

last picture of all, "The Welcome to the Celestial City," shows legions of angels, rank upon rank, poised amid the rays streaming from the throne. A series of five of these wood-cuts, representing Christian's conflict with Apollyon, is perhaps the most realistic of the lot; the agonised expression on the fiend's lion-like face, and the droop in his left wing, as Christian gives him "the deadly thrust," being particularly striking.

Oxford, studded with colleges and universities, is also studded with museums and libraries. The town, prettily situated in a lovely country, between the Isis (as the Thames is here called) and the Cherwell, is seen to advantage as the train from London approaches it sweeping round a curve in the railway, the cupolas and towers and spires rearing themselves upwards from a sea of ordinary roofs. Chief among the Oxford libraries is the Bodleian; than which, declares Augustine Birrell, "no nobler exists in the world unless it be the Vatican library at Rome." Although founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, it ought not to be forgotten that, as he married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Ball, the daughter of a Bristol man named Carew, surviving his wife and having no children, a goodly portion of her money went into the establishing of the library. The library was formally opened in November, 1602, containing two thousand volumes. Three years later, King James visited the Bodleian, and so enamoured became he of the library that he said if it were at any time his fate to be a captive he would wish to be shut up in the Bodleian and bound with its chains, spending his days among its books as his fellows in captivity. The Bodleian is another

first book printed in English, Caxton's collection of "The Histories of Troye," of 1474; while English literature is represented, amongst others, by Shakespeare's copy of Ovid containing his signature, and Milton's donation of a copy of his poems published in 1645, with a long autograph Latin ode.

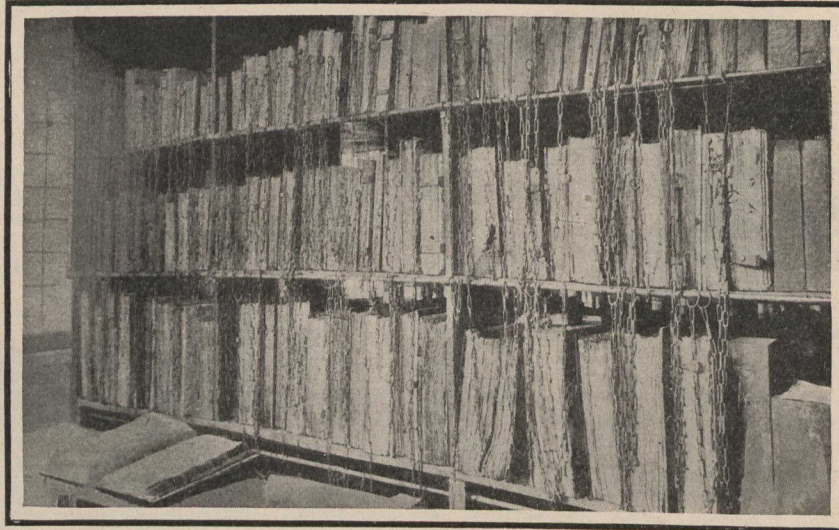
While throughout the British Isles there are numerous small collections of books in chains, one has to go to Hereford cathedral, and All Saints parish church in the same town, or Wimborne minster to see such libraries of any dimensions. In the cathedral of Hereford there are fifteen hundred of such books in chains, and All Saints' church has a collection of two hundred and eighty-five; while Wimborne minster possesses about two hundred and fifty. The collection in All Saints' church was on the point of being sold to an American dealer by a London bookseller who had purchased the lot from the Vestry; but the Dean of Windsor, whose consent ought first to have been obtained, positively refused to sanction the sale, and the Londoner had to be reimbursed all his expenses, but the valuable books were saved for the town of Hereford. In this collection I saw a Welsh Bible of 1654; a French Bible printed in Lyons in 1562, with grotesque wood-cuts; and Peter Haylin's "Cosmographie" dated 1652, with maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Western hemisphere. Europe is pretty correct; Asia, with pictures of Noah's Ark, Babylon, and other Old Testament cities, is recognisable; Africa in the interior is sheer guess-work, with mountain ranges surrounding a circumscribed Sahara, and pictures of elephants to fill up the blanks; while in the map of North America, Lower California is an island, Hudson Bay comes down to

verse of the third chapter of Ruth, and saying of Ruth that "he went into the city"; while the third is termed by the cathedral folks "the cider Bible." The country round Hereford grows a great many hops; so, to localise and bring home more forcibly to the good people of Hereford the lesson in Luke 1: 15, where Zacharias is told that John the Baptist is to be innocent of wine and strong drink is changed into "wine and sidir" (cider). Hereford also possesses a pretty town library and museum. On the wall of the stairway leading to the museum is a huge oil painting, "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Sir Benjamin West, painted to the order of George the Third; but it is not stated, so far as I could see, how the picture comes to be in Hereford.

