brochure is also considered to be unique. It is a small quarto, of six leaves only, of which the first leaf is blank. The type is completely in the form of that of Pfister, and the paper is unusually thick. At the bottom of the first leaf it is observed, in ms. "*Liber eximiae raritatis et inter cimelia bibliothecae asservandus. F. Er.*"

ARS MEMORANDI, &c. Here are not fewer than *five copies* of this well known—and perhaps first—effort of block-book printing. These are of the earliest dates, yet with trifling variations. The wood cuts in all the copies are coloured; some more heavily than others; and in one of them you observe, in the figure of St. Matthew, that red or crimson glossy wash, or colour, so common in the earliest prints—and which is here carried over the whole figure. One of these five copies is unbound.

ARS MORIENDI. Here are two editions, of which one copy is indisputably the most ancient—like that in Lord Spencer's library,[52]—but of a considerably larger size, in quarto. There can be no doubt of the whole of this production being xylographical. Unluckily this fine copy has the first and last pages of text in ms. The other pages, with blank-reverses, are faintly impressed in brown ink: especially the first, which seems to be injured. A double-line border is round each page. This copy, which is bound in blue morocco, has also received injury from a stain. I consider the second copy, which is bound in red morocco, to be printed with moveable *metal* types. The ink is however of a palish brown. I never saw another copy of this latter impression.

BIBLIA PAUPERUM. *In Latin*. I doubt whether this be the first edition; but at any rate it is imperfect. *In German*: with the date of 1470. Here are two copies; of which I was anxious to obtain the duplicate (the largest and uncoloured,) for the library in St. James's Place; but the value fixed upon it was too high; indeed a little extravagant.

The APOSTLES CREED. *In German*. Only seven leaves, but pasted together—so that, the work is an opistographised production. This is a very rare, and indeed unique volume; and utterly unknown to bibliographers. Each cut is about the same size, and there are twelve in the whole. There is no other text but the barbarous letters introduced at the bottom of the cut.

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MIRABILIA URBIS ROMAE. Another generally unknown xylographic performance; printed in the German language: being a small quarto. I have secured a duplicate of this singular volume for Lord Spencer's library, intending to describe it in the *AEdes Althorpianae*.<sup>[53]</sup>

The LIFE OF ST. MEINRAT; *in German*, in a series of wood-cut representations. This Saint was murdered by two men, whose Christian names were Peter and Richard, and who were always afterwards haunted by a couple of crows. There is a German introduction of two pages, preceding the cuts. These cuts are forty-eight in number. At the thirtieth cut, the Saint is murdered; the earlier series representing the leading events of his life. The thirty-first cut represents the murderers running away; an angel being above them; In the thirty-second cut, they continue to be pursued. The thirty-third cut thus describes them; the German and the version being as follow; "*Hie furt man die mord vo danne un wil schleisse vn redern die rappen volget alle zit hin nach vn stechet sy.*" "Here they bring the murderers, in order to drag them upon the hurdle to execution, and to break them upon the wheel. The crows follow and peck them."

In the thirty-fourth cut Peter and Richard are tied and dragged at the heels, of a horse. In the thirty-fifth they are broken upon the wheel.

The *Calendar of Regiomontanus*—A decidedly xylographical production; the first date is 1475, the last 1525. A fine sound copy, but crompt. In a duplicate copy the name of the mathematician is given at the end.

CANTICA CANTICORUM. First edition. A beautiful copy; crompt, but clean. Sixteen cuts, uncoloured. The leaves have been evidently pasted together. Another copy, coloured; but of a later date. In fine preservation. A third copy; apparently the first edition; washed all over with a slight brown tint, and again coarsely coloured in parts: This copy singularly enough, is intermixed with portions of the first edition (as I take it) of the *Apocalypse*: very clumsily coloured. A fourth copy, also, as I conceive, of the first edition; rather heavily coloured. The back grounds are uncoloured. This is larger than the other copies.

DEFENSIO IMMACULATAE CONCEPTIONIS B.M.V. *Without place; of the date of 1470*. This is a Latin treatise; having four cuts in each page, with the exception of the first two pages, which exhibit only Saints Ambrose, Austin, Jerom and Gregory. At the bottom of the figure of St. Austin, second column, first page, it is thus written; "*f.w. 1470.*" In the whole sixteen pages. The style of art is similar to that used in the *Antichrist*.<sup>[54]</sup> Of this tract, evidently xylographical, I never saw or heard of another copy.

The foregoing list may be said to comprise the *chief rarities* among the BLOCK BOOKS in the Public Library at Munich; and if I am not mistaken, they will afford no very unserviceable supplement to the celebrated work of Heineken upon the same subject.

From this department in the art of printing, we descend naturally to that which is connected with metal types; and accordingly I proceed to lay before you another list of *Book-Rarities*—taken from the earlier *printed volumes* in this most extraordinary Library.

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We will begin with the best and most ancient of all Books:—the BIBLE. They have a very singular copy of what is called the *Mazarine edition*: or rather the parent impression of the sacred text:—inasmuch as it contains (what, I believe, no other copy in Europe contains, and therefore M. Bernhard properly considers it as unique) *four printed leaves of a table*, as directions to the Rubricator. At the end of the Psalter is a ms. note thus: “*Explicit Psalterium, 61.*” This copy is in other respects far from being desirable, for it is cropt, and in very ordinary calf binding. *Mentelin’s German Bible*. Here are two copies of this first impression of the Bible in the German language: both of which have distinct claims to render them very desirable. In the one is an inscription, in the German language, of which M. Bernhard supplied me with the following literal version: “*Hector Mulich and Otilia his wife; who bought this Bible in the year of Our Lord, 1466, on the twenty-seventh day of June, for twelve florins.*” Their arms are below. The whole is decidedly a coeval inscription. Here, therefore, is another testimony[55] of the printing of this Bible at least as early as the year 1466. At the end of the book of Jeremiah, in the same copy, is a ms. entry of 1467; “*sub Papa Paulo Secundo et sub Imperatore Frederico tertio.*” The second copy of this edition, preserved in the same library, has a German ms. memorandum, executed in red ink, stating that this edition is “*well translated, without the addition of a single word, faithful to the Latin: printed at Strasbourg with great care.*” This memorandum is doubtless of the time of the publication of the edition; and the Curators of the library very judiciously keep both copies.

A third, or triplicate copy, of Mentelin’s edition—much finer than either of the preceding—and indeed abounding with rough edges—was purchased by me for the library in St. James’s place; but it was not obtained for a sum beneath its full value.[56]

Here is a copy of *Eggesteyn’s Latin Bible*, containing forty-five lines in a full page, with the important date of “*24th May, 1466*”—in a coeval ms. memorandum. Thus, you see, here is a date two years earlier[57] than that in a copy of the same Bible in the Public Library at Strasbourg; and I think, from hence, we are well warranted in supposing that both Mentelin and Eggesteyn had their presses in full play at Strasbourg in 1466—if not earlier. This copy of Eggesteyn’s first Bible, which is in its original binding of wood, is as fine and large as it is precious.

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I shall continue, miscellaneously, with the earlier printed books. *T. Aquinas de Virtutibus et Vitiis*; printed by *Mentelin* in his smallest character. At the end, there is the following inscription, in faded green ink; *Johannes Bamler de Augusta hui<sup>9</sup> libri Illuiator Anno 1468*. Thus Bamler should seem to be an illuminator as well as printer,[58] and Panzer is wrong in supposing that Bamler *printed* this book. Of course Panzer formed his judgment from a copy which wanted such accidental attestation. *Ptolemy*, 1462: with all the maps, coloured. *Livy* (1469): very fine—in its original binding—full sixteen inches high. *Caesar*, 1469: very fine, in the original binding. *Lucan*, 1469: equally fine, and coated in the same manner. *Apuleius*, 1469: imperfect and dirty. The foregoing, you know, are all EDITIONES PRINCIPES. But judge of my surprise on finding neither the first edition of *Terence*, nor of *Valerius Maximus*, nor of *Virgil*[59]—all by Mentelin. I enquired for the first *Roman* or *Bologna Ovid*: but in vain. It seemed that I was enquiring for “blue diamonds;”[60]—so precious and rare are these two latter works.

Here are very fine copies of the *Philosophical works of Cicero*, printed by *Ulric Han*—with the exception of the Tusculan Questions and the treatise upon Oratory, of the dates of 1468, 1469—which are unluckily wanting. M. Bernhard preserves *four* copies of the *Euclid* of 1482, because they have printed variations in the margins. One of these copies has the prefix, or preface of one page, printed in letters of gold. I saw another such a copy at Paris. Here is the *Milan Horace* of 1474—the text only. The *Catholicon* by *Gutenberg*, of 1460: UPON VELLUM: quite perfect as to the text, but much cropt, and many pieces sliced out of the margins—for purposes, which it were now idle to enquire after; although I have heard of a *Durandus* of 1459 in our own country, which, in ancient times, had been so served for the purpose of writing directions on parcels of game, &c. *Catholicon* of 1469 by *G. Zeiner*; also UPON VELLUM, and equally cropt—but otherwise sound and clean. This copy contains an ancient manuscript note which must be erroneous; as it professes the first owner to have got possession of the book before it was *printed*: in other words, an *unit* was omitted in the date, and we should read 1469 for 1468.[61]

Among the more precious ITALIAN BOOKS, is a remarkably fine copy of the old edition of the *Decameron* of *Boccaccio*, called the *Deo Gracias*—which Lord Spencer purchased at the sale of the Borromeo library in London, last year. It is quite perfect, and in a fine, large condition. It was taken to Paris on a certain memorable occasion, and returned hither on an occasion equally memorable. It contains 253 leaves of text and two of table; and has red ms.



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prefixes. It came originally from the library of Petrus Victorius, from which indeed there are many books in this collection, and was bought by the King of Bavaria at Rome. What was curious, M. Bernhard shewed me a minute valuation of this very rare volume, which he had estimated at 1100 florins—somewhere about L20. below the price given by Lord Spencer for his copy, of which four leaves are supplied by ms. Here is a magnificent copy of the *Dante of 1481*, with XX CUTS; the twentieth being precisely similar to that of which a fac-simile appears in the B.S. This copy was *demanded* by the library at Paris, and xix. cuts only were specified in the demand; the twentieth cut was therefore secreted, from another copy—which other copy has a duplicate of the first cut, pasted at the end of the preface. The impressions of the cuts, in the copy under description, are worthy of the condition of the text and of the amplitude of the margins. It is a noble book, in every point of view.

I was shewn a great curiosity by this able bibliographer; nothing less than a sheet, or *broadside*, containing *specimens of types from Ratdolf's press*. This sheet is in beautiful preservation, and is executed in double columns. The first ten specimens are in the *gothic* letter, with a gradually diminishing type. The last is thus:

*Hunc adeas mira quicunq: volumina queris Arte uel ex animo pressa fuisse tuo Seruiet iste tibi: nobis (sic) iure sorores Incolumem seruet vsq: rogare licet.*

This is succeeded by three gradually diminishing specimens of the printer's *roman* letter. Then, four lines of Greek, in the Jensonian or Venetian character: next, in large black letter, as below.[62]

But a still greater curiosity, in my estimation, was a small leaf; by way of *advertisement*, containing a list of publications issuing from the press of a printer whose name has not yet been discovered, and attached apparently to a copy of the *Fortalitium Fidei*; in which it was found. Luckily there was a duplicate of this little broadside—or advertisement—and I prevailed upon the curators, or rather upon M. Bernhard (whose exclusive property it was) to part with this Sibylline leaf, containing only nineteen lines, for a copy of the *AEdes Althorpianae*— as soon as that work should be published.[63] Of course, this is secured for the library in St. James's Place.

I am now hastening to the close of this catalogue of the Munich book-treasures. You remember my having mentioned a sort of oblong cabinet, where they keep the books PRINTED UPON VELLUM—together with block books, and a few of the more ancient and highly illuminated MSS. I visited this cabinet the first thing on entering—and the last thing on leaving—the Public Library. "Where are your *Vellum Alduses*, good Mr. Bernhard?" said I to my willing and instructive guide. "You shall see only *two* of



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them”—(rejoined he) but from these you must not judge of the remainder. So saying, he put into my hands the *first editions of Horace and Virgil*, each of 1501, and bound in one volume, in old red morocco. They were gems—almost of the very first order, and—almost of their original magnitude: measuring six inches and three eighths, by three inches and seven eighths. They are likewise sound and clean: but the Virgil is not equal to Lord Spencer’s similar copy, in whiteness of colour, or beauty of illumination. Indeed the illuminations in the Munich copy are left in an unfinished state. In the ardour of the moment I talked of these two precious volumes being worth “120 louis d’or.” M.B. smiled gently, as he heard me, and deliberately returned the volumes to their stations—intimating, by his manner, that not thrice that sum should dispossess the library of such treasures. I have lost my memoranda as to the number of these vellum Alduses; but the impression upon my mind is, that they have not more than six.

Of course, I asked for a VELLUM *Tewrdanckhs* of 1517, and my guide forthwith placed two MEMBRANACEOUS copies of this impression before me:—adding, that almost every copy contained variations, more or less, in the text. Indeed I found M.B. “doctissimus” upon this work; and I think he said that he had published upon it as well as Camus.[64] This is about the ninety-ninth time that I have most sensibly regretted my utter ignorance, of the language (German) in which it pleaseth M. Bernhard to put forth his instructive bibliographical lucubrations. Of these two copies, one has the cuts coloured, and is very little cropt: the other has the cuts uncoloured, and is decidedly cropt.

With the *Tewrdanckhs*, I take my leave both of the public library of Munich and (for the present) of its obliging and well-informed Second Librarian. But I must not leave this WORLD OF BOOKS without imparting to you the satisfaction which I felt on witnessing half a dozen grave-looking scribes employed, chiefly under the direction of M. Bernhard, in making out a classed catalogue of *Fifteeners*—preparatory to the sale of their Duplicates. This catalogue will be important in many respects; and I hope to see it in my own country within two years from the date of the present epistle.[65]

And now methinks it is high time to put the concluding paragraph to this said epistle—so charged with bibliographical intelligence respecting the capital of Bavaria. You must give it more than *one* perusal if you wish to digest it thoroughly. My next, within forty-eight hours hereof, will leave me on the eve of departure from hence. In the meanwhile, prepare for some pleasant BOOK TIDINGS in my ensuing despatch.

[40] Both the nave and towers appear in Hartmann Schedel’s view of Munich, in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493: see fol. ccxxvi. The “pepper-box” terminations are, I conceive, of a later date.

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[41] I take this to be the famous Albert who died in 1500; and who, in Schedel's time, kept lions for his disport—at Munich: "qui sua magnificentia plures nutrit leones" *Chron. Norimb.* 1493. *Ibid.*

[42] The steeple fell down in the year 1599, and has never been rebuilt.

[43] See p. 87 ante.

[44] See p. 66 ante.

[45] [Sir J. Reynolds criticised these pictures when they were in the *Dusseldorf Gallery*: but I cannot just now lay my hand upon his remarks.]

[46] [It has made, and is yet making, great strides towards the accomplishment of the above-mentioned objects—since the above passage was written.]

[47] [With the exception of the first, (although I do not make this exception with *confidence*) all the above-named gentlemen have CEASED TO EXIST. Mr. Bernhard I believe died before the publication of the preceding edition of this work: and I add, with perfect sincerity, that *his* decease, and that of *M. Adam Bartsch* (vide post) were, to me, among the bitterest regrets which I ever experienced in my intercourse with foreign literati.

[48] The able editor of the Romance of Sir TRISTREAM, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, appears to have been entirely ignorant of the existence of this highly curious and coeval German version. I regret that I am unable to give the reader a complete analysis of the whole.

From this account, I select the following very small portion—of fidelity of version—with a fac-simile of one of the Embellishments.

So all his thoughts were wavering:

*Wilén abe vn wilent an—*

One while above, and one while down,

*Er tet wol an im selben schin*

He truly on himself made shew,

*Daz der minnende mot*

That an amorous mind behaves

*Reht als der vrie fogel tot*

Even as the bird in the open air,



*Der durch die friheit dier hat*  
Who, by the liberty he enjoys,  
*Vf daz gelimde twi gestat*  
Slightly sits on the lime-twig down;  
*Als er des limes danne entsebet*  
As soon as he the lime descrys,  
*Vnd er sieh vf ze fluhte hebet*  
And rises up to fly in haste,  
*So chlebet er mit den fossen an.*  
His feet are clinging to the twig.

This simile of the bird seems expressed in the illumination, of which the outline has been faithfully copied by Mr. Lewis:

[Illustration]

[49] See page 33 ante.

[50] It appeared in the year 1808, and was sold for 2l. 12s. 6d. But a blank space was left in the middle—which, in the original, is occupied by a heavy gothic text. The publication of the continuation by Lucas Cranach appeared in 1818.

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[51] Now in the Collection of Henry Perkins, Esq.

[52] See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. xv-xxiii. where fac-similes of some of the cuts will be found.

[53] Where it is fully described, in vol. ii. p. 188, &c. with fac-similes of the type and ornaments. An entire page of it is given at p. 189.

[54] See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. xxxi.

[55] A copy in the public library at Stuttgart has a ms. memorandum in which the same dominical date is entered. See note, at page 21 ante.

[56] It must be mentioned, however, that a fine copy of the *German edition of Breydenbach's Travels, of 1486*, was given into the bargain.

[57] In the *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. i. p. 38-9—where a fac-simile of the type of this edition is given—the impression is supposed to have been executed in “the year 1468 at latest.” The inscription of 1468 in the Strasbourg copy (see vol. ii. p. 404.) should seem at least to justify the caution of this conclusion. But, from the above, we are as justified in assigning to it a date of at least two years earlier.

[58] Lord Spencer possesses a copy of *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, with the Commentary of Trivetius, printed by Mentelin, which was also illuminated by Bamler in the same year as above—1468. The memorandum to this effect, by Bamler, is given in the *AEdes Althorpianae*; vol. ii. p. 20.

[59] I will not say *positively* that the VIRGIL is *not* there; but I am pretty sure of the absence of the two preceding works. My authority was, of course, the obliging and well informed M. Bernhard.

[60] See page 115 ante.

[61] The inscription is this: “Anno dni Millesimo cccc<sup>o</sup> lxxvij<sup>o</sup>. Conparatus est iste Katholicon tpe Iohis Hachinger h<sup>9</sup> ccclie p tunc imeriti ppti. p. xlvij Aureis R flor<sup>9</sup> taxatus p. H xxi faciunt in moneta Vsuali xlvj t d.” So that it seems a copy of this work, upon vellum, was worth at the time of its publication, forty-six golden florins.

[62] *Indicis characterum diversarum manerieru impressioni parataru: Finis. Erhardi Ratdolt Augustensis viri solertissimi:*

*preclaro ingenio & mirifica arte: qua olim Venetijs excelluit  
celebratissimus. In imperiali nunc vrbe Auguste vindelicorum  
laudatissime impressioni dedit. Annoq; salutis M.CCCC.LXXXXVI.  
Cale Aprilis Sidere felici compleuit.*

[63] An admirably executed fac-simile of the above curious document appears in the work here referred to: vol. ii. p. 131—where the subject of its probable printer is gone into at considerable length.

[64] The reader, if he have leisure and inclination, may consult a long note in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 201, respecting the best authorities to be consulted upon the above very splendid and distinguished performance. Camus is included in the list of authorities referred to.

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[65] Seven years have elapsed since the above was written, but no CLASSED CATALOGUE of any portion of the Public Library of Munich has appeared in this country. Speaking of *duplicates*, not printed in the fifteenth century, it may be worth observing that they have at Munich not fewer than six copies (double the number of those at Strasbourg;) of the ACTA SANCTORUM; good handsome copies in vellum binding.

[Since the first edition of this Tour was published, several copies of this stupendous, but unfortunately imperfect work, have been imported into England: among which, however, none, to my recollection, have found their way from MUNICH. Indeed, the heavy expense of carriage is almost an interdiction: unless the copies were obtained at very moderate prices.]

### LETTER VI.

#### FURTHER BOOK-ACQUISITIONS. SOCIETY. THE ARTS.

The bright bibliographical star, which shone upon me at Stuttgart, has continued to shine with the same benign lustre at this place. “[Greek: *Heureka Heureka*]”!—the scarcest and brightest of all the ALDINE GEMS has been found and secured by me: that gem, for which M. Renouard still continues to sigh and to rave, alternately, in despair of a *perfect* copy; and which has, only very recently, been placed among the most brilliant ornaments of the Royal Library at Paris.[66] What may these strange exclamations and inuendos imply?—methinks I hear you say. You shall know in a trice—which just brings me to the very point with which my previous epistle concluded. Those “pleasant book-tidings,” referred to in my last, and postponed for the present opportunity, are “as hereafter followeth.”

In my frequent conversations with the Guardians of the Public Library, I learnt that one STOEGER, a bookseller chiefly devoted to the purchase and sale of *Aldine* volumes, resided in this metropolis; that his abode was rather private than public; and that his “magasin” was lodged on the second or third floor, in a row of goodly houses, to the right, on entering the city. M. Bernhard added, that Mr. Stoeger had even a copy of the first Aldine edition of the *Greek hours* (printed in 1497)—which is the very gem above alluded to; “but (observed my intelligent informant, as he accompanied me to the door of the bookseller in question) “he will not part with it: for both the Prince Royal and our Public Library have been incessant in their importunities to possess it. He sets an extravagant price upon it.” Having been instructed from early youth, “never to take that for *granted* which remained to be *proved*,” I thanked the worthy M. Bernhard for his intelligence; and, wishing him a good morning, entered the chamber of Mr. Stoeger.

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I had previously heard (and think that I have before made mention) of the eagerness with which the Prince Royal of Bavaria purchases *Alduses*; and own, that, had I chosen to reflect one little minute, I might have been sufficiently disheartened at any reasonable prospect of success, against two such formidable opponents as the Prince and the Public Library. However, in cases of emergency, 'tis better to think courageously and to act decisively. I entered therefore the chamber of this Aldine bookseller, resolved upon bearing away the prize—"coute qu'il coute"—provided that prize were not absolutely destined for another. M. Stoeger saluted me formally but graciously. He is a short, spare man, with a sharp pair of dark eyes, and speaks French with tolerable fluency. We immediately commenced a warm bibliographical discussion; when Mr. Stoeger, all of a sudden, seemed to raise himself to the height of six feet—gave three strides across the room—and exclaimed, "Well, Sir; the cabinet of my Lord Spencer wants something which I possess in yonder drawer." I told him that I knew what it was he alluded to; and, with the same decision with which I seemed to bespeak the two Virgils at Stuttgart, I observed, that "*that* want would soon cease; for that ere I quitted the room, the book in question would doubtless become the property of the nobleman whom he had just mentioned." Mr. Stoeger, for three seconds, was lost in astonishment: but instinctively, as it were; he approached the drawer: opened it: and shewed me an unbound, sombre-looking, but sound and perfect copy of the *first edition* of the GREEK HOURS, *printed by Aldus*.

As I had among my papers a collation of the perfect copy at Paris, I soon discovered that Mr. Stoeger's copy was also complete; and ... in less than fifteen minutes I gained a *complete victory* over the Prince Royal of Bavaria and the corps bibliographique of Messrs. Von Moll, Schlichtegroll, Scherer, Bernhard, &c.—the directors and guardians of the Public Library at Munich. In other words, this tiny book, measuring not quite four inches, by not quite three, was *secured*—for the cabinet in question—at the price of \* \* florins!! The vender, as I shrewdly suspect, had bought it of a brother bookseller at Augsburg,[67] of the name of KRANSFELDER (a worthy man; whom I visited—but with whom I found nothing but untransportable Latin and German folios) for ... peradventure only the *hundredth part* of the sum which he was now to receive. What shall we say? The vender is designated by Mr. Schlichtegroll, in the preface of the last sale catalogue of the duplicates of the Public Library (1815, 8vo.) as "bibliopola honestissimus"—and let us hope that he merits the epithet. Besides, books of this excessive rarity are objects of mere caprice and fancy. To return to this "bibliopola honestissimus," I looked out a few more tempting articles, of the Aldine character,[68] and receiving

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one or two as a *douceur*; in the shape a present, settled my account with Mr. Stoeger ... and returned to my lodging more and more confirmed in the truth of the position of “not taking *that* for granted which remained to be *proved*.” The whole of this transaction was, if I may so speak, in the naughty vanity of my heart, a sort of *octodecimo* illustration of the “VENI, VIDI, VICI” of a certain illustrious character of antiquity.

Of a very different character from this *Aldine bibliopolist* is a bookseller of the name of VON FISCHHEIM: the simplest, the merriest, the most artless of his fraternity. It was my good friend Mr. Hess (of whom I shall presently speak somewhat more at large) who gave me information of his residence. “You will find there (added he) all sorts of old books, old drawings, pictures, and curiosities.” What a provocative for an immediate and incessant attack! I took my valet with me—for I was told that Mr. Von Fischheim could not speak a word of French—and within twenty minutes of receiving the information, found myself in the dark and dreary premises of this same bibliopolist. He lives on the first floor; but the way thither is almost perilous. Mr. Fischheim’s cabinet of curiosities was crammed even to suffocation; and it seemed as if a century had elapsed since a vent-hole had been opened for the circulation of fresh air. I requested the favour of a pinch of snuff from Mr. Fischheim’s box, to counteract all unpleasant sensations arising from effluvia of a variety of description—but I recommend English visitors in general to *smoke a segar* while they rummage among the curiosities of Mr. Fischheim’s cabinet! Old Tom Hearne might here, in a few minutes, have fancied himself ... any thing he pleased!

The owner of these miscellaneous treasures wore one unvarying smile upon his countenance during the whole time of my remaining with him. He saw me reject this, and select that; cry “pish” upon one article, and “bravo” upon another—with the same settled complacency of countenance. His responses were short and pithy, and I must add, pleasant: for, having entirely given up all hopes of securing any thing in the shape of a good picture, a good bust, or a genuine illumination from a rich old MS., I confined myself strictly to printed books—and obtained some very rare, precious, and beautifully-conditioned volumes upon most reasonable and acceptable terms.[69] Having completed my purchase, the books were sent to the hotel by a shopman, in the sorriest possible garb, but who wore, nevertheless, a mark of military distinction in his button-hole. From henceforth I can neither think, nor speak, but with kindness of Paul Ludwig Von Fischheim, the simplest, the merriest, and most artless of his fraternity.



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The day following this adventure, I received a note informing me that a person, practising physic, but also a collector and seller of old books, would be glad to see me in an adjoining street. He had, in particular, some “RARE OLD BIBLES.” Another equally stimulant provocative! I went, saw, and... returned—with scarcely a single trophy. Old Bibles there were—but all of too recent a date: and all in the *Latin* language. Yet I know not how it was, but I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to give some twenty florins for a doubtfully-printed *Avicenna*, and a *Biblia Historica Moralisata*. Had I yielded to further importunities, or listened to further information, I might have filled the large room in which I am now sitting—and which is by much the handsomest in the hotel[70]—with oak-bound folios, vellum-clad quartos, and innumerable broadsides. But I resisted every entreaty: I had done sufficient—at least for the first visit to the capital of Bavaria.

And doubtless I have good reason to be satisfied with these Bavarian book-treasures. There they all lie; within as many strides of me as Mr. Stoeger took across the room; while, more immediately within reach, and eyed with a more frequent and anxious look, repose the *Greek Hours*, the *first Horace*, the *Mentelin German Bible*, and the *Polish Protestant Bible*; all—ALL destined for the cabinet of which Mr. Stoeger made such enthusiastic mention.

A truce now to books, and a word or two about society. I arrived here at a season when Munich is considered to be perfectly empty. None of the noblesse; no public gaieties; no Charge d’Affaires—all were flown, upon the wings of curiosity or of pleasure towards the confines of Italy. But as my business was rather with Books and bookmen, I sought chiefly the society of the latter, nor was I disappointed. I shall introduce them one by one. First therefore for the BARON VON MOLL; one of the most vivacious and colloquial of gentlemen; and who perhaps has had more to do with books than any one of his degree in Bavaria. I know not even if he have not had two or more monastic libraries to dispose of—which descended to him as ancestral property. I am sure he talked to me of more than one chateau, or country villa, completely filled with books; of which he meditated the disposal by public or private sale. And this, too—after he had treated with the British Museum through the negotiation of our friend the Rev. Mr. Baber, for two or three thousand pounds worth of books, comprehending, chiefly, a very valuable theological collection. The Baron talked of twenty thousand volumes being here and there, with as much sang-froid and certainty as Bonaparte used to talk of disposing of the same number of soldiers in certain directions.

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The other Sunday afternoon I accompanied him to one of his villas, in the direct road from Munich—near which indeed I had passed in my route hither. Or, rather, speaking more correctly the Baron accompanied me:—as he bargained for my putting a pair of post-horses to my carriage. He wished me to see his books, and his rural domain. The carriage and burden were equally light, and the road was level and hard. We therefore reached the place of our destination in a short hour. It was a very pleasant mansion, with a good garden, and several fertile fields of pasture and arable land. The Baron made it his summer residence. His books filled the largest room in the house. He invited me to look around, to select any volumes that I might fancy, provided they were not grammatical or lexicographical—for, in that department, he never wished his strength to be diminished, or his numbers to be lessened. I did as he desired me: culled a pretty book-posey;—not quite so blooming as that selected at Lincoln,[71] some dozen years ago,—and, as the sun was setting, voted the remainder of the evening, till supper-time, to a walk with the Baron upon the neighbouring heights.

The evening was fair and mild, and the Baron was communicative and instructive. His utterance is rapid and vehement; but with a tone of voice and mode of action by no means uninteresting. We talked about the possession of Munich by the French forces, under the command of Moreau, and he narrated some particulars equally new and striking. Of Moreau, he spoke very handsomely; declaring him to have been a modest, grave, and sensible man—putting his great military talents entirely out of the question. The Baron himself, like every respectable inhabitant of Munich, was put under military surveillance. Two grenadiers and a petty officer were quartered upon him. He told me a curious anecdote about Bonaparte and Marshal Lasnes—if I remember rightly, upon the authority of Moreau. It was during the crisis of some great battle in Austria, when the fate of the day was very doubtful, that Bonaparte ordered Lasnes to make a decisive movement with his cavalry; Lasnes seemed to hesitate. Bonaparte reiterated the order, and Lasnes appeared to hesitate again—as if doubting the propriety of the movement. Bonaparte eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt; and added—almost fixing his teeth together, in a hissing but biting tone of sarcasm—“*Est-ce que je t’ai fait trop riche?*” Lasnes dashed his spurs into the sides of his charger, turned away, and prepared to put the command of his master into execution.

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So much for the Baron Von Moll. The name of SCHLICHTEGROLL was frequently mentioned in my last letter. It is fitting, therefore, that you should know something of the gentleman to whom this name appertains. Mr. F. Schlichtegroll is the Director in Chief of the Public Library at Munich. I was introduced to him in a room contiguous to that where they keep their models of public buildings—such as bridges, barriers, fortifications, &c. which are extremely beautiful and interesting. The director received me in the heartiest manner imaginable; and within five minutes of our first salutation, I found his arm within my own, as we walked up and down the room—discoursing about first editions, block-books, and works printed upon vellum. He was delighted to hear of my intention to make a vigorous attack, with pen, ink, and paper, upon the oblong cabinet of *Fifteeners* and precious MSS. of which my last letter made especial mention; and promised to afford me every facility which his official situation might command. Unluckily for a more frequent intercourse between us, which was equally wished by both parties, the worthy Director was taken ill towards the latter part of my stay;[72]—not however before I had visited him twice, and been his guest attended by a numerous party.

Mr. SCHERER is the third figure upon this bibliographical piece of canvass, of which I deem it essential to give you a particular description. He is very hearty, very alert in the execution of his office, and is “all over English” in his general appearance and manner of conduct. He is learned in oriental literature; is a great reader of English Reviews; and writes our language with fluency and tolerable correctness. He readily volunteered his kind offices in translating the German ms. of *Sir Tristrem*, of which my last letter made mention—and I have been indebted to him upon every occasion, wherein I have solicited his aid, for much friendly and much effectual attention. He has, luckily for his own character, vouchsafed to *dine* with me; although it was with difficulty I could prevail upon him so to do, and for him to allow me to dine at the protracted hour of *four*. After dinner, it was with pleasure,—when surrounded by all the book-treasures, specified in the early part of this letter, and which were then lying in detached piles upon the floor[73]—I heard Mr. Scherer expatiate upon the delight he felt in taking a trip, every summer or autumn, among the snow-capt mountains of the Tyrol; or of burying his cares, as well as changing his studies and residence, by an excursion along the lakes and mountains of Switzerland. “When that season arrives (added he—stretching forth both arms in a correspondently ardent manner) I fly away to these grand scenes of silence and solitude, and forget the works of man in the contemplation of those of nature!” As he spake thus, my heart went a good way with him: and I could not but express my regret that London was not situated like the capital of Bavaria.

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Of Mr. BERNHARD, the sub-librarian, I have already spoken frequently; and in a manner, I trust, to shew that I can never be insensible either of his acquirements or his kindness. He has one of the meekest spirits—accompanied by the firmest decision—which ever marked the human character; and his unconsciousness both of the one and of the other renders his society the more delightful.

A temporary farewell to Bibliography, and to Bibliographers. You may remember that I introduced the name of Hess, in a former part of this letter; with an intention of bringing the character, to whom it belonged, at a future period before your notice. You will be gratified by the mention of some particulars connected with him. Mr. Hess has passed his grand climacteric; and is a Professor of Design, but more especially a very distinguished Engraver. His figure, his manner of conversation, his connections, and his character, are all such—as to render it pleasing to find them combined with a man of real talent and worth. I had brought with me, from England, a drawing or copy of one of the original portraits at Althorp—supposed to be painted by Anthony More—with a view of getting it engraved abroad. It is very small, scarcely four inches square. I had shewn it at Paris to Lignon, who *modestly* said he would execute it in his very best manner, for 3000 francs! M. Hess saw it—and was in extacies. “Would I allow him to engrave it?” “Name your price.” “I should think about thirty-five guineas.” “I should think (replied I) that that sum would entitle me to your best efforts.” “Certainly; and you shall have them”—rejoined he. I then told him of the extravagance of Lignon. He felt indignant at it. “Not (added he) that I shall execute it in *his* highly finished manner.” I immediately consigned the precious portrait into his hands—with a written agreement to receive the engraving of it next year, at the stipulated sum.[74]

Thus you see I have set Mr. Hess to work in my absence—when I quit Munich—which will be to-morrow, or the following day at farthest. This worthy artist won upon me at every interview. His dress and address were truly gentlemanly; and as he spoke the English language as well as he did the French, we were of course glad to renew our visits pretty frequently. His anxiety to promote my views, and to afford my companion every assistance in his power, connected with the Fine Arts, will be long and gratefully remembered by us.[75] But Mr. NOCKHER shall not be passed over “sub silentio.” He is a banker; and I found another FRANCS in the promptitude and liberality of his offers of pecuniary supply. He, together with Mr. Hess, has tasted the best red wine, at my humble table, that the *Schwartz Adler* can afford; and I have quaffed his souchong, in society in which I should like to have mingled again and again. The subjects of pictures and prints occupied every moment of our time, and almost every word of our discussion;

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and Mr. Nockher shewed me his fine impression of the *Dresden Raphael*, in a manner that proved how perfectly well he was qualified to appreciate the merits of the graphic art. That print, you know, is considered to be the masterpiece of modern art; and it is also said that the engraver—having entirely finished every portion of it—did NOT LIVE TO SEE A FINISHED PROOF. Mr. Nockher bought it for some three or four napoleons, and has refused twenty for it. I own that, to my eye, this print has more power, expression, and I may say colouring, than almost any which I remember to have seen. The original is in the second, or darker style of colouring, of the master; and this engraving of it is as perfect a copy of the manner of the original, as that by Raphael Morghen of the last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci—so celebrated all over Europe.

Mr. Nockher is both a good-natured man, and a man of business; and the facility and general correctness of his mode of speaking the English language, renders a communication with him very agreeable. He has undertaken to forward all my book-purchases to England—with the exception of a certain *little Greek duodecimo*, which has taken a marvellous fancy to be the travelling companion of its present master. Mr. Nockher also promises to forward all future book-purchases which I may make—and which may be directed for him at Munich—on to England. Thus, therefore—when I quit this place—I may indulge a pleasing anticipation of the future, without any anxieties respecting the past.[76]

And now fare you well. Within twenty-four hours I start from hence, upon rather a *digressive* excursion; and into which the Baron Von Moll and M. Schlichtegroll have rather coaxed, than reasoned, me. I am to go from hence to *Freysing* and *Landshut*—and then diverge down, to the right, upon *Salzburg*—situated 'midst snow-clad mountains, and containing a LIBRARY within the oldest monastery in Austria. I am to be prepared to be equally struck with astonishment at the crypt of Freysing, and at the tower of Landshut—and after having “revelled and rioted” in the gloomy cloisters and sombre apartments of St. Peter’s monastery, at Salzburg, I am instructed to take the *Lake of Gmunden* in my way to the *Monastery of Chremsminster*—in the direct route to Lintz and Vienna. A world of variety and of wonder seems therefore to be before me; and as my health has been recently improved, from the comparatively cool state of the weather, I feel neither daunted nor depressed at the thought of any difficulties, should there be any, which may await me in the accomplishment of this journey. My next, God willing, will assuredly be from Salzburg—when I shall have rested awhile after a whirl of some two hundred miles.

[66] [See vol. ii. p. 147. Renouard, *L’Imprim. des Alde*, vol. i. 36-7. There are however, NOW, I believe, in this country, FIVE copies of this very rare book; of which four are perfect.]

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[67] The copy in question had, in 1595, been the property of F. Gregorius, prior of the monastery of Sts. Ulric and Afra at Augsburg: as that possessor's autograph denotes.

[68] The principal of these "tempting articles" were a fine first *Statius* of 1502, *Asconius Pedianus*, 1522. *Cicero de Officiis*, 1517, and *Leonicerus de Morbo Gallico*—with the leaf of errata: wanting in the copy in St. James's Place. But perhaps rarer than either, the *Laurentius Maoli* and *Averrois*, each of 1497—intended for *presents*. But Mr. Stoeger had forgotten these intended presents—and *charged* them at a good round sum. I considered his word as his bond—and told him that honest Englishmen were always in the habit of so considering the words of honest Germans. I threatened him with the return of the whole cargo, including even the beloved *Greek Hours*. Mr. Stoeger seemed amazed: hesitated: relented: and adhered to his original position. Had he done otherwise, I should doubtless have erased the epithet "honestissimus," in all the copies of the sale catalogue above alluded to, which might come within my notice, and placed a marginal emendation of "avidissimus."

[69] It may be a novel, and perhaps gratifying, sight to the reader to throw his eye over a list (of a few out of the fifty articles) like the following:

*Flor. Kreutz.*

*Liber Moralizat. Biblic. Ulm.* 1474. Folio. Fine copy 11

*Biblia Vulg. Hist. Ital. Venet.* Giunta 1492. Fol. 8

*Horatius. Venet.* 1494. 4to. Fig. lig. incis. 11

*Cronica del rey don Iuan. Sevilla.* 1563. 4to. 11

*Breviarium. Teutonice.* 4to. In MEMBRANIS. A

most beautiful and spotless book. It contains

only the Pars Hyemalis of the cathedral service. 11

*Dictionarium Pauperum. Colon.* 1504. 8vo. 1

*Pars quart. Ind. Orient. Francof.* 1601. 5 30

*Fabulae AESopicae. Cura Brandt.* 1501. Folio.

Perhaps a matchless copy; in original binding of wood. Full of cuts 55

Thirteen different opuscula, at one florin each;

many very curious and uncommon 13

The Lord's Prayer and Creed—in the German

language—printed by "*Fricz Crewsner*," in

1472: folio: *broadside*. Perhaps UNIQUE 22

The florin, at the time of my residence at Munich, was about 1s. 9d.



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[70] [However severely I may have expressed myself in a preceding page (105) of the general condition of this huge Inn, yet I cannot but gaze upon the subjoined view of it with no ordinary sensation of delight when I remember that the three-windowed room, on the first floor, to the right—close to the corner—was the room destined to be graced by the BOOK TREASURES above mentioned. This view may also serve as a general specimen of the frontage of the larger Inns in Bavaria.]

[Illustration]

[71] [All the *book-world* has heard mention of THE LINCOLNE NOSEGAY, —a small handful of flowers, of choice hues, and vigorous stems, culled within the precincts of one of the noblest cathedrals in Europe. Neither Covent Garden at home, nor the Marche aux Fleurs at Paris, could boast of such a posey. I learn, however, with something approaching to horror, that the Nosegay in question has been counterfeited. A *spurious* edition (got up by some unprincipled speculator, and, I must add, bungling hand—for the typographical discrepancy is obvious) is abroad. Roxburghers, look well to your book-armouries! The foe may have crept into them, and exchanged your steel for painted wood.]

[72] There is something so hearty and characteristic in the Director's last letter to me, that I hope to be pardoned if I here subjoin a brief extract from it. "M. Scherer vient me quitter, et m'annoncer que votre depart est fixe pour demain. Jamais maladie—auxquelles, heureusement, je suis tres rarement expose—m'est survenu aussi mal-a-propos qu'a cette fois-ci. J'avois compte de jouir encore au moins quelques jours, apres mon retablissement, de votre entretien, et jeter les fondemens d'une amitie collegiale pour la future. La nouvelle, que M. Scherer m'apporte, me desole. J'avois forme le plan de vous accompagner pour voir quelqu'uns de nos Institutions remarquables, principalement *La Lithographie*, "Vana Somnia!" Votre resolution de quitter Munich plutot que je n'avois pense, detruit mes esperances. N'est-ce-pas possible que vous passiez par Munich a votre retour de Vienne? Utinam! Combien de choses restent, sur lesquelles j'esperais de causer et de traiter avec vous! "I bono alite: pede fausto."

[Autograph]

[The author of this Letter is NO MORE!]

[73] See the note, p. 157 ante.



[74] This Engraving appears in the *AEdes Althorpianae*, vol. i. p. 246.  
On my return to England, it was necessary to keep up a correspondence with the amiable and intelligent character in question. I make no apology, either to the reader, or to the author of the Epistle, for subjoining a copy of one of

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these letters—premising, that it relates to fac-similes of several old copper cuts in the Public Library at Munich, as well as to his own engraving of the above-mentioned portrait. There is something throughout the whole of this letter so hearty, and so thoroughly original, that I am persuaded it will be perused with extreme gratification:

*Munich, 17 May, 1819.*

Dear and Reverend Sir;

I am a good old fellow, and a passable engraver; but a very bad Correspondent. You are a ... and minister of a religion which forgive all faults of mankind; and so I hope that you will still pardon me the retardation of mine answer. I am now 65 years old, and have never had any sickness in mine life, but I have such an averseness against writing, that only the *sight* of an ink-horn, pen and paper, make me feeling all sort of fevers of the whole medicinal faculty;—and so I pray that you would forgive me the brevity of mine letters. Following your order, I send you jointly the first proof prints of those plates still (already) finished. The plate of that beautiful head of an English artist, is not yet so far advanced; but in about six weeks you will have it—and during this time, I expect your answer and direction to whom I shall deliver the whole. I wish and hope heartily that the fac-similes and portraits would be correspondent with your expectation. I hold it for necessary and interesting, to give you a true copy of that old print—“*Christ in the lap of God the Father.*” You’ll see that this print is cutten round, and carefully pasted upon another paper on a wooden band of a book: which proves not only a high respect for a precious antiquity, but likewise that this print is much older than the date of 1462—which is written in red ink, over the cutten outlines, of that antique print. You may be entirely assured of the fidelity of both fac-similes. Now I pray you heartily to remember my name to our dear Mr. Lewis, with my friendliest compliments, and told him that the work on *Lithography* is now finished, and that he shall have it by the first occasion. In expectation of your honorable answer, I assure you of the highest consideration and respect of

Your most obedient humble Servant,

[Autograph]

[75] [This GRAPHIC WORTHY now *ceases to exist*. He died in his seventy-first year—leaving behind, the remembrance of virtues to be revered and of talents to be imitated.]

[76] [Another OBITUARY presses closely upon the preceding—but an Obituary which rends one's heart to dwell upon:—for a kinder, a more diligent, and more faithful Correspondent than was Mr. Nockher, it has never been my good fortune to be engaged with. Almost while writing the *above* passage, this unfortunate gentleman ... DESTROYED himself:—from embarrassment of circumstances!]

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### LETTER VII.

FREYSING. LANDSHUT. ALTOETTING. SALZBURG. THE MONASTERY OF ST. PETER.

*Salzburg; Golden Ship, Aug. 23, 1818.*

MY DEAR FRIEND;

If ever I wished for those who are dear to me in England, to be my companions during any part of this “*antiquarian and picturesque* tour,” (for there are comparatively few, I fear, who would like to have been sharers of the “*bibliographical*” department of it) it has been on the route from Munich to this place: first, darting up to the north; and secondly, descending gradually to the south; and feasting my eyes, during the descent, upon mountains of all forms and heights, winding through a country at once cultivated and fertile, and varied and picturesque. Yes, my friend, I have had a glimpse, and even more than a glimpse, of what may be called ALPINE SCENERY: and have really forgotten Fust, Schoeffher, and Mentelin, while contemplating the snow-capt heights of the *Gredig*, *Walseberg*, and *Untersberg*:—to say nothing of the *Gross Klokner*, which raises its huge head and shoulders to the enormous height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

These be glorious objects!—but I have only gazed; and, gazed at a distance of some twenty or thirty miles. Surrounded as I am, at this moment,—in one of the most marvellous and romantic spots in Europe—in the vicinity of lakes, mountain-torrents, trout-streams, and salt-mines,—how can you expect to hear any thing about MSS. and PRINTED BOOKS? They shall not, however, be *wholly* forgotten; for as I always endeavour to make my narrative methodical, I must of necessity make mention of the celebrated library of INGOLDSTADT, (of which Seemiller has discoursed so learnedly in a goodly quarto volume,) now, with the University of the same place, transferred to LANDSHUT—where I slept on the first night of my departure from Munich.

A secret, but strong magnetic power, is pulling me yet more southerly, towards *Innsbruck* and *Italy*. No saint in the golden legend was ever more tortured by temptation, than I have been for the last twenty-four hours ... with the desire of visiting those celebrated places. Thrice has some invisible being—some silver-tongued sylph—not mentioned, I apprehend, in the nomenclature of the Rosicrucian philosophy, whispered the word ... “ROME ...” in mine ear—and thrice have I replied in the response... “VIENNA!” I am therefore firmly fixed: immoveably resolved ... and every southerly attraction shall be deserted for the capital of Austria: having determined to mingle among the Benedictin and Augustin monks of *Chremsminster*, *St. Florian*, and *Moelk*—and, in the bookish treasures of their magnificent establishments, to seek and obtain something which may repay the toil and expense of my journey.

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But why do I talk of monastic delights only in *contemplation*? I have *realized* them. I have paced the cloisters of St. Peter's, the mother-convent of Austria: have read inscriptions, and examined ornaments, upon tombstones, of which the pavement of these cloisters is chiefly composed: have talked bad Latin with the principal, and indifferently good French with the librarian—have been left alone in the library—made memoranda, or rather selected books for which a *valuable consideration* has been proposed—and, in short, fancied myself to be thoroughly initiated in the varieties of the Bavarian and Austrian characters. Indeed, I have almost the conceit to affirm that this letter will be worth both postage and preservation.

Let me “begin at the beginning.” On leaving Munich, I had resolved upon dining at Freysingen, or *Freysing*; as well to explore the books of Mr. Mozler, living there—and one of the most “prying” of the bibliopolistic fraternity throughout Germany—as to examine, with all imaginable attention, the celebrated Church to which a monastery had been formerly attached—and its yet more celebrated *Crypt*. All my Munich friends exhorted me to descend into this crypt; and my curiosity had been not a little sharpened by the lithographic views of it (somewhat indifferently executed) which I had seen and purchased at Munich. Some of my Munich friends considered the crypt of Freysing to be coeval with Charlemagne. This was, at least, a very romantic conjecture.

The morning was gray and chill, when we left the *Schwartzen Adler*; but as we approached Garching, the first stage, the clouds broke, the sun shone forth, and we saw Freysing, (the second stage) situated upon a commanding eminence, at a considerable distance. In our way to Garching, the river Iser and the plains of Hohenlinden lay to the right; upon each of which, as I gazed, I could not but think alternately of MOREAU and CAMPBELL. You will readily guess wherefore. The former won the memorable battle of Hohenlinden—fought in the depth of winter—by which the Austrians were completely defeated, and which led to the treaty of Luneville: and the latter (that is, our Thomas Campbell) celebrated that battle in an *Ode*—of which I never know how to speak in sufficient terms of admiration: an ode, which seems to unite all the fire of Pindar with all the elegance of Horace; of which, parts equal Gray in sublimity, and Collins in pathos.

We drove to the best, if not the only, Inn at Freysing; and, ordering a late dinner, immediately visited the cathedral;—not however without taking the shop of Mozler, the bookseller, in our way, and finding—to my misfortune—that the owner was absent on a journey; and his sister, the resident, perfectly ignorant of French. We then ascended towards the cathedral, which is a comparatively modern building; at least every thing *above ground* is of that description. The CRYPT, however, more than answered my expectations. I should have no hesitation in calling it perfectly unique; as I have neither seen, nor heard, nor read of any thing the least resembling it. The pillars, which support the roof, have monsters crawling up their shafts—devouring one another, as one sees them in the margins of the earlier illuminated MSS.

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The altar beneath Our Lady's chapel was a confused mass of lumber and rubbish; but, if I were to select—from all the strange and gloomy receptacles, attached to places of religious worship, which I have seen since quitting the shores of my own country—any ONE SPOT, in preference to another, for the celebration of mysterious rites—it should be the CRYPT of the CATHEDRAL of FREYSING. And perhaps I should say that portions of it might be as old as the latter end of the eleventh century. From the foundation, we ascended to the very summit of the building; and from the top of the tower, had a most extensive and complete view of the plains of *Hohenlinden*, the rapid *Iser*, and the gray mist of Munich in the distance. I was much struck with a large bell, cast about fourscore years ago; the exterior of which was adorned by several inscriptions, and rather whimsical ornaments. Having gratified a curiosity of this kind, my companion and valet left me, for a stroll about the town; when I requested the guide (who could luckily talk a little bad French) to shew me the LIBRARY belonging to the monastery formerly attached to the cathedral. He told me that it was the mere relics of a library:—the very shadow of a shade.

Indeed it was quickly obvious that there were certain *hiatuses* upon the shelves—which told their own tale pretty readily. The books, once occupying them, had been taken to Munich. The room is light, cheerful, and even yet well garnished with books: most of them being in white forel or vellum binding. There were Bibles, out of number, about the beginning of the sixteenth century; and an abundant sprinkling of glosses, decretals, canon law, and old fashioned scholastic lore of the same period. Nevertheless, I was glad to have examined it; and do not know that I have visited many more desirable book-apartments since I left England. In my way to the inn, I took a more leisurely survey of the collection of Mr. Mozler: but his sister had not returned from vespers, and I was left absolutely alone—with the exception of a female servant; who, pointing to the book-room above stairs, as the supposed fittest place for my visit, betook herself to her culinary occupations. Since the sight of the premises of the younger Manoury at Caen, [77] I had never witnessed such a scene of darkness, lumber, and confusion:—yet I must do Mr. Mozler the justice to say, that there was much which might have repaid the toil of a minute examination. But I was pressed for time: and the appetites of my travelling companions might be sharpened so as to stand in need of an immediate attack upon the cotelette and wine.

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We dined as expeditiously as ever the Trojans or Grecians did, on expecting a sally from the foe. The red wine was, I think, the most delicious I had then drank in Germany. A little before six, we left Freysing for *Moosburg*: a ten mile stage; but we had not got a quarter of a league upon our journey, when we discovered, to the right, somewhat in our rear, a more complete view of the Tyrolese mountains than we had yet seen. They appeared to be as huge monsters, with overtopping heads, disporting themselves in an element of their own—many thousand feet in the air! It was dusk when we changed horses at *Moosburg*: and the moon, then pretty far advanced towards the full, began to supply the light of which we stood so much in need. *Landshut* was our next and final stage; but it was unlucky for the first view of a church, of which the tower is considered to be the highest in Bavaria, that we were to see it at such a moment. The air of the evening was mild, and the sky was almost entirely covered by thin flaky clouds, as we pushed on for Landshut. On our immediate approach to it, the valet told us that he well remembered the entrance of the French into Landshut, on Bonaparte's advance to Munich and Vienna. He was himself in the rear of the assault—attending upon his master, one of the French generals. He said, that the French entered the further end of the town from that where we should make our entrance; and that, having gained a considerable eminence, by a circuitous route, above the river, unobserved, they rushed forward—bursting open the barriers—and charging the Austrians at the point of the bayonet. The contest was neither long nor sanguinary. A prudent surrender saved the town from pillage, and the inhabitants from slaughter.

