

# Colby



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## A Midsummer Gossip on Romance

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# Colby Library Quarterly

Series IV

August 1956

No. 7

## A MIDSUMMER GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

WHEN, back in the days of World War One, Professor William Lyon Phelps was invited to edit a volume of the essays of Robert Louis Stevenson for publication in the Scribners' series, *The Modern Student's Library*, Phelps accepted the invitation confident in the assurance that he was to deal with an author who had "won what looks like permanent fame." Part of that fame was traceable, so Phelps declared, to Stevenson's "courageous defense of romance as opposed to realism" at a time when "Realism was enthroned with scarcely a sign of revolt. Stevenson not only led a revolt, he started a revolution. . . . The Romantic Revival of 1884-1904 owed more to Stevenson than to any other man."

The opening gun fired by Stevenson in starting his "revolution" was his essay, "A Gossip on Romance" (1882), in which he declared that romance is "the poetry of circumstance."

For my part [he declared of his own boyhood], I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where . . . several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. . . . Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of hoofs along the moonlit lane. . . . One and all, . . . we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of incident. . . . All these early favorites have a common note—they have all a touch of the romantic.

I suppose Stevenson's story of the Welsh blacksmith is well known to most readers of these pages; but just in case the story has faded from your memory, let me quote the

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seven sentences from "A Gossip on Romance" which tell about him:

A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith, was 25 years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It was like the story of a love-chase.

This leads us to remark that it is not only in fiction that the "poetry of circumstance" is to be found. From time to time, the Colby Library receives books which vividly remind us that there is, in real life no less than in imaginary stories, "some quality of incident," some "touch of the romantic," that lures one on, to read and read, even as *Robinson Crusoe* lured the Welsh blacksmith.

Three such romances out of real life have recently arrived on Mayflower Hill; and if the summer sun has put you into a listening mood, won't you, Dear Reader, sit down like the Welsh blacksmith and listen!

### I

THE first, a book of *Adventures* published in San Francisco in 1953, brings us a record of real-life romance which out-romances anything that the imagination of Robert Louis Stevenson ever conceived of. Our copy of this book is one of an edition limited to 185 copies printed at the Grabhorn Press in San Francisco. There are less than eighty pages in the book, but they present a wider variety and a greater intensity of human experience than are to be found in many a book of 800 pages.

In Dr. Harvey T. Lyon's article, "When Paris Was In

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Flames" (published in our issue for November 1955), our readers will recall having been invited to look into the files of original autograph letters in the Colby College Library and inspect those written by Eugene Lee-Hamilton at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. Paris, it will be remembered, capitulated to the Prussians on January 28, 1871. Shortly thereafter, an old man named Armand de Chabrier died in Paris. He had at one time been a Senator and was a former teacher of the Emperor Napoleon III. Armand's father was Gabriel de Chabrier (1750-1803). In the days of the French Revolution, he belonged to the King's Life Guards, household troops in the service of Louis XVI. Our book of *Adventures* deals chiefly with Gabriel's brother, Alexandre-Joseph de Chabrier de Peloubet (1764-1844) and our romance is the story of his life.

When King Louis attempted, in June 1791, to flee with his family, he hoped to join loyal troops in the north-east of France. On October 11, 1791, Alexandre-Joseph Peloubet (then twenty-seven years old) set out to join those same troops. Two of his brothers were already members of the King's Life Guards. (He himself had spent eleven years in the merchant marine.) Leaving his ancestral home (near Bordeaux) on foot, he and two cousins walked all the way to Paris, where he stopped to see two of his sisters (they were then studying in a convent), and then he continued on to the Rhine, arriving at Cologne on November 20, forty days after leaving home.

From Cologne, Peloubet went up the Rhine to Coblenz, where (as in other Rhine cities as well) military units of *émigrés* were being formed. He was enrolled in an "outfit" under the Duc de Villeroi and assigned to a company at Boppard, farther up the Rhine, where his two brothers were already stationed.

