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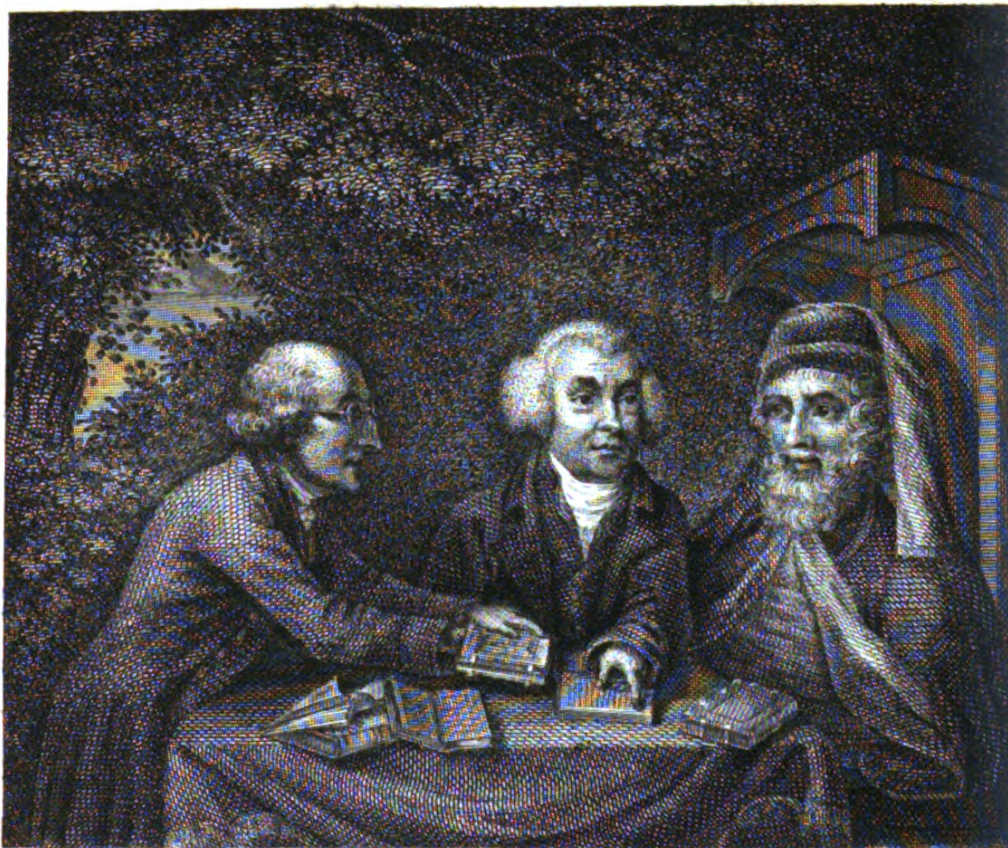
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W. Belnos del.

W. Angus sculp.

Published July 1 1817. by W. Clapton New Bond Street

A

## DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES,

Between WILLIAM CAXTON, FODIUS, a Bibliomaniac, and WILLIAM WYNKEN, Clerk, a descendant of WYNKEN DE WORDE:—To which is added, the Story of *Dean Honeywood's Grubs*. With explanatory Notes, by W. W.

OLD Caxton, long of life bereft,  
 This stage of "mortal coil" had left,  
 To converse in the shades below us  
 With *Ulric Zell*\* or *Mathew Goes*:  
 These kindred souls no more intent on  
 The *works* they once were fully bent on,  
 Now gaily pass their hours away,  
 And blossom in perpetual day;



10

\* *Ulric Zell*, &c. eminent typographic brethren.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

For here no anxious cares intrude  
To vex the wandering multitude.

*Wynken.* Quoth *Wynken* to *Lavagnian Philip*,  
I see approaching yonder hill up,  
Sir *Fodius*, toiling with a pack  
Of letter'd lumber at his back ;  
Call *Wolfgang Hopyl*, *Godfrey Back-stone*,  
And bid 'em straight to Maister *Caxton*,  
Right glad he'll be to see this said man,  
A fortieth Coz of *Robert Redman*.