On entering Landshut, without having caught any thing like a determined view of the principal church, we found the centre of the principal street entirely occupied by booths and stalls, for an approaching fair—to take place within a few following days. The line of wooden buildings could scarcely extend less than half a mile. We drove to the principal inn, which was spacious and *tolerably* clean; bespoke good beds, and found every appearance of comfort. I was resolved to devote the next day entirely to the PUBLIC LIBRARY—attached to the University, brought hither from Ingoldstadt. Of course I had been long acquainted with the general character of the early-printed books, from the valuable work of Seemiller;[78] and was resolved to make especial enquiry, in the first place, for the Aldine duodecimo of the *Greek Hours*, of which you have already heard so much. I carried with me a letter to Professor SIEBENKEES, the Head Librarian. In short, I anticipated a day of bibliographical “joyaunce.”

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I was not disappointed in my expectations. The day was as beautiful without, as I found it profitable within doors. The Professor was all kindness, and was pleased to claim a long and intimate acquaintance with me, through certain works which need not be here mentioned: but it would be the height of affectation *not* to avow the satisfaction I felt in witnessing a thoroughly cut-open, and tolerably well-thumbed copy, of the *Bibl. Spenceriana* lying upon his table. I instantly commenced the examination of the library, while the Professor as readily offered his services of assistance. “Where are your *Aldine Greek Hours* of 1497?” observed I. “Alas, Sir, that book exists no longer here!”—replied the Professor, in a melancholy tone of voice, and with an expression of countenance which indicated more than was meant by his *words*. “Nevertheless, (rejoined I) Seemiller describes it as having been at Ingoldstadt.” “He does so—but in the conveyance of the books from thence hither, it has *somehow* disappeared.”[79] Again the Professor *looked* more significantly than he *spoke*. “What is invisible cannot be seen”—observed I—“and therefore allow me to take notes of what is before my eyes.” “Most willingly and cheerfully. Here is every thing you wish. The more you write, the greater will be my satisfaction; although, after Paris and Munich, there is scarcely any thing worthy of particular description. But ere you begin your labours, allow me to introduce you to the several rooms in which the books are contained.”

I expressed great pleasure in complying with the Professor’s request, and followed him into every apartment. This library, my dear friend, is placed in one of the prettiest situations imaginable. Some meandering branches of the Iser intersect and fertilize considerable tracts of meadow land; equally rich in colour and (as I learnt) in produce: and terminated by some gently swelling hills, quite in the vicinity of the town. The whole had a perfectly English aspect. The rooms were numerous, and commanded a variety of views. They were well lighted by side windows, and the shelves and wainscots were coloured chiefly in white. One small hexagonal closet, or cabinet, on the first floor—as is indeed the whole suite of apartments) caught my fancy exceedingly, and won my very heart. The view before it, or rather from three of its six sides, was exhilarating in the extreme. “Here Mr. Professor, quoth I, (gently laying hold of his left arm) here will I come, and, if in any spot, put together my materials for a *third* edition of the BIBLIOMANIA.” The worthy Professor, for a little moment, thought me serious—and quickly replied “By all means do so: and you shall be accommodated with every thing necessary for carrying so laudable a design into execution.” It was a mere bibliomaniacal vision:[80] dissipated the very moment I had quitted the apartment for another.



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I shall now give you the result of my examination of a few of the rarer and early-printed books in the PUBLIC LIBRARY of Landshut. And first of MANUSCRIPTS. An *Evangelistarium*, probably of the tenth century, is worth particular notice; if it be only on the score of its scription—which is perfectly beautiful: the most so of any, of such a remote period, which I have ever seen. It is a folio volume, bound in wood, with a stamped parchment cover of about the end of the fifteenth century. They possess a copy of the *oldest written Laws of Bavaria*; possibly of the twelfth—but certainly of the thirteenth century. It is a duodecimo MS. inlaid in a quarto form. No other MS. particularly struck my fancy, in the absence of all that was Greek or Roman: but a very splendid *Polish Missal*, in 8vo. which belonged to Sigismund, King of Poland, in the sixteenth century, seemed worthy of especial notice. The letters are graceful and elegant; but the style of art is heavy, although not devoid of effect. The binding is crimson velvet, with brass knobs, and a central metallic ornament—apparently more ancient than the book itself. This latter may have been possibly taken from another volume.

Of the *Printed Books*—after the treasures of this kind seen (as the Professor intimated) at Paris and Munich—there was comparatively very little which claimed attention. They have a cropt and stained copy of Mentelin's *German Bible*, but quite perfect: two copies of the *supposed first German Bible*, for one of which I proposed an exchange in a copy of the B.S. and of the *AEdes Althorpianae* as soon as this latter work should be published. The proposition was acceded to on the part of the Head Librarian, and it will be forwarded to the honest and respectable firm of John and Arthur Arch, booksellers; who, previously to my leaving England, had requested me to make something like a similar purchase for them—should a fine copy of this German Bible present itself for sale.[81]

Here I saw Mentelin's edition of the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Austin: and a good sound copy of the very rare edition of *Mammotrectus*, printed by *Helias de Helie*, in 1470: a beautiful copy of *Martin Brand's Psalter* of 1486, printed at Leipsic, in 4to. in a large square gothic type; and a duplicate copy of the Leipsic Psalter of the preceding year, printed by *Conrad Kachelovez*, in 4to. which latter I obtained for the library in St. James's Place. There were at least ten copies of the early Block Books; of which the *Ars Memorandi* and the *Anti-Christ* (with extracts inserted in the latter from the B.S.) appeared to be the more ancient and interesting. But I must not forget to mention a very indifferent and imperfect copy of the *Latin Bible of Fust*, of 1462, UPON VELLUM. A few leaves in each volume are wanting. Here too I saw the *Pfarzival* of 1477 (as at Strasbourg) printed in a metrical form.

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As I got among the books of the *sixteenth* century, I was much more gratified with the result of my researches. I will begin with a very choice article: which is nothing less than a copy of the *Complutensian Polyglott*, purchased by Eckius, in 1521, of the celebrated Demetrius Chalcondylas—as the following coeval ms. memorandum attests: “Rome empta biblia ista P Eckium P xiiij ducatis largis a Demetrio Calcondyla anno 1521; mortuo iam Leone Papa in Decembri.” The death of Leo is here particularly mentioned, because, during his life, it is said that that Pontiff prohibited the sale of the work in question. The copy is fair and sound; but both this, and a duplicate copy, wants the sixth volume, being the Dictionary or Vocabulary. The mention of Eckius leads me to notice a little anecdote connected with him. He was, as you may have read, one of the most learned, most eloquent, and most successful of Luther’s antagonists. He was also the principal theological Professor in the University of Ingoldstadt. They preserve at Landshut, brought from the former place, the chair and the doctor’s cap of their famous Anti-Lutheran champion. You see both of these in one of the principal apartments of the Public Library. I was requested to sit in the chair of the renowned Eckius, and to put his doctoral bonnet upon my head. I did both:—but, if I had sat for a century to come, I should never have fancied myself Eckius ... for more reasons than *one*.

The Sub Librarian, who is a Catholic, (Professor Siebenkees being a Protestant) has shewn great good sense in preserving all the tracts, which have fallen in his way, both *for* and *against* the Lutheran controversy. You go between two small book-cases, or sets of shelves, and find *Luther* in front, and *Eckius* and his followers in the rear of you; or vice versa. A considerable number of rare and curious little pieces of *Erasmus* and *Melancthon*, are mixed in this collection, which is far from being small either in number or value. In this interesting collection, I saw a good copy of Ross’s work against Luther, of the date of 1523, which appeared to me to be printed by Pynson.[82] It had the autograph of Sir Thomas More—(“*Thom<sup>{9}</sup> mor<sup>{9}</sup>*”—) who indeed is said to have been the author of the work. This very copy belonged to Eckius, and was given to him by the author, when Eckius came over to England in 1525: the fact being thus attested in the hand-writing of the latter: “*Codex iste dono datus est mihi Johanni Eckio ab illius autore in Anglia, dum visendi cupidus in Insulam traiecissem, 1525, Augusto x.*” The worthy Professor next put into my hands what he considered to be an *absolutely unique* copy of *Der Veis Ritter*, in 1514, folio: adding, that no other copy of the adventures of the *White Knight*, of the *same* date, was known to bibliographers. I assented to the observation—equally from courtesy and sheer ignorance. But surely this is somewhat difficult to believe.

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There was nothing further that demanded a distinct registry; and so, making my bow, and shaking hands with the worthy Librarian very heartily, I quitted this congenial spot;—not however before I had been introduced to a Professor of botany (whose name has now escaped me) who was busily engaged in making extracts in the reading room, with a short pipe by the side of him, and a small red tasselled cap upon his head. He had an expressive countenance; understood our language so as to read Shakespeare with facility, and even with rapture: and to a question of mine, whether he was not much gratified with Schlegel's critical remarks upon that dramatist, he replied, that "he did not admire them so much, as, from the Edinburgh Review, the English appeared to do." To another question—"which of Shakspeare's plays pleased him most?" he replied, unhesitatingly, "*Romeo and Juliet*." I own, I should have thought that the mystical, or philosophy-loving, brain of a German would have preferred *Hamlet*.

On leaving the library, I surveyed the town with tolerably minute attention. After Munich, it appeared sufficiently small. Its population indeed scarcely exceeds 8000. The day turned out very beautiful, and my first and principal attention was directed to *St. Martin's Church*; of which the tower (as I think I before told you) is considered to be full 420 feet in height, and the loftiest in Bavaria. But its height is its principal boast. Both in detail, and as a whole, the architecture is miserably capricious and tasteless. It is built of red brick. Many of the monuments in the church-yard, but more particularly some mural ones, struck me as highly characteristic of the country. Among these rude specimens of sculpture, the representation of *Our Saviour's Agony in the Garden*—the favourite subject in Bavaria—was singularly curious to a fresh eye. It may be between two and three hundred years old; but has suffered no injury. They have, in the principal street, covered walks, for foot-passengers, in a piazza-fashion, a little resembling those at Chester: but neither so old nor so picturesque. The intermixture of rural objects, such as trees and grass plats—in the high street of Landshut—renders a stroll in the town exceedingly agreeable to the lover of picturesque scenery. The booths and stalls were all getting ready for the fair—which I learnt was to last nearly a fortnight: and which I was too thankful to have escaped.

We left Landshut on a fine sun-shining afternoon, purposing to sleep at the second stage—*Neuemarkt*—(Angl. "Newmarket") in the route to Salzburg. *Neuemarkt* is little better than a small village, but we fared well in every respect at the principal, if not the only, inn in the place. Our beds were even luxurious. *Neuemarkt* will be quickly forgotten: but the following stage—or *Altoeting*—will not be so easily banished from our recollection. We reached it to a late breakfast—after

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passing through the most fertile and beautifully varied country which I had yet seen—and keeping almost constantly in view the magnificent chain of the Tyrolese mountains, into the very heart of which we seemed to be directing our course. ALTOETING is situated upon an eminence. We drove into the Place, or Square, and alighted at what seemed to be a large and respectable inn. Two ladies and two gentlemen had just arrived before us, from Munich, by a different route: and while I was surveying them, almost mistaking them for English, and had just exchanged salutations, my valet came and whispered in my ear that “these good folks were come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the *Black Virgin*.” While I was wondering at this intelligence, the valet continued: “you see that small church in the centre of the square—it is *there* where the richest shrine in Bavaria is deposited; and to-day is a ‘high day’ with the devotees who come to worship.” On receiving this information, we all three prepared to visit this mean-looking little church. I can hardly describe to you with sufficient accuracy, the very singular, and to me altogether new, scene which presented itself on reaching the church. There is a small covered way—in imitation of cloisters—which goes entirely round it. The whole of the interior of these cloisters is covered with little pictures, images, supposed relics—and, in short votive offerings of every description, to the Holy Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated. The worshippers believe that the mother of Christ was an *African* by birth, and therefore you see little black images of the virgin stuck up in every direction. At first, I mistook the whole for a parcel of pawnbrokers shops near each other: and eyed the several articles with a disposition, more or less, to become a purchaser of a few.

But the sound of the chant, and the smell of the frankincense, broke in upon my speculations, and called my attention to the interior. I entered with a sort of rush of the congregation. This interior struck me as being scarcely thirty feet by twenty; but the eye is a deceitful rule in these cases. However, I continued to advance towards the altar; the heat, at the same time, being almost suffocating. An iron grating separated the little chapel and shrine of our *Black Lady* from the other portion of the building; and so numerous, so constant, and apparently so close, had been the pressure and friction of each succeeding congregation, for probably more than two centuries, that some of these rails, or bars, originally at least one inch square, had been worn to *half* the size of their pristine dimensions. It was with difficulty, on passing them, that I could obtain a peep at the altar; which, however, I saw sufficiently distinctly to perceive that it was entirely covered with silver vases, cups, dishes, and other *solid* proofs of devotional ardour—which in short seemed to reach to the very roof. Having thus

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far gratified my curiosity, I retreated as quickly as possible; for not a window was open, and the little light which these windows emitted, together with the heat of the place, produced so disagreeable an effect as to make me apprehensive of sudden illness. On reaching the outward door, and enjoying the freedom of respiration, I made a sort of secret, but natural vow, that I would never again visit the shrine of *Our Black Lady* on a festival day.

An excellent breakfast—together with the neatness and civility of the female attendants—soon counter-acted the bad effects of the hydrogen contained within the walls of the place of worship we had just quitted. Every thing around us wore a cheerful and pleasing aspect; inasmuch as every thing reminded us of our own country. The servants were numerous, and all females; with their hair braided in a style of elegance which would not have disgraced the first drawing-room in London. We quaffed coffee out of cups which were perfectly of the Brobdignagian calibre; and the bread had the lightness and sweetness of cake. Between eleven and twelve, Charles Rohfritsch (alias our valet) announced that the carriage and horses were at the door; and on springing into it, we bade adieu to the worthy landlady and her surrounding attendants, in a manner quite natural to travellers who have seen something very unusual and interesting, and who have in other respects been well satisfied with good fare, and civil treatment. Not one of the circle could speak a word of French; so I told Charles to announce to them that we would not fail to spread the fame of their coffee, eggs, and bread, all over England! They laughed heartily—and then gave us a farewell salutation ... by dropping very-formal curtesies—their countenances instantly relapsing into a corresponding gravity of expression.

In three minutes the inn, the square, and the church of the *Black Virgin*, were out of sight. The postilion put his bugle to his mouth, and played a lively air—in which the valet immediately joined. The musical infatuation, for an instant, extended to ourselves; for it was a tune which we had often heard in England, and which reminded me, in particular, of days of past happiness—never to return! But the sky was bright, the breeze soft, the road excellent, and the view perfectly magnificent. It was evident that we were now nearing the Tyrolese mountains. “At the foot of yonder second, sharp-pointed hill, lies SALZBURG”—said the valet: on receiving his intelligence from the post-boy. We seemed to be yet some twenty miles distant. To the right of the hill pointed out, the mountains rose with a loftier swell, and, covered by snow, the edges or terminations of their summits seemed to melt into the sky.

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Our road now became more hilly, and the time flew away quickly, without our making an apparently proportionate progress towards Salzburg. At length we reached *Burckhausen*; which is flanked by the river *Salz* on one side, and defended by a lofty citadel on the other. It struck us, upon the whole, as rather a romantic spot: but the road, on entering the town, is in some places fearfully precipitous. The stratum was little better than rock. We were not long in changing horses, and made off instantly for *Tittmaning*; the last stage but one on that side of Salzburg. The country wore a more pleasing aspect. Stately trees spread their dark foliage on each side of the road; between the stems, and through the branches of which, we caught many a “spirit-stirring” view of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Salzburg—which, on our nearer approach, seemed to have attained double their first grandeur. After having changed horses at *Tittmaning*, and enjoyed a delightfully picturesque ride from *Burckhausen* thither, we dined at the following stage, *Lauffen*; a poor, yet picturesque and wildly-situated, large village. While the dinner was preparing, I walked to the extremity of the street where the inn is situated, and examined a small church, built there upon high ground. The cloisters were very striking; narrow and low, but filled with mural monuments, of a singular variety of character. It was quite evident, from numberless exhibitions of art—connected with religious worship—along the road-side, or attached to churches—that we had now entered a territory quite different from that of Baden, Wirtemberg, and even the northern part of Bavaria. Small crucifixes, and a representation of the *Agony in the Garden*, &c, presented themselves frequently to our view; and it seemed as if Austria were a land of even greater superstition than Bavaria.

On concluding our dinner, and quitting *Lauffen*, it grew dusk, and the rain began to fall in a continued drizzling shower. “It always rains at Salzburg, sir,” said the valet—repeating the information of the post boy. This news made us less cheerful on leaving *Lauffen* than we were on quitting *Altoeting*: but “hope travelled through”—even till we reached the banks of the river *Salz*, within a mile or two of Salzburg—where the Austrian dominions begin, and those of Bavaria terminate. Our carriage was here stopped, and the trunks were examined, very slightly, on each side of the river. The long, wooden, black and yellow-striped bar of Austria—reaching quite across the road—forbade further progress, till such examination, and a payment of four or five florins, as the barrier-tax, —had been complied with. I had imagined that, if our trunks had been examined on *one* side of the water, there needed no examination of them on the *other*; unless we had had intercourse with some water fiend in the interval. It seemed, however, that I reasoned illogically. We were detained full twenty minutes, by a great deal of pompous palaver—signifying nothing—on the part of the Austrian commissioner; so that it was quite dark when we entered the barriers of the town of Salzburg:—mountains, trees, meadows, and rivulets having been long previously obliterated from our view.



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The abrupt ascents and descents of the streets—and the quivering reflection of the lights from the houses, upon the surface of the river *Salz*—soon convinced us that we were entering a very extraordinary town. But all was silent: neither the rattling of carriages, nor the tread of foot-passengers, nor the voice of the labourer, saluted our ear on entering Salzburg—when we drove briskly to the *Goelden-Schiff*, in the *Place de la Cathedrale*, whence I am now addressing you. This inn is justly considered to be the best in the town; but what a melancholy reception—on our arrival! No rush of feet, no display of candles, nor elevation of voices, nor ringing of the bell— as at the inns on our great roads in England—but ... every body and every, thing was invisible. Darkness and dulness seemed equally to prevail. One feeble candle at length glimmered at the extremity of a long covered arch-way, while afterwards, to the right, came forward two men—with what seemed to be a farthing candle between them, and desired to know the object of our halting? “Beds, and a two-day’s residence in your best suite of apartments,” replied I quickly—for they both spoke the French language. We were made welcome by one of them, who proved to be the master, and who helped us to alight. A long, and latterly a wet journey, had completely fatigued us—and after mounting up one high stair-case, and rambling along several loosely-floored corridors—we reached our apartments, which contained each a very excellent bed. Wax candles were placed upon the tables: a fire was lighted: coffee brought up; and a talkative, and civil landlord soon convinced us that we had no reason to grumble at our quarters.[83]

On rising the next morning, we gazed upon almost every building with surprise and delight; and on catching a view of the CITADEL—in the back ground, above the *Place de la Cathedrale*—it seemed as if it were situated upon an eminence as lofty as Quito. I quickly sought the *Monastery of St. Peter*;—the oldest in the Austrian dominions. I had heard, and even read about its library; and imagined that I was about to view books, of which no bibliographer had ever yet—even in a vision—received intelligence. But you must wait a little ere I take you with me to that monastic library.

There is a pleasing chime of bells, which are placed outside of a small cupola in the *Place*, in which stands the cathedral. I had heard this chime during the night—when I would rather have heard ... any thing else. What struck me the first thing, on looking out of window, was, the quantity of grass—such as Ossian describes within the walls of *Belcluthah*—growing between the pavement in the square. “Wherefore was this?” “Sir, (replied the master of the *Goelden Schiff*) this town is undergoing a gradual and melancholy depopulation. Before the late war, there were 27,000 inhabitants in Salzburg: at present, there are scarcely 15,000. This *Place*

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was the constant resort of foreigners as well as townsmen. They filled every portion of it. Now, you observe there is only a narrow, worn walk, which gives indication of the route of a few straggling pedestrians. Even the very chimes of yonder bells (which must have *delighted* you so much at every third hour of the night!) have lost their pleasing tone;—and sound as if they foreboded still further desolation to Salzburg.” The man seemed to feel as he spoke; and I own that I was touched by so animated and unexpected a reply.

I examined two or three old churches, of the Gothic order, of which I have already forgotten the names—unless they be those of *Ste. Trinite* and *St. Sebastien*. In one of them—it being a festival—there was a very crowded congregation; while the priest was addressing his flock from the steps of the altar, in a strain of easy and impassioned eloquence. Wherever I went—and upon almost whatever object I gazed—there appeared to be traces of curious, if not of remote, antiquity. Indeed the whole town abounds with such—among which are some Roman relics, which have been recently (1816) described by Goldenstein, in a quarto volume published here, and written in the German language.[84]

But you are impatient for the MONASTERY OF ST. PETER.[85] Your curiosity shall be no longer thwarted; and herewith I proceed to give you an account of my visit to that venerable and secluded spot—the abode of silence and of sanctity. It was my first appearance in a fraternity of MONKS; and those of the order of ST. BENEDICT. I had no letter of recommendation; but, taking my valet with me, I knocked at the outer gate—and received immediate admission within some ancient and low cloisters: of which the pavement consisted entirely of monumental slabs. The valet sought the librarian, to make known my wishes of examining the library; and I was left alone to contemplate the novel and strange scene which presented itself on all sides. There were two quadrangles, each of sufficiently limited dimensions. In the first, there were several young Monks playing at skittles in the centre of the lawn. Both the bowl and pins were of unusually large dimensions, and the direction of the former was confined within boards, fixed in the earth. These athletic young Benedictins (they might be between twenty and thirty years of age) took little or no notice of me; and while my eye was caught by a monumental tablet, which presented precisely the same coat-armour as the device used by Fust and Schoeffher,—and which belonged to a family that had been buried about two hundred and fifty years—the valet returned, and announced that the Principal of the College desired to see me immediately.



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I obeyed the summons in an instant, and followed Rohfritsch up stairs. There, on the first floor, a middle-aged monk received me, and accompanied me to the chamber of the President. On rapping at the door with his knuckles, a hollow but deep-toned voice commanded the visitor to enter. I was introduced with some little ceremony, but was compelled, most reluctantly, to have recourse to Latin, in conversing with the Principal. He rose to receive me very graciously; and I think I never before witnessed a countenance which seemed to *tell* of so much hard fagging and meditation. He must have read every *Father*, in the *editio princeps* of his works. His figure and physiognomical expression bespoke a rapid approach to the grand climacteric of human life. The deeply-sunk, but large and black, beaming eye—the wan and shrivelled cheek—the nose, somewhat aquiline, with nostrils having all the severity of sculpture—sharp, thin lips—an indented chin—and a highly raised forehead, surmounted by a little black silk cap—(which was taken off on the first salutation) all, added to the gloom of the place, and the novelty of the costume, impressed me in a manner not easily to be forgotten. My visit was very short, as I wished it to be; and it was concluded with an assurance, on the part of the Principal, that the librarian would be at home on the following day, and ready to attend me to the library:—but, added the Principal, on parting, “we have nothing worthy of the inspection of a traveller who has visited the libraries of Paris and Munich. At Moelk, you will see fine books, and a fine apartment for their reception.”

For the sake of *keeping*, in the order of my narrative, I proceed to give you an account of the visit to the library, which took place on the morrow, immediately after breakfast. It had rained the whole of the preceding night, and every hill and mountain about Salzburg was obscured by a continuation of the rain on the following day. I began to think the postilion spoke but too true, when he said “it always rains at Salzburg.” Yet the air was oppressive; and huge volumes of steam, as from a cauldron, rose up from the earth, and mingled with the descending rain. In five minutes, I was within the cloisters of the monastery, and recognised some of the *skittling* young monks—whom I had seen the day before. One of them addressed me very civilly, in the French language, and on telling him the object of my visit, he said he would instantly conduct me to Mr. GAERTNER, the librarian. On reaching the landing place, I observed a long corridore—where a somewhat venerable Benedictin was walking, apparently to and fro, with a bunch of keys in one hand, and a thick embossed-quarto under his other arm. The very sight of him reminded me of good *Michael Neander*, the abbot of the monastery of St. Ildefonso—the friend of Budaeus[86]—of whom (as you may remember) there is a print in the *Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, published in 1707, folio.

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“That, Sir, is the librarian:”—observed my guide: “he waits to receive you.” I walked quickly forward and made obeisance. Anon, one of the larger keys in this said bunch was applied to a huge lock, and the folding and iron-cramped doors of the library were thrown open. I descended by a few steps into the ante-room, and from thence had a completely fore-shortened view of the library. It is small, but well filled, and undoubtedly contains some ancient and curious volumes: but several *hiatuses* gave indication that there had been a few transportations to Vienna or Munich. The small gothic windows were open, and the rain now absolutely descended in torrents. Nevertheless, I went quickly and earnestly to work. A few slight ladders were placed against the shelves, in several parts of the library, by means of which I left no division unexplored. The librarian, after exchanging a few words very pleasantly, in the French language, left me alone, unreservedly to prosecute my researches. I endeavoured to benefit amply by this privilege; but do not know, when, in the course of three or four hours, I have turned over the leaves of so many volumes ... some of which seemed to have been hardly opened since they were first deposited there ... to such little purpose.

However, he is a bad sportsman who does not hit *something* in a well-stocked cover; and on the return of the librarian, he found me busily engaged in laying aside certain volumes—with a written list annexed—“which might *possibly*, be disposed of ... for a valuable consideration?” “Your proposal shall be attended to, but this cannot be done immediately. You must leave the *consideration* to the Principal and the elder brethren of the monastery.” I was quite charmed by this response; gave my address, and taking a copy of the list, withdrew. I enclose you the list or catalogue in question.[87] Certainly I augur well of the result: but no early *Virgil*, nor *Horace*, nor *Ovid*, nor *Lucretius*, nor even an early *Greek Bible* or *Testament*! What struck me, on the score of rarity, as most deserving of being secured, were some little scarce grammatical and philological pieces, by the French scholars of the early part of the sixteenth century; and some controversial tracts about Erasmus, Luther, and Eckius.

So much for the monastic visit to St. Peter’s at Salzburg; and yet you are not to quit it, without learning from me that this town was once famous for other similar establishments[88]—which were said anciently to vie with the greater part of those in Austria, for respectability of character, and amplitude of possessions. At present, things of this sort seem to be hastening towards a close, and I doubt whether the present principal will have half a dozen successors. It remains only to offer a brief sketch of some few other little matters which took place at Salzburg; and then to wish you good bye—as our departure is fixed for this very afternoon.

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We are to travel from hence through a country of mountains and lakes, to the *Monastery of Chremsminster*, in the route to Lintz—on the high road to Vienna. I have obtained a letter to the Vice-President of *Moelk monastery*, from a gentleman here, who has a son under his care; so that, ere I reach the capital of Austria, I shall have seen a pretty good sprinkling of *Benedictins*—as each of these monasteries is of the order of St. Benedict.

The evening of the second day of our visit here, enabled me to ascertain something of the general character of the scenery contiguous to the town. This scenery is indeed grand and interesting. The summit of the lowest hill in the neighbourhood is said to be 4000 feet above the level of the sea. I own I have strong doubts about this. It is with the heights of mountains, as with the numbers of books in a great library,—we are apt to over-rate each. However, those mountains, which seem to be covered with perennial snow, must be doubtless 8000 feet above the same level.[89] To obtain a complete view of them, you must ascend some of the nether hills. This we intended to do—but the rain of yesterday has disappointed all our hopes. The river *Salz* rolls rapidly along; being fed by mountain torrents. There are some pretty little villas in the neighbourhood, which are frequently tenanted by the English; and one of them, recently inhabited by Lord Stanhope, (as the owner informed me,) has a delightful view of the citadel, and the chain of snow-capt mountains to the left. The numerous rapid rivulets, flowing into the *Salz*, afford excellent trout-fishing; and I understood that Sir Humphry Davy, either this summer, or the last, exercised his well-known skill in this diversion here. The hills abound with divers sorts of four-footed and winged game; and, in short, (provided I could be furnished with a key of free admission into the library of St. Peter's Monastery) I hardly know where I could pass the summer and autumn months more completely to my satisfaction than at SALZBURG. What might not the pencils of Turner and Calcott here accomplish, during the mellow lights and golden tints of autumn?

Of course, in a town so full of curiosities of every description, I am not able, during so short a stay in it, to transmit you any intelligence about those sights which are vulgarly called the *Lions*. But I must not close this rambling, desultory letter, without apprising you that I have walked from one end of the *Moenschberg* to the other. This is an excavation through a hard and high rocky hill, forming the new gate, or entrance into the town. The success of this bold undertaking was as complete, as its utility is generally acknowledged: nor shall it tarnish the lustre of the *mitre* to say, that it was a BISHOP of Salzburg who conceived, and superintended the execution of, the plan. A very emphatic inscription eternises his memory: "TE SAXA LOQUUNTUR." The view, from

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the further end of it, is considered to be one of the finest in Europe: but, when I attempted to enjoy it, every feature of the landscape was obscured by drizzling rain. “It always rains at Salzburg!”—said, as you may remember, the postilion from Lauffen. It may do so: but a gleam of *sunshine* always enlivens that moment, when I subscribe myself, as I do now, your affectionate and faithful friend.

[77] See vol. i. p. 199.

[78] It is thus entitled: *Bibliothecae Ingolstadiensis Incunabula Typographica*, 1787, 4to.: containing four parts. A carefully executed, and indispensably necessary, volume in every bibliographical collection.

[79] [I rejoice to add, in this edition of my Tour, that the LOST SHEEP has been FOUND. It had not straggled from the fold when I was at Landshut; but had got *penned* so snugly in some unfrequented corner, as not to be perceived.]

[80] [A vision, however, which AGAIN haunts me!]

[81] This copy has since reached England, and has been arrayed in a goodly coat of blue morocco binding. Whether it remain in Cornhill at this precise moment, I cannot take upon me to state; but I can confidently state that there is *not a finer copy* of the edition in question in his Britannic Majesty’s united dominions. [This copy now—1829—ceases to exist... in Cornhill.]

[82] On consulting the *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 510, I found my conjectures confirmed. The reader will there see the full title of the work—beginning thus: “*Eruditissimi Viri Guilelmi Rossei opus elegans, doctum, festivum, pium, quo pulcherrime reteggit, ac refellit, insanas Lutheri calumnias,*” &c. It is a volume of considerable rarity.

[83] The charges were moderate. A bottle of the best red ordinary wine (usually—the best in every respect) was somewhere about 1s. 6d. Our lodgings, two good rooms, including the charge of three wax candles, were about four shillings per day. The bread was excellent, and the *cuisine* far from despicable.

[84] We learn from Pez (*Austriacar. Rer.* vol. ii. col. 185, taken from the Chronicle of the famous *Admont Monastery*,) that, in

the year 1128, the cathedral and the whole city of Salzburg were destroyed by fire. So, that the antiquity of this, and of other relics, must not be pushed to too remote a period.

[85] Before the reader commences the above account of a visit to this monastery, he may as well be informed that the SUBJOINED bird's-eye view of it, together with an abridged history (compiled from Trithemius, and previous chroniclers) appears in the *Monasteriologia of Stengelius*, published in 1619, folio.

[Illustration]

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The monastery is there described as—“et vetustate et dignitate nulli e Germaniae monasteriis secundum.” Rudbertus is supposed to have been its founder:—“repertis edificiis basilicam in honore SANCTI PETRI construxit.” *Chronicon Norimberg.* fol. cliii.; edit. 1493. But this took place towards the end of the sixth century. From Godfred's *Chronicon Gotvvicense*, 1732, folio, pt. i. pp. 37, 39, 52—the library of this Monastery, there called “antiquissima,” seems to have had some very ancient and valuable MSS. In Stengelius's time, (1620) the monastery appears to have been in a very flourishing condition.

[86] As it is just possible the reader may not have a very distinct recollection of this worthy old gentleman, and ambulatory abbot—it may be acceptable to him to know, that, in the *Thanatologia of Budaeus* (incorporated in the *Tres Selecti Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*, 1707, folio, p. 27, &c.) the said Neander is described as a native of Sorau, in Bohemia, and as dying in his 70th year, A.D. 1595, having been forty-five years Principal of the monastery of St. Ildefonso. A list of his works, and a laudatory Greek epigram, by Budaeus, “UPON HIS EFFIGY,” follow.

[87] For the sake of juxta-position I here lay before the reader a short history of the issue, or progress of the books in question to their present receptacle, in St. James's Place. A few days after reaching *Vienna*, I received the following “pithy and pleasant” epistle from the worthy librarian, “Mon tres-reverend Pasteur. En esperant que vous etes arrive a Vienne, a bon port, j'ai l'honneur de declarer a vous, que le prix fixe des livres, que vous avez choisi, et dont la table est ajoutee, est 40 louis d'or, ou 440 florins. Agreez l'assurance, &c.”

[Autographs]

I wrote to my worthy friend Mr. Nockher at Munich to settle this subject immediately; who informed me, in reply, that the good monks would not part with a single volume till they had received “the money upon the nail,”—“l'argent comptant.” That dexterous negotiator quickly supplied them with the same; received the case of books; and sent them down the Rhine to Holland, from thence to England: where they arrived in safe and perfect condition. They are all described in the second volume of the *Aedes Athorpianae*; together with a beautiful fac-simile of an illuminated head, or portrait, of *Gaietanus de Tienis*, who published a most elegantly printed work upon Aristotle's four books of *Meteors*, printed by *Maufer*, in 1476, folio; and of which the copy in the Salzburg library was adorned by the head (just mentioned) of the Editor. *AEd. Althorp.* vol. ii. p. 134. Among the books purchased, were two exquisite copies, filled with wood cuts, relating to the *AEsopian Fables*: a copy of one of

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which, entitled *AEsopus Moralisatus*, was, I think, sold at the sale of the Duke of Marlborough's books, in 1819, for somewhere about 13l.

[88] In Hartmann Schedel's time, Salzburg—which was then considered as the CAPITAL OF BAVARIA—"was surrounded by great walls, and was adorned by many beautiful buildings of temples and monasteries." A view of Salzburg, which was formerly called JUVAVIA, is subjoined in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, fol. CLIII. *edit.* 1493. Consult also the *Chronicon Gotvicense*, 1732, folio, pt. ii. p. 760—for some particulars respecting the town taking its name from the river *Juvavia* or *Igonta*. Salzburg was an Archbishopric founded by Charlemagne: see the *Script. Rer. German.* edited by *Nidanus et Struvius*, 1726 folio, vol. i. p. 525.

[89] On the morning following my arrival at Salzburg, I purchased a card, and small chart of the adjacent country and mountains. Of the latter, the *Gross Klokner*, *Klein Klokner*, are each about 12000 feet above the level of the sea; The *Weisbachhorn* is about 11000 feet of similar altitude; *Der Hohe Narr* about the same height; and the *Hohe Warte* about 10,000; while the *Ankogel* and *Herzog Ernst*, are 9000 each. The lowest is the *Gaisberg* of 4000 feet; but there is a regular gradation in height, from the latter, to the *Gross Klokner*, including about 25 mountains.

[Illustration]

## LETTER VIII.

**SALZBURG. TO CHREMSMINSTER. THE LAKE GMUNDEN. THE MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. LINTZ.**

*Lintz; on the road to Vienna, Aug. 26, 1818.*

In order that I may not be too much in arrear in my correspondence, I snatch an hour or two at this place, to tell you what have been my sights and occupations since I quitted the extraordinary spot whence I last addressed you. Learn therefore, at the outset, that I have been, if possible, more gratified than heretofore. I have shaped my course along devious roads, by the side of huge impending mountains; have skirted more than one lake of wide extent and enchanting transparency; have navigated the celebrated *Lake of Gmunden* from one end to the other—the greater part of which is surrounded by rocky yet fertilized mountains of a prodigious height;—have entered one of the noblest

and richest monasteries of Austria—and darted afterwards through a country, on every side pleasing by nature, and interesting from history. My only regret is, that all this has been accomplished with too much precipitancy; and that I have been compelled to make sketches in my mind, as it were, when the beauty of the objects demanded a finished picture.



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I left Salzburg on the afternoon after writing my last epistle; and left it with regret at not having been able to pay a visit to the salt mines of *Berchtesgaden* and *Hallein*: but “non omnia possumus omnes.” The first stage, to *Koppf*, was absolutely up hill, the whole way, a short German league and a half: probably about seven English miles. We were compelled to put a leader to our two horses, and even then we did little more than creep. But the views of the country we had left behind us, as we continued ascending, were glorious in the extreme. Each snow-capt mountain appeared to rise in altitude—as we continued to mount. Our views however were mere snatches. The sun was about to set in a bed of rain. Large black clouds arose; which, although they added to the grandeur of picturesque composition, prevented us from distinctly surveying the adjacent country. Masses of deep purple floated along the fir-clad hills: now partially illumined by the sun’s expiring rays, and now left in deep shadow—to be succeeded by the darkness of night.

The sun was quite set as we stopped to change horses at *Koppf*: and a sort of premature darkness came on:—which, however, was relieved for a short time by a sky of partial but unusual clearness of tint. The whole had a strange and magical effect. As the horses were being put to, I stepped across the road to examine the interior of a small church—where I observed, in the side aisle, a group of figures of the size of life—which, at that sombre hour, had a very extraordinary effect. I approached nearer, and quickly perceived that this group was intended to represent the *Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane*. Our Saviour, at a little distance, was upon his knees, praying; and the piety of some *religieuse* (as I afterwards learnt) had caused a white handkerchief to be fixed between his hands. The disciples were represented asleep, upon the ground. On coming close to the figures (which were raised upon a platform, of half the height of a man) and removing the moss upon which they were recumbent, I found that they were mere *trunks*, without legs or feet: the moss having been artfully placed, so as to conceal these defects when the objects were seen at a distance. Of course it was impossible to refrain from a smile, on witnessing such a sight.

The horses were harnessed in ten minutes; and, having no longer any occasion for a leader, we pursued our route with the usual number of two. The evening was really enchanting; and upon the summit of one of the loftiest of the hills—which rose perpendicularly as a bare sharp piece of rock—we discerned a pole, which we conjectured was fixed there for some particular purpose. The postilion told us that it was the stem of the largest fir-tree in the country, and that there were annual games celebrated around it—in the month of May, when its summit was crowned with a chaplet. Our route was now skirted on each side, alternately, by water and by

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mountain. The *Mande See*, *Aber See*, and *Aller See*, (three beautiful lakes) lay to the left; of which we caught, occasionally, from several commanding heights, most magnificent views—as the last light of day seemed to linger upon their surfaces. They are embosomed in scenery of the most beautiful description. When we reached *St. Gilgen*, or *Gilling*, we resolved upon passing the night there.

It was quite dark, and rather late, when we entered this miserable village; but within half a league of it, we ran a very narrow chance of being overturned, and precipitated into a roaring, rapid stream, just below the road—along the banks of which we had been sometime directing our course. A fir-pole lay across the road, which was undiscernible from the darkness of the night; and the carriage, receiving a violent concussion, and losing its balance for a moment—leaning over the river—it was doubtful what would be the issue. Upon entering the archway of the inn, or rather public house—from the scarcity of candles, and the ignorance of rustic ostlers, the door of the carriage (it being accidentally open) was completely wrenched from the body.

Never, since our night's lodging at *Saudrupt*,<sup>[90]</sup> had we taken up our quarters at so miserable an auberge. The old woman, our landlady, seemed almost to cast a suspicious eye upon us; but the valet in a moment disarmed her suspicions. It was raw, cold, and late; but the kitchen fire was yet in full force, and a few earthen-ware utensils seemed to contain something in the shape of eatables. You should know, that the kitchen fire-places, in Germany, are singularly situated; at least all those at the public inns where we have stopped. A platform, made of brick, of the height of about three feet, is raised in the centre of the floor. The fire is in the centre of the platform. You look up, and see directly the open sky through the chimney, which is of a yawning breadth below, but which narrows gradually towards the top. It was so cold, that I requested a chair to be placed upon the platform, and I sat upon it—close to the kitchen fire—receiving very essential benefit from the position. All the kitchen establishment was quickly put in requisition: and, surrounded by cook and scullion—pots, pans, and culinary vessels of every description—I sat like a monarch upon his throne: while Mr. Lewis was so amused at the novelty of the scene, that he transferred it to his sketch-book.

It was midnight when we attacked our *potage*—in the only visitor's bed-room in the house. Two beds, close to each other, each on a sloping angle of nearly forty-five degrees, were to receive our wearied bodies. The *materiel* of the beds was *straw*; but the sheets were white and well aired, and edged (I think) with a narrow lace; while an eider down quilt—like a super-incumbent bed—was placed upon the first quilt. It was scarcely day-light, when Mr. Lewis found himself upon the floor,

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awoke from sleep, having gradually slid down. By five o'clock, the smith's hammer was heard at work below—upon the door of the dismembered carriage—and by the time we had risen at eight o'clock, the valet reported to us that the job was just *then* ... in the very state in which it was at its *commencement*! So much for the reputation of the company of white-smiths at *St. Gilgen*. We were glad to be off by times; but I must not quit this obscure and humble residence without doing the landlady the justice to say, that her larder and kitchen enabled us to make a very hearty breakfast. This, for the benefit of future travellers—benighted like ourselves.

The morning lowered, and some soft rain fell as we started: but, by degrees, the clouds broke away, and we obtained a complete view of the enchanting country through which we passed—as we drove along by the banks of the *Aber* lake, to *Ischel*. One tall, sharp, and spirally-terminating rock, in particular, kept constantly in view before us, on the right; of which the base and centre were wholly feathered with fir. It rose with an extraordinary degree of abruptness, and seemed to be twice as high as the spire of Strasbourg cathedral. To the left, ran sparkling rivulets, as branches of the three lakes just mentioned. An endless variety of picturesque beauty—of trees, rocks, greenswards, wooded heights, and glen-like passes—canopied by a sky of the deepest and most brilliant blue—were the objects upon which we feasted till we reached *Ischel*: where we changed horses. Here we observed several boats, of a peculiarly long and narrow form, laden with salt, making their way for the *Steyer* and *Ens* rivers, and from thence to the Danube. To describe what we saw, all the way till we reached the *Traun See*, or the LAKE OF GMUNDEN, would be only a repetition of the previous description.

At *Inderlambach*, close to the lake in question, we stopped to dine. This is a considerable village, or even country town. On the heights are well-trimmed gravel walks, from which you catch a commanding view of the hither end of the lake; and of which the sight cheered us amazingly. We longed to be afloat. There is a great manufactory of salt carried on upon these heights—at the foot of which was said to be the best inn in the town. Thither we drove: and if high charges form the test of the excellence of an inn, there is good reason to designate this, at *Inderlambach*, as such. We snatched a hasty meal, (for which we had nearly fifteen florins to pay) being anxious to get the carriage and luggage aboard one of the larger boats, used in transporting travellers, before the sun was getting too low ... that we might see the wonders of the scenery of which we had heard so much. It was a bright, lovely afternoon; and about half-past six we were all, with bag and baggage, on board. Six men, with oars resembling spades in shape, were to row us; and a seventh took the helm. The water was as smooth as glass, and of a sea-green tint, which might have been occasioned by the reflection of the dark and lofty wood and mountainous scenery, by which the lake is surrounded.

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The rowers used their oars so gently, as hardly to make us sensible of their sounds. The boat glided softly along; and it was evident, from the varying forms of the scenery, that we were making considerable way. We had a voyage of at least nine English miles to accomplish, ere we reached the opposite extremity—called *Gmunden*; and where we were told that the inn would afford us every accommodation which we might wish. On reaching the first winding or turning of the lake, to the left, a most magnificent and even sublime object—like a mountain of rock—presented itself to the right. It rose perpendicularly—vast, craggy, and of a height, I should suppose, little short of 2000 feet. Its gray and battered sides—now lighted up by the varied tints of a setting sun—seemed to have been ploughed by many a rushing torrent, and covered by many a winter's snow. Meanwhile the lake was receiving, in the part nearest to us, a breadth of deep green shadow, as the sun became lower and lower. The last faint scream of the wild fowl gave indication that night was coming on; and the few small fishermen's huts, with which the banks were slightly studded, began to fade from the view. Yet the summit of the mountain of rock, which I have just mentioned, was glowing with an almost golden hue. I cannot attempt a more minute description of this enchanting scene.

One thing struck me very forcibly. This enormous rocky elevation seemed to baffle all our attempts to *near* it—and yet it appeared as if we were scarcely a quarter of a mile from it. This will give you some notion of its size and height. At length, the scenery of the lake began to change—into a more quiet and sober character.... We had now passed the rocky mountain, and on looking upon its summit, we observed that the golden glow of sunshine had subsided into a colour of pale pink, terminating in alternate tints of purple and slate. Almost the whole landscape had faded from the eye, when we reached the end of our voyage; having been more than two hours upon the lake. On disembarking, we made directly for the inn—where we found every thing even exceeding what we had been led to expect—and affording a very striking and comfortable contrast to the quarters of the preceding evening at St. Gilgen. Sofas, carpets, lustres, and two good bed-rooms—a set of china which might have pleased a German baron—all glittered before our eyes, and shewed us that, if we were not well satisfied, the fault would be our own. The front windows of the hotel commanded a direct and nearly uninterrupted length-view of the lake; and if the full moon had risen ... but one cannot have every thing one wants—even at the hotel of Gmunden.

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We ordered a good fire, and wax candles to be lighted; a chafing dish, filled with live charcoal caused a little cloud of steam to be emitted from a copper kettle—of which the exterior might have been *cleaned* ... during the *last* century. But we travelled with our own tea; and enjoyed a succession of cups which seemed to make us “young and lusty as eagles:” and which verified all the pleasing things said in behalf of this philosophical beverage by the incomparable Cowper. Mr. Lewis spent two hours in *penning in* his drawings; and I brushed up my journal—opened my map—and catechised the landlord about the MONASTERY of CHREMSMINSTER, which it was resolved to visit on the following (Sunday) morning. Excellent beds (not “sloping in an angle of 45 degrees”—) procured us a comfortable night’s rest. In the morning, we surveyed the lake, the village, and its immediate vicinity. We inspected two churches, and saw a group of women devoutly occupied in prayer by the side of a large tombstone—in a cemetery at a distance from any church. The tombstones in Germany are whimsical enough. Some look like iron cross-bows, others like crosses; some nearly resemble a gibbet; and others a star. They are usually very slender in their structure, and of a height scarcely exceeding four or five feet.

By eleven in the morning, the postboy’s bugle sounded for our departure. The carriage and horses were at the door: the postboy, arrayed in an entirely new scarlet jacket, with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace, the livery of Austria, was mounted upon a strong and lofty steed; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded, and off we went, up hill, at a good round cantering pace. A large congregation, which was quitting a church in the vicinity of the inn, gazed at us, as we passed, with looks and gestures as if they had never seen two English travellers before.

The stage from Gmunden to Chremsminster is very long and tedious; but by no means devoid of interest. We halted an hour to rest the horses, about half-way on the route; which I should think was full eight English miles from the place of starting. On leaving Gmunden, and gaining the height of the neighbouring hills, we looked behind, or rather to the right, upon the *back* part of that chain of hills and rocks which encircle the lake over which we had passed the preceding evening. The sky was charged with large and heavy clouds; and a broad, deep, and as it were stormy, tint of dark purple ... mantled every mountain which we saw—with the exception of our old gigantic friend, of which the summit was buried in the clouds. At a given distance, you form a tolerably good notion of the altitude of mountains; and from this latter view of those in question, I should think that the highest may be about 3000 feet above the level of the lake. It was somewhere upon two o’clock when we caught the first glimpse of the spire and lofty walls of the MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. This monastery is hid by high ground,—till you get within a mile of the town of *Chrems*; so called, from a river, of the same name, which washes almost the walls of the monastery.

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I cannot dissemble the joy I felt on the first view of this striking and venerable edifice. It is situated on a considerable eminence—and seems to be built upon a foundation of rock. Its mosque-fashioned towers, the long range of its windows, and height of its walls, cannot fail to arrest the attention very forcibly. Just on the spot where we caught the first view of it, the road was not only very precipitous, but was under repair; which made it absolutely perilous. The skill of our postilion, however extricated us from all danger; and on making the descent, I opened my portmanteau in front of me—which was strapped to the back-seat of the carriage—pulled out the green silk purse which I had purchased at Dieppe, within a few hours of my landing in France—and introducing my hand into it, took from thence some dozen or twenty napoleons—observing at the same time, to Mr. Lewis, and pointing to the monastery—that “these pieces would probably be devoted to the purchasing of a few book-treasures from the library of the edifice in view.” In five minutes we drove up to the principal, or rather only inn, which the town seemed to afford. The first thing I did, was, to bespeak an immediate dinner, and to send a messenger, with a note (written in Latin) to the Vice Principal or Librarian of the monastery—“requesting permission to inspect the library, being English travellers bound for Vienna.” No answer was returned ... even on the conclusion of our dinner; when,—on calling a council, it was resolved that we should take the valet and a guide with us, and immediately assail the gates of the Monastery.

I marched up the steep path which leads to these gates, with the most perfect confidence in the success of my visit. Vespers were just concluded; and three or four hundred at least of the population of Chrems were pouring forth from the church doors, down the path towards the town. On entering the quadrangle in which the church is situated, we were surprised at its extent, and the respectability of its architecture. We then made for the church—along the cloisters—and found it nearly deserted. A few straggling supplicants were however left behind—ardent in prayer, upon their knees: but the florid style of the architecture of the interior of this church immediately caught my attention and admiration. The sides are covered with large oil paintings, which look like copies of better performances; while, at each lower corner of these pictures, stands a large figure of a saint, boldly sculptured, as if to support the painting. Throwing your eye along this series of paintings and sculpture, on each side of the church, the whole has a grand and imposing effect—while the *subjects* of some of the paintings, describing the tortures of the damned, or the occupations of the good, cannot fail, in the mind of an enthusiastic devotee, to produce a very powerful sensation. The altars here, as usual in Germany, and even at Lauffen and Koppf—are profusely ornamented.



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We had hardly retreated from the church—lost in the variety of reflections excited by the novelty of every surrounding object—when I perceived a Benedictin, with his black cap upon his head, walking with a hurried step towards us ... along the cloisters. As he approached, he pulled off his cap, and saluted us very graciously: pouring forth a number of sentences, in the Latin language, (for he could not speak a word of French) with a fluency and rapidity of utterance, of which, I could have no conception; and of which, necessarily, I could not comprehend one half. Assuming a more leisurely method of address, he asked me, what kind of books I was more particularly anxious to see: and on replying “those more especially which were printed in the fifteenth century—the *Incunabula*”—he answered, “come with me; and, although the librarian be absent, I will do my utmost to assist you.” So saying, we followed him into his cell, a mere cabin of a room: where I observed some respectably-looking vellum-clad folios, and where his bed occupied the farther part. He then retired for the key: returned in five seconds, and requested that we would follow him up stairs. We mounted two flights of a noble staircase; the landing-place of the *first* of which communicated with a lofty and magnificent, arched corridor:—running along the whole side of the quadrangle. The library is situated at the very top of the building, and occupies (as I should apprehend) one half of the side of the quadrangle. It is a remarkably handsome and cheerful room, divided into three slightly indicated compartments; and the colour, both of the wainscot and of the backs of the books, is chiefly white.

The first thing that struck me was, the almost unbounded and diversified view from thence. I ran to the windows—but the afternoon had become black and dismal, and the rain was descending fast on all sides; yet, in the haze of distance, I thought I could discern the chain of huge mountains near the lake of Gmunden. Their purple sides and craggy summits yet seemed to rise above the clouds, which were resting upon the intermediate country, and deluging it with rain. The Benedictin confirmed my suspicions as to the identity of the country before us, and then bade me follow, him quickly. I followed M. HARTENSCHNEIDER (for so the worthy Benedictin wrote his name) to the further division, or compartment of the library; and turning to the left, began an attack upon the *Fifteeners*—which were placed there, on the two lowest shelves. My guide would not allow of my taking down the books ... from sheer politeness. “They might prove burdensome”—as if *any thing*, in the shape of a book, could be considered a BURDEN!

