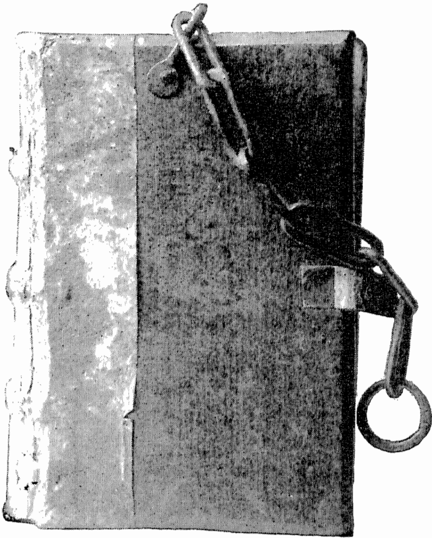
The Treasure Room

By H. Addington Bruce



A VOLUME OF OLD MONASTIC MANUSCRIPTS WITH THE ORIGINAL IRON CHAIN STILL ATTACHED

"YOUR intention toward the University which embodies our best spirit of New England touches me very deeply, and hereafter will move many others as it now moves me," wrote Charles Eliot Norton to Thomas Carlyle, in a letter warmly approving Carlyle's announced purpose of making a bequest of books to Harvard University. "You could not, I am sure, place these books anywhere where such intrinsic merit and literary interest as they have would be more highly appreciated, or where they would be regarded from their association with your life with more grateful and reverent honor than among the students and scholars of Cambridge."

These lines admirably sum up not merely Professor Norton's opinion but a widespread sentiment, and a sentiment which has brought to Harvard, during the two hundred and seventy-one years of its existence, an immense store of literary treasures. From the day when John Harvard bequeathed his curious but inestimably precious collection of books to the University that bears his name book-lovers have lavished upon it their choicest possessions, confident that their gifts would be held in due and perpetual esteem. Few people realize the extent to which the Harvard library—boasting to-day more than a million books and pamphlets and twenty thousand maps—is indebted to individual donations, not alone from sons of Harvard and other patriotic Americans, but from admirers and well-wishers of the University in many foreign lands. Only last year a single gift increased its resources by eight thousand volumes, including four hundred and thirty-three volumes of "incunabula," or books printed in the fifteenth century, and more than two thousand sixteenth-century books.

Yet, to tell the truth, it is but recently that Harvard has been able to meet the desires of its benefactors in the way of providing adequate and appropriate accommodation for their gifts. The "students and scholars" of Cambridge have unquestionably appreciated at their full value the treasures intrusted to their keeping. But they have not always known what to do with them. The library building—Gore Hall—was long ago filled to overflowing, and the needs of the faculty and students for "working material" being of paramount importance, the more accessible portions of the building were quite properly given over to books most likely to be in demand, all others being relegated to storage, or, if they were regarded as especially valuable, being locked up in closets for safe-keeping. One would come across these closets in all parts of the "stacks"—narrow, upright affairs, their oaken doors preventing even a glimpse of the rare tomes and manuscripts that they contained.

Two years ago, however, when funds were secured to build an addition to Gore Hall, the librarian, Mr. William C. Lane, determined to set apart in the addition a room—to be known as the "Treasure Room"—in which might be brought together from their scattered hiding-places all books exceptionally prized because of their age,

