

taining the purely fabulous character of Troy and its siege. My copy of Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" was once owned by Jacob Bryant. It was presented by him at Eton, in 1802, to G. H. Noehden, who has recorded the fact on a fly-leaf. Mr. Noehden was the author of a German Grammar, which was keeping its ground in a ninth edition in 1843, seventeen years after the death of its author; also of an English and German Dictionary, papers in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, and other works. Mr. Noehden was chief superintendent of the department of Numismatics in the British Museum; as also, after him, was Edward Hawkins, who likewise once possessed Bryant's volume, and made a note of the circumstance in 1827.—Verstegan's book would be one quite after the heart of Jacob Bryant, especially as seen in the type and small quarto form of 1628. The title-page reads thus: "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation. By the studie and travell of R. V. Dedicated unto the King's Most Excellent Majestic, 1628." (This would be James I., a kindred spirit.) Inserted in the title-page is a curious copperplate engraving of the Tower of Babel, with numerous groups of people starting off from it in divers directions. Below this is printed *Nationum Origo*. Another temporary possessor, bearing the name of "Francis Drake," has inscribed his name in black-letter, half on one side of these words and half on the other. The date, 1628, forbids the notion that this is an autograph of the famous Sir Francis Drake. Sir Francis died in 1596.—Let the brief records of successive owners to be seen often on the fly-leaves and title-pages of old volumes be regarded with tenderness. Let them not be indiscriminately erased. We may occasionally here meet angels unawares. We may stumble unexpectedly on memorials of great and good men. The moral effect, too, of these casual records is to be considered. They produce in us something of the feeling expressed by the poor monk in presence of Leonardi da Vinci's fresco. We are the shadows; we are the fleeting entities; not the perishable leaflets before us.

I now come to a volume which recalls the memory of Horace Walpole, the dilettanté lord of Strawberry Hill, and youngest son of the Sir Robert Walpole, the statesman who held that every man had his price. The copy of the *Hesperides* of Ferrarius which I possess is from the library of Strawberry Hill. This is a folio work, printed at Rome, in 1646, by Hermann Scheus. The following is its title: