

when procured, should be offered to some stable institution for public use on condition that they should be *inalienable*. ROBT. HARRISON.

6, Minford Gardens, W.

THE want pointed out by our old friend Mr. Thoms is so real that there can be little doubt but that the admirable proposal made in your columns will receive very considerable support. These old magazines contain so much information that cannot be obtained elsewhere, that most of us, at some time or other, find occasion to refer to them. How much Thackeray learned from the *Monthly* and other magazines all know who have any knowledge of his mode of work. The power to use the rough materials with the skill of the great novelist is not given to many, but facts gleaned from the volumes of defunct periodicals often add life and interest to the pages of those who are wise enough to use the materials thus obtained. Although so highly appreciated by some of us, no class of books is more despised by others. How often we hear the expression, "It is only an old magazine, and can well go." A wise library-committee may be succeeded by one with a destroying mania, and we can never be sure but what some day we may learn that a set we greatly value has been turned out as lumber from a library to which we have access. Two cases in point are mentioned by Mr. Thoms, one of the two being the Patent Office Library, from which a large quantity of most valuable serials have just been turned out, to the great regret of many. I may add that on the retirement of Mr. Bucknall, Librarian of the Board of Trade, who had succeeded in obtaining for that office a very valuable library, a large number of the books were turned out. I am told that on one occasion when Mr. Bright was President he specially wanted a book which was found to be one of those which had gone.

Mr. Thoms does not limit his proposal, but I venture to think it should be limited to dead magazines. Living ones (1) are taken in by existing libraries; (2) occupy much room by reason of the constant accretion of volumes; and, most potent reason of all, (3) cost a great deal of money. When a magazine dies let it be raised to the honour of recognition by the new library.

I would further ask the question whether it would be advisable to start an entirely new library. I do not say it would be unadvisable to do so, but I doubt whether sufficient money could be obtained to support it. There would be no difficulty in collecting the library largely by presents of books, and I cannot help thinking that it would be wise to deposit the collection in some existing library, on the express condition that it should be kept permanently distinct and be added to as opportunity occurred. By this means the heavy cost of keeping up a special subscription library would be avoided.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

*Mr. Wheatley forgets that the prohibition of living magazines would lead to the exclusion of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the most valuable, perhaps, of any to the antiquary.

THE "CAMONIANA" OF LISBON.

English Club, Funchal, Madeira.

I NOW send you a few lines concerning the Camoens collection, and notes on matters of public interest at "Olisipo." The building is the old Academia Real das Bellas Artes, well known to the guide-books. The dwarf, irregular fronting square has been named Largo da Bibliotheca Nacional, the fickleness of street terminology in Portugal rivalling that of Paris. Why, for instance, should the venerable Chiado become Rua Garrett? The broken line of ragged trees, uglier than the lindens of Berlin, have not been improved off; your true Portuguese hates such growth like a backwoodsmen. As the outside of the edifice is a manifest convent (Franciscan) reformed and utilized, so the interior

consists of cold galleries and colder cells. The fine arts, confined to the ground floor, fare, perhaps, a little better; but the national library is on the first story, and the *employés* complain of bad lodging for themselves and their volumes. It costs, however, enormous sums to house the libraries of these days.

Entering the folding doors, we pass from the common hall into a marble-paved passage running north and south. Upon it opens the Sala de Leitura, or public reading (and writing) room, composed of three cells thrown into one; being tolerably large and comfortable, it is well attended. We then turn into an east and west gallery, and, counting eight doors on the right side, come upon the collection. The bookcase labelled "Camoniana" contains five shelves with the editions ranged in order of date. The volumes number a total of 296 (57+54+59+66+60), but not a few are duplicates and some are imperfect. Facing the first is a second bookcase awaiting to be filled; and sundry books not yet classified, including Mr. Aubertin's sonnets, lie upon the table.

