

Jonathan Kearns
Rare Books

Spring Cleaning #2
Manuscripts, Journals,
&
Rarities of Interest

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Due to the length of the list, images and further details are available, on request.

TYPEWRITTEN JOURNAL OF AN 1890 TRIP TO NORWAY.

1. **On Tramp. Norway.**

1890.

4to. 98pp. Approx. 15-16000 words, typewritten. Bound in contemporary green calf with cream title label, rubbed and scuffed to extremities, mainly the spine, with an inch and a half of superficial loss to the tail and a split to the hinge at the head, volume is solid and strong, merely showing signs of wear. An energetic and youthful journey recounting the adventures of three Cambridge students (Jack, Maurice and our narrator) on a trip to Norway:

“Jack and I have certainly demonstrated at least to our own satisfaction that we are going to the land of our ancestors, and we suggest for the mature consideration of our families that they should find a corner for a Viking’s Boat on our Crests!”

The journal, typed up from pencil notes, is a pretty fine example of the rather careless privilege of comfortable British youth loose on the continent, and illustrates one of the many occupational hazards of cataloguing such material; one can find a writer perfectly likeable, respect and record their observations, whilst simultaneously cringing internally every time they crash resoundingly into the 21st century:

“Now for the people on board: we give the first place of honour to the ladies. It may not be polite: but with all deference to them they are not beautiful! Maurice and I have vowed there is one pretty girl on board: undoubtedly she has beautiful eyes, and nice hair, but as Jack points out her upper teeth project; and true when she smiles she looks somewhat vacant: her age, ma Mere, is about 15.”

Our little group’s Wildean observations aren’t limited to the ladies either:

“At mess we sit opposite a lean, yellow headed fellow ‘I guess the water is not so wet here as across the herring pond’ He snaps up the waiters and enunciates nice principles of worldly wisdom: ‘I guess now I never pay a man for insulting me.’ Jack and I think that he gives his wife a hot time when he gets bitten on ‘Change. However she seems to be trained to take care of herself: at breakfast this morning she hurriedly retired, but his serene composure was not in the least disturbed, he merely drank her tea! She is as stout as he is lean! Oh Pharaoh!”

This gentleman, described as “Our yellow withered Yankee friend” later renders further entertainment:

“We turn from the sublime, and turning descend to a terrible bathos: our yellow withered Yankee friend finds the N. Easter a little fresh so he is showing us how the [redacted because dear god no] minstrels dance out in Amerikee!”

The young gentlemen land in Bergen and begin their rather vivid walking, riding, getting about any way they can tour of the moors and mountains, recounting vividly their encounters with the Norwegians, whether positive or otherwise:

“ A wedding! Vive le Marriage! A bas Mrs Lynn Linton!! [A reference to Eliza Lynn Linton, Britain’s first salaried woman journalist and committed anti-feminist] We have all determined if we three are metaphorically shipwrecked like Mr. Bellhouse’s three Skipper boys - well we

will retire to Norway, buy a small farm, breed pigs and hens and cocks to crow, and fawn coloured ponies to ride and a broad fjord to fish in: all on a few kroners per annum! Well you will wonder at this burst of enthusiasm and we have our ideas of how a Norwegian wedding could be improved - into something earthly - yet perfect...when we went to the wedding yesterday evening a party of Norsemen were trying an easy test of strength under a tree on a rising knoll. Our Englishmen did the trick: Jack and Maurice with great ease. Then the Bride! She had abandoned the dancing barn and bedecked in all her glory was walking about amongst the wedding guests: some of the old people seemed to view her as a child! She blushed as we politely advanced, lifted our hats and bowed profoundly and Jack smiled such a bewitching smile that Maurice and I caught the spirit of greeting and bucked up as well as we could! Drink for the Englishman! Brandy or something of the sort is brought us by the smiling bridegroom, who is one of the best looking straightest built Norwegian men we have seen. I believe the Norwegian men are - I suppose it is the hardship of their winter lives - quickly pulled to pieces. Here he is in the bloom of manhood: giving us like a true nature's gentleman a right hearty welcome..."

The adventures continue across moor and fjord, through a number of farmhouses, over mountains and into valleys, occasionally in pursuit of sport but mostly in a rather rapt and occasionally purple spirit of discovery. An entertaining and mostly charming account with a good deal of 19th century rural Norway as its focus.

[Ref: 811] £800

2. **ANON. [ALBUM] A 19th century album of ink wash sketches depicting various scenes on the British south coast and the Isle of Whyte; St. Catherine's Tower, The HMS Victory at Portsmouth, Arundel Castle etc..**

Oblong Quarto. 30pp. Cardboard sketchbook with red leather spine and corners, leather pencil loops to fore-edge, occasional scuffing and rubbing, but strong and sound. 28 sketches, composed in a sepia-tone brown and white, probably created during a walking tour. The sketches are well executed, albeit with the occasional liberty of perspective, and are in the main depicting the coastline, monuments both natural and man made, and a number of the points of interest that would naturally attract the attention of someone conducting a tour of the area. Arundel Castle, The Needles, Portsmouth Harbour, Ryde, Blackgang Chine, Carisbrook Castle, Shanklin Chine, Netley Abbey, and the Bar Gate at Southampton all feature in full page depiction, a number of other sketches, in pencil and wash are dotted here and there throughout the album, including a decidedly handsome dog. Charming.

[Ref: 720] £750

3. **[Anon]. [Manuscript] One Month's Tour thro Parts of The North of Ireland and Among the Scotch lakes in Aug.t 1836** By a Party consisting of a Man and His Wife who deserted their Children; A Man in Love; A married woman who absconded from the Husband, and a Young Lady in search of one..

1836.

8vo. 228pp. Contemporary brown diced calf, gilt to spine, twin brown title labels from which the gilt has either worn completely or was never actually present (oddly may have been titled in blind, which is a bold choice). Minor scuffing and edgewear, rubbed to front board and extremities, strong and durable, retaining a certain roguish charm. Marbled endpapers with Benson label to front pastedown, internally clean, sharp and in a legible hand. Clearly a tongue in cheek, rather picaresque exploit if the title is anything to go by, not to mention the opening passages: "The misfortunes and disappointments of some folk often contribute to the benefit or amusement others, however unintentional it may be on their part to draw their

pleasures from such a source; an illustration of which I am now about to give, commenced in a disappointed love and ending in an agreeable tour to the Giant's Causeway and the Scotch Lakes..."

It starts with doomed love and ends with basaltic expanses of natural wonder. I am in, and awaiting eagerly the movie with Colin Firth. The tone of the narrative is fairly rollicking, with a good deal of detail regarding the natives of various places visited, including the perils of travelling by Post coach in Donegal "In addition to the whips, we derived considerable benefit from the alternate assistance of the Post Office Inspector and guard, who belaboured the unfortunate horses from the ground with a stick to keep them from backing at the least ascent, and more than once saved us from an upset." The perils in this case mostly being visited upon the poor horses. Chapters (the volume was clearly written with an eye to posterity and future entertainment) are headed with locations "Giant's Causeway", "Glasgow" etc. and beyond the pastoral observations there's also some early 19th century industrial archaeology with a visit to a steam powered manufactory for tamped muslins and cotton products which holds our intrepid travellers (possibly not the young lady in search of a husband) in rapt admiration: "One is at a loss which to admire most, the precision of the various machineries and their adaptation to the work they are designed for, or the mighty power of steam which puts them in operation. If they give the means of support to hundreds, it must be remembered they do the work of thousands." This submersion into the dark, satanic mills is followed by a refreshing visit to Cooke's Equestrian Exhibition and a musing on the fact that Glasgow has apparently grown more rapidly and successfully than any other city in the British Empire (capitals our author's own) in recent years. Many of the anecdotes are informed and factually detailed, whilst also being somewhat comic in their delivery, or at least light-hearted. A rather choreographed, rollicking piece of memoir, somewhat distant from the usual tone and displaying an apparently vibrant and flourishing part of Britain to good effect.

[Ref: 717] £975

THE BOER WAR LETTERS OF TROOPER CLIFFORD NEVILLE ANSELL

4. **Ansell, C.N. Letters, Clippings and Ephemera Related to Trooper Ansell's Service in South Africa with No. 79 Company Rough Riders..**

1900-1901.

Quarto. Large alphabetised cloth bound ledger bearing the title "Newspaper Cuttings" in gilt to front board. Frayed to spine, somewhat shaken and loose in its case, some damage to fore-edge of the front board, stubbornly continuing to do its duty as regards protecting its contents. Internally clean, but a trifle haphazard in its interesting mixture of tipped in clippings, letters, envelopes and ephemera, along with a number of loose letters and related clippings (including Ansell's invitation to receive his O.B.E. in Admiralty envelope and a heartrending card from the Infant Orphan Asylum in Wanstead, London pleading assistance in the case of Clifford Neville Ansell, aged four years and resident in the Asylum after the death of his father and subsequent inability of his mother to cope), it all holds together, but navigation requires attention to detail. The majority of the letters are from Clifford in Aldershot and South Africa to his Mother (addressed to his family home, a few streets over from mine by immense coincidence, so I wandered over there with the book just to complete the circle, his street is largely unchanged except for a few additional Prius's), but parts of the ephemera carry through to Clifford's appointment as RFA Chief Engineer on the RFA Vessel "War Nawab" for the duration of World War 2, it's also worth noting that Clifford Ansell is noted on the Navy List in 1919 suggesting very strongly that when King (or Queen) and Country called, this particular South London boy answered swiftly.

