The QUARTO

No. 6

The Editors of The Quarto

announce with pleasure that the initialed articles (and the limerick) in the current number have been supplied by members of the English department of the University. For this we thank them and trust that our readers will enjoy this issue's competent notes on literary topics.

Proverbially Speaking

"Nimrod was a hunter, even to a proverb," wrote Thomas Adams, a 17th century English divine. And so are we of the Proverb Dictionary, for which we are busily engaged in searching out all the proverbs current in England between 1500 and 1700. Nimrod, however, had the edge on us; he did his hunting in fields open and free. We have at our disposal only the University libraries. Books aplenty there are, indeed, but our ambitions soar beyond these local limits. There are at least fifty items, containing scores of proverbs, not on campus. Prolific as old Thomas Adams was (alas, like the works of many another 17th century clergyman) no edition of his Works, first published in 1629, nestles on any University of Michigan library shelf. Inasmuch as Adams was inordinate-ly fond of proverbs, we feel his absence keenly. Another preacher of God's word who frequently found comfort in homely proverbial wisdom was Henry Smith, whose Sermons was printed in 1591 and 1592. No volume of Smith's pious offerings is to be found hereabouts, even in the darkest and dustiest corners of the libraries.

As Nimrod's range was wide, so is ours, for proverbs are to be found in practically every type of 16th and 17th century writing. Religious works were often issues of proverbs. Another kind of literature abounding in proverbial material is the book of manners. Emily Post, after all, stands at our end of a long line of predecessors who informed the public about everything, from conduct at the hunt or a court ball to conduct at table (eating or gaming). Richard Brathwaite's English Gentleman (1690) is such a one. William Winstanley devotes himself to the art of conversation in A New Help to Discourse (1609); Josiah Dare, like Polonius, offered pearly words of wisdom to his son in Counsellor Manners (1673). None of these books, we report mournfully, is in our libraries.

A third category of books rich in proverbs is translations. Frequently, the English translator injected a native proverb into his text to make the meaning clear or to enliven the work. And often the original French or Italian proverb, once translated, became a part of English culture. Three books of this type we would give our eyeteeth and our shekels to own are William Stepney's Spanish Schoolmaster (1591), Philemon Holland's translation of Livy: The Roman History (1600), and Roger LeStrange's rendition of Aesop's Fables (1692). And there are others.

M.P.T.
C.E.E.

The most worthless book of a bygone day is a record worthy of preservation. Like a telescopic star, its obscurity may render it unavailable for most purposes; but it serves, in hands which know how to use it, to determine the places of more important bodies. (Augustus De Morgan)

Wanted: Another Demmon

Every department on campus needs books, but the English department could not exist without them. The implications of this obvious truth were never more constantly, energetically, nor wisely put into practice than by Isaac Newton Demmon. Professor Demmon was a member of the English department from 1876 and its head from 1881 to 1910. The following extracts from the memorial essay on Mr Demmon, written by Louis A. Strauss, for many years his intimate associate and later his successor as chairman of the department, attest to his understanding of the dependence of the English department on the General Library:

Undoubtedly the work which Professor Demmon loved best and in which he achieved results of the most significant and lasting benefit to the University was that done in connection with the library. Any day he might be seen spending hours in the cataloguing rooms poring over book catalogues or checking up accessions, or in the stacks hunting for lost or misplaced volumes, or in the reserved collections jealously looking to the safety of the University's choice treasures, or in the bindery giving directions for the preservation of some frail victim of the ravages of time, or in the corridors soundly berating some luckless library official for delivering a rare first edition into the hands of the Philistines—the students . . .

Thanks to his untiring zeal and industry, the University possesses a Library of English Literature . . . An eminent antiquarian book-dealer in New York once [said] . . . that in his opinion Mr. Demmon was the best posted man as to English books and their market value, and on the whole the wisest purchaser in the United States . . . Many of his purchases have increased ten and twenty-fold in value, and would therefore have been beyond the reach of the University at a later time . . .

The McMillan Shakespeare Library, the English Dramatic Library, the Carlyle and New England collections are notable achievements, but they are probably less significant as evidence of his thoroughgoing work than is the solid and representative character of the English library as a whole . . . He built for the future, and the future will build for him, upon the broad foundations he had laid, a monument more enduring than brass . . .