*Fodius.* Quick from th' Ebetian<sup>b</sup> club last night  
By secret ways I took my flight ;  
My precious lore slung on my back,  
My lustrous tomes of **letter black**,  
Unique and rare—a store of wealth!  
(*Approaches Caxton who is seated in an arbour.*)  
Father of Type, to thee all health!—

*Caxton.* I grete you safe from the old monde ;  
What bokes and readers in Englonde.  
Are moost renommed ;—right joyous wo'd I  
Some ornate treatyse scanne or studie ;  
Con o'er a Legende of Dom *Lapi-ence*,  
Or rede a werke of wit and sapience  
Craftely wrote, or pleasaunt histrye  
Worthy of memory, tale or myst'ry ;  
For wis I well within your pokes,  
That you have no defaulte of bokes.

*Fodius.* Right welcōme, Sir, to see my store  
By *Tilly*,<sup>c</sup> *Troost*, and fifty more,

<sup>b</sup> Ebetian, not *Hebetian*, as it may be conjectured; the word is probably abridged from *Alphabetian*; the "Preatie Childe's Boke," being the first production imprinted under the auspices of the club for the instruction of the *juvenile* members.

<sup>c</sup> Tilly, &c. worthy printers of *rare small pieces*.



A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

Tom Gubbin, Higman, Lobley, Scott,  
John Jaggard, Keller, Adam Rot ;  
See here "Cocke Lorell's Bote,"<sup>d</sup> and "Peter  
The Ploughman's Carol," both in metre,  
The "Galled Horse" that wants a plaister,  
"A Treacle Pill" by Andrew Hester ;  
"A Curry combe for Coxcomb's Back ;"  
Of "Ancient Lullabies," and "Jacke  
The juggler's pranks with Madam Coye,"  
And ballets eke of Mistress Toye,<sup>e</sup>  
With interludes of "Jacky Drum,"  
And mighty deeds of GREAT TOM THUMB!  
(Producing a splendid folio reprint  
with engravings.)

*Caxton.* What goodly prente ! so large and fayre !  
In troth a coostely exemplayre,  
Fit to recorde in th' actes of *Charlemayne*,  
The valyaunte Emperour of *Almayne*,  
Or pious *Godefroy's* glorious fayte,  
Written in volumes large and grete.

*Fodius.* In stature small, some two feet three,  
The tiny hero's *portrait* see,  
Who twenty score of giants drubb'd,  
Was thence by Royal *Arthur* dubb'd

<sup>d</sup> Cocke Lorell's Bote, &c. *all uniques!*

<sup>e</sup> Mrs. Toye was a courteous dame, and an eminent printer of *ballets*: the well known ditty of "*Derry*" and "*Dill*" is supposed to have had a complimentary allusion to two noted itinerants, good customers of Mrs. Toye, whose names echoed to the rhythm, and who charmed the ears of the lower orders in the time of Queen Mary I. Some copies of the original ballad, are in the possession of two living descendants of the *Derry* and *Dill* families, amateurs and first-rate collectors in the ballad line.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

THE GREAT!—Indeed some authors say  
(Which we may rather doubt by th' way),  
That mighty Tom, yclep'd a long man,  
Was even *Hercules*,<sup>f</sup> the strong man.

*Caxton* Of *Thumbé's* emprise I ne'er yet list on,  
(*impatiently*.) And moche I feare that Tom's no Cristen.

—At *Wynken* here old *Caxton* took  
A sly *significantish* look,  
'S much as to say, he's surely far gone  
To treasure up the silly jargon  
That's conn'd with stupid stare at schools,  
Or huckster'd out at fairs to fools.

(*Fodius* retires.)

*Caxton*. Pray tell me who yon wight may be,  
That stonned you and flurried me ;<sup>g</sup>  
His well stuff'd bagge I trowe conteyne  
Of sugred sentence not a grayne:  
Th' unconnyng clerke who'd best wyse lerne, he'll  
Finde moche chaffe and little kernel.

*Wynken*. 'Tis *Fodius*, once a letter'd knight,  
Who delving deep brought forth to light  
Forgotten rhymes of early days,  
Madrigals, sonnets, virelays ;  
Words void of fire, yet brisk in tune,  
Cull'd for the coterie<sup>h</sup> of *trente-un*.  
These *Fust-y Gutttembergian* wits  
Who "Prymers," "Interludes," in fits,

<sup>f</sup> "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quàm Herculem fuisse satis constat." *Mart. Scriblerus*.