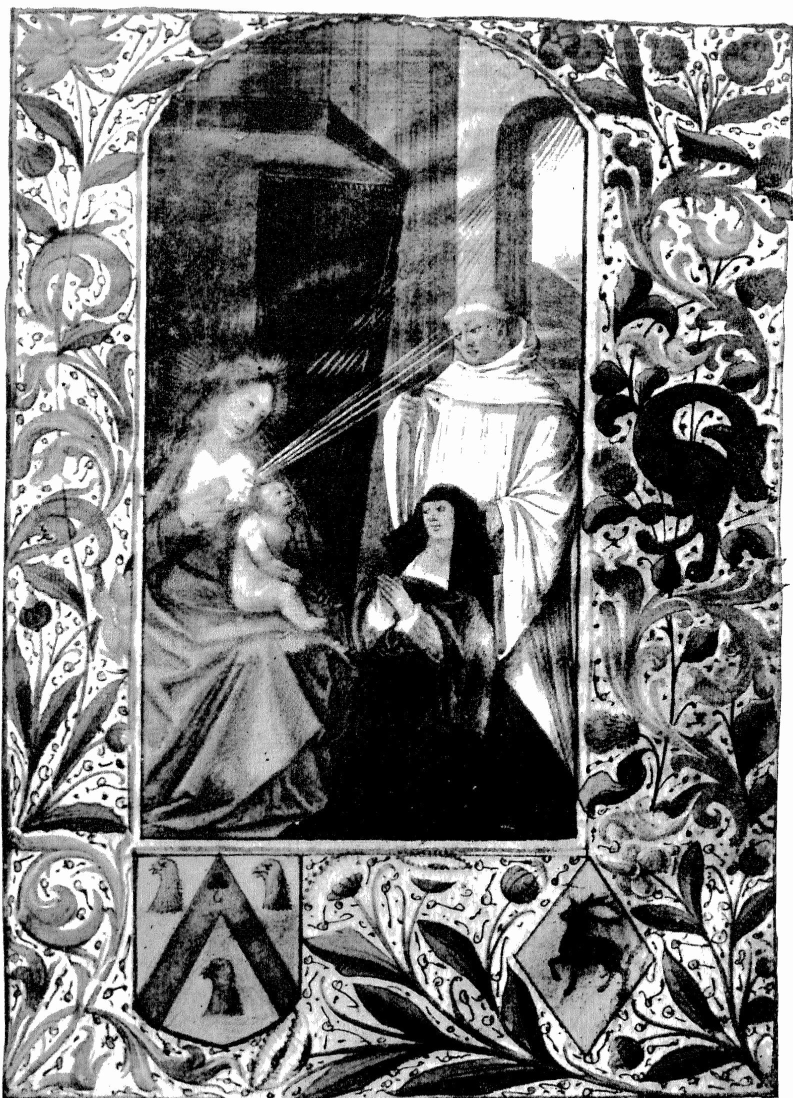
rarity, or personal associations. The result has been to invest Harvard with a new charm for the stranger, who, if he happen to be in Cambridge on one of the days when the Treasure Room is open to the public, should on no account fail to visit it.

If it were only for the manuscripts it holds it would be well named "treasure room." In a little, thin, parchment-covered volume, bound up with other writings in the poet's own hand, the visitor will find the manuscript of Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—that "wild and matchless lyric," as it has been called. Almost direct to Harvard it came from Shelley himself, having had but two other owners, unhappy Clair Clairmont, whose life was so pathetically linked with Shelley's and Byron's, and Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, of Salem, who obtained it from Miss Clairmont in Florence, and in after years gave it to his Alma Mater. Standing by the window, the better to scan its fading pages, one seems for the moment to be no longer gazing into the college yard, with its background of Appleton Chapel and Memorial Hall, but to be looking out instead upon the garden of the Casa Ricci, and listening with Shelley and his girl wife to the spontaneous notes of the bird that inspired his own outburst of song. Nor is it hard to appreciate what Colonel Higginson felt and meant when he declared, years ago, that "this little parchment-covered book seems to throb with the poet's own heart."

In another moment, though, the mind is back in Cambridge, as the eye rests on the manuscript of Longfellow's "Excelsior"—a poem that has been so often parodied yet remains among the most popular of its author's world-loved works. Surely no more fitting repository for the original of this representative poem by Cambridge's venerated poet could be found than the Harvard Treasure Room. And just across the aisle from the case in which it rests is another famous manuscript—that of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," given to Harvard by Sir Leslie Stephen, whose wife was a daughter of Thackeray. Critics have united in pronouncing the "Roundabout Papers" a storehouse of Thackeray's best qualities as an essayist. But the visitor, turning the pages of the bulky volume in which the manuscript has been bound, will be not so much interested in its literary merits as in the fact that he is holding in his hand the final, corrected draft of every essay as it went from Thackeray to the printer, scrawled over with emendations, erasions, and interlineations, and written with a minuteness that must have sorely taxed the compositor's eyes. It was in the Cornhill Magazine that the "Roundabout Papers" first appeared, and much of the manuscript is written on the paper of that periodical, with its distinctive imprint, or on paper of the Garrick Club, or even on torn scraps of paper, suggesting unmistakably that the great novelist was always in writing trim, no matter where he might happen to be, and was perfectly willing to make use of whatever writing material came first to hand.

A BOOK IN THE QUINN COLLECTION FORMERLY USED BY LOUIS XIV

More interesting than the Thackeray manuscript, however, more interesting than the Longfellow or the Shelley—more interesting, to my mind, than any other of the numerous manuscripts of personal and historical value possessed by Harvard—is a single folded sheet of paper covered with writing in the hand and bearing the signature of Robert Burns.