W.R.H.
The Old Wife:
March 31, 1931

The London memorial service for Arnold Bennett was held at three o'clock in St. Clement Danes Church, chosen because of Bennett's Fleet-Street associations. Literature, Art, the Stage and the Church were all represented by their leaders and dignitaries. In addition, the audience included many people who had only the distinction of having loved his books.

I sat in the balcony at the end of a pew. The service had just begun, when a woman brushed quickly past me and sat down. She was an old woman, tall but not stooped. She had rather wild eyes that looked over a "beak" of a nose. Her hands were dirty and her coat needed a lot of brushing. At the cuffs, some of the imitation fur had come loose and had been "tacked" on with white thread which, in turn, had loosened. The coat had been a light gray originally, but had turned dark with dirt. She carried a mauve handbag which also was quite soiled. From her right ear there hung a long ornament composed of a large pearl, then some smaller pearls, then an oval of pearls, and finally a tiny ivory elephant.

We rose to read the Lesson. She gently, but persistently, drew the Order of Service from my hand. She turned its two pages, quickly glanced through them, and pointed out the name—Enoch Arnold Bennett. Her sharp eyes were raised to me in surprise. After the short prayer, I rose for the hymn and picked up the sheet which she had laid on the railing. Seemingly upon second thought, she, too, stood up and shared the leaflet. She had once possessed a beautiful voice, but it failed her, and she trailed the congregation in her singing. As we sat down she wiped away a tear with a cerise handkerchief.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Russell Wakefield had just begun his address, when the woman leaned far over the balustrade. She took in the audience with a sweeping glance. Suddenly she straightened up, turned to me, pointed in the general direction of Sir James M. Barrie, and whispered something I could not understand. After the Bishop's address, there was the same kind of singing, quavering, on her part, except during the second stanza—"Swift to its close ebbs out Life's little day"—when she turned almost fully toward me and listened for each syllable as I pronounced it. Not knowing just what to do, I "stuck" it, probably in a quaver to match hers. The song ended, we sat down for the last prayer.

"Oh God, in whose embrace all creatures live, we beseech Thee for him whose every need Thou knowest. Vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and . . . ." My neighbor had been more than lowering her head; she had covered it completely with her hands. The Rev. W. Pennington Bickford was just saying "consolation" when, without moving her hands she turned her face toward me and whispered, as her eyes looked in Barrie's direction again, "Do you see that French girl over there?" I signified, "Of course." Another whisper, quite loud this time, "That's Arnold Bennett's best friend."

During the playing of Chopin's "Funeral March," the audience remained seated and the woman beside me never took her eyes off "the French girl." She did not whisper again. I left the pew before her and waited a moment outside the iron fence which surrounded the church. News photographers were busy, as the great in the world filed out. When the woman stepped through the doorway, she hesitated momentarily, strode into the full sunlight, assumed a dignified pose, waited briefly for the cameras to click, and continued through the gateway.

E.A.W.

Hai Eb'n Yockdan

One of the perpetually fascinating collections in the Rare Book Room at the General Library is the Hubbard Collection of Imaginary Voyages. When the collection is mentioned, the historian of ideas thinks immediately of Jonathan Swift and Daniel Defoe, yet the Gullivers and the Crusoes comprise only a part of the whole. Consider, for example, the elevating 17th-century tale The History of Hai Eb'n Yockdan, an Indian Prince; or, the Self-Taught Philosopher (1686).

The book is an account of the development of "reason" in a prince cast away, while an infant, on a fertile, but uninhabited, island. Without instruction and without divine revelation, the prince arrives at the basic truths of religion by the unaided light of reason. The significance of the book is the light it throws on the conception of "reason" which dominated religious, ethical, political, and aesthetic thought during the late 17th and early 18th centuries. It finds its place in the Hubbard Collection because of its voyage to the island.

George Ashwell translated the work from the Latin of Edward Pocock (Philosophus autodidactus, sive epistola Abi Jaafar Ebn Topshail de Hai Ebn Yokdhan . . . Oxford, 1671), who had published the original Arabic together with his Latin version. The author was said to have been Abu Bakr Ibn Al-Tufail who flourished about 1150 A.D. The Hubbard Collection
also contains the first two of three editions of another translation, by Simon Ockley, Vicar of Swavesey, which were issued under the title _The Improvement of Human Reason, Exhibited in the Life of Hai Ebn Yokhdan_ (1708, 1711, and 1731), but lacks a third and excessively rare translation published in 1674.

H.V.S.O.