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The first volume I opened, was one of the most beautiful copies imaginable—utterly beyond all competition, for purity and primitiveness of condition—of Schoiffher’s edition of *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, with the Commentary of Trivetius, of the date of 1473. That work is everywhere—in all forms, types, and conditions—upon the continent. The worthy M. Hartenschneider seemed to be marvellously pleased with the delight I expressed on the view of this magnificent volume. He then placed before me the *Catholicon* of 1469, by G. Zainer: a crompt, but clean and desirable copy. Upon my telling him that I had not long ago seen a copy of it UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Munich, he seemed to be mute and pensive... and to sigh somewhat inwardly. Pausing awhile, he resumed, by telling me that the ONLY treasure they had possessed, in the shape of a VELLUM BOOK, was a copy of the same work of St. Austin, printed chiefly by *John de Spira* (but finished by his brother *Vindelin*) of the date of 1470; but with which, and many other book-curiosities, the French general *Lecourbe* chose to march away; in the year 1800. That cruel act of spoliation was commemorated, or revenged, by an angry Latin distich.

I was also much gratified by a beautifully clean copy of the *Durandi Rationale* by I. Zeiner, of the date of 1474: as well as with the same printer’s *Aurea Biblia*, of the same date, which is indeed almost every where upon the Continent. But nothing came perfectly up to the copy of Schoiffher’s edition of the *De Civ. Dei*. M. Hartenschneider added, that the Imperial Library at Vienna had possessed itself of their chief rarities in early typography: but he seemed to exult exceedingly on mentioning the beautiful and perfect state of their DELPHIN CLASSICS.

“Do you by chance possess the *Statius*?—” observed I. “Come and see—” replied my guide: and forthwith he took me into a recess, or closet, where my eye was greeted with one of the most goodly book-sights imaginable. There they all stood—those Delphin Classics—in fair array and comeliest condition. I took down the *Statius*, and on returning it, exclaimed “*Exemplar pulcherrimum et optime conservatum.*”

“*Pretiosissimumque,*” rejoined my cicerone. “And the *Prudentius*—good M. Hartenschneider—do you possess it?” “*Etiam*”—replied he. “And the *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*?” They were there also: but one of the volumes, containing the *Tibullus*, was with a brother monk. That monk (thought I to myself) must have something of a tender heart. “But tell me, worthy and learned Sir, (continued I) why so particular about the *Statius*? Here are twenty golden pieces:” (they were the napoleons, taken from the forementioned silken purse[91])—“will these procure the copy in question?” “It is in vain you offer any thing: (replied M. Hartenschneider) we have refused this very copy even to Princes and



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Dukes.” “Listen then to me:” resumed I: “It seems you want that great work, such an ornament to our own country, and so useful to every other—the *Monasticon Anglicanum* of Sir William Dugdale. Will you allow me to propose a fair good copy of that admirable performance, in exchange for your Statius?” “I can promise nothing—replied M. Hartenschneider—as that matter rests entirely with the superiors of the monastery; but what you say appears to be very reasonable; and, for myself, I should not hesitate one moment, in agreeing to the proposed exchange.” My guide then gave me to understand that he was *Professor of History*; and that there were not fewer than one hundred monks upon the establishment.

I was next intreated, together with my travelling friend and our valet, to stop and pass the night there. We were told that it was getting late and dark; and that there was only a cross road between Chrems and *Ens*, in the route to *Lintz*—to which latter place we were going. “You cannot reach Lintz (said our hospitable attendant) before midnight; but rain and darkness are not for men with nice sensibilities to encounter. You and your friend, and eke your servant, shall not lack a hospitable entertainment. Command therefore your travelling equipage to be brought hither. You see (added he smiling) we have room enough for all your train. I beseech you to tarry with us.” This is almost a literal version of what M. Hartenschneider said—and he said it fluently, and even in an impassioned manner. I thanked him again and again; but declared it to be impossible to comply with his kind wishes. “The hospitality of your order (observed I to the Professor) is equal to its learning.” M. Hartenschneider bowed: and then taking me by the arm, exclaimed, “well, since you cannot be prevailed upon to stay, you must make the most of your time. Come and see one or two of our more ancient MSS.”

He then placed before me an *Evangelistarium* of the eighth century, which he said had belonged to Charlemagne, the founder of the monastery.[92] It was one of the most perfect pieces of calligraphy which I had ever seen; perhaps superior to that in the Public Library at Landshut. But this MS. is yet more precious, as containing, what is considered to be, a compact between Charlemagne and the first Abbot of the Monastery, executed by both parties. I looked at it with a curious and sceptical eye, and had scarcely the courage to *doubt* its authenticity. The art which it exhibits, in the illuminations of the figures of the Evangelists, is sufficiently wretched—compared with the specimens of the same period in the celebrated MS. (also once belonging to Charlemagne) in the private library of the King at Paris.[93] I next saw a MS. of the *Sonnets of Petrarch*, in a small folio, or super royal octavo size, supposed to have been executed in the fifteenth century, about seventy years after the death of the poet. It is beautifully written in a neat roman letter, and evidently the performance of an Italian scribe; but it may as likely be a copy, made in the early part of the fifteenth century, of a MS. of the previous century. However, it is doubtless a precious MS. The ornaments are sparingly introduced, and feebly executed.

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On quitting these highly interesting treasures, M. H. and myself walked up and down the library for a few minutes, (the rain descending in torrents the whole time) and discoursed upon the great men of my own country. He mentioned his acquaintance with the works of Bacon, Locke, Swift, and Newton—and pronounced the name of the last ... with an effervescence of feeling and solemnity of utterance amounting to a sort of adoration. “Next to Newton,” said he, “is your Bacon: nor is the interval between them very great: but, in my estimation, Newton is more an angel than a mortal. He seemed to have been always communing with the Deity.” “All this is excellent, Sir,—replied I: but you say not one word about our divine *Shakspeare*.” “Follow me—rejoined he—and you shall see that I am not ignorant of that wonderful genius—and that I do not talk without book.” Whereupon M.H. walked, or rather ran, rapidly to the other end of the library, and put into my hands *Baskerville’s Edition* of that poet,[94] of the date of 1768—which I frankly told him I had never before seen. This amused him a good deal; but he added, that the greater part of *Shakspeare* was incomprehensible to him, although he thoroughly understood *Swift*, and read him frequently.

It was now high time to break off the conversation, interesting as it might be, and to think of our departure: for the afternoon was fast wearing away, and a starless, if not a tempestuous, night threatened to succeed. Charles Rohfritsch was despatched to the inn below—to order the horses, settle the reckoning, and to bring the carriage as near to the monastery as possible. Meanwhile Mr. L. and myself descended with M. Hartenschneider to his own room—where I saw, for the first time, the long-sought after work of the *Annales Hirsaugienses of Trithemius, printed in the Monastery of St. Gall* in 1690, 2 vols., folio, lying upon the Professor’s table. M.H. told me that the copy belonged to the library we had just quitted. I had indeed written to Kransfelder, a bookseller at Augsbourg, just before leaving Munich, for two copies of that rare and estimable work—which were inserted in his sale catalogue; and I hope to be lucky enough to secure both—for scarcely ten shillings of our money.[95] It now only remained to bid farewell to the most kind, active, and well-informed M. Hartenschneider—and to quit (probably for ever) the MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. Like the worthy Professor Veesenmeyer at Ulm, he “committed me to God’s especial good providence—” and insisted upon accompanying me, uncovered, to the very outer gates of the monastery: promising, all the way, that, on receiving my proposals in writing, respecting the *Staius*, he would promote that object with all the influence he might possess.[96] Just as he had reached the further limits of the quadrangle, he met the librarian himself—and introduced me to him: but there was now only time to say “Vale!” We shook hands—for the first ... and in all probability ... the last time.

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Every thing was in readiness—on reaching the bottom of the hill. A pair of small, and apparently young and mettlesome horses, were put to the carriage: the postilion was mounted; and nothing remained but to take our seats, and bid adieu to *Chrems* and its Monastery. The horses evinced the fleetness of rein deer at starting; and on enquiring about their age and habits, I learnt that they were scarcely *three* years old—had been just taken from the field—and had been but *once* before in harness. This intelligence rather alarmed us. However, we continued to push vigorously forward, along a very hilly road, in which no difference whatever was made between ascents and descents. It was a good long sixteen mile stage; and darkness and a drizzling rain overtook us ere we had got over half of it. There were no lights to the carriage, and the road was the most devious I had ever travelled. The horses continued to fly like the wind, and the charioteer began to express his fatigue in holding them in. At length we saw the light of *Ens*, to the right—the first post town on the high road from Lintz to Vienna. This led us to expect to reach the main road quickly. We passed over a long wooden bridge—under which the river Ens, here broad and rapid, runs to empty itself into the Danube: and... nearer the hour of eleven than ten, we drove to the principal inn in the *Place*.

It was fair time: and the town of LINTZ was glittering with lights, and animated by an unusual stir of population. The centre of the *Place* or Square, where the inn is situated, was entirely filled by booths; and it was with difficulty we could gain admission within the inn, or secure rooms when admitted. However, we had no reason to complain, for the chambermaid (an exceedingly mirthful and active old woman) assured us that Lord and Lady Castlereagh on their route to Vienna in 1815, had occupied the very beds which she had destined for us. These beds were upon the second floor, in a good large room, warmed by a central stove of earthenware tiles—the usual fireplace in Germany. The first floor of the inn was wholly occupied by travellers, merchants, dealers, and adventurers of every description—the noise of whose vociferations, and the tramp of whose movements, were audible even till long after midnight.

I am tarrying in a very large, very populous, and excellently well built town. LINTZ, or LINZ, has a population of at least 20,000 souls: and boasts, with justice, not only of its beautiful public buildings, but of its manufactories of stuffs, silks, and printed calicoes. The *Place*, before this inn, affords evidence of the splendour of these wares; and the interiors of several booths are in a perfect blaze—from the highly ornamented gold gauze caps worn by the upper classes of the middling people, even more brilliant than what was observed at Augsbourg. I was asked equal to four guineas of our money for one of these caps, in my reconnoissance before breakfast this morning—nor, as I afterwards learnt, was the demand exorbitant.

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I must bid you farewell in haste. I start for Vienna within twenty minutes from this time, and it is now nearly-mid-day. But ere I reach the capital of Austria, I hope to pay a string of MONASTIC VISITS:—beginning with that of *St. Florian*, about a dozen miles from this place, just before you reach Ens, the next post town; so that, ere I again address you (which cannot be until I reach Vienna,) I shall have made rather a rambling and romantic tour. “*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*”—yet, if I mistake not; (from all that I can collect here) *experience* will confirm what hope and ignorance suggest.

[90] Vol. ii. p. 352-3.

[91] See p. 217 ante.

[92] It should seem, from the pages of PEZ and NIDANUS, that Charlemagne was either the founder, or the patron, or endower, of almost every monastery in Germany. Stengelius, however, gives a very romantic origin to the foundation of Chremsminster. “The eldest son of Tassilo, a Duke or Elector of Bavaria, went out a hunting in the winter; when, having been separated from his companions, in a large wood, he met a wild boar of an enormous size, near a fountain and pool of water. Notwithstanding the fearful odds between them, Tassilo gallantly received the animal upon the point of his hunting spear, and dispatched him with a tremendous wound: not however without a fatal result to himself. Rage, agony, and over exertion... proved fatal to the conqueror: and when, excited by the barking of the dogs, his father and the troop of huntsmen came up to see what it might be, they witnessed the spectacle of the boar and the young Tassilo lying DEAD by the side of each other. The father built the MONASTERY of CHREMSMINSTER upon the fatal spot—to the memory of his beloved but unfortunate son. He endowed it with large possessions, and his endowments were confirmed by Pope Adrian and the Emperor Charlemagne—in the year 777. The history of the monastery is lost in darkness, till the year 1046, when Engelbert, Bishop of Passau, consecrated it anew; and in 1165, Diepold, another Bishop of Passau, added greatly to its possessions; but he was, in other respects, as well as Manegold in 1206, a very violent and mischievous character. Bishop Ulric, in 1216, was a great benefactor to it; but I do not perceive when the present building was erected: although it is possible there may be portions of it as old as the thirteenth century. See *Pez: Script. Rer. Austriac.*, vol. i. col. 1305, &c.: *vol. ii.* col. 67, &c. At the time of publishing the *Monasteriologia of Stengelius*, 1638, (where there is a bird’s-eye view of the monastery, as it now generally appears) Wolfradt (or Wolfardt) was the Abbot—who, in the author’s opinion, “had no superior among

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his

predecessors.” I go a great way in thinking with Stengelius; for this worthy Abbot built the Monks a “good supper-room, two dormitories, a sort of hospital for the sick, and a LIBRARY, with an abundant stock of new books. Also a sacristy, furnished with most costly robes, &c. *Monasteriologia*; sign. A. It was doubtless the BIBLIOTHECA WOLFRADTIANA in which I tarried—as above described—with equal pleasure and profit.

[93] See vol. ii. p. 199.

[94] This I presume to be the “spurious” Birmingham edition, which is noticed by Steevens in the *Edit. Shakspeare*, 1813. 8vo. vol. ii. p. 151.

[95] They were both secured. One copy is now in the ALTHORP LIBRARY, and the other in that of Mr. Heber.

[96] On the very night of my arrival at Lintz, late as it was, I wrote a letter to the Abbot, or head of the monastery, addressed thus—as the Professor had written it down: “*Ad Reverendissimum Dominum Anselmum Mayerhoffer inclyti Monasterii Cremifanensis Abbatem vigilantissimum Cremifanum.*” This was enclosed in a letter to the Professor himself with the following direction: “*Ad Rev. Dm. Udalricum Hartenschneider Professum Monasterij Cremifanensis et Historiae ibidem Professorem publicum. Cremifanum:*” the Professor having put into my hands the following written memorandum: “Pro commutandis—quos designasti in Bibliotheca nostra, libris—primo Abbatem adire, aut litteris saltem interrogare necesse est: quas, si tibi placuerit, ad me dirigere poteris.”

[Autograph]

This he wrote with extreme rapidity. In my letter, I repeated the offer about the Monasticon; with the addition of about a dozen napoleons for the early printed books above mentioned; requesting to have an answer, poste restante, at Vienna. No answer has since reached me. The Abbot should seem to have preferred Statius to Dugdale. [But his Statius NOW has declined wofully in pecuniary worth: while the Dugdale, in its newly edited form, has risen threefold.]

## LETTER IX.

THE MONASTERIES OF ST. FLORIAN, MOELK, AND GOETTWIC.

*Vienna; Hotel of the Emperor of Hungary, Aug. 31, 1818.*

MY DEAR FRIEND;

Give me your heartiest congratulations; for I have reached, and am well lodged at, the extreme limit of my "BIBLIOGRAPHICAL, ANTIQUARIAN, AND PICTURESQUE TOUR." Behold me, therefore, at VIENNA, the capital of Austria: once the abode of mighty monarchs and renowned chieftains: and the scene probably of more political vicissitudes than any other capital in Europe. The ferocious Turk, the subtle Italian, and the impetuous Frenchman, have each claimed Vienna as their place of residence by right of conquest; and its ramparts have been probably battered by more bullets and balls than were ever discharged at any other fortified metropolis.

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At present, however, my theme must be entirely monastic. Prepare, therefore, to receive an account of some MONASTIC VISITS, which have perfectly won my heart over to the Institutions of ST. BENEDICT and ST. AUGUSTIN. Indeed I seem to have been mingling with a new set of human beings, and a new order of things; though there was much that put me in mind of the general character of my ever-cherished University of Oxford. Not that there is *any one* college, whether at Oxford or at Cambridge, which in point of architectural magnificence, can vie with some of those which I am about to describe. My last letter, as you may remember, left us upon the point of starting from Lintz, for the monastery of ST. FLORIAN. That monastery is situated within about three miles of *Ens*, the next post town from Lintz. The road thither was lined, on each side, with the plum and the pear tree—in their alternate tints of saffron and purple—but far from being ripe. The sight, altogether, was as pleasing as it was novel: and especially were my spirits gladdened, on thinking of the fortunate escape from the perils that had seemed to have awaited us in our route from Chremsminster the preceding evening.

On turning out of the main road, about a dozen miles from Lintz, we began to be sensible of a gentle ascent,—along a pleasant, undulating road, skirted by meadows, copses, and corn-fields. In ten minutes, the valet shouted out—“*Voila le Monastere de St. Florian!*” It was situated upon an eminence, of scarcely half the height of Chremsminster; but, from the abruptness of the ascent, as you enter the village, and make towards the monastery, it appears, on an immediate approach, to be of a very considerable elevation. It looked nobly, as we neared it. The walls were massive, and seemed to be embedded in a foundation of granite. Some pleasing little cultivated spots, like private gardens, were between the outer walls and the main body of the building. It rained heavily as we rolled under the archway; when an old man and an old woman demanded, rather with astonishment than severity, what was the object of our visit? Having received a satisfactory answer, the gates were opened, and we stopped between two magnificent flights of steps, leading on each side to the cloisters. Several young monks, excited by the noise of the carriage, came trooping towards the top of the stairs, looking down upon us, and retreating, with the nimbleness and apparent timidity of deer. Their white streamers, or long lappets, suspended from the back of the black gown, (the designation of the *Augustine* order) had a very singular appearance.



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Having received a letter of recommendation to the librarian, M. KLEIN, I delivered it to the porter—and in a few seconds observed two short monks uncovered, advancing towards me. M. Klein spoke French—after a certain fashion—which however made us understand one another well enough; and on walking along the cloisters, he took me by the arm to conduct me to the Abbot. “But you have doubtless *dined*?” observed he,—turning sharply upon me. It was only between one and two o’clock; and therefore I thought I might be pardoned, even by the severest of their own order, for answering in the *negative*. My guide then whispered to his attendant (who quickly disappeared) and carried me directly to the Abbot. Such a visit was worth paying. I entered with great solemnity; squeezing my travelling cap into a variety of forms, as I made obeisance,—on observing a venerable man, nearer fourscore than seventy, sitting, with a black cap quite at the back part of his head, and surrounded by half a dozen young monks, who were standing and waiting upon him with coffee (after dinner) which was placed upon the table before him. He was the Principal. The old gentleman’s countenance was wan, and rather severely indented, but lighted up by a dark and intelligent pair of eyes. His shoulders were shrouded in a large gray fur tippet; and, on receiving me, he demonstrated every mark of attention—by giving his unfinished cup of coffee to one of his attendants, and, pulling off his cap, endeavouring to rise. I advanced and begged there might be no further movement. As he spoke French, we quickly understood each other. He bade me see every thing that was worth seeing; and, on his renewing the *dinner* question, and receiving an answer in the negative, he commanded that a meal of some sort should be forthwith got ready. In this, however, he had been anticipated by the librarian.

I made my retreating bow, and followed my guide who, by this time, had assumed quite a pleasant air of familiarity with me. I accompanied him to the Library. It is divided into three rooms; of which the largest, at the further end, is the most characteristic. The central room is small, and devoted to MSS. none as I learnt, either very old, very curious, or very valuable. The view from this suite of apartments must, on a fine day, be lovely. Bad as was the weather, when I looked from the windows, I observed, to the left, some gently sloping and sweetly wooded pleasure grounds, with the town of *Ens*, in the centre, at the distance of about three miles. To the right, were more undulating hills, with rich meadows in the foreground; while, immediately below, was the ornamented garden of the monastery.



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The prospect *within* doors was not quite of so gratifying a description. It seemed to be the mere shadow of a library. Of old books, indeed, I saw nothing worth noticing—except a white and crackling, but cropt, copy of *Ratdolt's Appian* of 1478, (always a beautiful book) and a *Latin Version of Josephus*, printed at Venice in 1480 by *Maufer*, a citizen of Rouen. This latter was really a very fine book. There was also *Ratdolt's Euclid* of 1485—which indeed is every where abroad—but which generally has variations in the marginal diagrams. Of *Bibles*, either Latin or German, I saw nothing more ancient than the edition by Sorg, in the *German* language of the date of 1477. I paused an instant over the *Tyturrell* of 1477, (the only really scarce book in the collection) and threw a gilded bait before the librarian, respecting the acquisition of it;—but M. Klein quite *screamed* aloud at the proposition—protesting that “not a single leaf from a single book should be parted with!” “You are quite right,” added I. “My guide eyed me as if he could have said, “How much at variance are your thoughts and words!” And yet I spake very sincerely. Mr. Klein then placed a clean, but cropt, copy of the *first Aldine Pindar* before me; adding, that he understood it to be rare. “It is most rare,” rejoined I:—but it is yet “rarer than most rare” when found UPON VELLUM!—as it is to be seen in Lord Spencer's library.” He seemed absolutely astonished at this piece of intelligence—and talked about its pecuniary value. “No money can purchase it. It is beyond all price”—rejoined I. Whereupon my guide was struck with still deeper astonishment.

There were all the *Polyglott Bibles*, with the exception of the *Complutensian*; which appears to be uncommon in the principal libraries upon the continent. *Walton's Polyglott* was the Royal copy; which led to a slight discussion respecting the Royal and Republican copies. M. Klein received most implicitly all my bibliographical doctrine upon the subject, and expressed a great desire to read Dr. Adam Clarke's Essay upon the same. When I spoke of the small number of copies upon LARGE PAPER, he appeared to marvel more than ever—and declared “how happy the sight of such a copy would make him, from his great respect for the Editor!” There was a poor sprinkle of *English books*; among which however, I noticed Shakspeare, Milton, Swift, and Thomson; I had declared myself sufficiently satisfied with the inspection of the library, when dinner was announced; but could not reconcile it to myself to depart, without asking “whether they had the *Tewrdanckh*?” “Yes, and UPON VELLUM, too!” was the Librarian's reply. It was a good sound copy.

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The dinner was simple and nourishing. The wine was what they call the white wine of Austria: rather thin and acid. It still continued to rain. Our friends told us that, from the windows of the room in which we were eating, they could, in fair weather; discern the snow-capt mountains of the Tyrol:—that, from one side of their monastery they could look upon green fields, pleasure gardens, and hanging woods, and from the other, upon magnificent ranges of hills terminated by mountains covered with snow. They seemed to be proud of their situation, as they had good reason to be. I found them exceedingly chatty, pleasant, and even facetious. I broached the subject of politics—but in a very guarded and general manner. The lively Librarian, however, thought proper to observe —“that the English were doing in *India* what Bonaparte had been doing in *Europe*.” I told him that such a doctrine was a more frightful heresy than any which had ever crept into his own church: at which he laughed heartily, and begged we would not spare either the *bouille* or the wine.

We were scarcely twenty minutes at our meal, being desirous of seeing the CHURCH, the PICTURE GALLERY, and the SALOON—belonging to the monastery. It was not much after three o’clock, and yet it was unusually dark for the hour of the day. However, we followed our guides along a magnificent corridor—desirous of seeing the pictures first. If the number of paintings, and of apartments alone, constitute a good collection of pictures, this of Saint Florian is doubtless a very fair specimen of a picture gallery. There are three rooms and a corridor (or entrance passage) filled with paintings, of which three fourths at least are palpable copies. The *subjects* of some of the paintings were not exactly accordant with monastic gravity; among these I regret that I am compelled to include a copy of a Magdalen from Rubens—and a Satyr and Sleeping Nymph, apparently by Lucas Giordano. Nevertheless the collection is worth a second and a third examination; which, if time and circumstances had allowed, we should in all probability have given it. A series of subjects, fifteen in number, illustrative of the LIFE OF ST. FLORIAN,[97] (the great fire-extinguishing Saint,—to whom the Monastery is dedicated, and who was born at *Ens*, in the neighbourhood) cuts a most distinguished figure in this collection. There is a good, and I think genuine, head of an old woman by Rubens, which I seemed to stumble upon as if by accident, and which was viewed by my guides with a sort of apathy. Mr. Lewis was half lost in extacies before a pretty little sketch by Paolo Veronese; when, on my observing to him that the time was running away fast, M. Klein spoke aloud in the English language—“*Mister Louise*, (repeating my words) *teime fleis*.” He laughed heartily upon uttering it, and seemed to enjoy the joke full as much as my companion, to whom the words were addressed. There were several specimens of the old German masters, but I suspect most of them were copies.

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The day seemed to be growing darker and darker, although it was only somewhere between three and four o'clock. We descended quickly to see the church, where I found Charles (the valet) and several other spectators. We passed through a small sacristy or vestry, in the way to it. This room was fitted up with several small confessionals, of the prettiest forms and workmanship imaginable: having, in front, two twisted and slender columns, of an ebony tint: the whole—exceedingly inviting to confession. Here the Dean met us; a grave, sober, sensible man, with whom I conversed in Latin. We entered the church, on the tip-toe of expectation: nor were we disappointed. It is at once spacious and magnificent; but a little too profuse in architectural ornament. It consists of a nave and transepts, surmounted by a dome, with a choir of very limited dimensions. The choir is adorned, on each side, just above the several stalls, by an exceedingly rich architrave, running the whole length, in a mixed roman and gothic style. The altar, as usual, is a falling off. The transepts are too short, and the dome is too small. The nave is a sort of elongated parallelogram. It is adorned on each side by pillars of the Corinthian order, and terminated by an *Organ* ... of the most gorgeous and imposing appearance. The pipes have completely the appearance of polished silver, and the wood work is painted white, richly relieved by gold. For size and splendor united, I had never seen any thing like it. The whole was perfectly magical.

On entering, the Dean, M. Klein, and three or four more Benedictins, made slight prostrations on one knee, before the altar; and, just as they rose, to our astonishment and admiration, the organ burst forth with a power of intonation (every stop being opened) such as I had never heard exceeded. As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased, by being reverberated from every part of the building: and for a moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed, and the sides burst asunder. We looked up; then at each other: lost in surprise, delight, and admiration. We could not hear a word that was spoken; when, in some few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop only was opened ... and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted! “Oh Dieu! (exclaimed our valet) que cela est ravissant, et meme penetrant.” This was true enough. A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist ... and the effect was, as if these notes had been chanted by an invisible choir of angels. The darkness of the heavens added much to the solemnity of the whole. Silence ensuing, we were asked how we liked the church, the organ, and the organist? Of course there could be but one answer to make. The pulpit—situated at an angle where the choir and transept meet, and opposite to the place where we entered—was constructed of the black marble of Austria, ornamented with gold: the whole in sober good taste, and admirably appropriate.

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We left this beautiful interior, to snatch a hasty view of the dormitories and saloon, and to pay our farewell respects to the Principal. The architect of this church was a Florentine, and it was built something more than a century ago. It is doubtless in too florid a style.

Instead of calling the bed-chambers by the homely name of “dormitories,” they should be designated (some at least), as state bed rooms. At each corner of several of the beds was a carved figure, in gilt—serving as a leg. The beds are generally capacious, without canopies; but their covertures—in crimson, blue, or yellow silk—interspersed with spots of gold or silver—gave indication, in their faded state, of their original costliness and splendor. The rooms are generally large: but I hurried through them, as every thing—from the gloomy state of the afternoon, and more especially from the absence of almost every piece of furniture—had a sombre and melancholy air. Nothing is more impressive than the traces of departed grandeur. They had once (as I learnt) carousals and rejoicings in this monastery;—and the banquet below made sweet and sound the slumbers above. But matters have recently taken a different and less auspicious turn. The building stands, and will long stand—unless assailed by the musquet and cannon—a proud monument of wealth and of art: while the revenues for its support ... are wasting every year! But I hope my intelligence is incorrect.

The highest gratification was yet in store for me: in respect to an architectural treat. In our way to the Saloon, I noticed, over the door of a passage, a small whole length of a man, in a formal peruke and dress, walking with a cane in his hand. A noble building or two appeared in the background. “Who might this be?” “That, Sir, (replied the Dean) is the portrait of the architect of THIS MONASTERY and of MOeLK. He was born, and lived, in an obscure village in the neighbourhood; and rose to unrivalled eminence from the pure strength of native genius and prudent conduct.” I looked at the portrait with increased admiration. “Might I have a copy of it—for the purpose of getting it engraved?” “There can surely be no objection,”—replied the Dean. But alas, my friend, I fear it will never be my lot to possess this portrait—in *any* form or condition.

If my admiration of this architect increased as I continued to gaze upon his portrait, to what a pitch was it raised on entering the *Saloon*! I believe that I may safely say I never before witnessed such a banquetting room. It could not be less than sixty feet long, by forty feet wide and forty high;—and almost entirely composed of Salzburg marble,[98] which is of a deep red tint, but mellow and beautiful. The columns, in exceedingly bold alto-relievo, spring from a dado about the height of a man’s chest, and which is surmounted by a bold and beautiful architrave. These columns, of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, judiciously intermixed, rise to a fine bold height: the whole being terminated by a vaulted ceiling of a beautiful and light construction, and elaborately and richly ornamented. I never witnessed a finer proportioned or a more appropriately ornamented room. It is, of its kind, as perfect as the Town Hall at Augsburg;[99] and suitable for an imperial coronation.

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To a question respecting the antiquity of the monastery,[100] J M. Klein replied, that their *crypt* was considered to be of the eleventh century. I had not a moment's leisure to examine it, but have some doubts of the accuracy of such a date. The Dean, M. Klein, and several monks followed us down stairs, where the carriage was drawn up to receive us—and helping us into it, they wished us a hearty farewell. Assuredly I am not likely to forget THE MONASTERY OF ST. FLORIAN.

We were not long in reaching *Ens*, the first post town on the high road from Lintz to Vienna. On approaching it, our valet bade us notice the various signs of *reparation* of which the outer walls and the fronts of many houses gave evidence. Nearly half of the town, in short, (as he informed us) had been destroyed by fire in Bonaparte's advance upon Vienna. The cannon balls had done much, but the flames had done more. We slept at the next post town, *Strengberg*, but could not help continuing to express our surprise and admiration of the fruit trees (the pear and plum) which lined each side of the road. We had determined upon dining at Moelk the next day. The early morning was somewhat inauspicious; but as the day advanced, it grew bright and cheerful. Some delightful glimpses of the Danube, to the left, from the more elevated parts of the road, accompanied us the whole way; till we caught the first view, beneath a bright blue sky, of the towering church and MONASTERY OF MOELK.[101] Conceive what you please, and yet you shall not conceive the situation of this monastery. Less elevated above the road than Chremsminster, but of a more commanding style of architecture, and of considerably greater extent, it strikes you—as the Danube winds round and washes its rocky base—as one of the noblest edifices in the world. The wooded heights of the opposite side of the Danube crown the view of this magnificent edifice, in a manner hardly to be surpassed. There is also a beautiful play of architectural lines and ornament in the front of the building, indicative of a pure Italian taste, and giving to the edifice, if not the air of towering grandeur, at least of dignified splendour. I send you a small bird's-eye view of it—necessarily furnishing a very inadequate representation—for which I am indebted to Professor Pallas, the Sub-Principal.

[Illustration]

As usual, I ordered a late dinner, intending to pay my respects to the Principal, and obtain permission to inspect the library. My late monastic visits had inspired me with confidence; and I marched up the steep sides of the hill, upon which the monastery is built, quite assured of the success of the visit I was about to pay. You must now accompany the bibliographer to the monastery. In five minutes from entering the outer gate of the first quadrangle—looking towards Vienna, and which is the more ancient part of the building—I was in conversation with the Vice Principal and Librarian, each of us speaking

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Latin. I delivered the letter which I had received at Salzburg, and proceeded to the library. In proceeding with the Librarian along the first corridor, I passed a portly figure, with an expressive countenance, dressed precisely like the Duke of Norfolk,[102] in black waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, with a gray coat. He might seem to be a sort of small paper copy of that well-known personage, for he resembled him in countenance as well as in dress. On meeting, he saluted me graciously: and he had no sooner passed, than my guide whispered in my ear, "THAT is the famous bibliographer, the ABBE STRATTMAN, late principal librarian to the Emperor." I was struck at this intelligence; and wished to run back after the Abbe,—but, in a minute, found myself within the library. I first went into a long, narrow, room—devoted, the greater part, to MSS.:—and at the hither end of which (that is, the end where I entered) were two figures—as large as, and painted after, the life. They were cut out in wood, or thick pasteboard; and were stuck in the centre of the space between the walls. One was an old gentleman, with a pair of bands, and a lady, his wife, opposite to him. Each was sitting upon a chair. A dog (if I remember rightly) was between them. The effect was at first rather *startling*; for these good folks, although they had been sitting for the best part of a century, looked like life, and as if they were going to rise up, and interrogate you for impertinently intruding upon their privacy. On nearing them, I found that the old gentleman had been a great pedagogue, and a great benefactor to the library: in short, the very MSS. by which we were surrounded were *solid* proofs of his liberality. I was urgent and particular about the *contents* of these MSS.; but my guide (otherwise a communicative and well-informed man) answered my questions in a manner so general, as to lead me to conclude that they had never been sufficiently examined. There might be at least four thousand volumes in this long and narrow room.

From thence we proceeded, across a passage, to a small room—filled with common useful books, for the young men of which the monastic society is now composed; and who I learnt were about one hundred and twenty in number. There were, however, at one end of this room, some coins and medals. I was curious about ascertaining whether they had any *Greek gold coins*, but was answered that they had none. This room is divided into two, by a partition something like the modern fashion of dividing our drawing rooms. The whole is profusely ornamented with paintings executed upon the walls; rather elegantly than otherwise. The view from this library is really enchanting—and put every thing seen, from a similar situation at Landshut, and almost even at Chremsminster, out of my recollection. You look down upon the Danube, catching a fine sweep of the river, as it widens in its course towards Vienna. A man might sit, read, and gaze—in such



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a situation—till he fancied he had scarcely one earthly want! I now descended a small stair-case, which brought me directly into the large library—forming the right wing of the building, looking up the Danube towards Lintz. I had scarcely uttered three notes of admiration, when the ABBE STRATTMAN entered; and to my surprise and satisfaction, addressed me by name. We immediately commenced an ardent unintermitting conversation in the French language, which the Abbe speaks fluently and correctly. We darted at once into the lore of bibliography of the fifteenth century; when the Abbe descanted largely upon the wonders I should see at Vienna:—especially the Sweynheym and Pannartz' UPON VELLUM! "Here (continued he) there is absolutely nothing worthy of your inspection. We have here no edit. prin. of *Horace*, or *Virgil*, or *Terence*, or *Lucretius*: a copy of the *Decretals of Pope Boniface*, of the date of 1465, is our earliest and only VELLUM treasure of the XVth century. But you will doubtless take the *Monastery of Goettwic* in your way?" I replied that I was wholly ignorant of the existence of such a monastery. "Then see it—(said, he) and see it carefully; for the library contains *Incunabula* of the most curious and scarce kind. Besides, its situation is the noblest in Austria." You will give me credit for not waiting for a *second* importunity to see such a place, before I answered—"I will most assuredly visit the monastery of Goettwic."

I now took a leisurely survey of the library; which is, beyond all doubt, the finest room of its kind which I have seen upon the Continent:—not for its size, but for its style of architecture, and the materials of which it is composed. I was told that it was "the Imperial Library in miniature:"—but with this difference, let me here add, in favour of Moelk—that it looks over a magnificently-wooded country, with the Danube rolling its rapid course at its base. The wainscot and shelves are walnut tree, of different shades, inlaid, or dovetailed, surmounted by gilt ornaments. The pilasters have Corinthian capitals of gilt; and the bolder or projecting parts of a gallery, which surrounds the room, are covered with the same metal. Every thing is in harmony. This library may be about a hundred feet in length, by forty in width. It is sufficiently well furnished with books, of the ordinary useful class, and was once, I suspect, much richer in the bibliographical lore of the fifteenth century. The Abbe Strattman bade me examine a *MS. of Horace*, of the twelfth century, which he said had been inspected by Mitscherlich.[103] It seemed to be of the period adjudged to it. The Vice-Principal, M. PALLAS, now made his appearance. He talked French readily, and we all four commenced a very interesting conversation, "Did any books ever travel out of this library?"—said I. "Surely there must be many which are rather objects of curiosity than of utility: rarely consulted, no doubt; but which, by being exchanged for others of a more modern and useful description, would contribute more effectually to the purposes of public education, in an establishment of such magnitude?"

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These questions I submitted with great deference, and without the least hesitation, to the Vice Principal; who replied in such a manner as to induce me immediately to ascend the staircase, and commence a reconnaissance among the books placed above the gallery. The result of twenty minutes examination was, if not absolutely of the *most* gratifying kind, at least sufficient to induce me to offer *twenty louis d'or* for some thirty volumes, chiefly thin quartos, containing many Greek grammatical and philosophical tracts, of which I had never before seen copies. Some scarce and curious theological Latin tracts were also in this number. I turned the books upon their fore-edges, leaving their ends outwards, in order to indicate those which had been selected. M. Pallas told me that he could say nothing definitive in reply,[104] for that the matter must be submitted to the Prelate, or head of the monastery, who, at that time, was at Vienna, perhaps at the point of death. From the library we went to the church. This latter is situated between the two wings: the wings themselves forming the Saloon and the library. As we were about to leave the library, the Abbe observed—"Here, we have food for the *mind*: in the opposite quarter we dine—which is food for the *body*:[105] between both, is the church, which contains food for the *soul*." On entering the corridor, I looked up and saw the following inscription (from 1 *Mac.* c. xii. v. 9.) over the library door: "*Habentes solatio sanctos libros qui sunt in manibus nostris.*" My next gratification was, a view of the portrait of BERTHOLDUS DIETMAYR—the founder, or rather the restorer, both of the library and of the monastery—possessing a countenance full of intelligence and expression. Beneath the portrait, which is scarcely half the size of life, is the following distich:

*Bertholdi Dietmayr Quidquid Mortale, Tabella,  
Ingentemque animum BIBLIOTHECA, refert.*

"There," exclaimed the Abbe Strattman—"there you have the portrait of a *truly* great man: one of the three select and privy counsellors of the Emperor Charles VI. Dietmayr was a man of a truly lofty soul, of a refined taste, and of unbounded wealth and liberality of spirit. Even longer than this edifice shall last, will the celebrity of its founder endure." My heart overflowed with admiration as I heard the words of the Abbe, gazing, at the same time, intently upon the portrait of the Prelate Dietmayr. Such men keep the balance of this world even.

On reaching the last descending step, just before entering the church, the Vice Principal bade me look upwards and view the cork-screw stair-case. I did so: and to view and admire was one and the same operation of the mind. It was the most perfect and extraordinary thing of the kind which I had ever seen—the consummation (as I was told) of that particular species of art. The church is



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the very perfection of ecclesiastical Roman architecture: that of Chremsminster, although fine, being much inferior to it in loftiness and richness of decoration. The windows are fixed so as to throw their concentrated light beneath a dome, of no ordinary height, and of no ordinary elegance of decoration; but this dome is suffering from damp, and the paintings upon the ceiling will, unless repaired, be effaced in the course of a few years. The church is in the shape of a cross; and at the end of each of the transepts, is a rich altar, with statuary, in the style of art usual about a century ago. The pews—made of dark mahogany or walnut tree, much after the English fashion, but lower and more tasteful—are placed on each side of the nave, on entering; with ample space between them. They are exclusively appropriated to the tenants of the monastery. At the end of the nave, you look to the left, opposite,—and observe, placed in a recess—a PULPIT ... which, from top to bottom, is completely covered with gold. And yet, there is nothing gaudy, or tasteless, or glaringly obtrusive, in this extraordinary clerical rostrum. The whole is in the most perfect taste; and perhaps more judgment was required to manage such an ornament, or appendage,—consistently with the splendid style of decoration exacted by the founder—(for it was expressly the Prelate Dietmayr's wish that it *should* be so adorned) than may, on first consideration, be supposed. In fact, the whole church is in a blaze of gold; and I was told that the gilding alone cost upwards of ninety thousand florins. Upon the whole, I understood that the church of this monastery was considered as the most beautiful in Austria; and I can easily believe it to be so.

The time flew away so quickly that there was no opportunity of seeing the Saloon. Indeed, I was informed that it was occupied by the students—an additional reason why I *ought* to have seen it. "But have you no old paintings, Mr. Vice Principal—no Burgmairs, Cranachs, or Albert Durers?" said I to M. Pallas. "Ha! (observed he in reply,) you like old pictures, then, as well as old books. Come with me, and you shall be satisfied." So saying, the Abbe Strattman[106] left us, and I followed the Vice Principal—into a small, wainscoted room, of which he touched the springs of some of the compartments, and anon there was exhibited to my view a series of sacred subjects, relating to the Life of Christ, executed by the first and last named masters: exceedingly fresh, vigorously painted, and one or two of them very impressive, but bordering upon the grotesque. I am not sure that I saw any thing more striking of the kind even in the extraordinary collection at Augsburg. From this room I was conducted into the Prelate's apartment, where I observed a bed—in an arched recess—which might be called a bed of state. "Our Prelate has left his apartment for the last time; he will never sleep in this bed again"—observed

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M. Pallas, fixing himself at the foot of it, and directing his eyes towards the pillow. I saw what it was to be beloved and respected; for the Vice Principal took the end of his gown to wipe away a little *dust* (as he was pleased to call it—but I suspect it was a starting tear) which had fallen into his eye. I was then shewn a set of china, manufactured at Vienna—upon some of the pieces of which were painted views of the monastery. This had been presented to the Prelate; and I was then, as a final exhortation, requested to view the country around me. Need I again remark, that this country was enchantingly fine?

On returning to the inn, and dining, we lingered longer than we were wont to do over our dessert and white wine, when the valet came to announce to us that from thence to *St. Poelten* was a long stage; and that if we wished to reach the latter before dark, we had not ten minutes to spare. This hint was sufficient: and the ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when we were on the high road to *St. Poelten*. It was indeed almost with the last glimmer of daylight that we entered this town, yet I could observe, on descending the hill by which we entered it, a stone crucifix, with the usual accompanying group. I resolved to give it a careful examination on the morrow.

The inn at *St. Poelten* (I think it was the *Dolphin*) surprised us by its cheerfulness and neatness. The rooms were papered so as to represent gothic interiors, or ornamented gardens, or shady bowers. Every thing was—almost—as an Englishman could wish it to be. Having learnt that the MONASTERY OF GOETTWIC was a digression of only some twelve or fourteen miles, I resolved to set off to visit it immediately after an early breakfast. We had scarcely left the town, when we observed a group of rustics, with a crucifix carried in front—indicating that they were about to visit some consecrated spot, for the purpose of fulfilling a vow or performing an annual pilgrimage. I stopped the carriage, to take a survey of so novel a scene; but I confess that there was nothing in it which induced me to wish to be one of the party. If I mistake not, this was the first pilgrimage or procession, of the kind, which I had seen in Austria, or even in Bavaria. It was a sorry cavalcade. Some of the men, and even women, were without shoes and stockings; and they were scattered about the road in a very loose, straggling manner. Many of the women wore a piece of linen, or muslin, half way up their faces, over the mouth; and although the road was not very smooth, both men and women appeared to be in excellent spirits, and to move briskly along—occasionally singing, and looking up to the crucifix—which a stout young man carried at the head of them. They were moving in the direction of the Monastery of Goettwic.

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It was cold and cloudy at starting; but on leaving the main road, and turning to the left, the horizon cleared up—and it was evident that a fine day was in store for us. Our expectations were raised in proportion to the increasing beauty of the day. The road, though a cross one, was good; winding through a pleasant country, and affording an early glimpse of the monastery in question—at the distance of at least ten miles—and situated upon a lofty eminence. The first view of it was grand and imposing, and stimulated us to urge our horses to a speedier course. The country continued to improve. Some vineyards were beginning to shew the early blush of harvest; and woods of fir, and little meandering streams running between picturesque inequalities of ground, gave an additional interest to every additional mile of the route. At length we caught a glimpse of a crowd of people, halting, in all directions. Some appeared to be sitting, others standing, more lying; and a good number were engaged in devotion before a statue. As we approached them, we observed the statue to be that of St. Francis; around which this numerous group of pilgrims appeared to have marshalled themselves—making a HALT in their pilgrimage (as we afterwards learnt) to the monastery of Goettwic.

The day continued to become more and more brilliant, and the scenery to keep pace with the weather. It was evident that we were nearing the monastery very rapidly. On catching the first distinct view of it, my companion could not restrain his admiration. At this moment, from the steepness of the ascent, I thought it prudent to descend, and to walk to the monastery. The view from thence was at once commanding and enchanting. The Danube was the grand feature in the landscape; while, near its very borders, at the distance perhaps of three English miles, stood the post town of *Chrems*. The opposite heights of the Danube were well covered with wood. The sun now shone in his meridian splendour, and every feature of the country seemed to be in a glow with his beams. I next turned my thoughts to gain entrance within the monastery, and by the aid of my valet it was not long before that wished for object was accomplished. The interior is large and handsome, but of less architectural splendor than Moelk or even St. Florian. The librarian, Odilo Klama, was from home. Not a creature was to be found; and I was pacing the cloisters with a dejected air, when my servant announced to me that the Vice Principal would receive me, and conduct me to the Head or President.

This was comforting intelligence. I revived in an instant; and following, along one corridor, and up divers stair-cases, I seemed to be gaining the summit of the building, when a yet more spacious corridor brought me to the door of the President's apartments: catching views, on my way thither, of increasing extent and magnificence. But all consideration of exterior objects was quickly lost on my reception at head quarters.

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The Principal, whose name is ALTMANN, was attired in a sort of half-dignity dress; a gold chain and cross hung upon his breast, and a black silk cap covered his head. A gown, and what seemed to be a cassock, covered his body. He had the complete air of a gentleman, and might have turned his fiftieth year. His countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence:—but alas! not a word of French could he speak—and Latin was therefore necessarily resorted to by both parties. I entreated him to forgive all defects of composition and of pronunciation; at which he smiled graciously. The Vice Principal then bowed to the Abbot and retreated; but not before I had observed them to whisper apart—and to make gesticulations which I augured to portend something in the shape of providing refreshment, if not dinner. My suspicion was quickly confirmed; for, on the Vice Principal quitting the apartment, the Abbot observed to me—“you will necessarily partake of our dinner—which is usually at *one* o’clock; but which I have postponed till *three*, in order that I may conduct you over the monastery, and shew you what is worthy of observation. You have made a long journey hither, and must not be disappointed.”

The manner in which this was spoken was as courteous as the purport of the speech was hospitable. “Be pleased to be covered (continued the Abbot) and I will conduct you forthwith to the Library: although I regret to add that our Librarian Odilo is just now from home—having gone, for the day, upon a botanical excursion towards Chrems—as it is now holiday time.” In our way to the library, I asked the Principal respecting the revenues of the establishment and its present condition—whether it were flourishing or otherwise—adding, that Chremsminster appeared to me to be in a very flourishing state.” “They are much wealthier (observed the Principal) at Chremsminster than we are here. Establishments like this, situated near a metropolis, are generally more *severely* visited than are those in a retired and remote part of the kingdom. Our very situation is inviting to a foe, from its commanding the adjacent country. Look at the prospect around you. It is unbounded. On yon opposite wooded heights, (on the other side of the Danube) we all saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army, in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte’s first advance towards Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *dejeune a la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception; but I own that I was glad when he left us. Strangers to arms in this tranquil retreat, and visited only, as you may now visit us, for the purpose of peaceful hospitality, it agitated us extremely to come in contact with warriors and chieftains.

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The preceding was not delivered in one uninterrupted flow of language; but I only string it together as answers to various questions put by myself. "Observe yonder"—continued the Abbot—"do you notice an old castle in the distance, to the left, situated almost upon the very banks of the Danube?" "I observe it well," replied I. "That castle, (answered he) so tradition reports, once held your Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold Marquis of Austria, on his return from the Holy-Land." The more the Abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading upon faery ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. "Our funds (continued my intelligent guide, as he placed his hand upon my arm, and arrested our progress towards the library) need be much more abundant than they really are. We have great burdens to discharge. All our food is brought from a considerable distance, and we are absolutely dependant upon our neighbours for water, as there are neither wells nor springs in the soil." "I wonder (replied I) why such a spot was chosen—except for its insulated and commanding situation—as water is the first requisite in every monastic establishment?" "Do you then overlook the *Danube*?"—resumed he—"We get our fish from thence; and, upon the whole, feel our wants less than it might be supposed."

In our way to the Library, I observed a series of oil paintings along the corridor—which represented the history of the founder, and of the foundation, of the monastery.[107] The artist's name was, if I remember rightly, Helgendorffer—or something like it. Many of the subjects were curious, and none of them absolutely ill executed. I observed the devil, or some imp, introduced in more than one picture; and remarked upon it to my guide. He said—"where will you find truth unmixed with fiction?" My observation was adroitly parried; and we now found ourselves close to the library door; where three or four Benedictines, (for I should have told you that this famous monastery is of the order of *St. Benedict*) professors on the establishment, were apparently waiting to receive us. They first saluted the Abbot very respectfully, and then myself—with a degree of cheerfulness amounting almost to familiarity. In a remote and strange place, of such a character, nothing is more encouraging than such a reception. Two of our newly joined associates could luckily speak the French language, which rendered my intercourse with the Principal yet more pleasing and satisfactory to myself. The library door was now opened, and I found myself within a long and spacious room—of which the bookshelves were composed of walnut tree—but of which the architectural ornaments were scarcely to be endured, after having so recently seen those in the library of Moelk. However, it may be fairly said that the Library was worthy of the Monastery: well stored with books and MSS., and probably the richest in bibliographical lore in Austria, after that at Vienna.

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We now entered the saloon, for dinner. It was a larger light, and lofty room. The ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects, in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. Among the various groups, I thought I could discern—as I could only take a hasty survey during my meal—the apotheosis of the founder of the monastery. Perhaps I rather wished to see it there, than that it was absolutely depicted. However, we sat down, at the high table—precisely as you may remember it in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and elegant repast. The Principal did me the honour of placing me at his right hand. Grace was no sooner said, than Mr. Lewis made his appearance, and seemed to view the scene before him with mingled delight and astonishment. He had, in fact, just completed his sketch of the monastery, and was well satisfied at seeing me in such quarters, and so occupied. The brethren were also well pleased to receive him, but first begged to have a glance at the drawing—with which they were highly gratified.

My companion having joined the festive board, the conversation, and the cups of Rhenish wine, seemed equally to circulate without restraint. We were cheerful, even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter. Meantime, the sun threw his radiant beams through a window of noble dimensions, quite across the saloon—so as to keep us in shadow, and illuminate the other parts of the room. Thus we were cool, but the day without had begun to be sultry. Behind me, or rather between the Abbot and myself, stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant—of large, square dimensions—habited in a black gown, which scarcely reached the skirts of his coat. He spake not; he moved not; save when he saw my glass emptied, which without any previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling ... even to the very brim!... with the most highly flavoured Rhenish wine which I had yet tasted in Germany. Our glasses being of the most capacious dimensions, it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process; and I told the worthy master of the table that we should be quickly revelling in our cups. He assured me that the wine, although good, was weak; but begged that I would consider myself at liberty to act as I pleased.

In due time, the cloth was cleared; and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced; tall, square, and capacious; which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavour. It proved indeed to be most exquisite. The past labours of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to every thing which I tasted; and, in the full flow of my spirits, I proposed—a sentiment, which I trusted would be considered as perfectly orthodox—"Long life, and happy times



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to the present members, and increasing prosperity to, the monastery of Goettwic." It was received and drank with enthusiasm. The Abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, some years ago, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna; and he spoke of that nobleman's intelligent conversation, and amiable manners, in a way which did him great credit. "Come, Sir;" said he: "you shall not find me ungrateful. I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation who is resident at Vienna. May the union between your country and ours become indissoluble." I then requested that we might withdraw; as the hours were flying away, and as we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna on that same evening.

"Your wishes shall be mine," answered the Abbot. Whereupon he rose—with all the company—and stepping some few paces backwards, placed his hands across his breast upon the gold cross; half closed his eyes; and said grace—briefly and softly; in a manner the most impressive which I had ever witnessed. We then quickly left the noble room in which we had been banquetting, and prepared to visit the church and what might be called the state apartments, which we had not before seen. After the rooms at St. Florian, there was not much particularly to admire in those of Goettwic: except that they appeared to be better lighted, and most of them commanded truly enchanting views of the Danube and of the surrounding country. In one room, of smaller dimensions, ornamented chiefly in white and gold (if I remember rightly) a *Collection of Prints* was kept; but those which I saw were not very remarkable for their antiquity, or for their beauty of subject or of impression. The sun was now getting low, and we had a stage of at least fourteen miles to accomplish ere we could think of retiring to rest.