The letters have a pleasing symmetry, the first being from Ansell's training barracks at Aldershot on 25th March 1900 and the last, dated June 1st 1901, joyfully announces "*at last we are on our way, to old England*" (tipped in opposite a Standard Bank of South Africa money order for £32 back pay, suggesting Clifford was coming home with cash in his pockets). The letters in between these periods of safety encompass accounts of bad weather "*We have had some rainy weather already, which almost floods us out of our tents*"; celebrating the Relief of Mafeking with a rather prosaic but very welcome camp fire; his unit's arrival at Stellenbosch Camp "*We passed through Lady Grey village, where you will remember there was trouble with the rebels at the beginning of the war.*"; his insistence on sending money home to assist his family "*you will please me by telling me in your next letter that not a penny of it has gone towards MY benefit, otherwise I would not have sent the same home.*"; accounts of the highly efficient Boer methods of wrecking the railroads and bridges around Bloemfontein; his first taste of action and its consequences "*after this engagement I witnessed the burial of two men of the Argyll & Suth. Highlanders and three men of the Berkshire Regt.*"; his unit's joining up with Baden-Powell "*We joined hands with 'B.P.' and his force from Rustenberg and the whole camp gave him a good cheering. He has just burnt 21 farms in this neighbourhood because the occupants fired on our scouts.*"; Ansell was wounded in September 1900 but his concerns seem more for the state of his company's mounts "*Our horses too are in a very bad state. We have lost quite half of them, and we fear there are no more left here.*"; Ansell's account of his wounding is typically understated, the letter beginning with "*Do not let the above address worry you at all.*" (the address in question being a military hospital in Babberton) and continues with details of a skirmish around Middleburg "*I had just sat up to get a better view. I had not fired more than 30 rounds when I was hit on the left side of the head, just above the ear.*" (also tipped in is the War office telegram informing Mrs. Ansell of her son's wounding, and a War office form regretting that they are unable to ascertain the seriousness of his wound. In November of 1900 Trooper Ansell was attached to the Imperial Light Horse "*and were receiving 5 shillings per day while it lasted. I might say now that if anyone earns it, it's us, for we are constantly on the go now.*" Of particular interest is a letter detailing some inter-unit rivalries "*Out here, especially amongst 'the regulars' the C.I.V.'s are HATED, but I put a lot of it down to jealousy. At the same time if 'Chamberlains Innocent Victims' are made such a fuss of, how about the others who have been all through the war and seen double the engagements?*" He also states his firm intention not to join the Natal Mounted Police. In January 1901 Ansell gives a very concise and detailed account of a battle at Rietfontein on the 5th, in a copied letter, recipient unknown, with some deployment sketches showing the dispersal of forces "*We rode for a 100 yards right on the top of the ridge before we dismounted and lay down. Here was the mistake, for the poor horses were standing clearly against the skyline and of course the Boers knew that we were holding the reins at their feet - of course we could not see the Boers as they were just on the slant of the ridge. I had not fired 3 shots when my horse bolted forward tugging the reins out of my hand. It had been wounded and no sooner had it got a few yards in front, it reared in the air and fell dead - In this way the majority of our horses were killed or wounded.*" It continues rather hair raisingly "*I saw to my surprise that the Boers were advancing, a thing they have rarely done in this campaign - I thought it was all up with me then, for these old bearded Boers rushed up to me and disarmed me of my rifle and bandolier...*" Ansell goes on to describe being taken prisoner, nearly killed by British Artillery, chatting "*pleasantly*" with the Boers and before being casually released, given a Kruger sixpence as a souvenir of the event. As cheery as that might sound, Ansell later discover that out of his squadron of 73 men, they had lost 37 killed or wounded. The Boers numbered their casualties at 1 man killed. A deep and fascinating record of the beginning of one man's military service, dealing with a conflict that although bloody, divisive and influential was to pale into near

insignificance as the Empire was forced to retreat somewhat from its 19th century heyday towards its increasingly grim 20th century collapse, no matter how staunchly and bravely it was defended through two earth shattering conflicts by the likes of Clifford Ansell from Forest Hill.

[Ref: 706] £2,100

5. **Bacon, Walter C. [Manuscript] Extensive Notes of Travels in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, West Indies, Central America, and the United States.**
1868-1875.

4to. 3 volumes. Approx. 1000pp altogether. Bound in contemporary dark brown morocco, titled in slightly dulled gilt to spines, ruled and decorated in blind to heavy bevelled boards. Some light wear to extremities, traces of repairs to spine ends, professionally and conservatively done. Strong, solid and handsome, eminently legible throughout, some diagrams and small maps, very good indeed. Internally clean, marbled endpapers, bookplates of W.C. Bacon and Charles Benson to front pastedown. A simply mammoth exploit, clearly transcribed and bound up from letters and notes with an eye to posterity, stemming in the words of its author from somewhat modest beginnings: *"Messina, 31 Dec. 1868: In an idle hour after dinner I sit down to jot you a few notes upon my not very remarkable travels so far + and will fill up the pages with occasional insertions until such time as there may be enough as a mass to concentrate into a small essence of interest."*

It strikes me that Mr. Bacon is too modest. His travels over the 7 year period spanned by the three volumes encompass several tours of the US including Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley and Sacramento amongst other locations, in order to give a sense of chronology, the last tour of the US takes place a little before the death of Wild Bill Hickok, the West was still significantly wild, the Little Big Horn wasn't until 1876, the 'Indian Wars' were still very much a thing. Our intrepid chronicler similarly visits India, China, Honolulu, New Zealand, Australia, The Middle East (the journals begin on a trip to Cairo), Siam, Java, Japan, Mexico and South America...Mr. Bacon (the notice of whose death in 1883 in London is laid in at the front of the first volume) certainly got around. He was not only an accomplished traveller of obvious wealth, but also a keen embracer of the cultures through which he voyaged: *"Friday 29th Jun. I spent a couple of hours in the morning grinding up Arabic in fact, I usually devote my time till 11 am to this occupation + have another hour before dinner which is 6:30 + often another hour at night. This language is a regular stumper and as yet I have not been able to find any grammar..."* He goes on to comment that *"the only method appears to be to learn the dictionary by heart."* He camps with the Bedouin, commenting on their cooking flatbread in the ashes *"This bread which is plain flour + water + salt is very much to my liking + is I imagine what the Australians call damper except that I have understood there they make a much thicker and consequently a tougher cake."* Bacon, who seems to have been quite the tycoon in the early chemicals industry (he owned W.C. Bacon & Co. of West Ham, London, a large and prosperous chemical works that flourished until World War One), and clearly wealthy enough to indulge his apparent obsession with going where few before him had been, learning the languages and eating the same foods (on one occasion during a storm, he invites his Arab guide to share his tent with him, lamenting that he has no spare room for the muleteers), and attempting to slake his seemingly insatiable desire to travel. There are a significant number of other, more mundane trips, he is impressed with the Coliseum in Rome (who isn't), but his accounts of well traveled routes smack somewhat of bullet points, it takes the exotic jungles of Siam and Java (the volcanic island of Batjan apparently nearly erupting as he steamed past it) to really engage his interest. He wouldn't be a Victorian businessman on the grandest of Grand Tours without holding at least some hideous opinions, and

Indonesia is one of those areas that bears the weight of his disapproval: *"I certainly think the Dutch out here have degraded considerably by assimilating to native habits + customs and tho' they allege the climate I cannot admit the excuse as all convenience in dress might be found in decent costume + naked feet are neither as clean nor as cool as those that are stockinged: in fine they eat abominably, the ship is a pandemonium for besides 11 children [Mr. Bacon does not approve of children] we have nearly 200 parrots and cockatoos as well as monkeys, a cassowari +and about a dozen dogs who fight once an hour and are always in everybody's way. I have entered a protest against the children + kicked the dogs off the quarter deck + this has had a good effect to a certain extent but appears only to astonish other people..."* An avuncular figure he is not. His adventures in Cuba railing against bureaucracy and fighting a monkey off his luggage with a leather strap have to be read to be believed. His observation of the export businesses and various tobacco related opportunities is also keen, and his depiction of Cuba is very much that of a thriving hub with easy connections to New Orleans and Baltimore. There's an interesting side tour when he reaches San Francisco that involves an episode with a tame and slightly predatory seal on the verandah of the famous Cliff House. Bacon keeps records of mileage travelled, is an avid observer of shipboard habits and has a businessman's eye for things being done either very well or, in his opinion, very badly. The sense of the world being enormous, exotic and exciting, and gradually throughout the latter part of the 19th century, getting 'smaller' is strong throughout this rather epic travel memoir, the proliferation of steam packets and organised guides, the beginnings of modern tourism at war already with the old, isolate world gives a clear indication that the colonial and industrial revolution that he helped build is in fact joint enabler of and anathema to his urge to explore and understand. There's no ethical consumption under capitalism, dude. A deep, fascinating and enlightening epic travel memoir.

[Ref: 713] £3,750

6. **Barnard, Edward and Vernon. *Journal of Excursions Made Between 1846 and 1851 in Scotland, The Lake District, The Isle of Whyte, Carlisle, Newcastle, Belgium and the Rhine..***

1846-51.