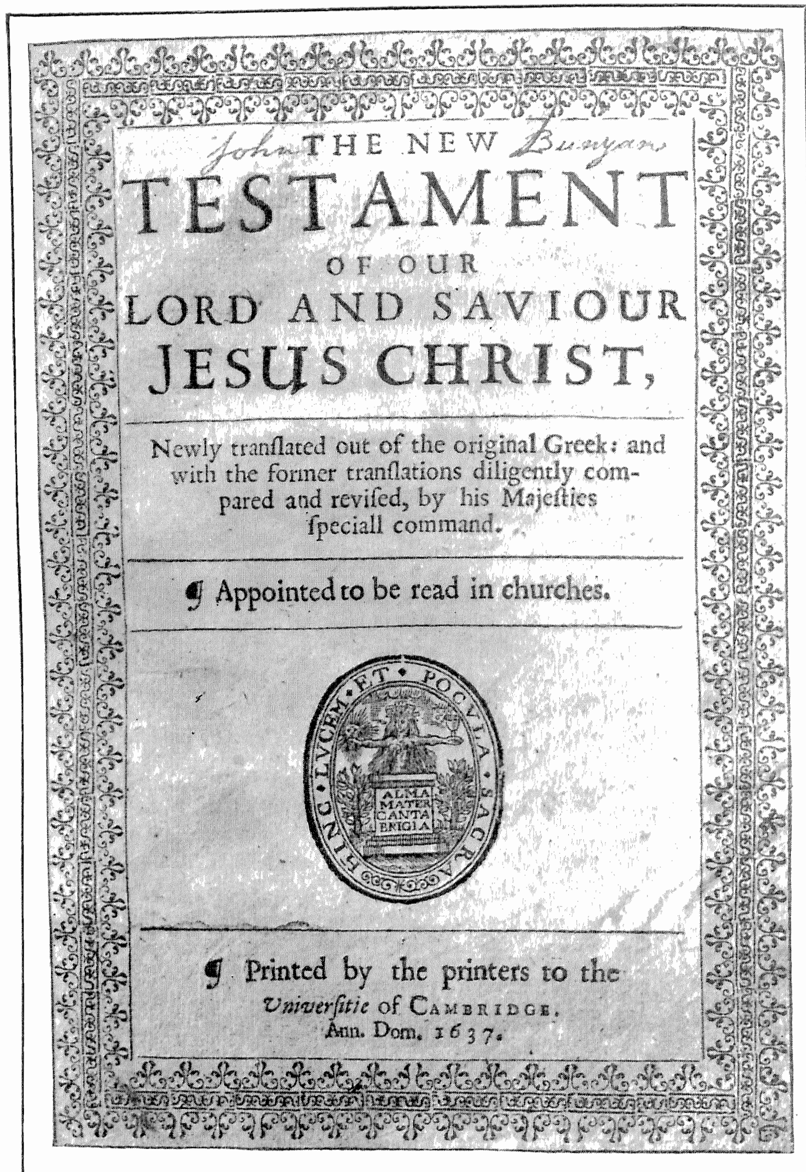


AN ILLUMINATED OFFICE BOOK IN THE SUMNER COLLECTION

It is a letter from Burns to the Earl of Buchan, begging the noble lord to do him the honor of accepting a copy of a poem he has recently written, and on the last two pages of the letter is the copy of which Burns speaks—nothing less than his soul-stirring song " Scots Wha Hae." A fine bold hand is the poet's, and a fine bold sentiment he voices, not only in the song, but in the letter.

" Independant of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman," he assures Buchan, " I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a Man equally with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured People ; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant Nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her.

" Liberty ! Thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable ! for never canst thou be too dearly bought !"



John THE NEW Bunyan

TESTAMENT

OF OUR

LORD AND SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST,

Newly tranſlated out of the original Greek: and with the former tranſlations diligently compared and reviſed, by his Majeſties ſpeciall command.

¶ Appointed to be read in churches.