"Show us now, worthy Sir, your crypt and church; and then, with pain be it pronounced, we must bid you farewell. Within little more than two hours, darkness will have covered the earth." Such was my remark to the Abbot; who replied: "Say not so: we cannot part with you yet. At any rate you must not go without a testimony of the respect we entertain for the object of your visit. Those who love books, will not object to increase their own stock by a copy of our CHRONICON GOTWICENSE—commenced by one of my learned predecessors, but alas! never completed. Come with me to my room, before we descend to the church, and receive the work in question." Upon which, the amiable Head of the monastery set off, at rather a hurried pace, with myself by the side of him, along several corridors—towards his own apartment, to present me with this Chronicle. I received it with every demonstration of respect—and entreated the Abbot to inscribe a "*dono dedit*" in the fly leaf, which would render it yet more valuable in my estimation.[108] He cheerfully complied with this request. The courtesy, the frankness, the downright heartiness of feeling with which all this was done—together with the value of the present—rendered it one of the most delightful moments of my existence. I instinctively caught the Abbot's arm, pressed his hand with a cordial warmth between



both of mine—and pausing one little moment, exclaimed “*Dies hic omnino commemoratione dignus!*”

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A sort of sympathetic shouting succeeded; for, by this time, the whole of our party had reached the Abbot's rooms. I now requested, to be immediately taken to the church; and within five minutes we were in the crypt. It scarcely merits one word of description on the score of antiquity; and may be, at the farthest, somewhere about three centuries old. The church is small and quite unpretending, as a piece of architecture. On quitting the church, and passing through the last court, or smaller quadrangle, we came to the outer walls: and leaving them, we discerned—below—the horses, carriage, and valet ... waiting to receive us. Our amiable Host and his Benedictin brethren determined to walk a little way down the hill, to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be; but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands very cordially together, but certainly I pressed those of the Abbot more earnestly than the rest. We then saluted by uncovering; and, stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the first volume of the GOETTWIC CHRONICLE—exclaiming ... "*Valete, Domini eruditissimi: dies hic commemoratione dignus:*" to which the Abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, "*Vale: Deus te, omnesque tibi charissimos, conservet.*" They then stopped for a moment ... as the horses began to be put in motion ... and retracing their steps up the hill, towards the outer gate of the monastery, disappeared. I thought—but it might not be so—that I discerned the Abbot, at the distance of some two hundred yards, yet lingering alone—with his right arm raised, and shaking it as the last and most affectionate token of farewell.

The evening was serene and mild; and the road, although a cross way, was perfectly sound—winding through a country of fertility and picturesque beauty. We saw few vineyards: but those which met our eyes showed the grape to be in its full purple tint, if not beginning to ripen. I had resolved upon stopping to sleep at *Sirghartskirchen* within two stages of Vienna—thus avoiding the post town of *Perschling*, which is situated in the direct road to Vienna from *St. Poelten*—which latter place, as you may remember, we had left in the morning. Before the darker shades of evening began to prevail, we turned round to catch a farewell glance of the hospitable monastery which we had left behind—and were lucky in viewing it, (scarcely less than seven or eight miles in our rear) just as the outline of its pinnacles could be discerned against a clear, and yet almost brilliant, sky.

It was quite dark, and nearer upon eleven than ten o'clock, when we entered the insignificant post town of *Sirghartskirchen*—where we stretched our limbs rather than reposed; and after a hasty, but not very ill provided breakfast, the next morning, we pushed on for *Burkersdorf*, the last post town on that side of Vienna. It may be about nine English miles from Burkersdorf to the capital; of which the greater part is rather agreeable than otherwise. It was here, as in approaching Strasbourg, that I turned my eyes in all directions to catch an early glimpse of the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral, but in vain. At length, to the right, we saw the magnificent chateau of *Schoenbrunn*.

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The road now became flat and sandy, and the plains in the vicinity of the capital destitute of trees. “Voila la Cathedrale!” shouted the valet. It was to the left, or rather a little in front: of a tapering, spire-like form: but, seeing only a small portion of it—the lower part being concealed by the intervening rising ground—I could form no judgment of its height. We now neared the suburbs, which are very extensive, and swarming with population. I learnt that they entirely surrounded the capital, in an equal state of populousness. The barriers were now approached: and all the fears, which my accidental travelling acquaintance at Augsburg had put into my head, began to revive and to take possession of me. But what has an honest man to fear? “Search closely (observed I to the principal examining officer) for I suspect that there is something contraband at the bottom of the trunk. Do you forbid the importation of an old Greek manual of devotion?”—said I, as I saw him about to lay his hand upon the precious Aldine volume, of which such frequent mention has been already made. The officer did not vouchsafe even to open the leaves—treating it, questionless, with a most sovereign contempt; but crying, “bah!—vous pouvez bien passer,” he replaced the things which he had very slightly discomposed, and added that he wished all contraband articles to consist of similar materials. We parted with mutual smiles; but I thought there lingered something like a feeling of reproach, in the last quiver or turn of his lip, at my not having slipped two or three florins into his hand—which was broad and brawny enough to have grasped threescore or a hundred. “I will remember you on my return,”—exclaimed I, as the carriage drove off. He gave me a most sceptical shake of the head, as he retreated into his little tenement, like a mastiff into his kennel.

The whole of VIENNA, as it now seemed—with its cathedral, churches, palaces, and ramparts—was before us. As we approached the chief entrance, or gateway, I recognised the *Imperial Library*; although it was only a back view of it. In truth, it appeared to be just as I remembered it in the vignette-frontispiece of Denis’s folio catalogue of the Latin Theological MSS. contained in the same library. My memory proved to be faithful; for we were assured that the building in view was the library in question. It was our intention to take up our quarters at the principal inn, called the *Empress of Austria*; and, with this view, we drove up to the door of that hotel: but a tall, full-dressed man, with a broad sash across his body, and a silver-tipped staff in his right hand, marched pompously up to the door of the carriage, took off his hat, and informed us with great solemnity that “the hotel was entirely filled, and that his master could not have the honour of entertaining us.” On receiving this intelligence, we were comforted by the assurance, on the part of the post-boy and valet, that the second hotel, called the *Crown of Hungary*,—and situated in the *Himelfort Gasse*, or *Heaven-gate Street*—was in every respect as desirable as that which we were compelled to quit. Accordingly we alighted at the door of the *Hungarische Krone*—equally marvelling, all the way thither, at the enormous size of the houses, and at the narrowness of the streets.

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But it is time to terminate this epistle. Yet I must not fail informing you, that every thing strikes me as approximating very much to my own native country. The countenances, the dresses, the manners of the inhabitants, are very nearly English. My apartments are gay as well as comfortable. A green-morocco sofa, beneath a large and curiously cut looking-glass—with chairs having velvet seats, and wainscot and ceiling very elegantly painted and papered—all remind me that I am in a respectable hotel. A strange sight occupied my attention the very first morning after my arrival. As the day broke fully into my room—it might be between five and six o'clock—I heard a great buzzing of voices in the street. I rose, and looking out of window, saw, from one end of the street to the other, a countless multitude of women—sitting, in measured ranks, with pots of cream and butter before them. It was in fact the chief market day for fruit, cream, and butter; and the *Himelfort Gasse* is the principal mart for the sale of these articles. The weather has recently become milder, and I feel therefore in better trim for the attack upon the IMPERIAL LIBRARY, where I deliver my credentials, or introductory letters, to-morrow. God bless you.

[97] St. FLORIAN was a soldier and sufferer in the time of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximinian. He perished in the tenth and last persecution of the Christian Church by the Romans. The judge, who condemned him to death, was Aquilinus. After being importuned to renounce the Christian religion, and to embrace the Pagan creed, as the only condition of his being rescued from an immediate and cruel death, St. Florian firmly resisted all entreaties; and shewed a calmness, and even joyfulness of spirits, in proportion to the stripes inflicted upon him previous to execution. He was condemned to be thrown into the river, from a bridge, with a stone fastened round his neck. The soldiers at first hesitated about carrying the judgment of Aquilinus into execution. A pause of an hour ensued: which was employed by St. Florian in prayer and ejaculation! A furious young man then rushed forward, and precipitated the martyr into the river: "Fluvius autem suscipiens martyrem Christi, expavit, et elevatis undis suis, in quodam eminentiori loco in saxo corpus ejus deposuit. Tunc annuente favore divino, adveniens aquila, expansis alis suis in modum crucis, eum protegebat." *Acta Sanctorum; Mens. Maii*, vol. i. p. 463. St. Florian is a popular saint both in Bavaria and Austria. He is usually represented in armour, pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house, or a city, in flames, which is represented below. Raderus, in his *Bavaria Sacra*, vol. i. p. 8, is very particular about this monastery, and gives a list of the pictures above noticed,

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on the authority of Sebastianus ab Adelzhausen, the head of the monastery at that time; namely in 1615. He also adorns his pages with a copper cut of the martyr about to be precipitated into the river, from the bank—with his hands tied behind him, without any stone about his neck. But the painting, as well as the text of the *Acta Sanctorum*, describes the precipitation as from a bridge. The form of the Invocation to the Saint is, “O MARTYR and SAINT, FLORIAN, keep us, we beseech thee, by night and by day, from all harm by FIRE, or from other casualties of this life.”

[98] “Nostris vero temporibus Reverendissimi Praepositi studio augustum sanctum templum raro marmore affatim emicans, paucisque invidens assurexit.” This is the language of the *Germania Austriaca, seu Topographia Omnium Germaniae Provinciarum*, 1701, folio, p. 16: when speaking of THE MONASTERY of ST. FLORIAN.

[99] See p. 78, ante.

[100] It may be only sufficient to carry it as far back as the twelfth century. What precedes that period is, as usual, obscure and unsatisfactory. The monastery was originally of the *Benedictin* order; but it was changed to the *Augustine* order by Engelbert. After this latter, Altman reformed and put it upon a most respectable footing—in 1080. He was, however, a severe disciplinarian. Perhaps the crypt mentioned by M. Klein might be of the latter end of the XIIIth century; but no visible portion of the superincumbent building can be older than the XVIth century.

[101] The history of this monastery is sufficiently fertile in marvellous events; but my business is to be equally brief and sober in the account of it. In the *Scriptores Rerum Austriacarum* of Pez, vol. i. col. 162-309, there is a chronicle of the monastery, from the year of its foundation to 1564, begun to be written by an anonymous author in 1132, and continued to the latter period by other coeval writers—all monks of the monastery. It is printed by Pez for the first time—and he calls it “an ancient and genuine chronicle.” The word Moelk, or Moelck,—or, as it appears in the first map in the *Germania Austriaca, seu Topographia Omnium Germaniae Provinciarum*, 1701, fol. Melck—was formerly written “Medilicense, Medlicense, Medicum, Medlich, and Medelick, or

Mellicense.” This anonymous chronicle, which concludes at col. 290, is followed by “a short chtonicle of Conrad de Wizenberg,” and “an anonymous history of the Foundation of the Monastery,” compared with six other MSS. of the same kind in the library at Moelk. The whole is concluded by “an ancient Necrology of the Monastery,” commenced in the XIIth century, from a vellum MS. of the same date.

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In the *Monasteriologia of Stengelius*, we have a list of the Heads or Primates of Moelk, beginning with Sigiboldus, in 1089, (who was the first that succeeded Leopold, the founder) down to Valentinus, in 1638; who was living when the author published his work. There is also a copper-plate print of a bird's eye view of the monastery, in its ancient state, previously to the restoration of it, in its present form, by DIETMAYR.

[102] [The late Duke.]

[103] I do not however find it in the *Notitia Literaria* prefixed to the edition of Horace, published by Mitscherlich in 1800: see vol. i. p. xxvi. where he notices the MSS. of the poet which are deposited in the libraries of Germany.

[104] It was not till my arrival at Manheim, on my return to Paris, that I received the “definitive reply” of the worthy Sub-Principal—which was after the following manner. “Monsieur—La lettre du 21 Septembre, que vous m’avez faite l’honneur de m’écrire, je ne l’ai recue que depuis peu, c’est-a-dire, depuis le retour de mon voyage. Les scrupules que vous faites touchant l’échange des livres, ont ete leves par vous-meme dans l’instant que vous en avez faites la proposition. Mais, malheureusement, la lettre qui devait apporter la confirmation du Prelat, n’a apportee que la triste nouvelle de sa mort. Vous sentez bien, que des ce moment il ne sauroit plus etre question de rien. Je ne doute pas, que quoique aucun livre ancien ne soit jusqu’a ce moment sorti de la Bibliotheque du Couvent, le Prelat n’eut fait une exception honorable en egard a l’illustre personnage auquel ces livres ont ete destines et a la collection unique d’un art, a fait naitre toutes les bibliotheques, &c. J’ai l’honneur, &c. votre tres humble et tres obeisant serviteur,”

[Autograph]

[105] In an octavo volume published by a Dr. Cadet, who was a surgeon in Bonaparte’s army in the campaign in Austria, in 1809, and who entitles his work—*Voyage en Autriche, en Moravie, et en Baviere*—published at Paris in 1818—we are favoured with a slight but spirited account of the monastery of Moelk—of the magnificence of its structure, and of the views seen from thence: but, above all, of the PRODUCE OF ITS CELLARS. The French Generals were lodged there, in their route to Vienna; and the Doctor, after telling us of the extent of the vaults, and that a carriage might be turned with ease in some of them, adds, “in order to have an idea of the abundance which reigns there, it may be sufficient only to observe, that, for four successive days, during the march of our troops through Moelk, towards Vienna,



there were delivered to them not less than from 50 to 60,000 pints of wine per day—and

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yet scarcely one half of the stock was exhausted!

The monastery, however, only contains twelve Religieux. The interior of the church is covered with such a profusion of gilt and rich ornaments, that when the sun shines full upon it, it is difficult to view it without being dazzled." Page 79.

The old monastery of Moelk successfully stood a siege of three months, against the Hungarians, in the year 1619. See *Germ. Austriaca*, &c. p. 18.

[106] [The Abbe Strattman SURVIVED the above interview only about *five* years. I hope and trust that the worthy Vice Principal is as well NOW, as he was about three years ago, when my excellent friend Mr. Lodge, the Librarian of the University of Cambridge, read to him an off-hand German version of the whole of this account of my visit to his Monastery.]

[107] This history has come down to us from well authenticated materials; however, in the course of its transmission, it may have been partially coloured with fables and absurdities. The Founder of the Monastery was ALTMANN, Bishop of Passau; who died in the year 1091, about twenty years after the foundation of the building. The two ancient biographies of the Founder, each by a Monk or Principal of the monastery, are introduced into the collection of Austrian historians by *Pez*; vol. i. col. 112-162. Stengelius has a bird's eye view of the monastery as it appeared in 1638, and before the principal suite of apartments was built. But it is yet in an unfinished state; as the view of it from the copper-plate engraving, at page 248 ante, represents it with the *intended* additions and improvements. These latter, in all probability, will never be carried into effect. This monastery enjoyed, of old, great privileges and revenues. It had twenty-two parish churches—four towns—several villages, &c. subject to its ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and these parishes, together with the monastery itself, were not under the visitation of the Diocesan (of Passau) but of the Pope himself. Stengelius (*Monasteriologia*, sign. C) speaks of the magnificent views seen from the summit of the monastery, on a clear day; observing, however, (even in his time) that it was without springs or wells, and that it received the rain water in leaden cisterns. "Caeterum (adds he) am[oen]issimum et plane aspectu jucundissimum habet situm." Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, this monastery appears to have taken the noble form under which it is at present beheld. It has not

however escaped from more than *one* severe visitation by the Turks.

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[108] On my arrival in England, I was of course equally anxious and happy to place the CHRONICON GOETWICENSE in the library at Althorp. But I have not, in the text above, done full justice to the liberality of the present Abbot of the monastery. He gave me, in addition, a copy—of perhaps a still scarcer work—entitled “*Notitia Austriae Antiquae et Mediae seu tam Norici Veteris quam Pagi et Marchae, &c.*” by MAGNUS KLEIN, Abbot of the monastery, and of which the first volume only was published “typis Monasterii Tegernseensis,” in 1781, 4to. This appears to be a very learned and curious work. And here ... let me be allowed for the sake of all lovers of autographs of good and great men—to close this note with a fac-simile of the hand writing (in the “*dono dedit*”—as above mentioned) of the amiable and erudite donor of these acceptable volumes. It is faithfully thus:—the *original* scription will only, I trust, perish with the book:

[Autograph]

## LETTER X.

### IMPERIAL LIBRARY. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS AND EARLY PRINTED BOOKS.

VIENNA; *Hotel of the Crown of Hungary*, Sept. 9, 1818.

It gave me the sincerest pleasure, my dear friend, to receive your letter... only a very few hours after the transmission of my last. At such a distance from those we love and esteem, you can readily imagine the sort of *comfort* which such communications impart. I was indeed rejoiced to hear of the health and welfare of your family, and of that of our friend \* \*, who is indeed not only a thorough-bred *Rorburgher*, but a truly excellent and amiable man. The account of the last anniversary-meeting of the Club has, however, been a little painful to me; inasmuch as it proves that a sort of *heresy* has crept into the Society—which your Vice-President, on his return, will labour as effectually as he can to eradicate.[109]

I had anticipated your wishes. You tell me, “send all you can collect about the IMPERIAL LIBRARY of Vienna; its MSS. and printed books: its treasures in the shape of *Fifteeners* and *Sixteeners*: in short, be copious (say you) in your description.” The present letter will at least convince you that I have not been sparing in the account solicited; and, in truth, I am well pleased to postpone a description of the buildings, and usual sights and diversions of this metropolis, until I shall have passed a few more days here, and had fuller opportunities of making myself acquainted with details. Compared with every other architectural interior which I have yet seen, this LIBRARY is beyond doubt the most magnificent in its structure. But if my admiration be thus great of the

building, and of the *books*, it is at least equally so of *those* who have the *management* of them. You must know that

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I arrived here at a very unfortunate moment for bibliographical research. The holidays of the librarians commence at the latter end of August, and continue 'till the end of September. I had no sooner delivered my letter of introduction to the well known *Mons. ADAM DE BARTSCH*—an Aulic Counsellor, and chief Director of the Library—than he stepped backward with a thoughtful and even anxious brow. “What is the matter, Sir, am I likely to be intrusive?” “My good friend”—replied he—taking my arm with as pleasant an air of familiarity as if I had been an old acquaintance—“you have visited us at a most unlucky moment: but let me turn the matter over in my mind, and you shall have my determination on the morrow.”

That “determination” was as agreeable as it was unexpected; and really on my part—without the least affectation—unmerited. “I have been talking the matter over with my brethren and coadjutors in the library-department, (said M. Bartsch) and we have agreed—considering the great distance and expense of your journey—to give you an extra week’s research among our books. We will postpone our regular trip to *Baden*,—whither the court, the noblesse, and our principal citizens at present resort—in order that you may have an opportunity of perfecting your enquiries. You will of course make the most of your time.” I thanked M. Bartsch heartily and unfeignedly for his extreme civility and kindness, and told him that he should not find me either slothful or ungrateful. In person M. Bartsch is shorter than myself; but very much stouter. He is known in the graphic world chiefly by his *Le Peintre Graveur*; a very skilful, and indeed an invaluable production, in sixteen or eighteen octavo volumes—illustrated with some curious fac-similes. He is himself an artist of no ordinary ability; and his engravings, especially after some of Rubens’s pictures, are quite admirable. Few men have done so much at his time of life, and borne the effect of so much strenuous toil, so well as himself. He is yet gay in spirit, vigorous in intellect, and sound in judgment; and the simplicity of his character and manners (for in truth we are become quite intimate) is most winning.[110] Messrs. PAYNE and KOPITAR are the Librarians who more immediately attend to the examination of the books. The former is an Abbe—somewhat stricken in years, and of the most pleasing and simple manners. I saw little of him, as he was anxious for the breezes of Baden; but I saw enough to regret that he would not meet his brother librarians at the hotel of the *Crown of Hungary*, where I had prepared the best fare in my power to entertain them.[111]

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M. Kopitar is an invaluable labourer in this bibliographical vineyard. I had formerly seen him while he was in England; when he came with Mr. Henry Foss to St. James's Place, to examine the *Aldine volumes*, and especially those printed upon vellum. He himself reminded me of the chary manner in which I seemed to allow him to handle those precious tomes. "You would scarcely permit me (said he smilingly) to hold them half a minute in my hands: but I will not treat you after the same fashion. You shall handle *our* vellum books, whether in ms. or in print, as long and as attentively as you please." I felt the rebuke as it became a *preu* chevalier in bibliography to feel it. "I am indebted to you, M. Kopitar, (said I, in reply) in more senses than *one*— on this my visit to your Imperial Library." "But (observed he quickly) you only did what you *ought* to have done." All power of rejoinder was here taken away. M. Kopitar is a thoroughly good scholar, and is conversant in the Polish, German, Hungarian, and Italian languages. He is now expressly employed upon the *Manuscripts*; but he told me (almost with a sigh!) that he had become so fond of the *Fifteeners*, that he reluctantly complied with the commands of his superiors in entering on the ms. department.

Before I lay my *Catalogue Raisonne* of such books as I have examined, before you, it is right and fitting that I make some mention of the REPOSITORY in which these books are placed. In regard to the dimensions of the library, and the general leading facts connected with the erection of the building, as well as the number of the books, my authority is perhaps the best that can be adduced: namely, that of *Mons. de Bartsch* himself. Know then, my good friend, that the Imperial Library of Vienna is built over a succession of arched vaults, which are made to contain the carriages of the Emperor.

You ascend a broad staircase, to the left, which is lined with fragments of Greek and Roman antiquities. Almost the first room which you enter, is the Reading Room. This may hold about thirty students comfortably, but I think I saw more than forty on my first entrance: of whom several, with the invincible phlegm of their country, were content to stand—leaning against the wall, with their books in their hands. This room is questionless too small for the object to which it is applied; and as it is the fashion, in this part of the world, seldom or never to open the windows, the effect of such an atmosphere of hydrogen is most revolting to sensitive nerves. When the door was opened ... which at once gave me the complete length view of the GRAND LIBRARY ... I was struck with astonishment! Such another sight is surely no where to be seen.[112] The airiness, the height, the splendour, the decorative minutiae of the whole—to say nothing of the interminable rows of volumes of all sizes, and in all colours of morocco binding—put



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every thing else out of my recollection. The floor is of red and white marble, diamond-wise. I walked along it, with M. Bartsch on my right hand and M. Kopitar on my left, as if fearful to scratch its polished surface:—first gazing upon the paintings of the vaulted roof, and then upon the statues and globes, alternately, below—while it seemed as if the power of expressing the extent of my admiration, had been taken from me. At length I reached the central compartment of this wonderful room, which is crowned with a sort of oval and very lofty cupola, covered with a profusion of fresco paintings. In the centre, below, stands a whole-length statue, in white marble, of CHARLES VI., under whose truly imperial patronage this library was built. Around him are sixteen whole length statues of certain Austrian Marshals, also in white marble; while the books, or rather folios, (almost wholly bound in red morocco) which line the sides of the whole of this transept division of the room, were pointed out to me as having belonged to the celebrated hero, PRINCE EUGENE. Illustrious man!—thought I to myself—it is a taste like THIS which will perpetuate thy name, and extol thy virtues, even when the memory of thy prowess in arms shall have faded away! “See yonder”—observed M. Bartsch—“there are, I know not how many, atlas folios of that Prince’s collection of PRINTS. It is thought to be unrivalled.”

“But where (replied I) is the *statue* of this heroic collector, to whom your library is probably indebted for its choicest treasures? Tell me, who are these marshals that seem to have no business in such a sanctuary of the Muses—while I look in vain for the illustrious Eugene?” There was more force in this remark than I could have possibly imagined—for my guide was silent as to the names of these Austrian marshals, and seemed to admit, that PRINCE EUGENE... *ought* to have been there. “But is it *too late* to erect his statue? Cannot he displace one of these nameless marshals, who are in attitude as if practising the third step of the *Minuet de la Cour*?” “Doucement, doucement, mon ami ... (replied M.B.) il faut considerer un peu....” “Well, well—be it so: let me now continue my general observation of the locale of this magical collection.” M.B. readily allowed me; and seemed silently to enjoy the gratification which I felt and expressed.

I then walked leisurely to the very extremity of the room; continuing to throw a rapid, but not uninterested glance upon all the accessories of gilding, carved work, paintings, and statuary, with which the whole seemed to be in a perfect blaze. I paced the library in various directions; and found, at every turn or fresh point of view, a new subject of surprise and admiration. There is a noble gallery, made of walnut tree, ornamented with gilding and constructed in a manner at once light and substantial, which runs from one extremity of the interior to the other. It is a master-piece of art in its way. Upon

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the whole, there is no furnishing you with any very correct notion of this really matchless public library. At the further end of the room, to the left, is a small door; which, upon opening, brings you into the interior of a moderately sized, plain room, where the *Fifteeners* are lodged. The very first view of these ancient tomes caused a certain palpitation of the heart. But neither this sort of book-jewel room, nor the large library just described—leading to it—are visited without the special license of the Curators: a plan, which as it respects the latter room, is, I submit, exceedingly absurd; for, what makes a noble book-room look more characteristic and inviting, than its being *well filled with students*? Besides, on the score of health and comfort—at least in the summer months—such a plan is almost absolutely requisite.

The MANUSCRIPTS are contained in a room, to the right, as you enter: connected with the small room where M. Bartsch, as commander-in-chief, regularly takes his station—from thence issuing such orders to his officers as best contribute to the well-being of the establishment. The MS. room is sufficiently large and commodious, but without any architectural pretensions. It may be about forty feet long. Here I was first shewn, among the principal curiosities, a *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus coercendis*: a sort of police ordonnance, on a metal plate—supposed to have been hung up in some of the public offices at Rome nearly 200 years before the birth of Christ. It is doubtless a great curiosity, and invaluable as an historical document—as far as it goes. Here is a *map*, upon vellum, of the *Itinerary of Theodosius the Great*, of the fourth century; very curious, as exhibiting a representation of the then known world, in which the most extraordinary ignorance of the relative position of countries prevails. I understood that both *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* were marked on this map. One of the most singular curiosities, of the antiquarian kind, is a long leather roll of *Mexican hieroglyphics*, which was presented to the Emperor Charles V., by Ferdinand Cortez. There are copies of these hieroglyphics, taken from a copper plate; but the solution of them, like most of those from Egypt, will always be perhaps a point of dispute with the learned.

But the objects more particularly congenial with *my* pursuits, were, as you will naturally guess, connected rather with *vellum MSS.* of the *Scriptures* and *Classics*: and especially did I make an instant and earnest enquiry about the famous fragment of the BOOK OF GENESIS, of the fourth century, of which I had before read so much in Lambecius, and concerning which my imagination was, strangely enough, wrought up to a most extraordinary pitch. “Place before me that fragment, good M. Kopitar,” said I eagerly—“and you shall for ever have my best thanks.” “*That*, and

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every thing else (replied he) is much at your service: fix only your hours of attendance, and our treasures are ready for your free examination." This was as it should be. I enter therefore at once, my good friend, upon the task of giving you a Catalogue Raisonne of those MSS. which it was my good fortune to examine in the nine or ten days conceded to me for that purpose; and during which I seemed to receive more than ordinary attention and kindness from the principal librarians.

FRAGMENT OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS—undoubtedly of the end of the fourth century, at earliest. This fragment is a collection of twenty-four leaves, in a folio form, measuring twelve inches by ten, of a small portion of the Book of Genesis, written in large Greek capital letters of gold and silver, now much faded, upon a purple ground. Every page of these twenty-four leaves is embellished with a painting, or illumination, coloured after nature, purposely executed *below* the text, so that it is a running *graphic* illustration—as we should say—of the subject above.

There is too small a portion of the TEXT to be of much critical importance, but I believe this Greek text to be the *oldest extant* of sacred writ: and therefore I rejoiced on viewing this venerable and precious relic of scriptural antiquity. Lambecius and Mabillon have given fac-similes of it; and I think Montfaucon also—in his *Palaeographia Graeca*. At the end of this fragment, are four pages of the *Gospel of St. Luke*—or, rather, figures of the four Evangelists; which are also engraved by Lambecius, and, from him, by Nesselius and Kollarus.[113]

SACRAMENTARIUM, SEU MISSA PAPAE GREGORII, an oblong large octavo, or small folio form. I own I have doubts about calling this volume a contemporaneous production; that is to say, of the latter end of the sixth century. The exterior, which, on the score of art, is more precious than the interior, is doubtless however of a very early period. It consists of an ivory figure of St. Jerome, guarded by a brass frame. The character of the interior, as to its scription, does not appear to be older than the tenth century.

GERMAN BIBLE of the EMPEROR WENCESLAUS, in six folio volumes. This too was another of the particularly curious MSS. which, since the account of it in my Decameron, I had much desired to see. It is, upon the whole, an imperial production: but as extraordinary, and even whimsical, as it is magnificent. Of these six volumes, only three are illuminated; and of the third, only two third parts are finished. The text is a large lower-case gothic letter, very nearly a quarter of an inch in height. The ornamental or border illuminations have more grace and beauty than the subjects represented; although, to the eye of an antiquarian virtuoso, the representations of the unfortunate monarch will be the most interesting.

I should notice by the way, on the competent authority of M. Kopitar, that this German version of the Bible is one of the most ancient extant. These books have suffered, in the binding, from the trenchant tools of the artist. The gold in the illuminations is rather bright than refulgent.

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I now proceed with an account of some other MSS. appertaining to Scripture; and hasten to introduce to your notice a magnificent folio volume, entitled EVANGELISTARIUM, with a lion's head in the centre of the exterior binding, surrounded by golden rays, and having a lion's head in each corner of the square. The whole is within an arabesque border. There can be no doubt of the binding being of the time of Frederick III. of the middle of the fourteenth century; and it is at once splendid and tasteful. The book measures nearly fifteen inches by ten. The inside almost surpasses any thing of the kind I have seen. The vellum is smooth, thin, and white—and the colours are managed so as to have almost a faery like effect. Each page is surrounded with a light blue frame, having twisted flowers for corner ornaments: the whole of a quiet, soft tint, not unlike what appears in the Bible of Wenceslaus. Every line is written in a tall, broad gothic letter—and every letter is *gold*. But the illuminations merit every commendation. They are of various kinds. Some are divided into twelve compartments: but the initial L, to the first page, *L[iber Generationis]* is the most tasteful, as well as elaborate thing I ever saw.[114] The figures of angels, on the side, and at bottom, have even the merit of Greek art. A large illumination of our Saviour, with the Virgin and Joseph below, closes the volume: which really can hardly be sufficiently admired. The date of the text is 1368.

I shall now give you an account of a few MISSALS of a higher order on the score of art. And first, let me begin with a beautiful FLEMISH MISSAL, in 8vo.: in the most perfect state of preservation—and with the costliest embellishments—as well as with a good number of drolleries *dotted* about the margins. The frame work, to the larger subjects, is composed of gothic architecture. I am not sure that I have seen any thing which equals the *drolleries*—for their variety, finish, and exquisite condition. The vellum is not to be surpassed. What gives this book an additional value is, that it was once the property of Charles V.: for, on the reverse of fol. 157, at bottom, is the following memorandum in his hand writing: *Afin que le loye de vous recommande accepte bonne Dame cest mis sy en escript vostre vray bon mestre.* CHARLES. A lovely bird, in the margin, is the last illumination. In the whole, there are 179 leaves.

The next article is a LARGE MISSAL, in letters of gold and silver, upon black paper: a very extraordinary book—and, to me, unique. The first illumination shews the arms of Milan and Austria, quarterly, surrounded by an elaborate gold border. The text is in letters of silver—tall stout gothic letters—with the initial letters of gold. Some of the subjects are surrounded by gold borders, delightfully and gracefully disposed in circles and flowers. At the bottom of the page, which faces the descent of the Holy Ghost, is a fool upon horseback—very singular—and very spiritedly touched. The binding is of red velvet, with a representation of the cloven tongues at the day of Pentecost in silver-gilt.

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A third MISSAL, of the same beautiful character, is of an octavo form. The two first illuminations are not to be exceeded, of their kind. The borders, throughout, are arabesque, relieved by *cameo gris*,—with heads, historical subjects, and every thing to enchant the eye and warm the heart of a tasteful antiquary. The writing is a black, large, gothic letter, not unlike the larger gothic font used by Ratdolt. The vellum is beautiful. The binding is in the Grolier style.

The last and not the least, in the estimation of a competent judge of MSS.,—is, a German version of the HORTULUS ANIMAE of S. Brant. The volume in question is undoubtedly among the loveliest books in the Imperial Library. The character, or style of art, is not uncommon; but such a series of sweetly drawn, and highly finished subjects, is hardly any where to be seen—and certainly no where to be eclipsed. I should say the art was rather Parisian than Flemish. The first in the series, is the following; executed for me by M. Fendi. It occurs where the illuminations usually commence, at the foot of the first page of the first Psalm. Observe, I beseech you, how tranquilly the boat glides along, and how comfortable the party appears. It is a hot day, and they have cut down some branches from the trees to fasten in the sides of the boat—in order to screen them from the heat of the sun. The flagon of wine is half merged in the cooling stream—so that, when they drink, their thirst will be more effectually quenched. There are viands, in the basket, beside the rower; and the mingled sounds of the flageolets and guitar seem to steal upon your ear as you gaze at the happy party—and, perhaps, long to be one of them!

[Illustration]

A hundred similar sweet things catch the eye as one turns over the spotless leaves of this snow-white book. But the very impressive scene of Christ asleep, watched by angels—(with certain musical instruments in their hands, of which M. Kopitar could not tell me the names,) together with another illumination of Mary, and Joseph in the distance, can hardly be described with justice. The Apostles and Saints are large half lengths. St. Anthony, with the devil in the shape of a black pig beneath his garment, is cleverly managed; but the head is too large. Among the female figures, what think you of MARY MAGDALENE—as here represented? And where will you find female penance put to a severer trial? I apprehend the box, in front of her, to be a *pix*, containing the consecrated elements.

[Illustration]

I now proceed to give you some account of MSS. of a different character: *classical*, *historical*, and appertaining to *Romance*—which seemed to me to have more particular claims upon the attention of the curious. The famous Greek DIOSCORIDES shall lead the way. This celebrated MS. is a large, thick, imperial quarto; measuring nearly fifteen inches by twelve. The vellum is thin, and of a silky and beautiful texture. The colours in the earlier illuminations are thickly coated and glazed, but very much rubbed; and the

faces are sometimes hardly distinguishable. The supposed portrait of Dioscorides (engraved—as well as a dozen other of these illuminations—in Lambecius, &c.) is the most perfect.



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The plants are on one side of the leaf, the text is on the other. The former are, upon the whole, delicately and naturally coloured. At the end, there is an ornithological treatise, which is very curious for the colouring of the birds. This latter treatise is written in a smaller Greek capital letter than the first; but M. Kopitar supposes it to be as ancient. We know from an indisputably coeval date, that this precious MS. was executed by order of the Empress Juliana Anicia in the year of Christ 505. There is a smaller MS. of Dioscorides, of a more recent date, in which the plants are coloured, and executed—one, two, or three, in number—upon the rectos of the leaves, with the text below, in two columns. Both the illuminations and the text are of inferior execution to those of the preceding MS. Montfaucon, who never saw the larger, makes much of the smaller MS.; which scarcely deserves comparison with it.

PHILOSTRATUS; Lat. This is the MS. which belonged to Matthias Corvinus—and of which the illuminations are so beautiful, that Nesselius has thought it worth while to give a fac-simile of the first—from whence I gave a portion to the public in the *Bibliog. Decameron*.<sup>[115]</sup> I think that I may safely affirm, that the two illuminations, which face each other at the beginning, are the finest, in every respect, which I have seen of that period; but they have been sadly damaged. The two or three other illuminations, by different hands, are much inferior. The vellum and writing are equally charming.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. This copy has the name of *Sambucus* at the bottom of the first illumination, and was doubtless formerly in the collection of Matthias Corvinus—the principal remains of whose magnificent library (although fewer than I had anticipated) are preserved in this collection. The illumination in the MS. just mentioned, is very elegant and pleasing; but the colours are rather too dark and heavy. The intended portrait of the Roman historian, with the arms and supporters below, are in excellent good taste. The initial letters and the vellum are quite delightful. The scription is very good.

LIVIUS: in six folio volumes. We have here a beautiful and magnificent MS. in a fine state of preservation. There is only one illumination in each volume; but that “one” is perhaps the most perfect specimen which can be seen of that open, undulating, arabesque kind of border, which is rather common in print as well as in MS., towards the end of the fifteenth century. These six illuminations, for invention, delicacy, and brilliancy of finish, are infinitely beyond any thing of the kind which I have seen. The vellum is perfectly beautiful. To state which of these illuminations is the most attractive, would be a difficult task; but if you were at my elbow, I should direct your particular attention to that at the beginning of the IXth book of the IVth Decad—especially to the opposite ornament; where two green fishes unite round a circle of gold, with the title, in golden capitals, in the centre. O Matthias Corvinus, thou wert surely the EMPEROR of Book Collectors!

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BOOK OF BLAZONRY, or of ARMS. This is an enormous folio MS. full of heraldic embellishments relating to the HOUSE of Austria. Among these embellishments, the author of the text—who lived in the XVIth century, and who was a very careful compiler—has preserved a genuine, original portrait of LEOPOLD de SEMPACH, of the date of 1386. It is very rarely that you observe portraits of this character, or form, introduced into MSS. of so early a period. A nobler heraldic volume probably does not exist. It is bound in wood, covered with red velvet; and the edges are gilt, over coloured armorial ornaments.

From *such* a volume, the step is both natural and easy to ROMANCES. Sir TRISTAN shall lead the way. Here are *three* MSS. of the feats of that Knight of the Round Table. The first is of the XIIIth century; written in three columns, on a small thick gothic letter. It has some small, and perfect illuminations. This MS. became the property of Prince Eugene. It was taken to Paris, but restored: and has yet the French imperial eagle stamped in red ink. It is indeed a “gloriously ponderous folio.”

A second MS. of the SAME ROMANCE is written in two columns, in a full short gothic letter. It is very large, and the vellum is very perfect. The illuminations, which are larger than those in the preceding MS. are evidently of the early part of the xvth century. This book also belonged to Prince Eugene. It is doubtless a precious volume. A third MS. executed in pale ink, in a kind of secretary gothic letter, is probably of the latter end of the XIVth century. The illuminations are only slightly tinted.

BRUT D'ANGLETTERRE. I should apprehend this MS. to be of the early part of the XIVth century. It is executed in a secretary gothic letter, in double columns, and the ink is much faded in colour. It has but one illumination, which is at the beginning, and much faded. This was also Prince Eugene's copy; and was taken to Paris, but restored.

The last, but perhaps the most valuable in general estimation, of the MSS. examined by me, was the AUTOGRAPH of the GERUSALEMME LIBERATA, or, as formerly called, CONQUISTATA,[116] of Tasso: upon which no accomplished Italian can look but with feelings almost approaching to rapture. The MS. is imperfect; beginning with the xxxth canto of the second book, and ending with the LXth canto of the twenty-third book.

The preceding will probably give you some little satisfaction respecting the MSS. in this very precious collection. I proceed therefore immediately to an account of the PRINTED BOOKS; premising that, after the accounts of nearly similar volumes, described as being in the libraries previously visited, you must not expect me to expatiate quite so copiously as upon former occasions. I have divided the whole into four classes; namely, 1. THEOLOGY; 2. CLASSICS; 3. MISCELLANEOUS, LATIN; (including Lexicography) 4. ITALIAN; and 5. FRENCH and GERMAN, exclusively of Theology. I have also taken the pains of arranging each class in alphabetical order; so that you will consider what follows to be a very sober, and a sort of bibliopolistic, catalogue.

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### THEOLOGY.

AUGUSTINUS (Sts.) DE CIV. DEI. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery, 1467.* Folio. A fine large copy; but not equal to that in the Royal Library at Paris or in Lord Spencer's collection. I should think, however, that this may rank as the third copy for size and condition.

—— *Printed by Jenson.*

1475. Folio. A very beautiful book, printed upon white and delicate VELLUM. Many of the leaves have, however, a bad colour. I suspect this copy has been a good deal cropt in the binding.

AUGUSTINI S. EPISTOLAE. LIBRI XIII. CONFESSIONUM. 1475. Quarto. This volume is printed in long lines, in a very slender roman type, which I do not just now happen to remember to have seen before; and which *almost* resembles the delicacy of the types of the first *Horace*, and the *Florus* and *Lucan*—so often noticed: except that the letters are a little too round in form. The present is a clean, sound copy; unbound.

BIBLIA LATINA. This is the *Mazarine* Edition; supposed to be the first Bible ever printed. The present is far from being a fine copy; but valuable, from possessing the four leaves of a Rubric which I was taught to believe were peculiar to the copy at Munich.[117]

BIBLIA LATINA; *Printed by Pfister*, folio, 3 volumes. I was told that the copy here was upon vellum; but inaccurately. The present was supplied by the late Mr. Edwards; but is not free from stain and writing. Yet, although nothing comparable with the copy in the Royal Library at Paris, or with that in St. James's Place, it is nevertheless a very desirable acquisition—and is quite perfect.

—— *Printed by Fust and Schoeffher.* 1462.

Folio. 2 vols. UPON VELLUM. This was Colbert's copy, and is large, sound, and desirable.

—— *Printed by Mentelin.* Without Date. Perhaps the rarest of all Latin Bibles; of which, however, there is a copy in the royal library at Paris, and in the public libraries of Strasbourg and Munich. I should conjecture its date to be somewhere about 1466.[118] The present is a clean and sound, but much cropt copy.

—— *Printed by Sweynhyem and Pannartz.* Folio. 1471-2, 2 vols. A remarkably fine large copy, almost uncut: in modern russia binding. This must form a portion of the impression by the same printers, with the Commentary of De Lyra, in five folio volumes.



BIBLIA LATINA; *Printed by Hailbrun*. 1476. Folio. Here are *two* copies; of which one is UPON VELLUM, and the other upon paper: both beautiful—but the vellum copy is, I think, in every respect, as lovely a book as Lord Spencer's similar copy. It measures eleven inches one sixteenth by seven one eighth. It has, however, been bound in wretched taste, some fifty years ago, and is a good deal cropt in the binding. The paper copy, in 2 vols. is considerably larger.

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BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Jenson*. 1479. Folio. Here, again, are two copies; one upon paper, the other UPON VELLUM. Of these, the vellum copy is much damaged in the principal illumination, and is also cropt in the binding. The paper copy can hardly be surpassed, if equalled.

BIBLIA ITALICA. MALHERBI. *Printed in the month of October*, 1471. Folio. 2 vols. Perhaps one of the finest and largest copies in existence; measuring, sixteen inches five eighths by eleven. It is bound (if I remember rightly) in blue morocco.

BIBLIA HEBRAICA. *Printed at Soncino*. 1488. Folio. FIRST EDITION OF THE HEBREW BIBLE. Of all earliest impressions of the sacred text, this is doubtless the MOST RARE. I am not sure that there are *two* copies of it in England or in France. In our own country, the Bodleian library alone possesses it. This is a beautiful, clean copy, but cropt a little too much in the binding. It has had a journey to *Paris*, and gained a coat of blue morocco by the trip. The binder was Bozerain. This was the first time that I had seen a copy of the FIRST HEBREW BIBLE. There was only one *other* feeling to be gratified:—that *such* a copy were safely lodged in St. James's Place.

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1563. Folio. The Abbe Strattman, at Moelk, had apprised me of the beauty and value of this copy—of one of the scarcest impressions of the sacred text. This copy was, in fact, a PRESENTATION COPY to the Emperor Maximilian II., from Prince Radzivil the Editor and Patron of the work. It is rather beautifully white, for the book—which is usually of a very sombre complexion. The leaves are rather tender. It is bound in red velvet; but it is a pity they do not keep it in a case—as the back is wearing away fast. Notwithstanding the Abbe Strattman concluded his account of this book with the exclamation of—“Il n’y en a pas comme celui-la,” I must be allowed to say, that Lord Spencer may yet indulge in a strain of triumph... on the possession of the copy, of this same work, which I secured for him at Augsbourg;[119] and which is, to the full, as large, as sound, and in every respect as genuine a book.

JERONIMI STI. EPISTOLAE. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz*. 1468. Folio. 2 vols. A magnificent and unique copy, UPON VELLUM. “There are ONLY SIX VELLUM Sweynheymys and Pannartz in the world,”—said the Abbe Strattman to me, in the library of the Monastery of Moelk. “Which be they?” replied I. “They are these”—answered he ... “the *Caesar*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Apuleius*—ach the edit. prin.—of the date of 1469: and the *Epistles of St Jerom*, of 1468—all which four books you will see at Vienna:—the *Livy*, which Mr. Edwards bought; and the *Pliny* of 1470, which is in the library of Lord Spencer. These are the only known vellum Sweynheymys and Pannartz.” I looked at the volumes under consideration, therefore, with the greater attention. They are doubtless noble productions; and this copy is, upon the whole, fine and genuine. It is not, however, so richly ornamented, nor is the vellum quite so white, as Lord Spencer’s *Pliny* above mentioned. Yet it is bound in quiet old brown calf, having formerly belonged to Cardinal Bessarion, whose hand writing is on the fly leaf. It measures fifteen inches three eighths, by eleven one sixteenth.

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LACTANTII OPERA. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. Here are two copies of this earliest production of the Italian press. That which is in blue morocco binding, is infinitely the worse of the two. The other, in the original binding of wood, is, with the exception of Mr. Grenville's copy, the finest which I have ever seen. This however is slightly stained, by water, at top.

—— *Printed at Rostock.* 1476. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM—which I had never seen before. The vellum is thin and beautiful, but this is not a *comfortable* book in respect to binding. A few leaves at the beginning are stained. Upon the whole, however, it is a singularly rare and most desirable volume.[120]

MISSALE MOZARABICUM. 1500. Folio. First Edition. A book of exceedingly great scarcity, and of which I have before endeavoured to give a pretty full and correct history. [121] The present is a beautiful clean copy, bound in blue morocco, apparently by De Seuil—from the red morocco lining within: but this copy is not so large as the one in St. James's Place. The MOZARABIC BREVIARY, its companion, which is bound in red morocco, has been cruelly cropt.

MISSALE HERBIPOLENSE. Folio: with the date of 1479 in the prefatory admonition. This precious book is UPON VELLUM; and a more beautiful and desirable volume can hardly be found. There is a copper-plate of coat-armour, in outline, beneath the prefatory admonition; and M. Bartsch, who was by the side of me when I was examining the book, referred me to his *Peintre Graveur*, vol. x. p. 57. where this early copper-plate is noticed.

PSALTERIUM. Latine. *Printed by Fust and Schoeffher.* 1457. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. If there be ONE book, more than another, which should induce an ardent bibliographer to make a pilgrimage to Vienna, THIS is assuredly the volume in question! And yet, although I could not refrain from doing, what a score of admiring votaries had probably done before me—namely, bestowing a sort of *oscular* benediction upon the first leaf of the text—yet, I say, it may be questionable whether this copy be as large and fair as that in our Royal Collection!? Doubtless, however, this is a very fine and almost invaluable copy of the FIRST BOOK printed with metal types, with a date subjoined. You will give me credit for having asked for a sight of it, the *very first thing* on my entrance into the room where it is kept. It is, however, preserved in rather a loose and shabby binding, and should certainly be protected by every effort of the bibliopegistic art. The truth is, as M. Kopitar told me, that every body—old and young, ignorant and learned—asks for a sight of this marvellous volume; and it is, in consequence, rarely kept in a state of quiescence one week throughout the year: excepting during the holidays.

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PSALTERIUM. Latine. *Without Printer's name or Date. Folio.* This is doubtless a magnificent book, printed in the gothic letter, in red and black, with musical lines not filled up by notes. The text has services for certain Saints days. What rendered this volume particularly interesting to my eyes, was, that on the reverse of the first leaf, beneath two lines of printed text, (in the smaller of two sizes of gothic letter) and two lines of scored music in red, I observed an impression of the very same copper-plate of coat-armour, which I had noticed in the Wurtzburg Missal of 1482, at Oxford, described in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 30. Although M. Bartsch had noticed this copper-plate, in its outline character, in the above previously described Wurtzburg Missal, he seemed to be ignorant of its existence in this Psalter. The whole of this book is as fresh as if it had just come from the press.

TESTAMENTUM NOV. Bohemice. *Without Date. Folio.* This is probably one of the very rarest impressions of the sacred text, in the XVth century, which is known to exist. It is printed in the gothic type, in double columns, and a full page contains thirty-six lines. There are running titles. The text, at first glance, has much of the appearance of Baemler's printing at Augsbourg; but it is smaller, and more angular. Why should not the book have been printed in Bohemia? This is a very clean, desirable copy, in red morocco binding.

TURRECREMATA I. DE. In LIBRUM PSALMORUM. *Printed at Crause in Suabia. Folio.* This, and the copy described as being in the Public Library at Munich, are supposed to be the only known copies of this impression. Below the colophon, in pencil, there is a date of 1475: but quaere upon what authority? This copy is in most miserable condition; especially at the end.

## ANCIENT CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

AESOPUS. Gr. Quarto. EDITIO PRINCEPS. A sound and perfect copy: ruled.

— *Ital.* 1491. Quarto. In Italian poetry, by Manfred de Monteferrato.

— 1492. Quarto. In Italian prose, by the same. Of these two versions, the Italian appears to be the same as that of the Verona impression of 1479: the cuts are precisely similar. The present is a very sound copy, but evidently cropt.

APULEIUS. 1469. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. Folio.* Editio Princeps. This copy is UPON VELLUM. It is tall and large, but not so fine as is the following article:

— *Printed by Jenson.* 1472. Folio. A fine sound copy; in red morocco binding. Formerly belonging to Prince Eugene.



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AULUS GELLIUS. 1469. Folio. Edit. Prin. This is without doubt one of the very finest VELLUM copies of an old and valuable Classic in existence. There are sometimes (as is always the case in the books from the earlier Roman press) brown and yellow pages; but, upon the whole, this is a wonderful and inestimable book. It is certainly unique, as being printed upon vellum. Note well: the *Jerom*, *Apuleius*, and *Aulus Gellius*—with one or two others, presently to be described—were Cardinal Bessarion's OWN COPIES; and were taken from the library of St. Mark at Venice, by the Austrians, in their memorable campaign in Italy. I own that there are hardly any volumes in the Imperial Library at Vienna which interested me so much as these VELLUM SWEYNHEYMS and PANNARTZ!

AUSONIUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. The extreme rarity of this book is well known. The present copy is severely cropt at top and bottom, but has a good side marginal breadth. It has also been washed; but you are only conscious of it by the scent of soap.

CAESAR. 1469. *Printed by S. and Pannartz*. Folio. Edit. Princeps. A beautiful and unique copy—UPON VELLUM. This was formerly Prince Eugene's copy; and I suspect it to be the same which is described in the *Bibl. Hulziana*, vol. i. no. 3072—as it should seem to be quite settled that the printers, Sweynheym and Pannartz, printed only *one* copy of their respective first editions upon vellum. It is however but too manifest that this precious volume has been cropt in binding—which is in red morocco.

— 1472. *Printed by the same*. Folio. This also was Prince Eugene's copy; and is much larger and finer than the preceding—on the score of condition.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. 1465, Quarto. Here are *two* copies: each UPON VELLUM. One, in blue morocco, is short and small; but in very pretty condition. The other is stained and written upon. It should be cast out.

— 1466. Quarto. UPON VELLUM. A beautiful copy, which measures very nearly ten inches in height.[122] In all these copies, the title of the “Paradoxes” is printed.

CICERONIS. EPIST. FAM. 1467. Folio. Editio Princeps. Cardinal Bessarion's own copy, and unquestionably THE FINEST THAT EXISTS. The leaves are white and thick, and crackle aloud as you turn them over. It is upon paper, which makes me think that there never was a copy upon vellum; for the Cardinal, who was a great patron of Sweynheym and Pannartz, the printers, would doubtless have possessed it in that condition. At the beginning, however, it is slightly stained, and at the end slightly wormed. Yet is this copy, in its primitive binding, finer than any which can well be imagined. The curious are aware that this is supposed to have been the *first book printed at Rome*; and that the blanks, left for the introduction of Greek characters, prove that the printers were not in possession of the latter when this book was published. The

Cardinal has written two lines, partly in Greek and partly in Latin, on the fly leaf. This copy measures eleven inches three eighths by seven inches seven eighths.

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CICERO. RHETORICA VETUS. Printed by Jenson. When I had anticipated the beauty of a VELLUM COPY of this book (in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 349—here close at hand) I had not of course formed the idea of seeing such a one HERE. This vellum copy is doubtless a lovely book; but the vellum is discoloured in many places, and I suspect the copy has been cut down a little.

— ORATIONES. *Printed by S. and Pannartz.* 1471. Folio. A beautifully white and genuine copy; but the first few leaves are rather soiled, and it is slightly wormed towards the end. A fairer Sweynheym and Pannartz is rarely seen.

— OPERA OMNIA. 1498. Folio. 4 vols. A truly beautiful copy, bound in red morocco; but it is not free from occasional ms. annotations, in red ink, in the margins. It measures sixteen inches and three quarters in height, by ten inches and three quarters in width. A fine and perfect copy of this *First Edition of the Entire Works* of Cicero, is obtained with great difficulty. A nobler monument of typographical splendour the early annals of the press cannot boast of.