**A Strong Collection**

One of the Editors of _The Quarto_ recently presented his collection of the works of L. A. G. Strong—contemporary English poet, novelist, critic, and biographer—to the General Library. Strong, who is not as well known in America as in England, is a writer of quietly individualistic appeal as well as a good critic and biographer.

The Strong collection is the kind of gift that gladdens the book collector's heart. There are eighty-two items in all—books, leaflets, magazine articles, and biographical material on the author himself. Nearly all of the items are first editions in fine condition and with the original dust jackets. Frequently the American first of a book is included as well as the English, along with the limited edition when such an edition was published. Elusive early items are well represented by five volumes of _Oxford Poetry_, 1916-1920, in which Strong's earliest poems were printed with the work of his Oxford contemporaries, such men as Aldous Huxley, Edmund Blunden, and Richard Hughes. Among the rarest pieces in the collection are several groups of poems issued as special Christmas gifts. Most of these consist of a few pages—a mere handful of poems—with the date and the word “Christmas” on the front wrapper. Several of this series are signed by the author.

Strong's work in other fields is also well represented. His first book of short stories, _Doyle's Rock_ (1925), is present in both issues. There are three editions of his first successful novel, _Dewer Rides_ (1929), the English and American firsts and the limited, signed edition. There are also good firsts of _The Garden_ (1931), one of the writer's best known and most appealing novels, and critical works such as _Common Sense about Poetry_ (1931) and _Common Sense about Drama_ (1937). All in all, it is a well rounded and balanced collection containing by far the greater part of Strong's work to date.

Almost no collection of the works of a modern author can be complete while that author is living and there are gaps in the Strong collection. Among the more difficult items to obtain are _Dallington Rhymes_ (1919), _Twice Four_ (1921), and _Eight Poems_ (1923); these are slim leaflets of poetry limited to fifty copies or less. More easily found (but as yet unacquired) are such pieces as the English first of _The Minstrel Boy_ (1937), Strong's biography of Tom Moore, and the critical essay _John Millington Synge_ (1941). A.L.B.

**Miscellanea Poetica**

Every Nation that desires to be free is interested in the fate of Great Britain. There is erected the Temple of Liberty, where her votaries are animated with the purest flame; there is her Fortress to which they, whose freedom is in danger, resort for protection. If Liberty is once lost there, it must soon cease to exist upon the face of the earth.

This quotation, which is not from a Churchill speech, or a Bundles-for-Britain rally, serves to introduce one of the handsomest volumes of the _American Colonial press_, _Harvard's Piaeas et gratulatios collegii Canabrigiensis apud Novanglus_ (1761), a copy of which may be seen in the Clements Library. The quality of verse in American miscellanies of this kind was not always high (in fact, a New York bookseller recently described one of them as “The Low Water Mark of English Poetry”), but these collections contributed much to our cultural independence.

In England, too, the poetical miscellany played a major role in literature, John Milton, Alexander Pope, and John Dryden are but a few of the great poets whose fame wormed its way to the top through anthologies of miscellaneous verse. The Renaissance in English literature is frequently said to have begun with the publication of Tottel's _Miscellany_ (1557); there are few poets, indeed, whose reputations do not owe much to the miscellanies and anthologies.

The University libraries have a fair representation of 18th century collections; for example, we have most of Dryden's _Miscellany_ (including the rare first volume of 1684), which ran to 27 volumes and which summed up the important writers of the Restoration period. Before Dryden we are lamentably weak. Of course, we have most of the reprints—Arber's _Collier's_, Thorn Druy's _Rollin's_, etc.—but our cupboards are practically bare of the original editions. There is no Tottel, no _Paradise of Dainty Devices_, no _England's Helicon_, no _Justa Eduardo King_ (in which Milton's “Lycidas” first appeared), no _Coven Garden Drury_, and no many another. A reprint is certainly useful, but it cannot convey the flavor, the wealth of a period as rich as the Renaissance, as well as can a contemporary volume with its musty old-calf air of antiquity and the feeling it gives the reader that it may have been read, handled, and enjoyed by a man who knew Sir Philip Sidney or Edmund Spenser—or who may have seen an early performance of _Hamlet_ at the Globe. R.C.B.
Joining Jonson

Can any reader spare his copy of Ben Jonson's Christmas, His Masque, an eight-page excerpt from the 1640 Jonson folio? We need it to close a gap of frustration and complete our copy of the Jonson folio.