Two Volumes. 4to. Over 750 pp. Bound in contemporary black half calf over marbled boards, no titles, diced to spine, edgewear and scuffing to boards and extremities, strong and handsome. Internally clean, some offsetting from the horde of inserted engravings and ephemera, clean and in an elegant and eminently legible hand (which makes a nice change, handwriting gets progressively worse the closer one gets to the 20th century, climaxing in the "inebriated doctor's prescription pad style" of which my own handwriting is a prime example). A mammoth and clearly very diligently kept journal of travels and adventures, some sections inserted and independently paginated (presumably from somewhat more handy travel journals than these two massive tomes), covering five years of gentlemanly exploration, primarily in the North of England and the Low Countries. The overall atmosphere is that of an early rendition of *Three Men In A Boat* (or at least, two men in a variety of trains and steamships). The style is quirky, written in the third person (plural) and packed with both detail, rather overdone sound effects, and joie de vivre. "The following description of a 3 week holiday has been written to keep in mind the pleasure that E&V enjoyed during that time in the North. While travelling they kept a jotting book in which put down in as few words as possible [800 pages chaps...brevity is not your collective thing!] every thing which struck them as new, & little incidents which occurred. Having obtained possession of "The Needful" the day previous to starting, they set off with a determination to extract pleasure even from disagreeable things & to be jolly like Mark Tapley." That last being

a reference to the cheery chap in Martin Chuzzlewit. The more narrative stretches are interspersed not only with culled engravings and ephemera from their travels (views of Edinburgh and all points, railway timetables, maps etc. many of which are in startlingly attractive condition) but also with sections headed "Original Memoranda" which are apparently transcriptions of the jotting books before their expansion into full journal entries, which is a rather fascinating insight into the approved manner of constructing one's gargantuan journey memoir: "Fate of Eau-De-Cologne bottle. Glasgow Rail. Soaking wet. Glasgow busy and smoky like London. Race after steamer on Bromielaw. Steam to Dumbarton. Tug steamer with four barges attached to it...Scramble for Omnibus." and so on, those wishing to learn the fate of the bottle of cologne will have to read further. There's a fair amount of discreet Victorian noting of pretty faces and flushed cheeks from the bro's on tour, a notable day in Tynemouth, visits to ruins and priories, a spot of rather sub Byronic verse, some breathless accounts of the natural wonders of the Northumberland coast and the prospect of Windermere all delivered in a pacy, enthusiastic fashion that makes it easy to slip into the steamer benches next to these two rather likeable brothers, join them in Mrs. Reid's Tea Room, and travel with them across the Lakes...I also developed a strong urge to sample "Potted Trout, highly seasoned with Cayenne...which we sampled at every opportunity." and have to freely admit that until the Barnard brothers mentioned it, I had never thought of Ambleside as a haven of culinary invention. The kind of eye witness history where you learn more from the frivolity and pace than you would from a more sedate account, and where the roving eye picks up a little more than the one that concentrates solely on historical landmarks, the structure of church spires and the lateness of supper. Outstanding, joyful and absolutely the closest you will get to time travel, which is really the point of all this: to give the ordinary ghosts their say.

[Ref: 735] £1,200

7. Bevan, W. R.

[MS] Diary of a Journey to Demaraland as part of the South West Africa Expedition. 1900.

8vo. 69pp. Approximately 11500 words in a clear and legible hand. Bound in a rexine spined notebook, wear to spine ends, over marbled boards. Strong and solid. Mr. Bevan, originally of Swansea, journeyed to Damaraland (an area we would now describe as North Central Namibia, on the edge of the Kalahari) in 1900 alongside 32 other British representatives (all listed to the front pastedown as expedition members), setting off aboard the SS Guelph of the Union Castle Line.

Bevan, a mining engineer (further shades of Hannay), notes in his introduction:

"In attempting this diary I must say it ought to have been commenced on the day we left Swansea, but, as it was not I will enter the 6th, 7th and 8th from memory, and try from now on to keep a daily record. [signed] W.R. Bevan."

Thus we begin Wednesday June 6th with a GWR train journey and an arrival in Southampton, and a mutual introduction session at the Flowers Commercial Hotel.

"One of the company who had been in Africa advised us to get our umbrellas for protection from the sun, also some smoked and dust glasses, which I did." Ruminations follow on the unsuitableness of regulation khaki as the worst possible material for the climate, a bout of seasickness aboard the Guelph (including a rather seaside postcard bit of humour: *"Mr Jones...told me of a gentleman who was leaning over the side 'casting up accounts' as the Captain passed + remarked that he must have a weak stomach, which he denied saying he was certain he had heaved as far as the others."*). After a somewhat uneventful voyage he gives his account of arrival in Las Palmas *"As is usual in those places we were surrounded by native bum*

boats and boy Divers almost before the anchor was let go”, takes a trip ashore “ They have been building the Cathedral for 2 or 3 hundred years, and it is not finished yet”. Guelph crossed the Equator on June 20th “We Crossed the Line, and permission having been granted from the Captain, all who had not previously crossed the equator and gave consent were of their own free will + accord shaved + dipped in due and ancient form. It is a custom which has almost entirely died out on steamships.” As an interesting aside, the Crossing the Line certificate (addressed “To Father Neptune”) and complete with wax seal, is laid in to the rear of the Diary, with Bevan's name amongst the list of recipients of the ceremony. His account of the ceremony, complete with trident armed Neptune stand in, is enthusiastic and detailed, presumably because “It brought us more fun than had come our way in a long time.” Bevan's arrival in Africa is greeted with relief after what, a few disasters (flooded cabins, illnesses amongst his shipmates) notwithstanding, seems to have been a somewhat uneventful voyage. “There are no piers or docks for discharging cargo at Swatkop Mund + and all cargos are landed in small boats which are beached and unloaded by negroes who swarm about the beach, sometimes the cargos are brought up high and dry + sometimes they are not, sometimes they put the cargo on the sand, but they put it just as often in the water, for it is all one to them. They go along quite undisturbed + the costumes they wear seem comical to a European.” Probably the journey got less "comical to a European" as it continued: “Jackal's Water consists of 1 Store, 1 Hotel, 1 Railway Station Shed, 1 Small Barracks + 1 Large Stretch of Fine Sand.” After the sparse comforts of Jackal's Water, the journey continues across Damaraland by wagon train. “Sat. July 7th is memorable as at dinner time I had my thirst really quenched for the first time since leaving the Guelph...watched the oxen being inspanned to wagons...Tom Hodge achieved the distinction of being the only “Britisher” in town with a clean undershirt...” The journey seems gruelling, there's a general distrust of “natives” and a fear of running out of water: “Every thing here seems suffering from thirst. The sheep and cattle flocking round the well to be watered reminded me of some of the scriptural narratives of the past.” As a fair warning, there's a fair amount of fairly gross descriptors of the “boys” the expedition have working with them, obviously not unusual for the period, but still jarring to the modern eye, and downright offensive when you consider that the whole point of the expedition was to mine Namibian resources for profit, I'm guessing without asking the Damara peoples if they fancied a share. Bevan's careless attitudes seem particularly unjustified in view of a later episode where his friend, Tom Hodge, goes missing for four days whilst hunting, and every native in the area mobilises themselves to search for him. Hodge is eventually found after 4 days without food and water, at a native kraal where the occupants had taken him when they found him out in the sand. Work commences, and soon takes precedence, along with the discomforts that Bevan is experiencing: “I did intend this to chronicle the whole of the stay, but there are so many other things to do and think of that this diary, instead of being a pleasant occupation to write, almost makes me feel as if I were its slave. In a moment of blissful ignorance I threatened to keep a diary, but now enlightened by a short experience, I absolve myself from such a rash promise.” An interesting and slightly damning account of late Colonial flailing about in South West Africa.

[Ref: 743] £1,200

8. Bird, D.S.; Alexander, G.H.G. [Manuscript] Diary of a Bicycle Tour in Denmark, 1898.

4to. 52pp. on heavy card. Bound in contemporary half calf over pebble grained green cloth boards, titled in gilt to front board and spine. Front end-paper has been replaced at some point. Benson label to pastedown. 160 images ranging from several formats of original photographs (4x3 being the largest), chromolithograph collage work, a hand drawn and

coloured map of Denmark, and images obviously clipped from postcards and elsewhere. The manuscript is very carefully composed, text written around the images, incorporating them into a rather intricately designed graphic format. Very attractive indeed. A gloriously produced and decorated manuscript account of two intrepid chaps in plus-fours and peak Victorian man whiskerage, clambering aboard their carefully customised long distance machines and rampage around Jutland, Fyen and Zealand for the summer of 1898. Undeterred by forgetting “swimming drawers” (Bird ran off to find some around Liverpool St. whilst Alexander guarded the luggage), the duo set off from Cheam on July 30th and return, tanned and with calves of iron, on August 14th. They record leaving their luggage at Parkeston, taking “our bicycle bags, containing extra flannel shirt, flannel trousers, spare collars, handkerchiefs, stockings, socks, tie, brush and comb etc. (just in case!)” and caught the night boat to Denmark (“one other man in our cabin, fairly inoffensive luckily.”). They seem to have been covering about 50 miles a day, taking in Skanderborg, Roskilde, Fredensborg etc. on their way to the torrid wonders of Copenhagen. Before making a beeline for Tivoli Gardens, it appears Bird had a mishap with his machine and was forced to wheel it along, attempting to hail a cab he seems to have found himself in one of those situations that give all Englishmen chills of terror; not being able to speak a foreign language and being unable to make oneself understood by shouting English slowly and loudly. Fortunately “at last and attractive female, who spoke a little English, came to his rescue and got him what he wanted, and then he drove off in triumph.” The trip continues through Hildborg, Kolding and Odense before the intrepid pair get back aboard a ship and begin their journey home. In between is a veritable storm of detail; urban and rural, wandering through woodlands. observations on the habits of the locals, meals, lodgings and the rather bemused yet amiable responses of the populace as two moustachioed british gents careen through their lives on what appear to be monstrously overloaded bicycles. Repair mishaps occur, fishing is considered, “queer meals” are had (Brits abroad!), Bird seems to bear the brunt of the mishaps (illness, losing his camera, his machine needing repairs) possibly because Alexander is our narrator and thus presents himself made of sterner stuff, other tourists are encountered “We saw the foul mouthed Roger Orton again, and he attempted to be as familiar as ever.” At the end, immediately before a sequence of large format photographs there is a detailed summary and accounting of the tour, miles travelled, days spent, mishaps and methods and finally the expenses of the tour which cost the princely sum of twelve pounds and seven pence each, which is actually quite the amount, suggesting our travellers were gentlemen of comfortable means. A fascinating, entertaining and beautifully presented tour diary; substantial and handsome, much like Bird and Alexander.