HINC LVCEM ET POCVLA SACRA

ALMA MATER CANTA BRIGIA

¶ Printed by the printers to the Univerſitie of Cambridge. Ann. Dom. 1637.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF JOHN BUNYAN'S TESTAMENT, SHOWING HIS AUTOGRAPH

For this treasure Harvard is indebted to Charles Sumner, himself, as everybody knows, a fervent, unflinchingly courageous lover of liberty. Moreover, it is only one item in a collection of some thirty-five hundred volumes of books and manuscripts that Sumner bequeathed to Harvard. Besides being a great statesman, he was a great book-lover and book-collector, or, as he preferred to put it, "a great lover of books." Personally and through agents he ransacked America and Europe for the rare, the curious, the beautiful, and the old in books, gradually amassing one of the richest individual collections in the United States. Not all of it is in the Treasure Room, but of the five hundred volumes selected by the library authorities as especially deserving of a place there, scarcely one is

devoid of interest even to the casual visitor unversed in book-lore.

Undoubtedly the most attractive volume to all who are lovers of art as well as of literature is a mediæval office-book of the Catholic Church. Sumner owned a number of other office-books and missals, but none quite the equal of this. The text, done upon vellum and executed entirely by hand, is marvelously clear and legible; every page has an elaborately illuminated border, and it is further ornamented with ten full-page illuminations and twelve miniatures. As was the custom in those days, a portrait of the original owner is worked into the frontispiece illumination, which shows the Madonna and Child, St. Bernard, and, kneeling, the lady who commissioned the monks to make the office-book for her, and whose coat of arms also appears in the frontispiece. The whole book is a veritable blaze of color.

Less ornate, but still most impressive, is a manuscript Bible of the fifteenth century, likewise written upon vellum and in a perfect state of preservation. Every page is written in double columns, each column containing in a space of only four and a half inches no fewer than forty-five lines of beautifully regular handwriting. In grim contrast with this, yet at once catching and holding the eye, is a thick, rugged volume of monastic manuscripts on various religious subjects, severely bound in covers of ancient oak, with uncouth pigskin back, and attached to it a clanking iron chain. It still seems to carry with it something of the chill of the dark, dismal monastery from which, many, many years ago, it first emerged into the free air and light of the open world.

WILLIAM C. LANE, LIBRARIAN

Among early printed books in the Sumner collection the oldest—and, for the matter of that, the oldest in the Harvard Library—is a copy of St. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa de Articulis Fidei," printed at Mainz about 1460 and attributed to Gutenberg. This, though, is a pamphlet rather than a book—a thin, puny fledgling compared with the portly and dignified Paulus Bergenses of 1462, which is usually exhibited to visitors as the oldest "real" book possessed by Harvard. There is also in the Sumner collection a fragment of the Fust and Schoiffher Bible of the same date, the first Bible to bear the name of a printer and the time and place of printing. But none of these is half so interesting as a 1533 copy of Erasmus's "Paraphrase on Luke," with twenty-seven original drawings in pen and ink by the illustrious artist Holbein. Tiny drawings they are on the margins of the pages, but wonderfully distinct and perfect.

ONE VIEW OF THE TREASURE ROOM AT HARVARD SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER, WILLIAM II

And even more precious than this Holbein-adorned Erasmus is an English Bible of 1637, Bunyan's own Bible, with his autograph on the title-page of the New Testament, and every page frayed and thumbed as though by constant reading.

Think of it! In Harvard University, almost next door to you, so to speak, a Bible bearing John Bunyan's autograph, and perhaps the very Bible that solaced his long imprisonment and was used by him in writing his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress"—at all events, a Bible that helped make him, in the language of one of his biographers, a living concordance on the Holy Scriptures. Truly Harvard has cause to be grateful to Charles Sumner.

Scarcely less valuable than the Bunyan Bible is a copy of Pindar that was once owned by Milton, is liberally besprinkled with notes in Milton's hand, and is also equipped with a manuscript index compiled by Milton. With the Pindar might be named a Plautus, on its title-page the autograph of the mighty Dr. Johnson, and before his time owned by those famous classical scholars Isaac and Meric Casaubon, whose manuscript annotations add vastly to its value. A Greek exercise book owned by John Dryden when a pupil at Westminster School, and with his name scribbled in it, is another gem of the Sumner collection. So is Pope's own copy of the first edition of his "Essay on Man," a handsome folio, nearly every page showing autograph alterations, many of which were embodied in subsequent editions. A later poet whose handwriting may be seen in a Sumner book is Lord Byron, the book being MacPherson's translation of the "Poems" of Ossian, in whose excellencies, as the annotations make very evident, Byron was an extreme believer. "I am of opinion," he boldly asserts, "that in sublimity of sentiment, in sincerity and strength of description—Ossian may claim a full equality of merit with Homer himself."