The 1640 volume is the second of Jonson's collected works, the first having been issued in 1616. We have held a first edition of the 1616 folio for nearly fifty years and a 1640 reprint of the 1616 folio for nearly that long, but our first edition of the second volume is still incomplete. But, oh, how we have tried to perfect our volume! In September, 1942, we cabled for a copy offered by a London dealer; when it arrived, we found that it, too, was incomplete. The next month, another copy was ordered from a dealer in English Cambridge, but the order seems to have been "lost by enemy action."

A few months later, another copy was ordered, but it turned out to be merely the common reprint of the 1616 edition. Last June, however, we were more fortunate. The Cambridge dealer mentioned above had split a defective copy into separate plays and had offered them for sale with full descriptions and detailed collations. We ordered eight titles and received six. By now, luck was with us, for in November the two plays we had missed and another, Timber, were ordered from a dealer in Bromley, Kent. These turned up safely a few days ago. Now we need only the Christmas, His Masque and our tortoise-wise pursuit will be over. Can some hare give us a lift? E.M.H.

Samuel Proposes

Our General Library cannot boast of an outstanding collection of Johnsoniana. However, in addition to the standard rarities, such as the Dictionary (1775; 2 volumes) and James Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson (1791), we have one of the most coveted of all Johnson treasures.

In 1745, Johnson issued, with the bookseller Edward Cave, who had given him employment for some years on The Gentleman's Magazine, a small pamphlet of Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth. Inserted in the pamphlet was a folded sheet headed Proposals For Printing a New Edition of the Plays of William Shakespeare. The pamphlet is rare enough, but of the Proposals only a few copies are known to be extant. Our copy was purchased many years ago by Professor Demmon, before the prices of Johnsoniana soared to their highest levels.

The Proposals of 1745 failed to bring in enough subscriptions to ensure publication, no doubt because Johnson's reputation was still to be made. But ten years later, he was more successful and undertook the edition of Shakespeare's works which was issued in 1755.

James Disposes

We have received the following defensively turbulent note from one of our more active Detroit friends:

Since Lord Macaulay's essay upon John W. Croker's edition of James Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson, the fashion has been to damn the great bibliographer in certain quarters. This in spite of the fact that Macaulay's criticism was directed not at Boswell but at Croker. Macaulay had written about how much he "desisted" Croker and how he was about to "dust the varlet's jacket." I ask the detractors of Johnson's friend why, if he was such a cad as they suggest, was Boswell elected a member of the famed Literary Club? At various times the circle numbered among its members such celebrities as Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, David Garrick, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Edward Gibbon, Lord Palmerston, Sir John Hawkins, a handful of bishops, ten or a dozen Lords of the Realm, a duke, several doctors, and a sprinkling of knights. From first to last, the membership was a roster of men whose attainments were outstanding—and among them was James Boswell. These men were far from being fools and they would not have cared to associate with a person made odious by some of the characteristics wished on Boswell by his de-

tractors. It is time that a more generous estimate of Boswell's stature is accepted generally. The best evidence on which such a re-appraisal can be made is to be found in the Private Papers from Malahide Castle which, I know, is in your General Library.

The Hopwood Library

The first Hopwood contests were held in the spring of 1951. Since then the awards have amounted to about $9000 each year. Avery Hopwood, '05, writer of such popular plays as The Bat and Getting Gertrude's Garter, had very clear ideas about how the income from his bequest should be spent; the money goes to students "who perform the best creative work in the fields of dramatic writing, fiction, poetry, and the essay." Twenty-four of the winning manuscripts have been published. Among the Hopwood fiction writers are such well-known names as Iola Fuller (Loon Feather), Maritta Wolff (Whistle Stop), Mildred Walker (Winter Wheat), and Betty Smith (A Tree Grows in Brooklyn). In the field of poetry, John Giardi and John Brinmin are perhaps best known.

The Hopwood Room, in Angell Hall, houses the Hopwood Library and is the University center for students interested in creative writing. The Library contains largely books by modern authors; many of these are first editions. We wish to increase the number of these first editions and, in the cases of Robert Frost, John Marquand, Marcia Davenport, Thornton Wilder, William Cather, Van Wyck Brooks, and some others, to complete collections of their works insofar as possible.

Gradually also we are aiming to extend our collection of original manuscripts beyond those handed in by the winners of the Hopwood prizes. It is hoped that the Hopwood Library may become the repository for all manuscript materials which throw light upon the creative and communicative processes as they function in modern writing.

R.W.C.

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