[Ref: 704] £1,200

9. **Brougham, John. [Manuscript] The Events of My Life: An Autobiography.** With which is also incorporated and interwoven (in as far as they have become component with and inseparable from mine own) an account of my Parents, Relations and Friends. (From the earliest period of my recollection to the year 1853)..

Isleworth, Middlesex., 1853.

Folio. 338pp. Contemporary maroon half straight-grain morocco over cloth boards, titled and decorated in gilt to spine and boards. Minor edgewear and scuffing, an extremely handsome volume. Internally clean and bright, (a strip of the bottom of one page has been deliberately excised in Chapter 14, one suspects because it deals with the description of a lady), all pages hand ruled, in a clear and legible hand (that’s a serious understatement to be honest), in black and on occasion, red, ink (to differentiate between authorial and epistolary text), also present are a number of laid in engravings and views to illustrate various locales covered by

the manuscript, and the frontispiece consists of a rather charming folded watercolour of a thatched cottage entitled "Mine Own Old Home."

That's a fairly dry description. This particular early Victorian stab at immortality is visually epic; the penmanship, from the calligraphic title page right up to the elaborate colophon, via the chapter headings and decorated initials is really quite gorgeous. Mr. Brougham did nothing by halves it seems. It is one of the prettiest attempts at handwritten autobiography I have ever seen (and I have to admit I have seen many, legions of ghosts have taken up residence in my head and in the dank caverns of my cataloguing database). Brougham was born in Devon, on the rugged coastline near Lynton and Lynmouth to a large but seemingly fairly poor family of what we would now consider considerable size, but that in those days was quite normal (at least three sisters, two brothers and a litany of infant and child deaths to illness crop up regularly throughout). Far from being a journal of voyage and adventure, this is quite simply a man's account of his life; the small joys and tragedies, the commonplace details, an evident devoutness, a love of poetry and nature, various jobs and occupations (John's eldest brother became a carpenter, his other brother a rather reckless and glamorous sailor after an indifferent attempt at schooling), being placed in service to various visitors to the locale, marriages (John's love life seems to have become rather bogged down in breast beating and ejaculations of purple prose; "Oh, Why Did I Love Her? Why?"), deaths (lots of deaths, much fashionable fatalism, such goth, what mourning!), births, and occasionally rather hilarious anecdotes regarding his travels and personal idiosyncrasies:

"I remember being engaged by a gentleman visiting Lynton...to look after his horse and attend him on his fishing excursions - he was, or had been, a military gentleman and had I believe been wounded in some skirmish between our troops and the Chinese some time before [presumably what is rather dramatically as the First Opium War, 1839-42, in which the British Empire, in its great wisdom, attempted to turn half of China into drug addicts in an effort to corner the Far Eastern markets] by a sword or sabre cut in the thigh which rendered him a cripple for life - I remember that he was a very irritable and passionate man...I remember 'John' (that's me) being frequently called upon to assist in pumping air into a gun, a most wonderful gun it was too, in the shape of a walking stick and nearly as portable, requiring neither powder nor caps nor anything of the sort." References to Blisset cane guns are an added perk. John goes on to describe his life as a clerk (and later a stationer's assistant) in 1840's London, his eventual meeting of the right woman (giving some insight into the rather tortuous state of affairs involved in courting one Miss Kipps in the early Victorian period), visiting his family, a lot of walking (Mr. Brougham's station in life necessitated a considerable amount of economy, it seems) and a considerable, if rather floridly depicted, amount of period detail. It is a far more common occurrence to be immersed in the lives of the notable, the privileged, and the financially comfortable; it is a refreshing and intriguing change to see something of how the other 97% lived at the time, especially when encapsulated in something that was quite clearly a labour of love, and an exhibition of considerable skill.

[Ref: 736] £1,200

10. **Bruce, Helen. *Journal, 1840, during a tour of Continental Spas [Netherlands and Germany]*.**

1840.

8vo. Leather bound journal with wraparound flap, strong and solid, although scuffed and worn to extremities, with integral note wallets to front and rear boards. 244pp. approx.

Marbled endpapers with Benson bookplate to pastedown. The travel journal of Helen Balfour Bruce (daughter of Alexander Bruce of Kennet, East India Company nabob, and scion of a

somewhat diminished Jacobite noble house), accompanying her ailing sister Margaret on a tour of European spa towns and health resorts, which has an element of peak 19th century lady about it. Spa towns formed an important part of the continental “circuit” for a select portion of the British population, being a bizarre and rather rarified mixture of fashionable hang out, social hunting ground, and refuge for the more faded aristocrat and well to do member of the Ton put out to pasture. In addition they were excellent examples of the boom/bust economic aspect of providing the rich with what they think they want; whole towns founded around warm springs or sulphurous pools would flourish and then diminish just as rapidly after the wealthy visitors, the snake oil merchants, and the standard crop of society predators had moved in and subsequently moved on to the next fashionable locale. Helen Bruce however, although clearly an enthusiast of the social circuit, is more energetic tourist than vapor inhaling invalid, her journal is packed with gossip (which she seems to refer to as “Carlsbad chat”) referencing those who are taking the cures in various locales, a very spirited account of a near miss train accident that nearly (apparently) claimed the lives of numerous high society acquaintances in March of 1840 “which gave us no small cause to bless God for his goodness in sparing their lives and saving them from any injury whatsoever...” Her keen eye extends across the glories and shortcomings of art, architecture and scenery, as might be expected, but also takes note of the Champagne harvest, for instance, the manners and modes of both her companions and the civilians they cross paths with. She’s an energetic woman whose grasp of social nicety is equalled by her tendency to pull no punches: [upon encountering the widow of Napoleon at a spa in Austria] “Marie Louise we see every morning walking to the bath, accompanied by two ladies and her Doctor, followed by 3 dogs & two ill-dressed, cockhatted footmen, one carrying striped green cloak, the other her parasol. She has no remains of her reputed beauty but seems affable in manner to those who walk with her & graciously acknowledges all those who show her deference...” A dense and rather tonally perfect journal.

[Ref: 809] £1,250

11. **Caulfield, James. Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters of remarkable Persons, from The Revolution in 1688 to the end of The reign of George II.** Collected from the most authentic accounts extant..

London: H.R. Young and T.H. Whitely, 1819.

8vo. Four volumes. Glorious contemporary black morocco gilt, lushly decorated in blind to boards in such a manner that, were it to be gilded, Versailles would end up making complaints about flagrant vulgarity. Minor edgewear and scuffing, very light wear, hinges strong, a simply delightful set. All edges gilt, internally clean, some offsetting from the myriad of engravings and in text illustrations, but nothing ugly or displeasing. A clean, sharp copy. Caulfield’s Characters is a book that by rights everyone should own, along with a copy of the Newgate Calendar, Johnson’s Lives of The Pirates, and a bunch of execution broadsides and playbills (which at the times were pretty much the same thing). Basically it is a deliriously wonderful Who’s Who of every conjoined twin, roguish bookseller, notorious hermit, incompetent criminal (James Whitney being one of my favourites; gets drunk, sets out to steal a prize calf from an inn, creeps into the wrong stable and gets mauled by a travelling dancing bear...whereupon he vows never to steal calves again), some very competent criminals, an account of the feud between Old Harry and Jemmy La Roche; Raree Showmen; James Poro and his parasitic twin, the unpleasant exploits of Lodowick Campbell, Thief Taker, and a couple of hundred more, including one of my personal favourites; Bampfylde Moore Carew, adopted “gypsy”, cross dressing con-man, spurious clairvoyant and self styled Beggar King. Booksellers also feature prominently, make of that what you will. An outstanding work of

ineffable worth and beauty, because I say so.

[Ref: 691] £850

12. **Cecil, William. *Certaine advertisements out of Ireland, concerning the losses and distresses happened to the Spanish Navie, upon the West coasts of Ireland in their voyage intended from the Northern Isles beyond Scotland, towards Spaine***

London: I. Vautrollier for Richard Field, 1588.