In addition to all these, there are among the Sumner collection a number of handsomely bound volumes from the libraries of royal personages, or personages closely connected with royalty, notably Louis XIV, Louis XVI, and Madame de Pompadour. By far the oldest and most interesting specimen in this class is a unique copy of the first edition of Petrarch's "Lives of the Popes and Emperors" from the library of Lorenzo de Medici, with manuscript notes by that noble Florentine and his autograph at the bottom of the last page. The collecting of autographs of famous people seems, in fact, to have been one of Sumner's pet hobbies. In the Treasure Room are half a dozen autograph scrap-books of his, the possession of any one of which would raise a brother autograph-hunter to the seventh heaven of delight. Here are a few signatures—sometimes with letters or documents entirely in the hand of the signer—that will indicate sufficiently the variety and richness of this portion of his gift to Harvard:

Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Oliver Cromwell, Francis Bacon, the Duke of Alva, Emperor Maximilian I, Emperor Charles V; Ferdinand V, Isabella, and Philip II of Spain; Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Charles II of England; Louis XI, Francis I, Charles IX, Henry III, Henry IV, Louis XIII of France; Anne of Austria, Catherine de Medici, Marie de Medici, Madame de Maintenon, Richelieu, Mazarin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Lafayette, Lamartine, Leibnitz, Mirabeau, Daniel O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Southey, Coleridge, Browning, Emerson, Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Toussaint l'Ouverture.

But of all his volumes of autographs there was none (according to one who knew him well) in which Sumner took such pride as a curious little album kept by a Neapolitan nobleman named Camillus Cordoyn, who lived at Geneva from 1608 to 1640. At that time there was a constant stream of travel passing through Geneva to and from Italy, and Cordoyn conceived the pleasant idea of asking all wayfarers of any importance to inscribe their names in his album. In this way he secured several hundred signatures, mostly of German princes, French noblemen, and English Cavaliers and Round heads. The majority of the signers are, it must be said, utterly unknown to fame to-day; but there is one signature quite sufficient to make the book of inestimable value. This is the signature of Milton,

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S "TO A SKYLARK"

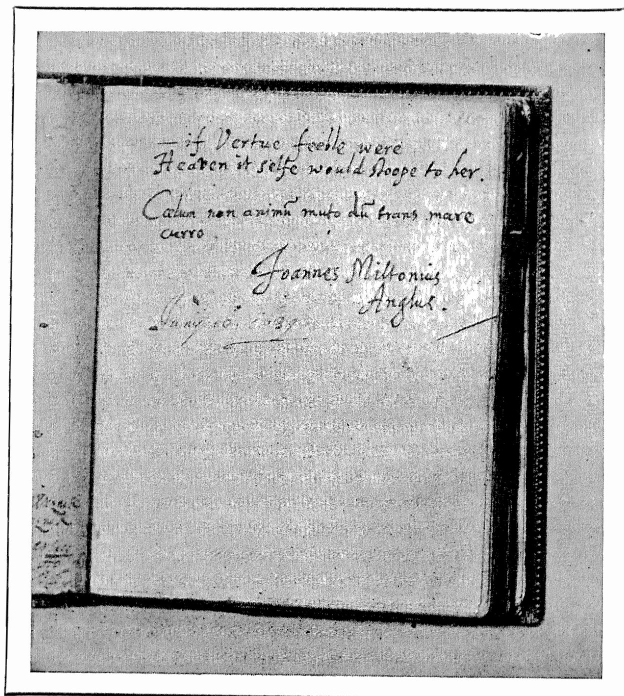
written in 1639, when the poet was homeward bound from an Italian tour. With Milton's name, and in his hand, are the last two lines of his "Comus"—". . . if Vertue feeble were, Heaven it selfe would stoop to her"—and a most suggestive adaptation from Horace: "The sky, not the mind, I change when I cross the sea."

It was with reference to this passage, which he had seen before the album came to Harvard, that William Ellery Channing declared that "it shows that to Milton the words from 'Comus' were something more than poetry—they were a principle of life." No great stretch of the imagination is required to picture the poet, accompanied perhaps by his Genevese friend,

the learned theologian, Jean Diodati, gravely seating himself, pen in hand, while the amiable Cordoyn eagerly waited to see what he would write. Not for a moment could either suspect that these few strokes of the pen would be the means of saving one of them from being completely obscured by the veil of forgetfulness, or that, two hundred years afterwards, the book containing these lines would find an honored resting-place " far across the sea " in the greatest University of the New World—world so strange, so mysterious, so little known to the people of Milton's day, and university only one year old at the time Milton wrote in Cordoyn's album.