The collection is a boon to the Camonian scholar, and everything is done for him by the acting Chief Librarian, Senhor A. de Silva Tullio, a model of the obliging official. He is justly proud of the two rare octavos—the *editio princeps* of 1572, and the second of the same date, concerning which so much has been written and will be written. It is as well to remember that in No. 1 the "pelican in her piety" faces to the right, and the pillar-whorls of the mean temple containing the title bend *sinistrorsum* to the spectator. In No. 2 the direction is inverted. There are two copies of the 1584 edition, the first published after the poet's death; this expurgated affair, attributed to the Jesuits, is called *Dos Piscos* (compare our "Breeches Bible"), from a note on stanza 65, canto iii. The learned commentator converted "piscous (fishy) Azinbra" into a meeting-place of migrating *piscos* or bullfinches. The edition of 1609 shows curious insertions of an older and an unknown reprint, e.g. the vignette on p. 18, verso. The volume is an ugly quarto of italics and roman mixed. There are good copies of the commentated issue by M. Correa (1613), with a sketchy "Life" by P. Mariz; and of the 'Obras' (whole works) by M. de Faria Severim(?), who first printed the "Arguments." The collection rejoices in duplicates of the arch-commentator Faria y Souza (4 vols. folio, the 'Lusiads' in 1639, and the 'Rimas,' or lyrics, in 1685-89); this edition was attacked by the *parti prêtre*, and is rarely in the market. We find also two copies, one uncut, of the noble folio of "Dom Iozé Maria de Souza-Botelho," generally known as the Morgado de Matteus (Paris, Didot, 1817). Its illustrations are admirable when treating purely imaginative subjects; in actualities we find the normal flaws; for instance, an utter confusion between the costume of the Hindú (pagan) and the Hindí (Moslem). The Lusiads edition, prepared in the Brazil for the tercentenary and admirably printed on parchment (Lisbon, 1880), has distinguished itself by its frontispiece: here Camoens becomes for the first time highly picturesque, suggesting a robber in 'Gil Blas' or a beggar in Quevedo. Finally, Senhor A. de S. Tullio is printing a most useful catalogue of the Camoniana da Bibliotheca Nacional. A few more notes would make it exceedingly valuable.

At the library I met the distinguished *littérateurs* Visconde de Castilhos and Councillor A. J. Viale. The latter has lately published 'Some [five] Excerpts' of the 'Lusiads' in Latin. The first line—

Arma virosque cano, virtute et nomine claros—

shows how happily the Portuguese can be expressed in the old mother tongue. These gentlemen kindly showed me the medallary struck for the tercentenary festival. The collection is remarkable only for portraying as many men as there are medals. The sixteen full-faces, half-faces, and side-faces are evidently the chil-

dren of the artist's brain. I compared it with another series collected by Senhor P. W. de Brito Aranha, who, with exemplary industry, has pasted into a score of volumes, many of them folios, the newspaper and the fugitive literature sent forth by the press of the world. Here, again, the poet's identity is not preserved. Senhor E. C. Vanzeller, amongst other favours, promised me a photograph of his terracotta bust, dug up when renewing the foundations of a building, and evidently old. It admirably suggests the fancy idea of the poet, but the mustachio is not up-curved as in all the oldest likenesses. Yet, after ransacking the Camoniana, we ask ourselves what we know about the Portuguese Maro except what he says about himself and the red beard (*barbaruivo*) attributed to him by an official and contemporary document.

The subject of Camoens at Lisbon requires a notice of Visconde de Juromenha, whose noble edition of the 'Obras,' in six volumes, has been so valuable to students. I inquired anxiously when we might expect number seven, which is to crown the *magnum opus*. The venerable scholar, who has passed the age assigned to man by the Psalmist, and who bears his years right well, proposes to print it before the end of 1882. It will contain, he informs me, notes (historical and biographical), a supplement to the bibliography, and various corrections. Amongst the additions, if space allow, there will be a monograph of Ignez de Castro and of the "Twelve of England." Concerning the latter *geste* information about Magriço and A. V. d'Almada is still much wanted.

Not would an English writer be justified in leaving Lisbon without noticing the lamented decease of Mr. Matthew Lewtas, a name so well known to readers of your columns. He died (11 P.M., Thursday, Dec. 8th) almost suddenly of *angina pectoris*, after expecting for three years death by heart disease. The *litterati* of Lisbon have lost a point of reunion, where they met almost daily to discuss matters of interest, and the world of letters a learned and estimable man. Let me hope that his son, Mr. E. W. Lewtas, will follow in his father's footsteps.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

"COMPLETE."

MESSRS. MAXWELL'S statement, I submit, hardly meets the case. When I read the cover of the booklets in question (the cover forming the title-page), which runs thus in 'Quentin Durward,' for example, "British Standard Library of Fiction, One Penny, 'Quentin Durward,' Complete, by Sir Walter Scott," the inference surely is that the novel is given in its entirety. Messrs. Maxwell say "Miss Braddon is not editor." On opening the cover of 'Quentin Durward' I read, "Miss Braddon's Penny Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Novels," which are said to be edited by Miss Braddon "with reverential regard to their peculiar merits and characteristics." Z.

CHATTERTON.

Bristol, Jan. 21, 1882.

I AM sorry that Mr. John H. Ingram appears to be unacquainted with the difference between the old and the new styles of the calendar. Had he been aware of this distinction, he would have seen that the nominal discrepancy of an exact year in the record of the baptism of Mary Chatterton is owing to the use of the one style in the Bible history and of the other style in the parish register. I despair, however, of convincing Mr. Ingram of the genuineness of any of the inscriptions except by his inspection of the documents in which they are presented. Had he consulted these documents before he wrote his first letter to the *Athenæum*, he would not have adopted the false information of the published biographies, and the whole controversy which he has opened would have been spared. As to his odd remark