Small Quarto. 18cm x 13cm. 19pp. First edition (in setting that collates A-B). Beautifully bound in quarter pigskin over marbled boards to style, pink title label. new endpapers. Internally clean and bright. Woodcut printer's device to title page. Blind stamp of North Library to title page; from the Tony Sweeney collection. Woodcut headpiece to Aii. A scarce contemporary account issued anonymously by the Chief Advisor (or Spymaster if we're being blunt) of Elizabeth I, regarding the destruction of the Spanish Armada and the subsequent annihilation of many of its survivors who were despatched on the beaches of Galway by the local populace. The final two leaves detail the ships lost and their crews in 1588 with an additional list of men and ships lost in the two months preceding. Apart from the fascinating period detail and providing an understanding of the professional and detailed nature of the Elizabethan propaganda machine under Cecil, this ephemeral pamphlet rarely seen at all (only two or three copies in auction since 1961), occasionally seen bound with "A Copie of A Letter Sent Out of England..." provides a harrowing account of what the enemies of the crown could expect when washing up on the shores of the scepter'd isle:

"He inviteth also that there was at the same time another great ship cast away in Tereawley...and all the residue of that ship are slain and drowned...Meleghlen Mac Cab, A Galloglasse, killed 80 of them with his Galloglasse axe..."

When it comes to the defending the shores of Britain from invaders, apparently there is no such thing as bad publicity. A scarce and fascinating survival.

CA51

[Ref: 420] £2,750

13. **Comyn, K.B. [Manuscript] *M.S.S. Tour of Italy, 1822.***
1822.

4to. 199pp. of text, in a prodigiously elegant 19th century copperplate hand, extremely legible, 36 leaves blank to rear. Bound in contemporary green half morocco over marbled boards, titled and ruled in gilt to spine, with gilt border-work to boards. Marbled edges. Marbled endpapers, silk ribbon pagemarker, Benson label to front pastedown, pencil not to verso front flyleaf stating rather tantalisingly "John Maggs of Maggs Bros. said this came from Holland House." A reference (albeit it one oft chucked around in the book trade of the 50's and 60's, with varying degrees of accuracy) to the famous Holland House library bombing by the Luftwaffe, which is the origin of one of the most famous photographs of 1940; a group of men in bowler hats and overcoats calmly perusing shelved volumes in a wrecked library with no ceiling and heaps of rubble all over the place. Also present is a pencil not to the effect that another manuscript exists (somewhere!) in which a gentleman called Chilton recounts meeting Mr. Comyn at Ischia in August 1822, an account of which meeting is present here from Mr. Comyn's perspective; I can only assume that I am going to have to seek out that manuscript and then spend my twilight years writing a concordance of posh people touring Italy in the 19th century. Everyone needs a hobby. Mr. Comyn was quite the linguist and scholar, each section of the MS is opened with a verse or excerpt (Part 1 begins rather pleasingly with a paragraph from Tristram Shandy) in English, Italian, French, Classical

Greek, or Latin. Another curious point is that the recto of each page (generally) is written in neat brown ink, whereas the verso is written in red ink, and serves often as footnotes and additions to the previous page. I've catalogued beautiful manuscripts, and scruffy manuscripts and desperate manuscripts, this particular example ranks right up there as one of the neatest and most scholarly I have ever laid hands on. The verso footnotes frequently tie in points of the preceding text with classical references from Livy, Tacitus, or indeed Gibbon, who at that point was still very much a recent best-seller. The account begins as our rather grand tourist leaves London on July 20th, 1822, whips through France ("The dreary flat of France..."), ends up at Geneva in the space of half a page "The contemplation of this glorious scene lasted almost to the gates of Geneva, it was then exchanged for a dirty & dismal town, with scarce an object to detain a traveller..." The Alps detain Mr. Comyn longer, with some consideration of St. Bernard and a lengthy rumination on Hannibal and his conspicuous lack of wisdom in attempting to cross in winter. These landmarks on the journey are, in Comyn's mind at least, mere truck stops on the road to his primary destination: "The best answer...is the sensations of the traveller upon entering Rome, the moment is at hand, when our desire to examine for ourselves that of which we have heard so much from early youth is about to be realised." There is no doubt that Rome has been a lifelong ambition for our traveller: "I grudged every moment after my arrival which was given to the delay of necessary refreshment after a long journey; my hotel seemed like a prison which separated me from what I so ardently desired to behold." Comyn's classical passions from that point are positively unbridled, he visits every inch of classical Rome that can be reached (twice, at a later part in the journey, after a visit to Pompeii and Herculaneum, he circles back to Rome to continue immersing himself). The section on Pompeii and Herculaneum is somewhat sobering: "We were here shown the hardened lump of earth and ashes which covered the unhappy persons found in the villa at Pompeii, in which the impression of a female breast and arm are plainly visible. A skull of a female who by her dress & ornaments appeared to have been the mistress of the house is amongst the collection of subterranean remains." Naples and Bologna (with copious recourse to Livy) are incorporated into the progress, and a "Parting Retrospect of Italy" is included before the journey homeward begins via Simplon and Lausanne and then ultimately to London: "...after a gloomy day spent at Calais waiting the departure of the London steam Packet - I landed at the Customs House after a pleasant voyage of eleven hours." An altogether engrossing journal, and a far cry from the "Got beastly drunk in Pisa" variation on the theme.

[Ref: 721] £1,500

14. **Cumming Bruce, Mary. *Her Diary, Illustrated, 1889-90.***

Scotland; Dunphail, Cawdor, Forres etc., 1889-90.

Large 4to album bound in contemporary brown full morocco with gilt ruling to spine and boards. All edges gilt. Minor scuffing and edgewear, light bumping to corners. A very good, handsome and solid object. Marbled endpapers, Benson exlibris to front pastedown. Approx 40 pages of text and numerous drawings and sketches in ink, wash, and pencil. A glorious diary, Mary Cumming Bruce was clearly quite an accomplished artist with a good eye for detail, and the illustrations accompanying her account of her family gathering at their estates in Dunphail are charming. Scottish dancing, gentlemen hunting in highland dress, the rugged Highland landscape surrounding the Cumming-Bruce estates, and her candid sketches of local characters, guests and other family members, many of whom I am sure have no physical representation outside the pages of this album, bring the whole affair to life. At the time of the album, Mary would have been 18, tragically only four years before her death. She seems to have possessed a lively sense of humour, an ear for dialogue and a canny eye for

detail, poking fun at young Sigurd's obsession with his new top hat, or Mr. Macpherson's new wife and her impossibly corseted waist "which cannot be more than 17 inches", and the behaviour of the local children at Forres School, also present are small but telling examples of the cardinal sins of British Victorian society; casual racism, and an overweening sense of having won God's Lottery by having been born British. All of these observations are accompanied by tiny sketches in the text, or the narrative is arranged around a drawing of whatever caught Mary's inquisitive eye. A lot of the anecdote is what would be expected of an extremely well brought up young lady with her noble family in the late 19th century; who was wearing what, who has married whom, how handsome Cousin Robert looked, but the whole, with its more egalitarian local detail, and Mary's sympathetic and sensitive for interesting compositions, it gives a very clear, enjoyable and rather three dimensional impression of the last 2 or three months of 1889 in Forres and Dunphail, with the occasional trip to sketch Cawdor Castle or a take a train journey. Mary is nothing if not a romantic. Of particular interest is her account of one of the guest's relationship with Sir John Ruskin in a long, rich recounting:

"Mrs. Kelly has told me the story of their lives which, tho one feels they must have been in some way remarkable is more remarkable than I could have imagined and wish I could write it down just as she told it to me 'Long ago, she said, Ruskin was one of my oldest and dearest friends. There has come a breach between us now, a misunderstanding perhaps, which has now estraged us for many years.' He loved Mr. Kelly and fancied he saw in him qualities which would enable him to take up his work and insure the future of all his favourite schemes and efforts after his death..."

It's quite the tale, continuing onwards to recount the Kellys' history with Ruskin, their estrangement and the reasons behind it, in all likelihood an insight into the artist's life that appears nowhere else. I'm a staunch fan of jumbled diaries and scratchy piles of anecdote, sometimes they are crisp and sure and linear and provide one with fact after fact, sometimes they are a random bag of objects that one has to piece together painstakingly; Mary's diary is more like a quilt, it has boundaries and structure, but also random variations and there's always some new pattern or colour to catch one's eye. It's through this kind of object that history's enormous catalogue of brief yet luminous lives get to carry on being of purpose.

[Ref: 1023] £1,250

15. **Daniels, C. *Diary of a Voyage to Australia Aboard the RMS Orient..***
1885.