HOMERI OPERA OMNIA. Gr. 1488. Folio. Editio Princeps. A sound, clean copy, formerly Prince Eugene's; but not comparable with many copies which I have seen.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA. Gr. Without date or place. Quarto. Edit. Prin: executed in red and black lines, alternately. This is a sound, clean, and beautiful copy; perhaps a little cropt. In modern russia binding.

JUVENALIS. Folio. *Printed by Ulric Han,* in his larger type. A cruelly cropt copy, with a suspiciously ornamented title page. This once belonged to Count Delci.

JUVENALIS. *Printed by I. de Fivizano . Without date.* Folio. This is a very rare edition, and has been but recently acquired. It contains twenty-seven lines in a full page. There are neither numerals, signatures, nor catchwords. On the sixty-ninth and last leaf, is the colophon. A sound and desirable copy; though not free from soil.

LUCIANI OPUSCULA QUAEDAM. Lat. *Printed by S. Bevilaquensis.* 1494. Quarto. This is really one of the most covetable little volumes in the world. It is a copy printed UPON VELLUM; with most beautiful illuminations, in the purest Italian taste. Look—if ever you visit the Imperial Library—at the last illumination, at the bottom of o v, recto. It is indescribably elegant. But the binder should have been hung in chains. He has cut the book to the very quick—so as almost to have entirely sliced away several of the border decorations.

OVIDII FASTI. *Printed by Azoguidi.* 1471. Folio. This is the whole of what they possess of this wonderfully rare EDIT. PRIN. of Ovid, printed at Bologna by the above printer:—and of this small portion the first leaf is wanting.

——, OPERA OMNIA, *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz*. 1471. Folio. 2 vols. This is a clean, large copy; supplied from two old libraries. The volumes are equally large, but the first is in the finer condition.

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—, EPISTOLAE et FASTI. I know nothing of the printer of this edition, nor can I safely guess where it was printed. The Epistles begin on the recto of *aa ii* to *gg v*; the Fasti on *A i* to *VV ix*, including some few other opuscula; of which my memorandum is misplaced. At the end, we read the word FINIS.

PLINIUS SENIOR. *Printed by I. de Spira*. 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. We have here the identical copy—printed UPON VELLUM—of which I remember to have heard it said, that the Abbe Strattman, when he was at the head of this library, declared, that whenever the French should approach Vienna, he would march off with *this* book under *one* arm, and with the FIRST Psalter under the other! This was heroically said; but whether such declaration was ever *acted* upon, is a point upon which the bibliographical annals of that period are profoundly silent. To revert to this membranaceous treasure. It is in one volume, beautifully white and clean; but ("horresco referens;") it has been cruelly deprived of its legitimate dimensions. In other words, it is a palpably cropt copy. The very first glance of the illumination at the first page confirms this. In other respects, also, it can bear no comparison with the VELLUM copy in the Royal Library at Paris. [123] Yet is it a book ... for which I know more than *one* Roxburgher who would promptly put pen to paper and draw a check for 300 guineas—to become its possessor.

PLINIUS SENIOR. *Printed by Jenson*. 1472. Folio. Another early Pliny—UPON VELLUM: very fine, undoubtedly; but somewhat cropt, as the encroachment upon the arms, at the bottom of the first illuminated page, evidently proves. The initial letters are coloured in that sober style of decoration, which we frequently observe in the illuminated volumes of Sweynheym and Pannartz; but they generally appear to have received some injury. Upon the whole, I doubt if this copy be so fine as the similar copies, upon vellum, in the libraries of the Duke of Devonshire and the late Sir M. M. Sykes. This book is bound in the highly ornamented style of French binding of the XVIIth century; and it measures almost sixteen inches one eighth, by ten inches five eighths.

PLINIUS. *Italice. Printed by Jenson*. 1476. Folio. A fine, large, pure, crackling copy; in yellow morocco binding. It was Prince Eugene's copy; but is yet inferior, in magnitude, to the copy at Paris.[124]

SILIUS ITALICUS. *Printed by Laver*. 1471. Folio. The largest, soundest, and cleanest copy of this very rare impression, which I remember to have seen:—with the exception, perhaps, of that in the Bodleian Library.

SUETONIUS. *Printed by S. and Pannartz*. 1470. Folio. Second Edition. A fine, sound copy, yet somewhat cropt. The first page of the text has the usual border printed ornament of the time of printing the book. This was Prince Eugene's copy.

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SUIDAS, Gr. 1499. Folio. 2 vols. This editio princeps of Suidas is always, when in tolerable condition, a wonderfully striking book: a masterpiece of solid, laborious, and beautiful Greek printing. But the copy under consideration—which is in its pristine boards, covered with black leather—was LAMBECIUS'S OWN COPY, and has his autograph. It is, moreover, one of the largest, fairest, and most genuine copies ever opened.

TACITUS. *Printed by I. de Spira.* Folio. Edit. Prin. This is the whitest and soundest copy, of this not very uncommon book, which I have seen. It has however lost something of its proper dimensions by the cropping of the binder.

TERENTIUS. *Printed by Mentelin, without date.* Folio. Editio Princeps. Of exceedingly great rarity. The present copy, which is in boards—but which richly deserves a russia or morocco binding—is a very good, sound, and desirable copy.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. *Printed by Schoeffer.* 1472. Fol. UPON VELLUM; a charming, sound copy. This book is not very uncommon upon vellum.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Mentelin. Without date.* Folio. Perhaps the rarest of all the early Mentelin classics; and probably the second edition of the author. The present is a beautiful, white, sound copy, and yet probably somewhat cropt. It is in red morocco binding. Next to the very extraordinary copy of this edition, in the possession of Mr. George Hibbert, I should say that *this* was the finest I had ever seen.

— *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. It is difficult to find a thoroughly beautiful copy of this very rare book. The present is tolerably fair and rather large, but I suspect washed. The beginning is brown, and the end very brown.

— *Printed by the Same.* 1471. Folio. This copy is perhaps the most beautiful in the world of the edition in question. It has the old ms. signatures in the corner, which proves how important the preservation of these *witnesses* is to the confirmation of the size and genuineness of a copy of an old book. No wonder the French got possession of this matchless volume on their memorable visit to Vienna in 1805 or 1809. It was bound in France, in red morocco, and is honestly bound. This is, in short, a perfect book.

— *Printed by Jenson.* 1475. Folio. A very fine, crackling copy, in the old wooden binding; but the beginning and end are somewhat stained.

## MISCELLANEOUS LATIN.[125]

AENEAS SYLVIUS DE DUOBUS AMANTIBUS. Without date. Quarto. This is the only copy which I have seen, of probably what may be considered the FIRST EDITION of this interesting work. It has twenty-three lines in a full page, and is printed in the large

and early roman type of *Gering*, *Crantz*, and *Friburger*. Caesar and Stoll doubtless reprinted this edition. In the whole, there are forty-four leaves. The present is a fair sound copy.



## Page 160

ALEXANDER GALLUS: vulgo DE VILLA DEI: DOCTRINALE. *Without date*. Folio. There are few books which I had so much wished to see as the present. The bibliographers of the old school had a great notion of the typographical antiquity of this *work* if not of *this edition* of it: but I have very little hesitation, in the first place, of attributing it to the press of *Vindelin de Spira*—and, in the second place, of assigning no higher antiquity to it than that of the year 1471. It is however a book of some intrinsic curiosity, and of unquestionably great rarity. I saw it here for the first time. The present copy is a decidedly much-cropt folio; but in most excellent condition.

AQUINAS THOMAS. SECUNDA SECONDAE. *Printed by Schoeffer*. 1467. Folio. A fine, large copy, printed UPON VELLUM: the vellum is rather too yellow; but this is a magnificent book, and exceedingly rare in such a state. It is bound in red morocco.

— OPUS QUARTISCRIPITUM. *Printed by Schoeffer*. 1469. Folio. We have here another magnificent specimen of the early Mentz press, struck off UPON VELLUM, and executed in the smallest gothic type of the printer. This is a gloriously genuine copy; having the old pieces of vellum pasted to the edges of the leaves, by way of facilitating the references to the body of the text. There is a duplicate copy of this edition, upon paper, wanting some of the earlier leaves, and which had formerly belonged to Prince Eugene. It is, in other respects, fair and desirable.

— IN EVANG. MATTH. ET MARC. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz*. 1470. Folio. A fine, large, white, and crackling copy; but somewhat cut; and not quite free from the usual foxy tint of the books executed by these earliest Roman printers.

BARTHOLUS. LECTURA. *Printed by V. de Spira*. 1471, Folio. One of the finest specimens imaginable of the press of V. de Spira. It is a thick folio, executed in double columns. The first page of this copy is elegantly illuminated with portraits, &c.; but the arms at bottom prove that some portion of the margin has been cut away—even of this magnificent copy. At the end—just before the date, and the four colophonic verses of the printer—we read: “*Finis primi ptis lecture dni Bartoli super ffto nouo.*”

BELLOVACENSIS (P.) SPECULUM HISTORIALE, Folio. The four volumes in ONE!—of eight inches in thickness, including the binding. The present copy of this extraordinary performance of Peter de Beauvais is as pure and white as possible. The type is a doubtful gothic letter: doubtful, as to the assigning to it its proper printer.

CATHOLICON. 1460. Folio. 2 vols. A tolerably fair good copy; in red morocco binding.

— 1469. *Printed by Gunther Zeiner*. 2 vols. Folio. This copy is UPON VELLUM, of a fair and sound quality. I suspect that it has been somewhat diminished in size, and may not be larger than the similar copy at Goettwic Monastery. In calf binding.

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DURANDUS. RAT. DIV. OFFIC. *Printed by Fust and Schoeffher.* 1459. Folio. This book, which is always UPON VELLUM, was the Duke de La Valliere's copy. It is the thinnest I ever saw, but it is quite perfect. The condition is throughout sound, and the margins appear to retain all their pristine amplitude. It is bound in morocco.

FICHETI RHETORICA. *Printed by Gering, &c.* Quarto. This copy is UPON VELLUM, not indifferently illuminated: but it has been cruelly cropt.

LUDOLPHUS. DE TERRA SANCTA and ITINERE IHEROSO-LOMITANO. *Without date or place.* Folio. I never saw this book, nor this work, before. The text describes a journey to Jerusalem, undertaken by Ludolphus, between the years 1336 and 1350. This preface is very interesting; but I have neither time nor space for extracts. At the end: "*Finit feliciter libellus de itinere ad terram sanctam, &c.*" This impression is printed in long lines, and contains thirty-six leaves.[126]

MAMMOTRECTUS. *Printed by Schoeffher.* 1470. Folio. Here are two copies; of which one is UPON VELLUM—but the paper copy is not only a larger, but in every respect a fairer and more desirable, book. The vellum copy has quite a foggy aspect.

NONIUS MARCELLUS. *Without name of printer or place.* 1471. Folio. This is the first edition of the work with a date, but the printer is unknown. It is executed in a superior style of typographical elegance; and the present is as fine and white a copy of it as can possibly be possessed. I think it even larger than the Goettwic copy.

PETRARCHA. HISTORIA GRISELDIS. *Printed by G. Zeiner.* 1473. Folio. Whether *this* edition of the HISTORY OF PATIENT GRISEL, or that printed by Zel, without date, be the earliest, I cannot pretend to say. This edition is printed in the roman type, and perhaps is among the very earliest specimens of the printer so executed. It is however a thin, round, and scraggy type. The book is doubtless of extreme rarity. This copy was formerly Prince Eugene's, and is bound in red morocco.

PHALARIDIS EPISTOLAE. Lat. 1471. Quarto. This is the first time (if I remember rightly) that the present edition has come under my notice. It is doubtless of excessive rarity. The type is a remarkably delicate, round, widely spread and roman letter. At the end is the colophon, in capital letters.

PHALARIDIS EPISTOLAE. *Printed by Ulric Han.* *Without date.* Folio. This is among the rarest editions of the Latin version of the Epistles of Phalaris. It is executed in the second, or ordinary roman type of Ulric Han. In the whole there are thirty leaves; and I know not why this impression may not be considered as the first, or at least the second, of the version in question.

POGGII FACETIAE. *Without name of Printer, Place, or Date.* Folio. It is for the first time that I examine the present edition, which I should not hesitate to pronounce the FIRST

of the work in question. The types are those which were used in the *Eusebian Monastery* at Rome. A full page has twenty-three lines. This is a sound, clean copy; in calf binding.

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PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira*. 1470. Folio. Editio princeps. A beautiful, large, white, and crackling copy, in the original wooden binding. Is one word further necessary to say that a finer copy, upon paper, cannot exist?

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by Ulric Han*. Folio. With the metrical version of *Dionysius de Situ Orbis* at the end. This is a very rare book. The fount of Greek letters clearly denotes it to come from a press at Rome, and that press was assuredly Ulric Han's. This appears to have been Gaignat's copy, and is sound and desirable, but not so fine as the copy of this edition in the library of Goettwic Monastery.

PTOLEMAEUS. Lat. *Printed at Bologna*. 1462. Folio. There can be no doubt of this date being falsely put for 1472 or even 1482. But this is a rare book to possess, with all the copper plates, which this copy has—and it is moreover a fine copy.

PTOLEMAEUS. *Printed by Buckinck*. 1478. Folio. Another fine and perfect copy of a volume of considerable rarity, and interest to the curious in the history of early engraving.

TURRECREMATA I. de. MEDITATIONES. *Printed by Ulric Han*. 1467. Folio. This wonderfully rare volume is justly shewn among the “great guns” of the Imperial Library. It was deposited here by the late Mr. Edwards; and is considered by some to be the *first book printed at Rome*, and is filled with strange wood-cuts.[127] The text is uniformly in the large gothic character of Ulric Han. The French were too sensible of the rarity and value of this precious book, to suffer it to remain upon the shelves of the Imperial library after their first triumphant visit to Vienna; and accordingly it was carried off, among other book trophies, to Paris—from whence it seems, naturally as it were, to have taken up its present position. This is a very fine copy; bound in blue morocco, with the cuts uncoloured. It measures thirteen inches and a quarter, by very nearly nine and a quarter: being, what may be fairly called, almost its pristine dimensions. Whenever you visit this library, ask to see, among the very first books deserving of minute inspection, this copy of the Meditations of John de Turrecremata: but, remember—a *yet finer* copy is within three stones-throw of Buckingham Palace!

VALTURIUS DE RE MILITARI. 1472. Folio. Edit. Prin. A fine, clean copy; in red morocco binding. Formerly, in the collection of Prince Eugene. Such a hero, however, should have possessed it UPON VELLUM!—although, of the two copies of this kind which I have seen, neither gave me the notion of a very fine book.

## BOOKS IN THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

*Bella (La) Mono*. *Without name of Printer*. 1474. Quarto. This is the first time of my inspecting the present volume; of which the printer is not known—but, in all probability, the book was printed at *Venice*. It is executed in a round, tall, roman letter. This is a

cropt and soiled, but upon the whole, a desirable copy: it is bound in red morocco, and was formerly Prince Eugene's.

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*Berlinghieri. Geografia. Without Place or Date.* Folio. Prima Edizione. It does the heart good to gaze upon such a copy of so estimable and magnificent a production as the present. This book belonged to Prince Eugene, and is bound in red morocco. It is quite perfect—with all the copper-plate maps.

*Boccaccio. Il Decamerone. Printed by Zarotus. 1476.* Folio. This is an exceedingly rare edition of the Decameron. It is executed in the small and elegantly formed gothic type of the printer, with which the Latin AEsop, of the same date, in 4to, was printed. Notwithstanding this copy is of a very brown hue, and most cruelly cut down—as the illuminated first page but too decisively proves—it is yet a sound and desirable book.

This is the only early edition, as far as I had an opportunity of ascertaining, which they appear to possess of the Decameron of Boccaccio. Of the *Philocolo*, there is a folio edition of 1488; and of the *Nimphale* there is a sound and clean copy of a dateless edition, in 4to., without name of place or printer, which ends thus—and which possibly may be among the very earliest impressions of that work:

Finito il nimphale di fiesole  
che tracto damore.

*Caterina da Bologna. Without Date or name of Printer.* Quarto. This is a very small quarto volume of great rarity; concluding with some poetry, and some particulars of the Life of the female Saint and author. It appears to have wholly escaped Brunet.

Inomezao alcune cose d'la uita d'la sopra  
nominata beata Caterina.

There are neither manuals, signatures, nor catchwords. This volume looks like a production of the *Bologna* or *Mantua* press. I never saw another copy of this curious little work.

*Caterina da Siena Legendi di. Printed in the Monastery of St. James, at Florence.* 1477. Quarto. This is the edition which Brunet very properly pronounces to be “excessively rare.” It is printed in double columns, in a small, close, and scratchy gothic type. On the 158th and last leaf, is the colophon.

*Dante. Printed by Neumister. 1472.* Folio. PRIMA EDIZIONE. This copy is ruled, but short, and in a somewhat tender condition. Although not a first rate copy, it is nevertheless desirable; yet is this book but a secondary typographical performance. The paper is always coarse in texture, and sombre in tint.

*Dante. 1481.* Folio. With the commentary of Landino. This is doubtless a precious copy, inasmuch as it contains TWENTY COPPER-PLATE IMPRESSIONS, and is withal

in fair and sound condition. The fore-edge margin has been however somewhat deprived of its original dimensions.

*Decor Puellarum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. With the false date of 1461 for 1471.* This volume, which once gave rise to such elaborate bibliographical disquisition, now ceases to have any extraordinary claims upon the attention of the collector. It is nevertheless a *sine qua non* in a library with any pretension to early typographical curiosities. The present copy is clean and tolerably large: bound by De Rome.

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*Fazio. Dita Mundi. Printed by L. Basiliensis. 1474. Folio. Prima Edizione. Of unquestionably great rarity; and unknown to the earlier bibliographers. It is printed in double columns, with signatures, to o in eighths: o has only four leaves. This copy has the signatures considerably below the text, and they seem to have been a clumsy and posterior piece of workmanship. It has been recently bound in russia.*

*Frezzi. Il Quadriregio. 1481. Folio. Prima Edizione. I have before sufficiently expatiated upon the rarity of this impression. The present is a large copy, but too much beaten in the binding. The first leaf is much stained. A few of the others are also not free from the same defect.*

*Fulgosii Bapt. Anteros.: sive de Amore. Printed by L. Pachel. Milan. 1496. On the reverse of the title, is a very singular wood-cut—where Death is sitting upon a coffin, and a blinded Cupid stands leaning against a tree before him: with a variety of other allegorical figures. The present is a beautiful copy, in red morocco binding.*

*Gloria Mulierum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. This is another of the early Jenson pieces which are coveted by the curious and of which a sufficiently particular account has been already given to the public[128] This copy is taller than that of the *Decor Puellarum* (before described) but it is in too tender a condition.*

*Legende Di Sancti per Nicolao di Manerbi, Printed by Jenson. Without date. Folio. It is just possible that you may not have forgotten a brief mention of a copy of this very rare book in the Mazarine Library at Paris,[129] That copy, although beautiful, was upon paper: the present is UPON VELLUM—illuminated, very delicately in the margins, with figures of divers Saints. I take the work to be an Italian version of the well known LEGENDA SANCTORUM. The book is doubtless among the most beautiful from the press of JENSON, who is noticed in the prefatory advertisement of Manerbi.*

*Luctus Christianorum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. Another of the early pieces of Jenson's press; and probably of the date of 1471. The present is a fair, nice copy; but has something of a foggy and suspicious aspect about it. I suspect it to have been washed.*

*Monte Sancto di Dio. 1477. Folio. The chief value of this book consists in its having good impressions of the THREE COPPER PLATES. Of these, only *one* is in the present copy, which represents the Devil eating his victims in the lake of Avernus, as given in the La Valliere copy. Yet the absence of the two remaining plates, as it happens, constitutes the chief attraction of this copy; for they are here supplied by two FAC-SIMILES, presented to the Library by Leopold Duke of Tuscany, of the most wonderfully perfect execution I ever saw.*

*Petrarcha. Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by V. de Spira. 1470. Folio. Prima Edizione. The last leaf of the table is unluckily manuscript; and the last leaf but one of the text is*



smaller than the rest—which appear to have been obtained, from another copy. In other respects, this is a large, sound, and desirable copy. It belonged to Prince Eugene.

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*Petrarcha. Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by Zarotus. 1473. Folio.* This edition (if the present copy of it be perfect) has no prefix of table or biographical memorandum of Petrarch. A full page contains forty, and sometimes forty-two lines. On the recto of the last leaf is the colophon. This is a sound and clean, but apparently cropt copy; in old blue morocco binding.

*Petrarcha Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by Jenson. 1473. Folio.* A sound and desirable copy, in red morocco binding; formerly belonging to Prince Eugene.

——. *Comment. Borstii in Trionfi. Printed at Bologna. 1475. Folio.* Here are two copies of this beautifully printed, and by no means common, book. One of them belonged to Prince Eugene; and a glance upon the top corner ms. pagination evidently proves it to have been cropt. It is in red morocco binding. The other copy, bound in blue morocco, has the table inlaid; and is desirable—although inferior to the preceding.

*Poggio. Historia Fiorentina. Printed by I. de Rossi. (Jacobus Rubeus) 1476. Folio.* First edition of the Italian version. This copy is really a great curiosity., The first seven books are printed *upon paper* of a fine tone and texture, and the leaves are absolutely *uncut*: a few leaves at the beginning are soiled—especially the first; but the remainder are in delightful preservation, and shew what an old book *ought* to be. The eighth book is entirely printed UPON VELLUM; and some of these vellum leaves are perfectly enchanting. They are of the same size with the paper, and *also uncut*. This volume has never been bound. I entreated M. Bartsch to have it handsomely bound, but not to touch the fore edges. He consented readily.

*Regula Confitendi Peccata Sua. 1473. Quarto.* Of this book I never saw another copy. The author is PICENUS, and the work is written throughout in the Italian language. There are but seven leaves—executed in a letter which resembles the typographical productions of Bologna and Mantua.

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### GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

*Bone Vie (Livre De); qui est appelee Madenie. Printed by A. Neyret at Chambéry. 1485. Folio.* As far as signature 1 vj, the subject is prose: afterwards commences the poetry —“appelle la somme de la vision lehan du pin.” The colophon is on the reverse of the last leaf but one. A wood-cut is on the last leaf. This small folio volume is printed in a tall, close, and inelegant gothic type; reminding me much of the LIVRE DE CHASSE printed at the same place, in 1486, and now in Lord Spencer’s library.[130]

*Chevalier (Le) Delibre. 1488. Quarto.* This book is filled with some very neat wood cuts, and is printed in the gothic letter. The subject matter is poetical. No name appears, but I suspect this edition to have been, printed in the office of Verard.

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*Cite des Dames (Le Tresor de la)*—"sclon dame christine." Without Date. Folio. A fine, tall, clean copy; UPON VELLUM. The printer seems in all probability to have been Verard. In red morocco binding.

*Coronica del Cid ruy Diaz. Printed at Seville. Without Date.* Quarto. The preceding title is beneath a neat wood-cut of a man on horseback, brandishing his sword; an old man, coming out of a gate, is beside him. The signatures from *a* to *i vj*, are in eights. On *f ij* is a singular wood-cut of a lion entering a room, where a man is apparently sleeping over a chess-board, while two men are rising from the table: this cut is rudely executed. On *i v* is the colophon. This edition is executed in that peculiarly rich and handsome style of printing, in a bold gothic letter, which distinguishes the early annals of the Spanish press. The present beautifully clean copy belonged to PRINCE EUGENE; but it has been severely cropt.

*Ein nuizlich buechlin das man nennet den Pilgrim das hat der wuerdig doctor keyserperg zue Augspurg geprediget.* Such is the title of this singular tract, printed by Lucas Zeisenmair at Augsbourg in 1498. Small 4to. It has many clever and curious wood-cuts; and I do not remember, in any part of Germany where I have travelled, to have seen another copy of it.

*Fierbras. Printed by G. Le Roy. 1486.* Folio. This is a small folio, and the third edition of the work. This copy is quite perfect; containing the last leaf, on which is a large wood-cut. All the cuts here are coloured after the fashion of the old times. This sound and desirable copy, in red morocco binding, once graced the library of PRINCE EUGENE.

*Iosephe. Printed by Verard. 1492.* Folio. "*Cy finist l'hystoire de Josephus de la bataille Judaïque, &c.*" This is a noble folio volume; printed in the large handsome type of Verard, abounding with wood cuts. It is in red morocco binding.

*Jouvencel (Le). Printed by Verard, 1497.* Folio. This is a fine copy, with coloured cuts, printed UPON VELLUM. It is badly bound.

*Lancelot du Lac. Printed by Verard. 1488.* Folio. 2 vols. First Edition. A fine clean copy, but somewhat cropt. It once belonged to PRINCE EUGENE, and is bound in red morocco.

— *Printed by the Same. 1496.* Folio. 3 vols. UPON VELLUM. In fine old red morocco binding, beautifully tooled. This copy measures fifteen inches six-eighths in height, by ten inches five-eighths in width.

*Les Deux Amans. Printed by Verard. 1493.* Quarto. The title is beneath the large L, of which a fac-simile appears in the first vol. of my edition of our *Typographical Antiquities*. The work is old French poetry. Verard's device is on the last leaf. A copy of this book is, in all probability, in a certain black-letter French-metrical cabinet in Portland Place.

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*Maguelone (La Belle)*. Printed by Trepperel. 1492. Quarto. The preceding title is over Trepperel's device. The wood cuts in this edition have rather unusual merit; especially that on the reverse of Ciiii. A very desirable copy.

*Marco Polo. Von Venedig des Grost Landtfarer. Germanice.* Printed by Creusner. 1477. Folio. This is the FIRST EDITION of the Travels of MARCO POLO; and I am not sure whether the present copy be not considered unique.[131] A complete paginary and even lineal transcript of it was obtained for Mr. Marsden's forth-coming translation of the work, into our own language—under the superintendence of M. Kopitar. Its value, therefore, may be appreciated accordingly.

*Regnars (Les)* "trauersant les perilleuses voyes des folles frances du moede." Printed by Verard. No Date. 4to. This is a French metrical version from the German of Sebastian Brandt. The present edition is printed in the black letter, double columns, with wood cuts. This is a fair good copy, bound in red morocco, and formerly belonging to Prince Eugene.

*Tewrdannckh*. 1517. Folio. The Emperor Maximilian's OWN COPY!—of course UPON VELLUM. The cuts are coloured. The Abbe Strattman had told me that I should necessarily find this to be the largest and completest copy in existence. It is very white and tall, measuring fifteen inches, by nine and three quarters; and perhaps the largest known. Yet I suspect, from the smooth glossy surface of the fore edge—in its recent and very common-place binding, in russia—that the side margin was once broader.[132] The cuts should not have been coloured, and the binding should have been less vulgar: Here is ANOTHER COPY, not quite so large, with the cuts uncoloured.[133]

*Tristan: chlr de la table ronde "nouellement Imprime a Paris."* Folio. Printed by Verard. Without Date. This is a fine sound copy, in old handsome calf binding.

*Thucydide (L'hystoire de)*. Printed by G. Gourmont. Without Date. Folio. The translator was Claude de Seyssel, when Bishop of Marseilles, and the edition was printed at the command of Francis the First. It is executed in the small, neat, secretary gothic type of Gourmont; whose name is at the bottom of the title-page. This is a beautiful copy, struck off UPON VELLUM; but it is much cut in the fore edge, and much choked in the back of the binding, which is in red morocco. It belonged to PRINCE EUGENE.

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Comparatively copious as may be the preceding list, I fear it will not satisfy you unless I make some mention of *Block Books*, and inform you whether, as you have long and justly supposed, there be not also a few *Cartons* in the Imperial Library. These two points will occupy very little more of my time and attention. First then of *xylographical* productions—or of books supposed to have

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been printed by means of wooden blocks. I shall begin with an unique article of this description. It is called *Liber Regum, seu Vita Davidis*: a folio, of twenty leaves: printed on one side only, but the leaves are here pasted together. Two leaves go to a signature, and the signatures run from A to K. Each page has two wood cuts, about twice as long as the text; or, rather, about one inch and three quarters of the text doubled. The text is evidently xylographic. The ink is of the usual pale, brown colour. This copy is coloured, of the time of the publication of the book. It is in every respect in a fine and perfect state of preservation. Here is the second, if not third edition, of the *Biblia Pauperum*; the second edition of the *Apocalypse*; the same of the *History of the Virgin*; and a coloured and cropt copy of *Hartlib's Book upon Chiromancy*: so much is it cropt, that the name of *Schopff*, the supposed printer, is half cut away. The preceding books are all clumsily bound in modern russia binding. As some compensation, however, there is a fine bound copy, in red morocco binding, of the Latin edition of the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*; and a very fine large copy, in blue morocco binding, of the first edition of the *Ars Memorandi per Figuras*; which latter had belonged to Prince Eugene.

Of the CAXTONS, the list is more creditable; and indeed very much to be commended: for, out of our own country, I question whether the united strength of all the continental libraries could furnish a more copious supply of the productions of our venerable first printer. I send you the following account—just as the several articles happened to be taken down for my inspection. *Chaucer's Book of Fame*: a neat, clean, perfect copy: in modern russia binding. The *Mayster of Sentence*, &c. This is only a portion of a work, although it is perfect of itself, as to signatures and imprint. This copy, in modern russia binding, is much washed, and in a very tender state. *Game of Chess*; second edition. In very tender condition: bound in blue morocco, with pink lining. An exceedingly *doctored* copy. *Iason*: a cropt, and rather dirty copy: which formerly belonged to Gulstone. It appears to be perfect; for Gulstone has observed in ms. "*This book has 148 leaves, as I told them carefully. 'Tis very scarce and valuable, and deserves an extraordinary good binding.*" Below, is a note, in French; apparently by Count Reviczky. *Godfrey of Boulogne*: a perfect, large copy, in old red morocco (apparently Harleian) binding. On the fly leaf, Count Reviczky has written a notice of the date and name of the printer of the book. Opposite the autograph of *Ames* (to whom this copy once belonged) the old price of 16\_l.\_ 16\_s.\_ is inserted. On the first page of the text, is the ancient autograph of *Henry Norreys*. This is doubtless the most desirable Caxtonian volume in the collection. This department of bibliography may be concluded by the mention of a sound and desirable copy of the first edition of *Littleton's Tenures* by *Lettou* and *Machlinia*, which had formerly belonged to Bayntun of Gray's Inn. This, and most of the preceding articles, from the early English press, were supplied to the Imperial library by the late Mr. Edwards.

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And now, my good friend, I hope to have fulfilled even your wishes respecting the earlier and more curious book-treasures in the Imperial Library. But I must candidly affirm, that, although *you* may be satisfied, it is not so with myself. More frequent visits, and less intrusion upon the avocations of Messrs. BARTSCH and KOPITAR—who ought, during the whole time, to have been inhaling the breezes of Baden,—would doubtless have enabled me to render the preceding catalogue more copious and satisfactory; but, whatever be its defects, either on the score of omission or commission, it will at least have the merit of being the first, if not the only, communication of its kind, which has been transmitted for British perusal. To speak fairly, there is a prodigious quantity of lumber—in the shape of books printed in the fifteenth century—in this Imperial Library, which might be well disposed of for more precious literary productions. The MSS. are doubtless, generally speaking, of great value; yet very far indeed from being equal, either in number or in intrinsic worth, to those in the Royal Library at Paris. It is also to be deeply regretted, that, both of these MSS. and printed books—with the exception of the ponderous and digressive work of Lambecius upon the former,—there should be NO printed *catalogue raisonne*. But I will hope that the “Saturnia regna” are about to return; and that the love of bibliographical research, which now seems generally, to pervade, the principal librarians of the public collections upon the continent, will lead to the appearance of some solid and satisfactory performance upon the subjects of which this letter has treated. Fare you well. The post will depart in a few minutes, and I am peremptorily summoned to the operatical ballet of *Der Berggeist*.

[109] [All this is profound matter, or secret history—(such as my friend Mr. D’Israeli dearly loves) for future writers to comment upon.]

[110] [Mons. Bartsch did NOT LIVE to peruse this humble record of his worth. More of him in a subsequent note.]

[111] [M. Payne now CEASES TO EXIST.]

[112] My excellent friend M.A. DE BARTSCH has favoured me with the following particulars relating to the Imperial Library. The building was begun in 1723, and finished in 1735, by Joseph Emanuel, Baron de Fischer, Architect of the Court: the same who built the beautiful church of St. Charles Borromeo, in the suburbs. The Library is 246 German feet in length, by 62 in width: the oval dome, running at right angles, and forming something like transepts, is 93 feet long, and 93 feet high, by 57 wide. The fresco-paintings, with which the ceiling of the dome in particular is profusely covered, were executed by Daniel Gran. The number of the books is supposed to amount to 300,000 volumes: of which 8000 were printed in the XVth. century, and 750 are

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atlas folios filled with engravings. These 750 volumes contain about 180,000 prints; of which the pecuniary value, according to the computation of the day, cannot be less than 3,300,000 “florins argent de convention”—according to a valuation (says M. Bartsch) which I made last year. This may amount to L300,000. of our money. I apprehend there is nothing in Europe to be put in competition with such a collection.

[113] The reader may not be displeased to consult, for one moment, the *Bibliog. Decameron*; vol. i. pp. xliii. iv.

[114] [A sad tale is connected with the procuring of a copy, or fac-simile, of the initial letter in question. I was most anxious to possess a *coloured* fac-simile of it; and had authorised M. Bartsch to obtain it at *almost* any price. He stipulated (I think with M. Fendi) to obtain it for L10. sterling; and the fac-simile was executed in all respects worthy of the reputation of the artist, and to afford M. Bartsch the most unqualified satisfaction. It was dispatched to me by permission of the Ambassador, in the Messenger’s bag of dispatches:—but it NEVER reached me. Meanwhile my worthy friend M. Bartsch became impatient and almost angry at the delay; and the artist naturally wondered at the tardiness of payment. Something like *suspicion* had begun to take possession of my friend’s mind—when the fact was disclosed to him ... and his sorrow and vexation were unbounded. The money was duly remitted and received; but “the valuable consideration” was never enjoyed by the too enthusiastic traveller. This beautiful copy has doubtless perished from accident.]

[115] Vol. ii. p. 458.

[116] Tasso, in fact, retouched and almost remodelled his poem, under the title of *Jerusalem Conquered*, and published it under that of *Jerusalem Delivered*. See upon these alterations and corrections, Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, vol. iii. p. 298. edit. 1814; *Haym Bibl. Ital.* vol. ii. p. 28. edit. 1808; and particularly *Ginguene Hist. Lit. d’Italie*, vol. v. p. 504.

[117] See p. 139, ante.

[118] Lord Spencer has now obtained a copy of it—as may be seen in *AEdes Althorpianae*, vol. ii. pp. 39-40, where a facsimile of the type is given.

[119] See pages 98, 103, 228, 239, ante. His Lordship's first copy of the POLISH PROTESTANT BIBLE had been obtained from three imperfect copies at VIENNA; for which I have understood that nearly a hundred guineas were paid. The Augsburg copy now supplies the place of the previous one; which latter, I learn, is in the Bodleian library, at Oxford.

[120] A particular account of this edition will be found in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iv. page 522.



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[121] See the *Bibl. Spencer.*; vol. i. page 135-144.

[122] It is singular enough that the Curators of this Library, some twenty years ago, threw out PRINCE EUGENE'S copy of the above edition, as a duplicate—which happened to be somewhat larger and finer. This latter copy, bound in red morocco, with the arms of the Prince on the sides, now graces the shelves of Lord Spencer's Library. See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 305, 7.

[123] See vol. ii. p. 120.

[124] See vol. ii. p: 120.

[125] Including LEXICOGRAPHY.

[126] A copy of this edition (printed in all probability by Fyner of Eislingen) was sold at the sale of Mr. Hibbert's library for L8. 12s.

[127] [Of which, specimens appear in the *AEdes Althorpianae*, vol. ii. p. 273, &c. from the copy in Lord Spencer's collection—a copy, which may be pronounced to be the FINEST KNOWN copy in the world!]

[128] *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. iv. p. 121.

[129] Vol. ii. p. 191.

[130] This book is fully described, with numerous fac-similes of the wood-cuts, in the *AEdes' Althorpianae*, vol. ii. p. 204-213.

[131] Since the above was written, Lord Spencer has obtained a very fine and perfect copy of it, through Messrs. Payne and Foss: which copy will be found fully described, with a fac-simile of a supposed whole-length portrait of MARCO POLO, in the *AEdes Althorpianae*, vol. ii. p. 176.

[132] I think I remember to have seen, at Messrs. Payne and Foss's, the finest copy of this book in England. It was upon vellum, in the original binding, and measured fourteen inches three quarters by nine and a half. Unluckily, it wanted the whole of the table at the end. See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. i. p. 202. [Recently, my neighbour and especial good friend Sir F. Freeling, Bart. has fortunately come into the possession of a most beautifully fair and perfect copy of this resplendent volume.]

[133] While upon the subject of this book, it may not be immaterial to add, that I saw the ORIGINAL PAINTINGS from which the large wood blocks were taken for the well known work entitled “the *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian*” in large folio. These paintings are in water colours, upon rolls of vellum, very fresh—and rather gaudily executed. They do not convey any high notion of art, and I own that I greatly prefer the blocks (of which I saw several) to the original paintings. These were the blocks which our friend Mr. Douce entreated Mr. Edwards to examine when he came to Vienna, and with these he printed the well-known edition of the Triumphs, of the date of 1794.

## LETTER XI.

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**POPULATION. STREETS AND FOUNTAINS. CHURCHES. CONVENTS. PALACES. THEATRES. THE PRATER. THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE LIBRARY. COLLECTION OF DUKE ALBERT. SUBURBS. MONASTERY OF CLOSTERNEUBURG. DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.**

*Vienna, September 18, 1818.*

My dear friend;

“Extremum hunc—mihi concede laborem.” In other words, I shall trouble you for the last time with an epistle from the Austrian territories: at any rate, with the last communication from the capital of the empire. Since my preceding letter, I have stirred a good deal abroad: even from breakfast until a late dinner hour. By the aid of a bright sky, and a brighter moon, I have also visited public places of entertainment; for, having completed my researches at the library, I was resolved to devote the mornings to society and sights out of doors. I have also made a pleasant day's trip to the MONASTERY of CLOSTERNEUBURG—about nine English miles from hence; and have been led into temptation by the sight of some half dozen folios of a yet more exquisite condition than almost any thing previously beheld. I have even bought sundry tomes, of monks with long bushy beards, in a monastery in the suburbs, called the ROSSAU; and might, if I had pleased, have purchased their whole library—covered with the dust and cobwebs of at least a couple of centuries.

As, in all previous letters, when arrived at a new capital, I must begin the present by giving you some account of the population, buildings, public sights, and national character of the place in which I have now tarried for the last three weeks; and which—as I think I observed at the conclusion of my *first* letter from hence—was more characteristic of English fashions and appearances than any thing before witnessed by me ... even since my landing at Dieppe. The CITY of VIENNA may contain a population of 60,000 souls; but its SUBURBS, which are *thirty-three* in number, and I believe the largest in Europe, contain full *three times* that number of inhabitants.[134] This estimate has been furnished me by M. Bartsch, according to the census taken in 1815. Vienna itself contains 7150 houses; 123 palaces; and 29 Catholic parishes; 17 convents, of which three are filled by *Religieuses*; one Protestant church; one of the reformed persuasion; two churches of the united Greek faith, and one of the Greek, not united. [135] Of synagogues, I should think there must be a great number; for even *Judaism* seems, in this city, to be a thriving and wealthy profession. Hebrew bibles and Hebrew almanacks are sufficiently common. I bought a recent impression of the former, in five crown octavo volumes, neatly bound in sheep skin, for about seven shillings of our money; and an atlas folio sheet of the latter for a penny. You meet with Jews every where: itinerant and stationary. The former, who seem to be half Jew and half Turk, are great frequenters of hotels, with boxes full of trinkets and caskets.

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One of this class has regularly paid me a visit every morning, pretending to have the genuine attar of roses and rich rubies to dispose of. But these were not to my taste. I learnt, however, that this man had recently married his daughter,—and boasted of having been able to give her a dowry equal to 10,000*l.* of our money. He is short of stature, with a strongly-expressive countenance, and a well-arranged turban—and laughs unceasingly at whatever he says himself, or is said of him.

As Vienna may be called the key of Italy, on the land side—or, speaking less figuratively, the concentrating point where Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Italians meet for the arrangement of their mercantile affairs throughout the continent of Europe—it will necessarily follow that you see a great number of individuals belonging to the respective countries from whence they migrate. Accordingly, you are constantly struck with the number and variety of characters, of this class, which you meet from about the hour of three till five. Short clokes, edged with sable or ermine, and delicately trimmed mustachios, with the throat exposed, mark the courteous Greek and Albanian. Long robes, trimmed with tarnished silver or gold, with thickly folded girdles and turbans, and beards of unrestrained growth, point out the majestic Turk. The olive-tinted visage, with a full, keen, black eye, and a costume half Greek and half Turkish, distinguish the citizen of Venice or Verona. Most of these carry pipes, of a varying length, from which volumes of fragrant smoke occasionally issue; but the exercise of smoking is generally made subservient to that of talking: while the loud laugh, or reiterated reply, or, emphatic asseveration, of certain individuals in the passing throng, adds much to the general interest of the scene.

Smoking, however, is a most decidedly general characteristic of the place. Two shops out of six in some streets are filled with pipes, of which the *bowls* exhibit specimens of the most curious and costly workmanship. The handles are generally short. A good Austrian thinks he can never pay too much for a good pipe; and the upper classes of society sometimes expend great sums in the acquisition of these objects of comfort or fashion. It was only the other evening, when, in company with my friends Messrs. G. and S., and Madame la Comtesse de-----a gentleman drew forth from his pocket a short pipe, which screwed together in three divisions, and of which the upper part of the bowl—(made in the fashion of a black-a-moor's head) near the aperture—was composed of diamonds of great lustre and value. Upon enquiry, I found that this pipe was worth about 1000*l.* of our money!—and what surprised me yet more, was, the cool and unconcerned manner in which the owner pulled it out of a loose great-coat pocket—as if it had been a tobacco box not worth half a dozen kreutzers! Such is their love of smoking here, that, in one of their most frequented coffee-houses—where I went after dinner for a cup of coffee—the centre of the room was occupied by two billiard tables, which were surrounded by lookers on:—from the mouths of every one of whom, including even the players themselves, issued constant and pungent puffs of smoke, so

as to fill the whole room with a dense cloud, which caused me instantly to retreat... as if grazed by a musket ball.

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Of female society I can absolutely say little or nothing. The upper circles of society are all broken up for the gaieties of Baden. Yet, at the opera, at the Prater, and in the streets, I should say that the general appearance and manners of the females are very interesting; strongly resembling, in the former respect, those of our own country. In the streets, and in the shops, the women wear their own hair, which is generally of a light brown colour, apparently well brushed and combed, platted and twisted into graceful forms. In complexion, they are generally fair, with blue eyes; and in stature they are usually short and stout. The men are, I think, every where good-natured, obliging, and extremely anxious to pay you every attention of which you stand in need. If I could but speak the language fluently, I should quickly fancy myself in England. The French language here is less useful than the Italian, in making yourself understood.

So much for the living, or active life. Let me now direct your attention to inanimate objects; and these will readily strike you as relating to *Buildings*—in their varied characters of houses, churches and palaces. First, of the STREETS. I told you, a little before, that there are upwards of one hundred and twenty palaces, so called, in Vienna; but the truth is, almost every street may be said to be filled with palaces: so large and lofty are the houses of which they are usually composed. Sometimes a street, of a tolerable length, will contain only a dozen houses—as, for instance, that of the *Wallnerstrasse*: at the further end of which, to the right, lives Mr.----- the second banker (Count Fries being the first) in Vienna. Some of the banking-houses have quite the air of noblemen's chateaux. It is true, that these houses, like our Inns of Court, are inhabited by different families; yet the external appearance, being uniform, and frequently highly decorated, have an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The architectural ornaments, over the doors and windows—so miserably wanting in our principal streets and squares, and of which the absence gives to Portland Place the look, at a distance, of a range of barracks—are here, yet more than at Augsbourg or Munich, boldly and sometimes beautifully managed. The *Palace of Prince Eugene*[136] in the street in which I reside, and which no Englishman ought to gaze at without emotions of pleasure—is highly illustrative of the justice of the foregoing remark. This palace is now converted into the *Mint*. The door-ways and window-frames are, generally, throughout the streets of Vienna, of a bold and pleasing architectural character. From one till three, the usual hour of dining, the streets of Vienna are stripped of their full complement of population; but from three till six; at the latter of which hours the plays and opera begin, there is a numerous and animated population. Notwithstanding the season of the year, the days have been sometimes even sultry; while over head has constantly appeared one of the bluest and brightest skies ever viewed by human eyes.

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Among the most pleasing accompaniments or characteristics of street scenery, at Vienna, are the FOUNTAINS. They are very different from those at Paris; exhibiting more representations of the human figure, and less water. In the *Place*, before mentioned, is probably the most lofty and elaborate of these sculptured accompaniments of a fountain: but, in a sort of square called the *New Market*, and through which I regularly passed in my way to the Imperial Library—there is a fountain of a particularly pleasing, and, to my eye, tasteful cast of character; executed, I think, by DONNER. A large circular cistern receives the water, which is constantly flowing into it, from some one or the other of the surrounding male and female figures, of the size of life. One of these male figures, naked, is leaning over the side of the cistern, about to strike a fish, or some aquatic monster, with a harpoon or dart—while one of his legs (I think it is the right) is thrown back with a strong muscular expression, resting upon the earth—as if to balance the figure, thus leaning forward—thereby giving it an exceedingly natural and characteristic air. Upon the whole, although I am not sure that any *one* fountain, of the character just mentioned, may equal that in the High Street at Augsbourg, yet, taken collectively, I should say that Vienna has reason to claim its equality with any other city in Europe, on the score of this most picturesque, and frequently salutary, accompaniment of street scenery. In our own country, which has the amplest means of any other in the world, of carrying these objects of public taste into execution, there seems to be an infatuation—amounting to hopeless stupidity—respecting the uniform exclusion of them.

While I am on these desultory topics, let me say a word or two respecting the *quoi vivre* in this metropolis. There are few or no *restaurateurs*: at least, at this moment, only two of especial note.[137] I have dined at each—and very much prefer the vin du Pays, of the better sort [138]—which is red, and called *vin d'Offner* (or some such name) to that at Paris. But the *meats*, are less choice and less curiously cooked; and I must say that the sense of smelling is not very acute with the Germans. The mutton can only be attacked by teeth of the firmest setting. The beef is always preferable in a stewed or boiled state; although at our Ambassador's table, the other day, I saw and partook of a roasted sirloin which would have done honour to either tavern in Bishopsgate-street. The veal is the *safest* article to attack. The pastry is upon the whole relishing and good. The bread is in every respect the most nutritive and digestive which I have ever partaken of. The *fruit*, at this moment, is perfectly delicious, especially, the pears. Peaches and grapes are abundant in the streets, and exceedingly reasonable in price. Last Sunday, we dined at the palace

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of *Schoenbrunn*; or rather, in the suite of apartments, which were formerly servant's offices,—but which are now fitted up in a very tasteful and gay manner, for the reception of Sunday visitors: it being one of the principal fashionable places of resort on the Sabbath. We had a half boiled and half stewed fowl, beefsteak, and fritters, for dinner. The, beef was perfectly uneatable, as being entirely *gone*—but the other dishes were good and well served. The dessert made amends for all previous grievances. It consisted of peaches and grapes—just gathered from the imperial garden: the Emperor allowing his old servants (who are the owners of the taverns, and who gain a livelihood from Sunday visitors) to partake of this privilege. The choicest table at Paris or at London could not boast of finer specimens of the fruit in question. I may here add, that the *slaughter-houses* are all in the suburbs—or, at any rate, without the ramparts. This is a good regulation; but it is horribly disgusting, at times, to observe carts going along, with the dead bodies of animals, hanging down the sides, with their heads cut off.

Of all cities in Europe, Vienna is probably the most distinguished for the excellence of its CARRIAGES of every description—and especially for its *Hackney Coaches*. I grant you, that there is nothing here comparable with our London carriages, made on the nicest principles of art: whether for springs, shape, interior accommodations, or luxury; but I am certain that, for almost every species of carriage to be obtained at London, you may purchase them *here* at half the price. Satin linings of yellow, pink, and blue, are very prevalent ... even in their hackney coaches. These latter, are, in truth, most admirable, and of all shapes: landau, barouche, phaeton, chariot, or roomy family coach. Glass of every description, at Vienna—from the lustre that illuminates the Imperial Palace to that which is used in the theatre—is excellent; so that you are sure to have plate glass in your fiacre. The coachmen drive swiftly, and delight in rectangular turns. They often come thundering down upon you unawares, and as the streets are generally very narrow, it is difficult to secure a retreat in good time. At the corners of the streets are large stone posts, to protect the houses from the otherwise constant attrition from the wheels. The streets are paved with large stones, and the noise of the wheels, arising from the rapidity of their motion,—re-echoed by the height of the houses, is no trifling trial to nervous strangers.

Of the chief objects of architecture which decorate street scenery, there are none, to my old-fashioned eyes, more attractive and more thoroughly beautiful and interesting—from a thousand associations of ideas—than PLACES OF WORSHIP—and of course, among these, none stands so eminently conspicuous as the Mother-Church, or the CATHEDRAL, which, in this place, is dedicated to *St. Stephen*. The



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spire has been long distinguished for its elegance and height. Probably these are the most appropriate, if not the only, epithets of commendation which can be applied to it. After Strasbourg and Ulm, it appears a second-rate edifice. Not but what the spire may even vie with that of the former, and the nave may be yet larger than that of the latter: but, as a *whole*, it is much inferior to either—even allowing for the palpable falling off in the nave of Strasbourg cathedral. The spire, or tower—for it partakes of both characters—is indeed worthy of general admiration. It is oddly situated, being almost detached—and on the *south* side of the building. Indeed the whole structure has a very strange, and I may add capricious, if not repulsive, appearance, as to its exterior. The western and eastern ends have nothing deserving of distinct notice or commendation. The former has a porch, which is called “*the Giant’s porch*.” it should rather be designated as that of the *Dwarf*. It has no pretensions to size or striking character of any description. Some of the oldest parts of the cathedral appear to belong to the porch of the eastern end. As you walk round the church, you cannot fail to be struck with the great variety of ancient, and to an Englishman, whimsical looking mural monuments, in basso and alto relievos. Some of these are doubtless both interesting and curious.

But the spire[140] is indeed an object deserving of particular admiration. It is next to that of Strasbourg in height; being 432 feet of Vienna measurement. It may be said to begin to taper from the first stage or floor; and is distinguished for its open and sometimes intricate fretwork. About two-thirds of its height, just above the clock, and where the more slender part of the spire commences, there is a gallery or platform, to which the French quickly ascended, on their possession of Vienna, to reconnoitre the surrounding country. The very summit of the spire is bent, or inclined to the north; so much so, as to give the notion that the cap or crown will fall in a short time. As to the period of the erection of this spire, it is supposed to have been about the middle, or latter end, of the fifteenth century. It has certainly much in common with the highly ornamental gothic style of building in our own country, about the reign of Henry the VIth. The coloured glazed tiles of the roof of the church are very disagreeable and *unharmonising*. These colours are chiefly green, red, and blue. Indeed the whole roof is exceedingly heavy and tasteless. I will now conduct you to the interior. On entering, from the south-east door, you observe, to the left, a small piece of white marble—which every one touches, with the finger or thumb charged with holy water, on entering or leaving the cathedral. Such have been the countless thousands of times that this piece of marble has been so touched, that, purely, from such friction, it has been worn nearly *half an inch* below the general surrounding surface. I have great doubts, however, if this mysterious piece of masonry be as old as the walls of the church, (which may be of the fourteenth century) which they pretend to say it is.

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The first view of the interior of this cathedral, seen even at the most favourable moment—which is from about three till five o'clock—is far from prepossessing. Indeed, after what I had seen at Rouen, Paris, Strasboug, Ulm, and Munich, it was a palpable disappointment. In the first place, there seems to be no grand leading feature of simplicity: add to which, darkness reigns every where. You look up, and discern no roof—not so much from its extreme height, as from the absolute want of windows. Every thing not only looks dreary, but is dingy and black—from the mere dirt and dust which seem to have covered the great pillars of the nave—and especially the figures and ornament upon it—for the last four centuries. This is the more to be regretted, as the larger pillars are highly ornamented; having human figures, of the size of life, beneath sharply pointed canopies, running up the shafts. The extreme length of the cathedral is 342 feet of Vienna measurement. The extreme width, between the tower and its opposite extremity—or the transepts—is 222 feet.