The next six months or so were spent in "horsemanship" and drill, and by August 1792 "we all were ready for the campaign." Unfortunately, things went badly for the royal-

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ists. The battle of Valmy, fought on September 20, ended disastrously, and when Peloubet's company arrived at a frontier village in Luxembourg, it was "then and there disbanded." Alexandre-Joseph sold his horse and managed to make his way back, across the full breadth of France, to his family.

He had, however, been back at home only a short time when he was arrested as an enemy of the Republic and thrown into prison. He was tried and sentenced to the guillotine. The day was fixed for his execution: even the hour—sunrise! But let us quote from our book of romance:

About midnight [the night before the scheduled execution], the jailor, probably bribed by friends of the condemned man, came to his cell and silently led him out and put him in a large room containing only a chair and a table with a lighted candle on it. So silently and quickly was the change made that . . . the prisoner was sure it was intended for his escape. He searched for some secret door in the wall, some loose board in the floor, but in vain. Seating himself in the one chair, he almost gave up hope, when it occurred to him that he had not looked behind the table. He moved the table, and there was a hole in the wall. Letting himself into it head foremost, he wormed through, and fell some ten feet to the ground. . . . When he got up he found that he was outside the prison, and soon gained the street. There, he was startled by the approach of a man on horseback; but the man passed him by, at the same time saying, "Under that tree are a passport and a horse." At the tree he found a passport, a horse, and a peddler's cart, and without further inquiry or delay he drove off. . . . Peddling his way, he once more reached the Rhine and a haven on foreign soil.

To support himself in exile, Alexandre-Joseph Peloubet learned the trade of making musical instruments such as the flute, fife, and clarinet, and for nearly ten years he practised this trade abroad. Upon the rise of Napoleon, a Consulate decree of April 26, 1802, authorized the re-entry into France of *émigrés* not specifically excluded by name. Peloubet thereupon returned. His father had died in 1796 and Alexandre-Joseph found that the family estate had been sold. The Peloubets had, however, inherited

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some property on Réunion Island, and Alexandre was delegated to go there and find out what it might be made to produce.

Peloubet accordingly sailed for America, landing at New York in October 1803, only to learn that Réunion was now in English hands. "So glimmered and vanished Alexandre's dream of a fortune." He supported himself in America by practising the craft he had learned in Germany, and became one of the earliest manufacturers of wind instruments in the United States.

But even in its unkindest moments the hand of Fate never snatched the mantle of romance from the shoulders of Alexandre Peloubet. In New York he found another Frenchman named Boyer who had married an American wife. Madame Boyer had a young cousin named Elizabeth Alcott, and in time Peloubet made her acquaintance. He was now 41 and she was only 20. He was a Catholic and she was a Protestant. He could never speak much English, and she knew next to nothing of French. "But they understood each other." On May 5, 1805, they were married and lived happily ever after. They had eleven children, the last one born when Peloubet was in his seventieth year and when his wife was forty-eight.

In France, Alexandre-Joseph had pronounced his name as Pay-loo-bay (rhyming with Say-you-may), but the family here in America has anglicized it, first to Pe-LOO-bet, and more recently to PELL-oo-by. The eldest son (Louis-Michel) of Alexandre was born in Philadelphia on February 22, 1806, and in time he too learned the trade of making musical instruments—first flutes and later cabinet organs; and *his* son, Jarvis Peloubet, continued the organ-manufacturing business after him.

Another son of Louis-Michel was Francis Nathan Peloubet (1831-1920), who went to Bloomfield Academy (in New Jersey), then to Williams College (B.A., 1853), and in 1854 he came to Maine, entered Bangor Theological Seminary,

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graduated in 1857, and was ordained on December 2, 1857. He married Mary A. Thaxter of Bangor on April 28, 1859. After pastorates at Lanesville, Oakham, and Attleboro, all in Massachusetts, he moved in 1872 to Natick, and there began (in 1874) a series of question-books based on the International Sunday School Lessons. When published, these books achieved immediate success and soon reached a circulation of 116,000 copies a year. In 1880 this publication became a quarterly, with an annual circulation of 150,000. To meet the needs of Bible teachers, Peloubet issued (in 1875) a volume of *Select Notes*, and this was followed by other volumes issued annually for forty-five years. The veteran editor said farewell to his public in the volume for 1921, published in 1920 only a few months before his death.