8vo. Ruled notebook, marbled boards, brown linen spine, a little worn and shaken to the extremities, but solid and handsome. 112pp. text in a clear ink hand, rather charmingly the return voyage in 1888 (aboard RMS Austral) is recorded upside down on the verso of each page, so in order to read both journals, there's a fair amount of book flipping involved. Daniels, and his brother Sam, partners on this voyage to seek their fortunes are clearly pretty young, and the journal has a positively infectious air of excitement running through it: "This day will be a memorable one with us, one that will not bear forgetfulness, Sam and I left home today, bound to Australia..." The initial sections deal with reaching London, seeking out relatives, seeing the Lord Mayor's Parade and visiting the British Museum, and obtaining equipment for the voyage. This is a little more detailed than the more usual "came aboard ship", and is filled with minor yet interesting details like the fact that, as cheap tickets, they needed to purchase their own beds and utensils for use on the voyage. According to the list of books read, on the front pastedown underneath the tonnage and credentials of the Orient, Daniels reads a quantity of Walter Scott, so it is perhaps not surprising that on occasion the prose turns a tad overblown at moments of high emotion. The journey, also detailed in stages

with mileage on the pastedown, takes them across the bay of Biscay, through the Straits of Gibraltar, the length of the Mediterranean, through Suez and thence to the Red Sea “The Red Sea is full of wrecks + dead bodies, passed within about a mile of a shipwreck...”, thence from Aden to Adelaide and ultimately to Sydney. The brothers’ enthusiasm rarely flags, whether in mountainous seas or when suffering from the frequent and mysterious health inconveniences that plague the passengers. There seems to be a veritable epidemic of fits and convulsions amongst the young men of the 2nd class decks, claiming even Sam at Port Said, probably as a result of simply being unable to handle the rapidly changing conditions. A deft, fluent and entertaining journey, almost cinematic in its clarity of detail.

[Ref: 803] £900

16. **Edwards, Henry, of Pye Nest, York.. [MS] Travels to South America. 1827-1830 [approx].**

8vo. 70pp. Approximately 20,250 words in an eminently legible miniscule hand. Bound in scuffed red straight grain morocco, worn to spine and extremities, nevertheless strong and tight. Marbled endpapers, Benson bookplate to front pastedown. Internally clean. Text occupies just over one third of the notebook. An occasionally charming, often informative account of a journey in 1827 from Falmouth aboard the HMS Frolic to Rio via Madeira, St. Vincent and what is now Salvador, before the journey continues to Montevideo via Buenos Aires (HMS Hope), then Santiago, Valparaiso, La Paz and Lima, rather a gruelling and inclusive series of voyages, ferry, coach and horseback journeys across early 19th century South America. All the more surprising is the fact that at the time of writing, Henry was 15 years of age, and had never left home before, (the volume has been written up from notes later, it's very...assured, and large sections of time are dispensed with very summarily) and travelling in the company of his elder brother John, who would have been 22 at the time. Whilst it is true that still taking your laundry home from a college 10 miles distant is a fairly modern pastime, the idea of embarking on a voyage of many months, if not years, at sea and overland at the age of 15 would probably give many of us pause. Not Henry though, he is ostensibly touring the family estates (including 12,000 head of cattle at Estancia in Brazil, where Henry encountered Gauchos “The most Contented and Hardest men in the World...” and was present for the overthrow by military coup of Bolivar follower Manuel Dorrego, and includes an account of Dorrego's escape into the countryside with his brother before his eventual capture and execution...Dorrego's fall from grace was engendered at least partly by acceding to British diplomatic control of the region.), inspecting commercial ventures, observing the techniques of bolas hunting, getting kicked by a horse, losing a chunk of his cheek and several teeth in the process, encountering a beautiful lady in an inn in Valparaiso who had cut her husband's throat, and was on the lam to Santiago, and inviting her to share “a pretty strong glass of brandy and water.” (I want HER diaries). Henry is quite taken with her, and this is a recurring theme with our narrator as he rampages across South America. His first order of business upon arrival anywhere is to seek out the “company of young ladies”, apparently before he has eaten or washed; in Buenos Aires he makes note of heading down to the Mole to “look at the fair sex”, he goes to dances and recounts “Very pleasant days with those sweet little creatures.”, spies on women bathing in the sea (Bruh) and recounts that he has several times experienced “good fun getting unperceived amongst young damsels” at their bathing. On another occasion he rather excitedly recounts cutting open the dress and stays of a lady who has fainted at a ball. Henry needs to check his privilege. Despite being something of a late Georgian frat bro where women are concerned; from a historical perspective Henry puts in the hours during his 20,000 words, he recounts the Brazilian blockade of Buenos Aires (and its affect upon business), the Dorrego affair, the experience of

getting smallpox in Bolivia, being cheated in La Paz and encounters with the dignitaries, greater and lesser of the various regions he visits, there is also a noticeable amount of shipping information, which vessels plied which routes under which flags. Eventually Henry became a Baronet, a notable Member of Parliament and settled down with a Churchill; there's no doubt though, that Henry Edwards was once possessed of youth, and travelled South America looking for a place to mispend it. Fascinating, amusing and confounding by turns, occasionally puts one in mind of Harry Flashman on a school trip.

[Ref: 742] £1,200

17. **EMMETT, W. Navigation Manuscript 1811..**

Great Britain, 1811..

Folio sized manuscript titled and dated to the front cover with the name W. Emmett (?). 160pp. Stitching mostly gone, page block still firm within its case but detached. Wear to extremities of covers with some loss to corners. Internally clean, and in fact internally very striking, the penmanship and degree of decorative detail are quite delightful. Later gift inscription to first page of MS. Page edges untrimmed. Possibly a hand written reference workbook, possibly a series of navigational studies and solutions, possibly a text book; the manuscript is extraordinarily detailed and decorative with meticulous tables, diagrams and illustrations including a detailed manuscript globe of the Earth and a full page mariner's compass rose. The text deals with, amongst a wealth of navigational subjects, log boards, Middle latitude Sailing, Navigational Trigonometry, Geographical Zones, general axioms of navigation and a particularly in depth 20 page account of a voyage taken by the Frances out of London in 1805 to Funchal in Madeira.

There was indeed a ship called the Frances sailing in 1805, a privately owned small ship on loan to the Royal Navy, possibly the same HMS Frances that took part in the American Revolutionary War, which appears to have been rented (apparently a common event in times of conflict) from the Earl of Huntingdon and to have been named after his wife, Frances Hastings. The other possibility is that the account of the voyage is being used as an exemplary problem and solution and thus might be composed of elements chosen at random. A fascinating survival of a period during which British domination of the seas was without question and when knowledge of this sort was the passport to a potentially valuable career.

CA51

[Ref: 422] £975

18. **Gardner, Frederick Leigh. [Introduction: Wynn Westcott]. Bibliotheca Rosicruciana.**

London: Privately Printed, 1923.

Second Edition. This expanded and revised edition limited to 500 copies, signed by the author, of which this is #301 with a rather flamboyant Gardner signature. A number of the 500 copies seem to have not actually made it to being signed. 8vo. 101pp. Publisher's blue cloth titled in gilt to front board. Clean and sharp, minor edgewear, a very good copy. Internally clean, edges untrimmed, and indeed the volume is largely uncut, giving every evidence of being unread. Some minor spotting. A rather delightful copy of a noted piece of esoteric scholarship, compiled by an actual antiquarian bookseller, with over 760 entries that could in the main rather be described as generally hermetic rather than specifically Rosicrucian.

[Ref: 1024] £125

A SUMPTUOUS FOLIO JOURNAL OF TRAVELS THROUGH SWITZERLAND, FRANCE AND ITALY ETC.

19. **Grimley, William. [MS] Journal of Journeys Through Switzerland, France, Italy etc..**

1826.

Folio. Bound in later half calf over marbled boards, red title label, minor edgewear and scuffing, otherwise a pretty good looking piece of 20th century binding work. 200pp. Text, in an elaborate and meticulous copperplate, to rectos only, many of the versos being embellished with engravings, portraits or other decorations, including one striking botanical painting and a hand coloured engraved landscape. Each page details a separate leg or location on Grimley's travels, sometimes geographical and historical, sometimes personal anecdotes and experiences. The pages are decoratively titled in ink: "The Battle of Sempach", "Lanterbrunnen", "Byron", "Chillon", "John Tradescant", "A Casualty" etc. the titles highlighting which parts of the journey (in the most part written as a contiguous narrative) that particular page deals with, or indeed any notable events upon that leg of the journey. The passage titled "A Fracas" is a particularly dramatic example:

"...Prudence however dictated that we should not wander from the appointed spot of meeting, for we knew not where to seek them [Grimley's companions], and again, during our absence they might possibly arrive. The rain ceased, the clouds dispersed, and the sun broke out during the time we were seated on a fragment of rock under the shadow of the frowning glacier - a seat we occupied not long before Mr. Magee drew my attention to a seemingly impassable precipice down which our friends were descending:- the guide was essaying to reach them, and we started following the course of the Rhone, and met them at the foot of the hill, after a descent described to me as horrible in the extreme. Here Mr. Magee gave way to his anger in a way that distressed us all very much: he attacked the guide with incredible fury and beat him with his mountain stick until he broke it into pieces. The meekness with which the poor fellow bore this treatment inspired all but Mr. Magee with a sentiment of great pity for him: but that feeling was a good deal subdued when we learned from the host at Hospenthal that the path he had mentioned when he abandoned us, as leading from the bottom of the snow plain, was the very pass of the Mayenwand whose dangers so horrify M. Ebel, and from which many a traveller has fallen to rise no more." There are 200 pages of this, and examinations of Swiss, Italian and French history (some of which is hovering close to current affairs for our intrepid Mr. Grimley), his passage on Chillon is equally delightful, written as it was only 2 years after Lord Byron's death:

"...But whatever differences may exist as to the actual merit of the heir, there can be but one opinion as to the excellence of Byron's encomiastic poem, which would undoubtedly claim the highest [...] of applause were Chillon an imaginary place and Bonnivard, the shadow of a shade. But to the highest beauties of poetry he has joined the utmost fidelity of description, and as none can be more beautiful so none can be more correct than the lines descriptive of 'Seven pillars of Gothic mold, in Chillon's dungeons deep and old..." Now we are Grand touring. A mammoth memoir, as rich and descriptive as any I have catalogued.