<sup>g</sup> Our doggerel maker has in this line inadvertently fallen into an error, in representing Caxton, in his felicitous state, influenced by human passions.

<sup>h</sup> Coterie, or club, "an assembly of good fellows." *Johnson*. "A company or society of persons who meet together to drink." *Bailey*.

## A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

Old "Nursery Tales" of wizards, witches,  
"Blind pigs and cattle drown'd in ditches;"<sup>1</sup>  
"Hobgoblins, sprites, and fairy elves,"  
*Reprint* to edify themselves.

See *Tubal*<sup>2</sup> first with brazen throat,  
Sound forth his mighty deeds of note ;  
How when he rais'd a club at *A'mack's*,<sup>3</sup>  
To draw in simple Bibliomačs ;  
Taught them with reverence to look  
On tatter'd scraps of ancient book ;  
A catchword seize as quick as *Barto*,  
And tell a folio from a quarto ;<sup>4</sup>  
Uniques with piercing eye to ken,  
Prize one of two leaves more than ten ;  
Old Homer, Pliny, Plato, Cæsar,  
Discard for Tom, the courtly sneezer ;<sup>5</sup>  
"Joe Splynter's gestes" and "Withers' crums,"  
Prefer to Philo's axioms.

<sup>1</sup> The ruefull Tempeste: or, a full Accounte of the melancholy drowninge of Sarah Sawyer, a farmer's widowe of Floode-Bank ; who with her whole stocke of Horses, Cowes and Swine, were drowned on Monday the nineteenth of this instant November, 1602. 4to.—*Printed for A. Winderain.*

<sup>2</sup> A trumpeter, a stirrer up, or whipper-in.

<sup>3</sup> Almacks, or Albans, probably at the former academy of dancing, where we are informed the merry members were wont to disport themselves in friskings, quippes, and crankes, long before and after pudding time.

<sup>4</sup> See a case in point argued by two eminent bibliographical counsel, under a latin version of *Diogenes Laertius*, described in a cumbrous modern "*Bibliotheca*."

<sup>5</sup> *Sternutatorium hermicraniologicum*: or, The Arte of Sneezing at will, and curing all sortes of megrims and disorders of the head: by *Thomas Whishe*, practitioner extra to the Kinge's grace. *bl. let.* 4to. *no date.*

## A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

A Palmer<sup>o</sup> whilom seeking food  
He bow'd to shrine of Honywood,<sup>p</sup>  
Whose grubs,<sup>q</sup> by forc'd, yet genial showers,  
Quickly assum'd aurelian powers ;  
And in the gairish face of day,  
Took sudden wing and flew away :  
Flutt'ring a while o'er lofty tower,  
Erst the Arch-fiend was wont to lour,  
Instinctively the little troop,  
With speed arrive at *Tubal's* coop,  
Are cocker'd, coax'd, and prun'd, and dress'd  
In saffron blue or rosy vest.  
Straight chronicled in "littel Tome"  
Forthwith admiring maniacs come :  
*Barto*, in haste, arriving post,  
Seiz'd "Tapster Nick,"<sup>r</sup> and "Rule the Rost ;"  
The "Great Devourer,"<sup>s</sup> "Red-cappe Pym."<sup>t</sup>  
"Fier a Bras," and "Haggey's Whim."

<sup>o</sup> A pilgrim, in search of *pabulum*, or provender.

<sup>p</sup> Dean Honywood, who lived about the time of the Restoration ; he bequeathed his valuable library to the see of Lincoln.

<sup>q</sup> *Grubs*, alias Dean Honywood's "bokes in *kivers of parchmente*." Vide the Tenth Tale of *Nidbid's Mereacdon*, where the history of *Dean Honywood's grubs* breaks off abruptly.

<sup>r</sup> The Lamentable Complaynts of Nick Froth the tapster, and Rule-rost the cooke, concerning the restraint set forthe against drinking, potting, and piping, on the Sabbath Day.

<sup>s</sup> "The monstrous devourer, or great feeder, being a true relation of a man that travels about Westminster, and the adjoining parts, feeding upon all sortes of garbage and offal, gathered from butchers' stalls and cheesemongers' shops ; with an account of his narrow escape from smotherment by the falling of the main beams that supported his bed-chamber, with a wood-cut view of the overloaded apartment, and shewing the manner of his miraculous escape."