There are comparatively few chapels; only four—but many *Bethstuecke* or *Prie-Dieus*. Of the former, the chapels of *Savoy* and *St. Eloy* are the chief: but the large sacristy is more extensive than either. On my first entrance, whilst attentively examining the choir, I noticed—what was really a very provoking, but probably not a very uncommon sight,—a maid servant deliberately using a long broom in sweeping the pavement of the high altar, at the moment when several very respectable people, of both sexes, were kneeling upon the steps, occupied in prayer. But the devotion of the people is incessant—all the day long,—and in all parts of the cathedral. The little altars, or *Prie-Dieus*, seem to be innumerable. Yonder kneels an emaciated figure, before a yet more emaciated crucifix. It is a female—bending down, as it were, to the very grave. She has hardly strength to hold together her clasped hands, or to raise her downcast eye. Yet she prays—earnestly, loudly, and from the heart. Near her, kneels a group of her own sex: young, active, and ardent—as she *once* was; and even comely and beautiful ... as she *might* have been. They evidently belong to the more respectable classes of society—and are kneeling before a framed and glazed picture of the Virgin and Child, of which the lower part is absolutely smothered with flowers. There is a natural, and as it were well-regulated, expression of piety among them, which bespeaks a genuineness of feeling and of devotion.

Meanwhile, service is going on in all parts of the cathedral. They are singing here: they are praying there: and they are preaching in a third place. But during the whole time, I never heard one single note of the organ. I remember only the other Sunday morning—walking out beneath one of the brightest blue skies that ever shone upon man—and entering the cathedral about nine

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o'clock. A preacher was in the principal pulpit; while a tolerably numerous congregation was gathered around him. He preached, of course, in the German language, and used much action. As he became more and more animated, he necessarily became warmer, and pulled off a black cap—which, till then, he had kept upon his head: the zeal and piety of the congregation at the same time seeming to increase with the accelerated motions of the preacher. In other more retired parts, solitary devotees were seen—silent, and absorbed in prayer. Among these, I shall not easily forget the head and the physiognomical expression of one old man—who, having been supported by crutches, which lay by the side of him—appeared to have come for the last time to offer his orisons to heaven. The light shone full upon his bald head and elevated countenance; which latter indicated a genuineness of piety, and benevolence, of disposition, not to be soured... even by the most-bitter of worldly disappointments! It seemed as if the old man were taking leave of this life, in full confidence of the rewards which await the righteous beyond the grave. Not a creature was near him but myself;—when, on the completion of his devotions, finding that those who had attended him thither were not at hand to lead him away—he seemed to cast an asking eye of assistance upon me: nor did he look twice before that assistance was granted. I helped to raise him up; but, ere he could bring my hand in contact with his lips, to express his thankfulness—his friends ... apparently his daughter, and two grandchildren ... arrived—and receiving his benediction, quietly, steadily, and securely, led him forth from the cathedral. No pencil ... no pen ... can do justice to the entire effect of this touching picture.

So much for the living. A word or two now for the dead. Of course this latter alludes to the MONUMENTS of the more distinguished characters once resident in and near the metropolis. Among these, doubtless the most elaborate is that of the *Emperor Frederick III.*—in the florid gothic style, surmounted by a tablet, filled with coat-armour, or heraldic shields. Some of the mural monuments are very curious, and among them are several of the early part of the sixteenth century—which represent the chins and even mouths of females, entirely covered by drapery: such as is even now to be seen ...and such as we saw on descending from the Vosges; But among these monuments—both for absolute and relative antiquity—none will appear to the curious eye of an antiquary so precious as that of the head of the ARCHITECT of THE CATHEDRAL, whose name was *Pilgram*. This head is twice seen—first, on the wall of the south side aisle, a good deal above the spectator's eye, and therefore in a foreshortened manner—as the following representation of it testifies;[141]

[Illustration: S. Fresman.]

The second representation of it is in one of the heads in the hexagonal pulpit—in the nave, and in which the preacher was holding forth as before mentioned. Some say that these heads represent one and the same person; but I was told that they were

designated for those of the *master* and *apprentice*: the former being the apprentice, and the latter the master.

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The preceding may suffice for a description of this cathedral; in which, as I before observed, there is a palpable want of simplicity and of breadth of construction. The eye wanders over a large mass of building, without being able to rest upon any thing either striking from its magnificence, or delighting by its beauty and elaborate detail. The pillars which divide the nave from the side aisles, are however excluded from this censure. There is one thing—and a most lamentable instance of depraved taste it undoubtedly is—which I must not omit mentioning. It relates to the representation of our Saviour. Whether as a painting, or as a piece of sculpture, this sacred figure is generally made most repulsive—even, in the cathedral. It is meagre in form, wretched in physiognomical expression, and marked by disgusting appearances of blood about the forehead and throat. In the church of *St. Mary*, supposed to be the oldest in Vienna, as you enter the south door, to the left, there is a whole length standing figure of Christ—placed in an obscure niche—of which the part, immediately under the chin, is covered with red paint, in disgusting imitation of blood: as if the throat had been recently cut,—and patches of paint, to represent drops of blood, are also seen upon the feet!

In regard to other churches, that of *St. Mary*, supposed to be, in part, as old as the XIIIth century, has one very great curiosity, decidedly worthy of notice. It is a group on the outside, as you enter a door in a passage or court—through which the whole population of Vienna should seem to pass in the course of the day. This group, or subject, represents our *Saviour's Agony in the garden of Gethsemane*: the favourite subject of representation throughout Austria. In the foreground, the figure of Christ, kneeling, is sufficiently conspicuous. Sometimes a handkerchief is placed between the hands, and sometimes not. His disciples are asleep by the side of him. In the middle ground, the soldiers, headed by Judas Iscariot, are leaping over the fence, and entering the garden to seize him: in the back ground, they are leading him away to Caiphas, and buffeting him in the route. These latter groups are necessarily diminutive. The whole is cut in stone—I should think about three centuries ago—and painted after the life. As the people are constantly passing along, you observe, every now and then, some devout citizen dropping upon his knee, and repeating a hurried prayer before the figure of Christ.

The *Church of the Augustins* is near at hand; and the contents of *that* church are, to my taste and feelings, more precious than any of which Vienna may boast. I allude to the famous monument erected to the memory of the wife of the present venerable DUKE ALBERT OF SAXE TESCHEN. It is considered to be the chef d'oeuvre of CANOVA; and with justice. The church of the Augustins laying directly in my way to the Imperial Library, I think I may safely

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say that I used, two mornings out of three, to enter it—on purpose to renew my acquaintance with the monument in question. My admiration increased upon every such renewal. Take it, all in all, I can conceive nothing in art to go beyond it. It is alone worth a pilgrimage to Vienna: nor will I from henceforth pine about what has perished from the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles—it is sufficient that this monument remains... from the chisel of CANOVA.

I will describe it briefly, and criticise it with the same freedom which I used towards the *Madonna* of the same sculptor, in the collection of the Marquis de Sommariva at Paris. [142] At the time of my viewing it, a little after ten o'clock, the organ was generally playing—and a very fine chant was usually being performed: rather soft, tender, and impressive—than loud and overwhelming. I own that, by a thousand associations of ideas, (which it were difficult to describe) this coincidence helped to give a more solemn effect to the object before me. You enter a door, immediately opposite to it—and no man of taste can view it, unexpectedly, for the first time, without standing still ... the very moment it meets his eyes! This monument, which is raised about four feet above the pavement, and is encircled by small iron palisades—at a distance just sufficient to afford every opportunity of looking correctly at each part of it—consists of several figures, in procession, which are about to enter an opened door, at the base of a pyramid of gray marble. Over the door is a medallion, in profile, of the deceased... supported by an angel. To the right of the door is a huge lion couchant, asleep. You look into the entrance ... and see nothing ... but darkness: neither boundary nor termination being visible. To the right, a young man—resting his arm upon the lion's mane, is looking upwards, with an intensity of sorrowful expression. This figure is naked; and represents the protecting genius of the afflicted husband. To the left of the door, is the moving procession. One tall majestic female figure, with dishevelled hair, and a fillet of gold round her brow, is walking with a slow, measured step, embracing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased. Her head is bending down, as if her tears were mingling with the contents of the urn. The drapery of this figure is most elaborate and profuse, and decorated with wreaths of flowers. Two children—symbolical, I suppose, of innocence and purity—walk by her side ... looking upwards, and scattering flowers. In the rear, appear three figures, which are intended to represent the charitable character of the deceased. Of these, two are eminently conspicuous ... namely, an old man leaning upon the arm of a young woman ... illustrative of the bounty and benevolence of the Duchess:—and intended to represent her liberality and kind-heartedness, equally in the protection of the old and feeble, as in that of the orphan and helpless young. The figures are united, as it were, by a youthful female, with a wreath of flowers; with which, indeed the ground is somewhat profusely strewn: so as, to an eye uninitiated in ancient costume, to give the subject rather a festive character. The whole is of the size of life.[143]

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Such is the mere dry descriptive detail of this master-piece of the art of CANOVA. I now come to a more close and critical survey of it; and will first observe upon what appear to me to be the (perhaps venial) defects of this magnificent monument. In the first place, I could have wished the medallion of the duchess and the supporting angel—*elsewhere*. It is a common-place, and indeed, here, an irrelevant ornament. The deceased has passed into eternity. The apparently interminable excavation into which the figures are about to move, helps to impress your mind with this idea. The duchess is to be thought of ... or seen, in the mind's eye... as an inhabitant of *another world* ... and therefore not to be brought to your recollection by a common-place representation of her countenance in profile—as an inhabitant of *earth*. Besides, the chief female figure or mourner, about to enter the vault, is carrying her ashes in an urn: and I own it appears to me to be a little incongruous—or, at least, a little defective in that pure classical taste which the sculptor unquestionably possesses,—to put, what may be considered visible and invisible—or tangible and intangible—representations of the *same* person before you at the *same* time. If a representation of the figure of the duchess be necessary, it should not be in the form of a medallion. The pyramidal back-ground would doubtless have had a grander effect without it.

The lion is also, to me, an objectionable subject. If allegory be necessary, it should be pure, and not mixed. If a *human figure*, at one end of the group, be considered a fit representation of benevolence ... the notion or idea meant to be conveyed by a *lion*, at the other end, should not be conveyed by the introduction of an animal. Nor is it at all obvious—supposing an animal to be necessary—to understand why a lion, who may be considered as placed there to guard the entrance of the pyramid, should be represented *asleep*? If he be sympathising with the general sorrow, he should not be sleeping; for acute affliction rarely allows of slumber. If his mere object be to guard the entrance, by sleeping he shews himself to be unworthy of trust. In a word, allegory, always bad in itself, should not be *mixed*; and we naturally ask what business lions and human beings have together? Or, we suppose that the females in view have well strung nerves to walk thus leisurely with a huge lion—even sleeping—in front of them!

The human figures are indeed delightful to contemplate. Perfect in form, in attitude, and expression, they proclaim the powers of a consummate master. A fastidious observer might indeed object to the bold, muscular strength of the old man—as exhibited in his legs and arms—and as indicative of the maturity, rather than of the approaching extinction, of life ... but what sculptor, in the representation of such subjects, can resist the temptation of displaying



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the biceps and gastrocnemian muscles? The countenances are all exquisite: all full of nature and taste... with as little introduction, as may be, of Grecian art. To my feelings, the figure of the young man—to the right of the lion—is the most exquisitely perfect. His countenance is indeed heavenly; and there is a play and harmony in the position and demarcation of his limbs, infinitely beyond any thing which I can presume to put in competition with it. In every point of view, in which I regarded this figure, it gained upon my admiration; and on leaving the church, for the last time, I said within myself—"if I have not seen the *Belvedere Apollo*, I have again and again viewed the monument to the memory of the *Duchess Albert of Saxe-Teschen*, by CANOVA... and I am satisfied to return to England in consequence."

From churches we will walk together to CONVENTS. Here are only two about which I deem it necessary to give you any description; and these are, the *Convent of the Capuchins*, near the new Market Place, and that of the *Franciscans*, near the street in which I lodge. The former is tenanted by long-bearded monks. On knocking at the outer gate, the door was opened by an apparently middle-aged man, upon whose long silvery, and broad-spreading beard, the light seemed to dart down with a surprisingly, picturesque effect. Behind him was a dark cloister; or at least, a cloister very partially illumined—along which two younger monks were pacing in full costume. The person who opened the outward door proved to be the *porter*. He might, from personal respectability, and amplitude of beard, have been the *President*. On my servant's telling him our object was to view the IMPERIAL TOMBS, which are placed in a vault in this monastery, he disappeared; and we were addressed by a younger person, with a beard upon a comparatively diminutive scale, and with the top of his hair very curiously cut in a circular form. He professed his readiness to accompany us immediately into the receptacle of departed imperial grandeur. He spoke Latin with myself, and his vernacular tongue with the valet. I was soon satisfied with the sepulchral spectacle. As a whole, it has a poor and even disagreeable effect: if you except one or two tombs, such as those of *Francis I.* Emperor of the Romans, and *Maria Theresa*—which latter is the most elaborately ornamented of the whole: but it wants both space and light to be seen effectually, and is moreover I submit, in too florid a style of decoration. Like the generality of them, it is composed of bronze. The tombs of the earlier Emperors of Germany lie in a long and gloomy narrow recess—where little light penetrates, and where there is little space for an accurate examination. I should call them rather *coffin-shells* than monuments. When I noticed the tomb of the Emperor Joseph II. to my guide, he seemed hardly to vouchsafe a glance at it ... adding, "yes, he is well known every where!" They rather consider him (from the wholesale manner in which the monasteries and convents were converted by him to civil purposes) as a sort of *softened-down Henry VIII.* Upon the whole, the living interested me more than the dead ... in this gloomy retirement ... notwithstanding these vaults are said to contain very little short of fourscore tombs of departed Emperors and Monarchs.



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The MONASTERY OF THE FRANCISCANS is really an object worth visiting ... if it be only to convince you of the comfort and happiness of ... *not* being a *Franciscan monk*. I went thither several times, and sauntered in the cloisters of the quadrangle. An intelligent middle-aged woman—a sort of housekeeper of the establishment—who conversed with me pretty fluently in the French language, afforded me all the information which I was desirous of possessing. She said she had nothing to do with the kitchen, or dormitories of the monks. They cooked their own meat, and made their own beds. You see these monks constantly walking about the streets, and even entering the hotels. They live chiefly upon alms. They are usually bare-headed, and bare-footed—with the exception of sandals. Their dress is a thick brown cloak, with a cowl hanging behind in a peaked point: the whole made of the coarsest materials. They have no beards—and yet, altogether, they have a very squalid and dirty appearance. It was towards eight o'clock, when I walked for the first time, in the cloisters; and there viewed, amongst other mural decorations, an oil painting—in which several of their order are represented as undergoing martyrdom—by hanging, and severing their limbs. It was a horrid sight ... and yet the *living* was not very attractive.

Although placed in the very heart of the metropolis of their country, this Franciscan fraternity appears to be insensible of every comfort of society. To their palate, nothing seems to be so sweet as the tainted morsel upon the trencher—and to their ear, no sound more grateful than the melancholy echo, from the tread of their own cloister. Every thing, which so much pleased and gratified me in the great Austrian monasteries of CHREMSMINSTER, ST. FLORIAN, MOLK, and GOTTWIC, would, in such an atmosphere, and in such a tenement as the Franciscan monastery here, have been chilled, decomposed, and converted into the very reverse of all former and cheerful impressions. No walnut-tree shelved libraries: no tier upon tier of clasp and knob-bound folios: no saloon, where the sides are emblazoned by Salzburg marble; and no festive board, where the watchful seneschal never allows the elongated glass to remain five minutes unreplenished by Rhenish wine of the most exquisite flavour! None of these, nor of any thing even remotely approximating to them, were to be witnessed, or partaken of, in the dreary abode of monachism which I have just described.

You will be glad to quit such a comfortless residence; and I am equally impatient with yourself to view more agreeable sights. Having visited the tombs of departed royalty, let us now enter the abodes—or rather PALACES—of *living* imperial grandeur. I have already told you that Vienna, on the first glance of the houses, looks like a city of palaces; those buildings, which are professedly *palatial*, being indeed of a glorious extent and magnificence. And yet—it seems

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strange to make the remark ... will you believe me when I say, that, of the various palaces, or large mansions visited by me, that of the EMPEROR is the least imposing—as a whole? The front is very long and lofty; but it has a sort of architectural tameness about it, which gives it rather the air of the residence of the Lord Chamberlains than of their regal master. Yet the *Saloon*, in this palace, must not be passed over in silence. It merits indeed warm commendation. The roof, which is of an unusual height, is supported by pillars in imitation of polished marble ... but why are they not marble *itself*? The prevailing colour is white—perhaps to excess; but the number and quality of the looking glasses, lustres, and chandeliers, strike you as the most prominent features of this interior. I own that, for pure, solid taste, I greatly preferred the never-to-be-forgotten saloon in the monastery of St. Florian.[144] The rooms throughout the palaces are rather comfortable than gorgeous—if we except the music and ball rooms. Some scarlet velvet, of scarce and precious manufacture, struck me as exceedingly beautiful in one of the principal drawing rooms. I saw here a celebrated statue of a draped female, sitting, the workmanship of Canova. It is worthy of the chisel of the master. As to paintings, there are none worth description on the score of the old masters. Every thing of this kind seems to be concentrated in the palace of the Belvedere.

To the BELVEDERE PALACE, therefore, let us go. I visited it with Mr. Lewis—taking our valet with us, immediately after breakfast—on one of the finest and clearest-skied September mornings that ever shone above the head of man. We had resolved to take the *Ambras*, or the LITTLE BELVEDERE, in our way; and to have a good, long, and uninterrupted view of the wonders of art—in a variety of departments. Both the little Belvedere and the large Belvedere rise gradually above the suburbs; and the latter may be about a mile and a half from the ramparts of the city. The *Ambras* contains a quantity of ancient horse and foot armour; brought thither from a chateau of that name, near Inspruck, and built by the Emperor Charles V. Such a collection of old armour—which had once equally graced and protected the bodies of their wearers, among whom, the noblest names of which Germany can boast may be enrolled—was infinitely gratifying to me. The sides of the first room were quite embossed with suspended shields, cuirasses, and breast-plates. The floor was almost filled by champions on horseback—yet poising the spear, or holding it in the rest—yet *almost* shaking their angry plumes, and pricking the fiery sides of their coursers. Here rode Maximilian—and there halted Charles his Son. Different suits of armour, belonging to the same character, are studiously shewn you by the guide: some of these are the foot, and some the horse, armour: some were worn in fight—yet giving evidence of the mark of the bullet and battle axe: others were the holiday suits of armour ... with which the knights marched in procession, or tilted at the tournament. The workmanship of the full-dress suits, in which a great deal of highly wrought gold ornament appears, is sometimes really exquisite.

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The second, or long room, is more particularly appropriated to the foot or infantry armour. In this studied display of much that is interesting from antiquity, and splendid from absolute beauty and costliness, I was particularly gratified by the sight of the armour which the Emperor Maximilian wore as a foot-captain. The lower part, to defend the thighs, consists of a puckered or plated steel-petticoat, sticking out at the bottom of the folds, considerably beyond the upper part. It is very simple, and of polished steel. A fine suit of armour—of black and gold—worn by an Archbishop of Salzburg in the middle of the fifteenth century, had particular claims upon my admiration. It was at once chaste and effective. The mace was by the side of it. This room is also ornamented by trophies taken from the Turks; such as bows, spears, battle-axes, and scymitars. In short, the whole is full of interest and splendor. I ought to have seen the ARSENAL—which I learn is of uncommon magnificence; and, although not so curious on the score of antiquity, is yet not destitute of relics of the old warriors of Germany. Among these, those which belonged to my old bibliomaniacal friend Corvinus, King of Hungary, cut a conspicuous and very respectable figure. I fear it will be now impracticable to see the Arsenal as it ought to be seen.

It is now approaching mid-day, and we are walking towards the terrace in front of the GREAT BELVEDERE PALACE: built by the immortal EUGENE in the year 1724, as a summer residence. Probably no spot could have been selected with better judgment for the residence of a Prince—who wished to enjoy, almost at the same moment, the charms of the country with the magnificence of a city view... unclouded by the dense fumes which for ever envelope our metropolis. It is in truth a glorious situation. Walking along its wide and well cultivated terraces, you obtain the finest view imaginable of the city of Vienna. Indeed it may be called a picturesque view. The spire of the cathedral darts directly upwards, as it were, to the very heavens. The ground before you, and in the distance, is gently undulating; and the intermediate portion of the suburbs does not present any very offensive protrusions. More in the distance, the windings of the Danube are seen; with its various little islands, studded with hamlets and fishing huts, lighted up by a sun of unusual radiance. Indeed the sky, above the whole of this rich and civilized scene, was, at the time of our viewing it, almost of a dazzling hue: so deep and vivid a tint we had never before beheld. Behind the palace, in the distance, you observe a chain of mountains which extends into Hungary. As to the building itself, I must say that it is perfectly *palatial*; in its size, form, ornaments, and general effect. He must be fastidious indeed, who could desire a nobler residence for the most illustrious character in the kingdom!

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Among the treasures, which it contains, it is now high time to enter and to look about us. Yet what am I attempting?—to be your *cicerone* ... in every apartment, covered with canvas or pannel, upon which colours of all hues, are seen from the bottom to the top of the palace!? It cannot be. My account, therefore, is necessarily a mere sketch.

RUBENS, if any artist, seems here to “rule and reign without control!” Two large rooms are filled with his productions; besides several other pictures, by the same hand, which are placed in different apartments. Here it is that you see verified the truth of Sir Joshua’s remark upon that wonderful artist: namely, that his genius seems to expand with the size of his canvas. His pencil absolutely riots here—in the most luxuriant manner—whether in the majesty of an altarpiece, in the gaiety of a festive scene [145], or in the sobriety of portrait-painting. His *Ignatius Loyola* and *St. Francis Xavier*—of the former class—each seventeen feet high, by nearly thirteen wide—are stupendous productions ... in more senses than one. The latter is, indeed, in my humble judgment, the most marvellous specimen of the powers of the painter which I have ever seen... and you must remember that both England and France are not without some of his most celebrated productions—which I have frequently examined.

In the *old German School*, the series is almost countless: and of the greatest possible degree of interest and curiosity. Here are to be seen *Wohlgemuths*, *Albert Durers*, both the *Holbeins*, *Lucas Cranachs*, *Ambergaus*, and *Burgmairs* of all sizes and degrees of merit. Among these ancient specimens—which are placed in curious order, in the very upper suite of apartments, and of which the back-grounds of several, in one solid coat of gilt, lighten up the room like a golden sunset—you must not fail to pay particular attention to a singularly curious old subject—representing the *Life, Miracles, and Passion of our Saviour*, in a series of one hundred and fifty-eight pictures—of which the largest is nearly three feet square, and every other about fifteen inches by ten. These subjects are painted upon eighty-six small pieces of wood; of which seventy-two are contained in six folding cabinets, each cabinet holding twelve subjects. In regard to *Teniers*, *Gerard Dow*, *Mieris*, *Wouvermann*, and *Cuyp* ... you must look at home for more exquisite specimens. This collection contains, in the whole, not fewer than FIFTEEN HUNDRED PAINTINGS: of which the greater portion consists of pictures of very large dimensions. I could have lived here for a month; but could only move along with the hurried step, and yet more hurrying eye, of an ordinary visitor[146].

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About three English miles from the Great Belvedere—or rather about the same number of miles from Vienna, to the right, as you approach the Capital—is the famous palace of SCHOENBRUNN. This is a sort of summer-residence of the Emperor; and it is here that his daughter, the ex-Empress of France, and the young Bonaparte usually reside. The latter never goes into Italy, when his mother, as Duchess of Parma, pays her annual visit to her principality. At this moment her Son is at Baden, with the court. It was in the Schoenbrunn palace that his father, on the conquest of Vienna, used to take up his abode; rarely, venturing into the city. He was surely safe enough here; as every chamber and every court yard was filled by the elite of his guard—whether as officers or soldiers. It is a most magnificent pile of building: a truly imperial residence—but neither the furniture nor the objects of art, whether connected with sculpture or painting, are deserving of any thing in the shape of a *catalogue raisonne*. I saw the chamber where young Bonaparte frequently passes the day; and brandished his flag staff, and beat upon his drum. He is a soldier (as they tell me) every inch of him; and rides out, through the streets of Vienna, in a carriage of state drawn by four or six horses, receiving the *homages* of the passing multitude.

To return to the SCHOENBRUNN PALACE. I have already told you that it is vast, and capable of accommodating the largest retinue of courtiers. It is of the *Gardens* belonging to them, that I would now only wish to say a word. These gardens are really worthy of the residence to which they are attached. For what is called ornamental, formal, gardening—enriched by shrubs of rarity, and trees of magnificence—enlivened by fountains—adorned by sculpture—and diversified by vistas, lawns, and walks—interspersed with grottos and artificial ruins—you can conceive nothing upon a grander scale than these: while a menagerie in one place (where I saw a large but miserably wasted elephant)—a flower garden in another—a labyrinth in a third, and a solitude in a fourth place—each, in its turn; equally beguiles the hour and the walk. They are the most spacious gardens I ever witnessed.

The preceding is all I can tell you, from actual observation, about the

PALACES at Vienna. Those of the Noblesse, with the exception of that of Duke Albert, I have not visited; as I learn that the families are from home—and that the furniture is not arranged in the order in which one could wish it to be for the purpose of inspection or admiration. But I must not omit saying a word or two about the TREASURY—where the Court Jewels and Regalia are kept and where curious clocks and watches, of early Nuremburg manufacture, will not fail to strike and astonish the antiquary. But there are other objects, of a yet more powerful attraction: particularly a series of *crowns* studded with gems and precious stones, from the time

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of Maximilian downwards. If I remember rightly, they shewed me here the crown which that famous Emperor himself wore. It is, comparatively, plain, ponderous, and massive. Among the more modern regal ornaments, I was shewn a precious diamond which fastened the cloak of the Emperor or Empress (I really forget which) on the day of coronation. It is large, oval-shaped, and, in particular points of view, seemed to flash a dazzling radiance throughout the room.

It was therefore with a *refreshing* sort of delight that I turned from “the wealth of either Ind” to feast upon a set of old china, upon which the drawings are said to have been furnished by the pencil of Raffaele. I admit that this is a sort of *suspicious* object of art: in other words, that, if all the old china, *said* to be ornamented by the pencil of Raffaele, were really the production of that great man, he could have done nothing else but paint upon baked earth from his cradle to his grave—and all the *oil paintings* by him *must* be spurious. The present, however, having been presented by the Pope, may be safely allowed to be genuine. In this suite of apartments—filled, from one extremity to the other, with all that is gay, and gorgeous, and precious, appertaining to royalty—I was particularly struck with the insignia of regality belonging to Bonaparte as King of Rome. It was a crown, sceptre, and robe—of which the two former were composed of metal, like brass—but of a form particularly chaste and elegant. There is great facility of access afforded for a sight of these valuable treasures, and I was surprised to find myself in a crowd of visitors at the outer door, who, upon gaining entrance, rushed forward in a sort of scrambling manner, and spread themselves in various directions about the apartment. Upon seeing one of the guides, I took him aside, and asked him in a quiet manner “what was done with all these treasures when the French visited their capital?” He replied quickly, and emphatically, “they were taken away, and safely lodged in the Emperor’s Hungarian dominions.”

You may remember that the conclusion of my last letter left me just about to start to witness an entertainment called *Der Berggeist*, or the *Genius of the Mountain*; and that, in the opening of this letter, I almost made boast of the gaiety of my evening amusements. In short, for a man fond of music—and in the country of GLUCK, MOZART and HAYDN—not to visit the theatres, where a gratification of this sort, in all the perfection and variety of its powers, is held forth, might be considered a sort of heresy hardly to be pardoned. Accordingly, I have seen *Die Zauberfloete*, *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*: the two former quite enchantingly performed—but the latter greatly inferior to the representation of it at our own Opera House. The band, although less numerous than ours, seems to be perfect in every movement of the piece. You



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hear, throughout, a precision, clearness, and brilliancy of touch—together with a facility of execution, and fulness of instrumental tone—which almost impresses you with the conviction that the performers were *born* musicians. The principal opera house, or rather that in which the principal singers are engaged, is near the palace, and is called *Im Theater naechst dem Kaerthnerthoc*. Here I saw the *Marriage of Figaro* performed with great spirit and eclat. A young lady, a new performer of the name, of *Wranizth*, played Susannah in a style exquisitely naive and effective. She was one of the most natural performers I ever saw; and her voice seemed to possess equal sweetness and compass. She is a rising favourite, and full of promise. Madame *Hoenig* played Mazelline rather heavily, and sung elaborately, but scientifically. The Germans are good natured creatures, and always prefer commendation to censure. Hence the plaudits with which these two rival syrens were received.

The other, opera house, which is in the suburbs, and called *Schauspielhause*, is by much the larger and more commodious place of entertainment. I seized with avidity the first opportunity of seeing the *Zauberfloete* here, and here also I saw Don Giovanni: the former as perfectly, in every respect, as the latter was inefficiently, performed. But here I saw the marvellous ballet, or afterpiece, called *Die Berggeist*; and I will tell you why I think it marvellous. It is entirely performed by children of all ages—from three to sixteen—with the exception of the venerable-bearded old gentleman, who is called the *Genius of the Mountain*. The author of the piece or ballet “von herrn Ballet-meister”—is *Friedrich Horschelt*: who, if in such a department or vocation in society a man may be said (and why should he not?) to “deserve well of his country,” is, I think, eminently entitled to that distinction. The truth is, that, all the little rogues (I do not speak literally) whom we saw before us upon the stage—and who amount to nearly one hundred and twenty in number—were absolutely beggar-children, and the offspring of beggars, or of the lowest possible classes in society. They earned a livelihood by the craft of asking alms. Mr. Horschelt conceived the plan of converting these hapless little vagabonds into members of some honest and useful calling. He saw an active little match girl trip across the street, and solicit alms in a very winning and even graceful manner—“that shall be my *columbine*,” said he:—and she was so. A young lad of a sturdy form, and sluggish movement, is converted into a *clown*: a slim youth is made to personate *harlequin*—and thus he forms and puts into action the different characters of his entertainment... absolutely and exclusively out of the very lowest orders of society.



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To witness what these metamorphosed little creatures perform, is really to witness a miracle. Every thing they do is in consonance with a well-devised and well-executed plot. The whole is in harmony. They perform characters of different classes; sometimes allegorical, as praeternatural beings—sometimes real, as rustics at one moment, and courtiers at another—but whether as fairies, or attendants upon goddesses—and whether the dance be formal or frolicksome—whether in groups of many, or in a *pas de deux*, or *pas seul*—they perform with surprising accuracy and effect. The principal performer, who had really been the little match girl above described, and who might have just turned her sixteenth year—would not have disgraced the boards of the Paris opera—at a moment, even, when Albert and Bigotini were engaged upon them. I never witnessed any thing more brilliant and more perfect than she was in all her evolutions and pirouettes. Nor are the lads behind hand in mettle and vigorous movement. One boy, about fourteen, almost divided the plaudits of the house with the fair nymph just mentioned—who, during the evening, had equally shone as a goddess, a queen, a fairy, and a columbine. The emperor of Austria, who is an excellent good man—and has really the moral welfare of his people at heart—was at first a little fearful about the *effect* of this early metamorphosis of his subjects into actors and actresses; but he learnt, upon careful enquiry, that these children, when placed out in the world—as they generally are before seventeen, unless they absolutely prefer the profession in which they have been engaged—generally turn out to be worthy and good members of society. Their salaries are fixed and moderate, and thus superfluous wealth does not lead them into temptation.

On the conclusion of the preceding piece, the stage was entirely filled by the whole juvenile *Corps Dramatique*—perhaps amounting to about one hundred and twenty in number. They were divided into classes, according to size, dress, and talent. After a succession of rapid evolutions, the whole group moved gently to the sound of soft music, while masses of purple tinted clouds descended, and alighted about them. Some were received into the clouds—which were then lifted up—and displayed groups of the smallest children upon their very summits, united by wreaths of roses; while the larger children remained below. The entire front of the stage, up to the very top, was occupied by the most extraordinary and most imposing sight I ever beheld—and as the clouds carried the whole of the children upwards, the curtain fell, and the piece concluded. On its conclusion, the audience were in a perfect frenzy of applause, and demanded the author to come forward and receive the meed of their admiration. He quickly obeyed their summons—and I was surprised, when I saw him, at the youthfulness of his appearance, the homeliness of his dress, and the simplicity of his manners. He thrice bowed to the audience, laying his hand the same number of times upon his heart. I am quite sure that, if he were to come to London, and institute the same kind of exhibition, he would entirely fill Drury Lane or Covent Garden—as I saw the *Schauspielhause* filled—with parents and children from top to bottom.



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But a truce to *in-door* recreations. You are longing, no doubt, to scent the evening breeze along the banks of the PRATER, or among the towering elms of the AUGARTEN—both public places of amusement within about a league of the ramparts of the city. It was the other Sunday evening when I visited the Prater, and when—as the weather happened to be very fine—it was considered to be full: but the absence of the court, and of the noblesse, necessarily gave a less joyous and splendid aspect to the carriages and their attendant liveries. In your way to this famous place of sabbath evening promenade, you pass a celebrated coffee house, in the suburbs, called the *Leopoldstadt*, which goes by the name of the *Greek coffee-house*—on account of its being almost entirely frequented by Greeks—so numerous at Vienna. Do not pass it, if you should ever come hither, without entering it—at least *once*. You would fancy yourself to be in Greece: so thoroughly characteristic are the countenances, dresses, and language of every one within.

[Illustration: THE PRATER, VIENNA.]

But yonder commences the procession ... of horse and foot: of cabriolets, family coaches, german waggon, cars, phaetons, and landaulets ... all moving in a measured manner, within their prescribed ranks, towards the PRATER. We must accompany them without loss of time. You now reach the Prater. It is an extensive flat, surrounded by branches of the Danube, and planted on each side with double rows of horse chesnut trees. The drive, in one straight line, is probably a league in length. It is divided by two roads, in one of which the company move *onward*, and in the other they *return*. Consequently, if you happen to find a hillock only a few feet high, you may, from thence, obtain a pretty good view of the interminable procession of the carriages before mentioned: one current of them, as it were, moving forward, and another rolling backward. But, hark!—the notes of a harp are heard to the left ... in a meadow, where the foot passengers often digress from the more formal tree-lined promenade. A press of ladies and gentlemen is quickly seen. You mingle involuntarily with them: and, looking forward, you observe a small stage erected, upon which a harper sits and two singers stand. The company now lie down upon the grass, or break into standing groups, or sit upon chairs hired for the occasion—to listen to the notes so boldly and so feelingly executed.[147] The clapping of hands, and exclamations of bravo! succeed: and the sounds of applause, however warmly bestowed, quickly die away in the open air. The performers bow: receive a few kreutschers ... retire; and are well satisfied.

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The sound of the trumpet is now heard behind you. Tilting feats are about to be performed: the coursers snort and are put in motion: their hides are bathed in sweat beneath their ponderous housings; and the blood, which flows freely from the pricks of their riders' spurs, shews you with what earnestness the whole affair is conducted. There, the ring is thrice carried off at the point of the lance. Feats of horsemanship follow in a covered building, to the right; and the juggler, conjurer, or magician, displays his dexterous feats, or exercises his potent spells ... in a little amphitheatre of trees, at a distance beyond. Here and there rise more stately edifices, as theatres ... from the doors of which a throng of heated spectators is pouring out, after having indulged their grief or joy at the Mary Stuart of Schiller, or the——of——.. In other directions, booths, stalls, and tables are fixed; where the hungry eat, the thirsty drink, and the merry-hearted indulge in potent libations. The waiters are in a constant state of locomotion. Rhenish wine sparkles here; confectionary glitters there; and fruit looks bright and tempting in a third place. No guest turns round to eye the company; because he is intent upon the luxuries which invite his immediate attention—or he is in close conversation with an intimate friend, or a beloved female. They talk and laugh,—and the present seems to be the happiest moment of their lives.

All is gaiety and good humour. You return again to the foot-promenade, and look sharply about you, as you move onward, to catch the spark of beauty, or admire the costume of taste, or confess the power of expression. It is an Albanian female who walks yonder ... wondering, and asking questions, at every thing she sees. The proud Jewess, supported by her husband and father, moves in another direction. She is covered with brocade and flaunting ribbands; but she is abstracted from every thing around her ... because her eyes are cast downwards upon her stomacher, or sideways to obtain a glimpse of what may be called her spangled epaulettes. Her eye is large and dark: her nose is aquiline: her complexion is of an olive brown: her stature is majestic, her dress is gorgeous, her gait is measured—and her demeanour is grave and composed. “She *must* be very rich,” you say—as she passes on. “She is *prodigiously* rich,” replies the friend, to whom you put the question:—for seven virgins, with nosegays of choicest flowers, held up her bridal train; and the like number of youths, with silver-hilted swords, and robes of ermine and satin, graced the same bridal ceremony. Her father thinks he can never do enough for her; and her husband, that he can never love her sufficiently.

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Whether she be happy or not, in consequence, we have no time to stop to enquire ... for, see yonder! three “turbaned Turks” make their advances. How gaily, how magnificently they are attired! What finely proportioned limbs—what beautifully formed features! They have been carousing, peradventure, with some young Greeks—who have just saluted them, en passant—at the famous coffee-house before-mentioned. Every thing around you is novel and striking; while the verdure of the trees and lawns is yet fresh, and the sun does not seem yet disposed to sink below the horizon. The carriages still move on, and return, in measured procession. Those who are within, look earnestly from the windows—to catch a glance of their passing friends. The fair hand is waved here; the curiously-painted fan is shaken there; and the repeated nod is seen in almost every other passing landaulet. Not a heart seems sad; not a brow appears to be clouded with care.

Such—or something like the foregoing—is the scene which usually passes on a Sunday evening—perhaps six months out of the twelve—upon the famous PRATER at Vienna; while the tolling bell of St. Stephen’s tower, about nine o’clock—and the groups of visitors hurrying back, to get home before the gates of the city are shut against them—usually conclude the scene just described.

And now, my good friend, methinks I have given you a pretty fair account of the more prominent features of this city—in regard to its public sights; whether as connected with still or active life: as churches, palaces, or theatres. It remains, therefore, to return again, briefly, but yet willingly, to the subject of BOOKS; or rather, to the notice of two *Private Collections*, especially deserving of description—and of which, the first is that of the EMPEROR HIMSELF.

His Majesty’s collection of Books and Prints is kept upon the second and third floors of a portion of the building connected with the great Imperial library. Mr. T. YOUNG is the librarian; and he also holds the honourable office of being Secretary of his Majesty’s privy council. He is well deserving of both situations, for he fills them with ability and success. He has the perfect appearance of an Englishman, both in figure and face. As he speaks French readily and perfectly well, our interviews have been frequent, and our conversations such as have led me to think that we shall not easily forget each other. But for the library, of which he is the guardian. It is contained in three or four rooms of moderate dimensions, and has very much the appearance of an English Country Gentleman’s collection of about 10,000 volumes. The bindings are generally in good taste: in full-gilt light and gray calf—with occasional folios and quartos resplendent in morocco and gold. I hardly know when I have seen a more cheerful and comfortable looking library; and was equally gratified to find such a copious sprinkling of publications from Old England.

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But my immediate, and indeed principal object, was, a list of a few of the *Rarities* of the Emperor's private collection, as well in ms. as in print. Mr. Young placed before me much that was exquisite and interesting in the former, and splendid and creditable in the latter, department. He begged of me to judge with my own eyes, and determine for myself; and he would then supply me with a list of what he considered to be most valuable and splendid in the collection. Accordingly, what here ensues, must be considered as the united descriptions of my guide and myself:—Mr. Young having composed his memoranda in the Latin language. First, of the MANUSCRIPTS. The *Gospels*; a vellum folio:—with illuminated capitals, and thirteen larger paintings, supposed to be of the thirteenth—but I suspect rather of the fourteenth—century. A *Breviary* ... “for the use of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy” This vellum MS. is of the fifteenth century, and was executed for the distinguished character to whom it is expressly dedicated. This is really an elegant volume: written in the gothic character of the period, and sprinkled with marginal and capital initial decorations. Here are—as usual in works of this kind, executed for princes and great men—divers illuminations of figures of saints, of which there are three of larger size than the rest: and, of these three, one is eminently interesting, as exhibiting a small portrait of DUKE CHARLES himself, kneeling before his tutelary saint.

Here is an exceedingly pretty octavo volume of *Hours*, of the fifteenth century, fresh and sparkling in its illuminations, with marginal decorations of flowers, monsters, and capriccios. It is in the binding of the time—the wood, covered with gilt ornaments. *Office of the Virgin*: a neat vellum MS. of the fourteenth century—with ornamented capital initials and margins, and about two dozen of larger illuminations. But the chief attraction of this MS. arises from the text having been written by four of the most celebrated Princesses of the House of Austria, whose names are inscribed in the first fly leaf.

Here is a “*Boccace des Cas des Nobles*” by Laurent Premier Fait—which is indeed every where. Nor must a sprinkle of *Roman Classics* be omitted to be noticed, however briefly. A *Celsus*, *Portions of Livy*, the *Metamorphosis of Ovid*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, the *AEneid of Virgil*, and *Juvenal*: none, I think, of a later period than the beginning or middle of the fifteenth century—just before the invention of printing. Among the MSS. of a miscellaneous class, are two which I was well pleased to examine: namely, the *Funerailles des Reines de France*, in folio—adorned with eleven large illuminations of royal funerals—and a work entitled *Mayni Jasonis Juris consulti Eq. Rom. Caes., &c, Epitalamion*, in 4to. The latter MS. is, in short, an epithalamium upon the marriage of Maximilian

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the Great and Blanche Maria, composed by M. Jaso, who was a ducal senator, and attached to the embassy which returned with the destined bride for Maximilian. What is its *chief* ornament, in my estimation, are two sweetly executed small portraits of the royal husband and his consort. I was earnest to have fac-similes of them; and Mr. Young gave me the strongest assurances that my wishes should be attended to.[148] Thus much; or perhaps thus little, for the MSS. Still more brief must be my account of the PRINTED BOOKS: and first for a fifteener or two. It is an edition of *Dio Chrysostom de Regno*, without date, or name of printer, in 4to.; but most decidedly executed (as I told Mr. Young) by *Valdarfer*. What renders this copy exceedingly precious is, that it is printed UPON VELLUM; and is, I think, the only known copy so executed. It is in beautiful condition. Here is a pretty volume of *Hours*, in Latin, with a French metrical version, printed in the fifteenth century, without date, and struck off UPON VELLUM. It has wood-cuts, which are coloured of the time. From a copy of ms. verses, at the beginning of the volume, we learn that “the author of this metrical version was *Peter Gringore*, commonly called *Vaudemont*, herald at arms to the Duke of Lorraine; who dedicated and brought this very copy to *Renatus of Bourbon*.” I was much struck with a magnificent folio *Missal*, printed at Venice by that skilful typographical artist *I.H. de Landoia*, in 1488—UPON VELLUM: with the cuts coloured. [149] A few small vellum *Hours* by *Vostre* and *Vivian* are sufficiently pretty.

In the class of books printed upon vellum, and continuing with the sixteenth century, I must not fail to commence with the notice of two copies of the *Tewrdannckh*, each of the date of 1517, and each UPON VELLUM. One is coloured, and the other not coloured. Mr. Young describes the former in the following animated language: “Exemplar omnibus numeris absolutum, optimeque servatum. Praestantissimum, rarissimumque tum typographicae, tum xylographicae artis, monumentum.” *Lucani Pharsalia*, 1811. Folio. Printed by Degen. A beautiful copy, of a magnificent book, UPON VELLUM; illustrated by ten copper plates. *M.C. Frontonis Opera: edidit Maius Mediol.* 1815. 4to. An unique copy; upon vellum. *Flore Medicale decrite par Chaumeton & peinte par Mme. E. Panckoucke & I.F. Turpin.* Paris, 1814. Supposed to be unique, as a vellum copy; with the original drawings, and the cuts printed in bistre. Here is also a magnificent work, called “*Omaggio delle Provincie Venetae*” upon the nuptials of the present Emperor and Empress of Austria. It consists of seventeen copper-plates, printed upon vellum, and preserved in two cases, covered with beautiful ornaments and figures, in worked gold and silver, &c. Of this magnificent production of art, there were two copies only printed upon vellum, and this is one of them.

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Up stairs, on the third floor, is kept his Majesty's COLLECTION of ENGRAVED PORTRAITS—which amount, as Mr. Young informed me, to not fewer than 120,000 in number. They commence with the earliest series, from the old German and Italian masters, and descend regularly to our own times. Of course such a collection contains very much that is exquisite and rare in the series of *British Portraits*. Mr. Young is an Italian by birth; but has been nurtured, from earliest youth, in the Austrian dominions. He is a man of strong cultivated parts, and so fond of the literature of the “*Zodiacus Vitae*” of *Marcellus Palingenius*—translated by our *Barnabe Googe*: of the editions of which translation he was very desirous that I should procure him a copious and correct list. But it is the gentle and obliging manners—the frank and open-hearted conversation—and, above all, the high-minded devotedness to his Royal master and to his interests, that attach, and ever will attach, Mr. Young to me—by ties of no easily dissoluble nature. We have parted ... perhaps never to meet again; but he may rest assured that the recollection of his kindnesses (“*Semper honos nomenque*,” &c.) will never be obliterated from my memory.[150]

Scarcely a stone's throw from the Imperial Library, is the noble mansion of the venerable DUKE ALBERT of *Saxe-Teschen*: the husband of the lady to whose memory Canova has erected the proudest trophy of his art. This amiable and accomplished nobleman has turned his eightieth year; and is most liberal and kind in the display of all the treasures which belong to him.[151] These “treasures” are of a first-rate character; both as to *Drawings* and *Prints*. He has no rival in the *former* department, and even surpasses the Emperor in the latter. I visited and examined his collection (necessarily in a superficial manner) twice; paying only particular attention to the drawings of the Italian school—including those of Claude Lorraine. I do not know what is in our *own* royal collection, but I may safely say that our friend Mr. Ottley has some finer *Michel Angelos* and *Raffaelles*—and the Duke of Devonshire towers, beyond all competition, in the possession of *Claude Lorraines*. Yet you are to know that the drawings of Duke Albert amount to nearly 12,000 in number. They are admirably well arranged—in a large, light room—overlooking the ramparts. Having so recently examined the productions of the earlier masters in the German school, at Munich—but more particularly in Prince Eugene's collection of prints, in the Imperial Library here—I did not care to look after those specimens of the same masters which were in the port folios of the Duke Albert. The *Albert Durer* drawings, however, excited my attention, and extorted the warmest commendation. It is quite delightful to learn (for so M. Bartsch told me—the Duke himself being just now at Baden) that this dignified and truly respectable old man, yet takes delight in the treasures of his own incomparable collection. “Whenever I visit him (said my “fidus Achates” M.B.) he begs me to take a chair and sit beside him; and is anxious to obtain intelligence of any thing curious, or rare, or beautiful, which may add to the worth of his collection.”



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It is now high time, methinks, to take leave not only of public and private collections of books, but of almost every thing else in Vienna. Yet I must add a word connected with literature and the fine arts. As to the former, it seems to sleep soundly. Few or no literary societies are encouraged, few public discussions are tolerated, and the capital of the empire is without either *reviews* or *institutions*—which can bear the least comparison with our own. The library of the University is said, however, to hold fourscore thousand volumes. Few critical works are published there; and for *one* Greek or Roman classic put forth at Vienna, they have *half* a score at Leipsic, Franckfort, Leyden, and Strasbourg. But in Oriental literature, M. Hammer is a tower of strength, and justly considered to be the pride of his country. The Academy of Painting is here a mere shadow of a shade. In the fine arts, Munich is as six to one beyond Vienna. A torpidity, amounting to infatuation, seems to possess those public men who have influence both on the councils and prosperity of their country. When the impulse for talent, furnished by the antique gems belonging to the Imperial collection,[152] is considered, it is surprising how little has been accomplished at Vienna for the last century. M. Bartsch is, however, a proud exception to any reproach arising from the want of indigenous talent. His name and performances alone are a host against such captious imputations.[153] There wants only a few wiser heads, and more active spirits, in some of the upper circles of society, and Vienna might produce graphic works as splendid as they would be permanent.

We will now leave the city for the country, or rather for the immediate neighbourhood of Vienna; and then, having, I think, sent you a good long Vienna despatch, must hasten to take leave—not only of yourself, but of this metropolis. Whether I shall again write to you before I cross the Rhine on my return home—is quite uncertain. Let me therefore make the most of the present: which indeed is of a most unconscionable length. Turn, for one moment, to the opening of it—and note, there, some mention made of certain monasteries—one of which is situated at CLOSTERNEUBURG, the other in the suburbs. I will first take you to the former—a pleasant drive of about nine miles from hence. Mr. Lewis, myself, and our attendant Rohfritsch, hired a pair of horses for the day; and an hour and a half brought us to a good inn, or Restaurateur's immediately opposite the monastery in question. In our route thither, the Danube continued in sight all the way—which rendered the drive very pleasant. The river may be the best part of a mile broad, near the monastery. The sight of the building in question was not very imposing, after those which I had seen in my route to Vienna. The monastery is, in fact, an incomplete edifice; but the foundations of the building are of an ancient date.[154] Having postponed our dinner to a comparatively late hour, I entered, as usual, upon the business of the monastic visit. The court-yard, or quadrangle, had a mean appearance; but I saw enough of architectural splendour to convince me that, if this monastery had been completed according to the original design, it would have ranked among the noblest in Austria.



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On obtaining admission, I enquired for the librarian, but was told that he had not yet (two o'clock) risen from dinner. I apologised for the intrusion, and begged respectfully to be allowed to wait till he should be disposed to leave the dining-room. The attendant, however, would admit of no such arrangement; for he instantly disappeared, and returned with a monk, habited in the *Augustine* garb, with a grave aspect and measured step. He might be somewhere about forty years of age. As he did not understand a word of French, it became necessary again to brush up my Latin. He begged I would follow him up stairs, and in the way to the library, would not allow me to utter one word further in apology for my supposed rudeness in bringing him thus abruptly from his "symposium." A more good natured man seemingly never opened his lips. Having reached the library, the first thing he placed before me—as the boast and triumph of their establishment—was, a large paper copy (in quarto) of an edition of the *Hebrew Bible*, edited by I. Hahn, one of their fraternity, and published in 1806, 4 vols.[155] This was accomplished under the patronage of the Head of the Monastery, *Gaudentius Dunkler*: who was at the sole expense of the paper and of procuring new Hebrew types. I threw my eye over the dedication to the President, by Hahn, and saw the former with pleasure recognised as the MODERN XIMENES.

Having thanked the librarian for a sight of these volumes—of which there is an impression in an octavo and cheap form, "for the use of youth"—I begged that I might have a sight of the *Incunabula Typographica* of which I had heard a high character. He smiled, and said that a few minutes would suffice to undeceive me in this particular. Whereupon he placed before me ... such a set of genuine, unsoiled, uncropt, *undoctored*, ponderous folio tomes ... as verily caused my eyes to sparkle, and my heart to leap! They were, upon the whole—and for their number—*such* copies as I had never before seen. You have here a very accurate account of them—taken, with the said copies "oculis subjectis." *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, 1467. Folio. A very large and sound copy, in the original binding of wood; but not free from a good deal of ms. annotation. *Mentelin's German Bible*; somewhat cropt, and in its second binding, but sound and perfect. *Supposed first German Bible*: a large and fine copy, in its first binding of wood. *Apuleius*, 1469. Folio. The largest and finest copy which, I think, I ever beheld—with the exception of some slight worm holes at the end. *Livius*, 1470. Folio. 2 vols. *Printed by V. de Spira*. In the original binding. When I say that this copy appears to be full as fine as that in the collection of Mr. Grenville, I bestow upon it the highest possible commendation. *Plutarchi Vit. Parall.* 2 vol. Folio. In the well known peculiarly shaped letter R. This copy, in one magnificent folio volume, is the largest and finest I ever saw: but—eheu! a few leaves are wanting at the end. *Polybius*. Lat. 1473. Folio. The printers are Sweynheym and Pannartz. A large, fine copy; in the original binding of wood: but four leaves at the end, with a strong foxy tint at top, are worm-eaten in the middle.