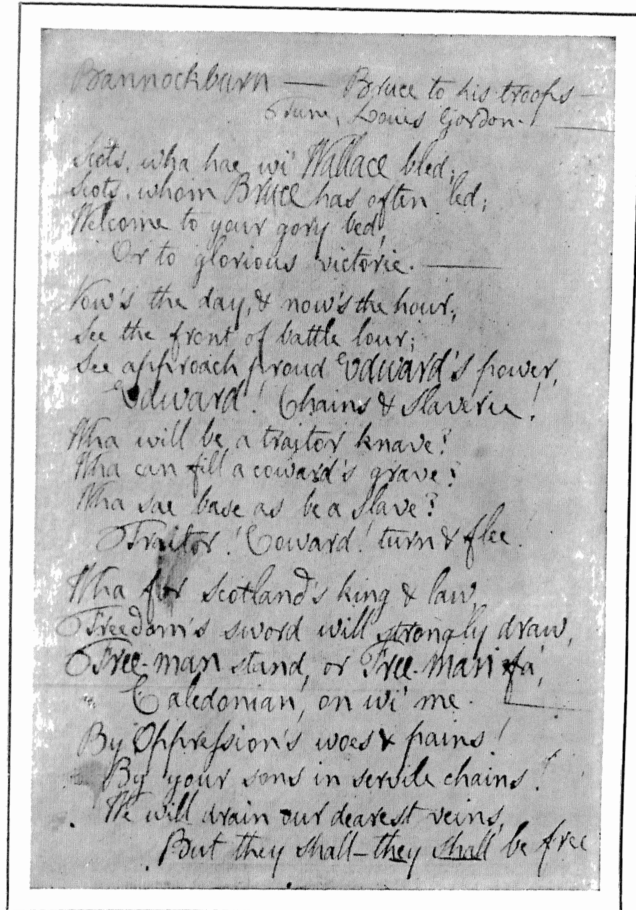
Curiously enough, in a case immediately back of the shelves holding the Sumner collection is a collection given to Harvard by a man who, like Sumner, was an ardent admirer of Milton. This was Thomas Hollis, better known around Harvard as Thomas Hollis of Lincoln's Inn, to distinguish him from sundry other Thomas Hollises who have been more or less closely identified with the University. The Hollis books, as far as their interest to bibilophiles is concerned, are not for an instant comparable with Sumner's gifts; but they are held in scarcely less esteem, and with right good reason. At a time—the period just before the outbreak of the American Revolution—when Harvard had comparatively few friends in the mother country, Thomas Hollis remained intensely loyal to it, showering it with gifts, as some of his ancestors had done before him, and displaying the liveliest interest in its progress up to the day of his death in 1774. And this without ever laying eyes on Harvard, or even setting foot on the soil of England's American colonies.

An odd, whimsical man he must have been. He had a habit, when binding his books, of decorating their covers with designs symbolical of the character of the contents, and whenever the book chanced to be one which he deemed " unsound " he gave the binder strict orders to imprint the decorative designs upside down. A few books thus bound are to be seen in the Treasure Room, but very few, for Thomas Hollis was extremely careful in his selection of books for Harvard, and as a rule sent only works of which he thoroughly approved. Milton, Locke, and Algernon Sidney were his favorite authors. His first gift to Harvard included a copy of Milton's prose works, concerning the merits of which President Holyoke, in acknowledging the gift, unfortunately chanced to comment in a vein that angered the donor. But the situation was saved for Holyoke and Harvard through the intervention of a mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Mayhew, of Boston, who wrote assuring the indignant Mr. Hollis that President Holyoke was "a well-disposed worthy gentleman," whose "political notions and sentiments concerning Milton, I am confident, are not materially different from your own."



AN AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN MILTON

Hollis's "political notions" assuredly were clearly defined and of the most positive character. He was so fervent an advocate of political liberty that his enemies, and he had many, accused him of being "a rabid Republican." He preferred to call himself "a true Whig." In the dissensions between England and the colonies he was steadfastly on the side of the colonies, and it was precisely because he regarded Harvard as a nursery of true political principles that he sent it so many books—most of them concerned with political or theological subjects, and all of them intended to be read and pondered by successive generations of students. For their guidance, too, it was his custom to inscribe on the fly-leaf of many volumes his personal estimate of their value; sometimes, however, contenting himself with registering the fact that the book is a gift from him, as when he writes in the fly-leaf of Locke's "Treatises of Government:"


Bannockburn — Bruce to his troops —
Tune, Louis Gordon.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.—

Now's the day, & now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward! Chains & Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn & flee.