From his father, the Reverend Francis N. Peloubet had received a curious manuscript, written by Alexandre-Joseph in French and in a difficult eighteenth-century hand, giving his "Adventures at the Time of the French Revolution." When, after the death of Louis-Michel in 1885, a 37-page book of *Family Records* was printed "for the family"—"Printed at Rahway, N. J., 1892,"—it was more than once proposed by various members of the Peloubet family, to translate the *émigré's* MS. and have it printed as a supplement to the *Family Records*. The difficulty of the ancient French and unfamiliarity with the handwriting proved, however, to be serious obstacles; and the Reverend Peloubet finally died in 1920 without carrying out the plan.

The manuscript was eventually confided to the hands of Grace Peloubet (later Mrs. Farquhar), whose son, Francis Peloubet Farquhar, eventually (in February 1953) achieved the long-discussed publication. Mr. Farquhar found a graduate student at the University of California, at Berkeley, who could translate the eighteenth-century provincial French, and with Alexandre-Joseph Peloubet's *Adventures* thus rendered available in English, he turned the trans-

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lation over to the experienced hands of Harold A. Small, editor of the University of California Press, for editing. With his help, the romantic tale of le Sieur de Chabrier de Peloubet was finally transformed into the beautiful book printed by the Grabhorn Press, one copy of which set us off on this rehearsal.

And now, after taking a sip of your cooling summer's drink, are you ready for Romance Number Two?

### II

WHEN the midnight blackness of the Dark Ages in Europe began to fade into the dawn that eventually brightened into what we now know as the Italian Renaissance, the reviving interest in Latin created a demand for a textbook that would be useful in studying that language. A Dominican monk named John Balbus provided just such a book. His *Catholicon*, completed on March 7, 1286, comprised both a Latin Grammar and a Dictionary; and for nearly two centuries thereafter, during which period all books were still hand-written compilations, Balbus's *Catholicon* helped to acquaint students with the mysteries of mediaeval Latin.

The course of our romance now moves on to the year 1460. Then, in Mainz, Germany, the *Catholicon* was, for the first time, printed with type. Interest in this first printed edition has been steadily increasing throughout the succeeding five hundred years, by reason of three facts: (1) this is the first book to state its *place* of printing; (2) this is the first book to give Germany the credit for the invention of printing; and (3) this is the first extensive work of a *secular* nature to be printed. (We can observe parenthetically that this 1460 publication of the *Catholicon* met a very ready response and by the year 1500 there were no fewer than twenty-three other printed editions, seven in Germany, six in Italy, and ten in France.)



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Recent careful examination of the 1460 edition printed at Mainz has disclosed an additional reason for regarding it with special interest: it may have been printed by Johann Gutenberg himself. True, the name of the father of the art of printing with movable type does not occur in the book, and when A. W. Pollard came to enter the *Catholicon* in the British Museum *Catalogue* (1908), he listed the printer or publisher as anonymous. However, Pollard had previously stated (in an article in *The Library*, 1907) that "it is . . . highly probable that Gutenberg set up this book." In 1928, when a volume of the authoritative German work on incunabula, the *Gesamtkatalog der Wiegendrucke*, 1925-1938, was published at Leipzig, its editors registered the *Catholicon* thus: "Mainz: [Printer of the *Catholicon* (Johann Gutenberg?)] 1460."