<sup>t</sup> "Pymlico, or runne red cap : 'tis a mad world at Hogsdon." A<sup>to</sup>.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

The "Hunting Boke" with "Sloven's school"<sup>u</sup>  
*Renardo* gain'd; while "Peerless-pool,"<sup>x</sup>  
 "Lusty-Juventus," "Newb'ry ware,"  
 Fell to the gay old *Romeo's* share:  
*Guiscardo* ey'd "Fair Bristowe's Maid,"  
 "Tables for Pericranium's aid:"  
 The grey "Owle's Almanack"<sup>y</sup> to *Faulcon*,  
 A steady block to set a hawk on:  
 "Chippes of Salvation"<sup>z</sup>—"Maudlins new,"  
 "Ovidii *Trist.*" to *Dismaelu*:  
*Sir Tryamour* "of lost Delites,"  
 "Juniper Lectures," Crab-tree rights:  
*Spandrillo* "Tales of Leonard Lackwit,"  
 And the sly jokes of "Thomas Tackwit."  
 Conceal'd beneath these witty jokes  
 Lay snug the "Arte of making Bokes;"<sup>a</sup>  
 A lusty tome of noble size,  
 Which *Tubal* seiz'd—a glorious prize!  
 Within were plac'd with dext'rous care  
 "Caveat of Coz'ners to beware,"

<sup>u</sup> "The School of Slovenrie: or Cato turned wrong side outward." 4to.

<sup>x</sup> "The Antiquities of Peerless Poole, with the Dangers of Rosamond's pond; addressed to all serious young maidens." *With the print.*

<sup>y</sup> "The Owle's Almanacke, found in an Ivy-bushe, now published in English by the painfull labours of Mr. Jeremy Muddybraines." 4to.

<sup>z</sup> "Chippes of Salvation hewed out of the timber of Faythe."

<sup>a</sup> "The newe and admirable Arte of makynge Bokes, with all the necessarie Tooles." By *Thomas Morecrafte*, clerke. At the end is a wood-cut representing a portrait of the Author in his study, sitting in contemplation, with a lighted candle burnt down to the socket; the gloomy effect of the dying taper on the surrounding objects is admirably expressed: from a pile of books in a corner of the room a label is indistinctly seen, with the motto, "*Magnus in minimis.*"



A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

“ Sharp humors let from head that’s vayne,”<sup>b</sup>  
“ Strong yerkinges of prolific brayne ;”  
These mix’d with “ fangle” “ quirke” and “ quippe,”  
And neat inventive workmanship,  
Restamp’d in *Bulmer’s* glossy mint,  
A portion prove for *Martha Stint*.<sup>c</sup>  
No trumpet, horn, nor lyre of *Jubal*  
Can sound a note as high as *Tubal*.

\* \* \* \* \*

(*Here Wynken perceives Caxton awaking  
from a reverie or sound nap.*)

Bald is the subject, bad my verse,  
*Caxton.* Ne grayne, ne kernel, werse and werse.

(*Ex.*)

<sup>b</sup> “ Yong scholers now a days emboldened in the fly-blown blast  
of the moche vayne glorious pipplying wind whan they have delecta-  
bly lycked a lytell of the lycorous electuary of lusty learning, count  
themselves clerkes excellently informed and transcendingly sped in  
moche high conyng.” *Shelton*.

<sup>c</sup> “ No child can be said to be portionless whose father is an EBETIAN,  
as *one* of their *Reprints* will doubtless prove an ample provision!”

*Vide* the Ninth Tale of *Nidbid’s Mereacdon*.

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A  
BALLAD  
ENTITLED  
RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL:<sup>a</sup>  
OR,  
THE TILTING SCENE  
BETWEEN  
EARL SPIRA AND LORD BLANDISH.

---

LONG prosper *James* our noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all;  
A woeful tilting once there did  
In *Roxburghe*-house befall.

To win black-letter'd musty lore,  
Earl *Spira* took his way;  
And many a Bibliomane may rue,  
The *biddings* of that day.