Wha for Scotland's king & law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-Man fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By Oppression's woes & pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free

FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF ROBERT BURNS'S "SCOTS WHA HAE"

"Thomas Hollis, an Englishman, a Lover of Liberty, the Principles of the Revolution, and the Protestant Succession in the House of Hanover, Citizen of the World, is desirous of having the honor to present this book to the public library of the College at Cambridge in New England. London, June 4, 1764."

Bravo, Thomas Hollis! A century and more has passed since you laid down your pen forever, but again we seem to see you, in the quiet of your high-ceiled library, reading and marking and sorting books that you would send to the distant sons of New England, to the end that they may be strengthened in their devotion to that liberty which means so much to you. And we seem to see you also, at the tidings of each new act of oppression, each cruel mistake by the rulers of Old England, bending over your desk and feverishly penning protest after protest, in the vain hope that justice will be done before it is too late. To-day, outside of Harvard, you are sheer forgot. But some day, when a master hand shall write the story of the Englishmen who, in the face of passion and prejudice, pleaded for fair treatment of their kinsfolk overseas, you will come into your own.

As turning from one honest, robust, full-hearted man to greet another, the visitor may well pass from the Hollis books to the books given to Harvard by Thomas Carlyle. This was the gift that drew from Professor Norton the appreciative letter from which I have already

quoted. How it came to be made, and of what it consisted, may perhaps best be told by quoting from another letter:

"For many years back," wrote Carlyle to his friend Ralph Waldo Emerson, under date of November 18, 1869, "a thought which I used to check again as fond and silly, has been occasionally present to me, of testifying my gratitude to New England by bequeathing to it my poor Falstaff regiments of books, that I purchased and used in writing 'Cromwell,' and, ditto, those on 'Frederick the Great.'

"This could be done, I often said to myself—this could, perhaps, and this would be a real satisfaction to me. But who would march through Coventry with such a set? The extreme insignificance of my gift, this and nothing else, always gave me pause.

"Last summer I was lucky enough to meet with your friend Charles E. Norton, and renew many old Massachusetts recollections in free talk with so genial, gracefully social, intelligent and cheerful a man. To him I spoke of the affair, candidly describing it, especially the above questionable feature of it, so far as I could; and his answer then, and more dellberately afterwards, was so hopeful, hearty, and decisive that in effect it has decided me."

As the reader may have noticed, Carlyle did not indicate in this letter to what institution in New England he wished to bequeath his books. Both Norton and Emerson suggested Harvard as the proper beneficiary, and to Harvard, Carlyle said in his blunt way, the books should go, every last one of them; and, to make sure that none would be missing, he would forthwith draw up and send to Emerson, by him to be given to Harvard, a manuscript catalogue listing the entire bequest.

This catalogue, with Emerson's letter to President Eliot requesting him to notify the Corporation of Carlyle's intention, is now in the Treasure Room with the Carlyle books, which number nearly four hundred and fifty volumes. Adding immeasurably to their interest—and, needless to say, to their value—is the fact that many of them are freely annotated by Carlyle with crisp, pungent, often picturesque passages of comment. Much of this is distinctly, even brutally unfavorable, showing his entire sincerity when he spoke of the "insignificance" of the gift. Of one "Life" of Cromwell he notes, "Finished my distressing survey of it, 10 April, 1859;" of another, savagely, "Hereabouts there is an error in almost every line of it;" while a third he brusquely dismisses as "a foolish cobblement." Nevertheless, worthless as some of the books seemed to him, they are without exception cherished at Harvard by reason of their association with his rugged, tempestuous self.