In 1905 Dr. Gottfried Zedler made a careful study of this book and located forty-one surviving copies. In 1936, when Miss Margaret B. Stillwell, the American authority on incunabula, published her "bibliographical essay," *Gutenberg and the Catholicon*, she located 74 copies. One of these (No. 66 in her list) she described as incomplete, and it is about that copy that we are now speaking. You will wish to join us in exclaiming over the romantic trail it has followed before arriving—at least a *part* of it has arrived!—in the Colby College Library.

Where this copy had been hiding after it had been printed in 1460, no one can now say; probably somewhere in Germany, where 29 of Miss Stillwell's 74 copies are still found. In any case, during tours of Germany between 1677 and 1679, William Courteen, a member of an eminent Huguenot family, acquired Copy No. 66 of the *Catholicon* and later bequeathed it to a well-known English book-collector, Sir Hans Sloane, who retained ownership of the book until his death. In 1753, when the Sloane Collection became, by bequest, a keystone in the founding of the British Museum, the *Catholicon* went there, and there it

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remained for half a century, during which the American Revolution was fought. On February 20, 1805, the Sloane *Catholicon* was sold as a duplicate (the British Museum now has three copies, Numbers 4, 5, and 6 on Miss Stillwell's check-list), and thus came into the hands of a man named Roach. At the Roach sale, December 10, 1824, it again changed hands, and turned up in the library of Henry W. Poor. When the Poor library was sold in 1908, the *Catholicon* was acquired by Alvin W. Krech of New York; and in the 1930's the Krech estate sold it to Mr. E. Byrne Hackett of New York City.

Mr. Hackett, finding his copy to be incomplete, decided to disperse its leaves, and in 1936 his Brick Row Book Shop of New York sold these separate leaves (along with Miss Stillwell's "Bibliographical Essay") to libraries and collectors: one leaf in the Library Edition sold for \$50; two leaves in the Collector's Edition sold for \$100. Balbus's *Catholicon* in the Mainz edition of 1460 thus came to make its appearance in a number of American library catalogues where it had been hitherto a stranger. Professor C. B. Tinker of Yale bought a leaf with "S" words from the Balbus dictionary, and this fragment of the *Catholicon* is now in the Yale University Library, where previously Miss Stillwell had been unable to list any. (Her ten American copies, apart from No. 66, were distributed as follows: one each, at Brown, Harvard, Huntington, Morgan, and Williams; two in the New York Public Library; and three in private hands.)

Twenty years have since passed. The Brick Row Book Shop has now moved to Austin, Texas. There its management recently discovered a stray leaf from the *Catholicon*—a leaf of "I" (eye) words from the Balbus dictionary of 670 years ago—which had not been sold in 1936. Our alert Librarian grabbed it up, and it is now in the Treasure Room of the Colby College Library. Come and see it! Come and pay your respects to Johann Gutenberg, the "highly prob-

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able" printer of this leaf which, in just four more years, will be 500 years old. How pleasant it is to think of the British Museum taking care of it for us, at the time when the shot was fired heard round the world; and how kind of Henry W. Poor to give it hospitality at the time when Waterville College had no Library in which to house so famous a piece of printing!

### III

OUR third book of romantic "circumstance" brings us down much nearer to our own day. Our story begins, in fact, only a hundred years ago.

In midsummer, 1856, a bright young boy had just finished his schooling in Dorchester, England. After only eight years of book-study, he had been apprenticed to a Dorchester architect, and for the next six years this sixteen-year-old-boy—his name was Thomas Hardy—was destined to labor in the architect's drafting office. Down the hill toward the Frome River, to the east of the office, there was a slum section of Dorchester known as Fordington. Young Thomas Hardy had little to do with this part of the town, but he went now and then to a church there, St. George's, because of the preacher, the Reverend Mr. Henry Moule (1801-1880), some of whose eight sons were Hardy's contemporaries and one or two of them his close friends. One Sunday evening, about 1860, Hardy heard Mr. Moule preach on *Job XIV*:xiv, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come," and he never forgot that event. Sixty-five years later, when Hardy's *Human Shows* was published, it contained a poem, "Waiting Both," which grew out of Mr. Moule's sermon. No wonder Hardy remembered the church in Fordington! No wonder he was interested (after Moule's death in 1880) in the new vicar, even though the Reverend Richard Grosvenor Bartelot proved to be a very different sort of person from Mr. Moule.