[Ref: 807] £3,500

20. **Huxley, Aldous. Brave New World..**

London,: Chatto & Windus, 1932.

8vo. First edition of Huxley's masterpiece. Octavo, original blue cloth titled in gilt. Near fine in a near fine dust jacket with a touch of shelfwear and toning. Internally clean. An exceptionally nice example. Definitively dystopian, depicting a future in which human freedoms, desires, and overall autonomy have been destroyed by science. Oddly we have shied away from that future by rejecting science, instead opting to go for the "Lalalala, not

listening!" route of assured destruction. Elusive in lovely condition.

[Ref: 1026] £6,500

21. **Ingleby, C.R.. Royal Navy Log Book: Period May 9th 1905- HMS "Canopus" and "Glory".**

Folio. Approx. 110pp neat manuscript sailing data with detailed remarks, filling the first half of a standard log book. Elaborate calligraphic title page with watercolour illustrations and decorative pieces. 16 mostly tipped in or laid in illustrations including: 13 pen and ink charts highlighted with accomplished watercolour, diagrams and drawings, some of which are technical; pieces of machinery, turret cutaways, valves etc. One tipped in original photograph "Signalmen in the Wireless Room", two manuscript and watercolour certificates; one for a coal loading contest between watches, and the second for the results of a Prize Firing, also present are three newspaper clippings. Occasional small spots or marks here and there, otherwise internally clean, sharp and eminently legible with commander's initials to many of the "remarks" entries. The whole bound in an additional calf covering, heavily embossed with a rope border, relating the above title in full. A little rubbed and scuffed to the binding, otherwise tight, shipshape and handsome.

Ingleby's travels as a midshipman in the service of the King include duties in Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal, Portugal, Spain and Ireland. Canopus was the lead battleship of its own eponymous naval class, Glory another vessel of the same class rating, commissioned in 1899 and 1900 respectively and incorporating Krupp armouring which was lighter and more effective than the Harvey variant more commonly used on battleships of the time. Both modern and fairly new vessels, originally assigned to the China Station as a safeguard against the rapidly expanding Japanese naval presence in the area, until subsequent political and military maneuverings resulted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and rendered such a visible military presence in the region somewhat less necessary. Canopus bears the unfortunate history of being the only Canopus Class battleship not to serve in the region. Both vessels then cruised between Naval military postings in British waters, mainly as part of the Mediterranean Fleet, until 1908 when they were put on the reserve list until the hostilities of 1914. Midshipman Ingleby is Clement Rolfe Ingleby, a military man of varied career: he left the navy in 1906 (presumably despairing of action, something many of his fellows had in common during the pre WW1 years), until after a period in civilian life he re-enrolled as RNVR in 1914. He was made a POW in Holland, escaped and after a period of recuperation at Hillington Hall Hospital in Norfolk (commonly used as a convalescent hospital for those suffering from "nervous exhaustion", which we would now refer to as PTSD), during this period he is rated as Major Ingleby (records are inconclusive, although photographs of Ingleby at Hillington exist, suggesting he had already transferred into the Royal Flying Corps at this point, despite his escape from POW status having been described as "recent", it becomes apparent that Ingleby also did a stint in the Army at some juncture). Ingleby's transfer to the "twenty minuters" is notable in that he was one of the very first officers commissioned into the Royal Air Force in April 1918, and is the author of the poem "Per Ardua ad Astra" (published in Flight Magazine in June 1918) which utilised the then very new motto of the RAF coined by J.S. Yule (according to legend) after he had been inspired by a spot of Rider Haggard. By the time of the poem's publication, Ingleby was unfortunately disabled through the loss of a foot in an aeronautical accident, resulting in him being reduced to desk duties, making the poem's "Then up through the bumpy, filmy mists like a startled bird we fly; Till the sunshine bright, on a sea of white in space meets the wand'ring eye..." rather more yearningly poignant. A useful and smart piece of military history.

[Ref: 747] £1,750

22. **Le Fanu, Joseph Sheridan. *The House By The Churchyard*.**

London: Tinsley Brothers, 1863.

First edition, second issue (misrepresented as a "Second Edition"). A whopping three volumes bound as 1 in an original purple embossed cloth remainder binding (a variant no less, not covered by Sadleir in his "bless you Michael for doing it but Oh God shoot me now" examination of the publication history of this delightful work). A single half title to Vol. I (also not Sadleir compliant). A rich, deep purple, very professional repair work to spine hinges, titled and decorated in gilt to spine, with some small, superficial fraying at the head and some inoffensive bumping elsewhere, a very good copy, a little scuffed and bumped but otherwise gorgeous and robust in its shameless heft. Internally clean with some foxing spots to prelims, an old Quaritch catalogue entry from the 80's pasted in to the front pastedown and a small enigmatic bookseller label (P&C, which I'm guessing is Pickering and Chatto, but in a distinctly modernist style) to the the upper front pastedown. Regardless of bibliographical meanderings and forays into the dark minutiae, this is a striking copy of a glorious work of fiction, written when Le Fanu was at his literary scalpel wielding height, recounting the events rolling downhill from the sinister discovery of a trepanned skull. Le Fanu will eventually turn out to have been an influence on everything, but the influence of this work on Finnegans Wake is a matter of public record.

[Ref: 879] £4,750

23. **Le Fanu, Joseph Sheridan. *The Tenants of Malory*.**

London: Tinsley Brothers, 1867.

First editions. 3 vols. 8vo. Publisher's original red-orange cloth titled in gilt to spines. Minor scuffing and edgewear, bumping to spine ends, slight discolouration and soiling here and there. Strong, tight and solid, very good, handsome copies. Internally clean, some minor spotting to endpapers and prelims. An ink ownership has been somewhat inefficiently removed from the front paste-downs of all three volumes. Listed in Hubin, scarce in nice cloth.

[Ref: 960] £3,750

24. **Le Fanu, Joseph Sheridan. *Uncle Silas* A Tale of Bartram Haugh.**

London: Richard Bentley, 1865.

Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. Bound in black half calf with extra gilt and red title labels. Hinge repair to volume I. Bindings strong and handsome, minor edgewear. Page edges speckled red. Internally clean and fresh. Half titles to volumes II and III. A lovely set of a scarce edition, published the year after the first. Little needs to be said about Le Fanu other than that he was amazing, a ferociously deft writer with a perfectly balanced sense of atmosphere and nuance. Arguably the inventor of the psychological thriller, fight me. This novel was described as "The finest Victorian mystery novel" by none other than Everett Bleiler, who is widely accepted as having known a thing or two. Very scarce.

[Ref: 961] £4,500

25. **McLeod, Sheelagh [Katherine Sheila] [Mrs. Captain James Coverley Stopford R.N.]. *Journal 1941*.**

1941.

Large 8vo. Ruled notebook, black cloth spine over green boards, damage to lower third of spine, with cosmetic loss nevertheless strong and durable. 222pp. The diary of a distinctly

upper class member of British society, two years in to the Second World War. Educated, brisk, aggressively social (in that scheduled, deeply organised 'safety network' kind of way that often rears its head during times of trouble), a woman of firmly held views and notable independence, giving a vivid insight into life at home when all of one's menfolk are away at war. It's also rather interesting to note, that as someone quite well connected both socially and militarily, Sheelagh's information is frequently rather more specific than other contemporary accounts gleaned just from newspapers and wireless. Her military knowledge is well informed, she speaks at least three languages, and thinks from a rather global perspective rather than the distinctly Anglocentric viewpoint one can become used to when one reads enough wartime diaries. She's a very smart lady indeed, one can't help but think she would have made a worthy contribution to the S.O.E.:

"Lady R's [Lady Rawle] cousin, who has now taken his mother's name of Oglander is in the RAF at Lympne + a good week before Rudolf Hess materialised they were all told to be on the lookout for an airman and to be very careful not to shoot him, but after he arrived the order lapsed, so he was clearly expected, although I didn't gather if all aerodromes were given the same instructions.."

Hess's appearance is still something of a mystery, although this particular shrouded in secrecy instruction may not have specifically regarded Hess, as Lympne was at one point intended to be the landing point for a clandestine kidnap attempt on non other than Adolf Hitler.

Nevertheless, Sheelagh is clearly on the inside curve of a lot of intelligence gossip at the time. There's a fair amount of "For God's Sake America, get in the fight" going on, very prevalent at the time as Britain, standing virtually alone against the Nazis, was getting what might be termed a bit of a kicking whilst carrying a significant chunk of the weight:

"A very strong article in yesterday's Sunday Times on America's share in the war which show's up the comfortable idea that she can win it without firing a shot + and with the sole concession of giving us a few silk stockings and motor cars."

The situation regarding corruption in the military is also openly discussed:

"Talked about the hidden hand in high places + Mrs. Erskine instanced Brigadier Drake Brockman, tank expert who was cashiered for striking (she says he merely pushed) a German prisoner who spat at him; he has been refused any second hearing + was forbidden to take up a job offered him in South Africa. And Mrs. Ridley said her husband lost his first job because the General said quite frankly that he wanted it for his son in law, but now has one he likes much better.."

A frank, well informed, and impassioned account of the early, lonely years of World War 2.

[Ref: 810] £1,250

26. Phelps, Elizabeth "Bella". [MS] Journal 1836 [London and Madeira].

1836.