In the way of "books of association," however, there is no other collection in the Treasure Room quite as rich as that which was formerly owned by Professor Norton. All his life Norton was a giver of books to Harvard, particularly of books relating to Dante, and after his death the more valuable portion of his large library also went to the University. Among the four thousand volumes which it thus acquired are many given to Professor Norton by their authors, and representing some of the most conspicuous names in nineteenth-century American and English literature. There are, of course, a number of presentation copies from Ruskin, between whom and Norton, as is well known, the warmest friendship existed. In one copy of Ruskin's "Essays on Political Science," specially bound up from the pages of The Cornhill Magazine, is this brief but eloquent inscription: "Charles Eliot Norton. With un-economical love. September 6, 1869. J. Ruskin." "To Charles E. Norton, Esq. With many kind regards. T. Carlyle," is the inscription in a "Sartor Resartus." Dickens is represented by a copy of "David Copperfield" bearing his autograph, and by complete sets of "Bleak House" and "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" as originally published in parts, with the covers and advertisements intact. Another valuable serial publication in the Norton collection is the rare pre-Raphaelite periodical The Germ, which died after its fourth number. This was given to Professor Norton by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

From James Russell Lowell he received not a few rare books, the most valuable being an illuminated vellum manuscript of the twelfth century containing St. Augustine's "De Caritate." Not far away rests a copy of Dante used constantly by Lowell

for many years, and after his death selected by Professor Norton as the one book from his friend's library which he most wished to possess. A still more interesting souvenir of both Lowell and Norton is a copy of Wilson's "Life of Michelangelo," borrowed from Professor Norton by Lowell, and returned with numerous marginal corrections and annotations. On the fly-leaf Lowell had written:

"This book, a loan from C. E. N.
I have disfigured with my pen;
Crime hateful both to gods and men."

Underneath this, Norton promptly wrote:

"The margins of this volume tell
The pen was held by J. R. L.
And that, as usual, it wrote well."

Other interesting "books of association" in the Norton collection—only a few out of the scores that might be mentioned—are three volumes of Linnæus's "Systema Naturæ," once owned by the poet Gray, and interleaved with manuscript notes and pen-and-ink sketches done by Gray himself; Boswell's copy of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with the autograph of Dr. Johnson's inimitable biographer; a copy of the "Selecta Poemata Italianum," from Southey's library; and a copy of Euripides's "Tragedies," given to Charles and Mary Lamb by H. F. Carey. The collection is also rich in early printed books.

But the greatest collection of early printed books in the Treasure Room is the Weld Memorial collection, with its twenty-five hundred books from the presses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These books were given to Harvard, together with some six thousand volumes of a later date, by Mrs. E. D. Brandegee, of Brookline, Massachusetts, who bought them at the sale of the famous Bowie library in Philadelphia last year, and presented them to the University as a memorial to her grandfather, William Fletcher Weld, himself a great benefactor of Harvard. It was this gift to which I referred in my opening paragraphs, and which is unquestionably the largest single gift of books ever made to Harvard by an individual donor.

It includes fully two hundred and twenty-five volumes from the famous Aldine press of Venice, notable among these being the extremely rare Theocritus of 1495, the Aristophanes of 1498, the Horace of 1501, and the Herodotus, Lucan, Ovid, Plutarch, and Sophocles of 1502. Most of the printers of the sixteenth century—as Jehan Petit and the Étiennes of Paris, the Plantins of Antwerp, the Elzevirs of Amsterdam, and Pynson of London—are represented in this collection; and it is safe to say that the alcove containing the Weld books will always be a favorite nook of those visitors to the Treasure Room who happen to be particularly interested in the work of the first exponents of the sublime art of printing.

Scattered about in different cases are many other old books, interesting not simply because of their age but because of some special association. Chief among these is a ponderous volume of Downame's "Christian Warfare," the only book given to the University by John Harvard that is known to have survived the fire which destroyed the library in 1764. There is also a copy—though in an imperfect condition, it is true—of the "Bay Psalm Book" of 1640, the first book printed in America, and one of the most sought-after books in the world. It was printed—as the visitor to Harvard will surely be interested to learn—in Cambridge, barely more than a stone's throw from the Treasure Room, and just across the street from Wadsworth House. Another book of historic interest is Eliot's "Indian Bible" of 1663, the first Bible rinted on the American continent.

Coming down to later times, the visitor should be sure to see Harvard's file of the "Spectator," a complete set of the rare original folio issue; and among exceptionally interesting productions of to-day the magnificently bound set of the "Works of Frederick the Great," presented to Harvard by Emperor William, and the still more magnificent *édition de luxe* of the gorgeously illustrated catalogue of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Dover House collection of works of art. But it will be prudent to delay any examination of Mr. Morgan's catalogue until towards the close of one's visit. Otherwise one will inevitably linger so long over its superb reproductions that little time will be left to see aught else in this room where there is so much worth seeing.