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Mr. Bartelot, in return, soon had a special reason for interest in Thomas Hardy; for in 1883 Hardy built himself a house on the outskirts of Dorchester, and Max Gate (as the house came to be called) was in Mr. Bartelot's parish. By midsummer, 1885, when Mr. and Mrs. Hardy moved into their new home, the vicar at Fordington was quite ready to regard them as his parishioners and to turn to them for support of parish activities, charities, etc.

Mr. Bartelot was not unaware of the fact that his parishioner had become a famous author. When, in 1896, Hardy sent the vicar a contribution, writing:

Mr & Mrs Thomas Hardy towards	£.	s.	d.
expenses of new Vicarage	1.	0.	0
Poor of Fordington—Mrs Hardy		10.	0
	1.	10.	0

the vicar saved the little slip of paper and carefully marked it: "autograph of Thomas Hardy, Max Gate Fordington, 1896."

One other event marked the year 1896: Hardy's London publishers, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., issued (as Volume XI of *The Wessex Novels*) a new edition of Hardy's *A Laodicean* (first published in 1881). Hardy received a copy of the book and put it aside on his shelves, not much interested in it, for it was one of his poorest works.

Another year passed. Mrs. Hardy had a bicycle accident in September, 1897, and for some time thereafter was incapacitated. Shortly before Christmas she wrote the following letter:

MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

Thursday [December 23, 1897]<sup>1</sup>.

Dear Mr Bartelot

I do not know [in] what place of absolute safety I can put my Bath Chair which is bran new from "Carter's," if I come to St. George's on Sunday [the 26th] or Xmas morning [Saturday]. Would you kindly

<sup>1</sup> Since Mrs. Hardy wrote only "Thursday," this date has to be regarded as conjectural; but her reference to Christmas, and our independent knowledge of her bicycle accident, combine to make this conjectured date plausible.

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permit me to put it within your grounds? Please do not mind objecting to this.

With all good wishes

Yours sincerely

E L HARDY.

Another decade passed. In 1906 or 1907 the Reverend Richard Bartelot engaged himself to marry Miss Evelyn Grace Pope. Thereupon Thomas Hardy took from his shelves the copy of *A Laodicean* and wrote in it: "To The Revd R. G. Bartelot | with best wishes | from Thomas Hardy." The book arrived accompanied by a note from the author's wife:

Max Gate, Dorchester.

October 21. 1907

Dear Mr Bartelot

My husband wishes you to accept this one of his Wessex Novels on the occasion of your marriage to Miss Eveline [*sic*] Pope, and we both wish you every happiness.

Yours sincerely

EMMA L. HARDY.

After his marriage, the vicar had a new book-plate prepared for himself and his bride, and into the copy of *A Laodicean* he shortly pasted his "*Ex Libris* Ri. Grosvenor and Evelyn Grace Bartelot." He also pasted into the book the two notes he had received from Mrs. Hardy, as well as the "autograph of Thomas Hardy" which he had saved ever since 1896. From this time on, the copy of *A Laodicean* became the vicar's Hardy Scrap-book, and into it he pasted everything that came to him from Max Gate and everything that concerned the famous author who resided there.

It is this "scrap-book" that has survived and now enables us to retrace certain events of the next quarter-century. In due time, Mrs. Hardy called on the vicar's wife and left her calling card, together with two of her husband's cards. Hardy's card reads:

*Mr. Thomas Hardy.*

*Max Gate,  
Dorchester*

*Athenæum Club,  
Pall Mall.*

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Mr. Bartelot pasted all these cards into *A Laodicean*, one on the front fly-leaf, one on the half-title. Facing the half-title (i.e., on the *verso* of the front fly-leaf) Bartelot pasted a photograph of Hardy—an excellent likeness and one that seems not to have been reproduced elsewhere—and beneath it he pasted Hardy's autograph signature and marked them thus: "Autograph and Portrait given me by T.H. [in] 1907 for use in our parish magazine."