I was greatly interested in the curious Mappa Mundi, a quaint old map, or rather picture, of the world, perhaps the most interesting as well as the most curious of all the old maps, preserved in the choir of Hereford Cathedral. It was compiled sometime between 1275 and 1300 by a monk of Lincoln, and how it ever came to Hereford appears to be an enigma, although the most likely solution is that the monk may have been transferred from Lincoln to Hereford. The map is on a single sheet of vellum fifty-four inches in breadth by sixty-three inches in extreme height, and is beautifully executed; but there is one unexplainable error—the monkish cartographer or artist has placed the word "Africa" across the countries of Europe, and "Europa" appears across the countries of Africa. The map is protected by a thick plate of glass, over which is a heavy screen of plush capable of being pulled aside for examination, and enclosed with oak doors that are kept shut as much as possible. I bought a large photographic copy of this extraordinary map, which I consider the most useful memento I brought



Merton Library, Oxford.



Chained Library, Hereford Cathedral.

"HAUNTS OF ANCIENT PEACE"

of those libraries entitled by law to a presentation copy of every book printed in the United Kingdom; and, like the other libraries similarly doubtfully privileged, is bound to preserve all it receives; a duty, by the way, which might eventually burst the walls of any building were it not that the paper of many books of the present day is, happily, perishable! In your ears let me whisper, oh librarians of Oxford and Cambridge, the British Museum, Dublin Trinity College and Edinburgh Advocates'—build ye a room where moth and mildew doth corrupt, and there deposit the books undeserving of immortality (and their name is legion!).

Besides the library and reading room, the Bodleian contains a picture gallery and a gallery of portraits; in the latter can be seen Sir Thomas Bodley's strong box, Shelley's guitar, and a chair made from wood of Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*. The library itself, having enjoyed exceptional privileges, contains many treasures which are carefully preserved. Here can be seen a copy of Pliny's epistles with the autograph of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the real founder of Oxford's library, having between 1439 and 1446 presented the university with six hundred manuscripts. Also one of Sir Thomas Bodley's gifts, a beautiful French manuscript of the "Romance of Alexander," with quaint pictures at the foot of its pages; the great Register, another of Bodley's donations, in which the names of benefactors were to be recorded; an exercise book of Queen Elizabeth, and her copy of a translation of Ochino's "De Christo"; the "Gospel Book" which belonged to good Queen Margaret of Scotland, which, according to the verses inscribed in it, was the subject of a miracle, for it fell into water and was recovered unhurt; and a copy of the

latitude of Chicago, and our Great Lakes are omitted altogether. In this church there is also preserved a preacher's hour-glass, said to be an article of 1621.

In Hereford cathedral I saw row after row of books in old, splendid bindings, chained to rods in front of the shelves; books on the higher shelves having longer chains than the volumes on the lower shelves, so as to permit them being brought down to the desk running the entire length of the racks. The books are secured to the chains by a strong brass clasp riveted through the front cover; the chain has a swivel to prevent it getting tangled and twisted; while a ring connects the chain to the rod in front of the shelf. To remove a book, an iron facing on the end of the shelf has to be unlocked; this releases the rod and permits its being pulled out. The verger took a great delight in showing me some of his treasures. I saw the *Officio Ecclesie* dated 1410; a Breviary of 1265 (which contained a certain cure for toothache!); a copy of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels done in the eighth or ninth century; a fragment of a commentary on Matthew from the seventh century; and a beautifully illuminated book of the fourteenth century, the colours apparently as fresh as when put on by the patient monk. I was also shown a copy of Caxton's *Golden Legend* dated 1483; an almanac of the time of Henry the Eighth; and a collection of seals, one being that of William the Conqueror. The verger also showed me three of their old Bibles. One was a copy of the Breeches Bible; another is known to the cathedral people as the "He" Bible, because in copying, the monk made an error in the fifteenth

home; indeed, altogether I think my day in Hereford was the pleasantest and most profitable I spent in England. Crowning the map, is a representation of the Day of Judgment; on one side the good are being brought by angels into everlasting bliss, on the other side the wicked are being dragged in chains by devils to everlasting punishment, the arch-fiend grinning a welcome at the door of his quarters. The garden of Eden is at the top, which is the east, of the map, with Adam and Eve being expelled therefrom; Jerusalem is shown in the exact centre of the map; much space is given to Canaan; Joseph's barns are shown in Egypt, also the towers built by the Israelitish slaves; the ark is resting on Ararat, Noah peering out of one of the windows; Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah, and other ancient cities are given places; the Golden Fleece is hanging awaiting the coming of Jason; and a great many more objects of ancient history and legend. The seas contain pictures of mermaids and mythical fishes; while some parts of the land portion of the map have representations of centaurs, unicorns, dragons, griffins, salamanders, etc., also the fabulous men-monsters supposed to exist in the outlying parts of the earth—men with one foot only but of huge size, under which they could take shelter from the sun by lying on their backs and elevating this foot; men with one leg; men without heads, their faces in some instances being placed between the shoulders and in others on the breast; men with great, hideous, thick lips; men with dog faces; men with but one eye, set in the forehead; men with four eyes. The map is therefore to be classed more as a grotesque work of art than a valuable aid to geography, but it is interesting as showing the beliefs entertained in those days.