The Baron of *W—m—n* did  
A vow to Plutus make,  
His pleasure in *Valdarfer's*<sup>b</sup> tome  
On future days to take:

<sup>a</sup> *Roxburghe-Hall*, imitated and modernized from an unique black letter tract, supposed to be written by *Sir Robert Ker*, gentleman of the bed-chamber to *James I.* Vid. *W. W.'s* address, prefixed to the *Repertorium Bibliographicum*.

<sup>b</sup> The celebrated *Boccaccio*, printed by *Valdarfer*.

## RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

The chiefest books in *Roxburghe-hall*  
To buy and bear away;—  
These tidings to Earl *Spira* came,  
At *Alprop* where he lay.

Who sent the *Baron* present word  
He would prevent his sport;  
The valiant Peer not fearing this,  
Did to the Hall resort,

With fifteen score of hounds so bold,  
All chosen dogs<sup>c</sup> of might;  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To aim their barkings right.

The hungry greyhounds loudly growl,  
Whene'er the game came on;  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
Just as the clock struck one.

The *Baron* hastened to the field,  
Well girt in front and rear;  
Quoth he, "Earl *Spira* promised,  
This day to meet me here."

The *Earl* now enter'd as he spoke,  
Ev'n like the *Baron* bold;  
The foremost of the company,  
His pockets lined with gold.

<sup>c</sup> These dogs are of the true sagacious *black lettered* breed described  
*Dame Juliana*: there is a mongrel untrainable sort, denominated  
<sup>d</sup> dogs, Moorfield-barkers, &c.

## RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

“ Shew me,” said he, “ whose dogs you be,  
That bark so loudly here ;  
For I’m resolv’d your mouths to stop,  
I’ve neither dread nor fear.”

The man that first did answer make,  
Was noble *Blandish* he ;  
Who said, “ We list not to declare  
Nor shew whose dogs we be.

“ But we will freely spend our cash,  
The rarest books to buy ;”  
Then *Spira* swore a solemn oath,  
Enrag’d at this reply.

“ Ere thus I will outbidden be,  
One of us two shall fly ;  
I know thee well, a Peer thou art,  
Lord *Blandish*, so am I.

“ Yet pity it were our trusty dogs,  
Of whom we stand in need,  
For they have yet no evil done,  
Thus uselessly should bleed.

“ Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set the brutes aside:”—

“ Accurst be he,” Lord *Blandish* said,  
“ By whom this is denied.”

Up leap’d a brisk and gallant dog,  
*Brag-deeptone*<sup>a</sup> was his name ;

<sup>a</sup> *Deep-tone*—*Saxonicè* Deep-din ; an excellent full-mouthed dog,  
sonorous and sagacious.



## RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

Who said, " I would not have it told,  
To my eternal shame,

" That ere our noble chairman fought,  
And 'Vice' stood looking on ;  
While I have power of teeth and nails,  
I'll gore them to the bone."

The *Baron's* huntsmen blew their horns,  
Loud blasts of deadly sounds ;  
With curling tails, and ears erect,  
Approach'd th' intrepid hounds.

The *Earl's* stout leaders now advance,  
In shining collars dight ;  
Onward they press with raging force,  
All eager for the fight.

The crowds pour in on every side,  
To view the coming storm ;  
And many a gallant *Lilliput*,  
Stood gasping on the form.

See *Hart o' Greece*\* with desp'rate thrust,  
Stout *Dygore* disarm ;  
"Launcelots" and "Tristrams" crouch beneath  
The vigour of his arm.

With rav'nous maw full twenty knights,  
Caparison'd in steel,  
Like the great *Boa*, darting forth,  
He gorges at a meal.

\* *Hart o' Greece*, a long-legged and remarkably swift dog ; named after the celebrated Westmorland stag mentioned by *Camden*.

RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

By way of coolers now he takes,  
The "Belman"<sup>r</sup> and the "Glutton;"  
The "Night Crowe Bird that breedeth brawles,"  
And "stealer of rank mutton."<sup>s</sup>

These in a trice at once glide down,  
Like syllabub or jelly;  
*Hart* now retir'd, with eyes half clos'd,  
Sat spinning his *Ramelli*.<sup>h</sup>

Yawning he calls—"Nic Froth" appears,  
With cheering cup of best—  
The foam puff'd off, he gulp'd amain,  
And sank to drowsy rest.