At some subsequent date, Mrs. Hardy sent the Bartelots a card marked "At Home, Max Gate, March 14. 4-7." The vicar pasted this card too into *A Laodicean*. In 1910 Hardy was admitted into the Order of Merit. The clergyman promptly took note; and when, at Easter, Hardy enclosed an "Easter Offering" of ten shillings in a little envelope and marked it as from "Mr & Mrs Thomas Hardy" and sent it (by servant, not through the post office) to the "Revd R. G. Bartelot, The Vicarage, Fordington," the vicar added his own note to the envelope: "Autograph of Thomas Hardy O.M." and pasted it into the book. On Tuesday the 23rd (August 1910?) Mrs. Hardy gave another "at home", and this time marked her card "R.S.V.P." It, too, went into the scrap-book.

A more important event took place on Wednesday, November 16, 1910, when "The Freedom of the Borough [of Dorchester] was presented to Thomas Hardy, Esq., O.M." An admission card, admitting "Rev. R. Grosvenor Bartelot, Mayor's Chaplain" to the exercises in the Town Hall was sent to the vicar of Fordington, and the card was promptly pasted to the back end-paper of *A Laodicean*. On the back of the title-page, Bartelot pasted a photograph of Hardy by W. Pouncy of Dorchester.

From now on, events moved more rapidly. In the summer of 1912, Mrs. Hardy planned an outing for the girls in Mr. Bartelot's parish, but had difficulty in fixing on a date. She wrote to the vicar:

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Max Gate, Dorchester.

[Wednesday] 23rd [July 1912]

Dear Mr. Bartlott [*sic*].

Saturday [26th] *certainly* it must be! My idea is to drive to your house in a brake about 3.30 (?) stopping at Max Gate to take up the things we want, and [then go] on to Osmington, returning about 6.30 (?). *All* coming into this house for light refreshments, and the brake returning through Fordington to Dorchester. Some such way seems feasible [*sic*]. What do you think of it—*time* etc.? I, if [it is] fine, shall be in Dorchester in morning about 12—bringing some of the things. If Saturday is a wet day, Monday?

Yours sincerely

E L HARDY

Apparently the vicar did not reply; so, two days later, Mrs. Hardy wrote again:

Max Gate.

[Friday, July 25, 1912]

Dear Mr Bartlott [*sic*],

I have been expecting a line from you to know whether, if [it is] raining to-morrow you think *Monday* would be practicable for taking the children to Osmington? and if it suits you to permit the children to be gathered at your house for me to take them on. Also I do hope you and Mrs Bartlott [*sic*] and Romana will be with me and my niece.

Yours sincerely

E. L. HARDY

The trip did take place, and a few days later the vicar received another note from Max Gate. It read:

Thursday [1 August 1912]

Max Gate

Dear Mr Grosvenor Bartlott [*sic*].

Do please read these two little books. One I admire, and the other I hope *you* may like—tell me anyway what you may think. Kindly return.

I hope the *Darling* [Romana?] was none the worse for her journey. *One* child has sent me a sweet grateful note. ("but where are the 9"?)

Excuse haste.

Yours sincerely

E. L. HARDY

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All these letters and notes were duly pasted into the scrap-book.

In November 1912, Mrs. Hardy died. The Bartelots sent a wreath and the vicar wrote Hardy a card of sympathy. Several weeks later Hardy acknowledged it:

Max Gate

15: 12: '12

[i. e., December 15, 1912]

The Revd R. Grosvenor Bartelot  
The Vicarage  
Fordington  
Dorchester.