Oblong 8vo. 162pp. Old half morocco leather over marbled boards, spine replaced at some point and title label added. Strong and clean, the majority in ink with some sections in pencil. Ink ownership to front pastedown, along with the legend "Journal No. 5." By Bella's own admission her previous journals were apparently somewhat haphazard:

"I have hitherto been content to keep my journals any how, but now that I have ceased to be a schoolgirl I hope I shall be able to go through it regularly." Judging from the neat hand and depth of detail throughout, Bella kept to this resolution rather well. Bella Phelps is 16 at this point, still 20 years away from probably the most notable achievement of her life; causing Madeira to become the centre of a thriving 19th century lace industry (laid into the journal is a piece of Madeira Lace). Bella was the eldest of the 11 children of Joseph and Elizabeth Phelps, Joseph being a well known wine dealer. Bella gives every appearance of leading the life

of a rather privileged young woman, with a seemingly endless itinerary of trips to Hampton Court, various stately homes and palaces, frequent trips to the Opera, of which she is a keen aficionado quite distraught at the death of Maria Felicia Malibran in September ("Dearest, Darling, Adorable, Angelic Malibran!!! Odious Dr Belleconinni, I am sure and certain he poisoned her!"), and being quite scandalised at the allegations that she drank herself to death. In the latter part of the year the family relocates to Madeira, and the remainder of the journal deals with the sights and events of the island, both political and social. A detailed journal from an articulate, observant and intelligent young woman, charting the beginning of her familiarity with an island upon which she would have a considerable cultural impact.
[Ref: 794] £1,000

27. **Raines, Francis Robert. [MS] A Tour Through Some Parts of Derbyshire 1829.**
8vo. 120pp. 8vo. Notebook bound in half brown leather, spine rebacked, boards rubbed and scuffed, solid, tight and strong. Green endpapers, a little faded in spots, with a couple of armorial labels to the front pastedown, and the addition of some ink notes tipped in at front and rear giving some insight into the redoubtable Canon Raines "An indefatigable labourer in the antiquarian field." So indefatigable in fact that he has a 150 plus volume collection of manuscript observations, journals and diaries at Chethams Library in Manchester, an institution so august and venerable that it proudly bears the title of "The Oldest Public Library in The English Speaking World." having been founded in 1653, a year which brought us the tender mercies of Oliver Cromwell and the mystifying popularity of The Compleat Angler. If Chetham's thinks highly of Canon Raines, I am certainly inclined to do so myself. The Tour Through Derbyshire is not so much a journal or diary as a complete account, arranged in chapters, impeccably composed and embellished with more than 20 pages of sketches, some in ink, some in pencil and still others in vivid watercolour, well executed, according to Raines' account by his "young friend George Shaw", who was his companion on the tour. Subjects covered include Peveril's Peak, Buxton, Hag Tor, Haddon Hall and a number of other dramatic vistas that took our artists's fancy. There's some minor toning and offsetting here and there, but the Tour is essentially clean and bright. Canon Raines is unsurprisingly, something of a modest chap, and the two prologue pages tipped in before Chapter I are basically an apology for the rushed and ragged state of the MS to follow and stating "One week gave birth to the volume", "The book is composed of 'broken arches and fallen columns' - mere fragments picked up during a walk, and arranged in the order in which they were found." The prologue ends with a quote in Greek from Damon: "I solicit no praise, but I wish to avoid unmerited censure." Having catalogued a number of broken arches and fallen columns, I'm pretty certain the Canon has little to worry about. A walking and horse drawn tour that covers virtually all the high points of Derbyshire, physical, historical, anecdotal and otherwise, placed in context with erudition and charm, illustrated throughout.
[Ref: 751] £1,250

28. **Smith, Beatrice. [MS] Reminiscences of Life in India.**
1948.
4 volumes, varying formats, basically 4 slim ruled notebooks and exercise books covering 180 pages of text including some rather affecting original poetry. A fascinating and very personal memoir, obviously embarked upon as Britain's power in India finally all fell to bits, "I'm writing this for my children and grandchildren":
"June 6th, 1948. As India is changing so rapidly in every way I feel I would like to give some impression of life in India- starting in Victorian days..."
The memoir begins in 1876, when Beatrice was born in Bankura in Bengal: "My father was in

the Imperial Indian Police, having been in the Military Police before the formation of the Civil Police. He had been offered a commission in the army, but his father, in the army, told him not to take it as he could not give him any private income + without it my Grandfather said life in the army would be impossible, or at any rate most uncomfortable." She recounts her childhood (in quite remarkable detail) in Cuttack (once capital of the east Indian state of Odisha), where she recalls steamer journeys, her father hunting alligators, having an elephant "for camping", and bungalow life in general, including "a very jolly cricket match at Lal Bagh, the Commissioner Mr. Cook's residence, which had a huge compound and nice garden. The ladies were to play the men who had to play with broomsticks. As we hadn't enough players for the ladies Mr. Arnott and Mr. Maddox played for us as well. I distinguished myself by knocking the Commissioner down!" She also frequently harks back to her childhood belief that the "John Company Baghan", a sizeable and overgrown garden, was haunted by the ghosts of the crinolined British ladies of the height of the Raj. The narrative continues across the 4 volumes, some details extending into the 1930's, but the majority of the memoir, filled with anecdotes of white civilian life in India, the occasional furlough in England and a myriad of memories of a world that even then was cracking under the weight of its own anachronisms, seems concerned with the 1870's up to 1910 or so. Fascinating.

[Ref: 805] £975

29. **Smith, Thomas Roger. *Being a Journal of a Continental Tour in Italy 1854-55. Also Dieppe and Rouen, 1857.***

1854.

8vo. 176pp. Marbled paper covered boards, spine has at sometime been repaired with rather fetching brown batik pattern paper, a trifle frayed and split around the edges, but sound.

Thomas Roger Smith was a prominent British architect of the 19th century, and later went on to become Professor of Architecture at University College London until his death in 1903. This journal places him at the very beginning of his independent career, immediately after leaving the office of Philip Hardwick and on the cusp of setting up independently. It is perhaps not a surprise that the main thrust of the journey, and indeed the diary, is architecture. The text, legible and dense, is dotted with tiny ink sketches of arches, window details and anything else which caught his eye. Italy is obviously a perfectly natural place for any architect to gravitate towards, and Smith does not stint himself, analysing and absorbing the salient features of virtually every major city, bridge, palace and cathedral. The journal begins however, in Cannes and Nice:

"Cannes presents nothing of value in an architectural point of view, although a good deal that is striking; for the modern villas are all of them in the strangest style that can be conceived...Nice has a Brighton air about it..." A significant insight into the early formation of an architect who attempted to formulate a quintessentially British architectural style.

[Ref: 798] £1,200

30. **Stead, William Thomas. *The Maiden Tribute of The Modern Babylon, Reprinted from the Pall Mall Gazette.***

London: F.A. Roberts, Fleet St., [circa 1885].

4to. 31pp. printed in two columns on low grade newsprint, some edges a tad frayed, loosely inserted into old boards, worn but strong for such an ephemeral, wispy thing. A controversial and extremely important piece of investigative journalism. In 1885, whilst editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Stead set out to expose child prostitution in London, detail the extent of this repulsive trade (often with very inflammatory and flamboyant headlines: "The Violation of Virgins", "How Girls Were Bought and Ruined") and encourage the raising of the age of

consent, (it was 13 at the time), Stead's work, amongst that of others, was directly instrumental in raising it to 16, one piece of collateral damage being the recriminalisation of homosexual acts. This pamphlet is one of the earliest examples of journalism setting out not just to report on a situation, but to actively, aggressively work towards a change of political policy, and has been described as "The death knell of responsible journalism." Sadly it did not ring the death knell for crimes against children, nor did it name or share information on any of the men and women identified in the trade during the course of the investigation, preferring instead to lump them all together in the form of the symbolic Bogeyman "The Minotaur of London."

Although supported and encouraged by many contemporary social reformers (including the Catholic Church), non-conformist clergy and the majority of London's expanding feminist groups, the more established Press, probably with encouragement, descended upon him in typical fashion and crucified him as a peddler of pornography. It transpired that getting hold of the information to research and write *The Maiden Tribute* had technically required several transgressions of the existing law and Stead was tried and sentenced to three months in jail. Never known for being shy or retiring, Stead subsequently used to turn up to events wearing his convict uniform. Perhaps in keeping with a dramatic life spent fighting unpleasant realities, he eventually died aboard the RMS Titanic. A bizarrely robust survival, and an interesting example of what can happen, for both good and evil when journalism moves from reporting news to creating news. Nothing changes, everything is awful.

[Ref: 850] £350

An Extremely Rare Piece of Original Jules Verne

31. Verne, Jules. **Cinq Semaines en Ballon.**

Paris: J. Hetzel, [1863].

First edition, first printing points as called for. In a contemporary quarter calf binding, slightly rubbed and scuffed to extremities, minor bumping to corners. Durable and handsome. Internally clean, minor spotting here and there. 354pp. + 16pp. Hetzel ads to rear. The author's first work, in its first appearance, *accompanied by a laid in note from Verne* to his nephew Maurice, and a bundle of other ephemera relating to this copy from the noted collector Richard Dalby, whose collection it originated from, having been in his possession since the 60's. One of the rarest pieces of original Verne, the first issue is of almost legendary scarcity and spawned a legion of admirers.

[Ref: 830] £15,000