*Brag* straining now with all his might,  
"Tom Hickathrift" attacks,  
"Honest fraus" and "Coz'ners false,"  
With *Mengrelle* he goes snacks.

For "Gosson's Schoole"<sup>i</sup> the contest lay,  
'Twixt *Tryndle tayle* and *Wappe*;  
*Brag* twisting in drove *Tryndle* out  
And dealt his foes a rap.

<sup>r</sup> "Belman's Treasury" and "Glutton's Feaver"—*uniques!*

<sup>s</sup> The History of *Hendrik Durck Stecken*, the noted sentimental sheepe stealer; translated from the Base Almayne-tonge.

<sup>h</sup> *Ramelli* is a Bibliomaniacal toy like a water wheel; on the ledges books are fixed, which on turning round delight the eye of the spinner to admiration: it is named from the inventor, the celebrated machinist, and a view of it, with a *Bibliomaniac* "at work," may be seen in his book "Le Diverse Machine," fol. 1588.

<sup>i</sup> "Gosson's Schoole of Abuse."

RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

“ Westward for smelts,” “ Dame Haggey Horn,”  
“ Tom Ladle,” “ Seria Jocis,”  
Were fought for desp’rately, as if  
*Pro aris et pro focis.*

*Tim Clawback* seiz’d old “ Mother Hag,”  
*Clem Clank*, the “ Turvey-tinkers ;”  
With *Lurcher* <sup>k</sup> sly, the “ Merry Dame,” <sup>l</sup>  
March’d off without her blinkers.<sup>m</sup>

The battle’s rage on every side  
Embrued the gory plain ;  
*Spanker* and *Mengrelle*, valiant dogs,  
Lay number’d with the slain.

At last these noble champions met,  
Both maniacs in good plight,  
With lion-strength their blows laid on,  
And made a cruel fight.

The golden prize expos’d to view,  
Their fierce desires provoke ;  
And massive blades of temper’d steel,  
Brought blood at every stroke.

“ Yield thee, *Lord Blandish*,” *Spira* said,  
“ By *Guttenberg* I swear,  
I will to thee a nymph resign,  
Than ‘ Gelders’ maid’ <sup>n</sup> more fair.

<sup>k</sup> *Lurcher*, “ less and shorter than the greyhound, of sullen aspect, dark and cunning in its habits.”

<sup>l</sup> *The Wyddow Edyth*, a dame of merrie memory.

<sup>m</sup> *Blinkers*, worn by ladies of character at the court of Charles II.

<sup>n</sup> *Gelders’ maid*—“ A doleful discourse of a Dutche dame dreadfully distraughte of hir wittes.”

RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.

“ Dear ‘ Dinah Daftly’ shall be thine ;  
Of thee I will report,  
No man so gallant e’er was seen  
In city, camp, or court.”

“ No, *Spira*,” quoth Lord *Blandish* then,  
“ Thy proffer I despise ;  
I will not yield to any man,  
The *Lampolecchio*<sup>o</sup> prize.”

With that he rais’d his falchion high,  
And made so fierce a thrust,  
That would have thrown a weaker knight  
E’en prostrate in the dust.

*Iulus* now with speed advanc’d,  
To aid his ruffled sire ;  
A stouter weapon ne’er was borne,  
By knight or trusty squire :

Hurling it struck the *Baron’s* helm,  
Who startling at the sound,  
Call’d his laps’d courage quickly back,  
And boldly stood his ground.

With sturdy arm he bent his bow,  
“ Made of a trusty tree ;”  
“ An arrow of a cloth-yard long”  
Straight at the *Earl* did flee ;

Which glancing swiftly on the flank,  
His side-long pockets rent ;

<sup>o</sup> *Lampolecchio*—The Tale of the Nuns and the *Lampolecchio* Gardener is *piquantly* related in the *Valdarfer* edition.



**RARE DOINGS AT ROXBURGHE-HALL.**

In streams pactolian flowing down,  
His ammunition went.

With heavy heart, his prowess gone,  
And put upon his trumps ;  
"Craven!" he cried, with fault'ring voice,  
As one in doleful dumps.

Then leaving strife the Peers embrace,  
And vow eternal peace ;  
Grant that henceforth contention dire,  
'Twixt Bibliomanes may cease!