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Let me pursue this *amusing* strain; for I have rarely, within so small a space—in any monastic library I have hitherto visited—found such a sprinkling of classical volumes. *Plinius Senior*, 1472. Folio. Printed by Jenson. A prodigiously fine, large copy. A ms. note, prefixed, says: “*hunc librum comparuit Jacobus Pemperl pro viij t d. an [14]88,*” &c. *Xenophontis Cyropaedia*. Lat. *Curante Philelpho*. With the date of the translation, 1467. A very fine copy of a well printed book. *Mammotrectus*, 1470. Folio. Printed by Schoeffher. A fine, white, tall copy; in its original wooden binding. *Sti. Jeronimi Epistolae*. 1470. Folio. Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. In one volume: for size and condition probably unrivalled. In its first binding of wood. *Gratiani Decretales*. 1472. Folio. Printed by Schoeffher. UPON VELLUM: in one enormous folio volume, and in an unrivalled state of perfection. Perhaps, upon the whole, the finest vellum Schoeffher in existence. It is in its original binding, but some of the leaves are loose. *Opus Consiliorum I. de Calderi*. 1472. Idem Opus: *Anthonii de Burtrio*. 1472. Folio. Each work printed by *Adam Rot, Metensis*: a rare printer, but of whose performances I have now seen a good number of specimens. These works are in one volume, and the present is a fine sound copy. *Petri Lombardi Quat. Lib. Sentent.* Folio. This book is without name of printer or date; but I should conjecture it to be executed in Eggesteyn’s largest gothic character, and, from a ms. memorandum at the end, we are quite sure that the book was printed in 1471 at latest. The memorandum is as follows: “*Iste liber est magistri Leonardi Fruman de Hyersaw, 1471.*”

Such appeared to me to be the choicer, and more to be desiderated, volumes in the monastic library of Closterneuberg—which a visit of about a couple of hours only enabled me to examine. I say “*desiderated*”—my good friend—because, on returning home, I revolved within myself what might be done with propriety towards the *possession* of them.[156] Having thanked the worthy librarian, and expressed the very great satisfaction afforded me by a sight of the books in question—which had fully answered the high character given of them—I returned to the auberge—dined with an increased appetite in consequence of such a sight—and, picking up a “white stone,” as a lucky omen, being at the very extent of my *Bibliographical, Antiquarian*, and *Picturesque Tour*—returned to Vienna, to a late cup of tea; well satisfied, in every respect, with this most agreeable excursion.

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There now remains but one more subject to be noticed—and, then, farewell to this city—and hie for Manheim, Paris, and Old England! That one subject is again connected with old books and an old Monastery ... which indeed the opening of this letter leads you to anticipate. In that part of the vast suburbs of Vienna which faces the north, and which is called the ROSSAU—there stands a church and a *Capuchin convent*, of some two centuries antiquity: the latter, now far gone to decay both in the building and revenues. The outer gate of the convent was opened—as at the Capuchin convent which contains the imperial sepulchres—by a man with a long, bushy, and wiry beard ... who could not speak one word of French. I was alone, and a hackney coach had conveyed me thither. What was to be done. “*Bibliothecam hujusce Monasterii valde videre cupio—licetne Domine?*” The monk answered my interrogatory with a sonorous “*imo:*” and the gates closing upon us, I found myself in the cloisters—where my attendant left me, to seek the Principal and librarian. In two minutes, I observed a couple of portly Capuchins, pacing the pavement of the cloister, and approaching me with rather a hurried step. On meeting, they saluted me formally—and assuming a cheerful air, begged to conduct me to the library. We were quickly within a room, of very moderate dimensions, divided into two compartments, of which the shelves were literally thronged and crammed with books, lying in all directions, and completely covered with dust. It was impossible to make a selection from such an indigested farrago: but the backs happening to be lettered, this afforded me considerable facility. I was told that the “WHOLE LIBRARY WAS AT MY DISPOSAL!”—which intelligence surprised and somewhat staggered me. The monks seemed to enjoy my expression of astonishment.

I went to work quickly; and after upwards of an hour’s severe rummaging, among uninteresting folios and quartos of medicine, canon-law, scholastic metaphysics, and dry comments upon the decretals of Popes Boniface and Gratian—it was rather from courtesy, than complete satisfaction, that I pitched upon a few ... of a miscellaneous description—begging to have the account, for which the money should be immediately forthcoming. They replied that my wishes should be instantly attended to—but that it would be necessary to consult together to reconsider the prices—and that a porter should be at the hotel of the *Crown of Hungary*, with the volumes selected—to await my final decision. As a *book-bill* sent from a monastery, and written in the Latin language, may be considered *unique* in our country—and a curiosity among the *Roxburghers*—I venture to send you a transcript of it: premising, that I retained the books, and paid down the money: somewhere about 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* You will necessarily smile at the epithets bestowed upon your friend.

Plurimum Reverende, ac Venerande Domine!

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Mitto cum hisce, quos tibi seligere placuit, libros, eosdemque hic breviter describo, addito pretio, quo nobis conventum est; et quidem ex catalogo desumptos:

Florins.

Missale Rom. pro Pataviensis Ecclae ritu. 1494 5 Missa defunctorum. 1499 3 Val.  
Martialis Epigrammatum opus. 1475 25 Xenophontis Apologia Socratis 3 Epulario &c. 1  
De Conceptu et triplici Mariae V. Candore 1 ac demum Trithemii Annales Hirsaug. et  
Aristotelis opera  
Edit. Sylburgii 35

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73

Quae cuncta Tibi optime convenire, Teque valere perpetim precor et opto.

P. JOAN. SARCANDER MRA.

Ord. Serv. B.M.V.

This is the last *bibliomaniacal* transaction in which I am likely to be engaged at Vienna; for, within thirty-six hours from hence, the post horses will be in the archway of this hotel, with their heads turned towards Old England. In that direction my face will be also turned ... for the next month or five weeks to come; being resolved upon spending the best part of a fortnight of those five weeks, at *Ratisbon*, *Nuremberg*, and *Manheim*. You may therefore expect to hear from me again—certainly for the *last* time—at *Manheim*, just before crossing the Rhine for *Chalons sur Marne*, *Metz*, and *Paris*. I shall necessarily have but little leisure on the road—for a journey of full 500 miles is to be encountered before I reach the hither bank of the Rhine at *Manheim*.

Farewell then to VIENNA:—a long, and perhaps final farewell! If I have arrived at a moment when this capital is comparatively thinned of its population, and bereft of its courtly splendors—and if this city may be said to be *now* dull, compared with what its *winter* gaieties will render it—I shall nevertheless not have visited it IN VAIN. Books, whether as MSS. or printed volumes, have been inspected by me with an earnestness and profitable result—not exceeded by any previous similar application: while the company of men of worth, of talents, and of kindred tastes, has rendered my social happiness complete. The best of hearts, and the friendliest of dispositions, are surely to be found in the capital of Austria. Farewell. It is almost the hour of midnight—and not a single note of the harp or violin is to be heard in the streets. The moon shines softly and sweetly. God bless you.

[134] In Hartman Schedel's time, these suburbs seem to have been equally distinguished. "Habet (says he, speaking of Vienna) SUBURBIA MAXIMA et AMBICIOSA." *Chron. Norimb.* 1493. fol. xcvi. rev.

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[135] Schedel's general description of the city of Vienna, which is equally brief and spirited, may deserve to be quoted. "VIENNA autem urbs magnifica ambitu murorum cingitur duorum millium passuum: habet fossa et vallo cincta: urbs autem fossatum magnum habet: undique aggerem prealtum: menia deinde spissa et sublimia frequentesque turre; et propugnacula ad bellum prompta. AEdes civium amplae et ornatae: structura solida et firma, altae domorum facies magnificaeque visuntur. Unum id dedecori est, quod tecta plerumque ligna contegunt pauca lateres. Cetera edificia muro lapideo consistunt. Pictae domus, et interius et exterius splendent. Ingressus cuiusque domum in aedes te principis venisse putabis." *Ibid.* This is not an exaggerated description. A little below, Schedel says "there is a monastery, called St. Jerome, (much after the fashion of our *Magdalen*) in which reformed Prostitutes are kept; and where, day and night, they sing hymns in the Teutonic dialect. If any of them are found relapsing into their former sinful ways, they are thrown headlong into the Danube." "But (adds he) they lead, on the contrary, a chaste and holy life."

[136] I suspect that the houses opposite the Palace are of comparatively recent construction. In *Pfeffel's Viva et Accurata Delineatio* of the palaces and public buildings of Vienna, 1725 (oblong folio,) the palace faces a wide place or square. Eighteen sculptured human figures, apparently of the size of life, there grace the topmost ballustrade in the copper-plate view of this truly magnificent residence.

[137] [Recently however the number of *Restaurateurs* has become considerable.]

[138] In Hartmann Schedel's time, there appears to have been a very considerable traffic in wine at Vienna: "It is incredible (says he) what a brisk trade is stirring in the article of wine,[139] in this city. Twelve hundred horses are daily employed for the purposes of draught—either for the wine drunk at Vienna, or sent up the Danube—against the stream—with amazing labour and difficulty. It is said that the wine cellars are frequently as deep *below* the earth, as the houses are *above* it." Schedel goes on to describe the general appearance of the streets, and the neatness of the interiors, of the houses: adding, "that the windows are generally filled with stained glass, having iron-gratings without, where numerous birds sing in cages. The winter (remarks he) sets in here very severely." *Chron. Norimb.* 1493, fol. xcix.

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- [139] The vintage about Vienna should seem to have been equally abundant a century after the above was written. In the year 1590, when a severe shock of earthquake threatened destruction to the tower of the Cathedral—and it was absolutely necessary to set about immediate repairs—the *liquid* which was applied to make the most astringent *mortar*, was WINE: “l’on se servit de *vin*, qui fut alors en abondance, pour faire le *platre* de cette batise.” *Denkmahle der Baukunst und Bildneren des Mittelalters in dem Oesterreichischen Kaiserthume*. Germ. Fr. Part iii. p. 36. 1817-20.
- [140] There is a good sized (folded) view of the church, or rather chiefly of the south front of the spire, in the “*Vera et Accurata Delineatio Omnium Templorum et Caenobiorum*” of Vienna, published by Pfeffer in the year 1724, oblong folio.
- [141] This head has been published as the first plate in the third livraison of the ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES of Vienna—accompanied by French and German letter-press. I have no hesitation in saying that, without the least national bias or individual partiality, the performance of Mr. Lewis—although much smaller, is by far the most *faithful*; nor is the engraving less superior, than the drawing, to the production of the Vienna artist. This latter is indeed faithless in design and coarse in execution. Beneath the head, in the original sculpture, and in the latter plate, we read the inscription M.A.P. 1313. It is no doubt an interesting specimen of sculpture of the period.
- [142] Vol. ii. p. 312-313.
- [143] There is a large print of it (which I saw at Vienna) in the line manner, but very indifferently executed. But of the last, detached group, above described, there is a very fine print in the line manner.
- [144] See p. 245 ante.
- [145] As in that of the *Feast of Venus in the island of Cythera*: about eleven feet by seven. There is also another, of himself, in the Garden of Love—with his two wives—in the peculiarly powerful and voluptuous style of his pencil. The picture is about four feet long. His portrait of one of his wives, of the size of life, habited only in an ermine cloak at the back (of which the print is well known) is an extraordinary production ... as to colour and effect.

[146] I am not sure whether any publication, connected with this extraordinary collection, has appeared since *Chretien de Mechel's Catalogue des Tableaux de la Galerie Imperiale et Royale de Vienne*; 1784, 8vo.: which contains, at the end, four folded copper-plates of the front elevations and ground plans of the Great and Little Belvederes.



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He divides his work into the *Venetian*,  
*Roman*, *Florentine*, *Bolognese*, and *Ancient and Modern Flemish Schools*: according to the different chambers or apartments. This catalogue is a mere straight-forward performance; presenting a formal description of the pictures, as to size and subject, but rarely indulging in warmth of commendation, and never in curious and learned research. The preface, from which I have gleaned the particulars of the History of the Collection, is sufficiently interesting. My friend M. Bartsch, if leisure and encouragement were afforded him, might produce a magnificent and instructive work—devoted to this very extraordinary collection. (Upon whom, NOW, shall this task devolve?!)

[147] See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

[148] The truth is, not only fac-similes of these illuminations, but of the initial L, so warmly mentioned at page 292, were executed by M. Fendi, under the direction of my friend M. Bartsch, and dispatched to me from Vienna in the month of June 1820—but were lost on the road.

[149] Lord Spencer has recently obtained a copy of this exquisitely printed book from the M'Carthy collection. See the *AEdes Althorpianae*; vol. ii. p. 192.

[150] [I annex, with no common gratification, a fac-simile of the Autograph of this most worthy man,

[Illustration]]

[151] He has (*now*) been *dead* several years.

[152] ECKHEL'S work upon these gems, in 1788, folio, is well known. The apotheosis of Augustus, in this collection, is considered as an unrivalled specimen of art, upon sardonyx. I regretted much not to have seen these gems, but the floor of the room in which they are preserved was taken up, and the keeper from home.

[153] It will be only necessary to mention—for the establishment of this fact—the ENGRAVED WORKS alone of M. Bartsch, from masters of every period, and of every school, amounting to 505 in number: an almost incredible effort, when we consider that their author has scarcely yet passed his grand climacteric. His *Peintre Graveur* is a literary performance, in the graphic department, of really solid

merit and utility. The record of the achievements of M. Bartsch has been perfected by the most affectionate and grateful of all hands—those of his son, *Frederic de Bartsch*—in an octavo volume, which bears the following title, and which has the portrait (but not a striking resemblance) of the father prefixed:—“*Catalogue des Estampes de J. ADAM de BARTSCH, Chevalier de l’Ordre de Leopold, Conseiller aulique et Premier Garde de la Bibl. Imp. et Roy. de la Cour, Membre de l’Academie des Beaux Arts de Vienne.*” 1818. 8vo. pp. 165. There is a modest and sensible preface by the son—in which we are informed that the catalogue was not originally compiled for the purpose of making it public.

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The following is a fac-simile of the Autograph of this celebrated graphical Critic and Artist.

[Illustration]

[154] The MONASTERY of CLOSTERNEUBURG, or Nevenburg, or Nuenburg, or Newburg, or Neunburg—is supposed to have been built by Leopold the Pious in the year 1114. It was of the order of St. Augustin. They possess (at the monastery, it should seem) a very valuable chronicle, of the XIIth century, upon vellum—devoted to the history of the establishment; but unluckily defective at the beginning and end. It is supposed to have been written by the head of the monastery, for the time being. It is continued by a contemporaneous hand, down to the middle of the fourteenth century. They preserve also, at Closterneuburg, a Necrology—of five hundred years—down to the year 1721. “Inter caeteros praestantes veteres codices manuscriptos, quos INSIGNIS BIBLIOTHECA CLAUSTRO-NEOBURGENSIS servat, est pervetus inclytae ejusdem canoniae Necrologium, ante annos quingentos in membranis elegantissime manu exaratum, et a posteriorum temporum auctoribus continuatum.” *Script. Rer. Austriacar. Cura Pez.* 1721. vol. 1. col. 435, 494.

[155] The librarian, MAXIMILIAN FISCHER, informed me the quarto copies were rare, for that only 400 were printed. The octavo copies are not so, but they do not contain all the marginal references which are in the quarto impressions.

[156] In fact, I wrote a letter to the librarian, the day after my visit, proposing to give 2000 florins in specie for the volumes above described. My request was answered by the following polite, and certainly most discreet and commendable reply: “D....Domine! Litteris a Te 15. Sept. scriptis et 16 Sept. a me receptis, de Tuo desiderio nonnullos bibliothecae nostrae libros pro pecunia acquirendi, me certiore reddidisti; ast mihi respondendum venit, quod tuis votis obtemperare non possim. Copia horum librorum ad cimelium bibliothecae Claustroneoburgensis merito refertur, et maxima sunt in aestimatione apud omnes confratres meos; porro, lege civili cautum est, ne libri et res rariores Abbatiarum divenderentur. Si unum aliumve horum, ceu duplicatum, invenissem, pro aequissimo pretio in signum venerationis transmissem.

“Ad alia, si praestare possem, officia, me paratissimum invenies, simulque Te obsecro, me aestimatorem tui sincerrimum reputes, hinc me in ulteriorem recordationem commendo, ac dignum me aestimes quod nominare me possem,



... dominationis Tuae  
*E Canonia Claustroneoburgensi*, addictissimum  
17 Septbr 1818. MAXIMILIANUM FISCHER.  
Can. reg. Bibliothec. et  
Archivar."

*Supplement.*

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RATISBON, NUREMBERG, MANHEIM.

*Supplement.*

Having found it impracticable to write to my friend—on the route from Vienna to Paris, and from thence to London—the reader is here presented with a few SUPPLEMENTAL PARTICULARS with which that route furnished me; and which, I presume to think, will not be considered either misplaced or uninteresting. They are arranged quite in the manner of MEMORANDA, or heads: not unaccompanied with a regret that the limits of this work forbid a more extended detail. I shall immediately, therefore, conduct the reader from Vienna to

### RATISBON.

I left VIENNA, with my travelling companion, within two days after writing the last letter, dated from that place—upon a beautiful September morning. But ere we had reached *St. Poelten*, the face of the heavens was changed, and heavy rain accompanied us till we got to Moelk, where we slept: not however before I had written a note to the worthy *Benedictine Fraternity* at the monastery—professing my intention of breakfasting with them the next morning. This self-invitation was joyfully accepted, and the valet, who returned with the written answer, told me that it was a high day of feasting and merry-making at the monastery—and that he had left the worthy Monks in the plenitude of their social banquet. We were much gratified the next morning, not only by the choice and excellence of the breakfast, but by the friendliness of our reception. So simple are manners here, that, in going up the hill, towards the monastery, we met the worthy Vice Principal, Pallas, habited in his black gown—returning from a baker's shop, where he had been to bespeak the best bread. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the Abbe Strattman, and again solicited permission for Mr. Lewis to take the portrait of so eminent a bibliographer. But in vain: the Abbe answering, with rather a melancholy and mysterious air, that “the world was lost to him, and himself to the world.”

We parted—with pain on both sides; and on the same evening slept, where we had stopt in our route to Vienna, at *Lintz*. The next morning (Sunday) we started betimes to breakfast at *Efferding*. Our route lay chiefly along the banks of the Danube ... under hanging woods on one side, with villages and villas on the other. The fog hung heavily about us; and we could catch but partial and unsatisfactory glimpses of that scenery, which, when lightened by a warm sunshine, must be perfectly romantic. At Efferding our carriage and luggage were examined, while we breakfasted. The day now brightened up, and nothing but sunshine and “the song of earliest birds” accompanied us to *Sigharding*,—the next post town. Hence to *Scharding*, where we dined, and to *Fuersternell*, where we supped and slept. The inn was crowded by country people below, but we got excellent quarters in the attics; and were regaled with peaches, after supper, which might have vied with those out of the Imperial garden at Vienna. We

arose betimes, and breakfasted at *Vilshofen*—and having lost sight of the Danube, since we left Efferding, we were here glad to come again in view of it: and especially to find it accompany us a good hundred miles of our route, till we reached *Ratisbon*.

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*Straubing*, where we dined—and which is within two posts of Ratisbon—is a very considerable town. The Danube washes parts of its suburbs. As the day was uncommonly serene and mild, even to occasional sultriness, and as we were in excellent time for reaching Ratisbon that evening, we devoted an hour or two to rambling in this town. Mr. Lewis made sketches, and I strolled into churches, and made enquiries after booksellers shops, and possessors of old books: but with very little success. A fine hard road, as level as a bowling green, carries you within an hour to *Pfaetter*—the post town between Straubing and Ratisbon—and almost twice that distance brings you to the latter place.

It was dark when we entered Ratisbon, and having been recommended to the hotel of the *Agneau Blanc* we drove thither, and alighted ... close to the very banks of the Danube—and heard the roar of its rapid stream, turning several mills, close as it were to our very ears. The master of the hotel, whose name is *Cramer*, and who talked French very readily, received us with peculiar courtesy; and, on demanding the best situated room in the house, we were conducted on the second floor, to the chamber which had been occupied, only two or three days before, by the Emperor of Austria himself, on his way to *Aix-la-Chapelle*. The next morning was a morning of wonder to us. Our sitting-room, which was a very lantern, from the number of windows, gave us a view of the rushing stream of the Danube, of a portion of the bridge over it, of some beautifully undulating and vine-covered hills, in the distance, on the opposite side—and, lower down the stream, of the town-walls and water-mills, of which latter we had heard the stunning sounds on our arrival.[157] The whole had a singularly novel and pleasing appearance.

But if the sitting room was thus productive of gratification, the very first walk I took in the streets was productive of still greater. On leaving the inn, and turning to the left, up a narrow street, I came in view of a house ... upon the walls of which were painted, full three hundred years ago, the figures of *Goliath and David*. The former could be scarcely less than twenty feet high: the latter, who was probably about one-third of that height, was represented as if about to cast the stone from the sling. The costume of Goliath marked the period when he was thus represented;[158] and I must say, considering the time that has elapsed since that representation, that he is yet a fine, vigorous, and fresh-looking fellow. I continued onwards, now to the right, and afterwards to the left, without knowing a single step of the route. An old, but short square gothic tower—upon one of the four sides of which was a curious old clock, supported by human figures—immediately caught my attention. The *Town Hall* was large and imposing; but the *Cathedral*, surrounded by booths—it being fair-time—was, of course, the great object of my attention. In short, I saw enough within an hour to convince me, that I was visiting a large, curious, and well-peopled town; replete with antiquities, and including several of the time of the Romans, to whom it was necessarily a very important station. Ratisbon is said to contain a population of about 20,000 souls.



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The Cathedral can boast of little antiquity. It is almost a building of yesterday; yet it is large, richly ornamented on the outside, especially on the west, between the towers—and is considered one of the noblest structures of the kind in Bavaria.[159] The interior wants that decisive effect which simplicity produces. It is too much broken into parts, and covered with monuments of a very heterogeneous description. Near it I traced the cloisters of an old convent or monastery of some kind, now demolished, which could not be less than five hundred years old. The streets of Ratisbon are generally picturesque, as well from their undulating forms, as from the antiquity of a great number of the houses. The modern parts of the town are handsome, and there is a pleasant intermixture of trees and grass plats in some of these more recent portions. There are some pleasing public walks, after the English fashion; and a public garden, where a colossal sphinx, erected by the late philosopher *Gleichen*, has a very imposing appearance. Here is also an obelisk erected to the memory of Gleichen himself, the founder of these gardens; and a monument to the memory of Kepler, the astronomer; which latter was luckily spared in the assault of this town by the French in 1809.

But these are, comparatively, every day objects. A much more interesting source of observation, to my mind, were the very few existing relics of the once celebrated monastery of ST. EMMERAM—and a great portion of the remains of another old monastery, called ST. JAMES—which latter may indeed be designated the *College of the Jacobites*; as the few members who inhabit it were the followers of the house and fortunes of the Pretender, James Stuart. The monastery, or *Abbey of St. Emmeram* was one of the most celebrated throughout Europe; and I suspect that its library, both of MSS. and printed books, was among the principal causes of its celebrity.[160] The intelligent and truly obliging Mr. A. Kraemer, librarian to the Prince of Tour and Taxis, accompanied me in my visit to the very few existing remains of St. Emmeram—which indeed are incorporated, as it were, with the church close to the palace or residence of the Prince. As I walked along the corridors of this latter building, after having examined the Prince's library, and taken notes of a few of the rarer or more beautiful books, I could look through the windows into the body of the church itself. It is difficult to describe this religious edifice, and still more so to know what portions belonged to the old monastery. I saw a stone chair—rude, massive, and almost shapeless—in which *Adam* might have sat ... if dates are to be judged of by the barbarism of form. Something like a crypt, of which the further part was uncovered—reminded me of portions of the crypt at *Freysing*; and among the old monuments belonging to the abbey, was one of *Queen Hemma*, wife of Ludovic, King of Bavaria: a great benefactress, who was buried there in 876. The figure, which was whole-length, and of the size of life, was painted; and might be of the fourteenth century. There is another monument, of *Warmundus, Count of Wasserburg*, who was buried in 1001. These monuments have been lithographised, from the drawings of Quaglio, in the "*Denkmahle der Baukunst des Mittelalters im Koenigreiche Baiern*," 1816. Folio.

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Of all interesting objects of architectural antiquity in Ratisbon, none struck me so forcibly—and indeed none is in itself so curious and singular—as the MONASTERY OF ST. JAMES, before slightly alluded to. The front of that portion of it, connected with the church, should seem to be of an extremely remote antiquity. It is the ornaments, or style of architecture, which give it this character of antiquity. The ornaments, which are on each side of the door way, or porch, are quite extraordinary, and appear as if the building had been erected by Mexicans or Hindoos.

Quaglio has made a drawing, and published a lithographic print of the whole of this entrance. I had conjectured the building to be of the twelfth century, and was pleased to have my conjecture confirmed by the assurance of one of the members of the college (either Mr. Richardson or Mr. Sharp) that the foundations of the building were laid in the middle of the XIIth century; and that, about twenty miles off, down the Danube, there was another monastery, now in ruins, called *Mosburg*, if I mistake not—which was built about the same period, and which exhibited precisely the same style of architecture.

But if the entire college, with the church, cloisters, sitting rooms, and dormitories, was productive of so much gratification, the *contents* of these rooms, including the *members* themselves, were productive of yet greater. To begin with the Head, or President, DR. C. ARBUTHNOT: one of the finest and healthiest looking old gentlemen I ever beheld—in his eighty-second year. I should however premise, that the members of this college—only six or eight in number, and attached to the interests of the Stuarts—have been settled here almost from their infancy: some having arrived at seven, and others at twelve, years of age. Their method of speaking their *own* language is very singular; and rather difficult of comprehension. Nor is the *French*, spoken by them, of much better pronunciation. Of manners the most simple, and apparently of principles the most pure, they seem to be strangers to those wants and wishes which frequently agitate a more numerous and polished establishment; and to move, as it were, from the cradle to the grave ...

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

As soon as the present Head ceases to exist,[161] the society is to be dissolved—and the building to be demolished.[162] I own that this intelligence, furnished me by one of the members, gave a melancholy and yet more interesting air to every object which I saw, and to every Member with whom I conversed. The society is of the Benedictine order, and there is a large whole length portrait, in the upper cloisters, or rather corridor, of ST. BENEDICT—with the emphatic inscription of “PATER MONACHORUM.” The *library* was carefully visited by me, and a great number of volumes inspected. The local is small and unpretending: a mere corridor, communicating

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with a tolerably good sized room, in the middle, at right angles. I saw a few *hiatuses*, which had been caused by disposing of the volumes, that had *filled* them, to the cabinet in St. James's Place. In fact, Mr. Horn—so distinguished for his bibliographical *trouvailles*—had been either himself a *member* of this College, or had had a *brother*, so circumstanced, who foraged for him. What remained was, comparatively, mere chaff: and yet I contrived to find a pretty ample sprinkling of Greek and Latin Philosophy, printed and published at Paris by *Gourmont*, *Colinaeus*, and the *Stephens*, in the first half of the sixteenth century. There were also some most beautifully-conditioned Hebrew books, printed by the *Stephen family*;—and having turned the bottoms of those books outwards, which I thought it might be possible to purchase, I requested the librarian to consider of the matter; who, himself apparently consenting, informed me, on the following morning, that, on a consultation held with the other members, it was deemed advisable not to part with any more of their books. I do not suppose that the whole would bring 250*l.* beneath a well known hammer in Pall-Mall.

The PUBLIC LIBRARY was also carefully visited. It is a strange, rambling, but not wholly uninteresting place—although the collection is rather barbarously miscellaneous. I saw more remains of Roman antiquities of the usual character of rings, spear-heads, lachrymatories, &c.—than of rare and curious old books: but, among the latter, I duly noticed *Mentelin's edition of the first German Bible*. No funds are applied to the increase of this collection; and the books, in an upper and lower room, seem to lie desolate and forlorn, as if rarely visited—and yet more rarely opened. Compared with the celebrated public libraries in France, Bavaria, and Austria, this of RATISBON is ... almost a reproach to the municipal authorities of the place. I cannot however take leave of the book-theme, or of Ratisbon—without mentioning, in terms of unfeigned sincerity, the obligations I was under to M. AUGUSTUS KRAEMER, the librarian of the Prince of Tour and Taxis; who not only satisfied, but even anticipated, my wishes, in every thing connected with antiquities. There is a friendliness of disposition, a mildness of manner, and pleasantness both of mien and of conversation, about this gentleman, which render his society extremely engaging. Upon the whole, although I absolutely gained nothing in the way of book-acquisitions, during my residence at Ratisbon, I have not passed three pleasanter days in any town in Bavaria than those which were spent here. It is a place richly deserving of the minute attention of the antiquary; and the country, on the opposite side of the Danube, presents some genuine features of picturesque beauty. Nor were the civility, good fare, and reasonable charges of the *Agneau Blanc*, among the most insignificant comforts attending our residence at Ratisbon.

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We left that town a little after mid-day, intending to sleep the same evening at NEUMARKT, within two stages of Nuremberg. About an English mile from Ratisbon, the road rises to a considerable elevation, whence you obtain a fine and interesting view of that city—with the Danube encircling its base like a belt. From this eminence I looked, for the last time, upon that magnificent river—which, with very few exceptions, had kept in view the whole way from Vienna: a distance of about two hundred and sixty English miles. I learnt that an aquatic excursion, from Ulm to Ratisbon, was one of the pleasantest schemes or parties of pleasure, imaginable—and that the English were extremely partial to it. Our faces were now resolutely turned towards Nuremberg; while a fine day, and a tolerably good road, made us insensible of any inconvenience which might otherwise have resulted from a journey of nine German miles.

We reached *Neumarkt* about night-fall, and got into very excellent quarters. The rooms of the inn which we occupied had been filled by the Duke of Wellington and Lord and Lady Castlereagh on their journey to Congress in the winter of 1814. The master of the inn related to us a singular anecdote respecting the Duke. On hearing of his arrival, the inhabitants of the place flocked round the inn, and the next morning the Duke found the *tops of his boots half cut away*—from the desire which the people expressed of having “some memorial of the great captain of the age.”[163] No other, or more feasible plan presented itself, than that of making interest with his Grace’s groom—when the boots were taken down to be cleaned on the morning following his arrival. Perhaps the Duke’s coat, had it been seen, might have shared the same fate.

The morning gave me an opportunity of examining the town of *Neumarkt*, which is surrounded by a wall, in the *inner* side of which is a sort of covered corridor (now in a state of great decay) running entirely round the town. At different stations there are wooden steps for the purpose of ascent and descent. In a churchyard, I was startled by the representation of the *Agony in the Garden* (so often mentioned in this Tour) which was executed in stone, and coloured after the life, and which had every appearance of *reality*. I stumbled upon it, unawares: and confess that I had never before witnessed so startling a representation of the subject. Having quitted *Neumarkt*, after breakfast, it remained only to change horses at *Feucht*, and afterwards to dine at Nuremberg. Of all cities which I had wished to see, before and since quitting England, NUREMBERG was that upon which my heart seemed to be the most fixed.[164] It had been the nursery of the Fine Arts in Bavaria; one of the favourite residences of Maximilian the Great; the seat of learning and the abode equally of commerce and of wealth during the sixteenth century. It was here too, that ALBERT DURER—perhaps the most extraordinary genius of his age—lived and died: and here I learnt that his tombstone, and the house in which he resided, were still to be seen.

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The first view of the spires and turretted walls of Nuremberg<sup>[165]</sup> filled me with a sensation which it is difficult to describe. Within about five English miles of it, just as we were about to run down the last descent, from the bottom of which it is perfectly level to the very gates of the city—we discovered a group of peasants, chiefly female, busied in carrying barrows, apparently of fire wood, towards the town. On passing them, the attention of Mr. Lewis was caught by one female countenance in particular—so distinguished by a sweetness and benevolence of expression—that we requested the postilion to stop, that we might learn some particulars respecting this young woman, and the mode of life which she followed. She was without stockings; of a strong muscular form, and her face was half buried beneath a large flapping straw hat. We learnt that her parents were engaged in making black lead pencils (a flourishing branch of commerce, at this moment, at Nuremberg) for the wholesale dealers; and they were so poor, that she was glad to get a *florin* by conveying wood (as we then saw her) four miles to Nuremberg.

It was market-day when we entered Nuremberg, about four o'clock. The inn to which we had been recommended, proved an excellent one: civility, cleanliness, good fare, and reasonable charges—these form the tests of the excellence of the *Cheval Rouge* at Nuremberg. In our route thither, we passed the two churches of St. *Lawrence* and St. *Sebald*, of which the former is the largest—and indeed principal place of worship in the town. We also passed through the market-place, wherein are several gothic buildings—more elaborate in ornament than graceful in form or curious from antiquity. The whole square, however, was extremely interesting, and full of population and bustle. The town indeed is computed to contain 30,000 inhabitants. We noticed, on the outsides of the houses, large paintings, as at Ratisbon, of gigantic figures: and every street seemed to promise fresh gratification, as we descended one and ascended another.

My first object, on settling at the hotel, was to seek out the PUBLIC LIBRARY, and to obtain an inspection of some of those volumes which had exercised the pen of DE MURR, in his Latin *Memoirs of the Public Library of Nuremberg*. I was now also in the birthplace of PANZER—another, and infinitely more distinguished bibliographer,—whose *Typographical Annals of Europe* will for ever render his memory as dear to other towns as to Nuremberg. In short, when I viewed the *Citadel* of this place—and witnessed, in my perambulations about the town, so many curious specimens of gothic architecture, I could only express my surprise and regret that more substantial justice had not been rendered to so interesting a spot. I purchased every thing I could lay my hand upon, connected with the *published antiquities* of the town; but that “every thing” was sufficiently scanty and unsatisfactory.

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Before, however, I make mention of the Public Library, it may be as well briefly to notice the two churches— *St. Sebald* and *St. Lawrence*. The former was within a stone's throw of our inn. Above the door of the western front, is a remarkably fine crucifix of wood—placed, however, in too deep a recess—said to be by *Veit Stoss*. The head is of a very fine form, and the countenance has an expression of the most acute and intense feeling. A crown of thorns is twisted round the brow. But this figure, as well as the whole of the outside and inside of the church, stands in great need of being repaired. The towers are low, with insignificant turrets: the latter evidently a later erection—probably at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The eastern extremity, as well indeed as the aisles, is surrounded by buttresses; and the sharp-pointed, or lancet windows, seem to bespeak the fourteenth, if not the thirteenth century. The great “wonder” of the interior, is the *Shrine of the Saint*,<sup>[166]</sup> (to whom the church is dedicated,) of which the greater part is silver. At the time of my viewing it, it was in a disjointed state—parts of it having been taken to pieces, for repair: but from Geisler's exquisite little engraving, I should pronounce it to be second to few specimens of similar art in Europe. The figures do not exceed two feet in height, and the extreme elevation of the shrine may be about eight feet. Nor has Geisler's almost equally exquisite little engraving of the richly carved gothic *font* in this church, less claim upon the admiration of the connoisseur.

The mother church, or Cathedral of *St. Lawrence*, is much larger, and portions of it may be of the latter end of the thirteenth century. The principal entrance presents us with an elaborate door-way—perhaps of the fourteenth century—with the sculpture divided into several compartments, as at Rouen, Strasbourg, and other earlier edifices. There is a poverty in the two towers, both from their size, and the meagerness of the windows; but the slim spires at the summit, are, doubtless, nearly of a coeval date with that which supports them. The bottom of the large circular, or marygold window, is injured in its effect by a gothic balustrade of a later period. The interior of this church has certainly nothing very commanding or striking, on the score of architectural grandeur or beauty; but there are some painted glass-windows—especially by *Volkmar*—which are deserving of particular attention. Nuremberg has one advantage over many populous towns; its public buildings are not choked up by narrow streets: and I hardly know an edifice of distinction, round which the spectator may not walk with perfect ease, and obtain a view of every portion which he is desirous of examining. *The Fraueenkerche*, or the church of *St. Mary*, in the market-place, has a very singular construction in its western front. A double arched door-way,



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terminated by an arch at the top, and surmounted by a curious triangular projection from the main building, has rather an odd, than a beautiful effect. Above, terminating in an apex—surmounted by a small turret, are five rows of gothic niches, of which the extremities, at each end, narrow—in the fashion of steps, gradually—from the topmost of which range or rows of niches, the turret rises perpendicularly. It is a small edifice, and has been recently doomed to make a very distinguished figure in the imposing lithographic print of Quaglio.[167] The interior of this church is not less singular, as may be seen in the print published about sixty years ago, and yet faithful to its present appearance.

I know not how it was, but I omitted to notice the *ci-devant* church of *Ste. Claire*, where there is said to be the most ancient stained glass window which exists—that is, of the middle of the thirteenth century; nor did I obtain a sight of the seven pillars of *Adam Kraft*, designating the seven points or stations of the Passion of our Saviour. But in the *Rath-hauz Platz*, in the way to the public library, I used to look with delight—almost every morning of the four days which I spent at Nuremberg—at the fragments of gothic architecture, to the right and left, that presented themselves; and among these, none caught my eye and pleased my taste, so fully, as the little hexagonal gothic window, which has sculptured subjects beneath the mullions, and which was attached to the *Pfarrhof*, or clergyman's residence, of St. Sebald. If ever Mr. Blore's pencil should be exercised in this magical city for gothic art, I am quite persuaded that *this window* will be one of the subjects upon which its powers will be most successfully employed.

A little beyond, in a very handsome square, called St. Giles's Place, lived the famous ANTHONY KOBERGER; the first who introduced the art of printing into Nuremberg—and from whose press, more Bibles, Councils, Decretals, Chronicles, and scholastic works, have proceeded than probably from any other press in Europe. Koberger was a magnificent printer, using always a bold, rich, gothic letter—and his first book, *Comestorium Vitiorum*, bears the date of 1470.[168] They shew the house, in this square, which he is said to have occupied; but which I rather suspect was built by his nephew JOHN KOBERGER, who was the son of Sebaldus Koberger, and who carried on a yet more successful business than his uncle. Not fewer than seventeen presses were kept in constant employ by him, and he is said to have been engaged in a correspondence with almost every printer and bookseller in Europe. It was my good fortune to purchase an original bronze head of him, of *Messrs. Frauenholz and Co.*, one of the most respectable and substantial houses, in the print trade, upon the Continent. This head is struck upon a circular bronze of about seven inches in diameter, bearing the following inscription:



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JOANNES KOBERGER ... SEIN. ALTR. xxxx: that is, John Koberger, in the fortieth year of his age. The head, singularly enough, is *laureated*; and in the upper part of it are two capital letters, of which the top parts resemble a B or D—and F or E. It is a fine solid piece of workmanship, and is full of individuality of character. From an old ms. inscription at the back, the original should appear to have died in 1522. I was of course too much interested in the history of the Kobergers, not to ask permission, to examine the premises from which so much learning and piety had once issued to the public; and I could not help being struck with at least the *space* which these premises occupied. At the end of a yard, was a small chapel, which formerly was, doubtless, the printing office or drying room of the Kobergers. The interior of the house was now so completely devoted to other uses, that one could identify nothing. The church of St. Giles, in this place, is scarcely little more than a century old; as a print of it, of the date of 1689, represents the building to be not yet complete.

I shall now conduct the reader at once to the PUBLIC LIBRARY; premising, that it occupies the very situation which it has held since the first book was deposited in it. This is very rarely the case abroad. It is, in fact, a small gothic quadrangle, with the windows modernised; and was formerly a convent of *Dominicans*. M. RANNER, the public librarian, (with whom—as he was unable to speak French, and myself equally unable to speak his own language—I conversed in the Latin tongue) assured me that there was anciently a printing press here—conducted by the Dominicans—who were resolved to print no book but what was the production of one of their own order. I have great doubts about this fact, and expressed the same to M. Ranner; adding, that I had never seen a book so printed; The librarian, however, reiterated his assertion, and said that the monastery was built in the eleventh century. There is certainly no visible portion of it older than the beginning of the fifteenth century. The library itself is on the first floor, and fills two rooms, running parallel with each other; both of them sufficiently dismal and uninviting. It is said to contain 45,000 volumes; but I much question whether there be half that number. There are some precious MSS. of which M. Ranner has published a catalogue in two octavo volumes, in the Latin language, in a manner extremely creditable to himself, and such as to render De Murr's labour upon the same subjects almost useless. Among these MSS. I was shewn one in the Hebrew language—of the eleventh or twelfth century—with very singular marginal illuminations, as grotesques or capriccios; in which the figures, whether human beings, monsters, or animals, were made out by *lines composed of Hebrew characters*, considered to be a gloss upon the text.

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As to the *printed books* of an early date, they are few and unimportant—if the *subject* of them be exclusively considered. There is a woeful want of *classics*, and even of useful literary performances. Here, however, I saw the far-famed *I. de Turrecremata Meditationes* of 1467, briefly described by De Murr; of which, I believe, only two other copies are known to exist—namely, one in the Imperial library at Vienna,[169] and the other in the collection of Earl Spencer. It is an exceedingly precious book to the typographical antiquary, inasmuch as it is supposed to be the first production of the press of *Ulric Han*. The copy in question has the plates coloured; and, singularly enough, is bound up in a wooden cover with *Honorius de Imagine Mundi*, printed by Koberger, and the *Hexameron* of *Ambrosius*, printed by Schuzler in 1472. It is, however, a clean, sound copy; but cut down to the size of the volumes with which it is bound. Here is the *Boniface* of 1465, by Fust, UPON VELLUM: with a large space on the rectos of the second and third leaves, purposely left for the insertion of ms. or some subsequent correction. The *Durandus* of 1459 has the first capital letter stamped with red and blue, like the smaller capital initials in the *Psalter* of 1457. In this first capital initial, the blue is the outer portion of the letter. The *German Bible* by *Mentelin* is perfect; but wretchedly crompt, and dirty even to dinginess. Here is a very fine large genuine copy of *Jenson's Quintilian* of 1471. Of the *Epistles of St. Jerom*, here are the early editions by *Mentelin* and *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*; the latter, of the date of 1470: a fine, large copy—but not free from ms. annotations.

More precious, however, in the estimation of the critical bibliographer—than either, or the whole, of the preceding volumes—is the very rare edition of the *Decameron* of *Boccaccio*, of the date of 1472, printed at *Mantua*, by *A. de Michaelibus*. [170] Such a copy as that in the public library at Nuremberg, is in all probability unparalleled: it being, in every respect, what a perfect copy should be—white, large, and in its pristine binding. A singular coincidence took place, while I was examining this extraordinarily rare book. M. Lechner, the bookseller, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again, brought me a letter, directed to his own house, from Earl Spencer. In that letter, his lordship requested me to make a particular collation of the edition of *Boccaccio*—with which I was occupied at the *very moment of receiving it*. Of course, upon every account, that collation was made. Upon its completion, and asking M. Ranner whether any consideration would induce the curators of the library to part with this volume, the worthy librarian shouted aloud!... adding, that, “not many weeks before, an English gentleman had offered the sum of sixty louis d’or for it,—but not

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*twice* that sum could be taken!... and in fact the book must never leave its present quarters—no ... not even for the noble collection in behalf of which I pleaded so earnestly.” M. Ranner’s manner was so positive, and his voice so sonorous,—that I dreaded the submission of any contre-projet ... and accordingly left him in the full and unmolested enjoyment of his beloved Decameron printed by *Adam de Michaelibus*.

M. Ranner shewed me a sound, fair copy of the *first Florentine Homer* of 1488; but cropt, with red edges to the leaves. But I was most pleased with a sort of cupboard, or closet-fashioned recess, filled with the first and subsequent editions of all the pieces written by *Melancthon*, I was told that there were more than eight hundred of such pieces. These, and a similar collection from the pens of *Luther* and *Eckuis* at Landshut, [171] would, as I conceive, be invaluable repertories for the *History of the Reformation upon the Continent*. Although I examined many shelves of books, for two successive days, in the Public Library of Nuremberg, I am not conscious of having found any thing more deserving of detail than what has been already submitted to the reader.

Of all edifices, more especially deserving of being visited at Nuremberg, the CITADEL is doubtless the most curious and ancient, as well as the most remarkable. It rises to a considerable height, close upon the outer walls of the town, within about a stone’s throw of the end of *Albrecht Durer Strasse*—or the street where ALBERT DURER lived—and whose house is not only yet in existence, but still the object of attraction and veneration with every visitor of taste, from whatever part of the world he may chance to come. The street running down, is the street called (as before observed) after Albert Durer’s own name; and the *well*, seen about the middle of it, is a specimen of those wells—built of stone—which are very common in the streets of Nuremberg. The house of Albert Durer is now in a very wretched, and even unsafe condition. The upper part is supposed to have been his study. The interior is so altered from its original disposition, as to present little or nothing satisfactory to the antiquary. It would be difficult to say how many coats of whitewash have been bestowed upon the rooms, since the time when they were tenanted by the great character in question.

Passing through this street, therefore, you turn to the right, and continue onwards, up a pretty smart ascent; when the entrance to the citadel, by the side of a low wall—in front of an old tower—presents itself to your attention. It was before breakfast that my companion and self visited this interesting interior, over every part of which we were conducted by a most loquacious *cicerone*, who spoke the French language very fluently, and who was pleased to express his extreme gratification upon finding that his visitors were *Englishmen*. The tower,

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of the exterior of which there is a very indifferent engraving in the *Singularia Norimbergensia*, and the adjoining chapel, may be each of the thirteenth century; but the tombstone of the founder of the monastery, upon the site of which the present Citadel was built, bears the date of 1296. This tombstone is very perfect; lying in a loose, unconnected manner, as you enter the chapel:—the chapel itself having a crypt-like appearance. This latter is very small.

From the suite of apartments in the older parts of the Citadel, there is a most extensive and uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, which is rather flat. At the distance of about nine miles, the town of *Furth* (*Furta*) looks as if it were within an hour's walk; and I should think that the height of the chambers, (from which we enjoyed this view,) to the level ground of the adjacent meadows, could be scarcely less than three hundred feet. In these chambers, there is a little world of curiosity for the antiquary: and yet it was but too palpable that very many of its more precious treasures had been transported to Munich. In the time of Maximilian II., when Nuremberg may be supposed to have been in the very height of its glory, this Citadel must have been worth a pilgrimage of many score miles to have visited. The ornaments which remain are chiefly pictures; of which several are exceedingly precious. Our guide hastened to show us the celebrated two Venuses of *Lucas Cranach*, which are most carefully preserved within folding doors. They are both whole lengths, of the size of life. One of them, which is evidently the inferior picture, is attended by a Cupid; the other is alone, having on a broad red velvet hat—but, in other respects, undraped. For this latter picture, we were told that two hundred louis d'or had been offered and refused—which they well might have been; for I consider it to be, not the only chef-d'oeuvre of L. Cranach, but in truth a very extraordinary performance. There is doubtless something of a poverty of drawing about it; but the colouring glows with a natural warmth which has been rarely surpassed even by Titian. It is one of the most elaborated pictures—yet producing a certain breadth of effect—which can be seen. The other Venus is perhaps more carefully painted—but the effect is cold and poor.

Here is also, by the same artist, a masterly little head of *St. Hubert*; and, near it, a charming portrait of *Luther's wife*, by Hans Holbein; but the back-ground of the latter being red and comparatively recent, is certainly not by the same hand. The countenance is full of a sweet, natural expression; and if this portrait be a faithful one of the wife of Luther, we must give that great reformer credit for having had a good taste in the choice of a wife—as far as *beauty* is concerned. Here are supposed portraits of *Charlemagne* and *Sigismund II.*, by Albert Durer—which exhibit great freedom

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of handling, and may be considered magnificent specimens of that master's better manner of portrait painting. The heads are rather of colossal size. The draperies are most elaborately executed. I observed here, with singular satisfaction, *two* of the well-known series of the TWELVE APOSTLES, supposed to be both painted and engraved by Albert Durer. They were *St. John* and *St. Paul*; the drapery, especially of the latter, has very considerable merit. But probably the most interesting picture to the generality of visitors—and indeed it is one entitled to particular commendation by the most curious and critical—is, a large painting, by *Sandrant*, representing a fete given by the Austrian Ambassador, at Nuremberg, upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Westphalia, in 1649, after the well known thirty year's war. This picture is about fourteen feet long, by ten wide. The table, at which the guests are banquetting, is filled by all the great characters who were then assembled upon the occasion. An English knight of the garter is sufficiently conspicuous; his countenance in three quarters, being turned somewhat over his left shoulder. The great fault of this picture is, making the guests to partake of a banquet, and yet to turn all their faces *from it*—in order that the spectator may recognise their countenances. Those who sit at table, are about half the size of life. To the right of them, is a group as large as life, in which *Sandrant* has introduced himself, as if painting the picture. His countenance is charmingly coloured; but it is a pity that all propriety of perspective is so completely lost, by placing two such differently sized groups in the same chamber. This picture stands woefully in need of being repaired. It is considered—and apparently with justice—to be the CHEF D'OEUVRE of the master. I have hardly ever seen a picture, of its kind, more thoroughly interesting—both on the score of subject and execution; but it is surely due to the memory of an artist, like *Sandrant*,—who spent the greater part of a long life at Nuremberg, and established an academy of painting there—that this picture ... be at least *preserved* ... if there be no means of engraving it.

In these curious old chambers, it was to be expected that I should see some *Wohlegemuths*—as usual, with backgrounds in a blaze of gold, and figures with tortuous limbs, pinched-in waists, and caricatured countenances. In a room, pretty plentifully encumbered with rubbish, I saw a charming *Snyders*; being a dead stag, suspended from a pole. There is here a portrait of *Albert Durer*, by himself; but said to be a copy. If so, it is a very fine copy. The original is supposed to be at Munich. There was nothing else that my visit enabled me to see, particularly deserving of being recorded; but, when I was told that it was in THIS CITADEL that the ancient Emperors of Germany used oftentimes to reside, and

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make carousal, and when I saw, *now*, scarcely any thing but dark passages, unfurnished galleries, naked halls, and untenanted chambers—I own that I could hardly refrain from uttering a sigh over the mutability of earthly fashions, and the transitoriness of worldly grandeur. With a rock for its base, and walls almost of adamant for its support—situated also upon an eminence which may be said to look frowningly down over a vast sweep of country—THE CITADEL OF NUREMBERG should seem to have bid defiance, in former times, to every assault of the most desperate and enterprising foe. It is now visited only by the casual traveller ... who is frequently startled at the echo of his own footsteps.

While I am on the subject of ancient art—of which so many curious specimens are to be seen in this Citadel—it may not be irrelevant to conduct the reader at once to what is called the *Town Hall*—a very large structure—of which portions are devoted to the exhibition of old pictures. Many of these paintings are in a very suspicious state, from the operations of time and accident; but the great boast of the collection are the Triumphs of Maximilian I, executed by *Albert Durer*—which, however, have by no means escaped injury. I was accompanied in my visit to this interesting collection by Mr. Boerner, a partner in the house of Frauenholz and Co.—and had particular reason to be pleased by the friendliness of his attentions, and by the intelligence of his observations. A great number of these pictures (as I understood) belonged to Messrs. Frauenholz and Co.; and among them, a portrait by *Pens*, struck me as being singularly admirable and exquisite. The countenance, the dress, the attitude, the drawing and colouring, were as perfect as they well might be. But this collection has also suffered from the transportation of many of its treasures to Munich. The rooms, halls, and corridors of this Hotel de Ville give you a good notion of municipal grandeur.

Nuremberg was once the life and soul of *art* as well as of *commerce*. The numismatic, or perhaps medallic, productions of her artists, in the XVIth century, might, many of them, vie with the choicest efforts of Greece. I purchased two silver medals, of the period just mentioned, which are absolutely perfect of their kind: one has, on the obverse, the profile of an old man with a flowing beard and short bonnet, with the circumscription of *AEtatis Suae LXVI.*; and, on the reverse, the words *De Coelo Victoria. Anno M.D. XLVI.* surrounding the arms of Bavaria. I presume the head to be a portrait of some ancient Bavarian General; and the inscription, on the reverse, to relate to some great victory, in honour of which the medal was struck. The piece is silver-gilt. The boldness of its relief can hardly be exceeded. The other medal represents the portrait of *Joh. Petreius Typographus, Anno AEtat. Suae. III. (48), Anno 1545*—executed



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with surprising delicacy, expression, and force. But evidences of the perfect state of art in ancient times, at Nuremberg, may be gathered from almost every street in which the curious visitor walks. On the first afternoon of my arrival here, I was driven, by a shower of rain, into a small shop—upon a board, on the exterior of which were placed culinary dishes. The mistress of the house had been cleaning them for the purpose of shewing them off to advantage on the Sunday. One of these dishes—which was brass, with ornaments in high relief—happened to be rather deep, but circular, and of small diameter. I observed a subject in relief, at the bottom, which looked very like art as old as the end of the fifteenth century—although a good deal worn away, from the regularity of periodical rubbing. The subject represented the eating of the forbidden fruit. Adam, Eve, the Serpent, the trees, and the fruit—with labels, on which the old gothic German letter was sufficiently obvious—all told a tale which was irresistible to antiquarian feelings. Accordingly I proposed terms of purchase (one ducat) to the good owner of the dish:—who was at first exceedingly surprised at the offer ... wondering what could be seen so particularly desirable in such a homely piece of kitchen furniture ... but, in the end, she consented to the proposal with extraordinary cheerfulness. In another shop, on a succeeding day, I purchased two large brass dishes, of beautiful circular forms, with ornaments in bold relief—and brought the whole culinary cargo home with me. While upon the subject of *old art*—of which there are scarcely a hundred yards in the city of Nuremberg that do not display some memorial, however perishing—I must be allowed to make especial mention of the treasures of BARON DERSCHAU—a respectable old Prussian nobleman, who has recently removed into a capacious residence, of which the chambers in front contain divers old pictures; and one chamber in particular, backward, is filled with curiosities of a singular variety of description.[172] I had indeed heard frequent mention of this gentleman, both in Austria and Bavaria. His reception of me was most courteous, and his conversation communicative and instructive. He *did*, and did *not*, dispose of things. He *was*, and was *not*, a sort of gentleman-merchant. One drawer was filled with ivory handled dirks, hunting knives, and pipe-bowls; upon which the carver had exercised all his cunning skill. Another drawer contained implements of destruction in the shape of daggers, swords, pistols, and cutlasses: all curiously wrought. A set of *Missals* occupied a third drawer: portfolios of drawings and *prints*, a fourth; and sundry *volumes*, of various and not uninteresting character, filled the shelves of a small, contiguous book-case. Every thing around me bore the aspect of *temptation*; when, calling upon my tutelary genius to defend me in such a crisis, I accepted the Baron's offer, and sat down by the side of him upon a sofa—which, from the singularity of its form and *materiel*, might formerly possibly have supported the limbs of Albert Durer himself.