Dear Mr Bartelot:

I write to express my sincere thanks for the considerate sympathy shown by yourself and Mrs. Grosvenor Bartelot in sending the beautiful wreath for laying on my wife's grave, and for your kind card on your hearing of the sad event of her death.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

This holograph letter, with its envelope, was pasted into *A Laodicean*. A year later, another brief letter joined it there:

Max Gate, Dorchester.

Dec 31: 1913

Revd R. Grosvenor Bartelot  
The Vicarage  
Fordington St. George.

Dear Mr Bartelot:

I enclose herewith 10/- [ten shillings], the amount I believe Mrs Hardy used to send for the Parochial Charities. Many thanks for your good wishes for the New Year, which I sincerely reciprocate.

Yours very truly,

T. HARDY.

Hardy was now approaching his seventy-fifth year and the Bartelots apparently had little contact with him during the next decade. In February, 1922, from a catalogue which the vicar had received from a Hastings bookseller, he cut an announcement of "an original oil painting show-



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ing the hall of Thomas Hardy's house at Max Gate with a view of the garden: Price Fifteen Guineas." The announcement included the surprising information that the picture was "painted by Thomas Hardy's Daughter, Amelia Gertrude Hardy." Mr. Bartelot, knowing full well that Hardy had no daughter (and no son, either), was content merely to add a large exclamation-mark, "!", in black ink beside this announcement before he pasted it to page 502 of his *A Laodicean*. In time, he turned over two more pages and there pasted a note from Hardy's second wife:

Max Gate, Dorchester.

Wednesday [17 December 1924].

Dear Mrs. Bartelot,

I am so sorry that I have not answered your kind invitation before this but I have been in London. I shall be so pleased to have tea with you tomorrow—Thursday.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE HARDY.

In time, Hardy himself died. A Memorial Service was held on January 16, 1928, at 2 P.M., in St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, to which the Vicar of Fordington went. A printed program had been prepared for the occasion, and on his return home, Mr. Bartelot pasted the program to the back of the frontispiece of *A Laodicean*. From the London *Daily Mail* for the same day, Bartelot clipped a newspaper account of the plans for Hardy's dual funeral—one service to be held in Westminster Abbey, the other in Stinsford Church (where his heart was buried)—and pasted the clipping to page 2 of the book. The newspaper account mentions Mrs. Florence Hardy's "floral tribute" and quotes its inscription: "To my darling, from his wife." (One cannot help recalling another newspaper account, describing the funeral of the first Mrs. Hardy, with *its* wreath and a strikingly different inscription: "From her lonely husband—with the old affection.") To page 505 Bartelot pasted a

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small reproduction of a pen-and-ink drawing of Hardy's birthplace by Mr. L. Patten.

At last, Mr. Bartelot too went the way of all flesh. His *A Laodicean* was sold. It eventually crossed the ocean and in the 1940's came to rest in the hands of Carroll A. Wilson, who pasted his own Williams-College-and-Oxford-University book-plate onto the front fly-leaf. Later, he listed the various items he found pasted into the book and called them "an amazing collocation." Wilson in turn died in 1947 and his library was sold. The catalogue, prepared from Wilson's notes by his wife and by the bookseller, was entitled *Thirteen Author Collections*, and was published in 1950 (in an edition limited to 375 copies). On page 57, Vicar Bartelot's *Laodicean* is described. There are, however, four errors in Wilson's description: one date is wrong, Florence Hardy is confused with Emma, and Emma's notes to the vicar are wrongly ascribed to his wife.

Finally, in December 1955, the book was bought by H. Ridgely Bullock, Jr. (Colby 1955), and was presented by him to the Colby College Library. When the well-stuffed book reached Mayflower Hill, it brought with it the sad and *un-romantic* evidence that the vicar had apparently never read the book at all. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*



### HOW "NEW" A WOMAN WAS HARDY'S SUE BRIDEHEAD?

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

*Fresno (California) State College*

**S**UE BRIDEHEAD in *Jude the Obscure* is sometimes taken as one of the "new women" of the later nineteenth century. There is some justification for this, in view of the fact that Sue refuses to accept the traditional inferior rôle of