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The Baron commenced the work of *incantation* by informing me that he was once in possession of the *journal*, or day-book, of Albert Durer:—written in the German language—and replete with the most curious information respecting the manner of his own operations, and of those of his workmen. From this journal, it appeared that Albert Durer was in the habit of *drawing upon the blocks*, and that his men performed the remaining operation of *cutting away the wood*. I frankly confessed that I had long suspected this: and still suspect the same process to have been used in regard to the wood cuts supposed to have been executed by *Hans Holbein*. On my eagerly enquiring what had become of this precious journal, the Baron replied with a sigh—which seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart—that “it had perished in the flames of a house, in the neighbourhood of one of the battles fought between Bonaparte and the Prussians!!” The Baron is both a man of veracity and virtue. In confirmation of the latter, he gave all his very extraordinary collection of original blocks of wood, containing specimens of art of the most remote period of wood engraving, to the Royal University at Berlin—from which collection has been regularly published, those *livraisons*, of an atlas form, which contain impressions of the old blocks in question.[173] It is hardly possible for a graphic antiquary to possess a more completely characteristic and *beguiling* publication than this.

On expressing a desire to purchase any little curiosity or antiquity, in the shape of *book* or *print*, for which the Baron had no immediate use, I was shewn several rarities of this kind; which I did not scruple to request might be laid aside for me—for the purpose of purchasing. Of these, in the book way, the principal were a *Compendium Morale*: a Latin folio, PRINTED UPON VELLUM, without date or name of printer—and so completely unknown to bibliographers, that Panzer, who had frequently had this very volume in his hands, was meditating the writing of a little treatise on it; and was interrupted only by death from carrying his design into execution. It is in the most perfect state of preservation. A volume of *Hours*, and a *Breviary of Cracow*, for the winter part, PRINTED UPON VELLUM—in the German language, exceedingly fair and beautiful. A *TERENCE* of 1496 (for 9 florins), and the first edition of *Erasmus’s Greek Testament*, 1516, for 18 florins. The “*Compendium*” was charged by the Baron at about 5\_l\_. sterling. These, with the Austrian historians, Pez, Schard, and Nidanus, formed a tolerably fair acquisition.[174] In the *print* way, I was fortunate in purchasing a singularly ancient wood-cut of *St. Catherine*, in the peculiarly dotted manner of the fifteenth century. This wood-cut was said to be *UNIQUE*. At any rate it is very curious and rare; and on my return to England, M. Du Chesne, who is the active director in the department

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of the prints at Paris, prevailed upon me to part with my *St. Catherine*—at a price, which sufficiently shewed that he considered it to be no very indifferent object to the royal collection of France. This however was a perfectly secondary consideration. The print was left behind at Paris, as adding something to a collection of unrivalled value and extent, and where there were previously deposited two or three similar specimens of art.

But the Baron laid the greatest stress upon a copper plate impression of a crucifixion, of the date of 1430: which undoubtedly had a very staggering aspect.[175] It is described in the subjoined note; and for reasons, therein detailed, I consider it to be much less valuable than the *St. Catherine*. [176] I also purchased of the Baron a few *Martin Schoens*, *Albert Durers*, and *Israel Van Mechlins*; and what I preferred to either, is a beautiful little illumination, cut out of an old choral book, or psalter, said, by the vendor, to be the production of *Weimplan*, an artist, at Ulm, of the latter end of the fifteenth century. On my return to England, I felt great pleasure in depositing this choice morceau of ancient art in the very extraordinary collection of my friend Mr. Ottley—at the same price for which I had obtained it—about five and twenty shillings. Upon the whole, I was well satisfied with the result of the “temptation” practised upon me at Baron Derschau’s, and left the mansion with my purse lightened of about 340 florins. The Baron was anxious to press a choice *Aldus* or two upon me; but the word “choice” is somewhat ambiguous: and what was considered to be so at *Nuremberg*, might receive a different construction in *London*. I was, however, anxious to achieve a much nobler feat than that of running away with undescribed printed volumes, or rare old prints—whether from copper or wood. It was at Nuremberg that the EBNER FAMILY had long resided: and where the *Codex Ebnerianus*—a Greek MS. of the New Testament, of the XIIth. century—had been so much celebrated by the elaborate disquisition of De Murr—which is accompanied by several copper plate fac-simile engravings of the style of art in the illuminations of the MS. in question. I had heard that the ancient splendors of the Ebner family had been long impaired; that their library had been partly dispersed; and that THIS VERY MS. was yet to be purchased. I resolved, therefore, to lose no opportunity of becoming possessed of it ... preparing myself to offer a very considerable sum, and trusting that the spirit of some private collector, or public body, in my own country, would not long allow it to be a burden on my hands. Accordingly, by the interposition and kind offices of M. Lechner, the bookseller, I learnt, not only in what quarter the MS. was yet preserved, but that its owners were willing to dispose of it for a valuable consideration. A day and hour were quickly appointed. The gentleman,

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entrusted with the MS.—M. Lechner as interpreter, my own valet, as interpreter between myself and M. Lechner, who could not speak French very fluently—all assembled at the *Cheval Rouge*: with the CODEX EBNERIANUS, bound in massive silver, lying upon the table between us. It is a small, thick quarto volume; written in the cursive Greek character, upon soft and fair coloured vellum, and adorned with numerous illuminations in a fine state of preservation. Its antiquity cannot surely be carried beyond the XIIth century. On the outside of one of the covers, is a silver crucifix. Upon the whole, this precious book, both from its interior and exterior attractions, operated upon me infinitely more powerfully than the ivory-handled knives, gilt-studded daggers, gorgeous scraps of painting, or antique-looking prints ... of the Baron Derschau.

We soon commenced an earnest conversation; all four of us frequently being upon our legs, and speaking, at the same time. The price was quickly fixed by the owner of the MS.; but not so readily consented to by the proposed purchaser. It was 120 louis d'or. I adhered to the offer of 100: and we were each inflexible in our terms. I believe indeed, that if my 100 louis d'or could have been poured from a bag upon the table, as “argent-comptant,” the owner of the MS. *could* not have resisted the offer: but he seemed to think that, if paper currency, in the shape of a bill, were resorted to, it would not be prudent to adopt that plan unless the sum of 120l. were written upon the instrument. The conference ended by the MS. being carried back to be again deposited in the family where it had so long taken up its abode. It is, however, most gratifying for me to add, that its return to its ancient quarters was only temporary; and that it was destined to be taken from them, for ever, by British spirit and British liberality. When Mr. John Payne visited Germany, in the following year, I was anxious to give him some particulars about this MS. and was sanguine enough to think that a second attempt to carry it off could not fail to be successful. The house of Messrs. Payne and Foss, so long and justly respected throughout Europe, invested their young representative with ample powers for negotiation—and the *Codex Ebnerianus*, after having been purchased by the representative in question, for the sum first insisted upon by the owner—now reposes upon the richly furnished shelves of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY—where it is not likely to repose *in vain*; and from whence no efforts, by the most eminently successful bibliographical diplomatist in Europe, can dislodge it.

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I must now say a few words respecting the present state of the FINE ARTS at Nuremberg, and make mention of a few things connected with the vicinity of the town, ere I conduct the reader to Manheim: regretting, however, that I am necessitated to make that account so summary. I consider M. KLEIN to be among the very brightest ornaments of this place, as an artist. I had seen enough of his productions at Vienna, to convince me that his pencil possessed no ordinary powers. He is yet a young man; somewhere between thirty and forty, and leads occasionally a very romantic life—but admirably subservient to the purposes of his art. He puts a knapsack upon his back, filled with merely necessary articles of linen and materials for work—and then stops, draws, eats, drinks, and sleeps where it pleases him: wherever his eye is gratified by strong characteristics of nature—whether on cattle, peasants, soldiers, or Cossacks.

Klein appears to have obtained his exquisite knowledge of animal painting from having been a pupil of GABLER—a professed studier of natural history, and painter of animals. The pupil was unluckily absent from Nuremberg, when I was there; but from many enquiries of his ultimate friends, I learnt that he was of a cheerful, social disposition—fond of good company, and was in particular a very active and efficient member of a *Society of Artists*, which has been recently established at Nuremberg. Klein himself, however, resides chiefly at Vienna—there not being sufficient patronage for him in his native city. His water-coloured drawings, in particular, are considered admirable; but he has lately commenced painting in oil—with considerable success. His *etchings*, of which he has published about one hundred, are in general masterly; but perhaps they are a little too metallic and severe. His observation of nature is at once acute and correct.

In the neighbourhood of Nuremberg—that is to say, scarcely more than an English mile from thence—are the grave and tomb-stone of ALBERT DURER. Dr. Bright having printed that artist's epitaph at length[177]—and it being found in most biographical details relating to him—it need not be here repeated. The monument is simple and striking. In the churchyard, there is a representation of the Crucifixion, cut in stone. It was on a fine, calm evening, just after sunset, that I first visited the tombstone of Albert Durer; and shall always remember the sensations, with which that visit was attended, as among the most pleasing and impressive of my life. The silence of the spot,—its retirement from the city—the falling shadows of night, and the increasing solemnity of every monument of the dead—together with the mysterious, and even awful effect, produced by the colossal crucifix... but yet perhaps, more than either, the recollection of the extraordinary talents of the artist, so quietly sleeping beneath my feet ... all conspired to produce a train of reflections which may be readily conceived, but not so readily described. If ever a man deserved to be considered as the glory of his age and nation, ALBERT DURER was surely that man. He was, in truth, the Shakspeare of his art—for the *period*.

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Notwithstanding I had made every enquiry among the principal booksellers, of *Antiquars*, [178] for rare and curious old volumes, I literally found nothing worth purchasing. The Baron Derschau was doubtless my best friend on this score. Yet I was told that, if I would put a pair of horses to my carriage, and drive, to *Furth*—a short two German mile stage from Nuremberg, and which indeed I had distinctly seen from the windows of the citadel—I should find there, at a certain Antiquar's, called HEERDEGEN, an endless, variety of what was precious and curious in the department of which I was in search. Accordingly, I put the wheels of my carriage in motion, within twenty-four hours of receiving the intelligence. The road to Furth is raised from the level of the surrounding country, and well paved in the centre. It is also lined by poplar trees, a great part of the way. I have reason to remember this visit for many a long day. Having drove to M. Heerdegen's door, I was received with sufficient courtesy; and was told to mount to the top of the house, where the more ancient books were kept, while he, M. Heerdegen, settled a little business below. That business consisted in selling so many old folios, by the pound weight, in great wooden scales;—the vendor, all the time, keeping up a cheerful and incessant conversation. The very *sight* of this transaction was sufficient to produce an hysterical affection—and, instead of mounting upwards, I stood—stock still—wondering at such an act of barbarity! Having requested permission to open the volumes in question, and finding them to contain decretals, and glosses upon councils, I recovered myself by degrees ... and leisurely walked to the very topmost floor of the house.

M. Heerdegen was not long after me. He is a most naif character; and when he is pleased with a customer, he presents him with an india ink drawing of his own portrait. On receiving this testimony of his approbation, I did not fail to make my proper acknowledgements: but, with respect to the books with which I was to load my carriage, there was scarcely a shadow of hope, of even securing a dozen volumes worth transporting to the banks of the Rhine. However, after three hours pretty severe labour—having opened and rejected I know not how many books of Medicine, Civil and Canon Law, Scholastic Divinity, Commentaries upon Aristotle, and disputations connected with Duns Scotus, together with a great number of later impressions of the Latin Bible in the XVth century—I contrived to get a good *Latin Plutarch*, some pretty Aldine octavos, a few *Lochers* and *Brandts*, a rare little German poetical tract, of four leaves, called the *Wittemberg Nightingale*, and an *Italian Bible* printed by the *Giuntae*, which had belonged to *Melancthon*, and contained his autograph:—all which, with some pieces by *Eckius*, *Schottus*, and *Erasmus*, to the amount of 4\_l.\_ 4\_s.\_ of English money, were conveyed with great pomp and ceremony below.

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However, I had not been long with M. Heerdegen, before a clergyman, of small stature and spare countenance, made his appearance and saluted me. He had seen the carriage pass, and learnt, on enquiry, that the traveller within it had come expressly to see M. Heerdegen. He introduced himself as the curate of the neighbouring church, of which M. Fronmueller was the rector or pastor: adding, that *his own* church was the only place of Christian worship in the village. This intelligence surprised me; but the curate, whose name was *Link*, continued thus: "This town, Sir, consists of a population of ten thousand souls, of which four-fifths are *Jews*; who are strictly forbidden to sleep within the walls of Nuremberg. It is only even by a sort of courtesy, or sufferance, that they are allowed to transact business there during the day time." M. Link then begged I would accompany him to his own church, and to the rector's house—taking his own house in the way. There was nothing particularly deserving of notice in the church, which has little claim to antiquity. It had, however, a good organ. The rector was old and infirm. I did not see him, but was well pleased with his library, which is at once scholar-like and professional. The library of the curate was also excellent of its kind, though limited, from the confined means of its owner. It is surprising upon what small stipends the Protestant clergy live abroad; and if I were to mention that of M. Link, I should only excite the scepticism of my readers.

I was then conducted through the village—which abounded with dirty figures and dirty faces. The women and female children were particularly disgusting, from the little attention paid to cleanliness. The men and boys were employed in work, which accounted for their rough appearance. The place seems to swarm with population—and if a plague, or other epidemic disorder should prevail, I can hardly conceive a scene in which it is likely to make more dreadful havoc than at *Furth*. Although I had not obtained any thing *very special* at this place, in the book way, I was yet glad to have visited it—were it only for the sake of adding one more original character to the *bibliopolistic fraternity* upon the Continent. In spite of the very extraordinary *line* of business which M. Heerdegen chooses to follow, I have reason to think that he "turns a good penny" in the course of the year; but own that it was with surprise I learnt that Mr. Bohn, the bookseller of Frith Street,[179] had preceded me in my visit—and found some historical folios which he thought well worth the expense of conveyance to England.



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It remains only to return for a few hours to Nuremberg, and then to conduct the reader to Manheim. One of the four days, during which I remained at Nuremberg, happened to be *Sunday*; and of all places upon the Continent, Sunday is, at Nuremberg, among the gayest and most attractive. The weather was fine, and the whole population was alternately within and without the city walls. Some Bavarian troops of cavalry were exercising near the public walks, and of course a great multitude was collected to witness their manoeuvres. On casting my eye over this concourse of people, attired in their best clothes, I was particularly struck with the head dresses of the women: composed chiefly of broad-stiffened riband, of different colours, which is made to stick out behind in a flat manner—not to be described except by the pencil of my graphic companion. The figure, seen in the frontispiece of the third volume of this work, is that of the *Fille de chambre* at our hotel, who was habited in her Sunday attire; and it displays in particular the riband head-dress—which was of black water-tabby sarsenet. But as these ribands are of different colours, and many of them gay and gorgeous, their appearance, in the open air—and where a great number of people is collected, and in constant motion—is that, as it were, of so many moving suns. In general, the *Nurembergeises* have little pretensions to beauty: they are; however, active, civil, and intelligent.

It is rarely one takes leave of an hotel with regret when every days journey brings us sensibly nearer home. But it is due to the kind treatment and comfortable lodgings, of which I partook at Nuremberg; to say, that no traveller can leave the *Cheval Rouge* without at least wishing that all future inns which he visits may resemble it. We left Nuremberg after dinner, resolving to sleep at *Ansbach*; of which place the Margrave and Margravine were sufficiently distinguished in our own country. I had received a letter of introduction to Monsieur Le Comte de Drechsel, President de la Regence—and President of the corporation of Nuremberg—respecting the negotiation for the Boccaccio of 1472; from which, however, I augured no very favourable result. The first stage from Nuremberg is *Kloster Heilbronn*: where, on changing horses, the master of the inn pressed me hard to go and visit the old church, which gives the name to the village, and which was said to contain some curious old paintings by Albert Durer: but there was literally no time—and I began to be tired ... almost of Albert Durers! At *Ansbach* we drove to the *Crown*, a large and excellent inn. It was nightfall when we entered the town, but not so dark as to render the size and extent of the Margrave's palace invisible, nor so late as to render a visit to two booksellers, after a late cup of tea, impracticable. At one place, I found something in the shape of old books, but purchased nothing—except an edition of Boccaccio's Tales, in French, with the well known plates of Roman Le Hooze, 1701. 8vo. It was loosely bound in sorry calf, but a florin could not be considered too much for it, even in its sombre state. The other bookseller supplied, by the tender of his friendly offices, the deficiencies of his collection—which, in fact, consisted of nothing but a stock of modern publications.



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The next morning I visited the Comte Drechsel—having first written him a note, and gently touched upon the point at issue. He received me with courtesy; and I found him particularly intelligent—but guarded in every expression connected with any thing like the indulgence, even of a hope, of obtaining the precious volume in question. He would submit my proposition to the municipality. He understood English perfectly well, and spoke French fluently. I had received intimation of a collection of rare and curious old books, belonging to a Mr...., in the environs of Ansbach; who, having recently experienced some misfortunes, had meditated the sale of his library. The owner had a pretty country house, scarcely a stone's throw from the outskirts of the town, and I saw his wife and children—but no books. I learnt that these latter were conveyed to the town for the purpose of sale; and having seen a few of them, I left a commission for a copy of *Fust and Schoeffher's* edition of Pope Boniface's Councils of 1465, UPON VELLUM. I have never heard of the result of the sale.

From Ansbach to *Heilbronn*, which can be scarcely less than sixty English miles, few things struck me on the road more forcibly than the remains of a small old church and cloisters at *Feuchtwang*—where we stopped to change horses, the first stage after Ansbach. It rained heavily, and we had only time to run hastily through these very curious old relics, which, if appearances formed the test of truth, might, from the colour of the stone and the peculiarity of the structure, have been old enough to designate the first christian place of worship established in Germany. The whole, however, was upon a singularly small scale. I earnestly recommend every English antiquary to stop longer than we did at Feuchtwang. From thence to *Heilbronn*, we passed many a castle-crowned summit, of which the base and adjacent country were covered by apparently impenetrable forests of fir and elm; but regretted exceedingly that it was quite nightfall when we made the very steep and *nervous* entrance into *Hall*—down a mountainous descent, which seemed to put the carriage on an inclined plane of forty-five degrees. We were compelled to have four horses, on making the opposite ascent; and were even preceded by boys, with links and torches, over a small bridge, under which runs a precipitous and roaring stream. Hall is a large, lively, and much frequented town.

*Heilbronn*, or *Hailbrunn*, is a large consequential town; and parts of it are spacious, as well as curious from appearances of antiquity. The large square, where we changed horses, was sufficiently striking; and the Hotel de ville in particular was worthy of being copied by the pencil of my companion. But we were only passing travellers, anxious to reach Manheim and to cross the Rhine. The country about Heilbronn is picturesque and fertile, and I saw enough to convince me that two days residence there would not be considered as time thrown away. It is one of the principal towns in the kingdom of Wirtemberg, and situated not many leagues from the Black Forest, or *Schwartz Wald*, where wild boars and other wild animals abound, and where St. Hubert (for aught I know to the contrary) keeps his nocturnal revels in some hitherto unfrequented glen ... beneath the radiance of an unclouded moon.

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But if *Heilbronn* be attractive, from the imposing appearance of the houses, *Heidelberg* is infinitely more so; containing a population of nine thousand inhabitants. We reached this latter place at dinner time, on Sunday—but as it rained heavily for the last hour previous to our entrance, we could not take that survey of the adjacent country which we so much desired to do. Yet we saw sufficient to delight us infinitely: having travelled along the banks of the river *Neckhar* for the last three or four miles, observing the beautifully wood-crowned hills on the opposite side. But it is the CASTLE, or OLD PALACE of HEIDELBERG—where the Grand Dukes of Baden, or old Electors Palatine, used to reside—and where the celebrated TUN, replenished with many a score hogshead of choice Rhenish wine—form the grand objects of attraction to the curious traveller. The palace is a striking edifice more extensive than any thing I had previously seen; but in the general form of its structure, so like *Holland House* at Kensington, that I hesitated not one moment to assign the commencement of the sixteenth century, as the period of the building in question. The date of 1607,[180] cut in stone, over one of the principal doors, confirmed my conjecture.

I now looked eagerly on all sides—observing what portions were more or less dilapidated, and wondering at the extent and magnificence of the building. Room after room, corridor succeeding corridor—saloons, galleries, banquetting apartments, each and all denuded of its once princely furniture—did not fail to strike my imagination most forcibly. Here was the *Hall of Chivalry*, which had been rent asunder by lightning: yonder, a range of statues of the old *Electors Counts Palatine*:—a tier of granite columns stood in another direction, which had equally defied the assaults of the foe and the ravages of time. In one part, looking down, I observed an old square tower, which had been precipitated in consequence (as I learnt) of an explosion of gunpowder. It was doubtless about a century older than the building from which I observed it. On an eminence, almost smothered with larch and lime, and nearly as much above ourselves as we were from the town, stand the ruins of another old castle ... the residence of the older Counts Palatine. The whole scene was full of enchantment to an antiquarian traveller; and I scarcely knew how to quit one portion of it for another.

The terrace, at the back of the castle, forms a noble and commanding walk. Here, in former days, the counts and dukes of the empire, with all their trains of duchesses and damoiselles, used to parade in full pomp and magnificence, receiving the homage of their dependants, and the applause of the townsmen. From hence, indeed, they might have looked down, in the proud spirit of disdain, upon their vassal subjects:—or, in case of rebellion, have planted their cannon and pulverised their habitations in a little hour.

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It is hardly possible to conceive a more magnificent situation ... but now, all is silence and solitude. The wild boar intrudes with impunity into the gardens—and the fowls of heaven roost within those spacious chambers, which were once hung with rich arras, or covered with gorgeous tapestry. Scarcely three human beings ... who seem to sleep out their existence ... are now the tenants of THAT MANSION, where once scarcely fewer than one hundred noblemen with their attendants, found comfortable accommodations. A powerful, and yet not unpleasing melancholy, touches the heart ... as one moves leisurely along these speaking proofs of the mutability of earthly grandeur.

No man visits this proud palace without visiting also the equally celebrated TUN—of which *Merian*, in his well known views, has supplied us with a print or two. It is placed in the lower regions of the palace, in a room by itself—except that, by the side of it, there stands a small cask which may hold a hogshead, and which is considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of the art of cooperage. It is made in the neatest and closest-fitting manner imaginable, without either a nail, or piece of iron, or encircling hoop; and I believe it to be nearly as old as the *great Tun*. This latter monstrous animal, of his species, is supported by ribs—of rather a picturesque appearance—which run across the belly of the cask, at right angles with the staves. As a WINE CASK, it has long maintained its proud distinction of being the *largest in the world*. A stair-case is to the right of it, leading to a little square platform at the top; upon which frolicksome lads and lasses used, in former days, to dance, when the tub had been just filled with the produce of the passing year's vintage. The guide told us that one Elector or Grand Duke, I think it was CHARLES THEODORE, had immortalised himself, by having, during his regency, caused the great tun of Heidelberg to be fairly *twice emptied*;—"those (added he) were golden days, never to return. At present, and for a long time past, the cask is filled almost to the very top with *mere lees*." In an adjoining cellar, I was shewn a set of casks, standing perpendicularly, called the *Twelve Apostles*. The whole of this subterraneous abode had, I must confess, a great air of hospitality about it; but when I mentioned to the guide the enormous size of those casks used by our principal London brewers—compared with which, even the "GREAT TUN" was a mere TEA-CUP—he held up his hands, shook his head, and exclaimed with great self-satisfaction... "*cela ne se peut pas etre!*"

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After I had dined, I called upon M. Schlosser, one of the professors of the University—for which this town is rather celebrated.[181] Attached to this University, is a famous *Library of MSS. and printed books*—but more especially of the former. It has been long known under the name of the *Palatine Library*; and having been seized and transported to the Vatican, at the conclusion of the thirty years war, and from thence carried to Paris, was, in the year 1815, at the urgent intercession of the King of Prussia, restored to its ancient-resting-place. What “a day of joyance” was that when this restoration took place! M. Schlosser adverted to it with a satisfaction amounting... almost to rapture. That gentleman made me a present of the first part of his *Universal Biography*, published at *Franckfort on the Main*, the preceding year, in 8vo.—in the German language—with copious and erudite notes. He shewed me the earlier printed volumes of the Public Library; of which, having unluckily lost the few memoranda I had taken—but which I believe only included the notice of a *first Caesar*, *first Suetonius*, and *first Tacitus*—I am not able to give any particular details. M. Schlosser conversed a good deal, and very earnestly, about Lord Spencer’s library—and its probable ultimate destination; seeming to dread its “*dispersion*” as a national calamity.

It was late in the afternoon, when darkness was rather prematurely coming on—and the rain descending almost in torrents—that I left Heidelberg for MANHEIM—the *ultima Thule* of my peregrinations on the German side of the Rhine. The road is nearly straight, in good order, and lined with poplar trees. People of all descriptions—on foot, in gigs, carriages, and upon horseback—were hastening home—as upon a Sunday evening with *us*:—anxious to escape the effects of a soaking rain. Unfavourable as the weather was, I could not help looking behind, occasionally, to catch glimpses of the magnificent palace of Heidelberg; which seemed to encrease, in size and elevation as we continued to leave it in the rear. The country, also, on the other side of the *Neckhar*, was mountainous, wooded, and picturesque: the commencement of that chain of hills, which, extending towards *Mayence* and *Cologne*, form the favourite and well known scenery which Englishmen delight to visit. As my eye ran along this magnificent range, I could not but feel something approaching to deep regret ... that *other* causes, besides those of the lateness of the season, operated in preventing me from pursuing my course in that direction. It was impossible ... however I might have wished to visit the cities where *Fust* and *Schoeffher* and *Ulric Zel* are supposed to lie entombed, and where the FIRST PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS were made public—it was impossible for me to do otherwise than to make Manheim the *colophon* of my bibliographical excursion. The glass had been *turned* for some time past, and the sand was fast running out.

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It was rather late when we drove to the *Golden Fleece* at Manheim, the best inn in the town—and situated in a square, which, when we visited it, was filled by booths: it being fair time. With difficulty we got comfortable lodgings, so extremely crowded was the inn. The court-yard was half choked up with huge casks of Rhenish wine, of different qualities; most of them destined for England—and all seemed to be agitation and bustle. The first night of my arrival was a night of mixed pleasure and pain, by the receipt of nearly a dozen letters from Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, and London, collectively: the whole of which had been purposely directed to this place. The contents of the Stuttgart letter have been already detailed to the reader.[182] The first object of my visitation at Manheim, on the morrow, was the house of DOM. ARTARIA—known, throughout the whole of Germany, as the principal mercantile house for books, prints, and pictures.[183] With these objects of commerce, was united that of *banking*: forming altogether an establishment of equal prosperity and respectability. The house is situated in the principal square, at the corner of one of the streets running into it. It has a stone front, and the exterior is equally as attractive in appearance, as the interior is from substantial hospitality. The civility, the frankness, the open-heartedness of my reception here was, if possible, more warm and encouraging than in any previous place in Germany; and what rendered the whole perfectly delightful, was, the thorough English-like appearance of every thing about me. Books, prints, pictures—and household furniture of every description—bespoke the judicious and liberal taste of the owner of the mansion; while the large and regular supplies of letters and despatches, every morning, gave indication of a brisk and opulent commerce. It so happened that, the very first morning of my visit to M. Artaria, there arrived trucks, filled with boxes and bales of goods purchased at the Frankfort fair—which had not been long over. In some of these ponderous cases, were pictures of the old masters; in others, *prints*.. chiefly from Paris and London,[184] and principally from the house of Messrs. Longman and Co. in Paternoster row. Among these latter, was a fine set of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, in ten volumes, 4to. bound in russia—which had been bespoke of M. Artaria by some Bavarian Count: and which must have cost that Count very little short of 120 guineas. The shelves of the front repository were almost wholly filled with English books, in the choicest bindings; and dressed out to catch and captivate the susceptible *bibliomaniac*, in a manner the most adroit imaginable. To the left, on entrance, were two rooms filled with choice paintings; many of them just purchased at the Frankfort fair. Some delicious Flemish pictures, among which I particularly noticed a little *Paul Potter*—valued at five hundred guineas—and some equally attractive Italian performances, containing, among the rest, a most desirable and genuine portrait of *Giovanni Bellini*—valued at one hundred and fifty guineas—were some of the principal objects of my admiration.

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But, more interesting than either, in my humble judgment, and yet not divested of a certain vexatious feeling, arising from an ignorance of the original—was a portrait, painted in oil, of the size of life, quite in the manner of *Hans Holbein* ... yet with infinitely more warmth and power of carnation-tint. It was alive—and looked you through, as you entered the room. Few galleries, of portraits contain a more perfect specimen of the painting of the times. For the original, I believe, M. Artaria asked three hundred guineas.[185]

The purse and table of M. Artaria were as open and as richly furnished as were his repositories of books and pictures; and I was scolded because I had not made *his house* my head quarters during my residence at Manheim. I dined with him, however, twice out of the four days of my stay; and was indifferent to plays and public places of resort, in the conversation and company which I found at his house. Yet it was during the circulation of his double-quart bottles of old Rhenish wine—distributed with a liberality not to be exceeded by the Benedictines at the monastery at Goettwic, and yet more exquisite and choice in its flavour—that the gallant host poured forth the liberal sentiments which animated a bosom... grateful to providence for the success that had crowned his steadily and well directed labours! I never saw a man upon whom good fortune sat more comfortably, or one whom it was so little likely to spoil. Half of my time was spent in the house of M. Artaria, because there I found the kind of society which I preferred—and which contained a mixture of the antiquary and collector, with the merchant and man of the world. After this, who shall say that a fac-simile of his Autograph (now that he is NO MORE!) can be unacceptable even to the most fastidious.

[Illustration]

Among the antiquaries, were Messrs. TRAITEUR and KOCH. The former had been public librarian at Munich; and related to me the singular anecdote of having picked up the *first Mentz Bible*, called the *Mazarine*, for a few francs at Nancy. M. Traiteur is yet enthusiastic in his love of books, and shewed me the relics of what might have been a curious library. He has a strange hypothesis, that the art of printing was invented at *Spire*; on account of a medal having been struck there in 1471, commemorative of that event; which medal was found during the capture of that place about two centuries ago. He fixed a very high price—somewhere about forty pounds—upon the medal; which, however, I never saw. He hoped (and I hope so too, for his own sake) that the Prince Royal of Bavaria would offer him that sum for it, to enrich his collection at Munich. M. Traiteur talked largely of a German book in his possession, with the express date of 1460; but though I was constantly urging him to shew it to me, he was not able to put his hand upon it. I bought of him, however, about ten pounds worth of books, among



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which was the *Life of St. Goar* , printed by Schoeffher in 1481, quarto—the date of which had been artfully altered to 1470—by scratching out the final xi. This was not the knavery of the vender. M. Traiteur *offered* me the *Tewrdanckhs* of 1517, upon paper, for ten pounds: a sum, much beyond what I considered to be its real worth—from the copy having been half bound, and a good deal cropt. He was incessant in his polite attentions to me.

M. Koch had been, if he be not yet, a grocer; but was so fond of rare old books, that he scarcely ever visited his canisters and sugar-loaves. I bought some very curious little pieces of him, to the amount of ten or twelve guineas: among which, was the strange and excessively rare tract, in Latin and German, entitled *De Fide Concubinarum in Sacerdotes*, of which a very particular account appears in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 229, 235. His simplicity of manners and friendliness of disposition were equally attractive; and I believe if he had possessed the most precious Aldine Classics, upon vellum, I could have succeeded in tempting him to part with them.

The town of Manheim is large, neat, and populous; containing 20,000 souls. The streets run generally at right angles, and are sufficiently airy and wide. But, compared with the domestic architecture of Augsburg, Munich, and Vienna, the houses are low, small, and unornamented. The whole place has much the appearance of a handsome provincial town in England. There are gardens and public walks; but the chief of these is connected with the old red-stone palace of the former Elector Palatine. The Rhine terminates these walks on one side; and when I visited them, which was twice during my stay, that river was running with a rapid and discoloured current. The Rhine is broad here; but its banks are tame. A mound is raised against it, in some parts, to prevent partial overflows, and a fine terrace crowns its summits. A bridge of boats, over which you pass into France, is immediately in view. Upon the whole, these gardens, which seem to be laid out in the English fashion, and which are occasionally varied by some pleasing serpentine walks, are left in a sad state of neglect. The breeze from the river plays freely along the osiers and willows, with which its banks are plentifully planted; and I generally felt refreshed by half an hour's walk upon the broad, dry, gravel terrace, which comes close up to the very windows of the palace. The palace itself is of an enormous size—but is now bereft of every insignia of royalty. It is chiefly (as I understood) a depot for arms.



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I ought to mention, among the social gratifications, of which I partook at Manheim, that arising from the kind attentions of M. ACKERMANN; a gentleman, retired from business, and residing in the place or square:—devoting the evening of a bachelor's life to the amusement resulting from a small but well chosen collection of coins and medals. He shewed me several of surprising delicacy and finish ... more especially of the sixteenth century, executed at Nuremberg—and tempted me to become a purchaser of the *Gold Royal* of our *Edward IV.*, for which I offered him five louis. As he thought himself handsomely paid, he presented me, in addition, with a beautiful silver medal of the sixteenth century—struck at Nuremberg—of which particular mention has been made in a preceding, page.[186] One of my visits to M. Ackermann was diversified by the sight of a profusion of fine grapes, of both colours, which had been just gathered from his garden—within the suburbs of the town:—where, indeed, a number of finely trimmed gardens, belonging to the citizens of Manheim, are kept in the highest state of cultivation. The vintage had now set through-out Germany and France; and more delicious grapes than those presented to me by M.A., could seldom be partaken of. Yet I know not if they were quite equal to those of Ratisbon and Heilbrunn. Passing along a very extensive vineyard, we stopped—requesting the valet to alight, and try to procure us some of the tempting fruit in view ... in order to slake our thirst during a hot journey. In a second he disappeared, and in a minute reappeared—with a bunch of black grapes—so large, full, and weighty ... that I question if Van Huysum or De Heem ever sat down to such a model for the exercise of their unrivalled pencils. The juice of this bunch was as copious and delicious as the exterior was downy and inviting. We learnt, however, that these little acts of depredation were not always to be committed with impunity; for that, in the middle of extensive fields, when the grape was ripe enough to be gathered, watch-boxes were placed—and keepers within these boxes were armed with carbines, loaded with something more weighty than *powder*!

It only remains to mention, that, having left particular directions with the house of M. Artaria, to forward all *the* cases which had been consigned to me, at their own house, from Vienna and Nuremberg, to that of Messrs. Arch and Co., booksellers, Cornhill, I had nothing to do but renew my letter of credit, and pass over the Rhine into France. I started immediately after dinner, from M. Artaria's house; horses having been brought to the door.

## MANHEIM TO PARIS.

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About four o'clock we passed over the bridge of boats, across the Rhine, and changed horses at *Ogersheim* and *Spire*, sleeping at *Germezshiem*. The Rhine flows along the meadows which skirt the town of Spire; and while the horses were changing, we took a stroll about the cathedral. It is large, but of a motley style of architecture—and, in part, of a Moorish cast of character. Nothing but desolation appears about its exterior. The roof is sunk, and threatens to fall in every moment. No service (I understood) was performed within—but in a contiguous garden were the remains of a much older edifice, of an ecclesiastical character. Around, however, were the traces of devastation and havoc—the greater part arising from the bullets and cannon balls of the recent campaigns. It was impossible, however, for a *typographical antiquary* to pass through this town, without feeling some sensations approaching to a sort of pleasing melancholy: for HERE were born the TWO SPIRAS—or *John and Vindelin de Spira*—who introduced the art of printing into Venice. I do not suppose that there exists any relic of domestic architecture here old enough to have been contemporaneous with the period of their births.

The journey to Paris, through the route we took, was such—till we reached *St. Avold*, about two hundred and fifty English miles from the capital—as is never likely to induce me to repeat the attempt. The continuation of the chain of mountains called the *Vosges*, running northerly from *Strasbourg* downwards—renders the road wearisome, and in parts scarcely passable—as the government has recently paid no attention to its reparation. *Landau*, *Weissenbourg*, and *Bitche* are the principal fortified towns; the latter, indeed, boasts of a commanding fort—upon a very elevated piece of ground, ranked among the more successful efforts of *Vauban*. The German language continued chiefly to be spoken among the postilions and lower orders, till we left *Forbach* for *St. Avold*. At *Landau*, about three hundred and sixty miles from Paris, I parted with my valet—for *Strasbourg*; under the impression that he would be glad to resume his acquaintance with me, on any future occasion: at the same time he seemed to long to be taken with us to *London*—a city, of all others, he said, he was desirous of seeing. He had also half imbibed the notion that its streets were paved with gold.

*Metz* is a noble city: finely situated, strongly fortified, and thickly inhabited. The *Moselle* encircles a portion of it in a very picturesque manner. The inn, called the *Cheval Blanc*, should rather be that of *Cheval Noir*—if it take its epithet from the colour of the interior—for a dirtier hotel can scarcely exist. It was a fine moonlight night when we left *Metz*, on a Sunday, resolving to sleep two stages on the road. The next day we dined at *Dombasle*, a stage beyond *Verdun*;

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and were within about seventy miles of *Chalons sur Marne*. The vintage and the fruits of Autumn were now rich and abundant on all sides. The fields were all purple, and the orchards all red and gold. Wine casks, stained with the gushing juice, met us between every stage; while on the right hand and left, we saw the women walking beneath their perpendicular baskets, laden with the most bountiful produce of the vineyard. Such a year of plenty had hardly been remembered within the oldest memory. Mean time, the song and the roundelay were heard from all quarters; and between *Dombasle* and *Clermont*, as we ascended a wooded height, with the sun setting in a flame of gold, in front—we witnessed a rural sight, connected with the vintage, which was sufficient to realise all the beautiful paintings ever executed by *Watteau* and *Angelis*.

It was late when we reached *Chalons*. The next day, we started for *Rheims*, and stopped at *Sillery* in our way—the last stage on that side of it. The day was really oppressive—although we were in the middle of October. At *Sillery* we drank some Champagne—for which it is famous—the produce of the same year's vintage. It had not been made a fortnight—and tasted rather sharp and strong. This, we were triumphantly told, was the sure test of its turning out excellent. We were infinitely delighted with *Rheims*, more especially with THE CATHEDRAL. The western porches—and particularly that on the north side—are not less beautifully, than they are elaborately, sculptured. The interior, immediately within the western porches—or rather on the reverse sides of them—presents sculpture of admirable workmanship:—of the fourteenth century. But the porches appeared much lower than I had imagined. In the nave is an isolated roman sculpture,[187] of the lower age, cut in a block of marble—and unconnectedly placed there. This has been engraved in the *Antiquite Expliquee* of *Montfaucon*. At the further end of the choir, is an elaborately sculptured modern monument—containing many beautiful figures in white marble:—upon the whole, one of the most interesting which I had seen upon the Continent. The upper part of the exterior of the cathedral, on the south side, is very elegantly carved; but the towers are short, and under repair. The lower part of the south exterior of the cathedral is entirely marred, as to picturesque effect, by the recent buildings attached to it. Upon the whole, however, the Cathedral at *Rheims* is a very pure and interesting specimen of Gothic architecture. Nor must I omit an anecdote connected with its present state of preservation. That it escaped the ravages of the revolution, was owing, as I learnt, to the respect which was paid to the Cure of some neighbouring parish. He came down to the armed multitude, when they were ripe for every species of destruction. He told them—they might take his LIFE ... but entreated them to spare

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the MOTHER CHURCH. They spared both: but many marks of their devastation are yet seen; and pieces of old sculpture, dragged from their original places of destination, are stuck about in different parts, over shopkeepers' doors. I could have filled a caravan with several curious specimens of this kind:—which would have been joyfully viewed by many a Member of the Society of Antiquaries. The population of Rheims is estimated at about thirty thousand. It appears to be situated in a fertile and picturesque country.

As the weather continued not only serene, but almost sultry—and as we began to be weary of packing and unpacking, and sleeping at so many different inns in the route—I resolved upon travelling all night, and pushing on at once for Paris: where our fatigue would have a temporary cessation. I left, therefore, this venerable city about six o'clock in the evening—intending to travel without intermission till I reached my old quarters at the *Hotel des Colonies*, in the *Rue de Richelieu*. The road is paved in the middle, the whole way to Paris; but we were careful to avoid the centre. In other respects, this road is broad, and has a noble appearance. As we quitted Rheims, and were gaining the height of the first hill, on the Paris side, we turned round to take a farewell view of the venerable cathedral. It will be long ere I forget that view. The moon, now at full, was rising—in unclouded majesty—just above the summit of the old towers of the cathedral. Her orb was clear, pale, and soft; and yet completely irradiated. The towers and western front were in a cold, gray tint: the houses, of inferior dimensions, were shrunk to insignificance. There was, therefore, nothing but a cloudless sky, a full moon, and the cathedral of Rheims:—objects, upon which the eye rests, and the imagination riots... as ours did ... till a turning of the road shut out the scenery from our view.

It was considerably past midnight when I reached *Soissons*—the principal town between Rheims and Paris. I breakfasted at *Dammartin*. About mid-day I entered Paris, and found the hostess of the *Hotel des Colonies*, (who had been apprised by letter of our intention of returning thither) perfectly disposed to give me a cordial reception, after an absence of about three months. Having settled my affairs, and enjoyed a short repose at Paris of a fortnight, I returned with my companion, by the diligence, to Calais; and landed at Dover within about six months, and a half of my departure from Brighton to Dieppe. Although my tour was carried on in the most favourable of seasons—and with every sort of comfort, and attention arising from letters of recommendation, and hospitable receptions in consequence—yet I had undergone, from a constant state of excitement and occupation, a great deal of bodily and mental fatigue; and I question if poor Park, ... had it pleased Providence to have allowed him to re-visit his native shore... would have retouched BRITISH EARTH with greater joy than I experienced, when, leaping from the plank, put out from the boat, I planted my foot upon the shingles at DOVER ...

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... *reddens landes Domino*. [188]

[157] The Emperor of Austria having stopped at this hotel, the landlord asked his permission to call it from henceforth by his *Majesty's name*; which was readily granted. There is an *Album* here, in which travellers are requested to inscribe their names, and in which I saw the *imperial autograph*.

[158] Especially in the striped broad shoes; which strongly resemble those in the series of wood-cuts descriptive of the triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian.

[159] There is a lithographic print of it recently published, from the drawing of Quaglio—of the same folio size with the similar prints of Ulm and Nuremburg. The date of the *towers* of the Cathedral of Ratisbon may be ascertained with the greatest satisfaction. From the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493 folio xcvi, recto, it appears that when the author (Hartmann Schedel) wrote the text of that book, “the edifice was yet incomplete.” This incomplete state, alludes, as I suspect, to the towers; for in the wood-cut, attached to the description, there is a crane fixed upon the top of *one* of the towers, and a stone being drawn up by it—this tower being one story shorter than the other. Schedel is warm in commendation of the numerous religious establishments, which, in his time, distinguished the city of Ratisbon. Of that of St. Emmeram, the following note supplies some account.

[160] Lord Spencer possesses some few early Classics from this monastic library, which was broken up about twenty years ago. His Lordship's copy of the *Pliny* of 1469, folio, from the same library, is, in all probability, the finest which exists. The MONASTERY OF ST. EMMERAM was doubtless among the “most celebrated throughout Europe.” In Hartmann Schedel's time, it was “an ample monastery of the order of St. Benedict.” In the *Acta Sanctorum, mense Septembris, vol. vi. Sep. 22*, p. 469, the writer of the life of St. Emmeram supposes the monastery to have been built towards the end of the VIIth century. It was at first situated *without* the walls,—but was afterwards (A.D. 920) included within the walls. Hansizius, a Jesuit, wrote a work in 1755, concerning the origin and constitution of the monastery—in which he says it was founded by Theodo in 688. The body of St. Emmeram was interred in the church of St. George, by Gaubaldus, in the VIIIth century, which church was reduced to ashes in 1642; but three years afterwards, they found the body of St. Emmeram, preserved

in a double chest, or coffin, and afterwards exposed it, on Whitsunday, 1659, in a case of silver—to all the people.

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[161] He died in April, 1820.

[162] [NOT so—as I understand. It is re-established in its previous form.]

[163] So I heard him called everywhere—in Austria and Bavaria—by men of every degree and rank in society; and by *professional* men as frequently as by others. I recollect when at Landshut, standing at the door of the hotel, and conversing with two gallant-looking Bavarian officers, who had spent half their lives in the service: one of them declaring that “he should like to have been *opposed* to WELLINGTON—to have *died* even in such opposition, if he could not have vanquished him.” I asked him, why? “Because (said he) there is glory in such a contest—for he is, doubtless, the FIRST CAPTAIN OF THE AGE.”

[164] Dr. Bright, in *Travels in Lower Hungary*, p. 90-3, has an animated passage connected with this once flourishing, but now comparatively drooping, city. In the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iii. p. 261-3, will be found an extract or two, from Schedel's *Nuremberg Chronicle*, fol. c., &c. edit. 1493, which may serve to give a notion of the celebrity of Nuremberg about three centuries and a half ago.

[165] Or rather, walls which have certain round towers, with a projecting top, at given intervals. These towers have a very strong and picturesque appearance; and are doubtless of the middle part of the fifteenth century. In Hartman Schedel's time, there were as many of them as there were days in the year.

[166] [A large and most beautiful print of this interesting Shrine has been published since the above was written. It merits every commendation.]

[167] This is a striking and interesting print—and published in England for 1\_l\_ 1\_s\_ The numerous figures introduced in it are habited in the costume of the seventeenth century.

[168] The author of this work was *Franciscus de Retz*. As a first essay of printing, it is a noble performance. The reader may see the book pretty fully described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iii. p. 489.

[169] See p. 320 ante.



[170] See a copy of it described at Paris; vol. ii. p. 126.

[171] See p. 182 ante.

[172] [He is since DEAD.]

[173] Only three livraisons of this work have, I believe, been yet published:—under the title of “*Gravures en Bois des anciens maitres allemands tirees des Planches originales recueillies par IULIAN ALBERT DERSCHAU. Publiees par Rodolphe Zecharie Becker.*” The last, however, is of the date of 1816—and as the publisher has now come down to wood-blocks of the date of 1556, it may be submitted whether the work might not advantageously cease? Some of the blocks in this third part seem to be a yard square.

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[174] They are now in the library of Earl Spencer.

[175] I will describe this singular specimen of old art as briefly and perspicuously as I am able. It consists of an impression, in pale black ink—resembling very much that of aquatint, of a subject cut upon copper, or brass, which is about seventeen inches in height (the top being a little cut away) and about ten inches six-eighths in width. The upper part of the impression is in the shape of an obtusely pointed, or perhaps rather semicircular, gothic window—and is filled by involutions of forms or patterns, with great freedom of play and grace of composition: resembling the stained glass in the upper parts of the more elaborated gothic windows of the beginning of the fifteenth century. Round the outer border of the subject, there are seven white circular holes, as if the metal from which the impression was taken, had been *nailed up* against a wall—and these blank spots were the result of the aperture caused by the space formerly occupied by the nails. Below, is the subject of the crucifixion. The cross is ten inches high: the figure of Christ, without the glory, six inches: St. John is to the left, and the mother of Christ to the right of the cross; and each of these figures is about four inches high. The drawing and execution of these three figures, are barbarously puerile. To the left of St. John is a singular appearance of the *upper* part of *another* plate, running at right angles with the principal, and composed also in the form of the upper portion of a gothic window. To the right of the virgin, and of the plate, is the “staggering” date abovementioned. It is thus: M.cccc.xxx. This date is fixed upon the stem of a tree, of which both the stem and the branches above appear to have been *scraped*, in the copper, almost *white*—for the sake of introducing the inscription, or *date*. The date, moreover, has a very suspicious look, in regard to the execution of the letters of which it is composed. As to the *paper*, upon which the impression is taken, it has, doubtless, much of the look of old paper; but not of that particular kind, either in regard to *tone* or *quality*, which we see in the prints of Mechlin, Schoen, or Albert Durer. But what gives a more “staggering aspect” to the whole affair is, that the worthy Derschau had *another* copy of this *same* impression, which he sold to Mr. John Payne, and which is now in the highly curious collection of Mr. Douce. This was fortunate, to say the least. The copy purchased by myself, is now in the collection of Earl Spencer.

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[176] I should add, that the *dotted* manner of executing this old print, may be partly seen in that at page 280 of vol. iii. of the second edition of this work; but still more decidedly in the old prints pasted within the covers of the extraordinary copy of the *Mazarine Bible*, UPON VELLUM, once in the possession of Messrs. Nicol, booksellers to his late Majesty, and now in that of Henry Perkins, Esq.

[177] *Travels in Lower Hungary*, 1818, 4to. p.93.

[178] *Buchhandler* is bookseller: and *Antiquar* a dealer in old books. In Nuremberg, families exist for centuries in the same spot. I.A. ENDTER, one of the principal booksellers, resides in a house which his family have occupied since the year 1590. My intercourse was almost entirely with M. Lechner—one of the most obliging and respectable of his fraternity at Nuremberg.

[179] [Now of Henrietta Street Covent Garden. As is a sturdy oak, of three centuries growth, compared with a sapling of the last season's transplanting, so is the business of Mr. Bohn, NOW, compared with what it was when the *above* notice was written.]

[180] It is either 1607, or 1609.

[181] The reputation of the University of Heidelberg, which may contain 500 students, greatly depends upon that of the professors. The students are generally under twenty years of age. Their dress and general appearance is very picturesque. The shirt collar is open, the hair flowing, and a black velvet hat or cap, of small and square dimensions, placed on one side, gives them a very knowing air. One young man in particular, scarcely nineteen from his appearance, displayed the most beautiful countenance and figure which I had ever beheld. He seemed to be *Raphael* or *Vandyke* revived.

[182] See note at page 49-51.

[183] Since March 1819, called the firm of ARTARIA and FONTAINE.

[184] Among the prints recently imported from the *latter* place, was the whole length of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, engraved by Bromley, from the painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence. I was surprised when M. Artaria told me that he had sold *fifty copies* of this print—to his Bavarian and Austrian customers. In a large line engraving, of the Meeting of the Sovereigns and Prince Schwartzenberg, after the battle



of Leipsic—from the painting of P. Krafft—and published by Artaria and Fontaine in January 1820—it is gratifying to read the name of our SCOTT—as that of the engraver of the piece—although it had been *previously* placed in other hands.

[185] [It was brought to England about three years ago, and is YET, I believe, a purchasable article in some Repository. It should at least be seen by the whole tribe of COGNOSCENTI in Pall Mall.]

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[186] See page 439.

[187] The town is said to abound with Roman antiquities; among which is a triumphal arch of the time of Augustus, and an arcade called the *Romulus*. It was at Rheims where the holy *ampoule*, or oil for consecrating the Kings of France was kept—who were usually crowned here. A Jacobin ruffian, of the name of *Ruht*, destroyed this ampoule during the revolution. This act was succeeded by his own self-destruction.

[188] CHRISTMAS CAROL: printed by Wynkyn De Worde, 1521, 4to. see *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 251.

**THE END.**

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